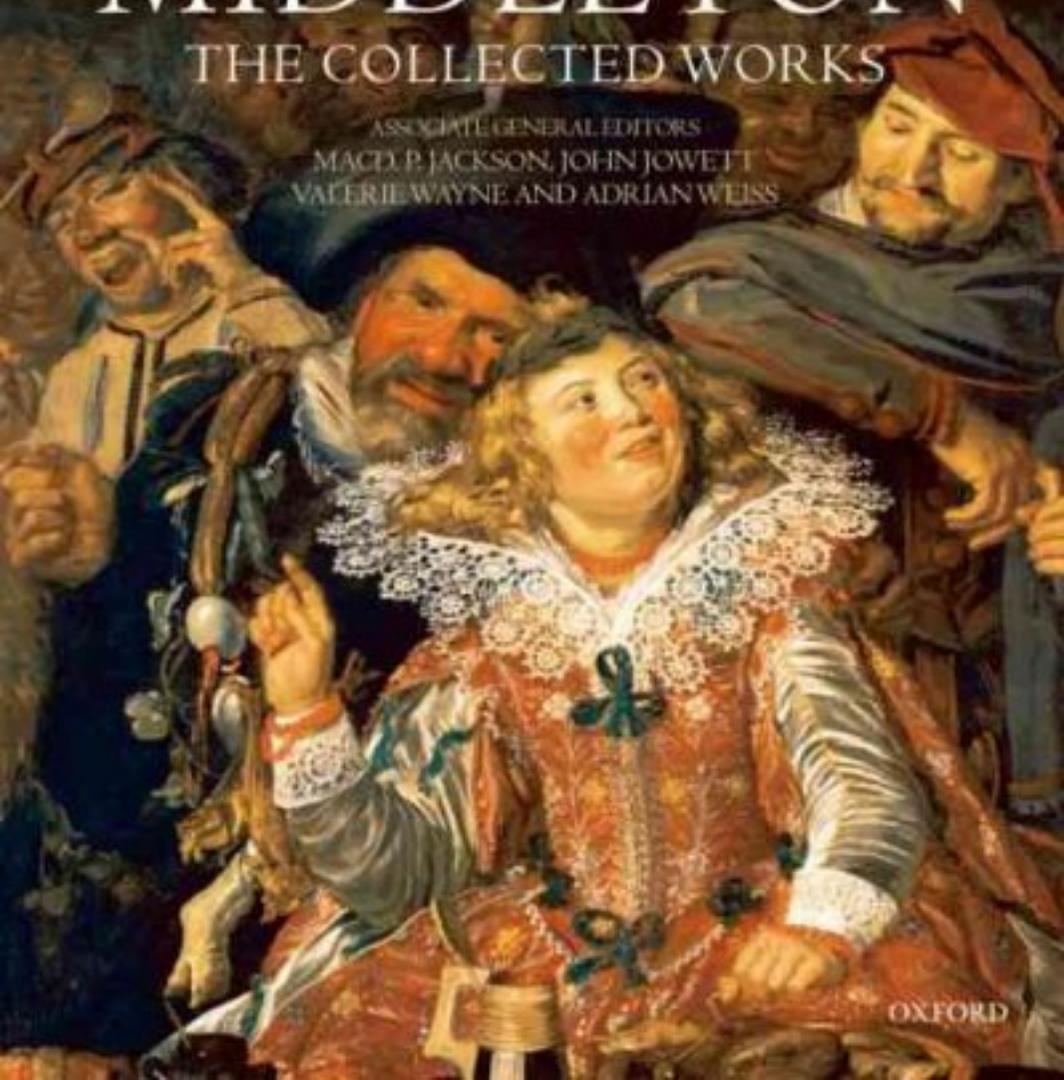


GENERAL EDITORS
GARY TAYLOR AND JOHN LAVAGNINO

THOMAS MIDDLETON

THE COLLECTED WORKS

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MAGD. P. JACKSON, JOHN JOWETT
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OXFORD

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Thomas Middleton (1580–1627)—‘our other Shakespeare’—is the only other Renaissance playwright who created acknowledged masterpieces of comedy, tragedy, and history; his revolutionary English history play, *A Game at Chess*, was also the greatest box-office hit of early modern London. His achievements extend beyond these traditional genres to tragicomedies, masques, pageants, pamphlets, epigrams, and Biblical and political commentaries, written alone or in collaboration with Thomas Dekker, John Ford, Thomas Heywood, William Rowley, William Shakespeare, John Webster, and others. Compared by critics to Aristophanes and Ibsen, Racine and Joe Orton, he has influenced writers as diverse as Aphra Behn, Anthony Trollope, and T. S. Eliot. Though repeatedly censored in his own time, Middleton has since come to be particularly admired for his representations of the intertwined pursuits of sex, money, power, and God.

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Thomas Middleton and Early Modern Textual Culture: A Companion to The Collected Works. Because Middleton is more representative than any of his contemporaries of the full range of textual practices in early modern England, his works provide an ideal focus for understanding the history of the book, and its relation to the larger history of culture, in this pivotal period. The *Companion* begins, accordingly, with eleven original essays placing Middleton’s career in the context of larger cultural patterns governing the creation, reproduction, regulation, circulation, and reception of texts. These essays are followed by a textual introduction and full editorial apparatus for each work, including an account of evidence for its authorship and date of composition. This combination of detail and context provides a foundation for future studies both of Middleton and of early modern culture.

<http://thomasmiddleton.org>



Facetious Middleton, thy witty muse
Hath pleased all that books or men peruse.

Wit's Recreations (1640)

THOMAS MIDDLETON

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General Editors

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HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Gary Taylor

This edition of *The Collected Works of Thomas Middleton* is designed to make the full range of his work accessible to modern readers, in a way which will encourage both a wider appreciation of his achievement and a new understanding of the English Renaissance. As a result, it differs from other editions in a number of respects. Shakespeare's plays have been available in reasonably reliable and reasonably complete editions since 1623; by contrast, this book is the first one-volume collection of Middleton's works ever published. More generally, editorial paradigms based upon the unusual conditions of the Shakespeare canon are of limited relevance to Middleton (and many other writers). Rather than simply applying to Middleton modes of editorial practice developed to represent another author, we have sought to present Middleton's works in the manner most appropriate to their nature.

In finding their way around a relatively unfamiliar author in a relatively unfamiliar editorial format, readers may be helped by the following description of this book's special features.

Act Divisions. (See also SCENE DIVISIONS.) Unlike the plays of Marlowe and Shakespeare, the plays of their younger contemporary Middleton were not normally written for uninterrupted performance. Most of Middleton's plays were performed by companies which provided four musical intervals between the five acts of a play. Act divisions in such plays therefore reflect both authorial intention and early performance conditions. We mark act divisions in such plays by a special symbol (⊗), and by recurring Latin phrases ('*Explicit Actus Primus*' and '*Incipit Actus Secundus*'), which Middleton regularly employed in his own manuscripts. By contrast, for early plays like *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* and *Timon of Athens*, apparently written for continuous performance, we do not interpolate editorial act divisions or act numbers.

Acting Companies. Middleton, like most dramatists, wrote his plays for a variety of acting companies and theatres; these different venues had different physical arrangements, audiences, performance conventions, and talents. Moreover, the performance of any play depends upon active collaboration between the author(s) of the script and the other theatrical professionals who embody the text and transform it into visual and aural action. Therefore, on the first page of each play, we identify not only the title and author(s), but the acting company: 'Thomas Middleton, *The Puritan Widow*, for Paul's Boys' or 'Thomas Middleton, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, for the King's Men'.

Annotations. Many of Middleton's works have never before been annotated, or never adequately annotated, and

the commentaries in this edition therefore contain much original scholarship. For most of the works, a glossarial commentary is provided at the foot of the page; these annotations are comparable to those in many one-volume textbook editions of Shakespeare. However, textbooks often homogenize commentaries to the level of a 'lowest common denominator' of readers. In order to avoid such flattening, and to remain sensitive to the different demands that certain texts make on the modern reader, this edition aims to make a virtue out of multivocality, illustrating a range of possible approaches to annotation by providing special commentaries for certain works. The notes to *Your Five Gallants* pay particular attention to theatrical problems, options, and opportunities. The commentary to *The Widow* provides extended notes on 'key words'—idioms with a complex historical significance, not easily indicated by a simple gloss. A detailed economic commentary is attached to *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry*. In *The Two Gates of Salvation* and *The Peacemaker*, annotation focuses upon the relationship between Middleton's text and its sources. The commentary to *A Game at Chesse: An Early Form* is dedicated to the play's historical and political referents; by contrast, the commentary to *A Later Form* of the same play is systematically literary and theatrical. Varieties of feminist commentary are provided for *A Mad World, My Masters*, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *The Roaring Girl*, and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. The commentary to *Old Law*, adopting the protocols of recent historicist and materialist criticism, mixes textual apparatus with annotation and photography with type. Middleton's adaptation of *Macbeth*, already widely available, is printed here without any glossarial commentary, giving readers the (contrasting) experience of a 'plain text'. Not all readers will find all these approaches equally valuable, but juxtaposing them within the covers of one volume will, we hope, call attention to the ways in which annotation itself shapes our experience of a text.

Authorship. This edition contains texts of all Middleton's known surviving works, and brief descriptions of what we know about his various lost ones. It includes works written by Middleton alone, works written by Middleton in COLLABORATION with other writers, and works by other writers which Middleton later adapted. The exact division of labour between authors is often difficult to determine, but the Introduction to each text summarizes what is generally believed about the attribution of particular scenes or passages. In some early works—particularly *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment* and *News from Gravesend*—Middleton's share of the text seems to have

been relatively small, but we have included the entire work, in the belief that Middleton's contribution can only be understood in its full context. This edition omits three plays—*Blurt, Master Constable* and *The Honest Whore, Part Two* (by Thomas Dekker) and *The Family of Love* (by Loring Barry)—which were attributed to Middleton in nineteenth-century editions. Decisions about which works to include have been based on a variety of documentary and stylistic evidence, laid out in full in the *Companion* (p. 331).

Character Names. In the original texts, many characters are not given personal names, but identified by generic social labels (Tyrant, Queen, Lady, Clown, White Queen's Pawn). At other times, a proper name is given somewhere in the text, but speech prefixes and stage directions use the generic label. In the eighteenth century, editors of Shakespeare and other English dramatists began systematically supplying personal names for dramatic characters, whenever they could be found. We have normally retained the original generic labels in STAGE DIRECTIONS and SPEECH PREFIXES, believing they reflect an emphasis upon social and theatrical roles rather than unique individuals. However, in exceptional circumstances—for one character in *A Trick to Catch the Old One* and several in *A Game at Chess: A Later Form*—it has seemed more important to provide proper names. (See CONSISTENCY.)

Chronology. The works are arranged in *The Collected Works* in what we believe to be their order of composition, from 1602 to 1627 (with the juvenilia of 1597–1601 placed in a separate sequence at the end). The order of 'authorial making' closely resembles the order of 'making public', since the plays and pageants were written for immediate performance, and all the pamphlets were apparently published soon after their composition. The evidence for the dating of individual works is given in full in the 'Canon and Chronology' section of the *Companion* (p. 331). Although the exact sequence of texts in a given year may be debatable, the broad outlines of the chronology are not disputed. This temporal arrangement makes it possible, for those readers interested in individual agency and artistry, to follow the author's own development; but it also enables others to situate each work in its historical and social moment. Moreover, because Middleton's pamphlets and pageants are less familiar than his plays, an arrangement by GENRES might ghettoize those works; a chronological arrangement, by contrast, juxtaposes familiar with unfamiliar texts, and shows the range of genres Middleton could juggle at one time.

Collaboration. The exact division of AUTHORSHIP in collaborative works is sometimes easy, sometimes difficult, to determine. Nevertheless, in the table of contents and on the title-pages of individual collaborative works we have listed the authors' names in an order which reflects our assessment of the relative size of their contribution to the work. Thus, Dekker's name is listed before Middleton's in *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, because Dekker

seems to have written more of that play; but Middleton's name is listed before Dekker's in *The Roaring Girl*, because Middleton seems to have written more of that play.

Consistency. This edition does not attempt to provide or impose a unified view of Middleton or his works. The contributors come from different disciplines (literature, history, theatre, and theology); the ANNOTATIONS focus upon different aspects of the texts; different EDITORIAL PRACTICES are adopted for different works; and the critical introductions adopt different critical perspectives (from the performance orientation of *A Mad World, My Masters* to the postcolonial focus of *The Triumphs of Honour and Virtue*). This diversity is deliberate. It derives from a belief that authors and their readers are better served by a 'federal' than a 'unified' edition. By calling attention to the variety of ways in which the works of an author may be interpreted and edited, a 'federal' edition celebrates the play of difference and acknowledges the foreclosure of possibilities entailed in every act of choice.

Cross-reference. Each text in *The Collected Works* is provided with a textual introduction and apparatus in the *Companion*. The relevant page numbers are given at the end of each critical introduction in *The Collected Works*.

Doubling. Early modern plays were designed for performance by relatively small companies of actors, who were accustomed to doubling roles. Doubling offered opportunities for virtuoso acting; moreover, the need to double often influenced authorial decisions about the presence or absence of certain characters in certain scenes (since the same actor could not simultaneously play two different characters). Charts of doubling possibilities are printed after *Anything for a Quiet Life*, *The Changeling*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *The Lady's Tragedy*, *Macbeth*, *A Mad World, My Masters*, *Measure for Measure*, *Michaelmas Term*, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, *The Phoenix*, *The Roaring Girl*, *The Spanish Gypsy*, *Timon of Athens*, *The Widow, Wit at Several Weapons*, *The Witch, Women, Beware Women*, *The World Tossed at Tennis*; the very few doubling possibilities in *A Game at Chess: A Later Form* are noted in the commentary to its list of Persons.

Dramatis Personae. The history of dramatis personae lists in English drama, up to 1680, is traced in the *Companion* in the essay called 'The Order of Persons' (p. 31). Within the Middleton canon, a few dramatic texts—*The Roaring Girl*, *Masque of Heroes*, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *The Bloody Banquet*—were originally published with preliminary lists (which appear to be authorial) of their fictional characters. But most were published without such lists, or with lists apparently added by scribes or editors. In constructing editorial lists for plays that lack them, or modifying unauthoritative seventeenth-century lists, we have adopted the principles of organization used in the authorial lists. Accordingly, in most of the lists in this edition CHARACTER NAMES are grouped in households, not divided by gender, or even by rank. For

the convenience of modern readers, the label given the character in SPEECH PREFIXES is printed in small capitals in the list of Persons.

Editorial Practices and Principles. The *Companion* includes full bibliographical descriptions of the early documents, critical analysis of their transmission and relationships, and a detailed textual apparatus for each work. *A Game at Chess* survives in more early independent documents than any play of the English Renaissance. By contrast, most of Middleton's works have come down to us in only a single authoritative early manuscript or printed edition, from which all later texts derive. For such single-text works, the editor's primary task is to reproduce, accurately, the substance of that earliest document, and at the same time to make it accessible to modern readers. (See PUNCTUATION, SPELLING, and STAGE DIRECTIONS.) However, all forms of early modern textual transmission introduced errors; accordingly, texts have been emended where the editors believe that such an error has occurred. How many emendations have been made in any given work depends in large part upon the quality of the early document, but also in part upon the attitude of the individual editor: some editors are more interested in detecting error, and more adventurous in correcting it, than others. All such emendations, and all variants in authoritative early texts, are recorded in the *Companion*; emendations and variants are not marked in the text of this volume. However, so that readers of the *Collected Works* may sample the kinds of editorial decision-making that affect all the texts in this book (and all modern texts of other Renaissance writers), we have foregrounded the editorial process in a few cases. In *Old Law*, textual notes are incorporated in the on-page commentary. For the Occasional Poems, each edited text is accompanied by a photograph of at least one relevant early document. We also reproduce two pages of a manuscript in Middleton's own handwriting (see *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*).

Genres. Early seventeenth-century collections of the works of Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare divided their texts into distinct literary genres. Although Middleton's canon is even more diverse, there is no comparable early collection of his works, and so no such early division into traditional formal categories. Those interested in such groupings may prefer to organize their reading by consulting the editorial Index of Titles by Genre (p. 11).

Illustrations. Middleton's plays were illustrated more often than those of any other Renaissance playwright; this volume reproduces all the relevant title-pages, and in the spirit of Middleton's own practice also incorporates other visual material from the period. We do not, however, preserve the exact size of the original images, and some images are cropped; we have seldom retained unprinted margins in their full extent. Modern reproductions of early book pages often remove show-through and offset and enhance the contrast between dark ink and white paper, so that they resemble the pages of present-day books more closely; in some cases we have left the signs of earlier

printing processes in place. For example, the background in the plates from *The Arches of Triumph* (p. 225) is not processed to make it uniform.

Indexes. Because both the canon and CHRONOLOGY of Middleton's work will be unfamiliar to most readers, for finding a particular text the main Table of Contents may be less useful than the Alphabetical Contents (p. 9), or the Index of Titles by Genre (p. 11). The 'key words' indexed in *The Widow* (p. 1123) occur in many other texts.

Metrical Markers. We indicate obsolete pronunciations when they seem necessary to the metre of verse lines. A diaeresis indicates that the 'i' in words like 'conversati^on' should be pronounced as a separate unstressed syllable, so that 'conversati^on' has five syllables instead of the modern four. Every such diaeresis is editorial. An accent over the 'e' in words like 'injurèd' indicates that the past participle should be pronounced as a separate syllable, so that 'injurèd' has three syllables instead of the modern two. Middleton's early texts usually distinguish orthographically the obsolete from the modern pronunciation.

Modernization. See PUNCTUATION and SPELLING.

Music and Dance. Whenever an early score or choreography has survived, cross-references at the end of the Critical Introduction will alert readers to the relevant pages of the *Companion* where they are reproduced and discussed.

Punctuation. For most works, the text has been modernized to make it more intelligible for contemporary readers. Readers interested in how Middleton himself punctuated his texts may consult *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*, most of which is based on autograph manuscripts. For parts of *Game*, and all his other works, we do not have Middleton's own handwritten copy, and the earliest surviving document mixes the punctuation practices of the author(s) with those of scribe(s) and/or printing-house compositor(s). Moreover, every act of punctuation, whether made by an early copyist or a modern editor, necessarily involves arbitrary choices, which will encourage one pronunciation or interpretation over another; every system of punctuation to some degree disambiguates a text which may be deliberately ambiguous. Readers interested in how a familiar but deeply ambiguous text would look without the arbitrary choices imposed by punctuation may consult Middleton's adaptation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, here printed without punctuation. This unpunctuated text is initially hard to read, but anyone desiring a more user-friendly *Macbeth* can easily find one.

Revised Versions. Middleton, like other writers, sometimes revised his own work, and sometimes had it altered by other people, with or without his consent. To illustrate such transformations, we have adopted distinct editorial strategies for different works. *The Nightingale and the Ant* (a.k.a. *Father Hubbard's Tales*) illustrates how a literary work may have been reshaped in the collaborative interactions between an author and publisher. The two texts of *The Lady's Tragedy*, printed in parallel, illustrate how

a play developed in the normal transition between an author's original manuscript and an acting company's final (censored) promptbook. The two versions of *A Game at Chess*, printed separately in sequence, illustrate an authorial and theatrical transformation so radical and extensive that the two texts in some ways constitute two distinct works. In *Measure for Measure* and *Macbeth*, though we present only a single text, the typography of our 'genetic text' emphasizes the process of adaptation rather than the original or final state of the text. In *Penniless Parliament*, the commentary tracks Middleton's abridgements and expansions of the original pamphlet.

Scene Divisions. (See also ACT DIVISIONS.) In early modern theatrical practice, a 'scene' is not a unit of fictional space (defined by a location) but a unit of action (defined by the movement of actors). Middleton's theatres did not use scenic backdrops, and the fictional location of the onstage action was indicated by dialogue or props, and sometimes not at all; moreover, a scene which begins in one fictional place may sometimes shift to another, or abandon scenic fictions altogether, foregrounding instead the situation of an actor on a platform facing an audience. Consequently, the text of this edition does not provide a novelistic or Cartesian locale for each scene ('Another Part of the Polis'). However, for ease of reference we do identify and number, in the margins, separate scene-units. One scene ends whenever all the characters/actors present leave the playing space; a new scene begins with the subsequent entry of one or more characters/actors. In most cases, these scene divisions and numbers were not supplied in the earliest texts. In *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*, we follow Middleton's own practice in marking act divisions, but not scene divisions.

Speech Prefixes. In seventeenth-century texts, speech prefixes are usually abbreviated, and written immediately to the left of the first words of the speech; this practice is retained in *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*. In all other plays—and in *A Game at Chess: A Later Form*—for convenience and intelligibility we give the CHARACTER NAMES in full. When the first words of the speech are a full verse line, the use of an unabbreviated speech prefix would almost inevitably have the effect of making speech prefix and verse line together too long to fit the column, thus producing turn-overs at the beginning of thousands of speeches; to avoid this, the speech prefix is placed above the first line, rather than beside it. For prose speeches, or speeches which complete a verse line begun by another speaker, the prefix is placed on the same line as the character's first words. (See also SPLIT VERSE LINES.)

Spelling. Those who wish to read Middleton in the spelling of his time may do so by turning to the photographs of Occasional Poems, or to *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*. But because this edition aims to make Middleton accessible to anyone interested in literature and drama, we have in all other cases modernized spelling (even when we know Middleton usually spelled a word differently), in accordance with the principles adopted for the Oxford

Shakespeare. The running TITLES, at the top of each page, offer a different spelling, based on one or more original documents; we hope these will remind users of this edition that they are reading a text which has been modernized. Those interested in the editorial process of modernization may consult the commentary to *Old Law* in this volume, or the textual notes to other works in the *Companion*, which discuss problematic cases of modernization.

Split Verse Lines. Middleton, like other verse dramatists, often divided a verse line between two or more speakers. Early modern texts seldom represent this formal feature visually, and we retain the typical early modern typographical arrangement in *A Game at Chess: An Early Form*. But elsewhere for the convenience of modern readers we have editorially indented the concluding part(s) of such a divided verse line in order to show the metrical integrity of the line. For instance, in the manuscript of *The Lady's Tragedy* the end of one character's speech and the beginning of the next speech (1.1.208) were written as follows:

see it effected.

Mem. wth best care, my lord

This is clearly intended as a single iambic pentameter line, which we print as follows:

See it effected.

MEMPHONIUS With best care, my lord.

However, in some cases three part-lines are written in such a way that the middle part-line could form a complete verse line with either the preceding or the following part-line. For instance, an exchange in *The Widow* (4.2.197-99) was printed this way in the 1652 first edition:

Bra. I'm all well there.

La. You feel no grief i'th' kidney.

Bra. Sound, sound, sound sir.

The middle speech is an 'amphibious' part-line, which would make an acceptable Middleton verse line in either direction: either

I'm all well there.

You feel no grief i'th' kidney?

or

You feel no grief i'th' kidney?

Sound, sound, sound, sir.

Since both arrangements are equally acceptable, and since the fluidity of the verse in fact depends upon the metrical ambiguity of the amphibious part-line, it would be arbitrary and misleading to adopt either of the two alternative indentations. Accordingly, in such cases all three part-lines are printed immediately to the right of the speech prefix, without indentation.

BRANDINO I'm all well there.

LATROCINIO You feel no grief i'th' kidney?

BRANDINO Sound, sound, sound, sir.

Visually, such arrangements are indistinguishable from three short prose speeches, but the surrounding context should alert readers to whether they are dealing with prose or verse. (Middleton sometimes moves in and out of verse even within a single speech, so if the context does not clarify whether short lines are verse or prose, then the visual ambiguity reflects a formal ambiguity.)

Stage Directions. With Middleton as with other playwrights of his time, early texts are often deficient in describing stage action, even at so basic a level as the entrance and exit of actors. This edition's stage directions are designed to provide the minimum assistance necessary to make the text theatrically intelligible. All editorial additions of debatable directions (including, for instance, most asides, indications of the person addressed by a particular speech, and gestures) are printed in the text within square brackets, but are not recorded in the *Companion*. The *Companion* does include, for every play, a list of every original stage direction, in its original SPELLING and PUNCTUATION, keyed to its position in this edition and (where different) to its exact original location.

Texts/Events. Middleton's works occupy a continuum which runs from objects (printed pamphlets) to unique events (pageants only performed once). To the extent that a work is an object, the specific material forms which concretely embody its language may themselves constitute part of its meaning. (See TYPOGRAPHY.) To the extent that a work is a unique event, where it takes place is part of its meaning: those locations are described in the introductory essays on London (by Paul Seaver) and on the London theatres (by Scott McMillin). Moreover, the same event may be described differently by different witnesses: hence we include alternative descriptions of two pageants, *The Triumphs of Truth* and *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry*, by foreign ambassadors. More generally, an event may be described in more than one object; hence, we include in our 'text' of *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment* commemorative scripts of the event originally printed in three different publications by three of its collaborative creators, and we include accounts of the Lord Mayor's pageant of 1623 published separately by Thomas Middleton and his collaborator Anthony Munday. Finally, because play texts fall somewhere between these two categories—they are objects purchased by solitary readers, and at the same time they are attempts to represent and regulate recurring events—they can be edited and understood as objects and/or events: see ACT DIVISIONS, PUNCTUATION, SPELLING, and STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Titles. Because Middleton's works are not burdened by overfamiliarity, modern editors may restore their original

titles without offending traditional taste. In one case, the only early text has no title at all, and we have supplied a conjectural title of our own (*The Lady's Tragedy*), to replace an earlier, grossly inaccurate conjecture (*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*). Generally the editorial problem is not dearth, but surplus. A number of Middleton's works are given—in separate early documents, or even within the same document—more than one title. In such cases, the running titles in our edition vary from page to page, thereby preserving the titular instability of the work throughout the experience of reading it. Thus, on any given opening, the reader may see 'The Nice Valour' above the left-hand page, and the alternative title 'The Passionate Mad-man' above the right-hand page, of the same play. We believe readers are capable of thinking stereoscopically, and that no real confusion should result from this practice, which preserves and foregrounds evidence which traditional editions routinely suppress.

Typography. All written and printed texts are embodied forms of language: the size, layout, calligraphy or typography of a text all signal its relationships to other texts, and encode the relationships of its parts to one another. No single book can incorporate the great and deliberate variety of embodiments of Middleton's early texts, and in any case those early embodiments would be unfamiliar and unintelligible to most modern readers. However, this edition does call attention to the range and significance of those early embodiments, in part by photographic illustrations, in part by preserving in a modern form the typographical distinctions of the original texts. Thus, the distinctive 1604 title-page of *The Black Book* is reproduced at the beginning of our introduction to it; the original's use of 'black letter' type for certain sections of the work is indicated here by use of a sans serif font (which suggests the emblematic visual 'blackening' of the text, but does so in a form more intelligible to modern readers); the original gothic font is reproduced in the running TITLES, where readers can be reminded of its function without being disturbed by its (to them) illegibility. Likewise, we preserve the extraordinary six-column openings of *The Two Gates of Salvation*, but do so in modern typefaces and modern SPELLING.

Website. At <http://thomasmiddleton.org> we publish further information relevant to Middleton and his texts, including additional indexes, illustrations, and links to other sites. It is hoped that this expanding site will eventually contain a concordance to *The Collected Works*.

Works Cited. In the various introductions and commentaries in this volume, references to other works are given in an abbreviated form within parentheses. Full citations for these authors and works can be found at the end of the textual introductions in the *Companion*. This arrangement enables us to document our scholarly sources and obligations, while minimizing the distraction caused to ordinary readers by the courtesy rituals of academic culture.

MIDDLETON AND HIS WORLD

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THOMAS MIDDLETON: LIVES AND AFTERLIVES

Gary Taylor

THOMAS MIDDLETON and William Shakespeare were the only writers of the English Renaissance who created plays still considered masterpieces in four major dramatic genres: comedy, history, tragedy, and tragicomedy. Middleton was the only playwright trusted by Shakespeare's company to adapt Shakespeare's plays after his death. Middleton wrote the biggest hit performed by Shakespeare's company (or any other company in their lifetimes): the most talked-about dramatic work of its era, with the longest consecutive run, the most manuscript copies, the most surreptitious editions, the first engraved title-pages. But Middleton's triumphs were not confined to one company of actors: he wrote successful scripts for more theatrical venues than any of his contemporaries. The only seventeenth-century printed anthology of memorable passages from English plays quoted the Middleton canon more often than the works of any other playwright. He wrote the period's most popular theatrical song. The first English play translated into Dutch was by Middleton; his work was performed in Amsterdam and Dublin, and accounts of it were dispatched to Brussels, The Hague, Madrid, Florence, Rome, Venice, and Moscow. On and off the commercial stage, Middleton mastered more genres than any English writer of his time. Middleton was the greatest stylist of the Jacobean pamphlet, as Thomas Nashe had been of the Elizabethan pamphlet; as Ben Jonson dominated the court masque, Middleton dominated civic revels. Satirist, polemicist, ghost-writer for a king, co-author of the first masque transferred to the commercial stage, author of the most expensive and elaborate Lord Mayor's pageant that had ever been produced, Middleton was also the first officially appointed Chronologer of London.

'The Hogarth of the pen', he would be called, in a review of the first collected edition of his work (1840); Swinburne praised his 'perfect Hogarthian comedy' (1886), and the first *Dictionary of National Biography* crowned him the 'most veracious painter' of London life (1894). Middleton anticipates Hogarth's sharp ironic eye, his precise capacious vision of the exploding crowded mixedness of urban life. But the anonymous Victorian who compared Middleton to Hogarth was ambivalent about them both: both could be too 'gross' for his own admittedly 'fastidious' taste. Middleton has always made some people uncomfortable. In his own lifetime, his work was publicly burned, condemned from the pulpit in the yard of St Paul's Cathedral, banned by the Privy Council, compared to toilet paper. Cities, Hogarth and Middleton rudely remind us, require sewers—and brothels.

Hogarth's first popular success was *A Harlot's Progress*. The word 'pornographer' literally means 'prostitute-depicter', and in that sense both Hogarth and Middleton qualify. Their worlds wriggle with mistresses, courtesans, whores and whoremongers and whore managers. Middleton sexed language, and languaged sex, more comprehensively and creatively than any other writer in English. He dramatized literal incest in *The Revenger's Tragedy* and *Women, Beware Women*, an adult son's obsession with his mother's sexuality in *A Fair Quarrel*, a husband happily pimping his wife in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, another literally selling his in *The Phoenix*. Middleton depicted the allure of a male transvestite in *Microcynicon* and a female transvestite in *The Roaring Girl*, stalking and sexual blackmail in *The Changeling*, castration and a sexually abusive priest in *A Game at Chess*, marital rape in *Hengist, King of Kent*, male impotence in *The Witch*, masochism in *The Nice Valour*, necrophilia in *The Lady's Tragedy*, pedophilia in *Anything for a Quiet Life*, an adulteress compelled to eat the corpse of her lover in *The Bloody Banquet*. He invoked 'back door' sex, male and female, more often than any of his contemporaries. He inventively—in *A Mad World, My Masters*, *The Roaring Girl*, and *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*—circumvented the prohibition on live onstage sex (fornication, masturbation, lesbianism). Hogarth saves pornography for morality by burying his syphilitic harlot at age 23. Middleton is more generous to his Molls, giving them ethics and eloquence, and dismissing them to whatever happiness can be afforded by marriage to their customers.

But by comparing Middleton to Hogarth, we extract him from the world he represents. The artists of his own time provide better parallels for his life and work. The anonymous *Young Man with a Skull*, depicted by Frans Hals, could have been inspired by the first scene of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Middleton's tragedies can be as lurid, brutal, and demystifying as Caravaggio's *David and Goliath* or *Judith and Holofernes*. Caravaggio's torn, furrowed-browed *Doubting Thomas*, caught red-handed in that electric moment when scepticism thrusts its finger into faith, could be doubting Thomas Middleton's Captain Ager ('That man should hazard all upon things doubtful') or Vindice ('O, I'm in doubt, whether I'm myself or no') or Timon ('I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure'). In Middleton's *The Widow*, as in Caravaggio's great painting *The Tooth-Drawer in a Tavern*, a con-artist extracts a painful rotten tooth; both *Your Five Gallants* and Caravaggio's *The Cardsharps* show us a naïve young



1. *The Revells of Christendome* (1609)—engraved by Thomas Cockson, with verses by an unidentified English poet, ‘sold by Mary Oliver in Westminster Hall’—includes caricatures of King James (third from left), Henri IV of France, Prince Maurice, Christian IV of Denmark, the Pope, a Jesuit Cardinal, etc.

man being cheated in a card game; Caravaggio’s *Fortune Teller* could be illustrating a scene from *The Spanish Gypsy*. But Middleton could also, like Peter Paul Rubens, portray King James as Solomon, animate allegorical figures like Envy and Peace, dedicate his art to the production of an ephemeral royal parade. As Middleton did in his outdoor pageants and indoor entertainments, Frans Hals painted official group portraits of serious urban dignitaries; but Hals could also crowd canvasses like *Merrymakers at Shrovetide* with the same seemingly spontaneous carnival abundance that Middleton packed into *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. The genre paintings of Caravaggio and Hals and the comedies of Middleton do not represent ancient gods and legendary heroes at moments of world-historical significance; instead, we see people like ourselves and our neighbours, doing things we and our neighbours do every day (and night).

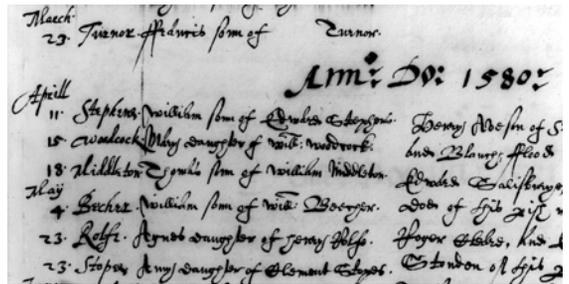
Like these painters, Middleton belonged to an expansive European culture. But he also, like them, belonged to a partisan locality. In the 1609 engraving *The Revells of Christendome* (Illus. 1), as in the 1625 engraved title-page of Middleton’s *A Game at Chess* (Illus. 2), the official group portrait is satirically superimposed upon an indecorous genre scene. The most powerful men in Europe are imagined as mere gamblers around a table, playing with the fate of nations and the kingdom of heaven. Recognizable individuals inhabit an allegorical action; genres clash; words breed with images. A visual artist collaborates with a poet; both collaborate with the technicians of print; they all collaborate with an entrepreneur who markets their work to a mass public.

However unique Middleton’s achievement, it depended upon such middlemen: actors, producers, publishers, printers, carpenters, composers, choreographers, collabor-



2. The title-page of *A Game at Chess* (1625) does not identify the author (Middleton), printer (Nicholas Okes), or engraver, but features caricatures of Prince Charles (bottom right), the Spanish ambassador Gondomar (middle), and the Archbishop of Spalato (left); others seated at the table include Felipe IV of Spain (top left) and King James (top right).

ators of all kinds. Like everyone else's, Middleton's life took place in the middle of other lives. Consider, for example, the inaugural record of his existence (Illus. 3). In it, he is linked directly to his father (no mother being mentioned), and less directly to the names of other children born into the same parish that year: age-mates like Mary Dunscombe, whose mother was buried six days after her baby's baptism, or Anthony Brisley, who would die in a plague epidemic when they were thirteen. In emerging from a womb, Middleton entered a community. Therefore, his entry on this list does not commemorate his birth. It records his baptism: not a private biological event but a public linguistic ceremony, by which a child officially entered into language, was christened and received 'into the congregation of Christ's flock'. Indeed, this list of names existed as a consequence of the Reformation of Christ's flock: in 1538, Henry VIII had ordered every English community to keep a record of its conformity to the new state religion. As a result, every parish had its own bureaucratic 'church book', like the one which becomes a major comic prop in *Old Law*, like the one which records Middleton's emergence from his mother's



3. Parish register with record of Middleton's baptism.

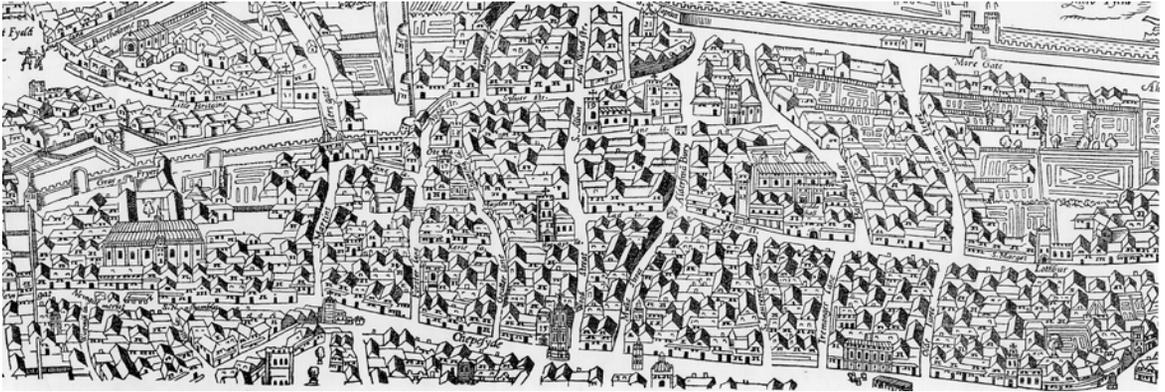
womb into a parish. On 18 April in the year of our Lord 1580—the year that Jesuits first entered England, in an attempt to roll back the Reformation—Thomas Middleton's godparents, as prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, vowed to teach him 'the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the English tongue, and all other things which a Christian man ought to know and believe to his soul's health', so that he might inherit 'everlasting salvation'. As in Isaak Walton's celebrated biographies of John Donne and George Herbert, as in the private diaries of a London tradesman like Nehemiah Wallington, Thomas Middleton's life was, from its first moments, understood in relation to an after-life.

Any story about Middleton's life and after-life is thus, inevitably, a story of more than one life, of connected lives, of the lives in particular of men who could write their names in the emergent market-place of textual capitalism. But it is also the story of one man's singularity, and of his relationship to what was excluded from that record of his baptism: women.

Generation

In 1580, Anne Middleton was forty-one or forty-two. She presumably gave birth at home, attended by a midwife, who would have tightly wrapped the new-born in swaddling clothes, to keep him warm and immobile. Infant mortality being high, babies were given the benefits of Christianity almost immediately, and Thomas was baptized—probably within days of his birth—in the adjacent church of St Lawrence Jewry. This is the parish church where his parents had been married, where three other Middleton children were baptized and where two of them were soon buried, where his father would be buried, where his mother would remarry.

St Lawrence Jewry (so called 'because of old time many Jews inhabited thereabout') was a 'fair and large' church where, in 1501, Thomas More had given a famous series of lectures on St Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*. It is also a church where, until at least the 1590s, a child could have looked up and seen, 'fastened to a post of timber', the ancient shin-bone 'of a man (as it is taken)', which measured '25 inches in length by the rule' and was of a remarkable 'thickness, hardness and strength'. But if the past of the church was Catholic



4. William Middleton lived on 'Catteton Strete' (in 1582) and on 'Ironmonger Lane' (in 1586); probably both documents refer to the same house, on the south-west corner of the intersection of the two streets. As a boy Thomas could have walked to Cheapside (bottom) in a minute and a half, and to St Paul's churchyard (far left) in less than five.

and magical, its present was determinedly Protestant. The minister who baptized Middleton was old Robert Crowley, a famous preacher and non-conformist, chosen by the parishioners themselves. For most of Middleton's childhood (1581–94), the vicar was George Dickins, an MA from Christ Church, Oxford, who held prebendaries at St Paul's Cathedral. Dickins was succeeded by another Oxford graduate, Thomas Sanderson of Balliol, whose education had been funded by scholarships from the Haberdashers' Company; Sanderson would become one of the translators of the 1611 'King James' Bible and the author of an anti-Catholic polemic. Unlike many parts of the country, prosperous London parishes were served by the best-educated ministers the Church of England could produce. Their parishioners wanted, and were willing to pay for, extra sermons every week.

Neither Dickins nor Sanderson seems to have been what contemporaries would have called, disparagingly, a 'Puritan' (or a 'presbyterian'); neither advocated further reforms in the rituals or ecclesiastical government of the English Church. But both ministers, like the Church hierarchy until the early seventeenth century, would have internalized and propagated some version of the theology of Jean Calvin (1509–64), a French refugee in Geneva, and the most popular writer in England during Middleton's lifetime. Calvin himself was an eclectic thinker, a tortured humanist who never achieved personal peace or intellectual closure; the best theological minds of early modern Europe wrestled with the problems Calvin posed. Middleton's introduction to such ideas would have taken the simplified form of a memorized catechism, like the one printed in thirty-nine English editions of the Geneva Bible between 1579 and 1616:

Question: Are not all ordained unto eternal life?

Answer: Some are vessels of wrath ordained unto destruction, as others are vessels of mercy prepared to glory.

Question: How standeth it with God's justice that some are appointed unto damnation?

Answer: Very well because all men have in themselves sin which deserveth no less, and therefore the mercy of God is wonderful in that he vouchsafeth to save some of that sinful race and to bring them to the knowledge of the truth.

Human nature was universally depraved. Its depravity began in the womb: 'we may be damned', John Donne insisted, 'though we be never born', and Calvin observed that 'in children many things are corrupt'. Such attitudes obviously affected how parents treated their children, and how children imagined themselves. No one could merit salvation. No amount of good work, no mere exercise of will, could close the gap between human possibility and divine law. God nevertheless, by an undeserved gift of his grace, had predestined some for election to heaven. Most were foreordained to damnation. These may seem abstruse philosophical issues, but an Italian visitor to England in the 1580s reported that 'the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination'.

To get to the church where such doctrines were taught, the Middletons had only to cross the street, and walk a block. They lived at the intersection of Ironmonger Lane and Catteton Street, in the prosperous Old Jewry area of the city, just north of the really wealthy houses and shops along the wide main thoroughfare of Cheapside (Illus. 4). Middleton grew up in the ward of Cheapside, the setting of one of his most famous plays. The centre of London government, the Guildhall, was—and still is—just behind the church of St Lawrence Jewry, and the processions celebrating the annual installation of a new Lord Mayor would have passed within a block of the Middleton home. In 1592, the mayor so celebrated was Sir William Roe, an ironmonger, neighbour, and fellow parishioner. In 1582 William Middleton (assessed at £20 in the tax roll) was the wealthiest of the nineteen named householders on Catteton Street, and among the wealthiest 10 per

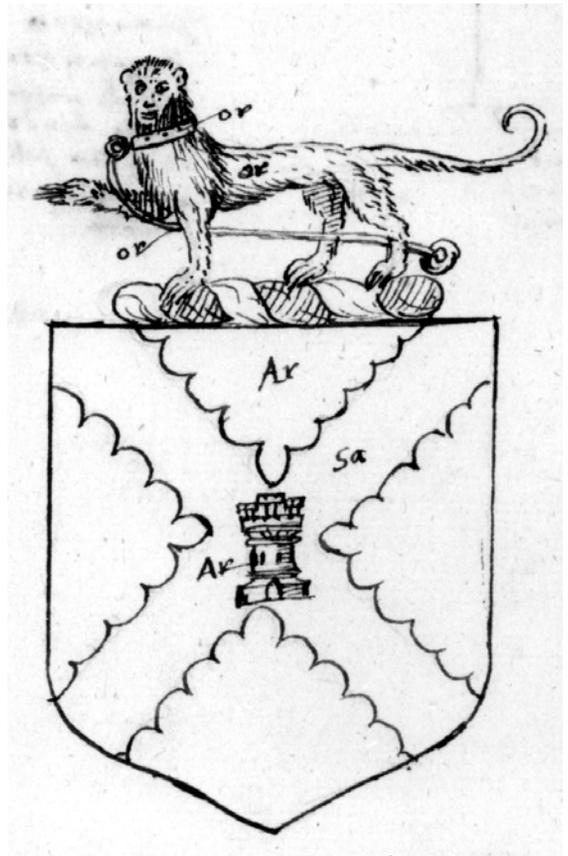
cent of Londoners overall; however, more than twenty members of the parish were assessed at £50, and one at £200. But although Ben Jonson's play *Every Man in his Humour* (1598) could thus plausibly allude to 'the rich merchant in the Old Jewry', the neighbourhood, like most neighbourhoods at the time, had a diverse population. The impressive timbered Tudor houses along the main streets were backed by tenements in the warren of narrow unpaved alleys and lanes which contemporary maps do not show, and even in the better homes masters and mistresses lived with their apprentices and servants. A single household could contain its own miniature social order.

In church all classes sang the same psalms. The gospel promised salvation to 'men of every sort'. But although the parish population may have been mixed by the distributions of geography and grace, it was conspicuously stratified by rank and status. Parishioners were arranged in their pews 'in order, in their degrees and callings'. Common people would often rise and bow when their betters entered the church and made their progress to the front pews. These rituals of obeisance were practised not only between families in public, but within families in private. Little Tom would have learned, early, to bow to his parents.

His parents had belonged to this neighbourhood since before 1574, when the parish clerk recorded the marriage of 'William Middleton & Anne Snowe of this parish'. It was apparently William's second marriage. His first wife, Margaret Barwicke, died in 1570 or 1572. She had married William on 21 November 1563; earlier that autumn, during twenty-five days in September and October, all five members of her family had died in the great plague epidemic of 1563, which carried off one-quarter of London's population. William Middleton married a woman who had just lost her entire family, and who almost certainly inherited whatever they owned.

A decade later, when William married Anne Snowe, he was a certified gentleman. On 23 April 1568, Sir Gilbert Dethicke, Garter King of Arms, 'ratified, confirmed, assigned, and allowed' to William Middleton 'and to his posterity forever' a coat of arms (illus. 5). As a young man, William had—like many London residents—immigrated to the metropolis to take up an apprenticeship; in the unknown elsewhere of his birth, he had 'been of long time one of the bearers of these arms'. Whether this pedigree was the truth or an enabling fiction, it ensured that Thomas Middleton, William's first and only son, was born a gentleman. The gentry constituted perhaps only 2 per cent of England's population. Middleton began life as a member of the governing élite. The abbreviation 'Mr', after all, stood for 'Master'.

By the 1580s, William Middleton, gentleman, was also a prosperous businessman and landholder. He owned copyhold on property in Bishop's Hatfield, Hertfordshire; he also owned a lease for nearly five hundred years on a house and wharf in the eastern suburb of Limehouse.



5. Middleton coat of arms.

In the northern suburb of Shoreditch, he had acquired a fifty-year lease on property adjoining the Curtain Theatre ('where now commonly the plays be played'), then converted a dairy house there into several tenements, from which he received 'a great yearly rent'. In January 1586, his net worth was calculated at just over £335. Such assets would hardly have supported the lifestyle of a substantial country gentleman, but (at a time when an average family could subsist on £11-14 a year) it did put the Middletons squarely in the ranks of the urban 'middle sort', described in 1581 as those who 'neither welter in too much wealth, nor wrestle with too much want'.

William Middleton had achieved this prosperity as a member of the Worshipful Company of Tilers and Bricklayers, one of the less important London guilds. Almost certainly, he had served an apprenticeship of seven and a half years before becoming a freeman of the company, and thereby a citizen of London. A bricklayer's apprentice earned, by law, only seven pence a day, and the profession was neither prestigious nor gentlemanly. But William Middleton profited from the residential construction boom

which accompanied the Elizabethan explosion of London's population. He became what we would call a building contractor, training apprentices and employing journeymen. On 5 February 1577 he had been promoted to the company's livery, and at the next company election became one of their Wardens (who were allowed more apprentices than other members). His double elevation was obviously disputed, because it was achieved only as the result of a court order. The Middleton family thus belonged, not only to a parish and a neighbourhood, but to a guild, a group of less than a hundred London households with its own rules, its own hierarchy, its own squabbles, and its own social rituals (like the company dinners at the Mermaid tavern in Cornhill).

On 24 January 1586, members of that guild put on their company livery and attended the funeral of William Middleton. Death may have taken him by surprise, for he had no time to prepare or sign a written will; he spoke his bequests as he lay dying. The cause of death is, as usual, not given, but we do not need incidents like that in St Dunstan's in the West on 1 March 1617—'John Price bricklayer, slain with the fall of a chimney'—to remind us that the construction industry has always had casualties, which a primitive medical technology could seldom help. In any event, to a five-year-old boy the death of his father is almost always unexpected and unexplainable. Who is to know what he made of the words George Dickins, in his gown and surplice, read aloud at the graveside that Monday, as the corpse was made ready to be laid in the cold earth? 'In the midst of life we be in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord, which for our sins justly art displeased.'

Later that year, on 5 November, the more important corpse of Sir Philip Sidney arrived in London from the Netherlands, where he had died as part of a larger Protestant effort to help the Dutch rebellion against Catholic Spain. But while much of England mourned the death of chivalry, poetry, and 'the very hope of our age', the house on Ironmonger Lane was celebrating a wedding. Most London widows re-married within a year, and an affluent propertied widow like Anne Middleton would have been regarded as a real catch. The man who caught her was Thomas Harvey, a young gentleman who had completed his apprenticeship in 1582 and become a freeman of the Grocers' Company, one of the most powerful London guilds. On 27 July, 'Master Thomas Harvey' had returned to England with Sir Francis Drake, after spending 'the space of one whole year and more in very miserable case' as chief merchant to Sir Walter Raleigh's abortive colony at Roanoke; for his pains his name would be immortalized in the first edition of Richard Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation* (1589). Thomas Middleton thus became the first important English writer to be personally exposed, in childhood, to the backwash of European global expansion. Returning colonists told stirring stories of famous men, of weeks voyaging on the vast Atlantic, of the unmapped hot lush fragrant coast



6. Roanoke woman and child, from an original watercolour painted in 1585 by one of Thomas Harvey's fellow voyagers. The scanty clothing, boyish haircut, and tattoos of the mother, the dark skin and nudity of the child, would all have been scandalously exotic.

of what is now North Carolina, of the strange dress and habits of the Roanoke natives (Illus. 6); maybe Harvey was among those who were later said to 'have spoken of more than ever they saw'. Certainly, like his fellow traveller, the scientist and reputed atheist Thomas Harriot, Harvey had good reason to try to impress folks back home, and to make the most of this disappointing start to England's imperial future. Harvey himself had 'spent or lost whatsoever he embarked and shipped in', and was now 'poor and unable to pay his creditors'. He needed Anne's money. He visited her 'often'; she made enquiries about him through friends on 'whom she relied'; in the end, she 'settled her liking towards him, as a fit man for her to

make choice of'. On 7 November, the forty-eight-year-old Anne Middleton vowed to 'obey him and serve him, love, honour, and keep him', and Thomas Harvey, a 'young man' perhaps twenty years her junior, took her 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer'.

The 'worse' and 'poorer' began almost immediately. In English common law, wives had no separate property; once married, a woman forfeited all her goods to her husband. But Anne, apparently following William Middleton's dying advice, had taken care to protect the interests of her two young children, Thomas and Avis. Between them, they were entitled to one-third of the estate; Anne 'of her free grant' increased that sum to 66 pounds, 13 shillings, and 4 pence (two-thirds of £100) apiece. In June, she had, with the help of three Inns of Court lawyers, created a complex trust to protect those bequests. Several months later, before her remarriage, the three trustees met with Harvey at Anne's house in Ironmonger Lane, and 'before supper, we all sitting there together', they explained the legal instruments 'given over in trust unto us'; 'Harvey gave his consent, and seemed also at that time not to dislike of anything'. But as soon as the marriage was blessed and consummated, Harvey asserted his prerogative. In an attempt to gain control of the children's portions, he demanded the papers, was refused, 'grew into great choler', and appealed to the Lord Mayor. Anne fought back, turning a wife's lack of independent legal status to her own advantage. Within a month of her marriage, she had herself arrested for defaulting on her financial commitment to the children; Harvey, as husband, was responsible for *her* debts, and so was forced to pay the Lord Mayor's Court, in cash, a sum equal to both bequests. To raise the money, he was compelled 'to suffer his goods to be sold at an outcry at his door'. Within a month of his marriage, the angry greedy Harvey had been ('by the cunning means of his wife') legally and financially humiliated in the very public venues of the Guildhall and the street where they lived.

So began a classic dysfunctional marriage in a country without divorce. There were times of 'peaceable and quiet continuance together' when 'they kept the deceased Middleton's children at their own charge'; Harvey set up shop as a grocer and trained apprentices, probably working, as most small retailers did, from the family home. But for most of the next fifteen years that home was in turmoil. Husband and wife fought, in and out of different courts. Harvey was imprisoned for debt. When he got out, he abandoned the family that did not want him, committing his body to the continuing English war against the Spanish empire. After the defeat of the Armada in 1588, a profitable victory abroad may have seemed likelier than any victory in Ironmonger Lane. Harvey joined the 1589 expedition against Portugal, then served in the Low Countries. Anne refused to send him 'one penny'. When he returned to London, he went back into business as a grocer, taking an apprentice in July 1592, but he was soon arrested for debt again, and spent at least

four months in prison (December 1592 to April 1593). In September 1595, he was imprisoned again, this time for plotting to poison Anne. A month later Anne, through an intermediary, paid Harvey £56 to take to sea, in exchange for a deed ceding all the property which had belonged to William Middleton. Harvey left England for most of three years. He was reported dead. But by 1598 he was back in London, alive, and in 1600 he was back in court, suing his wife again—and five other people, including his stepson Thomas. From the beginning, the struggle for conjugal mastery had rippled outward, as neighbours and friends and relatives of both parties joined the tug of war, as tenants and creditors and debtors on the sidelines became involuntary participants, victims of the uncertainty over who controlled the contested properties.

But the most constant victims were Thomas and Avis—inevitably witnesses, and often parties, to an emotional and legal turmoil which lasted from their early childhood all the way through adolescence. Avis, baptized on 3 August 1582, was only three when her father died, four when her mother remarried. Just before she turned sixteen, she contracted a marriage as aggravating as her mother's. Her new husband, Allen Waterer of the parish of St Leonard Shoreditch, was twenty-five, and claimed to belong to the Clothworkers' guild; as soon as he could accumulate enough capital, he could set himself up in business. Avis's inheritance, which Anne had so fiercely protected from her own husband, could not be protected from her daughter's husband. In fact, Anne had some trouble protecting her own assets from her new son-in-law. Newlyweds were expected to set up house on their own, but Allen and Avis moved in with Anne, who gave them 'friendly entertainment'. But 'Allen Waterer and his mother-in-law could not agree together', and a new round of lawsuits commenced. Anne alleged that Allen sought 'to thrust her out of her house, and forbade her tenants to pay her any rent'; Allen alleged that Anne, by 'devilish and subtle practices', sought to deceive 'her own children'. Both Thomas Middleton and Thomas Harvey were soon embroiled in this struggle between Anne and her son-in-law. Allen moved to Holywell Lane (where the famous actor Richard Burbage would have been one of his neighbours); when Harvey went to Holywell Lane to serve a writ, Allen 'did rail, revile, and threaten the plaintiff with whipping . . . and thrust him out of his ground by the head and shoulder'. In June 1601, Allen assaulted Harvey again, wounding him so badly that his life was despaired of; in December, Allen was again arrested, this time for abusing a constable (who was a friend of Harvey's). From Avis herself, in all these documents, we hear nothing; she was busy elsewhere, bearing three children in three years.

Education

Her elder brother Thomas was luckier. While Avis was trapped at home with her embattled mother, Thomas could escape to grammar school, to the disciplined predictability of hourglass, clock, bell, ten or more hours a day, six days a week, for six or more years. By his seventh

birthday, the familiar world of his early childhood had disintegrated: his father was dead, his father's apprentices were dispersed, his mother had married a nightmare, in prison or abroad most of the time, who when he did come home was more likely than not to find 'the doors were shut against' him. I don't know when Thomas entered grammar school; seven was normal, as late as nine was possible, but in any case it must have been in the first three years of his mother's second marriage. I don't know which London grammar school he attended, but all would have been within walking distance. In the years when infancy crossed into manhood, he crossed back and forth between a female vernacular household and a male classical schoolroom.

Even before entering grammar school, he would have learned, like his father, to read and write his mother tongue. His own mother (like 84 per cent of London women in the 1580s) signed her name with a mark; she probably could not write. But she did ensure that young Thomas, at home or at a local petty school, grasped and mastered the material technology and bodily routines of writing, routines which would occupy much of every working day for the rest of his life. 'A hand gets me my living', a professional writer says in *The Widow* (5.1.190): writing was a manual skill, enabling a fully socialized hand to manipulate expensive handmade tools (paper, ink, pens). Francis Clement, in *The Petty School* (1587), explained how to prepare a quill, taken from the feather of a bird, for use as a pen: 'Enter a rift with the edge of your knife even in the mid-back of your quill, then rive the same scissure half an inch into the quill—but, I say, just in the back, lest haply it show ragged and grinning teeth, for then will it never prove good.' There was a 'good' way to sharpen a pen, and a 'bad' way—just as there were good and bad ways of holding it. Proper sharpening and manual posture, careful adjustments to the viscosity of the ink, would enable the student's pen to 'glide or swim upon the paper'. Writing, in the era of inkwell and quill, was a liquid art.

The difference between good and bad in these physical routines was physically enforced. The sovereign schoolmaster rapped and whipped, and set his students to compete against each other for his favour. For the subjects of Tudor pedagogy, there was not only a distinction between good and bad, but a clear hierarchy within the good, and at the top of that hierarchy stood Latin, which was taught in grammar schools. The dominant (and literary) class was bilingual, and its political and economic power would be legitimized, increasingly, by its possession of the cultural capital conferred by literacy and Latinity. We know much of what Middleton learned in school, despite our ignorance of which petty or grammar school he attended, because all schools operated within a narrow range of authorized uniformity. In the 1530s and 1540s, Henry VIII had combined the newly concentrated powers of the Tudor state with the dispersive powers of the new technology

of print to commission and impose a set of standardized national textbooks: a primer, a catechism, a grammar, a Book of Common Prayer. By early in the reign of Elizabeth I these had all, after much revision and evolution, hardened into enduring forms. The style and curriculum of English grammar schools was not wholly legislated, but, despite incidental local variations, all followed an educational model articulated by the Dutch humanist Desiderius Erasmus (c.1467–1536). This model can be seen, in all its naturalized simplicity, in the summary of an English schoolmaster like William Kempe, writing in 1588 of *The Education of Children*:

first the scholar shall learn the precepts; secondly, he shall learn to note the examples of the precepts in unfolding other men's works; thirdly, to imitate the examples in some work of his own; fourthly and lastly, to make somewhat alone without an example.

The 'precepts' here are both moral and stylistic; the 'other men's works' come from the literature of classical antiquity; the goal is the production of some written 'work' of one's own, first by imitation, then by invention. This educational regime slighted women, mathematics, science, technology, any vocational skill; it was designed to produce male eloquence.

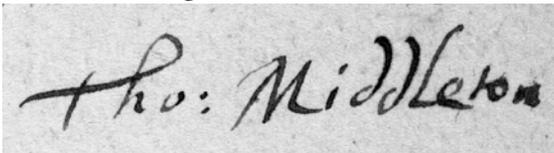
It produced Middleton. It did so, in part, by demanding that literature be perceived and experienced as a complex interlocking system of widely distributed printed texts. Rather than diet upon a single admired model, like Cicero, Erasmus demanded that one feed as widely as possible upon the writers and genres of antiquity: oratory, philosophy, epic, satire, comedy, tragedy, fable. By memorizing, 'unfolding', and imitating, the student internalized this cornucopia of texts as a storehouse of human possibilities and verbal strategies, which could be immediately accessed and applied, as occasion demanded. All thought was textual, and textuality was modular, broken down into parts which could themselves be broken down into subparts (genres, authors, works, speeches, phrases), broken down to be recycled, every component susceptible to recombination, fragments becoming ornaments, collaged into handbooks and anthologies, reconnected in a net of polytextual cross-referencing, inexhaustible, interminable.

What the ideal student achieves by this process is *copia*, myriad-kinded copiousness. What Middleton achieved was an ability to write prose, verse, comedy, tragedy, tragicomedy, history, allegory, masque, pageant, satire, poetry commendatory or commemorative, biblical commentary, annals. Moreover, this abundance of works is matched by an abundance within works, a pleasure in the piling up of plots, voices, classes, things, an everywhere multiplicitousness—in the unexampled conspicuous consumption of *The Triumphs of Truth*, the carnivalian fertility of *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, the panoply of parody in *The*

Owl's Almanac, the comprehensive mortality of *Women, Beware Women*. Here, indeed, is Erasmus's plenty.

The link between the past *copia* of the grammar school canon and the future *copia* of the grammar school graduate was copying. 'Nature has implanted', Erasmus observed, 'in the youngest child an ape-like instinct of imitation'. Selves would best be fashioned by mimicking a fashion they could see: students enacted dialogues which taught them the proper fashion for everything from wiping their nose to polishing their prose. More advanced school exercises regularly included instructions like 'make some *parodiae*, or imitations of Latin verses'. Middleton—whose family crest was a chained ape (Illus. 5)—was compelled to mimic. We do not possess any of the innumerable school compositions he must have written in the 1590s, but his apprenticeship by *imitatio* was continued in the works he wrote between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two: *The Wisdom of Solomon* (an exercise in paraphrase and amplification), *Microcynicon* (Roman satire), *The Ghost of Lucrece* (Ovidian epistle), *The Peniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets* (compilation on a set theme), *Two Shapes* (Roman history). However effective these works are, their shared artistic agenda was the prescribed imitation of prescribed models.

But the end of imitation is an ability 'to make somewhat alone without an example'. Erasmus advised his students, '*teipsum... exprimis*' ('express yourself'). Elizabethan grammar schools studied authors as unlike as Virgil and Lucian, and produced students as unlike as Sidney and Nashe, Shakespeare and Herbert, Heywood and Jonson. Uniqueness is common, and no one, then or since, writes quite like Middleton. Through all the diversity of his genres and characters there persists a particularity—a register of words, a registering of the world—as distinctive as his signature.



But Middleton's verbal personality, like that of his contemporaries, was defined by relation to a shared, reiterated, enforced, memorized, dead ideal. Sidney's quantities, Jonson's armature of abstruse art, the polysyllability of Shakespeare, of Milton the grammar alien and grace alluding—these are all approaches to the common goal of making English classical.

Tom Middleton read the same authors and learned to use the same figures. But whereas other writers of his time were described as 'our Virgil' (Spenser), 'the English Petrarch' (Sidney), 'a second Ovid' (Greene), 'England's Horace' (Jonson), or a compound of Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, Orpheus, and Homer (Drayton), Middleton did not make or attract such comparisons. He instead celebrates 'modern use' (*The Triumphs of Integrity* 85). Writing 'in these latter days', he has only a fallen language

for a fallen world. That language is more immediately intelligible to twenty-first century readers, less encumbered with classical allusions or obsolete linguistic forms, than the writing of any of his contemporaries.

As often as I look upon that treasure,
And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing—
It joys me that I ever was ordained
To have a being, and to live 'mongst men:
Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
Let a man truly think on't.
To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots:
Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
When e'en the very sheets they commit sin in
May prove, for aught they know, all their last garments.
O what a mark were there for women then!
But beauty able to content a conqueror
(Whom earth could scarce content) keeps me in compass.
I find no wish in me bent sinfully
To this man's sister or to that man's wife:
In love's name let 'em keep their honesties
And cleave to their own husbands, 'tis their duties.
Now when I go to church, I can pray handsomely,
Not come like gallants only to see faces,
As if I had just went to market still on Sundays.

(*Women, Beware Women* 1.1.14–34)

William Hazlitt, who in 1808 began the resurrection of Middleton's reputation, praised his scenes as 'an immediate transcript from life'. But to call him a transcriber or—as T. S. Eliot would later do—'merely a great recorder', is to misrecognize art as artlessness. No English writer before Middleton had ever achieved such sustained transparency, or constructed such seemingly unconstructed representations of the shifting currents of ordinary speech. What the cultural arbiters of Middleton's lifetime admired in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* or Josuah Sylvester's translations of *Sieur du Bartas* was aristocratic artifice, consciously modelled on the monumentality of written texts more than a thousand years old. Middleton learned to listen instead to the transience of the vernacular, to the human preoccupation not only with eternity but with ephemera: news, almanacs, fads and affectations, the slippery emotional wave-front of daily, hourly, life. Recommending *The Roaring Girl* to potential readers, his introductory epistle does not invoke the comedies of Aristophanes, Plautus, or Terence, but instead compares 'the fashion of play-making' to 'the alteration of apparel'; the most he will say of his own work is that it is 'a kind of light-colour summer stuff', 'fit for the times'. Even when he wants to commend someone else's play—like *The Duchess of Malfi*—he uses the language not of permanent stone but of perishable fabric. 'Thy note | Be ever plainness', he advises his friend John Webster, 'tis the richest coat.'

Immediately below these English verses ‘upon this masterpiece of tragedy’, Middleton writes a couplet in Latin ‘*In Tragœdiam*’. This movement between two languages is typical of grammar school routines; however grand the design, much of the daily grind involved translation from Latin into English, English into Latin—or (later) either into Greek, Greek into either. Middleton’s first published work, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, is a translation, as is *Sir Robert Sherley*; he can quote Ovid in *Microcynicon*, Seneca in *The Revenger’s Tragedy*, Horace and Virgil in *A Game at Chess*; his plays adapt material from Plautus and Terence which he probably read in Latin in school. But *No Wit/Help like a Woman’s* demonstrates his fondness for Petronius, a Roman writer too raunchy for the curriculum—and also establishes his familiarity with a play, published only a few years before, by the Italian writer Giambattista della Porta. A command of Latin made romance languages easy to acquire, and Middleton was especially interested in modern European writers: he read the anti-Petrarchan Pietro Aretino, the satirical Miguel de Cervantes, the realist Niccolò Machiavelli, and many others now less familiar.

But the ability to read and write other languages may have been less formative than the linguistic habits associated with translation itself. People who are fully bilingual do not translate one of their languages into the other; they simply switch, as occasion demands, from the first self-contained vocabulary and syntax to the second (like an ambidextrous ballplayer, catching with her left hand, then her right). But Tudor grammar school had less to do with learning to use languages than with learning to translate them. Middleton spent six or seven years wrestling with the insolubles of translation. Of course, the sometimes extended family of meanings housed in one word in one language will seldom coalesce in any single word in another language; young Middleton and his fellow translators will, inevitably, often have been defeated by desired meanings left out, or undesired meanings thrust in. One effect of such repeated frustrations is a heightened sensitivity to puns, double meanings, complex words; another is an awareness of the uncontrollability of reference.

The Latin word *translatio* can be translated by the Greek word μεταφορά (‘metaphor’), and a third effect of years of *translatio* is an interest in the effect of conflating dissimilar contexts. Middleton read the satires of Horace alongside those of Joseph Hall; he mixed Lucian with Nashe. In the summer of 1593, he and his schoolmates translated dead texts, while the bubonic plague translated their neighbours into graves. (In six months the ground around St Lawrence Jewry accommodated seventy-seven fresh corpses, sometimes in clusters: Alice Tilstone, for instance, lost both her children and her husband; Henry Ainsworth, haberdasher, lost two children and two servants.) Middleton might have been reading Virgil’s *Georgics* at any time between 1594 and 1597, when two poor harvests were succeeded by two years of dearth; prices in London rose 10 per cent a year—the most concentrated burst of

inflation in the entire sixteenth century, and particularly devastating for families (like his own) on fixed incomes. In 1597 he paraphrased *The Wisdom of Solomon*—and joined his mother in selling the reversion of a lease on the Curtain properties; he received twenty shillings for his share, and was allegedly a party to her expulsion of several tenants. Did the judgement of Solomon comfort or condemn him?

The next year he escaped to Oxford, where it should have been easier to ignore such disparities between the word and the world. He arrived there in April of 1598, a few days short of eighteen, a common age for matriculation. At least a full day’s journey from his family and the other 200,000 residents of London, Oxford was a townlet of only about 6,000 inhabitants—most of them associated, one way or another, with the University. Middleton’s fellow residents at Queen’s College were, of course, all men; they included Thomas Overbury (later an influential figure in the court of James I) and a number of future divines: preachers like Robert Johnson and John Moore, the noted Puritan Robert Mandevill, the argumentative Richard Pilkington, and Barnabas Potter, who would become a chaplain to Prince Charles. George Abbot, then at University College, would in 1611 become Archbishop of Canterbury; he is probably represented as the White Bishop in *A Game at Chess*. But the man who more than any other had shaped the personality of Queen’s College since 1586 was John Rainolds, leader of the Puritan party in Oxford and, arguably, in all of England. Rainolds moved to Corpus Christi College at about the time Middleton arrived, but his influence on Queen’s, and the students and fellows he had attracted, long remained. In March 1599 Henry Airay, like Rainolds a champion of evangelical Calvinism, and unlike Rainolds an admired neo-Latin poet, was elected Provost of the college.

Elizabethan England was a nation dominated by an enforced state religion, and Protestantism was a part of every aspect of Middleton’s education, beginning with the memorized catechisms of petty school. In grammar schools the day often began, at six o’clock, with ‘prayers on bended knees’; Virgil and Horace were sometimes supplemented by such ‘Christian poets’ as Juvenecus, Prudentius, and Palingenius; also popular were textbook *Colloquies* written in Geneva by followers of Calvin. When he was not in school, Middleton, if he resembled other Londoners, paid at least as much attention to sermons as plays. In the decade of the 1580s, 113 sermons were printed (as compared to only 16 plays); by 1600, religious lecturers in London were preaching 100 sermons a week, in addition to the regular weekly sermons offered in parish churches.

Many of those sermons were preoccupied with the question posed by the famous preacher William Perkins: ‘How a man may know whether he be a child of God, or no?’ Calvin’s division of the human world into those predestined to damnation and those elected to salvation made this the most urgent of personal questions—far more important, for most believers, than doctrinal disputes or ecclesiastical politics. It was a question which often provoked a crisis of identity, particularly among

young adults. Mere outward piety was no proof of election; as another preacher observed, often enough a beautiful apple 'at the core is rotten'. You must examine the core, your inner self, for signs of its spiritual state, which would forecast your eternal destination. Failure to do so—persistence in what Calvin castigated as 'self-ignorance'—was itself a sign of the reprobate. Believers therefore tied themselves to 'daily self-examination', scanning for latent content, anxiously anatomizing 'those evil desires that do gently tickle the mind'. The word 'psychology' was first used, in 1575, by the Protestant theologian Melancthon; in the next seventy-five years, English collected a store of new compounds beginning with the word 'self', including several apparently coined by Middleton (self-affecting, self-changing, self-conceiving, self-disparagement, self-scandal, and self-treason).

This reading and rereading of the self attended an equally endless and intense reading of the Bible, for Protestants not only the key to salvation but also the greatest of the ancient classics. 'Upon this book I will found my church', Luther might as well have said, and upon its *copia* could be modelled many literary genres. Solomon and David were celebrated as the two chief authors of what tradition and Sir Philip Sidney called 'the poetical part of the Scripture'. Sidney himself, with his sister the Countess of Pembroke, translated all the Psalms; Donne declared their putative author, David, 'a better poet than Virgil'. Such readings of Scripture inspired a Protestant poetics which informed the spiritual lyrics of Donne and Herbert, the epics of Spenser and Milton, the satires of Marston and Hall. All these writers struggled to combine a classical with a biblical tradition; so did Middleton.

If it seems sacrilegious for any author to see himself in a mirror supplied by Solomon or David, the country pastor Herbert or the blind titan Milton may at least appear likelier candidates than lewd metropolitan Middleton—so fascinated by the fiscal and the physical, so familiar with debased genres of writing and living. But neither biblical poet was an innocent; both were great sinners, both transgressed publicly and privately. Their example authorized an implicated, political, metrosexual poetry, a poetry aware of its own sinful place in an imperfect human order. It was, after all, the author Solomon who 'looked on all the works that [his] hands had wrought' and realized 'all was vanity and vexation of spirit' (Eccl. 2:11), realized that 'of making many books there is no end' (12:12). Middleton's portrayal of authors—in *The Black Book*, *The Puritan Widow*, *The Nice Valour*, *A Game at Chess*—suggests that he was equally conscious of the devices and vices of the textual trade.

The texts and devices of the legal trade kept intruding on Middleton's efforts to study Aristotle's *Rhetoric* and other staples of the university curriculum. Sometime in 1598 he 'came from his place in Oxford to help his

mother in those troubles' between her and his brother-in-law Allen Waterer. New students were supposed to remain resident in Oxford for a full uninterrupted year, and absconders could lose their scholarships; one witness thought Middleton, by answering his mother's call 'lost his fellowship at Oxford', which had allegedly been secured for him by his stepfather. Certainly, family troubles kept interfering with his intellectual life, and the pursuit of an intellectual life kept eroding his inheritance. In the summer of 1599 he was again in London, a party to further legal wrangling between his mother and his brother-in-law; on 3 December 1599 he sold Waterer his half-share in the Limehouse lease. On 10 June 1600, his stepfather Harvey began two lawsuits, designed to secure control of all the family properties; these would drag on for almost a year. Long before the verdict (in Harvey's favour), Middleton had, on 28 June 1600, sold Waterer his share of the other properties in return for money 'paid and disbursed for my advancement and preferment in the University of Oxford, where I am now a student, and for my maintenance with meat, drink, and apparel, and other necessaries'—including, presumably, books.

The books he was buying, though, were not necessarily the ones recommended by the University authorities. It's tempting to read autobiographically his account of a poor student: he 'daily rose before the sun, talked and conversed with midnight, killing many a poor farthing-candle', reading 'Aristotle's works', but he was then 'unfruitfully led to the lickerish study of poetry, that sweet honey-poison that swells a supple scholar with unprofitable sweetness and delicious false conceits,' and as a result eventually became 'one of the Poor Knights of Poetry' (*Father Hubbard's Tales* 1125–51). Certainly, by the summer of 1600, Middleton had sold, for an Oxford education, the entire landed inheritance his mother had fought so many years to preserve. Seven months later, he had lost Oxford, too. On 8 February 1601, the Earl of Essex, the man to whom Middleton had dedicated his first work, launched an abortive rebellion, in London, after commissioning a special performance of Shakespeare's old play about deposing a king, *Richard II*; on 8 February 1601, Middleton too was 'in London, daily accompanying the players'. The end of the Earl's life coincided, fortuitously, with the end of Middleton's academic career. Like most gentlemen—like his fellow playwrights Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, and Philip Massinger—he left the university without taking a degree.

On 21 April 1601, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, Middleton acknowledged receipt of £25 which had been set aside for him at the time of his father's death, and held in trust until his twenty-first birthday. Middleton was the protected orphan of a citizen of London; but the City had now discharged its duty. He was a gentleman; but he had no land and no guaranteed income. He was the son, stepson, and brother-in-law of tradesmen; but he

had no vocation. He had been to grammar school and university; but he had no career. He had £25 and talent.

Vocation

Sidney had described poetry as his ‘unelected vocation’, and Middleton had the same calling. But he did not have Sidney’s income or leisure. He would be defined, by himself and others, in legal records and in print, as a ‘poet’—a word then applied to any kind of writer, in verse or prose. Whether poets are born or made, Middleton had been one since 1597. But four years later, he became a poet in another sense, never pertinent to Sidney. To write, Middleton had to eat; to eat, now, he had to find someone who would pay him to write. Middleton in 1601 became a professional poet. Unlike Sidney or Donne or Raleigh, or himself at an earlier age, Middleton was now ‘merely’ (wholly and only) a poet. For such men, there were three possibilities: patronage, print, and plays.

Writers were sometimes subsidized by aristocratic connoisseurs. Thomas Nashe had been, briefly, the guest of Sir George Carey; Samuel Daniel was being supported by the Countess of Pembroke; Ben Jonson would be maintained for thirty years by notables minor and notables major. Middleton apparently lacked the ability or the effrontery to insert himself into personal favour with the aristocracy. By 1604 literary patrons were epitomized, for him, by Sir Christopher Clutchfist, ‘the Muses’ bad paymaster’; they ‘never give the poor Muse-suckers a penny’.

In the absence of estates or patrons, a poet must set his ‘wit to sale’. Wit was retailed in bookshops and theatres. Both these outlets were relatively new; both depended on new textual technologies, which could only flourish in cities. Concentrated urban populations provided a dense enough market to support a capital-intensive leisure industry. Gutenberg’s development of movable type and viscous ink in the mid fifteenth century eventually transformed the book trade; but the high cost of an investment in presses, type fonts, and paper stocks bankrupted any printer who did not have ready access to a market large enough to buy up quickly or predictably hundreds of copies of a single book. Likewise, enclosed purpose-built theatres transformed the economics of playing, by enabling actors to charge in advance for admission and to hierarchize prices in relation to a fixed hierarchy of architectural space; but a profitable return on such investments in the purchase or lease of land and buildings could only be sustained in areas where thousands of people were able and willing to pay for admission many times each year. Once these industries were established, both actors and printers generated a demand for fresh wit, which in turn transformed the economics of authorship.

The first books printed in England had appeared a century before Middleton’s birth. By multiplying copies and reducing costs, print increased the accessibility of texts; what technology made possible, ideology made desirable, as the Reformation urged individual Christians to learn to read, so they could encounter the Word of God at first hand. Supply and demand began to spiral

around each other in an ascending double helix. From Middleton’s birth to Elizabeth I’s death (1580–1603), half again as many new titles were published as in the years from her accession to his birth (1558–1579). The market was still dominated by theological books (half of all extant titles between 1583 and 1623) and by stock secular work like primers, almanacs, and proclamations, but a small market for original vernacular literature had emerged, to be filled by writers such as Robert Greene, Thomas Nashe, and Samuel Rowlands.

But man could not live by print alone. Authors did not own copyright and received no royalties. Monsieur Lepet’s pamphlet, *The Uprising of the Kick*, promises to become ‘a stock book’, like ‘the almanacs . . . and the *Book of Cookery*’; but ‘tis the bookseller | That has the money for ‘em’, not the masochistic author (*The Nice Valour* 5.3.9–16). A commercial success like *The Owl’s Almanac* (two editions within four months) earned Middleton no more money than *The Two Gates of Salvation* (copies of which still remained unsold eighteen years after its publication). For each pamphlet Middleton would have been paid up to £2, a flat fee which remained constant for more than sixty years, oblivious to inflation. In lieu of or addition to this fee, he might receive a certain number of copies to sell on his own: Nashe is described ‘fiddling [his] pamphlets from door to door like a blind harper for bread and cheese, presenting [his] poems like old brooms to every farmer’. The author as door-to-door salesman was forcefully reminded that his texts were merchandise; however finely made, literary commodities were of less utility than the housewares which local manufacturers were producing in unprecedented quantities.

A more dignified form of salesmanship was the dedication. Middleton had dedicated *The Wisdom of Solomon* to the Earl of Essex (1597), and *The Ghost of Lucrece* to Baron Compton (1600). The dedicatee, honoured by this unsolicited homage, was supposed to reciprocate with a cash gift. A lucky dedication might net as much as £3; an unlucky one, nothing. The return on a dedication was thus higher, but less predictable, than a bookseller’s fee. Taken together, fees, sales, and dedications over the course of twenty years earned the prolific Elizabethan pamphleteer Richard Robinson only about £3 annually—not even a subsistence income for a single adult.

By contrast, for what was apparently his first full-length play, *The Tragedy of Randolph, Earl of Chester*, Middleton was paid £7. In 1601, more experienced dramatists might receive £8 per play, and by 1613 a single script could be worth as much as £20. Between 1598 and mid-1603, professional dramatists like Henry Chettle, Thomas Dekker, and William Haughton were earning about £25 a year in fees from a single company—and they could also have been selling to other companies. In addition, they pocketed the surplus profits from the second or third performance. Each purpose-built Elizabethan theatre manufactured and sold vicarious emotion to hundreds or thousands of customers, six days a week: for the first time in European history, the commercial playhouses and

their acting companies mass-produced and routinized the commodification of affect. The new technology needed new scripts, and a successful playwright could make two or three times as much as most university graduates.

Given the economics of patronage, print, and playing, it is not surprising that Middleton chose plays. As Francis Meres observed in 1598, 'for lack of patrons—O ingrateful and damned age!—our poets are solely or chiefly maintained, countenanced, and patronized by our witty comedians and stately tragedians'. But the theatre's appeal was not just financial. One of Middleton's collaborators on his first recorded play, Michael Drayton, confessed that his 'pride of wit' and 'heat of blood' could not help being moved by the 'shouts and claps at every little pause, | When the proud round on every side hath rung...' Moreover, the applause of the audience was enhanced by the exciting company of other playwrights. In 1601, Middleton could see new plays by Dekker, Heywood, Jonson, Marston, and Shakespeare, not to mention revivals of Marlowe, Kyd, and Nashe. In 1602, he was paid to write his own prologue and epilogue for a revival of Robert Greene's best play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bonny*. Backstage, he was initiated into a fraternity of wit.

Unlike the guilds of Bricklayers or Grocers, that fraternity had no royal charter, no statutory privileges, no governing body, no incremental structure of professional advancement. Nevertheless, there was a pattern to playwrights' careers. They worked for companies of actors; they did not run their own businesses; they did not sell directly to the public. If the theatres had been organized as a guild, its masters would have been the actor-sharers who co-owned a joint-stock theatrical company like the Admiral's or the Chamberlain's Men. Playwrights were normally journeymen, 'hired men' like the freelance actors paid for their role in mounting a given play. Like other hired men, playwrights were not guaranteed regular employment; they received no share of the company's profits; they owned none of its real or chattel property. Like journeymen, they often did piecework, writing 'new additions' to a valuable old property—as Middleton did to Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and *Measure for Measure*, as others did to Middleton's *The Bloody Banquet*, *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, and *The Nice Valour*.

Upon the standards of the dead (the classics studied in school, or play scripts written by earlier authors) were superimposed the standards of the living (the actors and audiences to be pleased now). Whether doing piecework or writing masterpieces, playwrights had to fit their product to the company's market profile: regular actors of a known number and type working in a particular theatre serving regular customers of a certain kind. Companies, if dissatisfied with the attempted fit, could demand that a script be altered or shortened. Ben Jonson, John Webster, and Richard Brome complained about such changes to their texts; Middleton did not—either because his scripts were less self-indulgent, or because he was more hospitable to criticism of them, or more persuasive in answering it. Successful companies had to

be flexible enough to welcome initiatives and take risks, but a playwright had to persuade a company that his initiative was worth their risk. He had no power beyond his ability to persuade. And he became more persuasive with each successful play. Thus, although a playwright did not earn royalties, successful work paid future dividends by enhancing his credibility, his 'credit', with companies of actors. Most playwrights acquired a stock of credit by an apprenticeship, in which they collaborated with older, more experienced men. Middleton between 1602 and 1605 collaborated with Munday (twenty years his senior), Drayton (seventeen years), Shakespeare (sixteen), and Dekker (perhaps ten).

All playwrights worked within the same structure, but they had different relations to it, and to each other. In the first place, the fraternity was small—smaller than a guild—and all of its members must have known each other. More than half the known plays written between 1590 and 1640 were the work of just twenty-two men. Of these, several were amateurs, people who were not dependent on the theatre for a permanent livelihood and who did not stay in it long. Mr John Marston composed satires and satirical plays while attending the Inns of Court and awaiting his inheritance, but he would not have considered himself a professional writer; Mr Francis Beaumont after a short smart career as a playwright secured a marriageable heiress and retired to her country estate. When John Webster inherited his father's successful business as a saddler, he still worked on plays—including *Anything for a Quiet Life*, with Middleton—but he could do so at his leisure. If some men of means wrote plays on the side, so did some actors: Nathan Field, Thomas Heywood, Samuel Rowley, William Rowley, and William Shakespeare. These men enjoyed an unusually privileged position, being shareholders in the companies which bought and performed their plays. But they were not the only writers with sustained relationships to a single company. Beginning perhaps with Henry Chettle in 1602, some playwrights who were not actors signed contracts binding them to a company, giving it exclusive rights to their work, and promising to supply an agreed number of plays for a fixed annual sum. In later decades, John Fletcher, Philip Massinger, John Shirley, and Richard Brome were apparently monopolized in this way.

Middleton was not an actor, he could not afford to be an amateur, and as a newcomer he could not expect an exclusionary contract. He began writing plays as a freelance, learning through collaboration with veterans, staking a claim to professional status. But if that much was almost inevitable, other decisions were not. Though he often collaborated, Middleton never, to our knowledge, teamed up to write a play with Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Chapman, Marston, or Massinger; he certainly must have known them all, but he did not run with that crowd. Though Middleton wrote brilliantly for companies of very young actors, he clearly preferred Paul's to what Thomas Heywood called the 'bitterness, and liberal invectives' of the rival children's company

at the Blackfriars. Middleton began ‘accompanying the players’ during the War of the Theatres (a public jeering match between acting companies and their playwrights), and it was almost impossible not to be situated within the attendant rivalries and personal pairings. By collaborating with Dekker, he aligned himself against Jonson, and that alignment soured relations between Jonson and Middleton for the next quarter-century. But Middleton’s early partnership with Dekker represents more than a personal rejection of—or by—Jonson. After all, young Middleton (whose father had been a bricklayer) might seem to have more in common with the satirical Jonson (whose stepfather was a bricklayer, and who was himself a dues-paying member of that company) than with the good-hearted Dekker; he might seem to have even more in common with the satirical educated gentleman Marston. But Dekker, like Shakespeare and Rowley and Heywood after him, by his very difference complements Middleton. Jonson rejected difference; Middleton collaborated with it.

So Middleton in 1601 or 1602 became a ‘stagewright’, a profession held in no more esteem than acting (which most people considered a vicious frivolity). But Middleton remained a gentleman, a distinction regularly advertised on his title-pages. He shared this mixed status—a compound of the elite and the contemptible—with Francis Beaumont, John Fletcher, John Marston, and William Rowley. Ben Jonson was not born, and never became, a gentleman, nor did he marry into a gentry family; so that when, in 1619, he gossiped that Middleton was ‘a base fellow’, his disdain had the edge (and the envy) of an *arriviste*, berating his social superiors for not living up to their rank.

Within two years of becoming a dramatist, Master Middleton’s life had been transformed. By the end of 1603, his mother was dead, Queen Elizabeth was dead, his brother-in-law was dead; he was married, his wife was pregnant, and he was laid off.

He had married Mistress Marbeck, a woman baptized in 1575 as ‘Magdalen’ but later called ‘Mary’; either name could be reduced to the nickname ‘Moll’, and both could be combined as Mary Magdalene, or ‘Mary which was called Magdalen’ (Luke 8:2), the female disciple of Jesus. Granddaughter of a famous musician, once persecuted for his Protestantism, who became royal organist at Windsor (John Marbeck, c.1505–1585?), and niece of the chief physician to Elizabeth I, who was also a tobacco-advocate and chronicler of the 1596 expedition against Cadiz (Roger Marbeck, 1536–1605), Mistress Marbeck was the daughter of one of the Six Clerks in the Court of Chancery, Edward Marbeck. She was born in the parish of St Dunstan in the West, where her father died in December 1581. Middleton and Marbeck probably met, not by way of any of her distinguished relatives, but through her less distinguished brother, an actor; Tom Marbeck and Tom Middleton were both working for the Admiral’s Men in 1602. Like her husband, Mistress Marbeck had been born in London, belonged to a gentry family, had lost her father at an early age, and had much youthful experience

of life in the company of lawyers. They lived together for a quarter of a century, and by entering his life she decisively changed its plot. From about the age of seven to about the age of twenty-two, Middleton had attended an all-male grammar school, an all-male university, and theatres run by all-male companies of actors performing plays written by an all-male club of playwrights. Regular female companionship, by day and night, was itself a new experience.

This female, moreover, must in some respects at least have differed from those he had known since childhood. His mother Anne, like his Queen Elizabeth, was—by the standards of the time, and the standards of a child—already old when he was born; although he may have admired, and could hardly have ignored, the capable independence of both, their wrinkled parsimonious stubbornness was probably less attractive. ‘Such a troublesome woman’—that is what hostile witnesses called Anne in the last decade of her life, and what if they dared they might have called Elizabeth. If Anne was too old and inflexible, Avis was too young and malleable: a wife at sixteen, a mother at seventeen, a silent property in the struggles between her husband and her other relatives. When Allen Waterer died in July 1603, Avis married again within two months—yet managed in the interim to be swindled by Allen’s brother. By marrying Mistress Marbeck, Middleton chose a companion of a very different type.

Women normally married earlier than men, and were younger than their husbands; Mary (Magdalen), though, was five years older than Thomas—which made her seven years older than Avis. In seeking or accepting a gentleman-playwright as a husband she did not make a timid or conservative choice, but her judgement was sound enough. Unlike Avis, Mary (Magdalen) chose a man who was educated, witty, a good collaborator, a good provider who did not much trouble the courts or his neighbours, a man remarkable for his representations—in plays like *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* and *Anything for a Quiet Life*, in pamphlets like *The Peacemaker*—of a masculinity defined by non-violence. And unlike Avis, Mary (Magdalen) did not exhaust her youth bearing and raising offspring: she had, to our knowledge, only one child, their son Edward, born between November 1603 and November 1604. Either she was lucky, or the Middletons, like increasing numbers of English couples in the seventeenth century, managed their sexual life in a way which emphasized conjugal ‘comfort’, not procreation.

Mary (Magdalen) was also responsible for a change of residence. They were not married at St Lawrence Jewry; and although I don’t know where they set up house initially, by 1609 they were living in the village of Newington in Surrey, where they stayed for the rest of their lives (Illus. 7). The medieval village had changed little in the preceding three centuries, and as late as 1853 the American visitor Harriet Beecher Stowe found it a ‘charming retreat’ with a view from the window of sheep and lambs grazing in a meadow. Long famous for its peaches and gardens, praised for plentiful ‘cakes and ale’,



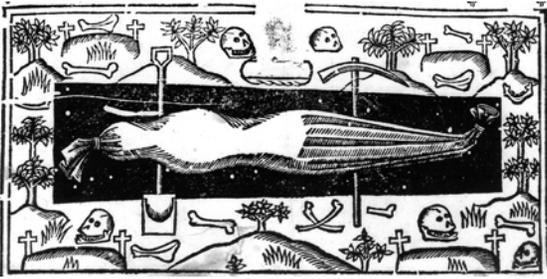
7. In this 1681 map, Newington has a few more buildings than it did in Middleton's time, but still contrasts strikingly with his childhood neighborhood, crowded a century earlier (Illus. 4). The road on the lower right, in Middleton's time called 'Blackman Street', led to Southwark and London Bridge. The road on the upper right led to Lambeth Palace. The River Thames is beyond the right edge of the map (north).

Newington was a short trip 'over the fields' on the marshy south side of the Thames, where family friend John Gerard (author of the famous *Herbal* published in 1597) found water violets in the ditches. When Middleton, in the *Honourable Entertainments*, visualized the 'field-empërress' Flora, her 'close-enfolded rose', her 'ruffling robin and lark's heel', he was celebrating the countryside still intact all around Newington. For most of his adult life, he had to walk through that stubbornly rural world to get to the urban rush-and-clutter of actors, alewives, and aldermen.

'Blackman Street', where the Middletons lived, was artificially raised above the surrounding floodplain, and lined on both sides with hedges; it was part of the old Roman road that crossed London Bridge, passed through Southwark, then headed south-west to Portsmouth (by way of Clapham, Wimbledon, and Kingston-on-Thames). Alternatively, you could reach Middleton's home by taking the horse-ferry from Westminster to Lambeth, and walking from there along Lambeth Palace Road. Newington was one of 'the city out-leaps for a spirt' (in 1639), a place Londoners could reach easily on foot on day-trips, particularly on Sundays, when they wanted to get away from it all. It was not far from the open-air theatres on the south bank, and for more than a decade had a theatre of its own, which hosted *Titus Andronicus* and *The Jew of Malta*, among other plays, in the 1590s. The parishes of Southwark—where Avis lived, after her first marriage—had come under the jurisdiction of the Mayor of London in 1550. Newington, by contrast, was still a separate village, but close enough to the City for easy commuting.

It was also growing. By October 1599 there were new 'houses where the playhouse did stand at Newington'; maybe the Middletons eventually lived in one of them. In 1576, the parish of St Mary's Newington had a population of about 2,000; fifty years later, it had increased to about 3,000. This parish was wealthy enough, and close enough to London, to attract as its 'parson' a doctor of divinity from Cambridge University, 'Master Doctor' Thomas Puckering, who had in 1572 matriculated at Queen's College, where he acquired his BA (1576), MA (1579), BD (1586), and DD (1591). Puckering was rector from at least 1594 to 1617. St Mary's Newington was able and anxious to attract an educated ministry, and to hear 'lectures' in addition to the weekly sermon. But Middleton, although a gentleman, was apparently not wealthy or important enough to play an active part in parish affairs: in the October 1624 subsidy roll of taxable incomes in Newington Butts, he had the lowest possible assessment; taxability put him, financially, in the top quarter of the population, but at three pounds, eight shillings he was worth only about one-sixth the amount his father had been, more than forty years before. Though he probably lived in Newington for more than two decades he was never mentioned in the vestry minutes. The vestry was dominated by George Cure (head of Newington's leading gentry family) and Thomas Edge (who might have been Middleton's step-uncle).

In late 1603 Middleton's recent marriage, however happy, and his new home, however pleasant, gave him at least one and possibly two more bodies to feed, house, and



8. 'A sheet with two knots, and away' (*A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* 5.1.6). A corpse, wrapped in a knotted sheet, prepared for lowering into the grave.

worry about in a period of personal and social crisis. In May 1603, London suffered another outbreak of bubonic plague (described in *News from Gravesend* and *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary*). Many people fled London, and if the Middletons had not already moved to Newington, the plague should have encouraged them to do so. In the first eight years of James I's reign the plague remained endemic in London. In 1625, another major outbreak occurred, but by then Newington was no longer a refuge: from 1 June to 8 August, it suffered 401 deaths (twenty times the average death rate), burying perhaps 13 per cent of the parish in 69 days (Illus. 8).

The plague did not kill Middleton or his family, but it did imperil his livelihood. In spring 1603, in response to the epidemic, municipal authorities closed the theatres, which apparently did not reopen until April 1604, and for the rest of the decade they were, by even the most optimistic estimates, closed more often than open. The London theatres had had nine years of uninterrupted and expanding prosperity, but the 1603 epidemic exposed the inherent insecurity of their market. Even during plague, acting companies could survive by touring provincial towns, but in such conditions they did not have the money or the need to buy new scripts. The plague was therefore particularly devastating for artisans like Middleton, whose income was entirely dependent on the economic climate in London. In the thirty-six months from January 1608 to December 1610, for instance, there may have been only eight months of public playing; his only known productions during those three years are two pamphlets and half a play.

Unlike bricklayers or grocers, playwrights had no guild to protect them from unfair competition, or to support them in hard times; because they were usually paid in advance, by installments, they were often working for money they had already spent. Dekker, Field, Jonson, and Massinger were all, at different times, imprisoned for unpaid debt; Middleton in 1609 defaulted on a debt of £6, and in 1606—depending on whom you believe—did or did not pay off a loan with the manuscript of a new play. If an uncontrolled market was one source of uncertainty, censorship was another: in 1605 Jonson and Chapman were imprisoned for writing a satirical play.

In 1599, Middleton's own *Microcynicon* had been one of a number of satires burned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. For a nineteen-year-old, it can be both frightening and exhilarating to be considered dangerous, but the consequences were sometimes far more serious. In the same ecclesiastical crackdown, printers were forbidden to publish any more works by Nashe—thereby depriving him of his livelihood, and pitching him into the terminal poverty described by Middleton in *The Black Book*.

Middleton had some familiarity with poverty. In 1600 two witnesses described his stepfather Harvey as 'extreme poor'; in 1606, 1607, and 1608 his sister Avis and her husband were in court *in forma pauperis*, seeking to recover money they had lost in 1603. Avis's second husband, the cutler John Empson, was apparently no more successful as a businessman than Anne's second husband had been. As their examples demonstrate, people—including 'gentlemen' like Harvey—moved in and out of poverty, and many paupers were 'poor householders which be ashamed to beg and be no common beggars' or 'poor able labouring folk' who could not find work, or were 'not able to live off' the work they could find. The numbers of the poor in England, the depth of their poverty, the gap between wages and the cost of living, all rose steadily during the sixteenth century, reaching a brutal nadir in the years from 1580 to 1630. Middleton could have seen the human consequences on his own doorstep. In 1612, the overwhelmed 'inhabitants and parishioners of the town of Newington' petitioned the national Privy Council 'to have some contribution towards the maintenance of their poor'; in recognition of the severity of their need, they were granted £15 yearly, from county funds, for relief of the indigent. In 1618 several members of the Fishmongers' Company built twenty-two almshouses for the poor at the corner of Lambeth Road and Blackman Street, which must have been very near Middleton's home on Blackman Street; Middleton celebrated this act of charity in *The Peacemaker* (ll. 175–7), published that year.

Poverty was, of course, the cruelly literal opposite of the *copia* which humanist rhetoric treated as a metaphor. 'A good thrifty man will gather his goods together in time of plenty, and lay them out again in time of need', Sir Thomas Wilson noted in *The Art of Rhetoric*, 'and shall not an orator have in store good matter, in the chest of his memory, to use and bestow in time of necessity?' For Middleton, 1603 was a 'time of need', in which he drew upon the 'good matter' he had laid up during his education and apprenticeship. But the relation between plenty and paucity was not just temporal; if in one sense they alternated in time, in another they cohabited, structurally bound together, both socially and rhetorically.

Rhetorically, *brevitas* complements *copia*, as scarcity does abundance. They had often been opposed, but Erasmus insisted that good authors yoke concision to amplitude, and he demonstrated their interdependence in his influential *Adagia*, a huge textbook compendium of aphorisms. If *copia* best describes the scale and variety of

Middleton's matter, *brevitas* better describes his manner. His first successful publication, *The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets* (1601), abridges and reshapes an earlier sprawling work three times its length; later, he probably trimmed as much as 25 per cent off Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and abridged his own *A Game at Chess* to two-thirds its performed length. In 1611, he contrasted the 'huge bombasted plays' of Elizabeth's reign, 'quilted with mighty words to lean purpose', with the 'spruceness' of 'neater inventions' which had become fashionable under James I. This generational shift from the long-winded to the tight-lipped belonged to a larger European reaction against the Ciceronian accumulation of tropes and clauses, a reaction stimulated by the Flemish humanist Lipsius and the French dialectician Ramus, which found its first important English advocate in Francis Bacon. Sidney and Lyly heaped; Herbert and Middleton honed. But for professional writers this turning of the tide of literary fashion also reflected an economic shift. Spenser's epic amplitude had appealed to the self-aggrandizement of potential patrons. But why write long plays or pamphlets, when you got paid the same amount for short ones? Shakespeare could afford to elaborate, because he was a major shareholder in a profitable acting company; so could Jonson, because his main income came from court masques. Both had the leisure to embellish, and expected their work to embellish the leisure of others. Middleton did not. He was one of the first inhabitants of a commercial and mental world he summed up in three words: 'hurry hurry' (*Revenger's Tragedy* 2.1.200).

Socially, Middleton's lifetime straddled the centre of a century-long deepening of the divide between rich and poor: the poor got poorer while the rich got richer, partly because the population grew more rapidly than the economy. A surplus of labour depressed wages, but created new opportunities for an expansive merchant capitalism. Theatres themselves illustrate this evolution. Joint-stock companies like the Chamberlain's Men were originally formed by actors who between them owned the assets and divided the profits from a new industry supported by a multiplying population. But as these founders retired or died their valuable shares, like stocks, could be inherited or bought by people who did not work in the theatre, but profited from the labour of those who did. Those who did work were, even so, the lucky ones, for there were soon more would-be players than there were parts to play. Edward Alleyn, one of London's first leading actors, made a fortune large enough to endow the founding of Dulwich College; none of his successors did so well.

The situation for working writers was even worse. Writers belonged to an intellectual class in part deliberately created by a state-sponsored educational boom. During the first two or three decades of Elizabeth's reign the expanding needs of the Protestant church, the state bureaucracy, and the legal profession created relatively buoyant opportunities for educated young men. But the supply of intellectuals soon exceeded demand for their

services. When the first enclosed theatres were built in London, in the years just before Middleton's birth, the need to perform regularly in a fixed location created a sudden ravenous demand for new plays; this commodity hunger, which helped compensate for the shortfall in state employment, fuelled the careers of the first generation of dramatists—men like Greene, Peele, Kyd, Marlowe, and Shakespeare. But as the decades passed, acting companies acquired, in their chests and memories, stocks of old reliables, which could be revived without paying living playwrights for new scripts. By the reign of Charles I, almost three-fourths of known court performances were revivals of old plays. Middleton's generation of dramatists, attracted by the theatrical prosperity and achievement of the last decade of Elizabeth's reign, found themselves in an increasingly constricted and competitive marketplace. Success for one meant failure for another; worse, a playwright with a long career was eventually competing with his own past successes. Playwrights became less, as shareholders became more, secure.

Consummation

What security was achievable for a writer, Middleton had achieved by the end of 1604. His comedy *The Phoenix* was performed at court in February of that year. In March, he was named as part-author of *The Magnificent Entertainment*, commissioned by the City of London to honour their new king. He sold five pamphlets to London publishers; two were popular enough to be reprinted within the year. Even before he had sold the last pamphlet, he had begun collaborating with Dekker on *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, a play printed within months of its first performances, and which remained popular, on stage and in print, for more than thirty years. His apprenticeship was over, and he had fashioned a career which would engage virtually every aspect of early modern textual culture.

The shape of that career is most easily seen by stepping back from the annual succession of texts—which can, in any case, be read, for the first time, in the chronological parade of this edition—and looking instead at certain recurrent features of Middleton's working life. Most obvious is the diversity of his Renaissance self-marketing: the embodiment of 'Wit at Several Weapons', Middleton made plays for different companies, pageants for the city, pamphlets for the book trade. In all these venues, he worked in collaboration, often with other writers, always with groups which had their own corporate interests. Outside these professional networks, his career brought him into complicated relationships with different artistic constituencies: the legal community, the City authorities, the royal court, and—beyond all those, most important and least definable—the shifting community of readers and spectators, the great laity of literature, the daily physical world which preachers and proclamations could only imperfectly regulate. In relation to such issues, the work of 1604 epitomizes the next two decades of Middleton's professional life.

By 1604, if not before, Middleton had reduced his vulnerability and dependence on any one literary market by diversifying his portfolio. *The Phoenix* was performed by an all-boy company playing indoors at St Paul's; *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, by Prince Henry's Men, playing outdoors at the Fortune Theatre. Middleton worked in all for at least seven companies; his plays exploit the varied artistic opportunities offered by different casts, theatres, audiences. He may also have exploited—as Robert Daborne did—the rivalry between companies, getting a higher price for his product by offering to sell it to a competitor.

He supplemented his income as a playwright by writing pageants and pamphlets. The pageants were the outdoor sector of a larger market in subsidized theatre, which also included indoor shows written for the City (*Honourable Entertainments*), the royal court (*Masque of Cupids*), or the Inns of Court (*Masque of Heroes*). Competition for such lucrative work was direct and intense: in the case of Lord Mayor's shows, for instance, a guild committee considered scenarios for pageants submitted by several writers, and chose one. Not surprisingly, most of the successful bids came from playwrights who had proven their talent in the theatres; play-writing served as an apprenticeship for pageant-writing.

Moreover, as in the theatres, a would-be pageant-writer might get his start by working as a junior collaborator with a more experienced colleague. Middleton assisted Dekker in 1604, and for his first Lord Mayor's show, in 1613, he worked with Anthony Munday (who did not write the pageant but did produce it, and received a much larger share of the fee). Middleton wrote and produced six of the nine annual shows between 1617 and 1626. His first two, in 1613 and 1617, were both written for the Grocers, and his family connection with that guild may have helped him win the contract: Sir Thomas Myddelton, the Lord Mayor he celebrated in 1613, was about the same age as his stepfather Harvey, and like Harvey was involved in various overseas ventures in the 1580s and 1590s. As in the theatre, success increased a writer's credit with his employers, and made it likelier that he would be commissioned again. But, also as in the theatre, writers were paid for one job, with no guarantee that they would receive another. The City offered nothing comparable to the monopoly enjoyed by Ben Jonson at court, who between 1616 and 1625 was paid for fifteen masques. Nonetheless, Middleton was the City's chief writer from 1616 to 1626, responsible for Lord Mayor's parades, indoor revels, and civic celebrations of the monarchy. Those pageants, rather than his plays or poems, also brought him the only personal financial patronage he is known to have ever received: in November 1613 'Mr. Middleton the poet' received ten shillings (half a pound) from another Thomas Myddelton (1586–1666), the son of the Lord Mayor for whom our man Middleton had written *The Triumphs of Truth*, performed a few weeks before. The relationship indicated by this little gift may have been important to Middleton's future career:

Mayor Myddelton remained prominent in London until the late 1620s, and was one of the city's four members of Parliament from 1624 to 1626, and his eldest son (who like the poet had matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford) would be elected to Parliament in 1624 and 1625—and in the 1640s would become an important officer in the Parliamentary army.

For men like Mayor Myddelton the poet Middleton not only wrote and produced civic revels; he also—unlike Jonson—published them. He prepared a narrative description of all his pageants, dedicating each to the Mayor it celebrated. He collected ten of his indoor shows into a volume of *Honourable Entertainments*. This practice no doubt reflected Middleton's sense of the 'perfection' to which civic pageantry could aspire, and his commitment to the political and social values of the City. But it also provided him with another source of income and another relationship to the book trade.

To book-buyers as to theatre-goers, Middleton's appeal was protean. In his lifetime, his publications ranged in format from the diminutive octavo of *Microcynicon* to the imposing large folio which included *The Life of Timon of Athens*, in typeface from the black letter of *The Black Book* to the roman of *Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary* and the italic used for speeches in all the pageants, in visual design from the simplicity of *Plato's Cap* to the six-columned complexity of *The Two Gates of Salvation*, in price from a penny for *The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets* to the sixpence that an early purchaser paid for a freshly-printed copy of *A Mad World, My Masters* to the shilling (twelve pence) apiece paid for bound second-hand copies of *The Phoenix* and *A Trick to Catch the Old One* in 1628. These material embodiments of his texts are not simply stamped by printers upon passive authorial flesh; Middleton actively exploited the potencies of print. Like the difference between theatrical spaces, the difference between textual spaces created opportunities for imaginative play. The size of *Microcynicon*, for instance, is characteristic of poetry books in the 1590s, but it also reflects its title, which itself reflects its author's youth; black letter is used in parodies of black letter genres; type, length, and price help to define the size and social status of a work's readership, which in turn helps to define the author's stance, from *Plato's Cap*, doffing his cap 'To all those that are laxative of laughter', to *Honourable Entertainments*, gravely addressing 'his worthy and honourable patrons'.

The Black Book, printed twice in 1604, sported a special black title-page, and this use of original visual designs would characterize every Middleton play published from 1611 until his death. *The Roaring Girl* was not the first commercial play printed with a title-page woodcut—there were a few scattered precedents between 1590 and 1609—but Middleton became the only dramatist of his time to make such illustrations a regular feature of printings of his plays. *The World Tossed at Tennis* (1620) was the first masque with an illustrated title-page; *The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity* (1626), the first Lord Mayor's show;

A Game at Chess (1625), the first individual English play printed with an original title-page engraving—actually, with two separate engravings in editions by different printers. Middleton may have been influenced by woodcuts on the title-pages of pamphlets, like the one which he read when writing *A Yorkshire Tragedy*: then as now, a striking cover can effectively promote the text it contains. But such visual accompaniments were particularly appropriate to dramatic texts, where they part-supplied, part-suggested, the spectacle of a full performance.

Middleton himself was clearly involved in the publication of *The Roaring Girl* in 1611—just as in 1604 Dekker had been involved in preparing *The Magnificent Entertainment* for the press, and as Middleton in that year prepared pamphlets to sell to printers. What changed between 1604 and 1611 was the application to a play of routines previously used for pageants and pamphlets. Nine of Middleton's plays were printed between 1604 and 1608, but there is no evidence that he participated in their publication; some are anonymous, others misattributed, and none contains a preface, epistle, or dedication. Most were probably sold to printers by two acting companies which broke up between 1606 and 1608. Middleton in that decade apparently accepted the view expressed by the actor-dramatist Thomas Heywood in 1608, who suspected the 'honesty' of men who made 'a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press'. Either Middleton avoided reselling his plays, or at least he wanted to conceal his doing so, and so avoided any sign of personal involvement in their publication. By 1611, such squeamishness had vanished, as part of a larger gradual shift in the literary status of plays. In that year, Middleton and Dekker published *The Roaring Girl* with an illustrated title-page, an authorial epistle, and a list of Dramatis Personae; Heywood himself published his play *The Golden Age*, to be followed two years later by *The Silver Age* and *The Brazen Age*; and Jonson for the first time dedicated the text of a play (*Catiline*) to an individual patron. Not everyone recognized this social-climbing genre, of course. Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the great library at Oxford, still lumped playbooks with 'almanacs' and other 'riff-raffs', and thought that including such 'baggage books' in the University's library would cause a 'scandal'. But in some quarters at least English plays had begun to be taken seriously as literary works, as commodities with a small but growing clientele in the book trade, and as labour which authors could honestly offer to the reading public.

The Roaring Girl, the first of his plays which Middleton prepared for the press, was printed by Nicholas Okes for the bookseller Thomas Archer. Okes had a hand in more Middleton books than any other stationer, sometimes as printer, sometimes as publisher: he published all but one of Middleton's civic pageants, and printed two unlicensed editions of *A Game at Chess*, apparently from a manuscript supplied by the author. In the early seventeenth century a stationer's shop was a small business, dominated by the character and interests of its owner, and Middleton must have known Okes personally, perhaps as well as he

knew the actor Richard Burbage (whose epitaph he wrote) or the impresario Philip Henslowe (whose account book he appears in): these were all men with whom he had sustained professional associations.

Okes was, like Middleton, a native Londoner, Middleton's age, married at about the same time, with an eldest son just a little younger than Middleton's. In December 1603 he ended his apprenticeship in the Stationers' Company, the guild which controlled the book trade, and got married; for the next three years he must have worked as a journeyman printer, until in January 1607, for £70 or more, he acquired a press of his own and became, at the unusually young age of twenty-seven, a 'Master Printer'. This is a sign of his status within the guild; it does not imply that he was a distinguished craftsman. English printers were much less accomplished in the art of fine bookmaking than their continental counterparts, and Okes was often sloppy even by English standards. But he did have a taste for plays. In his first year of independent operation he printed the first edition of *King Lear*, and later would print the first edition of *Othello*; he was also eventually responsible for work by Beaumont, Daborne, Daniel, Dekker, Donne, Fletcher, Ford, Heywood, Jonson, Munday, Taylor, Webster, and Wither. In working on these authors, and Middleton, Okes reflected and encouraged changes in the book-buying market.

Okes was not the only printer Middleton knew. Most Jacobean stationers were the owners of small shops, where Middleton the reader presumably browsed and bought books from the same men to whom Middleton the writer occasionally sold manuscripts: men like William Stansby (who printed Middleton's *Masque of Heroes* and Jonson's *Works*), Edward Allde (who printed a surreptitious edition of *A Game at Chess* in 1625, four years after he had been imprisoned for an equally scandalous book about the King of Bohemia), and Thomas Archer (who published not only *The Roaring Girl* but a series of texts on 'the woman question')—to name only three of the forty-three stationers who dealt in Middleton texts during his lifetime. Of course, these men all knew each other, too. The book trade was often collaborative: in 1608, Okes was one of two printers who shared the manufacturing of Middleton's *A Mad World, My Masters*, which was retailed by a third. Work on the first edition of *The Magnificent Entertainment*, in 1604, was divided among four separate printers, as was *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, also in 1604.

Such shared printing was part of a larger pattern of collaboration within the culture. Dekker, Middleton, and Jonson all composed parts of James I's royal entry into London, several other people wrote and delivered individual speeches, Stephen Harrison was 'the sole inventor of the Architecture', hundreds of craftsmen contributed. Later, when publishing accounts of his Lord Mayor's shows, Middleton went out of his way to acknowledge his collaboration with craftsmen such as Garret Christmas. Pageants were pervasively collaborative.

So were plays. Again, Middleton's collaboration with Dekker in 1604 is typical: a third of his known plays

and masques were written with one or more partners. In context this statistic is not surprising, since from one-half to two-thirds of all plays written between 1590 and 1642 are of plural authorship, and in other periods and genres of literary production collaboration has been far more common than Romantic myths of solitary genius lead us to expect. These working partnerships could develop into, or out of, intensely personal relationships: Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher allegedly shared a bed and a woman, and when Beaumont retired to the country Philip Massinger became Fletcher's chief collaborator, eventually being buried in the same grave. After Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones had collaborated for decades, their break-up was as venomous as the worst divorce. In the Renaissance theatre, inspiration was often (perhaps always) social, a process of reciprocal stimulation. The division of imaginative labour in the sweatshops of wit could make the making of plays dramatic, an unpredictable performance of give-and-take, collaborate-and-compete, connect-and-contrast. What began as apprenticeship could develop into fellowship: by 1611, when they co-wrote *The Roaring Girl*, Middleton and Dekker were equal partners.

When Dekker was imprisoned for the debts he accumulated while producing the 1612 Lord Mayor's show, Middleton found another collaborator—or another collaborator found him. William Rowley was, unlike Dekker, a gentleman, and almost certainly younger than Middleton. He was also an actor, apparently described in a ballad of 1612 as 'the fat fool of the Curtain' [Theatre]. Certainly, his known roles are remarkable for their jolly obesity. He 'personated' Jaques, 'a simple clownish gentleman' in his own play *All's Lost by Lust*, and through almost every play which Rowley wrote or co-wrote bustles an endearing idiot, apparently created for Rowley to recreate—Bustopha in *The Maid in the Mill*, Young Cuddy Banks in *The Witch of Edmonton*; Pompey Doodle, Chough, Gnotho, Simplicity, Lollio, Sancho, in plays in this volume. Part of the appeal for an audience of this gallery of harmless happiness is the very familiarity of the actor in the new role. When the Fat Bishop says, 'I've all my lifetime played the fool till now' (*A Game at Chess* 2.2.92–3), or when Sancho is asked 'What parts dost use to play?' and replies that he could 'fit you' in the role of 'a coxcomb' (*The Spanish Gypsy* 4.2.73–5), we hear, through and in the character, the great clown Rowley.

But the clown was no fool, and he could play more than one part. Rowley's first known play was published in 1607; like most of his work, it was written in collaboration, and over the course of his career he teamed up with the best in the business—Day, Dekker, Fletcher, Ford, Heywood, Webster, and Wilkins. But he also wrote, occasionally, on his own, and his (lost) *Hymen's Holiday* was successful enough to be selected for court performance in February 1612. After Rowley's success and Dekker's arrest, in 1613, Rowley and Middleton began collaborating, and over the next decade they wrote at least six scripts together. Rowley by then belonged to the Prince's Men; since 1609, the patron of his company of actors had been

Prince Charles, who with the death of his brother Henry in 1612 became heir to the throne. In 1616, Rowley became leader of the Prince's company, and in the same year Middleton wrote *Civitas Amor* to celebrate Charles's investiture as Prince of Wales. This shared connection was strengthened in 1620, when Prince Charles commissioned Rowley and his company to create a masque, *The World Tossed at Tennis*, which Rowley wrote with Middleton. In 1624 Middleton wrote, and Rowley acted in, *A Game at Chess*, a play which—like the earlier masque—probably pleased Prince Charles as much as it annoyed his father. But the Prince was only a small part of the complex collaboration between Middleton and Rowley. Most critics consider them the best doubles team in the history of European drama.

One of the plays they wrote together was *Old Law*; one of the roles Middleton wrote for Rowley was performed at the law-school of the Inner Temple. The London legal community was one of the most important constituencies for drama and dance. In fact, the relationship between actors and lawyers goes back at least as far as the fifth century BCE, when Athenian tragedy and comedy were both influenced by the rhetoric, forms, and cases in Athenian law courts. This connection, made at the beginning of European drama, was also made at the beginning of Middleton's career: *The Phoenix* contains some of his funniest satire of lawyers, whose manoeuvres he had been watching since he was six. Some such distrust of legalistic modes of thought was encouraged by Protestant theology, with its insistence upon the superiority of grace to law. On the other hand, many members of Middleton's audiences—especially at St Paul's—were lawyers, and he probably had personal relationships with some of them. In addition to the lawyers who helped his mother construct her trust fund, Middleton certainly knew attorney Michael Moseley, who represented him in court, and his wife Mary (Magdalen) Marbeck had been born into the legal community. As a 'Six Clerk' Edward Marbeck had been involved in almost every aspect of proceedings in the Court of Chancery. Although Mary's father had died twenty years before she met Middleton, her family must still have had law-world friends: each of the six Six Clerks had as many as eight under-clerks, and in 1594 it was estimated that the office was worth £3,000 per annum.

Such income derived from a structure of collaboration, masquerading as rivalry: though one client might lose, both lawyers would always win. Dramatists and actors, likewise, whatever their personal or professional rivalries, joined forces to relieve clients of their assets—as Middleton shows, openly and comically enough, in *A Mad World, My Masters* and *Hengist, King of Kent*. The common player and the common lawyer—increasingly well paid, increasingly professionalized, increasingly conspicuous in the daily life of early modern London—were both verbal performers for an audience which had to pay whatever the outcome. Playhouses and courthouses proved, from *The Phoenix* to the end of Middleton's career, difficult to disentangle. *Michaelmas Term* (1604–5) is named for, and begins with a

personification of, the first term of the annual legal season; *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1605) is based upon a scandalous court case; *Old Law* (1619?) defends common law against arbitrary prerogative; *Masque of Heroes* (1619) entertained the Inner Temple; Middleton gave copies of *A Game at Chess* (in 1625) and *The Witch* (in 1625?) to Inns of Court lawyers; some of his poems circulated in manuscript miscellanies apparently compiled in the same milieu. Some of the stationers who dealt in Middleton texts, like John Browne and George Eld, had shops near the Inns, and catered to lawyers and law students. As a critic facetiously concluded in 1885, if ‘Shakespeare was [Sir Francis] Bacon, we can only say that it is quite certain that Middleton was [Sir Edward] Coke’. (Coke was the better lawyer, but James I preferred Bacon’s more absolutist legal theories.)

Middleton recorded Bacon’s impeachment by Parliament, and Coke’s imprisonment by the King, in his *Annals* for the year 1621. Both entries testify to Middleton’s continuing interest in lawyers, but the manuscript which contains those entries was written as part of his new job as official Chronologer of the City of London. If lawyers were one constituency to which Middleton appealed, the wholesale merchants who governed London were another: *The Marriage of the Old and New Testament* was dedicated, in 1620, to two such merchants, John Browne and Richard Fishbourne. John Stow had received a subsidy from the City for research on his *Survey of London* (1598, 1603), as had Anthony Munday for revising Stow’s work in 1618; but Middleton in September 1620 became the first writer to be promised an annual City salary for recording contemporary London life for posterity. It was a job he had in fact been doing two decades before the post was created. Middleton spent a good part of his career representing Londoners to themselves—idealistically in his civic pageants, ironically in his equally numerous city comedies. The popular comedies of the 1590s had dramatized, typically, times and places in the misty distance of romance; but from *Michaelmas Term* to *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Middleton depicted contemporary London with its pants down, usually with a hand in someone else’s pocket or placket. In 1623, he signed himself *Poëta et Chron. Londinensis*, ‘Poet and Chronicler of London’, a phrase as ambiguous in Latin as in English.

Though written for the City, *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment* celebrated the accession of James I, and *The Phoenix*, though written for a London theatre, was also performed before the new royal court—which presumably enjoyed its vision of a vigorous new ruler, replacing one who, after ‘forty-five years’ in office, had grown tired and out of touch. In play and pageant, Middleton represented the court of James I to itself and others. In subsequent years, *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, *No Wit/Help like a Woman’s*, *Masque of Cupids*, *A Fair Quarrel*, *Old Law*, *The Widow*, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, *The Changeling*, and *The Spanish Gypsy* would all follow *The Phoenix* and be performed before



9. *Mistress Turner’s Farewell to All Women* (1615). Middle-class Anne Turner was hanged for helping Lady Frances Howard (‘Vanity’) murder Sir Thomas Overbury. Howard was the most scandalous woman of her time.

the Stuart royal family. Such command performances were the most prestigious critical recognition a play could receive. In 1618, James I authorized a special patent for publication of Middleton’s *The Peacemaker*—a pamphlet condemning violence, which pretended to be the work of the King himself. James I was indeed a peacemaker; soon after his accession, he proclaimed an end to the ideologically-driven sometimes-hot sometimes-cold war with Spain which had dominated English minds for decades. A negotiated settlement was finalized in 1604, the year when Middleton came of artistic age; for the next twenty years, England was at peace.

Peace, though, encouraged renewed attention to domestic affairs, and attention spawned criticism. The political nation soon became disillusioned with the new king it had welcomed so enthusiastically. What had at first seemed munificence was reinterpreted as profligacy, once the bills came due, and kept coming due, and kept getting bigger. In *The Revenger’s Tragedy*, *The Lady’s Tragedy*, *Hengist*, *King of Kent*, and *Women, Beware Women*, Middleton depicted a series of sexually, politically, and financially corrupt courts. None of these plays impersonated or explicitly criticized the reigning monarch or his ministers, but comparisons were not hard to make. Not surprisingly,

though they have been hailed by critics as masterpieces, none of these plays is known to have been performed before the King.

Court tragedies, like city comedies, represent a world beyond the boundaries of official morality, beyond the inaugural parade and the regal proclamation, a world of backdoors, bedrooms, and alleyways, where the immediate gossip of neighbours matters more than the eternal judgement of God. ‘All the whole street will hate us’, the cruel father worries in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* (5.2.97); ‘O what will people think?’ the would-be adulteress cries in *The Widow* (3.3.138). Middleton wrote, above all, and for those nameless ‘people’ on that nameless ‘street’. The constituency most important to his career was not the official singular but the irregular plural: not the few identifiable individuals to whom works were dedicated or for whom masques and pageants were written, but the unspecified thousands who attended his shows and bought his books. Not the polished élite attending a commemorative service in St Paul’s Cathedral, but the customers milling in the dozens of bookshops in the cathedral yard, or applauding a play performed by boy actors in an indoor theatre in the cathedral precincts, or simply strolling through the aisles of the cathedral itself, as they do in *Your Five Gallants*, on the make. This is the company Middleton must have kept satisfying.

Volatile, ephemeral, unrespectable, reconstituted in different combinations every time, the audience Middleton addressed resembles in many ways the audience for street ballads. During his lifetime, innumerable ballads were printed on broadsides, which (like admission to the open-air theatres) cost a penny, and which (like Middleton’s title-pages) were normally illustrated with woodcuts (Illus. 9). But although ballads could be purchased and read, they were (like plays) primarily an oral and performed art. London reverberated to the sound of balladmongers, music teachers, dancing schools, shopkeepers singing to passing customers (‘What is’t you lack, you lack, you lack?’). The performance of a play was almost always followed by a jig—a miniature comedy, written in ballad-measure, and sung and danced to ballad-tunes by two to four actors. The influence of these afterpieces can be seen in the songs inside Middleton’s plays, which often, like jigs, combine rhyme and music to enact a story. In Act 3 of *The Widow*, for instance, Latrocinio distracts and then robs Ansaldo with a song; Ansaldo, turning the tables, forces Latrocinio to sing at gunpoint on his way to jail; Philippa and Violetta musically debate whether it is better to be ‘a fool’s mistress | Or an old man’s wife?’

Not surprisingly, the authors of plays sometimes wrote ballads, and more often alluded to them. The alternative title of *The Puritan Widow*—‘The Widow of Watling Street’—is taken from a ballad printed in 1597, and the history of *Hengist, King of Kent* had been balladed in 1589 (‘Of the lewd life of Vortiger, King of Britain, and of the first coming of Hengist and the Saxons into the land’). This overlap between the two genres was sometimes simultaneous: the Calverly murders stimulated instant ballads as

well as Middleton’s instant *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and *Anything for a Quiet Life* was the title of a ballad of about the same date as Middleton and Webster’s play. Like modern tabloids and television docudramas, ballads fed on sensational news, and what *The World Tossed at Tennis* says of the subject matter of street songs could also be said of early modern plays: ‘one hangs himself today, another drowns himself tomorrow, a sergeant stabbed next day . . . fashions, fictions, felonies, fooleries—a hundred havens has the balladmonger to traffic at, and new ones still daily discovered’ (29–35). Certainly, to cultural authorities the two forms were equally vulgar. In *Satyres and Satyricall Epigrams* (1617), Henry Fitzgeffrey condemned

Books, made of ballads; ‘Works’, of plays;
Sights, to be read, of my Lord Mayor’s days

—thus lumping together Ben Jonson’s proud 1616 collection of his ‘Works’, anthologies of ballads, and Lord Mayor’s shows like Middleton’s 1617 *Triumphs of Honour and Industry*. In 1600, Sir William Cornwallis read ballads in his privy and then used them to wipe himself; in 1640 a petition signed by 15,000 citizens complained of ‘The swarming of lascivious, idle, and unprofitable books and pamphlets, playbooks, and ballads’, which caused the ‘withdrawing of people from reading, studying, and hearing the Word of God and other good books’.

The Word of God was at odds with more than plays and ballads. In 1584 London contained more than a hundred churches, but George Whetstone noted that this was less than the number of ‘ordinary tables’ for playing dice. Middleton stages dice games in *Michaelmas Term* and *Your Five Gallants*, trap-stick in *Women, Beware Women*, law-games in *The Phoenix*, dancing lessons in *More Dissemblers Besides Women*; he manipulates adult-size puppets in *The Revenger’s Tragedy* and *Wit at Several Weapons*; he imagines *The World Tossed at Tennis* or at stake in *A Game at Chess*. In *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, social rituals of precedence or jealousy are transfigured into bizarre repetitive moves and countermoves: ‘The game begins already’ (1.2.79). His language dances and parries with images of a world at play. The very words ‘game’ and ‘sport’ flirt with sexual meanings, and the climax of *The Changeling* is an image of barley-brake (5.3.163).

Not only mentally but geographically, there was at least as much room in Middleton’s world for playing as for praying. In 1628 an observer counted ‘above thirty hundred alehouses, tipping houses, tobacco shops, etc.’ in London. Houses of recreation were not only more numerous but more popular than houses of religion: ‘come into a church on the Sabbath day, and ye shall see but few’, a bishop recorded in 1560, ‘but the alehouse is ever full’. These secular resorts are not featured so prominently on maps, but from Middleton’s childhood home on Ironmonger Street it was as easy to walk to the Windmill Tavern or Blossom’s Inn as to St Lawrence Jewry or the Guildhall. Actors usually gathered in a favourite ordinary to hear a playwright read his new script; the wine they drank there was a business expense, recorded

in the company's account books. Middleton himself was a regular customer at 'a very great haunted inn' owned by Ewen Hebsen; he was in debt to Hebsen for a bond of £26, most of which he had paid by July 1609, when Hebsen died. In 1612 Hebsen's heir wrote off the remaining £7 as a 'desperate' (uncollectable) debt.

No one proposed the complete abolition of alehouses; without modern water treatment plants, it was healthier to drink beer than water. But if alehouses were a necessary evil, playhouses were superfluously satanic. In 1608, preaching at Paul's Cross, William Crashaw condemned 'ungodly plays and interludes'—and was particularly outraged that *The Puritan Widow* had dared satirize 'names of two churches of God'. In 1623, in a printed sermon that probably influenced *A Game at Chess*, Thomas Scott complained of the 'Neutralist, who is of all religions, or no religion; who goes...to a play with greater delight and love, than to a sermon'. There was nothing original about such complaints: pulpits had been spitting at stages before Middleton was born. 'Will not a filthy play, with the blast of a trumpet, sooner call thither a thousand', another preacher at Paul's Cross had asked, in 1578, 'than an hour's tolling of a bell bring to the sermon a hundred?' Certainly, plays were popular: between 1567 and 1642, more than fifty million visits were made to thirteen London theatres. The plays performed in those theatres were 'filthy' in part because they brought together, on stage and in the audience, unsupervised idle women and men, who had congregated to spend their money in the pursuit of pleasure. In 1604 Dekker and Middleton made a prostitute the eponymous co-protagonist of their play, but long before then playhouses had been stigmatized as haunts of prostitution.

Such 'markets of bawdry' catered to a demand for unauthorized sex, real or imagined, that the social structure of early modern London had intensified. Half of its inhabitants were aged twenty-five or under. The active sexual energies of this young population could not be satisfied licitly for simple demographic reasons: there were 115 men for every 100 women. Moreover, 15 per cent of the total population were male apprentices, adolescents and young adults who could not marry. Although Middleton was probably only twenty-two when he married his twenty-seven-year-old bride, they were both atypical: London-born women were likely to be married by the age of twenty-one, and the average age of marriage for London men was twenty-eight. The demand for sex before or without marriage must have been explosively high. Poverty increased both demand and supply: poor young men were less likely to marry, poor young women were more likely to become prostitutes. Illegitimate births peaked in the decades from 1590 to 1620. But if poverty stimulated the economy of desire, so could wealth and power: the court of James I was notoriously unchaste (Illus. 9). James himself apparently had sexual partners of both genders, as do characters in *Michaelmas Term*. In the world of the theatre, particularly, where young boys

dressed as women, homophobia was sure that men often 'played the sodomites, or worse'.

Middleton had an extraordinarily active sexual imagination. The range of his practice may or may not have matched that of his pen. (Which is more inspiring, consummation or frustration?) But his body, so irrelevant to us, was for him a constant stimulant or irritant, an incapable presence familiarly collaborating with the books he read, the sermons he heard, the buildings he inhabited. Many of the books, sermons, and buildings have survived, still visible, touchable. The body is gone.

All that remains to us of the physical Middleton is a single half-length portrait (Illus. 10). It displays a man with a finely shaded face, shoulder-length curls, and a trim beard—a head distinctly unlike Shakespeare's dome, Jonson's rough round, Sidney's polished arrogance, Chapman's Homeric beard and muscled neck. This Middleton also differs, most revealingly, from the formal unhand-some Massinger etched by the same artist (Illus. 11). The day after Middleton's death, Massinger had begun writing exclusively for the King's Men; the timing suggests that he replaced Middleton as the company's house dramatist. But the two men apparently never collaborated, and the contrast between their portraits might suggest why. Massinger's portrait—with its straight lines, blocked letters, awkward contrasts, pasty face and disconnected nimbus—is perfectly stolid. Middleton looks altogether more stylish. Is he observing out of a window or interrogating a mirror? The engraving almost certainly derives from one of the portrait miniatures fashionable in Middleton's lifetime, an object of intimacy and vanity, often encased within a jewelled setting. The subject in this object, the object subjected to our gaze, wears his crown of laurel as naturally as one might don a low-slung, feathered hat. His left arm must be propped akimbo on his hip, a posture associated with authority or even vanity—but any arrogance is tucked away in the gown that conceals the arm; the gesture is not displayed but implied. Part of the function of any gown, of course, is to conceal. Middleton's body is hidden under layers of artifice: the flesh beneath the shirt beneath the gown, which is itself doubled over. As fluid as his pen, the dark gown, like his dark hair and his white collar, flows around him in waves and folds. It could be legal or academic, classical or modish, masculine or effeminate, warm or swank. If this dark-dressed dark-faced man were a character in *A Game at Chess*, he would obviously belong to the Black House; it's easy to picture him on the title-page, in place of the black-bearded black-gowned Black Knight (Illus. 2). Gowns are great sartorial playthings, inviting constant adjustment, gathering, folding, swishing—fashion in motion. His mother Anne owned 'a turkey program gown and a silk program kirtle' worth £7 at her death—as much as Middleton earned for his first play; his sister Avis, when newly widowed, bought 'a silk rash gown'. But this taste for expensive gowning was by no means confined to Middleton's family. The wardrobe of Sir Edmund Tilney, Master of the Revels until his death in



10. Engraved portrait of Middleton, used as a frontispiece for *Two New Playes... Written by Tho. Middleton, Gent.* (published by Humphrey Moseley in 1657).

1610, was so elaborate that he felt compelled to repent it in his will.

When this engraving was printed, the body hidden beneath the gown had been beneath the ground for thirty years. He made his final curtain call in the parish church of Newington, Surrey. St Mary's church 'is very small', the famous antiquarian John Aubrey recorded, later in the century, 'built of brick and boulder (which is irregular or unsquare stone put in a wall), a double roof covered with tile, and the walls with a rough cast; the windows are of a modern Gothic; the floor is paved with stone'. There were five bells in the church tower, and its turrets were sixty feet high, like the 'steep towers and turrets' that Middleton imagined his happy witches flying over, 'in moonlight nights'. On 30 June 1627 'a man out of the street' was buried, anonymously, in St Mary's churchyard; the bells tolled again, on 4 July, when the same minister



11. Engraved portrait of Massinger, used as a frontispiece for *Three New Playes... Written by Philip Massinger, Gent.* (published by Humphrey Moseley in 1655).

committed the body of 'Mr Thomas Middleton' to the ground—'earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'. There were presumably more mourners at Middleton's burial, but none of them could be sure whether the gentleman ascended into bliss, descended into torment, or simply rotted in place.

Reputation

The humanist educational system insisted on the persisting life of the works of authors who had been dead for millennia; it held out the promise that texts written now might likewise 'live' for ever. So Spenser describes his 'Epithalamium' as 'an endless monument'; Jonson is confident that 'this art shall live'; Daniel anticipates that 'th' unborn shall' read his 'authentic' verse 'in time to come'; Drayton proclaims that his 'world-outwearing rhymes' constitute an 'immortal song'. Middleton—or, as Thomas Heywood tells us he preferred to be called, 'plain

Tom—did not praise himself in this way. The future of his soul may have mattered more to him than the future of his texts; or maybe neither mattered; perhaps (as his parody of almanacs suggests) he was amused and sceptical about any attempt to fix futures.

This attitude toward posterity—whether we attribute it to humility, other-worldliness, carelessness, or scepticism—shaped the history of Tom’s posthumous reputation. He did not, as Spenser and Milton did, elect himself England’s laureate; he did not, as Jonson did, build a monument to himself in his own lifetime, by publishing his works in folio; he did not, as Donne did, stage-manage his own death. Nor did he make it easy for others to improve the value of his literary estate after his death. Shakespeare was a corporation man, a shareholder in the same joint-stock company of actors for at least twenty years; his lifelong friends, the senior partners who survived him, collected and published his plays, which were company property, in 1623. In 1647, an ambitious royalist bookseller could acquire virtually all of the unpublished plays of Beaumont and Fletcher from the same single source, the King’s Men. Middleton, by contrast, worked freelance; his plays were scattered among many companies. No one owned him.

Sidney’s manuscripts were left in the possession of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke; Donne’s works were posthumously edited by his son; Shakespeare’s family paid for a monument in Holy Trinity Church. Middleton’s family was not so well positioned to enhance his reputation. His stepfather, Thomas Harvey, had probably been dead for twenty years: he last paid his dues to the Grocers in 1605–6. Of his younger sister Avis no records have been found after 1609. In 1603 she had one surviving daughter; no children of her second marriage were baptized in the parish of St George the Martyr in Southwark. A John Empson (who may have been her husband) was buried there on 18 July 1625; another John Empson (who could have been her son or stepson) was married there on 24 June 1628. Even if she were alive, Avis, wife or widow of a feckless cutler, was not in a position to champion her elder brother’s work. His friend and favourite collaborator William Rowley, who would have been better placed, had predeceased him in February 1626.

In February 1628, Magdalen Middleton, widow ‘of Thomas Middleton deceased, late Chronologer of this City’, upon her ‘humble petition’ to the Alderman’s Court, was granted twenty nobles (two-thirds of £20), presumably to relieve her poverty. Middleton had never acquired landed property, and after his death (Mary) Magdalen would have had no income; such widows were particularly vulnerable to destitution. Fifty-two years old, and not wealthy, she would have had difficulty finding a second husband, and she would have been foolish not to sell books and manuscripts for whatever they would fetch. Her problems did not last long, however: she was buried a year after her husband, on 18 July 1628, at St Mary’s in Newington.

Any remaining literary property would have descended to their only son, Edward. ‘Edward Middleton of Newington, gent.’ died in 1649; his will does not mention a wife or children of his own, instead beginning with another man’s wife (‘First I bequeath unto my loving friend Elizabeth Browne, wife of Edmond Browne, £5 to buy her mourning after my decease . . .’). Elizabeth’s youngest son got £10, and her husband was named executor of his estate. He had, apparently, no wife or children of his own. Edward had been nineteen in November 1623; in September 1624 he was arrested and questioned by the Privy Council about the whereabouts of his father, then in hiding after the crackdown on *A Game at Chess*. This is not an experience likely to encourage most twenty-year-olds to interest themselves further in literary politics.

In the mid-1620s, Middleton needed champions. In August 1624, *A Game at Chess* became not only the greatest success of Middleton’s career, but the most spectacularly and scandalously popular play of the English Renaissance. After its suppression, Middleton went into hiding, then into prison. He was released, but to our knowledge never wrote another play. John Marston, in 1608, had also been imprisoned for representing King James on stage; he too was released, but never wrote another play. Middleton died in 1627, but his dramatic career apparently ended in 1624. His career as a writer of pageants was simultaneously eclipsed. In prison or hiding, he could not write or produce the Lord Mayor’s show of October 1624, and the 1625 show was cancelled. The pageant to celebrate Charles I’s royal entry into London, written by Middleton and scheduled for summer 1625, was delayed and delayed and finally aborted by the King himself. Middleton did write the 1626 Lord Mayor’s show, but this pageant, his first in three years, was bedevilled by the financial problems of the Company of Drapers; the cheapest show since 1609, it was not a success. Middleton did not get a chance to bounce back from that failure, because by the next October he was dead.

As a result of this enforced or fortuitous three-year silence, Middleton was for some time defined retrospectively as the author of a single work, *A Game at Chess*—a burst of light which by its magnitude and finality tended to obscure what preceded it. Moreover, Middleton’s departure from the theatre coincided with Ben Jonson’s return to it, after a ten-year absence. In 1626, Jonson coupled Middleton with another object of his contempt, the radical satirist George Wither, and imagined ‘the poor English play’ (*The Game at Chess*) being used for toilet paper (‘cleansing his posteriors’). Middleton’s career as a playwright ended in 1624 with an unparalleled success; Jonson’s ended, from 1626 to 1631, in a series of embarrassing failures. Nevertheless, Jonson’s rejection by ‘the loathed stage’ actually enhanced his literary reputation, provoking odes of praise and defence by the poets Thomas Randolph and Thomas Carew, the Oxford don Richard James, and several others. Middleton’s success became scatological; Jonson’s failure, a badge of integrity. Jonson’s former secretary, Richard

Brome, alluded to the same Middleton play in 1629, and in the first posthumous reference to Middleton by name, in 1632, William Heminges (another Jonson acolyte, writing a poem to Randolph) included in a list of modern poets ‘squoblinge Middleton’. Heminges thus epitomized Middleton either as the author of spectacular plays and pageants full of firecrackers (‘squibs’) or the author of satirical ‘squibs’ (like *A Game at Chess*). Heminges went on to describe Middleton, ‘with tears’, telling the story of an amputated finger (like that in *The Changeling?*). This image of a weeping Middleton may have seemed as unmanly to the testosterone wits of the 1630s as it does now; modern male critics prefer an ever-ironic, intellectual, un-sentimental Middleton. Certainly, Heminges in successive couplets contrasted Jonson (who made Puritans ‘quake’) with Middleton, whom they ‘seemed much to adore’ for his ‘learnèd exercise’ against Catholic Spain (*A Game at Chess*, again).

The hostility of Jonson and the approval of Puritans were, in the literary court of Caroline England, doubly damning. Middleton was as isolated, in this cavalier coterie, as Milton—but without Milton’s massive defensive appropriation of classical authority. His plays continued to be revived in the theatre, and to influence the playwrights of the late 1620s and 1630s, from Massinger and Shirley to less familiar figures like Brome, Davenport, Glapthorne, and Richards. But the troubled state of his reputation is evident in an epigram printed in 1640 in the anthology *Wit’s Recreations*:

Facetious Middleton, thy witty muse
Hath pleased all that books or men peruse.
If any thee despise, he doth but show
Antipathy to wit in daring so.
Thy fame’s above his malice, and ’twill be
Dispraise enough for him to censure thee.

The opening couplet, with its assurance of unconditional and universal delight, is contradicted by the following four lines, which wittily defend Middleton against the antipathy, malice, and censure of those who despise him. This is embattled praise.

Middleton could be so readily and radically diminished by ‘malice’ in part because most of his work was unavailable or unidentified. This problem, which began in the first decades after his death, persisted into the twentieth century. Of the thirteen pamphlets in this edition, five were published anonymously; three were identified only by the initials ‘T.M.’ attached to a preface, one by the same initials on the title-page, three by the full name attached to a preface, and only one—the very first—by the full name on the title-page. Three-quarters of the pamphlets were thus attributed ambiguously if at all. Of the thirty plays in this edition, two were not published in the seventeenth century at all; four were published anonymously; four were misattributed to other playwrights; five named Middleton’s collaborator as sole author; two attributed parts of the play to fictitious collaborators. Such confusions affected half of his surviving theatrical canon.

More grievously, much of that canon did not survive at all, in part because the middle decades of the seventeenth century were particularly disruptive of England’s social and literary fabric. The Calvinist consensus of the English church, which had lasted half a century, was shattered in the last years of Middleton’s life by the rise of a faction influenced by the Dutch theologian Jacobus Arminius (who argued that salvation was not predetermined, but could be influenced by individual action). Within a year of the accession of Charles I, Arminians effectively dominated the Church hierarchy. The reformist Protestant humanism of much of the laity collided with the new conservatism of the episcopate. The Thirty Years War, which began in central Europe in 1618, led to increasingly bitter divisions over foreign policy. The shortfall in government revenue, disguised by Elizabeth’s unmarried parsimony, intensified into a perpetual crisis for the more lavish and fertile Stuarts; efforts to remedy the crisis were perceived, more and more widely, as corrupt or illegal. Fifteen years after Middleton’s death, the annual Lord Mayor’s shows had been suspended, ballads had been banned, the theatres were closed, and the Commons was at war with the Crown.

This dissolution affected Middleton’s reputation, in part because it determined how and by whom he would be interpreted. Charles I was reading Shakespeare and Jonson in prison in the weeks before his execution; it is hard to imagine him reading Middleton. When his son Charles II returned to London in 1660, the Restoration’s programmatic cultural nostalgia was more receptive to the gallant Beaumont and Fletcher, the neoclassical Jonson, the royal Shakespeare, than to vulgar critical Middleton. But the turmoil of these decades also had simpler, physical consequences for Middleton’s reputation. On 2 September 1642, Parliament closed the theatres, condemning plays as ‘spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity’. The acting companies held on for a while, but eventually disintegrated. On 15 April 1644, the Globe theatre was pulled down; on 6 August 1655, the Blackfriars; on 25 March 1656, the Hope—empty playhouses replaced by profitable tenements for a continually expanding urban population. In 1666, the Fire of London destroyed not only the church of St Lawrence Jewry, but most of the old City within the walls, including innumerable books and manuscripts.

Because Middleton’s works had not been collected, they were particularly susceptible to chance destruction in these social cataclysms. If Shakespeare’s *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies* had not been published together in 1623, we could easily have lost half of his canon—including *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *The Winter’s Tale*, and *The Tempest*. (Obviously, the fact that a play had not been printed is no reflection on its artistic virtue.) We can still read these works because, after 1623, perhaps 750 copies of thirty-six Shakespeare plays were widely dispersed in a single expensive volume, likely to be preserved in the library of a wealthy family or institution. Middleton’s works



12. Restoration Middleton emphasized isolated single characters and fond memories of innocent vulgar clowning, as in this 1662 visual anthology, which includes *The Changeling* (upper left).

were interred in no such monumental tome, and it is hard to be sure what quantity or quality of comedies, histories, and tragedies perished as a result.

The casualties must have been substantial. We can specify five lost plays, one lost masque, one lost royal pageant, two lost prose works, one lost prologue and epilogue. There were no doubt more. In 1611 alone, he wrote three surviving plays; for 1610 and 1612, not a single play survives. From spring 1602 to spring 1608, Middleton wrote all or part of fourteen known plays, averaging more than two plays per year; he also produced five known pamphlets. This period is probably representative of his usual productivity, which we can observe because of the survival of Henslowe's account books and the collapse of two acting companies, leading to the publication of an unusual number of plays. Even



13. Elegant eighteenth-century Middleton: the masque in *Wit and Several Weapons*, 5.2, as illustrated in a frontispiece from Gerard Langbaine's 1711 edition of *The Works of Mr Francis Beaumont and Mr John Fletcher*, volume 6. Conflating 5.2.45-7 and 5.2.74-6, this illustration shows Cunninggame (front left) stealing off leading the Niece (centre) under the approving eyes of Wittypate (right); behind them a reluctant Guardianess (left) is urged to dance by an energetic Lady Ruinous (right), while the Old Knight dances obliviously on at the rear. Priscian and Sir Ruinous are the two central figures in the musicians' gallery, above the spectators who crowd the stage boxes. The anonymous engraver may well have been influenced by the staging of this scene in Colley Cibber's adaptation, *The Rival Fools*, performed at Drury Lane in 1709.

during this period, Middleton almost certainly wrote other material which has not survived; our knowledge of more than one-fifth of these plays is, after all, fortuitous. But even if we assume that the figures for these six years are complete, then from 1609 to 1624, at a comparable rate, he would have turned out, alone or in collaboration, in addition to civic pageants and a few pamphlets, another thirty-five dramatic texts. By this conservative estimate,

we can read, now, only about half of Middleton's plays and masques. If 1611 is typical, then between 1601 and 1624 he would have written at least sixty-nine plays. Nor is this conclusion surprising. More than forty plays by Dekker are lost; of the plays written by Philip Massinger between 1625 and 1640, only about half survive. If Middleton's writing had been collected and published shortly after his death, that edition would probably have doubled the canon available to us—and maybe have tripled it.

We cannot judge work that has not survived. But we cannot ignore it, either, when estimating the relative scale of an author's achievement. In 1675 Edward Phillips, who compiled the first biographical encyclopedia of English poets, described Middleton as 'a copious writer'; he little realized how copious. Four years before, when the bookseller Francis Kirkman had ranked the top ten English playwrights in order of importance, that order had been determined largely by the number of their extant works; 'Middleton and Rowley' were sixth. The top three, not surprisingly, were Shakespeare, 'Beaumont and Fletcher', and Jonson—whose canons had been preserved, virtually complete, in folios. Genius cannot be statistically determined, but by any criteria Middleton belongs among the most productive dramatists of early modern England.

That status could hardly be appreciated in the years after 1660. When the monarchy returned and the theatres reopened, a reader could find virtually all of Jonson or Fletcher or Shakespeare in one book. By contrast, Middleton's work—like Marlowe's, Dekker's, Webster's, Ford's—was scattered in many separate cheap individual editions, each for sale in only a few remaining copies, or none, in a world without public libraries, without bibliographies, without journals for essays in criticism, without classes in English literature. In 1655, John Cotgrave's *English Treasury of Wit and Language* had quoted more excerpts from plays in the Middleton canon than from any other playwright—but he attributed none of his quotations, and until the twentieth century no reader of Cotgrave's anthology could have been aware of how much quotable Master Middleton contributed to it. In 1662 *The Changeling* was featured in a visual anthology of famous theatrical roles, but Middleton was not named (Illus. 12). In 1663, William Davenant could look back forty years, to a time when he was only eighteen, and remember the unparalleled 'crowd' that had rushed the doors to see Middleton's 'Play of *Gundamar*'—but the only published texts of *A Game at Chess* did not name its author, and neither did Davenant. After the Restoration, eight of Middleton's plays were successfully revived, but most were simply unknown. Those who knew them often took advantage of their unfamiliarity by borrowing from them, wholesale, without acknowledgement. As early as 1688, antiquarians like Gerard Langbaine complained about such robberies, but to no avail. To most readers or audiences, some of Middleton's virtues now appeared to be those of Shakespeare or Fletcher, whose folios included

some of his plays (Illus. 13); other Middleton achievements were silently appropriated by Aphra Behn, Colley Cibber, and a dozen lesser writers. One of the most populist after-pieces of the eighteenth-century stage, 'The Slip', was lifted from *A Mad World, My Masters*, but its original creator was never credited. Middleton became virtually invisible for a century and a half. In that century and a half, the canon of English literature was established.

When Middleton resurfaced, in the nineteenth century, he entered a canonical system dominated by Shakespeare. This context has shaped the subsequent history of his reception. For eighteenth-century scholars from Lewis Theobald to George Steevens, Middleton's texts were simply raw linguistic data, collected for the better explication of Shakespeare; the revolutionary editor Edward Capell went out of his way to describe Middleton as 'no mean comic genius', but this remark was made in *The School of Shakespeare*, an anthology of extracts from 'diverse English books, that contribute to a due understanding of his writings' (1779). This pattern persisted into the twentieth century, Shakespeare serving as Middleton's chief patron. Those texts where Middleton's writing intertwines with Shakespeare's have been more widely edited, translated, produced, discussed, and illustrated than any of his other work (Illus. 14–16). Verdi made thrilling romantic opera out of Middleton's adaptation of the cauldron scene in *Macbeth*, Duke Ellington jazzed up Middleton's share of *Timon of Athens*. The most famous work of art inspired by Middleton is undoubtedly Dante Gabriel Rossetti's 'Mariana' (1870), based on a Middleton passage in *Measure for Measure*. In the nineteenth century, authorship problems in the Middleton canon were first seriously discussed in the meetings and transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, and Shakespeare journals and conferences continue to be a main outlet for Middleton scholarship. Repertory companies founded primarily to produce Shakespeare have pioneered Middleton's restoration to the stage, from William Poel and his Elizabethan Stage Society, responsible for the only nineteenth-century performance of a Middleton play, to the Royal Shakespeare Company, which mounted the first professional revival since the early seventeenth century of *Women, Beware Women*. And though some contributors to this edition hail from departments of history, drama, or theology, most are teachers of English literature, and most were hired specifically to teach Shakespeare. Middleton has thus inevitably been understood and described—misleadingly—in terms of his similarities to or differences from Shakespeare. After all, every modern reader of Middleton is someone who has already read Shakespeare.

In order for there to be any such modern readers of Middleton, his work had to be reprinted and edited. In the eighteenth century, fragments of Middleton had been anthologized in collections of quotations like *The British Muse* and *Beauties of the English Drama*, and a handful of his plays had been printed entire in successive editions of *A Select Collection of Old Plays*. But most of his work was available only to wealthy collectors. In 1707 a copy



14. Spectacular Victorian Middleton: Bernard Partridge's painting of Middleton's chorus of witches in *Macbeth*, based on the 1898 production by Henry Irving.

of *The Roaring Girl* was purchased for three pounds nine shillings—78 times its original price, and two and a half times the price of a Shakespeare First Folio sold in the same decade. Edmond Malone, who bought books for the first Earl of Charlemont, 'picked up' *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* in Dublin in 1797, but was unable to 'secure' a copy of *Old Law*, and complained that George III's buyers were pushing up auction prices for rare books. The first editions of Middleton's work, originally cheap and accessible, had become rare and expensive, while the expensive upmarket folios of Jonson, Shakespeare, and Fletcher had made their work readily obtainable.

Middleton's achievement did not begin to be visible, or imaginable, until 1840, when Edward Lumley of Chancery Lane, London, published a five-volume limited edition of *The Works of Thomas Middleton, Now first collected, with some account of the author, and notes, by the Reverend Alexander Dyce*. Dyce (1798–1869) was a resident of Gray's Inn (part of the London legal community Middleton had satirized and entertained); his lifetime of scholarship was supported by his parents' investments in the East India Company (which Middleton had celeb-

rated in *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* and other pageants). In 1840, Dyce was already an experienced editor of Renaissance plays, having worked on Peele, Webster, Greene, and Shirley; he would go on to edit Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Ford, and Shakespeare. All the contemporaries of Shakespeare whom Dyce edited, including Middleton, had been quoted and praised in Charles Lamb's influential anthology of *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, Who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (1808). Dyce's Middleton was simply one part of a vast nineteenth-century archival project, carried out by many scholars, to recover systematically the culture of 'Elizabethan' England. His approach was archaeological, even anthropological: hence, 'As they faithfully reflect the manners and customs of the age, even the worst of Middleton's comedies are not without their value.'

By modern standards, Dyce's edition—like all nineteenth-century editions of Renaissance literature—leaves much to be desired. He guessed that Middleton had been born in 1570 (an error that still shows up in reference works) and conjectured that he was educated at the Inns of Court (an error that misled generations of

critics into associating Middleton with coterie writers like Marston rather than popular writers like Shakespeare, Dekker and Heywood). More pervasively, Dyce froze the Middleton canon in the chaotic state created by the second half of the seventeenth century. He did not include some of Middleton's best work; he did include some mediocre work not by Middleton; he did little to disentangle Middleton from his collaborators. Nevertheless, Dyce's edition revolutionized perceptions of Middleton. His collection established, for the first time, a corpus, a body of work, an intertextual field susceptible to analysis of its structure, coherence, development, internal relations and articulations. His introductory life, citing manuscript sources never before consulted, made it possible to imagine a human body doing the work, a person, a personality; what Rowe's biography had done for Shakespeare in 1709, Dyce's biography did for Middleton. By reprinting as frontispiece the 1657 engraving (Illus. 10), Dyce put back into circulation an image of the poet, enabling readers like Swinburne to imagine his 'noble and thoughtful face, so full of gentle dignity and earnest composure'. Thanks to Dyce, the young American critic and poet James Russell Lowell in 1843 could draw 'an estimate' of Middleton's 'character', could casually quote ten of his plays, could situate their author among the poets whose words have 'a mysterious and oracular majesty' and whose 'tragic faculty' can 'bring up for us the snowy pearls which sleep in the deep abysses and caverns of the soul'. Thanks to Dyce, in 1854 the first African American novelist and playwright, William Wells Brown, could quote *Women, Beware Women* as well as Shakespeare. Thanks to Dyce, in 1878 the Aberdeen professor, journalist, and novelist William Minto could, in an article on Middleton in the famous ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, affirm that 'in daring and happy concentration of imagery, and a certain imperial confidence in the use of words, [he] of all the dramatists of that time is the disciple that comes nearest to the master' [Shakespeare].

This praise came too late to save Middleton's physical remains. Two years before, the parish church of St Mary's Newington had been pulled down to make room for a wider road; all bodies were removed from the churchyard and interred together in a new vault. The surviving grave markers were meticulously transcribed, but the Middletons' must have disappeared long before, for they are not recorded. And if Victorian London did not much value what was left of Middleton's corpse, some Victorian critics were no tenderer toward his corpus. In the 1870s, Middleton's plays were being read not only by Minto and Swinburne, but also by the postmaster and novelist Anthony Trollope. Trollope read every play in Dyce's edition, and concluded that 'Perhaps of all the so-called Elizabethan dramatists Middleton was the worst.' In 1878, at about the time Minto's *Encyclopaedia* article was coming off the press, Trollope was writing, at the end of *Your Five Gallants*, 'This piece is so tedious, so perplexed, so uninteresting and so bad, that one is at [a] loss to conceive



15. Pre-Raphaelite Middleton: Byam Shaw's illustration of the Middleton masque of ladies in *Timon of Athens*.

how such a man as Dyce could have given up his time to editing it. To have read it is a sin, in the wasting of time.'

Trollope was in the 1860s the most popular and 'the most English' of novelists; his revulsion from Middleton is representative of a class and a generation, but it also identifies certain real features of Middleton's work which any reader will soon observe. One of those features is Middleton's frank sexuality. Trollope was described by his contemporaries as 'the prose laureate of English girls of the better class' (1869); his heroines were praised for being 'like the honest English girls we know' (1867); Henry James remarked that 'the British maiden' of Trollope's novels has 'a kind of clinging tenderness, a passive sweetness' reminiscent of 'the fragrance of Imogen and Desdemona'. Middleton's women exude rather different fragrances (Illus. 15–19). In *The Nice Valour*, Middleton

concludes that 'desire is of both genders' (5.3.180): both genders have powerful sexual appetites, and each may desire either—or both. Middleton would only begin to return to the theatrical repertory in the roaring twenties, a decade in which T. S. Eliot praised 'the indecencies of Elizabethan and Restoration drama' and Virginia Woolf confided to her diary that she 'adore[d] Shakespeare at his bawdiest'. She could have found even more bawdy in Middleton. By 1963, Kenneth Tynan could observe, in a family newspaper, that 'where sexual vagaries are concerned there is more authentic reportage in *The Changeling* and *Women Beware Women* than in the whole of' Shakespeare. In 1963—the year when sex was invented, in Philip Larkin's famously ironic chronology—Tynan's claim was praise; but Queen Victoria would not have been amused. Neither was Trollope.

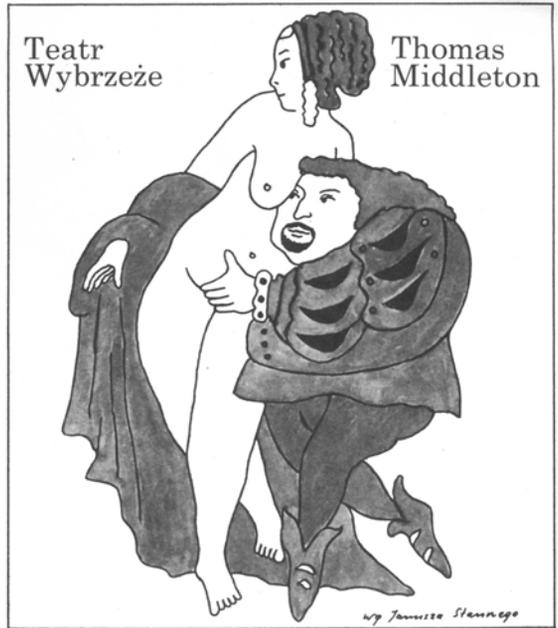
But even Trollope could not avoid, at times, being impressed. The plot of his novel *The Fixed Period* (1882) is taken from *Old Law*, and in a moment of uncharacteristic weakness he conceded that Middleton, 'had he given himself fair chance by sustained labour, might have excelled all the Elizabethan dramatists except Shakespeare'. Others were more openly enthusiastic. In 1885–6 Dyce's edition was reprinted in eight volumes with a few changes (and more errors) by A. H. Bullen, who provided a new and more avid introduction; Bullen concludes that, if Middleton does not deserve to be called 'a great dramatist', then 'I know not which of Shakespeare's followers is worthy of that title'. Bullen's expensive limited edition, more widely reviewed than Dyce's, was followed in 1887–90 by Middleton's entry in the popular Mermaid series, a two-volume selection of ten plays edited by Havelock Ellis (soon to become famous for *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*). From then on, Middleton was treated, by editors and academic critics, as a major Renaissance dramatist. Individual plays have been translated into Dutch, German, French, Italian, Japanese, Polish, and Spanish.

His status has continued to rise. Each new decade has seen more revivals of his plays than the one before, including productions outside the English-speaking world (Gdańsk, Rome, Zurich). In 1922 *The Waste Land*'s most frequent, and in some ways most surprising, quotations were from Middleton and Webster; in 1927 Eliot wrote the most influential single essay on Middleton, describing him as 'one of the most voluminous, and one of the best, dramatic writers of his time', 'a great artist or artisan', dispassionately exposing the 'fundamental passions of any time and any place'. Not everyone accepted this assessment. The Cambridge don L. C. Knights, in 1936, judged Middleton far inferior to Jonson; Jonson has continued to attract much academic admiration, as he did in his own time. But whether Eliot inspired awe or dissent, he had put Middleton in the literary canon, on the critical agenda, in the university curriculum. After Eliot, English playwrights—Peter Barnes, Edward Bond, Barrie Keefe, Joe Orton—began to acknowledge Middleton as a precursor.

Eliot famously asserted that Middleton had 'no point of view', no 'peculiar personality'; 'He is merely the name

which associates six or seven great plays.' Eliot's modernist misunderstanding of Middleton's work originated in ignorance of his biography. The central facts of Middleton's life were first established, by Mark Eccles, in 1931, four years after Eliot's essay was published. Middleton's seeming impersonality itself reflects a personality, a decision to reject the selfish rant of battling parents and battling poets. Aged twenty, he called himself 'Thomas Medius & Gravis Tonus', punning musically on his surname (*Ghost of Lucrece* 69–70); *medius* means 'in the middle' but also 'middling, ordinary' and 'neutral, ambiguous'—and 'central', and 'the common good'. *Gravis* teeters, ambiguously, between 'impressive' and 'base'. Middleton yokes opposites: his first surviving play, *The Phoenix*, is one of the first English tragicomedies, and later plays combined tragic plots (*Hengist, King of Kent*) and comic plots (*The Mayor of Queenborough*) so evenly that they boasted alternative titles. The emotional and intellectual complexity of Middleton's double plots, and multiple plots, first began to be appreciated in the twentieth century, in the work of critics like William Empson and Richard Levin. 'Was ever such a contrariety seen?' (*Old Law* 2.1.161).

The relationship between Middleton's life and his work requires more than a reliable biography; we also need to know which works Middleton wrote, and when he wrote them. We will respond to *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* differently, once we realize that most of it must have been written by a sixteen-year-old (not a twenty-six-year-old, as earlier scholars believed). The first sustained analysis of 'The Chronology of Middleton's Plays' (by R. C. Bald) was not published until 1937. The larger problem of the canon itself took much longer to solve. Most of the correct conclusions were reached by E. H. C. Oliphant between 1925 and 1929, but it took six decades for his intuitions to be confirmed by the more scientific methods of the American Cyrus Hoy, the Australian David Lake, the New Zealander MacDonald P. Jackson, and the Englishman R. V. Holdsworth. These decades of scholarship have made it possible for this edition to print his works in chronological order, beginning with his adult work and the reign of James I (with the *Juvenilia* gathered together in a separate section). It should make possible a new understanding of Middleton's artistic development. His early city comedies for the Children at Paul's were all written in his mid-twenties, with the brilliant surface virtuosity and drive of absolute youth, in exhilarated command of materials within the narrow circle of its own ego and experience. From that centre Middleton moved gradually outward, first beyond his own sex, eventually beyond his own neighbourhood to the larger European world. He never lost his lewd, ironic, grounded comic genius, but the later comedies and tragicomedies achieve a wider emotional range and a more complex orchestration of tones. Middleton wrote *The Revenger's Tragedy* when he was twenty-six (Shakespeare's age when he churned out *Henry the Sixth, Part Two*, John Osborne's when he spat out *Look Back in Anger*); *The Revenger's Tragedy* is a masterpiece unequalled in laser intensity,

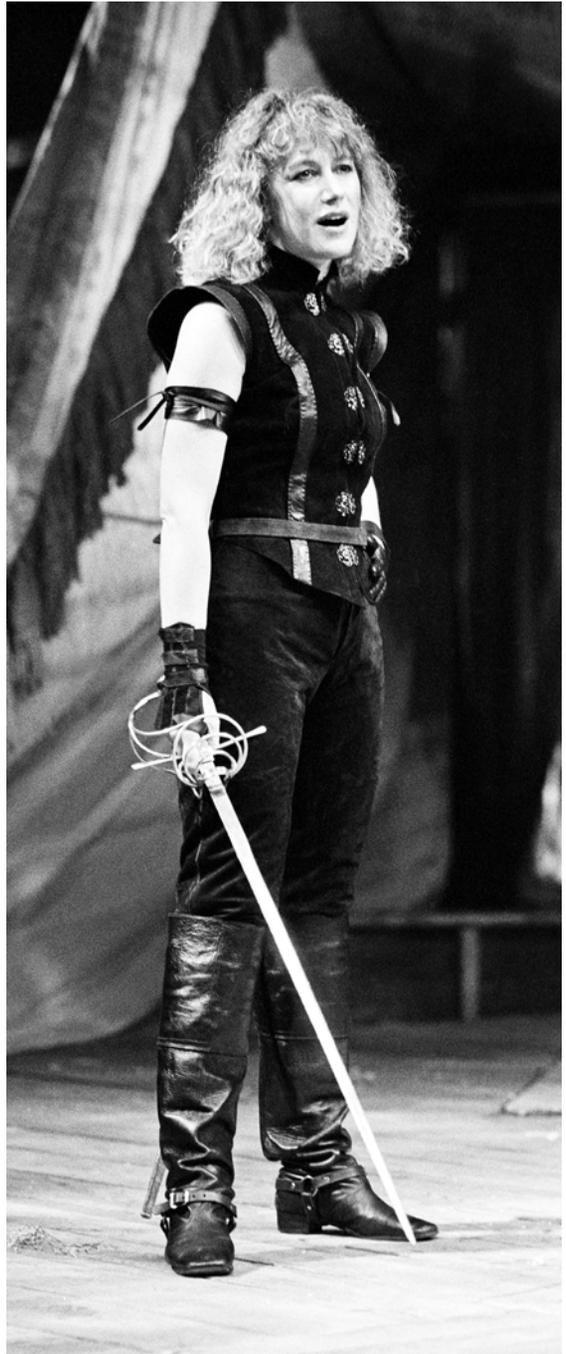


Twentieth-century Middleton. 16. Wyndham Lewis's 1912 modernist icon of Apemantus and the masque of ladies in *Timon of Athens* (upper left). 17. Janusza Stannego's post-modernist cover art for the programme of a 1988/89 production of *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* at Teatr Wybrzeże, Poland (upper right). 18. Judi Dench (centre) as Bianca in the 1969 Royal Shakespeare Company production of *Women, Beware Women*, directed by Terry Hands, with a design reflecting the chess game (bottom).

but the forty-one-year-old who wrote *Women, Beware Women* commanded a broader spectrum of verbal and psychological light.

Eliot, typically, did not even mention Middleton's masques, pageants, or pamphlets. These works were, and still remain, less familiar than the plays. The first serious study of the genre of the masque was not published until 1927, and—like the later influential work of Stephen Orgel and Roy Strong—Enid Welsford concentrated upon *The Court Masque*. Even now, people are sometimes surprised to discover how many masques were not performed at court, not designed by Inigo Jones, and not written by Ben Jonson. This critical privileging of the court also helps to explain the neglect of pageants, which were written, by contrast, for the commonest possible public. Despite their wide and international audience—demonstrated by the Russian and Italian ambassadors whose reports are printed in this edition, and by the fact that the Anglophile Spanish ambassador Gondomar owned a copy of Middleton's *Triumphs of Truth*—the first serious study of Lord Mayor's shows, David Bergeron's *English Civic Pageantry 1558-1642*, was not published until 1971.

As for the genre of pamphlets, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries such works were reprinted, if at all, in historical anthologies like *The Harleian Miscellany* or *An English Garner*; in the twentieth century, early modern prose generally only interested critics seeking precursors of the novel. Middleton's pamphlets are not precursors of the novel. The one thing they have in common is that they do not fit our generic categories; we don't know which anthology should include them, or which course should teach them. Some of them—like *The Black Book* and *Father Hubbard's Tales*—are at least fabular or fictional, in ways which are almost familiar. Like short stories, these narratives depend on snapshot vignettes, resonant anecdotes, acute social observation, the creation of a distinct narrative voice. Like the short texts of Flannery O'Connor in particular, they are wickedly intelligent, observant, ironic. But Flannery O'Connor would not introduce Lucifer with a stage direction and a verse soliloquy. And other Middleton pamphlets abandon narrative altogether. It might be more useful to consider them experimental fiction, or postmodern non-novels. Like Michael Martone's *The Blue Guide to Indiana* (2001), Middleton's *The Owl's Almanac* (1618) takes a pedestrian non-fiction genre and transforms it into a literary fairground; but Martone does not switch-hit prose and verse, or rise to Middleton's playful complex typographic mimicry. Middleton's 'non-dramatic prose' is not consistently either. Like his plays, the pageants and the pamphlets mix rhyme, blank verse, and non-verse. Just as, in the plays, there is no tidy hierarchy of forms—prose for the lower orders, verse for the higher—so among the pamphlets there is no severe divide between 'literature' and 'unliterature'. The pamphlets embody the full unregulated variety of Renaissance discursive practices, mixing poetry and theology, politics and parody, journalism and *jouissance*.



19. Feminist Middleton: Helen Mirren's performance of *Moll Cutpurse*—in the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1983 production, directed by Barry Kyle—signalled a growing interest in Middleton's treatment of gender and sexuality.

The first attempt to render such a mixture available and intelligible was R. B. McKerrow's five-volume edition of *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, published between 1905 and 1910. Nashe was clearly an important influence on Middleton, and possibly a personal mentor, and McKerrow's work made critical appreciation of a career like Middleton's for the first time possible. But McKerrow also set standards for annotation and bibliographical description which were at the time virtually impossible for any editor of Middleton's much larger and more complicated canon to satisfy. McKerrow's friend, W. W. Greg, in 1906 reviewed Churton Collins's edition of the works of Robert Greene; the review was so damning and humiliating that it probably caused Collins to commit suicide, and certainly made it professional suicide for any serious scholar thereafter to edit an early modern writer without scrupulous attention to the new methods of analytical bibliography. Even McKerrow could not complete an edition of Shakespeare which satisfied such standards (though he died trying). From 1953 to 1961, Fredson Bowers produced a four-volume bibliographer's edition of Dekker, but the 'non-dramatic' canon was omitted and the commentary delegated to a junior collaborator, Cyrus Hoy, who would not publish his four volumes until 1980. Bowers's standards were even higher than Greg's had been, now including identification of compositors and sequence of typesetting. Such bibliographical perfectionism was self-defeating, and it defeated three postwar attempts to produce a new edition of Middleton.

That century of editorial constipation did not stop the march of Middleton's reputation, but scholarship and criticism have been hampered by the absence of a reliable text of the whole *œuvre*. The book you are now holding will, we hope, make it possible for many more people to experience what I felt in the summer of 1984, when for the first time I read all of Middleton. In one of the world's great research archives, founded in Middleton's lifetime at Middleton's university, I sat for days, surrounded by rare books, sometimes quietly moved to tears, sometimes unable to contain my laughter, so inappropriate in the venerable hush of the Duke Humphrey Library. And I thought, again and again, why was I never told to read this? Why was I never taught this? Why is this not on the shelves of ordinary libraries? Why have I never seen this performed? Why have I never heard this music? And why have I never been introduced to this Dickensian, Dostoevskian riot of life? Vindice, DeFlores, and Beatrice Joanna I'd encountered in college, but what about Allwit and all the rest? Lucifer, Candido, Quomodo, Sir Bounteous Progress, Dampit, Pieboard, Tailby, Weatherwise, Pompey Doodle, Captain Ager, Plumporridge, Simplicity, Simon, George, Lepet, the Yorkshire Husband, the Black Knight and Fat Bishop and White Queen's Pawn, the Tyrant, the Lady, the Young Queen, the Duchess of Milan, Mistress Low-water, Moll, Valeria, Hecate and Madge Owl, Livia

and Bianca and Isabella—where have you people been all my life?

This edition does not claim to be definitive; we do not expect, or even hope, that it will last for ever. 'Nothing is perfect born' (*Roaring Girl* 9.2.27). Like Middleton himself, we are fallen authors, living in a fallen world, and the texts we produce are inevitably imperfect. Nevertheless, in at least one respect this edition should permanently transform our reading of Middleton. For the first time, you can find all that is left of him in one big book: this is 'the Middleton First Folio'. As that phrase suggests, this volume mimics many features of Shakespeare editions, and its visual design makes a larger cultural claim. As early as 1636, Shakespeare and Middleton were being coupled. Two gentlemen went to see Shakespeare's *Pericles*; one laughed and the other cried. Later, they went to see Middleton's *Mayor of Queenborough*; the first cried and the second laughed. Middleton is 'both a great comic writer and a great tragic writer': T. S. Eliot's phrase could be applied to only one other English playwright, and to very few in any language. Middleton is, David Frost concluded in 1968, 'Shakespeare's true heir', and *The Collected Works of Thomas Middleton* invites readers to think of our language as the home of two world champion playwrights, not just one. Our other Shakespeare has been, for centuries, scattered in a half-buried debris field; here, finally, the startling surviving pieces have all been unearthed, catalogued, authenticated, re-sequenced, and put back together in a single magic box that we can carry to our private desert islands and our collective urban wildernesses. We can now see the English Renaissance, stereoscopically, from the perspectives of two very different geniuses. We do not have to choose between them, any more than we need choose Mozart over Beethoven, or Michelangelo over Leonardo da Vinci. We are simply blessed, enriched, by their coexistence, their wrestling with each other and the world.

Middleton, of all writers, might have resisted the dignified uniformity asserted by the bulk and binding of such a book. His praise of *The Duchess of Malfi*, published in 1623, seems to contrast Webster's modest quarto with the 'cathedral palaces' of the monumental Shakespeare Folio, also published that year. Certainly, it would be misleading to impose upon Middleton's muchness the minimalism of a single critical voice-over, even if that voice were as hypnotizing as Samuel Johnson's. Editorially, this collection attempts to convey the formal individuality and variety of his early texts, and to offer a corresponding diversity of textual embodiment and annotation. Critically, the contributors have little in common but the republic of Middleton. It is a republic we invite you to join. For you are Middleton's, and our, most important collaborator. Only you, fallen reader, can open the magic box, and let the dead come out and dance.

SEE ALSO

Sources for Middleton's life and reputation: *Companion*, 449

MIDDLETON'S LONDON

Paul S. Seaver

'I AM thy mother', announces the figure of London at the outset of Thomas Middleton's *The Triumphs of Truth*, and London was never far from this dutiful son's thoughts. The city is mentioned in more than thirty of his works, and specific locales—Watling Street, Paul's Wharf, Finsbury Fields—appear with even greater frequency. When it is not named, London is almost always implied, providing the model of urban experience most familiar to writer and audience. 'The fashion of play-making', wrote Middleton, 'I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration of apparel', reminding his readers by this comparison of the rapid changes visible everywhere in London's streets during this first age of fashion, but it was not only fashions in play-making and clothes that were undergoing constant change in Middleton's lifetime. London itself was changing at an unprecedented rate, providing a setting and a stage evidently at once frightening and exciting, framed by much that was old and familiar, but constantly threatening to outgrow that frame, as the medieval city was transformed into England's and Europe's greatest metropolis.

Middleton's London, apostrophized in 1616 as 'this queen of cities, lady of this isle', was in one sense an ancient crone—a 'reverend mother' in Middleton's kinder comparison—its walls dating back to Roman times. But if the walls had contained the medieval city, this was no longer true, for Middleton was born into a metropolis undergoing explosive growth, growth which would continue for perhaps a generation after his death, before the rate slowed in the later decades of the seventeenth century. London's population, which numbered little more than 50,000 in Sir Thomas More's time, was in the neighbourhood of 80,000 to 100,000 by the time Middleton was born in 1580, and the metropolis grew to perhaps 300,000 by the time of his death; then the walls contained no more than perhaps a third of the metropolitan population.

In 1600 when the young Moravian Baron Waldstein visited London at the conclusion of his studies at Strasbourg, he noted in his diary that on 5th July he 'went along the Thames to the small town of Westminster, [but] although it is over a mile from the City, we went past buildings the whole way'. The young baron remarked upon the built-up strip along the Strand precisely because north of that highway and west of Chancery Lane were still green fields, an area which was to become rapidly urban in Middleton's last years as builders began to develop the Covent Garden area as far as St Martin's Lane and north into St Giles-in-the-Fields. In fact by the time of

Middleton's birth urban sprawl had begun to the north-west of Aldersgate in Clerkenwell and to the north-east of Aldersgate in the rapidly growing parish of St Giles Cripplegate. Another strip development extended north from Bishopsgate and another east from Aldgate toward the village of Mile End, while along the river urban development moved beyond St Katherine's to Wapping, Shadwell, and the Radcliffe docks.

Urban growth on such an unprecedented scale frightened the Crown, and as early as 1580 Queen Elizabeth I issued the first of what became a series of royal proclamations that sought to limit further growth. The 'excess of people', if not checked, posed three dangerous consequences: first, the Queen foresaw a city that could not be well governed without the creation of 'new jurisdictions and officers'; second, 'such multitudes' could not be supplied with food 'upon reasonable prices'; and third, the influx of the poor into crowded tenements created the conditions in which a 'plague or popular sickness' could not only 'invade the whole city', but could endanger 'her majesty's own person'. For remedy it was proposed to forbid any new building within three miles of the city's gates or the subletting of any rooms not already let or occupied. Less than a year before her death the old Queen complained that 'partly by the covetous and insatiable dispositions of some persons, that without any respect of the common good and public profit of the realm do only regard their own particular lucre and gain, and partly by the negligence and corruption of others who by reason of their offices and places ought to see the said proclamation . . . performed', enforcement had been neglected and 'the said mischiefs and inconveniences do daily increase', for remedy of which the new proclamation not only reiterated the former order against new building or new subdividing, but ordered that all illegal new building be torn down or let to the poor at such rates as were set by the churchwardens and minister of the parish. James I and the plague arrived together in the summer of 1603, and from the safe distance of Woodstock the new king issued a new proclamation, noting 'that the great confluence and access of excessive numbers of idle, indigent, dissolute and dangerous persons, and the pestering of many of them in small and strait rooms . . . have been one of the chiefest occasions of the great plague and mortality', and reiterating former regulations, particularly as they applied to the creation of subdivided housing. But despite attempts to enforce the proclamations and the multiplication of new regulations and restrictions, the population of the metropolis continued to expand. In 1615 King James, in

a gesture reminiscent of King Canute commanding the tides, proclaimed that 'now that our City of London is become the greatest, or the next greatest, city of the Christian world: it is more than time that there be an utter cessation of further new buildings, lest the surcharge and overflow of people do bring upon our said City infinite inconveniences'. James concluded on a rather plaintive note, expressing the wish that 'as it was said of the first emperor of Rome, that he found the city of Rome of brick and left it of marble, so that we whom God hath honoured to be the first king of Great Britain, mought be able to say in some proportion, that we had found our City and suburb of London of sticks, and left them of brick, being a material far more durable, safe from fire, beautiful, and magnificent'. Such a rebuilding of the metropolis was not to be in James I's or Thomas Middleton's lifetime but was only begun in earnest after the great fire of 1666 devastated almost all of the old walled city.

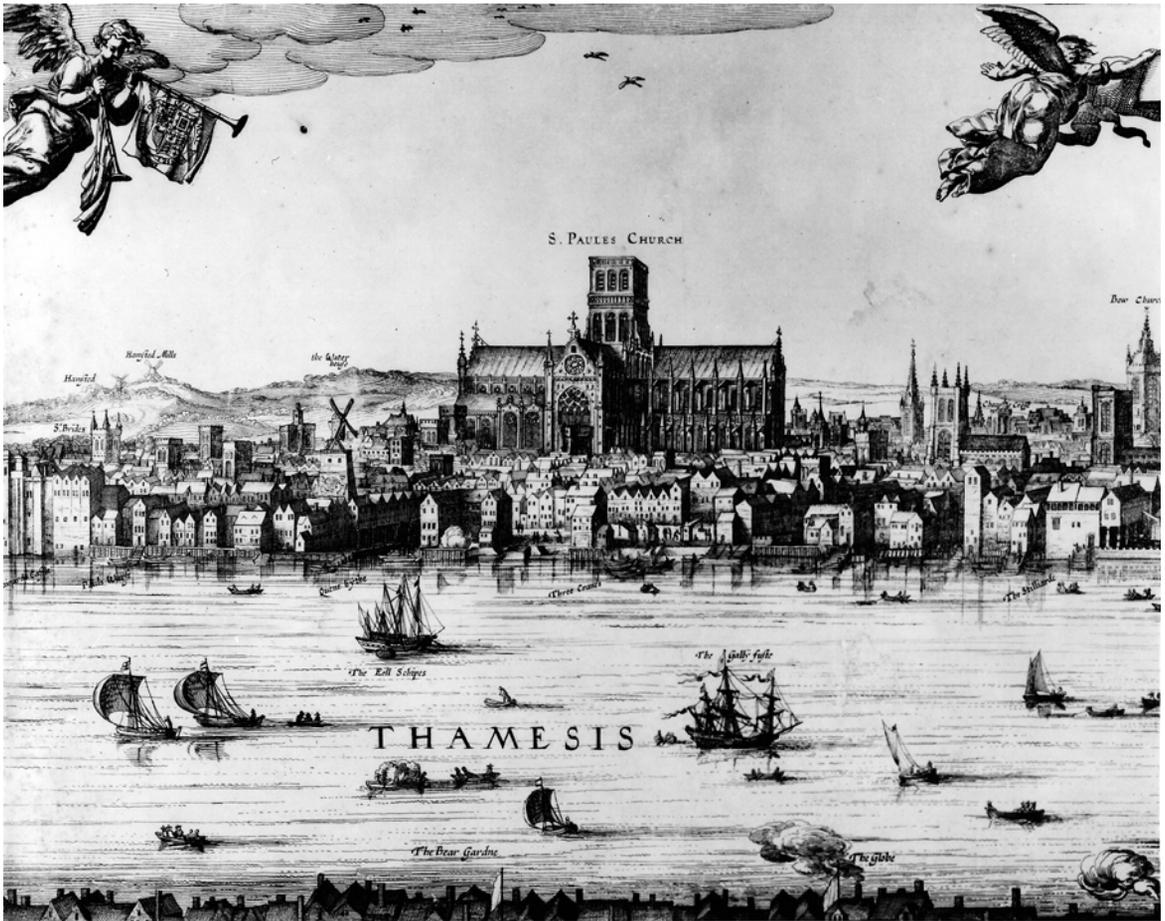
In fact, for all London's explosive growth, Middleton's city in its physical aspect would not have changed out of all recognition from that known by Sir Thomas More at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and even in essentials from the city known by Geoffrey Chaucer a century earlier. The walled city was still the centre of metropolitan life, and the six medieval gates were still closed and guarded at night. Despite the traffic, one could pass through Aldgate (to the north of the Tower on the eastern border of the walled city) and walk along Cornhill and Cheapside and out of Newgate into Fleet Street in the west in about twenty minutes, and the distance from the river and out of Bishopsgate, Moorgate or Aldersgate to the north was even shorter. As in Chaucer's time, London Bridge remained the only passage for foot traffic or carts across the Thames. As a consequence, much of the traffic not only across the river but in fact from one end of London to the other and beyond was by the small wherries manned by watermen. When in Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* Touchwood Junior and Moll seek to flee the City to Barn Elms upriver near Putney, Moll is dispatched to take boat at Trigg Stairs, and Touchwood promises to follow from Paul's Wharf. Aided by the easy passage across the river, the population of Southwark on the south bank grew from more than 19,000 in 1603 to almost 26,000 three decades later, forming a dense urban development clustered around the south end of the bridge, and a strip of housing extending to the east along the river to Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, and west to the bear- and bull-baiting rings, the theatres, and the Winchester rents stretching to Paris Garden, after which there were only green fields and marshes around the bend of the Thames to Lambeth opposite Westminster.

Viewed from Southwark, the city not only kept its medieval aspect because the bulk of the housing remained the traditional three- and four-storey half-timbered structures, but even more importantly because the most prominent landmarks that would strike the eye were principally of medieval origin. At the east end of the city just outside the walls the massive fortification of the Tower of London

was still the most prominent masonry pile, a constant reminder of the royal presence. Along the waterfront, Baynard's Castle, another Norman structure, still stood, and just to the west of the Fleet River (still an open if unsanitary ditch) was Bridewell Palace, an early Tudor structure now converted to civic use as one of the city's system of municipal hospitals. Further to the west past the Inns of Court until one's view was cut off by the bend in the Thames were the palaces of the great lay and ecclesiastical lords, Arundel House, Somerset House, Durham House and so on, all built between the Strand and the river. But what would have been most recognizable to any Londoner from the fourteenth to the late seventeenth century was the skyline, dominated by old St Paul's and by the towers of more than a hundred churches within and just beyond the walls. St Paul's, one of the largest Gothic cathedrals in Europe, stretched from east to west 585 feet, and its tower (even after its steeple burned down during a thunderstorm in 1561) was visible as far upriver as Richmond and as far downriver as Greenwich. It is no wonder that the popular Elizabethan rags-to-riches story of Dick Whittington, the fifteenth-century Lord Mayor, who as a boy was summoned to return to his apprenticeship 'by London bells sweetly rung', still resonated for Londoners, for the sound of church bells must have been ubiquitous.

Whittington's story resonated in another, more profound way, for, according to the Elizabethan tale, he came to London as a poor apprentice from the north country, and in fact immigration was crucial to the growth of London throughout the early modern era. By the late Elizabethan period between 4,000 and 5,000 apprentices were bound each year and more than 80 per cent of them came from beyond the Home Counties. Given the fact that as the seventeenth century wore on, premiums for apprenticeships increased, as did the start-up costs of setting up even a household business, it is surprising that thousands of young people trooped into the city every year, particularly when so many succumbed to disease (some 10 per cent of Elizabethan apprentices perished from disease in the course of their service), and when an increasing percentage could only look forward to a lifetime of wage labour: as skilled journeymen, if they were persistent and lucky, and as mere wage labourers, if they were not so fortunate. Part of the answer lies in the fact that the population of rural England grew in the Elizabethan period faster than new labour could be absorbed by either rural agriculture or industry; part in the failure of urban centres outside London to grow appreciably until well into the seventeenth century; and part, surely, in the fact that wages in London were appreciably higher than those even in south-east England generally. Wages for journeymen and even mere labourers in the building trades in London, such as those employed by Middleton's father, a bricklayer, as well as by carpenters, masons, and plasterers, were by 1590 some 50 per cent higher than elsewhere, and even in the 1590s when toward the end of the decade bad harvests sent grain prices

MIDDLETON'S LONDON



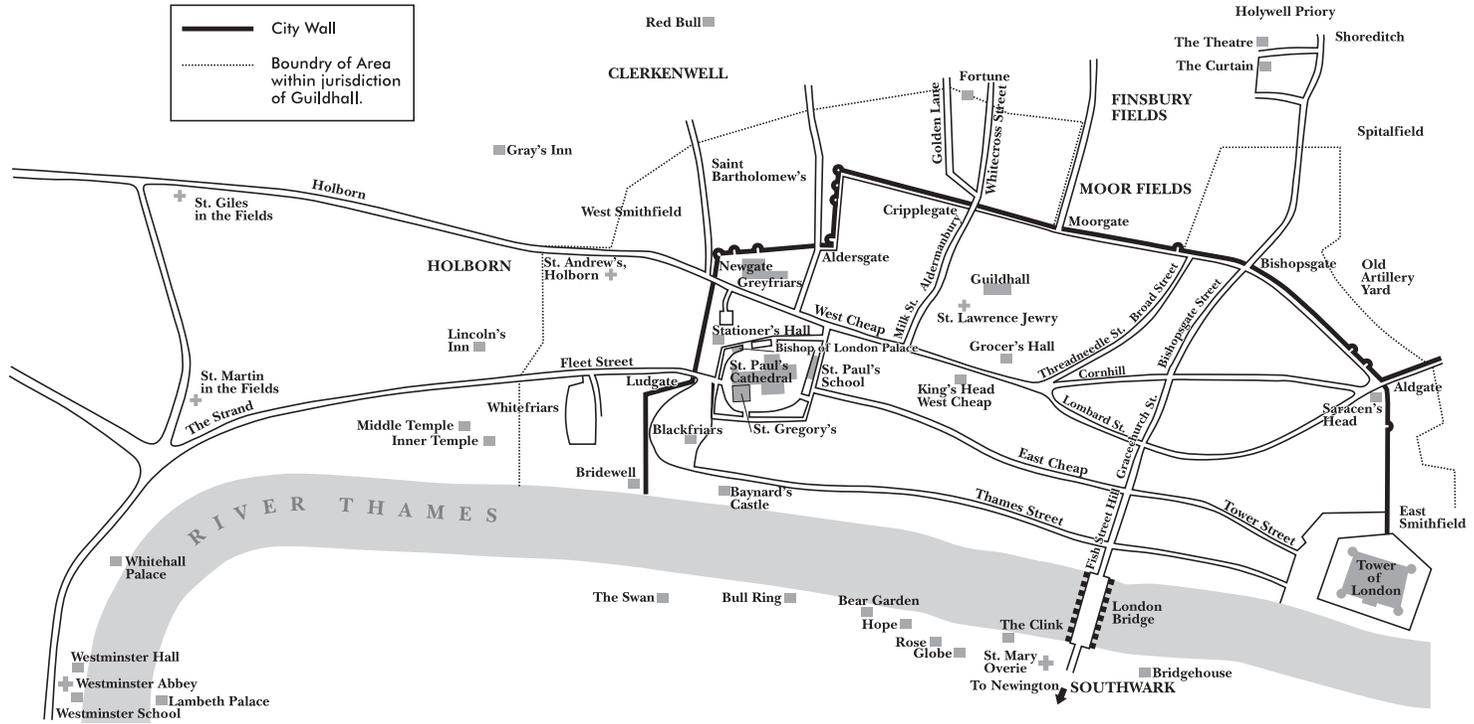
From a panorama of London by J. C. Visscher (1616).

skyrocketing, bread prices were lower in London than in the countryside.

It is reasonable to suppose that an equal number of young women came to the city seeking work as serving-maids in households, for maidservants were not the prerogative of the rich; most households, even of quite ordinary artisans, employed at least one maid. In the early seventeenth century even a mere London turner, who was never wealthy enough to enter the livery of that artisan company, employed a maidservant throughout his married life—two during the years when his wife was coping with small children as well as the household. In addition there were at least 5,000 alien immigrants in the city by the end of Elizabeth's reign. Middleton's London, like London today, was a polyglot capital, where one would encounter not only native English speaking unintelligible northern dialects, but also Welshmen, Irishmen, Scots, Flemings, Dutch, Germans from the Hanse, Norwegian sailors, French weavers, Spanish and Portuguese mer-

chants, and a handful of more exotic American Indians and African blacks. In *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* Sir Walter Whorehound enters Yellowhammer's goldsmith's shop accompanied by a Welsh gentlewoman, and in *A Fair Quarrel* the physician enters accompanied by a Dutch nurse, her nationality easily recognizable by her accent. But the full importance of immigration can only be appreciated when measured against the grim demographic history of the early modern city.

Thomas Middleton lived to be forty-seven, and both he and his sister lived to marry and have children. Survival itself was a minor miracle, but the fact that only two of William Middleton's children reached adulthood suggests that even the fortunate Middletons could not escape the appalling mortality rates that characterized early modern London. John Wallington, a London turner of William Middleton's generation, had twelve children by his first wife over the course of a marriage of twenty years, of whom only six survived to adulthood. The two sons each



married, the elder having five children, none of whom survived to the age of fifteen, the younger also having five children, only one, a daughter, living long enough to marry and have children in her turn. In the poorer parishes, fewer than half the male children survived to their fourteenth year, and even in the more prosperous and salubrious parishes fewer than seven out of every ten children born lived to celebrate a fifteenth birthday. London men, like most of the early modern English, married late, in part because citizenship, premised on freedom in a company, could not be achieved before the age of twenty-four, and so most men married several years later. In fact most young men were not apprenticed until their late teens, which would have prevented them from achieving their freedoms and setting up as independent householders until their late twenties. Hence, although the age at which London women first married was several years younger, in their early twenties rather than later, the average London family succeeded in baptizing fewer than three children. However, families were limited not so much by low fertility as by high mortality. In fact, more burials than baptisms took place in London during Middleton's lifetime, and it has been estimated that the deficit amounted to about 3,500 a year during the first half of the seventeenth century. London grew, then, not by natural, biological increase, but by immigration, and the best guess is that something over 10,000 new migrants entered the city annually, perhaps close to half the surplus of births over deaths for the whole of England.

Mortality was an ever-present spectacle and could never have been far from a Londoner's conscious thoughts. The London bells that summoned Whittington to return may well have been tolling a funeral. The plague which struck London thrice during Middleton's lifetime was only the most spectacular display of mortality. The comparatively minor incursion of 1593 carried off more than 10,000 Londoners, but those of 1603 and 1625 were responsible for the deaths of more than 25,000 on each occasion. Yet, dramatic and horrifying as these epidemics were, and in each of those three terrible years the plague accounted for the majority of all deaths in London, these spectacular visitations must be seen against the background of a constant high level of mortality that was to continue into the nineteenth century. In the parish of St Botolph without Aldgate, 24 per cent of those buried between 1558 and 1626 died of the plague, but another 22 per cent died of consumption, and various kinds of sickness identified as agues, fevers, fluxes, and colic carried off another 9 per cent. Smallpox carried off 2.4 per cent, and 1.5 per cent of the deaths were reported to be women in childbed. Elizabethans, of course, were presumed to perish from an excess of food and drink, and a Dutchman named Peter Yeop was reported in 1588 to have 'ended his life of a surfeit with drink'. Accidental deaths, although not as common as those attributable to disease, were common enough. Some twenty-one of the deaths recorded at St Botolph's were caused by drowning, one particularly pitiful case being a child of three whose chair in a

privy 'whelmed backward', propelling her to her death in the town ditch. In 1590 one Richard Hawkesworth, a shoemaker, came along Aldersgate with a gun on his shoulder 'and having certain powder in his sleeve, which by mischance he, shooting of his said piece, fired the said powder', giving himself powder burns from which he died shortly after. Edward Frier, a bricklayer, like Middleton's father, died in 1618 'from a fall which he had from the top of the new church at Wapping, where he wrought'. In fact William Middleton himself almost perished in an accident three years before Thomas was born. While opening up a vault in the south aisle of St Lawrence Jewry for the tomb of Sir John Langley, Middleton and his men were digging too close to the supporting pillar and, but for a timely warning shout from the parish clerk, would have perished when the pillars, walls, and ceiling thundered down, carrying away the organ loft and destroying the pews in the adjacent chancel. It is not surprising that many at the time believed in an active Providence, intervening both to take life and to grant it, for death came suddenly and unexpectedly, and survival when so many died so young clearly seemed an act of special favour. Quite fittingly Thomas Beard, the Puritan divine, entitled his study of God's providence—which he found in the apparently arbitrary accidents of contemporary life—*The Theatre of God's Judgements*.

Yet despite the deadly play of God's judgements upon the city, particularly upon the young—and even in the plague year of 1593 more than 7,000 Londoners died of other causes, while in 1625, another plague year, more than 14,000 perished from other diseases and accidents—London continued to grow, so that in 1616 King James complained with perhaps pardonable exaggeration that 'with time England will only be London, and the whole country be left waste'. Indeed at the time it was recognized that this city of immigrants constituted a unique society, for Londoners 'are by birth for the most part a mixture of all countries of the same [realm], by blood gentlemen, yeomen and of the basest sort, without distinction, and by profession busy bees, and travellers for their living in the hive of this commonwealth', and this anonymous observer of Elizabethan London went on to describe the inhabitants of the city more prosaically as consisting 'of these three parts, merchants, handicraftsmen, and labourers'.

As might be expected in England's principal trading centre and port city, the merchants, the smallest of the three groups in number, were both the richest and the most politically powerful element in the city. Nevertheless, even in London the number of merchants active in overseas trade was very small. In 1606, for example, only 219 merchants were engaged in the trade in traditional woollen cloth to the northern European cloth markets, a trade monopolized by the Merchant Adventurers through all but the later years of Middleton's lifetime. This was in the seventeenth century a declining trade, and by 1640 only 103 merchants were still actively exporting cloth to Hamburg and the Netherlands. In those years the quantities of exported cloths dropped from 101,000

(1606) to 59,000 (1640). All merchants were not Merchant Adventurers, and the Levant Company merchants, trading in the eastern Mediterranean for silks and currants, were rapidly rising to prominence on the strength of the expanding trade in these luxuries. Raw silk imports, which had stood at a mere 12,000 pounds by weight in 1560 at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, rose to 142,000 pounds in 1629, just after Middleton's death. Between 1611 and 1630 the Levant Company admissions book shows the entry of 203 into the ranks of the company. In 1559 sixteen (72 per cent) of the twenty-two richest Londoners, according to the subsidy of that year, were Merchant Adventurers. In 1640 the Crown raised a forced loan from 140 leading citizens; among them were 21 Merchant Adventurers, who contributed loans of an average of £155, and 31 Levant Company merchants, who paid an average of £275. Over several generations those engaged in the newer, long-distance trades—in the eastern Mediterranean, the East Indies, and the Americas—gradually replaced the Merchant Adventurers as the dominant economic force in the city, although trade with northern Europe continued to be an important component of London's business. It is no accident that Middleton's Lord Mayor's show for 1617, celebrating the mayoralty of George Bolles, a rich Grocer, begins with a scene in which 'a company of Indians, attired according to the true nature of their country, seeming for the most part naked, are set at work in an island of growing spices, some planting nutmeg trees, some other spice trees of all kinds, some gathering fruits, some making up bags of pepper'. The spices that once came to London markets by way of Mediterranean and Middle Eastern middlemen now reached the warehouses of the Grocers direct from the holds of the East India Company fleet, which had been sailing around the Cape to the Far East on a direct ocean route since the founding of the company at the end of Elizabeth I's reign.

Obviously all merchants did not belong to these two élite companies, and many were engaged in the expanding domestic trade. Feeding the growing population of London was itself a formidable business. Kentish ports alone shipped over 12,000 quarters of grain to the London market in 1587 and close to 28,000 in 1624, and whereas most of the cereals consumed by Londoners came from the south and east coast ports, much of the meat consumed came from the north and west, from Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, as well as the highland pastures of England. In 1662 more than 18,500 Scottish cattle passed through Carlisle on their way to southern markets, and by the end of the century it was estimated that Londoners were consuming one mutton per head each year. During Middleton's lifetime Londoners switched almost totally from using wood for fuel to coal, and although the trade in sea coal was infinitely less glamorous than the import of Levantine silk, the collier trade came to constitute a significant proportion of the shipping in the pool of London. Newcastle was shipping more than 120,000 tons of coal in the 1590s and close to 300,000 tons per year

in the last decade of Middleton's life, by which time the coal trade engaged more than 28,000 tons of shipping, which must have been close to 20 per cent of the total tonnage of London shipping in that period.

As crucial as London's merchant community was to the growth and wealth of the city, an Elizabethan observer was surely correct in claiming that retail shopkeepers and artisans 'do far exceed' both the number of merchants and poor labourers together. Despite the dominant role of trade, London was also a major manufacturing centre, and the role of manufacturing in London's economy grew, leading to a shift in the balance of London imports away from luxury products to raw materials. In fact, one way to measure the increasing importance of manufacturing is to note the shift from the importing of manufactured goods to that of raw materials. In 1560 45 per cent of all imports were manufactured goods and only 26 per cent raw materials; by the 1630s the import of manufactured goods had slipped to 29 per cent of total imports, and the import of raw materials (exclusive of food in both cases) had risen to 35 per cent. What data we have suggests that a majority of Elizabethan Londoners were engaged in one or another form of production, and that in the early Stuart era manufacturing remained the dominant occupation of Londoners (rising from 58 per cent of London householders in the Elizabethan period to slightly more than 60 per cent in the early Stuart years), despite the great expansion of trade across the Atlantic and to the Far East. Further, as the proportion of those householders living within the walls and engaged in trade, distribution, and exchange of some kind increased from 28 per cent to 36 per cent of the intramural total, those engaged in manufacturing in the growing extramural parishes increased from 70 per cent of all occupations to more than 74 per cent. However, even within the walls more householders were engaged in production than in exchange, and the overwhelming number of those engaged in manufacturing worked in small shops presided over by a master and including the master's journeymen and apprentices. The fast-growing printing industry was one of these, numbering some dozen printing houses in 1550 and twenty-three in 1587, the twenty or so master printers employing about 150 journeymen and apprentices. The small number of print shops gives no sense of actual production, for in 1586 when a Star Chamber decree required the relicensing of all cheap broadside ballads, the Stationers' Company registered 237 titles in one year; it has been estimated that by the death of Elizabeth I some three million ballads had been printed, most of them, like most books, funnelled through the booksellers surrounding St Paul's Churchyard. A few industries had outgrown the streetfloor shop—shipbuilding, rope-making, glass- and brick-making, the larger tanneries and breweries, most of which were located outside the walls—but these large-scale operations were the exception, not the rule, even in the suburbs. The view of three small shops in a rank, where both manufacturing and retailing were carried on, with which the second act of *The Roaring Girl* opens, and the cry, 'What is't you

lack, gentlemen, what is't you buy', was a scene familiar to even the most casual visitor to the metropolis and as much a part of the quotidian street scene as the church steeples were of the more distant prospect.

Elizabethans who attempted to map their society tended to see urban populations as an undifferentiated mass. William Harrison, despite having been born in London, spent pages (twenty in a modern edition) in his *Description of England* in a detailed anatomy of the major and minor nobility, that social pyramid that stretched from dukes and earls down to knights, esquires and mere gentlemen, but devoted scarcely two paragraphs to the 'citizens and burgesses... who be those that are free within the cities and are of some likely substance to bear office in the same'. In fact London society was both stratified and complex. At its apex were the rich merchants and financiers, such as Middleton's contemporary and namesake, Sir Thomas Myddelton, a scion of a minor branch of that ramified Welsh family which had married into the Shropshire gentry and thus achieved an English patronymic. This Myddelton was apprenticed to Fernando Poyntz, a London grocer, and by the 1580s was deeply engaged in the sugar trade in Antwerp until its capture by Spanish forces put an end to English involvement in its economy. In the later 1580s Myddelton was frequently engaged in various partnerships with his father-in-law, Richard Saltonstall (father of the Massachusetts Bay adventurer), and by the 1590s Myddelton was investing in privateering enterprises that preyed on Spanish shipping and was increasingly engaged in money lending at 10 per cent—£20 to Job Throckmorton, the probable author of *Martin Marprelate* (the puritan satire on timeserving, careerist Elizabethan bishops), and more than a thousand pounds to the Earl of Shrewsbury. At the same time he was investing his profits in a Denbighshire estate, which by the end of Elizabeth's reign gave him a rent-roll of over £150. In the next reign he became alderman, lord mayor, and knight, his mayoralty ushered in by a lord mayor's show paid for by the Grocers' Company and scripted by Thomas Middleton, who shared his name if not his fortune.

Sir Thomas was not alone at the apex of this urban society. During the first quarter of the seventeenth century, 20 per cent of all merchants who were elected aldermen left fortunes of more than £20,000, and a handful of the spectacularly rich—Sir John Spencer, Sir William Craven, and Sir Baptist Hicks—were reputed to have fortunes of more than £100,000. In 1582 some seventy-five Londoners were assessed in the subsidy of that year at more than £200, the vast majority of whom were Merchant Adventurers. All but two of the twenty-six aldermen were numbered among this wealthy group. To be assessed in 1582 at £50 or more placed one among the richest 4.8 per cent of the metropolitan population. William Middleton, Thomas's father, already a wealthy property owner, was assessed at £20. To be assessed at all (the minimum was £3) placed one among the top 25 per cent of all London households.

There is another way to view the social pyramid. Altogether there were sixty companies ranked in an early precedence list dating from the twenty-third year of Henry VIII's reign, beginning with the Mercers and descending to the Blacksmiths, although only fifty-one of those companies had a livery. New companies were formed, such as the Apothecaries, who broke away from the Grocers and obtained a charter from James I. The peculiarity of the freedom of London was such that any citizen, free of a company, could carry on any trade or occupation. As a consequence, although overseas merchants came principally from the ranks of the twelve great livery companies—Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Haberdashers, Merchant Taylors, Clothworkers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Ironmongers, Salters, Fishmongers, and Vintners—members of the twelve did not have an exclusive monopoly even of the trades designated by their companies' names. Even the Merchant Taylors' Company, whose livery was dominated by wholesale traders overseas, nevertheless fiercely defended its handicraft members in the clothworking trades from the attempts by the Clothworkers' Company to force them under that company's jurisdiction, on the grounds that such an attempt at rationalization violated the traditional freedom of London citizens to engage in any legitimate occupation. Every livery company, whether one of the twelve, where the majority of the merchants were to be found, or among the vast number of craft and trade guilds, had an élite membership co-opted into 'the clothing' from whom the company officers were selected and who were expected to wear the company livery on company quarter days and court days and to vote in the Congregation. There were perhaps 2,500 liverymen in London at the end of Elizabeth's reign, and these members of the élite at least of their companies constituted the heads of about 10 per cent of the households in the city.

Not all Londoners were citizens, but it has been estimated that about three-quarters of the adult males were citizens in the 1550s and, despite the rapid growth of the city during the next generation, perhaps two-thirds were citizens in 1600 and about half in 1640. Citizenship mattered: one could live and work in the city without being a citizen, but one could not sell the product of one's labour without that privilege. Citizenship was obtained by becoming free of a company, and that freedom could be obtained by apprenticeship, patrimony (one could become free of one's father's company without having served a formal apprenticeship) or by purchase (also referred to as redemption). In the late decades of the sixteenth century 83 to 90 per cent of all those gaining their freedom did so by completing an apprenticeship.

As a consequence, social status was a complex issue. The son of a gentleman apprenticed to a Grocer and Merchant Adventurer was, despite his birth, a servant during his apprenticeship and did not achieve his freedom until his apprenticeship was completed. Nevertheless, the apprentice Grocer might find himself during the later years of his service acting as a factor living in a foreign port and buying and selling on his master's and sometimes

his own behalf. Such a servant might end his career as a wealthy Grocer himself and an alderman, and if an alderman, almost inevitably, if he lived long enough, a Lord Mayor, a knight, and a justice of the peace, as all senior aldermen became automatically. The minutes of the election-day meeting of the Grocers' Court of Assistants on 11 July 1614 presented this ordered hierarchy at the head of that day's entry: at the top was listed Sir Thomas Myddelton, knight and Lord Mayor, followed by Sir Robert Napier, knight and baronet, Sir Stephen Soame, knight, and the three junior aldermen—Mr Nicholas Stiles, Mr George Bolles (soon to be Lord Mayor), and Mr Richard Pyott—followed by the three wardens of the company and the seventeen assistants in attendance, ranked according to seniority on the bench. Mobility, of course, was a two-way street, and a Vintner who failed in his trade might find himself suing for the privilege of being one of the company's licensed porters, unloading casks of wine at the crane and trundling those casks from the cart into the vaults of one of his more successful company brethren. As a porter, the Vintner would be performing the tasks of a mere labourer, but despite his bankruptcy, such a porter remained both a freeman of his company and a citizen of London.

The complexities of urban status did not end there. Journeymen were freemen of their companies who worked for masters for wages, usually on contracts that ran from year to year, the wages being paid at the conclusion of the contract; as wage labourers, journeymen differed little from other, unfree (non-citizen) wage labourers, except that they were citizens, free of a company, and therefore possessed the right, if they could accumulate the capital necessary to do so, to open a shop as an independent master and to take on apprentices and journeymen in their turn. Women present another anomaly, for in theory women had none of the rights of citizenship available to adult males, and this despite the obviously important economic role they played, either as maidservants or as housewives. And the housewife such as Anne Middleton, even the wife of an artisan, might find herself running a complex household, consisting of several maidservants, an apprentice and a journeyman, in addition to her husband and children. By Middleton's lifetime women had been excluded from all but a handful of apprenticeships (a few appear bound apprentice to cordwainers to learn the manufacture of perfumed gloves; a few appear bound in other trades jointly to the artisan's wife to learn such skills as lace-making or mantua-making—trades that paid too poorly for men to undertake). However, a small number of women appear in the records as partners of, for example, their citizen brothers, and as such opened shops and engaged in trade. More importantly, it was assumed that even without formal apprenticeship a woman might learn her husband's trade, and as the widow of a citizen, a woman had the right to keep open her husband's shop, to trade and to bind apprentices.

Middleton's London, viewed from the top, was properly oligarchical, a 'republic of wholesale merchants', as the

Venetian ambassador described it. Neither Elizabeth I nor the early Stuart kings approved of 'popular' government, and the Crown had long been pleased to strengthen the powers of the governors of their principal city. An oligarchy based on merit, rather than heredity, and presided over by an annually elected mayor, who ruled at best as *primus inter pares*, was already sufficiently at odds with the principles of hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, even without being 'popular' or democratic, to pose a sharp contrast to prevailing concepts of politic rule. Essentially the city was ruled by its court of aldermen, twenty-six men representing the twenty-six wards of the city, who once selected were expected to serve for life. Although nominated by the ward in which a vacancy had occurred, the aldermanic court could reject nominees, which in effect gave the aldermen power to co-opt their membership. By custom aldermen were chosen from among the liveried members of the twelve great companies, and the few who rose from minor companies customarily transferred to one of the twelve certainly before election to the mayoralty. Thus Sir Edward Barkham, whose installation as Lord Mayor was celebrated in *The Sun in Aries*, began his rise as a Leatherseller and was then translated to the Drapers in 1621, the year of his election to the mayoralty. Although the lord mayor and the sheriffs were elected in the common hall or Congregation, to which all liveried members of the city companies had a right to attend, in fact one of the sheriffs was customarily selected from among the junior aldermen who had not yet held that office, and the Lord Mayor was invariably the oldest serving alderman who had not yet served as Lord Mayor. In fact it was the very predictability of such 'elections' that permitted the city company of the mayor elect to hire a Munday or Middleton, a Heywood or Dekker, to write the script for the pageant months in advance of its performance.

For all intents and purposes, the mayor and aldermen ran the city. They constituted the mayor's court, which governed as the executive council of the city, sat as the city's court of orphans and the sheriff's court, and those aldermen who had already served as mayor were named to the commission of the peace and served with the city recorder as justices of the peace in the city sessions court. Aldermen sat on all the boards of the five city hospitals—Christ's, Bridewell, St Bartholomew's, St Thomas's, and Bethlehem. All civic property was under the control of the City Lands Committee, which was composed of the city chamberlain and four to six aldermen. Although in a formal sense legislation and taxation required the consent of the Common Council, a body of 212, elected by the freemen of the wards, in fact the Common Council did not meet without the aldermen being present, and the aldermanic veto ensured that Common Council enacted nothing without their approval. In effect, Common Council gave the aldermanic bench a broader base of consent and legitimacy for important or controversial acts.

The mayor and aldermen represented an immense concentration of official power, but its exercise faced substantial limitations. From one direction they faced a steady

stream of orders and reprimands from a concentration of political power even more formidable than their own. The presence of the Court and Privy Council on their doorstep was constantly felt, immensely helpful particularly in commercial matters, but a source of irritation and frustration in others. From the opening of the public theatres official London tried to close them and to confine playing to the Court, but perhaps nothing better illustrates the true limits of City power than the grovelling letter the Lord Mayor wrote on 25 February 1593 to Archbishop Whitgift in which he 'humbly and earnestly' beseeched that prelate to speak with the Queen's Master of Revels to see whether the archbishop might have better success than he, the Lord Mayor, had in persuading the Master to 'reform' the players by making them play in private in preparation for performances before the Queen, rather than in the public playhouses, and so free the city 'from these continued disorders which thereby do grow and increase daily among us'. The plague periodically closed the theatres, but the city never succeeded in doing so.

The mayor and aldermen found prostitution and bawdy-houses similarly objectionable, but equally difficult to control. While the governors of Bridewell even managed to inflict the humiliating punishment of whipping on members of the gentry caught fornicating, as they did on one occasion to Richard Denny of Bawdsey, Suffolk, for committing 'whoredom' with two maids at the sign of the Bell in Newgate market, despite his 'being very penitent for his said lewdness' (he had admitted that it had been his customary practice for the past ten or twelve years, when he had come to town), the city fathers were very much less successful in closing bawdy-houses and punishing prostitutes protected by the powerful. John Hollingbrig, who ran a brothel in Holborn, wore the livery of Lord Ambrose Dudley; a brothel was run out of Worcester House under the protection of that earl; and the punishment of Elizabeth Barlowe, sentenced for bawdry, was spared at the suit of 'Mr Browne which keepeth my Lord of Leicester's house'. Actors were not the only professional entertainers protected by the court aristocracy.

If the London magistrates were limited in one direction by the interests of a powerful Crown and Court, they were limited in the other direction by the multiplicity of subordinate communities upon whose cooperation their effective rule rested. London was a congeries of overlapping communities, the two most important of which were the guild and the parish. London citizens almost never appear in the records without mention of their company membership. Although apprenticeship was a private contract between master and apprentice, the company clerk kept a record of each apprentice binding, and the company court supervised the apprenticeship, transferring the apprentice to another master, if his first master failed in his business, failed to teach his apprentice his trade, or treated his apprentice with undue brutality. By the same token, masters who could not control their apprentices would have them brought before the company court for

discipline, which might range from a reprimand to a public whipping. Every livery company presented its freemen with a ladder of honour and responsibility: from the yeomanry to the livery, and from the livery to the court assistants, the company wardens, and finally to the mastership of the company, officers elected yearly from among the liveried assistants who were themselves co-opted by the company court.

The livery companies presented the same set of anomalies and contradictions that the city government did, being at once both oligarchic and hierarchical and egalitarian and consensual: company minutes invariably list those in attendance according to the hierarchy of social estimation and political power. Sir Thomas Myddelton, nominated to the livery and chosen one of the assistants early in 1592, appears among the knighted aldermen at the top of the list of those attending the Grocers' court in 1612 and remained among that select company until he ceased to attend the court in the summer of 1631, shortly before his death. When the Merchant Taylors Company was assessed at £175 in 1565, 'for and towards the provision of wheat and other grain to be made for the use of the City', the company taxed its members according to the same hierarchy of social prestige and power: the three knighted aldermen were to pay £5. 18s. 4d. each; Mr Thomas Rowe, alderman, the four wardens of the company, and the other assistants were all assessed at £2. 3s. 4d.; and the thirty-seven liverymen not on the court of assistants were ordered to pay 33s. 4d. each. Privilege and power had its costs, and those in the yeomanry of the company were not assessed at all. At the same time companies saw all their members as brothers, and all grocers were expected to pay the annual 'brotherhood' fee in acknowledgement of their membership. Nothing better captures this guild ideal than the annual exhortation of the senior warden whom the company clerk records in July 1620 as giving, 'a very religious, brotherly and profitable speech for the good of this Company' in which he made 'a very earnest exhortation and persuasion to the whole assembly to live in brotherly love and unity amongst themselves and to be obedient to the lawful government and ordinances of this Company'.

Company courts of assistants met frequently, some as often as every other week, but all company members were expected to appear at their hall on quarter days to pay their quarterage in acknowledgement of their membership. Companies appointed searchers who inspected workshops to ensure that the quality of production was maintained and to confiscate shoddy goods, and company searches frequently extended beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction to the two- to three-mile radius around the city specified in the company's royal charters. Companies served as quasi-governmental institutions; for example, Elizabethan and Caroline forced loans were apportioned by the mayor's court to the companies, which in turn were responsible for raising the assessed sums from among their wealthier members. Although companies ceased to

be religious confraternities in King Edward's reign, the guilds remained administrators and repositories of charitable bequests, and in consequence performed a variety of social services, ranging from administering schools and almshouses, to providing scholarships to Oxford and Cambridge, loan funds to young and impecunious masters, small dowries to poor maids to enable them to marry, and alms to ancient members too old to work. Thomas Harvey, Middleton's stepfather, first appears in the records of the Grocers' Company as the second of nine 'young men' who were suitors for the company loan funds in a minute of 27 February 1587, less than three months after he married Middleton's mother (he was granted £50 for two years from the Sir Thomas Ramsey loan fund by the court of assistants on 4 December 1590). The companies were metropolitan institutions, and although divided between the livery and the yeomanry—and a liveried Haberdasher might well be a Merchant Adventurer trading to Hamburg, while a yeoman Haberdasher had a small shop retailing haberdashery—the combination of regulatory and supervisory powers and social services created a number of common interests that gave reality to the company identity no matter how casual most members might be about paying their quarterage regularly at the company hall. A master who failed to bring his apprentice before the company clerk to have his binding recorded could find himself in trouble both with his company and the City Chamberlain; a master who flouted a summons to appear before his company's court of assistants might find himself marched into their presence by a company of the Lord Mayor's servants. The companies eventually became businessmen's clubs, but in Middleton's lifetime they still played a key role in the life of Londoners and constituted one of every citizen's primary communities.

Although he was himself a university-educated gentleman, the world of tradesmen and guildsmen was one Middleton knew well and at first hand, as the son of a Tiler and Bricklayer, the stepson of a Grocer, and a brother-in-law both of a Cutler and of a Clothworker. Unlike Ben Jonson, he never became a member of his father's company, as he could easily have done by patrimony. He may have believed that the freedom of an artisan company ill consorted with his gentility; he may have concluded that such a company had little to offer in the way of patronage; but whatever his motives for not taking up citizenship and a company's freedom, he did not turn his back on the world of his birth, as the sympathetic presentation of the world of small artisans and shopkeepers in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* and other city plays suggests. As an established writer, he scripted three Lord Mayor's Shows for the Grocers, one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the great livery companies. It was a world with its share of villains (they people the disciplinary record of every company's court minutes) and Quomodo, the villainous Draper and moneylender of *Michaelmas Term*, was both a feared and familiar figure in a city in which banks had not yet come into existence but where small artisans and great merchants alike were in constant need of

credit. The City also had its heroes—Dick Whittington, the fifteenth-century Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Gresham, the early Elizabethan financier who built the New Exchange, and such contemporary figures as Sir Thomas Myddelton, who, although a moneylender like Quomodo, acquired his Welsh estates by purchase rather than by foreclosure on improvident gentry, and who among his other bequests left money to provide dowries to enable poor maidservants of Grocers to marry.

The other community to which every Londoner belonged, whether citizen or mere inhabitant, was the local parish. In origin parishes were medieval institutions, defining the geographical unit of parishioners who were expected to attend the obligatory religious services at their local parish church, to take communion at least once a year at Easter, and to support their incumbent minister—a rector, vicar, or stipendiary curate—with their tithe payments and other dues. London parishes within the walls were with a couple of exceptions extraordinarily small: St Stephen's Coleman Street, a parish of 26.7 acres, was by far the largest, while St Martin's Ironmonger Lane was a tiny 1.1 acre. St Lawrence Jewry, the parish in which Middleton was born, was at 5.6 acres larger than most of the 97 parishes within the walls but dwarfed by the large extramural parishes in the liberties, such as St Botolph Aldgate at 38.6 acres or St Botolph without Bishopgate at 44.5 acres. The average assessed rent in St Lawrence was £14.66 in 1638, which was above the average rent of £11.05 for the 113 parishes of the city and liberties, but that amount by no means placed it among the truly wealthy parishes in the city, such as Allhallows Lombard Street, which included the row of goldsmiths' shops along Lombard Street and which had an average rent of £38.92, or St Mary Magdalen Milk Street, where the average rent was £27.40. The wealthiest parishes tended to cluster in the centre of the city, along Cheapside and Lombard Street, whereas the poorest parishes were beyond the walls; St Botolph without Aldgate, for example, the large extramural parish east and north of Aldgate, had an average rental of only £3.67. Nevertheless, almost all parishes contained a mixed population of merchants, tradesmen, and artisans, the wealthy merchants and shopkeepers occupying residences along the principal streets and the artisans who sold their products to retailers resident in the back courts, alleys, and closes; the social segregation familiar to modern Londoners which sees a labouring population in the East End and a wealthy West End still lay in the future.

The church of St Lawrence Jewry fronted on Cateaton Street (now Gresham Street), a block north of Cheapside, and behind the church stood the Guildhall. St Lawrence was an inappropriate rectory like many in the city: some were in the patronage of city companies—St Martin Outwich of the Grocers' Company, St Laurence Pountney of the Merchant Taylors—others in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's and other ecclesiastical institutions. St Lawrence was in the gift of Balliol College, Oxford, which, as an absentee owner and patron, was content to

lease the farm of the tithes to the parish itself, which paid Balliol as rector £20 and the vicar £20 as well. In 1575 the patron granted the next presentation to the parish, and in that year the parish elected as their vicar Robert Crowley, an Edwardian Protestant, a famous preacher, and a nonconformist who had been among those purged in 1566 at the height of the Vestiarian Controversy, when the Bishop of London was ordered to clamp down on those who had hitherto refused to wear the vestments prescribed by the ornaments rubric in the Book of Common Prayer. The parish supplemented Crowley's income with a lectureship, which paid £10 a year in addition to his vicarial stipend for a sermon beyond those required by his incumbency. In the 1570s Crowley was preaching lectures at St Margaret New Fish Street and at St Saviour, Southwark, as well. In 1581, during Middleton's first year of life, that old nonconformist resigned the living and lectureship, and although the parish tried to claim that it leased the advowson (the right to present or nominate the vicar) as well as the tithes, Balliol successfully reasserted its rights.

Although Londoners were notorious for denying their parish ministers the tithe income traditionally owed to the parish rector or vicar—by tradition Londoners paid tithes on a notional rent, rather than on their actual incomes, and kept rents low while increasing the fines paid on the renewal of leases to compensate for the inflation of property values—they also insisted on a preaching clergy and were willing to pay for lectureships in order to ensure the quantity and quality of preaching they desired. Much of the impetus behind this demand for preaching came from the Puritan members of the parish congregations, but the Puritans were not alone in wanting a preaching ministry. In the 1580s and 90s, in the years when Middleton was growing up in St Lawrence Jewry, between 30 and 40 London parishes (out of 113) hired lecturers, and perhaps 25 to 29 at any one time can clearly be identified as Puritans. St Lawrence had appointed Puritan preachers in the early Elizabethan years and would again in the 1620s, but there is no reason to suppose that all, or even a majority of the parishioners were Puritans, in that or most other London parishes, although clearly a majority of those active in the parish vestry wanted a preaching ministry and were willing to tax themselves to pay for it.

Parishes after the Reformation rapidly became civil as well as ecclesiastical institutions, and London parishes in particular soon had to cope with the growing numbers of the poor which accompanied the explosive growth of the metropolis. Even before the rood loft, the last vestige of the Catholic past, was dismantled in June 1566 and the first parish lecturer, propagating the new Protestantism, was hired in 1567, the vestry of St Lawrence Jewry, like other urban parishes, was appointing collectors for the poor. By the autumn of 1572 the system of parochial poor relief was backed by statute, supplementing such acts of private benevolence as that of Lady North, a native of Middleton's parish, who left a bequest in 1574 to provide fourpence

weekly to six poor, 'honest' parishioners. Whatever hopes there had been for the great civic hospitals, erected largely out of the wreckage of the monastic dissolution—Bridewell was a former royal palace, but Christ's, which became the city orphanage, and St Bartholomew's, St Thomas's and Bethlehem were all erected on former religious foundations—the growth of urban poverty soon overwhelmed both the capacity of the hospitals and of private charity to cope, and long before the great codification of the Parliamentary poor law in 1598 and 1603, London had instituted a system of compulsory parochial poor rates and had ordered the livery companies to stockpile grain, which could be sold at below market rates to the poor in years of dearth and high prices.

Residence in a parish and membership in a company tell little about the actual level of involvement and the degree to which a resident's or guildsman's identity was wrapped up in those institutions. The Middletons presumably attended at least Sunday Morning Prayers at St Lawrence Jewry, paid their tithes and 'casualties', as the various church dues were called, and took communion in that church at least once a year, for failure to pay tithes would have invited a suit in a church court, and failure to take communion would have led to presentment as a recusant. On the other hand, there is no evidence that Middleton's father attended the vestry or served as one of the two churchwardens, the annually elected officers responsible for fiscal affairs of the parish and charged with tasks as varied as the payment of the clerk's wages, the repair of the chancel, and the provision of fire-fighting equipment and the parish pump. Company membership might mean equally minimal involvement. Middleton's father twice signed the Tilers and Bricklayers court minutes, which suggests that he was a member of that company's court of assistants, but Middleton's stepfather, Thomas Harvey, never rose above the yeomanry of the Grocers' Company and appears in their records merely as paying his annual brotherhood money. As for Middleton's brother-in-law, John Empson, Cutler, he too remained in the yeomanry of that minor company, paying his fees for opening his shop and binding apprentices, but otherwise appearing in the record only in the autumn of 1607 when he was fined 'for that he like a mad man very unorderly about 10 of the clock at night came to Mr Porte's house and there exclaimed and cried out against the master that he had undone him, and that he would bring his wife and children to our master, his doors', and again two years later, when he appeared in court to demand the return of his former apprentice, whom he had turned vagrant into the streets when Empson had gone out of town. Troublesome and vexatious as such associations might on occasion be, the parish and the guild provided most Londoners with a defined neighbourhood and a structured business community, a neighbourhood at once more intimate and face-to-face than one of the twenty-six wards of the city, and a set of associates joined at least by some common social and economic interests. Since most of London's inhabitants had left close family and kin behind

when they migrated, these institutionalized communities probably played a larger role in most Londoners' lives than they might have in smaller and more stable places. In the absence of parishes and guilds it is hard otherwise to explain the capacity of the metropolis to absorb thousands of newcomers annually without creating the conditions for social revolution.

As Middleton's London grew, so both the Mayor's Court and the Crown's Privy Council became increasingly fearful of their capacity to maintain order, and yet the anticipated social anarchy never actually occurred. Vagrancy grew with poverty, and at times of high unemployment the alarmed magistrates instituted sweeps of the unemployed, who were whipped at Bridewell and sent out of town, presumably to return to their home parishes. Petty thievery was a constant problem; drinking and gambling at alehouses frequently led to brawling. Throughout Middleton's lifetime, apprentices regularly rioted at Shrovetide, despite mayoral precepts ordering masters to keep their apprentices at home, and despite the mobilizing of double watches and by James I's reign of one of the city regiments as well. (One suspects neither the watch nor the troops had much stomach for suppressing rioting sanctioned by custom, if not by the Lord Mayor, particularly when the riots were directed against theatres and bawdy-houses.) Weapons were readily available: many apprentices owned swords, although they could not wear them in their masters' shops, and all households were expected to own halberds and to be prepared to reinforce the watch. In 1626 a mayoral precept complained that 'much danger and hurt hath happened amongst the boys and youths of this City by their late meetings and marching together with pikes, shot and swords and the like'. The cry of 'clubs, apprentices' was well known, but Fishmongers' apprentices were reported to go at each other with their considerably more lethal fish-knives.

For all of that, the few riots that appeared to be dangerously out of control all seem directed at targets the City authorities were reluctant to defend. For example, on a late summer evening in 1618 a servant in the household of the Spanish ambassador, riding home up Chancery Lane, apparently knocked over a child playing in the road; a mob quickly collected and pursued the rider to the Barbican where he took refuge in the ambassadorial residence. The mob surrounded the house and smashed its windows and was preparing to force entrance when the Chief Justice, who had been at dinner nearby, and the sheriff arrived, took the rider into custody and dispersed the crowd. The ambassador protested, the Privy Council understandably wrote an angry missive to the Lord Mayor, complaining of this gross breach of ambassadorial immunity and of the length of time it had taken the City to mobilize its forces of law and order (they quite reasonably suspected the City authorities of taking their time in moving to defend so unpopular a target), and calling for the imprisonment and punishment of the ringleaders of the mob. Ten years later a mob of 'boys' set upon Dr John

Lamb, the hated Duke of Buckingham's astrologer, whom they attacked as 'the duke's devil' as he was leaving a playhouse (possibly the Fortune, given the direction of his flight). They chased him through Moorgate to the Windmill Tavern where he took temporary refuge, and later, despite an escort of constables, stoned and beat him to death. The King was scandalized that a city mob would dare to murder the creature of his favourite in this brutal fashion on the very doorstep of the Court, and the Privy Council ordered the imprisonment of the constables and the Provost Marshal's men who were present or should have been present to prevent the outrage, but the culprits were never caught.

These were spectacular and widely noted riots, not because they posed any real threat to the social order, but because of their political implications. The drunken brawling, purse-cutting, 'picking' (as petty thievery was called), and riotous assaults, the beating of apprentices by brutal masters and the beating of masters by sturdy and unruly apprentices—all were charges that appear with some frequency in the records of Bridewell, of the City and Middlesex Sessions, and of guild courts. They posed no real threat to either the social or political order, and they rarely attracted the notice of Middleton's contemporaries, unless they were themselves the victims. Innocents from the country were warned to be wary of cheats and titillated with descriptions of a criminal underground by Dekker and others, but the record is instead of human failure and human viciousness: typical of many others, on 2 October 1574 the court at Bridewell heard the case of 'John Thomas, servant with Mr Austin, Skinner, sent in by Mr Starkie as a pilferer and one that will not at his master's commandment at no time serve God nor go to church, and for that he is otherwise riotous and disobedient'. He was ordered 'to have correction'.

This picture of an expanding metropolis of masters and servants, of citizens and their government, a bourgeois world of trade and manufacturing, has a significant piece missing: the non-citizen members of the learned professions of law, religion, and medicine and the resident armigerous gentry, such as Thomas Middleton himself. The physicians were the smallest component of the learned professions by far; university-trained, numbering just thirty in 1589, and organized in the Royal College of Physicians, they shared the actual practice of medicine with the much larger Barber Surgeons' Company, a city guild, and with the Apothecaries' Company, which broke away from the Grocers and received a royal charter in 1618. In theory these were complementary, not competitive practitioners, the medical doctors diagnosing illnesses and disease, the surgeons treating wounds and broken bones, and the apothecaries preparing medicines prescribed by physicians. Hence, in *A Fair Quarrel* the physician refers to the fact that doctors 'cast all waters', a Galenic diagnostic technique which was still standard practice, while the surgeon constantly refers to incisions, wounds, and sutures. In practice physicians had an élite

practice and were rarely resorted to by ordinary people, who depended on folk medicine and practitioners—cunning men and women—supplemented by the advice of apothecaries and the skills of barber surgeons.

The clergy in London, also largely university-trained by this time (future clerics normally matriculated and proceeded to an MA, if not to one of the higher degrees in divinity), numbered perhaps two hundred or more. The parish clergy staffed the 122 parishes of the city and suburbs, to which number must be added the lecturing preachers who lacked a parish benefice, the schoolmasters of the more prestigious grammar schools, such as St Paul's and Merchant Taylors', and the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury were resident nearby in Fulham and Lambeth respectively, not actually in the City. Despite occasional purges of nonconformist Puritans, London never lacked for preaching at any time during Middleton's life. Sermons could be heard on any day of the week, and for those jaded by the local talent there was the weekly sermon at Paul's Cross, where Londoners could hear young talent straight from the universities, royal chaplains, present and future bishops, and other ecclesiastical luminaries. Competent preachers never lacked for an audience, and for the ambitious graduate London was a proving ground and an opportunity to attract and impress future patrons. Bishop John Earle in his *Microcosmography* described Paul's Walk in the Cathedral as a 'market of young lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes'. John Poynter began his clerical career as curate and lecturer at St Mildred Bread Street in the City, but then went on to the living at Hanwell in Oxfordshire. After leaving Oxford with an MA Ezechial Culverwell, the son of a London Haberdasher of St Martin Vintry, spent the next three decades at various Essex livings until he was finally deprived in 1609 for nonconformity. He returned to London, preaching in the pulpits of various of his friends: St Anne Blackfriars, where his nephew, William Gouge, was preacher; Allhallows Bread Street, where Richard Stock was rector and preacher (Stock and Culverwell had edited Richard Rogers's *Seven Treatises*, a well-known guide to the godly life, for the press some years before, when Culverwell was Rector of Felsted, Essex, and Rogers was lecturer at nearby Wethersfield); and elsewhere. The clergy did not necessarily spend the whole of their professional lives in the City, but a small group did, forming close alliances with the godly merchants and craftsmen in their parishes and in the city companies, preaching their funeral sermons and remembered in their wills.

The lawyers were by far the largest, the fastest growing and the wealthiest of the professions, and although the centre of the profession was just to the west of the city in the Inns of Court, their influence in the city was pervasive. Between 1590 and 1639 more than 12,000 young men were admitted to one of the four Inns of Court—Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, Inner and Middle Temple—where lawyers



From a diptych by John Gipkyn,
Preaching at St Paul's Cross, c.1616.

were trained in the common law, and during the same four decades more than 2,000 were called to the bar and were thus qualified to plead as barristers before the central courts—King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—as well as the county Assizes. However, this gives a much too restrictive picture of their practices, for the same barristers also practised before the so-called English Bill courts—Chancery, Star Chamber, Requests, Wards and Duchy Chamber—and the ecclesiastical courts and admiralty alone remained the exclusive arena for the shrinking number of university-trained civil lawyers. In the city itself the Recorder of London was invariably a prominent lawyer, as was the City Serjeant; many of the company clerks of the more important guilds were lawyers as well, and since much of the business before the city courts involved issues of debt and contract, lawyers also practised before those courts. City companies retained learned counsel and consulted widely, when faced with difficult legal issues: for example, when the Grocers' Company was attempting to carry out the complex bequest of Lady Slany, the widow of a prominent Grocer and alderman, their Court of Assistants ordered that the company clerk, an attorney, and Mr Pheasant (doubtless Peter Pheasant, a prominent and pious barrister and eventual Serjeant-at-Law), the counsel retained by Lady Slany's executrixes, consult with Sir Thomas Coventry, the King's Solicitor General. The city

companies tried to insist that their brethren settle disputes by arbitration before the company courts, before seeking remedies at common law, and regularly fined those who sued at law without permission, but London merchants and tradesmen were as litigious as the gentry in this very litigious age, and more than 70 per cent of the cases brought before King's Bench and Common Pleas were brought by litigants who were not landed gentry.

Heading the list of *Dramatis Personae* in the 1611 edition of Middleton and Dekker's *The Roaring Girl* is not Moll Cutpurse herself, or even the *cives & uxores*, but rather four knights. The gentry, like the nobility, had long been accustomed to come up to London to pursue business at Court and their law suits during term-time, but from the 1580s on increasing numbers of the landed élite apparently established residence in the City and suburbs for longer periods, much to the increasing alarm of the Crown. When Elizabeth I ordered those gentry home who were not pursuing legal business in a proclamation in 1596, the order came in the midst of a dearth that followed harvest failure, and the Crown was anxious that the landed classes return home and fulfil their traditional role of relieving their neighbourhoods. Elizabeth's Stuart successors continued to be concerned about the consequences of the 'decay of hospitality', but they also saw that the political as well as the social order was threatened 'by the absence of so many persons of quality and authority from their countries, whereby those parts are left destitute both of relief and government'. How many of the landed élite were actually resident in the metropolis it is impossible to tell, but two figures may be indicative of the situation in the last years of Middleton's life. In a newsletter the Reverend Joseph Mead wrote on 3 January 1623 he claimed that 'the two last proclamations have caused the remove from about this city, and Westminster, of 7,000 families, and with them 1,400 coaches. . . . All tradesmen complain much, as do the poor, of their departure'. A decade later an official survey of those of the élite still in residence contrary to a recent royal proclamation discovered 37 of the nobility, 147 baronets and knights, and 130 squires and gentlemen. If more than 300 élite families were still in residence, despite the proclamation and the Christmas exodus—and it was customary for such families to keep open house at their principal country residence until after Twelfth Night—then a figure in the thousands resident at least briefly at other times does not seem unlikely.

If the need to pursue suits at law originally drew the landed élite to town, continued residence had other attractions. Since the obligations and expectations of hospitality were attached to the family seat and did not apply to life in London, the great crowd of servants and gentleman retainers associated with residence in a great house could be dispensed with for all but a handful of the court aristocracy. Many a gentleman found it easier to live on his rent-roll in London than on his estates, and with the improvement in the travelling coach in the early seventeenth century it became harder or at least less excusable to leave

wife and children behind. But the attraction of London lay not only in such practical matters. For young gentlemen without professional ambitions the Inns of Court provided a respectable finishing school in which it was possible to meet and form social alliances with others of the same class, to visit the Court and take dancing and fencing lessons, to view the latest fashions, to visit the bookstalls at St Paul's and the public and private theatres, to gamble at cockfights and view the bear- and bull-baiting across the river, from which it was only a short distance to the houses of prostitution in the Winchester rents and at Holland's Leaguer, the notorious brothel located in the former manor house of Paris Garden. Above all London offered ready access to one's social equals: as the gallant Cockstone remarks in *Michaelmas Term* to the newly arrived Richard Easy, a gentleman from Essex, 'Here you may fit your foot, make choice of those whom your affection may rejoice in.'

For gentlemen the country offered the opportunity to exercise power over one's neighbours as a justice of the peace and to gossip with one's social equals at quarter sessions and the twice-yearly meetings of the Assize, and at least for the sturdy and athletic there were the pleasures of the chase; for wives and daughters only the opportunities of social intercourse on the occasion of long visits to distant kin broke the busy but isolated life of the country house. For the latter London spelled liberation. One gets a sense of the attractions of London in a chance observation by Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle, who recalled that in her youth (she was born about 1623) she and her sisters used 'in winter time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people'. Similarly, after noting her pious upbringing (she was the daughter of the Provost of Eton), Anne, Lady Halkett observed that 'so scrupulous I was of giving any occasion to speak of me, as I know they did of others, that though I loved well to see plays and to walk in the Spring Garden sometimes. . . . yet I cannot remember 3 times that ever I went with any man besides my brothers, and if I did, my sisters or others better than myself was with me'. London fashions had become as important for women as for men. As Tawny Coat, the pedlar, remarks to Hobson, the London Haberdasher, in Heywood's play *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, Part II*, 'Faith, Sir, our country girls are kin to your London courtiers, every month sick of a new fashion', and in 1621, when Thomas Knyvett, a Norfolk gentleman, was in London pursuing family legal business, he conscientiously wrote to his young wife at home, busy with her infant children, that her 'gown and things are a-making' and that 'all they wear at court is plain white aprons, among the great ladies', to which he added a postscript that waistcoats for women were now 'quite out of fashion'.

London's explosive growth during Middleton's lifetime made it a magnet attracting all sorts and degrees of people. For young men and women its guilds and households offered the opportunity for training and employment

MIDDLETON'S LONDON

available in such numbers and variety nowhere else. For the ambitious cleric the city offered both readily available pulpits and the opportunity to demonstrate their preaching prowess before potential patrons. Proximity to the law schools and the central courts made London the inevitable focus for the legal profession which itself was growing at an unprecedented rate. The need to pursue legal business or to seek patronage at Court may have brought the gentry to town, but once there the opportunities of urban life and the amusements offered there kept increasing numbers in residence month after month. Proximity to the Court perhaps inevitably made London a centre of fashion and political news-gathering, but it was the growth of London that made possible the variety of commercialized entertainment, which anticipated the development of respectable amusements in the provinces by a century, and which, once in existence, could only be temporarily halted even by civil war and revolution.

Much of Middleton's London was old, however much it was transformed during his lifetime: the walled city with its medieval gates was still the centre of the metropolis, despite the erosion of its once independent liberties and the spread of its suburbs. Its economic life was still dominated by the livery companies, and its government structured by the mayor's Court of Aldermen and the wards, as it had been for centuries. But Thomas Middleton and his like represented something new in urban life; literate laymen writing for a largely literate lay mass audience was a way of life, whether seen as a trade or profession, little older than Middleton's engagement in it. The traditional religious culture survived but was

transformed by Protestantism and the printing press, the masses and religious processions giving way to sermons preached and printed and the proliferating guides to a godly life. There was also a traditional culture of urban secular entertainment, of street entertainers—jugglers, acrobats, ballad singers—and of the alehouse, where dicing and card-playing accompanied drinking, which survived and flourished in Middleton's London and in fact long after. But alongside these traditional amusements were the new public theatres with their apparently insatiable appetite for new plays and the growing publishing industry prepared to satisfy an expanding literate laity both in London and throughout the rest of the country with an endless stream of new printed ballads, jest books, almanacs, plague pamphlets, crime stories, and plays. The new market opened the possibility of a new, if precarious, career alongside the traditional learned professions. Some straddled the traditional and the new, such as Ben Jonson, who wrote for the public stage but welcomed and gloried in his aristocratic and royal patronage, but others, such as Anthony Munday, Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood, and Thomas Middleton himself, found in the London theatre companies, publishing houses, and livery companies an urban market for their skills no longer dependent on the traditional power structure of Crown, Church, and nobility. For these writers—'poets', as they still called themselves—London was as much a new world to be explored and exploited as the New World beyond the ocean sea.

SEE ALSO

List of works cited: *Companion*, 457

MIDDLETON'S THEATRES

Scott McMillin

The London Theatre in 1601

SUPPOSE a young writer with a good ear and a knack for the stage—call him Thomas Middleton—had looked over the London theatre in 1601. What would he have seen?

He would have seen a theatre busy with controversy and competition, disreputable in the opinion of authority and magnetic to Londoners of all ranks. The two best-known acting companies were playing in splendid new theatres: the Chamberlain's Men at the Globe across the Thames from the city proper, a little beyond the reach of the authorities in one direction; and the Admiral's Men at the Fortune across the city to the north-west, beyond their reach in another. (The City fathers disliked crowds seeking entertainment, and the theatres were prudently built outside their jurisdiction.) These were the twin foundations of the London drama, the Chamberlain's Men and the Admiral's Men, the actors a generation of theatregoers had grown up with in the 1590s. The stage was known more by its acting companies and its star performers than by its playwrights. One went to see the great actor of the previous decade, Edward Alleyn, play a revival of *The Jew of Malta* at the Fortune (he had just returned to the stage after a hiatus of three years), or the Chamberlain's Men play *Henry V* at the Globe with Richard Burbage, Alleyn's rival, in the title role.

But the scene extended beyond the Globe and the Fortune. The Privy Council had tried for years to limit the number of adult companies to these two, but this pressure had not prevented a troupe under the patronage of the Earl of Derby from moving into a new inn-yard theatre at the Boar's Head in 1599 and becoming well enough known to be invited to Court for performances that winter. The great comic Will Kempe was soon to return after morris-dancing from London to Norwich on a wager and then acting on the continent. He had built his fame with the Chamberlain's Men, but now it was thought he would join a fourth company that was gaining a foothold in London, the Earl of Worcester's Men. With Worcester's Men vying for Kempe and negotiating to play at yet another playhouse, the Rose (not new but serviceable), the theatre was obviously outpacing the Privy Council's stated intentions. (Worcester was himself a Privy Counsellor.) To a young writer, the theatre must have looked like a growth industry.

These theatres—the Globe, the Fortune, the Rose, the Boar's Head—can become something more vivid than mere names if one thinks about where they stood and how they were reached. The map of London (see page 62) shows the locations. The Globe was on the Bankside,

close to the Rose and another older theatre not yet mentioned, the Swan. They were reached on foot by walking down Gracechurch Street and across London Bridge, although some theatregoers treated themselves to the luxury of hiring a boatman to row them across the river—for a sixpenny fee that cost more than admission to the playhouse. The new Fortune stood north of the city, through Cripplegate to Golden Lane, to the west of the very first permanent playhouses that had been built in London just over a generation ago. (The Curtain was one of the earliest houses, and was still usable.) The Boar's Head was in Whitechapel, a few steps east of the city boundary, beyond the edge of the map. People living near St Paul's Cathedral could walk to the Fortune in minutes and the Boar's Head in half an hour. These were real places for theatre people, and Kempe, Alleyn, and Burbage were not only real, they were stars. To be able to choose among them would have been a theatregoer's delight. And then to walk to the theatre where Burbage (let us say) was acting, to see once again what a fine new theatre it was, to see that the rest of the company was largely the experienced professional troupe that one remembered from before (Kempe was gone, but Robert Armin had taken his place), then to see a play that was being talked about all over town—a theatregoer so blessed would think London the best place in the world for plays.

What theatre people may have talked about first in 1601, however, was the return of the children's companies. To the great advantage of Middleton's early career, two companies of boys were once again (after an absence of a decade) giving public performances in small exclusive playhouses recently refurbished in the centre of the city: one in the vicinity of St Paul's, the other a few streets toward the river, in the Blackfriars precinct. The adult troupes used boy actors to play the female roles in their plays, but the companies at St Paul's and Blackfriars were *entirely* made up of boys, who were choristers in training for the music at St Paul's or the Queen's Chapel, but had also been learning plays for performance at Court. Now their masters, on the pretence of holding open rehearsals, were charging high admissions for progressive and well-to-do patrons to see the plays, often even before the Queen could. These private theatres were roofed-over, heated in the winter, and intimate. Candlelight illuminated the stage. Some of the finest music in London could be heard during their act-intervals, an innovation that had not yet taken hold at the open-air theatres. Ordinary citizens could not usually afford this kind of entertainment, but the tone was being set for the London theatre of 1601 in

these avant-garde houses, and people interested in theatre would have been talking about them. A shrewd observer would have sensed a change was in the making, although the form it would eventually take would have been hard to predict.

Five of the playhouses in use in 1601—the Fortune, the Globe, the Boar's Head, St Paul's, and the Blackfriars—were new or refurbished. Counting the children, up to six companies were putting on plays. The adult companies knew nothing of the long run or the classical revival. Everything they staged had been written within the last twenty years. The bill changed every day, and with the adult companies a play would usually not be repeated within the week. (The first long run would be of a Middleton play, *A Game at Chess*, which ran for nine consecutive performances in 1624.) Much of their repertory was new in the past two years, although the Admiral's Men were just now beginning a revival phase as they refurbished many of Alleyn's vehicles from the 1590s. Each adult company was putting on more than a dozen plays in daily rotation and introducing new plays with some regularity. The children's companies put on fewer plays, but they were known for doing the latest thing and wanted new scripts. An ambitious young writer could hardly ask for greater opportunities than Middleton found in London in 1601.

The sense of excitement the theatre always holds for young people must have seemed especially intense, for this industry was bold, imaginative, entertaining, risqué, profitable, and frowned upon by the authorities. The children's theatres were in respectable neighbourhoods, but the open-air theatres, especially the ones on the Bankside—the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan—stood in an area known for brothels, taverns, and bear-baiting pits. Writers in search of respectability would have thought twice about working in the theatre. Middleton was looking for an income, and although he seems to have wanted to change the world with even more determination than is usual among writers aged twenty-one, he would have seen the theatre as a market, the best literary market in town.

He would also have seen the other side of the theatre—it was filled with uncertainties and rife with opportunities for failure. The adult companies depended on box-office takings for their basic income, with extra money coming from command performances during the Christmas festivities at Court. They acted six days a week when conditions were in their favour—i.e., when the City authorities had no extraordinary reason, such as an outbreak of plague, to do what they wanted to do and close the theatres down. The children acted less frequently, probably three times a week. All these companies would have known how quickly disaster could strike. Many of the adult actors would remember the bad plague years of the early 1590s, when the London playhouses were closed for months at a time and long provincial tours were the means of survival. Such trouble may have seemed fairly distant in 1601, but it was still a worry; and from March 1603 the

theatres would be shut down for more than a year, first by Queen Elizabeth's illness and death, then by a terrible new outbreak of plague.

The theatre building and refurbishing at the turn of the century was done in defiance of a Privy Council Order of 28 July 1597, which not only ordered all playhouses closed but insisted on their destruction. The order was not carried out, but it serves as a reminder of the political controversy surrounding the theatre industry. There was commercial uncertainty as well. Those splendid new theatres, the Globe and the Fortune, were not only signs of prosperity among the companies but also instruments of competition between them. When Shakespeare's company built the Globe across the river in the Bankside area, the Admiral's Men had been acting there for years, at the Rose. The most famous theatre ever built in England was not a polite undertaking. In danger of losing their lease, the Chamberlain's Men had torn down their old theatre (called the Theatre, north of the city) when their landlord was out of town for the Christmas holidays of 1598; they transported the heavy timbers across the river to the Bankside, and used them as the main structural units for the Globe, which they built less than two hundred yards from the Rose. Lovers of Shakespeare do not often dwell on this piece of commercial aggression and questionable legality. Perhaps the Admiral's Men were already planning to leave the Bankside, but in any case the Chamberlain's Men were solving the problem of losing their lease at the same time as they were putting pressure on the competition. Their new theatre was close enough to the Rose that crowd noise from one of these open-air theatres would have been heard in the other. Roslyn Knutson has shown that the Admiral's Men tried to meet the competition with an unusual outburst of new plays, but they must also have been looking to new locations. The Rose was now one of the older theatres, the Globe the newest: the Bankside theatre area had obviously changed. The Admiral's Men soon vacated the Rose. *Their* new theatre, the Fortune, was built across the city to the north-west. They were moving more or less in the direction from which their rivals had come.

The children's companies were another kind of rivalry. For ten years the adult companies had been free of competition from children's companies, but now a new generation of 'little eyases' (as they are called in *Hamlet*) or the 'nest of boys able to ravish a man' (as Middleton called them in *Father Hubbard's Tales*) were acting in two playhouses. These companies had an advantage: the boys were not paid for their acting. They were being trained for the Queen's musical and dramatic entertainments at the expense of the Church and the Crown. So these roofed-over and stylish theatres were operating on child labour under institutional subsidies, yet they could charge high admissions. The adult companies had to keep prices down because of their competition with each other, and because they had large theatres to fill. Drawing audiences was a daily contest. London was becoming the largest city in Europe, but its population was still under 200,000 at the

turn of the century, even counting the suburbs and the City of Westminster. Up to six companies, each putting on three to six performances a week, were competing for a scarce resource, the full house. The best of them, it should be added, were making very good money despite all the competition.

For which of these companies would a young playwright have most wanted to write? We tend to think the answer should be the Chamberlain's Men, who in 1601 were creating some of our own world by staging *Hamlet*, followed over the next few years by the rest of Shakespeare's most famous tragedies. Hindsight always brings us around to ourselves, but to someone actually facing 1601 as a day-to-day business of opportunity and survival, Shakespeare and the Chamberlain's Men would have seemed very well established, prone to taking strange risks, and a little out of touch. Staging *Richard II* at the request of the Earl of Essex (as they did in February 1601) was a bizarre decision, whether or not they knew Essex would try to overthrow the government the next day. The *Henry V* in which Burbage was starring at the Globe was their ninth English history play by Shakespeare. The achievement was as stunning as it was old-fashioned. Fifteen years earlier, when Middleton was learning to read, history plays had been a new development, an innovation largely made by a company called the Queen's Men. Shakespeare and his company virtually took over that company's plots by rewriting plays on the reigns of Henry IV, Henry V, Richard III, and King John. This was how they worked, by beating others at their own game. That they were about to change the history of literature with Shakespeare's tragedies would not have been so apparent in 1601 as their commercial strength and the way they built it. *Hamlet* was a rewrite too, after all, although in this case the original property may have been their own.

That is not to say that Middleton steered around the Chamberlain's Men. A freelance takes his opportunities where he can, and at first Middleton found his opportunities elsewhere, with the Admiral's Men at the Fortune and the children's company at St Paul's. Within a few years, he would be writing for the Chamberlain's Men too, and collaborating with Shakespeare. He would also have learned a good deal about tragic characterization from *Hamlet*, with the long-term results to be most fully evident in *The Changeling*. But in 1601 the Admiral's Men and the revived children's companies presented great opportunities to a beginning writer, the adult company specializing in the older writer by whom Middleton was most deeply influenced—Marlowe, not Shakespeare—and the other specializing in the sort of satirical and avant-garde attitudes that a young writer would share and be quick to turn his own way.

Middleton obviously listened to Marlowe from an early age—one stanza of *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* (16.97–102) is a paraphrase of *Edward II* (5.1.11–15), for example—and his mature work deepened the relationship. His ironic tone in both comedy and tragedy draws upon

The Jew of Malta and *The Massacre at Paris*; the sharp focus and relentlessness of his satire are secular versions of the religious intensity of *Doctor Faustus*. The refusal of Middleton's writing to admit the sentimental, its readiness for breaking and entering upon the established pieties, its tendency to be interrupted by outbursts of parody—these traits come from Marlowe more obviously than from Shakespeare. But what Middleton refused of Marlowe is important too, and the refusals would have been related to the Admiral's Men at the Fortune. Middleton did not follow Marlowe into the dominating central role, the Alleyn role—Tamburlaine, Faustus, Barabas—around which the rest of a play would be organized. The theatrical energy of a Middleton play circulates through many strong roles, as though it is the ensemble that matters most. And some of those strong roles are for female characters—another departure from Marlowe.

Middleton would have first heard Marlowe by hearing Alleyn, or hearing about Alleyn, whose performances in *The Jew of Malta*, *Doctor Faustus*, and *Tamburlaine* were extremely popular in the London of the 1590s. The teenaged Middleton must have seen these performances, heard about them, caught them from other conversations: teenagers know a hero when one appears, and Alleyn came into his prime when Middleton was the right age to be vastly impressed. By 1602–3, however, when he was writing for Alleyn and the Admiral's Men, his attitude might have been different. Alleyn had returned to acting when the company moved to the Fortune, and his famous roles from the 1590s were being revived one after another. The Admiral's Men were building an audience at their new theatre by resorting to past successes, and Marlowe's plays were prominent in the effort: *Doctor Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *The Massacre at Paris* were revived in 1601–2. Nostalgia was not among Middleton's stronger feelings. The career and the money lay in writing new plays, not in tinkering with revivals (as Middleton did in writing a new prologue and epilogue for Greene's *Friar Bacon*). The Alleyn revivals were cutting into the demand for new plays at the Fortune. Between 1600 and 1603, as Middleton was coming into their fold, the number of new plays produced by the Admiral's Men was well below their norm.

What a young writer would have prized at the Fortune was the opportunity to collaborate with experienced dramatists like Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, men who could teach a novice the arts of commercial play-scripting as they worked together. These writers knew how to write for Alleyn, but they also knew how to write for the ensemble which Alleyn had built around him and which remained when Alleyn retired, again, in about 1603. One of Middleton's next ventures for the company became the earliest play by which he is known today, a collaboration with Dekker, *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* of 1604. It is very much an ensemble piece, built on the interactions among important roles.

At the same time Middleton was writing for another troupe that specialized in ensemble performance, the children's company at St Paul's. Here he found the continuity to develop his own voice. He wrote at least five plays for the Paul's boys between 1603 and 1607 and one or two for the children's company at the Blackfriars—and all of the surviving plays he wrote for those two companies are comedies, resolutely new comedies, designed to make the romantic comedy of the previous decade look old. The new comedy, satiric in tone and urban in subject—'city comedy'—was not Middleton's alone (Jonson, Chapman, and Marston were also writing in this vein), and some of its early examples were staged at the public theatres. But Middleton's plays for the children's companies were the most sustained effort in the new mode, and no writer was more alert to the satirical and erotic characteristics of boy performers. Their charm and precocity allowed them to put on risqué satires about the London of their own day—unseemly or dangerous material if performed by adults. These boys were sharply trained, and talented. They could sing, they could play musical instruments, they could act. Their music was supposed to come first—it was for the appreciation of the Queen herself, occasionally. Their acting came a close second—it was for the profit of the Master who taught them their music. The Master knew he could charge high prices and still draw the wealthier, better educated theatregoers, the style-setters of the day, to see these charmers perform. While Middleton was not the only writer who supplied texts suited to these talents, he was the most consistent. And he was one of the two (Jonson was the other) best able to satirize the movers and shakers of a changing London even as some of them sat there and applauded the effort.

Public and Private Theatres

Middleton's early plays for the children's company at Paul's were the closest he ever came to being a 'house' writer. For the rest of his career he was freelancing, and his work was performed in most of the commercial theatres of his time (he is known to have written for the original Globe, the second Globe, the Rose, the Fortune, the Swan, the Phoenix, Blackfriars, and St Paul's, and we do not know the theatres for some of his plays). London also had a variety of non-commercial playing places for which Middleton wrote. One of these was the city itself—the streets of London, which were the setting for a processional kind of showmanship at which Middleton became a master. And his work was occasionally seen in the centres of power and influence at Court, in the law schools, or in the London residences of the élite: more than a half-dozen of his commercial plays were brought to Court for command performances; he wrote masques for the Inner Temple and for Denmark House, and he wrote a number of indoor entertainments and speeches for official functions of the City. No playwright of his time had his work performed on a greater variety of London stages.

A freelance dramatist has to know his theatres and the differences among them. In the dozen commercial playhouses operating in London during his time, Middleton would have encountered few contrasts greater than that between St Paul's and the Fortune, the two theatres where he began his career. These could well have been, respectively, the smallest and the largest commercial theatres in London. The Fortune stage is known to have run 43 feet across and 27 feet 6 inches deep, a very large platform of nearly 1,200 square feet. Richard Hosley has estimated the Fortune's audience capacity at about 3,000. No one can be sure how small St Paul's was, for the exact location of the playhouse is still disputed. Reavley Gair thinks the theatre was very small: a stage of about 170 square feet, and an audience of about 100 persons. An upward limit can be determined from the other private playhouse, the Blackfriars, said to have been larger than Paul's. Richard Hosley has estimated the stage at Blackfriars at 29 feet wide and 18 feet 6 inches deep, or 537 square feet. Between Gair's estimate of 170 square feet for Paul's and Hosley's of 537 square feet for Blackfriars, there is an enormous difference, of course, but even Blackfriars was not half the size of the Fortune, and Paul's was smaller than that.

All the commercial theatres Middleton wrote for would have ranged in size between the extremes of St Paul's and the Fortune. The open-air theatres were larger than the private houses, although the smallest of the public theatres, the Rose (in use only during Middleton's earliest years as a writer), had a stage about the same size as Hosley has estimated for the Blackfriars. (The Rose foundations were excavated in 1989 and offer abundant evidence that the public theatres could differ from one another.) Generally speaking, the public-theatre stages ran from 500 square feet upward to about 1,200 square feet and the private-theatre stages ran from 500 square feet downward to whatever size one can imagine for the yet-to-be-located St Paul's. Audience capacities were between 2,000 and 3,000 at the public theatres and under 1,000 at the private houses.

The Court stages were set up for the occasion in various halls and chambers. We cannot be certain where the Middleton command performances were staged; the range of possibilities is great. Tiny platforms were built at Hampton Court and Richmond during Queen Elizabeth's reign (twelve feet square and fourteen feet square respectively) and a forty-foot square masque stage was set up in the old Banqueting House at Whitehall in 1604–5. Those are perhaps the extremes of size, and they are even greater than the contrast between St Paul's and the Fortune. The new Banqueting House built in 1607 was the most prestigious building for entertainments (until it burned in 1619 and was replaced with the even more famous Banqueting House which still stands today). The masques of Jonson and Jones were the primary shows at the new Banqueting House, but plays were sometimes given there after 1610. When a document says that *The Changeling*

was given 'at Whitehall' in 1624, the reference could be to the Banqueting House, the Great Chamber, the Hall, or the Cockpit, which were all used for plays. Hardly any information remains about the temporary stages erected in these spaces, although when the Cockpit was turned into a permanent theatre in 1629–30 (shortly after Middleton's death), it had a shallow apron stage 35 feet across backed by a concave façade reaching a maximum depth of about 16 feet. This size is in the private-theatre range.

A play staged at Court was attended by the rich and powerful, brilliantly attired, several hundred in number. Middleton would probably not have been invited. (His only recorded summons to Court was to be arrested for the scandalous *A Game at Chess* in 1624.) At the Fortune or the Globe, by contrast, the 2,000–3,000 spectators on a good day included some who paid a penny to stand in the yard ('groundlings'), others who paid an additional one or two pennies to obtain seats and some protection from bad weather in the roofed-over galleries, and a few of the wealthy or ostentatious who paid sixpence to sit in private boxes. Professional men like lawyers and courtiers, along with women from all ranks of London life, apprentices and journeymen taking time from work, and the occasional foreign traveller, would have been seen in the crowd. These public playhouses drew from all areas except royalty and perhaps the church, but they were basically cheap and accessible to the common playgoer. It was in a theatre like this—the Rose—that Middleton, coming of age, could have seen Allyn play Marlowe.

The roofed-over private theatres liked to claim their audiences were 'select' and 'choice', and to a large extent this was true. Their admission prices are hard to pin down, but Michael Shapiro's examination of the evidence indicates that Blackfriars was the most expensive theatre in town, with an admission scale of six-, twelve-, or eighteen-pence—six times the prices of the public houses. Some gallants paid an extra sixpence to sit on stools along the edges of the stage. Paul's set itself between the extremes, sometimes charging sixpence throughout the house for an especially popular play, but normally charging two-, four-, or sixpence, twice the scale for the public theatres and distinctly less than Blackfriars. It may have held the smallest audience, but it was not the most select. The Paul's neighbourhood was expanding during the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Families headed by gentlemen, haberdashers, merchant tailors, weavers, barber-surgeons, booksellers, scribes, and stationers were finding it a good place to live, and the middle aisle at St Paul's Cathedral was crowded with lawyers, booksellers, shopkeepers, and their clients and customers during the day (see *Your Five Gallants*, 4.4).

The most important characteristic Middleton found at Paul's was its ambience of familiarity with a small audience who knew they were in on a trend. One sign of that familiarity is the fluency with which the Paul's plays move from dialogue to soliloquy or aside, as though in such small space everything was tinged by a gesture to the audience. Another sign is the prologue to *Michaelmas*

Term, a scathing attack on the legal profession—meant to be enjoyed by an audience well stocked with lawyers. The Children of Paul's specialized in satirizing the up-and-coming professionals of the day, many of whom lived within minutes of the theatre and who were reaching that stage of professional satisfaction where joining others of their own class in laughing at themselves was thought to be a pleasure.

That is where Middleton established himself—on what appeared to be the most progressive, modern side of the London theatre. In one sense, it was also the short-lived side. The satires performed by children's companies sometimes landed them in trouble with the Privy Council, one reason why their careers were brief. Another reason is that boy actors do not last long, and when their voices change there is no guarantee they will become good adult actors. (A notable exception was Nathan Field, who went from the children's company at Blackfriars to Lady Elizabeth's Men and then to the King's Men.) By 1607 voices must have been cracking at St Paul's and Blackfriars, and replacements were, one suspects, proving difficult to find. Five of Middleton's plays for the boy companies reached print in 1607–8, a sign of trouble in the producing organizations (who saw publication as a benefit only after a play ceased performance). But Middleton was not tied to Paul's. He still had links to the Fortune company, where the Admiral's Men had become the Prince's Men after the accession of King James; and by now some of his work was being staged at the Globe, where the Chamberlain's Men were now the King's Men. The new patronage did not mean the players and their writers were coming into a close relationship with royalty, but it was a connection royalty could tap on occasion: when Prince Charles requested *The World Tossed at Tennis*, it was the Prince's Men who received the commission.

Middleton's work with the King's Men was important to the next phase of his career. In 1608 and 1609, the King's Men were assisting the demise of the children's companies by calling in the Blackfriars lease, helping to bribe the manager at St Paul's to keep his boys from starting up again, and preparing to use the Blackfriars theatre as their second playhouse. No playwright was in a better position for this move than Middleton. When he later wrote *The Witch*, *The Widow*, and *Anything for a Quiet Life* for the King's Men at the Blackfriars, he was writing for the leading adult company in London, he was writing for the theatre where a children's company had staged *Your Five Gallants* and *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, and he was writing for the kind of theatre in which he had established himself as the most experienced and reliable playwright.

The move of the King's Men to the Blackfriars proved to be one of the decisive events not just in Middleton's time but in the course of English drama. The long-term future of the commercial drama lay in the private roofed-over playhouse. The reason is not hard to find, if we think about theatre-going in terms of real experience: the weather, for instance. Nothing can be more certain than

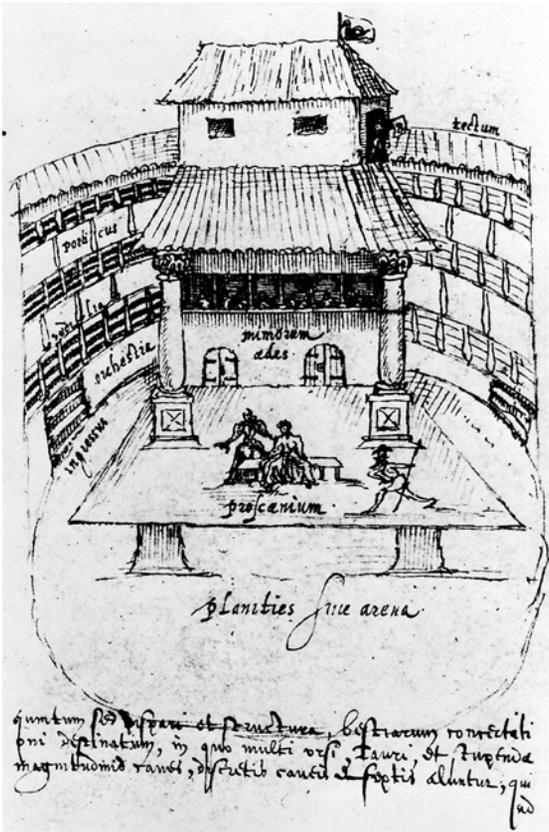
that audiences and players at an outdoor house like the Globe often would rather have been indoors. The damp cold and gloom of a London winter can be suffered for an afternoon of playgoing, but suffered is the right word, and the English rain can bring misery in any season. That the early Elizabethan commercial drama survived these hazards of the air is perhaps the most amazing thing about it—some take it as a sign of British character. The adult troupes held to the open-air theatres not because they favoured bracing conditions, however, but because they were in business. Their finances were geared to audiences that numbered in the thousands, and indoor-theatre audiences numbered in the hundreds. The Globe and the Fortune had cheap admissions because of the company's need to draw sizeable audiences, they were large because those audiences had to have somewhere to stand or sit, and they were open to the skies because a theatre so large had to use the sun as its means of illumination. A shift in theatre economics was about to occur: establishing a daily repertory at Blackfriars prices would eventually prove to be more profitable than the public theatre system, and that is why we have roofs over our heads today when we can afford to go to the theatre. In 1608, however, this trend would not have been certain. Giving up the public-theatre venue would have been financially questionable, but adding a *second* playhouse, roofed and warm, would have been just the direction in which an expansive well-capitalized organization would want to travel.

The King's Men were the company to make the move. In a unique arrangement, the ownership of both the Globe and the Blackfriars was shared among the company's senior members. That gave the company a choice between their own public and private theatres, an advantage held by no other company of the time. Exactly how they divided their performances between the two playhouses is hard to say, although the proximity of Blackfriars to the Inns of Court and the royal courts at Whitehall, St James's, and Denmark House would have made it convenient for a large number of well-to-do patrons from the beginning of Michaelmas term in early October to the end of Easter term in early summer. From this, a leap of seasonal reasoning sometimes leads to the conclusion that the Globe was restricted to being a summer theatre after 1608, but the evidence for such a neat division is not solid, at least not during Middleton's lifetime. Drawing large crowds to the Globe would have been financially desirable in any season, and it is not likely the larger theatre stood empty for months at a time. Nevertheless, the company's prestige was now building around the Blackfriars operation, and other adult companies were looking toward private-theatre opportunities too. Between 1610 and the closing of the theatres by the outbreak of civil war in 1642, five private theatres were used by the adult companies. That is not to say that open-air theatres were being abandoned; indeed, new ones were being built. The Red Bull in Clerkenwell was a notable

addition around 1605, and the Hope on the Bankside was opened in 1614. When the Globe burned to the ground in 1613, it was rebuilt, as was the Fortune after it burned down in 1621. But the trend was in the other direction. No *new* public theatre was opened after the Hope in 1614, but the new private theatres were the Phoenix in 1616, Salisbury Court in 1629, and the remodelled Cockpit-at-Court (not a commercial theatre) also in 1629. The private theatres were being established on the western side of an expanding London, in the direction of the Covent Garden and West End centres of today's commercial theatre. Influential men were building new residences, settling their families, and conducting their business in these areas. The theatre was moving up-market, and it was in the private playhouses that the move was being made. When a diarist named Thomas Crosfield jotted down the important London theatres in 1634, he named three private theatres (Blackfriars, the Phoenix, and Salisbury Court) and two public ones (the Red Bull and the Fortune). He did not mention the public theatre we think of as the most famous, the Globe, although it was still in use by the King's Men.

Staging Middleton: Preliminary Notes

The distinction between public and private theatres on which this discussion rests has always been the basis for Elizabethan–Jacobean theatre history. Like most paired terms standing in opposition, these can be misleading if one uses them heedlessly or thinks they tell the entire truth. It is not true, for example, that all the public theatres were like one another and different from all the private theatres. The private playhouse at St Paul's was small compared to the one at Blackfriars, the stage at the public Fortune had a different shape from the stage at the public Swan, the stage at the public Rose was not much larger than the stage at the private Blackfriars—we have noticed these variations and should assume there were others. It is also not true that the plays written for the private houses were all sophisticated, witty, and out-of-touch with the common people, while those for the open-air theatres were broad, democratic, and spotted with outbursts of vulgarity. Such generalizations do contain shades of accuracy, but they lose validity in the simplicity of binary thinking. By the time Crosfield made his note about the theatres referred to above, the Red Bull and the Fortune were known for rowdiness and sensationalism, the three private houses he named were known for sophistication and Court connections, and the Globe he did not name was somewhere between these extremes. Even then, however, and certainly earlier, during Middleton's career, both kinds of theatre belonged to the same commercial system, and plays were written to be suitable to that system and hence to both kinds of theatre. They were also adaptable to the various fit-up theatres at Court and in the law schools; sometimes they were taken on tour in the provinces. The acting companies

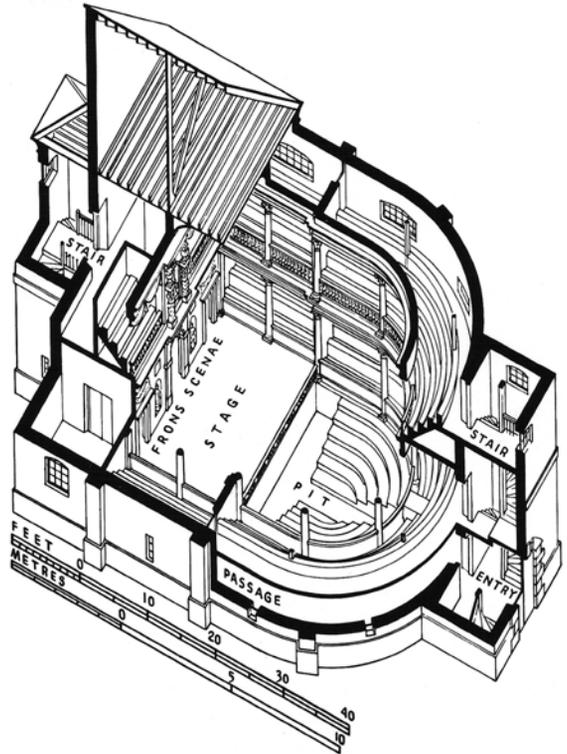


1. Arend van Buchell's copy of Johannes de Witt's sketch of the Swan playhouse, 1596.

had to be prepared for different venues, and their plays had to be flexible.

To gain a sense of how Middleton's plays were staged, the basic elements of Elizabethan-Jacobean theatre structure can be seen in the two most useful illustrations which have come down to us from the early playhouses, one from a public theatre and one from a private. The public-theatre illustration (Illus. 1) is a copy of a drawing of the open-air Swan theatre (where Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* was staged in 1613). The drawing was made by a visitor named Johannes De Witt in about 1596, when the Swan was the newest theatre in London, a tourist attraction. De Witt was so struck by the new playhouse that he sketched what he saw, put in some labels of features which reminded him of the classical theatre ('*mimorum aedes*' for the tiring-house, '*proscenium*' for the stage, etc.), and wrote a description which mentions that the theatre could hold 3,000 spectators.

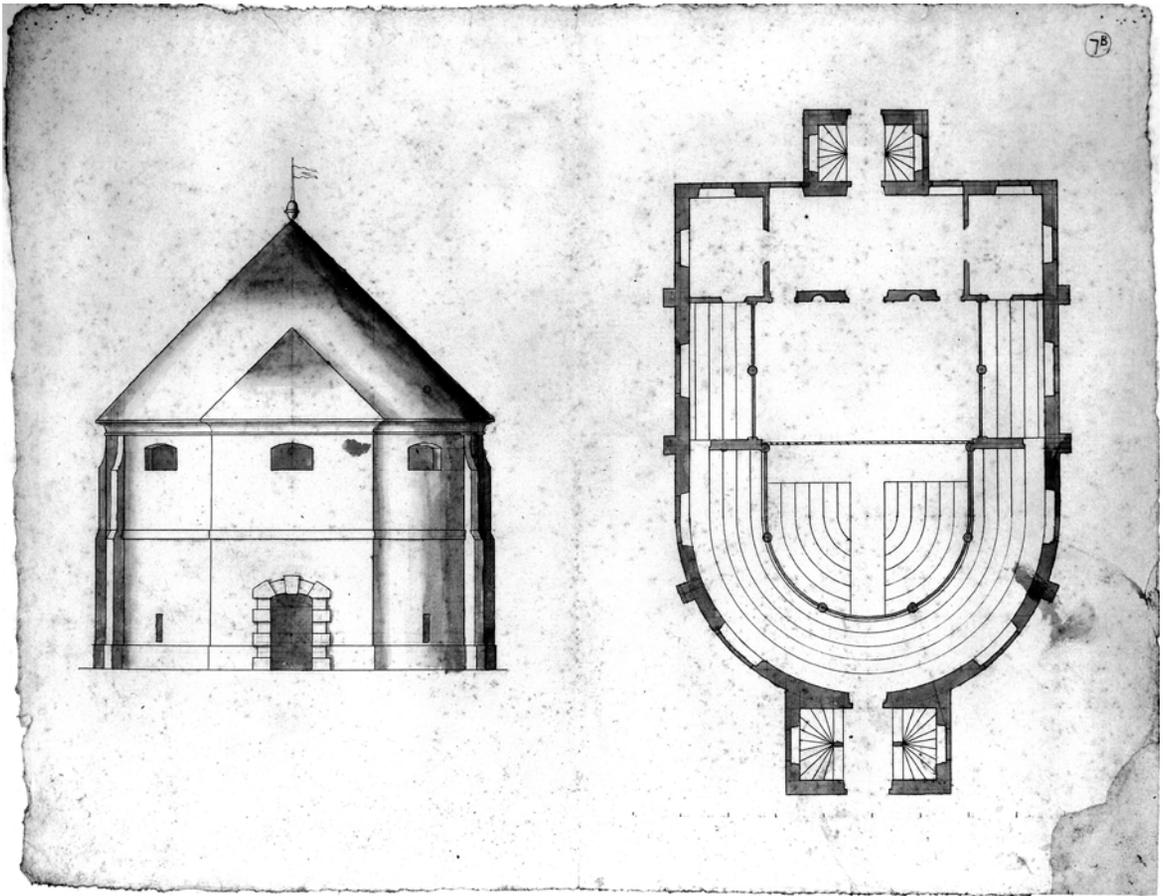
The other illustration comes from a set of plans drawn up by Inigo Jones for an unnamed indoor theatre of the seventeenth century (Illus. 3 and 4). John Orrell has made



2. Scale reconstruction by Richard Leacroft of Inigo Jones's design for a private playhouse, possibly the Cockpit (also called the Phoenix) in Drury Lane.

a case for identifying it as the Phoenix in Drury Lane, opened in 1617 (where *The Changeling* was staged in 1622), but the matter is not settled. It is best not to be specific about the playhouse and to take the drawings as Jones's design for some private theatre, whether it was realized or not (Illus. 2).

We recall that the private theatres were normally smaller than the public Swan, were roofed-over and more comfortable, lit by candle-power, attended to a noticeable extent by more fashionable audiences. One sees something else in the two illustrations: a basic similarity in the relationship between stage and audience. Both stages are set *into* the audience, so that actors would be seen from many angles. Both theatres bring their spectators around on three, or (counting the galleries to the rear) four sides of the actors. The Swan drawing gives a drastic version of this relationship: its stage is so assertive that it seems to interrupt the galleries that continue behind the tiring-house. (Some have thought the drawing was at fault for this effect, but there is no reason to doubt what De Witt was getting at, although his perspective is strained. If playing were brought to a permanent halt by order of the authorities, the theatrical unit shown in the



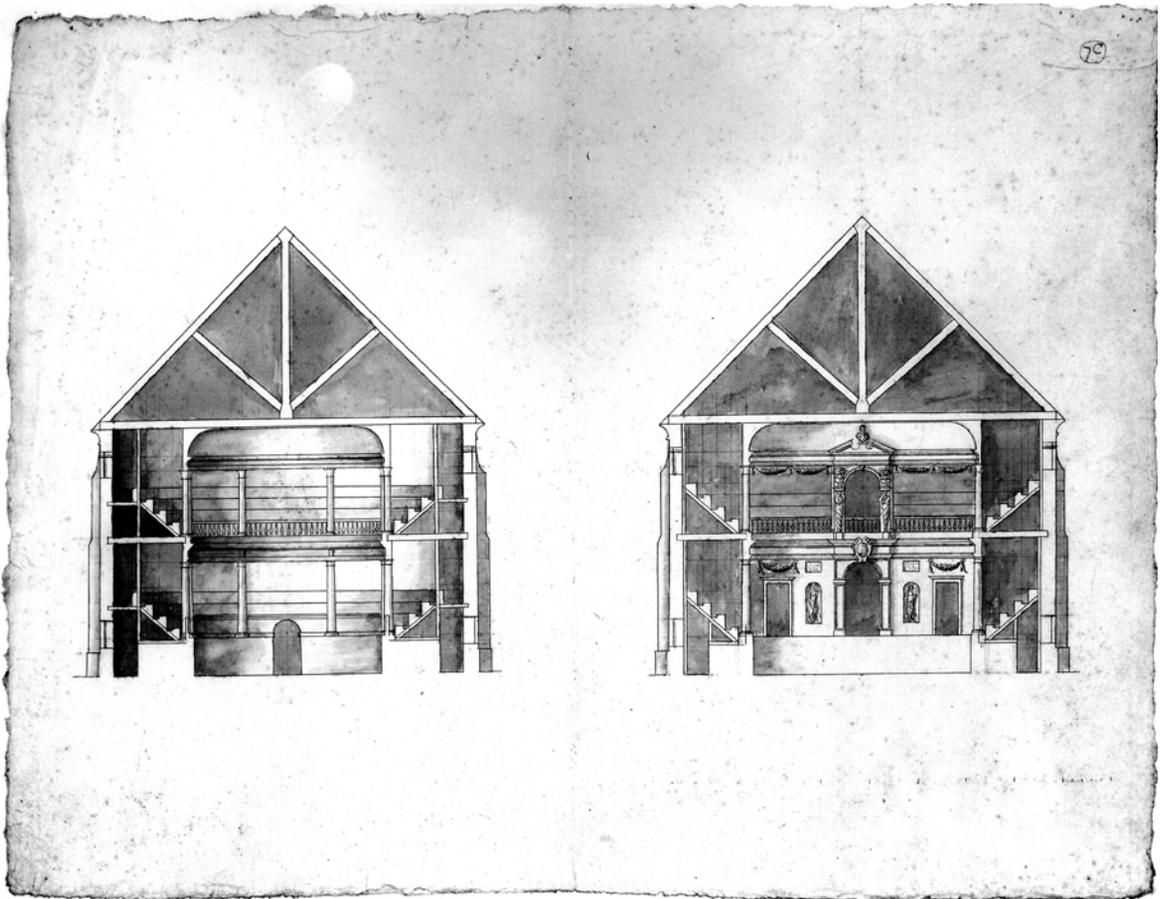
3. Elevation and plan from Inigo Jones's design for a private playhouse, c.1616.

drawing could be demounted, leaving a ring of galleries for bear-baitings and other spectator sports long associated with the Bankside.) Not all public theatres had such a severe downstage thrust. The recent excavation of the foundations of the Rose indicates a relatively shallow and wide stage, tapered at the front and closely integrated with the tiring-house façade to the rear. Yet both the Swan and the Rose had the basic characteristic of a stage that reached into a surrounding audience area. Both theatres were designed to place the actor in the centre of many points of view.

The Jones drawings of the private theatre show a similar stage-to-audience relationship: the spectator galleries extend along each side of the stage, so that the audience tends to surround the actor. Now, however, the auditorium and stage are a single architectural unit—this is a theatre built to stay that way. The Swan had two stage pillars supporting a roof-cover for part of the platform, but there is no need for that in the private theatre, which had its own roof. (The covering at the open-air theatres was

called 'the heavens', the space under the stage was 'the hell', and these religious terms probably faded out from the private houses.) The pit where the groundlings would have stood for a penny at the Swan has been designed for seats in the private house, and these were among the more expensive seats. Keep in mind the different sizes of these arrangements. Where the Swan could accommodate up to 3,000 and used a stage which might have approached the nearly 1,200 square feet at the Fortune, the Inigo Jones drawing has been calculated to show a stage of 350 square feet and seating for between 500 and 700. The smaller theatre would have had a much more intimate feel to it. But the basic relationship of stage to audience obtains in all the commercial theatres for which we have any evidence.

In both the Swan and the private theatre a raised gallery is shown to the rear of the stage. This is the most obvious position for characters who are said to appear 'above' in the play texts, but it may have served other purposes too. The eight figures seated in the Swan drawing's gallery do



4. Sections from Inigo Jones's design for a private playhouse, c.1616.

not appear to be involved in the scene being acted on the platform. Who they are and what they are doing in the gallery are questions that have never been conclusively answered: they might be spectators, or musicians, or actors watching a rehearsal. De Witt's intentions have not reached us on this and on other matters. The clearest point about the Swan gallery is that it would have been useful whoever sat there. It is good space in a playhouse. Wealthy playgoers might pay more to sit behind the stage, wanting to be part of the show that the rest of the audience came to see. Musicians could accompany the action well enough from the gallery position, and if one section were set apart as a 'music room', there would be other sections for wealthy spectators too. Most important for our purposes is that an actor standing in one of the gallery compartments could claim to be at a window or on the walls of a city without generating disbelief, even if the other compartments were providing expensive seats for aristocrats or serving as a musicians' room. The same can be said of the gallery in the Jones drawing, although

here the architecture seems to point up the centre of the gallery for acting, perhaps leaving the other sections for audiences or musicians.

The positioning of the highest-priced seats is always significant in a theatre. We know that special seats or boxes were reserved for wealthy patrons at both the public and private theatres. Exactly where those boxes were is a harder question. De Witt's drawing makes us think they were in the gallery, but this is by no means certain. Perhaps they were in the part of the galleries marked 'orchestra' on the Swan drawing, which should be imagined as being level with the stage and close to it. Herbert Berry has argued that the Blackfriars boxes were behind the stage but at stage level; Andrew Gurr and Richard Hosley think the evidence favours side boxes. No one can be quite certain, and the matter is complicated by the private-theatre custom of setting stools for high-paying spectators along the sides of the stage itself. The important point is that the highest-priced seats are *not* centrally positioned with sight lines to a visual stage picture. The

centrally-positioned seat became important in the Court theatres: it was the King's seat, and it played its part in the long-term story of the theatre, as we will note. The King was seated according to sight-lines: his own sight-line, first of all, so that the effect of perspective scenes would be best observed by the eyes that mattered most; and the sight-lines of all the others, who were seated behind the chair of state, or along the sides of the room, able to see much of the stage and something of the King. (The Court convention held that no one should sit with his back to the King, so the area between the chair of state and the stage was kept clear of spectators. This was also the dancing area for masques.) But the exclusive seats in the commercial theatres of Middleton's time were in expensive boxes close to the actors, and they helped to create the 'surround' relationship between performer and spectator.

The Inigo Jones drawing adds one crucial feature that the Swan drawing lacks—a large central entrance to the platform, providing a third entrance and capable of being curtained for 'discovery' scenes that occur in the repertoires of all the playhouses. Why the Swan drawing shows no central door has long puzzled stage historians, who know that Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, the only extant play that can be confidently connected with the Swan, calls for a discovery scene at the very beginning, and that *The World Tossed at Tennis*, the only other play that can be connected with the Swan, calls for three doors. The Swan drawing is not helpful on this issue. Plays written for other playhouses, public and private, call for a central opening of the sort the Jones drawing shows, ample enough not only for discovery scenes but also for moving large standing properties like a bed or a throne onto the main stage. How discoveries were managed on the Swan arrangement has been the subject of much speculation, but it is clear that a third entrance was normal in the theatres. Middleton liked to bring characters on from different directions simultaneously (one of his favourite forms of stage direction is 'Enter X, meeting Y'), and his more crowded scenes are busy with comings and goings. His plays could all be played on the Swan stage if necessary, but they imply at least a third entrance and make modern directors glad to have more than that.

So the private and public theatres were alike in affording a central platform for most of the action and upstage spaces for rare effects of discovery and raised locations. Readers may wish to supplement these areas with their imaginations, on the understanding that actors feel free to use available space as they see fit. Perhaps surprise entrances were sometimes made through the audience, for example, or perhaps a canopied pavilion was built in front of one entrance door to stand for a repeatedly-used location. Theatre thrives on imagination in the first place, and actors do not feel bound to restrict themselves to the skimpy evidence that stage historians have to work with in reconstructing the past. Middleton specialized in the 'shop' scene, where some sort of representation of a tradesman's stall stood on the platform stage, and he could call upon a property tree or two for pastoral moments, or a throne to

indicate the Court. But the printed and manuscript plays of the period do not reflect much in the way of variation beyond the basic use of the main platform and occasional raised or discovered scenes—and the raised or discovered characters nearly always address other characters on the platform stage, maintaining a flow of relationship from the upstage spaces out to the platform and thus into the space of the audience.

That was always the flow. Those entrance doors to the rear are an odd thing about the Elizabethan stage to modern ways of thinking. We like our actors to enter from different angles, at least from the sides as well as from upstage, and sometimes from the front or from the audience, but both the Swan drawing and the Jones plans show entrance doors only upstage. That means the actors entering the stage had only one direction to move, but that is the crucial direction for Elizabethan staging—toward the audience, down toward most of them, past those sitting along the sides, and away from anyone in the gallery. Such an actor is seen from many angles at once—thus, from many angles, he is at once expected to do something interesting. Alexander Leggatt has pointed out that one move the actor does not make in this kind of theatre is the little downstage curve required of entrances from the wings in a proscenium-arch theatre—the curve that allows a step in the direction of the audience as the actor moves into the garden, the parlour, or whatever the stage represents under the illusion it is not a stage. If you can picture actors entering from the upstage doors at the Swan or the Phoenix, then picture them moving downstage into a sort of criss-cross of views from the audience who see them from all angles, then you will be visualizing the basic system of Elizabethan-Jacobean staging in the public and private theatres.

If you also visualize the actors dressed in expensive costumes, you will catch one of the key features of Middleton's stage. The actor moving into the centre of a surrounding audience's gaze makes his costume crucial to the projection of his role. Middleton often writes significance into costumes themselves. The entry of the Duke and Bianca 'in great state' in *Women, Beware Women* 4.3 should reveal brilliance and decadence in their attire, with Bianca now displaying more than enough of the jewellery which was said to be 'locked up in [her] hidden virtues' when she entered in plain dress at the beginning of the play. When Fripperly dresses up in the fine garb from his own pawn shop in the opening scene of *Your Five Gallants*, the stage business establishes his character as fully as anything in the dialogue. To visualize Middleton's plays, visualize costumed actors standing out as full-dimensioned figures. They are the scenic design, in their patterns of motion and colour.

We call the Elizabethan-Jacobean arrangement a 'thrust' stage today, to set it off from the normal proscenium-arch design, but for the Elizabethans a platform extending out into an audience was the norm, and names were needed for anything else: an actor on a raised gallery was 'above' and a set-scene revealed behind

curtains was 'discovered'. These two kinds of upstage variation, action 'above' and action 'discovered', were used infrequently, but in the hands of a shrewdly visual dramatist (and because of their infrequency) they made an impact.

How Middleton used the basic arrangement of staging spaces is a subject waiting to be studied. The few suggestions that follow are only a sketch of the possibilities, intended to give some sense of the variations that could be played on the basic configuration of stage space described above. The place to begin is with the simplest Elizabethan staging, which is also the hardest for modern readers to grasp: a stage space that refuses to be anything but itself. We are trained by film and realistic theatre to read theatrical space in the image of some other kind of space, and we are not so familiar with theatrical space which signifies itself and is yet strictly subject to the names assigned it in the dialogue. In the realistic theatre, something said to take place in the forest will be accompanied by elaborate devices intended to make the stage look like a forest, while a film can be shot in the forest itself. The Jacobean stage did not disguise its basic contradiction but used it—the contradiction between a stage-obviously-itself and the language which called this space something else. The contradiction was amplified by such conventions as having boys play the women's roles and having adult actors double several roles within a play. Middleton's plays thrive on such doubleness of acting and staging: his stage does not 'stand' for something else so much as it allows different figures to be set forth in its own repeated space, rather as the boy actor playing a woman or the doubling actor playing several parts set forth different figures in their bodies. The identity of the woman who kills herself rather than yield to a tyrant's lust in *The Lady's Tragedy* is no settled matter when she is performed by a teenaged boy named Richard Robinson. *The Witch* is practically an experiment in double determinancies. It begins with a banquet laid out, signalling a location of the ruling class, but the dialogue is coy about which ruler it is (the King is referred to early in the scene, but a Duke comes along instead, and the Lord Governor finally turns out to be the host). When the stage clears at the end of the first scene, witches come into the same space 'with properties and habits fitting'. Their implements take the place of the banquet. This space that gained reluctant identification with authority only to be filled with witches known for a different kind of banquet is not about to stabilize itself for our comfort. Witches were probably played by adult actors, an exception to the practice of the boy actor, and in a large-cast play like this one, adult actors would have to double other roles. The players of the witches would turn up elsewhere as humans. We are meant to be kept guessing.

Consider now the two kinds of special upstage space: the entrance doors and the raised gallery. These are utilitarian spaces, of course, but actors and dramatists turn useful things to special effect. Middleton likes to place female characters 'above', for example. In a comedy like *The*

Widow, the raised space is used repeatedly for Phillipa and Violetta to gain a vantage point over the affairs of the men and thus take some control of their situation. They are the only characters who appear 'above'—this becomes known as their space through repetition. Margot Heinemann has remarked that the new element in Middleton's women characters is their ability to reflect on their situations in general terms, an ability which takes on another social dimension when it is seen that the performers of the women are boys; and the use of the raised acting space as a vantage-point in their own houses is one way the women/boys become 'reflective' over the domestic space where they are ordinarily confined.

But in tragedy, the raised space gives a different meaning for women characters/boy performers. In *Women, Beware Women*, Bianca is first seen by the Duke when she is 'above', on the gallery. Twice in the later action she will appear on the same gallery, which is used to set forth different places, places in the control of others. It is on the gallery that she is surprised by the Duke in the rape scene, and it is on the gallery that she dies with him in the sensational, richly-costumed finale. The same 'above' that may give women a measure of control in the comedies can demonstrate their conspicuous vulnerability in the tragedies.

The central entrance door, which the Jones plans show as larger and more ornate than the other doors at the Phoenix, could have been curtained for the occasion and used for discovery scenes. Keeping in mind the downstage flow of Elizabethan staging, however, we can see another possibility. Standing properties like the throne could have been moved out from the sizeable central entrance onto the platform stage itself, where they would have been more visible and useful. A combination of the discovery and the moved-out standing property would have been a curtained pavilion or canopy jutting out onto the platform from the central entranceway. The important thing for readers to remember is that a standing property or curtained canopy might have been left in place during the entire performance, giving a symbolic visual focus to the stage. A throne standing in a central upstage position, waiting to be used in the appropriate scenes, would also provide a significant emblem of power and ambition throughout the play. Middleton's favourite standing property was the London shop, a structure for displaying a tradesman's wares which could be approached along the platform in a 'shop-and-street' arrangement. Something more than the central entrance/discovery space seems to have been used for the shop, for the business of setting out the goods or of shutting up the shop often attends the dialogue, as though the actors have a structure to work with. Middleton seems to have expected a standard 'stall' to have been available. Three stalls, a row of shops, are used in various scenes in *The Roaring Girl*, and it is likely that these were left in place during the entire play.

Michaelmas Term shows what could be done with the shop. Middleton establishes this shop-and-street combination in I.I: the action begins in a public concourse, pauses

while an interlude takes place in Quomodo's shop, then continues in the public place. Quomodo's shop-business is to cozen a country gentleman named Easy, who comes along the street and gets taken in. Eventually Easy will obtain the shop and Quomodo will be left on the outside, but at first it seems that Easy hasn't a chance. He is fooled by all the disguises practised on him by Quomodo's henchmen, Shortyard and Falselight. His only hope comes from a raised area in Quomodo's place, a 'gallery' from which Quomodo's wife customarily observes the close dealings going on below. The raised space allows her to see the nature of her husband and to sympathize with poor Easy. The turning point comes when Quomodo goes a step too far and feigns his own death. From that point on, Quomodo (disguised as a Beadle, while his effigy is borne away as his corpse) must be outside the shop, where he discovers that his wife has married Easy upon hearing of her husband's death. Now the interior space is hers and Easy's. Quomodo must operate in the public concourse, where he is inadequate.

The final scene unites the shop structure and the concourse into one space, the judge's house. Perhaps this was accomplished by removing the shop structure. Perhaps the shop structure was turned into part of the judge's house. Readers can use their imaginations, but the basic visual idea is that the stage which was earlier divided into the street and the shop now is being unified, although perhaps not completely. A glance back to the Prologue will show what Middleton is getting at. In the Prologue, the entire stage was used for the cynical address of a character called Michaelmas Term, who shows how corrupt London's lawyers and law-schools are. At the end, the entire stage frames something better, a form of Justice that puts cynicism almost out of court.

An ironic twist is given to the 'shop-and-street' set-up in *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, where Candido's shop is replaced in the next scene with Bellafront's dressing room. Soon a third room is established—Hippolito's melancholy study. Each of these locations is introduced with the business of setting up the furniture and wares, and the point—that the tradesman, the whore, and the melancholic are engaging in similar trade—was probably reinforced by using one structure for all three locations. This would also be the curtained discovery space for the display of madmen at Bedlam hospital in the concluding scene, for the insane are put on display in much the same fashion as the wares of the various trades.

The idea running through all these examples of Middleton's staging is that theatrical spaces, costumes, properties, boys playing women, and adults playing more than one role must be read with a canny eye—the eye prepared for the pleasure and uncertainty of doubleness, reversal, and surprise, not the eye which looks for the security of settled identities. All theatre depends on a discrepancy between the sign that is made and the agent making the sign—between actor and character, between platform stage and fictional space—but Middleton's theatre carries

the discrepancy further than we do, and plays with it harder. His theatre glories in the doubled and performed identity, turns it into the mode of production, and makes it one of the things the play is *about*.

The City As Theatre

The London of Middleton's time also had its non-commercial theatres, and these were sharply divided between the élite and the popular. Fabulously expensive masques were staged at Court, and word of these affairs, especially word of their cost, circulated through a public which never got to see one. What the public got to see were the great processional triumphs that marked events of political importance in London. The most elaborate of these was *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment* staged by the City in 1604 to celebrate the accession of James I. The more frequent kind of civic procession was the annual triumph for the newly-elected Lord Mayor, whose ceremonial journeys through the city were accompanied by pageant wagons and chariots displaying allegorical conflicts between the forces of good and evil. Gordon Kipling and Glynne Wickham have shown that these City processions were the secular descendants of the great medieval craft cycles and other early processions, where the dominant ideology of a city was dramatized in an outpouring of industry and cooperation.

Students of Shakespeare rarely hear of the city pageants or read a court masque, for the simple reason that Shakespeare did not write for these occasions. Most playwrights of the time did write for them, however: there were careers to be made in these non-commercial venues, money to be earned, and alliances to be built up during a time when tensions between City and Court were beginning to reflect antagonisms that would eventually contribute to the outbreak of civil war.

Middleton was a City writer. Beginning in 1613, he produced seven of the day-long Lord Mayor's pageants, along with entertainments for such civic events as the opening of a new waterworks or shooting-day at Bunhill and speeches for festive banquets honouring City officials. After 1620 he was City Chronologer, responsible for recording important events in the life of London and for devising the kinds of shows included in the ten *Honourable Entertainments* of 1620-1. At Court he was probably best recognized for the half-dozen of his commercial-theatre plays which were brought in for command performances at Christmastime. When he did write for Court interests, it was usually on commission from the City. He helped the City welcome King James in 1604 and celebrate its new Prince of Wales in 1616; he wrote the masque which the City was asked to produce for the Somerset-Howard marriage in 1614. These commissions brought Middleton into contact with some of the truly private theatres of Jacobean London, the by-invitation-only theatres that were set up for the occasion in the centres of influence themselves, such as the Great Hall of the Inner Temple (*Masque of Heroes*) or Merchant Taylors' Hall (*Masque of Cupids*). Yet these were not court masques of the

kind Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones were devising for the Banqueting House at Whitehall. Jonson and Jones were preparing their masques at the political centre of the nation, and the most powerful people in the land attended them, even performed in them at times. Middleton's masques were designed for the fringes of court influence. *The World Tossed at Tennis* was intended for royal eyes, but the prologue announces without dismay that this performance did not take place, and its stage life seems to have occurred in commercial theatres instead. *Civitateis Amor*, the show for the installation of the Prince of Wales, was written on behalf of the City and called upon the same pageant-ship used for the Lord Mayor's show a few days before.

Court masques do occur *within* Middleton's plays, as part of the plot. They are marked by a fierce irony. The double masque at the end of *The Revenger's Tragedy*—a *repetition* of a masque, the second group of dancers not realizing their murderous entertainment has just been danced by another group—is a grotesque piece of humour at the expense of court conventions. *Women, Beware Women* is structured by the outdoor procession near the beginning and the indoor masque at the end: the action moves from the comparative innocence of the procession (where Bianca, on the gallery, is spotted by the Duke's roving eye) to the corruption and violence of the court masque at the climax: Bianca is again 'above', but now she is joined with the Duke as a spectator, both of them to die in the general slaughter that concludes this play. The wedding entertainment in *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, as David Bergeron has noted, burlesques the staging which had been used for Middleton's speech for the King in the royal entry of 1604. When *No Wit/Help* was later performed at Court the King would have had a chance to see the parody, although that does not mean he caught the joke.

Middleton's pageantry for the City was extensive and profitable. His seven Lord Mayor's shows formed a substantial part of his career, and his first, *The Triumphs of Truth* in 1613, was the most expensive ever staged in the City. Its total cost came to £1,300, about the same amount as it cost the King's Men to rebuild the Globe Theatre after it burned to the ground in the same year. To understand what kind of play these civic 'ridings' amounted to, one must think about drama that comes to its audience. The 'theatre' is the city itself, its streets lined with spectators, and the episodes of the 'play' are carried on pageant wagons or chariots that move past this audience, heralded by trumpeters and attendants dressed as giants or devils bent on clearing the way. Churchbells ring throughout the city, and sometimes wine flows in the conduits. Processional drama is fundamentally different from commercial drama because no admission is charged (a large difference) and because it moves through the city in a demonstration of the theory that the public is involved in the play.

Picture the scene at the Little Conduit in Cheapside, one of the stations where Londoners lined the streets and

looked out of house windows on 29 October 1613 to see the show come along—as though the very buildings were bowing to the Lord Mayor, as *The Owl's Almanac* puts it. In Middleton's extravaganza, the Mayor was accompanied by five 'islands' pulled by porters and decked with 'all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugs, spiceries'. There was a baptized king of the Moors and his queen, their conversion having been wrought 'by the religious conversation of English merchants, factors, travellers'. (This year's Mayor was a Grocer, and the Grocers were trading overseas—hence the Indian islands and the baptized Moorish king.) Truth, made to look naked and slender, was riding in a chariot joined by Zeal and an Angel on horseback, this virtuous team going before the Mayor; behind him, trying to get at him, ruin him if possible, came Error in a chariot, with Envy 'eating of a human heart, mounted on a rhinoceros, attired in red silk, suitable to the bloodiness of her manners, her left pap bare, where a snake fastens, her arms half naked, holding in her right hand a dart tinted in blood'.

Now, at the Little Conduit, the procession approaches a grand pageant wagon containing London's Triumphal Mount. The Mount is large enough to hold London (represented as a grey-haired mother), Religion, Liberty, Perfect Love, Modesty, Knowledge, Chastity, Fame, Simplicity, and Meekness, along with the charitable and religious works of the twelve Great Companies of London, 'especially the worthy Company of Grocers'. But no one can see these personages and items yet. They are covered by a mist which emanates from four monsters of Error—Ignorance, Impudence, Falsehood, and Barbarism—crouched at the corners of the pageant. The fog of Error covers London and all its accomplishments.

The Lord Mayor's procession is still held, but most Londoners do not turn out for it. Readers of Middleton do not have much experience with this kind of show today. In Mardi Gras processions, Thanksgiving Day parades, and various Midsummer and May Day celebrations, elaborate pageants move through our cities, but usually no conflict is acted out by which the forces of evil try to get at a political leader. At the Little Conduit in Middleton's 1613 show, Truth rides up to the mist-shrouded pageant, says something right-minded and confident to those four monsters and Error, then waves a fan of stars she holds in her right hand, and (thanks to the workmanship of the designer John Grinkin) the cloud of mist rises to become a 'bright-spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars, and beams of gold shooting forth', revealing London and all her cohorts. Do not think Error is finished yet. The cloud descends in time for the entire procession to move on to the cross in Cheapside, where the fog-clearing magic of Truth works its wonders for another crowd of spectators, then to the Standard, then to St Laurence-Lane end, and so on to the Guildhall. Still, that is not all. The entire parade accompanies the Lord Mayor back to Paul's later in the day, then escorts him to his home in the evening. There, outside the Mayor's door, the climax to the entire day occurs when Zeal reduces Error to embers with a great

blast of flame from his head—a fireworks display which one hopes the children were allowed to stay up for.

A Glance Ahead

The technical sophistication of the Lord Mayor's shows was obviously important to Middleton's career, and it is worth asking—of a playwright who had Zeal reduce Error to ashes with a burst of fireworks in 1613—where he stood in relation to the long-term development of scenic extravagance which has marked the history of western drama down to our own time. Eye-widening technology and costs that run beyond the imagining of the average citizen are staples of the commercial drama in New York and London today. Did Middleton's Lord Mayor's shows participate in the early stages of this trend?

When one thinks about the advances that were being made in the Court masque, one realizes the answer has to be no. The influential experiments in lighting, movable scenery, and perspective views were in the hands of Inigo Jones and his literary collaborators, especially Ben Jonson. These experiments were being carried out in the area of the theatre where Middleton worked least, the Court. His Lord Mayor's shows did borrow techniques from the masque, to be sure. Glynne Wickham has pointed out that the Lord Mayor's shows 'gave to humble citizens something of the pleasure latent in a change of scene which Inigo Jones was offering in his decorations of masques to those courtiers privileged to attend them'. But the distinction in audiences makes all the difference. At Court, there was already in place an essential element of the modern scenic theatre, an exclusive audience of wealth and privilege. The audience for Middleton's Lord Mayor's shows consisted of the populace rather than the King and his courtiers, and the theatre was London itself rather than the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

The question of Middleton's modernism becomes more pointed when one recalls that artificial lighting was being practised in another venue of his career, the roofed-over private playhouse. It is a long journey from the candlelight of St Paul's and the Blackfriars to the computerized lighting-boards of the Royal Shakespeare Company, but artificial lighting is the technique in both cases, and higher admission prices a means of affording it. We have noted that Middleton was well positioned for the move of the King's Men to Blackfriars in 1608, and this was a consequential move in the direction of wealth and privilege. As Peter Thomson remarks about the King's Men at the Blackfriars, 'by assuming a private face, the country's leading group of players carried further the drift from the popular theatre of the Middle Ages toward the minority theatre with which we are familiar today'.

So the question is whether the private theatres for which Middleton wrote were experimenting with scenic innovation during his time. It is perhaps surprising to discover (the theatre usually being a trend-following industry) that they were not. Middleton's private theatre plays do not reflect the technological flamboyance of his Lord Mayor's shows. When he did write masques into

his plays, the technical effects are tinged with travesty, disaster, or bleak comedy, and he calls only for the kinds of effects (a descending god, smoke, a burning star) which had long been available in the commercial theatres. More generally, there is no evidence that movable scenery, perspective views, and the other staging effects that become possible once the potential of artificial lighting is exploited were practised by anyone at Blackfriars and the other private playhouses until about 1635–40, after Middleton's death.

Why were the crucial experiments being conducted at Court? Money is the first reason, and sight-lines are the second. The most expensive Lord Mayor's show could cost as much as building a commercial playhouse, but a court masque under James I would routinely run into four figures, enough to build a little cluster of playhouses. This was the kind of wealth required for changing the direction of the English theatre. Perhaps the most revealing thing about the arrangements for the court masque is the position of the best seat in the house. We have noted the position of royalty in the banqueting and masquing houses. King James was seated just the right distance away from the stage, and at just the right elevation, to enjoy the perfect sight-lines for the illusion of perspective depth on a proscenium-arch stage with artificial lighting. At the commercial theatres, the most expensive seats were close to the stage, in the thick of things: in the private boxes behind or to the sides of the stage (gallants even paid extra for stools placed *on* the stage in the private theatres). Middleton wrote for the thick of things, and it is unlikely that perfect sight-lines were often on his mind.

The major technological change that occurred in the theatre of Middleton's time, then, rather passed by his plays and could be seen in his civic processions as a vivid reflection from Court. In its fullest perspective, that major change sends the theatre in the direction of concentrated wealth, technological progress, and a minority audience. Middleton is not our contemporary when it comes to these things. Suppose that having Zeal reduce Error to ashes was not only showmanship. Suppose it was what the writer sought to bring about. 'Tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em', he wrote in his preface to *The Roaring Girl*, and although the comment in context is ironic enough to be read several ways, the straightforward way carries far into Middleton's overall career. At a time when some London playwrights and designers were finding the royal purse open to them—and at a time, too, when major advances in scenic technique were being made via that same purse—Middleton built his career mainly in the playhouses and pageants of the City. It is likely that this satirist of unprincipled men in the freewheeling get-what-you-can scene of early Stuart London saw that leaving the City 'better than he found it' was of greater use than helping to create new theatre technology by keeping the sight-lines clear for the King.

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THE PHOENIX

Edited by Lawrence Danson and Ivo Kamps

The Phoenix, As it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of Paul's, and presented before his Majesty': this is the potent advertising claim made on the title-page of the first printed edition (1607) of Thomas Middleton's first solo effort as a dramatist. That the play had been performed by the fashionable company of boy actors, and most of all that it had been performed before King James himself, were facts to recommend it to the book-buying public. As E. K. Chambers has noted, the most probable date of the performance before the King was 20 February 1604, so the play had to have been written before that. How long before? Topical allusions open only a small window of opportunity. Characters crack sardonic jokes about the cheapness of an aristocratic title—in Scene 6, for instance, Falso asks, 'Daughter, what gentleman might this be?' and she replies, 'No gentleman, sir, he's a knight'—jokes which take their point from King James's wholesale creation of knighthoods as he progressed from Edinburgh to London in the spring of 1603 to assume his English throne. And in the play's opening speech, the old Duke says, 'Forty-five years I've gently ruled this dukedom'. Elizabeth I had reigned for forty-five years when, following her death on 24 March 1603, James VI of Scotland became also James I of England. *The Phoenix* is, then, in various senses a Jacobean play: it was written in the first year of James's reign; it was performed at court in James's presence; and (going now beyond external circumstances) it is imbued with the anxiety and optimism of that time of political transition.

The play's engagement with this transition begins with its title and the name of its hero. To a Renaissance audience, the 'phoenix' bird suggested death but also renewal and rebirth. The bird, as legend had it, was periodically consumed by fire, but always miraculously rose anew from its ashes, a singular process suggesting that the whole kind (*genus*) of the phoenix was contained in the individual bird. The phoenix became a convenient image of royal succession in England, and Elizabeth I was especially so portrayed in art and literature. Contemplating the Queen's death, Fletcher and Shakespeare were to write in 1613 that when 'The bird of wonder dies—the maiden phoenix— | Her ashes new create another heir | As great in admiration as herself' (*All is True; or Henry VIII* 5.4.40–2). The new 'heir' was of course James I, and the point of the passage is that although England mourns the loss of its Virgin Queen, 'the Dignity' or 'singularity of the royal office' lives on in James—'*Dignitas nunquam perit, individua vero quotidie pereunt*, the Dignity never perishes, although individuals die every day' (Kantorowicz).

In Scene 1 of Middleton's play, the old ruler is not quite dead but certainly dying. His son and heir, Phoenix, to prepare himself for the succession, disguises his royalty, gives out the false news that he will be travelling in foreign countries, and, with his sidekick Fidelio, begins to explore his own territory, a place called 'Ferrara', where characters bearing Italian-sounding type-names participate in actions wholly native to the England of 1603. As a prince-in-disguise, Phoenix not only inserts himself into the life of his subjects, but into theatre history. He is one of several such disguised rulers on the Jacobean stage: the most notable others are Shakespeare's Duke Vincentio in *Measure for Measure* and Marston's Malevole in *The Malcontent*. Scholars have argued the question of historical priority, but there is in fact no way to be sure which playwright first used the device.

The Phoenix's membership in the class of disguised-ruler plays has, in this century, been one of its chief claims to fame—unfortunately, since the differences between Shakespeare's dramaturgy and Middleton's are more striking than the similarities; and because, given Shakespeare's prestige, the comparison inevitably introduces Shakespearean standards which are, at best, irrelevant to Middleton's practice and which, at worst, obscure or distort it. This much, however, *Measure for Measure* and *The Phoenix* have in common: their disguised rulers are an odd combination of the disarmingly ordinary (both Phoenix and Vincentio can be naïve or even bumbling, as when Phoenix finds himself in the dark with the Jeweller's Wife in Scene 13), and the politically powerful, their disguised omnipresence giving them an almost magical power to oversee and intervene in the affairs of their subjects. Phoenix, like Shakespeare's Duke, undergoes his own education; but as he does so he creates the image of an all-pervasive, all-surveilling power of the kind that might produce a politically effective anxiety in even the most obscure justice of the peace.

Recent scholarship has been critical of the figure of the ruler in disguise. *Measure for Measure's* 'duke of dark corners', for instance, is viewed as a manipulative ruler who arouses anxiety in his subjects for the benefit of an oppressive culture. In *The Phoenix*, however, ducal surveillance and anxiety-arousing practices take on positive connotations; that is, Middleton appears to be capitalizing on the widespread, and perhaps excessive, expectations people had of the new King's abilities to transform English society for the better. Phoenix goes incognito to 'look into the heart and bowels of this dukedom' and 'mark all abuses ready for reformation or punishment' (1.102–4),

but his efforts to clean up the legal system, stop sexual perversions, and avert a murder plot against his father are more obviously beneficial to the people than Vincentio's moralizing and callous manipulation of Isabella. If in *Measure for Measure* we, like Angelo and Isabella, learn to fear the hidden power of the spying Duke, in Middleton's play we are made to feel that an all-seeing, God-like authority is *necessary* to protect the people from a multitude of abuses. The reigning Duke of Ferrara says as much before transferring power to Prince Phoenix in the closing scene:

State is but blindness; thou hadst piercing art:
We only saw the knee, but thou the heart.
To thee then power and dukedom we resign;
He's fit to reign whose knowledge can refine.
(15.179–82)

The old Duke directly blames his own 'blindness' for the chaos in his dukedom; in sharp contrast to Vincentio who knew exactly what was going on in Vienna (he merely felt uncomfortable intervening directly), it is the Duke of Ferrara's inability to see, his ignorance, that has allowed corruption and treason to flourish. Phoenix's better sight is therefore crucial to Ferrara's health; but in Vienna the Duke's undercover escapades are primarily designed to stage and reassert his power. Hence, *The Phoenix* and *Measure for Measure* may draw on the same basic ruler-in-disguise motif, but they do so to different effects: Shakespeare may make us look anxiously over our shoulder; Middleton makes us feel that indeed we 'can sleep so soundly' knowing 'what watch the King keeps to maintain the peace' (*Henry V* 4.1.265, 280).

Comparisons to Shakespeare can only go so far. In the realm of character, for instance, nothing in *The Phoenix* reminds us of the tense psychosexual sparring of Angelo and Isabella. However, what Middleton extraordinarily accomplishes in this early play must be understood in its own terms and according to its own generic norms.

Those terms may be elusive for modern readers who see dramatic effects *either* as realistic *or* as allegorical, lifelike *or* symbolic, psychological *or* social. So Middleton has in this century been praised for the racy, cynical, richly individualized language of the Captain, and it has even been claimed—plausibly enough—that this remarkable character is drawn from life: Middleton's stepfather, Thomas Harvey, was a seafaring man, constantly in need of money which he tried to get by legal plunder of his wife, Anne Middleton. But the comically disturbing Scene 8, in which the Captain literally sells his wife, shows how, in Middleton's drama, an apparent imitation of the rough surface of daily life becomes ingeniously and richly symbolic of wider social issues. Middleton here shockingly literalizes the idea of woman as commodity and of marriage as a transaction of property. The Captain's very matter-of-factness as he carries out the grotesque action not only makes him a memorable character (in all senses of the word); it enacts Middleton's satiric idea, that in this nominal 'Ferrara',

human beings have become equated with commodities and moral values with financial.

Middleton's language can be as cunningly double as his action. When the Lady protests, 'Have you no sense, neither of my good name | Or your own credit?' (8.5–6), her husband's response hinges on a quintessential Middletonian pun:

Credit? Pox of credit,
That makes me owe so much. It had been
Better for me by a thousand royals
I had lost my credit seven year ago.
'T'as undone me; that's it that makes me fly:
What need I to sea else, in the spring time,
When woods have leaves, to look upon bald oak?
Happier that man, say I, whom no man trusts;
It makes him valiant, dares outface the prisons,
Upon whose carcass no gowned raven jets:
O, he that has no credit owes no debts.
'Tis time I were rid on't. (8.6–17)

The Captain finds profit in being a man without either moral or financial 'credit': credit is trust, trust begets debt, so having good credit is a liability to this impecunious man who would prefer to exchange his chaste wife for ready cash.

Since his wife is concerned not only about his 'credit' but also about her 'good name' (Castiza or 'chastity'), we might expect her to separate the spiritual and material, or moral and financial, faces of the words 'credit' and 'chastity'. Instead they become, in her response, even more intricately implicated:

O, why do you
So wilfully cherish your own poison,
And breathe against the best of life, chaste credit?
Well may I call it chaste, for like a maid,
Once falsely broke, it ever lives decayed.
O, captain, husband, you name that dishonest
By whose good power all that are honest live;
What madness is it to speak ill of that,
Which makes all men speak well. Take away credit,
By which men amongst men are well reputed,
That man may live, but still lives executed. (8.17–27)

Now credit and chastity have become equated: both, once lost, can never be regained; both have been given value as commodities. All honest things, the Lady says, live by credit—and lest we think that she has succeeded in removing her 'credit' from the commercial realm where the Captain has placed his, she concludes with a pun on 'executed', meaning both 'killed' and 'signed, sealed, and delivered in law'.

But this scene's success does not depend only on verbal handy-dandy. The characters' disconcerting insistence on literalizing in action the rigidified logic implied in their punning language creates a bizarre, almost dream-like effect. If Shakespeare's Angelo astonishes us by his ability to look inward, the Captain astonishes us by his resistance to having any place inward to look.

The wife-selling scene in this early play already reveals many of Middleton's most characteristic dramatic skills. One is the deadpan presentation of a villainy all the more shocking for being made to seem only the way of the world. Here, Phoenix watches as Fidelio, disguised as a scrivener, is forced to read aloud the elaborate bill of his mother's sale. While Fidelio reads, the Captain counts his money and interjects the occasional huckster's line. The contract is addressed 'To all good and honest Christian people, to whom this present writing shall come', and delivers 'all the right, estate, title, interest, demand, possession, and term of years to come, which I the said captain have, or ought to have...[i]n and to Madonna Castiza, my most virtuous, modest, loving, and obedient wife—', and the Captain breaks in, 'By my troth, my lord, and so she is—three, four, five, six, seven—' (8.87–101). And it proceeds:

FIDELIO 'In *primis*, the beauties of her mind, chastity, temperance, and, above all, patience—'

CAPTAIN You have bought a jewel, i'faith, my lord—
nine-and-thirty, forty—

FIDELIO 'Excellent in the best of music, in voice delicious; in conference wise and pleasing; of age contentful, neither too young to be apish, nor too old to be sottish—'

CAPTAIN You have bought as lovely a penny-worth, my lord, as ere you bought in your life. (8.108–17)

The racy, specialized language of Middleton's rogues is more dramatically inventive than the highfalutin editorializing with which Prince Phoenix responds. But as a figure (however distantly suggested) for a newly installed reform-minded monarch, his speeches are worth listening to. Of the Captain's wife-selling, Phoenix says:

Of all deeds yet, this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension.
Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Dangerless pleasures, thou that mak'st the bed
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful: without thee,
All the whole world were soiled bastardy.
Thou art the only and the greatest form,
That put'st a difference between our desires
And the disordered appetites of beasts,
Making their mates those that stand next their lusts.
(8.164–74)

Phoenix puts a different social value on matrimony than the Captain does—but still it is a social value, literally a 'form' which defines the 'lawful' and makes order out of actions which, in every outward way, are identical to the 'disordered appetites of beasts'. 'Matrimony' puts the exchange-value of sex under civic control; it creates the difference between 'soiled bastardy' and the 'legitimately fruitful' upon which other exchanges (including, for instance, Prince Phoenix's succession to his dying father's throne) depend. In Middleton, social value is not merely

a surface covering a deeper reality, an externality that hides a more real internality; it creates form, meaning, difference, and thereby puts the 'human' in human life.

The plot of *The Phoenix* is episodic: it's one damned (literally) thing after another until the grand recognition scene when Phoenix reveals himself and metes out punishment. The various plots are linked, first of all by Phoenix's supervision of them, and second by interlocking character affiliations: for instance, the corrupt Justice Falso becomes the guardian (and would-be sexual partner) of his niece, who happens to be Fidelio's beloved; the Jeweller's Wife is Falso's daughter; the Captain tries to sell his wife to Proditor, who is also the aspiring assassin of the old Duke; and Tangle, who is Falso's competitor in legal shenanigans, draws up the bill of sale.

Of the villainies Phoenix encounters, Proditor's plot to assassinate the Duke (he hires Phoenix to be his hit man) is nominally the most heinous but dramatically less interesting than the actions involving what we might call society's middle class. Abuses of the legal system—abuses which Middleton himself might have encountered, and which he might look to a new monarch to reform—are especially prominent. The play is full of law-Latin and legalese. Scene 9, in which Justice Falso and the litigious Tangle engage in a legal as well as actual fencing match, is energetically ingenious and, for all its absurdity, frightening. In another instance of literalizing theatricality, the corrupt justice and the 'villainous law-worm' (4.44–5) try to outduel each other with rapiers, while simultaneously trying to outmanoeuvre one another as if in a court of law. Legal words are weapons, the legal system a deadly game.

Abuses of the law and of sexual relations are closely related in the play, and both sorts of abuse are caught up in the satiric logic of commodification. In their adulterous affair, the Knight and the Jeweller's Wife use pet-names for one another: he is 'Pleasure' and she is 'Revenue'—where the 'pleasure' he supplies in exchange for her 'revenue' is social advancement as well as sexual gratification. In the final scene, when Phoenix brings each of the villains to book, the Jeweller's Wife is arraigned in terms that figure her sexual adventuring as a crime against the fabric of society (15.230–42). She is 'one of those | For whose close lusts the plague never leaves the city'; she deceives her 'husband, the world's eye, and the law's whip'; with her citizen gold she maintains aristocrats 'whom the court rejects'; she reverses the economic priorities of the gender system ('Now few but are by their wives' copies free'), and erases social distinctions ('now we see | City and suburbs wear one livery'). Like other anxious (male) Jacobean satirists, Middleton here seems to judge unconstrained female sexuality the opening wedge in the decline of civilization.

Adultery, incest, wife-selling, rampant theft, treason, bribery, social levelling, and attempted murder: these are some of the specific transgressions Phoenix encounters. In the register of fantastic satire they represent the actual social milieu in which the play was written. The last

- INFESTO
His judgement is a father to his youth.
- PRODITOR [*aside*]
Ay, I would he were from court.
- INFESTO
20 Our largest hopes grow in him.
- PRODITOR
And 'tis the greatest pity, noble lord,
He is untravelled.
- LUSSURIOSO 'Tis indeed, my lord.
- PRODITOR
Had he but travel to his time and virtue—
[*Aside*] O, he should ne'er return again.
- DUKE
25 It shall be so: what is in hope begun,
Experience quickens; travel confirms the man,
Who else lives doubtful, and his days oft sorry;
Who's rich in knowledge has the stock of glory.
- PRODITOR
Most true, my royal lord.
- DUKE
30 Someone attend our son.
Enter Prince Phoenix, attended by Fidelio
- INFESTO
See, here he comes, my lord.
- DUKE
O, you come well.
- PHOENIX
'Tis always my desire, my worthy father.
- DUKE
Your serious studies, and those fruitful hours
35 That grow up into judgement, well become
Your birth, and all our loves. I weep that you are my
son,
But virtuously I weep, the more my gladness.
We have thought good and meet, by the consent
Of these our nobles, to move you toward travel,
40 The better to approve you to yourself,
And give your apter power foundation:
To see affections actually presented,
E'en by those men that owe them, yields more profit,
Ay, more content, than singly to read of them,
45 Since love or fear make writers partial.
The good and free example which you find
In other countries, match it with your own,
The ill to shame the ill, which will in time
Fully instruct you how to set in frame
A kingdom all in pieces.
- PHOENIX
50 Honoured father,
With care and duty I have listened to you.
What you desire, in me it is obedience;
I do obey in all, knowing for right,
- Experience is a kingdom's better sight.
- PRODITOR
O, 'tis the very lustre of a prince.
55 Travel! 'Tis sweet and generous.
- DUKE
He that knows how to obey, knows how to reign;
And that true knowledge have we found in you.
Make choice of your attendants.
- PHOENIX They're soon chosen;
[*Indicating Fidelio*] Only this man, my lord, a loving
60 servant of mine.
- DUKE
What, none but he?
- PHOENIX I do entreat no more,
For that's the benefit a private gentleman
Enjoys beyond our state, when he notes all,
Himself unnoted.
65 For should I bear the fashion of a prince,
I should then win more flattery than profit;
And I should give 'em time and warning then
To hide their actions from me; if I appear a sun,
They'll run into the shade with their ill deeds,
70 And so prevent me.
- PRODITOR [*aside*]
A little too wise, a little too wise to live long.
- DUKE
You have answered us with wisdom: let it be.
Things private are best known through privacy.
- Exeunt*
- Manent Phoenix and Fidelio*
- PHOENIX
Stay you, my elected servant.
- FIDELIO My kind lord.
- PHOENIX
75 The duke my father has a heavy burden
Of years upon him.
- FIDELIO
My lord, it seems so, for they make him stoop.
- PHOENIX
Without dissemblance he is deep in age,
He bows unto his grave. I wonder much
Which of his wild nobility it should be
80 (For none of his sad council has a voice in't)
Should so far travel into his consent
To set me over into other kingdoms
Upon the stroke and minute of his death?
- FIDELIO
85 My lord, 'tis easier to suspect them all,
Than truly to name one.
- PHOENIX Since it is thus,
By absence I'll obey the duke my father,
And yet not wrong myself.

19 from away from

23 to in addition to

26 quickens enlivens

28 stock of glory wealth of heaven

30.1 *Phoenix* (See Critical Introduction.)*Fidelio* faithful

40 approve you to make proof of

41 apter naturally well-suited

42 affections passions, appetites

43 owe own

44 singly only

46 free generous

49 set in frame restore order in

63 state high position

70 prevent forestall

74 elected chosen

81 sad serious, grave

83 set me over send me

So by my lord's firm policy we may see,
To present view, what absent forms would be. *Exit*

Sc. 2

Enter the Captain with soldiering fellows

FIRST SOLDIER There's noble purchase, captain.
SECOND SOLDIER Nay, admirable purchase.
THIRD SOLDIER Enough to make us proud forever.
CAPTAIN Hah?
5 FIRST SOLDIER Never was opportunity so gallant.
CAPTAIN Why, you make me mad.
SECOND SOLDIER Three ships, not a poop less.
THIRD SOLDIER And every one so wealthily burdened, upon
my manhood.
10 CAPTAIN Pox on't, and now am I tied e'en as the devil
would ha't.
FIRST SOLDIER Captain, of all men living, I would ha' sworn
thou wouldst ne'er have married.
CAPTAIN 'Sfoot, so would I myself, man. Give me my due;
15 you know I ha' sworn all heaven over and over.
FIRST SOLDIER That you have, i'faith.
CAPTAIN Why, go to, then.
FIRST SOLDIER Of a man that has tasted salt water to
commit such a fresh trick.
20 CAPTAIN Why 'tis abominable, I grant you, now I see't.
FIRST SOLDIER Had there been fewer women—
SECOND SOLDIER And among those women fewer drabs—
THIRD SOLDIER And among those drabs fewer pleasing—
CAPTAIN Then 't'ad been something.
25 FIRST SOLDIER But when there are more women, more
common, pretty sweethearts, than ever any age could
boast of—
CAPTAIN And I to play the artificer and marry: to have
my wife dance at home, and my ship at sea, and both
30 take in salt water together. O, lieutenant, thou'rt happy,
thou keepest a wench.
FIRST SOLDIER I hope I am happier than so, captain, for o'
my troth, she keeps me.
CAPTAIN How? Is there any such fortunate man breathing?
35 And I so miserable to live honest? I envy thee lieutenant,
I envy thee, that thou art such a happy knave.
Here's my hand among you; share it equally; I'll to sea
with you.
SECOND SOLDIER There spoke a noble captain.
40 CAPTAIN Let's hear from you. There will be news shortly.

2.0.1 *soldiering fellows* soldiers on board a
ship (distinguished from sailors)
1 *purchase* booty
10-11 *as the devil would ha't* (i.e., the
converse of the commonplace that
marriages are made in heaven)
14 'Sfoot by God's foot (a mild oath)
19 *fresh* unsophisticated
22 *drabs* prostitutes
28 *artificer* an artful or wily person, a
trickster
30 *salt* lecherous, salacious
salt water (In the wife's case, salt water
alludes to her lover's semen.)
32-3 *o' my troth* upon my truth, or honesty

FIRST SOLDIER Doubt it not, captain.
Exeunt [all but Captain]

CAPTAIN What lustful passion came aboard of me that I
should marry—was I drunk? Yet that cannot altogether
hold, for it was four o'clock i'th' morning. Had it been
five, I would ha' sworn it. That a man is in danger
45 every minute to be cast away, without he have an
extraordinary pilot that can perform more than a man
can do! And to say truth, too, when I'm abroad what
can I do at home? No man living can reach so far.
And what a horrible thing 'twould be to have horns
50 brought me at sea, to look as if the devil were i'th'
ship; and all the great tempests would be thought of
my raising—to be the general curse of all merchants.
And yet they likely are as deep in as myself, and that's
a comfort. O, that a captain should live to be married!
55 Nay, I that have been such a gallant salt-thief should
yet live to be married. What a fortunate elder brother is
he, whose father being a rammish plowman, himself a
perfumed gentleman, spending the labouring reek from
his father's nostrils in tobacco, the sweat of his father's
60 body in monthly physic for his pretty queasy harlot;
he sows apace i'th' country; the tailor o'ertakes him
i'th' city; so that oftentimes before the corn comes to
earring, 'tis up to the ears in high collars, and so at
every harvest the reapers take pains for the mercers—
65 ha! Why this is stirring happiness indeed. Would my
father had held a plow so and fed upon squeezed curds
and onions, that I might have bathed in sensuality. But
he was too ruttish himself to let me thrive under him;
consumed me before he got me, and that makes me
70 so wretched now to be shackled with a wife, and not
greatly rich, neither.

Enter his Lady

LADY Captain, my husband.
CAPTAIN 'Slife, call me husband again and I'll play the
captain and beat you. 75
LADY
What has disturbed you, sir, that you now look
So like an enemy upon me?
CAPTAIN
Go, make a widower, hang thyself.
LADY
How comes it that you are so opposite

35 *honest* virtuously
49 *do* (in the sexual sense)
50 *horns* (Cuckolds were said to wear horns
on the brow.)
56 *salt-thief* pirate
58 *rammish* having a rank smell
60 *tobacco* (On the Renaissance stage,
London fops were often represented as
avid 'tobacco drinkers'.)
61 *monthly physic* (possibly a form of birth
control, or a medicine for menstrual
pains, or a medicine for venereal disease)
queasy sickly or nauseated
64 *earring* maturing to the point where the
corn is ready to be picked
up... collars (A pun on the ears of
corn and the ears of the brother, who
is wearing expensive high-ruffed collars.)
65 *mercers* dealers in textile fabrics, es-
pecially in silks, velvets, and other
expensive materials
69 *ruttish* lustful
70 *consumed me* spent my inheritance
wastefully
72.1 *Lady* (Also called Castiza: her name
means 'chaste'.)
74 'Slife God's life (a mild oath)
74-5 *play the captain* (Discipline on board
was enforced by the captain.)

Scene 2

The Phœnix.

80 To love and kindness? I deserve more respect,
But that you please to be forgetful of it.
For love to you did I neglect my state,
Chide better fortunes from me,
Gave the world talk, laid all my friends at waste.

CAPTAIN
85 The more fool you. Could you like none but me?
Could none but I supply you?
I am sure you were sued to by far worthier men,
Deeper in wealth and gentry.
What could'st thou see in me to make thee dote
90 So on me, if I know I am a villain?
What a torment's this? Why didst thou marry me?
You think, as most of your insatiate widows,
That captains can do wonders, when, 'las,
The name does often prove the better man.

LADY
95 That which you urge should rather give me cause
To repent than yourself.

CAPTAIN Then to that end,
I do't.

LADY What a miserable state
Am I led into?
Enter Servus

CAPTAIN How now, sir?
SERVUS Count Proditor
Is now alighted. *[Exit Servus]*

100 CAPTAIN What! My lord? I must
Make much of him; he'll one day write me cuckold.
'Tis good to make much of such a man;
E'en to my face, he plies it hard—I thank him.
Enter Proditor
What, my worthy lord!

PRODITOR I'll come to you
In order, captain. *[Kisses Lady]*

105 CAPTAIN *[aside]* O, that's in order:
A kiss is the gamut to pricksong.

PRODITOR
Let me salute you, captain. *[Exit Lady]*

CAPTAIN My dear
Esteemèd count, I have a life for you.

PRODITOR
Hear you the news?

CAPTAIN What may it be, my lord?

PRODITOR
110 My lord, the duke's son, is upon his travel
To several kingdoms.

CAPTAIN May it be possible, my lord,
And yet so little rumoured?
PRODITOR Take't of my truth;
Nay, 'twas well managed, things are as they are
handled:
But all my care is still, pray heaven, he return
Safe, without danger, captain.

CAPTAIN Why, is there
115 Any doubt to be had of that, my lord?

PRODITOR Ay, by my faith, captain.
Princes have private enemies, and great.
Put case a man should grudge him for his virtues,
Or envy him for his wisdom: why, you know
120 This makes him lie bare-breasted to his foe.

CAPTAIN That's full of certainty, my lord. But who
Be his attendants?

PRODITOR Thence, captain, comes the fear.
But singly attended, neither—*[aside]* my best glad-
ness—
Only by your son-in-law, Fidelio. 125

CAPTAIN Is it to be believed? I promise you, my lord, then
I begin to fear him myself. That fellow will undo him. I
durst undertake to corrupt him with twelve pence over
and above, and that's a small matter. H'as a whorish
conscience, he's an inseparable knave, and I could ne'er
130 speak well of that fellow.

PRODITOR All we of the younger house, I can tell you, do
doubt him much. The lady's removed; shall we have
your sweet society, captain?

CAPTAIN Though it be in mine own house, I desire I may
135 follow your lordship.

PRODITOR I love to avoid strife.
[Aside] Not many months Phoenix shall keep his life.
Exit

CAPTAIN
So, his way is in; he knows it:
We must not be uncourteous to a lord. 140
Warn him our house 'twere vile; his presence is an
honour. If he lie with our wives, 'tis for our credit;
we shall be the better trusted; 'tis a sign we shall live
i'th' world. O, tempests and whirlwinds! Who but that man
whom the forefinger cannot daunt, that makes
145 his shame his living—who but that man, I say, could
endure to be thoroughly married? Nothing but a divorce
can relieve me. Any way to be rid of her would rid my
torment. If all means fail, I'll kill or poison her, and

81 **But that** except that

82 **state** rank

84 **Gave ... talk** gave the world cause for gossip

86 **supply** to furnish something needed or desired (here with sexual connotation)

88 **gentry** class of well-born people just below the nobility

94 **name** reputation

99.1 **Servus** servant

100 **alighted** dismounted, arrived

101 **write me cuckold** make a cuckold out of me

103 **plies it hard** works hard at it (i.e., cuckolding)

106 **gamut** the first or lowest note in the medieval scale of music

pricksong music sung from notes written or 'pricked'; sexual intercourse

108 **I ... you** my life is at your disposal

118 **private** secret

119 **Put case** suppose that

127 **to fear him** to fear for him

130 **an inseparable knave** (Fidelio is inseparable from his whorish conscience.)

132 **the younger house** (the Ferraran House of Commons)

133 **doubt** fear

141 **Warn him** to bar him from

143-4 **live i'th' world** live well

145 **the forefinger** (i.e., pointing in scorn at a cuckold)

150 purge my fault at sea. But first I'll make gentle try of
a divorce: but how shall I accuse her subtle honesty?
I'll attach this lord's coming to her—take hold of that,
ask counsel: and now I remember, I have acquaintance
with an old crafty client, who by the puzzle of suits and
155 shifting of courts has more tricks and starting holes
than the dizzy pates of fifteen attorneys—one that has
been muzzled in law like a bear and led by the ring of
his spectacles from office to office.
Him I'll seek out with haste; all paths I'll tread,
160 All deaths I'll die ere I die married. *Exit*

Sc. 3 *Enter Proditor with Lady (the Captain's wife)*

PRODITOR

Puh, you do resist me hardly.

LADY

I beseech your lordship, cease in this.

'Tis never to be granted. If you come as a friend unto my
honour and my husband, you shall be ever welcome; if
5 not, I must entreat it—

PRODITOR Why, assure yourself, madam, 'tis not the fash-
ion.

LADY

'Tis more my grief, my lord; such as myself
Are judged the worse for such.

PRODITOR

Faith, you're too nice:

You'll see me kindly forth.

10 LADY

And honourably welcome.

Exeunt

Sc. 4 *Enter a Groom before Phoenix and Fidelio [in
disguise], alighting into an inn*

GROOM Gentlemen, you're most neatly welcome.

PHOENIX You're very cleanly, sir; prithe, have a care to
our geldings.

GROOM Your geldings shall be well considered.

5 FIDELIO Considered?

PHOENIX Sirrah, what guests does this inn hold now?

GROOM Some five-and-twenty gentlemen, besides their
beasts.

PHOENIX Their beasts?

10 GROOM Their wench, I mean, sir; for your worship
knows those that are under men are beasts.

PHOENIX How does your mother, sir?

GROOM Very well in health; I thank you heartily, sir.

PHOENIX And so is my mare, i'faith.

15 GROOM I'll do her commendations indeed, sir.

FIDELIO Well kept up, shuttlecock.

PHOENIX But what old fellow was he that newly alighted
before us?

GROOM Who, he? As arrant a crafty fellow as e'er made
water on horseback: some say he's as good as a 20
lawyer—marry, I'm sure he's as bad as a knave. If
you have any suits in law, he's the fittest man for your
company. He's been so towed and lugged himself, that
he is able to afford you more knavish counsel for ten
groats than another for ten shillings. 25

PHOENIX A fine fellow; but do you know him to be a knave,
and will lodge him?

GROOM Your worship begins to talk idly. Your bed shall be
made presently. If we should not lodge knaves, I wonder
how we should be able to live honestly. Are there honest 30
men enough, think you, in a term-time to fill all the inns
in the town? And, as far as I can see, a knave's gelding
eats no more hay than an honest man's—nay, a thief's
gelding eats less, I'll stand to't. His master allows him
a better ordinary—yet I have my eightpence, day and 35
night. 'Twere more for our profit, Iwis, you were all
thieves, if you were so contented. I shall be called for:
give your worships good morrow. *[Exit]*

PHOENIX A royal knave, i'faith. We have happened into a
godly inn. 40

FIDELIO Assure you, my lord, they belong all to one
church.

PHOENIX *[Seeing Tangle in the doorway]* This should be some
old, busy, turbulent fellow: villainous law-worm, that
eats holes into poor men's causes. 45

Enter Tangle with two Suitors [and Groom]

FIRST SUITOR May it please your worship to give me leave?

TANGLE I give you leave, sir; you have your *veniam*. Now
fill me a brown toast, sirrah.

GROOM Will you have no drink to't, sir?

TANGLE Is that a question in law? 50

GROOM Yes, in the lowest court, i'th' cellar, sir.

TANGLE Let me ha't removed presently, sir.

GROOM It shall be done, sir. *[Exit]*

TANGLE Now as you were saying, sir—I'll come to you
immediately, too. 55

PHOENIX O, very well, sir.

TANGLE I'm a little busy, sir.

FIRST SUITOR But as how, sir?

TANGLE I pray, sir?

FIRST SUITOR He's brought me into the court; marry, my
adversary has not declared yet. 60

TANGLE *Non declaravit adversarius*, sayst thou? What a
villain's that. I have a trick to do thee good: I will

151 **subtle** cunning
honesty chastity

152 **attach** seize (with legal sense of taking
into custody)

155 **starting holes** loopholes

3.1 **hardly** strongly

9 **nice** coy, reserved

4.0.2 **alighting** arriving

1 **neatly** (the first of the Groom's malaprop-
isms)

14 **mare** (pun on the French word for
mother, *mere*)

19–20 **made water** urinated

25 **groats** coins worth four pence each

shillings coins worth twelve pence each
(one twentieth of a pound sterling)

31 **term-time** periods when courts of law are
in session

35 **ordinary** a regular daily meal or allow-
ance of food

36 **Iwis** certainly

47 **veniam** permission to do something

52 **removed** to transfer a cause or person for
trial from one court of law to another

61 **declared** to make a declaration or
statement of claim as plaintiff in an
action

62 **Non declaravit adversarius** your
adversary hasn't declared

65 get thee out a proxy, and make him declare with a pox to him.
 FIRST SUITOR That will make him declare to his sore grief.
 I thank your good worship. But put case he do declare?
 TANGLE *Si declarasset*, if he should declare there—
 FIRST SUITOR I would be loath to stand out to the judgement of that court.
 70 TANGLE *Non ad iudicium?* Do you fear corruption? Then I'll relieve you again; you shall get a *supersedeas non molestandum*, and remove it higher.
 FIRST SUITOR Very good.
 75 TANGLE Now if it should ever come to a *testificandum*, what be his witnesses?
 FIRST SUITOR I little fear his witnesses.
 TANGLE *Non metuis testes?* More valiant man than Orestes!
 FIRST SUITOR [*gives money*] Please you, sir, to dissolve this into wine, ale, or beer. I come a hundred mile to you, I protest, and leave all other counsel behind me.
 TANGLE Nay, you shall always find me a sound card; I stood not o' th' pillory for nothing in eighty-eight; all the world knows that. Now let me dispatch you, sir; I come to you *presenter*.
 85 SECOND SUITOR Faith, the party hath removed both body and cause with a *habeas corpus*.
 TANGLE Has he that knavery? But has he put in bail above, canst tell?
 90 SECOND SUITOR That, I can assure your worship, he has not.
 TANGLE Why, then, thy best course shall be to lay out more money, take out a *procedendo*, and bring down the cause and him with a vengeance.
 95 SECOND SUITOR Then he will come as indeed.
 TANGLE As for the other party, let the *audita querela* alone; take me out a special *supplicavit*, which will cost you

enough, and then you pepper him. For the first party, after the *procedendo* you'll get costs; the cause being found, you'll have a judgement; *nunc pro tunc*, you'll get a *venire facies* to warn your jury, a *decem tales* to fill up the number, and a *capias ut lagatum* for your execution.
 SECOND SUITOR I thank you, my learned counsel.
 PHOENIX What a busy caterpillar's this? Let's accost him in that manner. 105
 FIDELIO Content, my lord.
 PHOENIX O, my old, admirable fellow, how have I all this while thirsted to salute thee? I knew thee in *octavo* of the duke— 110
 TANGLE In *octavo* of the duke: I remember the year well.
 PHOENIX By th' mass, a lusty, proper man.
 TANGLE O, was I?
 PHOENIX But still in law.
 TANGLE Still in law? I had not breathed else now; 'tis very marrow, very manna to me to be in law: I'd been dead ere this else. I have found such sweet pleasure in the vexation of others, that I could wish my years over and over again, to see that fellow a beggar, that bawling knave a gentleman—a matter brought e'en to a judgement today, as far as e'er 'twas to begin again tomorrow: O, raptures! Here a writ of demur, there a *procedendo*, here a *sursurrara*, there a *capiendo*, tricks, delays, money-laws. 120
 PHOENIX Is it possible, old lad? 125
 TANGLE I have been a term-trotter myself any time this five-and-forty years; a goodly time and a gracious in which space I ha' been at least sixteen times beggared, and got up again, and in the mire again, that I have stunk again, and yet got up again. 130
 PHOENIX And so clean and handsome now?

67 **put case** suppose
 68 *Si declarasset* if he should declare
 69 **stand out** to endure to the end, hold out against
 71 *Non ad iudicium* not to the judgement
 72-3 *supersedeas non molestandum* writs staying proceedings at law because one of the parties is under the king's protection
 75 *testificandum* testifying
 78 *Non metuis testes* you don't fear witnesses
Orestes In Greek mythology, son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra who avenged the death of his father by killing his mother.
 82 **sound card** a person whose agency will ensure success
 82-3 I... **pillory** (Standing in the pillory was a punishment for men who made a living by giving false evidence.)
 83 **eighty-eight** (1588, proverbial date for 'the old days', from the year when the Spanish Armada was defeated)

85 **presenter** immediately
 87 *habeas corpus* a writ requiring the body of a person to be brought before the judge or into the court
 88 **above** in a higher court
 93 *procedendo* a writ issued by a superior court directing an inferior court to proceed to a final hearing
 96 *audita querela* a writ initiating a process to introduce new evidence on behalf of the defendant after completion of the trial.
 97 *supplicavit* a writ for taking surety of the peace against a person
 100 **found judged**
nunc pro tunc now for then (i.e., not at the legally appointed time)
 101 *venire facies* a writ directed to a sheriff requiring him to summon a jury to try a cause
decem tales a supply of men (in this case ten) to fill the jury
 102 *capias ut lagatum* a writ commanding an officer to arrest an outlawed person

103 **execution** to put in force the sentence that the law has given
 109-10 **in octavo...** **duke** in the eighth year of the duke's reign
 112 **lusty** cheerful, lively
proper handsome
 114 **still** always
 116 **marrow** rich and nutritious food
manna food miraculously provided for the Israelites in the wilderness (Exodus 16:14-36)
 122 **demur** a motion to delay or suspend action because of a point of difficulty which the court must decide
 123 *sursurrara* (Anglicized variant of *certiorari*) a writ, issuing from a superior court, upon the complaint of a party that he has not received justice in an inferior court, by which the records of the cause are called up for trial in the superior court
capiendo a writ of arrest
 126 **term-trotter** one who frequented London in term-time

TANGLE You see it apparently; I cannot hide it from you.
 Nay, more, in *felici hora* be it spoken, you see I'm old,
 yet have I at this present nine-and-twenty suits in law.
 135 PHOENIX Deliver us, man!
 TANGLE And all not worth forty shillings.
 PHOENIX May it be believed?
 TANGLE The pleasure of a man is all.
 PHOENIX An old fellow, and such a stinger?
 140 TANGLE A stake pulled out of my hedge, there's one. I was
 well beaten, I remember; that's two. I took one abed
 with my wife against her will; that's three. I was called
 cuckold for my labour; that's four. I took another abed
 again; that's five. Then one called me wittol; that's six.
 145 He killed my dog for barking; seven. My maid-servant
 was knocked at that time; eight. My wife miscarried
 with a push; nine; and *sic de ceteris*. I have so vexed
 and begged the whole parish with process, subpoenas,
 and suchlike molestations, they are not able to spare so
 150 much ready money from a term as would set up a new
 weathercock; the churchwardens are fain to go to law
 with the poor's money.
 PHOENIX Fie, fie.
 TANGLE And I so fetch up all the men every term-time, that
 155 'tis impossible to be at civil cuckoldry within ourselves,
 unless the whole country rise upon our wives.
 FIDELIO O' my faith, a pretty policy.
 PHOENIX Nay, an excellent stratagem. But of all I most
 wonder at the continual substance of thy wit, that
 160 having had so many suits in law from time to time,
 thou hast still money to relieve 'em.
 FIDELIO He's the best fortune for that; I never knew him
 without.
 TANGLE Why do you so much wonder at that? Why, this
 165 is my course: my mare and I come up some five days
 before a term.
 PHOENIX A good decorum.
 TANGLE Here I lodge, as you see, amongst inns and places
 of most receipt—
 170 PHOENIX Very wittily.
 TANGLE By which advantage I dive into countrymen's
 causes, furnish 'em with knavish counsel, little to their
 profit, buzzing into their ears this course, that writ
 this office, that *ultimum refugium*—as you know I have
 175 words enough for the purpose.
 PHOENIX Enough i' conscience, i' faith.
 TANGLE Enough i' law, no matter for conscience. For
 which busy and laborious sweating courtesy, they
 cannot choose but feed me with money, by which I
 180 maintain mine own suits. Ho, ho, ho.
 PHOENIX Why, let me hug thee—caper in mine arms.

[They caper around the stage]

TANGLE Another special trick I have—nobody must know
 it—which is to prefer most of those men to one attorney
 whom I affect best, to answer which kindness of mine,
 he will sweat the better in my cause, and do them the 185
 less good. Take 't of my word, I helped my attorney to
 more clients the last term than he will dispatch all his
 life time: I did it.
 PHOENIX What a noble, memorable deed was there!
Enter Groom
 GROOM Sir. 190
 TANGLE Now, sir.
 GROOM There's a kind of captain very robustiously inquires
 for you.
 TANGLE For me? A man of war? A man of law is fit for
 a man of war; we have no leisure to say prayers; we 195
 both kill o' Sunday mornings. [To Phoenix] I'll not be
 long from your sweet company.
 PHOENIX O, no, I beseech you. *Exit Tangle [with Groom]*
 FIDELIO What captain might this be?
 PHOENIX
 Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
 Maid with meek eyes, persuading action,
 No loud immodest tongue, voiced like a virgin,
 And as chaste from sale,
 Save only to be heard, but not to rail:
 How has abuse deformed thee to all eyes,
 205 That where thy virtues sat, thy vices rise?
 Yet why so rashly for one villain's fault
 Do I arraign whole man? Admirèd law,
 Thy upper parts must needs be sacred, pure,
 And incorruptible; they're grave and wise. 210
 'Tis but the dross beneath 'em, and the clouds
 That get between thy glory and their praise,
 That make the visible and foul eclipse.
 For those that are near to thee are upright,
 As noble in their conscience as their birth; 215
 Know that damnation is in every bribe,
 And rarely put it from 'em; rate the presenters,
 And scourge 'em with five years imprisonment,
 For offering but to tempt 'em.
 Thus is true justice exercised and used: 220
 Woe to the giver when the bribe's refused.
 'Tis not their will to have law worse than war,
 Where still the poor'st die first;
 To send a man without a sheet to his grave,
 Or bury him in his papers. 225
 'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have
 A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
 Let him be ne'er so fastened. They least know
 That are above the tedious steps below.

133 *felici hora* in a happy hour
 135 Deliver us tell us
 144 wittol a man who knows of his wife's
 adultery and tolerates it
 146 knocked beaten
 147 *sic de ceteris* so with the rest
 151 churchwardens laymen who execute a

church's business
 155 within among
 169 receipt most frequented
 174 *ultimum refugium* last refuge
 183 prefer introduce or recommend
 192 robustiously boisterously

203 as...sale (i.e., the law, like a virgin, is
 not for sale)
 217 presenters bribers
 224 sheet winding sheet
 225 papers legal documents
 227 suit law suit, with pun on clothes

230 I thank my time, I do.
 FIDELIO I long to know what captain this should be.
 PHOENIX See where the bane of every cause returns.
Enter Tangle with Captain
 FIDELIO 'Sfoot, 'tis the captain, my father-in-law, my lord.
 PHOENIX Take heed.
 235 CAPTAIN The divorce shall rest then, and the five hundred
 crowns shall stand in full force and virtue.
 TANGLE Then do you wisely, captain.
 CAPTAIN Away sail I, fare thee well.
 TANGLE A lusty crack of wind go with thee.
 240 CAPTAIN But ah!
 TANGLE Hah?
 CAPTAIN Remember, a scrivener.
 TANGLE I'll have him for thee. *[Exit Captain]*
 Why, thus am I sought after by all professions. Here's
 245 a weatherbeaten captain, who not long since new
 married to a lady widow, would now fain have sued a
 divorce between her and him, but that her honesty is his
 only hinderance: to be rid of which, he does determine
 to turn her into white money; and there's a lord, his
 250 chapman, has bid five hundred crowns for her already.
 FIDELIO How?
 TANGLE Or for his part, or whole, in her.
 PHOENIX Why, does he mean to sell his wife?
 TANGLE His wife? Ay, by th' mass, he would sell his soul
 255 if he knew what merchant would lay out money upon
 't—and some of 'em have need of one, they swear so
 fast.
 PHOENIX Why, I never heard of the like.
 TANGLE *Non audivisti*, didst ne'er hear of that trick? Why,
 260 Pistor, a baker, sold his wife t'other day to a cheesemonger,
 that made cake and cheese; another to a cofferer; a
 third to a common player. Why, you see 'tis common.
 Ne'er fear the captain; he has not so much wit to be
 a precedent himself. I promised to furnish him with an
 265 odd scrivener of mine own, to draw the bargain and
 sale of his lady. Your horses stand here, gentlemen.
 PHOENIX Ay, ay, ay.
 TANGLE I shall be busily plunged till towards bedtime above
 the chin in *profundis*. *Exit*

PHOENIX What monstrous days are these? 270
 Not only to be vicious most men study,
 But in it to be ugly; strive to exceed
 Each other in the most deformèd deed.
 FIDELIO Was this her private choice? Did she neglect
 The presence and opinion of her friends, for this? 275
 PHOENIX I wonder who that one should be,
 Should so disgrace that reverend name of lord,
 So loathsomely to buy adultery?
 FIDELIO We may make means to know.
 PHOENIX Take courage, man; we'll beget some defence. 280
 FIDELIO I am bound by nature.
 PHOENIX I by conscience.
 To sell his lady! Indeed, she was a beast
 To marry him, and so he makes of her.
 Come, I'll thorough now I'm enterèd. *Exeunt*

Enter Jeweller's Wife with a Boy

Sc. 5

JEWELLER'S WIFE Is my sweet knight coming? Are you
 certain he's coming?
 BOY Certain, forsooth. I am sure I saw him out of the
 barber's shop, ere I would come away.
 JEWELLER'S WIFE A barber's shop? O, he's a trim knight. 5
 Would he venture his body into a barber's shop when
 he knows 'tis as dangerous as a piece of Ireland? O,
 yonder, yonder, he comes. Get you back again and look
 you say as I advised you.
Enter Knight
 BOY You know me, mistress. 10
 JEWELLER'S WIFE My mask, my mask.
[Exit Boy, after giving her a mask]
 KNIGHT My sweet Revenue!
 JEWELLER'S WIFE My Pleasure, welcome. I have got single.
 None but you shall accompany me to the justice of
 15 peace, my father's.
 KNIGHT Why, is thy father justice of peace, and I not know
 it?

235 rest remain to be dealt with
 236 crowns coins worth five shillings each
 239 crack...wind fart
 249 white money silver coins
 250 chapman a man whose business is
 buying and selling
 252 part, or whole (Tangle paraphrases a
 bill of sale, and puns on 'whole/hole',
 with sexual connotation.)
 257 fast steadfastly
 259 *Non audivisti* You didn't hear
 260 Pistor baker
 261 cofferer a builder of boxes or chests
 269 *profundis* the depths (i.e. of legal
 matters)

275 presence company
 282 beast a human being controlled by
 sexual appetite
 284 thorough (go) through
 5.1 knight (Originally a mounted soldier
 in service to the king, and in chivalry
 one who serves a lady, the title here
 indicates one of those newly raised to the
 knighthood by King James I. See Critical
 Introduction and 6.148, 9.2-4.)
 3 forsooth truly
 out of come out of
 4 barber's shop (Barbers also pulled teeth
 and did minor medical operations.)
 5 trim stylish (punning on

'freshly barbered')
 7 dangerous... Ireland (For the previous
 nine years, Ireland had been in an
 almost constant state of rebellion against
 the occupying English.)
 11 mask (Small masks were worn by ladies
 of fashion as a sign of modesty, but also
 as an allure, and possibly to hide the
 scars of smallpox.)
 12-13 Revenue... Pleasure (The endear-
 ments spell out the terms of the rela-
 tionship: the impetuous knight takes
 money from the middle-class woman,
 who takes sexual pleasure and social
 preferment in return.)

JEWELLER'S WIFE My father! I'faith, sir, ay; simply though
I stand here a citizen's wife, I am a justice of peace's
daughter.

KNIGHT I love thee the better for thy birth.

[Enter the Knight's Lackey]

JEWELLER'S WIFE Is that your lackey yonder, in the steaks
of velvet?

KNIGHT He's at thy service, my sweet Revenue, for thy
money paid for 'em.

JEWELLER'S WIFE Why, then, let him run a little before, I
beseech thee, for, o' my troth, he will discover us else.

KNIGHT He shall obey thee; before sirrah, trudge.

[Exit Lackey]

But do you mean to lie at your father's all night?

JEWELLER'S WIFE Why should I desire your company else?

KNIGHT 'Sfoot, where shall I lie then?

JEWELLER'S WIFE What an idle question's that? Why, do
you think I cannot make room for you in my father's
house as well as in my husband's? They're both good
for nothing else.

KNIGHT A man so resolute in valour as a woman in desire
were an absolute leader. *Exeunt*

Sc. 6 *Enter two suitors with the Justice Falso*

FIRST SUITOR May it please your good worship, master
justice—

FALSO Please me and please yourself; that's my word.

FIRST SUITOR The party your worship sent for will by no
means be brought to appear.

FALSO He will not? Then what would you advise me to do
therein?

FIRST SUITOR Only to grant your worship's warrant, which
is of sufficient force to compel him.

FALSO No, by my faith! You shall not have me in that
trap. Am I sworn justice of peace, and shall I give my
warrant to fetch a man against his will? Why, there
the peace is broken. We must do all quietly; if he come
he's welcome, and, as far I can see yet, he's a fool to
be absent—[*aside*] ay, by this gold is he, which he gave
me this morning.

FIRST SUITOR Why, but may it please your good worship—

FALSO I say again, please me and please yourself; that's
my word still.

FIRST SUITOR Sir, the world esteems it a common favour,
upon the contempt of the party, the justice to grant his
warrant.

FALSO Ay, 'tis so common, 'tis the worse again; 'twere the
better for me 'twere otherwise.

FIRST SUITOR I protest, sir, and this gentleman can say as
much, it lies upon my half undoing.

FALSO I cannot see yet that it should be so—I see not a
cross yet.

FIRST SUITOR I beseech your worship show me your im-
mediate favour, and accept this small trifle but as a
remembrance to my succeeding thankfulness. [*Offers
money*]

FALSO Angels? I'll not meddle with them. You give 'em to
my wife, not to me.

FIRST SUITOR Ay, ay, sir.

FALSO But, I pray, tell me now, did the party *viva voce*,
with his own mouth, deliver that contempt, that he
would not appear, or did you but jest in't?

FIRST SUITOR Jest? No, o' my troth, sir, such was his
insolent answer.

FALSO And do you think it stood with my credit to put up
such an abuse? Will he not appear, says he? I'll make
him appear with a vengeance. Latronello!

[Enter Latronello]

LATRONELLO Does your worship call?

FALSO Draw me a strong-limbed warrant for the gentleman
speedily. He will be bountiful to thee. Go and thank him
within.

FIRST SUITOR I shall know your worship hereafter.

Exeunt [Suitors with Latronello]

FALSO Ay, ay, prithee do. Two angels one party, four
another; and I think it a great spark of wisdom and
policy—if a man come to me for justice—first to know
his griefs by his fees, which be light and which be heavy.
He may counterfeit else, and make me do justice for
nothing. I like not that, for when I mean to be just, let
me be paid well for't: the deed so rare, purges the bribe.

[Enter Furtivo]

How now? What's the news thou art come so hastily?
How fares my knightly brother?

FURTIVO Troth, he ne'er fared worse in his life, sir. He ne'er
had less stomach to his meat since I knew him.

FALSO Why, sir?

FURTIVO Indeed, he's dead, sir.

FALSO How, sir?

FURTIVO Newly deceased, I can assure your worship. The
tobacco-pipe new dropped out of his mouth before I
took horse—a shrewd sign. I knew then there was no
way but one with him. The poor pipe was the last man
he took leave of in this world, who fell in three pieces
before him, and seemed to mourn inwardly, for it looked
as black i'th' mouth as my master.

FALSO Would he die so like a politician, and not once write
his mind to me?

FURTIVO No, I'll say that for him, sir; he died in the perfect
state of memory, made your worship his full and whole

22-3 **steaks of velvet** (velvet decorations,
in thick strips like steaks, inset in his
garment)

27 **discover** reveal

6.o.1 **Falso** false

21 **upon . . . party** when a person summoned
before the court refuses to appear

26 **it lies upon** it is a matter of

28 **cross** coin bearing a cross stamped upon
it; also, a coin generally

33 **Angels** gold coins worth ten shillings
each

36 **viva voce** with the living voice

43 **Latronello** little thief

55.1 **Furtivo** furtive, sly

59 **stomach . . . meat** appetite for food

65-6 **no . . . one** (i.e., he must die)

69 **black . . . mouth** (because of (a) speaking
slander or (b) the tobacco's tar)

70 **like a politician** cunningly

75 executor, bequeathing his daughter, and with her all his wealth only to your disposition.
 FALSO Did he make such a godly end, sayest thou? Did he die so comfortably, and bequeath all to me?
 FURTIVO Your niece is at hand, sir, the will, and the witnesses.
 80 FALSO What a precious joy and comfort's this, that a justice's brother can die so well—nay, in such a good and happy memory—to make me full executor. Well, he was too honest to live, and that made him die so soon. Now, I beshrew my heart, I am glad he's in heaven, has left all his cares and troubles with me, and that great vexation of telling of money. Yet I hope he had 85 so much grace before he died to turn his white money into gold, a great ease to his executor.
 [Enter Niece and two Gentlemen]
 FURTIVO See, here comes your niece, my young mistress, 90 sir.
 FALSO Ah, my sweet niece, let me kiss thee, and drop a tear between thy lips. One tear from an old man is a great matter; the cocks of age are dry. Thou hast lost a virtuous father, to gain a notable uncle.
 NIECE
 95 My hopes now rest in you next under heaven.
 FALSO
 Let 'em rest, let 'em rest.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Sir—
 FALSO
 You're most welcome ere ye begin, sir.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 We are both led by oath and dreadful promise
 Made to the dying man at his last sense,
 100 First to deliver these into your hands,
 The sureties and revealers of his state.
 [Gives papers to Falso]
 FALSO Good.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 With this his only daughter and your niece,
 Whose fortunes are at your disposing set;
 Uncle and father are in you both met.
 105 FALSO Good, i'faith, a well-spoken gentleman; you're not an esquire, sir?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Not, sir.
 FALSO Not sir? More's the pity. By my faith, better men than you are, but a great many worse. You see I have 110 been a scholar in my time, though I'm a justice now.

Niece, you're most happily welcome, the charge of you is wholly and solely mine own; and since you are so fortunately come, niece, I'll rest a perpetual widower.
 NIECE
 I take the meaning chaster than the words;
 Yet I hope well of both, since it is thus: 115
 His phrase offends least that's known humorous.
 FALSO [reading the will] 'I make my brother,' says he, 'full and whole executor'—honestly done of him i'faith. Seldom can a man get such a brother. And here again says he, very virtuously, 'I bequeath all to him and his 120 disposing'—an excellent fellow. O' my troth, would you might all die no worse, gentlemen.
 Enter Knight with Jeweller's Wife
 FIRST GENTLEMAN But as much better as might be.
 KNIGHT Bless your uprightness, master justice,
 FALSO You're most soberly welcome, sir. [Jeweller's Wife 125 kneels] Daughter, you've that ye kneel for; rise, salute your weeping cousin.
 JEWELLER'S WIFE Weeping cousin?
 NIECE Ay, cousin.
 KNIGHT [speaking apart with Jeweller's Wife] Eye to weeping 130 is very proper, and so is the party that spake it, believe me, a pretty, fine, slender, straight, delicate-knit body. O, how it moves a pleasure through our senses! How small are women's waists to their expenses! I cannot see her face, that's under water yet. 135
 JEWELLER'S WIFE News as cold to the heart as an old man's kindness: my uncle dead?
 NIECE
 I have lost the dearest father.
 FALSO [reading the will] 'If she marry by your consent, choice and liking, make her dowry five thousand 140 crowns.' [Aside] Hum, five thousand crowns? Therefore by my consent she shall ne'er marry. I will neither choose for her, like of it, nor consent to't.
 KNIGHT [aside] Now, by the pleasure of my blood, a pretty cousin. I would not care if I were as near kin to her as 145 I have been to her kinswoman.
 FALSO Daughter, what gentleman might this be?
 JEWELLER'S WIFE No gentleman, sir, he's a knight.
 FALSO Is he but a knight? Troth, I would a' sworn he'd been a gentleman. To see, to see, to see! 150
 JEWELLER'S WIFE He's my husband's own brother, I can tell you, sir.
 FALSO Thy husband's brother? Speak certainly, prithe.

83 **honest** virtuous
 93 **cocks** tearducts
 98 **dreadful** reverential
 99 **sense** moments of consciousness
 101 **sureties** those who make themselves liable for another's debts
 106 **esquire** a man belonging to the higher order of gentry, ranking immediately below a knight
 116 **humorous** whimsical, odd, quaint

130-1 **Eye ... proper** it is proper for an eye to weep
 144 **blood** (the supposed seat of animal or sensual appetite)
 145 **cousin** kinswoman (here niece)
 148 **No ... knight** Between his ascension and December 1604, James I almost tripled the number of knights in the realm, thereby cheapening the aura of

the rank. The Jeweller's Wife refers to this cheapening when she states that the knight, who outranks a gentleman, is no gentleman.
 151 **my ... brother** (This is the only indication in the play that the Knight is related to the Jeweller; it makes possible the double entendre in the Jeweller's Wife's next line.)

155 JEWELLER'S WIFE I can assure you, father, my husband and he have lain both in one belly.

FALSO I'll swear then he is his brother indeed, and by the surer side. I crave hearty pardon, sweet kinsman, that thou hast stood so long unsaluted in the way of kindred. Welcome to my board; I have a bed for thee.

160 My daughter's husband's brother shall command Keys of my chests and chambers—I have stable For thy horse, chamber for thyself, And a loft above for thy lousy lackey. All sit, away with handkerchiefs, dry up eyes; At funeral we must cry; now let's be wise.

Exeunt [all but Knight and Jeweller's Wife]

JEWELLER'S WIFE I told you his affection.

KNIGHT It falls sweetly.

JEWELLER'S WIFE But here I bar you from all plots tonight; The time is yet too heavy to be light.

KNIGHT Why, I'm content, I'll sleep as chaste as you, And wager night by night who keeps most true.

JEWELLER'S WIFE Well, we shall see your temper. *Exeunt*

Sc. 7 *Enter Phoenix and Fidelio [putting on new disguises]*

PHOENIX Fear not me, Fidelio; become you that invisible rope-maker, the scrivener, that binds a man as he walks, yet all his joints at liberty, as well as I'll fit that common folly of gentry, the easy-affecting venturer, and no doubt our purpose will arrive most happily.

5 FIDELIO Chaste duty, my lord, works powerfully in me, and rather than the poor lady my mother should fall upon the common side of rumour to beggar her name, I would not only undergo all habits, offices, disguised professions, though e'en opposite to the temper my blood holds, but in the stainless quarrel of her reputation, alter my shape forever.

10 PHOENIX I love thee wealthier, thou hast a noble touch. And by this means, which is the only safe means to preserve thy mother from such an ugly land- and sea-monster as a counterfeit captain is, he resigning and basely selling all his estate, title, right, and interest in his lady, as the form of the writing shall testify. At 15 What otherwise can follow but to have

A lady safe delivered of a knave?

FIDELIO I am in debt my life to the free goodness of your inventions.

PHOENIX O, they must ever strive to be so good; Who sells his vow is stamped the slave of blood.

Exeunt

Enter Captain, his Lady following him

Sc. 8

CAPTAIN Away!

LADY Captain, my husband—

CAPTAIN Hence, we're at a price for thee, at a price, Wants but the telling, and the sealing; then—

LADY Have you no sense, neither of my good name Or your own credit?

5 CAPTAIN Credit? Pox of credit, That makes me owe so much. It had been Better for me by a thousand royals I had lost my credit seven year ago. 'T'as undone me; that's it that makes me fly: 10 What need I to sea else, in the spring time, When woods have leaves, to look upon bald oak? Happier that man, say I, whom no man trusts; It makes him valiant, dares outface the prisons, Upon whose carcass no gowned raven jets: 15 O, he that has no credit owes no debts. 'Tis time I were rid on't.

LADY O, why do you So wilfully cherish your own poison, And breathe against the best of life, chaste credit? Well may I call it chaste, for like a maid, 20 Once falsely broke, it ever lives decayed. O, captain, husband, you name that dishonest By whose good power all that are honest live; What madness is it to speak ill of that, Which makes all men speak well. Take away credit, 25 By which men amongst men are well reputed, That man may live, but still lives executed. O, then show pity to that noble title Which else you do usurp. You're no true captain, To let your enemies lead you—foul disdain, 30 And everlasting scandal: O, believe it! The money you receive for my good name

156-7 the surer side (proverbially, the mother's side)	gentlemen	22 inventions inventiveness; creative devices
166 affection disposition	easy-affecting venturer careless investor	24 blood passion
169 heavy grave	5 arrive turn out	8.4 Wants lacks
light happy, wanton	6 Chaste virtuous	telling counting
7.1 become you pretend to be	8 common vulgar	6 Pox (an exclamation of irritation or impatience)
2 scrivener notary (The disguise would probably include an inkhorn worn at his waist and a pen behind his ear.)	beggar impoverish	8 royals gold coins worth fifteen shillings
3 fit take the shape of	9 habits clothing	14 outface to face boldly or defiantly
4 gentry class immediately below nobility;	13 noble touch (like pure gold tested against a touchstone)	15 gowned raven (a judge or lawyer, who wears black robes)
	20 of from	jets to strut, swagger
	21 my life throughout my life	

Will not be half enough to pay your shame.
 CAPTAIN
 No, I'll sell thee then to the smock. See, here comes
 My honourable chapman.
Enter Proditor [and Lackey]
 35 LADY O, my poison!
 Him, whom mine honour and mine eye abhors. *Exit*
 PRODITOR
 Lady—what so unjovially departed?
 CAPTAIN [*aside*] Fine she-policy; she makes my back her
 bolster, but before my face she not endures him. Tricks!
 PRODITOR
 40 Captain, how haps it she removed so strangely?
 CAPTAIN
 O, for modesty's cause awhile, my lord,
 She must restrain herself; she's not yours yet.
 Beside, it were not wisdom to appear
 Easy before my sight.
 45 Faugh! Wherefore serves modesty but to pleasure a lady
 now and then, and help her from suspect? That's the
 best use 'tis put to.
 PRODITOR Well observed of a captain.
 CAPTAIN No doubt you'll be soon friends, my lord.
 50 PRODITOR I think no less.
 CAPTAIN And make what haste I can to my ship; I durst
 wager you'll be under sail before me.
 PRODITOR A pleasant voyage, captain.
 CAPTAIN Ay, a very pleasant voyage as can be. I see
 55 the hour is ripe. Here comes the prison's bawd, the
 bond-maker, one that binds heirs before they are begot.
 PRODITOR And here are the crowns, captain. [*Giving money*]
 [*To Lackey*] Go, attend. Let our bay courser wait.
Enter Phoenix and Fidelio, both disguised
 LACKEY It shall be obeyed. *[Exit]*
 60 CAPTAIN [*aside to Fidelio*] A farmer's son, is't true?
 FIDELIO [*aside to the Captain*] Has crowns to scatter.
 CAPTAIN I give you your salute, sir.
 PHOENIX I take it not unthankfully, sir.
 CAPTAIN I hear a good report of you, sir—you've money.
 65 PHOENIX I have so, true.
 CAPTAIN An excellent virtue.
 PHOENIX [*aside*] Ay, to keep from you—hear you me,
 captain? I have a certain generous itch, sir, to lose
 a few angels in the way of profit: 'tis but a game at
 70 tennis,
 Where, if the ship keep above line, 'tis three to one;

If not, there's but three hundred angels gone.
 CAPTAIN Is your venture three hundred? You're very
 preciously welcome; here's a voyage toward will make
 us all— 75
 PHOENIX [*aside*] Beggarly fools and swarming knaves.
 PRODITOR [*aside*] Captain, what's he?
 CAPTAIN [*aside to Proditor*] Fear him not, my lord, he's a
 gull, he ventures with me; some filthy farmer's son. The
 father's a Jew, and the son a gentleman: faugh!— 80
 PRODITOR [*aside to the Captain*] Yet he should be a Jew, too,
 for he is new come from giving over swine.
 CAPTAIN [*aside to Proditor*] Why, that in our country makes
 him a gentleman.
 PRODITOR Go to, tell your money, captain. 85
 CAPTAIN Read aloft, scrivener. One, two—
 FIDELIO [*reading the deed*] 'To all good and honest Christian
 people, to whom this present writing shall come: know
 you for a certain, that I, captain, for and in the
 consideration of the sum of five hundred crowns, have
 90 clearly bargained, sold, given, granted, assigned and
 set over, and by these presents do clearly bargain, sell,
 give, grant, assign and set over, all the right, estate,
 title, interest, demand, possession, and term of years
 to come, which I the said captain have, or ought to
 95 have—'
 PHOENIX [*aside*] If I were as good as I should be—
 FIDELIO 'In and to Madonna Castiza, my most virtuous,
 modest, loving, and obedient wife—'
 CAPTAIN By my troth, my lord, and so she is—three, four, 100
 five, six, seven—
 PHOENIX [*aside*] The more slave he that says it, and not
 sees it.
 FIDELIO 'Together with all and singular those admirable
 qualities with which her noble breast is furnished.' 105
 CAPTAIN Well said, scrivener, hast put 'em all in? You
 shall hear now, my lord.
 FIDELIO 'In *primis*, the beauties of her mind, chastity,
 temperance, and, above all, patience—'
 CAPTAIN You have bought a jewel, i'faith, my lord— 110
 nine-and-thirty, forty—
 FIDELIO 'Excellent in the best of music, in voice delicious;
 in conference wise and pleasing; of age contentful,
 neither too young to be apish, nor too old to be
 115 sottish—'
 CAPTAIN You have bought as lovely a penny-worth, my
 lord, as ere you bought in your life.

34 **smock** a woman's undergarment
 39 **bolster** pillow (The captain means that
 when his back is turned, his wife is
 much friendlier toward Proditor.)
 40 **strangely** in an unfriendly manner
 46 **from suspect** from being suspected
 49 **friends** lovers
 55-6 **prison's...begot** (i.e., the bail bonds-
 man, like a pimp, caters to every debtor,
 whose children are born already owing
 him money)
 58 **courser** a spirited or swift horse
 69-71 'tis...line This is a complicated

image which refers, first, to the line on
 an Elizabethan tennis court wall (the ball
 had to hit above the line to remain in
 play), and second, to shipping (where the
 'line' refers to the proper line of flotation,
 the 'water line', when the ship is fully
 laden).
 71 **three...one** (a profit of three to one on
 his investment)
 73 **venture** investment
 74 **toward** approaching
 80 **Jew** (intended prejudicially: someone
 cunning and greedy)

82 **giving over** giving up
 83-4 **Why...gentleman** (a gibe at the
 expense of upwardly mobile yeoman
 farmers and their sons)
 86 **aloft** in a lofty tone
 92 **these presents** these words or documents
 102 **slave** a common term of abuse
 108 **In primis** first
 114-15 **neither...sottish** (i.e., neither so
 young as to be affected, nor so old as to
 be doltish)
 116 **penny-worth** bargain

PRODITOR Why should I buy her else, captain?
 120 FIDELIO 'And, which is the best of a wife, a most comfortable sweet companion—'
 CAPTAIN I could not afford her so, i'faith, but that I am going to sea, and have need of money.
 FIDELIO 'A most comfortable sweet companion—'
 PRODITOR What, again? The scrivener reads in passion.
 125 FIDELIO I read as the words move me. Yet if that be a fault it shall be seen no more—'which said Madonna Castiza lying, and yet being in the occupation of the said captain—'
 CAPTAIN Nineteen—occupation? Pox on't, out with occupation, a captain is of no occupation, man.
 130 PHOENIX [*aside*] Nor thou of no religion.
 FIDELIO Now I come to the *habendum*: 'to have and to hold, use and—'
 CAPTAIN
 Use? Put out use, too, for shame,
 135 Till we are all gone, I prithee.
 FIDELIO 'And to be acquitted of and from all former bargains, former sales—'
 CAPTAIN Former sales?—nine-and-twenty, thirty—by my troth my lord, this is the first time that ever I sold her.
 140 PRODITOR Yet the writing must run so, captain.
 CAPTAIN Let it run on then—nine-and-forty, fifty—
 FIDELIO 'Former sales, gifts, grants, surrenders, re-entries—'
 CAPTAIN For re-entries, I will not swear for her.
 145 FIDELIO 'And furthermore, I the said, of and for the consideration of the sum of five hundred crowns to set me a board before these presents utterly disclaim for ever any title, estate, right, interest, demand, or possession, in or to the said Madonna Castiza, my late virtuous and unfortunate wife.'
 150 PHOENIX [*aside*] Unfortunate indeed, that was well placed.
 FIDELIO 'As also neither to touch, attempt, molest, or encumber any part, or parts whatsoever, either to be named or not to be named, either hidden or unhidden,
 155 either those that boldly look abroad, or those that dare not show their faces—'
 CAPTAIN Faces? I know what you mean by faces; scrivener, there's a great figure in faces.
 FIDELIO 'In witness whereof, I the said captain have interchangeably set to my hand and seal, in presence of all these, the day and date above written.'
 160 CAPTAIN Very good, sir, I'll be ready for you presently—four hundred and twenty, one, two, three, four, five—
 PHOENIX [*aside*]
 Of all deeds yet, this strikes the deepest wound
 165 Into my apprehension.

Reverend and honourable matrimony,
 Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
 Dangerless pleasures, thou that mak'st the bed
 Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful: without thee,
 All the whole world were soiled bastardy. 170
 Thou art the only and the greatest form,
 That put'st a difference between our desires
 And the disordered appetites of beasts,
 Making their mates those that stand next their lusts.
 Then, with what base injury is thy goodness paid! 175
 First, rare to have a bride commence a maid,
 But does beguile joy of the purity,
 And is made strict by power of drugs and art,
 An artificial maid, a doctored virgin,
 And so deceives the glory of his bed: 180
 A foul contempt against the spotless power
 Of sacred wedlock. But if chaste and honest,
 There is another devil haunts marriage—
 None fondly loves but knows it—jealousy,
 That wedlock's yellow sickness, 185
 That whispering separation every minute,
 And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
 The most of men in their first sudden furies
 Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
 And call 't a prison; then it is most just, 190
 That the disease o' th' prison, jealousy,
 Should still affect 'em. But O! Here I am fixed
 To make sale of a wife, monstrous and foul,
 An act abhorred in nature, cold in soul.
 Who that has man in him could so resign 195
 To make his shame the posy to the coin?

CAPTAIN
 Right, i'faith, my lord, fully five hundred.
 PRODITOR I said how you should find it, captain; and with
 this competent sum you rest amply contented.
 CAPTAIN Amply contented. 200
 FIDELIO Here's the pen, captain: your name to the sale.
 CAPTAIN 'Sfoot, dost take me to be a penman? I protest I
 could ne'er write more than A, B, C, those three letters,
 in my life.
 FIDELIO Why, those will serve, captain. 205
 CAPTAIN I could ne'er get further.
 PHOENIX Would you have got further than A, B, C? [*Aside*]
 Ah, Base Captain, that's far enough, i'faith.
 FIDELIO Take the seal off, captain.
 CAPTAIN It goes on hardly, and comes off easily. 210
 PHOENIX [*aside*] Ay, just like a coward.
 FIDELIO Will you write witness, gentleman?
 CAPTAIN He? He shall; prithee come and set thy hand for
 witness, rogue—thou shall venture with me?

124 in passion sorrowfully
 127 occupation possession (with sexual connotation)
 132 habendum to have and to hold
 134 Use (use sexually)
 142-3 re-entries the re-entering upon possession of lands, tenements, etc., previously granted or let to others

144 re-entries (the Captain's meaning is sexual)
 158 great figure zero
 171 form the essential determinant principle of a thing (in scholastic philosophy)
 178 strict tight (referring to the bride's genitalia)

178-9 power...virgin artificial means by which women who had lost their virginity were made to appear as virgins
 184 fondly foolishly
 185 yellow (a colour often associated with jealousy)
 196 posy a motto or short inscription

Scene 8

The Phœnix.

215 PHOENIX Nay, then I ha' reason, captain, that commands
me. [*Writes*]
CAPTAIN [*aside*] What a fair fist the pretty whoreson writes,
as if he had had manners and bringing up: a farmer's
son? His father damns himself to sell musty corn, while
220 he ventures the money. 'Twill prosper well at sea—no
doubt he shall ne'er see't again.
FIDELIO So, captain, you deliver this as your deed?
CAPTAIN As my deed, what else, sir?
PHOENIX [*aside*] The ugliest deed that e'er mine eye did
225 witness.
CAPTAIN So, my lord, you have her; clip her, enjoy her;
she's your own. And let me be proud to tell you now,
my lord, she's as good a soul, if a man had a mind to
live honest, and keep a wench, the kindest, sweetest,
230 comfortablest rogue—
PRODITOR [*aside to Captain*]
Hark in thine ear,
The baser slave art thou, and so I'll tell her.
I love the pearl thou sold'st, hate thee the seller.
Go, to sea, the end of thee—is lousy.
CAPTAIN
235 This is fine work, a very brave end, hum—
PRODITOR [*aside*]
Well thought upon, this scrivener may furnish me.
[*He takes Fidelio aside*]
PHOENIX [*aside*]
Why should this fellow be a lord by birth,
Being by blood a knave?—one that would sell
His lordship if he liked her ladyship.
240 FIDELIO Yes, my lord?
PHOENIX What's here now?
PRODITOR I have employment for a trusty fellow, bold,
sure—
FIDELIO What if he be a knave, my lord?
245 PRODITOR There thou com'st to me—why he should be so,
and men of your quill are not unacquainted.
FIDELIO Indeed all our chief living, my lord, is by fools and
knaves. We could not keep open shop else: fools that
enter into bonds, and knaves that bind 'em.
250 PRODITOR [*talking apart with Fidelio*] Why, now we meet.
FIDELIO And as my memory happily leads me, I know a
fellow of a standing estate, never flowing:
I durst convey treason into his bosom,
And keep it safe nine years.
PRODITOR A goodly time.
FIDELIO
255 And, if need were, would press to an attempt,
And cleave to desperate action.
PRODITOR That last fits me;
Thou hast the measure right. Look I hear from thee.
FIDELIO
With duteous speed.

PRODITOR Expect a large reward.
I will find time of her to find regard. *Exit*
CAPTAIN The end of me is lousy?
FIDELIO [*aside to Phoenix*]
O, my lord!
I have strange words to tell you.
PHOENIX [*aside to Fidelio*] Stranger yet?
I'll choose some other hour to listen to thee;
I am yet sick of this. Discover quickly.
FIDELIO [*aside to Phoenix*]
Why, will you make yourself known, my lord?
PHOENIX [*aside to Fidelio*] Ay. *260*
Who scourgeth sin, let him do't dreadfully.
CAPTAIN
Pox of his dissemblance: I will to sea.
PHOENIX [*aside*] Nay, you shall to sea, thou wouldst poison
the whole land else—[*to the Captain*] why, how now,
captain? *270*
CAPTAIN In health.
FIDELIO What, drooping?
PHOENIX Or ashamed of the sale of thine own wife?
CAPTAIN You might count me an ass, then, i'faith.
PHOENIX If not ashamed of that, what can you be ashamed *275*
of, then?
CAPTAIN Prithee ha' done, I am ashamed of nothing.
PHOENIX [*aside*] I easily believe that.
CAPTAIN This lord sticks in my stomach.
PHOENIX How? Take one of thy feathers down, and fetch *280*
him up.
FIDELIO I'd make him come.
PHOENIX But what if the duke should hear of this?
FIDELIO Ay, or your son-in-law, Fidelio, know of the sale
of his mother? *285*
CAPTAIN What an they did, I sell none but mine own. As
for the duke, he's abroad by this time, and for Fidelio,
he's in labour.
PHOENIX He in labour?
CAPTAIN What call you travelling? *290*
PHOENIX That's true. But let me tell you, captain, whether
the duke hear on't, or Fidelio know on't, or both, or
neither, 'twas a most filthy loathsome part.
FIDELIO A base, unnatural deed—
CAPTAIN Slave and fool— *295*
[*Phoenix and Fidelio discover themselves, and grab
him*]
Ha, who? O!—
PHOENIX Thou hateful villain; thou shouldst choose to sink
To keep thy baseness shrouded.
Enter his Lady
FIDELIO Ugly wretch.
LADY
Who hath laid violence upon my husband?

226 clip embrace
234 lousy filthy, contemptible
236 furnish supply
245 com'st to understands
250 meet understand each other

252 standing stagnant
263 Discover let us take off our disguise
266 dreadfully so as to cause fear or awe
280 down i.e., down your throat

282 I'd... come I would make him vomit
286 an if
287 duke the future duke, Phoenix
298.1 his Lady Castiza

300 My dear, sweet captain—help!
 PHOENIX
 Lady, you wrong your value;
 Call you him dear that has sold you so cheap?
 LADY [*recognizing Phoenix and Fidelio*]
 I do beseech your pardon, good my lord. [*Kneeling*]
 PHOENIX
 Rise.
 FIDELIO
 My abusèd mother.
 LADY My kind son, [*rising*]
 305 Whose liking I neglected in this match.
 FIDELIO
 Not that alone, but your far happier fortunes.
 CAPTAIN
 Is this the scrivener and the farmer's son?
 Fire on his lordship, he told me they travelled.
 PHOENIX
 And see the sum told out to buy that jewel
 310 More precious in a woman than her eye, her honour.
 Nay, take it to you, lady, and I judge it
 Too slight a recompense for your great wrong,
 But that his riddance helps it.
 CAPTAIN
 'Sfoot, he undoes me! I am a rogue and a beggar;
 315 The Egyptian plague creeps over me already,
 I begin to be lousy.
 PHOENIX
 Thus happily prevented, you're set free,
 Or else made over to adultery.
 LADY
 To heaven and to you my modest thanks.
 PHOENIX
 320 Monster, to sea, spit thy abhorrèd foam,
 Where it may do least harm—there's air and room.
 Thou'rt dangerous in a chamber, virulent venom
 Unto a lady's name and her chaste breath.
 If past this evening's verge the dukedom hold thee,
 325 Thou art reserved for abject punishment.
 CAPTAIN I do beseech your good lordship, consider the
 state of a poor, downcast captain.
 PHOENIX Captain? Off with that noble title; thou becomest
 it vilely. I ne'er saw the name fit worse; I'll sooner allow
 330 a pander a captain than thee.
 CAPTAIN More's the pity.
 PHOENIX Sue to thy lady for pardon.
 LADY I give it without suit.
 CAPTAIN I do beseech your ladyship not so much for
 335 pardon, as to bestow a few of those crowns upon a
 poor, unfeathered rover that will as truly pray for you—
 [*aside*] and wish you hanged—as any man breathing.
 LADY
 I give it freely all.
 PHOENIX Nay, by your favour,
 I will contain you lady. [*Giving the Captain a few coins*]
 Here, be gone.
 Use slaves like slaves—wealth keeps their faults
 unknown. 340
 CAPTAIN
 Well, I'm yet glad, I've liberty and these.
 The land has plagued me, and I'll plague the seas. *Exit*
 PHOENIX
 The scene is cleared, the bane of brightness fled;
 Who sought the death of honour is struck dead.
 Come, modest lady.
 FIDELIO My most honest mother. 345
 PHOENIX
 Thy virtue shall live safe from reach of shames.
 That act ends nobly, preserves ladies' fames. *Exeunt*
 Enter Justice Falso, Knight, and Jeweller's Wife Sc. 9
 FALSO Why this is but the second time of your coming,
 kinsman. Visit me oftener. Daughter, I charge you bring
 this gentleman along with you. Gentleman? I cry ye
 mercy, sir! I call you gentleman still, I forget you're
 but a knight. You must pardon me, sir. 5
 KNIGHT For your worship's kindness. Worship? I cry you
 mercy, sir. I call you worshipful still, I forget you're but
 a justice.
 FALSO I am no more, i'faith.
 KNIGHT You must pardon me, sir. 10
 FALSO 'Tis quickly done, sir. You see I make bold with
 you, kinsman, thrust my daughter and you into one
 chamber.
 KNIGHT Best of all, sir. Kindred, you know, may lie
 anywhere. 15
 FALSO True, true, sir. Daughter, receive your blessing.
 Take heed the coach jopper not too much. Have a care
 to the fruits of your body—look to her, kinsman.
 KNIGHT Fear it not, sir.
 JEWELLER'S WIFE Nay, father, though I say it, that should
 20 not say it, he looks to me more like a husband than a
 kinsman.
 FALSO I hear good commendations of you, sir.
 KNIGHT You hear the worst of me, I hope, sir. I salute my
 leave, sir. 25

315 **Egyptian plague** (See Exodus 8:16–18)

339 **contain** restrain

9.3–5 **Gentleman? . . . knight** (another joke about the cheapening of the title; see 6.148)

6–8 **Worship? . . . justice** (The title belongs to a knight, but is questionable for a justice of the peace; Middleton satirizes

the narrowing distance between the ranks.)

11 **make bold** take liberties

12 **kinsman** (Falso and the Knight are not really kinsmen, although they are morally akin. Falso's social-climbing adds a fiction of incest to the actual crimes of pandering and adultery.)

17 **coach** (Falso speaks as if his daughter and the Knight were about to leave on their wedding journey.)
jopper bump up and down

17–18 **Have . . . body** be careful not to get pregnant (but the same words might be used to tell a married woman to protect her lawful pregnancy)

FALSO You're welcome all over your body, sir.
 [Exeunt Knight and Jeweller's Wife]
 Nay, I can behave myself courtly, though I keep house
 i'th' country. What, does my niece hide herself? Not
 present, ha? Latronello!
 [Enter Latronello]

30 LATRONELLO Sir.
 FALSO Call my niece to me.
 LATRONELLO Yes, sir. [Exit]
 FALSO A foolish, coy, bashful thing it is. She's afraid to
 lie with her own uncle. I'd do her no harm i'faith. I
 35 keep myself a widower o' purpose, yet the foolish girl
 will not look into 't. She should have all, i'faith; she
 knows I have but a time, cannot hold long. See where
 she comes.
 [Enter Niece]
 Pray, whom am I, niece?

NIECE I hope you're yourself,
 40 Uncle to me and brother to my father.
 FALSO O, am I so? It does not appear so, for surely you
 would love your father's brother for your father's sake,
 your uncle for your own sake.
 NIECE I do so.
 FALSO
 45 Nay, you do nothing, niece.
 NIECE
 In that love which becomes you best, I love you.
 FALSO
 How should I know that love becomes me best?
 NIECE
 Because 'tis chaste and honourable.
 FALSO
 Honourable! It cannot become me then, niece,
 50 For I'm scarce worshipful. Is this an age
 To entertain bare love without the fruits?
 When I received thee first, I looked
 Thou shouldst have been a wife unto my house,
 And saved me from the charge of marriage.
 55 Do you think your father's five thousand pound would
 ha' made me take you else? No, you should ne'er ha'
 been a charge to me. As far as I can perceive yet by
 you, I've as much need to marry as e'er I had. Would
 not this be a great grief to your friends, think you, if
 60 they were alive again?
 NIECE
 'Twould be a grief indeed.

FALSO You've confessed
 All about house that young Fidelio,
 Who in his travels does attend the prince,
 Is your vowed love.
 NIECE
 Most true, he's my vowed husband. 65
 FALSO And what's a husband? Is not a husband a stranger
 at first, and will you lie with a stranger before you lie
 with your own uncle? Take heed what ye do, niece, I
 counsel you for the best: strangers are drunken fellows,
 I can tell you. They will come home late o' nights, 70
 beat their wives, and get nothing but girls. Look to 't,
 if you marry, your stubbornness is your dowry. Five
 thousand crowns were bequeathed to you, true, if you
 marry with my consent, but if e'er you go to marrying
 by my consent, I'll go to hanging by yours. Go to, be 75
 wise and love your uncle.
 NIECE
 I should have cause then to repent indeed.
 Do you so far forget the offices
 Of blushing modesty? Uncles are half fathers.
 Why, they come so near our bloods they're e'en part
 of it. 80
 FALSO Why, now you come to me, niece. If your uncle
 be part of your own flesh and blood, is it not then fit
 your own flesh and blood should come nearest to you?
 Answer me to that, niece.
 NIECE
 You do allude all to incestuous will, 85
 Nothing to modest purpose. Turn me forth,
 Be like an uncle of these latter days,
 Perjured enough, enough unnatural;
 Play your executorship in tyranny,
 Restrain my fortunes, keep me poor, I care not. 90
 In this alone most women I'll excel,
 I'll rather yield to beggary than to hell. Exit
 FALSO Very good. O' my troth, my niece is valiant. She's
 made me richer by five thousand crowns, the price of
 her dowry. Are you so honest? I do not fear but I shall 95
 have the conscience to keep you poor enough, niece, or
 else I am quite altered o' late.
 [Enter Latronello]
 The news, may it please you, sir?
 LATRONELLO Sir, there's an old fellow, a kind of law-driver,
 entreats conference with your worship. 100

26-7 You're...courtly (Falso makes an absurdly affected compliment, and then praises his own supposed sophistication.)
 36 should have all would inherit my estate (if we marry and I then die)
 50 I'm scarce worshipful ('Honourable' is an aristocratic title, while 'worshipful' pertains to the status of gentry, which he has barely attained. Falso makes the Niece's 'honourable' into a mere matter

of social titles.)
 54 charge of marriage (By marrying his own niece and ward, Falso would avoid the cost of paying her dowry to someone else.)
 57 by from
 59 friends relatives, her parents
 71 get procreate
 85 will sexual desire

87 these...days nowadays
 94 made me richer (i.e., Falso gets to keep her dowry)
 95 honest (a) law-abiding (b) chaste
 99 law-driver (As Falso's repetition at 9.101 indicates, the phrase is Latronello's invention. Tangle drives the law as a coachman drives horses or an overseer drives slaves.)

FALSO A law-driver? Prithée, drive him hither.
[Exit Latronello]

Enter Tangle [with a Suitor]

TANGLE [to Suitor] No, no I say, if it be for defect of appearance, take me out a special *significavit*.

SUITOR Very good, sir.

105 TANGLE Then if he purchase an *alias* or *capias*, which are writs of custom, only to delay time, your *procedendo* does you knight's service—that's nothing at all. Get your *distringas* out as soon as you can for a jury.

SUITOR I'll attend your good worship's coming out.

110 TANGLE Do, I prithée, attend me. I'll take it kindly, a *voluntate*. [Exit Suitor]

FALSO What, old signor Tangle!

TANGLE I am in debt to your worship's remembrance.

115 FALSO My old master of fence: come, come, come, I have not exercised this twelve moons; I have almost forgot all my law-weapons.

TANGLE They are under fine and recovery. Your worship shall easily recover them.

FALSO I hope so. [To Latronello, within] When there?
[Enter Latronello]

120 LATRONELLO Sir?

FALSO The rapier and dagger foils, instantly.
[Exit Latronello]
And what's thy suit to me, old Tangle. I'll grant it presently.

125 TANGLE Nothing but this, sir, to set your worship's hand to the commendation of a knave whom nobody speaks well on.

FALSO The more shame for 'em. What was his offence, I pray?

130 TANGLE *Vestras deducite culpas*—nothing but robbing a vestry.

FALSO What, what! Alas, poor knave, give me the paper. He did but save the churchwardens a labour. Come, come, he has done a better deed in't than the parish is aware of, to prevent the knaves; he robs but seldom, they once a quarter. Methinks 'twere a part of good justice, to hang 'em at year's end, when they come out

of their office, to the true terrifying of all collectors and sidemen.

TANGLE Your worship would make a fruitful commonwealth's man. The constable lets 'em alone, looks on, and says nothing. 140

FALSO Alas, good man, he lets 'em alone for quietness' sake, and takes half a share with 'em. They know well enough, too, he has an impediment in his tongue. He's always drunk when he should speak. 145

TANGLE Indeed, your worship speaks true in that, sir. They blind him with beer, and make him so narrow-eyed that he winks naturally at all their knaveries.

FALSO So, so, here's my hand to his commendations.
[He signs the paper]

TANGLE A *caritate*, you do a charitable deed in't, sir. 150

FALSO Nay, if it be but a vestry matter, visit me at any time, old signor law-thistle!

[Enter Latronello with rapier and dagger foils]

O, well done, here are the foils. [Exit Latronello]
Come, come, sir, I'll try a law-bout with you.

TANGLE I am afraid I shall overthrow you, sir, i'faith. 155

FALSO 'Tis but for want of use then, sir.

TANGLE Indeed, that same odd word, use, makes a man a good lawyer, and a woman an arrant. [Takes some practice strokes] Tuh, tuh, tuh, tuh, tuh, now am I for you, sir. But first to bring you into form, can your worship name all your weapons? 160

FALSO That I can, I hope. Let me see, longsword, what's longsword? I am so dulled with doing justice that I have forgot all i'faith.

TANGLE Your longsword, that's a writ of delay. 165

FALSO Mass, that sword's long enough, indeed. I ha' known it reach the length of fifteen terms.

TANGLE Fifteen terms, that's but a short sword.

FALSO Methinks 'tis long enough. Proceed, sir.

TANGLE A writ of delay, longsword. *Scandala magnatum*, 170
backsword.

FALSO Scandals are backwords, indeed.

TANGLE *Capias comminus*, case of rapiers.

FALSO O, desperate!

102-3 **defect of appearance** failure to appear at a legal proceeding

103 **significavit** writ to stay a suit because of a prior excommunication alleged against the plaintiff

105 **alias** a second writ issued where one of the same kind has been issued before
capias a writ ordering the defendant's immediate arrest

106 **writs of custom** unwritten law
procedendo a writ issued by a superior court directing an inferior court to proceed to a final hearing

107 **knight's...nothing** (another job at the cheapening of aristocratic titles)

108 **distringas** a writ directing the sheriff to take a person's property and goods into custody to force compliance with an order

110-11 **a voluntate** at your pleasure

114 **fence** fencing (alluding to Tangle's ability to duel in law, which the rest of this scene makes literal)

117 **fine and recovery** (legal terms for the procedure of taking possession of property following a judicial verdict)

124 **hand** signature

129-30 **Vestras...vestry** reveal your own faults (with a pun on 'vestry', room where church vestments and sacred vessels are kept)

132 **churchwardens** laymen who execute a church's business

134 **prevent** anticipate

135 **quarter** quarter of a year, when rents and other quarterly charges are due

137-8 **collectors and sidemen** parish alms-collectors and the churchwardens' assistants

139-40 **commonwealth's man** good citizen

(derived from derisive name given to radical reformers of the mid-sixteenth century)

150 **A caritate** for the sake of charity

152 **signor law-thistle** (Like the prickly plant, he hurts anyone who tries to handle him.)

157 **use** (a) practice (b) legal term for the right of one person to take the profits of land to which another has title (c) sexual intercourse

158 **arrant** notorious person (and implying 'errant', wandering)

167 **terms** periods when courts of law are in session

170 **Scandala magnatum** insulting words spoken about a peer or other great person of the realm

173 **Capias comminus** a writ ordering immediate arrest

175 TANGLE A *latitat*, sword and dagger. A writ of execution, rapier and dagger.
 FALSO Thou art come to our present weapon, but what call you sword and buckler, then?
 TANGLE O, that's out of use now! Sword and buckler was called a good conscience, but that weapon's left long ago. That was too manly a fight, too sound a weapon for these our days. 'Slid, we are scarce able to lift up a buckler now, our arms are so bound to the pox. One good bang upon a buckler would make most of our gentlemen fly i' pieces. 'Tis not for these linty times. Our lawyers are good rapier and dagger men; they'll quickly dispatch your—money.
 FALSO Indeed, since sword and buckler time, I have observed, there has been nothing so much fighting. Where be all our gallant swaggerers? There are no good frays o' late.
 TANGLE O, sir, the property's altered, you shall see less fighting every day than other, for everyone gets him a mistress, and she gives him wounds enough; and, you know, the surgeons cannot be here and there, too. If there were red wounds, too, what would become of the Rhenish wounds?
 FALSO Thou sayst true, i'faith. They would be but ill-favouredly looked to then.
 TANGLE Very well, sir.
 FALSO I expect you, sir.
 TANGLE I lie in this court for you, sir. My rapier is my attorney, and my dagger his clerk.
 FALSO Your attorney wants a little oiling, methinks. He looks very rustily.
 TANGLE 'Tis but his proper colour, sir. His father was an ironmonger. He will ne'er look brighter, the rust has so eat into him; he's never any leisure to be made clean.
 FALSO Not in the vacation.
 TANGLE *Non vacat exiguis rebus adesce Jovi*.
 FALSO Then Jove will not be at leisure to scour him, because he ne'er came to him before.
 TANGLE You're excellent at it, sir—and now you least think on't, I arrest you, sir.

[*Tangle thrusts at Falso, forcing him back*]
 FALSO Very good, sir. 215
 TANGLE Nay, very bad, sir, by my faith. I follow you still, as the officers will follow you as long as you have a penny.
 FALSO You speak sentences, sir. By this time have I tried my friends, and now I thrust in bail—[*Lunges at Tangle*] 220
 TANGLE [*parries*] This bail will not be taken, sir. They must be two citizens that are no cuckold.
 FALSO By'r Lady then I'm like to lie by it. I had rather 'twere a hundred that were.
 TANGLE Take heed, I bring you not to a *Nisi prius*, sir. 225
 FALSO I must ward myself as well as I may, sir.
 TANGLE 'Tis court day now. *Declarat attornatus*, my attorney gapes for money.
 FALSO You shall have no advantage yet. I put in my answer. 230
 TANGLE I follow the suit still, sir.
 FALSO I like not this court, by'r Lady. I take me out a writ of remove, a writ of remove, do you see, sir?
 TANGLE Very well, sir.
 FALSO And place my cause higher. 235
 TANGLE [*starts back*] There you started me, sir. Yet for all your demurs, *pluries*, and *sursurraras*, which are all longswords—that's delays—all the comfort is, in nine years a man may overthrow you.
 FALSO You must thank your good friends then, sir. 240
 TANGLE Let nine years pass, five hundred crowns cast away o' both sides, and the suit not twenty—my counsellor's wife must have another hood, you know, and my attorney's wife will have a new forepart—yet see at length law. I shall have law. Now beware, I bring you to a narrow exigent, and by no means can you avoid the proclamation— 245
 [*Tangle knocks Falso's rapier from his hand*]
 FALSO O!
 TANGLE Now follows a writ of execution—a *capias utlagatum* gives you a wound mortal, trips up your heels, and lays you i'th' Counter. [*Overthrows him*] 250
 FALSO O, villain!

175 *latitat* a writ summoning the defendant to appear before the so-called King's Bench
 writ of execution order to the sheriff or other official to execute a legal judgement
 178–9 sword...now (Heavy swords and shields had been made old-fashioned by lighter rapiers and daggers.)
 183 pox syphilis
 185 linty soft (like lint or cotton fluff)
 196 red wounds sexual wounds (i.e., symptoms of venereal disease)
 197 Rhenish wounds (Rhenish wine is white; the 'wounds' are suppurating sores caused by venereal disease.)
 202 lie wait
 209 vacation time when law courts are not

in session
 210 *Non...Jovi* 'Jove has no leisure to give heed to small things' (Ovid, *Tristia*, 2.216)
 219 sentences wise sayings
 223 lie by it stay in prison
 225 *Nisi prius* a writ directing the sheriff to summon jurors
 226 ward protect
 227 *Declarat attornatus* my attorney declares
 232–3 writ of remove (i.e., to another court)
 237 demurs motions to delay or suspend an action because of a point of difficulty which the court must decide
pluries a writ issued subsequently to a first and second of the same kind, which have proved ineffectual

sursurraras See 4.123
 241–2 five hundred...twenty five hundred crowns have been wasted in a cause worth less than twenty crowns
 244 forepart ornamental covering for the breast
 246 exigent a writ issued in the course of proceedings to declare a person an outlaw (immediately preceding the writ of *capias utlagatum*)
 247 proclamation proclamation of outlawry (*utlagatum*)
 249 writ of execution a writ to put in force the sentence that the law has given
 249–50 *capias utlagatum* a writ commanding the officer to arrest an outlawed person
 251 Counter name of two London prisons

TANGLE I cry your worship heartily mercy, sir. I thought we had been in law together, *adversarius contra adversarium*, by my troth.

255 FALSO O! Reach me thy hand, I ne'er had such an overthrow in my life.

TANGLE 'Twas long of your attorney there. He might 'a stayed the execution of *capias utlagatum*, and removed you with a *supersedeas non molestandum* into the court of equity.

260 FALSO Pox on him, he fell out of my hand when I had most need of him.

TANGLE I was bound to follow the suit, sir.

265 FALSO Thou couldst do no less than overthrow me. I must needs say so.

TANGLE You had recovered cost else, sir.

FALSO And now, by th' mass, I think I shall hardly recover without cost.

270 TANGLE Nay, that's *certo scio*—an execution is very chargeable.

FALSO Well, it shall teach me wit as long as I am a justice. I perceive by this trial if a man have a sound fall in law, he shall feel it in his bones all his life after.

275 TANGLE Nay, that's *recto* upon record, for I myself was overthrown in eighty-eight by a tailor, and I have had a stitch in my side ever since—O! *Exeunt*

Sc. 10 *Toward the close of the music, the justice's three men prepare for a robbery, [and exeunt]*

Enter Justice Falso, untrussed

FALSO Why, Latronello, Furtivo, Fucato—where be these lazy knaves that should truss me, not one stirring yet?

A CRY WITHIN Follow, follow, follow!

FALSO What news there?

5 A CRY WITHIN This way, this way, follow, follow!

FALSO Hark, you sluggish soporiferous villains. There's knaves abroad when you are a-bed. Are you not ashamed on't? A justice's men should be up first and give example to all knaves.

Enter two of his men, tumbling in, in false beards

10 LATRONELLO O, I beseech your good worship.

FUCATO Your worshipful worship.

FALSO Thieves, my two-hand sword! I'm robbed i'th' hall! Latronello, knaves, come down! My two-hand sword, I say!

15 LATRONELLO I am Latronello, I beseech your worship.

FALSO Thou Latronello? Thou liest. My men scorn to have beards.

LATRONELLO We forget our beards.

[They take off their false beards]

Now, I beseech your worship, quickly remember us.

FALSO How now?

20

FUCATO Nay, there's no time to talk of how now—'tis done.

A CRY WITHIN Follow, follow, follow.

LATRONELLO Four mark and a livery is not able to keep life and soul together. We must fly out once a quarter; 'tis for your worship's credit to have money in our purse. Our fellow Furtivo is taken in the action.

25

FALSO A pox on him for a lazy knave. Would he be taken? FUCATO They bring him along to your worship; you're the next justice. Now or never show yourself a good master, an upright magistrate, and deliver him out of their hands.

30

FALSO Nay, he shall find me—apt enough to do him good, I warrant him.

LATRONELLO He comes in a false beard, sir.

FALSO 'Sfoot, what should he do here else? There's no coming to me in a true one, if he had one. The slave to be taken! Do I not keep geldings swift enough?

35

LATRONELLO The goodliest geldings of any gentleman in the shire.

FALSO Which did the whoreson knave ride upon?

40

LATRONELLO Upon one of your best, sir.

FUCATO Stand-and-Deliver.

FALSO Upon Stand-and-Deliver? The very gelding I choose for mine own riding, as nimble as Pegasus the flying horse yonder. Go shift yourselves into your coats, bring hither a great chair and a little table.

45

FUCATO With all present speed, sir.

FALSO And Latronello—

LATRONELLO Ay, sir.

FALSO Sit you down and very soberly take the examination.

50

LATRONELLO I'll draw a few horse heads in a paper, make a show. I hope I shall keep my countenance.

[Exeunt Latronello and Fucato]

FALSO Pox on him again. Would he be taken? He frets me. I have been a youth myself. I ha' seen the day I could have told money out of other men's purses—mass, so I can do now—nor will I keep that fellow about me that dares not bid a man stand, for as long as drunkenness is a vice, stand is a virtue. But I would not have 'em taken. I remember now betimes in a morning I would have peeped through the green boughs and have had the party presently, and then to ride away finely in fear;

55

60

254-5 *adversarius contra adversarium* adversary against adversary

258 *long of* because of

260 *supersedeas non molestandum* See 4.72-3

260-1 *court of equity* a system of English law existing, at this time, side by side with the court of common law and, on occasion, superseding it

270 *certo scio* I know it for certain

275 *recto* right

276 *eighty-eight* See 4.83

10.0.1 *music* the music being played during interval between the acts of a play in the indoor theatres. (No act divisions are indicated in the text.)

0.3 *untrussed* with the laces of his breeches undone

1 *Fucato* disguised

6 *soporiferous* sleepy

12 *two-hand sword* a large, heavy sword requiring two hands to wield

23 *mark* a coin worth 13s. 4d. or 2/3 of the pound sterling

livery the clothing and/or food dispensed to retainers or servants

29 *next* nearest

50-1 *examination* interrogation

56 *told* count

58-9 *drunkenness*... *virtue* (because one who is drunk cannot stand up; also, one who is drunk may become sexually impotent)

'twas e'en venary to me, i'faith, the pleasantest course of life. One would think every woodcock a constable and every owl an officer. But those days are past with me. And, o' my troth, I think I am a greater thief now and in no danger. I can take my ease, sit in my chair, look in your faces now, and rob you, make you bring your money by authority, put off your hat, and thank me for robbing of you. O, there is nothing to a thief under covert baron.

Enter Phoenix, Fidelio [disguised in robes], Constable, Officers, and the thief Furtivo

CONSTABLE Come, officers, bring him away.

FALSO *[aside]* Nay, I see thee through thy false beard, thou mid-wind-chined rascal! *[To Constable and Officers]* How now, my masters, what's he? Ha?

CONSTABLE Your worship knows, I never come but I bring a thief with me.

FALSO Thou hast left thy wont else, constable.

PHOENIX Sir, we understand you to be the only uprightness of this place.

FALSO But I scarce understand you, sir.

PHOENIX Why, then you understand not yourself, sir.

FALSO Such another word, and you shall change places with the thief.

PHOENIX A maintainer of equal causes, I mean.

FALSO Now I have you. Proceed, sir.

PHOENIX This gentleman and myself, being led hither by occasion of business, have been offered the discourtesy of the country, set upon by three thieves, and robbed.

PHOENIX What are become of the other two? Latronello and Fucato!

LATRONELLO *[within]* Here, sir!

PHOENIX They both made away from us, the cry pursues 'em, but as yet none but this taken.

[Enter Latronello and Fucato, with chair and table]

FALSO Latronello.

LATRONELLO Sir?

FALSO Take his examination.

LATRONELLO Yes, sir.

FALSO Let the knave stand single.

FURTIVO Thank your good worship.

FALSO He's been a suitor at court, sure. He thanks me for nothing.

PHOENIX He's a thief now, sure.

FALSO That we must know of him. What are you, sir?

FURTIVO A piece next to the tail, sir—a servingman.

FALSO By my troth, a pretty phrase and very cleanly handled. Put it down, Latronello. Thou mayst make use on't. Is he of honour or worship whom thou servest?

FURTIVO Of both, dear sir—honourable in mind, and worshipful in body. 110

FALSO Why would one wish a man to speak better?

PHOENIX O, sir, they most commonly speak best that do worst.

FALSO Say you so, sir? Then we'll try him further. Does your right worshipful master go before you as an example of vice, and so encourage you to this slinking iniquity? He is not a lawyer, is he? 115

FURTIVO He's the more wrong, sir. Both for his conscience and honesty, he deserves to be one.

FALSO Pity he's a thief, i'faith. I should entertain him else. 120

PHOENIX Ay, if he were not as he is, he would be better than himself.

FURTIVO No, 'tis well known, sir, I have a master the very picture of wisdom.

LATRONELLO *[aside]* For indeed he speaks not one wise word. 125

FURTIVO And no man but will admire to hear of his virtues.

LATRONELLO *[aside]* Because he ne'er had any in all his life.

FALSO You write all down, Latronello.

LATRONELLO I warrant you, sir. 130

FURTIVO So sober, so discreet, so judicious.

FALSO Hum.

FURTIVO And above all, of most reverend gravity.

FALSO I like him for one quality, he speaks well of his master; he will fare the better. Now, sir, let me touch you. 135

FURTIVO Ay, sir.

FALSO Why, serving a gentleman of such worship and wisdom, such sobriety and virtue, such discretion and judgement as your master is, do you take such a beastly 140

course, to stop horses, hinder gentlewomen from their meetings, and make citizens never ride but o' Sundays, only to avoid morning prayer and you? Is it because your worshipful master feeds you with lean spits, pays you with Irish money, or clothes you in northern dozens? 145

FURTIVO Far be it from his mind, or my report. 'Tis well known he kept worshipful cheer the day of his wife's burial, pays our four marks a year as duly by twelve pence a quarter as can be. 150

PHOENIX *[aside]* His wisdom swallows it.

FURTIVO And for northern dozens—fie, fie, we were ne'er troubled with so many.

FALSO Receiving then such plenteous blessings from your virtuous and bountiful master, what cause have you to be thief now? Answer me to that gear. 155

FURTIVO 'Tis e'en as a man gives his mind to't, sir.

63 **venery** a source of great enjoyment; the indulgence of sexual desire

71 **covert baron** A legal term meaning that a wife is under the protection of her husband. (Falso means that it is easy to be a thief when you are protected by judicial authority.)

74 **mid-wind-chined** *Mid-wind* refers to one's breathing capacity, and *chined* is

short for mourning of the chine, a horse disease.

79 **uprightness** a just person

85 **equal causes** impartial

97 **Take...examination** write down his interrogation

120 **entertain** hire

127 **admire** marvel

135 **touch** test (to test the purity of gold or silver by rubbing it upon a touchstone)

145 **Irish money** debased coins which the English imposed on Ireland from 1601 to 1603

145-6 **northern dozens** coarse woollen cloth

149 **marks** (one mark is worth 160 pence)

156 **gear** matter, business

FALSO How, sir?
 FURTIVO For alas, if the whole world were but of one trade,
 160 traffic were nothing. If we were all true men, we should
 be of no trade. What a pitiful world would here be.
 Heaven forbid we should be all true men: then how
 should your worship's next suit be made? Not a tailor
 left in the land. Of what stuff would you have it made?
 165 Not a merchant left to deliver it—would your worship
 go in that suit still? You would ha' more thieves about
 you than those you have banished, and be glad to call
 the great ones home again to destroy the little.
 PHOENIX A notable rogue.
 170 FALSO O' my troth, a fine knave, and he's answered me
 gloriously. What wages wilt thou take after thou art
 hanged?
 FURTIVO More than your worship's able to give. I would
 think foul scorn to be a justice then.
 175 FALSO [*aside*] He says true, too, i'faith, for we are all full
 of corruption here—Hark you, my friends.
 PHOENIX Sir?
 FALSO By my troth, if you were no crueller than I, I could
 find in my heart to let him go.
 180 PHOENIX Could you so, sir? The more pitiful justice you.
 FALSO Nay, I did but to try you. If you have no pity, I'll
 ha' none. Away! He's a thief—to prison with him.
 FURTIVO I am content, sir.
 FALSO Are you content? Bring him back. Nay, then you
 185 shall not go. I'll be as cruel as you can wish. You're
 content? Belike you have a trick to break prison, or a
 bribe for the officers.
 CONSTABLE For us, sir?
 FALSO For you, sir? What colour's silver, I pray? You
 190 ne'er saw money in your life. I'll not trust you with
 him. Latronello and Fucato, lay hold upon him. To your
 charge I commit him.
 FURTIVO O, I beseech you, sir.
 FALSO Nay, if I must be cruel, I will be cruel.
 195 FURTIVO Good sir, let me rather go to prison.
 FALSO You desire that? I'll trust no prison with you. I'll
 make you lie in mine own house, or I'll know why I
 shall not.
 FURTIVO Merciful sir.
 200 FALSO Since you have no pity, I will be cruel.
 PHOENIX Very good, sir. You please us well.
 FALSO You shall appear tomorrow, sirs.
 FURTIVO Upon my knees, sir.
 FALSO You shall be hanged out o' th' way. Away with
 205 him, Latronello and Fucato. Officers, I discharge you
 my house; I like not your company.
 Report me as you see me, fire and fuel;
 If men be Jews, justices must be cruel.

Exeunt. [Manent Phoenix and Fidelio]

PHOENIX
 So, sir, extremes set off all actions thus:
 Either too tame, or else too tyrannous.
 210 He being bent to fury, I doubt now
 We shall not gain access unto your love,
 Or she to us.
 FIDELIO Most wishfully, here she comes.
Enter Niece
 PHOENIX
 Is that she?
 FIDELIO This is she, my lord.
 PHOENIX
 A modest presence.
 FIDELIO Virtue bless you, lady.
 215 NIECE
 You wish me well, sir.
 FIDELIO
 I'd first encharge this kiss, and next this paper;
 You'll know the language, 'tis Fidelio's.
 NIECE
 My ever vowèd love! How is his health?
 FIDELIO
 As fair as is his favour with the prince.
 220 NIECE
 I'm sick with joy. Does the prince love him so?
 FIDELIO
 His life cannot requite it.
 Not to wrong the remembrance of his love,
 I had a token for you, kept it safe,
 225 Till by misfortune of the way this morning
 Thieves set upon this gentleman and myself,
 And with the rest robbed that.
 NIECE O me, I'm dearly
 Sorry for your chance. Was it your loss?
 They boldly look you in the face that robbed you;
 230 No further villains than my uncle's men.
 PHOENIX
 What, lady?
 NIECE 'Tis my grief I speak so true.
 FIDELIO
 Why, my lord!
 PHOENIX
 But give me pausing, lady. Was he one
 That took the examination?
 NIECE One and the chief.
 PHOENIX
 Henceforth hang him that is no way a thief:
 235 Then I hope few will suffer.
 Nay, all the jest was, he committed him
 To the charge of his fellows, and the rogue
 Made it lamentable, cried to leave 'em.
 None live so wise but fools may once deceive 'em.
 240 FIDELIO
 An uncle so insatiate?

160 traffic commerce

162 true honest

208 Jews (Jews were stereotyped as strict

interpreters of the law.)

211 doubt fear

213 wishfully according to wish or desire

217 encharge give in charge

228 chance unfortunate event

PHOENIX Ay, is't not strange, too,
That all should be by nature vicious,
And he bad against nature?
NIECE
Then you have heard the sum of all my wrongs.
PHOENIX
245 Lady, we have, and desire rather now
To heal 'em than to hear 'em.
For by a letter from Fidelio
Direct to us, we are entreated jointly
To hasten your remove from this foul den
Of theft and purposed incest.
250 NIECE I rejoice
In his chaste care of me; I'll soon be furnished.
FIDELIO
He writes that his return cannot be long.
NIECE
I'm chiefly glad. But whither is the place?
PHOENIX
To the safe seat of his late wrongèd mother.
NIECE
255 I desire it.
Her conference will fit mine; well you prevail.
PHOENIX
At next grove we'll expect you.
NIECE I'll not fail. *Exeunt*

Sc. 11

Enter Knight and Jeweller's Wife

KNIGHT It stands upon the frame of my reputation, I
protest, lady.
JEWELLER'S WIFE Lady—that word is worth an hundred
angels at all times, for it cost more. If I live till tomorrow
5 night, my sweet Pleasure, thou shalt have them.
KNIGHT Could you not make 'em a hundred and fifty, think
you?
JEWELLER'S WIFE I'll do my best endeavour to multiply, I
assure you.
10 KNIGHT Could you not make 'em two hundred?
JEWELLER'S WIFE No, by my faith—
KNIGHT Peace, I'll rather be confined in the hundred and
fifty.
JEWELLER'S WIFE Come e'en much about this time, when
15 taverns give up their ghosts and gentlemen are in their
first cast—
KNIGHT I'll observe the season.
JEWELLER'S WIFE And do but whirl the ring o'th' door once
about. My maid-servant shall be taught to understand
20 the language.

KNIGHT Enough, my sweet Revenue.
JEWELLER'S WIFE Good rest, my effectual Pleasure. *Exeunt*

Enter Proditor and Phoenix, [the latter in disguise]

Sc. 12

PRODITOR Come hither, Phoenix.
PHOENIX What makes your honour break so early?
PRODITOR A toy, I have a toy.
PHOENIX A toy, my lord?
PRODITOR Before thou layest thy wrath upon the duke,
5 Be advised.
PHOENIX Ay, ay, I warrant you, my lord.
PRODITOR
Nay, give my words honour; hear me.
I'll strive to bring this act into such form
And credit amongst men, they shall suppose,
Nay, verily believe the prince his son
10 To be the plotter of his father's murder.
PHOENIX
O, that were infinitely admirable!
PRODITOR
Were't not? It pleaseth me beyond my bliss.
Then if his son meet death as he returns,
Or by my hired instruments turn up,
15 The general voice will cry. O happy vengeance!
PHOENIX
O blessed vengeance!
PRODITOR Ay, I'll turn my brain
Into a thousand uses, tire my inventions,
Make my blood sick with study, and mine eye
20 More hollow than my heart, but I will fashion,
Nay, I will fashion it. Canst counterfeit?
PHOENIX
The prince's hand? More truly, most direct;
You shall admire it.
PRODITOR Necessary mischief:
Next to a woman, but more close in secrets,
Thou'rt all the kindred that my breast vouchsafes.
25 Look into me anon. I must frame, and muse, and
fashion.
Exit
PHOENIX
'Twas time to look into thee, in whose heart
Treason grows ripe, and therefore fit to fall.
That slave first sinks whose envy threatens all.
Now is his venom at full height.
30 *Voices within*
FIRST VOICE Lying or being in the said country in the tenure
and occupation aforesaid—

243 **bad...nature** unnatural, immoral. (The incestuous Falso hopes to violate the customary relationship between uncle and niece.)
251 **furnished** provided for
254 **seat** residence
11.1 **stands upon the frame** is a matter of
4 **angels** gold coins worth ten shillings each
it (i.e., the title 'Lady')

8 **multiply** (a) get more money (b) have children
15 **give up their ghosts** closing time
16 **cast** vomit
22 **effectual** productive
12.1 **Phoenix** An error in the text: Proditor does not know the true identity of the disguised Phoenix.
2 **break** rise (like the sun at break of day)

3 **toy** an idle fancy or whim
15 **instruments** (men in Proditor's service)
turn up overthrow
19 **Make...study** (Too much study was thought to have an ill effect on the body.)
20 **fashion** contrive
31-2 **tenure...occupation** ownership, possession

SECOND VOICE No more, then. A writ of course upon the matter of—
 35 THIRD VOICE Silence!
 FOURTH VOICE Oho, O, O, yes! Carlo Turbulenzo, appear, or lose twenty mark in the suits.
 PHOENIX Ha? Whither have my thoughts conveyed me? I am now within the dizzy murmur of the law.
 40 FIRST VOICE So that then, the cause being found clear, upon the last citation—
 FOURTH VOICE Carlo Turbulenzo, come into the court.
Enter Tangle with two [Suitors] after him
 TANGLE Now, now, now, now, now, upon my knees I praise Mercury, the god of law, I have two suits at
 45 issue, two suits at issue.
 FIRST SUITOR Do you hear, sir?
 TANGLE I will not hear. I've other business.
 FIRST SUITOR I beseech you, my learned counsel.
 TANGLE Beseech not me, beseech not me. I am a mortal
 50 man, a client as you are. Beseech not me.
 FIRST SUITOR I would do all by your worship's direction.
 TANGLE Then hang thyself.
 SECOND SUITOR Shall I take out a special *supplicavit*?
 TANGLE Mad me not, torment me not, tear me not. You'll
 55 give me leave to hear mine own cause, mine own cause.
 FIRST VOICE [*within*] Nay, moreover, and further—
 TANGLE Well said, my lawyer, well said, well said.
 FIRST VOICE [*within*] All the opprobrious speeches that man could invent, all malicious invectives, called wittol to his
 60 face.
 TANGLE That's I, that's I. I Thank you my learned counsel for your good remembrance. I hope I shall overthrow him horse and foot.
 FIRST SUITOR Nay, but good sir.
 65 TANGLE No more, sir. He that brings me happy news first, I'll relieve first.
 BOTH SUITORS Sound executions rot thy cause and thee.
Exeunt
 TANGLE Ay, ay, ay, pray so still, pray so still. They'll thrive the better.
 70 PHOENIX I wonder how this fellow keeps out madness? What stuff his brains are made on?
 TANGLE I suffer, I suffer, till I hear a judgement.
 PHOENIX What, old signor?
 TANGLE Prithee, I will not know thee now. 'Tis a busy
 75 time, a busy time with me.
 PHOENIX What, not me, signor?

TANGLE O, cry thee mercy. Give me thy hand—fare thee well. He's no relief against me, then. His demurs will not help him, his *sursurraras* will but play the knaves with him.
 80 *Enter Justice Falso*
 PHOENIX The justice—'tis he.
 FALSO Have I found thee, i'faith? I thought where I should smell thee out, old Tangle.
 TANGLE What, old signor justicer—embrace me another time, an you can possibly. How does all thy wife's children?—well? That's well said, i'faith.
 85 FALSO Hear me, old Tangle. [*Taking hold of him*]
 TANGLE Prithee, do not ravish me. Let me go.
 FALSO I must use some of thy counsel first.
 TANGLE Sirrah, I ha' brought him to an exigent. Hark, that's my cause, that's my cause yonder. I twinged him, I twinged him.
 90 FALSO My niece is stolen away.
 TANGLE Ah, get me a *ne exeat regno* quickly. Nay, you must not stay upon 't. I'd fain have you gone.
 95 FALSO A *ne exeat regno*. I'll about it presently—adieu.
 PHOENIX You seek to catch her, justice? She'll catch you.
Enter First Sutor
 FIRST SUITOR A judgement, a judgement!
 TANGLE What, what, what?
 FIRST SUITOR Overthrown, overthrown, overthrown.
 100 TANGLE Ha, ah, ah.
Enter Second Sutor
 SECOND SUITOR News, news, news.
 TANGLE The devil, the devil, the devil!
 SECOND SUITOR Twice Tangle's overthrown, twice Tangle's overthrown!
 105 TANGLE Hold!
 PHOENIX Now, old cheater of the law—
 TANGLE Pray, give me leave to be mad.
 PHOENIX Thou that hast found such sweet pleasure in the vexation of others.
 110 TANGLE May I not be mad in quiet?
 PHOENIX Very marrow, very manna to thee to be in law.
 TANGLE Very syrup of toads and preserved adders.
 PHOENIX Thou that hast vexed and beggared the whole parish, and made the honest churchwardens go to law with the poor's money.
 115 TANGLE Hear me, do but hear me. I pronounce a terrible, horrible curse upon you all—and wish you to

33 **writ of course** an ordinary, customary writ
 36 **Turbulenzo** troublemaker (Italian)
 40 **cause** the case of one party in a suit
 41 **citation** a reference to decided cases
 44 **Mercury** (In Elizabethan comedy and rogue literature, he was usually the lightfooted protector of thieves.)
 53 **supplicavit** a writ issuing out of the King's Bench or the Court of Chancery

for taking surety of the peace against a person
 59 **wittol** a man who knows of his wife's adultery and tolerates it
 63 **horse and foot** completely
 66 **relieve** free from an obligation
 71 **on** of
 79 **sursurraras** (see 4.123)
 85 **an** if
 91 **twinged** pinched, tweaked

94 **ne exeat regno** let him not leave the kingdom (a writ of restraint)
 109-110 **Thou...others** (see 4.117-18)
 112 **Very marrow, very manna** physical and spiritual nourishment; (see 4.116)
 113 **preserved** kept in one's possession
 114-116 **Thou...money** (see 4.150-1)
 118-119 **wish...attorney** (a variation on 'wish you to the devil')

120 my attorney. See where a *praemunire* comes, a *dedimus potestatem*, and that most dreadful execution, *excommunicato capiendo*. There's no bail to be taken, I shall rot in fifteen jails. Make dice of my bones, and let my counsellor's son play away his father's money with 'em: may my bones revenge my quarrel! A *capias comminus*? Here, here, here, here: quickly dip your quills in my blood, off with my skin, and write fourteen lines of a side. There's an honest conscionable fellow; he takes but ten shillings of a bellows-mender. Here's another deals all with charity; you shall give him nothing, only his wife an embroidered petticoat, a gold fringe for her tail, or a border for her head. Ah, sirrah! You shall catch me no more in the springle of your knaveries. *Exit*

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145
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155

FIRST SUITOR Follow, follow him still. A little thing now sets him forward. [*Exeunt Suitors*]

PHOENIX
None can except against him. The man's mad
And privileged by the moon, if he say true:
Less madness 'tis to speak sin than to do.
This wretch that loved before his food his strife,
This punishment falls even with his life.
His pleasure was vexation, all his bliss
The torment of another.
Their heart, his health, their starvèd hopes his store:
Who so loves law dies either mad or poor.
Enter Fidelio

FIDELIO
A miracle, a miracle!

PHOENIX How now, Fidelio?

FIDELIO
My lord, a miracle!

PHOENIX What is't?

FIDELIO I have found
One quiet, suffering, and unlaywered man,
An opposite, a very contrary
To the old turbulent fellow.

PHOENIX Why, he's mad.

FIDELIO Mad? Why, he is in his right wits. Could he be madder than he was? If he be any way altered from what he was, 'tis for the better, my lord.

PHOENIX Well, but where's this wonder?

FIDELIO 'Tis coming, my lord, a man so truly a man, so indifferently a creature, using the world in his right nature but to tread upon; one that would not bruise the cowardliest enemy to man, the worm, that dares not show his malice till we are dead. Nay, my lord, you will admire his temper! See where he comes.

I promised your acquaintance, sir. You is
The gentleman I did commend for temper. 160
Enter Quieto

QUIETO
Let me embrace you simply,
That's perfectly, and more in heart than hand;
Let affectation keep at court.

PHOENIX Ay, let it.

QUIETO 'Tis told me you love quiet.

PHOENIX Above wealth.

QUIETO
Ay, above life. I have been wild and rash,
Committed many and unnatural crimes,
Which I have since repented. 165

PHOENIX 'Twas well spent.

QUIETO
I was mad, stark mad, nine years together.

PHOENIX I pray! As how?

QUIETO
Going to law. I'faith, it made me mad. 170

PHOENIX
With the like frenzy, not an hour since
An aged man was struck.

QUIETO Alas, I pity him.

PHOENIX
He's not worth pitying, for 'twas still his gladness
To be at variance.

QUIETO Yet, a man's worth pity.
My quiet blood has blessed me with this gift:
I have cured some, and if his wits be not
Too deeply cut, I will assay to help 'em. 175

PHOENIX
Sufferance does teach you pity.
Enter his Boy

BOY O, master, master, your abominable next neighbour came into the house, being half in drink, and took away your best carpet. 180

QUIETO Has he it?

BOY Alas, sir.

QUIETO Let him go, trouble him not. Lock the door quietly after him, and have a safer care who comes in next. 185

PHOENIX But, sir, might I advise you, in such a cause as this a man might boldly, nay, with conscience, go to law.

QUIETO O, I'll give him the table too first. Better endure a fist than a sharp sword. I had rather they should pull 190

119 *praemunire praemunire facias*, a writ summoning a person accused

119-20 *dedimus potestatem* we have given the power; a writ empowering one who is not a judge to do some act in place of a judge

120-1 *excommunicato capiendo* a writ of arrest for someone who stands excommunicated for forty days

124 *quarrel* cause

capias comminus a writ ordering the defendant's immediate arrest

127-8 *ten shillings* (For a bellows-mender, ten shillings would be at least two weeks' wages.)

130 *tail* the bottom of a gown that reaches nearly to the ground

131 *border* ornamental work around the edge of a cap

135 *except* take exception

136 *privileged* . . . *moon* exempt by reason of lunacy

142 *store* possessions

154 *his* its

160.1 *Quieto* quiet, calm

177 *assay* attempt

178 *Sufferance* suffering

181 *carpet* tablecloth

off my clothes than flay off my skin and hang that on mine enemy's hedge.

PHOENIX

Why, for such good causes was the law ordained.

QUIETO

True, and in itself 'tis glorious and divine—

195 Law is the very masterpiece of heaven.

But see yonder.

There's many clouds between the sun and us,

There's too much cloth before we see the law.

PHOENIX

I'm content with that answer. Be mild still,

200 'Tis honour to forgive those you could kill.

QUIETO

There do I keep.

PHOENIX

Reach me your hand. I love you,

And you shall know me better.

QUIETO

'Tis my suit.

PHOENIX

The night grows deep, and—

Enter two Officers

FIRST OFFICER Come away, this way, this way.

205 PHOENIX Who be those? Stand close a little.

[As they retire,] *Phoenix jars the ring of the door; the Maid enters, catches him*

MAID O, you're come as well as e'er you came in your life.

My master's new gone to bed. Give me your knightly

hand, I must lead you into the blind parlour. My

mistress will be down to you presently.

She takes in Phoenix, amazed

210 FIRST OFFICER I tell you our safest course will be to arrest

him when he comes out o'th' tavern, for then he will

be half drunk, and will not stand upon his weapon.

SECOND OFFICER Our safest course, indeed, for he will draw.

215 FIRST OFFICER That he will, though he put it up again,

which is more of his courtesy than of our deservings.

Exeunt [Officers]

QUIETO

The world is nothing but vexation,

Spite, and uncharitable action.

FIDELIO

Did you see the gentleman?

QUIETO

Not I.

FIDELIO

Where should he be? It may be he's passed by.

220 Good sir, let's overtake him.

Exeunt

Enter Phoenix with the Maid

MAID Here, sir, now you are there, sir. She'll come down to you instantly. I must not stay with you—my mistress would be jealous. You must do nothing to me, my mistress would find it quickly. *Exit*

PHOENIX 'Sfoot, whither am I led? brought in by th' 5

hand? I hope it can be no harm to stay for a woman,

though indeed they were never more dangerous. I have

ventured hitherto and safe, and I must venture to stay

now. This should be a fair room, but I see it not: the

blind parlour calls she it? 10

Enter Jeweller's Wife

JEWELLER'S WIFE Where art thou? O, my knight!

PHOENIX Your knight? I am the duke's knight.

JEWELLER'S WIFE I say you're my knight, for I'm sure I paid for you.

PHOENIX Paid for you? Hum—'Sfoot, a light! 15

[*Phoenix lights a candle; Jeweller's Wife extinguishes it*]

JEWELLER'S WIFE Now out upon the marmoset. Hast thou served me so long, and offer to bring in a candle?

PHOENIX [*aside*] Fair room, villainous face, and worse woman. I ha' learned something by a glimpse o'th' candle. 20

JEWELLER'S WIFE How happened it you came so soon? I looked not for you these two hours. Yet, as the sweet chance is, you came as well as a thing could come, for my husband's newly brought abed.

PHOENIX And what has Jove sent him? 25

JEWELLER'S WIFE He ne'er sent him anything since I knew him. He's a man of a bad nature to his wife; none but his maids can thrive under him.

PHOENIX Out upon him.

JEWELLER'S WIFE Ay, judge whether I have a cause to be 30

a courtesan or no? to do as I do? An elderly fellow as

he is, if he were married to a young virgin, he were

able to break her heart, though he could break nothing

else. Here, here, there's just a hundred and fifty. [*Giving*

money] But I stole 'em so hardly from him, 'twould e'en 35

have grieved you to have seen it.

PHOENIX So 'twould, i'faith.

JEWELLER'S WIFE Therefore, prithee, my sweet Pleasure,

do not keep company so much. How do you think I am

able to maintain you? Though I be a jeweller's wife, 40

jewels are like women: they rise and fall. We must

be content to lose sometimes to gain often, but you're

198 **too much cloth** too many lawyers (here referred to by their professional garb)

205 **close** (i.e., close to the wall of the Jeweller's house)

208 **blind** windowless

212 **stand upon** rely on

13.16 **marmoset** monkey

25 **what...him** (Phoenix assumes that the

Jeweller has been 'brought abed' with an illness; the Jeweller's Wife continues the exchange in a sexual vein, suggesting his sterility or impotence.)

26-7 **knew him** had sexual relations with him

27-8 **bad...him** (Her husband is sexually incompetent with her but not with the

maid-servants.)

31 **courtesan** in this usage, a mistress or a woman who has extramarital sexual relations

33-4 **nothing else** (i.e., her hymen)

35 **hardly** with difficulty

41 **rise and fall** (i.e., in price [jewels] and sexually [women])

content always to lose and never to gain. What need you ride with a footman before you?
 45 PHOENIX O, that's the grace.
 JEWELLER'S WIFE The grace? 'Tis sufficient grace that you've a horse to ride upon. You should think thus with yourself every time you go to bed: if my head were laid, what would become of that horse? He would run a bad race then, as well as his master.
 50 PHOENIX Nay, an you give me money to chide me—
 JEWELLER'S WIFE No, if it were as much more, I would think it foul scorn to chide you. I advise you to be thrifty, to take the time now, while you have it. You shall seldom get such another fool as I am, I warrant you. Why, there's Metrezza Aureola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at. Her friend can go afoot like a good husband, walk in worsted stockings, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary.
 55 PHOENIX Pox on't, and would you have me so base?
 JEWELLER'S WIFE No, I would not have you so base neither. But now and then, when you keep your chamber, you might let your footman out for eighteen pence a day—a great relief at year's end, I can tell you.
 60 PHOENIX [*aside*] The age must needs be foul when vice reforms it.
 JEWELLER'S WIFE Nay, I've a greater quarrel to you yet.
 PHOENIX I'faith, what is't?
 JEWELLER'S WIFE You made me believe at first the prince had you in great estimation, and would not offer to travel without you—nay, that he could not travel without your direction and intelligence.
 65 PHOENIX I'm sorry I said so, i'faith, but sure I was overflown when I spoke it. I could ne'er have said it else.
 70 JEWELLER'S WIFE Nay, more: you swore to me that you were the first that taught him to ride a great horse and tread the ring with agility.
 PHOENIX By my troth, I must needs confess I swore a great lie in that, and I was a villain to do it, for I could ne'er ride great horse in my life.
 75 JEWELLER'S WIFE Why lo, who would love you now but a citizen's wife?—so inconstant, so forsworn! You say women are false creatures, but take away men and they'd be honestest than you. Nay, last of all, which offends me most of all, you told me you could countenance me at court, and you know we esteem a friend there more worth than a husband here.
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FIRST OFFICER A notable lad, and worthy to be arrested.
 We'll have but ten for waiting, and then thou shalt
 choose whether thou wilt run away from us, or we
 from thee.

30 KNIGHT A match at running? Come, come, follow me.
 SECOND OFFICER Nay, fear not that.
 KNIGHT Peace, you may happen to see toys, but do not see
 'em.

FIRST OFFICER Pah!
 35 KNIGHT That's the door.
 FIRST OFFICER This?
He knocks on the door
 KNIGHT 'Sfoot, officer, you have spoiled all already.
 FIRST OFFICER Why?
 KNIGHT Why? You shall see. You should have but whirled
 40 the ring once about, and there's a maid servant brought
 up to understand it.
 MAID Who's at door?
 KNIGHT All's well again. Phist, 'tis I, 'tis I.
 MAID You? What are you?
 45 KNIGHT Puh, where's thy mistress?
 MAID What of her?
 KNIGHT Tell her one—she knows who—her Pleasure's
 here, say.
 MAID Her pleasure? My mistress scorns to be without her
 50 pleasure at this time of night. Is she so void of friends,
 think you? Take that for thinking so!
*[Maid gives him] a box [on the ear and shuts the
 door]*
 FIRST OFFICER The hundred and fifty angels are locked up
 in a box. We shall not see 'em tonight.
 KNIGHT How's this? Am I used like a hundred-pound
 55 gentleman? Does my Revenue forsake me? Damn me
 if ever I be her Pleasure again! Well, I must to prison.
 FIRST OFFICER Go prepare his room; there's no remedy. I'll
 bring him along; he's tame enough now.
[Exit Second Officer]
 KNIGHT Dare my tailor presume to use me in this sort? He
 60 steals and I must lie in prison for't.
 FIRST OFFICER Come, come away, sir.
Enter a Gentleman with a Drawer
 GENTLEMAN Art sure thou sawest him arrested, drawer?
 DRAWER If mine eyes be sober.
 GENTLEMAN And that's a question. Mass, here he goes! He
 65 shall not go to prison. I have a trick shall bail him—
 away!
[Exit Drawer]
He blinds the Officer; [and the Knight escapes]
 FIRST OFFICER O!
 GENTLEMAN Guess, guess, who am I? Who am I?
 FIRST OFFICER Who the devil are you? Let go—a pox on
 70 you! Who are you? I have lost my prisoner.

GENTLEMAN Prisoner? I've mistook. I cry you heartily
 mercy. I have done you infinite injury. O' my troth,
 I took you to be an honest man.
 FIRST OFFICER Where were your eyes? Could you not see I
 was an officer? Stop, stop, stop, stop!
 GENTLEMAN Ha, ha, ha, ha! *Exit [pursued by Officer]* 75

Enter Proditor and Phoenix [the latter in disguise] Sc. 15

PRODITOR
 Now, Phoenix.
 PHOENIX Now, my lord.
 PRODITOR Let princely blood
 Nourish our hopes; we bring confusion now.
 PHOENIX
 A terrible sudden blow.
 PRODITOR Ay. What day
 Is this hangs over us?
 PHOENIX By th' mass, Monday.
 PRODITOR
 As I could wish. My purpose will thrive best. 5
 'Twas first my birthday, now my fortune's day.
 I see whom fate will raise needs never pray.
 PHOENIX
 Never.
 PRODITOR
 How is the air?
 PHOENIX O, full of trouble.
 PRODITOR
 Does not the sky look piteously black?
 PHOENIX
 As if 'twere hung with rich men's consciences. 10
 PRODITOR
 Ah, stuck not a comet like a carbuncle
 Upon the dreadful brow of twelve last night?
 PHOENIX
 Twelve? No, 'twas about one.
 PRODITOR About one? Most proper,
 For that's the duke.
 PHOENIX *[aside]* Well shifted from thyself.
 PRODITOR
 I could have wished it between one and two, 15
 His son and him.
 PHOENIX
 I'll give you comfort, then.
 PRODITOR
 Prithée.
 PHOENIX
 There was a villainous raven seen last night
 Over the presence chamber in hard jostle 20
 With a young eaglet.

32 toys sportive or frisky movements
 54-5 hundred-pound gentleman the
 minimum property required for one who
 aspired to be called a gentleman
 61.1 Drawer tapster or bartender
 66.1 blinds the Officer (holds his hands

over the officer's eyes)
 15.1 Phoenix See note to 12.1.
 2 confusion destruction
 14 that's the duke (the comet portends the
 death of the dukedom's 'number one')

shifted from thyself (Phoenix suggests
 that Proditor has cleverly misread the
 comet's meaning, which is the fall of the
 number one conspirator.)
 20 jostle combat

PRODITOR
A raven! That was I. What did the raven?

PHOENIX
Marry, my lord, the raven—to say truth,
I left the combat doubtful.

PRODITOR
So 'tis still,
25 For all is doubt, till the deed crown the will.
Now bless thy loins with freedom, wealth and honour;
Think all thy seed young lords, and by this act
Make a foot-clothed posterity. Now imagine
Thou seest thy daughters with their trains born up,
30 Whom else despised want may curse to whoredom,
And public shames, which our state never threat:
She's never lewd that is accounted great.

PHOENIX [*aside*]
I'll alter that court axiom, thus renewed:
She's never great that is accounted lewd.
[*Enter several nobles*]

PRODITOR
35 Stand close, the presence fills. Here, here the place.
And at his rising let his fall be base,
Beneath thy foot.

PHOENIX
How for his guard, my lord?

PRODITOR
My gold and fear keeps with the chief of them.

PHOENIX
That's rarely well.
[*Phoenix hides behind the Duke's presence-chair*]

PRODITOR [*aside*]
40 Bold, heedless slave, that dares attempt a deed
Which shall in pieces rend him—
[*Enter Lussurioso and Infesto*]

LUSSURIOSO
My lords both!

PHOENIX
The happiness of the day.

PHOENIX [*aside*]
Time my returning;
Treasons have still the worst, yet still are spurning.
[*Enter the Duke attended*]

PRODITOR
The duke!

PHOENIX [*aside*]
I ne'er was gladder to behold him.

ALL
Long live your grace!

DUKE
45 I do not like that strain:
You know my age affords not to live long.

PRODITOR [*aside*]
Spoke truer than you think for.

DUKE
Bestow that wish upon the prince our son.

PHOENIX [*aside to Proditor*]
Nay, he's not to live long neither.

PRODITOR
50 Him as the wealthy treasure of our hopes,
You as possession of our present comfort,
Both in one heart we reverence in one.

PHOENIX [*aside*]
O, treason of a good complexion.
[*A Horn [sounds within]*
Enter Fidelio]

DUKE
How now, what fresher news fills the court's ear?

PRODITOR
Fidelio!

FIDELIO
55 Glad tidings to your grace.
The prince is safe returned and in your court.

DUKE
Our joy breaks at our eyes; the prince is come!

PRODITOR
Soul-quicking news—[*aside*] pale vengeance to my
blood.

FIDELIO
By me presenting, to your serious view,
A brief of all his travels.
[*He delivers a paper*]

DUKE
'Tis most welcome. 60
It shall be dear and precious to our eye.

PRODITOR [*aside to Phoenix*]
He reads, I'm glad he reads.
Now take thy opportunity, leave that place.

PHOENIX [*aside to Proditor*]
At his first rising let his fall be base.

PRODITOR [*aside to Phoenix*]
That must be altered now. 65
Which? his rising or his fall?

PHOENIX [*aside to Proditor*]
Art thou dull now?
Thou hear'st the prince is come.

DUKE
What's here?

PRODITOR
My lord?

DUKE [*reads*]
'I have got such a large portion of knowledge,
most worthy father, by the benefit of my travel—'

PRODITOR
70 And so he has, no doubt, my lord.

DUKE [*reads*]
'That I am bold now to warn you of Lord
Proditor's insolent treason, who has irreligiously se-
duced a fellow and closely conveyed him e'en in the
presence-chair to murder you.'

PHOENIX
O, guilty, guilty! 75
[*Phoenix steps forward and drops his weapon*]

DUKE
What was that fell? What's he?

PHOENIX
I am the man.

26 **loins** children
28 **foot-clothed posterity** heirs wealthy
enough to have fancy trappings for their
horses
35 **presence** presence-chamber

38 **gold... them** (They've been bribed and
threatened.)
39 **rarely** very
42 **Time my returning** time for me to return

43 **spurning** spreading
47 **think for** expect
64 **At... base** (Phoenix repeats Proditor's
instructions, see 15.36)

PRODITOR
O, slave!

PHOENIX
I have no power to strike.

PRODITOR I'm gone, I'm gone.

DUKE
Let me admire heaven's wisdom in my son.

PHOENIX
I confess it, he hired me—

80 PRODITOR This is a slave!
'Tis forged against mine honour and my life;
For in what part of reason can 't appear,
The prince, being travelled, should know treasons
here?
Plain counterfeit—

DUKE Dost thou make false our son?

PRODITOR
I know the prince will not affirm it.

85 FIDELIO He can
And will, my lord.

PHOENIX Most just, he may.

DUKE A guard!
[Guards secure Proditor]

LUSSURIOSO
We cannot but in loyal zeal ourselves
Lay hands on such a villain.

DUKE
Stay you. I find you here, too.

LUSSURIOSO Us, my lord?

90 DUKE [reads] 'Against Lussurioso and Infesto, who not only
most riotously consume their houses in vicious gaming,
mortgaging their livings to the merchant, whereby he
with his heirs enter upon their lands—from whence this
abuse comes, that in short time the son of the merchant

95 has more lordships than the son of the nobleman, which
else was never born to inheritance: but that which is
more impious, they most adulterously train out young
ladies to midnight banquets, to the utter defamation
of their own honours and ridiculous abuse of their

100 husbands.'

LUSSURIOSO
How could the prince hear that?

PHOENIX Most true, my lord;
My conscience is a witness 'gainst itself,
For to that execution of chaste honour
I was both hired and led.

LUSSURIOSO
I hope the prince, out of his plenteous wisdom,
Will not give wrong to us! As for this fellow, [points at
Phoenix]

105 He's poor and cares not to be desperate.

Enter Justice Falso

FALSO
Justice, my lord! I have my niece stol'n from me.
She's left her dowry with me, but she's gone;
I'd rather have had her love than her money, I. 110
This, this is one of them. [Points at Phoenix] Justice,
my lord!
I know him by his face; this is the thief.

PRODITOR
Your grace may now in milder sense perceive
The wrong done to us by this impudent wretch,
Who has his hand fixed at the throat of law, 115
And therefore durst be desperate of his life.

DUKE
Peace! You're too foul; your crime is in excess;
One spot of him makes not your ulcers less.

PRODITOR O!

DUKE [to Phoenix]
Did your violence force away his niece? 120

PHOENIX
No, my good lord, I'll still confess what's truth.
I did remove her from her many wrongs,
Which she was pleased to leave, they were so vile.

DUKE [to Falso]
What are you named?

FALSO Falso, my lord, Justice Falso.
I'm known by that name.

DUKE Falso, you came fitly, 125
You are the very next that follows here.

FALSO
I hope so, my lord. My name is in all the records,
I can assure your good grace.
[Enter Niece and Lady behind]

DUKE [reads] 'Against Justice Falso—'

FALSO Ah! 130

DUKE [reads] 'Who, having had the honest charge of
his niece committed to his trust by the last will and
testament of her deceased father, and with her all
the power of his wealth, not only against faith and
conscience detains her dowry, but against nature and 135
humanity assays to abuse her body.'

NIECE [comes forward]
I'm present to affirm it, my loved lord.

FALSO
How? What make I here?

NIECE Either I must agree
To loathèd lust or despised beggary.

DUKE
Are you the plaintiff here?

FALSO Ay, my good lord, 140
For fault of a better.

DUKE Seldom comes a worse.

92 livings estates
97 train entice

113 milder more indulgent
118 spot of stain on

138 What...here? What am I doing here?
141 fault lack

[*Reads*] ‘And, moreover, not contained in this vice only, which is odious too much, but against the sacred use of justice, maintains three thieves to his men—’

145 FALSO Cuds me!

DUKE [*reads*] ‘Who only take purses in their master’s liberty, where if any one chance to be taken, he appears before him in a false beard, and one of his own fellows takes his examination—’

150 FALSO [*aside*] By my troth, as true as can be, but he shall not know on’t.

DUKE [*reads*] ‘And in the end will execute justice so cruelly upon him, that he will not trust him in a prison, but commit him to his fellows’ chamber.’

155 FALSO [*aside*] Can a man do nothing i’ the country but ’tis told at court? There’s some busy informing knave abroad, o’ my life.

PHOENIX
That this is true, and these, and more, my lord,
Be it under pardon spoken for mine own.
160 He the disease of justice, these of honour,
And this of loyalty and reverence:
The unswept venom of the palace.

PRODITOR Slave!

PHOENIX
Behold the prince to approve it.

PRODITOR O, where?

PHOENIX
Your eyes keep with your actions, both look wrong.
[*Discovering himself*]

PRODITOR
An infernal to my spirit!

165 ALL My lord the prince!

PRODITOR
Tread me to dust, thou in whom wonder keeps.
Behold, the serpent on his belly creeps. [*Prostrating himself*]

PHOENIX
Rankle not my foot—away!
Treason, we laugh at thy vain-labouring stings,
170 Above the foot thou hast no power o’er kings.

DUKE
I cannot with sufficient joy receive thee,
And yet my joy’s too much.

PHOENIX My royal father,
To whose unnatural murder I was hired,
I thought it a more natural course of travel,
175 And answering future expectation,
To leave far countries and inquire mine own.

DUKE
To thee let reverence all her powers engage,
That art in youth a miracle to age.
State is but blindness; thou hadst piercing art:
180 We only saw the knee, but thou the heart.

To thee then power and dukedom we resign;
He’s fit to reign whose knowledge can refine.

PHOENIX
Forbid it, my obedience.

DUKE Our word’s not vain;
I know thee wise, canst both obey and reign.
The rest of life we dedicate to heaven. 185

ALL
A happy and safe reign to our new duke!

PHOENIX
Without your prayers safer and happier.
Fidelio.

FIDELIO
My royal lord.

PHOENIX
Here, take this diamond.
You know the virtue on’t. It can fetch vice. 190
Madam Castiza—

FIDELIO She attends, my lord.
[*Lady comes forward; exit Fidelio*]

PHOENIX
Place a guard near us.
[*To Lady*] Know you yon fellow, lady?

LADY My honour’s evil.

PRODITOR
Torment again?

PHOENIX So ugly are thy crimes,
Thine eye cannot endure ’em. 195
And that thy face may stand perpetually
Turned so from ours, and thy abhorred self
Neither to threaten wrack of state or credit,
An everlasting banishment seize on thee.

PRODITOR
O, fiend! 200

PHOENIX
Thy life is such it is too bad to end.

PRODITOR
May thy rule, life, and all that’s in thee glad,
Have as short time as thy begetting had.

PHOENIX Away, thy curse is idle. *Exit Proditor*
The rest are under reformation, and therefore 205
Under pardon.

LUSSURIOSO, INFESTO, FALSO, and SEVERAL NOBLES
Our duties shall turn edge upon our crimes.

FALSO [*aside*] ’Slid, I was afraid of nothing, but that for my
thievery and bawdry I should have been turned to an
innkeeper. 210

Enter Jeweller’s Wife with Fidelio
My daughter! I am ashamed her worship should see
me.

JEWELLER’S WIFE Who would not love a friend at court?
What fine galleries and rooms am I brought through? I

145 Cuds God’s (an oath)
147 liberty part of a county exempt from
the jurisdiction of the sheriff

166 wonder keeps marvels dwell
179 State high rank
180 knee (i.e., the courtier’s bended knee)

198 wrack destruction
207 turn edge upon make blunt

- 215 had thought my knight durst not have shown his face
here, I.
- PHOENIX
Now, mother of pride and daughter of lust,
Which is your friend now?
- JEWELLER'S WIFE Ah, me!
- PHOENIX I'm sure you are not so unprovided to be without
220 a friend here; you'll pay enough for him first.
- JEWELLER'S WIFE This is the worst room that ever I came
in.
- PHOENIX I am your servant, mistress; know you not me?
- JEWELLER'S WIFE Your worship is too great for me to know.
- 225 I am but a small-timbered woman when I'm out of my
apparel, and dare not venture upon greatness.
- PHOENIX
Do you deny me, then? Know you this purse?
- JEWELLER'S WIFE That purse? O, death! Has the knight
served me so? given away my favours?
- PHOENIX
230 Stand forth—thou one of those
For whose close lusts the plague never leaves the city.
Thou worse than common—private, subtle harlot,
That dost deceive three with one feignèd lip:
Thy husband, the world's eye, and the law's whip.
- 235 Thy zeal is hot, for 'tis to lust and fraud,
And dost not dread to make thy book thy bawd.
Thou'rt curse enough to husband's ill-got gains,
For whom the court rejects, his gold maintains.
How dear and rare was freedom wont to be,
240 Now few but are by their wives' copies free,
And brought to such a head that now we see
City and suburbs wear one livery.
- JEWELLER'S WIFE 'Tis 'long of those, an't like your grace,
that come in upon us, and will never leave marrying of
245 our widows till they make 'em all as free as their first
husbands.
- PHOENIX I perceive you can shift a point well.
- JEWELLER'S WIFE Let me have pardon, I beseech your grace,
and I'll peach 'em all, all the close women that are; and
250 upon my knowledge there's above five thousand within
the walls and the liberties.
- PHOENIX
A band? They shall be sent against the Turk:
Infidels against infidels.
- JEWELLER'S WIFE I will hereafter live so modestly I will not
lie with mine own husband, nor come near a man in 255
the way of honesty.
- FALSO I'll be her warrant, my lord.
- PHOENIX
You are deceived. You think you're still a justice.
- FALSO 'Sfoot, worse than I was before I kneeled. I am now
justice now. I know I shall be some innkeeper at last. 260
- JEWELLER'S WIFE
My father! 'Tis mine own father.
- PHOENIX
I should have wondered else, lust being so like.
- NIECE
Her birth was kin to mine; she may prove modest.
For my sake, I beseech you pardon her.
- PHOENIX
265 For thy sake I'll do more. Fidelio, hand her.
My favours on you both; next, all that wealth
Which was committed to that perjured's trust.
- FALSO
I'm a beggar now, worse than an innkeeper.
Enter Tangle, mad
- TANGLE Your *mittimus* shall not serve: I'll set myself free
with a *deliberandum*, with a *deliberandum*, mark you. 270
- DUKE
What's he? A guard!
- PHOENIX Under your sufferance,
Worthy father, his harm is to himself;
One that has loved vexation so much,
He cannot now be rid on't.
He's been so long in suits that he's law-mad. 275
- TANGLE A judgement, I crave a judgement, yea! *Nunc pro
tunc, corruptione alicuius*. I peeped me a raven in the
face, and I thought it had been my solicitor: O, the
pens prick me.
Enter Quiet
- PHOENIX
280 And here comes he, wonder for temperance,
Will take the cure upon him.

225 **small-timbered** small-framed (a house instead of a palace)

225-6 **out of my apparel** (not wearing a social-climber's elaborate costume, with a joke about literal nakedness)

226 **venture upon greatness** make pretence to social eminence (with pun on having sex)

227 **purse** (i.e., the one she gave Phoenix in sc. 13)

231 **close** secret

236 **book** (i.e., the Bible; a sardonic comment on affected piety)

238 **whom...rejects** (i.e., disgraced aristocrats like the Jeweller's Wife's knight)

240 **by...free** (The husbands are only 'free' by virtue of the wives' permission to be as promiscuous as they are. 'Copy' is a legal term, as in 'copyhold': an estate held at the will of the lord and subject to his decisions.)

241 **head** (with a pun on the cuckold's horns)

242 **City...livery** (Middle-class city dwellers dress indistinguishably from prostitutes who live in the suburbs.)

243 **'long of** because of **those** (i.e., courtiers like the Knight)

245 **free** promiscuous

247 **shift a point** turn an argument

249 **peach** inform against, impeach

250-1 **within...liberties** within the City and the adjacent district subject to municipal control

265 **hand her** take her by the hand

269 **mittimus** a warrant of commitment to prison

270 **deliberandum** deliberating (also the writ known by that name)

276-7 **Nunc...alicuius** now for then (i.e., not at the legally appointed time) by the corruption of someone

QUIETO
A blessing to this fair assembly.

TANGLE Away, I'll have none on't; give me an *audita querela*, or a *testificandum*, or a dispatch in twelve terms:
285 there's a blessing, there's a blessing.

PHOENIX
You see the unbounded rage of his disease.

QUIETO
'Tis the foul fiend, my lord, has got within him.
The rest are fair to this; this breeds in ink,
And to that colour turns the blood possessed.
290 For instance, now your grace shall see him dressed.

TANGLE
Ah ha, I rejoice; then he's puzzled, and muzzled, too.
Is't come to a *cepi corpus*?

QUIETO Ah, good sir,
This is for want of patience.
[*Quieto binds Tangle*]

TANGLE That's a fool:
She never saw the dogs and the bears fight—
A country thing.
295 QUIETO This is for lack of grace.

TANGLE
I've other business, not so much idle time.

QUIETO
You never say your prayers.

TANGLE
I'm advised by my learnèd counsel.

QUIETO
The power of my charm come o'er thee,
300 Place by degrees thy wits before thee;
With silken patience here I bind thee,
Not to move till I unwind thee.

TANGLE
Yea! Is my cause so muddy? Do I stick? Do I stick
fast?
305 Advocate, here's my hand—pull, art made of flint?
Wilt not help out?—alas, there's nothing in't.

PHOENIX
O, do you sluice the vein now?

QUIETO Yes, my honoured lord.

PHOENIX
Pray, let me see the issue.

QUIETO
I therefore seek to keep it.
[*Opens Tangle's vein over a basin*]
Now burst out,
Thou filthy stream of trouble, spite, and doubt.

TANGLE O, an extent, a proclamation, a summons, a
310 recognizance, a tachment, an injunction, a writ, a
seizure, a writ of 'praisement, an absolution, a *quietus est*.

QUIETO
You're quieter, I hope, by so much dregs.
Behold, my lord.
[*Holds up basin to Phoenix*]

PHOENIX This, why it outfrowns ink. 315

QUIETO
'Tis the disease's nature, the fiend's drink.

TANGLE O, sick, sick, signor Ply-fee, sick. Lend me thy
nightcap, O!

QUIETO [*gives medicine to Tangle*]
The balsam of a temperate brain
I pour into this thirsty vein,
320 And with this blessed oil of quiet,
Which is so cheap that few men buy it,
Thy stormy temples I allay.
Thou shalt give up the devil and pray.
Forsake his works, they're foul and black,
325 And keep thee bare in purse and back.
No more shalt thou in paper quarrel,
To dress up apes in good apparel.
He throws his stock and all his flock
Into a swallowing gulf 330
That sends his goose unto his fox,
His lamb unto his wolf.
Keep thy increase,
And live at peace,
For war's not equal to this battle:
335 That eats but men, this men and cattle.
Therefore no more this combat choose,
Where he that wins does always lose,
And those that gain all, with this curse receive it,
From fools they get it, to their sons they leave it. 340

TANGLE
Hail, sacred patience. I begin to feel
I have a conscience now, truth in my words,
Compassion in my heart, and, above all,
In my blood peace's music. Use me how you can,
You shall find me an honest, quiet man. 345
O, pardon, that I dare behold that face.
Now I've least law, I hope I have most grace.

PHOENIX
We both admire the workman and his piece.
Thus, when all hearts are tuned to honour's strings,
350 There is no music to the choir of kings. [Exeunt omnes]

Finis

283-4 *audita querela* a writ initiating a process to introduce new evidence on behalf of the defendant after completion of the trial

284 *testificandum* testifying

288 *The...to this* All others are good compared to this one (meaning either the fiend or Tangle).

290 *dressed* given medical treatment

292 *cepi corpus* I have taken the body (the response of an officer who has arrested a person upon a writ of *capias*)

293 *That's* (i.e., 'patience' is)

310-13 *extent...est* (These are the legal terms being carried away with Tangle's blood; the last one means 'it is done'.)

319 *balsam* medicinal resin

328 *apes* pretenders to gentility

336 *cattle* property

348 *piece* masterpiece

350 to compared to

The Phœnix.

THE PARTS

Boys

PHOENIX (532 lines): drawer; Soldier *or* Servus; [Knight] *or* [Gentleman]

FALSO (387 lines): Groom; Boy; noble *or* attendant; Captain *or* Soldier; Gentleman *or* Drawer *or* Officer; Servus (*or* Captain); lackey (*or* Captain); Constable (*or* Officer); Quieto's boy (*or* Officer); Maid (*or* Officer)

TANGLE (312 lines): Boy; Soldier; Servus; noble *or* attendant, Proditor (*or* Servus) *or* lackey; Maid *or* Officer *or* Gentleman *or* Drawer; Quieto's boy (*or* Officer); Furtivo (*or* Gentleman *or* Officer) *or* Fucato (*or* Officer) *or* Constable (*or* Officer)

CAPTAIN (231 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Lady, Proditor, Tangle, Soldier, Sutor (scenes 4 and 6), Servus, lackey, [Niece]

FIDELIO (187 lines): drawer; Soldier *or* Servus; [Jeweller's Wife] *or* [Knight] *or* [Boy] *or* [Gentleman] (*or* drawer); Maid (*or* Knight)

PRODITOR (159 lines): any but Phoenix, Lussurioso, Infesto, Duke, Fidelio, Falso, Niece, Lady, Captain, guard, lackey, Servus, noble, attendant

JEWELLER'S WIFE (141 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Duke, Falso, Lussurioso, Infesto, Niece, Lady, Boy, Tangle, Quieto, Knight, Furtivo, Gentleman, guard

DUKE (112 lines): any but Proditor, Lussurioso, Infesto, Phoenix, Fidelio, Falso, Niece, Lady, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto, noble, attendant, guard

QUIETO (72 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Duke, Lussurioso, Infesto, Falso, Niece, Lady, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto's boy, Officer, guard

KNIGHT (69 lines): any but Jeweller's Wife, Niece, Falso, Furtivo, Maid, Boy, Drawer, Gentleman, Officer, [Phoenix *or* Fidelio], [Proditor *or* Phoenix], [Sutor], [Latronello], [Lady]

NIECE (55 lines): any but Duke, Proditor, Lussurioso, Infesto, Phoenix, Fidelio, Lady, Falso, Tangle, Jeweller's Wife, Quieto, Knight, Latronello, Furtivo, gentleman, guard, [Captain], [Soldier]

FURTIVO (54 lines): any but Falso, Niece, Gentleman, Knight, Jeweller's Wife, Phoenix, Fidelio, Latronello, Fucato, Constable, Officer

LADY (51 lines): any but Proditor, Phoenix, Lussurioso, Infesto, Duke, Fidelio, Niece, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto, Captain, lackey, Servus, guard, [Knight], [Groom]

SUITORS (scenes 4 and 6; 39 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Tangle, Groom, Captain, Falso, Latronello, [Jeweller's Wife], [Boy], [Knight]

OFFICER (37 lines): any but Falso, Phoenix, Fidelio, Latronello, Furtivo, Fucato, Constable, Quieto, Quieto's boy, Maid, [Jeweller's Wife]

GROOM (Sc. 4; 32 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Tangle, Sutor (scenes 4 and 6), [Proditor], [Lady]

LATRONELLO (28 lines): any but Falso, Sutor (scenes 4 and 6), Tangle, Fucato, Phoenix, Fidelio, Furtivo, Constable, Officer, [Knight *or* Jeweller's Wife]

SOLDIERS (Sc. 2; 22 lines): any but Captain, [Niece]

MAID (14 lines): any but Phoenix, Knight, Officer, Fidelio, Quieto, Quieto's boy

SUITORS (Sc. 12; 13 lines): any but Phoenix, Tangle, Falso

LUSSURIOSO (11 lines): any but Proditor, Duke, Infesto, Phoenix, Fidelio, Falso, Niece, Lady, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto, noble, attendant, guard

GENTLEMAN (10 lines): any but Falso, Furtivo, Niece, Knight, Jeweller's Wife, Officer, drawer, [Proditor]

FUCATO (Sc. 10; 8 lines): any but Falso, Latronello, Furtivo, Phoenix, Fidelio, Constable, Officer

QUIETO'S BOY (Sc. 12; 4 lines): any but Phoenix, Fidelio, Quieto, Officer, Maid

CONSTABLE (Sc. 10; 4 lines): any but Falso, Phoenix, Fidelio, Latronello, Furtivo, Fucato, Officer

INFESTO (4 lines): any but Proditor, Lussurioso, Duke, Phoenix, Fidelio, Falso, Niece, Lady, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto, noble, attendant, guard

BOY (Sc. 5; 3 lines): any but Jeweller's Wife, Knight, [Phoenix], [Fidelio]

SERVUS (Sc. 2; 2 lines): any but Captain, Lady, Proditor

DRAWER (Sc. 14; 1 line): any but Gentleman, Knight, Officer

LACKEY (Sc. 8; 1 line): any but Captain, Lady, Proditor, Phoenix, Fidelio

ATTENDANT (Sc. 1; no lines): any but Duke, Proditor, Lussurioso, Infesto, Phoenix, Fidelio, noble

GUARD (Sc. 15; no lines): any but Proditor, Phoenix, Lussurioso, Infesto, Duke, Fidelio, Falso, Niece, Lady, Jeweller's Wife, Tangle, Quieto

NOBLE (Sc. 1; no lines): any but Duke, Proditor, Lussurioso, Infesto, Phoenix, Fidelio, attendant

Most crowded scene: 5.1: 12 characters (+3? mute guards)

NEWS FROM GRAVESEND: SENT TO NOBODY

Text edited by Gary Taylor, annotated and introduced by Robert Maslen

PLAGUE has always served as the most shocking of metaphors for political crisis. Pestilence reenacts the successive stages of the rise of Nazism in Albert Camus' *La Peste* (1947), while in Mary Shelley's *The Last Man* (1826) an apocalyptic plague puts an end to conventional forms of government before annihilating all but one of the earth's inhabitants. Plague is also the most urban of catastrophes. The need to contain it demarcates the boundaries of a city as remorselessly as a siege. In Daniel Defoe's *A Journal of the Plague Year* (1722) refugees from London are recognized wherever they go as residents of the infected city, despite all their efforts to disguise their provenance. Meanwhile those who choose to stay behind resort to listing the dead of each parish with obsessive accuracy, as if numbers had the power to preserve the city's identity in the face of depopulation and economic ruin. The modest pamphlet *News from Gravesend* (1604), written by Thomas Dekker and Thomas Middleton in response to the outbreak of 1603, shares with these later texts an acute awareness of the politics of plague and a horrified sensitivity to its redefinition of the urban community. Its authors make use of grotesque anecdotes and monstrous metaphors as vehicles for sometimes aggressive social satire. Their subject is the acute division between rich and poor which was aggravated by plague in the early years of the seventeenth century. The pamphlet anatomizes the social diseases of seventeenth-century London as minutely as it scrutinizes the physical symptoms of pestilence.

One of the peculiarities of texts associated with plague is their resistance to classification in terms of genre. Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which opens with its aristocratic narrators sequestering themselves from a plague-infested populace, ranges through every shade of comedy, tragedy and satire in its efforts to reconstruct the world abandoned by the storytellers. *The Journal of the Plague Year* masquerades as the memoirs of a London saddler, but incorporates demographic statistics, dramatic dialogue and investigative journalism into its account of the catastrophe. *La Peste* mixes the conventions of realist narrative with the experimental dislocations of modernism. It is as if plague had the power to disrupt the hierarchy of the imagination as easily as it disrupts the organization of a state. The Elizabethan precursors of *News from Gravesend* are as heterogeneous as its successors. William Bullein's *Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence* (1564) is a lively fusion of genres which combines factual reportage with medical tract and moral interlude with tall tales told by travellers, in the course of recounting the adventures of a citizen and his wife as they flee from the afflicted capital. The *Dialogue* ends with the

moral interlude in the ascendant: the citizen repents and dies, humbly submitting to the will of Providence. In the process the text brings the epidemic under control. The plague becomes the instrument of divine authority, and death takes on the role of God's obedient junior minister. Bullein's text is modelled on the pastorals of Baptista Mantuanus (1498), but the pamphlets of Middleton and Dekker derive from a more recent and more unsettling model, the prose of Thomas Nashe.

Nashe's works are riddled with disease: from *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (1592), where Summer dies to the mournful accompaniment of the cry of the plague victims, 'Lord have mercy upon us', to the hallucinations that torment the bedridden fever-sufferer in *The Terrors of the Night* (1594). Nashe was familiar with Bullein's *Dialogue*, but his own uneasy medley of disparate genres has more disturbing implications. In *The Unfortunate Traveller* (1594) the narrative veers vertiginously from one geographical location to the next and from one genre to another. Chronicle history lapses into anecdote, epic is undercut by farce, romance by journalistic voyeurism, and in the process the workings of Providence, which lend a semblance of coherence to the muddle of European politics, rapidly recede into obscurity. The text is punctuated by plagues. Its presiding monarch is Henry VIII, the 'fever quartane of the French', and its protagonist Jack Wilton sets out on his travels to escape the sweating sickness in the English camp only to encounter the 'moist scorching steam' of bubonic plague in Rome. An incident that occurs during the Roman epidemic horrifically confirms the inaccessibility of Providence. Heraclide, having lost her husband and children in the plague, is raped and murdered by the robber Esdras despite an impassioned plea for divine protection. Jack Wilton can find no justification for her agony; when Esdras dies towards the end of the book Jack has nothing better to say than that 'Strange and wonderful are God's judgements'. *The Unfortunate Traveller* ultimately fails to provide arbitrary suffering with a convincing providential function.

Thomas Dekker's first plague pamphlet, *The Wonderful Year* (1603), shares the witty eclecticism of Nashe's satires. Like *The Unfortunate Traveller* it veers from comic to tragic, from elegaic lyricism to graveyard humour as it charts the 'chances, changes, and strange shapes that this protean climacterial year hath metamorphosed himself into'. The pamphlet passes few judgements on the behaviour of London's citizens during the epidemic. Instead Dekker anthropomorphizes the plague—or as he says 'anthropophagizes' it—into a flesh-eating lord of

misrule, the hero of the pamphlet and its villain, who stands conventions on their heads and plays ghastly practical jokes on a powerless public.

But Dekker later became increasingly critical of the role of the authorities and the flight of the rich from the stricken capital. In 1625 he wrote a pamphlet designed as an active intervention in the city's affairs. The title of *A Rod for Runaways* proclaims its desire to scourge the retreating backsides of the wealthy fugitives. It is dedicated to a surgeon who is responsible for the only worthwhile works of art produced during an epidemic—the restoration of the sick to life; and it proposes that a guard be set at the city gates to prevent officials from abandoning their civic duties. *News from Gravesend* prepares the way for the radical interventionism of *A Rod for Runaways*. From the carnivalesque metamorphoses recounted in *The Wonderful Year* it turns its attention to the actions of the ruling classes during the plague and presents itself as a witness on behalf of the ordinary citizen. In doing so it records a subtle shift of power within London and within Jacobean society as a whole for which the plague provides a lurid backdrop.

The authors of *News from Gravesend* must have known they were playing a dangerous game. Any imitator of Nashe would have been aware that his works had been burned by the church authorities in 1599. And writers who chose to discuss the origins of plague had been recently warned of the state's intolerance of such discussions. In November 1603, the month before the composition of *News from Gravesend*, Henoah Clapham was jailed for preaching that the plague could not be cured by natural means and that government efforts to contain it were not only futile but blasphemous. *News from Gravesend*, then, with its echoes of Nashe and its speculations on the metaphysical origins of the plague, had good reasons for appearing anonymously.

At the same time it made clever use of its anonymity. The pamphlet is divided into two roughly equal parts: an Epistle Dedicatory in prose, and an account of the plague in octosyllabic couplets. This even-handed distribution of prose and verse lays unusual emphasis on the dedication, and hence on the social status of the text. The epistle is addressed to a non-existent knight, 'Sir Nicholas Nemo, alias Nobody' (8–9), the only responsible nobleman left in the city. At the centre of the pamphlet is a vacuum waiting to be filled: the vacuum left by the flight of the rich from the epidemic and the subsequent breakdown of the patronage system. The letter is signed by 'Somebody', one of a company of professional writers who have been left stranded, without a place, without an occupation, looking for a new readership to replace the aristocratic readers who have deserted them. In *The Wonderful Year* Dekker describes a dedication as a 'livery' like the ones worn by companies of players to protect them from the charge of vagrancy. But according to *News from Gravesend*, during the plague it is the rich who are the vagrants, and the ordinary countryfolk, the 'russet boor and leathern hind', who police their movements in the absence of any effective

legislation against their flight (813). The pamphlet pours scorn on the aristocratic livery which traditionally lent a text its respectability: 'Out upon't! the fashion of such dedications is more stale than kissing' (11–15). Instead it offers itself to Nobody 'like a Whitefriars punk' (14–16), a whore whose illegitimate services contribute more to the city's economy than all the 'empty-fisted Maecen-asses' who ran away (2–3).

This literary whoredom is reinforced by the merciless scrutiny of the diseased body with which the text is filled. As his name implies, Somebody regards the bodies of the plague victims as material evidence of the government's irresponsibility, and the swelling plague-sores as physical manifestations of a deep-rooted moral corruption among the civic authorities. And the text's insistence on its joint authorship—the verses that make up the second half of the pamphlet repeatedly refer to the writers as 'we' and 'us'—implies that it articulates the indignation of the bulk of the London populace; that the Londoners themselves, in fact, comprise a single composite body. Internal evidence suggests that Dekker wrote most of the pamphlet and that Middleton's contribution is concentrated in about a hundred lines of poetry (972–1078), but Somebody's plural identity remains implicit throughout.

The transference of power by which the 'russet boor' polices the wealthy vagrant is only one of many effected by the plague in the epistle. The recurring implication is that the flight of the rich has proved that they are no longer necessary to the economy of London. 'Somebody' drives the point home when he describes his recent survey of maps of the world. In theory, printed maps gave the poorest of educated readers access to territories which had traditionally been colonized only by the wealthy, and Somebody's reading of 'universal maps' (37–9) gives the ordinary Londoner equal status with the aristocratic privateer. With the cartographers' help he crosses the world 'in a shorter time than a sculler can row from Queenhithe to Wapping' (40–3), and gets to know Constantinople 'as perfectly as Jobbin the malt-man's horse of Enfield knows the way to London' (46–8). The point of the survey is to demonstrate that the rich throughout the globe have ceased to patronize writers. In the process it suggests that the unique status accorded to the rich in official histories—'the white paper-gallery of a large chronicle' (60–2)—has no practical basis; and that the impressive coats of arms of noble houses are therefore effectively 'senseless' (60–1), devoid of meaning, like the empty motto '*Nec quidquam nec cuiquam*' ('nothing dedicated to Nobody') which decorates the pamphlet's title-page.

So far the argument resembles Nashe's deflation of the pretensions of chronicle history in *The Unfortunate Traveller*. But Somebody's engagement with the emptiness of aristocratic posturings has a more direct bearing on practical government than the misadventures of Jack Wilton. Nashe's protagonist returns at last to the service of the monarch; but Somebody dissociates himself forever from the patronage of the ruling classes. Instead he joins forces with writers who cater for other classes of reader, the

'rhymesters, play-patchers, jig-makers, ballad-mongers, and pamphlet-stitchers' who are the 'yeomanry' of the authors' company (153-7), and urges them to follow him in expunging the names of 'dukes, earls, lords and ladies' from their dedications (174-6). This is no empty threat. It is a statement of the urgent need for a reformation of the social structure, the replacement of an outmoded semi-feudal economic system with a system of mutual help which will enable the urban community to tackle emergencies like the plague both efficiently and humanely. In an energetic passage, Somebody compares the ruling classes to a ship's officers who have abandoned their crew in the middle of a sea battle: 'when the pilot, boatswains, master and master's mates, with all the chief mariners that had charge in this goodly argosy of government leapt from the stern . . . [and] suffered all to sink or swim, crying out only "Put your trust in God, my bullies, and not in us!"' (185-96). At the same time, under the guise of praising the one responsible aristocrat, Nobody, he lists the policies which ought to have been put into effect: a proper food supply for quarantined households, a disciplined body of surgeons standing by to administer to the sick, and adequate land set aside for the burial of plague victims. These are policies similar to those recommended by the Privy Council in their book of national plague orders, *Orders thought meet by her Majesty and her Privy Council to be executed throughout the Counties of this Realm in such . . . places as are . . . infected with the plague*, first issued in 1583; but Somebody's ironic restatement of them supports the findings of the historian Paul Slack, who argues that very few of these policies were implemented in the capital during the 1603 epidemic.

The last part of the epistle demonstrates the ease with which the displacement of the ruling classes might be accomplished. It presents itself as the latest news from Winchester, the town to which the London law courts moved for the duration of the epidemic, and is largely taken up with tricks played by the locals on the unfortunate lawyers. By adapting their prices to the demand created by the sudden influx of Londoners, the people of Winchester contrive to snatch the legal and economic initiative away from the capital: 'having the law in their own hands, they ruled the roost how they listed; insomuch, that . . . Winchester now durst (or at least hoped to) stand upon proud terms with London' (391-409). The transference of the law courts from the capital to the provinces results in the transference of power from gentlemanly lawyers to the landlords, tradesmen, and servants who supply their needs. The epistle ends with a mocking threat to make use of the new solidarity between different classes of writers to have the 'limping prose' of the dedication converted into the popular ballad form, the perfect medium for the dissemination of gossip (432-5). In this way the news of the discomfiture of the rich will quickly spread throughout the urban population, 'that it shall do any true-born citizen's heart good to hear such doings sung to some filthy tune' (435-8). *The Wonderful Year* represented the plague as a monstrous carnival during which the social

order was temporarily reversed. The dedication of *News from Gravesend* suggests that the respect and even the economic ascendancy once enjoyed by the wealthy fugitives might be less easy to reinstate than they might think.

The poem that makes up the second half of the pamphlet exhibits shifts in tone that enact a still more dramatic series of reversals. The effect of these sudden shifts in tone and topic is to make all its conclusions open-ended, guarding it from possible accusations of either condemning or endorsing government policies. The verses begin by invoking the art of 'Physic' as their muse as if to affirm the efficacy of natural methods of combatting the epidemic. Hence a reader might initially assume that the pamphlet aligns itself with the national plague orders of 1583, whose stress on the incarceration of infected households implied that the plague was a natural disease like any other and that it spread by contagion. But after a few lines the poem abruptly changes tack and points out that medicine has proved powerless in the face of the epidemic: 'Sick is Physic's self to see | Her aphorisms proved a mockery' (486-7). At line 492 the poem effectively begins again, invoking tragedy instead of physic as its muse, and begging her to infuse its verse with the power to move the ruling classes, 'Till rich heirs meeting our strong verse | May not shrink back before it pierce | Their marble eye-balls' (508-10). Once again the official version of events has been replaced with an assault on the irresponsible rich.

Further abrupt transitions follow. The next section (523-730) begins with an account of one current theory of the plague's transmission, the theory of miasma, which held that the disease was communicated by a corruption of the air. But the passage concludes that miasma has nothing to do with the present epidemic, since if plague were transmitted by the atmosphere then its effects would be universal: 'Then rivers would drink poisoned air; | Trees shed their green and curlèd hair; | Fish swim to shore full of disease | (For pestilence would fin the seas)' (567-70). The poem espouses a more dangerous theory—dangerous because it seems to corroborate Henoch Clapham's opinion that the pestilence was a supernatural visitation. It argues that the causes of the plague are internal ones, that 'every man within him feeds | A worm, which this contagion breeds' (621-2) and that God has inflicted the plague on England as a punishment for 'some capital offence' (627). The ensuing catalogue of possible offences lays responsibility squarely at the door of England's governors:

Whether they be princes' errors
Or faults of peers, pull down these terrors, . . .
The courtier's pride, lust, and excess,
The churchman's painted holiness,
The lawyer's grinding of the poor . . . (639-45)

Despite the poem's earlier assertion that every man bears some responsibility for the disaster, the catalogue implies that the ruling classes have a near monopoly on guilt, as they do on so much else.

As one might expect, the sting of the accusation is swiftly drawn; the list of abuses ends with a celebration of the crowning of James I, an event Dekker and Middleton commemorated in *The Magnificent Entertainment*. Briefly the miasma of James's fame supplants the miasma of infection, and restores, as it spreads across Europe, the damaged credibility of princes. But the following section, entitled simply 'The horror of the plague' (732–1067), reads like the script of a hideous alternative entertainment, made up of a series of miniature tragedies which have spilled out of the confined space of the theatre to infect the bodies of every class of citizen. At one point Somebody compares the pest-house, the hospital set aside for treating cases of the plague, to a private playhouse which has proved unequal to the task of containing the tragedy of the epidemic:

These are the tragedies, whose sight
With tears blot all the lines we write.
The stage, whereon the scenes are played,
Is a whole kingdom. What was made
By some (most provident and wise)
To hide from sad spectators' eyes
Acts full of ruth, a private room
To drown the horror of death's doom,
That building now no higher rear:
The pest-house standeth everywhere,
For those that on their biers are borne
Are numbered more than those that mourn. (934–45)

The tragic players described in 'The horror of the plague' range from the city itself to the bizarre parade of tormented citizens in Middleton's section of the poem (972–1078), whose plague-sores offer a commentary on their vices. For Middleton, pestilence provides the 'aptest' of deaths for the self-indulgent rich (988), who perish in horrified contemplation of the correspondence between the deformity of their lives and the physical repulsiveness of death by plague. Middleton's characters—a usurer, a drunkard, and a lecher—find themselves forced to inspect the corruption of their minds and bodies as they die, like the dying duke in *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The usurer 'must behold | His pestilent flesh' as it mimicks the coins which have been his consuming passion (980–1); the drunkard must 'view' the symptoms of plague as they mockingly reproduce the symptoms of alcoholism; and the lecher's dying vision is the most appallingly complex of all. With merciless clarity he notes the resemblance between the heat of his lust in the past, the fire of his present fever, and the flames of hell which await him after death—all of which make him 'freeze with horror' (1032)—while the pimps and whores who have catered to his sexual tastes

celebrate their immunity from contagion by getting drunk, protected as they are from plague by the prior infection of syphilis. This morbid celebration combines with the carnival mounted by the lecher's conscience as he watches the 'horrid shapes' of his former misdeeds dancing round his deathbed in a hideous parody of the coronation entertainments (1058–67). Where Dekker chooses to examine the corporate reaction of the urban population to the plague, Middleton transfers our attention from the general to the particular, from the city to specific citizens, and in doing so anticipates the terrible isolation that afflicts the rich at the moment of death in the comedies and tragedies he wrote for the stage.

The penultimate section (1069–126) praises the efforts of the physicians to combat the disease by natural means, and urges the public to take moral and spiritual action to help them in their struggle: 'Only this antidote apply: | Cease vexing heaven, and cease to die' (1119–20). But the poem ends by proposing that plague is as much a product of economic collapse as of moral or physical delinquency. The last section, 'The necessity of a plague' (1128–63), argues that the epidemic constitutes a devastating final solution to the breakdown of the city's economic structure, which stems both from overpopulation and from the unproductive lives of its superfluous inhabitants. Before the plague can cease, individual citizens—from the wealthiest to the most indigent—must follow the example of the pamphlet's industrious authors and set to work to reconstruct the shattered fortunes of the capital. In this way the poem returns to the argument of the epistle, which contended that plague and economic ruin are two sides of the same coin, and that clear-sighted writers like Middleton and Dekker occupy the vanguard of a new, dynamic urban community, where the analysis and treatment of social ills take precedence over pandering to the appetites of the idle rich. *News from Gravesend* finishes with a pun that knits the writers' vision of a new society to the nation's inflated hopes for its new monarch. The poets pray 'That this last line may truly reign: | The plague's ceased; heaven is friends again' (1162–3), and so forges a material link between the last line of the poem and the incipient Stuart dynasty. The pamphlet ends as it began, with its plural author acting both as the mock-heroic spokesman for his devastated city and as the visionary advocate of a healthier, more democratic political regime.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 474
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 346
Other Middleton–Dekker works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Meeting*, 183;
Magnificent, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*,
721; *Gypsy*, 1723

News from Gravesend: Sent to Nobody

Nec quidquam nec cuiquam.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To him that (in the despite and never-dying dishonour of all empty-fisted Maecen-asses) is the gracious, munificent, and golden rewarder of rhymes, singular paymaster of songs and sonnets, unsquint-eyed surveyor of heroic poems, chief rent-gatherer of poets and musicians, and the most valiant confounder of their desperate debts, and (to the comfort of all honest Christians) the now-only only-supper-maker to ingles and players' boys, Sir Nicholas Nemo, alias Nobody:

Shall I creep like a drowned rat into thy warm bosom, my benefic patron, with a piece of some old musty sentence in my mouth, stol'n out of Lycosthenes' *Apophthegms*, and so accost thee? Out upon't! The fashion of such dedications is more stale than kissing. No, no, suffer me, good Nobody, to dive, like a Whitefriars punk, into thy familiar and solid acquaintance at the first dash, and instead of 'Worshipful sir' come upon thee with 'Honest Jew, how dost?' Wonder not that out of the whole barrel of pickled patrons, I have only made choice of thee, for I love none really but thee and myself. For us two do I only care, and therefore I conjure thee, let the payment of thine affection be reciprocal.

They are rhymes that I have boiled in my leaden inkpot for thine own eating. And now, rarest Nobody, taste the reason why they are served up to thee (in the tail of the plague) like caviar or a dish of anchovies after

supper. Know then, monsieur verse-gilder, that I have sailed (during this storm of the pestilence) round about the vast island of the whole world, which when I found to be made like a football—the best thing in it, being but a bladder of man's life, lost with a little prick—I took up my foot and spurned at it, because I have heard that none but fools make account of the world. But mistake me not, thou spur-royal of the muses, for it was neither in Sir Francis Drake's nor in Ca'ndish's voyage that I swam through so much salt water, but only with two honest cardmakers (Peter Plancius and Gerard Mercator) who in their universal maps (as in a barber's looking-glass, where a number of most villainous ungodly faces are seen in a year, and especially now at Christmas) did (like country fellows—that is to say, very plainly) and in a shorter time than a sculler can row from Queenhithe to Wapping, make a brave discovery unto me as well of all the old rain-beaten as of the spick-and-span new-found worlds, with every particular kingdom, dukedom, and popedom in their lively colours, so that I knew Constantinople as perfectly as Jobbin the malt-man's horse of Enfield knows the way to London, and could have gone to the great Turk's *seraglio* (where he keeps all his wenches) as tolerably, and far more welcome, than if I had been one of his eunuchs. Prester John and the Sophy were never out of mine eye (yet my sight was not a pin the worse). The Sultan of

Motto *Nec quidquam nec cuiquam* 'Nothing dedicated to nobody'

- 3 **Maecen-asses** Maecenas (c.70–8 BC) was a famous Roman patron of the arts; the plural form puns on 'asses'
- 7 **desperate debts** 'bad' debts, unlikely ever to be paid
- 8 **only-supper-maker** sole provider of square meals
- 9 **ingles** companions; homosexual lovers
- 9 **players' boys** boy-actors. The placing of players' boys alongside 'ingles' may refer to the idea (spread by vociferous critics of the stage and endorsed by some playwrights) that the acting of women's parts by boys in the Elizabethan theatre encouraged sodomy.
- 11 **Nemo** Nobody
- 11 **benefic** beneficent
- 11–12 **old musty sentence** worn-out aphorism or saying
- 12–13 **Lycosthenes' Apophthegms** An adaptation by Conrad Lycosthenes

- (1518–61) of Erasmus' *Apophthegmata*, which was widely used in schools.
- 15 **Whitefriars punk** prostitute operating from the sanctuary of the former Whitefriars nunnery
- 17–18 **Honest Jew** a term of affection
- 19 **pickled patrons** (substitutes 'patrons' for 'herrings', which were pickled in barrels)
- 21 **conjure** urge, beg
- 27 **verse-gilder** one who gives money for verses
- 30 **football** i.e. soccer ball
- 34 **spur-royal** gold coin worth fifteen shillings
- 35 **Sir... voyage** Sir Francis Drake (1540?–96) sailed round the world from 1577 to 1580; Sir Thomas Cavendish (1555?–92) did it from 1586 to 1588.
- 37 **cardmakers** mapmakers, cartographers
- Peter Plancius and Gerard Mercator** Peter Plancius (1552–1622) published his first *Orbis terrarum typus* in 1590;

- Mercator (1512–94) published one 'universal map' in 1538 and another in 1569.
- 42 **sculler** oarsman
- from Queenhithe to Wapping** a distance of about a mile and a half, rowing down the Thames. Queenhithe was one of the chief watergates of the city; Wapping was the place where pirates were hanged.
- 46 **lively colours** maps of the world were often coloured after printing. Peter Plancius' widely-distributed maps were bordered with lively engravings of the four continents.
- 47 **malt-man's** a maker of malt. The distance from Enfield to Shoreditch church in London was about 10 miles.
- 49 **seraglio** harem
- 51 **Prester John** a legendary Christian king of Asia
- Sophy** ruler of Persia.

Egypt I had with a wet finger; from whence, I travelled as boldly to the courts of all the kings in Christendom as if I had been an ambassador (his pomp only excepted).

Strange fashions did I pick (like worms) out of the fingers of every nation, a number of fantastic popinjays and apes (with faces like men) itching till they had got them. And (besides fashions) many wonders, worthy to be hung up (like shields with senseless bald impreses) in the white paper-gallery of a large chronicle. But this made me fret out worse than gummed taffeta: that neither in any one of those kingdoms (no, nor yet within the walls and waterworks of mine own country) could I either find or hear (for I gave a crier a King Harry groat to make an oyez), no nor read, of any man, woman or child left so well by their friends, or that carried such an honest mind to the commonwealth of the Castalians, as to keep open house for the seven poor liberal sciences, nor once (which even the rich cubs and fox-furred curmudgeons do) make them good cheer so much as at Christmas, when every cobbler has license (under the broad seal of hospitality) to sit cheek by jowl at the table of a very alderman's deputy.

What woodcocks then are these seven wise masters to answer to that worm-eaten name of 'liberal', seeing it has undone them? It's a name of the old fashion. It came up with the old religion, and went down with the new. Liberality has been a gentleman of a good house, and an ancient house, but now that old house (like the

players' old hall at Dowgate) is fall'n to decay, and to repair it requires too much cost. My seven Latin-sellers have been liberal so long to others that now they have not a rag (or almost nothing but rags) left for themselves. Yea, and into such pitiful predicaments are they fallen that most of our gentry (besides the punies of the Inns of Court and Chancery) takes them for the seven deadly sins, and hate them worse than they hate whores. How much happier had it been for them to have changed their copies, and from sciences been bound to good occupations, considering that one London occupier (dealing uprightly with all men) puts up more in a week than seven Bachelors of Art (that every day go barely a-wooing to them) do in a year.

Hath not the plague, incomparable Nobody (and therefore 'incomparable', because with an Aeneas-like glory thou hast redeemed the golden tree of poesy, even out of the hellish scorn that this world, out of her Luciferan pride, hopes to damn it with)—hath it not, I say, done all men knight's service in working the downfall of our greatest and greediest beggars? *Dicite lo Pæan*, you young sophisticated fry of the universities! Break Priscian's pate (if he cross you) for joy. For had not the plague stuck to you in this case, six of your seven academical sweethearts (if I said all seven, I should not lie upon them) had long ere this (but that some doctors withstood it) been begged (not for wards—yet some of them have lodged, I can tell you,

53 **with a wet finger** with ease; as easily as turning the pages of a book after wetting one's finger with the tongue
 56 **Strange fashions** It was proverbial that Englishmen picked up different styles of clothing from all over the world in the course of their travels.
worms ticks or mites
 57 **popinjays** parrots
 60 **senseless bald impreses** meaningless devices or mottoes used on coats-of-arms
 61 **white paper-gallery** a reference to pages of coats-of-arms printed in colour on one side of the paper in some books of heraldry and chronicles
 62 **fret out worse than gummed taffeta** Taffeta was gummed to make it glossy, but the process damaged the fabric.
 64 **waterworks** sea-walls, piers, defences against force of water
 65 **King Harry groat** coin worth four pence from the reign of Henry VIII
 66 **oyez** 'hear ye', the call of a London crier
 68 **Castalians** those who have drunk from the fountain of Castalia on Mount Parnassus, sacred to the muses. In this case, university-educated writers.
 69 **seven poor liberal sciences** The seven liberal arts or 'sciences' were the seven parts of the educational curriculum.
 70 **cubs** troublesome youngsters
fox-furred curmudgeons wealthy usurers (often depicted wearing fur gowns)
 70-1 **make them good cheer** entertain them
 73 **alderman's** magistrate in charge of one

of the London districts or 'wards'
 74 **woodcocks** suckers, dupes
seven wise masters (punning on the title of a still-popular old jestbook, *The Seven Wise Masters of Rome*)
 77 **the old religion** Catholicism (as opposed to the 'new', Protestantism)
 79-80 **the players' old hall at Dowgate** Dowgate was one of the wards or administrative divisions of London. There may once have been a hall which served as a theatre on the street called Dowgate.
 81 **seven Latin-sellers** the seven liberal arts, here characterized as vendors of intellectual goods. The phrase may incorporate a pun on 'latten', a mixed metal of yellow colour.
 85 **punies** new students; freshmen
 85-6 **the Inns of Court and Chancery** institutions where the law was studied
 86-7 **seven deadly sins** sins punishable by damnation according to the Catholic church; here mockingly associated with the seven liberal arts
 88-9 **changed their copies** altered their style or behaviour
 89 **occupations** trades, businesses
 90 **occupier** merchant, tradesman; also a term for a pimp
 91 **puts up** pockets
 92 **barely** bareheaded, hat in hat like a beggar
 95 **Aeneas-like** The hero Aeneas carried a golden tree or bough as an offering to the goddess of the underworld,

Proserpina, when he visited hell (*Aeneid* 6.136 ff.).
 99 **knight's service** sterling service; a good turn
 100 **greatest and greediest beggars** unemployed young men educated at university who follow the muses, that is, write for a living. Perhaps with particular reference to playwrights, since players were condemned as 'sturdy beggars' by the anti-theatrical lobby, and theatres were forced to close in times of plague
Dicite lo Pæan 'shout hurrah' (Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, 2.1)
 100-1 **young sophisticated fry** youngsters who play games with logic
 101 **Priscian's** (AD 419-518) author of a Latin grammar much used in schools and universities
pate head
 103 **six...sweethearts** It is not clear which of the liberal arts is here being exempted from the charge of folly.
 104 **lie upon them** tell a lie about them; perhaps puns on 'lie with them'
 105-7 **been begged...for** Since the mentally ill ('fools') were wards in Chancery, 'to beg for a fool' was to petition the Court of Wards for his custody, which involved not only the charge of the person but also the complete control of such a one's estate.
 106 **wards** (a) someone under another person's protection; (b) 'fool'

in the Knight's Ward) but for mere Stones and Chesters. Fools, fools, and jesters! Because, whereas some of their chemical and alchemical raw disciples have learned (at their hands) to distil gold and silver out of very tavern bushes, old greasy knaves of diamonds, the dust of bowling alleys—yea, and, like Aesop's Gallus Gallinaceus, to scrape precious stones even out of dunghills—yet they themselves (poor harlotries) had never the grace nor the face to carry one penny in their own purses.

But to speak truth, my noble curer of the poetical madness for nothing, where should they have it? Let them be sent into the courts of princes, there they are so lordly that (unless they were bigger and taller of their hands than so many of the Guard) everyone looks over them, or if they give them anything, it's nothing but good looks. As for the city, that's so full of craftsmen there is no dealing with their mysteries. The nine muses stand in a brown study, when they come within their liberties, like so many mad wenches taken in a watch and brought before a bench of brown bills. *O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum! Virtus post Nummos:* 'first open your purses, and then be virtuous; part not with a penny.' The rich misers hold their own by this canon law. And for those (whom in English we call poor snakes), alas, they are barred (by

the statute against beggars) from giving a dandiprat or a bawbee. In the camp there is nothing to be had but blows and provant, for soldiers had never worse doings. My sweet captain bestows his pipe of rich trinidado (taking the muses for Irish chimney-sweepers), and that's his talent. 135

Being in this melancholy contemplation, and having wept a whole inkhorn full of verses in bewailing the miseries of the time, on the sudden I started up, with my teeth bit my writings (because I would eat my words), condemned my pen-knife to the cutting of powder-beef and brewes, my paper to the drying and inflaming of tobacco, and my retirements to a more gentleman-like recreation, viz. Duke Humphrey's walk in Paul's—swearing five or six poetical furious oaths, that the goose-quill should never more gull me to make me shoot paper bullets into any stationer's shop or to serve under the weather-beaten colours of Apollo, seeing his pay was no better. Yet rememb'ring what a notable good fellow thou wert, the only Atlas that supports the Olympian honour of learning, and (out of thy horn of abundance) a continual benefactor to all scholars (thou matchless Nobody!), I set up my rest, and vowed to consecrate all my blotting papers only to thee. And not content to dignify thee with that love and honour of myself, I summoned all the rhymesters, play-patchers,

107 **the Knight's Ward** One of the better apartments in the Counter, a debtors' prison in London. It was occupied by prisoners with the means to pay for their upkeep.

Stones and Chesters Stone was a professional jester; Charles Chester a well-known braggart of the 1590s.

109 **chemical...disciples** amateur practitioners of the sciences of chemistry and alchemy. Alchemists hoped to 'distil gold and silver' (110-11) out of base metals. Here innkeepers (who make money from alcohol) and gamblers (who make money from cards and bowling alleys) are identified as the most successful alchemists in Jacobean England.

110-11 **tavern bushes** Many taverns advertised themselves with a bush instead of a sign.

111 **greasy knaves of diamonds** gambling with cards

112 **Aesop's Gallus Gallinaceus** Aesop (6th century BC) was a Greek writer famous for his animal fables. In his fable of *gallus gallinaceus* or 'the dunghill cock', a cock failed to recognize the value of a jewel it dug out of the dung on which it lived.

114 **harlotries** knaves or whores

119 **taller of their hands** more accomplished fighters

120 **looks over them** (pun on 'overlooks them')

123 **mysteries** skills, sometimes secret ones, involved in practising trade and manufacturing crafts

124 **brown study** daze

come within their liberties enter the district over which they (the craftsmen) have jurisdiction

125 **mad wenches** prostitutes

taken in a watch arrested in a night

126 **bench of brown bills** panel of night watchmen, who carried long-handled weapons called 'brown bills'

126-7 **O cives...Nummos** 'O citizens, citizens! Seek money first of all! Virtue after Wealth' (Horace, *Epistles*, 1.1.53-4)

130 **poor snakes** poor people

they i.e. the rich

131 **statute against beggars** Act 'for the suppressing of rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars' (1598)

dandiprat small coin worth three half-pence

132 **bawbee** Scottish coin worth about half a penny

In the camp among the military

133 **provant** soldiers' rations

134 **trinidado** the best tobacco, imported from Trinidad

135 **Irish chimney-sweepers** seem to have been common in London. Chimney-sweepers were often associated with smoking, perhaps because tobacco was thought to offer some protection against the lung diseases to which their work made them vulnerable.

talent wealth; i.e. that's all he can afford

140 **pen-knife** used continually to trim the tip of a pen made from a goose-quill as it became blunt in the course of writing

140-1 **powder-beef and brewes** salted beef, and bread soaked in the broth made

from it

143 **Duke Humphrey's walk in Paul's** one of the aisles in St Paul's cathedral, where the tomb of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester was supposed to stand: a popular meeting-place for gallants, i.e. fashionable, idle men

144 **poetical furious oaths** swearing outrageous oaths was a necessary skill for gallants

goose-quill pen made from the quill of a goose

145 **gull** trick, con

bullets possible pun on 'billets', small documents or papers, which could also be written 'bullets'. Probably a reference to offering manuscripts to a publisher

146-7 **colours of Apollo** military flag of Apollo, god of poetry

148 **good fellow** good companion, usually a drinking partner

Atlas in Greek mythology, a Titan condemned to carry the heavens on his head and hands

149 **Olympian** Mount Olympus was the home of the Greek gods.

150 **horn of abundance** cornucopia, the horn of the goat Amalthea which suckled the infant Zeus. A metaphor for limitless fertility or generosity, the cornucopia was also used by early modern writers to signify writerly inventiveness.

151 **set up my rest** staked everything

154-5 **play-patchers...pamphlet-stitchers** perhaps those who cobble together plays and pamphlets from other people's work

The Epistle Dedicatory.

155 jig-makers, ballad-mongers, and pamphlet-stitchers (being the yeomanry of the company) together with all those whom Theocritus calls the muses' birds (being the Masters and head Wardens) and before them all made an encomiastical oration in praise of Nobody (*scilicet* your proper self), pronouncing them asses, and threat'ning to have them pressed to serve at sea in the Ship of Fools, if ever hereafter they taught their lines (like water spaniels) to fetch any thing that were thrown out of them, or to dive into the unworthy commendations of Lucius Apuleius, or any *Golden Ass* of them all, being for their pains clapped only on the shoulder and sent away dropping, whenas thy leathern bags stand more open than seacoal sacks, more bounteously to reward them.

170 I had no sooner cut out thy virtues in these large cantles but all the synagogue of scribes gave a *plaudite*, crying out *viva voce*, with one loud throat, that all their verses should henceforth have more feet and take longer strides than if they went upon stilts, only to carry thy glorious praises over the earth, and that none but Nobody should lick the fat of their inventions; that dukes, earls, lords and ladies should have their ill-liberal names torn out of those books whose authors they sent away with a flea in their ear, and the style of Nobody in capital roman letters bravely printed in their places.

180 Hereupon crowding their heads together, and amongst themselves canvassing more and more thy inexplicable worth, all of them (as inspired) burst suddenly forth and sung extemporal odes in thine honour and palinodes in recantation of all former good opinions held of niggardly patrons—one of them magnifying thee, for that in this

pestiferous shipwreck of Londoners, when the pilot, boat-swains, master and master's mates, with all the chief mariners that had charge in this goodly argosy of government leapt from the stern, struck all the sails from the mainyard to the mizzen, never looked to the compass, never sounded in places of danger, nor so much as put out their close-fights when they saw a most cruel man-of-war pursue them, but suffered all to sink or swim, crying out only 'Put your trust in God, my bullies, and not in us!', whilst they either hid themselves under hatches or else scrambled to shore in cockboats, yet thou, undaunted Nobody, then, even then, didst stand stoutly to thy tackling, step courageously to the helm, and manfully run up and down, encouraging those (with comfortable words) whose hearts lay coldly in their bellies. Another lifted thee up above the third heaven for playing the constable's part so rarely—and not as your common constables (charging poor sick wretches that had neither meat nor money 'in the King's name' to keep their houses, that's to say, to famish and die), but discharging whole baskets full of victuals (like volleys of shot) in at their windows, thou, only thou, most charitable Nobody, madest them as fat as butter and preserved'st their lives. A third extolled thy martial discipline in appointing ambushes of surgeons and apothecaries to lie close in every ward, of purpose to cut off any convoy that brought the plague succour. A fourth swore at the next impression of *The Chronicles* to have thy name, with the year of our Lord (and certain hexameter verses underneath) all in great golden letters, wherein thy fame should be consecrated to eternal memory for carefully purchasing convenient plots of ground only for

- 155 **jig-makers, ballad-mongers** writers of popular verses often set to music.
- 156 **yeomanry** junior members of a guild, or company; in this case, writers of plays, jigs, ballads, and pamphlets
- 157 **Theocritus** Greek poet (c.270 BC) the muses' birds i.e. bad but arrogant poets (Theocritus, idyll 7.47–8: 'I hate the birds of the muses, who struggle to rival Homer with their cackling')
- 157–8 **Masters and head Wardens** chief officials of a guild
- 158–9 **encomiastical oration** formal speech of praise
- 159–60 **scilicet your proper self** 'that is, your own self'
- 161 **the Ship of Fools** title of a popular book by Alexander Barclay (1475?–1552), published in 1509. It was a translation of Sebastian Brandt's *Narrenschiff* (1494).
- 162 **water spaniels** spaniels trained to put up birds from water for marksmen to shoot at, as opposed to 'land spaniels' which sought out game on land
- 164 **Lucius Apuleius** author (AD c.155) of *The Golden Ass*, the story of a writer who is changed by magic into a randy donkey
- 166 **dropping** drooping, disconsolate; with a pun on dripping, as a spaniel would after chasing something thrown into water

- 167 **seacoal sacks** sacks for carrying coal ('seacoal' was ordinary, mineral coal as opposed to charcoal)
- 169 **cantles** sections
- 170 **plaudite** shout of approval
- 171 **viva voce** loudly
- 175 **inventions** i.e. verses
- 177 **with a flea in their ear** proverbial: with biting words. An attack on aristocratic dedicatees who refuse to reward authors for dedicating books to them
- 178 **style** correct form of address
- in capital roman letters** in a modern typeface, as opposed to Gothic type or 'black letter'
- 181 **canvassing** discussing
- 183 **palinodes** poems or songs in which something that has been said is retracted; versified recantations
- 188 **argosy** large merchant-ship
- 191 **sounded** To 'sound' is to measure the depth of the water in shallow or rocky places, using a lead weight attached to a knotted rope or cord
- 192 **close-fights** canvas cloths or wooden gratings designed to screen a ship's crew from an enemy
- man-of-war fighting ship**
- 194 **bullies** friends, mates

- 196 **cockboats** small boats carried on shipboard
- 197–8 **tackling** block and tackle, and ropes used to control the sails
- 201 **the third heaven** the paradise to which St Paul was lifted (2 Corinthians 12:2)
- 202 **rarely** well
- 203–4 **'in the King's name'** the phrase by which Jacobean constables asserted their authority to arrest offenders
- 204 **keep their houses** stay indoors (the usual period of quarantine for plague was forty days)
- 205 **famish** starve
- 210 **lie close** lie hidden (in ambush)
- ward** administrative division of the city
- 212 **The Chronicles** *A Summary of English Chronicles*, by John Stow (1525–1605), was first published in 1565, and continued to be republished in an abridged form until 1618. Stow's *The Chronicles of England* (1580) was reprinted and expanded (as *The Annals of England*) in 1592 and 1601.
- 213–14 **hexameter verses** verses of six metrical feet
- 214 **great golden letters** extremely rare printing with gold ink and a 40-point titling font

burials (and those out of the City too, as they did in Jerusalem) to the intent that threescore (contrary to an Act of Common Council against inmates) might not be pestered together in one little hole where they lie and rot, but that a poor man might for his money have elbow-room, and not have his guts thrust out to be eaten up with paltry worms, lest when in hot and dry summers (that are yet not dreamed on), those musty bodies putrefying, the inavoidable stench of their strong breath be smelled out by the sun—and then there's new work for clerks and sextons.

Thus had everyone a flirt at thy praises. If thou hadst been begged to have played an anatomy in Barber Surgeons' Hall, thy good parts could not have been more curiously ripped up. They dived into the very bowels of thy hearty commendations. So that I—that (like a match) scarce gave fire before to the dankish powder of their apprehensions—was now burnt up myself in the flames of a more ardent affection towards thee, kindled by them. For presently the court broke up and (without a quarter dinner) all parted, their heads being great with child and aching very pitifully till they were delivered of hymns, hexasticons, paeans, and such other panegyricall stuff, which everyone thought seven year till he had brought forth, to testify the love that he bore to Nobody. In advancement of whose honour—and this was sworn upon a pen and inkhorn instead of a sword; yet they all write *Tam marti quàm mercurio*, but how lawfully let the heralds have an eye to't—they vowed and swore very terribly to sacrifice the very lives of their invention. And when they wanted ink (as many of them do, wanting money) or had no more (like a Chancery man) but one pen in all the

world, parcel of their oath was to write with their blood and a broomstick before they would sit idle.

Accept therefore (for handsel-sake) these curtal rhymes of ours, thou capon-feaster of scholars. I call them *News from Gravesend*. Be it known unto thy non-residence that I come not near that Gravesend which takes his beginning in Kent, by twenty miles at least. But the end of those graves do I shoot at, which were cast up here in London to stand as landmarks for every parish, to teach them how far they were to go, laying down (so well as I can) the manner how death and his army of pestilent archers entered the field, and how every arrow that they drew did almost cleave a heart in sunder. Read over but one leaf, dear Nobody, and thou put'st upon me an armour of proof against the rankling teeth of those mad dogs (called book-biters) that run barking up and down Paul's churchyard and bite the muses by the shins. Commend thou my labours, and I will labour only to commend thee—for, thy humour being pleased, all the mewing critists in the world shall not fright me. I know the stationers will wish me and my papers burnt (like heretics) at the Cross, if thou dost (now) but enter into their shops by my means. It would fret their hearts to see thee at their stalls reading my *News*. Yet therein they deal doubly, and like notable dissemblers, for all the time of this plaguy alarum they marched only under thy colours, desired none but thy company, none but thyself wert welcome to them, none but Nobody (as they all cried out to thine immortal commendations) bought books off them. Nobody was their best and most bounteous customer. Fie on this hollow-hearted world! Do they shake thee off now? Be wise, and come not near them by twelve score at least; so shalt thou not need to

217-18 **as they did in Jerusalem** The tomb that belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, where Christ was buried, stood outside the walls of Jerusalem.

218-19 **Act of Common Council** The Court of Common Council passed several laws against filling houses with inmates—that is, with more than one family or household.

226-7 **new work for clerks and sextons** new graves to be dug (by sextons) and burial services read (by clerks), as a result of the contagion spread by sloppily buried corpses

228 **flirt** sharp blow; rap

229 **have played an anatomy** served as a subject for anatomical demonstrations

236 **court** assembly

236-7 **quarter dinner** dinner held once a quarter

239 **hexasticons** groups of six lines of verse
paeans songs of praise or thanksgiving
panegyricall stuff material for praising Nobody

244 **Tam marti quàm mercurio** 'Dedicated as much to Mars (the god of war) as to Mercury (the god of learning)'. A motto legitimately used by writers such as

George Gascoigne (1539?-1577), who had served in the army.

246 **invention** creativity

247 **wanted** lacked

248 **Chancery man** attorney or clerk at the Inns of Chancery. Chancery lawyers acted for the poor, and were considered to be of a lower social status than those of the Inns of Court; hence the Chancery man's poverty.

249 **parcel** part

251 **for handsel-sake** as a handsel, i.e. a thing given in advance, as a promise of future gifts

curtal rhymes octosyllabic couplets. A 'curtal' was a horse with its tail docked.

252 **capon-feaster of scholars** one who feasts academics with chickens

253 **Gravesend** a town in Kent at the mouth of the Thames, visited by ships entering and leaving the port of London. In 1568 Sir Robert Martyn proposed that ships from infected harbours should be quarantined there for forty days, and this proposal was sporadically put into practice from then on. The German traveller Thomas Platter visited Gravesend in 1599, and reported that

'there is very little to be seen'.

255-6 **the end...shoot at** a metaphor from archery: 'I mean the graves'

257 **landmarks** objects set up to mark a boundary line

260-1 **every arrow...almost** almost every arrow

262 **armour of proof** armour whose resistance to bullets had been proved by having bullets fired at it

263-4 **book-biters** pun on 'backbiters', slanderers

264 **Paul's churchyard** the churchyard of St Paul's Cathedral, where most London printers and booksellers had their shops

267 **humour** inclination, taste
critists critics

269 **the Cross** Paul's Cross in Paul's churchyard, where books offensive to the church authorities were burned, as they were on one famous occasion in 1599: see *Microcynicon*

272 **deal doubly** engage in double-dealing

273 **alarum** a call to arms

274 **colours** banner, flag

280 **twelve score** Few archers could hit a target at twelve score (240) yards.

care what disgraces they shoot at thee. But leaving them to their old tune of 'What new books do you lack?', prick up thine ears like a March hare (at the sudden cry of a kennel of hounds) and listen what news the post that's come from Winchester Term winds out of his horn.

O that thou hadst taken a lease there, happy Nobody, but for one month! The place had, for thy sake, been well spoken of for ever. Many did heartily pray—especially watermen and players, besides the drawers, tapsters, butchers, and innholders, with all the rest of the hungry commonalty of Westminster—for thy going thither. Ten thousand in London swore to feast their neighbours with nothing but plum porridge and mince pies all Christmas (that now for anger will not bestow a crust on a beggar) upon condition that all the judges, serjeants, barristers and attorneys had not set a foot out of doors, but that thou only (in pomp), saving them that labour, hadst rode that journey, so greedily did they thirst after thy preferment. For hadst thou been there, those black buckram tragedies had never been seen that there have been acted. Alas! It's a beastly thing to report. But—truth must out!—poor dumb horses were made mere jades, being used so villainously that they durst neither whinny nor wag tail. And though the riders of them had grown never so choleric and chaffed till they foamed again, an ostler to walk them was not to be had for love or money. Neither could the geldings (even of gentlemen) get leave (for all they sweat till they dropped again) to stand as they had wont at rack and manger—no, no, 'twas enough for their masters to have that honour; but now, against all equity, were they called (when thy little thought of any such matter) to a dear reckoning for all their old wild oats.

A conspiracy there was amongst all the innkeepers that Jack Straw (an ancient rebel) should choke all the horses—and the better to bring this to pass, a bottle of hay was sold dearer than a bottle of wine at London. A truss cost more than Master Mayor's truss of Forditch, with the sleeves and belly-piece all of bare satin to boot. Which knavery being smelled out, the horsemen grew politic, and never sat down to dinner, but their nags were still at their elbows. So that it grew to be as ordinary a question to ask 'What shall I pay for a chamber for myself and my gelding all night?' (because they would not be jaded any more) as in other country towns '—for my wife and myself'. For a beast and a man were entertained both alike, and that in such wonderful sort that they'll speak of it *in aeternam rei memoriam*. For most of their rooms were fairly built (out of the ground, but not out of the dirt) like Irish hovels, hung round about with cobweb-lawn very richly, and furnished no alderman's parlour in London like them. For here's your bed, there a stable, and that a hog-sty, yet so artificially contrived that they stand all under one roof, to the amazement of all that behold them.

But what a childishness is it to get up thus upon their hobby-horses! Let them bite o' the bridle, whilst we have about with the men. As for the women, they may laugh and lie down; it's a merry world with them, but somebody pays for it. O Winchester! Much mutton hast thou to answer for, which thou hast made away (being sluttishly fried out in steaks, or in burnt carbonadoes). Thy maid-servants best know how, if they were called to an account. It was happy for some that four of the returns were cut off, for if they had held together many a one had never returned from thence his own man. O beware! Your

282 'What...lack?' 'What do you lack?' was a familiar seller's cry.
 283 **March hare** March is the mating season for hares, when they are said to go mad.
 284 **post** letter-bearer, who blows a horn to signal his arrival
 285 **Winchester Term** During the plague of 1604 the Michaelmas term (beginning 10 October; one of the four terms during which the London law courts were in session) was held at Winchester.
 289 **watermen** oarsmen who ferry passengers up and down the Thames
drawers, tapsters those who draw liquor for customers at a tavern
 291 **commonalty** the common people; those below the rank of gentry
 299 **black buckram tragedies** buckram was a coarse cloth; black buckram the traditional wear for tragedies
 302 **made mere jades** To make a horse a jade is to exhaust it by working it too hard; 'to make a jade of' people is to fool them. The passage refers to the exorbitant prices charged for the upkeep of horses while the lawcourts met at Winchester.

303-4 **they durst...tail** proverbial: the horses didn't dare to draw attention to themselves
 307-8 **for all...dropped again** despite the fact that they worked till the sweat dripped off them
 308-9 **stand...at rack and manger** live in plenty, want for nothing
 314 **Jack Straw** one of the leaders of the Rising of the Commons in 1381. Here his name refers to the triumph of the commons over the gentry at Winchester, where the cost of straw for gentlemen's horses was artificially raised by innkeepers.
 315-16 **bottle of hay** bundle of hay
 317 **truss...truss** puns on two meanings of truss: 'a bundle' and 'a closely fitting jacket or breeches'
Forditch may refer to Fordwich near Canterbury
 318 **belly-piece** the part of the jacket that covers the belly
 320 **politic** cunning
 321 **ordinary** (a) frequent or regular; (b) a regular daily meal or allowance of food
 324 **jaded** conned

327 *in aeternam rei memoriam* 'in perpetual remembrance of the thing'
 329 **cobweb-lawn** very fine linen: mockingly refers to the cobwebs bedecking the seedy chambers made available to gentlemen at Winchester
 334-5 **get...hobby-horses** play the fool. A hobby-horse was a figure of fun in a morris dance.
 335 **bite o' the bridle** restrain themselves
 336 **have about with** have a go at
 337 **laugh and lie down** a card game (with a sexual quibble), in which the women are collecting all the winnings
 338 **mutton** (a) women's genitals; (b) whores
 340 **sluttishly** sloppily; a 'slut' is a whore
carbonadoes meat scored across and grilled
 342-3 **four...cut off** There were eight returns in Michaelmas term (10th October-28th November); that is, eight days on which the Sheriffs' reports were returned to the law courts. In 1603 the first four of these returns did not take place at Winchester.

345 Winchester goose is ten times more dangerous to surfeit upon than your St Nicholas Shambles capon.

350 You talk of a plague in London, and red crosses set upon doors, but ten plagues cannot melt so many crosses of silver out of lawyers' purses as the Winchesterians (with a hey-pas! repas!) juggled out of theirs to put into their own. Patient they were, I must needs confess, for they would pocket up anything, came it never so wrongfully, insomuch that very good substantial householders have oftentimes gone away with cracked crowns and never complained of them that gave them. If ever money were current (*a currendo*, of running away), now was the time. It ran from the poor clients to the attorneys and clerks of bands in small troops (here ten, and there twenty), but when the leaguers of Winchester cried 'Charge, charge!', the lawyers paid for't; they went to the pot full dearly, and the townsmen still carried away all the noble and royal victories. So that, being puffed up with an opinion that the Silver Age was crept into the world again, they denied (in a manner) the King's coin, for a penny was no money with them. Whensoever there shall come forth a prest for soldiers, thither let it be sent, for by all the opinion of the best captains that had a charge there, and have tried them, the men of Winchester are the only serviceable men this day in England. The reason is, they care no more to venture among small shots than to be at the discharging of so many cans of beer. Tush! 'tis their desire to see those that enter upon them to come off soundly, that when they are gone all the world may bear witness they came to their cost.

375 And being thus night and day employed, and continually ent'ring into action, it makes them have mighty stomachs, so that they are able to soak and devour all

that come in their way. A rapier and a cloak have been eaten up at a supper as clean (and carried away well, too) as if they had been but two rabbit-suckers. A nag served but one servingman to a breakfast, whilst the saddle and bridle were brewed into a quart of strong beer.

This intolerable destroying of victuals being looked into, the inhabitants laid their heads together and agreed among themselves (for the general good of the whole town) to make it a town of garrison. And seeing the desperate termers, that strove in law together, in such a pitiful pickle, and every day so dirty that when they met their counsel they looked like the black guard fighting with the Inns of Court, that therefore all the householders should turn Turk and be victuallers to the camp. By this means, having the law in their own hands, they ruled the roost how they listed; insomuch, that a common jug of double beer scorned to kiss the lips of a knight under a groat. Six hours' sleep could not be bought under five shillings. Yea, in some places a night's lodging was dearer than the hire of a courtesan in Venice twice so long. And having learned the tricks of London sextons, there they laid four or five in a bed, as here those other knaves of spades thrust nine and ten into one grave—beds keeping such a jostling of one another in every room that in the day time the lodgings looked like so many upholsters' shops, and in the night time like the Savoy, or St Thomas' hospital. At which, if any guest did but once bite his lip or grumble, he was cashiered the company for a mutinous fellow; the place was not for him; let him trudge. A number stood with petitions ready to give money for the reversion of it, for Winchester now durst (or at least hoped to) stand upon proud terms with London. And this, thou beloved of all men, is the very pith and marrow of the

345 **Winchester goose** a swelling in the groin caused by syphilis. The brothels of Southwark came within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester.

346 **St Nicholas Shambles capon** The poulterers of London moved to St Nicholas Shambles in 1603. A capon is a castrated cockerel.

347 **red crosses** (used to mark the doors of houses infected by plague)

348-9 **crosses of silver** coins stamped with the figure of a cross

350 **hey-pas! repas!** terms used by jugglers

354 **cracked crowns** broken heads; also, worthless coins. Coins were stamped with a ring inside which the sovereign's head was placed. A coin containing a crack extending inside the ring was unfit for currency.

356 **current (*a currendo*, of running away)** The writer claims that the word 'current' is derived from the Latin verb *currere*, to run, because currency is always escaping from people's grasp.

357-8 **clerks of bands** 'bands' are collars such as lawyers wore. 'Clerks of bands' may mean unqualified attorneys who

acted on behalf of those who could not afford to hire lawyers educated at the Inns of Court.

359 **leaguers** members of a league or gang
Charge, charge! a battle-cry; also puns on charging for room, board, and other services

360 **went...dearly** paid a lot for a drink

361 **noble and royal** (pun on two coins)

362-3 **the Silver Age** in classical mythology, the second of the seven ages of the world; i.e. the people of Winchester would not take anything less than silver for their services

363-4 **denied...King's coin** refused to accept legal currency, by regarding a penny as worthless

365 **prest** forced enlistment

367 **had a charge** commanded troops

368 **the only serviceable men** the only men fit for military service

370 **small shots** musket bullets, as opposed to cannon balls

372 **come off soundly** pay dearly for it

376-7 **mighty stomachs** (a) great courage; (b) inordinate greed

380 **rabbit-suckers** young rabbits

386 **town of garrison** town under military command

387 **termers** those who attend the law courts in term-time

389 **black guard** lowest-paid domestic servants; scullions, kitchen-boys etc., whose work involved getting dirty

391 **turn Turk** become apostates, i.e. change their profession

victuallers suppliers of food

395 **groat** coin worth four pennies. The usual price of a quart of best beer was a penny.

399-400 **knives of spades** refers to the practices of London sextons or gravediggers who crammed nine or ten bodies into one grave to save money and labour, and who therefore cheated their customers as gamblers cheat their opponents at cards

403-4 **the Savoy, or St Thomas' hospital** two London hospitals

405 **cashiered** thrown out of (literally, dismissed from military or domestic service in disgrace)

408 **reversion of it** right of obtaining it at some future time

best and latest news (except the unmasking of certain
treasons) that came with the post from Winchester, where
if thou hadst hired a chamber—as would to heaven thou
hadst!—thou wouldst never have gone to any barber’s in
415 London whilst thou hadst lived, but have been trimmed
only there, for they are the true shavers; they have the
right Neapolitan polling.

To whose commendations, let me glue this piece more:
that it is the most excellent place for dispatching of old
420 suits in the world—for a number of riding suits (that had
lain long in lavender) were worn out there, only with
serving amongst the hot shots that marched there up and
down. Let Westminster therefore, Temple Bar, and Fleet
Street, drink off this draught of *rosa solis* to fetch life into
425 them again after their so often swooning that those few
jurors that went thither (if any did go thither) have ta’en
an oath never to sit at Winchester ordinary again, if they
can choose, but rather to break their fasts in the old abbey
behind Westminster with pudding pies and furmenty.

Deliver copies of these Newses, good Nobody, to none of
thy acquaintance (as thou tender’st me), and thou shalt
command any service at my hands. For I have an intent
to hire three or four ballad-makers who, I know, will be
glad for sixpence and a dinner to turn all this limping
435 prose into more perfectly-halting verse, that it shall do
any true-born citizen’s heart good to hear such doings
sung to some filthy tune. And so farewell. Turn over a
new leaf, and try if I handle the plague in his right kind.

Devoted to none but thyself,
440 Somebody



Newses from Gravesend

To sickness and to queasy times
We drink a health in wholesome rhymes.
Physic, we invoke thy aid,
445 Thou that (born in heaven) art made

A lackey to the meanest creature;
Mother of health, thou nurse of nature,
Equal friend to rich and poor,
At whose hands kings can get no more
Than empty beggars; O thou wise 450
In nothing but in mysteries!
Thou that hast of earth the rule,
Where (like an academe, or school)
Thou read’st deep lectures to thy sons,
Men’s demigods, physicians, 455
Who thereby learn the abstruse powers
Of herbs, of roots, of plants, of flowers,
And suck from poisonous stinking weed
Preservatives, man’s life to feed.
Thou nearest to a god—for none 460
Can work it, but a god alone—
O grave enchantress, deign to breathe
Thy spells into us, and bequeath
Thy sacred fires, that they may shine
In quick and virtual medicine. 465
Arm us to convince this foe,
This king of dead men, conquering so,
This hungry plague, cater to death,
Who eats up all, yet famisheth.
Teach us how we may repair 470
These ruins of the rotten air,
Or if the air’s pollution can
So mortal strike through beast and man,
Or if in blood corrupt Death lie,
Or if one dead cause others die. 475
Howe’er, thy sovereign cures disperse,
And with that glory crown our verse,
That we may yet save many a soul
(Perchance, now merry at his bowl)
That ere our tragic song be done 480
Must drink this thick contagion.
But—O grief!—why do we accite
The charms of Physic? Whose numbed sprite
Now quakes, and nothing dare or can,
Checked by a more dread magician. 485
Sick is Physic’s self to see
Her aphorisms proved a mockery.

412 **treasons** In November 1603 Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh were tried for treason at Winchester.

415 **trimmed** cheated. Barbers were supposed to be inveterate cheats.

416–17 **the right Neapolitan polling** ‘Polling’ means both the cutting of hair and extortion. Naples was associated with syphilis, whose treatment caused loss of hair. Presumably, the inhabitants of Winchester sent Londoners home with the clap as well as with empty pockets.

419–20 **dispatching of old suits** bringing old lawsuits to a conclusion

422 **hot shots** cannon balls heated up so as to set fire to any combustible

substance they struck; hence, hotheads, troublemakers

423–4 **Temple Bar, and Fleet Street** streets adjacent to the Inns of Court, where business would have been badly affected by the lawyers’ absence

424 **rosa solis** a medicine originally made with the juice of the plant sundew, and later with brandy

429 **furmenty** a dish made of wheat boiled in milk, seasoned with sugar and spice
437–8 **Turn . . . leaf** (The verses began on a new page.)

442 **queasy** unhealthy

453 **academe** academy

465 **virtual** effective

466 **convince** defeat

468 **cater** caterer

471 **rotten air** plague was sometimes thought to have been caused, or at least aggravated, by corrupt atmospheric conditions

472 **Or if** whether

479 **at his bowl** drinking. It was widely believed that heavy drinking could protect the body against plague.

482 **accite** summon, call on

483 **sprite** spirit

487 **aphorisms** (alluding to various medical treatises with that title, including the *Aphorismes* of the ancient Greek medical writer Hippocrates)

For, whilst she's turning o'er her books
 And on her drugs and simples lookes,
 490 She's run through her own armèd heart,
 Th'infection flying above art.
 Come, therefore, thou the best of nine
 (Because the saddest), every line
 That drops from sorrow's pen is due
 495 Only to thee; to thee we sue.
 Thou tragic maid, whose fury's spent
 In dismal and most black ostent,
 In uproars and in fall of kings,
 Thou of empire's change that sings,
 500 Of dearths, of wars, of plagues, and laughs
 At funerals and epitaphs,
 Carouse thou to our thirsty soul
 A full draught from the Thespian bowl,
 That we may pour it out again
 505 And drink, in numbers, juice to men,
 Striking such horrors through their ears
 Their hair may upright stand with fears
 Till rich heirs meeting our strong verse
 May not shrink back before it pierce
 510 Their marble eyeballs, and there shed
 One drop (at least) for him that's dead.
 To work which wonder, we will write
 With pens pulled from that bird of night,
 The shrieking owl; our ink we'll mix
 515 With tears of widows, black as Styx;
 The paper where our lines shall meet
 Shall be a folded winding-sheet;
 And that the scene may show more full,
 The standish is a dead man's skull.
 520 Inspire us therefore how to tell
 The horror of a plague, the hell.

The cause of the plague

Nor drops this venom from that fair
 And crystal bosom of the air,
 525 Whose ceaseless motion clarifies
 All vaporous stench that upward flies,
 And with her universal wings
 Thick poisonous fumes abroad she flings
 Till (like to thunder), rudely tossed,
 530 Their malice is (by spreading) lost.
 Yet must we grant that—from the veins
 Of rottenness and filth that reigns

O'er heaps of bodies slain in war,
 From carrion (that endangers far),
 From standing pools, or from the wombs
 535 Of vaults, of muckhills, graves, and tombs,
 From bogs, from rank and dampish fens,
 From moorish breaths and nasty dens—
 The sun draws up contagious fumes
 Which, falling down, burst into rheums
 540 And thousand maladies beside,
 By which our blood grows putrefied.
 Or, being by winds not swept from thence,
 They hover there in clouds condense
 Which, sucked in by our spirits, there flies
 545 Swift poison through our arteries,
 And (not resisted) straight it chokes
 The heart with those pestiferous smokes.
 Thus Physic and Philosophy
 Do preach, and (with this) salves apply,
 550 Which search, and use with speed. But now
 This monster breeds not thus. For how
 (If this be proved) can any doubt
 But that the air does (round about)
 In flakes of poison drop on all,
 555 The sore being spread so general?
 Nor dare we so conclude. For then
 Fruits, fishes, foul, nor beasts nor men
 Should 'scape untainted. Grazing flocks
 Would feed upon their graves; the ox
 560 Drop at the plough; the travelling horse
 Would for a rider bear a corse;
 Th'ambitious lark (the bird of state),
 Whose wings do sweep heaven's pearlèd gate,
 As she descended then would bring
 565 Pestilent news under each wing;
 Then rivers would drink poisoned air;
 Trees shed their green and curlèd hair;
 Fish swim to shore full of disease
 (For pestilence would fin the seas),
 570 And we should think their scaly barks,
 Having small speckles, had the marks.
 No soul could move. But sure there lies
 Some vengeance more than in the skies.
 Nor (as a taper, at whose beams
 575 Ten thousand lights fetch golden streams,
 And yet itself is burnt to death)
 Can we believe that one man's breath

489 **simples** medicines

492 **best of nine** best of the nine muses

497 **ostent** appearance

503 **Thespian bowl** Thespis (6th century bc) was credited with being the founder of Greek tragedy. The Thespian bowl is therefore the cup of tragedy.

505 **numbers** metre, verse

juice bodily fluids, necessary to combat disease

514 **shrieking owl** considered a bad omen

515 **Styx** in Greek and Roman mythology,

one of the rivers of the underworld

517 **winding-sheet** cloth in which corpses

were wrapped

519 **standish** ink-stand

534 **far** from a distance

537 **dampish** vaporous

538 **moorish breaths** fumes from swamps

540 **rheums** colds

542 **grows putrefied** festers; becomes putrid

or gangrenous

544 **condense** thick

545 **spirits** breath

549 **Philosophy** natural science

550 **salves** remedies

556 **sore**... **general** the disease being spread so universally

562 **corse** corpse

563 **lark** (considered ambitious because it soars heavenwards as it sings)

572 **marks** otherwise known as tokens: physical symptoms of plague

575-7 **taper**... **death** a taper which is used to light ten thousand candles but which burns up as it does so

580 Infected, and being blown from him,
His poison should to others swim—
For then who breathed upon the first?
Where did th'imbulkèd venom burst?
Or how 'scaped those that did divide
The self-same bits with those that died?
585 Drunk of the self-same cups, and lay
In ulcerous beds as close as they?
Or those who, every hour (like crows)
Prey on dead carcasses, their nose
Still smelling to a grave, their feet
590 Still wrapped within a dead man's sheet?—
Yet, the sad execution done,
Careless among their cans they run,
And there (in scorn of death or fate)
Of the deceased they wildly prate,
595 Yet snore untouched, and next day rise
To act in more new tragedies.
Or (like so many bullets flying)
A thousand here and there being dying,
Death's text-bill clapped on every door,
600 Crosses on sides, behind, before,
Yet he (i'th' midst) stands fast—from whence
Comes this? You'll say, 'From providence'.
'Tis so, and that's the common spell
That leads our ignorance (blind as hell),
605 And serves but as excuse to keep
The soul from search of things more deep.
No, no, this black and burning star
(Whose sulphured drops do scald so far)
Does neither hover o'er our heads,
610 Nor lies it in our bloods, nor beds;
Nor is it stitched to our attires,
Nor like wild balls of running fires
Nor thunderbolts, which where they light
Do either bruise or kill outright,
615 Yet by the violence of that bound
Leap off, and give a second wound.
But this fierce dragon, huge and foul,
Sucks virid poison from our soul,
Which, being spit forth again, there reigns
620 Showers of blisters and of blains,
For every man within him feeds

A worm, which this contagion breeds.
Our heavenly parts are plaguy sick,
And there such leprous spots do stick
That God in anger fills his hand
625 With vengeance, throwing it on the land.
Sure, 'tis some capital offence,
Some high high treason doth incense
Th'eternal king, that thus we are
Arraigned at death's most dreadful bar,
630 Th'indictment writ on England's breast—
When other countries, better blest,
Feel not the judge's heavy doom,
Whose breath (like lightning) doth consume
And (with a whip of planets) scourges
635 The veins of mortals, in whom surges
Of sinful blood, billows of lust,
Stir up the pow'rs to acts unjust.
Whether they be princes' errors
Or faults of peers, pull down these terrors,
640 Or (because we may not err
Let's sift it in particular)
The courtier's pride, lust, and excess,
The churchman's painted holiness,
The lawyer's grinding of the poor,
645 The soldier's starving at the door
(Rag'd, lean, and pale through want of blood,
Sold cheap by him for country's good),
The scholar's envy, farmer's curse—
When heav'n's rich treasurer doth disburse
650 In bounteous heaps (to thankless men)
His universal blessings, then
This delving mole for madness eats
Even his own lungs, and strange oaths sweats
Because he cannot sell for pence
655 Dear years in spite of providence.
Add unto these the city-sin
(Brought by seven deadly monsters in)
Which doth all bounds and blushing scorn,
Because 'tis in the freedom born.
660 What trains of vice (which even hell hates)
But have bold passage through her gates?
Pride in diet, pride in clothing,
Pride in building, pure in nothing—

582 **th'imbulkèd** contained in the body
burst i.e. first break out
584 **bits** portions of food
589 **smelling to** seeking out graves by the
smell of the corpses
592 **cans** jugs of beer
599 **text-bill** placard serving as an advertise-
ment
603 **common spell** usual story
607 **black and burning star** refers to the
plague, or its unknown cause, as a star
or planet which has an evil influence on
human affairs
608 **sulphured** sulphurous
618 **virid** green
620 **blains** swellings, sores

623 **heavenly parts** eternal soul; intellect
and conscience
624 **spots** sins
633 **doom** sentence
635 **whip of planets** refers to the theolo-
gical view that the Providential Will
intervened in human affairs both directly
(through miracles etc.) and indirectly,
through astrological conjunctions
641 **because** so that
642 **sift** analyse
644 **painted** fake
647 **Rag'd** 'in rags' (not necessarily the
same thing as 'ragged')
653 **delving** burrowing: applied to the rich
farmer who works the soil

656 **Dear years** that is, the produce of 'dear
years' or years when grain was in short
supply. The farmer who wants to sell
'Dear years in spite of Providence' is one
who wants to treat every year as a year
of shortages by selling his produce at
the highest possible price, thus usurping
Providence's prerogative of controlling
the seasons.
657 **city-sin** (punning on 'citizen')
658 **seven deadly monsters** i.e. the Seven
Deadly Sins
660 **the freedom** a district of London which
enjoyed special privileges: exemption
from certain taxes, etc.

News from Graues ende.

665	And that she may not want disease, She sails for it beyond the seas. With Antwerp will she drink up Rhine, With Paris act the bloodiest scene, Or in pied fashions pass her folly,	The sound of bells, the unknown coasts Of death's vast kingdom, and sail o'er With fresher wind to happier shore. For now the maiden isle hath got A royal husband (heavenly lot).	710
670	Mocking at heaven, yet look most holy. Of usury she'll rob the Jews; Of luxury, Venetian stews. With Spaniards, she's an Indianist; With barbarous Turks, a sodomist.	Fair Scotland does fair England wed, And gives her for her maidenhead A crown of gold, wrought in a ring With which she's married to a king. Thou beldam (whisperer of false rumours),	715
675	So low her antique walls do stand, These sins leap o'er, even with one hand. And he—that all in modest black, Whose eyeball strings shall sooner crack Than seem to note a tempting face,	Fame, cast aside those antic humours: Lift up thy golden trump, and sound Even from Tweed's utmost crystal bound And from the banks of silver Thames To the green ocean, that King James	720
680	Measuring streets with a dove-like pace— Under that oily visor wears The poor man's sweat and orphan's tears. Now whether these particular fates, Or general moles (disfiguring states),	Has made an island (that did stand Half-sinking) now the firmest land. Carry thou this to Neptune's ear That his shrill Tritons it may bear So far, until the Danish sound	725
685	Whether one sin alone, or whether This main battalion joined together, Do dare these plagues, we cannot tell, But down they beat all human spell. Or, it may be, Jehovah looks	With repercussive voice rebound, That echoes (doubling more and more) May reach the parchèd Indian shore, For 'tis heav'n's care so great a wonder Should fly upon the wings of thunder.	730
690	But now upon those audit books Of forty-five years' hushed account For hours misspent (whose sums surmount The price of ransomed kings), and there, Finding out grievous debts, doth clear	<i>The horror of the plague</i>	
695	And cross them under his own hand, Being paid with lives through all the land. For since his maiden-servant's gone And his new viceroy fills the throne, Heaven means to give him (as his bride)	O thou my country, here mine eyes Are almost sunk in waves that rise From the rough wind of sighs, to see A spring that lately courted thee In pompous bravery, all thy bowers Gilt by the sun, perfumed with flowers, Now like a loathsome leper lying, Her arbors with'ring, green trees dying, Her revels and May merriments Turned all to tragic dreariments. And thou, the mother of my breath, Whose soft breast thousands nourisheth, Altar of Jove, thou throne of kings, Thou fount, where milk and honey springs,	735
700	A nation new and purified. Take breath awhile, our panting muse, And to the world tell gladder news Than these of burials; strive awhile To make thy sullen numbers smile.	<i>Apostrophe ad civitatem</i>	
705	Forget the names of graves and ghosts,		745

667 **Rhine** wine from the Rhine region
668 **Paris...scene** refers to the St Bartholomew's Day massacre of 1572, when Protestants were massacred by Catholics. Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593) wrote a play about it in the early 1590s, *The Massacre at Paris*, so the 'scene' had been 'acted' on the English stage. 'Scene' puns on 'Seine'.
669 **pied fashions** motley fashions; the kind of parti-coloured clothes worn by professional jesters
her Paris's
672 **stews** brothels
673 **Indianist** possibly a smoker of tobacco, known as the Indian weed
674 **sodomist** sodomite
678 **eyeball strings** the muscles, nerves or

tendons of the eye. These were supposed to crack at death.
681 **visor** mask
684 **moles** blemishes on the skin
686 **main battalion** the body of an army
687 **dare** provoke
688 **spell** (a) charm; (b) explanation
691 **forty-five...account** Elizabeth I died in the forty-fifth year of her reign. Despite war with Spain, fighting in Ireland and occasional rebellions, this was widely spoken of as a period of unbroken peace.
694-5 **clear And cross them** pay them and cross them out in the audit-book
697 **his maiden-servant's gone** the death of Elizabeth I, the virgin queen
698 **new viceroy** i.e. James I
706 **sound of bells** (tollèd at funerals)

710 **lot** fortune, luck
711 **Scotland...wed** (James I united the kingdoms of Scotland and England)
715 **beldam** old woman
716 **antic humours** absurd activities
717 **trump** trumpet
718 **Tweed's** river in Scotland
723 **Neptune's** Roman god of the sea, whose servants are the Tritons
725 **sound** channel or strait (with pun on 'noise')
726 **repercussive** reverberating
740 **May merriments** traditional pastimes which took place in the month of May
741 **dreariments** mournful expressions
742.n **Apostrophe ad civitatem** words addressed to the City (of London)

Europe's jewel, England's gem,
 Sister to great Jerusalem,
 Neptune's minion ('bout whose waist
 The Thames is like a girdle cast),
 750 Thou that (but health) canst nothing want,
 Empress of cities, Troynovant!
 When I thy lofty towers behold
 (Whose pinnacles were tipped with gold,
 Both when the sun did set and rise,
 755 So lovely wert thou in his eyes)
 Now like old monuments forsaken
 Or (like tall pines) for winter shaken;
 Or, seeing thee gorgeous as a bride
 Even in the height of all thy pride
 760 Disrobed, disgraced, and when all nations
 Made love to thee in amorous passions,
 Now scorned of all the world; alone,
 None seek thee, nor must thou seek none,
 But like a prisoner must be kept
 765 In thine own walls, till thou hast wept
 Thine eyes out, to behold thy sweet
 Dead children heaped about thy feet—
 O dearest! say, how can we choose
 But have a sad and drooping muse
 770 When corpses do so choke thy way
 That now thou look'st like Golgotha.
 But thus, the alt'ring of a state
 Alters our bodies and our fate,
 For princes' deaths do even bespeak
 775 Millions of lives; when kingdoms break,
 People dissolve, and (as with thunder)
 Cities' proud glories rend asunder.
 Witness thy walls, whose stony arms
 But yesterday received whole swarms
 780 Of frighted English. Lord and loon,
 Lawyer and client, courtier, clown,
 All sorts did to thy buildings fly
 As to the safest sanctuary,
 And he that through thy gates might pass,
 785 His fears were locked in towers of brass.
 Happy that man; now happier they

That from thy reach get first away—
 As from a shipwreck to some shore;
 As from a lost field, drowned in gore;
 As from high turrets, whose joints fail;
 790 Or rather, from some loathsome jail.
 But note heav'n's justice: they, by flying
 That would cozen death and save a dying,
 How like to chaff abroad they're blown,
 And (but for scorn) might walk unknown.
 795 Like to plumed ostriches they ride,
 Or like sea-pageants, all in pride
 Of tacklings, flags, and swelling sails,
 Borne on the loftiest wave, that vails
 His purple bonnet, and in dread
 800 Bows down his snowy curled head,
 So from th'infected city fly
 These swallows in their gallantry,
 Looking that wheresoe'er they light
 Gay summer (like a parasite)
 805 Should wait on them, and build 'em bowers,
 And crown their nests with wreathèd flowers,
 And swains to welcome them should sing
 And dance, as for their Whitsun king.
 Feather of pride, how art thou tossed!
 810 How soon are all thy beauties lost!
 How eas'ly golden hopes unwind!
 The russet boor and leathern hind
 That two days since did sink his knee
 And (all uncovered) worshipped thee,
 815 Or being but poor and meanly clothed
 Was either laughed to scorn or loathed,
 Now thee he loathes and laughs to scorn,
 And though upon thy back be worn
 More satin than a kingdom's worth
 820 He bars his door and thrusts thee forth.
 And they whose palate land nor seas,
 Whom fashions of no shape, could please,
 Whom princes have (in ages past)
 For rich attires and sumptuous waste
 825 Never come near, now sit they round
 And feed (like beggars) on the ground,

748 **minion** lover
 751 **Troynovant** New Troy, the name given to London by its legendary founder, Brutus
 771 **Golgotha** 'the place of the skull', where Christ was crucified
 774 **bespeak** order in advance
 780 **loon** rogue, idler
 781 **clown** peasant
 785 **towers of brass** proverbially, the safest place of all. The friar and magician Roger Bacon (c.1214–c.1294) was said to have had a plan to wall England round with brass.
 789 **lost field** military defeat
 793 **cozen death**... **dying** cheat death by keeping from him what they owe him: that is, a 'dying'

795 (**but for scorn**) if it were not for the contempt in which they are held (or possibly, in which they hold other people)
 796 **plumed ostriches** (the ostrich was an emblem of pride)
 797 **sea-pageants** ships displaying all their finery
 799 **vails** removes, as a sign of respect
 803 **gallantry** ostentatious clothing
 805 **parasite** servant, sycophant
 808 **swains** country folk
 809 **Whitsun king** On Whit Sunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter, festivals called 'Whitsun ales' were held, presided over by a Whitsun king or lord.
 813 **The russet boor and leathern hind** Countryfolk (here metaphorically asso-

ciated with animals hunted by the rich for sport, the 'boar' and the 'hind') wore clothes made of leather and of russet, which was coarse homespun woollen cloth. 'Boor' and 'hind' were also terms for peasants, farm labourers.
 815 **uncovered** hatless, a sign of respect
 825 **sumptuous waste** wasteful extravagance; perhaps punningly refers to the sumptuary laws which had been more or less rigidly enforced in England since the reign of Edward III, regulating the expenditure on clothing permissible for different social classes. The implication is that the rich who have spent more on their clothes than princes have been committing offences against the Elizabethan sumptuary laws.

My verse must run through thy cold heart:
 Thy wife has played the woman's part
 And lain with death. But—spite on spite!—
 915 Thou must endure this very night
 Close by her side the poorest groom
 In self-same bed and self-same room.
 But ease thy vexed soul. Thus behold:
 There's one who, in the morn, with gold
 920 Could have built castles; now he's made
 A pillow to a wretch that prayed
 For ha'p'ny alms with broken limb.
 The beggar now is above him.
 So he that yesterday was clad
 925 In purple robes, and hourly had
 (Even at his finger's beck) the fees
 Of barèd heads and bending knees,
 Rich men's fawnings, poor men's prayers
 (Though they were but hollow airs),
 930 Troops of servants at his calling,
 Children (like to subjects) falling
 At his proud feet—lo, now he's taken
 By death, he lies of all forsaken.
 These are the tragedies, whose sight
 935 With tears blot all the lines we write.
 The stage, whereon the scenes are played,
 Is a whole kingdom. What was made
 By some (most provident and wise)
 To hide from sad spectators' eyes
 940 Acts full of ruth, a private room
 To drown the horror of death's doom,
 That building now no higher rear:
 The pest-house standeth everywhere,
 For those that on their biers are borne
 945 Are numbered more than those that mourn.
 But you grave patriots, whom fate
 Makes rulers of this wallèd state,
 We must not lose you in our verse,
 Whose acts we one day may rehearse
 950 In marble numbers that shall stand
 Above time's all-destroying hand—
 Only, methinks, you now do err

In flying from your charge so far.
 So coward captains shrink away;
 So shepherds do their flocks betray;
 955 So soldiers, and so lambs, do perish;
 So you kill those you're bound to cherish.
 Be therefore valiant, as you're wise:
 Come back again. The man that dies
 Within your walls is even as near
 960 To heav'n, as dying anywhere;
 But if—O pardon our bold thought!—
 You fear your breath is sooner caught
 Here than aloof, and therefore keep
 Out of death's reach, whilst thousands weep
 965 And wring their hands for thousands dying,
 No comfort near the sick man lying,
 'Tis to be feared (you petty kings),
 When back you spread your golden wings,
 A deadlier siege (which heaven avert)
 970 Will your replenished walls ingirt.
 'Tis now the beggars' plague, for none
 Are in this battle overthrown
 But babes and poor. The lesser fly
 Now in this spider's web doth lie.
 975 But if that great and goodly swarm
 (That has broke through, and felt no harm)
 In his envenomed snares should fall,
 O pity! 'twere most tragical.
 For then the usurer must behold
 980 His pestilent flesh, whilst all his gold
 Turns into tokens, and the chest
 They lie in, his infectious breast.
 How well he'll play the miser's part
 When all his coin sticks at his heart!
 985 He's worth so many farthings then
 That was a golden god 'mongst men.
 And 'tis the aptest death—so please
 Him that breathed heaven, earth, and seas—
 For every covetous rooting mole
 990 (That heaves his dross above his soul
 And doth in coin all hopes repose)
 To die with corpse stamped full of those.

Pest-
house

913 **played the woman's part** According to misogynistic tradition, the role played by women in marriage was that of the unfaithful partner.
 921–2 **wretch . . . limb** a man who begged for charity by displaying his injuries
 925 **purple** splendid, gaudy
 926 **beck** gesture
 929 **hollow airs** meaningless sounds
 940 **ruth** sorrow
private room refers to the so-called 'private' theatres such as the Blackfriars, more expensive than 'public' theatres like the Globe and therefore playing to a more restricted audience
 943 **pest-house** The London pest-house, a hospital in which plague victims were sequestered, was built in Bath Street in

1594–5.
 947 **this wallèd state** the city of London
 950 **marble numbers** commendatory verses carved on a marble monument
 964 **aloof** at a distance
 968 **petty** miniature
 969 **golden wings** presumably, wealth
 970 **deadlier siege** at present the plague assaults only the poor ('Tis now the beggars' plague'); but if it should attack (or lay siege to) the rich, the results would be more dreadful still. The next section of the poem describes what would happen.
 971 **ingirt** enclose
 972 'Tis . . . **plague** From this line until line 1078 internal evidence for Middleton's authorship is most abundant.

982 **tokens** physical symptoms of plague
 986 **farthings** coins of lower value than a penny; the sense is that the plague-stricken usurer is not worth much
 989 **breathed** God 'breathed' heaven, earth, and seas in two senses: they were created by his command (he literally breathed them into existence), and he gave the breath of life to all the creatures in them.
 990 **covetous rooting mole** one who is as blindly obsessed with gold as a mole is obsessed with other kinds of earth
 991 **dross** worthless earth, rubbish; here material possessions valued more highly than the salvation of his immortal soul
 993 **of those** i.e. of sores that resemble coins

And clip thee round about the bed
Whilst thousand horrors grasp thy head.

The cure of the plague

And therefore this infectious season
That now arrests the flesh for treason
Against heaven's everlasting king
(Anointed with th'eternal spring
Of life and power), this stroke of force
That turns the world into a corse,
Feeding the dust with what it craves,
Emptying whole houses to fill graves,
These speckled plagues (which our sins levy)
Are as needful as they're heavy.
Whose cures to cite, our muse forbears,
Though he the Daphnean wreath that wears
(Being both poesy's sovereign king
And God of medicine) bids us sing
As boldly of those policies,
Those onsets and those batteries
By physic cunningly applied
To beat down plagues so fortified,
And of those arms defensitive
To keep th'assaulted heart alive,
And of those wards and of those sleights
Used in these mortal single fights,
As of the causes that commence
This civil war of pestilence,
For poets' souls should be confined
Within no bounds; their tow'ring minds
Must (like the sun) a progress make
Through art's immensive zodiac,
And suck (like bees) the virtuous power
That flows in learning's seven-fold flower,
Distilling forth the same again
In sweet and wholesome juice to men.
But for we see the army great
Of those whose charge it is to beat
This proud invader, and have skill
In all those weapons that do kill

Such pestilent foes, we yield to them
The glory of that stratagem—
To whose oraculous voice repair,
For they those Delphic prophets are
That teach dead bodies to respire
By sacred Aesculapian fire.
We mean not those pied lunatics,
Those bold fantastic empirics,
Quacksalvers, mushroom mountebanks
That in one night grow up in ranks
And live by pecking physic's crumbs.
O, hate those venomous broods; there comes
Worse sores from them, and more strange births,
Than from ten plagues or twenty dearths.
Only this antidote apply:
Cease vexing heaven, and cease to die.
Seek therefore (after you have found
Salve natural for the natural wound
Of this contagion) cure from thence
Where first the evil did commence,
And that's the soul. Each one purge one,
And England's free, the plague is gone.

The necessity of a plague

Yet to mix comfortable words,
Though this be horrid, it affords
Sober gladness and wise joys,
Since desperate mixtures it destroys.
For if our thoughts sit truly trying
The just necessity of dying,
How needful (though how dreadful) are
Purple plagues or crimson war.
We would conclude (still urging pity):
A plague's the purge to cleanse a city.
Who amongst millions can deny
(In rough prose, or smooth poesy)
Of evils 'tis the lighter brood—
A dearth of people, than of food!
And who knows not, our land ran o'er
With people, and was only poor

1066 **clip** surround
1074 **corse** corpse
1077 **speckled** spotty
1080 **the Daphnean wreath** laurel wreath worn by the god Apollo in honour of the nymph Daphne, who changed into a laurel bush when he tried to rape her. Apollo was the Roman god of poetry and of medicine.
1084 **onsets** assaults
batteries attacks
1087 **arms defensitive** defensive weapons
1089 **wards** parries (with a sword)
sleights tricks
1093–6 **poets' souls . . . zodiac** refers to Sir Philip Sidney's definition of the poetic imagination in his *Defence of Poesy* (1595), where the poet is described as 'freely ranging only within the zodiac of his own wit'

1094 **tow'ring** soaring (a metaphor from falconry)
1096 **immensive** vast
1098 **learning's seven-fold flower** The flower of learning has seven parts because it consists of the seven liberal arts (see note to 68–70).
1107 **oraculous** prophesying
1108 **Delphic** The Delphic oracle was the supreme oracle of Greece, presided over by Apollo.
1109 **respire** breathe again
1110 **Aesculapian fire** Aesculapius was the classical god of healing, who was snatched by Apollo from the fire that consumed his mother.
1111 **pied lunatics** fools in their traditional parti-coloured or 'pied' suit
1112 **fantastic empirics** quacks who make outrageous claims for their medicines

1113 **Quacksalvers** bogus practitioners
mushroom mountebanks charlatans who spring up overnight, like mushrooms
1117 **strange births** deformed babies or monstrous new-born animals, read by many as signs of God's judgement
1118 **dearths** bad harvests leading to food shortages
1122 **Salve natural** cures based on natural principles, as opposed to magic or miracles
1125 **purge** cleanse
1131 **desperate mixtures** dangerous combinations of elements. The body was supposed to be composed of four humours; a 'desperate mixture' was a dangerous imbalance of the constituent elements of the body which caused disease or death.
1137 **purge** purifying agent, enema

1105
1110
1115
The cure
1125
1130
1135
1140

Newes from Graues-ende.

1145	In having too too many living, And wanting living—rather giving Themselves to waste, deface and spoil, Than to increase (by virtuous toil) The bankrupt bosom of our realm, Which naked births did overwhelm.	Is such a plague. So it may please Mercy's distributor to appease His speckled anger, and now hide Th'old rod of plagues, no more to chide And lash our shoulders and sick veins With carbuncles and shooting blains.	1155
1150	This begets famine and bleak dearth, When fruits of wombs pass fruits of earth; Then famine's only physic, and The med'cine for a riotous land	Make us the happiest amongst men, Immortal by our prophes'ing pen, That this last line may truly reign: The plague's ceased; heaven is friends again.	1160

1145 **wanting living** unemployed

1147 **increase** make prosperous

1149 **naked births** children born destitute

1152 **physic** medicine

1155 **Mercy's distributor** God

1156 **speckled anger** anger as expressed in
the marks of the plague

1157 **rod** stick used to punish children or
criminals

1159 **carbuncles** spot or boil

shooting blains agonizing sores

1161 **prophes'ing** prophesying

1162 **last line** (a) final line of verse; (b) dyn-
asty which will never be superseded

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ANT and FATHER HUBBURD'S TALES

Edited by Adrian Weiss

THIS EDITION presents two versions of Middleton's work to illustrate its evolution from manuscript to the final printed form as seen in the second edition (CREEDE 2). The reconstructed manuscript version, *The Nightingale and the Ant*, is printed in a single typeface to replicate the 'look' of a manuscript so as to recreate (to a limited extent) the 'manuscript reading experience'. In contrast, the final completed version, *Father Hubburd's Tales*, exploits the typographical variations of a printed edition and includes textual materials specific to printed editions such as a title-page text and prefatory letters. The reader is encouraged to read the two versions in sequence in order to appreciate the significant differences that occurred both in the text and in Middleton's concept of his work.

While the movement from manuscript to printed edition always involved the introduction of typographical and layout variations and the addition of prefatory texts, the evolution of this work represents an exceptional case: the first edition (CREEDE 1) represents a transitional stage between the manuscript version and the final expanded version as seen in CREEDE 2. Middleton's text was entered in the Stationers' Register on 3 January 1604 with the variant title *The Nyghtingale and the Ante. A Jove surgit opus*. The Ovidian epigraph also appears in *Wisdom of Solomon*, and clearly must have come from Middleton's manuscript since it does not appear in either printed edition. As a general rule, the appearance of such a variant title in the Register entry is evidence that a manuscript whose title-page had not yet been modified for the printing project was presented at Stationers' Hall for licensing. The printed editions bear the variant titles *The Ant and the Nightingale, or Father Hubburd's Tales* (CREEDE 1) and *Father Hubburd's Tales, or the Ant and the Nightingale* (CREEDE 2). The re-ordering of the two sections of the title in CREEDE 2 reflects the final prominence of the title character Oliver Hubburd.

In preparing *The Nightingale and the Ant* for printing, Middleton expanded the text in two stages. For the first edition, Middleton added 'The Epistle Dedicatory', 'To the Reader', and the interpolated prose transition to the first tale (276–90; throughout this edition, line references are to *Father Hubburd's Tales*). The two prefatory texts reveal a significant change in Middleton's original concept of his work as found in the manuscript version. Both characters have suffered outrageous injustices in human society—Philomel, who was transformed into a nightingale after being raped by Tereus, and the ant, who possesses a magical ability to transform himself into a human, in

his experiences as a ploughman and a soldier. But their sympathetic interaction is permeated by an elegaic, stoic tone which mutes the satire.

In contrast, 'The Epistle Dedicatory' introduces the character Oliver Hubburd as well as a new mode of satire in his angry and vicious railing against Christopher Clutch-Fist about the latter's treatment of poets and their books. Only in the caustic sarcasm of 'To the Reader' does Middleton reveal that Oliver Hubburd is actually the ant (75–7). However, the reader of CREEDE 1 is left puzzled about the cause of Oliver's anger and, more importantly, why he attacks Clutch-Fist's treatment of poets and their books—because CREEDE 1 contains no reference whatever to poets and expensively bound books. Something obviously is missing. (A reader of this edition is encouraged to experience the incongruity by skipping over the following three sections in a first reading of the final version. The Textual Introduction contains a more detailed analysis of the relationship of the versions.) Three sections were added to the body of the text in CREEDE 2: the transitional verses which introduce the new third tale (1073–92), The Scholar's Tale (1093–257), and its concluding stanza (1258–66). The final paragraph of the third tale solves the mystery by identifying Oliver Hubburd as a poet whose expensively bound book was torn apart by Clutch-Fist. In short, the sections added in CREEDE 1 and CREEDE 2 were undoubtedly conceived of as a single unit by Middleton and absolutely must appear together to make sense. That leaves an ultimately unanswerable question: why did Middleton agree to the printing of an incomplete version of his expanded work in the first edition? Regardless, the additions fundamentally change the concept of the work seen in the manuscript version both in terms of content as well as narrative structure.

Narrative Structure

The narrative structure of the manuscript version is simple and straightforward. Middleton is identified as the author, and presumably as the omniscient narrator, of the text by his 'posie' as recorded in the Stationers' Register—'A Jove Surgit Opus' (i.e., 'the work is inspired by Jove'). The text presents a self-contained work in which the ant's tales as ploughman and soldier are framed by a verse narrative where the interaction between the nightingale and the ant is portrayed.

Normally, prefatory letters added to a manuscript for print publication are extraneous to the work. However,

in this case, 'The Epistle Dedicatory' and 'To the Reader' become part of the work and fundamentally modify its narrative structure as well as its basic fiction (as noted above). Verbal echoes, repetition of subject matter and specific details in the prefatory letters and The Scholar's Tale, and aspects of narrative structure show that Thomas Nashe's *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil* (1592) provided Middleton with the inspiration for his expansion of the manuscript version.

Pierce Penniless launches into his sweeping kaleidoscopic excoriation of society's vices abruptly without benefit of either a dedication or an epistle to the reader. The rambling narrative leads to the main text, Pierce's supplication to the devil. Sixty-eight pages later (in the second edition of *Pierce*, 1592, sig. I2^v; 128 pages later in G. B. Harrison's edition), having momentarily purged his revulsion at corruption in the world, Pierce finally turns to the reader, 'Gentle reader *tandem aliquando*, I am at leisure to talk to thee' and explains the situation which occasioned his supplication. The out-of-place epistle (Harrison, 128-137) wanders onto the subject of unappreciative patrons and concludes with a digression in which Pierce upbraids 'heavenly Spenser' for failing to include a dedication (among the dozen or so accidentally appended to the *Faerie Queen*) to 'Amyntas' (135-136), which Pierce then provides before breaking 'off this endless argument of speech abruptly' (137).

Obviously, the dedicatory verse to Amyntas and the epistle to the reader belong at the front of Pierce's book. This notion of clarifying the beginning at the end is duplicated in the expansions in *Father Hubbard's Tales*. But Middleton's adaptation of the structural concept is more sophisticated than in *Pierce*, where the concluding section simply provides the preliminary texts which conventionally begin a book: given the rambling, digressive structure of *Pierce*, this final section of *Pierce* is not at all essential and its absence would not be detected by even the most critical and perceptive reader. In contrast, the conclusion of The Scholar's Tale is utterly essential. In *Father Hubbard's Tales*, the reader is abruptly plunged, in the dedication to Sir Christopher Clutch-Fist, into a Pierce-like satirical quagmire of anger and threats of revenge with no introductory explanation whatever. Until the revelations of the final paragraph of The Scholar's Tale, the invective of the dedication floats untethered to any circumstance. Structurally, Middleton's narrative folds back on itself, providing the information which grounds the dedication in specific causative details.

The approach and function of the dedication are also clearly indebted to *Pierce*. In his belated epistle to the reader, Pierce considers the issue of finding 'a good patron', who 'will pay for all', to whom his work can be dedicated, and adds some advice: 'wherefore I would counsel my friends to be more considerate in their Dedications, and not cast away so many months labour on a clown that knows not how to use a scholar' (Harrison, 131). This is exactly the mistake made by the ant as

Oliver Hubbard the poet in dedicating his 'elaborate poetical building' (1241) to Clutch-Fist, whose appreciation of poetry goes no farther than the scavangeable materials used to make an expensive book. Middleton took his cue for 'The Epistle Dedicatory' from Pierce's earlier attack on such patrons and how he would handle them: 'if I be evil untreated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly, not for an hour or a day while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignoble illiberality' (Harrison, 61). In *Father Hubbard's Tales*, the dedication does just that, especially in combination with Oliver's concluding sarcastic reference at the end of the book to 'Sir Christopher Clutch-Fist, whose bountiful virtue I blaze in my first epistle' (1248-9). However, Middleton overlooked—or perhaps intentionally created—a significant structural contradiction. Oliver's Epistle could only have been written after the concluding event of the final paragraph of The Scholar's Tale. After fainting at the sight of his 'book dismembered very tragically' (1252-4), Oliver awakens in his original form as an ant in which, he reports, 'ever since I have kept me' (1256-7). How, then, did the ant write a dedicatory epistle that appears in a printed book?

The Verse Frame

The combination of a verse frame and prose tales is Middleton innovation in a long tradition of framed tales stretching back to Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which had many imitators in Elizabethan prose fiction. The choice of Philomel as the spokes-bird of justice who presides over the ant's tales is traditional. From Ovid's depiction of her transformation into a nightingale in *The Metamorphoses* onward, Philomel (a royal victim of rape by her brother-in-law, King Tereus of Thrace) was a conventional symbol of the injustice suffered by the weak at the hands of the strong and mighty. Middleton embodies in Philomel the ideal of justice balanced by mercy and truth in a four-stanza section (138-61) after Philomel has caught the ant in her beak to kill him as a suspected spy. In contrast to 'many silken men' placed in positions of judgement by their wealth and rank who 'condemn at random' and 'often kill before the cause they know', Philomel's 'mercy was above her heat (i.e., emotions)'. Her patience permits the ant to explain himself and thus gain his escape from impending death. The two discover a common bond as oppressed individuals. Philomel's story of her rape occasions the ant's tales about his victimization in society in his human transformations.

Interestingly, Philomel engages in a twenty-line eulogy of Thomas Nashe, the muck-racking pamphleteer who epitomizes everything that the aristocracy found crude and characteristic of commoners (252-70). Nonetheless, she forbids him 'to rail like Nashe' (252; i.e., vent his anger and bitterness) in his tales, requiring him to assume a virtuous stance of stoic patience and resignation. As a result, the characteristic components of vicious satire—

anger, bitterness, envy, and the desire for revenge—are entirely absent from the manuscript version with its two tales. Philomel remains a sympathetic, commiserating auditor, and the ant narrates his tales as the naïve, almost cheerful victim of the world's vices.

However, the additions in CREEDE 1 and CREEDE 2 fundamentally change the tone of the manuscript version of the work by framing it with the very kind of vicious satiric invective that is characteristic of Nashe's satire. The expanded version begins and ends with the greed-driven Oliver's anger and desire for revenge upon Clutch-Fist. The impact upon the verse frame is momentary. The new transitional verses that appear at 1073–92 in CREEDE 2 (inserted after 1075 of the manuscript version) occasion a shift in Philomel's character. To this point, she has condemned the greed-driven lawyers, aldermen, wealthy bourgeois, and military officers responsible for the ant's victimization. But in response to the ant's decision to become a scholar, she castigates him for his choice: 'I thought, thou'dst leaped into a law-gown... No academe makes a rich alderman' (1087–90). Philomel's implicit approval of the vice of greed as a motivation for the ant is inconsistent with her character. However, Philomel's consolation ('Tis better be a little ant | Than a great man and live in want', 1262–3) in the new transitional verses (1259–66) at the end of *The Scholar's Tale* is a return to her previous role.

The Ploughman's Tale

Middleton chooses a journalistic approach with the narrative told from the viewpoint of the fully-developed personality of the simple ploughman who struggles to comprehend the actions that he observes following the death of the old landlord. The ploughman's world obviously is turned topsy-turvy, but he cannot yet appreciate the long-term impact of the change until he and his fellows are summoned to London to witness the pawning of the estate by the young profligate heir for the velvet finery and dissolute lifestyle of the London gallant. In the remainder of the tale, which occurs between the end of September (Michaelmas Term) and early January (Hilary Term), Middleton zooms in on the forces and agents which contribute to the decay of the old land-based agrarian society that was structured according to the hierarchical network of reciprocal obligations of landlord and tenant (see G. R. Hibbard, 15–23). The ant as ploughman, however, is unaware of the broader implications of these specific events as he searches for words to explain what he observes in similes and metaphors that are drawn from his own experience and are mediated by continual contrasting glances at the old way of life exemplified in the deceased old landlord's regime and values. The end result is verbal exaggeration akin to the virulent description of the extremes of vice in formal satires such as *Microcynicon*. But the ploughman (and later, the soldier) lacks the heightened emotional revulsion from vice that is characteristic of formal satire.

At stage centre are the lawyers, merchants, and scribes who negotiated the transition from old to new and thus were the frequent targets of satiric attack in the literature of the period. However, Middleton refrains from directly attacking them, couching his criticism in an eyewitness report from the simple perspective of the ploughman—whose spontaneous responses to the events that he witnesses are more effective than any direct satire. Middleton observes stylistic decorum in that the ploughman's verbal virtuosity, the peculiar strength of the narrative here as well as in *The Soldier's Tale*, is confined to the rhetorical low style appropriate to the uneducated classes of society. Without exception, the ploughman's wit consists of exploiting homophonic verbal associations (e.g., 'husbandman'/'husband', 293–7; etc.). His similes and metaphors reflect his pragmatic experience. In his effort to verbally convey the size of the profligate heir's breeches, he moves from 'as deep as the middle of winter' to 'the roadway between London and Winchester' to 'might very well put all his lands in them', and finally, 'you may imagine they were big enough when they would outreach a thousand acres' (386–91). Indeed, the land has been traded for the breeches. His pragmatic approach to life is the standard by which he measures the transactions: 'a dash of the pen stood for a thousand acres' (485–6), the largest denomination imaginable to the ploughman. Similarly, the mercer and merchant, the villainous agents destroying the ploughman's world, march away from the meeting 'heavier by a thousand acres' (541–2), the young heir 'a great man in both their books' (345) by virtue of the mortgage bonds. While this kind of wordplay and punning cannot compare with Nashe's verbal virtuosity, Middleton's characterization is quite successful within the rhetorical stylistic constraints of the ploughman's character.

Likewise, Middleton has the ploughman walk the high road by disassociating him from any negative reactions such as anger or even resentment at his exploitation by the heir. He unquestioningly accepts the principle that rank has privilege. His concluding description of the profligate heir's headlong plunge into 'all that might be in dissolute villainy' (722–3) remains on a detached level untainted by negative emotions. The ugliness of the vice being described is somehow magnified by the modesty of the ploughman's simple response: 'we did so much blush at his life and were so ashamed of his base courses that ever after we loathed to look after them' (724–6). The implicit moral judgement is far more damning than anything possible either in formal verse satire as seen in *Microcynicon* or in Nashe's kind of prose satire where the satirist's violent revulsion is almost as repulsive as the vice that he attacks.

Moreover, the ploughman and his mates reaffirm their natural dignity when their unfamiliarity with the quill is laughed at by the lawyer, scrivener, and mercer—middle-class bourgeois whose livelihood depends upon the written word. The ploughmen, however, live in another tradition,

that of the old world where the visual image was far more important than the written sign in communicating truths, such as those fundamental to salvation which blazoned the stained-glass windows of churches and cathedrals. The new world's privileging of writing over visual image provides the ploughmen with an opportunity to 'bite their thumbs' at their oppressors as they legally witness the mortgage (488) by signing with emblems denoting the destruction of their world (i.e., the upside-down plough, 499-504) and the cause (i.e., the unbridled colt, 504-12). The ploughmen walk away from the ceremony with a sense of self-affirmation. The exploiters' perception that they are little more than beasts of burden obscures the fact that the ploughmen are men with souls and wit. From their view, they have mocked the others and maintained their dignity in a situation in which they were powerless. Nonetheless, the exploitive power contained in the word 'fines' is real. The lawyer's announcement of the actual amount of these fees renders their existence as ploughmen intolerable and they revert to the form of ants (731-7). As Philomel reminds them, they are better off as lowly ants who do not pay rent to support the profligate heir's dicing and whoring (755-76).

The Soldier's Tale

Although this tale deals with real military injustices (see Read, 429-463), Middleton chooses to temper the seriousness of the narrative by maintaining the focus upon the humorous aspect of the stereotypical soldier of the 'miles gloriosus' comic tradition which stretches back to Terence. As such, the ant's narrative style changes to bragging, boasting, and exaggeration in his accounts of his experience which exhibit the delightful flow of punning homophonic associations (e.g., 'for I thought, at first, that they had gathered something for me, but I found, at last, they did only but gather about me', 959-62) that characterize the verbal display sustained throughout the first two tales. The ant's decision to become a soldier is clearly tainted: 'not contented long (a vice cleaving to all worldlings) with this little estate of an ant, but stuffed with envy and ambition, as small as I was, desired to venture into the world again' (812-15). The choice to become a soldier held the promise of 'War's sweating fortunes' which included wages, shares in spoils, and glory.

The shift from the persona of the humble ant begins immediately with the soldier's crude reference ('the first that brought up prick-song') to Philomel's 'pitiful ravishment', a most insensitive comment, but in keeping with his character as a soldier (810-13). Once in the field, the ant's early near-escapes are appropriately exaggerated: 'the bullets came within a hair of my coxcomb even like a barber scratching my pate, and perhaps took away the left limb of a vermin, and so departed' (919-21). When his luck runs out, the maiming that results is beyond the usual level of exaggeration and renders him a ludicrous physical improbability. Lacking a right arm to counterpoise the remaining left leg with a crutch and produce forward movement, any kind of erect physical movement

is impossible, except for hopping (987-8). The maiming becomes the vehicle for Middleton's exposure of the lack of charity in Christian society.

In regard to his military service, his commanders have spent his pay on gunpowder (941-4), and thus reward his sacrifice of limbs with nothing more than a begging passport, a legal instrument conferred by military representatives of the government. However, as the conclusion of the tale indicates, the ant assumes that the approaching watch would have no respect for his begging passport (1040-5). The society at large treats him with similar disrespect, mocking his crab-like locomotion as he scoots sideways on his stomach (960-7). Charity itself becomes a target in the persona of Mistress Charity, whom he encounters after strategically placing himself in Finsbury Fields with a southerly view down Windmill Hill for prospective alms-givers (985-1023). But after his comic 'premeditated speech', delivered in praise of her beauty in the fashion of a courtly lover (997-1005), the 'warm-lapped' Mistress Charity arrogantly casts her penny distastefully on the ground just as she would brush away a flea. The maimed soldier is merely an annoyance to her, not a suffering human being. The amazing aspect of the ant as a soldier is his boundless optimism in the face of these ever-worsening circumstances. Although he finally falls 'into passionate, but not railing speeches' about his rejection at the hands of society, he reminds himself that others have suffered greater misfortunes, and decides 'to be constant in calamity and valiant against the battering siege of misery' (1028-40). But his commitment to stoic virtue is unsustainable against the onslaught of injustice in the form of the approaching watch, so the soldier escapes by transforming himself back into an ant.

As part of his characterization of the ant as a soldier, Middleton interrupts the forward flow of the narrative with the 'starchwoman' digression (852-900). Such digressions, which usually expose underworld practices, occur commonly in the pamphlet literature (Nashe inserts several in *Pierce*). Behind the digression lies the symbiotic codependency between soldiers and prostitutes. The subsequent narrative is replete with sexual *doubles entendres* driven by the soldier's adolescent fascination with bawds posing as starchwomen engaged in the seduction of young wives. In this instance, the young wife is the adolescent's ideal fantasy, promising not only 'all C's else' (i.e., cunt, sex) but also providing the requested money as well. As a soldier, the ant does not sense the possibility that Philomel will find both his adolescent fascination with the subject, and the subject itself, a stark reminder of her own human experience as a rape victim at the hands of king Tereus. Nonetheless, she overlooks his attitude and rewards the ant with the promised canzonet. After all, he is just an ant.

In general, Middleton's characterization of the ploughman and the soldier transforms the literary tradition of the satiric prose pamphlet by creating a new kind of satiric voice. The ant's naive, stoic narratives, untainted by anger or resentment, displace the invective of satire,

leaving only the details of his victimization for Philomel's and the reader's judgement. In the final analysis, the ant is unequipped to survive in the corrupt world of human society.

The Scholar's Tale

The Scholar's Tale is fundamentally different from the previous two because the ant himself as Oliver Hubbard becomes the target of Middleton's satire rather than functioning as the golden mean, or standard against which the vices of the world are to be measured. His inflated self-esteem and greed-driven anger emerge as the vices which are most satirized in the tale.

At first, the ant as Oliver Hubbard the scholar exhibits (or seems to) the sober, pragmatic values that have dominated his narratives as ploughman and soldier. He seems cast in the mold of Nashe's Pierce Penniless, the poverty-stricken scholar who appeals to Lucifer for redress. But Oliver's greed creates a fundamental contrast. Pierce pursued learning as a good in itself rather than as a means to an end, and his anger is a reaction to a corrupt society in general. Unlike Pierce's railing, Oliver's harangue reveals a distortion of scholarly values: 'Yet for all my weighty and substantial arguments, being able to prove anything indeed by logic, I could prove myself never the richer, make the best syllogism I could' (1123-6). For Oliver, learning is thus a means to the end of acquiring wealth, a way 'out of penurious scarcity' which promises 'future advancement' (1141-3).

This flaw in Oliver's motivation causes the radical shift in the tone of the narrative when he addresses Philomel: 'But shall I tell you lady? O, here let me sigh out a full point and take leave of... my wealthy hopes' and turns to the subject of his 'fall' into the study of poetry (1144-240). The tale thus abruptly switches from a historical account of his studies to the railing and ranting of a disgruntled satirist driven by the very vices (i.e., greed and envy) which he attacks. The subsequent events which lead up to the concluding paragraph are thus left untold.

As the anger aroused by the memory of his downfall into using poetry as a means to wealth surges into consciousness, his 'bursting into extremities' constitutes the material of his satiric harangue as he is swept into the nightmarish world of unresolved passions where the distinction between the real and the imaginary collapses, where the passion-driven Oliver eventually argues with, rails against, and finally pleads with the poetic personification of gold as if it were a real, present person and, in self-hatred, ends up exclaiming 'Why do I lose myself in seeking thee?' (1231-2). Middleton's tracing of the ant's rapid disintegration into this state of madness is masterful, a foreshadowing of his later dramatic power in depicting characters such as De Flores.

Despite Oliver's negative passions, the portrait remains sympathetic because he still is nothing more than a simple ant who has wandered into a trap. At the same time, his vice is real and worth excoriating. The problem has

resulted from his naïve, bookish misunderstanding of patronage in the Golden Age of Augustan Rome when, he believes, kings 'Hung jewels at the ear of every rhyme' (1164). Translated into his own frame of reference, 'In those golden days... a virtuous writer... might have... expended more by the revenue of his verse than any riotous elder brother upon the wealthy quarterages of three times three hundred acres', an echo of his experience as a ploughman (1154-9). He overlooks the reality of patronage both in ancient Rome and contemporary England in dedicating himself to poetry in the desperate hope of material advancement.

The situation is complicated by his unrealistic opinion of his talents as a poet. For example, he introduces his rhyming doggerel about the demise of the 'Golden Age' with his critical judgement: 'the excellent report of these lines' (1159). However, within these few lines occur outrageous instances of the mangling of the central conceit. Middleton's combination of defective rhetoric and Oliver's inflated opinion of his talents is similar to Marston's satiric technique in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image and Certain Satires* (see Weiss, 1972). Overall, this section of the tale is a virtuoso performance in the 'vices', or misuses, of rhetorical tropes and figures as Oliver juggles various topoi (e.g., subjects-adjuncts, cause-effect) to produce the stream of ludicrous images.

Middleton took the idea for the major conceit of the ant's harangue and verses directly from a passage in *Pierce*: 'By which means, the mighty controller of fortune and imperious subverter of destiny, delicious gold, the poor man's God and idol of princes (that look pale and wan through long imprisonment), might at length be restored to his powerful monarchy and eftsoun be set at liberty to help his friends that have need of him' (Harrison, 18). Oliver's primary wish is that gold 'be let free to every virtuous and therefore poor scholar' (1195-6) and to 'keep company with a scholar that truly knows how to use thee' (1239-40). Nashe's 'long imprisonment' generates Oliver's observation that 'Gold lies now as prisoner in an usurer's great iron chest' (1171-2). Middleton plays with other elements of Nashe's conceit as well.

Given the quality of his verse, we can assume that Oliver's study of poetry followed the same method as his study of logic and was based upon the notion that simple hard work produces good poetry. He terms the process 'musical rhyming study' (1242-3). That is exactly what he has done, and because he has mastered the technique of 'running rhymes in rattling rows' (in Sir Philip Sidney's terms), he considers himself an accomplished poet worthy of patronage. This illusion looms over the project: he thinks that the product—that 'elaborate poetical building'—merits patronage because it is 'industriously heaped with weighty conceits, precious phrases and wealthy numbers' (1241-8). Despite his experience with Clutch-Fist, Oliver never realizes that a poet does not build a book like a husbandman builds a barn or a haystack. Ultimately, Oliver's understanding of good poetry is no

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better than the ‘poor latinless authors’ ridiculed by Nashe: ‘They no sooner spy a new ballad and his name to it that compiled it, but they put him in for one of the learned men of our time’ (Harrison, 60).

Although Clutch-Fist is a parsimonious patron worthy of condemnation, Oliver’s desire for revenge in ‘The Epistle Dedicatory’ stems directly from his undiminished esteem for the worthiness of his own ‘industriously heaped’ poems. But Clutch-Fist’s opinion of Oliver’s verse is not the issue; rather, Oliver’s thwarted greed frames the Epistle, beginning with the salutation ‘Most guerdonless sir... the muses’ bad paymaster that owest’ (10–11) for all the works dedicated to him, and ends with the sarcastic advice ‘make your men break their pates, and give them ten groats apiece’ (43–6). It is true that Oliver chose the wrong patron, but the sad fact is that his poetry is unworthy of even ten groats. In the end, he departs the world of humans in this self-deluded state, believing that he is justified in blazoning to the world the truth about Clutch-Fist, ‘a clown that knows not how to use a scholar’ in Nashe’s words. But Oliver should not have become a scholar to ‘get rich’ in the first place—that is the first cause of all ensuing effects. Nonetheless, Oliver retains Philomel’s sympathy as well as the reader’s. As Philomel observes (1259–64), he is better off as an ant.

The concluding verses common to both versions (1267–82) evoke a paranoia about the danger of satirically

attacking those in positions of power and rank. Philomel feels ‘betrayed’ after noticing that ‘all the birds’, having awakened at dawn, perhaps have overheard part of ‘their pretty chat’. Her fear is that ‘they abroad will blab our words’. The ants understand the danger and ‘held their tongues’ after returning to work. Perhaps Middleton’s own experience with the burning of *Microcynicon* and the ensuing ban on satires (1599) underlies this concluding scenario. It is a reminder that the fictional world of a satire intersects with reality. Middleton defends himself against criticism with a traditional ‘apology’ in ‘To the Reader’. His ‘mirth’ is ‘harmless’, and the ‘very bitterest’ in him is nothing worse than a wholesome ‘frost’ (68–72). The satire in the work, in short, is meant to be funny although it will indeed touch tender spots in some readers—as satire always does. The only readers who will miss this point are ‘some riotous vomiting Kit or some gentleman-swallowing Malkin’ (73–4). Finally, the salutation—‘Yours, if you read without spelling or hacking’—cautions the reader against trying to ‘hack’ (i.e., interpret) the descriptions of characters in an attempt to link them with real-world counterparts. That, indeed, is the real danger in publishing a satire.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 476
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 348

The Nyghtingale and the Ant

A Jove surgit opus

	The west-sea’s goddess in a crimson robe, Her temples circled with a coral wreath, Waited her love, the light’ner of earth’s globe; The wanton wind did on her bosom breathe, 5 The nymphs of springs did hallowed water pour; Whate’er was cold helped to make cool her bower.	
	And now the fiery horses of the sun Were from their golden-flaming car untraced, And all the glory of the day was done, Save here and there some light moon-clouds en- 10 chased; A parti-coloured canopy did spread Over the sun and Thetis’ amorous bed.	
	Now had the shepherds folded in their flocks, The sweating teams uncoupled from their yokes. 15 The wolf sought prey, and the sly-murdering fox Attempts to steal, fearless of rural strokes. All beasts took rest that lived by lab’ring toil;	
		Only such ranged as had delight in spoil.
		Now in the pathless region of the air The winged passengers had left to soar, 20 Except the bat and owl, who bode sad care, And Philomel, that nightly doth deplore, In soul-contenting tunes, her change of shape, Wrought first by perfidy and lustful rape.
		This poor musician, sitting all alone 25 On a green hawthorn, from the thunder blest, Carols in varied notes her antique moan, Keeping a sharpened briar against her breast: Her innocence this watchful pain doth take, To shun the adder and the speckled snake. 30
		These two, like her old foe the Lord of Thrace, Regardless of her dulcet changing song, To serve their own lust have her life in chase. Virtue by vice is offered endless wrong.

The Nyghtingale and the Ante

135 'Else would not soothing glossers oil the son,
Who, while his father lived, his acts did hate.
They know all earthly day with man is done
When he is circled in the night of fate.
So, the deceased they think on no more,
But whom they injured late, they now adore.

140 'But there's a manly lion now can roar,
Thunder more dreaded than the lioness;
Of him let simple beasts his aid implore,
For he conceives more than they can express.
The virtuous politic is truly man;
Devil, the atheist politician.

145 'I guessed thee such a one: but tell thy tale.
If thou be simple, as thou hast expressed,
Do not with coined words set wit to sale,
Nor with the flatt'ring world use vain protest.
Sith man thou sayst thou wert, I prithee tell,
150 While thou wert man, what mischiefs thee befell.'

'Princess! You bid me buried cares revive',
Quoth the poor ant, 'Yet sith by you I live,
So let me in my daily lab'rings thrive
As I myself do to your service give.
155 I have been oft a man, and so to be,
Is often to be thrall to misery.

'But if you will have me my mind disclose,
I must entreat you that I may set down
The tales of my black fortunes in sad prose.
160 Rhyme is uneven, fashioned by a clown.
I first was such a one: I tilled the ground,
And amongst rurals verse is scarcely found.'

'Well, tell thy tales, but see thy prose be good.
For if thou Euphuize, which once was rare
165 And of all English phrase the life and blood,
In those times for the fashion past compare,
I'll say thou borrow'st, and condemn thy style,
As our new fools that count all following vile.

'Or if in bitterness thou rail like Nashe—
170 (Forgive me, honest soul, that term thy phrase
"Railing", for in thy works thou wert not rash,
Nor didst affect in youth thy private praise;
Thou hadst a strife with that Trigemini:
Thou hurt'st not them till they had injured thee.

175 'Thou wast indeed too slothful to thyself,
Hiding thy better talent in thy spleen.
True spirits are not covetous in pelf;
Youth's wit is ever ready, quick, and keen.
Thou didst not live thy ripened autumn day,
180 But wert cut off in thy best blooming May.

'Else hadst thou left, as thou indeed hast left,
Sufficient test, though now in others' chests,
T'improve the baseness of that humorous theft,
Which seems to flow from self-conceiving breasts.
185 Thy name they bury, having buried thee;

Drones eat thy honey: thou wert the true bee.

'Peace keep thy Soul.)—And now to you, Sir Ant:
On with your prose, be neither rude nor nice;
In your discourse let no decorum want;
See that you be sententious and concise,
190 And, as I like the matter, I will sing
A canzonet to close up everything.'

The Ant's Tale when he was a Ploughman.

I was sometimes, most chaste Lady Nightingale, or rather,
Queen Philomel the ravished, a brow-melting husband-
195 man. To be man and husband is to be a poor master of
many rich cares, which, if he cannot subject and keep
under, he must look forever to undergo as many miseries
as the hours of his years contain minutes. Such a man I
was and such a husband, for I was linked in marriage.
200 My havings was small and my means less, yet charge
came on me ere I knew how to keep it; yet did I all my
endeavours, had a plough and land to employ it, fertile
enough if it were manured, and for tillage I was never
held a truant.
205

But my destruction and the ruin of all painful hus-
bandmen about me began by the prodigal downfall of
my young landlord, whose father, grandfather, and great-
grandfather for many generations had been lords of the
town wherein I dwelt and many other towns near adjoining;
210 to all which belonged fair commons for the comfort
of the poor, liberty of fishing, help of fuel by brush and
underwood never denied, till the old devourer of virtue,
honesty, and good neighbourhood—Death—had made
our landlord dance after his pipe, which is so common
215 that every one knows the way though they make small
account of it. Well, die he did, and as soon as he was laid
in his grave, the bell might well have tolled for hospitality
and good housekeeping; for whether they fell sick with
him and died and so were buried, I know not, but I am
220 sure in our town they were never seen since, nor that I
can hear of in any other part; especially about us they
are impossible to be found.

Well, our landlord being dead, we had his heir, gentle
enough and fair conditioned, rather promising at first his
father's virtues than the world's villainies, but he was
so accustomed to wild and unfruitful company about the
court and London (whither he was sent by his sober father
to practise civility and manners) that in the country he
would scarce keep till his father's body was laid in the cold
230 earth. But as soon as the hasty funeral was solemnized,
from us he posted, discharging all his old father's servants
(whose beards were even frost-bitten with age) and was
attended only by a monkey and a marmoset, the one being
an ill-faced fellow as variable as Newfangle for fashions,
235 the other an imitator of anything, however villainous, but
utterly destitute of all goodness. With this French page
and Italianate servingman was our young landlord only
waited on, and all to save charges in servingmen to pay it
out in harlots. And we poor men had news of a far greater
240 expense within less than a quarter, for we were sent for
to London and found our great landlord in a little room

about the Strand, who told us that, whereas we had lived
245 tenants at will and might in his forefather's days been
hourly turned out, he, putting on a better conscience
to usward, intended to make us leases for years; and
for advice 'twixt him and us, he had made choice of a
lawyer, a mercer, and a merchant to whom he was much
250 beholden, who that morning were appointed to meet in
the Temple Church.

Temple and church, both one in name, made us hope
of a holy meeting; but there is an old proverb, "The
nearer the Church, the farther from God." To approve
which saying, we met the mercer and the merchant that,
255 loving our landlord or his land well, held him a great
man in both their books. Some little conference they
had; what the conclusion was we poor men were not
acquainted with; but being called at their leisure and
when they pleased to think upon us, told us they were
260 to dine together at the Horn in Fleet Street, being a house
where their lawyer resorted; and if we would there attend
them, we should understand matter much for our good;
and in the mean time they appointed us near the old
Temple Garden to attend their counsellor, whose name
265 was master Prospero—not the great rider of horse (for
I have heard there was once such a one), but a more
cunning rider who had rid many men till they were more
miserable than beasts, and our ill hap it was to prove his
hackneys. Well, though the issue were ill, on we went to
270 await his worship, whose chamber we found that morning
fuller of clients than I could ever see suppliants to heaven
in our poor parish church (and yet we had in it three
hundred households); and I may tell it with reverence, I
never saw more submission done to God than to that great
275 lawyer. Every suitor there offered gold to this gowned idol,
standing bareheaded in a sharp-set morning (for it was in
booted Michaelmas term), and not a word spoke to him
but it was with the bowing of the body and the submissive
flexure of the knee. Short tale to make, he was informed
280 of us what we were and of our coming up, when, with an
iron look and shrill voice, he began to speak to the richest
of our number, ever and anon jerking out the word 'fines',
which served instead of a full point to every sentence.

But that word 'fines' was no fine word, methought,
285 to please poor labouring husbandmen that can scarce
sweat out so much in a twelvemonth as he would
demand in a twinkling. At last, to close up the lamentable
tragedy of us ploughmen, enters our young landlord, so
290 metamorphosed into the shape of a French puppet that,
at the first, we started and thought one of the baboons
had marched in in man's apparel. His head was dressed
up in white feathers like a shuttlecock, which agreed so
well with his brain (being nothing but cork), that two
295 of the biggest of the guard might very easily have tossed
him with battledores and made good sport with him in
his majesty's great hall. His doublet was of a strange cut,
and to show the fury of his humour, the collar of it rose
up so high and sharp as if it would have cut his throat
300 by daylight. His wings, according to the fashion now,
was as little and diminutive as a puritan's ruff, which

showed he ne'er meant to fly out of England nor do
any exploit beyond sea, but live and die about London
though he begged in Finsbury. His breeches, a wonder
to see, were full as deep as the middle of winter or the
roadway between London and Winchester, and so large
305 and wide withal that I think within a twelvemonth he
might very well put all his lands in them, and then you
may imagine they were big enough when they would
outreach a thousand acres. Moreover, they differed so
far from our fashioned hose in the country and from his
310 father's old gascoynes that his back part seemed to us like
a monster, the roll of the breeches standing so low that
we conjectured his house of office, sir-reverence, stood in
his hams.

All this while his French monkey bore his cloak of three-
pounds-a-yard, lined clean through with purple velvet,
which did so dazzle our coarse eyes that we thought
we should have been purblind ever after, what with
the prodigal aspect of that and his glorious rapier and
hangers, all bossed with pillars of gold, fairer in show than
315 the pillars in Paul's or the tombs at Westminster; beside,
it drunk up the price of all my ploughland in very pearl,
which stuck as thick upon those hangers as the white
measles upon hog's flesh. When I had well viewed that
gay gaudy cloak and those unthrifty wasteful hangers,
320 I muttered thus to myself: 'That is no cloak for the rain
sure, nor those no hangers for Derrick.' When, of a sudden
casting mine eyes lower, I beheld a curious pair of boots
of King Philip's leather in such artificial wrinkles, sets,
and pleats as if they had been starched lately and came
325 new from the laundresses—such was my ignorance and
simple acquaintance with the fashion, and I dare swear
my fellows and neighbours here are all as ignorant as
myself. But that which struck us most into admiration:
upon those fantastical boots stood such huge and wide
330 tops which so swallowed up his thighs that had he sworn,
as other gallants did, this common oath: 'Would I might
sink as I stand!', all his body might very well have sunk
down and been damned in his boots. Lastly, he walked
the chamber with such a pestilent jingle that his spurs
335 over-squeaked the lawyer and made him reach his voice
three notes above his fee. But after we had spied the rowels
of his spurs, how we blessed ourselves!—they did so much
and so far exceed the compass of our fashion that they
looked more like the forerunners of wheelbarrows.

Thus was our young landlord accoutred in such a
strange and prodigal shape that it amounted to above
two year's rent in apparel. At last approach the mercer
and the merchant, two notable arch-tradesmen who had
340 fitted my young master in clothes whilst they had clothed
themselves in his acres, and measured him out velvet by
the thumb whilst they received his revenues by handfuls;
for he had not so many yards in his suit as they had
yards and houses bound for the payment, which now
345 he was forced to pass over to them or else all his lands
should be put to their book and to their forfeiting neck-
verse. So my youngster was now at his pension, not like
a gentleman pensioner, but like a gentleman scrivener.

The Nyghtingale and the Ante

360 Whereupon entered Master Bursebell the royal scrivener
with deeds and writings hanged, drawn, and quartered
for the purpose. He was a valiant scribe. I remember
his pen lay mounted between his ear like a Tower gun,
but not charged yet till our young master's patrimony
shot off, which was some third part of an hour after. By
365 this time the lawyer, the mercer, and the merchant were
whispering and consulting together about the writings
and passage of the land in very deep and sober conference.

But our 'wiseacres' all the while, as one regardless of
either land or money, not hearkening or inquisitive after
370 their subtle and politic devices, held himself very busy
about the burning of his tobacco pipe (as there is no
gallant but hath a pipe to burn about London) though
we poor simple men ne'er heard of the name till that
time; and he might very fitly take tobacco there, for the
375 lawyer and the rest made him smoke already. But to have
noted the apish humour of him and the fantastical faces
he coined in the receiving of the smoke, it would have
made your ladyship have sung nothing but merry jigs for a
twelvemonth after—one time winding the pipe like a horn
380 at the pie-corner of his mouth, which must needs make
him look like a sow-gelder, and another time screwing his
face like one of our country players, which must needs
make him look like a fool; nay, he had at least his dozen
of faces, but never a good one amongst them all—neither
385 his father's face, nor the face of his grandfather, but yet
more wicked and riotous faces than all the generation of
him.

Now their privy whisperings and villainous plots began
to be drawn to a conclusion when presently they called
390 our smoky landlord in the midst of his draught, who in a
valiant humour dashed his tobacco pipe into the chimney
corner, whereat I started, and beckoning his marmoset
to me, asked him if those long white things did cost no
money; to which the slave replied very proudly: 'Money!
395 Yes sirrah, but I tell thee my master scorns to have a
thing come twice to his mouth.' 'Then', quoth I, 'I think
thy master is more choice in his mouth than in any
member else: it were good if he used that all his body
over—he would never have need, as many gallants have,
400 of any sweating physic.' 'Sweating physic?', replied the
marmoset, 'What may thy meaning be? Why, do not you
ploughmen sweat too?' 'Yes', quoth I, 'most of any men
living. But yet there is difference between the sweat of a
405 ploughman and the sweat of a gentleman, as much as
between your master's apparel and mine. For when we
sweat, the land prospers and the harvest comes in, but
when a gentleman sweats, I wot how the gear goes then.'
No sooner were these words spoken but the marmoset
410 had drawn out his poinard halfway to make a show of
revenge, but at the smart voice of the lawyer he suddenly
whipped it in again.

Now was our young master with one penful of ink
doing a far greater exploit than all his forefathers, for
415 what they were a-purchasing all their lifetime, he was
now passing away in the fourth part of a minute; and that
which many thousand drops of his grandfather's brows

did painfully strive for, one drop now of a scrivener's
inkhorn did easily pass over. A dash of a pen stood for
a thousand acres—how quickly they were dashed in the
420 mouth by our young landlord's prodigal fist! It seemed
he made no more account of acres than of acorns. Then
were we called to set our hands for witnesses of his folly,
which we poor men did witness too much already. And
because we were found ignorant in writing and never
425 practised in that black art (which I might very fitly term so
because it conjured our young master out of all), we were
commanded, as it were, to draw any mark with a pen,
which should signify as much as the best hand that ever
old Peter Bales hung out in the Old Bailey. To conclude, I
430 took the pen first of the lawyer, and turning it arsy-versy
like no instrument for a ploughman, our youngster and
the rest of the faction burst into laughter at the simplicity
of my fingering. But I, not so simple as they laughed me
for, drew the picture of a knavish emblem, which was *A
435 Plough with the Heels Upward*, signifying thereby that the
world was turned upside down since the decease of my
old landlord, all hospitality and good housekeeping kicked
out of doors, all thriftiness and good husbandry tossed into
the air, ploughs turned into trunks, and corn into apparel.
440 Then came another of our husbandmen to set his mark by
mine; he, holding the pen clean at the one side towards
the merchant and the mercer showing that all went on
their sides, drew the form of an unbridled colt so wild and
unruly that he seemed with one foot to kick up the earth
445 and spoil the labours of many toiling beasts, which was
fitly alluded to our wild and unbridled landlord, which
(like the colt) could stand upon no ground till he had no
ground to stand upon.

These marks, set down under the shape of simplicity,
450 were the less marked with the eyes of knavery, for they
little dreamed that we ploughmen could have so much
satire in us as to bite our young landlord by the elbow.
Well, this ended, master Bursebell the calfskin scrivener
was royally handled—that is, he had a royal put in his
455 hand by the merchant. And now I talk of calfskin: 'tis
great pity, Lady Nightingale, that the skins of harmless
and innocent beasts should be as instruments to work
villainy upon, entangling young novices and foolish elder
brothers which are caught like woodcocks in the net of
460 the law; for 'tis easier for one of the greatest fowls to slide
through the least hole of a net than one of the least fools
to get from the lappet of a bond.

By this time the squeaking lawyer began to reiterate
that cold word 'fines' which struck so chill to our hearts
465 that it made them as cold as our heels, which were
almost frozen to the floor with standing. 'Yea', quoth
the merchant and the mercer, 'you are now tenants
of ours; all the right, title, and interest of this young
gentleman, your late landlord, we are firmly possessed of,
470 as you yourselves are witnesses. Wherefore, this is the
conclusion of our meeting: such fines as master Prospero
here, by the valuation of the land, shall out of his proper
judgement allot to us, such are we to demand at your
hands. Therefore we refer you to him to wait his answer

475 at the gentleman's best time and leisure.' With that they
stifled two or three angels in the lawyer's right hand—
'right hand' said I? Which hand was that, trow ye? For it
is impossible to know which is the right hand of a lawyer
because there are but few lawyers that have right hands,
480 and those few make much of them. So, taking their leaves
of my young landlord that was and that never shall be
again, away they marched, heavier by a thousand acres
at their parting than they were before at their meeting.

The lawyer then, turning his Irish face to usward, willed
485 us to attend his worship the next term, when we should
further understand his pleasure. We poor souls thanked
his worship and paid him his fee out in legs, when, in
sight of us, he embraced our young gentleman (I think,
for a fool) and gave him many riotous instructions how
490 to carry himself, which he was prompter to take than the
other to put into him: told him he must acquaint himself
with many gallants of the Inns of Court and keep rank
with those that spend most, always wearing bountiful
disposition about him, lofty and liberal; his lodging must
495 be about the Strand, in any case, being remote from the
handicraft scent of the City; his eating must be in some
famous tavern, as the Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid,
and then after dinner, he must venture beyond sea, that is,
in a choice pair of noblemen's oars to the Bankside where
500 he must sit out the breaking up of a comedy or the first
cut of a tragedy; or rather (if his humour so serve him),
to call in at the Blackfriars where he should see a nest of
boys able to ravish a man. This said, our young gooscap,
who was ready to embrace such counsel, thanked him for
505 his fatherly admonitions (as he termed them), and told
him again that he should not find him with the breach of
any of them, swearing and protesting he would keep all
those better than the ten commandments. At which word
he buckled on his rapier and hangers, his monkey-face
510 casting on his cloak by the book; after an apish congee or
two, passed downstairs without either word or nod to us,
his old father's tenants.

Nevertheless, we followed him, like so many russet
servngmen, to see the event of all and what the issue
515 would come to, when, of a sudden, he was encountered
by a most glorious-spangled gallant which we took at first
to have been some upstart tailor because he measured all
his body with a salutation from the flow of the doublet
to the fall of the breeches. But at last we found him to
520 be a very fantastical sponge that licked up all humours,
the very ape of fashions, gesture, and compliment—one
of those indeed (as we learned afterward) that fed upon
young landlords, riotous sons, and heirs till either he or
the Counter in Wood Street had swallowed them up; and
525 would not stick to be a bawd or pander to such young
gallants as our young gentleman, either to acquaint them
with harlots or harlots with them, to bring them a whole
dozen of taffeta punks at a supper; and they should be
none of these common Molls neither, but discontented
530 and unfortunate gentlewomen whose parents being lately
deceased, the brother ran away with all the land, and
they, poor squalls, with a little money which cannot

hold out long without some comings in; but they will
rather venture a maidenhead than want a headtire; such
shuttlecocks as these which, though they are tossed and
535 played withal, go still like maids all white on the top;
or else decayed gentlemen's wives, whose husbands (poor
souls) lying for debt in the King's Bench, they go about
to make monsters in the King's Head tavern, for this is a
general axiom: all your luxurious plots are always begun
540 in taverns to be ended in vaulting houses; and after supper
when fruit comes in, there is small fruit of honesty to be
looked for—for you know that the eating of the apple
always betokens the fall of Eve.

Our prodigal child, accompanied with this soaking
545 swaggerer and admirable cheater (who had supped up
most of our heirs about London like poached eggs), slips
into Whitefriars nunnery whereas, the report went, he
kept his most delicate drab of three hundred a year—
some unthrifty gentleman's daughter who had mortgaged
550 his land to scriveners sure enough from redeeming again.
For so much she seemed by her bringing up, though less
by her casting down. Endued she was (as we heard) with
some good qualities, though all were converted then but to
flattering villainies. She could run upon the lute very well,
555 which in others would have appeared virtuous but in her
lascivious, for her running was rather jested at because
she was a light runner besides. She had likewise the gift of
singing very deliciously, able to charm the hearer, which
so bewitched away our young master's money that he
560 might have kept seven noise of musicians for less charges,
and yet they would have stood for servingmen too, having
blue coats of their own. She had a humour to lisp often
like a flatt'ring wanton and talk childish like a parson's
daughter, which so pleased and rapt our old landlord's
565 lickerish son that he would swear she spoke nothing but
sweetmeats and her breath then sent forth such a delicious
odour that it perfumed his white-satin doublet better than
sixteen milliners.

Well, there we left him with his devouring cheater and
570 his glorious cockatrice, and being almost upon dinner-
time, we hied us and took our repast at thrifty Mother
Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching
bachelors crowded together upon forms and benches in
that most worshipful three-halfpenny ordinary, where
575 presently they were boarded with hot Monsieur Mutton-
and-Porridge (a Frenchman by his blowing); and next
to them, we were served in order, everyone taking their
degree. And I tell you true, lady, I have known the
time when our young landlord's father hath been a
580 three-halfpenny eater there; nay more, was the first that
acquainted us with that sparing and thrifty ordinary,
when his riotous son hath since spent his five pound
at a sitting. Well, having discharged our small shot
(which was like hail-shot in respect of our young master's
585 cannon-reckonings in taverns), we plodded home to our
ploughs, carrying these heavy news to our wives, both
of the prodigality of our old landlord's son as also of
our oppressions to come by the burden of uncharitable
fines. And, most musical Madam Nyghtingale, do but
590

595 imagine now what a sad Christmas we all kept in the country without either carols, wassail-bowls, dancing of Sellinger's Round in moonshine nights about maypoles, shoeing the mare, hoodman-blind, hot-cockles, or any of our old Christmas gambols; no, not so much as choosing king and queen on Twelfth Night. Such was the dullness of our pleasures, for that one word 'fines' robbed us of all our fine pastimes.

600 This sour-faced Christmas thus unpleasantly past over, up again we trotted to London—in a great frost, I remember, for the ground was as hard as the lawyer's conscience. And arriving at the luxurious Strand some three days before the term, we inquired for our bountiful landlord, or the fool in the full, at his neat and curious lodging. But answer was made us by an old chambermaid that our gentleman slept not there all the Christmastime, but had been at court and at least in five masques. Marry now, as she thought, we might find him at master Poopees his ordinary with half-a-dozen of gallants more at dice. 605 'At dice? At the devil!', quoth I, 'for that is a dicer's last throw!' Here I began to rail like Thomas Nashe against Gabriel Harvey, if you call that railing; yet I think it was but the running a tilt of wits in booksellers' shops on both sides of John of Paul's churchyard, and I wonder how John escaped unhorsing. But when we were entered the door of the ordinary, we might hear our lusty gentleman shoot off a volley of oaths some three rooms over us, cursing the dice and wishing the pox were in their bones, crying out for a new pair of square ones, for the other belike had cogged with him and made a gull of him. When, 620 the host of the ordinary coming downstairs, met us with this report after we had named him: 'Troth, good fellows, you have named now the most unfortunatest gentleman living—at passage, I mean; for I protest, I have stood by myself as a heavy eyewitness and seen the beheading of five hundred crowns, and what pitiful end they all made!' With that he showed us his embossed girdle and hangers new-pawned for more money, and told us beside (not without tears), his glorious cloak was cast away three 630 hours before overboard, which was, off the table. At which lamentable hearing, we stood still in the lower room and durst not venture upstairs for fear he would have laid all us ploughmen to pawn too; and yet I think all we could scarce have made up one throw. But to draw to an end as his patrimony did, we had not lingered the better part of an hour, but down came the host fencing his glittering rapier and dagger as if he had been newly 635 shoulder-clapped by a pewter-buttoned sergeant and his weapons seized upon. At last, after a great peal of oaths on all sides, the court broke up and the worshipful bench of dicers came thundering downstairs, some swearing, some laughing, some cursing, and some singing, with such a confusion of humours that, had we not known before what rank of gallants they were, we should have 640 thought the devils had been at dice in an ordinary. The first that appeared to us was our most lamentable landlord dressed up in his monkey's livery cloak (that he seemed now rather to wait upon his monkey than his monkey

upon him), which did set forth his satin suit so excellent scurvily that he looked for all the world like a French lord in dirty boots; when, casting his eye upon us, being desirous (as it seemed) to remember us now if we had any money, broke into these fantastical speeches: 'What, my whole warren of tenants?'—thinking indeed to make conies of us—'my honest nest of ploughmen, the only 655 kings of Kent! More dice, ho! then, i'faith, let's have another career, and vomit three dice in a hand again.' With that I plucked his humour at one side and told him we were indeed his father's tenants, but his (we were sorry) we were not. And as for money to maintain his dice, we had not sufficient to stuff out the lawyer. Then replied our gallant in a rage, tossing out two or three new-minted oaths: 'These ploughmen are politicians, I think; they have wit, the whoresons; they will be tenants, I perceive, longer than we shall be landlords!' And fain he would have swaggered with us but that his weapons were at pawn. So, marching out like a turned gentleman, the rest of the gallants seemed to cashier him and throw him out of their company like a blank die—the one having no black pips, nor he no white pieces. Now was our gallant the true picture of the prodigal, and having no rents to gather now, he gathered his wits about him, making his brain pay him revenues in villainy. For it is a general observation that your sons and heirs prove seldom wisemen till they have no more land than the compass 670 of their noddles. To conclude, within few days' practice, he was grown as absolute in cheating and as exquisite in pandarism that he outstripped all Greene's books *Of the Art of Cony-catching*; and where before he maintained his drab, he made his drab now maintain him; proved the only true captain of vaulting-houses and the valiant champion against constables and searchers, feeding upon the sin of Whitefriars, Picket-hatch, and Turnbull Street. Nay, there was no landed novice now but he could melt him away into nothing, and in one twelvemonth make him hold all his land between his legs, and yet but straddle easily neither. No wealthy son of the city but, within less than a quarter, he could make all his stock not worth a Jersey stocking. He was all that might be in dissolute villainy and nothing that should be in his forefathers' 690 honesty. To speak troth, we did so much blush at his life and were so ashamed of his base courses that ever after we loathed to look after them.

But returning to our stubble-haired lawyer, who reaped his beard every term-time (the lawyer's harvest), we found the mercer and the merchant crowded in his study amongst a company of law books, which they jostled so often with their coxcombs that they were almost together by the ears with them; when, at the sight of us, they took an *habeas corpus* and removed their bodies into a bigger 700 room. But there we lingered not long for our torments, for the mercer and the merchant gave fire to the lawyer's tongue with a rope of angels, and the word 'fines' went off with such a powder that the force of it blew us all into the country, quite changed our ploughmen's shapes, and so we became little ants again. 705

The Nyghtingale and the Ante

710 This, Madam Nyghtingale, is the true discourse of our rural fortunes, which, how miserable, wretched, and full of oppression they were, all husbandmen's brows can witness that are fined with more sweat still year by year; and I hope a canzonet of your sweet singing will set them forth to the world in satirical harmony.

715 The remorseful nyghtingale, delighted with the ant's quaint discourse, began to tune the instrument of her voice, breathing forth these lines in sweet and delicious airs.

The Nyghtingale's Canzonet.

Poor little ant,
Thou shalt not want
720 The ravished music of my voice!
Thy shape is best,
Now thou art least;
For great ones fall with greater noise,
And this shall be the carriage of my song:
725 Small bodies can have but a little wrong.

Now thou art securer
And thy days far surer;
Thou pay'st no rent upon the rack
To daub a prodigal landlord's back,
730 Or to maintain the subtle running
Of dice and drabs, both one in cunning;
Both pass from hand to hand to many,
Flatt'ring all, yet false to any;
Both are well linked, for, throw dice how you can,
735 They will turn up their pips to every man.

Happy art thou and all thy brothers
That never feel'st the hell of others:
The torment to a luxur due,
Who never thinks his harlot true;
740 Although upon her heels he stick his eyes,
Yet still he fears that though she stands, she lies.

Now are thy labours easy,
Thy state not sick or queasy;
All drops thou sweat'st are now thine own;
745 Great subsidies be as unknown
To thee and to thy little fellow ants;
Now none of you under that burden pants.

Lo, for example, I myself, poor worms,
That have outworn the rage of Tereus' storms,
750 Am ever blessed now in this downy shape
From all men's treachery or soul-melting rape;
And when I sing *Tereu, Tereu*
Through every town and so renew
The name of *Tereus*, slaves, through fears,
755 With guilty fingers bolt their ears;
And all ravishers do rave and e'en fall mad,
And then such wronged souls as myself are glad.

So thou, small wretch, and all thy nest,
Are in those little bodies blest,
760 Not taxed beyond your poor degree

With landlord's fine and lawyer's fee.
But tell me, pretty toiling worm,
Did that same ploughman's weary form
Discourage thee so much from others,
That neither thou, nor those thy brothers,
765 In borrowed shapes durst once again
Venture amongst perfidious men?

Ant.

'Yes lady', the poor ant replied,
'I left not so, but then I tried
770 War's sweating fortunes, not alone
Condemning rash all states for one,
Until I found by proof and knew by course
That one was bad, but all the rest were worse.'

Nyghtingale.

775 Didst thou put on a rugged soldier then,
A happy state because thou fought'st 'gainst men?
Prithee discourse thy fortunes, state, and harms.
Thou wast, no doubt, a mighty man-at-arms.

The Ant's Tale when he was a Soldier.

780 Then thus: most musical and prickle-singing madam (for, if I err not, your ladyship was the first that brought up prick-song, being nothing else but the fatal notes of your pitiful ravishment), I, not contented long (a vice cleaving to all worldlings) with this little estate of an ant, but stuffed with envy and ambition, as small as I was, desired to venture into the world again, which I may rather term the upper hell, or *frigida gehenna*, the cold-charitable hell wherein are all kind of devils too, as your gentle devil, your ordinary devil, and your gallant devil; and all these can change their shapes too, as today in cowardly white, tomorrow in politic black, a third day in jealous yellow; for believe it, sweet lady, there are devils of all colours. Nevertheless I, covetous of more change, leaped out of this little skin of an ant and hung my skin on the hedge, taking upon me the grisly shape of a dusty soldier. Well made I was, and my limbs valiantly hewn out for the purpose: I had a mazard, I remember, so well-lined in the inside with my brain it stood me in better stead than a double headpiece, for the brain of a soldier, differing from all other sciences, converts itself to no other use but to line, fur, and even quilt the coxcomb, and so makes a pate of proof. My face was well-leavened which made my looks taste sour, the true relish of a man of war; my cheeks, dough-baked, pale, wan, and therefore argued valour and resolution; 805 but my nose somewhat hard-baked and a little burnt in the oven, a property not amiss in a soldier's visage who should scorn to blush but in his nose. My chin was well thatched with a beard which was a necessary shelter in winter and a fly-flap in summer, so brushy and spreading that my lips could scarce be seen to walk abroad, but played at all-hid and durst not peep forth for starting a hair. To conclude, my arms, thighs, and legs were so sound, stout, and weighty (as if they had come all out of the timber yard) that my very presence only was able to 815 still the bawlingest infant in Europe. And I think, madam,

this was no unlikely shape for a soldier to prove well: here was mettle enough, for four shillings a week, to do valiant service till it was bored as full of holes as a skimmer.

820 Well, to the wars I betook me, ranked myself amongst desperate hot-shots—only, my carriage put on more civility, for I seemed more like a spy than a follower, an observer rather than a committer of villany. And little thought I, madam, that the camp had been supplied with harlots too as well as the Curtain, and the guarded tents as wicked as garden tenements, trulls passing to and fro in the washed shape of laundresses as your bawds about London in the manner of starchwomen, which is the most unsuspected habit that can be to train out a mistress.

830 And if your ladyship will not think me much out of the way, though I take a running leap from the camp to the Strand again, I will discover a pretty knavery of the same breeding between such a starchwoman and a kind wanton mistress, as there are few of those ballassed vessels nowadays but will have a love and a husband.

835 The woman crying her ware by the door (a most pitiful cry and a lamentable hearing that such a stiff thing as starch should want customers), passing cunningly and slyly by the stall, not once taking notice of the party you wot on, but being by this some three or four shops off. ‘Mass’, quoth my young mistress to the weathercock her husband, ‘such a thing I want, you know.’ Then she named how many puffs and purls lay in a miserable case for want of stiffening. The honest, plain-dealing jewel her husband sent out a boy to call her (not ‘bawd’, by her right name, but ‘starchwoman’); into the shop she came, making a low counterfeit curtsy, of whom the mistress demanded if the starch were pure gear and would be stiff in her ruff, saying, she had often been deceived before when the things about her have stood as limber as eelskins. The woman replied as subtly: ‘Mistress’, quoth she, ‘take this paper of starch of my hand, and if it prove not to your mind, never bestow penny with me!’—which paper, indeed, was a letter sent to her from the gentleman, her exceeding favourite. ‘Say you so?’ quoth the young dame, ‘and I’ll try it i’faith.’ With that she ran upstairs like a spinner upon small cobweb ropes, not to try or arraign the starch, but to construe and parse the letter (whilst her husband sat below by the counter like one of these brow-bitten catchpoles that wait for one man all day, when his wife can put five in the Counter before him), wherein she found many words that pleased her. Withal the gentleman writ unto her for a certain sum of money, which no sooner was read but was ready to be sent; wherefore, laying up the starch and that and taking another sheet of clean paper in her hand, wanting time and opportunity to write at large, with a penful of ink, in the very middle of the sheet writ these few quaint monosyllables: ‘Coin, Cares, and Cures, and all C’s else are yours.’ Then rolling up the white money like the starch in that paper very subtly and artificially, came tripping downstairs with these colourable words: ‘Here’s goodly starch indeed! Fie, fie—trust me husband—as yellow as the jaundice! I would not have betrayed my puffs with it for a million! Here, here, here!’ (giving her the paper of money). With that the subtle starchwoman, seeming sorry that it pleased her not, told her, within few days she would fit her turn with that which should like her (meaning, indeed, more such sweet news from her lover). These and suchlike, madam, are the cunning conveyances of secret, privy, and therefore unnoted harlots that so avoid the common finger of the world when less committers than they are publicly pointed at.

880 So, likewise in the camp, whither now I return borne on the swift wings of apprehension, the habit of a laundress shadows the abomination of a strumpet, and our soldiers are like glovers, for the one cannot work well nor the other fight well without their wenches. This was the first mark of villainy that I found sticking upon the brow of War. But after the hot and fiery copulation of a skirmish or two, the ordnance playing like so many Tamburlaines, the muskets and calivers answering like drawers, ‘Anon, anon, sir, I cannot be here and there too’—that is, in the soldier’s hand and in the enemy’s belly—I grew more acquainted and, as it were, entered into the entrails of black-livered policy. Methought indeed, at first, those great pieces of ordnance should speak English, though now by transportation turned rebels; and what a miserable and pitiful plight it was, lady, to have so many thousands of our men slain by their own countrymen the cannons—I mean not the harmless canons of Paul’s, but those cannons that have a great singing in their heads.

895 Well, in this onset I remember I was well smoked but neither arm nor leg perished, not so much as the loss of a petty finger, for when I counted them all over, I missed not one of them, and yet sometimes the bullets came within a hair of my coxcomb even like a barber scratching my pate, and perhaps took away the left limb of a vermin, and so departed; another time shouldering me like a bailiff against Michaelmas term and then shaking me by the sleeve as familiarly as if we had been acquainted seven years together. To conclude, they used me very courteously and gentleman-like awhile, like an old cunning bowler to fetch in a young kettling gamester, who will suffer him to win one sixpenny-game at the first, and then lurch him in six pounds afterward; and so they played with me, still training me with their fair promises into far deeper and deadlier battles where, like villainous cheating bowlers, they lurched me of two of my best limbs, viz. my right arm and right leg, that so, of a man of war, I became in show a monster of war, yet comforted in this because I knew war begot many such monsters as myself in less than a twelvemonth.

910 Now I could discharge no more, having paid the shot dear enough, I think, but rather desired to be discharged, to have pay and be gone: whereupon I appeared to my captain and other commanders, kissing my left hand which then stood for both (like one actor that plays two parts), who seemed to pity my unjoined fortunes and plaster my wounds up with words, told me I had done valiant service in their knowledge; marry, as for pay, they must go on the score with me, for all their money was

The Nyghtingale and the Ante

thumped out in powder. And this was no pleasing salve
to a green sore, madam; 'twas too much for me, lady,
935 to trust calivers with my limbs and then cavaliers with
my money. Nevertheless, for all my lamentable action of
one arm like old Titus Andronicus, I could purchase no
more than one month's pay for a ten-month's pain and
peril; nor that neither, but to convey away my miserable
940 clamours that lay roaring against the arches of their ears,
marry, their bountiful favours were extended thus far: I
had a passport to beg in all countries.

Well, away I was packed, and after a few miseries by
the way, at last I set one foot into England again (for
945 I had no more then to set), being my native though
unnatural country for whose dear good I pawned my
limbs to bullets, those merciless brokers that will take
the vantage of a minute, and so they were quite forfeited,
lost, and unrecoverable. When I was on shore, the people
950 gathered, which word 'gathering' put me in hope of good
comfort that afterward I failed of. For I thought, at first,
they had gathered something for me, but I found, at last,
they did only but gather about me, some wondering at
me as if I had been some sea monster cast ashore, some
955 jesting at my deformity, whilst others laughed at the jests.
One amongst them, I remember, likened me to a sea-crab
because I went all of one side; another fellow vied it and
said I looked like a rabbit cut up and half-eaten because
my wing and leg (as they termed it) were departed. Some
960 began to pity me, but those were few in number, or at least
their pity was as penniless as Pierce, who writ to the devil
for maintenance. Thus passing from place to place like
the motion of Julius Caesar or the city Nineveh, though
not altogether in so good clothes, I overtook the city from
965 whence I borrowed my first breath and in whose defence
I spent and laid out my limbs by whole sums to purchase
her peace and happiness, nothing doubting but to be well
entreated there, my grievous maims tenderly regarded,
my poor broken estate carefully repaired, the ruins of my
970 blood built up again with redress and comfort. But woe the
while, madam! I was not only unpitied, succourless, and
rejected, but threatened with the public stocks, loathsome
jails, and common whipping-posts, there to receive my
pay (a goodly reward for my bleeding service) if I were
975 once found in the city again.

Wherefore I was forced to retire towards the Spital
and Shoreditch, which, as it appeared, was the only Cole
Harbour and sanctuary for wenches and soldiers; where
I took up a poor lodging o' trust till the Sunday, hoping
980 that then Master Alms and Mistress Charity would walk
abroad and take the air in Finsbury.

At which time I came hopping out from my lodging
like old lame Giles of Cripplegate; but when I came there,
the wind blew so bleak and cold that I began to be quite
985 out of hope of Charity, yet, like a torn map of misery, I
waited my single halfpenny fortunes; when, of a sudden,
turning myself about and looking down the Windmill Hill,
I might espy afar off a fine-fashioned dame of the city with
her man bound by indenture before her; whom no sooner
990 I caught in mine eyelids, but I made to with all possible

speed, and with a premeditated speech for the nonce, thus
most soldier-like I accosted her:

'Sweet lady, I beseech your beauty to weigh the estate of
a poor unjointed soldier that hath consumed the moiety,
995 or the one half of his limbs, in the dismembering and
devouring wars that hath cheated me of my flesh so
notoriously. I protest I am not worth at this instant
the small revenue of three farthings, besides my lodging
unpleased and my diet unsatisfied. And had I ten thousand
limbs, I would venture them all in your sweet quarrel
1000 rather than such a beauty as yourself should want the
least limb of your desire.'

With that, as one being rather moved by my last words
of promise than my first words of pity, she drew her
white bountiful hand out of her marry-muff and quited
1005 a single halfpenny, whereby I knew her then to be cold
Mistress Charity both by her chill appearance and the
hard frozen pension she gave me. She was warm lapped,
I remember, from the sharp injury of the biting air: her
visage was benighted with a taffeta mask to fray away
1010 the naughty wind from her face, and yet her very nose
seemed so sharp with cold that it almost bored a hole quite
through. This was frost-bitten Charity: her teeth chattered
in her head and leaped up and down like virginal-jacks,
which betrayed likewise who she was. And you would
1015 have broken into infinite laughter, madam (though misery
made me leaden and pensive), had you been present to
have seen how quickly the muff swallowed her hand
again, for no sooner was it drawn forth to drop down
her pitiful alms but, for fear the sun and air should have
1020 ravished it, it was extempore whipped up again. This is
the true picture of Charity, madam, which is as cold as
ice in the middle of July.

Well, still I waited for another fare. But then I bethought
myself again that all the fares went by water o' Sundays
1025 to the bear-baiting, and o' Mondays to Westminster Hall,
and therefore, little to be looked for in Moorfields all the
week long.

Wherefore I sat down by the rails there and fell into
these passionate, but not railing speeches: 'Is this the
farthest reward for a soldier? Is valour and resolution,
1030 the two champions of the soul, so slightly esteemed and
so basely undervalued? Doth reeling fortune not only rob
us of our limbs, but of our living? Are soldiers then both
food for cannon and for misery?' But then, in the midst of
my passion, calling to memory the peevish turns of many
famous popular gallants whose names were writ even
upon the heart of the world (it could not so much as think
without them, nor speak but in the discourse of them), I
1040 began to outdare the very worst of cruel and disaster
chances and determined to be constant in calamity and
valiant against the battering siege of misery. But note the
cross star that always dogged my fortunes. I had not long
rested there but I saw the tweering constable of Finsbury
with his bench of brown billmen making towards me,
1045 meaning indeed to stop some prison hole with me, as your
soldiers, when the wars have done with them, are good
for nothing else but to stop holes withal; at which sight,

Father Hubburds Tales, or

1050 I scrambled up of all two, took my skin off the hedge,
cozened the constable, and slipped into an ant again.

The Nightingale.

1055 'O, 'twas a pretty quaint deceit'
(The Nightingale began to sing),
'To slip from those that lie in wait,
Whose touch is like a raven's wing,
Fatal and ominous, which, being spread
Over a mortal, aims him dead.

1060 'Alas, poor emmet! thou wast tossed
In thousand miseries by this shape,
Thy colour wasted, thy blood lost,
Thy limbs broke with the violent rape
Of hot impatient cannons, which desire
To ravish lives, spending their lust in fire.

1065 'O, what a ruthless sight it is to see,
Though in a soldier of the mean'st degree,
That right member perished,
Which thy body cherished;
That limb dissevered, burnt, and gone,
Which the best part was borne upon;

And then the greatest ruth of all,
Returning home in torn estate,
Where he should rise, there most to fall,
Trode down with envy, bruised with hate:
Yet wretch, let this thy comfort be,
That greater worms have fared like thee.' 1075

By this the day began to spring
And seize upon her watchful eyes,
When more tree-choristers did sing,
And every bird did wake and rise;
Which was no sooner seen and heard, 1080
But all their pretty chat was marred.

And then she said,
'We are betrayed,
The day is up, and all the birds,
And they abroad will blab our words.' 1085
With that she bade the ants farewell,
And all they likewise Philomel.

Away she flew,
Crying *Tereu!*
And all the industrious ants in throngs 1090
Fell to their work, and held their tongues.

FINIS.

Father Hubburd's Tales

Or, The Ant and the Nightingale

The Epistle Dedicatory.

5 *To the true general patron of all muses, musicians, poets, and
picture-drawers, Sir Christopher Clutch-Fist, knighted at a
very hard pennyworth, neither for eating musk-melons,
anchovies, or caviar, but for a costlier exploit and a
hundred-pound feat of arms, Oliver Hubburd, brother to the
nine waiting-gentlewomen, the muses, wisheth the decrease*

*of his lands and the increase of his legs, that his calves may
hang down like gamashoes.*

Most guerdonless sir, pinching patron, and the muses' 10
bad paymaster, thou that owest for all the pamphlets,
histories, and translations that ever have been dedicated
to thee since thou wert one-and-twenty and couldst make
water upon thine own lands—but beware, sir! You cannot 15
carry it away so, I can tell you, for all your copper-gilt

3 **Sir Christopher Clutch-Fist** perhaps with reference to William, second Baron Compton, of Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire (see Adams, pp. xxiii–xxxi). Middleton had dedicated *Ghost* to Compton, but apparently failed to merit his patronage in the form of the usual 'tip' of £3 for a dedication; Adams argues that the references to Clutch-Fist in the third tale may be autobiographical. Interestingly enough, Spenser's *Proserpina*,

or *Mother Hubburd's Tale* was dedicated to Lady Compton.

4–5 **musk-melons**...**caviar** delicacies which may refer to Compton's fondness for personal display and fine living

6 **hundred-pound feat of arms** allusion to the wholesale selling of knighthoods by James I during his progress to London for his coronation in 1603 and thereafter

7–8 **decrease**...**calves** satiric inversion

of standard dedication terminology, in which an increase in lands is wished upon the dedicatee

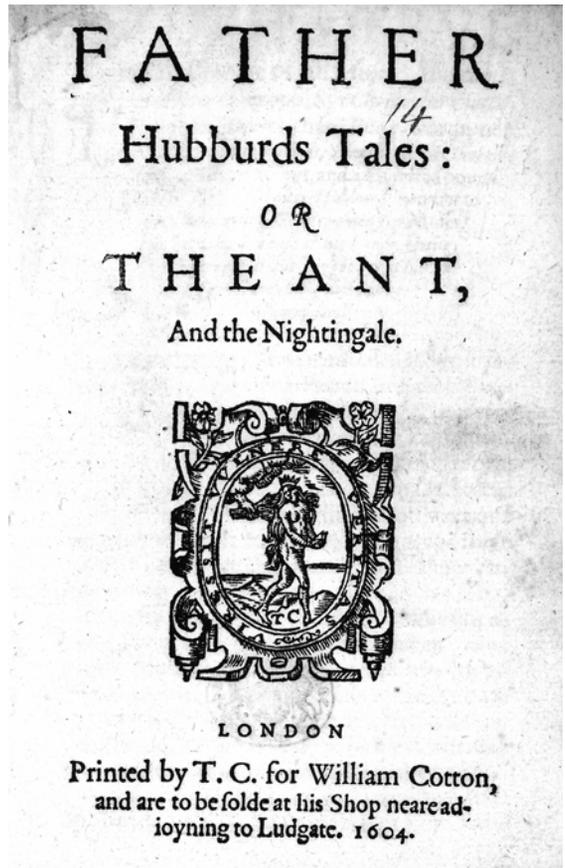
9 **gamashoes** loose drawers or stockings worn outside the legs over the other clothing

10 **guerdonless** i.e., not giving a reward or payment

15 **copper-gilt** copper-plated, i.e., cheap imitation of gold-plated (see 39–41)

spurs and your brood of feathers. For there are certain line-sharkers that have coursed the countries to seek you out already, and they nothing doubt but to find you here this Candlemas term which, if it should fall out so (as I hope your worship is wiser than to venture up so soon to the chambers of London), they have plotted together with the best common play-plotter in England to arrest you at the muses' suit (though they shoot short of them) and to set one of the sergeants of poetry, or rather the Poultry, to claw you by the back, who with one clap on your shoulder will bruise all the taffeta to pieces. Now, what the matter is between you, you know best yourself, sir. Only, I hear that they rail against you in booksellers' shops very dreadfully that you have used them most unknighly in offering to take their books and would never return so much as would pay for the covers, beside the gilding too, which stands them in somewhat, you know, and a yard and a quarter of broad sixpenny ribbon—the price of that you are not ignorant of yourself because you wear broad shoestring. And they cannot be persuaded but that you pull the strings off from their books and so maintain your shoes all the year long; and think, verily, if the book be in folio, that you take off the parchment and give it to your tailor but save all the gilding together, which may amount in time to gild you a pair of spurs withal. Such are the miserable conceits they gather of you because you never give the poor muse-suckers a penny. Wherefore, if I might counsel you, sir, the next time they came with their gilded dedications, you should take the books, make your men break their pates, then give them ten groats apiece, and so drive them away.

Your worship's, if you embrace my counsel,
Oliver Hubburd.



Title-page of CREEDE 2.

- 16 **brood of feathers** large, ostentatious feathers in a hat
- 17 **line-sharkers** *OED* cites this passage but cannot explain the meaning. The context suggests an inferior class of plagiarizing poets who have dedicated books of patchwork poems to Clutch-Fist. **countries** i.e., counties
- 19 **Candlemas term** February 2, the time appointed for the sessions of certain law courts, and the payment of rents and wages. Clutch-Fist apparently travelled to London during court terms to attend to legal matters rather than using the local courts, partly to avoid local bias and partly for a visit to the city.
- 22 **best... play-plotter** the reference may be to Anthony Munday. Francis Meres refers to him as 'Anthony Mundaye our best plotter' (*Palladis Tamia*, 1598). Henslowe's *Diary*, May 1602, records that Munday, Middleton, and others were working together on the play *Caesar's Fall*.

- 24 **sergeants... Poultry** A sergeant was a sheriff's officer who made arrests; the Poultry was one of two city prisons. The line-sharkers have plotted to have Clutch-Fist arrested for debt, i.e., failure to remunerate them for their dedications and the materials scavenged from their books.
- 26 **taffeta** shoulder-padding in Clutch-Fist's outer garment
- 28 **rail** abuse verbally
- 32-3 **yard... ribbon** very expensive ribbon at six pennies (the price of a play quarto) per yard, perhaps a half-inch in width. In a large book such as a folio (see note to l. 38), several such ribbons were stitched into the spine of the book at the top. A reader inserted the ribbons between pages as place markers.
- 38 **folio** the largest size of printed book in which the large printed sheet was folded once to form the leaves of the book. The gilding, ribbon, and parchment

- here indicate the most expensive kind of binding (see notes to ll. 1243-5).
- 39-40 **gilding... spurs** the very thin gold leaf impressed on the cover of the book (see note to l. 1244). Clutch-Fist scrapes off the gold leaf and saves it until he has enough for gold-plating a pair of spurs.
- 41 **conceits** conception, image
- 42 **muse-suckers** i.e., poets ('line-sharkers'), who nurse at the breasts of the muses
- 44 **gilded dedications** The first letter of a dedicatory epistle frequently was printed with a large block capital, as was the 'M' in 'Most guerdonless sir...' in both editions of Middleton's text. In very rare instances, the letter was printed in gold ink, thereby 'gilding' the dedication; figuratively, loading it with exaggerated praise.
- 45 **pates** heads
- groats** a paltry, insulting sum of money, usually the lowest going price; in context, probably less than a penny

Father Hubburds Tales, or

To the Reader.

50 Shall I tell you what, reader?—But first I should call you
gentle, courteous, and wise. But 'tis no matter, they're but
foolish words, of course, and better left out than printed.
For if you be so, you need not be called so; and if you be
not so, there were law against me for calling you out of
55 your names. By John of Paul's Churchyard I swear (and
that oath will be taken at any haberdasher's), I never
wished this book better fortune than to fall into the hands
of a true-spelling printer and an honest-minded bookseller;
and if honesty could be sold by the bushel like oysters,
60 I had rather have one Bushel of honesty than three of
money.

Why I call these *Father Hubburd's Tales* is not to have
them called in again, as the *Tale of Mother Hubburd*: the
world would show little judgement in that, i'faith, and I
65 should say then *plena stultorum omnia*, for I entreat here
neither of ragged bears or apes, no, nor the lamentable
downfall of the old wife's platters. I deal with no such
metal: what is mirth in me is as harmless as the quarter-
jacks in Paul's that are up with their elbows four times an
70 hour and yet misuse no creature living. The very bitterest
in me is but like a physical frost that nips the wicked blood
a little and so makes the whole body the wholesomer; and
none can justly except at me but some riotous vomiting Kit
or some gentleman-swallowing Malkin. Then, to condemn
75 these tales following because Father Hubburd tells them
in the small size of an ant is even as much as if these
two words, *God* and *Devil*, were printed both in one line,
to skip it over and say that line were naught because the
devil were in it. *Sat sapienti*. And I hope there be many
80 wisemen in all the twelve Companies.

Yours, if you read without spelling or hacking,
T.M.

The Ant and the Nightingale

The west-sea's goddess in a crimson robe,
Her temples circled with a coral wreath,
85 Waited her love, the light'ner of earth's globe;
The wanton wind did on her bosom breathe,
The nymphs of springs did hallowed water pour;
Whate'er was cold helped to make cool her bower.

And now the fiery horses of the sun
90 Were from their golden-flaming car untraced,
And all the glory of the day was done,
Save here and there some light moon-clouds en-
chased;

A parti-coloured canopy did spread
95 Over the sun and Thetis' amorous bed.

Now had the shepherds folded in their flocks,
The sweating teams uncoupled from their yokes.
The wolf sought prey, and the sly-murdering fox
Attempts to steal, fearless of rural strokes.
100 All beasts took rest that lived by lab'ring toil;
Only such ranged as had delight in spoil.

Now in the pathless region of the air
The winged passengers had left to soar,
Except the bat and owl, who bode sad care,
105 And Philomel, that nightly doth deplore,
In soul-contenting tunes, her change of shape,
Wrought first by perfidy and lustful rape.

This poor musician, sitting all alone
On a green hawthorn, from the thunder blest,
110 Carols in varied notes her antique moan,
Keeping a sharpened briar against her breast:
Her innocence this watchful pain doth take,
To shun the adder and the speckled snake.

55 **John of Paul's** a haberdasher situated in Paul's Churchyard
60 **Bushel of honesty** a complimentary pun on the name of the publisher of the first edition, Thomas Bushell
63 **called in again** the process whereby the High Commission, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, or the Privy Council banned a book and ordered all copies to be brought to Stationers' Hall or the Bishop's residence
Tale of Mother Hubburd Although Edmund Spenser published a viciously satiric poem with this subtitle in 1591, no record is extant of it being called in. While an ape is a major figure in the poem, it contains no mention of 'ragged bears' or 'old wife's platters'.
65 **plena stultorum omnia** from Cicero's *Epistolae ad Familiares*: 'All things are full of fools', or 'fools are everywhere'
67-8 **platters**... **metal** i.e., the old wife's plates are metal (pewter?)
68-9 **quarter-jacks** the 'jacks' are the

figures who strike a bell on the quarter-hour as part of a large, tower-mounted, public clock; typically a hammer is raised by the arm of the figure and brought down onto a bell
71-2 **physical frost**... **wholesomer** The notion that satire is like a physical purgative is also found in Thomas Dekker's epistle in *The Wonderful Year* (1603): 'If you read, you may happily laugh; 'tis my desire you should, because mirth is both physical and wholesome against the plague...'
73 **Kit** loose woman
74 **Malkin** female personal name applied typically to a woman of the lower-class; a lewd woman
79 **Sat sapienti** shortened version of 'verbum sapienti sat est', or, 'a word to the wise is sufficient'
80 **Companies** the various trades were organized into twelve major and 32 minor self-regulating guilds, or 'companies'
81 **hacking** the mangling of words or

sense, i.e., twisting or misinterpreting the author's words; currently 'computer-hacking', i.e., decoding the mechanisms which protect against illegal entry to computer systems
84 **goddess** the sea-nymph Thetis
91 **untraced** to free [horses] from the traces, or the leather straps or ropes by which the collar of a draught-animal is connected with the splinter-bar or swingletree
93 **enchased** inlaid with gold, gems, etc.
94 **parti-coloured** multi-coloured, i.e., a rainbow
99 **rural strokes** blows from the clubs or implements of farmers protecting their livestock
106 **change of shape** after being raped by Tereus, Philomel was transformed into a nightingale
111 **sharpened briar** Philomel sang all night with a thorn pressed against her breast in order to stay awake and remain vigilant against predators (snakes)

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

115	These two, like her old foe the Lord of Thrace, Regardless of her dulcet changing song, To serve their own lust have her life in chase. Virtue by vice is offered endless wrong. Beasts are not all to blame, for now and then We see the like attempted amongst men.	Pass them to mend, for none can them amend But heaven's lieutenant and earth's Justice-King. "Stern will, hath will." "No great one wants a friend." "Some are ordained to sorrow, some to sing." And with this sentence let thy griefs all close: "Whoe'er are wronged, are happier than their foes."	150
120	Under the tree whereon the poor bird sat, There was a bed of busy, toiling ants, That in their summer, winter's comfort got, Teaching poor men how to shun after-wants; Whose rules if sluggards could be learned to keep, They should not starve awake, lie cold asleep.	So much for such. Now to the little ant In the bird's beak and at the point to die. Alas for woe, friends in distress are scant! None of his fellows to his help did hie. They keep them safe; they hear, and are afraid: 'Tis vain to trust in the base number's aid.	155
130	One of these busy brethren, having done His day's true labour, got upon the tree, And with his little nimble legs did run. Pleased with the hearing, he desired to see What wondrous creature nature had composed, In whom such gracious music was enclosed.	Only himself unto himself is friend. With a faint voice his foe he thus bespake: 'Why seeks your gentleness a poor worm's end? O, ere you kill, hear the excuse I make! I come to wonder, not to work offence: There is no glory to spoil innocence!	165
135	He got too near, for the mistrustful bird Guessed him to be a spy from her known foe. Suspicion argues not to hear a word; What wiseman fears not that's inured to woe? Then blame not her. She caught him in her beak, About to kill him ere the worm could speak.	'Perchance you take me for a soothing spy By the sly snake or envious adder fee'd. Alas, I know not how to feign and lie, Or win a base intelligencer's meed, That now are Christians, sometime Turks, then Jews, Living by leaving heaven for earthly news.	170
140	But yet her mercy was above her heat. She did not—as a many silken men Called by much wealth, small wit, to judgement's seat— Condemn at random. But she pitied then When she might spoil: would great ones would do so, Who often kill before the cause they know.	'Trust me: I am a little emmet born to work, Oft-times a man, as you were once a maid. Under the name of man much ill doth lurk, Yet of poor me, you need not be afraid. Mean men are worms on whom the mighty tread; Greatness and strength your virtue injured.'	175
145	O, if they would, as did this little fowl, Look on their lesser captives with even ruth, They should not hear so many sentenced howl, Complaining Justice is not friend to Truth, But they would think upon this ancient theme: "Each right extreme, is injury extreme!"	With that she opened wide her horny bill, The prison where this poor submissive lay; And seeing the poor ant lie quivering still, 'Go wretch', quoth she, 'I give thee life and way. The worthy will not prey on yielding things. Pity's enfeoffed to the blood of kings!	180

114 **Lord of Thrace** King Tereus, husband of Procne, Philomel's sister
 115 **dulcet** sweet to the ear, pleasing, soothing, gentle
 123 **after-wants** their industrious summer activity aims at supplying the winter's necessities. The ant colony was commonly used analogically as an ideal paradigm for the harmonious structuring of human society.
 124 **learned** taught
 137 **worm** frequently used in the sense of 'poor wretch'
 138 **mercy** in this and the following stanza, Philomel embodies the ideal in

Middleton's attack on injustice in human society
heat passion, anger
 145 **ruth** pity, compassion
 151 **heaven's lieutenant** . . . **earth's Justice-King** The reference is ambiguous. In the Christian mythos, Jesus Christ, the son of God, has the responsibility and the power of judging the living and the dead and is the only one who can ultimately 'amend' all earthly injustice. The possibility that the referent is James I is diminished by the later reference to him as the 'manly lion' (222).
 154 **sentence** *sententia*, or a wise, witty

saying
 168 **soothing** flattering, smooth-talking
 169 **fee'd** hired for a fee
 171-3 **intelligencer's** . . . **earthly news** a spy or informer, presumably a Christian, who has no moral qualms about posing as an infidel, thereby sinning mortally and putting his soul in danger of damnation
 174 **emmet** ant
 181 **submissant** one who submits
 185 **enfeoffed** put in possession of the fee-simple or fee-tail of lands, tenements etc. Pity and mercy are the obligation of kings.

Father Hubburds Tales, or

‘For I was once, though now a feathered veil
Cover my wrongèd body, queen-like clad;
This down about my neck was erst a rail
Of byss embroidered. Fie on that we had!
190 Unthrifths and fools and wrongèd ones complain
Rich things were theirs, must ne’er be theirs again.

‘I was, thou know’st, the daughter to a king,
Had palaces and pleasures in my time.
Now mine own songs I am enforced to sing.
195 Poets forget me in their pleasing rhyme;
Like chaff they fly, tossed with each windy breath,
Omitting my forced rape by Tereus’ death!

‘But ’tis no matter: I myself can sing
Sufficient strains to witness mine own worth.
200 They that forget a queen, soothe with a king;
Flattery’s still barren, yet still bringeth forth;
Their works are dews, shed when the day is done,
But sucked up dry by the next morning’s sun.

‘What more of them? They are like Iris’ throne,
205 Commixed with many colours in moist time:
Such lines portend what’s in that circle shown;
Clear weather follows showers in every clime,
Averting no prognosticator lies,
That says, “Some great ones fall, their rivals rise.”

‘Pass such for bubbles; let their bladder-praise
210 Shine and sink with them in a moment’s change:
They think to rise when they the riser raise.
But regal wisdom knows it is not strange
For curs to fawn; base things are ever low;
215 The vulgar eye feeds only on the show.

‘Else would not soothing glossers oil the son,
Who, while his father lived, his acts did hate.
They know all earthly day with man is done
When he is circled in the night of fate.
220 So, the deceased they think on no more,

But whom they injured late, they now adore.

‘But there’s a manly lion now can roar,
Thunder more dreaded than the lioness;
Of him let simple beasts his aid implore,
225 For he conceives more than they can express.
The virtuous politic, is truly man;
Devil, the atheist politician.

‘I guessed thee such a one: but tell thy tale.
If thou be simple, as thou hast expressed,
Do not with coined words set wit to sale,
230 Nor with the flatt’ring world use vain protest.
Sith man thou sayst thou wert, I prithee tell,
While thou wert man, what mischiefs thee befell.’

‘Princess! You bid me buried cares revive’,
235 Quoth the poor ant, ‘Yet sith by you I live,
So let me in my daily lab’rings thrive
As I myself do to your service give.
I have been oft a man, and so to be,
Is often to be thrall to misery.

‘But if you will have me my mind disclose,
240 I must entreat you that I may set down
The tales of my black fortunes in sad prose.
Rhyme is uneven, fashioned by a clown.
I first was such a one: I tilled the ground,
And amongst rurals verse is scarcely found.’ 245

‘Well, tell thy tales, but see thy prose be good.
For if thou Euphuize, which once was rare
And of all English phrase the life and blood,
In those times for the fashion past compare,
250 I’ll say thou borrow’st, and condemn thy style,
As our new fools that count all following vile.

‘Or if in bitterness thou rail like Nashe—
(Forgive me, honest soul, that term thy phrase
“Railing”, for in thy works thou wert not rash,

188–9 **rail** | **Of byss** a collar or neckerchief of finely embroidered linen
192 **king** King Pandion of Athens
195–7 **Poets**...**death** The sense of the passage is that poets are fickle and only write about the latest ‘newsworthy’ events. Hence, they forget about Philomel’s rape and now write about Tereus’ death.
196 **chaff** husks of wheat and other grains separated from the edible part by threshing or winnowing; the wind blows away the lighter chaff
200 **queen**...**king** presumably a reference to the displacement of grief about Elizabeth’s death by the joy of James’s recent accession to the throne
soothe i.e., flatter the king
204 **Iris’ throne** the rainbow

208 **prognosticator** one who foretells the future (principally the weather for the coming year) in almanacs, which are the satiric target of Middleton *The Owl’s Almanac*
210 **bladder-praise** praise that is inflated and insincere, like a bladder (or balloon) filled with hot air
216 **glossers** literally one who glosses a text by explaining words and meaning; here, a flatterer or brown-noser
222–3 **manly lion**...**lioness** a reference contrasting James I to Elizabeth I
225 **he conceives** James I had published treatises on witchcraft and kingship which revealed his theological and political knowledge as well as his commitment to the pursuit of virtuous politics.
230 **coined words** a reference to the fad

of ‘coining’, or inventing, new words; many authors, including Shakespeare, engaged in the practice; here, an exercise in showing off one’s supposed genius
247 **Euphuize** to write in the outdated, highly affected, and ornate style introduced by John Lyly in *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit* (1578) and *Euphues and His England* (1580)
rare considered choice or exquisite; fashionable
251 **new fools**...**vile** the ‘coiners’ (l. 230) who scorn the imitation of literary models from the past
252 **Nashe** Thomas Nashe, a famous pamphleteer of the 1590s, noted for his particularly virulent and imaginative satiric writing.

The Ant, and the Nightingale.

255 Nor didst affect in youth thy private praise;
Thou hadst a strife with that Trigemini:
Thou hurt'st not them till they had injured thee.

'Thou wast indeed too slothful to thyself,
Hiding thy better talent in thy spleen.
260 True spirits are not covetous in pelf;
Youth's wit is ever ready, quick, and keen.
Thou didst not live thy ripened autumn day,
But wert cut off in thy best blooming May.

'Else hadst thou left, as thou indeed hast left,
265 Sufficient test, though now in others' chests,
T'improve the baseness of that humorous theft,
Which seems to flow from self-conceiving breasts.
Thy name they bury, having buried thee;
Drones eat thy honey: thou wert the true bee.

'Peace keep thy Soul.)—And now to you, Sir Ant:
270 On with your prose, be neither rude nor nice;
In your discourse let no decorum want;
See that you be sententious and concise,
And, as I like the matter, I will sing
275 A canzonet to close up everything.'

With this, the whole nest of ants, hearing their fellow was free
from danger, like comforters when care is over, came with great
thanks to harmless Philomel and made a ring about her and their
restored friend, serving instead of a dull audience of stinkards
280 sitting in the penny-galleries of a theatre and yawning upon the
players, whilst the ant began to stalk like a three-quarter sharer
and was not afraid to tell tales out of the villainous school of
the world, where the devil is the schoolmaster, and the usurer,
the under-usher; the scholars, young dicing landlords that pass
285 away three hundred acres with three dice in a hand, and after
the decease of so much land in money, become sons and heirs of

bawdy-houses; for it is an easy labour to find heirs without land,
but a hard thing indeed to find land without heirs. But for fear I
interrupt this small actor in less than *decimo sexto*, I leave, and
give the ant leave to tell his tale.

The Ant's Tale when he was a Ploughman.

I was sometimes, most chaste Lady Nightingale, or rather, Queen
Philomel the ravished, a brow-melting husbandman. To be man
and husband is to be a poor master of many rich cares, which, if he
cannot subject and keep under, he must look forever to undergo
295 as many miseries as the hours of his years contain minutes. Such
a man I was and such a husband, for I was linked in marriage. My
havings was small and my means less, yet charge came on me ere
I knew how to keep it; yet did I all my endeavours, had a plough
and land to employ it, fertile enough if it were manured, and for
300 tillage I was never held a truant.

But my destruction and the ruin of all painful husbandmen
about me began by the prodigal downfall of my young landlord,
whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather for many gener-
ations had been lords of the town wherein I dwelt and many
305 other towns near adjoining; to all which belonged fair commons
for the comfort of the poor, liberty of fishing, help of fuel by brush
and underwood never denied, till the old devourer of virtue, hon-
esty, and good neighbourhood—Death—had made our landlord
dance after his pipe, which is so common that every one knows
the way though they make small account of it. Well, die he did,
and as soon as he was laid in his grave, the bell might well have
toll'd for hospitality and good housekeeping; for whether they
fell sick with him and died and so were buried, I know not, but
I am sure in our town they were never seen since, nor that I can
315 hear of in any other part; especially about us they are impossible
to be found.

Well, our landlord being dead, we had his heir, gentle enough
and fair conditioned, rather promising at first his father's virtues
than the world's villainies, but he was so accustomed to wild and
320

256 **Trigemini** literally 'triple birth', a refer-
ence to the brothers Gabriel, Richard,
and John Harvey. Nashe waged an ongo-
ing literary battle with Gabriel in a series
of pamphlets culminating in Nashe's
Have with you to Saffron Walden (1596),
a masterpiece of personal invective that
destroyed any pretension that Harvey
had to respectability. The Bishop of
London called in the pamphlets in the
famous decree of 1599 which banned
satire and forbade publication of their
works in the future.
260 **pelf** wealth, possessions
263 **cut off**...**May** Nashe probably died in
(or before) 1601 when he was thirty-
four years old, roughly equivalent to
'summer' in terms of Elizabethan life
expectancy. Middleton obviously had
great respect for Nashe and believed
that he would have gone on to produce
noteworthy writings in his 'autumn'
years.
266 **T'improve** to prove
humorous theft an obscure reference
to a purported theft of Nashe's work,

possibly from his papers after his death,
by Samuel Rowlands
271 **nice** affected, too refined
272 **decorum** adherence to the literary
requirements of genre
273 **sententious** laden with meaning,
matter, wisdom
275 **canzonet** literally, a short song
280 **penny-galleries** unexplainable reference,
either intentionally erroneous, or possibly
due to compositorial omission of 'two'
during setting. 'Groundlings' paid the
fee of one penny for the privilege of
standing on the open ground in front of
the stage; a twopenny fee was required
for admittance to the lowest level of
seating rooms or 'galleries'.
281 **three-quarter sharer** an individual who
owned three-quarters of a share of stock
in an acting company
284 **under-usher** assistant to a schoolmaster
or head teacher
289 **decimo sexto** literally 'sixteen'; a
very small book format in which each
sheet is folded to produce sixteen leaves

containing thirty-two printed pages. The
term was used to refer to the boy actors
of Paul's and Blackfriars who competed
with the adult acting companies; the ant
is even smaller than a *decimo sexto*.
293 **husbandman** one who tills or cultivates
the soil; in Middleton's time, a tenant or
renter; in the socio-economic hierarchy,
just below the gentleman farmer who
owned the land that he tilled
306 **commons** rations, allowance of victuals,
daily fare; the Christian duty of alms-
giving in the form of feeding the poor,
the period's equivalent of the modern
'soup kitchen'
307-8 **liberty**...**underwood** the deceased
landlord permitted tenants to fish on his
estate, presumably in stocked ponds, as
well as to gather wood for cooking and
heating
309-10 **Death**...**dance** reference to the
dance macabre, a familiar emblematic
image of the grim reaper playing upon
a recorder while leading his newly-dead
charges in a serpentine dance

unfruitful company about the court and London (whither he was sent by his sober father to practise civility and manners) that in the country he would scarce keep till his father's body was laid in the cold earth. But as soon as the hasty funeral was solemnized, from us he posted, discharging all his old father's servants (whose beards were even frost-bitten with age) and was attended only by a monkey and a marmoset, the one being an ill-faced fellow as variable as Newfangle for fashions, the other an imitator of anything, however villainous, but utterly destitute of all goodness. With this French page and Italianate servingman was our young landlord only waited on, and all to save charges in servingmen to pay it out in harlots. And we poor men had news of a far greater expense within less than a quarter, for we were sent for to London and found our great landlord in a little room about the Strand, who told us that, whereas we had lived tenants at will and might in his forefather's days been hourly turned out, he, putting on a better conscience to usward, intended to make us leases for years; and for advice 'twixt him and us, he had made choice of a lawyer, a mercer, and a merchant to whom he was much beholden, who that morning were appointed to meet in the Temple Church.

Temple and church, both one in name, made us hope of a holy meeting; but there is an old proverb, "The nearer the Church, the farther from God." To approve which saying, we met the mercer and the merchant that, loving our landlord or his land well, held him a great man in both their books. Some little conference they had; what the conclusion was we poor men were not acquainted with; but being called at their leisure and when they pleased to think upon us, told us they were to dine together at the Horn in Fleet Street, being a house where their lawyer resorted; and if we would there attend them, we should understand matter much for our good; and in the mean time they appointed us near the old Temple Garden to attend their counsellor, whose name was

master Prospero—not the great rider of horse (for I have heard there was once such a one), but a more cunning rider who had rid many men till they were more miserable than beasts, and our ill hap it was to prove his hackneys. Well, though the issue were ill, on we went to await his worship, whose chamber we found that morning fuller of clients than I could ever see suppliants to heaven in our poor parish church (and yet we had in it three hundred households); and I may tell it with reverence, I never saw more submission done to God than to that great lawyer. Every suitor there offered gold to this gowned idol, standing bareheaded in a sharp-set morning (for it was in booted Michaelmas term), and not a word spoke to him but it was with the bowing of the body and the submissive flexure of the knee. Short tale to make, he was informed of us what we were and of our coming up, when, with an iron look and shrill voice, he began to speak to the richest of our number, ever and anon jerking out the word 'fines', which served instead of a full point to every sentence.

But that word 'fines' was no fine word, methought, to please poor labouring husbandmen that can scarce sweat out so much in a twelvemonth as he would demand in a twinkling. At last, to close up the lamentable tragedy of us ploughmen, enters our young landlord, so metamorphosed into the shape of a French puppet that, at the first, we started and thought one of the baboons had marched in in man's apparel. His head was dressed up in white feathers like a shuttlecock, which agreed so well with his brain (being nothing but cork), that two of the biggest of the guard might very easily have tossed him with battledores and made good sport with him in his majesty's great hall. His doublet was of a strange cut, and to show the fury of his humour, the collar of it rose up so high and sharp as if it would have cut his throat by daylight. His wings, according to the fashion now, was as little and diminutive as a puritan's ruff, which showed he ne'er meant

322 **practise civility** common custom of the provincial gentry aimed at learning 'city manners'
 327 **marmoset** any small monkey. Middleton's coat of arms bore a marmoset.
 328 **Newfangle** allusion to Nicholas Newfangle, the 'Vice' in the old interlude *Like will to Like* (1568)
 330 **French page** French pages were held in high estimation
Italianate implies 'immoral' or 'depraved'
 333 **quarter** a quarter of a year; in England and Ireland the quarter days on which rents were paid were Lady Day (25 March), Midsummer Day (24 June), Michaelmas (29 September), and Christmas
 334 **the Strand** street running west from Middle Temple; fashionable area for lodgings
 335 **tenants at will** tenants who hold property at the pleasure of the lessor
 337 **usward** archaic form of the modern 'toward us'
 339 **mercier** merchant who deals in textile

fabrics—silks, velvets, and other costly materials
 340 **Temple Church** lawyers and their clients used the Round in Temple Church as a meeting place (like the middle aisle of St Paul's)
 345 **books** the young landlord's 'great' debts are noted in both the merchant's and the mercer's account books
 348 **Horn** pub in Fleet Street near the Temple
 352 **Temple Garden** small landscaped park between the Temple buildings and the Thames
 353 **Prospero . . . horse** reference to a famous equestrian trainer
 356 **hackneys** horses kept for hire
 363 **booted Michaelmas term** the term or session of the High Court of Justice in England, and also of Oxford, Cambridge, and various other universities, beginning soon after the feast of St Michael (29 September); one of the four quarter-days of the English business year; hence, an allusion to the footwear of persons

who rode to London on law business in winter
 368 **jerking** speaking spasmodically
fines a fee (as distinguished from rent) paid by the tenant or vassal to the landlord on some alteration of the tenancy, as on the transfer or alienation of the tenant right
 377 **shuttlecock** small spherical piece of cork fitted with a crown or circle of feathers, used in the game of battledore and shuttlecock; similar to that used in badminton
 379 **battledores** small rackets used to hit the shuttlecock back and forth between players
 380 **doublet** close-fitting vest-like garment, with or without sleeves, worn by men; the length varied according to fashion, as did the ornamental aspects of its design
 383 **wings** wing-like projections on the shoulders of a doublet
 384 **ruff** stiffly starched, pleated cloth worn around the neck. The Puritan's short ruffs were the target of ridicule.

385 to fly out of England nor do any exploit beyond sea, but live and
die about London though he begged in Finsbury. His breeches, a
wonder to see, were full as deep as the middle of winter or the
roadway between London and Winchester, and so large and wide
withal that I think within a twelvemonth he might very well put
390 all his lands in them, and then you may imagine they were big
enough when they would outreach a thousand acres. Moreover,
they differed so far from our fashioned hose in the country and
from his father's old gascoynes that his back part seemed to us
like a monster, the roll of the breeches standing so low that we
395 conjectured his house of office, sir-reverence, stood in his hams.
All this while his French monkey bore his cloak of three-pounds-a-yard,
lined clean through with purple velvet, which did so dazzle our
coarse eyes that we thought we should have been purblind ever
400 after, what with the prodigal aspect of that and his glorious rapier
and hangers, all bossed with pillars of gold, fairer in show than
the pillars in Paul's or the tombs at Westminster; beside, it
drunk up the price of all my ploughland in very pearl, which
stuck as thick upon those hangers as the white measles upon
405 hog's flesh. When I had well viewed that gay gaudy cloak and
those unthrifty wasteful hangers, I muttered thus to myself: 'That
is no cloak for the rain sure, nor those no hangers for Derrick.'
When, of a sudden casting mine eyes lower, I beheld a curious pair
of boots of King Philip's leather in such artificial wrinkles, sets,
and pleats as if they had been starched lately and came new from
410 the laundresses—such was my ignorance and simple acquaintance
with the fashion, and I dare swear my fellows and neighbours
here are all as ignorant as myself. But that which struck us most
into admiration: upon those fantastical boots stood such huge
and wide tops which so swallowed up his thighs that had he sworn,
415 as other gallants did, this common oath: 'Would I might sink as I
stand!', all his body might very well have sunk down and been
damned in his boots. Lastly, he walked the chamber with such a

pestilent jingle that his spurs over-squeaked the lawyer and made
him reach his voice three notes above his fee. But after we had
spied the rowels of his spurs, how we blessed ourselves!—they
420 did so much and so far exceed the compass of our fashion that
they looked more like the forerunners of wheelbarrows.

Thus was our young landlord accoutred in such a strange and
prodigal shape that it amounted to above two year's rent in ap-
parel. At last approach the mercer and the merchant, two notable
425 arch-tradesmen who had fitted my young master in clothes whilst
they had clothed themselves in his acres, and measured him out
velvet by the thumb whilst they received his revenues by hand-
fuls; for he had not so many yards in his suit as they had yards
and houses bound for the payment, which now he was forced
430 to pass over to them or else all his lands should be put to their
book and to their forfeiting neck-verse. So my youngster was now
at his pension, not like a gentleman pensioner, but like a gen-
tleman scrivener. Whereupon entered Master Bursebell the royal
scrivener with deeds and writings hanged, drawn, and quartered
435 for the purpose. He was a valiant scribe. I remember his pen lay
mounted between his ear like a Tower gun, but not charged yet till
our young master's patrimony shot off, which was some third part
of an hour after. By this time the lawyer, the mercer, and the mer-
chant were whispering and consulting together about the writings
440 and passage of the land in very deep and sober conference.

But our 'wiseacres' all the while, as one regardless of either
land or money, not hearkening or inquisitive after their subtle
and politic devices, held himself very busy about the burning of
his tobacco pipe (as there is no gallant but hath a pipe to burn
445 about London) though we poor simple men ne'er heard of the
name till that time; and he might very fitly take tobacco there,
for the lawyer and the rest made him smoke already. But to have
noted the apish humour of him and the fantastical faces he coined
in the receiving of the smoke, it would have made your ladyship
450

386 **Finsbury** open fields north of the city wall, accessible through Cripple-gate and Moorgate; used for recreation by Londoners (walking, archery, etc.), and frequented by beggars
breeches padded pants-like garment covering the loins and thighs; later reaching to the knees or just below
393 **gascoynes** wide breeches reaching to the knee; in *Pierce Penniless*, Nashe mentions 'their Dad, goes sagging every day in his round Gascoynes of white cotton, and hath much ado (poor penny-father) to keep his unthrifit elbows in reparations' (10); the sons 'do nothing but devise how to spend and ask counsel of the Wine and Capons, how they may quickliest consume their patrimonies'
395 **sir-reverence** colloquial mangling of 'Save Reverence', an apologetic phrase used here to ask pardon for referring to the 'house of office' (i.e., anus)
hams part of the leg at the back of the knee . . . by extension: the back of the thighs; the thigh and buttock collectively
396-7 **of three-pounds-a-yard** made of

extremely expensive cloth
399 **purblind** dim-sighted
400 **hangers** loop or strap on a sword-belt from which the sword was hung, often richly ornamented
bossed studded, ornamented; roughly equivalent to modern 'embossed'
406 **Derrick** the common hangman at Tyburn
408 **King Philip's leather** soft Spanish leather, considered superior to English leather
420 **rowels** small serrated disk at the end of a spur
432 **neck-verse** a verse (usually the beginning of the fifty-first psalm) presented to a condemned criminal who claimed 'benefit of clergy' (i.e., literacy); by reading it, he might save his neck from the noose
434 **scrivener** professional writer or scribe; a notary; an important professional in an age when writing literacy lagged significantly behind reading literacy. The growing dependency upon credit records by landowners and merchants

required the expertise of the scrivener in drawing up 'articles' and 'bonds', or the documents in which the particulars were legally stated and witnessed. In this instance, the lawyer, who presumably could perform the function, hires the scrivener to do it, much in the same manner as many law offices today retain full-time legal secretaries.
435 **hanged, drawn, and quartered** The executed criminal was first hanged by the neck but cut down before expiring, laid out and gutted like an animal, and then the body was cut into four pieces. (Public executions were a common form of entertainment at the time.)
445 **tobacco pipe** The smoking of tobacco in clay pipes had become extremely fashionable during the sixteenth century, and controversy raged about both the beneficial and ill effects of 'drinking tobacco'. James I is thought to be the author of the famous pamphlet *A Counter-blast to Tobacco* (1604).
449 **coined** i.e., 'invented' various contortions of the face while smoking

have sung nothing but merry jigs for a twelvemonth after—one time winding the pipe like a horn at the pie-corner of his mouth, which must needs make him look like a sow-gelder, and another time screwing his face like one of our country players, which must needs make him look like a fool; nay, he had at least his dozen of faces, but never a good one amongst them all—neither his father's face, nor the face of his grandfather, but yet more wicked and riotous faces than all the generation of him.

Now their privy whisperings and villainous plots began to be drawn to a conclusion when presently they called our smoky landlord in the midst of his draught, who in a valiant humour dashed his tobacco pipe into the chimney corner, whereat I started, and beckoning his marmoset to me, asked him if those long white things did cost no money; to which the slave replied very proudly: 'Money! Yes sirrah, but I tell thee my master scorns to have a thing come twice to his mouth.' 'Then', quoth I, 'I think thy master is more choice in his mouth than in any member else: it were good if he used that all his body over—he would never have need, as many gallants have, of any sweating physic.' 'Sweating physic?', replied the marmoset, 'What may thy meaning be? Why, do not you ploughmen sweat too?' 'Yes', quoth I, 'most of any men living. But yet there is difference between the sweat of a ploughman and the sweat of a gentleman, as much as between your master's apparel and mine. For when we sweat, the land prospers and the harvest comes in, but when a gentleman sweats, I wot how the gear goes then.' No sooner were these words spoken but the marmoset had drawn out his poinard halfway to make a show of revenge, but at the smart voice of the lawyer he suddenly whipped it in again.

Now was our young master with one penful of ink doing a far greater exploit than all his forefathers, for what they were a-purchasing all their lifetime, he was now passing away in the fourth part of a minute; and that which many thousand drops of his grandfather's brows did painfully strive for, one drop now of a scrivener's inkhorn did easily pass over. A dash of a pen stood for a thousand acres—how quickly they were dashed in the mouth by our young landlord's prodigal fist! It seemed he made no more account of acres than of acorns. Then were we called to set our hands for witnesses of his folly, which we poor men did witness too much already. And because we were found ignorant

in writing and never practised in that black art (which I might very fitly term so because it conjured our young master out of all), we were commanded, as it were, to draw any mark with a pen, which should signify as much as the best hand that ever old Peter Bales hung out in the Old Bailey. To conclude, I took the pen first of the lawyer, and turning it arsy-versy like no instrument for a ploughman, our youngster and the rest of the faction burst into laughter at the simplicity of my fingering. But I, not so simple as they laughed me for, drew the picture of a knavish emblem, which was *A Plough with the Heels Upward*, signifying thereby that the world was turned upside down since the decease of my old landlord, all hospitality and good housekeeping kicked out of doors, all thriftiness and good husbandry tossed into the air, ploughs turned into trunks, and corn into apparel. Then came another of our husbandmen to set his mark by mine; he, holding the pen clean at the one side towards the merchant and the mercer showing that all went on their sides, drew the form of an unbridled colt so wild and unruly that he seemed with one foot to kick up the earth and spoil the labours of many toiling beasts, which was fitly alluded to our wild and unbridled landlord, which (like the colt) could stand upon no ground till he had no ground to stand upon.

These marks, set down under the shape of simplicity, were the less marked with the eyes of knavery, for they little dreamed that we ploughmen could have so much satire in us as to bite our young landlord by the elbow. Well, this ended, master Bursebell the calfskin scrivener was royally handled—that is, he had a royal put in his hand by the merchant. And now I talk of calfskin: 'tis great pity, Lady Nightingale, that the skins of harmless and innocent beasts should be as instruments to work villainy upon, entangling young novices and foolish elder brothers which are caught like woodcocks in the net of the law; for 'tis easier for one of the greatest fowls to slide through the least hole of a net than one of the least fools to get from the lappet of a bond.

By this time the squeaking lawyer began to reiterate that cold word 'fines' which struck so chill to our hearts that it made them as cold as our heels, which were almost frozen to the floor with standing. 'Yea', quoth the merchant and the mercer, 'you are now tenants of ours; all the right, title, and interest of this young gentleman, your late landlord, we are firmly possessed of, as you

451 **jigs** songs or ballads of lively, jocular, or mocking (often scurrilous) character
 452 **pie-corner** corner of Giltspur Street and Cock Lane in West Smithfield where cook shops were located. The simile apparently is based upon the fact that the intersection of the two streets formed an acute angle.
 453 **sow-gelder** one who gelds or spays sows, i.e., removes the ovaries
 464 **slave** derogatory term for servant
 469 **sweating physic** medical prescription to induce sweating; probably a reference to a treatment for syphilis
 476 **gear** indefinite noun, i.e., stuff, matter, things, business
 477 **marmoset** see note to l. 327–8
poinard dagger

495 **Peter Bales** famous calligraphist and shorthand writer (1547?–1610?), widely known for his feat of engraving, in Latin, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments on a penny which he presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1575. He kept a writing school in the Old Bailey.
 496 **arsy-versy** backwards
 499 **emblem** A drawing or picture expressing a moral fable or allegory. Emblem books, originating in Italy, became popular in Middleton's age, the foremost of these being Geoffrey Whitney's *A Choice of Emblems*. Typically, a detailed woodcut or engraving containing allegorical subject matter was accompanied by an explanation, often in verse, of the moral point of the image. The ant's explanation of the

marks made by himself and his partner performs the latter function.
 504 **trunks** short breeches; the heels or blades of the upside-down plough look like upside-down breeches
 517 **calfskin scrivener** the most expensive vellum was made from calfskin; hence, Bursebell's fees are high
royally . . . **royal** a royal was a gold coin worth ten shillings (i.e., two royals to the pound); the ant's typical kind of punning
 524 **lappet** a loose or overhanging part of a garment, forming a flap or fold; the edge of a folded paper to which a seal is affixed. The implication here is that once one has been caught in the folds of the paper containing the bond, it was impossible to escape.

yourself are witnesses. Wherefore, this is the conclusion of our meeting: such fines as master Prospero here, by the valuation of the land, shall out of his proper judgement allot to us, such are we to demand at your hands. Therefore we refer you to him to wait his answer at the gentleman's best time and leisure.' With that they stifled two or three angels in the lawyer's right hand—'right hand' said I? Which hand was that, trow ye? For it is impossible to know which is the right hand of a lawyer because there are but few lawyers that have right hands, and those few make much of them. So, taking their leaves of my young landlord that was and that never shall be again, away they marched, heavier by a thousand acres at their parting than they were before at their meeting.

The lawyer then, turning his Irish face to usward, willed us to attend his worship the next term, when we should further understand his pleasure. We poor souls thanked his worship and paid him his fee out in legs, when, in sight of us, he embraced our young gentleman (I think, for a fool) and gave him many riotous instructions how to carry himself, which he was prompter to take than the other to put into him: told him he must acquaint himself with many gallants of the Inns of Court and keep rank with those that spend most, always wearing bountiful disposition about him, lofty and liberal; his lodging must be about the Strand, in any case, being remote from the handicraft scent of the City; his eating must be in some famous tavern, as the Horn, the Mitre, or the Mermaid, and then after dinner, he must venture beyond sea, that is, in a choice pair of noblemen's oars to the Bankside where he must sit out the breaking up of a comedy or the first cut of a tragedy; or rather (if his humour so serve him), to call in at the Blackfriars where he should see a nest of boys able to ravish a man. This said, our young goosecap, who was ready to embrace such counsel, thanked him for his fatherly admonitions (as he termed them), and told him again that he should not find him with the breach of any of them, swearing and protesting he would keep all those better than the ten commandments. At which word he buckled on his rapier and hangers, his monkey-

face casting on his cloak by the book; after an apish congee or two, passed downstairs without either word or nod to us, his old father's tenants.

Nevertheless, we followed him, like so many russet servingmen, to see the event of all and what the issue would come to, when, of a sudden, he was encountered by a most glorious-spangled gallant which we took at first to have been some upstart tailor because he measured all his body with a salutation from the flow of the doublet to the fall of the breeches. But at last we found him to be a very fantastical sponge that licked up all humours, the very ape of fashions, gesture, and compliment—one of those indeed (as we learned afterward) that fed upon young landlords, riotous sons, and heirs till either he or the Counter in Wood Street had swallowed them up; and would not stick to be a bawd or pander to such young gallants as our young gentleman, either to acquaint them with harlots or harlots with them, to bring them a whole dozen of taffeta punks at a supper; and they should be none of these common Molls neither, but discontented and unfortunate gentlewomen whose parents being lately deceased, the brother ran away with all the land, and they, poor squalls, with a little money which cannot hold out long without some comings in; but they will rather venture a maidenhead than want a headtire; such shuttlecocks as these which, though they are tossed and played withal, go still like maids all white on the top; or else decayed gentlemen's wives, whose husbands (poor souls) lying for debt in the King's Bench, they go about to make monsters in the King's Head tavern, for this is a general axiom: all your luxurious plots are always begun in taverns to be ended in vaulting houses; and after supper when fruit comes in, there is small fruit of honesty to be looked for—for you know that the eating of the apple always betokens the fall of Eve.

Our prodigal child, accompanied with this soaking swaggerer and admirable cheater (who had supped up most of our heirs about London like poached eggs), slips into Whitefriars nunnery whereas, the report went, he kept his most delicate drab of three hundred a year—some unthrifty gentleman's daughter who had

536 **angels** another gold coin worth about ten shillings; so called because it bore the image of the Archangel Michael
right hand the ant puns on 'right vs. wrong', i.e., lawyers have no concern for morality
 544 **Irish face** coarse
 547 **paid**... **legs** a courteous bow involved bending the legs
 551 **Inns of Court** the four law schools and lodgings of lawyers, located some distance along Fleet Street to the west of St Paul's Cathedral
 555-6 **Horn, the Mitre**... **Mermaid** local pubs near the Temple in Fleet Street and Bread Street, frequented by gallants, lawyers, writers
 557 **oars** i.e., rent an expensive launch to cross the Thames to Bankside, the location of theatres (the Globe, the Rose, the Hope, the Swan), the bull- and bear-baiting pits, and the Paris Garden; otherwise, it was a long walk east to London Bridge for the crossing

558 **breaking up** disruption, disintegration
 559 **cut** excision or omission of a part
 560 **Blackfriars**... **boys** a private theatre just east of the Inns of Court area, the venue of a company of boy actors (The Children of the Queen's Revels) famous for their ability to perform seductive female roles
 561 **goosecap** fool, simpleton
 567 **casting**... **book** putting on his cloak with exaggerated courtly formality
congee ceremonial bow upon taking leave of a person
 570 **russet** coarse homespun woollen cloth of reddish-brown, grey, or neutral colour, used for the dress of peasants and country folk
 571 **event** from Latin *eventus*, 'the outcome, or issue'. Middleton has the ant comically combine the term and its English meaning: 'event of all and what the issue would come to'.
 579 **Counter** debtors' prison
 583 **taffeta punks** overdressed prostitutes
 584 **Molls** prostitutes

586 **squalls** small or insignificant persons; usually a term of derision
 592 **King's Bench** debtors' prison
monsters i.e., cuckolds, emblematically imaged as a man with horns in his forehead that are visible to all but himself
 593 **luxurious** lustful
 594 **vaulting houses** slang for brothels
 595 **honesty** chastity
 598 **swaggerer** quarrelsome bully
 600 **Whitefriars nunnery** previously a monastic precinct just east of the Inner Temple. Although the church had been pulled down, the privilege of sanctuary from officers of the law continued, so the area attracted prostitutes and criminals; hence the slang usage of 'nunnery' = 'brothel'.
 601 **drab** prostitute
 602-4 **gentleman's**... **again** i.e., the father had squandered his estate, leaving the daughter destitute and hence a candidate for prostitution

mortgaged his land to scriveners sure enough from redeeming again. For so much she seemed by her bringing up, though less by her casting down. Endued she was (as we heard) with some good qualities, though all were converted then but to flattering villainies. She could run upon the lute very well, which in others would have appeared virtuous but in her lascivious, for her running was rather jested at because she was a light runner besides. She had likewise the gift of singing very deliciously, able to charm the hearer, which so bewitched away our young master's money that he might have kept seven noise of musicians for less charges, and yet they would have stood for servingmen too, having blue coats of their own. She had a humour to lisp often like a flatt'ring wanton and talk childish like a parson's daughter, which so pleased and rapt our old landlord's lickerish son that he would swear she spoke nothing but sweetmeats and her breath then sent forth such a delicious odour that it perfumed his white-satin doublet better than sixteen milliners.

Well, there we left him with his devouring cheater and his glorious cockatrice, and being almost upon dinner-time, we hied us and took our repast at thrifty Mother Walker's, where we found a whole nest of pinching bachelors crowded together upon forms and benches in that most worshipful three-halfpenny ordinary, where presently they were boarded with hot Monsieur Mutton-and-Porridge (a Frenchman by his blowing); and next to them, we were served in order, everyone taking their degree. And I tell you true, lady, I have known the time when our young landlord's father hath been a three-halfpenny eater there; nay more, was the first that acquainted us with that sparing and thrifty ordinary, when his riotous son hath since spent his five pound at a sitting. Well, having discharged our small shot (which was like hail-shot in respect of our young master's cannon-reckonings in taverns), we plodded home to our ploughs, carrying these heavy news to our wives, both of the prodigality of our old landlord's son as also of our oppressions to come by the burden of uncharitable fines. And, most musical Madam Nightingale, do but imagine now what a sad Christmas we all kept in the country without either carols, wassail-bowls, dancing of Sellinger's Round in moonshine nights about maypoles, shoeing the mare, hoodman-blind, hot-cockles, or any of our old Christmas gambols; no, not so much as choosing king and queen on Twelfth Night. Such was the dullness

of our pleasures, for that one word 'fines' robbed us of all our fine pastimes.

This sour-faced Christmas thus unpleasantly past over, up again we trotted to London—in a great frost, I remember, for the ground was as hard as the lawyer's conscience. And arriving at the luxurious Strand some three days before the term, we inquired for our bountiful landlord, or the fool in the full, at his neat and curious lodging. But answer was made us by an old chambermaid that our gentleman slept not there all the Christmastime, but had been at court and at least in five masques. Marry now, as she thought, we might find him at master Poope's his ordinary with half-a-dozen of gallants more at dice. 'At dice? At the devil!', quoth I, 'for that is a dicer's last throw!' Here I began to rail like Thomas Nashe against Gabriel Harvey, if you call that railing; yet I think it was but the running a tilt of wits in booksellers' shops on both sides of John of Paul's churchyard, and I wonder how John escaped unhorsing. But when we were entered the door of the ordinary, we might hear our lusty gentleman shoot off a volley of oaths some three rooms over us, cursing the dice and wishing the pox were in their bones, crying out for a new pair of square ones, for the other belike had cogged with him and made a gull of him. When, the host of the ordinary coming downstairs, met us with this report after we had named him: 'Troth, good fellows, you have named now the most unfortunatest gentleman living—at passage, I mean; for I protest, I have stood by myself as a heavy eyewitness and seen the beheading of five hundred crowns, and what pitiful end they all made!' With that he showed us his embossed girdle and hangers new-pawned for more money, and told us beside (not without tears), his glorious cloak was cast away three hours before overboard, which was, off the table. At which lamentable hearing, we stood still in the lower room and durst not venture upstairs for fear he would have laid all us ploughmen to pawn too; and yet I think all we could scarce have made up one throw. But to draw to an end as his patrimony did, we had not lingered the better part of an hour, but down came the host fencing his glittering rapier and dagger as if he had been newly shoulder-clapped by a pewter-buttoned serjeant and his weapons seized upon. At last, after a great peal of oaths on all sides, the court broke up and the worshipful bench of dicers came thundering downstairs, some swearing, some laughing, some cursing, and some singing, with such a confusion of humours that, had we not known before what

607 **run upon the lute** smoothly and gracefully play arpeggios, or notes of a chord plucked individually in very rapid succession
 609 **light runner** loose woman; easily persuaded to sexual activity
 612 **noise of musicians** a consort or ensemble, as in 'The King's Noise'
 616 **lickerish** lecherous
 621 **cockatrice** mythical beast able to kill with a glance; colloquially, a whore or mistress able to bewitch or 'kill' with her eyes
 623 **forms** benches without back rests
 624 **three-halfpenny ordinary** public eating house, or 'pub', where meals were provided at a fixed price, here one of the cheapest; other literary references cite

twelve-penny and eighteen-penny ordinaries. Fashionable gallants frequented the more expensive class of ordinary where dinner was usually followed by gambling.
 632 **hail-shot** buckshot or pellets, contrasted with cannon balls
 639 **Sellinger's Round** old country dance
 640-1 **shoeing the mare**... **hot-cockles** several social games
 641 **gambols** a leap or spring in dancing; a caper, a frisk
 648 **term** Hilary Term, which usually commenced on January 13
 652 **masques** type of social dramatic entertainment in which the roles are played by members of a social gathering rather than by professional actors
 655-8 **Nashe**... **unhorsing** suggests that the

booksellers' shops which respectively sold Thomas Nashe's and Gabriel Harvey's pamphlets were on either side of the haberdasher John of Paul's shop in St Paul's churchyard
 663 **cogged** 'fixing' dice by filing some corners round to raise the probability of certain numbers coming up
 666 **passage** game at dice played by two opponents casting three dice
 668 **crowns** gold coin worth five shillings bearing an image of a crown
 669 **girdle** belt
 670 **hangers** see note to l. 400
 677-9 **down**... **seized** the host, likened to the serjeant who has arrested the landlord, carries the latter's weapons

685 rank of gallants they were, we should have thought the devils
had been at dice in an ordinary. The first that appeared to us
was our most lamentable landlord dressed up in his monkey's
livery cloak (that he seemed now rather to wait upon his monkey
than his monkey upon him), which did set forth his satin suit so
690 excellent scurvily that he looked for all the world like a French lord
in dirty boots; when, casting his eye upon us, being desirous (as
it seemed) to remember us now if we had any money, broke into
these fantastical speeches: 'What, my whole warren of tenants?'—
thinking indeed to make conies of us—'my honest nest of plough-
695 men, the only kings of Kent! More dice, ho! then, i'faith, let's have
another career, and vomit three dice in a hand again.' With that I
plucked his humour at one side and told him we were indeed his
father's tenants, but his (we were sorry) we were not. And as for
money to maintain his dice, we had not sufficient to stuff out the
700 lawyer. Then replied our gallant in a rage, tossing out two or three
new-minted oaths: 'These ploughmen are politicians, I think; they
have wit, the whoresons; they will be tenants, I perceive, longer
than we shall be landlords!' And fain he would have swaggered
with us but that his weapons were at pawn. So, marching out like
705 a turned gentleman, the rest of the gallants seemed to cashier
him and throw him out of their company like a blank die—the
one having no black pips, nor he no white pieces. Now was our
gallant the true picture of the prodigal, and having no rents to
gather now, he gathered his wits about him, making his brain pay
him revenues in villainy. For it is a general observation that your
710 sons and heirs prove seldom wisemen till they have no more land
than the compass of their noddles. To conclude, within few days'
practice, he was grown as absolute in cheating and as exquisite
in pandarism that he outstripped all Greene's books *Of the Art
of Cony-catching*; and where before he maintained his drab, he
715 made his drab now maintain him; proved the only true captain
of vaulting-houses and the valiant champion against constables
and searchers, feeding upon the sin of Whitefriars, Pickt-hatch,
and Turnbull Street. Nay, there was no landed novice now but he
could melt him away into nothing, and in one twelvemonth make
720 him hold all his land between his legs, and yet but straddle easily
neither. No wealthy son of the city but, within less than a quarter,
he could make all his stock not worth a Jersey stocking. He was all
that might be in dissolute villainy and nothing that should be in
his forefathers' honesty. To speak troth, we did so much blush at

his life and were so ashamed of his base courses that ever after
we loathed to look after them. 725

But returning to our stubble-haired lawyer, who reaped his
beard every term-time (the lawyer's harvest), we found the mercer
and the merchant crowded in his study amongst a company of law
books, which they jostled so often with their coxcombs that they
730 were almost together by the ears with them; when, at the sight of
us, they took an *habeas corpus* and removed their bodies into a
bigger room. But there we lingered not long for our torments, for
the mercer and the merchant gave fire to the lawyer's tongue with
a rope of angels, and the word 'fines' went off with such a powder
735 that the force of it blew us all into the country, quite changed our
ploughmen's shapes, and so we became little ants again.

This, Madam Nightingale, is the true discourse of our rural
fortunes, which, how miserable, wretched, and full of oppression
they were, all husbandmen's brows can witness that are fined with
740 more sweat still year by year; and I hope a canzonet of your sweet
singing will set them forth to the world in satirical harmony.

The remorseful nightingale, delighted with the ant's quaint
discourse, began to tune the instrument of her voice, breathing
745 forth these lines in sweet and delicious airs.

The Nightingale's Canzonet.

Poor little ant,
Thou shalt not want
The ravished music of my voice!
Thy shape is best,
750 Now thou art least;

For great ones fall with greater noise,
And this shall be the carriage of my song:
Small bodies can have but a little wrong.

Now thou art securer
And thy days far surer;
Thou pay'st no rent upon the rack
To daub a prodigal landlord's back,

755

Or to maintain the subtle running
Of dice and drabs, both one in cunning;
760 Both pass from hand to hand to many,
Flatt'ring all, yet false to any;
Both are well linked, for, throw dice how you can,
They will turn up their pips to every man.

692 **warren** a group of game animals or fowls such as rabbits, partridges, etc.
693 **conies** rabbits, hares; figuratively, gullible dupes, easily swindled or conned
694 **only kings of Kent** the Kentish boasted that Kent had never been conquered; here, 'only' in the sense of 'the very'
695 **career** literally, a short gallop at full speed; charge at a tournament; figuratively, a quick game
704 **turned** changed circumstances, i.e., lost his money and possessions
cashier dismiss
706 **black pips** a blank die has no black spots or 'pips'
white pieces i.e., coins, money
711 **noddles** back of the head
713 **pandarism** functions of a pimp

Greene's books Robert Greene (d. 1592), a famous Elizabethan pamphleteer renowned for his series of pamphlets about London con-artists: *A Notable Discovery of Cozenage* (1591), *The Second Part of Cony-catching* (1591), *The Third and Last Part of Cony-catching* (1592), and *A Disputation between a He Cony-catcher and a She Cony-catcher* (1592).
717 **Pickt-hatch** area north of Aldersgate; favourite haunt of prostitutes and thieves
718 **Turnbull Street** street (i.e., Turnmill Street) running north from Smithfield; the most notorious, disreputable street in London
722 **Jersey stocking** Jersey was famous for the knitting of stockings
727-8 **stubble-haired... harvest** contorted

analogy between the 'stubble', or stalks, left in the ground after reaping, and the short bristly growth of the lawyer's recently shaven beard. Literally, he shaved at the beginning of the term-time during which he 'reaped' his 'harvest' of fees.
730 **coxcombs** caps worn by a professional fool, like a cock's comb in shape and colour; ludicrous appellation for the head
732 **habeas corpus** legal term meaning 'you may take the body'; another instance of the ant's comic malapropistic verbal mimicry
743 **quaint** clever, ingenious
753 **carriage** meaning carried by words; in the musical sense, a refrain

765 Happy art thou and all thy brothers
That never feel'st the hell of others:
The torment to a luxur due,
Who never thinks his harlot true;
Although upon her heels he stick his eyes,
770 Yet still he fears that though she stands, she lies.

Now are thy labours easy,
Thy state not sick or queasy;
All drops thou sweat'st are now thine own;
Great subsidies be as unknown
775 To thee and to thy little fellow ants;
Now none of you under that burden pants.

Lo, for example, I myself, poor worms,
That have outworn the rage of Tereus' storms,
Am ever blessed now in this downy shape
780 From all men's treachery or soul-melting rape;
And when I sing *Tereu, Tereu*
Through every town and so renew
The name of *Tereus*, slaves, through fears,
With guilty fingers bolt their ears;
785 And all ravishers do rave and e'en fall mad,
And then such wronged souls as myself are glad.

So thou, small wretch, and all thy nest,
Are in those little bodies blest,
Not taxed beyond your poor degree
790 With landlord's fine and lawyer's fee.
But tell me, pretty toiling worm,
Did that same ploughman's weary form
Discourage thee so much from others,
That neither thou, nor those thy brothers,
795 In borrowed shapes durst once again
Venture amongst perfidious men?

Ant.

'Yes lady', the poor ant replied,
'I left not so, but then I tried
800 War's sweating fortunes, not alone
Condemning rash all states for one,
Until I found by proof and knew by course
That one was bad, but all the rest were worse.'

Nightingale.

805 Didst thou put on a rugged soldier then,
A happy state because thou fought'st 'gainst men?

Prithee discourse thy fortunes, state, and harms.
Thou wast, no doubt, a mighty man-at-arms.

The Ant's Tale when he was a Soldier.

Then thus: most musical and prickle-singing madam (for, if I err
810 not, your ladyship was the first that brought up prick-song, being
nothing else but the fatal notes of your pitiful ravishment), I, not
contented long (a vice cleaving to all worldlings) with this little
estate of an ant, but stuffed with envy and ambition, as small
815 as I was, desired to venture into the world again, which I may
rather term the upper hell, or *frigida gehenna*, the cold-charitable
hell wherein are all kind of devils too, as your gentle devil, your
ordinary devil, and your gallant devil; and all these can change
their shapes too, as today in cowardly white, tomorrow in politic
820 black, a third day in jealous yellow; for believe it, sweet lady, there
are devils of all colours. Nevertheless I, covetous of more change,
leaped out of this little skin of an ant and hung my skin on the
hedge, taking upon me the grisly shape of a dusty soldier. Well
made I was, and my limbs valiantly hewn out for the purpose: I
825 had a mazard, I remember, so well-lined in the inside with my
brain it stood me in better stead than a double headpiece, for
the brain of a soldier, differing from all other sciences, converts
itself to no other use but to line, fur, and even quilt the cockcomb,
and so makes a pate of proof. My face was well-leavened which
830 made my looks taste sour, the true relish of a man of war; my
cheeks, dough-baked, pale, wan, and therefore argued valour and
resolution; but my nose somewhat hard-baked and a little burnt
in the oven, a property not amiss in a soldier's visage who should
scorn to blush but in his nose. My chin was well thatched with a
835 beard which was a necessary shelter in winter and a fly-flap in
summer, so brushy and spreading that my lips could scarce be
seen to walk abroad, but played at all-hid and durst not peep
forth for starting a hair. To conclude, my arms, thighs, and legs
were so sound, stout, and weighty (as if they had come all out
840 of the timber yard) that my very presence only was able to still
the bawlingest infant in Europe. And I think, madam, this was no
unlikely shape for a soldier to prove well: here was mettle enough,
for four shillings a week, to do valiant service till it was bored as
full of holes as a skimmer.

Well, to the wars I betook me, ranked myself amongst desperate
845 hot-shots—only, my carriage put on more civility, for I seemed
more like a spy than a follower, an observer rather than a commit-
ter of villany. And little thought I, madam, that the camp had been
supplied with harlots too as well as the Curtain, and the guarded
tents as wicked as garden tenements, trulls passing to and fro in
850 the washed shape of laundresses as your bawds about London in

767 *luxur lecher*
810 *prickle-singing* Philomel sang pricked
by the thorn at her breast; the thorn's
function was to keep her alert and
awake.
811 *prick-song* literally, a song sung from
notes written down, or 'pricked', in
musical notation on paper rather than
being sung from memory. In context, the
ant exploits the homophonic association
between 'pricked' and 'prick', i.e., penis,
to attribute the notes of Philomel's song
to her rape by Tereus.
816 *frigida gehenna* literally 'frozen hell';

reference to 2 Kings 23:10
816-17 *cold-charitable hell* ant's comic play
with the translation of *frigida gehenna*
825 *mazard* head
837 *all-hid* possibly a reference to a game
such as 'hide and seek'
842 *mettle* high-spirited temperament;
implicit pun on 'metal'
844 *skimmer* a shallow metal utensil
usually perforated with holes, used in
skimming off the surface of a liquid; like
a sieve
846 *hot-shots* reckless, hot-headed men

849 *Curtain* playhouse in Shoreditch just
north-west of the Spitalfields, outside
the city wall; a haunt of prostitutes
(Middleton's father owned a tenement
house near by)
850 *garden tenements* haunts of prostitutes
and fallen women
trulls prostitutes
851-2 *laundresses... starchwomen* ap-
parently prostitutes and bawds posed as
such for easy access to male lodgings under
the guise of collecting and delivering
bed linens

855 the manner of starchwomen, which is the most unsuspected habit that can be to train out a mistress. And if your ladyship will not think me much out of the way, though I take a running leap from the camp to the Strand again, I will discover a pretty knavery of the same breeding between such a starchwoman and a kind wanton mistress, as there are few of those ballasted vessels nowadays but will have a love and a husband.

860 The woman crying her ware by the door (a most pitiful cry and a lamentable hearing that such a stiff thing as starch should want customers), passing cunningly and slyly by the stall, not once taking notice of the party you wot on, but being by this some three or four shops off. 'Mass', quoth my young mistress to the weathercock her husband, 'such a thing I want, you know.' Then she named how many puffs and purls lay in a miserable case for want of stiffening. The honest, plain-dealing jewel her husband sent out a boy to call her (not 'bawd', by her right name, but 'starchwoman'); into the shop she came, making a low counterfeit curtsy, of whom the mistress demanded if the starch were pure gear and would be stiff in her ruff, saying, she had often been deceived before when the things about her have stood as limber as eelskins. The woman replied as subtly: 'Mistress', quoth she, 'take this paper of starch of my hand, and if it prove not to your mind, never bestow penny with me!'—which paper, indeed, was 875 a letter sent to her from the gentleman, her exceeding favourite. 'Say you so?' quoth the young dame, 'and I'll try it i'faith.' With that she ran upstairs like a spinner upon small cobweb ropes, not to try or arraign the starch, but to construe and parse the letter (whilst her husband sat below by the counter like one of these 880 brow-bitten catchpoles that wait for one man all day, when his wife can put five in the Counter before him), wherein she found many words that pleased her. Withal the gentleman writ unto her for a certain sum of money, which no sooner was read but was ready to be sent; wherefore, laying up the starch and that and 885 taking another sheet of clean paper in her hand, wanting time and opportunity to write at large, with a penful of ink, in the very middle of the sheet writ these few quaint monosyllables: 'Coin, Cares, and Cures, and all C's else are yours.' Then rolling up the white money like the starch in that paper very subtly

and artificially, came tripping downstairs with these colourable words: 'Here's goodly starch indeed! Fie, fie—trust me husband—as yellow as the jaundice! I would not have betrayed my puffs with it for a million! Here, here, here!' (giving her the paper of money). With that the subtle starchwoman, seeming sorry that it pleased her not, told her, within few days she would fit her turn with that which should like her (meaning, indeed, more such sweet news from her lover). These and suchlike, madam, are the cunning conveyances of secret, privy, and therefore unnoted harlots that so avoid the common finger of the world when less committers than they are publicly pointed at. 900

So, likewise in the camp, whither now I return borne on the swift wings of apprehension, the habit of a laundress shadows the abomination of a strumpet, and our soldiers are like glovers, for the one cannot work well nor the other fight well without their wenches. This was the first mark of villainy that I found sticking upon the brow of War. But after the hot and fiery copulation of a skirmish or two, the ordnance playing like so many Tamburlaines, the muskets and calivers answering like drawers, 'Anon, anon, sir, I cannot be here and there too'—that is, in the soldier's hand and in the enemy's belly—I grew more acquainted and, as it were, entered into the entrails of black-livered policy. Methought indeed, at first, those great pieces of ordnance should speak English, though now by transportation turned rebels; and what a miserable and pitiful plight it was, lady, to have so many thousands of our men slain by their own countrymen the cannons—I mean not the harmless canons of Paul's, but those cannons that have a great singing in their heads. 915

Well, in this onset I remember I was well smoke-dried but neither arm nor leg perished, not so much as the loss of a petty finger, for when I counted them all over, I missed not one of them, and yet sometimes the bullets came within a hair of my coxcomb even like a barber scratching my pate, and perhaps took away the left limb of a vermin, and so departed; another time shouldering me like a bailiff against Michaelmas term and then shaking me by the sleeve as familiarly as if we had been acquainted seven years together. To conclude, they used me very courteously and gentleman-like awhile, like an old cunning bowler to fetch in a 920

853 **train out** teach young wives about having adulterous affairs
 856 **kind** foolish
 857 **ballasted** variant (obs.) of 'ballusted'; here, weighted down with a husband
 860 **stiff thing** bawdy reference to erection
 862 **wot on** know of
 864 **weathercock** easily turned by the wind, i.e., her deceitful verbal expressions
 865 **puffs** parts of a garments sewn in such a way as to appear inflated or puffed-up
purls fringes or pleats
 870 **gear** stuff, i.e., high quality starch
 870-2 **ruff...eelskins** *double entendre* linking vagina (i.e., 'ruff') and limp penis
 873 **paper of starch** starch rolled up in paper like flat, thin pastry dough
 877 **spinner** spider
 880 **catchpoles** sheriff's deputies or sergeants who arrest criminals

881 **Counter** debtors' prison; probably a pun on female genitalia
 888 **all C's else** allusion to 'cunt'
 890 **colourable** specious, feigned, plausible-sounding
 896 **like** please
 903 **glovers** glove makers or sellers
 907 **ordnance** cannon, artillery
Tamburlaines reference to the towering hero of Christopher Marlowe's two plays of that name
 908 **calivers** lightweight muskets that could be aimed and fired without a rest
drawers bartenders
 911 **black-livered policy** In the psychophysiology of the time, the liver processed the digested fluid (chyle) from the stomach into the four humours, of which melancholia had the qualities of black, semi-excremental, sour, thick,

and heavy. Its preponderance in the body produced a lean and pale appearance, a grim and frowning visage, and a mind given to envy, obstinacy, churlishness, and greed. The melancholic, or 'malcontent', was a politically dangerous type driven by a sense of injustice or unrequited merit and often plotted ('made policy') for revenge or the destruction of the good fortune enjoyed by others.
 913 **transportation** the sale and export of ordnance to foreign countries
 916 **canons** clergymen (including clerks in minor orders) living with others in a clergy-house, i.e., in one of the houses within the precincts, or 'close', of a cathedral; often choir members
 922 **pate** head
 923 **vermin** e.g., lice, fleas

930 young kettling gamester, who will suffer him to win one sixpenny-
game at the first, and then lurch him in six pounds afterward; and
so they played with me, still training me with their fair promises
into far deeper and deadlier battles where, like villainous cheating
bowlers, they lurch'd me of two of my best limbs, viz. my right
arm and right leg, that so, of a man of war, I became in show a
monster of war, yet comforted in this because I knew war begot
935 many such monsters as myself in less than a twelvemonth.

Now I could discharge no more, having paid the shot dear
enough, I think, but rather desired to be discharged, to have pay
and be gone: whereupon I appeared to my captain and other
commanders, kissing my left hand which then stood for both (like
940 one actor that plays two parts), who seemed to pity my unjointed
fortunes and plaster my wounds up with words, told me I had
done valiant service in their knowledge; marry, as for pay, they
must go on the score with me, for all their money was thumped
out in powder. And this was no pleasing salve to a green sore,
945 madam; 'twas too much for me, lady, to trust calivers with my
limbs and then cavaliers with my money. Nevertheless, for all my
lamentable action of one arm like old Titus Andronicus, I could
purchase no more than one month's pay for a ten-month's pain
and peril; nor that neither, but to convey away my miserable
950 clamours that lay roaring against the arches of their ears, marry,
their bountiful favours were extended thus far: I had a passport
to beg in all countries.

Well, away I was packed, and after a few miseries by the way, at
last I set one foot into England again (for I had no more then to
955 set), being my native though unnatural country for whose
dear good I pawned my limbs to bullets, those merciless brokers
that will take the vantage of a minute, and so they were quite
forfeited, lost, and unrecoverable. When I was on shore, the
people gathered, which word 'gathering' put me in hope of good
960 comfort that afterward I failed of. For I thought, at first, they had
gathered something for me, but I found, at last, they did only but
gather about me, some wondering at me as if I had been some sea
monster cast ashore, some jesting at my deformity, whilst others

laughed at the jests. One amongst them, I remember, likened me
to a sea-crab because I went all of one side; another fellow vied
965 it and said I looked like a rabbit cut up and half-eaten because
my wing and leg (as they termed it) were departed. Some began
to pity me, but those were few in number, or at least their pity
was as penniless as Pierce, who writ to the devil for maintenance.
Thus passing from place to place like the motion of Julius Caesar
970 or the city Nineveh, though not altogether in so good clothes, I
overtook the city from whence I borrowed my first breath and in
whose defence I spent and laid out my limbs by whole sums to
purchase her peace and happiness, nothing doubting but to be
well entreated there, my grievous maims tenderly regarded,
975 my poor broken estate carefully repaired, the ruins of my blood built
up again with redress and comfort. But woe the while, madam! I
was not only unpitied, succourless, and rejected, but threatened
with the public stocks, loathsome jails, and common whipping-
posts, there to receive my pay (a goodly reward for my bleeding
980 service) if I were once found in the city again.

Wherefore I was forced to retire towards the Spital and Shored-
itch, which, as it appeared, was the only Cole Harbour and sanc-
tuary for wenches and soldiers; where I took up a poor lodging o'
trust till the Sunday, hoping that then Master Alms and Mistress
985 Charity would walk abroad and take the air in Finsbury.

At which time I came hopping out from my lodging like old
lame Giles of Cripplegate; but when I came there, the wind blew
so bleak and cold that I began to be quite out of hope of Charity,
yet, like a torn map of misery, I waited my single halfpenny
990 fortunes; when, of a sudden, turning myself about and looking
down the Windmill Hill, I might espy afar off a fine-fashioned
dame of the city with her man bound by indenture before her;
whom no sooner I caught in mine eyelids, but I made to with all
possible speed, and with a premeditated speech for the nonce,
995 thus most soldier-like I accosted her:

'Sweet lady, I beseech your beauty to weigh the estate of a
poor unjointed soldier that hath consumed the moiety, or the
one half of his limbs, in the dismembering and devouring wars

928 **kettling** inexperienced
929 **lurch** overwhelmingly outscore an
opponent. In bowling games played
for wagers, the highly skilled player
intentionally loses the first game and
proceeds to win subsequent games until
the inexperienced player has no more
money.
943 **score** record of a debt; 'put it on the
tab'
946 **cavaliers** gentlemen trained for military
service on horseback; officers
947 **Titus Andronicus** The hero of Shake-
speare's *Titus Andronicus* whose right
hand is cut off in the third act; hence,
subsequent manual activities are severely
curtailed, but not nearly so much as his
daughter's (i.e., both hands cut off).
951-2 **passport to beg** soldiers or sailors
carrying such a passport were exempted
from the act of 1598 which classified
wandering beggars as rogues who were
to be whipped and extradited to the
parish of their birth

952 **countries** i.e., counties
957 **vantage** advantage
964-5 **likened... sea-crab** Certain species
of crabs crawl sideways rather than for-
ward; the image suggests that the soldier
pulled himself sideways while prone on
the ground, but the exaggerated image of
his maiming defies any clear insight into
his exact method of locomotion. He also
mentions 'I came out hopping' (987),
presumably with a stick for support.
965-6 **vied it** matching, raising, or calling
the bet of an opponent in a card game
such as stud poker in the confidence that
one's hand will win; outdo another
969 **penniless as Pierce** In Nashe's *Pierce
Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*,
the poverty-stricken Pierce, who has
devoted his life to learning, writes to
Lucifer suggesting that the removal of
the souls of a number of usurers and
misers who have encroached on Lucifer's
prerogatives would put more gold in
circulation and thus help impoverished

but deserving individuals like Pierce.
970-1 **motion of... Nineveh** two popular
puppet shows; the maimed soldier's
physical movements are jerky and
unnatural like those of puppets
980 **pay** i.e. punishment
982-3 **Spital and Shoreditch** St Mary Spittle,
a hospital north of the city wall on
Bishopsgate Street, accessible through
Bishopsgate; Shoreditch is immediately
to the north. Nashe claimed that 'every
second house' in the area was a brothel
(*Pierce Penniless*).
983 **Cole Harbour** site in Upper Thames
Street near Allhallows church which had
acquired the right of sanctuary
988 **Cripplegate** city gate providing access
to Finsbury Field; west of Bishopsgate
and Moorgate; supposedly named after St
Giles, the patron saint of cripples
992 **Windmill Hill** the north-south road
leading past the windmills that had been
erected in Finsbury Field during the reign
of Elizabeth

The Ant, and the Nightingale

1000 that hath cheated me of my flesh so notoriously. I protest I am not
worth at this instant the small revenue of three farthings, besides
my lodging unpleased and my diet unsatisfied. And had I ten
thousand limbs, I would venture them all in your sweet quarrel
rather than such a beauty as yourself should want the least limb
of your desire.'

1005 With that, as one being rather moved by my last words of
promise than my first words of pity, she drew her white bountiful
hand out of her marry-muff and quoited a single halfpenny,
whereby I knew her then to be cold Mistress Charity both by her
chill appearance and the hard frozen pension she gave me. She
was warm lapped, I remember, from the sharp injury of the biting
air: her visage was benighted with a taffeta mask to fray away
the naughty wind from her face, and yet her very nose seemed
so sharp with cold that it almost bored a hole quite through.
1015 This was frost-bitten Charity: her teeth chattered in her head and
leaped up and down like virginal-jacks, which betrayed likewise
who she was. And you would have broken into infinite laughter,
madam (though misery made me leaden and pensive), had you
been present to have seen how quickly the muff swallowed her
hand again, for no sooner was it drawn forth to drop down her
pitiful alms but, for fear the sun and air should have ravished it,
it was extempore whipped up again. This is the true picture of
Charity, madam, which is as cold as ice in the middle of July.

1020 Well, still I waited for another fare. But then I bethought myself
again that all the fares went by water o' Sundays to the bear-
baiting, and o' Mondays to Westminster Hall, and therefore, little
to be looked for in Moorfields all the week long.

1025 Wherefore I sat down by the rails there and fell into these
passionate, but not railing speeches: 'Is this the farthest reward
for a soldier? Is valour and resolution, the two champions of
the soul, so slightly esteemed and so basely undervalued? Doth
reeling fortune not only rob us of our limbs, but of our living?
Are soldiers then both food for cannon and for misery?' But
then, in the midst of my passion, calling to memory the peevish
turns of many famous popular gallants whose names were writ
even upon the heart of the world (it could not so much as
1035 think without them, nor speak but in the discourse of them), I

began to outdare the very worst of cruel and disaster chances
and determined to be constant in calamity and valiant against
the battering siege of misery. But note the cross star that always
dogg'd my fortunes. I had not long rested there but I saw the
tweering constable of Finsbury with his bench of brown billmen
making towards me, meaning indeed to stop some prison hole
with me, as your soldiers, when the wars have done with them,
are good for nothing else but to stop holes withal; at which sight,
I scrambled up of all two, took my skin off the hedge, cozened the
constable, and slipped into an ant again. 1040 1045

The Nightingale.

'O, 'twas a pretty quaint deceit'
(The Nightingale began to sing),
1050 'To slip from those that lie in wait,
Whose touch is like a raven's wing,
Fatal and ominous, which, being spread
Over a mortal, aims him dead.

'Alas, poor emmet! thou wast tossed
1055 In thousand miseries by this shape,
Thy colour wasted, thy blood lost,
Thy limbs broke with the violent rape
Of hot impatient cannons, which desire
To ravish lives, spending their lust in fire. 1060

'O, what a ruthful sight it is to see,
Though in a soldier of the mean'st degree,
That right member perished,
Which thy body cherished;
1065 That limb dissevered, burnt, and gone,
Which the best part was borne upon;
And then the greatest ruth of all,
Returning home in torn estate,
Where he should rise, there most to fall,
Trode down with envy, bruised with hate: 1070
Yet wretch, let this thy comfort be,
That greater worms have fared like thee.'

1002 **unpleased** unpaid bill
1008 **marry-muff** cylindrical piece of
clothing made from fur or silk into which
the hands were inserted from either end,
similar in function to gloves
quoited as in playing at quoits, a game
played with 'a heavy flattish ring of iron,
slightly convex on the upper side and
concave on the under, so as to give it an
edge capable of cutting into the ground
when it falls, if skilfully thrown'. The
sense is that Mistress Charity threw the
coin on the ground rather than handing
it to the ant.
1011 **lapped** wrapped in layers of clothing
1012 **benighted** covered, hidden from the
light
fray frighten away

1016 **virginal-jacks** the keys of a virginal,
a small keyboard instrument (a prede-
cessor of the harpsichord) popular in
aristocratic homes
1025-6 **bear-baiting** Bears were pitted
against mastiffs at the Bear Garden
in Southwark (across the Thames by
the Globe) in a very popular form of
entertainment which left the bears in
what could be described as a 'ragged'
condition (see 'To the Reader').
1027 **Moorfields** marshy area north of
Moorgate between Finsbury Field on the
west and Spitalfields on the east; haunt
of beggars
1029 **railing** verbally abusive
1034-5 **peevish turns** the reference to
'reeling fortune' (1032) evokes the com-

mon image of the whimsical, unpredict-
able turning of Fortune's wheel which
brings low those in high places. In the
context of the *de casibus* literary tradition,
only the 'peevish' or downward turns of
Fortune 'were writ upon the heart of the
world' as in the collection of histories in
The Mirror for Magistrates.
1042 **tweering** spying
billmen members of the watch who
carried spears or pikes with hooked
points, or 'bills'. The ant uses the term
'bench' here and in the dicing episode to
indicate a group, an obscure association.
1046 **cozened** cheated, defrauded through
deceit
1061 **ruthful** pitiful

1075 So here thou left'st, bloodless and wan,
Thy journeys thorough man and man;
These two crossed shapes, so much oppressed,
Did fray thy weakness from the rest.

Ant.

1080 No, madam, once again my spleen did thirst
To try the third, which makes men blessed or curst;
That number, three, many stars wait upon,
Ushering clear hap or black confusion.
Once more I ventured all my hopes to crown,
But, aye me, leaped into a scholar's gown.

Nightingale.

1085 A needy scholar? Worse than worst,
Less fate in that than both the first:
I thought, thou'dst leaped into a law-gown, then
There had been hope to have swept up all again.
But a lank scholar? Study how you can,
1090 No academe makes a rich alderman.
Well, with this comfort yet thou mayst discourse:
When fates are worst, then they can be no worse.

The Ant's Tale when he was a Scholar.

1095 You speak oracle, madam. And now suppose, sweet lady, you see
me set forth like a poor scholar to the university, not on horseback
but in Hobson's wagon, and all my pack contained in less than a
little hood-box; my books not above four in number, and those
four were very needful ones too, or else they had never been
bought; and yet I was the valiant captain of a grammar school
1100 before I went, endured the assault and battery of many unclean
lashes, and all the battles I was in stood upon points much,
which, once let down, the enemy (the schoolmaster) would come
rearward and do such an exploit 'tis a shame to be talked of. By
this time, madam, imagine me slightly entertained to be a poor
1105 scholar and servitor to some Londoner's son, a pure cockney that

must hear twice a week from his mother, or else he will be sick
ere the Sunday of a university-mullygrub. Such a one, I remember,
was my first puling master by whose peevish service I crept into
an old batteler's gown and so began to be a jolly fellow. There
was the first point of wit I showed, in learning to keep myself
1110 warm; to the confirming of which, you shall never take your true
philosophers without two nightcaps at once, and better, a gown of
rug with the like appurtenances; and who be your wisemen, I pray,
but they? Now as for study and books, I had the use of my young
master's, for he was all day a courtier in the tennis-court tossing
1115 of balls instead of books, and only holding disputation with the
court-keeper how many dozen he was in. And when any friend
of his would remember him to his book with this old moth-eaten
sentence, *nulla dies sine linea*, 'True', he would say, 'I observe it
well, for I am no day from the line of the racket-court.'

Well, in the mean time, I kept his study warm and sucked the
honey of wit from the flowers of Aristotle, steeped my brain in
the smart juice of logic, that subtle virtue, and yet for all my
weighty and substantial arguments, being able indeed to prove
anything by logic, I could prove myself never the richer, make
1120 the best syllogism I could. No, although I daily rose before the
sun, talked and conversed with midnight, killing many a poor
farthing-candle that sometimes was ungently put to death when it
might have lived longer, but most times living out the full course
and hour and the snuff dying naturally in his bed. Nevertheless,
1130 I had entered as yet but the suburbs of a scholar and sat but
upon the skirts of learning. Full often I have sighed when others
have snorted, and when baser trades have securely rested in their
linens, I have forced mine eyes open and even gagged them with
capital letters, stretching them upon the tenters of a broad text-
1135 line when night and sleep have hung pound-weights of lead upon
my eyelids.

How many such black and ghastly seasons have I passed over,
accompanied only with a demure watching-candle that blinked
upon Aristotle's works and gave even sufficient glimmering to read
1140

1096 **Hobson's wagon** Thomas Hobson
drove a freight wagon between London
and Cambridge weekly from 1564 to
1630. John Milton immortalized him in
two poems. Several extant invoices and
letters from bookseller Thomas Chard of
London (1580s) to his Cambridge buyer
refer to delivery via Hobson's wagon.

1097 **hood-box** box for storing a hood (i.e.,
head-covering)

1099-103 **valiant captain** ... talked of
Students progressed through the eight
forms of the English grammar school
before graduation; the curriculum
focused upon the mastery of Latin
grammar and rhetoric, followed by
Greek. The ant was the chief misbehavior
and hence the recipient of corporal
punishment consisting of an undoing of
the 'points', or laces, which attached the
breeches to the doublet, thus exposing
his buttocks for whipping with various
instruments such as a stick or a bundle
of birch twigs.

1101 **lashes** whipping

1105 **servitor** lowest rank of student:

very poor students earned their keep as
servants of well-off students

1107 **university-mullygrub** A mullygrub
was a state of depression. Here, the
ant's employer, a newly arrived student,
experiences severe homesickness for
his mother. Nashe satirizes the type as
'A young heir or cockney, that is his
mother's darling'.

1108 **puling** whining or complaining like an
infant

1109 **batteler's** rank of student below
commoners; not entitled to commons,
but had to purchase food from the cook
and butler

1113 **rug** coarse woollen material

1117 **was in** apparently a fee for balls paid
by the dozen

1119 **sentence** *sententia*, a wise saying
nulla dies sine linea 'no day without
a line'; a reference to drawing that
originated with Pliny, recorded in an
anecdote about the ancient Greek painter
Apelles; alternately, since the context
is 'his book', a reference to the practice

in the Elizabethan grammar school of
requiring students to memorize new lines
of a classical text each day. The standard
assignment beginning in the fourth form
was the memorization of several lines of
Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the whole to be
completed by the end of the eighth form.

1124 **substantial** containing substance or
significant matter

1126 **syllogism** formal logical argument
containing a major and a minor premise
which share a common element (the
'middle term'), and together either affirm
or deny the third part, the conclusion,
which also contains the middle term

1128 **farthing-candle** candle costing a
farthing, a coin (usually silver) worth
one-quarter of a penny

1135 **tenters** wooden framework on which
cloth was stretched after being milled, so
that it would set or dry evenly without
shrinking (a familiar sight to Londoners,
given the large number of tenters situ-
ated just north of the city wall through
Moorgate)

The Ant, and the Nightingale

by, but none to spare. Hitherto my hopes grew comfortable upon the spreading branches of art and learning, rather promising future advancement than empty days and penurious scarcity. But shall I tell you, lady? O, here let me sigh out a full point and take my leave of all plenteous hours and wealthy hopes, for in the spring of all my perfections, in the very pride and glory of all my labours, I was unfruitfully led to the lickerish study of poetry, that sweet honey-poison that swells a supple scholar with unprofitable sweetness and delicious false conceits until he burst into extremities and become a poetical almsman, or at the most, one of the Poor Knights of Poetry, worse by odds than one of the Poor Knights of Windsor. Marry, there was an age once, but alas, long since dead and rotten, whose dust lies now in lawyers' sandboxes! In those golden days, a virtuous writer might have lived, maintained himself, better upon poems than many upon ploughs, and might have expended more by the year by the revenue of his verse than any riotous elder brother upon the wealthy quarterages of three times three hundred acres, according to the excellent report of these lines:

There was a Golden Age! who murdered it?
How died that Age, or what became of it?
Then poets, by divinest alchemy,
Did turn their ink to gold; kings in that time
Hung jewels at the ear of every rhyme.
But O, those days are wasted, and behold
The Golden Age that was, is coined to gold.
And why time now is called an iron man,
Or this an Iron Age, 'tis thus expressed:
The Golden Age lies in a iron chest.

Or,
Gold lies now as prisoner in an usurer's great iron-barred chest, where the prison-grates are the locks and the keyholes, but so closely mewed, or rather damned up, that it never looks to walk abroad again unless there chance to come a speedy rot among usurers, for, I fear me, the piddling gout will never make them away soon enough, for your rank money masters live their threescore and ten years as orderly as many honest men; and it is a great pity, Lady Philomel, that the gout should be such a long courtier in a usurer's great toe, revelling and domineering above thirty years together in his rammish blood and his fusty

flesh. And I wonder much, madam, that gold, being the spirit of the Indies, can couch so basely under wood and iron, two dull slaves, and not muster up his legion of angels, burst through the wide bulk of a coffer, and so march into bountiful and liberal bosoms, shake hands with virtuous gentlemen, industrious spirits, and true deserving worthies, detesting the covetous clutches and loathsome fangs of a goat-bearded usurer, a sable-soul broker, and an infectious law-fogger.

O, but I chide in vain, for gold wants eyes,
And like a whore cares not with whom it lies.

Yet that which makes me most admire his baseness are these verses following wherein he proudly sets forth his own glory, which he vaunts so much of, that I shame to think any ignoble spirit or copper disposition should fetter his smooth golden limbs in boisterous and sullen iron, but rather be let free to every virtuous and therefore poor scholar (for poverty is niece to virtue); so should each elegant poem be truly valued, and divine Poesy sit crowned in gold as she ought, where now she only sits with a paper on her head as if she had committed some notorious trespass, either for railing against some brawling lawyer, or calling some justice of peace a wiseman; and how magnificently Gold sings of his own fame and glory, these his own verses shall stand for witnesses.

————— Know I am Gold,
The richest spirit that breaths in earth or hell,
The soul of kingdoms and the stamp of souls;
Bright angels wear my livery, sovereign kings
Christen their names in gold and call themselves
Royal and sovereign after my gilt name.
All offices are mine, and in my gift
I have a hand in all: the statist's veins
Flow in the blood of gold, the courtier bathes
His supple and lascivious limbs in oil
Which my brow sweats. What lady brightly sphered
But takes delight to kiss a golden beard?
Those pleaders, forenoon players, act my parts
With liberal tongues and desperate fighting spirits
That wrestle with the arms of voice and air;
And lest they should be out, or faint, or cold,
Their innocent clients hist them on with gold.

1143 **penurious** indigent, destitute
1147 **lickerish** sweet, tempting, attractive
1149 **conceits** imaginative, fanciful, ingenious, witty expressions of some idea, concept, or poetic image
1152 **Poor Knights of Windsor** pensions and apartments in Windsor Castle were allotted to a certain number of impoverished military men
1154 **sandboxes** box with perforated top used for sprinkling sand to blot wet ink
1158 **quarterages** quarterly rents
1173 **mewed** shut up, concealed
1175 **piddling** trifling, petty
gout a disease (usually in males) characterized by painful inflammation of the smaller joints, especially that of

the great toe
1180 **rammish** rank, strong, highly disagreeable (smell, taste); figuratively, lascivious or lustful
fusty mouldy or stale-smelling
1183 **angels** pun on the coin and heavenly angels
1192 **he** i.e., Gold, who is now personified as a poet writing praises of himself
1198-9 **paper on her head** obscure reference, probably to some form of punishment for naughty students such as being required to wear a 'dunce's cap' and sit in the corner
1207-9 **angels**... **Royal and sovereign** pun on the three coins

1209 **sovereign** gold coin worth about 10-11 shillings
1214 **lady brightly sphered** figurative reference to the nine heavenly spheres of the Elizabethan cosmos. Poets frequently 'ensphered' their ladies in the eighth sphere, that of the fixed stars, in their poems of courtship and praise. This represents the highest location in creation. Hence, even highly esteemed and beloved ladies, praised usually for their ethereal virtue among other qualities, bow to greed if enough gold is offered.
1216 **pleaders, forenoon players** lawyers
1220 **hist** sound made to urge on a dog or other animal

Father Hubburds Tales, or

What holy churchman's not accounted even,
That prays three times to me, ere once to heaven?
Then, to let shine the radiance of my birth,
I am the enchantment both in hell and earth.

1225 Here's golden majesty enough, I trow. And, Gold, art thou so
powerful, so mighty, and yet snaffled with a poor padlock? O base
1230 drudge and too unworthy of such an angel-like form, much like
a fair, sleek-faced courtier without either wit or virtue; thou that
throwest the earthen bowl of the world, with the bias the wrong
1235 way, to peasantry, baseness, ingentility, and never givest desert
his due or shakest thy yellow wings in a scholar's study! But why
do I lose myself in seeking thee, when thou art found of few but
illiterate hinds, rude boors, and hoary penny-fathers that keep
1240 thee in perpetual durance, in vaults, under false boards, subtle-
contrived walls, and in horrible dark dungeons; bury thee most
unchristian-like, without 'Amen' or the least noise of a priest or
clerk, and make thee rise again at their pleasure many a thousand
time before Doomsday; and yet, will not all this move thee once to
forsake them and keep company with a scholar that truly knows
how to use thee?

By this time I had framed an elaborate poetical building, a neat,
choice, and curious poem, the first fruits of my musical rhyming
study, which was dispersed into a quaint volume, fairly bound
up in principal vellum, double-filleted with leaf-gold, strung most
1245 gentleman-like with carnation silk ribbon; which book, indus-
triously heaped with weighty conceits, precious phrases, and
wealthy numbers, I, Oliver Hubburd, in the best fashion I might,
presented to Sir Christopher Clutch-Fist, whose bountiful virtue I
blaze in my first Epistle. The book he entertained but, I think, for
1250 the cover's sake because it made such a goodly show on the back-
side. And some two days after, returning for my remuneration, I

1226 **snaffled** simple form of bridle-bit,
having less restraining power than one
provided with a curb (the chain or strap
passing under the horse's lower jaw)
1229 **bowl** ball used in the game played on
a bowling green
bias to throw the bowl in such a way as
to cause it to follow an oblique or curved
trajectory; similar to 'putting english'
on a cue ball or controlling the spin of a
baseball to produce a curved trajectory,
i.e., 'throwing a curve-ball'
1233 **penny-fathers** misers
1243 **quaint** ornate, expensive, finely crafted

1244 **principal vellum** the finest grade of
leather parchment made from hides of
calves, lambs, or kids; usually used for
writing, painting, or binding books
double-filleted two lines forming rectan-
gular frames around the perimeter of the
book's cover; made by impressing strips
of extremely thin ('leaf') gold upon the
vellum
1245 **carnation silk ribbon** expensive
pinkish or flesh-coloured ribbon (see note
to l. 32-3)
1245-7 **industriously heaped . . . wealthy**

numbers The ant measures the value
of his 'elaborate poetic building' quan-
titatively in terms of detailed 'conceits',
ornate images, and profusion of stanzas.
1249 **first Epistle** i.e., Epistle Dedicatory at
the beginning of *Father Hubburd's Tales*
1250-1 **backside** unclear reference to some
aspect of the book
1251 **remuneration** Oliver expected a
reward for dedicating the book to Clutch-
Fist.
1255 **prospect** sight
swooned fainted

might espy (O lamentable sight! madam) my book dismembered
very tragically, the cover ripped off (I know not for what purpose),
and the carnation silk strings pulled out and placed in his Spanish-
leather shoes; at which ruthless prospect I fell down and swooned,
1255 and when I came to myself again, I was an ant, and so ever since
I have kept me.

The Nightingale.

'There keep thee still;
1260 Since all are ill,
Venture no more;
'Tis better be a little ant
Than a great man and live in want,
And still deplore.
1265 So rest thee now,
From sword, book, or plough.'
By this the day began to spring
And seize upon her watchful eyes,
When more tree-choristers did sing,
1270 And every bird did wake and rise;
Which was no sooner seen and heard,
But all their pretty chat was marred.
And then she said,
'We are betrayed,
1275 The day is up, and all the birds,
And they abroad will blab our words.'
With that she bade the ants farewell,
And all they likewise Philomel.
Away she flew,
1280 Crying *Tereu!*
And all the industrious ants in throngs
Fell to their work, and held their tongues.

FINIS.

THE MEETING OF GALLANTS AT AN ORDINARY; OR, THE WALKS IN PAUL'S

Edited by Paul Yachnin

Thy spring shall in all sweets abound,
Thy summer shall be clear and sound,
Thy autumn swell the barn and loft
With corn and fruits—ripe, sweet and soft;
And in thy winter, when all go,
Thou shalt depart as white as snow.

—*Masque of Heroes* (1619)

IN Harmony's perfectly flowing song of blessing for the new year of 1619 in Middleton's *Masque of Heroes*, there is one detail that causes a slight disruption for the modern reader. This disruption, not metrical but semantic, consists in the prediction that summer will be 'clear and sound'. 'Clear' seems like a straightforward reference to the weather, but the meaning of 'sound' is at first obscure for us. In contrast, what any hearer in the early seventeenth century would have grasped instantly was that Harmony's blessing represented a poetic attempt to ward off the plague. In this context, 'sound' means 'healthy' (as in 'sound of limb'), and 'clear' is not a reference to the weather at all, but rather expresses a wish that the atmosphere will be clear of the corruption which was often thought to precipitate the plague. 'This sickness of the plague', Thomas Lodge wrote in 1603, 'is commonly engendered of an infection of the air, altered with a venomous vapour, dispersed and sowed in the same.' In 1619, by the way, Middleton and his audience were fortunate because, although there was virulent plague in Rouen and two ships from there were quarantined at Tilbury for twenty-five days, there was no epidemic that year in England. The year of Lodge's *A Treatise of the Plague*, however, was not 'clear and sound'. The bubonic epidemic of 1603-4, toward the end of which time Middleton wrote *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary*, killed more than one-sixth of the population of London. The most recent great epidemic had taken place ten years earlier, when Middleton was thirteen. The years from 1597 to 1600 were 'clear', although there were still a few plague-deaths annually during all those years. There was also sickness on the Continent: Lisbon in 1599, Spain in 1601, the Low Countries in 1602. In summer 1602, authorities prevented refugees from the contaminated city of Amsterdam from landing in England, and in September trade with the port town of Yarmouth and with Amsterdam was suspended by the Lord Mayor of London.

In spite of these and other precautions, however, the sickness eventually began to take hold in the city, first in the suburbs (deaths were reported in Southwark, south of the Thames, in early March) and then in London itself. By April, orders had been given both to restrict the movement of 'rogues and vagabonds' and to provide charity among the infected poor. The deaths for the week ending 26 May were thirty, but by July 1603 the weekly rate of mortality for London and the Liberties had reached the hundreds, and during the last week of that month, more than a thousand people died from the disease.

The new King celebrated his coronation on 25 July, but arrived at and departed from Westminster by water and, once crowned, left the city to return to Hampton Court about fifteen miles west of London. The toll in the city and out-parishes rose through the summer to a peak of over three thousand for the week ending 1 September. Michaelmas Term, the autumn session of the law courts (10 October to 28 November), was relocated to the town of Winchester. As *The Meeting of Gallants* tells us, St Paul's was deserted of the splendidly attired would-be courtiers who frequented it in healthier times ('What, Signor Jinglespur, the first gallant I met in Paul's, since the one-and-thirty day, or the decease of July' [124-5]). John Chamberlain, who lived his adult life in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, wrote: 'Paul's grows very thin, for every man shrinks away and I am half ashamed to see myself left alone.' Eventually, the sickness began to abate, the weekly toll dropping below a thousand for the week ending 20 October. By Christmas, weekly deaths from the pestilence had fallen to fewer than a hundred. Hilary Term (23 January to 12 February) took place back in London. It was just around this time that Middleton, with help from Dekker, wrote *The Meeting of Gallants*.

Plague changed the face of life in the city. Although the English had had three hundred years' experience of recurrent bubonic plague, each new epidemic provided a grim surprise for whose physical and psychological effects no one could adequately prepare. Public life was disrupted. Those who could afford to, fled the city, the runaways often including doctors, ministers of the Church, and public officials; regular commerce diminished (businesses where the infection was detected were closed for a minimum of twenty-eight days). There was a feeling of panic. Thomas Lodge was besieged by crowds of citizens who mistook his house for that of a charlatan whose advertisements

promised immunity from infection: 'everyone that read them came flocking to me, conjuring me by great proffers and persuasions to store them with my promised preservatives and relieve their sick with my cordial waters'. The terror aroused by the sickness could not be relieved, even with all the nostrums, prayer meetings, and public health measures carried out by the authorities. The terror was in part a result of the extreme speed and brutality of the sickness. Leeds Barroll explains its typical course:

The bacillus of the bubonic plague, once it has penetrated the body of a human being, is vigorous and aggressive. It reproduces itself rapidly and spreads throughout the entire biological system. . . . the onset is sudden. Body temperature rises to at least 102°F, pulse increases, the victim breathes faster than usual and needs to lie down. . . . severe headache also strikes in the early stages. There are pains in the back and legs, and often in places where the lymph glands are located: the groin, the armpits, or the neck. A victim who tries to walk at this juncture is not well coordinated, often staggering as if drunk. Victims also begin to feel very thirsty. . . . accumulations of bacilli in the bloodstream begin to obstruct the tiny dilated capillaries, causing hemorrhage and bruises on the skin. . . . One's skin becomes hot and dry. Miniature blisters begin to appear on the hands, feet, and chest, becoming small, poxlike skin eruptions or coalescing into carbuncles sometimes as large as an inch in diameter. Sometimes, too, ulcers form on the skin near the lymph glands, and these ulcers may eat deeply enough into the skin to cause hemorrhage as the vein or artery is exposed. . . . Victims either become apathetic or go into wild deliriums marked by an impulse to wander or even run away. . . . frequently sufferers may experience air hunger that causes them to wish to leave an enclosed room in order to sit or lie down outside. . . . Death comes from heart failure.

In addition to the sheer impressiveness of the physical deterioration of one's neighbours and family members, the plague terrified on account of the mystery of its origin, the invisibility of its spread and the apparent randomness with which it selected its victims. 'How often', Dekker wrote in *The Wonderful Year* (1603), 'hath the amazed husband waking, found the comfort of his bed lying breathless by his side! His children at the same instant gasping for life!' Questions about the origin and capriciousness of the plague added a distinctly private, spiritual dimension to the worrying public concerns about the prevention of large assemblies of people, the disposal of corpses, the danger of the infected evading quarantine, and the problems of crushing poverty and food shortages brought on by the disruption in trade, especially the trade in woollen cloth which was England's primary export. (Cloth was thought to carry the infection; in fact, it often did carry infective fleas.) Writers such as Dekker and Middleton, having been cut off from their regular source of income as dramatists on account of

the prohibition against theatrical performances, turned their energy toward writing for the popular press. While a physician-poet such as Lodge might publish his advice on how to treat the actual disease, Dekker and Middleton articulated the moral and spiritual questionings aroused by the epidemic. So in *News from Gravesend* (1604), mostly by Dekker with a section by Middleton, we have the following:

Can we believe that one man's breath
 Infected, and being blown from him,
 His poison should to others swim,
 For then who breathed upon the first?
 Where did the imbulked venom burst?
 Or how 'scaped those that did divide
 The selfsame bits with those that died?
 Drunk of the selfsame cups, and lay
 In ulcerous beds, as close as they?

Dekker struggles with the fact that the plague exists rather than with the practical problems of its cure and control. How is it that some die and some survive? Where does the plague come from and how is the sickness passed from one person to another? In the end, the pamphlet concludes that the plague's origins are metaphysical rather than physical. In this view, and because the author loses sight of the problem of the randomness of mortality, the sickness is made to make moral sense because it is said to be a divine punishment visited upon a sinful nation ('God in anger fills his hand | With vengeance, throwing it on the land'), and the fundamental remedy therefore must lie in prayer rather than in any medical innovation:

Only this antidote apply:
 Cease vexing Heaven, and cease to die.
 . . . Each one purge one,
 And England's free, the plague is gone.

In *The Meeting of Gallants*, Middleton takes a tack different from that of *News from Gravesend*. The latter pamphlet develops a highly typical view. 'The plague', Lodge wrote in a similar vein, 'is a manifest sign of the wrath of God conceived against us'. It is important to remember, incidentally, that Dekker and Middleton were friends and collaborators and, in particular, that each man's part in *News from Gravesend* has not been definitively established. At any rate, *The Meeting of Gallants* differs from *News from Gravesend* because, first of all, it is not a theoretical inquiry into the causes and nature of the plague. Instead, since *The Meeting of Gallants* consists of a dramatized debate between personified causes of death (War, Famine, and Pestilence) and concludes with a series of 'tales', its view of the moral significance of the plague is implicit rather than explicit; its handling of the meaning of the sickness is woven into the dialogue and dramatically-framed narratives rather than proffered straightforwardly.

The Meeting of Gallants opens with a spirited verbal contest between personified versions of Death; this allegorical flying leads to a scene in Paul's Cathedral set

in the present time (January–February 1604) of Middleton's original readers and replete with local details of the very horror they had just endured; finally, the scene shifts to an 'ordinary', or tavern, where a series of tales about the plague is recounted. The overall effect of this arrangement of material is to put in question any conventional theodicy. Rather than suppressing the problem of the apparent arbitrariness with which the plague chooses its victims, *The Meeting of Gallants's* jests highlight the capriciousness and consequent moral senselessness of the scourge. In this respect, Middleton's view is like the Earl of Gloucester's in *The History of King Lear* (1605–6) since the 'gods' of 'War, Famine and the Pestilence' do precisely 'kill us for their sport'. On the other hand, Middleton, though he gives full weight to the fear of random and invisible death, takes a much drier, tougher, and funnier view. We witness the 'gods' having their sport rather than seeing only the suffering of their victims. Furthermore, the debate is funny in itself, although chillingly or even infuriatingly funny. War, Famine, and Pestilence are represented as arrogant aristocrats who thoughtlessly place their interests over the interests of the people whom they destroy. Each wishes to be seen as the sovereign bringer of death, so each accuses the others of striking in peace-time, or of killing worthless victims ('a tailor is the farthest man thou kill'st', 13), or of destroying an insufficient number, or of taking life too quickly or too painfully ('Not worthy to be named a torturing death', 103). Pestilence actually seems to enlist her victims as her allies or subjects, cataloguing their sufferings as testimonials to her dignity:

Beware, War, how thou speakest of me,
I have friends here in England, though some dead,
Some still can show where I was born and bred;
Therefore be wary in pronouncing me.
Many have took my part, whose carcases
Lie now ten fathom deep: many alive
Can show their scars in my contagious quarrel:
War, I surpass the fury of thy stroke.

How many swarms
Of bruised and cracked people did I leave,
Their groins sore pierced with pestilential shot,
Their armpits digged with blains, and ulcerous sores
Lurking like poisoned bullets in their flesh?
Othersome shot in the eye with carbuncles,
Their lids as monstrous as the Saracens'.

Middleton's gallows humour also distinguishes him from his colleague Dekker. Whereas Dekker voices a moving sympathy which sometimes shades into maudlin sentimentality, Middleton is characteristically tougher-minded in his treatment of loss and fear. It is not, of course, that Dekker is humourless; on the contrary, Middleton no doubt followed the example of *The Wonderful Year* in concluding with what his collaborator refers to as 'a merry epilogue to a dull play, certain tales . . . cut out in sundry fashions'; and indeed Dekker himself contributed

some of the tales to *The Meeting of Gallants*. But while the 'merry tales' in *The Wonderful Year* culminate in a description of a poor servant boy who lay 'grovelling and groaning on his face . . . there continued all night, and died miserably for want of succour', Middleton's story-telling Host has an untender, funny and realistic point of view. In the following passage, at the conclusion of *The Meeting of Gallants*, Middleton is able to use the boisterous Host both to convey the horror and the normative Christian response to that horror (a response characteristic of Dekker and many others), and also to critique such responses as inadequate for the purposes of the living:

Men on horseback riding thither [to the country], strangely stricken in the midst of their journeys, forced either to light off or fall off and die. And for certain and substantial report, many the last year were buried near unto highways in the same order, in their clothes as they were, booted and spurred even as they lighted off. Rolled into ditches, pits and hedges so lamentably, so rudely and unchristianlike, that it would have made a pitiful and remorseful eye bloodshot to see such a ruthless and disordered object, and a true heart bleed outright—but not such a one as mine, gallants, for my heart bleeds nothing but alegar. How commonly we saw here the husband and the wife buried together, a weeping spectacle containing much sorrow, how often were whole households emptied to fill up graves, and how sore the violence of that stroke was that struck ten persons out of one house, being a thing dreadful to apprehend and think upon, with many marvellous and strange accidents. But let not this make you sad, gallants. Sit you merry still. Here, my dainty bullies, I'll put you all in one goblet, and wash all these tales in a cup of sack.

It might be useful, finally, to imagine the state of mind of typical Londoners in February 1604. They had just witnessed appalling events, had heard perhaps too many theodicy rationalizations of the senseless suffering, had seen and been touched by that suffering (for few could have lived through the summer and autumn of 1603 without some momentous loss), and perhaps also felt some guilt for having survived at all when so many others had not. To readers in that state of mind, *The Meeting of Gallants* must have provided an acerbic tonic—a witnessing of the pestilence which neither sentimentalized nor suppressed nor rationalized what had happened; and which nonetheless did not slight the fact that the survivors had cause and need to be 'merry still'.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 491
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 349
Other Middleton–Dekker works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Magnificent*, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*, 721; *Gypsy*, 1723

The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary; or, The Walks in Paul's

*A Dialogue between War, Famine, and the Pestilence, blazing
their several Evils*

THE GENIUS OF WAR

Famine and Pestilence, cowards of hell,
That strike in peace, when the whole world's unarmed:
5 Tripping up souls of beggars, limbless wretches,
Hole-stopping prisoners, miserable catchpoles,
Whom one vocation stabs, dare you Furies
Confront the ghost of crimson passing War?
Thou bleak-cheeked wretch, one of my plenteous wounds
Would make thee a good colour.

10 FAMINE I defy
Thy blood and thee, 'tis that which I destroy;
I'll starve thee, War, for this.

WAR Alas, weak Famine;
Why, a tailor is the farthest man thou kill'st
That lives by bread; thou dar'st not touch a farmer,
15 No, nor his griping son-in-law that weds
His daughter with a dowry of stuffed barns,
Thou run'st away from these, such makes thee fly,
And there thou light'st upon the labourer's maw,
Break'st into poor men's stomachs, and there drivest
The sting of hunger like a dastard.

20 FAMINE Bastard.
Peace, War, lest I betray thy monstrous birth:
Thou know'st I can derive thee.

PESTILENCE And I both.

WAR
And I repugn you both, you hags of realms,
Thou witch of Famine, and drab of plagues:
25 Thou that mak'st men eat slovenly, and feed
On excrements of beasts, and at one meal
Swallow a hundred pound in very dove's dung.

FAMINE

Therein thou tell'st my glory and rich power.

WAR

And thou.

PESTILENCE

Beware, War, how thou speak'st of me,
I have friends here in England, though some dead,
30 Some still can show where I was born and bred;
Therefore be wary in pronouncing me.
Many have took my part, whose carcasses
Lie now ten fathom deep; many alive
Can show their scars in my contagious quarrel.
35 War, I surpass the fury of thy stroke.
Say that an army forty thousand strong
Enter thy crimson lists, and of that number,
Perchance the fourth part falls, marked with red death?
Why, I slay forty thousand in one battle,
40 Full of blue wounds, whose cold clay bodies look
Like speckled marble.

As for lame persons, and maim'd soldiers,
There I outstrip thee too. How many swarms
Of bruised and cracked people did I leave,
45 Their groins sore pierced with pestilential shot,
Their armpits digged with blains, and ulcerous sores
Lurking like poisoned bullets in their flesh?
Othersome shot in the eye with carbuncles,
Their lids as monstrous as the Saracens'.
50

WAR

Thou plaguy woman, cease thy infectious brags,
Thou pestilent strumpet, base and common murd'ress,
What men of mark or memory have fell
In thy poor purple battle? Say thou'st slain
Four hundred silkweavers, poor silkworms, vanished
55 As many tapsters, chamberlains, and ostlers,

Title *Ordinary* an eating-house or tavern where meals were provided at a fixed price
the Walks in Paul's Paul's Walk was the middle aisle, or nave, of the church; from 1550 to 1650 it was used as a meeting-place for all kinds of people.
1 **blazing** proclaiming
6 **catchpoles** a petty officer of justice; esp. a warrant officer who arrests for debt
7 **Whom one vocation stabs** ? who are all summoned by the call of Death
8 **passing** surpassing, excellent
13 **tailor** tailors were said to be effete and cowardly
farthest most powerful

15 **griping** avaricious
16 **stuffed barns** probably referring to the hoarding of foodstuffs in anticipation of a rise in prices—a common and reviled practice. In *Black Book*, 578, Middleton has the Devil 'shift' into 'the habit of a covetous barn-cracking farmer'.
18 **maw** stomach
20 **dastard** despicable coward
22 **derive** to show the derivation or pedigree
23 **repugn** to fight against, to resist or repel
24 **drab** prostitute
32 **pronouncing** proclaiming authoritatively
38 **lists** place of combat
42 **speckled** bearing the marks of moral or

physical infection
47 **blains** inflammatory swellings
49 **carbuncles** inflammatory, malignant tumour, caused by inflammation of the skin
50 **Saracens'** belonging to Turks or Muslims; see Breton, *Wonders Worth the Hearing* (1602): 'a Sarazins face . . . his eyes like a Smithes forge'
55 **vanished** caused to disappear
56 **tapsters** those who draw the beer in public houses
chamberlains attendants at an inn
ostlers those who tend to horses at an inn

The Meeting of Gallants At an Ordinarie.

Darest thou contend with me, thou freckled harlot,
 And match thy dirty glories with the splendour
 Of kingly tragedies acted by me?
 60 When I have dyed the green stage of the field
 Red with the blood of monarchs and rich states,
 How many dukes and earls have I drunk up
 At one courageous rouse? O summer-devil,
 Thou wast but made as ratsbane to kill bawds,
 65 To poison drunkards, vomiting out their souls
 Into the bulk of hell, to infect the corps
 Of pewter-buttoned sergeants. Such as these
 Venom whole realms; and as physicians say,
 Poisons with poison must be forced away.

PESTILENCE

70 War, twit not me with double-damnèd bawds,
 Or prostituted harlots, I leave them
 For my French nephew, he reigns over these:
 I'll show you both how I excel you both.
 Who ever read that usurers died in war
 75 Grasping a sword, or in an iron year,
 Languished with famine? But by me surprised
 Even in their countinghouses, as they sat
 Amongst their golden hills: when I have changed
 Their gold into dead tokens, with the touch
 80 Of my pale-spotted and infectious rod,
 When with a sudden start and ghastly look,
 They have left counting coin, to count their flesh,
 And sum up their last usury on their breasts,
 All their whole wealth, locked in their bony chests.

WAR

85 Are usurers then the proudest acts thou played'st?
 Pack-penny fathers, covetous rooting moles,
 That have their gold thrice higher than their souls:
 Is this the top of all thy glorious laughers,
 To aim them at my princely massacres?
 90 Poor dame of Pestilence, and hag of Famine,
 I pity your weak furies.

FAMINE

O I could eat you both,

I am so torn with hunger and with rage.
 What, is not flinty Famine, gasping dearth,
 Worthy to be in rank with dusty War
 And little Pestilence? Are not my acts
 95 More stony-pitiless than thine, or thine?
 What is't to die stamped full of drunken wounds,
 Which makes a man reel quickly to his grave,
 Without the sting of torments, or the sense
 Of chewing death by piecemeal? Undone and done,
 100 In the fourth part of a poor short minute?
 'Tis but a bloody slumber, a red dream,
 Not worthy to be named a torturing death.
 Nor thine, thou most infectious city dame,
 That for thy pride art plagued, bear'st the shape
 105 Of running Pestilence; those which thou strikest
 Wear death within few days upon their hearts,
 Or else presage amendment. When I reign,
 Heaven puts on a brass, to be as hard in blessing
 As the earth fruitless in increasing. O
 110 I rack the veins and sinews, lank the lungs,
 Freeze all the passages, plough up the maw:
 My torment lingers like a suit in law.
 What are you both to me? Insolent evils.
 Join both your furies, they weigh light to mine.
 115 And what art thou, War, that so want'st thy good?
 But like a barber-surgeon that lets blood.

WAR Out, Lenten harlot.
 PESTILENCE
 Out on you both, and if all matter fails,
 I'll show my glory in these following tales.
 120

Finis

The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinary
Where the Fat Host tells Tales at the upper end of the Table
 SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK What, Signor Jinglespur, the first gallant I met
 in Paul's, since the one-and-thirty day, or the decease of July,
 125 and I may fitly call it the decease, for there deceased above
 three hundred that day—a shrewd prologue, marry, to the
 tragedy that followed. And yet I speak somewhat improperly

61 **states** aristocrats
 63 **rouse** bout of drinking
summer-devil both an ironic phrase (like
 'fair weather friend') and a reference
 to the fact that plague was most active
 during summer
 64 **bawds** panders
 66 **bulk** hold of a ship or main body or nave
 of a church
corps punning on the corps, 'body', of
 sergeants and the bodies of the individual
 officers
 68 **Venom** to injure by means of venom
 72 **French nephew** the so-called 'French
 disease', i.e., syphilis
 75 **iron** harsh, cruel
 79 **tokens** spots on the body indicating
 disease, esp. the plague
 86 **Pack-penny fathers** old misers

88 **laughters** subjects or matters for laughter
 97 **stamped** crushed by stamping
 100 **chewing** also corroding, wearing down
 106 **running** suppurating
 109 **brass** a type of hardness, insensibility;
 also a sepulchral tablet of brass... laid
 down on the floor or set up against the
 wall of a church
 111 **lank** make shrunken or shrivelled
 112 **plough up the maw** tear up the
 stomach
 117 **barber-surgeon** barbers were also
 practitioners in surgery and dentistry
 118 **Lenten** Famine is 'Lenten' because of
 Lent's association with fasting.
 123 **Host** here an innkeeper
upper... Table the best company
 occupies the upper end, as distinct from
 the part of the table below the salt-cellar

124 **SHUTTLECOCK** small piece of cork, or
 similar light material, fitted with a crown
 or circle of feathers, used in the games of
 battledore, shuttlecock, and badminton.
 In *Hubburd*, 376-8, Middleton describes a
 gallant whose 'head was dressed up in
 white feathers like a shuttlecock, which
 agreed... well with his brain, being
 nothing but cork'.
Jinglespur referring to the fashionable
 wearing of spurs; in *Hubburd*, 417-18,
 one gallant 'walked the chamber with
 such a pestilent jingle, that his spurs
 over-squeaked the lawyer'
 126-7 **deceased above three hundred** 1,396
 died of plague during the last week of
 July 1603 (the Bills of Mortality provide
 only the weekly death-toll)
 127 **shrewd** malignant, ominous

The Meeting of Gallants At an Ordinarie.

- 130 to call it a prologue, because those that died were all out of their parts. What, dare you venture, Signor, at the latter end of a fray now? I mean not at a fray with swords and bucklers, but with sores and carbuncles. I protest, you are a strong-mettled gentleman, because you do not fear the dangerous featherbeds of London, nor to be tossed in a perilous blanket, or to lie in the fellows of those sheets that two dead bodies were wrapped in some three months before. Nay, I can tell you, there is many an honest house in London well stocked before with large linen, where now remains not above two sheets and a half, and so the good man of the house driven to lie in the one sheet for shift, till the pair be washed and dried: for you know, ten wound out of one house must for shame carry five pair of sheets with them, being confined and put to board-wages—the only knight's policy to save charges in victuals. But soft, Signor, what may he be that stalked by us now in a ruinous suit of apparel, with his page out at elbows? 'Tis a strange sight in Paul's, Signor, methinks, to see a broken page follow a seam-rent master.
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- SIGNOR JINGLESPUR What, do you wonder at that sight now? 'Tis a limb of the fashion, and as commendable to go ragged after a plague as to have an ensign full of holes and tatters after a battle. And I have seen five hundred of the same rank in apparel, for most of your choice and curious gallants came up in clothes, because they thought it very dangerous to deal with satin this plague-time, being devil enough without the plague. Besides, there hath been a great dearth of tailors, the property of whose deaths were wonderful, for they were taken from hell to heaven. All these were motives sufficient to persuade gentlemen, as they loved their lives, to come up in their old suits, and be very respective and careful how they
- 129–30 **out of their parts** both out of their bodily parts (i.e., dead) and breaking the illusion of the stagey roles they assumed in life
- 131 **bucklers** small round shields
- 132 **carbuncles** boil-like sores
- 133 **dangerous featherbeds** On 19 January 1604, the Venetian Ambassador observed that the plague showed signs of increasing because of the carelessness with which the bedding and clothes of plague-victims were being used by the living. In fact, while the cloth itself was harmless, cotton and wool often harboured infective fleas.
- 134 **tossed in a perilous blanket** The proverbial punishment of being tossed in a blanket is exacerbated here by the peril of infection.
- 138 **two sheets and a half** i.e., one and a half pairs
- 142 **board-wages** wages which allowed servants only to keep themselves supplied with food
- 145 **out at elbows** proverbial
- 148 **limb of the fashion** a punning phrase, referring to the page's elbow, the page himself (limb=young rascal), and the page and master together as the apogee of fashion
- 149 **ensign flag**
- 151 **curious** careful as to the standard of excellence
- 152 **clothes** i.e., their own clothes
- 153 **satin** playing on Satan
- 156 **hell** the tailor's 'hell', into which cuttings were thrown
- 158 **respective** careful
- 159–60 **Birchen Lane** running north from Lombard Street to Cornhill, was occupied chiefly by drapers and second-hand clothes dealers
- 161 **Charybdis...Scylla** the monstrous whirlpool and the six-headed monster between which Odysseus must pass; the names and the perils are here reversed (Charydis is the whirlpool that 'swallows' ships)
- 162 **bombast** cotton wool used as padding for clothes
- 164 **wings...doublets** A doublet was a closely fitting garment for the upper body; 'wings' at the armholes hid the points which tied the sleeves to the garment, and 'skirts' were the flared bottom to which the hose were attached.
- 165 **liberties** areas in the City not under its authority
St Tooles Parish St Olave's Parish; James Bamford, the minister of the parish, wrote that 2,640 died between 7 May and 13 October
- 160 make themselves new ones. And to venture upon a Birchen Lane hose and doublet, were even to shun the villainous jaws of Charybdis and fall into the large swallow of Scylla, the devouring catchpole of the sea: for their bombast is wicked enough in the best and soundest season, and there is as much peril between the wings and the skirts of one of their doublets as in all the liberties of London, take St Tooles Parish, and all the most infected places of England.
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- Well, I have almost marred their market, for gentlemen especially, those that love to smell sweet, for they are the worst milliners in a kingdom, and their suits bear the mustiest perfume of anything breathing, unless it were an usurer's nightcap again. And indeed that scent's worse than the strong breath of Ajax, where his sevenfold shield is turned to a stool with a hole in it. But see yonder, Signor Stramazon and Signor Kickshaw now of a sudden alighted in Paul's with their dirty boots. Let's encounter them at the fifth pillar; in them you shall find my talk verified, and the fashion truly pictured. What, Signor, both well met upon the old worn brass, the moon hath had above six great bellies since we walked here last together, and lain in as often. Methinks, Signors, this middle of Paul's looks strange and bare, like a long-haired gentleman new polled, washed and shaved. And I may fitly say shaved, for there was never a lusty shaver seen walking here this half year; especially if he loved his life, he would revolt from Duke Humphrey, and rather be a wood-cleaver in the country than a chest-breaker in London. But what gallants march up a pace now, Signors, how are the high ways filled to London?
- SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK Every man's head here is full of the Proclamation, and the honest black gentleman the Term hath
- 172 **Ajax** playing on 'a jakes', a privy
- 173 **Stramazon** a vertical downward cut in fencing
Kickshaw from French *quelque chose*; a trifle
- 177 **the old worn brass** The condition of the brass is explained in *Black Book*, 86–7: 'with their heavy trot and iron stalk | They have worn off the brass in the mid-walk'.
- 180 **polled** cropped or sheared
- 183 **Duke Humphrey** Duke Humphrey's Walk was a part of St Paul's Church on the south side of the nave, where there was a monument supposed to be that of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester. From the custom of persons in want of a dinner taking themselves to St Paul's to see if they could meet with someone who would invite them arose the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey', which meant to do without dinner.
- 184 **wood-cleaver** wood-cutter
chest-breaker a breaker of money-chests, a spendthrift
- 187–8 **Proclamation** probably that issued 11 January 1604 announcing the king's intention to summon Parliament
- 188 **Term** the period appointed for the sitting of the courts of law. Hilary Term was held at Westminster from 23

The Meeting of Gallants

- 190 kept a great hall at Westminster again. All the taverns in Kings Street will be emperors—inns and alehouses at least marquises apiece. Now cooks begin to make more coffins than carpenters, and bury more whole meat than sextons; few bells are heard
- 195 knights besides old John Clapper's, the bellman's. And, gentlemen, 'twas time for you to come, for I know many an honest tradesman that would have come down to you else, and set up their shops in the country, had you not ventured up the sooner; and he that would have braved it, and been a vainglorious silken ass all the last summer, might have made a suit of satin cheaper in the plague-time, than a suit of marry-muff in the
- 200 term-time. There was not so much velvet stirring as would have been a cover to a little book in octavo, or seamed a lieutenant's buff-doublet. A French-hood would have been more wondered at in London than the Polonians with their long-tailed gaberdines. And which was most lamentable, there was never a gilt spur to be seen all the Strand over, never a feather wagging in all Fleet Street, unless some country fore-horse came by, by mere chance, with a rain-beaten feather in his costrill, the street looking for all the world like a Sunday morning at six
- 205 of the clock, three hours before service, and the bells ringing all about London as if the Coronation day had been half a year long.
- SIGNOR STRAMAZON Trust me, gentlemen, a very sore discourse.
- SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK I could tell you now the miserable state and
- 210 pitiful case of many tradesmen whose wares lay dead on their hands by the burying of their servants, and how those were held especially very dangerous and perilous trades that had any woollen about them, for the infection being for the most part a Londoner, loved to be lapped warm, and therefore was said to skip into woollen clothes, and lie smothering in a shag-haired rug, or an old-fashioned coverlid. To confirm which, I have
- 215 heard of some this last summer that would not venture into an upholsterer's shop amongst dangerous rugs and feather-bed-ticks, no, although they had been sure to have been made aldermen when they came out again. Such was their infectious conceit of a harmless necessary coverlid, and would stop their foolish noses when they passed through Watling Street by a rank of woollen drapers. And this makes me call to memory the strange and wonderful dressing of a coach that scudded through London the ninth of August, for I put the day in my table-book because it was worthy the registering.
- 220 This fearful, pitiful coach was all hung with rue from the top to the toe of the boot, to keep the leather and the nails from infection. The very nostrils of the coach-horses were stopped with herb-grace, that I pitied the poor beasts being almost windless, and having then more grace in their noses than their master had in all his bosom, and thus they ran through Cornhill just in the middle of the street, with such a violent trample as if the Devil had been coachman.
- SIGNOR KICKSHAW A very excellent folly, that the name of the plague should take the wall of a coach, and drive his worship down into the channel.
- 225 But see how we have lost ourselves. Paul's is changed into gallants, and those which I saw come up in old taffeta doublets yesterday are slipped into nine yards of satin today.
- SIGNOR STRAMAZON And, Signors, we in especial care have sent our pages to inquire out a pair of honest clean tailors, which are hard to be found because there was such a number of botchers the last summer. And I think it one of Hercules's Labours to find two whole tailors about London that hath not been plagued for their stealing, or else for sowing of false seeds, which peep out before their seasons.
- 230 SIGNOR JINGLESPUR But what, dare you venture to an ordinary? Hark, the quarter-jacks are up for eleven. I know an honest host about London that hath barrelled up news for gallants, like
- January to 12 February; Michaelmas Term, 10 October–28 November, had in part been adjourned to Winchester on account of plague in London.
- 189 **Westminster** the courts of law
- 189–90 **Kings Street** main thoroughfare from the Court of St James's to Westminster; narrow and ill-paved
- 191 **coffins** in cookery, a pie crust
- 192 **sextons** church-officers responsible for the upkeep of the building, also for bell-ringing and grave-digging
- 193 **John Clapper's** a generic name for a bellman
- 199 **marry-muff** a cheap fabric
- 201 **octavo** one of the smaller formats in printing, each page being one eighth of a sheet
- 202 **buff-doublet** a close-fitting leather garment with detachable sleeves
- French-hood** a head covering for women, pleated, of velvet, tissue, or other silk
- 203 **Polonians** the Polish ambassador and his retinue were in London in December 1603
- 203–4 **gaberdines** long coats, worn loose or girdled, with longsleeves
- 205 **Strand** running west from Temple Bar to Charing Cross; fashionable residential area
- 206 **Fleet Street** running west from the bottom of Ludgate Hill to Temple Bar; the Inns of Court and houses of many nobles along the Strand made Fleet Street a fashionable suburb
- 207 **costrill** head
- 209 **bells ringing** the bells rang for those dead from plague
- 210 **Coronation day** the coronation of King James took place 25 July 1603
- 214–15 **wares . . . servants** i.e., the wares were thought to be infectious and so were unsaleable
- 219 **shag-haired** shaggy, having a long, rough nap
- 222–3 **feather-bed-ticks** cases or covers containing feathers or the like, forming mattresses or pillows
- 225 **conceit** idea
- 226 **Watling Street** ran east from the south-east corner of St Paul's Churchyard; the principal inhabitants were drapers, retailers of woollen cloths.
- 230 **table-book** pocket notebook
- 231 **rue** In *The Herbal* (1597), John Gerard writes, 'The leaves of rue eaten with the kernels of walnuts or figs stamped together and made into a mass or paste, is good against all evil airs, the pestilence or plague'.
- 232 **boot** uncovered space on or by the steps on each side
- 234 **herb-grace** another name for rue
- 236 **Cornhill** running east from the end of the Poultry past the Royal Exchange to Leadenhall Street
- 240–1 **take . . . channel** City streets, usually unpaved, slanted down from the walls of the houses to a channel running down the centre; the wall-side was cleaner and so to be preferred, but here 'his worship' rides in the muddy channel because of his fear of the infection.
- 242–3 **Paul's . . . gallants** i.e., Paul's is full of gallants
- 247 **botchers** tailors who do repairs; unskilful workmen
- 250 **sowing of false seeds** playing on sow/sew and seed/seam
- 253 **quarter-jacks** mechanical figures of men which strike the quarter-hours on a bell outside a clock

The Meeting of Gallants At an Ordinarie.

255 pickled oysters; marry, your ordinary will cost you two shillings,
but the tales that lie in brine will be worth sixpence of the
money. For you know 'tis great charges to keep tales long, and
therefore he must be somewhat considered for the laying out
of his language. For blind Gue, you know, has sixpence at the
260 least for groping in the dark.

SIGNOR STRAMAZON Yea, but Signor Jinglespur, you see we are alto-
gether unfurnished for an ordinary till the tailor cut us out and
new mould us. And to rank amongst gallants in old apparel,
why their very apish pages would break jests upon our elbows,
265 and domineer over our worn doublets most tyrannically.

SIGNOR JINGLESPIR Puh, Signor Stramazon, you turn the bias the
wrong way, you doubt where there is no doubt. I will conduct
you to an ordinary where you shall eat private amongst Essex
gentlemen of your fashioned rank in apparel, who as yet wait
270 for fresh clothes, as you for new tailors, and account it more
commendable to come up in seam-rent suits and whole bodies,
than to have infectious torn bodies and sound suits.

SIGNOR KICKSHAW If it be so, Signor (hark! a quarter strikes) we
are for you. We will follow you, for I love to hear tales when a
275 merry corpulent host bandies them out of his flop-mouth. But
how far must we march now like tattered soldiers, after a fray,
to their nuncheons?

SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK Why, if you throw your eyes but a little before
you, you may see the sign and token that beckons his guest to
280 him. Do you hear the clapper of his tongue now?

SIGNOR STRAMAZON 'Sfoot, the mad bulchin squeaks shriller than
the saunce bell at Westminster.

SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK Nay, now you shall hear him ring lustily at
our entrance. Stop your ears if you love them, for one of his
285 words will run about your brains louder than the drum at the
Bear Garden.

Entering into the Ordinary

HOST What, gallants, are you come, are you come? Welcome,
gentlemen, I have news enough for you all, welcome again, and
290 again: I am so fat and pury, I cannot speak loud enough, but I
am sure you hear me, or you shall hear me. Welcome, welcome,
gentlemen, I have tales and quails for you. Seat yourselves,

gallants. (*Enter boys and beards with dishes and platters.*) I
will be with you again in a trice ere you look for me.

SIGNOR SHUTTLECOCK Now, Signors, how like you mine host? Did 295
I not tell you he was a mad, round knave, and a merry one,
too? And if you chance to talk of fat Sir John Oldcastle, he will
tell you he was his great-grandfather, and not much unlike him
in paunch, if you mark him well by all descriptions. And see 300
where he appears again; he told you he would not be long from
you. Let his humour have scope enough, I pray, and there is no
doubt but his tales will make us laugh ere we be out of our
porridge. How now, mine Host?

HOST O my gallant of gallants, my top and top gallant, how many
horses hast thou killed in the country with the hunting of 305
harlotries? Go to, was I with you, you mad wags? And I have
been a merry knave this six-and-forty years, my bullies, my
boys.

SIGNOR KICKSHAW Yea, but my honest-larded Host, where be these
tales now? 310

HOST I have them at my tongue's end, my gallant bullies of five-
and-twenty, my dainty liberal landlords, I have them for you.
You shall never take me unprovided for, gentlemen, I keep
them like anchovies to relish your drink well. Stop your mouths,
gallants, and I will stuff your ears, I warrant you, and first I 315
begin with a tipsy vintner in London.

Of a Vintner in London, dying in a humour

This discourse that follows, gentlemen-gallants, is of a light-
headed vintner who, scorning to be only drunk in his own
cellar, would get up betimes in the morning to be down of his
295 nose thrice before evening. He was a man of all taverns, and
excellent musician at the sackbut, and your only dancier of the
canaries. This strange wine-sucker had a humour this time of
infection to feign himself sick, and indeed he had swallowed
down many tavern-tokens and was infected much with the
300 plague of drunkenness. But howsoever, sick he would be, for
the humour had possessed him, when to the comforting of his
poor heart, he poured down eleven shillings in Rose of Solace,
more than would have cheered all the sick persons in the pest-
house. And yet for all that he felt himself ill at his stomach 330

259 **blind Gue** a contemporary clown
266-7 **bias the wrong way** referring to the
game of bowls; bowls either contained
an off-centre lead weight or were shaped
so that they ran obliquely
272 **bodies** punning on 'bodice'
275 **flop-mouth** variant of flap-mouth: a
mouth with broad, hanging lips
276 **tattered** punning on 'tottered', unsteady
277 **nuncheons** light refreshment taken
between meals; a lunch
281 **'Sfoot** God's foot
bulchin bull-calf
282 **saunce bell** sanctus bell, rung at the
Sanctus at Mass; in post-Reformation
times often used to summon the people
to church
285-6 **drum . . . Garden** The Bear Garden,
on the Bankside, Southwark (next to
the Globe) was the primary arena for
bear-baiting.

290 **pury** short-winded, also fat
293 **beards** men
297 **Sir John Oldcastle** an allusion to
Shakespeare's Falstaff, originally named
Oldcastle. Oldcastle's descendants, the
Cobham family, forced the change of
name by 1598, but 'Oldcastle' evidently
persisted in the public mind.
302-3 **ere . . . porridge** before we have
finished our soup
305-6 **hunting of harlotries** pursuing
harlots or, more generally, jests and
scurrility
312 **liberal** generous, high-born
317 **humour** eccentric or unusual tem-
perament, a sense popularized by Ben
Jonson's 'humour' comedies
320 **betimes** early
320-1 **down of his nose** the phrase is
difficult, but context makes clear that
it means 'drunk'

322 **sackbut** both a musical instrument like
a trumpet and also a butt of sack (i.e., a
cask of wine)
323 **canaries** both a lively dance and also a
light sweet wine from the Canary Islands
324-5 **swallowed . . . tavern-tokens** tavern-
tokens were given in change by a tavern-
keeper, and could be used to buy drinks;
hence, the phrase means to get drunk
328 **Rose of Solace** *rosa solis* ('rose of the
sun'), a cordial made from or flavoured
with the plant sundew and also contain-
ing spirits such as brandy
329-30 **pest-house** The London pest-house
was in the parish of St Giles-without-
Cripplegate. Infected persons were also
housed in private buildings appropriated
for the purpose or, more usually, shut
in their own dwellings along with the
healthy.

The Meeting of Gallants

335 afterwards, wherefore his request was, reporting himself very feeble, to have two men hired with sixpence apiece to transport him over the way to his friend's house. But when he saw he was deluded and had nobody to carry him, he flung his gown about himself as courageously as the best stalker in Europe. Where being alighted not long after, he rounded one in the ear in private, and bade that the great bell should be tolled for him, the great bell of all, and with all possible speed that might be. 340 That done, he gagged open the windows, and when the bell was tolling, cried, 'Louder yet; I hear thee not, Master Bell.' Then, strutting up and down the chamber, spake to the audience in this wise:

345 'Is't possible a man should walk in such perfect memory and have the bell toll for him? Sure I never heard of any that did the like before me.'

Thus, by tolling of the great bell, all the parish rang of him, diverse opinions went of him, and not without cause or matter to work upon. In conclusion, within few days after, he was 350 found to be the man indeed whose part he did but play before. His pulses were angry with him, and began to beat him, all his pores fell out with him, the bell tolled for him in sadness, rung out in gladness, and there was the end of his drunken madness. Such a ridiculous humour of dying was never heard of before, 355 and I hope never shall be again, now he is out of England.

SIGNOR STRAMAZON This was a strange fellow, mine Host, and worthy Stow's *Chronicle*.

HOST Nay, gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beef.

360 SIGNOR KICKSHAW Let's have it; let's taste on it, mine Host, my noble fat actor.

*How a young fellow was even bespoke
and jested to death by harlots*

365 There was a company of intolerable light women assembled together, who all the time of infection lived upon citizens' servants—young novices that made their masters' bags die of the plague at home, whilst they took sanctuary in the country. Mistake me not, I mean not the best rank of servants, but underlings and boggish sots such as have not wit to distinguish 370 companies, and avoid the temptation of harlots, which make men more miserable than Derrick. These light-heeled wagtails,

who were armed (as they term it) against all weathers of plague and pestilence, carrying always a French supersedeas about them for the sickness, were determined, being half tipsy and as light now in their heads as anywhere else, to execute a jest 375 upon a young, unfruitful fellow which should have had the banns of matrimony asked between him and a woman of their religion, which would have proved bane indeed, and worse than ratsbane—to have been coupled with a harlot. But note the event of a bespeaking jest: these women gave it out that 380 he was dead, sent to the sexton of the church in all haste to have the bell rung out for him, which was suddenly heard, and many coming to enquire of the sexton, his name was spread over all the parish (he little dreaming of that dead report being as then in perfect health and memory). On the morrow, as the 385 custom is, the searchers came to the house where he lay to discharge their office, asking for the dead body and in what room it lay. Who, hearing himself named, in such a cold shape almost struck dead indeed with their words, replied, with a hasty countenance (for he could play a ghost well), that he 390 was the man. At which, the searchers started, and thought he had been new risen from under the table, when, vomiting out some two or three deep-fetched oaths, he asked what villain it was which made that jest of him. But whether the conceit struck cold to his heart or whether the strumpets were witches, 395 I know not (the next degree to a harlot is a bawd or a witch), but this youngster danced the shaking of one sheet within few days after, and then the searchers lost not their labours, and therefore I conclude thus:

'That Fate lights sudden that's bespoke before;
A harlot's tongue is worse than a plague-sore.'

[SIGNOR JINGLESPUR] Well rhymed, my little round and thick Host, have you any more of these in your fat budget?

HOST I have them, my gallant bullies, and here comes one fitly for sauce to your capon. 405

*Of one that fell drunk off from his horse,
taken for a Londoner, dead*

In a certain country town not far off, there was a boon companion lighted amongst good fellows, as they call good fellows nowadays, which are those that can drink best, for your 410 excellent drunkard is your notable gallant, and he that can pass away clear without paying the host in the chimney corner, he

334 **nobody to carry him** No one was willing to touch him because he was thought to be sick with plague.
336 **stalker** robber; also an actor, the sense of Middleton's use in *Black Book*, 415-18: 'The spindle-shank spiders... went stalking over his head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine*'
337 **rounded** whispered
357 **Stow's Chronicle** John Stow's *Chronicles of England*, first published in 1580
358 **fit** provide what is fit
362 **bespoke** bespeak: to speak (a person) into some state
364 **light** unchaste
369 **boggish** inclined to bluster or brag

369-70 **distinguish companies** distinguish between good and bad company
371 **Derrick** the hangman at Tyburn, c.1600
wagtails harlots
373 **supersedeas** writ commanding the stay of legal proceedings; used figuratively for 'Something which stops, stays, or checks'. For the idea that syphilis protects one from plague, see *Black Book*, 366-9: 'Sergeant Carbuncle, one of the plague's chief officers, dares not venture within three yards of an harlot because Monsieur Dry-bone the Frenchman is a ledger before him.'
377-8 **woman of their religion** i.e., a

prostitute
380 **event** outcome
386 **searchers** officers responsible for examining corpses in order to determine if the person had died of plague
390 **hasty** quick-tempered
397 **danced... sheet** playing on the popular ballad 'Can you dance the shaking of the sheets?'
403 **budget** wallet
412 **host... chimney corner** The joke is perhaps that the chimney corner was the place of the old and infirm—a depiction of an innkeeper quite unlike the high-spirited Host.

The Meeting of Gallants

415 is the king of cans and the emperor of alehouses. This fellow,
 tying his horse by the bridle upon the red lattice of the win-
 dow, could not bridle himself so well, but afterward proved
 more beast than his horse, being so overwhelmed with whole
 cans, hoops, and such drunken devices that his English crown
 weighed lighter by ten grains at his coming forth than at his
 420 entering in. And it was easier now for his horse to get up atop
 of Paul's than he to get up upon his horse. The stirrup played
 mock holiday with him and made a fool of his foot. At last, with
 much ado, he fell flounce into the saddle and away he scudded
 out at town's end, where he thought every tree he saw had been
 425 rising up to stop him. So strangely are the senses of drunkards
 tossed and transported that at the very instant they think the
 world's drowned again; so this staggering monster imagined
 he was riding upon a sea-mare. But before he was ten gallops
 from the town-side, his brain played him a jade's trick and
 430 kicked him over. Down he fell. When the horse, soberer than
 the master, stood still and wondered at him for a beast, but
 durst not say so much. By and by, passengers passing to and fro,
 beholding his lamentable downfall, called out to one another
 to view that pitiful spectacle. People flocked about him more
 and more, but none durst venture within two poles' length, nor
 435 some within the length of Paul's. Everyone gave up his verdict,
 and all concluding in one that he was some coward Londoner
 who thought to fly from the sickness, which, as it seemed,
 made after him amain and struck him beside his horse. Thus
 all agreed in one tale, some bemoaning the death of the man,
 440 othersome wishing that all curmudgeons, penny-fathers, and
 fox-furred usurers were served of the same sauce, who taking
 their flight out of London, left poor silkweavers, tapsters, and
 waterbearers to fight it out against sore enemies. In a word,
 all the town was in an uproar. The constable standing aloof
 445 off, stopping his nose like a gentleman-usher, durst not come
 within two stones' cast by no means—no, if he might presently
 have been made constable in the hundred. Every townsman
 at his wise nonplus, nothing but looking and wondering, yet
 some wiser than some, and those I think were the watchmen,
 450 told them flatly and plainly that the body must be removed
 in any case, and that extempore. It would infect all the air
 round about else. These whoresons seemed to have some wit

yet, and their politic counsel was took and embraced amongst
 them, but all the cunning was how to remove him without
 taking the wind of him. Whereupon, two or three weather-
 wise stinkards plucked up handfuls of grass and tossed them
 455 into the air, and then whooping and hollowing, told them the
 wind blew sweetly for the purpose, for it stood full on his
 back-part. Then all agreed to remove him with certain long
 instruments, sending home for hooks and strong ropes, as if
 they had been pulling down a house of fire. But this was
 rather a tilt-boat cast away and all the people drowned within.
 To conclude, these long devices were brought to remove him
 without a writ; when by mere chance passed by one of the
 wisest of the town next the constable, for so it appeared after-
 460 wards by the hotness of his device, who being certified of the
 story and what they went about to do, brake into these words
 openly:

'Why, my good fellows, friends and honest neighbours, trow
 you what you venture upon, will you needs draw the plague to
 470 you, by hook or by crook? You will say perhaps your poles are
 long enough. Why, you never heard or read that long devices
 take soonest infection, and that there is no vilder thing in the
 world than the smell of a rope to bring a man to his end, that
 you all know.

'Wherefore, to avoid all further inconveniences, dangerous
 and infectious, hearken to my exploit. If you drag him along the
 fields, our hounds may take the scent of him, a very dangerous
 matter. If you bury him in the fields, a hundred to one but
 the ground will be rotten this winter. Wherefore, your only way
 480 must be to let him lie as he doth, without moving, and every
 good fellow to bring his armful of straw, heap it upon him and
 round about him, and so in conclusion burn out the infection
 as he lies.'

Every man threw up his old cap at this, straw was brought
 485 and thrown upon him by armfuls. All this while, the drowned
 fellow lay still without moving, dreaming of full cans, tapsters,
 and beer barrels, when presently they put fire to the straw,
 which kept such a bragging and a cracking that up started the
 drunkard like a thing made of fireworks, the flame playing with
 490 his nose, and his beard looking like flaming Apollo's, as our

413 cans drinking-vessels

414 red lattice a window of red lattice-work;
a commonplace feature of alehouses

417 hoops the bands on a drinking-pot;
hence the liquor between two bands
crown both 'coin' and 'head'; the
wordplay continues in the following line
in the allusion to the illegal clipping of
precious metal coins

419-20 horse... Paul's Morocco, the
famous stunt-horse, climbed the stairs
to the top of the tower in 1601

427 sea-mare a nonce word (not in *OED*)

428 jade's trick jade: a horse of inferior
breed

438 amain with full force

440 curmudgeons misers

penny-fathers misers

441 fox-furred usurers usurers are often
depicted wearing fur

445 gentleman-usher gentleman acting as
usher to a person of superior rank

447 constable in the hundred 'high con-
stable', an officer of a large administr-
ative district or *hundred*, a subdivision of a
county or shire, having its own court

448 at his wise nonplus wise = manner,
and nonplus = a state in which no more
can be said or done; hence, the phrase
means 'perplexed'

455 taking the wind a sailing and hunting
term meaning to be to the windward of
something

457 hollowing shouting

461 pulling... fire Appropriate to the
context, the practice of pulling down
houses to stop the spread of the fire was
used in the suburbs or villages around
London rather than in London itself,
where it was impractical owing to both
the stone construction and proximity of
dwellings to each other.

462 tilt-boat a large rowing boat having
a tilt or awning, formerly used on the
Thames, especially as a passenger boat
between London and Gravesend

477 exploit enterprise

491 flaming (a stock epithet for Apollo in
Renaissance poetry)

poets please to term it, who burst into these reeling words when he spied the fire hissing about his pate:

‘What, is the top of Paul’s on fire again? Or is there a fire in the Paul-Head? Why then, drawers, quench me with double beer.’

The folks in the town all in amaze, some running this way, some that way, knew him at last by his staggering tongue, for he was no far dweller, though they imagined he had dwelt at London. So, stopping his horse, which ran away from the fiery planet his master as though the Devil had backed him, everyone laughed at the jest, closed it up in an alehouse, where before evening the most part of them were all as drunk as himself.

And now I return to more pleasant arguments, gentlemen-gallants, to make you laugh ere you be quite out of your capon. This that I discourse of now is a pretty, merry accident that happened about Shoreditch, although the intent was sad and tragical, yet the event was mirthful and pleasant. The Goodman (or rather as I may fittier term him, the badman of a house), being sorely pestered with the death of servants, and to avoid all suspicion of the pestilence from his house above all others, did very craftily and subtly compound with the masters of the pest-cart to fetch away by night as they passed by all that should chance to die in his house, having three or four servants down at once, and told them that he knew one of them would be ready for them by that time the cart came by. And to clear his house of all suspicion, the dead body should be laid upon a stall, some five or six houses off, where there they should entertain him and take him in amongst his dead companions. To conclude, night drew onward and the servant concluded his life, and according to their appointment was installed to be made knight of the pest-cart. But here comes in the excellent jest, gentlemen-gallants of five-and-twenty. About the dark and pitiful season of the night, a shipwreck drunkard (or one drunk at the sign of The Ship), new cast from the shore of an alehouse and his brains sore beaten with the cruel tempests of ale and beer, fell founce upon a low stall hard by the house. There being little difference in the carcass, for the other was dead, and he was dead-drunk (the worse death of the twain), there taking up his drunken lodging, and the pest-cart coming by, they made no more ado, but taking him for the dead body, placed him amongst his companions, and away they hurried

with him to the pest-house. But there is an old proverb, and now confirmed true—a drunken man never takes harm. To the approbation of which, for all his lying with infectious bedfellows, the next morning a little before he should be buried, he stretched and yawned as wholesomely as the best tinker in all Banbury, and returned to his old vomit again, and was drunk in Shoreditch before evening.

SIGNOR JINGLESPUR This was a pretty comedy of errors, my round Host.

HOST O my bullies, there was many such a part played upon the stage both of the city and the suburbs.

Moreover, my gallants, some did noble exploits whose names I shame to publish, in hiring porters and base vassals to carry their servants out in sacks to Whitechapel and such out-places, to poor men’s houses that work to them, and therefore durst do no otherwise but receive them, though to their utter ruins, and detestable noisomeness, fearing to displease them for their revenge afterwards, as in putting their work from them to others for their utter undoing. How many such pranks think you have been played in the same fashion only to entertain customers, to keep their shops open, and the foreheads of their doors from ‘Lord have mercy upon us’? Many I could set down here and publish them to the world, together with all their strange shifts and uncharitable devices.

Whereof one especially notable and politic may even lead you to the rest and drive you into imagination of many the like. For one to bury four or five persons out of his house, and yet neither the sexton of the same parish nor any else of his neighbours in the street where he dwells in to have intelligence of it (but all things be they never so lurking, break forth at the last). This being the cunning and close practice: politicly to indent with the sexton of some other church (as dwelling in one parish) to see the sexton of another by a pretty piece of silver, to bury all that die in the same house in his churchyard, which void all suspicion of the plague from his shop, which may be at the least some six or seven parish churches off. Or at another to practise the like—nothing but compounding with a ravenous sexton that lives upon dead carcasses. For no trades were so much in use as coffin-makers and sextons; they were the lawyers the last vacation and had their bountiful fees of their grave clients. Wherefore, they prayed as the country folks at Hertford did (if report be no liar) very impiously and

493 **hissing** hissing or whizzing
pate head

494 **Paul’s on fire** Paul’s steeple was destroyed by fire in 1561 and was never rebuilt; the church perished in the Great Fire of 1666.

495 **Paul-Head** tavern near Paul’s Chain, a lane running south from Paul’s Churchyard

double strong

498 **staggering** stammering

506 **ere**...**capon** before you have finished the main course

508 **Shoreditch** parish in north-east London, lying south of Old Street, between City Road and Bethnal Green; a haunt of whores and bad characters generally

522–3 **installed**...**pest-cart** a jocular version of formal phrases such as ‘to be installed Knight of the Garter’, with a glance at the *stall* upon which the servant has been laid

539 **tinker** craftsman who ‘mend[ed] pots, kettles, and other household utensils’; held in low repute

Banbury market-town in Oxfordshire. Banbury tinkers had a proverbially bad reputation.

returned...**vomit** (proverbial)

541 **comedy of errors** probably an allusion to Shakespeare’s play

547 **Whitechapel** parish in London, east of Aldgate

554–5 **foreheads of their doors** Authorities

marked infected dwellings with a red cross and fastened a paper with the inscription ‘Lord have mercy upon us’ on the lintel; infected houses were quarantined for twenty-eight days.

557 **shifts** stratagems

563 **lurking** secretive

564 **close** covert

565 **indent** enter into an engagement

565–7 **sexton**...**churchyard** The practice is close indeed: probably the citizen contracts with one sexton (i.e., gravedigger), not of the citizen’s own church, to arrange burial with still another sexton further away.

573 **vacation** period during which law courts are suspended

The Meeting of Gallants

barbarously, that the sickness might last till the last Christmas. And this was their uncharitable meanings and the unchristian effect of their wishes: that they might have the Term kept at Hertford, and the sextons their term still here in London. But
 580 Winchester made a goose of Hertford and ended the strife. Thus, like monsters of nature, they wished in their barbarous hearts that their desires might take such effects, and for the greedy lucre of a few private and mean persons to suck up the life of thousands.

585 Many other marvellous events happened, both in the city and elsewhere. As, for example, in Dead Man's Place at St Mary Overies, a man-servant being buried at seven of the clock in the morning, and the grave standing open for more dead commodities, at four of the clock in the same evening, he was
 590 got up alive again by strange miracle—which to be true and certain, hundreds of people can testify that saw him act like a country ghost in his white 'peckled sheet. And it was not a thing unknown on the other side that the countries were stricken, and that very grievously, many dying there. Many going thither
 595 likewise fell down suddenly and died. Men on horseback riding thither, strangely stricken in the midst of their journeys, forced either to light off or fall off and die. And for certain and substantial report, many the last year were buried near unto highways in the same order, in their clothes as they were,

booted and spurred even as they lighted off. Rolled into ditches, pits and hedges so lamentably, so rudely and unchristianlike, that it would have made a pitiful and remorseful eye bloodshot to see such a ruthless and disordered object, and a true heart bleed outright—but not such a one as mine, gallants, for my heart bleeds nothing but alicant. How commonly we saw here
 605 the husband and the wife buried together, a weeping spectacle containing much sorrow, how often were whole households emptied to fill up graves, and how sore the violence of that stroke was that struck ten persons out of one house, being a thing dreadful to apprehend and think upon, with many marvellous and strange accidents. But let not this make you sad, gallants. Sit you merry still. Here, my dainty bullies, I'll put you all in one goblet, and wash all these tales in a cup of sack.

Sit you merry still, gentlemen-gallants, your dish of tales is your best cheer, and to please you, my noble bullies, I would do that I did not this thirty years—caper, caper, my gallant boys, although I crack my shins and my guts sink a handful lower. I'll do't, my lusty lads, I'll do't.

With that, the Host gave a lazy caper and broke his shins for joy, the reckoning was appeased, the room discharged, and so I leave them in Paul's where I found them.
 620 *Finis*

579 **Hertford** county town of Hertfordshire, nineteen miles north of London. The inhabitants of Hertford are said to have prayed for the continuation of plague in London so that the law term, with its attendant business, would be moved to their town as it had been in 1592; however, part of Michaelmas Term 1603 was held in Winchester rather than Hertford.

580 **Winchester made a goose** a quibble: 'Winchester goose' is proverbial for 'a venereal disorder; a prostitute' (Tilley

G366)

586–92 **As...sheet** The same story appears in Thomas Dekker, *The Wonderful Year* (1603).

586–7 **Dead...Overies** an alley led from Deadman's Place to the Globe Playhouse near by; St Mary Overies was an ancient church on the west side of the Borough High Street, Southwark, just over London Bridge. It is now known as Southwark Cathedral.

592 **'peckled** speckled, spotted

605 **allicant** wine made at Alicante in Spain

614–22 **Sit...them** In the 1604 edition, this passage, although clearly intended as the conclusion, precedes the Host's tale of the 'merry accident...about Shoreditch' (506–8). In its position in the present edition, the passage constitutes an ending similar to that of *Black Book* (822–31). See Textual Notes.

617 **crack** ? bruise (on the furniture?), or induce cramps

620 **reckoning was appeased** bill was settled

PLATO'S CAP

Edited by Paul Yachnin

Plato's Cap is one of the most interesting mock-almanacs, or mock-prognostications, of the early seventeenth century. The subgenre of the mock-almanac, together with dramatic satires of the readers and authors of almanacs, represents a significant critique of popular superstition in the early modern period. In addition to *Plato's Cap*, the play *No Wit/Help like a Woman's* and the pamphlet *The Owl's Almanac* are examples of the two satirical forms. While burlesque almanacs developed a sceptical response to questionable beliefs, however, they did not come into being because certain forward-looking writers felt impelled to speak out against the 'science' of prognostication. There was a literature critical of the popularity of astrology and almanacs, but it argued on behalf of an austere faith that refused to spy on God's providence. In contrast with these Christian polemical texts, the mock-almanac, as well as the almanac itself, was a creation of the book-trade. Almanacs were periodical publications which owed their existence to market-place demand. For this reason, the re-use of certain elements was normal practice. The same predictions, the same practical information, the same engravings, and the same words of wisdom appeared again and again from one year to the next. Mock-almanacs also recirculated certain standard material. An important difference between the two forms was that whereas almanacs were marketed on the strength of the reputations of their authors, burlesque almanacs were anonymous, and for this reason were a commodity of the book-trade even more than the almanacs themselves. As a creation of the market in popular literature, the subgenre of the almanac parody was an authorless adjunct to the huge industry in legitimate almanacs.

Almanacs and mock-almanacs were texts in which high and low culture met. By 1600, almanacs were the most popular and populist of English books, even though, with their use of Latin and their conjuring with exotic authorities, they held out to their readers the attractions of elite culture and exotic knowledge. Burlesque almanacs attacked these pretensions, satirizing what 'Adam Fouleweather' calls 'the authentical censures of Albumazar and Ptolomey', and affirming the value of popular, native culture, everyday forms of language and normal ways of understanding the world. That is the underlying point of satirical prognostications which 'predict' what is already the normal state of affairs. 'But when the sun enters into Virgo', Adam Eavesdropper says, 'take heed, maids, that you have no daughters. I fear me there will be but a few virgins in the Whitefriars

for I find by strange art that in suchlike places this year maidenheads will be cheaper than mackerels.'

Anonymity, the recirculation of conventional material, and the hybridization of high and low culture are central to an historical understanding of any mock-almanac, but an account of *Plato's Cap* needs also to consider Middleton's particular handling of the conventions of the form. While he did not violate the rules of the subgenre, he did play innovatively within its formal boundaries in order to create something original and expressive of his literary ambitions. The question that faced Middleton was twofold: how to make his mark in a form that prescribed anonymity? how to write in an original fashion when mock-almanacs depended on the repetition of material? To a large degree, he overcame the limitations of the form and made an original contribution to the subgenre. Indeed the issues are not all that different from those that concern historians of the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, that much more extensive body of work which also was largely authorless, commercialized, conventional, and culturally hybrid. How did writers of Middleton's time make a name for themselves in commodified literary forms which enforced the alienation of the makers from the texts that they made?

A gentleman and for several years a student at Oxford, Middleton dedicated two early publications to wealthy aristocrats in an attempt to win patronage and perhaps high-level notice. Both these texts bear his name. They represent a bid to enter a patronage system that was distinct, at least notionally, from the business of writing for the commercial theatre and the popular press. But with *Plato's Cap*, Middleton descended to a lower level in the literary factory. The primary fact about the pamphlet is anonymity. When, in 1604, readers bought *Plato's Cap* from Jeffrey Chorlton's stall at the North door of St. Paul's, they were not looking for the work of a particular author. The title-page that no doubt was pinned up near the stall advertised 'PLATOES Cap. | Cast at this Yeare 1604, | *being Leape-yeere*', and identified the publisher and the place and date of publication. It made no mention of the author. Currency, social and astrological satire, and low price, rather than the mystique of Middletonian authorship, were the attractions of the pamphlet. This is not to suggest that Middleton was actually disallowed from naming himself on the title-page. It was rather that his name was not important. Nor is it likely that he was distraught at not being named or by not having his name in demand. He might have suffered pangs concerning his general situation, since he was, while not wealthy, yet

nevertheless a gentleman who was ambitious in letters and life. More important than analysing his psychology, however, is understanding how his talent and intelligence, and his ambition, altered and enriched the form of the burlesque almanac.

While original in many ways, *Plato's Cap* did recirculate conventional material. Phrases, sentences, and paragraphs were lifted from a 1591 mock-prognostication, *The Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two Dangerous Comets*, by 'Simon Smell-knave'. The Oxford English Dictionary tells us that the word 'plagiarism' was not in use before 1621, but there is no question that people knew what the practice was. In *The Ant and the Nightingale*, Middleton castigates those who, he claims, have pirated Thomas Nashe's work: 'Thy name they bury, having buried thee; | Drones eat thy honey—thou wert the true bee'. This is a complicated matter, because the use of other writers' work was a legitimate literary practice in certain circumstances, such as Ben Jonson's translation of Tacitus in Cordus's speech on freedom of expression in *Sejanus* (1605). Legitimate imitation required clear evidence of creative engagement with the imitated work. That is not the case in *Plato's Cap*, and Middleton's workmanlike use of the earlier pamphlet suggests the degree to which he was re-using rather than inventing the honey of literary imagination.

To be fair to *Plato's Cap*, however, it needs to be said again that borrowing was standard practice, and it needs to be pointed out that Middleton recirculated less material than did his fellow almanac-satirists. His borrowings are clustered in the concluding section, where they extend the length and broaden the social ambit of the pamphlet. Also, he was not the only writer to imitate Simon Smell-knave's *Fearful and Lamentable Effects*. Anthony Nixon's *The Black Year* (1606), as F. P. Wilson has documented, is exhaustively copied from Simon and several other texts. Indeed, not even *Fearful and Lamentable Effects* is wholly original. Simon himself borrowed from Adam Foulweather's *A Wonderful... Astrological Prognostication* (1591), although not so extensively as the others borrowed from him. Given the highly commercial conditions of production, what is most surprising is that so much of *Plato's Cap* is original.

One strength of Middleton's pamphlet is its wit. The usual humour of mock-almanacs depends on prophecies of the obvious: 'Mars being placed near unto the sun showeth that there shall be a great death among people', predicts *A Wonderful... Astrological Prognostication*, 'old women that can live no longer shall die of age'. *Plato's Cap* has its share of this: 'The bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers shall fall to a mighty conspiracy this year, so that no man shall have bread, fire, flesh, or drink without credit or ready money.' While these jokes certainly embody a politics of plainness, much of the humour in *Plato's Cap* is more complex and funnier: 'Many men shall be so venturously disposed that they shall go into brothel-houses and yet come out again as honestly as when they went first in.' Much of it develops Nashe's exuberant and socially engaged style.

According to Middleton's Adam Eavesdropper, the sun's entry into Taurus foretells 'the deposing of Lent and the overthrow of salt salmon... and... the restoring again of heroic-valiant beef, that ancient and surly courtier that never appears without a mess of mustard, his gentleman-usher bareheaded before him'. The passing of the Lenten season becomes a political contest between the ethos of old-fashioned court culture and the survivalist economy of the country: 'Red herring may go hang himself then for a twelvemonth upon the rusty beam of some farmer's chimney, until the hungry ploughboys cut him down and quarter him.'

The value of *Plato's Cap* depends upon more than its superior sense of humour. While, like other mock-almanacs, it is written in prose and organized according to the astrological calendar, it is also unified poetically by Middleton's interweaving of theme and imagery. The pamphlet thematizes the hybridization of high and low culture that was central to almanacs and mock-almanacs. It does so through a pattern of imagery focused on 'the cap', a pattern that leads from the obtrusively hybrid title through to the mockery of 'foisting John', the well-known hat-maker whose shop in Paul's Churchyard was not far from Chorlton's bookstall. The title, *Plato's Cap*, yoked together classical with common, elite culture with the culture of the market-place. Plato was the quintessential exotic authority and high-culture figure whereas Adam Eavesdropper's 'button-cap' was old-fashioned and native. In 1593, Henry Chettle remembered Richard Tarlton by 'his suit of russet, his buttoned cap', and mourned his passing as the end of true mirth. The pamphlet develops an opposition between caps and hats - Adam 'put[s] off Plato's Cap' to the reader but 'the true Frenchman seldom doffs his hat'; 'old-fashioned honest cap[s]' are pitted against 'new-fashioned prodigal hat[s]'. This fashion contest between traditional, English, and popular caps and new-fangled, foreign, and courtly hats connects with Englishwomen who wear the fashion of the French bodice and who are 'a scorn and by-jest to all riotous nations'. Presiding over these images of cultural contest is the figure of 'Plato's cap' itself with its yoking of elite and common, foreign and native; it announces the pamphlet's own hybridization and playfully reflects on the commercial nature of mock-almanacs in general. They embody a traditional view of the world, but they do so in the latest fashion.

Plato's Cap also foregrounds authorship and issues of interpretation in ways that are unlike the straightforward style of address typical of mock-almanacs.

The title is a figure of emulation and therefore expressive of Middleton's literary ambition. It derives from a pamphlet by Middleton's friend and collaborator Thomas Dekker. In *The Wonderful Year* (1603), Dekker wrote: 'Plato's *mirabilis annus* (whether it be past already, or to come within these four years) may throw Plato's cap at *mirabilis*, for the title wonderful is bestowed upon 1603.' 'Plato's wondrous year', as Marlowe's Tamburlaine calls it, was thought to be the millennial conjunction when

the planets would return to their original positions in the heavens. 'To cast one's cap at something' is to despair of overtaking it; since Plato casts his cap at it, 1604 'caps' even the wondrous year of the celestial return. The title is a boast: it suggests that the pamphlet itself 'caps' the form by outdoing all previous mock-almanacs. Middleton plays with 'cap' as both an actual cap and the pamphlet itself: 'there is great difference between reading and reading well', Adam says in the dedication, 'for those who read well have a good tongue of their own, and spoil nothing in the spelling, and to such I cast up my cap'. 'To cast up one's cap' is to rejoice, so Adam celebrates those who read competently. 'To cast up' also means to publish; hence what is being 'cast' is the pamphlet itself as well as its author's cap. Finally, 'cast up' means to vomit, a sense picked up later in the description of 'wine-suckers' who 'cast it up again before the vintner's face'. Middleton's wordplay is not only a compliment to the reader but also a sly impertinence. His playing on the word 'cast' allows him to vent some hostility towards his readers and to register some ambivalence about the work itself.

Adding to these expressions of ambivalence is the way that comic polysemy helps reconfigure reading practices. The pamphlet attempts to reorient the experience of reading a mock-prognostication from a straightforward relationship between reader and text to a more complex relationship between reader and author mediated by the text. It is not merely that Middleton tries to make the conventional anonymity of the form into a game of guessing the name of the writer. 'Martin Merry-mate' had enticed readers to try to divine Simon Smell-knave's true identity thirteen years before 'Mihell Mercury' pretended not to know the name of the author of *Plato's Cap*. More pervasive than the attempt to mystify authorship is the pamphlet's emphasis on the process of reading and interpretation. In order to engage the reader with the author rather than directly with the text, Middleton develops a playful, interpretively unstable style. His irony is unlike the straightforward 'wit' of pamphlets such as *Fearful and Lamentable Effects*. In the following passage, we seem at first to be dealing with a stable set of good/bad oppositions—merchants vs. spend-all, charity vs. self-display, old-fashioned honest caps vs. new-fashioned prodigal hats. But the word 'carped' (contended, prated) sends an interpretive tremor through the neat symmetrical structure, and that tremor (how admirable were the 'carping' merchants?) ramifies backwards through the passage, rippling ironically through a word such as 'profitable' (beneficial or money-making?), raising questions about just how generous was the 'sixpenny dole'. And this ironic reversal of the first interpretation connects the passage with the representation of sharp business practices—of cheating grocers who 'turn the scale with a false finger' and rich

men who neglect to build up the 'low, old and rotten' houses of the poor. It is not that the passage undoes itself, revealing a satire 'behind' a merely apparent encomium; rather, Middletonian irony works by leaving intact and available mutually exclusive interpretative possibilities:

And therefore you, the widows of rich, deceased merchants, mercers and grocers, whose husbands in their lifetimes have been large benefactors to hospitals and alms-houses and elevated many profitable buckets in their parish churches, with arms most quaintly painted upon them, beside sixpenny dole at their funerals, and the blue consort of Hospital Boys singing their dirges. You, I say, their weeping widows, this fearful conjunction threatens most, for many riotous spend-all go about to inquire for you. And therefore all you that love yourselves better than a satin suit, and prefer your careful states before a white feather, let my prognosticating skill fray you from such brisk, perfumed woers. Let not a new-fashioned prodigal hat waste and consume that which an old-fashioned honest cap carped and cared for all his lifetime before.

The particular nature of the irony of *Plato's Cap* had its origins, then, in the position of the author Middleton in the face of an anonymous subgenre. He undertook to reframe the form in terms of some of the emerging conventions of literary writing and reading. Not only does the pamphlet deploy irony in order to suggest a playful and knowing author, but it also develops a degree of reflexiveness on its own nature and conditions of production. It would no doubt be overstating the case to suggest that Middletonian irony transformed the reading experience for the Londoners who purchased the pamphlet in 1604, changing that experience from casual amusement at an authorless pamphlet into engagement with an authored work. No doubt *Plato's Cap* was read and interpreted in much the same way as were other mock-almanacs, not to mention the many other satirical pamphlets of the period. Nevertheless, it is important to acknowledge that *Plato's Cap* contributed, to however modest a degree, to the development of specifically literary reading practices, according to which interpretation must always work towards fullness of meaning in the shadow of the figure of the author. To understand how *Plato's Cap* participated in the growth of the domain of literature is to begin to grasp how Thomas Middleton, even though he was not named in the pamphlet he wrote, nevertheless made his presence felt in this commodified product of the early modern literary market-place.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 492
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 349

Plato's Cap

Cast at this year 1604, being leap year

To all those that are laxative of laughter

Gentlemen, I put off Plato's Cap to you, and keep on mine own after the French fashion, for your true Frenchman seldom doffs his hat (but upon large composition) for fear
5 of dismembering his hair, and to speak truth, he that useth that and other things, shall lose much hair by the year, I assure you. I would fain have you merry, because your commons are thin this Lent, and scarce so thick as a good leg of mutton. Your oyster pie is your only reveller
10 now, and domineers in all ordinaries, usurping the place of higher and more ambitious bake-meats. And if your complexions be not too rugged and boisterous, your brows too full of Saturn, that sullen planet that never laughs in a whole twelvemonth together, neither at Mercury's witty shifts, nor at Vulcan's Sellinger's-Round dancing with nimble Venus, till all the states smile at him, if your glances be not too full of iron-moulds, I presume you will fling one smile at our button-cap, and I wish no higher.
15 For

20 A smile is constant and doth gild each style,
But laughter is the fool of every smile.
The wonders we entreat of here have little harm in them. You may take more hurt in a barber's shop, if you sit there fasting, than all my prognosticating comedy or comic prognostication aims at. And if these events chance to happen, they will be but merry ones, for they wish ill to none, but to those that wish ill to themselves, and none can justly except at this, but those that cannot well read it.
25 For there is great difference between reading and reading well, for those that read well have a good tongue of their own, and spoil nothing in the spelling, and to such I cast

up my cap, both in Paul's Churchyard, Popeshead Alley, and at Temple Bar.

Yours for a rainy day,
Adam Eavesdropper.

35

Mihell Mercury the 'pothecary in praise of the book.

If I have skill,
This book's not ill,
But chaste and pleasant.
If I knew the author,
I swear by my daughter,
I'd give him a pheasant.
Nor do you wonder,
You writers of thunder,
I know not the poet.

40

'Tis the book's praise I write.
But I would not for a mite
Have he himself know it,
For if he should spy it,
I'd flatly deny it.

45

He would fret, chafe, and nestle,
Stamp more in a minute
Than I in a sennight

50

At home with my pestle.

Therefore my best way
Is not long here to stay,
Because I'm no fighter.

55

This course then I took,
To commend the book,

But not meddle with the writer.
And because his art

60

Title see Introduction

- 1 **laxative of laughter** unable to contain one's laughter
3 **French fashion** The French were said to be impudent; what follows suggests that Frenchmen leave on their hats so as to conceal the loss of hair consequent upon syphilis—the so-called 'French disease'.
4 **upon large composition** by contractual arrangement
8 **commons** daily fare; 'commons' would naturally be 'thinner' than mutton during Lent since the eating of meat was not permitted
9 **oyster pie** seafood was standard fare during Lent
10 **ordinaries** eating-houses or taverns where public meals are provided at a fixed price
11 **bake-meats** pastries or pies, usually

- containing meat
12 **complexions** temperaments
13 **Saturn** the melancholy planet
15 **shifts** tricks
Sellinger's-Round St Leger's round; a rough country dance; mentioned as one of 'our old Christmas gambols' in *Hubburd*, 639
16 **states** high-ranking officials; here, the gods and goddesses
17 **iron-moulds** spots or discolourations on cloth
18 **button-cap** old-fashioned round headgear with a slight brim turned up and fastened by buttons; fashionable from the 1520s through 1550s, but replaced by hats in the seventies
28 **except** take exception
32 **Paul's Churchyard** the area surrounding St Paul's Cathedral, the centre of the

- book trade
Popeshead Alley lane running south from Cornhill to Lombard Street; occupied early in the seventeenth century by booksellers' shops
33 **Temple Bar** name of barrier or gateway closing the entrance into London from the Strand
35 **Adam** a name associated with mock prognostications, and also with populist writings because of the first Adam's association with hard, physical work
36 **Mihell Mercury** name combining old form of 'Michael', punning on 'my hell'; (as in 'Mihell Money-god' in *Black Book*, 808) with 'Mercury', which was used to treat syphilis
51 **nestle** to be uneasy or restless; to fidget
53 **sennight** a week (seven-night)

Is so pretty and tart
 And his ink so well-favoured,
 I swear by my simples,
 65 A nose full of pimples
 Is very ill-favoured.
 For so he doth prognosticate and shows
 A white flax beard wastes with a fiery nose.
 See where he comes, I dare not stay, I fly,
 70 So
 All envy's poison go with Mercury.

The same hand again.

Plato's Cap

The revolution of this present year 1604 takes his beginning at
 75 what time the sun enters into the first minute of Aries, when
 many a scold shall be found in Ram Alley, whose tongues will
 never lin jangling until the sun enter into another sign, as the
 Miter or rather some boozing tap-house, where they must all drink
 themselves friends again till they are able to speak no more than
 80 a drowned rat, and then by that time I hope they will be quiet.
 Next I find that the sun entering into Taurus, it will be exceed-
 ing good this year for the Butchers, both in Southwark, Eastcheap
 and Saint Nicholas Shambles, for he takes his entrance just upon
 Easter Tuesday, to the deposing of Lent and the overthrow of
 85 salt salmon and fresh cod, and to the restoring again of heroic-
 valiant beef, that ancient and surly courtier that never appears
 without a mess of mustard, his gentleman-usher bareheaded be-
 fore him. Red herring may go hang himself then for a twelve-
 month upon the rusty beam of some farmer's chimney, until the
 90 hungry ploughboys cut him down and quarter him. For Oliver
 Offal the butcher will be fat and flourish, and Gregory Gizzard the
 poulter will bring forth his progenies of partridges, plovers, and

blackbirds. And what a pitiful sight it will be for poor waiters and
 trencher-bearers to see wise men and their masters feed upon
 woodcocks. 95

From thence the sun travels into Gemini, not into Germany
 (as some mechanic-readers will read Germany for Gemini) and
 then maids beware of two at once or two at a birth, if you love
 to preserve your own credits. But you especially this double sign
 threatens most, that live in merchants' houses amongst wanton
 100 springals your fellow servants, and are at midnight at the massacre
 and sacking of a posset, when your sober master and continent
 mistress are in their first sleep, and little dream of your cinnamon
 and sugar which are always the two sweet presenters of a sack-
 posset, the scene being laid in a bowl or a basin and the actors
 105 some half a dozen of silver spoons which seldom are out of their
 parts until all be eaten. There is much peril and danger in this
 sign, you damosels of seventeen and one-and-twenty. Therefore
 if I might counsel you, you should be your own 'pothecaries and
 preserve your honesties better than Barbaries. Go to bed presently
 after your master and mistress, save candles and caudles, sleep
 alone without company till you rise again, and if there be any
 hurt in this forty weeks after, never trust me again for an almanac-
 maker. 110

But when the sun rides a progress into Cancer, woe be to you
 that dwell in Crooked Lane, and sell shoeing-horns, for you shall
 take no money of those that have kibed heels, for the skin being
 off, they will rather go to the Skinners and buy them a fur, if they
 be wise, than hold by the horn while their brows run all of a water.
 In this crabbed sign Cancer, buttered crabs will be good meat, if
 120 you have money enough, and a very wholesome dish that can be,
 if you be sound when you eat them.

After this the sun takes a lion's stride and stalks into Leo, and
 then there will be more lions in the Tower than those that are
 seen for a penny. In this sign there will start up many false and 125

64 **simples** medicine composed of only one
 constituent
 68 **fiery nose** inflamed due to drinking or
 syphilis
 74 **revolution** the turning of the year
 75 **minute** one-sixtieth of the arc of one of
 the twelve astrological signs
Aries (the sun enters Aries, the Ram,
 about 21 March; the new year began on
 25 March)
 76 **scold** woman who disturbs the peace by
 her constant scolding
Ram Alley narrow court on south
 side of Fleet Street; claimed the right
 of sanctuary and hence acquired a bad
 reputation
 77 **lin jangling** stop talking
 78 **tap-house** ale-house
 81 **Taurus** (the sun enters Taurus, the Bull,
 about 21 April)
 82 **Southwark** borough on the south side
 of the Thames between Lambeth and
 Deptford
Eastcheap 'a flesh [i.e., meat] market of
 butchers there dwelling, on both sides of
 the street' (Stow, 1.216)
 83 **Saint Nicholas Shambles** a slaughter-

house and meat-market on the north side
 of Newgate Street
 87 **mess** portion
 88 **Red herring** smoked herring
 89 **rusty** having the colour of rust
beam . . . chimney presumably the
 horizontal piece of timber over the hearth
 on which meats and fish were smoked;
 chimney = fireplace
 92 **plovers** pigeons
 94 **trencher-bearers** servers
 95 **woodcocks** known as a particularly
 stupid bird; unsuitable dish for wise men
 96 **Gemini** the Twins, beginning about 21
 May
 97 **mechanic-readers** unschooled, laborious
 readers
 101 **springals** young men
 102 **posset** hot milk curdled with ale, wine,
 or other liquor, often with sugar, spices;
 'sacking' refers both to drinking the
 posset and to adding sack, a sweet, white
 wine, to the posset
 104 **presenters** actors who speak the
 prologue of a play
 110 **Barbaries** inhabitants of Barbary,
 barbarians, pagans; with a glance at

'barberies' as 'barber shops', suggested
 by 'pothecaries'; both barber-surgeons
 and apothecaries were paramedical
 practitioners and both 'preserved' the
 health of their clients
 111 **caudles** warm drinks
 113 **forty weeks after** the time of gestation
 115 **progress** a state journey made by a
 royal or noble personage
Cancer the Crab, beginning about 21
 June
 116 **Crooked Lane** street running from New
 Fish Street to St Michael's Lane
 117 **kibed** chapped or ulcerated
 118 **Skinners** The Company of Skinners
 prepared and traded in hides and pelts.
 119 **hold by** rely on
horn . . . water horn: shoehorn, suggest-
 ing the 'brows' of the cuckold which
 were said to be horned; here the sufferer
 sweats in discomfort
 123 **Leo** beginning about 21 July
 124 **lions** Lions were kept in the Tower
 of London; from the practice of taking
 visitors to see these actual lions, the
 word came also to mean 'sights worth
 seeing'.

counterfeit coiners that will stamp so long till they stare at the gallows. Many prisoners and wretches will stop holes in the White Lion, to the setting up of the bailiffs and shoulder-clappers.

But when the sun enters into Virgo, take heed, maids, that you have no daughters. I fear me there will be but a few virgins in the Whitefriars for I find by strange art that in suchlike places at this year maidenheads will be cheaper than mackerels, at their first coming in especially. This sign also is a shrewd threatener of you young wanton wenches in the Pawn, that ever and anon cry, 'What do you lack, gentlemen? What is't you buy, see a fine shirt!' Fie! Maidens should not name such a word methinks, without a crimson blush at least, because that linen word is always within an inch of immodesty.

From thence the sun takes a running leap into Libra, and then look well to the grocer lest he turn the scales with a false finger. Have an eye to the chandler's weights, you good housewives that buy your soap and salt butter by the pound and the half pound, for there is craft nowadays in weighing of candles and great policy in the uttering of puddings.

Next the sun takes his journey into the stinging sign Scorpio, and then beware of brokers, usurers, and pettifoggers—the scorpions of a kingdom. Come not in their villainous clutches all that month especially, for they will make you pay well for it, more in one month than you shall be able to recover again a whole twelvemonth after.

But entering into Sagittarius, it will be passing good for the fletchers in Grub Street and all the cavaliered bowyers. Twelve score pricks will be in season and those may shoot at Bunhill that are non-suited at Westminster Hall.

After this the sun mounts into Capricorn and then woe be unto you that are horn-mad and have three acres at Cuckold's Haven. You are well landed then, for one acre there is more than ever you will be able to make away as long as you live. This sign rains jealousy upon men and women, upon old frosty men that have young lusty wives, and upon old rivelled women that have young beardless husbands, for the true poison of jealousy swells the bosoms of unequal bedfellows. And a piece of a unicorn's horn can help any man but a cuckold. Whereby that old moth-eaten proverb is verified, which says, 'one man's meat is another man's poison'. For if he should take it down, he would think it would breed more horns within him. Such is the strange property of invincible jealousy, that is stronger than the great Spanish Armado in eighty-eight.

Next the sun enters into Aquarius, and then there will be good doings for water-men, many wanton meetings at Brentford, freshwater voyages to Blackwall and Greenwich, revelling and domineering among amiable lads and young wenches over the water. But that which I find most lamentable in this watery sign Aquarius, and most to be feared of all those that love valiant liquor, is the single-sole disposition of brewers, that will put too much Thames in their beer, and I fear me make it hop but of one leg, and that so lamely too, that a little thing will make it hop quite into the Thames again. And because ale-brewers and they are brothers, it is as much to be doubted on the other side, that each ale-brewer will play the Jew of Malta, and put but a little malt in the ale. So I hope there will be fewer red noses this year than was of a year a great while amongst the baser rank. And as for tavern-whiffers, I do not think but the honest,

126 **stamp...stare** 'to stamp and stare' was a phrase indicating rage; here 'stamp' refers primarily to the counterfeiting of coins (counterfeiting might be included under Leo because the 'lion' was a Scottish gold coin down to the reign of King James)
 127-8 **White Lion** a tavern converted about 1560 into a prison for the county of Surrey
 128 **shoulder-clappers** sheriff's officers
 129 **Virgo** the Virgin, beginning about 21 August
 131 **Whitefriars** a precinct in London that was outside the city's jurisdiction and so became known for lawlessness
 134 **the Pawn** covered arcade in the Royal Exchange, 'furnished with all sorts of the finest wares in the City' (Stow, 1.193)
 135-8 **shirt...immodesty** Shirts were undergarments; to wrap up in clean linen meant 'to deliver sordid or uncleanly matter in decent language' (Tilley, who gives the earliest instance as 1678).
 139 **Libra** the Scales, beginning 23 September
 141 **chandler's** chandlers were candle-makers and sellers; the word also referred, somewhat contemptuously, to retail dealers in groceries
 144 **uttering** selling
 145 **Scorpio** the Scorpion, beginning about

23 October
 146 **brokers** any kind of intermediary, in commercial, legal or sexual dealings
pettifoggers legal practitioners of inferior status
 152 **Grub Street** running from Fore Street to Chiswell Street, inhabited by bowyers, fletchers, and bowstring-makers; bowyers make bows, fletchers make arrows
cavaliered ? a nonce word, possibly suggesting the affected swaggering of the bowyers
 152-3 **Twelve score pricks** targets placed 240 paces from the archers (the regular distance for archery practice)
 153-4 **shoot...Hall** shoot with bow and arrow after having been shot down in a lawsuit; Bunhill Fields, north of the city, were used for archery practice, Westminster Hall housed the law courts; 'shoot' and 'suit' were homonyms
 155 **Capricorn** the He-Goat, begins about 21 December
 156 **horn-mad** enraged at having been made a cuckold
three...Haven According to legend, the Miller of Charlton, having discovered King John kissing his wife, demanded compensation, and was granted all the land he could see from his door. He claimed all as far as a point on the Thames below Greenwich, which was

thereafter called Cuckold's Point; to have three acres at Cuckold's Haven is to be thoroughly a cuckold.
 160 **rivelled** wrinkled
 162 **unicorn's horn** thought to be an antidote against poison
 165 **take it down** swallow powdered unicorn's horn; also referring to detumescence following ejaculation
 167 **Armado** the 'Invincible Armada' sent by Philip II of Spain against England in 1588
 169 **Aquarius** the Water-Carrier, begins 21 January
 170 **Brentford** town in Middlesex at the junction of the Brent and the Thames, eight miles west of London
 171 **Blackwall** suburb of London, four miles east of St Paul's
Greenwich town in Kent on the south bank of the Thames
 176 **Thames in their beer** water their beer, so as to reduce the usual quantities of hops and malt in beer and ale respectively
 177 **little thing** ? privy member, private parts
 179 **doubted** feared
 180 **Jew of Malta** eponymous character in Marlowe's play
 183 **tavern-whiffers** to whiff = to drink liquor

185 virtuous vintners will take an order, and assuage the desperate
and furious humours of their wines with a good, sober quantity of
fair, temperate water. Nor can I much blame them, for after the
reckoning hath been discharged and all, you should have some
cast it up again before the vintner's face and think themselves
190 misreckoned in the pottle, until they see two gallons apparently
lie upon the floor before their eyes. And then they will believe it.
And therefore good, sober vintners, I will not condemn, but rather
applaud the watering of your wine. For by that honest-profitable
policy, those that are your common wine-suckers will surfeit and
be sick ten times ere they be drunk once. And so much for the
195 sun's taking barge in Aquarius.

The twelve and last is when he turns golden angler and catches
Pisces. And then woe be unto you that are dissolute full-mouthed
swearers, for you will never catch haddocks as long as you breath.
For you shall never hear a true fisher indeed swear beyond
200 'codfish', and no oath at all that hath any flesh in it. In this last
and finny sign Pisces, there will be odd doings in Old Fish Street.
Lobsters will be no meat for lobcocks, as long as they pass for
two shillings apiece. Maids will be no fish for harlots, nor soles for
brokers—the one wanting continence and the other conscience.
205 Marry, gudgeons will be your only dish for country gentlemen
such as are come to their lands before they come to their wit, and
are one-and-twenty year old in acres but scarce seven in discretion
or manners. Such as these may fitly dwell at Fisher's Folly when
they have made away all their fish ponds in the country. And this
210 shall suffice for the sun's twelve strides into the twelve signs.

*Now for general dispositions,
in all ranks of people whatsoever,
bred by variable, womanish and unconstant planets*

215 The great conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, changed from the
watery triplicity to the fiery is to be noted specially (as our pro-

gnostigators would have it). Nevertheless, I hope there will be
small hurt done by fire this year, because faggots, billets, and
charcoal bear such a price that no poor snake is able to purchase
them, and the most danger for fire lies in their cottages because
220 for the most part they are low, old and rotten. And as for rich men,
they could build up their houses again. But those which most
prevent this great and fiery conjunction are usurers and niggards,
both which are sure to have no sparkle flying or lying about their
houses, for they will have never a coal in their chimneys.

This hot conjunction being but badly affected, shows that those
225 which were widows the last year will be caught up this year, more
for wealth and spending-money than for love and honesty. They
shall have many gallant suitors that will carry all their lands upon
their backs and yet swear they have grounds, backsides, and yards,
when they have no more ground than the king's highway, no more
230 backsides than one, and no more yard than what they have in
their hose and doublets. And the tailor deceives them of one and
a half too, to mend the matter, and by that shift makes the gallants
forswear themselves.

Thus shall rich widows be beguiled, if they be not the craftier.
235 And what their first husbands sweat for in honest, profitable
labours, these their second, hot lovers will sweat out at dice in
ordinaries, or in French balls at the tennis court—to the rotting of
many fine cambric shirts and the bandying out of taffeta elbows.
But politic-crafty Mercury ever and anon falling in among the
240 bunch of planets shows that some London widows will be subtle
enough for country gentlemen, and either be made lusty jointures
or else never join battle with them. Their profitable wits I applaud
well, and I hope witty Mercury will be good to their mourning
gowns, and not suffer their brittle sex to repent within less than a
245 month after their marriage day again.

And therefore you, the widows of rich, deceased merchants,
merciers, and grocers, whose husbands in their lifetimes have
been large benefactors to hospitals and alms-houses and elevated

184 **an order** a particular course of action
189 **pottle** a measure of capacity for liquids,
equal to two quarts; a vessel containing
a pottle
197 **Pisces** the Fishes, beginning about 20
February
197–200 **woe . . . it** The passage depends on
associations between the eating of fish,
Lent, and holy living on one side and
the eating of flesh (i.e., meat) and carnal
sinfulness on the other.
200 **'codfish'** codfish; playing on 'cod's',
a perversion of 'God's' in oaths and
exclamations
201 **Old Fish Street** ran west from Bread
Street to Old Change; the location of the
fish market and of many taverns
202 **lobcocks** country bumpkins
203 **soles** punning on 'soul' and perhaps on
'sol' or 'sou', a French coin
205 **Marry** a form of Mary, the Virgin, used
as an interjection
gudgeons small fish used for bait

208 **Fisher's Folly** 'folly' preceded by
possessive noun or proper noun was a
popular name of any costly structure
considered to have shown folly in the
builder
213 **womanish** women were commonly
thought to be capricious
215 **triplicity** In astrology, the signs are
divided into four triplicities, each named
after one of the elements, earth, air,
water and fire; the watery triplicity
comprises Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces;
the fiery triplicity is Aries, Leo, and
Sagittarius.
217 **billets** pieces of wood used for fuel
218 **snake** needy or humble person
223 **sparkle** spark
225 **badly affected** ill-liked
228–9 **suitors . . . backs** young heirs who
spend the worth of their lands on cloth-
ing
229 **backsides** back premises, back yard,
outbuildings; also, posteriors

231 **yard** 'yard' of land; also playing on
'yard' of cloth and 'yard' = penis
232 **hose and doublets** stockings and close-
fitting body-garments
232–4 **And . . . themselves** The tailor charges
them for 'yards' of cloth, but uses less
than two to sew their doublets. The
gallants are forsworn because they
claimed to have 'yards'.
238 **French** (by association, in the view of
Jacobean popular culture, with dissolute
pastimes)
239 **cambric** a fine linen
bandying hitting to and fro
out of taffeta elbows to be 'out at [or of]
elbows' means to be poor and ragged;
taffeta is a kind of silk
242 **jointures** the male equivalent of a
woman's dowry
249–50 **elevated many profitable buckets**
? paid for the erection of beneficial or
useful beams; i.e., contributed towards
the refurbishing of their churches

250 many profitable buckets in their parish churches, with arms most
 quaintly painted upon them, beside sixpenny dole at their funerals,
 and the blue consort of Hospital Boys singing their dirges. You,
 I say, their weeping widows, this fearful conjunction threatens
 255 most, for many riotous spend-all's go about to enquire for you.
 And therefore all you that love yourselves better than a satin suit,
 and prefer your careful states before a white feather, let my prognosticating
 skill fray you from such brisk, perfumed wooers. Let not a new-fashioned
 prodigal hat waste and consume that which an old-fashioned honest cap
 260 carp'd and cared for all his lifetime before.

Moreover this dangerous and perilous conjunction portends many sudden
 and furious tempests this year, one thousand, six hundred and four.
 Tavern pots shall fly from one end of the room to the other and do much
 hurt if they light upon men's pates.
 265 Many cracked crowns shall pass current through Cheapside by
 goldsmith stalls, and yet never suspected. Many terrible frays in
 Smithfield between sergeants and gentlemen. Marry, sergeants will win
 the day and get the victory, especially if they be six to one. Then there
 is no remedy, but the Counter in Wood Street must part the fray.
 270 There shall be a dreadful war between the wife and the husband for
 superiority, in so much that the good man shall be fain to give over
 first, cry 'mum!' and let her do what she will all the year after.

Shrewd tempests shall arise about Cole Harbour, and many a maid shall
 be cast away about Westminster. There shall be a battle between the four
 knaves at cards for superiority, and between the false dice and true
 275 for antiquity.

Women that wear long gowns shall be glad to take up their clothes
 in the street when it rains, although a hundred men stand and look
 upon them. Yet they shall blush no more to hold them up if it be very
 280 dirty than men to make water in broad day at the Pissing Conduit if
 they have need.

The bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers shall fall to a mighty
 conspiracy this year, so that no man shall have bread, fire, flesh,
 or drink without credit or ready money. Barbers shall be mightily
 285 out of work this year by reason of the French disease, for many shall
 lose their hair before they can come to their shops and so put them quite
 out of work. And beards shall be commodities hard to be gotten but
 more hard to be kept, for many hairs will start out this year that will
 never come in again, but perish and drop down by the way. And amongst
 290 all other trades and occupations, masons (poor souls) shall be troubled
 with the stone this year if there chance to be any great buildings, as by
 my skill I find no less. Marry, I doubt Paul's will scarce have a new
 steeple this year and in that, I think, I shall be the truest prognosticator
 295 that writ almanacs this twenty twelvemonths. The gout, I find, will
 keep a foul racket this year, and play at tennis in a usurer's puffed
 toe. But his gaping son and heir shall have little hope of his dying,
 I'll put him in that comfort, because he may linger yet above seven
 300 years longer, and his toe serve out above four 'prenticeships to the
 gout.

Tailors shall be mightily troubled with the stitch and sew many false
 seeds which shall peep out before a moon come about. And having a
 hell of their own, being but a bare board between, woe be to pieces
 of white fustian linings, for they fall in with their heels upward.
 305 Satin is the chiefest devil there and domineers over all inferior
 blacks. Velvet that old reveller and brave courtier lies there most
 tragically dismembered. Poor perpetuano is perpetually damned and,
 desperate-rash, falls in headlong.
 310

Only in this all tailors are most true,
 They damn false bodice and give them their due.
 And what a lamentable thing it is on the other side that so many
 of our Englishwomen should wear French bodice and be a scorn
 315 and by-jest to all riotous nations.

251 **sixpenny** (commonly a term of depreciation)
 252 **dole** the distribution of charity
 252 **blue consort of Hospital Boys** the 'charity' scholars of Christ's Hospital, on the north side of Newgate, east of the Old Bailey, were often hired to sing at funerals. In *Michaelmas Term*, 4.4.13, their attendance at Quomodo's funeral suggests his high status and his wife's devotion since they are said to have charged the considerable sum of five pounds for their services.
 256 **white feather** The landlord's son in *Hubbard*, 376-7, trades his father's estate for fashionable frivolities, one of which is a hat of 'white feathers'.
 257 **fray** frighten
 258-9 **hat...cap** Hats replaced caps as fashionable headgear in the later sixteenth century.
 259 **carped** contended, prated
 265 **cracked crowns** punning on damaged coins as well as broken heads
Cheapside on the south side was Goldsmith's Row
 267 **Smithfield** an open space of five acres, lying in the triangle formed by Holborn,

Aldersgate Street, and Charterhouse Street; a usual place of frays
 269 **Counter** prison for debtors
 274 **Cole Harbour** a place of sanctuary (and hence of wicked goings-on) in Upper Thames Street
 275 **Westminster** refers specifically to the Abbey (two miles from St Paul's), but also the village which grew in its neighbourhood, extending in the sixteenth century from Temple Bar to Kensington, and from the Thames to Marylebone, becoming a city in 1540; notorious as a haunt of bad characters
 275-7 **battle...antiquity** (suggesting the inherent knavery and falsity of games of chance)
 276 **knaves** jacks
 282 **Pissing Conduit** Conduits were erected so as to provide water to the public; the little Conduit, or Pissing Conduit, was near the Royal Exchange.
 286 **French disease** syphilis, one of whose effects was hair loss
 294 **new steeple** the steeple of St Paul's Cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1561
 297 **puffed** swollen (due to gout)

300 **four 'prenticeships** twenty-eight years
 302-3 **sew many false seeds** the sew/sow, seams/seeds punning implies that tailors will father bastard offspring
 303-4 **before...about** within a month
 304 **hell** the tailor's 'hell', into which cuttings were thrown
 305 **fustian** a coarse cloth made of cotton and flax, used often because, until 1603, only gentry were legally permitted to wear silk linings
 306 **fall...upward** In addition to the sense of an irredeemable fall, this phrase possibly continues the bawdy punning of 'sewing seeds', since 'heels upward' might suggest the proverbial 'light heels' of wanton women.
Satin punning on Satan
 309 **perpetuano** a durable woollen fabric
 312 **false bodice** poorly made garment(s); playing on 'bodies', the usual Jacobean spelling of 'bodice'. The spelling permitted a relaxed handling of the singular and plural.
 314 **bodice** playing on 'bodies'; possibly suggesting that Englishwomen prefer French lovers

But shall I discover to the world wondrous events indeed,
and tell you how muscadine in vintners' cellars shall indict their
masters this year of commixtion, and arraign them at their own
bar. And how bailiffs and marshals' men shall be content to arrest
any man, if they can catch him.

Poor men shall be accounted knaves without occasion, and
those that flatter least shall speed worst and never be worth three
hundred a year, if they should live until Doomsday. Many shall eat
upon other men's trenchers and surfeit upon other men's costs,
but scarce feed upon Holland cheese in their own chambers.

The palsy shall be a very shrewd disease this year, for some will
have it in their heads and shake so long till they have no more
wit in their brains than Will the bell-ringer. Some shall have a
palsy in their teeth, in so much that they shall eat more in a week
than they will be able to pay for in a twelvemonth. Othersome
shall be troubled with a palsy in their hands, and those are your
riotous elder brothers that can keep nothing fast but will shake
all the money out of their hands that comes into them, *videlicet*,
in taverns, tennis-courts, and dicing-houses. And lastly some shall
have a palsy in their feet, and will not be able to stand to anything
but shake and reel from the stall into the channel—your excellent
reel-pots. And so I leave them full in a puddle.

Some there shall be which shall have such a smell in their
nostrils that no feast shall escape them without they have share
in it.

But consumptions this year are dangerously threatened by
the fiery copulation of those two surly and ambitious planets,
for some shall be so consumed in their members, as they shall
find never a good tongue in their heads, some so consumed in
conscience that they will take above forty in the hundred and
more too if they can get it, othersome so consumed by in chastity
that if the constable should search them, he should find about
them very little honesty.

Those that sing basses this year shall love to take liquor soundly
and trumpeters that sound trebles shall stare by custom.

There shall be many fortune-tellers that shall shut a knave in
a circle, and looking about for a devil, find him locked in their
bosoms.

Many strange events shall happen and befall this year in those
houses where Virgo is predominant with a master, but wants a
mistress to look narrowly unto her. For the influence of the gro-
cers' shops being elevated within a few sweet degrees presageth
that some shameless drabs shall be still gadding about the streets
for figs, almonds, and confects, and that without regard of either
wit or honesty.

Great mists and fogs will arise and fall this year, so that some
shall not see but to take their neighbour's bed for their own.
And if watch-candles could tell tales, they would make you laugh,
though your wives went to burying.

Many men shall be so venturously disposed that they shall go
into brothel-houses and yet come out again as honestly as when
they went first in.

Bakers shall thrive by two things this year—scores well paid and
millers that are honest, which are as rare to be found nowadays
as black swans and white ravens. Long-bearded men shall not be
the wisest. Nor the most gravest in looks, the most holy in life.

The haberdashers, by the natural operation of this conjunction,
are very fortunate. For old hats new trimmed shall not last long,
and new hats for the most part shall have old trimming. And so
by this means, foisting John shall thrive better by his knavery than
any plain-dealing John about London by the talent of his honesty.
And so I end, wishing all the felts in his shop no more wickeder
block than his own pate. And then I am sure they will be so far
from good fashion, that no honest man in England would be hired
to wear them. And so farewell John, 'tis good luck sometimes, they
say, to end with an etc.

FINIS

317 **muscadine** a form of 'muscatel': a strong sweet wine

318 **commixtion** mixing together

325 **Holland cheese** In *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), Thomas Nashe asks, 'Is it not a pitiful thing that a fellow . . . comes to the eighteen pence ordinary, because he would be seen amongst cavaliers and brave courtiers, living otherwise all the year long with salt butter and Holland cheese in his chamber' (I.170).

326 **palsy** a disease of the nervous system, characterized by impairment or suspension of muscular action or sensation, especially of voluntary motion, and, in some forms, by involuntary tremors of the limbs

328 **Will** ? a generic name for a bell-ringer

333 **videlicet** namely

336 **from the stall into the channel** from the market stall or shop into the gutter

337 **reel-pots** drunkards

341 **consumptions . . . threatened** people

are threatened with consumptions (i.e., wasting diseases)

342 **planets** here Saturn and Jupiter

345 **above . . . hundred** a usurious rate of interest

349 **take liquor soundly** drink deeply, consonant with their deep voices

350 **trumpeters . . . custom** possibly 'trumpeters who imbibe three drinks at one time will commonly rage drunkenly' (punning on sound = get to the bottom (of the glass), trebles = three of something)

351-2 **shut . . . circle** Magicians protected themselves from the demons they conjured by staying within an enchanted circle; here the fortune-tellers are themselves the knaves.

355 **Virgo** the Virgin **predominant** astrological term for the planet and constellation having greatest influence at any one time

356 **narrowly** with close attention

356-7 **influence . . . presageth** more playing with astrological terminology

358 **drabs** slatterns or prostitutes

359 **confects** sweetmeats made of fruit and/or seed, preserved in sugar

363 **watch-candles** candles used for 'watching', that is, staying awake, rather than for reading or working

374 **new . . . trimming** i.e., hats sold as new will be trimmed with second-hand materials

375 **foisting** cheating

John probably the haberdasher, John of Paul's churchyard; mentioned also in *Hubburd*, 55 and in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* (1609)

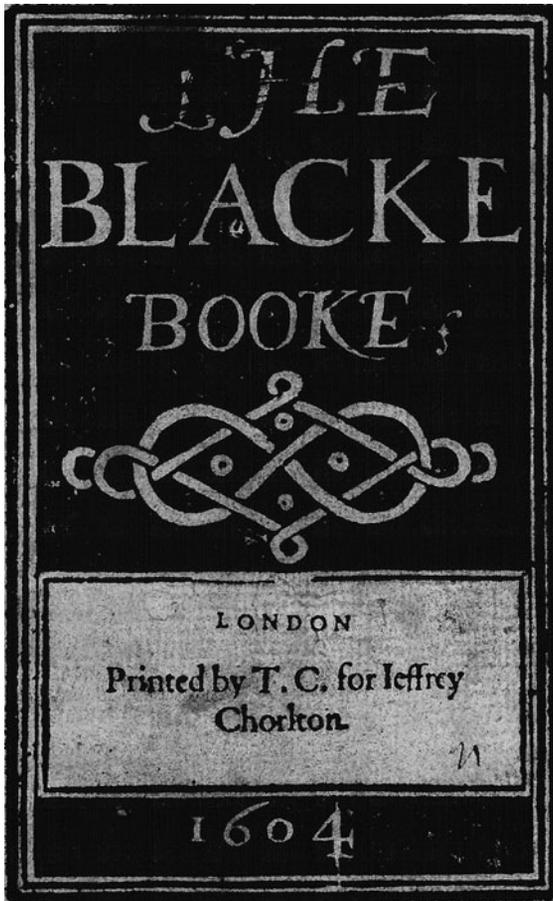
377 **felts** refers both to the felt material used to make hats and to hats themselves made of any material

378 **block** a mould for a hat

379 **would be hired** i.e., you could not pay anyone to wear them

THE BLACK BOOK

Edited by G. B. Shand



I hear say there be obscure imitators, that go about to frame a second part of it, and offer to sell it in Paul's Churchyard, and elsewhere, as from me.... Indeed, if my leisure were such as I could wish, I might haps (half a year hence) write the return of the Knight of the Post from hell, with the Devil's answer to the *Supplication*: but as for a second part of *Pierce Penniless*, it is a most ridiculous roguery.

Thomas Nashe's epistle to the second edition of his *Pierce Penniless* (1592) evidently threw down a gauntlet so alluring that Middleton could not finally refuse to take it up,

particularly at a moment when plague-silenced theatres and patronage-denying Clutchfists threatened his income. So *The Black Book* appeared in 1604, an exuberant sequel by a not-so-obscure imitator whose powers of supplementary invention had already, in *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* and *The Ghost of Lucrece*, been liberally honed on well-known pre-existing texts. As its two 1604 editions would suggest, *The Black Book's* vigorous prose agreed better with the reading public than had those earlier poetic endeavours at adaptation.

Middleton's pamphlet is simply conceived. In *Pierce Penniless* a starving writer (Nashe's transparent stand-in) is driven to post a satirical plea to Hell for patronage; in *The Black Book* Lucifer rises in person at the Globe Theatre to answer Pierce's pitiful supplication. Like a night-walking John Stow, perambulating the civic wards in his *Survey of London* (1598), Lucifer bustles through the City's underworld, assembling his chief earthly followers and anatomizing their negative contributions to London life with a directness owing much to Nashe and the sharp-pointed satirical tradition of Pietro Aretino in which Nashe consciously wrote. Adding Pierce to his company, Lucifer plays a final scene in which he publishes the details of his last will and testament, including, 'for his redress, | A standing pension to Pierce Penniless' (108-9). This pension, be it noted, takes the ironic form of a rake-off from all the city's bawdy-houses, along with 'the playing in and out of all wenches at thy pleasure' (804). Minuscule though it be, Pierce's percentage of London's booming sex-trade ensures that he will 'never have need to write *Supplication* again' (806).

Even if no sequel to *Pierce Penniless* had ever appeared, a turn-of-the-century satirical work called *The Black Book* was probably inevitable. Robert Greene had promised one in his *Disputation Between a He Cony-catcher and a She Cony-catcher* (1592), and had titled another pamphlet of that year *The Black Book's Messenger*. In *Pierce Penniless* itself, the beleaguered Nashe had warned his detractors, 'Write who will against me, but let him look his life be without scandal; for if he touch me never so little, I'll be as good as The Black Book to him and his kindred.' Middleton's pamphlet is nothing like the gallery of roguish exploits seemingly promised by Greene, but he surely capitalizes on Greene's advance publicity for his title, and in *The Black Book's* compassion for Pierce, and its implied scorn for the world that has so abused him, it is perhaps possible to catch a shadowy glimpse of the retribution threatened by Nashe. In form, however, Middleton's is more like an earlier pamphlet, *The Will of the Devil* (c.1548, reprinted

three times by 1580). This is a rather nasty little assault on Roman Catholicism, but it does turn from attacking various luminaries of the Catholic hierarchy to speak of current vices, and it is framed as a diabolical will and testament spoken by Beelzebub who, 'sick in body and soul', lists his satirical bequests *Item by Item*, and ends (in the three reprints) with a guarantee that if his ten detestable commandments be followed 'straight to my kingdom thou shalt be led'. The superficial similarities with the conclusion of *The Black Book* are obvious.

Numerous other satirical pamphlets generally akin to *The Black Book* had appeared in the preceding decades, taking both safe and dangerous sides of political, social, and religious issues. It is conventional to speak of how the entertainment energy of these pamphlets regularly subverts the avowed moral intent, but such subversion does not occur here, despite *The Black Book's* vivid comedy. Middleton sets out, as he says in the opening Epistle, to 'unmask the world's shadowed villainies', to anatomize the 'deceit and luxury' (i.e., lechery) of a world of 'panders, harlots and ruffians', and that is just what he does, assailing the monetary and carnal greed of London society by presenting its members uniformly, from fashionable gallants through mercantile citizens down to bawds, cheats, and thieves, as kinsmen and adherents of the Devil. Even the pamphlet's material design focuses self-reflexively on this end, as Gary Taylor has argued. *The Black Book* is literally a 'black book', from the solidly inked panel of its woodcut title-page, through the heavy black-letter typeface of its main body of text. Already somewhat archaic by 1604, and thus a potential signifier in itself (harking back to an older and better England), black letter links *The Black Book* visually to the physical style of earlier satirical pamphlets, and it also glances audaciously at those contemporary theological works which were still appearing in the traditional typeface. But its immediate function here is to help create an appropriate physical vehicle to house the pamphlet's relentlessly black world, a vehicle specifically acknowledged when the Black Book itself asks, in its Epilogue: 'Am I black enough, think you, dressed up in a lasting suit of ink? Do I deserve my dark and pitchy title?' (824-6).

This uniformity of aim and design supports a striking degree of internal cohesion which *The Black Book* gets mainly from narrative and character rather than from the formal structures of expository rhetoric. Though its satirical descriptions are often enthusiastically expansive, Middleton's pamphlet does not share the digressive anthologizing discursiveness which characterizes other works in this genre (one might cite *Pierce Penniless's* own tedious anticlimactic discourse on spirits). Theatrically anchored in the consistent voice and experience of its vividly-realized protagonist, and in the economy of its inevitable narrative progress, this text has little time for readerly side-trips which might dilute the force of its satire. If there is anything self-subversive at work, it is the author's apparently deep and angry sympathy with innocent victims, and in

particular with the miserable fate of Thomas Nashe himself, whose last days, sometime in 1601, seem to have been passed in exactly the penurious neglect experienced by Pierce, and feared by all professional writers, an obscurity as cold as the hearth of the miserable usurer whose tale Lucifer inserts at 242-86. There is a softness approaching (but never reaching) sentimentality in *The Black Book's* attitude to Pierce, which paradoxically both anchors and undercuts the satirical anger of the work. It is surely of a piece with Middleton's intimately felt defence of Nashe in *The Ant and the Nightingale*, and it is tempting to think that we have here a protest not merely over a wronged fellow writer, but over a wronged friend.

As we might expect, *The Black Book* is highly theatrical in its imagining. Identifying itself as a *Moral*—the contemporary term for an interlude or play of *mores* (as Alan Dessen has demonstrated)—it stages Lucifer's arrival in a verse prologue spoken from the platform of the Globe, and proceeds to a first-person narrative of his travels through the London underworld. Lucifer has been given the vivaciously colloquial voice of a fully realized theatrical persona, sophisticated well beyond the similarly spoken styles of Dekker and Greene, and worthy of comparison with Nashe. Sprinkled with reported dialogue, with cant phrases, with contractions and colloquialisms, and with constant narrative connectives, his prose has a breathless forward momentum which is helped along by extensive adverbial compounding (especially using *when*). These devices, combined with an intensely tactile and visual savouring of descriptive detail, and with highly personalized adjectival choices, produce a story-telling voice so distinctively sustained that the pamphlet might almost be the script for a Jacobean one-man show:

This said, the slave hugged himself and bussed the bawd for joy, when presently I left them in the midst of their wicked smack and descended to my bill-men that waited in the pernicious alley for me, their master constable. And marching forward to the third garden-house, there we knocked up the ghost of Mistress Silver-pin, who suddenly risse out of two white sheets and acted out of her tiring-house window. But having understood who we were, and the authority of our office, she presently, even in her ghost's apparel, unfolded the doors and gave me my free entrance, when in policy I charged the rest to stay and watch the house below whilst I stumbled up two pair of stairs in the dark, but at last caught in mine eyes the sullen blaze of a melancholy lamp that burnt very tragically upon the narrow desk of a half bedstead, which descried all the pitiful ruins throughout the whole chamber (396-410).

Even the extended general set-pieces on usurers, brokers, merchants, and various gallants which form the first third of *The Black Book* proper are not permitted to slow the pace. Instead, they are integrated into a single, sternly spoken scolding of Lieutenant Frig-beard which is only really interrupted once, where Lucifer turns aside to tell

us the story of the 'frozen charity of a usurer's chimney' (242-86). Later, when the building momentum of the action is jeopardized by yet another set-piece, Lucifer actually cuts short his conventional catalogue of the twelve roguish companies in Master Bezzle's ordinary, naming only four of them before abruptly resuming his narrative line: 'and in all, your twelve tribes of villainy, who no sooner understood the quaint form of such an uncustomed legacy but they all pawned their vicious golls to meet there at the hour prefixed' (542-5).

Middleton further exploits his burgeoning playwriting skills here by giving Lucifer a bravura series of lightning-like costume and scene changes which might be the envy of Mephistophilis, and which depend for their satiric impact on the transgressive reputation of both the actor and the stage. Ascending to the Globe platform, Lucifer shifts his shape from flaming devil to constable, and goes first at night to the Picket-hatch brothel of Mistress Wimbleschin, where he locates and summons Lieutenant Frigbeard, then to the adjacent brothel of Mistress Silver-pin, possibly in Rotten Row, where the lamentable Pierce is added to the company. In the morning, metamorphosing into a musty fur-bedecked usurer so miraculously that his watchmen 'staggered and all their bills fell down in a swoon' (473), he proceeds to the Royal Exchange where he summons the 'rammish penny-father' Mihell Moneygod and Master Cog-bill the scrivener. Thence (having switched to a suit and weapons stolen from a Birchin Lane tailor and an unspecified cutler), he marches as a captain to Master Bezzle's ordinary (perhaps, given his later quibble on 'Bezzle-bub', the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street by Temple Bar). Here he finds many more of his followers at dice, and from them he summons a parcel of highway robbers, cutpurses, cheating bowlers and dicers, and even one Barnaby Burning-glass, 'Arch tobacco-taker of England' (777-8). After a briefly-mentioned tour to review his troops in 'many a second house in the city and suburbs' (554-5), and in Paul's Walk, Lucifer assembles these underworld luminaries back at his 'convocation house' (466), Mistress Silver-pin's establishment, which quickly begins to seem more like the stage of the Globe once again, with its tiring-house and its staged finale. Here he takes on one last role, this time costumed in the country nightgown and sick cap of a grain-hoarding Kentish farmer named Dick Devil-barn. He enters feebly between Pierce and Mistress Silver-pin, is helped into 'a wicked chair' (584-6), and proceeds to a climactic series of bequests forming a thin comic veneer over the author's outrage at the vicious practices and values they represent.

The London through which Lucifer bustles in his many shapes is (as usual) gendered female, but as will already be clear, this 'lusty dame and mistress of the land' (341) is no nurturing matron. Rather, Middleton depicts the urban environment Gail Kern Paster has characterized as predatory. The distant or absent City of God is antithetically mirrored by Lucifer's ironic fellowship of parasitic knaves and gulls. Monetary and sexual greed motivate one and all, with perhaps the partial exception of the legitimately needy Pierce. Though this cold and grasping underworld taints all the institutions of the actual city, the Devil's tour is something of a triumphal entry at the backdoor, a regal progress through the sewers, rather than a public visitation of conquest. Comically mediated, contained by the need for disguise and by the unrelieved company of bawds, cheats, and fools, Lucifer is most at home in the city's most marginal and transgressive locales, the stage of the Globe in Southwark, the suburban tenements of Picket-hatch, 'the very skirts of all brothel-houses' (117). And yet, Middleton's satire is not muted, primarily because he inscribes a fictive City of Lucifer so like the actual London as to be virtually indistinguishable from it, and thus endows his satiric characters and events with the disturbing power of actuality.

Middleton's achievement, then, is anything but the 'ridiculous roguery' Nashe feared. Instead, it is a worthy continuation. 'It is the best of the imitations of Nashe's grotesque manner, . . . [but] in a clearer narrative and dramatic framework than Nashe attempts to create' (Rhodes). It is secular, playful, vividly localized and inspired. Witness, finally, its laconic and remarkably layered handling of closure. As he entered into Lucifer's voice by way of a third-person stage direction at the beginning of the *Moral*, Middleton exits by abruptly dropping his diabolical persona for a brief impersonal narrative, of the sort occasionally preserved in post-production play texts: '*This said, he departed to his molten kingdom, the wind risse, the bottom of the chair flew out, the scrivener fell flat upon his nose, and here is the end of a harmless moral*' (818-20). The effect is deft. We see, briefly but vividly, a scene which would have made a wonderful stage finale, following which Middleton completes his departure by immediate transition to an Epilogue in a completely new voice: that of the smugly self-satisfied (and tantalizingly self-referential) *Black Book* itself.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 493
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 350

The Black Book

The Epistle to the Reader; or, The True Character of this Book

To all those that are truly virtuous, and can touch pitch and yet never defile themselves, read the mischievous lives and pernicious practices of villains and yet be never the worse at the end of the book, but rather confirmed the more in their honest estates and the uprightness of their virtues, to such I dedicate myself, the wholesome intent of my labours, the modesty of my phrases, that even blush when they discover vices and unmask the world's shadowed villainies. And I account him as a traitor to virtue who, diving into the deep of this cunning age, and finding there such monsters of nature, such speckled lumps of poison as panders, harlots and ruffians do figure, if he rise up silent again, and neither discover or publish them to the civil rank of sober and continent livers who thereby may shun those two devouring gulls, to wit, of deceit and luxury, which swallow up more mortals than Scylla and Charybdis, those two cormorants and Woolners of the sea, one tearing, the other devouring. Wherefore, I freely persuade myself, no virtuous spirit or judicial worthy but will approve my politic moral where, under the shadow of the Devil's legacies, or his bequeathing to villains, I strip their villainies naked, and bare the infectious bulks of craft, coz'nage and panderism, the three bloodhounds of a commonwealth. And thus far I presume, that none will or can except at this, which I call *The Black Book* (because it doubly damns the Devil), but some tainted harlot, noseless bawd, obscene ruffian and such of the same black nature and filthy condition that poison the

towardly spring of gentility, and corrupt with the mud of mischiefs the pure and clear streams of a kingdom. And to spur-gall such, who reads me shall know I dare, for I fear neither the ratsbane of a harlot nor the poniard of a villain.

T. M.

A Moral

Lucifer, ascending as Prologue to his own play:

Now is hell landed here upon the earth,
When Lucifer, in limbs of burning gold,
Ascends this dusty theatre of the world
To join his powers. And, were it numbered well,
There are more devils on earth than are in hell.
Hence springs my damnèd joy. My tortured spleen
Melts into mirthful humour at this fate,
That heaven is hung so high, drawn up so far,
And made so fast, nailed up with many a star,
And hell the very shop-board of the earth,
Where, when I cut out souls, I throw the shreds
And the white linings of a new-soiled spirit,
Pawned to luxurious and adulterous merit.
Yea, that's the sin, and now it takes her turn,
For which the world shall like a strumpet burn.
And for an instance to fire false embraces
I make the world burn now in secret places.
I haunt invisible corners as a spy,
And in adulterous circles there rise I.
There am I conjured up through hot desire,
And where hell rises there must needs be fire.

Title See Introduction for probable origins; here, an exposé of roguish practices; originally, and also pertinent here, an official list of rogues and criminals; also, a book of black arts (cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, 4.1.33-36: 'And some there are which call it my black book: | Well may the title hold: for though it teach not | The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk | The names of many devils').
2 **Character** moral nature
3-4 **touch pitch . . . defile** proverbial
10 **discover** reveal
18 **luxury** lechery
19 **Scylla and Charybdis** fearsome rock and whirlpool off the coast of Sicily
cormorants (*fig.*) avaricious men, usurers; gluttons
Woolners Richard Woolner was a notorious Elizabethan glutton
29 **noseless** a common effect of advanced syphilis
33 **spur-gall** to scrape severely with spurs

34 **ratsbane** rat-poison
poniard dagger
37 **Moral** (a) interlude or play of manners (*mores*) (b) ironic appropriation of the term for an exposition of the moral teaching contained in a literary composition
38 **Lucifer . . . play** The entire *Moral* is conceived theatrically; see Introduction. Cf. the theatrical casting of Dekker's *Wonderful Year* (Hibbard, 168-171), but note that the voice of Dekker's pamphlet appears not to be a persona or character, but simply that of the author, where the voice of *The Black Book*, from the *Moral* until the penultimate sentence of the black-letter text proper, is vividly and consistently Lucifer's.
40 **limbs** armour
41 **theatre of the world** with a first glance at the Globe; cf. 60-2
44 **spleen** the traditional seat of laughter
46 **heaven** with a reference to the theatrical

heavens or shadow, the roof protecting the stage, which continues in 47's carpentry figure: 'nailed up with many a star'
48 **hell . . . shop-board** the tailor's hell, beneath his shop-board or table, where his scraps were discarded; and playing on 'hell' as the place beneath the stage, leading to references to diabolical trapezies between 57 and 61
49 **cut out** with the added sense of 'excise' or 'eliminate'
souls punning on 'soles', as (a) bottoms of shoes (b) bottoms of stockings or socks
51 **merit** due reward or punishment, with a glance at *meretrix* (L. harlot)
52 **that's the sin** i.e., lechery/adultery
57 **adulterous circles** (a) glancing, as with 'conjured up', 'where hell rises' and 'vaulted up' in the succeeding three lines, at the stage trap, from which devils consistently appeared; (b) playing on 'vaginas'

60 And now that I have vaulted up so high
 Above the stage rails of this earthen Globe,
 I must turn actor, and join companies
 To share my comic sleek-eyed villainies,
 For I must weave a thousand ills in one
 65 To please my black and burnt affection.
 Why, every term-time I come up to sow
 Dissension betwixt ploughmen that should sow
 The field's vast womb and make the harvest grow.
 So comes it oft to pass, dear years befall
 70 When ploughmen leave the field to till the Hall.
 Thus famine and bleak dearth do greet the land
 When the plough's held between a lawyer's hands.
 I fat with joy to see how the poor swains
 Do box their country thighs, carrying their packets
 75 Of writings, yet can neither read nor write.
 They're like to candles if they had no light,
 For they're as dark within, in sense and judgement,
 As is the Hole at Newgate, and their thoughts
 Are like the men that lie there, without spirit.
 80 This strikes my black soul into ravishing music,
 To see swains plod, and shake their ignorant skulls
 (For they are naught but skull, their brain but burr,
 Wanting wit's marrow and the sap of judgement),
 And how they grate with their hard naily soles
 85 The stones in Fleet Street, and strike fire in Paul's.
 Nay, with their heavy trot and iron stalk
 They have worn off the brass in the mid-walk.
 But let these pass for bubbles, and so die,
 For I rise now to breathe my legacy
 90 And make my last will, which I know shall stand
 As long as bawd or villain strides the land.

For which I'll turn my shape quite out of verse,
 Moved with the *Supplication* of poor Pierce,
 That writ so rarely villainous from hence
 95 For spending money to my excellence,
 Gave me my titles freely, for which giving
 I rise now to take order for his living.
 The black Knight of the Post shortly returns
 From hell, where many a tobacc'nist burns,
 100 With news to smoky gallants, riotous heirs,
 Strumpets that follow theatres and fairs,
 Gilded-nosed usurers, base-metalled panders,
 To copper-captains and Pickt-hatch commanders,
 To all infectious catchpoles through the town,
 105 The very speckled vermin of a crown,
 To these and those, and every damnèd one,
 I'll bequeath legacies to thrive upon.
 Amongst the which, I'll give, for his redress,
 A standing pension to Pierce Penniless.

The Black Book

110 No sooner was 'Pierce Penniless' breathed forth but I, the light-
 burning Sergeant Lucifer, quenched my fiery shape and whipped
 into a constable's nightgown, the cunning'st habit that could be,
 to search tipsy taverns, roosting inns and frothy alehouses, when,
 calling together my worshipful bench of bill-men, I proceeded
 115 toward Pickt-hatch, intending to begin there first, which, as I
 may fitly name it, is the very skirts of all brothel-houses. The
 watchmen, poor night crows, followed, and thought still they
 had had the constable by the hand when they had the Devil by
 the gown-sleeve. At last I, looking up to the casements of every
 120 suspected mansion, and spying a light twinkling between hope
 and desperation, guessed it to be some sleepy snuff, ever and
 anon winking and nodding in the socket of a candlestick as if the

- 61 **stage rails** There is no indisputable evidence of such a feature on the Globe stage, although stage rails did exist in such private and indoor theatres as Blackfriars.
- 62 **join companies** While 'to join company' is to get together for travel, the collocation here with 'actor' and 'share' implies, more specifically, joining a theatrical corps; the plural may simply be dictated by the rhyme.
- 63 **sleek-eyed** fawning, dissembling; cf. *Hubburd* (1228): 'sleek-faced courtier'
- 66 **term-time** period appointed for sitting of courts of law
- 70 **Hall** Westminster Hall, the courts of law
- 73 **swains** country or farm labourers
- 78 **Hole at Newgate** the cheapest and worst quarters in London's chief prison
- 82 **burr** a hollow passage
- 85 **Fleet Street** where, in Middleton's time, the legal profession was concentrated; the proximity of a multitude of taverns was no doubt mere coincidence
- Paul's** St Paul's Cathedral; its 'mid-walk' or centre aisle (87) was heavily frequented by the unemployed (and the shadily employed).
- 93 **Supplication of poor Pierce** Thomas Nashe's *Pierce Penniless His Supplication to the Divell* (1592); note the play, here and elsewhere, on *purse*.
- 94-5 **writ . . . excellence** wrote from hence to me, asking for spending money
- 96 **my titles** Nashe's Pierce addresses himself to Lucifer with four lines of the devil's titles and honours.
- 98 **Knight of the Post** (a) dispatched to hell by Pierce to carry his supplication to Lucifer (see 428-30) (b) a professional giver of false evidence
- 99 **tobacc'nist** tobacco was already seen as a diabolical plague
- 102 **Gilded-nosed** from keeping one's nose constantly in one's gold; but Elizabethan usage associated a metallic sheen on the nose with a life of debauchery as well.
- base-metalled** continuing the obvious lexical set, in which metallic qualifiers indicate low estate; and with a clear derivation from and play on 'base-metted'; the joke is in the spelling
- 103 **copper-captains** counterfeit officers
- Pickt-hatch** suburban brothel district, just south-east of the intersection of Goswell Road and Old Street
- 104 **catchpoles** the much-despised warrant officers or bum-bailiffs who made arrests for debt; proximity to 'infectious' suggests a play on 'catch' meaning 'to contract a disease'
- 105 **crown** both the kingdom and the head
- 111 **breathed forth** i.e., spoken aloud at the end of the *Moral*
- 111-12 **light-burning** etymologically false glance at 'Lucifer' (meaning 'light-bringing' or 'light-bearing')
- 114 **roosting** (a) harbouring, lodging (b) possibly playing on 'rousting', i.e., 'bellowing, roaring'
- 115 **bench** common misappropriation of the term for a court of justice, or for a collection of judges or magistrates
- bill-men** watchmen armed with bills (pikes or halberds)
- 119-20 **by the hand . . . gown-sleeve** proverbial (unrecorded variant of Tilley G260)
- 121-2 **between hope and desperation** i.e., between hope of burning and fear of going out
- 122 **snuff** (a) burnt wick (b) candle end

125 flame had been a-departing from the greasy body of Simon Snuff
the stinkard. Whereupon I, the black constable, commanded my
white guard not only to assist my office with their brown bills,
but to raise up the house extempore. With that, the dreadful
watchmen, having authority standing by them, thundered at the
door whilst the candle lightened in the chamber, and so between
130 thund'ring and light'ning the bawd risse, first putting the snuff to
an untimely death, a cruel and a lamentable murder, and then,
with her fat-sag chin hanging down like a cow's udder, lay reeking
out at the window, demanding the reason why they did summon
a parley. I told her in plain terms that I had a warrant to search
135 from the sheriff of Limbo.

'How? From the sheriff of Lime Street?' replied Mistress Wimble-
chin (for so she understood the word Limbo, as if Limbo had been
Latin for Lime Street). 'Why then all the doors of my house shall
fly open and receive you, master constable.'

140 With that, as being the watchword, two or three vaulted out of
their beds at once, one swearing stocks and stones he could not
find his stockings, others that they could not hit upon their false
bodice when, to speak truth and shame myself, they were then
as close to their flesh as they could, and never put them off since
145 they were twelve year old. At last they shuffled up and were shut
out at the back part as I came in at the north part. Up the stairs I
went to examine the feather beds and carry the sheets before the
justice, for there was none else then to carry, only the floor was
strewn with busk-points, silk garters and shoe-strings, scattered
150 here and there for haste to make away from me, and the farther
such run, the nearer they come to me.

Then, another door opening rearward, there came puffing out
of the next room a villainous lieutenant without a band, as if he
had been new cut down like one at Wapping, with his cruel garters
about his neck, which fitly resembled two of Derrick's necklaces.
155 He had a head of hair like one of my devils in *Doctor Faustus*
when the old Theatre cracked and frightened the audience. His

brow was made of coarse bran, as if all the flour had been bolted
out to make honest men, so ruggedly moulded with chops and
crevices that I wonder how it held together, had it not been pasted
160 with villainy. His eyebrows jetted out like the round casement of
an alderman's dining-room, which made his eyes look as if they
had been both damned in his head, for if so be two souls had
been so far sunk into hell-pits, they would never have walked
abroad again. His nostrils were cousin-germans to coral, though of
165 a softer condition and of a more relenting humour. His crow-black
mustachios were almost half an ell from one end to the other, as
though they would whisper him in the ear about a cheat or a
murder, and his whole face in general was more detestable ugly
than the visage of my grim porter Cerberus, which showed that
170 all his body besides was made of filthy dust and sea-coal ashes. A
down countenance he had, as if he would have looked thirty mile
into hell and seen Sisyphus rolling and Ixion spinning and reeling.
Thus, in a pair of hoary slippers, his stockings dangling about his
wrists, and his red buttons like foxes out of their holes, he began
175 like the true champion of a vaulting-house, first to fray me with
the bugbears of his rough-cast beard, and then to sound base in
mine ears like the Bear Garden drum, and this was the humour
he put on, and the very apparel of his phrases:

'Why, master constable, dare you balk us in our own mansion,
180 ha? What, is not our house our Cold Harbour, our castle of come-
down and lie-down? Must my honest wedded punk here, my
glory-fat Audrey, be taken napping, and raised up by the thunder
of bill-men? Are we disannulled of our first sleep, and cheated of
our dreams and fantasies? Is there not law too for stealing away a
185 man's slumbers, as well as for sheets off from hedges? Come you
to search an honest bawdy-house, this seven-and-twenty years in
fame and shame? Go to, then, you shall search. Nay, my very boots,
too. Are you well now? The least hole in my house, too. Are you
pleased now? Can we not take our ease in our inn, but we must
190

126 **white guard** pale with fear, looking
ahead to 'dreadful' (127-8)
130 **risse** rose
136 **Lime Street** one of the residential
quarters of the merchants of London
136-7 **Wimble-chin** wimble = nimble
140 **With that** with the uttering of
'constable'
141 **stocks and stones** imprecation meaning
'gods of wood and stone'
143 **bodice** with a play on 'bodies', which in
fact was the contemporary spelling
to **speak truth and shame myself** ironic
variant of the proverb 'Speak truth and
shame the devil'
146 **north part** the devil's traditional entry
point
149 **busk-points** tagged laces which secured
the stays of corsets, etc.
153 **band** collar, playing on the sense
'group of followers, military regiment'
154 **Wapping** location of Execution Dock on
north bank of the Thames, where pirates
were chained up to be drowned by the
rising tide
cruel garters common term for the

hangman's rope, playing on 'crewel', a
worsted yarn
155 **Derrick's** Derrick was the hangman at
Tyburn, c.1600
156 **Doctor Faustus** Performances of
the Christopher Marlowe play had a
reputation for being accompanied by
supernatural events.
157 **Theatre** James Burbage's playhouse in
Shoreditch, which operated from 1576 to
1597
159 **chops** cracks, fissures
161 **casement** window, window-frame
163 **damned** deeply sunk, as in the next
clause; with a play on 'dammed' (to
which Dyce and Bullen politely emend)
165 **cousin-germans** near relations
166 **relenting** literally, melting, turning to
liquid; i.e., running; 'humour' is also
used here in its liquid sense
167 **ell** an obsolete unit of measure, 45
inches in England
170 **Cerberus** many-headed dog guarding
the gate of hell
171 **sea-coal** mineral coal shipped to London

by sea
172 **down** downcast, directed downwards
173 **Sisyphus** condemned forever to roll a
heavy rock up a steep hill
Ixion chained to a revolving burning
wheel in hell
175 **wrists** ankles; insteps
176 **vaulting-house** brothel
fray (a) frighten (b) chafe
177 **bugbears** hobgoblins
rough-cast roughly contrived, coarse
(like the lime-and-gravel plaster of the
same name)
178 **Bear Garden** Southwark enclosure
where bear-baiting was carried on; its
drum was notoriously loud. Compare
Meeting, 285-6.
180 **balk** disappointment (expectations)
181 **Cold Harbour** sanctuary in Upper
Thames Street
182 **punk** whore
183 **glory-fat** blubbery; from 'glore', loose or
excessive fat
189 **hole** with obvious sexual sense
190 **take our ease in our inn** proverbial

come out so quickly? Nawd, go to bed, sweet Nawd. Thou wilt cool thy grease anon and make thy fat cake.'

This said, by the virtue and vice of my office I commanded my bill-men downstairs, when in a twinkling discovering myself a little, as much as might serve to relish me and show what stuff I was made of, I came and kissed the bawd, hugged her excellent villainies and cunning rare conveyances. Then, turning myself, I threw mine arms like a scarf or bandoleer cross the lieutenant's melancholy bosom, embraced his resolute phrases and his dissolute humours, highly commending the damnable trade and detestable course of their living, so excellent filthy and so admirable villainous. Whereupon, this lieutenant of Pickt-hatch fell into deeper league and farther acquaintance with the blackness of my bosom, sometimes calling me Master Lucifer the headborough, sometimes Master Devillin the little black constable, then telling me he heard from Limbo the eleventh of the last month, and that he had the letter to show, where they were all very merry. Marry, as he told me, there were some of his friends in Phlegethon troubled with the heart-burning ('Yea, and with the soul-burning, too,' thought I, 'though thou little dream'st of the torment.'). then complaining to me of their bad takings all the last plaguy summer, that there was no stirrings, and therefore undone for want of doings. Whereupon, after many such inductions to bring the scene of his poverty upon the stage, he desired in cool terms to borrow some forty pence of me. I stuffed with anger at that base and lazy petition, knowing that a right true villain and an absolute practised pander could not want silver damnation, but, living upon the revenues of his wits, might purchase the Devil and all. Half conquered with rage, thus I replied to his baseness:

'Why, for shame! A bawd and poor? Why then, let usurers go a-begging, or like an old Greek stand in Paul's with a porringer! Let brokers become whole honest then, and remove to heaven out of Houndsditch! Lawyers turn feeless, and take ten of a poor widow's tears for ten shillings! Merchants never forswear themselves, whose great perjured oaths o' land turn to great winds and cast away their ships at sea, which false perfidious tempest splits their ships abroad and their souls at home, making the one take salt water, and the other salt fire! Let mercers then have conscionable thumbs when they measure out that smooth glittering vil-

laine, and that old reveller velvet, in the days of Monsieur, both which have devoured many an honest field of wheat and barley that hath been metamorphosed and changed into white money! Pooh, these are but little wonders, and may be easily possible in the working. A usurer to cry bread and meat is not a thing impossible, for indeed your greatest usurer is your greatest beggar, wanting as well that which he hath as that which he hath not: then who can be a greater beggar? He will not have his house smell like a cook's shop, and therefore takes an order no meat shall be dressed in it, and because there was an house upon Fish Street Hill burned to the ground once, he can abide by no means to have a fire in his chimney ever since.'

(To the confirming of which, I will insert here a pretty conceit of a nimble-witted gentlewoman that was worthy to be ladified for the jest, who, ent'ring into a usurer's house in London to take up money upon unmerciful interest for the space of a twelvemonth, was conducted through two or three hungry rooms into a fair dining-room by a Lenten-faced fellow, the usurer's man, whose nose showed as if it had been made of hollow pasteboard, and his cheeks like two thin pancakes clapped together. A pitiful knave he was, and looked for all the world as if meal had been at twenty shillings a bushel. The gentlewoman, being placed in this fair room to await the usurer's leisure—who was casting up ditches of gold in his counting-house—and being almost frozen with standing, for it was before Candlemas frost-bitten term, ever and anon turning about to the chimney where she saw a pair of corpulent giganatical andirons that stood like two burgomasters at both corners, a hearth briskly dressed up, and a great cluster of charcoal piled up together like black puddings, which lay for a dead fire, and in the dining-room, too: the gentlewoman wond'ring it was so long a-kindling, at last she caught the miserable conceit of it, and calling her man to her, bade him seek out for a piece of chalk or some peeling of a white wall, whilst in the mean time she conceived the device, when, taking up the six former coals one after another, she chalked upon each of them a satirical letter, which six were these: 'T. D. C. R. U. S.', explained thus: 'These Dead Coals Resemble Usurers' Souls'; then placing them in the same order again, turning the chalked sides inward to try conclusions, which, as it happened, made up the jest the better. By that time

192 **cake** congeal
 194 **discovering** revealing
 197 **conveyances** tricks
 198 **bandoleer** broad belt worn over the shoulder and across the breast
 204 **headborough** parish officer identical to petty constable
 205 **Devillin** variant of 'devil', a young devil; an imp
 206 **eleventh** the traditional number of transgression
 208 **Phlegethon** one of the five rivers of fire in Hades; hell
 211-12 **last plaguy summer** of 1603, a virulent plague year
 212-13 **stirrings... doings** sexual activity
 215 **stuffed** became out of breath
 218-19 **purchase... all** proverbial
 221 **Greek** a cheat, sharper
porringer (a) porridge or soup basin (b) a hat similarly shaped

222 **brokers** dealers in second-hand apparel, based mainly in Houndsditch (as in 223), which ran north-west along the line of the old city moat from Aldgate to Bishopsgate
whole wholly, completely
 228 **salt fire** bitter, vexatious fire, i.e., hell fire
mercers dealers in costly fabrics
 228-9 **conscionable** scrupulous; equitable
 230 **satin** playing on Satan; the pun is common; but cf. *Plato's Cap*, 306; and note that *Plato's Cap* then proceeds to 'Velvet that old reveller'
Monsieur a seemingly gratuitous glance back at François de Valois, brother of Charles IX and Duke of Alençon and Anjou, the conclusion of whose controversial courtship of Elizabeth I (February 1582) continued

to be remembered as an English escape from diabolical temptation. Compare Middleton's later animus against the Spanish marriage in *Game*.
 232 **white money** silver
 234 **cry** beg loudly
 239-40 **Fish Street Hill** running south from East Cheap to Lower Thames Street
 242 **conceit** ingenious stylistic decoration (acknowledging that this is a digression)
 248 **pasteboard** wood substitute made by pasting sheets of paper together
 250-1 **twenty shillings a bushel** about five times the going rate in 1603-4
 254 **Candlemas** 2 February, in Hilary Term, which Middleton refers to as 'Candlemas term' in *Hubburd* (19)
 258 **black puddings** blood sausages
 263 **former** foremost, front
 267 **to try conclusions** to experiment

- the usurer had done amongst his golden heaps, and entertaining the gentlewoman with a cough a quarter of an hour long, at last, after a rotten hawk and a hem, he began to spit and speak to her. To conclude, she was furnished of the money for a twelvemonth, but upon large security and most tragical usury. When keeping her day the twelvemonth after, coming to repay both the money and the breed of it—for interest may well be called the usurer's bastard—she found the hearth dressed up in the same order with a dead fire of charcoal again, and yet the Thames was half frozen at that time with the bitterness of the season, when turning the foremost rank of coals, determining again, as it seemed, to draw some pretty knavery upon them too, she spied all those six letters which she chalked upon them the twelvemonth before, and never a one stirred or displaced, the strange sight of which made her break into these words: 'Is it possible,' quoth she, 'a usurer should burn so little here, and so much in hell? Or is it the cold property of these coals to be above a twelvemonth a-kindling?' So much to show the frozen charity of a usurer's chimney.)
- 'And then a broker to be an honest soul, that is, to take but sixpence a month, and threepence for the bill-making. A devil of a very good conscience. Possible too to have a lawyer bribeless and without fee, if his clientless, or female client, please his eye well. A merchant to wear a suit of perjury but once a quarter or so. Mistake me not, I mean not four times an hour. That shift were too short. He could not put it on so soon, I think. And lastly, not impossible for a mercer to have a thumb in folio, like one of the biggest of the guard, and so give good and very bountiful measure. But which is most impossible, to be a right bawd and poor! It strikes my spleen into dullness and turns all my blood into cool lead. Wherefore was vice ordained but to be rich, shining and wealthy, seeing virtue, her opponent, is poor, ragged and needy? Those that are poor are timorous honest and foolish harmless, as your carolling shepherds, whistling ploughmen and such of the same innocent rank, that never relish the black juice of villainy, never taste the red food of murder or the damnable suckets of luxury, whereas a pander is the very oil of villains and the syrup of rogues—of excellent rogues, I mean, such as have purchased five hundreds a year by the talent of their villainy. How many such gallants do I know, that live only upon the revenue of their wits! Some whose brains are above an hundred mile about, and those are your geometrical thieves, which may fitly be called so because they measure the highways with false gallops, and therefore are heirs of more acres than five-and-fifty elder brothers. Sometimes they are clerks of Newmarket Heath, sometimes the sheriffs of Salisbury Plain, and another time they commit brothelery when they make many a man stand at Hockley in the Hole. These are your great head landlords indeed, which call the word *robbing* the gathering in of their rents, and name all passengers their tenants at will.
- 'Another set of delicate knaves there are, that dive into deeds and writings of lands left to young gull-finches, poisoning the true sense and intent of them with the merciless antimony of the common law, and so by some crafty clause or two shove the true foolish owners quite beside the saddle of their patrimonies, and then they hang only by the stirrups, that is, by the cold alms and frozen charity of the gentlemen-defeaters, who, if they take after me, their great-grandfather, will rather stamp them down in the deep mire of poverty than bolster up their heads with a poor wisp of charity. Such as these corrupt the true meanings of last wills and testaments, and turn legacies the wrong way, wresting them quite awry like Grantham Steeple.
- 'The third rank, quainter than the former, presents us with the race of lusty vaulting gallants, that instead of a French horse practise upon their mistresses all the nimble tricks of vaulting, and are worthy to be made dukes for doing the Somerset so lively. This nest of gallants, for the natural parts that are in them, are maintained by their drawnwork dames and their embroidered mistresses, and can dispend their two thousand a year out of other men's coffers, keep at every heel a man, beside a French lackey (a great boy with a beard) and an English page which fills up the place of an angle. They have their city-horse, which I may well term their stone-horse or their horse upon the stones, for indeed
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- 270-1 **cough** . . . **spit** conventional phlegmatic attributes of the usurer in satire (phlegm, in humour theory, is cold, moist, dull, and slothful)
- 288 **bill-making** writing up the charges or the promissory note
- 292 **shift** change of clothes, with a play on the article of clothing
- 294 **have a thumb in folio** give generous measure
- 295 **biggest of the guard** King James's beefeaters, his household guard, were known for their great size.
- 302 **black juice** bile, linked with melancholy
- 303 **suckets** sweetmeats; presumably with an obscene glance at 'sockets'
- 309 **geometrical** literally, measuring earth
- 310 **false gallops** (a) canters (b) *fig.* illicit excursions
- 312-14 **Newmarket** . . . **Hole** all three were notorious for highway robbery
- 314 **stand** halt; with a play on male sexual arousal
- 316-17 **tenants at will** tenants who occupy a property at the pleasure of the landlord
- 318 **delicate** precise; given to pleasure
- 319 **gull-finches** simpletons
- 320 **antimony** ordinarily an emetic rather than a poison; exploiting the punning link with 'patrimonies' (322)
- 321 **clause** playing on 'claws'; see Textual Notes
- 329 **Grantham Steeple** There are numerous contemporary references to the apparent twisting of the steeple of the 13th-century parish church at Grantham.
- 330 **quainter** more cunning; but also glancing at 'quaint' as 'cunt'
- 331 **vaulting gallants** gigolos; note the subsequent play on 'vaulting' as both gymnastic and sexual feats
- French horse** Venereal diseases were frequently categorized as French, and a 'horse' is a vaulting block; hence a play on 'whores', leading to the ponderous quibbles with 'horse' and 'stones' (339-42).
- 333 **Somerset** common alteration of 'somersault', but a generic glance at the Seymours as well: Sir Edward, 1st Duke of Somerset, had his marital difficulties in the 1560s; son Edward married without permission in 1582; and grandson William, heir to the dukedom, had apparently begun a torrid affair with Arabella Stuart in 1602
- 334 **natural parts** (a) native ability (b) genital endowment
- 335 **drawnwork** ornamental work in fabrics, produced by drawing out some of the threads
- 338 **great boy with a beard** a very late learner; see *Pierce*: 'you shall see a great boy with a beard learn his A B C and sit weeping under the rod, when he is thirty years old' (1.179)
- 339 **ingle** homosexual boy-favourite
- 340 **stone-horse** stallion

the city, being the lusty dame and mistress of the land, lays all her foundation upon good stone-work, and somebody pays well for't, where'er it lights, and might with less cost keep London Bridge in reparations every fall than Mistress Bridget his wife; for women and bridges always lack mending, and what the advantage of one tide performs comes another tide presently and washes away.

345 'Those are your gentleman gallants, that see the uppermost and never lin galloping till they run over into the fire, so gloriously accounted that they ravish the eyes of all wantons and take them prisoners in their shops with a brisk suit of apparel. They strangle and choke more velvet in a deep-gathered hose than would serve to line through my lord what-call-ye-him's coach.

350 'What need I infer more of their prodigal glisters and their spangled damnations, when these are arguments sufficient to show the wealth of sin, and how rich the sons and heirs of Tartary are? And are these so glorious, so flourishing, so brimful of golden lucifers or light angels, and thou a pander and poor? A bawd and empty, apparelled in villainous packthread, in a wicked suit of coarse hop-bags, the wings and skirts faced with the ruins of dish-clouts? Fie, I shame to see thee dressed up so abominable scurvy. Complain'st thou of bad doings, when there are harlots of all trades and knaves of all languages? Knowest thou not that sin may be committed either in French, Dutch, Italian or Spanish, and all after the English fashion? But thou excuseth the negligence of thy practice by the last summer's pestilence. Alas, poor shark-gull, that put off is idle. For Sergeant Carbuncle, one of the plague's chief officers, dares not venture within three yards of an harlot because Monsieur Dry-bone the Frenchman is a ledger before him.'

360 At which speech the slave burst into a melancholy laugh which showed for all the world like a sad tragedy with a clown in't, and thus began to reply: 'I know not whether it be a cross or a curse, noble Philip of Phlegethon, or whether both, that I am forced to pink four ells of bag to make me a summer suit, but I protest, what with this long vacation and the fidging of gallants to Norfolk

and up and down countries, Pierce was never so penniless as poor Lieutenant Frig-beard.'

With those words he put me in mind of him for whom I chiefly changed myself into an officious constable, poor Pierce Penniless, when presently I demanded of this lieutenant the place of his abode, and when he last heard of him, though I knew well enough both where to hear of him and find him. To which he made answer: 'Who? Pierce? Honest Penniless? He that writ the mad-cap's *Supplication*? Why, my very next neighbour, lying within three lean houses of me at old Mistress Silver-pin's, the only door-keeper in Europe. Why, we meet one another every term-time, and shake hands when the Exchequer opens, but when we open our hands the devil of penny we can see.'

With that I cheered up the drooping slave with the aqua vitae of villainy and put him in excellent comfort of my damnable legacy, saying I would stuff him with so many wealthy instructions that he should excel even Pandarus himself and go nine mile beyond him in panderism, and from thence forward he should never know a true rascal go under his red velvet slops and a gallant bawd indeed below her loose-bodied satin!

390 This said, the slave hugged himself and bussed the bawd for joy, when presently I left them in the midst of their wicked smack and descended to my bill-men that waited in the pernicious alley for me, their master constable. And marching forward to the third garden-house, there we knocked up the ghost of Mistress Silver-pin, who suddenly risse out of two white sheets and acted out of her tiring-house window. But having understood who we were, and the authority of our office, she presently, even in her ghost's apparel, unfolded the doors and gave me my free entrance, when in policy I charged the rest to stay and watch the house below whilst I stumbled up two pair of stairs in the dark, but at last caught in mine eyes the sullen blaze of a melancholy lamp that burnt very tragically upon the narrow desk of a half bedstead, which descried all the pitiful ruins throughout the whole chamber. The bare privities of the stone walls were hid with

- 342 **stone-work** sexual activity
 344 **fall** (a) autumn (b) a sexual lapse
 346 **presently** immediately
 347-8 **seethe . . . fire** cf. Geoffrey Whitney's emblem, *Qui se exultat, humiliabitur*, figured as a cauldron which boils over and puts out its own fire (1586)
 348 **lin** cease
 353 **infer** report
 354 **spangled** (a) decorated, glittering (b) speckled, spotted
 355 **Tartary** Tartarus, hell
 357 **light angels** underweight or clipped gold coins
 359 **wings** lateral projections on the shoulder of a garment, designed to hide the points attaching the sleeves
 360 **dish-clouts** dish-rags
 365 **shark-gull** both knave and dupe
 366 **Carbuncle** plague sore
 367 **yards** with a glance, given the context, at 'yard' as 'penis'
 368 **Dry-bone** syphilitic
ledger (a) resident (b) ambassador
 372 **cross** vexation
 374 **pink** decorate fabric by cutting eyelet-holes or figures
 375 **long vacation** the summer vacation, which began early in 1603 when Trinity Term was adjourned on 23 June because of the plague
fidging . . . Norfolk presumably with reference to the restless flight ('fidging') out of London, by those who could afford it, to avoid the plague
 376 **countries** counties
 377 **Frig-beard** one who rubs or chafes his beard (hence its 'rough-cast' quality, 176-7); and with the bawdy senses of 'frig' in play as well
 385 **lean houses** with a play on 'penthouses'?
Mistress Silver-pin's Joan Silver-pin, who also appears in Gilbert Walker's *A manifest detection of the most vyle and detestable use of Diceplay* (1552), seems to have been the type of the Tudor whore. Her name may glance at disease through the use of 'pin' to designate a small hard swelling.
 385-6 **door-keeper** bawd
 387 **Exchequer** Westminster department concerned with collection and administration of royal revenues
 392 **Pandarus** the go-between in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* (1602-3)
 394 **slops** wide baggy breeches
 395 **loose-bodied** convenient for concealing pregnancy, and thus commonly associated with the dress of prostitutes
 396 **bussed** kissed
 398 **pernicious alley** with a glance at Rotten Row, immediately adjacent to Picket-hatch?
 400 **garden-house** (a) small house erected on the garden of a previously existing property (b) brothel
 401 **white sheets** like a stage ghost?
 402 **tiring-house** the actors' interior area (tiring = dressing) behind the upstage façade of the stage platform
 406 **pair** flights
 408-9 **half bedstead** a bedstead of half the usual size

two pieces of painted cloth, but so ragged and tattered that one might have seen all nevertheless, hanging for all the world like the two men in chains between Mile End and Hackney. The testern, or the shadow over the bed, was made of four ells of cobwebs, and a number of small spinners' ropes hung down for curtains. The spindle-shank spiders, which show like great lechers with little legs, went stalking over his head as if they had been conning of *Tamburlaine*. To conclude, there was many such sights to be seen, and all under a penny, beside the lamentable prospect of his hose and doublet which, being of old Kendal green, fitly resembled a pitched field upon which trampled many a lusty corporal. In this unfortunate tiring-house lay poor Pierce upon a pillow stuffed with horse-meat, the sheets smudged so dirtily as if they had been stolen by night out of St Pulcher's churchyard when the sexton had left a grave open and so laid the dead bodies woolward. The coverlet was made of pieces o' black cloth clapped together, such as was snatched off the rails in King's Street at the Queen's funeral. Upon this miserable bed's-head lay the old copy of his *Supplication* in foul written hand which my black Knight of the Post conveyed to hell, which no sooner I entertained in my hand, but with the rattling and blabbing of the papers poor Pierce began to stretch and grate his nose against the hard pillow, when after a rouse or two he muttered these reeling words between drunk and sober, that is, between sleeping and waking: 'I should laugh, i'faith, if for all this I should prove a usurer before I die and have never a penny now to set up withal. I would build a nunnery in Picket-hatch here and turn the walk in Paul's into a bowling alley. I would have the Thames leaded over, that they might play at cony-holes with the arches under London Bridge. Well,' and with that he waked, 'the Devil is a mad knave still.'

'How now, Pierce?' quoth I. 'Dost thou call me knave to my face?' Whereat the poor slave started up with his hair a-tiptoe. To

whom by easy degrees I gently discovered myself, who, trembling like the treble of a lute under the heavy finger of a farmer's daughter, craved pardon of my damnable excellence and gave me my titles as freely as if he had known where all my lordships lay and how many acres there were in Tartary. But at the length, having recovered to be bold again, he unfolded all his bosom to me, told me that the Knight of Perjury had lately brought him a singed letter sent from a damned friend of his, which was thus directed as followeth: 'From Styx to Wood's Close, or the Walk of Picket-hatch'.

After I saw poor Penniless grow so well acquainted with me and so familiar with the villainy of my humour, I unlocked my determinations and laid open my intents in particulars, the cause of my up-rising being moved both with his penetrable petition and his insufferable poverty, and therefore changed my shape into a little wapper-eyed constable, to wink and blink at small faults and, through the policy of searching, to find him out the better in his cleanly tabernacle, and therefore gave him encouragement now to be frolic for the time was at hand, like a pickpurse, that Pierce should be called no more Penniless, like the Mayor's Bench at Oxford, but rather Pierce Penny-fist because his palm shall be pawed with pence. This said, I bade him be resolved and get up to breakfast, whilst I went to gather my noise of villains together and made his lodging my convocation house. With that, in a resulting humour, he called his hose and doublet to him (which could almost go alone, borne like a hearse upon the legs of vermin), whilst I thumped downstairs with my cowheel, embraced Mistress Silver-pin and betook me to my billmen, when, in a twinkling before them all, I leapt out of master constable's nightgown into an usurer's fusty furred jacket, whereat the watchmen staggered and all their bills fell down in a swoon, when I walked close by them, laughing and coughing like a rotten-

411 **painted cloth** a poor substitute for costly tapestry
 412-13 **the two men in chains between Mile End and Hackney** presumably an event in the vicinity of Cambridge Heath; criminals were hung in chains at Mile End Green, but I find no other reference to the indecent exposure implied here. Mile End was east of Whitechapel, a mile from Aldgate. The village of Hackney was almost due north of Mile End.
 414 **shadow** canopy, with playful use of the term for the roof over the stage in public playhouses
 415 **spinners' spiders'**
 416 **spindle-shank** having long skinny legs
 417 **conning** memorizing
 418 **Tamburlaine** Marlowe's play; the conqueror was played by the great Edward Alleyn, whose long-legged martial gait in the role was much remarked on, as for example by Joseph Hall who speaks of 'The stalking steps of his great personage' (*Virgideiarius*, l.iii.16).
 420 **Kendal green** green woollen cloth

423 **horse-meat** horse-feed (chaff was sometimes used as pillow-stuffing by poor country folk); but with a possible echo of *Pierce's* 'side of bacon that you might lay under your head' (1.216)
 424 **St Pulcher's churchyard** the quite nearby graveyard of St Sepulchre's, heavily used during plague years, and the usual burial place of criminals executed at Tyburn
 425 **woolward** wearing wool next to the skin, esp. as a penance; but also, often, in the absence of a clean shirt
 427 **King's Street** the way to Westminster Abbey, from Charing Cross
 427-8 **Queen's funeral** 28 April 1603
 428-9 **old copy . . . foul written hand** the rough copy or foul papers
 433 **rouse** (a) shake (b) draught of liquor
 436 **nunnery** brothel
 439 **cony-holes** suggests a bowling game like nine-holes or pigeon-holes; literally, rabbit burrows; and a 'cony' in popular usage might be either a dupe or a loose woman.
 440 **Devil . . . knave** proverbial

451 **Styx** like Phlegethon, one of the rivers of hell
Wood's Close a village about three and a half miles north of Islington
Walk perhaps playing with 'walk' meaning 'a tract of forest land'
 455 **in particulars** in detail
 456 **penetrable** capable of penetrating (i.e., affecting)
 458 **wapper-eyed** sore-eyed, blinking
 460 **tabernacle** referring ironically to the cobweb-canopy over Pierce's bed
 461 **at hand . . . pickpurse** proverbial
 462-3 **Mayor's Bench at Oxford** Penniless Bench, a seat at the east end of old Carfax Church, set aside for loungers and paupers; this phrase has been inked over by hand in the Folger copy, perhaps by some overly sensitive mayor!
 464 **pawed** rudely covered, by the Devil's paw
 465 **noise** company or band of musicians
 467 **in a resulting humour** i.e., revived
 469-70 **cowheel** the cloven hoof of the Devil
 472 **fusty** stale-smelling

475 lunged usurer to see what Italian faces they all made when they missed their constable and saw the black gown of his office lie full in a puddle.

Well, away I scudded in the musty moth-eaten habit, and being upon Exchange-time, I crowded myself amongst merchants, 480 poisoned all the Burse in a minute and turned their faiths and troths into curds and whey, making them swear those things now which they forswore when the quarters struck again, for I was present at the clapping up of every bargain, which did ne'er hold no longer than they held hands together. There I heard news out of all countries in all languages: how many villains were in Spain, 485 how many luxurs in Italy, how many perjurers in France and how many reel-pots in Germany.

At last I met, at half-turn, one whom I had spent mine eyes so long for, an hoary money-master that had been off and on some six-and-fifty years damned in his counting-house, for his 490 only recreation was but to hop about the Burse before twelve to hear what news from the Bank and how many merchants were bankrupt the last change of the moon. This rammish penny-father I rounded in the left ear, winded in my intent, the place and hour, 495 which no sooner he sucked in but smiled upon me in French and replied:

O Monsieur Diabla,
I'll be chief guest at your tabla.

With that we shook hands, and as we parted I bade him bring 500 Master Cog-bill the scrivener along with him, and so I vanished out of that dressing. And passing through Birchin Lane amidst a camp royal of hose and doublets, Master Snip's backside being turned where his face stood, I took excellent occasion to slip into a captain's suit, a valiant buff doublet stuffed with points like a leg of mutton with parsley, and a pair of velvet slops scored thick with lace which ran round about the hose like ringworms, able to make

a man scratch where it itched not. And thus accoutred, taking up my weapons o' trust in the same order at the next cutler's I came to, I marched to Master Bezzle's ordinary, where I found a whole dozen of my damned crew sweating as much at dice as many poor 510 labourers do with the casting of ditches, when presently I set in a stake amongst them. Round it went, but the crafty dice having peeped upon me once, knew who I was well enough and would never have their little black eyes off o' me all the while after. At last came my turn about, the dice quaking in my fist before I 515 threw them. But when I jerked them forth, away they ran like Irish lackeys as far as their bones would suffer them, I sweeping up all the stakes that lay upon the table. Whereat some stamped, others swore, the rest cursed and all in general fretted to the gall that a newcomer, as they termed me, should gather in so many fifteens 520 at the first vomit.

Well, thus it passed on, the dice running as false as the drabs in Whitefriars, and when anyone thought himself surest, in came I with a lurching cast and made them all swear round again. But such gunpowder oaths they were that I wonder how the ceiling 525 held together without spitting mortar upon them.

'Swounds, Captain,' swore one to me, 'I think the Devil be thy good lord and master.'

'True,' thought I, 'and thou his gentleman-usher.'

In conclusion, it fattened me better than twenty eighteenpence 530 ordinaries to hear them rage, curse and swear like so many Emperors of Darkness. And all these twelve were of twelve several companies. There was your gallant extraordinary thief, that keeps his college of good-fellows and will not fear to rob a lord in his coach for all his ten trencher-bearers on horseback; your deep-conceited cutpurse, who by the dexterity of his knife will draw 535 out the money and make a flame-coloured purse show like the bottomless pit, but with never a soul in't; your cheating bowler, that will bank false of purpose and lose a game of twelvecence to

475 **what...made** how they all ran away; an 'Italian face' is a backside
476 **full** completely, with a playful glance at its actual emptiness
478 **scudded** ran briskly
479 **Exchange-time** from 11:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon
480 **Burse** Royal Exchange
480-1 **turned...whey** made all their sworn oaths worthless
482 **quarters** quarter-hours
486 **luxurs** lechers
487 **reel-pots** drunkards
488 **half-turn** 11:30
492 **Bank** in the usual financial sense, but with a possible glance at the Bankside and its brothels
493 **rammish** rank
penny-father miser; more particularly a usurer, returning to the idea of interest as the usurer's bastard; presumably this is the 'Mihell Money-god, usurer' who is later named executor of the will (807-11).
494 **rounded** whispered
left ear the Devil's side, naturally
winded (a) blew (b) insinuated

495 **in French** continuing the characterization of the French as 'perjurers' (486)
500 **Cog-bill** To 'cog' is to cheat; thus 'Cog-bill' will write up false documents of obligation.
501 **dressing** costume (of a usurer)
Birchin Lane between Lombard Street and Cornhill, occupied mainly by drapers and second-hand clothes dealers
502 **camp royal** a great body of troops; a great number
502-3 **Master...stood** i.e., the tailor had his back to the devil, or to the front of his shop (or his head where the sun does not shine?)
504 **buff doublet** military jacket of oxhide
508 **o' trust** on the honour system
509 **Bezzle's** a 'bezzle' is a heavy drinker; also with a possible glance at Beelzebub (as at 593), and hence at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street
ordinary eating-house or tavern
511 **casting** (a) digging (b) glancing at the casting of dice
516 **jerked** flung

516-17 **Irish lackeys** Irishmen here commonly employed as running-footmen.
517 **bones** legs (dice were made of bone)
519 **fretted to the gall** *fig.*, chafed to the point of soreness or irritation
520 **fifteens** playful reference to the common tax of one-fifteenth on personal property
521 **vomit** cast
523 **Whitefriars** notorious as the refuge of prostitutes ('drabs')
524 **lurching** winning
525 **gunpowder** explosive; easily inflamed
527 'Swounds' 'God's wounds' (one of the most profane of oaths)
530-1 **eighteenpence ordinaries** costly meals
532-3 **twelve several companies** glancing at the twelve principal companies or guilds in the City of London
534 **college of good-fellows** collection of thieves
535 **trencher-bearers** servants; a trencher is a plate or platter
535-6 **deep-conceited** exceedingly clever
538 **bottomless pit** hell
soul with a play on *sol* or *sou*, French coins

540 purchase his partner twelve shillings in bets, and so share it after
the play; your cheverel-gutted catchpole, who like a horse-leech
sucks gentlemen; and in all, your twelve tribes of villainy, who no
sooner understood the quaint form of such an uncustomed legacy
545 but they all pawned their vicious golls to meet there at the hour
prefixed. And to confirm their resolution the more, each slipped
down his stocking, baring his right knee, and so began to drink
a health half as deep as Mother Hubbard's cellar (she that was
called in for selling her working bottle-ale to bookbinders and
550 spurting the froth upon courtiers' noses). To conclude, I was their
only captain, for so they pleased to title me, and so they all risse,
potulis manibusque applauding my news. Then, the hour being
more than once and once reiterated, we were all at our hands
again, and so departed.

555 I could tell now that I was in many a second house in the city
and suburbs afterward, where my entertainment was not barren
nor my welcome cheap or ordinary, and then how I walked in
Paul's to see fashions, to dive into villainous meetings, pernicious
plots, black humours and a million of mischiefs which are bred in
that cathedral womb and born within less than forty weeks after.
560 But some may object, and say, 'What? Doth the Devil walk in Paul's
then?'

Why not, sir, as well as a sergeant, or a ruffian, or a murderer?
May not the Devil, I pray you, walk in Paul's as well as the horse go
a-top of Paul's? For I am sure I was not far from his keeper. Pooh,
565 I doubt where there is no doubt, for there is no true critic indeed
that will carp at the Devil.

Now the hour posted onward to accomplish the effects of my
desire, to gorge every vice full of poison that the soul might burst
at the last and vomit out herself upon blue cakes of brimstone,
570 when, returning home for the purpose in my captain's apparel
of buff and velvet, I struck mine hostess into admiration at my
proper appearance, for my polt-foot was helped out with bombast,
a property which many worldlings use whose toes are dead and
rotten, and therefore so stuff out their shoes like the corners of
575 wool-packs.

Well, into my tiring-house I went, where I had scarce shifted
myself into the apparel of my last will and testament, which was
the habit of a covetous barn-cracking farmer, but all my striplings

of perdition, my nephews of damnation, my kindred and alliance
of villainy and sharking, were ready before the hour to receive
580 my bottomless blessing. When entering into a country nightgown
with a cap of sickness about my brows, I was led in between Pierce
Penniless and his hostess, like a feeble farmer ready to depart
England and sail to the kingdom of Tartary, who setting me down
in a wicked chair, all my pernicious kinsfolks round about me, and
585 the scrivener between my legs (for he loves always to sit in the
Devil's cot-house), thus, with a whey countenance, short stops and
earthen-dampish voice, the true counterfeits of a dying cullion, I
proceeded to the black order of my legacies.

*The Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer,
the old wealthy bachelor of Limbo,
alias Dick Devil-barn, the griping farmer of Kent.* 590

In the name of Bezzle-bub, amen.

I, Lawrence Lucifer, alias Dick Devil-barn, sick in soul but not
in body, being in perfect health to wicked memory, do constitute
595 and ordain this my last will and testament irrevocable, as long as
the world shall be trampled on by villainy.

Imprimis, I, Lawrence Lucifer, bequeath my soul to hell and
my body to the earth. Amongst you all divide me and share me
equally, but with as much wrangling as you can, I pray, and it will
600 be the better if you go to law for me.

As touching my worldly-wicked goods, I give and bequeath
them in most villainous order following:

First, I constitute and ordain Lieutenant Frig-beard, Archpander
of England, my sole heir of all such lands, closes and gaps as
605 lie within the bounds of my gift. Beside, I have certain houses,
tenements and withdrawing-rooms in Shoreditch, Turnbull Street,
Whitefriars and Westminster, which I freely give and bequeath
to the aforesaid lieutenant and the base heirs truly begot of his
villainous body, with this proviso, that he sell none of the land
610 when he lacks money, nor make away any of the houses to impair
and weaken the stock, no, not so much as to alter the property
of any of them, which is to make them honest against their wills,
but to train and muster his wits upon the Mile End of his mazard,
rather to fortify the territories of Turnbull Street and enrich the
615 county of Pickt-hatch with all his vicious endeavours, golden

541 **cheverel-gutted** Cheverel, kid-leather,
is noted for its stretchiness; so the phrase
may mean 'pot-bellied' or 'insatiable'.

544 **pawned...golls** pledged with their
hands

547 **Mother Hubbard's cellar** The fact that
Spenser's *Mother Hubberds Tale* (1591)
was satiric, that it excited comment
from Harvey and Nashe, and that it was
likely called in, all render unnecessary
Adams' theory of a second satirical work
of the same name in early 1604 (*Ghost
of Lucrece*, xxvi, n.1). If there is little
clear connection between the substance
of Spenser's poem and Middleton's
references, the reason might be that
Middleton knew the poem only by
reputation. If *Hubburd's* Clutchfist is
Compton, as Adams suggests, there
might be a link with the fact that *Mother*

Hubberds Tale had been dedicated to Lady
Compton.

548 **called in** recalled or confiscated by an
official act of censorship

551 **potulis manibusque** with cups and
hands

554 **second house** a playful glance at *Pierce
(1.216)*, where it is ventured that 'every
second house in *Shoreditch* is maintained'
by prostitution

563-4 **horse...Paul's Morocco**, the famed
stunt horse, was reputed to have climbed
to the top of St Paul's c.1600.

572 **polt-foot** club-foot
bombast cotton-wool stuffing; hence the
rhetorical term

575 **wool-packs** large fleece bags

578 **barn-cracking** engrossing grain until
the barn is filled to splitting

585 **wicked** with a play on 'wicker'?

587 **cot-house** shed, shelter
short stops of the breath; panting

588 **cullion** base fellow; *lit.* testicle

590 **Lawrence Lucifer** his name in *Pierce* as
well; cf. Tilley D289.

592 **griping** grasping

599-600 **divide...equally** a black glance at
the Last Supper

605 **closes** enclosed fields

gaps openings in hedges or walls

607 **tenements** flats, suites, single rooms let
out as separate dwellings

withdrawing-rooms rooms to retire to
(for illicit activities)

607-8 **Shoreditch...Westminster** here, all
sites of prostitution

614 **Mile End** the green was a militia
training ground

mazard head

enticements and damnable practices. And, lieutenant, thou must
 dive, as thou usest to do, into landed novices, who have only wit
 to be lickerish and no more, that so their tenants, trotting up to
 620 London with their quarterages, they may pay them the rent, but
 thou and thy college shall receive the money.

Let no young wriggle-eyed damosel, if her years have struck
 twelve once, be left unassaulted, but it must be thy office to lay
 hard siege to her honesty and to try if the walls of her maidenhead
 625 may be scaled with a ladder of angels, for one acre of such
 wenches will bring in more at year's end than an hundred acres
 of the best harrowed land between Deptford and Dover. And
 take this for a note by the way: you must never walk without
 your deuce or deuce-ace of drabs after your boot-heels, for when
 630 you are abroad you know not what use you may have for them.
 And lastly, if you be well-fee'd by some riotous gallant, you must
 practise, as indeed you do, to wind out a wanton velvet cap and
 bodkin from the tangles of her shop, teaching her (you know how)
 to cast a cuckold's mist before the eyes of her husband, which is
 635 telling him she must see her cousin new come to town, or that
 she goes to a woman's labour, when thou knowest well enough
 she goes to none but her own, and being set out of the shop
 with her man afore her to quench the jealousy of her husband,
 she by thy instructions shall turn the honest simple fellow off
 640 at the next turning and give him leave to see *The Merry Devil
 of Edmonton* or *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, when his
 mistress is going herself to the same murder. Thousand of such
 inventions, practices and devices I stuff thy trade withal, beside
 the luxurious meetings at taverns, ten-pound suppers and fifteen-
 645 pound reckonings, made up afterwards with riotous eggs and
 muscadine. All these female vomits and adulterous surfeits I give
 and bequeath to thee, which I hope thou wilt put in practice with
 all expedition after my decease, and to that end I ordain thee
 wholly and solely my only absolute, excellent, villainous heir.

650 *Item*, I give and bequeath to you, Gregory Gauntlet, high thief
 on horseback, all such sums of money that are nothing due to you,
 and to receive them in whether the parties be willing to pay you
 or no. You need not make many words with them, but only these
 two, 'Stand and deliver.' And therefore a true thief cannot choose
 655 but be wise, because he is a man of so very few words.

I need not instruct you, I think, Gregory, about the politic
 searching of crafty carriers' packs or ripping up the bowels of
 wide boots and cloak-bags. I do not doubt but you have already

exercised them all. But one thing I especially charge you of, the
 neglect of which makes many of your religion tender their wine-
 pipes at Tyburn at least three months before their day: that if you
 660 chance to rob a virtuous townsman on horseback with his wife
 upon a pillion behind him, you presently speak them fair to walk
 a turn or two at one side where, binding them both together like
 man and wife, arm in arm very lovingly, be sure you tie them
 665 hard enough for fear they break the bonds of matrimony, which
 if it should fall out so, the matter would lie sore upon your necks
 the next sessions after, because your negligent tying was the cause
 of that breach between them.

Now, as for your Welsh hue and cry, the only net to catch thieves
 670 in, I know you avoid well enough because you can shift both
 your beards and your towns well, but for your better disguising
 henceforward I will fit you with a beard-maker of mine own, one
 that makes all the false hairs for my devils and all the periwigs
 that are worn by old courtiers who take it for a pride in their bald
 675 days to wear yellow curls on their foreheads when one may almost
 see the sun go to bed through the chinks of their faces.

Moreover, Gregory, because I know thee toward enough, and
 thy arms full of feats, I make thee Keeper of Coombe Park,
 Sergeant of Salisbury Plain, Warden of the standing-places and
 680 lastly, Constable of all heaths, holes, highways and cony-groves,
 hoping that thou wilt execute these places and offices as truly as
 Derrick will execute his place and office at Tyburn.

Item, I give and bequeath to thee, Dick Dog-man, Grand Catch-
 pole, over and above thy bare-bone fees that will scarce hang
 685 wicked flesh on thy back, all such lurches, gripes and squeezes as
 may be wrung out by the fist of extortion. And because I take pity
 on thee, waiting so long as thou usest to do ere thou canst land
 one fare at the Counter, watching sometimes ten hours together
 in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth and sampling thy
 690 nose with the red lattice, let him whosoever that falls into thy
 clutches at night pay well for thy standing all day. And, cousin
 Richard, when thou hast caught him in the mousetrap of thy
 liberty with the cheese of thy office, the wire of thy hard fist be-
 695 ing clapped down upon his shoulders, and the back of his estate
 almost broken to pieces, then call thy cluster of fellow vermins
 together, and sit in triumph with thy prisoner at the upper end of
 a tavern table where, under the colour of showing him favour, as
 you term it, in waiting for bail, thou and thy counter-leech may
 700 swallow down six gallons of charnico and then begin to chafe that

618 **landed novices** naive young heirs of
 lands
 619 **lickerish** wanton
 620 **quarterages** quarterly payments
 622 **wriggle-eyed** fluttery-eyed, flirtacious;
 or 'rigol-eyed' (round-eyed), innocent
 625 **angels** coins; with a glance at Jacob's
 ladder
 627 **between Deptford and Dover** from one
 end of Kent to the other
 629 **deuce-ace** a threesome
 632 **wind out** lure
 632-3 **velvet cap and bodkin** well-to-do
 female shopkeeper
 635 **cousin** playing on 'cozen'; and cf. *Five
 Gallants*, where a secret lover is a 'cousin
 out o'th' country' (I.I.38)

640-1 *The Merry... Kindness* The first
 play, anonymous, was written 1599-
 1603; the second, by Heywood, is from
 1603.
 645-6 **eggs and muscadine** aphrodisiacs;
 'muscadine' is muscatel
 661 **Tyburn** place of execution for Middlesex
 criminals
 663 **pillion** pad or cushion attached to rear
 of ordinary saddle
 670 **Welsh hue and cry** A 'hue and cry' is
 an outcry calling for pursuit of a felon;
 'Welsh' carries connotations of thievery,
 of lechery, of noisy incomprehensible
 babble, but may be suggested here by the
 pun on 'Hugh', a typical Welsh name.

671 **avoid** escape
 679 **Coombe Park** in Surrey; yet another
 regular site for highway robberies, as in
Five Gallants, 3.1
 680 **Salisbury Plain** ditto; see 312-13
 684 **Dog-man** from 'dog', to pursue or
 track, especially with hostile intent
 686 **lurches** scams
 689 **Counter** debtors' prison
 690 **sampling** putting in comparison,
 matching
 691 **red lattice** formerly a common mark of
 an ale-house
 694 **liberty** district over which a person's
 privilege extends
 700 **charnico** sweet Portuguese wine

- he makes you stay so long before Peter Bail comes. And here it will not be amiss if you call in more wine-suckers and damn as many gallons again, for you know your prisoner's ransom will pay for all—this is if the party be flush now, and would not have his credit copped with a scurvy counter.
- 705 Another kind of 'rest you have which is called shoe-penny—that is when you will be paid for every stride you take, and if the channel be dangerous and rough, you will not step over under a noble; a very excellent lurch to get up the price of your legs between Paul's Chain and Ludgate.
- 710 But that which likes me beyond measure is the villainous nature of that arrest which I may fitly term by the name of cog-shoulder, when you clap o' both sides like old Rowse in Cornhill, and receive double fee both from the creditor and the debtor, swearing by the post of your office to shoulder-clap the party the first time he lights upon the lime-twigs of your liberty when, for a little usurer's oil, you allow him day by day free passage to walk by the wicked precinct of your noses, and yet you will pimple your souls with oaths till you make them as well-favoured as your faces, and swear he never came within the verge of your eyelids. Nay more, if the creditor were present to see him arrested on the one side, and the party you wot on over the way at the other side, you have such quaint shifts, pretty hindrances and most lawyer-like delays ere you will set forward, that in the mean time he may make himself away in some by-alley, or rush into the bowels of some tavern or drinking-school, or if neither, you will find talk with some shark-shift by the way and give him the marks of the party, who will presently start before you, give the debtor intelligence, and so a rotten fig for the catchpole—a most witty, smooth and damnable conveyance. Many such running devices breed in the reins of your offices. Beside, I leave to speak of your unmerciful dragging a gentleman through Fleet Street to the utter confusion of his white feather and the lamentable spattering of
- 701 Peter Bail apparently playing on Peter Bales, a well-known scrivener
- 702 damn in your respective bottomless pits
- 704 flush plentifully supplied with money
- 705 credit reputation, financial and general coppered devalued counter (a) counterfeit coin (b) the prison
- 706 'rest arrest shoe-penny punning on *cioppini*, a current (and etymologically incorrect) pronunciation of *chopine*—absurdly tall cork-columned shoes favoured by stylish ladies of Venice and Spain, and whimsically appropriate for stepping over dangerous channels or drainage gutters
- 709 noble gold coin worth 6s. 8d.
- 710 Paul's Chain running south from the churchyard to Carter Lane Ludgate with reference to the debtors' prison at the gate
- 712-13 cog-shoulder a cheating (cogging) arrest
- 713 clap (a) strike a bargain, contract (b) seize Rowse suggested by the Bardolph-like description of Dog-man above (i.e. 'rouse'—a draught of drink, a bout of drinking)? The reference might be to an actual catchpole. Dyce speculated that a Cornish wrestler is intended (see Textual Note re 'Cornhill') Cornhill street running east from the end of the Poultry to Leadenhall Street, passing by the Royal Exchange
- 715 shoulder-clap arrest
- 716 lime-twigs twigs smeared with birdlime for catching birds
- 717 usurer's oil money
- 722 wot on know about
- 729 fig something valueless, contemptible
- 730-1 running... reins with a reference to urinary discharge ('running of the reins', i.e., the kidneys, loins), usually associated with gonorrhoea
- 735 black dogs of Newgate a popular name for diabolical catchpoles: Luke Hutton published a rogue pamphlet, *The Blacke Dogge of Newgate*, in 1596, and a two-part play of that title was written by Day, Hathaway, Went. Smith, and 'the other poet' for Worcester's Men between 24 November 1602 and 26 February 1603.
- 742-3 pageant... places occasions and locations of large public gatherings
- 743 sixpenny rooms probably the lords' rooms
- 744 cut... nim styles of theft
- 746 shave a shaving, by way of a sample Paul's Cross the pulpit
- 750 Bias bowling term, referring to the oblique construction of the bowl
- 751 Hollow-bank with reference to his skill in relieving people of their money
- 752 hooks traps ties obligations, restraints; matches cross-lays cheating wagers
- 754 mistress the small target ball, or jack, in bowls
- 755 rubs impediments by which a bowl is hindered in its proper course; 'rocks' appears to be a fanciful embellishment of the same term
- 766 bunglers and ketlers oafs and tinkers, clumsy folk; especially, here as with 'ketling' in *Hubbard* (928), unskilled bowlers; and see *Five Gallants*, where the foolish country cousin of Mistress Newcut, who has 'the leisure to follow all new fashions—ply the brothels, practise salutes and cringes' (2.1.63-4), is named 'Bungler'.

the plain frieze of simplicity thou mayst finely couch the wrought velvet of knavery.

770 *Item*, I give and bequeath to your cousin-german here, Francis Finger-false, Deputy of Dicing-houses, all cunning lifts, shifts and couches that ever were, are and shall be invented, from this hour of eleven clock upon black Monday until it smite twelve o' clock at Doomsday. And this I know, Francis, if you do endeavour to excel as I know you do, and will truly practise falsely, you may
775 live more gallanter far upon three dice than many of your foolish heirs about London upon thrice three hundred acres.

But turning my legacy to youward, Barnaby Burning-glass, Arch Tobacco-taker of England, in ordinaries, upon stages both common and private, and lastly in the lodging of your drab and
780 mistress: I am not a little proud, I can tell you, Barnaby, that you dance after my pipe so long, and for all counterblasts and tobacco-Nashes, which some call railers, you are not blown away, nor your fiery thirst quenched with the small penny-ale of their contradictions, but still suck that dug of damnation with a long
785 nipple, still burning that rare Phoenix of Phlegethon, tobacco, that from her ashes burnt and knocked out may arise another pipeful. Therefore I give and bequeath unto thee a breath of all religions save the true one, and tasting of all countries save His own, a brain well sooted, where the muses hang up in the smoke like
790 red herrings. And look how the narrow alley of thy pipe shows in the inside, so shall all the pipes through thy body. Besides, I give and bequeath to thee lungs as smooth as jet and just of the same colour, that when thou art closed in thy grave the worms may be consumed with them and take them for black puddings.

795 Lastly, not least, I give and bequeath to thee, Pierce Penniless, exceeding poor scholar, that hath made clean shoes in both universities, and been a pitiful batteler all thy lifetime, full often heard with this lamentable cry at the butt'ry-hatch: 'Ho, Lancelot! A cue of bread and a cue of beer,' never passing beyond the con-

800 fines of a farthing nor once munching commons, but only upon gaudy-days: to thee, most miserable Pierce, or pierced through and through with misery, I bequeath the tithe of all vaulting-houses, the tenth *denier* of each 'Hey-pass, come aloft!', beside the playing in and out of all wenches at thy pleasure, which I know as thou mayst use it will be such a fluent pension that thou shalt never have need to write *Supplication* again.

Now, for the especial trust and confidence I have in both you, Mihell Money-god, usurer, and Leonard Lavender, broker or pawn-lender, I make you two my full executors, to the true disposing of all these my hellish intents, wealthy villainies and most pernicious
810 damnable legacies.

And now, kinsmen and friends, wind about me. My breath begins to cool, and all my powers to freeze. And I can say no more to you, nephews, than I have said, only this: I leave you all like ratsbane to poison the realm. And I pray, be all of you as arrant
815 villains as you can be, and so farewell, be all hanged and come down to me as soon as you can.

This said, he departed to his molten kingdom, the wind risse, the bottom of the chair flew out, the scrivener fell flat upon his nose, and here is the end of a harmless moral. 820

FINIS

Epilogue spoken by the Black Book:

Now sir, what is your censure now? You have read me, I am sure. Am I black enough, think you, dressed up in a lasting suit of ink? Do I deserve my dark and pitchy
825 title? Stick I close enough to a villain's ribs? Is not Lucifer liberal to his nephews in this his last will and testament? Methinks I hear you say nothing, and therefore I know you are pleased and agree to all, for *Qui tacet consentire videtur*. And I allow you wise and truly judicious, because
830 you keep your censure to yourself.

767 **frieze** coarse woollen cloth
couch hide (as in ambush); cf. couches (secret tricks) below (771)
772 **eleven** at night; see note to 206
black Monday Easter Monday, traditionally an unlucky day; the unspoken implication is that the Antichrist Lucifer, who has evidently been in London for a single day, rose from hell on Easter Sunday!
777 **Barnaby** an apparent dig either at Barnaby Rich, enemy of tobacco-taking, or at Barnabe Barnes, who sided with Harvey against Nashe, and is attacked in Nashe's *Have With You to Saffron Walden* (1596)
Burning-glass a lens for igniting fires
781 **counterblasts** with apparent reference to King James's *A counter-blast to tobacco*,

which however was itself only published in 1604
782 **tobacco-Nashes** playing on 'ashes', on the supposedly railing attacks of Nashe, and conceivably on 'gnashes'
783 **small penny-ale** weak ale, hence sold at a penny a gallon
788 **His** 'God's' or 'Christ's' seems likely, given the parallel with 'true' religion.
794 **consumed** destroyed
797 **batteler** a member of the lowest economic rank of undergraduates (specific to Oxford)
798 **butt'ry-hatch** the half-door over which provisions from the college buttery (bread, butter and ale) are served
799 **cue** half a farthing (denoted by *q* in college accounts)
800 **munching commons** eating at the

common table
801 **gaudy-days** holidays, at Oxford or that is to say (rephrasing 'most miserable Pierce')
803 **denier** worth about a tenth of an English penny
'Hey-pass, come aloft!' juggler's cry or trick, used here to designate tricks turned in the vaulting-houses; to come aloft is to have an erection, or to mount sexually.
805 **fluent** generous, flowing
808 **Mihell** obsolete form of 'Michael', playing on 'my hell'
Lavender 'to lay in lavender' is to pawn.
823 **censure** judgement
829-30 **Qui... videtur** legal maxim: he who remains silent will be seen to consent

THE WHOLE ROYAL AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by R. Malcolm Smuts

The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment, with the Arches of Triumph describes one of the two or three greatest spectacles of early seventeenth-century England: an event staged before tens of thousands of spectators, involving hundreds of participants and a massive display of ostentation. Expenditures by the Crown alone amounted to over £36,000—a sum comparable to the cost of twenty court masques, or roughly double that of constructing the Whitehall Banqueting House. London's guilds contributed £4,100 more, while the Borough of Westminster and the many peers and gentry who marched in the royal procession invested unknown but substantial sums. Modern scholarship has persistently associated the opulent culture of the Stuart court with indoor theatricals and collections of paintings. In reality, however, great outdoor pageants like James I's coronation procession consumed much more money and reached far more people than the masques of Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones or the portraits of Van Dyck. To understand what royal majesty meant in this period, and how poets contributed to the construction of a public image of kingship, we need to begin with such events.

Thomas Middleton's contribution—a speech for the figure Zeal (ll. 2122–81) at the sixth of eight pageants James encountered along his route—can only be understood within the whole context of which it formed a part. The text that follows this introduction provides the fullest possible account of James's entry that can be reconstructed from the original sources. It combines separate descriptions published shortly after the event by the poets, Thomas Dekker and Ben Jonson, and the London joiner Stephen Harrison, who had overseen construction of the pageant arches, along with additional material from printed and manuscript sources (see textual introduction).

Readers should not approach *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment*, however, as a completely accurate description of the entry on 15 March nor even a dramatic script for that event. It derives from three highly shaped texts, crafted by the individuals chiefly responsible for planning the day's arches and pageants. These emphasize poetic and iconographical elements that probably seemed less important to eyewitnesses, while minimizing or omitting other features of the entry, like the fireworks display on the Thames. Our text also presents a more cohesive and unified impression than any spectator could have achieved of events that took place along a route nearly two miles long, before a noisy crowd that sometimes almost drowned out the speeches. Even James must have had trouble absorbing all the speeches and iconographical details amidst the noise and other distractions; spectators who tried to

follow the procession on foot must sometimes have failed to get close enough to understand what was going on. This was certainly the case with Gilbert Dugdale, who produced an independent narrative of the entry based on his own observations.

Our text thus provides an ideal reconstruction, rather than an account of what anyone saw or heard on 15 March 1604. That reconstruction is historically important in its own right, since the published accounts were read by many people who had not watched the entry, or who desired a comprehensive summary after the fact. Dekker's volume sold especially well, going through three editions—including one in Edinburgh—within a few months. Any interpretation must, however, begin by recognizing that the relationship between our composite account and the event it records is even more problematical than that of a printed play to an original performance. Instead of taking the textual description at face value, we ought to pose a number of questions concerning the historical traditions that lay behind James's coronation entry, the manner in which such an event was organized and constructed, and the role of theatrical and visual elements within the larger spectacle. Doing this will also serve to bring out differences between our three authors and to situate Middleton in relationship to them.

The Royal Entry Ritual

The royal entry developed during the late Middle Ages from procedures used when a ruler entered his capital or any other large city subject to his authority. By the fifteenth century a set formula had evolved, not only in England but—with important local variations—in several European states, notably France and the Holy Roman Empire. An entry always consisted of a procession by the royal household and nobles attending the monarch, before an audience consisting partly of civic dignitaries and partly of an undifferentiated public. It combined elements of chivalric cavalcade, civic pageant, liturgical ceremony and popular festival, in ways that simultaneously emphasized feudal and religious traditions of monarchy, the corporate structure of urban society and spontaneous popular devotion to the ruler.

The court and nobility processed in a strict order of precedence, with relatively insignificant officials like messengers and footmen placed at the front and the greater officers of state and highest noblemen and women at the rear, around the royal family. The procession therefore provided a mirror of the proper ordering of the social élite under royal authority, that defined both the

sovereign's pre-eminence and the precise place of every participant in relation to him. This hierarchical image also embodied a deep sense of tradition. The commission appointed to determine the order of march searched the Crown's archives for precedents, and the great feudal offices of High Constable and Earl Marshal were filled with temporary appointees who marched in the places prescribed by medieval tradition, even though the former had been vacant for centuries. Such archaic features emphasized the deep historical roots of the monarchy, to a society that tended to equate authority with ancient lineages and immemorial custom.

The procession furnished the ruler with an extraordinarily large and splendid entourage, an essential expression of rank and power in late medieval and early modern society. Splendour was conveyed above all by sumptuous costumes, a prominent feature of court life since the twelfth century. Household servants wore standardized but extremely rich liveries. The King's yeomen and messengers sported scarlet coats with embroidered insignia and spangles made of real gold that glistened in the sunlight as they marched. The costumes of courtiers and noblemen were considerably more lavish, often requiring yards of embroidered cloth garnished with pearls and jewels. In April of 1603 one observer reported that some knights and noblemen had spent £4,000 or £5,000 each on suits for James's upcoming coronation—for which the entry was originally planned—so that a relatively poor lord might 'endanger his estate' by striving to keep up. Banners, painted chariots, embroidered velvet saddle cloths and the rich canopy carried over the King rounded out the effect, turning an entry into a massive display of wealth.

If the court and nobility dominated the procession, the civic community of London's guilds took pride of place among the watching crowd. One side of the processional route was reserved for them. Each guild assembled at its appointed place in ceremonial livery, beneath heraldic banners bearing its coat of arms and behind rails draped in blue cloth. In front of the rails stood specially appointed whiffers or marshals. The Mayor, Recorder, and aldermen of London also waited along the route, in crimson robes of office. As the monarch reached them the Recorder always delivered an oration expressing the city's devotion and presented a gift, consisting in 1604 of three gold cups. The King replied with a brief speech of thanks, whereupon the mayor and aldermen joined the procession. In effect the civic community, headed by its chief officers, became the King's host, as if London was a great country house and the mayor its lord. Dekker's text underlines the point by describing the City as the 'court royal' during the entry and equating the sites of the pageants with specific rooms in royal apartments at Whitehall and other palaces. The parallel between the city's hospitality and that of a nobleman's household may also explain the custom of placing tapestries on the outside of houses along the route, as if the city streets had become a gigantic gallery.

The guild representatives, however, formed only a small part of a crowd that John Stow described as consisting of 'the chiefest gentry of every country [county], and great number of strangers from beyond seas . . . [and] such great multitudes of people from all places as the like in London was never seen until that day'. Then as now, great spectacles were international tourist attractions. Wealthier spectators rented space in windows overlooking the route, while their humbler counterparts took whatever vantage point they could find, normally along the side of the street opposite to that occupied by the guilds, which was also railed in but left free for spectators. English crowds customarily greeted public appearances of their rulers with raucous enthusiasm, which James found disconcerting after the more subdued public behaviour he had experienced in Scotland. During the coronation entry, however, he had little choice but to suffer his subjects' loud enthusiasm (no doubt increased by the free wine that flowed all day from the city's water conduits). The tolling of bells from the 123 parish churches in London and its suburbs added further to the noisy air of festive celebration that conveyed, more effectively than any set speeches, popular devotion toward the new king.

Pageants and Iconographic Programmes

Royal entries did not, therefore, require theatrical embellishment to express the majesty of kingship and loyalty of the people. From the Middle Ages, however, a tradition had grown up of accompanying particularly important entries with street pageants, sponsored by the host city or by individual guilds and other corporate groups. These commented allegorically on the meaning of the entry and sometimes alluded to specific political issues. During Elizabeth's coronation entry in 1559 London Protestants, almost certainly after prior consultation with leading figures at court, produced pageants hinting broadly at the Queen's Protestant inclinations and her intention to repudiate her Catholic sister's policies.

For James's coronation entry the City of London produced five pageants, and the Borough of Westminster and the foreign communities of Dutch and Italian merchants one each. We do not know how this apportionment of labour was decided or whether any significant consultation took place between the various civic groups and the court, although planning began very shortly after the new King's accession on 24 March 1603, as David Bergeron has shown. Dekker informs us that the London Corporation appointed a committee of four aldermen and twelve other prominent citizens to supervise its pageants. These luminaries, in turn, set up a bureaucratic structure presiding over a workforce of well over 200. Harrison was put in charge of the construction of the arches that would form the pageant settings; Dekker and Jonson were commissioned to devise the pageants themselves. Initially the entry was planned to coincide with James's coronation on 25 July 1603. An outbreak of plague led, however, to a decision to separate the entry from the coronation

and postpone it until the epidemic had subsided. In late January of 1604 the court decided to proceed with the entry on 4 March, a date later pushed back to the fifteenth.

Harrison, Dekker, and Jonson each display a distinctive attitude toward the pageants, suggesting different interpretations of the role of visual and poetic imagery. Harrison's descriptions betray an obvious pride in the visual impression made by the arches and the technical architectural lore that went into their design, especially the science of measurement and a knowledge of the five classical orders. This emphasis seems almost superfluous today, when schoolchildren know how to read scaled drawings and recognize a Corinthian column. Architectural theory and methods of draftsmanship remained relatively esoteric subjects in the England of 1604, however, where buildings were still normally erected through artisanal methods in a vernacular tradition. In his stress on precise measurement and classical proportions, Harrison anticipates a more famous London joiner and self-styled architect, Inigo Jones, whose career as a designer of court masques began one year later. Harrison's prominent use of the squat Tuscan order in the first arch, which he associates with the 'shortness and thickness' of Atlas, provides another intriguing parallel. This order received little prominence in Italian architectural treatises but it fascinated Jones, who used it as the basis for his Covent Garden designs. It is difficult to know how much weight to place on this shared interest; but Harrison's text, with its beautiful engravings, its assertive pride and its determination to preserve a permanent record of ephemeral structures designed and erected by London tradesmen, provides a glimpse into the autodidact artisanal culture from which Jones also emerged. It shows that an interest in European visual culture and architectural classicism was not an exclusively aristocratic taste in Jacobean England.

Harrison oversaw the building of the arches; but as Dekker tells us, the poets devised the underlying 'inventions' or allegorical programmes. The Jacobean pageants deployed a more complex symbolism than Elizabeth's entry pageants, including extensive references to classical sources, that must have made them more difficult for the crowds to decipher. In this respect *The Magnificent Entertainment* marks a significant transition. It looks back to inherited medieval forms of public display and allegory; but it also anticipates the development of a cosmopolitan, classisizing and relatively exclusive court culture under the early Stuarts.

Revealingly, Dekker consistently plays down the more erudite and exclusive features of the iconographic programme, whereas Jonson emphasizes them in every possible way. Both agree on one point: classical allusions only bewilder the multitude. This observation leads Dekker to adopt a dismissive and almost apologetic tone concerning the learned dimensions of his verse. 'To make a false flourish here with the borrowed weapons of all the old masters of the noble Science of Poesy', he announces at the outset, '... only to show how nimbly we can carve up the whole mess of the poets, were to play the executioner, and to

lay out the city's household god on the rack, to make him confess how many pair of Latin sheets we have shaken and cut into shreds to make him a garment' (ll. 278-86). Instead of stressing his own learning, Dekker emphasizes the enthusiastic participation of large numbers of mostly ordinary people in preparing to welcome the King. 'Not a finger but had an office' (l. 393), he writes of the city's preparations of the arches: 'even children, might they have been suffered, would gladly have spent their little strength about the engines that mounted up the frames, such a fire of love and joy was kindled in every breast' (ll. 406-9). He weaves descriptions of the watching 'world of people' into his narrative, evoking its bustle and impatience to catch sight of the King: 'The streets seemed to be paved with men; stalls instead of rich wares were set out with children; open casements filled up with women...' (ll. 414-17). He also includes descriptions of speeches he did not himself write, by the spokesmen for the Dutch and Italian merchants, the Recorder of London, a boy speaking on behalf of St Paul's School, and Middleton. Dekker's text thus provides a relatively full narrative, written as a celebration of civic duty and popular devotion. His own contributions are modestly subsumed within this frame, as facets of a larger, communal event.

By contrast Jonson never provides a narrative of the crowd, although he does emphasize its devotion to the King in the symbolism and speeches he devised for the Fenchurch arch. Jonson thus subsumes the crowd within his visual and poetic 'invention', instead of acknowledging its independent existence. He also takes every opportunity to parade his scholarship. In a theoretical aside he distinguishes between his learned iconography and the crude symbolism of the popular tradition: 'Neither was it becoming, or could it stand with the dignity of these shows, after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets, to require a truchman or (with the ignorant painter) one to write, "This is a dog" or "This is a hare", but so to be presented as upon the view they might without cloud or obscurity declare themselves to the sharp and learned. And for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgements gazed, said it was fine and were satisfied' (ll. 756-64). In the printed text he does not rely even on 'the sharp and learned' to pick out the full range of his classical allusions but loads his verse with scholarly notes that crowd the margins and sometimes threaten to overwhelm the verse in erudite commentary. Typographically his text looks less like a typical book of Renaissance verse than a work of humanist philology, such as an annotated edition of a classical author. Sometimes Jonson takes an almost perverse delight in abstruseness, as in his use of a pagan goddess who happened to share the name of James's Queen. 'Who this Anna should be (with the Romans themselves) hath been no trifling controversy' (l. 2438.n) his explanatory note begins, before examining several ancient theories and finally arriving at Jonson's own conclusion. Elsewhere the notes take off on long and almost irrelevant tangents, commenting on topics like the primitive Roman custom of using ploughs to mark

the bounds of newly founded cities, or the pointed caps worn by Roman priests. This strategy served to dissociate Jonson from the popular medium of street pageants, from city poets like Dekker and Middleton and from his own origins as a Westminster bricklayer's apprentice, linking him instead to the environment of academies and courtly humanism. Although the pageants took place in public, under the patronage of London and Westminster, Jonson does not treat them as a form of popular or civic culture. He presents them instead as products of a classicist high tradition, sheltered by its formidable erudition from the indignity of close contact with the multitude.

If we turn to the speeches and iconographic programmes, the contrast becomes more subtle and complex but nevertheless remains. Middleton emerges as a poet less interested than Jonson in intricate classical learning, but more adept than Dekker at integrating iconographic imagery into a lucid and decorous speech. Only 23, he already displays a remarkably mature and distinctive sense of how to craft panegyric verse for a great public ritual.

The pageants are generally consistent in their ideological and political orientation, stressing common themes that would soon become firmly associated with James's rule, such as the King's defence of the realm's peace and his union of the English and Scottish crowns into a new imperial British monarchy. The one striking exception is the third pageant, sponsored by the Dutch community. As Julia Gasper has shown, this employed a Protestant iconography very different from that used elsewhere in the entry, and implicitly argues against the Anglo-Spanish peace then being negotiated in nearby Westminster. Since there is no firm evidence that Dekker worked on this pageant, however, Gasper's attempt to see it as an expression of his Protestant internationalism is unconvincing. The Catholic Jonson and staunchly Protestant Dekker certainly disagreed over some fundamental issues, but only subtle and inconclusive hints of ideological differences emerge when we compare the pageants they undoubtedly devised. It is probably significant, for example, that Dekker uses more Tudor and medieval imagery than Jonson, whose historical allusions derive almost exclusively from the ancient world. Dekker no doubt felt more comfortable with neo-chivalric and high Elizabethan ideals than Jonson. The pageants themselves did not, however, attempt to link contrasting classical and medieval images of monarchy to divergent policies. They use somewhat different cultural languages but—the Dutch pageant aside—enunciate a fairly uniform message, centring upon the kingdom's joy at James's accession and the anticipation of an age of peace and prosperity under his rule.

We are on firmer ground in identifying contrasting approaches to the construction of iconographic schemes. All three poets combine classical imagery with conventional symbols that can have given plebeian spectators little trouble. By and large, however, Dekker's iconography is more traditional and less complex than Jonson's. In an

initial pageant 'laid by' because James did not enter London in the expected place (ll. 362–5), Dekker represents England and Scotland through the familiar figures of St George and St Andrew, holding hands in token of friendship. The fourth arch near St Mildred's-in-the-Poultry employs another conventional image: a Fountain of Virtue that has dried up after the recent death of a 'Phoenix', a standard symbol for Elizabeth I. On the approach of James, a new Phoenix who has risen from the ashes of the old, it begins to flow again, overwhelming the efforts of *Detractio* and *Oblivio* to suck it dry. At the next arch a sylvan or wood god presented James with the devotion of Peace and her daughter Plenty, identified by a cornucopia and other relatively transparent emblems of fertility.

Jonson's first arch in Fenchurch Street, by contrast, deployed a more intricate symbology. The central figure of *Monarchia Britannica* could have been easily identified by her two crowns adorned with the arms of England and Scotland. But it would have been much harder to decipher some of the accompanying figures, and more difficult still to recognize the allusions to passages from Virgil, Ovid, and Claudian conveyed by Latin mottoes. In addition, the arch defines British Monarchy as a complex philosophical ideal, combining political, theological, and geographical elements. She rules with the support of the six daughters of the Genius of London, over a little world divided from the European continent. She also depends upon Divine Wisdom, who is represented holding a dove and a serpent as emblems of innocence and prudence. A speech by the Genius of London does little to clarify this programme but instead adds another, historical layer of imagery. The Genius welcomes James as heir to all who have ruled the island since before the Roman conquest, a king predestined to govern peacefully in a land that has often been subject to wars of conquest. In *Basilikon Doron* James referred to the bloodless unification of England and Scotland under his rule, after centuries of warfare and failed attempts at conquest, as an act of Providence. Jonson echoes and builds upon this royal claim.

While doing so, however, he also constructs a representation of the zealous devotion of the London populace. The city's devotion is personified by the river Thames—an image justified by a line from Ovid stating that even rivers have felt the power of love. Jonson further symbolizes London's loyalty through the figures of *Euphorsyne* (Gladness), *Sebasis* (Veneration), *Prothymia* (Promptitude), *Agrypina* (Vigilance), and *Agape* (Loving Affection). His verses refer to the spectators' 'sparkling eyes' and shouts that 'cleave the air'. Nothing in Dekker's pageants compares to this elaborate representation of public loyalty, in which, as Jonson boasted, 'the very site, fabric, strength, policy, dignity and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being to present always some one entire body or figure consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in its own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connected and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole'. Despite his professed

disdain for 'the multitude' and its 'grounded judgements', Jonson remained alive to the entry's significance as a civic and public event. He seems far more interested, however, in fashioning appropriate images of the crowd's feelings, supported by a dazzling array of classical citations, than in the actual crowd.

If we turn next to Middleton's speech for Zeal at the sixth arch (ll. 2122–81) we find a subtly different approach. Middleton also manages to integrate a fairly complex symbolic scheme into a speech that blends royal panegyric with references to the public's devotion. He seems far less concerned with precise iconographic detail than Jonson, however, and more intent on elucidating the relationship of symbolic images to the basic themes of his speech. The Fleet Street arch, for which Middleton wrote his speech, was topped by a globe 'filled with all the different degrees and states that are in the land', and by *Astraea*, the goddess of justice and of the mythical Golden Age, who had often been associated with Elizabeth. Figures representing the four elements turned the globe as James approached, so he could see the image inside it. Below *Astraea* stood *Arete* or Virtue and below her *Fortuna* standing on a turning globe and *Invidia* or Envy, looking on fearfully. Lower still sat personifications of the particular virtues of Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and Prudence, and of James's four kingdoms, England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

Middleton may not have devised this scheme but he crafted a speech that managed to allude to all the symbolic features on the arch, without straying from its central theme of royal virtue and public zeal. That speech revolves around a presentation of the King as the unifying spirit of the body politic and ultimate source of justice and harmony, whose virtues make civil life possible: a theme reflecting the ideal of monarchy James himself had expounded in *Basilikon Doron*. Zeal begins by alluding to public anxiety and disquiet following Elizabeth's death. Fears of a succession crisis complicated by class animosities had haunted England during the Queen's last years, but in 1603 the political nation quickly united around James, assuring a smooth succession. Zeal attributes this happy outcome entirely to the King himself, wrongly implying that his arrival halted an upsurge of social conflict, and attributing to his 'regal eye' a stability that really owed more to prompt action by the Privy Council and the political nation's horror of civil war. The speech proceeds to credit James with bringing peace not only to the kingdom but the cosmos, by quelling the natural enmity of the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Through his high fortune and still higher virtue, he dominates the world. Envy—a vice traditionally associated with popular resentment of the rich and powerful—cannot harm him and so consumes her own venom in frustration. James has united the four kingdoms of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland into an empire whose glories have caused *Astraea* to return to earth. Middleton probably felt it needless to explain what most schoolboys knew: that in

Virgil's *Ecloques* the return of *Astraea* meant the renewal of the Golden Age, under the auspices of a wise and just emperor.

With its hyperbolic praise of the King's power to impose peace not only on his people but on nature itself, this speech anticipates many Jacobean masques and panegyrics. In doing so, however, it also manages to highlight public devotion to the King in a way that is not typical of Jacobean court entertainments. 'All estates, whose proper arts | Live by the breath of Majesty' burn with 'holy zeal' to greet James. The 'painted flames' of Zeal's robe are but outward signs of what the city and its people feel. Middleton is thus able to conclude with a decorous allusion to *the crowd's* zeal, that probably served as a cue for loud acclamations: 'with reverberate shouts our globe shall ring, | The music's close begins thus: God save our King!' Where Jonson represented public devotion through a self-contained structure of symbol and poetry, Middleton deliberately ends by turning outward, gesturing toward the unprogrammed enthusiasm of James's subjects.

The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment is, therefore, not only a composite text but one that sometimes turns out, on close inspection, to be pulling in different directions. This becomes even more apparent if we notice passages in Dugdale's narrative that reveal James's impatience with the crowd. Jonson's discomfort with having to appeal to 'the multitude' corresponded to James's own lack of ease in public, just as his passion for classical learning fit in well with the King's scholarly interests.

In providing a record of the first great public ritual of Stuart monarchy, this text therefore also helps us understand why such lavish outdoor events were so rarely repeated. In James's reign only the creation of Henry as Prince of Wales (1610) and the wedding of Princess Elizabeth (1613) compared in scale and splendour with the 1604 entry. In 1627 Charles cancelled his own coronation entry, for which the city had already erected triumphal arches, so as 'to save the expense'. By then, of course, Jonson had developed a less unwieldy vehicle for the symbology of Stuart kingship in the court masque, with its spectacular stage sets and elite audience.

The true successor to the royal entry was not the masque, however, but the annual Lord Mayor's pageant, which involved a similar processional ceremony and comparable street pageants. If Jonson's erudite approach to the entry pageants anticipates his later development of the masque, Dekker's more tolerant and inclusive attitude found its true heir in the mayoral shows, foremost among them those of Thomas Middleton.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 498

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 351

Other Middleton–Dekker works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*, 721; *Gypsy*, 1723

Other Middleton–Webster works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Quiet Life*, 1593; *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1886

THOMAS DEKKER, STEPHEN HARRISON, BEN JONSON, and THOMAS MIDDLETON

*The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment of King James
through the City of London, 15 March 1604,
with the Arches of Triumph*

*To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Bennet Knight, Lord
Mayor of this city, the right worshipful the aldermen his
brethren, and to those worshipful commoners elected
committees for the managing of this business*

5 The love which I bear to your honour and worships, and
the duty wherewith I am bound to this honourable city,
makes me appear in this boldness to you, to whom I
humbly consecrate these fruits of my invention, which
time hath now at length brought forth and ripened to this
10 perfection. That magnificent royalty and glorious entertain-
ment—which you yourselves for your part, out of a
free, a clear and very bounteous disposition, and so many
thousands of worthy citizens out of a sincere affection
and loyalty of his Majesty, did with the sparing of no cost
15 bestow but upon one day—is here new wrought up again
and shall endure forever. For albeit those monuments of
your loves were erected up to the clouds and were built
never so strongly, yet now their lastingness should live but
in the tongues and memories of men, but that the hand
20 of art gives them here a second more perfect being, ad-
vanceth them higher than they were before and warrants
them that they shall do honour to this city, so long as the
city shall bear a name. Sorry I am that they come into the
world no sooner, but let the hardness of the labour and
25 the small number of hands that were busied about them
make the fault, if it be a fault, excusable. I would not care
if these unpainted pictures were more costly to me, so that
they might appear curious enough to your lordship and
worships; yet in regard that this present age can lay before
30 you no precedent that ever any in this land performed the
like, I presume these my endeavours shall receive the more
worthy liking of you. And thus dedicating my labours and
love to your honourable and kind acceptations, I most
humbly take my leave this 16 of June 1604.

35 Most affectionately devoted to
your lordship and worships,
Stephen Harrison

This Commentary focuses upon clas-
sical sources and issues of rank and
precedence.

8 **invention** the overall scheme of the
pageants

25 **them** the engravings

44 **Nimrod's** Babylonian ruler, builder of the
Tower of Babel

49 **Mausolean tomb** The tomb of Mausolus,
Satrap of Caria in Persia (377–353 BC);
one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

56 **Coloss' of the sun** celebrated 105-foot-
high bronze statue at Rhodes, another of
the Seven Wonders

71 **Triumphs** given in ancient Rome to
honour great military exploits

Ode

Babel that strove to wear
A crown of clouds and up did rear 40
Her forehead high,
With an ambitious lust to kiss the sky,
Is now or dust or not at all;
Proud Nimrod's wall
And all his antique monuments, 45
Left to the world as precedents,
Cannot now show (to tell where they did stand)
So much in length as half the builder's hand.

The Mausolean tomb,
The sixteen curious gates in Rome, 50
Which times prefer,
Both past and present; Nero's Theatre
That in one day was all gilt o'er;
Add to these more
Those columns and those pyramids that won 55
Wonder by height, the Coloss' of the sun,
Th'Egyptian obelisks, are all forgotten.
Only their names grow great; themselves be rotten.

Dear friend! What honour then
Bestow'st thou on thy countrymen? 60
Crowning with praise
By these thy labours, as with wreaths of bays,
This royal city, where now stand
(Built by thy hand)
Her arches in new state, so made 65
That their fresh beauties ne'er shall fade.
Thou of our English triumphs rear'st the fame
'Bove those of old, but above all thy name.

Tho Dekker

Ode

Triumphs were wont with sweat and blood be 70
crowned.
To every brow
They did allow



Title-page from Harrison's Arches of Triumph.

The Kings Entertainment through the Cittie of London.

75	The living laurel which begirted round Their rusty helmets and had power to make The soldier smile, while mortal wound did ache.	as it was marshalled by the Lords in Commission for the Office of Earl Marshal of England Messengers of the Chamber in their Coats Gentlemen Harbingers and Serjeant Porters	100
	But our more civil passages of state, Like happy feast Of inured rest,	Pur- Gentlemen and Esquires, Pur- suyvants the Prince's Servants suyvants at Arms at Arms	
80	Which bells and woundless cannons did relate, Stood high in joy, since warlike triumphs bring Remembrance of our former sorrowing.	Gentlemen and Esquires, the Queen's Servants Gentlemen and Esquires, the King's Servants Sewers, the King's Servants Quarter Waiters	105
	The memory of these should quickly fade (For pleasure's stream Is like a dream,	Gentlemen Ushers in Ordinary Clerks Signet Privy Seal	110
85	Passant and fleet as is a shade) Unless thyself, which these fair models bred, Had given them a new life when they were dead.	Council Parliament Crown	115
	Take then, good countryman and friend, that merit Which folly lends, Not judgement sends,	Chaplains having dignities Aldermen of London The Prince's Council at Law	115
90	To foreign shores for strangers to inherit. Perfection must be bold with front upright, Though Envy gnash her teeth whilst she would bite.	The Prince's Serjeant to go with another Serjeant Heralds The King's Advocate and Heralds at Arms the Queen's Attorney at Arms	120
95	John Webster	The King's Attorney and Solicitor Serjeants of the Law The King's Serjeants Masters of the Chancery	120

*The True Order of his Majesty's Proceeding through London
on Thursday the 15 of March anno domini 1604,*

- 86 **Passant** passing, fleeting
- 87 **models** of the arches
- 96-199 **The True Order . . . follow** Public Record Office (London) State Papers Domestic 14, volume 6, item 97. This has been emended in a few places after comparison with the order of the procession printed in Nichols, pp. 325-28. Nichols stated that his Order derived from two manuscripts, one in private hands and the other among the Cotton Manuscripts of the British Museum. We have not attempted to locate these or additional lists that may still be extant. The PRO document was probably a working draft but it agrees with Nichols's Order except in a few relatively minor details. The correct date in the title also suggests that it was compiled not long before the event itself. It therefore seems unlikely that the actual processional order differed significantly from the one here recorded.
- 98-9 **Commission for the Office** The Earl Marshal was an officer of the Crown responsible for overseeing all matters pertaining to inherited honours, including the ordering of court processions. The office had been vacated by the execution of its holder, the Earl of Essex, for treason in 1601. Its duties were therefore exercised by a commission appointed in February 1604, consisting of the Duke of Lenox, the earls of Nottingham, Suffolk, and Worcester, and Lords Buckhurst and Henry Howard.
- 100 **Messengers of the Chamber** The order of the procession reflects a strict sense of rank, with lowest officers coming first and those of highest rank grouped around the King. The Messengers of the Chamber, of whom there were normally forty, delivered official messages and orders and occasionally made arrests in the King's name. They wore scarlet coats beautifully embroidered with the initials JR under an imperial crown.
- 101 **Gentlemen Harbingers** Officers of the Household below stairs under the Lord Steward, a department responsible for the various menial tasks necessary to sustain the court. The harbingers managed the removal of the court from one place to another, for example during summer progresses.
- 104 **Gentlemen and Esquires** functionaries of the Chamber, which oversaw court ceremony and the personal life of the King. Because they conferred access to the King and were also highly visible, posts in the Chamber, unlike most of those in the Lord Steward's department, tended to be filled by gentlemen and peers. The Gentlemen and Esquires of the Chamber had originated as personal attendants to the King, but by this period had been relegated to a ceremonial role. The Queen and Prince had their own households, with the same structure as the King's but smaller in size.
- 106 **Sewers** ceremonial officers of the Chamber who served the King when he dined in public
- 107 **Quarter Waiters** functionaries of the Chamber
- 108 **Gentlemen Ushers** doorkeepers in the Chamber and its more intimate offshoot, the Privy Chamber (see below, note to l. 145-6)
- 109 **Signet** a small seal of medieval origin, attached to an office that formed part of the royal bureaucracy for issuing official documents
- 110 **Privy Seal** another such seal
- 111-13 **Council | Parliament | Crown** i.e. clerks of the Council, Parliament, and Crown
- 114 **Chaplains having dignities** Royal chaplains holding other major ecclesiastical offices
- 117 **The Prince's Serjeant** a legal advisor, subordinate to the chief counsel
- 120 **The King's Attorney and Solicitor** Edward Coke and Francis Bacon, the senior legal counsellors of the Crown
- 121 **Serjeants of the Law** barristers with the right to plead in the Court of Common Pleas, the most active of the central common law courts
- 122 **King's Serjeants** assistant legal counsellors to the Crown
- 123 **Masters of the Chancery** Judges in Chancery, the kingdom's chief equity court under the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor.

The Kings entertainment through the City of London.

125	Secretaries for the French and Latin Tongues Knights Bachelors Esquires for the body, sewers, carvers and cupbearers in ordinary		Trumpets sounding Knights and Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber and Bedchamber Knights of the Bath	145
	Pursuivants The Queen's Council at Law	Pursuivants	Knights that have been Lord Ambassador Lords Presidents and Lord Deputies	
130	Masters of standing Offices being no Counsellors, viz.	{ Tents Revels Armoury Wardrobe Jewel House Ordinance	The Master of the Jewel House and the Prince's Governor The Dean of the King's Chapel Barons' younger sons Viscounts' younger sons	150
135	Masters of Requests The Chamberlains of the Exchequer		Knights of the Privy Council Knights of the Garter	155
	Barons of the Exchequer and Judges of the laws	Heralds at Arms	Barons' eldest sons Earls' younger sons Viscounts' eldest sons	Heralds at Arms
140	Heralds at Arms The Lord Chief Baron and Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas	Heralds at Arms	Treasurer and Controller amongst Barons according to their creations Barons of the Parliament	160
	The Lord Chief Justice of England The Serjeant Trumpeter with his Mace			

- 124 **Secretaries for the French and Latin Tongues** responsible for official correspondence in those languages. The Latin secretary was Sir Thomas Smith.
- 125 **Knights Bachelors** knights who were not members of one of the chivalric orders
- 126-7 **Esquires . . . ordinary** functionaries of the Chamber, six in number
- 129 **Masters of standing Offices** heads of ancient administrative departments, attached to the Household or Chamber, or independent
being no Counsellors not belonging to the Privy Council, the chief administrative and policy-making organ of royal government
- 130 **Tents** a department of the Chamber
- 131 **Revels** department of the Chamber responsible for court entertainments and the licensing of plays
- 132 **Armoury** independent department responsible for armour and small arms
- 133 **Wardrobe** independent department affiliated with the Household, responsible for procuring and stockpiling cloths and related materials used by the court and issuing official robes to many Crown officials
- 134 **Jewel House** department of the Chamber that kept the royal jewels
- 135 **Ordinance** independent department responsible for procuring and storing munitions
- 136 **Masters of Requests** officers in charge of receiving and forwarding petitions to the King
- 137 **Chamberlains of the Exchequer** officers of the chief royal treasury
- 138 **Barons of the Exchequer** judges of the exchequer court, having jurisdiction over taxes: at this date Sir Thomas Fleming and Sir Lawrence Tanfield.
- Judges of the laws** presided in the common law courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas
- 139-40 **Lord Chief Baron and Lord Chief Justice** Sir William Periam and Sir Edward Anderson, who headed the courts of the Exchequer and Common Pleas
- 142 **Lord Chief Justice** Sir John Popham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the highest common law court
- 145-6 **Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber and Bedchamber** Gentlemen charged with attending upon the King within the more restricted sections of royal palaces, in which he actually lived. The Privy Chamber had emerged from the Chamber under Henry VII. Until 1603 its gentlemen (and ladies under Elizabeth I) were the monarch's chief personal attendants. Its Scottish counterpart was the Bedchamber. In 1603 James incorporated this institution and its Scottish staff within the English Privy Chamber, whose gentlemen thereby lost their intimate connection to the monarch, being displaced to a ceremonial role. James's court above stairs thus had a tripartite structure of Bedchamber, Privy Chamber, and Chamber proper, reflected both in the physical layout of his palaces and the institutional arrangements. The Scots monopoly over the Bedchamber, which lasted until 1618, caused considerable jealousy among English courtiers and office-holders, especially after the Bedchamber staff emerged as brokers of royal patronage, with privileged access to the King's sometimes extravagant bounty.
- 147 **Knights of the Bath** Sixty knights created and inducted into the Order of the Bath at royal coronations.
- 148 **Knights that have been Lord Ambassador** knights who had once served in that capacity. Their relatively high ceremonial prestige, reflected by their position in the procession, stemmed from their role as the personal representatives of English monarchs to foreign sovereigns.
- 149 **Lords Presidents and Lord Deputies** Heads, respectively, of the Councils of the North and of Wales and of royal government in Ireland
- 150 **Master of the Jewel House** Sir Edward Carey, official keeper of the King's jewels
- 151 **Prince's Governor** Sir Thomas Chaloner, appointed to take charge of the person and household of the Prince in August 1603
- 152 **Dean of the King's Chapel** James Montague, titular head of the staff of chaplains
- 155 **Knights of the Privy Council** members of the Privy Council holding the rank of knight
- 156 **Knights of the Garter** members of the great chivalric Order of the Garter, established by Edward III and based at Windsor Castle
- 160 **Treasurer and Controller** financial officers of the household below stairs, reporting to the Lord Steward
- 161 **according to their creations** The order of march was based on the date at which the baron's titles had been granted, with older titles taking precedence over more recent ones.
- 162 **Barons of the Parliament** lay members of the House of Lords without higher titles

The Kings entertainment

	The Principal Secretary being a baron		Lord Treasurer and Lord Chancellor together		
	Bishops		Lord Mayor of London—Garter Chief	180	
165	Marquesses' younger sons		King at Arms—Chief Gentleman Usher		
	Earls' eldest sons		The Prince's	The Prince	The Prince's
	Viscounts		Footmen	of Wales	Footmen
	Dukes' younger sons		The Lord	The sword borne by	The Lord
170	Marquesses' eldest sons		High	the Earl Marshal	Great
	Earls		Constable		Chamberlain
	The Lord Admiral and Lord Chamberlain		Gentlemen		Gentlemen
	being not otherwise employed		Pensioners,		Pensioners,
	Dukes' eldest sons		Footmen and	The King's	Footmen and
	Marquesses		Equerries of	Majesty	Equerries of
175	Dukes		the Stable		the Stable
	Serjeants of	Serjeants of	The Master of the Horse leading a spare horse		
	Arms but	Arms but	Vice Chamberlain to the King		
	not to pass	not to pass	The Queen's Vice Chamberlain		190
	the swords	the swords			
	Clarenceaux and				
	Norroy kings of				
	arms together				

163 **Principal Secretary** Robert Cecil, created Baron Essendon in May of 1603. The Principal Secretary was the more senior of two secretaries of state responsible for both diplomatic and domestic correspondence and a range of related duties. Cecil was at this time the single most powerful and important minister of the King.

171 **Lord Admiral** Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham, commander of the royal navy, a post he had held during the famous victory over the Armada in 1588
Lord Chamberlain Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, the administrative head of the Chamber and its offshoot, the Privy Chamber

176–8 **Clarenceaux and Norroy kings of arms** William Camden, the antiquarian, and Richard St George. Kings of Arms were heralds, responsible for overseeing grants of arms and adjudicating issues relating to rank, under the supervision of the Earl Marshal.

179 **Lord Treasurer** Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, head of the Exchequer
Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas Egerton. The Lord Chancellor was both the chief judge of the Court of Chancery and head of the administrative department that controlled the Great Seal, needed to authenticate legal writs and some other official documents. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Treasurer were the senior administrative officers of the Crown, since they headed the oldest administrative departments of royal government, dating from the twelfth century.

180 **Lord Mayor of London** Sir William Bennet. Dugdale describes him wearing 'a crimson velvet gown, bearing his enamelled golden mace upon his shoulder' and states that he 'ushered the King, Queen and Prince... to Temple Bar, [where] he took his leave and received many thanks of the King and

Queen, who was after met by the Aldermen and Sheriffs, who came to guard him home'.

180–1 **Garter Chief King at Arms** the highest ranking herald, William Norroy, who would have worn the robe of crimson satin he received when invested with his post in February 1604. Along with the Chief Gentlemen Usher he was placed here to attend upon the Lord Mayor, who was himself escorting the King through the City.

181 **Chief Gentleman Usher** in charge of the gentlemen ushers of the Privy Chamber

182–3 **Prince of Wales** James's eldest son Henry Frederick (1594–1612). Dugdale states: 'The young hopeful Henry Frederick or Frederick Henry, Prince of Wales, smiling as overjoyed, to the peoples' eternal comfort, salute[d] them with many a bend.'

184 **Lord High Constable** This medieval office had been vacant since 1521, but the Earl of Nottingham was appointed to fill it during the coronation and the entry into London.

185 **Earl Marshal** The Earl of Worcester, again appointed only for the Coronation and the entry.

186 **Lord Great Chamberlain** Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. This ancient office had long since become purely ceremonial in nature. The Lord High Constable, Earl Marshal and Lord Great Chamberlain were all relics of an earlier stage in the development of both the royal household and royal governance, when both retained many feudal characteristics. Their inclusion at this, the climactic point, of the royal procession reflects a deep sense of tradition rather than the organization of the court in the early seventeenth century. That sense of tradition was itself significant, however. Late in Elizabeth's reign, the Earl of Essex had attempted to revive the prestige of the Earl Marshal's Office as part of

a broader reassertion of aristocratic privilege. A manuscript antiquarian treatise, apparently written under his auspices, had canvassed the ancient authority of both the Earl Marshal and the Constable, which arguably included, in the latter case, the right to arrest the King himself in the name of the nobility. The presence of archaic elements in the entry ceremony can legitimately be related to a wider preoccupation with medieval procedures and precedents that profoundly shaped the political culture of James's reign.

Gentlemen Pensioners an elite guard equipped with black uniforms and gilt halberds, recruited from leading gentry families. Established in 1539, they staffed the Presence Chamber, a throne room immediately beyond the privy apartments, and also performed other ceremonial duties.

Equerries functionaries of the royal stable, present as part of the King's escort

186–7 **The King's Majesty** James rode on a saddle of purple velvet embroidered with pearls and silver twist, beneath a canopy consisting of 38 yards of exceptionally fine yellow cloth worth £10 a yard, fastened to a wooden frame with gilt nails. The canopy was further adorned with gold fringe, ten large plumes and fifty yards of ribbon. In all the saddle, canopy and related paraphernalia cost just over £550 (PRO LC2/4(5)).

188 **Master of the Horse** Edward Somerset, Earl of Worcester. Head of the King's stables, the Master of the Horse had the right to ride with him during hunts and on other occasions.

189 **Vice Chamberlain** Sir John Stanhope. The second ranking officer of the Chamber, under the Chamberlain.

190 **Queen's Vice Chamberlain** Sir George Carew

The Queen's Lord Chamberlain
 Gentlemen Gentlemen
 Ushers Footmen The Queen's Ushers Footmen
 Majesty Pensioners
 Pensioners Pensioners
 Master of the Horse leading a spare horse
 Ladies according to their degrees, viz.
 duchesses, marquesses, countesses,
 viscountesses, baronesses, knights' wives
 Maids of honour with the Mother of the Maids
 The Captain of the Guard, with the Guard to follow

circles, like the points of so many geometrical needles, through a fixed and adamantine desire to behold this forty-five years' wonder now brought forth by time; their tongues neglecting all language else, save that which spake zealous prayers and unceaseable wishes for his most speedy and longed-for arrival. Inasmuch that the night was thought unworthy to be crowned with sleep, and the day not fit to be looked upon by the sun, which brought not some fresh tidings of his Majesty's more near and nearer approach.

Pag. I THE MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT Given to King James, Queen Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, upon the day of his Majesty's triumphant passage (from the Tower) through his honourable city (and chamber) of London, being the 15 of March 1604. As well by the English as by the strangers: with the speeches and songs delivered in the several pageants.

At the length Expectation (who is ever waking and that so long was great) grew near the time of her delivery, Rumour coming all in a sweat to play the midwife, whose first comfortable words were that this treasure of a kingdom, a man ruler, hid so many years from us, was now brought to light and at hand.

Et populi vox erat una, Venit.

Martial

*Templa Deis, mores populis dedit, otia ferro,
 Astra suis, Caelo sidera,serta Jovi*

Martial

And that he was to be conducted through some utter part of this his city to his royal castle the Tower, that in the age of a man, till this very minute, had not been acquainted nor borne the name of a king's court. Which entrance of his in this manner being famed abroad, because his loving subjects the citizens would give a taste of their duty and affection, the device following was suddenly made up as the first service to a more royal and serious ensuing entertainment; and this, as it was then purposed, should have been performed about the bars beyond Bishopsgate.

A DEVICE

(projected down, but till now not published) that should have served at his Majesty's first access to the city.

The sorrow and amazement that like an earthquake began to shake the distempered body of this island, by reason of our late sovereign's departure, being wisely and miraculously prevented, and the feared wounds of a civil sword (as Alexander's fury was with music) being stopped from bursting forth by the sound of trumpets that proclaimed King James, all men's eyes were presently turned to the north, standing even stone still in their

The Device
 Saint George, Saint Andrew, the patrons of both kingdoms, having a long time looked upon each other with

191 **Queen's Lord Chamberlain** Sir Henry Sydney. The Queen's household was staffed mainly by women but its chief officers were men.
 192-3 **The Queen's Majesty** Anne of Denmark (1574-1619). Dugdale commented: 'Our gracious Queen Anne, mild and courteous, placed in a chariot of exceeding beauty, did all the way so humbly and with mildness salute her subjects, never ceasing to bend her body to them, this way and that, that women and men in my sight wept with joy.' The chariot—painted, gilt, covered with cloth of gold and topped by ostrich plumes—cost £351 (PRO LC2/4(5)).
 194 **horse** The horse was equipped with an ornate saddle stuffed with down, covered with two yards of purple tissue cloth costing over £57, adorned with twist laces and fringes of gold, silver, and silk. The material for the saddle cloth cost £20 the yard and so must have been even finer than that used for the King's canopy. The bridle was covered in cloth of gold, fringed with gold and silver lace; there was also a large plume costing £10 (PRO LC2/4(5)).
 195 **Ladies** rode in two chariots covered

in crimson velvet fringed with gold and silk, topped by 18 plumes (PRO LC2/4(5)). Nichols lists them: The Lady Arabella, The Countess of Oxford, The Countess of Northumberland, The Countess of Shrewsbury, The Lady Rich by special commandment, The Countess of Derby, The Countess of Worcester, The Countess of Rutland, The Countess of Cumberland, The Countess of Sussex, The Countess of Bath, The Countess of Southampton the elder, The Countess of Bedford, The Countess of Pembroke, The Countess of Hertford, The Countess of Essex, The Countess of Nottingham, The Countess of Suffolk, The Countess of Dorset, The Lady Lawarre, The Lady Lumlye, the Lady Dacres of the North, The Lady Mordant, The Lady North, The Lady Hunsdon, The Lady Wotton.
 199 **Captain of the Guard** Sir Thomas Erskine. Like the Gentlemen Pensioners, the Guard belonged to the Chamber.
 205 **strangers** Foreign residents
 207-8 *Templa...Jovi* Temples he gave the Gods, morals to the people, rest to the sword, immortality to his own kin, to heaven stars, wreaths to Jove (Martial,

Epigrams, 9.101.21)
 210 **DEVICE** design
 212 **access** entry into
 215-16 **wisely and miraculously prevented** i.e. by the peaceful accession of James I. There had been widespread anxiety over a possible struggle for the succession.
 217 **Alexander's...music** unidentified allusion
 221 **geometrical needles** compasses
 223 **forty-five years'** length of Elizabeth's reign (1558-1603)
 237 *Et...Venit* And one voice of the people goes up, 'Does he come?' (Martial, *Epigrams*, 10.6.8)
 239 **utter** outlying
 246 **first service** as in a banquet
 249 **bars** marking the city limits
Bishopsgate on the northern face of the city wall, toward the east. See map, p. 62.
 251 **Saint George, Saint Andrew** Patron saints of England and Scotland. Dugdale recorded an appearance by the two saints at Jonson's pageant in Fenchurch Street (below, note to l. 453). Was a truncated version of Dekker's pageant transferred there?

countenances rather of mere strangers than of such near neighbours, upon the present aspect of his Majesty's approach toward London were, in his sight, to issue from two several places on horseback and in complete armour, their breasts and caparisons suited with the arms of England and Scotland as they are now quartered, to testify their leagued combination and new sworn brotherhood. 255
 260 These two armed knights, encount'ring one another on the way, were to ride hand-in-hand till they met his Majesty. But the strangeness of this newly-begotten amity flying over the earth, it calls up the *Genius* of the city, who, not so much amazed as wond'ring at the novelty, 265 intercepts their passage.

And most aptly, in our judgement, might this *domesticum numen*, the *Genius* of the place, lay just claim to this preeminence of first bestowing salutations and welcomes on his Majesty—*Genius* being held *inter fictos deos* to be 270 god of hospitality and pleasure, and none but such a one was meet to receive so excellent and princely a guest.

Or if not worthy for those two former respects, yet being *deus generationis* and having a power as well over countries, herbs and trees as over men, and the city 275 having now put on a regeneration or new birth, the induction of such a person might without a warrant from the court of critists pass very current.

To make a false flourish here with the borrowed weapons of all the old masters of the noble science of 280 poesy, and to keep a tyrannical coil in anatomizing *Genius* from head to foot, only to show how nimbly we can carve up the whole mess of the poets, were to play the executioner, and to lay our city's houshold god on the rack, to make him confess how many pair of Latin sheets 285 we have shaken and cut into shreds to make him a garment. Such feats of activity are stale and common among scholars, before whom it is protested we come not now, in

a pageant, to play a master's prize, for *nunc ego ventosae plebis suffragia venor*.

The multitude is now to be our audience, whose heads 290 would miserably run a-wool-gathering if we do but offer to break them with hard words. But suppose by the way, contrary to the opinion of all the doctors, that our *Genius* (in regard the place is feminine and the person itself, 295 drawn *figura humana, sed ambiguo sexu*) should at this time be thrust into woman's apparel. It is no schism: be it so. Our *Genius* is then a female, antique and reverend both in years and habit: a chaplet of mingled flowers, interwoven with branches of the plane tree crowning her 300 temples; her hair long and white; her vesture a loose robe, changeable and powdered with Stars. And being on horseback likewise, thus furnished, this was the tune of her voice.

GENIUS LOCI

*Stay, we conjure you, by that potent name
 Of which each letter's now a triple charm;* 305
*Stay and deliver us of whence you are,
 And why you bear alone th'ostent of war,
 When all hands else rear olive boughs and palm,
 And halcyonean days assure all's calm;
 When every tongue speaks music, when each pen 310
 (Dulled and dyed black in gall) is white again
 And dipped in nectar, which by Delphic fire
 Being heated, melts into an Orphean choir.
 When Troy's proud buildings show like fairy bowers
 And streets, like gardens, are perfumed with flowers, 315
 And windows glazed only with wond'ring eyes
 (In a king's look such admiration lies!),
 And when soft-handed Peace so sweetly thrives
 That bees in soldiers' helmets build their hives;
 When Joy a-tiptoe stands on Fortune's wheel 320
 In silken robes, how dare you shine in steel?*

258 **now quartered** on the arms of James I
 263 **Genius** guardian spirit, incarnation of the city's essential character

266–7 **domesticum numen** household god
 269 **inter fictos deos** among false or fictitious gods

273 **deus generationis** god of engendering

277 **critists** critics

280 **coil** disturbance, tumult

anatomizing describing minutely.

Almost certainly a glance at Jonson's marginal note explaining the *Genius* at the Fenchurch arch (below, l. 567), which had appeared in print shortly before the publication of Dekker's text.

282 **mess** course or serving of food

288 **play**... **prize** as in a university play

288–9 **nunc**... **venor** 'I am now to hunt for the votes of a fickle public', paraphrasing Horace, *Epistles* 1.19.37. Dekker inverted the sense by substituting *Nunc* (now) for *Non* (not). Probably another barb aimed at Jonson, who liked to call himself the English Horace and who shared Horace's

disdain for popularity.

295 **figura**... **sexu** As a human figure but of ambiguous sex. Middleton followed this precedent in creating a female *Genius* for *Triumphs of Truth*.

296 **schism** heresy

297 **antique** ancient, referring both to classical antiquity and the *Genius*'s appearance

298 **chaplet** wreath

299 **plane tree** an ornamental tree of Persian origin. Cesare Ripa, *Iconologia*, describes '*Genio Buono secondo i Gentili*' as a youth crowned with a wreath of plane.

301 **powdered** sprinkled

307 **th'ostent** the appearance

308 **olive boughs and palm** conventional symbols of peace

309 **halcyonean** the halcyon, a mythical bird that builds its nest on the ocean and so has power to calm the waves; hence a symbol of a peace-giver

311 **gall** bile, venom

312 **Delphic** sacred to Apollo

313 **Orphean** of Orpheus, the mythological musician-poet whose lyre charmed even the gods of Hell

314 **Troy's** London's. The medieval chronicler Geoffrey of Monmouth traced the descent of the British people to a band of Trojans. Although repeatedly disputed, this theory sanctioned poetic allusions to the nation's Trojan origin. Dekker later refers to London as Troynovant (ll. 357, 1535).

buildings an allusion to the appearance of the triumphal route.

fairy bowers Thanks in large part to Spenser, fairies had become patriotic symbols.

319 **bees in soldiers' helmets** icon of peace, probably derived from emblem 45 in Andrea Alciati, *Emblemata Libellas*, 'Ex bello pax', showing several bees next to a helmet

- SAINT GEORGE
Lady, what are you that so question us?
- GENIUS
*I am the place's Genius, whence now springs
 A vine whose youngest branch shall produce kings:
 325 This little world of men, this precious stone
 That sets out Europe; this, the glass alone,
 Where the neat sun each morn himself attires
 And gilds it with his repercussive fires;
 This jewel of the land, England's right eye,
 330 Altar of Love and sphere of Majesty;
 Green Neptune's minion, 'bout whose virgin waist
 Isis is like a crystal girdle cast:
 Of this are we the Genius. Here have I
 Slept, by the favour of a deity,
 335 Forty-four summers and as many springs,
 Not frighted with the threats of foreign kings;
 But held up in that gownèd state I have,
 By twice twelve fathers politic and grave,
 Who with a sheathèd sword and silken law
 340 Do keep, within weak walls, millions in awe.
 I charge you therefore say for what you come?
 What are you?*
- BOTH *Knights at arms.*
- SAINT GEORGE *Saint George.*
- SAINT ANDREW *Saint Andrew.*
- SAINT GEORGE *For Scotland's honour I,
 Both sworn into a league of unity.*
- GENIUS
 345 *I clap my hands for joy and seat you both
 Next to my heart. In leaves of purest gold
 This most auspicious love shall be enrolled.
 Be joined to us and as to earth we bow,
 So to those royal feet bend your steeled brow.
 350 In name of all these Senators on whom*
- 324 *vine* symbolizing lineage
- 328 *repercussive* reflected
- 331 *Neptune's* God of the seas
- 332 *Isis* Egyptian goddess, protector of the dead and the sick, also associated with royal power
- 335 *Forty-four summers* since Elizabeth's accession
- 337 *gownèd* symbolizing peace
- 338 *twice twelve* alluding to the aldermen of London, of whom there were actually 26
- politic* versed in the mysteries of politics.
- 340 *weak walls* of London. Foreign visitors sometimes remarked on the absence of strong defences around English cities, attributable to the long domestic peace of the Tudor period.
- 350 *Senators* the Council of London.
- 357 *Troynovant* New Troy. See note at 314.
- 358–9 *Rerum...Deos* Sure saviour of our state, the world's glory, Caesar, from whose safety we win belief that the great
- gods exist (Martial, *Epigrams*, 2.91.1–2). An early example of the use of Roman imperial imagery to celebrate Jacobean kingship.
- 360–1 *Dilexere...amant* Boys loved thee before, and young men, and aged sires; but now infants, too, love thee, Caesar (Martial, *Epigrams*, 9.8.9–10).
- 366 *iam...via* And the high stages grow in the middle of the street (Martial, *de Spectaculis* 2.2).
- 368–9 *poets...painters* a Renaissance commonplace, deriving ultimately from Horace's *Art of Poetry*
- 371 *invention* the selection and arrangement of materials for the entertainment
- 378 *Aediles* Roman municipal officers whose functions included overseeing shows and spectacles
- communi consilio* out of the common council
- 382 *Many days* glossing over the delay of eight months caused by the plague.
- Virtue builds more than those of antique Rome,
 Shouting a cheerful welcome—since no clime
 Nor age that has gone o'er the head of time
 Did e'er cast up such joys, nor the like sum
 (But here) shall stand in the world, years to come—* 355
*Dread King, our hearts make good what words do want,
 To bid thee boldly enter Troynovant.
 Rerum certa salus, Terrarum gloria Caesar!
 Sospite quo, magnos credimus esse Deos:
 Dilexere prius pueri, iuvenesque senesque,
 Idem
 At nunc infantes te quoque Caesar amant.*
- This should have been the first offering of the city's love, but his Majesty not making his entrance according to expectation it was, not utterly thrown from the altar, but laid by. 365
- Iam Crescunt media Paegmata celsa via.* Martial
- By this time imagine that poets, who draw speaking pictures, and painters, who make dumb poesy, had their heads and hands full, the one for native and sweet invention, the other for lively illustration of what the former should devise; both of them emulously contending, but not striving, with the prop'rest and brightest colours of wit and art, to set out the beauty of the great triumphant day. 375
- For more exact and formal managing of which business, a select number both of aldermen and commoners (like so many Roman *Aediles*) were *communi consilio* chosen forth, to whose discretion the charge, contrivings, projects and all other dependences owing to so troublesome a work was entirely and judicially committed. 380
- Many days were thriftily consumed to mould the bodies of these triumphs comely and to the honour of the place, and at last the stuff whereof to frame them was beaten out: the soul that should give life and a tongue 385
- Harrison states: 'These five [actually seven] triumphal arches were first taken in hand in the beginning of April 1603, presently after his Majesty was proclaimed, it being expected that his passage would have been through his honourable city and chamber to his coronation upon Saint James his day following [25 July]. But by reason of the sickness it pleased his Majesty to be solemnly crowned at Westminster, without sight of these triumphs. Notwithstanding, the business being set on foot went on with all expedition till Bartholomewtide [24 August], and then ceased because of the great mortality. Forty days more was given for the preparing of this triumphal arch.'
- 384 *stuff* material
- 385 *soul* inner spirit and meaning, contrasted with the outward form, supplied by the workmen

to this entertainment being to breathe out of writers' pens, the limbs of it to lie at the hard-handed mercy of mechanicians.

390 In a moment, therefore, of time are carpenters, joiners, carvers, and other artificers sweating at their chisels.

Accingunt Omnes operi.

Virgil

395 Not a finger but had an office: he was held unworthy ever after to 'suck the honeydew of peace' that 'against his coming, by whom our peace wears a triple wreath,' would offer to play the drone. The streets are surveyed: heights, breadths, and distances taken, as it were to make fortifications, for the solemnities. Seven pieces of ground like so many fields for a battle are plotted forth, upon 400 which these arches of triumph must show themselves in their glory; aloft, in the end do they advance their proud foreheads.

*Circum pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Sacra canunt, funemque manu contingere gaudent.*

405 Virgil

Even children, might they have been suffered, would gladly have spent their little strength about the engines that mounted up the frames, such a fire of love and joy was kindled in every breast.

410 The day for whose sake these wonders of wood climbed thus into the clouds is now come, being so early up (by reason of artificial lights which wakened it) that the sun overslept himself and rose not in many hours after, yet bringing with it into the very bosom of the city a world of people. The streets seemed to be paved with men; stalls instead of rich wares were set out with children; open 415 casements filled up with women.

All glass windows taken down but in their places sparkled so many eyes that had it not been the day the light which reflected from them was sufficient to have made one. He that should have compared the empty and 420 untrodden walks of London, which were to be seen in that late mortally-destroying deluge, with the thronged streets now, might have believed that upon this day began a new creation and that the city was the only workhouse wherein sundry nations were made. 425

A goodly and civil order was observed in marshalling all the companies according to their degrees, the first beginning at the upper end of Saint Mark's Lane and the last reaching above the Conduit in Fleet Street; their seats, being double-railed, upon the upper part whereon they leaned; the streamers, ensigns and bannerets of each particular company decently fixed. And directly against them, even quite through the body of the city, so high as to Temple Bar, a single rail, in fair distance from the other, 430 was likewise erected to put off the multitude. Amongst whose tongues, which in such consorts never lie still, though there were no music, yet as the poet says: 435

Vox diversa sonat, populorum est vox tamen una.

Martial 440

Nothing that they speak could be made anything, yet all that was spoken sounded to this purpose, that still his Majesty was coming. They have their longings. And behold, afar off they spy him, richly mounted on a white jennet, under a rich canopy, sustained by eight Barons of the Cinque Ports, the Tower serving that morning but for 445 his withdrawing chamber, wherein he made him ready, and from thence stepped presently into his City of London, which for the time might worthily borrow the name of his

388 **mechanicians** practitioners of mechanical crafts. The contrast here between writers and mechanicians seems at odds with the parallel of poets and painters in ll. 368-75. Poets had traditionally enjoyed a higher status than artists and architects because they dealt with ideas rather than manual skills. This distinction had been challenged by several European theorists, especially the Florentine painter and art historian Giorgio Vasari. Dekker's phrase implicitly affirms the traditional superiority of literature over the manual arts.

391 *Accingunt...operi* All equip themselves for the work (Virgil, *Aeneid* 2.235)

394-5 **suck...wreath** Unidentified quotations

394 **honeydew** a sticky substance found on leaves and stems of plants
against in anticipation of

403-4 *Circum...gaudent* Around it boys

and unwedded girls chant holy songs and delight to touch the cable with their hands (Virgil, *Aeneid*, 2.238-239)

407 **engines** probably the arches themselves, rather than machines used to erect them

413 **overslept** The day was overcast.

415 **stalls** common along London streets

417 **casements** Street stalls and windows along the route were rented out to gentry and other affluent spectators.

423 **mortally-destroying deluge** the plague of 1603

427-8 **civil...degrees** the orderly arrangement of liveried members of the guilds along the route. See Introduction.

429 **Saint Mark's Lane** in the eastern part of the City near the Tower of London

431 **double-railed** closed in with a double rail

435 **Temple Bar** to the west, marking the boundary between London and Westminster along the Strand

439 *Vox...una* Many voices sounded, but the voice of the people was as one. Adapted from Martial, *De spectaculis libri* 3, l. 11.

445 **jennet** a small Spanish horse

445-6 **Barons of the Cinque Ports** Royal officers responsible for oversight of seven ports and adjacent land along the coast of Kent and Sussex, incorporated under the Crown in the early Middle Ages because of their strategic importance. The Barons of the Cinque Ports had successfully claimed the right to hold the canopy over James at the coronation in the previous year, on the basis of medieval precedent.

447 **withdrawing chamber** A room or rooms between the privy chamber and bedchamber in the King's apartments in various royal palaces, to which the topography of the city is here being compared.

450 court royal. His passage alongst that court offering itself
for more state through seven gates.

This gate of passage then, into which his Majesty made
his first entrance, was derived from the *Tuscana*, being the
principal pillar of those five upon which the noble frame
of architecture doth stand, for the Tuscan column is the
strongest and most worthy to support so famous a work
as this fabric was, considering that upon his rustic pillars
the goodliest houses, turrets, steeples, etc. within this city
were to be borne. And those models stood as a coronet on
the forehead or battlements of this great and magnificent
edifice.

475

480

485

490

495

The cheeks or sides of the gate were, as it were, doubly
guarded with the portraitures of Atlas, King of Mauritania,
who, according to his own shortness and thickness, from
the *symmetry* of his foot caused a pillar to be made, whose
height with base and capital was six times the thickness
in height. And so is this of ours, bearing the name of
Tuscana, as we said before, and reaching to the very point
of the arch, from whence we did derive *Dorica*, which bore
up the architrave, frieze, and cornice, and was garnished
with corbels or *croxtels* fitting such work, besides the
beauty of pyramids, beasts, water, tables and many other
enrichments which you may find expressed in the piece
itself.

From a gallery directly over the gate the sound of loud
music, being the waites and oboes of the city, was sent
forth.

Pag. 2

The Device called Londinium

The first *pegme* was erected in Fenchurch Street, the back
of it so leaning on the east end of the church that it
overspread the whole street. And thus we describe it.

It was a flat square, builded upright. The perpendicular
line of the whole frame (that is to say, the distance from
the bottom to the top) as the ground line, is (also in this,
so in all the rest) to be found out and tried by the scale,
divided by 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, and set at the lower end of the
piece. By which figures feet are represented, so that in all
the descriptions, where mention is to be made of heights,
breadths or any other commensurable proportions, you
shall find them left thus — with a blank, because we
wish you rather to apply them to the scale yourself, than
by setting them down to call either your skill or judgement
in question.

And note withal that the ground-plot hath not the same
scale which the upright hath, for of the two scales which
you see annexed the lesser is of the ground and standeth
in the ground-plot, the greater for the edifice or building
itself.

The Pegme at Fenchurch

Presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to
the side of a city; the top thereof, above the vent and
crest, adorned with houses, towers and steeples, set off in
perspective. Upon the battlements, in a great capital letter,
was inscribed,

LONDINIVM

500

505

451 **state** ceremonial magnificence
gates. Arches. Dekker goes on to describe
the Fenchurch arch: see Additional
Passage B.

453 **pegme** Arch. Dugdale comments:
'In Fenchurch Street was erected a
stately trophy or pageant, at the city's
charge, on which stood such a show of
workmanship and glory as I never saw
the like. Top and topgallant, whereon
were shows so embroidered and set
out as the cost was incomparable, who
speaking speeches to the King of that
excellent eloquence and as (while I live)
I commend. The City of London very
rarely and artificially made, where no
church, house nor place of note but
your eye might easily find out, as the
Exchange, Cole harbour, Paul's, Bowe
Church, etc. There also Saint George
and Saint Andrew, in complete armour,
met in one combat and fought for the
victory, but an old hermit passing by,
in an oration joined them hand-in-hand

and so forever hath made them as one
heart, to the joy of the King, the delight
of the lords, and the unspeakable comfort
of the commonalty.' The old hermit,
mentioned in none of the other texts,
was probably Dekker's Genius: her long
robe must have given her a hermit-like
appearance, since Dugdale appears to
be describing a version of the pageant
originally planned for Bishopsgate, which
had perhaps been transferred to a site
between the Tower and Fenchurch.

464 **a blank** Dekker often supplies the miss-
ing measurement. The use of the scale
lent an aura of technical sophistication
to the drawings, making them similar to
architectural plots.

474 **Tuscana** The Tuscan order, discussed
by Vitruvius and some Renaissance ar-
chitectural manuals. Normally regarded
as the oldest and sturdiest of the classical
orders, suitable for barns and outbuild-
ings, it was used by Inigo Jones in the

1630s as the basis for Covent Garden.

480 **coronet** small crown worn by a
nobleman or noblewoman

490 **did derive Dorica** the Tuscan was
replaced by the Doric order above the
keystone of the arch

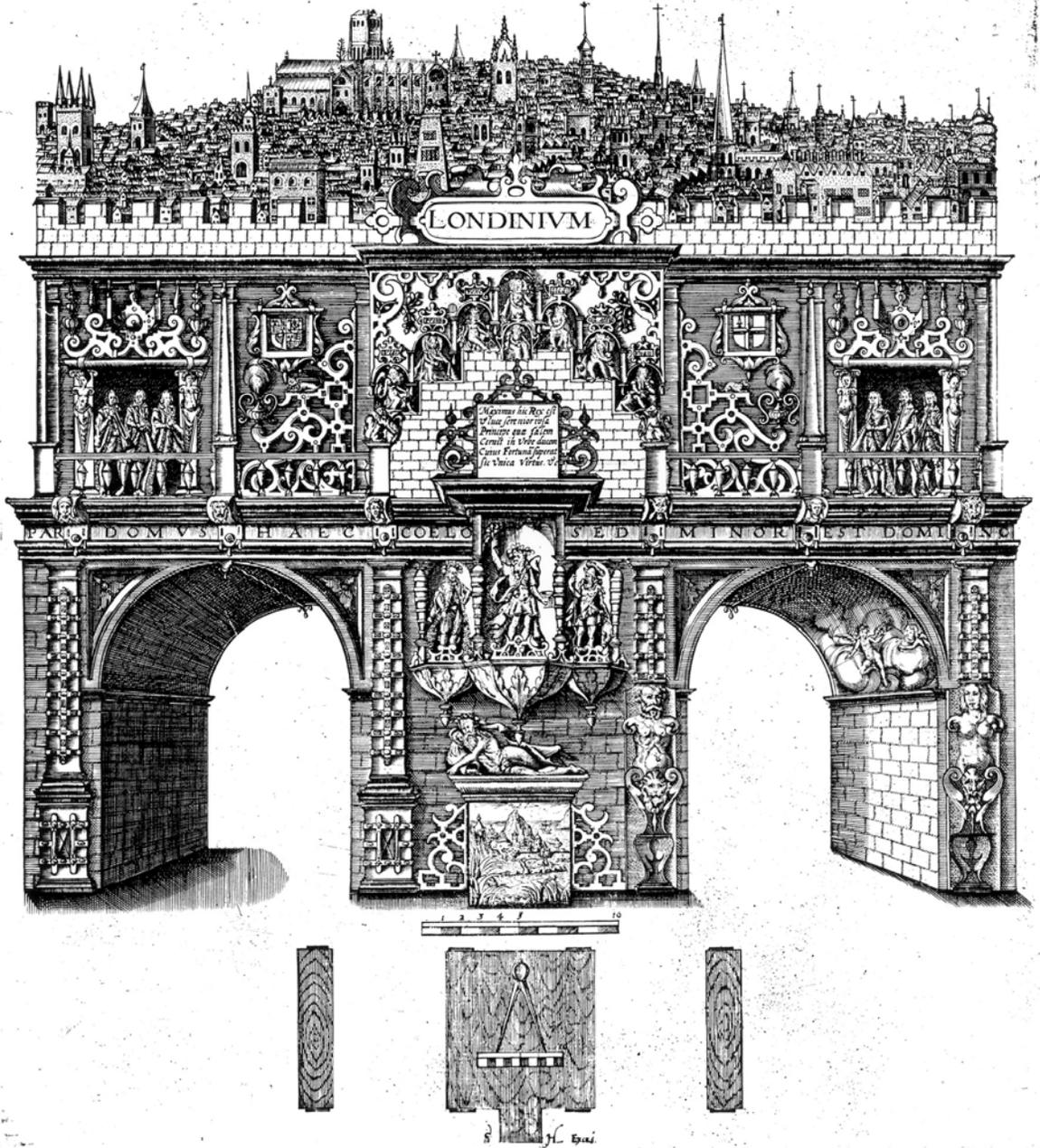
491 **architrave, frieze, and cornice** parts of
the entablature, resting on the columns

492 **corbels** projecting beams. Large wooden
corbels were a peculiar feature of the
Tuscan order, prominently used by Jones
in St Paul's Church, Covent Garden.

497 **waites and oboes** city musicians

501 **vent** crenellated top of the arch

503 **perspective** Perspective was not well
understood by English painters at this
date, although it would soon become
an innovative feature of Inigo Jones's
masque designs. Jonson, who ignores
most of the architectural features re-
ported by Harrison, notices this one
technical feature which Harrison over-
looked.



The device called Londinium, in Fenchurch Street, for pageant 2.

- a *Annals* liber 14.
 b *Camden Britannia*, p. 374.
 c Liber 8 *Epigrammaton* 36.

According to Tacitus: *At Suetonius mira constantia, medios inter hosteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniae non insignis, sed copia negotiatorum, et commatu maxime celebre.*^a Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA

Which title immediately after the Norman conquest it began to have, and by the indulgence of succeeding princes hath been hitherto continued.^b In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

PAR DOMVS HAEC COELO,
 SED MINOR EST DOMINO.^c

Taken out of Martial, and implying that though this city for the state and magnificence might, by hyperbole, be said to touch the stars and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was his Majesty, and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA

and fitly, applying to the above mentioned title of the city, the King's chamber, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire: for so the glory and light of our kingdom, Master Camden, speaking of London, saith she is, *totius Britanniae Epitome, Britannicque imperii sedes, Regumque Angliae Camera, tantum inter omneis eminent, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna cupressus.* She was a woman richly attired in cloth-of-gold and tissue; a rich mantle; over her state two crowns hanging, with pensile shields through them, the one limned with the particular coat of England, the other of Scotland; on either side also a crown, with the like scutcheons and peculiar coats of France and Ireland. In her hand she holds a sceptre; on her head a fillet of gold interwoven with palm and laurel; her hair bound into four several points, descending from her crowns; and in her lap a little globe, inscribed upon

ORBIS BRITANNICVS

And beneath the word

- 506–9 *At...celebre* Suetonius, on the other hand, with remarkable firmness, marched straight through the midst of the enemy upon London; which, though not distinguished by the title of the colony, was none the less a busy centre, chiefly through its crowd of merchants and stores (Tacitus, *Annals* 14.33). The quotation, taken from Tacitus' account of London's destruction in Boadecia's rebellion, seems irrelevant, unless Jonson wanted to justify the use of the Latin form of the city's name.
 511 **CAMERA REGIA** King's Chamber.
 514.n **Camden Britannia** William Camden, *Britannia sive florentissimorum Rengnorum Anglia, Scotiae, Hiberniae et Insularum adjaentium ex intime antiquitate Chorographica Descriptio* (1586 and later editions). Camden was Jonson's tutor at Westminster and lifetime friend.
 516–17 **PAR...DOMINO** whose summit touches the stars, rivals heaven, but

- is not so great as its lord (Martial, *Epigrams*, 8.36.12)
 524 **MONARCHIA BRITANNICA** James's accession created the British monarchy by uniting the crown of Scotland to those of England and Ireland. Britain was still an unfamiliar Latinate name in 1603 and the notion that they should now think of themselves as British rather than English—and Scots as fellow countrymen rather than barbaric foreigners—horrified many of James's new subjects. The King, however, saw the dynastic union of England and Scotland as a providentially ordained event, meant to open the way to a more complete integration of laws, customs, and peoples. His strong feelings on the topic encouraged writers seeking court patronage to compose their own treatises and panegyrics on the union of England and Scotland. Numerous allusions to

- the unification throughout the pageant thus represent James's views, but not necessarily those of the audience.
 528 **Master Camden** see above note to l. 514.n
 529–31 *totius...cupressus* 'the epitome of all Britain, the seat of the British empire, the chamber of the English monarchy, so that, as the proverb has it, she rears her head as high among all other cities as the cyresses do among ossiers' (a paraphrase of Virgil's description of Rome, *Ecloques*, 1.25).
 532 **tissue** fine cloth
 533 **mantle** sleeveless garment. The gold robe and crown parallel those of the figure Divine Justice in Ripa's *Iconologia*
state throne
pensile pendant, hanging
 534 **limned** painted
 536 **peculiar** particular
 541 **ORBIS BRITANNICVS** British world

DIVISVS AB ORBE

545 To show that this empire is a world divided from the world, and alluding to that of Claudian
Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo^a
 and Virgil

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.^b

550 The wreath denotes victory and happiness, the sceptre and crowns sovereignty; the shields, the precedency of the countries and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

555 or Divine Wisdom, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head. Her garments figured truth, innocence and clearness. She was always looking up. In her one hand she sustained a dove, in the other a serpent: the last to show her subtlety, the first her simplicity, alluding to that text of scripture, *Estate ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, et simplices sicut columbae.*^c Her word

PER ME REGES REGNANT.^d

565 Intimating how by her all kings do govern and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdoms, to which end she was here placed upon a cube at the foot of the monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIVS VRBIS^e

570 A person attired rich, reverend and antique, his hair long and white, crowned with a wreath of plane tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis*; his mantle of purple and buskins of that colour. He held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. His word

HIS ARMIS

575 pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand was

BOULEVTES

580 figuring the Council of the city, and was suited in black and purple, a wreath of oak^f upon his head; sustaining for his ensigns on his left arm a scarlet robe, and in his

a *De Manlio Theodoro Consulo Panegyricus.*

b *Eclogae* I.

c Matthew 10:16.

d Proverbs 8:15.

e *Antiqui Genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt Deum: et tam urbibus quam hominibus vel caeteris rebus natum.* Lilius Gregorius Geraldus in *Syntagma deorum* 15. and Rosinus *Antiquitatis Romae* liber 2 caput 14.

f *Civica corona fit e fronde querna, quoniam cibus, victusque antiquissimus querceus capi solitus sit.* Rosinus, liber 10 caput 27.

543 DIVISVS AB ORBE divided from the world

546 *Et... mundo* And Britain, so far removed from our continent (Claudian, *Panegyricus dictus Manlio Theodoro Consuli*, l. 51)

548 *Et... Britannos* And the Britons, wholly sundered from all the world (*Eclogues* 1.66)

553 **all in white** Ripa, *Iconologia* prescribes a white robe for Innocence and for one of four possible representations of Truth. The blue mantle and stars have no parallels in Ripa's descriptions of *Religione, Sapienza* or *Chiarezza*.
seeded sprinkled

556 **dove** Ripa depicts Divine Justice (*Iustitia Divina*) with a dove.

557 **serpent** Perhaps suggested by Ripa's description of *religione finta* (feigned religion), who holds a gold cup from

which a serpent rises.

558-9 *Estate... columbae* Be ye wise as serpents and innocent as doves

561 **PER... REGNANT** By me Kings reign

564 **cube** Ripa describes the figure *Religione* as standing on a squared stone, representing 'Christ our Lord, who is the true foundation stone taken from the builders of the old law and placed in the principal corner of His holy Church' (*Christo Signor nostro, il quale e la vera pitra anglare, che disse il profeta riprovata da gli Edificatori de la vecchia Legge, & e per esser posta poi nel principal contone della sua santa Chiesa*).

567 **GENIVS VRBIS** Genius (or spirit) of the city

567.n *Antiqui... natum* The ancients judged that God was the Genius of all created things, innate in men as in cities and other things.

Syntagma deorum *Historiae deorum gen-*

tilium syntagma. Jonson owned Geraldus' *Opera Omnia*, (1580), which contained this work in volume 1.

Rosinus Antiquitatis Romae Johannes Rosinus, *Romae antiquitatis* (1583)

570 **arbor genialis** the nuptial tree, alluding to James's marriage to his kingdom

571 **buskins** boots worn by actors in Athenian tragedy

574 **HIS ARMIS** by these arms

578-9 **black and purple** Ripa represents Council as dressed in dark vestments of reddish colour.

579.n *Civica... sit* 'the civic crown should be from leaves of oak, inasmuch as nourishment and sustenance were customarily taken in the most ancient times from the oak.' The Romans believed that their remote ancestors subsisted largely on a diet of acorns.

- a *Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic, ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret*, Rosinus l. 7 caput 3. *Ubi notandum est, non debere praecipitem, et solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, et cunctatio, dum sensim virgae soluuntur, identidem consilium mutavit de plectendo. Quando autem vitia quaedam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgae, quod revocari valet, immendabile securis praecidunt*, Plutarch, *Problematae Romanae* 82.
- b *Octavia*, Act 2.
- c *Aeneid* liber 8.
- d *Amores* liber 3 clausula 6.
- right hand the *fasces*,^a as tokens of magistracy, with this inscription:
SERVARE CIVES
 The other on the left hand,
POLEMIVS 585
 The warlike force of the city in an antique coat or armour, with a target and sword; his helm on and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest. In his hand he bore the standard of the city, with this word
EXTINGVERE ET HOSTEIS 590
 Expressing by those several mots connected, that with those arms of counsel and strength the *Genius* was able to extinguish the King's enemies and preserve his citizens, alluding to those verses in Seneca,
Extinguere hostem, maxima est virtus ducis. 595
Servare cives, maior est patriae, patri.^b
 Underneath these in an aback thrust out before the rest lay
TAMESIS,
 the river, as running along the side of the city in a skin-coat made like flesh, naked and blue. His mantle of sea green or water colour, thin and bolne out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists of willow and sedge; a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water lilies, alluding to Virgil's description of Tiber: 600
Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amoeno,
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crineis umbrosa tegebat Arundo.^c
 His beard and hair long and overgrown, he leans his arm upon an earthen pot, out of which water with live fishes are seen to run forth and play about him. His word
FLVMINA SENSERVNT IPSA^d
 a hemistich of Ovid's, the rest of the verse being
quid esset amor 615
 affirming that rivers themselves and such inanimate creatures have heretofore been made sensible of passions and affections, and that he now no less partook the joy of his Majesty's grateful approach to this city than any of those persons to whom he pointed, which were the daughters of the *Genius* and six in number; who in a 620
- 581 *fasces* bundles of sticks enclosing an axe, the Roman symbol of magistracy
- 581.n *Fasciculi...praecidunt* Bundles of sticks in which axes are fastened, so that the heads project from the bundle, to show a magistrate's anger ought not to be rash and ungrounded. While the rods are loosened the magistrates deliberate and delay their anger, so that oftentimes they delay their punishment. Now, since some badness is curable, but other badness is past remedy, the rods correct that which may be amended and the axes cut off the incorrigible (Plutarch, *Roman Questions* 82, normally published as *Moralia* 283). We have supplied our own translation of Jonson's Latin for the first two sentences, rather than following the Loeb rendering of Plutarch's original Greek, which differs slightly in emphasis.
- 583 *SERVARE CIVES* to save citizens
- 587 *target* shield
- 590 *EXTINGVERE...HOSTEIS* and to extinguish enemies
- 595-6 *Extinguere...patri* '—To destroy foes is a ruler's greatest virtue. | —For the father of his country to save citizens is greater still.' An exchange between Nero and Seneca in the Senecan play *Octavia* (ll. 443-4), after the former ordered the execution of two erstwhile associates.
- 597 *aback* square tablet or compartment
- 599 *TAMESIS* Thames
- 602 *bolne* swelled
- 606-9 *Deus...Arundo* Before him the very god of the place, Tiberinus of the pleasant stream, seemed to raise his aged head amid the poplar leaves; thin lawn draped him in mantle of grey, and shady reeds crowned his hair (Virgil, *Aeneid* 8.31-4).
- 612 *word* motto
- 613-15 *FLVMINA...amor* what love is, rivers themselves have felt (*Amores* 3.6.24). Jonson incorrectly cited liber 3, cl. 5.
- 614 *hemistich* part of a line of verse, divided by a caesura

spreading ascent upon several greces help to beautify both the sides. The first

EVPHROSINE

625 or Gladness was suited in green, a mantle of diverse colours, embroidered with all variety of flowers; on her head a garland of myrtle; in her right hand a crystal cruse filled with wine, in the left, a cup of gold; at her feet a timbrel, harp and other instruments, all ensignes of gladness,

Natis in usum laetitia scyphis, etc.^a

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

Pulsanda Tellus, etc.^b

635 Her word.

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES^c

as if this were the first hour of her life and the minute wherein she began to be, beholding so long coveted and looked for a presence. The second

640

SEBASIS

or Veneration was varied in an ash-coloured suit and dark mantle, a veil over her head of ash colour; her hands crossed before her and her eyes half closed. Her word

MIHI SEMPER DEUS^d

645 implying both her office of reverence and the dignity of her object, who, being as God on earth, should never be less in her thought. The third

PROTHYMIA

650 or Promptitude was attired in a short tucked garment of flame colour, wings at her back; her hair bright and bound up with ribbons; her breast open, virago-like; her buskins so ribboned. She was crowned with a chaplet of trifolium, to express readiness and openness every way. In her right hand she held a squirrel, as being the creature most full of life and quickness; in the left a close round censer, with the perfume suddenly to be vented forth at the sides. Her word

655

QUA DATA PORTA^e

660 taken from an other place in Virgil, where Eolus at the command of Juno lets forth the wind

a Horace *Carminum liber* 1, 27.

b Et Ode 37.

c Statius *Sylvae* 4, Eucharisticon Domitianum.

d Virgil, *Eclogae* I.

e *Aeneid* I.

622 **spreading ascent upon several greces** several steps that became wider as they ascended

626 **embroidered . . . flowers** Ripa describes the robes of *Contento Armoroso* (Amorous Contentment) and *Allegrezza* (Cheerfulness) as embroidered with flowers and explains in the latter case that this is 'because meadows laugh when covered with flowers'. Like Jonson's figure, *Allegrezza* holds a crystal goblet containing red wine and a gold cup, 'demonstrating that cheerfulness cannot hide herself but freely communicates' with others. Ripa does not mention the musical instruments or the verses by Horace.

628 **cruse** small jar or pot

631 **Natis . . . scyphis** 'Goblets meant for pleasure's service' (line 1)

633-4 **Nunc . . . Tellus** 'Now is the time to drain the flowing bowl, now with

unfettered foot to beat the ground with dancing.' The first lines of an ode celebrating Octavius' final victory over Cleopatra, which effectively ended the civil wars following Caesar's assassination and opened the way for Octavian to become Emperor. The allusion thus suggests a celebration of newly founded imperial authority that overcomes civil discord and brings peace.

636 **HÆC . . . DIES** 'This is my natal day', Statius' cry of joy upon his first invitation to a great imperial banquet (*Sylvae* 4.2, 'Eucharisticon ad Imperatorem Augustum Germanicum Domitianum', line 13).

644 **MIHI SEMPER DEUS** 'For a god he shall always be to me' (line 7); spoken of Augustus, 'the god who has wrought us this peace.'

646 **God on earth** Compare the opening couplet of the sonnet prefaced to James's *Basilikon Doron*: 'God gives not kings the style of Gods in vain | For on his throne his sceptre do they sway.' Jonson reinterprets the Roman habit of deifying emperors to conform with James's own theories of kingship.

649 **tucked** gathered up in folds

650 **flame colour** bright orange or yellow

651 **open** uncovered

virago-like virago: a heroine or female warrior

653 **trifolium** leguminous plant with trifoliate leaves

657 **word motto**

658 **QUA DATA PORTA** where passage is given

659 **Eolus** god charged with keeping the winds locked in a deep cave

- a *Aeneid* I. *ac venti velut agmine facto*
 b *Metamorphoses* I. *Qua data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perflant*^a
 c *De Quarto Consulatu Honorii Augusti Panegyricus*. and showed that she was no less prepared with
 promptitude and alacrity than the winds were, upon
 the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. 665
 d Publilius Syrus, *Sententiae Mimi*. The fourth
- AGRYPNIA
- or Vigilance in yellow, a sable mantle seeded with waking
 eyes, and silver fringe; her chaplet of heliotropium or
 turnsole; in her one hand a lamp or cresset, in her other a 670
 bell. The lamp signified search and sight, the bell warning,
 the heliotropium care and respecting her object. Her word
 SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS
 alluding to that of Ovid, where he describes the office of
 Argus, 675
Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis^b
 and implying the like duty of care and vigilance in herself.
 The fifth
- AGAPE
- or Loving Affection, in crimson fringed with gold, a mantle
 of flame colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her
 hand a flaming heart. The flame expressed zeal, the red
 and white roses a mixture of simplicity with love; her
 robes freshness and fervency. Her word 685
 NON SIC EXCVBIÆ^c
 out of Claudian, in following
Nec circumstantia pila
Quam tutatur amor.
 inferring that though her sister before had protested 690
 watchfulness and circumspection, yet no watch or guard
 could be so safe to the estate or person of a prince as the
 love and natural affection of his subjects, which she in the
 city's behalf promised. The sixth
- OMOTHYMIA
- or Unanimity in blue, her robe blue and buskins, a chaplet
 of blue lilies, showing one truth and entireness of mind.
 In her lap lies a sheaf of arrows bound together, and she
 herself sits weaving certain small silver twists. Her word
 FIRMA CONSENSVS FACIT. 700
Auxilia humilia firma, etc.^d
 intimating that even the smallest and weakest aids by
 consent are made strong; herself personating the unan-

661-2 *ac...perflant* when lo! the winds,
 as if in armed array, rush forth where
 passage is given, and blow in storm
 blasts across the world (*Aeneid* 1.82, 3)

668 *seeded* sprinkled

669-70 *heliotropium* or *turnsole* plant
 whose flowers turn to follow the sun.
 (In *Sejanus* Jonson used the turnsole to
 symbolize a sycophant.)

670 *cresset* iron vessel containing oil or
 pitch, which can be lit to provide light

676-7 *Ipse...omneis* There he perched
 himself apart upon a high mountain top,
 where at his ease he could keep watch
 on every side (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*

1.666-7)

683-5 *flame...fervency* See Middleton's
 reference to 'Holy Zeal's immaculate
 fires' in l. 2170.

683-4 *red and white roses* symbols of the
 houses of York and Lancaster, whose
 union in the Tudor line ended the
 dynastic wars of the fifteenth century
 686 *NON SIC EXCVBIÆ* Neither watch nor
 guard (line 281)

688-9 *Nec...amor* a continuation of the
 quotation from l. 686: 'nor yet a hedge
 of spears can secure thee safety; only the
 people's love can do that'. Claudian goes
 on to extol the power of love, by which

'the elements, not united by violence, are
 forever at harmony among themselves'.
 The equation of royal authority and
 love—which brings peace both to society
 and nature—foreshadows another theme
 of Jacobean symbology, employed by
 Jonson in several masques.

696 *buskins* boots
chaplet wreath

700 *FIRMA CONSENSVS FACIT* United
 feeling makes strength. The full line
 reads *Auxilia humilia firma consensus*
facit, united feeling makes strength out
 of humble aids (line 4).

imity or consent of soul in all inhabitants of the city to his service.

a Claudian *De Consulata Stilichonis*, liber 3.

705 These are all the personages or live figures, whereof only two were speakers (*Genius* and *Tamesis*); the rest were mutes. Other dumb complements there were, as the arms of the kingdom on the one side, with this inscription

HIS VIREAS

With these mayst thou flourish.

On the other side the arms of the city, with

HIS VINCAS

With these mayst thou conquer.

715 In the centre or midst of the pegme there was an aback or square, wherein this elogy was written:

Maximus hic rex est, et luce serenior ipsa

Principe quae talem cernit in urbe ducem;

Cuius Fortunam superat sic unica virtus,

720 *Unus ut is reliquos vincit utraque viros.*

Praeceptis alii populos, multaue fatigant

Lege; sed exemplo nos rapit ille suo.

Cuique frui tota fas est uxore marito,

Et sua fas simili pignora nosse patri.

725 *Ecce ubi pignoribus circumstipata coruscis*

It comes, et tanto vix minor ANNA viro.

Haud metus est, regem posthac ne proximus heres,

Neu successorem non amet ille suum.

730 This and the whole frame was covered with a curtain of silk painted like a thick cloud, and at the approach of the King was instantly to be drawn. The allegory being that those clouds were gathered upon the face of the city through their long want of his most wished sight but now, as at the rising of the sun, all mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly upon silence made to the musics, a

735

voice was heard to utter this verse
Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim^a

signifying that he now was really objected to their eyes, who before had been only, but still, present in their minds.

740

Thus far the complimentary part of the first, wherein was not only laboured the expression of state and magnificence, as proper to a triumphal arch, but the very site, fabric, strength, policy, dignity and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being to present always some one entire body or figure consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in their own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connected and disposed as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole; where also is to be noted that the symbols used are

750

715 **aback** square tablet or compartment
717-28 *Maximus... suum* This King is the greatest, and more serene than the sun itself which beholds him as such a leader in the city. And as unique virtue can overcome Fortune, just so this man by himself overcomes all the rest of mankind. Other rulers weary their people with commands and many laws, but he carries us along by his own

example. It is right for the husband to enjoy his wife; and it is right for the same father to recognize his offspring. Behold his consort comes, surrounded by a brilliant retinue, Queen Anne, scarcely less magnificent than her great husband. There is no fear that the next heir does not love the King, nor that the King does not love the successor.

737 *Totus... olim* Full before thine eye is he who was long before thy mind (*De Consulata Stilichonis* 3.(24).5).

738 **objected** presented

749 **illustration** meaning

751 **hieroglyphics** symbols having a hidden meaning

emblems images expressing moral meanings

- a As being the first, free and natural government of this island, after it came to civility.
- b In respect they were all conquests and the obedience of the subject more enforced.
- c Rather than the city should want a founder, we choose to follow the received story of Brute, whether fabulous or true, and not altogether unwarranted in poetry, since it is a favour of antiquity to few cities to let them know their first authors. Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, *Coniugium Tamesis et Isis*, celebrating London, hath this verse of her: *Aemula maternae tollens sua lumina Troia*. Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of cities, which was to give them their bounds with a plough, according to Virgil *Aeneid* liber 10. *Interea Aeneas urbem designat Aratro*. And Isidore liber 15, caput 2 *Urbs vocata ab orbe, quod antiquae civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud. Optavitque locum regno et concludere sulco*.
- d *Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condenda nova urbe, tauro et vacca designationis causa imprimitur*; Hitherto respects that of Camden *Britannia*, p. 368, speaking of this city, *quicumque autem condiderit, vitali genio, constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit*.
- e For so all happy days were. Pliny caput 40 liber 7 *Naturalis Historia*, to which Horace alludes, liber 1, ode 36. *Cressa ne careat pulchra dies nota*. And the other Pliny *Epistola*: 2, liber 6, *O diem laetum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo*. With many other in many places. Martial liber 8 *epigramma* 45; liber 9, *epigramma* 53; liber 10, *epigramma* 38; liber 11, *epigramma* 37. Statius, liber 4, *Silvae*, 6. Persius, *Satura* 2. Catullus, *epigramma* 69, etc.
- f The *Parcae* or Fates, Martianus calls them *scribas ac libarias superum* whereof *Clotho* is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin *Evocatio*.
- or impresa, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent inventions, wherein the garments and ensigns deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. 755
Neither was it becoming, or could it stand with the dignity of these shows, after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets, to require a truchman or (with the ignorant painter) one to write, 'This is a dog' or 'This is a hare', but so to be presented as upon the view they might without cloud or obscurity declare themselves to the sharp and learned. And for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgements gazed, said it was fine and were satisfied. 760
- The speeches of gratulation* 765
- GENIUS
- Time, Fate and Fortune have at length conspired
To give our age the day so much desired.
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and years
That hang in file upon these silver hairs
Could not produce beneath the Briton^a stroke,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman^b yoke,
This point of time hath done. Now London rear
Thy forehead high and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems. Teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people. Set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows, and in every street
Let thronging joy, love and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long and universally
As thunder, for thou now art blissted to see
That sight for which thou didst begin to be.
When Brutus^c plough first gave thee infant bounds,
And I, thy GENIUS, walked auspicious rounds
In every furrow,^d then did I forlook
And saw this day marked white^e in Clotho's^f book.* 770
775
780
785

752 **impresa** images, usually accompanied

by an appropriate motto

753-4 **inventions** devices

754 **ensigns** badges, standards

755 **office** function

758 **shift** expedient

truchman interpreter

759 **ignorant painter** Jonson alludes to a proverbial story of a painter so clumsy that in his picture a dog could not be distinguished from a hare. He therefore placed a label under each figure.

763 **grounded** low, base: perhaps alluding to the groundlings who stood in the open pit of a popular theatre.

765 **gratulation** congratulation, welcome

770 **Briton...stroke** violent rule of the ancient Britons

772 **This point of time hath** That which this

time has

782.n *Coniugium Tamesis et Isis* 'The Marriage of the Thames and Isis'
Aemula...Troia lifting up her eyes, which are jealous of the Trojan motherland

Interea Meanwhile Aeneas had marked out the bounds of the city with a plough (*Aeneid* 5.725). Jonson incorrectly cited *Aeneid* 10.

Urbs...sulco 'City [urbs] is so-called from orb (orbe), because ancient civic foundations were circular; or from the beam [urbs] of the plough, by which walls were described, from whence comes this: And he chose a site and enclosed it by a furrow.' The phrase after the colon is from *Aeneid* 3.109.

784.n *Primigenius...imprimitur* the

furrow is said to be *primigenius* [of the origins] which is impressed upon the ground by a bull and a heifer to describe the outline of a new city
quicumque...docuit whosoever it was who founded the city, her very fortune has taught us that she was built under the auspices of a life-giving spirit [*vitali genio*—an allusion to the Genius in the pageant]

785.n *Cressa...nota* Let this fair day not lack a mark of white (Horace, 1.36)

O diem...calculo It was a day of exquisite happiness, which I shall ever distinguish with the whitest mark (Pliny, *Epistola* 2.11).

scribas...superum the scibes and copyists of the gods.

The several circles^a both of change and sway
 Within this isle, there also figured lay,
 Of which the greatest, perfectest and last
 Was this, whose present happiness we taste.
 790 Why keep you silence, daughters? What dull peace
 Is this inhabits you? Shall office cease
 Upon th'aspect of him, to whom you owe
 More than you are or can be? Shall Time know
 That article wherein your flame stood still,
 795 And not aspired? Now heaven avert an ill
 Of that black look. Ere pause possess your breasts
 I wish you more of plagues: 'Zeal when it rests
 Leaves to be Zeal.' Up thou tame river, wake,
 And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake.
 800 Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep
 And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
 Rather than flow. Up, rise and swell with pride
 Above thy banks. 'Now is not every tide.'

TAMESIS

To what vain end should I contend to show
 805 My weaker powers, when seas of pomp oe'rflow
 The city's face and cover all the shore
 With sands more rich than Tagus'^b wealthy ore?
 When in the flood of joy that comes with him
 He drowns the world, yet makes it live and swim
 810 And spring with gladness. Not my fishes here,
 Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
 Of these bright streams. No less may these^c and I
 Boast our delights, albe't we silent lie.

GENIUS

Indeed, true gladness doth not always speak:
 815 'Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.'
 Yet lest the fervour of so pure a flame
 As this my city bears might lose the name,
 Without the apt eventing of her heat,
 820 Know greatest James (and no less good than great)
 In the behalf of all my virtuous sons
 Whereof my eldest^d there thy pomp foreruns,
 (A man without my flatt'ring, or his pride,
 As worthy as he's blest^e to be thy guide)
 825 In his grave name, and all his brethren's right,
 Who thirst to drink the nectar of thy sight,
 The council, commoners and multitude—
 Glad that this day so long denied is viewed—
 I tender thee the heartiest welcome yet,
 That ever king had to his empire's seat.^f
 830 Never came man more longed for, more desired,
 And being come, more reverenced, loved, admired.

- a Those before mentioned of the Briton, Roman, Saxon, etc. and to this register of the Fates allude those verses of Ovid *Metamorphoses* 15: *Cornes illic molimine vasto. Ex are, et solido rerum tabularia ferro: Qua neque concussum coeli, neque fulminis iram, Nec metuunt ulla tuta atque; aeterna ruinas. Invenies illic incisa adamante perenni Fata etc.*
- b A river dividing Spain and Portugal and by the consent of poets styled *aurifer*.
- c Understanding Euphrosyne, Sebasis, Prothymia, etc.
- d The Lord Mayor who for his year hath senior place of the rest, and for the day was chief serjeant to the King.
- e Above the blessing of his present office, the word had some particular allusion to his name, which is Benet and hath, no doubt, in time been the contraction of Benedict.
- f The city, which title is touched before.

786.n *Cornes*...*Fata* Thou shalt there behold the records of all that happens on tablets of brass and solid iron, a massive structure, tablets which fear neither the crashings of the sky, nor the lightnings' fearful power, nor any destructive shocks which may befall, being eternal and secure. There shalt thou find engraved on everlasting adamant thy descendants'

fates (*Metamorphoses* 15.809-13)

787 *figured* represented

789 *taste* experience

791 *office* duty

792 *th'aspect* (seeing) the face

794 *flame* spirit

804 *vain* worthless

818 *eventing* venting

821 *foreruns* foretells

826 *council, commoners and multitude*

The Common Council of London, the Common Hall of London (consisting of all guild members, enjoying the freedom of the city) and the unprivileged.

827 *so long denied* because of plague

828 *tender* offer

a	To the Prince.	Hear and record it: 'In a prince it is No little virtue to know who are his.'	
b	An attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the Greek poets, especially Homer. <i>Iliad</i> α—διος Ἀχιλλεύς. And in the same book—καὶ ἀντίθειον Πολουφῆμον.	With like devotions ^a do I stoop t' embrace This springing glory of thy Godlike ^b race; His country's wonder, hope, love, joy and pride. How well doth he become the royal side Of this erected and broad-spreading tree, Under whose shade may Britain ever be. And from this branch may thousand branches more Shoot o'er the main and knit with every shore In bonds of marriage, kindred and increase, And style this land the navel ^c of their peace. This is your servant's wish, your city's vow, Which still shall propagate itself with you, And free from spurs of hope that slow minds move: He seeks no hire that owes his life to love. And here she ^d comes that is no less a part In this day's greatness than in my glad heart. Glory of queens and glory of your name, ^e Whose graces do as far outspoke your fame As fame doth silence when her trumpet rings, You daughter, sister, wife ^f of several kings; Besides alliance and the style of mother, In which one title you drown all your other. Instance be that fair shoot, ^g is gone before, Your eldest joy and top of all your store, With those ^h whose sight to us is yet denied But not our zeal to them, or aught beside This city can to you. For whose estate She hopes you will be still good advocate To her best lord. So, whilst you mortal are, No taste of sour mortality once dare Approach your house; nor Fortune greet your Grace But coming on, and with a forward face.	835 840 845 850 855 860 865
c	As Lactantiatius calls Parnassus, <i>Umbilicum terrae</i> .		
d	To the Queen.		
e	An emphatical speech and well reinforcing her great- ness, being by this match more than either her brother, father etc.		
f	Daughter to Frederick II King of Denmark and Norway; sister to Christian IV now there reigning; and wife to James our sovereign.		
g	The Prince Henry Frederick.		
h	Charles Duke of Rothberg and the Lady Elizabeth.		

Pag. 3 Too short a time (in their opinions that were glued there
together so many hours to behold him) did his Majesty
dwell upon this first place. Yet too long it seemed to
other happy spirits that higher up in these Elysian fields
870 awaited for his presence. He sets on therefore, like the sun
in his zodiac, bountifully dispersing his beams amongst
particular nations, the brightness and warmth of which
was now spent first upon the Italians and next upon the
Belgians: the space of ground, on which their magnificent
875 arches were builded, being not unworthy to bear the name
of the great hall to this our court royal, wherein was

to be heard and seen the sundry languages and habits
of strangers, which under princes' roofs render excellent
harmony.

In a pair of scales do I weigh these two nations
880 and find them neither in hearty love to his Majesty, in
advancement of the city's honour, nor in forwardness to
glorify these triumphs, to differ one grain.

To dispute which have done best were to doubt that
885 one had done well. Call their inventions therefore twins,
or if they themselves do not like that name (for happily

832 *In a prince* Martial, *Epigrams*, 8.15.8:

Principus est virtus maxima nosse suos

838 *erected* elevated, upright

843.n *Umbilicum terrae* navel of the world

847 *He seeks* Claudian, *Panegyricus de vi*

Consulatus Honorii l. 610: *Non quaerit
praetium vitam qui debet amori.*

848 *is* which is

858 *whose...denied* Princess Elizabeth and

Prince Charles were not present

860 *can* can give

estate state or condition

862 *her best lord* James

865 *coming...face* i.e. may Fortune never
turn her back on you

869 *Elysian fields* in classical mythology, the
dwelling place of the blessed after death

873-4 *Italians...Belgians* communities
of foreign merchants that erected the
arches. *Belgians* here means Dutch.

876 *great hall* Traditionally the largest
and most public room in a palace, under
the Lord Steward's jurisdiction; thus an
appropriate place for strangers to pay
homage to the king.

they are emulous of one glory) yet thus may we speak of them.

Ovid *Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.*
Because whosoever (*fixis oculis*) beholds their proportions,

Virgil *Expleri mentem nequit, ardesitque tuendo.*
Gracious Street The street upon whose breast this Italian jewel was worn was never worthy of that name which it carries till this hour, for here did the King's eye meet a second object that enticed him by tarrying to give honour to the place. And thus did the quaintness of the engine seem to discover itself before him.

The Italians' Pageant

900 The building took up the whole breadth of the street, of which the lower part was a square, garnished with four great columns, in the midst of which square was cut out a fair and spacious high gate, arched, being twenty-seven foot in the perpendicular line, and eighteen at the ground line. Over the gate in golden characters these verses (in a long square) were inscribed:

905 *Tu Regere Imperio populos Iacobe memento,
Hae tibi erunt artes, pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*
910 And directly above this was advanced the arms of the Kingdom, the supporters fairly cut out to the life; over the lion, some pretty distance from it, was written,
IACOBO REGI MAGN.

915 And above the head of the unicorn, at the like distance, this:

HENRICI VII ABNEP

In a large square erected above all these, King Henry the seventh was royally seated in his imperial robes, to whom King James (mounted on horseback) approaches and receives a sceptre; over both their heads these words being written,

920 HIC VIR, HIC EST.

925 Between two of the columns on the right hand was fixed up a square table, wherein in lively and excellent colours was limned a woman, figuring Peace; her head securely leaning on her left hand, her body modestly bestowed (to

the length) upon the earth. In her other hand was held an olive branch, the ensign of peace; her word was out of Virgil, being thus,

Deus nobis haec otia fecit. 930

Beneath that piece was another square table, reaching almost to the bases of the two columns, in which two seeming sea personages were drawn to the life, both of them lying, or rather leaning, on the bosom of the earth, naked; the one a woman, her back only seen; the other a man, his hand stretching and fast'ning itself upon her shoulder. The word that this dead body spake was this

I Decus I Nostrum.

940 Upon the left-hand side of the gate, between the other two columns, were also two square tables, in the one of which were two persons portrayed to the life, naked and wild in looks; the word,

Expectate solo Trinobanti.

945 And over that in another square, carrying the same proportion, stood a woman upright, holding in her hand a shield, beneath whom was inscribed in golden characters,

Spes o fidissima rerum.

950 And this was the shape and front of the first great square, whose top being flat was garnished with pilasters, and upon the roof was erected a great pedestal, on which stood a person carved out to the life, a woman, her left hand leaning on a sword with the point downward and her right hand reaching forth a diadem, which she seemed, by bowing of her knee and head, to bestow upon his Majesty.

955 On the four corners of this upper part stood four naked portraitures in great, with artificial trumpets in their hands.

960 In the arch of the gate was drawn, at one side, a company of palm trees, young and as it were but newly springing, over whose branches two naked winged angels, flying, held forth a scroll which seemed to speak thus,

Spes altera.

965 On the contrary side was a vine, spreading itself into many branches and winding about olive and palm trees; two naked winged angels hanging likewise in the air over

889-90 *Facies...sororum* They have not all the same appearance, and yet not altogether different; as it should be with sisters (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.13-14)

891 *fixis oculis* with fixed eyes

892 *Expleri...tuendo* 'cannot satiate her soul, but takes fire as she gazes...' (Virgil's description of Dido falling in love, *Aeneid* 1.713)

893.n *Gracious Street* ran from Cornhill south toward London Bridge

897 *quaintness* cleverness, ingenuity
engine arch

907-9 *Tu...superbos* Paraphrasing *Aeneid* 6.851: 'O James, to rule the nations with thy sway—these be thine arts—to crown Peace with Law, to spare the humbled, and to tame in war the proud!' James

had quoted the original Virgilian lines at the very end of *Basilikon Doron* as a summation of the 'craft' of kingship.

913 *IACOBO REGI MAGN.* Of Great James's Reign

916 *HENRICI VII ABNEP* Great-grandson of Henry VII (from whom James derived his claim to the English throne)

922 *HIC...EST* This is the man, this is he

925 *limned* painted

930 *Deus...fecit* It is a god who wrought for us this peace (*Eclogues* 1.6). Like Jonson in the Fenchurch pageant, Dekker here uses a Latin tag to evoke an image of royal authority as both sacred and peace-giving.

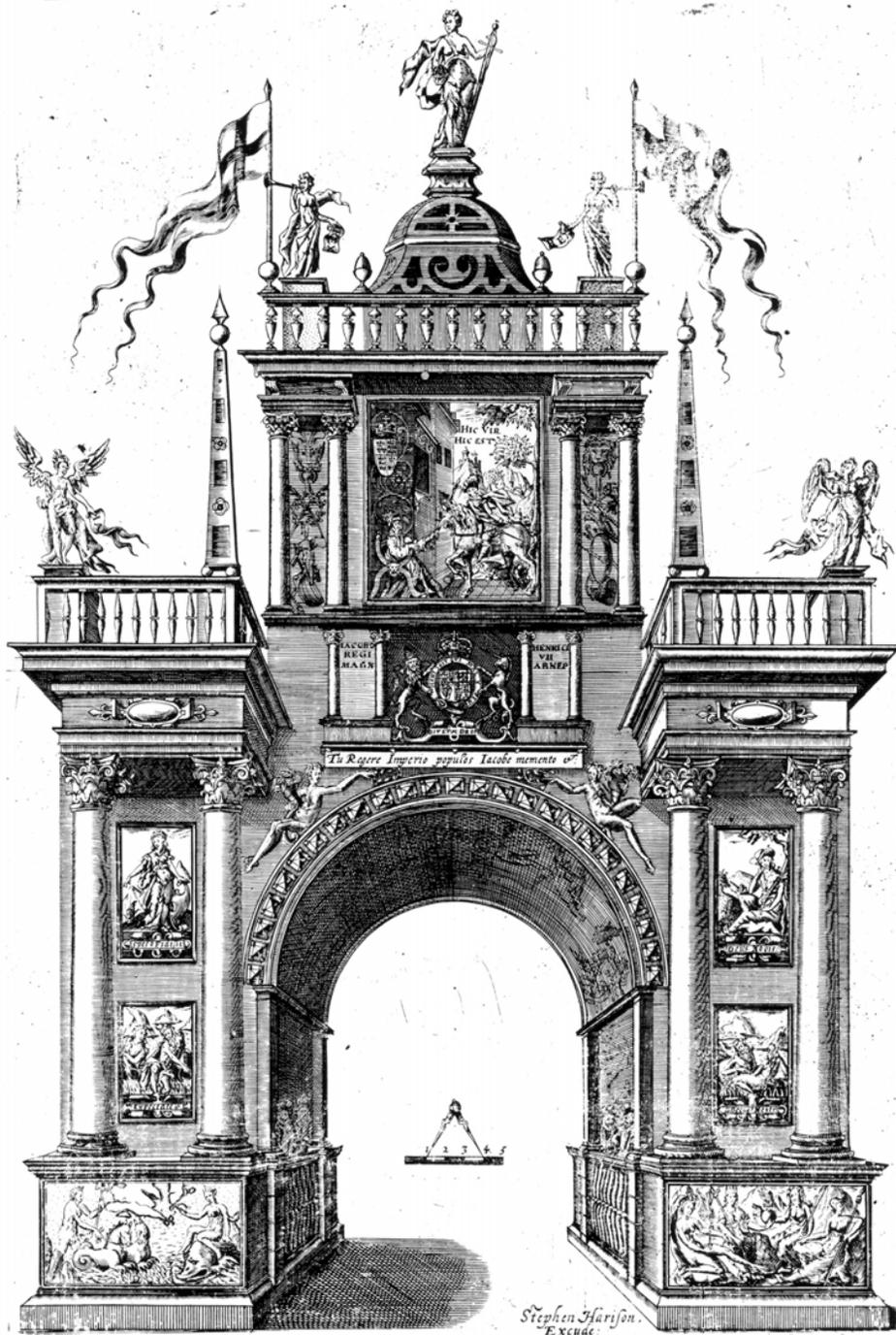
938 *I Decus I Nostrum* glory of our age... (paraphrasing Ovid, *Ex ponto* 2.8.25:

parce, precor, saeculi decus indelible nostri)

943 *Expectate solo Trinobanti* Sole expectation of the Trinobanti—a term for the citizens of London, probably based on a marginal note in Stow's *Survey of London*, 1.2.

947 *Spes o fidissima rerum* surest hope of the state

963 *Spes altera* Virgil, *Aeneid* 12.168: *magnae spes altera Romae* ('second hope of great Rome'). In Virgil the phrase is dynastically applied to Ascanius, the son and heir of Aeneas; in Renaissance emblem books it is often applied more generally to life springing from death (stalks of wheat shedding grains upon ground littered with bones, etc.)



The arch for the Italians' Pageant (pageant 3) in Gracechurch Street.

them, and holding a scroll between them filled with this inscription,

Uxor tua, sicut vitis abundans,

970 *Et filii tui, sicut palmites olivarum.*

If your imaginations, after the beholding of these objects, will suppose that his Majesty is now gone to the other side of this Italian trophy, do but cast your eyes back, and there you shall find just the same proportions which the forepart or breast of our arch carrieth, with equal number of columns, pedestals, pilasters, limned pieces and carved statues. Over the gate, this *distichon* presents itself.

Nonne tuo imperio satis est Iacobe potiri?

980 *Imperium in Musas, aemule quaeris? Habes.*

Under which verses a wreath of laurel seemed to be ready to be let fall on his Majesty's head as he went under it, being held between two naked antique women, their bodies stretching at the full length to compass over the arch of the gate. And above those verses, in a fair azure table, this inscription was advanced in golden capitals:

985 EXPECTATIONI ORBIS TERRARVM

REGIB. GENITO NVMEROSISS

REGVM GENITORI FAELICISS

REGI MARTIGENARVM AVGVSTISS

990 REGI MVSARVM GLORIOSISS

Itali statuerunt laetitiae et cultus Signum

On the right hand of this back part, between two of the columns, was a square table in which was drawn a Woman, crowned with beautiful and fresh flowers, a *caduceus* in her hand, all the notes of a plenteous and lively Spring being carried about her. The soul that gave life to this speaking picture was,

995

Omnis feret omnia Tellus.

Above this piece in another square was portrayed a triton, his trumpet at his mouth, seeming to utter thus much:

1000

Dum caelum stellis.

Upon the left hand of this back part in most excellent colours, antiquely attired, stood the four kingdoms—England, Scotland, France and Ireland—holding hands together, this being the language of them all:

1005

Concordes stabili Fatorum numine.

969–70 *Uxor...olivarum* Psalm 128:3:

'Your wife shall be as a fruitful vine | And thy children will be like olive shoots.' (Dekker, who was probably quoting from memory, substituted *palmites* for *nobellae*, with little effect on the meaning.)

973 *trophy* Arch

977 *distichon* couplet

978–9 *Nonne...Habes* Do you not see it is enough that James acquires your power? Do you seek jealousy for a ruler of the Muses? You have him!

986–90 *EXPECTATIONI...GLORIOSISS* To the expectation of the world, To him who is by many kings engendered, To the most happy father of kings, To the

most august of warrior kings, To the most glorious King of the Muses

991 *Itali...Signum* Italians erect a sign of their joy and devotion

995 *caduceus* wand, carried by an ancient herald and by Mercury

998 *Omnis...Tellus* Every land shall bear all fruits (Virgil, *Ecloques* 4.39)

1000 *triton* sea deity, son of Poseidon and Amphirrite

1002 *Dum caelum stellis* 'While the sky breeds its stars.' From Tibullus, 1.4.66: 'Supported by the Muses a man shall live as long as earth breeds oaks, the sky its stars and rivers water.'

1007 *Concordes...numine* Voicing in

The middle great square that was advanced over the frieze of the gate held Apollo with all his ensigns and properties belonging unto him, as a sphere, books, a *caduceus*, an octahedron, with other geometrical bodies, and a harp in his left hand; his right hand with a golden wand in it, pointing to the battle of Lepanto fought by the Turks, of which his Majesty hath written a poem; and to do him honour Apollo himself doth here seem to take upon him to describe. His word,

1010

Fortunate Puer.

These were the mutes and properties that helped to furnish out this great Italian theatre, upon whose stage the sound of no voice was appointed to be heard but of one, and that in the presence of the Italians themselves, who in two little opposite galleries under and within the arch of the gate, very richly and neatly hung, delivered thus much Latin to his Majesty:

1015

The Italians' Speech in Latin

1025

Salve, rex magne, salve. Salutem Maiestati tuae Itali, faelicissimum adventum laeti, faelices sub te futuri, precamur. Ecce hic omnes, exigui munere, pauculi numero: sed magni erga maiestatem tuam animi, multi obsequii. At nec Atlas, qui coelum sustinet, nec ipsa coeli convexa, altitudinem attingant meritorum regis optimi. Hoc est eius quem de teipso expressisti doctissimo (Deus!) et admirabili penicillo: Beatissimos populos, ubi et philosophus regnat et rex philosophatur. Salve, rex nobilissime, salve, vive, rex potentissime, faeliciter. Regna, rex sapientissime, faeliciter, Itali optamus omnes, Itali clamamus omnes, omnes, omnes.

1030

The Italians' Speech in English

All hail mighty monarch! We the Italians, full of joy to behold your most happy presence, and full of hopes to enjoy a felicity under your royal wing, do wish and pray for the health of your Majesty. Behold here we are all: mean in merit, few in number, but towards your sovereign self in our loves great, in our duties more. For neither Atlas, who bears up heaven, no nor the arched roof itself of heaven, can by many, many degrees reach to the top and glorious height of a good and virtuous king's deservings. And such a one is he whom (good God!) most lively, most wisely and in wonderful colours, you did then pencil down in your own person, when you said that those

1035

1040

1045

unison the fixed will of Destiny (Virgil, *Ecloques*, 4.47)

1013 *Lepanto* great naval victory of a combined Christian fleet over the Ottoman navy in the Mediterranean 1571

1014 *poem* Published as 'The Lepanto of James VI, King of Scotland' in *His Majesties Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours* (Edinburgh, 1591).

1017 *Fortunate Puer* Happy lad (Virgil, *Ecloques* 5.49)

1038 *All hail* The translation appeared in the second edition of *Magnificent Entertainment*; it is not clear who was responsible for it.

1050 people were blessed where a philosopher rules and where
the ruler plays the philosopher. All hail, thou royalest of
kings. Live, thou mightiest of princes, in all happiness.
Reign, thou wisest of monarchs, in all prosperity. These
are the wishes of us Italians, the hearty wishes of us all;
1055 thus we cry, all, all, even all.

Pag. 4 Having hoisted up our sails and taken leave of this Italian
shore, let our next place of casting anchor be upon
the land of the seventeen provinces, where the *Belgians*,
attired in the costly habits of their own native country,
1060 without the fantastic mixtures of other nations, but more
richly furnished with love, stand ready to receive his
Majesty; who, according to their expectation, does most
graciously make himself and his royal train their princely
guests. The house which these strangers have builded to
1065 entertain him in is thus contrived.

The Pageant of the Dutchmen, by the Royal Exchange.

The foundation of this was, as it were by fate, laid near
unto a royal place, for it was a royal and magnificent
labour. It was bounded in with the houses on both
1070 sides the street, so proudly (as all the rest also did) did
this extend her body in breadth. The passage of state
was a gate, large, ascending eighteen foot high, aptly
proportioned to the other limbs and twelve foot wide,
arched; two lesser posterns were, for common feet, cut
1075 out and opened on the sides of the other.

Within a small frieze, (and kissing the very forehead of
the gate) the *aedifice* spake thus:

Unicus a Fato surgo non degener haeres.

1080 Whilst lifting up your eye to an upper larger frieze, you
may there be enriched with these golden Capitals:

IACOBO, ANGL. SCOT. FRANC. HIBERN.
REGI OPT. PRINC. MAX. BELGAE ded.

1055 **even all.** Dugdale describes a further
incident that occurred during this
pageant: see Additional Passage C.

1058 **seventeen provinces** Of the Nether-
lands, north and south

1066 *The Pageant of the Dutchmen* Dugdale
continues: 'Along Cornhill they [the
royal procession] trooped with great
majesty, but his Highness being right
over the Exchange smiled looking toward
it, belike remembering his last being
there, the grace of the merchants and
the rudeness of the multitude, and
casting his eye up to the third trophy
or pageant, admired it greatly. It was so
goodly top and top many storeys, and
so high as it seemed to fall forward.
On the top you might behold the sea
dolphins as dropping from the clouds
on the earth, or looking to behold the
King; pictures of great art, cost and
glory, as a double ship that being two
was so cunningly made as it seemed
but one, which figured Scotland and

England in one, with the arms of both
in one scutcheon, sailing on two seas
at once. Here was a speech of wonder
delivered too: but the glory of this show
was in my eye as a dream, pleasing to
the affection, gorgeous and full of joy,
and so full of show and variety that
when I held down my head as wearied
with looking so high, methought it was a
grief to me to awaken so soon.'
Royal Exchange Main commercial
market of London, in Cornhill.

1068 **royal place** the Exchange

1069 **bounded in with the houses** i.e. the
arch took up the full street, abutting the
houses on either side

1071 **passage of state** ceremonial passage,
through which James would pass

1074 **common feet** the passage of ordinary
pedestrians

1078 *Unicus...haeres* I rise by Fate your
ownly heir, but one not unworthy

1081-2 *IACOBO...ded.* To James, the Great
and Best King of England, Scotland,

But bestowing your sight upon a large azure table, lined
quite through with characters of gold, likewise you may
for your pains receive this inscription:

ORBIS RESTITVTOR. PACIS FVND. RELIG.

PROVVG. D. IAC. P. F. REGI. P. P.

D. ANNAE REGIAE CONIVG. SOR. FIL.

NEPTI. ET D. HENRI CO. I.FIL. PRINC.

IVVENT.

IN PVBL. VRBIS ET ORBIS LAETITIA,

SECVLIQVE FAELICITAT. XVII. BELGIAE

PROV. MERCATORES BENIGNE REGIA HAC

IN VRBE EXCEPTI, ET

S.M. VESTRAE OB ANTIQ. SOCIALE FOEDVS,

ET D. ELIZ. BENEFICENT. DEVOTI.

FAVSTA OMNIA ET FOELICIA AD IMPERII

AETERNITAT. PRECANTVR.

Above which (being the heart of the trophy) was a
spacious square room left open, silk curtains drawn before
it, which upon the approach of his Majesty being put
by, seventeen young damsels, all of them sumptuously
adorned after their country fashion, sat as it were in so
many chairs of state, and figuring in their persons the
seventeen provinces of *Belgia*, of which every one carried
1100 in a scutcheon (excellently pencilled) the arms and coat
of one.

Above the upper edge of this large square room and
over the first battlement, in another front advanced for
the purpose, a square table was fastened upright, in which
was drawn the lively picture of the King in his imperial
robes, a crown on his head, the sword and sceptre in
his hands. Upon his left side stood a woman, her face
fixed upon his, a burning heart in her right hand, her left
hanging by, a heron standing close unto her. Upon his
1110 other side stood upright, with her countenance directed
likewise upon him, another woman, winged, and in a

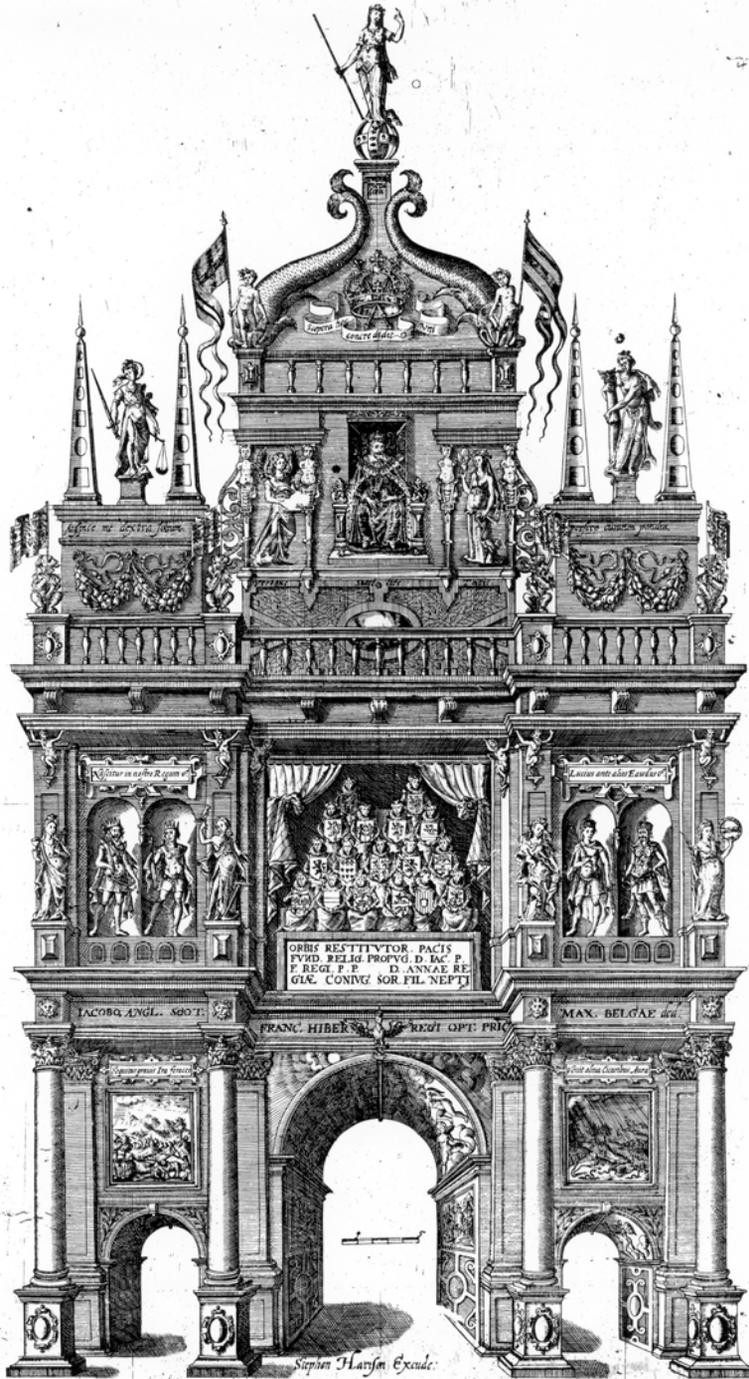
France and Ireland, the Belgians give
1086-98 **ORBIS RESTITVTOR...**

PRECANTVR Restorer of the world,
founder of peace, champion of religion,
Prince James Defender of the Faith; to
the King, Father of the Country; To Lady
Anne, wife, sister and granddaughter of
kings and to Lord Henry, Prince, glory
of the city and the world, who brought
happiness to the age, we merchants
of the Seventeen Provinces, who have
been kindly received into this royal city,
are devoted to your majesty, thanks to
an ancient treaty of alliance and the
benevolence of Lady Elizabeth. Dedic-
ated as we are we pray that everything
will be glorious and prosperous for the
everlasting duration of your kingdom.

1099 **trophy** arch

1104 **chairs of state** throne-like chairs under
canopies

1106 **scutcheon** heraldic shield
pencilled coloured, painted



The arch for the Dutch pageant (pageant 4), by the Royal Exchange.

frieze beneath them, which took up the full length of this square, this inscription set out itself in golden words:

Utroque Satellite Tutus.

Suffer your eyes to be wearied no longer with gazing up so high at those sunbeams, but turn them aside to look below through the little posterns whose state swelled quickly up to a greatness, by reason of two columns that supported them on either side. In a table over the right-hand portal was in perfect colours drawn a serpent pursued by a lion; between them, adders and snakes chasing one another, the lion scornfully casting his head back to behold the violence of a black storm that heaven poured down to overtake them. The sound that came from all this was thus:

Sequitur gravis ira feroces.

The opposite body to this (on the other side and directly over the other portal, whose pomp did in like manner lean upon and uphold itself by two main columns) was a square piece, in which were to be seen sheep browsing, lambs nibbling, birds flying in the air, with other arguments of a serene and untroubled season, whose happiness was proclaimed in this manner:

Venit alma cicuribus aura.

Directly above this, in a square table, were portrayed two kings, reverently and antequely attired, who seemed to walk upon these golden lines:

Nascitur in nostro Regum par nobili Rege

Alter Iesiades, alter Amoniades.

From whom lead but your eye in a straight line to the other side, over the contrary postern, and there in a second upper picture you may meet with two other kings, not fully so antique but as rich in their ornaments; both of them, out of golden letters, composing these words:

Lucius ante alios, Edwardus, et inde IACOBUS

Sextus, et hic sanxit, sextus et ille fidem.

And these were the nerves by which this great triumphal body was knit together, in the inferior parts of it. Upon the shoulders whereof, which were garnished with rows

of pilasters that supported lions rampant, bearing up banners, there stood another lesser square, the head of which wore a coronet of pilasters also; and above them, upon a pedestal, curiously closed in between the tails of two dolphins, was advanced a woman, holding in one hand a golden warder and pointing with the forefinger of the other hand up to heaven. She figured Divine Providence, for so at her feet was written

Provida Mens Coeli.

Somewhat beneath which was to be seen an imperial crown, two sceptres being fastened crosswise unto it, and delivering this speech

Sceptra hac concredidit uni.

At the elbows of this upper square stood, upon the four corners of a great pedestal, four pyramids, hollow and so neatly contrived that in the night time, for anger that the sun would no longer look upon these earthly beauties, they gave light to themselves and the whole place about them; the windows from whence these artificial beams were thrown being cut out in such a fashion that (as Ovid, describing the palace of the sun, says)

Clara micante auro, flammisque; imitante pyropo.

So did they shine afar off like crysolites, and sparkled like carbuncles. Between those two pyramids that were lifted up on the right hand stood Fortitude, her pillar resting itself upon this golden line:

Perfero curarum pondus, discrimina temno.

Between the two pyramids on the other side, Justice challenged her place, being known both by her habit and by her voice that spake thus:

Auspice me dextra solium regale perennat.

We have held his Majesty too long from ent'ring this third gate of his Court Royal. It is now high time that those eyes, which on the other side ache with rolling up and down for his gladsome presence, should enjoy that happiness. Behold, he is in an instance passed through; the objects that there offer themselves before him being these.

1120 *Utroque...Tutus* due to both followers secure

1132 *Sequitur...feroces* strong rage pursues the fierce

1140 *Venit...aura* A favourable breeze comes to the meek

1144-5 *Nascitur...Amoniades* 'There is born in our time one equal to the noble King of Kings, another son of Jesse, another son of Amon.' Jesse was the biblical father of David; Amon a North African god, sometimes equated with Jupiter. *Iesiades* can also mean 'descendant of Jesse' and, in association with the title King of Kings, strongly suggests the Messiah. This couplet is probably meant to be interpreted in conjunction with its counterpart on the opposite side of the arch (ll. 1151-2) to represent the roles played by various kings—including the Messiah

Himself—in the origins of Christianity, its establishment in ancient Britain and subsequent purification during the Scottish and English Reformations.

1151-2 *Lucius...fidem* 'Lucius before all and then Edward and James, both the former and the latter the Sixth of that name; each preserved the faith inviolable.' In legend, Lucius was the first Christian King of Great Britain in about AD 180; Edward VI (r. 1547-1552) presided over the institution of a fully Protestant Church in England; James was the first Protestant King of Scotland, where he ruled as James VI

1164 *Provida...Coeli* Foreseeing mind of heaven

1165-6 *imperial crown* A crown closed at the top, unlike the open crowns of medieval kings. Its use here implies the creation of a new British Empire

from the old kingdoms of England and Scotland. Imperial crowns had been used in English royal iconography, however, since at least the fifteenth century, as a symbol of the Crown's independence from any foreign secular jurisdiction.

1168 *Sceptra...uni* either 'this crown causes both sceptres to give allegiance to one man' or, more probably, 'this man causes both sceptres to give allegiance to one crown'.

1177 *Clara...pyropo* Bright with glittering gold and bronze that show like fire (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.2)

1178 *crysolites* green gems, emeralds

1179 *carbuncles* rubies

1182 *Perfero...temno* I bear with patience a weight of cares, I spurn divisions.

1186 *Auspice...perennat* The royal throne keeps me safe, thanks to an auspicious sign.

1195 Our *Belgic* statue of triumph wears on her back as much
riches as she carried upon her breast, being altogether as
glorious in columns, standing on tiptoe, on as lofty and as
proud pyramids; her walks encompassed with as strong
and as neat pilasters; the colours of her garments are as
bright, her adornments as many. For:

1200 In the square field, next and lowest, over one of
the portals were the Dutch country people toiling at
their husbandry: women carding of their hemp, the men
beating it, such excellent art being expressed in their faces,
their stoopings, bendings, sweatings, etc., that nothing is
1205 wanting in them but life (which no colours can give) to
make them be thought more than the works of painters.

Lift up your eyes a little above them and behold their
Exchange, the countenances of the merchants there being
so lively that bargainers seem to come from their lips.

1210 But instead of other speech this is only to be had:

PIO INVICTO,

R. IACOBO,

QVOD FEL. EIVS AVSPICIIS VNIVERSVM
BRIT. IMPERIVM PACAT, MARE TVTVM
1215 PORTVS APERIT.

Over the other portal, in a square proportioned to the
bigness of those other, men, women and children in Dutch
habits are busy at other works: the men weaving, the
women spinning, the children at their hand-looms, etc.
1220 Above whose heads you may with little labour walk into
the mart, where as well the *frau* as the *burger* are buying
and selling, the praise of whose industry (being worthy of
it) stands published in gold, thus:

1225 QVOD MVTVIS COMMERCII, ET
ARTIFICVM, NAVTARVMQVE SOLERTIA
CRESCAT, DESIDIA EXVLAT, MVTVAQVE
AMICITIA CONSERVETVR.

Just in the midst of these four squares and directly over
the gate, in a large table whose feet are fastened to the
frieze, is their fishing and shipping lively and sweetly set
1230 down; the skipper, even though he be hard tugging at his
net, loudly singing this:

Quod celebre hoc emporium prudenti industria suos,

Quovis Terrarum Negotiatores emittat, exteros

1235 *Humaniter admittat, foris famam, domi divitias augeat.*

Let us now climb up to the upper battlements, where at
the right hand Time stands; at the left (in a direct line)
his daughter Truth; under her foot is written, *Sincera*. And
under his, *Durant*.

1240 *Sincera Durant.*

1208 **Exchange** (of Amsterdam), a famous
centre of international commerce, symbolizing
Dutch prosperity and enterprise

1211-15 **PIO...APERIT** To the un-
conquered, pious and upright King
James, because under his happy auspices
peace has been brought to the entire
British empire, the sea has been made
safe, the ports have been opened.

1218 **habits** costumes

1221 *frau...burger* housewife...townsman

1224-7 **QVOD...CONSERVETVR** Be-
cause by mutual commerce industry,
navigation and ingenuity grow, idlen-
ness is banished and mutual friendship
preserved.

1233-5 **Quod...augeat** Let this crowded
market-place with prudent industry send
its merchants through the world and
admit foreigners with kindness. Let it
increase our fame abroad and our wealth

In the midst of these two, three other persons are ranked
together: Art, Sedulity, and Labour; beneath whom, in a
frieze roving along the whole breadth of that square, you
may find these words in gold:

Artes Perfecit Sedulitate Labor.

1245

As on the foreside, so on this, and equal in height to that
of Divine Providence, is the figure of a woman advanced,
beneath whom is an imperial crown, with branches of
olive fixed crosswise unto it, and gives you this word:

Sine caede et sanguine.

1250

And thus have we bestowed upon you all the dead
colours of this picture, wherein notwithstanding was
left so much life as can come from art. The speaking
instrument was a boy attired all in white silk, a wreath of
laurel about his temples. From his voice came this sound:

1255

Sermo ad Regem

Quae tot Sceptra tenes forti, Rex maxime, dextra,

Provida mens summi; numinis illa dedit.

Aspice ridentem per gaudia plebis Olympum,

Reddentem et plausus ad sua verba suos,

1260

Tantus honos paucis, primi post secula mundi

Obtigit, et paucis tantum onus incubuit,

Nam regere imperiis populum faelicibus unum,

Ardua res, magnis res tamen apta viris.

At non unanimes nutu compescere gentes,

1265

Non hominis pensum, sed labor ille Dei,

Ille ideo ingentes qui temperat orbis habenas,

Adiungit longas ad tua fraena manus.

Et menti de mente sua praelucet, et artem

Regnandi, regnum qui dedit ille, docet.

1270

Crescentes variis cumulat virtutibus annos,

Quas inter pietas, culmina summa tenet.

Hac proavos reddis patriae, qui barbara gentis

Flexere inducto numine corda ferae.

Hac animos tractas rigidos, subisique rebelles,

1275

Et leve persuades quod trahis ipse iugum,

Illi fida comes terram indignata profanam,

At nunc te tanto rege reversa Themis.

Assidet et robusta soror, ingentibus ausis

Pro populo carum tradere prompta caput.

1280

Quin et regis amor, musae et dilectus Apollo,

Regali gaudent subdere plectra manu.

Aurea et ubertas solerti nata labore,

Exhibet aggestas ruris et urbis opes.

Sunt haec dona poli, certa quae prodita fama

1285

Miratum ut veniat, sed uterque polus.

at home.

1239-40 **Durant...Durant** Endure | The
Pure Endure.

1245 **Artes...Labor** Labour perfects the arts
by application

1250 **Sine...sanguine** Without slaughter
and blood

1251 **dead** (because lacking the ability to
speak or move). Speech gives life to art
by actively communicating meaning.

1290 *Venimus et Belgae, partiis gens exul ab oris*
Quos fovit tenero mater Eliza sinu.
Matri sacratum, patri duplicamus amorem,
Poscimus et simili posse favore frui.
Sic diu Panthaici tibi proferat altis aevum,
Sceptra per innumeros qui tibi tradit avos.
Sic regina tui pars altera, et altera proles,
Spes populi longum det capiatque decus.

1295 Which verses utter thus much in English prose:
 Great King, those so many scepters which even fill thy right hand are all thine own only by the providence of heaven. Behold, heaven itself laughs to see how thy subjects smile and thunders out loud plaudits, to hear their *aves*. This honour of sovereignty, being at the beginning of the world bestowed but upon few, upon the heads of few were the cares of a crown set; for to sway only but one empire (happily) as it is a labour hard, so none can undergo the weight but such as are mighty. But (with a beck as it were) to control many nations (and those of different dispositions too) O! the arm of man can never do that, but the finger of God. God therefore, that guides the chariot of the world, holds the reigns of thy kingdom in his own hand. It is he whose beams lend a light to thine. It is he that teaches thee the art of ruling, because none but he made thee a king. And therefore, as thou grow'st in years thou waxest old in virtues, of all thy virtues Religion sitting highest. And most worthy, for by Religion the hearts of barbarous nations are made soft. By Religion Rebellion has a yoke cast about her neck and is brought to believe that those laws to which thou submittest even thy royal self are most easy. With Religion Justice keeps company, who once fled from this profane world, but hearing the name of King James she is again returned. By her side sits her sister Fortitude, whose life is ready (in heroic actions) to be lavishly spent for the safety of thy people. Besides, to make these virtues full Apollo and the Muses resign, the one his golden lyre, the other their laurel, to thy royal hands, whilst Plenty (daughter to Industry) lays the blessings both of country and city in heaps at thy feet. These are the gifts of heaven, the fame of them spreading itself so far that (to wonder at them) both the poles seem to come together. We, the *Belgians*, likewise come to that intent: a nation banished

1300 from our own cradles, yet nursed and brought up in the tender bosom of princely mother Eliza. The love which we once dedicated to her (as a mother) doubly do we vow it to you, our sovereign and father, entreating we may be sheltered under your wings now, as then under hers; our prayers being that he who through the loins of so many grandfathers hath brought thee to so many kingdoms, may likewise multiply thy years and lengthen them out to the age of a phoenix; and that thy Queen, who is one part of thyself, with thy progeny, who are the second hopes of thy people, may both give to and receive from thy kingdom immortal glory.

1335 Whilst the tongues of the strangers were employed in extolling the gracious aspect of the King and his princely behaviour towards them, his Majesty, by the quickness of Time and the earnestness of Expectation, whose eyes ran a thousand ways to find him, had won more ground and was gotten so far as to St Mildred's Church in the Poultry, close to the side of which a scaffold was erected, where, at the city's cost, to delight the Queen with her own country music, nine trumpets and a kettle drum did very sprightly and actively sound the Danish march, whose cunning and quick stops, by that time they had touched the last lady's ear in the train, behold, the King was advanced up so high as to Cheapside, into which place (if Love himself had entered and seen so many gallant gentlemen, so many ladies and beautiful creatures, in whose eyes glances, mixed with modest looks, seemed to dance courtly measures in their motion) he could not have chosen to have given the room any other name than the Presence Chamber.

1360 The stately entrance into which was a fair gate in height eighteen foot, in breadth twelve; the thickness of the passage under it being twenty-four. Two posterns stood wide open on the two sides, either of them being four foot wide and eight foot high. The two portals that jutted out before these posterns had their sides open four several ways and served as pedestals of rustic to support two pyramids, which stood upon four great balls and four great lions: the pedestals, balls and pyramids, devouring in their full upright height, from the ground line to the top, just sixty foot. But burying this mechanic body in silence,

1296 **Great King** The translation is again taken from the second edition of Dekker's tract, *Whole Magnificent Entertainment*.

1300 *aves* salutations

1329-30 **banished from our own cradles** (because of Spanish conquest and tyranny)

1333 **entreating** The Netherlands remained at war with Spain and feared desertion by its ally, England. The Protestant imagery of both speech and arch iconography—which contrasts with the more classical and religiously neutral tenor of the rest of the pageant—implicitly emphasized the ideological bonds between British and Dutch in the face of Catholic

Spain, as did allusions to the Elizabethan alliance and Spanish oppression.

1346 **had won more ground** Dugdale again records a speech at this point of the procession missing from all other accounts: see Additional Passage D.

1347 **the Poultry** street connecting Cheapside and Cornhill

1349 **her own country** Denmark

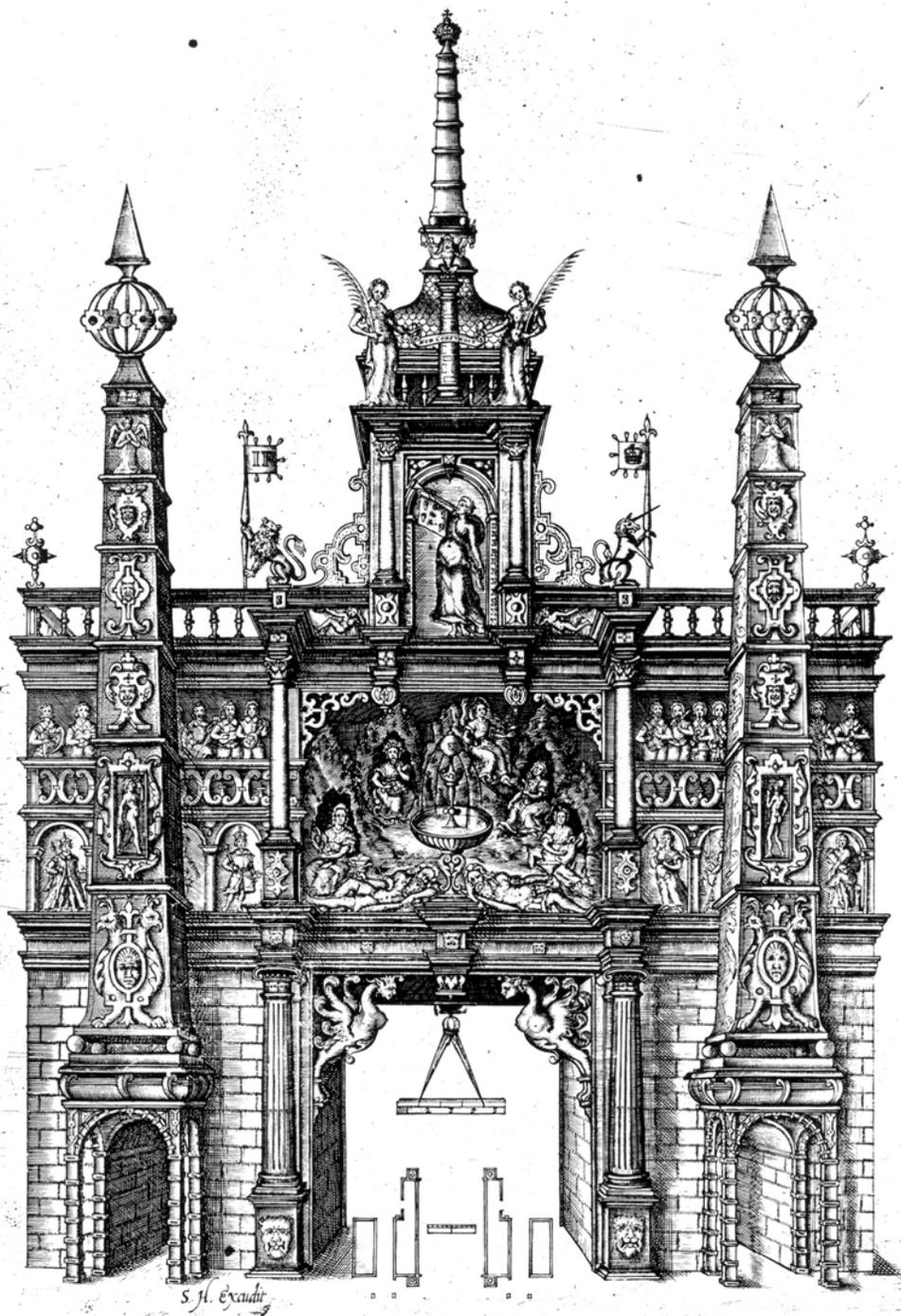
1354 **Cheapside** the main commercial street of London

1359-60 **Presence Chamber** room in royal palaces, adjacent to the privy chamber, containing the King's throne

1361.n **Soper Lane** running south from Cheapside. Dugdale comments: "There was cost both curious and comely, but the devices of that afar off I could not conjecture, but by report it was exceeding. It made no huge high show like the other, but as pompous both for glory and matter: a stage standing by, on which were enacted strange things, after which an oration delivered of great wisdom. Both the sides of this pageant were decked gallantly and furnished as all the broad street as the King passed showed like a paradise."

1367 **rustic** unfinished stone

1371 **mechanic** erected by manual labour



The arch in Soper Lane, for pageant 5.

let us now take note in what fashion it stood attired. Thus then it went apparelled.

The Device at Soper Lane end

1375 Within a large compartment mounted above the forehead of the gate, over the frieze, in capitals was inscribed this title:

NOVA FÆLIX ARABIA.

1380 Under that shape of Arabia this island being figured, which two names of 'New' and 'Happy' the country could by no merit in itself challenge to be her due, but only by means of that secret influence accompanying his Majesty wheresoever he goes and working such effects.

1385 The most worthy personage advanced in this place was *Arabia Britannica*, a woman attired all in white, a rich mantle of green cast about her, an imperial crown on her head, and a sceptre in one hand; a mound in the other, upon which she sadly leaned; a rich veil under the crown, shadowing her eyes, by reason that her countenance (which till his Majesty's approach could by no worldly object be drawn to look up) was pensively dejected; her ornaments were marks of chastity and youth; the crown, mound, and sceptre, badges of sovereignty.

1395 Directly under her in a cant by herself, Fame stood upright, a woman in a watchet robe, thickly set with open eyes and tongues; a pair of large golden wings at her back; a trumpet in her hand; a mantle of sundry colours traversing her body: all these ensigns displaying but the property of her swiftness and aptness to disperse rumours.

1400 In a descent beneath her, being a spacious concave room, were exalted five mounts, swelling up with different ascensions, upon which sat the five senses, drooping: viz.

- 1. *Auditus*, Hearing
- 2. *Visus*, Sight
- 3. *Tactus*, Feeling
- 4. *Olfactus*, Smelling
- 5. *Gustus*, Taste

1410 apparelled in robes of distinct colours proper to their natures, and holding scutcheons in their hands, upon which were drawn hieroglyphical bodies to express their qualities.

1415 Some pretty distance from them (and as it were in the midst before them) an artificial laver or fount was erected, called the *Fount of Arete* (Virtue), sundry pipes (like veins) branching from the body of it, the water receiving liberty but from one place, and that very slowly.

At the foot of this fount two personages, in greater shapes than the rest, lay sleeping; upon their breasts stuck

their names, *Detractio*, *Oblivio*. The one holds an open cup, about whose brim a wreath of curled snakes were winding, intimating that whatsoever his lips touched was poisoned. The other held a black cup covered, in token of an envious desire to drown the worth and memory of noble persons. 1420 1425

Upon an ascent, on the right hand of these, stood the three Charities or Graces, hand in hand, attired like three sisters.

Aglaiā
Thalia
Euphrosine
}

 Figuring {
 {
 Brightness or Majesty
 Youthfulness, or flourishing
 Cheerfulness or gladness.

They were all three virgins, their countenances labouring to smother an innated sweetness and cheerfulness that apparelled their cheeks, yet hardly to be hid. Their garments were long robes of sundry colours, hanging loose; the one had a chaplet of sundry flowers on her head, clustered here and there with the fruits of the earth; the second, a garland of ears of corn; the third, a wreath of vine branches, mixed with grapes and olives. 1435

Their hair hung down over their shoulders, loose and of a bright colour, for that *epithite* is properly bestowed upon them by Homer in his hymn to Apollo: 1440

PULCHRICOMEÆ CHARITES

"The bright-haired Graces"

They held in their hands pencilled shields. Upon the first was drawn a rose, on the second, three dice; on the third, a branch of myrtle. 1445

Figuring {
 {
 Pleasantness
 Accord
 Flourishing

In a direct line against them stood the three hours, to whom in this place we give the names of Love, Justice, and Peace. They were attired in loose robes of light colours painted with flowers, for so Ovid apparels them:

Conveniunt pictis incinctae vestibus Horae. 1455

Wings at their feet expressing their swiftness, because they are lackeys to the Sun: *Iungere equos Tytan velocibus imperat Horis* (Ovid).

Each of them held two goblets: the one full of flowers, as ensign of the spring, the other full of ripened figs, the cognisance of summer. 1460

Upon the approach of his Majesty (sad and solemn music having beaten the air all the time of his absence, and now ceasing), Fame speaks.

FAMA

*Turn into ice mine eyeballs, whilst the sound
Flying through this brazen trump may back rebound* 1465

1378 NOVA FÆLIX ARABIA Happy New Arabia
 1385 *Arabia Britannica* British Arabia
 1386 **mantle** loose sleeveless cloak
 1394 **cant** niche
 1395 **watchet** light blue
 1397 **sundry** several
 1403 **ascensions** risings

1410 **scutcheons** heraldic shields
 1411 **hieroglyphical** emblematic
 1414 **laver** basin of a fountain
 1426 **ascent** step or rise
 1433 **innated** inward
 1436 **chaplet** wreath
 1441 **epithite** title
 1445 **pencilled** coloured, painted

1451 **against** opposite to
 1455 *Conveniunt...Horae* The hours assemble, clad in dappled weeds (Ovid, *Fasti* 5.217)
 1457-8 *Iungere...Horis* Titan bade the swift hours to yoke his steeds (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 2.118.)

- To stop Fame's hundred tongues, leaving them mute
As in an untouched bell or stringless lute.
For Virtue's fount, which late ran deep and clear,
1470 Dries and melts all her body to a tear.
You Graces! and you hours that each day run
On the quick errands of the golden sun,
O say! to Virtue's fount what has befall,
That thus her veins shrink up.
- CHARITES HORAE We cannot tell.
EUPHROSINE
- 1475 Behold the five-fold guard of sense, which keeps
The sacred stream, sit drooping. Near them sleep
Two horrid monsters. Fame! summon each sense,
To tell the cause of this strange accident.
- 1480 Hereupon Fame sounding her trumpet, *Arabia Britannica*
looks cheerfully up, the senses are startled, Detraction and
Oblivion throw off their iron slumber, busily bestowing
all their powers to fill their cups at the fount with their
old malicious intention to suck it dry; but a strange
and heavenly music suddenly striking through their ears,
1485 which, causing a wildness and quick motion in their looks,
drew them to light upon the glorious presence of the King;
they were suddenly thereby daunted and sunk down. The
fount in the same moment of time flowing fresh and
abundantly through several pipes, with milk, wine and
1490 balm, whilst a person (figuring Circumspection) that had
watched day and night, to give note to the world of this
blessed time which he foresaw would happen, steps forth
on a mounted stage extended thirty foot in length from the
main building, to deliver to his Majesty the interpretation
of this dumb mystery.
1495 This presenter was a boy, one of the choristers belong-
ing to Paul's.
His Speech
Great monarch of the West, whose glorious stem
1500 Doth now support a triple diadem,
Weighing more than that of thy grand grandsire Brute;
Thou that mayst make a king thy substitute,
And dost, besides the red rose and the white,
With the rich flower of France thy garland dight,
1505 Wearing above kings now or those of old
A double crown of laurel and of gold,
O let my voice pass through thy royal ear
And whisper thus much, that we figure here
A new Arabia, in whose spiced nest
1510 A phoenix lived and died in the sun's breast.
Her loss made Sight in tears to drown her eyes;
The ear grew deaf; Taste like a sick man lies,
Finding no relish; every other sense
Forgot his office, worth and excellence;
1515 Whereby this Fount of Virtue 'gan to freeze,
Threatened to be drunk by two enemies,
- Snaky Detraction and Oblivion;
But at thy glorious presence both are gone,
Thou being that sacred phoenix that dost rise
From th'ashes of the first: beams from thine eyes 1520
So virtually shining that they bring
To England's new Arabia, a new spring.
For joy whereof, nymphs, senses, hours and fame,
Echo loud hymns to his imperial name.
- At the shutting up of this speech his Majesty (being ready 1525
to go on) did most graciously feed the eyes of beholders
with his presence, till a song was spent: which to a
loud and excellent music, composed of violins and an
other rare artificial instrument, wherein besides sundry
several sounds effused (all at one time) were also sensibly 1530
distinguished the chirpings of birds, was by two boys
(choristers of Paul's) delivered in sweet and ravishing
voices.
- Cantus
Troynovant is now no more a city. 1535
O great pity! Is't not pity?
And yet her towers on tiptoe stand,
Like pageants built on Fairyland,
And her marble arms,
1540 Like to magic charms,
Bind thousands fast unto her,
That for her wealth and beauty daily woo her,
Yet for all this, is't not pity?
Troynovant is now no more a city.
- 2
Troynovant is now a summer arbour, 1545
Or the nest wherein doth harbour
The eagle, of all birds that fly
The Sovereign, for his piercing eye.
If you wisely mark,
1550 'Tis besides a park
Where runs (being newly born)
With the fierce lion, the fair unicorn,
Or else it is a wedding hall
Where four great kingdoms hold a festival. 1555
- 3
Troynovant is now a bridal chamber,
Whose roof is gold, floor is of amber,
By virtue of that holy light
That burns in Hymen's hand, more bright 1560
Than the silver moon
Or the torch of noon.
Hark what the echoes say!
Britain til now ne'er kept a holiday:
For Jove dwells here: And 'tis no pity, 1565
If Troynovant be now no more a city.
- Nor let the screw of any wresting comment upon these
words,

1478 **accidence** accident1501 **Brute** mythical founder of Britain1502 **king** ... **substitute** privilege of an
emperor, who alone outranks a king1510 **phoenix** (often symbolizing Elizabeth)1521 **virtually** with virtue or power1530 **effused** spread1535 **Troynovant** New Troy, i.e. London
(an allusion to the claim of Geoffrey of
Monmouth that the British descended

from a band of Trojans).

1548 **eagle** (symbol of kingship)1553 **lion** ... **unicorn** heraldic supporters of
the royal arms1567 **wresting** perverting or distorting

Troynovant is now no more a city,

1570 enforce the author's invention away from his own clear,
straight and harmless meaning, all the scope of this fiction
stretching only to this point: that London, to do honour
to this day wherein springs up all her happiness, being
ravished with unutterable joys, makes no account (for the
1575 present) of her ancient title, to be called a city, because
that during these triumphs she puts off her formal habit of
trade and commerce, treading even thrift itself underfoot,
but now becomes a reveller and a courtier. So that, albeit
in the end of the first stanza 'tis said,

1580 Yet for all this, is't not pity

Troynovant is now no more a city.

by a figure called *castigatio* or the mender, here follows
presently a reproof, wherein titles of summer arbour, the
eagle's nest, a wedding hall, etc., are thrown upon her,
1585 the least of them being at this time by virtue of poetical
heraldry, but especially in regard of the state that now
upholds her, thought to be names of more honour than
that of her own. And this short apology doth our verse
make for itself, in regard that some (to whose settled
1590 judgement and authority the censure of these devices
was referred) brought, though not bitterly, the life of
those lines into question. But appealing with Machaetas
to Philip, now these reasons have awakened him, let us
follow King James, who having passed under this our
1595 third gate is by this time graciously receiving a gratulatory
oration from the mouth of Sir Henry Montagu, Recorder
of the city; a square low gallery, set round about with
pilasters, being for that purpose erected some four foot
from the ground and joined to the front of the Cross
1600 in Cheap; where likewise stood all the Aldermen, the
Chamberlain, Town Clerk and Council of the city.

The Recorder's Speech

High Imperial Majesty, it is not yet a year in days
since with acclamation of the people, citizens and nobles,
1605 auspiciously here at this Cross was proclaimed your true
succession to the crown. If then it was joyous with hats,
hands and hearts, lift up to heaven to cry 'King James!'

1592-3 **Machaetas to Philip** According to
Plutarch, Philip of Macedon had almost
fallen asleep while hearing a case in
which he awarded damages against
Machaetas. When Machaetas appealed
Philip indignantly demanded to whom.
Machaetas replied, 'from Philip badly
informed to Philip better informed'. Philip
refused to rehear the case but paid the
damages out of his own funds after being
convinced that he had made the wrong
judgement.

1596 **Sir Henry Montagu** grandson of the
Lord Chief Justice Montagu and a member
of the Middle Temple; nominated
by James for the post of Recorder 25
May 1603; knighted 23 July; later Chief
Justice of the King's Bench (1616), Lord
High Treasurer (1620), and Lord Privy
Seal (1628).

Recorder Chief legal officer of London,
responsible for representing the City to
the court. 'But here his Grace might
see the love of his subjects, who at
that time are exceeding in the shows.
Passing by the Cross, beautifully gilded
and adorned, there the Recorder and
aldermen on a scaffold delivered him
a gallant oration: and withal a cup of
beaten gold.' (Dugdale)

1603 **not yet a year** (since the coronation,
25 July 1603)

1606 **If then it was joyous** if the proclama-
tion was joyously received then

1606-7 **hats, hands and hearts** throwing
of hats in the air and lifting up of hands
and hearts to heaven

1607 **lift lifted**

1609 **bridegroom** to marry the realm

what is it now to see King James? Come, therefore, O
worthiest of kings, as a glorious bridegroom through your
royal chamber. But to come nearer, *Adest quem querimus.* 1610
Twenty and more are the sovereigns we have served since
our conquest but, conqueror of hearts, it is you and your
posterity that we have vowed to love and wish to serve
whilst London is a city. In pledge whereof my Lord Mayor,
the aldermen and commons of this city, wishing a golden 1615
reign unto you, present your greatness with a little cup of
gold.

At the end of the oration three cups of gold were given
in the name of the Lord Mayor and the whole body of the
city to his Majesty, the young Prince and the Queen. 1620

All which, but above all (being gifts of greater value)
the loyal hearts of the citizens being lovingly received, his
Grace was (at least it was appointed he should have been)
met on his way near to the Cross by Sylvanus dressed up
in green ivy, a cornett in his hand, being attended on by 1625
four other sylvans in ivy likewise, their bows and quivers
hanging on their shoulders, and wind instruments in their
hands.

Upon sight of his Majesty they make a stand, Sylvanus
breaking forth into this abrupt passion of joy. 1630

*SYLVANUS Stay, sylvans, and let the loudest voice of music
proclaim it, even as high as heaven, that he is come.*

Alter Apollo redit, novus en, iam regnat Apollo.

Which acclamation of his was borne up into the air and
there mingled with the breath of their musical instru- 1635
ments, whose sound being vanished to nothing, thus goes
our speaker on.

*SYLVANUS Most happy Prince pardon me, that being mean in
habit and wild in appearance (for my richest livery is but
leaves, and my stateliest dwelling but in the woods) thus 1640
rudely with piping Sylvans I presume to intercept your royal
passage. These are my walks: yet stand I here not to cut
off your way but to give it a full and a bounteous welcome,
being a messenger sent from the Lady Eirene, my mistress,
to deliver an errand to the best of all these worthies, your 1645
royal self. Many kingdoms hath the Lady sought out to
abide in, but from them all hath she been most churlishly*

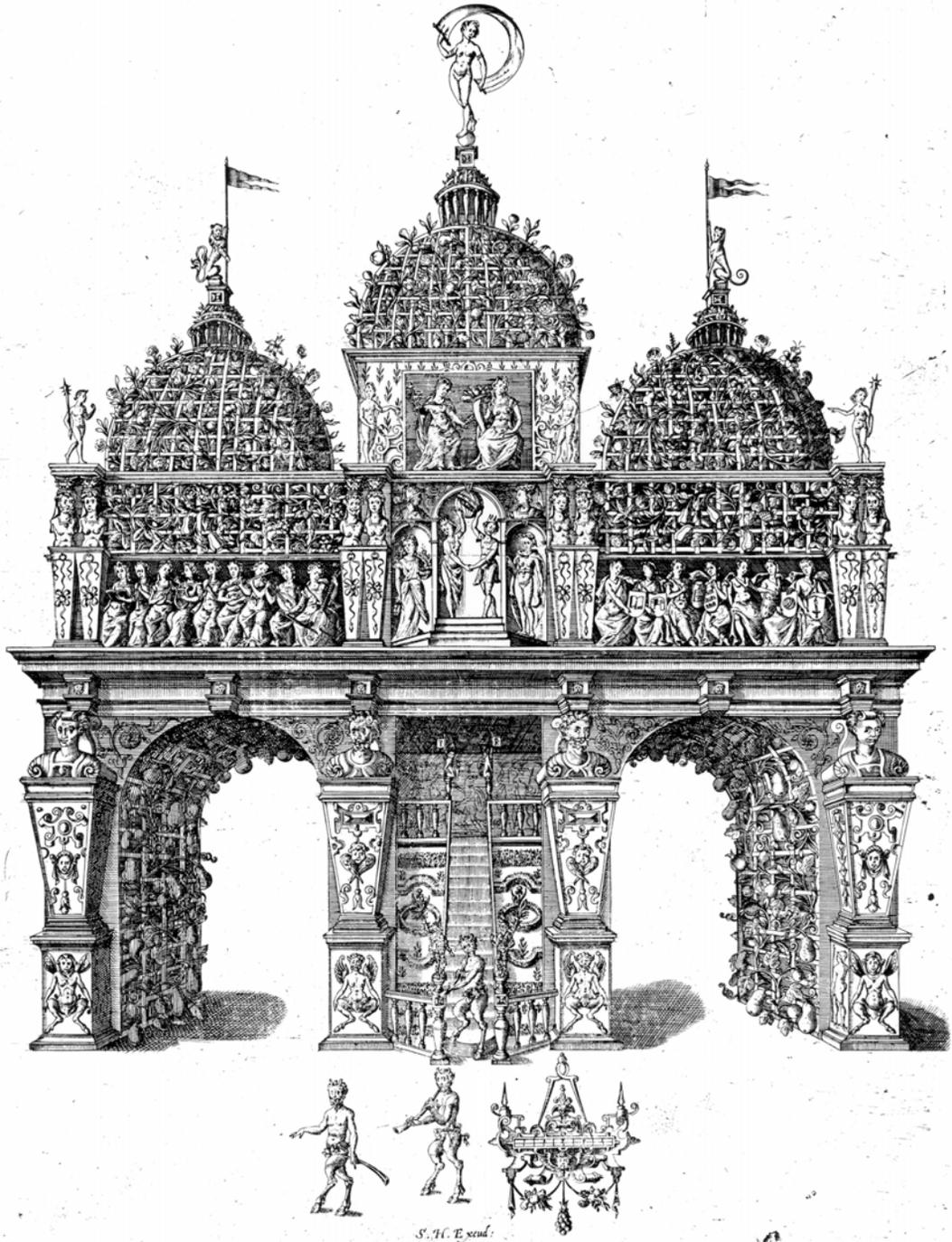
1610 *Adest...querimus* He is here whom
we seek

1624 **Sylvanus** god of the woods. Dugdale
continues: 'So he [James] passed on to
the pageant at the Little Conduit, very
artificial indeed, of no exceeding height
but pretty and pleasing in the manner
of an arbor, wherein were placed all
manner of wood inhabitants, diverse
shows of admiration, as pompions,
pomegranates and all kind of fruit, which
the lords highly commended, where
after strange musics hath given plenty of
harmony he passed towards Fleet Street
through Ludgate.'

1626 **sylvans** forest gods

1633 *Alter...Apollo* Another Apollo
returns, for look a new Apollo reigns

1644 *Eirene* Peace



The arch at the Little Conduit, for pageant 5.

banished: not that her beauty did deserve such unkindness,
but that, like the eye of heaven, hers were too bright and
there were no eagles breeding in those nests that could truly
behold them.

At last here she arrived, Destiny subscribing to this
warrant, that none but this land should be her inheritance.
In contempt of which happiness, Envy shoots his poisoned
stings at her heart but his adders, being charmed, turn their
dangerous heads upon his own bosom. Those that dwell far
off pine away with vexing to see her prosper, because all
the acquaintance which they have of her is this, that they
know there is such a goodly creature as Eirene in the world,
yet her face they know not; whilst all those that here sleep
under the warmth of her wings adore her by the sacred and
celestial name of Peace, for number being (as her blessings
are) infinite.

Her daughter Euporia, well known by the name of Plenty,
is at this present with her, being indeed never from her side.
Under yonder arbour they sit, which after the daughter's
name is called Hortus Euporiae, Plenty's Bower. Chaste
are they both and both maidens, in memory of a Virgin to
whom they were nurse children, for whose sake, because
they were bound to her for their life, me have they charged
to lay at your imperial feet, being your hereditary due, the
tribute of their love. And with it thus to say:

That they have languished many heavy months for your
presence, which to them would have been (and proud they
are that it shall be so now) of the same operation and
influence that the sun is to the spring, and the spring to
the earth. Hearing therefore what treble preferment you
have bestowed upon this day, wherein besides the beams
of a glorious sun, two other clear and gracious stars
shine cheerfully on these her homely buildings, into which,
because no duty should be wanting, she hath given leave
even to strangers to be sharers in her happiness, by suffering
them to bid you likewise welcome. By me (once hers, now
your vassal) she entreats, and with a knee sinking lower
than the ground on which you tread do I humbly execute
her pleasure, that ere you pass further you would deign
to walk into yonder garden. The Hesperides live not there
but the Muses, and the Muses no longer than under your
protection. Thus far am I sent to conduct you thither,
prostrately begging this grace (since I dare not, as being
unworthy, lackey by your royal side), in that yet these my
green followers and myself may be joyful forerunners of
your expected approach. Away, Sylvans.

And being, in this their return, come near to the arbour,
they gave a sign with a short flourish from all their

cornetts that his Majesty was at hand, whose princely
eye, whilst it was delighting itself with the quaint object
before it, a sweet pleasure likewise courted his ear in the
shape of music sent from the voices of nine boys, all of
them choristers of Paul's, who in that place presenting
the nine Muses, sang the ditty following to their viols and
other instruments.

But, lest leaping too bluntly into the midst of our garden
at first we deface the beauty of it, let us send you round
about it and survey the walls, alleys and quarters of it as
they lie in order.

This being the fashion of it:

The passages through it were two gates, arched and
grated arbour-wise, their height being eighteen foot, their
breadth twelve from the roof, and so on the sides, down
to the ground; cucumbers, pompions, grapes and all other
fruits growing in the land hanging artificially in clusters.
Between the two gates a pair of stairs were mounted
with some twenty ascents. At the bottom of them on
two pillars were fixed two satyrs carved out in wood;
the sides of both the gates, being strengthened with four
great French terms standing upon pedestals, taking up in
their full height twenty foot.

The upper part also carried the proportion of an arbour,
being closed with their round tops, the midst whereof was
exalted above the other two, Fortune standing on the top
of it. The garnishments for the whole bower being apples,
pears, cherries, grapes, roses, lillies, and all other both
fruits and flowers, most artificially moulded to the life. The
whole frame of this summer banquetting house stood, at
the ground line, upon forty-four foot; the perpendicular
stretching itself to forty-five. We might that day have
called it the music room, by reason of the change of tunes
that danced round about it; for in one place were heard a
noise of cornetts, in a second a consort; the third (which
sat in sight) a set of viols, to which the Muses sang.

The principal persons advanced in this bower were
Eirene (Peace) and *Euporia* (Plenty), who sat together.

Eirene

Peace was richly attired, her upper garment of carnation
hanging loose, a robe of white under it powdered with
stars and girt to her; her hair of a bright colour, long and
hanging at her back but interwoven with white ribbons
and jewels. Her brows were encompassed with a wreath
compounded of the olive, the laurel and the date tree.
In one hand she held a *caduceus*, or Mercury's rod, the god
of eloquence; in the other ripe ears of corn gilded; on her

1668 *Virgin* Elizabeth I
1679 *two other... stars* Queen Anne and
Prince Henry
1681 *wanting* missing
1682 *suffering* allowing
1687 *Hesperides* daughters of Hesperus
who, accompanied by a watchful dragon,
guard the garden of the Isles of the Blest,
in the far west

1691 *lackey* run in the manner of a
footman or lackey
1696 *cornetts* trumpets
1697 *quaint* beautifully made
1701 *ditty* song
1711 *pompions* pumpkins
1714 *ascents* steps
1717 *terms* busts or statues like those of the
god Terminus

1719 *proportion* part, used to stand for the
whole
1733 *Peace* Ripa gives several formulas,
none corresponding exactly to Dekker's
figure. One, based on a medal of Ves-
pasian, holds a caduceus in one hand
and ears of corn in the other
1736 *powdered* sprinkled, spangled
1737 *girt* fastened about the waist

lap sat a dove, all these being ensigns and furnitures of Peace.

Euporie

Plenty, her daughter, sat on the left hand in changeable colours, a rich mantle of gold traversing her body, her hair large and loosely spreading over her shoulders; on her head a crown of poppy and mustard seed, the antique badges of fertility and abundance; in her right hand a *cornucopia*, filled with flowers, fruits etc.

Chrusos

Directly under these sat *Chrusos*, a person figuring Gold, his dressing a tinsel robe of the colour of gold.

Argurion

And close by him *Argurion*, Silver, all in white tinsel, both of them crowned and both their hands supporting a globe between them, in token that they commanded over the world.

Pomona

Pomona, the goddess of garden fruits, sat at the one side of Gold and Silver, attired in green, a wreath of fruitages circling her temples, her arms naked, her hair beautiful and long.

Ceres

On the other side sat Ceres, crowned with ripened ears of wheat, in a loose straw-coloured robe.

In two large descents a little below them were placed at one end,

The nine Muses	}	Clio	} With musical instruments in their hands, to which they sung all the day.
		Enterpe	
		Thalia	
		Melpomene	
		Terpsicore	
		Erato	
The seven liberal arts	}	Polymnia	} Holding shields in their hands, expressing their several offices
		Uranio	
		Calliope	
		At the other end	
		Grammar	
		Logic	
		Rhetoric	
Music			
Arithmetic			
Geometry			
Astrology			

Upon the very upper edge of a fair large frieze, running quite along the full breadth of the arbor and just at their feet, were planted ranks of artificial artichokes and roses.

To describe what apparel these arts and muses wore were a hard labour and when it were done all were but idle. Few tailors know how to cut out their garments. They have no wardrobe at all; not a mercer nor merchant, though they can all write and read very excellently well, will suffer them to be great in their books. But (as in other countries, so in this of ours) they go attired in such thin clothes that the wind every minute is ready to blow through them. Happy was it for them that they took up their lodging in a summer arbour and that they had so much music to comfort them. Their joys (of which they do not every day taste) being notwithstanding now infinitely multiplied in this, that where before they might have cried out till they grew hoarse and none would hear them, now they sing:

Aderitque vocatus Apollo.

Chorus in full voices answering it thus:

Ergo alacris sylvas, et caetera rura voluptas

Panaque pastoresque tenet, Driadasque puellas,

Nec lupus insidias pecori, nec retia cervis

Ulla dolum meditantur, amat bonus otia Daphnis;

Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera iactant

Intonsi montes: ipsae iam carmina rupes,

Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus, ille!

Sylvanus (as you may perceive by his office before) was but sent of an errand; there was another of a higher calling, a traveller and one that had gone over much ground, appointed to speak to his Majesty: his name Vertumnus, the master gardener, and husband to Pomona. To tell you what clothes he had on his back were to do him wrong, for he had, to say truth, but one suit. Homely it was, yet meet and fit for a gardener. Instead of a hat his brows were bound about with flowers, out of whose thick heaps here and there peeped a queen apple, a cherry, or a pear. This boon-grace he made of purpose to keep his face from heat because he desired to look lovely; yet the sun found him out and by casting a continual eye at him, whilst the old man was dressing his arbour, his cheeks grew tawny, which colour, for the better grace, he himself interpreted blushing. A white head he had and sunburned hands. In the one he held a weeding hook, in the other a grafting knife, and this was the tenor of his speech: that he was bound to give thanks to heaven, in that the arbour

1746 **Plenty** Perhaps loosely modelled after Ripa's *Abondanza*, who is dressed in green adorned with gold and holds a *cornucopia*.
changeable showing different colours under different aspects
 1754 **tinsel** material interwoven with gold or silver thread, so as to sparkle
 1756 **white** silver
 1762 **fruitages** fruits

1765 *Ceres* Roman goddess of agriculture
 1805 *Aderitque... Apollo* Apollo will be present at thy call (Virgil, *Aeneid* 3.395)
 1807-13 *Ergo... ille* Therefore frolic glee seizes the woods and all the countryside and Pan and the shepherds, and the Dryad maids. The wolf plans no ambush for the flock and nets no snare for the stag; kindly Daphnis loves peace. The very mountains, with woods unshorn,

joyously fling their voices starward; the very rocks, the very groves ring out the song. A god is he, a god (Virgil, *Ecloques* 5.58-64).
 1817 **Vertumnus** Roman god of the changing season and developing vegetation
 1824 **boon-grace** a shade worn on the front of a cap to protect the complexion from the sun

1835	and trees which growing in that fruitful Cynthian garden began to droop and hang down their green heads and to uncurl their crisped forelocks, as fearing and in some sort feeling the sharpness of autumnian malice, are now on the sudden by the divine influence apparelled with a fresh and more lively verdure than ever they were before.	Fair as thyself has got. CHORUS A new new sun is got.	4	1880
1840	The nine muses that could expect no better entertainment than sad banishment, having now lovely and amiable faces; arts that were threatened to be trod under foot by barbarism, now—even at sight of his Majesty, who is the Delian patron both of the muses and arts—being likewise advanced to most high preferment, whilst the very rural and sylvan troops danced for joy. The Lady, therefore, of the place, <i>Eirene</i> (his mistress), in name of the Praetor, Consuls and Senators of the city, who carefully prune this garden (weeding out all hurtful and idle branches that hinder the growth of the good) and who are indeed	ONE O this is he! Whose new beams make our spring, Men glad, and birds to sing Hymns of praise, joy and glee.	5	1885
1845	<i>Ergatai Pistoï</i> , faithful labourers in this piece of ground, she doth in all their names (and he in behalf of his lady) offer themselves, this arbour, the bowers and walks, yea her children Gold and Silver, with the loving and loyal hearts of all those the sons of peace, standing about him, to be disposed after his royal pleasure. And so wishing his happy arrival at a more glorious bower, to which he is now going, yet welcoming him to this and praying his Majesty not to forget this poor arbour of his lady, music is commanded to carry all their prayers for his happy reign, with the loud amen of all his subjects, as high as heaven.	CHORUS Sing, sing, O this is he!	6	
1850		ONE That in the north First rising, shone so far Bright as the morning star At his gay coming forth.	7	1890
1855		CHORUS See, see, he now comes forth.	8	
1860		ONE How soon joys vary! Had still he stayed! O then Happy both place and men, But here he list not tarry.	9	1895
	<i>Cantus</i>	CHORUS O grief! he list not tarry.	10	
	ONE Shine, Titan, shine. Let thy sharp rays be hurled Not on this under world, For now tis none of thine	ONE No, no, his beams Must equally divide Their heat to orbs beside, Like nourishing silver streams.	11	1900
1865	These first four lines were sung by one alone, the single lines following, by a chorus in full voices.	CHORUS Joys slide away like streams.	12	1905
	CHORUS No, no, 'tis none of thine.	ONE Yet in this lies Sweet hope: how far soever He bides, no clouds can sever His glory from our eyes.	13	
1870	ONE But in that sphere, Where what thine arms enfold Turns all to burnished gold, Spend thy gilt arrows there.	CHORUS Dry, dry your weeping eyes.	14	1910
1875	CHORUS Do, do, shoot only there.	ONE And make heaven ring His welcomes shouted loudly, For heaven itself looks proudly That earth has such a king.	15	1915
	ONE Earth needs thee not: Her childbed days are done And she another sun	CHORUS Earth has not such a king.		

1833 **Cynthian** Pertaining to Cynthia, goddess of the moon and of chastity, often a symbol of Elizabeth. We have found no other references to Cynthian

gardens.
1843 **Delian** from Delos (sacred to Apollo)
1844 **preferment** advancement, office
1846 **Praetor** Roman official

1850 **Ergatai Pistoï** faithful workmen (Greek)
1901 **divide** (between England and Scotland)

1920 His Majesty dwelt here a reasonable long time, giving
both good allowance to the song and music, and liberally
bestowing his eye on the workmanship of the place. From
whence at the length departing, his next entrance was, as
it were, into the closet or rather the privy chamber to this
our court royal, through the windows of which he might
behold the cathedral temple of Saint Paul, upon whose
1925 lower battlements an anthem was sung by the choristers
of the church, to the music of loud instruments. Which
being finished, a Latin oration was *viva voce* delivered to
his grace by one of Master Mulcaster's scholars at the door
of the free school founded by the Mercers.

Oratio habita, et ad Regem, et coram Rege prae schola
Paulina.

(...)

1930 *Brevis ero, ne ingratus sim, Rex serenissime, licet et plane,
et plene putem Regem tam prudentem, in tam profusa suorum
laetitia, ita se hodie patientia contra taedium armavisse, ne
1935 ullius toe dii ipsum posset toedere. Aedificium hoc magno
sumptu suo extractum Dominus Johannes Collettus Ecclesiae
Paulinae Decanus, sub Henrico septimo, maiestatis tuae
prudentissimo abavo, erudiendae pueritiae consecravit, ut huius
1940 scholae infantia tuo in Regnum Anglicanum iure coetanea
existat. Tanta magnificentia conditum parique magnificentiae
dotatum fidelissimae Merceroꝝ huius urbis primariae semper,
hodie etiam Praetoriae societati tuendum testamento moriens
commendavit. Quae societas, et demortui fundatoris spei,
et nostrae educationis studio fidem suam sanctissime exolvit.
1945 Hic nos cum multis aliis erudimur, qui communi nomine
totius pueritiae Anglicanae, a Domino Rege, licet sponte sua
ad omnia optima satis incitato, humillime tamen contendimus,
ut quemadmodum sua aetatis ratione, in omni re adultioribus
1950 prospicit, ita in summae spei Principis Henrici gratiam teneri-
oribus, parique cum ipso aetate pueris, in scholarum cura velit
etiam consulere. Virgae enim obsequium, sceptri obedientiam
et parit, et praeterea inquit preceptor meus. Quique metu didi-
cit iuvenis parere puerque, grandibus imperiis officiosus erit.
1955 Habent scholae Anglicanae multa, in quibus Regiam maiestatis
correctionem efflagitant, ne inde in Academiis implumes evolent
unde in Rempublicam implumiores etiam e prima nuditate
emittantur. Quod malum a preceptore nostro accepimus: qui
annos iam quatuor supra quinquaginta publice, privatimque
1960 erudiendae pueritiae praefuit, et haec scholarum errata, cum
aliquo etiam dolore suo, et passim, et sparsim deprehendit.
Nostra haec schola fundatorem Collettum hominem tam pium;
tutores Merceroꝝ homines tam fidos consequuta, quam esset
foelix, si placeret, Domino etiam Regi, quod Regibus Angliae,
1965 ad summam apud suos charitatem saepissime profuit, huic
Merceroꝝ principi societati, fratrem se, et concivem ad-
scribere. Quantum huic urbi ornamentum, quantum societ-*

*ati honestamentum, quantum scholae nostrae emolumentum?
Quantus etiam Regi ipsi honos inde accederet, mavult, qui hoc
vult alias inter alia per otium Regi suo apperire, quam hodie
cum taedio et praeter aream eidem explicare. Omnipotens Deus
Jesus Christus et cum eo, ac per eum noster et Pater et Deus,
1970 serenissimum Regem Jacobum, honoratissimam Reginam An-
nam, nobilissimum Principem Henricum, reliquamque Regiae
stirpis ad omnia summa natam sobolem diu nobis ita incolumes
tueatur, ut cum huius vitae secundissimum curriculum confe-
1975 ceritis, beatissimam vitae caelestis aeternitatem consequamini.
Dixi.*

THE ORATION DELIVERED at Paul's School by one of
Master Mulcaster's Scholars

1980 Most gracious sovereign, my speech shall not be long for
fear it appear loathsome, yet do I fully and freely believe
that a king so crowned with wisdom as yourself hath
this day put on such strong armour of patience to bear
off tediousness in this so main and universal meeting
of joy in his subjects, that the extension and stretching
1985 out of any part of time can by no means seem irksome
unto him. This building received her foundation from the
liberal purse of John Colet (Dean of Paul's Church under
Henry VII, great grandfather to your Majesty) and was
by him consecrated to learning for the erudition of youth,
1990 to the intent that the infancy of this school may now, by
your right to the kingdom of England, grow up to a full
and ripe age. Which work of his, so magnificent for the
building, so commendable for the endowments, he by last
will and testament bequeathed to the faithful Society and
1995 Brotherhood of the Mercers, always the chiefest and now
this year, by reason of a Lord Mayor who is a member
amongst them, more than the chiefest of the companies of
this city. Which Society have most religiously performed
all rites both due to the hopes of our deceased founder and
2000 to the ornaments of our education. Within these walls we,
with many other, suck the milk of learning, and in the
general name of all the youth in England most humbly
entreat of our lord the King (who of himself, we know,
is forward enough to advance all goodness) that as by
2005 reason of his manly years his chiefest care is spent about
looking to and governing men, so (notwithstanding) in
favour of that his royal son Henry, prince of unspeakable
hopes, he would a little suffer his eye to descend and
behold our school, and therein to provide that those who
2010 are but green in years and of equal age with that his
princely issue may likewise receive a virtuous education.
For the obedience which is given to the rod brings along
with it obedience to the sceptre, nay (as our master tells
us) it goes even before it.

Quique metu didicit iuvenis parere puerque,

1918 **liberally** graciously

1921 **closet** small, intimate room

privy chamber room in the palace
adjacent to the bedchamber (see l. 145-
6).

1927 **Mulcaster's** Richard Mulcaster, master
of St Paul's grammar school and former

master of the Merchant Taylors' School
1928 **free school** (held in the chapel of the
Mercers' Company on the north side of
Cheapside)

1988 **John Colet** (1467?-1519) dean of St
Paul's, scholar and educational reformer;

one of those responsible for reforming
English grammar school curricula along
humanist lines

2016-17 **Quique...erit** Whosoever has
learned as a youth and as a boy to obey
out of fear will be dutiful in greater tasks

Grandibus imperiis officiosus erit.

2020 Our schools of England are in many limbs deformed, whose crookedness require the hand of a king to set them straight, lest out of these young nests those that are there bred, flying without their feathers into universities, should afterward light upon the branches of the commonwealth more naked than at first, by reason they were not perfectly fledged. Which evil hath been discovered by the obser-
2025 vation of our teacher, who now by the space of more than fifty-four years, both publicly and privately, hath instructed youth, and with no little grief of his own hath both here and abroad sifted out these gross vices that are mingled amongst schools. O how happy therefore should this our nursery of learning be if—after having first met with Colet, a founder so religious, and secondly the Mer-
2030 cers our patrons, men so faithful and virtuous—our lord the King would now at last also be pleased (considering many kings of England by doing so have won wonderful love from their subjects) to suffer his royal name to be rolled amongst the citizens of London, by vouchsafing to be free of that worthy and chiefest Society of Mercers. What glory should thereby rise up to the city? What dignity to that Society? To this our school what infinite benefit? What honour besides our sovereign himself might
2040 acquire, he that makes this wish now, wisheth rather (in fitter place and at fitter hours) to discover to his prince, than now, clean beyond his aim, to overshoot himself by tediousness. The Almighty etc.

Pag. 6 Our next arch of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleet Street, into which (as into the long and beauteous gallery of the city) his Majesty being entered, afar off (as if it had been some swelling promontory, or rather some enchanted castle guarded by ten thousand harmless spirits) did his eye encounter another tower of pleasure.

Presenting itself

2050 Fourscore and ten foot in height and fifty in breadth; the gate twenty foot in the perpendicular line and fourteen in the ground line. The two posterns were answerable to these that are set down before. Over the posterns riss up in proportionable measures two turrets, with battlements on the tops. The midst of the building was laid open to the

world, and great reason it should be so, for the globe of the world was there seen to move, being filled with all the degrees and states that are in the land: and these were the mechanical and dead limbs of this carved body. 2060

As touching those that had the use of motion in it and for a need durst have spoken, but that there was no stuff fit for their mouths, the principal and worthiest was *Astraea* (Justice), sitting aloft, as being newly descended from heaven, gloriously attired; all her garments being thickly strewed with stars, a crown of stars on her head, a silver veil covering her eyes. Having told you that her name was Justice, I hope you will not put me to describe what properties she held in her hands, sithence every painted cloth can inform you. 2065

Directly under her, in a cant by herself, was *Arete* (Virtue) enthroned, her garments white, her head crowned, and under her *Fortuna*, her foot treading on the globe that moved beneath her: intimating that his Majesty's fortune was above the world, but his virtues above his fortune. 2070 2075

Invidia

Envy, unhandsomely attired all in black, her hair of the same colour, filleted about with snakes, stood in a dark and obscure place by herself, near unto Virtue but making show of a fearfulness to approach her and the light; yet still and anon casting her eyes sometimes to the one side beneath—where on several greces sat the four cardinal virtues: 2080

Viz. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Justitia} \\ \textit{Fortitudo} \\ \textit{Temperantia} \\ \textit{Prudentia} \end{array} \right\}$ In habiliments, fitting to their natures.

and sometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposite seat, on which his Majesty's four kingdoms were advanced: 2090

Viz. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{England} \\ \textit{Scotland} \\ \textit{France} \\ \textit{Ireland} \end{array} \right\}$

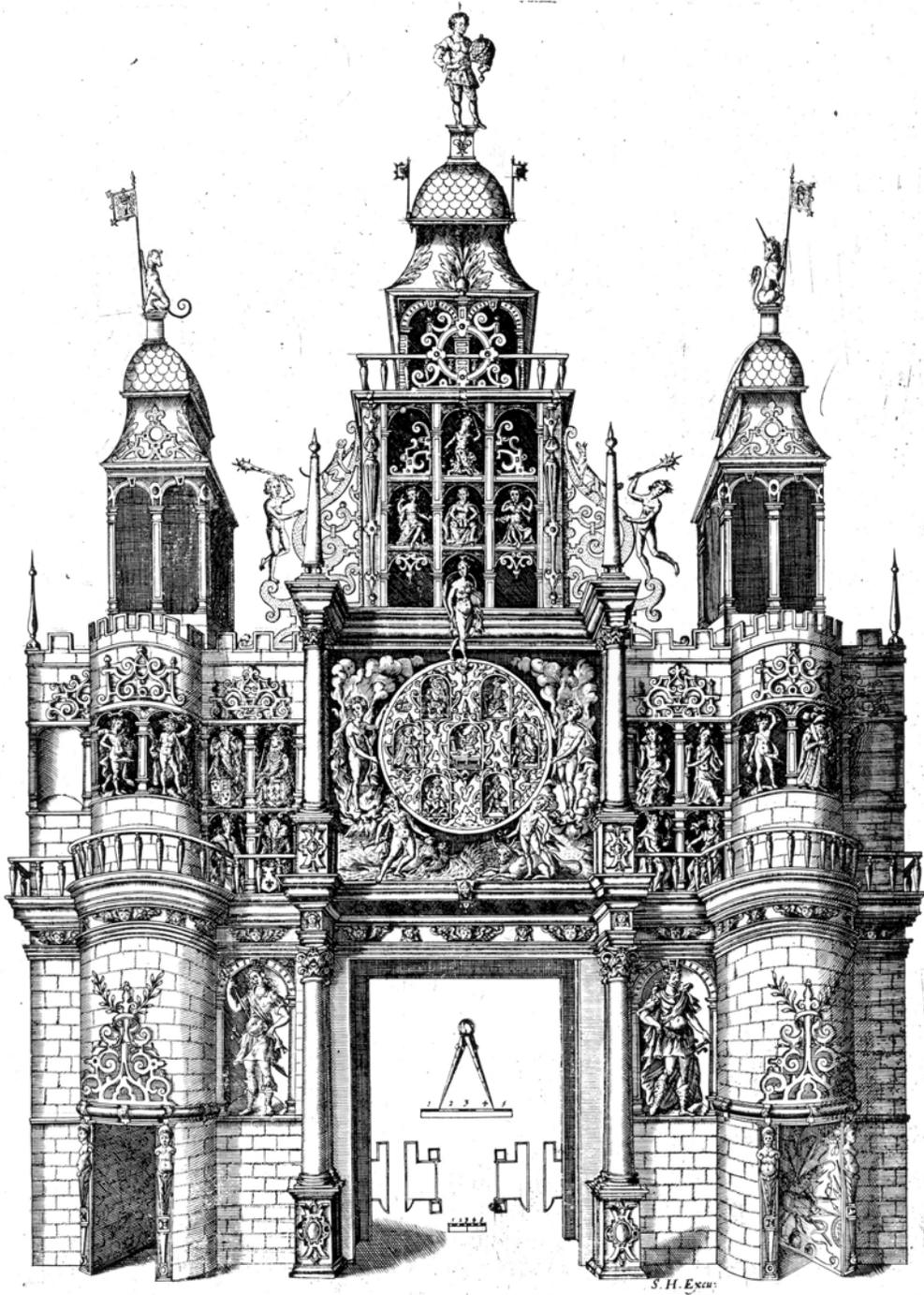
all of them in rich robes and mantles, crowns on their heads and sceptres with pencilled scutcheons in their hands, lined with the coats of the particular kingdoms.

2025 **our teacher** Mulcaster (1530?-1611; then probably seventy-four years old); first headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School and subsequently of St Paul's (1596-1608)

2044 **etc.** The text concludes: 'Almighty God Jesus Christ, and with him and through him our both Father and God, long safeguard amongst us our most serene King James, most honoured Queen Anne, most noble Prince Henry and the rest of the royal lineage, destined for the highest purposes; and when you [James and his family] shall have drawn to the end of the most fortunate course of this life, may you attain a blessed eternity of

heavenly life.'
2045 **Our next arch** Despite its nearly un- decipherable syntax, Dugdale's description conveys the court's admiration for this pageant: 'When he [James] came to the trophy in Fleet Street the lords considered that the same for royalty was so richly beautified and so plenteous of show that with the breadth of the street it seemed to them to have gone back again, and [were] but then at the Cross in Cheap, but otherwise saluted, as with variety of speeches and all sundry sorts of musics by the city appointed two [too?], as that at the Little Conduit and all else but the Exchange and Gracious Street; on top

of this pageant was placed a globe of a goodly preparation.'
2060 **degrees and states** ranks and condi- tions
2065 **Astraea** goddess of justice, said to have left the earth at the end of the Golden Age from disgust at the vices of mankind. Her return will herald return of the Golden Age.
2070 **properties** props—scales of justice and a sword
2072 **cant** niche
2083 **greces** steps
2097 **pencilled scutcheons** painted shields
2098 **lined with the coats** covered with heraldic arms



The arch in Fleet Street, for pageant 6.

2100 For very madness that she beheld these glorious objects,
she stood feeding on the heads of adders.

The four elements in proper shapes, artificially and aptly expressing their qualities, upon the approach of his Majesty went round in a proportionable and even circle, touching that cantle of the Globe (which was open) to the full view of his Majesty, which being done, they bestowed themselves in such comely order, and stood so, as if the engine had been held up on the tops of their fingers.

2105 Upon distinct ascensions, neatly raised within the hollow womb of the globe, were placed all the states of the land, from the nobleman to the ploughman, among whom there was not one word to be heard, for you must imagine as Virgil saith:

Astraea *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo.
Iam redit et virgo redeunt Saturnia regna.*

2115 *Aeglogues 4*
That it was now the golden world, in which there were few praters.

All the tongues that went in this place was the tongue of Zeal, whose personage was put on by W. Bourne, one of the servants to the young Prince.

2120 *And thus went his speech*
The populous globe of this our English isle
Seemed to move backward at the funeral pile
Of her dead female majesty. All states,
2125 *From nobles down to spirits of meaner fates,*
Moved opposite to nature and to peace,
As if the same had been th'Antipodes.
But see the virtue of a regal eye,
Th'attractive wonder of man's majesty.
2130 *Our globe is drawn in a right line again,*
And now appear new faces and new men.
The elements (earth, water, air and fire),
Which ever clipped a natural desire
To combat each with other, being at first
2135 *Created enemies to fight their worst—*
See at the peaceful presence of their king
How quietly they move, without their sting:

Earth not devouring, fire not defacing,
Water not drowning, and the air not chasing,
But propping the quaint fabric that here stands,
2140 *Without the violence of their wrathfull hands.*

Mirror of times, lo where thy fortune sits
Above the world and all our human wits,
But thy high virtue above that. What pen,
Or art, or brain can reach thy virtue then?
2145 *At whose immortal brightness and true light*
Envy's infectious eyes have lost their sight.
Her snakes not daring to shoot forth their stings
'Gainst such a glorious object, down she flings

Their forks of venom into her own maw,
2150 *Whilst her rank teeth the glittering poisons chew;*
For 'tis the property of Envy's blood
To dry away at every kingdom's good,
Especially when she had eyes to view
2155 *These four main virtues figured all in you:*
Justice in causes, Fortitude 'gainst foes,
Temp'rance in spleen, and Prudence in all those;

And then so rich an empire, whose fair breast
Contains four kingdoms by your entrance blessed,
By Brute divided but by you alone
2160 *All are again united and made one.*
Whose fruitfull glories shine so far and even
They touch not only earth but they kiss heaven,
From whence Astraea is descended hither;
Who, with our last Queen's spirit, fled up thither,
2165 *Foreknowing on the earth she could not rest*
Till you had locked her in your rightfull breast.
And therefore all estates, whose proper arts
Live by the breath of majesty, had hearts

Burning in holy Zeal's immaculate fires,
2170 *With quenchless ardours and unstained desires,*
To see what they now see, your powerful grace
Reflecting joys on every subject's face.
These painted flames and yellow burning stripes
2175 *Upon this robe being but as shows and types*
Of that great zeal. And therefore in the name

2103 **proportionable** well proportioned
2104 **cantle** section
2106 **comely** becoming
2108 **distinct ascensions** steps
2113–14 **Magnus . . . regna** 'The great line of the centuries begins anew. Now the virgin returns, the reign of Saturn returns' (Virgil, *Ecloques* 5.5–6). The virgin here is Astraea and the context a prophecy that a child is about to be born who will rule over a united world and restore the golden age. This prophecy was subsequently connected to the imperial mission of Rome, the peace of Augustus and—by Christian writers beginning with the Emperor Constantine—with the birth of Christ. The tradition was adapted by later European monarchs, esp. the Habsburg Emperor Charles V and his son Philip

II of Spain, and by many Elizabethan apologists, who identified the return of the virgin goddess of justice with the Queen. The iconography of the arch is therefore grounded in a deep, multi-layered tradition of religious and imperial imagery. The theme remained prominent in the culture of the early Stuart court, e.g. in Jonson's masque, *The Golden Age Restored*.
2119 **Zeal** Described by Ripa as a man in a priest's garments, holding a lash in one hand and a lamp in the other. Middleton's figure evidently wore a gown decorated with an image of flames. The appearance of Zeal here complements the reference to the city's zeal at the Fenchurch arch (ll. 797–8).
W. Bourne also known as William Birde, an actor with the Admiral's Men

2120 **young Prince** Henry
2124 **states** ranks
2127 **the same** Nature and peace
th'Antipodes opposite side of the globe, hence exact opposites
2132 **elements** The theory that all things in nature derive from combinations of these elements was given its classic expression by Aristotle.
2133 **clipped** embraced
2140 **quaint** well-made
2150 **maw** stomach
2151 **chew** pronounced 'chaw'
2160 **Brute** Mythical ancient king of Britain, who divided his realm among his sons
2164 **Astraea is descended** heralding the return of the Golden Age
2167 **her** Astraea, who is also Justice
2168 **arts** skills

Of this glad city, whither no Prince ever came
 More loved, more longed for, lowly I entreat
 You'd be to her as gracious as you're great.
 2180 So with reverberate shouts our globe shall ring,
 The music's close being thus: God save our King!
 If there be any glory to be won by writing these lines,
 I do freely bestow it (as his due) on Thomas Middleton,
 in whose brain they were begotten, though they were
 2185 delivered here: *Quae nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*
 But having pieced up our wings now again with our
 own feathers, suffer us a while to be pruning them, and
 to lay them smooth whilst this song, which went forth at
 the sound of oboes and other loud instruments, flies along
 2190 with the train.

Cantus

[FIRST SINGER]

Where are all these honours owing?
 Why are seas of people flowing?
 Tell me, tell me, Rumour,
 2195 Though it be thy humour
 More often to be lying
 Than from thy breath to have truth flying:
 Yet alter now that fashion
 And without the stream of passion
 2200 Let thy voice swim smooth and clear:
 When words want gilding, then they are most dear.

[RUMOUR]

'Behold where Jove and all the States
 Of heav'n, through heaven's seven silver gates,
 All in glory riding,
 2205 Backs of clouds bestriding,
 The Milky Way do cover;
 Which starry path being measured over,
 The deities convent
 In Jove's high court of Parliament.'

2245 In the highest point of all was erected a Janus head, and
 over it written

IANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRVM.

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is said to be given him,^a as he
 respecteth all climates and fills all parts of the world with
 his majesty; which Martial would seem to allude unto in
 2250 that *hendecasyllable*,

Et lingua pariter locutus omni.^b

2185 *Quae...voco* That which we do not
 ourselves make we will never call ours
 2212 **Temple Bar** marking the boundary
 between London and Westminster along
 the Strand
 2218 **The Device** Dugdale describes it
 as 'neither great nor small but finely
 furnished. Some compared it to an
 Exchange shop, it shined so in that
 dark place and was so pleasing to the

eye, whereon a young man, an actor of
 the city, so delivered his mind and
 the manner of all in an oration that a
 thousand give him his due deserving
 commendations.' Dekker's description
 appears as Additional Passage E.
 2221-2 **Ianus Quadrifrons** Janus of four
 faces.
 2224 **supporters** the lion and unicorn
 (introduced in James's reign)

[FIRST SINGER]

—Rumour—thou dost lose thine aims

This is not Jove, but one as great, King James. 2210
 And now take we our flight up to Temple Bar, the other
 end of this our gallery, where by this time his Majesty is
 upon the point of giving a gracious and princely farewell
 to the Lord Mayor and the city, but that his eye meeting a
 2215 seventh beautiful object is invited by that to delay awhile
 his lamented departure.

The Device called Templum Jani, Temple of Janus.

Pag. 7

The seventh and last *pegme* within the city was erected at
 Temple Bar, being adjoined close to the gate. The building
 was in all points like a temple, and dedicated to *Ianus*
 2220 *Quadrifrons*.

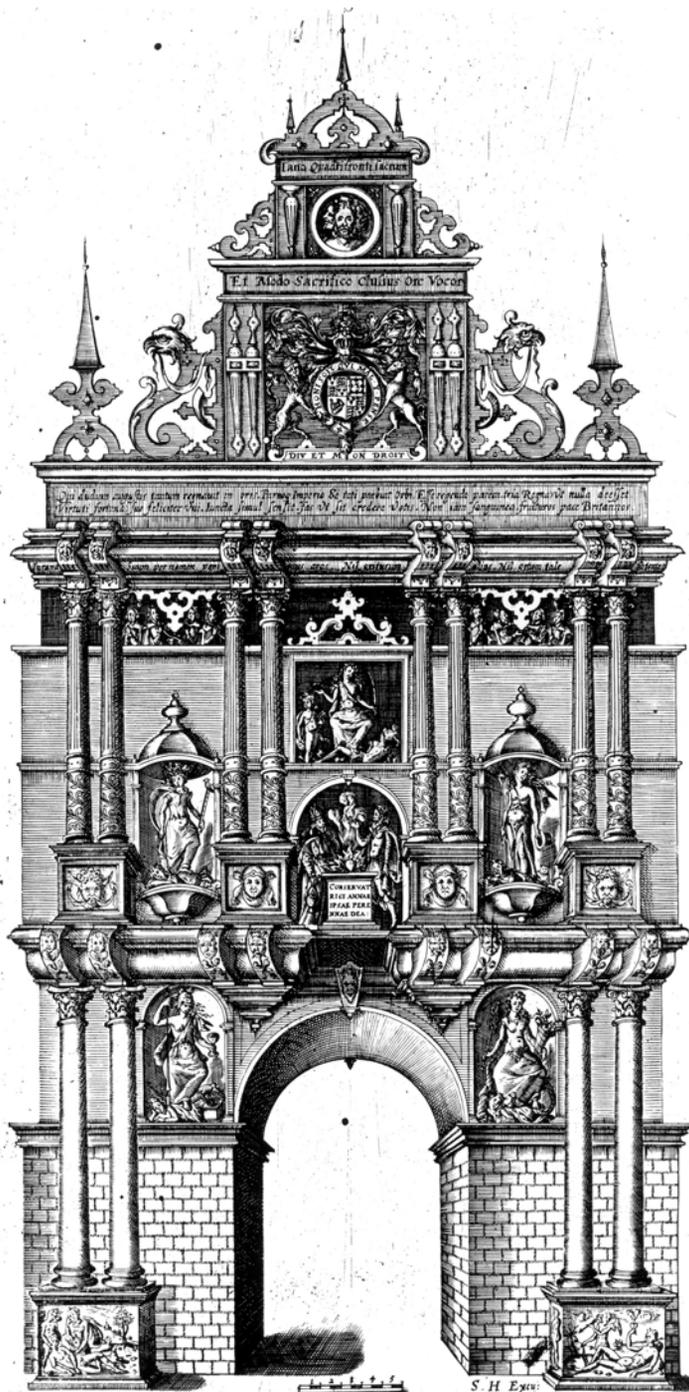
Beneath that four-faced head of Janus was advanced
 the arms of the kingdom, with the supporters cut out to
 the life, from whence being removed they now are placed
 2225 in the Guildhall.

The walls and gates of this temple were brass, the pillars
 silver, their capitals and bases gold. All the frontispiece,
 downward from those arms, was beautified and supported
 by twelve rich columns, of which the four lowermost, 2230
 being great Corinthian pillars, stood upon two large ped-
 estals, with a fair *vauz* over them instead of architrave,
 frieze and cornice. Above them eight columns more were
 likewise set, two and two, upon a large pedestal: for as
 our work began for his Majesty's entrance with rustic, so
 did we think it fit that this our temple should end with the
 most famous column, whose beauty and goodliness is de-
 rived both from the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian,
 and received his full perfection from Titus Vespasian, who
 2240 advanced it to the highest place of dignity in his Arch
 Triumphant, and (by reason that the beauties of it were
 a mixture taken from the rest) he gave it the name of
composita or *Italica*.

a *Bassus apud Macro: liber 1. Saturae caput 9.*

b *Liber 8, Epigrammaton, 2.*

2232 **vauz** projecting band over the lower
 columns
 2239 **Titus Vespasian** Roman emperor, AD
 69-79
 2246 **IANO...SACRVM** sacred to Janus of
 the four faces
 2250 **hendecasyllable** verse line of eleven
 syllables
 2251 *Et...omni* And, speaking alike with
 every tongue (*Epigrams*, 8.2.5).



The arch at Temple Bar, for pageant 7.

Others have thought it by reason of the four elements which broke out of him, being Chaos, for Ovid is not afraid to make Chaos and Janus the same, in those verses:

2255 *Me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant;*
Adspice, etc.^a

But we rather follow (and that more particularly) the opinion of the ancients,^b who have entitled him *Quadrifrons* in regard of the year, which under his sway is divided into four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter—and adscribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See Marcus Cicero^c *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima et extrema, principem in sacrificando Janum esse voluerunt, quod^d ab eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones perviae Iani, foresque in liminibus profanarum aedium, Januae nominantur, etc.* As also the charge and custody of the whole world, by Ovid:

2270 *Quicquid ubique vides coelum, mare, nubila, terras,*
Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentque manu:
Me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
Et ius vertendi cardinis omne meum est.^e

About his four heads he had a wreath of gold, in which was graven this verse.

2275 *TOT VULTVS MIHI NEC SATIS PVTAVI^f*
signifying that though he had four faces, yet he thought them not enough to behold the greatness and glory of that day. Beneath, under the head was written

2280 *ET MODO SACRIFICO CLVSIVS ORE VOCOR.*^g

For being open he was styled Patulcius, but then upon the coming of his Majesty, being to be shut, he was to be called Clusius. Upon the outmost front of the building was placed the entire arms of the kingdom with the Garter, crown and supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an *hexastich* written underneath, all expressing the dignity and power of him that should close that temple.

2285 *QVI DVDVM ANGVSTIS TANTVM REGNAVIT*
IN ORIS
PARVOQVE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBVIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (VT
NVLLA DEESSET
2290 *VIRTVTI FORTVNA) SVO FELICITER VNI*
IVNCTA SIMVL SENSIT: FAS VT SIT
CREDERE VOTIS
NON IAM SANGVINEA FRVITVROS PACE
BRITANNOS.

2255-6 *Me... Adspice* The ancients called me Chaos, for a being from of old am I; observe the long, long ages of which my song shall tell (Ovid, *Fasti*, I.103, 4).

2262-6 *Cumque... nominantur* Also, as the beginning and the end are the most important parts of all affairs, they held that Janus is the leader in a sacrifice, the name being derived from *eundo* [going], hence the names *jani* for archways and *januae* for the front doors of secular buildings (Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*,

2.27).

2268-71 *Quicquid... est* What'er you see anywhere—sky, sea, clouds, earth—all things are closed and opened by my hand. The guardianship of this vast universe is in my hands alone, and none but me may rule the wheeling pole (*Fasti*, I.117-20)

2274 *TOT... PVTAVI* he deemed his many faces were not enough for him (*Epigrams*, 8.2.3)

2278 *ET... VOCOR* for on his sacrificial lips

a *Fasti*, liber 1.

b *Lege Marlianum* liber 4, caput 8. Albricus, in *deorum imagine*.

c *De natura deorum*, liber 2.

d *quasi Eanus*.

e *Fasti*, *ibid*.

f *Martial*, liber 8, *Epigrammaton* 2.

g Ovid, *Fasti*, I.

I'm now Clusius called (*Fasti*, I.130) 2284 *hexastich* group of six lines of verse 2287-92 *QVI... BRITANNOS* He who has reigned so long within narrow bounds and in a small kingdom now shows himself equal to ruling the world, and he now senses that three kingdoms (so that no good fortune should be lacking to his Virtue) are happily joined under his single care; and Britons, who are about to enjoy peace, not bloodshed, rightly believe in their prayers.

<p>a Liber 2 <i>Epistularum</i> 1 <i>ad Augusto</i>.</p> <p>b So Cephisodotus hath feigned him. See Pausanius in <i>Boeoti. et Phil. in Imag.</i> contrary to Aristophanes Theognetus Lucian and others, that make him blind and deformed.</p> <p>c Silius Italicus.</p>	<p>In a great frieze below, that ran quite along the breadth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace IVRANDASQVE SVVM PER NOMEN PONIMVVS ARAS NIL ORITVRVM ALIAS, NIL ORTVM TALE FATENTES^a</p> <p>The first and principal person in the Temple was IRENE or Peace. She was placed aloft in a <i>cant</i>, her attire white, semined with stars; her hair loose and large; a wreath of olive on her head; on her shoulder a silver dove. In her left hand she held forth an olive branch with a handful of ripe ears, in the other a crown of laurel, as notes of victory and plenty. By her stood PLVTVS or Wealth, a little boy, bare headed, his locks curled and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect;^b his body almost naked, saving some rich robe cast over him; in his arms a heap of gold ingots to express riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath her feet lay ENYALIVS or Mars, grovelling, his armour scattered upon him in several pieces, and sundry sorts of weapons broken about him. Her word to all was UNA TRIVMPHIS IN NVMERIS POTIOR. <i>pax optima rerum</i> <i>Quas homini novisse datum est, pax una Triumphis</i> <i>Innumeris potior.</i>^c</p> <p>signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable triumphs. Besides, upon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a <i>hemicycle</i> was seated ESYCHIA or Quiet, the first handmaid of peace, a woman of a grave and venerable aspect, attired in black; upon her head an artificial nest, out of which appeared storks' heads to manifest a sweet repose. Her feet were placed upon a cube, to show stability, and in her lap she held a perpendicular or level, as the ensign of evenness and rest. On the top of it sat a halcyon or kingfisher. She had lying at her feet TARACHE</p>	<p>2295</p> <p>2300</p> <p>2305</p> <p>2310</p> <p>2315</p> <p>2320</p> <p>2325</p> <p>2330</p>
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2295-6 IVRANDASQVE...FATENTES
betimes set up alters to swear by in your name, and confess that naught like you will hereafter arise or has arisen ere now (Horace, *Epistles*, 2.1.16-17)

2298 IRENE This figure does not correspond to any of those Ripa describes to represent Peace.

2299 *cant* niche

2300 *semined* sprinkled
loose and large loose and flowing

2305 PLVTVS Ripa represents Wealth by a female figure.

2307.n Cephisodotus Athenian sculptor of the fourth century BC
Pausanius Greek writer of the second century AD, best known for a travelogue,

translated into Latin as *de situ Graeciae libri decem*. In *Boeti* is book 9. Jonson in this note is reviewing personifications of wealth by ancient poets to justify his own, unconventional choice of a boy.
Theognetus author of Hellenistic comedies of which only fragments survive.

2315 UNA...POTIOR One more powerful in numerous triumphs

2316-18 *pax...potior* Peace is the best thing that man may know; peace alone is better than a thousand triumphs (*Punica*, 11.592-94). A passage from an oration by the Carthaginian, Hanno, urging his countrymen to make peace with Rome instead of pressing the advantage given by Hannibal's victories

in the Second Punic War. He was shouted down but the ultimate outcome proved him right.

2322 *hemicycle* semi-circular recess

2323 ESYCHIA a composite of Ripa's two figures for *Quiete*, one of which stands on a square and holds a perpendicular, while the other has a stork's nest on her head

2328 *perpendicular* plumb line or similar instrument

2331 TARACHE The multi-coloured garments and disordered hair correspond to Ripa's description of *Confusione* and are said to represent disordered actions and many varied thoughts which confuse the intellect.

or Tumult, in a garment of diverse but dark colours, her hair wild and disordered, a foul and troubled face. About her lay staves, swords, ropes, chains, hammers, stones and suchlike, to express turmoil. The word was

PERAGIT TRANQVILLA POTESTAS

*Quod violenta nequit mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.*^a

Claudian

To show the benefits of a calm and facile power, being able to effect in a state that which no violence can. On the other side the second handmaid was

ELEVThERIA

or Liberty, her dressing white and somewhat antique, but loose and free; her hair flowing down her back and shoulders. In her right hand she bore a club, on her left a hat, the characters of freedom and power. At her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting and expressing liberty. She trod on

DOVLOSIS

or Servitude, a woman in old and worn garments, lean and meagre, bearing fetters on her feet and hands; about her neck a yoke to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC VNQVAM GRATIOR

alluding to that other of Claudian

*Nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub Rege pio*^b

and intimated that liberty could never appear more graceful and lovely than now under so good a prince. The third handmaid was

SOTERIA

or Safety, a damsel in carnation, the colour signifying cheer and life. She sat high. Upon her head she wore an antique helm and in her right hand a spear for defence; in her left a cup for medicine; at her feet was set a pedestal, upon which a serpent, rolled up, did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA

or Danger, a woman despoiled and almost naked; the little garment she hath left her of several colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out and a sword broken, the instruments of her fury, with a net and wolf-skin, the ensigns of her malice, rent in pieces. The word

TERGA DEDERE METVS

borrowed from Martial^c and implying that now all fears have turned their backs and our safety might become security, danger being so wholly depressed and unfurnished of all means to hurt. The fourth attendant is

EVDAIMONIA

a *De Manlio Theodoro Consulo Panegyricus.*

b *De Laudibus Stilichonis, liber 3.*

c *Liber 12 Epistulae 6.*

2334 staves shafts of lances

2336 PERAGIT TRANQVILLA POTESTAS Quiet authority accomplishes

2337-8 *Quod...quies* Quiet authority accomplishes what violence cannot, and that mandate compels more which comes from a commanding calm (ll. 240-1)

2343 ELEVThERIA Very similar to Ripa's *Liberta*, who holds a sceptre instead of a club, however. Jonson perhaps felt

the sceptre an inappropriate emblem for Liberty in a royal entry.

2350 DOVLOSIS similar to the first of three formulas for *Servitu* in Ripa

2354 NEC VNQVAM GRATIOR and not at any time more pleasing

2356-7 *Nunquam...pio* Never does liberty show more fair than beneath a pious king (*De Laudibus Stilichonis*, 3.114-15)

2361 SOTERIA Ripa gives five possible

formulas for *Sicurezza* or *Sicurta*, none corresponding very exactly to Jonson's, though all but one hold a spear.

2368 *despoiled* stripped of possessions

2374 TERGA DEDERE METVS fear has turned its back

2379 EVDAIMONIA The caduceus and cornucopia belong to Ripa's *Felicita* or *Felicitas Publica*.

- a *Eclogae* 4. 2380
- b *Aeneid* liber 11.
- c One of the three *flamines* that as some think Numa Pompilius first instituted, but we rather with Varro take him of Romulus' institution, whereof there were only two, he and Dialis, to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the nobility and did perform the rites to Mars, who was thought the Father of Romulus. 2385
- d Scaliger in *Coniectura in Varro* saith *Totus Pileus, vel potius velamenta, Flammeum dicebatur, unde Flamines dicti.* 2390
- e To this looks that other conjecture of Varro liber 4: *de lingua Latina Flamines, quod licio in Capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, Flamines dicti.* 2395
- f Which in their attire was called *stroppus*, in their wives' *inarculum*.
- g Scaliger *ibid* in *Coniectura: Pone enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis esset summis aestatis caloribus. Amentis enim, quae offendices dicebantur sub mentum adductis, religabant; ut cum vellent, regerent, et pone pendere permitterent.* 2400
- or Felicity, varied on the second hand and apparelled richly in an embroidered robe and mantle; a fair golden tress. In her right hand a caduceus, the note of peaceful wisdom; in her left a cornucopia filled only with flowers, as a sign of flourishing blessedness, and crowned with a garland of the same. At her feet 2385
- DYSPRAGIA
- or Unhappiness, a woman bareheaded; her neck, arms, breast and feet naked; her look hollow and pale; she holds a cornucopia turned downward with all the flowers fallen out and scattered; upon her sits a raven, as the augury of ill fortune; and the soul was 2390
- REDEVNT SATVRNIA REGNA.
- out of Virgil,^a to show that now those golden times were returned again, wherein peace was with us so advanced, rest received, liberty restored, safety assured and all blessedness appearing in every of these virtues her particular triumph over her opposite evil. This is the dumb argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the under frieze: 2395
- NVLLA SALVS BELLO
PACEM TE POSCIMVS OMNES.^b 2400
- The speaking part was performed, as within the temple where there was erected an altar, to which at the approach of the King appears the *Flamen* 2405
- MARTIALIS^c
- and to him
- GENIVS VRBIS
- The *Genius* we attired before. To the *Flamen* we appoint this habit: a long crimson robe to witness his nobility; his tippet and sleeves white, as reflecting on purity in his religion; a rich mantle of gold with a train, to express the dignity of his function; upon his head a hat^d of delicate wool, whose top ended in a cone and was thence called *apex*, according to that of Lucan, liber 1 2410
- Atollensque apicem generoso vertice flamen.* 2415
- This *Apex* was covered with a fine net^e of yarn which they named *apiculum*, and was sustained with a bowed twig^f of pomegranate tree. It was also in the hot time of summer to be bound with ribbons and thrown behind them as Scaliger^g teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden 2420

2381 **mantle** sleeveless robe
 2391 **soul** meaning—i.e. the inner life or spirit of the emblem
 2392 REDEVNT SATVRNIA REGNA Saturn's reign returns (indicating the return of the Golden Age)
 2400-1 NVLLA...OMNES No safety is in war; for peace we pray thee one and all (l. 362)
 2403 **altar** 'with burning incense upon it' (Harrison)
 2404 **Flamen** Roman priest
 2412.n *Totus...dicti* This cap or rather small covering used to be called the *flameum*, from which the term *flamines* is derived (Joseph Scaliger [1540-

1609], *Coniectura in T. Varronem de lingua latina* [Paris, 1565], a work of humanist scholarship by one of the greatest classicists of the period). This etymology is no longer considered correct.
 2415 *Atollensque...flamen* And the flamen, raising aloft on his high-borne head the pointed cap (*Pharassalia*, 1.604). The context—an augury of future anguish and bloodshed for the Roman state—seems singularly inappropriate. Jonson was presumably interested only in the technical description of the flamen's cap.
 2416.n *de lingua...dicti* From the Latin

language *Flamines*, because they were allowed to always have a covering on their head, and having their head girded with a band of wool were called *Flamines*. (The meaning here is clarified by Jonson's note to l. 2412, explaining that the cap was called a *flameum*.)
 2420.n *Pone...mitterent* They used to put the pointed cap behind, so that it might deflect the heat of the oppressive summer. These hats they tied by means of ribbons (*amentis*) which were called *offendices* when drawn under the chin; and when they wanted they would push them back and allow them to hang behind.

censer with perfume, and censing about the altar, having first kindled his fire on the top, is interrupted by the *Genius*.

GENIUS

*Stay, what art thou that in this strange attire
Dar'st kindle stranger and unhallowed fire
Upon this altar?*

2425 FLAMEN *Rather what art thou
That darest so rudely interrupt my vow?
My habit speaks my name.*

GENIUS *A flamen?*

FLAMEN *Yes,
And Martialis^a called.*

GENIUS *I so did guess
By my short view, but whence didst thou ascend
Hither? or how? or to what mystic end?*

2430

FLAMEN *The noise and present tumult of this day
Roused me from sleep and silence where I lay
Obscured from light; which, when I waked to see,
I wond'ring thought what this great pomp might be.*

2435

*When (looking on my calendar) I found
The Ides of March^b were entered, and I bound
With these to celebrate the genial feast
Of Anna^c styled Perenna, Mars^d his guest;
Who, in this month of his, is yearly called
To banquet at his altars and installed
A Goddess^e with him, since she fills the year,
And knits the oblique scarf that girts the sphere.^f
Whilst four-faced Janus turns his vernal look^g
Upon their meeting hours, as if he took
High pride and pleasure.*

2445

GENIUS *Sure thou still dost dream,
And both thy tongue and thought rides on the stream
Of fantasy: Behold here he nor she
Have any altar, fane or, deity.*

2450

*Stoop, read but this inscription:^h and then view
To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true
That this is Janus' Temple, and that now
He turns upon the year his freshest brow;
That this is Mars his month, and these the Ides
Wherein his Anne was honoured. Both the tides,*

2455

*Titles, and place we know; but these dead rites
Are long since buried and new power excites
More high and hearty flames. Lo, there is he
Who brings with him a greater Anneⁱ than she,
Whose strong and potent virtues have defaced^j*

2460

*Stern Mars his statues, and upon them placed
His and the world's blessed blessings:^k This hath brought
Sweet Peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody or untroubled; hath forced hence*

a Of Mars, whose rites (as we have touched before) this flamen did specially celebrate.

b With us the 15 of March, which was the present day of this triumph, and on which the great feast of *Anna Perenna* (among the Romans) was yearly and with such solemnity remembered: Ovid *Fasti* 3 *Idibus est Annae festum geniale Perrenae, Haud procul a ripis, etc.*

c Who this Anna should be, with the Romans themselves hath been no trifling controversy. Some have thought her fabulously the sister of Dido; some, a nymph of Numicius; some Io; some Themis; others an old woman of Bouillae that fed the seditious multitude *in monte sacro* with wafers and fine cakes in time of their penury, to whom afterward (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordained this feast. Yet they that have thought nearest have missed all these and directly imagined her the Moon. And that she was called Anna, *Quia mensibus impleat annum*. (Ovid *ibid*). To which, the vow that they used in her rites somewhat confirmingly alludes; which was, *ut Annare, et perennare commode liceret* (Macrobius *Saturnalia* liber 1 caput 12).

d So Ovid *ibid*. *Fasti* makes Mars speaking to her: *Mense meo coleris, iunxi mea tempora tecum*.

e *Nuper erat dea facta, etc. ibid* Ovid.

f Where is understood the meeting of the zodiac in March, the month wherein she is celebrated.

g That face wherewith he beholds the spring.

h Written upon the altar, for which we refer you to the page 272.

i The Queen, to answer which in our inscription we spake to the King MARTE MAIORI.

j The Temple of Janus we apprehend to be both the house of war and peace: of war when it is open, of peace when it is shut; and that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the vicissitude of times.

k Which are peace, rest, liberty, safety, etc. and were his actively but the world's passively.

2430 *mystic* religious

2436.n *Idibus...ripis* On the Ides is held the jovial feast of Anna Perenna, not far from thy banks, O Tiber, who comes from afar (Ovid, *Fasti*, 3.523-4)

2438.n *in monte sacro* onto the sacred mount
Quia...annum because she fills the

measure of the year by her months
(*Fasti*, 3.653)

ut...liceret that throughout the year and for years to come it shall be permitted. (The point is that the name Anna derives from *annare*.)

Mense...tecum Thou art worshipped in

my month, I have joined my season to thine (*Fasti*, 3.679)

2441.n *Nuper...facta* She was lately made a goddess (*Fasti*, 3.677)

2443 *vernal* springtime

2448 *fane* temple

2458.n MARTE MAIORI Greater than Mars

- a Somewhat a strange epithet in our tongue, but proper to the thing, for they were only masculine odours which were offered to the altars. Virgil *Eclogae* 8: *Verbenasque adole pinguis, et mascula tura*. And Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, liber 12, caput 32 speaking of these, hath *Quod ex eo rotunditate guttae pendit masculum vocamus, cum alias non fere mas vocetur ubi non sit foemina; religioni tributum ne sexus alter usurparetur. Masculum aliqui putant a specie testium dictum*. See him also, liber 34, caput 2: and Arnobius liber 7 *Adversus Gentes. Non si mille tu pondera masculi turis incendas, etc.* 2465
- b According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month and consecrated it to his Father, of whom it was called Martius: Varro, *Festii in Fragmentae Martius mensis initium annis fuit, et in Latio, et post Roman conditam etc.* And Ovid, *Fasti* 3: *A te principium Romano dicimus anno: primus de patrio nomine mensis erit. Vox rata fit; etc.* See Macrobius, liber 1 *Saturnalia* caput 12 and Solin in Polybius *Historia* caput 3: *Quod hoc mense mercedes exoluerint magistris, quas completus annus deberi fecisset, etc.* 2470
- c Some to whom we have read this have taken it for a tautology, thinking time enough expressed before, in 'years' and 'months'. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this travail in noting, a thing not usual, neither affected of us, but where there is necessity, as here, to avoid their dull censures: where in 'years' and 'months' we alluded to that is observed in our former note; but by 'time' we understand the present, and that from this instant we should begin to reckon and make this the first of our time. Which is also to be helped by emphasis. 2485
- d In which he was slain in the Senate. 2490
- All tumults, fears, or other dark portents
That might invade weak minds; hath made men see
Once more the face of welcome liberty;
And doth (in all his present acts) restore
That first pure world, made of the better ore.
Now innocence shall cease to be the spoil
Of ravenous greatness, or to steep the soil
Of rais'd peasantry with tears and blood.
No more shall rich men, for their little good,
Suspect to be made guilty, or vile spies
Enjoy the lust of their so murd'ring eyes.
Men shall put off their iron minds and hearts,
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute, and no print remain
Of what was thought the former age's stain.
Back, flamen, with thy superstitious fumes
And cense not here; thy ignorance presumes
Too much in acting any ethnic rite
In this translated temple. Here no wight
To sacrifice, save my devotion, comes
That brings instead of those thy masculine^a gums,
My city's heart, which shall for ever burn
Upon this altar, and no time shall turn
The same to ashes. Here I fix it fast:
Flame bright, flame high, and may it ever last
Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire and give it quick increase
With prayers, wishes, vows; whereof be these
The least and weakest: that no age may lose
The memory of this so rich a day,
But rather that it henceforth yearly may
Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime
And first account of years, of months,^b of Time:^c
And may these Ides as fortunate appear
To thee as they to Caesar^d fatal were.
Be all thy thoughts born perfect and thy hopes
In their events still crowned beyond their scopes.
Let not wide heaven that secret blessing know
To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
Blind Fortune be thy slave, and may her store
(The less thou seek'st it) follow thee the more.* 2500

2468 *better ore* gold2473 *Suspect to be made guilty* be accused of guilt, in order to furnish an excuse for confiscating their property. Jonson may have been thinking of Tacitus's description of Rome during the unstable period following Nero's overthrow: 'Nobility, wealth, the refusal of the acceptance of office, were grounds for accusation' (*History*, 1.2).2481 *ethnic* pagan2482 *translated* transferred from one condition to another
wight being2484.n *Verbenasque . . . tura* burn rich herbs and masculine gums (frankincense) (*Eclogues*, 8.65).*Quod . . . dictum* Frankincense that hangssuspended in a globular drop we call male frankincense, although in other connections the term 'male' is not usually employed where there is no female; but it is said to have been due to religious scruple that the name of the other sex was not employed in this case. Some people think that male frankincense is so called from its resemblance to the testes. (Pliny, *Natural History*, 12.32.61. Jonson incorrectly cited 12.14). Jonson's note exemplifies his passion for accurate detail in borrowing from classical sources. He also referred to 'masculine odors' in describing a religious rite in *Sejanus* (5.91).*Non . . . incendas* Not if you burn a thousand weights of masculine gum.2492 *lose* pronounced 'leese'2496.n *Martius . . . conditam* The month of Mars was the beginning of the year, both in Latium and after its foundation in Rome (Varro, *Sexti Pompeii Festii Librorum Fragmenta*).*A te . . . etc.* We name the beginning of the Roman year after thee; the first month shall be called by my father's name. The promise was kept, etc. (l. 75) *Quod . . . fecisset* 'Because in this month they paid off all their commercial debts (*mercedes*) to the magistrates—those debts that is which the complete year had caused to become due.' An alternative etymology, the idea being that *Martius* (March) derived from *mercedes*.

2505 Much more I would: but see, these brazen gates
 Make haste to close, as urgèd by thy fates;
 Here ends my city's office, here it breaks;
 Yet with my tongue and this pure heart she speaks
 A short farewell; and lower than thy feet,
 2510 With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
 Pardon if my abruptness breed dis-ease:
 He merits not t'offend, that hastes to please.

Over the altar was written this Inscription:

2515 D. I. O. M.
 BRITANNIARVM. IMP.
 PACIS. VINDICI. MARTE. MAIORI. P. P.
 F. S. AVGVSTO. NOVO. GENTIVM. CON-
 IVNCTARVM. NVMINI. TVTELARI.

2520 D. A.
 CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ.
 DEABVSQVE. VNIVERSIS. OPTATORI. SVI
 FORTVNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET
 CONSORTI. PVLCHERRIMÆ. AVGVSTISSIMÆ.

2525 ET
 H. F. P.
 FILIO. SVO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. AD-
 VENTVM. AD VRBEM. HANC. SVAM. EX-
 PECTATISSIMVM. GRATISSIMVM. CE-
 2530 LEBRATISSIMVM. CVIVS. NON. RADII. SED
 SOLES. POTIVS. FVNESSIMAM. NVPER.
 ÆRIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARVNT

S. P. Q. L.
 VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

2535 L. M.
 HANC. ARAM.
 P.

And upon the Gate being shut,

2505 *brazen gates* (of the temple)
 2515–37 D.I.O.M. . . . P To Lord James the
 Best and Greatest (*D[omino] I[acobo]*
O[ptimo] M[aximo]), Emperor of the
 Britons, guarantor of peace, greater
 than Mars, father of his country, saviour
 of the faith (*P[atri] P[atriæ] F[idei]*
S[ervatori]), new Augustus, protecting
 guardian of all the people; To Lady
 Anne (*D[ominae] A[mae]*) Anna Perenna

herself, more desirable than all the pagan
 goddesses, associate of his most blessed
 wedding chamber and most beautiful
 and most distinguished consort and |
 To Prince Henry Frederick (*H[enrico]*
F[rederico] P[rincipi]) his most noble son
 whose arrival in the city has been long
 awaited and is most welcome and most
 spectacularly celebrated, and who—not

like the sun's rays but more like the sun
 itself—has lately cleared the funereal and
 most intemperate air. The Senate and
 People of London (*S[enatus] P[opulusque]*
L[ondenensis]) by their ten—no twenty—
 most heartfelt pledges, gladly to the
 deserving (*L[ibens] M[erito]*), a traditional
 formula for a thank offering), have set up
 (*P[osuit]*) this altar.

a Paraphraste in Arati Phaenomena.

IMP. IACOBVS MAX.

CÆSAR AVG. P. P.

PACE POPVLO BRITANNICO

TERRA MARIQVE PARTA

IANVM CLVSIT. S. C.

2540

2545

Pag. 8

Thus hath both court, town and country reader our portion of device for the city. Neither are we ashamed to profess it, being assured well of the difference between it and pageantry. If the mechanic part yet standing give it any distaste in the wry mouths of the time, we pardon them, for their own ambitious ignorance doth punish them enough. From hence we will turn over a new leaf with you, and lead you to the *pegme* in the Strand, a work thought on, begun and perfected in twelve days.

2550

The invention was a rainbow: the moon, sun and those seven stars, which antiquity hath styled the *Pleiades*, or *Vergilia*, advanced between two magnificent pyramids of seventy foot in height, on which were drawn his Majesty's several pedigrees, English and Scottish. To which body (being framed before) we were to apt our soul. And finding that one of these seven lights, *Electra*, is rarely or not at all to be seen—as Ovid liber 4, *Fasti* affirmeth:

2555

Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos:

Quae septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.

And by and by after,

2565

Sive quod Electra Troiae spectare ruinas

Non tulit: ante oculos opposuitque manum.

And Festus Avienus^a

Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas

Longaevae: sex se rutila inter sidera tantum

Sustollunt, etc.

2570

And beneath

... cerni sex solas carmine Myntes

Asserit: Electram coelo abscessisse profundo, etc.

2540–4 IMP... S. C. 'James the greatest emperor, Caesar Augustus Father of his Country. Because peace has been brought forth for the British people on land and sea, a decree of the Senate (*S[enatus] C[onsulto]*) closes the gate.' This appears to allude to a famous prophecy in the *Aeneid* (1.284–97) concerning the rise of the Julian dynasty and the establishment of world peace under its auspices: 'From this noble line shall be born the Trojan Caesar, who shall limit his empire with the ocean, his glory with the stars, a Julius, a name descended from the great Julius. Him in days to come shalt thou, anxious no more, welcome to heaven, laden with eastern spoils; he too shall be invoked in vows. Then shall wars cease and the rough ages soften; hoary Faith and Vesta, Quirinus with his brother Remus, shall give laws. The gates of war, grim

with iron and close-fitting bars, shall be closed; within impious rage, sitting on savage arms, his hands fast bound behind with a hundred brazen knots, shall roar in the ghastliness of blood-stained lips.'

2549 **pageantry** showy display (here contrasted with Jonson's learning and poetry)

mechanic part physical remains of the pageant

2553 **pegme** stage. Dugdale implies that this was a failure: 'In the Strand was also another of small motion, a pyramid fitly beseeeming time and place, but the day far spent and the King and states, I am sure, wearied with the shows—as the stomach may glutton the daintiest [courses]—stayed not long but passed forward to the place appointed.'

2555 **invention** design. Dekker's summary is printed as Additional Passage F.

2560 **apt** adapt

soul Literary and intellectual meaning.

2563–4 **Pleiades... solent** Pleiades will commence to lighten the burden that rests on their father's shoulders; seven are they usually called, but six they usually are (Ovid, *Fasti*, 4.169–70).

2566–7 **Sive... manum** or whether it be that Electra could not brook to behold the fall of Troy, and so covered her eyes with her hand (Ovid, *Fasti*, 4.177–8).

2568 **Festus Avienus** Rufus Festus Avienius, Roman poet of the fourth century

2569–71 **Fama... Sustollunt** Ancient rumour proclaims their father Longavus created them seven: but only six hold themselves among the reddish stars.

2573–4 **cerni... profundo** He brought it about that only six are able to be seen and he says that one of them, Electra, retired to the deepest sky.

2575 We ventured to follow this authority and made her the
speaker, presenting her hanging in the air in figure of
a comet, according to Anonymus: *Electra non sustinens
videre casum pronepotum fugerit; unde et illam dissolutis
crinibus propter luctum ire asserunt, et propter comas quidam
2580 Cometen appellant.*

The Speech

ELECTRA

*The long laments,^a I spent for ruin'd Troy
Are dried, and now mine eyes run tears of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
2585 Though from the consort of her sisters fled
Unto the Arctic circle,^b here to grace
And gild this day with her serenest^c face
And see my daughter Iris^d hastes to throw
Her roseate wings, in compass of a bow,
2590 About our state as sign^e of my approach,
Attracting to her seat from Mithra's^f coach
A thousand different and particular hues,
Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
The sun, as loth to part from this half sphere,
2595 Stands still, and Phoebe labours to appear
In all as bright (if not as rich) as he;
And for a note of more serenity
My six fair sisters^g hither shift their lights,
To do this hour the utmost of her rites,
2600 Where lest the captious or profane might doubt
How these clear heavenly bodies come about,
All to be seen at once, yet neither's light
Eclipsed or shadowed by the other's sight.
Let ignorance know, great King, this day is thine,
2605 And doth admit no night, but all do shine
As well nocturnal as diurnal fires
To add unto the flame of our desires.
Which are (now thou hast closed up Janus' gates,^h
And giv'n so general peace to all estates)
2610 That no offensive mist or cloudy stain
May mix with splendour of thy golden reign;
But, as thou'st freed thy chamberⁱ from the noise
Of war and tumult, thou wilt pour those joys
Upon this place,^j which claims to be the seat^k
2615 Of all thy kingly race, the cabinet
To all thy counsels and the judging chair*

2577-80 *Electra...appellant* Electra fled, not bearing to see her grandson's death, and this is why people say that she went, hair streaming behind her, because of her grief. And because of her hair (*comas*) some people call her the comet.
2582.n *pars...orbem* others say that while bitterly weeping over the burning of Idaeian Troy and mourning the deaths of countless of her own people Electra offered herself as a grieving star.
2586.n *Sed...constitisse* But after Troy had been captured and her descendants through Dadanus overthrown, moved by grief she [Electra] left them and took her

place in the circle called Arctic (*Myths of Hyginus*, 2, 21).
2587.n *Anima sphaerae solis* the soul of the sphere of the sun
2588.n *Nascitur...scilicet* Iris arises from water and fair weather [*serenitate*], evidently from the refraction of the sun's rays
2590.n *indicem...montes* the sign of peace. The unloosed day bursts out and clears the sky. The clouds return to the mountain heights.
2591.n *torquentem cornua Mithran* Mithra brandishing her horns
Te...Mithran The Nile venerates

- a Festus Avienus *Paraphrases: pars ait Idaeae deflentem incendia Troiae, Et numerosa suae lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetris moestum dare nubibus orbem.* Besides the reference to antiquity, this speech might be understood by allegory of the town here that had been so ruined with sickness, etc.
- b Hyginus: *Sed postquam Troia fuit capta, et progenies eius quae a Dardano fuit eversa, dolore permotam ab his se removisse, et in circulo qui Arcticus dicitur constitisse, etc.*
- c 'Electra' signifies 'Serenity itself' and is compounded of ἥλιος which is the sun and αἰθριος that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be *Anima sphaerae solis* by Proclus, *Commentarii in Hesiod.*
- d She is also feigned to be the mother of the rainbow: *Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua et serenitate, e refractione radiorum scilicet: Aristotle In Meteorologia.*
- e Valerius Flaccus *Argonauticon* 1, makes the rainbow *indicem serenitatis. Emicuit reserata dies, coelumque resolvit Arcus, et in summos redierunt nubila montes.*
- f A name of the sun: Statius, *Thebais*, liber 1, *torquentem cornua Mithran*, And Martianus Capella liber 3 *De Nuptiis Mercurii et Philologiae, Te Serapim Nilus, Memphis veneratur Osirin; Dissona sacra Mithran, etc.*
- g Alcyone, Celaeno, Taygete, Asterope, Merope, Maia, which are also said to be the souls of the other spheres, as Electra of the sun (Proclus *ibid. in commentarii*): *Alcyone Veneris. Celaeno Saturni. Taygete Lunae. Asterope Iovis. Merope Martis. Maia Mercurii.*
- h Alluding back to that of our temple.
- i London.
- j His city of Westminster, in whose name, and at whose charge, together with the Duchy of Lancaster, this arch was erected.
- k Since here they not only sat being crowned, but also first received their crowns.

you Serapis and the city of Memphis venerates you Osiris and clamourous rituals venerate you Mithra
2595 *Phoebe* the moon
2598.n *Proclus...Mercurii* Proclus in the same in the commentary. Of the planet Venus, Alcyone, Caelano of Saturn. Taygete of the Moon. Asterope of Jupiter. Merope of Mars. Maia of Mercury.
2606 *diurnal* daytime
2615 *cabinet* small private room, often adjacent to a bedroom; hence a place where the king may receive secret or intimate advice.
2616 *judging chair* magistrate's seat

The Kings entertainment

- a Horace *Carminae* liber 4, Ode 9: *Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniae.*
- b For our more authority to induce her thus, see Festus Avienus paraphrases in Arat. speaking of Electra: *Nonnumquam Oceanus tamen istam surgere ab undis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam, Germanosque choros sobolis lachrimare ruinas, Diffusamque comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie, etc.*
- c All comets were not fatal; some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude, and wherefore we have Pliny's testimony (*Naturalis Historia, liber 2, caput 23*): *Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romae, admodum faustus Divo Augusto iudicatus ab ipso, qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Genetrici, non multo post obitum patris Caesaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namque his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sidus crinitum per septem dies in regione coeli, quae sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumque et omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sidere significari vulgus credit, Caesaris animam inter deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis eius, quod mox in foro consecravimus adiectum est. Haec ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum, seque in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit.*
- To this thy special kingdom. Whose so fair
And wholesome laws in every court shall strive
By equity and their first innocence to thrive. 2620
The base and guilty bribes of guiltier men
Shall be thrown back, and Justice look as when
She loved the earth, and feared not to be sold
For that which worketh all things to it, gold.^a
The dam of other evils, avarice,
Shall here lock down her jaws, and that rude vice 2625
Of ignorant and pitied greatness, pride,
Decline with shame; ambition now shall hide
Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleep,
That in great portals wont her watch to keep.
All ills shall fly the light; thy court be free 2630
No less from envy than from flattery.
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturb the music of thy peace.
The querulous nature shall no longer find
Room for his thoughts. One pure consent of mind 2635
Shall flow in every breast, and not the air,
Sun, moon or stars shine more serenely fair.
This from that loud, blessed oracle I sing
Who here, and first, pronounced thee Britain's king.
Long mayst thou live and see me thus appear, 2640
As ominous a comet,^b from my sphere
Unto thy reign, as that did auspicate^c
So lasting glory to Augustus' state.

2645 And thus have we (lowly and aloof) followed our sovereign through the seven triumphal gates of this his court royal, which name, as London received at the rising of the sun, so now at his going from her, even in a moment she lost that honour. And being, like an actor on a stage, stripped out of her borrowed majesty, she resigns her former shape and title of city; nor is it quite lost, considering it went along with him to whom it is due. For such virtue is begotten in princes that their very presence hath power to turn a village to a city and to make a city appear great as a kingdom. Behold how glorious a flower happiness is, but

how fading. The minutes that lackey at the heels of Time 2655
run not faster away than do our joys. What tongue could have expressed the raptures on which the soul of the city was carried beyond itself, for the space of many hours? What wealth could have allured her to have closed her eyes at the coming of her king, and yet see her bridegroom 2660
is but stepped from her, and in a minute (nay in shorter time than a thought can be born) is she made a widow. All her consolation being now to repeat over by rote those honours, which lately she had perfectly by heart, and to tell of those joys which but even now she really beheld. 2665

2621 *Justice* Astraea, alluding to the Golden Age when she lived on earth
2622 *feared not to be sold* Jonson suggests that the selling of justice for gold ended the Golden Age.
2623.n *Ducentis...pecuniae* Money that leads all things to herself
2628 *dedicate* devoted
2641 *ominous* portentous
2641.n *Nonnumquam...etc.* Sometimes that one [Electra] rises from the waters of the ocean into the convex sky, but avoids the seat of her sisters and shows her face apart from afar. Despising the twin chorus of the Pleiades, she weeps for the ruins of her Trojan race. She is distinguished by her spreading locks, by

the image of her loosened hair, etc.
2642.n *Cometes...fuit* The only place in the whole world where a comet is the object of worship is a temple at Rome. His late majesty Augustus had deemed this comet very propitious to himself; as it had appeared at the beginning of his rule at some games which, not long after the decease of his father Caesar, as a member of the college founded by him he was celebrating in honour of Mother Venus. In fact he made public the joy it gave him in these very words: 'On the very days of my Games a comet was visible for seven days in the northern part of the sky. It was rising about an

hour before sunset, and was a bright star, visible in all lands. The common people believed that this star signified the soul of Caesar received among the spirits of the immortal gods, and on this account the emblem of a star was added to the bust of Caesar that we shortly afterwards dedicated in the Forum.' This was his public utterance, but privately he rejoiced because he interpreted the comet as having been born for his own sake and containing his own birth within it; and to confess the truth it did have a health-giving influence over the world (*Natural History*, 2.93, 4).
2655 *lackey* run attending

The Kings entertainment

- Yet thus of her absent beloved do I hear her gladly and heartily speaking.
*In freta dum Fluvii Current; dum montibus umbrae,
 Lustrabunt Convexa, Polus dum sidera pascit,
 Semper Honos, Nomenque tuum Laudesque manebunt.*
 2670
- Virgil
- As touching those five [arches] which the city builded, the arbour in Cheapside and the temple of Janus at Temple Bar were both of them begun and finished in six weeks.
 2675 The rest were taken in hand first in March last, after his Majesty was proclaimed, upon which, at that time, they wrought till a month after St James his day following, and then gave over by reason of the sickness. At this second setting upon them, six weeks more were spent.
- 2680 The city elected sixteen committees, to whom the managing of the whole business was absolutely referred: of which number four were aldermen, the other grave commoners.
- There were also committees appointed as overseers and surveyors of the works:
 2685 *Artificium Operariumque in hoc tam celebri apparatu, summa.*
summa
- The city employed in the framing, building and setting up of their five arches these officers and workmen:
 2690 A clerk that attended on the committees.
 Two officers that gave summons for their meetings etc.
 A clerk of the works.
 Two master carpenters.
 2695 Painters.
- Of which number, those that gave the main direction and undertook for the whole business were only these seven.
 William Friselfield
 George Mosse
 2700 John Knight
 Paul Isacson
 Samuel Goodrick
 Richard Wood
 George Heron
 2705 Carvers 24
- Over whom Stephen Harrison, joiner, was appointed chief, who was the sole inventor of the architecture, and from whom all directions for so much as belonged to carving, joining, molding, and all other work in those five pageants of the city (painting excepted) were set down. 2710
 Joiners 80
 Carpenters 60
 Turners 6
 Labourers to them 6
 Sawyers 12 2715
 Labourers during all the time, and for the day of the Triumph 70
- Besides these there were other artificers, as plumbers, smiths, molders.
- To the Reader*
- Reader, you must understand that a regard being had that his Majesty should not be wearied with tedious speeches, a great part of those which are in this book set down were left unspoken. So that thou dost here receive them as they should have been delivered, not as they were. 2720
- FINIS. 2725
- Lectori Candido.*
- Reader, the limbs of these great triumphal bodies, lately disjointed and taken in sunder, I have thou seest (for thy sake) set in their apt and right places again, so that now they are to stand as perpetual monuments, not to be shaken in pieces or to be broken down by the malice of that envious destroyer of all things, time. Which labours of mine, if they yield thee either profit or pleasure, thou art, in requital thereof, to pay many thanks to this honourable city, whose bounty towards me, not only in making choice of me to give directions for the entire workmanship of the five triumphal arches builded by the same, but also in publishing these pieces, I do here gladly acknowledge to have been exceeding liberal. 2730
- Nor shall it be amiss in this place to give thee intelligence of some matters, by way of notes, which were not fully observed nor freely enough set down in the printed book of these triumphs, amongst which these that follow are chiefest. 2735
- His Majesty departed from the Tower between the hours of eleven and twelve, and before five had made his royal passage through the city, having a canopy borne over him by eight knights. 2745
- The first object that his Majesty's eye encountered after his entrance into London was part of the children of Christ's Church Hospital, to the number of three hundred, 2750
- 2668-70 *In...manebunt* While rivers run into the sea, while on the mountains shadows move over the slopes, while heaven feeds the stars, ever shall thy honour, thy praises, thy name endure.
- 2675 **March last** March 1603, when Elizabeth died and James was first proclaimed
- 2677 **month after St James his day** c.25 August
- 2678-9 **second setting** presumably in February and March 1604, after the entry was rescheduled
- 2686-8 *Artificium...summa* The directors of the workmanship and workmen in that so famous and sumptuous undertaking.
- 2726 *Lectori Candido* To the candid reader
- 2727 **triumphal bodies** the arches
- 2742-3 **printed book** Dekker's *Magnificent Entertainment*
- 2745 **the Tower** The royal family entered the Tower on March 12, being greeted by a Latin oration (printed in Nichols, pp. 329-332). Dugdale supplies additional detail: see Additional Passage A.
- 2751 **Christ's Church Hospital** A hospital established in the mid-Tudor period for the care of orphans and poor children. It normally housed around 600 children at any time and was a crucial link in the city's well-organized system of poor relief.

who were placed on a scaffold erected for that purpose in Barking Churchyard by the Tower.

2755 The way from the Tower to Temple Bar was not only sufficiently gravelled, but all the streets lying between those two places were on both sides, where the breadth would permit, railed in at the charges of the City, Paul's Churchyard excepted.

2760 The liveries of the companies, having their streamers, ensigns and bannerets spread on the tops of their rails before them, reached from the middle of Mark Lane to the *pegme* at Temple Bar.

2765 Two marshals were chosen for the day to clear the passage, both of them being well mounted and attended on by six men (suitably attired) to each marshal.

2770 The conduits of Cornhill, of Cheap and of Fleet Street that day ran claret wine very plentifully, which by reason of so much excellent music, that sounded forth not only from each several *pegme* but also from diverse other places, ran the faster and more merrily down into some bodies' bellies.

As touching the oration uttered by Sir Henry Mountague, Recorder of the City, with the gifts bestowed on the King, the Queen and the Prince (being three cups of gold), as also all such songs as were that day sung in the several arches, I refer you to the book in print where they are set down at large. 2775

And thus much you shall understand, that no manner of person whatsoever did disburse any part towards the charge of these five triumphs, but only the mere citizens, being all freemen; heretofore the charge being borne by 2780 fifteens and the Chamber of London (as may appear by ancient precedents) but now it was levied amongst the companies. The other two arches erected by merchant strangers (*viz.* the Italians and Dutchmen) were only their 2785 own particular charge.

The City elected sixteen committees to whom the managing of the whole business was absolutely referred, of which number four were aldermen, the other twelve commoners, *viz.* one out of each of the twelve companies. 2790 Other committees were also appointed as overseers and surveyors of the work. Farewell.

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

A *Dugdale's account of the events at the Tower*
(see ll. 2745–8):

The Tower was emptied of his prisoners, and I beheld the late Sir Walter Raleigh, the late Lord Cobham, the late Lord Gray [and] 5 Markham, with others conveyed, some to the Marshelsea, others to the gatehouse, and others appointed prisoners. The Tower itself prepared with that pomp as eye never saw, such glory in the hangings, such majesty in the ornaments of the chambers, and such necessary provision as when I beheld it I could no less than 10 say

God gives King James the place
And glory of the day,
As never king possessed like place,

That came the northern way:

And since the heavens will have it so,
What living soul dares answer no. 15

Upon the Thames the water works for his entertainment were miraculous, and the fireworks on the water passed pleasing, as a castle or fortress builded on two barges, seeming as a settled 20 fort of an island, planted with much munition of defence: and two pinnaces, ready rigged, armed likewise to assault the castle, that had you beheld the managing of that fight with onset on the castle, repulse from the castle and then the taking of it in, it was a show worthy the sight of many princes: being there placed at 25 the cost of the Cinque Ports, whereat the King all pleased made

2754 **Tower to Temple Bar** the route through the City of London, as far as the boundary with the Borough of Westminster on the Strand

2759 **liveries of the companies** ceremonial costume of the London guilds. Dugdale comments: 'the companies of London, in their liveries, placed in street double railed for them and the passengers, the whiffers they in their costly suits and chains of gold walking up and down'.

2762 **pegme** a stage or framework for a pageant. The Latinate word consistently used by Harrison, Dekker, and Jonson.

2766 **conduits** for water. Dugdale states, 'not a conduit betwixt the Tower and Westminster but ran wine, drink who will', and that near Ludgate 'the conduits dealt so plentifully both before

and after he [James] was passed as many were shipped to the Isle of Sleep, that had no leisure for snorting to behold the day's triumph'.

Cornhill . . . Cheap . . . Fleet Street see map, p. 62

2772 **Sir Henry Montagu** nominated for the office of Recorder by James on 25 May 1603

2776 **book in print** Dekker's *Magnificent Entertainment*

2780 **five** the number of pageants had been increased from five to seven during the course of preparations. Harrison evidently forgot to emend his text.

2781 **freemen** of the guilds and City of London.

2782 **fifteens** a standard tax

Chamber of London the City's central

treasury

2784 **companies** guilds. The guilds were assessed twice, for £2500 and £400.

Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors of the Fraternity of St John the Baptist in the City of London (London, 1875)

reproduces the original assessment list, recording payments by 298 members, ranging from £5 6s. 8d. down to 6s., for a total contribution of £320 6s. 4d.

2789–90 **commoners** i.e. citizens of London who were not aldermen

2790 **twelve companies** the twelve great guilds or companies, from whose membership the Lord Mayor and aldermen were always chosen

A.8 **hangings** tapestries

14 **northern way** from Scotland

21 **pinnaces** small ships

answer that their love was like the wild fire unquenchable. And I pray God it may ever be so.

Well from the Tower he came. Here cost was quite careless, desire that was fearless and content flourished in abundance: but so royally attended as if the gods had summoned a Parliament and were all in their steps of triumph to Jove's high court.

B Dekker's description of the Fenchurch arch and pageant follows on from l. 451:

His passage alongst that court offering itself for more state through seven gates, of which the first was erected at Fenchurch.

Thus presenting itself:

Fenchurch It was an upright flat-square (for it contained fifty foot in the perpendicular, and fifty foot in the groundline) the upper roof thereof (on distinct greces) bore up the true models of all the notable houses, turrets and steeples within the city. The gate under which his Majesty did pass was twelve foot wide and eighteen foot high; a postern likewise (at one side of it) being four foot wide and eight foot in height. On either side of the gate stood a great French term of stone, advanced upon wooden pedestals; two half pilasters of rustic standing over their heads. I could shoot more arrows at this mark, and teach you without the carpenter's rule how to measure all the proportions belonging to this fabric, but an excellent hand being at this instant curiously describing all the seven, and bestowing on them their fair prospective limbs, your eye shall hereafter rather be delighted in beholding those pictures, than now be wearied in looking upon mine.

The personages (as well mutes as speakers) in this pageant were these: viz.

- 1 The highest person was The Britain Monarchy.
- 2 At her feet sat Divine Wisdom.
- 3 Beneath her stood The Genius of the City, a man.
- 4 At his right hand was placed a personage, figuring The Counsel of the City.
- 5 Under all these lay a person representing *Thamesis* the River.

Six other persons (being daughters to *Genius*) were advanced above him, on a spreading ascent, of which the first was

- 1 Gladness.
- 2 The second, Veneration.
- 3 The third, Promptitude.
- 4 The fourth, Vigilance.
- 5 The fifth, Loving affection.
- 6 The sixth, Unanimity.

Of all which personages, *Genius* and *Thamesis* were the only speakers, *Thamesis* being presented by one of the children of Her Majesty's Revels: *Genius* by Master Alleyn, servant to the young Prince. His gratulatory speech

(which was delivered with excellent action, and a well-tuned audible voice) being to this effect:

That London may be proud to behold this day, and therefore in name of the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the council, commoners and multitude, the heartiest welcome is tendered to his Majesty, that ever was bestowed on any king, etc.

Which banquet being taken away with sound of music, there, ready for the purpose, his Majesty made his entrance into this his Court Royal. Under this first gate, upon the battlements of the work, in great capitals was inscribed thus:

LONDINIVM.

And under that, in a smaller (but not different) character was written,

CAMERA REGIA:

The King's Chamber.

Dugdale describes an incident during the Italians' Pageant (see ll. 866-1055):

Through [the arch] our King and his train passed, and at the corner of the street stood me one, an old man with a white beard, of the age of three score and nineteen, who had seen the change of four kings and Queens and now beheld the triumphs of the fifth, which by his report exceeded all the rest. Wherefore as hopeful never to behold the like, yet he would of his own accord do that which should show his duty and old love. That was to speak a few lines that his son had made him, which lines were to this purpose, he himself attired in green.

Peerless of honour, hear me speak a word.

Thy welcomed glory and enthroned renown

Being in peace, of earthly pomp and state

To furnish forth the beauties of thy crown.

Age thus salutes thee, with a downy pate.

Threescore and nineteen is thy servant's years,

That hath beheld thy predecessors four,

All flourishing green, whose deaths the subjects' tears,

Mingled with mine, did many times deplore:

But now again, since that our joys are five,

Five hundred welcomes I do give my King,

And may thy change, to us that be alive,

Never be known a fifth extreme to bring.

My honest heart be pattern of the rest.

Whoever prayed for them before, now thee,

Both them and thine, of all joy be possessed,

Whose lively presence we all bless to see,

And so pass on. God guide thee on thy way,

Old Hinde concludes, having no more to say.

But the narrow way and the pressing multitude so overshadowed him, and the noise of the show, that opportunity was not favourable to him, so that the King passed by. Yet noting his zeal I have publicly imprinted it, that all his fellow subjects may see this old

The waits and oboes of London

60

C

5

10

15

20

25

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B.15 **term** a statue or bust atop a pillar or pedestal, from which it appears to spring
44-5 **Master Alleyn** Edward Alleyn (1566-1626), renowned Elizabethan actor,

head of the Lord Admiral's Company, and co-owner, with his father-in-law, Philip Henslowe, of the Fortune Theatre. Alleyn retired from the stage about this

time; his appearance in the pageant may have been his last as an actor. In James's reign he became a patron of poets, Dekker among them.

35 man's forwardness, who missed of his purpose by the concourse
of people. Beside, the King appointed no such thing but at several
stays and appointed places.

D *Dugdale's account of a speech at the Conduit (see l. 1346):*
Still the street stood railed and the liveries of all the compan-
ies on both sides guarding the way, and the strong stream of
people violently running in the midst toward Cheapside, there
5 our triumphant rides garnished with troops of royalty and gallant
personages, and passing by the great Conduit on the top thereof
stood a prentice in a black coat, a flat cap servant-like, as walking
before his master's shop. Now whether he spake this or no, I heard
not it, but the manner of his speech was this, coming to me at the
10 third or second hand.

What lack you gentlemen? What will you buy? Silks,
satins, taffetas, etc.?

But stay, bold tongue, stand at a giddy gaze;
Be dim, mine eyes. What gallant train are here
15 That strikes minds mute, and puts good wits in maze?
O 'tis our King, royal King James I say.

Pass on in peace and happy be thy way!
Live long on Earth, England's great Crown to sway!
Thy city, gracious King, admires thy fame
20 And on their knees prays for thy happy state;
Our women for thy Queen Anne, whose rich name
Is their created bliss, and sprung of late.
If women's wishes may prevail thus being,
They wish you both long lives, and good agreeing.

25 Children for children pray before they eat,
At their uprising and their lying down:
Thy sons and daughters, princely all, complete,
Royal in blood, children of high renown.

But generally together they incline,
30 Praying in one, great King, for thee and thine.

Whether he were appointed or of his own accord I know not, but
howsoever forward love is acceptable, and I would the King had
heard them, but the sight of the trophy at Soper Lane end made
him the more forward.

E *Dekker's account of the arch and pageant at Temple Bar
(see l. 2218):*

The building being set out thus:

5 The front or surface of it was proportioned in every
respect like a temple, being dedicated to Janus, as by this
inscription over the Janus head may appear:

*Iano Quadrifronti
Sacrum*

The height of the whole edifice, from the ground line to
the top, was fifty-seven foot, the full breadth of it eighteen
10 foot, the thickness of the passage twelve.

The personages that were in this temple are these:

1. The principal person, Peace.

2. By her stood Wealth.

3. Beneath the feet of Peace lay Mars (War) grovelling. 15

4. And upon her right hand (but with some little
descent) was seated Quiet, the first handmaid of Peace.

5. She had lying at her feet Tumult.

6. On the other side was the second handmaid, Liberty,
at whose feet lay a cat. 20

7. This person trod upon Servitude.

8. The third handmaid was Safety.

9. Beneath her was Danger.

10. The fourth attendant was, Felicity.

11. At her feet, Unhappiness. 25

Within the Temple was an Altar, to which, upon the
approach of the King, a flamen appears, and to him, the
former Genius of the city.

The effect of whose speech was, that whereas the flamen
came to perform rites there in honour of one Anna, a
30 goddess of the Romans, the Genius vows that none shall
do sacrifice there but himself, the offering that he makes
being the heart of the city, etc.

Dekker's account of the pageant in the Strand (see l. 2555): F
The city of Westminster and Duchy of Lancaster, per-
ceiving what preparation their neighbour city made to
entertain her sovereign, though in greatness they could
not match her, yet in greatness of love and duty they gave
5 testimony that both were equal; and in token they were
so, hands and hearts went together, and in the Strand,
erected up a monument of their affection.

The invention was a rainbow, the moon, sun and the
seven stars, called the Pleiades, being advanced between
10 two pyramids: Electra (one of those seven hanging in the
air, in figure of a comet) was the speaker, her words
carrying this effect:

That as his Majesty had left the city of London happy,
by delivering it from the noise of tumult, so he would
15 crown this place with the like joys, which being done, she
reckons up a number of blessings that will follow upon it.

The work of this was thought upon, begun and made
perfect in twelve days.

C.36 **King...thing** The incident reveals
James's discomfort with the sort of
unplanned spontaneous expressions of
popular loyalty that Elizabeth had often
welcomed.

THE PATIENT MAN AND THE HONEST WHORE

Edited by Paul Mulholland

THE popularity of *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* in its own time renders the play exceptional in the canons of either of the collaborating playwrights. Among their dramatic works, only Dekker's *Shoemakers' Holiday* and Middleton's *Game at Chess* can lay claim to surpass the attention generated by this comedy. Its multiple editions in the space of just over thirty years, a citation of a revival by 'Her Majesty's servants with great applause' on the title-page of the 1635 edition, and Dekker's studied duplication of successful elements in his sequel very likely written close on the original play's heels, all point to a remarkable stirring of interest. A contemporary theatregoer, Edward Pudsey, apparently in the habit of jotting down memorable phrases from plays he had attended, saw fit to record in his commonplace book seventeen brief passages drawn from *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore's* final six scenes. Pudsey's citations range from the ribald, 'Made haste as though my looks had worked with him to give him a stool' (12.38–9), to the sententious, 'Wisely to fear is to be free from fear' (15.11), and share company with others from plays by Jonson, Marston, Chapman, Dekker, and Shakespeare.

The Patient Man and the Honest Whore was probably first performed at the Fortune Theatre some time between April (when the theatres reopened after an extended plague outbreak) and October 1604 (before the Stationers' Register entry in early November). If the allusion at 10.31–2 to relief of the siege of Ostend (11 September 1604) is not a revision, composition and early performances can be dated even more accurately. The later revival cited above presumably concerns a staging by Queen Henrietta's company at the Phoenix Theatre, although the possibility that Queen Anne's company mounted it prior to Charles I's accession, at the Phoenix or the Red Bull, cannot be ruled out. Despite the play's early theatrical success, few productions are on record since the seventeenth century. The first of these was staged with sly irony at the intimate Boulevard Theatre, part of the Raymond Revue Bar complex, in the heart of London's Soho by the Six O Six Theatre Company, 13 November to 5 December 1992. Director Gordon Anderson set the action in 1950s bohemian Soho accompanied by a jazz-blues musical score. The choice of venue, in which 'bump and grind' music occasionally intruded from next door, and its surrounding district provided a concrete context for matters raised chiefly in the Bellafront plot, a locale that could accommodate the play's diversity of characterization, and an environment that, in the director's words, helped to circumvent an overly reverential response to

a Jacobean text. A second production played at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre on London's Bankside, 13 August to 18 September 1998. This adaptation by director, Jack Shepherd, and the Globe's artistic director, Mark Rylance, who also played Hippolito, compressed *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* and Dekker's sequel, *The Honest Whore, Part 2*, into what *Time Out* termed a three-hour 'spare rib to Dekker's T-bone steak'. Reminiscent of its Six O Six predecessor, designer Hayden Griffin set the first part in 1950s Soho, and the second a decade later. Generally favourable reviews regularly singled out Rylance, Lilo Baur (likened by one critic to Anna Magnani) as a 'fragile, beautiful, poignant, but also tough and sexy' Bellafront, and Sonia Ritter as an embittered Infelice. Although advance publicity promised an adaptation that would eliminate the Candido plot, much of it survived. Appreciative commendations garnered by Marcello Magni (Candido) and Kathryn Pogson (Viola) vindicated retention of these scenes. In a complementary venture the Globe also presented 'staged readings' (with a different cast) of the two plays uncut on 6 and 13 September 1998. A seed sown by this editor in conversation with director/dramatist Peter Hinton some years ago seems to have germinated into a substantially adapted revival at the Ludger-Duvernay Theatre of Canada's National Theatre School, Montreal, 7–11 December 2004. This graduating-class production, styled by Hinton as '*Kill Bill* meets *Coronation Street*', among other changes, switched the gender of the central blocking character from Duke to Duchess in a 'gritty yet noble evocation of early seventeenth-century London'. Three productions within a relatively brief time-span augur well for theatrical exposure in the future.

The title of this Dekker–Middleton collaboration underwent several alterations in the course of its early history; and editorial convention since 1840 has assigned the play the title, *The Honest Whore, Part 1*. Although this serves to distinguish it from its sequel, there can be little doubt that the comedy was not known as *Part 1* at the time of its writing and first performance any more than other works that have generated sequels were known as *Part 1* at the point of their original release, publication, or performance. By adopting *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, this edition—the first to do so—aims to recover a title that on the testimony of contemporaries had currency at or near the time of the play's original stage performance. This title restores the balance of the play, giving a unified double paradox where the editorially conventional title provides a single paradox and a consequent sense of incompleteness. Henslowe's entry concerning an advance for 'the patient

man and the honest whore' in addition to providing the earliest record of the play very likely situates its main interests in the circumstances of theatrical production.

The proverbial expression cited at 2.74, 'he who cannot be angry is no man', establishes the paradoxical basis of 'the patient man' and the terms by which he is intended to match 'the honest whore'. Patience is conventionally seen as a feminine attribute, as, for example, in Dekker's *Patient Grissil*, and is incompatible with common conceptions of virility. In *Candido* the play explores the unusual and unlikely combination of patience and manhood just as in *Bellafront* it explores the unusual and unlikely combination of honesty and whoredom. The other male characters are more conventionally susceptible to rage. Most appear in circumstances in which they succumb to the promptings of hot blood and surrender rational control. Seen against such eruptions *Candido's* imperturbable patience calls in question violent, aggressive behaviour construed as a sign of manliness as well as its ideological construction in proverbial form.

At the base of the various stratagems bent on provoking *Candido* to anger lies a problematic of gender construction and identity. The male characters who try to rouse a choleric outburst from him seek a confirmation of his male identity in terms consonant with those they recognize in themselves. Most of the characters who strive to strike sparks of anger from *Candido* reveal elsewhere a capacity for aggressive sparring among themselves that sets off their impulse to locate a corresponding capacity in him. Similar interests inform *Viola's* actions. Her longing for an expression of anger from her husband registers her adherence to the conventional codes that define manhood and patriarchal authority within and beyond marriage. Further, *Viola*, in accordance with patriarchal convention, defines her own position as wife in relation to the self-definition provided by her husband. His submissive and yielding nature gives rise to domineering and imperious qualities in her. *Candido's* design, however, entails a redefinition of the codes of virility and of spousal relations. *Bellafront* too engages in a struggle to redefine the terms by which honesty is conventionally understood.

The contrasting actions of the play's title—the often farcical story of a linen-draper who weathers an escalating series of assaults calculated to move his immovable patience and the moral study of a whore's conversion to honesty—are framed by a melodramatic-romantic plot involving a villainous duke and thwarted lovers. No source has been identified for any of these actions or characters; but some isolated elements appear to derive from *The Bachelor's Banquet* (1603), an anonymous translation of a French work, *Les Quinze joies de mariage*, that in setting out women's wiles to achieve dominance in marriage self-congratulatingly promotes bachelorhood. In its exuberant accounts of wives' extra-marital sexual adventures the work's distinctly lubricious quality pitched at voyeurism is shared by erotic elements of especially the play's initial brothel scene (Sc. 6). The title of Chapter 6, 'The humour of a woman that strives to master her husband',

provides a telling perspective on *Viola's* unacknowledged intentions. *Pioratto's* account of *Candido's* entertainment of 'certain Neapolitan lords' (4.30–47) corresponds to strategies employed by a wife who deliberately impedes attempted preparations to feast the husband's friends. And the situation of *Viola's* refusal to surrender the key to a chest in which *Candido's* gown is locked, and subsequent exchanges between *Candido* and *George* (7.196–221), may also have been prompted by material in this chapter of *The Bachelor's Banquet*.

Structural, figurative, and thematic parallels and other devices link the various plots and confer coherence on the play's diverse elements. Imagery, styles of language, idioms, and terms associated with one action or setting emerge in another and invite a transfer of values and attitudes. Preparatory to the main brothel scene, for example, imagery drawn from prostitution invades the linen-draper's shop as the three gallants haggle over a virgin piece of lawn in terms borrowed from procuring (5.20–45). The reverse also occurs: the courtesan *Bellafront* contemptuously disparages a client through reference to apparel (6.129–31), and *Fluello* likens her skin to satin and lawn (6.210–11). After *Bellafront* has renounced whoredom, *Hippolito's* servant keeps the trade comically in view through a range of bawdy references and by playfully impersonating a brothel door-keeper prior to her entrance disguised as a page in Scene 10. Two related threads of imagery—involving the whore's body treated as vendible merchandise or as a beast of burden for hire—run through the play. The implied moral condemnation is extended by repeated associations of whoredom with disease and the brothel and whores with damnation and hell.

A further skein of imagery centres on the relationship between body and soul. The debate between *Bellafront* and *Hippolito* is founded on this question. In his encounter with the bravoes, *Crambo* and *Poh*, *Candido* wishes all souls were as 'innocent white' as his cloth. And in a similar vein *Fustigo's* plays on 'cousin' and 'cozen' at 2.133–46 and 7.168–85 are answered in the *Bellafront* plot with *Roger's* remark to *Madonna Fingerlock* at 8.52.

Bellafront's conversion from whoredom to citizen values and attitudes is the first and most dramatically charged of several metamorphoses. *Candido's* example of patience in the face of knockabout farcical incitements and more serious assaults on his equanimity brings about a corresponding change in *Viola*; and in a parallel transformation, the ruthless, revenge-play *Duke* undergoes in the final scene an alteration of character that renders him gentle and benevolent. (Both changes are significantly connected with *Bethlehem/Bedlam*.) *Infelice* and *Hippolito* at different points are supposed dead and 'return' to life. At the end of Scene 10 *Bellafront* speaks of being 'new born' and therein articulates the thematic correlative of rebirth that accompanies her own, *Hippolito's*, and, at least by implication, *Infelice's* transformations. Changes of smaller magnitude but of a similar order occur in other characters.

The play sets individual integrity, bonds of family and friendship, generosity of spirit, and trust fostered in such

relations, against forms of self-interest. Pursuit of personal advantage above concern for others—rampant in the dealings of characters in each plot—is ultimately represented as a species of madness. In addition, patience bolstered by reason, tolerance, and faith in the reforming and regenerative power of love wins the day against uncontrolled, generally self-serving, passion. As Alexander Leggatt has pointed out, the play concerns itself ‘with social structures and institutions: marriage, the family, the shop, the hospital’. Candido stands as a figure central to each. His constancy serves as a reference point marking the tides of change witnessed elsewhere; and, although at times he is made to appear foolish, his selfless patience and reason finally overcome challenges that spring from interests and factions that cut across society. Patience underpins his devotion and duty to his wife, his apprentices, and his shop, and rides out successive provocations dreamed up by Viola and others. His ‘conversion’ to a prentice in Scene 12 in a modest way parallels Bellafront’s conversion from whoredom; both characters are mistreated and suffer abuse of various kinds in the same section of the play.

Bellafront’s progress through her action partakes of most of the essential features associated with the myth of the penitent harlot observed in stories of Mary Magdalen and other figures cast in a similar mould such as Thaïs, Pelagia, and Mary of Egypt. That Middleton’s wife’s name may have been Mary Magdalen points to a range of possible connections in this regard. The version of the saint’s life current in the Middle Ages and Renaissance conflated several distinct women who figure in the Gospel accounts of Christ’s ministry—the unnamed sinner of Luke 7:39–50; Mary of Bethany, Lazarus’s sister; and the Mary Magdalen present at the Resurrection—augmented and elaborated from legend. Apart from her appearance in medieval Corpus Christi cycles, two dramatizations of events from the life of Mary Magdalen survive: the Digby saint’s play, *Mary Magdalen* (c.1480–1520), and Lewis Wager’s interlude, *The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen* (c.1550–66). In addition, two lost fifteenth-century plays bearing the saint’s name are known and may be supplemented by a lost *Mary Magdalen Mask*. In the Digby play as in *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* the central female character encounters the individual who will change her life as she awaits the arrival of more clients.

Like her hallowed predecessors, Bellafront is a beautiful and much sought-after prostitute. The dramatic suddenness of her transformation from a sinful life accords precisely with the mythic pattern and, as with Mary Magdalen, Thaïs, and Pelagia, is effected by a male of exemplary moral standing. Also like the saintly models, Bellafront after her conversion renounces the temptations and material rewards of whoredom (in a song at the beginning of Scene 9 and subsequently at the asylum in Scene 15). She too undergoes a period of suffering and deprivation which may be linked to penance for her earlier transgressions. Mortification of the flesh is typically associated with the penitent whore’s life of denial and is connected with the inevitable withering of the flower of youth; although



Thomas Coryat with Margarita Emiliana, a Venetian courtesan, from Coryat’s *Crudities* (1611).

not physically represented in the play, it is featured in Hippolito’s account of a prostitute’s wretched prospects and accordingly reflects on Bellafront’s perilous state. Similarly, tales of the archetypal figures give special attention to the women’s deaths, dwelling on the ravages of time and care on their former beauty and their release from physical torment. Hippolito’s citation of the deaths of harlots in Scene 6 and his later meditations on the supposed death of Infelice accompanied by a skull as a *memento mori* in Scene 10 coordinate with reports of the degeneration of the body in the hagiography of the penitent whore, though his remarks do not extend so far as to register deliverance from fleshly affliction common in lives of the saints.

The twelfth-century canonist Gratian disallowed marriage to a whore who persisted in her trade, but permitted such a marriage for the purpose of reformation. Marriage thus offered a means by which a prostitute could escape her plight, and an at least potentially more appealing and realizable alternative to the asceticism of the saints. The notion appears to underlie Tim’s ‘*Uxor non est meretrix*’ (a wife is not a whore) in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. Although Erasmus in ‘Of the young man and the evil-disposed woman’ leaves his reformed prostitute in the care of ‘a faithful honest matron’, the colloquy was published

in an English translation entitled *A Modest Mean to Marriage*. And Robert Greene in 'The Conversion of an English Courtesan', a partial reworking of the Erasmus dialogue and a possible influence on *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*, marries his wayward and rebellious young woman to the young man who brings about her conversion.

Mary Magdalen's submission to carnality and subsequent repentance undoubtedly augmented her prominence and popularity. In contrast to the remote figure of purity and human perfection represented by the Virgin, the Magdalen through her fall and conversion was perceived as both more accessibly human and a reassuring comfort in offering the promise of grace to sinners. The qualities that made Mary Magdalen appealing very likely contributed potently to the popularity in its own time of the Dekker-Middleton play.

As a prostitute Bellafront pursues capitalist interests that challenge the roles normally available to women and threaten the patriarchal status quo. She has won a measure of economic and personal independence and is 'in bonds to no man' (6.310). But mercenary interests, especially on the part of panders and bawds at least as far back as Roman comedy, are generally treated as reprehensible. Roger and Bellafront's bilking of their clients of the price of a pottle of wine in Scene 6 and the haggling between Roger and Mistress Fingerlock over their respective fees in Scene 8, while entertaining, conform to the Plautine pattern. The reformed harlot makes no further reference to money in the context of competitive materialism. Misogyny, much of it directed at Bellafront, links up with a fear of women and traditional attitudes that associate women's beauty and supposed frailty with the perils and degradation of the flesh, attitudes evoked also by her saintly antecedents. From a condition of intense remorse Bellafront herself articulates the conventional position, 'Women at best are bad; make them not worse' (9.114), poignantly tempered moments later by her citation of male agency: 'You love to make us lewd, but never chaste' (9.123). Self-contempt at this point appears to resonate with the process of her adjustment to a patriarchal world which demands surrender of her independence and self-control and her submission to abuse in recompense for earlier transgressions. Although not acted upon, her intention to return to her father (10.202-4) signals her reintegration into such a world and looks forward to her embrace of the subservient role of Matteo's wife.

The opening of the first brothel scene, Scene 6, has been justly admired by Peter Ure and other critics for its wealth of suggestive realistic detail. Bellafront's skittish exchanges with Roger, her sharply observed racy denunciations, and her plangent wit constitute a freshly realized exercise in verisimilitude. This coarse, sharply etched realism shifts into a more formal, stylized mode in the process of the whore's conversion, however. Blank verse supersedes her sprightly vernacular prose and, except for her feigned 'mad' speech in Scene 15, persists to play's end. In later scenes with Roger and Mistress Fingerlock, and with the gallants, the continued high tone underscores her distance

from the world she has forsaken. Bellafront's contrasting modes of speech substantially account for the problem of sustaining the illusion of continuity of character: the stereotypes of 'whore' and 'convert' upon which her two natures are founded produce discontinuous styles.

Hippolito's lecture in Scene 6, which makes of her life a case history, awakens Bellafront to the perils and the inevitable decline that await her, and succeeds in deflecting her attention from her body to her soul. His apparent invulnerability to her charms throws her off guard and thereby prepares the ground for his sermonizing in concert, ironically, with her own romantic attraction to him to have their effect. In answer, her sexual vanity leads her to interpret his cool detachment in kind as she wonders what 'blemish' he has discovered 'Eclipsing all [her] beauties' (6.494). Bellafront's transformation to honesty involves a radical change in character—a change the violence of which partakes of the kind of stylization that attends her alteration in speech. Her sudden romantic interest drives out whatever malignant forces had her in their grip, and renders her particularly susceptible to Hippolito's persuasive rhetoric; her reprise of his arguments in subsequent scenes bespeaks the depth of his influence. The precise point at which she subdues the whore that had taken possession of her effectively coincides with her application of Hippolito's sword in a gesture of suicide—in light of her romantic interest, her erstwhile profession, and her surroundings, a gesture loaded with ironically apt sexual suggestion.

Bellafront threatens a return to whoredom if Hippolito refuses to save her soul; but a hitherto unvoiced course of action springs from his spurning of her and demonstrates that her honesty was not after all in jeopardy—a revelation that in turn interrogates the intent of her threat. Further surprises are in store: in place of her declared intention to leave 'this undoing city' and return to her father, she next appears as a newly admitted inmate at Bethlehem Monastery.

Although it confers honesty on Bellafront, marriage to Matteo also heaps on her a legion of new tribulations, which Dekker explores in *The Honest Whore, Part 2*. While romance convention informs this match (which duplicates the conclusion of the Hippolito/Infelice action), it nevertheless carries deeper implications in its reflection of traditional attitudes: the stigma that tenaciously clings to the reclaimed whore permits a match only with a figure distinctly less appealing than her rescuer—an abiding reminder of the difficulty of successfully negotiating a move from the margins of society closer to its centre.

Once her conversion has taken hold, Bellafront's unshakable resolve and perseverance resonate with the long-suffering Candido's, especially in light of the misogyny and anti-matrimonial sentiment that rumble ominously in several characters' utterances and give some measure of her ordeal. Various critics have interpreted the suffering Bellafront endures as penance for her earlier transgressions and evidence of Dekker's conservative subscription to the prevailing morality. Placement of her transformation

early in the action highlights the trials consequent upon it. In the play's closing moments Candido frames a defence of his position in terms reminiscent of Senecan stoicism (particularly as set out in *Of Anger*) in which he likens his patience to Christ's. Bellafront, in her Magdalen-like career, stands with the linen-draper as a model of Christian fortitude. The late association of Candido with Christ fulfils a series of hints among which is the application of the term, 'lamb', to both characters. Bellafront's transformation from 'mutton'—slang for 'whore'—to 'lamb' accordingly grafts spiritual rebirth onto the reductive view of the body.

The Bethlehem of the final scene combines the asylum of Bedlam—the first of many representations on the English stage—with the monastery from which it historically sprang; it accordingly aims to link the shelter and treatment of the insane with spiritual healing. Several of the play's central characters here experience disorientation or a violently altered frame of mind; the madhouse in part emblemizes their subjective experience. Viola's desperate final bid to satisfy her humour involves a substitution of one madness (insanity) for another (rage). Unable to stir Candido to anger, she has him committed to Bedlam presumably in the hope that an externally imposed designation will bring the wished-for madness into being and appease her longing. Bedlam is double-edged, however,

and more clearly exhibits the unreason of this, as of other selfish acts. Viola's inordinate craving is matched by the Duke's irrational rejection of Hippolito. The Duke gives personal animosity rein over family and state interests (to the extent of arranging the murder of Hippolito). With Viola the question of the usurpation of male authority in the family and the shop is explored, and probes the interests of the wife as a figure normally bound within the marginal confines, set in contrast to whoredom, of woman's subordination. Substitution takes a variety of forms and operates on several levels in the play: Bellafront finally takes Matteo, her original seducer, as her husband in place of Hippolito; and in different ways dynamic character changes witnessed in Bellafront, the Duke, and Viola involve the substitution of one humour and/or set of attitudes or values for another.

The abundant references to and analogies with madness anticipate and find resolution in this final scene. Caught between his master and his mistress on a social and entrepreneurial level, George's position carries political dimensions that parallel the circumstances of those surrounding the Duke. Like George, who rebels against Viola, Doctor Benedict finally follows his own lights against the will of his would-be master and pursues instead a course sympathetic to Hippolito's interests. The Sweeper's remarks touching all manner of inmates from citizens' sons to



Sir Philip Sidney's hearse carried by fourteen yeomen, the corners of the pall held by four of his friends. From Thomas Lant, *The Funeral Roll of Sir Philip Sidney* (1587).

courtiers, Puritans, whores, and merchants' wives make clear the general reference of Bedlam: 'we have blocks for all heads' (15.146). As with other plays that explore this opposition, notably *The Changeling*, the world of the insane stands in parodic relation to the allegedly sane world, but despite the administration of whips and punishments is more humane and tolerant. The asylum accordingly provides an appropriate setting for the settlement of transgressions of various descriptions initiated in the world at large. Candido's figure, 'the world's upside down' (12.69), carries implications for circumstances beyond his own. But however laudable and successful may be his forbearance in effecting his wife's transformation and in redefining the terms of manhood, the play shrinks in the end from

whole-heartedly endorsing it as the Duke remarks in closing, 'Twere sin all women should such husbands have, | For every man must then be his wife's slave.' Although the Duke proposes to use him as an example to 'teach our court to shine', Candido's accommodation into the play world is conditional on a recognition that he is unique.

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 137
 Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 507
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 351
 Other Middleton-Dekker works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Magnificent*, 219; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*, 721; *Gypsy*, 1723

THOMAS DEKKER and THOMAS MIDDLETON

The Patient Man and the Honest Whore

[for Prince Henry's Men at The Fortune]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Gasparo Trebazzi, DUKE of Milan
 INFELICE, daughter to the Duke
 HIPPOLITO, in love with Infelice
 MATTEO, Hippolito's friend
 BELLAFRONT, the honest whore
 CASTRUCCIO }
 PIORATTO } gallants
 FLUELLO }
 SINEZI }
 DOCTOR Benedict
 CANDIDO, a linen-draper
 Viola, Candido's WIFE
 GEORGE, journeyman to Candido

FUSTIGO, brother to Candido's Wife
 TWO PRENTICES to Candido
 ROGER, servant to Bellafront
 Mistress Fingerlock, a BAWD
 CRAMBO }
 POH } bravoes
 SERVANT to Hippolito
 SERVANT to Doctor Benedict
 PORTER
 Father ANSELMO
 SWEEPER
 Three MADMEN
 OFFICERS, Gentlemen

Sc. 1

Enter at one door a funeral, a coronet lying on the hearse, scutcheons and garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebazzi, Duke of Milan, Castruccio, Sinezi, Pioratto, Fluello, and others. At another door enter Hippolito in

discontented appearance, Matteo, a gentleman, his friend, labouring to hold him back
 DUKE [seeing Hippolito]
 Behold yon comet shows his head again!
 Twice hath he thus at cross-turns thrown on us

1.0.2 *scutcheons* shields with armorial bearings
 1 *comet* i.e. Hippolito; comets were

regarded as ominous
 2 *cross-turns* presumably points in the procession's progress where its path is

intersected by another and there is a change of direction; Hippolito speaks of meeting it at *next turn* at 1.70.

Scene 1 The humours of the patient man. The longing wyfe and the honest whore.

Prodigious looks; twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, he's turned wild.
Go on in God's name.

5 ALL THE MOURNERS On afore there, ho.
DUKE
Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons to keep back the desp'rate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

HIPPOLITO
I prithee, dear Matteo.—

MATTEO Come, you're mad.

HIPPOLITO [*to Duke*]
10 I do arrest thee, murderer! Set down,
Villains, set down that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

DUKE
I do beseech you all, for my blood's sake,
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Join in confederacy with your weapons' points.

15 If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seek out his bowels: funeral grief loathes words.

ALL THE MOURNERS
Set on.

HIPPOLITO
Set down the body!

MATTEO O my lord,
You're wrong! I'th'open street? You see she's dead.

HIPPOLITO
I know she is not dead.

DUKE Frantic young man,
20 Wilt thou believe these gentlemen?—Pray speak.—
Thou dost abuse my child, and mock'st the tears
That here are shed for her. If to behold
Those roses withered that set out her cheeks,
That pair of stars that gave her body light
25 Darkened and dim for ever, all those rivers
That fed her veins with warm and crimson streams
Frozen and dried up: if these be signs of death,
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not ashamed to empty all these eyes
30 Of funeral tears—a debt due to the dead
As mirth is to the living? Sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee? Hark, thou art cursed
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speak.

HIPPOLITO
My lord—

DUKE What wouldst thou have? Is she not dead?

HIPPOLITO
35 O, you ha' killed her by your cruelty.

DUKE
Admit I had, thou kill'st her now again,

And art more savage than a barbarous Moor.

HIPPOLITO
Let me but kiss her pale and bloodless lip.

DUKE O, fie, fie, fie!

HIPPOLITO
Or if not touch her, let me look on her. 40

MATTEO
As you regard your honour—

HIPPOLITO Honour? Smoke!

MATTEO
Or if you loved her living, spare her now.

DUKE
Ay, well done, sir; you play the gentleman.
[*To other Mourners*] Steal hence. [*To Matteo*] 'Tis nobly
done. [*To Mourners*] Away. [*To Matteo*] I'll join
My force to yours to stop this violent torment.— 45
Pass on.

*Exeunt with funeral [all but
Duke, Hippolito, and Matteo]*

HIPPOLITO
Matteo, thou dost wound me more.

MATTEO
I give you physic, noble friend, not wounds.

DUKE
O, well said, well done, a true gentleman!
Alack, I know the sea of lovers' rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide it beats 50
And bears down all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes. Forget her, gallant youth.

HIPPOLITO
Forget her?

DUKE Nay, nay, be but patient,
Forwhy death's hand hath sued a strict divorce
'Twixt her and thee. What's beauty but a corpse? 55
What but fair sand-dust are earth's purest forms?
Queens' bodies are but trunks to put in worms.

MATTEO [*to Duke*] Speak no more sentences, my good lord,
but slip hence. You see they are but fits; I'll rule him,
I warrant ye. Ay, so, tread gingerly, your grace is here 60
somewhat too long already. [*Exit Duke*]
[*Aside*] 'Sblood, the jest were now, if having ta'en some
knocks o'th' pate already, he should get loose again,
and like a mad ox toss my new black cloaks into the
kennel. I must humour his lordship.—[*To him*] My Lord 65
Hippolito, is it in your stomach to go to dinner?

HIPPOLITO Where is the body?

MATTEO The body, as the Duke spake very wisely, is gone
to be wormed.

HIPPOLITO
70 I cannot rest; I'll meet it at next turn.

3 **Prodigious** ominous, portentous
23 **set out** adorned, set off
24 **stars** i.e. eyes
41 **Honour? Smoke!** in reference to the
expression, 'smoke of honour' = vain
delusions of honour
47 **physic** medicine

51 **respects** considerations
54 **Forwhy** because
56 **sand-dust** ashes, the mouldered remains
of a dead body
58 **sentences** sententious sayings, maxims
62-3 **having ta'en...already** Matteo refers

to his effort of restraining Hippolito.
64 **black cloaks** mourning garments
(metonymy for 'mourners')
65 **kennel** gutter
66 **stomach** inclination
69 **wormed** eaten by worms

- I'll see how my love looks.
Matteo holds him in's arms
 MATTEO How your love looks?—Worse than a scarecrow.
 Wrestle not with me: the great fellow gives the fall for
 a ducat.
- 75 HIPPOLITO I shall forget myself.
 MATTEO Pray, do so; leave yourself behind yourself, and
 go whither you will. 'Sfoot, do you long to have base
 rogues, that maintain a Saint Anthony's fire in their
 noses by nothing but twopenny ale, make ballads of
 80 you? If the Duke had but so much mettle in him as is
 in a cobbler's awl, he would ha' been a vexed thing: he
 and his train had blown you up but that their powder
 has taken the wet of cowards. You'll bleed three pottles
 of alicant, by this light, if you follow 'em; and then
 85 we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have
 surgeons roll thee up like a baby in swaddling clouts.
 HIPPOLITO What day is today, Matteo?
 MATTEO Yea, marry, this is an easy question; why today
 is—let me see—Thursday.
 90 HIPPOLITO O, Thursday.
 MATTEO Here's a coil for a dead commodity.—'Sfoot,
 women when they are alive are but dead commodities,
 for you shall have one woman lie upon many men's
 hands.
 95 HIPPOLITO She died on Monday then.
 MATTEO And that's the most villainous day of all the week
 to die in. An she was well, and ate a mess of water-gruel
 on Monday morning—
 HIPPOLITO Aye, it cannot be
 100 Such a bright taper should burn out so soon.
 MATTEO O yes, my lord. So soon? Why I ha' known them
 that at dinner have been as well, and had so much
 health that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three
 o'clock have been found dead—drunk.
 HIPPOLITO
 105 On Thursday buried! And on Monday died!
 Quick haste, by'r Lady. Sure her winding sheet
- Was laid out fore her body; and the worms
 That now must feast with her were even bespoken,
 And solemnly invited like strange guests.
 MATTEO Strange feeders they are indeed, my lord, and like
 110 your jester or young courtier, will enter upon any man's
 trencher without bidding.
 HIPPOLITO
 Cursed be that day for ever that robbed her
 Of breath, and me of bliss! Henceforth let it stand
 Within the wizard's book—the calendar—
 115 Marked with a marginal finger, to be chosen
 By thieves, by villains, and black murderers,
 As the best day for them to labour in.
 If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
 Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
 120 Atheism, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjury,
 Slander (the beggar's sin), lies (sin of fools),
 Or any other damned impieties,
 On Monday let 'em be deliverèd.
 I swear to thee, Matteo, by my soul,
 125 Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glue
 Mine eyelids down, because they shall not gaze
 On any female cheek. And being locked up
 In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
 On nothing but my Infelice's end,
 130 Or on a dead man's skull draw out mine own.
 MATTEO You'll do all these good works now every Monday
 because it is so bad; but I hope upon Tuesday morning
 I shall take you with a wench.
 HIPPOLITO
 If ever, whilst frail blood through my veins run,
 135 On woman's beams I throw affection,
 Save her that's dead, or that I loosely fly
 To th' shore of any other wafting eye,
 Let me not prosper, heaven! I will be true
 Even to her dust and ashes. Could her tomb
 140 Stand whilst I lived so long that it might rot,
 That should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

73-4 **great fellow**...**ducat** Matteo either alludes mockingly to himself, warning Hippolito of his prowess at wrestling, or sardonically advises him to wrestle with the Duke (instead of himself), who will overthrow him for a modest fee.
 74 **ducat** an Italian silver coin worth about 4s. 8d. in 1608 (with a possible pun on 'Duke')
 78 **Saint Anthony's fire** erysipelas, a local inflammation producing a deep red colour on skin
 80 **mettle** spirit (punning on the 'metal' of the *cobbler's awl*)
 82 **train** (a) retinue; (b) line of gunpowder laid as a fuse
but except
 82-3 **their**...**cowards** i.e. the duke's dangerous power (*powder* = 'gunpowder') has been dampened by the urine of cowards

among his retinue
 83 **pottles** liquid measure (= two quarts)
 84 **allicant** Spanish wine from Alicante
 91 **coil** fuss, commotion
 92 **dead commodities** unsaleable merchandise, with a pun on *dead commodity* = dead thing, 1.91
 96 **most villainous** perhaps because Monday is the first day of the week; or because Monday is proverbially unlucky, as in 'Monday's child is full of woe'
 97 **mess** dish, portion
water-gruel thin gruel made with water instead of milk
 99 **Aye** alas
 103 **health** with a pun on 'a toast drunk in a person's honour'
 105-6 **Thursday**...**haste** A lapse of several weeks between the death of a prominent aristocrat and burial of the embalmed

body was not unusual at this time.
 106 **by'r Lady** by our Lady (an oath)
 111 **enter upon** (a) dispossess; (b) begin an attack on
 112 **trencher** plate and the food it bears (metonymy for 'subsistence')
 116 **marginal finger** the pointing hand printed in the margins of books to draw attention to particular passages
 120 **with treason** by treason
 129 **close** private
 130 **Infelice's Infelice**: Italian for 'unhappy' or 'unlucky'
 131 **draw out** (a) delineate, trace out; (b) prolong, extend
 134 **take** catch, come upon
 135 **frail** liable to sin
 136 **beams** glances
 137 **that** if
 138 **wafting** guiding; signalling

145 MATTEO If you have this strange monster, honesty, in your belly, why so jig-makers and chroniclers shall pick something out of you; but an I smell not you and a bawdy house out within these ten days, let my nose be as big as an English bag-pudding. I'll follow your lordship, though it be to the place aforementioned. *Exeunt*

Sc. 2 *Enter Fustigo in some fantastic sea-suit at one door; a Porter meets him at another*

FUSTIGO How now, porter, will she come?
 PORTER If I may trust a woman, sir, she will come.
 FUSTIGO [*giving money*] There's for thy pains. God-a-mercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, porter, thou shalt earn my money before any *clarissimo* in Milan. Yet, so God sa' me, she's mine own sister, body and soul, as I am a Christian gentleman. Farewell, I'll ponder till she come. Thou hast been no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

10 PORTER No matter if I had, sir; better men than porters are bawds.
 FUSTIGO O God, sir, many that have borne offices. But porter, art sure thou went'st into a true house?
 PORTER I think so, for I met with no thieves.

15 FUSTIGO Nay, but art sure it was my sister Viola?
 PORTER I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you ciphered.
 FUSTIGO Not very tall?
 PORTER Nor very low—a middling woman.

20 FUSTIGO 'Twas she, faith, 'twas she; a pretty plump cheek like mine?
 PORTER At a blush, a little very much like you.
 FUSTIGO Gods-so, I would not for a ducat she had kicked up her heels, for I ha' spent an abomination this voyage—marry, I did it amongst sailors and gentlemen.— [*Giving money*] There's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay; farewell, honest porter.

25 PORTER I am in your debt, sir; God preserve you.
 FUSTIGO Not so, neither, good porter. *Exit [Porter]*

Enter Viola, Candido's Wife
 God's lid, yonder she comes.— [*To her*] Sister Viola, I am glad to see you stirring. It's news to have me here, is't not, sister?
 WIFE Yes, trust me. I wondered who should be so bold to send for me. You are welcome to Milan, brother.
 FUSTIGO Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff, and I was very sorry for it that I had no better clothes, and that made me send; for you know we Milaners love to strut upon Spanish leather. And how does all our friends?
 WIFE Very well. You ha' travelled enough now, I trow, to sow your wild oats.
 FUSTIGO A pox on 'em!—Wild oats? I ha' not an oat to throw at a horse. Troth, sister, I ha' sowed my oats, and reaped two hundred ducats if I had 'em here. Marry, I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the ship come. By this hand, I'll discharge at my day, by this hand.
 WIFE These are your old oaths.
 FUSTIGO Why, sister, do you think I'll forswear my hand?
 WIFE Well, well, you shall have them. Put yourself into better fashion, because I must employ you in a serious matter.
 FUSTIGO I'll sweat like a horse if I like the matter.
 WIFE You ha' cast off all your old swaggering humours?
 FUSTIGO I had not sailed a league in that great fish-pond, the sea, but I cast up my very gall.
 WIFE I am the more sorry, for I must employ a true swaggerer.
 FUSTIGO Nay, by this iron, sister, they shall find I am powder and touch-box if they put fire once into me.
 WIFE Then lend me your ears.
 FUSTIGO Mine ears are yours, dear sister.
 WIFE I am married to a man that has wealth enough, and wit enough.
 FUSTIGO A linen-draper, I was told, sister.

143 **honesty** chastity
 144 **jig-makers** ballad-writers
 147 **bag-pudding** a haggis-like pudding made from an animal's stomach stuffed and boiled
 2.0.1 *Fustigo* from the Italian *fustigone*, a fumbler, a propper; a close-prying fellow; a clumsy fellow
 2 **come** with a pun on the bawdy sense, 'reach orgasm'
 3 **God-a-mercy** God have mercy (i.e. God reward you), an expression of thanks
 4-5 **with a wet finger** easily, with little effort; without hesitation, readily. Underlying sexual innuendo suggests digital stimulation; or perhaps *finger* is a e-

phemism for 'penis'. The phrase may derive from a licked finger used to facilitate page-turning; here it may denote a finger moistened as a 'come-on'.
 6 **clarissimo** Italian grandee sa' save
 13 **a true house** He seems to mean, 'the right house'; but the Porter understands *true* in the sense 'honest'.
 22 **blush** glance (punning on a *blush* of the cheek)
 23 **Gods-so** a corruption either of the oath, 'by God's soul', or of *cazzo*, Italian slang for 'penis'
 23-4 **kicked up her heels** died (proverbial: Tilley H392)

24 **abomination** disgusting amount
 30 **God's lid** 'by God's (eye-)lid' (a common oath)
 36 **chuff** (a) miser; (b) with a possible reference to 'chough', a small, chattering member of the crow family
 38 **Spanish leather** highly valued and commonly associated with effeminate opulence
 46 **discharge** repay (punning on the sense, 'unload', in reference to *ship*)
 53 **matter** with a sexual pun
 59 **iron** sword
 60 **touch-box** box for carrying touch (priming powder) used in fire-arms
 61 **lend...ears** proverbial (Tilley E18)

WIFE Very true, a grave citizen; I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband. But here's the spite: he has not all things belonging to a man.

FUSTIGO God's my life, he's a very mandrake, or else, God bless us, one o' these whiblins—and that's worse—and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

WIFE O, you run over me too fast, brother. I have heard it often said that he who cannot be angry is no man.

FUSTIGO 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us, he should ha' been moved and moved again, for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reeled like a Dutchman.

WIFE No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sour, the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant. Musician will he never be—yet I find much music in him—but he loves no frets; and is so free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have—to anger their husbands. Brother, mine can by no thunder turn him into a sharpness.

FUSTIGO Belike his blood, sister, is well brewed then.

WIFE I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately, but—I know not; I ha' such a tickling within me, such a strange longing; nay, verily I do long.

FUSTIGO Then you're with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly some-

thing else. I ha' read Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle's *Emblems*.

WIFE You're wide o'th' bow-hand still, brother; my longings are not wanton, but wayward. I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole porcupine, to the intent the bristling quills may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio, and be shot at me; I shall be leaner than the new moon, unless I can make him horn-mad.

FUSTIGO 'Sfoot, half a quarter of an hour does that: make him a cuckold.

WIFE Puh, he would count such a cut no unkindness.

FUSTIGO The honest citizen he. Then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

WIFE Fie, fie; idle, idle! He's no Frenchman to fret at the loss of a little scald hair. No, brother, thus it shall be—you must be secret.

FUSTIGO As your midwife, I protest, sister, or a barber-surgeon.

WIFE Repair to the Tortoise here in St Christopher's Street; I will send you money; turn yourself into a brave man: instead of the arms of your mistress, let your sword and your military scarf hang about your neck.

FUSTIGO I must have a great horseman's French feather too, sister.

WIFE O, by any means, to show your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcomb. To be brief, you must be in all points a most terrible, wide-mouthed swaggerer.

FUSTIGO Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

WIFE Resort then to our shop, and in my husband's presence kiss me, snatch rings, jewels, or anything—so you give it back again, brother, in secret.

66 want lack
 68 things with an inevitable but presumably unintended sexual pun
 69 God's my life God save my life mandrake Although famed as an aphrodisiac and associated with sexual potency, the dominant sense here is apparently a 'bugger' or 'sodomite', i.e. a homosexual (Daalder and Moore).
 70 whiblins cheaters or double-dealers: i.e. bigamists (Daalder and Moore)
 71 gets begets
 72 bastards by a statute in reference to the Bigamy Act of 1603, which protected the interests of children by a previous marriage. If Candido were discovered to have had children by an earlier, unknown marriage, Viola's children, hitherto thought to have been begotten lawfully, would be disinherited. This consequence explains why Fustigo considers a *whiblin* worse than a *mandrake* (Daalder and Moore).
 73 run over read, interpret
 74 he... no man proverbial (Tilley M172)
 75 man in print exemplary man (as might be depicted in a book; proverbial: Tilley M239)
 76 save except

78 la exclamation, used here to introduce or call attention to an emphatic statement
 79 Dutchman commonly associated with drunkenness
 82-3 no more gall... than a dove proverbial (Tilley D574)
 85 frets a common pun on (a) the metal bars on the necks of guitars and similar instruments; and (b) vexations
 90 brewed diluted
 92 tickling craving
 95-6 something else Fustigo evades the anticipated 'fool' familiar from the proverbial 'Every man is either a fool or a physician to himself' (Tilley M125).
 96-7 Albertus Magnus... Aristotle's Emblems authorities commonly cited by pretenders to knowledge. Fustigo presumably refers to the work on the secrets of women, *Secreta Mulierum*, by Albertus Magnus; *Emblems* is his ignorant error for *Problems*, a work ascribed to Aristotle and published in an English translation in 1595.
 98 wide o'th' bow-hand far from the mark (literally, on the left or bow-hand side; proverbial: Tilley B567)
 102-3 leaner than the new moon presum-

ably because her longing so obsesses her that she has no appetite
 103 horn-mad mad with rage (with a play on the horns of the new moon); the term's occasional association with cuckoldry prompts Fustigo's response
 106 cut with a sexual pun on 'cunt'
 110 scald 'scabby' or 'scurvy', contemptuous and suggesting a symptom of venereal disease (associated with the French)
 112-13 midwife... barber-surgeon in allusion to the popular perception of midwives and barbers as purveyors of news and gossip
 114 Repair go St Christopher's Street Although Milan is the nominal setting, this name may derive from Christopher Street, London, running between Finsbury Square and Clifton Street.
 115 brave finely arrayed
 118-20 feather... head Fustigo wants a feather as a token of bravado; but Viola regards a feather as a mark of a fool.
 121 coxcomb fool's cap
 122 swaggerer quarreller
 123 let me alone leave it to me

FUSTIGO By this hand, sister.
 WIFE Swear as if you came but new from knighting.
 FUSTIGO Nay, I'll swear after four hundred a year.
 130 WIFE Swagger worse than a lieutenant among freshwater
 soldiers, call me your love, your ingle, your cousin, or
 so, but 'sister' at no hand.
 FUSTIGO No, no, it shall be 'cousin', or rather 'coz'—that's
 the gulling word between the citizens' wives and their
 135 madcaps that man 'em to the Garden; to call you one
 o'my naunts, sister, were as good as call you arrant
 whore. No, no, let me alone to cousin you rarely.
 WIFE He's heard I have a brother, but never saw him;
 therefore put on a good face.
 140 FUSTIGO The best in Milan, I warrant.
 WIFE Take up wares, but pay nothing; rifle my bosom, my
 pocket, my purse, the boxes, for money to dice withal;
 but, brother, you must give all back again in secret.
 FUSTIGO By this welkin that here roars I will, or else let me
 145 never know what a secret is. Why, sister, do you think
 I'll cony-catch you, when you are my cousin? God's my
 life, then I were a stark ass. If I fret not his guts, beg
 me for a fool.
 WIFE Be circumspect, and do so then. Farewell.
 150 FUSTIGO The Tortoise, sister, I'll stay there. Forty ducats!
 WIFE
 Thither I'll send. *Exit [Fustigo]*
 —This law can none deny,
 Women must have their longings, or they die. *Exit*

Sc. 3

Enter Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedict, two Servants

DUKE [*to Servants*]
 Give charge that none do enter; lock the doors;
 And fellows, what your eyes and ears receive,
 Upon your lives trust not the gadding air
 To carry the least part of it. [*To Doctor*] The glass,
 The hour-glass.
 DOCTOR Here my lord.
 5 DUKE Ah, 'tis near spent.

But Doctor Benedict, does your art speak truth?
 Art sure the soporiferous stream will ebb,
 And leave the crystal banks of her white body
 Pure as they were at first, just at the hour?
 DOCTOR
 Just at the hour, my lord.
 DUKE *Uncurtain her.* 10
 [*The Servants draw back curtains, revealing Infelice, as dead*]
 Softly! See, doctor, what a coldish heat
 Spreads over all her body.
 DOCTOR Now it works.
 The vital spirits that by a sleepy charm
 Were bound up fast and threw an icy crust
 On her exterior parts now 'gin to break. 15
 Trouble her not, my lord.
 DUKE [*to Servants*] Some stools!—[*To Doctor*] You called
 For music, did you not? [*Music sounds*] O ho, it
 speaks,
 It speaks! Watch, sirs, her waking; note those
 sands.—
 Doctor, sit down. A dukedom that should weigh
 Mine own down twice, being put into one scale, 20
 And that fond desperate boy, Hippolito,
 Making the weight up, should not at my hands
 Buy her i'th' t'other, were her state more light
 Than hers who makes a dowry up with alms.
 Doctor, I'll starve her on the Apennine 25
 Ere he shall marry her. I must confess
 Hippolito is nobly born; a man—
 Did not mine enemy's blood boil in his veins—
 Whom I would court to be my son-in-law.
 But princes whose high spleens for empery swell 30
 Are not with easy art made parallel.
 SECOND SERVANT
 She wakes, my lord.
 DUKE Look, Doctor Benedict.—
 I charge you on your lives, maintain for truth
 Whate'er the doctor or myself aver;

128 **new from knighting** alluding to James I's profuse creation of knights
 129 **after four hundred a year** i.e. in the manner of one of such an income
 130 **freshwater** untrained; unskilled
 131 **ingle** minion, bosom friend
 132 **at no hand** on no account
 133-6 **cousin**... **naunts** terms commonly used for convenience in illicit romantic or sexual dealings; *my naunts* = mine aunts ('aunt' regularly carried the sense 'bawd' or 'whore')
 135 **man escort**
the Garden the Bear Garden or Paris Garden, on the Bankside in Southwark
 137 **cousin** a pun on 'cozen' = cheat
 141 **rifle** plunder, rob
 144 **welkin** sky, in allusion to the vault of the heavens above the stage
welkin... **roars** Although the reference suggests the possibility of an accompa-

nying sound effect of thunder, the oath is more likely an instance of Fustigo's swaggering, and the roaring its echo or that of his laughter from the heavens over the stage.
 146 **cony-catch** cheat
 147 **fret not his guts** do not vex him deeply (recalls 2.85, adding *guts* as in musical strings)
 147-8 **beg me for a fool** take me for a fool (proverbial: Tilley F496); originally in reference to the practice of petitioning the Court of Wards for custody of wealthy idiots whose inheritance fell to the disposition of their guardians
 152 **Women... longings** proverbial (Tilley W723)
 3.7 **soporiferous** sleep-inducing
 8 **crystal** conventionally associated with purity

10 **Uncurtain her** The Duke calls for the drawing of a curtain which has concealed the still-sleeping Infelice from view in a discovery space.
 19-24 **A dukedom... alms** The Duke proclaims his high valuation of his daughter and low appraisal of Hippolito: even if Hippolito's worth were added to twice the value of his dukedom in one scale, the total would in his estimate be insufficient to purchase Infelice endowed with an estate poorer than a pauper's in the other.
 21 **fond** foolish, mad
 24 **hers... alms** i.e. a beggar's
 25 **Apennine** the chain of mountains running down the centre of Italy
 30 **high spleens** resolute spirits or minds
empery absolute dominion
 31 **made parallel** equalled, made to conform

- 35 For you shall bear her hence to Bergamo.
 INFELICE [*awakening*]
 O God, what fearful dreams?
 DOCTOR Lady.
 INFELICE Ha!
 DUKE Girl.
 Why, Infelice, how is't now, ha? Speak.
 INFELICE
 I'm well—What makes this doctor here?—I'm well.
 DUKE
 Thou wert not so even now; sickness' pale hand
 40 Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting;
 And when a cup crowned with thy lover's health
 Had touched thy lips, a sensible cold dew
 Stood on thy cheeks, as if that death had wept
 To see such beauty alter.
 INFELICE I remember
 45 I sat at banquet, but felt no such change.
 DUKE
 Thou hast forgot, then, how a messenger
 Came wildly in with this unsavoury news:
 That he was dead?
 INFELICE What messenger? Who's dead?
 DUKE
 Hippolito. Alack, wring not thy hands.
 INFELICE
 50 I saw no messenger, heard no such news.
 DOCTOR
 Trust me, you did, sweet lady.
 DUKE La, you now!
 BOTH SERVANTS
 Yes, indeed, madam.
 DUKE La, you now!
 [*Aside to Servants*] 'Tis well, good knaves!
 INFELICE
 You ha' slain him, and now you'll murder me.
 DUKE
 55 Good Infelice, vex not thus thyself;
 Of this the bad report before did strike
 So coldly to thy heart that the swift currents
 Of life were all frozen up—
 INFELICE It is untrue;
 'Tis most untrue, O most unnatural father!
 DUKE
 And we had much to do by art's best cunning
 To fetch life back again.
 60 DOCTOR Most certain, lady.
 DUKE [*to Infelice*]
 Why, la, you now, you'll not believe me?—Friends,
 Sweat we not all? Had we not much to do?
 SECOND SERVANT Yes, indeed, my lord, much.
- DUKE
 Death drew such fearful pictures in thy face
 That were Hippolito alive again,
 65 I'd kneel and woo the noble gentleman
 To be thy husband. Now I sore repent
 My sharpness to him and his family.
 Nay, do not weep for him; we all must die.—
 Doctor, this place where she so oft hath seen
 His lively presence hurts her, does it not?
 70 DOCTOR
 Doubtless, my lord, it does.
 DUKE It does, it does.
 Therefore, sweet girl, thou shalt to Bergamo.
 INFELICE
 Even where you will; in any place there's woe.
 DUKE
 A coach is ready. Bergamo doth stand
 75 In a most wholesome air; sweet walks, there's deer—
 Ay, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
 Which, like some goddess in the Cyprian groves,
 Thine own fair hand shall strike.—Sirs, you shall
 teach her
 To stand, and how to shoot; ay, she shall hunt.—
 80 Cast off this sorrow. In, girl, and prepare
 This night to ride away to Bergamo.
 INFELICE
 O most unhappy maid. *Exit*
 DUKE [*to Servants*] Follow her close.
 No words that she was buried, on your lives,
 Or that her ghost walks now after she's dead.
 85 I'll hang you if you name a funeral.
 FIRST SERVANT
 I'll speak Greek, my lord, ere I speak that deadly
 word.
 SECOND SERVANT
 And I'll speak Welsh, which is harder than Greek.
 DUKE
 Away, look to her. *Exeunt [Servants]*
 Doctor Benedict,
 90 Did you observe how her complexion altered
 Upon his name and death? O, would 'twere true.
 DOCTOR
 It may, my lord.
 DUKE May? How? I wish his death.
 DOCTOR
 And you may have your wish; say but the word,
 And 'tis a strong spell to rip up his grave.
 95 I have good knowledge with Hippolito;
 He calls me friend. I'll creep into his bosom
 And sting him there to death; poison can do't.

35 **Bergamo** the capital of the province of
 this name in northern Italy, 30 miles
 north-east of Milan

38 **makes** does

42 **sensible** perceptible

62 **Sweat we not all** did we not all suffer

severely

69 **we all must die** proverbial (Tilley M505)

77–8 **hunt . . . groves** a curious collocation
 of Venus, who is associated with Cyprus,
 and Diana, goddess of the hunt

87 **Greek** i.e. unintelligibly (proverbial: Tilley

G439)

94 **rip up** dig

95 **good knowledge** considerable intimacy

96 **creep into his bosom** work my way into
 his confidence (proverbial: Tilley B546)

Scene 3 The humours of the patient man. The longing wyfe and the honest whore.

DUKE
Perform it; I'll create thee half mine heir.
DOCTOR
It shall be done, although the fact be foul.
DUKE
100 Greatness hides sin. The guilt upon my soul! *Exeunt*

Sc. 4 *Enter Castruccio, Pioratto, and Fluello*
CASTRUCCIO Signor Pioratto, Signor Fluello, shall's be merry? Shall's play the wags now?
FLUELLO Ay, anything that may beget the child of laughter.
CASTRUCCIO Truth, I have a pretty sportive conceit new crept into my brain will move excellent mirth.
5 PIORATTO Let's ha't, let's ha't; and where shall the scene of mirth lie?
CASTRUCCIO At Signor Candido's house, the patient man, nay, the monstrous patient man. They say his blood is immovable, that he has taken all patience from a man, and all constancy from a woman.
10 FLUELLO That makes so many whores nowadays.
CASTRUCCIO Ay, and so many knaves too.
PIORATTO Well, sir?
15 CASTRUCCIO To conclude, the report goes he's so mild, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him. Now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow, the mirror of patience, as angry, as vexed, and as mad as an English cuckold.
20 FLUELLO O, 'twere admirable mirth, that; but how will't be done, signor?
CASTRUCCIO Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device, will sting him, i'faith, if he have but a thimbleful of blood in's belly, or a spleen not so big as a tavern token.
25 PIORATTO Thou stir him? Thou move him? Thou anger him? Alas, I know his approved temper. Thou vex him? Why, he has a patience above man's injuries; thou mayst sooner raise a spleen in an angel than rough humour in him. Why, I'll give you instance for it.
30 This wonderfully tempered Signor Candido upon a time invited home to his house certain Neapolitan lords of curious taste and no mean palates, conjuring his wife, of all loves, to prepare cheer fitting for such honourable

trencher-men. She—just of a woman's nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour—willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnished, not only of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time, as much as a citizen might do. To conclude, they were hungry lords, for there came no meat in; their stomachs were plainly gulled, and their teeth deluded, and, if anger could have seized a man, there was matter enough i'faith to vex any citizen in the world! If he were not too much made a fool by his wife!
40 FLUELLO Ay, I'll swear for't. 'Sfoot, had it been my case, I should ha' played mad tricks with my wife and family. First I would ha' spitted the men, stewed the maids, and baked the mistress, and so served them in.
50 PIORATTO
Why 'twould ha' tempted any blood but his.—
And thou to vex him? Thou to anger him
With some poor shallow jest?
CASTRUCCIO 'Sblood, Signor Pioratto—you that disparage my conceit—I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galls him.
55 PIORATTO Done, 'tis a lay: join golls on't [*shaking hands with Castruccio*].—Witness, Signor Fluello.
[*Fluello shakes hands with them*]
CASTRUCCIO Witness; 'tis done:
60 Come, follow me; the house is not far off.
I'll thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred ducats by one jest. *Exeunt*

Enter [Viola,] Candido's Wife; [she discovers] George, and two Prentices in the shop

Sc. 5

WIFE Come, you put up your wares in good order here, do you not, think you? One piece cast this way, another that way! You had need have a patient master indeed.
GEORGE [*aside*] Ay, I'll be sworn, for we have a curst mistress.
5 WIFE You mumble? Do you mumble? I would your master or I could be a note more angry: for two patient folks

99 fact deed, crime
4.0.1 *Castruccio* The term in Tuscan dialect means 'pig-sty'; but the name may be associated with the Italian, *strucio*, ostrich—possibly intended to emblemize the character's ostentatious dress (an additional play on 'castrated' is possible).
1 *shall's* i.e. shall us = shall we
9 *blood* disposition, temper
12 *That* i.e. the loss of constancy
18 *mirror* paragon
22 *conceit* idea
24 *spleen* regarded as the seat of anger
25 *tavern token* small copper or brass piece circulated within a tavern or eating

house as small change
27 *approved* tried, tested
33 *curious* delicate, fastidious
34 *of all loves* for love's sake
35 *trencher-men* feeders, eaters; *trencher* may mean 'knife' or 'plate'
37 *get the start of* gain superiority over
humour disposition, temperament
willingly wilfully
43 *meat* food
50 *spitted* thrust through with a spit; stabbed
stewed with a sexual pun derived from stews = brothel
51 *baked* possibly carrying the innuendo, 'made pregnant'

served them in dished them up (possibly with the sexual innuendo, 'sexually penetrated them')
56 *upon the head* rashly, precipitately
58 *lay bet*
golls hands (a cant term)
59 *Witness* bear witness
5.0.1-2 *Enter...shop* Candido's Wife presumably enters from a stage door and proceeds to initiate the 'opening up' of the shop in the discovery space; merchandise associated with the draper's trade would likely be set in view.
4 *curst* perversely disagreeable or cross, shrewish
7 *note* sign, token

in a house spoil all the servants that ever shall come under them.

10 FIRST PRENTICE [*aside*] You patient! Ay, so is the devil when he is horn-mad.

Enter Castruccio, Fluello, and Pioratto

ALL THREE IN THE SHOP Gentlemen, what do you lack? What is't you buy? See fine hollands, fine cambrics, fine lawns.

15 GEORGE What is't you lack?
SECOND PRENTICE What is't you buy?
CASTRUCCIO Where's Signor Candido, thy master?
GEORGE Faith, signor, he's a little negotiated; he'll appear presently.

20 CASTRUCCIO Fellow, let's see a lawn, a choice one, sirrah.
GEORGE The best in all Milan, gentlemen, and this is the piece. I can fit you gentlemen with fine calicoes, too, for doublets, the only sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meek, gentle calico, cut upon two double affable taffetas—ah, most neat, feat, and unmatchable.

25 FLUELLO A notable voluble-tongued villain.
PIORATTO I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating. [*George presents the cloth*]
CASTRUCCIO What, and is this she, sayst thou?

30 GEORGE Ay, and the purest she that ever you fingered since you were a gentleman. Look how even she is, look how clean she is, ha!—as even as the brow of Cynthia, and as clean as your sons and heirs when they ha' spent all.

35 CASTRUCCIO Puh, thou talk'st—pox on't, 'tis rough.
GEORGE How? Is she rough? But if you bid pox on't, sir, 'twill take away the roughness presently.
FLUELLO Ha, signor, has he fitted your French curse?
GEORGE Look you, gentleman, here's another. Compare

40 them, I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*: compare virgins with harlots.
CASTRUCCIO Puh, I ha' seen better, and as you term them, evener and cleaner.
GEORGE You may see further for your mind, but trust me,

45 you shall not find better for your body.
Enter Candido
CASTRUCCIO [*aside to Gallants*]
O, here he comes; let's make as though we pass.—
[*Aloud*] Come, come, we'll try in some other shop.
CANDIDO How now? What's the matter?

GEORGE The gentlemen find fault with this lawn, fall out with it, and without a cause, too.

CANDIDO Without a cause!
And that makes you to let 'em pass away!—
Ah, may I crave a word with you, gentlemen?

FLUELLO
He calls us.

CASTRUCCIO
Makes the better for the jest.

CANDIDO
I pray come near; you're very welcome, gallants. Pray pardon my man's rudeness, for I fear me He's talked above a prentice with you.—Lawns! Look you, kind gentlemen; this—no—ay, this—
Take this upon my honest-dealing faith
To be a true weave, not too hard nor slack,
But e'en as far from falsehood as from black.

CASTRUCCIO Well, how do you rate it?
CANDIDO Very conscionably, eighteen shillings a yard.
CASTRUCCIO That's too dear. How many yards does the whole piece contain, think you?

65 CANDIDO Why, some seventeen yards, I think, or thereabouts. How much would serve your turn, I pray?
CASTRUCCIO Why, let me see—would it were better, too—
CANDIDO Truth, 'tis the best in Milan, at few words.
CASTRUCCIO Well, let me have then—a whole pennyworth.

70 CANDIDO Ha, ha! You're a merry gentleman.
CASTRUCCIO A penn'orth, I say.
CANDIDO Of lawn?
CASTRUCCIO Of lawn, ay, of lawn, a penn'orth. 'Sblood, dost not hear? A whole penn'orth. Are you deaf?

75 CANDIDO
Deaf? No, sir; but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldom meet such customers.
CASTRUCCIO Nay, an you and your lawns be so squeamish, fare you well. [*Offering to leave*]
CANDIDO Pray stay; a word, pray, signor. For what purpose is it, I beseech you?

80 CASTRUCCIO 'Sblood, what's that to you? I'll have a pennyworth.
CANDIDO A pennyworth! Why you shall: I'll serve you presently.

85 SECOND PRENTICE 'Sfoot, a pennyworth, mistress!

11 **horn-mad** mad with rage (with a quibble on the devil's horns)
13–16 **What... buy?** traditional street cries
18 **negotiated** engaged
21 **best... Milan** Milan was famous for ribbons, hats, lace and other items of haberdashery. The nominal setting in Milan which bears unmistakable features of London may be designed to play off 'the best on sale in town' against 'the finest imports'.
22 **piece** playing on the sense 'woman' or 'girl' (picked up by Castruccio at 5.29)
calicoes cotton cloths imported from the

East
23 **doublets** close-fitting body-garments, with or without sleeves, worn by men
25 **affable** presumably, 'supple'
feat neat, trim
32, 33 **clean** pure, clear of obstructions; with a pun on the sense 'stripped of money' in 5.33
32 **Cynthia** Diana, maiden goddess of chastity
36–7 **bid pox... roughness** in reference to an effect of venereal disease (causing hair to fall out)

38 **fitted** applied, inserted (an image from venereal disease)
French Syphilis, or the pox, was known as the French disease.
40 **compara... Homero** compare Virgil with Homer (Latin); adapted from William Lily's Latin Grammar, Part 2, sig. E8
44 **for your mind** according to your taste or liking
61 **black** The traditional whiteness of the best lawns (5.57) is contrasted with its opposite.
85 **presently** immediately

Scene 5 The humours of the patient man. The longing wyfe and the honest whore.

WIFE
A pennyworth! Call you these gentlemen?
CASTRUCCIO [*directing Candido*]
No, no, not there.
CANDIDO What then, kind gentleman?
What, at this corner here?
CASTRUCCIO No, nor there neither;
90 I'll have it just in the middle, or else not.
CANDIDO
Just in the middle!—Ha!—You shall too. What,
Have you a single penny?
CASTRUCCIO Yes, here's one.
CANDIDO
Lend it me, I pray.
FLUELLO An exc'cellent-followed jest.
WIFE
What, will he spoil the lawn now?
CANDIDO Patience, good wife.
[*Candido starts to cut the cloth*]
WIFE
95 Ay, that patience makes a fool of you.—Gentlemen,
You might ha' found some other citizen
To have made a kind gull on besides my husband.
CANDIDO
Pray, gentlemen, take her to be a woman;
Do not regard her language.—[*To Wife*] O kind soul,
100 Such words will drive away my customers.
WIFE Customers with a murrain! Call you these custom-
ers?
CANDIDO Patience, good wife.
WIFE Pox o'your patience.
105 GEORGE 'Sfoot, mistress, I warrant these are some cheating
companions.
CANDIDO
Look you, gentleman, there's your ware. I thank you;
I have your money here. Pray know my shop;
Pray, let me have your custom.
110 WIFE Custom, quoth 'a!
CANDIDO Let me take more of your money.
WIFE You had need so.
PIORATTO [*aside to Castruccio*]
Hark in thine ear: thou'st lost an hundred ducats.
CASTRUCCIO [*aside to Pioratto*]
115 Well, well, I know't. Is't possible that *homo*
Should be nor man nor woman? Not once moved?
No, not at such an injury, not at all!

Sure he's a pigeon, for he has no gall.
FLUELLO [*to Candido*]
Come, come, you're angry, though you smother it:
You're vexed, i'faith—confess.
CANDIDO Why, gentlemen,
Should you conceit me to be vexed or moved? 120
He has my ware, I have his money for't,
And that's no argument I am angry; no,
The best logician cannot prove me so.
FLUELLO
O, but the hateful name of a pennyworth of lawn,
And then cut out i'th'middle of the piece! 125
Pah, I guess it by myself: 'twould move a lamb—
Were he a linen-draper, 'twould, i'faith.
CANDIDO
Well, give me leave to answer you for that.
We are set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies, offend none; 130
We get by many, if we leese by one.
Maybe his mind stood to no more than that;
A penn'orth serves him; and 'mongst trades 'tis
found,
Deny a penn'orth, it may cross a pound.
O, he that means to thrive with patient eye 135
Must please the devil if he come to buy.
FLUELLO
O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe!
How blest were men, if women could be so.
CANDIDO
And to express how well my breast is pleased,
And satisfied in all—George, fill a beaker— 140
Exit George
I'll drink unto that gentleman who lately
Bestowed his money with me.
WIFE God's my life,
We shall have all our gains drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawn.
Enter George [with a beaker of wine]
CANDIDO
Here, wife, begin you to the gentleman. 145
WIFE
I begin to him?
[*She spills the wine*]
CANDIDO George, fill't up again.—
'Twas my fault, my hand shook.
Exit George [with the beaker]

93 Lend it me, I pray i.e. to cut a piece of
cloth the size of a coin
97 gull fool, simpleton
101 murrain plague
106 companions fellows
114–15 homo...woman Although normally
masculine, the Latin 'homo' ('man'
or 'human being'), depending on its
reference, could also be feminine in

gender.
117 pigeon...gall proverbial (Tilley D574)
120 conceit imagine
126 Pah exclamation of disgust
126–7 I guess...linen-draper Fluello
registers his admiration of Candido's
patience: he reckons that his provocation
would have angered a linen-draper as

mildly disposed as a lamb.
126 by myself i.e. by my example
131 leese lose
132 stood to was resolutely fixed on (i.e.
Candido's loss in this transaction)
134 cross thwart, prevent
140 beaker large open cup or goblet
145 begin i.e. drinking

PIORATTO How strangely this doth show!
 A patient man linked with a waspish shrew.
 FLUELLO [*aside*]
 A silver and gilt beaker; I have a trick
 150 To work upon that beaker; sure 'twill fret him;
 It cannot choose but vex him. [*Aside to Castruccio*]
 Signor Castruccio,
 In pity to thee I have a conceit
 Will save thy hundred ducats yet; 'twill do't,
 And work him to impatience.
 CASTRUCCIO [*aside to Fluello*] Sweet Fluello,
 155 I should be bountiful to that conceit.
 FLUELLO [*aside to Castruccio*]
 Well, 'tis enough.
Enter George [with a beaker of wine]
 CANDIDO Here, gentleman, to you,
 I wish your custom; you're exceeding welcome.
 CASTRUCCIO
 I pledge you, Signor Candido;
 [*He drinks*]
 Here to you, that must receive a hundred ducats.
 PIORATTO
 160 I'll pledge them deep, i'faith, Castruccio.
 [*He drinks*]
 Signor Fluello.
 FLUELLO Come, play't off; to me—
 I am your last man.
 CANDIDO George, supply the cup.
 [*George refills the beaker*]
 FLUELLO So, so, good honest George.—
 [*He drinks*]
 165 Here, Signor Candido, all this to you.
 [*He offers the beaker*]
 CANDIDO
 O, you must pardon me, I use it not.
 FLUELLO
 Will you not pledge me then?
 CANDIDO Yes, but not that:
 Great love is shown in little.
 FLUELLO Blurt on your sentences!—
 'Sfoot, you shall pledge me all.
 CANDIDO Indeed, I shall not.
 FLUELLO
 170 Not pledge me? 'Sblood, I'll carry away the beaker
 then.

CANDIDO
 The beaker? O, that at your pleasure, sir!
 FLUELLO
 Now by this drink, I will.
 CASTRUCCIO [*to Candido*] Pledge him, he'll do't else.
 FLUELLO [*finishing his wine*]
 So, I ha' done you right, on my thumb-nail.
 What, will you pledge me now?
 CANDIDO You know me, sir;
 I am not of that sin.
 FLUELLO Why then, farewell;
 175 I'll bear away the beaker, by this light.
 CANDIDO That's as you please, 'tis very good.
 FLUELLO Nay, it doth please me, and as you say, 'tis a very
 good one. Farewell, Signor Candido.
 PIORATTO Farewell, Candido. 180
 CANDIDO
 You're welcome, gentlemen.
 CASTRUCCIO Heart! Not moved yet?
 I think his patience is above our wit.
Exeunt [Gallants]
 GEORGE I told you before, mistress, they were all cheaters.
 WIFE [*to Candido*] Why, fool, why, husband, why, mad-
 185 man, I hope you will not let 'em sneak away so with
 a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too.—[*To*
Prentices] Go, fellows, make hue and cry after them.
 CANDIDO Pray let your tongue lie still; all will be well.—
 Come hither, George, hie to the constable,
 190 And in calm order wish him to attach them.
 Make no great stir, because they're gentlemen,
 And a thing partly done in merriment.
 'Tis but a size above a jest thou know'st,
 Therefore pursue it mildly. Go, begone.
 The constable's hard by; bring him along. 195
 Make haste again. *Exit George*
 WIFE O, you're a goodly patient woodcock, are you not
 now? See what your patience comes to: everyone
 saddles you and rides you—you'll be shortly the com-
 200 mon stone-horse of Milan. A woman's well holped up
 with such a meacock! I had rather have a husband that
 would swaddle me thrice a day than such a one that
 will be gulled twice in half an hour. O, I could burn all
 the wares in my shop for anger.
 CANDIDO
 205 Pray wear a peaceful temper, be my wife,
 That is, be patient; for a wife and husband

155 I should...conceit i.e. if your idea
 proves successful, I'll reward you
 161 play't off toss it off, finish it
 to me Fluello asks for the beaker to be
 passed to him after Pioratto has finished
 his drink (in order to follow through
 with his plan of taking the beaker to vex
 Candido).
 163 supply fill
 166 I use it not i.e. I am unaccustomed
 to such drinking. Candido has already
 pledged them (5.156) and refuses to

drink more.
 168 Blurt on 'snort on' or 'a fig for' (an
 exclamation of contempt)
 sentences wise sayings
 169 all i.e. (by drinking) all the wine
 173 on my thumb-nail i.e. to the last drop;
 alluding to the practice of drinking
 supernaculum, in which the emptied
 glass was turned up over the left thumb-
 nail to show that no liquor remained
 193 a size one measure

196 again back
 197 woodcock fool, 'birdbrain'
 200 stone-horse stallion (and therefore in
 general demand)
 holped helped
 201 meacock effeminate person; coward,
 weakling
 202 swaddle beat
 206-7 a wife...between them probably
 derived from Genesis 2:24 or Matthew
 19:5-6

Scene 5

The Honeft Whore

Share but one soul between them; this being known,
 Why should not one soul then agree in one?
 WIFE
 Hang your agreements! But if my beaker be gone—
Exit

Enter Castruccio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George

210 CANDIDO O, here they come.
 GEORGE The constable, sir, let 'em come along with me,
 because there should be no wond'ring; he stays at door.
 CASTRUCCIO Constable?—Goodman Abram!
 FLUELLO Now Signor Candido, 'sblood, why do you attach
 215 us?
 CASTRUCCIO 'Sheart! Attach us!
 CANDIDO Nay, swear not, gallants,
 Your oaths may move your souls, but not move me.
 You have a silver beaker of my wife's.
 FLUELLO
 You say not true: 'tis gilt.
 220 CANDIDO Then you say true.
 And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.
 CASTRUCCIO
 I hope you're not angry, sir.
 CANDIDO Then you hope right,
 For I am not angry.
 PIORATTO No, but a little moved.
 CANDIDO
 I moved! 'Twas you were moved, you were brought
 hither.
 225 CASTRUCCIO
 But you, out of your anger and impatience,
 Caused us to be attached.
 CANDIDO Nay, you misplace it;
 Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
 And not of any wrath. Had I shown anger,
 I should have then pursued you with the law
 230 And hunted you to shame; as many worldlings
 Do build their anger upon feebler grounds—
 The more's the pity—many lose their lives
 For scarce so much coin as will hide their palm,
 Which is most cruel. Those have vexed spirits
 235 That pursue lives. In this opinion rest:
 The loss of millions could not move my breast.

FLUELLO
 Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deal;
 Such a meek spirit can bless a commonweal.

CANDIDO
 Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time,
 Pray part not hence, but dine with me today. 240

CASTRUCCIO
 I never heard a courtier yet say nay
 To such a motion. I'll not be the first.

PIORATTO Nor I.

FLUELLO Nor I.

CANDIDO
 The constable shall bear you company. 245
 George, call him in. Let the world say what it can,
 Nothing can drive me from a patient man.
*Exeunt [George at one door,
 the others at another door]*

*Enter Roger with a stool, cushion, looking-glass,
 and chafing-dish; those being set down, he pulls
 out of his pocket a vial with white colour in it, and
 two boxes, one with white, another red, painting.
 He places all things in order and a candle by them,
 singing with the ends of old ballads as he does it.
 At last Bellafront, as he rubs his cheek with the
 colours, whistles within* Sc. 6

ROGER Anon, forsooth.
 BELLAFRONT [*within*] What are you playing the rogue
 about?
 ROGER About you, forsooth; I'm drawing up a hole in your
 white silk stocking. 5
 BELLAFRONT [*within*] Is my glass there? And my boxes of
 complexion?
 ROGER Yes, forsooth, your boxes of complexion are here,
 I think—yes, 'tis here: here's your two complexions—
 and if I had all the four complexions, I should ne'er set 10
 a good face upon't. Some men, I see, are born under
 hard-favoured planets as well as women. Zounds, I look
 worse now than I did before, and it makes *her* face
 glisten most damnably. There's knavery in daubing, I
 15 hold my life, or else this is only female pomatum.

212 because so that
 213 Abram lunatic, madman; an Abraham-
 man feigned madness for the purpose of
 begging.
 214 attach arrest
 234 spirits Very likely pronounced 'sprites',
 as also at 5.238.
 239 now 'tis i.e. 'now that it is'
 247 from from being
 6.o.2 chafing-dish used for heating the
 curling-iron and the poking-stick (*poker*,

6.16)
 o.4 painting cosmetic pigment
 10 four complexions four temperaments
 or humours (sanguine, phlegmatic,
 choleric, melancholy), quibbling also on
complexion meaning 'face', 'natural skin
 colour', and 'cosmetic pigment'
 10-11 set a good face upon't (in reference
 to his own face, which he has been
 daubing with red and white cosmetics)
 improve its appearance (proverbial: Tilley

F17); with a play on *face* = complexion
 11-12 born...planets proverbial (Tilley
 P386)
 12 hard-favoured playing on (a) ugly,
 of disagreeable appearance, and (b) ill
 disposed, unlucky
 Zounds corruption of 'by God's wounds'
 (a strong oath)
 14 glisten sparkle, glitter
 15 pomatum scented ointment

*Enter Bellafront not full ready, without a gown.
She sits down; with her bodkin curls her hair;
colours her lips*

BELLAFRONT Where's my ruff and poker, you block-head?

ROGER Your ruff and your poker are engendering together upon the cupboard of the court, or the court-cupboard.

20 BELLAFRONT Fetch 'em.—Is the pox in your hams, you can go no faster?

[She throws an object at him]

ROGER Would the pox were in your fingers, unless you could leave flinging. Catch!

[He throws an object at her]

Exit

BELLAFRONT I'll catch you, you dog, by and by. Do you grumble?

She sings

25 Cupid is a god,
As naked as my nail;
I'll whip him with a rod,
If he my true love fail.

[Enter Roger with ruff and poker]

ROGER There's your ruff. Shall I poke it?

30 BELLAFRONT Yes, honest Roger—no, stay; prithee, good boy, hold here.

[Roger holds looking-glass and candle]

[She sings]

Down, down, down, down, I fall

Down, and arise I never shall.

35 ROGER Troth, mistress, then leave the trade if you shall never rise.

BELLAFRONT What trade, Goodman Abram?

ROGER Why, that of down and arise, or the falling trade.

BELLAFRONT I'll fall with you by and by.

40 ROGER If you do, I know who shall smart for't: troth, mistress, what do I look like now?

[He holds up the looking-glass to Bellafront]

BELLAFRONT Like as you are: a panderly sixpenny rascal.

ROGER I may thank you for that; no, faith, I look like an old proverb, 'Hold the candle before the devil.'

BELLAFRONT Ud's life, I'll stick my knife in your guts an you prate to me so!—Wha-at?

45

She [paints her face and] sings

Well met, pug, the pearl of beauty, umh, umh.

How now, sir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh.

Marry-muff, sir, are you grown so dainty? Fa, la, la, (etc.)

Is it you, sir? The worst of twenty; fa la, la, leera la. Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glass?

50

ROGER Why, as I hold your door: with my fingers.

BELLAFRONT Nay, pray thee, sweet honey Roger, hold up handsomely.

[She sings]

Sing, pretty wantons, warble, (etc.)

We shall ha' guests today, I lay my little maidenhead, my nose itches so.

55

ROGER I said so too last night, when our fleas twinged me.

BELLAFRONT So poke my ruff now.—My gown, my gown; have I my fall? Where's my fall, Roger?

ROGER Your fall, forsooth, is behind.

60

One knocks

BELLAFRONT God's my pittikins, some fool or other knocks.

ROGER Shall I open to the fool, mistress?

BELLAFRONT And all these baubles lying thus? Away with it quickly. *[They gather up the paints etc.]* Ay, ay, knock and be damned, whosoever you be.—So, give the fresh salmon line now, let him come ashore; he shall serve for my breakfast, though he go against my stomach.

65

Roger fetches in Fluello, Castruccio, and Pioratto

FLUELLO *[to Bellafront]* Morrow, coz.

CASTRUCCIO *[to Bellafront]* How does my sweet acquaintance?

70

PIORATTO *[to Bellafront]* Save thee, little marmoset; how dost thou, good pretty rogue?

BELLAFRONT Well, God-a-mercy, good pretty rascal.

15.1 **gown** overgarment, often made of costly fabrics; but possibly in reference to a 'night-gown', a less elaborate, warmer outer garment not restricted to night-time wear. Bellafront would presumably be dressed in a kirtle, consisting either of a floor-length dress or of a bodice and skirt, over which a gown was commonly worn.

15.2 **bodkin** curling iron

16 **poker** poking-stick (a small steel rod which was heated and used for setting the pleats of a ruff)

18 **court-cupboard** a movable sideboard or cabinet used for the display of plate and storage of fruit, wine, spoons, and linen

24 **grumble** growl faintly

26 **naked as my nail** proverbial (Tilley N4)

29 **ruff...poke it** with a bawdy innuendo

32-3 **Down...shall** The concluding refrain of 'Sorrow, sorrow stay' from John

Dowland's *Second Book of Songs or Ayres* (1600); see *Companion*, p. 137.

33 **arise** prosper

36 **Abram** lunatic; see 5.213 and note.

37 **down...falling trade** with sexual innuendoes; *falling trade* can also mean 'failing business' and 'declining path'

38 **fall with** assail with blows; settle with. Bellafront makes a forced pun on Roger's *falling* as she does with *catch*, 6.23.

41 **sixpenny** so named for the sixpences he receives for procuring clients; explained at 8.88-9

43 **Hold...devil** i.e. 'help the devil by holding a candle while he works' (proverbial: Tilley C42); Roger refers to himself holding a candle and mirror (emblematic of vanity) for Bellafront.

45 **Wha-at** expressing Bellafront's prolonged disdain

46 **pug** (a) a term of endearment; (b) cour-

tesan, harlot

48 **Marry-muff** a derisive exclamation (originally a kind of cheap fabric)

51 **hold your door** conventional function of a pander (i.e. control access to your body)

56-62 **nose itches...fool** 'If your nose itches you will kiss a fool' (proverbial: Tilley N224).

59 **fall** falling band or collar

60 **fall** punning on 'sexual fall' behind punning on 'in the past'

61 **pittikins** a diminutive of 'pity'

64-5 **knock and be damned** in reference to the brothel as hell (proverbial?)

65-6 **fresh salmon** fool, prey (often with a sexual suggestion)

67 **stomach** (a) appetite, taste; (b) abdomen (punning on *go* = copulate)

71 **marmoset** monkey (a term of endearment or playful reproach)

FLUELLO Roger, some light, I prithee.
 75 ROGER You shall, signor, for we that live here in this vale
 of misery are as dark as hell. *Exit for a candle*
 CASTRUCCIO Good tobacco, Fluello?
 FLUELLO Smell.
Enter Roger [with a candle]
 PIORATTO It may be tickling gear, for it plays with my nose
 80 already.
 ROGER Here's another light angel, signor.
 BELLAFRONT What, you pied curtal, what's that you are
 neighing?
 ROGER I say, God send us the light of heaven, or some
 85 more angels.
 BELLAFRONT Go fetch some wine, and drink half of it.
 ROGER I must fetch some wine, gentlemen, and drink half
 of it?
 FLUELLO [*offering money*] Here, Roger.
 90 CASTRUCCIO [*offering money*] No, let me send, prithee.
 FLUELLO Hold, you cankerworm.
 ROGER You shall send both, if you please, signors.
 PIORATTO Stay, what's best to drink o' mornings?
 ROGER Hippocras, sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most
 95 dear to her.
 FLUELLO Hippocras! [*Giving money*] There, then, here's a
 teston for you, you snake.
 ROGER Right, sir; here's three shillings and sixpence for a
 pottle and a manchet. *Exit*
 100 CASTRUCCIO Here's most Herculean tobacco; ha' some,
 acquaintance?
 BELLAFRONT Faugh, not I.—Makes your breath stink like
 the piss of a fox. Acquaintance, where supped you last
 night?
 105 CASTRUCCIO At a place, sweet acquaintance, where your
 health danced the canaries, i'faith: you should ha' been
 there.

BELLAFRONT I there among your punks! Marry, faugh,
 hang 'em; scorn't. Will you never leave sucking of eggs
 110 in other folks' hens' nests?
 CASTRUCCIO Why, in good troth, if you'll trust me, ac-
 quaintance, there was not one hen at the board; ask
 Fluello.
 FLUELLO No, faith, coz, none but cocks. Signor Malavolta
 drunk to thee. 115
 BELLAFRONT O, a pure beagle; that horse-leech there?
 FLUELLO And the knight, Sir Oliver Lolloio, swore he would
 bestow a taffeta petticoat on thee, but to break his fast
 with thee.
 BELLAFRONT With me! I'll choke him then. Hang him,
 120 mole-catcher! It's the dreaming'st snotty-nose.
 PIORATTO Well, many took that Lolloio for a fool; but he's
 a subtle fool.
 BELLAFRONT Ay, and he has fellows; of all filthy, dry-fisted
 knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me. 125
 CASTRUCCIO Why, wench, is he scabbed?
 BELLAFRONT Hang him, he'll not live to be so honest, nor to
 the credit to have scabs about him; his betters have 'em.
 But I hate to wear out any of his coarse knighthood,
 because he's made like an alderman's night-gown, faced
 130 all with cony before, and within nothing but fox. This
 sweet Oliver will eat mutton till he be ready to burst,
 but the lean-jawed slave will not pay for the scraping
 of his trencher.
 PIORATTO Plague him! Set him beneath the salt, and let
 135 him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut.
 FLUELLO Sordello, the gentleman usher, came in to us
 too—marry, 'twas in our cheese, for he had been to
 borrow money for his lord, of a citizen.
 CASTRUCCIO What an ass is that lord, to borrow money of 140
 a citizen.

79 **tickling** i.e. an effect of tobacco
gear stuff
 81 **angel** (a) in reference to the candle as an
 angel bringing light to the *vale of misery*;
 (b) beautiful creature, who is wanton
 (light)
 82 **curtal** (a) horse with a docked tail;
 (b) rogue who wears a short cloak
 85 **angels** with a pun on the gold coin so
 named
 86 **fetch some wine** one of the duties of a
 whore's attendant
 87-8 **I must . . . of it** Roger is presumably
 waiting for money.
 94 **Hippocras** a spiced and sweetened wine
 so named for the cloth bag known as
 Hippocrates' sleeve through which it was
 strained
 97 **teston** sixpence
 99 **pottle** liquid measure (= two quarts)
manchet small loaf or roll of the finest
 wheaten bread
 100 **Herculean** strong, powerful
 106 **danced the canaries** punning on the

Spanish dance and sweet Canary wine
 108 **punks** prostitutes
Marry, faugh common expression of
 contempt (cf. the character, Mary Faugh,
 in Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*)
 109-10 **sucking . . . nests** i.e. characterizing
 Castruccio as a weasel or cuckoo.
 112 **board** table
 114 **Malavolta** playing on the *lavolta*, a
 lively dance
 116 **beagle** a term of abuse (possibly with
 sexual innuendo)
horse-leech a term of abuse: (a) aquatic
 sucking worm, commonly used medic-
 ally; (b) rapacious, insatiable person
 117 **Lolloio** Possibly derived from the Italian,
lóglio, a darnel or cockle in corn. Mid-
 dleton may have recalled it in writing
Changeling.
 121 **mole-catcher** term of abuse (probably
 with sexual innuendo associated with
 phallic suggestion of *mole*)
 124 **dry-fisted** miserly
 126 **scabbed** syphilitic

128 **credit** honour, trustworthiness
 130 **night-gown** dressing gown (with a pun
 on *knighthood*)
faced covered, trimmed
 131 **cony . . . fox** playing on the proverbial
 innocence and foolishness of a rabbit
 (*cony*) and the cleverness and ruth-
 lessness of a fox; cf. a wolf in sheep's
 clothing.
cony rabbit fur
 131-2 **This sweet Oliver** alluding to a
 popular ballad, now lost, 'O sweet Oliver,
 leave me not behind thee' (proverbial:
 Tillye O40)
 132 **eat mutton** enjoy, use prostitutes
 135 **the salt** A register of social rank:
 persons of higher station were seated
 above the central large salt-cellar at
 table while those of inferior status were
 positioned below it.
 136 **cut** slice or portion (with a bawdy pun
 on *cut* = cunt)
 138 **in our cheese** at the end of our meal

- BELLAFRONT Nay, God's my pity, what an ass is that citizen to lend money to a lord!
Enter Matteo and [after him] Hippolito, who, saluting the company, as a stranger walks off. Roger comes in sadly behind them with a pottle-pot, and stands aloof off
- 145 MATTEO Save you, gallants. Signor Fluello, exceedingly well met, as I may say.
 FLUELLO Signor Matteo, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.
 MATTEO And how fares my little pretty mistress?
 BELLAFRONT E'en as my little pretty servant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them. [To Roger] How now? Why the devil stand'st thou so? Art in a trance?
 ROGER [coming forward] Yes, forsooth.
 BELLAFRONT Why dost not fill out their wine?
 155 ROGER Forsooth, 'tis filled out already: all the wine that the signor has bestowed upon you is cast away. A porter ran a-tilt at me, and so faced me down that I had not a drop.
 BELLAFRONT I'm accursed to let such a withered artichoke-faced rascal grow under my nose. Now you look like an old he-cat going to the gallows.—I'll be hanged if he ha' not put up the money to cony-catch us all.
 ROGER No, truly, forsooth, 'tis not put up yet.
 BELLAFRONT How many gentlemen hast thou served thus?
 165 ROGER None but five hundred, besides prentices and servingmen.
 BELLAFRONT Dost think I'll pocket it up at thy hands?
 ROGER Yes, forsooth, I fear you will pocket it up.
 BELLAFRONT [to Matteo] Fie, fie, cut my lace, good servant,
 170 I shall ha' the mother presently, I'm so vexed at this horse-plum.
 FLUELLO Plague, not for a scald pottle of wine.
 MATTEO Nay, sweet Bellafront, for a little pig's wash!
 CASTRUCCIO [giving money] Here, Roger, fetch more.—A
 175 mischance, i'faith, acquaintance.
 BELLAFRONT [to Roger] Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.
- ROGER For the t'other pottle?—Yes, forsooth.
 BELLAFRONT [aside to Roger] Spill that too. *Exit [Roger]*
 What gentleman is that, servant—your friend? 180
 MATTEO Gods-so, a stool, a stool.
 [Hippolito comes forward]
 If you love me, mistress, entertain this gentleman respectively, and bid him welcome.
 BELLAFRONT He's very welcome.—Pray sir, sit.
 HIPPOLITO Thanks, lady. 185
 FLUELLO Count Hippolito, is't not?—Cry you mercy, signor, you walk here all this while, and we not heed you? Let me bestow a stool upon you, beseech you. You are a stranger here; we know the fashions o'th' house.
 CASTRUCCIO Please you be here, my lord. 190
 [He offers] tobacco
 HIPPOLITO No, good Castruccio.
 FLUELLO You have abandoned the court, I see, my lord, since the death of your mistress. Well, she was a delicate piece.—[To Bellafront] Beseech you, sweet.—[To Hippolito] Come, let us serve under the colours of your acquaintance still, for all that. Please you to meet here at the lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you. 195
 HIPPOLITO
 I never can deserve this kindness, sir.
 What may this lady be whom you call coz? 200
 FLUELLO Faith, sir, a poor gentlewoman, of passing good carriage; one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an attorney's house.
 HIPPOLITO Is she married?
 FLUELLO Ha, as all your punks are: a captain's wife, or so.—Never saw her before, my lord? 205
 HIPPOLITO Never; trust me, a goodly creature.
 FLUELLO By gad, when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest ape under the pole. A skin—your satin is not more soft, nor lawn whiter. 210
 HIPPOLITO Belike, then, she's some sale courtesan.
 FLUELLO Troth, as all your best faces are, a good wench.
 HIPPOLITO Great pity that she's a good wench.

143.2 *walks off* withdraws or retires to the rear or another part of the stage
 143.4 *aloof off* at a distance
 149 *servant lover*
 157 *faced me down* browbeat me
 161 *gallows* i.e. where stray animals were hanged
 162 *put up* pocketed
cony-catch cheat
 163 *put up* stowed away (Roger quibbles on the meaning of Bellafront's term as below at 6.168).
 167 *pocket it up* put up with it
 168 *pocket it up* i.e. in reference to the swindle, in accordance with which Roger will hand the money over to Bellafront
 169 *cut my lace* i.e. cut my stays (so I

can breathe more freely and forestall swooning)
 170 *the mother* hysteria
 171 *horse-plum* small red variety of plum (term of contempt)
 172 *scald paltry*, contemptible
 173 *pig's wash* swill of a brewery given to pigs (contemptuously used in reference to weak, inferior liquor)
 183 *respectively* (a) attentively; (b) respectfully
 186 *Cry you mercy* I beg your pardon, forgiveness
 190 *Please... my lord* Castruccio presumably merely offers tobacco, though he might also offer Hippolito his stool.
 191–214 *No, good Castruccio... good*

wench Bellafront and Matteo are presumably dallying or talking apart, as signalled by Matteo's non-sequitur statement at 6.215.
 201 *passing* exceedingly
 202 *carriage* demeanour
suits in law i.e. the pretence of law business in term-time would provide a conventional cover for prostitution
 205 *captain's wife* i.e. a husband away at sea used as a cover for prostitution
 212 *sale courtesan* (with a quibble on 'sale cloth'—meaning either 'cloth for sale' or 'inferior cloth'—making light of Fluello's likening of Bellafront's skin to fabrics)
 214 *good wench* prostitute (Hippolito plays on the literal sense, 'virtuous woman')

- 215 MATTEO [*to Bellafront*] Thou shalt have it, i'faith, mistress.—How now signors? What? Whispering? [*To Hippolito*] Did not I lay a wager I should take you within seven days in a house of vanity?
- 220 HIPPOLITO You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.
- MATTEO How do you like my mistress?
- HIPPOLITO Well, for such a mistress; better, if your mistress be not your master. I must break manners, gentlemen, fare you well.
- 225 MATTEO 'Sfoot, you shall not leave us.
- BELLAFRONT The gentleman likes not the taste of our company.
- ALL THE GALLANTS Beseech you stay.
- HIPPOLITO Trust me, my affairs beckon for me; pardon me.
- 230 MATTEO Will you call for me half an hour hence here?
- HIPPOLITO Perhaps I shall.
- MATTEO Perhaps? Faugh! I know you can; swear to me you will.
- HIPPOLITO Since you will press me, on my word, I will. *Exit*
- 235 BELLAFRONT What sullen picture is this, servant?
- MATTEO It's Count Hippolito, the brave count.
- PIORATTO As gallant a spirit as any in Milan, you sweet Jew.
- FLUELLO O, he's a most essential gentleman, coz.
- 240 CASTRUCCIO Did you never hear of Count Hippolito, acquaintance?
- BELLAFRONT Marry-muff o'your counts, an be no more life in 'em!
- MATTEO He's so malcontent, sirrah Bellafront. An you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the count with us.—Thou shalt sit at the upper end, punk.
- 245 BELLAFRONT Punk? You soused gurnet!
- MATTEO King's truce! Come, I'll bestow the supper to have him but laugh.
- 250 CASTRUCCIO He betrays his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.
- MATTEO All this is for a woman.
- BELLAFRONT A woman?—Some whore! What sweet jewel is't?
- 255 PIORATTO Would she heard you.
- FLUELLO Troth, so would I.
- CASTRUCCIO And I, by heaven.
- BELLAFRONT Nay, good servant, what woman?
- MATTEO Pah!
- BELLAFRONT Prithee tell me, a buss and tell me. I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench. Good rogue, who?
- MATTEO By th'Lord, I will not, must not, faith, mistress.—Is't a match, sirs? This night at th' Antelope; for there's best wine and good boys. 265
- ALL THE GALLANTS It's done; at th' Antelope.
- BELLAFRONT I cannot be there tonight.
- MATTEO Cannot? By th'Lord, you shall.
- BELLAFRONT By the Lady, I will not. Sha-all!
- FLUELLO Why then, put it off till Friday: woo't come then, coz? 270
- BELLAFRONT Well.
- Enter Roger*
- MATTEO You're the waspishest ape.—Roger, put your mistress in mind—your scurvy mistress here—to sup with us on Friday next. You're best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waistcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steals out at the back gate of her sweet knight's lodging. 275
- BELLAFRONT Go, go, hang yourself!
- CASTRUCCIO It's dinner-time, Matteo, shall's hence?
- ALL THE GALLANTS Yes, yes.—Farewell, wench.
- BELLAFRONT Farewell, boys. *Exeunt [Gallants]*
- Roger, what wine sent they for?
- ROGER Bastard wine, for if it had been truly begotten, it would not ha' been ashamed to come in. Here's six shillings to pay for nursing the bastard. 285
- BELLAFRONT A company of rooks! O, good sweet Roger, run to the poulter's and buy me some fine larks.
- ROGER No woodcocks?
- BELLAFRONT
- Yes, faith, a couple, if they be not dear. 290
- Enter Hippolito*
- ROGER
- I'll buy but one; there's one already here. *Exit*
- HIPPOLITO
- Is the gentleman, my friend, departed, mistress?
- BELLAFRONT
- His back is but new turned, sir.
- HIPPOLITO Fare you well.
- BELLAFRONT
- I can direct you to him.
- HIPPOLITO Can you, pray?
- BELLAFRONT
- If you please stay, he'll not be absent long. 295

238 **Jew** playful use of a conventional term of opprobrium

239 **essential** thorough, entire

244 **sirrah** often used in reference to women

247 **soused gurnet** pickled gurnet (gurnard), (term of abuse)

248 **King's truce** a cry for the discontinuance of a game

260 **buss** kiss

264 **Antelope** possibly in allusion to, or suggestive of, the Antelope Inn on the west side of West Smithfield, London

269 **Sha-all** signifying Bellafront's protracted indignation; cf. *Wha-at* (6.45)

270 **woo't** wilt

276 **band** collar

waistcoat A waist-length undergarment; worn without a covering garment, it was considered a sign of dishabille and frequently associated with prostitutes.

277 **kirtle** A floor-length garment worn as a dress over petticoats and occasionally with an outer gown. The *linings outward*

presumably signify that the garment was put on in the dark or that the wearer was inebriated.

hackney prostitute

284 **Bastard wine** a sweet Spanish wine, with a play on the sense, 'illegitimate offspring', at 6.284-6.

285 **come in** i.e. to a brothel

287 **rooks** fools, gulls

291 **there's one** quibbling on a second sense of *woodcock* = fool, simpleton

HIPPOLITO	I care not much.	As ever a poor gentlewoman could be.	
BELLAFRONT	Pray sit, forsooth.	HIPPOLITO	This were well now, to one but newly fledged,
HIPPOLITO	I'm hot.		And scarce a day old in this subtle world: 330
	If I may use your room, I'll rather walk.		'Twere pretty art, good birdlime, cunning net;
BELLAFRONT	At your best pleasure.—Whew!—[<i>Calling offstage</i>]		But come, come, faith, confess: how many men
	Some rubbers there!		Have drunk this selfsame protestation
HIPPOLITO	Indeed, I'll none—indeed, I will not, thanks.	BELLAFRONT	From that red 'ticing lip?
300	Pretty fine lodging. I perceive my friend		Indeed, not any.
	Is old in your acquaintance.	HIPPOLITO	'Indeed', and blush not?
BELLAFRONT	Troth, sir, he comes	BELLAFRONT	No, in truth, not any. 335
	As other gentlemen, to spend spare hours.	HIPPOLITO	'Indeed', 'in truth'—How warily you swear!
	If yourself like our roof, such as it is,		'Tis well, if ill it be not; yet, had I
	Your own acquaintance may be as old as his.		The ruffian in me, and were drawn before you
HIPPOLITO	Say I did like; what welcome should I find?		But in light colours, I do know indeed
305			You would not swear 'indeed', but thunder oaths
BELLAFRONT	Such as my present fortunes can afford.		That should shake heaven, drown the harmonious
HIPPOLITO	But would you let me play Matteo's part?		spheres,
BELLAFRONT	What part?		And pierce a soul that loved her maker's honour
HIPPOLITO	Why, embrace you, dally with you, kiss.		With horror and amazement.
	Faith, tell me, will you leave him, and love me?	BELLAFRONT	Shall I swear?
BELLAFRONT	I am in bonds to no man, sir.		Will you believe me then?
310	HIPPOLITO	HIPPOLITO	Worst then of all;
	Why then,		Our sins by custom seem at last but small. 345
	You're free for any man; if any, me.		Were I but o'er your threshold, a next man,
	But I must tell you, lady, were you mine,		And after him a next, and then a fourth,
	You should be all mine: I could brook no sharers;		Should have this golden hook and lascivious bait
	I should be covetous, and sweep up all.		Thrown out to the full length. Why, let me tell you,
315	I should be pleasure's usurer; faith, I should.		I ha' seen letters sent from that white hand
BELLAFRONT	O fate!		Tuning such music to Matteo's ear. 350
HIPPOLITO	Why sigh you, lady? May I know?	BELLAFRONT	Matteo! That's true, but if you'll believe
BELLAFRONT	'T has never been my fortune yet to single		My honest tongue, my eyes no sooner met you
	Out that one man whose love could fellow mine,		But they conveyed and led you to my heart.
	As I have ever wished it. O my stars!	HIPPOLITO	O, you cannot feign with me! Why, I know, lady,
320	Had I but met with one kind gentleman		This is the common fashion of you all,
	That would have purchased sin alone to himself		To hook in a kind gentleman, and then
	For his own private use, although scarce proper,		Abuse his coin, conveying it to your lover;
	Indifferent handsome, meetly legged and thighed,		And in the end you show him a French trick,
	And my allowance reasonable, i'faith,		And so you leave him, that a coach may run
325	According to my body, by my troth,		Between his legs for breadth. 360
	I would have been as true unto his pleasures,	BELLAFRONT	O, by my soul,
	Yea, and as loyal to his afternoons,		Not I! Therein I'll prove an honest whore,
			In being true to one, and to no more.
		HIPPOLITO	If any be disposed to trust your oath,
			Let him; I'll not be he. I know you feign 365

298 **rubbers** towels
 322 **scarce proper** hardly good-looking
 323 **meetly** fairly well, tolerably
 331 **birdlime** sticky substance applied to tree twigs for catching birds
 334 **'ticing** enticing
 335 **Indeed** an interjection associated with

Puritans (and hence hypocrisy)
 345 **Our sins** . . . **small** derived from St Augustine's '*Consuetudo peccati tollit sensum peccandi*': the custom of sinning takes away the feeling of sin; proverbial (Tilley C934)

359 **show** . . . **trick** infect him with venereal disease
 360-1 **a coach** . . . **breadth** in allusion to an effect of venereal disease (*French trick*, 6.359)
 362 **honest** chaste

Scene 6

the pasyent man & the onest hore

All that you speak; ay, for a mingled harlot
 Is true in nothing but in being false.
 What, shall I teach you how to loathe yourself?
 And mildly too, not without sense or reason?
 BELLAFRONT
 370 I am content; I would fain loathe myself,
 If you not love me.
 HIPPOLITO Then if your gracious blood
 Be not all wasted, I shall assay to do't.
 Lend me your silence, and attention.—
 You have no soul:
 That makes you weigh so light; heaven's treasure
 375 bought it,
 And half a crown hath sold it. For your body,
 It's like the common shore, that still receives
 All the town's filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you; and thus much, I suppose,
 380 That if all your committers stood in rank,
 They'd make a lane, in which your shame might
 dwell,
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
 Nay, shall I urge it more? There has been known
 As many by one harlot maimed and dismembered
 385 As would ha' stuffed an hospital; this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right.
 O, you're as base as any beast that bears;
 Your body is e'en hired, and so are theirs.
 For gold and sparkling jewels, if he can,
 390 You'll let a Jew get you with Christian.
 Be he a Moor, a Tartar, though his face
 Look uglier than a dead man's skull,
 Could the devil put on a human shape,
 If his purse shake out crowns, up then he gets:
 395 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
 So that you're crueller than Turks, for they
 Sell Christians only; you sell yourselves away.
 Why, those that love you, hate you, and will term
 you
 Lickerish damnation; wish themselves half sunk
 400 After the sin is laid out, and e'en curse
 Their fruitless riot—for what one begets
 Another poisons; lust and murder hit.
 A tree being often shook, what fruit can knit?

BELLAFRONT
 O me unhappy!
 HIPPOLITO I can vex you more:
 A harlot is like Dunkirk, true to none,
 405 Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
 Back-doored Italian, last of all the French;
 And he sticks to you, faith, gives you your diet,
 Brings you acquainted first with monsieur doctor,
 And then you know what follows.
 BELLAFRONT Misery.
 410 Rank, stinking, and most loathsome misery.
 HIPPOLITO
 Methinks a toad is happier than a whore.
 That with one poison swells, with thousands more
 The other stocks her veins.—Harlot? Fie, Fie!
 415 You are the miserablist creatures breathing,
 The very slaves of nature. Mark me else:
 You put on rich attires, others' eyes wear them;
 You eat but to supply your blood with sin,
 And this strange curse e'en haunts you to your
 graves:
 From fools you get, and spend it upon slaves.
 420 Like bears and apes you're baited and show tricks
 For money, but your bawd the sweetness licks.
 Indeed, you are their journeywomen, and do
 All base and damned works they list set you to;
 So that you ne'er are rich—for do but show me,
 425 In present memory or in ages past,
 The fairest and most famous courtesan,
 Whose flesh was dear'st, that raised the price of sin
 And held it up, to whose intemperate bosom
 Princes, earls, lords—the worst has been a knight,
 430 The mean'st a gentleman—have offered up
 Whole hecatombs of sighs, and rained in showers
 Handfuls of gold; yet for all this, at last
 Diseases sucked her marrow, then grew so poor
 That she has begged, e'en at a beggar's door.
 435 And—wherein heaven has a finger—when this idol
 From coast to coast has leaped on foreign shores,
 And had more worship than th' outlandish whores,
 When several nations have gone over her,
 440 When for each several city she has seen
 Her maidenhead has been new and been sold dear,

366 **mingled** promiscuous
 375 **heaven's**...it Christ redeemed your soul
 376 **For** as for
 377 **shore** sewer
still constantly
 380 **your committers** in a sexual sense: those who have had sexual relations with you
 382 **spaces** accumulated distances from body to body
 390 **get you**...**Christian** make you pregnant with a child who, because born to an at least nominal Christian or in a Christian land, will be brought up as one (the

father having absconded)
 395 **Whores** punning on 'horse'
rid ridden
bits (a) mouthpieces of horses' bridles;
 (b) coins
 399 **Lickerish** lecherous
 402 **hit** agree together
 405 **Dunkirk** Notorious as a haven of freebooters who preyed indiscriminately on sailing vessels of all nations.
 407 **Back-doored Italian** alluding to the alleged sexual proclivities of Italians for sodomy
French as bearers of venereal disease

413 **poison** Toads were thought to be venomous.
 417 **others'**...**them** The sense seems to be that Bellafront's wearing of expensive clothes is appreciated chiefly by others.
 423 **journeywomen** women working at a trade for daily wages
 424 **list** please, choose
 432 **hecatombs** vast numbers
 436 **idol** i.e. the *courtesan* of l. 427
 437 **leaped** (a) danced, skipped; (b) fornicated
 438 **outlandish** foreign
 440 **several** separate, different

Did live well there, and might have died unknown
 And undefamed, back comes she to her own;
 And there both miserably lives and dies,
 445 Scorned even of those that once adored her eyes;
 As if her fatal-circled life thus ran:
 Her pride should end there where it first began.
 What, do you weep to hear your story read?
 Nay, if you spoil your cheeks, I'll read no more.
 450 BELLAFRONT O yes, I pray proceed:
 Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.
 HIPPOLITO
 To give those tears a relish, this I add:
 You're like the Jews, scattered, in no place certain;
 Your days are tedious, your hours burdensome,
 455 And were't not for full suppers, midnight revels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drown
 And bury quite in you all virtuous thoughts,
 And on your eyelids hang so heavily
 They have no power to look so high as heaven,
 460 You'd sit and muse on nothing but despair,
 Curse that devil Lust, that so burns up your blood,
 And in ten thousand shivers break your glass
 For his temptation. Say you taste delight
 To have a golden gull from rise to set,
 465 To mete you in his hot luxurious arms;
 Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dream
 Of warrants, whips, and beadles, and then start
 At a door's windy creak, think every weasel
 To be a constable, and every rat
 470 A long-tailed officer. Are you now not slaves?
 O, you have damnation without pleasure for it!
 Such is the state of harlots. To conclude,
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turn bawd and are then worse than before.
 Make use of this; farewell.
 475 BELLAFRONT O, I pray stay.
 HIPPOLITO
 I see Matteo comes not; time hath barred me.
 Would all the harlots in the town had heard me.
 Exit [leaving his sword]
 BELLAFRONT
 Stay yet a little longer. No—quite gone!
 480 Cursed be that minute—for it was no more,
 So soon a maid is changed into a whore—
 Wherein I first fell; be it for ever black.

Yet why should sweet Hippolito shun mine eyes,
 For whose true love I would become pure-honest,
 Hate the world's mixtures, and the smiles of gold?
 485 Am I not fair? Why should he fly me then?
 Fair creatures are desired, not scorned of men.
 How many gallants have drunk healths to me
 Out of their daggered arms, and thought them blest
 Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigal feasts!
 490 And does Hippolito detest my love?
 O, sure their heedless lusts but flattered me;
 I am not pleasing, beautiful, nor young.
 Hippolito hath spied some ugly blemish
 Eclipsing all my beauties; I am foul.
 495 'Harlot!' Ay, that's the spot that taints my soul.—
 His weapon left here? O fit instrument
 To let forth all the poison of my flesh!
 Thy master hates me, 'cause my blood hath ranged;
 But when 'tis forth, then he'll believe I'm changed.
 [She prepares to stab herself]
 Enter Hippolito
 HIPPOLITO
 Madwoman, what art doing?
 500 BELLAFRONT Either love me,
 Or cleave my bosom on thy rapier's point;
 Yet do not, neither, for thou then destroy'st
 That which I love thee for—thy virtues. Here, here,
 [She gives the sword to Hippolito]
 Thou'rt crueller, and kill'st me with disdain;
 505 To die so sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse pain.
 Exit Hippolito
 Not speak to me! Not look! Not bid farewell!
 Hated! This must not be; some means I'll try.
 Would all whores were as honest now as I. Exit

Enter Candido, [Viola,] his Wife, George, and two
 Prentices in the shop; Fustigo enters, walking by
 510 GEORGE See, gentleman, what you lack. A fine holland, a
 fine cambric, see what you buy.
 FIRST PRENTICE Holland for shirts, cambric for bands, what
 is't you lack?
 515 FUSTIGO [aside] 'Sfoot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lack
 money to buy 'em: let me see, let me look again; mass,
 this is the shop.—[To Wife] What, coz! Sweet coz! How
 dost, i'faith, since last night after candlelight? We had

443 own i.e. country
 449 read lecture, sermonize
 462 shivers splinters
 glass mirror

464 To have...set to have a rich fool from
 sunrise to sunset

465 mete measure (i.e. embrace)
 luxurious lustful

467 whips Whores were whipped for their
 offences by beadles.

start recoil suddenly in alarm

470 long-tailed possibly in reference to a
 whip or rope (officer could mean 'jailer'

or 'executioner' as well as 'petty officer
 of justice' or 'constable')

476 time...me the passage of time has
 prevented me (from staying)

484 mixtures promiscuous sexual relations
 487-8 drunk healths...arms One of the
 extravagant gestures of a gallant to his
 mistress consisted of piercing with his
 dagger a vein in his arm to procure a
 cupful of blood (sometimes mixed with
 wine), which was then drunk to her
 health.

498 blood sexual passion

ranged been inconstant

7.0.1-2 Enter...walking by As at the start
 of Sc. 5, those associated with the shop
 presumably reveal it and set it out in the
 discovery space—probably the central
 door providing access to the stage (if, as
 seems likely, the Fortune Theatre was
 equipped with three doors).

1 holland linen fabric, originally from the
 province of Holland in the Netherlands
 2 cambric fine white linen, originally made
 at Cambray in Flanders

10 good sport, i'faith, had we not? And when shall's laugh
again?
WIFE When you will, cousin.
FUSTIGO Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian. I see yonder's
thy husband.
WIFE Ay, there's the sweet youth, God bless him.
15 FUSTIGO And how is't cousin? And how? How is't, thou
squall?
WIFE Well, cousin; how fare you?
FUSTIGO How fare I? Troth, for sixpence a meal, wench,
as well as heart can wish, with calves' chawdrons and
20 chitterlings; besides I have a punk after supper, as good
as a roasted apple.
CANDIDO Are you my wife's cousin?
FUSTIGO I am, sir; what hast thou to do with that?
CANDIDO O, nothing, but you're welcome.
25 FUSTIGO The devil's dung in thy teeth! I'll be welcome
whether thou wilt or no, I.—What ring's this, coz?
Very pretty and fantastical, i'faith; let's see it.
WIFE Puh! Nay, you wrench my finger.
FUSTIGO [*taking the ring*] I ha' sworn I'll ha't, and I hope
30 you will not let my oaths be cracked in the ring, will
you?—I hope, sir, you are not melancholy at this, for
all your great looks. Are you angry?
CANDIDO
Angry? Not I, sir; nay, if she can part
So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.
35 GEORGE Suffer this, sir, and suffer all. A whoreson gull,
to—
CANDIDO
Peace, George; when she has reaped what I have
sown,
She'll say one grain tastes better of her own
Than whole sheaves gathered from another's land:
40 Wit's never good till bought at a dear hand.
[*Fustigo and Wife kiss*]
GEORGE But in the mean time she makes an ass of
somebody.
SECOND PRENTICE See, see, see, sir, as you turn your back
they do nothing but kiss.
CANDIDO
45 No matter, let 'em; when I touch her lip
I shall not feel his kisses, no, nor miss
Any of her lip; no harm in kissing is.
Look to your business, pray make up your wares.

FUSTIGO Troth, coz, and well remembered, I would thou
wouldst give me five yards of lawn to make my punk
50 some falling bands o' the fashion—three falling one
upon another, for that's the new edition now. She's
out of linen horribly, too; troth, sh'has never a good
smock to her back neither, but one that has a great
many patches in't, and that I'm fain to wear myself
55 for want of shift, too. Prithee, put me into wholesome
napery, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.
WIFE Reach me those cambrics and the lawns hither.
CANDIDO What to do, wife? To lavish out my goods upon
a fool?
FUSTIGO Fool! 'Snails, eat the 'fool', or I'll so batter your
crown that it shall scarce go for five shillings.
SECOND PRENTICE Do you hear, sir? You're best be quiet,
and say a fool tells you so.
FUSTIGO [*to Candido*] Nails, I think so, for thou tell'st me.
60 CANDIDO
Are you angry, sir, because I named thee fool?
Trust me, you are not wise in mine own house
And to my face to play the antic thus.
If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage
Of lesser compass, where few eyes may note
70 Your actions' error; but if still you miss,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hiss.
FUSTIGO Zounds, cousin, he talks to me as if I were a scurvy
tragedian.
SECOND PRENTICE [*aside to George*] Sirrah George, I ha'
75 thought upon a device how to break his pate, beat him
soundly, and ship him away.
GEORGE [*aside to Second Prentice*] Do't.
SECOND PRENTICE [*aside to George*] I'll go in, pass thorough
80 the house, give some of our fellow prentices the watch-
word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my
master in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold
him in conference, whilst we cudgel the gull out of his
coxcomb.
GEORGE [*aside to Second Prentice*] Do't; away, do't.
85 WIFE Must I call twice for these cambrics and lawns?
CANDIDO Nay, see, you anger her, George, prithee dispatch.
SECOND PRENTICE Two of the choicest pieces are in the
warehouse, sir.
CANDIDO Go fetch them presently.
90 FUSTIGO Ay, do, make haste, sirrah. *Exit Second Prentice*

12 **Lacedemonian** wanton (i.e. like Helen of Troy, who abandoned her husband in Lacedemon)
16 **squall** wench (a term of both endearment and opprobrium)
19 **chawdrons** entrails used for food
20 **chitterlings** smaller intestines stuffed with forcemeat and fried or boiled
30 **cracked in the ring** If a coin had a crack which extended from its edge beyond the ring which encircled the sovereign's

head, it was no longer acceptable as currency.
32 **great looks** serious countenance
40 **Wit's...hand** proverbial (Tilley W567)
51 **falling bands** collars worn falling flat around the neck
52 **new edition** latest style
57 **napery** personal linen
61 **'Snails eat** (a) retract; (b) literally 'eat' (punning on *fool* as sweet dessert)

62 **crown** punning on 'head' and 'an English coin worth five shillings'
go (a) be accepted, pass; (b) sell
65 **for** because
68 **antic** fool
69–72 **choose a stage...hiss** a metatheatrical allusion to the indoor theatres used by the children's companies, which held fewer spectators than the public amphitheatres
79 **thorough** through

- CANDIDO
Why were you such a stranger all this while,
Being my wife's cousin?
FUSTIGO Stranger? No sir, I'm a natural Milaner born.
- 95 CANDIDO I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake
me, but you are welcome, sir; I much wish your
acquaintance.
FUSTIGO My acquaintance? I scorn that, i'faith; I hope my
acquaintance goes in chains of gold three-and-fifty times
100 double—you know who I mean, coz: the posts of his
gate are a-painting, too.
Enter the Second Prentice
SECOND PRENTICE [*to Candido*] Signor Pandulfo the merchant
desires conference with you.
CANDIDO
Signor Pandulfo? I'll be with him straight.
105 Attend your mistress and the gentleman. *Exit*
WIFE [*to Prentices*] When do you show those pieces?
FUSTIGO [*to Prentices*] Ay, when do you show those pieces?
ALL THE PRENTICES Presently, sir, presently; we are but
charging them.
110 FUSTIGO Come, sirrah, you flat-cap, where be these whites?
GEORGE Flat-cap! Hark in your ear, sir—[*aside to Fustigo*]
you're a flat fool, an ass, a gull, and I'll thrum you.—
[*Aloud*] Do you see this cambric, sir?
FUSTIGO [*to Wife*] 'Sfoot, coz, a good jest! Did you hear
115 him? He told me in my ear I was 'a flat fool, an ass,
a gull, and I'll thrum you.—Do you see this cambric,
sir?
WIFE What, not my men, I hope?
FUSTIGO No, not your men, but one of your men, i'faith.
120 FIRST PRENTICE [*showing a piece of cloth*] I pray, sir, come
hither; what say you to this? Here's an excellent good
one.
FUSTIGO Ay, marry, this likes me well; cut me off some
half-score yards.
125 SECOND PRENTICE [*aside to Fustigo*] Let your whores cut.
You're an impudent coxcomb, you get none, and yet
I'll thrum you.—[*Aloud*] A very good cambric, sir.
- FUSTIGO Again, again, as God judge me! [*To Wife*] 'Sfoot,
coz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and
yet I get nothing. 130
FIRST PRENTICE A word, I pray, sir; you must not be angry:
prentices have hot bloods—young fellows. What say
you to this piece? Look you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so
even, so fine a thread, that a lady may wear it.
FUSTIGO 'Sfoot, I think so: if a knight marry my punk, a 135
lady shall wear it. Cut me off twenty yards; thou'rt an
honest lad.
FIRST PRENTICE Not without money, gull, and I'll thrum
you too.
ALL THE PRENTICES Gull, we'll thrum you. 140
FUSTIGO
O Lord, sister, did you not hear something cry thump?
Zounds, your men here make a plain ass of me.
WIFE What, to my face so impudent?
GEORGE
Ay, in a cause so honest we'll not suffer
Our master's goods to vanish moneyless. 145
WIFE
You will not suffer them?
SECOND PRENTICE No, and you may blush
In going about to vex so mild a breast
As is our master's.
WIFE [*to Fustigo*] Take away those pieces.
Cousin, I give them freely.
FUSTIGO Mass, and I'll take 'em as freely. 150
ALL THE PRENTICES We'll make you lay 'em down again
more freely.
[*Prentices beat Fustigo with clubs*]
WIFE
Help, help, my brother will be murdered!
Enter Candido
CANDIDO
How now, what coil is here? Forbear, I say.
GEORGE
He calls us flat-caps, and abuses us. 155
CANDIDO
Why, sirs? Do such examples flow from me?

92 **stranger** Candido asks why Fustigo did not reveal his identity; but in his reply Fustigo interprets *stranger* to mean 'foreigner'.
94 **natural** native (but in Candido's response 'inborn')
95 **mistake** misunderstand
97 **acquaintance** knowledge beyond recognition but less than intimacy (but Fustigo in his response professes his *acquaintance* to be with a specific wealthy and influential city official)
99 **chains of gold** either as worn by a well-dressed gentleman or associated with a city office
100-1 **the posts... a-painting** Posts were erected outside mayors', sheriffs', or

aldermen's houses for exhibiting proclamations and were newly painted at the start of the official's term of office.
109 **charging** loading (the goods), with a pun on 'charging with gunpowder' playing on *pieces* = fire-arms
110 **flat-cap** A slighting term for a citizen and tradesmen, from the woollen caps apprentices were required to wear.
whites white cloths or fabrics
112 **flat** punning also on the senses (a) dull, stupid; (b) downright
thrum beat
123 **likes** pleases
124 **yards** Second Prentice interprets as 'penises'

125 **cut** castrate
129 **thrumming** (a) i.e. threatening to 'thrum' or 'beat'; (b) provoking (literally, 'striking something with the fingers as if playing on a musical instrument')
141 **cry thump** make a thumping sound; thump
152.1 **Prentices... clubs** Although Second Prentice at ll. 79-84 had set out the strategy for prentices other than George and First and Second Prentices to enter, additional assistance seems uncalled for to overpower Fustigo, especially since the same three apparently get the better of Crambo and Poh at 12.99.1.
154 **coil** fuss, commotion

Scene 7

the pasyent man & the onest hore

WIFE
 They are of your keeping, sir.—Alas, poor brother.
 FUSTIGO I'faith, they ha' peppered me, sister: look, does 't
 not spin? Call you these prentices? I'll ne'er play at
 160 cards more when clubs is trump: I have a goodly
 coxcomb, sister, have I not?
 CANDIDO
 Sister and brother? Brother to my wife?
 FUSTIGO If you have any skill in heraldry, you may soon
 know that; break but her pate, and you shall see her
 165 blood and mine is all one.
 CANDIDO A surgeon, run, a surgeon! [*Exit First Prentice*]
 Why then wore you that forgåd name of cousin?
 FUSTIGO Because it's a common thing to call 'coz' and
 'ningle' nowadays all the world over.
 CANDIDO
 170 Cousin! A name of much deceit, folly, and sin,
 For under that common-abused word,
 Many an honest-tempered citizen
 Is made a monster, and his wife trained out
 To foul adulterous action, full of fraud.
 175 I may well call that word a city's bawd.
 FUSTIGO Troth, brother, my sister would needs ha' me take
 upon me to gull your patience a little; but it has made
 double gules on my coxcomb.
 WIFE
 What, playing the woman? Blabbing now, you fool?
 CANDIDO
 180 O, my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.
 FUSTIGO
 'Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, methinks.
 CANDIDO
 Then let this warning more of sense afford.
 The name of cousin is a bloody word.
 FUSTIGO I'll ne'er call coz again whilst I live, to have such
 185 a coil about it. This should be a coronation day, for my
 head runs claret lustily. *Exit*
Enter an Officer
 CANDIDO
 Go wish the surgeon to have great respect.—
 [*Exit Second Prentice*]
 How now, my friend? What, do they sit today?
 OFFICER
 Yes, sir, they expect you at the senate-house.
 CANDIDO
 190 I thank your pains, I'll not be last man there.—
Exit Officer
 My gown, George; go, my gown.—A happy land,
 Where grave men meet, each cause to understand;

Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes
 To gull the poor man's right, but in even scales
 Peise rich and poor, without corruption's vails.— 195
 Come, where's the gown?
 GEORGE I cannot find the key, sir.
 CANDIDO Request it of your mistress.
 WIFE Come not to me for any key.
 I'll not be troubled to deliver it.
 CANDIDO
 Good wife, kind wife, it is a needful trouble, 200
 But for my gown.
 WIFE Moths swallow down your gown!
 You set my teeth on edge with talking on't.
 CANDIDO
 Nay, prithee, sweet, I cannot meet without it;
 I should have a great fine set on my head.
 WIFE
 Set on your coxcomb! Tush, fine me no fines. 205
 CANDIDO
 Believe me, sweet, none greets the senate-house
 Without his robe of reverence, that's his gown.
 WIFE
 Well, then, you're like to cross that custom once.
 You get nor key nor gown; and so depart.
 [*Aside*] This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart. 210
Exit
 CANDIDO
 Stay, let me see, I must have some device.—
 My cloak's too short: fie, fie, no cloak will do't;
 It must be something fashioned like a gown,
 With my arms out.—O, George, come hither, George,
 I prithee lend me thine advice. 215
 GEORGE Troth, sir, were it any but you, they would break
 open chest.
 CANDIDO
 O, no. Break open chest? That's a thief's office.
 Therein you counsel me against my blood:
 'Twould show impatience, that. Any meek means 220
 I would be glad to embrace. Mass, I have got it:
 Go, step up, fetch me down one of the carpets—
 The saddest coloured carpet, honest George—
 Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my neck,
 Two for mine arms. Nay, prithee, look not strange. 225
 GEORGE
 I hope you do not think, sir, as you mean.
 CANDIDO
 Prithee, about it quickly, the hour chides me;
 Warily, George, softly, take heed of eyes. *Exit George*
 Out of two evils he's accounted wise

158 peppered	severely beaten	punning on 'gull'	accusation
't	i.e. his head	185-6 coronation day...claret	Fustigo
160 clubs is trump	proverbial (Tilley C453)	likens his blood to wine flowing in the	195 Peise
169 ningle	boy-favourite, catamite; intimate	city's conduits to celebrate a coronation	vails
170 Cousin	with a pun on 'cozen'	day; and he has a bloody 'crown'.	casual profits, gratuities; perquisites
173 monster	cuckold (horned)	187 wish	204 set on my head
trained	lured	wish	imposed on me (but
178 gules	red (heraldic term)—possibly	respect	Candido's Wife takes head literally)
		deferential regard, care	208 cross
		192 cause	contravene
		(a) matter in dispute; (b) charge,	222 carpets
			table-covers
			223 saddest
			soberest

230 That can pick out the least; the fine imposed
 For an ungowndè senator is about
 Forty crusadoes, the carpet not 'bove four.
 Thus have I chosen the lesser evil yet,
 Preserved my patience, foiled her desperate wit.
Enter George [with the carpet]
 235 GEORGE Here, sir, here's the carpet.
 CANDIDO
 O, well done, George, we'll cut it just i'th'midst.
[They cut a hole in the carpet]
 'Tis very well, I thank thee; help it on.
 GEORGE It must come over your head, sir, like a wench's
 petticoat.
[Candido puts the carpet on]
 CANDIDO
 240 Thou'rt in the right, good George, it must indeed.
 Fetch me a night-cap, for I'll gird it close,
 As if my health were queasy. 'Twill show well
 For a rude careless night-gown, will't not, think'st?
 GEORGE Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gown, being girt
 245 and pleated.
 CANDIDO Ay, and a night-cap on my head.
 GEORGE
 That's true, sir.—I'll run and fetch one, and a staff.
Exit
 CANDIDO
 For thus they cannot choose but conster it:
 One that is out of health takes no delight,
 250 Wears his apparel without appetite,
 And puts on heedless raiment without form.—
Enter George [with a night-cap and staff]
 So, so, kind George, *[putting on the night-cap and taking
 the staff]* be secret now, and prithee
 Do not laugh at me till I'm out of sight.
 GEORGE I laugh? Not I, sir.
 CANDIDO Now to the senate-house:
 Methinks I'd rather wear, without a frown,
 A patient carpet than an angry gown. *Exit*
 GEORGE Now looks my master just like one of our carpet-
 knights, only he's somewhat the honester of the two.
Enter [Viola,] Candido's Wife [with a key]
 260 WIFE What, is your master gone?
 GEORGE Yes, forsooth, his back is but new turned.
 WIFE
 And in his cloak? Did he not vex and swear?
 GEORGE *[aside]* No, but he'll make you swear anon.—*[To
 her]* No, indeed, he went away like a lamb.

WIFE
 Key, sink to hell! Still patient, patient still!
 I am with child to vex him. Prithee, George,
 If e'er thou look'st for favour at my hands,
 Uphold one jest for me.
 GEORGE Against my master?
 WIFE 'Tis a mere jest, in faith. Say, wilt thou do't?
 GEORGE Well, what is't?
 WIFE
 Here, take this key. Thou know'st where all things lie.
 Put on thy master's best apparel, gown,
 Chain, cap, ruff, everything, be like himself,
 And 'gainst his coming home, walk in the shop;
 275 Fain the same carriage, and his patient look.
 'Twill breed but a jest thou know'st; speak, wilt thou?
 GEORGE
 'Twill wrong my master's patience.
 WIFE Prithee, George.
 GEORGE Well, if you'll save me harmless, and put me under
 covert-baron, I am content to please you, provided it
 280 may breed no wrong against him.
 WIFE
 No wrong at all. Here, take the key; begone.
 If any vex him, this; if not this, none.
*Exeunt [Candido's Wife at
 one door, George at another]*
Enter a Bawd and Roger
 Sc. 8
 BAWD O Roger, Roger, where's your mistress, where's your
 mistress? There's the finest, neatest gentleman at my
 house but newly come over. O, where is she, where is
 she, where is she?
 ROGER My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em. My
 5 mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.
 BAWD How? Is she not a whore? Do you go about to take
 away her good name, Roger? You are a fine pander,
 indeed.
 ROGER I tell you, Madonna Fingerlock, I am not sad for
 10 nothing; I ha' not eaten one good meal this three-
 and-thirty days: I had wont to get sixteen pence by
 fetching a pottle of Hippocras, but now those days are
 past. We had as good doings, Madonna Fingerlock—she
 within doors and I without—as any poor young couple
 15 in Milan.
 BAWD God's my life, and is she changed now?
 ROGER I ha' lost by her squeamishness more than would
 have builded twelve bawdy houses.

232 **crusadoes** Portuguese coins stamped with a cross, worth about 2s. 4d.
 233 **lesser evil** proverbial (Tilley E207)
 241 **gird**... **close** fasten tightly, or tie firmly
 243 **night-gown** an overgarment worn indoors and out both during the day and at night
 244 **Indifferent** moderately
 248 **conster** explain, interpret
 256–7 **Methinks**...**gown** Candido prefers to express his patience in wearing the

improvised table-cloth than to submit to anger in demanding his gown.
 258–9 **carpet-knights** one knighted on a carpet before the throne in peacetime rather than on the battle-field; often implying a voluptuary; the term had particular topicality in 1604 since James I created more than 1000 knights in his first year as king.
 266 **am with child** long inordinately
 275 **'gainst** in readiness for

280 **covert-baron** protection (originally a legal term relating to the condition of a wife under the cover, authority, or protection of her husband)
 8.3 **come over** arrived from abroad
 10 **Fingerlock** Possibly in reference to tight curls (a *lock* twisted on the finger), but the name also carries clear bawdy innuendoes.
 14 **doings** business (sexual pun)

Scene 8

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

20 BAWD And had she no time to turn honest but now? What a vile woman is this! Twenty pound a night, I'll be sworn, Roger, in good gold and no silver. Why, here was a time; if she should ha' picked out a time, it could not be better! Gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of hair, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, everything. It cannot sink into my head that she should be such an ass. Roger, I never believe it.

ROGER Here she comes now.
Enter Bellafront

30 BAWD O sweet madonna, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather! There's the sweetest, prop'rest, gallantest gentleman at my house; he smells all of musk and ambergris, his pocket full of crowns, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, carnation silk stockings, and a leg and a body, O!

BELLAFRONT
Hence, thou, our sex's monster, poisonous bawd, Lust's factor, and damnation's orator, Gossip of hell! Were all the harlots' sins Which the whole world contains numbered together, Thine far exceeds them all; of all the creatures That ever were created, thou art basest. What serpent would beguile thee of thy office? It is detestable; for thou liv'st Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door, Whilst couples go to dancing: O coarse devil! Thou art the bastard's curse—thou brand'st his birth; The lecher's French disease, for thou dry-suck'st him; The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

BAWD Marry, come up, with a pox! Have you nobody to rail against but your bawd now?

BELLAFRONT
And you, knave pander, kinsman to a bawd—
ROGER [*to Bawd*] You and I, madonna, are cousins.
BELLAFRONT
Of the same blood and making, near allied, Thou, that slave to sixpence, base-mettled villain.

ROGER Sixpence? Nay, that's not so; I never took under two shillings fourpence—I hope I know my fee.

BELLAFRONT
I know not against which most to inveigh, For both of you are damned so equally. Thou never spar'st for oaths, swear'st anything, As if thy soul were made of shoe-leather: 'God damn me, gentleman, if she be within!' When in the next room she's found dallying.

ROGER If it be my vocation to swear, every man in his vocation; I hope my betters swear and damn themselves, and why should not I?

BELLAFRONT Roger, you cheat kind gentlemen.
ROGER The more gulls they.
BELLAFRONT Slave, I cashier thee.
BAWD An you do cashier him, he shall be entertained.
ROGER Shall I?—[*To Bellafront*] Then blurt o' your service.
BELLAFRONT [*to Bawd*]
As hell would have it, entertained by you! I dare the devil himself to match those two. *Exit*
BAWD Marry gup, are you grown so holy, so pure, so honest, with a pox?
ROGER Scurvy honest punk! But stay, madonna, how must our agreement be now, for you know I am to have all the comings-in at the hall-door, and you at the chamber-door.
BAWD True, Roger, except my vails.
ROGER Vails, what vails?
BAWD Why, as thus: if a couple come in a coach, and light to lie down a little, then, Roger, that's my fee; and you may walk abroad, for the coachman himself is their pander.
ROGER Is 'a so? In truth, I have almost forgot, for want of exercise. But how if I fetch this citizen's wife to that gull, and that madonna to that gallant, how then?
BAWD Why then, Roger, you are to have sixpence a lane: so many lanes, so many sixpences.
ROGER Is't so? Then I see we two shall agree and live together.
BAWD Ay, Roger, so long as there be any taverns and bawdy houses in Milan. *Exeunt*

24 stirring available, in circulation	gallants because they showed off their shapely legs better than woollen hose.	come a worse except the devil come himself' (proverb: Tilley W910).
30 loose gown (the conventional dress of prostitutes)	37 factor agent, representative	73 Marry gup a corruption of 'Marry' (i.e. by Mary) 'go up' (get along)
31 felt hat	38 Gossip companion, crony	77 comings-in takings (the prospective client made payments at each stage of access to a prostitute)
33 prop'rest handsomest	54 base-mettled mean spirited (with a pun on the metal of the <i>sixpence</i> coin)	79 vails casual profits, gratuities; perquisites
33 ambergris perfume (a substance secreted in the intestines of the sperm-whale)	60 soul with a pun on 'sole'	82 light descend (from the coach)
flame-coloured traditionally associated with sexual encounters	63-4 If...vocation Cf. 'Let euery man abide in the same vocation wherein he was called', 1 Cor. 7:20 (Geneva Bible).	85 'a he
34 hose breeches	69 entertained employed, taken into service	89 lanes...sixpences i.e. sixpence for each lane passed through in conducting them hither
carnation a shade of red resembling the colour of raw flesh	70 blurt o' 'snort on' or 'a fig for'	
silk stockings Preferred by fashionable	72 devil...two Cf. 'There cannot lightly	

Sc. 9 Enter *Bellafront* with a lute, pen, ink, and paper
being placed before her [on a table].

Song

BELLAFRONT [singing]

The courtier's flatt'ring jewels,
Temptations only fuels;
The lawyer's ill-got moneys,
That suck up poor bees' honeys;
5 The citizen's son's riot,
The gallant's costly diet:
Silks and velvets, pearls and ambers,
Shall not draw me to their chambers.
Silks and velvets, (*etc.*)

She writes

10 O, 'tis in vain to write: it will not please;
Ink on this paper would ha' but presented
The foul black spots that stick upon my soul,
And rather make me loathsomer, than wrought
My love's impression in Hippolito's thought.
15 No, I must turn the chaste leaves of my breast,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hippolito, believe me, I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts, and company.

Enter *Matteo, Castruccio, Fluello, and Pioratto*

20 MATTEO You, goody punk, *subaudi* cockatrice, O you're a
sweet whore of your promise, are you not, think you?
How well you came to supper to us last night! Mew,
a whore and break her word! Nay, you may blush,
and hold down your head at it well enough. 'Sfoot, ask
25 these gallants if we stayed not till we were as hungry
as sergeants.

FLUELLO Ay, and their yeomen too.

CASTRUCCIO Nay, faith, acquaintance, let me tell you, you
forgot yourself too much. We had excellent cheer, rare
30 vintage, and were drunk after supper.

PIORATTO And when we were in our woodcocks, sweet
rogue, a brace of gulls, dwelling here in the city, came
in and paid all the shot.

MATTEO Pox on her, let her alone.

BELLAFRONT

35 O, I pray do, if you be gentlemen;
I pray depart the house. Beshrew the door
For being so easily entreated. Faith,
I lent but little ear unto your talk—
My mind was busied otherwise, in troth—
40 And so your words did unregarded pass.

Let this suffice: I am not as I was.

FLUELLO 'I am not what I was!'—No, I'll be sworn thou
art not, for thou wert honest at five, and now thou'rt
a punk at fifteen. Thou wert yesterday a simple whore,
and now thou'rt a cunning, cony-catching baggage 45
today.

BELLAFRONT

I'll say I'm worse; I pray forsake me then.

I do desire you leave me, gentlemen,
And leave yourselves. O, be not what you are—
Spendthrifts of soul and body. 50

Let me persuade you to forsake all harlots:
Worse than the deadliest poisons, they are worse,
For o'er their souls hangs an eternal curse.

In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish.
They're seldom blessed with fruit, for ere it blossoms, 55
Many a worm confounds it.

They have no issue but foul ugly ones
That run along with them, e'en to their graves;

For 'stead of children, they breed rank diseases,

And all you gallants can bestow on them 60

Is that French infant, which ne'er acts but speaks.

What shallow son and heir, then, foolish gallants,

Would waste all his inheritance to purchase

A filthy, loathed disease, and pawn his body

To a dry evil? That usury's worst of all 65

When th'interest will eat out the principal.

MATTEO [*aside*] 'Sfoot, she gulls 'em the best! This is always
her fashion, when she would be rid of any company
that she cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

FLUELLO What's here? Instructions, admonitions, and
70 caveats? Come out, you scabbard of vengeance.

[*He draws his sword*]

MATTEO Fluello, spurn your hounds when they fist; you
shall not spurn my punk; I can tell you my blood is
vexed.

FLUELLO Pox o' your blood; make it a quarrel. 75

MATTEO [*drawing his sword*] You're a slave! Will that serve
turn?

ALL THE REST 'Sblood, hold, hold!

CASTRUCCIO Matteo, Fluello, for shame, put up.

MATTEO Spurn my sweet varlet! 80

BELLAFRONT O how many thus

Moved with a little folly have let out

Their souls in brothel-houses, fell down, and died

Just at their harlot's foot, as 'twere in pride!

FLUELLO Matteo, we shall meet. 85

9.0.1-2 *Enter...table* Presumably the
items cited are placed in front of (*before*)
Bellafront on a table rather than in
advance of her entry, although the latter
is possible.

11 *presented* represented

20 *goody* term of civility for a woman of
humble station (here used ironically)
subaudi understand, supply (Latin)
cockatrice prostitute

22 *Mew* a mocking exclamation (imitative

of a cat's cry)

31 *in our woodcocks* (a) 'eating our
woodcocks', i.e. as a course of dinner;
(b) a 'woodcock's head' was a kind of
tobacco pipe, so named from its shape,
so the sense may be 'smoking our pipes';
(c) 'being foolish' (from *woodcock* as a
type of stupidity)

32 *brace* pair, couple

33 *shot* reckoning

36 *Beshrew* confound

45 *baggage* strumpet

61 *that French infant* i.e. venereal disease
ne'er...speaks i.e. speaks (breaks out)
whenever he acts

65 *dry* (a) withered; (b) sterile, unfruitful
evil (a) malady, disease; (b) calamity,
misfortune

71 *scabbard of vengeance* in reference to
Bellafront

72 *fist* fart

79 *put up* sheathe your swords

Scene 9

The Honest Whore

MATTEO [*sheathing his sword*] Ay, ay, anywhere, saving at church; pray take heed we meet not there.

FLUELLO [*to Bellafront, sheathing his sword*] Adieu, damnation.

CASTRUCCIO [*to Bellafront*] Cockatrice, farewell.

PIORATTO
There's more deceit in women than in hell.
Exeunt [*Castruccio, Fluello, Pioratto*]

90 MATTEO Ha, ha, thou dost gull 'em so rarely, so naturally. If I did not think thou hadst been in earnest! Thou art a sweet rogue for't, i'faith.

BELLAFRONT
Why are not you gone too, Signor Matteo?
I pray depart my house. You may believe me,
95 In troth, I have no part of harlot in me.

MATTEO How's this?

BELLAFRONT
Indeed, I love you not, but hate you worse
Than any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my soul. You brake the ice,
100 Which after turned a puddle; I was led
By your temptation to be miserable.
I pray seek out some other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray, seek out none at all.

MATTEO Is't possible, to be impossible: an honest whore? I have heard many honest wenches turn strumpets with a wet finger, but for a harlot to turn honest is one of Hercules' labours. It was more easy for him in one night to make fifty queans than to make one of them honest again in fifty years. Come, I hope thou dost but jest.

BELLAFRONT
110 'Tis time to leave off jesting; I had almost
Jested away salvation. I shall love you
If you will soon forsake me.

MATTEO God buy thee.

BELLAFRONT
O, tempt no more women! Shun their weighty curse.
Women at best are bad; make them not worse.
115 You gladly seek our sex's overthrow,
But not to raise our states. For all your wrongs,
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompense,
To marry with me?

MATTEO How, marry with a punk, a cockatrice, a harlot?
120 Marry, faugh, I'll be burnt thorough the nose first.

BELLAFRONT
Why, la, these are your oaths! You love to undo us,
To put heaven from us, whilst our best hours waste;
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

MATTEO
I'll hear no more of this. This ground upon
Thou'rt damned: for alt'ring thy religion. *Exit* 125

BELLAFRONT
Thy lust and sin speak so much. Go thou, my ruin,
The first fall my soul took. By my example
I hope few maidens now will put their heads
Under men's girdles. Who least trusts is most wise:
Men's oaths do cast a mist before our eyes. 130
My best of wit be ready; now I go,
By some device to greet Hippolito. *[Exit]*

Enter a Servant setting out a table, on which he places a skull, a picture, a book, and a taper

SERVANT So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my housewifery. Would I had been created a shoemaker, for all the gentle craft are gentlemen every Monday by their copy, and scorn then to work one true stitch. My master means sure to turn me into a student, for here's my book, here my desk, here my light, this my close chamber, and [*pointing to the picture*] here my punk; so that this dull, drowsy first day of the week makes me half a priest, half a chandler, half a painter, half a sexton, ay, and half a bawd, for all this day my office is to do nothing but keep the door. To prove it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman, so soon as ever my back's turned, will be naught together. 10

Enter Hippolito

HIPPOLITO Are all the windows shut?

SERVANT Close, sir, as the fist of a courtier that hath stood in three reigns. 15

HIPPOLITO
Thou art a faithful servant, and observ'st
The calendar both of my solemn vows
And ceremonious sorrow. Get thee gone.
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound 20
Of any woman's voice pierce through that door.

SERVANT
If they do, my lord, I'll pierce some of them.
What will your lordship have to breakfast?

HIPPOLITO Sighs.

90 rarely splendidly, finely

105-6 with a wet finger easily, with little effort; without hesitation, readily. See note to 2.4-5.

107-8 Hercules' labours... queans Hercules ravished King Thespius's fifty daughters in a single night.

108 queans harlots

112 God buy thee good-bye. Matteo presumably intends to leave Bellafront at this point; but her response postpones his exit.

120 burnt... nose i.e. in the advanced stages of the ravages of syphilis

128-9 heads... girdles i.e. in subjection (originally in reference to the practice of wearing keys at a girdle); proverbial (Tilley H248)

10.0.1 setting out a table Since a table is required in the previous scene, setting out may mean 'furnishing' or 'putting things on' rather than 'bringing on stage'.

2 housewifery housekeeping, management of household affairs

3 the gentle craft the trade of shoemaking

3-4 gentlemen every Monday Shoemakers kept Monday a holiday; the Servant associates their idleness on this day with gentlemanly behaviour.

4 copy indentures

7 close private, secluded

12 good face person with a smooth or fair face

yonder gentleman i.e. Hippolito

13 naught naughty (with bawdy innuendo)

15 stood endured; flourished

18 calendar register, record

- 25 SERVANT What to dinner?
HIPPOLITO Tears.
SERVANT The one of them, my lord, will fill you too full of
wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?
HIPPOLITO That which now thou canst not get me, the
30 constancy of a woman.
SERVANT Indeed, that's harder to come by than ever was
Ostend.
HIPPOLITO Prithee away.
SERVANT I'll make away myself presently, which few
35 servants will do for their lords, but rather help to make
them away. Now to my door-keeping; I hope to pick
something out of it. *Exit*
HIPPOLITO [*studying the picture*]
My Infelice's face: her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek; and such sweet skill
40 Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own,
Seeming to move and speak. 'Las! Now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read,
45 False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence
50 In her white bosom—look! A painted board
Circumscribes all. Earth can no bliss afford.
Nothing of her but this? This cannot speak.
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting; here the worms will feed,
55 As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true-love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. [*Taking skull*]
What's here?
60 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemy's.
'Las! Say it were, I need not fear him now.
For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
His frowns, though dagger-pointed, all his plots,
Though ne'er so mischievous, his Italian pills,
65 His quarrels, and that common fence, his law:
- See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one!
How clean they're picked away! To the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to rear great names
On tops of swelling houses! Or to wear out
Their fingers' ends in dirt, to scrape up gold!— 70
Not caring, so that sumpter-horse, the back,
Be hung with gaudy trappings, with what coarse,
Yea, rags most beggarly, they clothe the soul.
Yet, after all, their gayness looks thus foul.
What fools are men to build a garish tomb 75
Only to save the carcass whilst it rots,
To maintain't long in stinking, make good carrion,
But leave no good deeds to preserve them sound;
For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground.
And must all come to this? Fools, wise, all hither? 80
Must all heads thus at last be laid together?
Draw me my picture then, thou grave, neat workman,
[*To skull*] After this fashion, [*to picture*] not like this;
these colours
In time, kissing but air, will be kissed off.
[*To skull*] But here's a fellow—that which he lays on 85
Till doomsday alters not complexion.
Death's the best painter then; they that draw shapes,
And live by wicked faces, are but God's apes.
They come but near the life, and there they stay.
This fellow draws life too; his art is fuller: 90
The pictures which he makes are without colour.
Enter his Servant
SERVANT Here's a person would speak with you, sir.
HIPPOLITO Ha!
SERVANT A person, sir, would speak with you.
HIPPOLITO Vicar?
95 SERVANT Vicar? No sir, h'as too good a face to be a vicar
yet—a youth, a very youth.
HIPPOLITO
What youth? Of man or woman? Lock the doors.
SERVANT If it be a woman, marrowbones and potato pies
100 keep me for meddling with her, for the thing has got
the breeches; 'tis a male varlet sure, my lord, for a
woman's tailor ne'er measured him.
HIPPOLITO
Let him give thee his message and be gone.

29–30 **That which... woman** Cf. the
proverbs, 'Women are as wavering
(changeable, inconstant) as the wind'
(Tilley 698), and 'A woman's mind
(a woman) is always mutable' (Tilley
W674).
32 **Ostend** besieged by Spanish forces from 5
July 1601 to 11 Sept. 1604
34, 35–6 **make... away** (a) put out of the
way; (b) put to death
43 **fond** foolish
44 **Adulterate** (a) counterfeit; (b) adulterous
59 **figure** representation
friend beloved
64 **Italian pills** poisons

65 **common...law** recorded by Edward
Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'law
the common fence'
fence defence; protection
66–7 **one...bone** a rhyming couplet; as
elsewhere in the speech rhymes confer
an element of formality
68–9 **How mad...houses** Hippolito mocks
the vanity of human aspirations to
greatness built on foundations of pride
and arrogance.
69 **swelling** proud, haughty
71 **so** so long as
sumpter-horse pack-horse
72 **coarse** coarse cloth, garments

83 **this fashion...this** i.e. the skull...
Infelice's portrait
85 **lays on** applies (i.e. paint)
88 **wicked** possibly with a pun on 'wicks' =
lips
91 **colour** punning on the sense 'false
appearance'
94 **person** pronounced in the same way as
'parson'
99 **marrowbones and potato pies** believed to
be aphrodisiacs
101 **male varlet** 'masculine whore' in
Thersites' phrase (*Troilus and Cressida*,
5.1.15–17)

- 105 SERVANT He says he's Signor Matteo's man, but I know he lies.
 HIPPOLITO How dost thou know it?
 SERVANT 'Cause h'as ne'er a beard. 'Tis his boy, I think, sir, whosoe'er paid for his nursing.
 HIPPOLITO Send him, and keep the door. [Exit Servant]
 [He] reads
 110 *Fata si liceat mihi
 fingere arbitrio meo,
 temperem zephyro levi
 vela.*
 I'd sail, were I to choose, not in the ocean.
 115 Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feel no bruise.
Enter Bellafront, like a page, [with a letter]
 How? From Matteo?
 BELLAFRONT [giving a letter]
 Yes, my lord.
 HIPPOLITO Art sick?
 BELLAFRONT Not all in health, my lord.
 HIPPOLITO Keep off.
 BELLAFRONT I do.
 [Aside] Hard fate when women are compelled to woo.
 HIPPOLITO This paper does speak nothing.
 BELLAFRONT Yes, my lord,
 120 Matter of life it speaks, and therefore writ
 In hidden character; to me instruction
 My master gives, and, 'less you please to stay
 Till you both meet, I can the text display.
 HIPPOLITO Do so: read out.
 BELLAFRONT I am already out.
 125 Look on my face, and read the strangest story!
 HIPPOLITO What, villain, ho!
Enter his Servant
 SERVANT Call you, my lord?
 HIPPOLITO Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.
 SERVANT Lord bless us, where? He's not cloven, my lord,
 130 that I can see; besides, the devil goes more like a
 gentleman than a page. Good my lord, *buon coraggio*.
 HIPPOLITO Thou hast let in a woman in man's shape,
 And thou art damned for't.
 SERVANT Not damned, I hope, for putting in a woman to
 135 a lord.
 HIPPOLITO Fetch me my rapier.—Do not: I shall kill thee.
 Purge this infected chamber of that plague
 That runs upon me thus; slave, thrust her hence.
- SERVANT Alas, my lord, I shall never be able to thrust her
 hence without help.—Come, mermaid, you must to sea
 140 again.
 BELLAFRONT Hear me but speak; my words shall be all music.
 Hear me but speak.
 [Knocking within]
 HIPPOLITO Another beats the door;
 T'other she-devil, look.
 SERVANT Why then, hell's broke loose. 145
 HIPPOLITO Hence, guard the chamber; let no more come on:
 One woman serves for man's damnation.—
Exit [Servant]
 Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate
 The chastest and most sanctimonious vow
 That e'er was entered in the court of heaven. 150
 I was on meditation's spotless wings
 Upon my journey thither; like a storm
 Thou beat'st my ripened cogitations
 Flat to the ground, and like a thief dost stand
 To steal devotion from the holy land. 155
 BELLAFRONT [kneeling]
 If woman were thy mother, if thy heart
 Be not all marble—or if't marble be,
 Let my tears soften it, to pity me—
 I do beseech thee, do not thus with scorn
 Destroy a woman.
 HIPPOLITO Woman, I beseech thee, 160
 Get thee some other suit; this fits thee not.
 I would not grant it to a kneeling queen;
 I cannot love thee, nor I must not. See
 The copy of that obligation
 Where my soul's bound in heavy penalties. 165
 BELLAFRONT [rising]
 She's dead, you told me; she'll let fall her suit.
 HIPPOLITO My vows to her fled after her to heaven.
 Were thine eyes clear as mine, thou might'st behold
 her
 Watching upon yon battlements of stars
 How I observe them. Should I break my bond, 170
 This board would rive in twain, these wooden lips
 Call me most perjured villain. Let it suffice
 I ha' set thee in the path; is't not a sign
 I love thee, when with one so most, most dear,
 I'll have thee fellows? All are fellows there. 175
 BELLAFRONT Be greater than a king: save not a body,
 But from eternal shipwreck keep a soul.

110–13 *Fata...vela* Seneca, *Oedipus*, 882–5: 'If it were possible to fashion fate according to my will, I would raise my sails to gentle winds.'

115 Cedars...bruise proverbial (Tilley C208)
 bruise hurt, injury

124 out on display (i.e. she is the text)
 129–30 He's...see recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'he's not cloven that I can see'
 131 *buon coraggio* good courage (Italian); *coraggio* very likely picks up a common sense of 'courage': sexual vigour, lust.

140 mermaid prostitute
 149 sanctimonious sacred
 156–7 heart...marble proverbial (Tilley H311)
 169 yon battlements of stars in reference to the theatre 'heavens'
 171 This board i.e. the picture

- If not, and that again sin's path I tread,
The grief be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.
- 180 HIPPOLITO Stay, and take physic for it: read this book,
Ask counsel of this head what's to be done;
He'll strike it dead, that 'tis damnation
If you turn Turk again. O, do it not!
Though heaven cannot allure you to do well,
185 From doing ill let hell fright you, and learn this:
The soul whose bosom lust did never touch
Is God's fair bride, and maidens' souls are such;
The soul that, leaving chastity's white shore,
Swims in hot sensual streams, is the devil's whore.
Enter his Servant [with a letter]
190 How now, who comes?
SERVANT No more knaves, my lord, that wear smocks.
Here's a letter from Doctor Benedict. I would not enter
his man, though he had hairs at his mouth, for fear
he should be a woman, for some women have beards;
195 marry, they are half witches.—'Slid, you are a sweet
youth to wear a codpiece, and have no pins to stick
upon't.
HIPPOLITO I'll meet the doctor, tell him; yet tonight
I cannot; but at morrow rising sun
200 I will not fail. Go.—Woman, fare thee well.
Exeunt [Hippolito and Servant]
BELLAFRONT
The lowest fall can be but into hell.
It does not move him; I must therefore fly
From this undoing city, and with tears
Wash off all anger from my father's brow.
205 He cannot, sure, but joy seeing me new born.
A woman honest first, and then turn whore,
Is, as with me, common to thousands more;
But from a strumpet to turn chaste: that sound
Has oft been heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit*
- Enter Fustigo [with his head bound in a cloth],
Crambo, and Poh*
FUSTIGO Hold up your hands, gentlemen: [giving money]
here's one, two, three—nay, I warrant they are sound
pistoles, and without flaws; I had them of my sister, and
I know she uses to put up nothing that's cracked—
2 three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine. By this
hand, bring me but a piece of his blood and you shall
have nine more. I'll lurk in a tavern not far off and
provide supper to close up the end of the tragedy. The
linen-draper's, remember. Stand to't, I beseech you, and
play your parts perfectly. 10
CRAMBO Look you, signor, 'tis not your gold that we weigh.
FUSTIGO Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not; if it lack one
grain of corn, I'll give you a bushel of wheat to make
it up.
CRAMBO But by your favour, signor, which of the servants
15 is it, because we'll punish justly.
FUSTIGO Marry, 'tis the head man—you shall taste him
by his tongue—a pretty, tall prating fellow, with a
Tuscalonian beard.
POH Tuscalonian? Very good. 20
FUSTIGO Cod's life, I was ne'er so thrummed since I was a
gentleman; my coxcomb was dry-beaten as if my hair
had been hemp.
CRAMBO We'll dry-beat some of them.
FUSTIGO Nay, it grew so high that my sister cried 'murder'
25 out very manfully. I have her consent, in a manner, to
have him peppered, else I'll not do't to win more than
ten cheaters do at a rifling. Break but his pate or so,
only his mazer, because I'll have his head in a cloth
as well as mine—he's a linen-draper, and may take
30 enough. I could enter mine action of battery against
him, but we mayhaps be both dead and rotten before
the lawyers would end it.
CRAMBO No more to do, but ensconce yourself i'th' tavern;
provide no great cheer—couple of capons, some pheas- 35
- 178 that if
180 **physic for it** medicine to cure you of
sinning
this book i.e. the skull
182-3 **He'll... again** i.e. the skull will strike
your sin dead by showing you that if you
turn infidel again (return to whoredom),
you cannot escape damnation.
191 **knaves... smocks** i.e. women disguised
as men
192 **enter** show in
196-7 **codpiece... upon't** Alluding to a
contemporary fashion; but also punning
on *pins/penis*.
202-4 **I must... brow** An intention not
acted upon; Bellafront next appears in
Bedlam.
203 **undoing** ruinous
208-9 **sound... found** i.e. news of such
transformations is frequently circulated,
but is very rarely true
11.3 **pistoles** Spanish gold coins worth 16s.
- 6d. to 18s. each (with a possible pun on
'pizzles')
4 **she... cracked** in allusion to a crack
in the ring of a coin (with a bawdy
reference to vagina), which would render
it unacceptable as currency
put up stow away (with bawdy innu-
endo)
12-14 **if it lack... make it up** i.e. if the
amount Fustigo has given is short in the
smallest degree, he will make amends by
overcompensation
19 **Tuscalonian** Tuscan, i.e. golden yellow or
straw-coloured—an instance of Fustigo's
swaggering bombast
21 **Cod's God's**
22-3 **my coxcomb... hemp** recorded by
Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace*
Book: 'His coxcomb was dry-beaten as
if his hair had been hemp'.
22 **dry-beaten** beaten as to dry clothes (*hemp*
would require a lot of such beating)
23 **hemp** coarse, strong fibre used for rope
and stout fabrics
24 **dry-beat** possibly with a pun on the
sense 'beat severely without drawing
blood'
27-8 **not do't... rifling** recorded by Edward
Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'not
to win more than ten cheaters do at a
rifling'
28 **cheaters** (a) false dice; (b) those who win
money with false dice
rifling A gambling game in which the
highest roll of the dice takes all money
wagered.
29 **mazer** head, face
32 **mayhaps** may perhaps
34-6 **No more... pie or so** Crambo asks
Fustigo to order a meal with which to
celebrate their success in the venture for
which he and Poh have been hired.

- ants, plovers, an orangeado pie or so. But how bloody
soe'er the day be, sally you not forth.
- FUSTIGO No, no; nay, if I stir, somebody shall stink. I'll not
budge, I'll lie like a dog in a manger.
- 40 CRAMBO Well, well, to the tavern; let not our supper be
raw, for you shall have blood enough—your bellyful.
- FUSTIGO That's all, so God sa' me, I thirst after: blood for
blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head,
plaster for plaster; and so farewell. What shall I call
45 your names, because I'll leave word if any such come
to the bar.
- CRAMBO My name is Corporal Crambo.
POH And mine, Lieutenant Poh. *Exit*
- CRAMBO Poh is as tall a man as ever opened oyster; I
50 would not be the devil to meet Poh. Farewell.
- FUSTIGO Nor I, by this light, if Poh be such a Poh.
*Exeunt [Crambo following
Poh, Fustigo at another door]*
- Sc. 12 *Enter [Viola,] Candido's Wife in her shop, and the
two Prentices*
- WIFE
What's o'clock now?
- SECOND PRENTICE 'Tis almost twelve.
- WIFE That's well.
The senate will leave wording presently,
But is George ready?
- SECOND PRENTICE Yes, forsooth, he's furbished.
- WIFE
Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
5 Throw both your duties and respects on him
With the like awe as if he were your master;
Let not your looks betray it with a smile
Or jeering glance to any customer;
Keep a true-settled countenance, and beware
10 You laugh not, whatsoever you hear or see.
- SECOND PRENTICE I warrant you, mistress; let us alone for
keeping our countenance; for if I list, there's never a
fool in all Milan shall make me laugh, let him play the
fool never so like an ass, whether it be the fat court
15 fool, or the lean city fool.
- WIFE
Enough, then, call down George.
- SECOND PRENTICE I hear him coming.
- WIFE
Be ready with your legs, then. Let me see
How court'sy would become him.—
Enter George [in Candido's apparel]
Gallantly!
Beshrew my blood, a proper seemly man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port. 20
- GEORGE I thank you, mistress; my back's broad enough,
now my master's gown's on.
- WIFE
Sure, I should think it were the least of sin
To mistake the master, and to let him in.
- GEORGE 'Twere a good comedy of errors that, i'faith. 25
- SECOND PRENTICE Whist, whist, my master.
- WIFE You all know your tasks.
*Enter Candido [dressed in the carpet], and exit
presently*
—God's my life, what's that he has got upon's back?
Who can tell?
- GEORGE [*aside*] That can I, but I will not. 30
- WIFE Girt about him like a madman. What, has he lost
his cloak, too? This is the maddest fashion that e'er I
saw. What said he, George, when he passed by thee?
- GEORGE Troth, mistress, nothing; not so much as a bee, he
did not hum; not so much as a bawd, he did not 'hem'; 35
not so much as a cuckold, he did not 'ha'; neither hum,
hem, nor ha; only stared me in the face, passed along,
and made haste in, as if my looks had worked with him
to give him a stool.
- WIFE
Sure he's vexed now; this trick has moved his spleen. 40
He's angered now, because he uttered nothing;
And wordless wrath breaks out more violent.
Maybe he'll strive for place when he comes down;
But if thou lov'st me, George, afford him none.
- GEORGE Nay, let me alone to play my master's prize, as 45
long as my mistress warrants me. I'm sure I have
his best clothes on, and I scorn to give place to any

36 **orangeado** candied orange-peel38 **somebody shall stink** i.e. presumably as a result of a wound; but perhaps Fustigo threatens to damage Crambo's and Poh's reputations in the event of failure39 **dog in a manger** churlish person who will neither use something himself nor allow others to do so (proverbial from Aesop's fable: Tilley D513)47 **Crambo** a game in which one player gives a word to which each of the others must provide a rhyme48 **Poh** an ejaculation of contemptuous rejection49 **tall** brave, valiant12.2 **wording** speaking, talking5 **Throw . . . him** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: "Throw your duties and respects on him".17 **legs** bows18 **court'sy** in reference either to the bows of the two Prentices or to George's 'courteous comportment' in imitation of Candido, which Viola comments on in the remainder of the speech24 **mistake . . . in** i.e. falsely suppose George to be the master and to admit him in that capacity25 **comedy of errors** Possibly in allusion to Shakespeare's play, 2.2–3.1, in which Antipholus of Syracuse, mistaken for his twin, is allowed to enter, and the local

Antipholus is kept at bay.

26 **Whist** a command for silence35 **hem** clear one's throat (i.e. give a signal or warning such as bawds used)38–9 **made haste . . . stool** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'made haste as though my looks had worked with him to give him a stool'39 **give . . . stool** cause him to evacuate his bowels/send him to the privy45 **play my master's prize** A quibble drawn from fencing, which had three degrees—in descending order, Master's, Provost's, Scholar's—each attained in a public prize or competition.

that is inferior in apparel to me; that's an axiom, a
 50 principle, and is observed as much as the fashion. Let
 that persuade you, then, that I'll shoulder with him for
 the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chain will
 maintain it.
 WIFE Spoke with the spirit of a master, though with the
 tongue of a prentice.
Enter Candido like a prentice
 55 Why, how now, madman? What, in your tricky-coats?
 CANDIDO O peace, good mistress.
Enter Crambo and Poh
 See what you lack! What is't you buy? Pure callicoos,
 fine hollands, choice cambrics, neat lawns! See what
 you buy? Pray come near, my master will use you well,
 60 he can afford you a pennyworth.
 WIFE Ay, that he can, out of a whole piece of lawn, i'faith.
 CANDIDO Pray see your choice here, gentlemen.
 WIFE O fine fool! What, a madman? A patient madman!
 Who ever heard of the like? Well, sir, I'll fit you and
 your humour presently. What? Cross-points?—I'll untie
 65 'em all in a trice, I'll vex you, faith. Boy, take your
 cloak, quick, come. *Exit [with First Prentice]*
[George takes off his hat to Candido]
 CANDIDO
 Be covered, George; this chain and welted gown,
 Bare to this coat? Then the world's upside down.
 70 GEORGE Um, um, hum.
 CRAMBO That's the shop, and there's the fellow.
 POH Ay, but the master is walking in there.
 CRAMBO No matter, we'll in.
 POH 'Sblood, dost long to lie in limbo?
 75 CRAMBO An limbo be in hell, I care not.
 CANDIDO Look you, gentlemen, your choice: cambrics?
 CRAMBO No, sir, some shirting.
 CANDIDO You shall.
 CRAMBO Have you none of this striped canvas for doublets?
 80 CANDIDO None striped, sir, but plain.
 SECOND PRENTICE I think there be one piece striped within.
 GEORGE Step, sirrah, and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.
[Exit Candido and returns with cloth]
 CANDIDO Look you, gentlemen, I'll make but one spread-
 ing; here's a piece of cloth—fine, yet shall wear like
 iron. 'Tis without fault, take this upon my word, 'tis 85
 without fault.
 CRAMBO Then 'tis better than you, sirrah.
 CANDIDO
 Ay, and a number more. O, that each soul
 Were but as spotless as this innocent white,
 And had as few breaks in it. 90
 CRAMBO 'Twould have some, then; there was a fray here
 last day in this shop.
 CANDIDO
 There was indeed a little flea-biting.
 POH A gentleman had his pate broke: call you that but a
 flea-biting? 95
 CANDIDO He had so.
 CRAMBO Zounds, do you stand in't. *(He strikes him)*
 GEORGE 'Sfoot, clubs, clubs! Prentices, down with 'em! Ah
 you rogues, strike a citizen in's shop?
[Prentices beat and disarm Crambo and Poh]
 CANDIDO
 None of you stir, I pray; forbear, good George. 100
 CRAMBO I beseech you, sir, we mistook our marks; deliver
 us our weapons.
 GEORGE Your head bleeds, sir; cry clubs.
 CANDIDO
 I say you shall not; pray be patient.
 Give them their weapons. Sirs, you're best be gone; 105
 I tell you here are boys more tough than bears.
 Hence, lest more fists do walk about your ears.
 CRAMBO and POH
 We thank you, sir. *Exeunt [Crambo and Poh]*
 CANDIDO You shall not follow them;
 Let them alone, pray; this did me no harm.
 Troth, I was cold, and the blow made me warm, 110
 I thank 'em for't. Besides, I had decreed
 To have a vein pricked—I did mean to bleed—
 So that there's money saved. They are honest men,
 Pray use 'em well when they appear again.
 GEORGE Yes, sir, we'll use 'em like honest men. 115
 CANDIDO Ay, well said, George, like honest men, though
 they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the city.
 Help to lay up these wares.
Enter [Viola,] Candido's Wife, with Officers
 WIFE Yonder he stands.

48–9 **that's... fashion** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'It is observed as a principle and as much as the fashion, not to give place to any that is inferior in apparel'.
 55 **tricky-coats** (a) prankish behaviour; (b) smart coats (ironic). *Coats* refers specifically to the garments (and station) of an apprentice.
 65 **Cross-points** (a) a dance step in the galliard; (b) contrary intentions; (c) tagged laces used for fastening articles of clothing; (d) tricks
 68 **Be covered** put your hat on

weltd trimmed, fringed; or possibly, faced
 70 **Um, um, hum** George is apparently at a loss for words and thereby registers his discomfort.
 74 **limbo** i.e. jail (with a play on the literal sense, region bordering on hell)
 75 **An** if
 80 **but** only
 84–5 **wear like iron** proverbial
 91 **fray** fight, brawl (with a pun on a *fray* in the cloth)
 93 **flea-biting** small hurt, damage (proverbial for wounds not worth speaking of; Tilley

F355)
 97 **stand in't** persist in your account
 98 **clubs** the rallying cry of the London apprentices
 101 **marks** targets
 111 **decreed** decided
 112 **bleed** i.e. deplete excess blood believed to be the source of an imbalance in the body's humours. Bleeding was often performed to reduce cholera.
 115 **honest men** Punning on its use as a vague term of praise, in patronizing reference to inferiors.

Scene 12 The humours of the patient man. The longing wyfe and the honest whore.

120 OFFICER What, in a prentice coat? [Officers bind Candido]
 WIFE Ay, ay, mad, mad, pray take heed. CANDIDO Why, why? 160
 CANDIDO How now? What news with them? What make WIFE
 they with my wife? Officers? Is she attached?—Look to Look how his head goes! Should he get but loose,
 your wares. O, 'twere as much as all our lives were worth.
 125 WIFE He talks to himself; O, he's much gone indeed. OFFICER
 OFFICER Pray pluck up a good heart, be not so fearful.— Fear not, we'll make all sure for our own safety.
 Sirs, hark, we'll gather to him by degrees. CANDIDO
 WIFE Ay, ay, by degrees, I pray. O me! What makes he Are you at leisure now? Well, what's the matter?
 with the lawn in his hand, he'll tear all the ware in my Why do I enter into bonds thus? Ha? 165
 130 shop. OFFICER
 OFFICER Fear not, we'll catch him on a sudden. WIFE
 WIFE O, you had need do so; pray take heed of your Because you're mad, put fear upon your wife.
 warrant. WIFE
 OFFICER I warrant, mistress.—Now, Signor Candido? O, ay, I went in danger of my life every minute.
 135 CANDIDO Now, sir, what news with you, sir? CANDIDO
 WIFE What? Am I mad, say you, and I not know it?
 'What news with you?' he says; O, he's far gone. OFFICER
 OFFICER That proves you mad, because you know it not.
 I pray, fear nothing; let's alone with him.— WIFE
 Signor, you look not like yourself, methinks; Pray talk as little to him as you can; 170
 [Aside to Second Officer] Steal you o' t'other side. [To You see he's too far spent.
 Candido] You're changed, you're altered. CANDIDO
 140 CANDIDO Changed, sir? Why true, sir; is change strange? Bound with strong cord!
 'Tis not the fashion unless it alter. Monarchs turn to A sewster's thread, i'faith, had been enough
 beggars, beggars creep into the nests of princes, masters To lead me anywhere.—Wife, do you long?
 serve their prentices, ladies their servingmen, men turn You are mad too, or else you do me wrong.
 to women. GEORGE
 145 OFFICER And women turn to men. But are you mad indeed, master?
 CANDIDO Ay, and women turn to men, you say true. Ha, My wife says so, 175
 ha, a mad world, a mad world. And what she says, George, is all truth, you know.—
 [Officers seize Candido] And whither now? To Bethlem Monastery?
 OFFICER Have we caught you, sir? Ha, whither?
 CANDIDO Caught me? Well, well, you have caught me. OFFICER Faith, e'en to the madmen's pound.
 150 WIFE He laughs in your faces. CANDIDO
 GEORGE A rescue, prentices, my master's catchpoled! O' God's name, still I feel my patience sound.
 OFFICER I charge you, keep the peace, or have your legs Exeunt [Officers with Candido]
 gartered with irons. We have from the Duke a warrant GEORGE Come, we'll see whither he goes. If the master 180
 strong enough for what we do. be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps;
 we'll be madcaps too. Farewell, mistress, you shall have
 CANDIDO us all in Bedlam. Exeunt [George and Prentices]
 155 I pray, rest quiet; I desire no rescue. WIFE
 WIFE La, he desires no rescue; 'las, poor heart, I think I ha' fitted now, you and your clothes.
 He talks against himself. If this move not his patience, nothing can; 185
 CANDIDO Well, what's the matter? I'll swear then I have a saint, and not a man. Exit
 OFFICER Look to that arm; Pray make sure work, double the cord.

122–3 **make they** are they doing

123 **attached** arrested

126 **pluck up**...**heart** proverbial (Tilley H323)

127 **gather** make way (nautical term)

141–2 **Monarchs**...**princes** Possibly alluding to the legendary African King Cophetua who disdained all women; finally he married a beggar who proved

to be a fair and virtuous queen.

143–4 **turn to** (a) incline towards; (b) turn into, become

147 **a mad**...**world** cf. the proverbial, 'a mad world, my masters' (Tilley W880); recorded by Edward Pudsey in his Commonplace Book: 'Tis a mad world'

151 **catchpoled** arrested (after 'catchpoles', the sheriffs' officers who made arrests,

mainly for debt)

153 **gartered with irons** fettered

172 **sewster's** seamstress's

177 **Bethlem Monastery** the Hospital of the Priory of St Mary of Bethlehem, outside Bishopsgate, founded in 1246 and used as an asylum for lunatics from 1402

183 **Bedlam** corruption of Bethlem/Bethlehem

Sc. 13 Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Castruccio, Pioratto

DUKE Give us a little leave.
 [Exeunt Fluello, Castruccio, Pioratto]
 Doctor, your news.

DOCTOR I sent for him, my lord; at last he came
 And did receive all speech that went from me
 As gilded pills made to prolong his health.
 5 My credit with him wrought it; for some men
 Swallow even empty hooks, like fools that fear
 No drowning where 'tis deepest 'cause 'tis clear.
 In th' end we sat and ate; a health I drank
 To Infelice's sweet departed soul.
 This train I knew would take.

10 DUKE 'Twas excellent.
 DOCTOR He fell with such devotion on his knees,
 To pledge the same—
 DUKE Fond superstitious fool!
 DOCTOR That had he been inflamed with zeal of prayer,
 He could not pour't out with more reverence.
 15 About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek,
 Kissed it, and swore he would adore my lips
 Because they brought forth Infelice's name.
 DUKE Ha, ha, alack, alack.
 DOCTOR The cup he lifts up high, and thus he said,
 20 'Here, noble maid', drinks, and was poisoned.
 DUKE And died?
 DOCTOR And died, my lord.
 DUKE Thou in that word
 Hast pieced mine agèd hours out with more years
 Than thou hast taken from Hippolito.
 A noble youth he was, but lesser branches
 25 Hind'ring the greater's growth must be lopped off
 And feed the fire. Doctor, we're now all thine,
 And use us so; be bold.
 DOCTOR Thanks, gracious lord;
 My honoured lord—
 DUKE Hm.
 DOCTOR I do beseech your grace to bury deep
 30 This bloody act of mine.
 DUKE Nay, nay, for that,
 Doctor, look you to't; me it shall not move.
 They're cursed that ill do, not that ill do love.

DOCTOR You throw an angry forehead on my face,
 But be you pleased backward thus far to look: 35
 That for your good this evil I undertook—
 DUKE Ay, ay, we conster so.
 DOCTOR And only for your love.
 DUKE Confessed: 'tis true.
 DOCTOR Nor let it stand against me as a bar 40
 To thrust me from your presence; nor believe,
 As princes have quick thoughts, that now my finger
 Being dipped in blood, I will not spare the hand,
 But that for gold—as what can gold not do?—
 I may be hired to work the like on you. 45
 DUKE Which to prevent—
 DOCTOR 'Tis from my heart as far—
 DUKE No matter, doctor, 'cause I'll fearless sleep;
 And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
 I banish thee for ever from my court.
 This principle is old, but true as fate: 50
 Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. Exit
 DOCTOR Is't so? Nay then, Duke, your stale principle
 With one as stale the doctor thus shall quit:
 He falls himself that digs another's pit;
 Enter the Doctor's Man
 How now! Where is he? Will he meet me? 55
 DOCTOR'S MAN Meet you, sir? He might have met with three
 fencers in this time and have received less hurt than
 by meeting one doctor of physic. Why, sir, he's walked
 under the old abbey wall yonder this hour till he's more
 cold than a citizen's country house in January. You may 60
 smell him behind, sir; la, you, yonder he comes.
 Enter Hippolito
 DOCTOR Leave me.
 DOCTOR'S MAN I'th' lurch, if you will. Exit
 DOCTOR O, my most noble friend!
 HIPPOLITO Few but yourself
 Could have enticed me thus, to trust the air 65
 With my close sighs. You send for me—what news?
 DOCTOR Come, you must doff this black, dye that pale cheek
 Into his own colour; go, attire yourself
 Fresh as a bridegroom when he meets his bride.
 The Duke has done much treason to thy love; 70
 'Tis now revealed, 'tis now to be revenged.

13.10 train stratagem

22 pieced...out eked out, extended

24-6 lesser...fire recorded by Edward

Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'Little branches hindering growth of the greater must be lopped off and thrown into the fire'

31 for as for

33 They're cursed...love Cf. the proverbial 'If you do no ill do no ill like' (Tilley I29).

37 conster interpret, construe

42 As as well you may believe, since; for indeed

51 Kings...hate proverbial (Tilley K64)

54 He falls...pit proverbial (Tilley P356)

59-60 more cold...January recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'as cold as citizen's country house in January'

60 citizen's...January i.e. when it is uninhabited

61 behind in due time

68 his its

Scene 13

the pasyent man & the onest hore

Be merry, honoured friend, thy lady lives.
 HIPPOLITO
 What lady?
 DOCTOR Infelice. She's revived;
 Revived? Alack! Death never had the heart
 To take breath from her.
 75 HIPPOLITO Um, I thank you, sir;
 Physic prolongs life when it cannot save.
 This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave;
 You do some wrong to mock me.
 DOCTOR By that love
 Which I have ever borne you, what I speak
 80 Is truth: the maiden lives; that funeral,
 Duke's tears, the mourning, was all counterfeit.—
 A sleepy draught cozened the world and you;
 I was his minister, and then chambered up
 To stop discovery.
 HIPPOLITO O, treacherous Duke!
 DOCTOR
 85 He cannot hope so certainly for bliss,
 As he believes that I have poisoned you.
 He wooed me to't; I yielded, and confirmed him
 In his most bloody thoughts.
 HIPPOLITO A very devil!
 DOCTOR
 Her did he closely coach to Bergamo,
 And thither—
 90 HIPPOLITO Will I ride. Stood Bergamo
 In the low countries of black hell, I'll to her.
 DOCTOR
 You shall to her, but not to Bergamo.
 How passion makes you fly beyond yourself.
 Much of that weary journey I ha' cut off,
 95 For she by letters hath intelligence
 Of your supposed death, her own interment,
 And all those plots which that false Duke, her father,
 Has wrought against you; and she'll meet you—
 HIPPOLITO O when?
 DOCTOR
 Nay, see how covetous are your desires.—
 Early tomorrow morn.
 100 HIPPOLITO O where, good father?
 DOCTOR
 At Bethlem Monastery; are you pleased now?
 HIPPOLITO
 At Bethlem Monastery. The place well fits—
 It is the school where those that lose their wits
 Practise again to get them. I am sick
 105 Of that disease; all love is lunatic.

DOCTOR
 We'll steal away this night in some disguise.
 Father Anselmo, a most reverend friar,
 Expects our coming, before whom we'll lay
 Reasons so strong that he shall yield in bands
 Of holy wedlock to tie both your hands. 110
 HIPPOLITO This is such happiness,
 That to believe it, 'tis impossible.
 DOCTOR
 Let all your joys then die in misbelief;
 I will reveal no more.
 HIPPOLITO O yes, good father,
 I am so well acquainted with despair 115
 I know not how to hope; I believe all.
 DOCTOR
 We'll hence this night. Much must be done, much
 said,
 But if the doctor fail not in his charms,
 Your lady shall ere morning fill these arms.
 HIPPOLITO
 Heavenly physician! Far thy fame shall spread, 120
 That mak'st two lovers speak when they be dead.
Exeunt

[Enter Viola,] *Candido's Wife* [with a paper], and
George; Pioratto, [entering from another door,]
meets them Sc. 14

WIFE O, watch, good George, watch which way the Duke
 comes.
 GEORGE Here comes one of the butterflies; ask him.
 WIFE Pray sir, comes the Duke this way?
 PIORATTO He's upon coming, mistress. 5
 WIFE I thank you, sir. *Exit [Pioratto]*
 George, are there many madfolks where thy master lies?
 GEORGE O yes, of all countries some, but especially mad
 Greeks—they swarm. Troth, mistress, the world is
 altered with you; you had not wont to stand thus with 10
 a paper humbly complaining. But you're well enough
 served; provender pricked you, as it does many of our
 city wives besides.
 WIFE Dost think, George, we shall get him forth?
 GEORGE Truly, mistress, I cannot tell; I think you'll hardly 15
 get him forth. Why, 'tis strange! 'Sfoot, I have known
 many women that have had mad rascals to their
 husbands, whom they would belabour by all means
 possible to keep 'em in their right wits; but of a woman
 to long to turn a tame man into a madman, why the 20
 devil himself was never used so by his dam.
 WIFE How does he talk, George, ha? Good George, tell me.
 GEORGE Why, you're best go see.

76 **Physic** medicine, the healing art
 89 **closely** secretly
 91 **low countries of black hell** prompted by
 Hippolito's characterization of the Duke
 as *A very devil* (13.88)
 96 **interment** i.e. the burial following the
 funeral procession of Sc. 1, knowledge of

which was kept from Infelice (3.83-6)
 99 **covetous** eager
 109 **yield** consent
bands bonds
 14.3 **butterflies** courtiers
 5 **upon** on the point of
 8-9 **mad Greeks** prankish and frolicsome

people
 11 **complaining** lamenting, moaning
 12 **provender pricked you** 'good food incited
 you'; i.e. your whim sprang from high
 feeding (proverbial: Tilley P615)
 15 **hardly** (a) with trouble or hardship;
 (b) barely

- WIFE Alas, I am afraid.
- 25 GEORGE Afraid! You had more need be ashamed; he may rather be afraid of you.
- WIFE But, George, he's not stark mad, is he? He does not rave, he's not horn-mad, George, is he?
- GEORGE Nay, I know not that, but he talks like a justice of peace, of a thousand matters and to no purpose.
- 30 WIFE I'll to the monastery. I shall be mad till I enjoy him, I shall be sick till I see him; yet when I do see him, I shall weep out mine eyes.
- GEORGE Ay, I'd fain see a woman weep out her eyes; that's as true as to say a man's cloak burns when it hangs in the water. I know you'll weep, mistress; but what says the painted cloth?—
- Trust not a woman when she cries,
For she'll pump water from her eyes
- 40 With a wet finger, and in faster showers
Than April when he rains down flowers.
- WIFE Ay, but George, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying. All women have not tears at will, unless they have good cause.
- 45 GEORGE Ay, but mistress, how easily will they find a cause; and as one of our cheese-trenchers says very learnedly:
- As out of wormwood bees suck honey,
As from poor clients lawyers firr money,
As parsley from a roasted cony,
- 50 So, though the day be ne'er so sunny,
If wives will have it rain, down then it drives;
The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives.
- WIFE True, George, but I ha' done storming now.
- GEORGE Why, that's well done. Good mistress, throw aside this fashion of your humour, be not so fantastical in wearing it, storm no more, long no more. This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my master. Here comes the Duke.
- Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi*
- 60 WIFE [*to Duke*]
O, I beseech you, pardon my offence
In that I durst abuse your grace's warrant;
Deliver forth my husband, good my lord.
- DUKE
Who is her husband?
- FLUELLO Candido, my lord.
- DUKE
Where is he?
- WIFE He's among the lunatics.
He was a man made up without a gall; 65
Nothing could move him, nothing could convert
His meek blood into fury, yet like a monster
I often beat at the most constant rock
Of his unshaken patience, and did long
To vex him.
- DUKE Did you so?
- WIFE And for that purpose 70
Had warrant from your grace to carry him
To Bethlem Monastery, whence they will not free him
Without your grace's hand that sent him in.
- DUKE
You have longed fair; 'tis you are mad, I fear.
It's fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there. 75
If he be mad, why would you have him forth?
- GEORGE An please your grace, he's not stark mad, but only talks like a young gentleman, somewhat fantastically, that's all. There's a thousand about your court, city, and country, madder than he. 80
- DUKE
Provide a warrant; you shall have our hand.
- GEORGE Here's a warrant ready drawn, my lord.
- DUKE Get pen and ink, get pen and ink. [*Exit George*]
Enter Castruccio
- CASTRUCCIO
Where is my lord, the Duke?
- DUKE How now? More madmen?
- CASTRUCCIO
I have strange news, my lord.
- DUKE Of what? Of whom? 85
- CASTRUCCIO Of Infelice, and a marriage.
- DUKE
Ha! Where? With whom?
- CASTRUCCIO Hippolito.
[*Enter George with pen and ink*]
- GEORGE [*offering the pen*] Here, my lord.
- DUKE Hence with that woman, void the room.
- FLUELLO [*to Candido's Wife*] Away, the Duke's vexed. 90

28 **horn-mad** mad with rage (with a play on the horns of a cuckold)

29–30 **talks . . . purpose** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*

31 **enjoy him** have his company

37 **painted cloth** imitation tapestry, painted with scriptural or allegorical scenes, and often embellished with verses by way of motto or epigraph

38 **Trust . . . cries** proverbial (Tilley W638)

40 **With a wet finger** easily, with little effort; without hesitation, readily. Here the *wet finger* suggests contribution to the impression of tears. See note to 2.4–5.

41 **rains down flowers** Probably in refer-

ence to the suddenness with which an abundance of flowers appear, 'sends down flowers like rain'; but 'beats down flowers with rain' may be possible.

42–3 **that . . . lying** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'Ay, but the painted cloth is worthy to be hanged for lying'

43 **hanged up** with a play on the capital punishment sense

46 **cheese-trenchers** commonly inscribed with sententious maxims

47 **wormwood** plant proverbial for its bitter taste

48 **firk** rob, cheat

49 **cony** rabbit

55 **fantastical** fanciful, capricious

56–7 **longing . . . thing** In addition to the primary common sense, 'earnest yearning', *longing* carries sexual innuendo picked up also in *come, short, and thing* (also wordplay on *long, longing, and short*).

57–8 **made you . . . had** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'make you come short of many a good thing you might have had'

73 **Without . . . hand** i.e. your written authorization

74 **fair** completely, fully

GEORGE Whoop, come mistress, the Duke's mad too.
Exeunt [Candido's Wife and George]

DUKE
 Who told me that Hippolito was dead?
 CASTRUCCIO He that can make any man dead, the doctor.
 But, my lord, he's as full of life as wildfire, and as
 95 quick. Hippolito, the doctor, and one more rid hence
 this evening; the inn at which they light is Bethlem
 Monastery. Infelice comes from Bergamo and meets
 them there. Hippolito is mad, for he means this day
 to be married; the afternoon is the hour, and Friar
 100 Anselmo is the knitter.

DUKE
 From Bergamo? Is't possible? It cannot be,
 It cannot be.

CASTRUCCIO I will not swear, my lord,
 But this intelligence I took from one
 Whose brains works in the plot.

DUKE What's he?
 CASTRUCCIO Matteo.

FLUELLO
 Matteo knows all.

105 PIORATTO He's Hippolito's bosom.
 DUKE How far stands Bethlem hence?

ALL THE REST Six or seven miles.
 DUKE Is't even so?

Not married till the afternoon, you say?
 110 Stay, stay, let's work out some prevention. How?
 This is most strange; can none but madmen serve
 To dress their wedding dinner? All of you
 Get presently to horse; disguise yourselves
 Like country gentlemen,

115 Or riding citizens or so, and take
 Each man a several path, but let us meet
 At Bethlem Monastery, some space of time
 Being spent between the arrival each of other,
 As if we came to see the lunatics.

120 To horse, away; be secret on your lives.
 Love must be punished that unjustly thrives.

Exeunt [all but Fluello]

FLUELLO
 'Be secret on your lives!' Castruccio,
 You're but a scurvy spaniel. Honest lord,
 Good lady; zounds, their love is just, 'tis good,
 125 And I'll prevent you, though I swim in blood. *Exit*

Enter Friar Anselmo, Hippolito, Matteo, Infelice Sc. 15

HIPPOLITO
 Nay, nay, resolve, good father, or deny.

ANSELMO
 You press me to an act both full of danger
 And full of happiness; for I behold
 Your father's frowns, his threats, nay, perhaps death
 To him that dare do this. Yet, noble lord,
 5 Such comfortable beams break through these clouds
 By this blessed marriage that, your honoured word
 Being pawned in my defence, I will tie fast
 The holy wedding knot.

HIPPOLITO Tush, fear not the Duke.
 ANSELMO

O son,
 Wisely to fear is to be free from fear. 10

HIPPOLITO
 You have our words, and you shall have our lives
 To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

MATTEO Ay, ay, chop 'em up, and away.
 ANSELMO

Stay, when is't fit for me, safest for you,
 To entertain this business? 15

HIPPOLITO Not till the evening.
 ANSELMO

Be't so; there is a chapel stands hard by
 Upon the west end of the abbey wall:
 Thither convey yourselves, and when the sun
 Hath turned his back upon this upper world
 20 I'll marry you; that done, no thund'ring voice
 Can break the sacred bond. Yet, lady, here
 You are most safe.

INFELICE Father, your love's most dear.
 MATTEO Ay, well said; lock us into some little room by
 ourselves, that we may be mad for an hour or two. 25

HIPPOLITO
 O good Matteo, no, let's make no noise.

MATTEO How! No noise! Do you know where you are?
 'Sfoot, amongst all the madcaps in Milan; so that to
 throw the house out at window will be the better,
 and no man will suspect that we lurk here to steal
 mutton. The more sober we are, the more scurvy 'tis.
 And though the friar tell us that here we are safest, I'm
 not of his mind, for if those lay here that had lost their
 money, none would ever look after them; but here are
 none but those that have lost their wits, so that if hue
 and cry be made, hither they'll come, and my reason
 30 is, because none goes to be married till he be stark mad. 35

95 **quick** speedy (punning on 'alive')
 96 **light** arrive
 105 **bosom** confidant
 116 **several** separate, different
 119 As if...**lunatics** a favourite contempor-
 ary pastime
 123 **spaniel** alluding to the breed's fawning,
 ingratiating behaviour

15.0.1 **Anselmo** In opposing his sovereign,
 he shares a trait with St Anselm who
 repeatedly stood against Henry I.
 1 **resolve** make up your mind (to it)
 4 **Your** i.e. Infelice's
 11 **Wisely**...**fear** proverbial (Tilley F135);
 recorded by Edward Pudsey in his
 Commonplace Book

14 **chop 'em up** i.e. clasp hands to seal the
 bargain
 29 **throw...window** make a great dis-
 turbance in a house (proverbial: Tilley
 H785)
 31 **mutton** wench (i.e. female flesh)
scurvy i.e. suspicious

Enter Fluello

- HIPPOLITO Muffle yourselves, yonder's Fluello.
 MATTEO Zounds!
 40 FLUELLO O my lord, these cloaks are not for this rain; the
 tempest is too great. I come sweating to tell you of it,
 that you may get out of it.
 MATTEO Why, what's the matter?
 FLUELLO What's the matter! You have mattered it fair; the
 45 Duke's at hand.
 ALL THE REST
 The Duke?
 FLUELLO The very Duke.
 HIPPOLITO Then all our plots
 Are turned upon our heads, and we are blown up
 With our own underminings. 'Sfoot, how comes he?
 What villain durst betray our being here?
 50 FLUELLO Castruccio—Castruccio told the Duke, and Matteo
 here told Castruccio.
 HIPPOLITO
 Would you betray me to Castruccio?
 MATTEO 'Sfoot, he damned himself to the pit of hell if he
 spake on't again.
 HIPPOLITO
 55 So did you swear to me, so were you damned.
 MATTEO Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a
 man shall not believe oaths. He took bread and salt, by
 this light, that he would never open his lips.
 HIPPOLITO
 O God, O God!
 ANSELMO Son, be not desperate,
 60 Have patience; you shall trip your enemy down
 By his own sleights.—How far is the Duke hence?
 FLUELLO He's but new set out; Castruccio, Pioratto, and
 Sinezi come along with him. You have time enough yet
 to prevent them, if you have but courage.
 ANSELMO
 65 You shall steal secretly into the chapel,
 And presently be married. If the Duke
 Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes,
 You shall 'scape hence like friars.
 HIPPOLITO O blest disguise,
 O happy man!
 ANSELMO
 70 Talk not of happiness till your closed hand
 Have her by th' forehead, like the lock of time.
 Be not too slow nor hasty now you climb
- Up to the tower of bliss, only be wary
 And patient, that's all. If you like my plot
 Build and dispatch; if not, farewell, then not. 75
 HIPPOLITO
 O yes, we do applaud it. We'll dispute
 No longer, but will hence and execute.
 Fluello, you'll stay here; let us be gone.
 The ground that frighted lovers tread upon
 Is stuck with thorns.
 ANSELMO Come then, away; 'tis meet 80
 To escape those thorns, to put on winged feet.
Exeunt [Anselmo, Hippolito, and Infelice]
 MATTEO
 No words, I pray, Fluello, for it stands us upon.
 FLUELLO O, sir, let that be your lesson. [Exit Matteo]
 Alas, poor lovers! On what hopes and fears
 Men toss themselves for women! When she's got,
 85 The best has in her that which pleaseth not.
*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruccio, Pioratto,
 and Sinezi from several doors, muffled*
 DUKE
 Who's there?
 CASTRUCCIO My lord.
 DUKE Peace, send that 'lord' away,
 A lordship will spoil all; let's be all fellows.
 What's he?
 CASTRUCCIO Fluello, or else Sinezi, by his little legs. 90
 ALL THE REST All friends, all friends.
 DUKE
 What, met upon the very point of time?
 Is this the place?
 PIORATTO This is the place, my lord.
 DUKE
 Dream you on lordships? Come, no more 'lords', pray.
 You have not seen these lovers yet?
 ALL THE REST Not yet. 95
 DUKE
 Castruccio, art thou sure this wedding feat
 Is not till afternoon?
 CASTRUCCIO So 'tis given out, my lord.
 DUKE
 Nay, nay, 'tis like: thieves must observe their hours;
 Lovers watch minutes like astronomers. 100
 How shall the interim hours by us be spent?
 FLUELLO
 Let's all go see the madmen.

40 **these cloaks . . . rain** 'To have a cloak for the rain' is proverbial for 'to have an alibi for one's actions' (Tilley C417).
 40-1 **these cloaks . . . great** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*
 44 **mattered it fair** made a fine matter of it
 57 **took bread and salt** swore (i.e. ate it, to confirm his oath)
 61 **sleights** subtle schemes
 64 **prevent** anticipate

66 **presently** immediately
 70-1 **closed hand . . . time** Alluding to the emblematic and proverbial representation of Time (originally 'opportunity') with a full shock of hair in the front but bald behind, signifying the necessity of taking advantage of an occasion when it arises and not delaying until it has passed (Tilley T311).
 76 **dispute** discuss

82 **it stands us upon** it (the scheme) depends on us
 83 **O, sir . . . lesson** Fluello, mindful of the earlier lapse, replies that silence should be Matteo's concern.
 99 **like** probable
 100 **Lovers . . . astronomers** recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'Lovers observe very minutes (for meeting) like astronomers'.

Scene 15 The humours of the patient man. The longing wyfe and the honest whore.

ALL THE REST Mass, content.
 Enter [the player,] Thomas Towne, like a Sweeper
 DUKE
 O, here comes one; question him, question him.
 FLUELLO How now, honest fellow, dost thou belong to the
 105 house?
 SWEEPER Yes, forsooth, I am one of the implements; I
 sweep the madmen's rooms, and fetch straw for 'em,
 and buy chains to tie 'em, and rods to whip 'em. I was a
 110 mad wag myself here once, but I thank Father Anselm,
 he lashed me into my right mind again.
 DUKE
 Anselmo is the friar must marry them.
 [To Castruccio] Question him where he is.
 CASTRUCCIO And where is Father Anselmo now?
 SWEEPER Marry, he's gone but e'en now.
 DUKE
 115 Ay, well done. Tell me, whither is he gone?
 SWEEPER Why, to God A'mighty.
 FLUELLO Ha, ha, this fellow is a fool, talks idly.
 PIORATTO [to the Sweeper] Sirrah, are all the mad folks in
 Milan brought hither?
 120 SWEEPER How, all? There's a wise question indeed; why,
 if all the mad folks in Milan should come hither, there
 would not be left ten men in the city.
 DUKE Few gentlemen or courtiers here, ha?
 SWEEPER O, yes, abundance, abundance. Lands no sooner
 125 fall into their hands but straight they run out o' their
 wits. Citizens' sons and heirs are free of the house by
 their fathers' copy; farmers' sons come hither like geese
 in flocks, and when they ha' sold all their cornfields,
 here they sit and pick the straws.
 130 SINEZI Methinks you should have women here as well as
 men.
 SWEEPER O, ay, a plague on 'em; there's no ho with them,
 they are madder than march hares.
 FLUELLO Are there no lawyers here amongst you?
 135 SWEEPER O, no, not one; never any lawyer. We dare not
 let a lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster than
 we can recover 'em.
 DUKE And how long is't ere you recover any of these?
 SWEEPER Why, according to the quantity of the moon
 140 that's got into 'em, an alderman's son will be mad a
 great while, a very great while, especially if his friends
 left him well; a whore will hardly come to her wits
 again; a puritan—there's no hope of him unless he may
 pull down the steeple and hang himself i'th'bell-ropes.

FLUELLO I perceive all sorts of fish come to your net. 145
 SWEEPER Yes, in truth, we have blocks for all heads; we
 have good store of wild oats here, for the courtier is mad
 at the citizen, the citizen is mad at the countryman, the
 shoemaker is mad at the cobbler, the cobbler at the
 150 carman, the punk is mad that the merchant's wife is
 no whore, the merchant's wife is mad that the punk is
 so common a whore.
 Enter Anselmo [and Servants]
 Gods-so, here's Father Anselm; pray say nothing that I
 tell tales out of the school. Exit
 ALL THE VISITORS
 God bless you, father.
 ANSELMO Thank you, gentlemen. 155
 CASTRUCCIO
 Pray, may we see some of those wretched souls
 That here are in your keeping?
 ANSELMO Yes, you shall;
 But gentlemen, I must disarm you then.
 There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
 All humoured not alike; we have here some 160
 So apish and fantastic play with a feather,
 And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
 So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
 Such antic and such pretty lunacies
 That spite of sorrow they will make you smile. 165
 Others again we have like hungry lions,
 Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies,
 And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides
 Snatched rapiers suddenly and done much harm,
 Whom, if you'll see, you must be weaponless. 170
 ALL THE VISITORS
 With all our hearts.
 [They disarm]
 ANSELMO [to a Servant]
 Here, take these weapons in.—
 [Exit Servant with the weapons]
 Stand off a little, pray—so, so, 'tis well.
 I'll show you here a man that was sometimes
 A very grave and wealthy citizen;
 He's served a prenticeship to this misfortune, 175
 Been here seven years, and dwelt in Bergamo.
 DUKE
 How fell he from himself?
 ANSELMO By loss at sea.
 I'll stand aside; question him you alone,
 For if he spy me, he'll not speak a word

102 Mass 'by the mass', a mild oath
 102.1 Towne...Sweeper Thomas Towne,
 an actor with the Admiral's (later Prince
 Henry's) Men, 1594-1610
 108 rods... 'em i.e. as part of the cure
 117 idly incoherently, deliriously
 126 free of the house possessed of certain
 rights and privileges within the house
 127 copy with a pun on (a) abundance;
 and (b) in reference to rights granted by

the fathers' possession of copyhold or a
 transcript of documents establishing their
 status as landowners or householders
 132 ho end, stopping
 133 madder than march hares proverbial
 (Tilley H148)
 139 moon alluding to the moon's supposed
 influence over mad persons (preserved in
 lunatics)
 142 left him well i.e. left him well provided

for by legacy or inheritance
 146 blocks moulds for making hats (quib-
 bling on 'blockhead')
 147 mad 'angry', with a play on 'insane'
 150 carman carrier, carter
 154 tell tales...school proverbial (Tilley
 T54)
 164 antic fantastic
 173 sometimes formerly
 176 seven years the term of apprenticeship

- 180 Unless he's thoroughly vexed.
 [He] discovers [*a Madman*]: *an old man, wrapped in a net*
- FLUELLO Alas, poor soul.
 CASTRUCCIO A very old man.
 DUKE [*to First Madman*] God speed, father.
 FIRST MADMAN God speed the plough, thou shalt not speed me.
- 185 PIORATTO We see you, old man, for all you dance in a net.
 FIRST MADMAN True, but thou wilt dance in a halter, and I shall not see thee.
 ANSELMO O, do not vex him, pray.
 CASTRUCCIO Are you a fisherman, father?
- 190 FIRST MADMAN No, I'm neither fish nor flesh.
 FLUELLO What do you with that net then?
 FIRST MADMAN Dost not see, fool? There's a fresh salmon in't; if you step one foot further, you'll be over shoes, for you see I'm over head and ear in the salt water; and if you fall into this whirlpool where I am, you're drowned, you're a drowned rat.—I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my net breaks still, and breaks; but I'll break some of your necks an I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay; where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind, where's the wind? Out, you gulls, you goosecaps, you gudgeon-eaters! Do you look for the wind in the heavens? Ha, ha, ha, ha! No, no! Look there, look there, look there, the wind is always at that door; hark how it blows, pooff, pooff, pooff.
- 195 ALL THE VISITORS Ha, ha, ha!
 FIRST MADMAN Do you laugh at God's creatures? Do you mock old age, you rogues? Is this grey beard and head counterfeit, that you cry 'ha, ha, ha'?—Sirrah, art not thou my eldest son?
- 200 PIORATTO Yes indeed, father.
 FIRST MADMAN Then thou'rt a fool, for my eldest son had a polt-foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a pear-coloured beard. I made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool.—[*To Duke*] Sirrah! Thou there! Hold out thy hand.
- 205 DUKE My hand? Well, here 'tis.
 FIRST MADMAN Look, look, look, look: has he not long nails, and short hair? 220
 FLUELLO Yes, monstrous short hair, and abominable long nails.
 FIRST MADMAN Tenpenny nails are they not?
 FLUELLO Yes, tenpenny nails.
 FIRST MADMAN Such nails had my second boy. Kneel down, thou varlet, and ask thy father blessing. 225
 [Duke kneels]
 Such nails had my middlemost son, and I made him a promoter; and he scraped, and scraped, and scraped, till he got the devil and all; but he scraped thus, and thus, and thus, and it went under his legs, till at length a company of kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all, all, all, all, all. 230
 [Duke rises]
 If you love your lives, look to yourselves. See, see, see, see, the Turk's galleys are fighting with my ships! 'Bounce!' goes the guns; 'O, O, O!' cry the men; 'Rumble, rumble!' go the waters.—Alas! There! 'Tis sunk—'tis sunk! I am undone, I am undone; you are the damned pirates have undone me—you are, by th' Lord, you are, you are!—Stop 'em!—You are!
 ANSELMO Why, how now, sirrah, must I fall to tame you? 240
 FIRST MADMAN Tame me? No, I'll be madder than a roasted cat. See, see, I am burnt with gunpowder.—These are our close fights.
 ANSELMO I'll whip you if you grow unruly thus.
 FIRST MADMAN Whip me? Out, you toad!—Whip me? 245
 What justice is this to whip me because I'm a beggar?—Alas, I am a poor man, a very poor man. I am starved and have had no meat, by this light, ever since the great flood. I am a poor man.
 ANSELMO Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meat. 250
 FIRST MADMAN Ay, ay, pray do; for look you, [*holding out the net*] here be my guts: these are my ribs—you may look through my ribs—see how my guts come out—these are my red guts, my very guts, O, O!

180.1 *discovers* i.e. by opening the curtains of the discovery space

184 *God speed the plough* i.e. God prosper the plough (proverbial: Tilley G223)

186 *dance in a net* The proverb, 'You dance in a net and think nobody sees you', meant 'to act with practically no disguise while expecting to escape notice' (Tilley N130).

187 *halter* rope for hanging malefactors

190 *fisherman* understood by First Madman as 'fish or man'

191 *neither... flesh* proverbial (Tilley F319)

193 *fresh salmon* playing on the sense 'dupe, prey' (often with sexual suggestion)

194 *over shoes* deeply immersed

195 *salt water* playing on the sense 'tears'

198 *draught* catch, quantity taken with one drawing of the net

203 *goosecaps* boobies, fools

gudgeon-eaters gullible persons (a *gudgeon* is a small fish used for bait)

214 *polt-foot* club-foot

verjuice sour, crabbed

214-15 *pear-coloured* i.e. russet-red

215-16 *I made... fool* recorded by Edward Pudsey in his *Commonplace Book*: 'His friends made him a scholar, and he made himself a fool'.

223 *Tenpenny nails* large nails sold at tenpence a hundred

228 *promoter* informer

231 *kites* rapacious persons, sharpers

(playing also on the literal sense: birds of prey)

234 *galleys* low flat-built sea-going vessels with one deck

235 *Bounce!* bang!

240 *fall to* set to work, begin

243 *close fights* defensive structures erected as citadels on the decks of ships in anticipation of boarding engagements; First Madman presumably makes reference to the discovery space and imagines a skirmish with Anselmo as such an encounter.

248-9 *the great flood* i.e. the flood Noah survived (Genesis 7:17-24), an originating moment in human history; confused by the old man with his loss at sea

255 ANSELMO [to a Servant] Take him in there.
[Exit Servant with First Madman]

ALL THE VISITORS A very piteous sight.
CASTRUCCIO

Father, I see you have a busy charge.

ANSELMO

They must be used like children: pleased with toys,
And anon whipped for their unruliness.
260 I'll show you now a pair quite different
From him that's gone; he was all words, and these,
Unless you urge 'em, seldom spend their speech,
But save their tongues.

[Enter Second Madman, and Third Madman with
food and drink]

La, you.—This hithermost
Fell from the happy quietness of mind
265 About a maiden that he loved, and died.
He followed her to church, being full of tears,
And as her body went into the ground
He fell stark mad. That is a married man
Was jealous of a fair but, as some say,
270 A very virtuous wife; and that spoiled him.

SECOND MADMAN All these are whoremongers, and lay with
my wife: whore, whore, whore, whore, whore.

FLUELLO Observe him.

SECOND MADMAN Gaffer shoemaker, you pulled on my
275 wife's pumps, and then crept into her pantofles; lie
there, lie there.—This was her tailor—you cut out her
loose-bodied gown, and put in a yard more than I
allowed her; lie there by the shoemaker.—O, master
doctor! Are you here? You gave me a purgation, and
280 then crept into my wife's chamber to feel her pulses,
and you said, and she said, and her maid said that
they went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat.—Doctor, I'll
put you anon into my wife's urinal.—Hey, come aloft,
Jack! This was her schoolmaster, and taught her to
285 play upon the virginals, and still his jacks leapt up, up.
You pricked her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but I'll
prick you all—fiddler—doctor—tailor—shoemaker—
shoemaker—fiddler—doctor—tailor—so! Lie with my
wife again, now.

290 CASTRUCCIO See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

SECOND MADMAN Give me some porridge.

THIRD MADMAN I'll give thee none.

SECOND MADMAN Give me some porridge.

THIRD MADMAN I'll not give thee a bit.

SECOND MADMAN Give me that flap-dragon.

THIRD MADMAN I'll not give thee a spoonful. Thou liest, it's
no dragon, 'tis a parrot that I bought for my sweetheart,
and I'll keep it.

SECOND MADMAN Here's an almond for parrot.

THIRD MADMAN Hang thyself.

SECOND MADMAN Here's a rope for parrot.

THIRD MADMAN Eat it, for I'll eat this.

SECOND MADMAN I'll shoot at thee an thou't give me none.

THIRD MADMAN Woo't thou?

SECOND MADMAN I'll run a-tilt at thee an thou't give me
none.

THIRD MADMAN Woo't thou? Do, an thou dar'st.

SECOND MADMAN Bounce!

THIRD MADMAN O! O! I am slain!—Murder, murder,
murder! I am slain, my brains are beaten out.

ANSELMO How now, you villains?—[To a Servant] Bring me
whips.—[To Madmen] I'll whip you.

THIRD MADMAN I am dead, I am slain! Ring out the bell,
for I am dead.

DUKE [to Second Madman] How will you do now, sirrah?
You ha' killed him.

SECOND MADMAN I'll answer't at sessions; he was eating of
almond-butter, and I longed for't. The child had never
been delivered out of my belly if I had not killed him. I'll
answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt i'th'hand
too.

ANSELMO [to a Servant] Take 'em in both; bury him, for
he's dead.

THIRD MADMAN Ay, indeed, I am dead; put me, I pray,
into a good pit hole.

SECOND MADMAN I'll answer't at sessions.

Exeunt [Servant with Second and Third Madmen]

Enter Bellafront, mad

ANSELMO How now, housewife, whither gad you?

BELLAFRONT A-nutting, forsooth. How do you, gaffer? How
do you, gaffer? There's a French curtsy for you, too.

FLUELLO 'Tis Bellafront.

257 **charge** (a) order; (b) care, custody

274 **Gaffer** title of address, often with no
intimation of respect

275 **pumps** single-soled, low-cut shoes
generally unsuitable for streetwear (but
here suggesting sexual conquest)

pantofles high, cork-soled shoes, with
open backs, slipped on over *pumps* (here
suggesting stealthy sexual transgression)

276 **tailor** Tailors had a reputation for
lechery.

277 **yard** punning on the sense 'penis'

280 **chamber** punning on the sense 'vagina'

283-4 **come aloft, Jack** the master's cry to a
trained ape (with bawdy innuendo)

285 **virginals** keyed instrument of the
harpsichord class (with sexual innuendo)

jacks upright pieces of wood (in the
virginals) connected to the key-lever;
when the keys were depressed the *jacks*
rose causing quills fitted to them to pluck
the strings (with bawdy innuendo)

286 **pricked** wrote down in musical notation
(with bawdy innuendo)

287 **prick** grieve, torment (with a play on
pricked)

295 **flap-dragon** a raisin floating in a cup of
flaming liquor

299-301 **an almond... rope for parrot**
phrases commonly taught to parrots

303 **thou't** contraction of 'thou woo't' =
'thou wilt'

304 **Woo't** wilt

317 **sessions** quarter-sessions (i.e. in a law
court)

318 **almond-butter** a preparation of cream
and whites of eggs boiled, to which are
added blanched almonds

320 **burnt i'th'hand** branded as a felon

327 **housewife** hussy, wench

328 **A-nutting** nut-gathering; but possibly
with a glance at a romantic sense from
nutting in contemporary use as a term
of affection; in either sense presumably
intended as a token of insanity

gaffer my good fellow, old fellow
329 **French curtsy** venereal disease, the
French pox (coupled with an actual
curtsy)

PIORATTO 'Tis the punk, by th'Lord.
 DUKE
 Father, what's she, I pray?
 ANSELMO As yet I know not;
 She came but in this day, talks little idly,
 And therefore has the freedom of the house.
 335 BELLAFRONT Do not you know me? Nor you? Nor you, nor
 you?
 ALL THE VISITORS No, indeed.
 BELLAFRONT Then you are an ass, and you are an ass, and
 you are an ass, for I know you.
 340 ANSELMO Why, what are they? Come, tell me, what are
 they?
 BELLAFRONT Three fishwives; will you buy any gudgeons?
*Enter Hippolito, Matteo, and Infelice, disguised in
 the habits of friars*
 God's santy, yonder come friars; I know them too.—
 How do you, friar?
 ANSELMO
 345 Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble friars.
 [Aside to Hippolito, Matteo, Infelice] The Duke is here;
 speak nothing.
 BELLAFRONT Nay, indeed, you shall not go: we'll run at
 barley-break first, and you shall be in hell.
 MATTEO [aside] My punk turned mad whore, as all her
 350 fellows are?
 HIPPOLITO [aside to Infelice and Matteo]
 Speak nothing, but steal hence when you spy time.
 ANSELMO [to Bellafront]
 I'll lock you up if you're unruly, fie.
 BELLAFRONT Fie! Marry, faugh! They shall not go, indeed,
 till I ha' told 'em their fortunes.
 355 DUKE Good father, give her leave.
 BELLAFRONT Ay, pray, good father, and I'll give you my
 blessing.
 ANSELMO Well then, be brief, but if you are thus unruly,
 I'll have you locked up fast.
 360 PIORATTO Come, to their fortunes.
 BELLAFRONT Let me see: one, two, three, and four.—I'll
 begin with the little friar first. [To Infelice] Here's a fine
 hand indeed, I never saw friar have such a dainty hand:
 here's a hand for a lady, you ha' good fortune now.
 365 O see, see, what a thread here's spun;
 You love a friar better than a nun,
 Yet long you'll love no friar, nor no friar's son.

[Infelice] bows a little
 The line of life is out, yet I'm afraid,
 For all you're holy, you'll not die a maid.
 God give you joy.—Now to you, Friar Tuck. 370
 MATTEO God send me good luck.
 BELLAFRONT
 You love one, and one loves you.
 You are a false knave, and she's a Jew;
 Here is a dial that false ever goes.
 MATTEO
 O, your wit drops.
 BELLAFRONT Troth, so does your nose. 375
 [To Hippolito] Nay, let's shake hands with you, too:
 pray open,
 Here's a fine hand. Ho, friar, ho, God be here,
 So He had need. You'll keep good cheer;
 Here's a free table, but a frozen breast,
 For you'll starve those that love you best. 380
 Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,
 [She] discovers them
 Then you are no friar, nor you, nor you, no friar.
 Ha ha, ha ha.
 DUKE
 Are holy habits cloaks for villainy?
 Draw all your weapons.
 HIPPOLITO Do, draw all your weapons. 385
 DUKE Where are your weapons? Draw.
 ALL THE GALLANTS
 The friar has gulled us of 'em.
 MATTEO O, rare trick!
 You ha' learned one mad point of arithmetic.
 HIPPOLITO
 Why swells your spleen so high? Against what bosom
 Would you your weapons draw? Hers? 'Tis your
 daughter's. 390
 Mine? 'Tis your son's.
 DUKE Son?
 MATTEO Son, by yonder sun.
 HIPPOLITO [to Duke]
 You cannot shed blood here but 'tis your own;
 To spill your own blood were damnation.
 Lay smooth that wrinkled brow, and I will throw
 Myself beneath your feet; 395
 Let it be rugged still and flinted o'er,
 What can come forth but sparkles that will burn

342 **gudgeons** small fish used for bait (one who takes a *gudgeon* is a fool)

343 **santy** perhaps a corruption of 'sanctity'

348 **barley-break . . . hell** A country game played originally by three couples, one at either end of a field and the third in the centre, termed 'hell'. The couples at the field's ends try to cross from one side to the other and are permitted to separate or 'break' when challenged by the central pair, and to switch partners in the process, but if caught by the

occupants of 'hell' must exchange places with them. The game continues until all the couples have taken a turn in 'hell'.

349–50 **My punk . . . are** possibly in allusion to the effects of syphilis

362 **little friar** i.e. Infelice

370 **Friar Tuck** Robin Hood's friar (who, like Matteo in his disguise, was not all his gown indicated)

373 **Jew** a term of opprobrium: a wicked person

374 **dial** (indicating Matteo's face)

375 **your wit drops** Cf. the proverbial 'His wit is in the wane' (Tilley W555).

so . . . nose i.e. probably either inclining his head in shame or to conceal his face more fully in the cowl of the friar's habit

377 **Ho** exclamation of surprise

379 **table** punning on the sense 'palm'

380 **For . . . best** in allusion to Hippolito's rejection of her love

389 **spleen** anger

396 **it** i.e. your brow

397 **sparkles** sparks

- Yourself and us? She's mine; my claim's most good;
 She's mine by marriage, though she's yours by blood.
- ANSELMO [*kneeling to Duke*]
 400 I have a hand, dear lord, deep in this act,
 For I foresaw this storm, yet willingly
 Put forth to meet it. Oft have I seen a father
 Washing the wounds of his dear son in tears,
 A son to curse the sword that struck his father,
 405 Both slain i'th'quarrel of your families.
 Those scars are now ta'en off; and I beseech you,
 To seal our pardon. All was to this end:
 To turn the ancient hates of your two houses
 To fresh green friendship, that your loves might look
 410 Like the spring's forehead, comfortably sweet,
 And your vexed souls in peaceful union meet.
 Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs,
 And happiness shall crown your silver hairs.
- FLUELLO [*to Duke*]
 You see, my lord, there's now no remedy.
- 415 ALL THE GALLANTS [*to Duke*] Beseech your lordship.
- DUKE
 You beseech fair; you have me in place fit
 To bridle me.—Rise friar, you may be glad
 You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad.
 Since fate hath conquered, I must rest content;
 420 To strive now would but add new punishment.
 I yield unto your happiness. Be blest.
 Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.
- ALL THE GALLANTS
 O happy change!
- DUKE You're now is my content;
 I throw upon your joys my full consent.
- 425 BELLAFRONT Am not I a fine fortune-teller? God's me, you
 are a brave man; will not you buy me some sugar plums
 for telling how the friar was i'th'well, will you not?
- DUKE
 Would thou hadst wit, thou pretty soul, to ask,
 As I have will to give.
- 430 BELLAFRONT Pretty soul! A pretty soul is better than a
 pretty body. Do not you know my pretty soul?
- MATTEO No.
- BELLAFRONT Look, fine man—nay? I know you all by your
 noses; he was mad for me once, and I was mad for
 435 him once, and he was mad for her once, and were you
 never mad? Yes, I warrant. Is not your name Matteo?
- MATTEO Yes, lamb.
- BELLAFRONT Lamb! Baa! Am I lamb? There you lie: I am
 mutton. I had a fine jewel once, a very fine jewel, and
- that naughty man stole it away from me, fine jewel, a 440
 very fine jewel.
- DUKE What jewel, pretty maid?
- BELLAFRONT Maid, nay, that's a lie.—O, 'twas a golden
 jewel, hark, 'twas called a maidenhead, and that
 naughty man had it, had you not, leerer? 445
- MATTEO
 Out, you mad ass, away!
- DUKE Had he thy maidenhead?
 He shall make thee amends and marry thee.
- BELLAFRONT Shall he? [*Singing*] 'O, brave Arthur of Bradley
 then, shall he!'
- DUKE
 And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,
 450 I know he will.
- MATTEO I think I rifled her of some such paltry jewel.
- DUKE
 Did you? Then marry her; you see the wrong
 Has led her spirits into a lunacy.
- MATTEO How, marry her, my lord? 'Sfoot, marry a mad- 455
 woman? Let a man get the tamest wife he can come
 by, she'll be mad enough afterward, do what he can.
- DUKE
 Father Anselmo here shall do his best
 To bring her to her wits, and will you then?
- MATTEO I cannot tell, I may choose. 460
- DUKE
 Nay, then, law shall compel. I tell you, sir,
 So much her hard fate moves me, you should not
 breathe
 Under this air unless you married her.
- MATTEO
 Well, then, when her wits stand in their right place
 I'll marry her. 465
- BELLAFRONT
 I thank your grace.—Matteo, thou art mine!
 I am not mad, but put on this disguise
 [*To Hippolito*] Only for you, my lord; for you can tell
 Much wonder of me; but you are gone: farewell.
 Matteo, thou first mad'st me black, now make me 470
 White as before; [*kneeling*] I vow to thee I'm now
 As chaste as infancy, pure as Cynthia's brow.
- HIPPOLITO
 I durst be sworn, Matteo, she's indeed.
- MATTEO
 Cony-catched, gulled! Must I sail in your fly-boat
 Because I helped to rear your main-mast first? 475
 Plague 'found you for't.—'Tis well.

427 **the friar was i'th'well** Alluding to a popular ballad of a friar's attempted seduction of a maid. Taking his money while keeping him at bay, the girl resolves to trick him. He duly falls down a well thinking to escape her father. At length she rescues him, but refuses to return the money.

434 **noses** i.e. inclining heads (in shame);

possibly punning on the 'noes' received in answer to her questioning if any knows her. Also the noses are the only features clearly visible on account of the friar's habits (with phallic innuendo).

439 **mutton** prostitute

448-9 'O, brave Arthur . . . shall he' refrain of a popular ballad about this character's wedding; see *Companion*, p. 139

466 **I thank your grace** Whether Bellafront removes any part of her disguise as a madwoman is not clear, but probable.

472 **Cynthia's** i.e. Diana's, alluding to the maiden goddess of chastity

474 **fly-boat** a light, fast sailing vessel (with the innuendo of female genitals)

475 **main-mast** (with innuendo of penis)

476 **'found** confound

The cuckold's stamp goes current in all nations;
 Some men have horns given them at their creations:
 If I be one of those, why so; it's better
 480 To take a common wench, and make her good,
 Than one that simpers and at first will scarce
 Be tempted forth over the threshold door,
 Yet in one sennight, zounds, turns arrant whore.
 Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy golls,
 [Raising her] We'll talk of legs hereafter.—See, my
 485 lord,
 God give us joy.

ALL THE REST God give you joy.

Enter [Viola,] Candido's Wife and George

GEORGE Come, mistress, we are in Bedlam now, mass, and
 see, we come in pudding-time, for here's the Duke.

490 WIFE My husband, good my lord.

DUKE Have I thy husband?

CASTRUCCIO It's Candido, my lord, he's here among the
 lunatics; Father Anselmo, pray fetch him forth.

[Exit Anselmo]

495 This madwoman is his wife, and though she were not
 with child, yet did she long most spitefully to have her
 husband, that was as patient as Job, to be more mad
 than ever was Orlando; and because she would be sure
 he should turn Jew, she placed him here in Bethlem.
 Yonder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anselmo

500 DUKE Come hither, signor.—Are you mad?

CANDIDO You are not mad.

DUKE Why, I know that.

CANDIDO

Then may you know I am not mad, that know
 You are not mad, and that you are the Duke.
 505 None is mad here but one.—How do you, wife?
 What do you long for now?—Pardon, my lord.

DUKE

Why, signor, came you hither?

CANDIDO O my good lord!

She had lost her child's nose else. I did cut out
 Pennyworths of lawn—the lawn was yet mine own;
 510 A carpet was my gown, yet 'twas mine own;
 I wore my man's coat, yet the cloth mine own;
 Had a cracked crown, the crown was yet mine own.
 She says for this I'm mad; were her words true,
 I should be mad indeed.—O foolish skill!
 515 Is patience madness? I'll be a madman still.

WIFE [kneeling]

Forgive me, and I'll vex your spirit no more.

DUKE

Come, come, we'll have you friends; join hearts, join
 hands.

CANDIDO See, my lord, we are even.

[To Wife] Nay, rise, for ill deeds kneel unto none but
 heaven.

DUKE

Signor, methinks patience has laid on you 520
 Such heavy weight that you should loathe it.

CANDIDO

Loathe it?

DUKE

For he whose breast is tender, blood so cool
 That no wrongs heat it, is a patient fool.
 What comfort do you find in being so calm?

CANDIDO

490 That which green wounds receive from sovereign
 balm. 525

Patience, my lord, why, 'tis the soul of peace.
 Of all the virtues, 'tis near'st kin to heaven.
 It makes men look like gods; the best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer:

495 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit, 530
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
 The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor.
 All it desires, it has; what monarch more?
 It is the greatest enemy to law

That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs, 535
 And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues.
 'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty,
 His walks, and orchards. 'Tis the bondsman's freedom,
 And makes him seem proud of each iron chain,

500 As though he wore it more for state than pain. 540
 It is the beggar's music, and thus sings,
 Although their bodies beg, their souls are kings.
 O my dread liege! It is the sap of bliss
 Rears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss;

And last of all, to end a household strife, 545
 It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife.

DUKE

Thou giv'st it lively colours; who dare say
 He's mad whose words march in so good array?
 'Twere sin all women should such husbands have,
 For every man must then be his wife's slave. 550

Come, therefore, you shall teach our court to shine;
 So calm a spirit is worth a golden mine.

Wives with meek husbands that to vex them long,
 In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

Wives with meek husbands that to vex them long,
 In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

Exeunt

Finis

483 **sennight** week (i.e. seven [days and] nights)

484 **golls** hands (a cant term)

485 **legs** bows (Bellafant has been kneeling in gratitude)

489 **in pudding-time** in good time (originally, the time when puddings were to be

had); proverbial (Tilley P634)

496–7 **mad**... **Orlando** i.e. in allusion to the title character of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

498 **Jew** a term of opprobrium, but presumably intended here to signify irascibility

508 **had lost**... **nose** i.e. would have

graduated from childish tactics to others with graver consequences

514 **skill** reason; cleverness

525 **green** fresh, raw

528 **best of men** i.e. Christ

540 **state** dignified appearance

LOST PLAYS: A BRIEF ACCOUNT

Doris Feldmann and Kurt Tetzeli von Rosador

THOMAS MIDDLETON is not the Seventeenth-Century Master of the Lost Play: five plays known to be lost with about thirty extant is not a bad ratio for a professional Jacobean playwright. Nor is he, at least with respect to his lost plays, the Master of the Tantalizing Title. (That he could invent these with satiric ease, the list of fictitious titles in *Hengist, King of Kent*, 5.1.106–14, sufficiently documents.) With the possible exception of one, the alternative title of *Caesar's Fall*, all the titles are of a kind pleasing to scholars. They instigate an orderly play of signification—not the fearful free play of the signifier, but one loosely structured and delimited by social conditions, literary traditions, and cultural prescriptions: (1) *Caesar's Fall/Two Shapes*, (2) *Randall, Earl of Chester*, (3) *The Viper and Her Brood*, (4) *The Conqueror's Custom*, or *The Fair Prisoner*, and (5) *The Puritan Maid, the Modest Wife, and the Wanton Widow*.

Still, there can be—as it were, by definition—no absolute certainty about the number of plays lost. There are, however, degrees of uncertainty, which can be lessened with the help of soft facts. Thus an entry into the Stationers' Register for 9 September 1653 by Humphrey Moseley attributes four plays to Middleton. Or is it five? The wording of one of the entries, 'A right woman, or women beware of women', would normally mean that the first and second parts are alternatives, but one cannot be quite sure with Moseley. He, well-known for such sharp practice, may have entered two titles as one in order to save paying two fees. If so, is *A Right Woman* by Middleton, as all the other four titles are? Or is it the identically titled play which Moseley entered on 29 June 1660 as by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher and for which—in a fit of honesty?—he then paid the ordinary fee? There can be no certainty. Nor does the title itself, with its widely applicable, vaguely proverbial phrasing—'You are a right woman, sister: you have pity' (*The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 3.6.215)—help to clarify the matter. To attribute *A Right Woman* to Middleton remains a soft option.

Yet, if soft facts all cohere, some certainty can be arrived at. Such seems to be the case for an untitled play, for which, on 3 October 1602, Philip Henslowe advanced on behalf of Worcester's Men the sum of 20s. to Middleton. Even though no title is given, there is nothing unusual about this entry, neither the space left for the title, to be filled in later by Henslowe himself or by an associate like Thomas Downton, nor the amount of the advance, which could vary considerably as a reflection of both the status of the playwright and the state of the manuscript. Yet Henslowe's entry about this payment 'in earnest of a play'

is not followed by the usual ones of part and full payment a few weeks later, at least not for a play by Middleton for Worcester's Men. There are, however, records of a payment of £4 to Middleton on 21 October 1602, in 'part of payment for his play called Chester tragedy' and of 40s. on 9 November 1602, in 'full payment of his play called Randall, Earl of Chester'. The progressive concretization of the title, the proximity of dates, the complementary nature of the statements about the payments, mirroring faithfully Henslowe's regular procedure, and the total of £7 itself, a good one, but well within Henslowe's limits for a new play, suggest quite forcefully that, within five weeks' time, the untitled play had been completed and entitled *Randall, Earl of Chester*, changing hands in the process from Worcester's to the Admiral's Men, Henslowe's other company (a not uncommon procedure, as the reverse movement of Thomas Dekker's *A Medicine for a Curst Wife* three months earlier testifies).

Randall, Earl of Chester, however, had not been Middleton's first work for Henslowe. On 22 May 1602, Henslowe paid £5 to the Admiral's Men 'to give unto Anthony Munday and Michael Drayton, Webster and the rest /Middleton/ in earnest of a book called Caesar's Fall'. That Middleton's name is interlined above 'rest' may mean very little, since 'the rest' also designated Thomas Dekker, in 1602 a dramatist of some standing. He surfaces in the complementary entry of 29 May 1602, when the sum of £3 was handed to 'Thomas Dekker, Drayton, Middleton and Webster and Munday in full payment for their play called Two Shapes'. There is nothing unusual about an Elizabethan or a Jacobean play advertising itself by alternative titles, nor, indeed, about there being instability between the two. The identity of authors, the closeness of dates, and the complementary nature of the payments, adding up to as much as Henslowe was willing to disburse for a new play, leave hardly any room for doubt that the titles are alternative. With five dramatists collaborating, a mechanical division of labour, one act each, may have suggested itself as the least troublesome. About the distribution of the money, whether each of the dramatists received an equal share or not, nothing whatsoever is known.

That the matter of Caesar possessed both cultural relevance and popular appeal during the 1590s is testified by the number of dramatizations, be they for the closet, such as Samuel Daniel's *Cleopatra* of 1593, the academic stage, such as Trinity College's *Caesar's Revenge* of c. 1595, or the public theatres. The Admiral's Men contributed their fair share to the Caesarean theme. In November

1594, they staged an anonymous play of *Caesar and Pompey*, followed seven months later by a second part. Three years later, in 1598, Henry Chettle and Robert Wilson collaborated on *Catiline's Conspiracy* for them. If this plan ever materialized, the Admiral's Men would, with *Caesar's Fall*, have built up a dramatic tradition of good commercial value (having laid in stock, according to Henslowe's inventory of 1598, '1 senator's gown, 1 hood, and 5 senator's capes'). And they would have completed a Caesarean project of some magnitude, showing Caesar in the round: the martial hero outmanœuvring and defeating Pompey the Great and, in the sequel, Sextus, his son; the powerful rhetorician and wily statesman of Catiline's conspiracy; and the destined fate of the mighty, inescapably subject to the *de casibus* pattern, to the inevitable rise and fall brought about either by a turn of blind Fortune's wheel or the retribution of the gods. In accordance with a tradition of mighty lines and mighty acting the Admiral's Men would have highlighted the central figure—in contrast and rivalry to the marginalized centrality of that other Julius Caesar, put on in 1599 by their competitors, the Lord Chamberlain's Men.

How the Caesar of the Admiral's Men would have been presented is not clear. Neither can the writings of any of the five dramatists be read as containing a single, fixed image of Caesar, nor can even the smallest common denominator be discerned between the works. The condemnation of Caesar's assassins implied in *1 Sir John Oldcastle* (1599), in which Drayton had a hand, is simply not compatible with the condemnation of Caesar's 'ambitious ends' in his *Poly-Olbion* of 1612 (X, 299); and Dekker's praise of James I as a 'second Caesar' (*The Wonderful Year*, 1603) was followed by Middleton's presentation of Caesar's life as subject of a 'motion' in *Father Hubbard's Tales* (1604), to be totally subverted by Webster's Menippean satire of a 'Julius Caesar making hair buttons' (*The White Devil*, 5.6.109–10).

This multivalence of the moral and ideological perspective—which is no final indeterminacy, since the *de casibus* pattern articulated in the title of *Caesar's Fall* prescribes unambiguously the sense of an ending—can be somewhat delimited by analysing what is either a sub- or an alternative title: *Two Shapes*. For it, as for almost any other evaluation of Caesar, Plutarch could have provided the stimulus with his description of Caesar's political 'craft and malice, which he cunningly cloaked under the habit of outward courtesy and familiarity'. Such a duplicity is not only expressed by the title's numerical adjective, but also by the noun. In Middleton, whoever and whatever is characterized by it comes in a questionable shape, the result of deceit ('There is a cheater by profession | That takes more shapes than the chameleon', *Microcynicon*, 4.3–4), or of (theatrical) disguise ('I have bethought the shape— | Some credulous scholar', *Your Five Gallants*, 1.2.91–2).

Whatever Middleton may have learned about the technical side of his craft while collaborating on *Caesar's Fall*,

he must have realized some of the possibilities of traditional historical subjects, especially the opportunity to represent problems of contemporary cultural relevance in a protective guise—joining, as he himself will put it in the Prologue to *Hengist, King of Kent*, 'new times' love to old times' story'. Ancient Roman history with its numerous *exempla* of the conflicts of authority vs. freedom, the monarchy vs. the republic, the individual vs. the state and its institutions, with its power struggles and the problematics of the transfer of power, had long served such purposes—in Heywood's succinct summary from *An Apology for Actors* (1612): 'If we present a foreign history, the subject is so intended, that in the lives of Romans, Grecians, or others, either the virtues of our countrymen are extolled, or their vices reproved.' England's own history had frequently been used for identical purposes, and Middleton turned to it in October 1602, dramatizing the tragedy of Randall, Earl of Chester. The subject might well have been suggested to him by his colleague Anthony Munday. In *John a Kent and John a Cumber* (c.1590), Munday had put—in one of a number of variant spellings—a *Ranulphe*, Earle of Chester on the stage, partly as a parental blocking figure, partly to give a local habitation and a name to one of the play's major conflicts (English Art vs. Scottish black magic). Munday had, moreover, employed an Earl of Chester in both *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (1598). And, in *Look About You* (printed in 1600), the Earl makes another stage appearance in another play of the Admiral's Men in a similar, though even less prominent, function. Middleton may also have been aware, as Langland was, of popular traditions, of 'rymes of Robyn hood and Randolf Erl of Chestre' (*Piers Plowman*, V.395). In addition, there are the 32 performances between 1594–7 of *The Wise Man of West Chester* and the play's revival in 1601, which kept Chester and its earls alive in the minds of Elizabethan theatre-goers.

Such insistent presentation of powerful English aristocrats may well have been part of the Admiral's Men's deliberate policy. In marked contrast to the monarchical plays of the Lord Chamberlain's Men, the nineties see a long procession of English noblemen, always heroically fighting, sometimes heroically dying, under the auspices of the Admiral's Men, such as *Captain Thomas Stukeley* (1596), *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (1598), the two parts of *Sir John Oldcastle* (1599), and *The Conquest of Spain by John of Gaunt* (1601). That these aristocratic patterns of patriotism and heroism had a clear political message about the true strength and roots of England's glory to convey during the last years of Elizabeth's reign and the mounting tension inherent in the question of succession, exploding in the Essex rising of 1601, can be taken for granted.

Hence, Middleton's choice of subject matter can hardly be called fortuitous. If he, once again, followed the plough through a well-cultivated literary terrain, he found his own furrow by turning for the general outline of plot and

conflict and for a good number of details of characterization and rhetoric to that work out of which the English history play came into its own, Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. There, in the revised version, published in 1587, he found three Ranulfs, Earls of Chester, of whom one, Ranulf de Meschines, is just mentioned in passing (vol. 2, p. 33). But both Ranulf de Gernons (died 1153) and Ranulf de Blundevill (died 1232) are colourful figures, extensively and dramatically treated. Munday had used Holinshed's account of Blundevill's early career for his *Huntingdon* plays, in which the Earl figures as nothing but a robe-bearing, doggedly loyalist member of the royal retinue. The latter part of Blundevill's life had greater appeal. He was packed off on a crusade by the king, opposed after his return the king's tyrannical measures and the introduction into England of a tithe for Rome—'The Earl of Chester only stood manfully against the payment of those tenths' (p. 364)—and was set free from a besieged castle by a quickly collected rabble of 'foreigners, players, musicians' (p. 373). Still, his life, lacking the one, terminating ingredient, is hardly the stuff of tragedy. Ranulf de Blundevill died peacefully as one of England's most powerful barons.

The life of his grandfather, Ranulf de Gernons, has more tragic potential. He is the quintessential English Baron, 'a man of . . . stoutness of stomach' (p. 103), ever, as in the battle of Lincoln, leading the 'fore ward' (p. 88), ever being driven by an amoral vitalism to pursue personal autonomy and political power. King's rule or barons' rule—this is a central conflict circumscribing many others. It climaxes at the battle of Lincoln with Ranulf first delivering a rousing battle speech, given in full by Holinshed, then personally charging King Stephen, finally taking him prisoner. And it is dramatically reversed when later he himself is 'craftily taken . . . and could not be delivered till he had surrendered the city and castle of Lincoln, with other fortresses' (p. 96). Foreshortening the historical Ranulf's further alliances, intrigues, and battles, Middleton might have had him summarily killed—poisoned by William Peverell, whom, it is said, he had robbed of his land. This drama of madly ambitious men, of alliances treacherously broken and treacherously renewed, of order and anarchy, foreshadows *Hengist, King of Kent*. And the element of sexual violence or violent sexuality, never far from the centre of any of Middleton's tragedies, could have been forcefully provided by the rival claimant for the English throne, the Amazonian figure of the Empress Matilda.

The fact that there are two tragedies among Middleton's earliest dramatic writings may help to correct the cliché of an early *œuvre* written for the children's companies, possessing a realistic, no-point-of-view satirical unity. Middleton wrote within the genres most popular around 1600—and drama based on (pseudo)history certainly ruled the public stage then. He contributed to the revival of another pseudohistory, when, on 14 December 1602, he received 5s. from Henslowe 'for a prologue and

an epilogue for the play of Bacon for the court'. The writing of the two pieces for this revival of Robert Greene's old play of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* (c.1589) was, no doubt, if one can judge by those highly conventional pieces which Middleton affixed to his own later plays, such as *The Roaring Girl*, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, and *A Game at Chess*, competently executed along the approved lines of apostrophe, *captatio benevolentiae*, promises of profit and delight, introducing the play's matter and mode, asking for an impartial judgement, begging for applause. It may, however, have profited Middleton in a more indirect, yet more important way, by making him realize magic's persistent popular appeal, cultural relevance—especially after James's accession—and dramatic possibilities. These are possibilities which Middleton richly exploited throughout his playwriting career—from the appearance of a succuba in *A Mad World, My Masters* (4.1) to the introduction of Hecate into *Macbeth*, and from the presentation of a witches' coven in *The Witch* to the transformation of Bacon's 'glass prospective' (*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, v.105) into the fake 'magical glass' of *A Game at Chess* (3.1.330, 4.1.94).

With time on his hands and the need to earn money by writing, Middleton certainly wrote other plays between the beginning of his career as a professional playwright in 1601–2 and the death of Elizabeth, more or less coinciding with the closing of the theatres because of the plague, in March 1603. Where better to look for those other plays than among the lost ones—filling in, as in all reading, the empty spaces with plausible approximations. And, indeed, the titles of Middleton's two undated lost plays, *The Puritan Maid*, *the Modest Wife*, and *the Wanton Widow* and *The Conqueror's Custom*, or *The Fair Prisoner*, are open to such an ordered play of signification, which lodges them quite plausibly within the literary traditions and the cultural problematics of the early years of the seventeenth century.

That *The Puritan Maid*, *the Modest Wife*, and *the Wanton Widow* did exist and was written by Middleton there can be no reasonable doubt. It was ascribed to him both in the long list of plays entered in the Stationers' Register on 9 September 1653, for Humphrey Moseley, and in John Warburton's list of manuscript plays that were burnt by his legendary cook. The three other plays entered in the Stationers' Register by Moseley and bracketed with *The Puritan Maid* as by Middleton, exist and are correctly ascribed. The doubts about Warburton's veracity and the authenticity of his list have been persuasively dispersed by John Freehafer. Hence, what is left is a minimal text, the title. Its length and its additive listing of three adjectivally stereotyped figures make it a highly unusual, possibly a singular one for Jacobean plays enacted on a public stage—only academic entertainments in Cambridge being occasionally entitled according to the same principle. Certainly no other title in the Middleton canon is formulated on the same principle—with one exception. The title of *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore* as entered in the Stationers' Register on 9 November 1604, or, in slight variation,

as printed on the first quarto the same year, runs to even more words: 'The Humours of the Patient Man. The Longing Wife and the Honest Whore'. This marked parallelism of two exceptionally phrased titles suggests some kind of relationship to have existed between the two texts, beyond that of common authorship. Proximity of date may have been one, thematic correspondence another: if *The Honest Whore* puts Puritan ideas and ideals to a somewhat acid test, *The Puritan Maid* might have reflected them. Be that as it may, there can hardly be any doubt that both plays foreground those problems which long had troubled Elizabethan minds: the moral value and cultural prestige of virginity and/or (married and widowed) chastity; the sexual and economic threat of widowhood; the hierarchical ordering of women's 'natural' roles and the possibilities of containing their bodily functions; the 'dichotomy' of woman/wife and whore.

That those themes pervade and organize the majority of Middleton's plays is common knowledge. Hence, a case can be made for almost any date for *The Puritan Maid* within his writing career. An early one might be favoured, if topicality and cultural relevance are privileged as criteria for dating. For the time-honoured discussion about the hierarchy of woman's three estates, of who was the earthlier happy or the more divinely blessed, maid, wife, or widow, was bound to become ever more topical and complex under the reign of an ageing Virgin Queen whose cult was not compatible with the advance of either Puritan morality or the new satirical realism. The cult is represented in 1602 by Sir John Davies's 'A Contention between a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid for Precedence'. Staged at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand on 6 December 1602 to honour a visit by the Queen, it moves through 240 stately verses to its foregone conclusion. Nothing else is, under such circumstances, to be expected than that wife and widow will in the end 'yield the honour and the place . . . to the maid' (233-4). But the place of performance subverts the official doctrine: public representation has receded into the exclusive space of an aristocrat's private house.

Yet though receding, the power of official doctrine inscribes itself even in a text like Samuel Rowlands's 'Tis *Merry When Gossips Meet* (entered in the Stationers' Register on 15 September 1602; printed the same year), presenting the three female prototypes from a plebeian, satirical, carnivalesque point of view. Despite the low setting, a room in a tavern, despite the chatty tone and the everyday topics of conversation—certainly including the traditional one of the hierarchy of woman's estates, but extending to a gossipy variety of others like husbands, tobacco, food, dreams, and the goings-on about town—despite the improbability, that is, of the text reflecting however obliquely on the royal *virgo absoluta*, a commendatory poem sees the necessity of insisting that the book deals but with 'Maids of mean'st degree', protesting that it is 'not seated in a sumptuous chair, | Nor do thy lines import of Majesty'. The disclaimer implicates Rowlands's text quite thoroughly in the ongoing debate. It presents

the three women, maid, wife, and, especially, widow, as weak and leaky vessels, but with a vitality and dignity of their own; not altogether mere objects of misogynist or patriarchal satire, not altogether autonomous subjects of their sayings and doings.

It is within such contexts that Middleton's ten-word text must be placed in order to understand its topicality and subversive relevance. Still, the debate, even if it shifted focus after the death of the royal embodiment of maidenhood, continued unabatedly. Hence, as Middleton's repeated and emphatic treatment of the problematic relationship in his other plays demonstrates, no one date can be insisted on. To understand Middleton's ideological stand in the play, however, there is no need to trace the numerous representations of the three estates, their versions and subversions, throughout his *œuvre*—the title itself explicates his position pretty clearly. The list sets off the middle term by framing it with two negatively loaded adjectives, *puritan* (or: *puritanical*) being invariably used by Middleton in accordance with contemporary usage, not to describe the reformist religious party, but to imply sectarianism or prudery or hypocrisy or all three. Thus privileging the wife, Middleton places himself squarely within mainstream Puritanism, alongside such leading Puritan divines as William Perkins, who in his *Christian Economy*, published in 1609, unequivocally sets up the ideal: 'Marriage . . . is a state in itself, far more excellent than the condition of single life' (p. 111). Indeed, as Isabella decides in her song dealing with a woman's progression through the three estates: 'of these three | The middle's best' (*The Witch*, 2.1.137-8).

Similar contextual arguments can be brought forward to locate Middleton's other undated lost play, *The Conqueror's Custom, or The Fair Prisoner*, either around the time of James's accession or any time later. The play's title heads a list of fifty-one manuscript plays, compiled between 1677 and 1703 by Abraham Hill, a seventeenth-century antiquarian of wide interests and easy familiarity with numerous leading figures from the intellectual and the aristocratic world. The list, magisterially described by Joseph Quincy Adams, is quite possibly based on the holdings of an antiquarian bookseller or a collector of manuscripts. The attribution of the play to Middleton must be accepted, even if there is only Hill's authority for it, since all other verifiable ascriptions of plays in Hill's manuscript are correct or, as in the case of *The Witch of Edmonton*, reflect (informed) seventeenth-century opinion. That *The Conqueror's Custom* heads the list may mean that Hill or whoever had arranged the manuscripts thought of it as an early play, as a rather vague chronological order can be discerned among the datable items, and at least one play from the top of the list, number 6, Henry Chettle's *All Is Not Gold That Glisters* (1601), is definitely an early one.

A stronger case for an early date can, however, be made if the portrait of the young Middleton as determinedly learning the profession of dramatist, as a revisionist and a snatcher-up of well-considered subjects of popular appeal,

possessing also a high degree of topicality and cultural relevance, bears some resemblance to reality. For the wording of the title encapsulates a motif frequently dramatized in different generic modes during the 80s and the 90s, in plays such as Farrant's (?) *The Wars of Cyrus*, Lyly's *Campaspe*, Marlowe's 1 and 2 *Tamburlaine*, Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda*, the anonymous *Edward III*, and Shakespeare's *Henry V*, to name but a few. The Herculean motif of heroic man, warrior or monarch, captivated by beautiful woman, slave or queen, lends itself above all to two dramatic representations: as a mirror for princes, based on the conflict of love and lust, or as the battle of two value systems, those of love and honour. Even though these issues can hardly ever be separated clearly, Elizabethan plays emphatically foreground the conflict within the male, the prince. It is his (self-)conquest which is staged, his fall, as in Lyly's play, 'from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus' (2.2.68–9) and his final triumph: 'I go to conquer kings, and shall I not then | Subdue myself' (*Edward III*, 893–4). The women are the seductresses or the objects of desire, their bodies to be besieged and taken like castles (with which in the Petrarchan tradition they had indeed become identified). But with the accession of James a 'change in... culture', as Linda Woodbridge has argued in *Women and the English Renaissance* (1984), took place, a change 'from "masculine" military values to peacetime values traditionally female' (p. 161). The doubleness of Middleton's title, placing conqueror and prisoner on an equal, alternative footing, may be an expression of this shift, of a new double perspective, formulated in that new mode of alternative perspectives, tragicomedy.

Tempting as it is to see Middleton as seismographically reacting to such cultural changes, James's accession and the transformations it signalled and furthered are but stages in an ongoing process—a process which the stage continuously reflected and into which it intervened with plays such as Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* or Fletcher's and Massinger's *The False One*. The play's cultural relevance, inherent in the motif's dramatic potential to represent affirmatively or subversively courtly life as one of manly courtesy or of effeminate, sensual ease, would not have been much less, say, in 1618–9, when James's peacemaking efforts—the praises of which Middleton had ghost-written in 1618—came increasingly under critical fire. Moreover, Middleton himself, never averse to reusing and revising motifs and themes, figures and scenes, once successfully employed, wrote another play for which the title *The Conqueror's Custom, or The Fair Prisoner* would be a perfect fit (as no other title of any of the lost plays would be for any other of the known ones). In *More Dissemblers Besides Women* (1614) there are two conquerors, Andrugio, the general, returning victoriously from battle, and Love, prettily personified in a Cupid: 'I am a little conqueror too' (1.3.77). There is also the widowed Duchess who first, during a seven years' spell of mourning, shuts herself off from the world in voluntary imprisonment but then, falling in love with Andrugio, takes the new 'Captivity cheerfully' (3.2.26). Middleton rings richly

ironic variations on the theme of conquest/imprisonment; the play's imagery is suffused with it, the figures body it forth, the plot is structured to test it. Still, there is no necessity to think of *The Conqueror's Custom* as an alternative title of *More Dissemblers Besides Women*. After all, the motif was common and culturally important in Elizabethan and Jacobean times—a fact which makes it impossible to date the lost play with any certainty.

There is no doubt about the early date of *The Viper and Her Brood*. The lawsuit—as discovered, published, and analysed by H. N. Hillebrand—which Robert Keysar, manager of the Children of the Queen's Revels at the Blackfriars, brought against Middleton in 1609 for a debt of £16 proves that Middleton had written a play called *The Viper and Her Brood* by 1606; that this play was a tragedy (Keysar received a 'librum lusorium tragicum'); that Middleton thought it worth £8 10s., in part payment of the debt, and acceptable for a children's company. Also, of course, that by 1606, he had close dealings with the manager of the Revels Children (at approximately the same time as the Children of Paul's fade from sight). And that he was in debt.

The conjunctive/disjunctive nature of the title suggests strongly what matter Middleton selected for his tragedy, out of the richly varied traditions adhering to vipers (as somewhat distinct from those about serpents). From Herodotus and Pliny onwards the most striking fact about the female viper was her murderous lust. Natural history and emblematic tradition lovingly report, depict, and moralize the phenomenon. The relationship between the female viper and her brood, however, is—again based on Herodotus and Pliny—even more frequently dealt with in Renaissance literature (e.g. in Sidney's *Apology for Poetry* or in an anti-papist attack, such as *The Tragicomedy of Serpents*, 1607). Allusions to it are virtually ubiquitous in the drama of the time, from Munday's *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (ll. 1541–3) to Shakespeare's and Wilkins's *Pericles* (I.I.107–8), to Jonson's *Magnetic Lady* (4.4.5–8). It is based on the belief that the viper's brood is hatched inside her belly and impatiently gnaws its way out, thus killing the mother. It is moralized as an emblem of ingratitude or of revenge.

Taken in conjunction, ancient and Renaissance natural history emblemized tells a pretty story. Edward Topsell, following Herodotus, summarizes it succinctly and graphically in 1608, saying 'that when the vipers begin to rage in lust, and desire to couple one with another, the male commeth and putteth his head into the mouth of the female, who is so insatiable in the desire of that copulation, that when the male hath filled her with all his seed-genital, and so would draw forth his head again, she biteth it off, and destroyeth her husband, whereby he dieth and never liveth more: but the female departeth and conceiveth her young in her belly, who every day according to nature's inclination, grow to perfection and ripeness, and at last in revenge of their father's death, do likewise destroy their mother, for they eat out her belly, and by an unnatural issue come forth into the light of

this world' (p. 293). Henry Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* (1612) depicts the story in one emblem:



This is the detailed scenario of a drama replete with murderous passion and passionate murder, or in Freudian terms, of the Oedipal tragedy complete with primal scene, castration, and horde of brothers, with parricidal and matricidal. It is a tragedy based upon emblematic tradition and lending itself to emblematic staging, much in the manner of *The Changeling* (in which Beatrice uses the material: 'Murder, I see, is followed by more sins. | Was my creation in the womb so cursed, | It must engender with a viper first?', 3.4.167-9). And it is the third tragedy within the first four years of Middleton's career as a highly versatile professional dramatist.

Whether there is any thematic unity within this early career or not, there seem to be, as it were, latent, subterranean connections between the works. Anthony Munday

seems to have been a key-figure for the early Middleton—as collaborator, but also as mentor providing ideas (magic) or matter (Chester) for dramatic representation. And is it mere chance that the material of viper and brood frequently surfaces in Elizabethan and Jacobean writings about Caesar and the matter of Rome? '*Caesar at Rome*' is the cautionary *exemplum* in the anonymous *Vindiciae contra Tyrannos* (1579), well-known in England, even though only translated into English in 1648, for those 'which are so horribly wicked, that they seek to enthrall their own native country like the viperous brood which gnaw through the entrails of their mother' (p. 105). Shakespeare's Brutus shares this view ('therefore think him as a serpent's egg, | Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mischievous', 2.1.32-3), and Jonson, both in *The Poetaster* (1601) and *Sejanus* (1603), uses the metaphor in a Roman, Caesarean setting (not, however, applying it to Caesar). Could *The Viper and Her Brood* have been another classical history? Presenting the monstrous life and regiment of an Agrippina? Of course it could, but it need not have been. For here we move definitely into a realm of speculation in which signifying practice plays fast and loose with scholarly rules of plausible approximation.

SEE ALSO

- Lost Pageant for Charles I: A Brief Account: this volume, 1898
- Lost Political Prose, 1620-7: A Brief Account: this volume, 1907
- Other Middleton-Dekker works: *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Magnificent*, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*, 721; *Gypsy*, 1723
- Other Middleton-Munday works: *Integrity*, 1766; *Golden Fleece*, 1772
- Other Middleton-Webster works: *Magnificent*, 219; *Quiet*, 1593; *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1886
- List of works cited: *Companion*, 1122

MICHAELMAS TERM

Edited by Theodore B. Leinwand

Michaelmas Term takes its name from the court session that began in London on the ninth of October. The first term, or ‘father’ (1.1.35) of the court calendar, it was succeeded by Hilary, Easter, and Trinity terms. Yet, as the eponymous Michaelmas Term of the Induction tells us, ‘he that expects any great quarrels in law to be handled here, will be fondly deceived’ (1.1.70–2). And this caveat is largely borne out. Legal documents are signed and seconded and a judge is brought on stage at the last moment, but the plot is driven by commercial, not legal intrigue, and lawyers do not participate in it. The lawyers in the house at the first performance of *Michaelmas Term*, some time between late 1604 and early 1606, would instead have been sitting opposite the stage. For a significant portion of the audience probably consisted of law students drawn from the inns of court.

We know that as early as 1580, young men from the inns of court were playgoers. In that year, three of the Earl of Oxford’s players committed ‘disorders and frays upon the gentlemen of the Inns of the Court’. The inns men returned the favour in 1581: Parr Stafferton, a ‘gentleman of Grays Inn’, is noted in a City of London order ‘for that he...brought a disordered company of gentlemen of the Inns of Court & others, to assault...players of Interludes within the City’. Some ten years later, Thomas Nashe, in his *Pierce Penniless* (1592), included inns of court men among those prone to ‘bestow themselves upon pleasure...[by] seeing a Play’. Thus young John Donne, of Lincoln’s Inn, was a frequent playgoer in the 1590s. In 1609, in *The Gull’s Hornbook*, Dekker denigrates a law student sitting on a stool at the theatre next to a farmer’s son. In the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Jonson’s stage-keeper imagines ‘witty young masters of the *Inns of Court*’ sousing a prostitute ‘with her stern upward’ under a stage property pump. And in 1629, Francis Lenton caricatures the progress of an inns student who not only has sat upon the Blackfriars stage and visited both the Cockpit and the Globe, but has a copy of Jonson’s ‘book of Plays’ too. No wonder that a father in Jonson’s *Poetaster* (1601), fearing that his son lodged at one of the inns will become an actor, asks, ‘What? shall I have my son a stager now? an ingle [catamite, or kept boy] for players?’

Middleton several times refers explicitly to the inns in *Michaelmas Term*. Twice in 2.3, Quomodo boasts that his son Sim, ‘lately commenced at Cambridge’, is now a ‘Templar’ (the Knights Templar formerly occupied the law societies’ buildings). The woollen draper takes pleasure in his son’s gentrification and in his own sponsorship of Sim’s putative advance in status: ‘I have placed [him]

at Inns of Court.’ But Quomodo’s final mention of London’s law schools entails a vaunt of another sort. Left alone on stage once the commodity scam he has masterminded is well launched, Quomodo ends the second act by commanding the audience’s approbation: ‘Admire me, all you students at Inns of Cozenage.’ While the inns were virtually England’s third university, Quomodo’s bravado indicates an unacknowledged fourth school—London itself—where a ‘fair free-breasted gentleman’ like Richard Easy could get ‘the city powd’ring’. As an early modern English anticipation of a corporate lawyer/executive, a graduate of Cambridge, a law school, and the city would be a truly new man. Surpassing the draper, surpassing even his hopes for Sim (4.4.24), the merchant-lawyer that inns of court satirist Everard Guilpin lampooned in his *Skailetheia* (1598) could be found both ‘Toyling’ at the ‘Inns’ and ‘Moyling’ at ‘th’Exchange’. ‘Will not he thrive (think ye) who can devise, | Thus to unite the law and merchandise? | Doubtless he will, or cozen out of doubt; | What matter’s that? his law will bear him out.’

Particularly because it takes the form of direct audience address, Quomodo’s exuberant gloating raises questions about the relationship between the characters as well as the actors and their audiences. For *Michaelmas Term* was not only performed *for* at least a fair number of young men, it was performed *by* young men. The play’s 1607 title-page informs us that it was ‘sundry times acted by the Children of Pauls’. In a theatre that held but a few hundred spectators, a company of adolescent boys faced a cadre of late adolescent or young adult men. Surely there were mature citizens and city wives and gallants, maybe an ambassador and a lord in the audience, and a comprehensive analysis would consider citizen spectators’ responses to Quomodo, their wives’ possible reactions to Thomasine, the gallants’ reactions to the play’s gentry, and so on. But it is the law students in the audience whom Middleton singles out. From which characters might they have distanced themselves in cool amusement, and with whom might they have identified as they heard the choristers’ song school performance of *Michaelmas Term*?

Despite the fact that he is the play’s only lawyer in the rough, smug and gullible Sim Quomodo’s negligible part is hardly one with which the inns men would have wanted to affiliate themselves. His father, his father’s ‘spirit’ Shortyard, and Richard Easy are, however, all plausible candidates. Quomodo’s craftiness works in his favour even as his social status, his craft as citizen-draper, works against him. To the extent that he motivates, indeed scripts the play’s unfolding scam, and because he represents just the

sort of capital that was financing the very city playhouses inns men frequented, Quomodo successfully models urban and financial cunning. To the extent that he is but one among a horde of grasping ‘tradesmen’ (5.1.69) out to ‘undo gentlemen daily’ (2.3.60–1), a status climber who can barely control his lust to be ‘divulged a landed man’ (3.4.5), Quomodo is an inns man’s nightmare metonymy for the ‘man-devouring city’ (2.2.21). While the Middle and Inner Templars in the choristers’ audience may have admired Quomodo for his cozenage or delighted in his artless fantasies of landownership as we still do, they also would have had a stake in his comeuppance, his final reinsertion into the shop world that bred him.

Templars in the audience could also have derived pleasure from Shortyard, Quomodo’s endlessly shape-shifting ‘spirit’. Shortyard opens up for young men on the make a vision of unchecked mobility and, better still, an apprentice besting—if only momentarily—his master. And there is reason to believe that inns students were engaged in a sort of apprenticeship. They served seven years before they were introduced by ‘Masters of the Bench’ into the mysteries of their craft. During their ‘indenture’, they were not only subject to discipline at the hands of barristers both older and more powerful than they were, but, as Arthur Marotti has argued, they were ‘socially, economically, and politically vulnerable’ in London at large. We might try to imagine what an inns student would have had to bring into focus as he followed Shortyard from one act to the next: first and always, a chorister and so an immature boy, then Shortyard the young man or boy/servant/apprentice, Blastfield the London gallant, and finally an alderman’s deputy. Active and passive, gulling and gulled, short yarded (impotent) and yet a seminal, ‘pregnant spirit’ (1.2.95), Shortyard might as easily delight as dismay, incite as well as assuage would-be pleaders’ anxieties.

Of course, it is primarily Richard Easy to whom we may assume the non-citizenry at a performance of *Michaelmas Term* would have responded. Gallants, inns men, or country gentlemen in town for business or court matters would all have recognized Easy as both literary and historical type, as a dupe ripe for duping and a recent inheritor of his father’s estate newly arrived in the city. A ‘fair, free-breasted gentleman’ (1.2.57), a ‘fresh gallant’ (1.2.116), Easy comes up to London not so much to marry as to be ‘free’ and live at ‘liberty’ (1.2.51–2). That he is almost immediately hooked like one of the ‘fish... tradesmen catch’ (1.2.135) speaks to his vulnerability. That he finally, perhaps undeservedly, recoups his losses and inadvertently outwits Quomodo speaks to the song school playwrights’ ideological investment in the fantasies of the youthful gentlemen in their audiences. And yet in *Michaelmas Term*, at least, Middleton strives for balance. Quomodo announces early on that ‘They’re [gentry] busy ’bout our wives, we [citizens] ’bout their lands’ (1.2.112); however, Quomodo is in the end still landless, and Easy is neither very preoccupied with nor very energetic about

winning Thomasine Quomodo. Neither wived nor wealthier, the Easy whom the inns of court spectators attend to through *Michaelmas Term* has been powdered. He has been cured in the sweating tub that was London. Easy is initiated into the urban mysteries that challenged all of the young men in the audience, and in the end, he has that to which they aspired: a fair chance of succeeding within the mostly male social and financial circuits of the city.

He also enters on their behalf into urban erotic currents—circuits in which status and gender and finance and sexual practices are variously configured (Leinwand, 1994). Powdering tubs were, after all, designed for sweating out venereal disease. And the nasty Lethe–Courtesan–Hellgill scenes introduce into *Michaelmas Term* a hardly comic world of grotesque men trading in women’s flesh. Where heteroerotic relations arise in this plot, or in the related doings in regard to Susan Quomodo’s marriage, crude and degrading sodomitical intentions prevail. We may recall Jonson’s ‘masters of the Inns’ humiliating a prostitute ‘with her stern upward’ when Middleton’s Courtesan, a ‘backslider’, is advised to wear her hair ‘like a mock-face behind; ’tis such an Italian [sodomitical] world, many men know not before from behind’ (3.1.19–21). For her part, Susan—who will eventually find herself married to a man named Rearage—is not sure what to ‘do with a gentleman? I know not which way to lie with him’ (2.3.58–9). Even Thomasine has not been ‘use[d]... so well as a man mought’ by Quomodo (4.3.54–5).

But it is Easy, who rests too much upon his ‘R’s’, his arse (2.3.385), whose name conjures up a privy (a stool of ease), who describes himself as having been ‘easily possessed’ by Cockstone (1.2.51) and is in turn said by that gallant to be ‘somewhat too open’ (1.2.57), who finds in Shortyard a ‘sweet bedfellow’ for whom he is ‘sick’ with ‘a great desire’ (2.3.151 and 3.5.47–9), and about whom Shortyard says, ‘in a word, we’re man and wife; they can but lie together, and so do we’ (2.3.171–4)—it is Easy who enters into a sometimes comic, sometimes corrosive set of homosocial, often homoerotic relations. Heterosexuality may underwrite the intrigue in various other Middletonian comedies, but in *Michaelmas Term* Easy’s desire for male camaraderie, male affection, and the ‘entertainment’ (3.2.14) Shortyard can provide predominates. Considering the audience, and Bruce Smith’s plausible contention that the inns of court ‘fostered the homosexual potentiality in male bonding’, we should not be surprised. Varieties of male relations in early modern England were often merely ordinary. Philip Stubbes’s conviction that playgoing led men to ‘play sodomite’ had no effect on profits at the playhouses, and King James I’s evocation of ‘marriage’, ‘sweet child and wife’, as well as ‘dear dad and husband’ in a letter to George Villiers did not undermine his sovereignty.

There may, then, be nothing particularly troubling when homosociality crosses over into homoeroticism in *Michaelmas Term*, but there is a cause for concern when hierarchies based on social status or on subject (active)

and object (passive) are unsettled. Whom do we imagine does what to whom when a gentleman from Essex, looking to live free but caught up in a sting, sleeps with a citizen's spirit/servant disguised as a gallant? And in what position might the inns students have imagined themselves? Or Middleton, who signed himself 'T. M. gent.' and whose father was a bricklayer, a citizen, and an 'allowed' gentleman? The play does, after all, make something in 2.3 of who 'enters' first (signs his name, but also penetrates); of whether Quomodo had a 'stomach to' (inclination, but also sexual appetite for) a 'somewhat hot' gentleman like Easy, when he 'might ha' had a good substantial citizen' (3.4.59–69); and of Shortyard, when disguised as a wealthy citizen, venturing his body for a 'gentleman's pleasure' (3.5.68).

Since the choristers were venturing their bodies in the playhouse for gentlemen's pleasure, it is possible that the inns students would in the end have sought to distance themselves from Easy. Not just a gull, a figure who might be taken—in both the financial and the erotic sense—but probably a handsome boy actor and so an object of attraction, neither Easy nor the actor who personated him could easily escape subjection. What remained within the chorister's purview would have had less to do with his acting skills or his sexual sophistication than with the two together, with what Middleton in *Father Hubbard's Tales* imagined was the Blackfriars boy actors' ability to 'ravish a man' (561). In their own defence, the inns men could imagine that they, unlike the boy actors, were not circumscribed by a stigmatized institution such as the children's companies. But the inns, which nurtured the vogue for satire, were often one of its targets. The theatrical transaction at the song school may therefore betray some tension: the sexual connotation of 'undo' (as in 'ravish') and the uncertainty as to who hosts or employs whom complicate the concern on William Prynne's part (1633) that 'inns of court men were undone but for players; that they are their chiefest guests and employment'. Were a law student to confirm Stubbes's worst fear and bring home a boy actor after a performance, social status, sexual practice, age difference, even gender roles (the boys did play the woman's part) all would have been in play, just as they were during the two hours within which *Michaelmas Term* aimed to 'dispatch' (send off, but also sexually satisfy) the audience.

In 1927, T. S. Eliot described Middleton as a playwright 'solicitous to please his audience with what they expect; but there is underneath the same steady impersonal passionless observation of human nature'. While there is much in this formulation with which we might quibble, it nonetheless answers well to the interplay of desire and calculation, of pleasure and discomfort, stimulated in and by *Michaelmas Term*. Stimulated, not observed

or recorded (Eliot argues that 'Middleton's comedy was "photographic"', because *Michaelmas Term* formulates, analyses, enchants and disenchants. In fusing the city with comedy into what we now call city comedy, a dramatist like Middleton was not merely reworking New Comedy or dramatizing cony-catching stories. Like Swinburne's Hogarth (Swinburne called *Michaelmas Term* 'an excellent Hogarthian comedy'), Middleton seems to have been more interested in animating the ideologies that inform tropes and types than in human depth or flesh and blood (Leinwand, 1986). To imagine audience members responding to (a chorister's) Easy or Quomodo may well be different from what we usually have in mind when we talk about identifying with, say, (Burbage's) Hamlet. In a city comedy like *Michaelmas Term*, the city precedes and then engenders character. For Gail Kern Paster, who renders 'man-devouring city' (2.2.21) as 'the predatory city', as Middleton's version of a 'Renaissance overreacher', London is 'the one commodity that transcends the fact of limit'. A somewhat more benign account would suggest that London thoroughly socializes character, pre-empting any possibility of individuality, and that *Michaelmas Term* is a sort of profound comic urban sociology. Again, not photorealism but sociology, with the stress on its 'logy', its constitutive theorizing and its implicated theorist.

But comic too. For while it is reasonable to conceive of a darkly shaded production of *Michaelmas Term*, one in which 'there can be no change in the closed circle of the [city's] predatory system, merely recycling' (Paster), we may also imagine a production which is at least moderately restorative. Such a suggestion may seem naïve or even callous in the face of Thomasine's forced reallocation (5.3.60) to Quomodo, but then even she seems to expect to regain what she briefly possessed (5.3.140–2). Given that the play's Induction leaves off with *Michaelmas Term* hoping 'there's no fools i'th'house!' (1.1.75), a production might well align itself with comedy's educative function. As Stephen Booth has suggested, '*Comedy*... demonstrates the proposition that there is a way things are and fools forget what it is'. Of course, history—in which this comedy is surely embedded—has proved to many that there is no reason to construe the 'way things are' to mean unchanging; if it does not denote tractable, it might still signify only resistant to change. Therefore although the fools in *Michaelmas Term* and its audiences forget its comic proposition, we may still note that the literal judgements of the final scene stand for a more flexible, sound judgement: less moral than analytical, at once sociological and aesthetic, available then and again in the reader's or playgoer's now.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 535

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 353

Michaelmas Term

[for the Children of Paul's]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Richard EASY, a gentleman from Essex
REARAGE }
SALEWOOD } London gallants
COCKSTONE }

Ephestian QUOMODO, a woollen draper
THOMASINE, Quomodo's wife
SIM, their son
SUSAN, their daughter
SHORTYARD, alias John Blastfield, etc. } Quomodo's spirits
FALSELIGHT, alias Idem, etc. }
BOY, Quomodo's servant
WINIFRED, Thomasine's maid

Andrew LETHE, born Andrew Gruel, a Scottish upstart
MOTHER GRUEL, Lethe's mother
Dick HELLGILL (Pander)
COUNTRY WENCH, also Courtesan and Harlot, Lethe's
mistress

Country Wench's FATHER
MOTHER, an old woman
MISTRESS COMINGS, a tirewoman
TAILOR

JUDGE
DUSTBOX, a scrivener
DRAWER
Mourners
SERVANTS
OFFICERS
LIVERY
Hospital boys

MICHAELMAS TERM }
BOY, his servant } the Induction
HILARY, EASTER, and TRINITY TERMS }
POOR FELLOW, PAGE, and PANDER, }
in dumb show }

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
Induction
Enter Michaelmas Term in a whitish cloak, new
come up out of the country, a Boy bringing his
gown after him

MICHAELMAS TERM

Boy?

BOY Here sir!

MICHAELMAS TERM

Lay by my conscience,

5 Give me my gown, that weed is for the country,
We must be civil now, and match our evil;
Who first made civil black, he pleased the devil.
So, now know I where I am, me thinks already
I grasp best part of the autumnian blessing
In my contentious fathom; my hand's free,

This commentary pays special attention
to sexual innuendo.

- 1.1.0.3 *Michaelmas Term* court session
that began on 9 October
2 **weed** his 'whitish' (signifying innocence)
cloak; white is still the liturgical colour
for Michaelmas (29 September) in
Roman Catholic and Anglican churches
3 **civil** urbane; citified as opposed to

- countrified
4 **civil black** wealthy citizens often wore
black, which was associated with the
devil
7 **fathom** grasp, power (*fig.*)
11 **wealthy variance** costly discrepancy
between two legal documents
fat said of a dispute at law capable of
yielding abundant returns

From wronger and from wrongèd I have fee.
And what by sweat from the rough earth they draw,
Is to enrich this silver harvest, Law. 10
And so through wealthy variance, and fat brawl,
The barn is made but steward to the hall.
Come they up thick enough?

BOY

O, like hops and harlots sir!

MICHAELMAS TERM

Why dost thou couple them? 15

BOY O, very aptly, for as the hop well boiled will make a
man not stand upon his legs, so the harlot in time will
leave a man no legs to stand upon!

MICHAELMAS TERM

Such another and be my heir. I have no child,
Yet have I wealth would redeem beggary. 20

- 12 **hall** law courts (Westminster Hall)
13 **Come they up** litigants travelling to
London
16 **hop well boiled** dried flowers of hops give
a bitter flavour to malt liquor
18 **no legs** a consequence of venereal disease
19 **Such another** another witticism like that
20 **buggery** possible play on 'buggery' (see
I.1.25-6)

- I think it be a curse both here and foreign,
Where bags are fruitful'st, there the womb's most
barren;
The poor has all our children, we their wealth.
Shall I be prodigal when my life cools,
25 Make those my heirs whom I have beggared, fools?
It would be wondrous; rather beggar more;
Thou shalt have heirs enough, thou keep'st a whore.
And here comes kindred too with no mean purses,
Yet strive to be still blest with clients' curses.
*Music playing. Enter the other three Terms, the
first bringing in a fellow poor, which the other two
advance, giving him rich apparel, a page, and a
pander*
- Exit [fellow]
- MICHAELMAS TERM
30 What subtlety have we here? A fellow
Shrugging for life's kind benefits, shift and heat,
Crept up in three Terms, wrapped in silk and silver,
So well appointed too with page and pander;
It was a happy gale that blew him hither.
- FIRST TERM
35 Thou father of the Terms, hail to thee.
- SECOND TERM
May much contention still keep with thee.
- THIRD TERM
Many new fools come up and see thee.
- SECOND TERM
Let 'em pay dear enough that see thee.
- FIRST TERM
40 And like asses use such men,
When their load's off, turn 'em to graze again.
- SECOND TERM
And may our wish have full effect,
Many a suit, and much neglect.
- THIRD TERM
And as it hath been often found,
Let the clients' cups come round.
- SECOND TERM
45 Help your poor kinsmen when you ha' got 'em;
You may drink deep, leave us the bottom.
- 22 **bags** moneybags; also scrotums (see
1.1.28)
- 24 **cools** wanes
- 28 **no mean purses** considerable wealth, but
also large scrotums
- 29.1 **three Terms** Hilary (winter), Easter
(early spring), and Trinity (late spring);
because it commences the legal calendar,
Michaelmas is the 'father' (1.1.35)
- 31 **Shrugging** shuddering
shift clothes
- 45 **'em** 'clients' cups' or goblets (payment,
perhaps in the form of bribes)
- 46 **bottom** possible play on 'buttocks'
- 47 **lamb** client; also 'lamb's-wool', hot ale
mixed with the pulp of roasted apples
- 48 **skin** parchment or legal document
- 52 **come sixteen times about** that take four
years to litigate
- 55 **reversions** leftovers
- 56 **meats** also 'prostitutes' or flesh of a
prostitute (see 1.1.62)
- returns** There were eight 'days of return'
in Michaelmas Term on which sheriffs
returned writs (1.1.58) to the courts
from which they were issued
- 62 **drabs** prostitutes
- 63 **spread** . . . you make myself known; also,
make myself available for copulation
- 64 **ours** the boy actors, the Children of St
Paul's
- 64-5 **sixpenny fees** minimum admission
price at a hall playhouse
- 65 **dispatch** send off; also, sexually satisfy
(see 1.2.134)
- two hours** In *Romeo and Juliet*, Pro-
logue.12, Shakespeare refers to the
'two-hours' traffic of our stage', but
- THIRD TERM
Or when there is a lamb fall'n in,
Take you the lamb, leave us the skin.
- MICHAELMAS TERM
Your duty and regard hath moved us,
Never till now we thought you loved us;
50 Take comfort from our words, and make no doubt,
You shall have suits come sixteen times about.
- ALL THREE TERMS
We humbly thank the patron of our hopes. *Exeunt*
- MICHAELMAS TERM
With what a vassal-appetite they gnaw
On our reversions, and are proud
55 Coldly to taste our meats, which eight returns
Serve in to us as courses.
One day our writs, like wild-fowl, fly abroad,
And then return o'er cities, towns, and hills,
With clients like dried straws between their bills;
60 And 'tis no few, birds pick to build their nests,
Nor no small money that keeps drabs and feasts!
But, gentlemen, to spread myself open unto you, in
cheaper Terms I salute you, for ours have but sixpenny
65 fees all the year long, yet we dispatch you in two hours,
without demur; your suits hang not long here after
candles be lighted. Why do we call this play by such
a dear and chargeable title, *Michaelmas Term*? Know it
consents happily to our purpose, though perhaps faintly
to the interpretation of many, for he that expects any
70 great quarrels in law to be handled here, will be fondly
deceived; this only presents those familiar accidents
which happened in town in the circumference of those
six weeks whereof Michaelmas Term is lord. *Sat sapienti*;
I hope there's no fools i'th' house! *Exit [with Boy]* 75
- Enter at one door Master Rearage, meeting Master
Salewood* 1.2
- SALEWOOD What, Master Rearage?
- REARAGE Master Salewood? Exceedingly well met in town;
comes your father up this Term?
- SALEWOOD Why he was here three days before the Ex-
chequer gaped. 5
- Dekker, in *The Raven's Almanac*, writes
of players 'glad to play three hours for
two pence'.
- 66 **hang** idle
- 67 **candles be lighted** indoor playhouses
were candle-lit
- 68 **dear and chargeable** costly, weighty
- 69 **happily** fortunately
- 71 **fondly** foolishly
- 74 *Sat sapienti* proverbial: *dictum sapienti sat
est* ('a word to the wise is sufficient')
- 1.2.0.1 **Rearage** one who is in debt
(‘arrears’)
- 0.2 **Salewood** one who has sold his
family's estate
- 4-5 **Exchequer gaped** The court which
dealt with revenue matters opened eight
days before Michaelmas Term.

REARAGE Fie, such an early Termer?
 SALEWOOD He's not to be spoke withal. I dare not ask him blessing till the last of November.
 REARAGE And how looks thy little venturing cousin?
 10 SALEWOOD Faith like a lute that has all the strings broke; no body will meddle with her.
 REARAGE Fie, there are doctors enough in town will string her again, and make her sound as sweet as e'er she did. Is she not married yet?
 15 SALEWOOD Sh'as no luck, some may better steal a horse than others look on. I have known a virgin of five bastards wedded. Faith, when all's done we must be fain to marry her into the North, I'm afraid.
 REARAGE But will she pass so, think you?
 20 SALEWOOD Puh, any thing that is warm enough is good enough for them; so it come in the likeness, though the devil be in't, they'll venture the firing.
 REARAGE They're worthy spirits, i'faith. Heard you the news?
 25 SALEWOOD Not yet.
 REARAGE Mistress Difficult is newly fallen a widow.
 SALEWOOD Say true, is Master Difficult, the lawyer, dead?
 REARAGE Easily dead, sir.
 SALEWOOD Pray, when died he?
 30 REARAGE What a question's that! When should a lawyer die but in the vacation? He has no leisure to die in the Term-time; beside, the noise there would fetch him again.
 SALEWOOD Knew you the nature of his disease?
 35 REARAGE Faith, some say he died of an old grief he had, that the vacation was fourteen weeks long.
 SALEWOOD And very likely. I knew 'twould kill him at last; 't'as troubled him a long time. He was one of those that would fain have brought in the heresy of a fifth Term, often crying with a loud voice, 'O, why should we lose Bartholomew week?'
 40 REARAGE He savours, stop your nose; no more of him.
Enter Master Cockstone, a gentleman, meeting Master Easy of Essex
 COCKSTONE Young Master Easy, let me salute you, sir. When came you?
 45 EASY I have but inn'd my horse since, Master Cockstone.

COCKSTONE
 You seldom visit London, Master Easy,
 But now your father's dead, 'tis your only course;
 Here's gallants of all sizes, of all lasts;
 Here you may fit your foot, make choice of those
 Whom your affection may rejoice in. 50

EASY
 You have easily possessed me, I am free;
 Let those live hinds that know not liberty.

COCKSTONE
 Master Rearage?

EASY
 Good Master Salewood, I am proud of your society.

REARAGE
 What gentleman might that be? 55

COCKSTONE
 One Master Easy, h'as good land in Essex,
 A fair free-breasted gentleman, somewhat too open
 (Bad in man, worse in woman,
 The gentry-fault at first); he is yet fresh
 And wants the city powd'ring. But what news?
 60 Is't yet a match 'twixt Master Quomodo's
 The rich draper's daughter and yourself?

REARAGE
 Faith, sir, I am vilely rivaled!

COCKSTONE
 Vilely? By whom?

REARAGE
 One Andrew Lethe, crept to a little warmth,
 65 And now so proud that he forgets all storms;
 One that ne'er wore apparel but, like ditches,
 'Twas cast before he had it, now shines bright
 In rich embroideries. Him Master Quomodo affects,
 70 The daughter him, the mother only me;
 I rest most doubtful, my side being weakest.

COCKSTONE
 Yet the mother's side
 Being surer than the father's, it may prove,
 'Men plead for money best, women for love.'

REARAGE
 'Slid, Master Quomodo! 75

8 **last of November** the end of Michaelmas Term
 9 **venturing** adventuring, copulating; so that she has been 'broke' (I.2.10, de-flowered), no one will 'meddle' (I.2.11, copulate) with her
 18 **North** Scotland
 22 **venture the firing** take a shot (*fig.*); possibly, risk being aroused or risk being infected with venereal disease (fire)
 31 **die** also, to have an orgasm
 32 **fetch him** draw forth or bring him back from the dead; cause to ejaculate or achieve an erection (to resurrect)
 35 **grief** also, disease or sickness (compare

'gripes' or *griffes*, colic pains)
 41 **Bartholomew week** week in August given over to Bartholomew Fair
 42.1 **Cockstone** a lecher (cock/penis + stone/testicle)
 51 **possessed** convinced; also, to have sexually (this would make it part of a cluster of bawdy having to do with sodomy: see 'gallants of all sizes', 'foot', 'affection', 'free' and 'liberty')
 52 **hinds** farm servants or cottagers
 56 **Essex** The people of Essex were said to be naive farmers.
 57 **open** sincere or undisguised, but also sexually available (compare I.2.48-52)

60 **wants** lacks
powd'ring animal flesh was 'powdered'—salted and pickled—in a powdering tub; in *Henry V*, 2.1.73, Shakespeare refers to a 'powd'ring tub', a sweating tub used to cure venereal disease
 65 **warmth** comfort, security, prosperity
 67 **ditches** for drainage; graves; also, from *L. scrobis*, a ditch or vulva (associated with prostitutes)
 68 **cast** to dig or clear; to throw away ('apparel')
 75 **'Slid** an oath, contracted from 'God's (eye)lid'

COCKSTONE
How then, afraid of a woollen draper?

REARAGE He warned me his house, and I hate he should see me abroad. [They retire]
[Enter] Quomodo with his two spirits, Shortyard and Falselight

QUOMODO O my two spirits, Shortyard and Falselight, you that have so enriched me, I have industry for you both!

80 SHORTYARD Then do you please us best, sir.
QUOMODO Wealthy employment.
SHORTYARD You make me itch, sir.
QUOMODO You, Falselight, as I have directed you—
85 FALSELIGHT I am nimble.
QUOMODO
Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek,
With subtle art beguile the honest eye;
Be near to my trap-window, cunning Falselight.

FALSELIGHT
I never failed it yet.
QUOMODO I know thou didst not.
Exit Falselight

90 But now to thee, my true and secret Shortyard,
Whom I dare trust e'en with my wife;
Thou ne'er didst mistress harm, but master good.
There are too few of thy name gentlemen,
And that we feel, but citizens in abundance.

95 I have a task for thee, my pregnant spirit,
To exercise thy pointed wits upon.
SHORTYARD
Give it me, for I thirst.
QUOMODO Thine ear shall drink it.
Know, then, I have not spent this long vacation
Only for pleasure's sake. Give me the man
100 Who out of recreation culls advantage,
Dives into seasons, never walks, but thinks,
Ne'er rides, but plots. My journey was toward Essex—
SHORTYARD
Most true.
QUOMODO Where I have seen what I desire.
SHORTYARD
A woman?
QUOMODO Puh, a woman! Yet beneath her,

That which she often treads on, yet commands her: 105
Land, fair neat land.
SHORTYARD What is the mark you shoot at?
QUOMODO
Why, the fairest to cleave the heir in twain;
I mean his title: to murder his estate,
Stifle his right in some detested prison.
There are means and ways enough to hook in gentry, 110
Besides our deadly enmity, which thus stands:
They're busy 'bout our wives, we 'bout their lands.
SHORTYARD
Your revenge is more glorious:
To be a cuckold is but for one life,
When land remains to you, your heir, or wife. 115
QUOMODO
Ah, sirrah, do we sting 'em? This fresh gallant
Rode newly up before me.
SHORTYARD I beseech his name.
QUOMODO
Young Master Easy.
SHORTYARD Easy? It may fall right.
QUOMODO
I have inquired his haunt.—Stay, ha!
Ay, that 'tis, that's he, that's he! 120
SHORTYARD Happily!
QUOMODO Observe, take surely note of him, he's fresh and
free. Shift thyself speedily into the shape of gallantry.
I'll swell thy purse with angels. Keep foot by foot with
him, out-dare his expenses, flatter, dice, and brothel to 125
him. Give him a sweet taste of sensuality. Train him
to every wasteful sin, that he may quickly need health,
but especially money. Ravish him with a dame or two,
be his bawd for once; I'll be thine forever. Drink drunk
with him, creep into bed to him, kiss him and undo 130
him, my sweet spirit.
SHORTYARD
Let your care dwell in me, soon shall it shine;
What subtlety is in man, that is not mine? Exit
QUOMODO
O, my most cheerful spirit, go, dispatch.
Gentry is the chief fish we tradesmen catch. Exit 135
EASY What's here?

76 **woollen draper** cloth merchant77 **warned me** forbid me from entering78.1 **Quomodo** *L.* for how; may pun on the name of William Howe, a broker, convicted in Star Chamber, in 1596, of 'cozening diverse young gentlemen'
spirits chameleon-like assistants (*fig.*); also a suggestion of Quomodo's seminal fluid or vital forces**Shortyard** a 'short yard', a clipped measuring stick or a small penis82 **employment** service or work, but also intercourse (thus Shortyard's 'itch'—1.2.83—his sexual desire and his anticipated skin-irritation due to venereal

disease)

88 **trap-window** hinged skylight or pent-house94 **citizens** those who were admitted to the freedom of the city (see 1.3.48); tradesmen and merchants as opposed to gentlemen**citizens in abundance** too many citizens with short yards95 **pregnant** clever101 **Dives into seasons** seizes opportunities105 **treads** walks, but also copulates106 **neat** trim, tidy107 **heir** puns on 'hair'108 **title** hereditary right to his property109 **prison** debtors' prison (see 2.3.382)116 **sting** defraud, enrage124 **angels** gold coins; possible play on

'ingles' or catamites (see 1.2.147-8)

Keep foot by foot keep pace; also, keep up with him, 'fuck for fuck' (from Fr. *foutre*)126 **Train** entice130 **creep into bed to him** While it was not uncommon for men to share beds at taverns and inns, this line and the next ('Kiss him and undo him') may suggest a sexual relation; see 1.2.48-52, 2.3.151, 2.3.172-4, and 3.4.105.

SALEWOOD O, they are bills for chambers.
 EASY [*reads*] 'Against Saint Andrew's, at a painter's house,
 there's a fair chamber ready furnished to be let, the
 140 house not only endued with a new fashion forepart,
 but, which is more convenient for a gentleman, with a
 very provident back door.'
 SALEWOOD Why, here's virtue still. I like that thing that's
 necessary, as well as pleasant.
 [*Enter Lethe, reading the bills*]
 145 COCKSTONE What news in yonder paper?
 REARAGE Ha! Seek you for news, there's for you!
 SALEWOOD Who? 'Tis! In the name of the black angels,
 Andrew Gruel!
 REARAGE No, Andrew Lethe.
 150 SALEWOOD Lethe?
 REARAGE He's forgot his father's name, poor Walter Gruel,
 that begot him, fed him, and brought him up.
 SALEWOOD Not hither?
 REARAGE No. 'Twas from his thoughts; he brought him up
 155 below.
 SALEWOOD
 But does he pass for Lethe?
 REARAGE 'Mongst strange eyes
 That no more know him than he knows himself;
 That's nothing now, for Master Andrew Lethe,
 A gentleman of most received parts,
 160 Forgetfulness, lust, impudence, and falsehood,
 And one especial courtly quality,
 To wit, no wit at all. I am his rival
 For Quomodo's daughter, but he knows it not.
 SALEWOOD
 He's spied us o'er his paper.
 REARAGE O, that's a warning
 To make our duties ready.
 165 COCKSTONE Salute him? Hang him!
 REARAGE
 Puh, wish his health a while, he'll be laid shortly;
 Let him gorge venison for a time, our doctors
 Will bring him to dry mutton. Seem respective,
 To make his pride swell like a toad with dew.
 170 SALEWOOD Master Lethe!
 REARAGE Sweet Master Lethe!

LETHE Gentlemen, your pardon; I remember you not.
 SALEWOOD Why, we supped with you last night, sir!
 LETHE
 O, cry you mercy, 'tis so long ago,
 I had quite forgot you; I must be forgiven. 175
 Acquaintance, dear society, suits, and things
 Do so flow to me,
 That had I not the better memory,
 'Twould be a wonder I should know myself.
 'Esteem is made of such a dizzy metal.' 180
 I have received of many, gifts o'er night
 Whom I have forgot ere morning. Meeting the men,
 I wished 'em to remember me again;
 They do so, then if I forget again,
 I know what helped before, that will help then. 185
 This is my course; for memory I have been told
 Twenty preserves, the best I find is gold.
 Ay truly! Are you not knights yet, gentlemen?
 SALEWOOD Not yet.
 LETHE No, that must be looked into, 'tis your own fault. I 190
 have some store of venison, where shall we devour it,
 gentlemen?
 SALEWOOD The Horn were a fit place.
 LETHE
 For venison fit,
 The horn having chased it, 195
 At the Horn we'll—
 Rhyme to that?
 COCKSTONE
 Taste it.
 SALEWOOD
 Waste it.
 REARAGE
 Cast it. 200
 LETHE That's the true rhyme, indeed. We hunt our venison
 twice, I tell you: first out o'th' park, next out o'th' belly.
 COCKSTONE
 First dogs take pains to make it fit for men,
 Then men take pain to make it fit for dogs.
 LETHE
 Right. 205

137 **bills** advertisements; the scene is probably the middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral, where men of fashion and unemployed servants gathered for business and display
 138 **Against** near or opposite **painter's** possibly a play on 'pander's' or 'prostitute's'
 139 **chamber** bed chamber, but also vagina (compare, 3.1.191)
 140 **forepart** perhaps a stone or brick front, but also a stomacher, the front part of a bodice
 142 **back door** to escape creditors and constables or to facilitate liaisons; also associated with anal intercourse
 147 **black angels** devils or fallen angels;

plays on 'ingles'
 148 **Andrew Gruel** stereotypical Scotsman (a satirical rendering of the courtiers who accompanied King James to London); St Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, 'gruel' is a watery porridge favoured there
 149 **Lethe** puns on the river of forgetfulness in Hades and on Leith, near Edinburgh
 151 **Walter** pronounced 'water' (thus watered down 'gruel')
 155 **below** in Scotland; as a commoner (see 1.2.261-2 and 298-9)
 156 **strange** strangers', foreigners'
 159 **received parts** recognized talents
 165 **duties** homage

166 **laid** humbled; on his back
 168 **dry mutton** consumed in the treatment of venereal disease
respective respectful
 176 **suits** petitions
 180 **dizzy** dizzying
 183 **remember me** refresh my memory (with another gift)
 187 **preserves** preservatives
 188 **knights yet** Upon his arrival in England, James I immediately began creating an unprecedented number of knights.
 193 **The Horn** Fleet Street tavern
 195 **horn** the hunters' horn
 200 **Cast** disgorge
 202 **park** deer park

COCKSTONE

Why, this is kindness; a kind gallant, you,
And love to give the dogs more than their due.
We shall attend you, sir.

LETHE

I pray do so.

SALEWOOD

The Horn.

LETHE

Easily remembered that, you know!

Exeunt [except Lethe]

210 But now unto my present business. The daughter yields,
and Quomodo consents; only my Mistress Quomodo,
her mother, without regard runs full against me, and
sticks hard. Is there no law for a woman that will
run upon a man at her own apperil? Why should not
215 she consent, knowing my state, my sudden fortunes? I
can command a custard, and other bake-meats, death
of sturgeon; I could keep house with nothing. What
friends have I! How well am I beloved, e'en quite
throughout the scullery. Not consent? 'Tis e'en as I
220 have writ; I'll be hanged an she love me not herself, and
would rather preserve me as a private friend to her own
pleasures, than any way advance her daughter upon
me to beguile herself. Then how have I relieved her
in that point? Let me peruse this letter. [*Reads*] 'Good
225 Mistress Quomodo, or rather, as I hope ere the Term
end, Mother Quomodo, since only your consent keeps
aloof off and hinders the copulation of your daughter,
what may I think, but that it is a mere affection in
you, doting upon some small inferior virtue of mine, to
230 draw me in upon yourself? If the case stand so, I have
comfort for you; for this you may well assure yourself,
that by the marriage of your daughter I have the better
means and opportunity to yourself, and without the
least suspicion.' This is moving stuff, and that works
235 best with a citizen's wife. But who shall I get to convey
this now? My page I ha' lent forth; my pander I have
employed about the country, to look out some third
sister, or entice some discontented gentlewoman from
her husband, whom the laying out of my appetite shall
240 maintain. Nay, I'll deal like an honourable gentleman.
I'll be kind to women; that which I gather i'th' day, I'll
put into their purses at night. You shall have no cause

to rail at me; no, faith, I'll keep you in good fashion,
ladies; no meaner men than knights shall ransom home
your gowns and recover your smocks. I'll not dally
with you. Some poor widow woman would come as
a necessary bawd now; and see where fitly comes—

[Enter Mother Gruel]

My mother! Curse of poverty! Does she come up to
shame me, to betray my birth, and cast soil upon my
new suit? Let her pass me; I'll take no notice of her.
Scurvy murrey kersey!

MOTHER GRUEL By your leave, an like your worship—

LETHE [*aside*] Then I must proudly venture it.—To me,
good woman?

MOTHER GRUEL I beseech one word with your worship. 255

LETHE Prithee, be brief then.

MOTHER GRUEL Pray, can your worship tell me any tidings
of one Andrew Gruel, a poor son of mine own?LETHE I know a gallant gentleman of the name, one Master
Andrew Gruel, and well received amongst ladies. 260MOTHER GRUEL That's not he, then. He is no gentleman
that I mean.LETHE Good woman, if he be a Gruel, he's a gentleman
i'th' mornings, that's a gentleman o'th' first; you
cannot tell me. 265MOTHER GRUEL No, truly, his father was an honest upright
tooth-drawer.

LETHE O, my teeth!

MOTHER GRUEL An't please your worship, I have made a
sore journey on't, all this vacant time, to come up and
see my son Andrew. Poor Walter Gruel, his father, has
laid his life, and left me a lone woman; I have not one
husband in all the world. Therefore my coming up is
for relief an't like your worship, hoping that my son
Andrew is in some place about the kitchen— 275

LETHE Kitchen! Puh, fah!

MOTHER GRUEL Or a servingman to some knight of worship.

LETHE [*aside*] O, let me not endure her!—Know you not
me, good woman?MOTHER GRUEL Alas, an't please your worship, I never saw
such a glorious suit since the hour I was christened. 280LETHE [*aside*]

Good, she knows me not, my glory does disguise me;

209 **Easily remembered** Horns were a
familiar sign of cuckoldry.213 **sticks** persists, resists214 **apperil** peril, risk216 **custard** form of 'crustade'; meat (or
fruit) pie covered with mixture of milk,
eggs, and spices216-17 **death of sturgeon** possibly an oath,
or a keg of sturgeon219 **scullery** kitchen or dishwashing room
(at Court) where he got his venison220 **an** if226-7 **keeps aloof off** must yet be won227 **copulation** union with230 **case stand so** with 'small...virtue ofmine', *doubles entendres* for vagina and
penis237 **look out** find237-8 **third sister** who may have to wait
some time to marry239 **laying out** expenditure241 **kind** act naturally with, have sexual
intercourse with; put 'kind' (semen or
a sexual organ) in women's 'purses'
(1.2.241-2, vaginas)242-6 **You...you** women in the audience244-5 **ransom home...and recover** retrieve
from pawn245 **dally** flirt251 **murrey kersey** purplish-red cloth dyed
with mulberries; a term of contempt for
a woman252 **an** if it263-4 **if...mornings** gentlemen ate gruel
for breakfast264 **o'th' first** first rate267 **tooth-drawer** dentist; butt of numerous
jokes and, proverbially, a meagre figure
(Tilley, T 434)269 **An't** If it270 **vacant time** vacation272 **laid his life** died282 **glory** expensive clothing

285 Beside, my poorer name being drenched in Lethe,
She'll hardly understand me. What a fresh air can do!
I may employ her as a private drudge
To pass my letters and secure my lust,
And ne'er be noted mine, to shame my blood,
And drop my staining birth upon my raiment.—
290 Faith, good woman, you will hardly get to the speech
of Master Andrew, I tell you.
MOTHER GRUEL No? Marry, hang him, an't like your
worship, I have known the day when nobody cared
to speak to him.
LETHE You must take heed how you speak ill of him now,
295 I can tell you; he's so employed.
MOTHER GRUEL Employed for what?
LETHE For his behaviour, wisdom, and other virtues.
MOTHER GRUEL His virtues? No, 'tis well known his father
was too poor a man to bring him up to any virtues; he
300 can scarce write and read.
LETHE He's the better regarded for that amongst courtiers,
for that's but a needy quality.
MOTHER GRUEL If it be so, then he'll be great shortly, for
he has no good parts about him.
305 LETHE Well, good woman, or mother, or what you will.
MOTHER GRUEL Alack the day, I know your worship scorns
to call me mother; 'tis not a thing fit for your worship
indeed, such a simple old woman as I am.
LETHE In pity of thy long journey, there's sixpence British.
310 Tend upon me, I have business for you.
MOTHER GRUEL I'll wait upon your worship.
LETHE Two pole off at least.
MOTHER GRUEL I am a clean old woman, an't like your
worship.
315 LETHE It goes not by cleanness here, good woman; if
you were fouler, so you were braver, you might come
nearer. *Exit*
MOTHER GRUEL Nay, and that be the fashion, I hope I shall
get it shortly; there's no woman so old but she may
320 learn, and as an old lady delights in a young page or
monkey, so there are young courtiers will be hungry
upon an old woman, I warrant you. *Exit*

I.3 *Enter Lethe's pander [Hellgill], with a Country
Wench*

HELLGILL Come, leave your puling and sighing.

COUNTRY WENCH Beshrew you now, why did you entice me
from my father?

HELLGILL Why? To thy better advancement. Wouldst thou,
5 a pretty, beautiful, juicy squall, live in a poor thrummed
house i'th' country in such servile habiliments, and may
well pass for a gentlewoman i'th' city? Does not five
hundred do so, think'st thou, and with worse faces?
O, now, in these latter days, the devil reigning, 'tis
10 an age for cloven creatures. But why sad now? Yet
indeed 'tis the fashion of any courtesan to be seasick
i'th' first voyage, but at next she proclaims open wars,
like a beaten soldier. Why, Northamptonshire lass,
dost dream of virginity now? Remember a loose-bodied
15 gown, wench, and let it go; wires and tires, bents and
bums, felts and falls, thou shalt deceive the world, that
gentlewomen indeed shall not be known from others.
I have a master to whom I must prefer thee after the
aforesaid decking, Lethe by name, a man of one most
20 admired property: he can both love thee, and for thy
better advancement be thy pander himself, an excellent
spark of humility.

COUNTRY WENCH Well heaven forgive you, you train me up
to't.

HELLGILL Why, I do acknowledge it, and I think I do you
25 a pleasure in't.

COUNTRY WENCH And if I should prove a harlot now, I
should be bound to curse you.

HELLGILL Bound? Nay, and you prove a harlot, you'll be
30 loose enough.

COUNTRY WENCH If I had not a desire to go like a gentle-
woman, you should be hanged ere you should get me
to't, I warrant you.

HELLGILL Nay, that's certain; nor a thousand more of you.
I know you are all chaste enough, till one thing or other
35 tempt you! Deny a satin gown and you dare now?

COUNTRY WENCH You know I have no power to do't, and
that makes you so wilful; for what woman is there such
a beast that will deny any thing that is good?

HELLGILL True, they will not, most dissemble.

COUNTRY WENCH No, an she bear a brave mind, she will
40 not, I warrant you.

HELLGILL
Why, therefore take heart, faint not at all,
Women ne'er rise, but when they fall;

283 **poorer name** Gruel
drenched in Lethe submerged in the river
of forgetfulness
284 **understand** recognize
air appearance
285 **drudge** lowly servant, slave
302 **needy quality** requirement for those
who labour
304 **parts** attributes but also genitalia
309 **sixpence British** possibly a coin newly
minted following the accession of James
I, who styled himself King of Britain; a
Scots sixpence was worth much less
312 **Two pole** 11 yards

316 **so so long as**
braver more fashionably dressed
I.3.1 **puling** whining
5 **squall** derogatory term for a young girl
thrummed thatched (see 2.2.3)
10 **cloven** devilish
13 **beaten soldier** veteran
14 **loose-bodied** a floor-length dress, said
by spectator at one of Jonson's masques
to be able to hide 'any deformity';
appropriate to a 'harlot' who will prove
'loose enough' (I.3.30, wanton)
15-16 **wires...falls** 'wires' are frames

to support hair or a ruff; 'tires' are
headdresses; 'bents' are bows or frames
to extend dresses; 'bums' are padding
about the posterior; 'felts' are hats; 'falls'
are collars
18 **prefer** present, advance (see I.3.4-5)
19 **decking** costuming
20 **property** quality
28 **bound** obliged; Hellgill pretends she
means 'tied' or 'tight'
35 **thing** penis (also I.3.39)
36 **Deny** refuse
44 **fall** have sexual intercourse

45 Let a man break, he's gone, blown up,
A woman's breaking sets her up;
Virginity is no city trade,
You're out o'th' freedom, when you're a maid;
Down with the lattice, 'tis but thin;
50 Let coarser beauties work within,
Whom the light mocks; thou art fair and fresh,
The gilded flies will light upon thy flesh.

COUNTRY WENCH
Beshrew your sweet enchantments, you have won.

HELLGILL [*aside*]
How easily soft women are undone.

55 So farewell wholesome weeds where treasure pants,
And welcome silks, where lies disease and wants.—
Come, wench, now flow thy fortunes in to bless thee,
I'll bring thee where thou shalt be taught to dress
thee.

COUNTRY WENCH O, as soon as may be. I am in a swoon
60 till I be a gentlewoman; and you know what flesh is
man's meat till it be dressed.

HELLGILL Most certain, no more: a woman. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Primus



2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter Rearage, Salewood, Lethe, Easy, with
Shortyard, alias Blastfield, [and his Boy,] at dice

REARAGE Gentlemen, I ha' sworn I'll change the room.
Dice? Devils!

LETHE You see I'm patient, gentlemen.

SALEWOOD Ay, the fiend's in't. You're patient, you put up
5 all.

REARAGE Come, set me, gentlemen.

SHORTYARD An Essex gentleman, sir?

EASY An unfortunate one, sir.

SHORTYARD I'm bold to salute you, sir. You know not
10 Master Alsup there?

EASY O, entirely well.

SHORTYARD Indeed, sir?

EASY He's second to my bosom.

SHORTYARD I'll give you that comfort then, sir, you must
15 not want money as long as you are in town, sir.

EASY No, sir?

SHORTYARD I am bound in my love to him to see you
furnished, and in that comfort I recover my salute
again, sir.

EASY Then I desire to be more dear unto you. 20

SHORTYARD [*aside*] I rather study to be dear unto you.—
Boy, fill some wine.—I knew not what fair impressure I
received at first, but I began to affect your society very
speedily.

EASY I count myself the happier. 25

SHORTYARD To Master Alsup, sir, to whose remembrance
I could love to drink till I were past remembrance.
[*Drinks*]

EASY I shall keep Christmas with him, sir, where your
health shall likewise undoubtedly be remembered, and 30
thereupon I pledge you. [*Drinks*] I would sue for your
name, sir.

SHORTYARD Your suit shall end in one Term, sir; my name
is Blastfield.

EASY Kind Master Blastfield, your dearer acquaintance. 35
[*Drinks*]

REARAGE Nay, come, will ye draw in, gentlemen? Set me.

EASY Faith, I'm scattered.

SHORTYARD Sir, you shall not give out so meanly of yourself
in my company for a million. Make such privy to your 40
disgrace? You're a gentleman of fair fortunes; keep me
your reputation. Set 'em all; there's crowns for you.

EASY Sir, you bind me infinitely in these courtesies.

SHORTYARD You must always have a care of your repu-
tation here in town, Master Easy; although you ride 45
down with nothing, it skills not.

EASY I'm glad you tell me that yet, then I'm indifferent.
Well, come, who throws? I set all these.

SHORTYARD Why, well said.

SALEWOOD This same Master Lethe here begins to undo us 50
again.

LETHE Ah, sir, I came not hither but to win.

SHORTYARD And then you'll leave us, that's your fashion.

LETHE He's base that visits not his friends.

SHORTYARD
55 But he's more base that carries out his winnings;
None will do so but those have base beginnings.

LETHE
It is a thing in use and ever was,
I pass this time.

SHORTYARD I wonder you should pass,
And that you're suffered.

45 **break** default
46 **breaking** defloration
48 **freedom** city limits (see 1.2.94, note)
49 **lattice** screen, shutter; hymen (*fig.*)
50 **within** indoors
52 **gilded flies** gallants, would-be gentlemen
55 **treasure pants** virtue breathes
61 **dressed** plays on 'clothed' and 'prepared
for cooking'
2.1.1 **change the room** find a room that will
be luckier for me

4-5 **put up all** win our money; 'put up
with' our insults (see 3.1.123-4)
6 **set** put down a stake
9 **salute** removes his hat (see 2.1.18,
where he puts his hat back on)
10 **Alsup** host to all (*fig.*)
13 **second** next
17 **him** Master Alsup
21 **dear** costly
22 **impressure** impression

34 **Blastfield** one who destroys estates, and
women or wombs ('fields')
38 **scattered** broke; possibly, spread too thin
40 **such** such gallants, dicers
42 **crowns** gold coins
46 **down** back to your country estate
skills matters
57 **in use** customary
58 **pass** give up one's turn
59 **suffered** tolerated, allowed

LETHE Tut, the dice are ours
 60 Then wonder not at those that have most powers.
 REARAGE
 The devil and his angels!
 LETHE Are these they?
 Welcome, dear angels, where you're cursed ne'er stay.
 [Retires]

SALEWOOD Here's luck!
 EASY Let's search him, gentlemen, I think he wears a
 65 smock.
 SHORTYARD I knew the time he wore not half a shirt, just
 like a pea.
 EASY No! How did he for the rest?
 SHORTYARD Faith, he compounded with a couple of napkins
 70 at Barnet, and so trussed up the lower parts.
 EASY 'Twas a pretty shift, i'faith.
 SHORTYARD But Master Lethe has forgot that too.
 EASY A mischief on't, to lose all. I could—
 SHORTYARD Nay, but good Master Easy, do not do yourself
 75 that tyranny, I beseech you. I must not ha' you alter
 your body now for the purge of a little money; you
 undo me, an you do.
 EASY 'Twas all I brought up with me, I protest, Master
 Blastfield; all my rent till next quarter.
 80 SHORTYARD Pox of money, talk not on't, I beseech you.
 What said I to you? Mass, I am out of cash myself
 too.—Boy!
 BOY Anon, sir.
 SHORTYARD Run presently to Master Gum, the mercer, and
 85 will him to tell out two or three hundred pound for me,
 or more according as he is furnished. I'll visit him i'th'
 morning, say.
 BOY It shall be said, sir. [Going]
 SHORTYARD Do you hear, boy?
 90 BOY Yes, sir.
 SHORTYARD If Master Gum be not sufficiently ready, call
 upon Master Profit, the goldsmith.
 BOY It shall be done, sir. [Going]
 SHORTYARD Boy!
 95 BOY [aside] I knew I was not sent yet; now is the time.

SHORTYARD Let them both rest till another occasion. You
 shall not need to run so far at this time. Take one nigher
 hand; go to Master Quomodo, the draper, and will him
 to furnish me instantly.
 BOY Now I go, sir. [Exit] 100
 EASY It seems you're well known, Master Blastfield, and
 your credit very spacious here i'th' city.
 SHORTYARD Master Easy, let a man bear himself portly,
 the whoresons will creep to him o' their bellies, and
 105 their wives o' their backs. There's a kind of bold grace
 expected throughout all the parts of a gentleman. Then,
 for your observances, a man must not so much as spit
 but within line and fashion. I tell you what I ha'
 done: sometimes I carry my water all London over,
 only to deliver it proudly at the Standard; and do I
 110 pass altogether unnoted, think you? No, a man can no
 sooner peep out his head, but there's a bow bent at him
 out of some watchtower or other.
 EASY So readily, sir?
 SHORTYARD Push, you know a bow's quickly ready, though
 115 a gun be long a-charging, and will shoot five times to
 his once. Come, you shall bear yourself jovially: take
 heed of setting your looks to your losses, but rather
 smile upon your ill luck, and invite 'em tomorrow to
 another breakfast of bones. 120
 EASY Nay, I'll forswear dicing.
 SHORTYARD What? Peace. I am ashamed to hear you; will
 you cease in the first loss? Show me one gentleman
 that e'er did it. Fie upon't, I must use you to company,
 I perceive; you'd be spoiled else. Forswear dice? I would
 125 your friends heard you, i'faith.
 EASY Nay, I was but in jest, sir.
 SHORTYARD I hope so. What would gentlemen say of you?
 'There goes a gull that keeps his money.' I would not
 have such a report go on you for the world, as long as
 130 you are in my company. Why, man, fortune alters in a
 minute. I ha' known those have recovered so much in
 an hour, their purses were never sick after.
 REARAGE O, worse than consumption of the liver! Con-
 sumption of the patrimony! 135
 SHORTYARD How now? Mark their humours, Master Easy.

61 **angels** Rearage puns on the name of the coin as he loses once again (see 1.2.147)
 64-5 **wears a smock** wears women's undergarments; is effeminate ('to smock' was to render effeminate). 'He was lapped in his mother's smock' (Tilley, M 1203) is proverbial for 'he is very lucky'
 67 **pea** nothing separates a pea from its pod and no shirt comes between Lethe and his outerwear
 69 **compounded with** put together; came to terms with (*fig.*)
napkins table napkins or handkerchiefs
 70 **Barnet** resort town north-west of London
lower parts genitalia
 71 **shift** puns on shirt and clever trick
 73 **I could** Having lost again, Easy is about to strike himself or to remove some

garment that he can set as a stake.
 76 **purge** loss
 77 **undo** foil my plans
 78 **up** to London
 80 **Pox of** a common curse; 'pox' ('pocks') indicated syphilis
 84 **merc** a dealer in textiles, especially silk (which was either stiffened or glossed by coating it with 'gum')
 85 **tell** count
 103 **portly** grandly, majestically
 104 **whoresons** i.e. merchants
 109 **water** urine
 110 **the Standard** the great water conduit in Cheapside
 111 **pass** walk across London; urinate
 111-17 **a man...once** Shortyard claims

that no sooner does a man expose his 'head' (l. 112, his penis, or prepuce) than 'a bow' (l. 112, vulva or vagina) is directed toward him. The 'bow' is 'quickly ready' (l. 115) and will 'shoot' (l. 115-16, achieve an orgasm) 'five times' (l. 115-17) in the time it takes a 'gun' (l. 115-16, a penis) to 'charge' (ejaculate) 'once' (l. 116-17).
 115 **Push** pish (expression of disdain)
 117-18 **take...losses** disguise your true feelings
 120 **bones** dice (see 2.1.143)
 124 **use** accustom
 125 **spoiled** despoiled, but also violated; see 'first loss' (2.1.123, loss of virginity)
 136 **humours** temperaments

- REARAGE Forgive me, my posterity yet ungotten!
 SHORTYARD That's a penitent maudlin dicer.
 REARAGE
 Few know the sweets that the plain life allows;
 140 Vile son that surfeits of his father's brows.
 SHORTYARD Laugh at him, Master Easy.
 EASY Ha, ha, ha!
 SALEWOOD I'll be damned an these be not the bones of some
 145 quean that cozened me in her life, and now consumes
 me after her death.
 SHORTYARD That's the true wicked, blasphemous, and soul-
 shuddering dicer, that will curse you all service time,
 and attribute his ill luck always to one drab or other.
 [Enter Hellgill, talks apart with Lethe]
 LETHE Dick Hellgill! The happy news?
 150 HELLGILL I have her for you, sir.
 LETHE Peace, what is she?
 HELLGILL Young, beautiful, and plump; a delicate piece of
 sin.
 LETHE Of what parentage?
 155 HELLGILL O, a gentlewoman of a great house.
 LETHE Fie, fie!
 HELLGILL [*aside*] She newly came out of a barn; yet too
 good for a tooth-drawer's son.
 LETHE Is she wife or maid?
 160 HELLGILL That which is daintiest, maid.
 LETHE I'd rather she'd been a wife.
 HELLGILL A wife, sir? Why?
 LETHE O, adultery is a great deal sweeter in my mind.
 HELLGILL [*aside*] Diseases gnaw thy bones!—I think she
 165 has deserved to be a wife, sir.
 LETHE
 That will move well.
 HELLGILL [*aside*] Her firstlings shall be mine.
 Swine look but for the husks; the meat be thine.
 [Enter Boy, talks apart with Shortyard and Easy]
 SHORTYARD How now, boy?
 BOY Master Quomodo takes your worship's greeting ex-
 170 ceeding kindly, and in his commendations returns this
 answer, that your worship shall not be so apt to receive
 it, as he willing to lend it.
 SHORTYARD Why, we thank him, i'faith.
 EASY Troth, and you ha' reason to thank him sir; 'twas a
 175 very friendly answer.
 SHORTYARD Push, a gentleman that keeps his days even
 here i'th' city, as I myself watch to do, shall have many
 of those answers in a twelvemonth, Master Easy.
 EASY I promise you, sir, I admire your carriage, and begin
 to hold a more reverend respect of you. 180
 SHORTYARD Not so, I beseech you. I give my friends leave
 to be inward with me.—Will you walk, gentlemen?
 LETHE We're for you. [*To Hellgill*] Present her with this
 jewel, my first token.
 Enter a Drawer
 DRAWER There are certain countrymen without inquiring 185
 for Master Rearage and Master Salewood.
 REARAGE Tenants!
 SALEWOOD Thou reviv'st us, rascal.
 REARAGE
 When's our next meeting, gentlemen?
 SHORTYARD Tomorrow night;
 This gentleman, by me, invites you all. 190
 Do you not, Master Easy?
 EASY Freely, sir.
 SALEWOOD
 We do embrace your love.—[*Aside*] A pure, fresh gull.
 SHORTYARD
 Thus make you men at parting dutiful,
 And rest beholding to you, 'tis the sleight
 To be remembered when you're out of sight. 195
 EASY
 A pretty virtue. Exeunt
- Enter the Country Wench's Father, that was
 enticed for Lethe* 2.2
- FATHER
 Where shall I seek her now? O, if she knew
 The dangers that attend on women's lives,
 She would rather lodge under a poor thatched roof
 Than under carved ceilings. She was my joy,
 5 And all content that I received from life,
 My dear and only daughter.
 What says the note she left? Let me again
 With staidier grief peruse it.
 [Reads] 'Father, wonder not at my so sudden departure,
 without your leave or knowledge. Thus, under pardon 10
 I excuse it: had you had knowledge of it, I know you
 would have sought to restrain it, and hinder me from
 what I have long desired. Being now happily preferred
 to a gentleman's service in London, about Holborn, if
 you please to send, you may hear well of me.' 15
 As false as she is disobedient.

137 **ungotten** not yet born
 140 **surfeits** . . . **brows** indulges himself at his
 father's expense
 144 **quean** prostitute
cozened cheated
 147 **service time** while church services are
 going on; while 'serving' (having sexual
 intercourse with) a 'drab'
 164 **Diseases** venereal diseases
 166 **move** attract, arouse sexually
 166-7 **Her** . . . **thine** Hellgill will consume

the Country Wench's first fruits, he will
 have her 'firstlings' (and so deflower the
 'maid'); Lethe can have what is left over:
 the 'husks' fit for 'swine' and the 'meat'
 (the flesh of a prostitute).
 176 **keeps his days even** repays his debts on
 time
 179 **carriage** bearing or deportment;
 but also bearing weight during sexual
 intercourse (see 2.1.182, note)
 182 **inward** intimate (since Easy has

admired Shortyard's 'carriage', this may
 refer to sexual intimacy, with a play on
 'innards' or bowels)
 184.1 **Drawer** tapster
 187-8 **Tenants** . . . **reviv'st us** The tenants
 have come to pay their rent.
 194 **sleight** artifice, trick
 2.2.14 **Holborn** known for licentious beha-
 viour in its gardens and as a lawyers'
 quarter; prisoners were taken along
 Holborn to execution at Tyburn

I've made larger inquiry, left no place
 Where gentry keeps, unsought, yet cannot hear,
 Which drives me most into a shameful fear.
 20 Woe worth th'infected cause that makes me visit
 This man-devouring city, where I spent
 My unshapen youth, to be my age's curse,
 And surfeited away my name and state
 In swinish riots, that now, being sober,
 25 I do awake a beggar. I may hate her.
 Whose youth voids wine, his age is cursed with water.
 O heavens, I know the price of ill too well,
 What the confusions are, in whom they dwell,
 And how soon maids are to their ruins won;
 30 One minute, and eternally undone.
 So in mine may it, may it not be thus!
 Though she be poor, her honour's precious.
 May be my present form and her fond fear,
 May chase her from me, if her eye should get me;
 35 And therefore as my love and wants advise,
 I'll serve, until I find her, in disguise.
 Such is my care to fright her from base evils,
 I leave calm state to live amongst you, devils. *Exit*

2.3 *Lethe's Mother enters with Quomodo's wife
 Thomasine, with the letter [from Lethe]*

THOMASINE Were these fit words, think you, to be sent to
 any citizen's wife: to enjoy the daughter, and love the
 mother too for a need? I would foully scorn that man,
 that should love me only for a need, I tell you. And
 5 here the knave writes again, that by the marriage of
 my daughter, a has the better means and opportunity
 to myself. He lies in his throat like a villain. He has
 no opportunity of me, for all that; 'tis for his betters to
 have opportunity of me, and that he shall well know.
 10 A base, proud knave! A has forgot how he came up,
 and brought two of his countrymen to give their words
 to my husband for a suit of green kersey. A has forgot
 all this. And how does he appear to me when his white
 15 satin suit's on, but like a maggot crept out of a nutshell,
 a fair body and a foul neck: those parts that are covered
 of him looks indifferent well, because we cannot see 'em.
 Else, for all his cleansing, pruning and paring, he's not
 worthy a broker's daughter, and so tell him.
 MOTHER GRUEL I will indeed, forsooth.

THOMASINE And as for my child, I hope she'll be ruled
 20 in time, though she be foolish yet, and not be carried
 away with a cast of manchets, a bottle of wine, or a
 custard, and so, I pray, certify him.
 MOTHER GRUEL I'll do your errand effectually.
 THOMASINE Art thou his aunt, or his—
 25 MOTHER GRUEL Alas, I am a poor drudge of his.
 THOMASINE Faith, an thou wert his mother, he would
 make thee his drudge, I warrant him.
 MOTHER GRUEL Marry, out upon him, sir-reverence of your
 mistress-ship.
 30 THOMASINE Here's somewhat for thy pains, fare thee well.
 [*Gives money*]
 MOTHER GRUEL 'Tis more than he gave me since I came to
 him. [*Exit*]
Enter Quomodo and his daughter Susan
 QUOMODO How now, what prating have we here? Whis-
 35 pers? Dumb shows? Why, Thomasine, go to; my shop
 is not altogether so dark as some of my neighbours',
 where a man may be made cuckold at one end, while
 he's measuring with his yard at t'other.
 THOMASINE Only commendations sent from Master Lethe,
 40 your worshipful son-in-law that should be.
 QUOMODO O, and that you like not, he that can make us
 rich in custom, strong in friends, happy in suits, bring
 us into all the rooms o' Sundays, from the leads to the
 45 cellar, pop us in with venison till we crack again, and
 send home the rest in an honourable napkin—this man
 you like not, forsooth!
 SUSAN But I like him, father.
 QUOMODO My blessing go with thy liking.
 SUSAN A number of our citizens hold our credit by't, to
 50 come home drunk, and say we ha' been at Court; then
 how much more credit is't to be drunk there indeed?
 QUOMODO Tut, thy mother's a fool.—Pray, what's Master
 Rearage, whom you plead for so?
 THOMASINE Why, first, he is a gentleman.
 55 QUOMODO Ay, he's often first a gentleman that's last a
 beggar.
 SUSAN My father tells you true. What should I do with a
 gentleman? I know not which way to lie with him.
 QUOMODO 'Tis true, too. Thou know'st, beside, we undo
 60 gentlemen daily.
 THOMASINE That makes so few of 'em marry with our
 daughters, unless it be one green fool or other. Next,

18 **unsought** unsearched
 cannot hear have had no news of her
 20 **Woe worth** woe unto
 23 **name and state** reputation and inheri-
 tance
 26 **voids** vomits
 33 **fond** foolish
 36 **serve** play the part of a servant
 2.3.2 **enjoy** have a sexual relation with (see
 5.2.9, note)
 6 **a he**
 10 **came up** to London; his low status
 11 **countrymen** If Lethe is indeed from Scot-

land, this would be another derogatory
 reference to the recent influx of Scotsmen
 to London.
give their words act as guarantors
 12 **kersey** coarse, wool cloth (see I.2.251)
 18 **broker's daughter** daughter of a lesser
 tradesman, perhaps a pawnbroker (see
 2.3.423)
 22 **cast of manchets** a batch of fine white
 bread
 25 **aunt** bawd
 29 **sir-reverence** 'saving your reverence';
 she excuses herself for having said

'Marry'—by the Virgin Mary
 36 **Dumb shows** mime
 39 **measuring with his yard** working
 with his measuring rod; having sexual
 intercourse
 43 **custom** business
happy in suits successful when petition-
 ing at Court
 44 **all the rooms** at Court
leads lead roof
 45 **crack** fart
 59 **lie with** have sexual intercourse with
 63 **green** gullible

- 65 Master Rearage has land and living, t'other but his walk
i'th' street, and his snatching diet. He's able to entertain
you in a fair house of his own, t'other in some nook or
corner, or place us behind the cloth like a company of
puppets. At his house you shall be served curiously, sit
down and eat your meat with leisure; there we must be
70 glad to take it standing, and without either salt, cloth,
or trencher, and say we are befriended too.
- QUOMODO O, that gives a citizen a better appetite than his
garden.
- SUSAN So say I, father; methinks it does me most good
75 when I take it standing. I know not how all women's
minds are.
- Enter Falselight*
- QUOMODO Faith, I think they are all of thy mind for that
thing.—How now, Falselight?
- FALSELIGHT I have descried my fellow, Shortyard, alias
80 Blastfield, at hand with the gentleman.
- QUOMODO O, my sweet Shortyard!—Daughter, get you up
to your virginals. *[Exit Susan]*
By your leave, Mistress Quomodo.
- THOMASINE Why, I hope I may sit i'th' shop, may I not?
- 85 QUOMODO That you may, and welcome sweet honey-thigh,
but not at this season, there's a buck to be struck.
- THOMASINE *[aside]* Well, since I'm so expressly forbidden,
I'll watch above i'th' gallery, but I'll see your knavery. *Exit*
- QUOMODO Be you prepared as I tell you.
- 90 FALSELIGHT You ne'er feared me. *Exit*
- QUOMODO O, that sweet, neat, comely, proper, delicate
parcel of land, like a fine gentlewoman i'th' waist, not
so great as pretty, pretty; the trees in summer whistling,
the silver waters by the banks harmoniously gliding.
95 I should have been a scholar; an excellent place for
a student, fit for my son that lately commenced at
Cambridge, whom now I have placed at Inns of Court.
Thus we that seldom get lands honestly, must leave our
heirs to inherit our knavery. But whist, one turn about
100 my shop and meet with 'em.
- Enter Master Easy with Shortyard, alias Blastfield
[and Boy]*
- EASY Is this it, sir?
- SHORTYARD Ay, let me see, this is it—sign of Three
Knives—'tis it.
- QUOMODO *[into the shop]* Do you hear, sir?—What lack you,
gentlemen? See good kerseys or broadcloths here, I pray
105 come near.—Master Blastfield!
- SHORTYARD I thought you would know me anon.
[Enter Thomasine above]
- QUOMODO You're exceeding welcome to town, sir. Your
worship must pardon me, 'tis always misty weather in
our shops here; we are a nation the sun ne'er shines
110 upon. Came this gentleman with you?
- SHORTYARD O, salute him fairly. He's a kind gentleman, a
very inward of mine.
- QUOMODO Then I cry you mercy, sir. You're especially
welcome. 115
- EASY I return you thanks, sir.
- QUOMODO But how shall I do for you now, Master Blast-
field?
- SHORTYARD Why, what's the matter?
- QUOMODO It is my greatest affliction at this instant, I am
120 not able to furnish you.
- SHORTYARD How, Master Quomodo? Pray, say not so;
'slud, you undo me then.
- QUOMODO Upon my religion, Master Blastfield, bonds lie
forfeit in my hands. I expect the receipt of a thousand
125 every hour, and cannot yet set eye of a penny.
- SHORTYARD That's strange, methinks.
- QUOMODO 'Tis mine own pity that plots against me, Master
Blastfield. They know I have no conscience to take the
forfeiture, and that makes 'em so bold with my mercy. 130
- EASY I am sorry for this.
- QUOMODO Nevertheless, if I might entreat your delay but
the age of three days, to express my sorrow now, I
would double the sum, and supply you with four or
135 five hundred.
- SHORTYARD Let me see, three days?
- QUOMODO Ay, good sir, and it may be possible.
- EASY *[aside to Shortyard]* Do you hear, Master Blastfield?
- SHORTYARD Ha?
- EASY You know I've already invited all the gallants to sup
140 with me tonight.
- SHORTYARD That's true, i'faith.
- EASY 'Twill be my everlasting shame, if I have no money
to maintain my bounty.
- SHORTYARD I ne'er thought upon that.—*[Aside]* I looked
145 still when that should come from him.—We have

64 living rent, income

65 snatching diet leftovers (like Lethe's venison) grabbed at Court; also, a 'diet' of snatches, or quick sexual encounters

67 cloth arras or hanging at Court

67–8 a company of puppets at a puppet show

68–70 served...standing descriptions of hospitality but also of intercourse ('served' sitting or 'take it standing') in a gentleman's house or at Court; see 2.1.146–8, 2.3.58–9 and 75

68 curiously fastidiously

69 there at Court

71 trencher wooden platter or knife

72–3 his garden his vegetable garden, but also his wife's genitals

78 thing copulation; also, penis (see 5.1.53)

82 virginals spinet in a box, without legs, or keyed musical instrument

83 By your leave please leave us

86 season time

buck to be struck deer (gull) to be caught or killed

90 feared mistrusted

96 commenced took his degree

97 Inns of Court London's legal colleges

99 whist silence

102–3 Three Knives Quomodo, Shortyard,

and Falselight

104 What lack you tradesman's customary greeting

109 misty weather 'not altogether so dark' (2.3.37)

114 cry you mercy beg your pardon

121 furnish 'supply' (2.3.134); also, procure for

123 'slud common oath, 'God's blood'

undo ruin

126 of on

129–30 take the forfeiture foreclose

145–6 I looked...him I have been waiting for him to say that

strictly examined our expenses; it must not be three days, Master Quomodo.

150 QUOMODO No? Then I'm afraid 'twill be my grief, sir.
EASY Master Blastfield, I'll tell you what you may do now.
SHORTYARD What, good sweet bedfellow?
EASY Send to Master Gum or Master Profit, the mercer and goldsmith.
SHORTYARD Mass, that was well remembered of thee.—
155 [Aside] I perceive the trout will be a little troublesome ere he be catched.—Boy!
BOY Here, sir.
SHORTYARD Run to Master Gum, or Master Profit, and carry my present occasion of money to 'em.
160 BOY I run, sir. [Exit]
QUOMODO Methinks, Master Blastfield, you might easily attain to the satisfaction of three days; here's a gentleman, your friend, I dare say will see you sufficiently possessed till then.
165 EASY Not I, sir, by no means. Master Blastfield knows I'm further in want than himself; my hope rests all upon him. It stands upon the loss of my credit tonight, if I walk without money.
SHORTYARD Why, Master Quomodo, what a fruitless motion have you put forth. You might well assure yourself this gentleman had it not, if I wanted it. Why, our purses are brothers; we desire but equal fortunes; in a word, we're man and wife; they can but lie together, and so do we.
170 EASY As near as can be, i'faith.
SHORTYARD And to say truth, 'tis more for the continuing of this gentleman's credit in town, than any incitement from mine own want only, that I covet to be so immediately furnished. You shall hear him confess as much himself.
180 EASY 'Tis most certain, Master Quomodo.
Enter Boy
SHORTYARD O, here comes the boy now.—How now, boy, what says Master Gum, or Master Profit?
BOY Sir, they're both walked forth this frosty morning to Brentford, to see a nurse-child.
185 SHORTYARD A bastard be it. Spite and shame!
EASY Nay, never vex yourself, sweet Master Blastfield.
SHORTYARD Bewitched, I think!

QUOMODO Do you hear, sir? [Aside to Easy] You can persuade with him? 190
EASY A little, sir.
QUOMODO Rather than he should be altogether destitute, or be too much a vexation to himself, he shall take up a commodity of cloth of me, tell him.
EASY Why, la! By my troth, 'twas kindly spoken. 195
QUOMODO Two hundred pounds worth, upon my religion, say.
SHORTYARD So disastrously!
EASY Nay, Master Blastfield, you do not hear what Master Quomodo said since, like an honest, true citizen, i'faith. 200
Rather than you should grow diseased upon't, you shall take up a commodity of two hundred pounds worth of cloth.
SHORTYARD The mealy moth consume it, would he ha' me turn pedlar now? What should I do with cloth? 205
QUOMODO He's a very willful gentleman at this time, i'faith. He knows as well what to do with it as I myself, iwis. There's no merchant in town but will be greedy upon't, and pay down money upo'th' nail. They'll dispatch it over to Middleburgh presently, and raise double commodity by exchange. If not, you know 'tis Term-time, and Michaelmas Term too, the drapers' harvest for footcloths, riding suits, walking suits, chamber gowns, and hall gowns. 210
EASY Nay, I'll say that, it comes in as fit a time as can be. 215
QUOMODO Nay, take me with you again ere you go, sir. I offer him no trash, tell him, but present money, say, where I know some gentlemen in town ha' been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks' hoods and brown paper. 220
EASY O, horrible! Are there such fools in town?
QUOMODO I offer him no trash, tell him, upon my religion, you may say.—[Aside] Now, my sweet Shortyard, now the hungry fish begins to nibble; one end of the worm is in his mouth, i'faith. 225
THOMASINE [aside]
Why stand I here (as late our graceless dames That found no eyes) to see that gentleman Alive, in state and credit executed, Help to rip up himself, does all he can? Why am I wife to him that is no man? 230

159 carry...occasion tell them of my pressing need
167 stands upon entails
168 walk depart from here
169-70 fruitless motion worthless proposal; also, in the context of 'satisfaction' (l. 163), 'possessed' (l. 164), 'stands upon' (l. 167), 'purses' (l. 172), and 'we're man and wife' (l. 173), a barren sexual encounter
185 Brentford a short ride west of London; notorious for assignments (hence the illegitimate 'nurse-child' hidden with its wet-nurse)

193-4 take...cloth take a loan in the form of cloth instead of cash
201 diseased dis-eased
207 iwis certainly
209 upo'th' nail on the spot
210 Middleburgh Dutch port and wool mart for English merchants
210-11 raise...exchange double their money
212 harvest opportunity to 'reap' big profits
213 footcloths saddlecloths
213-14 chamber gowns, and hall gowns clothes for private rooms and for ceremonies (in great halls)

216 take...go make no doubt about it
218 where whereas
220 hawks' hoods Hunting hawks were hooded to keep them calm.
226-9 Why...can Thomasine compares herself to women watching an execution (see 2.3.378-80)
227 found no eyes would not weep
229 Help...can Easy helps the executioner who has hanged him, to quarter him ('rip up')
230 no man inhumane; impotent (see 4.3.56-8 and 5.1.52-3)

- I suffer in that gentleman's confusion.
 EASY Nay, be persuaded in that, Master Blastfield. 'Tis ready money at the merchants'; beside, the winter season and all falls in as pat as can be to help it.
- 235 SHORTYARD Well, Master Easy, none but you could have persuaded me to that.—Come, would you would dispatch then, Master Quomodo; where's this cloth?
 QUOMODO Full and whole within, all of this piece, of my religion, Master Blastfield. Feel't, nay, feel't and spare not, gentlemen; your fingers and your judgement.
- 240 SHORTYARD Cloth's good.
 EASY By my troth, exceeding good cloth; a good wale 't'as.
 QUOMODO Falselight!
 [Enter Falselight]
- FALSELIGHT I'm ne'er out o' the shop, sir.
- 245 QUOMODO Go, call in a porter presently to carry away the cloth with the star mark.—Whither will you please to have it carried, Master Blastfield?
 SHORTYARD Faith, to Master Beggarland, he's the only merchant now; or his brother, Master Stillyard-down, there's little difference.
- 250 QUOMODO You've happened upon the money men, sir; they and some of their brethren, I can tell you, will not stick to offer thirty thousand pound to be cursed still; great monied men, their stocks lie in the poor's throats. But you'll see me sufficiently discharged, Master Blastfield, ere you depart?
- SHORTYARD You have always found me righteous in that.
 QUOMODO Falselight!
 FALSELIGHT Sir?
- 260 QUOMODO You may bring a scrivener along with you.
 FALSELIGHT I'll remember that, sir. [Exit]
 QUOMODO Have you sent for a citizen, Master Blastfield?
 SHORTYARD No, faith, not yet.—Boy!
 EASY What must you do with a citizen, sir?
- 265 SHORTYARD A custom they're bound to o' late by the default of evil debtors; no citizen must lend money without two be bound in the bond; the second man enters but for custom sake.
 EASY No? And must he needs be a citizen?
 SHORTYARD By th' mass, stay, I'll learn that.—Master Quomodo!
 QUOMODO Sir?
 SHORTYARD Must the second party, that enters into bond only for fashion's sake, needs be a citizen? What say you to this gentleman for one?
- QUOMODO Alas, sir, you know he's a mere stranger to me; I neither am sure of his going or abiding; he may inn here tonight, and ride away tomorrow. Although I grant the chief burden lies upon you, yet we are bound to make choice of those we know, sir.
- 280 SHORTYARD Why, he's a gentleman of a pretty living, sir.
 QUOMODO It may be so, yet, under both your pardons, I'd rather have a citizen.
 EASY I hope you will not disparage me so. 'Tis well known I have three hundred pound a year in Essex.
- 285 SHORTYARD Well said! To him thyself. Take him up roundly.
 EASY And how doubtfully soe'er you account of me, I do not think but I might make my bond pass for a hundred pound i'th' city.
- 290 QUOMODO What, alone sir?
 EASY Alone, sir? Who says so? Perhaps I'd send down for a tenant or two.
 QUOMODO Ay, that's another case, sir.
 EASY Another case let it be then!
- 295 QUOMODO Nay, grow not into anger, sir.
 EASY Not take me into a bond? As good as you shall, Goodman goosecap.
 QUOMODO Well, Master Blastfield, because I will not disgrace the gentleman, I'm content for once, but we must not make a practice on't.
- 300 EASY No, sir, now you would, you shall not.
 QUOMODO [aside] Cuds me, I'm undone; he's gone again.
 SHORTYARD [aside] The net's broke.
 THOMASINE [aside] Hold there, dear gentleman.
- 305 EASY Deny me that small courtesy? 'Sfoot, a very Jew will not deny it me.
 SHORTYARD [aside] Now must I catch him warily.
 EASY A jest indeed; not take me into a bond, quo' they.
 SHORTYARD [aside to Easy] Master Easy. Mark my words: if it stood not upon the eternal loss of thy credit against supper—
- 310 EASY Mass, that's true.
 SHORTYARD The pawning of thy horse for his own victuals—
 EASY Right, i'faith.
 SHORTYARD And thy utter dissolution amongst gentlemen forever—
 EASY Pox on't!
 SHORTYARD Quomodo should hang, rot, stink—
- 320 QUOMODO [aside] Sweet boy, i'faith.

231 **confusion** destruction242 **wale** texture244 I'm...**shop** plays on his name246 **star mark** merchant or weaver's insignia249 **Stillyard-down** one whose scale ('steelyard') doesn't weigh accurately; another citizen who is always impotent252 **stick** hesitate253 **still** always, continually254 **their...throats** they have profited at the expense of the poor255 **discharged** released; a bond must be signed260 **scrivener** notary, copyist267 **without** unless268 **enters** signs; in the context of 'going' and 'inn' (l. 277), 'ride' (l. 278), 'burden lies upon you' (l. 279), 'case' (ll. 294 and 295), and 'undone' (l. 303; see 2.1.77, note), this suggests intercourse276 **mere** complete279 **chief burden** see 2.3.360–73, where Easy signs first and Shortyard second,

merely as a guarantor

281 **pretty living** considerable estate; his rent comes to 'three hundred pound a year' (2.3.285)287 **roundly** without equivocation; bluntly292 I'd **send down** if I were to send to Essex298 **goodman goosecap** master simpleton303 **Cuds me** oath, corrupted from 'God save me'305 **Hold there** proceed no further

306 'Sfoot oath, contracted from 'God's foot'

309 **quo' they** said they

SHORTYARD Drop, damn.
 QUOMODO [*aside*] Excellent Shortyard!
 EASY I forgot all this. What meant I to swagger before I
 325 had money in my purse?—How does Master Quomodo?
 Is the bond ready?
 QUOMODO O, sir!
Enter Dustbox, the scrivener
 EASY Come, we must be friends. Here's my hand.
 QUOMODO Give it the scrivener. Here he comes.
 330 DUSTBOX Good day, Master Quomodo. Good morrow, gentlemen.
 QUOMODO We must require a little aid from your pen, good
 Master Dustbox.
 DUSTBOX What be the gentlemen's names that are bound,
 335 sir?
 QUOMODO Master John Blastfield, esquire, i'th' wild of Kent;
 and what do they call your bedfellow's name?
 SHORTYARD Master Richard Easy; you may easily hit on't.
 QUOMODO Master Richard Easy, of Essex, gentleman; both
 340 bound to Ephestian Quomodo, citizen and draper of
 London; the sum, two hundred pound. What time do
 you take, Master Blastfield, for the payment?
 SHORTYARD I never pass my month, you know.
 QUOMODO I know it, sir. October sixteenth today; sixteenth
 345 of November, say.
 EASY Is it your custom to return so soon, sir?
 SHORTYARD I never miss you.
Enter Falselight, like a porter, sweating
 FALSELIGHT I am come for the rest of the same piece,
 Master Quomodo.
 350 QUOMODO Star mark, this is it. Are all the rest gone?
 FALSELIGHT They're all at Master Stillyard-down's by this
 time.
 EASY How the poor rascal's all in a froth!
 SHORTYARD
 355 Push, they're ordained to sweat for gentlemen;
 Porters' backs and women's bellies bear up the world.
 [*Exit Falselight with remaining cloth*]
 EASY 'Tis true, i'faith; they bear men and money, and
 that's the world.
 SHORTYARD You've found it, sir.
 DUSTBOX I'm ready to your hands, gentlemen.
 360 SHORTYARD Come, Master Easy. [*Gestures to Easy to sign*]
 EASY I beseech you, sir.
 SHORTYARD It shall be yours, I say.
 EASY Nay, pray, Master Blastfield.

SHORTYARD I will not, i'faith.
 EASY What do you mean, sir?
 365 SHORTYARD I should show little bringing up, to take the
 way of a stranger.
 EASY By my troth, you do yourself wrong though, Master
 Blastfield.
 SHORTYARD Not a whit, sir.
 370 EASY But to avoid strife, you shall have your will of me
 for once.
 SHORTYARD Let it be so, I pray. [*Easy signs*]
 QUOMODO [*aside*] Now I begin to set one foot upon the
 375 land. Methinks I am felling of trees already; we shall
 have some Essex logs yet to keep Christmas with, and
 that's a comfort.
 THOMASINE
 Now is he quart'ring out; the executioner
 Strides over him; with his own blood he writes.
 I am no dame that can endure such sights.
 380 *Exit [above]*

SHORTYARD [*aside*]
 So his right wing is cut, he will not fly far
 Past the two city hazards, Poultry and Wood Street.
 EASY How like you my Roman hand, i'faith?
 DUSTBOX Exceeding well, sir, but that you rest too much
 385 upon your R's and make your E's too little.
 EASY I'll mend that presently.
 DUSTBOX Nay, 'tis done now, past mending. [*Shortyard
 signs*] You both deliver this to Master Quomodo as your
 deed?
 SHORTYARD We do, sir.
 390 QUOMODO I thank you, gentlemen. [*Exit Dustbox*]
 SHORTYARD Would the coin would come away now. We
 have deserved for't.
*Enter Falselight [disguised as a porter] with the
 cloth*
 FALSELIGHT By your leave a little, gentlemen.
 SHORTYARD How now? What's the matter? Speak!
 395 FALSELIGHT As fast as I can, sir. All the cloth's come back
 again.
 QUOMODO How?
 SHORTYARD What's the news?
 FALSELIGHT The passage to Middleburgh is stopped, and
 400 therefore neither Master Stillyard-down nor Master Beg-
 garland, nor any other merchant, will deliver present
 money upon't. [*Exit Falselight*]
 QUOMODO Why, what hard luck have you, gentlemen!

322 **damn** be damned
 327.1 **Dustbox** the 'dustbox' contains sand
 with which to blot ink
 328 **hand** Easy offers to shake hands, but
 Quomodo tells him to give his signature
 ('hand') to the scrivener
 336 **wild of Kent** forest ('weald') south-east
 of London
 340 **Ephestian** compare Hephaestion,
 Alexander the Great's lover (all of Asia
 was ordered to mourn at his death); also
 Hephaestus, who, as the Roman god

Vulcan, was made a cuckold by Venus
 and Mars
 346 **return** repay
 358 **it** my meaning
 362 **It** the 'courtesy' of signing first
 366-7 **to take the way of** precede
 375 **falling of trees** deforestation; controver-
 sial 'improvement' meant to maximize
 profits
 378 **quart'ring out** see 2.3.229; those
 guilty of treason were hanged, drawn,
 and quartered; Easy has betrayed his

inheritance, his 'blood' (2.3.379)
 382 **Poultry and Wood Street** debtors'
 prisons
 383 **Roman** the fashionable 'Italian' style of
 handwriting, as opposed to Secretary or
 Court hand
 385 **R's...E's** puns on 'arse' and 'ease'
 392 **coin** payment for the cloth
 400 **passage...stopped** the route is closed
 (perhaps due to a Spanish blockade or at-
 tack, or to an English export prohibition)

- 405 EASY Why, Master Blastfield!
SHORTYARD Pish!
EASY You're so discontented too presently, a man cannot
tell how to speak to you.
SHORTYARD Why, what would you say?
410 EASY We must make somewhat on't now, sir.
SHORTYARD Ay, where? How? The best is, it lies all upon
my neck.—Master Quomodo, can you help me to any
money for't? Speak.
QUOMODO Troth, Master Blastfield, since myself is so un-
furnished, I know not the means how. There's one i'th'
415 street, a new setter up; if any lay out money upon't,
'twill be he.
SHORTYARD His name?
QUOMODO Master Idem. But you know we cannot give but
420 greatly to your loss, because we gain and live by't.
SHORTYARD 'Sfoot, will he give anything?
EASY Ay, stand upon that.
SHORTYARD Will he give anything? The brokers will give
nothing, to no purpose.
425 QUOMODO Falselight!
[Enter Falselight above]
FALSELIGHT Over your head, sir.
QUOMODO Desire Master Idem to come presently and look
upo'th' cloth.
FALSELIGHT I will, sir. [Exit above]
430 SHORTYARD What if he should offer but a hundred pound?
EASY If he want twenty on't, let's take it.
SHORTYARD Say you so?
EASY Master Quomodo will have four or five hundred
pound for you of his own within three or four days.
[Enter Thomasine]
435 SHORTYARD 'Tis true, he said so indeed.
EASY Is that your wife, Master Quomodo?
QUOMODO That's she, little Thomasine!
EASY Under your leave, sir, I'll show myself a gentleman.
QUOMODO Do, and welcome, Master Easy.
440 EASY I have commission for what I do, lady, from your
husband. [Kisses her]
THOMASINE You may have a stronger commission for the
next, an't please you, that's from myself.
Enter Sim
EASY You teach me the best law, lady.
- THOMASINE [*aside*] Beshrew my blood, a proper springall 445
and a sweet gentleman.
QUOMODO My son, Sim Quomodo! Here's more work for
you, Master Easy; you must salute him too—[*Aside*] for
he's like to be heir of thy land, I can tell thee.
SIM *Vim, vitam, spemque salutem.* 450
QUOMODO He shows you there he was a Cambridge man,
sir, but now he's a Templar. Has he not good grace to
make a lawyer?
EASY A very good grace to make a lawyer.
SHORTYARD [*aside*] For, indeed, he has no grace at all. 455
QUOMODO Some gave me counsel to make him a divine.
EASY Fie, fie!
QUOMODO But some of our livery think it an unfit thing,
that our own sons should tell us of our vices; others,
to make him a physician, but then, being my heir, 460
I'm afraid he would make me away. Now, a lawyer,
they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade
and increaseth the number of cloth gowns, and indeed
'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for our word is, 'What
do ye lack?' and their word is, 'What do you give?' 465
EASY Exceeding proper.
Enter Falselight for Master Idem
QUOMODO Master Idem, welcome!
FALSELIGHT I have seen the cloth, sir.
QUOMODO Very well.
FALSELIGHT I am but a young setter up; the uttermost I 470
dare venture upon't is threescore pound.
SHORTYARD What?
FALSELIGHT If it be for me so, I am for it; if not, you have
your cloth and I have my money.
EASY Nay, pray, Master Blastfield, refuse not his kind offer. 475
SHORTYARD A bargain then, Master Idem, clap hands.—
[*Aside*] He's finely cheated.—Come, let's all to the next
tavern and see the money paid.
EASY A match!
QUOMODO I follow you, gentlemen; take my son along with 480
you. *Exeunt [all but Quomodo]*
Now to my keys; I'm Master Idem, he must fetch the
money. First have I caught him in a bond for two
hundred pound, and [] my two hundred pounds'
worth o' cloth again for threescore pound. Admire me, 485
all you students at Inns of Cozenage. *Exit*
Finis Actus Secundus

416 a new setter up one newly established
419 Idem 'the same' (Quomodo himself, see
2.3.482)
419–20 we...loss what we pay you must
be less than what we have charged you
for the same goods
422 stand insist
426 Over your head plays on his name
431 want twenty on't twenty less; i.e.

eighty pounds
445 springall young man (variant of
'springald')
450 Vim...salutem 'Let me salute strength,
life, and hope'
452 Templar at one of the Inns of Court (see
2.3.96–7)
458 livery the woollen drapers' company
461 make me away kill me

463 gowns worn by lawyers (see 1.1.2)
466.1 for disguised as
476 clap hands shake hands and so make a
deal
482 keys to where he keeps his money
484 and...my the text is corrupt here;
perhaps 'now have I' or 'have got' has
dropped out
486 Cozenage cheating



3.1

Incipit Actus Tertius

Enter Lethe's pander, Hellgill, the Country Wench coming in [as a Courtesan] with a new fashion gown, dressed gentlewoman-like, the Tailor points it, and Mistress Comings, a tirewoman, busy about her head

HELLGILL You talk of an alteration; here's the thing itself. What base birth does not raiment make glorious? And what glorious births do not rags make infamous? Why should not a woman confess what she is now, since the finest are but deluding shadows, begot between tirewomen and tailors? For instance, behold their parents.

MISTRESS COMINGS Say what you will, this wire becomes you best.—How say you, tailor?

10 TAILOR I promise you 'tis a wire would draw me from my work seven days a week.

COURTESAN Why, do you work o' Sundays, tailor?

TAILOR Hardest of all, o' Sundays, because we are most forbidden.

15 COURTESAN Troth, and so do most of us women; the better day the better deed, we think.

MISTRESS COMINGS Excellent, exceeding, i'faith. A narrow-eared wire sets out a cheek so fat and so full, and if you be ruled by me, you shall wear your hair still like a mock-face behind; 'tis such an Italian world, many men know not before from behind.

TAILOR How like you the sitting of this gown now, Mistress Comings?

25 MISTRESS COMINGS It sits at marvellous good ease and comely discretion.

HELLGILL Who would think now this fine sophisticated squall came out of the bosom of a barn, and the loins of a hay-tosser?

30 COURTESAN Out, you saucy, pestiferous pander! I scorn that, i'faith.

HELLGILL Excellent, already the true phrase and style of a strumpet. Stay, a little more of the red, and then I take my leave of your cheek for four-and-twenty hours.—Do you not think it impossible that her own father should know her now, if he saw her?

35 COURTESAN Why, I think no less. How can he know me, when I scarce know myself?

HELLGILL 'Tis right.

COURTESAN But so well you lay wait for a man for me.

HELLGILL I protest I have bestowed much labour about it; and in fit time, good news, I hope.

Enter a Servant bringing in her Father in disguise to serve her

SERVANT I've found one yet at last, in whose preferment I hope to reap credit.

COURTESAN Is that the fellow?

SERVANT Lady, it is.

COURTESAN Art thou willing to serve me, fellow?

FATHER So please you, he that has not the heart to serve such a mistress as your beautiful self, deserves to be honoured for a fool or knighted for a coward.

COURTESAN There's too many of them already.

FATHER 'Twere sin then to raise the number.

COURTESAN Well we'll try both our likings for a month, and then either proceed, or let fall the suit.

FATHER Be it as you have spoke, but 'tis my hope a longer Term.

COURTESAN No, truly, our Term ends once a month. We should get more than the lawyers, for they have but four Terms a year, and we have twelve, and that makes 'em run so fast to us in the vacation.

FATHER [*aside*] A mistress of a choice beauty! Amongst such imperfect creatures I ha' not seen a perfecter. I should have reckoned the fortunes of my daughter amongst the happiest, had she lighted into such a service, whereas now I rest doubtful whom or where she serves.

COURTESAN [*gives money*] There's for your bodily advice, tailor; and there's for your head-counsel; and I discharge you both till tomorrow morning again.

TAILOR At which time our neatest attendance.

MISTRESS COMINGS I pray, have an especial care, howsoever you stand or lie, that nothing fall upon your hair to batter your wire. *Exeunt [Tailor and Mistress Comings]*

COURTESAN I warrant you for that.—Which gown becomes me best now, the purple satin or this?

HELLGILL If my opinion might rule over you—

Enter Lethe with Rearage and Salewood

LETHE Come, gallants, I'll bring you to a beauty shall strike your eyes into your hearts. What you see you shall desire, yet never enjoy.

REARAGE And that's a villainous torment.

SALEWOOD And is she but your underput, Master Lethe?

LETHE No more, of my credit; and a gentlewoman of a great house, noble parentage, unmatched education, my plain punk. I may grace her with the name of a

3.1.0.4-5 *points it* ties the laces

0.5 *Comings* puns on 'combing' but coming and going also suggests that she is a bawd; Mistress Comings is a hairdresser, although a 'tirewoman' was commonly a lady's maid or a dressmaker

8 *wire* either the entire headdress or just its supporting wire frame (see 1.3.14-16)

20 *mock-face* provocative hair arrangement resembling a face; if 'face' is slang for 'arse' (see 3.1.201 note), then this

phrase sets up the next

20-1 *Italian...behind* Italian men were said to engage in sodomy

27 *squall* see 1.3.4-6, note

29 *pestiferous* plaguoy, pernicious

32 *red rouge*

39 *But so well* How well (ironical)

lay...*man* look out for a servant

41.1 *Servant* Hellgill's man

47 *serve* see 2.3.68-70, note

49 *knighted* see 1.2.188, note

52 *try...likings* see if we are suited to each other

58 *four Terms* see 1.1.29.1, note; this concludes the legal metaphor that begins with 'proceed' (3.1.53)

61 *such imperfect creatures* womankind

71 *stand or lie* see 2.3.58-9 and 2.3.68-70, note

80 *underput* mistress, courtesan

83 *punk* prostitute

85 courtesan, a backslider, a prostitution, or such a toy; but when all comes to all, 'tis but a plain punk. Look you gentlemen, that's she; behold her.

COURTESAN O, my beloved strayer! I consume in thy absence.

90 LETHE La, you now. You shall not say I'll be proud to you, gentlemen; I give you leave to salute her.—[*Aside*] I'm afraid of nothing now, but that she'll utterly disgrace 'em, turn tail to 'em, and place their kisses behind her. No, by my faith, she deceives me; by my troth, she's kissed 'em both with her lips. I thank you for that music, masters. 'Slid, they both court her at once, and see, if she ha' not the wit to stand still and let 'em! I think if two men were brewed into one, there is that woman would drink 'em up both.

REARAGE [*to Courtesan*] A coxcomb! He a courtier?

100 COURTESAN He says he has a place there.

SALEWOOD So has the fool, a better place than he, and can come where he dare not show his head.

LETHE Nay, hear you me, gentlemen—

105 SALEWOOD I protest, you were the last man we spoke on. We're a little busy yet; pray stay there awhile. We'll come to you presently.

LETHE [*aside*] This is good, i'faith; endure this and be a slave forever! Since you neither savour of good breeding nor bringing up, I'll slice your hamstrings, but I'll make you show mannerly!—Pox on you, leave courting. I ha' not the heart to hurt an Englishman, i'faith, or else—

SALEWOOD What else?

LETHE Prithee, let's be merry; nothing else.—[*To Servant*] Here, fetch some wine.

115 COURTESAN Let my servant go for't.

LETHE Yours? Which is he?

FATHER This, sir.—

(*Aside*) But I scarce like my mistress now; the loins

120 Can ne'er be safe where the flies be so busy.

Wit, by experience bought, foils wit at school;

Who proves a deeper knave than a spent fool?—

I am gone for your worship's wine, sir. [*Exit*]

125 HELLGILL [*aside to Lethe*] Sir, you put up too much indignity; bring company to cut your own throat. The fire is not yet so hot, that you need two screens before it;

'tis but new kindled yet. If 'twere risse to a flame, I could not blame you then to put others before you; but, alas, all the heat yet is comfortable, a cherisher, not a defacer.

LETHE Prithee, let 'em alone. They'll be ashamed on't anon, I trow, if they have any grace in 'em. 130

HELLGILL [*aside*] I'd fain have him quarrel, fight, and be assuredly killed, that I might beg his place, for there's ne'er a one void yet. [*Exit with Servant*]

Enter Shortyard with Easy

COURTESAN You'll make him mad anon. 135

SALEWOOD 'Tis to that end.

SHORTYARD Yet at last Master Quomodo is as firm as his promise.

EASY Did I not tell you still he would?

140 SHORTYARD Let me see, I am seven hundred pound in bond now to the rascal.

EASY Nay, you're no less, Master Blastfield, look to't. By my troth, I must needs confess, sir, you ha' been uncommonly kind to me since I ha' been in town; but Master Alsup shall know on't. 145

SHORTYARD That's my ambition, sir.

EASY I beseech you, sir.—Stay, this is Lethe's haunt, see, we have caught him.

LETHE Master Blastfield and Master Easy, you're kind gentlemen both. 150

SHORTYARD Is that the beauty you famed so?

LETHE The same.

SHORTYARD Who be those so industrious about her?

155 LETHE Rearage and Salewood. I'll tell you the unmannerliest trick of 'em, that ever you heard in your life.

SHORTYARD Prithee, what's that?

LETHE I invited 'em hither to look upon her, brought 'em along with me, gave 'em leave to salute her in kindness; what do they but most saucily fall in love with her, very impudently court her for themselves, and, like two crafty attorneys, finding a hole in my lease, go about to defeat me of my right? 160

SHORTYARD Ha' they so little conscience?

LETHE The most uncivil'st part that you have seen. I know they'll be sorry for't when they have done, for there's 165

84 toy trifle, whim

87 consume waste away

90 salute kiss

92 tail her anus or vagina

95 music loud kisses

99 coxcomb conceited fool, a fop

100 place there position at Court

101 fool jester; King James brought Archy Armstrong, his fool, with him from Scotland to England

105 busy plays on 'business', or sexual intercourse

110 leave enough, stop

111 an Englishman further evidence that Lethe is a Scotsman

119 flies see 1.3.52, note

120-1 Wit... fool Although they are bankrupt fools, these sophisticated knaves will easily outwit a novice like the courtesan.

123 put up put up with (see 2.1.4, note)

124 fire the courtesan's desire

125 two screens Rearage and Salewood

131 trow believe, know

133 place at Court (see 3.1.100)

135 him Lethe; Salewood and Rearage are still 'courting'

136 'Tis to that end that's what we are trying to do

138 promise that he would shortly have

money to lend

140 I... in Shortyard, and Easy (see 3.4.62-3 and 183-5), have further indebted themselves to Quomodo

151 famed boasted of

158 in kindness cordially, but also in a sexual manner

161 hole loophole, vagina

162 right title to her

163 conscience plays on 'cunt science' or 'cunt knowledge'

164 part share, but also plays on male and female genitals (private parts)

165 done finished copulating

- no man but gives a sigh after his sin of women; I know it by myself.
- SHORTYARD [*to Rearage and Salewood*] You parcel of a rude, saucy and unmannerly nation—
- 170 LETHE [*aside*] One good thing in him, he'll tell 'em on't roundly.
- SHORTYARD Cannot a gentleman purchase a little fire to thaw his appetite by, but must you, that have been daily singed in the flame, be as greedy to beguile him on't?
- 175 How can it appear in you but maliciously, an that you go about to engross hell to your selves? Heaven forbid, that you should not suffer a stranger to come in; the devil himself is not so unmannerly. I do not think but some of them rather will be wise enough to beg offices there before you, and keep you out. Marry, all the spite will be, they cannot sell 'em again.
- 180 EASY
Come, are you not to blame? Not to give place—
To us, I mean.
- LETHE A worse and a worse disgrace!
- COURTESAN Nay, gentlemen, you wrong us both then.
- 185 Stand from me, I protest I'll draw my silver bodkin upon you.
- SHORTYARD Clubs! Clubs! Gentlemen, stand upon your guard.
- COURTESAN A gentlewoman must swagger a little now and then, I perceive; there would be no civility in her chamber else. Though it be my hard fortune to have my keeper there a coward, the thing that's kept is a gentlewoman born.
- 190 SHORTYARD And to conclude, a coward, infallible of your side. Why, do you think, i'faith, I took you to be a coward? Do I think you'll turn your back to any man living? You'll be whipped first.
- 195 EASY And then indeed she turns her back to some man living.
- 200 SHORTYARD But that man shows himself a knave, for he dares not show his own face when he does it; for
- some of the Common Council in Henry the Eight's days thought it modesty at that time, that one visor should look upon another.
- EASY 'Twas honestly considered of 'em, i'faith. 205
Enter Mother Gruel
- SHORTYARD How now? What piece of stuff comes here?
- LETHE [*aside*] Now, some good news yet to recover my repute, and grace me in this company.—Gentlemen, are we friends among ourselves?
- SHORTYARD United. 210
[Enter Father with wine]
- LETHE Then here comes Rhenish to confirm our amity.—Wagtail, salute them all, they are friends.
- COURTESAN Then, saving my quarrel, to you all.
- SHORTYARD To's all.
- COURTESAN Now beshrew your hearts, an you do not. 215
SHORTYARD To sweet Master Lethe.
- LETHE Let it flow this way, dear Master Blastfield.—Gentlemen, to you all.
- SHORTYARD This Rhenish wine is like the scouring-stick to a gun, it makes the barrel clear. It has an excellent virtue, it keeps all the sinks in man and woman's body sweet in June and July; and, to say truth, if ditches were not cast once a year, and drabs once a month, there would be no abiding i'th' city.
- 220 LETHE Gentlemen, I'll make you privy to a letter I sent.
- SHORTYARD A letter comes well after privy; it makes amends.
- LETHE There's one Quomodo a draper's daughter in town whom for her happy portion I wealthily affect.
- REARAGE And not for love?—*[To Salewood]* This makes for 230
me, his rival; bear witness.
- LETHE
The father does elect me for the man,
The daughter says the same.
- SHORTYARD Are you not well?
- LETHE
Yes, all but for the mother; she's my sickness.

166 of with
168 parcel 'lot', 'set,' or 'pack' (*fig.*; usually contemptuous)
169 nation English
172 fire passion, mistress (see. 3.1.124), but also suggestive of venereal disease (that which has 'singed' Rearage and Salewood in the past)
176 engross monopolize
hell the gates of hell (a vagina) or hell-fire (syphilitic pain)
177 stranger foreigner, a Scotsman like Lethe (see 1.2.156)
179 them the Scots; Englishmen complained that James I was packing the Court (filling 'offices') with his countrymen
181 'em the 'offices' they purchased
184 us Lethe and her
185 bodkin hair-pin, ornament
187 Clubs! call to London apprentices to assert their rights
191 chamber bed chamber, but also vagina

192 keeper door keeper or bawd
coward impotent; effeminate (the opposite of 'hard')
194-5 infallible...side meaning uncertain; perhaps because Lethe is a 'coward', the Courtesan needn't fall on her back or 'side' (buttocks) for him
196 turn your back show yourself a coward; allow yourself to be taken from behind like a coward (a male whore)
197 whipped prostitutes were sentenced to whipping
201 show his own face the official who whipped prisoners in public wore a mask; 'face' was used for buttocks and pubic area
202 Common Council representatives from London's twenty-six wards, answerable to the Court of Aldermen and the Lord Mayor
Henry the Eight's days 1509-47
203 visor mask; prostitute

206 piece of stuff person of little worth, prostitute
211 Rhenish Rhine wine
212 Wagtail prostitute, courtesan (meant as term of affection here)
213 saving except for
to you all they toast ('salute') one another
215 an...not if you do not (toast us)
220 barrel of a gun, but also belly and loins (*fig.*)
221 sinks organs of digestion and excretion
223 cast see 1.2.68, note
drabs...month see 3.1.56-8; perhaps a monthly medical purging
225 make...to let you in on a secret about
226 A letter...privy toilet tissue is helpful in an outhouse
229 portion dowry
230 makes for favours
233 well well set

- 235 SHORTYARD By'r lady, and the mother is a pestilent, wilful, troublesome sickness, I can tell you, if she light upon you handsomely.
- LETHE
I find it so; she for a stranger pleads,
Whose name I ha' not learned.
- REARAGE [*to Salewood*]
240 And e'en now he called me by it.
- LETHE Now, as my letter told her, since only her consent kept aloof off, what might I think on't, but that she merely doted upon me herself!
- SHORTYARD Very assuredly.
- 245 SALEWOOD [*to Rearage*] This makes still for you.
- SHORTYARD Did you let it go so, i'faith?
- LETHE You may believe it, sir.—Now, what says her answer?
- SHORTYARD Ay, her answer.
- 250 MOTHER GRUEL She says you're a base, proud knave, an like your worship.
- LETHE How?
- SHORTYARD Nay, hear out her answer, or there's no goodness in you.
- 255 MOTHER GRUEL You ha' forgot, she says, in what pickle your worship came up, and brought two of your friends to give their words for a suit of green kersey.
- LETHE Drudge, peace, or—[*Gestures threateningly*]
- 260 SHORTYARD Show yourself a gentleman; she had the patience to read your letter, which was as bad as this can be. What will she think on't? Not hear her answer?—Speak, good his drudge.
- MOTHER GRUEL And as for her daughter, she hopes she'll be ruled by her in time, and not be carried away with a cast of manchets, a bottle of wine, and a custard, which once made her daughter sick, because you came by it with a bad conscience.
- 265 LETHE Gentlemen, I'm all in a sweat.
- SHORTYARD That's very wholesome for your body; nay, you must keep in your arms.
- MOTHER GRUEL Then she demanded of me whether I was your worship's aunt or no?
- LETHE Out, out, out!
- 270 MOTHER GRUEL Alas, said I, I am a poor drudge of his.—Faith, an thou wert his mother, quoth she, he'd make thee his drudge, I warrant him.—Marry, out upon him, quoth I, an't like your worship.
- LETHE HORROR, horror! I'm smothered. Let me go, torment me not. *Exit*
- SHORTYARD An you love me, let's follow him, gentlemen. 280
- REARAGE and SALEWOOD Agreed. *Exeunt*
- SHORTYARD I count a hundred pound well spent to pursue a good jest, Master Easy.
- EASY By my troth, I begin to bear that mind too.
- 285 SHORTYARD Well said, i'faith. Hang money! Good jests are worth silver at all times.
- EASY They're worth gold, Master Blastfield.
- Exeunt [Easy, Shortyard, and Mother Gruel]*
- COURTESAN Do you deceive me so? Are you toward marriage, i'faith, Master Lethe? It shall go hard but I'll forbid the banns. I'll send a messenger into your bones, another into your purse, but I'll do it. *Exit* 290
- FATHER
Thou fair and wicked creature, steeped in art, Beauteous and fresh, the soul the foulest part. A common filth is like a house possessed, Where, if not spoiled, you'll come out 'fraid at least. 295
This service likes not me; though I rest poor, I hate the basest use, to screen a whore. The human stroke ne'er made him; he that can Be bawd to woman never leapt from man; Some monster won his mother. 300
I wished my poor child hither, doubled wrong. A month and such a mistress were too long; Yet here awhile in others' lives I'll see How former follies did appear in me. *Exit*
- Enter Easy with Shortyard's Boy* 3.2
- EASY Boy!
- BOY Anon, sir.
- EASY Where left you Master Blastfield, your master, say you?
- BOY An hour since I left him in Paul's, sir.—[*Aside*] But you'll not find him the same man again, next time you meet him. 5
- EASY Methinks I have no being without his company. 'Tis so full of kindness and delight, I hold him to be the only companion in earth. 10
- BOY [*aside*] Ay, as companions go nowadays, that help to spend a man's money.
- EASY So full of nimble wit, various discourse, pregnant apprehension, and uncommon entertainment; he might keep company with any lord for his grace. 15

235 By'r lady By our lady
the mother hysteria
246 let it go so write that to her
255 pickle predicament
270 keep...arms not hit Mother Gruel;
conduct yourself as a gentleman, a man
who bears arms
284 bear that mind share your opinion
288 toward leaning toward, planning
290 banns announcement in church of

intended marriage
290-I send...purse give you venereal
disease and bankrupt you (see 1.1.28,
note)
292 art artifice, cunning
294 common filth prostitute
possessed controlled by devils
295 spoiled undone
'fraid afraid because the house is
haunted; puns on 'frayed' ('spoiled' by

a prostitute); see 3.3.62 and 4.1.110
296 likes pleases
297 use occupation, 'service' as a 'bawd'
(3.1.299)
298 stroke discharge, shot, or caress in
intercourse
299 leapt sprang, was born
3.2.5 Paul's St Paul's Cathedral (see
1.2.137, note)

- BOY [*aside*] Ay, with any lord that were past it.
 EASY And such a good, freehearted, honest, affable kind of gentleman. Come, boy, a heaviness will possess me till I see him. *Exit*
- 20 BOY But you'll find yourself heavier then, by a seven hundred pound weight. Alas, poor birds that cannot keep the sweet country, where they fly at pleasure, but must needs come to London to have their wings clipped, and are fain to go hopping home again. *Exit*
- 3.3 *Enter Shortyard and Falselight, like a Sergeant and a Yeoman, to arrest Easy*
- SHORTYARD So, no man is so impudent to deny that. Spirits can change their shapes, and soonest of all into sergeants, because they are cousin-germans to spirits; for there's but two kind of arrests till doomsday: the devil for the soul, the sergeant for the body; but afterward the devil arrests body and soul, sergeant and all, if they be knaves still and deserve it. Now, my Yeoman Falselight—
- 5 FALSELIGHT I attend you, good Sergeant Shortyard.
- 10 SHORTYARD No more Master Blastfield now. Poor Easy, hardly beset.
- FALSELIGHT But how if he should go to prison? We're in a mad state, then, being not sergeants.
- SHORTYARD Never let it come near thy belief that he'll take prison, or stand out in law, knowing the debt to be due, but still expect the presence of Master Blastfield, kind Master Blastfield, worshipful Master Blastfield, and at the last—
- 15 BOY [*within*] Master Shortyard. Master Falselight!
- 20 SHORTYARD The boy; a warning-piece! See where he comes.
- Enter Easy with the Boy*
- EASY Is not in Paul's.
- BOY He is not far off, sure, sir.
- EASY When was his hour, sayst thou?
- 25 BOY Two, sir.
- EASY Why, two has struck.
- BOY No, sir, they are now a-striking.
- SHORTYARD Master Richard Easy of Essex, we arrest you. [*Strikes Easy on shoulder*]
- 30 EASY Ha?
- BOY Alas, a surgeon! He's hurt i'th' shoulder. [*Exit*]
- SHORTYARD Deliver your weapons quietly, sir.
- EASY Why, what's the matter?
- SHORTYARD You're arrested at the suit of Master Quomodo?
- EASY Master Quomodo? 35
- SHORTYARD How strange you make it. You're a landed gentleman, sir. I know 'tis but a trifle, a bond of seven hundred pound.
- EASY
- La, I knew you had mistook; you should arrest One Master Blastfield, 'tis his bond, his debt. 40
- SHORTYARD Is not your name there?
- EASY True, for fashion's sake.
- SHORTYARD Why and 'tis for fashion's sake that we arrest you.
- EASY Nay, an it be no more, I yield to that. I know Master Blastfield will see me take no injury as long as I'm in town, for Master Alsup's sake. 45
- SHORTYARD Who's that, sir?
- EASY An honest gentleman in Essex.
- SHORTYARD O, in Essex! I thought you had been in London, where now your business lies; honesty from Essex will be a great while a-coming, sir; you should look out an honest pair of citizens. 50
- EASY Alas, sir, I know not where to find 'em.
- SHORTYARD No? There's enough in town. 55
- EASY I know not one, by my troth. I am a mere stranger for these parts; Master Quomodo is all, and the honestest that I know.
- SHORTYARD To him, then, let's set forward.—Yeoman Spiderman, cast an eye about for Master Blastfield. 60
- EASY Boy!—Alas, the poor boy was frighted away at first.
- SHORTYARD Can you blame him sir? We that daily fray away knights, may fright away boys, I hope. *Exeunt*
- Enter Quomodo with the Boy, [Thomasine above]* 3.4
- QUOMODO
- Ha! Have they him, sayst thou?
- BOY As sure as—
- QUOMODO
- The land's mine; that's sure enough, boy. Let me advance thee, knave, and give thee a kiss; My plot's so firm, I dare it now to miss. Now shall I be divulged a landed man 5 Throughout the livery: one points, another whispers, A third frets inwardly, let him fret and hang! Especially his envy I shall have That would be fain, yet cannot be, a knave, Like an old lecher, stiff in a furred gown, Whose mind stands stiff, but his performance down. 10 Now come my golden days in.

16 **past it** past grace, irredeemable
 18 **heaviness** sadness; but the Boy, punning on 'pound' (3.2.21), takes Easy literally
 23 **clipped** cut short to disable flight; see 2.3.381
 24 **fain** obliged
 3.3.0.1 **Sergeant** London's two Sheriffs oversaw Sergeants, who in turn were assisted by Yeomen
 2 **Spirits** see 1.2.78.1, note
 3 **cousin-germans** first cousins

11 **beset** under attack
 14–15 **take prison** agree to imprisonment
 15 **stand out in law** fight it out in court
 20 **warning-piece** signal gun (Easy imagines the boy is looking for Blastfield)
 24 **his hour** Blastfield's time of arrival at St Paul's
 27 **a-striking** plays on the 'stroke' of two and the arrest, during which Easy is 'hurt i'th' shoulder' (3.3.31)

32 **weapons** sword and dagger
 53 **citizens** for bail
 56 **mere** complete
 62 **fray** frighten
 3.4.3 **advance** promote
 6 **livery** see 2.3.458, note
 9 **fain** gladly
 10 **girt** wrapped
 11 **Whose . . . down** firm of mind but impotent

- Whither is the worshipful Master Quomodo and his fair bedfellow rid forth?—To his land in Essex!—
 15 Whence comes those goodly load of logs?—From his land in Essex!—Where grows this pleasant fruit, says one citizen's wife in the Row.—At Master Quomodo's orchard in Essex.—O, O does it so? I thank you for that good news, i'faith.
- 20 BOY Here they come with him, sir. [Exit]
 QUOMODO Grant me patience in my joys, that being so great, I run not mad with 'em.
 [Enter Shortyard and Falselight, disguised as a Sergeant and a Yeoman, bringing in Easy]
- SHORTYARD Bless Master Quomodo!
 QUOMODO How now, sergeants? Who ha' you brought me
 25 here—Master Easy!
 EASY Why, la you now, sergeants, did I not tell you you mistook?
 QUOMODO Did you not hear me say, I had rather ha' had Master Blastfield, the more sufficient man a great deal?
 30 SHORTYARD Very true, sir. But this gentleman lighting into our hands first—
 QUOMODO Why, did you so, sir?
 SHORTYARD We thought good to make use of that opportunity, and hold him fast.
 35 QUOMODO You did well in that, I must needs say, for your own securities. But 'twas not my mind, Master Easy, to have you first. You must needs think so.
 EASY I dare swear that, Master Quomodo.
 QUOMODO But since you are come to me, I have no reason to refuse you; I should show little manners in that, sir.
 40 EASY But I hope you spake not in that sense, sir, to impose the bond upon me?
 QUOMODO By my troth, that's my meaning, sir. You shall find me an honest man; you see I mean what I say. Is not the day past, the money untendered? You'd ha' me live uprightly, Master Easy?
 45 EASY Why, sir, you know Master Blastfield is the man.
 QUOMODO Why, sir, I know Master Blastfield is the man; but is he any more than one man? Two entered into
 50 bond to me, or I'm foully cozened.
 EASY You know my entrance was but for fashion sake.
 QUOMODO Why I'll agree to you; you'll grant 'tis the fashion likewise when the bond's due, to have the money paid again.
 55 SHORTYARD So we told him, sir, and that it lay in your worship's courtesy to arrest which you please.
- QUOMODO Marry, does it, sir. These fellows know the law. Beside, you offered yourself into bond to me, you know, when I had no stomach to you. Now beshrew your heart for your labour! I might ha' had a
 60 good substantial citizen that would ha' paid the sum roundly, although I think you sufficient enough for seven hundred pound, beside the forfeiture. I would be loath to disgrace you so much before sergeants.
 EASY If you would ha' the patience, sir, I do not think but
 65 Master Blastfield is at carrier's to receive the money.
 QUOMODO He will prove the honester man, then, and you the better discharged. I wonder he should break with me; 'twas never his practice. You must not be angry with me now, though you were somewhat hot when you entered into bond; you may easily go in angrily, but you cannot come out so.
 70 EASY No, the devil's in't, for that!
 SHORTYARD [aside to Easy] Do you hear, sir? O'my troth, we pity you. Ha' you any store of crowns about you?
 75 EASY Faith, a poor store, yet they shall be at their service that will strive to do me good. We were both drunk last night, and ne'er thought upon the bond.
 SHORTYARD I must tell you this, you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very gull o' the city; should you offer him money, goods or lands now, he'd rather have your body in prison, he's o' such a nature.
 80 EASY Prison? We're undone then!
 SHORTYARD He's o' such a nature, look! Let him owe any man a spite, what's his course? He will lend him money today, o' purpose to 'rest him tomorrow.
 85 EASY Defend me!
 SHORTYARD H'as at least sixteen at this instant proceeded in both the Counters: some bach'lors, some masters, some doctors of captivity of twenty years' standing; and he desires nothing more than imprisonment.
 90 EASY Would Master Blastfield would come away.
 SHORTYARD Ay, then things would not be as they are. What will you say to us if we procure you two substantial subsidy citizens to bail you, spite on's heart, and set you at liberty to find out Master Blastfield?
 95 EASY Sergeant, here, take all! I'll be dear to you, do but perform it.
 SHORTYARD [aside] Much!
 100 FALSELIGHT [aside] Enough, sweet sergeant, I hope I understand thee.

17 Row affluent Goldsmith's Row in Cheapside

29 sufficient solvent, able to meet liabilities

45 untendered unpaid

56 courtesy prerogative, purview

59 stomach inclination; in the context of 'entered' and 'entrance' (see 2.3.268, note), as well as 'hot', 'go in' and 'come out' (3.4.70-2), this may also mean 'sexual appetite'

61 good substantial wealthy, sufficient (see 3.4.29)

62 roundly directly

66 carrier's a designated inn where he could receive from provincial messengers ('carriers') money due him

80 gull throat (gullet); greedy man; possibly trickster or cheat

87 'rest arrest

89-90 proceeded...Counters advancing

to a higher degree in the city's debtors' prisons (universities)

96 subsidy citizens men who paid a Parliamentary tax beyond the regular assessment; wealthy men (see 3.4.190)

98 all whatever crowns he has upon him

100 Much expressing contempt, as in 'little' or 'of course'; Shortyard either won't 'perform' anything for Easy or he dismisses Easy's 'crowns' as negligible

- SHORTYARD I love to prevent the malice of such a rascal.
Perhaps you might find Master Blastfield tonight.
- 105 EASY Why, we lie together, man, there's the jest on't.
SHORTYARD Fie! And you'll seek to secure your bail?
Because they will be two citizens of good account, you must do that for your credit sake.
- EASY I'll be bound to save them harmless.
- 110 SHORTYARD A pox on him, you cut his throat then. No words!
EASY What's it you require me, Master Quomodo?
QUOMODO You know that before this time, I hope, sir: present money, or present imprisonment.
- 115 SHORTYARD [*aside to Easy*] I told you so.
EASY We ne'er had money of you.
QUOMODO You had commodities, an't please you.
EASY Well, may I not crave so much liberty upon my word, to seek out Master Blastfield?
- 120 QUOMODO Yes, an you would not laugh at me. We are sometimes gulls to gentlemen, I thank 'em; but gentlemen are never gulls to us, I commend 'em.
SHORTYARD Under your leave, Master Quomodo, the gentleman craves the furtherance of an hour; and it sorts well with our occasion at this time, having a little urgent business at Guildhall; at which minute we'll return, and see what agreement is made.
- 125 QUOMODO Nay, take him along with you, sergeant.
EASY I'm undone then!
SHORTYARD He's your prisoner, and being safe in your house at your own disposing, you cannot deny him such a request. Beside, he hath a little faith in Master Blastfield's coming, sir.
- QUOMODO Let me not be too long delayed, I charge you.
- 135 EASY Not an hour, i'faith, sir.
Exeunt [Shortyard and Falselight]
QUOMODO O, Master Easy, of all men living, I never dreamt you would ha' done me this injury: make me wound my credit, fail in my commodities, bring my state into suspicion. For the breaking of your day to me has broken my day to others.
- 140 EASY You tell me of that still, which is no fault of mine, Master Quomodo.
QUOMODO O, what's a man but his honesty, Master Easy? And that's a fault amongst most of us all. Mark but this note; I'll give you good counsel now: as often as you give your name to a bond, you must think you christen a child, and take the charge on't too; for as the one, the bigger it grows, the more cost it requires, so the other, the longer it lies, the more charges it puts you to. Only here's the difference: a child must be broke, and a bond must not; the more you break children, the more you keep 'em under, but the more you break bonds, the more they'll leap in your face. And therefore, to conclude, I would never undertake to be gossip to that bond which I would not see well brought up.
- 150 EASY Say you so, sir? I'll think upon your counsel hereafter for't.
QUOMODO [*aside*] Ah, fool, thou shouldst ne'er ha' tasted such wit, but that I know 'tis too late.
THOMASINE [*aside*] The more I grieve.
QUOMODO To put all this into the compass of a little hoop ring:
Make this account, come better days or worse,
So many bonds abroad, so many boys at nurse.
- 165 EASY A good medicine for a short memory. But since you have entered so far, whose children are desperate debts, I pray?
QUOMODO Faith, they are like the offsprings of stolen lust, put to the hospital; their fathers are not to be found; they are either too far abroad, or too close within. And thus for your memory's sake:
The desperate debtor hence derives his name,
One that has neither money, land, nor fame;
All that he makes prove bastards, and not bands,
But such as yours at first are born to lands.
- 175 EASY But all that I beget hereafter I'll soon disinherit, Master Quomodo.
QUOMODO [*aside*] In the mean time, here's a shrewd knave will disinherit you.
EASY Well, to put you out of all doubt, Master Quomodo, I'll not trust to your courtesy; I ha' sent for bail.
QUOMODO How? You've cozened me there, i'faith.
EASY Since the worst comes to the worst, I have those friends i'th' city, I hope, that will not suffer me to lie for seven hundred pound.
- 185 QUOMODO And you told me you had no friends here at all; how should a man trust you now?

107 **account** repute
109 **save them harmless** fully indemnify them
110-11 **No words** silence
119 **word** honour; promise not to escape
124 **sorts** fits
126 **Guildhall** central meeting place for municipal business; City Hall
128-9 **take...then** Easy thinks Quomodo would have them imprison him and so make it impossible for him to secure bail.
138 **state** reputation in the business community
139 **day** when his debt was due

144 **that's** probably refers to breaking one's word
145 **note** noteworthy advice
146 **christen** become godparent ('gossip') to, take on as one's own responsibility ('charge')
149 **lies** remains unpaid
150 **broke** forced to obey
161-2 **To...ring** to compose a brief rhyme of the sort engraved on a ring
164 **bonds abroad** debts outstanding
166 **entered** gone into this subject (but one also 'entered' into debt)
desperate defaulted

169 **hospital** home for foundlings
170 **either...within** either run off or in the Counter
171 **thus...sake** Quomodo turns to verse, as he did with the hoop ring posy, to make it easier for Easy to memorize his advice.
173 **fame** good reputation
174 **All 'debts'** (3.4.166)
bands variant of 'bonds' (rhymes with 'lands')
175 **born to lands** land 'fathers' Easy's debts
176 **disinherit** discharge (*fig.*)
184 **to lie** to be imprisoned

- EASY That was but to try your courtesy, Master Quomodo.
 QUOMODO [*aside*] How unconscionably he gulls himself.—
 190 They must be wealthy subsidy-men, sir, at least forty
 pound i'th' King's Books, I can tell you, that do such a
 feat for you.
*Enter Shortyard and Falselight, like wealthy
 citizens in satin suits*
 EASY Here they come, whatsoe'er they are.
 QUOMODO By'r'lady, alderman's deputies! I am very sorry
 195 for you, sir; I cannot refuse such men.
 SHORTYARD Are you the gentleman in distress?
 EASY None more than myself, sir. [*Takes Shortyard and
 Falselight aside*]
 QUOMODO [*aside*] He speaks truer than he thinks, for if he
 200 knew the hearts that owe those faces! A dark shop's
 good for somewhat.
 EASY That was all, sir.
 SHORTYARD And that's enough, for by that means you
 have made yourself liable to the bond, as well as that
 205 Basefield.
 EASY Blastfield, sir.
 SHORTYARD O, cry you mercy, 'tis Blastfield indeed.
 EASY But, under both your worships' favours, I know
 where to find him presently.
 210 SHORTYARD That's all your refuge.
 [*Enter Boy*]
 BOY News, good news, Master Easy!
 EASY What, boy?
 BOY Master Blastfield, my master, has received a thousand
 pound, and will be at his lodging at supper.
 215 EASY Happy news! Hear you that, Master Quomodo?
 QUOMODO 'Tis enough for you to hear that, you're the
 fortunate man, sir.
 EASY Not now, I beseech your good worships.
 SHORTYARD Gentleman, what's your t'other name?
 220 EASY Easy.
 SHORTYARD O, Master Easy. I would we could rather
 pleasure you otherwise, Master Easy; you should soon
 perceive it. I'll speak a proud word: we have pitied more
 gentlemen in distress than any two citizens within the
 225 freedom. But to be bail to seven hundred pound action
 is a matter of shrewd weight.
- EASY I'll be bound to secure you.
 SHORTYARD Tut, what's your bond, sir?
 EASY Body, goods, and lands, immediately before Master
 Quomodo. 230
 SHORTYARD Shall we venture once again, that have been
 so often undone by gentlemen?
 FALSELIGHT I have no great stomach to't; it will appear in
 us more pity than wisdom.
 EASY Why should you say so, sir? 235
 SHORTYARD I like the gentleman's face well; he does not
 look as if he would deceive us.
 EASY O, not I, sir!
 SHORTYARD Come, we'll make a desperate voyage once
 again; we'll try his honesty, and take his single bond,
 240 of body, goods, and lands.
 EASY I dearly thank you, sir.
 SHORTYARD Master Quomodo!
 QUOMODO Your worships.
 SHORTYARD We have took a course to set your prisoner 245
 free.
 QUOMODO Your worships are good bail; you content me.
 SHORTYARD Come then, and be a witness to a recullisance.
 QUOMODO With all my heart, sir.
 SHORTYARD Master Easy, you must have an especial care 250
 now to find out that Blastfield.
 EASY I shall have him at my lodging, sir.
 SHORTYARD The suit will be followed against you else.
 Master Quomodo will come upon us, and forsake you.
 EASY I know that, sir. 255
 SHORTYARD Well, since I see you have such a good mind
 to be honest, I'll leave some greater affairs, and sweat
 with you to find him myself.
 EASY
 Here, then, my misery ends.
 A stranger's kindness oft exceeds a friend's. *Exeunt* 260
 THOMASINE
 Thou art deceived, thy misery but begins;
 "To beguile goodness, is the core of sins."
 My love is such unto thee, that I die
 As often as thou drink'st up injury,
 Yet have no means to warn thee from't; for "he 265
 That sows in craft does rape in jealousy."
 [*Exit above*]

189 **unconscionably** egregiously190 **subsidy-men** see 3.4.96, note191 **King's Books** tax rolls194 **alderman's deputies** London was gov-
 erned by twenty-six powerful aldermen
 and a Lord Mayor.200 **owe** own210 **all your refuge** your only hope218 **Not now** perhaps, 'Don't abandon me
 now'225 **freedom** see 1.3.48, note226 **shrewd** worrisome229–30 **Body... Quomodo** a 'statute
 merchant'; Easy would guarantee
 ('secure') the loan with both his 'body'
 (they could imprison him, see 3.4.81–2)
 and his property; this new obligation
 would take precedence over his bond
 with Quomodo231 **venture** In the context of 'undone',
 'stomach' (see 3.4.59, note), and 'face'
 (see 3.1.201, note), this suggests sodomy

(see 1.2.22, note).

240 **single** simple, sincere248 **recullisance** recognizance, a document
 acknowledging a debt and the terms of
 the bond254 **Master... you** Quomodo will have the
 £700 of us and we will then consider
 you in default (take your land).265–6 **he... jealousy** the crafty man is a
 suspicious man (see 4.1.120–1); punning
 on 'reap', to 'rape' is to take by force

3.5 [Enter Rearage and Salewood]
 REARAGE Now the letter's made up and all; it wants but the print of a seal, and away it goes to Master Quomodo. Andrew Lethe is well whipped in't; his name stands in a white sheet here, and does penance for him.
 5 SALEWOOD You have shame enough against him, if that be good.
 REARAGE First, as a contempt of that reverend ceremony he has in hand, to wit, marriage.
 SALEWOOD Why do you say, 'to wit, marriage', when you know there's none will marry that's wise?
 10 REARAGE Had it not more need, then, to have wit to put to't, if it be grown to a folly?
 SALEWOOD You've won, I'll give't you.
 REARAGE 'Tis no thanks now. But, as I was saying, as a foul contempt to that sacred ceremony, he most audaciously keeps a drab in town; and to be free from the interruption of blue beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politicly lodges her in a constable's house.
 20 SALEWOOD That's a pretty point i'faith.
 REARAGE And so the watch that should fetch her out are her chiefest guard to keep her in.
 SALEWOOD It must needs be, for look how the constable plays his conscience, the watchmen will follow the suit.
 25 REARAGE Why, well then.
Enter Easy with Shortyard, like a citizen
 EASY All night from me? He's hurt, he's made away!
 SHORTYARD Where shall we seek him now? You lead me fair jaunts, sir.
 EASY Pray, keep a little patience, sir. I shall find him at last, you shall see.
 30 SHORTYARD A citizen of my ease and substance to walk so long afoot!
 EASY You should ha' had my horse, but that he has eaten out his head, sir.
 35 SHORTYARD How? Would you had me hold him by the tail, sir, then?
 EASY Manners forbid! 'Tis no part of my meaning, sir. O, here's Master Rearage and Master Salewood; now we shall hear of him presently.—Gentlemen both.
 40 SALEWOOD Master Easy, how fare you, sir?

EASY Very well in health. Did you see Master Blastfield this morning?
 SALEWOOD I was about to move it to you.
 REARAGE We were all three in a mind, then.
 SALEWOOD I ha' not set eye on him these two days. 45
 REARAGE I wonder he keeps so long from us, i'faith.
 EASY I begin to be sick.
 SALEWOOD Why, what's the matter?
 EASY Nothing, in troth, but a great desire I had to have seen him. 50
 REARAGE I wonder you should miss on't lately; you're his bedfellow.
 EASY I lay alone tonight, i'faith. I do not know how—
[Enter Lethe]
 O here comes Master Lethe; he can dispatch me. Master Lethe! 55
 LETHE What's your name, sir? O, cry you mercy, Master Easy.
 EASY When parted you from Master Blastfield, sir?
 LETHE Blastfield's an ass; I have sought him these two days to beat him. 60
 EASY Yourself all alone, sir?
 LETHE I, and three more. *Exit*
 SHORTYARD [*aside*] I am glad I am where I am, then. I perceive 'twas time of all hands.
 REARAGE [*to Salewood*] Content, i'faith, let's trace him. 65
Exeunt after Lethe
 SHORTYARD What, have you found him yet? Neither? What's to be done now? I'll venture my body no further for any gentleman's pleasure; I know not how soon I may be called upon, and now to overheat myself—
 EASY I'm undone! 70
 SHORTYARD This is you that slept with him. You can make fools of us; but I'll turn you over to Quomodo for't.
 EASY Good sir—
 SHORTYARD I'll prevent mine own danger.
 EASY I beseech you, sir— 75
 SHORTYARD Though I love gentlemen well, I do not mean to be undone for 'em.
 EASY Pray, sir, let me request you, sir. Sweet sir, I beseech you, sir— *Exeunt*
Music. Finis Actus Tertius

3.5.1 **letter's made up** We never again hear of this letter; instead, Rearage plots with the Father (4.3.45-7).
 3-4 **stands . . . sheet** shames him in public
 5 **shame** scandalous information
 8 **in hand** in preparation
 14 **'Tis . . . now** Thanks for nothing.
 17 **blue beadles** parish officers who wore blue coats
 17-18 **bawdy officers** overseers of sexual offences
 18 **politicly** cunningly

constable's constable: a peace officer who serves writs, makes arrests, and supervises the 'watch' (3.5.21), the night patrol
 21 **fetch her out** arrest her
 23 **look how** however
 24 **follow the suit** overlook the offence (the imagery is drawn from card playing)
 26 **made away** murdered
 28 **jaunts** fatiguing or troublesome journeys
 33-4 **he . . . head** he was forfeited in payment for his board; see 2.3.314-15

43 **move . . . you** ask you that
 54 **dispatch** relieve; plays on 'make away with' or kill
 63 **where I am** in disguise
 64 **of all hands** on all sides
 65 **Content** agreed; they pursue ('trace') Lethe
 67 **venture** hazard (see 3.4.231, note)
 69 **called upon** summoned for official duty or by death
 74 **prevent** avoid, anticipate
danger see 3.4.253-4



4.1

Incipit Actus Quartus

Enter Quomodo, his disguised spirits [Shortyard and Falselight as citizens], after whom Easy follows hard

SHORTYARD Made fools of us! Not to be found!

QUOMODO What, what?

EASY Do not undo me quite, though, Master Quomodo.

QUOMODO You're very welcome, Master Easy. I ha' nothing to say to you; I'll not touch you, you may go when you please. I have good bail here, I thank their worships.

EASY What shall I say, or whom shall I beseech?

SHORTYARD Gentlemen! 'Slid, they were born to undo us, I think; but, for my part, I'll make an oath before Master Quomodo here, ne'er to do gentlemen good while I live.

FALSIGHT I'll not be long behind you.

SHORTYARD [*to Easy*] Away! If you had any grace in you, you would be ashamed to look us i'th' face, iwis! I wonder with what brow you can come amongst us. I should seek my fortunes far enough, if I were you, and neither return to Essex, to be a shame to my predecessors, nor remain about London, to be a mock to my successors.QUOMODO [*aside*] Subtle Shortyard!

SHORTYARD Here are his lands forfeited to us, Master Quomodo; and to avoid the inconscionable trouble of law, all the assurance he made to us, we willingly resign to you.

QUOMODO What shall I do with rubbish? Give me money! 'Tis for your worships to have land, that keep great houses; I should be hoisted.

SHORTYARD But, Master Quomodo, if you would but conceive it aright, the land would fall fitter to you than to us.

EASY [*aside*] Curts'ing about my land!

SHORTYARD You have a towardly son and heir, as we hear.

QUOMODO I must needs say, he is a Templar indeed.

SHORTYARD We have neither posterity in town, nor hope for any abroad; we have wives, but the marks have been out of their mouths these twenty years, and, as it appears, they did little good when they were in. We

could not stand about it, sir; to get riches and children too, 'tis more than one man can do. And I am of those citizens' minds that say, let our wives make shift for children an they will, they get none of us; and I cannot think but he that has both much wealth and many children, has had more helps coming in than himself.

QUOMODO I am not a bow wide of your mind, sir. And for the thrifty and covetous hopes I have in my son and heir, Sim Quomodo, that he will never trust his land in wax and parchment, as many gentlemen have done before him—

EASY [*aside*] A by-blow for me.

QUOMODO I will honestly discharge you, and receive it in due form and order of law, to strengthen it forever to my son and heir, that he may undoubtedly enter upon't without the let or molestation of any man, at his or our pleasure whensoever.

SHORTYARD 'Tis so assured unto you.

QUOMODO Why, then, Master Easy, you're a free man, sir. You may deal in what you please and go whither you will.

[*Enter Thomasine*]

Why, Thomasine, Master Easy is come from Essex; bid him welcome in a cup of small beer.

THOMASINE [*aside*] Not only vile, but in it tyrannous.

QUOMODO If it please you, sir, you know the house; you may visit us often, and dine with us once a quarter.

EASY

Confusion light on you, your wealth and heir;
Worms gnaw your conscience, as the moth your
ware.

I am not the first heir that robbed or begged.

[*Exit [with Thomasine following]*]

QUOMODO

Excellent, excellent, sweet spirits!

SHORTYARD

Landed Master Quomodo!

QUOMODO

Delicate Shortyard, commodious Falselight,

Hug and away, shift, shift;

'Tis sleight, not strength, that gives the greatest lift.

[*Exeunt Shortyard and Falselight*]

4.1.3 quite completely

8 undo begins a cluster of *doubles entendres* that includes 'part', 'do', 'long behind' and 'come'

13 iwis certainly

14 brow effrontery, impudence

15 far far away

21 inconscionable unfair and unreasonable

22 assurance title to Easy's property (see 5.1.3)

26 hoisted overtaxed; assessed a surcharge

30 Curts'ing effusively polite

31 towardly promising

32 Templar see 2.3.452, note

34 abroad illegitimate children

34 marks depressions in the enamel of a horse's incisors which, as they gradually disappear, indicate the horse's advancing age

37 stand about it support it; have an erection

39 make shift manage

40 get beget

42 has... himself has been cuckolded

43 bow wide length of a bow, but Shortyard's bawdy may elicit this particular expression (see 2.1.111-17, note)

46 wax and parchment sealed documents

48 by-blow side-stroke; calamity; perhaps also playing on sense of 'illegitimate child'

52 let hindrance

59 small weak

61 house Easy's own estate

64 ware merchandise; but see 4.2.11, note

68 commodious profitable, handy

69 Hug... shift hug me, then shift shapes (change your disguises); also wrestling terms

70 lift means to trip up someone; elation; perhaps also playing on 'to lift', to rob

Now my desires are full—for this time.
Men may have cormorant wishes, but, alas,
A little thing, three hundred pound a year,
Suffices nature, keeps life and soul together.
75 I'll have 'em lopped immediately; I long
To warm myself by th' wood.
A fine journey in the Whitsun holidays, i'faith, to
ride down with a number of citizens, and their wives,
some upon pillions, some upon sidesaddles. I and little
80 Thomasine i'th' middle, our son and heir, Sim Quo-
modo, in a peach-colour taffeta jacket, some horse-
length or a long yard before us. There will be a fine
show on's, I can tell you, where we citizens will laugh
and lie down, get all our wives with child against a
85 bank, and get up again.—Stay, ha! Hast thou that
wit, i'faith? 'Twill be admirable. To see how the very
thought of green fields puts a man into sweet inven-
tions. I will presently possess Sim Quomodo of all the
land. I have a toy and I'll do't. And because I see before
90 mine eyes that most of our heirs prove notorious rioters
after our deaths, and that cozenage in the father wheels
about to folly in the son, our posterity commonly foiled
at the same weapon at which we played rarely; and
being the world's beaten word, what's got over the
95 devil's back (that's by knavery) must be spent under his
belly (that's by lechery); being awake in these know-
ings, why should not I oppose 'em now, and break
destiny of her custom, preventing that by policy, which
without it must needs be destiny? And I have took the
100 course! I will forthwith sicken, call for my keys, make
my will, and dispose of all. Give my son this blessing,
that he trust no man, keep his hand from a quean and
a scrivener, live in his father's faith, and do good to
nobody. Then will I begin to rave like a fellow of a wide
105 conscience, and, for all the world, counterfeit to the life
that which I know I shall do when I die: take on for
my gold, my lands, and my writings, grow worse and
worse, call upon the devil, and so make an end. By

this time I have indented with a couple of searchers,
who, to uphold my device, shall fray them out o'th'
110 chamber with report of sickness, and so, la, I start up,
and recover again. For in this business I will trust, no,
not my spirits, Falselight and Shortyard, but in disguise
note the condition of all: how pitiful my wife takes my
death, which will appear by November in her eye, and
115 the fall of the leaf in her body, but especially by the cost
she bestows upon my funeral, there shall I try her love
and regard; my daughter's marrying to my will and
liking; and my son's affection after my disposing. For,
to conclude, I am as jealous of this land as of my wife, to
120 know what would become of it after my decease. *Exit*

Enter Courtesan with her disguised Father

4.2

FATHER

Though I be poor, 'tis my glory to live honest.

COURTESAN

I prithee, do not leave me.

FATHER

To be bawd.

Hell has not such an office.

I thought at first your mind had been preserved

In virtue and in modesty of blood,

That such a face had not been made to please

The unsettled appetites of several men,

Those eyes turned up through prayer, not through
lust;

But you are wicked, and my thoughts unjust.

COURTESAN Why thou art an unreasonable fellow, i'faith. 10

Do not all trades live by their ware, and yet called

honest livers? Do they not thrive best when they utter

most, and make it away by the great? Is not wholesale

the chiefest merchandise? Do you think some merchants

could keep their wives so brave but for their wholesale? 15

You're foully deceived an you think so.

FATHER

You are so glued to punishment and shame,

Your words e'en deserve whipping.

72 **cormorant** greedy
75 **'em** the trees (or their branches) on
his property in Essex (see 2.3.375 and
3.4.15)
77 **Whitsun** Whit Sunday (Pentecost),
seventh Sunday after Easter
79 **pillions** light saddles, or cushions
attached to ordinary saddles (usually for
women)
81 **peach-colour taffeta** expensive, fine
silk fabric in a colour associated with
pretentiousness
82 **long yard** a cloth measure
83-4 **laugh...down** 'laugh and lay down'
was the name of a card game
85 **bank** river bank; also pile of money or
money dealer's table (continues gaming
imagery); this nearly completes a cluster
of *doubles entendres* that begins with 'ride'
(l. 78, to mount in sexual intercourse)

and includes 'pillions' (which were
mounted to the rear), 'sidesaddles' (l.
79, mounted on the side), 'middle' (l.
80, genital area), 'horse-length or a long
yard' (ll. 81-2, length of a long penis),
'lie' (l. 84, have sexual intercourse with),
and 'get up again' (l. 85)
88 **possess** put in possession
89 **toy** trifle, whim
93 **rarely** with uncommon excellence
94 **beaten** hackneyed; compare 1.3.12-13
94-6 **what's...lechery** proverbial, see Tilley,
D 316
98 **policy** craft, cunning
99-100 **took the course** found the way
100 **keys** see 2.3.482, note
104-5 **wide conscience** irrational, perhaps
hypocritical nature
106 **take on** carry on
108 **By** prior to

109 **indented** compounded; made an
agreement
searchers persons who examined dead
bodies and reported on the cause of
death
110 **device** scheme
fray frighten
111 **sickness** bubonic plague
115 **November...eye** tears, or gloom
116 **fall of the leaf** autumn; sadness
120 **jealous** compare 3.4.265-6
4.2.7 **several** various, sundry
9 **unjust** mistaken
11 **ware** merchandise, but also genitalia (of
either sex; see 4.1.64)
12 **utter** sell
13 **wholesale** plays on 'hole sale' and 'make
it away by the great'—in large quantities
15 **brave** dressed fashionably
18 **whipping** see 3.1.197, note

- To bear the habit of a gentlewoman,
And be in mind so distant.
- 20 COURTESAN Why, you fool you, are not gentlewomen sinners? And there's no courageous sinner amongst us, but was a gentlewoman by the mother's side, I warrant you. Besides, we are not always bound to think those our fathers that marry our mothers, but those that lie with our mothers, and they may be gentlemen born, and born again, for ought we know, you know.
- 25 FATHER True, corruption may well be generation's first; 'We're bad by nature, but by custom worst.' *Exeunt*
- 4.3 *A bell tolls, a confused cry within*
THOMASINE [*within*] O, my husband!
SIM [*within*] My father, O, my father!
FALSELIGHT [*within*] My sweet master, dead!
Enter Shortyard and the Boy
SHORTYARD Run boy, bid 'em ring out. He dead, he's gone.
5 BOY Then is as arrant a knave gone, as 'ere was called upon. [*Exit*]
SHORTYARD The happiest good that ever Shortyard felt, I want to be expressed, my mirth is such; To be struck now, e'en when his joys were high.
10 Men only kiss their knaveries, and so die, I've often marked it. He was a famous coz'ner while he lived, And now his son shall reap it; I'll ha' the lands, Let him study law after; 'tis no labour
15 To undo him forever. But for Easy, Only good confidence did make him foolish, And not the lack of sense, that was not it; 'Tis worldly craft beats down a scholar's wit. For this our son and heir now, he
20 From his conception was entailed an ass, And he has kept it well, twenty-five years now. Then the slightest art will do't; the lands lie fair: 'No sin to beggar a deceiver's heir.' *Exit*
Enter Thomasine with Winifred, her maid, in haste
THOMASINE Here, Winifred, here, here, here. I have always
25 found thee secret.
WINIFRED You shall always find me so, Mistress.
THOMASINE Take this letter and this ring.
- WINIFRED Yes, forsooth.
THOMASINE O, how all the parts about me shake! Inquire for one Master Easy at his old lodging i'th' Blackfriars.
30 WINIFRED I will indeed, forsooth.
THOMASINE Tell him the party that sent him a hundred pound t'other day to comfort his heart has likewise sent him this letter and this ring, which has that virtue to recover him again forever, say. Name nobody, Winifred.
35 WINIFRED Not so much as you, forsooth.
THOMASINE Good girl. Thou shalt have a mourning gown at the burial, of mine honesty.
WINIFRED And I'll effect your will, o' my fidelity. *Exit*
THOMASINE I do account myself the happiest widow that ever counterfeited weeping, in that I have the leisure now, both to do that gentleman good, and do myself a pleasure; but I must seem like a hanging moon, a little waterish awhile.
Enter Rearage, Courtesan's Father following
REARAGE I entertain both thee and thy device;
45 'Twill put 'em both to shame.
FATHER That is my hope, sir. Especially that strumpet. [*Exit*]
REARAGE Save you, sweet widow! I suffer for your heaviness.
THOMASINE O, Master Rearage, I have lost the dearest husband that ever woman did enjoy.
50 REARAGE You must have patience yet.
THOMASINE O, talk not to me of patience an you love me, good Master Rearage.
REARAGE Yet, if all tongues go right, he did not use you so well as a man mought.
55 THOMASINE Nay, that's true indeed, Master Rearage. He ne'er used me so well as a woman might have been used, that's certain; in troth, 't'as been our greatest falling out, sir. And though it be the part of a widow to show herself a woman for her husband's death, yet when I remember all his unkindness, I cannot weep a stroke, i'faith, Master Rearage. And therefore wisely did a great widow in this land comfort up another: 'Go to, lady', quoth she, 'leave blubbering; thou thinkest upon thy husband's good parts when thou sheddest tears, do but remember how often he has lain from thee, and how many naughty slippery turns he has done thee,

19 **habit** clothing28 **be...first** begin with original sin ('nature') or in the act of generation29 **custom** habit4.3.0.1 **bell** the 'passing bell' tolls as Quomodo approaches death; once Falselight announces his master's death, Shortyard tells the Boy to order the death knell, to 'bid 'em ring out' (4.3.4)5 **arrant** thoroughgoing, unmitigated5-6 **called upon** summoned by death8 **want...expressed** haven't the words to express my joy9 **struck** see 2.3.86, note10 **kiss** approach but do not taste the fruits12 **famous coz'ner** see 5.3.2116 **good confidence** too much trust (compare 1.2.57)19 **For** as for20 **entailed** given to being as a result of his inheritance21 **it** his asininity22 **art** artifice, cunning30 **Blackfriars** London precinct (or liberty) between St Paul's Cathedral and the Thames38 **of mine honesty** oath; compare Winifred's 'o' my fidelity'43 **hanging moon** indicates a change of weather; shaped like a horn, the crescent moon was associated with cuckoldry45 **entertain** accept46 **'em** Lethe and the Courtesan54 **use** treat; have sexual relations with (compare 2.3.230 and 5.1.52-3)55 **mought** might60 **show...woman** weep61 **unkindness** meanness, but also unnatural behaviour65 **parts** see 3.1.164, note67 **turns** devices, tricks

and thou wilt ne'er weep for him, I warrant thee.' You would not think how that counsel has wrought with me, Master Rearage; I could not dispend another tear now, an you would give me ne'er so much.

REARAGE Why, I count you the wiser widow. It shows you have wisdom, when you can check your passion. For mine own part, I have no sense to sorrow for his death, whose life was the only rub to my affection.

THOMASINE Troth, and so it was to mine. But take courage now; you're a landed gentleman, and my daughter is seven hundred pound strong to join with you.

REARAGE

But Lethe lies i'th' way.

THOMASINE

Let him lie still;

You shall tread o'er him or I'll fail in will.

REARAGE Sweet widow!

Exeunt

4.4 *Enter Quomodo like a Beadle*

QUOMODO What a beloved man did I live? My servants gall their fingers with wringing, my wife's cheeks smart with weeping, tears stand in every corner; you may take water in my house. But am not I a wise fool now? What if my wife should take my death so to heart, that she should sicken upon't, nay, swoon, nay, die? When did I hear of a woman do so? Let me see; now I remember me, I think 'twas before my time. Yes, I have heard of those wives that have wept, and sobbed, and swooned; marry, I never heard but they recovered again; that's a comfort, la, that's a comfort, and I hope so will mine. Peace, 'tis near upon the time. I see; here comes the worshipful livery. I have the Hospital Boys; I perceive little Thomasine will bestow cost of me.

I'll listen to the common censure now,
How the world tongues me when my ear lies low.

Enter the Livery [and Hospital Boys]

FIRST LIVERYMAN

Who, Quomodo? Merely enriched by shifts
And cozenages, believe it.

QUOMODO *[aside]*

I see the world is very loath to praise me,
'Tis rawly friends with me; I cannot blame it,
For what I have done has been to vex and shame it.
Here comes my son, the hope, the landed heir,
One whose rare thrift will say, "Men's tongues, you
lie;
I'll keep by law what was got craftily."

[Enter Sim]

Methinks I hear him say so.

He does salute the livery with good grace

And solemn gesture.—

[To Sim] O, my young worshipful master, you have parted from a dear father, a wise and provident father.

SIM Art thou grown an ass now?

30

QUOMODO Such an honest father—

SIM Prithee, beadle, leave thy lying. I am scarce able to endure thee, i'faith. What honesty didst thou e'er know by my father? Speak. Rule your tongue, beadle, lest I make you prove it, and then I know what will become of you. 'Tis the scurviest thing i'th' earth to belie the dead so, and he's a beastly son and heir that will stand by and hear his father belied to his face; he will ne'er prosper, I warrant him. Troth, if I be not ashamed to go to church with him, I would I might be hanged; I hear such filthy tales go on him. O, if I had known he had been such a lewd fellow in his life, he should ne'er have kept me company.

QUOMODO *[aside]* O, O, O!

SIM But I am glad he's gone, though 'twere long first; Shortyard and I will revel it i'faith; I have made him my rent-gatherer already.

45

QUOMODO *[aside]* He shall be speedily disinherited; he gets not a foot, not the crown of a molehill. I'll sooner make a courtier my heir, for teaching my wife tricks, than thee. My most neglectful son! O, now the corse; I shall observe yet farther.

50

A counterfeit corse brought in, [followed by]

Thomasine, [Mother,] and all the mourners equally counterfeit

O, my most modest, virtuous, and rememb'ring wife; She shall have all when I die, she shall have all.

Enter Easy

THOMASINE *[aside]* Master Easy? 'Tis. O, what shift shall I make now? O! *(She falls down in a feigned swoon)*

55

QUOMODO *[aside]* Sweet wife, she swoons. I'll let her alone. I'll have no mercy at this time. I'll not see her; I'll follow the corse. *Exit*

EASY The devil grind thy bones, thou cozening rascal! MOTHER Give her a little more air, tilt up her head.— Comfort thyself good widow; do not fall like a beast for a husband. There's more than we can well tell where to put 'em, good soul.

60

THOMASINE O, I shall be well anon.

65

MOTHER Fie, you have no patience, i'faith. I have buried four husbands, and never offered 'em such abuse.

THOMASINE Cousin, how do you?

EASY Sorry to see you ill, coz.

69 wrought with affected

70 dispend expend, shed

74 sense desire

75 rub obstacle (in bowls, an obstacle that turns aside the ball)

78 seven hundred pound her dowry (see 5.3.113)

4.4.0.1 Beadle see 3.5.17, note; beadles also oversaw funeral processions

1 gall chafe

4 take water travel by boat

12 time for the funeral procession to pass by

13 livery see 2.3.458, note

Hospital Boys the Boys of Christ's Hospital accompany the procession, singing psalms

15 censure estimate, judgement

16 tongues me speaks of me

17 shifts tricks, stratagems

20 rawly scarcely

42 lewd base, worthless

45 'twere long first it was long in coming

49 foot of land

50 teaching . . . tricks making me a cuckold

51 corse corpse

61 MOTHER an old woman, possibly a hired mourner

68 Cousin familiar form of address

- THOMASINE
The worst is past, I hope.
Pointing after the coffin
- 70 EASY I hope so too.
- THOMASINE
Lend me your hand, sweet coz, I have troubled you.
- MOTHER No trouble indeed, forsooth.—[*To Easy*] Good cousin, have a care of her, comfort her up as much as you can, and all little enough, I warrant ye.
Exeunt [Mother and Mourners]
- THOMASINE
My most sweet love!
- 75 EASY My life is not so dear.
- THOMASINE
I have always pitied you.
- EASY You've shown it here,
And given the desperate hope!
- THOMASINE Delay not now,
You've understood my love; I have a priest ready;
This is the fittest season, no eye offends us.
- 80 Let this kiss
Restore thee to more wealth, me to more bliss.
- EASY
The angels have provided for me. [Exeunt]
Finis Actus Quartus
- ⊗
- 5.1 *Incipit Actus Quintus et Ultimus*
Enter Shortyard with writings, having cozened Sim Quomodo
- SHORTYARD
I have not scope enough within my breast
To keep my joys contained; I'm Quomodo's heir,
The lands, assurances, and all are mine.
I have tripped his son's heels up above the ground
5 His father left him. Had I not encouragement?
Do not I know, what proves the father's prey,
The son ne'er looks on't, but it melts away?
Do not I know, the wealth that's got by fraud,
Slaves share it like the riches of a bawd?
10 Why, 'tis a curse unquenchable, ne'er cools;
Knives still commit their consciences to fools,
And they betray who owed 'em. Here's all the bonds,
All Easy's writings. Let me see.
- Enter Quomodo's wife [Thomasine] married to Easy*
- THOMASINE
Now my desires wear crowns.
EASY My joys exceed;
Man is ne'er healthful, till his follies bleed. 15
- THOMASINE
O, behold the villain, who in all those shapes
Confounded your estate.
- EASY That slave! That villain!
- SHORTYARD [*reading*]
So many acres of good meadow—
- EASY Rascal!
- SHORTYARD
I hear you, sir. 20
- EASY
Rogue, Shortyard, Blastfield, sergeant, deputy,
cozener!
- SHORTYARD
Hold, hold!
- EASY
I thirst the execution of his ears.
- THOMASINE
Hate you that office.
- EASY
I'll strip him bare for punishment and shame. 25
- SHORTYARD
Why do but hear me, sir; you will not think
What I have done for you.
- EASY Given his son my lands!
- SHORTYARD
Why look you, 'tis not so, you're not told true;
I have cozened him again merely for you,
Merely for you, sir; 'twas my meaning then 30
That you should wed her, and have all again.
O'my troth, it's true, sir; look you then here, sir.
Gives Easy the writings
You shall not miss a little scroll, sir. Pray, sir,
Let not the city know me for a knave;
There be richer men would envy my preferment, 35
If I should be known before 'em.
- EASY
Villain, my hate to more revenge is drawn.
When slaves are found, 'tis their base art to fawn.—
[Calls] Within there!

72 No trouble Thomasine has asked Easy to help her up and then apologized to him, but the Mother assumes that Thomasine is apologizing to her; the mother thinks she is witnessing a taking of hands, a betrothal ceremony (4.4.72-4).
79 offends vexes
5.1.0.2 writings the deeds, conveyances of Easy's property, and original bonds; the 'assurances, and all' (5.1.3)
7 son puns on 'sun'

11 consciences the 'wide conscience[s]' (4.1.104-5) or hypocrisy they employ to benefit foolish heirs whom they hope will prove thrifty and lawful
12 they... 'em the fools betray the knaves who fathered, or 'owned', them
14 exceed are in excess of Thomasine's crowned desires
15 bleed drawing blood was a common medical treatment

16 shapes disguises
21 deputy see 3.4.194
23 ears criminals' ears were sometimes cut off (see 5.1.47)
24 office of the executioner
33 little scroll a single document
35 preferment promotion
36 before 'em to be more clever than they are
38 found discovered (also 5.1.41)

- [Enter Officers with Falselight bound]
- SHORTYARD
40 How now? Fresh warders!
- EASY
This is the other. Bind him fast.—Have I found you, Master Blastfield?
- SHORTYARD
This is the fruit of craft.
Like him that shoots up high, looks for the shaft,
And finds it in his forehead, so does hit
45 The arrow of our fate. Wit destroys wit;
The head the body's bane and his own bears.—
You have corn enough, you need not reap mine ears,
Sweet Master Easy.
- EASY
I loathe his voice. Away!
Exit [Shortyard with Falselight and Officers]
- THOMASINE
50 What happiness was here! But are you sure
you have all?
- EASY
I hope so, my sweet wife.
- THOMASINE
What difference there is in husbands, not only
in one thing, but all.
- EASY
55 Here's good deeds and bad deeds, the writings that
keep my lands to me, and the bonds that gave it away
from me.
These, my good deeds, shall to more safety turn,
And these, my bad, have their deserts and burn.
I'll see thee again presently; read there. [Exit]
- THOMASINE
60 Did he want all, who would not love his care? [Reads]
Enter Quomodo [disguised as Beadle]
- QUOMODO [aside]
What a wife hast thou, Ephestian Quomodo.
So loving, so mindful of her duty, not only seen
to weep, but known to swoon. I knew a widow about
65 Saint Antlings so forgetful of her first husband, that
she married again within the twelvemonth; nay, some,
by'r lady, within the month. There were sights to be
seen! Had they my wife's true sorrows, seven months
nor seven years would draw 'em to the stake. I would
most tradesmen had such a wife as I; they hope they
70 have, we must all hope the best. Thus in her honour:
A modest wife is such a jewel,
Every goldsmith cannot show it;
He that's honest and not cruel
Is the likeliest man to owe it.
- And that's I. I made it by myself; and coming to her as
a beadle for my reward this morning, I'll see how she
takes my death next her heart.
THOMASINE
Now, beadle.
QUOMODO
Bless your mistress-ship's eyes from too many tears
Although you have lost a wise and worshipful gentle-
man.
THOMASINE
You come for your due, beadle, here i'th'
80 house?
QUOMODO
Most certain. The Hospital money and mine own
poor forty pence.
THOMASINE
I must crave a discharge from you, beadle.
85 QUOMODO
Call your man. I'll heartily set my hand to a
memorandum.
THOMASINE
You deal the trulier.
QUOMODO [aside]
90 Good wench still.
THOMASINE
George!
[Enter Servant]
Here is the beadle come for his money. Draw a memor-
andum that he has received all his due he can claim
here i'th' house after this funeral.
QUOMODO [aside, while Servant writes]
95 What politic directions she gives him, all to secure herself. 'Tis time,
i'faith, now to pity her. I'll discover myself to her ere I
go; but came it off with some lively jest now, that were
admirable. I have it! After the memorandum is written
and all, I'll set my own name to't, Ephestian Quomodo.
She'll start; she'll wonder how Ephestian Quomodo
100 came thither, that was buried yesterday. You're beset,
little Quomodo.
THOMASINE [counting out money]
Nineteen, twenty; five
pound; one two, three; and fourpence.
QUOMODO [aside, while signing]
105 So, we shall have good sport
when 'tis read. [Exit Servant]
[Enter Easy]
EASY
How now, lady, paying away money so fast?
THOMASINE
The beadle's due here, sir.
QUOMODO [aside]
Who? 'Tis Easy! What makes Easy in my house?
He is not my wife's overseer, I hope.
110 EASY
What's here?
QUOMODO [aside]
He makes me sweat.

40 **Fresh warders** more guards
41 **other** Shortyard, Falselight's accomplice
43 **shaft** arrow
46 **bane** destruction, woe
47 **corn** grain; wealth (*fig.*)
50 **all** the legal papers
53 **one thing** penis; compare 2.3.78 and
230, and 4.3.54–8
60 **Did... all** even if he had nothing;
possible play on 'awl', for penis (see
5.1.50 and compare Master 'Alsup'—
awl's up—2.1.10)
64 **Saint Antlings** St Antholin's Church,
known for morning lectures attended by

Puritans
74 **owe** own
76 **reward** payment
83 **Hospital money** Quomodo, as Beadle, has
been deputed to collect the boy singers'
fees.
84 **forty pence** fee for participating in the
funeral procession
85 **discharge** receipt
94 **politic** see 3.5.18, note
96 **discover** reveal
101 **thither** on the discharge
beset under attack, assailed on all sides
102 **little Quomodo** Thomasine; because

Quomodo frequently refers to 'little
Thomasine' (see 2.3.437 and 4.4.14),
this could be a compositor's error
103–4 **Nineteen... fourpence** The Hospital
Boys get five pounds ('nineteen, twenty'
are the last two shillings in the fifth
pound; 20s. = one pound); the Beadle
gets 3 shillings, 4 pence, or 40 pence
(‘one, two, three’ are also shillings; 12
pence = 1s.).
110 **overseer** person appointed to super-
vise the executor of a will; for bawdy
connotations, see 5.1.128, note

Act 5 Scene 1

Michaelmas Tearme.

EASY [*reads*] ‘Memorandum: that I have received of Richard Easy all my due I can claim here i’th’ house, or any hereafter for me. In witness whereof, I have set to mine own hand: *Ephesian Quomodo.*’

115 QUOMODO [*aside*] What have I done? Was I mad?

EASY Ephesian Quomodo?

QUOMODO

120 Ay, well, what then, sir? Get you out of my house; First, you Master Prodigal Had-land, away!

THOMASINE

What, is the beadle drunk or mad?

Where are my men to thrust him out o’ doors?

QUOMODO

Not so, good Thomasine, not so.

THOMASINE

This fellow must be whipped.

QUOMODO Thank you, good wife.

EASY

I can no longer bear him.

125 THOMASINE Nay, sweet husband.

QUOMODO [*aside*] Husband! I’m undone, beggared, cozened, confounded forever! Married already?—Will it please you know me now, Mistress Harlot and Master Horner? Who am I now?

130 [*Discovers himself*]

THOMASINE O, he’s as like my t’other husband as can be.

QUOMODO I’ll have judgement; I’ll bring you before a judge; you shall feel, wife, whether my flesh be dead or no. I’ll tickle you, i’faith, i’faith. *Exit*

THOMASINE

The judge that he’ll solicit knows me well.

EASY

135 Let’s on then, and our grievances first tell. *Exeunt*

5.2 *Enter Lethe with Officers, taken with his Harlot; [Rearage and Susan looking on]*

REARAGE

Here they come.

SUSAN

O, where?

LETHE

Heart of shame!

Upon my wedding morning, so disgraced!

Have you so little conscience, officers,

You will not take a bribe?

5 COURTESAN Master Lethe, we may lie together lawfully hereafter, for we are coupled together before people enough, i’faith.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lethe and his Harlot*]

REARAGE

There goes the strumpet.

SUSAN

Pardon my wilful blindness, and enjoy me; For now the difference appears too plain 10

Betwixt a base slave and a true gentleman.

REARAGE

I do embrace thee in the best of love.

[*Aside*] How soon affections fail, how soon they prove. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Judge, Easy and Thomasine in talk with him; [Shortyard and Falselight guarded by Officers] 5.3

JUDGE

His coz’nages are odious; he the plaintiff!

Not only framed deceitful in his life,

But so to mock his funeral!

EASY

Most just.

The livery all assembled, mourning weeds

Throughout his house e’en down to his last servant, 5

The herald richly hired to lend him arms

Feigned from his ancestors, which I dare swear knew

No other arms but those they laboured with.

All preparations furnished, nothing wanted

Save that which was the cause of all—his death. 10

If he be living!

JUDGE

’Twas an impious part.

EASY

We are not certain yet it is himself,

But some false spirit that assumes his shape

And seeks still to deceive me.

[*Enter Quomodo*]

QUOMODO [*to Easy and Thomasine*]

O, are you come?—

My lord!—[*Looks to Shortyard and Falselight*] They’re here. Good morrow, Thomasine. 15

JUDGE

Now, what are you?

QUOMODO

I am Quomodo, my lord, and this my wife;

Those my two men, that are bound wrongfully.

JUDGE

How are we sure you’re he?

QUOMODO

O, you cannot miss, my lord.

JUDGE

I’ll try you. 20

Are you the man that lived the famous coz’ner?

115 any anyone ‘dead’ quick demise of one’s trivial affections proves one’s worthiness’

120 First...away before I do anything else, 134 knows Has Thomasine had an affair with this judge? 5.3.4 weeds clothes

Had-land irresponsible heir 5.2.0.1 Officers They have arrested Lethe and the Courtesan at Rearage’s instigation (see 4.3.45-6). 6 richly at great cost; bribed

128 Master Horner one who gives a man horns, makes him a cuckold 9 enjoy me as your wife arms a coat of arms; puns on body part at 5.3.8

133 tickle beat, chastise; also, excite 13 How...prove ‘how fickle is love’ or ‘the 7 Feigned from as if derived from 11 part business, affair

QUOMODO
O no, my lord.

JUDGE
Did you deceive this gentleman of his right,
And laid nets o'er his land?

QUOMODO
Not I, my lord.

JUDGE
Then you're not Quomodo, but a counterfeit.
Lay hands on him, and bear him to the whip.

QUOMODO
Stay, stay a little,
I pray; now I remember me, my lord,
I cozened him indeed, 'tis wondrous true.

JUDGE
Then I dare swear this is no counterfeit;
Let all doubts cease, this man is Quomodo.

QUOMODO
Why, la, you now, you would not believe this.
I am found what I am.

JUDGE
But setting these thy odious shifts apart,
Why did that thought profane enter thy breast,
To mock the world with thy supposed death?

QUOMODO
Conceive you not that, my lord? A policy.

JUDGE
So.

QUOMODO
For, having gotten the lands, I thirsted still
To know what fate would follow 'em.

JUDGE
Being ill got.

QUOMODO
Your lordship apprehends me.

JUDGE
I think I shall anon.

QUOMODO
And thereupon,
I, out of policy, possessed my son,
Which since I have found lewd, and now intend
To disinherit him forever.
Not only this was in my death set down,
But thereby a firm trial of my wife,
Her constant sorrows, her rememb'ring virtues;
All which are dew; the shine of a next morning
Dries 'em up all, I see't.

JUDGE
Did you profess wise cozenage, and would dare
To put a woman to her two days' choice,
When oft a minute does it?

QUOMODO
Less! A moment,

The twinkling of an eye, a glimpse, scarce something
does it.

Your lordship yet will grant she is my wife?

THOMASINE
O heaven!

JUDGE
After some penance, and the dues of law
I must acknowledge that.

QUOMODO
I scarce like
Those dues of law.

EASY
My lord,
Although the law too gently 'lot his wife,
The wealth he left behind he cannot challenge.

QUOMODO
How?

EASY
Behold his hand against it. [*Shows memorandum*]

QUOMODO
He does devise all means to make me mad,
That I may no more lie with my wife
In perfect memory. I know't, but yet
The lands will maintain me in my wits;
The land will do so much for me.

JUDGE [*reading*] 'In witness whereof I have set to mine own
hand: *Ephestian Quomodo.*'

'Tis firm enough your own, sir.

QUOMODO
A jest, my lord, I did I knew not what.

JUDGE
It should seem so. Deceit is her own foe,
Craftily gets, and childishly lets go.
But yet the lands are his.

QUOMODO
I warrant ye.

EASY
No, my good lord, the lands know the right heir;
I am their master once more.

QUOMODO
Have you the lands?

EASY
Yes, truly, I praise heaven.

QUOMODO
Is this good dealing?
Are there such consciences abroad? How?
Which way could he come by 'em?

SHORTYARD
My lord,
I'll quickly resolve you that, it comes to me.
This coz'ner, whom too long I called my patron,
To my thought dying, and the fool, his son,
Possessed of all, which my brain partly sweat for,
I held it my best virtue, by a plot
To get from him what for him was ill got—

33 **found...am** found to be myself, what I really am (a cozener)
41 **apprehends** understands, but also 'arrests'
44 **lewd** base, worthless
46 **set down** intended
49 **shine** sunshine

51 **profess** practice
58 **acknowledge** assent to the legal force of
60 'lot allot, dispose of
61 **challenge** lay claim to
66 **In perfect memory** because she has slept with Easy
75 **yet...his** the Essex estate is still Quo-

modo's
81 **resolve** explain, settle
that how Easy regained his estate
it...me the job of explaining is rightly mine
83 **To my thought** as far as I knew

	QUOMODO		SALEWOOD	
	O, beastly Shortyard!		He speaks no truth, my lord; behold the virgin,	115
	SHORTYARD	When, no sooner mine,	Wife to a well-esteemed gentleman,	
	But I was glad more quickly to resign.		Loathing the sin he follows.	
	JUDGE		LETHE	
	Craft once discovered shows her abject line.		I was betrayed, yes, faith.	
	QUOMODO [<i>aside</i>]		REARAGE [<i>to the Judge, completing an aside</i>]	
90	He hits me everywhere, for craft, once known,		... His own mother, my lord,	120
	Does teach fools wit, leaves the deceiver none.		Which he confessed, through ignorance and disdain,	
	My deeds have cleft me, cleft me!		His name so changed to abuse the world and her.	
	<i>Enter Officers with Lethe and the Harlot, [Rearage, Salewood, the pander Hellgill, Mother Gruel, and Susan follow]</i>		LETHE [<i>aside</i>]	
	FIRST OFFICER		Marry a harlot, why not? 'Tis an honest	
	Room there!		man's fortune. I pray, did not one of my countrymen	125
	QUOMODO [<i>aside</i>]		marry my sister? Why, well then, if none should be	
	A little yet to raise my spirit.		married but those that are honest, where should a man	
	Here's Master Lethe comes to wed my daughter.		seek a wife after Christmas? I pity that gentleman that	
95	That's all the joy is left me.—Ha! Who's this?		has nine daughters to bestow, and seven of 'em seeded	
	JUDGE		already; they will be good stuff by that time.—	
	What crimes have those brought forth?		I do beseech your lordship to remove	
	SALEWOOD	The shame of lust;	The punishment. I am content to marry her.	130
	Most viciously on this his wedding morning,		JUDGE	
	This man was seized in shame with that bold strumpet.		There's no removing of your punishment.	
	JUDGE		LETHE	
	Why, 'tis she he means to marry.		O, good my lord!	
	LETHE	No, in truth.	JUDGE	
	JUDGE		Unless one here assembled,	
	In truth, you do.		Whom you have most unnaturally abused,	
	Who, for his wife, his harlot doth prefer,		Beget your pardon.	
	Good reason 'tis that he should marry her.		LETHE	
100	COURTESAN		Who should that be?	
	I crave it on my knees, such was his vow at first.		Or who would do't, that has been so abused?	135
	HELLGILL [<i>aside</i>]		A troublesome penance.—[<i>To Quomodo</i>] Sir—	
	I'll say so too, and work out mine own safety.—		QUOMODO	
105	Such was his vow at first, indeed, my lord,		Knave in your face! Leave your mocking, Andrew;	
	Howe'er his mood has changed him!		Marry your quean and be quiet!	
	LETHE	O, vile slave!	LETHE	
	COURTESAN		Master Easy—	
	He says it true, my lord.		EASY	
	JUDGE	Rest content,	I'm sorry you take such a bad course, sir.	
	He shall both marry and taste punishment.		LETHE	
	LETHE	O, intolerable! I beseech your good lordship; if I	Mistress Quomodo—	140
110	must have an outward punishment, let me not marry		THOMASINE	
	an inward, whose lashes will ne'er out, but grow worse		Inquire my right name against next time; now	
	and worse. I have a wife stays for me this morning with		go your ways like an ass as you came.	
	seven hundred pound in her purse. Let me be speedily		LETHE [<i>aside</i>]	
	whipped and be gone, I beseech your lordship.		Mass! I forget my mother all this while.	
			I'll make her do't at first.—Pray, mother,	
			Your blessing for once.	
			MOTHER GRUEL	
			Call'st me mother? Out,	145
			I defy thee, slave.	
			LETHE	
			Call me slave	
			As much as you will, but do not shame me now;	
			Let the world know you are my mother.	
			MOTHER GRUEL	
			Let me not have this villain put upon me,	

89 **abject line** wretched ways

101 **for** instead of

103 **at first** when we first met

111 **ne'er out** never disappear

116 **Wife** Susan and Rearage have married between this and the previous scene.

119–21 **His...her** possibly a corrupt passage; Rearage is explaining Lethe's

deceptions to the Judge

123 **countrymen** see 2.3.11, note

125 **honest** virgins

126 **after Christmas** after a period of festive license

127 **bestow** marry off

seeded impregnated

128 **stuff** see 3.1.206, note

137 **Knave...face** I call you knave to your face

141 **Inquire...time** Thomasine still aims to leave Quomodo for Easy.

146 **defy** repudiate, despise

149 **put upon** imposed on

Michaelmas Tearme

SERVANT (3.1; 3 lines): any but Tailor, Comings, Country Wench, Hellgill, Father, [Lethe, Shortyard, Rearage]

WINIFRED (4.3; 5 lines): any but Thomasine [Shortyard, Rearage, Father]

MOTHER (4.4; 9 lines): any but Quomodo, liveryman, hospital boy, Sim, Thomasine, mourner, Easy

FIRST LIVERYMAN (4.4; 2 lines): any but Quomodo, mother, hospital boy, Sim, Thomasine, mourner, Easy

MOURNER (4.4; no lines): any but Quomodo, liveryman, hospital boy, Sim, Thomasine, mother, Easy

HOSPITAL BOY (4.4; no lines): any but Quomodo, liveryman, mother, Sim, Thomasine, mourner, Easy

SERVANT (5.1; no lines): any but Quomodo, Thomasine, [Easy]

Induction roles (75 lines): any but another Induction part, [Rearage, Salewood]

A TRICK TO CATCH THE OLD ONE

Edited by Valerie Wayne

THIS play is one of Middleton's finest achievements in comedy. In 1886 Swinburne pronounced it 'by far the best play Middleton had yet written, and one of the best he ever wrote'; in 1927 T. S. Eliot included it among the five plays marking Middleton as a 'great' dramatist, only one other of which, *The Roaring Girl*, was a comedy. Gerard Langbaine thought it 'an Excellent Old Play' in 1691 (Sara Jayne Steen), and in 1960 R. H. Parker termed its plot 'a triumph of ironic construction'. Although Victorian critics questioned its morality—a reviewer of Bullen's *Works of Thomas Middleton* complained that the play's 'considerable humour . . . is of the kind that one cannot retell in polite society'—contemporary audiences, often less accustomed to *politesse* and more attuned to politics, have appreciated its treatments of early modern greed and the triumphs it offers to figures of youth and wit as they outmanoeuvre age and avarice. The play represents mercenary marriage as a socially sanctioned form of theft, one that the courtesan successfully reappropriates in her own best interest through her disguise as a rich widow. When Hoard inadvertently marries a 'whore', the thieving usurer is then caught in his own trap.

Trick was successfully adapted during the seventeenth century for Lording Barry's *Ram Alley* (1607–8) and Philip Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (1625). A Restoration production of the play between 1662 and 1665 (John Downes) may have been prompted by parallels between its plot and events surrounding the notorious Mary Carleton, who was tried for bigamy in 1663 at the Old Bailey for disguising herself as a German princess in order to entrap John Carleton in marriage, who also tried to entrap her. The case gained such wide public attention that it occasioned fourteen pamphlets and a play in 1663 and more publications ten years later, when Mary was tried again and hanged for theft (Janet Todd and Elizabeth Spearing). Aphra Behn, the first professional woman dramatist, then reworked *A Trick to Catch the Old One* and *A Mad World, My Masters* for her 1682 comedy, *The City Heiress* (Marston Stevens Balch). Her play opens with the same conflict between an uncle and his profligate nephew and concludes with the uncle's discovery that he has married his heir's 'cast-off mistress'. Behn extends Middleton's critique of the economy of marriage by making its connections with rape and theft even more explicit and adding two more female leads. Yet Wilding, Witgood's counterpart, also grows into the Restoration rake, and the celebration of his rampant virility mutes the play's social critique and appropriates it for royalist politics (Wayne, 'Assuming Gentility').



The intimate collusion between an elegant young woman and a fine gentleman, who pays her for her sexual services while a maid arranges a bed in a well-appointed interior. The inscription warns the viewer of the harm that comes from touch. *Tactus* (Touch), from a series of five prints representing the senses by Cornelis van Kittensteyn, after Dirck Hals, engraved between 1630 and 1663.

Revivals of *Trick* in the second half of the twentieth century occurred on average every five or six years. A 1964 staging in Dorset used modern dress and an all-male cast; another at Toronto in 1976 used an all-female cast. Commercial productions were mounted at the Mermaid Theatre in London in 1952, at the Theatr Clwyd in Wales in 1978, and the Bear Gardens Museum in 1985 (Lisa Cronin and Marilyn Roberts). The playwright Peter Barnes prepared an adaptation for a BBC Radio production of 1985 by bringing the allusions and jokes alive for a modern audience (Bernard Dukore). A company called Instant Classics mounted a modern dress production at London's White Bear Pub in 1994 that cut the Dampit scenes, changed one of the creditors to a woman, and based the set design on the children's game of Snakes and Ladders (Michael Neuman).

The early performance and publication history of Middleton's play also indicates a good reception from its very first audiences. *Trick* was probably written in 1605; it was performed by the Children of Paul's before that company ceased playing in July of 1606, after which it was trans-



'He that doth his youth expose | To brothel, drink, and danger, | Let him that is his nearest kin | Cheat him before a stranger' (*Trick* I.I.15-18). Engraving from *The Parable of the Prodigal Son*, a series of six prints. Number 3, 'The son wasting his heritage with riotous living'. By Crispijn de Passe the elder. Late 16th or early 17th century.

ferred to the other boys' company at the Blackfriars. Two of its title-pages refer to a New Year's night performance at court before James I, most likely in 1607 or 1608. The play was licensed for publication in October 1607 at the same time as *The Revenger's Tragedy* and presumably printed after that play late in 1607 or early in 1608. George Eld printed three title-pages for the edition dated 1608: the first, which was cancelled, identifies it as performed by the Children of Paul's; the revised title-pages exist in two different states, both of which add performances at Blackfriars and before the King, identify 'T.M.' as the author, and name Henry Rocket as the bookseller. The play was going through Eld's press just months after three other comedies that he printed had also been released for publication from Paul's, but only *Trick* had additional performances by the Blackfriars boys. A second edition appeared eight years later in 1616, suggesting that the first edition sold relatively well.

Trick is one of the citizen comedies that Middleton was especially known for developing at Paul's. Plays of that genre locate their action in London and in citizen culture, from which they offer urbane critiques of their society's manners and morals; they lack the 'satirical bite' of those designed for the Blackfriars, where 'railing' plays were being produced instead (Andrew Gurr). Yet this play's transfer to the Blackfriars shows its versatility and broad appeal. Both theatres provided small and select indoor settings, where seats were expensive and the audience

consisted in large measure of students from the Inns of Court, more established aristocrats and gentry, some citizens and probably their wives. Michael Shapiro remarks that plays from the boys' companies 'ridiculed not only the usual collection of pedants, parasites, and parvenus, but figures of authority resembling more closely than ever what spectators were, might become, or thought themselves to be'. When Middleton represents a young man's drive to secure his fortune through inheritance and marriage, and an old man's relish for becoming a landed, country gentleman, he is staging the 'forces of appetite and materialist opportunism' that were released by the lure of social mobility and an inflationary economy increasingly fuelled by credit (Brian Gibbons).

Both Roman and English traditions are evident in the play. An affinity with urban life marks one connection with the comedies of Plautus and Terence (Gail Kern Paster), and although no single source for *Trick* has been found, many features of Roman comedy can be identified. Dryden's description of the New Comedy *adulescens* as a 'Debauch'd Son, kind in his Nature to his Mistress, but miserably in want of Money', suits Witgood quite well. He and Jane, his mistress, for whom there are countless counterparts among the courtesans of Roman comedy, succeed in overthrowing the plans of not one but two *senex* figures, Hoard and Lucre. Added to this Roman tradition is the English dramatic heritage of the morality play, used here in the form of the prodigal son

parable, which was often staged in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries (A. B. Stonex, George Rowe). The play also draws on English social satire. Middleton knew the coney-catching pamphlets of Robert Greene, narratives of low-life characters who tricked or 'cozened' their unsuspecting prey, and he had used them in other early comedies. The usurer was also a frequent figure in verse satires of the 1590s. Even the jest books could have provided him with material.

The drive of *Trick* as it advances without pause from one intrigue to the next comes not only from Middleton's ability to imitate older literary conventions but from the rooting of its incidents in the material contrivances of his own day. The character of Dampit forms the centre of a graphic tableau of Jacobean London alive with lawyers claiming fees they have not earned and creditors bent on inducing debt. What has sometimes been called Middleton's 'realism' is a controlled representation of a society fractured by the sale of women in marriage and the theft of earnings and inheritance by the agents of usury. The play offers the pleasure of seeing those who engage in both kinds of theft—Hoard and Lucre in particular—duped by their own greed into acts of uncharacteristic generosity. The happy ending in which they learn they have been gulled implies a strong judgement against them and their vices, while the audience shares in the glee of those who gulled them.

So it is difficult to sympathize with Victorian laments of the absence of morality in this play. It is true that Witgood has led a dissolute life before the play begins. He and Jane are motivated more from desires for survival than selflessness, but not to like them is to resist the cleverest and even kindest characters in this dissolute community. Jane's indefinite past is another source of disapproval, because she has often been dismissed as a 'whore' without an understanding of the diverse ways that word was used in early modern culture. Laura Gowing explains that in the 'language of insult' then current, 'the word "whore" rarely meant a real prostitute'. As some of the play's critics have noted, and as Aphra Behn's adaption implies, Jane is not a professional prostitute but Witgood's mistress: she has been financially supported by him in return for sex and companionship without the prospect of marriage. In the very first scene she makes it clear that she lost her virginity to Witgood (1.1.37–40), and in the very last Witgood says she has slept only with him (5.2.159–60). Yet since virginity was a requirement for respectable first marriages and Jane has had sexual experience outside of marriage, in early modern culture she is considered a 'whore'.

Witgood says 'she's a whore' at 5.2.111, but when Hoard charges her with being a 'common strumpet' fifteen lines later, Witgood objects:

Nay, now
You wrong her, sir. If I were she, I'd have
The law on you for that. I durst depose for her

She ne'er had common use, nor common thought.
(5.2.125–8)

From her position as a wife at the play's conclusion, Jane would be capable of bringing a suit of slander against Hoard in an ecclesiastical court because she was not promiscuous nor had a reputation for being so. A common strumpet or prostitute was usually poorly compensated for her sexual services and worked with little protection or maintenance; as an insult the term 'strumpet' implied 'a (very) wanton woman' (Eric Partridge). The speech headings and stage directions in the early texts of *Trick* identify Jane as a 'courtesan', and courtesans were originally attached to the court, so the term had upper-class associations. In Edward Sharpham's 1606 satire *The Fleer*, the lead character remarks, 'Your whore is for every rascal, but your courtesan is for your courtier' (2.1.184–5). Yet the word 'courtesan' was more often used in England to name one who functioned as a mistress or had relatively few sexual partners. Even the female character named Frank Gullman, the courtesan in *A Mad World, My Masters* whose maidenhead has been sold fifteen times, has been 'kept' by various men rather than commonly available, which is why the sale of her virginity can continue and Follywit can be duped into marrying her. In G. R. Quaipe's classification of English prostitutes, Middleton's courtesan is closest to a 'private whore' (others being 'vagrant', 'public', and 'village' whores); yet she is also very different from the famous Venetian courtesans described in *Coryat's Crudities* (1611). Whether Italian or English, professional or private, 'courtesans' were not usually seen as 'common' and were very different from 'strumpets', unless one was reducing women to their sexually lowest, most common denominator. Hoard's slander in the presence of witnesses was an actionable offence in early modern England.

Jane assumes three different subject positions in the play: she is Witgood's mistress, a feigned rich widow named Jane Meddler, and a wife named Jane Hoard. We never learn her 'real' name. But the speech heading 'courtesan' fixes her in ways that make it difficult for readers to observe these shifts in identity and grounds a misconception of the character's sexual inconstancy, constructing for the contemporary reader a woman who makes her living by sexual commerce and is generally available to men. This situation has led most readers to think like Hoard about the character, which makes the correction and exposure of Hoard largely incomprehensible. An editorial fidelity to the original text thereby produces, for a modern audience, a de facto collusion with Hoard's view of Jane. Yet in performance this character is constructed not by an abstract social label, but by the recurrence of a physical body. Members of a theatre audience can alter their perceptions of the character as she changes more readily than a silent reader can, since the textual label is a constant reminder of her first identity. A familiar proper name is, however, about as individualized as a physical body without specifying a social role. For all

of these reasons (discussed more fully in Wayne, 'Sexual Politics'), I have altered the speech headings in this edition to 'Jane' so that the subject positions of the character are associated with a name rather than a misleading occupational or sexual category.

Without such a change, it has been impossible for almost everyone to understand Jane's own charge against Hoard at the end of the play:

If in disgrace you share, I sought not you.
 You pursued me, nay, forced me.
 Had I friends would follow it,
 Less than your action has been proved a rape.
 (5.2.131-4)

Understanding this passage depends on recognizing the actions in scene 3.1 as a spousal or marriage contract between Hoard and Jane complete with a handfast, verbal agreements before witnesses, a kiss, and the naming of Jane by Hoard as 'wife'. The contract is later confirmed by a formal ceremony with a priest and is followed by a sexual consummation. We learn from a conversation between Hoard, Lamprey, and Spitchcock in 3.3 that Hoard's friends are proud of the way they pushed Jane into conceding to the spousal.

The forced marriage and rape of women of substance was sufficiently frequent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to prompt a sequence of statutes against such practices. Given the ease and speed with which spousals in England could be contracted, women of substance who were unmarried or *femes soles* were at particular risk of being forced into marriage by men who wanted to gain control of their wealth. The function of scene 3.3 in the play is to provide support for Jane's charge that she was so compelled. We know that she prefers to be married to Hoard because he is her best option since she has lost her virginity to Witgood, and he actively encourages her to accept Hoard's offer because he will not marry her. Hoard does not know as much, however, so her accusation represents a serious threat. Jane's charge of rape has also been ignored because she was thought to have made her living by sexual commerce, yet early modern English legal texts show that even prostitutes were entitled to claim that they had been raped. According to Michael Dalton writing in the early seventeenth century and citing a thirteenth-century legal historian, a 'whore' who said 'no' to a man was not, at that time, considered to be a 'whore', so the legal definition of 'whore' was malleable and reflected the disposition of a woman's sexuality in a given instance more than her reputation or occupation. A judgement issued in the trial of the Earl of Castlehaven in 1631 showed less flexibility in defining 'whore' but granted legal rights to a woman so considered: 'it is the enforcing against the will which makes the Rape; and the common whore may be ravished against her will' (*Complete Collection of State Trials*; Wayne, 'Sexual Politics').

The word 'rape' at this time was also used to describe two different events: what we now call rape—forced sexual relations, and the act of abduction (T. E., *Law's Resolutions*). Jane's accusation of rape concerns Hoard's plan to take her to Cole Harbour for a quick marriage, which he explicitly plans to conduct like an abduction (3.1.220-5). Her assent to his plan is ambiguous (3.1.226), as is her agreement to the spousal, 'I promise you, I ha' nothing' (3.1.205). This response prevents Hoard from claiming that she has deceived him about her wealth, but he reads her 'nothing' as a sexual lure, a modest understatement, or both. Hoard's feigned attempt at abduction is therefore at risk of being transformed into a legal reality by a very clever woman whose knowledge of the law is so precise that she can use every opportunity that comes to hand against him. His readiness to manipulate her shows he has given no thought to whether she desires the spousal or participates willingly in the abduction and the sexual consummation, and in the end he is yoked to a wife who has her own desires and has in turn manipulated him. Jane effectively conceals her agency until her position as wife is secure; then she activates her new status in her own defence.

After her charge of rape, Jane weighs her own mistakes against Hoard's and finds her sexual sins no more reprehensible than his coercion. Hoard then admits that her public dishonour and his own are so inextricably linked that their names can only be cleared by his treating her as a respectable wife. The 'whoring' of Hoard calls into question the opposition between good women and whores, as Anthony Dawson has observed, for if a whore can play the role of rich widow so well that she actually becomes a wife, then the difference between the two collapses and the very men who insisted on it, having taken the one for the other, become the means by which the difference is undone. This imitation of a legitimate woman in the marriage market by a marginal figure termed a 'whore' manages to highlight the ways in which marriageable women are treated as whores, because they also are bought and sold like property and for property (Margot Heine-mann). The malleability of women's identities in the play therefore threatens some important social institutions—marriage, property, and inheritance. Hence it is not only usury that is staged in *Trick*; the play also exhibits the early modern commodities market in women. Jane and Witgood promise reform in the playful rhymes of the play's last lines, but it is Hoard whose 'craft' has exposed him as the play's biggest 'fool' (5.2.204). Though some might call him a villain, Jane and Witgood both have reason to be more generous, so the play draws quickly to a comic and parodic close. And what could be more important than consuming the wedding meal before it cools?

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 140
 Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 562
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 354

A Trick To Catch The Old One

[for the Children of Paul's]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Theodorus WITGOOD, a gentleman in debt
JANE, Witgood's mistress
HOST, friend to Witgood
Three CREDITORS of Witgood

Pecunius LUCRE, Witgood's uncle, a usurer
Jenny, WIFE to Lucre
SAM Freedom, son of Lucre's wife and suitor to Joyce
FIRST and SECOND GENTLEMEN, friends to Lucre
GEORGE, Lucre's servant

Walkadine HOARD, usurer and rival to Lucre
Joyce, NIECE to Walkadine and Onesiphorus Hoard
MONEYLOVE, suitor to Joyce
ONESIPHORUS Hoard, brother to Walkadine Hoard

LIMBER, friend to Onesiphorus Hoard
KIX, friend to Onesiphorus Hoard
SERVANT to Walkadine Hoard
ARTHUR, another servant to Walkadine Hoard
Lady FOXSTONE, friend to Walkadine Hoard

LAMPREY, a gentleman
SPITCHCOCK, a gentleman

Harry DAMPIT, a usurer
AUDREY, Dampit's servant
GULF, a usurer and acquaintance of Dampit
Sir LANCELOT, acquaintance of Dampit

Drawer, Vintner, Boy, Scrivener, Sergeants, Tailor,
Barber, Perfumer, Falconer, Huntsman

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*

Enter Witgood, a gentleman, solus

WITGOOD All's gone! Still thou'rt a gentleman, that's all;
but a poor one, that's nothing. What milk brings thy
meadows forth now? Where are thy goodly uplands and
thy downlands? All sunk into that little pit, lechery.
5 Why should a gallant pay but two shillings for his
ordinary that nourishes him, and twenty times two for
his brothel that consumes him? But where's Long-acre?

In my uncle's conscience, which is three years' voyage
about. He that sets out upon his conscience ne'er finds
the way home again—he is either swallowed in the
quicksands of law quilllets, or splits upon the piles of
a *praemunire*. Yet these old fox-brained and ox-browed
uncles have still defences for their avarice and apologies
for their practices, and will thus greet our follies:

He that doth his youth expose
To brothel, drink, and danger,

10

15

This commentary foregrounds issues relating to women, marriage, social class, and sexual commerce.

Title A *trick* was an artifice or ruse used to deceive or cheat and could also refer to a course of lovemaking or a sexual act. Jane's appearance immediately after Witgood calls for 'any trick out of the compass of law' at I. I. 27–8 confirms her part in the scheme that she and Witgood devise for their elders, which certainly has a sexual component. However, the meaning of *trick* as a prostitute's client seems not to have been current until the twentieth century. *The old one* refers not only to Lucre and Hoard but to the devil. Usurers, including Dampit, are consistently associated with the devil in the play.

I. I. I **gentleman** a man of good but noble birth entitled to bear arms, whose wealth often derived from land

2–4 **milk . . . pit** Witgood's imagery describes a feminized landscape where *milk* rather than rain promotes the growth of his meadows and *uplands*, *downlands*, and *little pit* evoke locations on the female body. The wealth of his lands has subsided into the genital site of woman's sexuality.

4 **lechery** promiscuous sexual indulgence
5 **two shillings** A shilling was worth twelve pence; twenty shillings made up a pound. Two shillings could buy a meal at a quite expensive eating house or service at an inexpensive brothel.

6 **ordinary** an eating house that served a fixed-price meal, or the meal itself

6–7 **nourishes . . . consumes** The juxtaposition between food that nourishes for a small amount of money and sex that consumes at a much higher rate obscures Witgood's voluntary engagement in both activities. He is demonizing

his expensive brothel and characterizing himself as its victim. *Brothel* could apply either to a place of prostitution or to the prostitute who worked there.

7 **Long-acre** a general term for an estate or patrimony

8–12 **conscience . . . praemunire** Lucre's *conscience* is like the ocean that swallows one in legal quibbles or shipwrecks one on legal obstacles.

I I **quilllets** legal quibbles or technicalities
piles pilings or rocks

12 **praemunire** a sheriff's writ
ox-browed (a) cuckolded, because of the ox's horns, (b) stupid, by association with the ox's bovine nature

13 **still** always

15–18 **He . . . stranger** The passage inverts Deuteronomy 23: 19–20, which prohibits usurers from lending money to family members but not to strangers.

Let him that is his nearest kin
 Cheat him before a stranger.
 And that's his uncle, 'tis a principle in usury. I dare
 not visit the city. There I should be too soon visited by
 20 that horrible plague, my debts, and by that means I
 lose a virgin's love, her portion and her virtues. Well,
 how should a man live now, that has no living, hum?
 Why, are there not a million of men in the world that
 25 only sojourn upon their brain and make their wits their
 mercers? And am I but one amongst that million and
 cannot thrive upon't? Any trick out of the compass of
 law now would come happily to me.

Enter Jane

JANE My love.
 30 WITGOOD My loathing! Hast thou been the secret consump-
 tion of my purse, and now com'st to undo my last
 means, my wits? Wilt leave no virtue in me and yet
 thou ne'er the better?
 Hence courtesan, round-webbed tarantula,
 35 That driest the roses in the cheeks of youth.
 JANE I have been true unto your pleasure, and all your
 lands, thrice racked, was never worth the jewel which
 I prodigally gave you: my virginity.
 Lands mortgaged may return and more esteemed,
 40 But honesty, once pawned, is ne'er redeemed.
 WITGOOD Forgive. I do thee wrong
 To make thee sin, and then to chide thee for't.

JANE

I know I am your loathing now. Farewell.

WITGOOD

Stay, best invention, stay.

JANE I that have been the secret consumption of your
 45 purse, shall I stay now to undo your last means, your
 wits? Hence courtesan, away!

WITGOOD I prithee, make me not mad at my own weapon.
 Stay. (A thing few women can do, I know that, and
 therefore they had need wear stays.) Be not contrary.
 50 Dost love me? Fate has so cast it that all my means I
 must derive from thee.

JANE From me? Be happy then.

What lies within the power of my performance
 Shall be commanded of thee.

WITGOOD

Spoke like
 An honest drab, i'faith; it may prove something.
 What trick is not an embryo at first,
 Until a perfect shape come over it?

JANE

Come, I must help you. Whereabouts left you?
 I'll proceed.

Though you beget, 'tis I must help to breed.
 Speak, what is't? I'd fain conceive it.

WITGOOD So, so, so. Thou shall presently take the name
 and form upon thee of a rich country widow, four
 hundred a year valiant, in woods, in bullocks, in barns,
 65

20 **the city** London

22 **lose...virtues** Witgood assumes that he would not be able to marry Joyce if his indebtedness were known or if he were imprisoned for debt.

portion dowry. Witgood's interest in Joyce seems largely monetary. Her status as a virgin was also important to make her an acceptable marital partner.

25 **sojourn** reside temporarily

25-6 **make their wits...mercers** owe debts only to their wits for providing them with clothes. Mercers were vendors of textiles, and *The Mercer's Book* was proverbial for the debts of a gallant. Witgood is intent throughout the play on turning his intelligence into money, and his name calls attention to his mental agility.

27-8 **out...law** (a) not punishable by law (b) out of the reach of law, and possibly illegal

28.1 **Jane** All previous printings of the text identify the character here and in subsequent stage directions and speech prefixes as *Courtesan*. However, Middleton uses that term in this and other plays to refer to a woman who was a kept mistress rather than a professional prostitute, and subsequent events confirm this description of her role. Because the term *courtesan* has been frequently misunder-

stood and contributed to confusion about the character's self-defence at the end of the play, and because the character is disguised as Jane Meddler in Act 2 and then becomes Jane Hoard in Act 3, this edition uses the Christian name to mark her speeches and actions. See Introduction.

30-2 **Hast...wits** Witgood continues to displace his own role in consorting with a mistress by describing Jane as the agent of his undoing.

32 **virtue** (a) moral sense (b) intellectual capacities (c) sexual energies

34 **courtesan** a woman involved in an extra-marital relationship between persons of some social standing, as distinct from a common whore; often in English Renaissance drama, as here, referring to a woman who was kept by a man rather than generally available
round-webbed tarantula The wide-hooped farthingale is likened to a spider's web in its ability to entrap a man and destroy him.

35 **driest...youth** continues the consumption imagery of 1.1.7 and 1.1.30-1

37 **thrice racked** rented out at excessive rates

37-8 **jewel...virginity** Jane commodifies her virginity in the image of a jewel and then rates it as much higher in value

than Witgood's lands.

40 **honesty** chastity, especially virginity for an unmarried woman

44 **invention** (a) device or contrivance for Witgood's scheme (b) Jane in particular, seen as a product of Witgood's devising and an agent for his plan

45-7 **I...away** The speech parodies Witgood's at 1.1.30-4, suggesting Jane's facility with mimicry.

48 **weapon** words

49-50 **A thing...stays** a misogynist allusion to women's inconstancy. Witgood jokingly asserts that women could be made more constant if their apparel were buttressed with 'stays' in a bodice stiffened with whale bone.

56 **drab** prostitute

57 **embryo** (a) something in a rudimentary stage or first beginning (b) a 'brainchild' of Witgood's devising

58 **perfect** fully formed

61 **Though...breed** Jane claims a share in this *embryo* by extending the procreative language.

62 **conceive** (a) understand (b) become pregnant with. The imagery of wits having a generative function continues at 3.1.108-10.

65 **valiant** worth
bullocks young bulls

- and in rye-stacks. We'll to London and to my covetous uncle.
- JANE I begin to applaud thee; our states being both desperate, they're soon resolute. But how for horses?
- 70 WITGOOD Mass, that's true. The jest will be of some continuance. Let me see. Horses now, a bots on 'em! Stay, I have acquaintance with a mad host, never yet bawd to thee. I have rinsed the whoreson's gums in mull-sack many a time and often. Put but a good tale into his ear now, so it come off cleanly, and there's horse and man for us, I dare warrant thee.
- 75 JANE Arm your wits then speedily. There shall want nothing in me, either in behaviour, discourse, or fashion, that shall discredit your intended purpose.
- 80 I will so artfully disguise my wants, And set so good a courage on my state, That I will be believed.
- WITGOOD Why, then, all's furnished. I shall go nigh to catch that old fox, mine uncle. Though he make but some amends for my undoing, yet there's some comfort in't. He cannot otherwise choose (though it be but in hope to cozen me again) but supply any hasty want that I bring to town with me. The device well and cunningly carried, the name of a rich widow and four hundred a year in good earth, will so conjure up a kind of usurer's love in him to me that he will not only desire my presence, which at first shall scarce be granted him—I'll keep off o' purpose—but I shall find him so officious to deserve, so ready to supply. I know the state of an old man's affection so well. If his nephew be poor indeed, why, he lets God alone with him; but if he be once rich, then he'll be the first man that helps him.
- 95 JANE 'Tis right the world, for in these days an old man's love to his kindred is like his kindness to his wife: 'tis always done before he comes at it.
- WITGOOD I owe thee for that jest. Be gone! [*Giving money*] Here's all my wealth; prepare thyself. Away! I'll to mine
- host with all possible haste, and with the best art and most profitable form, pour the sweet circumstance into his ear, which shall have the gift to turn all the wax to honey. [*Exit Jane*]
- How now? O, the right worshipful seniors of our country!
- [*Enter Onesiphorus Hoard, Limber, and Kix*]
- ONESIPHORUS Who's that?
- 110 LIMBER O, the common rioter. Take no note of him.
- WITGOOD [*aside*] You will not see me now. The comfort is, Ere it be long, you will scarce see yourselves. [*Exit*]
- ONESIPHORUS I wonder how he breathes. He's consumed all Upon that courtesan.
- LIMBER We have heard so much. 115
- ONESIPHORUS You have heard all truth. His uncle and my brother Have been these three years mortal adversaries. Two old tough spirits, they seldom meet But fight or quarrel when 'tis calmest. I think their anger be the very fire 120 That keeps their age alive.
- LIMBER What was the quarrel, sir?
- ONESIPHORUS Faith, about a purchase fetching over a young heir. Master Hoard, my brother, having wasted much time in beating the bargain, what did me old Lucre but as his conscience moved him: knowing the poor gentleman, stepped in between 'em and cozened him himself. 125
- LIMBER And was this all, sir?
- ONESIPHORUS This was e'en it, sir. Yet for all this, I know no reason but the match might go forward betwixt his wife's son and my niece. What though there be a dissension between the two old men, I see no reason it should put a difference between the two younger. 'Tis as natural for old folks to fall out as for young to fall in. 130

69 **resolute** full of resolve

70 **Mass** abbreviation of 'by the Mass', a common oath

71 **continuance** duration
a **bots on 'em** expletive meaning 'a disease take them'. *Bots* was a common disease of worms that affected horses' gums.

72 **mad** merry

73 **bawd** Innkeepers sometimes acted as procurers. The Host does not know Jane.

74 **mull-sack** white wine heated, sweetened and spiced

75 **cleanly** cleverly, adroitly

80 **wants** (*a*) shortcomings (*b*) sexual desires, which Jane must disguise in order to take up a position in a new social group

81 **set...state** i.e. make so bold a showing of my estate

83 **I shall go nigh** i.e. I am going to make every effort

85 **for my undoing** for ruining me

87 **cozen** cheat

94 **officious to deserve** eager to be entitled to reward

96 **he lets...him** leaves him to God's mercy

99 **right the world** precisely the way of the world

100 **kindness to** sexual relations with

100-1 **'tis...it** (*a*) the wife has already

had sexual relations with someone else

(*b*) the husband either ejaculates too soon or fails to have an erection. I.e.

an old man's gift of 'love' (or money)

to members of his family is like the sex

he has with his wife: by the time he is

ready to give it, she no longer wants it.

106 **gift** power

wax the host's earwax, which would

figuratively make him deaf to Witgood's

persuasion, if it did not melt into honey

109.1 **Onesiphorus...Kix** *Onesiphorus*

was a Puritan name that meant 'profit-making'; *Kix* is a dried-up stalk; *Limber* refers ironically to the character's age.

111 **common rioter** notorious profligate

114-15 **He's...courtesan** *Onesiphorus* sees Witgood as a consumer rather than one who has been consumed, as Witgood sees himself.

116 **His uncle...brother** Pecunious Lucre and Walkadine Hoard

122 **purchase** profit acquired by dubious means

fetching over getting the better of

124 **beating the bargain** haggling

131 **his...niece** Sam Freedom and Joyce, the niece of Walkadine and *Onesiphorus* Hoard

134 **fall in** (*a*) make up a quarrel (*b*) have sex

- 135 A scholar comes a-wooing to my niece: well, he's wise,
but he's poor. Her son comes a-wooing to my niece:
well, he's a fool, but he's rich.
- LIMBER Ay, marry, sir?
- ONESIPHORUS Pray now, is not a rich fool better than a
140 poor philosopher?
- LIMBER One would think so, i'faith.
- ONESIPHORUS She now remains at London with my brother,
her second uncle, to learn fashions, practise music. The
voice between her lips and the viol between her legs,
145 she'll be fit for a consort very speedily. A thousand good
pound is her portion. If she marry, we'll ride up and be
merry.
- KIX A match, if it be a match! *Exeunt*
- I.2 *Enter at one door, Witgood, at the other, Host*
- WITGOOD Mine Host!
- HOST Young master Witgood.
- WITGOOD I have been laying all the town for thee.
- HOST Why, what's the news, bully Hadland?
- 5 WITGOOD What geldings are in the house of thine own?
Answer me to that, first.
- HOST Why man, why?
- WITGOOD Mark me, what I say. I'll tell thee such a tale in
thine ear, that thou shalt trust me spite of thy teeth,
10 furnish me with some money willy nilly, and ride up
with me thyself *contra voluntatem et professionem*.
- HOST How? Let me see this trick, and I'll say thou hast
more art than a conjuror.
- WITGOOD Dost thou joy in my advancement?
- 15 HOST Do I love sack and ginger?
- WITGOOD Comes my prosperity desiredly to thee?
- HOST Come forfeitures to a usurer, fees to an officer, punks
to an host, and pigs to a parson desiredly? Why then,
la.
- 20 WITGOOD Will the report of a widow of four hundred a year,
boy, make thee leap and sing and dance and come to
thy place again?
- HOST Wilt thou command me now? I am thy spirit. Conjure
me into any shape.
- WITGOOD I ha' brought her from her friends, turned 25
back the horses by a sleight. Not so much as one
amongst her six men, goodly large yeomanly fellows,
will she trust with this her purpose. By this light,
all unmanned, regardless of her state, neglectful of
vainglorious ceremony, all for my love. O, 'tis a fine 30
little voluble tongue, mine Host, that wins a widow.
- HOST No, 'tis a tongue with a great T, my boy, that wins
a widow.
- WITGOOD Now sir, the case stands thus. Good mine Host,
if thou lov'st my happiness, assist me. 35
- HOST Command all my beasts i'th' house.
- WITGOOD Nay, that's not all neither. Prithee, take truce
with thy joy and listen to me. Thou know'st I have a
wealthy uncle i'th' city, somewhat the wealthier by my
follies. The report of this fortune, well and cunningly 40
carried, might be a means to draw some goodness from
the usuring rascal, for I have put her in hope already of
some estate that I have either in land or money. Now
if I be found true in neither, what may I expect but
a sudden breach of our love, utter dissolution of the 45
match, and confusion of my fortunes forever.
- HOST Wilt thou but trust the managing of thy business
with me?
- WITGOOD With thee? Why, will I desire to thrive in my
purpose? Will I hug four hundred a year? I that know 50
the misery of nothing? Will that man wish a rich widow
that has ne'er a hole to put his head in? With thee,
mine Host? Why, believe it, sooner with thee than with
a covey of counsellors!
- HOST Thank you for your good report, i'faith, sir. And if 55
I stand you not in stead, why then let an host come
off *hic et haec hostis*, a deadly enemy to dice, drink, and
venery. Come, where's this widow?
- WITGOOD Hard at Park End.
- HOST I'll be her servingman for once. 60

135 **scholar** Moneylove

144 **viol...legs** The viola da gamba, like
the modern cello, was played with legs
spread apart. The instrument here, as in
Roaring Girl 4.1, suggests the expression
of female erotic desire.

145 **consort** (a) concert, group of musicians
(b) sexual partner or spouse

148 A **match...match** agreed, if a marriage
takes place

I.2.1 **Host** an innkeeper

3 **laying** searching

4 **bully Hadland** good fellow who once had
land

5 **geldings** castrated horses

9 **spite of thy teeth** proverbial for 'despite
yourself' (Tilley S764)

10 **willy nilly** whether you want to or not

11 **contra...professionem** Latin for 'against
your will and profession'

13 **conjuror** sorcerer

15 **ginger** considered an aphrodisiac

17 **punks** prostitutes

18 **pigs to a parson** proverbial, referring
to the payment of tithes to a parson in
livestock

19 **la** exclamation accompanying an
emphatic remark

26 **sleight** trick

29 **unmanned** without male attendants

32 **tongue...great T** *great* meant 'capital',
and the phrase alludes to cunnilingus as
well as being a phallic joke associating
male genitals with the shape of 'T' and
relating a man's ability to persuade or
seduce a widow with the size of his penis

37-8 **take truce with** take a break from

52 **ne'er...in** proverbial for 'having neither
house nor home' (Tilley H520). The

image reinforces the suggestions of
cunnilingus and intercourse at I.2.32.

54 **covey** flock, group

56 **in stead** (a) as your deputy (b) with
horses, steeds

57 **hic...hostis** punning on English 'host'
and Latin *hostis*, enemy. I.e. if I don't
stand you in good stead, then let me
turn out to be an enemy to dice, drink,
and venery. Barber says that *hic et haec*
parodies declensions in contemporary
grammar books that preceded nouns
with the demonstrative as if it were
the definite article. If the noun could be
either masculine or feminine, as with
hostis, it was preceded in the nominative
by *hic et haec*.

58 **venery** lechery

59 **Hard at** close to

WITGOOD Why, there we let off together, keep full time. My thoughts were striking then just the same number.
 HOST I knew't. Shall we then see our merry days again?
 WITGOOD Our merry nights—which ne'er shall be more seen. *Exeunt*

1.3 *Enter at several doors old Lucre and old Hoard. [Lamprey, Spitchcock, Sam Freedom and Moneylove] coming between them to pacify 'em*

LAMPREY Nay, good Master Lucre, and you, Master Hoard, anger is the wind which you're both too much troubled withal.
 HOARD Shall my adversary thus daily affront me, ripping up the old wound of our malice which three summers could not close up, into which wound the very sight of him drops scalding lead instead of balsamum?
 LUCRE Why Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard, Hoard! May I not pass in the state of quietness to mine own house? Answer me to that, before witness, and why. I'll refer the cause to honest, even-minded gentlemen, or require the mere indifferency of the law to decide this matter. I got the purchase, true. Was't not any man's case? Yes. Will a wiseman stand as a bawd, whilst another wipes his nose of the bargain? No, I answer, no in that case.
 LAMPREY Nay, sweet Master Lucre.
 HOARD Was it the part of a friend? No, rather of a Jew. Mark what I say. When I had beaten the bush to the last bird, or as I may term it, the price to a pound, then, like a cunning usurer, to come in the evening of the bargain and glean all my hopes in a minute! To enter as it were at the back door of the purchase, for thou ne'er cam'st the right way by it.

LUCRE Hast thou the conscience to tell me so, without any impeachment to thyself?
 HOARD Thou that canst defeat thy own nephew, Lucre, lap his lands into bonds and take the extremity of thy kindred's forfeitures because he's a rioter, a waste-thrift, a brothel-master, and so forth—what may a stranger expect from thee but *vulnera dilacerata*, as the poet says, dilacerate dealing?
 LUCRE Upbraidst thou me with 'nephew'? Is all imputation laid upon me? What acquaintance have I with his follies? If he riot, 'tis he must want it; if he surfeit, 'tis he must feel it; if he drab it, 'tis he must lie by't. What's this to me?
 HOARD What's all to thee? Nothing, nothing. Such is the gulf of thy desire and the wolf of thy conscience. But be assured, old Pecunious Lucre, if ever fortune so bless me that I may be at leisure to vex thee, or any means so favour me that I may have opportunity to mad thee, I will pursue it with that flame of hate, that spirit of malice, unrepressed wrath, that I will blast thy comforts.
 LUCRE Ha, ha, ha!
 LAMPREY Nay, Master Hoard, you're a wise gentleman.
 HOARD I will so cross thee—
 LUCRE And I thee.
 HOARD So without mercy fret thee—
 LUCRE So monstrosly oppose thee.
 HOARD Dost scoff at my just anger? O, that I had as much power as usury has over thee!
 LUCRE Then thou wouldst have as much power as the devil has over thee.
 HOARD Toad!
 LUCRE Aspic!

61 **let . . . time** Witgood and the Host are like two clocks that strike at the same time, with a bawdy quibble.
 1.3.0.1 **several** separate
 0.2 **Lamprey, Spitchcock** The *lamprey* is a predatory eel-like fish, and *spitchcock* is a dish made of eel split open or cut in pieces and broiled or fried. Both names suggest slippery and menacing characters.
 4 **affront** (a) encounter, face (b) give offence to
 7 **balsamum** (a) balsam, an aromatic medicinal preparation (b) in a more general sense, balm
 12 **mere indifferency** absolute impartiality. *Indifferency* is an obsolete term for *indifference*.
 13 **purchase** profit acquired by dubious means
any man's case an opportunity open to anyone
 14 **bawd** pander, go-between
 14–15 **wipes his nose** cheats him
 17 **Jew** Drawing on the early modern characterization of Jews as non-Christian

aliens who take unfair advantage of others. The more specific association between Jews and usury is not a reason for Hoard to reject Lucre as a *friend*, since he is a usurer himself.
 18–19 **beaten . . . bird** done all the hard work. 'One beats the bush and another catches the bird' was proverbial (Tilley B740).
 19 **price to a pound** agreed upon an amount
 20 **in the evening** at the end
 22 **back door** with a suggestion of anal intercourse
 25 **impeachment** accusation
 26 **defeat** dispossess, defraud
 27 **lap** enfold
bonds (a) legal deeds by which one person is bound to pay another (b) physical means by which one is shackled or confined
 28 **waste-thrift** spendthrift
 30 **vulnera dilacerata** Latin for 'lacerated wounds'. There is probably no source for the phrase, which instead reflects Hoard's pomposity.
 31 **dilacerate** rent asunder, torn (Hoard's

coinage)
 34 **want it** lack it
 35 **drab it** resort to prostitutes
lie by't (a) sleep with them (b) suffer the consequences
 38 **gulf** voracious appetite, as in the name for the character in this play
wolf Usurers were likened to wolves by Sir Thomas Wilson in *A Discourse upon Usury* (1572).
 39 **Pecunious** from Latin *pecuniarius*, of money, and English 'pecunious', meaning wealthy
 42 **mad** infuriate
 47 **cross** thwart
 51–2 **as . . . thee** Hoard implies that while Lucre is an agent of usury, he is also a victim of its power. The suggestion applies to all the usurers in the play, including Hoard himself.
 53 **devil** from an association between usurers and devils
 55 **Toad** Usurers were compared to toads by Gerard de Malynes in *St George for England* (1601).
 56 **Aspic** asp, a poisonous snake

HOARD Serpent!
 LUCRE Viper!
 SPITCHCOCK Nay, gentlemen, then we must divide you,
 60 perforce.
 LAMPREY When the fire grows too unreasonable hot,
 there's no better way than to take off the wood.
Exeunt. Manent Sam and Moneylove
 SAM A word, good signior.
 MONEYLOVE How now, what's the news?
 65 SAM 'Tis given me to understand that you are a rival of
 mine in the love of Mistress Joyce, Master Hoard's niece.
 Say me ay, say me no.
 MONEYLOVE Yes, 'tis so.
 SAM Then look to yourself, you cannot live long. I'm
 70 practising every morning. A month hence I'll challenge
 you.
 MONEYLOVE Give me your hand upon't. There's my pledge
 I'll meet you!

Moneylove strikes Sam

SAM O, O. What reason had you for that, sir, to strike
 75 before the month? You knew I was not ready for you,
 and that made you so crank. I am not such a coward
 to strike again, I warrant you. My ear has the law of
 her side, for it burns horribly. I will teach him to strike
 a naked se, the longest day of his life. 'Slid, it shall
 80 cost me some money, but I'll bring this box into the
 Chancery. *Exit*

I.4 *Enter Witgood and the Host [disguised as a
 servingman]*

HOST Fear you nothing, sir. I have lodged her in a house
 of credit, I warrant you.
 WITGOOD Hast thou the writings?
 HOST Firm, sir.

75 **before the month** before the time agreed
 upon for their duel a month hence
 76 **crank** cocky
 77 **again** back
 77-8 **My ear...side** my ear is so badly
 injured that I have grounds for legal
 action
 79 **naked** defenceless, unprotected
 'Slid' contraction of 'God's (eye)lid', a
 mild oath
 80 **box** (a) blow (b) case
 81 **Chancery** court of the Lord Chancellor,
 the highest court of justice after the
 House of Lords, on the same level with
 the King's Bench and the Common Pleas.
 This was the court in which equity cases
 were most often heard.
 I.4.1-2 **house of credit** reputable house
 3 **writings** the spurious documents presented
 to Lucre at 2.1.37.
 4.1 **Dampit...Gulf** *Dampit* is compounded
 of 'the damned' and the 'pit' mentioned
 in Audrey's song at 4.5.2, the places
 where and means by which he effects
 that damnation: brothels, women's

mouths and genitals, taverns, debt,
 and ultimately hell. *Gulf* suggests the
 voracious appetite of the usurer that
 Hoard imputes to Lucre at 1.3.38.
 7 **caterpillar** extortioner
 9-10 **lost...ears** (a) the deaf (b) the
 criminal, who was frequently punished
 by having his ears cropped
 11 **trampler of time** A go-between, attorney,
 or petty solicitor who practised during
 'term-time', the four periods of the year
 when courts were in session—Hilary,
 Easter, Trinity and Michaelmas.
 12-13 **serge cloak** woollen or worsted
 cloth. *Dampit's* unkempt beard and serge
 clothing may suggest that he pretends to
 be poor.
 14 **brothel-vomiting** one who (a) is thrown
 out of brothels (b) vomits drunkenly in
 brothels (c) speaks the language of the
 brothel
 19-20 **set...th'ears** proverbial for 'set
 everyone at variance' (Tilley E23)
 23 **staked...noble** A noble was a gold coin
 valued at 11 shillings and 3 pence when

it was issued for the third time in 1527,
 but it had probably dropped in value
 from inflation by the early seventeenth
 century. *Dampit* apparently arranged
 a dog fight and staked his own dog for
 his part of the wager, thereby winning
 a noble when his dog won. Watson
 observes that 'this account of *Dampit's*
 rise to fortune is like a parody of the
 success story of the typical Jacobean
 businessman'.
 31 **trampler of the law** suggesting that
Dampit abuses the law or treads on the
 rights of others using legal means
 31-2 **the devil...footmen** proverbial, as in
 'the devil is ever kind to his own' (Tilley
 D245). The reference to *footmen* contin-
 ues the trampling imagery associated
 with *Dampit*.
 32 **nibbled** caught, nabbed, pilfered
 35 **low** *Gulf* is short and was perhaps played
 by a younger boy actor.
 36 **He...safe** a recurrent maxim in Seneca.
Gulf uses *low* to mean 'humbly'.
 38 **old Harry** used sometimes of the devil

Enter Dampit and Gulf, who talk apart
 WITGOOD Prithee, stay and behold two the most prodigious
 5 rascals that ever slipped into the shape of men: *Dampit*,
 sirrah, and young *Gulf*, his fellow caterpillar.
 HOST *Dampit*? Sure I have heard of that *Dampit*.
 WITGOOD Heard of him? Why, man, he that has lost
 both his ears may hear of him. A famous infamous
 10 trampler of time—his own phrase. Note him well, that
Dampit. Sirrah, he in the uneven beard and the serge
 cloak is the most notorious, usuring, blasphemous,
 atheistical, brothel-vomiting rascal that we have in
 these latter times now extant, whose first beginning
 15 was the stealing of a mastiff dog from a farmer's house.
 HOST He looked as if he would obey the commandments
 well when he began first with stealing.
 WITGOOD True. The next town he came at, he set the dogs
 together by th'ears.
 20 HOST A sign he should follow the law, by my faith.
 WITGOOD So it followed, indeed. And being destitute of all
 fortunes, staked his mastiff against a noble, and by great
 fortune his dog had the day. How he made it up ten
 shillings, I know not. But his own boast is that he came
 25 to town but with ten shillings in his purse, and now is
 credibly worth ten thousand pound!
 HOST How the devil came he by it?
 WITGOOD How the devil came he not by it? If you put in
 the devil once, riches come with a vengeance. He's been
 30 a trampler of the law, sir, and the devil has a care of his
 footmen. The rogue has spied me now. He nibbled me
 finely once, too; a pox search you.—O, Master *Dampit*,
 the very loins of thee! Cry you mercy, Master *Gulf*. You
 walk so low, I promise you I saw you not, sir!
 35 GULF He that walks low, walks safe, the poets tell us.
 WITGOOD [*aside*] And nigher hell by a foot and a half than
 the rest of his fellows.—But my old Harry!

DAMPIT My sweet Theodorus!
 40 WITGOOD 'Twas a merry world when thou cam'st to town
 with ten shillings in thy purse.
 DAMPIT And now worth ten thousand pound, my boy.
 Report it: Harry Dampit, a trampler of time. Say he
 would be up in a morning and be here with his serge
 45 gown, dashed up to the hams in a cause, have his feet
 stink about Westminster Hall and come home again,
 see the galleons, the galleasses, the great armadas of
 the law. Then there be hoys and petty vessels, oars and
 scullers of the time. There be picklocks of the time, too.
 50 Then would I be here. I would trample up and down like
 a mule: now to the judges, 'May it please your reverend
 honourable fatherhoods'; then to my counsellor, 'May it
 please your worshipful patience'; then to the examiner's
 office, 'May it please your mastership's gentleness'; then
 55 to one of the clerks, 'May it please your worshipful
 lousiness', for I find him scrubbing in his codpiece. Then
 to the hall again, then to the chamber again—
 WITGOOD And when to the cellar again?
 DAMPIT E'en when thou wilt again. Trampers of time,
 60 motions of Fleet Street, and visions of Holborn! Here
 I have fees of one, there I have fees of another. My
 clients come about me, the fooliaminy and coxcomby
 of the country. I still trashed and trotted for other men's
 causes. Thus was poor Harry Dampit made rich by
 65 others' laziness, who, though they would not follow
 their own suits, I made 'em follow me with their purses.
 WITGOOD Didst thou so, old Harry?
 DAMPIT Ay, and I soused 'em with bills of charges, i'faith.
 Twenty pound a year have I brought in for boathire,
 70 and I ne'er stepped into boat in my life.
 WITGOOD Trampers of time.
 DAMPIT Ay, trampers of time, rascals of time, bull-
 beggars!

WITGOOD Ah, thou'rt a mad old Harry! Kind Master Gulf,
 I am bold to renew my acquaintance. 75
 GULF I embrace it, sir. *Music. Exeunt*
Finis Actus Primus

Incipit Actus Secundus
Enter Lucre

LUCRE My adversary evermore twits me with my nephew.
 Forsooth, my nephew! Why, may not a virtuous
 uncle have a dissolute nephew? What though he be
 a brotheller, a waste-thrift, a common surfeiter, and to
 conclude, a beggar, must sin in him call up shame
 5 in me? Since we have no part in their follies, why
 should we have part in their infamies? For my strict
 hand toward his mortgage, that I deny not. I confess
 I had an uncle's penn'orth. Let me see, half in half;
 true, I saw neither hope of his reclaiming nor comfort
 10 in his being, and was it not then better bestowed upon
 his uncle than upon one of his aunts? I need not say
 bawd, for everyone knows what aunt stands for in the
 last translation.

[Enter Servant]

Now, sir.

SERVANT There's a country servingman, sir, attends to
 speak with your worship.

LUCRE I'm at best leisure now. Send him in to me.

[Exit Servant]

Enter Host like a servingman

HOST Bless your venerable worship.

LUCRE Welcome, good fellow.

HOST [aside] He calls me thief at first sight, yet he little
 20 thinks I am an host!

LUCRE What's thy business with me?

39 **Theodorus** meaning 'gift of God'. Taken together, Witgood's names mean that 'cleverness is God's gift'.
 45 **dashed** spattered with mud
hams the back of the thighs
 45-6 **have...stink** compare 3.4.76
 46 **Westminster Hall** where the law courts were held until 1882
 47 **galleons** ships that were used by the Spanish to transport treasures from the New World. All of the vessels that follow serve as metaphors for people of different degrees of importance that Dampit encountered in his work.
galleasses heavy vessels, larger than galleons, used chiefly as warships
armadas large warships
 48 **hoys** small coastal vessels
 48-9 **oars and scullers** small vessels propelled by rowing and sculling
 49 **picklocks** thieves
 52 **counsellor** the legal advocate
 53-4 **examiner's office** the officer who took depositions of witnesses
 56 **scrubbing** scratching, because of lice

codpiece a bagged appendage at the front of breeches
 60 **motions** puppets or puppet shows
motions...Holborn Fleet Street and Holborn were favourite haunts of sharpers, mentioned in Audrey's song at 4.5.3.
 The two phrases compare the 'trampers of time' moving frenetically on their errands along the thoroughfares in London's business districts to figures seen in a puppet show or a trance.
 62 **fooliaminy and coxcomby** Dampit's coinages, the first from 'fool' and the second from 'coxcomb', a fool or simpleton; both apply to his clients.
 63 **trashed** ran or walked through mud and mire
 68 **soused** soaked or swindled
 69-70 **Twenty...life** Dampit has made as much as £20 a year by charging his clients for his travelling expenses by boat when he never incurred those costs. Transportation by water from one location in London to another was common.

72 **trampers of time** By now the phrase implies that Dampit abused his clients by charging them for time and services that he never rendered, although he presented a great show of activity on their behalves.
 72-3 **bull-beggars** hobgoblins or objects of dread; imps or sprites that incite superstitious fear
 2.1.1 **twits** censures, upbraids
 2 **Forsooth** in truth
 5 **conclude** (a) end the list (b) end his life
 9 **an uncle's penn'orth** a swindler's pennyworth. 'To uncle' was to cheat.
half in half half the total amount. He calculates how much he has swindled from Witgood.
 10 **reclaiming** (a) reforming (b) repaying his debts to take back his property
 14 **last translation** most recent slang. Lucre is spelling out his use of *aunts* to mean *bawds*, which will become an important motif later in the play.
 21 **thief** *good fellow* was a cant name for a thief

- 25 HOST Faith, sir, I am sent from my mistress to any sufficient gentleman indeed, to ask advice upon a doubtful point. 'Tis indifferent, sir, to whom I come, for I know none, nor did my mistress direct me to any particular man, for she's as mere a stranger here as myself. Only I found your worship within, and 'tis a thing I ever loved, sir, to be dispatched as soon as I can.
- 30 LUCRE [*aside*] A good blunt honesty. I like him well.—What is thy mistress?
- HOST Faith, a country gentlewoman and a widow, sir. Yesterday was the first flight of us, but now she intends to stay till a little term business be ended.
- 35 LUCRE Her name, I prithee?
- HOST It runs there in the writings, sir, among her lands. Widow Meddler.
- LUCRE Meddler? Mass, have I ne'er heard of that widow?
- 40 HOST Yes, I warrant you, have you, sir. Not the rich widow in Staffordshire?
- LUCRE Cods me, there 'tis indeed. Thou has put me into memory. There's a widow indeed. Ah, that I were a bachelor again.
- 45 HOST No doubt your worship might do much then. But she's fairly promised to a bachelor already.
- LUCRE Ah, what is he, I prithee?
- HOST A country gentleman too, one whom your worship knows not, I'm sure. He's spent some few follies in his youth, but marriage, by my faith, begins to call him home. My mistress loves him, sir, and love covers faults, you know. One Master Witgood, if ever you have heard of the gentleman.
- 50 LUCRE Ha? Witgood, sayst thou?
- 55 HOST That's his name indeed, sir. My mistress is like to bring him to a goodly seat yonder—four hundred a year, by my faith.
- LUCRE But I pray, take me with you.
- HOST Ay, sir?
- LUCRE What countryman might this young Witgood be? 60
HOST A Leicestershire gentleman, sir.
- LUCRE [*aside*] My nephew, by the mass, my nephew! I'll fetch out more of this, i'faith. A simple country fellow, I'll work't out of him.—And is that gentleman, sayst thou, presently to marry her? 65
- HOST Faith, he brought her up to town, sir. H'as the best card in all the bunch for't, her heart. And I know my mistress will be married ere she go down, nay I'll swear that. For she's none of those widows that will go down first and be married after. She hates that, I can tell you, 70
sir.
- LUCRE By my faith, sir, she is like to have a proper gentleman and a comely. I'll give her that gift!
- HOST Why, does your worship know him, sir?
- LUCRE I know him! Does not all the world know him? Can a man of such exquisite qualities be hid under a bushel? 75
HOST Then your worship may save me a labour, for I had charge given me to enquire after him.
- LUCRE Enquire of him? If I might counsel thee, thou shouldst ne'er trouble thyself further. Enquire of him of no more but of me. I'll fit thee! I grant he has been youthful, but is he not now reclaimed? Mark you that, 80
sir. Has not your mistress, think you, been wanton in her youth? If men be wags, are there not women wagtails?
- 85 HOST No doubt, sir.
- LUCRE Does not he return wisest that comes home whipped with his own follies?
- HOST Why, very true, sir.
- LUCRE The worst report you can hear of him, I can tell you, is that he has been a kind gentleman, a liberal and a worthy. Who but lusty Witgood, thrice noble Witgood! 90
HOST Since our worship has so much knowledge in him, can you resolve me, sir, what his living might be? My duty binds me, sir, to have a care of my mistress' estate. 95

24 **sufficient** well-to-do

28 **mere** (a) absolute (b) ordinary, inept

30 **dispatched** rid of a piece of business promptly, even hastily

34 **first flight** commonly used of fledglings leaving the nest, i.e. this is the first time the widow has left her estate

35 **term business** legal business transacted while the law courts were in session, with bawdy implications because prostitutes also congregated during term-time

38 **Meddler** The name implies one who (a) mingles or interferes in another person's business and (b) engages in sexual intercourse. A third meaning more directly suggests a 'whore' and stems from the word's association with the medlar tree, the fruit of which was eaten when it was partly rotten. The seventeenth-century texts spell the name as 'Medler' and 'Meddler'. See textual note.

41 **Staffordshire** a county in the English

Midlands

42 **Cods me** corruption of 'God save me'

51 **home** (a) back to his former, more restrained identity (b) back to domestic life

covers conceals; i.e. love is blind

56 **seat** estate

58 **take me with you** tell me your meaning

67 **bunch** pack

68 **go down** (a) leave London for the country (b) have sex

70 **She hates that** The host defends the honour of his mistress by affirming that she will not have sex before marriage. There is obvious dramatic irony in the remark given what the audience knows about Jane.

72 **proper** handsome

73 **comely** pleasing, agreeable

give her that gift grant her that

76 **hid... bushel** An image from Matthew 5:15: 'Neither do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel, but on a

andlestick, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house'.

78 **after** about

81 **fit** answer

84–5 If... **wagtails** *Wags* suggests rogues; *wagtails* licentious women or prostitutes. There is a considerable gap between the small guilt attributed to men in the sentence and that attributed to women, which reflects the sexual double standard and makes suspect Lucre's attempts to use a woman's transgressions to justify a man's.

87–8 **Does... follies** The argument is similar to Jane's observation at 5.2.151, 'She that knows sin, knows best how to hate sin'.

91 **kind** affectionate, loving, with bawdy implications

liberal (a) generous (b) licentious

92 **lusty** (a) agreeable, pleasing (b) full of sexual desire

94 **living** livelihood and estate

She has been ever a good mistress to me, though I say it. Many wealthy suitors has she nonsuited for his sake. Yet though her love be so fixed, a man cannot tell whether his nonperformance may help to remove it, sir. He makes us believe he has lands and living.

100 LUCRE Who, young Master Witgood? Why, believe it, he has as goodly a fine living out yonder—what do you call the place?

HOST Nay, I know not, i'faith.

105 LUCRE Hum, see like a beast if I have not forgot the name—puh! And out yonder again, goodly grown woods and fair meadows. Pox on't, I can ne'er hit of that place, neither. He? Why, he's Witgood of Witgood Hall; he an unknown thing!

110 HOST Is he so, sir? To see how rumour will alter. Trust me, sir, we heard once he had no lands, but all lay mortgaged to an uncle he has in town here.

LUCRE Push! 'Tis a tale, 'tis a tale.

HOST I can assure you, sir, 'twas credibly reported to my mistress.

115 LUCRE Why, do you think, i'faith, he was ever so simple to mortgage his lands to his uncle? Or his uncle so unnatural to take the extremity of such a mortgage?

HOST That was my saying still, sir.

LUCRE Puh, ne'er think it.

HOST Yet that report goes current.

120 LUCRE Nay, then you urge me, Cannot I tell that best that am his uncle?

HOST How, sir! What have I done?

LUCRE Why, how now, in a swoon, man?

HOST Is your worship his uncle, sir?

125 LUCRE Can that be any harm to you, sir?

HOST I do beseech you, sir, do me the favour to conceal it. What a beast was I to utter so much! Pray, sir, do me the kindness to keep it in. I shall have my coat pulled o'er my ears, an't should be known, for the truth is, an't please your worship, to prevent much rumour and many suitors, they intend to be married very suddenly and privately.

130

LUCRE And dost thou think it stands with my judgement to do them injury? Must I needs say the knowledge of this marriage comes from thee? Am I a fool at fifty-four? Do I lack subtlety now, that have got all my wealth by it? There's a leash of angels for thee. Come, let me woo thee. Speak, where lie they?

135

HOST So I might have no anger, sir—

LUCRE Passion of me, not a jot. Prithee, come.

140

HOST I would not have it known it came by my means.

LUCRE Why, am I a man of wisdom?

HOST I dare trust your worship, sir. But I'm a stranger to your house, and to avoid all intelligencers, I desire your worship's ear.

145

LUCRE [aside] This fellow's worth a matter of trust.—Come, sir. [Host whispers to Lucre] Why, now, thou'rt an honest lad. Ah, sirrah nephew!

HOST Please you, sir, now I have begun with your worship, when shall I attend for your advice upon that doubtful point? I must come warily now.

150

LUCRE Tut, fear thou nothing. Tomorrow's evening shall resolve the doubt.

HOST The time shall cause my attendance. Exit

LUCRE Fare thee well. There's more true honesty in such a country servingman than in a hundred of our cloak companions. I may well call 'em companions, for since blue coats have been turned into cloaks, we can scarce know the man from the master. George!

155

[Enter George]

GEORGE Anon, sir.

160

LUCRE List hither. Keep the place secret. Commend me to my nephew. I know no cause, tell him, but he might see his uncle.

GEORGE I will, sir.

LUCRE And do you hear, sir, take heed you use him with respect and duty.

165

GEORGE [aside] Here's a strange alteration. One day he must be turned out like a beggar, and now he must be called in like a knight! Exit

LUCRE Ah, sirrah, that rich widow! Four hundred a year! Beside, I hear she lays claim to a title of a hundred more. This falls unhappily, that he should bear a grudge to me

170

97 **nonsuited** rejected. There is a pun on the legal meaning of the word, which described the cessation of a suit resulting from the voluntary withdrawal of the plaintiff, and on 'suitors' as wooers.

99 **nonperformance** failure to fulfil one's promises or live up to the terms of a contract

106 **puh** an expression of impatience or disgust

107 **hit of** remember

113 **Push** pish, an expression of contempt analogous to the current use of *fuck*

118 **take the extremity of** exact the full amount of

119 **That...still** that was the story I was told

120 **goes current** is in general circulation

urge provoke

128 **in** secret

128-9 **coat...ears** be stripped of my livery, the clothing of servants; i.e. lose my job

129 **an't** if it

137 **leash of angels** three gold coins, each worth from 10 to 11 shillings, having the figure of the archangel St Michael on one side

138 **lie** lodge

144 **intelligencers** spies

148 **sirrah** an expression of contempt for Witgood and a sign of Lucre's authority over him

150-1 **that doubtful point** i.e. Witgood's living

153 **resolve** dissolve, remove

156-7 **cloak companions** i.e. gentlemen or

freed citizens whose cloaks distinguished them from servingmen until the fashion changed (see 2.1.158-9)

157 **'em** i.e. servingmen

158 **blue coats** the traditional livery or clothing of the servingman, which was discarded in the early seventeenth century for cloaks of various colours

158-9 **we...master** Clothing served to identify people by their class standing, so the disappearance of blue coats blurred the distinctions between masters and servants. Lucre deplores this development and then orders his own servant about immediately afterwards.

159 **the man** the servingman or servant

161 **List hither** i.e. listen over here

171 **title** deed of property

- now, being likely to prove so rich. What is't, trow, that he makes me a stranger for? Hum. I hope he has not so much wit to apprehend that I cozened him. He deceives me, then? Good heaven, who would have thought it would ever have come to this pass! Yet he's a proper gentleman, i'faith, give him his due. Marry, that's his mortgage, but that I ne'er mean to give him. I'll make him rich enough in words, if that be good; and if it come to a piece of money, I will not greatly stick for't. There may be hope some of the widow's lands, too, may one day fall upon me, if things be carried wisely.
- [Enter George]
- Now, sir, where is he?
- 185 GEORGE He desires your worship to hold him excused. He has such weighty business, it commands him wholly from all men.
- LUCRE Were those my nephew's words?
- GEORGE Yes indeed, sir.
- 190 LUCRE When men grow rich, they grow proud, too: I perceive that. He would not have sent me such an answer once within this twelvemonth. See what 'tis when a man's come to his lands. Return to him again, sir. Tell him his uncle desires his company for an hour. I'll trouble him but an hour, say. 'Tis for his own good, tell him. And do you hear, sir, put 'worship' upon him. Go to, do as I bid you. He's like to be a gentleman of worship very shortly.
- GEORGE [aside] This is good sport, i'faith. Exit
- 200 LUCRE Troth, he uses his uncle discourteously now. Can he tell what I may do for him? Goodness may come from me in a minute that comes not in seven year again. He knows my humour; I am not so usually good. 'Tis no small thing that draws kindness from me, he may know that, an he will. The chief cause that invites me to do him most good is the sudden astonishing of old Hoard, my adversary. How pale his malice will look at my nephew's advancement! With what a dejected spirit he will behold his fortunes, whom but last day he proclaimed rioter, penurious makeshift, despised brothel-master! Ha, ha! 'Twill do me more secret joy than my last purchase, more precious comfort than all these widow's revenues!
- [Enter George]
- Now, sir—
Enter Witgood
- GEORGE With much entreaty he's at length come, sir. 215 [Exit]
- LUCRE O nephew, let me salute you, sir! You're welcome, nephew.
- WITGOOD Uncle, I thank you.
- LUCRE You've a fault, nephew: you're a stranger here. Well, heaven give you joy. 220
- WITGOOD Of what, sir?
- LUCRE Ha, we can hear. You might have known your uncle's house, i'faith. You and your widow, go to, you were to blame, If I may tell you so without offence.
- WITGOOD How could you hear of that, sir?
- LUCRE O, pardon me. 225 It was your will to have it kept from me, I perceive now.
- WITGOOD Not for any defect of love, I protest, Uncle.
- LUCRE O, 'twas unkindness, nephew—fie, fie, fie!
- WITGOOD I am sorry you take it in that sense, sir. 230
- LUCRE Puh, you cannot colour it, i'faith, nephew.
- WITGOOD Will you but hear what I can say in my just excuse, sir?
- LUCRE Yes, faith, will I, and welcome.
- WITGOOD You that know my danger i'th' city, sir, so well, how great my debts are, and how extreme my creditors, could not out of your pure judgement, sir, have wished us hither. 235
- LUCRE Mass, a firm reason indeed.
- WITGOOD Else my uncle's house, why, 't'ad been the only make-match. 240
- LUCRE Nay, and thy credit.
- WITGOOD My credit? Nay, my countenance. Push! Nay, I know, uncle, you would have wrought it so by your

173 trow do you suppose

175 cozened cheated

175-6 He... then I am deceived in him, then?

181 stick for't be reluctant to do it

190-1 When... that Lucre is the first in the play to observe a connection between a man's proud sense of himself and his acquisition of riches or land. The play offers other instances with Hoard's reaction to his newfound wealth at 4.4.1-91 and 5.2.1-13.

196 put 'worship' upon him call him 'your

worship' as a sign of respect

203 humour disposition

205 an if

210 penurious destitute, poor

212 my last purchase Lucre's victory over Hoard that was the subject of their dispute at 1.3.4-23

222 known been acquainted with, i.e. used, visited

229 unkindness ingratitude; forgetful of the relationship due to a relative

231 colour disguise, misrepresent

240 uncle's house perhaps a slang term for the residence of an 'aunt' or bawd, and hence an appropriate place for sexual assignments

241 make-match place to make a match

243 countenance dignity, appearance of wealth. Witgood counters Lucre's assertion that his uncle's home is the only place for him to gain credit with the claim that it is the only place that will support his general pretensions to wealth and reputation.

- 245 wit. You would have made her believe in time the whole house had been mine.
LUCRE Ay, and most of the goods, too.
WITGOOD La, you there! Well, let 'em all prate what they will, there's nothing like the bringing of a widow to one's uncle's house.
250 LUCRE Nay, let nephews be ruled as they list, they shall find their uncle's house the most natural place when all's done.
WITGOOD There they may be bold.
255 LUCRE Life, they may do anything there, man, and fear neither beadle nor summoner. An uncle's house! A very Cole Harbour! Sirrah, I'll touch thee near now. Hast thou so much interest in thy widow, that by a token thou couldst presently send for her?
260 WITGOOD Troth, I think I can, uncle.
LUCRE Go to, let me see that.
WITGOOD Pray, command one of your men hither, uncle.
LUCRE George!
[Enter George]
GEORGE Here, sir.
265 LUCRE Attend my nephew! [Aside, as Witgood talks to George] I love a' life to prattle with a rich widow. 'Tis pretty, methinks, when our tongues go together, and then to promise much and perform little. I love that sport o' life, i'faith. Yet I am in the mood now to do my nephew some good, if he take me handsomely.
270 [Exit George]
What, have you dispatched?
WITGOOD I ha' sent, sir.
LUCRE Yet I must condemn you of unkindness, nephew.
WITGOOD Heaven forbid, uncle!
275 LUCRE Yes, faith, must I. Say your debts be many, your creditors importunate, yet the kindness of a thing is all, nephew. You might have sent me close word on't, without the least danger or prejudice to your fortunes.
WITGOOD Troth, I confess it, uncle. I was to blame there.
280 But indeed, my intent was to have clapped it up suddenly, and so have broke forth like a joy to my friends and a wonder to the world. Beside there's a trifle of a forty pound matter toward the setting of me forth, my friends should ne'er have known on't. I meant to make shift for that myself.
285 LUCRE How, nephew? Let me not hear such a word again, I beseech you. Shall I be beholden to you?
WITGOOD To me? Alas, what do you mean, uncle?
LUCRE I charge you upon my love, you trouble nobody but myself.
290 WITGOOD You've no reason for that, uncle.
LUCRE Troth, I'll ne'er be friends with you while you live, an you do.
WITGOOD Nay, an you say so, uncle, here's my hand. I will not do't.
295 LUCRE Why, well said. There's some hope in thee when thou wilt be ruled. I'll make it up fifty, faith, because I see thee so reclaimed. Peace, here comes my wife with Sam, her t'other husband's son.
[Enter Wife and Sam]
WITGOOD Good Aunt—
300 SAM Cousin Witgood! I rejoice in my salute. You're most welcome to this noble city, governed with the sword in the scabbard.
WITGOOD [aside] And the wit in the pommel.—Good Master Sam Freedom, I return the salute.
305 LUCRE By the mass, she's coming, wife. Let me see now how thou wilt entertain her.
WIFE I hope I am not to learn, sir, to entertain a widow. 'Tis not so long ago since I was one myself.
[Enter Jane disguised as a rich widow]
WITGOOD Uncle—
310 LUCRE She's come, indeed!
WITGOOD My uncle was desirous to see you, widow, and I presumed to invite you.
JANE The presumption was nothing, Master Witgood. Is this your uncle, sir?
315 LUCRE Marry, am I, sweet widow, and his good uncle he shall find me. Ay, by this smack that I give thee, thou'rt welcome. [Kissing her] Wife, bid the widow welcome the same way again.

248 **prate** talk, boast

251 **list** please

256 **beadle** a parish constable, whose duties

might include whipping prostitutes

summoner a minor official who summoned people to court; also an officer who brought offenders before the ecclesiastical courts, where sexual offences were often tried. Taken together, *beadle nor summoner* suggests that an uncle's house is free of the agents of civil and ecclesiastical authority.

257 **Cole Harbour** A group of tenements on the north bank of the Thames and west of London Bridge that became known

as a sanctuary for debtors and criminals and a place for hasty marriages.

touch upset, annoy

258 **interest** claim on

266 **a' life** as life, i.e. as dearly as my life

prattle chatter or talk at length

270 **take me handsomely** interprets me courteously

277 **close** secret

280 **clapped it up** made the match

282 **friends** relatives

Beside there's if it were not for

283 **matter** i.e. debt

setting . . . forth equipping me, fitting me

out

285 **make shift for** manage, deal with

293, 294 **an if**

297 **make it up** raise a sum to a larger sum

299 **t'other** other. Lucre has already married a widow.

302-3 **sword . . . scabbard** Since the *scabbard* was a sheath for the sword, the phrase implies that punishment is restrained.

304 **wit . . . pommel** the amount of wit in the knob on the hilt of a sword, i.e. no wit at all

307 **entertain** receive

317 **smack** kiss

- 320 SAM [*aside*] I am a gentleman now too, by my father's occupation, and I see no reason but I may kiss a widow by my father's copy. Truly, I think the charter is not against it. Surely these are the words: 'The son, once a gentleman, may revel it, though his father were a dauber.' 'Tis about the fifteenth page. I'll to her.
- 325 [*He tries to kiss Jane, who rebuffs him*]
- LUCRE [*to Sam*] You're not very busy now.—A word with thee, sweet widow.
- [*They talk apart*]
- SAM [*aside*] Cod's nigs! I was never so disgraced, since the hour my mother whipped me.
- 330 LUCRE [*to Jane*] Beside, I have no child of mine own to care for. She's my second wife—old, past bearing. Clap sure to him, widow. He's like to be my heir, I can tell you!
- JANE Is he so, sir?
- LUCRE He knows it already, and the knave's proud on't. Jolly rich widows have been offered him here i'th' city, great merchants' wives, and do you think he would once look upon 'em? Forsooth, he'll none. You are beholden to him i'th' country, then, ere we could be. Nay, I'll hold a wager, widow, if he were once known to be in town, he would be presently sought after. Nay, and happy were they that could catch him first.
- 340 JANE I think so!
- LUCRE O, there would be such running to and fro, widow, he should not pass the streets for 'em. He'd be took up in one great house or other presently. Fah! They know he has it and must have it. You see this house here, widow; this house and all comes to him. Goodly rooms ready furnished, ceiled with plaster of Paris, and all hung above with cloth of arras. Nephew!
- 350 WITGOOD Sir.
- LUCRE Show the widow your house. Carry her into all the rooms, and bid her welcome. You shall see, widow. [*Aside to Witgood*] Nephew? Strike all sure above, an thou be'st a good boy. Ah!
- 355 WITGOOD Alas, sir, I know not how she would take it.
- LUCRE The right way, I warrant ye. A pox, art an ass? Would I were in thy stead! Get you up. I am ashamed of you. [*Exeunt Witgood and Jane*]
- [*Aside*] So, let 'em agree as they will now. Many a match has been struck up in my house o' this fashion. Let 'em try all manner of ways, still there's nothing like an uncle's house to strike the stroke in. I'll hold my wife in talk a little.—Now, Jenny, your son there goes a-wooing to a poor gentlewoman but of a thousand portion. See my nephew, a lad of less hope, strikes at four hundred a year in good rubbish.
- 360 WIFE Well, we must do as we may, sir.
- LUCRE I'll have his money ready told for him, against he come down. Let me see, too. By th' mass, I must present the widow with some jewel, a good piece o' plate, or such a device; 'twill hearten her on well. I have a very fair standing cup, and a good high standing cup will please a widow above all other pieces. *Exit*
- 370 WIFE [*aside*] Do you mock us with your nephew?—I have a plot in my head, son—i'faith, husband, to cross you.
- SAM Is it a tragedy plot, or a comedy plot, good mother?
- WIFE 'Tis a plot shall vex him. I charge you of my blessing, son Sam, that you presently withdraw the action of your love from Master Hoard's niece.
- 380 SAM How, mother?
- WIFE Nay, I have a plot in my head, i'faith. Here, take this chain of gold and this fair diamond. Dog me the widow home to her lodging, and at thy best opportunity fasten 'em both upon her. Nay, I have a reach. I can tell you, thou art known what thou art, son, among the right worshipful—all the twelve companies.
- 385 SAM Truly, I thank 'em for it.
- WIFE He, he's a scab to thee. And so certify her thou hast two hundred a year of thyself, beside thy good parts—a proper person and a lovely. If I were a widow, I could find in my heart to have thee myself, son. Ay, from 'em all.
- 390 SAM Thank you for your good will, mother, but indeed I had rather have a stranger. And if I woo her not in that violent fashion that I will make her be glad to take
- 395

320 **father's** Lucre's, Sam's stepfather
 321 **occupation** referring to Lucre's status as a gentleman. Since status was traditionally conferred by birth rather than employment or merit, Sam's choice of words reflects the upward mobility that wealth and occupation increasingly conferred in Jacobean society. He argues that the right to sexual intimacy is inflected by class, and the higher one's rank, the more claim one has on women of a comparable position.

322 **copy** (a) example (b) right, as in the rights of a son to lands that his father held by custom of the manor, which were recorded on a copy of the court rolls

charter i.e. of a guild of craftsmen, referring to Sam's work
 325 **dauber** (a) plasterer (b) impostor, from *daub*, meaning to conceal or cover with a plausible exterior
 328 **Cod's nigs** an expression of surprise, probably meaning 'God's little pieces'
 345 **presently** immediately
 346 **it** i.e. Lucre's wealth
 348 **ceiled** ceilinged
 349 **above** i.e. upstairs
cloth of arras rich tapestries, in which figures and scenes were woven in colour
 353 **Strike all sure** (a) seal the match (b) have sex with her
 362 **strike the stroke** (a) make a bargain (b) thrust one's penis
 364 **thousand portion** i.e. a dowry of £1,000

366 **rubbish** land
 368 **told** counted
against by the time that
 370 **plate** silver or gold object
 372 **standing cup** a cup on a stem or base, with a pun on its phallic shape
 377 **of** by
 378-9 **action...love** offer of marriage
 382 **Dog me** follow
 384 **reach** scheme, goal
 386 **twelve companies** the twelve most important trade guilds in the City of London
 388 **scab** to scoundrel compared with
 394 **stranger** Sam picks up his mother's hint of incestuous desire at 2.1.390-2 and deflects it.
 395 **violent** vehement

these gifts ere I leave her, let me never be called the heir of your body.
 WIFE Nay, I know there's enough in you, son, if you once come to put it forth.
 400 SAM I'll quickly make a bolt or a shaft on't. *Exeunt*

2.2 *Enter Hoard and Moneylove*
 MONEYLOVE Faith, Master Hoard, I have bestowed many months in the suit of your niece. Such was the dear love I ever bore to her virtues. But since she hath so extremely denied me, I am to lay out for my fortunes elsewhere.
 5 HOARD Heaven forbid but you should, sir. I ever told you my niece stood otherwise affected.
 MONEYLOVE I must confess you did, sir, yet in regard of my great loss of time, and the zeal with which I sought
 10 your niece, shall I desire one favour of your worship?
 HOARD In regard of those two, 'tis hard but you shall, sir.
 MONEYLOVE I shall rest grateful. 'Tis not full three hours, sir, since the happy rumour of a rich country widow came to my hearing.
 15 HOARD How? A rich country widow?
 MONEYLOVE Four hundred a year landed.
 HOARD Yea?
 MONEYLOVE Most firm, sir. And I have learnt her lodging. Here my suit begins, sir. If I might but entreat your
 20 worship to be a countenance for me, and speak a good word—for your words will pass—I nothing doubt but I might set fair for the widow. Nor shall your labour, sir, end altogether in thanks. Two hundred angels—
 HOARD So, so, what suitors has she?
 25 MONEYLOVE There lies the comfort, sir. The report of her is yet but a whisper, and only solicited by young, riotous Witgood, nephew to your mortal adversary.
 HOARD Ha! Art certain he's her suitor?
 MONEYLOVE Most certain, sir. And his uncle very industrious to beguile the widow and make up the match!
 30 HOARD So? Very good!
 MONEYLOVE Now, sir, you know this young Witgood is a spendthrift, dissolute fellow.
 HOARD A very rascal.
 35 MONEYLOVE A midnight surfeiter.
 HOARD The spume of a brothel-house.
 MONEYLOVE True, sir! Which being well told in your worship's phrase, may both heave him out of her mind and drive a fair way for me to the widow's affections.

HOARD Attend me about five.
 MONEYLOVE With my best care, sir. *Exit*
 HOARD
 Fool, thou hast left thy treasure with a thief,
 To trust a widower with a suit in love!
 Happy revenge, I hug thee. I have not only the means laid before me extremely to cross my adversary and confound the last hopes of his nephew, but thereby to enrich my state, augment my revenues, and build mine own fortunes greater. Ha, ha!
 I'll mar your phrase, o'erturn your flatteries,
 Undo your windings, policies and plots,
 45 Fall like a secret and dispatchful plague
 On your securèd comforts. Why, I am able
 To buy three of Lucre, thrice outbid him,
 Let my out-monies be reckoned and all.
Enter three Creditors
 FIRST CREDITOR I am glad of this news. 55
 SECOND CREDITOR So are we, by my faith.
 THIRD CREDITOR Young Witgood will be a gallant again now.
 HOARD [*aside, overhearing their conversation*] Peace!
 FIRST CREDITOR I promise you, Master Cockpit, she's a 60
 mighty rich widow.
 SECOND CREDITOR Why, have you ever heard of her?
 FIRST CREDITOR Who, Widow Meddler? She lies open to much rumour.
 THIRD CREDITOR Four hundred a year, they say, in very 65
 good land.
 FIRST CREDITOR Nay, take 't of my word, if you believe that, you believe the least.
 SECOND CREDITOR And to see how close he keeps it.
 FIRST CREDITOR O, sir, there's policy in that to prevent 70
 better suitors.
 THIRD CREDITOR He owes me a hundred pound, and I protest I ne'er looked for a penny.
 FIRST CREDITOR He little dreams of our coming. He'll wonder to see his creditors upon him. *Exeunt* 75
 HOARD
 Good, his creditors; I'll follow. This makes for me. All know the widow's wealth, and 'tis well known I can estate her fairly, ay, and will. In this one chance shines a twice happy fate:
 I both deject my foe, and raise my state. *Music. Exit* 80
Finis Actus Secundus

398-400 there's...on't the lines have phallic connotations

400 bolt...on't do it one way or the other; literally, use a thick arrow or a slender one. The phrase is proverbial (Tilley S264).

2.2.7 affected inclined, disposed

11 but unless

20 countenance support

21 pass succeed

22 set fair for stand a good chance of winning

23 Two hundred angels over £100, a considerable sum

35 surfeiter one who indulges in excesses

36 spume foam, froth

38 phrase manner of expression

49 phrase praise

50 windings meanderings, twists and turns, referring to Moneylove's shift from Hoard's niece to the widow

51 dispatchful deadly

54 out-monies assets lent out or invested

and not immediately liquid

57 gallant fine gentleman, man of fashion

63-4 lies...rumour is much talked about (punning on *lies open* as 'sexually available'). Another name for the medlar fruit was 'openarse'.

69 he i.e. Witgood

73 looked for expected

76 makes for me works in my favour

80 deject overthrow

state estate



3.1

*Incipit Actus Tertius**[Enter] Witgood with his Creditors*

WITGOOD Why, alas, my creditors, could you find no other time to undo me but now? Rather your malice appears in this than the justness of the debt.

FIRST CREDITOR Master Witgood, I have forborne my money long.

WITGOOD I pray, speak low, sir. What do you mean?

SECOND CREDITOR We hear you are to be married suddenly to a rich country widow.

WITGOOD What can be kept so close but you creditors hear on't? Well, 'tis a lamentable state that our chiefest afflictors should first hear of our fortunes. Why, this is no good course, i'faith, sirs. If ever you have hope to be satisfied, why do you seek to confound the means that should work it? There's neither piety, no, nor policy in that. Shine favourably now. Why, I may rise and spread again, to your great comforts.

FIRST CREDITOR He says truth, i'faith.

WITGOOD Remove me now, and I consume forever.

SECOND CREDITOR Sweet gentleman!

WITGOOD How can it thrive which from the sun you sever?

THIRD CREDITOR It cannot, indeed.

WITGOOD

O, then show patience. I shall have enough
To satisfy you all.

FIRST CREDITOR Ay, if we could
Be content, a shame take us.

WITGOOD For, look you,

I am but newly sure yet to the widow,
And what a rend might this discredit make.
Within these three days will I bind you lands
For your securities.

FIRST CREDITOR No, good Master Witgood,
Would 'twere as much as we dare trust you with!

WITGOOD I am to raise a little money in the city toward
the setting forth of myself, for mine own credit and your
comfort. Now, if my former debts should be divulged,
all hope of my proceedings were quite extinguished!

FIRST CREDITOR [*aside to Witgood*] Do you hear, sir? I may
deserve your custom hereafter. Pray, let my money
be accepted before a stranger's. Here's forty pound I
received as I came to you. If that may stand you in any
stead, make use on't. Nay, pray sir, 'tis at your service.

WITGOOD [*aside to First Creditor*]

You do so ravish me with kindness that
I'm constrained to play the maid and take it!

FIRST CREDITOR [*aside to Witgood*] Let none of them see it,
I beseech you.

WITGOOD [*aside to First Creditor*] Fah!

FIRST CREDITOR [*aside to Witgood*]

I hope I shall be first in your remembrance
After the marriage rites.

WITGOOD [*aside to First Creditor*]

Believe it firmly.

FIRST CREDITOR So.—What, do you walk, sirs?

SECOND CREDITOR I go. [*Aside to Witgood*] Take no care, sir,
for money to furnish you. Within this hour, I'll send
you sufficient.—Come, Master Cockpit, we both stay for
you.

THIRD CREDITOR I ha' lost a ring, i'faith. I'll follow you
presently. [*Exeunt First and Second Creditors*]

But you shall find it, sir. I know your youth and
expenses have disurnished you of all jewels. There's
a ruby of twenty pound price, sir: bestow it upon your
widow.—What, man, 'twill call up her blood to you.
Beside, if I might so much work with you, I would
not have you beholden to those bloodsuckers for any
money.

WITGOOD Not I, believe it.

THIRD CREDITOR They're a brace of cutthroats!

WITGOOD I know 'em.

THIRD CREDITOR Send a note of all your wants to my shop,
and I'll supply you instantly.

WITGOOD Say you so? Why, here's my hand, then. No man
living shall do't but thyself.

THIRD CREDITOR Shall I carry it away from 'em both, then?

WITGOOD I'faith, shalt thou!

THIRD CREDITOR Troth, then I thank you, sir.

3.1.4 **forborne** gone without

15 **Shine . . . spread** The metaphor associates
the creditors with the sun and Witgood
with a plant. It continues at 3.1.20.

18 **Remove me** (a) take me out of circulation
by sending me to prison (b) take my
money away

consume waste away (a) physically
(b) financially

25 **sure** betrothed

26 **rend** rent, split, division

discredit (a) disrepute (b) having his debts
called in

29 **Would . . . with** even if the lands you offer
us as security were worth as much as we

feel we can loan you. (The creditors are
so gullible that at this point they decline
Witgood's offer to secure his prior loans.)

30 **I am to raise** Eighteen lines have been
omitted prior to this line and printed as
an additional passage at the end of the
text, on the grounds that they are an
undramatic repetition of the preceding
twenty-nine lines in the scene and may
have been an earlier version of it.

35 **custom** business patronage

39 **ravish** (a) transport with ecstasy or
delight (b) rape

40 **play . . . it** proverbial misogyny for yield-
ing after an initial display of resistance.

The complete proverb was, 'Maids say
nay and take it' (Tilley M34). In this
context, it suggests that Witgood ap-
pears to resist what he really wants: the
money; but the proverb also attributes
a coyness to women that incites and
excuses rape by implying that *taking it*
is part of being female.

49 **stay** wait

54 **disurnished** deprived

56 **call . . . you** The widow's *blood* or sexual
desire will be prompted by the colour and
value of the ring.

67 **carry . . . from** triumph over

70 WITGOOD Welcome, good Master Cockpit!
Exit [Third Creditor]
 Ha, ha, ha! Why, is not this better, now, than lying
 a-bed? I perceive there's nothing conjures up wit sooner
 than poverty, and nothing lays it down sooner than
 wealth and lechery! This has some savour yet. O, that I
 75 had the mortgage from mine uncle as sure in possession
 as these trifles, I would forswear brothel at noon day,
 and muscadine and eggs at midnight.
Enter Jane [as a rich widow]
 JANE Master Witgood? Where are you?
 WITGOOD Holla!
 80 JANE Rich news!
 WITGOOD Would 'twere all in plate.
 JANE There's some in chains and jewels. I am so haunted
 with suitors, Master Witgood, I know not which to
 dispatch first.
 85 WITGOOD You have the better term, by my faith.
 JANE
 Among the number,
 One Master Hoard, an ancient gentleman.
 WITGOOD
 Upon my life, my uncle's adversary!
 JANE
 It may well hold so, for he rails on you,
 Speaks shamefully of him.
 90 WITGOOD As I could wish it.
 JANE
 I first denied him, but so cunningly,
 It rather promised him assurèd hopes
 Than any loss of labour.
 WITGOOD Excellent!
 JANE
 I expect him every hour, with gentlemen
 95 With whom he labours to make good his words,
 To approve you riotous, your state consumed,
 Your uncle—
 WITGOOD Wench, make up thy own fortunes now; do
 thyself a good turn once in thy days. He's rich in
 100 money, movables, and lands—marry him. He's an old
 doting fool, and that's worth all—marry him. 'Twould
 be a great comfort to me to see thee do well, i'faith—
 marry him. 'Twould ease my conscience well to see thee
 well bestowed. I have a care of thee, i'faith.
 JANE Thanks, sweet Master Witgood. 105
 WITGOOD I reach at farther happiness. First, I am sure
 it can be no harm to thee, and there may happen
 goodness to me by it. Prosecute it well. Let's send up for
 our wits. Now we require their best and most pregnant
 110 assistance!
 JANE Step in. I think I hear 'em. *Exit [with Witgood]*
Enter Hoard, Lamprey and Spitchcock with the
Host as servingman
 HOARD [to Host] Art thou the widow's man, by my faith?
 Sh'as a company of proper men, then.
 HOST I am the worst of six, sir. Good enough for blue coats.
 HOARD Hark hither. I hear say thou art in most credit with 115
 her.
 HOST Not so, sir.
 HOARD Come, come, thou'rt modest. There's a brace of
 royals. Prithee, help me to th' speech of her.
 HOST I'll do what I may, sir, always saving myself harm- 120
 less.
 HOARD Go to. Do't, I say. Thou shalt hear better from me.
 HOST [aside] Is not this a better place than five mark a year
 standing wages? Say a man had but three such clients
 in a day, methinks he might make a poor living on't. 125
 Beside, I was never brought up with so little honesty to
 refuse any man's money, never. What gulls there are
 o' this side the world. Now know I the widow's mind.
 None but my young master comes in her clutches. Ha,
 ha, ha! *Exit* 130
 HOARD
 Now my dear gentlemen, stand firmly to me.
 You know his follies and my worth.
 LAMPREY We do, sir.
 SPITCHCOCK
 But Master Hoard, are you sure he is not i'th' house
 now?
 HOARD
 Upon my honesty, I chose this time
 O' purpose fit. The spendthrift is abroad. 135
 Assist me. Here she comes.
 [Enter Jane. Witgood watches while concealed]
 Now, my sweet widow.

76 **forswear** renounce
 77 **muscadine** a strong, sweet wine,
 considered an aphrodisiac when taken
 with eggs
 84 **dispatch** get rid of
 85 **You...term** Jane is like a lawyer in
 having a profitable legal term. The pun
 on the legal and amorous meanings
 of *suitor* reflects the profits that both
 lawyers and prostitutes made during the
 court sessions.
 89 **hold so** be true
 90 **him** i.e. Lucre
 96 **approve** prove
 100 **movables** personal property

106-8 **First...it** Witgood risks his plan to
 secure the mortgage from Lucre in order
 to assure Jane a future with some wealth
 and respectability, but he senses that this
 arrangement may work to his advantage
 as well.
 108 **Prosecute** perform
 109 **pregnant** (a) inventive, resourceful
 (b) generative, continuing the image of
 their *trick* as an *embryo* begun at l.l.57-
 62
 112 **man** servant
 114 **blue coats** the livery of servingmen
 118-19 **brace of royals** pair of coins, each
 worth 15 shillings

120-1 **saving myself harmless** i.e. provided I
 avoid trouble
 122 **Thou...me** i.e. I will reward you with
 more money
 123 **mark** a sum equal to two-thirds of a
 pound
 124 **standing** fixed
 125 **poor** used ironically, since receiving
 three braces of royals each day would be
 an enormous sum for a servant
 127 **gulls** dupes
 132 **his** Witgood's
 135 **abroad** out of his lodgings, where this
 scene occurs

JANE	You're welcome, Master Hoard.	LAMPREY	What we speak Our lives and means are ready to make good.	170
HOARD	Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, dispatch. I am come, widow, to prove those my words	JANE	Alas, how soon are we poor souls beguiled!	
140	Neither of envy sprung, nor of false tongues, But such as their deserts and actions Do merit and bring forth, all which these gentlemen Well known and better reputed will confess.	SPITCHCOCK	And for his uncle—	
JANE [to Lamprey and Spitchcock]	I cannot tell	HOARD	Let that come to me. His uncle, a severe extortioner, A tyrant at a forfeiture, greedy of others'	175
145	How my affections may dispose of me, But surely if they find him so desertless, They'll have that reason to withdraw themselves. And therefore, gentlemen, I do entreat you, As you are fair in reputation,	LAMPREY	Nay, swallow up his father, if he can Within the fathoms of his conscience.	
150	And in appearing form so shine in truth: I am a widow and, alas, you know, Soon overthrown; 'tis a very small thing That we withstand, our weakness is so great; Be partial unto neither, but deliver,	HOARD [aside]	Nay, believe it, widow. You had not only matched yourself to wants, But in an evil and unnatural stock.	180
155	Without affection, your opinion.	HOARD	[aside] Follow hard, gentlemen, follow hard!	
HOARD	And that will drive it home.	JANE	Is my love so deceived, before you all? I do renounce him. [Kneeling] On my knees I vow He ne'er shall marry me.	
JANE	Nay, I beseech your silence, Master Hoard. You are a party.	WITGOOD [aside]	Heaven knows he never meant it!	185
HOARD	Widow, not a word!	HOARD [aside to gentlemen]	There, take her at the bound. [Jane rises]	
LAMPREY	The better first to work you to belief, Know neither of us owe him flattery, Nor t'other malice, but unbribed censure, So help us our best fortunes.	LAMPREY	Then with a new and pure affection Behold yon gentleman, grave, kind, and rich, A match worthy yourself. Esteeming him, You do regard your state.	
JANE	It suffices.	HOARD [aside to gentlemen]	I'll make her a jointure, say.	190
LAMPREY	That Witgood is a riotous, undone man, Imperfect both in fame and in estate, His debts wealthier than he, and executions In wait for his due body, we'll maintain With our best credit and our dearest blood.	LAMPREY	He can join land to land, and will possess you Of what you can desire.	
165		SPITCHCOCK [moving Jane toward Hoard]	Come, widow, come.	
JANE	Nor land nor living, say you? Pray take heed You do not wrong the gentleman!	JANE	The world is so deceitful!	
		LAMPREY	There 'tis deceitful Where flattery, want, and imperfection lies.	

138 **Dispatch** make haste140 **envy** malice, enmity141 **their** Witgood's and Lucre's145 **dispose of** decide, determine150 **appearing form** outward appearance151-3 **I... great** Jane parodies the stereotype of widows as generally weak and vulnerable because of their sexual needs, thereby manipulating Hoard by appearing to confirm his assumptions about her.152 **very small thing** (a) very little adversity (b) penis153 **withstand** resist, oppose155 **Without affection** impartially158 **a party** a participant in the dispute, so possibly biased160 **him** Hoard161 **t'other** Witgood
censure judgement162 **So... fortunes** The gentlemen stake their money as proof of their testimony rather than their integrity, as occurs in the more common formula, 'So help me God'.163 **undone** ruined165 **executions** warrants for seizure of the goods or person of a debtor in default of payment166 **his due body** i.e. his imprisonment for debt168-9 **Pray... gentleman** Jane implies that a misrepresentation of Witgood's estate could constitute slander, which was a legal offence.174 **forfeiture** a legal procedure in which goods are seized when a debtor cannot pay his debts176-7 **swallow... conscience** recalling the metaphor of Lucre's conscience as like an ocean at 1.1.8-12179 **wants** deficiencies, debts181 **Follow hard** i.e. keep pressing your arguments186 **at the bound** at the first opportunity190 **regard** take notice and care of**jointure** an agreement that property be held in the name of both husband and wife, with a provision that the wife becomes sole owner in the event of her husband's death193 **There** i.e. with Witgood

195 But none of these in him! Push!
 JANE Pray, sir.
 LAMPREY [*moving Jane closer to Hoard*] Come, you widows
 are ever most backward when you should do yourselves
 most good, but were it to marry a chin not worth a hair
 200 now, then you would be forward enough! Come, clap
 hands, a match.
 [*He joins the hands of Jane and Hoard*]
 HOARD
 With all my heart, widow! Thanks, gentlemen.
 I will deserve your labour, and thy love.
 JANE
 Alas, you love not widows but for wealth.
 I promise you, I ha' nothing, sir.
 205 HOARD Well said,
 Widow, well said. Thy love is all I seek,
 Before these gentlemen.
 JANE Now I must hope the best.
 HOARD
 My joys are such they want to be expressed.
 JANE But Master Hoard, one thing I must remember you
 210 of before these gentlemen, your friends. How shall I
 suddenly avoid the loathed soliciting of that perjured
 Witgood and his tedious, dissembling uncle, who this
 very day hath appointed a meeting for the same purpose
 too, where, had not truth come forth, I had been
 215 undone, utterly undone?
 HOARD What think you of that, gentlemen?
 LAMPREY 'Twas well devised.
 HOARD Hark thee, widow. Train out young Witgood single.
 Hasten him thither with thee somewhat before the
 220 hour, where, at the place appointed, these gentlemen
 and myself will wait the opportunity, when, by some
 sleight removing him from thee, we'll suddenly enter
 and surprise thee, carry thee away by boat to Cole

Harbour, have a priest ready, and there clap it up
 instantly. How lik'st it, widow?
 225 JANE
 In that it pleaseth you, it likes me well.
 HOARD
 I'll kiss thee for those words. Come, gentlemen,
 Still must I live a suitor to your favours,
 Still to your aid beholden.
 LAMPREY We're engaged, sir.
 'Tis for our credits now to see't well ended.
 230 HOARD
 'Tis for your honours, gentlemen. Nay, look to't.
 Not only in joy, but I in wealth excel.
 No more sweet widow, but sweet wife, farewell.
 JANE Farewell, sir. *Exeunt Hoard, Lamprey and Spitchcock*
Enter Witgood
 WITGOOD O, for more scope! I could laugh eternally!
 235 Give you joy, Mistress Hoard. I promise your fortune
 was good, forsooth. You've fell upon wealth enough,
 and there's young gentlemen enough can help you to
 the rest. Now it requires our wits. Carry thyself but
 heedfully now, and we are both—
 240 [*Enter Host as a servingman*]
 HOST Master Witgood, your uncle.
Enter Lucre
 WITGOOD [*aside to Jane*] Cods me! Remove thyself awhile.
 I'll serve for him. [*Exeunt Jane and Host*]
 LUCRE Nephew, good morrow, nephew!
 WITGOOD The same to you, kind uncle.
 245 LUCRE How fares the widow? Does the meeting hold?
 WITGOOD O, no question of that, sir.
 LUCRE I'll strike the stroke then for thee; no more days.
 WITGOOD The sooner the better, uncle. O, she's mightily
 250 followed.
 LUCRE And yet so little rumoured.

195 **him** Hoard
Push pish, an expression of impatience
 196 **Pray, sir** an expression of resistance,
 indicated also by Lamprey's suggestion
 that the widow is *backward* at 3.1.198
 199 **chin...hair** a young man, without a
 beard or wealth
 200 **forward** eager, willing
 200-3.1.201.1 **Come... [*He joins...Hoard*]**
 Lamprey is the means by which Jane and
 Hoard engage in a handfast, a joining
 of hands as a sign of the spousal or
 marriage contract. He later boasts that
 he performs this act at 3.3.33. The
 handfast, the promise before witnesses
 (3.1.202-5 and 3.1.226), and the kiss
 (3.1.227) were all parts of the formal
 spousal.
 203 **deserve** (a) requite (b) be worthy of
 204 **not...but only**
 205 **nothing** (a) no lands or living (b) a
 vagina (Gordon Williams). Hoard may
 take the remark in the second sense and
 also assume that Jane is modestly under-

stating her wealth; but her disclaimer
 is important to prevent the charge that
 she misrepresents her fortune to Hoard,
 which could invalidate the marriage.
 207 **Before these gentlemen** referring to the
 gentlemen as witnesses to his remark
 208 **want to be expressed** are inexpressible,
 lack expression
 211 **suddenly** shortly
avoid get rid of
 218 **Train out** entice, lure
single alone
 223-4 **Cole Harbour** see note to 2.1.257
 224 **clap it up** settle the arrangement.
 The benediction of a priest and his pro-
 nouncement that Jane and Hoard were
 man and wife would complete all ele-
 ments of the formal marriage ceremony,
 although the priest's involvement was
 not necessary for legal purposes. What
 Hoard proposes in the foregoing passage
 is a feigned abduction.
 226 **In...well** The response registers Jane's
 assent to the planned abduction and

the marriage by appearing to surrender
 her option of dissent in deference to her
 husband. Jane is 'acting' the wife.
 233 **wife** Hoard's use of this word confirms
 that a marital contract has taken place
 in the preceding lines, as does Witgood's
 reference to Jane as *Mistress Hoard* at
 3.1.236.
 236 **promise** assure
 237-9 **You've...rest** Witgood envisions
 Jane's needs in terms of money and
 sex. Marriage will provide her with
 the former, and he presumes she will
 entertain extra-marital affairs for the
 latter. Her remarks at 4.4.151-2 reflect
 different assumptions about her intent.
 242 **Cods me** corruption of 'God save me'
 243 **serve for** i.e. deal with
 248 **strike the stroke** proverbial for 'do the
 deed', meaning here that he will sign
 over the mortgage
more days postponements, days of grace.
 This is usurers' language for the time a
 debt was due.

	WITGOOD Mightily! Here comes one old gentleman, and he'll make her a jointure of three hundred a year, forsooth. Another wealthy suitor will estate his son in his lifetime and make him weigh down the widow. Here a merchant's son will possess her with no less than three goodly lordships at once, which were all pawns to his father.		<i>Enter with a Drawer, Hoard, Lamprey and Spitchcock</i>	3.3
255	LUCRE Peace, nephew. Let me hear no more of 'em. It mads me. Thou shalt prevent 'em all. No words to the widow of my coming hither. Let me see, 'tis now upon nine. Before twelve, nephew, we will have the bargain struck. We will, i'faith, boy.		DRAWER You're very welcome, gentlemen. Dick, show those gentlemen the Pomegranate there.	
260	WITGOOD O my precious uncle!	<i>Exit [with Lucre]</i>	HOARD Hist!	
			DRAWER Up those stairs, gentlemen.	
3.2	<i>Enter Hoard and his Niece</i>		HOARD Pist, drawer!	5
	HOARD Niece, sweet niece, prithee have a care to my house. I leave all to thy discretion. Be content to dream awhile. I'll have a husband for thee shortly. Put that care upon me, wench, for in choosing wives and husbands, I am only fortunate. I have that gift given me.	<i>Exit</i>	DRAWER Anon, sir.	
5	NIECE		HOARD Prithee, ask at the bar if a gentlewoman came not in lately.	
	But 'tis not likely you should choose for me, Since nephew to your chiefest enemy Is he whom I affect. But O, forgetful, Why dost thou flatter thy affections so, With name of him that for a widow's bed Neglects thy purer love. Can it be so? Or does report dissemble?		DRAWER William at the bar, did you see any gentlewoman come in lately? Speak you ay, speak you no.	10
10	[<i>Enter George</i>]		WILLIAM (<i>within</i>) No, none came in yet but Mistress Florence.	
	How now, sir?		DRAWER He says none came in yet, sir, but one Mistress Florence.	
	GEORGE		HOARD What is that Florence? A widow?	15
	A letter with which came a private charge.		DRAWER Yes, a Dutch widow.	
	NIECE		HOARD How?	
15	Therein I thank your care.	[<i>Exit George</i>]	DRAWER That's an English drab, sir. Give your worship good morrow.	
	I know this hand.		[<i>Exit</i>]	
	(<i>Reading</i>) <i>Dearer than sight, what the world reports of me, yet believe not. Rumour will alter shortly. Be thou constant. I am still the same that I was in love, and I hope to be the same in fortunes.</i>		HOARD A merry knave, i'faith. I shall remember a Dutch widow the longest day of my life.	20
20	<i>Theodorus Witgood</i>		LAMPREY Did not I use most art to win the widow?	
	I am resolved. No more shall fear or doubt Raise their pale powers to keep affection out.	<i>Exit</i>	SPITCHCOCK You shall pardon me for that, sir. Master Hoard knows I took her at best vantage.	
			HOARD What's that, sweet gentlemen; what's that?	25
			SPITCHCOCK He will needs bear me down that his art only wrought with the widow most.	
			HOARD O, you did both well, gentlemen; you did both well. I thank you.	
			LAMPREY	
			I was the first that moved her.	
			HOARD	
			You were, i'faith.	30
			SPITCHCOCK	
			But it was I that took her at the bound.	
			HOARD	
			Ay, that was you. Faith, gentlemen, 'tis right.	
			LAMPREY	
			I boasted least, but 'twas I joined their hands.	
			HOARD	
			By th' mass, I think he did. You did all well, Gentlemen, you did all well. Contend no more.	35
255	weigh down (a) outweigh in wealth (b) position his body on top of hers during sex	21 resolved decided		
256	possess (a) endow (b) take possession of	3.3.0.1 Drawer one who draws liquor at a tavern, a tapster		(b) on the recoil, rebound. Both meanings imply some physical movement of Jane in the earlier scene and hence some pressure on her assent that verges on coercion. Spitchcock's role in the spousal seems to have been more physical than verbal, which could be made evident in the staging.
257	lordships lords' estates	2 Pomegranate Rooms of inns were given names rather than numbers.		
	pawns pledges as security for debt	16 Dutch widow The term returns with added force at 5.2.107.		
260	prevent anticipate, forestall	18 drab prostitute		
3.2.5	only uniquely, pre-eminently	24 vantage opportunity, position		
9	affect love	30 moved (a) put forward the issue, appealed to her (b) aroused her response (c) physically pushed her toward Hoard		33 joined their hands The remark and Hoard's response to it show that the handfast was initiated by Lamprey rather than Hoard or Jane.
12	purer because Joyce is a virgin	31 at the bound (a) with a leap forward		
14	private charge an order to deliver the letter privately			
15	hand handwriting, script			

LAMPREY
Come, yon room's fittest.

HOARD
True, 'tis next the door.
Exit [with Lamprey and Spitchcock]
Enter Witgood, Jane [as a rich widow], and Host [as a servingman, with Drawer]

DRAWER You're very welcome. Please you to walk upstairs.
Cloth's laid, sir.

JANE Upstairs! Troth, I am weary, Master Witgood.

40 WITGOOD Rest yourself here awhile, widow. We'll have a cup of muscadine in this little room.

DRAWER A cup of muscadine? You shall have the best, sir.
[He starts to leave]

WITGOOD But do you hear, sirrah?

45 DRAWER Do you call? Anon, sir.

WITGOOD What is there provided for dinner?

DRAWER I cannot readily tell you, sir. If you please, you may go into the kitchen and see yourself, sir. Many gentlemen of worship do use to do it, I assure you, sir.
[Exit]

50 HOST A pretty, familiar, priggish rascal. He has his part without book!

WITGOOD Against you are ready to drink to me, widow, I'll be present to pledge you.

JANE Nay, I commend your care. 'Tis done well of you.
[Exit Witgood]

55 Alas, what have I forgot!

HOST What, mistress?

JANE I slipped my wedding ring off when I washed, and left it at my lodging. Prithree, run. I shall be sad without it.
[Exit Host]

60 So, he's gone! Boy!

[Enter Boy]

BOY Anon, forsooth.

JANE Come hither, sirrah. Learn secretly if one Master Hoard, an ancient gentleman, be about house.

BOY I heard such a one named.

65 JANE Commend me to him.

Enter Hoard with Lamprey and Spitchcock

HOARD I'll do thy commendations!

JANE
O, you come well. Away, to boat, be gone!

HOARD
Thus wise men are revenged: give two for one.
Exeunt
Enter Witgood and Vintner

WITGOOD I must request
You, sir, to show extraordinary care. 70
My uncle comes with gentlemen, his friends,
And 'tis upon a making.

VINTNER Is it so?
I'll give a special charge, good Master Witgood.
May I be bold to see her?

WITGOOD Who, the widow?
With all my heart, i'faith. I'll bring you to her! 75

VINTNER If she be a Staffordshire gentlewoman, 'tis much if I know her not.

WITGOOD How now? Boy! Drawer!
[Enter Boy]

VINTNER Hie!

BOY Do you call, sir? 80

WITGOOD Went the gentlewoman up that was here?

BOY Up, sir? She went out, sir.

WITGOOD Out, sir?

BOY Out, sir. One Master Hoard, with a guard of gentlemen, carried her out at backdoor a pretty while since, 85
sir.

WITGOOD Hoard? Death and darkness! Hoard!
Enter Host [as a servingman]

HOST The devil of ring I can find!

WITGOOD How now, what news? Where's the widow?

HOST My mistress? Is she not here, sir? 90

WITGOOD More madness yet.

HOST She sent me for a ring.

WITGOOD A plot, a plot! To boat! She's stole away!

HOST What?
Enter Lucre with Gentlemen

WITGOOD Follow! Enquire old Hoard, my uncle's adversary— 95
[Exit Host]

LCURE Nephew, what's that?

WITGOOD Thrice miserable wretch!

LCURE Why, what's the matter?

VINTNER The widow's borne away, sir. 100

LCURE Ha? Passion of me! A heavy welcome, gentlemen.

FIRST GENTLEMAN The widow gone?

LCURE Who durst attempt it?

42 **muscadine** a strong, sweet wine
50 **pretty** fine, smart
familiar saucy
priggish crooked, thieving
51 **without book** by heart
52 **Against** by the time that
53 **pledge** toast
57 **wedding ring** The ambiguous source of this ring indicates Jane's transitional state at this point in the play. The ring may be from her feigned former husband, in which case she pretends to desire it for sentimental reasons

and to mark her status as a widow. It may be from Hoard after the spousal, since she is already married to him, although she would have had to conceal its source from the Host. And it may be from Witgood in anticipation of the matchmaking that is supposed to take place immediately thereafter, perhaps even the ring given him by the Third Creditor at 3.1.54-6, which would give the Host another reason to fetch it. This confusion about whose ring she has worn reinforces the impression that Jane

is a married woman even though the identity of her husband at this moment, among her many prospects, is obscure.
63 **ancient** (a) venerable, senior (b) old
68 **give two for one** give better than they get
68.2 **Vintner** a wine-merchant, or an innkeeper who sells wine
72 **making** matchmaking
76-7 **'tis much** if i.e. I'd be surprised if
85 **carried** (a) escorted (b) drove or forcibly impelled, in keeping with the planned, feigned abduction

	WITGOOD Who but old Hoard, my uncle's adversary?		<i>Enter Dampit, the usurer, drunk</i>	3.4
105	LUCRE How?		DAMPIT When did I say my prayers? In anno '88, when the great armada was coming; and in anno '99, when the great thundering and lightning was, I prayed heartily then, i'faith, to overthrow Powis' new buildings. I kneeled by my great iron chest, I remember.	5
	WITGOOD With his confederates.		[<i>Enter Audrey</i>]	
	LUCRE		AUDREY Master Dampit, one may hear you before they see you. You keep sweet hours, Master Dampit. We were all abed three hours ago.	
	Hoard, my deadly enemy! Gentlemen, stand to me. I will not bear it. 'Tis in hate of me. That villain seeks my shame, nay thirsts my blood. He owes me mortal malice. I'll spend my wealth on this despitiful plot Ere he shall cross me and my nephew thus.		DAMPIT Audrey.	
110	WITGOOD So maliciously!		AUDREY O, you're a fine gentleman.	10
	<i>Enter Host [as a servingman]</i>		DAMPIT So I am, i'faith, and a fine scholar. Do you use to go to bed so early, Audrey?	
	LUCRE How now, you treacherous rascal?		AUDREY Call you this early, Master Dampit?	
115	HOST That's none of my name, sir.		DAMPIT Why, is't not one of clock i'th' morning? Is not that early enough? Fetch me a glass of fresh beer.	15
	WITGOOD Poor soul, he knew not on't.		AUDREY Here, I have warmed your nightcap for you, Master Dampit.	
	LUCRE I'm sorry. I see then 'twas a mere plot.		DAMPIT Draw it on, then. I am very weak, truly. I have not eaten so much as the bulk of an egg these three days.	20
	HOST		AUDREY You have drunk the more, Master Dampit.	
	I traced 'em nearly—		DAMPIT What's that?	
	LUCRE Well?		AUDREY You mote an you would, Master Dampit.	
	HOST And hear for certain,		DAMPIT I answer you, I cannot. Hold your prating. You prate too much and understand too little. Are you answered? Give me a glass of beer.	25
	They have took Cole Harbour.		AUDREY May I ask you how you do, Master Dampit?	
	LUCRE The devil's sanctuary.		DAMPIT How do I? I'faith, naught.	
120	They shall not rest. I'll pluck her from his arms. Kind and dear gentlemen, If ever I had seat within your breasts—		AUDREY I ne'er knew you do otherwise.	
	FIRST GENTLEMAN		DAMPIT I eat not one penn'orth of bread these two years. Give me a glass of fresh beer. I am not sick; nor I am not well.	30
	No more, good sir. It is a wrong to us To see you injured. In a cause so just		AUDREY Take this warm napkin about your neck, sir, whilst I help to make you unready.	
125	We'll spend our lives, but we will right our friends.		DAMPIT How now, Audrey-prater, with your scurvy devices. What say you now?	35
	LUCRE			
	Honest and kind. Come, we have delayed too long. Nephew, take comfort: a just cause is strong.			
	WITGOOD			
	That's all my comfort, uncle.			
	<i>Exeunt [Lucre, Gentlemen, Vintner and Boy]</i>			
	Ha, ha, ha!			
130	Now may events fall luckily, and well. He that ne'er strives, says wit, shall ne'er excel. <i>Exit</i>			

107 **stand to me** i.e. stand by me110 **owes** bears111 **despitiful** contemptuous, scornful117 **mere** i.e. performed without the help of others118 **nearly** carefully, closely119 **took** proceeded to**devil's sanctuary** because criminals resided there. See note to 2.1.257.3.4.0.1 **usurer** Dampit is spoken of as a lawyer and a usurer throughout the play. All the money he made as a lawyer provides the capital for his second occupation.2 **great armada** the Spanish Armada of 1588, when England defeated Spain2-3 '99...**was** No great thunderstorms are recorded for this year, although they are for '89 and '98. Some editors emend the date, but the passage emphasizes

the long lapse of time between Dampit's prayers, as Spencer suggests; and there is no reason to rely on Dampit's memory in any event.

4 **Powis' new buildings** This has been interpreted as an allusion to the house of a leatherseller named Poovey in St Paul's Churchyard, which was built of wood after a proclamation of 1 March 1605 forbade the use of timber in building construction. However, it would make no sense for Dampit to have prayed in 1599 for the overthrow of a building built in 1605. Since the point of the remark is that Dampit has not prayed in a long time and has had long gaps between his prayers, the allusion to an event in 1605 is unlikely. Sugden's proposal of a reference to Powis House at Lincoln's Inn Fields is the best suggestion to date.

Whatever is alluded to, the larger point of the phrase is that when Dampit prayed on this last occasion, his purpose was to invoke harm on someone else.

5 **kneeled... chest** Dampit uses his chest, which might contain his money and valuables, as an altar.16 **nightcap** a cap worn to bed23 **mote** archaic form of 'might', 'could' an if24 **prating** chattering, blabbing28 **naught** in a bad way, ruined, or in bad health. Audrey takes the word in its meaning of 'wickedly'.30 **penn'orth** pennyworth33 **napkin** a neckerchief, which was a cloth or scarf used to cover the neck or shoulders34 **make you unready** undress you

AUDREY What say I, Master Dampit? I say nothing but that you are very weak.
 DAMPIT Faith, thou hast more cony-catching devices than all London!
 40 AUDREY Why, Master Dampit, I never deceived you in all my life!
 DAMPIT Why was that? Because I never did trust thee.
 AUDREY I care not what you say, Master Dampit.
 45 DAMPIT Hold thy prating. I answer thee, thou art a beggar, a quean, and a bawd. Are you answered?
 AUDREY Fie, Master Dampit! A gentleman and have such words!
 DAMPIT Why, thou base drudge of infortunity! Thou kitchen-stuff drab of beggary, roguery and coxcomby,
 50 thou cavernesed quean of foolery, knavery and bawdraminy! I'll tell thee what, I will not give a louse for thy fortunes!
 AUDREY No, Master Dampit? And there's a gentleman comes a-wooing to me, and he doubts nothing but that you will get me from him.
 55 DAMPIT Ay? If I would either have thee or lie with thee for two thousand pound, would I might be damned! Why, thou base impudent quean of foolery, flattery, and coxcomby, are you answered?
 60 AUDREY Come, will you rise and go to bed, sir?
 DAMPIT Rise, and go to bed too, Audrey? How does Mistress Proserpine?
 AUDREY Fooh!
 65 DAMPIT She's as fine a philosopher of a stinkard's wife as any within the liberties!—Fah, fah, Audrey!
 AUDREY How now, Master Dampit?
 DAMPIT Fie upon't! What a choice of stinks here is. What hast thou done, Audrey? Fie upon't. Here's a choice of
 70 stinks indeed. Give me a glass of fresh beer, and then I will to bed.
 AUDREY It waits for you above, sir.
 DAMPIT Foh! I think they burn horns in Barnard's Inn. If ever I smelt such an abominable stink, usury forsake
 75 me! [Exit]

AUDREY They be the stinking nails of his trampling feet, and he talks of burning of horns! Exit
Finis Actus Tertius



Incipit Actus Quartus
Enter at Cole Harbour Hoard and Jane [disguised as a rich widow], married now; Lamprey and Spitchcock

4.1

LAMPREY
 Join hearts, join hands in wedlock's bands,
 Never to part till death cleave your heart.
 [To Hoard] You shall forsake all other women,
 [To Jane] You lords, knights, gentlemen, and yeomen.
 What my tongue slips, make up with your lips. 5
 HOARD [kissing her]
 Give you joy, Mistress Hoard! Let the kiss come about!
 [Knocking within] Who knocks? Convey my little pig-eater out.
 LUCRE [within] Hoard?
 HOARD
 Upon my life, my adversary, gentlemen!
 LUCRE [within]
 Hoard, open the door, or we will force it ope. 10
 Give us the widow.
 HOARD Gentlemen, keep 'em out.
 LAMPREY
 He comes upon his death that enters here.
 LUCRE [within]
 My friends assist me.
 HOARD He has assistants, gentlemen.
 LAMPREY
 Tut. Nor him, nor them, we in this action fear.
 LUCRE [within]
 Shall I in peace speak one word with the widow? 15
 JANE
 Husband and gentlemen, hear me but a word.
 HOARD
 Freely, sweet wife.

39 **cony-catching** cheating
 46 **quean** prostitute
bawd procuress
 49 **infortunity** misfortune
 50 **kitchen-stuff** refuse from the kitchen
drab prostitute
coxcomby foolery
 51 **cavernesed** one of Dampit's coinages, probably meaning 'cavernous' or even 'cavern-arsed'
 51-2 **bawdraminy** a portmanteau coinage from 'bawdry' and 'dream', which conveys in one word Dampit's fantastical projection of bawdry onto Audrey
 55 **doubts nothing but** fears nothing except
 63 **Mistress Proserpine** an unclear reference in Dampit's drunken haze, perhaps to a bawd or prostitute, to Dampit's wife or landlady, or even to Audrey herself, any

of whom might be associated with the Greek goddess who spent half the year in the underworld
 65 **stinkard's** stinkard: a smelly or despicable person, such as Dampit
 66 **the liberties** areas, especially in the suburbs of London, over which the city had jurisdiction but no effective control, and therefore places where prostitution, theatre, and other marginal activities flourished
 73 **burn horns** Spoons, cups, lanterns, and other domestic utensils were often made of horn, and burning them may have produced an unpleasant smell; but this reference has never been adequately explained.
Barnard's Inn one of the Inns of Court, in Holborn

4.1.0.2 *Cole Harbour* see note to 2.1.257
 1 **Join... hands** The joining of hearts symbolically represented through the joining of hands refers back to the handfast at 3.1.200-3.1.201.1. A marriage ceremony in which Jane and Hoard made their vows in the presence of a priest has just concluded.
 2 **cleave** (a) split (b) pierce, penetrate (c) separate, sever. The entire line echoes passages in the marriage ceremony.
 5 **slips** neglects, omits
 6 **come about** come around. Hoard is inviting Lamprey and Spitchcock to kiss the bride.
 7 **pig-eater** a term of endearment, probably meaning *breeder*. Pregnant women were thought to crave pork.

JANE	Let him in peaceably.	I loved your nephew. Nay, I did affect him,	
	You know we're sure from any act of his.	Against the mind and liking of my friends,	
HOARD	Most true.	Believed his promises, lay here in hope	
JANE		Of flattered living and the boast of lands.	
20	You may stand by and smile at his old weakness.	Coming to touch his wealth and state, indeed	50
	Let me alone to answer him.	It appears dross. I find him not the man:	
HOARD	Content.	Imperfect, mean, scarce furnished of his needs.	
	'Twill be good mirth, i'faith. How think you, gentlemen?	In words, fair lordships; in performance, hovels.	
LAMPREY		Can any woman love the thing that is not?	
	Good gullery!	LUCRE	
HOARD	Upon calm conditions let him in.	Broke you for this?	
LUCRE	[<i>within</i>]	JANE	55
	All spite and malice—	Was it not cause too much?	
LAMPREY	Hear me, Master Lucre.	Send to enquire his state: most part of it	
25	So you will vow a peaceful entrance	Lay two years mortgaged in his uncle's hands.	
	With those your friends, and only exercise	LUCRE	
	Calm conference with the widow, without fury,	Why, say it did, you might have known my mind.	
	The passage shall receive you.	I could have soon restored it.	
LUCRE	[<i>within</i>]	JANE	60
	I do vow it.	Ay, had I	
LAMPREY		But seen any such thing performed, why	
	Then enter and talk freely. Here she stands.	'Twould have tied my affection and contained me	
	<i>Enter Lucre [with Gentleman and Host]</i>	In my first desires. Do you think, i'faith,	
LUCRE		That I could twine such a dry oak as this,	
30	O Master Hoard, your spite has watched the hour!	Had promise in your nephew took effect?	
	You're excellent at vengeance, Master Hoard.	LUCRE	65
HOARD		Why, and there's no time passed. And rather than	
	Ha, ha, ha!	My adversary should thus thwart my hopes, I	
LUCRE	I am the fool you laugh at.	would—	
	You are wise, sir, and know the seasons well.	JANE	
	Come hither, widow. [<i>They talk apart</i>] Why is it thus?	Tut, you've been ever full of golden speech.	
35	O, you have done me infinite disgrace,	If words were lands, your nephew would be rich.	
	And your own credit no small injury.	LUCRE	
	Suffer mine enemy so spitefully	Widow, believe it. I vow by my best bliss,	
	To bear you from my nephew! O, I had	Before these gentlemen I will give in	70
	Rather half my substance had been forfeit,	The mortgage to my nephew instantly	
40	And begged by some starved rascal.	Before I sleep or eat.	
JANE		FIRST GENTLEMAN	
	Why, what would you wish me do, sir?	We'll pawn our credits,	
	I must not overthrow my state for love.	Widow. What he speaks shall be performed	
	We have too many precedents for that.	In fullness.	
45	From thousands of our wealthy, undone widows	LUCRE	75
	One may derive some wit. I do confess	Nay more, I will estate him	
		In farther blessings. He shall be my heir.	
		I have no son.	
		I'll bind myself to that condition.	

18 **You...his** Jane refers to the binding nature of the spousal and the ceremony that has just ended. The marriage would not be secure if it occurred after a precontract with another party (which becomes a possibility at 4.4.99) or if the bride were taken under duress (which relates to Jane's charge at 5.2.132-4). Even at this point in the play, Jane exhibits her precise knowledge of marital law.

23 **gullery** trickery

25 **So** so long as

30 **watched the hour** awaited its opportunity

33 **seasons** i.e. favourable occasions

36 **credit** reputation

38-40 I...**rascal** This alternative remains a more likely possibility than Lucre recognizes if one considers Witgood a 'starved rascal'.

46 **affect** love

49 **flattered** exaggerated in its worth

50 **touch** i.e. test

50, 56 **state** estate

51 **dross** the impurities separated from metal by melting. The sentence adapts the metaphor of the touchstone, which was used for testing the quality of gold or silver alloys by rubbing them against

a dark stone such as jasper. Here Jane herself serves as the touchstone.

52 **mean** (a) poor, of little value (b) low in social rank, not noble or gentle

53 **performance** fulfilment of promises

hovels squalid dwellings

63 **twine...dry oak** The elm with the vine twined around it was a Renaissance emblem of the husband and wife in marriage. Jane changes the elm to a *dry oak* to emphasize Hoard's age.

65 **no time passed** i.e. there is still time

69 **best bliss** referring to the hope of heavenly bliss

72 **pawn our credits** pledge our reputations

- Call thy fresh blood into thy cheeks again.
She comes—
- WITGOOD Nothing afflicts me so much
30 But that it is your adversary, uncle,
And merely plotted in despite of you.
- LUCRE Ay, that's it mads me, spites me! I'll spend my
wealth ere he shall carry her so, because I know 'tis
only to spite me. Ay, this is it. Here, nephew. [*Offering*
35 *him a paper*] Before these kind gentlemen I deliver in
your mortgage, my promise to the widow. See, 'tis done.
Be wise. You're once more master of your own. The
widow shall perceive now you are not altogether such
40 a beggar as the world reputes you. You can make shift
to bring her to three hundred a year, sir.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
By'r Lady, and that's no toy, sir.
- LUCRE
A word, nephew.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Host*]
Now you may certify the widow.
- LUCRE
You must conceive it aright, nephew, now.
To do you good I am content to do this.
- 45 WITGOOD I know it, sir.
- LUCRE
But your own conscience can tell I had it
Dearly enough of you.
- WITGOOD Ay, that's most certain.
- LUCRE
Much money laid out, beside many a journey
To fetch the rent. I hope you'll think on't, nephew.
- WITGOOD
50 I were worse than a beast else, i'faith.
- LUCRE
Although to blind the widow and the world
I out of policy do't, yet there's a conscience, nephew.
- WITGOOD
Heaven forbid else!
- LUCRE When you are full possessed,
'Tis nothing to return it.
- WITGOOD
Alas, a thing quickly done, uncle.
- LUCRE
Well said. You know I give it you but in trust.
- WITGOOD
Pray, let me understand you rightly, uncle.
You give it me but in trust.
- LUCRE No.
- WITGOOD
That is, you trust me with it.
- LUCRE True, true.
- WITGOOD [*aside*] But if ever I trust you with it again, would
60 I might be trussed up for my labour.
- LUCRE You can all witness, gentlemen—and you, sir
yeoman!
- HOST My life for yours, sir. Now I know my mistress'
mind too well toward your nephew. Let things be in
65 preparation, and I'll train her hither in most excellent
fashion. *Exit*
- LUCRE A good old boy. Wife Jenny!
Enter Wife
- WIFE What's the news, sir?
- LUCRE The wedding day's at hand. Prithee, sweet wife,
70 express thy housewifery. Thou'rt a fine cook, I know't.
Thy first husband married thee out of an alderman's
kitchen. Go to! He raised thee for raising of paste, what?
Here's none but friends. Most of our beginnings must be
winked at. Gentlemen, I invite you all to my nephew's
75 wedding against Thursday morning.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
With all our hearts. And we shall joy to see
Your enemy so mocked.
- LUCRE He laughed at me,
Gentlemen. Ha, ha, ha! *Exeunt [all but Witgood]*
- WITGOOD He has no conscience, faith,
80 Would laugh at them; they laugh at one another!
Who then can be so cruel? Troth, not I.
I rather pity now than aught envy.
I do conceive such joy in mine own happiness,
I have no leisure yet to laugh at their follies.

31 **merely** . . . **you** planned solely to spite you
33 **carry win**
35 **deliver in** reconvey, i.e. return with the
debt cancelled
39 **make shift** manage
41 **By'r Lady** an oath referring to the Virgin
Mary
toy trifle
42 **certify** assure
47 **Dearly** expensively, with reference to the
high cost
56 **in trust** (a) as a property still in Lucre's
name that Witgood would eventually
inherit from him, but without present
ownership having been transferred (b) as
a property now placed in Witgood's
name that Lucre trusts him to return

once he has married Jane. Witgood's
response at 4.2.58, which Lucre denies,
can be taken to mean either alternative
but especially the first; his rephrasing at
4.2.59, to which Lucre assents, proposes
only the second.
61 **trussed up** hanged, punning on *trust*
66 **train** conduct, entice
71 **express** show
72-3 **out . . . kitchen** Lucre reveals that his
wife worked as a cook until she married
her first husband. Given what else we
know about Lucre, the information
suggests that he may have married her
because she was another rich widow.
73 **Go to!** Come, come. Jenny has objected

to Lucre's reference to her lower class
origins.
raised . . . paste elevated her to her
husband's social rank by marriage
because (a) she was a good baker,
referring to dough that rises through
the effect of yeast, and because (b) she
moved him sexually
74 **beginnings** (a) social origins (b) moments
of conception
75 **winked at** turned a blind eye toward
79 **He** Lucre
80 **Would** i.e. who would
them Hoard and his friends
they Lucre and Hoard
82 **ought envy** bear malice towards anyone

- [*He addresses the mortgage*]
 85 Thou soul of my estate, I kiss thee.
 I miss life's comfort when I miss thee.
 O, never will we part again
 Until I leave the sight of men.
 We'll ne'er trust conscience of our kin
 90 Since cozenage brings that title in. [Exit]
- 4.3 Enter three Creditors
 FIRST CREDITOR I'll wait these seven hours, but I'll see him caught.
 SECOND CREDITOR Faith, so will I.
 THIRD CREDITOR Hang him, prodigal. He's stripped of the widow.
 5 FIRST CREDITOR O' my troth, she's the wiser. She has made the happier choice. And I wonder of what stuff those widows' hearts are made of, that will marry unfledged boys before comely thrum-chinned gentlemen.
 Enter a Boy
 10 BOY News, news, news!
 FIRST CREDITOR What, boy?
 BOY The rioter is caught!
 FIRST CREDITOR So, so, so, so! [Exit Boy]
 It warms me at the heart. I love a' life to see dogs upon
 15 men. O, here he comes.
 Enter Witgood with sergeants
 WITGOOD My last joy was so great, it took away the sense of all future afflictions. What a day is here o'ercast!
 How soon a black tempest rises!
 FIRST CREDITOR O, we may speak with you now, sir. What's become of your rich widow? I think you may cast your cap at the widow, may you not, sir?
 20 SECOND CREDITOR He, a rich widow? Who? A prodigal, a daily rioter and a nightly vomiter. He, a widow of account? He a hole i'th' counter!
 WITGOOD You do well, my masters, to tyrannize over misery, to afflict the afflicted. 'Tis a custom you have here amongst you. I would wish you never leave it, and I hope you'll do as I bid you.
 25 FIRST CREDITOR Come, come, sir. What say you extempore now to your bill of a hundred pound? [*Handing him a*
- paper*] A sweet debt, for frotting your doublets.
 SECOND CREDITOR [*handing another paper*] Here's mine of forty.
 THIRD CREDITOR [*handing another paper*] Here's mine of fifty.
 WITGOOD Pray, sirs, you'll give me breath. 35
 FIRST CREDITOR No, sir, we'll keep you out of breath still.
 Then we shall be sure you will not run away from us.
 WITGOOD Will you but hear me speak?
 SECOND CREDITOR You shall pardon us for that, sir. We know you have too fair a tongue of your own. You overcame us too lately. A shame take you! We are like to lose all that for want of witnesses. We dealt in policy then. Always, when we strive to be most politic, we prove most coxcombs. *Non plus ultra*. I perceive by us we're not ordained to thrive by wisdom, and therefore 45
 we must be content to be tradesmen.
 WITGOOD Give me but reasonable time, and I protest I'll make you ample satisfaction.
 FIRST CREDITOR Do you talk of reasonable time to us?
 WITGOOD 'Tis true, beasts know no reasonable time. 50
 SECOND CREDITOR We must have either money or carcass.
 WITGOOD Alas, what good will my carcass do you?
 THIRD CREDITOR O, 'tis a secret delight we have amongst us. We that are used to keep birds in cages have the heart to keep men in prison, I warrant you. 55
 WITGOOD [*aside*] I perceive I must crave a little more aid from my wits. Do but make shift for me this once, and I'll forswear ever to trouble you in the like fashion hereafter. I'll have better employment for you, an I live.
 [*To creditors*] You'll give me leave, my masters, to make 60
 trial of my friends and raise all means I can?
 FIRST CREDITOR That's our desires, sir.
 Enter Host [*as a servingman*]
 HOST Master Witgood!
 WITGOOD O, art thou come?
 HOST May I speak one word with you in private, sir? 65
 [*Sergeants hold Witgood back*]
 WITGOOD No, by my faith, canst thou. I am in hell here and the devils will not let me come to thee.
 CREDITORS [*all talking at once*] Do you call us devils? You shall find us puritans! [*To sergeants*] Bear him away! Let

85 Thou... thee Compare Volpone's opening address to his gold, 'O thou son of Sol, ... let me kiss, | With adoration, thee' in *Volpone* at 1.1.10-12.

90 cozenage (a) trickery (b) kinship, cousinship

that title (a) i.e. of kin (b) the mark of ownership or title to the mortgage
 4.3.9 thrum-chinned bearded. The *thrum* was the row of threads left hanging on a piece of cloth and the loom on which it was woven after the cloth was cut off; it would resemble fringe.

14 a' life i.e. as much as my life

14-15 dogs upon men i.e. sergeants with men in their grasp

20-1 cast... at give up

24 account punning on 'cunt'

hole... counter one of the worst cells in the city prisons for debtors. *Counter* also puns on 'cunt'; and *hole* has similar associations.

29-30 extempore now immediately

31 frotting rubbing with perfume

42 all that i.e. the money and jewellery that the creditors gave to Witgood at 3.1.36-64

policy cunning

43-6 Always... tradesmen Compare the play's final line at 5.2.204.

44 Non plus ultra no farther

50 beasts... time i.e. animals are never rational, because humans alone are defined as *animal rationale*

51 carcass referring to Witgood's threatened imprisonment for debt

57 make shift work a scheme

58, 59 you i.e. his wits

68 Creditors The speech headings of the 1608 and 1616 editions read *Cit*, for citizens, which suggests that the creditors had the status of those associated with certain London trade guilds.

69 puritans i.e. strict in enforcing laws rather than, like *devils*, transgressing them

70 'em talk as they go. We'll not stand to hear 'em. [*To Witgood*] Ah, sir, am I a devil? I shall think the better of myself as long as I live! A devil, i'faith! *Exeunt*

4.4 *Enter Hoard*

HOARD What a sweet blessing hast thou, Master Hoard! Above a multitude! Wilt thou never be thankful? How dost thou think to be blessed another time? Or dost thou count this the full measure of thy happiness? By my troth, I think thou dost. Not only a wife large in possessions, but spacious in content. She's rich, she's young, she's fair, she's wise. When I wake, I think of her lands—that revives me. When I go to bed, I dream of her beauty, and that's enough for me. She's worth four hundred a year in her very smock, if a man knew how to use it. But the journey will be all, in troth, into the country—to ride to her lands in state and order following my brother and other worshipful gentlemen, whose companies I ha' sent down for already, to ride along with us in their goodly decorum beards, their broad velvet cassocks and chains of gold twice or thrice double. Against which time, I'll entertain some ten men of mine own into liveries, all of occupations or qualities. I will not keep an idle man about me. The sight of which will so vex my adversary, Lucre—for we'll pass by his door of purpose, make a little stand for nonce, and have our horses curvet before the window—certainly he will never endure it, but run up and hang himself presently!

[*Enter Servant*]

How now, sirrah, what news? Any that offer their service to me yet?

SERVANT Yes, sir. There are some i'th' hall that wait for your worship's liking and desire to be entertained.

HOARD Are they of occupation?

SERVANT They are men fit for your worship, sir.

HOARD Say'st so? Send 'em all in! [*Exit Servant*]
To see ten men ride after me in watchet liveries with orange-tawny caps, 'twill cut his comb, i'faith.

Enter [Tailor, Barber, Perfumer, Falconer, and Huntsman]

How now? Of what occupation are you, sir?

TAILOR A tailor, an't please your worship.

HOARD A tailor? O, very good. You shall serve to make all the liveries. What are you, sir? 35

BARBER A barber, sir.

HOARD A barber! Very needful. You shall shave all the house, and if need require, stand for a reaper i'th'summertime. You, sir? 40

PERFUMER A perfumer.

HOARD I smelt you before. Perfumers of all men had need carry themselves uprightly, for if they were once knaves, they would be smelt out quickly. To you, sir?

FALCONER A falconer, an't please your worship. 45

HOARD Sa ho, sa ho, sa ho! And you, sir?

HUNTSMAN A huntsman, sir.

HOARD There boy, there boy, there boy! I am not so old but I have pleasant days to come. I promise you, my masters, I take such a good liking to you that I entertain you all. I put you already into my countenance, and you shall be shortly in my livery. But especially you two—my jolly falconer and my bonny huntsman. We shall have most need of you at my wife's manor houses i'th' country. There's goodly parks and champaign grounds for you. We shall have all our sports within ourselves. All the gentlemen o'th' country shall be beholden to us and our pastimes. 50 55

FALCONER And we'll make your worship admire, sir.

HOARD Say'st thou so? Do but make me admire, and thou shalt want for nothing. My tailor? 60

TAILOR Anon, sir.

HOARD Go presently in hand with the liveries.

TAILOR I will, sir.

HOARD My barber?

65

BARBER Here, sir.

HOARD Make 'em all trim fellows. Louse 'em well, especially my huntsman, and cut all their beards of the Polonian fashion. My perfumer?

4.4.1–23 **What . . . presently** Hoard's speech voices the fantasy of owning a country estate and achieving the social status of the landed gentry.

6 **spacious in content** ample in her ability to content me

10 **in . . . smock** i.e. without her outer clothing or additional possessions. The assessment places a monetary value on Jane's body.

11 **use it** employ Jane's body for profit

12 **country** punning on 'cunt'. Hoard's journey to the widow's country lands is analogous to a journey into her body.

14 **companies** presence

15 **decorum** decorous, an adjectival use of the noun

16 **cassocks** long, loose coats

17–18 **entertain . . . liveries** employ as uniformed servants

18 **occupations or qualities** particular trades or abilities

21 **for nonce** expressly, for that purpose

22 **curvet** leap in such a way that the horses' fore-legs are raised together and equally advanced, and the hind-legs are raised with a spring before the fore-legs touch the ground

23 **up** perhaps upstairs

27 **entertained** i.e. taken into service

31 **watchet liveries** pale blue uniforms

32 **orange-tawny** Francis Bacon remarks in his essay 'Of Usury' that 'usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets, because they do Judaize', i.e. imitate Jews. The colour was also associated with courtiers and may symbolize pride.

cut his comb take him down, humiliate

36 **liveries** clothing for servants, one of Hoard's preoccupations given his new

status

39 **reaper** one who harvests grain

46 **Sa ho** a cry used at the sighting of game in hunting hawks

48 **There boy** a hunting call

51 **countenance** favour

53 **falconer . . . huntsman** Hoard's preference for the falconer and huntsman reflects his desire for forms of recreation specific to the country and the status such sports bring, as he suggests at 4.4.56–8.

55 **champaign** level, open country

59 **admire** marvel, wonder

67 **Louse 'em** i.e. remove their lice

69 **Polonian** Polish, possibly referring to a style that was current at the time. The Poles were said by Fynes Moryson in 1617 to prefer closely-trimmed hair on the head except for a long forelock.

70 PERFUMER Under your nose, sir.
 HOARD Cast a better savour upon the knaves, to take
 away the scent of my tailor's feet and my barber's
 lotium-water.
 PERFUMER It shall be carefully performed, sir.
 75 HOARD But you, my falconer and huntsman, the welcom'st
 men alive, i'faith!
 HUNTSMAN And we'll show you that, sir, shall deserve your
 worship's favour!
 HOARD I prithee, show me that. Go, you knaves all, and
 80 wash your lungs i'th' buttery. Go.
 [Exeunt Tailor, Barber, Perfumer,
 Falconer, and Huntsman]
 [Calling something to mind] By th' mass, and well re-
 membered! I'll ask my wife that question. Wife, Mistress
 Jane Hoard!
 Enter [Jane as Hoard's wife] altered in apparel
 JANE Sir, would you with me?
 85 HOARD I would but know, sweet wife, which might stand
 best to thy liking, to have the wedding dinner kept here
 or i'th' country?
 JANE Hum. Faith, sir, 'twould like me better here. Here
 you were married; here let all rites be ended.
 90 HOARD Could a marquise give a better answer? Hoard,
 bear thy head aloft: thou'st a wife will advance it.
 [Enter Host as a servingman with a letter]
 What haste comes here now? Yea, a letter. Some dreg of
 my adversary's malice. Come hither. What's the news?
 95 HOARD [giving letter to Jane] A thing that concerns my
 mistress, sir.
 HOARD Why then it concerns me, knave!
 HOARD [aside] Ay, and you, knave, too.—Cry your worship
 mercy! You are both like to come into trouble, I promise
 you, sir. A precontract.
 100 HOARD How? A precontract, say'st thou?
 HOARD I fear they have too much proof on't, sir. Old Lucre,
 he runs mad up and down and will to law as fast as
 he can. Young Witgood, laid hold on by his creditors,
 he exclaims upon you o' t'other side, says you have
 105 wrought his undoing by the injurious detaining of his
 contract.
 HOARD Body o' me!

HOST
 He will have utmost satisfaction.
 The law shall give him recompense, he says.
 JANE [aside] Alas, his creditors so merciless, my state being
 110 yet uncertain, I deem it not unconscionable to further
 him.
 HOARD True, sir.
 HOARD
 Wife, what says that letter? Let me construe it.
 JANE [tearing letter and stamping on it]
 Cursed be my rash and unadvised words!
 115 I'll set my foot upon my tongue
 And tread my inconsiderate grant to dust.
 HOARD Wife—
 HOARD [aside] A pretty shift, i'faith. I commend a woman
 when she can make away a letter from her husband
 120 handsomely, and this was cleanly done, by my troth.
 JANE [to Hoard] I did, sir.
 Some foolish words I must confess did pass
 Which now, litigiously, he fastens on me.
 HOARD
 Of what force? Let me examine 'em.
 125 JANE
 Too strong, I fear. Would I were well freed of him.
 HOARD Shall I compound?
 JANE
 No, sir. I'd have it done some nobler way
 Of your side. I'd have you come off with honour.
 Let baseness keep with them. Why, have you not
 130 The means, sir? The occasion's offered you.
 HOARD Where? How, dear wife?
 JANE He is now caught by his creditors. The slave's
 needy, his debts petty. He'll rather bind himself to all
 inconveniences than rot in prison. By this only means
 135 you may get a release from him. 'Tis not yet come to
 his uncle's hearing. Send speedily for the creditors. By
 this time he's desperate, he'll set his hand to anything.
 Take order for his debts, or discharge 'em quite. A pox
 on him! Let's be rid of a rascal!
 140 HOARD Excellent!
 Thou dost astonish me. Go! Run! Make haste!
 Bring both the creditors and Witgood hither.

71 savour scent
 73 lotium-water stale urine, used by barbers
 as a hair rinse
 80 wash...buttery i.e. have a drink in the
 storeroom or pantry
 90 marquise a noblewoman of the second
 rank of the peerage, below a duchess
 and above a countess, and therefore
 considerably more elevated in class than
 Hoard assumes Jane to be. The term
 marquess or marquis was used in the
 sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to
 refer to persons of both sexes, and a

woman could hold the rank in her own
 right. The wife or widow of a marquess
 could be referred to in these ways or as a
 'marchioness'.
 99 precontract an agreement to marry,
 which would form an impediment to
 subsequent marriage to another person
 105 detaining withholding
 111 uncertain (a) unknown (b) undeter-
 mined, because Hoard has not yet
 learned she has no wealth
 111-12 I...him The aside shows that Jane
 is no longer blindly loyal to Witgood

but weighs the ethics of continuing to
 support their joint deception. See note to
 4.4.180-2.
 117 inconsiderate grant unconsidered or
 rash promise
 121 handsomely cleverly
 cleanly adroitly
 127 compound (a) bargain (in a general
 sense) (b) settle by means of payment
 136 release a document freeing someone
 from contractual obligations
 139 quite entirely

HOST [*aside*]
This will be some revenge yet. [Exit]

HOARD
In the mean space, I'll have a release drawn. Within
145 there!
[Enter Servant]

SERVANT Sir?

HOARD
Sirrah, come take directions. Go to my scrivener.

JANE [*aside as Hoard talks to Servant*]
I'm yet like those whose riches lie in dreams.
If I be waked, they're false. Such is my fate,
150 Who ventures deeper than the desperate state.
Though I have sinned, yet could I become new,
For where I once vow, I am ever true.

HOARD
Away! Dispatch! On my displeasure, quickly!
[Exit Servant]

155 Happy occasion. Pray heaven he be in the right vein
now to set his hand to't, that nothing alter him. Grant
that all his follies may meet in him at once to besot him
enough.
I pray for him, i'faith. And here he comes!
[Enter Witgood and three Creditors]

WITGOOD
What would you with me now, my uncle's spiteful
adversary?

HOARD
Nay, I am friends.

160 WITGOOD Ay, when your mischief's spent.

HOARD
I heard you were arrested.

WITGOOD Well, what then?
You will pay none of my debts, I am sure.

HOARD A wiseman cannot tell.
There may be those conditions 'greed upon,
May move me to do much.

165 WITGOOD Ay, when?
[He sees Jane]
'Tis thou, perjured woman—O, no name

Is vile enough to match thy treachery—
That art the cause of my confusion!

JANE Out, you penurious slave!

HOARD
Nay, wife, you are too froward. 170
Let him alone. Give losers leave to talk.

WITGOOD
Shall I remember thee of another promise
Far stronger than the first?

JANE I'd fain know that.

WITGOOD 'Twould call shame to thy cheeks.

JANE Shame!

WITGOOD [*aside*] Hark, in your ear.
[They talk apart]

HOARD Will he come off, think'st thou, and pay my debts 175
roundly?

JANE Doubt nothing. There's a release a-drawing and all,
to which you must set your hand.

WITGOOD Excellent.

JANE But methinks, i'faith, you might have made some 180
shift to discharge this yourself, having in the mortgage,
and never have burdened my conscience with it.

WITGOOD O' my troth, I could not, for my creditors'
cruelties extend to the present.

JANE No more. 185
[Speaking aloud] Why, do your worst for that. I defy
you.

WITGOOD
You're impudent. I'll call up witnesses.

JANE
Call up thy wits, for thou hast been devoted
To follies a long time.

HOARD Wife, you're too bitter.
Master Witgood, and you my masters, you shall 190
Hear a mild speech come from me now, and this it is.
'T'as been my fortune, gentlemen, to have
An extraordinary blessing poured
Upon me o' late, and here she stands. I have wedded
her

144 **This...yet** Since the Host is still concerned about Witgood's loss of Jane, he sees the payment of his master's debts as a way in which Witgood can be requited for what he has lost.

147 **scrivener** a notary who, like the lawyer and the usurer, was sometimes despised for making a living off the misfortunes of others

150 **Who...state** Barber sees in this remark an indication that Jane has 'reached the state of despair and then gone beyond it'. She has just described Witgood as *desperate* at 4.4.138 and now says her actions take her beyond that state to a point of no return.

ventures (a) voyages (b) gambles

151-2 **Though...true** an indication that Jane chooses to remain faithful to Hoard. Her reference to a vow in the second line

suggests the decision is not a departure from her past practice; instead, this is her first commitment of marriage, her relation with Witgood having been of a different sort. The biblical connotations of *become new* reinforce the sense that Jane is ready to assume a new identity as wife.

154 **he** i.e. Witgood

156 **besot** overcome

170 **froward** perverse, refractory. The charge was commonly made by husbands of their wives, and the word was frequently applied to shrews. So Hoard is already perceiving Jane's actions in terms of early modern assumptions about marriage and a husband's supposed right to control his wife's behaviour.

171 **Give...talk** proverbial (Tilley L458)

173 **the first** presumably the promise of Witgood's marriage to Jane referred to in the letter. The mention of a *stronger* promise is only a pretext to speak alone with Jane, but the reference may evoke the earlier liaison of Witgood and Jane. **fain** gladly

176 **roundly** completely

180-2 **But...it** Jane's remark shows her resistance to further complicity in Witgood's schemes and her *conscience* about her relation to him now that she is married. Her comments at 4.4.110-12 and 4.4.150-2 are consistent with this direct criticism of him.

194-5 **wedded...her** These words signal that the marriage contract and ceremony have concluded in a sexual consummation.

- 195 And bedded her, and yet she is little the worse.
Some foolish words she hath passed to you in the
country,
And some peevish debts you owe here in the city.
Set the hare's head to the goose giblet.
Release you her of her words, and I will
Release you of your debts, sir.
- 200 WITGOOD Would you so?
I thank you for that, sir. I cannot blame you, i'faith.
HOARD Why, are not debts better than words, sir?
WITGOOD Are not words promises, and are not promises
debts, sir?
- 205 HOARD He plays at back-racket with me.
FIRST CREDITOR Come hither, Master Witgood, come hither.
Be ruled by fools once.
[Creditors talk apart with Witgood]
- SECOND CREDITOR We are citizens and know what belong
to't.
- 210 FIRST CREDITOR Take hold of his offer. Pox on her! Let her
go! If your debts were once discharged, I would help
you to a widow myself worth ten of her.
- THIRD CREDITOR Mass, partner, and now you remember
me on't, there's Master Mulligrub's sister, newly fallen
a widow.
- 215 FIRST CREDITOR Cods me, as pat as can be! There's a
widow left for you. Ten thousand in money, beside
plate, jewels, et cetera. I warrant it a match. We can do
all in all with her. Prithee, dispatch. We'll carry thee to
her presently.
- 220 WITGOOD My uncle will ne'er endure me when he shall
hear I set my hand to a release.
- SECOND CREDITOR Hark! I'll tell thee a trick for that. I have
spent five hundred pound in suits in my time. I should
be wise. Thou'rt now a prisoner. Make a release. Take't
of my word: whatsoever a man makes, as long as he is
in durance, 'tis nothing in law.
[He snaps his fingers]
- 225 Not thus much.
- WITGOOD Say you so, sir?
THIRD CREDITOR I have paid for't. I know't. 230
WITGOOD Proceed then, I consent.
THIRD CREDITOR Why, well said.
HOARD How now, my masters? What have you done with
him?
FIRST CREDITOR With much ado, sir, we have got him to 235
consent.
HOARD Ah, ah, ah! And what came his debts to now?
FIRST CREDITOR Some eightscore odd pounds, sir.
HOARD Naw, naw, naw, naw, naw! Tell me the second
time; give me a lighter sum. They are but desperate 240
debts, you know, ne'er called in but upon such an
accident. A poor needy knave, he would starve and
rot in prison. Come, come. You shall have ten shillings
in the pound and the sum down roundly.
FIRST CREDITOR You must make it a mark, sir. 245
HOARD Go to, then. [Giving money] Tell your money. In the
mean time, you shall find little less there. Come, Master
Witgood, you are so unwilling to do yourself good now.
[Enter Scrivener]
Welcome, honest scrivener. Now you shall hear the
release read. 250
SCRIVENER [reading] 'Be it known to all men by these
presents that I, Theodorus Witgood, gentleman, sole
nephew to Pecunious Lucre, having unjustly made
title and claim to one Jane Meddler, late widow of
Anthony Meddler, and now wife to Walkadine Hoard, 255
in consideration of a competent sum of money to
discharge my debts, do forever hereafter disclaim any
title, right, estate, or interest in or to the said widow,
late in the occupation of the said Anthony Meddler,
and now in the occupation of Walkadine Hoard, as 260
also neither to lay claim, by virtue of any former
contract, grant, promise or demise, to any of her manor,
manor houses, parks, groves, meadowgrounds, arable
lands, barns, stacks, stables, dove-holes, and coney-
burrows; together with all her cattle, money, plate, 265

197 peevish silly, trifling

198 Set... giblet proverbial for 'give tit for
tat' (Tilley H161)

202 better i.e. more binding

205 back-racket return of the ball at tennis

214 Mulligrub's an allusion to Master
Mulligrub from Marston's *The Dutch
Courtesan*, which was performed between
1603 and 1605 and printed in the
latter year. The mulligrubs was a fit of
melancholy or spleen.223 trick In the play's first two editions, this
word is capitalized and italicized here and
at 4.4.297 (*Trick*), also at 4.5.95 (*Tricks*)
in the first edition, to call attention to
the connection between these tricks and
the play's title.226-7 whatsoever...law i.e. a contract
made under duress can later be rendered
invalid. Although this principle does
not fully apply to Witgood, since theprecontract between him and Jane is a
fiction, it does apply to Jane's marriage
to Hoard. Its articulation here prepares
us to understand the implications of her
charge at 5.2.132-4.238 eightscore odd pounds about £160,
which is less than the bills presented to
Witgood at 4.3.29-34 for £190

239 Tell me count

240 desperate i.e. ir retrievable

241-2 ne'er...accident i.e. would never
be paid except in special circumstances
such as these, because the debtor would
instead be placed in prison243-4 ten...pound i.e. half of the amount,
since there were twenty shillings in a
pound

244 down roundly reduced promptly

245 mark i.e. two-thirds of the amount,
since a mark was worth 13s. 4d. or two-
thirds of a pound. The amount comes to

slightly over £106.

246 Tell count

251-2 these presents i.e. the present
document

256 competent sufficient

259 occupation occupancy, possession. Since
the word generally refers to property, its
application to the widow in this exagger-
ated account of her fictional possessions
suggests how thoroughly she is treated
like an estate or territory that has been
'occupied' sexually and economically by
her supposed first husband and then by
Hoard (at 4.4.260).

262 demise conveyance

264 dove-holes dovescotes, structures
housing doves or pigeons

264-5 coney-burrows rabbit warrens

265 cattle chattel, movable personal
possessions

- jewels, borders, chains, bracelets, furnitures, hangings, movables, or immovables, in witness whereof I, the said Theodorus Witgood, have interchangeably set to my hand and seal before these presents, the day and date above written.'
- 270 WITGOOD What a precious fortune hast thou slipped here, like a beast as thou art!
- HOARD Come, unwilling heart, come.
- WITGOOD
Well, Master Hoard, give me the pen. I see
275 'Tis vain to quarrel with our destiny.
- HOARD O, as vain a thing as can be. You cannot commit a greater absurdity, sir.
[Witgood writes]
- So, so, give me that hand now. Before all these presents, I am friends forever with thee.
- 280 WITGOOD Troth, and it were a pity of my heart now if I should bear you any grudge, i'faith.
- HOARD Content. I'll send for thy uncle against the wedding dinner. We will be friends once again.
- WITGOOD I hope to bring it to pass myself, sir.
- 285 HOARD [to Creditors] How now? Is't right, my masters?
- FIRST CREDITOR 'Tis something wanting, sir; yet it shall be sufficient.
- HOARD Why, well said. A good conscience makes a fine show nowadays. Come, my masters. You shall all taste
290 of my wine ere you depart.
- ALL We follow you, sir.
[Exeunt Hoard, Jane, and Scrivener]
- WITGOOD [aside] I'll try these fellows now.—A word, sir. What, will you carry me to that widow now?
- FIRST CREDITOR Why, do you think we were in earnest, i'faith? Carry you to a rich widow? We should get much
295 credit by that! A noted rioter, a contemptible prodigal!
- 'Twas a trick we have amongst us to get in our money. Fare you well, sir. *Exeunt Creditors*
- WITGOOD Farewell and be hanged, you short pig-haired, ram-headed rascals! He that believes in you shall ne'er
300 be saved, I warrant him! By this new league, I shall have some access unto my love.
- [Niece] is above
- NIECE Master Witgood!
- WITGOOD My life!
- NIECE Meet me presently. That note directs you. I would
305 not be suspected. Our happiness attends us. Farewell!
- WITGOOD A word's enough. *Exeunt*
- A curtained bed is thrust forth. Enter Audrey, who spins by the curtains and sings* 4.5
- [AUDREY]
Let the usurer cram him, in interest that excel,
There's pits enough to damn him, before he comes
to hell.
In Holborn some, in Fleet Street some,
Where'er he come, there's some, there's some.
- DAMPIT [within the bed] *Trahe, traheto*, draw the curtain. 5
Enter Boy. He opens the curtains, discovering Dampit the usurer in his bed
Give me a sip of sack more.
[Exit Boy, and reenters shortly with sack]
Enter Lamprey and Spitchcock
- LAMPREY Look you, did not I tell you he lay like the devil
in chains, when he was bound for a thousand year?
SPITCHCOCK But I think the devil had no steel bedstuffs. He
goes beyond him for that. 10
- LAMPREY Nay, do but mark the conceit of his drinking.
One must wipe his mouth for him with a muckender.
Do you see, sir?

266 **borders** ornamental work on the edge of garments, which might be made of costly materials

267 **movables** personal property capable of being moved, unlike land or houses

268 **interchangeably** reciprocally

269 **presents** i.e. witnesses

271 **slipped** i.e. let slip

285 **Is't right** i.e. is the sum of money correct?

292 **try** test

299 **pig-haired** close-cropped, a hairstyle of citizens

300 **ram-headed** cuckolded

301 **new league** friendship, truce, referring to the agreement with Hoard

4.5.1-4 **Let... some** The song is by Thomas Ravenscroft, a chorister at St Paul's Church, and was printed in his *Melismata* of 1611, where it is called 'The Scrivener's servant's song of Holborn'. The play's version lacks the first two lines: 'The master is so wise, so wise, that he's proceeded wittol, | My Mistress is a fool, a fool, and yet 'tis the most get-

all.' These lines were probably dropped because Dampit is not clearly married, much less a wittol (an acquiescent cuckold). Reavley Gair says that Ravenscroft may have performed the role of Audrey. For Ravenscroft's music, see *Companion*, 140.

1 **excel** surpasses that of others

2 **pits** (a) brothels (b) women's mouths and genitals (Proverbs 22.14) (c) taverns (d) debt, the pit he has dug for others (Proverbs 28.10) (e) hell

3 **Holborn... Fleet Street** These are the streets where Dampit tramps about on his business, stopping along the way at the *pits* mentioned in (a) and (c) in the previous note.

5 **Trahe, traheto** Latin commands to 'draw', applying to both the curtains of Dampit's bed and to drink. In early productions Dampit was lying in bed on the inner stage, and its curtains served as his bed curtains.

6 **sack** white wine from Spain or the

Canary Islands

7-8 **devil... year** The allusion is to Revelations 22:1-2, where an angel binds the devil with a great chain for a thousand years. The chain seems to refer to Dampit's being held up or bound in bed, given the references to *steel bedstuffs* at 4.5.9 and 4.5.164-5, to his being set up a *peg higher* at 4.5.112, and to his being *hung alive in chains* at 4.5.164. Sampson proposes that Dampit may be lying on the *great iron chest* mentioned at 3.4.5, and it is at least likely that he is surrounded by chains and devices that suggest his avarice as well as the need for additional support in his drunken state.

9 **steel bedstuffs** metal slats laid horizontally across the bed frame to support the bedding

11 **conceit** personal vanity, here referring to the need for assistance from another person

12 **muckender** handkerchief

- SPITCHCOCK Is this the sick trampler? Why, he is only
15 bedrid with drinking!
LAMPREY True, sir. He spies us.
DAMPIT What, Sir Tristram? You come and see a weak
man here, a very weak man—
LAMPREY If you be weak in body, you should be strong in
20 prayer, sir.
DAMPIT O, I have preyed too much, poor man.
LAMPREY There's a taste of his soul for you.
SPITCHCOCK Fah, loathsome!
LAMPREY I come to borrow a hundred pound of you, sir.
25 DAMPIT Alas, you come at an ill time. I cannot spare it,
i'faith. I ha' but two thousand i'th house.
AUDREY Ha, ha, ha!
DAMPIT Out, you girnative quean! The mullipode of vil-
lainy, the spinner of concupiscency!
30 *Enter Sir Lancelot and another gentleman*
LANCELOT [*to Lamprey and Spitchcock*] Yea, gentlemen, are
you here before us? How is he now?
LAMPREY Faith, the same man still. The tavern bitch has
bit him i'th' head.
LANCELOT We shall have the better sport with him.
35 Peace!—And how cheers Master Dampit now?
DAMPIT O, my bosom Sir Lancelot! How cheer I? Thy
presence is restorative.
LANCELOT But I hear a great complaint of you, Master
Dampit, among gallants.
40 DAMPIT I am glad of that, i'faith. Prithee, what?
LANCELOT They say you are waxed proud o' late, and if
a friend visit you in the afternoon, you'll scarce know
him.
DAMPIT Fie, fie! Proud? I cannot remember any such thing.
45 Sure I was drunk then.
LANCELOT Think you so, sir?
DAMPIT There 'twas, i'faith. Nothing but the pride of the
sack, and so certify 'em.—Fetch sack, sirrah.
- BOY [*aside*] A vengeance sack you once!
[*Exit, and returns shortly with sack*]
AUDREY Why, Master Dampit, if you hold on as you begin
50 and lie a little longer, you need not take care how to
dispose your wealth. You'll make the vintner your heir.
DAMPIT Out, you babliaminy! You unfeathered, cremitor-
ied quean! You cullisance of scabiosity!
AUDREY Good words, Master Dampit, to speak before a
55 maid and a virgin.
DAMPIT Hang thy virginity upon the pole of carnality!
AUDREY Sweet terms! My mistress shall know 'em.
LAMPREY [*to Spitchcock*] Note but the misery of this usuring
slave. Here he lies like a noisome dunghill, full of the
60 poison of his drunken blasphemies, and they to whom
he bequeaths all grudge him the very meat that feeds
him, the very pillow that eases him. Here may a usurer
behold his end. What profits it to be a slave in this
world, and a devil i'th' next?
65 DAMPIT Sir Lancelot? Let me buss thee, Sir Lancelot. Thou
art the only friend that I honour and respect.
LANCELOT I thank you for that, Master Dampit.
DAMPIT Farewell, my bosom Sir Lancelot.
LANCELOT [*aside to Lamprey and Spitchcock*] Gentlemen, an
70 you love me, let me step behind you, and one of you
fall a-talking of me to him.
LAMPREY Content.—Master Dampit?
DAMPIT So, sir.
LAMPREY Here came Sir Lancelot to see you, e'en now.
75 DAMPIT Hang him, rascal!
LAMPREY Who, Sir Lancelot?
DAMPIT Pythagorical rascal!
LAMPREY Pythagorical?
DAMPIT Ay, he changes his cloak when he meets a
80 sergeant.
LANCELOT What a rogue's this!

17 **Sir Tristram** After fifteenth-century revivals of the Tristan story, the famous lover's name was associated with any libertine. Dampit addresses him by the name because lampreys were supposed to be strong aphrodisiacs.

21 **prey** made a prey of, plundered

28 **girnative** given to 'girling' or snarling, grinning

mullipode another coinage of Dampit's, perhaps meaning 'miserable toad' from 'mulligrubs', a fit of depression or low spirits, and 'pode', for toad

29 **spinner** probably referring to a spider. Audrey is spinning as the scene opens, and toads and spiders were thought to be venomous.

concupiscency lust, erotic desire

32-3 **tavern... head** The phrase, meaning

'he is drunk', suggests that the women who provide pleasure in taverns also exact their revenge, just as drinking does.

36 **bosom** dear friend

49 **sack** destroy

52 **vintner** wine merchant

53 **babliaminy** Dampit's word for a babbler

53-4 **unfeathered, cremitoried quean** i.e. balding, burnt out whore. *Cremitoried* might refer either to the exhaustion of a prostitute or to her syphilitic or burning condition, which would also account for the loss of hair. Dampit's curses on Audrey continue to project onto her a sexual deviance that has no support elsewhere in the play.

54 **cullisance** badge, meaning 'epitome', from a corruption of *cognizance*

scabiosity suffering from scabies, various skin diseases, here associated with syphilis

57 **pole of carnality** i.e. erect penis

58 **My mistress** a reference, perhaps, to Dampit's wife, who is not clearly mentioned elsewhere, or to his landlady; or an inconsistency in the text. Compare 3.4.63-6.

60 **noisome** harmful, foul-smelling

64 **slave** The usurer was frequently called a slave to his money.

66 **buss** kiss

79 **Pythagorical** An allusion to the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which in this reductive formulation likens a soul taking on a different body to a person changing his clothes in order to avoid detection by the law.

- LAMPREY [*to Dampit*] I wonder you can rail at him, sir. He comes in love to see you.
- 85 DAMPIT A louse for his love. His father was a comb maker. I have no need of his crawling love! He comes to have longer day, the superlative rascal!
- LANCELOT 'Sfoot, I can no longer endure the rogue.— Master Dampit, I come to take my leave once again, sir.
- 90 DAMPIT Who? My dear and kind Sir Lancelot? The only gentleman of England! Let me hug thee. Farewell and a thousand!
- LAMPREY Composed of wrongs and slavish flatteries!
- 95 LANCELOT Nay, gentlemen, he shall show you more tricks yet. I'll give you another taste of him.
- LAMPREY Is't possible?
- LANCELOT His memory is upon departing.
- DAMPIT Another cup of sack!
- 100 LANCELOT Mass, then 'twill be quite gone. Before he drink that, tell him there's a country client come up and here attends for his learned advice.
- LAMPREY Enough.
- DAMPIT One cup more, and then let the bell toll. I hope I shall be weak enough by that time.
- 105 LAMPREY Master Dampit.
- DAMPIT Is the sack spouting?
- LAMPREY 'Tis coming forward, sir. Here's a countryman, a client of yours, waits for your deep and profound advice, sir.
- 110 DAMPIT A coxcomby! Where is he? Let him approach. Set me up a peg higher.
- LAMPREY [*to Lancelot*] You must draw near, sir.
- DAMPIT [*to Lancelot*] Now, good man fooliaminy, what say you to me now?
- 115 LANCELOT [*disguising his voice*] Please your good worship, I am a poor man, sir.
- DAMPIT What make you in my chamber then?
- LANCELOT I would entreat your worship's device in a just and honest cause, sir.
- 120 DAMPIT I meddle with no such matters. I refer 'em to Master No-man's office.
- LANCELOT I had but one house left me in all the world, sir, which was my father's, my grandfather's, my great grandfather's, and now a villain has unjustly wrung me out and took possession on't.
- DAMPIT Has he such feats? Thy best course is to bring thy *ejectione firmae*, and in seven year thou mayst shove him out by the law.
- LANCELOT Alas, an't please your worship, I have small friends and less money.
- DAMPIT Heyday! This gear will fadge well. Hast no money? Why then, my advice is thou must set fire o'th' house and so get him out.
- LAMPREY That will break strife, indeed.
- 135 LANCELOT I thank your worship for your hot counsel, sir. [*Aside to Lamprey and Spitchcock*] Altering but my voice a little, you see he knew me not. You may observe by this that a drunkard's memory holds longer in the voice than in the person. But gentlemen, shall I show you a sight? Behold the little dive-dapper of damnation, Gulf the usurer, for his time worse than t'other.
- Enter Hoard with Gulf*
- LAMPREY What's he comes with him?
- LANCELOT Why, Hoard, that married lately the Widow Meddler.
- 145 LAMPREY O, I cry you mercy, sir.
- HOARD Now gentlemen visitants, how does Master Dampit?
- LANCELOT Faith, here he lies e'en drawing in, sir, good canary as fast as he can, sir. A very weak creature, truly. He is almost past memory.
- 150 HOARD Fie, Master Dampit. You lie lazing a-bed here, and I come to invite you to my wedding dinner. Up, up, up!
- DAMPIT Who's this, Master Hoard? Who hast thou married, in the name of foolery?
- HOARD A rich widow.
- 155 DAMPIT A Dutch widow?
- HOARD A rich widow, one Widow Meddler.
- DAMPIT Meddler? She keeps open house.
- HOARD She did, I can tell you, in her t'other husband's days—open house for all comers. Horse and man was welcome, and room enough for 'em all.
- 160 DAMPIT There's too much for thee, then. Thou mayst let out some to thy neighbours.
- GULF What, hung alive in chains? O, spectacle! Bedstaffs of steel! *O monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens cui lumen*
- 165

85 **comb maker** a member of one of the newer guilds, which had less prestige than the older guilds. Combs were used to remove lice.

86 **crawling** referring to head lice on combs

87 **longer day** more time to repay his debts

88 'Sfoot an oath, from God's foot

92-3 **Farewell... thousand** i.e. a thousand farewells

98 **upon** at the point of

100 **quite** utterly

104 **let the bell toll** i.e. for his funeral

111 **coxcomby** i.e. fool

114 **fooliaminy** i.e. foolishness

118 **make do**

119 **device** a feigned malapropism for

'advice'

127 **feats** crimes

128 **ejectione firmae** a writ permitting a person who had been ousted from lands or property to recover possession of it

132 **Heyday** an exclamation denoting surprise or wonder, here used ironically

gear will fadge business will succeed

135 **break** (a) cause (b) destroy, end

141 **dive-dapper** dabchick, a small diving waterfowl, referring to Gulf's diminutive height as well as his moral constitution

146 **O...sir** Lamprey's apology for not recognizing Hoard, who may be looking especially fine

149 **canary** a sweet wine from the Canary Islands

150 **past memory** (a) a former event, i.e. dead (b) beyond being remembered or commemorated (c) lacking the capacity to remember or exercise judgement

158 **She...house** i.e. is a whore. Dampit puns on the medlar fruit, another name for which was 'openarse'. Hoard takes the remark to mean she is a generous hostess.

162-3 **let out** lend, presumably for money

165-6 **O...ademptum** Latin for 'O horrible monster, deformed, huge, deprived of sight', from Virgil's *Aeneid* III.658.

- ademptum!* O Dampit, Dampit! Here's a just judgement shown upon usury, extortion, and trampling villainy!
- LANCELOT This' exc'lent. Thief rails upon the thief.
- 170 GULF Is this the end of cutthroat usury, brothel, and blasphemy? Now mayst thou see what race a usurer runs.
- DAMPIT Why, thou rogue of universality, do not I know thee? Thy sound is like the cuckoo, the Welsh ambassador. Thou cowardly slave that offers to fight with a sick man when his weapon's down! Rail upon me in my naked bed? Why, thou great Lucifer's little vicar, I am not so weak but I know a knave at first sight. Thou inconscionable rascal! Thou that goest upon Middlesex juries and will make haste to give up thy verdict because thou wilt not lose thy dinner, are you answered?
- 175 180 GULF An't were not for shame—
Draws his dagger
- DAMPIT Thou wouldst be hanged then.
- LAMPREY Nay, you must exercise patience, Master Gulf, always, in a sick man's chamber.
- 185 LANCELOT He'll quarrel with none, I warrant you, but those that are bedrid.
- DAMPIT Let him come, gentlemen, I am armed. Reach my close-stool hither.
- LANCELOT Here will be a sweet fray anon. I'll leave you gentlemen.
- 190 LAMPREY Nay, we'll along with you.—Master Gulf.
- GULF Hang him, usuring rascal!
- LANCELOT Push! Set your strength to his, your wit to his.
- AUDREY Pray, gentlemen, depart. His hour's come upon him. [*To Dampit*] Sleep in my bosom; sleep.
- 195 LANCELOT Nay, we have enough of him, i'faith. Keep him for the house.
Now make your best.
For thrice his wealth, I would not have his breast.
- GULF
A little thing would make me beat him, now he's asleep.
- 200 LANCELOT
Mass, then 'twill be a pitiful day when he wakes.
I would be loath to see that day. Come.
- GULF
You overrule me, gentlemen, i'faith. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Quartus
- ❁
- Incipit Actus Quintus*
Enter Lucre and Witgood 5.1
- WITGOOD
Nay, uncle, let me prevail with you so much.
I'faith, go, now he has invited you.
- LUCRE I shall have great joy there, when he has borne away the widow!
- WITGOOD Why, la! I thought where I should find you presently. Uncle, o' my troth, 'tis nothing so. 5
- LUCRE What's nothing so, sir? Is not he married to the widow?
- WITGOOD No, by my troth is he not, uncle.
- LUCRE How? 10
- WITGOOD Will you have the truth on't? He is married to a whore, i'faith!
- LUCRE I should laugh at that.
- WITGOOD Uncle, let me perish in your favour if you find it not so, and that 'tis I that have married the honest woman. 15
- LUCRE Ha! I'd walk ten mile afoot to see that, i'faith!
- WITGOOD And see't you shall, or I'll ne'er see you again.
- LUCRE A quean, i'faith? Ha, ha, ha! *Exeunt*
- Enter Hoard tasting wine, the Host following in a livery cloak* 5.2
- HOARD Pup, pup, pup, pup! I like not this wine. Is there never a better tierce in the house?
- HOST Yes, sir, there are as good tierce in the house as any are in England.
- HOARD Desire your mistress, you knave, to taste 'em all over. She has better skill. 5
- HOST [*aside*] Has she so? The better for her, and the worse for you. *Exit*
- HOARD Arthur!
[*Enter Arthur*]
- Is the cupboard of plate set out? 10
- ARTHUR All's in order, sir. [*Exit*]
- HOARD I am in love with my liveries every time I think on 'em. They make a gallant show, by my troth. Niece!
[*Enter Niece*]
- NIECE Do you call, sir?
- HOARD Prithee, show a little diligence and overlook the knaves a little. They'll filch and steal today and send whole pasties home to their wives. An thou beest a good niece, do not see me purloined. 15
- NIECE Fear it not, sir.

173-4 **cuckoo**...**ambassador** The cuckoo's harsh call signalled a cuckold. Gwyn Williams suggests that the relation between it and *the Welsh ambassador* may stem from the representation of the bird as a messenger of love in Welsh poetry; but the conjunction here is associated with an unpleasant sound.

176 **my naked bed** i.e. when I am naked in bed

178-9 **Middlesex juries** juries from this county near London were often mentioned as unreliable

188 **close-stool** a covered chamber pot set in a stool

199 **breast** i.e. conscience

5.1.5-6 **I thought**...**presently** i.e. I thought that is what you were thinking

5.2.2 **tierce** cask

3 **tierce** (a) a thrust in fencing (b) a band

or company of soldiers

6 **skill** discrimination in judging wine. Hoard is more readily duped by Jane because he lacks the knowledge of someone of her supposed class.

10 **cupboard of plate** a sideboard or cabinet for displaying plate or dishes, or the service of plate itself

17 **pasties** pies

- [*Aside*] I have cause. Though the feast be prepared for you,
 Yet it serves fit for my wedding dinner, too. [*Exit*]
Enter Lamprey and Spitchcock
 HOARD Master Lamprey and Master Spitchcock, two the most welcome gentlemen alive! Your fathers and mine were all free o'th' fishmongers.
 LAMPREY They were indeed, sir. You see bold guests, sir, soon entreated.
 HOARD And that's best, sir.
 [*Enter Servant*]
 How now, sirrah?
 SERVANT There's a coach come to th' door, sir. [*Exit*]
 HOARD My Lady Foxstone, o' my life. Mistress Jane Hoard, wife! Mass, 'tis her ladyship indeed!
 [*Enter Lady Foxstone*]
 Madam, you are welcome to an unfurnished house, dearth of cheer, scarcity of attendance.
 LADY FOXSTONE You are pleased to make the worst, sir.
 HOARD Wife!
 [*Enter Jane*]
 LADY FOXSTONE Is this your bride?
 HOARD Yes, madam.—Salute my Lady Foxstone.
 JANE Please you, madam, awhile to taste the air in the garden?
 LADY FOXSTONE 'Twill please us well.
Exeunt [Jane and Lady Foxstone]
 HOARD
 Who would not wed? The most delicious life!
 No joys are like the comforts of a wife!
 LAMPREY So we bachelors think, that are not troubled with them!
 [*Enter Servant*]
 SERVANT Your worship's brother with another ancient gentleman are newly alighted, sir. [*Exit*]
 HOARD Master Onesiphorus Hoard! Why, now our company begins to come in.
 [*Enter Onesiphorus Hoard, Limber and Kix*]
 My dear and kind brother, welcome, i'faith.
 ONESIPHORUS You see we are men at an hour, brother.
 HOARD Ay, I'll say that for you, brother. You keep as good an hour to come to a feast as any gentleman in the shire. What, old Master Limber and Master Kix! Do we meet, i'faith, jolly gentlemen?
 LIMBER We hope you lack guests, sir?
 HOARD O, welcome, welcome! We lack still such guests as your worships.
- ONESIPHORUS Ah, sirrah brother, have you catched up Widow Meddler?
 HOARD From 'em all, brother. And I may tell you, I had mighty enemies, those that stuck sore. Old Lucre is a sore fox, I can tell you, brother.
 ONESIPHORUS Where is she? I'll go seek her out. I long to have a smack at her lips!
 HOARD And most wishfully, brother. See where she comes. [*Re-enter Jane and Lady Foxstone*]
 Give her a smack now, we may hear it all the house over.
Both [Jane and Onesiphorus] turn back
 JANE O heaven, I am betrayed! I know that face!
 HOARD Ha, ha, ha! Why, how now? Are you both ashamed? Come, gentlemen, we'll look another way.
 ONESIPHORUS Nay, brother, hark you. Come, you're disposed to be merry?
 HOARD Why do we meet else, man?
 ONESIPHORUS That's another matter. I was ne'er so feared in my life but that you had been in earnest.
 HOARD How mean you, brother?
 ONESIPHORUS You said she was your wife?
 HOARD Did I so? By my troth, and so she is.
 ONESIPHORUS By your troth, brother?
 HOARD What reason have I to dissemble with my friends, brother? If marriage can make her mine, she is mine! Why?
 ONESIPHORUS Troth, I am not well of a sudden. I must crave pardon, brother. I came to see you, but I cannot stay dinner, i'faith.
 HOARD I hope you will not serve me so, brother.
 LIMBER By your leave, Master Hoard.
 HOARD What now? What now? Pray gentlemen, you were wont to show yourselves wise men.
 LIMBER
 But you have shown your folly too much here.
 HOARD How?
 KIX
 Fie, fie! A man of your repute and name!
 You'll feast your friends, but cloy 'em first with shame.
 HOARD
 This grows too deep. Pray let us reach the sense.
 LIMBER In your old age, dote on a courtesan—
 HOARD Ha?
 KIX Marry a strumpet!
 HOARD Gentlemen!
 ONESIPHORUS And Witgood's quean!

24 **free o'th' fishmongers** members of the Fishmongers' Guild, as the names Lamprey and Spitchcock suggest

30 **Foxstone** 'Stones' were testicles, so the name refers to the testicles of a fox. When powdered, these were supposed to be an aphrodisiac.

32 **unfurnished** unprepared

45–6 **another ancient gentleman** The subsequent dialogue indicates that two gentlemen accompany Onesiphorus Hoard.

50 **men at an hour** punctual

55 **lack** are without, have too few

61 **stuck sore** thrust forcefully. *Stuck* is a fencing term, from *stoccardo*.

62 **sore** stern, hard

68 **I am...face** It is clear as early as I.I.I.I4–15 that Onesiphorus Hoard knew of the relationship between Jane and Witgood when they were all in Leicestershire.

74 **feared** afraid

86 **serve** treat

- 100 HOARD O! Nor lands, nor living?
 ONESIPHORUS Living!
 HOARD [to Jane] Speak!
 JANE
 Alas, you know at first, sir,
 I told you I had nothing.
- HOARD
 105 Out, out! I am cheated! Infinitely cozened!
 LIMBER Nay, Master Hoard—
Enter Witgood and Lucre [with the Niece]
- HOARD
 A Dutch widow, a Dutch widow, a Dutch widow!
 LUCRE
 Why, nephew, shall I trace thee still a liar?
 Will make me mad? Is not yon thing the widow?
- WITGOOD
 110 Why, la! You are so hard o' belief, uncle.
 By my troth, she's a whore.
- LUCRE
 Then thou'rt a knave.
 WITGOOD *Negatur argumentum*, uncle.
 LUCRE *Probo tibi*, nephew. He that knows a woman to be a
 quean must needs be a knave. Thou sayst thou knowst
 115 her to be one. *Ergo*, if she be a quean, thou'rt a knave.
 WITGOOD *Negatur sequela majoris*, uncle. He that knows a
 woman to be a quean must needs be a knave: I deny
 that.
- HOARD Lucre and Witgood, you're both villains. Get you
 120 out of my house.
- LUCRE
 Why, didst not invite me to thy wedding dinner?
 WITGOOD And are not you and I sworn perpetual friends
 before witness, sir, and were both drunk upon't?
- HOARD
 Daintily abused! You've put a junt upon me!
- LUCRE
 Ha, ha, ha!
- HOARD
 A common strumpet!
- WITGOOD
 Nay, now
 125 You wrong her, sir. If I were she, I'd have
 The law on you for that. I durst depose for her
 She ne'er had common use, nor common thought.
- JANE [to Hoard]
 Despise me, publish me: I am your wife.
 What shame can I have now but you'll have part?
 130 If in disgrace you share, I sought not you.
 You pursued me, nay, forced me.
 Had I friends would follow it,
 Less than your action has been proved a rape.
- ONESIPHORUS Brother!
 135 JANE
 Nor did I ever boast of lands unto you,
 Money or goods. I took a plainer course,
 And told you true I'd nothing.
 If error were committed, 'twas by you.
 Thank your own folly. Nor has my sin been
 140 So odious but worse has been forgiven.

100 **Nor lands, nor living** These words echo Jane's question at 3.1.168 about Witgood.

104 I...**nothing** See 3.1.205 and note.

107 **Dutch widow** Hoard learned that the phrase referred to a prostitute at 3.3.18.

108 **trace** find

112 *Negatur argumentum* Latin for '[your] argument is denied', a phrase appropriate to disputations at the universities.

113 *Probo tibi* 'I will prove it to you.' **knows** (a) perceives, recognizes (b) has carnal knowledge of through intercourse

115 *Ergo* therefore. The syllogistic and Latinate manner in which Witgood and Lucre dispute the disposition of Jane's sexuality parodies her objectification by Onesiphorus Hoard, Limber, and Kix in the previous lines. But Lucre's conclusion is that Witgood is equally to blame.

116 *Negatur sequela majoris* 'The implication of your major premise is denied.' Through denying the premise, Witgood avoids acknowledging his complicity in Jane's construction as a 'whore'.

124 **junt** trick, cheat

125 **common strumpet** The phrase suggested promiscuity in a way that *courtesan* did not, since courtesans in English Renaissance drama were often kept by a man rather than generally available. *Common* also implies a lower class of woman

than one who would be described as a courtesan. See Introduction.

126-8 I'd...**thought** Witgood uses the language of legal defence to deny that Jane was ever commonly available as a sexual companion and to observe that Hoard's statement leaves him open to Jane's charge of slander in an ecclesiastical court. See Introduction.

127 **depose** offer testimony to a court, under oath

128 **common** (a) promiscuous (b) lower class **use** i.e. for sexual purposes

thought reputation, i.e. was never considered to be generally available

129 **publish** publically denounce

132 **You pursued...forced me** Jane is referring to the coercion applied to her consent to the spousal at 3.1.192-225. She is charging that she was married under duress.

133 **friends** kinsmen, near relations, or advisors. As a married woman or *feme covert*, Jane would not be allowed to bring a suit on her own behalf in civil court. But were someone willing to bring the suit for her (and Witgood is a good candidate, since he witnessed the forced marriage at 3.1.192-225), the laws on record imply that she may have had some chance of success. Even though English law defined women who were

unmarried but sexually experienced as 'whores', it also held that she who refused consent to a sexual act was not, at that time, a 'whore'. See the note on rape at 5.2.134 below and the Introduction for further discussion.

follow it prosecute the case

134 **Less...rape** The word 'rape' during the early modern period referred not only to forced sexual relations but to the act of abduction. Rich widows were especially vulnerable to abduction by men seeking to gain control of their wealth by forcing their consent to marriage. *Proved* in this passage implies that some suits by women against their abductors may have been successful. Hoard planned a feigned abduction of Jane at 3.1.218-25 and brought it off at 3.3.67-8. Although the latter scene is dramatized, there were no witnesses among characters in the play besides Hoard and his friends. Jane's resistance or compliance would therefore be difficult to establish in court. She does prefer to be married to Hoard, because he is her best option in a world that characterizes a woman in her situation as a 'whore'. Hence her charges of forced marriage and abduction are designed to pressure him into honouring his marriage as well as recognizing his own errors. See Introduction.

- Nor am I so deformed but I may challenge
The utmost power of any old man's love.
She that tastes not sin before twenty,
145 Twenty to one but she'll taste it after.
Most of you old men are content to marry
Young virgins and take that which follows,
Where marrying one of us, you both save
A sinner, and are quit from a cuckold forever.
150 "And more, in brief, let this your best thoughts win:
She that knows sin, knows best how to hate sin."
- HOARD
Cursed be all malice! Black are the fruits of spite,
And poison first their owners. O my friends,
I must embrace shame, to be rid of shame.
155 Concealed disgrace prevents a public name.
Ah Witgood! Ah Theorodus!
- WITGOOD Alas, sir, I was pricked in conscience to see her
well bestowed, and where could I bestow her better
than upon your pitiful worship? Excepting but myself,
160 I dare swear she's a virgin. And now by marrying your
niece, I have banished myself forever from her. She's
mine aunt now, by my faith, and there's no meddling
with mine aunt, you know—a sin against my nuncle.
- JANE
165 Lo, gentlemen, before you all,
In true reclaimed form I fall.
[*She kneels*]
Henceforth forever I defy
The glances of a sinful eye,
- Waving of fans, which some suppose
Tricks of fancy; treading of toes,
Wringing of fingers, biting the lip,
170 The wanton gait, th'alluring trip;
All secret friends and private meetings,
Close-borne letters and bawds' greetings;
Feigning excuse to women's labours
When we are sent for to th' next neighbours;
175 Taking false physic, and ne'er start
To be let blood, though sign be at heart;
Removing chambers, shifting beds
To welcome friends in husbands' steads;
Them to enjoy and you to marry,
180 They first served, while you must tarry,
They to spend and you to gather,
They to get and you to father.
These and thousand thousand more,
New reclaimed, I now abhor.
185 [*She rises*]
- LUCRE
Ah, here's a lesson, rioter, for you.
- WITGOOD
I must confess my follies. I'll down, too.
[*He kneels*]
And here forever I disclaim
The cause of youth's undoing: game.
190 Chiefly dice, those true outlanders
That shake out beggars, thieves and panders;
Soul-wasting surfeits, sinful riots,

- 142 **challenge** lay claim to. Jane is not modest about her power to win Hoard's affection.
- 148 **one of us** someone who is sexually experienced but unmarried, which was sufficient by the standards of the time to designate her a 'whore'
- 149 **quit... forever** A man who marries a woman reputed to be a 'whore' is saved from the danger of becoming a cuckold because his wife's sexuality was not contained before the marriage began.
- cuckold** a husband whose wife commits adultery. Horns were often set on a man's head as a sign of public ridicule for his being unable to control his wife's sexuality. The word derives from *cuculus*, which was Latin for the cuckoo bird.
- 150-1 "And... sin." These lines appear in quotation marks in the play's first two editions.
- 159 **pitiful** compassionate
- 159-60 **Excepting... virgin** The play provides no reason to doubt this assertion.
- 163 **aunt** (a) the wife of Witgood's uncle (b) mistress, prostitute, a meaning associated with the sexual meanings of 'meddling'
- nuncle** uncle
- 166-85 **Henceforth... abhor** This speech does not reflect on Jane's past so much as her future, for the 'tricks' she abjures

- are those of married women. One might read it as suggesting how fully Jane has accepted her role as a wife since she was married in 3.1.
- 166 **defy** renounce
- 169 **fancy** love
- 169-70 **treading... lip** Compare Dekker and Webster's *Northward Ho!* at 2.2.11-14: 'what treads of the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands backs turn'd, would passe between them'.
- 170 **Wringing** claspings
- 171 **trip** quick, light movements of the feet
- 173 **Close-borne** secretly conveyed
- 174 **women's labours** childbirth
- 176 **physic** medical treatment
- 176-7 **ne'er... heart** Jane promises to avoid the *physic* of blood-letting when the astrological sign is in Leo (i.e. *at heart*), since that sign and some others were considered 'most dangerous for blood-letting, the Moon being in them', according to almanacs and medical books such as *A prognostication everlasting of right good effect* (1576) by Leonard Digges. Given the context, the phrase *though sign be at heart* probably also refers to a wife's sexual desires, which could prompt her to use the treatment as an excuse for infidelity or for being

- sexually unavailable to her husband, thereby making the excuse a form of *false physick*.
- 178 **Removing... beds** moving to different bedrooms
- 179 **friends** lovers
- 180-3 **Them... father** The references to *them* and *they* in contrast to *you* relate to lovers as compared to husbands. Jane is directing much of this speech to her own husband, Hoard.
- 183 **get** beget
father i.e. to parent or raise as one's biological child
- 185 **abhor** (a) loathe, hate (b) literally, move away from being a whore. This speech is Jane's final, spirited performance as a faithful wife.
- 188-200 **And... all** Witgood offers gambling, gallantry, and riotous indulgence as the counterpart to the deceits of wives, but unlike Jane's version of what she might eventually have the chance to do, Witgood gives an account of the life he already led. She renounces the future, he the past. Both speeches serve as parodic substitutes for the parallel marriage vows from a hero and heroine that conclude more conventional comedies.
- 189 **game** gambling
- 190 **outlanders** foreigners
- 191 **shake out** i.e. make

195 Queans' evils, doctors' diets,
 'Pothecaries' drugs, surgeons' glisters,
 Stabbing of arms for a common mistress,
 Ribbioned favours, ribald speeches,
 Dear perfumed jackets, penniless breeches,
 Dutch flapdragons, healths in urine,
 Drabs that keep a man too sure in:
 200 I do defy you all.

Lend me each honest hand, for here I rise
 A reclaimed man, loathing the general vice.
 [He rises]
 HOARD
 So, so, all friends. The wedding dinner cools.
 Who seem most crafty prove oft times most fools.
 [Exeunt]
 Finis

ADDITIONAL PASSAGE

A [Additional Passage between 3.1.29 and 3.1.30]

WITGOOD

I know you have been kind; however now,
 Either by wrong report, or false incitement,
 Your gentleness is injured. In such a state
 As this a man cannot want foes.
 5 If on the sudden he begin to rise,
 No man that lives can count his enemies.
 You had some intelligence, I warrant ye,
 From an ill-willer.

SECOND CREDITOR Faith, we heard you brought up a rich
 widow, sir, and were suddenly to marry her. 10

WITGOOD Ay, why there it was. I knew 'twas so. But since
 you are so well resolved of my faith toward you, let me
 be so much favoured of you, I beseech you all—

ALL O, it shall not need, i'faith, sir—

WITGOOD As to lie still awhile, and bury my debts in 15
 silence, till I be fully possessed of the widow. For the
 truth is, I may tell you as my friends—

ALL O, O, O—

193 **Queans' evils** venereal diseases, in
 contrast to the 'king's evil', scrofula
 194 **glisters** enemas
 195 **Stabbing of arms** drawing one's own
 blood and then mixing it with wine to
 drink a toast to one's mistress.
 195-8 **Stabbing...urine** Compare Marston's
Dutch Courtesan 4.2.59-63: 'if I have not
 as religiously vowed my heart to you,
 been drunk to your health, swallowed
 flapdragons, eat glasses, drunk urine,

stabbed arms, and done all the offices of
 protested gallantry for your sake...'.
 196 **Ribbioned** knots of ribbon given as
 favours to lovers
 198 **Dutch flapdragons** raisins or similar
 objects set on fire and drunk in brandy
 as they flamed
healths in urine wine mixed with urine
 used to toast one's mistress
 199 **Drabs** prostitutes
too sure in i.e. too tightly controlled

200 **defy** renounce
 202 **the general vice** i.e. all vices
 204 **Who...fools** The line approaches the
 sense of two proverbs, 'To a crafty man
 a crafty and a half' (Tilley M393) and
 'He that deceives another is oft deceived
 himself' (Tilley D170).
 A.4 **want** lack
 9 **brought up** escorted to town
 12 **resolved** convinced

A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS

Text edited and introduced by Peter Saccio, annotated by Celia R. Daileader

DICK FOLLYWIT, a prodigal trickster, replenishes his purse by thrice robbing his grandfather Sir Bounteous Progress. Frank Gullman, a Courtesan, furnishes Penitent Brothel with the opportunity for sex with Mistress Harebrain; Penitent in turn helps her to fleece both Sir Bounteous and two young heirs, Inesse and Possibility. These plots are standard fare deriving from the competition for women and money in ancient Roman comedy, the prodigal stories of the Elizabethan stage, and the con-catching pamphlets that describe the swindles and scams of sixteenth-century London. Middleton himself had included in *The Ant and the Nightingale* a brief variant of the Penitent/Harebrain plot: a starchwoman-bawd arranges adultery between a citizen's wife and a gentleman. In *A Mad World, My Masters* Middleton effectively joins his two major stories in the marriage of Follywit to the Courtesan, each deceived about the character of the other. Using the popular device of an internal play that reflects and resolves the main plots, Middleton brings his play to conclusion with a richly inventive and funny play-within-a-play that highlights *Mad World's* concern with performance.

With its intrigues for money and sex, the play strongly resembles the other London comedies Middleton wrote for performance by the Children of Paul's. In this case, however, the action is not limited to London: nine of its nineteen scenes are set at the country house of Sir Bounteous, to which other characters travel. (The allusion to Newbury Assizes in 4.4 suggests a location in Berkshire.) The ten London scenes are less insistent on the topography and practices of the town than are other Middleton comedies: fewer landmarks are mentioned, and the plot does not dwell heavily on the occupations, social tensions, and financial chicanery of the city. The Courtesan plies her trade in both town and country, as has her Mother before her. The story of Penitent Brothel and the Harebrains follows the familiar pattern of a gentleman cuckolding a citizen, but although the cast list given in the second edition (1640) identifies Penitent as a gentleman and Harebrain as a citizen no explicit use is made in the script of their class difference. They meet as equals in Act 4 and are entertained without distinction by Sir Bounteous in Act 5. The emphasis of the cuckolding plot therefore falls upon the cleverness of the scheme rather than the social fissures it could reveal. Furthermore, no innocent person in *Mad World* is wholly despoiled of his property like Easy in *Michaelmas Term*—the chief victim of plunder, Sir Bounteous, is surprisingly cheerful about his losses—and no one suffers the complete degradation of Dampit in

A Trick to Catch the Old One. *Mad World* is quite an amiable play.

Its characteristic dramatic actions lie in disguise and theatrical performance. The chief trickster, Follywit, appears as Lord Owemuch, as a masked burglar, as the Courtesan, and as a player in a travelling troupe who functions successively as manager, prologue, and actor improvising a play. Even in his final appearance 'in his own shape', kneeling before Sir Bounteous, he likens himself to an actor concluding a performance with a prayer for the company's patron. The opening dialogue, when Follywit wears no disguise, forms a kind of green-room scene in which he recalls earlier transformations of character and costume and prepares a new role. His comrades join his performances in appropriate supporting parts, planned or improvised. The other major intriguer, the Courtesan, adopts roles without disguise or name-change. To Inesse, Possibility, and eventually Follywit, she is a pious virgin. To Harebrain she is a spiritual director for his wife. In the central scene of the play she is (for Harebrain) a sick woman uttering her dying words and (for Sir Bounteous) his mistress undergoing the pangs of pregnancy, both roles being supported by Penitent's performance as doctor. She too has a green-room passage in the first scene, receiving stage directions from her Mother. Mistress Harebrain carries out in detail the Courtesan's advice for acting the role of chaste wife, and a devil impersonates Mistress Harebrain to tempt Penitent into further sin.

The complexities of performance ramify. When Follywit appears the morning after the robbery as Lord Owemuch bound in his bed; when the Courtesan delivers moral advice to a Mistress Harebrain who is actually in the next room committing adultery; when a devil appears as a blatantly lascivious Mistress Harebrain (clearly played by the same actor who plays the lustful but decorously behaved 'real' Mistress Harebrain); and when Penitent and Mistress Harebrain convert their repentance for adultery into a pretence for Harebrain's benefit that no adultery could occur, the dizzying vortex of performances spins into ever more imaginative scripts. It is appropriate that *Mad World* should end with a play-within-the-play, that the inner play, *The Slip*, should exist only as a last-ditch improvisation by Follywit and his Lieutenant, and that a genuine 'Constable i'th' commonwealth' should be taken as 'the Constable i'th' comedy' (5.2.172-5). The overall effect is one of scrambling ingenuity exerting itself in resourceful role-playing.

It is indeed a mad world—the schemes of the two chief intriguers become fantastic. The Courtesan's virginity has

been sold some fifteen times, she has convinced the impatient Sir Bounteous of his sexual prowess, and in the sickroom scene she bilks three men and helps cuckold a fourth. Follywit goes to great lengths to rob Sir Bounteous of a mere watch, chain, and jewel when he has already twice stolen heaps of his grandsire's money and treasure. Follywit and the Courtesan so often play roles that we gain little idea of their real personalities. Follywit justifies his thefts by citing the stingy jealousy of old men and asking pointedly how they got their money, while the Courtesan adeptly exploits men's contradictory stereotypes of women (they are shy and modest, they easily fall ill, they are cunning contrivers), but one cannot find in their speeches the serious concern about economics or gender that some of Middleton's other characters express. These plucky opportunists make the best of their circumstances, plume themselves on their successes, and take setbacks with resilience.

More deeply rooted comic eccentricity appears in Sir Bounteous, Harebrain, and Penitent. Explicitly identified as a character whose 'humour' (2.1.3-4) is extravagant hospitality, Sir Bounteous is as prodigal as his grandson. His appearance—'a little short old spiny gentleman in a great doublet' (3.2.7)—suggests his self-inflation. Eager as a host (witness his repetitive phrasing), enormously pleased with his possessions and courtly manners, harmlessly testy with servants, Sir Bounteous is a comic rendition of the great country householder idealized in such poems as Jonson's 'To Penshurst'. His knighthood derives from wealth, not military distinction. His social ambition is clear in his obsequious address to Lord Owemuch and his effort to establish intimacy with him. His proud display of his 'organs' hints at a ludicrous wish for bodily familiarity; he recommends Follywit to Owemuch as if he were offering an attractive catamite; and his grief over the tying up of Owemuch ('Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces' [2.6.17-19]) sounds like a misplaced meditation on the Passion of Christ. His welcome to the non-noble Harebrains and Penitent is also warm, however, and with all visitors, even footmen, he loves the role of tour-guide. Despite his keeping Follywit short of money and his self-deceived relation with the Courtesan, there is something innocent in his jovial bounty. In the final deception of *The Slip* he is large enough to move from momentary vexation to enjoyment of the jest, and to ask only that his guests not laugh at him 'seven year hence' (5.2.184).

Harebrain is involved in deeper ironies. While many husbands in Jacobean drama fear cuckoldom, with or without warrant, Harebrain's suspicion is strikingly 'fantastic but deserved' (1.1.108). It is deserved because his wife desires Penitent from the start—she requires no persuasion, only opportunity. It is fantastic because her conduct gives no overt cause for jealousy, and his precautions and tests both prove her fidelity to his satisfaction (yet he must test again) and afford her the chance to cuckold him. He 'innocently . . . plot[s] his own

abuse' (1.1.113-17). Vain (he would teach other husbands how to guard their wives), emotionally labile (witness his tears and kisses), insistent on his own absurd views (his verbal repetitions, unlike Sir Bounteous's, sound peevish), he is obsessed by sex. He remarks on the 'luscious' quality of Elizabethan erotic poetry (1.2.47-8), dismisses all non-sexual sins as trivial, bursts into lubricious *carpe diem* verse when describing the Courtesan's illness, and even remarks on the 'pretty' appearance of Follywit-as-Prologue (5.2.29). His eavesdropping in the sickroom scene makes him the aural equivalent of a voyeur upon the event he most fears, an event filtered through to his misunderstanding by the ambiguities of the Courtesan's monologue. In his concern with the tortures hell provides (for adulterers only) and his delight in the strict tests he sets his wife, pleasure is linked with pain. That both arise for him from his own inadequacies is suggested by an odd textual crux. In Act 5, his name is twenty times given as 'Shortrod' rather than 'Harebrain'. (One line, probably to be spoken by him, is assigned to a mysterious 'Nub'.) 'Shortrod' is too good a name for a sexually anxious cuckold to be a compositor's accident, and misreading 'Harebrain' as 'Shortrod' (or 'Nub'—a small bodily protruberance!) is a very unlikely printing-house mistake. In the Textual Introduction of this edition I have argued in more detail that both names are authorial, that the character's full name is Shortrod Harebrain. Evidently Middleton intended to label this character with genital deficiencies as well as folly. In *Michaelmas Term* there are puns to this effect on Shortyard's name, and both Shortyard and Shortrod Harebrain display unusual warmth when bonding with other males. Whatever his quirks, however, Harebrain retains sufficient self-esteem to enter into the final festivities as a genial guest.

The characterization of Penitent Brothel is more complex and problematic. Although he hesitates to take the role of physician, his masterful use of medical jargon and his ironical asides make him a trickster nearly as skilful as his ally the Courtesan. His ardour for Mistress Harebrain emerges occasionally in verse that rises out of the comic plotting as the lyrical descants of the young lovers in Verdi's *Falstaff* soar above the merriment of the Windsor wives. But he is the only person in *Mad World* with a vivid sense of sin, and the tonal dissonance between his fear of damnation and the play's amoral intrigue has puzzled modern critics. His first soliloquy runs the gamut from appreciation of Follywit's pranks through harsh self-condemnation to shrewd assessment of Harebrain. His spiritual anxiety climaxes in his spontaneous repentance, his horrified loathing of the devil who tempts him, and his persuasive sermon to Mistress Harebrain. The repentance cannot be insincere, and is particularly striking when he abandons his conventionally sexist condemnation of 'slime, corruption, woman' as the source of sin (4.1.18) to shoulder responsibility for both his sin and hers (4.5.48-52). Some readers have felt that his spiritual intensity, with its use of godly precepts ridiculed in earlier scenes,

splits the play apart. Penitent himself is perplexed: the sudden intrusion of a devil is so surprising that he requires repeated assurances that Mistress Harebrain herself has not visited him. The audience must share his perplexity. We too see and hear some one whose face, dress, and voice are precisely those of Mistress Harebrain. She behaves very differently from the woman we have seen before, but sexual consummation can cause a release of inhibitions, and this is the first time the lovers have had the stage to themselves. Middleton's irony here enters the realm of the grotesque, for the spiritual anguish of the repentance scenes is studded with farcical effects. For anyone to shift abruptly from demure propriety to eager sexuality is in itself funny. This woman then rhymes (as several critics have noted) like Ogden Nash; Penitent's quotations from *Hamlet* clash bizarrely with her jocular familiarity; and his notion of a woman being 'part a virgin' (4.5.69) sounds as absurd as being 'slightly pregnant'. Middleton skilfully solders this grotesquerie back into the amoral irony of *Mad World*. Mistress Harebrain's already demonstrated ability to deal dryly with her husband's emotional outbursts and Penitent's skill at playing doctor prepare us for their smooth response to the unexpected entrance of the cuckold. Nothing is given away, Harebrain once again discards his jealousy, and the sequence comes blandly to rest in the play's characteristic effect of resourceful role-playing.

Having plunged into moral passion, *Mad World* glides out of it. The dominating pattern of the play is *quid pro quo*: the jealous husband is cuckolded, the ambitious host and the steward who would seduce his master's mistress are cheated of their own bribes, thief and whore ignorantly marry each other. *Quid pro quo* may inspire moral reflection in an audience, and is indeed invoked by some Jacobean characters in weighty contexts, as when Shakespeare's Edgar moralizes the blinding of Gloucester and Webster's Ferdinand concludes, 'Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust'. Here the principle rings out in the alarm of a stolen watch and is articulated in Follywit's shoulder-shrugging line, 'Tricks are repaid, I see' (5.2.305). It is an aesthetic more than a moral pattern: a comic recoil closer to Somerset Maugham's ironic *Circle* than to Jonson's judgemental *Volpone*. It invites, not censure and reform, but mildly rueful pleasure at the neatness of the thing and whimsical acceptance of the mad world. A constable earnestly doing his duty is bound and gagged by the comedy, and everyone else applauds. Providing applause for Follywit is half the function of his comrades; Penitent fills the sickroom scene with praise of the Courtesan's wit; Sir Bounteous and his guests intersperse *The Slip* with their half-misguided delight. Middleton cues the reaction he wants from his own audience, and the publisher's preface in the 1640 edition urges readers to applaud the action and to disregard as relics of old-fashioned convention the moralizing couplets that end some scenes.

The play suggests that we enjoy not only witty contrivance by minds but also resourceful activity of bodies.

In the best recent edition of *Mad World*, Standish Henning rightly declares that 'the play revels in obscenity', body jokes that he finds too obvious to explicate. In the present edition Celia R. Daileader does annotate them (and continues discussion of the sexual issues in her recent book *Eroticism on the Renaissance Stage*). Bodily actions and allusions, both decent and obscene, form a large and vital element of the play. Comic physical action appears in many of the entrances and exits (the servants especially tend to be hasty or delayed or clumsy or abrupt); in the Courtesan's fake wrestling with Follywit and with her Mother; in the dancing of Sir Bounteous and of the devil; in Follywit's cross-dressing and the hints of polymorphous sexuality; in the very breath of Follywit, whose taint of alcohol and tobacco nearly gives away his female disguise. The robbery scenes of Act 2 hinge on 'binding', where the literal tying up of characters also evokes legal obligation and intestinal constipation. The body's abilities concentrate particularly in the sickroom scene, where the Courtesan's moans disguise the sounds of offstage sex, and she feigns some action that drives Inesse and Possibility hastily away. Puking and purging are the obvious alternatives, and although the former is more easily acted, the latter coheres with the dialogue about stools and the physician's function of 'loosing' his patients. If, at the centre of this play, a beautiful and much-courted woman fakes a sonorous bowel movement to the applause of one man and the disgust of two others, the world is indeed ingeniously mad.

So theatrical a play merits a richer stage history than *Mad World* has had. The title-pages of the two early editions note performances at Paul's around 1606 and at Salisbury Court by 1640. Restoration memoirists note performances at Oxford in 1661 and in London around 1662. Thereafter *Mad World* was subjected to adaptation and pillage. Aphra Behn borrowed parts of the Owemuch robbery for *The City Heiress* (1682). Christopher Bullock made a six-scene farcical afterpiece called *The Slip* (1715) out of the Owemuch robbery and the play-within-the-play. In the same year Charles Johnson combined the robbery scenes with parts of Fletcher's *Custom of the Country* to create the full-length *Country Lasses*, which in turn was pillaged by William Kenrick in 1778. Going back directly to *Mad World* in 1786, Leonard Macnally created a two-act farce called *The April Fool* out of parts of Middleton's Acts 1, 2, and 5. Two American revivals have occurred: one at Harvard University in 1940 (again the Follywit scenes only) and another off-Broadway at the Bouverie Lane Theatre in 1978. In 1977 Barrie Keffe used the title and the general notion of city confidence tricks to create a contemporary satire for the Joint Stock Company at the Young Vic. In 1998 Middleton's own text returned to the London stage, for the first time since the seventeenth century, in a lively production at Shakespeare's Globe. Sue Lefton, a director of remarkable inventiveness in stage movement, zestfully animated Middleton's farcical complications. Amid a generally able cast David Rintoul in particular made Penitent Brothel coherent by stressing the

fanaticism with which he responded to the least impulse, whether he was playing doctor, sexually rampant, or bitterly repentant.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 142
Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 586
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 355

A Mad World, My Masters

[for the Children of Paul's]

THE PERSONS

SIR BOUNTEOUS Progress, an old rich country knight
GUNWATER, steward to Sir Bounteous

Dick FOLLYWIT, grandson to Sir Bounteous
LIEUTENANT Mawworm } comrades to Follywit
ENSIGN Oboe }
Another comrade disguised as a FOOTMAN
Other COMRADES to Follywit

Master Shortrod HAREBRAIN, a jealous husband
WIFE to Master Harebrain
RAFE, servant to Master Harebrain
Master PENITENT Brothel, in love with Harebrain's Wife
JASPER, servant to Master Penitent

COURTESAN, Frank Gullman, mistress to Sir Bounteous,
bawd to Master Penitent
MOTHER to the Courtesan, an old gentlewoman, bawd to
her daughter
MAN, servant to the Courtesan

Master INESSE } two eldest brothers and heirs,
Master POSSIBILITY } suitors to the Courtesan
TWO KNIGHTS, visitors to Sir Bounteous

CONSTABLE
Two or three WATCHMEN, hired by Master Harebrain
SERVANTS to Sir Bounteous
NEIGHBOURS to Sir Bounteous

SUCCUBUS, a devil in the likeness of Harebrain's Wife

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
Enter Dick Follywit and his consorts, Lieutenant
Mawworm, Ensign Oboe, and others his comrades
LIEUTENANT O captain, regent, principal!
ENSIGN What shall I call thee? The noble spark of bounty,
the lifeblood of society!
FOLLYWIT Call me your forecast, you whoresons. When
5 you come drunk out of a tavern, 'tis I must cast your

plots into form still, 'tis I must manage the prank, or
I'll not give a louse for the proceeding. I must let fly
my civil fortunes, turn wild-brain, lay my wits upo'th'
tenters, you rascals, to maintain a company of villains
whom I love in my very soul and conscience.

LIEUTENANT Aha, our little forecast!
FOLLYWIT Hang you, you have bewitched me among you.
I was as well given till I fell to be wicked, my grandsire

10

Title *A Mad World, My Masters* (proverbial)

I. I. O. 2 *consorts* companions

O. 3 *Mawworm* an intestinal worm, a
parasite, likely to provoke a peevish
temper in its victim

Oboe indicating the high-pitched voice
of the child actor

I *captain* perhaps figurative, but Follywit
and his consorts may be now-indigent
military men returning to civilian life
after the signing of the peace treaty with
Spain in 1604—hence the reference to

'civil fortunes', below.

4 *forecast* forethought, prudence; one who
forecasts, or predicts the future

6 *still* always

8 *civil fortunes* the chance of a civilian
career, with a pun on 'civil' as decent or
seemly in behaviour

9 *tenters* a frame for stretching cloth

10 *conscience* inmost thought; mind

12–24 *Hang . . . measure* a parody of Sir
John Oldcastle's speech in 1 *Henry IV*: 'I

was as virtuously given as a gentleman
need to be: virtuous enough; swore little;
diced not—above seven times a week;
went to a bawdy-house not—above
once in a quarter—of an hour; paid
money that I borrowed—three or four
times; lived well, and in good compass.
And now I live out of all order, out of
all compass' (3.3.13–19). Middleton's
version adds a burlesque of piety by way
of the religious references glossed below.

- 15 had hope of me. I went all in black, swore but o' Sundays, never came home drunk but upon fasting nights to cleanse my stomach. 'Slid, now I'm quite altered, blown into light colours, let out oaths by th' minute, sit up late till it be early, drink drunk till I am sober, sink down dead in a tavern, and rise in a tobacco shop. Here's a transformation: I was wont yet to pity the simple and leave 'em some money. 'Slid, now I gull 'em without conscience. I go without order, swear without number, gull without mercy, and drink without measure.
- 20 LIEUTENANT I deny the last, for if you drink ne'er so much, you drink within measure.
- FOLLYWIT How prove you that, sir?
- LIEUTENANT Because the drawers never fill their pots.
- FOLLYWIT Mass, that was well found out: all drunkards may lawfully say they drink within measure by that trick. And now I'm put i'th' mind of a trick. Can you keep your countenance, villains? Yet I am a fool to ask that, for how can they keep their countenance that have lost their credits?
- 30 ENSIGN I warrant you for blushing, captain.
- FOLLYWIT I easily believe that, Ensign, for thou lost thy colours once. Nay, faith, as for blushing, I think there's grace little enough amongst you all, 'tis Lent in your cheeks, the flag's down. Well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing face, unless you had more money in your purses. Then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolic grandsire, Sir Bounteous Progress, whose death makes all possible to me. I shall have all when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing. I think one mind runs through a million of 'em: they love to keep us
- sober all the while they're alive, that when they're dead we may drink to their healths. They cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground, and that makes so many laugh at their fathers' funerals. I know my grandsire has his will in a box, and has bequeathed all to me when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in need of poor ten pounds now, by his will I should hang myself ere I should get it. There's no such word in his will, I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.
- LIEUTENANT You may build upon that, captain.
- FOLLYWIT Then since he has no will to do me good as long as he lives, by mine own will I'll do myself good before he dies, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant, I'm sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief, first, that my grandsire Sir Bounteous Progress is a knight of thousands, and therefore no knight since one thousand six hundred; next, that he keeps a house like his name, bounteous, open for all comers; thirdly and lastly, that he stands much upon the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largeness of his kitchen, longitude of his buttery, and fecundity of his larder, and thinks himself never happier than when some stiff lord or great countess alights to make light his dishes. These being well mixed together may give my project better encouragement and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate. To be short and cut off a great deal of dirty way, I'll down to my grandsire like a lord.
- LIEUTENANT How, captain?
- FOLLYWIT A French ruff, a thin beard, and a strong perfume will do't. I can hire blue coats for you all by Westminster clock, and that colour will be soonest believed.

14 **all in black** an allusion to the Puritan abhorrence of gaudy or colourful attire; ironically, however, black also represents evil.

14-15 **swore but o' Sundays** The only time Christians may speak God's name without blaspheming is in prayer; thus, even if Follywit illogically construes his public worship as swearing, this is a supremely ironic statement.

15-16 **fasting... stomach** another pious justification for improper behaviour; drinking to induce vomiting was neither encouraged nor proscribed as a fasting-day ritual.

16 **'Slid** an oath derived from 'God's eyelid'

17 **blown... colours** blossomed into garish colours; 'blown' may also suggest the flamboyantly padded costumes then in fashion.

19-20 **sink... shop** a parody of the Resurrection; also an allusion to the legend that Queen Elinor, wife of Edward I, was swallowed by the earth at Charing Cross to rise up again at Queenhive

21 **leave... money** Previously, Follywit would not steal *all* their money.

24 **measure** moderation

28 **drawers** bartenders

32 **keep... countenance** control your facial expression; also, maintain your reputation/financial credit

35 **warrant... blushing** guarantee I won't blush

36-7 **lost... colours** Follywit alludes to the ensign's duty as flag bearer; to lose the flag (or 'colours') to the enemy was considered shameful.

38-9 **Lent... down** Flags flown from playhouses during performances were taken down when acting was prohibited, as during Lent.

42 **compendiously** briefly, concisely

43 **humour** whim, temperament

frolic frolicsome

54 **will** (a) desire (b) legal document

63-4 **Sir Bounteous Progress** The name indicates Sir Bounteous's liberality as a host to noble guests. A 'progress' was a state journey made by a royal or noble personage.

64-5 **no... hundred** In 1603 James I required that all landholders worth forty

pounds a year be knighted or else pay a fine. The implication is that Bounteous has cash but not status.

66-72 **open... dishes** The description is loaded with sexual innuendo. 'Open for all comers' suggests male ingress and ejaculation; 'stands' and 'stiff' allude to penile erection; 'great' can mean either pregnant or vaginally 'loose' (i.e. well-used); 'countess' was pronounced 'cunt-ess,' and 'light' was often used in the sense of promiscuous. Overall, Follywit depicts the nobility as a lascivious lot.

68 **complement** retinue, household personnel

75-6 **cut... way** to be short (proverbial)

78 **French ruff** a deep ruff or ornamental linen collar fastened at the chin; considered more fashionable than the English ruff

79-80 **blue... clock** Blue coats were the traditional dress of servants. Westminster, the site of the Court and Law Courts, would be a good place to look for poor servants willing to sell or loan their clothes.

LIEUTENANT But prithee, captain—
 FOLLYWIT Push! I reach past your fathoms; you desire
 crowns.

85 LIEUTENANT From the crown of our head to the sole of our
 foot, bully.

FOLLYWIT Why, carry yourselves but probably, and carry
 away enough with yourselves.

Enter Master Penitent Brothel

90 ENSIGN Why, there spoke a Roman captain. Master Penit-
 ent Brothel—

PENITENT Sweet Master Follywit— *Exeunt all but Penitent*
 Here's a mad-brain o'th' first, whose pranks scorn to
 have precedents, to be second to any, or walk beneath
 any madcap's inventions. He's played more tricks than
 95 the cards can allow a man, and of the last stamp too,
 hating imitation—a fellow whose only glory is to be
 prime of the company, to be sure of which he maintains
 all the rest. He's the carrion, and they the kites that
 gorge upon him.

100 But why in others do I check wild passions
 And retain deadly follies in myself?

I tax his youth of common received riot,
 Time's comic flashes and the fruits of blood,
 And in myself soothe up adulterous motions
 And such an appetite that I know damns me
 105 (Yet willingly embrace it), love to Harebrain's wife,
 Over whose hours and pleasures her sick husband,
 With a fantastic but deserved suspect,
 Bestows his serious time in watch and ward.

110 And therefore I'm constrained to use the means
 Of one that knows no mean, a courtesan
 (One poison for another) whom her husband
 Without suspicion innocently admits
 Into her company, who with tried art

115 Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
 Making his jealousy more than half a wittol,
 Before his face plotting his own abuse,
 To which himself gives aim,
 Whilst the broad arrow with the forkèd head
 Misses his brow but narrowly.

Enter Courtesan

See, here she comes, 120

The close courtesan, whose mother is her bawd.

COURTESAN Master Penitent Brothel.

PENITENT My little pretty Lady Gullman, the news, the
 comfort?

COURTESAN You're the fortunate man, Sir Knight o' th'
 125 Holland Shirt. There wants but opportunity and she's
 wax of your own fashioning. She had wrought herself
 into the form of your love before my art set finger to
 her.

PENITENT

Did our affections meet? our thoughts keep time? 130

COURTESAN So it should seem by the music. The only jar is
 in the grumbling bass viol, her husband.

PENITENT O his waking suspicion!

COURTESAN Sigh not, Master Penitent. Trust the managing
 of the business with me; 'tis for my credit now to see't
 135 well finished. If I do you no good, sir, you shall give me
 no money, sir.

PENITENT I am arrived at the court of conscience. A
 courtesan! O admirable times! Honesty is removed to
 the common place. Farewell, lady. *Exit* 140

Enter Mother

MOTHER How now, daughter?

COURTESAN What news, mother?

MOTHER A token from thy keeper.

COURTESAN O, from Sir Bounteous Progress. He's my keeper
 indeed, but there's many a piece of venison stolen that
 145 my keeper wots not on. There's no park kept so warily
 but loses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so
 privately but may watch advantage to make the best of
 her pleasure. And in common reason one keeper cannot
 be enough for so proud a park as a woman. 150

MOTHER Hold thee there, girl.

COURTESAN Fear not me, mother.

MOTHER Every part of the world shoots up daily into more
 subtlety: the very spider weaves her cauls with more
 art and cunning to entrap the fly. 155
 The shallow ploughman can distinguish now

83 **Push** an exclamation of contempt with
 vaguely obscene connotations; i.e. 'shove
 it'

fathoms hints

84 **crowns** coins

86 **bully** a term implying friendly admiration
 between men; fine fellow, gallant

87 **carry . . . probably** put on a plausible act

89 **Roman captain** Follywit follows the
 custom of a Roman leader in allowing
 his troops to pillage whatever booty they
 can carry.

92 **o'th' first** in heraldry, the colour first
 mentioned in blazoning a coat of arms;
 here, a superlative

95 **last stamp** most recent mintage

102 **tax . . . riot** reproach him for the
 expected boisterousness of youth

103 **Time's comic flashes** i.e. the passing

follies of youth

fruits of blood products of excessive
 passion. According to Renaissance
 medical theory, an excess of blood (one
 of the 'four humours' believed to make
 up human physiology) resulted in a
 passionate or lascivious temperament.

108 **suspect** suspicion

109 **watch and ward** traditional phrase for
 the duties of the sentinel or watchman

111 **mean** moderation

115 **powers** faculties of body and mind

116 **wittol** contented cuckold

118 **To . . . aim** which he directs. In archery,
 to give aim is to report the accuracy of
 the shot.

119 **broad . . . head** i.e. the cuckold's horns

121 **close** secret

123 **Gullman** The courtesan's surname
 highlights her talent for fooling men.

125–6 **Sir Knight o' th' Holland Shirt** a
 mock-romantic title referring to Penit-
 ent's expensive shirt. (Holland is fine
 quality linen.)

138 **court of conscience** Court of Requests,
 established in 1517 to deal with small
 claims

140 **common place** a pun on the Court of
 Common Pleas, one of the three major
 courts of law; the common place is land
 publicly owned and can be used as a
 metaphor for a whore

146 **wots not on** does not know about

150 **proud** (a) fine (b) arrogant (c) sexually
 aroused

154 **cauls** webs

'Twill simple truth and a dissembling brow.
Your base mechanic fellow can spy out
A weakness in a lord and learns to flout.
160 How does't behove us then that live by sleight
To have our wits wound up to their stretched height?
Fifteen times thou know'st I have sold thy maidenhead
to make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet there's
maidenhead enough for old Sir Bounteous still. He'll be
165 all his lifetime about it yet, and be as far to seek when
he has done.

The sums that I have told upon thy pillow!
I shall once see those golden days again.
Though fifteen, all thy maidenheads are not gone:
170 The Italian is not served yet, nor the French;
The Britishmen come for a dozen at once,
They engross all the market. Tut, my girl,
'Tis nothing but a politic conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eyebrow
175 That throws their charms over the worldlings' senses;
And when thou spi'st a fool that truly pities
The false springs of thine eyes
And honourably dotes upon thy love,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband.
180 Be wisely tempered and learn this, my wench:
Who gets th'opinion for a virtuous name
May sin at pleasure, and ne'er think of shame.

COURTESAN

Mother, I am too deep a scholar grown
To learn my first rules now.

MOTHER

'Twill be thy own.

185 I say no more. Peace, hark, remove thyself. O, the two
elder brothers! [Exit Courtesan]

Enter Inesse and Possibility

POSSIBILITY A fair hour, sweet lady.

MOTHER Good morrow, gentlemen, Master Inesse and
Master Possibility.

190 INESSE Where's the little sweet lady, your daughter?

MOTHER Even at her book, sir.

POSSIBILITY So religious?

MOTHER 'Tis no new motion, sir, she's took it from an
infant.

195 POSSIBILITY May we deserve a sight of her, lady?

MOTHER Upon that condition you will promise me, gentle-
men, to avoid all profane talk, wanton compliments,
indecent phrases, and lascivious courtings (which I
know my daughter would sooner die than endure), I
am contented your suits shall be granted. 200
POSSIBILITY Not a bawdy syllable, I protest!
INESSE [*aside to Possibility*] Syllable was well placed there,
for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words.
Prick that down! *Exeunt*

Enter Master Shortrod Harebrain

I.2

HAREBRAIN

She may make nightwork on't: 'twas well recovered.
He-cats and courtesans stroll most i'th' night,
Her friend may be received and conveyed forth
nightly.

I'll be at charge for watch and ward,
For watch and ward i'faith. And here they come. 5

Enter two or three [Watchmen]

FIRST WATCHMAN Give your worship good even.

HAREBRAIN Welcome, my friends. I must deserve your
diligence in an employment serious. The troth is, there
is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered,
To rob my house: the night uncertain when,
10 But fixed within the circle of this month,
Nor does this villainy consist in numbers
Or many partners, only some one
Shall in the form of my familiar friend
Be received privately into my house 15
By some perfidious servant of mine own,
Addressed fit for the practice.

FIRST WATCHMAN

O abominable!

HAREBRAIN

If you be faithful watchmen, show your goodness,
And with these angels shore up your eyelids.

[Giving money]

Let me not be purloined, purloined indeed! 20

[*Aside*] The merry Greeks conceive me. There is a gem
I would not loose, kept by the ItalianUnder lock and key: we Englishmen are careless
creatures.[*To Watchmen*] Well, I have said enough.158 **mechanic fellow** labourer159 **flout** act or speak with disdain160 **sleight** cunning167 **told** counted up172 **engross** buy up, monopolize173 **politic conveyance** (a) tactful behaviour
(b) cunning trickery175 **worldlings** those devoted to worldly
pursuits or pleasures; citizens of the
world181 **th'opinion** reputation186 **elder brothers** elder brothers from
separate families; therefore each expects
an inheritance by primogeniture.186.1 **Inesse and Possibility** The two

names derive from inheritance law:

an estate *in esse* (in being) gave actual
possession of land, as distinct from an
estate in possibility which would give
actual possession later.193 **motion** inclination204 **Prick that down** note that down (with
a pun on 'prick', one of the offending
monosyllables)1.2.0.1 **Harebrain** Hares were held to suffer
a spring madness arising from sexual
jealousy.1 **recovered** called to mind11 **within...month** sometime this month.The expression alludes to a sorcerer's
practice of raising and restricting evil
spirits within the circumference of a
circle. The conjuring circle was often
used as a vaginal symbol.17 **Addressed...practice** prepared for the
trick19 **angels** gold coins20 **purloined** a pun on 'pur', the knave in a
card-game, plus 'loin', to copulate; thus,
'loined' by a knave21 **merry Greeks** tricky fellows22-3 **kept...key** Italian husbands were
reputed to keep their women locked up.

SECOND WATCHMAN And we will do enough, sir.
Exeunt [Watchmen]

HAREBRAIN
 Why, well said, watch me a good turn now, so, so,
 25 so.
 Rise villainy with the lark, why 'tis prevented,
 Or steal't by with the leather-winged bat,
 The evening cannot save it. Peace!
 [*Enter Courtesan*]
 O Lady Gullman, my wife's only company! Welcome,
 30 and how does the virtuous matron, that good old
 gentlewoman thy mother? I persuade myself, if modesty
 be in the world she has part on't: a woman of an
 excellent carriage all her lifetime, in court, city, and
 country.

35 COURTESAN She's always carried it well in those places,
 sir—[*aside*] witness three bastards apiece.—How does
 your sweet bedfellow, sir? You see I'm her boldest
 visitant.

HAREBRAIN And welcome, sweet virgin, the only compan-
 40 ion my soul wishes for her. I left her within at her lute.
 Prithce give her good counsel.

COURTESAN Alas, she needs none, sir.

HAREBRAIN Yet, yet, a little of thy instruction will not
 come amiss to her.

45 COURTESAN I'll bestow my labour, sir.

HAREBRAIN Do labour her, prithce. I have conveyed away
 all her wanton pamphlets, as *Hero and Leander*, *Venus*
and Adonis, O two luscious mary-bone pies for a young
 50 married wife! Here, here, prithce take the *Resolution* and
 read to her a little. [*Giving book*]

COURTESAN She's set up her resolution already, sir.

HAREBRAIN True, true, and this will confirm it the more.
 There's a chapter of Hell 'tis good to read this cold
 55 weather. Terrify her, terrify her, go, read to her the
 horrible punishments for itching wantonness, the pains
 allotted for adultery. Tell her her thoughts, her very
 dreams are answerable, say so. Rip up the life of a
 courtesan and show how loathsome 'tis.

60 COURTESAN [*aside*] The gentleman would persuade me in
 time to disgrace myself and speak ill of mine own
 function. *Exit*

HAREBRAIN
 This is the course I take. I'll teach the married man
 A new selected strain. I admit none
 But this pure virgin to her company.
 Puh, that's enough: I'll keep her to her stint,
 65 I'll put her to her pension,
 She gets but her allowance, that's a bare one.
 Few women but have that beside their own.
 Ha, ha, ha! Nay, I'll put her hard to't.
Enter [Harebrain's] Wife and Courtesan. [They
talk apart]

WIFE Fain would I meet the gentleman. 70
 COURTESAN Push! Fain would you meet him! Why, you do
 not take the course.

HAREBRAIN [*aside*] How earnestly she labours her, like a
 good wholesome sister of the Family. She will prevail, I
 75 hope.

COURTESAN Is that the means?

WIFE What is the means? I would as gladly to enjoy his
 sight, embrace it as the—

COURTESAN Shall I have hearing? listen!

HAREBRAIN [*aside*] She's round with her, i'faith. 80
 COURTESAN
 When husbands in their rank'st suspicions dwell,
 Then 'tis our best art to dissemble well.
 Put but these notes in use, that I'll direct you,
 He'll curse himself that e'er he did suspect you.
 Perhaps he will solicit you as in trial 85
 To visit such and such: still give denial.
 Let no persuasions sway you: they are but fetches
 Set to betray you, jealousy's slights and reaches.
 Seem in his sight to endure the sight of no man;
 Put by all kisses till you kiss in common. 90
 Neglect all entertain; if he bring in
 Strangers, keep you your chamber, be not seen.
 If he chance steal upon you, let him find
 Some book lie open 'gainst an unchaste mind
 And coted Scriptures, though for your own pleasure 95
 You read some stirring pamphlet, and convey it
 Under your skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
 This is the course, my wench, to enjoy thy wishes.
 Here you perform best, when you most neglect:
 The way to daunt is to outvie suspect. 100

26 **prevented** forestalled
 33 **carriage** conduct, deportment, with an unintended innuendo: 'carriage' can refer to a woman's sexual bearing of a man's weight, and/or to her bearing of children. The courtesan picks up on the latter sense in l. 35 below.
 47-8 *Hero... Adonis* erotic Ovidian poems by Marlowe and Shakespeare
 48 **mary-bone** marrow bone, an alleged aphrodisiac
 49 **Resolution** *The First Book of the Christian Exercise Pertaining to Resolution* (1582), a popular book of devotion written by the Jesuit Robert Parsons.
 63 **new selected strain** alluding to the breed-

ing of livestock and plants; Harebrain will produce a new quality in his wife and offspring by preventing her contact with any impure social elements and by having her propagate with himself alone.
 65 **stint** an allotted amount or measure; an allowance, here sexual
 68 **Few... own** Most women have their marital sexual 'rations' supplemented by adulterous contacts.
 74 **Family** The Family of Love, a religious sect which held that religion consisted chiefly in the exercise of love: they were suspected (with some cause) of disregarding conventional morality, and

were frequently used by dramatists as a vehicle for attacking sexual hypocrisy.
 80 **round** straightforward, blunt
 87 **fetches** decoys, traps
 88 **reaches** contrivances
 90 **in common** generally; by many men
 91 **entertain** entertainment
 94 **Some... mind** some book attacking sexual vice that should lie conspicuously open nearby
 95 **coted** annotated. Such Bibles were popular amongst Puritans.
 96 **stirring** titillating
 100 **daunt** overcome
suspect suspicion

- Manage these principles but with art and life:
Welcome all nations, thou'rt an honest wife.
- HAREBRAIN [*aside*]
She puts it home, i'faith, e'en to the quick;
From her elaborate action I reach that.
- 105 I must requite this maid—faith, I'm forgetful.
- WIFE
Here, lady, convey my heart unto him in this jewel.
[*Giving jewel*]
- Against you see me next, you shall perceive
I have profited. In the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet, o'th' master's side.
- 110 My husband's jealousy,
That masters him as he doth master me,
And as a keeper that locks prisoners up
Is himself prisoned under his own key.
Even so my husband in restraining me
- 115 With the same ward bars his own liberty.
- COURTESAN
I'll tell him how you wish it, and I'll wear
My wits to the third pile, but all shall clear.
- WIFE
I owe you more than thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.
- COURTESAN Think you so, lady?
He has small reason for't.
- 120 HAREBRAIN [*to Courtesan*] What, done so soon?
Away, to't again, to't again, good wench, to't again.
Leave her not so, where left you. Come.
- COURTESAN Faith, I am weary, sir.
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion
- 125 With all the arguments that sense can frame.
- HAREBRAIN No, let me come. Fie, wife, you must consent.
What opinion is't, let's hear?
- COURTESAN
Fondly and wilfully she retains that thought,
That every sin is damned.
- 130 HAREBRAIN O fie, fie, wife! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how have
you lost your time? For shame, be converted: there's
a diabolical opinion indeed. Then you may think that
- usury were damned—you're a fine merchant, i'faith.
Or bribery?—you know the law well. Or sloth?—would
some of the clergy heard you, i'faith. Or pride?—you
come at court. Or gluttony?—you're not worthy to dine
at an alderman's table.
- 135 Your only deadly sin's adultery,
That villainous ring-worm, woman's worse requital;
'Tis only lechery that's damned to th' pit-hole.
- 140 Ah, that's an arch-offence, believe it, squall,
All sins are venial but venereal.
- COURTESAN I've said enough to her.
- HAREBRAIN And she will be ruled by you.
- COURTESAN Fah!
- 145 HAREBRAIN
I'll pawn my credit on't. Come hither, lady,
I will not altogether rest ungrateful. [*Offering ruby*]
Here, wear this ruby for thy pains and counsel.
- COURTESAN It is not so much worth, sir. I am a very ill
counsellor, truly.
- 150 HAREBRAIN Go to, I say.
- COURTESAN [*taking ruby*] You're to blame, i'faith, sir. I shall
ne'er deserve it.
- HAREBRAIN Thou hast done't already. Farewell, sweet
virgin. Prithce, let's see thee oftener.
- 155 COURTESAN [*aside*] Such gifts will soon entreat me. *Exit*
HAREBRAIN
- Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsel, yield to her advices.
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end;
Thou'lt feel an alteration, prithee think on't.
- 160 [*Weeping*] Mine eyes can scarce refrain.
- WIFE Keep in your dew, sir,
Lest when you would, you want it.
- HAREBRAIN
I've pawned my credit on't. Ah, didst thou know
The sweet fruit once, thou'dst never let it go.
- WIFE 'Tis that I strive to get.
- HAREBRAIN And still do so. *Exeunt*
- 165 *Finit Actus Primus*

102 **Welcome** . . . **wife** You can take lovers
from all nations and still appear to be
chaste.

104 **reach** conclude

107 **Against** when

109 **o'th' master's side** There were four
wards in debtors' prison: the master's,
the knight's, the twopenny, and the
hole, in descending order of cost. Mistress
Harebrain likens her marriage to a
relatively comfortable prison cell.

117 **to . . . pile** to the bone; 'three-pile' is a
costly, three-layer velvet

121 **to't again** Many of Harebrain's remarks
carry an unconscious sexual innuendo.
Here he seems to provoke sexual activity
rather than spiritual instruction.

125 **sense** reason, with a pun on sensuality

128 **Fondly** foolishly

129 **every** . . . **damned** Middleton satirizes
the Familist devaluation of moral law
in favour of an emphasis upon the
experience of Divine love.

130 **pea** an exclamation of contempt, like
'pooh'

137 **alderman's** a town magistrate, next in
dignity to a mayor

139 **ring-worm** The circular patches
on the skin caused by this disease
resembled the 'French crown' caused by
syphilis, woman's 'requital' or revenge
for adultery.

140 **pit-hole** (a) Hell (b) vagina

141 **squall** a term of endearment similar to
'pet'

142 **All** . . . **venereal** Harebrain contradicts
Christian doctrine, which lists Seven

Deadly Sins of which Lechery is only
one. Unrepented deadly sins, unlike
venial sins, result in damnation.

148 **ruby** considered the most precious of
gemstones

152 **to blame** In the 16–17th c. 'to' was
often understood as 'too'; 'blame' here
may be read as 'blameworthy'.

157 **as . . . breast** if you value my peace of
mind

161 **refrain** refrain from weeping

161–2 **Keep . . . want it** Keep in your tears
or else you may have none when you
need them. Mistress Harebrain may
be alluding either to her husband's
salvation or to his impending cuckoldom.

164 **sweet fruit** fruit of repentance, or of
sexual pleasure (alluding to Eve's apple)



2.1

Incipit Actus Secundus

Enter Sir Bounteous Progress with two knights

FIRST KNIGHT You have been too much like your name,
Sir Bounteous.

SIR BOUNTEOUS O not so, good knights, not so, you know
my humour. Most welcome, good Sir Andrew Polecat,
5 Sir Aquitaine Colewort, most welcome.

BOTH KNIGHTS Thanks, good Sir Bounteous.

Exeunt at one door

*At the other [door], enter in haste [one of Folly-
wit's comrades dressed as] a footman*

FOOTMAN O cry your worship heartily mercy, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS How now, linen stockings and threescore
mile a day, whose footman art thou?

10 FOOTMAN Pray, can your worship tell me, [*panting*] hoh,
hoh, hoh, if my lord be come in yet.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Thy lord! What lord?

FOOTMAN My Lord Owemuch, sir.

15 SIR BOUNTEOUS My Lord Owemuch! I have heard much
speech of that lord. H'as great acquaintance i'th' City.
That lord has been much followed.

FOOTMAN And is still, sir. He wants no company when he's
in London. He's free of the Mercers, and there's none
of 'em all dare cross him.

20 SIR BOUNTEOUS An they did, he'd turn over a new leaf with
'em, he would make 'em all weary on't i'th' end. Much
fine rumour have I heard of that lord, yet had I never
the fortune to set eye upon him. Art sure he will alight
here, footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistook.

25 FOOTMAN Thinks your worship so, sir? By your leave, sir.
[Leaving]

SIR BOUNTEOUS Puh, passion of me, footman! Why, pumps,
I say, come back!

FOOTMAN Does your worship call?

SIR BOUNTEOUS Come hither, I say. I am but afraid on't.

Would it might happen so well. How dost know? Did
he name the house with the great turret o'th' top? 30

FOOTMAN No, faith, did he not, sir. *[Leaving]*

SIR BOUNTEOUS Come hither, I say. Did he speak of a cloth
o' gold chamber?

FOOTMAN Not one word, by my troth, sir. *[Leaving]* 35

SIR BOUNTEOUS Come again, you lousy seven mile an hour!

FOOTMAN I beseech your worship detain me not.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Was there no talk of a fair pair of organs,
a great gilt candlestick, and a pair of silver snuffers?

FOOTMAN 'Twere sin to belie my lord. I heard no such
words, sir. *[Leaving]* 40

SIR BOUNTEOUS A pox confine thee! Come again, puh.

FOOTMAN Your worship will undo me, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Was there no speech of a long dining room,
a huge kitchen, large meat, and a broad dresser board? 45

FOOTMAN I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please
your worship.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Whom did he name?

FOOTMAN Why, one Sir Bounteous Progress.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, ah, ah, I am that Sir Bounteous, you
progressive roundabout rascal! 50

FOOTMAN (*laughs*) Puh!

SIR BOUNTEOUS I knew I should have him i'th' end; there's
not a lord will miss me, I thank their good honours. 'Tis
a fortune laid upon me, they can scent out their best 55

entertainment. I have a kind of complimentary gift given
me above ordinary country knights, and how soon 'tis
smelt out, I warrant ye! There's not one knight i'th'
shire able to entertain a lord i'th' cue or a lady i'th'
nick like me, like me. There's a kind of grace belongs
to't, a kind of art which naturally slips from me, I know
not on't, I promise you, 'tis gone before I'm aware on't.
Cuds me, I forget myself. Where! 60

[Enter two Servants]

FIRST SERVANT Does your worship call?

2.1.4 **humour** temperament

Polecat a term of abuse, especially for
the lecherous; the animal was known for
its fetid smell

5 **Colewort** a kind of cabbage, also with an
offensive smell

8 **linen stockings** a sign of low social status

8-9 **threescore...day** A running footman
ran before his master's coach, covering
considerable distance.

15 **H'as great acquaintance** He is well
known.
i'th' City in London (the old walled
town, distinguished from the larger
metropolis which had grown up around
it)

17 **wants** lacks

18 **free of the Mercers** literally, a freeman
of the clothsellers' guild, but 'being in
the mercer's book' was used proverbially
in the period for the debts of a gallant.

Owemuch, as his name indicates, is
heavily in debt.

19 **cross him** (a) thwart him (b) cross out
his debts

20 **An If**
turn...leaf (a) start fresh (b) open a new
account

26 **pumps** alluding to the footman's running
shoes

31 **great turret** Most of the objects of which
Bounteous brags are large and phallic.
This plays into the stereotype, frequent
in literature of the period, of the rich old
man whose possessions compensate for
his failing sexual potency.

33-4 **cloth o' gold** cloth containing gold
thread; presumably, the chamber is lined
with tapestries of this fabric.

38 **pair of organs** a single musical instru-
ment, with further phallic connotations

39 **pair...snuffers** an instrument for
snuffing candles; the concave (female)
partner to the phallic candlesticks

45 **large meat** Eating meat was a frequent
metaphor for sexual consumption, and
was believed to increase sexual appetite.
dresser board a table for the preparation
of food

46 **maw** appetite, inclination

51 **progressive** longwinded, punning on the
progresses or journeys during which he
accompanies his lord

56 **complimental** (a) that which supplies all
needs (b) complimentary

59 **shire** region, county

59-60 **lord...nick** at short notice, punning
on 'cue' (from the French 'queue') as
the male member and 'nick', a variant of
'nock', as the female genitals.

63 **Cuds me** a mild oath

- 65 SIR BOUNTEOUS Run, sirrah, call in my chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, expedite! [Exit First Servant] And how does my good lord? I never saw him before in my life. [To Second Servant] A cup of bastard for this footman.
- 70 FOOTMAN My lord has travelled this five year, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Travailed this five year? How many children has he? [To Servant] Some bastard, I say!
FOOTMAN No bastard, an't please your worship.
SIR BOUNTEOUS A cup of sack to strengthen his wit. The footman's a fool. [Exit Second Servant]
[Enter Gunwater]
O come hither, Master Gunwater, come hither. Send presently to Master Pheasant for one of his hens. There's partridge i'th' house.
- GUNWATER And wild duck, an't please your worship.
80 SIR BOUNTEOUS And woodcock, an't please thy worship.
GUNWATER And woodcock, an't please your worship. I had thought to have spoke before you.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Remember the pheasant, down with some plover, clap down six woodcocks: my lord's coming.
85 Now, sir?
GUNWATER An't please your worship, there's a lord and his followers newly alighted.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Dispatch, I say, dispatch! [Exit Gunwater] Why, where's my music? He's come indeed.
Enter Follywit like a lord, with [Lieutenant, Ensign, and] his comrades in blue coats
- 90 FOLLYWIT Footman!
FOOTMAN My lord.
FOLLYWIT Run swiftly with my commendations to Sir Jasper Topas. We'll ride and visit him i'th' morning, say.
- 95 FOOTMAN Your lordship's charge shall be effected. Exit
FOLLYWIT That courtly comely form should present to me Sir Bounteous Progress.
SIR BOUNTEOUS You've found me out, my lord, I cannot hide myself. Your honour is mostly spaciouly welcome.
100 FOLLYWIT In this forgive me, sir,
That being a stranger to your house and you,
I make my way so bold, and presume
Rather upon your kindness than your knowledge.
Only your bounteous disposition
105 Fame hath divulged, and is to me well known.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, an your lordship know my disposition, you know me better than they that know my person. Your honour is so much the welcomer for that.
FOLLYWIT Thanks, good Sir Bounteous.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition, my lord, both in respect of your honourable presence and the prodigal fame that keeps even stroke with your unbounded worthiness,
To have wished your lordship where your lordship is, A noble guest in this unworthy seat. 110
115 Your lordship ne'er heard my organs?
FOLLYWIT Heard of 'em, Sir Bounteous, but never heard 'em.
SIR BOUNTEOUS They're but double-gilt, my lord. Some hundred and fifty pound will fit your lordship with such another pair. 120
FOLLYWIT Indeed, Sir Bounteous?
SIR BOUNTEOUS O my lord, I have a present suit to you.
FOLLYWIT To me, Sir Bounteous? And you could ne'er speak at fitter time, for I'm here present to grant you. 125
SIR BOUNTEOUS Your lordship has been a traveller.
FOLLYWIT Some five year, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS I have a grandchild, my lord. I love him, and when I die I'll do somewhat for him. I'll tell your honour the worst of him: a wild lad he has been. 130
FOLLYWIT So we have been all, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS So we have been all indeed, my lord, I thank your lordship's assistance. Some comic pranks he has been guilty of, but I'll pawn my credit for him, an honest trusty bosom. 135
FOLLYWIT And that's worth all, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS And that's worth all indeed, my lord, for he's like to have all when I die. *Imberbis iuvenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet than a midwife's: there's great hope of his wit, his hair's so long a-coming. Shall I be bold with your honour, to prefer this aforesaid Ganymede to hold a plate under your lordship's cup? 140
FOLLYWIT You wrong both his worth and your bounty, an you call that boldness. Sir, I have heard much good of that young gentleman. 145
SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, h'as a good wit, i'faith, my lord.
FOLLYWIT He's carried himself always generously.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Are you advised of that, my lord? He's carried many things cleanly. I'll show your lordship my will. I keep it above in an outlandish box. The whoreson 150

65 **sirrah** a term used to address a social inferior
66 **chain of gold** insignia worn by stewards
68 **bastard** sweet Spanish wine
70-1 **travelled**... **Travailed** a common pun on 'travel' and 'to labour in childbirth'
74 **sack** sweet white wine
75.1 **Gunwater** alluding to semen or urine
80 **woodcock** a bird proverbial for its foolishness, and an epithet for a simpleton.

92-3 **Sir Jasper Topas** a fictional knightly personage; hero of Chaucer's mock-romance, 'The Tale of Sir Thopas'
103 **knowledge** acquaintance
112 **keeps even stroke** measures up to, with a bawdy pun
115 **seat** (a) domicile (b) seat of trousers
123 **present suit** immediate request
138 **Imberbis iuvenis** beardless youth
139 **midwife's** sometimes signifying an

effeminate man
139-40 **there's... a-coming** alluding to the proverb 'more hair than wit'
142 **Ganymede** the beautiful boy abducted by Zeus to serve as his cupbearer; hence, an effeminate male
148-9 **He's... cleanly** managed things artfully, dextrously, with a pun on carrying as stealing
150 **outlandish** of foreign fashion

- boy must have all: I love him, yet he shall ne'er find it as long as I live.
- FOLLYWIT Well sir, for your sake and his own deserving, I'll reserve a place for him nearest to my secrets.
- 155 SIR BOUNTEOUS I understand your good lordship: you'll make him your secretary. My music, give my lord a taste of his welcome!
- A strain played by the consort. Sir Bounteous makes a courtly honour to that lord and seems to foot the tune*
- So, how like you our airs, my lord? Are they choice?
- FOLLYWIT They're seldom matched, believe it.
- 160 SIR BOUNTEOUS The consort of mine own household.
- FOLLYWIT Yea, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS The musicians are in ordinary, yet no ordinary musicians. Your lordship shall hear my organs now.
- 165 FOLLYWIT O, I beseech you, Sir Bounteous!
- SIR BOUNTEOUS My organist.
- The organs play, and [servants with] covered dishes march over the stage*
- Come, my lord, how does your honour relish my organ?
- FOLLYWIT A very proud air, i'faith, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS O, how can't choose? A Walloon plays upon 'em, and a Welshman blows wind in their breech.
- 170 *Exeunt*
- A song to the organs*
- 2.2 *Enter Sir Bounteous with Follywit [as Lord Owemuch, with Lieutenant, Ensign] and his consorts toward his lodging*
- SIR BOUNTEOUS You must pardon us, my lord, hasty cates; your honour has had ev'n a hunting meal on't. And now I am like to bring your lordship to as mean a lodging, a hard down bed i'faith, my lord, poor cambric sheets, and a cloth o' tissue canopy. The curtains indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the prodigal child in silk and gold. Only the swine are left out, my lord, for spoiling the curtains.
- FOLLYWIT 'Twas well prevented, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venereal dreams to your lordship.
- FOLLYWIT The like to kind Sir Bounteous.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Fie, not to me, my lord. I'm old, past dreaming of such vanities.
- FOLLYWIT Old men should dream best.
- 15 SIR BOUNTEOUS Their dreams indeed, my lord, you've gi'n t'us. Tomorrow your lordship shall see my cocks, my fishponds, my park, my champaign grounds. I keep chambers in my house can show your lordship some pleasure.
- 20 FOLLYWIT Sir Bounteous, you ev'n whelm me with delights.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Once again a musical night to your honour. I'll trouble your lordship no more. *Exit*
- 25 FOLLYWIT Good rest, Sir Bounteous. [To his comrades] So, come, the visors, where be the masking suits?
- LIEUTENANT In your lordship's portmanteau.
- FOLLYWIT Peace, lieutenant.
- LIEUTENANT I had rather have war, captain.
- FOLLYWIT
- Puh, the plot's ripe. Come, to our business, lad.
- 30 Though guilt condemns, 'tis gilt must make us glad.
- LIEUTENANT Nay, an you be at your distinctions, captain, I'll follow behind no longer.
- FOLLYWIT Get you before then, and whelm your nose with your visor, go. *[Exeunt all but Follywit]*
- 35 Now grandsire, you that hold me at hard meat And keep me out at the dag's end, I'll fit you. Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine He and his will confesses: what I take then Is but a borrowing of so much beforehand.
- 40 I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many blacks; I'll have the church hung round with a noble a yard, Or requite him in scutcheons. Let him trap me In gold and I'll lap him in lead, *quid pro quo*.
- 45 I must look none of his angels i'th' face, forsooth, Until his face be not worth looking on.
- Tut, lads,

154 **secrets** (a) private affairs (b) private parts

156 **secretary** notary, scribe, but also suggesting the etymological sense of someone entrusted with secrets

157.1 **consort** group of musicians

157.2 **honour** bow

158 **airs** tunes

162 **in ordinary** belonging to the regular household staff

167 **relish** (a) enjoy (b) enjoy sexually

168 **proud** (a) fine (b) sexually aroused

169-70 **Walloon...breech** The Flemish were stereotyped as good musicians, the Welsh as braggarts—or possibly farters

2.2.1 **cates** provisions, food

2 **hunting meal** In theory, a rough repast, but in fact such meals were often lavish.

4 **cambric** fine white linen

5 **cloth o' tissue** a rich cloth, often interwoven with gold or silver threads

6-7 **prodigal child** ironically appropriate, since the prodigal son in Luke 15:11-32 'wasted his substance with riotous living'

18 **champaign grounds** open fields

26 **visors** masks

27 **portmanteau** travelling bag

31 **gilt** gold, money

32 **distinctions** a farting joke: 'de-stink-shuns', with the 'stink' perhaps pointed

by a gesture

37 **at the dag's end** at a distance; a dag was a heavy pistol

41 **blacks** funeral draperies

42 **noble a yard** expensive cloth. A noble was a gold coin.

43 **scutcheons** hatchments, square or lozenge-shaped tablets for exhibiting the coat of arms of the deceased, hung over his door.

trap outfit, clothe

44 **lap...lead** wrap him in lead for burial

quid pro quo tit for tat

45 **angels** coins, with a pun on celestial ministers

Let sires and grandsires keep us low, we must
Live when they're flesh as well as when they're dust.

Exit

2.3 *Enter Courtesan with her man*

COURTESAN Go, sirrah, run presently to Master Penitent
Brothel. You know his lodging, knock him up. I know
he cannot sleep for sighing. Tell him I've happily
bethought a mean

5 To make his purpose prosper in each limb,
Which only rests to be approved by him.

Make haste, I know he thirsts for it. *Exeunt*

2.4 A VOICE WITHIN O!

*Enter, in a masking suit with a visor in his hand,
Follywit*

FOLLYWIT Hark, they're at their business.

FIRST SERVANT [*within*] Thieves, thieves!

5 FOLLYWIT Gag that gaping rascal! Though he be my
grandsire's chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold, I'll have
no pity of him.

*Enter the rest [Lieutenant, Ensign, Footman, and
others], visored*

How now, lads?

LIEUTENANT All's sure and safe. On with your visor, sir.
The servants are all bound.

10 FOLLYWIT [*donning his visor*] There's one care past then.
Come follow me lads, I'll lead you now t' th' point and
top of all your fortunes. Yon lodging is my grandsire's.

LIEUTENANT So, so, lead on, on.

[*Exeunt all but Ensign*]

15 ENSIGN Here's a captain worth the following and a wit
worth a man's love and admiring!

*Enter [Follywit, Lieutenant and others] with Sir
Bounteous in his nightgown*

SIR BOUNTEOUS O gentlemen, an you be kind gentlemen,
what countrymen are you?

FOLLYWIT Lincolnshire men, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS I am glad of that, i'faith.

20 FOLLYWIT And why should you be glad of that?

SIR BOUNTEOUS O, the honestest thieves of all come out
of Lincolnshire, the kindest-natured gentlemen. They'll
rob a man with conscience. They have a feeling of what
they go about, and will steal with tears in their eyes.

25 Ah, pitiful gentlemen!

FOLLYWIT Push! Money, money, we come for money.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Is that all you come for? Ah, what a beast
was I to put out my money t'other day! Alas, good
gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? Pray come
again another time.

30

FOLLYWIT Tut, tut, sir, money!

SIR BOUNTEOUS O not so loud, sir, you're too shrill a
gentleman. I have a lord lies in my house. I would
not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

FOLLYWIT Who, my Lord Owemuch? We have took order
with him beforehand. He lies bound in his bed and all
his followers.

35

SIR BOUNTEOUS Who, my lord? Bound my lord? Alas, what
did you mean to bind my lord? He could keep his bed
well enough without binding. You've undone me in't
already, you need rob me no farther.

40

FOLLYWIT Which is the key, come?

SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, I perceive now you're no true Lin-
colnshire spirits. You come rather out of Bedfordshire,
we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you. So take
enough, my masters, spur a free horse. My name's Sir
Bounteous—a merry world, i'faith—what knight but I
keep open house at midnight? Well, there should be a
conscience, if one could hit upon't.

45

FOLLYWIT Away now, seize upon him, bind him.

50

SIR BOUNTEOUS Is this your court of equity? Why should I
be bound for mine own money? But come, come, bind
me, I have need on't. I have been too liberal tonight.
Keep in my hands, nay, as hard as you list. I am not
too good to bear my lord company. You have watched
your time, my masters. I was knighted at Westminster,
but many of these nights will make me a knight of
Windsor. You've deserved so well, my masters, I bid
you all to dinner tomorrow. I would I might have your
companies, i'faith, I desire no more.

55

FOLLYWIT [*finding money*] O ho, sir!

SIR BOUNTEOUS Pray meddle not with my organs, to put
'em out of tune.

60

FOLLYWIT [*jingling the coins*] O no, here's better music, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, pox feast you!

65

FOLLYWIT Dispatch with him, away!

[*Exeunt Ensign and others carrying Sir Bounteous*]

So, thank you, good grandsire. This was bounteously
done of him, i'faith. It came somewhat hard from him at
first, for indeed nothing comes stiff from an old man but
money, and he may well stand upon that, when he has
nothing else to stand upon. Where's our portmanteau?

70

LIEUTENANT Here, bully captain.

2.3.5 **in each limb** (a) in every way (b) in
each body part

6 **rests** remains

2.4.1.1 **masking suit** costume worn to a
masque or ball

6 **of him** for him

11 **point** pinnacle

21–2 **honestest** . . . Lincolnshire alluding to
Robin Hood and his men, who though
chiefly associated with Nottinghamshire,

25 **pitiful** piteous

28 **put out** invest

29 **shift** expedient, provision

35–6 **took order with** taken care of

46 **spur . . . horse** an allusion to the proverb,
'Do not spur a free (i.e. willing) horse.'

52 **bound** (a) tied up (b) held under legal

obligation

55–6 **watched your time** chosen the

appropriate time

56 **at Westminster** i.e. at Court, rather than
on the battlefield

57–8 **knight of Windsor** gentleman pension-
ers, who because of age and poverty are
not fit for military service

68–71 **It came . . . upon** Follywit pokes fun

at Sir Bounteous's presumed impot-
ence; achieving an erection was often
euphemized in terms of standing.

FOLLYWIT In with the purchase, 'twill lie safe enough there under's nose, I warrant you.
 [They put the money in the portmanteau]
 Enter Ensign [and others]

75 What, is all sure?
 ENSIGN All's sure, captain.

FOLLYWIT You know what follows now: one villain binds his fellows. Go, we must be all bound for our own securities, rascals, there's no dallying upo'th' point. You conceit me: there is a lord to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers. Can you pick out that lord now?

80 LIEUTENANT O admirable spirit!
 FOLLYWIT You ne'er plot for your safeties, so your wants be satisfied.
 ENSIGN But if we bind one another, how shall the last man be bound?
 FOLLYWIT Pox on't, I'll have the footman 'scape.
 FOOTMAN That's I, I thank you, sir.

90 FOLLYWIT The footman of all other will be supposed to 'scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lies in's clothes to be first ready i'th' morning. The horse and he lies in litter together. That's the right fashion of your bonny footman, and his freedom will make the better for our purpose, for we must have one i'th' morning to unbind the knight, that we may have our sport within ourselves. We now arrive at the most ticklish point, to rob and take our ease, to be thieves and lie by't. Look to't lads, it concerns every man's gullet. I'll not have the jest spoiled, that's certain, though it hazard a windpipe. I'll either go like a lord as I came, or be hanged like a thief as I am, and that's my resolution.

100 LIEUTENANT Troth, a match, captain, of all hands.
 [They shake hands and] exeunt

2.5 Enter Courtesan with Master Penitent Brothel
 COURTESAN O Master Penitent Brothel!
 PENITENT What is't, sweet Lady Gullman, that so seizes on thee with rapture and admiration?
 COURTESAN A thought, a trick, to make you, sir, especially happy, and yet I myself a saver by it.
 5 PENITENT
 I would embrace that, lady, with such courage
 I would not leave you on the losing hand.

73 purchase booty
 78-9 bound...securities continuing the legal puns: placed under legal obligation on our own recognizance
 80 conceit understand
 81 pick out identify
 84-5 You...satisfied you never have to plot for financial security, as long as your needs are satisfied
 93 litter bed of straw or rushes, as for animals
 96 within amongst
 97 ticklish tricky, touchy
 98 lie by't (a) lie beside the booty (b) brazen

it out
 100 hazard a windpipe risk hanging for theft
 103 match...hands joining of hands
 2.5,5 saver the winning card in certain games
 7 on the losing hand (a) with the losing hand of cards (b) empty-handed
 16 covetous (a) desirous to hear (b) desirous of Mistress Harebrain
 23 conveyed planned
 28-9 take...you let me understand you
 32 down horizontal, for reasons more related to lust than to health

COURTESAN I will give trust to you, sir, the cause then why I raised you from your bed so soon, wherein I know sighs would not let you sleep. Thus understand it:
 10 You love that woman, Master Harebrain's wife,
 Which no invented means can crown with freedom
 For your desires and her own wish, but this
 Which in my slumbers did present itself.
 15 PENITENT I'm covetous, lady.
 COURTESAN
 You know her husband, lingering in suspect,
 Locks her from all society but mine.
 PENITENT Most true.
 COURTESAN I only am admitted, yet hitherto that has done you no real happiness. By my admittance I cannot perform that deed that should please you, you know. Wherefore thus I've conveyed it, I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness.
 PENITENT Good.
 25 COURTESAN Nay, 'tis not so good, by my faith, but to do you good.
 PENITENT And in that sense I called it. But take me with you, lady, would it be probable enough to have a sickness so suddenly violent?
 30 COURTESAN Puh, all the world knows women are soon down. We can be sick when we have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfeit upon the rump of a lark and bestow ten pound in physic upon't. We're likest ourselves when we're down. 'Tis the easiest art and cunning for our sect to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits when we are well, for since we were made for a weak imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for. I thus translated, and yourself slipped into the form of a physician—
 35 PENITENT I a physician, lady? Talk not on't, I beseech you. I shall shame the whole college.
 COURTESAN Tut, man, any quacksalving terms will serve for this purpose, for I am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfumed in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my palate and restoring of my health. Lay on load enough upon 'em and spare 'em not, for they're good plump fleshy asses and may well enough bear it. Let gold, amber, and dissolved pearl be
 40 45 50

36 sect sex
 37 fits seizures, probably hysterical
 38 were made for (a) were made as (b) are held to be
 39 translated transformed
 42 college College of Physicians, founded in 1518, an examining and qualifying body designed to check superstition and quackery.
 43 quacksalving counterfeit medicine; quackery
 49 fleshy asses (a) fat beasts of burden (b) fat asses

- common ingredients, and that you cannot compose a cullis without 'em. Put but this cunningly in practice, it shall be both a sufficient recompense for all my pains in your love, and the ready means to make Mistress Harebrain's way (by the visiting of me) to your mutual desired company.
- 55 PENITENT I applaud thee, kiss thee, and will constantly embrace it. *Exeunt*
- 2.6 *Voices within*
- SIR BOUNTEOUS [*within*] Ho, Gunwater!
 FOLLYWIT [*within*] Singlestone!
 ANOTHER (*within*) Jenkin, wa, ha, ho!
 ANOTHER (*within*) Ewen!
 5 ANOTHER (*within*) Simcod!
 FOLLYWIT [*within*] Footman! whew!
Enter Sir Bounteous [in his nightgown] with a cord half unbound, Footman with him [unbinding him]
- FOOTMAN O good your worship, let me help your good old worship.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah poor honest footman, how didst thou 'scape this massacre?
- 10 FOOTMAN E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS I think so. I would I had lain in my clothes too, footman, so I had 'scaped 'em. I could have but risse like a beggar then, and so I do now, till more money come in. But nothing afflicts me so much, my poor geometrical footman, as that the barbarous villains should lay violence upon my lord. Ah, the binding of my lord cuts my heart in two pieces. [*Footman frees him*]
- 15 So, so, 'tis well, I thank thee, run to thy fellows, undo 'em, undo 'em, undo 'em.
- FOOTMAN Alas, if my lord should miscarry, they're unbound already, sir. They have no occupation but sleep, feed and fart. *Exit*
- 20 SIR BOUNTEOUS If I be not ashamed to look my lord i'th' face, I'm a Saracen. My lord—
- FOLLYWIT [*within curtain*] Who's that?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS One may see he has been scared. A pox on 'em for their labours!
- FOLLYWIT [*within*] Singlestone!
- 30 SIR BOUNTEOUS Singlestone? I'll ne'er answer to that, i'faith.
- FOLLYWIT [*within*] Suchman!
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Suchman? Nor that neither, i'faith, I am not brought so low, though I be old.
- FOLLYWIT [*within*] Who's that i'th' chamber?
- [*Sir Bounteous pulls curtain to reveal Follywit, disguised as Lord Owemuch in his nightgown, bound in his bed*]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Good morrow, my lord, 'tis I. 35
- FOLLYWIT Sir Bounteous, good morrow. I would give you my hand, sir, but I cannot come at it. Is this the courtesy o'th' country, Sir Bounteous?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS
 Your lordship grieves me more than all my loss.
 'Tis the unnatural'st sight that can be found 40
 To see a noble gentleman hard bound.
- FOLLYWIT Trust me, I thought you had been better beloved, Sir Bounteous, but I see you have enemies, sir, and your friends fare the worse for 'em. I like your talk better than your lodging. I ne'er laid harder in a bed of down. 45
 I have had a mad night's rest on't. Can you not guess what they should be, Sir Bounteous?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Faith, Lincolnshire men, my lord.
- FOLLYWIT How? Fie, fie, believe it not, sir, these lie not far off, I warrant you. 50
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Think you so, my lord?
- FOLLYWIT I'll be burnt an they do: some that use to your house, sir, and are familiar with all the conveyances.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS This is the commodity of keeping open house, my lord, that makes so many shut their doors 55
 about dinner-time.
- FOLLYWIT They were resolute villains. I made myself known to 'em, told 'em what I was, gave 'em my honourable word not to disclose 'em.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS O saucy unmannerly villains! 60
- FOLLYWIT And think you the slaves would trust me upon my word?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS They would not?
- FOLLYWIT Forsooth, no, I must pardon them. They told me lords' promises were mortal, and commonly die within half an hour after they are spoken. They were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full growth or perfection, and therefore though I were a lord I must enter into bond. 65
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Insupportable rascals!
- FOLLYWIT Troth, I'm of that mind, Sir Bounteous, you fared the worse for my coming hither.
- [*Sir Bounteous begins to unbind Follywit*]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, good my lord, but I'm sure your lordship fared the worse. 70
- FOLLYWIT Pray, pity not me, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Is not your honour sore about the brawn of the arm? A murrain meet 'em, I feel it.
- FOLLYWIT About this place, Sir Bounteous. 75

52 cullis nourishing broth
 2.6.2 Singlestone pun on 'stones' as testicles; hence, 'One Ball'.
 11 lying... clothes i.e. ready to run
 14 risse risen
 16 geometrical ground measuring
 21 miscarry suffer misfortune
 21-2 unbound discharged from their employment, with a pun on the relief

of constipation
 25 Saracen i.e. a heathen
 41 hard bound (a) tied fast (b) constipated
 45 laid harder slept worse
 53 conveyances passages
 54 commodity profit
 61 slaves term of opprobrium
 67 gristles infants (whose bones are gristly)

69 enter into bond (a) be tied up (b) submit to legal bond. As a peer, and therefore a member of the upper house of Parliament, a lord could not be summonsed to appear in court and could not be sued for debt or committed to prison for it.
 77 murrain a cattle disease, often used as an oath

SIR BOUNTEOUS You feel as it were a twinge, my lord?
 80 FOLLYWIT Ay, e'en a twinge, you say right.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS A pox discover 'em, that twinge I feel too.
 FOLLYWIT But that which disturbs me most, Sir Bounteous,
 lies here.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS True, about the wrist, a kind of tumid
 85 numbness.
 FOLLYWIT You say true, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS The reason of that, my lord, is the pulses
 had no play.
 FOLLYWIT Mass, so I get it.
 90 SIR BOUNTEOUS A mischief swell 'em, for I feel that too.
 FOLLYWIT 'Slid, here's a house haunted indeed.
 [Enter Lieutenant]
 LIEUTENANT A word with you, sir.
 FOLLYWIT How now, Singlestone?
 LIEUTENANT I'm sorry, my lord, your lordship has lost—
 95 SIR BOUNTEOUS Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup—
 FOLLYWIT What have I lost? Speak!
 SIR BOUNTEOUS [aside to Lieutenant] A good night's sleep,
 say.
 FOLLYWIT Speak, what have I lost, say?
 100 LIEUTENANT A good night's sleep, my lord, nothing else.
 FOLLYWIT That's true. [Rises, unbound] My clothes! Come!
 [Exit.] Curtains drawn
 LIEUTENANT [calling off] My lord's clothes! His honour's
 rising.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Hist, well said. Come hither. What has my
 105 lord lost? Tell me, speak softly.
 LIEUTENANT His lordship must know that, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Hush, prithee tell me.
 LIEUTENANT 'Twill do you no pleasure to know't, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Yet again? I desire it, I say.
 110 LIEUTENANT Since your worship will needs know't, they
 have stolen away a jewel in a blue silk ribbon of a
 hundred pound price, besides some hundred pounds in
 fair spur-royals.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS That's some two hundred i'th' total.
 115 LIEUTENANT Your worship's much about it, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Come, follow me, I'll make that whole again
 in so much money. Let not my lord know on't.
 LIEUTENANT O pardon me, Sir Bounteous, that were a
 dishonour to my lord. Should it come to his ear, I should
 120 hazard my undoing by't.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS How should it come to his ear? If you be
 my lord's chief man about him, I hope you do not use
 to speak unless you be paid for't, and I had rather give
 you a counsellor's double fee to hold your peace. Come,
 125 go to, follow me, I say.
 LIEUTENANT There will be scarce time to tell it, sir. My lord
 will away instantly.

SIR BOUNTEOUS His honour shall stay dinner, by his leave,
 I'll prevail with him so far. And now I remember a jest. I would
 130 I bade the whoreson thieves to dinner last night. I would
 I might have their companies, a pox poison 'em. Exit
 LIEUTENANT Faith, and you are like to have no other
 guests, Sir Bounteous, if you have none but us. I'll give
 you that gift, i'faith. Exit
 Finit Actus Secundus

⊙

Incipit Actus Tertius

3.1

Enter Master Shortrod Harebrain with [the]
 two elder brothers, Master Inesse and Master
 Possibility

POSSIBILITY You see bold guests, Master Harebrain.
 HAREBRAIN You're kindly welcome to my house, good
 Master Inesse and Master Possibility.
 INESSE That's our presumption, sir.
 HAREBRAIN Rafe!
 5 [Enter Rafe]
 RAFF Here, sir.
 HAREBRAIN Call down your mistress to welcome these two
 gentlemen my friends.
 RAFF I shall, sir. Exit
 HAREBRAIN [aside]
 I will observe her carriage and watch
 10 The slippery revolutions of her eye.
 I'll lie in wait for every glance she gives
 And poise her words i'th' balance of suspect.
 If she but swag she's gone, either on this hand
 Overfamiliar, or on this too neglectful.
 15 It does behoove her carry herself even.
 POSSIBILITY
 But Master Harebrain—
 HAREBRAIN True, I hear you, sir.
 Was't you said?
 POSSIBILITY I have not spoke it yet, sir.
 HAREBRAIN Right, so I say.
 POSSIBILITY
 20 Is it not strange that in so short a time
 My little Lady Gullman should be so violently
 handled?
 HAREBRAIN
 O sickness has no mercy, sir.
 It neither pities lady's lip nor eye.
 It crops the rose out of the virgin's cheek,
 25 And so deflowers her that was ne'er deflowered.
 Fools then are maids to lock from men that treasure
 Which death will pluck and never yield them pleasure.
 Ah gentlemen, though I shadow it, that sweet virgin's

95 **pup** Bounteous makes inarticulate sounds
 in order to silence the Lieutenant.
 113 **spur-royals** gold coins imprinted with a
 blazing sun resembling a spur
 116 **make that whole** compensate for the
 loss
 124 **counsellor's double fee** The chief

counsel in legal actions took double fee;
 here, a bribe.
 126 **tell** count
 3.1.4 **That's our presumption** (a) So we
 presume (b) That's our arrogance
 11 **slippery** cunning

13 **poise** . . . suspect weigh her words in the
 scale of suspicion
 14 **swag** sink down
 16 **even** evenly, with moderation
 21 **handled** treated (by illness)
 28 **shadow** hide

sickness grieves me not lightly. She was my wife's only
 30 delight and company. Did you not hear her, gentlemen,
 i'th' midst of her extremest fit, still how she called upon
 my wife, remembered still my wife, 'Sweet Mistress
 Harebrain!' When she sent for me, o' one side of her
 bed stood the physician, the scrivener on the other:
 35 two horrible objects, but mere opposites in the course
 of their lives, for the scrivener binds folks and the
 physician makes them loose.
 POSSIBILITY But not loose of their bonds, sir?
 HAREBRAIN No by my faith, sir, I say not so. If the
 40 physician could make 'em loose of their bonds, there's
 many a one would take physic that dares not now for
 poisoning. But as I was telling of you, her will was
 fashioning,
 Wherein I found her best and richest jewel
 45 Given as a legacy unto my wife.
 When I read that, I could not refrain weeping.
 Well, of all other, my wife has most reason to visit her.
 If she have any good nature in her, she'll show it there.
 [Enter Rafe]
 Now sir, where's your mistress?
 50 RAPE She desires you and the gentlemen your friends to
 hold her excused. Sh'as a fit of an ague now upon her,
 which begins to shake her.
 HAREBRAIN Where does it shake her most?
 RAPE All over her body, sir.
 HAREBRAIN
 55 Shake all her body, sir? 'Tis a saucy fit,
 I'm jealous of that ague. Pray walk in, gentlemen,
 I'll see you instantly. [Exeunt Inesse and Possibility]
 RAPE
 Now they are absent, sir, 'tis no such thing.
 HAREBRAIN What?
 60 RAPE My mistress has her health, sir,
 But 'tis her suit she may confine herself
 From sight of all men but your own dear self, sir,
 For since the sickness of that modest virgin,
 Her only company, she delights in none.
 HAREBRAIN
 65 No? Visit her again, commend me to her,
 Tell her they're gone, and only I myself
 Walk here to exchange a word or two with her.
 RAPE I'll tell her so, sir. Exit
 HAREBRAIN
 Fool that I am, and madman, beast! What worse?
 70 Suspicious o'er a creature that deserves
 The best opinion and the purest thought,
 Watchful o'er her that is her watch herself,

To doubt her ways that looks too narrowly
 Into her own defects. I, foolish-fearful,
 Have often rudely, out of giddy flames,
 75 Barred her those objects which she shuns herself.
 Thrice I've had proof of her most constant temper.
 Come I at unawares by stealth upon her,
 I find her circled in with divine writs
 Of heavenly meditations, here and there
 80 Chapters with leaves tucked up, which when I see,
 They either tax pride or adultery.
 Ah, let me curse myself, that could be jealous
 Of her whose mind no sin can make rebellious.
 And here the unmatched comes.
 [Enter Wife]
 Now wife, i'faith, they're gone. Push! See how fearful
 'tis. Will you not credit me? They're gone, i'faith. Why,
 think you I'll betray you? Come, come, thy delight and
 mine, thy only virtuous friend, thy sweet instructress is
 90 violently taken, grievous sick, and which is worse, she
 mends not.
 WIFE Her friends are sorry for that, sir.
 HAREBRAIN She calls still upon thee, poor soul, remembers
 thee still, thy name whirls in her breath. 'Where's
 95 Mistress Harebrain?' says she.
 WIFE Alas, good soul.
 HAREBRAIN She made me weep thrice. She's put thee in a
 jewel in her will.
 WIFE E'en to th' last gasp a kind soul.
 HAREBRAIN Take my man, go, visit her.
 100 WIFE Pray pardon me, sir; alas, my visitation cannot help
 her.
 HAREBRAIN O yet the kindness of a thing, wife. Still she
 holds the same rare temper. Take my man, I say.
 WIFE I would not take your man, sir, though I did purpose
 105 going.
 HAREBRAIN No? Thy reason?
 WIFE
 The world's condition is itself so vile, sir,
 'Tis apt to judge the worst of those deserve not.
 'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
 110 All to the form of it own luxury.
 This censure flies from one, that from another;
 'That man's her squire', says he; 'Her pimp', the
 t'other;
 'She's of the stamp', a third; fourth, 'I ha' known
 her.'
 I've heard this, not without a burning cheek.
 115 Then our attires are taxed, our very gait
 Is called in question, where a husband's presence

34 scrivener notary, who will record her
 will
 35 mere absolute
 36 binds legally binds
 37 loose relieved of constipation
 51 ague fever
 61 suit request
 73 narrowly strictly

75 giddy flames insane passions
 78 at unawares unnoticed
 79 writs writings
 81 tucked up folded at the corners
 82 tax condemn
 87 'tis 'It' refers to the Wife; a colloquial
 diminutive
 credit believe

110-11 apply...luxury judge all by its own
 lecherous standards
 114 of the stamp generally recognized as
 'current' or sexually available
 known her known her carnally
 116 taxed found objectionable
 117 where whereas

Scatters such thoughts, or makes 'em sink for fear
 Into the hearts that breed 'em. Nay, surely, if I went,
 sir,
 I would entreat your company.
 HAREBRAIN Mine? Prithee, wife, I have been there already.
 WIFE That's all one. Although you bring me but to th'
 door, sir, I would entreat no farther.
 HAREBRAIN Thou'rt such a wife! Why, I will bring thee
 thither then, but not go up, I swear.
 WIFE I'faith, you shall not. I do not desire it, sir.
 HAREBRAIN Why then, content.
 WIFE Give me your hand—you will do so, sir?
 HAREBRAIN Why, there's my lip, I will. [Kissing her]
 WIFE Why then, I go, sir.
 HAREBRAIN With me or no man! Incomparable such a
 woman!
Exeunt

3.2
*Vials, gallipots, plate, and an hourglass by her,
 the Courtesan [is discovered] on a bed for her
 counterfeit fit. [Enter] to her, Master Penitent
 Brothel [dressed] like a Doctor of Physic*
 PENITENT Lady?
 COURTESAN Ha, what news?
 PENITENT There's one Sir Bounteous Progress newly
 alighted from his footcloth, and his mare waits at door,
 as the fashion is.
 COURTESAN 'Slid, 'tis the knight that privately maintains
 me, a little short old spiny gentleman in a great doublet.
 PENITENT The same, I know 'im.
 COURTESAN He's my sole revenue, meat, drink and raiment.
 My good physician, work upon him, I'm weak.
 PENITENT Enough.
 [Enter Sir Bounteous Progress]
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, where be these ladies, these plump
 soft delicate creatures, ha?
 PENITENT Who would you visit, sir?
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Visit? Who? What are you with the plague
 in your mouth?
 PENITENT A physician, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Then you are a loose liver, sir. I have put
 you to your purgation.

PENITENT [aside] But you need none. You're purged in a
 worse fashion.
 COURTESAN Ah, Sir Bounteous.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS How now? What art thou?
 COURTESAN Sweet Sir Bounteous.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Passion of me, what an alteration's here!
 Rosamund sick, old Harry? Here's a sight able to make
 an old man shrink. I was lusty when I came in, but I
 am down now, i'faith. Mortality, yea? This puts me in
 mind of a hole seven foot deep, my grave, my grave,
 my grave. Hist, Master Doctor, a word, sir, hark, 'tis
 not the plague, is't?
 PENITENT The plague, sir? No.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Good.
 PENITENT [aside] He ne'er asks whether it be the pox or no,
 and of the twain that had been more likely.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS How now, my wench, how dost?
 COURTESAN [coughing] Huh, weak, knight, huh.
 PENITENT [aside] She says true, he's a weak knight indeed.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Where does it hold thee most, wench?
 COURTESAN All parts alike, sir.
 PENITENT [aside] She says true still, for it holds her in none.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Hark in thine ear. Thou'rt breeding of
 young bones; I am afraid I have got thee with child,
 i'faith.
 COURTESAN I fear that much, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS O, O, if it should! A young Progress, when
 all's done.
 COURTESAN You have done your good will, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS [aside] I see by her 'tis nothing but a surfeit
 of Venus, i'faith, and though I be old, I have gi'n't
 her. [To Courtesan] But since I had the power to make
 thee sick, I'll have the purse to make thee whole, that's
 certain. [To Penitent] Master Doctor.
 PENITENT Sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Let's hear, I pray, what is't you minister to
 her?
 PENITENT Marry, sir, some precious cordial, some costly
 refocillation, a composure comfortable and restorative.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, ay, that, that, that.

3.2 This scene was clearly inspired by Pietro Aretino's *Ragionamenti*: for details see Daileader 2007.
 0.1 *gallipots* small medicine jars
plate metal utensils
 0.2 *discovered* revealed
 4 *footcloth* large ornamented cloth laid over the horse's back and hanging to the ground on each side; considered a sign of rank.
 7 *spiny* spindly, thin
doublet upper-body garment worn by

men
 15–16 *with* . . . *mouth* speaking of the plague
 18 *loose liver* an immoral person, or one with a disordered liver, which was regarded as the seat of passion. Physicians were often suspected of irreligion.
 19 *purgation* proof, trial, but also punning on intestinal purgation
 20–1 *in* . . . *fashion* i.e. by his whore (sexually and financially)
 26 *Rosamund* . . . *Harry*? apparently a

quotation from a lost ballad or play about Rosamond Clifford, the mistress of Henry II, supposedly poisoned by Henry's queen
 27 *shrink* fearful, but suggesting the loss of an erection in the face of a 'hole seven foot deep'
 38 *weak* (a) prone to temptation (b) impotent
 49–50 *surfeit of Venus* too much sex
 58 *refocillation* restorative cordial
composure mixture

- 60 PENITENT No poorer ingredients than the liquor of coral,
clear amber or *succinum*, unicorn's horn six grains,
magisterium perlarum one scruple—
SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah.
PENITENT *Ossis de corde cervi* half a scruple, *aurum potabile*
65 or his tincture—
SIR BOUNTEOUS Very precious, sir.
PENITENT All which being finely contunded and mixed in
a stone or glass mortar with the spirit of diamber—
SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, pray be patient, sir.
70 PENITENT That's impossible. I cannot be patient and a
physician too, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS O cry you mercy, that's true, sir.
PENITENT All which aforesaid—
SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, there you left, sir.
75 PENITENT When it is almost exsiccate or dry, I add thereto
olei succini, olei masi, and cinnamoni.
SIR BOUNTEOUS So sir, *olei masi*, that same oil of mace is a
great comfort to both the Counters.
PENITENT And has been of a long time, sir.
80 SIR BOUNTEOUS Well, be of good cheer, wench. There's gold
for thee. [*Giving money*] Huh, let her want for nothing,
Master Doctor. A poor kinswoman of mine: nature binds
me to have a care of her. [*Aside*] There I gulled you,
Master Doctor. [*To Courtesan*] Gather up a good spirit,
85 wench. The fit will away, 'tis but a surfeit of gristles.
[*Aside*] Ha, ha, I have fitted her! An old knight and a
cock o' th' game still! I have not spurs for nothing, I
see.
PENITENT [*aside*] No, by my faith, they're hatched. They
90 cost you an angel, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Look to her, good Master Doctor, let her
want nothing. I've given her enough already. Ha, ha,
ha! *Exit*
COURTESAN So, is he gone?
PENITENT He's like himself, gone. 95
COURTESAN [*indicating the gold*] Here's somewhat to set up
with. How soon he took occasion to slip into his own
flattery, soothing his own defects. He only fears he has
done that deed which I ne'er feared to come from him
in my life. This purchase came unlooked for. 100
PENITENT Hist, the pair of sons and heirs.
COURTESAN O, they're welcome, they bring money.
*Enter Master Inesse [with blood on his collar] and
Master Possibility*
POSSIBILITY Master Doctor.
PENITENT I come to you, gentlemen.
POSSIBILITY How does she now? 105
PENITENT Faith, much after one fashion, sir.
INESSE There's hope of life, sir?
PENITENT I see no signs of death of her.
POSSIBILITY That's some comfort. Will she take anything
yet? 110
PENITENT Yes, yes, yes, she'll take still. Sh'as a kind of
facility in taking. How comes your band bloody, sir?
INESSE You may see I met with a scab, sir.
PENITENT *Diversa genera scabierum*, as Pliny reports: there
are divers kinds of scabs. 115
INESSE Pray, let's hear 'em, sir.
PENITENT An itching scab, that is your harlot. A sore scab,
your usurer. A running, your promoter. A broad scab,
your intelligencer. But a white scab, that's a scald knave
and a pander. But to speak truth, the only scabs we are 120
nowadays troubled withal are new officers.

60 **liquor of coral** a solution of coral in
water
61 **clear**...**succinum** white or yellow amber,
cited by Pliny as beneficial for stomach
ailments, ear and eye diseases
unicorn's horn the horn of a rhinoceros,
narwhal, or other animal, reputedly
derived from the unicorn, and regarded
as an antidote to poison
62 **magisterium perlarum** precipitate of
pearls from an acid solution
scruple one-third of a dram
64 **Ossis de corde cervi** small bones in the
heart and womb of a deer, regarded as
beneficial to pregnant women and those
in labour.
aurum potabile nitromuriate of gold
deoxidized in a volatile oil and drunk as a
cordial
65 **tincture** essence
67 **contunded** pounded
68 **spirit of diamber** a stomachic and cordial
containing ambergris, musk, and other
aromatics
76 **olei**...**cinnamoni** oils of yellow amber,

mace, and cinnamon
77 **oil of mace** a pun alluding to the maces
carried by the serjeants when they arres-
ted debtors, who might replenish either
of the Counters (City prisons); a paral-
lel coinage is 'oil of whip', proverbially
beneficial against idleness
85 **gristles** baby's bones, a reference to her
supposed pregnancy
86 **fitted her** (a) served her appropriately
(b) caused this fit
87 **cock**...**nothing** alluding to cockfighting
and the metal spurs attached to the legs
of the birds, with a pun on 'cock of the
game' as a sexual adept. 'Spurs' may
also be a pun on the testicles.
89 **hatched** (a) as a chick (alluding to
the child) (b) engraved, like the large,
ornate spurs of a knight. There is also a
numismatic pun: the spur, or spur-royal,
a coin worth fifteen shillings, produces
angels, coins worth ten shillings.
92 **enough** i.e. the supposed child
95 **gone** (a) departed (b) out of his wits
100 **purchase** profit

106 **after one fashion** the same
109 **take eat**
112 **taking** Penitent puns on a woman's
taking a man during sexual intercourse;
also a 'taker up' is one who in a gang
of swindlers attracts and softens up the
victim.
band a wide collar often worn with the
ruff
113 **scab** punning on 'scab' as a low person
114 **Diversa genera scabierum** 'Ulcers as
they be of many sorts, so are they cured
after diverse manners' (Pliny, *Natural
History*, XXXVI, xiv).
117 **itching** i.e. suffering the 'itch' of lust
118 **promoter** informer, a 'running' scab
because he carries tales
119 **intelligencer** spy, one who gathers and
distributes information, making secrets
'broad' or apparent
white scab 'Treating skin affected by
syphilis, or the 'pox', left a white scab.
scald afflicted with a scabby skin disease
(here, the pox); contemptible
121 **officers** constables

INESSE Why, now you come to mine, sir, for I'll be sworn
 one of them was very busy about my head this morning,
 and he should be a scab by that, for they are ambitious
 125 and covet the head.
 PENITENT Why, you saw I derived him, sir.
 INESSE You physicians are mad gentlemen.
 PENITENT We physicians see the most sights of any men
 living. Your astronomers look upward into th' air—
 130 we look downward into th' body, and indeed we have
 power upward and downward.
 INESSE That you have, i'faith, sir.
 POSSIBILITY Lady, how cheer you now?
 COURTESAN The same woman still—[*coughing*] huh.
 135 POSSIBILITY That's not good.
 COURTESAN Little alteration.
 [*Possibility gives her money*]
 Fie, fie, you have been too lavish, gentlemen.
 INESSE Puh, talk not of that, lady, thy health's worth a
 million. Here, Master Doctor, spare for no cost.
 140 [*Giving him money*]
 POSSIBILITY Look what you find there, sir.
 COURTESAN What do you mean, gentlemen? Put up, put
 up, you see I'm down and cannot strive with you. I
 would rule you else. You have me at advantage, but if
 ever I live, I will requite it deeply.
 145 INESSE Tut, an't come to that once, we'll requite ourselves
 well enough.
 POSSIBILITY Mistress Harebrain, lady, is setting forth to visit
 you too.
 COURTESAN Ha!—huh!
 150 PENITENT [*aside*] There struck the minute that brings forth
 the birth of all my joys and wishes. But see the jar now:
 how shall I rid these from her?
 COURTESAN Pray, gentlemen, stay not above an hour from
 my sight.
 155 INESSE 'Sfoot, we are not going, lady.
 PENITENT [*aside*] Subtly brought about, yet 'twill not do,
 they'll stick by't. [*To them*] A word with you, gentlemen.
 INESSE and POSSIBILITY What says Master Doctor?

PENITENT She wants but settling of her sense with rest. One
 hour's sleep, gentlemen, would set all parts in tune. 160
 POSSIBILITY He says truth, i'faith.
 INESSE Get her to sleep, Master Doctor. We'll both sit here
 and watch by her.
 PENITENT [*aside*] Hell's angels watch you! No art can
 prevail with 'em. What with the thought of joys and 165
 sight of crosses, my wits are at Hercules' Pillars, *non
 plus ultra*.
 COURTESAN Master Doctor, Master Doctor!
 PENITENT Here, lady.
 COURTESAN Your physic works! Lend me your hand! 170
 [*Penitent supplies a chamber-pot. She feigns farting
 and excreting*]
 POSSIBILITY Farewell, sweet lady.
 INESSE Adieu, Master Doctor.
 [*Exeunt Inesse and Possibility*]
 COURTESAN So.
 PENITENT Let me admire thee.
 The wit of man wanes and decreases soon,
 But women's wit is ever at full moon. 175
 Enter Wife
 There shot a star from heaven.
 I dare not yet behold my happiness,
 The splendour is so glorious and so piercing.
 COURTESAN Mistress Harebrain, give my wit thanks here-
 after. Your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spa- 180
 cious.
 WIFE Will you but hear a word from me?
 COURTESAN Whoooh!
 WIFE My husband himself brought me to th' door, walks
 below for my return. Jealousy is prick-eared, and will 185
 hear the wagging of a hair.
 COURTESAN Pish, you're a faint liver. Trust yourself with
 your pleasure and me with your security. Go.
 PENITENT
 The fullness of my wish!
 WIFE Of my desire! 190

123 **busy...head** busy hitting me on the head
 125 **covet the head** The officers aspire to the post of headborough, a minor parish official. There is also an allusion to the tendency of skin ailments to afflict the scalp.
 126 **derived** traced his lineage, also alluding to the medical term 'derive', which means to withdraw inflammation from a diseased body part by blistering or cupping.
 131 **power...downward** power to purge upward from the stomach or downward through the bowels

141 **Put up** put your money away, but also punning on 'put up' as (a) sheathe a sword or (b) insert the penis in the vagina
 143 **have...advantage** take advantage of me
 145 **requite** i.e. sexually
 151 **jar** obstacle
 152 **these** these two, Inesse and Possibility
 155 **'Sfoot** an oath, from 'God's foot'
 160 **parts in tune** punning on the 'parts' of a musical piece and the parts of the courtesan's body; also alluding to Penitent's impending consummation

with Mistress Harebrain
 165-6 **thought...crosses** expectation of pleasure and awareness of obstacles
 166 **Hercules' Pillars** Gibraltar and Mt Abyla, believed by the ancients to support the western boundary of the world; hence *non plus ultra*, 'no farther'.
 185 **walks** paces, waiting
 186-7 **prick-eared...hair** alertly listening, with obscene innuendos on 'prick' as penis, 'wagging' as copulation, and 'hair' as the female pudendum.
 188 **faint liver** coward, with a pun on the liver as seat of sexual desire

PENITENT

Beyond this sphere I never will aspire!

*Exeunt [Penitent and Wife]**Enter Master Harebrain [apart,] listening*

HAREBRAIN

I'll listen. Now the flesh draws nigh her end,

At such a time women exchange their secrets

And ransack the close corners of their hearts.

195 What many years hath whelmed, this hour imparts.

COURTESAN [*feigning to address Wife*] Pray sit down, there's a low stool. Good Mistress Harebrain, this was kindly done—huh!—give me your hand—huh! Alas, how cold

200 you are. E'en so is your husband, that worthy wise gentleman, as comfortable a man to woman in my case as ever trod—huh!—shoe leather. Love him, honour him, stick by him. He lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman, and to be sure on't, he will see himself that you want it not.

205 HAREBRAIN And so I do, i'faith, 'tis right my humour.

COURTESAN You live a lady's life with him, go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

HAREBRAIN Not so, not so, neither, she's better looked to.

210 COURTESAN I know you do, you need not tell me that. 'Twere e'en pity of your life, i'faith, if ever you should wrong such an innocent gentleman. Fie, Mistress Harebrain, what do you mean? Come you to discomfort me? Nothing but weeping with you?

215 HAREBRAIN She's weeping, 't'as made her weep. My wife shows her good nature already.

COURTESAN Still, still weeping? Huff, huff, huff, why how now, woman? Hey, hy, hy, for shame, leave! Suh, suh, she cannot answer me for snobbing.

220 HAREBRAIN All this does her good, beshrew my heart, and I pity her. Let her shed tears till morning, I'll stay for her. She shall have enough on't by my good will, I'll not be her hindrance.

COURTESAN O no, lay your hand here, Mistress Harebrain. Ay there, o there, there lies my pain, good gentle-

woman. Sore? O ay, I can scarce endure your hand upon't. 225

HAREBRAIN Poor soul, how she's tormented.

COURTESAN Yes, yes, I eat a cullis an hour since.

HAREBRAIN There's some comfort in that yet; she may 'scape it. 230

COURTESAN O, it lies about my heart much.

HAREBRAIN I'm sorry for that, i'faith; she'll hardly 'scape it.

COURTESAN Bound? No, no, I'd a very comfortable stool this morning. 235

HAREBRAIN I'm glad of that i'faith, that's a good sign. I smell she'll 'scape it now.

COURTESAN Will you be going then?

HAREBRAIN Fall back, she's coming.

COURTESAN Thanks, good Mistress Harebrain. Welcome, sweet Mistress Harebrain. Pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband. 240

HAREBRAIN I could do that myself now.

COURTESAN And to my Uncle Winchcomb, and to my Aunt Lipsalve, and to my Cousin Falsetop, and to my Cousin Lickit, and to my Cousin Horseman, and to all my good cousins in Clerkenwell and Saint John's. 245

Enter Wife with Master Penitent

WIFE

At three days' end my husband takes a journey.

PENITENT

O, thence I derive a second meeting.

WIFE

May it prosper still.

Till then I rest a captive to his will. 250

Once again, health, rest and strength to thee, sweet lady. Farewell, you witty squall. Good Master Doctor, have a care to her body if you stand her friend. I know you can do her good.

COURTESAN Take pity of your waiter, go. Farewell, sweet Mistress Harebrain. 255

HAREBRAIN [*coming forward*] Welcome, sweet wife, alight upon my lip. [*Kissing her*] Never was hour spent better.192 **nigh** near**end** (a) death (b) purpose (c) bottom, with 'the flesh' alluding to Penitent's penis193 **secrets** (a) confidences (b) private parts194 **close** hidden195 **whelmed** kept covered197 **stool** (perhaps accompanied by a gesture toward the chamber-pot)198 **cold** in relation to the courtesan's supposed fever; also, ironically, cold as in chaste, devoid of passions199 E'en...**husband** poking fun at Harebrain's coldness in bed201 **trod** 'Treading' is a term for copulation, based on the mating action of the male bird.202-3 **want**...**woman** punning on the two senses of 'want', the obscene sense of 'thing' and the literal sense of 'to fit'. The statement can mean either (a) he

makes sure you need nothing suitable for a woman, or (b) he will not permit you to desire any 'thing' that fits (into) a woman.

203 **see** (a) see to it (b) be deceived into seeing207 **ride** (a) ride coaches (b) ride men (hence Harebrain's comment)210 **pity**...**life** the great regret of your life216 **Huff, huff, huff** coughing sounds, intended to cover the sounds of the off-stage sex218 **snobbing** sobbing—a re-interpretation of the Wife's vocalizations of pleasure228 **eat** ate**cullis** nutritive broth230 **'scape** it escape death234 **Bound** constipated237 **smell** (a) sense (b) smell239 **coming** (a) approaching (b) achieving

orgasm

244-6 **Uncle**...**Horseman** all names suggesting bawds and whores: 'Winchcomb', presumably combs for wenches; 'Lipsalve', a balm for chafed lips or genitals; 'Falsetop', a wig or padded brassiere; 'Lickit', suggesting fellatio and 'Horseman', sexual 'riding'247 **Clerkenwell**...**John's** The Priory of St Johns was the main landmark in Clerkenwell, an area notorious for thieves and prostitutes.253 **stand her friend** (a) remain her friend (b) remain her lover, with a pun on a 'standing' or erect penis255 **waiter** referring to Harebrain, waiting below. 'Waiter' could mean servant or admirer, but 'waiters' also kept watch at principal ports to search incoming vessels for Catholic recusants.

WIFE Why, were you within the hearing, sir?
 260 HAREBRAIN Ay, that I was i'faith, to my great comfort. I
 deceived you there, wife, ha, ha!
 I do entreat thee, nay, conjure thee, wife,
 Upon my love, or what can more be said,
 Oftener to visit this sick virtuous maid.
 WIFE
 265 Be not so fierce. Your will shall be obeyed.
 HAREBRAIN
 Why then I see thou lov'st me.
Exeunt [the Harebrains]
 PENITENT Art of ladies!
 When plots are e'en past hope and hang their head,
 Set with a woman's hand, they thrive and spread.
Exit
 3.3 *Enter Follywit with Lieutenant Mawworm, Ensign*
Oboe, and the rest of his consorts
 FOLLYWIT Was't not well managed, you necessary mis-
 chiefs? Did the plot want either life or art?
 LIEUTENANT 'Twas so well, captain, I would you could
 make such another muss at all adventures.
 5 FOLLYWIT Dost call't a muss? I am sure my grandsire ne'er
 got his money worse in his life than I got it from him. If
 ever he did cozen the simple, why, I was born to revenge
 their quarrel. If ever oppress the widow, I a fatherless
 child have done as much for him. And so 'tis through
 10 the world either in jest or earnest. Let the usurer look
 for't, for craft recoils in the end like an overcharged
 musket, and maims the very hand that puts fire to't.
 There needs no more but a usurer's own blow to strike
 him from hence to hell—'twill set him forward with
 15 a vengeance. But here lay the jest, whoresons: my
 grandsire, thinking in his conscience that we had not
 robbed him enough o'ernight, must needs pity me i'th'
 morning and give me the rest.
 LIEUTENANT Two hundred pounds in fair rose-nobles, I
 20 protest.

FOLLYWIT Push! I knew he could not sleep quietly till he
 had paid me for robbing of him too. 'Tis his humour
 and the humour of most of your rich men in the course
 of their lives, for you know,
 They always feast those mouths that are least needy, 25
 And give them more that have too much already.
 And what call you that but robbing of themselves a
 courtlier way? O!
 LIEUTENANT Cuds me, how now, captain?
 FOLLYWIT A cold fit that comes over my memory and has 30
 a shrewd pull at my fortunes.
 LIEUTENANT What's that, sir?
 FOLLYWIT Is it for certain, lieutenant, that my grandsire
 keeps an uncertain creature, a quean?
 LIEUTENANT Ay, that's too true, sir. 35
 FOLLYWIT So much the more preposterous for me. I shall
 hop shorter by that trick. She carries away the thirds
 at least. 'Twill prove entailed land, I am afraid, when
 all's done, i'faith. Nay, I have known a vicious old
 thought-acting father, 40
 Damned only in his dreams, thirsting for game,
 When his best parts hung down their heads for
 shame,
 For his blanched harlot dispossess his son,
 And make the pox his heir—'twas gravely done.
 How hadst thou first knowledge on't, lieutenant? 45
 LIEUTENANT
 Faith, from discourse, yet all the policy
 That I could use, I could not get her name.
 FOLLYWIT Dull slave that ne'er couldst spy it.
 LIEUTENANT But the manner of her coming was described 50
 to me.
 FOLLYWIT How is the manner, prithee?
 LIEUTENANT Marry, sir, she comes, most commonly,
 coached.
 FOLLYWIT Most commonly coached indeed, for coaches are
 as common nowadays as some that ride in 'em. She 55
 comes most commonly coached—

265 fierce eager, ardent
 266 Art skill, artfulness
 267-8 When...spread The metaphor is
 from horticulture, but there are puns
 suggesting the effect of a woman's hand
 on a flaccid penis.
 3.3.1-2 necessary mischiefs useful mischief-
 makers
 4 muss scramble (a children's game)
 at all adventures at any risk
 11 recoils mischarges
 12 puts fire to't triggered it
 13 usurer's own blow i.e. his blow against
 another, which recoils against him. This
 also suggests the phallic 'blow' which
 may result in rebellious progeny like
 Follywit.
 14 set him forward advance him
 19 rose-nobles gold coins stamped with a
 rose
 30 cold fit chill

31 shrewd pull a sharp pull, a fierce assault.
 The original spelling is 'shrode,' which
 allows for a funeral pun: 'shrode' is a
 variant of 'shrewd' and 'shroud.' Follywit
 suffers a premonition of ill fortune.
 34 uncertain morally questionable, shady
 quean whore
 36 preposterous in its etymological sense of
 placing last what should be first
 37 hop shorter as if on a shorter leash
 37-8 thirds...entailed She may get a
 widow's third of the estate while she
 lives, making it entailed land, limited
 in its transference. The pun on 'in-
 tailed', or vested in a woman's 'tail', is
 a favourite of Middleton's.
 39 vicious laden with vice
 40 thought-acting capable of acting,
 sexually, only in fantasy
 41 game sexual play
 42 best parts (a) best qualities (b) private

parts
 43 blanched whitened by cosmetics, but also
 alluding to the treatment of skin affected
 by venereal disease
 dispossess deprive of an inheritance
 44 gravely soberly, punning on the grave
 which awaits the victim of syphilis
 46 discourse rumour
 policy machiavellian wiles
 49 her...coming (a) her means of transport-
 ation (b) the way she achieves orgasm
 52 Marry an oath, from the name of the
 Virgin Mary
 52-3 she...coached she generally travels by
 coach
 54-5 coaches...common punning on the
 pejorative sense of 'common'. By 1605
 riding in a coach was no longer a mark
 of status; coaches were frequently used
 for prostitution.

- LIEUTENANT True, there I left, sir: guarded with some leash of pimps.
- FOLLYWIT Beside the coachman?
- 60 LIEUTENANT Right, sir. Then alighting, she's privately received by Master Gunwater.
- FOLLYWIT That's my grandsire's chief gentleman i'th' chain of gold. That he should live to be a pander and yet look upon his chain and his velvet jacket!
- 65 LIEUTENANT Then is your grandsire rounded i'th' ear, the key given after the Italian fashion, backward, she closely conveyed into his closet, there remaining till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send down some hot caudle to take order in his performance.
- FOLLYWIT
Peace, 'tis mine own, i'faith—I ha't!
- 70 LIEUTENANT How now, sir?
- FOLLYWIT Thanks, thanks to any spirit
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.
- ENSIGN Why, Master Follywit!
- ALL Captain!
- 75 FOLLYWIT Give me scope and hear me.
I have begot that means which will both furnish me
And make that quean walk under his conceit.
- LIEUTENANT That were double happiness, to put thyself
into money and her out of favour.
- 80 FOLLYWIT And all at one dealing!
- ENSIGN 'Sfoot, I long to see that hand played.
- FOLLYWIT And thou shalt see 't quickly, i'faith. Nay, 'tis in grain, I warrant it hold colour. Lieutenant, step behind yon hanging. If I mistook not at my entrance, there hangs the lower part of a gentlewoman's gown, with a mask and a chin-clout. Bring all this way. Nay, but do't cunningly now: 'tis a friend's house, and I'd use it so. There's a taste for you. [Exit Lieutenant]
- ENSIGN But prithee, what wilt thou do with a gentlewoman's lower part?
- FOLLYWIT Why, use it.
- ENSIGN You've answered me indeed in that. I can demand no farther.
[Re-enter Lieutenant with women's garments]
- FOLLYWIT Well said. Lieutenant—
- LIEUTENANT What will you do now, sir?
- 95 FOLLYWIT Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.
- LIEUTENANT But that's against kind, captain, for they are always long a-making ready.
- FOLLYWIT And is not most they do against kind, I prithee? To lie with their horsekeeper, is not that against kind? To wear half-moons made of another's hair, is not that against kind? To drink down a man—she that should set him up—pray, is not that monstrously against kind now? [Lieutenant holds out skirt for Follywit] Nay, over with it, lieutenant, over with it. Ever while you live, put a woman's clothes over her head. Cupid plays best at blindman buff.
- LIEUTENANT [putting skirt over Follywit's head] You shall have your will, maintenance. I love mad tricks as well as you, for your heart, sir. But what shift will you make for upper bodice, captain?
- FOLLYWIT [settling skirt at his waist] I see now thou'rt an ass. Why, I'm ready.
- LIEUTENANT Ready?
- 115 FOLLYWIT Why, the doublet serves as well as the best and is most in fashion. We're all male to th' middle, mankind from the beaver to th' bum. 'Tis an Amazonian time—you shall have women shortly tread their husbands. I should have a couple of locks behind. Prithee, lieutenant, find 'em out for me and wind 'em about

57 **leash** three, as of hunting dogs

64 **chain...jacket** marks of high status amongst the servants

65 **rounded** whispered

66 **key...backward** The key is handed behind the back. Italians were reputed to favour anal intercourse, perhaps due to the pornographic poems of Pietro Aretino, which emphasize this practice.

67 **closet** bedroom

68–9 **either...performance** If opportunity alone does not boost his sexual potency, he sends for some caudle (a restorative drink) to give him vigour.

72 **inventions** schemes

75 **Give me scope** give me your attention

76 **begot** conceived of

furnish me satisfy my needs

77 **walk...conceit** decline in his estimation

82–3 **'tis...colour** It is dyed in a fast colour; it is a sound plan.

85 **lower...gown** skirt or kirtle

86 **mask** veil

chin-clout scarf, muffler. Masks had become fashionable for all women in public, but chin-clouts were chiefly worn by the lower classes.

87 **friend's house** alluding to both the clothing and the locale

88 **There's...you** (perhaps directed at the audience)

90 **lower part** (a) skirt (b) genitals

97 **made up** (a) created (b) screwed, and possibly made pregnant

98 **kind** nature

99 **long a-making ready** (a) take long to get dressed (b) take long to make ready for intercourse

101 **lie...horsekeeper** against nature because it departs from hierarchical social order

102 **half-moons** wigs in the shape of a half-moon, perhaps used to make the natural hair look fuller

103 **drink...man** consume a man sexually

104 **set him up** (a) honour him (b) give him

an erection

107–8 **put...buff** (a) undress her (b) pull her skirt up over her head (playing with the idea of love as blind)

110 **maintenance** one who maintains servants; a 'meal-ticket'

111 **shift** invention

112 **upper bodice** From the 1580s, the bodice was made very much like the masculine doublet.

118 **beaver to th' bum** hat to waist. A beaver was a hat made of beaver fur; a bum was a French farthingale, a roll placed around the hips to add fullness to a woman's skirts.

118–19 **Amazonian time** an age of masculine women; the Amazons were a legendary race of female warriors

119 **tread** to mount sexually, as of birds

120 **locks behind** locks of false hair wound around the hatband, apparently indicating sexual availability

my hatband. Nay, you shall see, we'll be in fashion to a hair, and become all with probability. The most musty-visage critic shall not except against me.

125 LIEUTENANT [*arranging Follywit's hair*] Nay, I'll give thee thy due behind thy back. Thou art as mad a piece of clay—

FOLLYWIT Clay! Dost call thy captain clay? Indeed, clay was made to stop holes, he says true. Did not I tell you rascals you should see a woman quickly made up?

130 ENSIGN I'll swear for't, captain.

FOLLYWIT Come, come, my mask and my chin-clout— come into th' court.

LIEUTENANT Nay, they were both i'th' court long ago, sir.

135 FOLLYWIT Let me see, where shall I choose two or three for pimps now? But I cannot choose amiss amongst you all, that's the best. Well, as I am a quean, you were best have a care of me and guard me sure. I give you warning beforehand, 'tis a monkey-tailed age. 'Life, you shall go nigh to have half a dozen blithe fellows surprise me cowardly, carry me away with a pair of oars, and put in at Putney!

LIEUTENANT We should laugh at that, i'faith.

FOLLYWIT Or shoot in upo'th' coast of Kew!

145 LIEUTENANT Two notable fit landing places for lechers, P and Q, Putney and Kew.

FOLLYWIT Well, say you have fair warning on't. The hair about the hat is as good as a flag upo'th' pole at a common playhouse to waste company, and a chin-clout is of that powerful attraction, I can tell you, 'twill draw more linen to't.

150 LIEUTENANT Fear not us, captain, there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Inns o' Court man.

155 FOLLYWIT Why, then, set forward, and as you scorn two-shilling brothel, Twelve-penny panderism, and such base bribes, Guard me from bonny scribes and bony scribes.

LIEUTENANT Hang 'em, pensions and allowances, fourpence halfpenny a meal, hang 'em. *Exeunt* 160
Finit Actus Tertius



Incipit Actus Quartus 4.1
Enter in his chamber out of his study, Master Penitent Brothel, a book in his hand, reading

PENITENT

Ha! Read that place again: 'Adultery Draws the divorce 'twixt heaven and the soul.' Accursed man that standst divorced from heaven, Thou wretched unthrift that hast played away Thy eternal portion at a minute's game, To please the flesh hast blotted out thy name. Where were thy nobler meditations busied That they durst trust this body with itself, This natural drunkard that undoes us all And makes our shame apparent in our fall? Then let my blood pay for't, and vex and boil; My soul, I know, would never grieve to th' death The eternal spirit that feeds her with his breath. Nay, I that knew the price of life and sin, What crown is kept for continence, what for lust, The end of man and glory of that end, As endless as the giver, To dote on weakness, slime, corruption, woman? What is she, took asunder from her clothes? Being ready, she consists of hundred pieces, Much like your German clock, and near allied: Both are so nice they cannot go for pride. Beside a greater fault, but too well known, They'll strike to ten when they should stop at one. Within these three days the next meeting's fixed; If I meet then, hell and my soul be mixed. My lodging, I know constantly, she not knows. 25

123 **become all** (a) become whatever we choose (b) look good in any circumstance
124 **musty-visage** dour, prudish
except against object to
126 **behind thy back** punning on either anal intercourse or the front-to-back position
127 **clay** (a) human flesh (b) weak and cowardly person (c) material for plastering (d) the penis
129 **stop holes** i.e. the vagina
133 **court** (a) courtyard (b) royal court
139 **monkey-tailed** lascivious
142 **put in** alluding to penile penetration
142-4 **Putney**...**Kew** small towns outside of London, noted as pleasure haunts; both could be reached by boat on the Thames River.
144 **shoot in** penetrate sexually
145-6 **P and Q** initials for 'prick' and the French 'queue' meaning 'tail'
149 **waste company** bad company, with a

pun on 'waist'
chin-clout a signal of sexual availability
150-1 **draw**...to't The reference is unclear. Perhaps the 'fine linen' refers to gallants in fine clothing who will be attracted.
153-4 **Inns**...**man** law student, residing at one of the London Inns of Court
156 **two-shilling** the standard price for an ordinary whore
158 **bonny scribes** pretty misers
bony scribes starving professional penmen
4.1.1 **place** passage
4 **unthrift** spendthrift
4-5 **played**...**portion** hazarded, as at dice, your divine inheritance
5 **minute's game** i.e. sexual intercourse
13 **her** the soul's
15 **crown** reward; glory
17 **giver** i.e. God

19 **took asunder from** removed from
20 **ready** dressed
21 **German clock** a reference to the first clocks, which were imported from Germany and notoriously irregular
22 **nice** delicate, over-refined
go (a) go out (b) walk. Women's fashions both made for elaborate preparation rituals and prevented them from walking properly, once dressed.
23 **fault** flaw; but the sense of 'fissure, crack' made for obscene punning on the female anatomy—hence, a 'fault... too well known', suggests the well-used vagina of a (literally) loose woman
24 **strike to** as a clock; the word was also used in a similar sense as 'screw', copulate with—hence, the difference between ten (men) and one
27 I...**constantly** I am sure

- Sin's hate is the best gift that sin bestows.
I'll ne'er embrace her more—never—bear witness,
never.
*Enter the Devil in [Wife's] shape, claps him on the
shoulder*
- SUCCUBUS
30 What? At a stand? The fitter for my company!
- PENITENT
Celestial soldiers guard me!
- SUCCUBUS How now, man?
'Las, did the quickness of my presence fright thee?
- PENITENT
Shield me, you ministers of faith and grace!
- SUCCUBUS
Leave, leave, are you not ashamed to use
Such words to a woman?
- PENITENT Thou'rt a devil.
- 35 SUCCUBUS A devil?
Feel, feel, man: has a devil flesh and bone?
- PENITENT
I do conjure thee by that dreadful power—
- SUCCUBUS
The man has a delight to make me tremble.
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous love?
- 40 Was I enticed for this? to be soon rejected?
Come, what has changed thee so, delight?
- PENITENT
Away!
- SUCCUBUS
Remember!
Remember!
- PENITENT Leave my sight!
- SUCCUBUS
Have I this meeting wrought with cunning
Which when I come I find thee shunning?
45 Rouse thy amorous thoughts and twine me,
All my interest I resign thee.
Shall we let slip this mutual hour
Comes so seldom in our power?
Where's thy lip, thy clip, thy fadom?
50 Had women such loves, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man, or dost abuse one?
A love, and knowst not how to use one?
Come, I'll teach thee—
- PENITENT Do not follow!
- SUCCUBUS
Once so firm and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?
55 Thy bliss in sight and dar'st not meet her?
Where's thy courage, youth and vigour?
Love's best pleased when't's seized with rigour.
Seize me then with veins most cheerful;
Women love no flesh that's fearful.
60 'Tis but a fit—come, drink't away,
And dance and sing, and kiss and play.
[Dancing and singing] Fa le la le la fa le la le la fa le
la fa le la le la.
- PENITENT Torment me not.
- SUCCUBUS Fa le la fa le la fa la la lo.
- PENITENT Fury!
- SUCCUBUS Fa le la fa le la fa la la lo.
- PENITENT
Devil! I do conjure thee once again
By that soul-quaking thunder to depart,
70 And leave this chamber freed from thy damned art!
Succubus stamps and exit
It has prevailed! O my sin-shaking sinews!
What should I think? Jasper, why, Jasper!
[Enter Jasper]
- JASPER
Sir, how now? What has disturbed you, sir?
- PENITENT
A fit, a qualm—is Mistress Harebrain gone?
75
- JASPER
Who, sir? Mistress Harebrain?
- PENITENT Is she gone, I say?
- JASPER Gone? Why, she was never here yet.
- PENITENT No?
- JASPER Why, no, sir.
- PENITENT Art sure on't?
- 80 JASPER Sure on't? If I be sure I breathe and am myself.
- PENITENT I like it not. Where kept'st thou?
- JASPER I'th' next room, sir.
- PENITENT Why, she struck by thee, man.
- JASPER You'd make one mad, sir. That a gentlewoman
85 should steal by me and I not hear her? 'Sfoot, one may
hear the rustling of their bums almost an hour before
we see 'em.
- PENITENT
I will be satisfied, although to hazard.

30 SUCCUBUS a demon in female form
supposed to have intercourse with men
in their sleep
At a stand (a) in a state of perplexity
(b) with an erect penis; also alluding to
the proverb, 'Idleness is the mother of all
evil.'
fitter better-suited, with a suggestion of
the potential 'fit' of their genitals
36 has...bone Much debate surrounded the
question of whether good or evil spirits
were palpable.
45 twine embrace

46 All...thee Everything I possess I sur-
render.
47 mutual hour hour together
49 clip kiss
fadom embrace, with a suggestion
of the navigational sense of 'fathom'
as 'plumbing the depths'—meaning
penetration and/or damnation
50 mad 'em madden them
51 abuse i.e. abuse the form of man, as the
Devil himself does by taking a human
form in this scene
54 firm (a) resolute (b) sexually aroused

hollow (a) craven (b) devoid of passion
55 season moment; opportunity
59 veins containing blood, the element
associated with lust
60 flesh (a) man (b) penis
72 sin-shaking (a) shaking from fear of sin
(b) shaking away sin (c) shaking from
temptation to sin
82 kept'st were
84 struck by passed by
87 bums (a) farthingales (b) buttocks
89 although to hazard even if at risk

90 What though her husband meet me? I am honest.
 When men's intents are wicked, their guilt haunts
 'em;
 But when they're just, they're armed, and nothing
 daunts 'em.
 [Exit]
 JASPER What strange humour call you this? He dreams of
 women and both his eyes broad open! Exit

4.2 Enter at one door Sir Bounteous Progress, at
 another Gunwater
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, how now, Master Gunwater? What's
 the news with your haste?
 GUNWATER I have a thing to tell your worship—
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, prithe tell me, speak, man.
 5 GUNWATER Your worship shall pardon me, I have better
 bringing up than so.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS How, sir?
 GUNWATER 'Tis a thing made fit for your ear, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS O, O, O, cry you mercy, now I begin to
 10 taste you. Is she come?
 GUNWATER She's come, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Recovered, well and sound again?
 GUNWATER That's to be feared, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, sir?
 15 GUNWATER She wears a linen cloth about her jaw.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ha, ha, haw! Why, that's the fashion, you
 whoreson Gunwater.
 GUNWATER The fashion, sir? Live I so long time to see that
 a fashion,
 20 Which rather was an emblem of dispraise.
 It was suspected much in Monsieur's days.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, ay, in those days, that was a queasy
 time. Our age is better hardened now, and put oftener
 in the fire. We are tried what we are. Tut, the pox is as
 25 natural now as an ague in the springtime. We seldom
 take physic without it. Here, take this key. You know
 what duties belong to 't. Go, give order for a cullis, let
 there be a good fire made i'th' matted chamber, do you
 hear, sir?
 30 GUNWATER I know my office, sir. Exit

SIR BOUNTEOUS An old man's venery is very chargeable,
 my masters: there's much cookery belongs to't. Exit

Enter Gunwater [wearing his gold chain] with
 Follywit in Courtesan's disguise and masked 4.3
 GUNWATER Come, lady, you know where you are now?
 FOLLYWIT Yes, good Master Gunwater.
 GUNWATER This is the old closet, you know.
 FOLLYWIT I remember it well, sir.
 GUNWATER There stands a casket. I would my yearly 5
 revenue were but worth the wealth that's locked in't,
 lady, yet I have fifty pound a year, wench.
 FOLLYWIT Beside your apparel, sir?
 GUNWATER Yes, faith, have I.
 FOLLYWIT But then you reckon your chain, sir. 10
 GUNWATER No, by my troth do I not, neither. Faith, an
 you consider me rightly, sweet lady, you might admit
 a choice gentleman into your service.
 FOLLYWIT O pray, away, sir!
 GUNWATER Pusha! Come, come, you do but hinder your 15
 fortunes, i'faith. I have the command of all the house, I
 can tell you. [Groping Follywit] Nothing comes into th'
 kitchen but comes through my hands.
 FOLLYWIT Pray do not handle me, sir.
 GUNWATER Faith, you're too nice, lady, and as for my 20
 secrecy, you know I have vowed it often to you.
 FOLLYWIT Vowed it? No, no, you men are fickle.
 GUNWATER Fickle? 'Sfoot bind me, lady—
 FOLLYWIT [grasping his gold chain] Why, I bind you by 25
 virtue of this chain to meet me tomorrow at the Flower-
 de-luce yonder, between nine and ten.
 GUNWATER And if I do not, lady, let me lose it, thy love
 and my best fortunes!
 FOLLYWIT [taking chain] Why, now I'll try you, go to.
 GUNWATER Farewell, sweet lady. Kisses her. Exit 30
 FOLLYWIT Welcome, sweet coxcomb! By my faith, a good
 induction. I perceive by his overworn phrase and his
 action toward the middle region still, there has been
 some saucy nibbling motion, and no doubt the cunning
 quean waited but for her prey, and I think 'tis better 35
 bestowed upon me for his soul's health—and his body's
 too. I'll teach the slave to be so bold yet, as once to offer

4.2.10 **taste you** (a) understand you
 (b) relish your tidings
 13 **feared** doubted
 15 **cloth... jaw** a means of hiding the dis-
 figurement caused by syphilis; Follywit's
 chin-clout also hides his identity.
 21 **Monsieur's** The Duke of Anjou, brother
 of the French king Charles IX, who
 visited England several times in the
 1570s, hoping to marry Elizabeth.
 22 **queasy** i.e. prudish, morally uptight
 23-4 **put... fire** Heat treatment was a
 frequent remedy for the pox. Also, an
 ironic allusion to Biblical metaphors of
 testing such as in Zechariah 13:9.
 25 **ague** fever

26 **physic** a euphemism for coitus
 31 **venery** lechery, but also hunting
chargeable expensive
 32 **my masters** (a wink at the men in the
 audience)
 4.3.12-13 **admit...service** i.e. accept as a
 lover
 18 **comes** (a) is transported (b) achieves
 orgasm
 20 **nice** coy
 24-5 **by virtue of** i.e. if you hazard the cost
 of
 25-6 **Flower-de-luce** There were several
 inns in London known by this emblem;
 Middleton most likely referred to the one
 on Turmill Street, an area notorious for

brothels.
 29 **try** (a) test (b) try out
 31 **coxcomb** philanderer; rogue
 32 **induction** introduction, as of a dramatic
 work. The term derives from the Latin for
 'lead in'.
overworn phrase over-rehearsed lines;
 i.e. the usual cliched come-ons
 33 **action...region** pelvic activity. 'Action'
 is another dramatic term.
 34 **saucy nibbling motion** i.e. heavy fore-
 play. 'Motion' can mean 'puppet-show'.
 35 **waited...prey** simply waited for her prey
 36-7 **for...too** Follywit's disguise will
 benefit Gunwater by saving him from
 damnation and venereal disease.

to vault into his master's saddle, i'faith. Now, casket,
 40 by your leave, I have seen your outside oft, but that's
 no proof. Some have fair outsides that are nothing
 worth. [*Breaking casket open*] Ha! Now by my faith,
 a gentlewoman of very good parts: diamond, ruby,
 sapphire, *onyx cum prole silexque*. If I do not wonder how
 45 the quean 'scaped tempting, I'm an hermaphrodite.
 Sure she could lack nothing but the devil to point
 to't, and I wonder that he should be missing. Well, 'tis
 better as it is: this is the fruit of old grunting venery.
 Grandsire, you may thank your drab for this. O fie,
 in your crinkling days, grandsire, keep a courtesan to
 50 hinder your grandchild! 'Tis against nature, i'faith, and
 I hope you'll be weary on't.
 Now to my villains that lurk close below.
 Who keeps a harlot, tell him this from me:
 He needs nor thief, disease, nor enemy.

Exit [with jewels]

4.4 *Enter Sir Bounteous*

SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah sirrah, methink I feel myself well
 toasted, bumbasted, rubbed and refreshed. But i'faith,
 I cannot forget to think how soon sickness has altered
 her to my taste. I gave her a kiss at bottom o'th' stairs,
 5 and by th' mass, methought her breath had much ado
 to be sweet, like a thing compounded methought of
 wine, beer and tobacco. I smelt much pudding in't.
 It may be but my fancy or her phisic;
 For this I know, her health gave such content,
 10 The fault rests in her sickness or my scent.
 [*Looking for Courtesan*] How dost thou now, sweet girl,
 what, well recovered?
 Sickness quite gone, ha? Speak, ha? Wench! Frank
 Gullman!
 [*Finding open casket*] Why, body of me, what's here? My
 casket wide open, broke open, my jewels stolen! Why,
 15 Gunwater!
 GUNWATER [*within*] Anon, anon, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Come hither, Gunwater.
 GUNWATER [*within*] That were small manners, sir, i'faith.
 I'll find a time anon. Your worship's busy yet.
 20 SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, Gunwater!

GUNWATER [*within*] Foh, nay then, you'll make me blush,
 i'faith, sir.

[*Enter Gunwater*]

SIR BOUNTEOUS Where's this creature?

GUNWATER What creature is't you'd have, sir?

SIR BOUNTEOUS The worst that ever breathes.

25

GUNWATER That's a wild boar, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS That's a vild whore, sir. Where didst thou
 leave her, rascal?

GUNWATER Who? Your recreation, sir?

SIR BOUNTEOUS My execration, sir.

30

GUNWATER Where I was wont, in your worship's closet.

SIR BOUNTEOUS

A pox engross her, it appears too true.

See you this casket, sir?

GUNWATER

My chain, my chain, my chain, my one and only
 chain!

Exit

SIR BOUNTEOUS

Thou runst to much purpose now, Gunwater, yea?

35

Is not a quean enough to answer for

But she must join a thief to't? A thieving quean!

Nay, I have done with her, i'faith. 'Tis a sign she's been

sick o' late, for she's a great deal worse than she was.

By my troth, I would have pawned my life upon't, did

40

she want anything? Was she not supplied?

Nay, and liberally, for that's an old man's sin:

We'll feast our lechery though we starve our kin.

Is not my name Sir Bounteous, am I not expressed
 there?

Ah, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, but I perceive

45

Though she have never so complete a friend,

A strumpet's love will have a waft i'th' end

And distaste the vessel. I can hardly bear this.

But say I should complain, perhaps she has pawned
 'em—

'Sfoot, the judges will but laugh at it, and bid her

50

borrow more money of 'em, make the old fellow pay

for's lechery: that's all the 'mends I get. I have seen the

same case tried at Newbury the last 'sizes.

Well, things must slip and sleep. I will dissemble it

38 **vault ... saddle** a variation on the 'riding'
 metaphor

42 **of ... parts** (a) good qualities (b) attractive
 body-parts. The passage as a whole
 equates the broaching of the casket with
 the sexual penetration of a woman.

43 **onyx ... silexque** onyx with its com-
 pounds, and silica; both are forms of
 quartz, often used for cameos. The
 phrase is out of a Latin grammar book;
 this particular passage refers to nouns of
 ambiguous gender.

44 **hermaphrodite** a person with attributes
 of both sexes

47 **this** i.e. Follywit's act, the theft

48 **drab** slut

49 **crinkling** wrinkled

50 **hinder** i.e. from his inheritance

4.4.1 **sirrah** Bounteous presumably thinks
 Gunwater is in the room.

2 **bumbasted** bum-basted, roasted on the
 backside, but also punning on bombast
 or hot air

7 **pudding** a variety of tobacco, compacted
 into a sausage-shaped wad

8 **phisic** medicine

9 **content** contentment

10 **scent** sense of smell

12 **Frank Gullman** Frank is a diminutive of
 Francis. Her first and last names together
 create the oxymoron 'honest trickster'.

13 **body of me** an oath derived from the
 body of Christ

18 **small manners** bad manners. Gunwater

does not want to interrupt Bounteous
 and his mistress making love.

26 **wild boar** a reference to the wild boar
 who roots up the vineyard of Israel in
 Psalm 80:13: an image of Satan

27 **vile** vile; the original spelling has been
 kept here for the sake of the rhyme.

32 **engross** take

35 **to much purpose** for good reason

46 **friend** a euphemism for lover

47 **waft** bad odour; fart

48 **distaste** render offensive

52 **'mends** amends

53 **'sises** assizes, court sessions

54 **things ... sleep** i.e. let sleeping dogs lie
dissemble it cover it up, put on a bold
 face

55 Because my credit shall not lose her lustre.
But whilst I live, I'll neither love nor trust her.
I ha' done, I ha' done, I ha' done with her i'faith!
Exit

4.5 Master Penitent Brothel knocking within; enter a
Servus [Rafe]

RAFE Who's that knocks?
PENITENT [within] A friend.
[Enter Penitent]

RAFE What's your will, sir?
PENITENT Is Master Harebrain at home?
5 RAFE No, newly gone from it, sir.
PENITENT Where's the gentlewoman his wife?
RAFE My mistress is within, sir.
PENITENT When came she in, I pray?
RAFE Who, my mistress? She was not out these two days,
10 to my knowledge.
PENITENT No? Trust me, I'd thought I'd seen her. I would
request a word with her.
RAFE I'll tell her, sir. [Exit]
PENITENT I thank you.—It likes me worse and worse.
Enter [Wife]

WIFE
15 Why, how now, sir? 'Twas desperately adventured.
I little looked for you until the morrow.
PENITENT
No? Why, what made you at my chamber then even
now?
WIFE
I at your chamber?
PENITENT Puh, dissemble not,
Come, come, you were there.
WIFE By my life you wrong me, sir.
PENITENT What?
WIFE
20 First, you're not ignorant what watch keeps o'er me,
And for your chamber, as I live I know 't not.
PENITENT [strikes himself]
Burst into sorrow then and grief's extremes
Whilst I beat on this flesh!
WIFE What is't disturbs you, sir?
PENITENT
Then was the devil in your likeness there.
WIFE Ha?

PENITENT
The very devil assumed thee formally:
That face, that voice, that gesture, that attire
E'en as it sits on thee, not a pleat altered,
That beaver band, the colour of that periwig,
The farthingale above the navel, all
As if the fashion were his own invention.

WIFE
Mercy defend me.
PENITENT To beguile me more,
The cunning succubus told me that meeting
Was wrought o' purpose by much wit and art,
Wept to me, laid my vows before me, urged me,
35 Gave me the private marks of all our love,
Wooded me in wanton and effeminate rhymes,
And sung and danced about me like a fairy.
And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy form and his enchantments had possessed me.

WIFE
40 What shall become of me? My own thoughts doom
me.
PENITENT
Be honest: then the devil will ne'er assume thee.
He has no pleasure in that shape to abide
Where these two sisters reign not, lust or pride.
He as much trembles at a constant mind
45 As looser flesh at him. Be not dismayed:
Spring souls for joy, his policies are betrayed.
Forgive me, Mistress Harebrain, on whose soul
The guilt hangs double,
My lust and thy enticement: both I challenge
50 And therefore of due vengeance it appeared
To none but me to whom both sins inhered.
What knows the lecher when he clips his whore
Whether it be the devil his parts adore?
They're both so like that, in our natural sense,
55 I could discern no change nor difference.
No marvel then times should so stretch and turn:
None for religion, all for pleasure burn.
Hot zeal into hot lust is now transformed,
Grace into painting, charity into clothes,
60 Faith into false hair, and put off as often.
There's nothing but our virtue knows a mean.
He that kept open house now keeps a quean.
He will keep open still that he commends,
And there he keeps a table for his friends;

4.5.0.2 Servus servant

14 It likes me I like it

15 adventured risked

17 what made you what were you doing

26 assumed thee formally assumed your

shape

29 beaver band hat band of beaver fur

periwig wig

30 farthingale . . . navel the drum farthing-

gale, which depended upon a hoop at

waist level, popular in the last year of

Elizabeth's reign.

36 marks signs; reminders

40 his the devil's

46 looser weaker, more lascivious

47 Spring souls if souls spring

48 whose (referring to himself)

50 thy enticement i.e. my enticement of you

challenge claim

54 parts (a) flesh (b) private parts

55 like alike (the devil and a whore)

sense perception

57 stretch and turn corrupt and distort

60 painting cosmetics

62 mean limit

64 that that which (i.e. his whore, whom

he 'keeps open' for other men's use)

65 keeps . . . friends The 'table' shared with

friends may be a metaphor for the shared

whore, or the 'friends' may be read in

the bawdy sense as mistresses who eat at

his table.

- And she consumes more than his sire could hoard,
Being more common than his house or board.
Enter Harebrain [apart]
Live honest and live happy, keep thy vows:
She's part a virgin whom but one man knows.
70 Embrace thy husband, and beside him none:
Having but one heart, give it but to one.
WIFE [*kneeling and weeping*]
I vow it on my knees with tears true bred:
No man shall ever wrong my husband's bed.
PENITENT
Rise, I'm thy friend forever.
[*She rises*]
HAREBRAIN [*coming to them*] And I thine
75 Forever and ever. Let me embrace thee, sir,
Whom I will love even next unto my soul,
And that's my wife.
Two dear rare gems this hour presents me with,
A wife that's modest and a friend that's right.
80 Idle suspect and fear, now take your flight.
PENITENT
A happy inward peace crown both your joys.
HAREBRAIN
Thanks above utterance to you.
[*Enter Rafe*]
Now, the news?
RAFE Sir Bounteous Progress, sir,
Invites you and my mistress to a feast
85 On Tuesday next. His man attends without.
HAREBRAIN
Return both with our willingness and thanks.
[*Exit Rafe*]
I will entreat you, sir, to be my guest.
PENITENT
Who, I, sir?
HAREBRAIN Faith, you shall.
PENITENT Well, I'll break strife.
HAREBRAIN
A friend's so rare, I'll sooner part from life. [*Exeunt*]
- 4.6 *Enter Follywit, the Courtesan striving from him*
FOLLYWIT What, so coy, so strict? Come, come.
COURTESAN Pray change your opinion, sir, I am not for
that use.
FOLLYWIT Will you but hear me?
5 COURTESAN I shall hear that I would not. *Exit*
- FOLLYWIT 'Sfoot, this is strange. I've seldom seen a wench
stand upon stricter points. 'Life, she will not endure to
be courted. Does she e'er think to prosper? I'll ne'er
believe that tree can bring forth fruit that never bears
a blossom. Courtship's a blossom and often brings forth
10 fruit in forty weeks. 'Twere a mad part in me now to
turn over. If ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this
instant. Shall I be madder now than ever I have been?
I'm in the way, i'faith.
Man's never at high height of madness full
15 Until he love and prove a woman's gull.
I do protest in earnest, I ne'er knew
At which end to begin to affect a woman
Till this bewitching minute. I ne'er saw
Face worth my object till mine eye met hers.
20 I should laugh an I were caught, i'faith.
I'll see her again, that's certain, whate'er comes on't.
Enter the Mother
By your favour, lady.
MOTHER You're welcome, sir.
FOLLYWIT Know you the young gentlewoman that went
25 in lately?
MOTHER I have best cause to know her. I'm her mother,
sir.
FOLLYWIT O, in good time. I like the gentlewoman well, a
pretty, contrived beauty.
30 MOTHER Ay, nature has done her part, sir.
FOLLYWIT But she has one uncomely quality.
MOTHER What's that, sir?
FOLLYWIT 'Sfoot, she's afraid of a man.
MOTHER Alas, impute that to her bashful spirit. She's
35 fearful of her honour.
FOLLYWIT Of her honour? 'Slid, I'm sure I cannot get her
maidenhead with breathing upon her, nor can she lose
her honour in her tongue.
MOTHER True, and I have often told her so, but what would
40 you have of a foolish virgin, sir, a wilful virgin? I tell
you, sir, I need not have been in that solitary estate
that I am, had she had grace and boldness to have put
herself forward. Always timorsome, always backward,
45 ah, that same peevish honour of hers has undone her
and me both, good gentleman. The suitors, the jewels,
the jointures that has been offered her—we had been
made women forever! But what was her fashion? She
could not endure the sight of a man, forsooth, but run
and hole herself presently, so choice of her honour. I
50 am persuaded, whene'er she has husband,

66 consumes either sexually or gastronomically; most likely both
67 common open to all
69 knows i.e. knows carnally
74 friend The double meaning casts a shadow on the moralistic resolution of the scene.
77 And... wife i.e. my wife is my soul
79 right true; loyal
88 break strife take a meal
4.6.5 that...not that which I would rather

not hear
7 points principles
11 forty weeks the duration of a pregnancy
12 turn over reform
14 in on
16 gull fool
18 At... woman i.e. whether to love a woman for her face or her lower end
20 worth my object worthy of my attentions
29 in good time just in time
30 contrived delicately made

36 fearful of i.e. fearful of losing
43-4 put herself forward i.e. into the society of marriageable men
44 timorsome timorous, fearful
backward contrary
45 peevish silly, perverse
47 jointures marriage settlements
48 made wealthy, successful, with a pun on sexual 'making'
50 hole hide, with an allusion to the vagina
choice of particular about

She will e'en be a precedent for all married wives,
 How to direct their actions and their lives.
 FOLLYWIT Have you not so much power with her to
 55 command her presence?
 MOTHER You shall see straight what I can do, sir. *Exit*
 FOLLYWIT Would I might be hanged if my love do not
 stretch to her deeper and deeper. Those bashful maiden
 60 humours take me prisoner. When there comes a re-
 straint upon flesh, we are always most greedy upon't,
 and that makes your merchants' wives oftentimes pay
 so dear for a mouthful. Give me a woman as she was
 made at first, simple of herself, without sophistication,
 65 like this wench. I cannot abide them when they have
 tricks, set speeches and artful entertainments. You shall
 have some so impudently aspected, they will outcry the
 forehead of a man, make him blush first and talk him
 into silence, and this is counted manly in a woman. It
 70 may hold so—sure womanly it is not, no.
 If e'er I love or anything move me,
 'Twill be a woman's simple modesty.
Enter Mother bringing in strivingly the Courtesan
 COURTESAN Pray let me go. Why, mother, what do you
 mean? I beseech you, mother! Is this your conquest
 now? Great glory 'tis to overcome a poor and silly
 75 virgin.
 FOLLYWIT
 The wonder of our time sits in that brow.
 I ne'er beheld a perfect maid till now.
 MOTHER
 Thou childish thing, more bashful than thou'rt wise,
 Why dost thou turn aside and drown thine eyes?
 80 Look, fearful fool, there's no temptation near thee.
 Art not ashamed that any flesh should fear thee?
 Why, I durst pawn my life the gentleman means
 No other but honest and pure love to thee.
 How say you, sir?
 FOLLYWIT By my faith, not I, lady.
 MOTHER
 85 Hark you there, what think you now, forsooth?
 What grieves your honour now?
 Or what lascivious breath intends to rear
 Against that maiden organ, your chaste ear?
 Are you resolved now better of men's hearts,
 Their faiths and their affections? With you none, 90
 Or at most few, whose tongues and minds are one.
 Repent you now of your opinion past.
 Men love as purely as you can be chaste.
 To her yourself, sir: the way's broke before you,
 You have the easier passage.
 FOLLYWIT Fear not, come, 95
 Erect thy happy graces in thy look.
 I am no curious wooer, but in faith
 I love thee honourably.
 COURTESAN How mean you that, sir?
 FOLLYWIT
 'Sfoot, as one loves a woman for a wife.
 MOTHER
 Has the gentleman answered you, trow? 100
 FOLLYWIT
 I do confess it truly to you both,
 My estate is yet but sickly, but I've a grandsire
 Will make me lord of thousands at his death.
 MOTHER
 I know your grandsire well. [*Aside*] She knows him
 better.
 FOLLYWIT
 Why then, you know no fiction. My state then 105
 Will be a long day's journey 'bove the waste, wench.
 MOTHER Nay, daughter, he says true.
 FOLLYWIT
 And thou shalt often measure it in thy coach,
 And with the wheels' track make a girdle for't.
 MOTHER Ah, 'twill be a merry journey. 110
 FOLLYWIT
 What, is't a match? If't be, clap hands and lips.
 [*He kisses Courtesan*]
 MOTHER 'Tis done, there's witness on't.
 FOLLYWIT
 Why then, mother, I salute you.
 [*He kisses Mother*]
 MOTHER Thanks, sweet son.
 [*Taking Follywit aside*] Son Follywit, come hither. If I
 might counsel thee, we'll e'en take her while the good
 mood's upon her. Send for a priest, and clap't up within
 115 this hour.
 FOLLYWIT By my troth, agreed, mother.

59–62 **When...mouthful** an allusion to
 Lenten prohibitions against meat-eating,
 which drove many to paying black
 market prices. The meat-eating metaphor
 for sex appears in numerous works by
 Middleton.
 63 **simple of herself** guileless, innocent
 65 **set** calculated, contrived
 66 **impudently aspected** brash, brazen-faced
 66–7 **outcry...man** outrage (with a threat
 of cuckolding, the forehead being the site
 of the horns)
 68 **manly** admirable; masculine
 74 **silly** defenceless
 76 **time** era, age

79 **drown** lower
 81 **fear** frighten
 88 **maiden organ** another pun on the
 genitals, suggesting that the ear is
 perhaps her only chaste organ
 89 **Are...now** Do you now think
 90 **With you none** You believe there are
 none
 94 **broke** open, cleared—with an ironic
 allusion to her broken hymen
 95 **easier passage** (to her heart, or between
 her legs)
 96 **Erect** Follywit's 'happy graces' may be
 'erect' in more than his 'look'.
 97 **curious** particular, sophisticated, but also

with the sense of prying or probing
 100 **trow** do you think?
 104 **knows** punning, again, on carnal
 knowledge
 106 **waste** wasteland, barren region; also
 punning on 'waist'
 108 **measure it** travel the distance
 111 **clap join**
 112 **there's witness on't** i.e., I am the
 witness of it. The joining of hands before
 a witness was a legally binding marriage
 promise, hence Follywit addresses the
 bawd as 'mother'.
 116 **clap't up** (a) make it binding (b) con-
 summate it sexually

Act 4 Scene 6

A mad World, my Masters.

MOTHER

120 Nor does her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Though beauty be enough wealth for a woman.
She brings a dowry of three hundred pound with her.

FOLLYWIT

'Sfoot, that will serve till my grandsire dies.
I warrant you, he'll drop away at fall o'th' leaf. If ever
he reach to All Hollantide, I'll be hanged.

125 MOTHER O yes, son, he's a lusty old gentleman.

FOLLYWIT Ah pox, he's given to women; he keeps a quean
at this present.

MOTHER Fie!

FOLLYWIT Do not tell my wife on't.

130 MOTHER That were needless, i'faith.

FOLLYWIT He makes a great feast upon the 'leventh of this
month, Tuesday next, and you shall see players there.—

135 [Aside] I have one trick more to put upon him.—My wife
and yourself shall go thither before as my guests and
prove his entertainment. I'll meet you there at night.

The jest will be here: that feast which he makes will,
unknown to him, serve fitly for our wedding dinner.
We shall be royally furnished, and geld some charges
by't.

140 MOTHER An excellent course, i'faith, and a thrifty. Why,
son, methinks you begin to thrive before you're married.

FOLLYWIT [to Courtesan]

We shall thrive one day, wench, and clip enough:
Between our hopes there's but a grandsire's puff.

Exit

MOTHER

So, girl, here was a bird well caught.

COURTESAN

If ever, here.

145 But what for's grandsire? 'Twill scarce please him
well.

MOTHER

Who covets fruit ne'er cares from whence it fell.
Thou'st wedded youth and strength, and wealth will
fall.

Last, thou'rt made honest.

COURTESAN

And that's worth 'em all.

Exeunt

Finit Actus Quartus



Incipit Actus Quintus et Ultimus

5.1

Enter busily Sir Bounteous Progress [with Gunwater, Servants] for the feast

SIR BOUNTEOUS Have a care, bluecoats. Bestir yourself,
Master Gunwater, cast an eye into th' kitchen, o'erlook
the knaves a little. [*Exit Gunwater*]

Every Jack has his friend today—this cousin and that
cousin puts in for a dish of meat—a man knows
not till he make a feast how many varlets he feeds.
Acquaintances swarm in every corner, like flies at
Bartholomewtide that come up with drovers. 'Sfoot, I
think they smell my kitchen seven mile about.

[*Enter Master Shortrod Harebrain, Wife, and
Master Penitent Brothel*]

Master Shortrod and his sweet bedfellow, you're very
copiously welcome.

HAREBRAIN [*presenting Penitent*] Sir, here's an especial dear
friend of ours. We were bold to make his way to your
table.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Thanks for that boldness ever, good Master
Shortrod. Is this your friend, sir?

HAREBRAIN Both my wife's friend and mine, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Why then compendiously, sir, you're wel-
come.

PENITENT In octavo I thank you, sir.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Excellently retorted, i'faith, he's welcome
for's wit. I have my sorts of salutes and know how to
place 'em courtly. Walk in, sweet gentlemen, walk in.
There's a good fire i'th' hall. You shall have my sweet
company instantly.

HAREBRAIN Ay, good Sir Bounteous.

[*Exeunt the Harebrains and Penitent*]

SIR BOUNTEOUS You shall indeed, gentlemen.

Enter Servus [clumsily]

How now, what news brings thee in stumbling now?
SERVUS There are certain players come to town, sir, and
desire to interlude before your worship.

SIR BOUNTEOUS Players? By the mass, they are welcome,
they'll grace my entertainment well. But for 'certain'
players, there thou liest, boy. They were never more
uncertain in their lives, now up and now down. They
know not when to play, where to play, nor what to
play: not when to play for fearful fools, where to play
for Puritan fools, nor what to play for critical fools. Go
call 'em in. [*Exit Servant*]

123 at . . . leaf by Fall, or as quickly as a leaf
falls

124 All Hollantide All Saints' Day, 1
November

130 needless (because she knows)

135 prove test, check out

138 royally furnished superbly treated
geld some charges i.e. cut expenses, save
money on the meal

142 clip enough (a) embrace enough
(b) seize enough profit (with an allusion
to the 'clipping' of gold off the edges of
coins)

143 puff (dying) breath

147 fall as fruit from the tree

148 Last finally

5.1.1 bluecoats servants

4 Jack fellow; glancing at the proverbial
happy ending, 'All is well, Jack shall
have Jill.'

6 varlets servants

8 Bartholomewtide 24 August, the time
of the annual fair held in the suburb of
Smithfield

drovers cattle-drivers; herdsman

9.1 Shortrod i.e. 'Littledick'

18 compendiously briefly

20 In octavo briefly; octavo is a small size
in which books were printed with each
sheet folded in eight

30 interlude perform a play, as in the
interval of a feast

35 where to play Puritans constantly
attempted to inhibit acting

36 fearful fools When deaths from plague
reached a certain number per week,
dramatic performances were prohibited
for fear of spreading infection.

37 critical fools literary critics

How fitly the whoresons come upo'th' feast. Troth, I
 40 was e'en wishing for 'em.
 [Re-enter Servant with Follywit, Lieutenant, and
 their comrades disguised as players]
 O welcome, welcome, my friends.
 FOLLYWIT
 The month of May delights not in her flowers
 More than we joy in that sweet sight of yours.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Well acted, o' my credit. I perceive he's
 45 your best actor.
 LIEUTENANT He has greatest share, sir, and may live of
 himself, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS [to Follywit, who is removing his hat] What,
 what? Put on your hat, sir, pray put on. Go to, wealth
 50 must be respected; let those that have least feathers
 stand bare. And whose men are you, I pray? Nay, keep
 on your hat still.
 FOLLYWIT We serve my Lord Owemuch, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS My Lord Owemuch, by my troth, the
 55 welcomest men alive! Give me all your hands at once.
 That honourable gentleman? He lay at my house in a
 robbery once and took all quietly, went away cheerfully.
 I made a very good feast for him. I never saw a man
 of honour bear things bravelier away. Serve my Lord
 60 Owemuch? Welcome, i'faith. [To servant] Some bastard
 for my lord's players! [Exit Servant]
 Where be your boys?
 FOLLYWIT They come along with the wagon, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Good, good. And which is your politician
 65 amongst you? Now, i'faith, he that works out restraints,
 makes best legs at court, and has a suit made of purpose
 for the company's business, which is he? Come, be not
 afraid of him.
 FOLLYWIT I am he, sir.
 70 SIR BOUNTEOUS Art thou he? Give me thy hand. Hark in
 thine ear, thou rollest too fast to gather so much moss
 as thy fellow there—champ upon that, ah! And what
 play shall we have, my masters?

FOLLYWIT A pleasant witty comedy, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, ay, ay, a comedy in any case, that I and
 75 my guests may laugh a little. What's the name on't?
 FOLLYWIT 'Tis called *The Slip*.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS *The Slip*? By my troth, a pretty name and a
 glib one. Go all and slip into't, as fast as you can. [To
 80 *Servant*] Cover a table for the players. [Exit *Servant*]
 First take heed of a lurcher: he cuts deep, he will eat
 up all from you. [Calling off] Some sherry for my lord's
 players there! Sirrah, why this will be a true feast, a
 right Mitre supper, a play and all.
 [Exeunt Follywit and his comrades]
 85 More lights!
 Enter Mother and Courtesan
 I called for light—here come in two are light enough
 for a whole house, i'faith. Dare the thief look me i'th'
 face? O impudent times! Go to, dissemble it.
 MOTHER Bless you, Sir Bounteous.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS O welcome, welcome, thief, quean, and
 90 bawd, welcome all three.
 MOTHER Nay, here's but two on's, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS [indicating Courtesan] O' my troth, I took her
 for a couple. I'd have sworn there had been two faces
 95 there.
 MOTHER Not all under one hood, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS
 Yes, faith, would I, to see mine eyes bear double.
 MOTHER
 I'll make it hold, sir, my daughter is a couple.
 She was married yesterday.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Buz.
 100 MOTHER
 Nay, to no buzzard neither; a right hawk
 Whene'er you know him.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS
 Away, he cannot be but a rascal.
 Walk in, walk in, bold guests that come unsent for.
 [Exit Mother]

39 **fitly** promptly
 40 **e'en** just this moment
 46 **has greatest share** (a) owns the most
 shares in the players' stock company
 (b) has taken the greatest share of the
 booty
 46-7 **live of himself** support himself
 50-1 **let...bare** let those with fewer feathers
 in their hats (representing wealth) stand
 hatless.
 57 **took all quietly** (a) bore the misfortune
 without complaining (b) stole everything
 silently
 59 **bear...away** another pun on bearing as
 stealing
 64-5 **politician...restraints** business
 agent for the company, whose job is

to negotiate around 'restraints', or
 prohibitions from playing, as in Lent or
 during plague
 66 **legs** bows
 66-7 **suit...for** request in the interest of
 68 **of** for
 71-2 **rollest...there** an allusion to the
 proverb, 'A rolling stone gathers no
 moss', but the point is obscure. Perhaps
 the Lieutenant is disguised with a beard
 ('moss').
 72 **champ upon that** chew on that; think
 that over
 77 **The Slip** several meanings come into
 play: an act of evasion; an act of falling;
 an error in conduct; a skirt; a counterfeit
 coin

79 **glib** smooth, slippery
 80 **Cover** prepare; cover with food
 81 **lurcher** a glutton, one who takes more
 than his share of food; also, a swindler
 84 **Mitre** a high-class tavern at the corner of
 Bread Street and Cheapside
 86 **light** (a) wanton, loose (b) light-fingered,
 artful
 92 **on's** of us
 96 **under one hood** a denial of duplicity,
 alluding to the proverb 'He carries two
 faces under one hood.'
 97 **bear double** see double
 98 **make it hold** affirm it
 100 **Buz** interjection of impatience, contempt
 101 **buzzard** a hawk useless for hunting—
 hence, a worthless person

Act 5 Scene 1

A mad World my mafters.

105 [Aside] Soft, I perceive how my jewels went now
To grace her marriage. [Stopping Courtesan]
COURTESAN Would you with me, sir?
SIR BOUNTEOUS
Ay, how happed it, wench, you put the slip upon me
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you:
I term it neither pilfer, cheat, nor shark.
COURTESAN
You're past my reach.
110 SIR BOUNTEOUS I'm old and past your reach,
Very good, but you will not deny this, I trust.
COURTESAN
With a safe conscience, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Yea? Give me thy hand,
Fare thee well. I have done with her.
COURTESAN
Give me your hand, sir. You ne'er yet begun with me. *Exit*
SIR BOUNTEOUS
115 Whew, whew! O audacious age!
She denies me and all, when on her fingers
I spied the ruby sit that does betray her
And blushes for her fact. Well, there's a time for't,
For all's too little now for entertainment,
120 Feast, mirth, ay, harmony, and the play to boot,
A jovial season.
Enter Follywit [as a player]
How now, are you ready?
FOLLYWIT Even upon readiness, sir. (*Taking [hat] off*)
SIR BOUNTEOUS Keep you your hat on.
125 FOLLYWIT I have a suit to your worship.
SIR BOUNTEOUS O cry you mercy, then you must stand bare.
FOLLYWIT We could do all to the life of action, sir, both for
the credit of your worship's house and the grace of our
comedy.
130 SIR BOUNTEOUS Cuds me, what else sir?
FOLLYWIT And for some defects (as the custom is) we would
be bold to require your worship's assistance.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, with all my heart. What is't you
want? Speak.
135 FOLLYWIT One's a chain for a Justice's hat, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS [*removing chain and giving it to Follywit*]
Why, here, here, here, here, whoreson, will this serve
your turn?
FOLLYWIT Excellent well, sir.
140 SIR BOUNTEOUS What else lack you?
FOLLYWIT We should use a ring with a stone in't.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, whoop, I have given too many rings
already. Talk no more of rings, I pray you. [*Removing*

a brooch and giving it] Here, here, here, make this jewel
serve for once. 145
FOLLYWIT O, this will serve, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS What, have you all now?
FOLLYWIT All now, sir—only Time is brought i'th' middle
of the play, and I would desire your worship's watch
for Time. 150
SIR BOUNTEOUS My watch? With all my heart, only give
Time a charge that he be not fiddling with it.
[Giving watch]
FOLLYWIT You shall ne'er see that, sir.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Well, now you are furnished, sir, make
haste away. 155
FOLLYWIT E'en as fast as I can, sir.—I'll set my fellows
going first. They must have time and leisure or they're
dull else. I'll stay and speak a prologue, yet o'tertake
them. I cannot have conscience, i'faith, to go away and
speak ne'er a word to 'em. My grandsire has given me
three shares here. Sure I'll do somewhat for 'em. *Exit* 160

*Enter Sir Bounteous and all the guests [Harebrain,
Wife, Penitent, Courtesan, Mother, and Servants]* 5.2
SIR BOUNTEOUS
More lights, more stools, sit, sit, the play begins.
*[Servants provide candles and stools. The guests
sit]*
HAREBRAIN Have you players here, Sir Bounteous?
SIR BOUNTEOUS We have 'em for you, sir, fine nimble
comedians, proper actors most of them.
PENITENT Whose men, I pray you, sir? 5
SIR BOUNTEOUS O, there's their credit, sir. They serve
an honourable popular gentleman, yclept my Lord
Owemuch.
HAREBRAIN My Lord Owemuch? He was in Ireland lately.
SIR BOUNTEOUS O, you ne'er knew any of the name but 10
were great travellers.
HAREBRAIN How is the comedy called, Sir Bounteous?
SIR BOUNTEOUS Marry, sir, *The Slip*.
HAREBRAIN *The Slip*?
SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, and here the Prologue begins to slip in 15
upon's.
HAREBRAIN 'Tis so, indeed, Sir Bounteous.
Enter for a Prologue, Follywit
Prologue
FOLLYWIT
*We sing of wandering knights, what them betide
Who nor in one place nor one shape abide.
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach 'em,
Being every man well horsed like a bold Beacham.* 20

106 **Would...me** Do you want something
from me?
109 **shark** swindle
110 **past my reach** i.e. I don't get it
114 **You...me** (a sneer at his impotence)
118 **fact** deed
119 **all's too little** nothing is too much; we
can't get enough

123 **Even upon readiness** Just about ready
127 **do...action** act the whole play convinc-
ingly
131 **And...defects** Due to some deficiencies
137-8 **serve your turn** serve your needs
158 **dull** inept
161 **somewhat** something or other
5.2.4 **proper** handsome

7 **yclept** named (an affected archaism)
9 **Ireland** a notorious refuge for English
debtors
10 **of the name** i.e. named Owemuch
21 **bold Beacham** alluding to the proverb 'as
bold as Beauchamp', deriving from the
exploits of Thomas Beauchamp, first Earl
of Warwick

*The play which we present no fault shall meet
But one: you'll say 'tis short, we'll say 'tis sweet.
'Tis given much to dumbshows, which some praise,
And like the Term delights much in delays.
So to conclude and give the name her due,
The play being called The Slip, I vanish too.* Exit

SIR BOUNTEOUS Excellently well acted and a nimble conceit.
HAREBRAIN The Prologue's pretty, i'faith.

30 PENITENT And went off well.
SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, that's the grace of all, when they go
away well, ah.

COURTESAN [*aside*] O' my troth, an I were not married, I
could find in my heart to fall in love with that player
35 now, and send for him to a supper. I know some i'th'
town that have done as much, and there took such
a good conceit of their parts into th' twopenny room,
that the actors have been found i'th' morning in a less
compass than their stage, though 'twere ne'er so full of
40 gentlemen.

SIR BOUNTEOUS But, passion of me, where be these knaves?
Will they not come away? Methinks they stay very long.
PENITENT O, you must bear a little, sir, they have many
shifts to run into.

45 SIR BOUNTEOUS 'Shifts' call you 'em? They're horrible long
things.
Follywit returns in a fury [with the chain]
FOLLYWIT [*aside*] A pox of such fortune, the plot's betrayed!
All will come out. Yonder they come taken upon
suspicion and brought back by a constable. I was
50 accurst to hold society with such coxcombs. What's
to be done? I shall be shamed forever, my wife here
and all. Ah, pox—by light, happily thought upon, the
chain! Invention, stick to me this once, and fail me ever
hereafter. So, so—

55 SIR BOUNTEOUS 'Life, I say, where be these players? O, are
you come? Troth, it's time, I was e'en sending for you.
HAREBRAIN
How moodily he walks. What plays he, trow?
SIR BOUNTEOUS
A Justice, upon my credit. I know by the chain there.
FOLLYWIT [*improvising as a Justice*]
Unfortunate Justice!
SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, ah, ah—
FOLLYWIT *In thy kin unfortunate.*

Here comes thy nephew now upon suspicion,
Brought by a constable before thee, his vile associates with
him,
But so disguised none knows him but myself.
Twice have I set him free from officers' fangs,
And for his sake his fellows. Let him look to't.
My conscience will permit but one wink more.
[*He sits*]

SIR BOUNTEOUS Yea, shall we take justice winking?
FOLLYWIT
*For this time,
I have bethought a means to work thy freedom,
Though hazarding myself. Should the law seize him,
Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name.
No, I'd rather lean to danger than to shame.
Enter Constable with [neighbours, bringing in
Lieutenant, Ensign and others of Follywit's
comrades]*

SIR BOUNTEOUS A very explete Justice.
CONSTABLE [*to neighbours*] Thank you good neighbours, let
me alone with 'em now. [*Exeunt neighbours*]

LIEUTENANT [*noticing Follywit*] 'Sfoot, who's yonder?
75 ENSIGN Dare he sit there?
THIRD COMRADE Follywit!
FOURTH COMRADE Captain! Puh!
FOLLYWIT [*as Justice*] How now, Constable, what news with
thee?
80 CONSTABLE [*to Sir Bounteous*] May it please your worship,
sir, here are a company of auspicious fellows.
SIR BOUNTEOUS To me? Puh—turn to the Justice, you
whoreson hobby-horse. [*To guests*] This is some new
player now. They put all their fools to the constable's
85 part still.
FOLLYWIT *What's the matter, Constable, what's the matter?*
CONSTABLE [*to Follywit*] I have nothing to say to your
worship. [*To Sir Bounteous*] They were all riding a-
horseback, an't please your worship.
90 SIR BOUNTEOUS Yet again? A pox of all asses still, they could
not ride afoot unless 'twere in a bawdy-house.
CONSTABLE The ostler told me they were all unstable
fellows, sir.
FOLLYWIT *Why, sure, the fellow's drunk.*
95 LIEUTENANT [*as the Justice's Nephew*] *We spied that weakness
in him long ago, sir. Your worship must bear with him,*

24 **dumbshows** pantomimes forming part of the action of the play (becoming unfashionable by 1605)

25 **Term** law term

28 **nimble conceit** witty invention

35 **send...supper** It was apparently common for prostitutes to invite favourite players to dinner.

37 **good...parts** thorough understanding of their roles, through a pun on 'private parts'
twopenny room a covered upper room in the theatre, used for entertainment after a performance; this was a disreputable part of the house, frequented by prostitutes

38-9 **less...stage** a smaller circumference than the stage, even when it is most crowded by spectators. Gallants habitually sat on the stage during a performance; the players, here, wake up in beds even more crowded.

41 **passion of me** an oath, alluding to Christ's passion

42 **stay** delay

44 **shifts** (a) costume changes (b) stratagems (c) linen smocks

48-9 **taken upon suspicion** arrested

50 **hold society** keep company

53 **Invention** Ingenuity

60 **nephew** the word can mean 'grandson': hence, Follywit's narration is ironically pertinent

72 **explete** complete; also, serving to compensate for a loss

82 **auspicious** malapropism for 'suspicious'

84 **hobby-horse** the person in morris dances who acted the part of the horse; hence, a buffoon

85-6 **put...part** have the fools of the company play the role of constable

92 **ride afoot** i.e., mount a whore

93 **ostler** stable attendant; groom (hence, 'unstable fellows' is a pun)

- the man's much o'erseen. Only in respect of his office we obeyed him, both to appear conformable to law and clear of all offence, for I protest, sir, he found us but a-horseback.
- 100 FOLLYWIT What, he did?
- LIEUTENANT As I have a soul, that's all, and all he can lay to us.
- CONSTABLE I'faith, you were not all riding away then?
- 105 LIEUTENANT 'Sfoot, being a-horseback, sir, that must needs follow.
- FOLLYWIT Why, true, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Well said, Justice. [To guests] He helps his kinsman well.
- 110 FOLLYWIT Why, sirrah, do you use to bring gentlemen before us for riding away? What, will you have 'em stand still when they're up, like Smug upo'th' white horse yonder? Are your wits steeped? I'll make you an example for all dizzy constables, how they abuse justice. [Rising] Here, bind him to this chair.
- 115 CONSTABLE Ha, bind him? Ho!
- FOLLYWIT If you want cords, use garters.
- CONSTABLE Help, help, gentlemen!
- LIEUTENANT [binding Constable to chair] As fast as we can, sir.
- 120 CONSTABLE Thieves, thieves!
- FOLLYWIT A gag will help all this. Keep less noise, you knave.
- CONSTABLE O help, rescue the Constable! O, O!
- [They gag him]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Ho, ho, ho ho!
- 125 FOLLYWIT Why la, you, who lets you now?
You may ride quietly. I'll see you to
Take horse myself. I have nothing else to do.
Exit [with Lieutenant, Ensign, and comrades]
- CONSTABLE [tries to talk through gag] O, O, O!
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Ha, ha, ha! By my troth, the maddest piece of justice that ever was committed.
- 130 HAREBRAIN I'll be sworn for the madness on't, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS I am deceived if this prove not a merry comedy and a witty.
- PENITENT Alas, poor Constable, his mouth's open and ne'er a wise word.
- 135 SIR BOUNTEOUS Faith, he speaks now e'en as many as he has done: he seems wisest when he gapes and says nothing. Ha, ha, he turns and tells his tale to me like an ass. What have I to do with their riding away? They may ride for me, thou whoreson coxcomb, thou. Nay, thou art well enough served, i'faith.
- 140 PENITENT But what follows all this while, sir? Methinks some should pass by before this time and pity the Constable.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS By th' mass, and you say true, sir. [To Servant] Go, sirrah, step in. I think they have forgot themselves. Call the knaves away. They're in a wood, I believe. [Exit Servant]
- 145 CONSTABLE Ay, ay, ay.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Hark, the Constable says, 'Ay, they're in a wood',—ha, ha!
- 150 HAREBRAIN He thinks long of the time, Sir Bounteous.
[Enter Servant]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS How now? When come they?
- SERVANT Alas, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found, sir.
- 155 SIR BOUNTEOUS How?
- HAREBRAIN What says the fellow?
- SERVANT Neither horse nor man, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Body of me, thou liest.
- SERVANT Not a hair of either, sir.
- 160 HAREBRAIN How now, Sir Bounteous?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Cheated and defeated! Ungag that rascal! I'll hang him for's fellows. I'll make him bring 'em out.
[Servant ungags Constable]
- CONSTABLE Did not I tell your worship this before, brought 'em before you for suspected persons, stayed 'em at town's end upon warning given, made signs that my very jawbone aches? Your worship would not hear me, called me ass (saving your worship's presence), laughed at me.
- 165 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ha?
- HAREBRAIN I begin to taste it.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Give me leave, give me leave. Why, art not thou the Constable i'th' comedy?
- CONSTABLE I'th' comedy? Why, I am the Constable i'th' commonwealth, sir.
- 170 SIR BOUNTEOUS I am gulled, i'faith, I am gulled. When wast thou chose?
- CONSTABLE On Thursday last, sir.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS A pox go with't, there't goes.
- PENITENT I seldom heard jest match it.
- 175 HAREBRAIN Nor I, i'faith.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Gentlemen, shall I entreat a courtesy?
- HAREBRAIN What is't, sir?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Do not laugh at me seven year hence.
- PENITENT We should betray and laugh at our own folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceived in't.
- 180 SIR BOUNTEOUS Faith, that's some comfort yet. Ha, ha, it was featly carried! Troth, I commend their wits! Before our faces, make us asses while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.
- PENITENT Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.
- 185 SIR BOUNTEOUS By th' mass, and you say true, sir. [To Servant] Go, sirrah, step in. I think they have forgot themselves. Call the knaves away. They're in a wood, I believe. [Exit Servant]
- 190 CONSTABLE Ay, ay, ay.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Hark, the Constable says, 'Ay, they're in a wood',—ha, ha!
- HAREBRAIN He thinks long of the time, Sir Bounteous.
[Enter Servant]
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- SERVANT Neither horse nor man, sir.
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[Servant ungags Constable]
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- SIR BOUNTEOUS Faith, that's some comfort yet. Ha, ha, it was featly carried! Troth, I commend their wits! Before our faces, make us asses while we sit still and only laugh at ourselves.
- PENITENT Faith, they were some counterfeit rogues, sir.

98 o'erseen (a) deluded (b) intoxicated
 102-3 lay to us charge us with
 110 do you use are you accustomed
 112 Smug... horse referring to a scene (missing from the extant version) of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* in which Smug plays St George riding upon a white horse

113 steeped soaked, or drunk
 dizzy foolish, giddy
 117 want lack
 122 Keep make
 125 lets hinders
 126 quietly unimpeded
 147 in a wood in a muddle
 163 for's fellows (a) instead of his com-

panions (b) because of the company he keeps
 166-7 that... aches until my jawbone ached
 171 taste understand
 177 chose elected
 188 featly deftly
 191 counterfeit deceiving

- SIR BOUNTEOUS Why, they confess so much themselves. They said they'd play *The Slip*. They should be men of their words. I hope the Justice will have more conscience, i'faith, than to carry away a chain of a hundred mark of that fashion.
- 195
- HAREBRAIN What, sir?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Ay, by my troth, sir, besides a jewel, and a jewel's fellow, a good fair watch that hung about my neck, sir.
- 200
- HAREBRAIN 'Sfoot, what did you mean, sir?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Methinks my Lord Owemuch's players should not scorn me so, i'faith. They will come and bring all again, I know. Push! They will, i'faith, but a jest, certainly.
- 205
- Enter Follywit in his own shape, and all the rest*
[Lieutenant, Ensign, and comrades]
- FOLLYWIT [kneels] Pray, grandsire, give me your blessing.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Who? Son Follywit?
- FOLLYWIT [aside] This shows like kneeling after the play, I praying for my Lord Owemuch and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress.
- 210
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Rise richer by a blessing—thou art welcome.
- FOLLYWIT Thanks, good grandsire.
[He rises and presents comrades]
- I was bold to bring those gentlemen, my friends.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS They're all welcome. Salute you that side, and I'll welcome this side.
- 215
- [He greets Follywit's comrades while Follywit greets Sir Bounteous's guests]
- Sir, to begin with you. [Greeting Lieutenant]
- HAREBRAIN Master Follywit. [Greeting him]
- FOLLYWIT I am glad 'tis our fortune so happily to meet, sir.
- 220
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, then, you know me not, sir.
[Greeting Ensign]
- FOLLYWIT Sweet Mistress Harebrain. [Greeting her]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS You cannot be too bold, sir.
[Greeting another comrade]
- FOLLYWIT [aside to Courtesan] Our marriage known?
- COURTESAN [aside to him] Not a word yet.
- 225
- FOLLYWIT [aside to her] The better.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Faith, son, would you had come sooner with these gentlemen.
- FOLLYWIT Why, grandsire?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS We had a play here.
- FOLLYWIT A play, sir? No.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Yes, faith. A pox o'th' author!
- FOLLYWIT Bless us all! Why, were they such vile ones, sir?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS I am sure, villainous ones, sir.
- FOLLYWIT Some raw simple fools.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Nay, by th' mass, these were enough for thievish knaves.
- 235
- FOLLYWIT What, sir?
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Which way came you, gentlemen? You could not choose but meet 'em.
- FOLLYWIT We met a company with hampers after 'em.
- SIR BOUNTEOUS O, those were they, those were they! A pox hamper 'em!
- FOLLYWIT Bless us all again!
- SIR BOUNTEOUS They have hampered me finely, sirrah.
- FOLLYWIT How, sir?
- 245
- SIR BOUNTEOUS How, sir? I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chain, a jewel, and a watch, and they watched out their time and rid quite away with them.
- FOLLYWIT Are they such creatures?
- 250
- [The watch rings in Follywit's pocket]
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Hark, hark, gentlemen, by this light, the watch rings alarum in his pocket! There's my watch come again, or the very cousin-german to't.
- [He confronts Follywit and the comrades]
- Whose is't, whose is't? By th' mass, 'tis he. Hast thou one, son? Prithee bestow it upon thy grandsire.
- 255
- [Searching Follywit] I now look for mine again, i'faith. Nay, come with a good will or not at all! I'll give thee a better thing. [Groping in his pocket] A piece, a piece, gentlemen!
- HAREBRAIN Great or small?
- 260
- SIR BOUNTEOUS [Pulling out the stolen articles] At once I have drawn chain, jewel, watch, and all!
- PENITENT By my faith, you have a fortunate hand, sir.
- HAREBRAIN Nay, all to come at once.
- LIEUTENANT A vengeance of this foolery!
- 265
- FOLLYWIT Have I 'scaped the Constable to be brought in by the watch?
- COURTESAN O destiny! Have I married a thief, mother?
- MOTHER Comfort thyself. Thou art beforehand with him, daughter.
- 270
- SIR BOUNTEOUS Why son, why gentlemen, how long have you been my Lord Owemuch his servants, i'faith?
- FOLLYWIT Faith, grandsire, shall I be true to you?

195–6 of...**mark** worth a hundred marks (a mark was worth two-thirds of a pound)

196 of that **fashion** in that manner

199 **fellow** companion piece

208 **kneeling**...**play** Traditionally, players—who escaped vagabond status only through their 'service' to the aristocracy—would offer a prayer for their patron at the close of a performance. This practice may not have survived in the public theatres.

234 **raw** rough, unmannerly

240 **hampers after 'em** i.e. carrying baskets

242 **hamper** obstruct

248 **watched**...**time** bided their time; waited for the perfect moment

rid rode

253 **cousin-german** first cousin (but punning on the fact that the watches come from Germany; see 4.1.21)

257 **come**...**all** the last line of the nursery rhyme, 'Girls and Boys Come Out to

Play'. Here, however, there are bawdy overtones, as Bounteous gropes in his grandson's pockets: 'come', a pun on orgasm, and 'thing' or 'piece', indicating his penis.

260 **Great or small?** referring to either his watch or his penis

267 **watch** punning on the body of citizens who policed the streets at night

269 **Thou**...**him** You have paid him in advance for it.

A mad World my mafters.

275 SIR BOUNTEOUS I think 'tis time. Thou'st been a thief already.
 FOLLYWIT I, knowing the day of your feast and the natural inclination you have to pleasure and pastime, presumed upon your patience for a jest, as well to prolong your days as—
 280 SIR BOUNTEOUS Whoop, why then, you took my chain along with you to prolong my days, did you?
 FOLLYWIT Not so neither, sir, and that you may be seriously assured of my hereafter stableness of life, I have took another course.
 285 SIR BOUNTEOUS What?
 FOLLYWIT Took a wife.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS A wife? 'Sfoot, what is she for a fool would marry thee, a madman? When was the wedding kept in Bedlam?
 290 FOLLYWIT She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Stop there, stop there! Would I might see her!
 FOLLYWIT [*indicating Courtesan*] You have your wish. She's here.
 295 SIR BOUNTEOUS Ah, ha, ha, ha! This makes amends for all.
 FOLLYWIT How now?
 LIEUTENANT Captain, do you hear? Is she your wife in earnest?

FOLLYWIT How then?
 LIEUTENANT
 Nothing but pity you, sir.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS Speak, son, is't true? 300
 Can you gull us and let a quean gull you?
 FOLLYWIT Ha!
 COURTESAN
 What I have been is past. Be that forgiven,
 And have a soul true both to thee and heaven.
 FOLLYWIT
 Is't come about? Tricks are repaid, I see. 305
 SIR BOUNTEOUS
 The best is, sirrah, you pledge none but me.
 And since I drink the top, take her and hark,
 I spice the bottom with a thousand mark.
 FOLLYWIT By my troth, she is as good a cup of nectar as any bachelor needs to sip at. 310
 Tut, give me gold, it makes amends for vice.
 Maids without coin are caudles without spice.
 SIR BOUNTEOUS
 Come, gentlemen, to th' feast, let not time waste.
 We have pleased our ear, now let us please our taste.
 Who lives by cunning, mark it, his fate's cast: 315
 When he has gulled all, then is himself the last.

Exeunt

Finis

THE PARTS

SIR BOUNTEOUS (591 lines): Watchman; Courtesan's Man; Inesse or Possibility [or Rafe]; [Jasper]
 FOLLYWIT (568 lines): Watchman; Knight; Jasper; Inesse or Possibility [or Rafe]; [Courtesan's Man]
 PENITENT (259 lines): Watchman; Knight; Gunwater; Courtesan's Man
 HAREBRAIN (252 lines): Gunwater; Courtesan's Man; Jasper; [Knight]
 COURTESAN (227 lines): Knight; Gunwater; Rafe; Jasper; [Watchman]
 MOTHER (117 lines): Watchman; Knight; Gunwater; Courtesan's Man; Rafe; Jasper
 WIFE/SUCCUBUS (105 lines): Watchman; Knight; Gunwater; Courtesan's Man; [Jasper]; [Inesse or Possibility]
 LIEUTENANT (103 lines): Watchman; Knight; Jasper; Inesse or Possibility or Rafe; [Gunwater]; [Courtesan's Man]
 GUNWATER (46 lines): any but Follywit, Sir Bounteous, Footman/Third Comrade; [Lieutenant or Ensign or Fourth Comrade]
 FOOTMAN/THIRD COMRADE (31 lines): Watchman; Jasper; Rafe (or [Inesse] or [Possibility]); [Knight]; [Courtesan's Man]
 CONSTABLE (5.2; 25 lines): Watchman; Knight; Gunwater; Courtesan's Man; Jasper; Inesse or Possibility or Rafe
 RAFF (23 lines): any but Penitent, Inesse, Possibility, Harebrain, Servant, Wife/Succubus; [Follywit or Courtesan or Sir Bounteous]
 INESSE (22 lines): any but Penitent, Courtesan, Mother, Possibility, Servant, Harebrain, Rafe; [Wife/Succubus]
 POSSIBILITY (21 lines): any but Penitent, Courtesan, Mother, Inesse, Harebrain, Servant, Rafe; [Wife/Succubus]
 ENSIGN (18 lines): same as Lieutenant

284 **took another course** started upon a new path in life
 287 **what**...**fool** what kind of fool
 289 **Bedlam** the hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem, a lunatic asylum

306-7 **you**...**top** The metaphor is that of drinking from the same cup (a vaginal symbol); Follywit gets the dregs.
 308 **bottom** punning on her bottom

312 **caudles** a warm, spiced drink
 316.1 **Exeunt** See *Companion*, p. 142, for music that may have accompanied a concluding dance.

A mad World, my Masters,

JASPER (4.1; 12 lines): any but Penitent, Servant, Neighbour; [Sir Bounteous or Wife/Succubus], [Gunwater or Sir Bounteous]

SERVANTS (8 lines): Inesse, Possibility, Watchmen, Knights, Courtesan's Man, Rafe, Jasper, [Gunwater?]

WATCHMEN (1.2; 3 lines): any but Harebrain; [Courtesan]

FIRST KNIGHT (2.1; 2 lines): any but Sir Bounteous; [Footman/Third Comrade]

FOURTH COMRADE (1 line): same as Lieutenant

COURTESAN'S MAN (2.3; no lines): any but Courtesan; [Follywit or Lieutenant or Ensign or Footman/Third Comrade or Fourth Comrade]

NEIGHBOURS (5.2; no lines): same as servants

Most crowded scene 5.2: 12 characters + 2 (?) Servants + (?) Neighbours

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY

Edited by Stanley Wells

ON 23 April 1605 Walter Calverley, a young man of good family, heir to the manor of Calverley and Pudsey in Yorkshire, murdered two of his three young sons, one aged around eighteen months, the other no more than five years, and wounded their mother, his wife. On the following day, examined before two justices of the peace, he admitted to the crimes, claiming that his wife had 'many times theretofore uttered speeches and given signs and tokens unto him whereby he might easily perceive and conjecture that the said children were not by him begotten, and that he hath found himself to be in danger of his life sundry times by his wife'. At his subsequent trial he refused to plead—probably in order to ensure that the whole of his estate would pass to his heirs; he was pressed to death at York on 5 August of the same year.

These unhappy events caused a national stir, provoking a number of publications of varying degrees of artistry and sophistication. First came an anonymous pamphlet, entered on the Stationers' Register on 12 June 1605, called *Two Most Unnatural and Bloody Murders*, providing an account of the Calverley murders along with one of a different, unrelated case. Although this is partly journalistic in intent, it is far from a simple report of what happened; indeed Sandra Clark describes the narrative as 'intensely contrived and metaphorical; this is no mere domestic drama to be allotted, as fitting, the low or middle style, but a high tragedy of passion'; Calverley is given 'the motivation of a dramatic villain'. Transmutation of history into drama was already under way.

On 3 June a ballad based on the case had been entered, and on 24 August, after Calverley's execution, an account of *The Arraignment, Condemnation, and Execution of Master Calverley at York in August 1605*; neither survives. The story was also briefly told in the 1607 edition of John Stow's *Summary of English Chronicles*.

In addition, two plays were based on the case. The first to appear in print was *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, by George Wilkins, entered on 31 July 1607 and published in the same year 'as it is now played by his majesty's servants'. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, entered as having been written by 'William Shakespeare' on 2 May 1608, appeared later that year. The title-page describes it as 'not so new as lamentable and true', claims that it was 'acted by his majesty's players at the Globe', and ascribes it to 'W. Shakespeare'; the headtitle to the text itself reads 'All's One, or one of the four plays in one, called *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, as it was played by the King's majesty's players'. The expression 'All's One', meaning 'it's of no account',

seems entirely inappropriate to so serious a play; it might conceivably be used in an attempt to indicate some kind of overall unity for four plays performed together, but the headtitle unequivocally presents it as an alternative title for this particular play. Some commentators have taken the heading to indicate that *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was the overall title for a four-part work, but this seems unlikely. The phrase 'not so new' may accurately reflect a date of composition between the publication of the pamphlet and Calverley's execution, since the Wife, in her last speech, declares her intention of suing for his pardon; Holdsworth, however, arguing that *A Yorkshire Tragedy* echoes *King Lear* and influenced *Timon of Athens*, dates the *Tragedy* to the first two months of 1606.

In part, no doubt, because of the ascription to Shakespeare, *A Yorkshire Tragedy* has a far more extensive publication history than any of the other accounts of the Calverley case. The publisher of the first edition, Thomas Pavier, also included it in his 1619 collection of Shakespearean and pseudo-Shakespearean quartos, and although Heminges and Condell omitted it from the Shakespeare First Folio of 1623 it was one of the seven apocryphal plays added in the third Folio of 1664, reprinted in 1685. Thereafter it has frequently appeared in collections of the Shakespeare apocrypha, in other anthologies, and independently.

In spite of the evidence of the Stationers' Register both on first publication and in subsequent transfers, and of the title-page of the quarto, ascription of the play to Shakespeare is undermined by its omission from the First Folio and by the bad reputation of Pavier, whose 1619 collection, undertaken in association with William Jaggard, included falsely dated quartos of five Shakespeare plays and fraudulently ascribed 1 *Sir John Oldcastle* to Shakespeare. Throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries most commentators have been unable to believe that Shakespeare wrote *A Yorkshire Tragedy*: as Tucker Brooke wrote in 1908, 'Neither in characterization, nor in plot, nor in metrical peculiarities have the most ardent defenders of the *Yorkshire Tragedy*'s authenticity pretended that there is any approach to Shakespeare's manner subsequent to 1605.' Many other candidates have been put forward, especially Thomas Heywood, but detailed studies by David J. Lake, MacDonald P. Jackson, and Roger Holdsworth of the play's linguistic and other features have strengthened the case that Thomas Middleton wrote most or, more probably, all of it.

The opening scene presents a number of anomalous features which have been much discussed; they may be illuminated by a brief consideration of *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, a full-length play of genuine accomplishment, especially considering that Wilkins seems not to have written any other non-collaborative dramas. Though it lacks the emotional intensity and narrative drive of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, it offers the most freely inventive treatment of the facts of the case. Wilkins takes the basic situation depicted in the pamphlet—a man, Scarborough (also a Yorkshire place-name) contracted to a girl he loves but then forced into a loveless marriage for financial reasons—as the starting point for a social drama portraying many invented characters, all with fictional names, and often adopting a comic perspective on the action. Initially the husband is sympathetically portrayed, and although his beloved kills herself, events end happily for him as his guardian, dying, acknowledges responsibility for the forced marriage and leaves his wealth to Scarborough and his family. There are no murders.

The author of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, by contrast, sticks remarkably closely for all but his opening scene to the pamphlet. From Scene 2 onwards all the characters come from that source, and none of any consequence are added. The pamphlet's sequence of action is followed with only one significant change: the account of the Wife's visit to her uncle and guardian in London, narrated in the pamphlet at a point corresponding to her exit at 2.103, is advanced to form the opening episode of Scene 3, in which we see her immediately on her return, thus achieving greater concentration of action and place; her speeches here pick up words uttered by her uncle in the pamphlet. Through most of the play—the closing scene is the main exception—speeches are closely indebted to the pamphlet's wording. An example is the Wife's self-defence at 3.58–67. In the pamphlet this reads:

My friends are fully possessed your land is mortgaged.
If you think I have published anything to him with
desire to keep the sale of my dowry from you, either
for mine own good or my children's, though it fits
I have a motherly care of them, you being my
husband, pass it away how you please, spend it how
you will, so I may enjoy but welcome looks and kind
words from you.

Middleton draws closely on this, but transforms it into a passage of regular blank verse which nevertheless presents the issues with greater clarity, with more measured pace, and with a dignified pathos with which a performer can do much:

Only my friends
Knew of your mortgaged lands, and were possessed
Of every accident before I came.
If thou suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good

Or my poor children's—though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs—
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood.
Consume it as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish e'en clemency affords.

Even stage directions take over the pamphlet's wording—'Catches up the youngest' (5.17.1)—'she caught up the youngest'—is one of many possible examples; and a revealing tiny detail is the Wife's interrupted speech 'And—' at 2.76, stimulated by the pamphlet's 'But as she would have gone forward he cut her off...'

In spite of these and other close correspondences, it would be wrong to give the impression that Middleton's dependence on the pamphlet is slavish. So, for example, the episodes in Scene 3 in which gentlemen reprove the Husband are considerably expanded and developed from a few hints in the source, and the Wife's speech at 3.80, indebted to the formal conventions of the dramatic lament, finds words for the 'long-fetched sigh or two' with which Calverley's wife 'eased her heart'. Although the dramatist was working primarily from a clearly defined source, his play may be located too within the conventions of domestic tragedy (such as the anonymous *Arden of Faversham*) and of 'patient wife' plays.

Thematically the dramatist's main development of his source material lies in the notion that the Husband's actions result from demonic possession. This theme was probably suggested by the talons on the hands and feet of the dark figure of an old man depicted beside the murderer on the title-page of the pamphlet (reproduced in the *Companion*, 130). It emerges slowly, perhaps because it grew in Middleton's mind as he wrote, but perhaps also because in the earlier scenes he does not wish to detract from the Husband's personal responsibility for his tragedy. In the opening speech of Scene 2 the Wife speaks of her husband as 'half mad | His fortunes cannot answer his expense' and later declares that his transformation from his former self is 'As if some vexèd spirit had got his form upon him'. The Husband himself begins to see his condition as that of one who has sold his soul to the devil shortly before first attacking one of his sons:

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell,
Slavery and misery. Who in this case
Would not take up money upon his soul,
Pawn his salvation, live at interest?

(The fact that the first couplet of this passage comes from Thomas Nashe's *Pierce Penniless* may act as a caution against underestimating the literary features of what is too easily regarded as a largely documentary drama.) But the most explicit, and powerful, expression of the idea comes in the Husband's speech of repentance to which he is moved in the final scene by his Wife's forgiveness, when he feels the devil losing possession of his body:

... thou hast devised

A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds apiece, now glides the devil from me,
Departs at every joint, heaves up my nails.
O, catch him new torments that were ne'er invented,
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless, let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies,
To spread into a father and, in fury,
Make him his children's executioners,
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not?
For that man's dark where heaven is quite forgot.

This eloquent speech, with its heightened language, its use of rhyme and half-rhyme, its vivid physical imagery, its self-conscious rhetoric comparable to Faustus's great final speech in Marlowe's play, shows the dramatist writing at the height of his power, and a similar degree of expressiveness informs the Husband's reaction to the sight of his two dead children 'laid forth upon the threshold':

Here's weight enough to make a heartstring crack.
O were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks.
But you are playing in the angels' laps
And will not look on me
Who, void of grace, killed you in beggary.

And he refers again to the influence of the devil:

O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so bleared.

The Husband's final words retreat from the immediacy of what has gone before to draw a generalized moral:

Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper while mine bleeds.

But while the bulk of the play, from Scene 2 onwards, reads as if it were written at white heat, the dramatist himself possessed by the challenge of transforming the pamphlet into a play, the opening scene, as has long been recognized, has an entirely different quality. Only here are the characters given names—and although Middleton more than most dramatists was often content to let even major characters be known only by type names, only the special case of *A Game at Chess* affords a parallel in his output for the complete namelessness of all the characters in this play from the beginning of the second scene. And here too the raw material of the scene, which is only slightly indebted to the pamphlet, is treated with a relaxed expansiveness, a freedom of invention, more akin to the manner of Wilkins's full-length play than to anything in the rest of *A Yorkshire Tragedy*.

Many attempts have been made to explain the anomalies of this scene, which are such that, as Sturgess reasonably comments, 'It seems doubtful whether one should include scene i in a modern revival' (p. 35); they are summarized in the Introduction to the Revels edition

(pp. 13–15), to whose editors 'it seems safe to infer that Scene i was added later by a different playwright'. But their inference that because the scene lacks the close relationship with the pamphlet of the rest of the play its author did not know the pamphlet, and therefore had not written the rest of the play, is unnecessary: the scene makes clear allusions to the grief of the servants' 'young mistress' 'for the long absence of her love' which is eloquently described in the pamphlet. The Revels editors propose that the scene was added as a result of the decision to print the play independently; it seems no less plausible that it served as an induction, linking the body of the play, in a way that we cannot recover, to the four-part sequence as a whole.

A Yorkshire Tragedy is roughly 700 lines long. If performed with three other plays of equal length it would have made an entertainment substantial but not exceptional in duration by Jacobean standards. Its brevity renders it unsuitable for conventional performance, but is not a complete handicap; indeed the play has a fuller history of production than many Jacobean dramas, including *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*. In 1720 Joseph Mitchell (apparently with assistance from Aaron Hill) adapted it into a sentimental one-act tragedy, *The Fatal Extravagance*, and this play in turn was transformed into a sentimental comedy, *The Prodigal*, by F. G. Waldron in 1794. *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was given in Boston, Massachusetts, as part of a triple bill in 1847 as a benefit for the actress (Harriet Bland, sister of Helen Faucit) playing the Wife—rather surprisingly since, although the role gives good acting opportunities, it is so clearly overshadowed by that of the Husband. A Russian translation was performed in 1895 and (apparently) 1904, but no performances in England are recorded until the 1950s. Since then it has received a number of amateur and professional productions, some by out-of-the-way groups in obscure circumstances, but others of a more prestigious nature: in 1987 it even reached the National Theatre, though only for a single performance in its studio auditorium, the Cottesloe; the play probably achieved its largest audiences in two BBC radio productions, in 1955 and 1957.

Though the ascription to Shakespeare no doubt formed part of the motivation for many of these performances, those involved must also have had enough faith in the script's inherent stage-worthiness to put it to theatrical test; at least one group saw modern parallels to the action, adapting it into 'a play on the subject of domestic violence against women in modern Yorkshire' (Revels). The concentration of the play's action gives it great pace, and the unsentimentality of the presentation even of those episodes that afford most opportunity for pathos, such as the sufferings of the Wife and the terror of the little boy on being attacked by his father, is genuinely affecting; but it is above all the role of the Husband, with its fluctuations in style from staccato prose, anguished in its repetitions, to elevated verse, that gives the play its fascination, facing the actor with the challenge of synthesizing the character's conflicting impulses of family pride, love for

brother, wife, and children, obsessive extravagance, and self-loathing issuing in horrendous violence. In a letter dated 12 March 1919 T. S. Eliot wrote: 'Damn Swinburne, J. A. Symonds, Dekker, Heywood and domestic tragedy except "Yorkshire Tr".' This is no doubt his tribute to the play's stark unsentimentality compared with other plays

in the genre to which it belongs. Its brevity is part of its greatness; nothing dilutes its emotional impact.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 592
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 355

A Yorkshire Tragedy

(one of the four-plays-in-one, called *All's One*)

[for the King's Men at The Globe]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

HUSBAND
MASTER of the College
KNIGHT
OLIVER }
RALPH } servingmen
SAM }

WIFE
SON of the Husband and Wife
MAID, with their second child
Gentlemen, servants, and officers

Sc. I

Enter Oliver and Ralph, two servingmen

OLIVER Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love!

RALPH Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe makes so many fallings: viz., mad wenches because they are not gathered in time are fain to drop of themselves, and

then 'tis common, you know, for every man to take 'em up.

OLIVER Mass, thou sayst true, 'tis common indeed. But sirrah, is neither our young master returned nor our fellow Sam come from London?

RALPH Neither of either, as the Puritan bawd says.—'Slid, I hear Sam, Sam's come, here's—tarry—come, i'faith now my nose itches for news.

Persons Oliver, Ralph, and Sam of Sc. 1 might double with any of the adult parts, but would most logically become the anonymous Servants/Servingmen of the rest of the play. The younger servant Sam may be the 'lusty' Servant of Sc. 5, who is the First Servant in the list of parts. In the edited text of the play, the roles of the Gentlemen and Servants are left unnumbered except when the quarto numbers them ('First Gentleman', etc.). The only other doubling possibilities for the adult males also involve the three servants (doubling as the gentlemen). None of the three parts for boy actors (Wife, Son, Maid) can be doubled.

1.1 **Sirrah** sir (used from a superior to an

inferior)

my young mistress This seems to refer not to the Wife of the play but to the young Yorkshire woman to whom Calverley was previously contracted, and whom he wronged. She is not mentioned after Sc. 1.

2 **passionate humour for** suffering condition because of

4 **makes** causes (the singular form because 'apples...ripe' is thought of as the subject)

5 **fallings** windfalls (first recorded use in this sense)

viz. namely; a colloquial abbreviation of 'videlicet'

5-6 **mad...drop** perhaps 'wenches who go

mad because they have not been made love to when they were ready for it are apt to fall (in virtue)'

9 **Mass** by the mass (a mild oath)

common (as in 'common woman', a prostitute)

12 **Neither of either** neither the one nor the other

the Puritan bawd obscure; 'Puritan' could imply 'hypocritical'. There may be a lost allusion.

'Slid by God's eyelid; a common oath

13 **here's** here (he) is

tarry (perhaps implying that Oliver was beginning to walk away)

14-15 **my nose itches...elbow** forerunners of news in common superstition

15 OLIVER And so does mine elbow.
 SAM (*calls within*) Where are you there?
Enter Sam furnished with things from London
 SAM [*calling*] Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion,
 I have rid him simply. I warrant his skin sticks to his
 back with very heat, if a should catch cold and get the
 20 cough of the lungs I were well served, were I not?—
 What, Ralph and Oliver!
 RALPH and OLIVER Honest fellow Sam, welcome, i'faith!
 What tricks hast thou brought from London?
 SAM You see I am hanged after the truest fashion, three
 25 hats and two glasses bobbing upon 'em, two rebato
 wires upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at
 my back, an almanac in my pocket, and three ballads in
 my codpiece—nay, I am the true picture of a common
 servingman.
 30 OLIVER I'll swear thou art, thou mayst set up when thou
 wilt. There's many a one begins with less, I can tell
 thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the
 news from London, Sam?
 RALPH Ay, that's well said, what's the news from London,
 35 sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her
 love.
 SAM Why, the more fool she, ay, the more ninny-hammer
 she.
 OLIVER Why, Sam, why?
 40 SAM Why, he's married to another long ago.
 RALPH and OLIVER I'faith, ye jest.
 SAM Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's
 married, beats his wife, and has two or three children
 by her; for you must note that any woman bears the
 45 more when she is beaten.
 RALPH Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.
 OLIVER Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my
 young mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left
 hand of her wit and ne'er be her own woman again.
 50 SAM And I think she was blest in her cradle that he never
 came in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawned
 his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax
 for him—there's a fine phrase for a scrivener! Puh, he
 owes more than his skin's worth.
 OLIVER Is't possible? 55
 SAM Nay, I'll tell you moreover he calls his wife whore
 as familiarly as one would call Mall and Doll, and his
 children bastards as naturally as can be. But what have
 we here? I thought 'twas somewhat pulled down my
 breeches, I quite forgot my two potting-sticks. These
 60 came from London, now anything is good here that
 comes from London.
 OLIVER Ay, 'Far fetched . . .', you know—
 SAM But speak in your conscience i'faith, have not we as
 good potting-sticks i'th' country as need to be put i'th'
 65 fire? The mind of a thing is all, the mind of a thing's
 all, and as thou saidst e'en now, 'Far fetched is the best
 things for ladies.'
 OLIVER Ay, and for waiting gentlewomen, too.
 SAM But Ralph, what, is our beer sour this thunder? 70
 OLIVER No, no, it holds countenance yet.
 SAM Why then, follow me, I'll teach you the finest humour
 to be drunk in, I learned it at London last week.
 RALPH and OLIVER I'faith, let's hear it, let's hear it.
 SAM The bravest humour, 'twould do a man good to be
 75 drunk in't. They call it 'knighting' in London when they
 drink upon their knees.
 RALPH and OLIVER Faith, that's excellent.
 SAM Come, follow me, I'll give you all the degrees on't in
 order. *Exeunt* 80

Enter Wife

WIFE
 What will become of us? All will away,
 My husband never ceases in expense
 Both to consume his credit and his house,
 And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree
 That Riot's child must needs be Beggary. 5
 Are these the virtues that his youth did promise—
 Dice, and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
 Taking his bed with surfeits ill beseeeming
 The ancient honour of his house and name?—

18 simply	recklessly	Nashe 1592)	
19 a he	(the unaccented form)	44–5 any woman . . . beaten	proverbial (cf.
20 cough of the lungs	i.e. cough from the lungs, a 'bad chest'; in Middleton often a sign of old age	Tilley W 644)	
	I were well served	48–9 upon . . . wit	i.e. go mad
	it would serve me right	49 be . . . woman	recover her sanity
23 tricks	trinkets, knock-knacks	52 stand in wax	enter into a bond
24 hanged	bedecked, adorned	53 scrivener	notary (presumably Sam is mocking his own coinage of a phrase)
25 glasses	mirrors (carried in hats)	57 call Mall and Doll	i.e. call them whore; these were familiar names for prostitutes
25–6 rebato wires	wire frames supporting ruffs	59 somewhat	something (that)
26 cap-case	travelling-case or bag	60 potting-sticks	rods of metal, wood, or bone used when heated to crimp linen (as in ruffs); in his next speech Sam uses the term with bawdy innuendo
28 codpiece	the baggy appendage to male hose or breeches worn over the genitals	63 'Far fetched . . .'	The proverb is cited in full at ll. 67–8.
30 set up	set yourself up in business (and 'be proud')	66 mind . . . is all	view, opinion
35 puling	whining	69 waiting gentlewomen	possibly punning,
37 ninny-hammer	simpleton (first recorded		

as the 'young mistress' is waiting for her lover to return from London
 70 **this thunder** at this time of thunder; there was a belief that thunder turned beer sour
 71 **holds countenance** keeps a calm, or sweet, appearance (punning on 'sour' as 'ill-countenanced')
 75 **bravest** finest
 76–7 **knighting . . . knees** referring to the practice of drinking toasts while on one's knees
 79 **degrees** names of different degrees of drunkenness
 2.1 **will away** will be lost
 3 **Both to consume** enough to waste both credit honour, reputation
 8 **Taking** taking to
surfeits illnesses resulting from excess

- 10 And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant but half mad
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
- 15 He sits and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward, which makes
him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart,
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth,
Not penitent for those his sins are past
- 20 But vexed his money cannot make them last—
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes: now in despite of ill
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.
Enter Husband
- HUSBAND
25 Pox o'th' last throw, it made
Five hundred angels vanish from my sight.
I'm damned, I'm damned. The angels have forsook
me,
Nay, 'tis certainly true, for he that has no coin
Is damned in this world, he's gone, he's gone.
- 30 WIFE Dear husband—
HUSBAND
O, most punishment of all, I have a wife.
WIFE
I do entreat you as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.
- HUSBAND
35 A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit*
- WIFE Bad turned to worse!
Both beggary of the soul as of the body,
And so much unlike himself at first
As if some vexèd spirit had got his form upon him.
Enter Husband again
- 40 He comes again.
He says I am the cause—I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.
- HUSBAND If marriage be honourable then cuckolds are
honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage.
- 45 Fool, what meant I to marry, to get beggars? Now must
my eldest son be a knave or nothing; he cannot live
- upo' th' soil for he will have no land to maintain him.
That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance
and makes me chaw upon iron. My second son must be
a promoter, and my third a thief, or an underputter, a 50
slave pander.
O beggary, beggary,
To what base uses dost thou put a man!
I think the devil scorns to be a bawd.
He bears himself more proudly, has more care 55
On's credit.
Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!
- WIFE
Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.
- HUSBAND Money, money, money, and thou must supply 60
me.
WIFE
Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire; but I beseech you,
As you're a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I myself be out of your respect, 65
Think on the state of these three lovely boys
You have been father to.
- HUSBAND Puh, bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks,
begot in tricks. 70
WIFE
Heaven knows how those words wrong me! But I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O, call to mind your lands already mortgaged,
Yourself went into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you 75
Like to be seized upon. And—
- HUSBAND Ha' done, thou harlot
Whom though for fashion sake I married
I never could abide! Think'st thou thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards beg, I will not bate 80
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you
And revel in your company. Curbed in?
Shall it be said in all societies
That I broke custom, that I flagged in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely 85
As when my state was fullest.
- WIFE Be it so.

10 **this** elliptical for 'this is'12 **dejected** lowered, cast down14 **answer** match19 **are** (that) are25 **Pox o'th'** a pox on the (a common curse)
throw (of the dice)26 **angels** gold coins worth ten shillings
(half of a pound) each. Stakes are high.34 **A vengeance** an act of vengeance (a
standard curse)39 **vexèd... upon him** tormented spirit

(devil) had inhabited his shape

45 **get** beget46-7 **live upo' th' soil** make a living fromthe products of the earth. This is an
emendation of the first printed edition's
'live upo' th' fool', which has been
defended as meaning 'live a life of riot.'48 **snaffle** bridle-bit49 **chaw** champ, chew roughly50 **promoter** informer (for money)**underputter** procurer, pander51 **slave** slavish, contemptible56 **On's credit** of his reputation65 **bloods** noble ancestors69 **tricks** intrigues, adultery74 **hopeful** full of promise (and of hope)75 **in bonds** legally bound (to pay debts)76 **Like... upon** likely to be arrested77 **for fashion sake** only because of social
pressure79 **Fall off to** go off to80-1 **bate... humour** soften my attitude one
jot82 **revel** make merry83 **societies** companies84 **flagged in money** was slow to pay out,
reduced my expenditure85 **play** gamble with86 **fullest** at its most prosperous

Scene 2

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

HUSBAND

Nay I protest (*spurns her*)—and take that for an earnest—

I will for ever hold thee in contempt
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorced in bed till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

WIFE

Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do
You shall command.

HUSBAND Look it be done. Shall I want dust

And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets
But my hands, to fill them up with nails?
(*Holding his hands in his pockets*) O, much against my
blood! Let it be done.

I was never made to be a looker-on.
A bawd to dice? I'll shake the drabs myself
And make 'em yield. I say, look it be done.

WIFE

I take my leave; it shall.

Exit

HUSBAND Speedily, speedily.

I hate the very hour I chose a wife,
A true trouble.
Three children like three evils hang upon me.
Fie, fie, fie, strumpet and bastards, strumpet and bas-
tards!

Enter three Gentlemen hearing him

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Still do those loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue,
Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust to soil his better name.
It is not fit; I pray forsake it.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

THIRD GENTLEMAN

Let honest kindness sway so much with you.

HUSBAND Good e'en, I thank you, sir—how do you?—

Adieu—I'm glad to see you. *Exeunt Gentlemen*
Farewell instructions, admonitions!

Enter a Servant

HUSBAND How now, sirrah, what would you?

SERVANT Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was
met by the way by them who were sent for her up to
London by her honourable uncle, your worship's late
guardian.

HUSBAND

So sir, then she is gone, and so may you be.
But let her look that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house at
home.

[Exit Servant]

Enter a Gentleman

GENTLEMAN Well or ill met, I care not.

HUSBAND No, nor I.

GENTLEMAN

I am come with confidence to chide you.

HUSBAND Who, me? Chide me? Do't finely, then. Let it not
move me, for if thou chid'st me angry I shall strike.

GENTLEMAN

Strike thine own follies, for it is thy
Deserve to be well beaten. We are now in private;
There's none but thou and I. Thou'rt fond and peev-
ish,

An unclean rioter, thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption.

I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame
That with his riches does consume his name:
And such art thou.

HUSBAND Peace.

GENTLEMAN No, thou shalt hear me further.

Thy father's and forefathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.

The springtime of thy youth did fairly promise

Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends

It scarce can enter into men's beliefs
Such dearth should hang on thee. We that see it

Are sorry to believe it. In thy change

This voice into all places will be hurled:

Thou and the devil has deceived the world.

HUSBAND

I'll not endure thee.

GENTLEMAN

But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife right honourably allied

87 *spurns* kicks

earnest foretaste

90 **be divorced in bed** refrain from sex

92 **affect** enjoy

96 **Look it be done** i.e. make sure your

dowry is realized and handed over
want dust lack money

98 **nails** finger nails (perhaps implying
things of no realizable value)

101 **bawd to dice** one who brings others to
gamble

drabs harlots (the dice); perhaps with a
suggestion that he will metaphorically
copulate with the drabs and make

them bring forth children (= money):

ironically anticipating his own 'Strumpet
and bastards'

118 **Good e'en** good evening (used any time
after noon)

118-19 **Good... see you** ironically empty
politenesses

122 **certify** assure

123-4 **by the way... uncle** on the way by
those whom her honourable uncle sent
from London to take her there

127 **wots** of knows about (the sale of her
dowry)

129 **Well... care not** i.e. I don't care

whether you're pleased to see me;
presumably this is one of the gentlemen
whom the husband has just dismissed

132 **finely** discreetly

133 **move** anger

chid'st me angry provoke me to anger by
rebuking me

136 **fond and peevish** foolish and perverse

138 **consumption** (a) wasting disease
(b) excessive expenditure

143 **country** local

150 **voice** opinion

- Thou hast proclaimed a strumpet.
- HUSBAND Nay, then, I know thee. 180
- 155 Thou art her champion, thou, her private friend,
The party you wot on.
- GENTLEMAN O ignoble thought!
I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle
And see my reputation touched to death? 185
- HUSBAND 'T'as galled you, this, has it?
- GENTLEMAN No, monster, I will prove
160 My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.
- HUSBAND Love of her virtues? There it goes.
- GENTLEMAN Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed.
They fight, and the Husband's hurt
- HUSBAND O!
- GENTLEMAN Wilt thou yield it yet?
- HUSBAND Sir, sir, I have not done with you.
- GENTLEMAN I hope nor ne'er shall do.
Fight again
- 165 HUSBAND Have you got tricks?
Are you in cunning with me?
- GENTLEMAN No, plain and right,
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falls down
- HUSBAND Hard fortune! Am I levelled with the ground?
- GENTLEMAN Now, sir, you lie at mercy.
- HUSBAND Ay, you slave.
- GENTLEMAN 170 Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave!
You see my sword's not thirsty for your life.
I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
You're of a virtuous house, show virtuous deeds!
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
- 175 Much good has been expected in your life;
Cancel not all men's hopes. You have a wife
Kind and obedient; heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity. Let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. *Exit*
- HUSBAND [rising] Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth hath left me? O, my heart
Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say,
I'm mad to be revenged. My strumpet wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh
And makes my breast spit blood; but thou shalt bleed. 185
Vanquished? Got down? Unable e'en to speak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak.
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else. *Exit*
- Enter Wife in a riding-suit, with a Servingman* Sc. 3
- SERVINGMAN Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.
- WIFE I grant I had, but, alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad? 5
'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly as if his serious eye
Had numbered all his follies;
Knew of his mortgaged lands, his friends in bonds, 10
Himself withered with debts, and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness
'Twould have confounded every thought of good;
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off, 15
Guessing his kindness to me—as I smoothed him
With all the skill I had—though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshaped bear,
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at court, a good and sure relief 20
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means I hope
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.
- SERVINGMAN I should think so, mistress. If he should not
now be kind to you and love you, and cherish you up, I 25
should think the devil himself kept open house in him.
- WIFE I doubt not but he will. Now prithee leave me,
I think I hear him coming.
- SERVINGMAN I am gone. *Exit*
- WIFE By this good means I shall preserve my lands
And free my husband out of usurers' hands. 30

155 **private friend** secret lover157 **past** ... **blood** beyond all patience158 **touched** injured159 **galled** annoyed161 **There it goes** here we go! (sarcastic)163 **yield it** admit defeat (and that you are
in the wrong)164 **done with** completed my business. (The
Gentleman probably plays on the sense
'done for', 'killed'.)166 **in cunning with** using occult art
against?174 **'Tis** ... **bleeds** i.e. your wound harms

your folly, not your honour

181 **tooth** i.e. sword184 **quarrel** complaint, hostility3.0.1 **in a riding-suit** a conventional means
of indicating that a character has just
undertaken a journey2 **his excuse** excusing him (to her uncle)3 **abuse** ill usage6 **within doors** i.e. at home, within the
family circle8 **serious eye** i.e. thoughtful consideration10 **friends** (could include relatives, such as
the Husband's Brother)**in bonds** See 2.75.13 **confounded** destroyed15 **tame** i.e. taming16 **smoothed him** glossed over his faults17 **deserts** demerits18 **uglier** ... **bear** alluding to the legend that
a bear 'brings forth her young informous
and unshapen, which she fashioneth
after by licking them over' (Sir Thomas
Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, 1646,
sig. P2^v)19 **prefer** advance

Scene 3

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Now there is no need of sale, my uncle's kind;
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband.

Enter Husband

HUSBAND Now, are you come? Where's the money, let's
35 see the money, is the rubbish sold, those wise-acres
your lands? Why, when, the money, where is't? Pour't
down, down with it, down with it, I say pour't o'th'
ground, let's see't, let's see't.

WIFE

40 Good sir, keep but in patience and I hope
My words shall like you well. I bring you better
Comfort than the sale of my dowry.

HUSBAND Ha, what's that?

WIFE Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing.
45 My uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage—
for so I made it to him—has in pity of your declining
fortunes provided a place for you at court of worth and
credit, which so much overjoyed me—

HUSBAND (*spurns her*) Out on thee, filth—over and over-
50 joyed when I'm in torments! Thou politic whore, subtler
than nine devils, was this thy journey to nunc, to set
down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall
I, that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in
service to crouch and stand like an old man i'th' hams,
55 my hat off, I that never could abide to uncover my head
i'th' church? Base slut, this fruit bears thy complaints.

WIFE O heaven knows

That my complaints were praises and best words
Of you and your estate. Only my friends
60 Knew of your mortgaged lands, and were possessed
Of every accident before I came.
If thou suspect it but a plot in me
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good
Or my poor children's—though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs—
65 Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood.
Consume it as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish e'en clemency affords;
Give me but comely looks and modest words.

HUSBAND [*drawing his dagger*] Money, whore, money, or
70 I'll—

Enters a Servant very hastily

(*To his manservant in a fear*) What the devil? How now?

35 **wise-acres** self-opinionated fools; used
contemptuously with reference to lands
40 **like** please
45 **made** represented
47 **credit** honour
49 **politic** devious, scheming
50 **nine** (more normally used of angels)
nunc uncle (contemptuous)
52–3 **confined in service** kept as a servant
53 **i'th' hams** i.e. with bent knees
55 **fruit . . . complaints** i.e. your complaints
bear this fruit, have this result
58 **estate** condition
59 **possessed** informed
60 **accident** happening

65 **blood** anger
66 **it** (her dowry)
67 **e'en clemency affords** (is what) mercy
itself allows
71 **in** i.e. who is in
75 **execute** use
79 **runs** (like a (long) sword)
80 **beset** surrounded by danger
81 **this** commonly used with 'news', it could
be a variant spelling of 'these'
82 **Had** would have
91 **beggars** (could be a term of endearment)
92 **palsy** palsied; an allusion to the
'gentleman's palsy' 4.6.7, a term, un-
known elsewhere, referring to the shak-

ing of the dice-box seen as a sickness
93 **seat** ancestral estate
95 **dankish** moist
4.5–6 **dwel . . . circumstance** waste time in
evading the point
6 **effectual** to the point
10 **default** failure in duty
10–11 **in bond . . . debt** seized in execution
of the bond for non-payment of the debt
(*OED*'s only instance of 'execute' in this
sense); perhaps also 'seized because of a
bond put into effect as a result of your
debt'
11 **amazed** thrown into confusion

Thy hasty news!
SERVANT May it please you sir—
HUSBAND What! May I not look upon my dagger? Speak,
villain, or I will execute the point on thee. Quick, short. 75
SERVANT Why, sir, a gentleman from the university stays
below to speak with you.
HUSBAND From the university? So, university—that long
word runs through me. *Exeunt [Husband and Servants]*
WIFE (*alone*)
Was ever wife so wretchedly beset? 80
Had not this news stepped in between, the point
Had offered violence to my breast.
That which some women call great misery
Would show but little here, would scarce be seen
Amongst my miseries. I may compare 85
For wretched fortunes with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferred,
A place of credit a base servitude.
What shall become of me and my poor children,
90 Two here and one at nurse, my pretty beggars?
I see how ruin with a palsy hand
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust.
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes. I can scarce see. 95
Thus grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.
[Exit]

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College Sc. 4

HUSBAND Please you draw near, sir. You're exceeding
welcome.
MASTER That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.
HUSBAND Yes, howsoever.
MASTER 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circum- 5
stance, but to be plain and effectual. Therefore to the
purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous
and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman your
brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your
default and unnatural negligence lies in bond executed 10
for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his
hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in
these dark clouds of oppression.
HUSBAND Hmh, um, um.

15 MASTER O, you have killed the towardest hope of all our university, wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgements to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, now by your careless courses cast in prison, which you must answer for, and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

HUSBAND O God! O!

25 MASTER Wise men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no man loves you, nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemn you; and—take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother—never look for prosperous hour, good thought, quiet sleeps, contented walks, nor anything that makes man perfect till you redeem him. What is your answer? How will you bestow him—upon desperate misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your answer.

35 HUSBAND Sir, you have much wrought with me. I feel you in my soul. You are your art's master. I never had sense till now. Your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs. [*Calling*] Within there!

Enter a Servingman

SERVINGMAN Sir?

HUSBAND

Fill me a bowl of wine. *Exit Servingman for wine*

40 Bruised with an execution for my sake!

MASTER

A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore
Till the grave cure 'em.

Enter Servingman with wine

HUSBAND

Sir, I begin to you. You've chid your welcome.

MASTER

45 I could have wished it better for your sake.
I pledge you, sir: to the kind man in prison.

HUSBAND

Let it be so.

Drink both

Now, sir, if you so please
To spend but a few minutes in a walk
About my grounds below, my man here shall attend
you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnished of a
sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied. 50

MASTER

Good sir, in that the angels would be pleased
And the world's murmurs calmed, and I should say
I set forth then upon a lucky day.

Exit [with Servingman]

HUSBAND O thou confused man, thy pleasant sins have
undone thee, thy damnation has beggared thee! That
heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made
women!—gives our senses way to find pleasure which,
being found, confounds us. Why should we know those
things so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been
forbidden! We should then have proved all virtuous,
for 'tis our blood to love what we're forbidden. Had
not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have
been fool to a beast and zany to a swine, to show tricks
in the mire? What is there in three dice to make a man
draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a
round little table, and with the gentleman's palsy in the
hand shake out his posterity, thieves or beggars? 'Tis
done, I ha' done't i'faith, terrible, horrible misery.—
How well was I left, very well, very well. My lands
showed like a full moon about me, but now the moon's
i'th'last quarter, waning, waning, and I am mad to
think that moon was mine, mine and my father's and
my forefathers' generations, generations. Down goes
the house of us, down, down, it sinks. Now is the
name a beggar; begs in me that name which hundreds
of years has made this shire famous—in me, and my
posterity runs out. In my seed five are made miserable
besides myself. My riot is now my brother's jailor, my
wife's sighing, my three boys' penury, and mine own
confusion. 75

Tears his hair

Why sit my hairs upon my cursèd head?
Will not this poison scatter them? O, my brother's
In execution among devils that 80

15 **towardest** most promising
19 **divine employments** religious duties
might (who) might
20 **careless** thoughtless, inconsiderate
22 **come home** affect you deeply
29 **perfect** satisfied, contented
30 **redeem** rescue
31 **desperate** despairing
33 **wrought with** prevailed upon
34 **art's master** quibbling on the university
term 'master of arts'
41 **execution** writ authorizing arrest for
non-payment
42 **makes** (that) makes
44 **begin** to toast

chid found fault with
46 **pledge you** give you a toast
49 **below** The action is imagined as taking
place in an upper room.
50 **furnished of** supplied with
51 **satisfied** given satisfaction, compensated
56–8 **That . . . women** a common sentiment
60 **so . . . us** (which) so greatly abuse us
62 **blood** inclination (the sentiment is
proverbial)
64 **fool** jester
zany to clownish imitator of
tricks stupid deeds
66 **draw** (as if by magic)
67 **table** gaming table

gentleman's palsy See 3.92.
70 **left** provided for by inheritance
71 **about** around
72–3 **mad to think** crazed by the thought
that
74 **generations** descendants
75 **house of us** our lineage
76 **in me** i.e. in my person
hundreds i.e. for hundreds
81 **confusion** destruction
83 **poison** figurative; some kinds of poison
cause hair to drop out
84 **In execution** i.e. imprisoned
devils i.e. jailors

Scene 4

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

85 Stretch him and make him give, and I in want,
Not able for to live nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell,
Slavery and misery. Who in this case
90 Would not take up money upon his soul,
Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want exceeds the throes of hell.
Enters his little son with a top and a scourge
SON What ail you, father, are you not well? I cannot
scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up
95 all the room with your wide legs. Puh, you cannot make
me afeard with this. I fear no visors nor bugbears.
*Husband takes up the child by the skirts of his
long coat in one hand and draws his dagger with
th'other*
HUSBAND Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.
SON O, what will you do, father?—I am your white boy.
100 HUSBAND (*strikes him*) Thou shalt be my red boy. Take
that!
SON O, you hurt me, father.
HUSBAND My eldest beggar. Thou shalt not live to ask an
usurer bread, to cry at a great man's gate, or follow
105 'good your honour' by a crouch, no, nor your brother.
'Tis charity to brain you.
SON How shall I learn now my head's broke?
HUSBAND (*stabs him*)
Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. Be not thy name's
disgrace.
Spurn thou thy fortunes first if they be base.
Come view thy second brother. Fates, my children's
110 blood
Shall spin into your faces; you shall see
How confidently we scorn beggary. *Exit with his son*

Sc. 5 *Enter a Maid with a child in her arms, the Wife
by her asleep*

MAID
Sleep, sweet babe. Sorrow makes thy mother sleep.
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy. Thy hopes might have been better;
'Tis lost at dice what ancient honour won:
5 Hard when the father plays away the son.

Nothing but misery serves in this house,
Ruin and desolation—
Enter Husband with the boy bleeding
O!
HUSBAND Whore, give me that boy.
Strives with her for the child
MAID O help, help, out, alas, murder, murder!
HUSBAND
Are you gossiping, prating sturdy quean? 10
I'll break your clamour with your neck. Downstairs,
Tumble, tumble, headlong!
Throws her down
So, the surest way to charm a woman's tongue
Is break her neck; a politician did it.
SON Mother, mother, I am killed, mother! 15
Wife wakes
WIFE Ha, who's that cried? O me, my children! Both, both,
both bloody, bloody!
Catches up the youngest
HUSBAND
Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.
WIFE O my sweet husband!
HUSBAND Filth, harlot! 20
WIFE
O, what will you do, dear husband?
HUSBAND Give me the bastard.
WIFE
Your own sweet boy.
HUSBAND There are too many beggars.
WIFE
Good my husband—
HUSBAND Dost thou prevent me still?
WIFE
O God!
HUSBAND (*stabs at the child in her arms*)
Have at his heart!
WIFE O my dear boy!
HUSBAND (*gets it from her*) Brat, thou shalt not live to 25
shame thy house.
WIFE
O heaven!
She's hurt and sinks down
HUSBAND And perish, now be gone.

85 give yield, playing on the sense 'give
money'
86 for to live to find the means to keep
myself? to live as I should like?
87-8 Divines...dwell This couplet, first
found on the first page of Thomas
Nashe's *Pierce Penniless* (1592), seems
to have acquired semi-proverbial status,
being varied by Samuel Nicholson in
Acolastus his After-wit (1600) and in
The Insatiate Countess (by Marston and
Barkstead, 1613).
88 several various
89 case plight
90 take...soul borrow money with his soul

as security
91 live...interest live on the money lent as
interest on his soul
93.1 scourge whip
96 room space
97 visors hard looks? spectres?
bugbears hobgoblins
99 white boy darling
104 usurer moneylender
cry beg
105 'good your honour' an obsequious plea
for charity
crouch stooping, obeisance
109 first i.e. before begging
111 spin gush

5.0.1 The direction seems to imply a
'discovery.' 11-12 show that, as in the
previous scene, the action is imagined as
occurring in an upper room.
2 heaviness falls sadness sinks
6 serves suits
10 sturdy quean headstrong whore
12.1 *Throws her down* i.e. downstairs,
implying an involuntary exit for the Maid
13 charm put a spell on, silence
14 politician schemer, machiavel (some-
times thought to allude to the Earl of
Leicester's alleged murder of his wife,
Amy Robsart)
24 Have at let me strike at

- There's whores enough, and want would make thee
one.
Enter a lusty Servant
- SERVANT
O sir, what deeds are these?
- HUSBAND Base slave, my vassal,
30 Com'st thou between my fury to question me?
SERVANT [*holding him back*]
Were you the devil I would hold you, sir.
- HUSBAND
Hold me? Presumption! I'll undo thee for't.
SERVANT 'Sblood, you have undone us all, sir.
- HUSBAND
Tug at thy master?
SERVANT Tug at a monster.
- HUSBAND
35 Have I no power, shall my slave fetter me?
SERVANT
Nay, then the devil wrestles, I am thrown.
- HUSBAND
O villain, now I'll tug thee, (*overcomes him*) now I'll
tear thee,
Set quick spurs to my vassal, bruise him, trample him.
So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
40 My horse stands ready saddled, away, away.
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar.
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.
The Master meets him
- MASTER How is't with you, sir? Methinks you look of a
distracted colour.
- 45 HUSBAND Who, I, sir? 'Tis but your fancy.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you.
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.
- MASTER
I shall be glad to see it. Sir, I'll attend you.
Exeunt [Husband and Master]
- SERVANT [*rising*]
50 O, I am scarce able to heave up myself.
He's so bruised me with his devilish weight
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur,
A man before of easy constitution
Till now hell's power supplied, to his soul's wrong.
55 O, how damnation can make weak men strong!
Enter Master and two Servants
- MASTER'S SERVANT
O, the most piteous deed, sir, since you came!
- MASTER
A deadly greeting! Has he summed up these
To satisfy his brother? Here's another,
And by the bleeding infants the dead mother.
- WIFE O, O!
- MASTER
Surgeons, surgeons! She recovers life.
One of his men all faint and bloodied.
- SERVANT
Follow, our murderous master has took horse
To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly!
- MASTER
I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him.
- SERVANT Good sir, do, follow him.
Exeunt Master and his two Servants
- WIFE O, my children!
- SERVANT
How is it with my most afflicted mistress?
- WIFE
Why do I now recover, why half live
To see my children bleed before mine eyes?—
A sight able to kill a mother's breast
Without an executioner. [*To the Servant*] What, art
thou mangled too?
- SERVANT
I, thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rushed upon him.
75 We struggled, but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms. Then did he bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and robbed me of my hair,
Like a man mad in execution
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.
- 80 WIFE
What is it has beguiled him of all grace
And stole away humanity from his breast,
To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants?
Enters two Servants
- BOTH SERVANTS
Please you leave this most accursèd place.
85 A surgeon waits within.
- WIFE Willing to leave it!
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood.
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.
Exeunt

28.1 *lusty* strong, vigorous29 *vassal* low servant30 *between* i.e. between me and32 *undo* do for35 *fetter* restrain41 *sucking* unweaned46 *walk in* The action is now imagined as
taking place outside the house.*resolve* reassure47 *sum* (of what is owing)49 *attend* accompany52 *blood-hasty* eager for blood53 *easy constitution* gentle disposition54 *hell's hell* has54 *wrong* harm, undoing56 This line would make most sense if
the servant entered slightly before the
Master.57 *greeting* i.e. the spectacle before him
summed up (alluding to l. 47)74 *mischiefs* injuries79 *execution* giving effect to his passion80 *Made* (he) made81 *beguiled* cheated84 *spoil* seriously injure88 *took* occupied*full* (of blood, alluding to the superstition
that blood shed by murder cannot be
eradicated)

Scene 6

A Yorkshiere Tragedy.

<p>Sc. 6</p> <p>HUSBAND</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>6.1</p> <p>3</p> <p>4</p> <p>5</p> <p>6</p> <p>7</p> <p>10</p> <p>13</p> <p>14</p> <p>18</p>	<p><i>Enter Husband as being thrown off his horse, and falls</i></p> <p>O stumbling jade, the spavin overtake thee, The fifty diseases stop thee! O, I am sorely bruised. Plague founder thee, Thou runn'st at ease and pleasure. Heart, of chance To throw me now within a flight o'th' town In such plain even ground! 'Sfoot, a man May dice upon't and throw away the meadows. Filthy beast! <i>Cry within, 'Follow, follow, follow'</i> Ha! I hear sounds of men like hue and cry. Up, up, and struggle to thy horse, make on, Dispatch that little beggar and all's done. <i>Cry within, 'Here, this way, this way!'</i> At my back? O, What fate have I, my limbs deny me go, My will is bated, beggary claims a part. O, could I here reach to the infant's heart! <i>Enter Master of the Colledge, three Gentlemen, and others with halberds. Find him</i></p> <p>ALL BUT HUSBAND Here, here,—yonder, yonder.</p> <p>MASTER Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous. The Scythians in their marble-hearted feats Could not have acted more remorseless deeds In their relentless natures than these of thine. Was this the answer I long waited on, The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?</p> <p>HUSBAND Why, he can have no more on's than our skins, And some of 'em want but flaying.</p> <p>FIRST GENTLEMAN Great sins have made him impudent.</p> <p>MASTER He's shed so much blood that he cannot blush.</p> <p>SECOND GENTLEMAN Away with him, bear him along to the Justices. A gentleman of worship dwells at hand, There shall his deeds be blazed.</p> <p>HUSBAND Why, all the better.</p> <p>My glory 'tis to have my action known,</p> <p>jade horse (contemptuous) spavin a horse tumour founder make lame Heart God's heart! of by flight arrow's flight plain . . . ground To stumble on even ground was considered a bad omen. 'Sfoot by God's foot throw gamble make hasten deny me go will not let me walk bated blunted, lessened claims a part is partly responsible Scythians proverbially barbarous</p>	<p>I grieve for nothing but I missed of one.</p> <p>MASTER There's little of a father in that grief. Bear him away. Exeunt</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enters a Knight with two or three Gentlemen</i></p> <p>KNIGHT Endangered so his wife? Murdered his children?</p> <p>KNIGHT'S GENTLEMAN So the cry comes.</p> <p>KNIGHT I am sorry I e'er knew him, That ever he took life and natural being From such an honoured stock and fair descent, Till this black minute without stain or blemish.</p> <p>KNIGHT'S GENTLEMAN Here come the men. <i>Enter the Master of the Colledge and the rest, with the Husband as prisoner</i></p> <p>KNIGHT The serpent of his house! I'm sorry for this time that I am in place of justice.</p> <p>MASTER Please you, sir—</p> <p>KNIGHT Do not repeat it twice. I know too much. Would it had ne'er been thought on. <i>[To Husband]</i> Sir, I bleed for you.</p> <p>KNIGHT'S GENTLEMAN <i>[to Husband]</i> Your father's sorrows are alive in me. What made you show such monstrous cruelty?</p> <p>HUSBAND In a word, sir, I have consumed all, played away long-acre, And I thought it the charitablest deed I could do To cozen beggary and knock my house o'th' head.</p> <p>KNIGHT O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.</p> <p>HUSBAND I repent now—that one's left unkilld, My brat at nurse. O, I would full fain have weaned him.</p> <p>KNIGHT Well, I do not think but in tomorrow's judgement The terror will sit closer to your soul When the dread thought of death remembers you;</p> <p>11 father's sorrows i.e. the sorrows your father would have felt if he had been alive 14 played gambled long-acre properly, a long, narrow field containing an acre; allusively, landed estate, patrimony; first recorded in Middleton, <i>Trick</i> 16 cozen cheat and knock . . . o'th' head by making my line extinct ('knock on the head', kill, put an end to) 19 weaned (by killing) 22 remembers recurs to</p>	<p>Sc. 7</p> <p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p>
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- To further which, take this sad voice from me:
Never was act played more unnaturally.
- HUSBAND
I thank you, sir.
- 25 KNIGHT Go lead him to the jail.
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.
- HUSBAND Come, come, away with me.
Exit Husband as prisoner, [guarded]
- MASTER
Sir, you deserve the worship of your place;
Would all did so. In you the law is grace.
- KNIGHT
30 It is my wish it should be so. Ruinous man,
The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessors' honoured name.
That man is nearest shame that is past shame.
- Exeunt*
- Sc. 8 *Enter Husband with the officers, the Master, and
Gentlemen, as going by his house*
- HUSBAND
I am right against my house, seat of my ancestors.
I hear my wife's alive, but much endangered.
Let me entreat to speak with her
Before the prison gripe me.
Enter his Wife brought in a chair
- 5 GENTLEMAN See here she comes of herself.
- WIFE
O my sweet husband, my dear distressed husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding,
Now my soul bleeds.
- HUSBAND How now, kind to me?
10 Did I not wound thee, left thee for dead?
- WIFE
Tut, far greater wounds did my breast feel,
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.
- HUSBAND Faith, and so I think I have.
- 15 I did my murders roughly, out of hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devised
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds apiece. Now glides the devil from me,
- 23 **sad voice** serious opinion
28 **worship...place** respect due to your
office
33 **nearest...past shame** most shameful
who is past feeling shame
8.0.2 **as...house** Presumably this implies
that he moves across the back of the
stage, perhaps from one stage door in
the direction of another.
4.1 **in a chair** A similar direction occurs
in the quarto text of *Othello*, 5.2.288:
'...Cassio [wounded] in a chair.' Some
kind of invalid's carrying-chair is implied.
13 **still** constantly
18-19 **Seven wounds...nails** Samuel
Harsnett's *Declaration of Eggregious Pop-
ish Impostures* (1603) describes how
exorcists gave a woman 'five blows,
in remembrance of the five wounds of
Christ, and seven in honour of the seven
sacraments' (sig. Ff2^v) in order to expel
evil spirits. He also describes how a priest
commanded a devil to go 'into the dead'
of a woman's nail.
20 **ne'er** never previously
21-2 **Bind...bottomless** Alluding to
Revelations 20:2-3: 'And he [the Angel]
took the dragon that old serpent which is
the devil and Satan, and he bound him
a thousand years: | And cast him into
the bottomless pit.' John Jowett plausibly
suggests (privately) that 'more' may be
an error for 'year'.
- Departs at every joint, heaves up my nails.
O, catch him new torments that were ne'er invented,
20 Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless, let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies,
To spread into a father and, in fury,
Make him his children's executioners,
25 Murder his wife, his servants, and who not?
For that man's dark where heaven is quite forgot.
- WIFE O my repentant husband!
- HUSBAND
My dear soul, whom I too much have wronged,
For death I die, and for this have I longed.
- 30 WIFE
Thou shouldst not, be assured, for these faults die
If the law could forgive as soon as I.
Children laid out
- HUSBAND What sight is yonder?
- WIFE
O, our two bleeding boys laid forth upon the threshold.
- HUSBAND
Here's weight enough to make a heartstring crack.
35 O were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks.
But you are playing in the angels' laps
40 And will not look on me
Who, void of grace, killed you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again
Though I did beg with you, which thing I feared.
45 O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so bleared.
O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live.
- WIFE
It makes me e'en forget all other sorrows
And have part with this.
- OFFICER Come, will you go? 50
- HUSBAND
I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I go.
My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.
Farewell, dear wife, now thou and I must part.
- 30 **For** for causing
32.1 **Children laid out** Presumably the
bodies should be brought on to the stage
at this point; or they might be revealed
from behind a door or hanging.
34 **bleeding** perhaps alluding to the superstition
that bodies bleed in the presence of
their murderer
38 **glasses** i.e. eyes
39 **both...shoot** This elliptical expression
seems to mean that tears for the murders
of both boys would spring forth on his
cheeks.
45 **Though** even if
46 **enemy** i.e. the devil
50 **have part with** participate wholly in

THE LIFE OF TIMON OF ATHENS

Text edited and annotated by John Jowett, introduced by Sharon O'Dair

WITH the inclusion of *Timon of Athens* in this edition of Thomas Middleton's *Collected Works*, readers may experience a familiar play differently. No longer need we assume that *Timon* is unfinished, as Hermann Ulrici suggested in 1815; or that it is inferior Shakespeare, perhaps even a sign of a midlife crisis, as E. K. Chambers suggested in 1930. Instead, we can now experience *Timon* as we experience *The Two Noble Kinsmen* or *The Changeling*—as an artistic and commercial collaboration between two professional playwrights. Of course, to think of *Timon* as a play partly by Middleton will not solve at once the oft-noted problems about the play's structure or interpretation. But as we become more comfortable in thinking of *Timon* as adjacent not only to *King Lear* but also to *Michaelmas Term* (with its almost womanless, homosocial world) and to *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (with its ruthless creditors), and as a play whose sources include not only North's translation of Plutarch but also an anonymous pamphlet that Middleton used in writing *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, it is likely we will at least reconceptualize many of those problems.

The suggestion that the play was written collaboratively is not new. In 1838, the editor Charles Knight concluded that *Timon* might not be entirely Shakespeare's own work. Following Knight's lead, editors and critics suggested over the course of the nineteenth century a number of candidates for the role of Shakespeare's collaborator, including Chapman, Day, Middleton, Tourneur, and Wilkins. But only Middleton has survived sustained investigation. Studies of *Timon* by Lake (1975), Jackson (1979), Holdsworth (1982), Taylor (1987), and Hope (1994) examine the play in the context of Jacobean drama and offer 'extensive, independent, and compelling evidence' that Middleton composed about one-third of *Timon*, including all of scene 2, all of scenes 5 through 10, and probably parts of scenes 4, 13, and 14 as well (Taylor 1987).

Historically, most attempts to settle on another hand in *Timon* have tried to explain perceived deficiencies in a play assumed to be by Shakespeare—hence the repeated references in the critical and editorial literatures to an 'inferior author' or to parts of the play that do not measure up to 'the Shakespearean yardstick'. In a postmodern critical and theatrical climate, however, in which Shakespeare is not held to be without fault or peer, the search for a collaborator is no longer a search for a scapegoat. With the identification of Middleton as Shakespeare's collaborator, the questions are these: will Middleton's considerable and growing reputation lead to a more positive or favourable assessment of *Timon*? And if so, can such assessments

influence positively what we see on stage, make for a *Timon* with more stage-worthiness?

Obviously neither question, and especially the latter, can be answered here and now. What we do know is that a focus on the play as exclusively Shakespearean has left critics, directors, and audiences frustrated and unsatisfied. Critics and audiences have long complained about the second half of the play, which is undramatic, a series of static encounters in which the misanthropic Timon rails at a variety of Athenians, thus taking revenge on those he knew when he was the generous and magnificent Timon. As a number of critics have noted, these are encounters that interest audiences intellectually more than emotionally, which is not generally a recipe for success on the stage. And they are encounters, it should be noted in this context, that undoubtedly were written by Shakespeare.

Critics and audiences have complained, too, about the confusing and ambiguous characterization of Alcibiades. Some have wondered why he appears in the play at all, apparently not impressed by H. J. Oliver's now-creaky modernist explanation: like other Shakespearean men of action (including Fortinbras, Octavius, or Aufidius), Alcibiades functions as a foil to the more contemplative Timon, and survives the hero 'partly because he has a clearer view of things and is more efficient, but partly because (it is the thought that recurs most often in Shakespeare) efficiency has been bought at the price of a certain loss of sensitivity'. And in the last quarter century, a chorus of critics and viewers have complained about the play's 'exclusion' of women. For these, Alcibiades' two whores and the Amazons who appear in the Masque of scene 2 are hardly significant, and indicate that what is going on in Athens is fundamentally unsound or distasteful, the extremes of which, as Karen Newman puts it, 'might be alliteratively described as capitalism and castration'.

Even contemporary audiences who have had opportunities to judge the play in performance find the play unsatisfying. *Timon* has been performed more often in the last 50 years than it was performed in the previous two and a half centuries. What this frequency reveals, however, is not increased popularity or greater receptivity to the play's themes and movements, but the influence of increasingly numerous Shakespeare festivals, with their tendencies not to shirk even one bit of the canon. At least two studies suggest that despite the higher absolute numbers of productions, despite the likelihood of finding *Timon* in Newfoundland or Utah or Prague, *Timon* re-

mains one of the three or four plays in the Shakespearean canon that is least likely to be put on the stage (Sanders; Williams). And even when a production is 'of great originality and distinction, . . . and perfectly successful in its own terms' (Berry), such as that directed in 1983 by Robin Phillips in Ontario, *Timon* troubles the box office. Despite its critical success, audiences stayed away from Phillips's production: the house was 'so shrunken ultimately that seats in the balcony and side aisles were, by the cunning of the computer, made out of bounds, so that the poor devils on the stage might have some sense of a crowd to play to' (Mellamphy). *Timon*, it seems, always makes the 'box-office "black list" of . . . losers' (Thomson).

This is not to say that over the centuries *Timon* has not attracted spirited defenders and admirers, both theatrical and literary, such as William Hazlitt and Friedrich Schiller, and even philosophical and political, such as Karl Marx and (if Michael Simmonds is to be believed) John Ruskin. Contemporary directors and critics find much to admire in the play and seem to want the play to succeed theatrically. Even a bit of lobbying goes on: given life in the late twentieth century, the play *should* succeed theatrically. We *should* appreciate, if not enjoy, the play because we, too, live in 'times of lessened expectations and bleak horizons' (Ruszkiewicz), and can see 'in *Timon* a recognizable man, one without spiritual resources in a mean-spirited world, who makes his fiercest commitment of all to despair' (Williams). We should appreciate *Timon* because ours, too, is 'an opulent civilization in catastrophe' in which misanthropy seems the justified response to 'greed and materialism and self-interest' (Zinman).

Convinced, like the critics, that they know why *Timon* is 'so much the play for our times' (Zinman), contemporary directors have focused on constructing *Timon* as social satire. Beginning with Willard Stoker's modern dress production in 1947, in which the second half of the play was set beside a bomb crater, and Tyrone Guthrie's production at the Old Vic in 1952, in which *Timon* was 'the spoiled Darling of Fortune whom Fortune suddenly spurns' (Guthrie, cited by Williams), directors have sought to make *Timon* relevant to audiences by emphasizing the play's relationship to putative failures of Western society—its militarism, its materialism, its self-interest and greed. In 1974, Peter Brook staged the play in French at the Théâtre des Bouffes-du-Nord in Paris, an abandoned Victorian theatre, gutted and scarred long ago by fire. In the remains of the red and gilt theatre, Brook's *Timon*—abstract, austere, and informal, seemingly unconcerned with period consistencies or contemporary relevancies—nevertheless precisely conveyed an image of the doom of consumer society, of the decline of the West.

Brook's vision of the play is perhaps not surprising in a society that had been rocked by the first 'oil crisis'. But the decline of the West is not a theme tied by contemporary directors or critics to a certain date, and certainly not to 1974, with its emerging inflationary spiral. The decline of the West plays well, for seemingly the West is always already in decline, and if not 1974, then a director can

find a suitable setting for *Timon* in the Edwardian era, as Phillips did in 1983, and which Ralph Berry judged 'the ideal frame for the drama of opulence and disintegration'. If not satisfied with the age of property, a director can turn to the roaring 1920s, as Michael Langham did in 1991 at Stratford, Ontario; and, with the help of a splendid score by Duke Ellington originally commissioned for Stratford's 1963 production, he can reveal *Timon* to be 'the Great Gatsby *de leurs jours*' (Zinman).

Or, if near-relevance is not enough, a director can set *Timon* in the present, as Trevor Nunn did for his production at the Young Vic in London, also in 1991. Nunn put onto the stage not only what reviewer Peter Holland calls 'the violent underbelly of . . . Thatcherite consumer capitalism'—including an armed robbery, plain-clothes policemen, tramps, a vacant lot, and six wrecked cars—but also Thatcherite capitalism's more satisfying upper middle-class surface, its accessible amenities, such as computers, cell phones, squash courts, and bottles of Evian water. Nunn materialized this *Timon* through an impressive accumulation of social detail and a strategic rewriting of the play, rewriting intended 'to clarify what is impossibly obscure, to expand what is impenetrably telescoped and to make dramatic what is inert in the story' (Nunn, cited by Holland).

It is a cliché to say that every age invents its own Shakespeare; but clichés develop because they are to some degree accurate about what they describe. In the eighteenth century, *Timon* became an object lesson about the consequences of ostentation and liberality, and in the nineteenth, *Timon* was idealized, conceived most often as a noble victim of a corrupt society (Butler). The late twentieth century has cast the play as social satire, with *Timon* himself conceived variously: by Phillips and Langham, as a disillusioned millionaire; by Brook, as a disillusioned liberal; by Guthrie, as a disillusioned spoiled fool; by all, as one for whom it is impossible to feel pity or fear.

In the search for contemporary relevance, a relevance that seems so obvious—what could be more socially responsible or satisfying than to denounce contemporary society's greed or brutality?—what tends to be overlooked, as I have argued elsewhere, is the play's historical specificity, its location in a moment of social and economic development. What tends to be overlooked, ironically, are the important lessons Karl Marx drew from Shakespeare and Middleton's presentation of *Timon's* fall. Consider *Timon's* paean to gold (14.28–42), that 'immense malediction of malediction', which Marx loved and absorbed 'with a kind of delight whose signs are unmistakable' (Derrida). For Marx, the speech crystallizes the structurally transformative power of gold or money; Marx is less concerned with the ways money affects a person's personality than with the ways money allows a person to affect society. In the *Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts* (1844), Marx explains this point: 'that which I am unable to do as a *man*, and of which therefore all my individual essential powers are incapable, I am able to do by means of

money'. Money provides anyone who obtains it the power to 'overturn... and confound... all human and natural qualities,' to bring about 'the fraternization of incompatibles'. This power—what Timon describes as the power to make 'Black white, foul fair, wrong right, | Base noble, old young, coward valiant'—would alter profoundly the largely static and traditional societies of medieval Europe.

Such is the social revolutionary force of capital about which Marx and Timon complain: under its influence society can be transformed structurally, everything can be turned 'into its *contrary*' (Marx, *Manuscripts*). Money accomplishes a 'transfiguring alchemy', as Jacques Derrida notes, and it does so because it is 'a radical leveller', which 'extinguishes all distinctions' (Marx, *Capital*). Money will 'Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads' and give a thief 'title, knee, and approbation', the kind of honour traditionally reserved for 'senators on the bench'. Money can bring blessing to the 'accursed and | Make the hoar leprosy adored'. With enough money, even 'the wappered widow' can find a new husband: 'She whom the spittle house and ulcerous sores | Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices | To th' April day again'. Money allows 'social power [to become] the private power of private persons', as Marx argued in *Capital*, and as such, money disrupts and eventually undermines static and hierarchical social orders. Timon turns misanthropic for good reasons: his friends' failure to rescue him from ruin forces him to confront the deeply transformative, and in his eyes, the deeply evil effects of rationalized economic behaviour.

Marx identifies in *Timon* an expression of the structural power of capital, but Shakespeare and Middleton achieve this result by focusing attention on a contemporary social problem, what Lawrence Stone calls 'the crisis of the aristocracy'—the nobility's need to adapt behaviourally to the emergence of capitalism, which itself depended on freeing economic decision-making from determination by ethics and morality or the control of religious institutions. One of the many divisive and lengthy battles in this liberation occurred over the legitimization of interest-taking on loans; in 1571, Parliament repealed the Act of 1552, which had reinforced medieval prohibitions on moneylending by outlawing 'the taking of any interest whatever, under pain of imprisonment and fine, in addition to the forfeiture of principal and interest' (Tawney). The compromise Act of 1571 clearly 'was a turning point', according to R. H. Tawney, because it distinguished between usury and interest and legalized the latter. Another of the battles in this liberation focused on sumptuary laws, which regulated according to ascribed social status the kinds of clothes a person could purchase and wear. Like the prohibitions on interest-taking, the legal regulation of dress was repeatedly reinforced by the state during the Elizabethan period, but unsuccessfully; in 1604, the sumptuary laws were eliminated. In both cases, Pandora had already opened the box. As Lisa Jardine points out with respect to the sumptuary laws, 'the affluent burghers with ready

money to dress like the gentry were also the purveyors of the commodity being legislated about: expensive fabrics'.

The noble Timon ruins his estate and himself by holding to a set of economic and ethical norms that are not just under pressure but clearly no longer in force. Commensurate with the norm that usury is sinful, for example, Timon believes that a nobleman should give, and give freely, without expectation of immediate, or even of any, return:

Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! (2.97–102)

As this passage and others make clear, Timon thinks about money differently from us. Money is not a personal matter for him: both giving money and getting it occur through a generalized exchange among a group of men that over time is equitable. In Timon's world, furthermore, money is a means to an end, which itself is vastly more important than money: that of displaying through conspicuous consumption one's status, one's position relative to others. In contrast, as Middleton's scenes in this play show, Timon's 'brothers' or peers have learned, perhaps from hard experience, to behave less like Antonio and Bassanio and more like Shylock, or us: they will not allow others to command their fortunes, but will judge for themselves when to lend money and when not to, 'especially upon bare friendship, | without security' (5.41–2).

Timon's honour and prestige is deeply staked to his gift-giving. Indeed, Timon's 'power depends on his bounty', as David Bevington and David L. Smith observe. His gift-giving is rivalrous, as is the potlatch for the chieftains of the tribes of the American north-west, described by Marcel Mauss in *The Gift*, or to a lesser degree, the seasonal balls given by the élites of late nineteenth-century America, described by Thorstein Veblen in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. What I wish to emphasize here are not the particular similarities or dissimilarities between Timon and the chiefs or the corporate chiefs, but rather Mauss's point that gift exchange is economic as well as social activity. Furthermore, as Veblen implies, market exchange itself is imbued with the behavioural norms of non-market exchange, which is why Veblen addresses the history of the leisure class in order to assess its role in contemporary economic life and why he—and we—can compare the potlatch to the society ball or to Timon's banquets: 'conspicuous consumption of valuable goods is a means of reputability to the gentleman of leisure'.

It has been argued, using Langham's 1991, jazz-era *Timon* as evidence, that performance of 'a classical play must lead the audience to see itself in the action, or it will cease to be a work of art which impels society towards the creation of new standards, and becomes one which inhibits creation' (Hayes). Perhaps. But Shakespeare and Middleton knew that audiences are not uniform in their

tastes or interests: relevance, or leading an audience to 'see itself in the action', must be an expansive and resonant effort. In the past half-century, our efforts with *Timon* have been narrowly focused on contemporary social satire, which has led not to 'the creation of new standards' but to frustration and disappointment. In productions of *Timon*, we might see ourselves—and the negative effects of capitalism—more clearly if we understand that Timon is not our contemporary. His failure in the face of capital is not an object lesson for us because, like other literary misanthropes, his experience has 'a determinate otherness, which is to say: not all misanthropes are alike. They have a history, which is a reflex of the history of social forms themselves' (Konstan). Timon's rage, therefore, is not the same as the rage of Menander's Knemon, or even of Molière's Alceste. Still, this kind of historical difference may be crucial and may offer a different way to make *Timon* 'relevant' to us: as Brook Thomas observes, it is through 'an exchange with texts from the past' that we gain 'a sense of the otherness of our own point of view', an insight that can then lead us to imagine 'alternative ways of world-making'.

Timon 'is a straightforward tract for the times', as E. C. Pettet suggested over fifty years ago: a tract for the early seventeenth century, when capital begins to transform society structurally, moving society's élite from gift-exchange and conspicuous consumption to market-exchange and increasing rates of saving. In *Timon*, Shakespeare and Middleton urge consideration of a specific historical moment, when the emergence of a capitalist economy begins to transform a society structurally—unsettling the status quo and confusing 'in equivalency the proper and the improper, credit and discredit, faith and lie, the "true and the false", oath, perjury, and abjuration . . .' (Derrida).

Marx would like us to agree that Timon's transformation symbolizes society's transformation under the influence of money and capital. But to do so requires an idealization of Timon's liberality and, more importantly, of the old order of feudalism that guarantees his priv-

ilege. In this, Marx's reading is perfectly attuned with other nineteenth-century readings of the play. In contrast, Shakespeare and Middleton do not make this association: however much they lament Timon's fall and however harshly they judge those who decline to help him, the authors do not idealize Timon or the social order that supports his privilege.

Shakespeare and Middleton were well-positioned to describe the structural transformations they dramatize, not just here in *Timon* but elsewhere as well, as in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* or Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, which display the effects on the social order generally, and on the nobility in particular, of an economy newly sprung open, of social mobility by people of 'the middling sort' like the playwrights themselves. Furthermore, Shakespeare and Middleton doubtless were quite aware of the social and economic possibilities of the professional theatre in which they worked and quite interested in promoting them, as Louis Montrose has emphasized. But Shakespeare and Middleton understood, too, that their success in promoting a professional theatre or themselves as, in Taylor's words, 'textual capitalists' ('Lives'), depended on dramatizing not just their own but a variety of points of view: Timon's as well as Shylock's; Orlando's as well as Yellowhammer's; and Petruccio's as well as the Roaring Girl's. Such variety inhibits—or should inhibit—the kinds of moralizing that has surrounded *Timon of Athens*, especially in the twentieth century. Newman is correct, I believe, to conclude that *Timon* offers a sexual narrative 'in which the absence of women is simply that, the absence of women'. We would do well to conclude, too, that in *Timon* the failure of the gift economy is simply that, the failure of the gift economy. It is not the end of a golden age of bounty and magnificence, an economic fall from which we can never recover.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 704

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 356

Other Middleton-Shakespeare works: *Macbeth*, 1165; *Measure*,

1542

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE and THOMAS MIDDLETON

The Life of Timon of Athens

[for the King's Men at The Globe]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

TIMON of Athens

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain
APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher

Flavius, Timon's STEWARD

LUCILIUS, a gentleman of Timon's household

FLAMINIUS, one of Timon's servants

SERVILIUS, another

Timon's THIRD SERVANT

A FOOL

A PAGE

LUCIUS } two flattering lords
LUCULLUS }

SEMPRONIUS, another flattering lord

Other LORDS

A POET

A PAINTER

A JEWELLER

A MERCHANT

A Mercer

An OLD ATHENIAN MAN

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends

One dressed as CUPID in the masque

LADIES: certain masquers dressed as Amazons

Certain SENATORS

Three STRANGERS, the second called Hostilius

LUCIUS' SERVANT

LUCULLUS' SERVANT

CAPHIS

ISIDORE'S SERVANT

Two of VARRO'S SERVANTS

TITUS' SERVANT

HORTENSIUS' SERVANT

PHILOTUS' SERVANT

} several servants to usurers

PHRYNIA

TIMANDRA

} whores with Alcibiades

The Banditti, certain THIEVES

A SOLDIER of Alcibiades' army

Other soldiers

MESSENGERS

With divers other servants and attendants

Sc. 1

Enter Poet [at one door], Painter [carrying a picture, at another door; followed by] Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors

POET

Good day, sir.

PAINTER I am glad you're well.

POET

I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

PAINTER

It wears, sir, as it grows.

POET

Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity, what strange,

Which manifold record not matches?—See,

Magic of bounty, all these spirits thy power

Hath conjured to attend.

[*Merchant and Jeweller meet. Mercer passes over the stage, and exits*]

I know the merchant.

PAINTER

I know them both. Th' other's a jeweller.

1.0.2-3 *followed...doors* The play opens with a convergence of clients attending on Timon. They establish two separate conversations (Poet and Painter, Merchant and Jeweller). The Mercer may be an accidental duplication of the Merchant, but can be understood

to add to the substance and bustle of the gathering clients ('all these spirits', 1.6, and compare the passage over the stage of the Senators at 1.38.1-1.41.1). The Painter is identifiable because carrying a picture; the Poet might wear a crown of laurel.

3 **wears** wears away
4 **what strange** what that is strange
5 **record** memory, recorded history
6 **spirits** (a) supernatural beings (b) people
7 **conjured to attend** Applies to both magical conjuration of spirits and the influence of patronage.

Scene 1

Timon of Athens.

MERCHANT [to Jeweller]		PAINTER [showing the picture]	
O, 'tis a worthy lord!		'Tis a good piece.	
JEWELLER	Nay, that's most fixed.	POET	
MERCHANT		So 'tis. This comes off well and excellent.	
10 A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,		PAINTER	
To an untirable and continue goodness.		Indifferent.	
He passes.		POET	Admirable. How this grace
JEWELLER [showing a jewel]		Speaks his own standing! What a mental power	30
I have a jewel here.		This eye shoots forth! How big imagination	
MERCHANT		Moves in this lip! To th' dumbness of the gesture	
O, pray, let's see't. For the Lord Timon, sir?		One might interpret.	
JEWELLER		PAINTER	
If he will touch the estimate. But for that—		It is a pretty mocking of the life.	35
POET [to himself]		Here is a touch; is't good?	
15 'When we for recompense have praised the vile,		POET	I will say of it,
It stains the glory in that happy verse		It tutors nature. Artificial strife	
Which aptly sings the good.'		Lives in these touches livelier than life.	
MERCHANT [to Jeweller]	'Tis a good form.		<i>Enter certain Senators</i>
JEWELLER		PAINTER	How this lord is followed!
And rich. Here is a water, look ye.		POET	The senators of Athens, happy men!
PAINTER [to Poet]		PAINTER	Look, more.
You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication			[The Senators pass over the stage, and exeunt]
To the great lord.		POET	
20 POET	A thing slipped idly from me.	You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.	
Our poesy is as a gum which oozes		I have in this rough work shaped out a man	
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint		Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug	
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame		With amplest entertainment. My free drift	45
Provokes itself, and like the current flies		Halts not particularly, but moves itself	
25 Each bound it chafes. What have you there?		In a wide sea of wax. No levelled malice	
PAINTER		Infects one comma in the course I hold,	
A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?		But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,	
POET		Leaving no tract behind.	50
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.		PAINTER	How shall I understand you?
Let's see your piece.			

9 **fixed** certain
 10 **breathed** accustomed through training
 11 **continue** continual
 12 **passes** excels
 14 **touch the estimate** reach the expected price
 15 **we** i.e. poets
 16 **happy** fortunate in its subject
 17 **form** (a) shape (b) kind, quality
 18 **water** transparency, lustre
 21-5 **Our... chafes** Poets, the Poet claims, are not subject to external and spasmodic stimulations such as a patron's favour; their verse flows slowly, spontaneously, at any time.
 22-3 **The... struck** Varies the proverb 'In the coldest flint there is hot fire'.
 24 **Provokes itself** i.e. stimulates itself without needing friction
 24-5 **like... chafes** The image is now of a river whose current bends away from a bank to avoid friction and turbulence.
 24 **flies** rushes away from
 25 **bound bank**
 27 **Upon the heels of** immediately after
presentment i.e. presentation of the book

to Timon
 30 **this grace** the grace of this figure
 31 **his** i.e. that of the person represented (presumably Timon)
 32 **big** greatly
 33 **Moves in** i.e. is expressed by the apparent movement (or expression) of
 35 **pretty** neatly contrived
mocking imitation, counterfeit
 36 **touch** brushstroke; fine, natural, or lifelike detail
 37 **Artificial strife** i.e. art's attempt to outdo nature
 39 **this lord** i.e. Timon
 41.1 **Senators** The term as applied to members of the Athenian Council is unusual and does not derive from recognized sources. It might anticipate costumes of classical robes, perhaps in contrast with contemporary Jacobean costume for the tradesmen and artisans. In the English context, *senators* could imply Members of Parliament, but Middleton's civic works often describe the City of London Council as senators. In the play the Senate seems to be an

exclusive governing council and its members typically have mercantile or financial connections. The status of Athens as a city state strengthens the analogy with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London rather than, or as well as, MPs. The roles are distinct from lords except after 11.1.04.1, 'Enter the Senators with other Lords'.
 44 **beneath world** mortal, changeable world (as distinct from the heavens)
 45 **entertainment** welcome
 46 **particularly** in individual cases
 47 **of wax** growing, becoming more potent (probably also referring to the practice of writing on tablets of wax)
levelled aimed at particular people
 48 **comma** (a) the punctuation mark (b) phrase
 49-50 **But... behind** Compare Wisdom of Solomon 5:10-11: 'as a bird that flieth through in the air... whereas afterward no token of her way can be found'.
 49 **flies** i.e. My free drift flies
 50 **tract** trace; track

POET I will unbolt to you.
 You see how all conditions, how all minds,
 As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures as
 55 Of grave and austere quality, tender down
 Their service to Lord Timon. His large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
 Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced flatterer
 60 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself—even he drops down
 The knee before him, and returns in peace,
 Most rich in Timon's nod.
 PAINTER I saw them speak together.
 POET
 65 Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feigned Fortune to be throned. The base o' th' mount
 Is ranked with all deserts, all kind of natures
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states. Amongst them all
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed
 70 One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.
 PAINTER 'Tis conceived to scope.
 75 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckoned from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well expressed
 In our condition.
 POET Nay, sir, but hear me on.
 80 All those which were his fellows but of late,
 Some better than his value, on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
 Drink the free air.
 PAINTER Ay, marry, what of these?

POET
 When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
 85 Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
 Which laboured after him to the mountain's top
 Even on their knees and hands, let him fall down,
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.
 PAINTER 'Tis common. 90
 A thousand moral paintings I can show
 That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
 More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
 To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
 95 The foot above the head.
Trumpets sound. Enter Lord Timon [wearing a rich jewel], addressing himself courteously to every suitor, [a Messenger from Ventidius with him; Lucilius and other Servants]
 TIMON [to Messenger] Imprisoned is he, say you?
 MESSENGER
 Ay, my good lord. Five talents is his debt,
 His means most short, his creditors most strait.
 Your honourable letter he desires
 To those have shut him up, which failing,
 100 Periods his comfort.
 TIMON Noble Ventidius! Well,
 I am not of that feather to shake off
 My friend when he must need me. I do know him
 A gentleman that well deserves a help,
 Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt and free him. 105
 MESSENGER Your lordship ever binds him.
 TIMON
 Commend me to him. I will send his ransom;
 And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me.
 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after. Fare you well. 110
 MESSENGER All happiness to your honour. *Exit*
Enter an Old Athenian
 OLD MAN
 Lord Timon, hear me speak.

53 **conditions** (a) social ranks (b) temperaments
 55 **quality** (a) rank, nobility (b) character
 56 **large fortune** great good fortune, illustriousness (hinting also at 'ample wealth')
 58 **Subdues** makes subservient
properties appropriates
 59 **glass-faced** mirror-faced (reflecting his patron's moods and opinions)
 62 **returns** goes away
 63 **Most... nod** (a) most gratified in Timon's approval (b) most enriched by Timon's assent
 65 **Feigned** represented
 66 **ranked lined**
all deserts people of every kind of merit
 67 **this sphere** (the earth)
 68 **propagate** increase
states possessions, fortunes
 69 **this sovereign lady** i.e. Fortune. The Poet's depiction of Fortune's mount was

traditional.
 72 **Whose** i.e. Fortune's
present grace graciousness of the moment
to into
present slaves immediate slaves
 73 **Translates** transforms
to scope to the purpose, aptly
 77 **expressed** exemplified
 78 **our condition** the circumstances we find around us
 80 **his value** him in value (or status)
 83 **stirrup** (held by followers when the rider mounts his horse)
 83-4 **through... air** depend on him even for the air they breathe. Air was proverbially free.
 89 **declining** falling, sinking
foot (as the part of the body others follow)
 91 **moral** allegorical

92 **demonstrate** (accented on the second syllable)
quick vigorous, sharp. *Pregnantly* in 1.93 gives wordplay on 'with child'.
 93 **pregnantly** cogently (and see previous note)
 94 **mean eyes** the eyes of the lowly
 95 **The foot... head** i.e. the foot of the fortunate of Fortune's hill advanced above the vulnerable aspirant's head
 97 **Five talents** A considerable sum: a talent could be over 56 lbs of silver.
 98 **strait** exacting
 100-1 **which... comfort** if which fails, his hopes end
 102 **feather** i.e. disposition
 106 **ever binds him** makes him obliged for ever
 110 **But** i.e. but also necessary
 111.1 **Athenian** Another suggestion of specifically ancient Greek costume.

Scene 1

The Life of Tymon of Athens.

TIMON Freely, good father.

OLD MAN
Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.
TIMON I have so. What of him?

115 OLD MAN
Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

TIMON
Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

LUCILIUS [*coming forward*] Here at your lordship's service.

OLD MAN
This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
120 That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher.

TIMON Well, what further?

OLD MAN
One only daughter have I, no kin else
On whom I may confer what I have got.
125 The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love. I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort.

130 MYSELF have spoke in vain.

TIMON The man is honest.

OLD MAN Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

135 TIMON Does she love him?

OLD MAN She is young and apt.
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

TIMON [*to Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

LUCILIUS
Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

OLD MAN
140 If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

TIMON How shall she be endowed
If she be mated with an equal husband?

OLD MAN
145 Three talents on the present; in future, all.

TIMON
This gentleman of mine hath served me long.
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter.
What you bestow in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

OLD MAN Most noble lord,
150 Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

TIMON
My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

LUCILIUS
Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping
Which is not owed to you. *Exit [with Old Man]* 155

POET [*presenting a poem to Timon*]
Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

TIMON
I thank you. You shall hear from me anon.
Go not away. [*To Painter*] What have you there, my
friend?

PAINTER
A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

TIMON Painting is welcome. 160
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance 165
Till you hear further from me.

PAINTER The gods preserve ye!

TIMON
Well fare you, gentleman. Give me your hand.
We must needs dine together. [*To Jeweller*] Sir, your
jewel
Hath suffered under praise.

JEWELLER What, my lord, dispraise?

TIMON
A mere satiety of commendations. 170
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extolled
It would unclue me quite.

JEWELLER My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give; but you well know
Things of like value differing in the owners
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord, 175

112 **father** respectful form of address to an older man
118 **creature** dependant (disparaging)
121 **more raised** of higher breeding
122 **one...trencher** i.e. a domestic servant. A *trencher* was a wooden dish or plate.
125 **for a bride** of marriageable age
127 **qualities** accomplishments
129 **her resort** recourse to her
131 **honest** honourable
132 **will be** i.e. will be honest. Based on the proverb 'Virtue is its own reward'.
133 **His...itself** proverbial

134 **bear** carry away with it
136 **apt** easily impressed
148 **bond** obligation
150 **with** equally with
151 **Pawn...honour** if you will pawn your honour to this
155 **owed to you** acknowledged as owing to your generosity (or 'due to you as a debt')
156 **Vouchsafe** deign to accept
162 **traffics** has dealings
163 **but outside** merely outer appearances

pencilled painted with brush-strokes
164 **Even...out** just what they appear to be
165 **find I like it** oblique for 'be well paid for it'
169 **Hath...praise** i.e. cannot hope to match the high praise it has been given. The Jeweller understands *under-praise*, 'depreciation'.
170 **mere** utter, absolute
172 **unclue** undo
172-3 **rated** | As put at a price that
175 **by** according to

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
 TIMON Well mocked.
 MERCHANT
 No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue
 Which all men speak with him.
Enter Apemantus
 TIMON Look who comes here.
 180 Will you be chid?
 JEWELLER We'll bear, with your lordship.
 MERCHANT He'll spare none.
 TIMON
 Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
 APEMANTUS
 Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow—
 185 When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
 TIMON
 Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou know'st them
 not.
 APEMANTUS Are they not Athenians?
 TIMON Yes.
 APEMANTUS Then I repent not.
 190 JEWELLER You know me, Apemantus?
 APEMANTUS
 Thou know'st I do. I called thee by thy name.
 TIMON Thou art proud, Apemantus!
 APEMANTUS Of nothing so much as that I am not like
 Timon.
 195 TIMON Whither art going?
 APEMANTUS To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
 TIMON That's a deed thou'lt die for.
 APEMANTUS Right, if doing nothing be death by th' law.
 TIMON How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?
 200 APEMANTUS The best for the innocence.
 TIMON
 Wrought he not well that painted it?
 APEMANTUS He wrought better that made the painter, and
 yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
 PAINTER You're a dog.
 205 APEMANTUS Thy mother's of my generation. What's she, if
 I be a dog?
 TIMON Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
 APEMANTUS No, I eat not lords.
 TIMON An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.
 210 APEMANTUS O, they eat lords. So they come by great bellies.

TIMON
 That's a lascivious apprehension.
 APEMANTUS
 So thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy labour.
 TIMON
 How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
 APEMANTUS Not so well as plain dealing, which will not
 cost a man a doit. 215
 TIMON
 What dost thou think 'tis worth?
 APEMANTUS Not worth my thinking.
 How now, poet?
 POET How now, philosopher?
 APEMANTUS Thou liest.
 POET Art not one? 220
 APEMANTUS Yes.
 POET Then I lie not.
 APEMANTUS Art not a poet?
 POET Yes.
 APEMANTUS Then thou liest. Look in thy last work, where
 thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow. 225
 POET That's not feigned, he is so.
 APEMANTUS Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for
 thy labour. He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' th'
 flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord! 230
 TIMON What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
 APEMANTUS E'en as Apemantus does now: hate a lord with
 my heart.
 TIMON What, thyself?
 APEMANTUS Ay. 235
 TIMON Wherefore?
 APEMANTUS That I had no angry wit but to be a lord.—
 Art not thou a merchant?
 MERCHANT Ay, Apemantus.
 APEMANTUS
 Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
 MERCHANT If traffic do it, the gods do it. 240
 APEMANTUS
 Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!
Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger
 TIMON What trumpet's that?
 MESSENGER
 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse
 All of companionship. 245

176 **mend** increase the value of
 177 **mocked** counterfeited (as a sales pitch)
 181 **bear, with** suffer, along with
 184 **stay . . . morrow** i.e. you will have to
 wait for a greeting
 191 **thy name** i.e. *knave*
 200 **for the** on account of its
innocence (a) artlessness, guilelessness
 (perhaps because Apemantus sees ob-
 vious faults in the person painted that
 the Painter has failed to conceal), or
 (b) harmlessness (of the painted figure,
 in contrast with the represented person)

202 **He** i.e. God
 204 **dog** A general insult; also an allusion
 to Apemantus' cynic philosophy, as *cynic*
 is derived from the Greek for 'dog'.
 205 **generation** breed, species (punning on
 'age-group')
 208 **eat not lords** i.e. do not consume the
 wealth that makes lords
 210 **eat** Quibbles on sexual 'devouring',
 hence the *great bellies* of pregnancy.
 211 **apprehension** idea
 212 **So . . . labour** as you took possession
 of it, keep it as reward for your effort

(punning on *apprehend* as 'understand')
 214–15 **Not . . . doit** From the proverbs 'Plain
 dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die
 beggars' and 'Not worth a doit'.
 215 **doit** (a coin of small value)
 223–5 **Art . . . liest** From the proverb,
 'Painters and poets have leave to lie'.
 226 **him** i.e. Timon
 237 **angry wit** wit in my anger
 240 **Traffic** business, trade
confound ruin
 244 **horse** horsemen
 245 **of companionship** in one party

Scene 1

Timon of Athens.

TIMON [to Servants]
 Pray entertain them. Give them guide to us.
 [Exit one or more Servants]
 [To Jeweller] You must needs dine with me. [To Poet]
 Go not you hence
 Till I have thanked you. [To Painter] When dinner's
 done
 Show me this piece. [To all] I am joyful of your sights.
 Enter Alcibiades with his horsemen. [They greet
 Timon]
 250 Most welcome, sir!
 APEMANTUS [aside] So, so, there.
 Achës contract and starve your supple joints!
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
 knaves,
 255 And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
 Into baboon and monkey.
 ALCIBIADES [to Timon]
 Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
 Most hungrily on your sight.
 TIMON Right welcome, sir!
 Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
 Enter two Lords
 FIRST LORD
 260 What time o' day is't, Apemantus?
 APEMANTUS
 Time to be honest.
 FIRST LORD That time serves still.
 APEMANTUS
 The most accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.
 SECOND LORD
 Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
 APEMANTUS
 Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
 265 SECOND LORD Fare thee well, fare thee well.
 APEMANTUS
 Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
 SECOND LORD Why, Apemantus?

APEMANTUS Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
 to give thee none.
 FIRST LORD Hang thyself! 270
 APEMANTUS No, I will do nothing at thy bidding. Make thy
 requests to thy friend.
 SECOND LORD Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee
 hence.
 APEMANTUS I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass. [Exit] 275
 FIRST LORD
 He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
 And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes
 The very heart of kindness.
 SECOND LORD
 He pours it out. Plutus the god of gold
 Is but his steward; no meed but he repays 280
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding
 All use of quittance.
 FIRST LORD The noblest mind he carries
 That ever governed man.
 SECOND LORD
 Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in? 285
 FIRST LORD I'll keep you company. Exeunt

Sc. 2

Oboes playing loud music. A great banquet served
 in, [Steward and Servants attending]; and then
 enter Lord Timon, [Alcibiades], the States, the
 Athenian Lords, Ventidius which Timon redeemed
 from prison. Then comes, dropping after all,
 Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself
 VENTIDIUS
 Most honoured Timon,
 It hath pleased the gods to remember
 My father's age, and call him to long peace.
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
 5 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
 I derived liberty.
 TIMON O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius. You mistake my love.

246 entertain receive, welcome
 248 thanked i.e. rewarded
 249.1-2 Enter... Timon The staging of
 Alcibiades' arrival and greeting may be
 informed by Plutarch, who described him
 as 'a bold and insolent youth whom he
 [Timon] would greatly feast and make
 much of, and kissed him very gladly'.
 252 Achës disyllabic form of *aches*, referring
 to rheumatism, arthritis, etc.
 starve paralyse, disable
 254 bred out dissipated through over-
 breeding
 256 saved my longing gratified my desire to
 be with you. Proverbial.
 258 depart part company
 259 different various

259.2 two Lords They might be Lucius and
 Lucullus.
 261 That time serves still it is always an
 opportune time for that
 264 meat food
 273 spurn kick
 275 heels hooves
 276 opposite to (a) set in opposition to
 (b) the opposite of
 279 pours it out i.e. is unrestrainedly
 generous
 280 meed (a) gift, or (b) merit
 283 All use of quittance repayment with full
 interest
 2.0.1 A great banquet i.e. a full banquet, as
 distinct from a light dessert (as was more

usual on stage, and the 'idle banquet' of
 2.1.53). A loaded table and chairs need
 to be brought on stage. The dialogue
 after 2.2.35 provides a possible occasion
 for clearing them.
 0.3 States persons of rank, senators
 0.6 like himself in his usual manner
 3 long peace death
 6 free generous (with wordplay with
 'bound', 2.5, and 'at liberty', 2.8)
 6-7 I...service Has overtones of the
 parable of the talents, Matthew 25:20,
 etc: 'Master, thou delivered'st unto me
 five talents; behold, I have gained with
 them other five talents...'.
 7 service respect, homage

10 I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

VENTIDIUS
A noble spirit!
[*The Lords stand with ceremony*]

TIMON
15 Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit. More welcome are ye to my fortunes
20 Than my fortunes to me.
[*They sit*]

FIRST LORD
My lord, we always have confessed it.

APEMANTUS
Ho, ho, confessed it? Hanged it, have you not?

TIMON
O, Apemantus! You are welcome.

APEMANTUS No,
You shall not make me welcome.
25 I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

TIMON
Fie, thou'rt a churl. Ye've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yon man is ever angry.
30 Go, let him have a table by himself,
For he does neither affect company
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

APEMANTUS
Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon.
I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

35 TIMON I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome. I myself would have no power:
prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

APEMANTUS I scorn thy meat. 'Twould choke me, for I
should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods, what a number

of men eats Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me
to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and
all the madness is, he cheers them up, too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Methinks they should invite them without knives:
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
45 There's much example for't. The fellow that sits next
him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of
him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill
him. 'T'as been proved. If I were a huge man, I should
fear to drink at meals,
50 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes.
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

TIMON [*drinking to a Lord*]
My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

SECOND LORD
Let it flow this way, my good lord.

APEMANTUS 'Flow this way'? A brave fellow; he keeps his
tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state
look ill, Timon.
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner:
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire.
This and my food are equals; there's no odds.
60 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.
Apemantus' grace
Immortal gods, I crave no pelf.
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond
To trust man on his oath or bond,
65 Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't.
70 Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*He eats*]
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus.

TIMON Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

ALCIBIADES My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

10-11 **and...receives** Echoes Luke 6:34, 'if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank shall ye have?', and Acts 20:35, 'It is a blessed thing to give, rather than to receive'.
13 **Faults...fair** From the proverb 'Rich men have no faults'.
15 **ceremony** conventional forms of deference
16 **faint** spiritless, reluctant, indistinct
21 **confessed** acknowledged. But Apemantus alludes to the proverb 'Confess and be hanged', in which the sense is 'admit guilt'.
26 **churl** unmannered peasant
humour disposition
28 **Ira...est** Latin for 'anger is a short madness'; from Horace, *Epistles*, 1.2.62;

proverbial in English.
33 **apperil** peril
34 **observe** watch and make critical comments
41 **dip...blood** Reminiscent of the Last Supper of Christ: 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, he shall betray me' (Matthew 26:23).
42 **cheers them up** encourages them
44 **without knives** Guests usually brought their own knives to eat with.
46-52 **The...throats** Merges Judas Iscariot's betrayal of Christ after the Last Supper (see note to 2.4.1) with the proverb 'To laugh in one's face and cut one's throat'.
47 **pledges the breath** drinks to the life
48 **divided** shared, passed from guest to guest

49 **huge** eminent
51 **dangerous** vulnerable
notes (a) musical sounds (as of a *pipe*) (b) distinguishing marks
52 **harness** armour
53 **in heart** (a toast of fellowship)
55-6 **keeps his tides** doesn't miss his opportunity. *Tides* is both 'times, occasions' and the sea's *flow*.
59 **left man i'th' mire** proverbial
60 **no odds** nothing to choose between them
61 **proud** (a) arrogant (b) lavish
62 **pelf** plunder
66 **Or...weeping** From the proverb, 'Trust not a woman when she weeps'.
72 **dich** do it (?); or perhaps *dight*, 'dress, array'

75 TIMON You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than
 a dinner of friends.
 ALCIBIADES So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's
 no meat like 'em. I could wish my best friend at such a
 feast.
 80 APEMANTUS Would all those flatterers were thine enemies
 then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and bid me to 'em.
 FIRST LORD [to Timon] Might we but have that happiness,
 my lord, that you would once use our hearts whereby
 we might express some part of our zeals, we should
 85 think ourselves for ever perfect.
 TIMON O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods them-
 selves have provided that I shall have much help from
 you. How had you been my friends else? Why have you
 that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly
 90 belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself
 than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf;
 and thus far I confirm you. 'O you gods,' think I, 'what
 need we have any friends if we should ne'er have need
 of 'em? They were the most needless creatures living,
 95 should we ne'er have use for 'em, and would most re-
 semble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keeps
 their sounds to themselves.' Why, I have often wished
 myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We
 are born to do benefits; and what better or properer
 100 can we call our own than the riches of our friends?
 O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like
 brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O, joy's
 e'en made away ere't can be born: mine eyes cannot
 hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink
 105 to you.
 APEMANTUS Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.
 SECOND LORD [to Timon]
 Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
 And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

APEMANTUS
 Ho, ho, I laugh to think that babe a bastard.
 THIRD LORD [to Timon]
 I promise you, my lord, you moved me much. 110
 APEMANTUS Much!
Sound tucket [within]
 TIMON What means that trumpet?
Enter a Servant
 How now?
 SERVANT Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most
 desirous of admittance. 115
 TIMON Ladies? What are their wills?
 SERVANT There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
 which bears that office to signify their pleasures.
 TIMON I pray let them be admitted.
Enter one as Cupid
 CUPID
 Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all 120
 That of his bounties taste! The five best senses
 Acknowledge thee their patron, and come freely
 To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. Th' ear,
 Taste, touch, smell, all, pleased from thy table rise.
 They only now come but to feast thine eyes. 125
 TIMON
 They're welcome all. Let 'em have kind admittance.
 Music make their welcome! [Exit Cupid]
 FIRST LORD
 You see, my lord, how ample you're beloved.
 [Music.] *Enter the masque of Ladies as Amazons*
 [representing the five senses], with lutes in their
 hands, dancing and playing
 APEMANTUS Hoy-day!
 What a sweep of vanity comes this way! 130
 They dance? They are madwomen.
 Like madness is the glory of this life

75-6 of enemies . . . of friends i.e. upon
 enemies . . . with friends
 77 bleeding new freshly killed (proverbial)
 81 to set to, eat
 83 use our hearts make use of our affections
 85 perfect contented
 89 charitable loving
 98 nearer (a) more closely tied (b) closer in
 rank
 98-9 We . . . benefits From the proverb 'We
 are not born for ourselves'.
 99 benefits favours, good deeds
 101-2 O . . . fortunes Probably influenced
 by Psalms 133:1: 'Behold how good and
 joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell
 together in unity'.
 103 made away killed. Joy instantly turns to
 tears.
 106 Thou . . . Timon Apemantus compresses
 Timon's words to produce an epigram on
 sacrifice.
 111.1 tucket flourish of trumpets. This
 marks the beginning of a masque pre-
 sented to entertain the guests and compli-
 ment the host (but Timon appears to

have arranged it himself: see note to
 2.148).
 118 that office to signify the office of
 announcing
 121-5 The . . . eyes This 'banquet of the
 senses' is an antitype of the 'celestial
 banquet' of Plato's *Symposium* as ex-
 pounded by Ficino.
 123 gratulate (a) gratify (b) greet (c) con-
 gratulate
 plenteous bounteous
 128.1 Amazons Women in *Timon* are
 confined to the roles of Amazons and
 whores. Though there were no women
 actors on the professional stage, female
 courtiers appeared in court masques, so
 the representation of the lady masquers
 as Amazons seems to reflect a complex
 and partly misogynistic public-theatre
 reaction to women on stage at court. No
 indication is given in the dialogue that
 the ladies are dressed as Amazons; they
 would probably be indicated as such on
 stage by wearing swords and plumed
 helmets.

128.2 representing the five senses This
 is suggested by 2.121-5. The senses
 might be indicated by motifs of the ear,
 tongue, finger, nose and eye on the
 costumes (the effect might be anything
 from decorous to grotesque). However,
 in the elaborate Caroline court masque
Coelum Britannicum the senses were
 represented emblematically as follows:
 Sight, a man holding a mirror and a
 shield showing an eagle staring at the
 sun; Hearing, a woman playing a lute
 with a hind near by; Taste, a woman
 holding a bowl of fruit; Touch, a woman
 holding a falcon; Smell, a youth standing
 in a stream of water. Mirror, lute, bowl
 of fruit, falcon, and bowl of liquid are
 possible properties on the public stage,
 though the stage-direction call for '*lutes*
in their hands' would make it difficult for
 the ladies to hold other objects.
 129 Hoy-day (an exclamation of astonish-
 ment)
 132 Like madness just such a madness

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
 We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves,
 135 And spend our flatteries to drink those men
 Upon whose age we void it up again
 With poisonous spite and envy.
 Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
 140 Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
 Of their friends' gift?
 I should fear those that dance before me now
 Would one day stamp upon me. 'T'as been done.
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of
 Timon; and to show their loves, each single out an
 Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty
 strain or two to the oboes; and cease*

TIMON
 145 You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind.
 You have added worth unto't and lustre,
 And entertained me with mine own device.
 I am to thank you for't.

FIRST LADY
 150 My lord, you take us even at the best.

APEMANTUS Faith; for the worst is filthy, and would not
 hold taking, I doubt me.

TIMON
 Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
 Please you to dispose yourselves.

155 ALL LADIES Most thankfully, my lord. *Exeunt Ladies*

TIMON Flavius.
 STEWARD My lord.
 TIMON The little casket bring me hither.
 STEWARD Yes, my lord. [*Aside*] More jewels yet?
 160 There is no crossing him in's humour,
 Else I should tell him well, i'faith I should.
 When all's spent, he'd be crossed then, an he could.
 'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
 That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *Exit*

165 FIRST LORD Where be our men?
 SERVANT Here, my lord, in readiness.
 SECOND LORD Our horses. *[Exit Servant]*

[*Enter Steward with the casket. He gives it to
 Timon, and exits*]
 TIMON O my friends,
 I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good
 lord,
 I must entreat you honour me so much 170
 As to advance this jewel. Accept it and wear it,
 Kind my lord.
 FIRST LORD
 I am so far already in your gifts.
 ALL LORDS So are we all.
 [*Timon gives them jewels.*]
Enter a Servant
 FIRST SERVANT My lord, there are certain nobles of the 175
 senate newly alighted and come to visit you.
 TIMON They are fairly welcome. *[Exit Servant]*
Enter Flavius the Steward
 STEWARD I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word; it
 does concern you near.
 TIMON
 Near? Why then, another time I'll hear thee. 180
 I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.
 STEWARD I scarce know how.
Enter another Servant
 SECOND SERVANT
 May it please your honour, Lord Lucius
 Out of his free love hath presented to you
 Four milk-white horses trapped in silver. 185
 TIMON
 I shall accept them fairly. Let the presents
 Be worthily entertained. *[Exit Servant]*
Enter a third Servant
 How now, what news?
 THIRD SERVANT Please you, my lord, that honourable gen-
 tleman Lord Lucullus entertains your company tomorrow
 to hunt with him, and has sent your honour two brace 190
 of greyhounds.
 TIMON
 I'll hunt with him, and let them be received
 Not without fair reward. *[Exit Servant]*
 STEWARD [*aside*] What will this come to?
 He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
 And all out of an empty coffer; 195
 Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this:

133 As...to as can be seen by comparing
 this pomp with
 a little oil and root i.e. a subsistence
 vegetarian diet
 135 spend (a) utter (b) part freely with
 (c) consume, exhaust
 drink (a) drink the health of (b) consume
 136 age old age
 138 depraved both 'villified' and 'perverted'
 139 spurn painful insult, rejection
 143 Men...sun From the proverb, 'Men
 more worship the rising than the setting
 sun'.
 143.1 adoring of reverential gesture
 towards

143.2 show their loves i.e. express their
 devotion to Timon
 148 And...device Suggests that Timon
 commissioned the entertainment and
 proposed at least its theme.
 device theatrical contrivance
 150 take...best rate us at the highest
 possible
 151-2 would...taking wouldn't withstand
 sexual intercourse (because rotten with
 venereal disease)
 153 idle trifling
 banquet dessert (usually of sweetmeats,
 fruit, and wine)

156 Flavius The Steward's personal name is
 subsequently abandoned.
 160 crossing thwarting, challenging
 humour perverse disposition
 162 crossed crossed off the list of debtors
 (quibbling on the sense in 2.160)
 164 mind wilfulness
 171 advance (a) wear prominently; and so
 (b) increase the value of
 184 free bountiful
 185 trapped in silver with silver trappings
 187 worthily entertained received with the
 honour they deserve
 196 yield grant

To show him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good.
 His promises fly so beyond his state
 200 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
 For every word. He is so kind that he now
 Pays interest for't. His land's put to their books.
 Well, would I were gently put out of office
 Before I were forced out.
 205 Happier is he that has no friend to feed
 Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord. *Exit*

TIMON [to the Lords] You do yourselves
 Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits.
 [To Second Lord] Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

SECOND LORD
 210 With more than common thanks I will receive it.

THIRD LORD
 O, he's the very soul of bounty!
 TIMON [to First Lord] And now I remember, my lord, you
 gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode
 on. 'Tis yours, because you liked it.

FIRST LORD
 215 O I beseech you pardon me, my lord, in that.

TIMON
 You may take my word, my lord, I know no man
 Can justly praise but what he does affect.
 I weigh my friends' affection with mine own,
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

ALL LORDS O, none so welcome.

TIMON
 220 I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give.
 Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich.
 [Giving a present] It comes in charity to thee, for all
 225 thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitched field.

ALCIBIADES Ay, defiled land, my lord.

FIRST LORD We are so virtuously bound—

TIMON And so am I to you.

230 SECOND LORD So infinitely endeared—
 TIMON All to you. Lights, more lights!

FIRST LORD
 The best of happiness, honour, and fortunes
 Keep with you, Lord Timon.
 TIMON Ready for his friends.
Exeunt Lords [and all but Timon and Apemantus]

APEMANTUS What a coil's here, 235
 Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs.
 Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs.
 240 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on curtseys.

TIMON
 Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen
 I would be good to thee.

APEMANTUS No, I'll nothing; for if I should be bribed too,
 there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then
 thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, 245
 I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.
 What needs these feasts, pomps, and vainglories?

TIMON Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
 sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come
 with better music. *Exit* 250

APEMANTUS So. Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt
 not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
 O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *Exit*

Enter a Senator [with bonds] Sc. 3

SENATOR
 And late five thousand. To Varro and to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five-and-twenty. Still in motion
 Of raging waste! It cannot hold, it will not. 5
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
 If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon—
 Ask nothing, give it him—it foals me straight
 And able horses. No porter at his gate, 10
 But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold. No reason
 Can sound his state in safety. Caphis ho!
 Caphis, I say!

202 **put to their books** mortgaged to them
 208 **bate**... of diminish
 213 **courser** stallion
 218 **affection** desires, liking
 219 **call** to call on, visit
 220 **all**... **visitations** the totality and the
 separate instances of your visits
 227 **pitched field** battlefield with armies
 drawn up in formation to fight. In his
 reply Alcibiades quibbles by taking
pitched as 'covered with pitch', alluding
 to Ecclesiasticus 13:1, 'He that toucheth
 pitch shall be defiled with it'.

228 **virtuously bound** bound by your virtue
 231 **Lights, more lights** Needed to illuminate
 the Lords' way out of Timon's house.
 235 **coil's** commotion's
 236 **Serving** delivering
becks nods, bows
 237 **legs** bows. Similarly at 2.239, but there
 with a pun on the limbs.
 248 **society** social occasions
 252 **heaven** salvation, happiness (as might
 be obtained through heeding advice)
 3.1 **late** recently
 3-4 **Still**... **waste** A metaphor of violent

natural destruction—'in a ceaseless rush
 of furious devastation'—or of a stormy
 sea (compare 3.12-13). More literally,
raging is 'riotous, extravagant'; *waste* is
 'wasteful expenditure'.
 9 **straight** (a) at once (qualifying *foals me*)
 (b) upright (qualifying *horses*)
 13 **sound**... **safety** measure his financial
 condition reliably and without risk.
Sound is literally 'test the depth of water
 with a plummet'. Timon's *state* is both
 shallow and in flux, creating danger of
 shipwreck.

Enter Caphis

CAPHIS Here, sir. What is your pleasure?

SENATOR

15 Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord Timon.
 Importune him for my moneys. Be not ceased
 With slight denial, nor then silenced when
 'Commend me to your master', and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus; but tell him
 20 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own, his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit. I love and honour him,
 But must not break my back to heal his finger.
 25 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tossed and turned to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand, for I do fear
 30 When every feather sticks in his own wing
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

CAPHIS I go, sir.

SENATOR

'I go, sir'? [*giving him bonds*] Take the bonds along
 with you,
 And have the dates in. Come.

CAPHIS

I will, sir.

35 SENATOR

Go.

Exeunt [severally]

Sc. 4 *Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand*

STEWARD

No care, no stop; so senseless of expense
 That he will neither know how to maintain it
 Nor cease his flow of riot, takes no account
 How things go from him, nor resumes no care
 5 Of what is to continue. Never mind
 Was to be so unwise to be so kind.
 What shall be done? He will not hear till feel.
 [*A sound of horns within*]
 I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!
*Enter Caphis [at one door, and Servants of] Isidore
 and Varro [at another door]*

CAPHIS

10 Good even, Varro. What, you come for money?

VARRO'S SERVANT Is't not your business too?

CAPHIS

It is; and yours too, Isidore?

ISIDORE'S SERVANT

It is so.

CAPHIS

Would we were all discharged.

VARRO'S SERVANT

I fear it.

CAPHIS

Here comes the lord.

*Enter Timon and his train [amongst them
 Alcibiades, as from hunting]*

TIMON

So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
 My Alcibiades.

[*Caphis meets Timon*]

With me? What is your will?

15

CAPHIS

My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

TIMON Dues? Whence are you?

CAPHIS Of Athens here, my lord.

TIMON Go to my steward.

CAPHIS

Please it your lordship, he hath put me off,
 To the succession of new days, this month.
 My master is awaked by great occasion
 To call upon his own, and humbly prays you
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit
 In giving him his right.

20

TIMON

Mine honest friend,

25

I prithee but repair to me next morning.

CAPHIS

Nay, good my lord.

TIMON

Contain thyself, good friend.

VARRO'S SERVANT

One Varro's servant, my good lord.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT [*to Timon*]

From Isidore. He humbly prays your speedy payment.

CAPHIS [*to Timon*]

If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

30

VARRO'S SERVANT [*to Timon*]

'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks and past.

ISIDORE'S SERVANT [*to Timon*]

Your steward puts me off, my lord, and I

Am sent expressly to your lordship.

TIMON

Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on.

I'll wait upon you instantly.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Timon's train*]

19 **thus** i.e. probably with shows of courtesy, but perhaps with gestures of impatience for the visitor to leave so that the cap can be put back on

20 **uses** needs

21 **mine own** my own money

22 **fracted** broken

30-1 **When... gull** Proverbial, and quibbles on *gull* as 'credulous fool'.

30 **his** its

35 **have the dates in** The bonds perhaps specified a span of time without naming the dates.

4.3 **riot** wild revelling

4 **resumes** assumes

5-6 **Never... unwise** there was never a mind that was so unwise

13 **we were all discharged** the debts were all settled with us (perhaps also 'we were all relieved of this duty')

fear it i.e. suspect otherwise

14 **forth again** (to hunting)

21 **To... days** day after day

24 **with... suit** you'll act in accordance with your other noble qualities

35 [To Steward] Come hither. Pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encountered
With clamorous demands of broken bonds
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
STEWARD [to Servants] Please you, gentlemen,
40 The time is unagreeable to this business;
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
TIMON [to Servants] Do so, my friends.
[To Steward] See them well entertained. [Exit]
STEWARD Pray draw near. Exit

Enter Apemantus and Fool

45 CAPHIS Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus.
Let's ha' some sport with 'em.
VARRO'S SERVANT Hang him, he'll abuse us.
ISIDORE'S SERVANT A plague upon him, dog!
VARRO'S SERVANT How dost, Fool?
50 APEMANTUS Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
VARRO'S SERVANT I speak not to thee.
APEMANTUS No, 'tis to thyself. [To Fool] Come away.
ISIDORE'S SERVANT [to Varro's Servant] There's the fool
hangs on your back already.
55 APEMANTUS No, thou stand'st single: thou'rt not on him
yet.
CAPHIS [to Isidore's Servant] Where's the fool now?
APEMANTUS He last asked the question. Poor rogues' and
usurers' men, bawds between gold and want.
60 ALL SERVANTS What are we, Apemantus?
APEMANTUS Asses.
ALL SERVANTS Why?
APEMANTUS That you ask me what you are, and do not
know yourselves. Speak to 'em, Fool.
65 FOOL How do you, gentlemen?
ALL SERVANTS Gramercies, good Fool. How does your
mistress?
FOOL She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as
you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.
70 APEMANTUS Good; gramercy.

Enter Page [with two letters]

FOOL Look you, here comes my master's page.
PAGE Why, how now, captain? What do you in this wise
company? How dost thou, Apemantus?
APEMANTUS Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might
answer thee profitably. 75
PAGE Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of
these letters. I know not which is which.
APEMANTUS Canst not read?
PAGE No.
APEMANTUS There will little learning die then that day thou
art hanged. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades.
Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.
PAGE Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a
dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. Exit
APEMANTUS E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go
with you to Lord Timon's. 80
FOOL Will you leave me there?
APEMANTUS If Timon stay at home. [To Servants] You three
serve three usurers?
ALL SERVANTS Ay. Would they served us. 90
APEMANTUS So would I: as good a trick as ever hangman
served thief.
FOOL Are you three usurers' men?
ALL SERVANTS Ay, Fool.
FOOL I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My
mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come
to borrow of your masters they approach sadly and go
away merry, but they enter my master's house merrily
and go away sadly. The reason of this? 95
VARRO'S SERVANT I could render one.
APEMANTUS Do it then, that we may account thee a
whoremaster and a knave, which notwithstanding thou
shalt be no less esteemed.
VARRO'S SERVANT What is a whoremaster, Fool?
FOOL A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis
a spirit; sometime't appears like a lord, sometime like
a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher with two stones
more than 's artificial one. He is very often like a knight;
and generally in all shapes that man goes up and down
in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 110
VARRO'S SERVANT Thou art not altogether a fool.

36 **How goes the world** proverbial
38 **detention** withholding
53 **the fool** the name 'fool'
54 **hangs on your back** attaches to you
(with a possible quibble on a posture
for anal intercourse picked up in the
following exchange)
55 **stand'st** (quibbling on 'have an erection')
58 **He** he that
68 **scald** Refers to (a) scalding chicken to
remove the feathers (b) treatment given
for venereal disease of sweating in a
heated tub.
69 **Would... Corinth** 'Lais, an harlot of
Corinth... was for none but lords and
gentlemen that might well pay for it.
Whereof came up a proverb that it was
not for every man to go unto Corinth'
(Udall, 1542).
74-5 **Would... profitably** From Proverbs
26:3-4, '... a rod [belongeth] to the
fool's back. Answer not a fool according
to his foolishness, lest thou also be like
him' and Isaiah 11:4, 'the rod of his
mouth'.
83-4 **famish a dog's death** proverbial ('Die a
dog's death')
88 **If... home** Implies that there will be a
fool at Timon's house as long as he is
there.
95-6 **My mistress is one** A procuress
could be seen as an usurer in the sexual
economy; compare 4.59.
99 **go away sadly** After a visit to a brothel a
man would have spent his money and
might have picked up a disease, but
according to a well-known post-classical
Latin dictum, 'Post coitum omne animal
triste' (after coition every animal is sad).
107 **philosopher** alchemist (see following
note)
stones testicles. But the *artificial one* is
the 'philosopher's stone' of the alchem-
ists, supposedly capable of turning base
metals to gold.
109-10 **goes up and down in** (a) walks
about in (b) gets and loses erections
111 **not altogether a fool** proverbial

FOOL Nor thou altogether a wise man. As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

APEMANTUS That answer might have become Apemantus.

115 ALL SERVANTS Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon.
Enter Timon and Steward

APEMANTUS Come with me, Fool, come.

FOOL I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman: sometime the philosopher.
 [Exeunt Apemantus and Fool]

STEWARD [to Servants]
 Pray you, walk near. I'll speak with you anon.
Exeunt [Servants]

TIMON
 120 You make me marvel wherefore ere this time
 Had you not fully laid my state before me,
 That I might so have rated my expense
 As I had leave of means.

STEWARD You would not hear me.
 At many leisures I proposed—

TIMON Go to.

125 Perchance some single vantages you took
 When my indisposition put you back,
 And that unaptness made your minister
 Thus to excuse yourself.

STEWARD O my good lord,
 130 At many times I brought in my accounts,
 Laid them before you; you would throw them off
 And say you summed them in mine honesty.
 When for some trifling present you have bid me
 Return so much, I have shook my head and wept,
 135 Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners prayed you
 To hold your hand more close. I did endure
 Not seldom nor no slight checks when I have
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate
 And your great flow of debts. My lovèd lord—
 140 Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time—
 The greatest of your having lacks a half
 To pay your present debts.

TIMON Let all my land be sold.

STEWARD 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone,
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
 Of present dues. The future comes apace.
 145 What shall defend the interim, and at length

How goes our reck'ning?
 TIMON
 To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

STEWARD
 O my good lord, the world is but a word.
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
 How quickly were it gone.

TIMON You tell me true. 150

STEWARD
 If you suspect my husbandry of falsehood,
 Call me before th' exactest auditors
 And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
 When all our offices have been oppressed
 With riotous feeders, when our vaults have wept 155
 With drunken spilth of wine, when every room
 Hath blazed with lights and brayed with minstrelsy,
 I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
 And set mine eyes at flow.

TIMON Prithee, no more.

STEWARD
 'Heavens,' have I said, 'the bounty of this lord!
 160 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord
 Timon's?
 Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
 Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise, 165
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
 Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of winter show'rs,
 These flies are couched.'

TIMON Come, sermon me no further.
 No villainous bounty yet hath passed my heart.
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. 170
 Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart.
 If I would broach the vessels of my love
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use 175
 As I can bid thee speak.

STEWARD Assurance bless your thoughts!

TIMON
 And in some sort these wants of mine are crowned
 That I account them blessings, for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you

117-18 **lover... woman** (seen as easy sources of employment)
 125 **vantages** opportunities
 127-8 **made... yourself** provided you with an agent who would excuse you thus
 136 **checks** rebukes
 137 **Prompted you in** reminded, urged you of
 139 **now's a time** i.e. better late than never
 142 **engaged** mortgaged
 143 **stop the mouth** Suggests both feeding and silencing.
 147 **Lacedaemon** Sparta
 153 **So** as

154 **our offices** the servants' work-areas, the kitchens, etc.
 156 **oppressed** crowded, overwhelmed
 156 **spilth** spillage
 157 **minstrelsy** music played by minstrels
 158 **cock** spout, tap
 159 **And... flow** The weeping is both caused by the waste of the spilt wine and analogous to it.
 161 **prodigal bits** excessive bits of food. *Prodigal* is transferred from the eaters to the food.
 162 **Timon's** Timon's friend, object at the disposal of Timon as patron

167 **fast lost** (a) lost when there is a fast instead of a feast (b) quickly lost
 168 **are couched** lie hidden
 169 **villainous** (a) vicious (b) slavish (anticipating *ignobly*, 4.170)
 172 **Secure** (a) give confidence to (b) close up (referring to the tears as a leak, and anticipating *broach the vessels*, 4.173)
 174 **try** test
argument summary (as might be printed at the beginning of a book)
 175 **frankly** as freely
 176 **Assurance... thoughts** may your thought be blessed by being right

Scene 4

Timon of Athens.

180 Mistake my fortunes. I am wealthy in my friends.—
 Within there, Flaminius, Servilius!
Enter three servants: [Flaminius, Servilius, and a Third Servant]
 ALL SERVANTS
 My lord, my lord.
 TIMON I will dispatch you severally,
 [To Servilius] You to Lord Lucius, [To Flaminius] to Lord
 Lucullus you—I hunted with his honour today—[To
 185 Third Servant] You to Sempronius. Commend me to their
 loves, and I am proud, say, that my occasions have
 found time to use 'em toward a supply of money. Let
 the request be fifty talents.
 FLAMINIUS As you have said, my lord. [*Exeunt Servants*]
 STEWARD
 190 Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Hmh!
 TIMON Go you, sir, to the senators,
 Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserved this hearing. Bid 'em send o' th' instant
 A thousand talents to me.
 STEWARD I have been bold,
 195 For that I knew it the most general way
 To them, to use your signet and your name;
 But they do shake their heads, and I am here
 No richer in return.
 TIMON Is't true? Can 't be?
 STEWARD
 They answer in a joint and corporate voice
 200 That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
 Do what they would, are sorry, you are honourable,
 But yet they could have wished—they know not—
 Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
 May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;
 205 And so, intending other serious matters,
 After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
 With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
 They froze me into silence.
 TIMON You gods reward them!
 Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
 210 Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.
 Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows.
 'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
 And nature as it grows again toward earth
 Is fashioned for the journey dull and heavy.
 215 Go to Ventidius. Prithee, be not sad.
 Thou art true and honest—ingenuously I speak—
 No blame belongs to thee. Ventidius lately
 Buried his father, by whose death he's stepped
 Into a great estate. When he was poor,
 Imprisoned, and in scarcity of friends,
 220 I cleared him with five talents. Greet him from me.
 Bid him suppose some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remembered
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak or think
 225 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
 STEWARD
 I would I could not think it. That thought is bounty's
 foe:
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so.
Exeunt [severally]
 [Enter Flaminius [with a box under his cloak],
 waiting to speak with a lord [Lucullus]. From his
 master, enters a Servant to him
 LUCULLUS' SERVANT I have told my lord of you. He is coming
 down to you.
 FLAMINIUS I thank you, sir.
Enter Lucullus
 LUCULLUS' SERVANT Here's my lord.
 LUCULLUS [aside] One of Lord Timon's men? A gift, I
 5 warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin
 and ewer tonight.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you
 are very respectively welcome, sir. [*To his Servant*] Fill
 me some wine. [*Exit Servant*]
 And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted
 10 gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
 master?
 FLAMINIUS His health is well, sir.
 LUCULLUS I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And
 what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?
 15 FLAMINIUS Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which
 in my lord's behalf I come to entreat your honour to
 supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use
 fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him,
 nothing doubting your present assistance therein.
 20 LUCULLUS La, la, la, la, 'nothing doubting' says he? Alas,
 good lord! A noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep
 so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined
 with him and told him on't, and come again to supper
 to him of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he
 25 would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my
 coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his. I
 ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't.
Enter Servant, with wine
 SERVANT Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Sc. 5

188 **fifty talents** A vast sum: see note to
 1.97.
 192 **to** to the limits of
 195 **general** usual
 200 **at fall** at a low ebb
 204 **catch** accidentally suffer
 205 **intending** (a) pretending, or (b) turning
 to
 206 **hard** (a) harsh (b) difficult to under-

stand
fractions fragments (of utterances)
 207 **half-caps** reluctantly-doffed caps
 210 **hereditary** as something 'inherited' with
 age
 212 **kindly** natural (punning on *kind*,
 'caring, generous')
 213 **earth** i.e. the grave
 228 **free** generous

it i.e. bounty
 5.7 **ewer** pitcher
tonight last night
 10 **complete** perfect, fully accomplished
 18 **supply** fill
 20 **nothing** not at all
 23 **good** i.e. lavish
 27 **Every... fault** proverbial
honesty generosity

30 LUCULLUS Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise.
 [Drinking] Here's to thee!

FLAMINIUS Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

LUCULLUS I have observed thee always for a towardly
 prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knows
 35 what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well if
 the time use thee well. [Drinking] Good parts in thee!
 [To his Servant] Get you gone, sirrah. [Exit Servant]
 Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful
 gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou know'st well
 40 enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no
 time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship
 without security. [Giving coins] Here's three solidares
 for thee. Good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st
 me not. Fare thee well.

FLAMINIUS

45 Is't possible the world should so much differ,
 And we alive that lived?

[He throws the coins at Lucullus]

Fly, damnèd baseness,

To him that worships thee.

LUCULLUS Ha! Now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy
 master. Exit

FLAMINIUS

50 May these add to the number that may scald thee.

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,

55 I feel my master's passion! This slave

Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him.

Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,

When he is turned to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't;

And when he's sick to death, let not that part of

60 nature

Which my lord paid for be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. Exit

Sc. 6 Enter Lucius, with three Strangers

LUCIUS Who, the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend,
 and an honourable gentleman.

FIRST STRANGER We know him for no less, though we are
 but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my
 5 lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now
 Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his
 estate shrinks from him.

32 **speaks your pleasure** i.e. is kind to say so

33 **towardly** forward, promising

34 **prompt** ready and willing

34 **give thee thy due** proverbial

35 **what . . . reason** i.e. how to act wisely

time moment, opportunity

36 **time** times, moment

Good parts in thee! to your fine qualities!
 (a toast)

42 **solidares** (a Latinism for 'shillings')

43 **wink at** turn a blind eye towards

45 **differ** (from its past self)

46 **baseness** (a) worthlessness (b) base metal

54 **turns** (a) curdles (b) changes

55 **passion** grief

60 **nature** i.e. his physical body

6.13 **belonged** pertained

36 **so many** as many (as *his present occa-*

LUCIUS Fie, no, do not believe it. He cannot want for
 money.

SECOND STRANGER But believe you this, my lord, that not
 10 long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus
 to borrow so many talents—nay, urged extremely for't,
 and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was
 denied.

LUCIUS How?

SECOND STRANGER I tell you, denied, my lord.

LUCIUS What a strange case was that! Now before the
 gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man?
 There was very little honour showed in't. For my own
 part, I must needs confess I have received some small
 20 kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and
 suchlike trifles—nothing comparing to his; yet had he
 not mistook him and sent to me, I should ne'er have
 denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius

SERVILIUS [aside] See, by good hap yonder's my lord. I have
 25 sweat to see his honour. [To Lucius] My honoured lord!

LUCIUS Servilius! You are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well.
 Commend me to thy honourable, virtuous lord, my very
 exquisite friend.

SERVILIUS May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—
 30 LUCIUS Ha! What has he sent? I am so much endeared

to that lord, he's ever sending. How shall I thank him,

think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

SERVILIUS He's only sent his present occasion now, my
 lord, requesting your lordship to supply his instant use
 35 with so many talents.

LUCIUS

I know his lordship is but merry with me.

He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

SERVILIUS

But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous

I should not urge it half so faithfully. 40

LUCIUS

Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

SERVILIUS Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

LUCIUS What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself
 against such a good time when I might ha' shown
 myself honourable! How unluckily it happened that I
 should purchase the day before a little part, and undo
 a great deal of honour! Servilius, now before the gods
 I am not able to do, the more beast I, I say. I was
 sending to use Lord Timon myself—these gentlemen
 50

38 **fifty-five . . . talents** The sum is absurdly
 excessive, perhaps both because Mid-
 dleton misunderstood the value of a
 talent and because the inflation from *fifty*
 (5.19) to *fifty-five hundred* is grotesquely
 comic.

47 **part** consignment

can witness—but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me because I have no power to be kind.

55 And tell him this from me: I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

SERVILIUS Yes, sir, I shall.

LUCIUS
60 I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. *Exit Servilius*
True as you said: Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. *Exit*

FIRST STRANGER
Do you observe this, Hostilius?

SECOND STRANGER Ay, too well.

FIRST STRANGER
Why, this is the world's soul, and just of the same
piece
65 Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? For, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
70 Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,
75 What charitable men afford to beggars.

THIRD STRANGER
Religion groans at it.

FIRST STRANGER For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me
To mark me for his friend; yet I protest,
80 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me
I would have put my wealth into donation
And the best half should have returned to him,

So much I love his heart. But I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense,
For policy sits above conscience. *Exeunt*

85

Enter a Third Servant [from Timon], with Sempronius, another of Timon's friends

Sc. 7

SEMPRONIUS
Must he needs trouble me in't? Hmh! 'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeemed from prison. All these
Owes their estates unto him.

SERVANT My lord,
5 They have all been touched and found base metal,
For they have all denied him.

SEMPRONIUS How, have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? Hmh!
It shows but little love or judgement in him.
10 Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; must I take th' cure upon me?
He's much disgraced me in't. I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't
But his occasions might have wooed me first,
15 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think so backwardly of me now
That I'll requite it last? No.
So it may prove an argument of laughter
20 To th' rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum
He'd sent to me first, but for my mind's sake.
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
25 Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. *Exit*

SERVANT Excellent. Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
devil knew not what he did when he made man
politic—he crossed himself by't, and I cannot think but
in the end the villainies of man will set him clear. How
30 fairly this lord strives to appear foul! Takes virtuous

53-4 **conceive**... **me** think of me in the best light
60 I'll... **turn** Based on the proverb 'One good turn deserves another'.
62 **hardly speed** prosper only with difficulty
64 **piece** cloth
66 **That... dish** Recalls Matthew 26:23, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me' (Christ referring to Judas).
68 **kept his credit** kept him in credit
72-3 **O... shape** Based on the proverb 'Ingratitude is monstrous'.
73 **looks out** shows himself
74 **in respect of his** relative to his own

possessions
77 **tasted Timon** i.e. had experience of Timon's bounty. The substance of Timon is his wealth, but *tasted* connects with the imagery of human sacrifice.
78 **over** down on
81 **carriage** conduct
83 **donation** giveable form, i.e. cash
87 **policy** cynical calculation
7,6 **touched** tested for purity
11-12 **like... over** Proverbially, 'Physicians enriched give over their patients'.
12 **Thrive** (on his money)
give him over abandon him, give up on him

14 **That** who
20 **argument** of subject matter for
23 **but... sake** if only on account of my inclination (i.e. my good will to him)
24 **courage** desire
26 **bates** abates, undervalues
29 **crossed himself** (a) thwarted himself (b) crossed himself off the list of debtors (hence *set him clear*, 7.30) (c) subscribed to Christian symbolism
31-2 **Takes... wicked** he copies virtuous behaviour as a pretext to be wicked. *Takes... copies* is literally 'copies out examples of edifying writing'.

copies to be wicked, like those that under hot ardent
 zeal would set whole realms on fire; of such a nature is
 his politic love.
 35 This was my lord's best hope. Now all are fled
 Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead.
 Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year must be employed
 Now to guard sure their master;
 40 And this is all a liberal course allows:
 Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house.
 Exit

Sc. 8 Enter Varro's two Servants, meeting others',
 all [Servants of] Timon's creditors, to wait for
 his coming out. Then enter [Servants of] Lucius,
 [Titus], and Hortensius

VARRO'S [FIRST] SERVANT
 Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
 TITUS' SERVANT The like to you, kind Varro.
 HORTENSIUS' SERVANT
 Lucius, what, do we meet together?
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Ay, and I think one business does command us all,
 For mine is money.
 5 TITUS' SERVANT So is theirs and ours.
 Enter [a Servant of] Philotus
 LUCIUS' SERVANT And Sir Philotus too!
 PHILOTUS' SERVANT Good day at once.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT Welcome, good brother.
 What do you think the hour?
 PHILOTUS' SERVANT Labouring for nine.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 So much?
 PHILOTUS' SERVANT
 Is not my lord seen yet?
 10 LUCIUS' SERVANT Not yet.
 PHILOTUS' SERVANT
 I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
 You must consider that a prodigal course
 Is like the sun's,
 15 But not, like his, recoverable. I fear
 'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; that is,
 One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
 PHILOTUS' SERVANT I am of your fear for that.
 TITUS' SERVANT
 I'll show you how t'observe a strange event.

Your lord sends now for money?
 HORTENSIUS' SERVANT Most true, he does. 20
 TITUS' SERVANT
 And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
 For which I wait for money.
 HORTENSIUS' SERVANT It is against my heart.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT Mark how strange it shows.
 Timon in this should pay more than he owes,
 25 And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels
 And send for money for 'em.
 HORTENSIUS' SERVANT
 I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness.
 I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
 And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth. 30
 VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT
 Yes; mine's three thousand crowns. What's yours?
 LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand, mine.
 VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT
 'Tis much deep, and it should seem by th' sum
 Your master's confidence was above mine,
 Else surely his had equalled.
 Enter Flaminius
 TITUS' SERVANT One of Lord Timon's men.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord 35
 Ready to come forth?
 FLAMINIUS No, indeed he is not.
 TITUS' SERVANT
 We attend his lordship. Pray signify so much.
 FLAMINIUS
 I need not tell him that; he knows you are
 Too diligent. [Exit]
 Enter Steward, in a cloak, muffled
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Ha, is not that his steward muffled so? 40
 He goes away in a cloud. Call him, call him.
 TITUS' SERVANT [to Steward] Do you hear, sir?
 VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT [to Steward] By your leave, sir.
 STEWARD What do ye ask of me, my friend?
 TITUS' SERVANT
 We wait for certain money here, sir.
 STEWARD Ay, 45
 If money were as certain as your waiting,
 'Twere sure enough.
 Why then preferred you not your sums and bills
 When your false masters ate of my lord's meat?
 Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts,
 50 And take down th' int'rest into their glutt'nous maws.

32 **those** religious fanatics. Sometimes
 thought to allude specifically to the
 Catholic Gunpowder Plot to blow up the
 King in Parliament.
under hiding behind
 33 **set whole realms on fire** An extension of
 the proverb "To set one's heart on fire".
 37 **wards** locks (literally the notched part
 that accepts the right key)

41 **keep... keep his house** retain... stay
 indoors (to avoid arrest for debt)
 8.7 **at once** to you all
 9 **Labouring for** going up to
 11 **shine** rise (like the sun)
 13 **prodigal course** (as applied to the sun, its
 high course in summer)
 15 **his** its
 19 **t'observe** to see and interpret

30 **stealth** stealing
 41 **in a cloud** (a) muffled from sight (b) in a
 state of trouble and anxiety. The phrase
 was proverbial in sense (a) for an act of
 secret intrigue.
 48 **preferred** brought forward
 50-1 **his debts... th' int'rest** i.e. the enter-
 tainment giving rise to them

Scene 8

The Life of Tymon of Athens.

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up.
 Let me pass quietly.
 Believe't, my lord and I have made an end.
 55 I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Ay, but this answer will not serve.
 STEWARD
 If 'twill not serve 'tis not so base as you,
 For you serve knaves. [Exit]
 60 VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT How? What does his cashiered
 worship mutter?
 VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT No matter what; he's poor, and
 that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he
 that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail
 against great buildings.
 Enter Servilius
 65 TITUS' SERVANT O, here's Servilius. Now we shall know
 some answer.
 SERVILIUS If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
 some other hour, I should derive much from't; for,
 take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to dis-
 content. His comfortable temper has forsook him. He's
 70 much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Many do keep their chambers are not sick,
 And if it be so far beyond his health
 Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts
 And make a clear way to the gods.
 75 SERVILIUS Good gods!
 TITUS' SERVANT We cannot take this for answer, sir.
 FLAMINIUS [within]
 Servilius, help! My lord, my lord!
 Enter Timon in a rage
 TIMON
 What, are my doors opposed against my passage?
 Have I been ever free, and must my house
 80 Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
 The place which I have feasted, does it now,
 Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Put in now, Titus.
 TITUS' SERVANT My lord, here is my bill.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT
 Here's mine.
 [HORTENSIUS' SERVANT]
 And mine, my lord.
 VARRO'S FIRST and SECOND SERVANTS
 And ours, my lord.

PHILOTUS' SERVANT All our bills. 85
 TIMON Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the girdle.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT Alas, my lord.
 TIMON Cut my heart in sums.
 TITUS' SERVANT Mine fifty talents.
 TIMON
 Tell out my blood.
 LUCIUS' SERVANT Five thousand crowns, my lord. 90
 TIMON
 Five thousand drops pays that. What yours? And
 yours?
 VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT My lord—
 VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT My lord—
 TIMON
 Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you. Exit
 HORTENSIUS' SERVANT Faith, I perceive our masters may 95
 throw their caps at their money. These debts may well
 be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.
 Exeunt

Enter Timon [and Steward] Sc. 9
 TIMON They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
 Creditors? Devils!
 STEWARD My dear lord—
 TIMON What if it should be so?
 STEWARD My lord— 5
 TIMON
 I'll have it so. My steward!
 STEWARD Here, my lord.
 TIMON
 So fitly? Go bid all my friends again:
 Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius—all luxurs, all.
 I'll once more feast the rascals.
 STEWARD O my lord,
 You only speak from your distracted soul. 10
 There's not so much left to furnish out
 A moderate table.
 TIMON Be it not in thy care.
 Go, I charge thee, invite them all. Let in the tide
 Of knaves once more. My cook and I'll provide.
 Exeunt [severally]

Enter three Senators at one door Sc. 10
 FIRST SENATOR
 My lord, you have my voice to't. The fault's bloody.
 'Tis necessary he should die.
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
 SECOND SENATOR Most true; the law shall bruise 'im.

54 **made an end** agreed to part
 60 **worship** Used ironically: the Steward no longer commands deference.
 70 **comfortable** cheerful
 72 **Many...sick** See note to 7.41.
 79 **free** generous (playing on 'at liberty')
 85 **bills** notes of debt (but Timon understands the weapon: and axe or blade with a long handle)

88 **sums** pieces of fixed value
 90 **Tell** count
 96 **throw their caps at** A proverbial gesture expressing the impossibility of catching up.
 97 **desperate** (a) hopeless (b) violently reckless
 9.1 **e'en...me** taken even my breath off me

(drawing on the proverb 'air is free')
 6 **I'll have it so** (referring to the plan he has thought of)
 8 **luxurs** debauchees
 10.1 **voice to't** vote for it
fault's crime's
 3 **Nothing...mercy** Proverbially, 'Pardon makes offenders'.

Enter Alcibiades at another door, with attendants

ALCIBIADES
 5 Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
 FIRST SENATOR Now, captain.
 ALCIBIADES
 I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
 For pity is the virtue of the law,
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
 10 It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
 Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
 Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth
 To those that without heed do plunge into't.
 He is a man, setting his feat aside,
 15 Of comely virtues;
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
 An honour in him which buys out his fault—
 But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touched to death,
 20 He did oppose his foe;
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but proved an argument.
 FIRST SENATOR
 You undergo too strict a paradox,
 25 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
 Your words have took such pains as if they laboured
 To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour—which indeed
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 30 When sects and factions were newly born.
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe, and make his
 wrongs his outsidés
 To wear them like his raiment carelessly,
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart
 35 To bring it into danger.
 If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
 ALCIBIADES
 My lord—
 FIRST SENATOR
 You cannot make gross sins look clear.

To rèvege is no valour, but to bear.
 ALCIBIADES
 My lords, then, under favour, pardon me
 40 If I speak like a captain.
 Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats, sleep upon't,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats
 Without repugnancy? If there be
 45 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant
 That stay at home if bearing carry it,
 And the ass more captain than the lion, the fellow
 Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
 50 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good.
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
 But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 55 To be in anger is impiety,
 But who is man that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.
 SECOND SENATOR You breathe in vain.
 ALCIBIADES In vain?
 His service done at Lacedaemon and Byzantium
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.
 60 FIRST SENATOR
 What's that?
 ALCIBIADES
 Why, I say, my lords, he's done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies.
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
 SECOND SENATOR
 He has made too much plenty with 'em.
 65 He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin
 That often drowns him and takes his valour prisoner.
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him. In that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages
 70 And cherish factions. 'Tis inferred to us
 His days are foul and his drink dangerous.

- 4.1 *Enter...attendants* Alcibiades may alternatively appear at the beginning of the scene but not approach the Senators until here. The attendants are Senate officials.
 6 *Now* Either 'now then' or an expression of surprise at Alcibiades' presumptuous greeting.
 12 *past* out of
 14 *feat* action, crime (perhaps also suggesting *fate*)
 16 *fact* deed, crime
 19 *touched* (a) hit, damaged (b) infected through contagion, besmirched
 21 *unnoted* inconspicuous, restrained, unremarkable

- 22 *behave* manage, control
 27 *form* (a) a formality of argument, or (b) acceptable behaviour
 28 *Upon the head* (a) in the category, or (b) as the crowning instance
 indeed in fact
 32 *outsides* outer garments
 33 *carelessly* casually
 34 *prefer* advance, promote
 heart (seen as (a) seat of feelings (b) the vital organ)
 38 *clear* innocent
 39 *but to bear* i.e. rather, to endure wrongs is valour
 42 *fond* foolish
 45 *repugnancy* resistance

- 46 *bearing* enduring (of wrongs). Leads on to a quibble on child-bearing.
 46-7 *what make we | Abroad?* what's the point of venturing out?
 48 *carry it* wins the day (with wordplay between *bearing* and *carry*)
 52 *pitifully good* good in showing pity
 53 *condemn...blood* (a) condemn a rash deed committed in cold blood, or (b) condemn in cold blood a rash deed
 54 *gust* (a) taste, experience (b) outburst
 55 *by mercy* if seen mercifully
 57 *angry* Probably three syllables: 'angry'.
 66 *a sin* i.e. drunkenness
 71 *cherish factions* encourage factional violence

FIRST SENATOR
He dies. 105

ALCIBIADES
Hard fate! He might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him—
75 Though his right arm might purchase his own time
And be in debt to none—yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both. 110
And for I know
Your reverend ages love security,
80 I'll pawn my victories, all my honour to you
Upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore,
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

FIRST SENATOR
85 We are for law; he dies. Urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

ALCIBIADES
Must it be so? It must not be.
My lords, I do beseech you know me.

SECOND SENATOR How?

ALCIBIADES
Call me to your remembrances.

90 THIRD SENATOR What?

ALCIBIADES
I cannot think but your age has forgot me.
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

FIRST SENATOR Do you dare our anger?
95 'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

ALCIBIADES Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usury
That makes the senate ugly.

FIRST SENATOR
If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement; and, not to swell
100 your spirit,
He shall be executed presently.
Exeunt [Senators and attendants]

ALCIBIADES
Now the gods keep you old enough that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad. I have kept back their foes
While they have told their money and let out 105
Their coin upon large interest, I myself
Rich only in large hurts. All those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banished. 110
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds.
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. *Exit* 115

*Enter divers [of Timon's] friends, [amongst them
Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Lords and
Senators,] at several doors*

FIRST LORD The good time of day to you, sir.
SECOND LORD I also wish it to you. I think this honourable
lord did but try us this other day.
FIRST LORD Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we
encountered. I hope it is not so low with him as he 5
made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
SECOND LORD It should not be, by the persuasion of his new
feasting.
FIRST LORD I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest
inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me 10
to put off, but he hath conjured me beyond them, and
I must needs appear.
SECOND LORD In like manner was I in debt to my impor-
tunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am
sorry when he sent to borrow of me that my provision 15
was out.
FIRST LORD I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how
all things go.
SECOND LORD Every man hears so. What would he have
borrowed of you? 20
FIRST LORD A thousand pieces.
SECOND LORD A thousand pieces?
FIRST LORD What of you?
SECOND LORD He sent to me, sir—
[*Loud music*]
Here he comes. 25
Enter Timon and attendants
TIMON With all my heart, gentlemen both; and how fare
you?
FIRST LORD Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

74 **parts** (a) qualities (b) limbs (the sense taken up in *right arm*, 10.75)
75 **time** natural lifespan
79 **security** (alludes to both financial and military security)
81 **Upon...returns** as pledge that he will repay your mercy. *Returns* might also suggest both reformation and returns from battle.
83 **receive't...gore** i.e. receive the equivalent to it in the blood of enemies that he

will valiantly spill
84 **nothing more** not at all otherwise
86 **On height of our** at risk of our highest
101 **presently** immediately
102-3 **live...bone** i.e. be living skeletons (too ugly to be looked at)
105 **they** (the senators)
108 **balsam** balm, ointment
113 **lay** set an ambush
11.0.1 **divers** various
0.2 **Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius** They

probably correspond to speaking Lords, perhaps the First, Second, and Third Lords respectively.
4 **tiring** feeding. Said especially of a bird of prey tearing flesh.
6 **several** various
10 **occasions** affairs (perhaps also 'pretexts')
11-12 **conjured...appear** Compare 1.7 and note.
17 **grief** (a) illness (b) offence (c) sorrow

- SECOND LORD The swallow follows not summer more willingly than we your lordship.
- 30 TIMON [*aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter, such summer birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay. Feast your ears with the music a while, if they will fare so harshly o' th' trumpets' sound; we shall to't presently.
- 35 FIRST LORD I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship that I returned you an empty messenger.
- TIMON O sir, let it not trouble you.
- SECOND LORD My noble lord—
- 40 TIMON Ah, my good friend, what cheer?
The banquet brought in
- SECOND LORD My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.
- TIMON Think not on't, sir.
- 45 SECOND LORD If you had sent but two hours before—
- TIMON Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.
[Enter Servants with covered dishes]
- SECOND LORD All covered dishes.
- FIRST LORD Royal cheer, I warrant you.
- 50 THIRD LORD Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.
- FIRST LORD How do you? What's the news?
- THIRD LORD Alcibiades is banished. Hear you of it?
- FIRST and SECOND LORDS Alcibiades banished?
- 55 THIRD LORD 'Tis so, be sure of it.
- FIRST LORD How, how?
- SECOND LORD I pray you, upon what?
- TIMON My worthy friends, will you draw near?
- THIRD LORD I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast
- 60 toward.
- SECOND LORD This is the old man still.
- THIRD LORD Will't hold, will't hold?
- SECOND LORD It does; but time will—and so—
- THIRD LORD I do conceive.
- 65 TIMON Each man to his stool with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress. Your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City feast of it, to let the meat cool
- ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.
[They sit]
- You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough that one need not lend to another; for were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your foes, O gods—the senators of Athens, together with the common tag of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them; and to nothing are they welcome.—Uncover, dogs, and lap.
[The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of steaming water and stones]
- SOME LORDS What does his lordship mean? 85
- OTHER LORDS I know not.
- TIMON
- May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends. Smoke and lukewarm water
- Is your perfection. This is Timon's last,
Who, stuck and spangled with your flattery, 90
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villainy.
[He throws water in their faces]
- Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, 95
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er.
[A Lord is going]
- What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first. Thou too, and thou.

29–32 **The...men** Proverbially, 'Swallows, like false friends, fly away upon the approach of winter'.

40.1 **The banquet** i.e., a table with place-settings and stools, as for the banquet

46 **cumber...remembrance** trouble your memory of better things

61 **old man** man of old

62 **hold** continue, prove true

63 **time will**— Perhaps intimating the proverb 'time will tell truth'

65 **spur** urgent speed (as when a horse is spurred)

67 **City feast** i.e. feast as given by dignitaries of the City of London

67–8 **to...place** Implies both that social

precedence is contested in the City and all matters are subject to debate.

70–83 **You...welcome** Timon's grace is printed in italics as a set piece in the 1623 Folio.

70 **society** social gathering

72 **reserve still** always hold back something

78 **they** women generally

80 **tag** rabble

88 **mouth-friends** (a) friends in lip-service only (b) friends when it comes to eating

Smoke steam (characteristically insubstantial and diffusing to nothing). *Smoke* is also 'mere talk'.

89 **perfection** (a) finishing touch (b) perfect representation

90 **stuck and spangled** Both verbs apply to fixing jewels or ornaments.

92 **reeking** (a) steaming (b) stinking

95 **fools** dupes, playthings. *Fools of fortune* was proverbial.

trencher-friends friends in feasting

flies (only about in fair weather)

96 **Cap-and-knee** cap-doffing and kneebending

minute-jacks over-punctilious time-servers. The *jack* was the mechanical human figure that struck the bell on medieval clocks—though not every minute. *Jack* is also 'knave'.

98 **Crust** (as with a scab)

99 **physic** medicine

[*He beats them*]
 100 Stay, I will lend thee this money, borrow none.
 [*Exeunt Lords, leaving caps and gowns*]
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn house! Sink Athens! Henceforth hated be
 Of Timon man and all humanity! *Exit*
 Enter the Senators with other Lords
 105 FIRST LORD How now, my lords?
 SECOND LORD
 Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?
 THIRD LORD
 Push! Did you see my cap?
 FOURTH LORD I have lost my gown.
 FIRST LORD He's but a mad lord, and naught but humours
 sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now
 110 he has beat it out of my hat.
 Did you see my jewel?
 THIRD LORD Did you see my cap?
 SECOND LORD
 Here 'tis.
 FOURTH LORD
 Here lies my gown.
 FIRST LORD Let's make no stay.
 SECOND LORD
 Lord Timon's mad.
 THIRD LORD I feel't upon my bones.
 FOURTH LORD
 One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.
Exeunt
 Enter Timon
 Sc. 12 TIMON
 Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
 That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
 Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
 5 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench

And minister in their steads! To general filths
 Convert o' th' instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast!
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats. Bound servants, steal! 10
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed!
 Thy mistress is o' th' brothel. Son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire;
 With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear, 15
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
 And yet confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty, 25
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison!
 [*He tears off his clothes*]
 Nothing I'll bear from thee
 But nakedness, thou detestable town;
 Take thou that too, with multiplying bans.
 Timon will to the woods, where he shall find 35
 Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound—hear me you good gods all—
 Th' Athenians, both within and out that wall;
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low. 40
 Amen. *Exit*

106 quality nature	14 lined padded	by lust)
107 Push! pish!	17 Domestic awe reverential obedience in the home	27 'gainst...strive From Ecclesiasticus 4:28 (Bishops'), 'strive thou not against the stream, but for righteousness take pains...'. Proverbial.
108 humours extremes of temperament	neighbourhood neighbourliness	28 riot debauchery (and, in the metaphor, tumult or turbulence caused by opposing the stream of virtue)
113 upon my bones a literalizing alteration of in my bones, 'intuitively'	18 Instruction directions, orders (i.e. lines of social authority)	blains sores, blisters
12.1 wall The city wall of Athens. City walls were conventionally represented by the firing-house wall at the rear of the stage. Timon would have entered through a door in it.	mysteries institutionalized professional skills	29 Sow scatter through
3 incontinent sexually unrestrained	trades organized occupational groups	31 their society i.e. the company of Athenians
6 minister execute their duties	19 Degrees social ranks	32 merely unadulterated
filths defiled whores	observances following of customary rules and duties	32.1 He...clothes This would be theatrically straightforward and effective if Timon were wearing a gown in classical Greek style.
7 green i.e. fresh, young, innocent	20 confounding self-destroying	34 bans curses
8 hold fast i.e. refuse to repay	21 yet still (i.e. despite the general death and destruction)	
12 pill plunder	incident to apt to fall on	
13 Thy...brothel (implying either that marriage is a form of prostitution or that the wife is unfaithful)	23 for stroke to be struck	
	25 liberty licentiousness, wild behaviour	
	26 marrows (proverbially 'burnt' or 'melted')	

Sc. 13

Enter Steward, with two or three Servants

FIRST SERVANT

Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

STEWARD

Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded: by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

5

FIRST SERVANT

Such a house broke,
So noble a master fall'n? All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm
And go along with him?

SECOND SERVANT

As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses picked; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunned poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our fellows.

10

15

Enter other Servants

STEWARD

All broken implements of a ruined house.

THIRD SERVANT

Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery.
That see I by our faces. We are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leaked is our barque,
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck
Hearing the surges' threat. We must all part
Into this sea of air.

20

STEWARD

Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake
Let's yet be fellows. Let's shake our heads and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.'

25

[He gives them money]

Let each take some.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more.
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

13.2 **undone...remaining** Echoes Timon's divestment in the previous scene.

5 **house broke** household broken up

10 **his familiars to** Shifts from 'his intimate friends' to 'those familiar with'.

buried fortunes The *fortunes* are personified as the actual recipients of friendship, now dead. Timon's *fortunes* as 'luck' are figuratively *buried*, but it was his material *fortunes* that his friends were familiar with; the idea of buried treasure is developed in the next scene.

12 **picked** from which the money has been stolen

20 **mates** (a) subordinate naval officers (the full expression was *master's mate*) (b) fellows

21 **part** (a) separate (b) die

23 **latest** last

32 **point** lead

35 **what state compounds** that of which conspicuous splendour is compounded

36 **varnished** glossily painted (implying 'specious, pretended')

42 **to be** in order to be

45-6 **ingrateful...monstrous** Compare 6.72-3 and note.

45 **seat** centre, stronghold

14.0.1 **from his cave** The cave might be represented naturalistically by a stage property or conventionally by a door.

1 **breeding** Refers to the sun's supposed capacity to breed flies etc.

2 **Rotten** putrid
below...orb i.e. throughout the corruptible part of creation. *Thy sister* is the moon, whose sphere (*orb*) was supposed to divide the mutable from the celestial.

Embrace, and [the Servants] part several ways

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mocked with glory, or to live
But in a dream of friendship,

To have his pomp and all what state compounds
But only painted like his varnished friends?

Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!
Who then dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord, blessed to be most accursed,

Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;

Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.

I'll follow and enquire him out.

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will.

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.

Exit

Enter Timon [from his cave] in the woods, [half naked, and with a spade]

Sc. 14

TIMON

O blessèd breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb

Infect the air. Twinned brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth

Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not nature,

To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.

Raise me this beggar and demit that lord,
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour. Who dares, who dares

4 **residence** gestation in the womb

5 **dividant** divisible, distinguishable
touch them if they are touched several different

6-8 **Not...of nature** i.e. it is not in human nature to *bear great fortune* except by despising one's natural self and familial origins, because the natural state of things is to be under siege by sickness and misfortune

9 **It** i.e. fortune (?)
pasture Suggests both pastoral feeding and possession of land.

lards that fattens

9-10 **the brother's...him** i.e. the one brother's...the other

11 **demit** humble, abase

12 **hereditary** as if he were born to it. Similarly *native*, 14.13.

15 In purity of manhood stand upright
 And say 'This man's a flatterer'? If one be,
 So are they all, for every grece of fortune
 Is smoothed by that below. The learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool. All's obliquy;
 20 There's nothing level in our cursèd natures
 But direct villainy. Therefore be abhorred
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
 Destruction fang mankind. Earth, yield me roots.
 [He digs]
 Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison.
 [He finds gold]

25 What is here?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious gold?
 No, gods, I am no idle votarist:
 Roots, you clear heavens. Thus much of this will
 make
 30 Black white, foul fair, wrong right,
 Base noble, old young, coward valiant.
 Ha, you gods! Why this, what, this, you gods? Why,
 this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.
 This yellow slave
 35 Will knit and break religions, bless th' accursed,
 Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With senators on the bench. This is it
 That makes the wappered widow wed again.
 40 She whom the spittle house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that puts odds
 Among the rout of nations; I will make thee

Do thy right nature.
 March afar off
 Ha, a drum! Thou'rt quick;
 45 But yet I'll bury thee.
 [He buries gold]
 Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 [He keeps some gold]
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
 Enter Alcibiades, with [soldiers playing] drum and
 fife, in warlike manner; and Phrynia and Timandra
 ALCIBIADES What art thou there? Speak.
 TIMON
 A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart
 For showing me again the eyes of man. 50
 ALCIBIADES
 What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
 That art thyself a man?
 TIMON
 I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.
 ALCIBIADES I know thee well, 55
 But in thy fortunes am unlearned and strange.
 TIMON
 I know thee too, and more than that I know thee
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum.
 With man's blood paint the ground gules, gules.
 60 Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.
 PHRYNIA Thy lips rot off!
 TIMON
 I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again. 65

16 grece a step in a flight of stairs; specifically those standing on the step
 17 smoothed flattered
 pate head (as both seat of intellect and part of the body that bows)
 18 obliquy deviousness
 22 His semblable that which resembles himself
 23 fang seize with fangs
 23.1 He digs The hole beneath the trapdoor in the middle of the stage would probably be used.
 24-8 Who... heavens Timon's prayer is answered, though against his intention and ironically. His humility is rewarded with riches, and it is he, not those who seek for better, who gets the earth's most operant poison. The irony depends on biblical teachings, particularly 'the desire of money is the root of all evil, which while some lusted after they erred from the faith and pierced themselves with many sorrows' (1 Timothy 6:10).
 25 operant potent

27 idle ineffective; insincere. Perhaps plays on idol.
 votarist one bound by vow to a religious way of life
 28 clear innocent, blameless
 28-9 make | Black white proverbial
 33 Pluck... heads (in order to throttle them)
 36 hoar Refers to the greyish colour of leprous skin.
 place thieves appoint thieves to office
 39 wappered sexually worn-out
 40 the... sores i.e. those in hospital and with ulcerous sores
 41 cast the gorge vomit
 embalms and spices Suggests preparation to preserve a corpse, though spices were also used as cosmetic perfumes.
 43 common whore Alters the traditional figure of the earth as a common (general) mother (as at 14.178), and so debases the connotations of common. Whore is appropriate because land can be bought and sold; it is unlikely to have been so described under the feudal system.

puts odds creates conflict
 44 rout rabble
 45 quick sudden (to bring about strife). Also, punningly, 'alive', anticipating bury.
 46 go walk away
 47 keepers (a) owners (b) jailers
 48 for earnest as a token for the rest
 49 canker canker-worm (with the heart seen as a flower-bud)
 56 strange unacquainted
 59 gules Heraldic term for red. The repetition might suggest a red motif on a red background.
 61 fell dreadful, savage
 62 destruction Both physical (disease) and moral (damnation).
 63 Thy lips rot off Alludes to an effect of syphilis.
 64-5 I... again i.e. the curse could only be fulfilled by kissing Phrynia; as Timon refuses, he claims that the curse of rotten lips recoils onto the lips of the speaker.

ALCIBIADES
How came the noble Timon to this change? 95

TIMON
As the moon does, by wanting light to give.
But then renew I could not like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

ALCIBIADES
Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee? 70

TIMON
None but to maintain my opinion.

ALCIBIADES What is it, Timon?

TIMON Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man.

75 If thou dost not perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.

ALCIBIADES
I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

TIMON
Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

ALCIBIADES
I see them now; then was a blessèd time.

TIMON
As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots. 80

TIMANDRA
Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

TIMON Art thou Timandra?

TIMANDRA Yes.

TIMON
Be a whore still. They love thee not that use thee.
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
85 Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths, bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.

TIMANDRA Hang thee, monster!

ALCIBIADES
Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
90 Are drowned and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I have heard and grieved
How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states
But for thy sword and fortune trod upon them—

TIMON
I prithee, beat thy drum and get thee gone.

ALCIBIADES
I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

TIMON
How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

ALCIBIADES Why, fare thee well. 100
Here is some gold for thee.

TIMON Keep it. I cannot eat it.

ALCIBIADES
When I have laid proud Athens on a heap—

TIMON
Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

ALCIBIADES Ay, Timon, and have cause.

TIMON
The gods confound them all in thy conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast conquerèd. 105

ALCIBIADES
Why me, Timon?

TIMON That by killing of villains
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold.
[He gives Alcibiades gold]
Go on; here's gold; go on.
Be as a planetary plague when Jove
Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison 110
In the sick air. Let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honoured age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek 115
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
babe
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy. 120
Think it a bastard whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced the throat shall cut,

73 **Promise... perform** From the proverb 'to promise much and perform little'.
80 **held with a brace** (a) spent with a pair (b) held together with a clamp
81 **minion** favourite. But as also a derogatory term for a woman, it brings Timon into equivalence with the speaker. Her name Timandra, which Timon speaks in the next line, has the same effect. In Sc. 4 the Page was bearing letters from the brothel to Timon and Alcibiades; we might perhaps infer that Timandra was Timon's whore ('They love thee not that use thee', 14.84).
84 **Be a whore still** Proverbially, 'Once a whore, always a whore'.
85 **lust** Seen as expended and deposited in

the whore's body, like semen.
86 **salt hours** hours of lechery (also anticipating *season*, as with salt)
season prepare (and see previous note)
87 **tubs and baths** sweating-tubs and hot baths; i.e. treatments for venereal disease
88 **tub-fast** sexual abstinence during treatment with the sweating-tub
diet (another part of the therapy)
90 **lost** (as at sea)
96 **trod upon them** would have trod upon them. A victor symbolically *trod upon* a vanquished foe. The *sword and fortune* are both the war-aims of the neighbour states and the Athenian means for defence.

104 **in thy conquest** by being conquered by you
109 **a planetary plague** a plague or disaster induced by malign planetary influence
114 **habit** dress
116 **trenchant** cutting, sharp
117 **window-bars** open-work squares of a bodice (?)
118 **leaf of pity** Metonymic for 'book of pity'; perhaps recalling the biblical Book of Life.
120 **exhaust** draw forth
122 **doubtfully** ambiguously (see next note)
the throat shall cut The prophecy does not specify whether the child will be victim or agent.

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects.
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes
 125 Whose proof nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.
 Make large confusion, and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself. Speak not. Be gone.

ALCIBIADES
 130 Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

TIMON
 Dost thou or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA
 Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?

TIMON
 Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make wholesomeness a bawd. Hold up, you
 135 sluts,
 Your aprons mountant.
 [*He throws gold into their aprons*]
 You are not oathable,
 Although I know you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths;
 140 I'll trust to your conditions. Be whores still,
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke;
 And be no turncoats. Yet may your pain-sick months
 145 Be quite contrary, and thatch your poor thin roofs
 With burdens of the dead—some that were hanged,
 No matter. Wear them, betray with them; whore still;
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.
 A pox of wrinkles!

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA
 Well, more gold; what then?
 Believe't that we'll do anything for gold. 150

TIMON Consumptions sow
 In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp shins,
 And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
 That he may never more false title plead
 Nor sound his quillets shrilly. Hoar the flamen 155
 That scolds against the quality of flesh
 And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
 Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
 Of him that his particular to foresee
 Smells from the general weal. Make curled-pate
 ruffians bald, 160
 And let the unscarred braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection. There's more gold.
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
 And ditches grave you all! 165

PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA
 More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

TIMON
 More whore, more mischief first; I have given you
 earnest.

ALCIBIADES
 Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon.
 If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. 170

TIMON
 If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

ALCIBIADES I never did thee harm.

TIMON Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

ALCIBIADES Call'st thou that harm?

TIMON
 Men daily find it. Get thee away, 175

123 **sans** without
objects objections
 125 **proof** tested power
 136 **mountant** lifted up. A heraldic term,
 suggesting that the lifted skirts are
 emblems of prostitution. Perhaps puns
 on sexual 'mounting'.
oathable able to keep an oath
 138 **strong...agues** i.e. dismay and pain.
 The words suggest also, quibblingly, both
 orgasm and effects of venereal disease.
 140 **trust...conditions** (a) take your quality
 on trust (b) trust what your occupations
 indicate (that as whores they are not to
 be trusted)
 142 **burn him up** (with venereal disease)
 143 **close fire** (a) the enclosed and so
 fierce fire of your lust (b) secret venereal
 disease
predominate prevail over
smoke (a) vacuous pieties (b) steaming in
 the sweating-tub
 144 **be no turncoats** i.e. stay true to being
 whores

145 **quite contrary** entirely opposed to
 your well-being (and perhaps 'just the
 opposite in character': i.e. making them
 sick instead of active, cold (*thin roofs*)
 instead of hot)
thin roofs i.e. hairless scalps (a supposed
 symptom of venereal disease)
 146 **burdens of the dead** i.e. wigs made from
 the hair of the dead
 148 **Paint** apply cosmetics
mire upon get stuck in (as if in mud)
 149 **A pox of a pox on,** to hell with
 151 **Consumptions** consuming diseases
 (especially sexual ones)
 152 **hollow bones** The anticipated result
 of *Consumptions*. Syphilis makes bones
 brittle and fragile.
sharp shins Again the anticipated result:
 perhaps painful nodes on the shins.
 153 **spurring** (a) horse-riding (b) copulation
Crack...voice An ulcered larynx is
 another effect of syphilis.
 155 **quilllets** verbal niceties, quibbles

Hoar make greyish-white (with syphilis)
flamen priest. The Latinism is perhaps
 a concession to the setting in classical
 Greece, but may have been chosen to
 avoid censorship.
 156 **quality of flesh** i.e. susceptibility of the
 flesh to sexual temptation
 157 **Down with the nose** Syphilis caused
 collapse of the nose-bridge.
 159 **his particular** his own self-interest
 160 **from** apart from
general weal i.e. well-being of society at
 large
curled-pate ruffians curly-headed
 swaggerers
 161 **unscarred braggarts** i.e. boastful
 cowards
 163 **quell** destroy
 164 **The...erection** i.e. the male sexual
 impulse
 168 **earnest** a down-payment
 172-3 **I...me** Proverbially, 'Praise by evil
 men is dispraise'.

And take thy beagles with thee.
 ALICIBIADES We but offend him. Strike!
Exeunt [to drum and fife all but Timon]

TIMON
 That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
 Should yet be hungry!
[He digs the earth]
 Common mother—thou
 Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
 180 Teems and feeds all, whose selfsame mettle
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
 The gilded newt and eyeless venomèd worm,
 185 With all th' abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth shine—
 Yield him who all the human sons doth hate
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root.
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
 190 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
 Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented.
[He finds a root]
 O, a root! Dear thanks.
 195 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
 Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!—
Enter Apemantus
 More man? Plague, plague!
 APEMANTUS
 I was directed hither. Men report
 200 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
 TIMON
 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!
 APEMANTUS
 This is in thee a nature but infected,

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade, this place,
 205 This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
 Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 210 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy knee,
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap. Praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus.
 215 Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
 To knaves and all approachers. 'Tis most just
 That thou turn rascal. Hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

TIMON
 Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
 220 APEMANTUS
 Thou hast cast away thyself being like thyself—
 A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these mossed trees
 That have outlived the eagle page thy heels
 225 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhousèd trunks
 230 To the conflicting elements exposed
 Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee.
 O, thou shalt find—

TIMON A fool of thee! Depart.
 APEMANTUS
 I love thee better now than e'er I did.
 TIMON
 I hate thee worse.
 APEMANTUS Why?
 TIMON Thou flatter'st misery.
 235

176 **beagles** dogs good at hunting by scent.
 The implication is 'bitches who sniff out their male prey'.
 178 **Common mother** proverbial for the earth
 180 **Teems** breeds
 181 **puffed** inflated (with pride)
 182-3 **toad...newt** (both thought poisonous)
 183 **eyeless venomèd worm** The blind-worm proper is not poisonous (and not blind), but the poisonous (and well-sighted) adder was sometimes also called the 'blind-worm'.
 184 **crisp** clear, shining
 185 **Hyperion's** *Hyperion* is here the sun, though more accurately in Greek mythology the sun's father.
quick'ning life-giving
 188 **Ensear** dry up, wither away

191 **upward** upturned
 192 **marbled mansion** i.e. the heavens.
Marbled suggests both opulence of a building and luminosity of the sky.
 194 **marrows** vital pulp
leas fields
 195 **liquorish** (a) pleasant (b) lust-inducing
draughts drinks: (a) potions (b) swallowings
 196 **unctuous** rich in fat
greases (a) makes gross and lewd (b) makes slippery (see next line)
 197 **consideration** capacity for thought
 200 **affect** (a) like (b) assume, imitate
 206 **habit** costume
 208 **perfumes** (metonymic for 'perfumed mistresses')
 210 **putting...carper** assuming the guise of a professional fault-finder

213 **observe** obsequiously follow
 216 **tapsters** barmen in inns (who would greet all-comers)
 218-19 **rascal...Rascals** lean and solitary deer...rogues
 223 **chamberlain** personal servant
 225 **outlived the eagle** From the proverbial expression 'an eagle's old age'.
page thy heels follow at your heels like a (young) page
 226 **skip jump** to it
point'st out indicate something you want
 227 **Candied** sugar-frosted
caudle refresh with a caudle (a warm, spiced medicinal drink)
 229 **in** exposed to
 230 **wreakful** vindictive
 232 **Answer** act in accordance with
mere unmitigated

APEMANTUS
I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

TIMON
Why dost thou seek me out?

APEMANTUS
To vex thee.

TIMON
Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

APEMANTUS
Ay.

TIMON
What, a knave too?

APEMANTUS
If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
240 To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dost it enforcèdly. Thou'dst courtier be again
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crowned before.
245 The one is filling still, never complete;
The other at high wish. Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

TIMON
250 Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasped, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou like us from our first swathe proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
255 To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thyself
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learned
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
260 The sugared game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionery,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
265 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows—I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden.
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate
270 men?
They never flattered thee. What hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she-beggar and compounded thee
275 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone.
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
APEMANTUS Art thou proud yet?
TIMON Ay, that I am not thee.
APEMANTUS I that I was
280 No prodigal.
TIMON I that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.
[He bites the root]
APEMANTUS [offering food]
285 Here, I will mend thy feast.
TIMON
First mend my company: take away thyself.
APEMANTUS
So I shall mend mine own by th' lack of thine.
TIMON
'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched;
If not, I would it were.
APEMANTUS What wouldst thou have to Athens?
TIMON
290 Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold. Look, so I have.
APEMANTUS
Here is no use for gold.
TIMON The best and truest,
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm.
APEMANTUS Where liest a-nights, Timon?
TIMON Under that's above me. Where feed'st thou a-days,
295 Apemantus?
APEMANTUS Where my stomach finds meat; or rather,
where I eat it.
TIMON Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
APEMANTUS Where wouldst thou send it?
300 TIMON To sauce thy dishes.
APEMANTUS The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in
thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too
much curiosity; in thy rags thou know'st none, but art
305

236 **caitiff** wretch
244 **incertain** insecure
is **crowned** i.e. finds fulfilment
246 **Best state, contentless** the greatest
prosperity, if it is without contentment
248 **the worst, content** the least prosperity,
if it is contented
252 **bred** i.e. whom fortune bred
253 **swathe** swaddling-clothes (of infancy)
proceeded passed through
254 **degrees** steps on fortune's ladder (*sweet*
because leading upward)

255 **such** i.e. such a height
259 **precepts of respect** (a) commands
issued by those in authority (b) rules
for maintaining a position of respect
(c) soundly-judged moral principles
259-60 **followed...thee** (womanizing seen
as a *sugared* form of hunting)
263 **At duty** at my service
frame employment devise employment
for
265 **brush** violent burst
273 **in spite** out of spite

273-4 **put stuff** | To copulated with,
'stuffed'
274 **compounded** begot
285-8 **mend...mended** improve...repaired
288 it...**botched** (because Apemantus
would still have himself to endure)
289 **What** what message. Timon takes as
'what things'.
302 **The...knewest** Proverbially, 'Virtue is
found in the middle'.
305 **curiosity** (a) delicacy, fastidiousness
(b) desire for novelty

despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

TIMON On what I hate I feed not.

APEMANTUS Dost hate a medlar?

310 TIMON Ay, though it look like thee.

APEMANTUS An thou'dst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

315 TIMON Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

APEMANTUS Myself.

TIMON I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

320 APEMANTUS What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

TIMON Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

325 APEMANTUS Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

TIMON Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

APEMANTUS Ay, Timon.

TIMON A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee. If thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee. If thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou wert accused by the ass. If thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou lived'st but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse. Wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard. Wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence.

345 What beast couldst thou be that were not subject to a beast? And what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

APEMANTUS If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here. The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

350

TIMON How, has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

APEMANTUS Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again. 355

TIMON When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

APEMANTUS
Thou art the cap of all the fools alive. 360

TIMON
Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

APEMANTUS
A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to curse.

TIMON
All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

APEMANTUS
There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

365 TIMON If I name thee.
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

APEMANTUS
I would my tongue could rot them off.

TIMON
Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive.
I swoon to see thee. 370

APEMANTUS Would thou wouldst burst!

TIMON Away, thou tedious rogue!
[He throws a stone at Apemantus]

I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

APEMANTUS Beast!

375 TIMON Slave!
APEMANTUS Toad!
TIMON Rogue, rogue, rogue!
I am sick of this false world, and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
380 Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
[He looks on the gold]

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
'Twi'x natural son and sire; thou bright defiler
385 Of Hymen's purest bed; thou valiant Mars;
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

306 **medlar** A kind of apple eaten when rotten; with a pun in 14.311 on *meddlers*.

313 **unthrift** good-for-nothing

326 **fall in** (a) take part in (whereby the beasts overthrow mankind), or (b) degenerate (into a beast) in **confusion** overthrow, destruction

334 **dullness** stupidity

still all the time

337-9 **Wert...fury** The legendary way to catch a unicorn was to stand in front of

a tree then step aside when it charged, so that its horn stuck in the tree-trunk.

340 **bear** (supposedly hated by horses)

342 **german** closely related

343 **spots** crimes (of the lion; quibbling on the leopard's physical spots)

344 **were remotion** would lie in keeping well away

347 **in transformation** i.e. if you were transformed

353 **Yonder...painter** This disconnected

remark anticipates the episode at the beginning of Sc. 15, which is not imminent. Apemantus might be warning that other asses have broken the walls of Athens and are on their way, but the comment may have been deleted by the time the play reached the stage.

360 **cap** foremost example (punning on the fool's coxcomb)

386 **Hymen's** (god of marriage)

387 **delicate** graceful

- Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap; thou visible god,
390 That sold'st rest close impossibilities
And mak'st them kiss, that speak'st with every tongue
To every purpose; O thou touch of hearts:
Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire.
- 395 APEMANTUS Would 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. I'll say thou'st gold.
Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.
- TIMON Thronged to?
APEMANTUS Ay.
- TIMON
Thy back, I prithee.
- APEMANTUS Live, and love thy misery.
- TIMON
Long live so, and so die. I am quit.
Enter [at a distance] the Banditti, [Thieves]
- 400 APEMANTUS
More things like men. Eat, Timon, and abhor them. *Exit*
- FIRST THIEF Where should he have this gold? It is some
poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The
mere want of gold and the falling-from of his friends
drove him into this melancholy.
- 405 SECOND THIEF It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.
- THIRD THIEF Let us make the assay upon him. If he care not
for't, he will supply us easily. If he covetously reserve
it, how shall 's get it?
- SECOND THIEF True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.
- 410 FIRST THIEF Is not this he?
- OTHER THIEVES Where?
- SECOND THIEF 'Tis his description.
- THIRD THIEF He, I know him.
- ALL THIEVES [*coming forward*] Save thee, Timon.
- 415 TIMON Now, thieves.
- ALL THIEVES
Soldiers, not thieves.
- TIMON Both, too, and women's sons.
- ALL THIEVES
We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
- TIMON
Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots.
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs. 420
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips.
The bounteous housewife nature on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? Why want?
- FIRST THIEF
We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes. 425
- TIMON
Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves professed, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. [*Giving gold*] Rascal thieves, 430
Here's gold. Go suck the subtle blood o' th' grape
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together— 435
Do, villains, do, since you protest to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun. 440
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From gen'ral excrement. Each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power 445
Has unchecked theft. Love not yourselves. Away,
Rob one another. There's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it. Steal less for this I give you, 450
And gold confound you howsoe'er. Amen.
- THIRD THIEF He's almost charmed me from my profession
by persuading me to it.

389 **Dian's** Roman goddess of chastity.

There is a suggestion too of Danaë, who was seduced by Jupiter in a shower of gold.

390 **close** closely (qualifying *sold'st rest*)392 **touch** touchstone393 **virtue** power394 **confounding odds** mutually-destructive strife399.1 **Enter... Thieves** These might logically be deserters from Alcibiades' army, as mentioned at 14.91-3.401 **Where should he have** (a) from where can he have obtained (b) where might he keep402 **ort** leftover (usually of food)405 **noised** rumoured406 **assay** (a) test (as for the presence and quality of gold in an alloy) (b) assault416 **women's sons** Proverbial, here suggesting 'members of sinning humanity'. Contrast 14.494-5.417 **much do want** are very needy421 **mast** acorns (fed to swine)423 **mess** serving of food427 **you con** express to you430 **limited professions** (a) regulated trades (b) less forthright admissions431 **subtle** (a) fine, delicate (b) treacherous
431 **blood o' th' grape** wine. But the image of sucking blood suggests a leech (a) in the pejorative sense 'extortioner', (b) asused in medical blood-letting (the blood-sucker here doesn't cure the patient but contracts a *high fever*).435 **Take wealth and lives** steal wealth and end lives438 **attraction** power of drawing up moisture441-2 **The... tears** Alludes to the belief that tides were caused by the sea drawing moisture from the moon.441 **resolves** melts, dissolves
446 **Has unchecked theft** have unlimited power to steal450 **for** on account of451 **howsoe'er** whatever you do

- FIRST THIEF 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus
455 advises us, not to have us thrive in our mystery.
SECOND THIEF I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.
FIRST THIEF Let us first see peace in Athens. There is no
time so miserable but a man may be true.
Exeunt Thieves
- Enter the Steward to Timon*
- 460 STEWARD O you gods!
Is yon despised and ruinous man my lord,
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestowed!
What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want
made!
465 What viler thing upon the earth than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wished to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love and rather woo
470 Those that would mischief me than those that do!
He's caught me in his eye. I will present
My honest grief unto him, and as my lord
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master.
- TIMON
Away! What art thou?
STEWARD Have you forgot me, sir?
TIMON
475 Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot
thee.
- STEWARD
An honest poor servant of yours.
- TIMON Then I know thee not.
I never had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.
- 480 STEWARD The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
- TIMON
What, dost thou weep? Come nearer then; I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
485 Flinty mankind whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping.
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!
- STEWARD
I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T'accept my grief,
[*He offers his money*]
and whilst this poor wealth lasts
To entertain me as your steward still. 490
- TIMON Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
Was born of woman. 495
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not, but one,
No more, I pray—and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind, 500
And thou redeem'st thyself! But all save thee
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise,
For by oppressing and betraying me
Thou mightst have sooner got another service; 505
For many so arrive at second masters
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts, 510
Expecting in return twenty for one?
- STEWARD
No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late.
You should have feared false times when you did
feast.
Suspect still comes where an estate is least. 515
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honoured lord,
For any benefit that points to me, 520
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish: that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.
- TIMON
Look thee, 'tis so. Thou singly honest man,
[*He gives Steward gold*]
Here, take. The gods, out of my misery, 525

454 **in the malice of** out of hatred for
455 **mystery** profession

456 **as an enemy** i.e. not at all

458–9 **Let... true** Implies either (a) he too
will become honest once peace returns,
or (b) he will not quit his trade (peace
being unlikely) but remain *true* to his
calling.

463 **wonder** astonishing example

467 **it** (the time recalled in the next line)

468 **love his enemies** Christ's commandment
(Matthew 5:54)

485 **Flinty** To wring water out of flint was
proverbially difficult.

give yield tears

486 **thorough** through

492 **comfortable** comforting

494–5 **Surely... woman** From Job 14:1,
where 'man that is born of woman'
describes the human condition. Timon
is surprised that being born of woman
has, in the Steward's case, left traces in
his 'womanish' behaviour.

496 **exceptless** indiscriminate

498–9 **One... steward** The Steward con-
trasts with the biblical Unjust Steward,
who is wise but worldly and dishonest
(Luke 16:1–9).

500 **fain** willingly

507 **Upon... neck** (a) by mounting on
his first master's shoulders (b) having
subjugated him (c) having betrayed him
to execution

509 **subtle** treacherous

513 **suspect** suspicion

515 **still** always

Has sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
 But thus conditioned: thou shalt build from men,
 Hate all, curse all, show charity to none,
 But let the famished flesh slide from the bone
 530 Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
 What thou deniest to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like blasted
 woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods.
 And so farewell, and thrive.

STEWARD

535 O, let me stay and comfort you, my master.
 TIMON If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not. Fly whilst thou art blest and free.
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
Exeunt [Timon into his cave, Steward another way]

Sc. 15 *Enter Poet and Painter*

PAINTER As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where
 he abides.

POET What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold
 for true that he's so full of gold?

5 PAINTER Certain. Alcibiades reports it. Phrynia and Tim-
 andra had gold of him. He likewise enriched poor
 straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave
 unto his steward a mighty sum.

10 POET Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his
 friends?

PAINTER Nothing else. You shall see him a palm in Athens
 again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not
 amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed
 15 distress of his. It will show honestly in us, and is very
 likely to load our purposes with what they travail for,
 if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

POET What have you now to present unto him?

PAINTER Nothing at this time, but my visitation; only I
 will promise him an excellent piece.

20 POET I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's
 coming toward him.

PAINTER Good as the best.

Enter Timon from his cave, [unobserved]

25 Promising is the very air o' th' time; it opens the eyes
 of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his
 act, and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people

the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is
 most courtly and fashionable. Performance is a kind of
 will or testament which argues a great sickness in his
 judgement that makes it.

TIMON *[aside]* Excellent workman, thou canst not paint a
 man so bad as is thyself. 30

POET *[to Painter]* I am thinking what I shall say I have
 provided for him. It must be a personating of himself, a
 satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery
 of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency. 35

TIMON *[aside]* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine
 own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other
 men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

POET *[to Painter]* Nay, let's seek him.
 Then do we sin against our own estate 40
 When we may profit meet and come too late.

PAINTER True.

When the day serves, before black-cornered night,
 Find what thou want'st by free and offered light.
 Come. 45

TIMON *[aside]*

I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
 That he is worshipped in a baser temple
 Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the barque and plough'st the
 foam,

50 Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave.

To thee be worship, and thy saints for aye
 Be crowned with plagues, that thee alone obey.

Fit I meet them.

[He comes forward to them]

POET

Hail, worthy Timon!

PAINTER

Our late noble master!

TIMON

Have I once lived to see two honest men? 55

POET

Sir, having often of your open bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures, O abhorrèd spirits,
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

60 What, to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

527 **from** away from

532 **be men** let men be

blasted blighted, withered

533 **lick up** consume (and hinting that
 the diseases are like a dog licking a sick
 man's sores or wounds)

538.1 *Exeunt... way* Whether there is a
 scene-break depends on whether there
 is an on-stage cave property. If Timon
 remains visible in his cave, there is
 continuity of action, and he need not
 come forward again until after 15.29, as
 in the 1623 text.

15.9 **breaking** bankruptcy

11-12 **a... highest** Alludes to Psalms

92:11: 'The righteous shall flourish like
 a palm-tree'.

15 **travail** both 'labour' and 'travel'

16 **having** possessions

22.1 *Enter... unobserved* See note to
 14.538.1.

23-9 **Promising... it** See note to 14.73.

23 **air** metaphoric for 'style, manner'

26 **the deed of saying** performance of what
 has been promised

37-8 **whip... men** From proverbial 'To find
 fault with others and do worse oneself'.

40 **estate** (a) social group (b) prosperity

43 **black-cornered** full of dark corners

46 **meet... turn** confront you when you
 turn the corner. Other relevant senses
 of *turn* are 'subtle device', 'opportunity',
 'sudden veer of a hunted hare'.

47 **a baser temple** i.e. the human body

50 **admirèd reverence** an expression of
 reverential wonder

55 **once** really

57 **were retired** had withdrawn from society

58 **Whose** for whose

61 **influence** the supposed astrological effect
 of celestial bodies on humans

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any size of words.

65 TIMON
 Let it go naked; men may see't the better.
 You that are honest, by being what you are
 Make them best seen and known.

PAINTER He and myself
 Have travelled in the great show'r of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

TIMON Ay, you are honest men.

70 PAINTER
 We are hither come to offer you our service.

TIMON
 Most honest men. Why, how shall I requite you?
 Can you eat roots and drink cold water? No.

POET and PAINTER
 What we can do we'll do to do you service.

TIMON
 You're honest men. You've heard that I have gold,
 75 I am sure you have. Speak truth; you're honest men.

PAINTER
 So it is said, my noble lord, but therefor
 Came not my friend nor I.

TIMON
 Good honest men. [To Painter] Thou draw'st a coun-
 terfeit
 Best in all Athens; thou'rt indeed the best;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

80 PAINTER So so, my lord.

TIMON
 E'en so, sir, as I say. [To Poet] And for thy fiction,
 Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth
 That thou art even natural in thine art.
 But for all this, my honest-natured friends,
 85 I must needs say you have a little fault.
 Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
 You take much pains to mend.

POET and PAINTER Beseech your honour
 To make it known to us.

TIMON You'll take it ill.

POET and PAINTER Most thankfully, my lord.

90 TIMON Will you indeed?

POET and PAINTER Doubt it not, worthy lord.

TIMON
 There's never a one of you but trusts a knave
 That mightily deceives you.

POET and PAINTER Do we, my lord?

TIMON
 Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
 Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
 95 Keep in your bosom; yet remain assured
 That he's a made-up villain.

PAINTER I know none such, my lord.

POET Nor I.

TIMON
 Look you, I love you well. I'll give you gold,
 100 Rid me these villains from your companies.
 Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
 Confound them by some course, and come to me,
 I'll give you gold enough.

POET and PAINTER
 Name them, my lord, let's know them.

TIMON
 You that way and you this, but two in company;
 105 Each man apart, all single and alone,
 Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
 [To Painter] If where thou art two villains shall not be,
 Come not near him. [To Poet] If thou wouldst not
 reside
 But where one villain is, then him abandon. 110
 Hence; pack! [Striking him] There's gold. You came for
 gold, ye slaves.
 [Striking Painter] You have work for me; there's
 payment. Hence!
 [Striking Poet] You are an alchemist; make gold of
 that.
 Out, rascal dogs!

Exeunt [Poet and Painter one way, Timon into his cave]

Enter Steward and two Senators

Sc. 16

STEWARD
 It is in vain that you would speak with Timon,
 For he is set so only to himself
 That nothing but himself which looks like man
 Is friendly with him.

FIRST SENATOR Bring us to his cave.
 It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
 5 To speak with Timon.

SECOND SENATOR At all times alike
 Men are not still the same. 'Twas time and griefs
 That framed him thus. Time with his fairer hand
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
 10 And chance it as it may.

STEWARD Here is his cave.
 [Calling] Peace and content be here! Lord Timon,
 Timon,

64 **size** (a) quantity (b) glutinous wash applied to prepare paper or canvas for painting

76 **therefor** on that account

78 **counterfeit** (a) life-like picture (b) forgery. The idea that the Painter dissimulates is brought out in *counterfeit'st*, 15.80.

82 **swells with stuff** (a) swells with ideas

(like a swollen river) (b) is inflated with padding (like a garment)

94 **cog** cheat, flatter

95 **patchery** knavery

97 **made-up** complete

102 **draught** cesspool

105 **but...company** yet there is still a company of two

113 **You are an alchemist** (because as a poet he transmutes his subject into something finer)

16.2 **set** fixed, directed

only exclusively

5 **our...promise** the role we promised to play

SECOND SENATOR

And enter in our ears like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

TIMON

Commend me to them,
And tell them that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
85 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them.

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

FIRST SENATOR [*aside*]

I like this well; he will return again.

TIMON

90 I have a tree which grows here in my close
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
95 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

STEWARD [*to Senators*]

Trouble him no further. Thus you still shall find him.

TIMON

100 Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover. Thither come,
And let my gravestone be your oracle.
105 Lips, let four words go by, and language end.
What is amiss, plague and infection mend.
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams. Timon hath done his reign.

Exit [into his cave]

FIRST SENATOR

110 His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

SECOND SENATOR

Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us

In our dear peril.

FIRST SENATOR

It requires swift foot.

Exeunt

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger

Sc. 17

THIRD SENATOR

Thou hast painfully discovered. Are his files
As full as thy report?

MESSENGER

I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

FOURTH SENATOR

We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon.

5

MESSENGER

I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
10 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave
With letters of entreaty which imported
His fellowship i'th' cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter the other Senators

THIRD SENATOR

Here come our brothers.

FIRST SENATOR

No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.
The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring
15 Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare.
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foe's the snare. *Exeunt*

Enter a Soldier, in the woods, seeking Timon

Sc. 18

SOLDIER

By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak, ho! No answer? What is this?
[*He discovers a grave, with two inscriptions*]
'Timon is dead, who hath outstretched his span.
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.'
5 Dead, sure, and this his grave. What's on this tomb
I cannot read. The character I'll take with wax.
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *Exit* 10

81 **great triumphers** those entering at a great triumphal welcome. The Roman practice of according a triumph to victorious generals was imitated in Renaissance civic welcomes for dignitaries.

90 **close** enclosure

102 **embossèd** foaming (often used of an exhausted hunted animal foaming at the mouth)

105 **four** (used as an indefinite small number)

110 **nature** his nature

17.1 **painfully discovered** (*a*) painstakingly

reconnoitred, (*b*) told painful news
files (of troops)

3 **his expedition** the speed of his advance

6 **ancient** long-standing

7 **in general part** on matters of public concern

13 **moved** taken up, advanced

15 **scouring** military scourging

18.3 **outstretched his span** i.e. lived too long

5-6 **What's...read** This is puzzling just after he has apparently read an epitaph. Perhaps the lines he takes in wax, as read in Sc. 19, are written in another

language such as Latin, or another script.

6 **character** lettering

take take an impression of

7 **figure** kind of writing

8 **interpreter** (perhaps specifically 'translator')

9 **he's set down by this** his captain (presumably Alcibiades) has encamped by now. *Set down* and *mark* (18.10) perhaps glance illogically at writing.

10 **Whose** Refers to Athens.

mark target

Sc. 19 *Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers,* Into our city with thy banners spread. 30
 before Athens By decimation and a tithèd death,
 ALCIBIADES If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Sound to this coward and lascivious town Which nature loathes, take thou the destined tenth,
 Our terrible approach. And by the hazard of the spotted die
 Sounds a parley. The Senators appear upon the Let die the spotted.
 walls FIRST SENATOR All have not offended. 35
 Till now you have gone on and filled the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice. Till now myself and such For those that were, it is not square to take,
 5 As stepped within the shadow of your power On those that are, revenge. Crimes like lands
 Have wandered with our traversed arms, and Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 breathed Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage.
 Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40
 When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 Cries of itself 'No more'; now breathless wrong With those that have offended. Like a shepherd
 10 Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease, Approach the fold and cull th' infected forth,
 And pury insolence shall break his wind But kill not all together.
 With fear and horrid flight. SECOND SENATOR What thou wilt,
 FIRST SENATOR Noble and young, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile 45
 When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Than hew to't with thy sword.
 15 Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear,
 We sent to thee to give thy rages balm,
 To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
 Above their quantity. FIRST SENATOR Set but thy foot
 SECOND SENATOR So did we woo Against our rampired gates and they shall ope,
 20 Transformed Timon to our city's love So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
 By humble message and by promised means. To say thou'lt enter friendly.
 We were not all unkind, nor all deserve SECOND SENATOR Throw thy glove,
 The common stroke of war. Or any token of thine honour else, 50
 FIRST SENATOR These walls of ours That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 25 Were not erected by their hands from whom And not as our confusion. All thy powers
 You have received your grief; nor are they such Shall make their harbour in our town till we
 That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools should Have sealed thy full desire.
 fall ALCIBIADES [*throwing up a glove*]
 For private faults in them. Then there's my glove.
 SECOND SENATOR Nor are they living Descend, and open your unchargèd ports. 55
 Who were the motives that you first went out. Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
 Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess, Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning, not a man
 Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream 60
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds
 But shall be remedied to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.

19.0.2-19.2.2 *before Athens... upon the walls* As in Sc. 12, the tiring-house wall would represent the city wall.
 1 **Sound** i.e. proclaim by trumpet-call
 2 **terrible** terrifying
 4 **all licentious measure** every degree and kind of licentiousness
 5 **scope** determining limit
 7 **traversed arms** (a) folded arms (a sign of melancholy); or (b) weapons held crossed (as in military drill)
 breathed spoken about
 8 **sufferance** sufferings, grievances
 flush in full flood
 9 **crouching** cringing, subservient
 marrow (source of vitality and strength)
 10 **of itself** of its own accord
 breathless short-winded (because old and fearful)
 12 **wrong** i.e. wrong-doers, the senators
 pury fat and short-winded
 insolence overbearing pride (i.e. those so characterized)
 break his wind gasp for breath; fart
 13 **horrid** horrifying
 14 **griefs** grievances
 20 **means** terms; compromises; wealth
 25 **trophies** monuments
 schools public buildings
 27 **motives that** i.e. instigators of the grievances for which
 28 **wanted** lacked
 cunning i.e. sufficient cleverness to forestall Alcibiades' revolt
 in excess An excess of a passion was believed capable of making the heart burst.
 31 **decimation... death** Both expressions
 34 **die** (singular of *dice*)
 35 **spotted** tainted, guilty
 36 **were** lived before
 square right, just
 39 **without** outside (the walls)
 41 **bluster** wild storm
 44 **What** whatever
 47 **rampired** (a) strengthened (as with ramparts) (b) blocked with earth piled behind them
 48 **So** if only
 54 **sealed** i.e. formally satisfied
 55 **unchargèd ports** unassailed gates
 58 **atone** reconcile
 59 **meaning** intentions
 man soldier
 60 **pass his quarter** leave his allotted place
 offend violate

Timon of Athens.

BOTH SENATORS 'Tis most nobly spoken. 75
 65 ALCIBIADES Descend, and keep your words.
 [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt Senators from the walls*]
 Enter a Soldier, [with a tablet of wax]
 SOLDIER
 My noble general, Timon is dead,
 Entombed upon the very hem o' th' sea;
 And on his gravestone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 70 Interprets for my poor ignorance.
 Alcibiades reads the epitaph
 [ALCIBIADES]
 'Here lies a wretched corpse, of wretched soul bereft.
 Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked
 caitiffs left!
 Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate.
 Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here
 thy gait.'

These well express in thee thy latter spirits. 75
 Though thou abhorred'st in us our human griefs,
 Scorned'st our brains' flow and those our droplets
 which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.
 [*Enter Senators through the gates*]
 Dead 80
 Is noble Timon, of whose memory
 Hereafter more. Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword,
 Make war breed peace, make peace stint war, make
 each
 Prescribe to other as each other's leech. 85
 Let our drums strike.
 [*Drums.*] *Exeunt [through the gates]*
 Finis

THE PARTS

Men

TIMON (844 lines): 4 Senator; a Stranger; Soldier
 APEMANTUS (247 lines): Lucilius; Old Man; a Stranger;
 Lucius' Servant; Lucullus' Servant; Varro's Second Serv-
 vant or a Servant of Titus, Hortensius, or Philotus;
 Soldier
 STEWARD (203 lines): a Senator or Soldier; a Stranger;
 Lucullus' Servant; Varro's Second Servant or a Servant
 of Lucius, Titus, Hortensius, or Philotus
 ALCIBIADES (159 lines): Lucilius; Old Man; a Stranger;
 Lucius' Servant; Lucullus' Servant; Varro's Second Serv-
 vant or a Servant of Titus, Hortensius, or Philotus; a
 Thief
 POET (102 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades,
 Steward, Timon's Servants, Lords, Painter, Jeweller,
 Merchant, Lucilius, Old Man, Messenger(s) (Sc. 1)
 FIRST SENATOR (87 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, Ape-
 mantus, Steward, Flaminius, [Timon's other Servants],
 Lords, Poet, Painter, other Senators, Caphis, Soldier,
 Messenger

LUCIUS/FIRST LORD (85 lines): Fool or Page; a Stranger;
 Caphis or a Servant of Lucius, Isidore, Varro, Titus,
 Hortensius, or Philotus; a Thief; Soldier
 LUCULLUS/SECOND LORD (78 lines): Fool or Page; Lucullus'
 Servant; Caphis or a Servant of Lucius, Isidore, Varro,
 Titus, Hortensius, or Philotus; a Thief; Soldier
 PAINTER (66 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibi-
 ades, Steward, Lucilius, Timon's Servants, Lords, Poet,
 Jeweller, Merchant, 1 and 2 Senators, Old Man, Mes-
 sengers (Sc. 1)
 SECOND SENATOR (61 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades,
 Apemantus, Steward, Flaminius, [Timon's other Ser-
 vants], Lords, Poet, Painter, other Senators, Soldier,
 Messenger
 SEMPRONIUS/THIRD LORD (38 lines): Fool or Page; Lucullus'
 Servant; Caphis or a Servant of Lucius, Isidore, Varro,
 Titus, Hortensius, or Philotus; a Thief; Soldier
 FLAMINIUS (Timon's First Servant; 37 lines): Fourth Sen-
 ator or Soldier; a Stranger; a Thief

65.1 *Exeunt... walls* The descent from the upper acting area was by offstage ladders in the Jacobean theatre. So unless the Senators ignore Alcibiades they must exit, and unless there is an awkward break in the action they must be offstage when the epitaph is read. A flourish of trumpets would drown the noise of the Senators descending, and might even allow time for them to enter ceremonially before the Soldier arrives.
 67 **hem** edge

68 **insculpture** inscription
 71-4 **Here... gait** These are two separate epitaphs in Plutarch, one of them not written by Timon. They conflict in that 'Seek not my name' is contradicted in 'Here lie I, Timon'. Counting the one in Sc. 18, there are three epitaphs in all. The compulsion to repeat or rework may be attributed to either Timon or Shakespeare.
 72 **caitiffs** wretches, villains

77 **brains' flow** i.e. tears (likewise *droplets*)
 78 **niggard nature** parsimonious human nature (compared unfavourably with *vast Neptune*, 19.79)
conceit ingenuity, imagination
 83 **the olive** (as emblem of peace)
 84 **stint** put an end to
 85 **leech** physician. Also the worm used in medical blood-letting; hence 'cure'. War purges corruption by spilling blood, peace draws out the blood of violence.

Timon of Athens.

- LUCIUS' SERVANT (Sc. 8; 31 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Timon's Servants, Servants of Varro, Titus, Hortensius and Philotus
- FIRST STRANGER (Sc. 6; 30 lines): any but Timon's Servants, Sempronius, another Stranger
- OLD MAN (Sc. 1; 29 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades, Timon's Servants, Lords, Poet, Painter, Merchant, Jeweller, Lucilius, Messenger(s)
- SERVILIUS (Timon's Second Servant; 28 lines): a Senator or Soldier; a Stranger; Lucullus' Servant; a Thief
- FOOL (Sc. 4; 21 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Steward, Lords, 1 and 2 Senators, Caphis, Varro's and Isidore's Servants
- CAPHIS (20 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, Apemantus, Steward, Fool, Page, 1 Senator, Isidore's Servant, Varro's First Servant
- MESSENGER(S) (two separately in Sc. 1, one in Sc. 17; 20 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades, Lords, Senators, Timon's Servants, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, Lucilius, Soldier
- SOLDIER (15 lines): any but Alcibiades, Senators, Messenger (Sc. 17)
- TITUS' SERVANT (15 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Timon's Servants, Servants of Varro, Hortensius and Philotus
- JEWELLER (Sc. 1; 12 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades, Lucilius, Timon's Servants, Lords, Poet, Painter, Merchant, Old Man, Messenger(s)
- FIRST THIEF (11 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Steward, another Thief
- MERCHANT (Sc. 1; 11 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades, Lucilius, Timon's Servants, Lords, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Old Man, Messenger(s)
- HORTENSIUS' SERVANT (10 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Timon's Servants, Servants of Varro, Titus and Philotus
- TIMON'S THIRD SERVANT (10 lines): Lucullus' Servant, a Thief, Soldier
- VENTIDIUS (Sc. 1; 9 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, Apemantus, Steward, Timon's Servants, Lords
- VARRO'S FIRST SERVANT (8 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, Apemantus, Steward, Fool, Page, Caphis, Varro's Second Servant, Servants of Isidore, Lucius, Titus, Hortensius, and Philotus, Flaminius, Timon's Third Servant
- ISIDORE'S SERVANT (7 lines): any but Caphis, Varro's First Servant
- SECOND STRANGER (Sc. 6; 7 lines): any but Timon's Servants, Sempronius, another Stranger
- PHILOTUS' SERVANT (6 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Timon's Servants, Servants of Varro, Titus, and Hortensius
- THIRD THIEF (6 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Steward, another Thief
- VARRO'S SECOND SERVANT (6 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Timon's Servants, Varro's First Servant, Servants of Titus, Hortensius, and Philotus
- LUCILIUS (Sc. 1; 5 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Alcibiades, Timon's Servants, Lords, Poet, Painter, Merchant, Jeweller, Old Man, Messenger(s)
- SECOND THIEF (5 lines): any but Timon, Apemantus, Steward, another Thief
- THIRD SENATOR (4 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, Apemantus, Steward, Flaminius, [Timon's other Servants], Lords, other Senators, Soldier, Messenger
- FOURTH LORD (Sc. 11; 3 lines): any but Timon, Alcibiades, [Timon's Servants], other Lords, [1-3] Senators
- LUCULLUS' SERVANT (Sc. 5; 3 lines): any but Timon, Steward, Flaminius, Lucullus
- FOURTH SENATOR (1 line): any but Timon, [Alcibiades], Apemantus, Steward, [Timon's Servants], [Lords], other Senators, Soldier, Messenger (Sc. 17)
- THIRD STRANGER (Sc. 6; 1 line): any but Timon's Servants, Sempronius, another Stranger

Boys

- PAGE (Sc. 4; 7 lines): Cupid or a Lady; Phrynia or Timandra
- CUPID (Sc. 2; 6 lines): Page; Phrynia or Timandra
- TIMANDRA (Sc. 14; 4 lines): Page; Cupid or a Lady
- PHRYNIA (Sc. 14; 1 line): Page; Cupid or a Lady
- LADIES (in the masque, Sc. 2; 1 line): Page; Phrynia or Timandra

Most crowded scene: Sc. 1: about 13 speaking roles (+ mute Mercer, Senators, and horsemen)

THE PURITAN WIDOW *or* THE PURITAN *or* THE WIDOW OF WATLING STREET

Edited by Donna B. Hamilton

IN *The Puritan Widow* nearly every character is an object of Middleton's satire. The Widow and her daughters want money, influence, and autonomy, and men too if men will facilitate these other projects; the citizen scholar George Pieboard, finding the world inhospitable to learning, turns his wit to the manipulation and deceit of others; and the nobleman 'from the court' who denounces the women for choosing unworthy husbands orders them to marry three knights whose base motives and shallow worth Middleton has also already exposed. But however unrelenting and comprehensive the play's satire, the main targets are Puritans and Catholics.

Catholics, or 'Romanists', were people who adhered to the beliefs and practices in place prior to the Protestant Reformation. They revered images, followed the rituals of seven sacraments, believed that good deeds were efficacious for salvation, and believed that the Pope in Rome (not a secular ruler) was the head of the church. Puritans were those Protestants who, discontent with the degree to which England had broken from Rome, continued to agitate to one degree or another for further reform to liturgical practices and even church government.

These issues are full of implication, not just for assessing the satire of *The Puritan Widow*, but also for identifying Middleton ideologically, and even for developing a secure sense of the Middleton canon. A case in point is the position that Margot Heinemann took in regard to Middleton's authorship of *The Puritan Widow*. The play, usually dated late 1606, was identified, in 1607, on the title-page of the first printed edition as having been written by 'W. S.'; the play was included in the Shakespeare folios of 1664 and 1685. No modern scholar thinks that Shakespeare was the author. Although a majority of scholars have, for more than a century, assigned the play to Middleton, Heinemann challenged that attribution on the grounds that it satirizes moderate Puritans, a stance she found to be inconceivable for Middleton. More recently, N. W. Bawcutt has argued that Middleton's persistent satire of Puritans might well provide our best evidence that the label 'Puritan' is not a satisfactory one for Middleton himself.

An alternative to that line of inquiry resides in locating the historical circumstances of 1606–7 that made all Puritanism, and especially its more extreme forms, subject to attack. Early in James I's reign, two sets of events conspired to become the shaping circumstances for Protestant politics and rhetoric: the Gunpowder Plot and the

institution of an oath of allegiance directed at Catholics. Prior to the Gunpowder Plot, it had only been clear that the focus of James I's ecclesiastical policy would be to ensure a continuation of Elizabeth I's hard line on conformity. Following the Hampton Court Conference, 12–18 January 1604, a deadline of 30 November 1604 was established for ministers to subscribe to the new Canons. Deprivations of some eighty non-subscribing Protestant ministers followed in 1605. Then, on 5 November 1605, the Jesuit attempt to blow up King and Parliament was discovered, an event that refocused the attention of the nation on Catholics as the common enemy. In reaction, the 1605 session of Parliament passed four statutes: an act to declare 5 November an annual day of thanksgiving, an act to punish those involved in the Plot, and two acts setting forth measures for 'discovering and repressing' and 'avoiding the dangers that may grow by' popish recusants.

Included in these statutes was a provision requiring Catholics to take an oath of allegiance in which they swore loyalty to the king as their temporal ruler and swore that the pope did not possess a power to depose temporal rulers. Published on 25 June 1606, this oath prompted a reply in the form of a breve or letter from Pope Paul V, in which he ordered English Catholics not to take the oath. When George Blackwell, head of the English Catholics, countered by taking the oath and advising others to do the same, the Pope repeated, in a breve dated 23 August 1607, his first order. This sequence of events touched off an international paper war which ran for more than a decade, and which prompted James I to write at such length defending the oath that ultimately those writings would comprise nearly three-quarters of his corpus of political writing.

Whatever the long-range effect of the Plot and the oath, the immediate effect was to produce an increased sense of the need for solidarity among Protestants. Religious dissenters tended to fall silent, and even those who opposed James I on other issues defended his position on the Plot and the oath. One aspect of that defence was the publication, in 1606, of the account of the trial of Father Henry Garnet, the chief suspect in the Plot. Another aspect involved the reprinting of old books, as well as the production of new books, which defined England's anti-Catholicism. A Latin edition of John Jewel's *Apology, or Answer in Defence of the Church of England* (not printed since 1599), was reissued in 1606. James I's first work on the oath, *Triplici nodo, triplex cuneus, or an Apologie for the oath of allegiance*, was published in 1607. In 1609,

James I reissued his *Apology for the oath of allegiance*, along with a lengthy preface entitled, *A premonition to all most mighty monarchs*; other works included Lancelot Andrewes's *Tortura torti* (1609), William Barlow's *Answer to a Catholic Englishman* (1609), and John Donne's *Pseudo-martyr* (1610). There also appeared new editions of John Foxe's *Acts and monuments* (1610) and of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1609). Because literary scholars have tended to pay more attention to the Gunpowder Plot than the oath of allegiance, their lists of literary works associated with the Plot often exclude by default any acknowledgement that those texts may have a broader frame of reference. Works in that category include John Fletcher's *Philaster* (1609), Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* (1610), and Ben Jonson's *Catiline* (1611), all written in the wake of James I's second round of writing on the oath.

Also belonging to this group are Thomas Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* and Middleton's *The Puritan Widow*, both of which were printed in 1607. As sometime collaborators and as writers whose livelihood depended on their ability to capture the contemporary moment, Middleton and Dekker have much in common. In their responses to the Plot and the oath controversy, however, they took advantage of different rhetorical options. Dekker replicated the traditional anti-Catholic narrative encapsulated in Protestant readings of Revelation, depicting—as had Foxe in *Acts and Monuments* and Spenser in Book 1 of *The Faerie Queene*—the Roman church as the Whore of Babylon, who usurps the power and place of true religion. In her discussion of *The Whore of Babylon* as a Gunpowder Plot play, Julia Gasper has emphasized its representation of James I as a militant king protecting the church against Antichrist.

Middleton chose a different approach. He invented for *The Puritan Widow* a plot that associated Catholic practices with Puritan practices. This technique for demonizing both groups had been popular with the conformist church establishment and had been adopted by James I, who disliked the challenges that Puritan reform interests posed to hierarchy. After the Gunpowder Plot, a time when solidarity among Protestants was popular, this technique could be used to present the implications of the Catholic threat with unusual economy.

Examples from the writings of James I can illustrate how this rhetoric of association worked. Aiming to construct the conformist position as the broad and inclusive centre, James I had, beginning in *Basilikon Doron* (1599), represented nonconformity as a monolithic group of Puritan extremists and, at the same time, associated them with papists. Puritan and papist together thus became the extremes that should be avoided. In *Basilikon Doron*, reprinted at the time of his accession, he had described Puritans as the 'very pests in the church and commonweal, whom . . . neither oaths or promises bind', and warned his son to beware of 'both the extremities' that currently existed within the English church, 'as well as ye repress the vain Puritan, so not to suffer proud Papal

Bishops'. In 1604, at the Hampton Court Conference, he linked Puritan and papist in his statement on the need to operate the ecclesiastical court of High Commission in those dioceses that had 'the most troublesome and refractory persons, either Papists or Puritans'. In his first speech to Parliament, March 1604, he distinguished the true and lawful religion from two other sorts, those 'called Catholics, but truly Papists' and those he would 'call a sect rather than Religion . . . the Puritans and Novelists'. These attitudes continued in his writings on the oath of allegiance, where, in the *Premonition*, he declared that the 'Jesuits are nothing but Puritan-papists'.

Such constructions could at times be offensive and threatening to Puritans who sought further church reform. Indeed during the 1580s and 1590s, when Archbishop John Whitgift and Richard Bancroft were putting together the machinery to repress dissent in the church, some felt that reforming Protestants were in greater danger from the state than Catholic recusants. The renewed Catholic threat represented by the Gunpowder Plot, however, created a rhetorical situation in which a broader range of Protestants placed a higher value on representing themselves as united.

In *The Puritan Widow*, Middleton plays to this developing consensus by taking the rhetoric one step beyond merely associating puritan and papist. Satire in *The Puritan Widow* consists of conflating the two, of literalizing the identification of one with the other, a system whereby Middleton manages, in the same actions, to satirize Puritans while also representing those Catholic practices which Protestants most abhorred. Especially important to this method is his defining all Puritans by the characteristics of those who were most extreme.

The details in the play that most quickly confirm this aspect of his strategy are the names Middleton gives to the servingmen, Nicholas St Antlings and Simon St Mary Overies, as Baldwin Maxwell pointed out some time ago. In these characters' surnames, Middleton names two parishes which, as Paul Seaver has shown, had acquired reputations for radicalism in religion. St Antholin's, on Watling Street within sight of St Paul's Cathedral, was described by William Dugdale as 'the grand nursery whence most of the seditious preachers were after sent abroad throughout England to poison the people with their antimonarchical principles'. Nicholas St Antlings also shares a name with Nicholas Felton, the minister at St Antholin's, 1592–1617, whose services were known as having been conducted in Genevan (that is, presbyterian) fashion. Additionally, the church had a long-established and well-endowed lectureship, by means of which the church could hire lecturers independently of whatever candidate it might receive by virtue of the system of advowson, whereby a patron controlled the parochial living.

The second parish represented in the name of one of the play's characters is St Mary Overie, also known as St Saviour's (and since 1905, as Southwark Cathedral),

a parish located not far from the Globe. In 1604, one of its lecturers was Edmund Snape, a presbyterian nonconformist, who was forced out of St Saviour's when the Bishop of Winchester refused to give him a preaching licence. William Symonds, whose last name reappears in Middleton's *Simon St Mary Overies*, was appointed at St Saviour's in 1605, and cited for nonconformity in 1606; apparently, he then conformed. John Trundle, who also preached at St Saviour's, remained obstinate and refused to conform; in 1608, he would be found preaching to Brownists.

In Middleton's satiric portrait, Puritans are fools and hypocrites; self-righteous about their holiness, they are driven by lust, deceit, materialism, and self-interest. The Widow's former husband may have attended church dutifully, but he also made a career of cheating heirs of their inheritances. Similarly, servant Nicholas insists that he could never stoop to 'steal' Sir Godfrey's gold chain, but, he equivocates, he is quite willing to 'nim', or filch, it. Organizing these characters' overriding materialism around this nimming event, Middleton plays ironically on the equivocating style for which the Jesuit 'plotters' had become so well known. He also plays on the spiritual symbolism of a gold chain. In works belonging to the *catena* tradition—such as the frequently reprinted *The Golden Chain* (1591) by the well-known Calvinist theologian William Perkins—the chain was used metaphorically for the way to salvation. These Puritans, however, seek only for lost jewellery.

Through the intrigue surrounding the chain, Middleton develops two other aspects of his play, each of which allows him to sharpen the attack against Puritans while at the same time taking a broad swipe at Catholics. The first of these involves the presence and activities of Corporal Oath; the second involves the conjuring scene in the Widow's private house.

Admittedly, there is more than one way in which oaths are at issue in *The Puritan Widow*; in the exaggerated self-consciousness with which characters swear without using the name of God, the play refers to the passage in May 1606 of the Act to Restrain Abuses, which forbade players that licence. But the presence of Corporal Oath also introduces the matter of a 'corporal oath', an oath which is sworn with the hand touching a sacred object or the Bible. The 1606 oath of allegiance, the oath *ex officio mero*, and the oath of supremacy were all corporal oaths. In use in England until 1641, the oath *ex officio* was the first step in trials held in the ecclesiastical court of High Commission. This oath required defendants to swear to answer all questions truthfully prior to being told of what they were accused. In so far as this oath provided for self-incrimination, it became a chief means for entrapping religious dissenters, whether Catholic or Protestant. During the 1580s and 1590s, Protestant opposition to the oath had taken various forms, including refusal to take it, a step that made it impossible for the ecclesiastical trial to proceed. Looked at from the point of view of Protestant

dissenters, the oath *ex officio* was a powerful symbol of the oppressive tactics of a too-powerful Protestant church hierarchy and of church courts that had overstepped their jurisdiction. From another point of view, the oath *ex officio*, inasmuch as the nonconformists had organized so much of their cause in opposition to it, had come virtually to represent the lengths to which dissenters would go to avoid proper obedience and uniformity. James I signalled his impatience with such opposition in his reference to Puritans as 'pests . . . whom . . . neither oaths or promises bind' and in his insistence, at the Hampton Court Conference, that the oath *ex officio mero* be retained for use on both Puritans and Catholics.

In *The Puritan Widow*, Corporal Oath is 'a vainglorious fellow'; Simon St Mary Overies and Nicholas St Antlings are dismayed at having to deal with him. As Nicholas explains, 'You are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withal' (1.3.1–2). Contemptuous of Nicholas for his obviously Puritan ways, Corporal Oath declares that it is within his skill to get the guilty Captain Idle out of prison. All he needs to succeed is a little help from Nicholas, Idle's cousin. In this combination of actions, wherein Middleton mocks the Puritan's fastidiousness about oaths, as well as his willingness to collude with Corporal Oath to get someone out of prison, Middleton represents Puritans as contemptuous both of the oath *ex officio* and of the court system that put dissenters in prison. But the situation of Catholics is represented as well, for by the date of the play, the oath of allegiance was being asked of Catholics, who, if they refused, were also subject to the oath *ex officio*. In fact, to represent a corporal oath on stage at this point in time, just after the oath of allegiance had been instituted, would seem to make this recent oath the first referent, and thus itself a means of making the very strong satiric link between Puritan and Catholic.

The conjuring scene in the Puritan Widow's house offers a similarly conflated satire against both Puritans and Catholics. The conjuring itself gives the scene—at least from the perspective of a seventeenth-century Protestant—a Catholic cast, for one of the central principles of Protestant attacks on the Roman church had been the accusation that Roman beliefs in exorcism and in eucharistic transubstantiation were nothing but hocus-pocus, practices that counterfeited magic and that the English church had rightfully eliminated. By having Captain Idle and George Piebord take up conjuring in the home of a Puritan, Middleton mocks Catholic practices, associates Puritans with Catholic practices, and constructs Puritan households as places inhabited by extremists like the well-known Puritan exorcist John Darrell, whom Richard Bancroft, Bishop of London, and his chaplain Samuel Harsnett had tried by the High Commission in 1598. Moreover, by having Sir Godfrey decide that the best place to conjure will be in the 'private house' of the Widow, Middleton also represents another distinguishing feature of English religious dissident movements. As Christopher Haigh has emphasized, Catholic priests often lived with

Catholic gentry, who worshipped in the private chapels of their country houses. Dissident Protestants also used private houses for worship and meetings.

Beginning especially in the 1570s, Protestants interested in further reform had fostered various means of providing the kinds of practices for worship—including preaching and opportunities for discussion and debate—that the reform movements favoured. These practices, as described by Patrick Collinson, proceeded under the labels of ‘prophesyings’, ‘classes’, ‘fasts’, and ‘conventicles’, none of which is a self-explanatory term. ‘Prophesyings’ (which had nothing to do with ‘prophet’ or ‘prophecy’) were public meetings for the education of clergy, intended to assist clergy in their ability to expound scripture and involved discussion of a series of sermons preached on a single text. In 1576, Queen Elizabeth had expressed her dislike of preaching by ordering Archbishop Grindal to suppress prophesying; his protest of this policy led to his being suspended from his archepiscopal powers. The *classis* movement was another name for the presbyterian movement, which focused its reform effort on replacing the episcopacy with a system that would foster parity among ministers. The ‘classes’ were clandestine meetings of local clergy sympathetic to such reform; a highly organized and widespread practice, classes were often held in someone’s private house. (Edmund Snape, also of St Saviour’s, had been a leader of the Northampton *classis*.) ‘Fasts’ were opportunities for fasting, but were sometimes held so as to disguise the continuation during these fasts of both prophesyings and classes. ‘Conventicles’ were any illegal private religious meeting. The church hierarchy viewed such meetings as subversive. In 1584, twenty-four articles, developed by Whitgift to assist the High Commissioners who were empowered to seek out nonconforming ministers (and reprinted by Strype), included interrogatories concerning whether ‘you have used private conferences, and assembled or been present at conventicles’ and ‘taken upon you to preach, read or expound the Scriptures as well in public places as in private houses’. In 1593, Parliament passed a bill forbidding conventicles, and the Canons of 1604 (reprinted by Bullard) included the orders that ‘No minister shall preach, or administer the holy communion, in any private house, except it be in times of necessity.’

In *The Puritan Widow*, Middleton represents Puritans as people who listen to the counterfeit fortune-teller Pieboard ‘prophesy’ (3.5.221) and who gather in a private house where they are taken in by counterfeit conjuring. This representation not only characterizes Puritans as those who take part in forbidden activities, but characterizes the activities as embarrassingly foolish, as the practices of people from whom most people would want to dissociate. This dramatization of utter foolishness is perhaps the distinguishing mark of Middleton’s satire in this play, extending to many scenes not discussed here. One related detail that we might pause over, however, is Pieboard’s

convincing the Widow that her Puritan husband is in purgatory, a preposterous notion for her to accept, given that Protestants regarded purgatory as the chief fiction of Roman Catholicism, invented by the pope to increase his power and extort money from the people. But in *The Puritan Widow*, the identification of Puritan with papist knows no limit.

Because the Children of Paul’s are not known to have played anything after their performance of *The Puritan Widow*, W. Reavley Gair has speculated that this satirical representation of Puritans contributed to the company’s final demise, sometime after 6 July 1606. Contrary to E. K. Chambers who puts the end of Paul’s Boys in July 1606, Gair considers that a particular objection to the play, a Puritan attack on the stage that cited *The Puritan Widow*, contributed to the end of Paul’s Boys. Preaching at Paul’s Cross on 14 February 1608, the moderate Puritan minister William Crashaw denounced ‘ungodly plays and interludes’ for bringing ‘religion and holy things upon the stage’ and for having represented ‘hypocrites’ by way of the names Nicholas St Antlings and Simon St Mary Overies, ‘names of two churches of God’.

Leaving the precise date of the end of the company aside, the entire situation may have been more complex and somewhat different than these hypotheses suggest. First, Crashaw’s sermon itself was written partly in response to the Gunpowder Plot (he speaks of the plotter Henry Garnet, who had been executed by hanging in Paul’s churchyard) and in support of James I’s reaction to it; listing the ‘twenty wounds found to be in the body of the present Romish religion’, Crashaw calls on ‘all the kings and princes of the Christian world’ to follow the ‘example of the King and Prince of Great Britain, to hate the whore and make her desolate’. Important for our purposes is Crashaw’s eagerness to position himself on the side of right, but also to take pains to defend the more extreme Puritans who were now especially under attack. Thus, he goes to the defence of St Antholin’s and St Mary Overie, a move we may understand as an attempt to reset the edge of the margins. *His* extremists are not papists and Puritans, but papists and Brownists.

Second, his complaint against the play includes the charge that it brought ‘religion and holy things upon the stage’, a complaint that surely was motivated in part by the fact that the play’s representation of religion is so farcically funny. However, there is nothing exclusively Puritan in Crashaw’s complaint. To the contrary, that complaint had often been the position of religious authority, of whatever stripe, in regard to the stage, and especially at moments of heightened religious tension or controversy. In 1589, it had been Whitgift and Bancroft, reacting to the playing of Martin Marprelate on the stage, who had decreed that players were not to stage ‘matters of divinity’. Nervous even about representations that satirized their opposition, they tried to shut down all playing of church affairs. As Chambers emphasized, that situation probably caused the demise

of Paul's Boys after 1590. In 1599, when Whitgift and Bancroft silenced the satirists, they ended the career of Thomas Nashe (who had earlier written against Marprelate on their behalf); they also ordered Middleton's *Microcynicon* to be burned. The circumstances of 1606 and 1607 were similarly anxious moments for a church hierarchy already bent on holding the line on religious diversity, and made nervous by the Jesuit plotters. In such a context, satire on matters of divinity might have seemed particularly threatening, especially if an attack against Catholics hit also the very Protestants

whom the establishment was trying to bring to heel. A threat of reprisal or actual reprisal against the author or players of such a play is not inconceivable. But whether or not the potential for reprisal was activated, *The Puritan Widow* stands as another example of Middleton playing with the limits of the possible, politically and theatrically.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 540
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 358

The Puritan Widow

[for the Children of Paul's]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

WIDOW Lady Plus, a citizen's widow
FRANK } her two daughters
MOLL }
EDMUND, son to the Widow Plus
SIR GODFREY, brother-in-law to the Widow Plus
George PIEBOARD, a scholar and a citizen
Peter SKIRMISH, an old soldier
CAPTAIN Idle, a highwayman
CORPORAL Oath, a vainglorious fellow
NICHOLAS St Antlings }
SIMON St Mary Overies } servingmen to the Widow Plus
FRAILTY }

Sir Oliver MUCKHILL, a suitor to the Widow Plus
Sir John PENNYDUB, a suitor to Moll
Sir Andrew TIPSTAFF, a suitor to Frank
SHERIFF of London
PUTTOCK }
RAVENSHAW } two of the sheriff's serjeants
DOGSON, a yeoman
GENTLEMAN
NOBLEMAN
Two knights
SERVANT
PRISON KEEPER
Officers
Musicians

I. I

Incipit Actus Primus

Enter the Lady Widow Plus, her two daughters Frank and Moll, her husband's brother an old knight Sir Godfrey, with her son and heir Master Edmond, all in mourning apparel, Edmond in a cypress hat. The Widow wringing her hands, and bursting out into a passion, as newly come from the burial of her husband

WIDOW O that ever I was born, that ever I was born.
SIR GODFREY Nay, good sister, dear sister, sweet sister, be of good comfort. Show yourself a woman, now or never.

WIDOW O, I have lost the dearest man. I have buried the sweetest husband that ever lay by woman. 5

SIR GODFREY Nay, give him his due. He was indeed an honest, virtuous, discreet wise man. He was my brother, as right, as right.

WIDOW O, I shall never forget him, never forget him. He was a man so well given to a woman—O. 10

SIR GODFREY Nay, but kind sister, I could weep as much as any woman, but alas our tears cannot call him again. Methinks you are well read sister, and know that death is as common as *Homo* a common name to all men. A

I. I. O. 6 cypress fabric imported from Cyprus and used as a hat band in sign of mourning

- 15 man shall be taken when he's making water. Nay, did not the learned parson Master Pigman tell us even now that all flesh is frail, we are born to die, man has but a time—with suchlike deep and profound persuasions, as he is a rare fellow you know and an excellent reader.
- 20 And, for example (as there are examples abundance), did not Sir Humphrey Bubble die t'other day? There's a lusty widow. Why, she cried not above half an hour, for shame, for shame. Then followed him old Master Fulsome, the usurer. There's a wise widow. Why, she
- 25 cried ne'er a whit at all.
- WIDOW O rank not me with those wicked women. I had a husband out-shined 'em all.
- SIR GODFREY Ay, that he did i'faith, he out-shined 'em all.
- WIDOW [*to Edmond*] Dost thou stand there and see us all weep and not once shed a tear for thy father's death?
- 30 O thou ungracious son and heir, thou.
- EDMOND Troth, Mother, I should not weep, I'm sure. I am past a child, I hope, to make all my old school fellows laugh at me. I should be mocked, so I should. Pray, let one of my sisters weep for me. I'll laugh as much for her another time.
- WIDOW O thou past-grace thou, out of my sight, thou graceless imp. Thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O thou stubborn only son, hadst thou such an honest man to thy father that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not, up every morning betwixt four and five so duly at Westminster Hall every term-time, with all his cards and writings, for thee thou wicked Absalom—O dear husband.
- 45 EDMOND Weep, quoth a? I protest I am glad he's churched, for now he's gone I shall spend in quiet.
- FRANK
- 50 Dear mother, pray cease. Half your tears suffice. 'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes. Let me weep now.
- WIDOW O such a dear knight, such a sweet husband have I lost, have I lost. If blessed be the corpse the rain rains upon, he had it pouring down.
- 55 SIR GODFREY Sister, be of good cheer. We are all mortal ourselves. I come upon you freshly, I ne'er speak without comfort, hear me what I shall say. My brother has left you wealthy. You're rich.
- 60 WIDOW O.
- SIR GODFREY I say you're rich. You are also fair.
- WIDOW O.
- SIR GODFREY Go to, you're fair, you cannot smother it, beauty will come to light. Nor are your years so far entered with you but that you will be sought after and may very well answer another husband. The world is full of fine gallants, choice enough, sister. For what should we do with all our knights, I pray, but to marry rich widows, wealthy citizens' widows, lusty fair-browed ladies? Go to, be of good comfort, I say. Leave snobbing and weeping. Yet my brother was a kind-hearted man.—[*Aside*] I would not have the elf see me now.—Come, pluck up a woman's heart. Here stands your daughters, who be well-estated and at maturity will also be inquired after with good husbands. So all these tears shall be soon dried up and a better world than ever. What, woman, you must not weep still. He's dead, he's buried.—[*Aside*] Yet I cannot choose but weep for him.
- WIDOW
- Marry again? No, let me be buried quick then. And that same part of choir whereon I tread To such intent, O may it be my grave, And that the priest may turn his wedding prayers, E'en with a breath, to funeral dust and ashes. O out of a million of millions, I should ne'er find such a husband. He was unmatched, unmatched. Nothing was too hot nor too dear for me. I could not speak of that one thing that I had not. Beside, I had keys of all, kept all, received all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would. O my sweet husband, I shall never have the like.
- 80
- SIR GODFREY Sister, ne'er say so. He was an honest brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one as honest again may light upon you, that's the properer phrase indeed.
- 95
- WIDOW
- Never. O, if you love me, urge it not, [*She kneels*]
- O, may I be the by-word of the world, The common talk at table in the mouth Of every groom and waiter, if e'er more I entertain the carnal suit of man.
- 100
- MOLL [*she kneels*]
- (*Aside*) I must kneel down for fashion, too.

45 **term-time** a term during which law courts are in session
cards small sheets of paper; maps; charts
 46 **Absalom** rebelled against his father David in 2 Samuel
 48 **churched** received some rite of the church, here burial, with pun also on 'churched' as the ceremony (set forth in the Book of Common Prayer and to which nonconformists objected) whereby

a woman who had given birth was ceremonially 'cleansed' upon returning to church following childbirth
 54-5 **blest** . . . **upon** proverbial
 68 **all our knights** the standard joke referring to King James's having created a large number of knights
 71 **snobbing** sobbing
 72 **elf** poor devil
 74 **well-estated** possessed of 'means' or

property
 81 **choir** the upper or eastern part of the church, appropriated to the singers and to the use of those who officiate in the services and separated from other parts by a railing or screen
 87 **too hot nor too dear** too difficult of attainment (proverbial)
 94, 95 **light upon** chance upon; also bawdy, referring to male in superior position

FRANK [*she kneels*]
 (*Aside*) And I, whom never man as yet hath scaled,
 E'en in this depth of general sorrow, vow
 105 Never to marry to sustain such loss
 As a dear husband seems to be once dead.
 [*Mother and daughters rise*]

MOLL (*aside*)
 I loved my father well too, but to say,
 Nay, vow I would not marry for his death,
 Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
 110 I'd as soon vow never to come in bed.
 Tut, women must live by th' quick and not by th'
 dead.

WIDOW [*drawing out her husband's picture*]
 Dear copy of my husband, O let me kiss thee.
 How like him is this model. This brief picture
 Quickens my tears. My sorrows are renewed
 At this fresh sight.

SIR GODFREY Sister.
 115 WIDOW Away,
 All honesty with him is turned to clay,
 O my sweet husband, O.

FRANK My dear father.
Exeunt [Widow] and Frank

MOLL [*aside*] Here's a puling indeed. I think my mother
 120 weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands, for
 if from time to time all the widows' tears in England
 had been bottled up, I do not think all would have filled
 a three-half-penny bottle. Alas, a small matter bucks a
 handkerchief, and sometimes the spittle stands to nigh
 St Thomas à Waterings. Well, I can mourn in good
 125 sober sort as well as another. But where I spend one
 tear for a dead father, I could give twenty kisses for a
 quick husband. *Exit*

SIR GODFREY [*aside*] Well, go thy ways old Sir Godfrey,
 and thou mayst be proud on't. Thou hast a kind loving
 sister-in-law. How constant, how passionate, how full of
 130 April the poor soul's eyes are. Well, I would my brother
 knew on't. He should then know what a kind wife he
 had left behind him. Truth an 'twere not for shame
 that the neighbours at the next garden should hear me,
 between joy and grief, I should e'en cry outright. *Exit* 135

EDMOND So, a fair riddance. My father's laid in dust. His
 coffin and he is like a whole meat pie, and the worms
 will cut him up shortly. Farewell, old Dad, farewell. I'll
 be curbed in no more, I. I perceive a son and heir may
 quickly be made a fool an he will be one, but I'll take
 140 another order. Now she would have me weep for him
 forsooth, and why? Because he cozened the right heir,
 being a fool, and bestowed those lands upon me his
 eldest son, and therefore I must weep for him. Ha, ha.
 Why, all the world knows, as long as 'twas his pleasure
 145 to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me. I know the law
 in that point, no attorney can gull me. Well, my uncle is
 an old ass and an admirable coxcomb. I'll rule the roost
 myself, I'll be kept under no more. I know what I may
 do well enough by my father's copy. The law's in mine
 150 own hands now. Nay, now I know my strength, I'll be
 strong enough for my mother, I warrant you. *Exit*

*Enter George Pieboard, a scholar and a citizen, and
 unto him an old soldier, Peter Skirmish* 1.2

PIEBOARD What's to be done now, old lad of war, thou
 that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spit, as nimble as
 a fencer, and as lousy as a schoolmaster, now thou art
 put to silence like a sectary? War sits now like a justice
 of peace and does nothing. Where be your muskets,
 5 calivers and hotshots? In Long Lane, at pawn, at pawn.

103 **scaled** mounted
 112 **copy** picture
 118 **puling** feeble wailing; weak querulousness
 122 **bucks** soaks
 123 **spittle** saliva, with pun on spittle ('spital' or 'hospital') as place for the reception of the indigent or diseased. The saliva reaches almost to St Thomas à Waterings; or, the hospital for the poor is too close to St Thomas à Waterings.
 124 **Thomas à Waterings** a spittle in Southwark
 130-1 **full of April** full of showers of tears
 140-1 **take another order** pursue another course
 142 **cozened** cheated
 148 **admirable coxcomb** conceited fool
rule the roost have full sway or authority
 150 **by my father's copy** with my inheritance of my father's holdings by copy or copyhold (copy being a species of estate at will, or customary estate in England, the only visible title to which consists of the copies of the court rolls, which are

made out by the steward of the manor)
 1.2.0.1 **Pieboard** named after George Peele, the words 'peelee' and 'pieboard' being two words for the spadelike implement used for removing bread, pies, and other baking from a baker's oven. Pieboard's two schemes (played out in 3.3 and 3.4, and in 3.4 and 4.2) have analogues in Jests 2 and 11, in Peele's *The Merry Conceited Jests of George Peele*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 14 December 1605, and printed 1607. Because analogues to the jests can be found in other sources, and because there is also the possibility that Middleton saw *Jests* in manuscript, *Jests* itself does not add definitively to an ability to date the play more precisely than 1606. For summaries of the jests as they occur in Peele, see notes to 3.3.92-5, and 3.5.22-8.
a scholar and a citizen like George Peele, who was both a scholar of Oxford and a citizen of London by patrimony from his father
 2 **turn-spit** one who turns the roasting

spit; also a term of contempt
 3 **lousy** infested by lice
 4 **put to silence like a sectary** 'Sectary' was a term commonly applied by the church hierarchy to protestant dissenters (nonconformists as well as separatists) that emphasized their setting themselves apart from (sectioning themselves off from) conformists. On 10 April 1593, Parliament passed a bill providing that 'seditious sectaries' who 'dispute the queen's authority in Ecclesiastical Cases... or attend unlawful Conventicles' be treated as harshly as Catholic recusants. The Canons of 1604 took a similarly harsh position.
 5-6 **muskets, calivers and hotshots** portable firearms listed in descending order according to weight. The 'hotshot', or 'harquebus', had the most rapid fire.
 6 **Long Lane** a street in London running east from the north-east corner of West Smithfield, a place of fights and executions, and occupied by pawnbrokers, old-clothes dealers, a cattle market, and Bartholomew Fair

10 Now keys are your only guns, key-guns, key-guns, and
bawds the gunners, who are your sentinels in peace and
stand ready charged to give warning with hems, hums,
and pocky coughs. Only your chambers are licensed to
play upon you, and drabs enough to give fire to 'em.

15 SKIRMISH Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong
with me, for since the cessure of the wars, I have spent
above a hundred crowns out o' purse. I have been a
soldier anytime this forty years, and now I perceive an
old soldier and an old courtier have both one destiny,
and, in the end, turn both into hobnails.

PIEBOARD Pretty mystery for a beggar, for indeed a hobnail
is the true emblem of a beggar's shoe sole.

20 SKIRMISH I will not say but that war is a blood-sucker,
and so, but in my conscience (as there is no soldier
but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes like a
shot ensign, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my
conscience, I think some kind of peace has more hidden
oppressions and violent heady sins (though looking of
a gentle nature) than a professed war.

PIEBOARD Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor
gentleman and a scholar. I have been matriculated in
the university, wore out six gowns there, seen some
fools and some scholars, some of the city and some
of the country, kept order, went bare-headed over the
quadrangle, eat my commons with a good stomach, and
battelled with discretion. At last, having done many
sleights and tricks to maintain my wit in use (as my
brain would never endure me to be idle), I was expelled
the university only for stealing a cheese out of Jesus
College.

SKIRMISH Is't possible?

PIEBOARD O there was one Welshman, God forgive him,
pursued it hard and never left till I turned my staff
toward London, where, when I came, all my friends
were pit-holed, gone to graves, as indeed there was
but a few left before. Then was I turned to my wits
to shift in the world, to tower among sons and heirs,
and fools and gulls, and ladies' eldest sons, to work
upon nothing, to feed out of flint, and ever since has

my belly been much beholding to my brain. But now,
to return to you, old Skirmish, I say as you say, and
for my part wish a turbulency in the world, for I have
nothing to lose but my wits, and I think they are as mad
as they will be. And to strengthen your argument the
more, I say an honest war is better than a bawdy peace
as touching my profession. The multiplicity of scholars
hatched and nourished in the idle calms of peace makes
'em like fishes, one devour another. And the community
of learning has so played upon affections, and thereby
almost religion is come about to fantasy and discredited
by being too much spoken of in so many and mean
mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have
no other comfort by my learning but the affliction of my
words, to know how scholar-like to name what I want,
and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin.
And therefore, not to cog with peace, I'll not be afraid
to say, 'tis a great breeder but a barren nourisher, a
great getter of children, which must either be thieves
or rich men, knaves or beggars.

SKIRMISH Well, would I had been born a knave then when
I was born a beggar. For if the truth were known, I
think I was begot when my father had never a penny
in his purse.

PIEBOARD Puh, faint not, old Skirmish. Let this warrant
thee, *facilis descensus Avernii*, 'tis an easy journey to a
knave. Thou may'st be a knave when thou wilt, and
peace is a good madam to all other professions and an
arrant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by
our wits thrive in despite of her. For since the law lives
by quarrels, the courtier by smooth Godmorrows, and
every profession makes itself greater by imperfections,
why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And
seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend
with judgement, not like a desperate son and heir, but
like a sober and discreet Templar, one that will never
march beyond the bounds of his allowance. And for our
thriving means, thus, I myself will put on the deceit of
a fortune-teller, a fortune-teller.

SKIRMISH Very proper.

7 **key-guns** small pistols disguised in the form of a key; also, 'key' and 'gun' mean 'penis', puns that appear in some of the names of Southwark brothels—Cross Keys and the Gun—listed in John Stow's *Survey of London* (1598).

8 **sentinels** those who keep guard like military sentinels

10 **pocky coughs** coughs of people infected with the pox, or syphilis

chambers ordnance used to fire salutes; male or female servants; male or female genitalia.

11 **drabs** prostitutes

13 **cessure** end

17 **hobnails** nails with massive heads used for protecting the soles of heavy shoes;

fig. persons of low means

23 **ensign** flag; flag bearer

32 **quadrangle** identifies the university as Oxford, the usual term at Cambridge being 'court'. Going 'bare-headed over the quadrangle' marks Pieboard as a student of humble status. Middleton matriculated from Queen's College, Oxford, the date of his subscription being 7 April 1598.

commons rations, allowance of victuals
33 **battelled** was supplied with provisions from the college kitchen and buttery, being one of three grades of students at Oxford (a poor child, a servitor, and a batteler) who did not pay for commons. A batteler was partly self-supporting.

36–9 **Jesus College** . . . **Welshman** Jesus College, Oxford, was founded by Queen Elizabeth as a result of a petition by Dr Hugh Price, of Brecon, in 1571, who wished to bestow his estate for the maintenance of scholars from Wales.

42 **pit-holed** laid in the grave, buried

44 **to tower** to achieve, compete, stand out

46 **feed out of flint** to get something out of nothing, as in 'to wring water from a flint'

61 **want** lack

63 **cog with** flatter; dissemble

72 ***facilis descensus Avernii*** *Aeneid* 6.126, the descent to the lower world is easy

82 **Templar** an Inns of Court man

84 **thriving means** means of thriving

PIEBOARD And you of a figure-caster or a conjuror.
 SKIRMISH A conjuror.
 PIEBOARD Let me alone. I'll instruct you and teach you to
 90 deceive all eyes but the devil's.
 SKIRMISH O ay, for I would not deceive him an I could
 choose of all others.
 PIEBOARD Fear not, I warrant you, and so by those means
 we shall help one another to patients, as the condition
 95 of the age affords creatures enough for cunning to work
 upon.
 SKIRMISH O wondrous new fools and fresh asses.
 PIEBOARD O fit, fit, excellent.
 SKIRMISH What, in the name of conjuring?
 100 PIEBOARD My memory greets me happily with an admirable
 subject to graze upon, the Lady Widow, who of late
 I saw weeping in her garden for the death of her
 husband. Sure sh'as but a waterish soul, and half on't
 105 by this time is dropped out of her eyes. Device well-
 managed may do good upon her. It stands firm, my
 first practise shall be there.
 SKIRMISH You have my voice, George.
 PIEBOARD She's a grey gull to her brother, a fool to her
 only son, and an ape to her youngest daughter. I
 110 overheard 'em severally, and from their words I'll derive
 my device. And thou, old Peter Skirmish, shall be my
 second in all sleights.
 SKIRMISH Ne'er doubt me, George Pieboard, only you must
 teach me to conjure.
 115 PIEBOARD Puh, I'll perfect thee, Peter.
*Enter Captain Idle, pinioned and with a guard of
 Officers, passeth over the stage*
 How now? What's he?
 SKIRMISH O George, this sight kills me. 'Tis my sworn
 brother, Captain Idle.

PIEBOARD Captain Idle.
 SKIRMISH Apprehended for some felonious act or other. He
 120 has started out, he's made a night on't, lacked silver.
 I cannot but commend his resolution. He would not
 pawn his buff jerkin. I would either some of us were
 employed or might pitch our tents at usurers' doors to
 125 kill the slaves as they peep out at the wicket.
 PIEBOARD Indeed, those are our ancient enemies. They keep
 our money in their hands and make us to be hanged
 for robbing of 'em. But come, let's follow after to the
 prison and know the nature of his offence, and what
 we can stead him in he shall be sure of. And I'll uphold
 130 it still that a charitable knave is better than a soothing
 puritan. *Exeunt*

*Enter at one door Corporal Oath, a vainglorious
 fellow, and at the other, three of the Widow
 Puritan's servingmen, Nicholas St Antlings, Simon
 St Mary Overies, and Frailty, in black scurvy
 mourning coats and books at their girdles, as
 coming from church. They meet.* 1.3

NICHOLAS What, Corporal Oath? I am sorry we have met
 with you next our hearts. You are the man that we are
 forbidden to keep company withal. We must not swear,
 I can tell you, and you have the name for swearing.
 5 SIMON Ay, Corporal Oath, I would you would do so much
 as forsake us, sir. We cannot abide you, we must not
 be seen in your company.
 FRAILTY There is none of us, I can tell you, but shall be
 soundly whipped for swearing.
 10 CORPORAL Why, how now, we three, puritanical scrape-
 shoes, flesh o' good Fridays, a hand.
 SIMON, FRAILTY, and NICHOLAS O.

87 **figure-caster** a pretender to astrology
 ('figure' is a horoscope)
conjuror A statute passed by Parliament
 in 1604 forbade conjuration and witch-
 craft (see 3.5.134-5, and 3.4 and 4.2
passim).
 103 **waterish soul** enfeebled judgement
 108 **grey gull** old fool
 110 **severally** one after another
 115.1 **pinioned** disabled by having the
 arms bound; shackled
 121 **started out...made a night on't** cant
 phrases for 'robbed on the highway'
 123 **buff jerkin** leather jacket. To refuse to
 pawn it was to be ready to fight for a
 livelihood if there was no other way to
 gain one.
 125 **wicket** small door or gate in or beside a
 larger one
 130 **stead** assist
 131 **soothing** pacifying, flattering, hypocrit-
 ical
 1.3.0.3 **Nicholas St Antlings** St Antholin's,
 a church on Watling Street not far from

St Paul's Cathedral, known as a puritan
 stronghold and for religious radicalism.
 Nicholas Felton was the minister, 1592-
 1617.
 0.3-4 **Simon St Mary Overies** St Mary
 Overie (meaning over the Rie, or over
 the river), later St Saviour's, located
 in Southwark east from the Bishop
 of Winchester's house and not far
 from the Globe and some prisons, had,
 like St Antholin's, a reputation for
 permitting religious radicalism. One of
 its lecturers was William Symonds, cited
 for nonconformity in 1606.
 0.4 **scurvy** shabby
 0.5 **books at their girdles** Bibles at their
 belts
 1 **Corporal Oath** A 'corporal oath' is
 any oath—oath of supremacy, oath of
 allegiance, oath *ex officio*, etc.—sworn
 with the hand touching a sacred object
 or the Bible.
 1-2 **I am sorry we have met with you next**

our hearts That we have met up with
 you will weigh on our consciences.
 3 **We must not swear** The 1606 Act
 of Abuses forbade players in a play,
 Maygame or pageant to use the name
 of God jestingly or profanely. Also,
 nonconformists, when arrested and
 questioned, routinely refused at the
 outset of the proceeding to take the oath
ex officio, which would have sworn them
 to answer all questions, including those
 which would be self-incriminating.
 10 **we three** a catch phrase in drama of the
 period. Two of the 'three' are manifest
 fools, and the third, the victim of a
 jest or an onlooker, is included in that
 category by the 'we'
 10-11 **scrape-shoes** scrape is an awkward
 bow or salutation in which the foot is
 drawn backward on the ground
 11 **flesh o' good Fridays** some puritans
 regarded as popish the practice of not
 eating meat on Fridays

- CORPORAL Why, Nicholas St Antlings, Simon St Mary Overies, has the de'il possessed you, that you swear
15 no better? You half-christened catamites, you ungod-
mothered varlets, does the first lesson teach you to be
proud, and the second to be coxcombs, proud coxcombs,
not once to do duty to a man of mark?
- FRAILTY A man of mark, quoth a. I do not think he can
20 show a beggar's noble.
- CORPORAL A corporal, a commander, one of spirit, that is
able to blow you up all dry with your books at your
girdles.
- SIMON We are not taught to believe that, sir, for we know
25 the breath of man is weak.
Corporal breathes upon Frailty
- FRAILTY Foh, you lie, Nicholas, for here's one strong
enough. Blow us up, quoth a, he may well blow me
above twelve score off o' him. I warrant, if the wind
stood right, a man might smell him from the top of
30 Newgate to the leads of Ludgate.
- CORPORAL Sirrah, thou hollow book of wax candle.
- NICHOLAS Ay, you may say what you will, so you swear
not.
- CORPORAL I swear by the—
- 35 NICHOLAS Hold, hold, good Corporal Oath, for if you swear
once, we shall all fall down in a swoon presently.
- CORPORAL I must and will swear, you quivering coxcombs.
My captain is imprisoned, and by Vulcan's leather
codpiece point—
- 40 NICHOLAS O Simon, what an oath was there.
- FRAILTY If he should chance to break it, the poor man's
breeches would fall down about his heels, for Venus
allows him but one point to his hose.
- CORPORAL With these my bully feet, I will thump ope' the
45 prison doors and brain the keeper with the begging box,
but I'll set my honest sweet Captain Idle at liberty.
- NICHOLAS How, Captain Idle, my old aunt's son, my dear
kinsman, in cappadochio?
- CORPORAL Ay, thou church-peeling, thou holy-paring,
religious outside thou. If thou hadst any grace in thee,
50 thou wouldst visit him, relieve him, swear to get him
out.
- NICHOLAS Assure you, corporal, indeed la, 'tis the first time
I heard on't.
- CORPORAL Why, do't now then, marmoset. Bring forth thy
55 yearly wages, let not a commander perish.
- SIMON But if he be one of the wicked, he shall perish.
- NICHOLAS Well, corporal, I'll e'en along with you to visit
my kinsman. If I can do him any good, I will, but I have
nothing for him. Simon St Mary Overies and Frailty,
60 pray make a lie for me to the knight, my master, old
Sir Godfrey.
- CORPORAL A lie? May you lie then?
- FRAILTY O ay, we may lie, but we must not swear.
- SIMON True, we may lie with our neighbour's wife, but
65 we must not swear we did so.
- CORPORAL O an excellent tag of religion.
- NICHOLAS O Simon, I have thought upon a sound excuse.
It will go current. Say that I am gone to a fast.
- SIMON To a fast, very good.
70
- NICHOLAS Ay, to a fast, say, with Master Fullbelly, the
minister.
- SIMON Master Fullbelly? An honest man. He feeds the flock
well, for he's an excellent feeder.
- [Exeunt] Corporal [and] Nicholas
- FRAILTY O ay, I have seen him eat up a whole pig and af-
75 terward fall to the pettitoes. [Exeunt] Simon and Frailty
- The prison Marshalsea. Enter Captain Idle at one
door, George Pieboard and old soldier Skirmish
speaking within at another door* I.4
- PIEBOARD Pray, turn the key.

- 15 **catamites** young men kept for sexual
purposes; derives from the Latin
Catamitus, a corrupt form of Ganymedes,
name of Jupiter's cupbearer whom
Jupiter kept for sexual purposes
- 15-16 **ungodmothered** Nonconformist
baptismal practice objected to some of
the provisions for baptism specified in
the Book of Common Prayer, such as the
use of the sign of the cross in baptism,
private baptism, and godparents being
asked to represent themselves as the
voice of the child in taking the baptismal
vows. Thus, the 24 Articles had queried
whether a minister had 'not used the
interrogatories to the godfathers and
godmothers, in the name of the infant'
as dictated by the Book of Common
Prayer.
- 18-20 **a man of mark ... a beggar's noble** a
pun on mark, meaning distinction, and
mark, a sum of money. A noble was a
coin; a 'beggar's noble', a farthing.
- 22 **blow you up all dry** destroy without

- bloodshed
- 30 **Newgate to the leads of Ludgate** two
gates in the western wall of London.
Ludgate had a flat leaded roof.
- 31 **book of wax candle** rolls of candle wax
coiled up in the form of a book
- 38-9 **Vulcan's leather codpiece point** a
codpiece is an appendage to the front
of the hose (or breeches); a point is
a tagged lace or cord of yarn, silk, or
leather, for attaching the hose to the
doublet.
- 42-3 **Venus allows... one point to his hose**
The goddess of love has given him only
one lace to hold up his breeches.
- 44 **bully** epithet expressing admiring
familiarity
- 45 **begging box** almsbox on prison grounds
for the benefit of prisoners
- 48 **cappadochio** cant name for prison.
Cappadocia was an ancient kingdom of
Asia Minor, known for its slaves.
- 55 **marmoset** a small monkey; also a term
of abuse or contempt

- 67 **tag** an automatically repeated or over-
used phrase
- 69 **go current** be acceptable
fast Although fasting was commonly
practised in the English church, its unau-
thorized use was regarded suspiciously
because fasting could also be used as
a cover for other practices, including
propheysings and conventicles. Canon 72
in the Canons of 1604 ordered 'Ministers
not to appoint public or private Fasts or
Prophecies, or to Exorcise, but by author-
ity;' see also I.2.84-7; 3.5.134-5, 139,
and Introduction.
- 74 **feeder** eater, parasite
- 76 **pettitoes** pig's trotters
- I.4.0.1 **Marshalsea** a prison in Southwark,
on Borough High Street and not far
from St Mary Overie, connected with
the Court of the King's Marshal, and
used as a prison for debtors and persons
charged with contempt of the Courts of
the Marshal, the King's Palace, and the
Admiralty

SKIRMISH Turn the key, I pray.
 CAPTAIN Who should those be? I almost know their voices.
 [*Pieboard and Skirmish*] *entering*
 O my friends, you're welcome to a smelling room here.
 5 You newly took leave of the air. Is't not a strange
 savour?
 PIEBOARD
 As all prisons have smells of sundry wretches
 Who, though departed, leave their scents behind 'em.
 By gold, captain, I am sincerely sorry for thee.
 10 CAPTAIN By my troth, George, I thank thee, but pish, what
 must be must be.
 SKIRMISH Captain, what do you lie in for? Is't great?
 What's your offence?
 CAPTAIN Faith, my offence is ordinary, common, a high-
 15 way. And I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and
 common too, a halter.
 PIEBOARD
 Nay, prophesy not so ill. It shall go hard,
 But I'll shift for thy life.
 CAPTAIN Whether I live or die, thou'rt an honest George.
 20 I'll tell you, silver flowed not with me as it had done,
 for now the tide runs to bawds and flatterers. I had a
 start out and by chance set upon a fat steward, thinking
 his purse had been as pursy as his body. And the slave
 had about him but the poor purchase of ten groats,
 25 notwithstanding being descried, pursued, and taken. I
 know the law is so grim in respect of many desperate
 unsettled soldiers that I fear me I shall dance after their
 pipe for't.
 SKIRMISH I am twice sorry for you, captain, first, that your
 30 purchase was so small and, now, that your danger is
 so great.
 CAPTAIN Push! The worst is but death. Ha' you a pipe of
 tobacco about you?
 SKIRMISH I think I have thereabouts about me.
Captain blows a pipe
 35 CAPTAIN Here's a clean gentleman too to receive.
 PIEBOARD [*aside*]
 Well, I must cast about, some happy sleight.
 Work brain, that ever didst thy master right.
Corporal and Nicholas [*speak from*] *within*
 CORPORAL Keeper, let the key be turned.
 NICHOLAS Ay, I pray, master keeper, give's a cast of your
 40 office.
 [*Enter Corporal and Nicholas*]
 CAPTAIN How now, more visitants? What, Corporal Oath?

PIEBOARD *and* SKIRMISH Corporal.
 CORPORAL In prison, honest captain? This must not be.
 NICHOLAS How do you, captain kinsman?
 CAPTAIN [*to Corporal*] Good coxcomb, what makes that 45
 pure, starched fool here?
 NICHOLAS [*to Captain*] You see, kinsman, I am somewhat
 bold to call in and see how you do. I heard you were
 safe enough, and I was very glad on't that it was no
 worse. 50
 CAPTAIN
 This is a double torture now. This fool by th' book
 Does vex me more than my imprisonment.
 What meant you, corporal, to hook him hither?
 CORPORAL
 Who he? He shall relieve thee and supply thee.
 I'll make him do't.
 CAPTAIN Fie, what vain breath you spend. 55
 He supply? I'll sooner expect mercy from a usurer when
 my bond's forfeited, sooner kindness from a lawyer
 when my money's spent, nay, sooner charity from the
 devil than good from a puritan. I'll look for relief from
 him when Lucifer is restored to his blood and in heaven
 again. 60
 NICHOLAS [*aside*] I warrant my kinsman's talking of me,
 for my left ear burns most tyrannically.
 PIEBOARD Captain Idle, what's he there? He looks like a
 monkey upward and a crane downward. 65
 CAPTAIN Pshaw, a foolish cousin of mine. I must thank
 God for him.
 PIEBOARD Why, the better subject to work a 'scape upon.
 Thou shalt e'en change clothes with him and leave him
 here, and so. 70
 CAPTAIN Push, I published him e'en now to my corporal.
 He will be damned ere he do me so much good. Why,
 I know a more proper, a more handsome device than
 that if the slave would be sociable. [*To Nicholas*] Now,
 goodman fleer-face. 75
 NICHOLAS [*aside*] O my cousin begins to speak to me now.
 I shall be acquainted with him again, I hope.
 SKIRMISH [*to Captain*] Look, what ridiculous raptures take
 hold of his wrinkles.
 PIEBOARD Then, what say you to this device, a happy one, 80
 captain?
 CAPTAIN Speak low, George, prison rats have wider ears
 than those in malt-lofts.
 NICHOLAS [*to Captain*] Cousin, if it lay in my power, as they
 say, to do. 85

4 **smelling** stinking
 18 **shift** for contrive on behalf of
 21-2 **had a start out** went to rob on the
 highway
 23 **pursy** fat
 24 **purchase** theft, plunder
groats coins worth four pence
 25 **descried** perceived from a distance
 27 **dance** slang for how a felon appears
 hanging from the gallows
 27-8 **after their pipe** to their tune; i.e. incur

the same punishment
 32 **Push!** an exclamation of disdain, as in
 'Pish!' or 'Tush!'
 34.1 **blows** smokes
 35 **clean gentleman** clean pipe
 39-40 **cast of your office** example of your
 authority
 46 **starched** formal and precise
 51 **by th' book** formulaic, constrained
 behaviour
 60 **restored to his blood** restored to his

former place of dignity in heaven among
 obedient spirits
 71 **published** described
 75 **fleer-face** mocking, sneering face
 78-9 **ridiculous raptures**... **wrinkles** Com-
 pare the description of the puritan
 Malvolio in Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*,
 3.2.74-75: 'He does smile his face into
 more lines than is in the new map with
 the augmentation of the Indies'.
 83 **malt-lofts** where prepared malt is stored

- CAPTAIN [*to Nicholas*] 'Twould do me an exceeding pleasure indeed that. Ne'er talk farther on't. [*To the Corporal*] The fool will be hanged ere he do't.
- CORPORAL POX, I'll thump 'im to't.
- 90 PIEBOARD [*to Captain*] Why, do but try the fopster and break it to him bluntly.
- CAPTAIN [*to Pieboard*] And so my disgrace will dwell in his jaws, an the slave slaver out our purpose to his master, for would I were but as sure on't as I am sure he will deny to do't.
- 95 NICHOLAS [*to Captain*] I would be heartily glad, cousin, if any of my friendships, as they say, might stand, ah.
- PIEBOARD [*to Captain*] Why, you see he offers his friendship foolishly to you already.
- 100 CAPTAIN Ay, that's the hell on't. I would he would offer it wisely.
- NICHOLAS Verily, and indeed la, cousin.
- CAPTAIN [*to Nicholas*] I have took note of thy fleers a good while. If thou art minded to do me good—as thou gapst upon me comfortably and givst me charitable faces, which indeed is but a fashion in you all that are puritans—wilt soon at night steal me thy master's chain?
- NICHOLAS O, I shall swoon.
- 110 PIEBOARD Corporal, he starts already.
- CAPTAIN [*to Nicholas*] I know it to be worth three hundred crowns, and with the half of that I can buy my life at a broker's at second hand, which now lies in pawn to the law. If this thou refuse to do, being easy and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy master, why 'tis a palpable argument thou holdst my life at no price, and these thy broken and unjointed offers are but only created in thy lip, now born, and now buried, foolish breath only. What, wilt do't? Shall
- 115 I look for happiness in thy answer?
- NICHOLAS Steal my master's chain, quoth a? No, it shall ne'er be said that Nicholas St Antling's committed birdlime.
- CAPTAIN Nay, I told you as much, did I not? Though he be a puritan, yet he will be a true man.
- 125 NICHOLAS Why, cousin, you know 'tis written, thou shalt not steal.
- CAPTAIN Why, and fool, thou shalt love thy neighbour and help him in extremities.
- NICHOLAS Mass, I think it be indeed. In what chapter's that, cousin? 130
- CAPTAIN Why, in the first of Charity, the second verse.
- NICHOLAS The first of Charity, quoth a. That's a good jest, there's no such chapter in my book.
- CAPTAIN No, I knew 'twas torn out of thy book, and that makes so little in thy heart. 135
- PIEBOARD [*taking Nicholas aside*] Come, let me tell you, you're too unkind a kinsman, i'faith, the captain loving you so dearly, ay, like the pomewater of his eye, and you to be so uncomfortable, fie, fie. 140
- NICHOLAS Pray, do not wish me to be hanged. Anything else that I can do, had it been to rob, I would ha' done't, but I must not steal. That's the word the literal, thou shalt not steal. And would you wish me to steal then?
- PIEBOARD No, faith, that were too much, to speak truth. 145
- Why, wilt thou nim it from him?
- NICHOLAS That I will.
- PIEBOARD Why, enough, bully, he shall be content with that, or he shall ha' none. Let me alone with him now. [*To Captain*] Captain, I ha' dealt with your kinsman in a corner, a good, kind-natured fellow, methinks. Go to, you shall not have all your own asking, you shall bate somewhat on't. He is not contented absolutely, as you would say, to steal the chain from him, but to do you a pleasure, he will nim it from him. 155
- NICHOLAS Ay, that I will, cousin.
- CAPTAIN Well, seeing he will do no more, as far as I see, I must be contented with that.
- CORPORAL [*aside*] Here's no notable gullery.
- PIEBOARD [*to Nicholas*] Nay, I'll come nearer to you, gentleman, because we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't. The knight shall not lose his chain neither, but it shall be only laid out of the way some one or two days. 160
- NICHOLAS Ay, that would be good indeed, kinsman.
- PIEBOARD For I have a farther reach to profit us better by the missing on't only, than if we had it outright, as my discourse shall make it known to you. When thou hast the chain, do but convey it out at backdoor into the garden, and there hang it close in the rosemary bank 170

90 **fopster** fool93 **slaver** utter in a fawning, flattering manner105 **comfortably** comfortably108 **chain** ornament worn around the neck123 **birdlime** a glutinous substance spread upon twigs, by which birds may be caught and held fast; slang for stealing126–9 **shalt not steal... shalt love thy****neighbour... extremities** Nicholas and Captain cite, respectively, the seventh and ninth of the Ten Commandments, the Captain embellishing his with 'help him in extremities'.139 **pomewater** large juicy kind of apple143 **That's the word the literal** That's

exactly what the Bible says and means.

146 **nim** steal, filch152 **bate** reduce, abate160 **come nearer to you** meet halfway166 **reach** project167 **the missing on't** the missing of it (see textual note to 1.2.103–4)170 **close** hidden

- but for a small season. And by that harmless device, I know how to wind Captain Idle out of prison, the knight thy master shall get his pardon and release him, and he satisfy thy master with his own chain and wondrous thanks on both hands.
- 175 NICHOLAS That were rare indeed la. Pray, let me know how.
- PIEBOARD Nay, 'tis very necessary thou shouldst know because thou must be employed as an actor.
- 180 NICHOLAS An actor? O no, that's a player, and our parson rails against players mightily, I can tell you, because they brought him drunk upo'th' stage once, as he will be horribly drunk.
- CORPORAL Mass, I cannot blame him then, poor church spout.
- 185 PIEBOARD Why, as an intermeddler then.
- NICHOLAS Ay, that, that.
- PIEBOARD Give me audience then. When the old knight thy master has raged his fill for the loss of the chain, tell him thou hast a kinsman in prison of such exquisite art that the devil himself is French lackey to him and runs bare-headed by his horse belly (when he has one), whom he will cause with most Irish dexterity to fetch his chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of seacoal, and ne'er make spade or pickaxe his instruments. Tell him but this, with farther instructions thou shalt receive from me, and thou show'st thyself a kinsman indeed.
- CORPORAL A dainty bully.
- SKIRMISH An honest bookkeeper.
- 200 CAPTAIN And my three-times-thrice-honey cousin.
- NICHOLAS Nay, grace of God, I'll rob him on't suddenly and hang it in the rosemary bank. But I bear that mind, cousin, I would not steal anything methinks for mine own father.
- 205 SKIRMISH He bears a good mind in that, captain.
- PIEBOARD Why, well said. He begins to be an honest fellow, faith.
- CORPORAL In troth he does.
- NICHOLAS You see, cousin, I am willing to do you any kindness, always saving myself harmless.
- 210
- CAPTAIN Why, I thank thee. Fare thee well. I shall requite it. *Exit Nicholas*
- CORPORAL 'Twill be good for thee, captain, that thou hast such an egregious ass to thy cousin.
- CAPTAIN Ay, is he not a fine fool, corporal? 215
But, George, thou talkest of art and conjuring. How shall that be?
- PIEBOARD Puh, be't not in your care. 215
Leave that to me and my directions. Well, captain, doubt not thy delivery now, E'en with the vantage, man, to gain by prison, As my thoughts prompt me. Hold on brain and plot. 220
I aim at many cunning far events, All which I doubt not but to hit at length. I'll to the Widow with a quaint assault. Captain, be merry. 225
- CAPTAIN Who, I? Kerry, merry, buff jerkin.
- PIEBOARD O, I am happy in more sleights, and one will knit strong in another. Corporal Oath—
- CORPORAL Ho, bully.
- PIEBOARD And thou old Peter Skirmish—I have a necessary task for you both. 230
- SKIRMISH Lay't upon, George Pieboard.
- CORPORAL What e'er it be, we'll manage it.
- PIEBOARD I would have you two maintain a quarrel before the Lady Widow's door and draw your swords i'th' edge of the evening. Clash a little, clash, clash. 235
- CORPORAL Fuh. Let us alone to make our blades ring noon Though it be after supper.
- PIEBOARD Know you can. 240
And out of that false fire, I doubt not but to raise strange belief. And, captain, to countenance my device the better and grace my words to the widow, I have a good plain satin suit that I had of a young reveller t'other night, for words pass not regarded nowadays unless they come from a good suit of clothes, which the fates and my wits have bestowed upon me. Well, Captain Idle, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne'er 245

171 **that harmless device** This jest of Pieboard's has an analogue in Jest 11 of George Peele's *The Merrie Conceited Jestes of George Peele*, in which Peele, accompanying his friends to an Oxford commencement and running out of money, hides the rapier and dagger of a companion, and then, borrowing from the same companion, goes to Oxford and returns with a scholar, 'one of the rarest men in England,' who sets about divining the location of the lost possessions, which, as all search for them, George himself then locates. An analogue to this trick is also described in Reginald Scot's *The Discovery of witchcraft* (1584), where the trick is described as being used for finding a stolen horse. Scot's book denounced witchcraft as

a popish device aimed at deceiving the public and making the clergy rich.
180–2 **our parson . . . stage** the stock characterization of the drunk cleric (here used against a puritan, but also used conventionally in criticisms of bishops, monks, popes, etc.) combined with a reference to clerics who declaimed against theatre practices. Puritan ministers usually objected to playing on Sundays and to the bear-baiting held in the theatres. In 1589, the conformist church establishment, in an effort to cope with the Marprelate controversy, sought to have all 'matters of divinity' excluded from stage plays.
185 **spout** one who speaks at length without much matter

186 **intermeddler** intermediary
191 **French lackey** a lackey is a hanger-on; 'French' is usually associated with venereal disease.
192 **bare-headed** a symptom of syphilis
horse belly horse's belly
193 **Irish dexterity** an allusion to the Irish running footmen employed by many nobles; as in 'Away they ran like Irish lackeys' (*Black Book* 516–7).
194 **seacoal** ordinary, mineral coal as opposed to charcoal
200 **cousin** kinsman
220 **vantage** advantage
224 **quaint** cunning, crafty; vagina
226 **Kerry, merry, buff jerkin** kerry-merry-buff is a kind of blow or buffet; running on, Idle adds 'jerkin'

Act I Scene 4

The Puritaine Widdow.

250 be seen within twelve score of a prison, for, I protest,
I walk in great danger of small debts.
I owe money to several hostesses, and you know such
Jills will quickly be upon a man's Jack.

CAPTAIN True, George.

PIEBOARD Fare thee well, captain. Come, corporal and
255 ensign, thou shalt hear more news next time we greet
thee.

CORPORAL More news, ay, by yon Bear at Bridgefoot in
heaven, shalt thou. *Exeunt [all but Captain]*

CAPTAIN

Enough, my friends, farewell.
This prison shows as if ghosts did part in hell. *[Exit]*
Finis Actus Primus



2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter Moll, youngest daughter to the Widow,
alone

5 MOLL Not marry? Forswear marriage? Why, all women
know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a
man, and I, to spite my sister's vow the more, have
entertained a suitor already, a fine gallant knight of
the last feather. He says he will coach me too, and
well appoint me, allow me money to dice withal, and
many such pleasing protestations he sticks upon my
lips. Indeed, his short-winded father i'th' country is
wondrous wealthy, a most abominable farmer. And
10 therefore he may do't in time. Troth, I'll venture upon
him. Women are not without ways enough to help
themselves. If he prove wise and good as his word,
why I shall love him and use him kindly, and if he
prove an ass, why in a quarter of an hour's warning I
15 can transform him into an ox. There comes in my relief
again.

Enter Frailty

FRAILTY O Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

MOLL How now, what's the news?

FRAILTY The knight, your suitor, Sir John Pennydub.

20 MOLL Sir John Pennydub? Where, where?

FRAILTY He's walking in the gallery.

MOLL Has my mother seen him yet?

FRAILTY O no, she's spitting in the kitchen.

248 **twelve score** twelve score yards

251 **Jills** women

Jack coat of mail; buff jacket or jerkin;
penis

256-7 **Bear at Bridgefoot in heaven** Bear
in heaven is a constellation; Bear at
Bridgefoot was a tavern at the end of
London Bridge. Corporal has his private
name for the constellation, calling it after
the tavern.

2.1.4-5 **of the last feather** of the latest
fashion

5 **coach me** buy me a coach

6 **appoint** equip, fit out

7 **protestations** assertions

7-8 **sticks upon my lips** pledges himself,
with kisses, to perform

9 **abominable** offensive, preposterously
large

10 **do't** keep his word

10-11 **venture upon him** bet on him

15 **ox** a castrated bull used for draught
purposes; cuckold

19 **Sir John Pennydub** the first of three
knights in this scene, each suing for
marriage. Their names satirize knight-
hood at a point in time when much was
being made of James's having knighted

MOLL

Direct him hither softly, good Frailty.

I'll meet him halfway.

FRAILTY That's just like running a tilt, but I hope he'll
25 break nothing this time. *[Exit Frailty]*

MOLL 'Tis happiness my mother saw him not.

Enter Sir John Pennydub

O we'come, good Sir John.

PENNYDUB I thank you, faith. Nay, you must stand me till I
30 kiss you. 'Tis the fashion everywhere i'faith, and I came
from court e'en now.

MOLL Nay, the fates forfend that I should anger the
fashion.

PENNYDUB Then, not forgetting the sweet of new ceremon-
ies, I first fall back, then recovering myself, make my
honour to your lip thus, and then accost it. *(Kissing*
[Moll])

MOLL Trust me, very pretty and moving. You're worthy
40 on't sir.

[Enter] Widow and Sir Godfrey

O my mother, my mother, now she's here, we'll steal
into the gallery. *Exeunt [Moll and Pennydub]*

SIR GODFREY Nay, sister, let reason rule you, do not play
the fool, stand not in your own light. You have wealthy
offers, large tenderings. Do not withstand your good
45 fortune. Who comes a wooing to you, I pray? No small
fool. A rich knight o'th' city, Sir Oliver Muckhill, no
small fool I can tell you. And furthermore, as I heard
late by your maidservants (as your maidservants will
say to me anything, I thank 'em) both your daughters
50 are not without suitors, ay, and worthy ones too. One
a brisk courtier, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, suitor afar off to
your eldest daughter, and the third a huge wealthy
farmer's son, a fine young country knight. They call
him Sir John Pennydub, a good name. Marry, he may
55 have it coined when he lacks money. What blessings
are these, sister?

WIDOW Tempt me not, Satan.

SIR GODFREY Satan? Do I look like Satan? I hope the devil's
60 not so old as I, I trow.

WIDOW

You wound my senses, brother, when you name

A suitor to me. O, I cannot abide it.

I take in poison when I hear one named.

so many. 'Pennydub' suggests the knight
purchased his title. 'Tipstaff' is suggestive
of a court bailiff or his staff, which was
tipped with iron; also phallic. 'Muckhill'
suggests a pile of dirt or excrement.

21 **gallery** a corridor or long room for
exhibiting paintings and walking

23 **spitting** crying

30 **stand me** stand still for me; give me an
erection

33 **forfend** forbid

35 **sweet** the culmination

37 **accost** approach; solicit a woman for sex

Enter Simon
 How now, Simon? Where's my son Edmond?
 65 SIMON Verily, madam, he is at vain exercise, dripping in
 the tennis court. [*Exit Simon*]
 WIDOW At tennis court? O now his father's gone, I shall
 have no rule with him. O wicked Edmond, I might
 well compare this with the prophecy in the Chronicle,
 70 though far inferior. As Harry of Monmouth won all,
 and Harry of Windsor lost all, so Edmond of Bristow
 that was the father got all, and Edmond of London
 that's his son now will spend all.
 SIR GODFREY Peace, sister, we'll have him reformed. There's
 75 hope on him yet, though it be but a little.
Enter Frailty
 FRAILTY Forsooth, madam, there are two or three archers
 at door would very gladly speak with your ladyship.
 WIDOW Archers?
 SIR GODFREY Your husband's fletcher, I warrant.
 80 WIDOW O
 Let them come near. They bring home things of his.
 Troth, I should ha' forgot 'em. How now?
 Villain, which be those archers?
*Enter the suitors Sir Andrew Tipstaff, Sir Oliver
 Muckhill, and Pennydub*
 FRAILTY Why, do you not see 'em before you? Are
 85 not these archers? What do you call 'em? Shooters?
 Shooters and archers are all one, I hope.
 WIDOW Out, ignorant slave.
 MUCKHILL Nay, pray be patient, lady,
 We come in way of honourable love.
 TIPSTAFF and PENNYDUB
 We do.
 MUCKHILL
 To you.
 TIPSTAFF and PENNYDUB
 90 And to your daughters.
 WIDOW O why will you offer me this, gentlemen? Indeed,
 I will not look upon you. When the tears are scarce out
 of mine eyes, not yet washed off from my cheeks, and
 my dear husband's body scarce so cold as the coffin,
 95 what reason have you to offer it? I am not like some
 of your widows that will bury one in the evening, and
 be sure to another ere morning. Pray, away. Pray, take
 your answers, good knights, an you be sweet knights. I
 have vowed never to marry, and so have my daughters
 100 too.
 PENNYDUB (*aside*) Ay, two of you have, but the third's a
 good wench.

MUCKHILL Lady, a shrewd answer, marry. The best is, 'tis
 but the first, and he's a blunt wooer that will leave for
 one sharp answer. 105
 TIPSTAFF Where be your daughters, lady? I hope they'll
 give us better encouragements.
 WIDOW Indeed, they'll answer you so. Tak't a' my word,
 they'll give you the very same answer *verbatim*, truly
 la. 110
 PENNYDUB (*aside*) Mum, Moll's a good wench still. I know
 what she'll do.
 MUCKHILL Well, lady, for this time we'll take our leaves,
 hoping for better comfort.
 WIDOW O never, never, an I live these thousand years. An
 you be good knights, do not hope. 'Twill be all vain,
 vain. Look you, put off all your suits an you come to
 me again. [*Exeunt Pennydub and Tipstaff*]
 FRAILTY Put off all their suits, quoth a? Ay, that's the best
 wooing of a widow indeed, when a man's nonsuited,
 120 that is, when he's a bed with her.
Going out, Muckhill and Sir Godfrey
 MUCKHILL Sir Godfrey, here's twenty angels more. Work
 hard for me. There's life in't yet.
 SIR GODFREY Fear not, Sir Oliver Muckhill, I'll stick close
 for you. Leave all with me. *Exit Muckhill* 125
Enter George Pieboard, the scholar
 PIEBOARD By your leave, Lady Widow.
 WIDOW What, another suitor now?
 PIEBOARD A suitor? No, I protest, lady, if you'd give me
 yourself, I'd not be troubled with you.
 WIDOW Say you so, sir, then you're the better welcome,
 130 sir.
 PIEBOARD Nay, heaven bless me from a widow unless I
 were sure to bury her speedily.
 WIDOW Good bluntness. Well, your business, sir.
 PIEBOARD Very needful if you were in private once. 135
 WIDOW Needful? Brother, pray leave us, and you, sir.
[Exit Sir Godfrey]
 FRAILTY [*aside*] I should laugh now if this blunt fellow
 should put 'em all beside the stirrup and vault into the
 saddle himself. I have seen as mad a trick. *Exit Frailty*
 140 WIDOW Now, sir, here's none but we.
Enter daughters Frank and Moll
 Daughters forebear.
 PIEBOARD O no, pray let 'em stay, for what I have to speak
 importeth equally to them as to you.
 WIDOW Then you may stay.
 PIEBOARD
 I pray, bestow on me a serious ear,
 145 For what I speak is full of weight and fear.

65 **dripping** sweating
 69 **prophecy in the Chronicle** The chronicles of Grafton, Hall, and Holinshed record the prophecy that Harry of Monmouth, Henry V, victor of Agincourt and conqueror of Normandy, would win all, and
 71 **Bristow** Bristol
 79 **fletcher** one who makes or sells arrows; an archer
 85 **Shooters** one who shoots with a bow or firearms. 'Shooters' puns on 'suitors',
 with sexual innuendo similar to 'guns' (1.2.7).
 97 **sure** betrothed
 117 **suits** wooing
 122 **angels** gold coins valued at 10 shillings
 132 **bless me from** protect me from

	WIDOW	O hardly, hardly.	190
	Fear?	WIDOW [<i>aside</i>]	
	PIEBOARD	This is most strange of all. How knows he that?	
	Ay,	PIEBOARD	
	If't pass unregarded and uneffected.	He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up,	
150	Else, peace and joy. I pray, attention.	And had his drink from many a poor man's brow,	
	Widow, I have been a mere stranger for these parts	E'en as their labour brewed it.	
	that you live in, nor did I ever know the husband of	He would scrape riches to him most unjustly.	195
	you and father of them, but I truly know by certain	The very dirt between his nails was ill-got,	
	spiritual intelligence that he is in purgatory.	And not his own. O, I groan to speak on't.	
155	WIDOW Purgatory? Tuh, that word deserves to be spit	The thought makes me shudder, shudder.	
	upon. I wonder that a man of sober tongue as you	WIDOW [<i>aside</i>] It quakes me too, now I think on't.—Sir, I	
	seem to be should have the folly to believe there's such	am much grieved that you, a stranger, should so deeply	200
	a place.	wrong my dead husband.	
	PIEBOARD Well, lady, in cold blood I speak it. I assure you	PIEBOARD O.	
160	that there is a purgatory in which place I know your	WIDOW A man that would keep church so duly, rise early	
	husband to reside and wherein he is like to remain till	before his servants, and e'en for religious haste go	
	the dissolution of the world, till the last general bonfire,	ungartered, unbuttoned, nay, sir-reverence, untrussed,	205
	when all the earth shall melt into nothing and the	to morning prayer.	
	seas scald their finny labourers. So long is his abidance,	PIEBOARD O uff.	
165	unless you alter the property of your purpose, together	WIDOW Dine quickly upon high days, and when I had	
	with each of your daughters theirs, that is, the purpose	great guests, would e'en shame me and rise from the	
	of single life in yourself and your eldest daughter, and	table to get a good seat at an afternoon sermon.	210
	the speedy determination of marriage in your youngest.	PIEBOARD There's the devil, there's the devil, true. He	
170	MOLL [<i>aside</i>] How knows he that? What, has some devil	thought it sanctity enough if he had killed a man, so	
	told him?	't'ad been done in a pew, or undone his neighbour, so	
	WIDOW [<i>aside</i>] Strange he should know our thoughts.—	't'ad been near enough to th' preacher. O a sermon's a	
	Why, but daughter, have you purposed speedy mar-	fine short cloak of an hour long and will hide the upper	215
	riage?	part of a dissembler. Church, ay, he seemed all church,	
	PIEBOARD You see she tells you 'ay', for she says nothing.	and his conscience was as hard as the pulpit.	
175	Nay, give me credit as you please. I am a stranger	WIDOW I can no more endure this.	
	to you, and yet you see I know your determinations,	PIEBOARD Nor I, widow, endure to flatter.	
	which must come to me metaphysically and by a	WIDOW Is this all your business with me?	220
	supernatural intelligence.	PIEBOARD	
	WIDOW This puts amazement on me.	No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't.	
180	FRANK [<i>aside</i>] Know our secrets?	You may believe my strains, I strike all true.	
	MOLL [<i>aside</i>] I'd thought to steal a marriage. Would his	And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue,	
	tongue had dropped out when he blabbed it.	yourself would affirm it. And that you shall perceive	
	WIDOW But, sir, my husband was too honest a dealing	I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is	225
	man to be now in any purgatories.	present, a brother of your husband's shall shortly have	
	PIEBOARD	a loss.	
185	O do not load your conscience with untruths.	WIDOW A loss? Marry, heaven fend. Sir Godfrey, my	
	'Tis but mere folly now to gild 'em o'er	brother.	
	That has passed but for copper. Praises here	PIEBOARD Nay, keep in your wonders till I have told you	230
	Cannot unbind him there. Confess but truth.	the fortunes of you all, which are more fearful if not	
	I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe,	happily prevented. For your part and your daughters, if	

154 **purgatory** in Roman Catholic belief, a condition or place in which the soul of those dying penitent are purified from venial sins, or undergo the temporal punishment which, after the guilt of mortal sin has been remitted, still remains to be endured by the sinner. From the early sixteenth century, protestants, believing that the soul went directly to heaven after death, had characterized purgatory as an invention of the pope (who prayed for souls to be released from

purgatory), used to increase his power and extort money from the people. In his *Premotion* (1609), King James would refer to purgatory 'and all the trash depending thereupon' as 'not worth the talking of'.
 162 **last general bonfire** Day of Judgement
 164 **finny** provided with or having fins
 165 **property** identity, essence
 168 **determination** accomplishment
 176 **determinations** what has been decided
 177 **metaphysically** by way of the occult

189 **gripe** act of seizing tenaciously, oppressing by miserly or penurious treatment
 205 **sir-reverence** a corruption of 'save reverence' (*salva reverentia*); with all respect for you (used by way of apology before an unseemly expression)
untrussed untied points holding up breeches or hose
 208 **high days** days of high celebration; solemn or festal days
 221 **induction** introduction
 228 **forfend** forbid

there be not once this day some bloodshed before your
 door whereof the human creature dies, the elder two of
 235 you shall run mad.
 WIDOW *and* FRANK O.
 FRANK (*aside*) That's not I yet.
 PIEBOARD And with most impudent prostitution, show
 your naked bodies to the view of all beholders.
 240 WIDOW Our naked bodies. Fie, for shame.
 PIEBOARD Attend me—and your younger daughter be
 stricken dumb.
 MOLL Dumb? Out, alas, 'tis the worst pain of all for a
 woman. I'd rather be mad, or run naked, or anything.
 245 Dumb?
 PIEBOARD Give ear. Ere the evening fall upon hill, bog and
 meadow, this my speech shall have passed probation,
 and then shall I be believed accordingly.
 WIDOW If this be true, we are all shamed, all undone.
 250 MOLL Dumb? I'll speak as much as ever I can possible
 before evening.
 PIEBOARD But if it so come to pass (as for your fair
 sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange
 fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and
 bloodshedding which I before told you of, take heed
 255 upon your lives that two of you which have vowed
 never to marry seek you out husbands with all present
 speed. And you, the third, that have such a desire to
 outstrip chastity, look you meddle not with a husband.
 260 MOLL A double torment.
 PIEBOARD The breach of this keeps your father in purgato-
 ry, and the punishments that shall follow you in this
 world would with horror kill the ear should hear 'em
 related.
 265 WIDOW Marry? Why, I vowed never to marry.
 FRANK And so did I.
 MOLL And I vowed never to be such an ass but to marry.
 What a cross fortune's this?
 270 PIEBOARD Ladies, though I be a fortune-teller, I cannot
 better fortunes. You have 'em from me as they are
 revealed to me. I would they were to your tempers
 and fellows with your bloods. That's all the bitterness I
 would you.
 275 WIDOW O 'tis a just vengeance for my husband's hard
 purchases.
 PIEBOARD I wish you to bethink yourselves and leave 'em.
 WIDOW I'll to Sir Godfrey, my brother, and acquaint him
 with these fearful presages.
 FRANK For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

WIDOW O ay, they do, they do. 280
 If any happy issue crown thy words,
 I will reward thy cunning.
 PIEBOARD
 'Tis enough, Lady, I wish no higher.
 [*Exeunt Widow and Frank*]

MOLL
 Dumb, and not marry, worse.
 Neither to speak nor kiss, a double curse. *Exit* 285
 PIEBOARD So all this comes well about yet. I play the
 fortune-teller as well as if I had had a witch to my
 grandam. For by good happiness, being in my hostess's
 garden, which neighbours the orchard of the widow, I
 laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall and heard
 290 'em make these vows and speak those words upon
 which I wrought these advantages. And to encourage
 my forgery the more, I may now perceive in 'em a
 natural simplicity which will easily swallow an abuse
 if any covering be over it. And to confirm my former
 295 presage to the widow, I have advised old Peter Skirmish,
 the soldier, to hurt Corporal Oath upon the leg, and in
 that hurry I'll rush amongst 'em, and instead of giving
 the corporal some cordial to comfort him, I'll pour into
 his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature to make him
 300 seem as dead. For the which, the old soldier being
 apprehended and ready to be borne to execution, I'll
 step in and take upon me the cure of the dead man upon
 pain of dying the condemnèd's death. The corporal will
 wake at his minute, when the sleepy force has wrought
 305 itself, and so shall I get myself into a most admired
 opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile
 as I see occasion. And if that foolish Nicholas St Antlings
 keep true time with the chain, my plot will be sound,
 the captain delivered, and my wits applauded among
 310 scholars and soldiers forever. *Exit Pieboard*

Enter Nicholas St Antlings with the chain 2.2

NICHOLAS O, I have found an excellent advantage to take
 away the chain. My master put it off e'en now to 'say
 on a new doublet, and I sneaked it away by little and
 little most puritanically. We shall have good sport anon,
 when he's missed it, about my cousin the conjuror. The
 5 world shall see I'm an honest man of my word. For now,
 I'm going to hang it between heaven and earth among
 the rosemary branches. *Exit*
Finis Actus Secundus

247 **have passed probation** have been
 proved
 253 **presage** prediction
 271 **tempers** temperaments
 272 **bloods** the supposed seat of emotion,
 passion
 276 **bethink yourselves** reflect on the matter
 'em refers to 'hard purchases' (inherit-

ance) in 275
 288 **grandam** grandmother
 2.2.1 **advantage** opportunity
 2-3 'say on assay, try on
 7 **hang...earth** ironic play on the catena
 (chain) tradition, in which biblical
 verses, passages from commentators,
 or chapters on different topics were

assembled to interpret a related set of
 theological concepts, such as in Thomas
 Rogers, *A golden chain, taken out of the
 psalms of King David* (1579), or William
 Perkins, *A golden chain, or the description
 of theology, containing the order of the
 causes of salvation and damnation* (1591)



3.1

*Incipit Actus Tertius**Enter Simon St Mary Overies and Frailty*

FRAILTY Sirrah, Simon St Mary Overies, my mistress sends away all her suitors and puts fleas in their ears.

SIMON Frailty, she does like an honest, chaste, and virtuous woman, for widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of iniquity.

5

FRAILTY Yet, Simon, many widows will do't, what so comes on't.

SIMON True, Frailty, their filthy flesh desires a conjunction copulative. What strangers are within, Frailty?

10

FRAILTY There's none, Simon, but Master Pilfer, the tailor. He's above with Sir Godfrey praising of a doublet, and I must trudge anon to fetch Master Suds, the barber.

SIMON Master Suds, a good man, he washes the sins of the beard clean.

Enter old Skirmish the soldier

15

SKIRMISH How now, creatures, what's o'clock?

FRAILTY Why do you take us to be Jack o'th' clockhouse?

SKIRMISH I say again to you, what's o'clock?

SIMON Truly la, we go by the clock of our conscience. All worldly clocks we know go false and are set by drunken sextons.

20

SKIRMISH Then what's o'clock in your conscience?

Enter Corporal

O, I must break off. Here comes the corporal.—*[To the Corporal]* Hum, hum, what's o'clock?

CORPORAL O'clock? Why, past seventeen.

25

FRAILTY Past seventeen? *[Aside]* Nay, he's met with his match now. Corporal Oath will fit him.

SKIRMISH Thou dost not balk or baffle me, dost thou? I am a soldier. Past seventeen.

30

CORPORAL Ay, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee: twelve and 1 is thirteen, I hope, 2 fourteen, 3 fifteen, 4 sixteen, and 5 seventeen. Then past seventeen, I will take the dial's part in a just cause.

SKIRMISH I say, 'tis but past five then.

35

CORPORAL I'll swear 'tis past seventeen then. Dost thou not know numbers? Canst thou not cast?

SKIRMISH Cast? Dost thou speak of my casting i'th' street?

Corporal and Skirmish draw

CORPORAL Ay, and in the market-place.

SIMON Clubs, clubs, clubs!

Simon runs in

40

FRAILTY Ay, I knew by their shuffling clubs would be trump.

Enter Pieboard

Mass, here's the knave, an he can do any good upon 'em. Clubs, clubs, clubs! *[Exit Frailty]*

CORPORAL O villain, thou hast opened a vein in my leg.

PIEBOARD How now, for shame, for shame, put up, put up. 45

CORPORAL By yon blue welkin, 'twas out of my part, George, to be hurt on the leg.

Enter Officers

PIEBOARD O peace now, I have a cordial here to comfort thee.

OFFICERS Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay hands upon the villain. 50

SKIRMISH Lay hands on me?

PIEBOARD *[aside]* I'll not be seen among 'em now.

[Pieboard stands aloof]

CORPORAL

I'm hurt and had more need have surgeons

Lay hands upon me than rough officers. 55

OFFICER

Go carry him to be dressed then.

[Exeunt some Officers with Corporal Oath]

This mutinous soldier shall along with me to prison.

SKIRMISH

To prison? Where's George?

OFFICERS

Away with him.

*Exeunt [other Officers] with Skirmish*PIEBOARD *[stepping forward]*

So,

All lights as I would wish. The amazed widow

Will plant me strongly now in her belief 60

And wonder at the virtue of my words,

For the event turns those presages from 'em

Of being mad and dumb and begets joy

Mingled with admiration. These empty creatures,

Soldier and corporal, were but ordained 65

As instruments for me to work upon.

Now to my patient. Here's his potion. *Exit*

Enter the Widow with her two daughters Frank and Moll [and Frailty]

3.2

WIDOW

O wondrous happiness, beyond our thoughts,

O lucky fair event. I think our fortunes

Were blessed e'en in our cradles. We are quitted

Of all those shameful violent presages

By this rash bleeding chance. Go, Frailty, run, and

know

5

Whether he be yet living or yet dead

That here before my door received his hurt.

3.1.2 puts fleas in their ears a stinging reproof

11 praising appraising

16 Jack o'th' clockhouse figure in a great clock of a church, which by mechanism strikes the hours

18 conscience Religious dissidents (Protestant and Catholic) appealed to conscience to defend nonconformity to established English church practices and to defend

the refusal to take the oath *ex officio* and thus avoid self-incrimination. Simon uses appeals to conscience to justify his doing whatever he pleases.

20 sextons church officers who ring the bells

26 fit match

27 balk thwart, frustrate, quibble

baffle confuse, frustrate

36 cast count or calculate numbers; vomit;

void excrement

39 clubs! the cry raised when arms are drawn in a quarrel in order to draw help from bystanders

40-1 clubs would be trump force would rule the day, with pun on clubs as the winning card

46 welkin sky

59 lights happens

- FRAILTY Madam, he was carried to the superior, but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. *Exit Frailty*
- 10 FRANK Sure, that man is a rare fortune-teller. Never looked upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us. A wondrous fellow surely.
- 15 MOLL I am glad I have the use of my tongue yet, though of nothing else. I shall find the way to marry too, I hope, shortly.
- WIDOW O where's my brother Sir Godfrey? I would he were here that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning gentleman spoke in all things.
Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage
- 20 SIR GODFREY O my chain, my chain, I have lost my chain. Where be these villains, varlets?
- WIDOW O he's lost his chain.
- SIR GODFREY My chain, my chain.
- 25 WIDOW Brother, be patient, hear me speak. You know I told you that a cunning man told me that you should have a loss, and he has prophesied so true.
- SIR GODFREY Out! He's a villain to prophesy of the loss of my chain. 'Twas worth above three hundred crowns. Besides, 'twas my father's, my father's father's, my
- 30 grandfather's huge grandfather's. I had as lief ha' lost my neck as the chain that hung about it. O my chain, my chain.
- WIDOW O brother, who can be against a misfortune? 'Tis happy 'twas no more.
- 35 SIR GODFREY No more? O goodly godly sister, would you had me lost more? My best gown, too, with the cloth of gold lace? My holiday gaskins and my jerkin set with pearl? No more?
- WIDOW O brother, you can read.
- 40 SIR GODFREY But I cannot read where my chain is. What strangers have been here? You let in strangers, thieves and catchpoles. How come it gone? There was none above with me but my tailor, and my tailor will not steal, I hope.
- 45 MOLL [*aside*] No, he's afraid of a chain.
Enter Frailty
- WIDOW How now, sirrah, the news.
- FRAILTY O mistress, he may well be called a corporal now, for his corpse are as dead as a cold capon's.
- WIDOW More happiness.
- SIR GODFREY Sirrah, what's this to my chain? Where's my chain, knave?
- FRAILTY Your chain, sir?
- SIR GODFREY My chain is lost, villain.
- FRAILTY I would he were hanged in chains that has it then for me. Alas, sir, I saw none of your chain since you were hung with it yourself.
- 55 SIR GODFREY
Out, varlet. It had full three thousand links. I have oft told it over at my prayers, Over and over, full three thousand links.
- FRAILTY Had it so, sir, sure it cannot be lost then. I'll put you in that comfort.
- 60 SIR GODFREY Why, why?
- FRAILTY Why, if your chain had so many links, it cannot choose but come to light.
Enter Nicholas
- SIR GODFREY
Delusion. Now, long Nicholas, where's my chain?
- 65 NICHOLAS Why, about your neck, is't not, sir?
- SIR GODFREY
About my neck, varlet. My chain is lost, 'Tis stole away, I'm robbed.
- WIDOW Nay, brother, show yourself a man.
- 70 NICHOLAS Ay, if it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, mistress, I could bring him to a cunning kinsman of mine that would fetch't again with a sesarara.
- SIR GODFREY Canst thou? I will be patient. Say, where dwells he?
- 75 NICHOLAS Marry, he dwells now, sir, where he would not dwell an he could choose, in the Marshalsea, sir. But he's an ex'lent fellow if he were out. He's travelled all the world o'er, he, and been in the seven-and-twenty provinces. Why, he would make it be fetched, sir, if 'twere rid a thousand mile out of town.
- 80 SIR GODFREY An admirable fellow. What lies he for?
- NICHOLAS Why, he did but rob a steward of ten groats t'other night, as any man would ha' done, and there he lies for't.
- SIR GODFREY
I'll make his peace, a trifle. I'll get his pardon, Besides a bountiful reward. I'll about it, But see the clerks, the justice will do much. I will about it straight. Good sister, pardon me,
- 85

3.2.8 superior superintendent or surgeon.

Hospitals like Thomas's in Southwark, which had been monastic institutions during the reign of Henry VIII, were refounded as charitable and municipal institutions, but were still variously connected to the Church. For example, the Church still granted licences to practise medicine and surgery.

28 crowns coins worth five shillings

30 huge grandfather's comic error for great grandfather's

had as lief might as well

37 gaskins loose breeches

39 you can read For consolation, you can read religious works.

42 catchpoles officers who arrest debtors

45 chain for a prisoner; see 3.2.54

48 corpse often construed as a plural, as in 'remains'.

58 told . . . prayers Either Godfrey has used his chain as a rosary, or, while in an attitude of prayer, his mind has drifted instead to the task of estimating the

value of his chain.

63-4 links . . . light pun on link, which also means a torch

72 sesarara corruption of 'certiorari' meaning 'to be informed, to be made certain in regard to'; a writ of certiorari was a writ of review or inquiry

78-9 seven-and-twenty provinces probably the seventeen Provinces of the Netherlands, where wars were fought against the Spaniards

- 90 All will be well, I hope, and turn to good.
The name of conjuror has laid my blood. *Exeunt*
- 3.3 *Enter two sergeants Puttock and Ravenshaw [with Yeoman Dogson] to arrest the scholar George Pieboard*
- PUTTOCK His hostess where he lies will trust him no longer. She has fee'd me to arrest him, and if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the scholar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Sergeant Ravenshaw. I have the good angel to arrest him.
- 5 RAVENSHAW Troth, I'll take part with thee then, sergeant, not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a scholar. Why, sergeant, 'tis natural in us, you know, to hate scholars, natural. Besides, they will publish our imperfections, knaveries, and conveyances upon scaffolds and stages.
- 10 PUTTOCK Ay, and spitefully too. Troth, I have wondered how the slaves could see into our breasts so much when our doublets are buttoned with pewter.
- 15 RAVENSHAW Ay, and so close without yielding. O they're parlous fellows. They will search more with their wits than a constable with all his officers.
- 20 PUTTOCK Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman Dogson, Yeoman Dogson.
DOGSON Ha, what says sergeant?
PUTTOCK Is he in the 'pothecaries shop still?
DOGSON Ay, ay.
PUTTOCK Have an eye, ay.
- 25 RAVENSHAW The best is, sergeant, if he be a true scholar, he wears no weapon, I think.
PUTTOCK No, no, he wears no weapon.
RAVENSHAW Mass, I am right glad of that. 'T'as put me in better heart. Nay, if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-necked. I have been one of the six myself that has dragged as tall men of their hands, when their weapons have been gone, as ever bastinadoed a sergeant. I have done, I can tell you.
- 30 DOGSON Sergeant Puttock, Sergeant Puttock.
PUTTOCK Hoh.
DOGSON He's coming out single.
PUTTOCK Peace, peace, be not too greedy. Let him play a little, let him play a little. We'll jerk him up of a sudden. I ha' fished in my time.
- 40 RAVENSHAW Ay, and caught many a fool, sergeant.
- Enter Pieboard*
- PIEBOARD [*aside*]
I parted now from Nicholas. The chain's couched, And the old knight has spent his rage upon't. The Widow holds me in great admiration For cunning art. 'Mongst joys I am e'en lost, For my device can no way now be crossed, And now I must to prison to the captain, and there—
PUTTOCK I arrest you, sir.
PIEBOARD [*aside*] O, I spoke truer than I was aware. I must to prison indeed.
PUTTOCK They say you're a scholar, nay sir? Yeoman Dogson, have care to his arms. You'll rail again sergeants and stage 'em. You tickle their vices.
PIEBOARD Nay, use me like a gentleman. I'm little less.
PUTTOCK You, a gentleman? That's a good jest, i'faith. Can a scholar be a gentleman when a gentleman will not be a scholar? Look upon your wealthy citizens' sons, whether they be scholars or no, that are gentlemen by their fathers' trades. A scholar a gentleman?
PIEBOARD Nay, let fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me. A gentleman is *accidens inseparabile* to my blood.
RAVENSHAW A rabblement, nay, you shall have a bloody rabblement upon you, I warrant you.
PUTTOCK Go, Yeoman Dogson, before, and enter the action i'th' Counter. *Exit Dogson*
PIEBOARD Pray, do not hand me cruelly. I'll go whither you please to have me.
PUTTOCK O he's tame. Let him loose, sergeant.
PIEBOARD Pray, at whose suit is this?
PUTTOCK Why, at your hostess's suit where you lie, Mistress Cunnyburrow, for bed and board, the sum four pound five shillings and five pence.
PIEBOARD [*aside*]
I know the sum too true, yet I presumed Upon a farther day. Well, 'tis my stars, And I must bear it now, though never harder. I swear, now my device is crossed indeed. Captain must lie by't. This is deceit's seed.
PUTTOCK Come, come away.
PIEBOARD Pray, give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'll away with you. *He makes to tie his garter*
PUTTOCK Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you. This is no pains to attend thus.

90 **laid my blood** allayed my anger; also, conjuring involved raising and laying spirits

3.3.0.1 *Puttock and Ravenshaw* A 'puttock' is a buzzard; a 'ravenshaw' is a thicket where ravens assemble and build.

2 **fee'd** paid

5 **angel** coin having as its device the archangel Michael piercing the dragon

11 **conveyances** underhanded dealings

15 **doublets** close-fitting body garments

17 **parlous** dangerous, clever

31-2 **tall men of their hands** stout

33 **bastinadoed** beaten with a stick

41 **couched** hidden

52 **tickle** chastise

60-1 **accidens inseparabile** term in logic meaning an attribute inseparable from its subject

62 **rabblement** a play upon... *rabile* in the

preceding speech; Ravenshaw does not understand the Latin

64 **enter** record

65 **Counter** or compter, was a debtors' prison attached to a court, at this time in London in the Poultry and in Wood Street, and in Southwark on the site of the old Church of St Margaret

77 **lie by't** lie in prison

79 **knit** tie

PIEBOARD [*aside*] I am now wretched and miserable. I shall
 ne'er recover of this disease. Hot iron gnaw their fists!
 85 They have struck a fever into my shoulder, which I shall
 ne'er shake out again, I fear me, till with a true *habeas*
corpus the sexton remove me. O, if I take prison once, I
 shall be pressed to death with actions, but not so happy
 as speedily. Perhaps I may be forty year a-pressing till I
 90 be a thin old man that, looking through the grates, men
 may look through me. All my means is confounded.
 What shall I do? Has my wit served me so long and
 now give me the slip, like a trained servant, when I
 have most need of 'em, no device to keep my poor
 95 carcass from these puttocks? Yes, happiness, have I a
 paper about me now. Yes, too, I'll try it, it may hit.
 'Extremity is touchstone unto wit', ay, ay.
 PUTTOCK 'Sfoot, how many yards are in thy garters, that
 thou art so long atying on them? Come away, sir.
 100 PIEBOARD Troth, sergeant, I protest, you could never ha'
 took me at a worse time, for now at this instant, I have
 no lawful picture about me.
 PUTTOCK 'Slid, how shall we come by our fees then?
 RAVENSHAW We must have fees, sirrah.
 105 PIEBOARD I could ha' wished, i'faith, that you had took
 me half an hour hence for your own sake, for I protest,
 if you had not crossed me, I was going in great joy
 to receive five pound of a gentleman for the device
 of a masque here, drawn in this paper. But now,
 110 come, I must be contented. 'Tis but so much lost and
 answerable to the rest of my fortunes.
 PUTTOCK Why, how far hence dwells that gentleman?
 RAVENSHAW Ay, well said, sergeant. 'Tis good to cast about
 for money.
 115 PUTTOCK Speak, if it be not far.
 PIEBOARD We are but a little past it, the next street behind
 us.
 PUTTOCK 'Slid, we have waited upon you grievously
 already. If you'll say you'll be liberal when you ha't,
 120 give us double fees and spend upon's, why, we'll show
 you that kindness and go along with you to the gentle-
 man.
 RAVENSHAW Ay, well said still, sergeant. Urge that.

PIEBOARD Troth, if it will suffice, it shall be all among you.
 For my part, I'll not pocket a penny. My hostess shall
 125 have her four pound five shillings and bate me the five
 pence, and the other fifteen shillings, I'll spend upon
 you.
 RAVENSHAW Why, now thou art a good scholar.
 PUTTOCK An excellent scholar, i'faith. He's proceeded very
 130 well o'late. Come, we'll along with you.
*Puttock and Ravenshaw exeunt with
 Pieboard. Passing in, they knock at
 the door with a knocker withinside*

[*Enter Servant*]
 3.4 SERVANT Who knocks, who's at door? We had need of a
 porter.
 PIEBOARD [*within*] A few friends here.
 [*Servant opens the door to Pieboard, Ravenshaw,
 Puttock, and Dogson*]
 Pray, is the gentleman your master within?
 SERVANT Yes, is your business to him? 5
 PIEBOARD Ay, he knows it when he sees me. I pray you,
 have you forgot me?
 SERVANT Ay, by my troth, sir, pray come near. I'll in and
 tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery
 10 till he comes.
 PIEBOARD We will attend his worship.— [*Exit Servant*]
 [*Aside*] Worship I think, for so much the posts at his
 door should signify, and the fair coming in, and the
 wicket, else I neither knew him nor his worship. But
 'tis happiness he is within doors, what so e'er he be. 15
 If he be not too much a formal citizen, he may do
 me good.—Sergeant and yeoman, how do you like this
 house? Is't not most wholesomely plotted?
 RAVENSHAW Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.
 PIEBOARD [*aside*] Yet I wonder how he should forget me,
 20 for he ne'er knew me. No matter, what is forgot in you
 will be remembered in your master.—[*To Ravenshaw,
 Puttock, and Dogson*] A pretty comfortable room this,
 methinks. You have no such rooms in prison now.
 PUTTOCK O dog holes to't. 25
 PIEBOARD Dog holes indeed. I can tell you I have great
 hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet

86-7 *habeas corpus* writ ordering a prisoner to come to court on a certain day, but here, referring to death and everlasting judgement

88 **pressed to death with actions** literally, to be slowly pressed, spreadeagled on the ground, with as much iron placed upon the body as was necessary to exact a plea or to cause death; *fig.* to indicate he knows that prisoners were made to pay their creditors as well as fees to the prison for their keep and to the gaolers for attendance

92-6 **What . . . hit.** The jest that Pieboard is about to perpetrate has an analogue

in Jest 2 in Peele's *Merrie Conceited Jests*, where George borrows and then absconds with a lute belonging to a barber. When the barber comes looking for it, George tells him that a gentleman has borrowed it; once in the gentleman's home to retrieve it, George convinces the gentleman, on the pretence that the person accompanying him is trying to get him arrested, to let him escape out a backdoor.

95 **puttocks** birds of prey

102 **picture** coin

126 **bate me** deduct for me

131.3 **withinside** The fluidity of Middle-

ton's staging allows the characters to go off stage, knock on the door of the gentleman's house from the 'within' side of the stage, and re-enter, with no stop in the action.

3.4.12 **posts** doorposts were symbols of civic authority set up by doors of mayors, sheriffs, and other magistrates

16 **formal** observant of forms, precise, ceremonious

18 **plotted** laid out

27 **chamber** room in a house appropriated to the use of one person

diet meals

- too, for he's the most free-heartedst gentleman where he takes. You would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study and make verses.
- 30 PUTTOCK O it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.
PIEBOARD Look, what maps and pictures, and devices and things, neatly, delicately.
Enter Gentleman
35 [Aside] Mass, here he comes. He should be a gentleman. I like his beard well. [To Gentleman] All happiness to your worship.
GENTLEMAN You're kindly welcome, sir.
PUTTOCK [to Ravenshaw] A simple salutation.
40 RAVENSHAW [to Puttock] Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.
PIEBOARD [to Gentleman] I have the thing here for you, sir.
GENTLEMAN []
PIEBOARD [aside to Gentleman] I beseech you, conceal me,
45 sir. I'm undone else.—I have the masque here for you, sir. Look you, sir.—[Aside to Gentleman] I beseech your worship first to pardon my rudeness, for my extremes makes me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fall'n into the fangs of unmerciful officers, arrested for debt, which though small, I am not able to compass by reason I'm destitute of lands, money, and friends. So that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be
50 pinched clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape which I have already thought upon.
GENTLEMAN [aside to Pieboard] Go forward.
60 PUTTOCK [to Ravenshaw] I warrant he likes it rarely.
PIEBOARD [aside to Gentleman] In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts to make happy use of this paper. And to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a device for a masque drawn in't, and that, but for their interception, I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, sir, which my thoughts showed me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men
70 put me out at backdoor, and I shall be bound to your worship forever.
- GENTLEMAN By my troth, an excellent device.
PUTTOCK An excellent device, he says. He likes it wonderfully.
GENTLEMAN O' my faith, I never heard a better. 80
RAVENSHAW Hark, he swears he never heard a better, sergeant.
PUTTOCK O there's no talk on't. He is an excellent scholar, and especially for a masque.
GENTLEMAN [to Pieboard] Give me your paper, your device. 85
I was never better pleased in all my life. Good wit, brave wit, finely wrought. Come in, sir, and receive your money, sir. [Exit Gentleman]
PIEBOARD I'll follow your good worship.—You heard how he liked it now? 90
PUTTOCK Puh, we know he could not choose but like it. Go thy ways. Thou art a witty fine fellow, i'faith. Thou shalt discourse it to us at tavern anon, wilt thou?
PIEBOARD Ay, ay, that I will. Look, sergeants, here are maps, and pretty toys. Be doing in the mean time. I shall quickly have told out the money, you know. 95
PUTTOCK Go, go, little villain, fetch thy chink. I begin to love thee. I'll be drunk tonight in thy company.
PIEBOARD [aside]
This gentleman I may well call a part
Of my salvation in these earthly evils, 100
For he has saved me from three hungry devils. *Exit*
PUTTOCK Sirrah, sergeant, these maps are pretty painted things, but I could ne'er fancy 'em yet. Methinks they're too busy and full of circles and conjurations. They say all the world's in one of them, but I could ne'er find the
105 Counter in the Poultry.
RAVENSHAW I think so. How could you find it? For you know it stands behind the houses.
DOGSON Mass, that's true. Then we must look a'th' backside for't. 'Sfoot, here's nothing, all's bare. 110
RAVENSHAW I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.
PUTTOCK Faith, like enough, sergeant, I never marked so much before. Sirrah, sergeant and yeoman, I should love these maps out o' cry now if we could see men
115 peep out of door in 'em. O we might have 'em in a morning to our breakfast so finely, and ne'er knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.
RAVENSHAW Ay, marry, sir, I'd buy one then myself. But this talk is by the way. Where shall's sup tonight? Five pound received. Let's talk of that. I have a trick worth all. You two shall bear him to th' tavern, whilst I go close with his hostess and work out of her. I know she would be glad of the sum to finger money because she knows 'tis but a desperate debt and full of hazard. What
120 125

28 free-heartedst generous

29 takes brings a person into his service, protection, favour

33 devices emblematic figures or designs, such as a heraldic bearings

43 GENTLEMAN The printer has omitted a speech by the Gentleman.

50 fangs grasp

97 chink ready cash

106 Counter in the Poultry the debtors' prison located on the Poultry, a London street connecting Cheapside and Cornhill, and named for the poulterers who had their stalls there

108 stands behind the houses houses stood in front of the Counter in the Poultry, partially concealing it

115 out o' cry beyond everything

122 bear him to th' tavern to eat and drink at his expense; see 3.3.120

124 finger handle

will you say if I bring it to pass that the hostess shall be contented with one half for all and we to share t'other; fifty shillings, bullies.

130 PUTTOCK Why, I would call thee King of Sergeants, and thou shouldst be chronicled in the Counter book forever.

RAVENSHAW Well, put it to me. We'll make a night on't, i'faith.

DOGSON 'Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he stays so long.

135 PUTTOCK He tarries long indeed. Maybe I can tell you, upon the good liking on't, the gentleman may prove more bountiful.

RAVENSHAW That would be rare. We'll search him.

PUTTOCK Nay, be sure of it, we'll search him and make him light enough.

140 *Enter the Gentleman*

RAVENSHAW O here comes the Gentleman. By your leave, sir.

GENTLEMAN God you good e'en, sirs. Would you speak with me?

145 PUTTOCK No, not with your worship, sir. Only we are bold to stay for a friend of ours that went in with your worship.

GENTLEMAN Who? Not the scholar?

PUTTOCK Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

150 GENTLEMAN Did he make you stay for him? He did you wrong then. Why, I can assure you he's gone above an hour ago.

RAVENSHAW How, sir?

GENTLEMAN I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at backdoor.

155 PUTTOCK Backdoor?

GENTLEMAN Why, what's the matter?

PUTTOCK He was our prisoner, sir. We did arrest him.

GENTLEMAN What? He was not. You, the sheriff's officers, you were to blame then. Why did you not make known to me as much? I could have kept him for you. I protest, he received all of me in Britain gold of the last coining.

160 RAVENSHAW Vengeance dog him with't.

PUTTOCK 'Sfoot, has he gulled us so?

DOGSON Where shall we sup now, sergeants?

165 PUTTOCK Sup, Simon, now, eat porridge for a month.—
[To Gentleman] Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of goodwill in your worship. You did but as another would have done. 'Twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase. But if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

RAVENSHAW The Hole shall rot him.

DOGSON Amen. *Exeunt [all but the Gentleman]*

GENTLEMAN So,
Vex out your lungs without doors. I am proud
175 It was my hap to help him. It fell fit.
He went not empty neither for his wit.
Alas poor wretch, I could not blame his brain
To labour his delivery to be free
From their un pitying fangs. I'm glad it stood
180 Within my power to do a scholar good. *Exit*

Enter in the prison, meeting, George Pieboard and Captain, Pieboard coming in muffled.

3.5 CAPTAIN How now, who's that? What are you?

PIEBOARD The same that I should be, captain.

CAPTAIN George Pieboard, honest George, why camst thou in half-faced, muffled so?

PIEBOARD O captain, I thought we should ne'er ha' laughed
5 again, never spent frolic hour again.

CAPTAIN Why, why?

PIEBOARD
I, coming to prepare thee and with news
As happy as thy quick delivery,
Was traced out by the scent. Arrested, captain.
10 CAPTAIN Arrested, George?

PIEBOARD Arrested. Guess, guess, how many dogs do you think I'd upon me?

CAPTAIN Dogs? I say, I know not.

PIEBOARD
15 Almost as many as George Stone the bear.
Three at once, three at once.

CAPTAIN How didst thou shake 'em off then?

PIEBOARD
The time is busy and calls upon our wits.
Let it suffice,
Here I stand safe and 'scaped by miracle.
20 Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep
Our eyes in laughter. Captain, my device
Leans to thy happiness, for ere the day
Be spent to th' girdle, thou shalt be set free.
The Corporal's in his first sleep, the chain is missed,
25 Thy kinsman has expressed thee, and the old knight
With palsy hams now labours thy release.
What rests is all in thee to conjure, captain.

130 **Counter book** book that kept the records for the Counter

143 **God you good e'en** God give you a good evening

162 **Britain . . . coining** James I assumed the title of King of Great Britain in 1604, and an indenture was executed 11 November 1604 for a coinage whereon the king's new title, Mag. Brit., was to be adopted.

166 **Sup, Simon** In Thomas Deloney's

Thomas of Reading, or The Six Worthy Yeomen of the West, chap. 5, the character Simon, supping his pottage, is told 'Sup, Simon, there's good broth.'

172 **The Hole** the appalling quarters reserved for destitute prisoners

3.5.0.2 **muffled** covered up about the face

15 **as many . . . bear** Contests between dogs and bears in Bear Garden included the famous bear George Stone who, according to a petition to the king by

Philip Henslowe, then Keeper of the King's Bears, died during late July or early August, 1606, at a baiting before the king of Denmark. The detail is referred to in discussions of the play's date.

23-4 **ere the day | Be spent to th' girdle** before noon, the girdle signifying the waist or midpoint

26 **expressed** described

27 **palsy hams** trembling thighs

- 30 CAPTAIN Conjure? 'Sfoot, George, you know the devil o' conjuring, I can conjure.
PIEBOARD The devil of conjuring, nay by my fay, I'd not have thee do so much, captain, as the devil o' conjuring. Look here, I ha' brought thee a circle ready characterized and all.
- 35 CAPTAIN 'Sfoot, George, art in thy right wits? Dost know what thou sayst? Why dost talk to a captain o' conjuring? Didst thou ever hear of a captain conjure in thy life? Dost call't a circle? 'Tis too wide a thing, methinks. Had it been a lesser circle, then I knew what to have done.
- 40 PIEBOARD Why, every fool knows that, captain. Nay, then I'll not cog with you, captain. If you'll stay and hang the next sessions, you may.
CAPTAIN No, by my faith, George, come, come, let's to conjuring, let's to conjuring.
- 45 PIEBOARD But if you look to be released, as my wits have took pain to work it and all means wrought to farther it, besides to put crowns in your purse to make you a man of better hopes. And whereas before you were a captain
50 or poor soldier, to make you now a commander of rich fools, which is truly the only best purchase peace can allow you, safer than highways, heath, or cony groves, and yet a far better booty. For your greatest thieves are never hanged, never hanged, for, why, they're wise
55 and cheat within doors. And we geld fools of more money in one night than your false-tailed gelding will purchase in a twelvemonth's running. Which confirms the old beldam's saying, he's wisest that keeps himself warmest, that is, he that robs by a good fire.
- 60 CAPTAIN Well opened, i'faith. George, thou hast pulled that saying out of the husk.
PIEBOARD Captain Idle, 'tis no time now to delude or delay. The old knight will be here suddenly. I'll perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't. 'Tis nothing.
- 65 CAPTAIN 'Sfoot, George, I know not what to say to't. Conjure? I shall be hanged ere I conjure.
PIEBOARD Nay, tell not me of that, captain. You'll ne'er conjure after you're hanged, I warrant you. Look you, sir, a parlous matter, sure, first to spread your circle
70 upon the ground, then with a little conjuring ceremony, as I'll have an hackney-man's wand silvered o'er o' purpose for you, then arriving in the circle, with a huge word and a great trample. As for instance, have you
- never seen a stalking stamping player that will raise a tempest with his tongue and thunder with his heels? 75
CAPTAIN O yes, yes, yes, often, often.
PIEBOARD Why, be like such a one, for anything will blear the old knight's eyes. For you must note that he'll ne'er dare to venture into the room, only perhaps peep fearfully through the keyhole to see how the play goes forward. 80
CAPTAIN Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't. I shall but shame myself, i'faith, George. Speak big words and stamp and stare, an he look in at keyhole. Why, the very thought of that would make me laugh outright and spoil all. Nay, I'll tell thee, George, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of such a laxative laughter that, if the devil himself stood by, I should laugh in his face. 85
PIEBOARD Puh, that's but the babe of a man and may easily be hushed, as to think upon some disaster, some sad misfortune, as the death of thy father i'the country.
CAPTAIN 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into such an ecstasy that I should ne'er lin laughing. 90
PIEBOARD Why, then think upon going to hanging else. 95
CAPTAIN Mass, that's well remembered. Now I'll do well, I warrant thee. Ne'er fear me now. But how shall I do, George, for boisterous words and horrible names?
PIEBOARD Puh, any fustian invocations, captain, will serve as well as the best, so you rant them out well. Or you may go to a 'pothecary's shop and take all the words from the boxes. 100
CAPTAIN Troth and you say true, George, there's strange words enough to raise a hundred quacksalvers, though they be ne'er so poor when they begin. But here lies the fear on't, how if in this false conjuration a true devil should pop up indeed. 105
PIEBOARD A true devil, captain, why there was ne'er such a one. Nay, faith, he that has this place is as false a knave as our last church warden. 110
CAPTAIN Then he is false enough o' conscience i'faith, George.
- The Cry at Marshalsea [is heard]*
- CRY PRISONERS
Good gentlemen over the way, send your relief,
Good gentlemen over the way—good Sir Godfrey—
[Enter Sir Godfrey, Edmond, and Nicholas]
- PIEBOARD He's come, he's come. 115

31 **fay** faith33 **a circle ready characterized** circle already inscribed with magical or astrological symbolism39 **lesser circle** conjuror's circle; also vagina42 **cog** quibble**If you'll stay and hang** If you want to stay and so hang as a result43 **sessions** court sessions52 **cony groves** land used for breeding game55 **geld** castrate; strip away the essence56 **false-tailed gelding** a highwayman's horse, with a false tail to take on and off57 **purchase** gain58 **beldam's** aged woman's58-9 **he's wisest**... **warmest** proverbial60 **Well opened** well-expounded60-1 **pulled that saying out of the husk** explained it69 **parlous** cunning, mischievous71 **hackney-man's wand** switch for urging on a horse, hackney-man being one who keeps horses for hire87 **laxative** unable to contain90 **babe** childishness94 **lin** cease99 **fustian** bombastic104 **quacksalvers** quacks112.1 **Cry** prisoners appealing for mercy or justice, shouting together

- NICHOLAS Master, that's my kinsman yonder in the buff jerkin. Kinsman, that's my master yonder i'th' taffety hat. Pray salute him entirely.
Captain and Sir Godfrey salute, and Pieboard salutes Master Edmond
- SIR GODFREY [*to Captain*] Now, my friend—
- 120 PIEBOARD [*to Edmond*] May I partake your name, sir?
 EDMOND My name is Master Edmond.
 PIEBOARD Master Edmond, are you not a Welshman, sir?
 EDMOND A Welshman? Why?
 PIEBOARD Because Master is your Christian name, and
 125 Edmond your surname.
 EDMOND O no, I have more names at home. Master Edmond Plus is my full name at length.
 PIEBOARD O cry you mercy, sir.
Edmond and Pieboard whisper [aside]
- 130 CAPTAIN [*to Sir Godfrey*] I understand that you are my kinsman's good master, and, in regard of that, the best of my skill is at your service. But had you fortun'd a mere stranger and made no means to me by acquaintance, I should have utterly denied to have been the man, both by reason of the Act passed in Parliament against conjurors and witches, as also because I would
 135 not have my art vulgar, trite, and common.
 SIR GODFREY I much commend your care therein, good Captain Conjuror, and that I will be sure to have it private enough, you shall do't in my sister's house,
 140 mine own house I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportioned.
 CAPTAIN Very good, sir. What may I call your loss, sir?
 SIR GODFREY O you may call't a great loss, sir, a grievous loss, sir, as goodly a chain of gold, though I say it, that
 145 wore it.—How say'st thou, Nicholas?
 NICHOLAS O 'twas as delicious a chain o'gold, kinsman, you know—
 SIR GODFREY You know? Did you know't, captain?
 CAPTAIN [*aside*] Trust a fool with secrets.—Sir, he may say
 150 I know. His meaning is, because my art is such, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.
 SIR GODFREY Ay, very true.
- CAPTAIN [*aside*] A pox of all fools. The excuse stuck upon my tongue like ship pitch upon a mariner's gown, not to come off in haste.—By'r Lady, knight, to lose such a fair chain o' gold were a foul loss. Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't. If it be between heaven and earth, knight, I'll ha't for you. 155
- SIR GODFREY A wonderful conjuror. O ay, 'tis between heaven and earth, I warrant you. It cannot go out of the realm. I know 'tis somewhere above the earth. 160
- CAPTAIN [*aside*] Ay, nigher the earth than thou wotst on.
 SIR GODFREY For, first, my chain was rich, and no rich thing shall enter into heaven, you know.
 NICHOLAS And as for the devil, master, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great chain of his own. 165
 SIR GODFREY Thou sayest true, Nicholas, but he has put off that now that lies by him.
 CAPTAIN Faith, knight, in few words, I presume so much upon the power of my art that I could warrant your chain again. 170
 SIR GODFREY O dainty captain.
 CAPTAIN Marry, it will cost me much sweat. I were better go to sixteen hothouses.
 SIR GODFREY Ay, good man, I warrant thee. 175
 CAPTAIN Beside great vexation of kidney and liver.
 NICHOLAS O 'twill tickle you hereabouts, cousin, because you have not been used to't.
 SIR GODFREY No, have you not been used to't, captain?
 CAPTAIN [*aside*] Plague of all fools still.—Indeed, knight, 180 I have not used it a good while, and therefore 'twill strain me so much the more you know.
 SIR GODFREY O it will, it will.
 CAPTAIN [*aside*] What plunges he puts me to. Were not this knight a fool, I had been twice spoiled now. That captain's worse than accursed that has an ass to his kinsman. 'Sfoot, I fear he will drivell 't out before I come to't.—Now, sir, to come to the point indeed. You see I stick here in the jaw of the Marshalsea and cannot do't. 185
 SIR GODFREY Tut, tut, I know thy meaning. Thou wouldst say thou'rt a prisoner. I tell thee thou'rt none. 190
 CAPTAIN How none? Why, is not this the Marshalsea?

117 **taffety** glossy silk

134-5 **Act . . . against conjurors and witches**

The 1604 statute against conjuration and witchcraft specifically forbade using sorcery to seek for lost goods, or 'treasure of gold or silver'.

139 **private . . . in my sister's house** play on puritan conference or conventicle movement, the meetings for which were often held in a 'private house', and regarded suspiciously by the authorities as promoting any number of extremist activities. Canon 72 of the Canons of 1604 ('Ministers not to appoint public or private fasts or prophecies, or to exorcise, but by authority') was specifically designed to counter such episodes as had occurred in conjunction with the exorcisms performed in the

late 1590s by the puritan exorcist John Darrell. The Canon included stipulations against 'private houses' and against any attempt 'by fasting and prayer, to cast out any Devil or Devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cozenage, and deposition from the ministry'.

140 **charges** costs

156-71 **fair chain . . . chain again** passages play on a variety of secular and religious meanings of 'chain'; see 2.2.6-7

160 **warrant** assure

162 **wotst on** know about

163-4 **no rich thing . . . into heaven** Mark 10:24: 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God'.

165-6 **the devil . . . own** See Rev. 20:1, 2, 7, 8: 'And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand. And he took the dragon . . . which is the devil and Satan, and he bound him a thousand years . . . And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the people'.

170 **warrant** guarantee

172 **dainty** term of endearment

174 **hothouses** bathing-houses with hot baths; brothels

176 **vexation of kidney and liver** as a result of drinking too much alcohol

177 **tickle** excite, puzzle, amuse

184 **plunges** dilemmas

- SIR GODFREY
Wilt hear me speak? I heard of thy rare conjuring.
My chain was lost. I sweat for thy release
195 As thou shalt do the like at home for me.
Keeper—
Enter Keeper
- KEEPER Sir?
SIR GODFREY Speak. Is not this man free?
KEEPER Yes, at his pleasure, sir, the fees discharged.
200 SIR GODFREY Go, go, I'll discharge them, ay.
KEEPER I thank your worship. Exit
- CAPTAIN Now trust me, you're a dear knight, kindness
unexpected. O there's nothing to a free gentleman. I
will conjure for you, sir, till froth come through my
205 buff jerkin.
SIR GODFREY Nay, then, thou shalt not pass with so little
a bounty, for at the first sight of my chain again, forty
fine angels shall appear unto thee.
CAPTAIN 'Twill be a glorious show, i'faith, knight, a very
210 fine show. But are all these of your own house? Are
you sure of that, sir?
SIR GODFREY Ay, ay, no, no. What's he yonder talking
with my wild nephew? Pray heaven, he give him good
counsel.
215 CAPTAIN Who, he? He's a rare friend of mine, an admirable
fellow, knight, the finest fortune-teller.
SIR GODFREY O 'tis he indeed that came to my lady sister
and foretold the loss of my chain. I am not angry with
him now, for I see 'twas my fortune to lose it. [To
220 Pieboard] By your leave, Master Fortune-teller, I had a
glimpse on you at home at my sister's, the widow's.
There you prophesied of the loss of a chain. Simply
though I stand here, I was he that lost it.
PIEBOARD Was it you, sir?
225 EDMOND [to Sir Godfrey] O' my troth, nuncle, he's the rarest
fellow. He's told me my fortune so right. I find it so right
to my nature.
SIR GODFREY What is't? God send it a good one.
EDMOND O 'tis a passing good one, nuncle, for he says I
230 shall prove such an excellent gamester in my time that
I shall spend all faster than my father got it.
SIR GODFREY There's a fortune indeed.
EDMOND Nay, it hits my humour so pat.
SIR GODFREY Ay, that will be the end on't. Will the curse of
235 the beggar prevail so much that the son shall consume
- that foolishly which the father got craftily? Ay, ay, ay,
'twill, 'twill, 'twill.
PIEBOARD Stay, stay, stay.
Pieboard [opens] an almanac, and [takes aside] the
Captain
CAPTAIN Turn over, George.
PIEBOARD June, July, here July, that's this month. Sunday 240
thirteen, yesterday fourteen, today fifteen.
CAPTAIN Look quickly for the fifteen day. If within the compass
of these two days there would be some boisterous
storm or other, it would be the best. I'd defer him off
till then, some tempest, an it be thy will. 245
PIEBOARD Here's the fifteen day: [Reading] 'hot and fair.'
CAPTAIN Puh, would 't'ad been hot and foul.
PIEBOARD The sixteen day, that's tomorrow: 'the morning
for the most part fair and pleasant.'
CAPTAIN No luck. 250
PIEBOARD 'But about high noon ligh'ning and thunder.'
CAPTAIN Ligh'ning and thunder, admirable, best of all, I'll
conjure tomorrow just at high noon, George.
PIEBOARD Happen but true tomorrow, almanac, and I'll
255 give thee leave to lie all the year after.
CAPTAIN [to Sir Godfrey] Sir, I must crave your patience
to bestow this day upon me that I may furnish myself
strongly. I sent a spirit into Lancashire t'other day to
fetch back a knave drover, and I look for his return this
260 evening. Tomorrow morning, my friend here and I will
come and breakfast with you.
SIR GODFREY O you shall be both most welcome.
CAPTAIN And about noon, without fail, I purpose to
conjure.
SIR GODFREY Midnight will be a fine time for you. 265
EDMOND Conjuring? Do you mean to conjure at our house
tomorrow, sir?
CAPTAIN Marry, do I sir. 'Tis my intent, young gentleman.
EDMOND By my troth, I'll love you while I live for't. O rare,
Nicholas, we shall have conjuring tomorrow. 270
NICHOLAS Puh, ay, I could ha' told you of that.
CAPTAIN [aside] La, he could ha' told him of that, fool,
coxcomb, could ye?
EDMOND [to Captain] Do you hear me, sir? I desire more
acquaintance on you. You shall earn some money of 275
me now I know you can conjure. But can you fetch
any that is lost?
CAPTAIN O anything that's lost.

199 **the fees discharged** when the fees are discharged

208 **angels** coins, with pun

233 **humour** temperament

234-5 **curse of the beggar** proverbial notion that, even as a poor person's children may be wealthy, so the generation following them may be poor again, or 'Twice clogs, once boots.'

241 **today fifteen** In 1606, 15 July was on a Tuesday, a fact that has been used for dating *Puritan* no earlier than 1606.

242 **the fifteen day** No almanac from 1606 has been found to correspond to what is said here about July weather, but Captain's hope for stormy weather on this date coincides with the tradition that rain on St Swithin's Day (15 July) will persist for forty days.

258 I...**Lancashire** an allusion to Lancashire as a Catholic stronghold, and to the well-known case of the puritan exorcist John Darrell, whose exorcisms included those, in 1597, of Anne and

John Starkey of Lancashire. Authorities accused Darrell of perpetrating a fraud, tried and imprisoned him. Richard Bancroft and Samuel Harsnett, Bancroft's chaplain, were deeply involved in the case. Darrell apparently died in prison in 1602, having published several books on secret presses, one of which had been answered by Harsnett. Canon 72 of the Canons of 1604 results in part from the Darrell case; see 3.5.139.

265 **Midnoon** midday, noon.

280 EDMOND Why, look you, sir, I tell't you as a friend and
 a conjuror, I should marry a 'pothecary's daughter,
 and 'twas told me she lost her maidenhead at Stony
 Stratford. Now if you'll do but so much as conjure for't
 and make all whole again—
 CAPTAIN That I will, sir.
 285 EDMOND By my troth, I thank you la.
 CAPTAIN [to Sir Godfrey] A little merry with your sister's
 son, sir.
 SIR GODFREY O a simple young man, very simple. Come,
 Captain, and you, sir. We'll e'en part with a gallon of
 290 wine till tomorrow breakfast.
 PIEBOARD and CAPTAIN Troth, agreed sir.
 NICHOLAS Kinsman, scholar.
 PIEBOARD Why, now thou art a good knave, worth a
 hundred Brownists.
 295 NICHOLAS Am I indeed la? I thank you truly la. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Tertius



4.1 *Incipit Actus Quartus*
Enter Moll and Sir John Pennydub
 PENNYDUB But I hope you will not serve a knight so,
 gentlewoman, will you? To cashier him and cast him
 off at your pleasure? What, do you think I was dubbed
 for nothing? No, by my faith, lady's daughter.
 5 MOLL Pray, Sir John Pennydub, let it be deferred awhile. I
 have as big a heart to marry as you can have, but as
 the fortune-teller told me.
 PENNYDUB Pox o'th' fortune-teller. Would Derrick had been
 his fortune seven year ago to cross my love thus. Did
 10 he know what case I was in? Why, this is able to make
 a man drown himself in's father's fish pond.
 MOLL And then he told me moreover, Sir John, that the
 breach of it kept my father in purgatory.
 PENNYDUB In purgatory? Why, let him purge out his
 15 heart there. What have we to do with that? There's
 physicians enough there to cast his water. Is that any
 matter to us? How can he hinder our love? Why, let
 him be hanged now he's dead. Well have I rid post day
 and night to bring you merry news of my father's death
 20 and now—
 MOLL Thy father's death? Is the old farmer dead?

PENNYDUB As dead as his barn door, Moll.
 MOLL And you'll keep your word with me now, Sir John,
 that I shall have my coach and my coachman.
 PENNYDUB Ay, 'faith. 25
 MOLL And two white horses with black feathers to draw
 it.
 PENNYDUB Too.
 MOLL A guarded lackey to run befor't and pied liveries to
 come trashing after't. 30
 PENNYDUB Thou shalt, Moll.
 MOLL And to let me have money in my purse to go whither
 I will.
 PENNYDUB All this.
 MOLL Then come, whatsoe'er comes on't, we'll be made 35
 sure together before the maids o'the kitchen. *Exeunt*
Enter Widow with her eldest daughter Frank and
Frailty 4.2

WIDOW How now, where's my brother Sir Godfrey? Went
 he forth this morning?
 FRAILTY O no, madam, he's above at breakfast with,
 sir-reverence, a conjuror.
 WIDOW A conjuror? What manner o' fellow is he? 5
 FRAILTY O, a wondrous rare fellow, mistress, very strongly
 made upward, for he goes in a buff jerkin. He says he
 will fetch Sir Godfrey's chain again, if it hang between
 heaven and earth.
 WIDOW What, he will not? Then he's an ex'lent fellow, I 10
 warrant.—[Aside] How happy were that woman to be
 blessed with such a husband, a man o' cunning.—How
 does he look, Frailty? Very swartly, I warrant, with
 black beard, scorched cheeks, and smoky eyebrows.
 FRAILTY Foh, he's neither smoke-dried, nor scorched, nor 15
 black, nor nothing. I tell you, madam, he looks as fair
 to see to as one of us. I do not think but if you saw him
 once you'd take him to be a Christian.
 FRANK So fair and yet so cunning. That's to be wondered at, 20
 Mother.
Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill and Sir Andrew Tipstaff
 MUCKHILL Bless you, sweet lady.
 TIPSTAFF And you, fair mistress. *Exit Frailty*
 WIDOW Coads! What do you mean, gentlemen? Fie, did I
 not give you your answers?
 MUCKHILL Sweet lady— 25

281-2 **Stony Stratford** a town in Bucking-
 hamshire, on the River Ouse, 52 miles
 north-west of London, along Watling
 Street, with pun on 'stone' meaning
 'testicle'
 294 **Brownists** separatists who were fol-
 lowers of Robert Brown. Roger Waterer
 (brother to Middleton's brother-in-law
 Allen Waterer), one of the earliest separ-
 atists in London, was examined in 1593
 prior to the execution of Brownists Henry
 Barrow and John Greenwood. He testified
 that he had been a prisoner in Newgate
 for three years and had attended an as-
 sembly near Bedlam. In 1609, he was

indicted for attending an assembly and
 again put in Newgate. Middleton was
 not on good terms with the Waterers.
 Brownists were sometimes referred to as
 'sectaries' or 'recusants'.
 4.1.2 **cashier** discard
 8 **Derrick** the hangman at Tyburn in the
 early 17th century
 16 **cast his water** diagnose disease by the
 inspection of the urine
 18 **rid post** travelled express with letters or
 messages
 29 **guarded** livery ornamented with braid
lackey running footman

pied of more than one colour
liveries distinctive dress worn by a one's
 servants
 30 **trashing** walking or running with
 exertion
 35-6 **we'll...kitchen** We'll promise
 ourselves to each other in marriage in
 a spousal before witnesses.
 4.2.6 **strongly** with strong effect
 7 **made** attired
 13 **swartly** black or blackish, from the
 practice of alchemy
 23 **Coads** exclamation of surprise, as in
 'gads!'

- WIDOW [*to Muckhill*]
Well, I will not stick with you now for a kiss.
[*To Frank*] Daughter, kiss the gentleman for once.
- FRANK
Yes, forsooth. [*She kisses Tipstaff*]
- TIPSTAFF I'm proud of such a favour.
- 30 WIDOW Truly la, Sir Oliver, you're much to blame to come again when you know my mind so well delivered as a widow could deliver a thing.
- MUCKHILL But I expect a farther comfort, lady.
- WIDOW Why, la you now. Did I not desire you to put off your suit quit and clean when you came to me again?
- 35 How say you? Did I not?
- MUCKHILL But the sincere love which my heart bears you—
- WIDOW Go to, I'll cut you off and, Sir Oliver, to put you in comfort afar off, my fortune is read me. I must marry again.
- 40 MUCKHILL O blest fortune!
- WIDOW But not as long as I can choose. Nay, I'll hold out well.
- 45 MUCKHILL Yet are my hopes now fairer.
Enter Frailty
- FRAILTY O madam, madam—
- WIDOW How now, what's the haste?
[*Frailty whispers*] in the Widow's ear
- TIPSTAFF [*to Frank*] Faith, Mistress Frances, I'll maintain you gallantly. I'll bring you to court, wean you among the fair society of ladies, poor kinswomen of mine, in cloth of silver. Beside you shall have your monkey, your parrot, your musk-cat, and your piss, piss, piss.
- 50 FRANK It will do very well.
- WIDOW [*aside to Frailty*] What does he mean to conjure here then? How shall I do to be rid of these knights?—
[*To Tipstaff and Muckhill*] Please you, gentlemen, to walk a while i'th' garden. Go gather a pink or a gillyflower.
- TIPSTAFF and MUCKHILL With all our hearts, lady, and count us favoured.
- Exeunt Tipstaff and Muckhill; [Widow, Frank and Frailty go into an adjoining room]*
- 60 SIR GODFREY (*within*) Step in, Nicholas.
[*Enter Nicholas*]
Look, is the coast clear?
- NICHOLAS O as clear as a cat's eye, sir.
- SIR GODFREY (*within*) Then enter, Captain Conjuror.
Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pieboard, and Edmond
[*to Captain*] Now, how like you your room, sir?
- 65 CAPTAIN O wonderful convenient.
- EDMOND I can tell you, captain, simply though it lies here, 'tis the fairest room in my mother's house, as dainty a room to conjure in, methinks. Why, you may bid I cannot tell how many devils welcome in't. My father has had twenty here at once.
- 70 PIEBOARD What devils?
- EDMOND Devils? No, deputies, and the wealthiest men he could get.
- SIR GODFREY Nay, put by your chats now, fall to your business roundly. The fescue of the dial is upon the criss-cross of noon. But, O hear me, captain, a qualm comes o'er my stomach.
- 75 CAPTAIN Why, what's the matter, sir?
- SIR GODFREY O how if the devil should prove a knave and tear the hangings?
- 80 CAPTAIN Fuh, I warrant you, Sir Godfrey.
- EDMOND Ay, nuncle, or spit fire upo'th' ceiling.
- SIR GODFREY Very true, too, for 'tis but thin plastered and 'twill quickly take hold o' the laths. And if he chance to spit downward too, he will burn all the boards.
- 85 CAPTAIN My life for yours, Sir Godfrey.
- SIR GODFREY My sister is very curious and dainty o'er this room, I can tell, and therefore if he must needs spit, I pray desire him to spit i'th' chimney.
- 90 PIEBOARD Why, assure you, Sir Godfrey, he shall not be brought up with so little manners to spit and spaule o'th' floor.
- SIR GODFREY Why, I thank you, good captain. Pray, have a care, ay, fall to your circle. We'll not trouble you, I warrant you. Come, we'll into the next room, and because we'll be sure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with some of the godlies' zealous works.
- 95 EDMOND That will be a fine device, nuncle. And because the ground shall be as holy as the door, I'll tear two or three rosaries in pieces and strew the leaves about the chamber. [*It thunders*] O the devil already—
[*Sir Godfrey, Edmond, and Nicholas*] run in[*to adjoining room*]
- 100

26 **stick** stay
35 **quit** free, clear
49 **wean** train, accustom to good habits
52 **musk-cat** small hornless ruminant of Central Asia, the male of which yields the perfume 'musk'
piss lap dog; also contemptuous reference to Frank's collection of exotic possessions
57 **gillyflower** a variety of a pink, a wall-flower
72 **deputies** in the City of London, members of the Common Council, who act instead of an alderman in his absence

74 **chats** chatter
75 **fescue** the shadow on a sundial
76 **criss-cross** The meridional line in the old dial plate was distinguished by a cross; in ELD, 'chrisse-crosse'
91 **spaule** expectorate
96-7 **bar...works** mocking allusion to lengthy religious treatises by those eager for more reform. 'Zealous' and 'godly' were commonly used to stigmatize puritans.
100 **rosaries** another example of the play's conflation of puritan and papist. While

the word 'rosary' was occasionally adopted by protestants (as in Philip Stubbes's book of prayers, *The rosarie of Christian praiers and meditations*, 1583), rosaries were primarily understood to be the prayer beads of Catholics. In 1606, one of the statutes responding to the Gunpowder Plot forbade anyone to import, buy, sell, or print any 'popish' primers, psalters, manuals, rosaries, catechisms, missals, breviaries, or lives of saints (3 Jac.I.c.5).
leaves pages

- PIEBOARD 'Sfoot, captain, speak somewhat, for shame. It lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin. Why, when?
- 105 CAPTAIN Pray, peace, George. Thou'lt make me laugh anon and spoil all.
- PIEBOARD O now it begins again. Now, now, now, captain.
- CAPTAIN *Rumbos—ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois—Plois*
- 110 SIR GODFREY (*speaking through the keyhole within*) O admirable conjuror, he's fetched thunder already.
- PIEBOARD Hark, hark, again, captain.
- CAPTAIN *Benjamino,—gaspois—kay—gosgothoteron—unbrois*
- 115 SIR GODFREY [*within*] O I would the devil would come away quickly. He has no conscience to put a man to such pain.
- PIEBOARD Again.
- CAPTAIN *Flowste—Kakopumpos—dragone—Leloomenos—hodge-podge*
- 120 PIEBOARD Well said, captain.
- SIR GODFREY [*within*] So long a coming? O would I had ne'er begun't now, for I fear me these roaring tempests will destroy all the fruits of the earth and tread upon my corn, O, i'th' country.
- 125 CAPTAIN *Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, Hounslow, Hockley te Combe Park*
- WIDOW [*within*] O, brother, brother, what a tempest's i'th' garden. Sure there's some conjuration abroad.
- 130 SIR GODFREY [*within*] 'Tis at home, sister.
- PIEBOARD By and by, I'll step in, captain.
- CAPTAIN *Nunck-Nunck—Rip—Gascoynes, Ipis, Drip—Dro-pite*
- 135 SIR GODFREY [*within*] He drips and drops, poor man, alas, alas.
- PIEBOARD Now I come.
- CAPTAIN *O Sulphure Soot-face*
- PIEBOARD Arch-conjuror, what wouldst thou with me?
- 140 SIR GODFREY [*within*] O the devil, sister, i'th' dining chamber, sing, sister. I warrant you, that will keep him out, quickly, quickly, quickly.
- Sir Godfrey goes in*
- PIEBOARD So, so, so, I'll release thee. Enough, captain, enough. Allow us some time to laugh a little. They're shuddering and shaking by this time as if an earthquake were in their kidneys.
- 145 CAPTAIN Sirrah, George, how was't, how was't? Did I do't well enough?
- PIEBOARD Wilt believe me, captain? Better than any conjuror, for here was no harm in this and yet their horrible expectation satisfied well. You were much beholding to thunder and lightning at this time. It graced you well, I can tell you.
- 150 CAPTAIN I must needs say so, George. Sirrah, if we could ha' conveyed hither cleanly a cracker or a firewheel, 't'ad been admirable.
- 155 PIEBOARD Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, captain.
- CAPTAIN Pain? I protest, George, my heels are sorer than a Whitsun morris dancer.
- 160 PIEBOARD All's past now, only to reveal that the chain's i'th' garden, where thou know'st it has lain these two days.
- CAPTAIN But I fear that fox Nicholas has revealed it already.
- 165 PIEBOARD Fear not, captain. You must put it to th' venture now. Nay, 'tis time. Call upon 'em, take pity on 'em, for I believe some of 'em are in a pitiful case by this time.
- CAPTAIN Sir Godfrey, Nicholas kinsman—'Sfoot, they're fast at it still George. Sir Godfrey—
- [*Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, and Nicholas*]
- 170 SIR GODFREY O is that the devil's voice? How comes he to know my name?
- CAPTAIN Fear not, Sir Godfrey, all's quieted.
- SIR GODFREY What, is he laid?
- 175 CAPTAIN Laid, and has newly dropped your chain i'th' garden.
- SIR GODFREY I'th' garden? In our garden?
- CAPTAIN Your garden.
- SIR GODFREY O sweet conjuror, whereabouts there?
- CAPTAIN Look well about a bank of rosemary.
- 180 SIR GODFREY Sister, the rosemary bank. Come, come, there's my chain, he says.

103 **lightens** flashes lightning

108 **Rumbos—ragdayon, pur, pur** The Captain's language of conjuring is a hodgepodge of comically feigned Greek-sounding words, with this first line coming the closest of any to containing real and appropriate Greek. 'Rumbos', for rhombos or rhombos, is the term for the special wheel used in magical rites. 'Ragdayon' is from the adjective *rhagdaios*, meaning 'violent' or 'furious', as applied to rain storms and lightning. 'Pur' is *pyr*, or 'fire'.

113 **gosgothoteron** -oteron is a suffix

for a comparative adjective or adverb form, but the root of the work is not recognizable Greek.

119 **Kakopumpos...Leloomenos** two pseudo-Greek words

126-7 **Hounslow, Hockley te Combe Park** These three towns—Hounslow (on the Western coach road in Middlesex), Hockley in the Hole (on the N. W. Road, or Watling Street) and Combe Park (in Surrey)—were known as the scenes of many highway robberies.

154 **cracker** firework which explodes with a sharp report

firewheel rotating firework

156 **blurt** exclamation of contempt

159 **Whitsun** a parish festival held during the season of Whit Sunday or Whitsuntide, Whit Sunday being the seventh Sunday after Easter, to mark Pentecost

morris dancer dancers in fancy costumes whose dance usually represents characters in the Robin Hood legend; a mumming performance involving fantastic dancing

173 **he laid** his spirit prevented from walking

- WIDOW O happiness, run, run.
 [Exeunt *Sir Godfrey, Widow, and Nicholas*]
 EDMOND (*at keyhole*) Captain Conjuror?
 CAPTAIN Who? Master Edmond?
 185 EDMOND [*at keyhole*] Ay, Master Edmond. May I come in
 safely without danger, think you?
 CAPTAIN
 Fuh, long ago. 'Tis all as 'twas at first.
 Fear nothing.
 [Enter *Edmond*]
 Pray, come near. How now, man?
 EDMOND O this room's mightily hot, i'faith. 'Slid, my shirt
 190 sticks to my belly already. What a steam the rogue
 has left behind him. Foh, this room must be aired,
 gentlemen. It smells horribly of brimstone. Let's open
 the windows.
 PIEBOARD Faith, Master Edmond, 'tis but your conceit.
 195 EDMOND I would you could make me believe that, i'faith.
 Why, do you think I cannot smell his savour from
 another? Yet I take it kindly from you because you
 would not put me in a fear, i'faith. O' my troth, I shall
 love you for this the longest day of my life.
 200 CAPTAIN Puh, 'tis nothing, sir. Love me when you see
 more.
 EDMOND Mass, now I remember. I'll look whether he has
 singed the hangings or no.
 PIEBOARD [*aside to the Captain*] Captain, to entertain a little
 205 sport till they come, make him believe you'll charm him
 invisible. He's apt to admire anything, you see. Let me
 alone to give force to't.
 CAPTAIN [*aside to Pieboard*] Go, retire to yonder end then.
 EDMOND [*to Captain*] I protest you are a rare fellow, are
 210 you not?
 CAPTAIN O Master Edmond, you know but the least part of
 me yet. Why, now at this instant I could but flourish my
 wand thrice o'er your head and charm you invisible.
 EDMOND What? You could not. Make me walk invisible,
 215 man? I should laugh at that, i'faith. Troth, I'll requite
 your kindness, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjuror.
 CAPTAIN Nay, I should hardly deny you such a small
 kindness, Master Edmond Plus. Why, look you, sir, 'tis
 220 no more but this, and thus, and again, and now you're
 invisible.
 EDMOND Am I, i'faith? Who would think it?
 CAPTAIN You see the fortune-teller yonder at farther end
 o'th' chamber? Go toward him. Do what you will with
 him, he shall ne'er find you.
 225 EDMOND Say you so? I'll try that, i'faith.
He jostles Pieboard
 PIEBOARD How now, captain, who's that jostled me?
 CAPTAIN Jostled you? I saw nobody.
 EDMOND Ha, ha, ha. Say 'twas a spirit.
 CAPTAIN Shall I? Maybe some spirit that haunts the circle.
Edmond pulls Pieboard by the nose
 230 PIEBOARD O my nose, again. Pray conjure then, captain.
- EDMOND Troth, this is ex'lent. I may do any knavery
 now and never be seen. And now I remember me, Sir
 Godfrey, my uncle abused me t'other day and told tales
 of me to my mother. Troth, now I'm invisible, I'll hit
 him a sound wherret o'th' ear when he comes out o'th'
 235 garden. I may be revenged on him now finely.
*Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frank, and Nicholas
 with the chain*
 SIR GODFREY
 I have my chain again, my chain's found again,
 O sweet captain, O admirable conjuror.
Edmond strikes Sir Godfrey
 O what mean you by that, nephew?
 EDMOND
 Nephew? I hope you do not know me, uncle? 240
 WIDOW
 Why did you strike your uncle, sir?
 EDMOND
 Why, captain, am I not invisible?
 CAPTAIN [*aside to Pieboard*]
 A good jest, George.—
 [*To Edmond*] Not now you are not, sir.
 Why, did you not see me when I did uncharm you? 245
 EDMOND
 Not I, by my troth, captain.—
 [*To Sir Godfrey*] Then, pray you, pardon me, uncle.
 I thought I'd been invisible when I struck you.
 SIR GODFREY
 So, you would do't. Go, you're a foolish boy,
 And were I not o'ercome with greater joy,
 250 I'd make you taste correction.
 EDMOND [*aside*] Correction, push. No, neither you nor my
 mother shall think to whip me as you have done.
 SIR GODFREY Captain, my joy is such I know not how to
 thank you. Let me embrace you, hug you. O my sweet
 255 chain. Gladness e'en makes me giddy, rare man. 'Twas
 as just i'th' rosemary bank as if one should ha' laid it
 there. O cunning, cunning.
 WIDOW Well, seeing my fortune tells me I must marry, let
 me marry a man of wit, a man of parts. Here's a worthy
 260 captain, and 'tis a fine title truly la to be a captain's
 wife, a captain's wife. It goes very finely. Beside all the
 world knows that a worthy captain is a fit companion
 to any lord. Then why not a sweet bedfellow for any
 lady. I'll have it so. 265
Enter Frailty
 FRAILTY O mistress, gentlemen, there's the bravest sight
 coming along this way.
 WIDOW What brave sight?
 FRAILTY O one going to burying and another going to
 270 hanging.
 WIDOW A rueful sight.
 PIEBOARD [*aside to Captain*] 'Sfoot, captain, I'll pawn my
 life the corporal's coffined, and old Skirmish the soldier
 going to execution. And 'tis now full about the time of

192 brimstone sulphur
 194 conceit imagination

196 savour aroma
 235 wherret slap, blow

- 275 his waking. Hold out a little longer, sleepy potion, and we shall have ex'lent admiration, for I'll take upon me the cure of him.
Enter the coffin of the Corporal, the soldier Skirmish bound and led by Officers, the Sheriff there
- FRAILTY O here they come, here they come.
 PIEBOARD [*aside*] Now must I close secretly with the soldier, prevent his impatience, or else all's discovered.
- 280 WIDOW O lamentable seeing! These were those brothers that fought and bled before our door.
 SIR GODFREY What? They were not, sister.
 SKIRMISH [*aside to Pieboard*] George, look to't. I'll peach at Tyburn else.
- 285 PIEBOARD [*aside to Skirmish*] Mum.—Gentles all, vouchsafe me audience, and you especially, Master Sheriff. Yon man is bound to execution Because he wounded this that now lies coffined.
- 290 SHERIFF True, true, he shall have the law, an I know the law.
 PIEBOARD But under favour, Master Sheriff, if this man had been cured and safe again, he should have been released then.
- 295 SHERIFF Why make you question of that, sir?
 PIEBOARD Then I release him freely and will take upon me the death that he should die, if within a little season I do not cure him to his proper health again.
 SHERIFF How, sir, recover a dead man? That were most strange of all.
Frank comes to Pieboard
- FRANK Sweet sir, I love you dearly and could wish my best part yours. O do not undertake such an impossible venture.
 PIEBOARD Love you me? Then for your sweet sake I'll do't.
 305 Let me entreat the corpse to be set down.
 SHERIFF Bearers, set down the coffin. This were wonderful and worthy Stow's *Chronicle*.
- PIEBOARD I pray, bestow the freedom of the air upon our wholesome art.—[*Aside*] Mass, his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth. Nay, good corporal, wake betime or I shall have a longer sleep than you. 'Sfoot, if he should prove dead indeed now, he were fully revenged upon me for making a property on him. Yet I had rather run upon the ropes than have the rope like
- a tetter run upon me.—O he stirs, he stirs again, look, gentlemen, he recovers, he starts, he rises.
 SHERIFF O, O defend us, out alas.
 PIEBOARD Nay, pray be still. You'll make him more giddy else. He knows nobody yet.
 CORPORAL 'Swounds, who am I, covered with snow, I marvel?
 PIEBOARD [*aside*] Nay, I knew he would swear the first thing he did, as soon as ever he came to his life again.
 CORPORAL 'Sfoot, hostess, some hot porridge. O, O, lay on a dozen of faggots in the moon parlour there.
 325 PIEBOARD [*to Widow*] Lady, you must needs take a little pity of him, i'faith, and send him in to your kitchen fire.
 WIDOW [*to Pieboard*] O with all my heart, sir. Nicholas and Frailty, help to bear him in.
 NICHOLAS Bear him in, quoth a? Pray call out the maids. I shall ne'er have the heart to do't, indeed la.
 FRAILTY Nor I neither. I cannot abide to handle a ghost, of all men.
 CORPORAL 'Sblood, let me see. Where was I drunk last night, heh?
 WIDOW O, shall I bid you once again take him away?
 FRAILTY Why, we're as fearful as you, I warrant you, O.
 WIDOW Away, villains. Bid the maids make him a caudle presently to settle his brain, or a posset of sack, quickly,
 340 quickly.
 [*Frailty and Nicholas*] *exeunt, pushing in the corpse*
 SKIRMISH [*to Pieboard*] Sir, what so e'er you are, I do more than admire you.
 WIDOW O ay, if you knew all, Master Sheriff, as you shall do, you would say then that here were two of the rarest
 345 men within the walls of Christendom.
 SHERIFF Two of 'em? O wonderful! Officers, I discharge you. Set him free. All's in tune.
 SIR GODFREY Ay, and a banquet ready by this time, Master Sheriff, to which I most cheerfully invite you and your late prisoner there. See you this goodly chain, sir? Mum, no more words. 'Twas lost and is found again.
 [*To Pieboard and Captain*] Come, my inestimable bullies, we'll talk of your noble acts in sparkling charneco, and instead of a jester, we'll ha' the ghost i'th' white sheet
 355 sit at upper end o'th' table.
 SHERIFF Ex'lent merry man, i'faith. [*Exeunt all but Frank*]
 FRANK Well, seeing I am enjoined to love and marry,

276 **admiration** wonder, astonishment
 277.1 *Enter the coffin* With the entrance of the coffin, the location of the action changes from inside the Widow's house to outside on the street. No scene division is called for in this instance of discontinuity in place but continuity in action.
 279 **close** . . . with unite with
 284 **peach** turn informer
 285 **Tyburn** the place of execution by

hanging, near the junction of Oxford Street and Edgeware Road
 292 **under favour** with all submission, subject to correction
 307 *Stow's Chronicle* John Stow's *Chronicle of England* (1580, and frequently reprinted)
 313 **making a property on him** making him a means to an end
 314 **run upon the ropes** take desperate risks; a metaphor from tight-rope walking

rope hangman's cord
 315 **tetter** ringworm
 320 **covered with snow** Corporal refers to his winding sheet
 324 **porridge** (used as a hangover remedy)
 339 **caudle** warm, sweetened and spiced gruel, mixed with wine or ale
 340 **posset** hot milk curdled with ale or wine
 354 **charneco** a kind of wine

360 My foolish vow thus I cashier to air,
Which first begot it. Now, love, play thy part.
The scholar reads his lecture in my heart. [Exit]
Finis Actus Quartus



5.1 *Incipit Actus Quintus*
Enter in haste Master Edmond and Frailty
EDMOND This is the marriage morning for my mother and my sister.

FRAILTY O me, Master Edmond, we shall ha' rare doings.
EDMOND Nay, go, Frailty, run to the sexton. You know my mother will be married at St Antling's. Hie thee. 'Tis past five. Bid them open the church door. My sister is almost ready.

FRAILTY What? Already, Master Edmond?

EDMOND Nay, go hie thee. First run to the sexton, and run to the clerk, and then run to Master Pigman, the parson, and then run to the milliner, and then run home again.

FRAILTY Here's run, run, run.

EDMOND But hark, Frailty.

15 FRAILTY What more yet?

EDMOND Has the maids rememb'rd to strew the way to the church?

FRAILTY Fough, an hour ago. I help' 'em myself.

EDMOND Away, away, away, away then.

20 FRAILTY Away, away, away then. *Exit*

EDMOND I shall have a simple father-in-law, a brave captain able to beat all our street, Captain Idle. Now my lady mother will be fitted for a delicate name, my Lady Idle, my Lady Idle, the finest name that can be for a woman. And then the scholar Master Pieboard, my sister Francis. That will be Mistress Francis Pieboard, Mistress Francis Pieboard. They'll keep a good table, I warrant you. Now all the knights' noses are put out of joint. They may go to a bone-setter's now.

Enter Captain and Pieboard

30 Hark, hark. O who come here with two torches before 'em? My sweet captain and my fine scholar. O how bravely they are shot up in one night. They look like fine Britons now, methinks. Here's a gallant change, i'faith. 'Slid, they have hired men and all, by the clock.

35 CAPTAIN Master Edmond, kind, honest, dainty Master Edmond.

EDMOND Fough, sweet captain father-in-law, a rare perfume, i'faith.

PIEBOARD What, are the brides stirring? May we steal upon 'em, thinkst thou, Master Edmond? 40

EDMOND Fough, they're e'en upon readiness, I can assure you, for they were at their torch e'en now. By the same token, I tumbled down the stairs.

PIEBOARD Alas, poor Master Edmond.

Enter musicians

CAPTAIN O the musicians. I prithee, Master Edmond, call 'em in and liquor 'em a little. 45

EDMOND That I will, sweet captain father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common fiddler. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir John Pennydub, and Moll above lacing of her clothes 5.2

PENNYDUB Whew, Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll.

MOLL Who's there?

PENNYDUB 'Tis I.

MOLL Who? Sir John Pennydub? O you're an early cock, i'faith. Who would have thought you to be so rare a stirrer? 5

PENNYDUB Prithee, Moll, let me come up.

MOLL No, by my faith, Sir John. I'll keep you down, for you knights are very dangerous if once you get above.

PENNYDUB I'll not stay, i'faith. 10

MOLL I'faith, you shall stay, for, Sir John, you must note the nature of the climates. Your northern wench in her own country may well hold out till she be fifteen, but if she touch the south once and come up to London, here the chimes go presently after twelve. 15

PENNYDUB O th'art a mad wench, Moll, but I prithee make haste, for the priest is gone before.

MOLL Do you follow him, I'll not be long after. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Oliver Muckhill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, and old Skirmish talking 5.3

MUCKHILL O monstrous unheard of forgery.

TIPSTAFF Knight, I never heard of such villainy in our own country in my life.

MUCKHILL Why, 'tis impossible. Dare you maintain your words? 5

SKIRMISH Dare we? E'en to their weasand-pipes. We know all their plots. They cannot squander with us. They have knavishly abused us, made only properties on's to advance theirselves upon our shoulders, but they shall rue their abuses. This morning they are to be married. 10

MUCKHILL 'Tis too true. Yet if the Widow be not too much besotted on sleights and forgeries, the revelation of their villainies will make 'em loathsome. And to that end,

359 cashier make void

5.1.10 clerk the lay officer of a parish church, who has charge of the church and precincts, and assists the clergyman in various parts of his duties

11 milliner vendor of bonnets, ribbons, gloves, esp. of such as were originally of Milan manufacture

16 strew scatter flowers or rushes on the ground

21 simple free from duplicity; straightforward

23 delicate fine, self-indulgent, indolent

28-9 noses... out of joint plans... spoiled

32 bravely magnificently
shot up risen

33 Britons Scots; Andrew Lethe in *Michaelmas Term*, is a Scot whose fortunes shoot up once he gets to England.

34 by the clock by the hour

42 at their torch dressing by torch light

5.2.4-9 extended sexual quibble

12-15 Your northern wench... after twelve Moll refers to the sexual practices of the more worldly London woman.

5.3.1 forgery deceit

6 weasand-pipes throats, windpipes

12 besotted infatuated

- 15 be it in private to you, I sent late last night to an honourable personage, to whom I am much indebted in kindness as he is to me, and therefore presume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me. And to speak truth, for such needful occasions, I only preserve him in bond. And sometimes he may do me more good here in the city by a free word of his mouth than if he had paid one half in hand and took doomsday for t'other.
- TIPSTAFF In troth, sir, without soothing be it spoken, you have published much judgement in these few words.
- 20 MUCKHILL For you know, what such a man utters will be thought effectual and to weighty purpose, and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theme of their forgeries.
- SKIRMISH And I'll maintain it, knight, if ye'll be true.
- Enter a Servant*
- 30 MUCKHILL How now, fellow.
- SERVANT May it please you, sir, my lord is newly lighted from his coach.
- MUCKHILL
Is my lord come already? His honour's early.
You see, he loves me well up before seven.
35 Trust me, I have found him night-capped at eleven.
There's good hope yet. Come, I'll relate all to him.
- Exeunt*
- 5.4 *Enter the two bridegrooms, Captain and scholar Pieboard. After them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow changed in apparel, Mistress Frank led between two knights, Sir John Pennydub and Moll. There meets them a Nobleman, Sir Oliver Muckhill, Sir Andrew Tipstaff, [and Skirmish]*
- NOBLEMAN By your leave, lady.
- WIDOW My lord, your honour is most chastely welcome.
- NOBLEMAN Madam, though I came now from court, I come not to flatter you. Upon whom can I justly cast this blot but upon your own forehead, that know not ink from milk. Such is the blind besotting in the state of an unheaded woman that's a widow. For it is the property of all you that are widows (a handful excepted) to hate those that honestly and carefully love you to the maintenance of credit, state and posterity, and strongly to doat on those that only love you to undo you. Who regard you least are best regarded, who hate you most are best beloved. And if there be but one man amongst ten thousand millions of men that is accursed disastrous and evilly planeted, whom fortune beats most, whom God hates most, and all societies esteem least, that man is sure to be a husband. Such is the peevish moon that rules your bloods. An impudent fellow best woos you, a flattering lip best wins you, or in a mirth,
- who talks roughliest is most sweetest. Nor can you distinguish truth from forgeries, mists from simplicity. Witness those two deceitful monsters that you have entertained for bridegrooms.
- WIDOW Deceitful?
- PIEBOARD [*aside to Captain*] All will out.
- 25 CAPTAIN [*aside to Pieboard*] 'Sfoot, who has blabbed, George? That foolish Nicholas?
- NOBLEMAN For what they have besotted your easy blood withal were naught but forgeries, the fortunetelling for husbands, the conjuring for the chain Sir Godfrey heard the falsehood of. All nothing but mere knavery, deceit and cozenage.
- WIDOW O wonderful! Indeed, I wondered that my husband with all his craft could not keep himself out of purgatory.
- 35 SIR GODFREY And I more wonder that my chain should be gone and my tailor had none of it.
- MOLL And I wondered most of all that I should be tied from marriage, having such a mind to't. Come, Sir John Pennydub, fair weather on our side. The moon has changed since yesternight.
- PIEBOARD [*aside*] The sting of every evil is within me.
- NOBLEMAN And that you may perceive I feign not with you, [*Pointing to Skirmish*] behold their fellow actor in those forgeries who, full of spleen and envy at their so sudden advancements, revealed all their plot in anger.
- 45 PIEBOARD [*aside*] Base soldier to reveal us.
- WIDOW Is't possible we should be blinded so and our eyes open?
- NOBLEMAN Widow, will you now believe that false which too soon you believed true?
- WIDOW O to my shame, I do.
- SIR GODFREY But under favour, my lord, my chain was truly lost and strangely found again.
- NOBLEMAN Resolve him of that, soldier.
- 55 SKIRMISH In few words, knight, then, thou wert the arch-gull of all.
- SIR GODFREY How, sir?
- SKIRMISH Nay, I'll prove it, for the chain was but hid in the rosemary bank all this while, and thou gotst him out of prison to conjure for it who did it admirably, fustianly. For indeed, what need any others when he knew where it was?
- SIR GODFREY O villainy of villainies. But how came my chain there?
- 65 SKIRMISH Where's 'Truly la, Indeed la', he that will not swear but lie, he that will not steal but rob, pure Nicholas St Antlings.
- SIR GODFREY
O villain, one of our society,
Deemed always holy, pure, religious,
- 70

19 **in bond** indebted
21 **in hand** immediately
23 **soothing** flattering
24 **published** displayed

5.4-7 **property** characteristic
15 **evilly planeted** under an evil astrological sign
21 **mists** deceits

28 **easy blood** thoughtless, careless disposition
66 **'Truly la, Indeed la'** Nicholas, who uses these expressions

Act 5 Scene 4

THE WIDDOW of Watling-freete.

A puritan a thief? When was't ever heard?
 Sooner we'll kill a man than steal, thou know'st.
 Out, slave, I'll rend my lion from thy back
 With mine own hands.

NICHOLAS

Dear master, O—

75 NOBLEMAN Nay, knight, dwell in patience.
 [To Widow] And now, widow, being so near the church,
 'twere great pity, nay, uncharity to send you home
 again without a husband. [To Muckhill and Tipstaff]
 80 Draw nearer, you of true worship, state, and credit
 that should not stand so far off from a widow and
 suffer forged shapes to come between you. Not that
 in these I blemish the true title of a captain or blot
 the fair margent of a scholar, for I honour worthy and
 deserving parts in the one and cherish fruitful virtues
 85 in the other. [To Widow and Frank] Come, lady, and
 you, virgin, bestow your eyes and your purest affections
 upon men of estimation both in court and city, that
 hath long wooed you and both with their hearts and
 wealth sincerely love you.

90 SIR GODFREY Good sister, do. Sweet little Frank, these are
 men of reputation. You shall be welcome at court, a
 great credit for a citizen, sweet sister.

NOBLEMAN Come, her silence does consent to't.

WIDOW I know not with what face.

NOBLEMAN Pah, pah, why, with your own face. They desire 95
 no other.

WIDOW [to Muckhill and Tipstaff] Pardon me, worthy sirs.
 I and my daughter have wronged your loves.

MUCKHILL

'Tis easily pardoned, lady,

If you vouchsafe it now. 100

WIDOW

With all my soul.

FRANK

And I with all my heart.

MOLL

And I, Sir John, with soul, heart, lights and all.

PENNYDUB

They are all mine, Moll.

NOBLEMAN

Now, lady,

What honest spirit but will applaud your choice

And gladly furnish you with hand and voice, 105

A happy change which makes e'en heaven rejoice.

Come enter into your joys. You shall not want

For fathers now, I doubt it not, believe me,

But that you shall have hands enough to give ye.

Exeunt

Finis

73 **rend my lion from thy back** remove my
 crest from your livery

81 **forged shapes** impostors

82-3 **blot the fair margent of** damage the
 reputation of, or destroy the previously
 favourable commentary on (pun on

marginalia, which were a means of
 comment)

94 **face** expression

THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY

Edited by MacDonald P. Jackson

IN *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* Tom Stoppard re-imagined *Hamlet* from the point of view of those two interchangeable stooges. *The Revenger's Tragedy* is like a version by Yorick—as jester, and as skull. Middleton had obviously been fascinated by Shakespeare's great tragedy of revenge, but his own masterpiece in that genre adds ingredients from Jacobean satiric comedy of chicanery and disguise and from the medieval Morality drama, with its emphasis on death and eternal judgement. The spirit of the Gravedigger's 'whoreson mad fellow', master of quip and jape, presides over Middleton's plot, and the emblem of what Yorick has become dominates the play's thought, complicates its values, permeates its poetry, and darkens its mood.

The standard precipitant of a revenge tragedy, as introduced to the English theatre by Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* about 1588, is the horrendous and unpunished killing of somebody close to the hero. In Henry Chettle's *Hoffman* (1602), written when both Chettle and Middleton were working for the Admiral's Men, the eponymous villain-hero retaliates ferociously for the judicial execution of his pirate father, but normally the avenger seeks retribution for murder, the obstacle to legal redress being the power of the perpetrators. The adversaries of Kyd's Hieronimo, murderers of his son, are the Prince of Portugal and a machiavellian blackguard whose father is Duke of Castile and whose uncle is King of Spain. Hamlet's 'mighty opposite', Claudius, guilty of fratricide and regicide, is the new king. In *The Revenger's Tragedy*, Vindice's grievance is against the Duke, who poisoned his betrothed because she would not yield to his sexual advances. But Middleton's protagonist has a trace, too, of Hamlet's motive, his father having died, Vindice believes, of 'discontent' engendered by the Duke's ill treatment of him. Moreover Vindice's brother Hippolito, along with other disaffected courtiers, swears to avenge the rape of the Lord Antonio's wife—a crime that drove her to suicide—since the rapist, being the Duchess's son, seems likely to evade the full rigour of the law. And by the end of 1.3 Vindice 'durst make a promise of' Lussurioso to his sword, because the lustful heir to the dukedom has made him vow to serve as pander to Castiza, Vindice's own sister. *The Revenger's Tragedy* is deeply indebted to the conventions and devices of the genre towards which its title gestures: the *memento vindictae*, ritual oath upon a sword, undercover scheming, heavenly portents, use of poison, young woman threatened or victimized, wholesale slaughter, hero's reliance upon an 'occasion' afforded by the enemy, portrayal of an unbalanced mind, catastrophe in which a court entertainment encroaches

upon the reality of the play—all these elements Middleton inherited from his predecessors, who had been influenced, directly or through Kyd, by the gory dramas of the first-century Roman Stoic, Seneca. *Hamlet's* incest reappears in *The Revenger's Tragedy* in the liaison between the Duchess and her husband's bastard, and, less overtly, in Vindice's wooing of Castiza. The scene in which Vindice and Hippolito berate their mother for her willingness to prostitute her daughter, and at dagger's point persuade her to repentance, is strongly reminiscent of the closet scene between Hamlet and Gertrude.

Yet the diversity of Vindice's objectives as avenger points to an essential difference between Shakespeare's play and Middleton's. 'Something is rotten in the state of Denmark', but the source of that corruption is Claudius, and when Hamlet kills him, Hamlet himself is dying and the play is almost over. But in *The Revenger's Tragedy* the whole royal family—the Duke's wife, son, stepsons, and illegitimate son—are vile. Vindice's chief foe, the Duke, is dispatched at the midpoint of the play, and Vindice's own death awaits the elimination of the whole wrangling brood: he dies after 'a nest of dukes'. *Hamlet* proceeds by a series of moves and countermoves of protagonist and antagonist—a struggle to the death, which both lose. But *The Revenger's Tragedy* has no such central conflict: the Duke and his (or his Duchess's) offspring are unaware of Vindice's plans, which are in one sense superfluous, since the sibling rivalry is itself murderous in intent. Nor does Vindice have Hamlet's need to check a ghost's word, or Hieronimo's to confirm a dubious message, before committing himself to lethal action: he tells us, in his opening soliloquy, that the Duke is the criminal, and we accept the information as given. The play lacks *Hamlet's* 'detective' interest. Vindice has none of Hamlet's questing, probing, self-scrutinizing impulse, either. He is unconcerned about the ethics of revenge. So the play explores no internal conflict in the mind of its hero in relation to his purpose.

Does Hamlet delay? Vindice does—for nine years, but before the play begins. The suggestion of a long prior build-up of furious resentment, newly aggravated by his 'worthy father's funeral' (1.1.119), perhaps helps explain the explosive force with which that hatred erupts on to the stage. Middleton's plot seems driven by Vindice's manic energy. Is Hamlet mad? Antony Sher, who played Vindice in Di Trevis's Royal Shakespeare Company production at the Swan in Stratford-upon-Avon in 1987, thought Middleton's hero 'so damaged by the tragedy of Gloriana that he is quite crazy, really', adding that for an actor

the key to the role is realization of 'some kind of joy' in what for Vindice is 'a process of redemption'. An apter word might be therapy. Vindice moves from smouldering bitterness and a feeling that his 'life's unnatural' to him, as if he 'should be dead' (1.1.120-1), through the play's frenzied bursts of activity, to contented acquiescence in the sentence of death that Antonio passes upon him. But if Vindice experiences catharsis, the audience does not. We do not watch him die. He is bundled off to the headsman's block with a brisk 'Adieu'. No flights of angels sing this hero to his rest. We feel much as we do when at the conclusion of *A Mad World, My Masters* the arch trickster Follywit receives his comeuppance and good-humouredly shrugs off the news that he has unwittingly married his uncle's cast-off whore.

In fact for most of the play our engagement with Vindice is as with one of Middleton's comic pranksters or such bustling Vice figures as Marlowe's Barabas, Jonson's *Volpone*, or Shakespeare's Richard Gloucester. We are implicated in their williness or wickedness, vicariously enjoy it, admire their bravura inventiveness, but are detached enough to judge them. In fact, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 'the basic method of dramatic articulation seems to belong to comic art', as New Mermaid editor Brian Gibbons asserted. Events are shaped less by the inevitability of tragedy than by the capricious complications, ironies, and solutions of comedy or farce. Vindice dies because he cannot keep his mouth shut, a folly he had been quick to mock in others. His hubris is that of the contriver bursting with pride in his cleverness. In Middleton's play 'purposes mistook | Fall'n on th'inventors' heads' become the very principle of construction. So *Ambitioso* and *Supervacuo*, plotting to release their younger brother from prison 'by a wile' and to hasten the execution of their stepbrother *Lussurioso* while feigning to try to prevent it, accidentally ensure Junior's well-deserved beheading. *Ambitioso's* 'Whose head's that then?' (3.6.72) sounds like a line out of Joe Orton's *Loot*. Some critics have seen the just hand of Providence in these apt reversals, but the spirit in which they are presented suggests less the Divine Judge than some Cosmic Ironist or Omnipotent Jester. As audiences soon discover, much of *The Revenger's Tragedy* is quite outrageously funny.

Its most likely date of composition (for the King's Men) is 1606, after Middleton had written his series of 'city comedies' for the Children of Paul's. In those plays London scoundrels fleece country boobies and impoverished young gallants intrigue to outwit tightwad elders in a 'mad world' of prodigal dissipation, predatory greed, and saleable sex. Middleton presents a venal London society with deadpan detachment. *The Revenger's Tragedy* is in many ways closer in tone to Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, which Middleton may already have seen on stage, and to one of that play's evident ancestors, Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, in which the ironic handling of a melodramatic plot creates what T. S. Eliot recognized as a kind of 'savage

farce'. Marlowe's Barabas and his untrusty Turkish servant Ithamore are cartoon figures of gleeful villainy, the central vengeful intriguers in a self-contained dramatic milieu of unscrupulous political scheming defined in a prologue spoken by the soul of Machiavelli himself. And in *Volpone*, with its beast-fable Italian character-names and Venetian setting of voluptuous trade, Jonson offers a topsy-turvy community of grotesque humours animated solely by avarice and lust, a community destroyed by its own appetites.

The creation of an abnormal looking-glass world with its own principles of operation is a familiar ploy of the satirist, and *The Revenger's Tragedy* adopts something of this method, to become the sanguinary counterpart of *Volpone*, matching its breadth, intensity, and richness, sharing its mix of revulsion and an almost celebratory gusto, while perhaps attaining a less steady ethical stance. It too draws on a conventional Elizabethan-Jacobean image of Italy, as, in the words of Thomas Nashe, 'the academy of manslaughter... the apothecary shop of poison', and employs type figures called by the Italian equivalents of Lechery, Ambition, Vanity, and so on. They are walking abstractions, vitalized by Vindice's, and beyond him the author's, fascinated detestation of what they stand for. The play encloses them in their own unnatural world of 'noon at midnight'. In many of his speeches Vindice—like Marston's ousted Duke Altofronto, awaiting the opportunity to unsettle his factious enemies and regain his kingdom, while disguised as malcontent railer Malevole—serves as court scourge, inveighing against its sensuality, extravagance, and inner rottenness, and excoriating all the foibles and abuses of the contemporary social order. Middleton's is a more effective, less bizarre and eccentric dramatic language than Marston's, but in this play he cultivates similar collisions of laughter and horror, using startling dislocations of mode and mood to convey a Mannerist sense of an unstable, chaotic age.

The blend of wit and violence, mutilation and fun often seems to foreshadow twentieth-century 'black comedy'. Audiences cannot believe that Spurio's 'Old Dad dead?' (5.1.116) belongs to the original text. It is not only the jocular treatment of grisly material and the amusing one-liners that recall Orton, who quoted Vindice's 'Surely we're all mad people, and they | Whom we think are, are not' (3.5.80-1) as epigraph to *What the Butler Saw*, another play in which an amoral lunacy reigns. Both playwrights exploit the disparity between the propriety of their characters' sentiments and the delinquency of their behaviour; both wring humour from the incongruous utterance of conventional pieties. The royal family in *The Revenger's Tragedy* pay lip-service to morality in trite couplets that bear no relation to their actual deeds. The Duke's 'Age hot is like a monster to be seen; | My hairs are white and yet my sins are green' (2.3.129-30) is simply the prelude to his asking Vindice to procure him a sexual partner. Functionally, the short soliloquy that ends with this rhyme is analogous to Claudius's prayer in

Hamlet, 3.3: it confirms his guilt beyond doubt, since he admits to having poisoned 'many a beauty' who rejected his advances. But whereas Claudius's desperate monologue serves to show the conscience-stricken human being inside the suave usurper, and so prepares the audience emotionally for the postponement of revenge, the glibness of the Duke's confession reveals an automaton, whose imminent gruesome destruction by Vindice and Hippolito we can approve, and even relish. Like Orton, Middleton has an ear for the hypocritical unctious and laughable indignation of the wicked. When, after Lussurioso has found his father's corpse and blamed 'Piato' for the slaying, Vindice himself mimics this tone of mock-outrage—'O rascal! Was he not ashamed | To put the Duke into a greasy doublet?' (5.1.71–2)—we seem to hear in the ludicrously misplaced concern for externals the authentic voice of some subversive, decorum-guying modern. Best of all, because so integral to the action, are Vindice's sardonic last words of advice to the expiring Lussurioso, after he has informed him of his deeds: 'Tell nobody' (5.3.80). Vindice's gloating epitaph over his enemy may seem the culmination of the theme of secrecy, but there is the further irony of his own self-destructive blabbing to follow.

But 'Middleton our contemporary', the disconcerting humorist, was also inheritor of a stern medieval tradition of Morality drama, homily and complaint, allegorical and emblematic art—of *de contemptu mundi*, *exemplum horrendum*, *Danse Macabre*, and *memento mori*. *The Revenger's Tragedy* has been seen as affording the traditional 'horrible example' of a society hurtling towards damnation. (Luchino Visconti's film *The Damned* would be a modern secular equivalent.) The type figures of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, as of *Volpone*, recall the Moralities, in which personified virtues and vices contend for the soul of Everyman in a 'theatre of God's judgement'. The play opens with Vindice as presenter of a torchlit procession of Duke, Duchess, and progeny—a royal progress, transformed into a parade of the Seven Deadly Sins. Vindice's initial comment, 'Duke, royal lecher, go, grey-haired adultery' (1.1.1), enforces this impression. By branding the Duke not 'adulterer' but 'adultery' Vindice equates him with his sin. Lust in this play is closely associated with gluttony (or drunkenness), and pride, envy, covetousness, and wrath are prominent. A Christian symbolism popularized through sixteenth-century emblem books lies behind some of the play's most striking images—notably the 'eternal eye | That sees through flesh and all' at 1.3.67–8—and there is frequent exploitation (noted in the commentary) of classical and biblical iconography or thought. Vindice's 'conceit in picture' of 'A usuring father...boiling in hell, and his son and heir with a whore dancing over him' (4.2.86–7) is in the medieval cautionary vein, though Middleton gives the theme his own characteristic twist; his preceding ruminations—on 'how a great rich man lies a-dying and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him' (4.2.68–77)—are in a moralistic tradition

harking back to the gospel parable of Lazarus and Dives. The masques of dancing avengers and murderers with which the play ends evoke the theme, ubiquitous in the art of medieval Europe, of the Dance of Death, in which capering skeletons guide their live doubles to the grave, often during pageants or revels.

Focusing Vindice's obsession with mortality, like a *memento mori* in a monk's cell, is the skull of Gloriana. The opening, in which flame-lit court pomp and finery are displayed in contrast to the lone figure holding the sallow 'shell of death', initiates a dominant theme. And the great meditation on the vanity of human wishes at 3.5.44–107 is unmatched in subsequent drama in English until *Waiting for Godot* gives us Lucky's monologue, which comes to rest, after its crazed digressions, on 'the skull the skull the skull the skull'. The charnel-house remnant of Vindice's 'poisoned love' stands as both the ultimate resting point in the frenetic social process whereby inherited estates dissolve in hedonistic riot as an agrarian economy yields to urban capitalism, and the stark reality that all pleasure-loving flesh is heir to. The skull is a symbol at once social, political, and religious.

Godot never comes, but the thunderous Divine Avenger invoked by Vindice's rhetoric finally makes himself heard. But Vindice greets the portent with a certain flippancy, first as 'big-voiced crier' appearing on cue and then, with a pun on 'claps', as satisfied spectator at a 'tragedy' (5.3.43–8). While the comparison of the world to a play on which God passes judgement is commonplace, Providence here elicits less than due awe. Although even the 'gargoylish grin' worn by his play has roots in the Middle Ages (as Ekeblad noted), Middleton deploys the orthodox omens and emblems with a Jacobean ambivalence. Even in the 'silkworm' speech (3.5.44–107) Vindice wields his 'bony lady' with the tormented histrionics of Gethin Price with his dummies in Trevor Griffiths's *Comedians*. And in fact Vindice's frequent use of theatrical terminology, his implicit or direct appeals to the audience, his stage-managing of his own invented dramas and of his changing roles within them (as in the stabbing of his alias self), and his general self-consciousness about levels of illusion add to *The Revenger's Tragedy's* air of twentieth-century sophistication. Even our uneasiness at the sadism of Vindice's physical and mental torturing of the Duke is largely allayed by sheer pleasure in his artistry—in the neat ironies whereby, betrayed by his own lasciviousness, the poisoner is poisoned, the victim of his victim, the forcer forced to witness his cuckolding by the child of his own adultery.

The ways in which various dramatic and literary traditions are unified in *The Revenger's Tragedy* have been illuminated by Inga-Stina Ekeblad (Ewbank). Certain key components act as nodes. Vindice combines the functions of a Hamlet, a Volpone, and a Malevole, besides acting as both Good and Evil Angel in a Morality temptation of Chastity and Grace. Gloriana's skull is an incitement to revenge, like the skeleton of Hoffman's father, a prompt to satirical attacks on face-painting and court ostentation,

a focus for meditative sermonizing on the transience of worldly pleasures and on corporeal decay, and a stage-prop for what in a different context might have been a merry prank in which the biter is bit. The masque, a costly palace entertainment, is at once a traditional device for ending a revenge tragedy and a *Danse des Morts*. And this interweaving by means of character, plot, and theatrical image is tightened by the play's complex poetry. Vindice's opening monologue, brilliantly mixing exposition, denunciation, and contemplation, brings Jacobean targets within its satirical range through the associations of its imagery: the adjective 'spendthrift' is applied to the 'veins of a . . . parched and juiceless luxur' (linking sexual and financial profligacy); the old Duke riots it 'like a son and heir', recalling the wastrels of Middleton's comedies; Gloriana was once so beautiful that a 'usurer's son', in an age when landholders were increasingly in pawn to moneylenders, would have consumed 'all his patrimony' for the sake of a kiss (1.1.8–27). At the same time, a phrase such as 'apparelled in thy flesh' evokes an ancient orthodoxy (1.1.31). Ekeblad quotes some lines from Vindice's later speech over the skull (3.5.84–7):

Does every proud and self-affecting dame
Camphor her face for this? And grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
For her superfluous outside—all for this?

As she notes, this goes far beyond the Jacobean misogynist's reflex snarling at cosmetics, as the words 'proud', 'grieve her maker', and 'sinful' make plain: 'as in the medieval Morality the imagery of finery is pursued down to its moral significance, to its connection with pride, the deadliest of the sins, and with the homiletic theme of waste and extravagance versus the suffering inflicted upon innocents'. Yet those 'baths of milk' evoke a Cleopatra's charisma.

Dramatic, literary, and artistic traditions constitute the play's most vital source material, and as Holdsworth (1990) has shown, it is also in large measure an inspired reworking of elements already present in Middleton's early prose pamphlets, poems, and plays. But there are analogues to some of its situations and incidents in accounts of the Medici and Este families and other pseudo-historical works: notably (to name only the English versions) William Painter's *The Palace of Pleasure* (1567), Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession* (1581), and Thomas Underdowne's *An Aethiopian History* (1587). Middleton also shows awareness of facts concerning the assassination of Duke Alessandro of Florence in 1537 that could not have been gleaned from Painter.

The Revenger's Tragedy was published anonymously in 1607/8, and criticism has been bedevilled by the wholly unreliable Edward Archer's mistaken ascription, fifty years later, of Middleton's play to Cyril Tourneur. Nineteenth- and early twentieth-century commentary culminated in T. S. Eliot's account of it as a projection of its author's 'inner world of nightmare', his immature 'cynicism . . . loathing and disgust of humanity . . . horror of life itself'

(1934). Later critics such as L. G. Salinger, disentangling the playwright from his characters, saw not 'psychopathic perversion' but an alert and coherent response to the 'commercialisation of the nobility' under James I and 'the disintegration of a whole social order' (1937–8). The emotional adolescent plagued by his fantasies became the controlled artist selecting from his literary inheritance to fashion an image of the times. But those who still thought of that artist as Tourneur now began to assimilate the play to the orthodox piety of *The Atheist's Tragedy*, exaggerating its conservatism and didacticism and minimizing its aggression, prurience, humour, and élan. Jonathan Dollimore's more recent account of *The Revenger's Tragedy* as parodying the providential viewpoint, 'sceptical of ideological policing', celebrating 'the artificial and the delinquent', and dominated by an air of 'subversive black camp' is an understandable reaction (1984). Yet this view also seems partial. It ignores, for example, the play's admiration for the steadfastness of Castiza, the seriousness of the biblical language applied to Gratiana's fall and conversion, and the cumulative force of such oft-repeated words as 'sin', 'damnation', 'heaven', 'doom', 'shame', 'devil', 'hell', and the like, whose reverberations create a moral framework, however complacent the court characters' utterance of them.

Placed within the Middleton canon, the play will assume further guises. However, fraught with Middleton's Calvinist conviction of human depravity but willing to laugh about it, at once repudiating and attracted to the flesh and Mammon, weighing the evanescent pleasure of the 'bewitching minute' of sex or vengeance against temporal and eternal consequences, acutely aware of social flux in 'this luxurious day wherein we breathe' (1.3.112) and nostalgic for the stability of a lost order, the play retains its ambivalence. Fredson Bowers showed that Chettle first incorporated elements of the villainous adversary into the revenge hero himself, and that *The Revenger's Tragedy* follows suit (1940). Vindice's ultimate recognition that 'we are ourselves our foes' (5.3.109) resonates beyond its immediate context. The two masques, of revengers and murderers, are visually indistinguishable. Yet, however warped Vindice's psyche and compromised his deeds, we experience the play largely through him and his roles (with their many asides) and are beguiled by his authorial flair. This adds to the complexity of our response. It is difficult too to know how to take Antonio. Is he a self-serving hypocrite, or does in his case a reluctant assumption of power represent 'silver age' integrity? Holdsworth's balanced discussion gives him the benefit of the doubt; but the doubt remains. And does not the affecting tableau of ravished virtue, complete with prayer-book as 'pillow to her cheek' (1.4.13)—with which Antonio, whether deliberately or not, incites Hippolito and his fellows to vengeance—seem just a little too stage-managed? By whom? Where dissimulation is so rife, the sincerest show becomes suspect. Yet the image of medical blood-letting, with which the play concludes, suggests a genuine cleansing.

Apparently unknown to the theatre for three and a half centuries after its Jacobean performances, the play has frequently been produced by amateur groups in recent decades. The Royal Shakespeare Company performed it in 1966 (directed by Trevor Nunn), as well as 1987. The first fully professional revival was that of Brian Shelton for the Pitlochry Festival in Scotland in 1965. Shelton found it 'a flamboyant and sensational piece which changes constantly: pungent, moralistic, melodramatic, comic, allegorical, violent, poetic, bawdy, tragic, absurd, ironic—the moods tumble over each other, blend and alternate in

exuberant profusion'. He guessed that it had been written 'in a ferment of excitement'. Through its poetry, characters, and action it vividly transmits its author's complex vision of life at a particular point in his own, the theatre's, and Europe's history. Conceived in 'excitement', it retains its power to excite, on the page and in the theatre.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 548
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 360

The Revenger's Tragedy

[for the King's Men at The Globe]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

The DUKE

The DUCHESS, the Duke's second wife

LUSSURIOSO, the Duke's son

SPURIO, the Duke's bastard

AMBITIOSO, the Duchess's eldest son and Duke's stepson

SUPERVACUO, the Duchess's second son and Duke's stepson

JUNIOR, the Duchess's youngest son and Duke's stepson

ANTONIO, a lord

PIERO, a lord, friend of Antonio

VINDICE, in one of his disguises known as Piato

HIPPOLITO, Vindice's brother

MOTHER, Vindice's mother, once referred to as Gratiana

CATIZTA, Vindice's sister

NENCIO, follower of Lussurioso

SORDIDO, follower of Lussurioso

DONDOLO, servant of Mother (Gratiana)

FIRST JUDGE, SECOND JUDGE

FIRST SERVANT, SECOND SERVANT

FIRST NOBLE, SECOND NOBLE, THIRD NOBLE, FOURTH NOBLE

FIRST OFFICER, SECOND OFFICER, THIRD OFFICER

PRISON KEEPER

FIRST GENTLEMAN

FIRST LORD, SECOND LORD, THIRD LORD

Dead Wife of Antonio, Fourth Officer (Guard), Servants (Attendants), Musicians

I. I

Incipit Actus Primus

Enter Vindice [holding a skull]. The Duke, Duchess, Lussurioso his son, Spurio the Bastard, with a train, pass over the stage with torch-light

VINDICE

Duke, royal lecher, go, grey-haired adultery,
And thou his son, as impious steeped as he,
And thou his bastard, true-begot in evil,
And thou his duchess that will do with devil,

This commentary focuses particularly upon verbal imagery and linguistic play.

1.1.0.2-4 *Enter... torch-light* The stage direction specifies, and Vindice comments on, only the four members of the royal family. Directors usually include the Duchess's three sons in the procession, bringing the number up to seven (like the Deadly Sins).

0.2-3 *Vindice... Lussurioso... Spurio*

The descriptive names are derived from Italian words defined in John Florio's dictionary, *A World of Words* (1598). Vindice: a revenger; Lussurioso: lecherous; Spurio: bastard.

1 **adultery** The Duke is adultery personified, with a hint of a Morality figure.

2 **impious steeped** saturated in impiety

3 **true-begot** Vindice is sardonically playing on notions of what is true or false (or illegitimate): Spurio, though falsely begotten (out of wedlock), is the true offspring of a sinful act; his nature truly reflects his origins.

4 **do** have sex; the alliteration in this line, and the reductiveness of that two-letter word, point up the contempt.

- 5 Four excellent characters! O that marrowless age
Should stuff the hollow bones with damned desires
And, 'stead of heat, kindle infernal fires
Within the spendthrift veins of a dry duke,
A parched and juiceless luxur! O God, one
10 That has scarce blood enough to live upon,
And he to riot it like a son and heir?
O, the thought of that
Turns my abusèd heartstrings into fret.
[To the skull] Thou sallow picture of my poisoned love,
15 My study's ornament, thou shell of death,
Once the bright face of my betrothèd lady,
When life and beauty naturally filled out
These ragged imperfections,
When two heaven-pointed diamonds were set
20 In those unsightly rings—then 'twas a face
So far beyond the artificial shine
Of any woman's bought complexion
That the uprightest man—if such there be
That sin but seven times a day—broke custom
25 And made up eight with looking after her.
- O, she was able to ha' made a usurer's son
Melt all his patrimony in a kiss
And what his father fifty years told
To have consumed, and yet his suit been cold.
30 But O accursèd palace!
Thee, when thou wert apparelled in thy flesh,
The old Duke poisoned,
Because thy purer part would not consent
Unto his palsy lust; for old men lustful
35 Do show like young men—angry, eager, violent,
Outbid their limited performances.
O, 'ware an old man hot and vicious:
"Age, as in gold, in lust is covetous."
Vengeance, thou murder's quit-rent, and whereby
40 Thou show'st thyself tenant to tragedy,
O, keep thy day, hour, minute, I beseech,
For those thou hast determined. Hum, who'er knew
Murder unpaid? Faith, give Revenge her due,
Sh'as kept touch hitherto. Be merry, merry;
45 Advance thee, O thou terror to fat folks,
To have their costly three-piled flesh worn off

5 **characters** examples of types of humanity (as in Jacobean writers' satirical portraits)

5-9 **O that... luxur** The concentrated imagery here draws on Renaissance physiology, which associated the marrow and the blood (dispersed through the veins) with the natural, vital, and animal spirits causing vigour and sexual desire; since semen was held to be generated by the blood (much blood being needed for a little semen), lechery drained the system. The passage contrasts the 'sanguine' warmth of healthy youthful passion with the hellish, unquenchable lust of a desiccated profligate. His ultimate punishment is brought into account with the charnel-house image of 'hollow bones' and the judgements implied in 'damned' and 'infernal fires'. But the most brilliantly chosen term is 'spendthrift veins', which links the Duke's sexual dissipation (his 'expense of spirit in a waste of shame', as Shakespeare's Sonnet 129 puts it) to a Jacobean world of reckless financial prodigality glanced at in lines 11 and 26-9.

9 **luxur** lecher (a coinage used in *Black Book* and confined to Middleton)

11 **riot... heir** The wastrel son and heir is a favourite target in Middletonian comedy. Through such comparisons *Revenger* fuses diverse dramatic genres and relates its Italianate action to English society of the time.

13 **heartstrings** literally the tendons or nerves supposed to brace the heart, but with a musical allusion (common at the time) taken up in 'fret'

fret vexation or distress, with wordplay on the ring of gut or ridge of wood set on the fingerboard of a stringed instrument such as a lute or guitar at the proper places for the fingers

14 **poisoned love** Besides the obvious meaning that the Duke poisoned Vindice's betrothed, there is an ironic intimation that the hero's love for Gloriana has been poisoned by bitterness and hatred.

15 **study's ornament** object of meditation, in the figurative sense, but also a literal *memento mori* in his room (as in paintings of monks' or scholars' cells)

19 **heaven-pointed** turned towards heaven, but with a suggestion of the sparkling facets of a diamond; also 'appointed by heaven', 'God-given'

20 **unsightly** (a) ugly, (b) non-seeing **rings** punning on (a) the sockets of bone, and (b) a ring for the finger

22 **bought complexion** face made up with cosmetics, with a hint that the woman herself may be bought

23-4 **uprightest... day** an echo of the biblical Proverbs, 24:16, probably by way of the William Perkins's Puritan *A Treatise* (1595). 'For a just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again: but the wicked shall fall into mischief'.

26 **usurer's son** developing the image of the riotous son and heir, while sketching in an English social background of capitalist profiteering, where the usurer could amass a sizable fortune

27 **Melt** The verb gives concreteness to our sense of the process by which the young man's estate dissolves, as though molten gold were flowing away; there

is wordplay on the idea of a tender or 'melting' kiss (the collocation was not yet a cliché, but compare 4.4.147 and *Pericles*, 2.2.64-5).

28 **told** added up, accumulated

29 **his suit been cold** his advances been rejected

34 **palsy lust** The aged Duke is afflicted with spasms of lust, as from the involuntary trembling that is the chief symptom of palsy.

36 **Outbid... performances** i.e. they overestimate their physical (especially sexual) prowess; at 1.2.75 the Duchess stigmatizes the Duke as 'slack... in performance'.

38 **"Age... covetous."** This 'sentence' or pithy saying is set off with double commas in Eld's quarto, in accord with common contemporary practice.

39 **quit-rent** money paid by a freeholder to a landlord in lieu of services; vengeance is, as it were, murder's due; as Ross notes, the idea of substitute payment is less pertinent than play on 'quit' in the sense 'repay for injury'

40 **tenant** continuing the metaphor from 'quit-rent'; tragedy is the lord that revenge serves

42 **determined** decided on, with suggestions of inexorable purpose and, ironically, predestination

44 **touch** faith, her promise

45 **thee** the skull

46 **three-piled** alluding to the richest kind of velvet (with a thick pile, like that of a modern luxury carpet), and harking back to the metaphor in 'apparelled in thy flesh' in line 31

As bare as this; for banquets, ease, and laughter
 Can make great men, as greatness goes by clay,
 But wise men little are more great than they.
Enter his brother Hippolito

HIPPOLITO
 Still sighing o'er death's visor?

50 VINDICE Brother, welcome.
 What comfort bring'st thou? How go things at court?

HIPPOLITO
 In silk and silver, brother, never braver.

VINDICE Puh,
 Thou play'st upon my meaning. Prithee say,
 55 Has that bald madam, Opportunity,
 Yet thought upon's? Speak, are we happy yet?
 Thy wrongs and mine are for one scabbard fit.

HIPPOLITO
 It may prove happiness.

VINDICE What is't may prove?
 Give me to taste.

HIPPOLITO Give me your hearing then.
 You know my place at court.

60 VINDICE Ay, the Duke's chamber.
 But 'tis a marvel thou'rt not turned out yet.

HIPPOLITO
 Faith, I have been shoved at, but 'twas still my hap
 To hold by th' Duchess' skirt; you guess at that;
 Whom such a coat keeps up can ne'er fall flat.
 65 But to the purpose.
 Last evening, predecessor unto this,
 The Duke's son warily enquired for me;
 Whose pleasure I attended. He began
 By policy to open and unhusk me
 70 About the time and common rumour;
 But I had so much wit to keep my thoughts

Up in their built houses, yet afforded him
 An idle satisfaction without danger.
 But the whole aim and scope of his intent
 Ended in this, conjuring me in private
 75 To seek some strange-digested fellow forth
 Of ill-contented nature, either disgraced
 In former times or by new grooms displaced
 Since his stepmother's nuptials; such a blood,
 80 A man that were for evil only good;
 To give you the true word, some base-coined pander.

VINDICE
 I reach you, for I know his heat is such,
 Were there as many concubines as ladies,
 He would not be contained, he must fly out.
 I wonder how ill-featured, vile-proportioned
 85 That one should be, if she were made for woman,
 Whom at the insurrection of his lust
 He would refuse for once. Heart, I think none,
 Next to a skull, though more unsound than one.
 Each face he meets he strongly dotes upon.
 90 HIPPOLITO Brother, you've truly spoke him.
 He knows not you, but I'll swear you know him.

VINDICE
 And therefore I'll put on that knave for once
 And be a right man then, a man o'th' time;
 For to be honest is not to be i'th' world.
 95 Brother, I'll be that strange-composèd fellow.

HIPPOLITO
 And I'll prefer you, brother.

VINDICE Go to, then,
 The small'st advantage fattens wronged men.
 It may point out Occasion. If I meet her
 I'll hold her by the foretop fast enough,
 100 Or like the French mole heave up hair and all.

- 48 **great** quibbling on (a) large, (b) admirable
as greatness goes by clay i.e. 'in the corporeal sense of greatness'; with 'clay' (prominent as the rhyme word) as a reminder of the flesh's destiny
- 49 **wise** ... **they** compare the proverb 'Wisdom is better than riches'; 'little' means 'lowly'
- 50 **visor** mask, or face suggestive of a mask
- 52 **In ... braver** Hippolito pretends to have understood Vindice's 'How go things at court?' as 'How do court-creatures walk, parade themselves?'; braver means 'more ostentatiously'
- 53 **Puh** exclamation of dismissal
- 55 **that ... Opportunity** In Renaissance iconography and proverb lore Opportunity or Occasion was a bald, winged, figure with a single forelock, which had to be seized before she passed. By attributing Occasion's baldness to the sexual disease of a brothel 'madam' (here a prostitute rather than brothel-keeper), Vindice gives his own twist to a fusion of the emblem with that of strumpet Fortune.
- 69 **unhusk** (so as to expose the 'kernel' of truth)
- 70 **time and common rumour** probably a hendiadys = the latest gossip
- 72 **in their built houses** dwelling inside his own head, where the mind is 'housed' and thoughts occupy their allotted sections of the brain
- 76 **strange-digested** oddly constituted, and hence alienated; compare 'strange-composèd' in line 96
- 79 **blood** man of hot spirit; unless 'blood' simply means 'nature'
- 81 **base-coined** illegitimately conceived; or perhaps merely of low birth with a suggestion of the debased (like base coinage)
- 82 **reach** understand
- 86 **for woman** to be a woman
- 88-9 **none ... skull** his lust extends almost to necrophily; an ironical foreshadowing of the Duke's tryst with Gloriana's skull
- in 3.5. Vindice's words draw attention to the object that he holds.
- 93 **put on** personate
- 94 **right** fitting the accepted standards
a man o'th' time The idea is similar to that in *History of King Lear*, 24.30-1, 'men | Are as the time is', though there the context is of murderous tough-mindedness, rather than of knavish duplicity and panderism. The play repeatedly insists on the depravity of 'our age' (1.3.23), 'this present minute' (1.3.25), 'nowadays' (1.3.157), 'this luxurious day wherein we breathe' (1.3.112), and so on. The effect is to evoke a hectic 'modern' society devoted to momentary pleasures.
- 97 **prefer** recommend, promote
- 100 **foretop** forelock; compare note to 1.1.55
- 101 **French mole** a sore on the scalp due to syphilis, which causes hair to drop out; with wordplay on the mole that undermines lawn or pasture

- I have a habit that will fit it quaintly.
 [Enter Mother and Castiza]
 Here comes our mother.
- HIPPOLITO And sister.
 VINDICE We must coin.
 Women are apt, you know, to take false money.
 105 But I dare stake my soul for these two creatures,
 Only excuse excepted—that they'll swallow,
 Because their sex is easy in belief.
- MOTHER
 What news from court, son Carlo?
 HIPPOLITO Faith, Mother,
 'Tis whispered there the Duchess' youngest son
 110 Has played a rape on Lord Antonio's wife.
- MOTHER On that religious lady!
 CASTIZA
 Royal blood! Monster, he deserves to die,
 If Italy had no more hopes but he.
- VINDICE
 Sister, you've sentenced most direct and true.
 115 The law's a woman, and would she were you.
 Mother, I must take leave of you.
- MOTHER
 Leave for what?
 VINDICE I intend speedy travel.
- HIPPOLITO
 That he does, madam.
 MOTHER Speedy indeed!
 VINDICE
 For since my worthy father's funeral
 120 My life's unnatural to me, e'en compelled,
 As if I lived now when I should be dead.
- MOTHER
 Indeed, he was a worthy gentleman,
 Had his estate been fellow to his mind.
- VINDICE
 The Duke did much deject him.
 MOTHER Much.
 VINDICE Too much.
- And through disgrace oft smothered in his spirit
 125 When it would mount. Surely I think he died
 Of discontent, the nobleman's consumption.
- MOTHER
 Most sure he did.
 VINDICE Did he? 'Lack, you know all;
 You were his midnight secretary.
- MOTHER No.
 He was too wise to trust me with his thoughts.
 130 VINDICE [aside]
 I'faith then, father, thou wast wise indeed.
 "Wives are but made to go to bed and feed."—
 Come, mother, sister. You'll bring me onward,
 brother?
- HIPPOLITO
 I will.
 VINDICE [aside to Hippolito]
 I'll quickly turn into another. *Exeunt*
- Enter the old Duke, Lussurioso his son, the Duchess, Spurio the Bastard, the Duchess's two sons Ambitioso and Supervacuo, the third her youngest, Junior, brought out with Officers for the rape, two Judges*
- DUKE
 Duchess, it is your youngest son; we're sorry.
 His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour
 And stained our honours,
 Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state,
 Which envious spirits will dip their pens into
 5 After our death, and blot us in our tombs;
 For that which would seem treason in our lives
 Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper
 That dares not then speak out, and e'en proclaim
 With loud words and broad pens our closest shame?
 10
- FIRST JUDGE
 Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years,
 Full of confirmed gravity; for what is it to have
 A flattering false insculption on a tomb

102 **habit** costume
quaintly finely, ingeniously

102.1 **Castiza** Chastity (from Italian *casta*, chaste)

103 **coin** dissemble, counterfeit (taken up in 'false money' in the next line)

105-7 **But...belief** 'Vindice is sure Gratiana and Castiza will see through and reject hypocrisy or deceit, with one exception—that they will believe a good excuse, for women are credulous that way' (Foakes).

108 **Carlo** either a pet name or the sole relic of the author's original plan for naming the character

112 **Royal blood!** a sarcastic ejaculation; the blood royal is characterized by 'blood' in the sense of 'carnal appetite'

113 **hopes** i.e. heirs to the dukedom

115 **The law's a woman** alluding to the image of Justice as a female figure holding a sword or pair of scales

122 **worthy** honourable (but with a pun on 'worthy' = rich)

124 **deject** abase, depress

129 **secretary** confidant, sharer of secrets

130-2 **He...feed** The notion that women cannot keep secrets was enshrined in many a misogynistic proverb.

1.2.0.3 **Ambitioso and Supervacuo** Italian for Ambitious and Useless, Vain, Foolish
 2 **drawn...honour** i.e. wounded honour so that its blood flows. Though figuratively applied, the violent image, followed by 'stained', vividly evokes the brutality of the rape; 'honour' (as the Duke

repeats the word in the plural) carries its full range of meanings: chastity, reputation, royal dignity, decent conduct. 'Blood' leads, by way of 'stain' (and the associations of 'drawn'), to 'ink', which sets off the strand of imagery threading through the rest of the speech.

4 **Thrown...forehead** References to the 'forehead' recur, as (a) site of the cuckold's horns, (b) countenance capable of expressing shame, anger, or brazen impudence. For sexual sinfulness inscribed on the forehead see Revelations, 17:5.

5 **envious** malicious

10 **broad pens** frank or scurrilous writings
closest most secret

13 **insculption** carved inscription

15 And in men's hearts reproach? The bowelled corpse
 May be cered in, but with free tongue I speak:
 "The faults of great men through their cerecloths
 break."
 DUKE
 They do; we're sorry for't. It is our fate
 To live in fear and die to live in hate.
 I leave him to your sentence. Doom him, lords—
 20 The fact is great—whilst I sit by and sigh.
 DUCHESS [*kneeling*]
 My gracious lord, I pray be merciful,
 Although his trespass far exceed his years.
 Think him to be your own, as I am yours;
 Call him not son-in-law: the law, I fear,
 25 Will fall too soon upon his name and him.
 Temper his fault with pity.
 LUSSURIOSO Good my lord,
 Then 'twill not taste so bitter and unpleasant
 Upon the judges' palate, for offences
 Gilt o'er with mercy show like fairest women,
 30 Good only for their beauties, which washed off,
 No sin is uglier.
 AMBITIOSO I beseech your grace,
 Be soft and mild; let not relentless law
 Look with an iron forehead on our brother.
 SPURIO [*aside*]
 He yields small comfort yet. Hope he shall die,
 35 And if a bastard's wish might stand in force,
 Would all the court were turned into a corse.
 DUCHESS
 No pity yet? Must I rise fruitless then?
 A wonder in a woman! Are my knees
 Of such low metal that without respect—
 [*She rises*]
 40 FIRST JUDGE Let the offender stand forth.
 'Tis the Duke's pleasure that impartial doom
 Shall take fast hold of his unclean attempt.
 A rape! Why, 'tis the very core of lust,
 Double adultery.
 JUNIOR So, sir.
 SECOND JUDGE And, which was worse,
 45 Committed on the Lord Antonio's wife,
 That general-honest lady. Confess, my lord,
 What moved you to't?
 JUNIOR Why, flesh and blood, my lord.
 What should move men unto a woman else?
 LUSSURIOSO
 O, do not jest thy doom. Trust not an axe
 Or sword too far. The law is a wise serpent 50
 And quickly can beguile thee of thy life.
 Though marriage only has made thee my brother,
 I love thee so far—play not with thy death.
 JUNIOR
 I thank you, troth; good admonitions, faith,
 If I'd the grace now to make use of them. 55
 FIRST JUDGE
 That lady's name has spread such a fair wing
 Over all Italy that, if our tongues
 Were sparing toward the fact, judgement itself
 Would be condemned and suffer in men's thoughts.
 JUNIOR
 Well then, 'tis done, and it would please me well 60
 Were it to do again. Sure, she's a goddess,
 For I'd no power to see her and to live.
 It falls out true in this, for I must die.
 Her beauty was ordained to be my scaffold;
 And yet methinks I might be easier 'sessed. 65
 My fault being sport, let me but die in jest.
 FIRST JUDGE This be the sentence—
 DUCHESS
 O, keep't upon your tongue; let it not slip.
 Death too soon steals out of a lawyer's lip.
 Be not so cruel-wise.
 FIRST JUDGE Your grace must pardon us, 70
 'Tis but the justice of the law.
 DUCHESS The law
 Is grown more subtle than a woman should be.
 SPURIO [*aside*]
 Now, now he dies. Rid 'em away.
 DUCHESS [*aside*]
 O, what it is to have an old cool duke
 To be as slack in tongue as in performance. 75
 FIRST JUDGE
 Confirmed, this be the doom irrevocable.
 DUCHESS O!

14 **bowelled** disembowelled (for embalming)
 15 **cered in** wrapped in cerecloths (waxed sheets)
 19 **Doom** sentence
 20 **fact** crime (as also at line 58)
 24 **son-in-law** stepson (here with wordplay on 'law')
 26–31 **Good . . . uglier** Lussurioso's simile deconstructs the argument he intends, or at least pretends. Either (a) he unconsciously reveals his true feelings, or (b) he is being publicly sarcastic, or (c) lines 30–1 are an aside. The first explanation seems most probable.
 36 **corse** corpse; the old spelling is retained

for the rhyme
 37 **rise fruitless** The pun in 'fruitless' that leads to the Duchess's exclamation in line 38 is based on 'rise' = swell in pregnancy.
 39 **low metal** base metal (of little value), but with a suggestion of 'mettle' = the quality of a person's disposition; punning also on the literal sense of low, since she is kneeling
 41 **doom** judgement
 42 **attempt** assault
 46 **general-honest** wholly chaste
 56 **spread . . . wing** The image combines the idea of the extent of her fame with

suggestions of the angelic and the protective.
 61–3 **Sure . . . die** The idea that mortals cannot survive contact with the divine (probably with a specific allusion to Exodus, 33:20) is complicated by a pun on 'die' = to have sexual intercourse; the figurative death leads to the actual.
 65 **'sessed** assessed, judged
 66 **sport** playing on the senses 'amorous dalliance' and 'jesting, merrymaking'
 71–2 **law . . . woman** compare I.1.115 and note
 75 **performance** i.e. in bed

	FIRST JUDGE	Tomorrow early—	Whose prickles should bow under him; but 'tis not,	105
	DUCHESS	Pray be abed, my lord.	And therefore wedlock faith shall be forgot.	
	FIRST JUDGE	Your grace much wrongs yourself.	I'll kill him in his forehead; hate there feed.	
	AMBITIOSO	No, 'tis that tongue.	That wound is deepest, though it never bleed.	
	FIRST JUDGE	Your too much right does do us too much wrong.	[Enter <i>Spurio</i> at a distance]	
	FIRST JUDGE	Let that offender—	And here comes he whom my heart points unto,	110
80	DUCHESS	Live and be in health.	His bastard son, but my love's true-begot.	
	FIRST JUDGE	Be on a scaffold—	Many a wealthy letter have I sent him,	
	DUKE	Hold, hold, my lord.	Swelled up with jewels, and the timorous man	
	SPURIO [aside]	Pox on't,	Is yet but coldly kind.	
	DUKE	What makes my dad speak now?	That jewel's mine that quivers in his ear,	115
	DUKE	We will defer the judgement till next sitting.	Mocking his master's chillness and vain fear.	
	DUKE	In the mean time let him be kept close prisoner.	He's spied me now.	
	DUKE	Guard, bear him hence.	Madam, your grace so private?	
85	AMBITIOSO [to <i>Junior</i>]	Brother, this makes for thee.	My duty on your hand.	
	FIRST JUDGE	Fear not, we'll have a trick to set thee free.	[He kisses her hand]	
	JUNIOR	Brother, I will expect it from you both,	DUCHESS	120
	JUNIOR	And in that hope I rest.	Upon my hand, sir? Troth, I think you'd fear	
	SUPERVACUO	Farewell, be merry.	To kiss my hand too, if my lip stood there.	
	SUPERVACUO	<i>Exit Junior with a Guard</i>	SPURIO	
	SPURIO [aside]	Delayed, deferred; nay then, if judgement have cold	Witness I would not, madam.	
	SPURIO [aside]	blood,	[He kisses her]	
90	FLATTERY	Flattery and bribes will kill it.	DUCHESS	125
	DUKE	About it then, my lords, with your best powers.	For ceremony has made many fools.	
	DUKE	More serious business calls upon our hours.	It is as easy way unto a duchess	
	DUKE	<i>Exeunt, manet Duchess</i>	As to a hatted dame, if her love answer,	
	DUCHESS	Was't ever known step-duchess was so mild	But that by timorous honours, pale respects,	125
	DUCHESS	And calm as I? Some now would plot his death	Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways	
95	DUCHESS	With easy doctors, those loose-living men,	Hard of themselves. What have you thought of me?	
	DUCHESS	And make his withered grace fall to his grave	SPURIO	
	DUCHESS	And keep church better.	Madam, I ever think of you in duty,	
	DUCHESS	Some second wife would do this, and dispatch	Regard, and—	
	DUCHESS	Her double-loathèd lord at meat or sleep.	DUCHESS	130
100	DUCHESS	Indeed, 'tis true an old man's twice a child:	Puh, upon my love, I mean.	
	DUCHESS	Mine cannot speak. One of his single words	SPURIO	
	DUCHESS	Would quite have freed my youngest, dearest son	I would 'twere love, but 't'as a fouler name than lust.	
	DUCHESS	From death or durance, and have made him walk	You are my father's wife. Your grace may guess now	130
	DUCHESS	With a bold foot upon the thorny law,	What I could call it.	
	DUCHESS		DUCHESS	135
	DUCHESS		Why, thou'rt his son but falsely.	
	DUCHESS		'Tis a hard question whether he begot thee.	
	DUCHESS		SPURIO	
	DUCHESS		I'faith, 'tis true too; I'm an uncertain man,	
	DUCHESS		Of more uncertain woman. Maybe his groom	
	DUCHESS		O'th' stable begot me; you know I know not.	135
	DUCHESS		He could ride a horse well—a shrewd suspicion,	
	DUCHESS		marry.	
	DUCHESS		He was wondrous tall; he had his length, i'faith,	
	DUCHESS		For peeping over half-shut holiday windows.	

79 **too much right** excessive privilege (as a judge)

85 **makes for thee** works in your favour

95 **easy** compliant

97 **keep church better** The Duke, entombed, would be not just a more regular attendant at church but a permanent one!

100 **old**... **child** proverbial

103 **durance** imprisonment

107 **kill**... **forehead** i.e. by committing

adultery (and so furnishing his forehead with a cuckold's horns)

114 **jewel's**... **ear** A producer should ensure that Spurio wears a jewelled ear-ring.

115 **Mocking** probably 'imitating', rather than 'deriding', though possibly both; 'quivers' = glitters, but leading to the imputation of quivering timidity

123 **hatted dame** hats were worn by women of the lower orders

129 **fouler**... **lust** i.e. incest

132 **hard** difficult, but with a *double entendre*

136-7 **He could**... **length** The further sexual innuendo in 'ride' and 'length' is picked up by the Duchess in lines 142-3.

138 **peeping**... **windows** i.e. he was so tall that, mounted on a horse, he could peep over the bottom, shuttered parts of windows into the private dwellings of people relaxing on holidays

Men would desire him 'light. When he was afoot,
 140 He made a goodly show under a penthouse,
 And when he rid, his hat would check the signs
 And clatter barbers' basins.
 DUCHESS Nay, set you a-horseback once,
 You'll ne'er 'light off.
 SPURIO Indeed, I am a beggar.
 DUCHESS
 145 That's more the sign thou'rt great. But to our love:
 Let it stand firm both in thy thought and mine
 That the Duke was thy father—as no doubt then
 He bid fair for't—thy injury is the more,
 For had he cut thee a right diamond,
 150 Thou hadst been next set in the dukedom's ring,
 When his worn self, like age's easy slave,
 Had dropped out of the collet into th' grave.
 What wrong can equal this? Canst thou be tame
 And think upon't?
 SPURIO No, mad and think upon't.
 DUCHESS
 155 Who would not be revenged of such a father,
 E'en in the worst way? I would thank that sin
 That could most injury him, and be in league with it.
 O, what a grief 'tis that a man should live
 But once i'th' world and then to live a bastard,
 160 The curse o'the womb, the thief of nature,
 Begot against the seventh commandement,
 Half-damned in the conception by the justice
 Of that unbribèd everlasting law.
 SPURIO
 O, I'd a hot-backed devil to my father.
 DUCHESS
 165 Would not this mad e'en patience, make blood rough?
 Who but an eunuch would not sin, his bed
 By one false minute disinherited?
 SPURIO *[aside]*
 Ay, there's the vengeance that my birth was wrapped
 in.
 I'll be revenged for all. Now hate begin.
 I'll cut foul incest but a venial sin.
 DUCHESS
 170 Cold still? In vain then must a duchess woo?

SPURIO
 Madam, I blush to say what I will do.
 DUCHESS
 Thence flew sweet comfort. Earnest, and farewell.
 [*She kisses him*]
 SPURIO
 O, one incestuous kiss picks open hell.
 DUCHESS
 Faith, now, old Duke, my vengeance shall reach high.
 I'll arm thy brow with woman's heraldry. *Exit* 175
 SPURIO
 Duke, thou didst do me wrong, and by thy act
 Adultery is my nature.
 Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
 After some gluttonous dinner. Some stirring dish
 Was my first father, when deep healths went round 180
 And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,
 Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
 Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they risse
 Were merrily disposed to fall again.
 In such a whisp'ring and withdrawing hour, 185
 When base male-bawds kept sentinel at stair-head,
 Was I stol'n softly. O, damnation met
 The sin of feasts, drunken adultery.
 I feel it swell me. My revenge is just.
 I was begot in impudent wine and lust. 190
 Stepmother, I consent to thy desires.
 I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee
 And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
 Death, and disgrace may be their epitaphs.
 As for my brother, the Duke's only son, 195
 Whose birth is more behelden to report
 Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown—
 Women must not be trusted with their own—
 I'll loose my days upon him, hate all I.
 Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy; 200
 For indeed, a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
 Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker. *Exit*

*Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vindice in disguise as
 Piato to attend Lord Lussurioso, the Duke's son* 1.3

VINDICE
 What, brother, am I far enough from myself?

139 'light alight, dismount
 140 penthouse projecting upper storey of
 an Elizabethan house, or awning over a
 shop or stall
 141 check the signs strike the shop-signs
 hung out over the street
 142 barbers' basins distinctively shaped
 shaving dishes, often used as barbers'
 shop-signs
 143 beggar alluding to the proverb 'Set a
 beggar on horseback and he will ride a
 gallop'; here with sexual innuendo
 147 bid fair for't made a fair attempt at it
 148 cut... diamond fathered you legitim-
 ately (the image leading to 'set', 'ring',

and 'collet')
 151 collet the hollow (in a ring) in which
 the precious stone is set
 160 seventh commandement which forbade
 adultery (Exodus, 20:14)
 172 Earnest The kiss is an 'earnest' or
 pledge of favours to come.
 175 woman's heraldry cuckold's horns
 179 stirring stimulating
 182 tongues... heels 'short-tongued' =
 lispings; 'short-heeled' = wanton (see
 Tilley, S397)
 183 risse rose (a Middleton form)
 183-4 risse... again i.e. they were tipsy and
 ready for sex

187 stol'n illicitly and stealthily conceived
 189 swell The word, as it recurs (1.2.112,
 1.3.79, 1.3.122, 2.2.92, 4.1.64), tends
 to link the sins of gluttony, avarice,
 lechery, wrath, and pride; here the
 'swelling' of drunkenness and feasting
 leads to arousal for (a) sex, (b) violence.
 190 impudent shameless
 195-7 only... mine i.e. Lussurioso, the
 Duke's legitimate son, is more acceptable
 to public opinion
 199 loose... him devote my time to working
 his ruin
 1.3.1 far... myself sufficiently disguised

- 50 And not so little.
I have seen patrimonies washed a-pieces,
Fruit-fields turned into bastards,
And in a world of acres
Not so much dust due to the heir 'twas left to
55 As would well gravel a petition.
LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
Fine villain! Troth, I like him wondrously.
He's e'en shaped for my purpose.—Then thou know'st
I'th' world strange lust?
VINDICE O, Dutch lust, fulsome lust!
Drunken procreation, which begets so many drunk-
ards.
60 Some father dreads not, gone to bed in wine,
To slide from the mother and cling the daughter-in-
law.
Some uncles are adulterous with their nieces,
Brothers with brothers' wives. O, hour of incest!
Any kin now next to the rim o'th' sister
65 Is man's meat in these days, and in the morning,
When they are up and dressed and their mask on,
Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye
That sees through flesh and all? Well, if anything
Be damned, it will be twelve o'clock at night.
70 That twelve will never scape.
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin.
LUSSURIOSO
In troth, it is too. But let this talk glide.
It is our blood to err, though hell gaped loud.
75 Ladies know Lucifer fell, yet still are proud.
Now, sir, wert thou as secret as thou'rt subtle
And deeply fathomed into all estates,
I would embrace thee for a near employment,
And thou shouldst swell in money and be able
- To make lame beggars crouch to thee.
VINDICE My lord,
80 Secret? I ne'er had that disease o'th' mother,
I praise my father. Why are men made close
But to keep thoughts in best? I grant you this,
Tell but some woman a secret over night,
Your doctor may find it in the urinal i'th' morning.
85 But my lord—
LUSSURIOSO So, thou'rt confirmed in me,
And thus I enter thee.
[*He gives Vindice money*]
VINDICE This Indian devil
Will quickly enter any man—but a usurer;
He prevents that, by ent'ring the devil first.
LUSSURIOSO
Attend me. I am past my depth in lust,
90 And I must swim or drown. All my desires
Are levelled at a virgin not far from court,
To whom I have conveyed by messenger
Many waxed lines, full of my neatest spirit,
And jewels that were able to ravish her
95 Without the help of man; all which and more
She foolish-chaste sent back, the messengers
Receiving frowns for answers.
VINDICE Possible?
'Tis a rare phoenix, whoe'er she be.
If your desires be such, she so repugnant,
100 In troth, my lord, I'd be revenged and marry her.
LUSSURIOSO
Push!
The dowry of her blood and of her fortunes
Are both too mean—good enough to be bad withal.
I'm one of that number can defend
105 Marriage is good, yet rather keep a friend.

- 51 **washed a-pieces** wrecked, as by a rough sea; but with a hint of drunken profligacy in 'washed'
- 52 **Fruit-fields . . . bastards** i.e. the estate squandered on adultery and whoring (and perhaps on maintaining illegitimate children); the imagery also involves 'the ideas of true inheritance declining to false (usurers) and natural fruit debased by grafting with inferior stock' (Gibbons).
- 55 **gravel** sprinkle sand on (to dry the ink)
- 58 **Dutch** The Dutch were reputed to be heavy drinkers, and in *Trick* 'a Dutch widow' is 'an English drab'.
- 61 **To . . . daughter-in-law** 'In the sound and placing of two words, "slide" and "cling", the whole stealthy action comes alive' (Salgádo).
- 64 **rim** (a) edge, limit, (b) (rim of the) womb, (c) vagina. Here 'next to' means 'short of' (with the implication, 'though only just'); the taboo on sexual relations between brother and sister is parenthetically affirmed, but not without prurience. The tensions in Vindice's acting as procurer of Castiza for Lussurioso are foreshadowed here.
- 67 **eternal eye** The all-seeing eye of God, from which the sinning Adam and Eve try vainly to hide, was commonly pictured in emblem books.
- 70 **twelve** i.e. the twelfth of the twelve hours, as Judas was the one among the Twelve Disciples who betrayed Christ
- 74 **gaped loud** Hell is imagined as a yawning abyss from which the cries of the damned are heard.
- 75 **Lucifer** The angel Lucifer fell through the sin of pride.
- 77 **estates** classes of people
- 78 **near** private (and intimately concerning Lussurioso)
- 81 **disease o'th' mother** i.e. gossiping indiscreetly; compare I.I.I.30–2; there is a quibble on 'the mother' = hysteria. Vindice praises his father for begetting him as male, and so immune from the feminine weakness for blabbing.
- 82 **close** playing on 'close' = secret and the difference between male and female anatomy
- 85 **Your . . . morning** The reference is to the inspection of urine in the diagnosis of illness. Elements combined in Vindice's image are present in modern senses of the word 'leak'.
- 86 **confirmed in me** established in my trust
- 87 **enter** admit, initiate; in the next line Vindice takes up the word to play on its normal sense; there are suggestions, particularly in association with the religious overtones of 'confirmed', of a kind of parody of the Eucharist, or black mass.
- Indian** The Indies were sources of gold and silver, and of tales of heathen practices.
- 89 **prevents** forestalls
- 94 **waxed lines** sealed letters
- 99 **rare phoenix** paragon, after the unique mythical bird
- 100 **repugnant** resistant, hostile
- 105 **defend** contend
- 106 **friend** mistress

- Give me my bed by stealth, there's true delight;
What breeds a loathing in't but night by night?
- VINDICE
A very fine religion.
- LUSSURIOSO Therefore thus:
110 I'll trust thee in the business of my heart,
Because I see thee well experienced
In this luxurious day wherein we breathe.
Go thou and with a smooth enchanting tongue
Bewitch her ears and cozen her of all grace.
115 Enter upon the portion of her soul,
Her honour, which she calls her chastity,
And bring it into expense; for honesty
Is like a stock of money laid to sleep,
Which, ne'er so little broke, does never keep.
- VINDICE
120 You have gi'n't the tang, i'faith, my lord.
Make known the lady to me, and my brain
Shall swell with strange invention. I will move it
Till I expire with speaking and drop down
Without a word to save me; but I'll work—
- 125 LUSSURIOSO We thank thee, and will raise thee.
Receive her name: it is the only daughter
To Madam Gratiana, the late widow.
- VINDICE [*aside*]
O, my sister, my sister!
- LUSSURIOSO Why dost walk aside?
VINDICE
130 My lord, I was thinking how I might begin,
As thus, 'O lady'—or twenty hundred devices.
Her very bodkin will put a man in.
- LUSSURIOSO Ay, or the wagging of her hair.
VINDICE No, that shall put you in, my lord.
- LUSSURIOSO
Shall't? Why, content. Dost know the daughter, then?
- VINDICE
O, exc'llent well—by sight.
- 135 LUSSURIOSO That was her brother
That did prefer thee to us.
- VINDICE My lord, I think so;
I knew I had seen him somewhere.
- LUSSURIOSO
And therefore, pritheee, let thy heart to him
Be as a virgin, close.
- VINDICE O, my good lord.
- LUSSURIOSO
We may laugh at that simple age within him— 140
VINDICE Ha, ha, ha.
LUSSURIOSO
Himself being made the subtle instrument
To wind up a good fellow—
VINDICE That's I, my lord.
LUSSURIOSO That's thou.—
To entice and work his sister.
VINDICE A pure novice. 145
LUSSURIOSO
'Twas finely managed.
VINDICE Gallantly carried.
A pretty perfumed villain.
LUSSURIOSO I've bethought me:
If she prove chaste still and immovable,
Venture upon the mother, and with gifts,
As I will furnish thee, begin with her. 150
VINDICE
O fie, fie, that's the wrong end, my lord.
'Tis mere impossible that a mother by any gifts should
become a bawd to her own daughter.
LUSSURIOSO Nay then, I see thou'rt but a puny in the subtle
mystery of a woman. 155
Why, 'tis held now no dainty dish; the name
Is so in league with th'age that nowadays
It does eclipse three quarters of a mother.
VINDICE Does't so, my lord?
Let me alone, then, to eclipse the fourth. 160
LUSSURIOSO
Why, well said. Come, I'll furnish thee. But first
Swear to be true in all.
VINDICE True.
LUSSURIOSO Nay, but swear.
VINDICE
Swear? I hope your honour little doubts my faith.
LUSSURIOSO
Yet for my humour's sake, 'cause I love swearing.
VINDICE
'Cause you love swearing, 'slud, I will.
LUSSURIOSO Why, enough. 165
Ere long look to be made of better stuff.
VINDICE
That will do well indeed, my lord.
LUSSURIOSO Attend me. [*Exit*]

112 **luxurious** lecherous

115 **Enter** The word links the ideas of devil possession (as at lines 87–8 above) and sexual assault (as at line 133 below). Lussurioso's whole speech describes a Temptation by Satan, but, taking up the implications of 'business' in line 110, puts the seduction of body and soul in commercial terms.

portion birthright, dowry

117 **expense** use

119 **broke** The simple enough word catches various concerns and overtones: broken

sleep, a stock of money broken into, the hymen broken, and (through 'broker') traffic both financial and sexual.

120 **gi'n't the tang** given the true taste of it

122 **move it** urge it, plead your case

127 **Gratiana** Italian equivalent of Grace (from *gratia*, grace)

131 **bodkin** ornamental hairpin

put a man in provide an opening, serve as a conversation piece

133 **put you in** obscenely punning on pubic hair and sexual penetration

143 **wind up** prepare, excite

good fellow (a) agreeable companion, (b) thief

154 **puny** greenhorn

156 **the name** i.e. of bawd

156–8 **the . . . mother** 'The name (of bawd) is so closely connected with every woman in the age in which we live that even a mother is naturally three parts of one already' (Collins).

165 **'slud** a corruption of the oath 'God's blood'

167 **Attend me** wait on me as an attendant

VINDICE O!
 Now let me burst. I've eaten noble poison.
 We are made strange fellows, brother, innocent
 170 villains.
 Wilt not be angry when thou hear'st on't, think'st
 thou?
 I'faith, thou shalt. Swear me to foul my sister!
 Sword, I durst make a promise of him to thee:
 Thou shalt disheir him; it shall be thine honour.
 175 And yet, now angry froth is down in me,
 It would not prove the meanest policy
 In this disguise to try the faith of both.
 Another might have had the selfsame office,
 Some slave that would have wrought effectually,
 180 Ay, and perhaps o'erwrought 'em; therefore I,
 Being thought travelled, will apply myself
 Unto the selfsame form, forget my nature,
 As if no part about me were kin to 'em,
 So touch 'em—though I durst almost for good
 185 Venture my lands in heaven upon their blood. *Exit*

*Enter the discontented Lord Antonio, whose
 wife the Duchess's youngest son ravished; he
 discovering the body of her dead to certain lords;
 [Piero] and Hippolito*

ANTONIO
 Draw nearer, lords, and be sad witnesses
 Of a fair comely building newly fall'n,
 Being falsely underminèd. Violent rape
 Has played a glorious act. Behold, my lords,
 5 A sight that strikes man out of me.

PIERO
 That virtuous lady!

ANTONIO Precedent for wives!

HIPPOLITO
 The blush of many women, whose chaste presence
 Would e'en call shame up to their cheeks and make

170 fellows partners, accomplices
 174 **disheir him** prevent him from inheriting
 the kingdom (by killing him)
 175 **angry . . . down** The image is presum-
 ably of the subsidence of a tempestuous
 (frothy) sea.
 184 **touch** test
 184-5 **I durst . . . blood** I should dare,
 almost as a final act, to stake my hopes
 of eternal salvation on their strength of
 character
 1.4.0.3 **discovering** revealing. A curtained
 'discovery space' (whether alcove in the
 rear wall or temporary arrangement)
 would have been necessary for this
 revelation of the dead wife, posed as
 monumental figure of ravaged virtue.
 Presumably the curtains would have
 been closed on her at the end of the
 scene.
 2 **Of . . . fall'n** Another expression of the
 traditional idea of the body as house or
 temple; by such hints in the imagery

the play sketches a realm of religious
 thought against which its actions are
 implicitly judged; at the same time, such
 an image evokes a changing society in
 which actual buildings are demolished or
 crumble from neglect.
 4 **played . . . act** suggesting a stage action,
 and sharpening our awareness of the
 play as play (Foakes); compare 1.1.40
 7 **blush** of i.e. cause of blushes in
 9 **good colours** both 'more attractive'
 and 'more virtuous' (because blushing
 indicated they were aware of past sins)
 (Loughrey and Taylor)
 10 **drunk poison** figuratively, with reference
 to the rape
 11 **pledge** toast (by drinking poison literally)
 14 **confection** medicinal preservative (here
 in the spiritual sense)
 17 **Melius . . . vivere** Better to die in virtue
 than to live with dishonour
 20-1 **that . . . ourselves** that with as much

Pale wanton sinners have good colours.
 ANTONIO Dead.
 Her honour first drunk poison, and her life,
 10 Being fellows in one house, did pledge her honour.
 PIERO
 O grief of many!
 ANTONIO I marked not this before—
 A prayer-book the pillow to her cheek;
 This was her rich confection; and another
 Placed in her right hand, with a leaf tucked up
 15 Pointing to these words:
Melius virtute mori, quam per dedecus vivere.
 True and effectual it is indeed.

HIPPOLITO
 My lord, since you invite us to your sorrows,
 Let's truly taste 'em, that with equal comfort
 As to ourselves we may relieve your wrong.
 We have grief too, that yet walks without tongue:
Curae leves loquuntur, majores stupent.
 ANTONIO You deal with truth, my lord.
 Lend me but your attentions and I'll cut
 25 Long grief into short words. Last revelling night,
 When torch-light made an artificial noon
 About the court, some courtiers in the masque,
 Putting on better faces than their own,
 Being full of fraud and flattery, amongst whom
 30 The Duchess' youngest son, that moth to honour,
 Filled up a room; and with long lust to eat
 Into my wearing, amongst all the ladies
 Singled out that dear form who ever lived
 As cold in lust as she is now in death;
 35 Which that step-duchess' monster knew too well;
 And therefore in the height of all the revels,
 When music was heard loudest, courtiers busiest,
 And ladies great with laughter—O vicious minute,
 Unfit, but for relation, to be spoke of!—
 40 Then with a face more impudent than his visor

comfort to you as to ourselves
 23 *Curae . . . stupent* Light cares speak
 out, greater ones are dumbfounded;
 misquoted from Seneca's *Phaedra*, line
 607; common in Jacobean drama and
 current as a proverb. See also 4.2.193-8.
 29 **better faces** the masks worn in court
 entertainments
 31 **moth to honour** i.e. one who eats
 honour away
 33 **wearing** clothing (continuing the moth
 image)
 34 **Singled . . . form** The associations of
 'dear'/'deer' reinforce the hunting sense
 of 'singled out' (common in Renaissance
 writing), meaning to separate one deer
 from the herd.
 39 **great swollen** (as though with child)
 40 **but for relation** were it not for its
 essential part in the story
 41 **a face** an effrontery (but with wordplay
 on the literal face)

He harried her amidst a throng of panders
That live upon damnation of both kinds,
And fed the ravenous vulture of his lust.
45 O, death to think on't! She, her honour forced,
Deemed it a nobler dowry for her name
To die with poison than to live with shame.

HIPPOLITO

A wondrous lady, of rare fire compact!
She's made her name an empress by that act.

PIERO

50 My lord, what judgement follows the offender?

ANTONIO

Faith, none, my lord; it cools and is deferred.

PIERO Delay the doom for rape?

ANTONIO

O, you must note who 'tis should die:
The Duchess' son. She'll look to be a saver.
55 "Judgement in this age is near kin to favour."

HIPPOLITO

Nay then, step forth, thou bribeless officer.

[*He draws his sword*]

I bind you all in steel to bind you surely.
Here let your oaths meet, to be kept and paid,
Which else will stick like rust, and shame the blade.
60 Strengthen my vow, that if at the next sitting
Judgement speak all in gold and spare the blood
Of such a serpent, e'en before their seats,
To let his soul out, which long since was found
Guilty in heaven.

ALL We swear it and will act it.

[*They swear upon the sword*]

ANTONIO

65 Kind gentlemen, I thank you in mine ire.

HIPPOLITO 'Twere pity

The ruins of so fair a monument
Should not be dipped in the defacer's blood.

PIERO

Her funeral shall be wealthy, for her name
70 Merits a tomb of pearl. My lord Antonio,
For this time wipe your lady from your eyes.
No doubt our grief and yours may one day court it,
When we are more familiar with revenge.

ANTONIO

That is my comfort, gentlemen, and I joy

75 In this one happiness above the rest,

Which will be called a miracle at last,
That, being an old man, I'd a wife so chaste.
[*He closes the curtains to conceal the body*]

Exeunt

Finis Actus Primi



Incipit Actus Secundus

Enter Castiza, the sister of Vindice and Hippolito

2.1

CASTIZA

How hardly shall that maiden be beset
Whose only fortunes are her constant thoughts,
That has no other child's-part but her honour
That keeps her low and empty in estate.
Maids and their honours are like poor beginners.
Were not sin rich, there would be fewer sinners.
Why had not virtue a revèue? Well,
I know the cause: 'twould have impoverished hell.

[*Enter Dondolo*]

How now, Dondolo?

DONDOLO Madonna, there is one, as they say, a thing of
flesh and blood, a man I take him by his beard, that
would very desirously mouth to mouth with you.

CASTIZA What's that?

DONDOLO Show his teeth in your company.

CASTIZA I understand thee not.

DONDOLO Why, speak with you, madonna.

CASTIZA Why, say so, madman, and cut off a great deal
of dirty way. Had it not been better spoke in ordinary
words, that one would speak with me?

DONDOLO Ha, ha, that's as ordinary as two shillings. I
would strive a little to show myself in my place. A
gentleman-usher scorns to use the phrase and fancy of
a serving-man.

CASTIZA

Yours be your own, sir. Go, direct him hither.

[*Exit Dondolo*]

I hope some happy tidings from my brother
That lately travelled, whom my soul affects.
Here he comes.

[*Enter Vindice her brother, disguised [and bearing a
treasure chest]*]

VINDICE

Lady, the best of wishes to your sex,

42 **harried** ravished43 **kinds** sexes

44 **And...lust** This image of predatory
lust derives from the myth of Tityus,
one of the four great sinners tortured
in Hades, in his case for having attacked
Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana; his
punishment, similar to Prometheus's,
was to have a vulture feed eternally
on his liver, seat of carnal passion.
Renaissance commentators read the
myth as an allegory of the tortures
caused by immoderate love.

48 **compact** composed62 **their** i.e. the judges'

70 **pearl** Emblematic of what is pure, invaluable,
and even divine, the 'pearl' leads,
through association with teardrops, to
the bold trope in the next sentence.

72 **court it** be shown at court2.1.1 **hardly** severely3 **child's-part** inheritance

8.1 **Dondolo** Italian for a gull or foolish
servant, as in *Dissemblers* and Marston's
Fawn

17-18 **cut...way** i.e. speak directly (avoid
covering a lot of muddy ground)

20 **ordinary as two shillings** punning on a

'two-shilling ordinary', a tavern offering
meals at the fixed price of two shillings

21 **place** office

22 **gentleman-usher** gentleman (rather than
a member of the servant class) acting as
usher to a person of superior rank

26 **affects** loves

27.1-2 **bearing...chest** The need for
this is accepted by most directors; see
1.3.149-50, 2.1.85, 155, 187. The
scene either imitates or inspired *Volpone*,
3.5, in which Volpone brings on a chest
of treasure for his attempted seduction of
Celia.

- Fair skins and new gowns.
 [He gives her a letter]
- CASTIZA O, they shall thank you, sir.
 Whence this?
- 30 VINDICE O, from a dear and worthy friend,
 Mighty.
- CASTIZA From whom?
- VINDICE The Duke's son.
- CASTIZA Receive that.
A box o' th' ear to her brother
 I swòre I'd put anger in my hand
 And pass the virgin limits of myself
 To him that next appeared in that base office,
 35 To be his sin's attorney. Bear to him
 That figure of my hate upon thy cheek
 Whilst 'tis yet hot, and I'll reward thee for't.
 Tell him my honour shall have a rich name
 When several harlots shall share his with shame.
 40 Farewell, commend me to him in my hate. *Exit*
- VINDICE
 It is the sweetest box that e'er my nose came nigh,
 The finest drawn-work cuff that e'er was worn.
 I'll love this blow for ever, and this cheek
 Shall still henceforward take the wall of this.
 45 O, I'm above my tongue! Most constant sister,
 In this thou hast right honourable shown.
 Many are called by their honour that have none.
 Thou art approved for ever in my thoughts.
 It is not in the power of words to taint thee.
 50 And yet for the salvation of my oath,
 As my resolve in that point, I will lay
 Hard siege unto my mother, though I know
 A siren's tongue could not bewitch her so.
 [Enter Mother]
 Mass, fitly here she comes. Thanks, my disguise.—
 Madam, good afternoon.
- 55 MOTHER You're welcome, sir.
- VINDICE
 The next of Italy commends him to you,
 Our mighty expectation, the Duke's son.
- MOTHER
 I think myself much honoured that he pleases
- To rank me in his thoughts.
- VINDICE So may you, lady.
 One that is like to be our sudden duke—
 The crown gapes for him every tide—and then
 Commander o'er us all. Do but think on him;
 How blessed were they now that could pleasure him
 E'en with anything almost.
- MOTHER Ay, save their honour.
- VINDICE
 Tut, one would let a little of that go too
 And ne'er be seen in't, ne'er be seen in't, mark you.
 I'd wink, and let it go.
- MOTHER Marry, but I would not.
- VINDICE
 Marry, but I would, I hope. I know you would too
 If you'd that blood now which you gave your daughter.
 To her indeed 'tis, this wheel comes about.
 70 That man that must be all this, perhaps ere morning
 (For his white father does but mould away),
 Has long desired your daughter.
- MOTHER Desired?
- VINDICE Nay, but hear me:
 He desires now that will command hereafter;
 Therefore be wise.
 75 I speak as more a friend to you than him.
 Madam, I know you're poor, and, 'lack the day,
 There are too many poor ladies already.
 Why should you vex the number? 'Tis despised.
 Live wealthy. Rightly understand the world,
 80 And chide away that foolish country girl
 Keeps company with your daughter, Chastity.
- MOTHER
 O fie, fie, the riches of the world cannot hire
 A mother to such a most unnatural task.
- VINDICE
 No, but a thousand angels can;
 85 Men have no power, angels must work you to't.
 The world descends into such base-born evils
 That forty angels can make fourscore devils.
 There will be fools still, I perceive, still fools.
 90 Would I be poor, dejected, scorned of greatness,
 Swept from the palace, and see other daughters

29.1 *He gives her a letter* mentioned by
 Castiza at 2.1.138–40

35 **attorney** i.e. one who pleads on sin's
 behalf

36 **figure** image, representation

41 **box** punning on (a) blow, (b) container
 for spices or fragrant ointment (hence
 'sweetest' and 'nose')

42 **drawn-work cuff** shirt-sleeve cuff
 decorated with thread, with a pun on the
 cuff = blow that is 'worn' on his cheek;
 also 'drawn' picks up 'figure' (line 36)

44 **take the wall of** take precedence over
 (from the privilege of walking next to the
 wall as the cleaner and safer side of a

pavement)

46 **right honourable** playing on the style
 of address proper to certain peers and
 dignitaries

51 **As . . . point** Vindice is recalling his idea
 of testing his sister and mother (1.3.176–
 7).

53 **siren's tongue** In classical myth the
 sirens were sea-songstresses (half wo-
 men, half birds, though later pictured
 as mermaids) whose enchanting voices
 lured sailors to destruction.

56 **next of Italy** i.e. first in line of succession

60 **sudden duke** duke at any moment

61 **gapes . . . tide** is open to him at any time

now. Vindice's formulation blends sin-
 ister and comic overtones. Proverbially,
 what 'gapes' at the 'tide' is the oyster,
 as in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*: 'I
 have gaped as the oyster for the tide'
 (5.5.23). But the grave and hell also
 gape (1.3.74), eager to devour.

70 **wheel** wheel of fortune (turning to
 provide Castiza with an opportunity)

79 **vex the number** aggravate the situation
 by adding to the number

85 **angels** punning on the name of the gold
 coin bearing the figure of the Archangel
 Michael and worth half one pound

90 **dejected** abased, lowly

- Spring with the dew o'th' court, having mine own
So much desired and loved—by the Duke's son?
No, I would raise my state upon her breast
95 And call her eyes my tenants; I would count
My yearly maintenance upon her cheeks,
Take coach upon her lip, and all her parts
Should keep men after men, and I would ride
In pleasure upon pleasure.
100 You took great pains for her, once when it was.
Let her requite it now, though it be but some.
You brought her forth; she may well bring you home.
- MOTHER
O heavens! This overcomes me.
VINDICE [*aside*] Not, I hope, already?
MOTHER [*aside*]
105 It is too strong for me; men know that know us,
We are so weak their words can overthrow us.
He touched me nearly, made my virtues bate,
When his tongue struck upon my poor estate.
VINDICE [*aside*]
I e'en quake to proceed; my spirit turns edge.
I fear me she's unmothered, yet I'll venture.
110 "That woman is all male whom none can enter."—
What think you now, lady? Speak, are you wiser?
What said advancement to you? Thus it said:
'The daughter's fall lifts up the mother's head.'
Did it not, madam? But I'll swear it does
115 In many places. Tut, this age fears no man.
"Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis common."
- MOTHER
Ay, that's the comfort on't.
VINDICE [*aside*] The comfort on't!—
I keep the best for last. Can these persuade you
To forget heaven and—
[*He gives her money*]
MOTHER
Ay, these are they—
VINDICE O!
120 MOTHER —that enchant our sex;
These are the means that govern our affections.
That woman
Will not be troubled with the mother long
- That sees the comfortable shine of you.
I blush to think what for your sakes I'll do. 125
VINDICE [*aside*]
O suffering heaven, with thy invisible finger
E'en at this instant turn the precious side
Of both mine eyeballs inward, not to see myself!
MOTHER
Look you, sir.
VINDICE Holla.
MOTHER Let this thank your pains.
[*She gives him money*]
VINDICE O, you're a kind madam. 130
MOTHER
I'll see how I can move.
VINDICE [*aside*] Your words will sting.
MOTHER
If she be still chaste, I'll ne'er call her mine.
VINDICE [*aside*] Spoke truer than you meant it.
MOTHER
Daughter Castiza.
[*Enter Castiza*]
CASTIZA Madam.
VINDICE O, she's yonder. Meet her. 135
[*Aside*] Troops of celestial soldiers guard her heart!
Yon dam has devils enough to take her part.
CASTIZA
Madam, what makes yon evil-officed man
In presence of you?
MOTHER Why?
CASTIZA He lately brought
Immodest writing sent from the Duke's son
To tempt me to dishonourable act. 140
MOTHER
Dishonourable act? Good honourable fool,
That wouldst be honest 'cause thou wouldst be so,
Producing no one reason but thy will;
And 't'as a good report, prettily commended,
But pray, by whom? Mean people, ignorant people. 145
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it;
And by what rule should we square out our lives
But by our betters' actions? O, if thou knew'st
What 'twere to lose it, thou wouldst never keep it;

94 **state** (a) rank, (b) estate (connecting with 'raise' = build, and 'tenants')

98 **keep men after men** maintain many servants (but with a suggestion of promiscuity)

100 **once when it was** i.e. during childbirth

102 **bring you home** i.e. to the (financial) state to which you belong; this may be an antedating of *OED's Home, adv.*, 7.a, 'bring oneself home' = 'recover oneself (financially)' (first citation 1760); but the phrase also recalls an 'eternal home', ironically equating material and spiritual salvation.

106 **bate** abate, dwindle

108 **turns edge** grows blunt

109 **she's unmothered** she has lost her maternal feelings; compare 1.3.156-60
venture pronounced 'venter' (a common spelling)

110 **all male** with wordplay on 'mail' = armour

enter persuade, with the obvious sexual pun

115 **fears** frightens

123 **the mother** (a) hysteria (as a women's disease), (b) maternal concern

124 **comfortable** comforting

126 **thy invisible finger** the scriptural Hand of God, prominent in Christian iconography as symbol of the omnipotent

will, and often shown as issuing, with rays of light, from a cloud, and with three fingers extended (to represent the Trinity)

130 **kind** with the sarcastic sub-meaning 'natural, maternal'

131 **move** persuade (Castiza)

136 **dam** contemptuous term for 'mother', common in reference to 'the devil's dam'

142 **honest** chaste

147 **square out** mark out, direct; a 'square' was a footrule, so 'by what rule' plays on the abstract and concrete kinds of rule: (a) principle, criterion, (b) instrument for measuring

- 150 But there's a cold curse laid upon all maids: Times are grown wiser and will keep less charge.
 Whilst others clip the sun, they clasp the shades. A maid that has small portion now intends
 Virginity is paradise locked up. To break up house and live upon her friends.
 You cannot come by yourselves without fee, How blessed are you; you have happiness alone.
 And 'twas decreed that man should keep the key. Others must fall to thousands, you to one, 185
 155 Deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son? Sufficient in himself to make your forehead
 CASTIZA Dazzle the world with jewels, and petitionary people
 I cry you mercy, lady, I mistook you. Start at your presence.
 Pray, did you see my mother? Which way went she? MOTHER O, if I were young,
 Pray god I have not lost her. I should be ravished.
 VINDICE [*aside*] Prettily put by. CASTIZA Ay, to lose your honour.
 MOTHER VINDICE
 Are you as proud to me as coy to him? 'Slid, how can you lose your honour to deal with my
 Do you not know me now? lord's grace? 190
 160 CASTIZA Why, are you she? He'll add more honour to it by his title.
 The world's so changed, one shape into another, Your mother will tell you how.
 It is a wise child now that knows her mother. MOTHER That I will.
 VINDICE [*aside*] VINDICE
 Most right, i'faith. O, think upon the pleasure of the palace,
 MOTHER I owe your cheek my hand Secured ease and state, the stirring meats
 For that presumption now, but I'll forget it. Ready to move out of the dishes, that e'en now 195
 165 Come, you shall leave those childish haviours Quicken when they're eaten;
 And understand your time. Fortunes flow to you. Banquets abroad by torch-light, musics, sports,
 What, will you be a girl? Bare-headed vassals that had ne'er the fortune
 If all feared drowning that spy waves ashore, To keep on their own hats, but let horns wear 'em,
 Gold would grow rich and all the merchants poor. Nine coaches waiting—hurry, hurry, hurry! 200
 CASTIZA CASTIZA Ay, to the devil.
 170 It is a pretty saying of a wicked one. VINDICE [*aside*]
 But methinks now Ay, to the devil.—To th' Duke, by my faith.
 It does not show so well out of your mouth, MOTHER
 Better in his. Ay, to the Duke. Daughter, you'd scorn to think
 VINDICE [*aside*] O'th' devil an you were there once.
 Faith, bad enough in both, VINDICE [*aside*] True, for most
 Were I in earnest, as I'll seem no less. There are as proud as he for his heart, i'faith.— 205
 175 [*To Castiza*] I wonder, lady, your own mother's words Who'd sit at home in a neglected room,
 Cannot be taken, nor stand in full force. Dealing her short-lived beauty to the pictures
 'Tis honesty you urge. What's honesty? That are as useless as old men, when those
 'Tis but heaven's beggar; Poorer in face and fortune than herself
 And what woman is so foolish to keep honesty Walk with a hundred acres on their backs, 210
 180 And be not able to keep herself? No, Fair meadows cut into green foreparts? O,

151 **clip** embrace; Vindice's rhetoric puts the alternatives not only as warmth or cold, light or darkness, but as life (and the Prince, associated in Renaissance hierarchical thought with the sun) or death ('the shades' = the phantom world of Hades)

153 **come by yourselves** (a) arrive at paradise unaided, (b) fulfil yourselves; possibly also with a sexual innuendo taken up in 'key' = penis

159 **coy** disdainful

162 **It...mother** a sardonic variation on the proverb 'It is a wise child that knows his own father'

165 **haviours** manners

168 **ashore** i.e. from the shore

169 **Gold...rich** money would accumulate (and goldsmiths, who acted as bankers,

become wealthy) because it was not ventured in trade

181 **keep less charge** take less care (of virtue), but punning on 'charge' = expense

187 **petitionary people** suppliants at court (common folk)

189 **ravished** filled with delight, but Castiza takes up the literal meaning

190 'Slid' oath contracted from 'God's lid' (eyelid)

honour...grace playing on the worldly and moral kinds of 'honour' and on 'grace' as theological term and as courtesy-title

194 **stirring** stimulating, but the word also leads into 'move' and 'Quicken' to give a paradoxical (and grotesque) vitality and motion to this verbal 'still life' painting

196 **Quicken** (a) arouse, (b) come to life; there is an added hint of pregnancy

197 **musics** musical items

198-9 **Bare-headed...em** Hats were taken off in the presence of a social superior, though worn at home or even at church; 'let horns wear 'em' puns on stag-horn hatstands and cuckoldry.

204 **an if**

205 **for his heart** a colloquial phrase, adding emphasis ('for the life of him'); here suggesting the devil's commitment to pride. 'As proud as Lucifer' was proverbial.

210-11 **Walk...foreparts** satiric allusion to the sale of farms for court-wardrobes; 'foreparts' = ornamental coverings for the breast

It was the greatest blessing ever happenèd to women
 When farmers' sons agreed and met again
 To wash their hands and come up gentlemen.
 215 The commonwealth has flourished ever since.
 Lands that were mete by the rod, that labour's spared;
 Tailors ride down and measure 'em by the yard.
 Fair trees, those comely foretops of the field,
 Are cut to maintain headtires—much untold.
 220 All thrives but Chastity—she lies a-cold.
 Nay, shall I come nearer to you? Mark but this:
 Why are there so few honest women but because 'tis
 the poorer profession? That's accounted best that's best
 followed; least in trade, least in fashion; and that's not
 225 honesty, believe it. And do but note the low and dejected
 price of it:
 "Lose but a pearl, we search and cannot brook it;
 But that once gone, who is so mad to look it?"
 MOTHER
 Troth, he says true.
 CASTIZA False, I defy you both.
 230 I have endured you with an ear of fire;
 Your tongues have struck hot irons on my face.
 Mother, come from that poisonous woman there.
 MOTHER Where?
 CASTIZA
 Do you not see her? She's too inward, then.
 [To *Vindice*] Slave, perish in thy office. You heavens,
 235 please
 Henceforth to make the mother a disease,
 Which first begins with me, yet I've outgone you. *Exit*

VINDICE [*aside*]
 O angels, clap your wings upon the skies
 And give this virgin crystal plaudities!

MOTHER
 240 Peevish, coy, foolish!—But return this answer:
 My lord shall be most welcome when his pleasure
 Conducts him this way. I will sway mine own.
 Women with women can work best alone.

VINDICE Indeed, I'll tell him so.— *Exit Mother*
 245 O, more uncivil, more unnatural
 Than those base-titled creatures that look downward!
 Why does not heaven turn black, or with a frown
 Undo the world? Why does not earth start up
 And strike the sins that tread upon't? O,

Were't not for gold and women there would be no
 damnation;
 Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen without fire
 in't.
 But 'twas decreed before the world began
 That they should be the hooks to catch at man. *Exit*

Enter Lussurioso with Hippolito, Vindice's brother 2.2
 LUSSURIOSO
 I much applaud thy judgement; thou art well-read in
 a fellow,
 And 'tis the deepest art to study man.
 I know this, which I never learned in schools,
 The world's divided into knaves and fools.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 Knave in your face, my lord—behind your back. 5
 LUSSURIOSO
 And I much thank thee that thou hast preferred
 A fellow of discourse, well-minglèd,
 And whose brain time hath seasoned.
 HIPPOLITO True, my lord.
 [*Aside*] We shall find season once, I hope. O villain,
 To make such an unnatural slave of me, but— 10
 [*Enter Vindice disguised*]
 LUSSURIOSO Mass, here he comes.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 And now shall I have free leave to depart.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Your absence; leave us.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside*] Are not my thoughts true?
 I must remove, but brother, you may stay.
 Heart, we are both made bawds a new-found way! 15
Exit

LUSSURIOSO
 Now we're an even number. A third man's danger-
 ous,
 Especially her brother. Say, be free,
 Have I a pleasure toward?
 VINDICE O, my lord.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Ravish me in thine answer. Art thou rare?
 Hast thou beguiled her of salvation
 And rubbed hell o'er with honey? Is she a woman? 20
 VINDICE
 In all but in desire.
 LUSSURIOSO Then she's in nothing.

214 **come up gentlemen** come up to the
 court as gentlemen; 'up' also implies the
 rise in rank
 216 **mete** measured
 rod a unit of length (16.5 feet) or area
 217 **yard** tailor's cloth-yard (the standard 3
 feet in length)
 218 **foretops** forelocks (often arranged to
 adorn the forehead)
 219 **headtires** headdresses
untold not reckoned; i.e. much more
 might be said (Foakes)

227 **brook it** endure the loss
 228 **that** virginity (the 'honesty' of line 225)
 236 **make...disease** see notes on 1.3.81,
 2.1.123
 237 **begins with** attacks
outgone outdistanced; i.e. resisted (the
 'disease' that her mother has become)
 239 **crystal plaudities** i.e. heavenly applause,
 referring to the crystalline heavenly
 sphere of Ptolemaic cosmology
 246 **base-titled...downward** animals
 (walking upright being an attribute of

humans, and, in classical and Christian-
 humanist ideology, a sign of kinship with
 the divine)
 2.2.7 **discourse** fluent conversation
well-minglèd well constituted
 8 **seasoned** matured
 9 **season** i.e. a fit time for revenge
 18 **toward** imminent; stressed on the first
 syllable
 19 **rare** of exceptional merit (having
 succeeded)

I bate in courage now.
 VINDICE The words I brought
 25 Might well have made indifferent honest naught.
 A right good woman in these days is changed
 Into white money with less labour far.
 Many a maid has turned to Mahomet
 With easier working. I durst undertake,
 30 Upon the pawn and forfeit of my life,
 With half those words to flat a puritan's wife.
 But she is close and good; yet 'tis a doubt
 By this time. O, the mother, the mother!
 LUSSURIOSO
 I never thought their sex had been a wonder
 Until this minute. What fruit from the mother?
 VINDICE [*aside*]
 35 Now must I blister my soul, be forsworn,
 Or shame the woman that received me first.
 I will be true; thou liv'st not to proclaim;
 Spoke to a dying man, shame has no shame.—
 My lord.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Who's that?
 VINDICE Here's none but I, my lord.
 LUSSURIOSO
 What would thy haste utter?
 VINDICE Comfort.
 40 LUSSURIOSO Welcome.
 VINDICE
 The maid being dull, having no mind to travel
 Into unknown lands, what did me I straight
 But set spurs to the mother. Golden spurs
 Will put her to a false gallop in a trice.
 45 LUSSURIOSO Is't possible that in this
 The mother should be damned before the daughter?
 VINDICE O, that's good manners, my lord. The mother for
 her age must go foremost, you know.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Thou'st spoke that true; but where comes in this
 comfort?
 VINDICE
 50 In a fine place, my lord. The unnatural mother
 Did with her tongue so hard beset her honour
 That the poor fool was struck to silent wonder;

Yet still the maid, like an unlighted taper,
 Was cold and chaste, save that her mother's breath
 Did blow fire on her cheeks. The girl departed,
 55 But the good ancient madam, half mad, threw me
 These promising words, which I took deeply note of:
 'My lord shall be most welcome—'
 LUSSURIOSO Faith, I thank her.
 VINDICE
 'When his pleasure conducts him this way—'
 LUSSURIOSO
 That shall be soon, i'faith.
 VINDICE 'I will sway mine own—' 60
 LUSSURIOSO
 She does the wiser. I commend her for't.
 VINDICE
 'Women with women can work best alone.'
 LUSSURIOSO By this light, and so they can, give 'em their
 due; men are not comparable to 'em.
 VINDICE No, that's true, for you shall have one woman 65
 knit more in an hour than any man can ravel again in
 seven-and-twenty year.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Now my desires are happy; I'll make 'em freemen
 now.
 Thou art a precious fellow; faith, I love thee.
 Be wise, and make it thy revèue: beg, leg. 70
 What office couldst thou be ambitious for?
 VINDICE Office, my lord? Marry, if I might have my wish,
 I would have one that was never begged yet.
 LUSSURIOSO Nay then, thou canst have none.
 VINDICE Yes, my lord, I could pick out another office yet; 75
 nay, and keep a horse and drab upon't.
 LUSSURIOSO Prithee, good bluntness, tell me.
 VINDICE Why, I would desire but this, my lord: to have
 all the fees behind the arras, and all the farthingales
 that fall plump about twelve o'clock at night upon the 80
 rushes.
 LUSSURIOSO Thou'rt a mad apprehensive knave. Dost think
 to make any great purchase of that?
 VINDICE O, 'tis an unknown thing, my lord. I wonder 't'as
 been missed so long. 85
 LUSSURIOSO
 Well, this night I'll visit her, and 'tis till then

23 **bate in courage** decline in ardour
 24 **made...naught** corrupted a woman who
 was moderately virtuous; the adjectival
 'indifferent honest' is made to stand for
 the (limited) virtue and for the person
 possessing it, so that 'naught' is both
 'wicked' and the 'nothing' to which a
 measure of chastity is reduced
 26 **white money** silver; i.e. she is converted
 into a prostitute
 27 **turned to Mahomet** converted to pa-
 ganism (with a nod towards the Muslim
 harem); pagan was a cant term for
 prostitute
 29 **pawn...life** one of the several examples
 of hendiadys in this play; Vindice would

pawn his life, knowing that it would be
 forfeit should he fail
 30 **flat** (a) overcome, (b) put her on her back
 31 **close** not open to persuasion
 35 **be forsworn** see 1.3.172
 37 **thou** i.e. Lussurioso
 39 **Who's that?** Presumably Vindice,
 preoccupied with the dilemma expressed
 in his aside, forgot his 'Piato' voice as he
 addressed 'My lord'.
 42 **did me I** the 'ethic dative', colloquial and
 emphatic
 43-4 **But...trice** playing on the associations
 of 'spur': the golden spurs of a knight,
 the golden coin called a 'spur-royal'
 49 **this comfort** i.e. that promised in line 40

66 **knit** figuratively, probably in the sense
 'unite or combine intimately'
ravel unravel
 68 **happy** fortunate
 70 **leg** bow
 71-81 **What...rushes** satirically alluding to
 abuse in the distribution of monopolies
 76 **drab** whore
 79 **fees behind the arras** i.e. fees for ar-
 ranging sexual assignations behind a
 tapestry screen
farthingales hooped petticoats
 81 **rushes** commonly strewn on floors
 82 **apprehensive** witty
 83 **purchase** profit

- A year in my desires. Farewell, attend.
Trust me with thy preferment.
- VINDICE My loved lord.—
Exit Lussurioso
- [*He draws his sword*]
O, shall I kill him o'th' wrong side now? No!
Sword, thou wast never a backbiter yet.
I'll pierce him to his face. He shall die looking upon
me.
Thy veins are swelled with lust. This shall unfill 'em.
Great men were gods, if beggars could not kill 'em.
Forgive me, heaven, to call my mother wicked.
O, lessen not my days upon the earth.
I cannot honour her. By this I fear me
Her tongue has turned my sister into use.
I was a villain not to be forsworn
To this our lecherous hope, the Duke's son;
For lawyers, merchants, some divines, and all
Count beneficial perjury a sin small.
It shall go hard yet, but I'll guard her honour
And keep the ports sure.
Enter Hippolito
- HIPPOLITO Brother, how goes the world?
I would know news of you. But I have news to tell
you.
- VINDICE
What, in the name of knavery?
- 105 HIPPOLITO Knavery, faith.
This vicious old Duke's worthily abused;
The pen of his bastard writes him cuckold.
- VINDICE
His bastard?
- HIPPOLITO Pray, believe it. He and the Duchess
By night meet in their linen. They have been seen
By stair-foot panders.
- 110 VINDICE O, sin foul and deep!
Great faults are winked at when the Duke's asleep.
- [*Enter Spurio with two Servants*]
See, see, here comes the Spurio.
- HIPPOLITO Monstrous luxur!
VINDICE
Unbraced, two of his valiant bawds with him.
[*A Servant whispers to Spurio*]
O, there's a wicked whisper; hell is in his ear.
Stay, let's observe his passage.
[*Vindice and Hippolito withdraw*]
- SPURIO O, but are you sure on't? 115
SERVANT
My lord, most sure on't, for 'twas spoke by one
That is most inward with the Duke's son's lust
That he intends within this hour to steal
Unto Hippolito's sister, whose chaste life
The mother has corrupted for his use. 120
- SPURIO
Sweet word, sweeter occasion! Faith, then, brother,
I'll disinherit you in as short time
As I was when I was begot in haste.
I'll damn you at your pleasure—precious deed!
After your lust, O, 'twill be fine to bleed. 125
Come, let our passing out be soft and wary.
Exeunt Spurio and Servants
- VINDICE
Mark, there, there, that step, now to the Duchess.
This their second meeting writes the Duke cuckold
With new additions, his horns newly revived.
Night, thou that lookst like funeral heralds' fees,
Torn down betimes i'th' morning, thou hang'st fitly
To grace those sins that have no grace at all.
Now 'tis full sea abed over the world,
There's juggling of all sides. Some that were maids
E'en at sunset are now perhaps i'th' toll-book. 130
This woman in immodest thin apparel
Lets in her friend by water. Here a dame,
Cunning, nails leather hinges to a door 135

89 **o'th' wrong side** in the back

95–6 **O, lessen...** **her** referring to Exodus, 20:12, 'Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

96 **By this** by now

97 **use** (a) prostitution, (b) profit; usury and whoredom are closely linked in the satirical thinking of the time

100 **and all** Presumably this is the colloquial filler, meaning *et cetera*.

101 **beneficial perjury** referring to the doctrine justifying equivocation or lying under oath for a good cause (Ross)

102 **It...but** idiomatic phrase introducing a statement of what will happen unless overwhelming difficulties prevent it

103 **ports** gates; thus drawing out the latent metaphor in 'guard'

107 **pen** punning on the slang for penis

112 **the Spurio** Use of the definite article brings out the meaning of the name: 'the illegitimate one'.

luxur lecher

113 **Unbraced** unbuttoned, with clothes loosened

127 **Mark...Duchess** Vindice and Hippolito, having watched but not overheard Spurio and his servants, draw a false conclusion.

128–9 **writes...revived** continuing the image of line 107 and alluding to the 'new additions' sometimes penned for the revival of old plays and advertised on quarto title-pages; with a pun on 'additions' = titles

130 **funeral heralds' fees** Perhaps the herald's exorbitant fees are equated with

the displays they organized—of black-framed escutcheons, shields, pennons, crested helmets, and other trappings. The fees charged by heralds on funeral occasions were high. See also Textual Notes.

133 **full sea** high tide (in sexual activity)

134 **juggling** deception

135 **toll-book** literally a book recording the sale of animals at market; here an imagined register of prostitutes, or even of the damned

137 **friend** lover

by water A lover could arrive silently by boat at a London house backing onto the Thames. Also the probable currency of 'water' = semen adds to the sexual innuendo, especially in association with 'let in'.

140 To avoid proclamation. Now cuckolds are
A-coining, apace, apace, apace, apace,
And careful sisters spin that thread i'th' night
That does maintain them and their bawds i'th' day.
HIPPOLITO
You flow well, brother.
VINDICE Puh, I'm shallow yet,
Too sparing and too modest. Shall I tell thee?
145 If every trick were told that's dealt by night,
There are few here that would not blush outright.
HIPPOLITO
I am of that belief too.
VINDICE Who's this comes?
[Enter *Lussurioso*]
The Duke's son up so late? Brother, fall back,
And you shall learn some mischief.—
[*Hippolito withdraws*]
My good lord.
LUSSURIOSO
150 Piato! Why, the man I wished for. Come,
I do embrace this season for the fittest
To taste of that young lady.
VINDICE [aside] Heart and hell!
HIPPOLITO [aside] Damned villain!
VINDICE [aside]
I ha' no way now to cross it but to kill him.
LUSSURIOSO
Come, only thou and I.
155 VINDICE My lord, my lord!
LUSSURIOSO
Why dost thou start us?
VINDICE I'd almost forgot—
The bastard!
LUSSURIOSO What of him?
VINDICE This night, this hour,
This minute, now—
LUSSURIOSO What, what?
VINDICE Shadows the Duchess—
LUSSURIOSO
Horrible word!
VINDICE And like strong poison eats
Into the Duke your father's forehead.
LUSSURIOSO O!
VINDICE
He makes horn royal.
LUSSURIOSO Most ignoble slave!
VINDICE
This is the fruit of two beds.
LUSSURIOSO I am mad.
VINDICE
That passage he trod warily.
LUSSURIOSO He did!
VINDICE
And hushed his villains every step he took.
LUSSURIOSO His villains? I'll confound them.
VINDICE Take 'em finely, finely now.
LUSSURIOSO
The Duchess' chamber door shall not control me.
[*Exeunt Lussurioso and Vindice*]
HIPPOLITO
Good, happy, swift! There's gunpowder i'th' court,
Wildfire at midnight. In this heedless fury
He may show violence to cross himself.
170 I'll follow the event. *Exit*
[*Enter again [Lussurioso, with sword drawn, and Vindice, disguised]*]
2.3
LUSSURIOSO Where is that villain?

139 **proclamation** exposure as adulteress (having been betrayed by squeaking hinges)
140 **A-coining** being coined or created. Vindice gives a paradoxical twist to the idea of sexual activity as a 'coining' or engendering of children.
apace... apace The play catches a sense of frantic hedonism in its rhythms, as well as in its imagery; the repetition here suggests a scarcely controlled excitement. Compare the urgent insistence of Vindice's 'sales-talk' at 2.1.200, 'hurry, hurry, hurry!', which Castiza rightly hears as an invitation to join the heedless rush to 'the devil'.
141 **sisters** 'sisters of the game' whose housework is in 'houses of resort'. The imagery combines suggestions of the Fates with the bawdiness of Sir Toby Belch's 'spin it off' in *Twelfth Night*, 1.3.98-100. 'Sisters' is also a loaded word in view of Vindice's situation in respect to Castiza.
145 **trick** (a) card hand (sustained in 'told' = counted, and in 'dealt'), (b) stratagem,

(c) act of intercourse
146 **here** in the audience
150 **Piato** Vindice's assumed name, which means 'hidden'
156 **start** startle
158 **Shadows** either (a) closely attends upon, or (b) covers (though *OED* records no specifically sexual sense)
159-60 **And... forehead** The simile unites two image motifs, of poison and the forehead (as expressing either shame or impudence and as site for the cuckolds horns).
161 **horn royal** i.e. a royal cuckold, with a pun on 'royal' as a branch of a stag's antlers (possibly used as an aphrodisiac); 'horn royal' is formed on the analogy of such expressions as 'battle royal'
162 **fruit of two beds** i.e. a result of the Duke's begetting Spurio in a bed other than his own and the Duchess's
164 **villains** servants
169 **Wildfire** highly inflammable substance used in war
170 **cross** thwart
2.3.0.1-2 **Enter... disguised** Di Trevis,

director of the Royal Shakespeare Company's production at the Swan (1987), found 2.3 a 'dreadful scene' to stage. Presumably in the Jacobean theatre the bed was set up within the 'discovery space' (curtained alcove in the stage wall or curtained booth projecting from it), and the Duke and Duchess would soon have leapt out. The imaginary setting appears unobtrusively to change from the Duchess's bed-chamber to 'the court'. Use of the discovery space would allow the bed to be concealed as the action spilled out onto the main platform and involved most of the cast. On the other hand, Jacobean beds were themselves commonly curtained, so that the scene could have been managed through the thrusting of a bed out onto the stage. And even if, as this edition's stage directions assume, the discovery space was used, its curtains may have been opened at the beginning of the scene, and the furnishings of the bed pulled back at line 7.

- VINDICE
Softly, my lord, and you may take 'em twisted.
- LUSSURIOSO
I care not how.
- VINDICE O, 'twill be glorious
To kill 'em doubled, when they're heaped. Be soft, my lord.
- LUSSURIOSO
5 Away, my spleen is not so lazy. Thus and thus
I'll shake their eyelids ope, and with my sword
Shut 'em again for ever.—Villain! Strumpet!
[*He pulls back the curtains of the discovery space
to reveal the Duke and Duchess in bed*]
- DUKE
You upper guard defend us!
- DUCHESS Treason, treason!
- DUKE
10 O, take me not in sleep. I have great sins.
I must have days,
Nay months, dear son, with penitential heaves,
To lift 'em out and not to die unclear.
O, thou wilt kill me both in heaven and here.
- LUSSURIOSO
I am amazed to death.
- DUKE Nay, villain, traitor,
15 Worse than the foulest epithet, now I'll gripe thee
E'en with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the lawyers. Guard!
[*Enter [Guards, who seize Lussurioso; Hippolito,
Nobles, and sons of the Duchess, Ambitioso and
Supervacuo*]
- FIRST NOBLE
How comes the quiet of your grace disturbed?
- DUKE
20 This boy, that should be myself after me,
Would be myself before me, and in heat
Of that ambition bloodily rushed in,
Intending to depose me in my bed.
- SECOND NOBLE
Duty and natural loyalty forbid!
- DUCHESS
25 He called his father villain, and me strumpet,
A word that I abhor to file my lips with.
- AMBITIOSO
That was not so well done, brother.
- LUSSURIOSO I am abused.
I know there's no excuse can do me good.
- VINDICE [*aside to Hippolito*]
'Tis now good policy to be from sight.
His vicious purpose to our sister's honour
Is crossed beyond our thought.
- HIPPOLITO [*aside to Vindice*] You little dreamt
30 His father slept here.
- VINDICE [*aside to Hippolito*]
O, 'twas far beyond me.
But since it fell so, without frightful words,
Would he had killed him; 'twould have eased our
swords.
[*Vindice and Hippolito*] *dissemble a flight [and steal
away]*
- DUKE
Be comforted, our Duchess; he shall die.
[*Exit Duchess*]
- LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
Where's this slave-pander now? Out of mine eye,
35 Guilty of this abuse.
[*Enter Spurio with two Servants, his villains. [They
talk apart.]*]
- SPURIO You're villains, fablers.
You have knaves' chins and harlots' tongues. You lie,
And I will damn you with one meal a day.
- FIRST SERVANT
O, good my lord!
- SPURIO 'Sblood, you shall never sup.
- SECOND SERVANT
O, I beseech you, sir!
- SPURIO To let my sword
40 Catch cold so long and miss him.
- FIRST SERVANT Troth, my lord,
'Twas his intent to meet there.
- SPURIO Heart, he's yonder.
Ha, what news here? Is the day out o'th' socket,
That it is noon at midnight, the court up?
How comes the guard so saucy with his elbows?
45
- LUSSURIOSO [*aside*] The bastard here?
Nay then, the truth of my intent shall out.—

5 **spleen** The spleen was viewed as seat of passions, such as violent anger.

8 **upper guard** the guard nearest the bedchamber

11 **heaves** sighs

14 **I am . . . death** Lussurioso may let fall his sword here. It is for actors and director to decide at what point the Duke and Duchess leap out of bed.

16 **nerves** sinews

23 **forfend** forbid

25 **file** defile

26 **abused** imposed upon

32 **frightful** frightening; Vindice probably means that he wishes Lussurioso had

killed the Duke before alarming and warning him

33.1 **dissemble a flight** The phrase suggests an exaggerated miming of stealing away.

35 **slave-pander** i.e. Piato

Out of mine eye out of sight; nowhere to be seen

36-45 This dialogue is ignored by others on stage. It is a feature of Middleton's dramaturgy that when single characters or groups of characters enter they often fail—at first or, as in this case, at any time during the scene—to interact with those already on stage, as though they were isolated by their own concerns.

Hence the prevalence of asides. But Spurio's explosive entry leads into dialogue 'apart', rather than aside.

37 **harlots'** a general term of abuse, applicable to either sex

43 **out o'th' socket** perhaps like Hamlet's 'The time is out of joint', i.e. in an abnormal state; but the phrase carries suggestions of the traditional analogy of the sun ('the day') to God's eye, displaced and shining/open at the wrong time

45 **his elbows** i.e. Lussurioso's, held by guards

My lord and father, hear me.
 DUKE Bear him hence.
 LUSSURIOSO I can with loyalty excuse—
 50 DUKE Excuse? To prison with the villain.
 Death shall not long lag after him.
 SPURIO [*aside*]
 Good, i'faith; then 'tis not much amiss.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Brothers, my best release lies on your tongues.
 I pray, persuade for me.
 AMBITIOSO It is our duties.
 Make yourself sure of us.
 55 SUPERVACUO We'll sweat in pleading.
 LUSSURIOSO
 And I may live to thank you.
Exeunt [Lussurioso, Nobles, and Guards]
 AMBITIOSO [*aside*] No, thy death
 Shall thank me better.
 SPURIO [*aside*] He's gone. I'll after him
 And know his trespass, seem to bear a part
 In all his ills, but with a puritan heart.
Exit [Spurio with his Servants]
 AMBITIOSO [*to Supervacuo*]
 60 Now, brother, let our hate and love be woven
 So subtly together that in speaking
 One word for his life we may make three for his death.
 The craftiest pleader gets most gold for breath.
 SUPERVACUO [*to Ambitioso*]
 Set on, I'll not be far behind you, brother.
 65 DUKE Is't possible
 A son should be disobedient as far as the sword?
 It is the highest, he can go no further.
 AMBITIOSO
 My gracious lord, take pity.
 DUKE Pity, boys?
 AMBITIOSO
 70 Nay, we'd be loth to move your grace too much;
 We know the trespass is unpardonable,
 Black, wicked, and unnatural.
 SUPERVACUO In a son, O, monstrous!
 AMBITIOSO Yet, my lord,
 A duke's soft hand strokes the rough head of law
 And makes it lie smooth.
 DUKE But my hand shall ne'er do't.
 AMBITIOSO
 That as you please, my lord.
 SUPERVACUO We must needs confess
 75 Some father would have entered into hate

So deadly pointed that before his eyes
 He would ha' seen the execution sound,
 Without corrupted favour.
 AMBITIOSO But, my lord,
 Your grace may live the wonder of all times
 In pard'ning that offence which never yet
 Had face to beg a pardon.
 DUKE [*aside*] Honey? How's this?
 AMBITIOSO
 Forgive him, good my lord, he's your own son—
 And I must needs say 'twas the vilelier done.
 SUPERVACUO
 He's the next heir—yet this true reason gathers:
 None can possess that dispossess their fathers.
 80 Be merciful—
 DUKE [*aside*] Here's no stepmother's wit.
 I'll try 'em both upon their love and hate.
 AMBITIOSO
 Be merciful, although—
 DUKE You have prevailed.
 My wrath, like flaming wax, hath spent itself.
 I know 'twas but some peevish moon in him.
 90 Go, let him be released.
 SUPERVACUO [*aside*] 'Sfoot, how now, brother?
 AMBITIOSO
 Your grace doth please to speak beside your spleen.
 I would it were so happy.
 DUKE Why, go, release him.
 SUPERVACUO
 O, my good lord, I know the fault's too weighty
 And full of general loathing, too inhuman,
 95 Rather by all men's voices worthy death.
 DUKE 'Tis true too.
 Here then, receive this signet. Doom shall pass.
 Direct it to the judges. He shall die
 Ere many days. Make haste.
 AMBITIOSO All speed that may be.
 100 We could have wished his burden not so sore.
 We knew your grace did but delay before.
Exeunt Ambitioso and Supervacuo
 DUKE
 Here's envy with a poor thin cover o'er't,
 Like scarlet hid in lawn, easily spied through.
 This their ambition by the mother's side
 105 Is dangerous and for safety must be purged.
 I will prevent their envies. Sure it was
 But some mistaken fury in our son,
 Which these aspiring boys would climb upon.

59 **puritan** hypocritical
 61 **subtly** pronounced as trisyllabic
 77 **sound** fully performed
 81 **Honey** sweet words
 86 **no stepmother's wit** The Duke, who sees through the blatant hypocrisy of Ambitioso and Supervacuo, means that they lack the Duchess's shrewdness or

'mother wit'.
 90 **peevish moon** senseless fit of frenzy (the moon provoking 'lunes' or lunatic behaviour)
 92 **beside your spleen** with your anger set aside
 98 **signet** a small seal (usually on a ring)

employed to give authority, in this case to a merely verbal command
 103 **envy** malice
 104 **scarlet** rich, bright red cloth
lawn linen so fine as to be partially transparent
 107 **prevent** forestall

- 110 He shall be released suddenly.
Enter Nobles
- FIRST NOBLE
Good morning to your grace.
- DUKE
Welcome, my lords.
[*The Nobles kneel before the Duke*]
- SECOND NOBLE
Our knees shall take away the office of our feet for ever,
Unless your grace bestow a father's eye
Upon the clouded fortunes of your son,
115 And in compassionate virtue grant him that
Which makes e'en mean men happy, liberty.
- DUKE [*aside*]
How seriously their loves and honours woo
For that which I am about to pray them do.—
Why, rise, my lords, your knees sign his release.
120 We freely pardon him.
- FIRST NOBLE
We owe your grace much thanks, and he much duty.
Exeunt Nobles
- DUKE
It well becomes that judge to nod at crimes
That does commit greater himself and lives.
I may forgive a disobedient error
125 That expect pardon for adultery
And in my old days am a youth in lust.
Many a beauty have I turned to poison
In the denial, covetous of all.
Age hot is like a monster to be seen;
130 My hairs are white and yet my sins are green. [*Exit*]
Finis Actus Secundi
- ⊗
- 3.1 *Incipit Actus Tertius*
Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo
- SUPERVACUO
Brother, let my opinion sway you once.
I speak it for the best, to have him die
Surest and soonest. If the signet come
Unto the judges' hands, why then his doom
5 Will be deferred till sittings and court-days,
- Juries and further. Faiths are bought and sold.
Oaths in these days are but the skin of gold.
- AMBITIOSO
In troth, 'tis true too.
- SUPERVACUO
Then let's set by the judges
And fall to the officers. 'Tis but mistaking
The Duke our father's meaning, and where he named
10 'Ere many days', 'tis but forgetting that
And have him die i'th' morning.
- AMBITIOSO
Excellent,
Then am I heir—duke in a minute!
- SUPERVACUO [*aside*]
Nay,
An he were once puffed out, here is a pin
Should quickly prick your bladder.
- AMBITIOSO
Blessed occasion!
15 He being packed, we'll have some trick and wile
To wind our younger brother out of prison
That lies in for the rape. The lady's dead,
And people's thoughts will soon be buried.
- SUPERVACUO
We may with safety do't, and live and feed.
20 The Duchess' sons are too proud to bleed.
- AMBITIOSO
We are, i'faith, to say true. Come, let's not linger.
I'll to the officers. Go you before
And set an edge upon the executioner.
- SUPERVACUO
Let me alone to grind him.
- AMBITIOSO
Meet! Farewell.—
25 *Exit Supervacuo*
- I am next now; I rise just in that place
Where thou'rt cut off—upon thy neck, kind brother;
The falling of one head lifts up another. *Exit*
- Enter with the Nobles, Lussurioso from prison*
- LUSSURIOSO
My lords, I am so much indebted to your loves
For this, O, this delivery.
- FIRST NOBLE
But our duties,
My lord, unto the hopes that grow in you.
- LUSSURIOSO
If e'er I live to be myself, I'll thank you.

110 **suddenly** immediately
113–14 **eye...clouded** The collocation evokes the analogy of ruler (and his eye) to the sun.
115 **virtue** power
124 **disobedient error** lapse into disobedience (neglect of filial duty); a transferred epithet
127–8 **turned...denial** poisoned when she rejected my advances
128 **all** i.e. all beautiful women
130 **green** youthful
3.1.7 **skin of gold** i.e. a mere cover for the

true regulator of the judicial process, which is money
8 **set by** bypass
9 **fall to** proceed to
14 **puffed out** extinguished (like a flame), in so far as 'he' = Lussurioso; but in the sense 'blown up' the phrase also relates to the sudden inflation and deflation of Ambitioso's status
16 **pin** i.e. his sword
16 **packed** packed off
24 **set an edge upon** make keen (the executioner in the figurative sense, and

the axe in the literal); 'grind' continues the wordplay
25 **Meet!** Right! ('meet' = fitting)
26–7 **I rise...brother** The wording recalls the fabulous snake-like monster Hydra, whose heads grew again as fast as they were cut off; compare 3.5.222–3. The 'kind brother' is Lussurioso, with play on 'kind' as natural, kindred.
28 **head** punning on literal head and (prospective) head of family and state
3.2.2 **But** merely
4 **myself** i.e. Duke

5 O liberty, thou sweet and heavenly dame!
But hell for prison is too mild a name. *Exeunt*

3.3 *Enter Ambitioso and Supervacuo with Officers*

AMBITIOSO
Officers, here's the Duke's signet, your firm warrant,
Brings the command of present death along with it
Unto our brother, the Duke's son. We are sorry
That we are so unnaturally employed

5 In such an unkind office, fitter far
For enemies than brothers.

SUPERVACUO But you know
The Duke's command must be obeyed.

FIRST OFFICER
It must and shall, my lord. This morning then;
So suddenly?

AMBITIOSO Ay, alas, poor good soul,
10 He must break fast betimes. The executioner
Stands ready to put forth his cowardly valour.

SECOND OFFICER Already?

SUPERVACUO
Already, i'faith. O sir, destruction hies,
And he that is least impudent soonest dies.

FIRST OFFICER
15 Troth, you say true, my lord. We take our leaves.
Our office shall be sound. We'll not delay
The third part of a minute.

AMBITIOSO Therein you show
Yourselves good men and upright officers.
Pray let him die as private as he may,
20 Do him that favour, for the gaping people
Will but trouble him at his prayers
And make him curse and swear, and so die black.
Will you be so far kind?

FIRST OFFICER It shall be done, my lord.

AMBITIOSO
Why, we do thank you. If we live to be,
You shall have a better office.

25 SECOND OFFICER Your good lordship.

SUPERVACUO
Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.

FIRST OFFICER
We'll weep, and do your commendations.
Exeunt [Officers]

AMBITIOSO
Fine fools in office!

SUPERVACUO Things fall out so fit.

AMBITIOSO
So happily. Come, brother, ere next clock
His head will be made serve a bigger block. *Exeunt* 30

Enter in prison Junior Brother [and his Keeper] 3.4

JUNIOR
Keeper.

KEEPER My lord.

JUNIOR No news lately from our brothers?
Are they unmindful of us?

KEEPER
My lord, a messenger came newly in
And brought this from 'em.
He gives him a letter

JUNIOR Nothing but paper comforts?
I looked for my delivery before this, 5
Had they been worth their oaths. Prithce, be from us. *[Exit Keeper]*

Now, what say you, forsooth? Speak out, I pray.
[He reads the letter]
'Brother, be of good cheer.'—'Slud, it begins like a
whore, with good cheer. 'Thou shalt not be long a
prisoner.'—Not five-and-thirty year like a bankrupt, I
10 think so! 'We have thought upon a device to get thee
out by a trick.'—By a trick? Pox o' your trick, an it
be so long a-playing! 'And so rest comforted. Be merry
and expect it suddenly.'—Be merry? Hang merry, draw
and quarter merry! I'll be mad! Is't not strange that a
15 man should lie in a whole month for a woman? Well,
we shall see how sudden our brothers will be in their
promise. I must expect still a trick. I shall not be long a
prisoner.
[Enter Keeper]
How now, what news? 20

KEEPER
Bad news, my lord; I am discharged of you.

JUNIOR
Slave, call'st thou that bad news? *[Aside]* I thank you,
brothers.

KEEPER
My lord, 'twill prove so. Here come the officers
Into whose hands I must commit you.
[Enter four Officers]

JUNIOR Ha,
Officers? What, why?

FIRST OFFICER You must pardon us, my lord. 25
Our office must be sound. Here is our warrant,

3.3.5 **unkind** with the older sense of 'unnatural', as well as 'cruel'

10 **betimes** early in the morning

13 **hies** hurries

14 **impudent** lacking in shame or decency; the whole line is ironic both in relation to (a) the true nature of Lussurioso and (b) the fate of Junior (who 'soonest dies').

16 **sound** properly performed

22 **black** damned

24 **If we live to be** i.e. if I ('we' is the royal we) live to be Duke

30 **block** the executioner's block; quibbling on 'block' = size of hat

3.4.9 **good cheer** quibbling on the meaning 'good entertainment'

10 **Not . . . bankrupt** The bankrupt, imprisoned for debt, could not resort to bribery!

14-15 **Hang . . . quarter merry** alluding to

the traditional punishment for treason: 'draw' = disembowel, 'quarter' = cut into quarters, dismember

16 **lie in** i.e. lie in prison, be confined; with the idea that it is more in the natural order of things for a woman to 'lie in' = be confined in childbed 'for a man' (because he has made her pregnant)

26 **sound** either 'valid' or 'fully carried out' (as at 3.3.16)

- The signet from the Duke. You must straight suffer.
 JUNIOR
 Suffer? I'll suffer you to be gone. I'll suffer you
 To come no more. What would you have me suffer?
 SECOND OFFICER
 30 My lord, those words were better changed to prayers.
 The time's but brief with you. Prepare to die.
 JUNIOR
 Sure, 'tis not so.
 THIRD OFFICER It is too true, my lord.
 JUNIOR
 I tell you, 'tis not, for the Duke my father
 Deferred me till next sitting, and I look
 35 E'en every minute, threescore times an hour,
 For a release, a trick wrought by my brothers.
 FIRST OFFICER
 A trick, my lord? If you expect such comfort,
 Your hope's as fruitless as a barren woman.
 Your brothers were the unhappy messengers
 40 That brought this powerful token for your death.
 JUNIOR
 My brothers? No, no.
 SECOND OFFICER 'Tis most true, my lord.
 JUNIOR
 My brothers to bring a warrant for my death?
 How strange this shows.
 THIRD OFFICER There's no delaying time.
 JUNIOR
 Desire 'em hither, call 'em up, my brothers.
 They shall deny it to your faces.
 45 FIRST OFFICER My lord,
 They're far enough by this, at least at court,
 And this most strict command they left behind 'em.
 When grief swum in their eyes, they showed like
 brothers,
 Brim-full of heavy sorrow; but the Duke
 Must have his pleasure.
 50 JUNIOR His pleasure?
 FIRST OFFICER
 These were their last words which my memory bears:
 'Commend us to the scaffold in our tears.'
 JUNIOR
 Pox dry their tears! What should I do with tears?
 I hate 'em worse than any citizen's son
 55 Can hate salt water. Here came a letter now,
- New-bleeding from their pens, scarce stinted yet.
 Would I'd been torn in pieces when I tore it.
 Look, you officious whoresons, words of comfort:
 'Not long a prisoner'.
 FIRST OFFICER It says true in that, sir, for you must suffer 60
 presently.
 JUNIOR A villainous dunce upon the letter, knavish exposi-
 tion. Look you then here, sir: 'We'll get thee out by a
 trick', says he.
 SECOND OFFICER That may hold too, sir, for you know a 65
 trick is commonly four cards, which was meant by us
 four officers.
 JUNIOR
 Worse and worse dealing.
 FIRST OFFICER The hour beckons us;
 The headsman waits. Lift up your eyes to heaven.
 JUNIOR
 I thank you, faith; good, pretty, wholesome counsel. 70
 I should look up to heaven, as you said,
 Whilst he behind me cozens me of my head.
 Ay, that's the trick.
 THIRD OFFICER You delay too long, my lord.
 JUNIOR
 Stay, good authority's bastards. Since I must
 Through brothers' perjury die, O let me venom 75
 Their souls with curses.
 FIRST OFFICER Come, 'tis no time to curse.
 JUNIOR
 Must I bleed, then, without respect of sign? Well—
 My fault was sweet sport, which the world approves;
 I die for that which every woman loves. *Exeunt*
- Enter Vindice [disguised] with Hippolito his brother* 3-5
- VINDICE
 O, sweet, delectable, rare, happy, ravishing!
 HIPPOLITO
 Why, what's the matter, brother?
 VINDICE O, 'tis able
 To make a man spring up and knock his forehead
 Against yon silver ceiling.
 HIPPOLITO Prithee, tell me,
 Why may not I partake with you? You vowed once 5
 To give me share to every tragic thought.
 VINDICE By th' mass, I think I did too.
 Then I'll divide it to thee: the old Duke,

34 **sitting** court session

55 **hate salt water** because of the proverbial dangers of sea-travel (Tilley, S177), and perhaps the practice of pressing men (here townsmen) to serve in the navy; with obvious wordplay on salt tears

56 **stinted** stanch'd (i.e. 'dried'), taking up the image of the flowing ink as blood

57 **tore it** i.e. tore it open

62 **dunce** sophistical gloss; alluding to the medieval scholastic theologian Duns Scotus, notorious among his opponents for hair-splitting arguments

upon the letter with punning reference to strictly 'literal' interpretation of a text in disregard of its spirit

66 **trick** (a) cards played and won, (b) hand of cards; Middleton may have in mind the popular game of primero; lines 12–13 ('trick . . . a-playing') have foreshadowed the wordplay, which is continued in 'dealing' (68)

71–3 **I should . . . trick** alluding to the distractions used by thieves and cheats

74 **good . . . bastards** Junior's phrase, which makes the officers the illegitimate sons of

a personified authority, reflects the play's concerns with bastardy and the proper and improper uses of power.

75 **perjury** the violation of their promise to have him released

77 **without . . . sign** without consideration of whether the astrological signs are favourable for therapeutic bleeding

3.5.4 **silver ceiling** (a) the sky, (b) the 'heavens' or painted canopy over the stage

8 **divide it to** share it with

- Thinking my outward shape and inward heart
 10 Are cut out of one piece—for he that prates
 His secrets, his heart stands o'th' outside—
 Hires me by price to greet him with a lady
 In some fit place veiled from the eyes o'th' court,
 Some darkened, blushless angle that is guilty
 15 Of his forefathers' lusts and great folks' riots;
 To which I easily (to maintain my shape)
 Consented, and did wish his impudent grace
 To meet her here in this unsunnèd lodge
 Wherein 'tis night at noon; and here the rather
 20 Because, unto the torturing of his soul,
 The bastard and the Duchess have appointed
 Their meeting too in this luxurious circle;
 Which most afflicting sight will kill his eyes
 Before we kill the rest of him.
- HIPPOLITO
 25 'Twill, i'faith. Most dreadfully digested.
 I see not how you could have missed me, brother.
- VINDICE
 True, but the violence of my joy forgot it.
- HIPPOLITO
 Ay, but where's that lady now?
- VINDICE O, at that word
 30 I'm lost again; you cannot find me yet;
 I'm in a throng of happy apprehensions.
 He's suited for a lady. I have took care
 For a delicious lip, a sparkling eye.
 You shall be witness, brother.
 Be ready; stand with your hat off. *Exit*
- HIPPOLITO
 35 Troth, I wonder what lady it should be.
 Yet 'tis no wonder, now I think again,
 To have a lady
 Stoop to a duke that stoops unto his men.
 'Tis common to be common through the world,
 40 And there's more private common shadowing vices
- Than those who are known both by their names and
 prices.
 'Tis part of my allegiance to stand bare
 To the Duke's concubine—and here she comes.
*Enter Vindice with the [masked] skull of his love
 dressed up in tires*
- VINDICE [*to the skull*]
 Madam, his grace will not be absent long.
 Secret? Ne'er doubt us, madam. 'Twill be worth 45
 Three velvet gowns to your ladyship. Known?
 Few ladies respect that. Disgrace? A poor thin shell.
 'Tis the best grace you have to do it well.
 I'll save your hand that labour; I'll unmask you.
 [*He reveals the skull*]
- HIPPOLITO Why, brother, brother! 50
- VINDICE
 Art thou beguiled now? Tut, a lady can,
 At such all-hid beguile a wiser man.
 Have I not fitted the old surfeiter
 With a quaint piece of beauty? Age and bare bone 55
 Are e'er allied in action. Here's an eye
 Able to tempt a great man—to serve God;
 A pretty hanging lip, that has forgot now to dis-
 semble.
 Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
 A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo 'em
 60 To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
 Here's a cheek keeps her colour, let the wind go
 whistle.
 Spout rain, we fear thee not; be hot or cold,
 All's one with us. And is not he absurd
 Whose fortunes are upon their faces set
 That fear no other god but wind and wet? 65
- HIPPOLITO Brother, you've spoke that right.
 Is this the form that living shone so bright?
- VINDICE The very same.
 And now methinks I could e'en chide myself
 70 For doting on her beauty, though her death

10 **prates** blabs
 14 **blushless angle** nook or corner suited to
 shameless acts
 16 **shape** disguise
 22 **luxurious circle** lecherous spot, with a
 possible sly glance at the 'wooden O' of
 the Globe
 25 **dreadfully digested** concocted so as to
 terrify
 26 **missed me** left me out
 30 **apprehensions** conceptions, anticipations
 31 **suitèd for** provided with
 34 **hat off** as a mark of respect

38 **Stoop to... stoops unto** submit (sexu-
 ally)...degrades himself to the level of
 39 **common** quibbling on (a) usual, and
 (b) publicly available; the wordplay con-
 tinues in the paradox 'private common'
 in the next line
 40 **shadowing** keeping themselves secret
 41 **those** The 'vices' assume a degree of
 personification that allows 'those' to refer
 to whores as well as their sins.
 42 **stand bare** stand with hat removed (but
 with a bawdy quibble)
 43.2 **tires** headdress or wig

47 **shell** i.e. empty thing, of no matter
 52 **all-hid** hide and seek
 54 **quaint** (a) pretty, (b) ingeniously con-
 trived; the word also carries a suggestion
 of 'cunt', linking to 'eye', 'lip', and
 'mouth'
 57 **hanging** (a) pouting (with reference to
 the former lip), (b) jutting downwards
 (with reference to the lower jawbone
 that remains)
 64 **set staked**
 65 **That... wet** alluding to the use of
 cosmetics (a favourite target of satirists)

- Shall be revenged after no common action.
Does the silkworm expend her yellow labours
For thee? For thee does she undo herself?
Are lordships sold to maintain ladyships
75 For the poor benefit of a bewitching minute?
Why does yon fellow falsify highways
And put his life between the judge's lips
To refine such a thing, keeps horse and men
To beat their valours for her?
80 Surely we're all mad people, and they
Whom we think are, are not—we mistake those:
'Tis we are mad in sense, they but in clothes.
HIPPOLITO
Faith, and in clothes too, we; give us our due.
VINDICE
Does every proud and self-affecting dame
85 Camphor her face for this? And grieve her maker
In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
For her superfluous outside—all for this?
Who now bids twenty pound a night, prepares
Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hushed.
90 Thou mayst lie chaste now. It were fine, methinks,
To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
And unclean brothels. Sure, 'twould fright the sinner
- And make him a good coward, put a reveller
Out of his antic amble,
And cloy an epicure with empty dishes. 95
Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
Look through and through herself. See, ladies, with
false forms
You deceive men, but cannot deceive worms.—
Now to my tragic business. Look you, brother,
I have not fashioned this only for show 100
And useless property. No, it shall bear a part
E'en in it own revenge. This very skull
Whose mistress the Duke poisoned with this drug,
The mortal curse of the earth, shall be revenged
In the like strain, and kiss his lips to death. 105
As much as the dumb thing can, he shall feel.
What fails in poison, we'll supply in steel.
HIPPOLITO
Brother, I do applaud thy constant vengeance,
The quaintness of thy malice above thought.
[Vindice puts poison on the skull's mouth]
VINDICE
So, 'tis laid on. Now come, and welcome, Duke; 110
I have her for thee. I protest it, brother,
Methinks she makes almost as fair a sign

71 **after** . . . **action** (a) in no ordinary way, (b) through no legal process in the common court, (c) with unusual histrionics

72–98 **Does** . . . **worms** After T. S. Eliot drew attention to this passage, it was frequently analysed, most fully by L. G. Salinger and F. R. Leavis.

72 **expend** . . . **labours** The phrase, in which the epithet is made to modify the 'labours' rather than their product, condenses several images. The silkworm spins a yellow-white cocoon, which recalls gold in colour and value. 'Expend', phonetically incorporating the expected verb 'spin', works to enhance the suggestion of riches and currency, while implying a self-annihilating expenditure of effort for the benefit of others who will themselves end up as skulls; so that the associations of 'yellow' with age and disease also become pertinent.

73 **For** 'Vindice's irony turns, in this speech, on the ambiguities of the word "for", referring both to equivalence in exchange and to purpose or result' (Salinger). **undo herself** (a) unwind the thread from herself, (b) exhaust herself, destroy herself

74 **lordships** . . . **ladyships** i.e. are inherited baronial estates sold so that their owners can keep mistresses in ladylike finery. The effect of the line derives from the speciousness of its alliterative symmetry, the substance of an actual lordship being set against the social and moral vacuity of the whore tricked out as 'your ladyship'.

75 **benefit** with wordplay on the sense 'property rights' (Onions), so harking

back to 'lordships'

bewitching charming and seductive, but with a literal edge, implying a soul in thrall to a malignant spell

76 **falsify highways** The expression is obscure, but most editors have understood it as an allusion to highway robbery; hence 'act the highwayman' or 'make highways unsafe', perhaps with a reference to the offender's 'altering signposts and diverting rich travellers into his predatory hands' (Gibbons), with 'fellow' carrying suggestions of 'good fellow' = thief. Middleton discourses on highway robbery in *Black Book*, and in another rogue-pamphlet, *Martin Markall* (1610), 'S.R.' describes how young 'gentlemen . . . cavalieros' rob on the highways in order to pay for 'banqueting with whores'; 'S.R.' also mentions their donning of 'artificial beards and heads of hair' as disguises and their cloaks that can be worn either side out—which may help to explain 'falsify'; but all the brands of falsity and falsification called to mind by that verb are pertinent to the broader context. Loughrey and Taylor, reading 'high ways', interpret 'impersonate the aristocracy', but the risk of capital punishment (line 77) suggests the more spectacular crime. And the existence of the colloquial term 'highway lawyers' for highway robbers may have sparked the associative process that created 'the judge's lips'.

77 **put** . . . **lips** Some commentators have detected in this brilliant line a hint of the Last Judgement, mention of sins on

the highway already having activated memories of the biblical 'broad . . . way that leads to destruction' (Matthew, 7:13).

78 **refine** improve by adding refinements (and finery), pamper; but 'the gold image, coming through by way of "sold" (and the more effectively for never having been explicit), seems also to be felt here, with the suggestion that nothing can refine this dross' (Leavis).

79 **beat their valours** wear out their strengths, with play on 'valours' = values, and a possible near-homonymic pun on 'bate' = diminish, degrade; 'valour' (as prowess and boldness) seems to link the phrase with the dangerous escapades of the highway robber

84 **self-affecting** self-loving, vain

85 **Camphor** wash with camphor, a white aromatic vegetable oil used as skin-cleanser

91 **forgetful** i.e. of (a) morals, (b) cares, (c) mortality

94 **antic amble** grotesque movement in walking or dancing; 'silly walks'

97 **forms** appearances

98 **worms** The silkworm at the beginning of Vindice's meditation and homily turns into the graveyard worm at its conclusion.

101 **property** in the theatrical sense, as though Vindice were mounting a revenge play

102 **it** its

105 **strain** manner (literally, 'tune')

109 **quaintness** ingenuity

112 **sign** show

- As some old gentlewoman in a periwig.
 [To the skull] Hide thy face now for shame; thou hadst
 need have a mask now.
 [He readjusts the mask]
- 115 'Tis vain when beauty flows, but when it fleets
 This would become graves better than the streets.
- HIPPOLITO
 You have my voice in that.
 [Voices within] Hark, the Duke's come.
- VINDICE
 Peace, let's observe what company he brings
 And how he does absent 'em, for you know
 120 He'll wish all private. Brother, fall you back a little
 With the bony lady.
- HIPPOLITO That I will.
 VINDICE So, so—
 Now nine years' vengeance crowd into a minute.
 [They withdraw. Enter the Duke and Gentlemen]
- DUKE [to Gentlemen]
 You shall have leave to leave us, with this charge,
 Upon your lives: if we be missed by th' Duchess
 125 Or any of the nobles, to give out
 We're privately rid forth.
- VINDICE [aside] O happiness!
 DUKE
 With some few honourable gentlemen, you may say;
 You may name those that are away from court.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Your will and pleasure shall be done, my lord.
 [Exeunt Gentlemen]
- VINDICE [aside]
 130 'Privately rid forth'
 He strives to make sure work on't. [To the Duke] Your
 good grace.
- DUKE Piato, well done. Hast brought her? What lady is't?
 VINDICE Faith, my lord, a country lady, a little bashful at
 first, as most of them are, but after the first kiss, my
- lord, the worst is past with them. Your grace knows
 now what you have to do. Sh'as somewhat a grave
 look with her, but—
- DUKE
 I love that best. Conduct her.
- VINDICE [aside] Have at all!
- DUKE
 In gravest looks the greatest faults seem less.
 Give me that sin that's robed in holiness. 140
- VINDICE [to Hippolito]
 Back with the torch, brother; raise the perfumes.
- DUKE
 How sweet can a duke breathe? Age has no fault.
 Pleasure should meet in a perfumèd mist.—
 Lady, sweetly encountered. I came from court.
 I must be bold with you.
 [He kisses the skull] O, what's this? O! 145
- VINDICE
 Royal villain, white devil!
- DUKE O!
- VINDICE Brother,
 Place the torch here, that his affrighted eyeballs
 May start into those hollows. Duke, dost know
 Yon dreadful visor? View it well; 'tis the skull
 Of Gloriana, whom thou poisonedst last. 150
- DUKE O, 't'as poisoned me.
- VINDICE
 Didst not know that till now?
- DUKE What are you two?
- VINDICE
 Villains all three. The very ragged bone
 Has been sufficiently revenged.
- DUKE O, Hippolito, call treason. 155
- HIPPOLITO
 Yes, my good lord. Treason, treason, treason!
 Stamping on him
- DUKE Then I'm betrayed.

115 'Tis...flows i.e. a mask is pointless vanity when beauty exists to be displayed; with 'flows' suggesting both graceful motion and the flow of blood in the veins fleets passes away

116 This...streets a skull befits a grave better than a public place (so a mask is appropriate)

117 voice agreement, support

119 absent dismiss

121 bony punning on 'bonny'

130 Privately rid forth Vindice is exultant not only at the opportunity afforded by the Duke's vulnerability without a guard but at the unintended aptness of the sexual connotations of his phrase (as at 1.2.136-7) and of the meaning 'rid forth' = disposed of, killed off.

136 grave The pun is obvious, but, as Foakes notes, not obvious enough for the Duke.

138 Have at all! a colloquial phrase,

initiating a risky venture, such as a fight or a throw of dice

142 fault physical inadequacy

146 Royal villain an oxymoron, like the next two words; playing on the difference of status between royalty and a vellein = vassal

white devil hypocrite, the fair-seeming devil proverbially being worse than the black (the standard colour); punning on the Duke's white hair

148 start...hollows stare wildly into the skull's eye-sockets; as though springing into them to supply the lost eyeballs

149 visor face, mask

150 Gloriana also a favourite name for the idealized Queen Elizabeth whose death in 1603 ended an Age that through the haze of nostalgia already appeared 'Golden'

whom...last i.e. she was the latest of

his victims (compare 2.3.127). We are probably not expected to notice that, in association with 3.5.122, this means that there have been no others in the last nine years: Middleton wants to stress both that Vindice's desire for revenge has been festering in his mind for a very long time, and that the Duke is given to such crimes as he committed in respect of Gloriana.

153 all three including the skull ('ragged bone')

156.1 Stamping on him 'as if he were the serpent or a damned soul being thrust into hell, a common subject for paintings and emblems' (Gibbons). But we should not moralize away the pure primitive satisfaction afforded by the sadistic violence, to the sardonic cry of 'Treason, treason, treason!' (probably little more than a whisper).

- VINDICE
Alas, poor lecher, in the hands of knaves.
A slavish duke is baser than his slaves.
- DUKE
My teeth are eaten out.
- 160 VINDICE Hadst any left?
HIPPOLITO I think but few.
- VINDICE
Then those that did eat are eaten.
- DUKE O, my tongue!
- VINDICE
Your tongue? 'Twill teach you to kiss closer,
Not like a slobbering Dutchman. You have eyes still:
- 165 Look, monster, what a lady hast thou made me
My once betrothed wife.
- DUKE Is it thou, villain?
Nay then—
- VINDICE 'Tis I, 'tis Vindice, 'tis I.
- HIPPOLITO
And let this comfort thee: our lord and father
Fell sick upon the infection of thy frowns
And died in sadness. Be that thy hope of life.
- 170 DUKE O!
VINDICE
He had his tongue, yet grief made him die speechless.
Puh, 'tis but early yet. Now I'll begin
To stick thy soul with ulcers. I will make
175 Thy spirit grievous sore. It shall not rest,
But like some pestilent man toss in thy breast.
Mark me, Duke:
Thou'rt a renownèd, high, and mighty cuckold.
- DUKE O!
VINDICE
180 Thy bastard, thy bastard rides a-hunting in thy brow.
- DUKE
Millions of deaths!
- VINDICE Nay, to afflict thee more,
Here in this lodge they meet for damnèd clips;
Those eyes shall see the incest of their lips.
- DUKE
Is there a hell besides this, villains?
- VINDICE Villain!
185 Nay, heaven is just, scorns are the hires of scorns.
- I ne'er knew yet adulterer without horns.
- HIPPOLITO
Once ere they die 'tis quitted.
[*Music sounds within*]
- VINDICE Hark, the music.
Their banquet is prepared, they're coming.
- DUKE O, kill me not with that sight.
- VINDICE
Thou shalt not lose that sight for all thy dukedom. 190
- DUKE Traitors, murderers!
- VINDICE
What, is not thy tongue eaten out yet?
Then we'll invent a silence. Brother, stifle the torch.
- DUKE Treason, murder!
- VINDICE
Nay, faith, we'll have you hushed. [*To Hippolito*] Now
with thy dagger 195
- Nail down his tongue, and mine shall keep possession
About his heart. If he but gasp, he dies.
We dread not death to quittance injuries.
Brother, if he but wink, not brooking the foul object,
Let our two other hands tear up his lids 200
- And make his eyes like comets shine through blood.
When the bad bleeds, then is the tragedy good.
- HIPPOLITO
Whist, brother. Music's at our ear; they come.
Enter the Bastard Spurio meeting the Duchess.
[*They kiss, as Musicians and Attendants with*
lights enter and stand apart]
- SPURIO
Had not that kiss a taste of sin, 'twere sweet.
- DUCHESS
Why, there's no pleasure sweet but it is sinful. 205
- SPURIO
True, such a bitter sweetness fate hath given;
Best side to us is the worst side to heaven.
- DUCHESS
Push! Come; 'tis the old Duke thy doubtful father,
The thought of him, rubs heaven in thy way;
But I protest by yonder waxen fire, 210
- Forget him, or I'll poison him.
- SPURIO
Madam, you urge a thought which ne'er had life.

159 **slavish** employing various shades of meaning: (a) vile, (b) enslaved by his passions, (c) forced into submission by his vassals

162 **those...eaten** a truly 'mordant' literalization of 'the biter bit'

164 **slobbering Dutchman** The Dutchman slobbers (dribbles) because proverbially a heavy drinker.

165 **made me** made for me (from my betrothed)

176 **pestilent** suffering from the plague

180 **rides...brow** makes you a cuckold; 'a-hunting' links both with 'rides' (which also puns on the sexual sense) and,

through the hunting of antlered deer, with the cuckold's horns, while 'brow' plays on (a) forehead, and (b) the brow of a hill.

182 **clips** embraces

185 **hires** rewards

187 **Once...quitted** i.e. some time before adulterers die their sin is requited (by the adultery of their spouses)

198 **quittance** repay

199 **brooking** being able to endure

object sight (of Spurio and the Duchess embracing)

201 **comets** The analogy of eye to sun is here transformed to an analogy between

eye and traditional omen of disaster and bloodshed.

202 **bad...good** The wordplay opposes a negative ethical judgement to a positive aesthetic one.

203 **Whist** like 'Hush!', a command for silence

205 **Why...sinful** This might almost be the court motto: sin adds piquancy to their sexual appetites.

209 **rub** stirs up thoughts of; here coloured by the bowling term, as in Hamlet's 'Ay, there's the rub' (3.1.67), where 'rub' = an impediment

210 **waxen fire** burning taper

- So deadly do I loathe him for my birth
That if he took me hasped within his bed,
215 I would add murder to adultery
And with my sword give up his years to death.
- DUCHESS
Why, now thou'rt sociable. Let's in and feast.
Loud'st music sound. Pleasure is banquet's guest.
Exeunt [Duchess, Spurio, Musicians, and Attendants]
- DUKE
I cannot brook—
[*Vindice kills him*]
- VINDICE The brook is turned to blood.
- HIPPOLITO
Thanks to loud music.
- 220 VINDICE 'Twas our friend indeed.
'Tis state in music for a duke to bleed.
The dukedom wants a head, though yet unknown.
As fast as they peep up, let's cut 'em down. *Exeunt*
- 3.6 *Enter the Duchess' two sons, Ambitioso and Supervacuo*
- AMBITIOSO
Was not his execution rarely plotted?
We are the Duke's sons now.
- SUPERVACUO Ay, you may thank
My policy for that.
- AMBITIOSO Your policy,
For what?
- SUPERVACUO
Why, was't not my invention, brother,
5 To slip the judges? And, in lesser compass,
Did not I draw the model of his death,
Advising you to sudden officers
And e'en extemporal execution?
- AMBITIOSO
Heart, 'twas a thing I thought on too.
- SUPERVACUO
10 You thought on't too? 'Sfoot, slander not your
thoughts
With glorious untruth. I know 'twas from you.
- AMBITIOSO
Sir, I say 'twas in my head.
- SUPERVACUO Ay, like your brains then,
Ne'er to come out as long as you lived.
- AMBITIOSO
You'd have the honour on't, forsooth, that your wit
- Led him to the scaffold?
SUPERVACUO Since it is my due,
15 I'll publish't; but I'll ha't in spite of you.
- AMBITIOSO
Methinks you're much too bold. You should a little
Remember us, brother, next to be honest duke.
- SUPERVACUO [*aside*]
Ay, it shall be as easy for you to be duke
As to be honest, and that's never, i'faith.
20
- AMBITIOSO
Well, cold he is by this time, and because
We're both ambitious, be it our amity,
And let the glory be shared equally.
- SUPERVACUO I am content to that.
- AMBITIOSO
This night our younger brother shall out of prison;
25 I have a trick.
- SUPERVACUO A trick? Prithee, what is't?
- AMBITIOSO
We'll get him out by a wile.
- SUPERVACUO Prithee, what wile?
- AMBITIOSO
No, sir, you shall not know it till't be done,
For then you'd swear 'twere yours.
[*Enter an Officer carrying a head in a bag*]
- SUPERVACUO
How now, what's he?
- AMBITIOSO One of the officers.
30
- SUPERVACUO
Desirèd news.
- AMBITIOSO How now, my friend?
- OFFICER My lords,
Under your pardon, I am allotted
To that desertless office to present you
With the yet bleeding head—
SUPERVACUO [*aside to Ambitioso*]
Ha, ha, excellent.
- AMBITIOSO [*aside to Supervacuo*]
All's sure our own. Brother, canst weep, think'st
35 thou?
'Twould grace our flattery much. Think of some
dame;
'Twill teach thee to dissemble.
- SUPERVACUO [*aside to Ambitioso*]
I have thought.
Now for yourself.

214 **hasped** in coital embrace219 **cannot brook** cannot stand (leading to Vindice's pun on 'brook' = stream)220 **Thanks . . . music** for drowning out the noise of the Duke's final struggles221 **'Tis . . . bleed** Vindice employs the various senses of 'state' to say, roughly, 'It is fitting to a Duke's high rank that he should die in state to the accompaniment of music'.222 **wants a head** lacks a head of state223 **Exeunt** If the discovery space was

used as the 'darkened, blushless angle' (3.5.14) for the Duke's rendezvous, the body was probably stowed there and curtained off. If not, Vindice and Hippolito must have dragged the corpse with them as they left.

3.6.3 **policy** clever plotting5 **slip** bypass**in lesser compass** to a lesser extent (i.e. less importantly); with play on 'compass' = crafty device, and on the instrument for drawing circles (leading to 'draw the

model' in the next line)

6 **model** plan7 **sudden** swift in action8 **extemporal** on the spot11 **glorious** boastful**from you** far from your thoughts16 **but** I'll I alone shall18 **honest** honoured; Supervacuo's aside (19–20) plays on the modern sense27 **wile** sly ruse33 **desertless** thankless

AMBITIOSO Our sorrows are so fluent,
 Our eyes o'erflow our tongues. Words spoke in tears
 40 Are like the murmurs of the waters, the sound
 Is loudly heard but cannot be distinguished.
 SUPERVACUO
 How died he, pray?
 OFFICER O, full of rage and spleen.
 SUPERVACUO
 He died most valiantly, then. We're glad
 To hear it.
 OFFICER We could not woo him once to pray.
 AMBITIOSO
 45 He showed himself a gentleman in that,
 Give him his due.
 OFFICER But in the stead of prayer
 He drew forth oaths.
 SUPERVACUO Then did he pray, dear heart,
 Although you understood him not.
 OFFICER My lords,
 E'en at his last, with pardon be it spoke,
 He cursed you both.
 50 SUPERVACUO He cursed us? 'Las, good soul.
 AMBITIOSO
 It was not in our powers, but the Duke's pleasure.
 [Aside] Finely dissembled o' both sides. Sweet fate,
 O happy opportunity!
Enter Lussurioso
 LUSSURIOSO
 Now, my lords—
 AMBITIOSO and SUPERVACUO
 O!
 LUSSURIOSO Why do you shun me, brothers?
 55 You may come nearer now;
 The savour of the prison has forsook me.
 I thank such kind lords as yourselves, I'm free.
 AMBITIOSO
 Alive!
 SUPERVACUO
 In health!
 AMBITIOSO Released! We were both e'en amazed
 With joy to see it.
 LUSSURIOSO I am much to thank you.
 SUPERVACUO
 60 Faith, we spared no tongue unto my lord the Duke.
 AMBITIOSO
 I know your delivery, brother,
 Had not been half so sudden but for us.
 SUPERVACUO
 O, how we pleaded!
 LUSSURIOSO Most deserving brothers,
 In my best studies I will think of it. *Exit Lussurioso*

AMBITIOSO
 O death and vengeance!
 SUPERVACUO Hell and torments!
 AMBITIOSO [to Officer]
 Slave, cam'st thou to delude us?
 OFFICER Delude you, my lords?
 SUPERVACUO
 Ay, villain; where's this head now?
 OFFICER Why, here, my lord.
 Just after his delivery, you both came
 With warrant from the Duke to behead your brother.
 AMBITIOSO
 Ay, our brother, the Duke's son.
 OFFICER The Duke's son,
 70 My lord, had his release before you came.
 AMBITIOSO Whose head's that then?
 OFFICER
 His whom you left command for, your own brother's.
 [He takes the head from the bag and displays it]
 AMBITIOSO Our brother's!
 O furies!
 SUPERVACUO
 Plagues!
 AMBITIOSO Confusions!
 SUPERVACUO Darkness!
 AMBITIOSO Devils!
 75 SUPERVACUO
 Fell it out so accursedly?
 AMBITIOSO So damnedly?
 SUPERVACUO [to Officer]
 Villain, I'll brain thee with it.
 OFFICER O, my good lord.
 [Exit Officer]
 SUPERVACUO
 The devil overtake thee!
 AMBITIOSO O, fatal!
 SUPERVACUO
 O, prodigious to our bloods!
 AMBITIOSO Did we dissemble?
 SUPERVACUO
 Did we make our tears women for thee?
 80 AMBITIOSO Laugh and rejoice for thee?
 SUPERVACUO
 Bring warrant for thy death?
 AMBITIOSO Mock off thy head?
 SUPERVACUO
 You had a trick, you had a wife, forsooth.
 AMBITIOSO A murrain meet 'em! There's none of these
 85 wiles that ever come to good. I see now there is nothing
 sure in mortality but mortality.
 Well, no more words. 'Shalt be revenged, i'faith.

56 savour smell

79 prodigious ominous

80 make...women fake grief; compressing

the notions of women as prone to weep
and to dissemble

84 murrain plague; the imprecation is not

uncommon

86 mortality quibbling on (a) mortal
existence, (b) death

- Come, throw off clouds now, brother. Think of vengeance
And deeper settled hate.—Sirrah, sit fast;
90 We'll pull down all, but thou shalt down at last.
- Finis Actus Tertii*
- ⊗
- 4.1 *Incipit Actus Quartus*
Enter Lussurioso
- LUSSURIOSO
Hippolito.
Enter Hippolito
- HIPPOLITO
My lord. Has your good lordship
Aught to command me in?
- LUSSURIOSO I prithee leave us.
- HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
How's this, come, and leave us?
- LUSSURIOSO Hippolito.
- HIPPOLITO Your honour,
5 I stand ready for any duteous employment.
- LUSSURIOSO
Heart, what mak'st thou here?
- HIPPOLITO [*aside*] A pretty lordly humour:
He bids me to be present to depart.
Something has stung his honour.
- LUSSURIOSO Be nearer, draw nearer.
You're not so good, methinks. I'm angry with you.
- HIPPOLITO
10 With me, my lord? I'm angry with myself for't.
- LUSSURIOSO
You did prefer a goodly fellow to me.
'Twas wittily elected, 'twas. I thought
He'd been a villain and he proves a knave,
To me a knave.
- HIPPOLITO I chose him for the best, my lord.
15 'Tis much my sorrow if neglect in him
Breed discontent in you.
- LUSSURIOSO Neglect? 'Twas will.
Judge of it:
Firmly to tell of an incredible act,
Not to be thought, less to be spoken of,
20 'Twixt my stepmother and the bastard, O,
Incestuous sweets between 'em.
- HIPPOLITO Fie, my lord.
- 89–90 **Sirrah** . . . **last** aimed at the absent Lussurioso
4.1.12 **wittily elected** wisely chosen
13 **villain** . . . **knave** The joke lies in the equivalence of the terms (even in their neutral meaning of 'servant'); but Lussurioso had expected villainy towards others rather than knavishness towards himself.
16 **will** deliberate behaviour
22 **kind** predominantly 'natural', i.e. showing due filial concern
forehead again as site of a cuckold's horns
25 **rased** scratched
28 **Jars in** makes an untimely entrance, enters on a discordant note; taken up in 'villainous music' and eliciting a musical image from 'stroke' = musical beat ('to keep stroke' = to keep time)
36 **iron-age** mass of iron fetters (see 4.2.129); with an allusion to the Iron Age, which in classical mythology succeeded the Golden, Silver, and Brazen as last and worst.
Mum Silence!
38 **Missing** . . . **him** Vindice's scheme to have Spurio killed by Lussurioso in the Duchess's bed has failed, and Lussurioso himself has been pardoned for his unintended attack on the Duke.
- LUSSURIOSO
I, in kind loyalty to my father's forehead,
Made this a desperate arm, and in that fury
Committed treason on the lawful bed
And with my sword e'en rased my father's bosom,
25 For which I was within a stroke of death.
- HIPPOLITO
Alack, I'm sorry.
Enter Vindice [disguised]
[*Aside*] 'Sfoot, just upon the stroke
Jars in my brother. 'Twill be villainous music.
- VINDICE
My honoured lord.
- LUSSURIOSO Away, prithee forsake us;
Hereafter we'll not know thee. 30
- VINDICE
Not know me, my lord? Your lordship cannot choose.
- LUSSURIOSO
Begone, I say. Thou art a false knave.
- VINDICE
Why, the easier to be known, my lord.
- LUSSURIOSO
Push! I shall prove too bitter with a word,
Make thee a perpetual prisoner
35 And lay this iron-age upon thee.
- VINDICE [*aside*] Mum,
For there's a doom would make a woman dumb.
Missing the bastard, next him; the wind's come
about;
Now 'tis my brother's turn to stay, mine to go out. *Exit*
- LUSSURIOSO
He's greatly moved me.
- HIPPOLITO Much to blame, i'faith. 40
- LUSSURIOSO
But I'll recover, to his ruin. 'Twas told me lately,
I know not whether falsely, that you'd a brother.
- HIPPOLITO
Who, I? Yes, my good lord, I have a brother.
- LUSSURIOSO
How chance the court ne'er saw him? Of what
nature?
How does he apply his hours?
- HIPPOLITO Faith, to curse fates, 45
Who, as he thinks, ordained him to be poor,
Keeps at home, full of want and discontent.
- LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
There's hope in him, for discontent and want

- Is the best clay to mould a villain of.—
 Hippolito, wish him repair to us.
 If there be aught in him to please our blood,
 For thy sake we'll advance him and build fair
 His meanest fortunes, for it is in us
 To rear up towers from cottages.
- HIPPOLITO It is so, my lord.
 He will attend your honour. But he's a man
 In whom much melancholy dwells.
- LUSSURIOSO Why, the better.
 Bring him to court.
- HIPPOLITO With willingness and speed.
 [Aside] Whom he cast off e'en now must now succeed.
 Brother, disguise must off:
- 60 In thine own shape now I'll prefer thee to him.
 How strangely does himself work to undo him. *Exit*
- LUSSURIOSO
 This fellow will come fitly. He shall kill
 That other slave that did abuse my spleen
 And made it swell to treason. I have put
 65 Much of my heart into him. He must die.
 He that knows great men's secrets and proves slight,
 That man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.
 Ay, he shall speed him; I'll employ thee, brother.
 Slaves are but nails to drive out one another.
- 70 He being of black condition, suitable
 To want and ill content, hope of preferment
 Will grind him to an edge.
The Nobles enter
- FIRST NOBLE Good days unto your honour.
 LUSSURIOSO
 My kind lords, I do return the like.
- 75 SECOND NOBLE Saw you my lord the Duke?
 LUSSURIOSO
 My lord and father? Is he from court?
 FIRST NOBLE He's sure from court,
 But where, which way his pleasure took, we know
 not,
 Nor can we hear on't.
 [Enter the Duke's Gentlemen]
- LUSSURIOSO Here come those should tell.
 80 Saw you my lord and father?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Not since two hours before noon, my lord,
 And then he privately rid forth.
- LUSSURIOSO
 O, he's rode forth?
- FIRST NOBLE 'Twas wondrous privately.
 SECOND NOBLE
 There's none i'th' court had any knowledge on't.
- LUSSURIOSO
 His grace is old and sudden. 'Tis no treason
 To say the Duke my father has a humour
 Or such a toy about him. What in us
 Would appear light, in him seems virtuous.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis oracle, my lord. *Exeunt*
- Enter Vindice and Hippolito, Vindice out of his disguise*
- HIPPOLITO
 So, so, all's as it should be; you're yourself.
- VINDICE
 How that great villain puts me to my shifts!
- HIPPOLITO
 He that did lately in disguise reject thee
 Shall, now thou art thyself, as much respect thee.
- VINDICE
 'Twill be the quainter fallacy. But, brother,
 'Sfoot, what use will he put me to now, think'st thou?
- 5 HIPPOLITO
 Nay, you must pardon me in that, I know not.
 H'as some employment for you, but what 'tis
 He and his secretary the devil knows best.
- VINDICE
 Well, I must suit my tongue to his desires,
 10 What colour soe'er they be, hoping at last
 To pile up all my wishes on his breast.
- HIPPOLITO
 Faith, brother, he himself shows the way.
- VINDICE
 Now the Duke is dead the realm is clad in clay.
 His death being not yet known, under his name
 15 The people still are governed. Well, thou his son
 Art not long lived; thou shalt not joy his death.
 To kill thee, then, I should most honour thee,

53 **in us** i.e. within my power

58 **succeed** (a) take his place as successor,
 (b) successfully deal with Lussurioso

62 **fitly** opportunely

63 **spleen** fiery temper

65 **heart** innermost thoughts and feelings

66 **slight** unworthy of trust (but providing a
 kind of false antithesis to 'great')

68 **speed** kill

69 **Slaves... another** alluding to the proverb,
 'One nail drives out another'

70 **of black condition** melancholic, the
 physiology of 'humours' attributing
 melancholy to an excess of black bile

72 **grind...edge** incite him (to action); a
 common phrase, but here with an apt
 suggestion of the sharpening of a weapon
 for Lussurioso's use

85 **sudden** impetuous

86 **humour** whim

87 **toy** idle fancy

88 **light** frivolous

89 **oracle** absolute truth

4.2.2 **great villain** an oxymoron, playing on
 'great' = of high estate, and 'villain' =
 servant

shifts (a) stratagems, (b) changes of

clothing

5 **quainter fallacy** wittier deception

9 **secretary confidant**

12 **To...breast** Perhaps an image drawn
 from pressing to death with weights.

13 **shows the way** i.e. provides a model of
 how to dissemble

14 **realm...clay** the old regime is buried; an
 image condensing three commonplaces:
 the flesh as clothing (as in 1.1.31), the
 state as body, and the identity of ruler
 with realm

17 **joy** enjoy (by succeeding to the dukedom)

For 'twould stand firm in every man's belief
 Thou'st a kind child and only died'st with grief.
 HIPPOLITO
 You fetch about well, but let's talk in present.
 How will you appear in fashion different,
 As well as in apparel, to make all things possible?
 If you be but once tripped, we fall for ever.
 It is not the least policy to be doubtful.
 You must change tongue. Familiar was your first.
 VINDICE
 Why, I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy
 And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
 Like such an instrument that speaks
 Merry things sadly.
 HIPPOLITO Then 'tis as I meant:
 I gave you out at first in discontent.
 VINDICE
 I'll turn myself, and then—
 [Enter Lussurioso]
 HIPPOLITO 'Sfoot, here he comes.
 Hast thought upon't?
 VINDICE Salute him. Fear not me.
 LUSSURIOSO Hippolito.
 HIPPOLITO Your lordship.
 LUSSURIOSO What's he yonder?
 HIPPOLITO 'Tis Vindice, my discontented brother,
 Whom, 'cording to your will, I've brought to court.
 LUSSURIOSO Is that thy brother? Beshrew me, a good presence.
 I wonder he's been from the court so long.
 [To Vindice] Come nearer.
 HIPPOLITO Brother, Lord Lussurioso, the Duke's son.
 LUSSURIOSO Be more near to us. Welcome. Nearer yet.

Vindice snatches off his hat and makes legs to him,
 [while Hippolito moves aside]
 VINDICE
 How don you? God you god den.
 LUSSURIOSO We thank thee.
 [Aside] How strangely such a coarse, homely salute
 Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire,
 Nimble and desperate tongues. Should we name God
 In a salutation 'twould ne'er be stood on—heaven!
 Tell me, what has made thee so melancholy?
 VINDICE Why, going to law.
 LUSSURIOSO Why, will that make a man melancholy?
 VINDICE Yes, to look long upon ink and black buckram.
 I went me to law in *anno quadragesimo secundo* and I
 waded out of it in *anno sextagesimo tertio*.
 LUSSURIOSO What, three and twenty years in law?
 VINDICE I have known those that have been five-and-fifty,
 and all about pullen and pigs.
 LUSSURIOSO May it be possible such men should breathe,
 To vex the terms so much?
 VINDICE 'Tis food to some, my lord.
 There are old men at the present that are so poisoned
 with the affectation of law words (having had many
 suits canvassed) that their common talk is nothing but
 Barbary Latin. They cannot so much as pray but in law,
 that their sins may be removed with a writ of error and
 their souls fetched up to heaven with a sasarara.
 LUSSURIOSO It seems most strange to me,
 Yet all the world meets round in the same bent.
 Where the heart's set, there goes the tongue's con-
 sent.
 How dost apply thy studies, fellow?
 VINDICE Study? Why, to think how a great rich man lies
 a-dying and a poor cobbler tolls the bell for him; how
 he cannot depart the world and see the great chest
 stand before him; when he lies speechless, how he
 will point you readily to all the boxes; and when he

20 **Thou'st** thou wast
 21 **fetch about** wander around the subject
 (in an inventive way)
in present i.e. of the immediate problem
 22 **fashion** manner
 25 **not . . . policy** i.e. the best policy
doubtful careful
 27–30 **Why . . . sadly** The musical conceit
 begins with 'strain' = tune. Vindice
 ought to have in mind a bass viol
 (Shakespeare uses the pun in *Comedy of
 Errors*, 4.3.23).
 32 **turn** transform, with a hint of tuning
 an instrument (by turning the pegs), to
 round off the conceit
 37 **Beshrew me** an idly used imprecation,
 meaning roughly 'the devil take me!'
 41.1 **snatches . . . him** i.e. Vindice scrapes
 and bows in a caricature of the gawky
 yokel.

42 **don do**
God you god den God give you good
 even; like 'don', indicating rustic speech
 45 **desperate tongues** recklessly expressions
 46 **stood on** taken seriously
heaven! Lussurioso's reflex use of this
 word to express surprise enforces the
 point of his sentence; see Textual Notes.
 50 **black buckram** a lawyer's bag made of
 coarse linen, its blackness associating it
 with melancholy (or black bile)
 51 **anno . . . secundo** the forty-second year (of
 an imagined reign)
 52 **anno . . . tertio** the sixty-third year
 53 **three** The blunder is presumably Lus-
 surioso's (whether as arithmetician or
 Latinist), not Middleton's. Partly because
 he is so easily and repeatedly duped by
 Vindice, Lussurioso appears something of

a dullard.
 55 **pullen** poultry
 57 **terms** periods when the law courts are in
 session
 61 **Barbary Latin** barbarous, or bad, Latin
 62 **writ of error** a writ brought to procure
 the reverse of a judgement on the ground
 of error
 63 **sasarara** colloquial anglicization of Latin
 'certiorari': a writ from a superior court
 arising from a complaint that a party has
 not received justice in an inferior court
 65 **meets . . . bent** shares the same tendency;
 with 'world' acting on 'round' and 'bent'
 (= curve) to enhance the sense of a
 global characteristic
 70 **and** see and (still) see
chest treasure chest
 72 **boxes** presumably money-boxes

- is past all memory, as the gossips guess, then thinks he
of forfeitures and obligations; nay, when to all men's
75 hearings he whurls and rattles in the throat, he's busy
threatening his poor tenants; and this would last me
now some seven years' thinking or thereabouts. But I
have a conceit a-coming in picture upon this—I draw
it myself—which, i'faith la, I'll present to your honour.
80 You shall not choose but like it, for your lordship shall
give me nothing for it.
LUSSURIOSO Nay, you mistake me then,
For I am published bountiful enough.
Let's taste of your conceit.
VINDICE In picture, my lord?
LUSSURIOSO
Ay, in picture.
85 VINDICE Marry, this it is:
A usuring father to be boiling in hell and his son and
heir with a whore dancing over him.
HIPPOLITO [*aside*] He's pared him to the quick.
LUSSURIOSO The conceit's pretty, i'faith,
90 But tak't upon my life 'twill ne'er be liked.
VINDICE No? Why, I'm sure the whore will be liked well
enough.
HIPPOLITO [*aside*] Ay, if she were out o'th' picture he'd like
her then himself.
95 VINDICE And as for the son and heir, he shall be an eyesore
to no young revellers, for he shall be drawn in cloth of
gold breeches.
LUSSURIOSO
And thou hast put my meaning in the pockets
And canst not draw that out. My thought was this:
100 To see the picture of a usuring father
Boiling in hell, our rich men would ne'er like it.
VINDICE O true, I cry you heartily mercy. I know the
reason, for some of 'em had rather be damned indeed
than damned in colours.
LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
105 A parlous melancholy! H'as wit enough
To murder any man, and I'll give him means.—
I think thou art ill-moneyed.
VINDICE Money? Ho, ho!
'T'as been my want so long 'tis now my scoff.
I've e'en forgot what colour silver's of.
LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
It hits as I could wish.
110 VINDICE I get good clothes
- Of those that dread my humour, and for table-room
I feed on those that cannot be rid of me.
LUSSURIOSO Somewhat to set thee up withal.
[*He gives Vindice money*]
VINDICE
O, mine eyes!
LUSSURIOSO How now, man?
VINDICE Almost struck blind.
This bright unusual shine to me seems proud. 115
I dare not look till the sun be in a cloud.
LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
I think I shall affect his melancholy.—
How are they now?
VINDICE The better for your asking.
LUSSURIOSO
You shall be better yet if you but fasten
Truly on my intent.
[*He beckons Hippolito forward*]
120 Now you're both present
I will unbrace such a close, private villain
Unto your vengeful swords, the like ne'er heard of,
Who hath disgraced you much and injured us.
HIPPOLITO
Disgraced us, my lord?
LUSSURIOSO Ay, Hippolito.
I kept it here till now that both your angers 125
Might meet him at once.
VINDICE I'm covetous
To know the villain.
LUSSURIOSO [*to Hippolito*]
You know him, that slave-pander
Piato, whom we threatened last
With irons in perpetual prisonment.
VINDICE [*aside*]
All this is I.
HIPPOLITO Is't he, my lord?
LUSSURIOSO I'll tell you; 130
You first preferred him to me.
VINDICE Did you, brother?
HIPPOLITO
I did indeed.
LUSSURIOSO And the ingrateful villain,
To quit that kindness, strongly wrought with me—
Being, as you see, a likely man for pleasure—
135 With jewels to corrupt your virgin sister.

73 **gossips** relatives and friends at the bedside

74 **forfeitures and obligations** legal terms with an ironic relevance to eternal matters: confiscations of estate or goods; bonds for the payment of moneys

75 **whurls** gurgles

78 **conceit** (a) artistic conception, (b) witty figure

in picture i.e. as a pictorial emblem

80-1 **You...for it** Perhaps the point is

simply that Lussurioso is not entitled to criticize something he has not paid for.

88 **pared...quick** The colloquialism (meaning literally to cut the cuticle so deep as to reach the sensitive parts) registers Hippolito's recognition that the conceit is an exposure of Lussurioso's own position.

104 **colours** a painting; but 'colours' also means 'appearances'

105 **parlous** shrewd, keen, dangerous

117 **affect** grow fond of

118 **they** i.e. Vindice's eyes

121 **unbrace** disclose; but the literal meaning of 'undress' serves as ironic reminder that Piato was a role created by means of disguise.

125 **here** perhaps laying a hand on his heart or head

133 **quit** repay
wrought with worked on

HIPPOLITO
 O, villain!
 VINDICE He shall surely die that did it.
 LUSSURIOSO
 I, far from thinking any virgin harm,
 Especially knowing her to be as chaste
 As that part which scarce suffers to be touched,
 Th' eye, would not endure him—
 140 VINDICE Would you not,
 My lord? 'Twas wondrous honourably done.
 LUSSURIOSO
 But with some fine frowns kept him out.
 VINDICE Out, slave!
 LUSSURIOSO
 What did me he but, in revenge of that,
 Went of his own free will to make infirm
 145 Your sister's honour, whom I honour with my soul
 For chaste respect, and not prevailing there
 (As 'twas but desperate folly to attempt it),
 In mere spleen, by the way, waylays your mother,
 Whose honour being a coward, as it seems,
 Yielded by little force.
 150 VINDICE Coward indeed.
 LUSSURIOSO
 He, proud of their advantage, as he thought,
 Brought me these news for happy, but I,
 Heaven forgive me for't—
 VINDICE What did your honour?
 155 LUSSURIOSO In rage pushed him from me,
 Trampled beneath his throat, spurned him, and
 bruised.
 Indeed I was too cruel, to say troth.
 HIPPOLITO
 Most nobly managed.
 VINDICE [*aside*] Has not heaven an ear?
 Is all the lightning wasted?
 LUSSURIOSO If I now
 160 Were so impatient in a modest cause,
 What should you be?
 VINDICE Full mad. He shall not live
 To see the moon change.
 LUSSURIOSO He's about the palace.
 Hippolito, entice him this way that thy brother
 May take full mark of him.
 165 HIPPOLITO Heart, that shall not need, my lord;
 I can direct him so far.
 LUSSURIOSO Yet for my hate's sake,
 Go wind him this way. I'll see him bleed myself.

HIPPOLITO [*aside to Vindice*] What now, brother?
 VINDICE [*aside to Hippolito*]
 Nay, e'en what you will; you're put to't, brother.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside to Vindice*]
 An impossible task, I'll swear,
 To bring him hither that's already here. 170
 Exit
 LUSSURIOSO
 Thy name? I have forgot it.
 VINDICE Vindice, my lord.
 LUSSURIOSO
 'Tis a good name that.
 VINDICE Ay, a revenger.
 LUSSURIOSO
 It does betoken courage. Thou shouldst be valiant
 And kill thine enemies.
 VINDICE That's my hope, my lord. 175
 LUSSURIOSO
 This slave is one.
 VINDICE I'll doom him.
 LUSSURIOSO Then I'll praise thee.
 Do thou observe me best, and I'll best raise thee.
 Enter Hippolito
 VINDICE
 Indeed, I thank you.
 LUSSURIOSO Now, Hippolito,
 Where's the slave-pander?
 HIPPOLITO Your good lordship
 Would have a loathsome sight of him, much offensive. 180
 He's not in case now to be seen, my lord.
 The worst of all the deadly sins is in him,
 That beggarly damnation, drunkenness.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Then he's a double slave.
 VINDICE [*aside*] 'Twas well conveyed,
 Upon a sudden wit.
 LUSSURIOSO What, are you both
 185 Firmly resolved? I'll see him dead myself.
 VINDICE
 Or else let not us live.
 LUSSURIOSO You may direct
 Your brother to take note of him.
 HIPPOLITO I shall.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Rise but in this and you shall never fall.
 VINDICE
 Your honour's vassals.
 LUSSURIOSO [*aside*] This was wisely carried. 190
 Deep policy in us makes fools of such.

136 He...it doubly ironic: Vindice covertly avows his intention to kill Lussurioso, while unwittingly forecasting his own fate
 138-40 chaste...Th' eye with the slight pause before 'Th' eye' allowing innuendo; compare Webster's *Duchess of Malji*, 'And women like that part which, like the lamphrey, | Hath ne'er a bone in't... | I mean the tongue' (1.1.336-8)

143 did me he colloquial and emphatic, as at 2.2.42
 146 For chaste respect out of regard for her chastity
 148 mere spleen pure spite
 151 their advantage the advantage to be reported in 'these news'
 156 spurned kicked
 160 in a modest cause in the cause of

chastity, with the additional sense that it is of only modest (moderate) relevance to himself
 164 mark note
 167 wind draw, entice
 177 observe gratify, treat with respect
 181 in case in a condition
 184 conveyed managed
 185 sudden punning on 'sodden'

- Then must a slave die, when he knows too much.
- Exit
- VINDICE
O, thou almighty patience! 'Tis my wonder
That such a fellow, impudent and wicked,
195 Should not be cloven as he stood,
Or with a secret wind burst open.
Is there no thunder left, or is't kept up
In stock for heavier vengeance? There it goes.
- HIPPOLITO
Brother, we lose ourselves.
- VINDICE
200 'Twill hold, 'tis sure. Thanks, thanks to any spirit
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.
- HIPPOLITO
What is't?
- VINDICE
'Tis sound and good. Thou shalt partake it.
I'm hired to kill myself.
- HIPPOLITO
True.
- VINDICE
Prithee, mark it:
205 And the old Duke being dead but not conveyed,
For he's already missed too, and you know
Murder will peep out of the closest husk—
- HIPPOLITO
Most true.
- VINDICE
What say you then to this device?
If we dressed up the body of the Duke—
- HIPPOLITO
In that disguise of yours.
- VINDICE
You're quick, you've reached it.
- 210 HIPPOLITO I like it wondrously.
- VINDICE
And being in drink, as you have published him,
To lean him on his elbow as if sleep had caught him,
Which claims most interest in such sluggish men.
- HIPPOLITO
215 Good yet, but here's a doubt:
We, thought by th' Duke's son to kill that pander,
Shall, when he is known, be thought to kill the Duke.
- VINDICE
Neither, O thanks, it is substantial,
For that disguise being on him which I wore,
It will be thought I, which he calls the pander,
220 Did kill the Duke and fled away in his apparel,
Leaving him so disguised to avoid swift pursuit.
- HIPPOLITO
Firmer and firmer.
- VINDICE
Nay, doubt not, 'tis in grain;
I warrant it hold colour.
- HIPPOLITO
Let's about it.
- VINDICE
But by the way too, now I think on't, brother,
225 Let's conjure that base devil out of our mother. Exeunt
- Enter the Duchess, arm in arm with the Bastard Spurio; he seemeth lasciviously to her. After them, enter Supervacuo, running with a rapier; his brother Ambitioso stops him*
- 4.3
- SPURIO
Madam, unlock yourself. Should it be seen,
Your arm would be suspected.
- DUCHESS
Who is't that dares suspect or this or these?
May not we deal our favours where we please?
- SPURIO
I'm confident you may. Exeunt Duchess and Spurio
- AMBITIOSO
2 'Sfoot, brother, hold. 5
- SUPERVACUO
Would let the bastard shame us?
- AMBITIOSO
Hold, hold, brother.
There's fitter time than now.
- SUPERVACUO
Now, when I see it?
- AMBITIOSO
'Tis too much seen already.
- SUPERVACUO
Seen and known;
The nobler she's, the baser is she grown.
- AMBITIOSO
10 If she were bent lasciviously, the fault
Of mighty women that sleep soft—O death!
Must she needs choose such an unequal sinner
To make all worse?
- SUPERVACUO
A bastard, the Duke's bastard!
Shame heaped on shame.
- AMBITIOSO
15 O, our disgrace!
Most women have small waist the world throughout,
But their desires are thousand miles about.

193–8 O, thou... vengeance? adapted from Seneca's *Phaedra*, lines 671–4; see also I.4.23

198 There it goes That's it!, Eureka! Vindice has hit upon a plan, as he explains in his next speech (198–200).

199 Brother... it Hippolito's phrase means 'we are destroying ourselves' and (by dramatic irony) 'we are damning ourselves'; Vindice, giving it the literal sense 'we have lost our way', claims to have 'found it' (the way to extricate

themselves from their predicament).

200 hold stand the test, work

204 conveyed disposed of

206 Murder... husk the proverbial 'Murder will out'

213 sluggish sluggish

217 substantial firmly based, soundly conceived

222 in grain fast dyed, indelible

223 hold colour continuing the image while playing on the figurative sense of 'colour' = pretence: the pretence will be believed

225 conjure exorcise

4.3.0.2 seemeth acts

1 unlock yourself i.e. release your arm from mine

3 or this or these either this arm or these kisses (or caresses)

6 Woult wilt thou

9 baser quibbling on the social and moral senses

10 bent lasciviously intent on wantonness

12 unequal i.e. in rank and blood

	SUPERVACUO	That had been monstrous. I defy that man For any such intent. None lives so pure But shall be soiled with slander. Good son, believe it not.	
	Come, stay not here; let's after and prevent, Or else they'll sin faster than we'll repent.	<i>Exeunt</i>	
4.4	<i>Enter Vindice and Hippolito, bringing out their Mother, one by one shoulder and the other by the other, with daggers in their hands</i>	VINDICE	O, I'm in doubt Whether I'm myself or no!— Stay, let me look again upon this face. Who shall be saved when mothers have no grace?
	VINDICE	HIPPOLITO	'Twould make one half despair.
	O thou for whom no name is bad enough!	VINDICE	I was the man. Defy me now. Let's see; do't modestly.
	MOTHER	MOTHER	O hell unto my soul!
	What means my sons? What, will you murder me?	VINDICE	In that disguise I, sent from the Duke's son, Tried you and found you base metal, As any villain might have done.
	VINDICE	MOTHER	O no, No tongue but yours could have bewitched me so.
	Wicked, unnatural parent.	VINDICE	O, nimble in damnation, quick in tune. There is no devil could strike fire so soon. I am confuted in a word.
	HIPPOLITO	MOTHER	O sons, Forgive me. To myself I'll prove more true. You that should honour me, I kneel to you. [<i>She kneels and weeps</i>]
	MOTHER	VINDICE	A mother to give aim to her own daughter!
	O, are sons turned monsters? Help!	HIPPOLITO	True, brother, how far beyond nature 'tis, Though many mothers do't.
	VINDICE	VINDICE	Nay, an you draw tears once, go you to bed. Wet will make iron blush and change to red. Brother, it rains. 'Twill spoil your dagger. House it.
	MOTHER	HIPPOLITO	'Tis done.
5	Are you so barbarous to set iron nipples Upon the breast that gave you suck?	VINDICE	P'faith, 'tis a sweet shower. It does much good. The fruitful grounds and meadows of her soul Has been long dry. Pour down, thou blessèd dew. Rise, mother. Troth, this shower has made you higher.
	VINDICE	MOTHER	
	That breast Is turned to quarlèd poison.	VINDICE	
	MOTHER	VINDICE	
	Cut not your days for't. Am not I your mother?	VINDICE	
	VINDICE	VINDICE	
10	Thou dost usurp that title now by fraud, For in that shell of mother breeds a bawd.	VINDICE	
	MOTHER	VINDICE	
	A bawd? O name far loathsomer than hell!	VINDICE	
	HIPPOLITO	VINDICE	
	It should be so, knew'st thou thy office well.	VINDICE	
	MOTHER I hate it.	VINDICE	
	VINDICE	VINDICE	
15	Ah, is't possible, thou only God on high, That women should dissemble when they die?	VINDICE	
	MOTHER	VINDICE	
	Dissemble?	VINDICE	
	VINDICE	VINDICE	
	Did not the Duke's son direct A fellow of the world's condition hither, That did corrupt all that was good in thee, Made thee uncivilly forget thyself And work our sister to his lust?	VINDICE	
20	MOTHER	VINDICE	
	Who, I?	VINDICE	

4.4.5 iron nipples i.e. their daggers

7 quarlèd curdled

8 Cut cut short (by being executed for murder); again alluding to Exodus, 20:12, as at 2.2.95-6

12 office duty, role

17 of... condition i.e. worldly, materialistic; but the phrase carries something of the Calvinist sense of general depravity.

19 uncivilly barbarously

24-5 I'm...no The joke raises a deeper question about his true identity than Vindice intends. As Piato, he had played the role of pander to perfection.

26 Stay...face 'This face' is presumably his mother's, but line 25 would give some

justification for taking it as Vindice's own, in which case the props would have to include a mirror or glass. A moment of reflection on his own self and salvation might be effective here.

27 grace recalling the mother's name, Italian for 'Grace'

35 quick in tune quick to attune to the situation

40 give aim a term from archery meaning to guide the aim of the shooter; depending on whether the following 'to' means 'for' or 'towards', the point could be either that she directs Castiza towards Lussurioso or that she aids his attempt

on the target

43 you i.e. his dagger

to bed into its scabbard

44 blush with red rust

48-9 The...dry The traditional imagery of spiritual sterility and fruitfulness is here complicated by the play's 'virtual identification of stable moral and social values with the landed order of the old-fashioned manor' (Ross).

50 this...higher continuing the image of plant growth; through her tears of remorse Mother has attained a higher moral station, and she is here literally raised to her feet

- [*He helps her up*]
- MOTHER
O you heavens,
Take this infectious spot out of my soul.
I'll rinse it in seven waters of mine eyes.
Make my tears salt enough to taste of grace.
55 To weep is to our sex naturally given,
But to weep truly, that's a gift from heaven.
- VINDICE
Nay, I'll kiss you now. Kiss her, brother.
Let's marry her to our souls, wherein's no lust,
And honourably love her.
- HIPPOLITO Let it be.
- VINDICE
60 For honest women are so seld and rare
'Tis good to cherish those poor few that are.
O you of easy wax, do but imagine,
Now the disease has left you, how leprously
That office would have clinged unto your forehead.
65 All mothers that had any graceful hue
Would have worn masks to hide their face at you.
It would have grown to this: at your foul name
Green-coloured maids would have turned red with
shame.
- HIPPOLITO
And then our sister, full of hire and baseness.
- VINDICE
70 There had been boiling lead again.
The Duke's son's great concubine,
A drab of state, a cloth o' silver slut!
To have her train borne up and her soul trail i'th'
dirt!
- HIPPOLITO
Graced, to be miserably great; rich, to be eternally
wretched.
- 75 VINDICE O common madness!
Ask but the thriving'st harlot in cold blood,
She'd give the world to make her honour good.
Perhaps you'll say, 'But only to th' Duke's son
In private'. Why, she first begins with one
- Who afterward to thousand proves a whore:
"Break ice in one place, it will crack in more."
MOTHER Most certainly applied.
- HIPPOLITO
O brother, you forget our business.
- VINDICE
And well remembered. Joy's a subtle elf.
I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.—
85 Farewell, once dried, now holy-watered mead.
Our hearts wear feathers that before wore lead.
- MOTHER
I'll give you this, that one I never knew
Plead better for and 'gainst the devil than you.
- VINDICE You make me proud on't. 90
- HIPPOLITO
Commend us in all virtue to our sister.
- VINDICE
Ay, for the love of heaven, to that true maid.
- MOTHER
With my best words.
- VINDICE Why, that was motherly said.
Exeunt Vindice and Hippolito
- MOTHER
I wonder now what fury did transport me.
I feel good thoughts begin to settle in me. 95
O, with what forehead can I look on her
Whose honour I've so impiously beset?
[*Enter Castiza*]
And here she comes.
- CASTIZA
Now mother, you have wrought with me so strongly
That, what for my advancement as to calm 100
The trouble of your tongue, I am content.
- MOTHER
Content to what?
- CASTIZA To do as you have wished me,
To prostitute my breast to the Duke's son
And put myself to common usury.
- MOTHER
I hope you will not so.

53 I'll...eyes I'll cleanse it by much penitent weeping (like Mary Magdalen, the Early Modern archetype of the repentant weeper). The phrase 'seven waters' suggests ritual purification, as when the prophet Elisha bade the leper Naaman 'wash in the Jordan seven times' (2 Kings, 5:10); Jesus had cast seven devils out of Mary (Mark, 16:9) and Mother's number probably glances also at the seven biblical psalms designated as the Penitential Psalms.

54 salt a possible allusion to the use of salt in baptism as symbol of delivery from sin. The whole passage emphasizes true repentance as a sign of saving grace through faith.

60 seld seldom found

62 of easy wax who are pliable

65 graceful quibbling on physical and spiritual grace

hue appearance

68 Green-coloured immature, inexperienced

69 hire payment for (sexual) use

72 drab whore

74 rich...wretched The consonance enforces the point.

84 subtle elf spirit that works imperceptibly or insidiously

85 I think...himself The line hints at the involutions of Vindice's tormented psyche. Like Hamlet ('Heaven and earth, | Must I remember?', 1.2.142-3), Vindice as revenger is a 'rememberer', aware of a past and of an eternal future that the court, in its frenetic preoccu-

pation with pleasures of the present minute, obliterates from consciousness. This is a society of 'forgetful feasts' (3.5.91), and in his role as tempter Vindice tries to make his Mother 'forget heaven' (2.1.119). Vindice veers between contemplative contempt for the world and strenuous immersion in it.

86 mead meadow; the line's imagery provides the poetic resolution of the theme set forth in lines 48-50.

96 forehead countenance, dignity

100 what for In this elliptical construction, the phrase is equivalent to 'as much for'.

104 usury here = use for hire, prostitution; the figurative use of the term 'usury' associates sexual corruption with a money economy; see note on 2.2.97

- 105 CASTIZA Hope you I will not?
That's not the hope you look to be saved in.
- MOTHER
Truth, but it is.
- CASTIZA Do not deceive yourself.
I am as you e'en out of marble wrought.
What would you now? Are ye not pleased yet with
me?
- 110 You shall not wish me to be more lascivious
Than I intend to be.
- MOTHER Strike not me cold.
- CASTIZA
How often have you charged me on your blessing
To be a cursèd woman? When you knew
Your blessing had no force to make me lewd,
You laid your curse upon me. That did more;
115 The mother's curse is heavy. Where that fights
Sons set in storm and daughters lose their lights.
- MOTHER
Good child, dear maid, if there be any spark
Of heavenly intellectual fire within thee,
120 O let my breath revive it to a flame.
Put not all out with woman's wilful follies.
I am recovered of that foul disease
That haunts too many mothers. Kind, forgive me;
Make me not sick in health. If then
125 My words prevailed when they were wickedness,
How much more now when they are just and good?
- CASTIZA
I wonder what you mean. Are not you she
For whose infect persuasions I could scarce
Kneel out my prayers, and had much ado
130 In three hours' reading to untwist so much
Of the black serpent as you wound about me?
- MOTHER
'Tis unfruitful, held tedious, to repeat what's past.
I'm now your present mother.
- CASTIZA Push! Now 'tis too late.
- MOTHER
Bethink again; thou know'st not what thou say'st.
- CASTIZA
No? 'Deny advancement, treasure, the Duke's son?' 135
- MOTHER
O see, I spoke those words, and now they poison me.
What will the deed do then?
Advancement? True—as high as shame can pitch!
For treasure, whoe'er knew a harlot rich?
140 Or could build by the purchase of her sin
An hospital to keep their bastards in?
The Duke's son? O, when women are young courtiers,
They are sure to be old beggars.
To know the miseries most harlots taste,
Thou'dst wish thyself unborn when thou art un-
chaste. 145
- CASTIZA
O mother, let me twine about your neck
And kiss you till my soul melt on your lips.
I did but this to try you.
- MOTHER O, speak truth!
- CASTIZA
Indeed, I did not, for no tongue has force
To alter me from honest. 150
If maidens would, men's words could have no power.
A virgin honour is a crystal tower,
Which, being weak, is guarded with good spirits;
Until she basely yields, no ill inherits.
- MOTHER
O happy child! Faith and thy birth hath saved me. 155
'Mongst thousand daughters happiest of all others,
Be thou a glass for maids and I for mothers. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Quarti

106 **That's...in** The stress is on 'you': her mother's 'hope' had appeared to be of a material salvation from poverty, at the expense of Castiza's chastity, not of Divine Salvation.

108 **I am...wrought** Castiza is probably saying 'I am now as hardened (to the prospect of sinning) as you'; compare the 'dauntless marble' inspired by 'impudence' at 1.3.8 and 'marble impudence' at 5.3.69.

116–17 **The...lights** Since curses 'light' (alight) on those cursed (as in 'Confusion light on you!' in *Michaelmas*, 4.1.63) and people either win or 'lose' fights,

one might naturally have expected the rhyme-words to appear in the reverse order. This would have created a kind of punning false antithesis in line 116: 'heavy...lights'. But the transposition is deliberate, enforcing the pun on 'Sons'/'Suns', which in turn gives the concreteness of an image of heavenly bodies to the phrase 'lose their lights' = lose their sense of moral direction.

119 **intellectual** here, spiritual

123 **Kind** (a) kind one, (b) child (one of my kin); hence = 'kind daughter'

128 **infect** infected

130–1 **untwist...me** another image

that gains power from a pictorial and emblematic tradition featuring Satan as serpent in the Garden of Eden and the struggles of figures from classical mythology, such as Laocoön, who was crushed by the coils of two sea-serpents.

133 **present** i.e. true

140 **purchase** profit

141 **hospital** orphanage

149 **did not** i.e. did not speak truth before

151 **would** had the will (to be chaste)

154 **inherits** takes possession, resides there

155 **happy** blessed

157 **glass** mirror (i.e. model)



5.1 [Incipit Actus Quintus]
 Enter Vindice and Hippolito [carrying the corpse
 of the Duke dressed in Vindice's disguise as Piato;
 they set it in place]

VINDICE So, so, he leans well. Take heed you wake him
 not, brother.

HIPPOLITO I warrant you, my life for yours.

VINDICE
 That's a good lay, for I must kill myself.
 5 Brother, that's I; that sits for me. Do you mark it?
 And I must stand ready here to make away myself
 yonder—I must sit to be killed and stand to kill myself.
 I could vary it not so little as thrice over again. 'Tis
 some eight returns like Michaelmas Term.

10 HIPPOLITO That's enough, o' conscience.

VINDICE But sirrah, does the Duke's son come single?

HIPPOLITO No, there's the hell on't; his faith's too feeble to
 go alone. He brings flesh-flies after him that will buzz
 against supper-time and hum for his coming out.

15 VINDICE Ah, the fly-flop of vengeance beat 'em to pieces!
 Here was the sweetest occasion, the fittest hour, to
 have made my revenge familiar with him, show him
 the body of the Duke his father and how quaintly he
 died—like a politician in hugger-mugger, made no man
 20 acquainted with it—and in catastrophe slain him over
 his father's breast, and—O, I'm mad to lose such a
 sweet opportunity!

HIPPOLITO Nay, push! Prithee be content. There's no
 remedy present. May not hereafter times open in as
 25 fair faces as this?

VINDICE They may if they can paint so well.

HIPPOLITO Come now, to avoid all suspicion let's forsake
 this room and be going to meet the Duke's son.

VINDICE Content, I'm for any weather. Heart, step close,
 30 here he comes.

Enter Lussurioso

HIPPOLITO My honoured lord.

LUSSURIOSO O me! You both present?

VINDICE E'en newly, my lord, just as your lordship entered
 now. About this place we had notice given he should
 be, but in some loathsome plight or other. 35

HIPPOLITO Came your honour private?

LUSSURIOSO
 Private enough for this. Only a few
 Attend my coming out.

HIPPOLITO [aside] Death rot those few!

LUSSURIOSO Stay, yonder's the slave.

VINDICE
 Mass, there's the slave indeed, my lord. 40
 [Aside] 'Tis a good child; he calls his father slave.

LUSSURIOSO
 Ay, that's the villain, the damned villain. Softly,
 Tread easy.

VINDICE Puh, I warrant you, my lord,
 We'll stifle in our breaths.

LUSSURIOSO That will do well.—
 Base rogue, thou sleepest thy last. [Aside] 'Tis policy 45
 To have him killed in's sleep, for if he waked
 He would betray all to them.

VINDICE But my lord—

LUSSURIOSO
 Ha, what say'st?

VINDICE Shall we kill him now he's drunk?

LUSSURIOSO Ay, best of all.

VINDICE Why then, he will ne'er live to be sober. 50

LUSSURIOSO No matter, let him reel to hell.

VINDICE But being so full of liquor, I fear he will put out
 all the fire.

LUSSURIOSO Thou art a mad-breast.

VINDICE [aside] And leave none to warm your lordship's 55
 golls withal.—For he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire
 like a bucket o' water, quish, quish.

LUSSURIOSO
 Come, be ready, make your swords, think of your
 wrongs.
 This slave has injured you.

VINDICE Troth, so he has.

[Aside] And he has paid well for't. 60

5.1.0.4 *set it in place* leaning on his
 elbow as though asleep, if they adhere
 to Vindice's original plan (4.2.212), as
 seems confirmed by Vindice's opening
 remarks, though his next speech twice
 refers to sitting (but perhaps 'sits' =
 is placed). Again, use of the 'discovery
 space' seems likely. If the Duke's body
 had been stowed in the alcove at the
 end of 3.5, the actor playing the Duke
 could be back in the same spot for
 the beginning of this scene, so that
 Vindice and Hippolito would need only
 to draw the curtains and arrange the
 Duke's posture. Holdsworth (1990)
 notes the references to 'this room' (28)

and 'that sad room' (89), and also
 the echoes (which create an 'ironic
 counterpointing') of the discovery of
 Antonio's wife: with 5.1.88 and 100
 compare 1.4.1 and 1.1.4–5.

4 *lay bet*

9 *returns* i.e. rhetorical variations for
 describing the situation; punning on
 'returns' as the days for sheriff's reports
 (also 'returns') to the law court upon
 writs.

13 *flesh-flies* blow-flies, i.e. parasites,
 hangers-on

14 *against* in expectation of, until

15 *fly-flop* fly-swatter

18 *quaintly* ingeniously

19 *politician* schemer
 in *hugger-mugger* in secret

20 in *catastrophe* in conclusion, as the final
 act of the tragedy. Vindice is dramatizing
 the situation to himself.

24 *open in* exhibit

26 *paint* as with cosmetics

41 'Tis . . . *slave* perhaps again recalling the
 proverb 'It is a wise child that know his
 own father'; compare 2.1.162 and note.

54 *mad-breast* a coinage on the analogy of
 'mad-brain'; Lussurioso is complimenting
 Vindice on his bizarre wit; compare
 2.2.82

56 *golls* hands

58 *make naked*, i.e. unsheath

LUSSURIOSO
Meet with him now.

VINDICE You'll bear us out, my lord?

LUSSURIOSO
Puh, am I a lord for nothing, think you? Quickly now.

VINDICE
Sa, sa, sa, thump!
[*He stabs the corpse*]
There he lies.

LUSSURIOSO
Nimble done.
[*He approaches the corpse*]
Ha! O, villains, murderers,
'Tis the old Duke my father!

65 VINDICE That's a jest.

LUSSURIOSO What, stiff and cold already?
O, pardon me to call you from your names;
'Tis none of your deed. That villain Piato,
Whom you thought now to kill, has murdered him
And left him thus disguised.

70 HIPPOLITO And not unlikely.

VINDICE
O rascal! Was he not ashamed
To put the Duke into a greasy doublet?

LUSSURIOSO
He has been cold and stiff who knows how long?

VINDICE [*aside*] Marry, that do I.

75 LUSSURIOSO
No words, I pray, of anything intended.

VINDICE O, my lord.

HIPPOLITO I would fain have your lordship think that we
have small reason to prate.

LUSSURIOSO
Faith, thou say'st true. I'll forthwith send to court,
80 For all the nobles, bastard, Duchess, all,
How here by miracle we found him dead,
And in his raiment that foul villain fled.

VINDICE That will be the best way, my lord, to clear us all.
Let's cast about to be clear.

LUSSURIOSO
85 Ho, Nencio, Sordido, and the rest!
*Enter all [his attendants, including Sordido and
Nencio and Guards]*

SORDIDO My lord.

NENCIO My lord.

LUSSURIOSO
Be witnesses of a strange spectacle:
Choosing for private conference that sad room,
We found the Duke my father gealed in blood. 90

SORDIDO
My lord the Duke?—Run, hie thee, Nencio,
Startle the court by signifying so much. [*Exit Nencio*]

VINDICE [*aside*]
Thus much by wit a deep revenger can,
When murder's known, to be the clearest man.
We're furthest off and with as bold an eye 95
Survey his body as the standers-by.

LUSSURIOSO
My royal father, too basely let blood
By a malevolent slave.

HIPPOLITO [*aside*] Hark,
He calls thee slave again.

VINDICE H'as lost; he may.

LUSSURIOSO
O sigh! Look hither, see, his lips are gnawn 100
With poison.

VINDICE How, his lips? By th' mass, they be!

LUSSURIOSO
O villain, O rogue, O slave, O rascal!

HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
O good deceit, he quits him with like terms!

FIRST NOBLE [*within*] Where?

SECOND NOBLE [*within*] Which way? 105
[*Enter Ambitioso and Supervacu with Nobles and
Gentlemen*]

AMBITIOSO
Over what roof hangs this prodigious comet
In deadly fire?

LUSSURIOSO Behold, behold, my lords.
The Duke my father's murdered by a vassal
That owes this habit and here left disguised.
[*Enter Duchess and Spurio*]

DUCESS
My lord and husband!

SECOND NOBLE Reverend majesty! 110

FIRST NOBLE
I have seen these clothes often attending on him.

61 **Meet with him** (a) encounter him as an enemy, (b) requite him

bear us out back us up (against any ensuing charge)

63 **Sa, sa, sa** exclamation used by fencers when delivering a thrust (French 'ça')

65 **That's a jest** i.e. you are surely not serious

67 **to...names** for using the wrong terms to describe you

72 **doublet** close-fitting body garment for men

78 **prate** gossip

79 **send** send a message

84 **cast...clear** contrive to be free from suspicion

85 **Nencio, Sordido** Italian for an idiot (with a possible pun on Latin *nuntius*, messenger) and for corrupt, absurd, unclean

90 **gealed** congealed

93 **deep** profoundly cunning

can can do

94 **clearest** (seemingly) most innocent

95 **furthest off** i.e. from suspicion

103 **quits** repays. Foakes suggests that Hippolito thinks of Lussurioso as addressing

the Duke, who had called him 'villain, traitor' at 2.3.14.

106 **prodigious** ominous

comet This figurative reference to the portent of disaster and the death of a ruler foreshadows the actual appearance of the comet in 5.3. Ambitioso's burst of metaphor is essentially a high-flown and hypocritical exclamation of horror at the calamity.

109 **owes** owns

111 **these clothes** i.e. the man who wore these clothes, Piato

- VINDICE [*aside*] That nobleman
Has been i'th' country, for he does not lie.
- SUPERVACUO [*aside to Ambitioso*]
Learn of our mother. Let's dissemble too.
- 115 I am glad he's vanished; so I hope are you.
- AMBITIOSO [*aside to Supervacuio*]
Ay, you may take my word for't.
- SPURIO [*aside*] Old Dad dead?
I, one of his cast sins, will send the fates
Most hearty commendations by his own son.
I'll tug in the new stream till strength be done.
- 120 LUSSURIOSO
Where be those two that did affirm to us
My lord the Duke was privately rid forth?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
O, pardon us, my lords; he gave that charge
Upon our lives, if he were missed at court,
To answer so. He rode not anywhere.
- 125 We left him private with that fellow, here.
- VINDICE [*aside*] Confirmed.
- LUSSURIOSO
O heavens, that false charge was his death.
Impudent beggars! Durst you to our face
Maintain such a false answer? Bear him straight
To execution.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
My lord!
- 130 LUSSURIOSO Urge me no more.
In this, the excuse may be called half the murder.
- VINDICE
You've sentenced well.
- LUSSURIOSO Away, see it be done.
[*Exit First Gentleman under guard*]
- VINDICE [*aside*]
Could you not stick? See what confession doth.
Who would not lie, when men are hanged for truth?
- HIPPOLITO [*aside to Vindice*]
Brother, how happy is our vengeance.
- 135 VINDICE [*aside to Hippolito*] Why, it hits
Past the apprehension of indifferent wits.
- LUSSURIOSO My lord, let post horse be sent
Into all places to entrap the villain.
- VINDICE [*aside*] Post horse, ha, ha!
- [FIRST] NOBLE
My lord, we're something bold to know our duty. 140
Your father's accidentally departed.
The titles that were due to him meet you.
- LUSSURIOSO
Meet me? I'm not at leisure, my good lord.
I've many griefs to dispatch out o'th' way.
[*Aside*] Welcome, sweet titles!—Talk to me, my lords 145
Of sepulchres and mighty emperors' bones;
That's thought for me.
- VINDICE [*aside*] So, one may see by this
How sov'reign markets go:
Courtiers have feet o'th' nines and tongues o'th'
twelves.
- They flatter dukes and dukes flatter themselves. 150
- [SECOND] NOBLE
My lord, it is your shine must comfort us.
- LUSSURIOSO
Alas, I shine in tears, like the sun in April.
- [FIRST] NOBLE You're now my lord's grace.
- LUSSURIOSO
My lord's grace? I perceive you'll have it so.
- [SECOND] NOBLE 'Tis but your own. 155
- LUSSURIOSO
Then heavens give me grace to be so.
- VINDICE [*aside*]
He prays well for himself.
- [FIRST] NOBLE [*to the Duchess*]
Madam, all sorrows
Must run their circles into joys. No doubt but time
Will make the murderer bring forth himself.
- VINDICE [*aside*]
He were an ass then, i'faith.
- [FIRST] NOBLE In the mean season, 160
Let us bethink the latest funeral honours
Due to the Duke's cold body, and withal—
Calling to memory our new happiness
Spread in his royal son—lords, gentlemen,
Prepare for revels.

112–13 **That...lie** alluding to the proverbial contrast between court deceit and country simplicity and truth

117 **cast** (a) discarded; (b) disseminated (the sins being linked to the Duke's indiscriminate sowing of his seed)

117–18 **will...son** i.e. he will kill Ambitioso, as he does in 5.3

119 **tug** as on an oar; i.e. he will strive for his own advantage in this new current of events

126 **Confirmed** probably meaning both 'True enough' and 'My innocence is confirmed'

131 **excuse** i.e. the excuse the Gentleman provided for the Duke's absence

133 **stick** stop talking; the whole line has ironic application to Vindice's own

final inability to remain silent about the Duke's death.

136 **indifferent wits** ordinary intellects

137 **post horse** speedy riders

140 **we're...duty** we are rather eager (to the point of risking impertinence) to know where our allegiance now lies

147–8 **So...go** This is presumably Vindice's sardonic comment on Lussurioso's feigned unwillingness to accept the dukedom, but the exact meaning is obscure. Foakes, citing the proverb 'You may know by the market men how the markets go', suggests that Vindice means 'that as the new duke behaves, so his courtiers will follow suit'. But Vindice's point seems to concern market strategy:

by pretending to be a reluctant 'buyer' Lussurioso encourages the 'sellers' to be more pressing. 'Sov'reign markets' are, punningly, the best markets and markets in monarchs and in gold coins.

149 **Courtiers...twelves** i.e. courtiers' flattering tongues are three sizes larger than their feet (perhaps with a submerged pun on the tongue of a boot or shoe)

153 **my lord's grace** a courtesy-title given to a duke

160 **mean season** meantime

164 **Spread** extended; the 'royal son' spreads happiness, as the sun its warming rays; the preposition 'in' is used (rather than 'by') because his subjects are happy in this son/sun

VINDICE [*aside*] Revels?
 165 [FIRST] NOBLE Time hath several falls;
 Grievs lift up joys, feasts put down funerals.
 LUSSURIOSO
 Come then, my lords; my favours to you all.
 [*Aside*] The Duchess is suspected foully bent.
 I'll begin dukedom with her banishment.
*Exeunt Duke [Lussurioso, Sordido],
 Nobles, [Gentlemen, Attendants bearing
 the old Duke's body], and Duchess*

HIPPOLITO [*to Vindice*]
 Revels!
 VINDICE [*to Hippolito*]
 170 Ay, that's the word; we are firm yet.
 Strike one strain more and then we crown our wit.
Exeunt brothers Vindice and Hippolito

SPURIO [*aside*] Well, have at the fairest mark!—So said the
 Duke when he begot me—
 And if I miss his heart or near about,
 175 Then have at any; a bastard scorns to be out. [*Exit*]

SUPERVACUO Not'st thou that Spurio, brother?
 AMBITIOSO Yes, I note him to our shame.
 SUPERVACUO He shall not live. His hair shall not grow much
 longer. In this time of revels, tricks may be set afoot.
 180 Seest thou yon new moon? It shall outlive the new
 Duke by much.
 This hand shall dispossess him, then we're mighty.
 A masque is treason's licence—that build upon.
 'Tis murder's best face when a visor's on. *Exit*

AMBITIOSO
 185 Is't so? 'Tis very good.
 And do you think to be duke then, kind brother?
 I'll see fair play: drop one and there lies t'other. *Exit*

5.2 *Enter Vindice and Hippolito with Piero and other
 Lords*

VINDICE
 My lords, be all of music; strike old griefs
 Into other countries
 That flow in too much milk and have faint livers,

Not daring to stab home their discontents.
 Let our hid flames break out as fire, as lightning,
 To blast this villainous dukedom vexed with sin.
 Wind up your souls to their full height again.

PIERO
 How?
 FIRST LORD
 Which way?
 SECOND LORD Any way. Our wrongs are such,
 We cannot justly be revenged too much.

VINDICE
 You shall have all enough. Revels are toward,
 10 And those few nobles that have long suppressed you
 Are busied to the furnishing of a masque
 And do affect to make a pleasant tale on't.
 The masquing suits are fashioning. Now comes in
 That which must glad us all—we to take pattern
 15 Of all those suits, the colour, trimming, fashion,
 E'en to an undistinguished hair almost;
 Then, ent'ring first, observing the true form,
 Within a strain or two we shall find leisure
 To steal our swords out handsomely
 20 And, when they think their pleasure sweet and good,
 In midst of all their joys they shall sigh blood.

PIERO Weightily, effectually.
 THIRD LORD Before the t'other masquers come—
 VINDICE We're gone, all done and past.
 25

PIERO
 But how for the Duke's guard?
 VINDICE Let that alone;
 By one and one their strengths shall be drunk down.

HIPPOLITO
 There are five hundred gentlemen in the action
 That will apply themselves and not stand idle.

PIERO
 O, let us hug your bosoms!

VINDICE Come, my lords,
 30 Prepare for deeds; let other times have words. *Exeunt*

165 **falls** In view of 'lift up' and 'put down', the most obvious meaning must be operative here; one might paraphrase, 'time produces different kinds of overthrow'.
 166 **Grievs...funerals** griefs enhance joy, and feasts overcome the sadness of funerals
 168 **foully bent** lewdly inclined
 170 **firm** secure
 171 **Strike...more** play one more tune or theme; i.e. perform one more action
 172 **have at** a colloquial declaration of intent, as at 3.5.138
mark target (i.e. Lussurioso, the new duke); vulva (when applied to what the

Duke said)
 175 **out** out of the game, without office or influence
 183 **masque** an entertainment at festive occasions at court or in great halls; it consisted of dancing and acting, performers being masked or visored.
 5.2.1-2 My...**countries** continuing the music imagery from 5.1 and quibbling on 'strike' as 'play (a tune)'
 3 **flow...milk** i.e. are too mild and gentle
livers punning on 'liver' as 'inhabitant' and as the seat of violent passions and courage
 7 **Wind up** This image of preparation for action might be of a windlass (suggested

in 'height') or of the tightening of a crossbow or strings of a musical instrument.
 10 **toward** in preparation
 13 **affect** aspire
tale i.e. the allegorical narrative of the masque
 18 **observing...form** keeping to the set order of the dance
 19 **strain** measure
 20 **handsomely** 'conveniently' as well as 'elegantly'
 23 **Weightily, effectually** i.e. the victims will sigh heavily and to good effect (i.e. they will die)
 27 **drunk down** overcome by drink

- 5.3 *In a dumb show, the possessing of the young Duke Lussurioso with all his Nobles; then sounding music. A furnished table is brought forth; then enters the Duke and his Nobles to the banquet*
- FIRST NOBLE
Many harmonious hours and choicest pleasures
Fill up the royal numbers of your years.
- LUSSURIOSO
My lords, we're pleased to thank you, though we know
'Tis but your duty now to wish it so.
- SECOND NOBLE
That shine makes us all happy.
- THIRD NOBLE [*aside to other Nobles*]
His grace frowns.
- 5 SECOND NOBLE [*aside to other Nobles*]
Yet we must say he smiles.
- FIRST NOBLE [*aside to other Nobles*]
I think we must.
- LUSSURIOSO [*aside*]
That foul, incontinent Duchess we have banished.
The bastard shall not live. After these revels
I'll begin strange ones. He and the stepsons
10 Shall pay their lives for the first subsidies.
We must not frown so soon, else 't'ad been now.
- FIRST NOBLE
My gracious lord, please you prepare for pleasure;
The masque is not far off.
- LUSSURIOSO
We are for pleasure.
A blazing star appeareth
- 15 Beshrew thee! What art thou mad'st me start?
Thou hast committed treason.—A blazing star!
- FIRST NOBLE
A blazing star? O, where, my lord?
- LUSSURIOSO
Spy out.
- SECOND NOBLE
See, see, my lords, a wondrous dreadful one.
- LUSSURIOSO
I am not pleased at that ill-knotted fire,
That bushing, flaring star. Am not I duke?
It should not quake me now. Had it appeared
20 Before it, I might then have justly feared.
But yet they say, whom art and learning weds,
When stars wear locks they threaten great men's
heads.
Is it so? You are read, my lords.
- FIRST NOBLE
May it please your grace,
It shows great anger.
- LUSSURIOSO
That does not please our grace.
- 25 SECOND NOBLE
Yet here's the comfort my lord: many times,
When it seems most, it threatens farthest off.
- LUSSURIOSO
Faith, and I think so too.
- FIRST NOBLE
Beside, my lord,
You're gracefully established with the loves
Of all your subjects; and for natural death,
30 I hope it will be threescore years a-coming.
- LUSSURIOSO
True. No more but threescore years?
- FIRST NOBLE
Fourscore, I hope, my lord.
- SECOND NOBLE
And fivescore, I.
- THIRD NOBLE
But 'tis my hope, my lord, you shall ne'er die.
- LUSSURIOSO
Give me thy hand. These others I rebuke.
35 He that hopes so is fittest for a duke.
Thou shalt sit next me. Take your places, lords.
We're ready now for sports; let 'em set on.
[*To the blazing star*] You thing, we shall forget you
quite anon.
- THIRD NOBLE
I hear 'em coming, my lord.

5.3.0.1-4 *In...banquet* Lussurioso and his entourage enter twice, first for the dumb-show of his enthronement and then for the banquet. The initial mime might perhaps use all available actors, but Lussurioso sits at table with only the three nobles who speak and who are killed with him at 5.3.41.2. In performance, the First and Second Noble may have been Sordido and Nencio, though at 5.1.85 these two named characters seem to be thought of as attendants rather than nobles.

0.1 *possessing* putting in possession, formal investiture

0.2 *sounding* resounding, sonorous
5 *shine* smiling aspect, implying the

conventional analogy between ruler and sun

10 *subsidies* payment; a subsidy was literally a levy exacted by a monarch, or a fiscal aid granted to him or her by parliament.

11 *else...now* or else it would have been now (that I should have ordered their execution)

13.1 *A blazing star* a common Jacobean stage effect, consisting 'either of a firework on a line or flaming material suspended in an iron cage or cresset, and burned for up to a minute' (Holdsworth)

14 *thee...thou* Lussurioso apostrophizes the planet.

15 *committed treason* i.e. by threatening him, since comets portended princes' deaths

17 *dreadful* a stronger word than now: 'foul of dread'

18 *ill-knotted* looking forward to the image of hair in line 23

19 *bushing* growing thick (used of hair, or, figuratively, of a comet's tail)

21 *it* my becoming duke

22 *whom...weds* who combine skill and learning

23 *When...locks* i.e. when they are comets

24 *read* well read

27 *seems most* is most manifest, makes the greatest display

- Enter the masque of revengers, the two brothers
Vindice and Hippolito, and two Lords more
- 40 LUSSURIOSO [*aside*] Ah, 'tis well.
Brothers and bastard, you dance next in hell.
*The revengers dance; at the end, steal out their
swords, and these four kill the four at the table in
their chairs. It thunders*
- VINDICE Mark, thunder!
Dost know thy cue, thou big-voiced crier?
Dukes' groans are thunder's watchwords.
- HIPPOLITO So, my lords,
45 You have enough.
- VINDICE Come, let's away, no ling'ring.
HIPPOLITO Follow! [*To the two Lords*] Go!
Exeunt Hippolito and the two Lords
- VINDICE No power is angry when the lustful die.
When thunder claps heaven likes the tragedy. *Exit*
*Enter the other masque of intended murderers,
stepsons Ambitioso and Supervacuo, Bastard
Spurio, and a Fourth Man, coming in dancing.
The Duke Lussurioso recovers a little in voice and
groans—calls, 'A guard! Treason!' At which they
all start out of their measure and, turning towards
the table, they find them all to be murdered*
- LUSSURIOSO O, O!
SPURIO Whose groan was that?
LUSSURIOSO Treason! A guard!
AMBITIOSO How now, all murdered?
50 SUPERVACUO Murdered!
FOURTH NOBLE And those his nobles!
AMBITIOSO [*aside*] Here's a labour saved;
I thought to have sped him.—'Sblood, how came this?
SUPERVACUO Then I proclaim myself; now I am Duke.
AMBITIOSO Thou Duke? Brother thou liest.
[*He stabs Supervacuo*]
SPURIO Slave, so dost thou.
- [*He stabs Ambitioso*]
FOURTH NOBLE Base villain, hast thou slain my lord and master?
55 [*He stabs Spurio*]
*Enter the first men, [Vindice, Hippolito, and the
two Lords of the masque of revengers]*
- VINDICE Pistols, treason, murder, help, guard! My lord
The Duke!
[*Enter Antonio with Attendants and Guards*]
HIPPOLITO Lay hold upon this traitor.
[*Guards seize the Fourth Noble*]
- LUSSURIOSO O!
VINDICE Alas, the Duke is murdered.
HIPPOLITO And the nobles.
VINDICE Surgeons, surgeons! [*Aside*] Heart, does he breathe so
long?
- ANTONIO A piteous tragedy, able to make
60 An old man's eyes bloodshot.
- LUSSURIOSO O!
VINDICE Look to my lord the Duke. [*Aside*] A vengeance
throttle him!—
Confess, thou murd'rous and unhallowed man,
Didst thou kill all these?
- FOURTH NOBLE None but the bastard, I. 65
VINDICE How came the Duke slain, then?
FOURTH NOBLE We found him so.
LUSSURIOSO O, villain—
VINDICE Hark.
LUSSURIOSO Those in the masque did murder us.
VINDICE La you now, sir.
O, marble impudence! Will you confess now?
FOURTH NOBLE 'Sblood, 'tis all false.
ANTONIO Away with that foul monster, 70
Dipped in a prince's blood.
FOURTH NOBLE Heart, 'tis a lie.

40.2 *two Lords more* Presumably Piero is one of these, and returns with Vindice and Hippolito at 5.3.55.2
41 *dance...hell* already pointing to the symbolism of the dance of masquers as a Dance of Death
42-3 *Mark...crier?* This aural omen, following on the visual, is addressed with a levity that complicates its status and effect: 'cue' gestures knowingly towards the sound-effects men in the tiring-house; then God/Jove is reduced to town or court crier; and by line 48

he has become a satisfied spectator at a play: the idea of God as judicial spectator of the world stage is orthodox and commonplace, but there is a certain flippancy in Vindice's tone.
44 *watchwords* signals to begin an attack
45 *enough* i.e. enough revenge
48 *claps* punning on applause and a clap of thunder
48.4-7 *The Duke...murdered* This second half of Middleton's long stage direction simply foreshadows the dialogue and action that follow.

52 *sped* killed
57.1 *Enter...Guards* Since the Guards are needed to take away the Fourth Noble at 5.3.72.1 and Vindice and Hippolito at 5.3.125.1, unless Antonio is accompanied by other attendants he will have nobody to whom to address the play's closing lines. Presumably all available members of the cast enter with him here.
59 *Heart* exclamation (from 'God's heart')
68 *La you now* a mild exclamation
69 *marble* hardened

ANTONIO	Let him have bitter execution.	ANTONIO	It was the strangeliest carried; I ne'er heard of the like.	
	[Exit Fourth Noble under guard]	HIPPOLITO	'Twas all done for the best, my lord.	95
VINDICE [aside]	New marrow! No, I cannot be expressed.— How fares my lord the Duke?	VINDICE	All for your grace's good. We may be bold To speak it now. 'Twas somewhat witty-carried, Though we say it. 'Twas we two murdered him.	
LUSSURIOSO	Farewell to all.	ANTONIO	You two?	
75 He that climbs highest has the greatest fall. My tongue is out of office.		VINDICE	None else, i'faith, my lord. Nay, 'twas well managed.	
VINDICE	Air, gentlemen, air! [They step back] [Whispering to Lussurioso] Now thou'lt not prate on't, 'twas Vindice murdered thee—	ANTONIO	Lay hands upon those villains. [Guards seize Vindice and Hippolito]	
LUSSURIOSO O!		VINDICE	How, on us?	100
VINDICE	Murdered thy father—	ANTONIO	Bear 'em to speedy execution.	
LUSSURIOSO O!		VINDICE	Heart, was't not for your good, my lord?	
VINDICE	And I am he. [Lussurioso dies]	ANTONIO	My good?	
80 Tell nobody.—So, so, the Duke's departed.		VINDICE	Away with 'em. Such an old man as he! You that would murder him would murder me.	
ANTONIO	It was a deadly hand that wounded him. The rest, ambitious who should rule and sway, After his death were so made all away.	VINDICE	Is't come about?	
VINDICE	My lord was unlikely.	HIPPOLITO	'Sfoot, brother, you begun.	105
HIPPOLITO	Now the hope Of Italy lies in your reverend years.	VINDICE	May not we set as well as the Duke's son? Thou hast no conscience; are we not revenged? Is there one enemy left alive amongst those? 'Tis time to die when we are ourselves our foes. When murd'ers shut deeds close, this curse does seal 'em:	110
VINDICE	Your hair will make the silver age again, When there was fewer but more honest men.	ANTONIO	If none disclose 'em they themselves reveal 'em. This murder might have slept in tongueless brass, But for ourselves, and the world died an ass. Now I remember too, here was Piato Brought forth a knavish sentence once:	115
ANTONIO	The burden's weighty and will press age down. May I so rule that heaven may keep the crown.	VINDICE	'No doubt', said he, 'but time Will make the murderer bring forth himself'. 'Tis well he died; he was a witch. And now, my lord, since we are in for ever,	
VINDICE	The rape of your good lady has been 'quited With death on death.	ANTONIO	Just is the law above. But of all things it puts me most to wonder How the old Duke came murdered.	
ANTONIO	Just is the law above. But of all things it puts me most to wonder How the old Duke came murdered.	VINDICE	O, my lord.	

73 **marrow** used figuratively to mean 'delicious food for my revenge' (bone marrow being considered a delicacy)
 84 **unlikely** unsuitable
 86 **silver age** in classical mythology a time of simplicity and happiness; with a pun on Antonio's grey-white hair
 89 **keep** protect
 90 **'quited** requited, avenged
 97 **witty-carried** cleverly executed
 105 **come about** turned out so, but the phrase catches the sense of sudden

reversal
 106 **set die**, punning on 'son'/'sun'
 107 **conscience** (a) sense of what is right, (b) understanding, (c) conviction. The word may well be used in ironic awareness of the contradictions, in the context, among the available meanings.
 109 **'Tis time to die** recalling 'a time to be born, and a time to die' in Ecclesiastes, 3:2
 110-11 **When... 'em** a variation on the proverbial 'Murder will out'; 'seal 'em' =

seal their fate
 112 **brass** the memorial tablets for the victims
 114-17 **Now... himself** The sententious remark ('sentence') was really the First Noble's; Vindice's recognition here is of the irony of his response to it: 'He were an ass then, i'faith' (5.1.160); though not disguised as Piato, he did speak in an aside.
 118 **witch** because of his prophetic powers
 119 **are in** are involved in the business

120 This work was ours, which else might have been
 slipped,
 And, if we list, we could have nobles clipped
 And go for less than beggars; but we hate
 To bleed so cowardly. We have enough, i'faith:
 We're well, our mother turned, our sister true;
 125 We die after a nest of dukes. Adieu.

Exeunt [Vindice and Hippolito under guard]

ANTONIO

How subtly was that murder closed! Bear up
 Those tragic bodies. 'Tis a heavy season.
 Pray heaven their blood may wash away all treason.

Exeunt

Finis

120 **slipped** neglected

121 **list** chose

nobles clipped noblemen beheaded (for their part in the masque of revengers); punning on the 'clipping' or fraudulent paring of the edges of the gold coins known as nobles

124 **turned** converted

125 **nest of dukes** suggesting a nest of snakes

126 **closed** concealed

126-7 **Bear . . . bodies** Since 5.3 has turned seven characters into corpses, any attempt to get them all off the stage

would involve either ludicrous comings and goings or at least fourteen bearers, so presumably the play ends without Antonio's command having been put into effect. At the Globe the actors playing the slaughtered men would simply have risen to take their bows.

YOUR FIVE GALLANTS

Text edited by Ralph Alan Cohen with John Jowett, annotated and introduced by Ralph Alan Cohen

Your Five Gallants plays better than it reads. This is especially true of the 1608 quarto edition printed by George Eld, the only version of the text available until 232 years later when Alexander Dyce published *The Works of Middleton*. Eld's quarto breaks the promise of the title-page to give the reader the play 'As it hath beene often in Action at the Black-friers' by transposing two of the play's scenes and thereby badly knotting up a story with an already tangled narrative line. Even leaving aside the sins of Eld's print shop, *Your Five Gallants* is a play in which Thomas Middleton's strengths as a playwright are not readily apparent on the printed page. Indeed, *Your Five Gallants* is worth serious consideration partly because it illustrates not only that a playwright can write a good play without leaving on the printed page many traces of the genius we associate with his most famous works, but also that the theatrical dimension invisible to us on the page can even be stronger in plays that appear 'thin' textually.

Your Five Gallants resembles Middleton's other early city comedies: it works as much to exhibit (or expose) the manners of contemporary London as to tell a story. For the contemporary Londoner the imagined city setting was not just the backdrop for these plays; it was the unseen connection between characters and the understood motivation for their behaviour. In part, these plays amounted to staged versions of prose works like Thomas Dekker's *The Gull's Hornbook* or the numerous writings of Robert Greene (whose motto Middleton glances at 1.1.205–6). These popular books warned of the follies and vices of the City in the same way that native New Yorkers complain proudly of the perils of Manhattan. Londoners who went to *Your Five Gallants* no more expected to see Aristotle's rules observed than does the viewer who turns on the television to watch comedy sketches from *Saturday Night Live* or Monty Python. What they expected to see was a comic representation of their world. Accordingly, in *Your Five Gallants* Middleton not only gave them characters drawn from London life, he also put those characters into familiar and specific places such as a gaming room at the Mitre tavern (2.4) and the middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral (4.4). For Middleton's audience at the Blackfriars—some gentry, some law students from the Inns of Court, some from London's growing middle class, but all 'gallants'—much of the fun in the play derives from the same kind of topographical humour in any fraternity or college skit: they laughed to see themselves and their haunts staged.

Nevertheless, *Your Five Gallants* can succeed with modern audience unfamiliar with the world of early

seventeenth-century London. In October 1991, *Your Five Gallants* was produced in James Madison University's Theater II, a 'black box' theatre—as far as we know, the only revival so far of the play. The rules of this production were meant to duplicate what might have been the case at an intimate indoor theatre of the Renaissance: universal lighting, an audience on three sides, two entrances upstage, a bare stage, a space 'above', a company of twelve (during the masque, the play requires seventeen people, but three of those have no lines), and a duration of two hours not including a ten-minute 'interlude'. In the context of university theatre, public response is hard to measure, but the reception of the play was more than usually enthusiastic. Maximum seating capacity was 140. Four of the six shows were sold out; opening night and the Saturday matinee drew over 100; and the production almost doubled the gate for any of the other sixteen shows in that space during the 1991–2 academic year. *Your Five Gallants* attracted and held those audiences because Middleton is a master of those aspects of the theatrical medium that do not readily appear on the page. In particular, Middleton's reliance on blocking, props, and costume—none of which are visible to a reader—results in a play that works on the stage in a way it cannot work on the page.

As to blocking, we cannot know how the Blackfriars Children (who staged the play in 1606 or 1607) arranged the movement of the actors, but three long scenes in which most of the play's characters remain on-stage (2.1 at Primero's bawdy-house, 2.4 at the Mitre tavern, and the final scene with its mock masque) show that Middleton designed the play to give his audience a crowded stage with a multiplicity of actions. When such group scenes occur in Shakespeare's works, they focus on main characters or on some central situation. For example, however many characters may be on stage for the Boar's Head scene in 1 *Henry IV*, Falstaff and Hal are the focus of attention. Other large scenes such as the trial in *Merchant of Venice* or the assassination of Caesar or the 'Pyramus and Thisbe' scene point to one business. Even Ben Jonson, whose plays, like Middleton's, crowd a large number of characters into an imagined setting such as Smithfield in *Bartholomew Fair*, filters the action through some central observer (Adam Overdo) whose comments can help a reader's orientation. By contrast, in Middleton's play, there is no single business. The scene at Primero's bawdy-house, for example, comprises no fewer than twenty-four distinct actions; and, as the title of the play with its promise of five major characters suggests, there is neither a central character nor a

central point of view. Such a carousel of activity, though difficult to follow on the page, is wonderfully abundant entertainment in the theatre where the space itself holds all the characters together and where an audience knows immediately what the silent characters in a scene are doing.

In the play's three crowded scenes, moreover, Middleton shows a variety of designs for the action. In Primero's brothel the movement is largely centripetal; Primero acts as a sort of ringmaster while the gallants and their whores move in pairs by turns to centre stage. By contrast, in the scene at the Mitre tavern, the movement appears to be centrifugal. The central action is the dice game where the gallants and the two gulls are gaming, but throughout the scene various actions—Tailby and Bungler pawning things to Frip for gambling money, Goldstone setting up scams, the Boy supplying Pursenet with money stolen from the players—spin off to the apron of the stage. Finally, the rules of the masque choreograph the dance-like movement of the last scene. Together these three scenes demonstrate Middleton's advanced understanding of stage movement and of the need for visual variety; they are non-verbal proofs of his theatrical ingenuity.

Your Five Gallants thus achieves on the stage a satisfying multiplicity that is difficult to perceive in the more linear medium of print. Nor does this multiplicity come at the cost of unity, because Middleton uses costumes and props as a visual glue to hold the various parts of the play together. For example, Goldstone filches a cloak from Fitzgrave (disguised as 'Bowser') and then pawns the cloak to Frip, whose practice of wearing his clients' pawned clothes gets him into trouble when Pursenet, seeing the cloak, mistakes him for Fitzgrave ('Bowser') and attacks him, at which point Fitzgrave himself enters and accuses Frip of theft. The sight of the cloak connects these characters and does so in a way that reminds an audience of their roles in the story—Goldstone, the shameless and lucky con-man; Frip, the conscienceless pawnbroker; Pursenet, the hot-headed and unlucky highwayman; and Fitzgrave, the victimized representative of true gallantry.

The play's key property—in the sense both of a possession and of a stage prop—is the chain of pearls that Fitzgrave gives to Katherine in the second scene of the play. Pursenet's Boy steals the chain of pearls from Katherine, and an audience watches it go from Katherine to the Boy, who gives it to Pursenet, who gives it to his whore, who gives it to Tailby, who has it robbed by Pursenet, who drops it to be found by Goldstone, who (rather than be arrested for stealing it) returns it to Pursenet, who pawns it to Frip, who presents it to Katherine, who recognizes it as 'the very chain of pearl was filched from me!' In this way, the chain of pearls, largely invisible to the reader, strings together the disparate parts of the play for the audience and simultaneously helps to provide the play's thematic content. When Pursenet discovers that he has stolen from Tailby the same chain of pearls that he had given to his whore, he reacts with a speech that sums up the vanity of possession while it connects that theme

firmly to that chain of pearls (which, as a circle made up of circles, is an emblem of the circle of possession):

Does my boy pick and I steal to enrich myself, to keep her, to maintain him? Why this is the right sequence of the world: a lord maintains her, she maintains a knight, he maintains a whore, she maintains a captain. So, in like manner, the pocket keeps my boy, he keeps me, I keep her, she keeps him; it runs like quicksilver from one to another. (3.I.I 31–8)

The ambiguous pronouns—he, she, her, him, one, another—clearly extend beyond the world of the play, and, in an acting space where the spectators are lit equally with the actors, such a speech irresistibly suggests to an actor that he search the audience for his referents. In the James Madison University production, Pursenet started pointing to different audience members to illustrate each noun and pronoun from 'a lord maintains her' through to the end of the speech. This assertion of a connection between the fictive and the real worlds was one of the production's funniest and most successful moments. It is a moment designed by a playwright who uses his understanding of the acting space, the actors, and the audience to comment on the fluidity of his social world and its relationship to property.

Middleton sets up this revelation about property from the play's first scene in Frip's pawn shop, a scene which takes over fifteen minutes in performance but which, until its final minute, does not even mention the play's main plot, the wooing of Katherine. What the scene does instead is show Frip, the pawnbroker, at work, and through him and his profession it allows Middleton to introduce the theme of the instability of property. Frip recites how much he lent out for certain specific pieces of clothing. He rejects clothes from a parish where he fears the plague is too active. He gives a small pawn for a gentlewoman's clothes. He welcomes Primero, the bawd, who has come to find clothing for his latest recruit. Frip offers to trade him clothes for lessons in a card trick. When Primero's young prostitute arrives, Frip gets her favour by showing her the clothes. Finally, Frip chooses a suit of pawned clothing to wear for the 'wooing business' at Katherine's. Broken into these parts, the scene is about clothing and money, clothing and the plague, clothing and card tricks, clothing and declined gentry, clothing and sex, clothing and sex again, and clothing and ambition.

In short, Middleton seems to have chosen to postpone any storyline for an atmospheric scene that would associate the vices and ills of London—greed, the plague, gambling, prostitution—with clothes that go from hand to hand. Having established that association, Middleton makes the continual exchange of clothes a metaphor for all of the other contagious ills of society: what goes around, comes around.

Middleton embodies this wisdom in his characterization of Tailby, the ladies' man who is a sort of seventeenth-century precursor of the surfer and who expresses his 'easy come, easy go' approach in his nonchalance about

fortune either good or bad. At Primero's bawdy-house (2.1), the women compete to give him valuables. He asks them for nothing; they simply provide. Later at the Mitre tavern, he literally loses his shirt at the gambling table, but in the next scene, before he even gets out of bed, an unnamed mistress sends him a suit of clothes. And while his servant Jack is dressing him, Tailby remembers that he 'pawned a good beaver hat to master Fripp last night' and adds that he feels 'the want of it now'. Precisely at that moment a knock at the door announces Mistress Newblock's servant, and we discover that she has sent Tailby 'a beaver hat—with a band best in fashion' (Interim 2.51–2). Tailby, so beloved of whores, happily accepts the idea that fortune is a strumpet, and Middleton makes him an emblem for the theme of the fickleness of property and the meaninglessness of finery.

Unlike Jonson, however, who uses his city comedies to apply the 'iron rod' to vice, Middleton is rarely the moralist, and whatever moral instruction *Your Five Gallants* provides is muted by the play's general good-naturedness. Tailby and Pursenet in particular are endearing rogues. Tailby is so worldly that he has reached a Zen-like state of calm and generosity, and Pursenet is a highwayman who is as naïve about the world as he is inept at his profession. He seems genuinely shocked by the world's bad manners: he objects to the victim who fights back—'Sfoot, this gull lays on without fear or wit' (3.2.3–4); he complains of a mark who, by keeping one hand in a pocket at a greeting, makes stealing a purse difficult—'are we grown so beasts, do we salute by halves?' (4.4.29–32); and he fumes at his courtesan for her infidelity—'you are a strumpet!' (3.4.22–3). Her amused reply—'O, news abroad, sir . . . you knew that the first night you lay with me' (3.4.22–3)—puts into perspective Pursenet's self-righteousness and is one of several occasions in the play when the whores in the play, whom Middleton has simply designated as '1 Courtesan', '2 Courtesan', '3 Courtesan', and 'Novice', assert their individuality. Middleton's portrayal of them, as for example at the beginning of Act 5 when they voice their resentment of privileged amateurs like Mistress Newcut, is neither judgemental nor sentimental, and contributes to the overall geniality of the play.

Throughout *Your Five Gallants* Middleton enhances that quality of detached good humour by acknowledging with a sort of metatheatrical wink the conventions of the theatre. When Primero reminds Fripp at the end of the first scene that they have forgotten the 'wooing business', the playwright seems almost to say with a wink, 'oops, nearly forgot the plot!' In doing so, he reminds the audience of the playwright's prerogatives in the construction of his play. Twice, Middleton plays games with the arbitrariness of stage time. At the end of 4.1, when Goldstone exits with a cloak he has stolen from Fitzgrave's lodging and Fripp enters instantly wearing the same cloak, Middleton has treated his Blackfriars audience to a theatrical 'jump cut' that derives its humour as much from the elasticity of theatrical time as it does from the joke

that Fripp is a fence who automatically ends up wearing any stolen property. Similarly, Middleton gives his audience a metatheatrical 'nudge nudge' when he has Pursenet suddenly shift from Tailby's London lodging to the geographically distant locale of Coombe Park in 3.1; whether this is managed on stage by an exit and immediate re-entry or, as seems more likely, by movement over the stage, the representation of time and space become the subject of a joke in itself. Middleton actually stresses his creative geography by having Pursenet refer to the speed of his movement from one scene to another: 'Walk my horse', he says to the Boy, 'behind yon thicket—' (3.1.34), and then he boasts to the audience of his 'gelding's celerity over hedge and ditch' (3.1.38–40).

These moments in which Middleton shares the fun of the theatre game with his audience are more than incidental to an understanding of how *Your Five Gallants* works on the stage—as 'in-jokes' they link the playwright to audience and the audience to one another. To understand the effect of such moments imagine the original production in its Blackfriars setting. Surrounding a platform on at least three sides was an audience of London's 'night people'—people with the leisure, the daring, and the resources to brave the city after dark, they were the equivalent of the club world in a big city. On-stage they saw a company of children speaking as they speak, dressing as they dress, and pursuing the activities that they themselves pursue, perhaps that very night. Around the stage they saw themselves; on the stage they saw themselves in miniature. Even the title of the play—*Your Five Gallants*—implicated them, London's gallantry, in the world before them and made them responsible for it: they were watching *their* 'five gallants'.

In the context of this gallery of mirror images, Middleton's constant reminders of the artifice of playmaking—the admitted postponement of the main plot, the absurd coincidences, the toying with theatrical time—serve to remind his audience that they are indeed looking in a mirror. That effect culminates in the masque which both resolves and concludes the play. In the three years since the Stuart royal family had come into their new kingdom, their delight in masques had made the form an ever more fashionable entertainment, and the appeal of masques to his upwardly mobile audience gave Middleton a voguish metatheatrical tool—an entertainment within an entertainment—to extend the mirroring effect in the play. As the indoor sport of royalty, the masque also lends a kind of authority to the true gallant, Fitzgrave, who uses it as a trap for the five false gallants. What Fitzgrave calls their 'large impudence' entices Fripp, Primero, Goldstone, Pursenet, and Tailby to believe that they should participate in a princely entertainment, but they lack the wit and the Latin to recognize the roles that they are playing. Since they cannot see themselves in the mirror of their own theatrical entertainment, the masque exposes them as rogues and simultaneously separates them from the

YOVR FIVE GALLANTS.

true gallants in the audience, or at least from those true gallants with the wisdom to see themselves in Middleton's play.

Middleton aimed to put on a good show, and he wrought from the materials of theatre—performance, space, time, audience, and the event itself—a play which gives ample proof of his skill as dramatist. That skill brought to the stage a coherent and memorable work of contemporary satire. Readers who approach *Your Five Gallants* with the theatre and Middleton's audience clearly in mind will find a play well worth the reading. When

the Victorian Anthony Trollope condemned the work as 'tedious' and 'bad', he had read it without seeing it. He missed the show.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 143

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 575

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 363

Your Five Gallants

[for the Children of the Chapel at The Blackfriars]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

PRESENTER

PRIMERO, the bawd-gallant
FRIP, the broker-gallant
TAILBY, the whore-gallant
PURSENET, the pocket-gallant
GOLDSTONE, the cheating-gallant

KATHERINE, an heiress

FITZGRAVE, a gentleman, later disguised as Bowser
BUNGLER, a gentleman from the country
PIAMONT, a gentleman
FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT
SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT
FIRST ANCIENT GENTLEMAN
SECOND ANCIENT GENTLEMAN

NOVICE COURTESAN
FIRST COURTESAN
SECOND COURTESAN
THIRD COURTESAN

Mistress NEWCUT, a merchant's wife

VINTNER

FIRST DRAWER
SECOND DRAWER
TAILOR

PAINTER

FIRST FELLOW } clients of Fripp
SECOND FELLOW }
FIRST CONSTABLE
SECOND CONSTABLE

Pursenet's BOY
Primero's BOY
ARTHUR, Fripp's servant
JACK, Tailby's servant
FULK, Goldstone's servant

Hieronimo Bedlam, KATHERINE'S SERVANT
MARMADUKE, Mistress Newcut's Servant
MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT
MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT
MISTRESS TIFFANY'S SERVANT

Your fue Gallants.

Prologue *Presenter or prologue* [enters. *The action on stage happens as he announces it*]

PRESENTER Passing over the stage: the bawd-gallant, with three wenches gallantly attired; meets him the whore-gallant, the pocket-gallant, the cheating-gallant; kiss these three wenches and depart in a little whisper and wanton action. Now, for the other, the broker-gallant, he sits at home yet, I warrant you, at this time of day, summing up his pawns. *Hactenus quasi inductio*, a little glimpse giving.

Exit, [having discovered the broker-gallant, Frip, in a wretched cloak, summing up his pawns in a shop-book of accounts]

I.I *Actus Primus*
[*Frip continues to sum up his pawns.*] Enter a Fellow, [with Arthur]

ARTHUR Is your pawn good and sound, sir?

FIRST FELLOW I'll pawn my life for that, sir.

ARTHUR Place yourself there, then, I will seek to prefer it presently. My master is very jealous of the pestilence; marry, the pox sits at meat and meal with him.

[The Fellow] starts back

FRIP [*reading*] 'Lent the fifth day of September to Mistress Onset, upon her gown, taffeta petticoat with three broad silver laces: three pound fifteen shillings.

'Lent to Justice Cropshin, upon both his velvet jackets: five pound ten shillings.

'Lent privately to my lady Newcut, upon her gilt casting-bottle and her silver lye-pot: fifty-five shillings—'

ARTHUR Sir—

FRIP 'Lent to Sir Oliver Needy upon his taffeta cloak, beaver hat, and perfumed leather jerkin: six pound five shillings—'

ARTHUR May it please your worship—

FRIP 'Lent to Master Andrew Lucifer, upon his flame coloured doublet and blue taffeta hose—' [*To Arthur*] 20
Top the candle, sirrah; methinks the light burns blue. When came that suit in?

ARTHUR 'T'as lain above the year now.

FRIP Fire and brimstone! cut it out into matches; the white linings will serve for tinder. 25

ARTHUR And with little help, sir; they are almost black enough already. [*Presenting the Fellow*] Sir, here's another come with a pawn.

FRIP Keep him aside awhile and reach me hither the bill of the last week. 30

ARTHUR 'Tis here at hand, sir.

FRIP Now, sir, what's your pawn?

FIRST FELLOW The second part of a gentlewoman's gown, sir; the lower half, I mean.

FRIP I apprehend you easily: the breeches of the gown. 35

FIRST FELLOW Very proper, for she wears the doublet at home. A guest that lies in my house, sir. She looks every hour for her cousin out o'th' country.

FRIP O, her cousin lies here? A may mistake in that. My friend, of what parish is your pawn? 40

FIRST FELLOW Parish? Why, St Clement's, sir.—[*To Arthur*] I'll come to you presently. [*Exit Arthur*]

FRIP What parish is your pawn, my friend? [*Reading from the bill*] St Bride's: five; St Dunstan's: none; St Clement's: three. Three at Clement's! Away with your pawn, sir; your parish is infected. I will neither purchase 45

the plague for six pence in the pound and a groat bill-money, nor venture my small stock into contagious parishes. You have your answer; fare-you-well, as fast as you can, sir. 50

FIRST FELLOW The pox arrest you, sir, at the suit of the suburbs—

FRIP Ay, welcome, welcome.

Prologue.1 *bawd-gallant* *Primer* runs a brothel.

2-3 *whore-gallant* Tailby lives off his sexual affairs.

3 *pocket-gallant* Pursenet is a thief. He has a young boy to help him pick pockets. A *pursenet* was a net-like bag that closed with a drawstring and was used for trapping small animals, especially rabbits or conies, and in that sense the name is doubly apt for someone who snatches purses and preys on yokels, a practice called 'cony-catching'.

cheating-gallant Goldstone is a con man.

4 *three wenches* i.e. the Courtesans

5 *broker-gallant* Frip is a pawnbroker.

His name is short for *Frippery*, either old clothes or the place where they were sold.

7 *Hactenus quasi inductio* to this point, so to speak, an induction

8.2 *in a wretched cloak* Perhaps specifically a usurer's cloak. The dramatic func-

tion is the transformation at I.I.278.1.

I.I.3 *prefer* promote

4 *jealous* of vigilant about
the pestilence the plague, which broke out in London in summer months

5 *pox* plague (here not venereal disease)
sits...him i.e. is his constant companion, concerns him even at meals

9 *Cropshin* The name means 'one of the refuse sort of herrings' (Nashe), suggesting that, in contrast with Mistress Onset, he is sexually feeble.

I1 *Newcut* The name of a card game. It could have a sexual implication; in Thomas Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness* the husband says his wife is 'best at newcut', and the intending seducer comments, 'If you play at newcut I'm soonest hitted of any here' (ed. R. W. Van Fossen (1961), 8.152-5).

I2 *casting-bottle* bottle for sprinkling perfumed waters (also hinting at the

obscene sense 'penis' or 'dildo')

lye-pot decorative vessel for lye used as a hairwash

20 *taffeta* glossy silk fabric

21 *Top snuff*

burns blue Blue flames were supposed to be a bad omen; Frip is superstitious.

24 *matches* cloth strips dipped in sulphur, used as tinder

29 *bill* weekly account of plague deaths in each parish

35-6 *breeches...doublet* implying that she is domineering, as in proverbial 'she wears the breeches' (Dent, B645)

39 A *may mistake* Frip is suggesting that a country person who comes to London is apt to be victimized, or to die of plague.

47-8 A *groat bill-money* Frip's charge for the bill of exchange. A groat was worth fourpence.

52 *suburbs* the location of brothels. Hence *pox* is here 'venereal disease'.

FIRST FELLOW For I think plague scorns your company.
 FRIP I rank with chief gallants; I love to smell safely. *Exit*
 55 in the vacation to master proctor upon his spiritual
 gown: five angels; and upon his corporal doublet: fifteen
 shillings. Sum: three pound five shillings.
Enter his man [Arthur], bringing a trunk
 ARTHUR Sir.
 60 FRIP Now, sir.
 ARTHUR Here's one come in with a trunk of apparel.
 FRIP Whence comes it?
 ARTHUR From St Martin's in the Field.
 FRIP St Martin's in the Field?—St Mary Maudlin: two; St
 65 Martin's: none. Here's an honest fellow; let him appear,
 sir.
 ARTHUR [*calling*] You may come near, sir.
 [*Enter a Second Fellow*]
 FRIP O, welcome, welcome. What's your pawn, sir?
 SECOND FELLOW Faith, a gentlewoman's whole suit, sir.
 70 FRIP Whole suit? 'Tis well.
 SECOND FELLOW A poor kind soul, troubled with a bad
 husband, one that puts her to her shifts here.
 FRIP He puts her from her shifts, methinks, when she is
 fain to pawn her clothes.
 75 SECOND FELLOW Look you, sir, a fair satin gown; new taffeta
 petticoat.
 FRIP Stay, this petticoat has been turned?
 SECOND FELLOW Often turned up and down, an you will,
 but never turned, sir.
 80 FRIP Cry you mercy, indeed.
 SECOND FELLOW A fine white beaver, pearl band, three falls.
 I ha' known her have more in her days.
 FRIP Alas, an she be but a gentlewoman of any count or
 charge, three falls are nothing in these days; know that.
 85 Tut, the world's changed: gentlewomen's falls stand
 upright now; no sin but has a bolster that it may lie at
 ease. Well, what do you borrow of these, sir?

SECOND FELLOW Twelve pound, an you will, sir.
 FRIP How!
 SECOND FELLOW They were not hers for twenty. 90
 FRIP Why, so: our pawn is ever thrice the value of our
 money, unless in plate and jewels. How should the
 months be restored and the use, else? We must cast
 it for the twelve month—so many pounds, so many
 months, so many eighteen pences; then the use of 95
 these eighteen pences; then the want of the return of
 those pounds. All these must be laid together, which
 well considered, the valuation of the pawn had need to
 sound treble. Can six pound pleasure the gentlewoman?
 SECOND FELLOW It may please her, but like a man of three 100
 score—in the limberest degree.
 FRIP I have but one word more to say in't: twenty nobles
 is all and the utmost that I will hazard upon't.
 SECOND FELLOW She must be content with't. The less
 borrowed, the better paid. Come. 105
 FRIP Arthur.
 ARTHUR At hand, sir.
 FRIP Tell out twenty nobles and take her name in a bill.
 SECOND FELLOW I'm satisfied, sir.
 [*Exeunt Second Fellow and Arthur*]
 FRIP Welcome, good St Martin's in the Field, welcome. 110
 Welcome—I know no other name.
Enter bawd-gallant, Primero
 PRIMERO What, so hard at your prayers?
 FRIP A little, sir, summing up my pawns here. What,
 Master Primero? Is it you, sir gallant? And how does 115
 all the pretty sweet ladies, those plump, kind, delicate
 blisses, ha, whom I kiss in my very thoughts? How do
 they, gallant?
 PRIMERO Why, gallant, if they should not do well in my
 house, where should it be done, boy? Have I not a
 glorious situation? 120
 FRIP O, a gallant receipt, violet air, curious garden, quaint
 walks, fantastical arbors, three back doors, and a coach

56 **proctor** an administrator in ecclesiastical and civil law-cases
spiritual ecclesiastical. But the sense 'of the spirit' leads to the antonym *corporal*, which might mean 'large of body', 'worn on the body', or 'material'.
 57 **angels** gold coins bearing the image of the archangel Michael; worth ten shillings, and an appropriate coin as payment for a 'spiritual' pawn.
 69 **suit** evidently 'entourage, wardrobe'
 72 **puts her to her shifts** proverbial for 'makes her take desperate measures' (Dent, S337). Frip's reply takes *shifts* as petticoats.
 77 **turned** renovated by reversing the fabric
 78 **up and down** in the bawdy sense of having been raised and lowered in sexual encounters
 80 Cry you mercy pardon me
 81 **beaver** fur hat
falls veils that hung from the back of

a hat; but leads on to a bawdy pun on 'falling' to sexual temptation
 83 **count** account (probably punning on *cunt*)
 84 **charge** (a) costly expenditure, (b) sexual onslaught
 85 **the world's changed** Proverbially, 'The world changes every day' (Dent, W892.1).
 85-6 **stand upright** are accounted righteous
 92-3 **the months** the amount of time lost for investment
 93 **use** interest
 93-9 **We...gentlewoman** The logic of the calculation is (deliberately?) hard to follow. Eighteen pence per pound per month plus interest would make up about one pound per pound after a year, perhaps Frip's justification for offering half the second-hand price, or about one-third of the price new.
 93 **cast** calculate

98 **valuation** value
 99 **sound treble** i.e. (a) be three times the amount handed over, (b) be as high as a treble note in music
 101 **limberest** limpest
 102 **nobles** coins worth six shillings and eight pence; thus Frip raises his offer by thirteen shillings and four pence.
 108 **Tell** count
 111.1 **Primero** named after a popular card game in which four cards were dealt to each player and counted at three times their value; cf. ll. 144-5
 118 **do well** Frip asks about the ladies' well-being; Primero gives a sexual implication to *do*.
 121 **receipt** reception room, with overtones of commerce appropriate to a brothel
violet i.e. perfumed
curious...quaint Both words suggest 'ingeniously artficed'.
 122 **walks** pathways

- gate. Nay, thou'rt admirably seated: little furniture will serve thee; thou'rt never without movables.
- 125 PRIMERO I praise my stars. Ah, the goodly virginities that have been cut up in my house, and the goodly patrimonies that have lain like sops in the gravy. And when those sops were eaten, yet the meat was kept whole for another, and another, and another. For, as
- 130 in one pie twenty may dip their sippets, so upon one woman forty may consume their patrimonies.
- FRIP Excellent, Master Primero.
- PRIMERO
Well, I'll pray for women while I live.
They're the profitablest fools, I'll say that for 'em,
A man can keep about his house—the prettiest kind
- 135 fowl,
So tame, so gentle e'en to strangers' hands,
So soon familiar, suffer to be touched
Of those they ne'er saw twice. The dove's not like 'em.
- FRIP Most certain, for that's honest. But I have a suit to
- 140 you.
PRIMERO And so have I to you.
FRIP That happens well; grant mine, and I'll grant yours.
PRIMERO A match.
- FRIP Make me perfect in that trick that got you so much
- 145 at primero.
PRIMERO O, for the thread tied at your partner's leg, the twitch?
FRIP Ay, that 'twitch', an you call't so.
- PRIMERO
That secret twitch got me five hundred pound
Ere 'twas first known, and since I ha' sold it well.
- 150 Five hundred pound laid down shall not yet buy
The fee simple of my twitch. I would be here with't;
'Twas a blessed invention.
I had been a beggar many a lousy year
- 155 But for my twitch. It was the prettiest twitch.
Many over-cheated gulls have fattened me
With the bottom of their patrimonies
E'en to the last sop, gaped while I fed 'em,
Who now live by that art that first undid 'em.
- 160 But I must swear you to be secret, close.
FRIP As a maid at ten.
- PRIMERO Had you sworn but two years higher, I would ne'er ha' believed you.
- FRIP Nay, I let twelve alone;
For, after twelve has struck, maids look for one.
- 165 PRIMERO I look for one, too, and a maid, I think.
FRIP What, to come hither?
PRIMERO Sure she follows me. A pretty fat-eyed wench with a Venus in her cheek. Did but raiment smile upon her, she were nectar for great dons, boy. And that's my
- 170 suit to thee.
FRIP And that's granted already. Of what volume is this book, that I may fit a cover to't?
PRIMERO Faith, neither in folio nor in decimo sexto, but in octavo between both, a pretty middle-sized trug.
- 175 FRIP Then I have fitted her already in my eye, i'faith. Here came a pawn in e'en now will make shift to serve her as fit. Look you, sir gallant: satin, taffeta, beaver; fall and all.
PRIMERO Is it new?
FRIP New? You see it bears her youth as freshly—
PRIMERO A pretty suit of clothes, i'faith, but put case the party should come to redeem 'em of a sudden?
- FRIP Pooh, then your wit's sickly. Have not I the policy, think you, to seem extreme busy and defer 'em till the
- 185 morrow, against which time that pawn shall be secretly fetched home and another carried out to supply the place?
PRIMERO I like thy craft well there.
FRIP A general course. O, frippery is an unknown benefit, sir gallant!
PRIMERO And what must I give you for the hire now, i'faith?
FRIP Of the whole suit for the month?
PRIMERO Ay, for the month.
- 195 FRIP Go to, you shall give me but twelve pence a day, Master Primero; you're a friend, and I'll use you so. 'Tis got up at your house in an afternoon, i'faith, the hire of the whole month. Ye must think I can distinguish spirits and put a difference between you and others.
- 200 You pay no more, i'faith.
PRIMERO I could have offered you no less myself.
FRIP Tut, a man must use a friend as a friend may use him. Your house has been a sweet house to me, both for

124 **movables** (a) pieces of furniture, (b) things able to be set in motion, i.e. prostitutes

127 **sops** piece of bread for soaking up gravy or sauce

130 **sippets** pieces of toasted bread

133 **pray for** Equivocates between 'pray on behalf of' and 'pray to have'.

138 **like** equal to

152 **fee simple** an estate inherited unconditionally. Primero is comparing the value of his card trick to a family estate.

I...with't I wish I had it with me

165 **look for one** i.e. are on the lookout for a man; but, in the clock image, 'expect one o'clock'. In l. 166, 'expect to meet someone'.

169 **Venus** wanton or sexually attractive look

170 **dons** distinguished men (more specifically, Spanish aristocrats); cf. l. 255. The predicated word is *gods*, as nectar was the drink of the gods.

173 **that...to't** Books were usually sold unbound.

174-5 **folio...decimo sexto...octavo** book sizes. An octavo is twice the size of a decimo sexto, but a quarter of the size of a folio.

175 **trug** trull

182 **put case** what if

190 **frippery...benefit** Mock-proverbial, as though *frippery* were *thrift*. The proverb 'Thrift is a great revenue' is not recorded until 1659, but as it translates Cicero it may already have been familiar.
unknown inestimable

- 205 pleasure and profit; I'll give you your due. 'Omne tulit punctum—', you have always kept fine punks in your house, that's for pleasure, '—*qui miscuit utile dulci*', and I have had sweet pawns from 'em, that's for profit, now.
[Enter Novice]
- PRIMERO You flatter, you flatter, sir gallant. But, whist, here she enters. I prithee, question her.—[To Novice] O, you're welcome.
- FRIP Is this your new scholar, Master Primero?
- PRIMERO Marry, is she, sir.
- FRIP I'll commend your judgement in a wench, while I live.
- 215 That face will get money; i'faith, 'twill be a get-penny, I warrant you.—[To Novice] Go to, your fortune was choice, pretty bliss, to fall into the regard of so kind a gentleman.
- NOVICE I hope so, sir.
- 220 FRIP See what his care has provided already for you; you'll be simply set out to the world. If you'll have that care now to deserve his pains, O, that will be acceptable. And these be the rudiments you must chiefly point at: to counterfeit cunningly, to wind in gentlemen with powerful attraction, to keep his house in name and custom, to dissemble with your own brother, never to betray your fellows' imperfections nor lay open the state of their bodies to strangers, to believe those that give you, to gull those that believe you, to laugh at all under taffeta. And these be your rudiments.
- 230 PRIMERO There's e'en all, i'faith. We'll trouble you with no more; nay, you shall live at ease enough. For nimming away jewels and favours from gentlemen (which are your chief vails), I hope that will come naturally enough to you. I need not instruct you; you'll have that wit, I trust, to make the most of your pleasure.
- NOVICE I hope one's mother-wit will serve for that, sir.
- PRIMERO O, properest of all, wench: it must be a she wit that does those things, and thy mother was quick enough at it in her days.
- 240 FRIP Give me leave, sister, to examine you upon two or three particulars, an you make you ready. Be not ashamed, here's none but friends. Are you a maid?
- NOVICE Yes, in the last quarter, sir.
- 245 FRIP Very proper; that's e'en going out. A maid in the last quarter; that's a whore in the first. Let me see: new moon on Thursday; she'll be changed by that time, too. Are you willing to pleasure gentlemen?
- NOVICE We are all born to pleasure our country, forsooth.
- FRIP Excellent. Can you carry yourself cunningly and seem often holy? 250
- NOVICE O, fear not that, sir; my friends were all Puritans.
- FRIP I'll ne'er try her further.
- PRIMERO She's done well, i'faith. I fear not now to turn her loose to any gentleman in Europe. 255
- FRIP You need not, sir. Of her own accord, I think she'll be loose enough without turning.—Arthur.
- [Enter Arthur]
- ARTHUR Here, sir.
- FRIP Go, make haste; shift her into that suit presently.
- ARTHUR It shall be done. 260
- PRIMERO Arthur. Do't neatly, Arthur!
- ARTHUR Fear't not, sir.
- PRIMERO Follow him, wench.
- NOVICE With all my heart, sir. [Exeunt Novice and Arthur]
- PRIMERO But, master, 265
In what are we forgetful all this while?
- FRIP
In what?
- PRIMERO The wooing business, man.
- FRIP
Heart, that's true.
- PRIMERO
The gallants will prevent us.
- FRIP
Are you certain?
- PRIMERO
I can avouch it; there's a general meeting
At the deceased knight's house this afternoon. 270
There's rivalship enough.
- FRIP
No doubt in that.
- PRIMERO
Would either thou or I might bear her from 'em.
- PRIMERO
My hopes are not yet faint.
- FRIP
Nor mine.
- PRIMERO
Tut, man,
Nothing in women's hearts sooner win place
Than a brave outside and an impudent face. 275
- FRIP And for both those, we'll fit it.
- PRIMERO
Ay, if the devil be not in't. Make haste.
- FRIP I follow straight. Exit Primero
[Frip takes off his cloak, revealing bright clothes]
Vanish, thou fog, and sink beneath our brightness,
Abashed at the splendour of such beams. 280

205 I'll...due proverbial (Dent, D634)

205-7 'Omne tulit punctum...qui miscuit utile dulci' 'He gets every vote who mixes the sweet and the useful' (Horace, *Ars Poetica*). Adopted as a motto by the playwright and pamphleteer Robert Greene (1560?-1592). Frip twists and puns on the meaning.

206 punks whores (Frip's mistranslation of 'punctum')

221 simply finely

223 point at aim towards

225-6 in name and custom in reputation

and in profitable business

229-30 under taffeta i.e. (a) who wear fine clothes; or (b) who wear less than fine clothes. By the sumptuary law, in theory at least those below the rank of knight or knight's son, or without substantial landed income, were not permitted to wear taffeta or satin cloaks.

232 nimming stealing, filching

233 favours presents

234 vails perquisites, gratuities

243 here's none but friends proverbial (Dent, F743.1)

244 in the last quarter in the last quarter of the moon; i.e. at least until recently. (Or 'during the last quarter', suggesting abstinence from sex during menstruation.)

245 proper fitting
that's e'en going out i.e. the last quarter of the moon is just finishing

249 We...country Echoes the proverb, 'We are not born for ourselves'.

252 friends here probably 'relatives'

277 if the devil be not in't proverbial (Dent, D250.11)

- We scorn thee, base eclipser of our glories,
That wouldst have hid our shine from mortals' eyes.
Now, gallants, I am for you; ay, and perhaps before
you!
You can appear but glorious from yourselves,
And have your beams but drawn from your own
285 light;
But mine from many, many make me bright.
Here's a diamond that sometimes graced the finger of
a countess; here sits a ruby that ne'er lins blushing for
the party that pawned it; here a sapphire. O providence
and fortune! My beginning was so poor, I would fain
290 forget it, and I take the only course, for I scorn to think
on't: slave to a trencher, observer of a salt-cellar, privy
to nothing but a close-stool or such unsavoury secret.
But as I strive to forget the days of my serving, so I
shall once remember the first step of my raising. For
295 having hardly raked five mark together, I rejoiced so
in that small stock, which most providently I ventured
by water—to Blackwall, among fishwives; and in small
time, what by weekly return and gainful restitution, it
300 risse to a great body, beside a dish of fish for a present
that stately preserved me a seven-night.
Nor ceased it there, but drew on greater profit,
For I was held religious by those
That do profess like abstinence,
305 And was full often secretly supplied
By charitable Catholics,
Who censured me sincerely abstinate,
When merely I for hunger, not for zeal,
Ate up the fish—and put their alms to use.
310 Ha, ha, ha!
But those times are run out, and, for my sake,
Zealous dissemblance has since fared the worse.
Let me see now, whose cloak shall I wear today to
continue change? O, Arthur.
[Enter Arthur]
315 ARTHUR Here, sir.
FRIP Bring down Sir Oliver Needy's taffeta cloak and
beaver hat—I am sure he is fast enough in the Knight's
Ward—and Andrew Lucifer's rapier and dagger with
the embossed girdle and hangers—for he's in his third
sweat by this time, sipping of the doctor's bottle or
320 picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton dry-roasted,
with a leash of nightcaps on his head like the Pope's
triple crown, and as many pillows crushed to his back,
with 'O, the needles!'—for he got the pox of a seamster,
and it pricked so much more, naturally. 325
Quick, Arthur, quick. [Exit Arthur]
Now to the deceased knight's daughter,
Whom many gallants sue to, I 'mongst many. For
Since impudence gains more respect than virtue,
And coin than blood—which few can now deny—
330 Who're your chief gallants, then, but such as I? Exit
- Enter Mistress Katherine, with Fitzgrave, a
gentleman* 1.2
- FITZGRAVE
You do your beauties injury, sweet virgin,
To lose the time they must rejoice in youth.
There's no perfection in a woman placed
But wastes itself, though it be never wasted.
Then judge your wrongs yourself.
- KATHERINE Good Master Fitzgrave, 5
Through sorrow for the knight my father's death—
Whose being was the perfection of my joys
And crown of my desires—I cannot yet
But forcedly on marriage fix my heart.
Yet heaven forbid I should deject your hopes;
10 Conceive not of me so uncharitably.
I should belie my soul if I should say
You are the man I never should affect.
I understand you thus far: you're a gentleman
Whom your estate and virtues may command 15
To a far worthier breast than this of mine.
- FITZGRAVE
O cease, I dare not hear such blasphemy.
What is without you worthy, I neglect;
In you is placed the worth that I respect.
Vouchsafe, unequalled virgin, to accept 20
This worthless favour from your servant's arm:
The hallowed beads whereon I justly kept
The true and perfect number of my sighs.

287 **sometimes** at one time288 **lins** ceases292–3 **slave...secret** Fripp's occupations as serving-man were so menial that he describes himself in relation to the mere objects he worked with. The phrases also suggest ambition to curry favour and advancement. A *trencher-man* could be a parasite, and *observer* means 'obsequious follower'.292 **trencher** wooden platter293 **close-stool** chamber pot enclosed in a stool or a box (with a play on 'privy')296 **five mark** A mark was worth two-thirds of a pound.297–8 **ventured by water** pointedly not

a large-scale and risky investment in a voyage of discovery

298 **Blackwall** busy dock just east of London304 **like abstinence** i.e. eating fish instead of meat307 **censured** judged309 **to use** to loan at interest311 **for my sake** on account of me317–18 **Knight's Ward** section of the Counter, the debtors' prison, reserved for those who could afford somewhat better lodging319 **girdle and hangers** belt and strap—often ornamental—from which hung a gentleman's sword320 **sweat** Venereal disease was treated by

sweating and fumigation in a 'sweating-tub', and the other medical regimes mentioned.

322 **leash** set of three324 **pox** venereal disease325 **naturally** by its nature329 **blood** good lineage1.2.4 **wastes** consumes, destroys22 **hallowed beads** Described and used as if they were rosary beads. Fitzgrave's devotion to the 'virgin' also imitates Catholic worship. Compare the quasi-religious ritual in 5.2.**justly** accurately23 **perfect** full; exact

[*He gives her a chain of pearl*]
 KATHERINE
 Mine cannot equal yours, yet in exchange
 25 Accept and wear it for my sake.
 [*She gives him a jewel*]
 FITZGRAVE Even as my soul I'll rate it.
 Enter five gallants [*Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Frip, Primero*] at the farther door, [*Pursenet's Boy with them*]
 GOLDSTONE Heart! Fitzgrave in such bosom-single loves?
 PURSENET So close and private with her?
 TAILBY Observe 'em: he grows proud and bold.
 30 FRIP Why, was not this a general meeting?
 PRIMERO By her own consent. Death, how I could taste his blood!
 KATHERINE [*to Fitzgrave*] See, the gentlemen
 At my request do all present themselves.
 GOLDSTONE
 35 Manifold blisses wait on her desire
 Whose beauty and whose mind so many honour!
 KATHERINE
 I take your wishes thankfully.—Kind gentlemen
 All here assembled, over whose long suits
 I ne'er insulted,
 40 Nor, like that common sickness of our sex,
 Grew proud in the abundance of my suitors
 Or number of the days they sued unto me—
 Dutiful sorrow for my father's death,
 Not wilful coyness hath my hours detained
 45 So long in silence.
 I'm left to mine own choice; so much the more
 My care calls on me. If I err through love,
 'Tis I must chide myself; I cannot shift
 The fault unto my parents—they're at rest—
 50 And I shall sooner err through love than wealth.
 GOLDSTONE
 Good.
 PURSENET
 Excellent.
 TAILBY That likes me well.
 PRIMERO Hope still.
 [*During the following speech, Pursenet's Boy steals the chain of pearl that Fitzgrave gave her*]
 KATHERINE
 And my affections do pronounce you all
 Worthy their pure and most entire deserts.

Yet they can choose but one;
 Nor do I dissuade any of his hopes,
 55 Because my heart is not yet throughly fixed
 On marriage or the man,
 But crave the quiet respite of one month—
 The month unto this night—against which time
 I do invite you all to that election,
 60 Which, on my unstained faith and virgin promise,
 Shall light amongst no strangers, but yourselves.
 May this content you?
 GALLANTS
 Glad and content.
 KATHERINE 'Tis a good time to leave.
 Till then commend us to your gentlest thoughts. 65
 Exit
 GALLANTS Enough.
 [*Exeunt all the gallants but Pursenet. As they go, they look scurvily upon Fitzgrave, and he upon them*]
 FITZGRAVE Ugh!
 BOY [*to Pursenet*] Hist, master, hist.
 The Boy in a corner with his master, pocket-gallant [*Pursenet*]
 PURSENET Boy, how now?
 BOY Look you, sir. 70
 PURSENET Her chain of pearl.
 BOY I snecked it away finely.
 PURSENET Active boy,
 Thy master's best revenue, his life and soul—
 Thou keep'st 'em both together. Whip away! 75
 Exit Boy
 Fall back, fall belly; I must be maintained.
 Hope is no purchase, nor care I if I miss her.
 Why I rank in this design with gallants
 There's full cause: policy invites me to it.
 'Tis not for love, or for her sake alone; 80
 It keeps my state suspectless and unknown. Exit
 FITZGRAVE
 Their looks run through and through me, and the stings
 Of their snake-hissing whispers pierced my hearing.
 They're mad she graced me with one private minute
 Above their fortunes. I have observed 'em often 85
 Most spitefully aspected toward my happiness
 Beyond all others'; but the cause I know not.
 A quiet month the virgin has enclosed
 Unto herself. Suitors stand without till then;

26.2 *at the farther door* i.e. the stage door further away from Katherine and Fitzgrave. In the lines immediately following there are two separate groupings of figures.
 27 *bosom-single loves* one-to-one amorous exchanges
 28–9 *close and private* . . . *proud and bold* with innuendos of sexual intimacy and arousal

39 *insulted* exulted
 72 *snecked* took, snatched
 76 *Fall back, fall belly* he who hesitates (falls back) starves. A punning variant on the proverbial conflict of interest between back and belly: 'The belly robs the back', 'The belly is starved by the back', or, as W. Averell (1588) imagined the back addressing the belly, 'Your disorder in feeding hath made the members weak

and my garments bare' (Tilley, B290). The phrasing echoes the proverb 'Fall back, fall edge' (Dent, B12).
 77 *is no purchase* is no plunder; i.e. brings no material benefit
 82 *run* like a sword-blade
 86 *aspected* Refers to their facial expressions, but also, metaphorically, to the astrological influence of planets in certain positions.

90 In which space cunningly I'll wind myself
 Into their bosoms. I have bethought the shape—
 Some credulous scholar, easily infected
 With fashion, time, and humour. Unto such
 Their deepest thoughts will, like to wanton fishes,
 95 Play above water and be all parts seen;
 For since at me their envy pines, I'll see
 Whether their lives from touch of blame sit free.

Finis Actus Primus

Exit



2.1 *Actus Secundus*

*Enter Primero, the bawd-gallant, meeting Mistress
 Newcut, a merchant's wife*

PRIMERO Mistress Newcut, welcome. Here will be choice of
 gallants for you anon.
 NEWCUT Is all clear? May I venture? Am I not seen of the
 wicked?
 5 PRIMERO Strange absurdity, that you should come into my
 house and ask if you be not seen of the wicked. Push, I
 take't unkindly, i'faith! What think you of my house?
 'Tis no such common receptacle.
 NEWCUT Forgive me, sweet Master Primero; I can be
 10 content to have my pleasure as much as another, but
 I must have a care of my credit. I would not be seen—
 anything else. My husband's at sea, and a woman shall
 have an ill report in this world let her carry herself
 never so secretly. You know't, Master Primero. And
 15 what choice of gallants be they? Will they be proper
 gentlemen, think you?
 PRIMERO Nay, sure they are as proper as they will be
 already.
 NEWCUT I must have choice, you know; I come for no
 20 gain, but for sheer pleasure and affection.
 PRIMERO You see your old spy-hole yonder? Take your
 stand; please your own eye. I'll work it so the gallants
 shall present themselves before you, and in the most
 conspicuous fashion.
 25 NEWCUT That's all I can desire. [*Giving him some money*]
 Till better come, look you.

PRIMERO What mean you, lady?
 NEWCUT A trifle, sir, to buy you silver spurs. Good sir,
 accept it. [*She withdraws*]
 PRIMERO 'Silver spurs'—a pretty emblem. Mark it, all her
 30 gifts are about riding still. The other day she sent me
 boot-hose wrought in silk and gold; now, silver spurs.
 Well, go thy ways; thou'rt as profitable a spirit as e'er
 lighted into my house. [*Calling*] Come, ladies, come; 'tis
 late. To music, when?
 35 [*Enter two Courtesans and the Novice, with
 musical instruments*]

FIRST COURTESAN You're best command us, sir. [*To the other
 women*] Our pimp's grown proud.

PRIMERO [*to audience*]
 To fools and strangers these are gentlewomen
 Of sort and worship, knights' heirs, great in portions,
 Boarded here for their music.
 40 And oftentimes 'tas been so cunningly carried
 That I have had two stol'n away at once
 And married at Savoy, and proved honest shopkeep-
 ers.
 And I may safely swear they practised music:
 They're natural at prick-song. A small mist
 45 Will dazzle a fool's eye, and that's the world.
 So I can thump my hand upon the table
 With an austere grace and cry 'one, two, and three',
 Fret, stamp, and curse, 'foh!', 'twill pass well for me.
 [*Enter Primero's Boy*]

How now, sirrah.
 50 BOY They're coming in, sir; and strangers in their com-
 pany.

PRIMERO Tune apace, ladies. Be ready for the song, sirrah.
*Enter all: [the gallants Goldstone, Pursenet and his
 Boy, Tailby, and Frip; with Bungler, and Fitzgrave
 in disguise as a scholar named Bowser]*

GOLDSTONE [*presenting 'Bowser'*] Nay, I beseech you, gal-
 55 lants, be more inward with this gentleman; his parts
 deserve it.

PURSENET Whence comes he, sir?
 GOLDSTONE Piping hot from the university; he smells
 of buttered loaves yet; an excellent scholar, but the
 60 arrantest ass. For this our solicitor, he's a rare fellow

90-1 **In...bosoms** While Katherine is
 'enclosed | Unto herself', Fitzgrave will
 penetrate the gallants' secrets.
wind...bosoms proverbial (Dent, B546)
 93 **time, and humour** i.e. the fads of the
 moment
 96 **their envy pines** they suffer in their
 malice
 2.1.3-4 **of the wicked** Puritan diction
 6 **Push** a dismissive exclamation, as in
 'pooh!'
 8 **'Tis...receptacle** i.e. I don't receive just
 anyone here. *Common receptacle* suggests
 analogy with a prostitute. Questions of
 number of people, social class, and moral
 probity are comically confused in the
 suggestion that no one wicked would

be found at a classy brothel.
 21 **your...yonder** It is perhaps in the upper
 acting area above the stage, as suggested
 by *watchtowers* at 5.1.3-4.
 31 **riding** with a sexual innuendo. Mid-
 dleton's references to spurs often imply
 sexual goading.
 33-4 **as profitable...house** He sees her as
 like a lucky household fairy.
 36 **You're best** you had best (sarcastic)
 39 **sort** quality
portions dowries
 43 **Savoy** a precinct west of the city which
 had the historical privilege of sanctuary
 and so was frequently used for irregular
 marriages to runaways and women of
 bad reputations

45 **natural** innately gifted. But the context
 suggests 'expert by training'.
prick-song performing written or
 'pricked' music. The bawdy joke is clear.
 46 **dazzle...world** as in the proverb 'the
 world is full of fools'
 47 **So** as long as
 48 **'one...three'** in imitation of a music
 master counting
 55 **this gentleman** i.e. 'Bowser'
parts qualities
 59 **buttered loaves** University students had
 buttered bread for breakfast.
 60 **this our solicitor** i.e. Bungler, who is
 'soliciting'
he's i.e. he's considered

five-and-forty mile hence, believe that. His friends are
 of the old fashion—all in their graves; and now has he
 the leisure to follow all new fashions—ply the brothels,
 practise salutes and cringes.
 65 PURSENET O.
 GOLDSTONE [*to Fitzgrave*] Now, dear acquaintance,
 I'll bring you to see fashions.
 FITZGRAVE What house is this, sir?
 GOLDSTONE
 O, of great name. Here music is professed;
 Here sometimes ladies practise—and the meanest,
 70 Daughters to men of worship—
 Whom gentlemen such as ourselves may visit,
 Court, clip, and exercise our wits upon.
 It is a professed courtesy.
 FITZGRAVE A pretty recreation, i'faith.
 75 GOLDSTONE I seldom saw so few here; you shall have 'em
 sometimes in every corner of the house, with their
 viols betwixt their legs and play the sweetest strokes—
 'twould e'en filch your soul almost out of your bosom.
 FITZGRAVE Pox on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these
 80 things at university!
 GOLDSTONE You have no such natural happiness. Let's
 draw near.
 PRIMERO Gentlemen, you are all most respectively wel-
 come.
 85 GOLDSTONE We are bold and insatiate suitors, sir, to the
 breath of your music and the dear sight of those ladies.
 PRIMERO
 And what our poor skill can invite you to,
 You are kindly welcome. You must pardon 'em,
 gentlemen:
 Virgins, and bashful; besides, new beginners.
 90 'Tis not a whole month since they were first entered.
 GOLDSTONE [*aside*] Seven year in my knowledge.
 PRIMERO
 They blush at their very lessons; they will not endure
 To hear of a stop, a prick, or a semiquaver.
 FIRST COURTESAN O, out upon you!
 PRIMERO
 95 La, I tell you—you'll bear me witness, gentlemen,
 If their complaints come to their parents' ears—
 They're words of art; I teach 'em naught but art.
 GOLDSTONE Why, 'tis most certain.
 BUNGLER For all scholars know that *musica est ars*.

ALL THE COURTESANS O, beastly word! 100
 PRIMERO Look to the ladies, gentlemen.
 GOLDSTONE [*to a Courtesan*] Kiss again.
 PURSENET [*to a Courtesan*] Come, another.
 TAILBY This' a good interim. [Exit] 105
 PRIMERO [*to Bungler*] What have you done, sir?
 BUNGLER Why, what have I done?
 PRIMERO Saw you their stomachs queasy, and come with
 such gross meat?
 BUNGLER Why, is't not Latin, sir?
 PRIMERO Latin? Why then let the next to't be Latin too. 110
 PURSENET [*to a Courtesan*] So, enough.
 GOLDSTONE [*to Primero*] Nay, I can assure you thus far:
 I that never knew the language have heard so much,
 that *ars* is Latin for 'art'. And it may well be, too, for
 there's more art in't nowadays than ever was. 115
 PRIMERO Is't possible? I am sorry, then, I have followed it
 so far.
 FIRST COURTESAN A scholar call you him?
 PRIMERO Music must not jar; the offence is satisfied. Come,
 to the song. [*To his Boy*] Begin, sir. 120
 [*Primero's Boy sings*] the song, [*the Courtesans*
accompanying]; and he [*Primero*] keeps time,
shows several humours and moods. [*PurseNET's*
Boy in his pocket nims away Fitzgrave's jewel
here, and exit
 BUNGLER Not a whole month since you were entered,
 ladies?
 FITZGRAVE None that shall see their cunning will believe
 it.
 PRIMERO It is no affliction, gentlemen? 125
 BUNGLER I care not much, i'faith, if I write down to my
 father presently to send up my sister in all haste, that I
 may place her here at this music school.
 NEWCUT [*to the audience, appearing at her hiding place*] 'Slid,
 'tis the fool my cousin! I would not for the value of
 130 three recreations he had seen me here!
 PRIMERO [*to FriP*] How like you your new prize?
 FRIP Pray, give me leave; I have not yet sufficiently
 admired her.
 [*He courts the Novice, giving her jewels*]
 PRIMERO 'Slife, he's in a sick trance! 135
 GOLDSTONE [*to the audience*] My wits must not stand idle.
 A cheat or two among these mistresses
 Would not be ill-bestowed. I affect none

61 **friends** relatives
 69 **sometimes ladies** i.e. women who were
 formerly of high rank
meanest lowest-born
 70 **men of worship** respectable men,
 gentlemen
 72 **clip** embrace
 73 **professed** openly declared, regularly
 practised
 77 **viols** stringed instruments like violas and
 cellos. The bass viol was held between
 the legs; hence Goldstone's sexual
 innuendoes.
 80 **at university** Music was taught as an

academic subject, but the universities
 were all-male.
 81 **You...happiness** Hints that the only
 happiness at university is 'unnatural':
 homosexual.
 83 **respectively** respectfully
 90 **entered** (a) initiated as students (b) sexu-
 ally penetrated
 93 **stop** the hole in a wind instrument or
 one of a series of organ pipes; in either
 case, a bawdy joke
prick a musical notation (with the
 obvious play on 'penis')

semiquaver a musical sixteenth note,
 but also in the bawdy sense of a sexual
 quiver
 95 **I tell you** I told you so
 99 **musica est ars** music is art. With a play
 on *arse*.
 110 **let...too** i.e. you might as well say that
 what is next to the *arse* is Latin too
 115 **in't** The inoffensive referent is music.
 116 **followed it** pursued the matter
 123 **cunning** skill. *Cun-* probably puns on
cunt.
 134.1 **He...jewels** See 4.2.1-3.

- 140 But for my prey, such are their affections.
I know it; how could drabs and cheaters live else?
Then since the world rolls on dissimulation,
I'll be the first dissembler.
[*He moves to the Second Courtesan*]
- FIRST COURTESAN [*to Pursenet*] Prithee, love, comfort,
choice, my only wish; in thee I am confined. Deny me
145 anything? A slight chain of pearl?
PURSENET Nay, an't be but slight—
FIRST COURTESAN Being denied,
I prize it slight; but given me by my love,
Light shall not be so dear unto my eye,
150 Mine eye unto the body, as the gift.
PURSENET
How have I power to deny this to you,
That command all? My fortunes are thy servants,
And thou the mistress both of them and me.
[*He gives her the chain of pearl*]
- FIRST COURTESAN
The truest that e'er breathed.
GOLDSTONE [*to the Second Courtesan*]
To a gentleman
155 That thus so long and has so sincerely loved you
As I myself, ne'er was less pity shown.
SECOND COURTESAN
Why, I never was held cruel.
GOLDSTONE But to me.
SECOND COURTESAN
Nor to you.
GOLDSTONE Go to, 't'as scarred you much.
SECOND COURTESAN
I'm sorry your conceit is so unkind
To think me so.
160 GOLDSTONE When had I other argument?
I've often tendered you my love and service—
And that in no mean fashion—
Yet were you never that requiteful mistress
That graced me with one favour.
165 'Slight, not so much as such a pretty ring.
[*He takes her ring*]
Pox on't, 't'as almost broke my heart!
SECOND COURTESAN He's took it off. 'Sfoot! Master Bowser!
GOLDSTONE Nay, where a man loves most, there to be
scanted.
170 SECOND COURTESAN My ring. Come, come.
GOLDSTONE
What reckon I a satin gown or two
If she were wise.
SECOND COURTESAN
Life, my ring, sir, come.
GOLDSTONE
Have you the face, i'faith?
SECOND COURTESAN Give me my ring.
- GOLDSTONE Prithee, hence. By this light, you get none on't.
SECOND COURTESAN How!
GOLDSTONE
I hold your favours of more pure esteem
Than to part from 'em. Faith, I do, howe'er
You think of me.
SECOND COURTESAN Push! Pray, sir.
GOLDSTONE Hark you, go to. You have lost much by
180 unkindness; go your ways.
SECOND COURTESAN 'Sfoot!
GOLDSTONE But yet there's no time past; you may redeem
it.
SECOND COURTESAN Come, I cannot miss it, i'faith. Beside,
185 the gentleman that bestowed it on me swore to me it
cost him twenty nobles.
GOLDSTONE Twenty nobles? Pox of twenty nobles.
But you must cost me more, you pretty villain—
Ah, you little rogue.
SECOND COURTESAN
Come, come; I know you're but in jest. 190
GOLDSTONE
In jest? No, you shall see.
SECOND COURTESAN [*to audience*]
No way will get it.
As good give it him now and hope for somewhat.
GOLDSTONE True love made jest?
SECOND COURTESAN I did but try thy faith, how fast thou'dst
195 hold it. Now I see a woman may venture worthy favours
to thy trust and have 'em truly kept; and I protest, had
I drawn't from thee, I should ne'er ha' loved thee; I
know that.
GOLDSTONE 'Sfoot, I was ne'er so wronged in my life.
Think you I am in jest with you? What, with my
200 love?
I could find lighter subjects, you shall see;
And time will show how much you injure me.
SECOND COURTESAN
The ring, were't thrice worth, I freely give,
For I know you will requite it.
GOLDSTONE Will I live?
SECOND COURTESAN
Enough.
GOLDSTONE [*to audience*]
Why, this was well come off now. 205
Where's my old servingman? Not yet returned.
[*Enter Fulk*]
O, here he peeps. Now, sirrah?
FULK May it please your worship. [*Aside to Goldstone, show-
ing him two beakers*] They're done artificially, i'faith,
210 boy.
GOLDSTONE Both the great beakers?
FULK Both, lad.
GOLDSTONE Just the same size?

159 **conceit** thought, understanding
160 **argument** theme (his protestations of
love)

167 'Sfoot 'God's foot', a common oath

183-4 **But ... redeem it** i.e. it's not too late

185 **miss** do without

204 **Will I live?** proverbial (Dent, L374.1)

205 **well come off** referring to both the ring
and the outcome of the contest

209 **artificially** artfully

- 215 FULK Ay, and the marks as just.
GOLDSTONE So, fall off respectively now.
FULK [*aloud to Goldstone*]
My lord desires your worship of all love—
GOLDSTONE
His lordship must hold me excused till morning;
I'll not break company tonight. Where sup we,
gallants?
PURSENET At' Mermaid.
GOLDSTONE
220 Sup there who list; I have forsworn the house.
FULK [*to audience*] For the truth is this plot must take effect
at' Mitre. [*Exit*]
GOLDSTONE Faith, I'm indifferent.
BUNGLER So are we, gentlemen.
225 PURSENET Name the place, Master Goldstone.
GOLDSTONE Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attend-
ance, diligent boys and—push!—excels it far.
ALL THE REST Agreed, the Mitre, then.
PURSENET Boy! [*To audience*] Some goodness toward: the
230 Boy's whipped away.
FITZGRAVE [*stamping*] The jewel! Heart, the jewel!
GOLDSTONE How now, sir? What moved you?
FITZGRAVE Nothing, sir.
A spice of poetry, a kind o' fury,
A disease runs among scholars.
235 GOLDSTONE Mass, it made you stamp.
FITZGRAVE [*stamping again*] Whoo!
'Twill make some stamp and stare, make a strange
noise,
Curse, swear, beat tire-men, and kick players' boys.
The effects are very fearful.
PURSENET Bless me from't!
FITZGRAVE
240 O, you need not fear it, sir.—Hell of this luck!
GOLDSTONE Hark, he's at it again.
PURSENET
Some pageant plot or some device for the tilt-yard;
Disturb him not.
FITZGRAVE [*to audience*]
How can I gain her love
When I have lost her favour?
PURSENET [*to Bungler*] Look you, sir.
245 GOLDSTONE [*showing Fripp the Second Courtesan's ring*] What
money hast about thee? I must be fain to pawn a fair
stone here for ordinary expenses. A pox of my tenants;
- I give 'em twenty days after the quarter, and they cut
out forty.
FRIP Why, you might take the forfeiture of their leases
then.
GOLDSTONE I know I might, but what's their course? The
rogues comes me up all together, with geese and capons
and petitions in pigs' snouts, which would move any
man, i'faith, were his stomach ne'er so great; and to
255 see how pitifully the pullen will look, it makes me after
relent and turn my anger into a quick fire to roast 'em.
Nay, touch't, and spare it not.
FRIP 'Tis right. Well, what does your worship borrow of
this, sir?
260 GOLDSTONE The stone's twenty nobles.
FRIP Nay, hardly.
GOLDSTONE As I am a right gentleman.
FRIP It comes near it, indeed. Well, here's five pound in
gold upon't.
265 GOLDSTONE 'Twill serve; and the ring safe and secret?
FRIP As a virgin's.
GOLDSTONE
I wish no higher.—What, gallants, are you constant?
Does the place hold?
ALL THE REST The Mitre.
270 GOLDSTONE [*to Primero*] Sir, in regard of our continued
boldness and trouble—which love to your music hath
made us guilty of—shall we entreat your worship's
company, with these sweet ladies, your professed schol-
ars, to take part of a poor supper with myself and these
275 gentlemen at the Mitre?
FRIP Pray, Master Primero.
PURSENET [*to Primero*] I beseech you, sir, let it be so.
PRIMERO O, pardon me, sweet gentlemen, the world's apt
to censure; I have the charge of them, they're left in
280 trust, they're virgins, and I dare not hazard their fames.
The least touch mars 'em, and what would their right
worshipful parents think if the report should fly to them
that they were seen with gentlemen in a tavern?
GOLDSTONE All this may be prevented. What serves your
285 coach for? They may come coached and masked.
PRIMERO You put me to't, sir.
Yet I must say again: I fear the drawers
And vintner's boys will be familiar with them,
And think 'em mistresses.
290 PURSENET
There are those places where respect seems slighter;

215 **fall off respectively** assume a respectful distance (as a servant)

219 **Mermaid** a famous tavern; along with the Mitre, a favourite of the literary and fashionable men about town. 'Mermaide', the spelling in the early printed edition, suggests its reputation.

222 **Mitre** See previous note. Middleton links the Mitre to the theatre audience in *Mad World*: 'this will be a true feast, a right Mitre supper, a play and all' (5.1.83-4).

229 **toward** on the way

235 **Mass** 'by the mass', an oath

236 **Whoo** Fitzgrave, realizing that he lost his composure and nearly gave away his disguise, stages this second 'fit' of the 'disease' of scholars.

238 **tire-men** theatrical costume-managers. Fitzgrave imagines himself as an abusive playwright.

242 **tilt-yard** the tilting-ground at Westminster. Jacobean tilts were occasions for masque-like pageantry scripted by

playwrights.

244 **favour** her love token (the jewel Fitzgrave had from Katherine)

247 **ordinary** tavern

248 **quarter** quarterly date on which rent is due

248-9 **cut out** make out of it

253 **comes me** come

256 **pullen** poultry

266 **ring** Fripp's reply jokes on the sense 'vagina'.

- More censure is belonging to the Mitre.
You know that, sir.
- PRIMERO Gentlemen, you prevail.
GOLDSTONE
We'll all expect you there.
PRIMERO And we'll not fail.
FRIP
295 The devil will ne'er dissemble with them so,
As you for them.
GOLDSTONE Come, sir.
FRIP What else? Let's go.
*Exeunt [all but Primero, the
Courtesans, and the Novice]*
Enter whore-gallant [Tailby]
- PRIMERO
How cheer you, sir?
TAILBY Faith, like the moon, more bright;
Decreased in body, but remade in light.
Here, thou shalt share some of my brightness with
me.
[He gives him money]
- PRIMERO
300 By my faith, they are comfortable beams, sir. *[Exit]*
FIRST COURTESAN
Come, where have you spent the time now from my
sight?
I'm jealous of thy action.
TAILBY Push!
I did but walk a turn or two in the garden.
FIRST COURTESAN
What made you there?
TAILBY Nothing but cropped a flower.
305 FIRST COURTESAN Some woman's honour, I believe.
TAILBY *[giving her a flower]*
Foh, is this a woman's honour?
FIRST COURTESAN Much about one:
When both are plucked their sweetness is soon gone.
TAILBY
Prithee, be true to me.
FIRST COURTESAN When did I fail?
TAILBY
Yet I am ever doubtful that you're firm.
FIRST COURTESAN
310 I do account the world but as my spoil to adorn thee.
My love is artificial to all others,
But purity to thee. Dost thou want gold?
Here, take this chain of pearl, supply thyself.
[She gives him the chain of pearl]
Be thou but constant, firm, and just to me,
- Rich heirs shall want e'er want come near to thee. 315
TAILBY
Upon thy lip I seal sincerity.
[He kisses her.] Exit [First Courtesan]
SECOND COURTESAN Was this your vow to me?
TAILBY
Pox, what's a kiss to be quite rid of her;
She's sued so long I was ashamed of her.
'Twas but her cheek I kissed neither, to save her
longing. 320
SECOND COURTESAN
'Tis not a kiss I weigh.
TAILBY Had you weighed this,
'T'ad lacked above five ounces of a true one;
No kiss that e'er weighed lighter.
SECOND COURTESAN 'Tis thy love that I suspect.
TAILBY
My love? Why, by this—What shall I swear by? 325
SECOND COURTESAN *[giving him Fitzgrave's jewel]*
Swear by this jewel. Keep thy oath; keep that.
TAILBY
By this jewel, then, no creature can be perfect
In my love but thy dear self.
SECOND COURTESAN I rest.
[Exit Second Courtesan]
TAILBY *[seeing the Novice]* Ha, ha, ha!
Let's laugh at 'em, sweet soul.
NOVICE Ay, they may laugh at me; 330
I was a novice and believed your oaths.
TAILBY
Why, what do you think of me? Make I no difference
'Tween seven years' prostitution and seven days?
Why, you're but in the wane of a maid yet.
You wrong my health in thinking I love them; 335
Do not I know their populous imperfections?
Why, they cannot live till Easter. Let 'em show
The fairest side to th' world, like hundreds more
whose clothes
E'en stand upright in silver, when their bodies
Are ready to drop through 'em. Such there be; 340
They may deceive the world; they ne'er shall me.
NOVICE Forgive my doubts,
And for some satisfaction wear this ring,
From which I vowed ne'er, but to thee, to part.
*[She gives him the ring that Goldstone pawned to
Frip]*
TAILBY
With which thou ever bind'st me to thy heart. 345
Exeunt

292 **More censure** better judgement
300 **comfortable** comforting, cheering
302 **jealous of thy action** suspicious of what
you've been doing

304 **What made you** what did you do
306 **Much about** very similar to
320 **neither** and no more
to save her longing in contrast with

proverbial 'to lose one's longing' (Dent,
L422)
332 **difference** distinction

2.2 Enter Fitzgrave, [disguised as Bowser]
 FITZGRAVE
 My pocket picked! This was no brothel house?
 A music school? Damnation has fine shapes.
 I paid enough for th' song: I have lost a jewel
 To me more precious than their souls to them
 5 That gave consent to filch it. I'll hunt hard,
 Waste time and money, trace and wheel about,
 But I will find these secret mischiefs out.
 [Enter Katherine's Servant]
 How now, what's he?
 O, a servant to my love. Being thus disguised,
 I'll learn some news. [Giving money] Now, sir, you
 10 belong to me.
 KATHERINE'S SERVANT I do, sir, but I cannot stay to say so.
 Nay, good sir, detain me not; I am going in all haste to
 enquire or lay wait for a chain of pearl nimm'd out of
 her pocket the fifth of November—a dismal day.
 15 FITZGRAVE Ha, a chain of pearl, say'st thou?
 KATHERINE'S SERVANT A chain of pearl, sir, which one
 Master Fitzgrave, a gentleman and a suitor, fastened
 upon her as a pledge of his love.
 FITZGRAVE Ha?
 KATHERINE'S SERVANT
 20 Urge me no more; I have no more to say—
 Your friend, Hieronimo Bedlam. Exit
 FITZGRAVE Thou'rt a mad fellow indeed.
 Some comfort yet that hers is missing too;
 I feel my soul at much more ease: both stol'n.
 25 When griefs have partners, they are better borne. Exit

2.3 Enter whore-gallant [Tailby]
 TAILBY
 O, the parting of us twain,
 Hath caused me mickle pain,
 And I shall ne'er be married
 Until I see my muggle again.
 5 NEWCUT [appearing at her hiding place] Hist!
 [Enter Primero]
 PRIMERO Ha?
 NEWCUT The nimble gentleman in the celestial stockings!
 PRIMERO H'as the best smock-fortune to be beloved of
 10 women.—
 Vallee loo lo lille lo lilo,
 Vallee loo lee lo lillo.

TAILBY
 Vallee loo lo lille lilo,
 Vallee loo lee lo lillo.
 NEWCUT Ah, sweet gentleman, he keeps it up stately.
 PRIMERO [to Tailby] Well held, i'faith, sir.—Mass, and
 15 now I remember too, I think you ne'er saw my little
 banqueting box above since I altered it.
 TAILBY Why, have you altered that?
 PRIMERO O, divinely sir; the pictures are all new run over
 20 again.
 TAILBY Fie!
 PRIMERO For what had the painter done, think you? Drew
 me Venus naked (which is the grace of a man's room,
 you know) and, when he had done, drew a number
 of oaken leaves before her. Had not lawn been a
 25 hundred times softer, made a better show, and been
 more gentlewoman-like?
 TAILBY More ladylike, a great deal.
 PRIMERO Come, you shall see how 'tis altered now. I do
 not think but you'll like her. Exeunt 30

[Music within. A dicing-table is set forth. Then]
 2.4 enter all at once: [Primero, First and Second
 Courtesans, Goldstone, Novice, Pursenet, Tailby,
 Fripp, Bungler, Fulk, Arthur, and Pursenet's Boy]

PRIMERO Where be your liveries?
 FIRST COURTESAN They attend without.
 PRIMERO Go, call the coach! Gentlemen, you have excelled
 in kindness as we in boldness.
 TAILBY So, you think amiss, sir? 5
 GOLDSTONE
 Kind ladies, we commit you to sweet dreams,
 Ourselves unto the fortune of the dice.—
 Dice, ho!
 FIRST COURTESAN [aside to Tailby]
 You rest firm mine?
 TAILBY E'en all my soul to thee.
 [Exit First Courtesan]
 SECOND COURTESAN [aside to Tailby]
 You keep your vows?
 TAILBY Why, do I breathe or see? 10
 [Exit Second Courtesan]
 NOVICE [aside to Tailby]
 Is your love constant?
 TAILBY Ay, to none but thee.
 [Exeunt Novice and Primero]

2.2.14 fifth of November date of the 1605 Gunpowder Plot, in which a group of Catholics planned to blow up Parliament
 21 Hieronimo Bedlam A name doubly associated with insanity: Hieronimo goes insane in Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*; and 'Bedlam', the Hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem, was an insane asylum.
 2.3.2 mickle much
 4 muggle a term of affection. The exact sense is unknown; perhaps a variant of *migale*, 'fieldmouse'.

8 smock-fortune luck with women
 10-11 Vallee loo...lillo Perhaps an imitation hunting call, as with a horn. It is Primero's signal to Tailby, who replies in kind.
 14 he...stately with a sexual equivocation
 17 banqueting box probably an alcove partitioned off for private entertainment, with *banquet* in the obsolete sense of a course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine
 19 run over retouched (antedates *OED*'s one

illustration, 1677)
 25 lawn sheer linen
 2.4.0.1 Music within The editorial stage direction allows a space between Tailby and Primero leaving the stage and re-entering; it also sets the scene at the Mitre, where supper is drawing to a close within.
 1 liveries uniformed servingmen. Primero is maintaining the fiction that the courtesans are ladies of rank.

- Now gone? Ay, now I love nor them nor thee;
'Slife, I should be cloyed should I love one in three.
[Enter Fitzgrave, disguised as Bowser]
- PURSENET O, here's Master Bowser now.
15 FITZGRAVE Save you, sweet gentlemen.
TAILBY Sweet Master Bowser, welcome!
PURSENET [calling] When come these dice?
VINTNER [within] Anon, anon, sir.
PURSENET Yet 'anon, anon, sir.'
- 20 GOLDSTONE [aside to Fulk] Hast thou shown art in 'em?
FULK [aside to Goldstone]
You shall be judge, sir: here be the tavern beakers,
[showing beakers concealed on his person] and here peep
out the fine alchemy knaves, looking like—well, sir,
most of our gallants, that seem what they are not.
25 GOLDSTONE [aloud] Peace, villain, am not I in presence?
FULK [aside to Goldstone] Why, that puts me in mind of the
jest, sir.
GOLDSTONE [aloud] Again, you quarreler?
[They continue speaking aside]
FULK Nay, compare 'em, and spare 'em not.
GOLDSTONE
- 30 The bigness of the bore, just the same size;
the marks, no difference. Away, put money in thy
pocket, and offer to draw in upon the least occasion.
FULK I am no babe, sir. [He starts to exit]
GOLDSTONE Hist!
- 35 FULK What's the matter now?
GOLDSTONE Give me a pair of false dice, e'er you go.
FULK Pox on't, you're so troublesome, too; you cannot
remember a thing before. If I stay a little longer, I shall
be stayed anon. [Exit]
[Enter Vintner]
- 40 VINTNER Here be dice for your worships.
PURSENET O, come, come.
GOLDSTONE The vintner himself! [To audience] I'll shift away
these beakers by a sleight.
[He switches the beakers for counterfeit]
VINTNER [seeing Goldstone handle the beakers] Master Gold-
stone!
- 45 GOLDSTONE How now, you conjuring rascal!
VINTNER Bless your good worship, you're in humours,
methinks.
GOLDSTONE Humours! Say that again.
50 VINTNER I said no such word, sir—[To audience] Would I
had my beakers out on's fingers!
- GOLDSTONE What's thy name, vintner?
VINTNER Jack, an please your worship.
GOLDSTONE Turn knight like thy companions, scoundrel.
Live upon usury; wear thy gilt spurs at thy girdle for
fear of slubbering. 55
VINTNER O no, I hope I shall have more grace than so, sir.
Pray, let me help your worship.
GOLDSTONE Cannot I push 'em together without your help?
VINTNER O, I beseech your worship; they're the two
standards of my house. 60
GOLDSTONE Standards! There lie your standards.
[He gives the Vintner the counterfeit beakers]
VINTNER Good, your worship. [To audience] I am glad
they are out of his fingers. My wife shall lock 'em up
presently; they shall see no sun this twelve-month's day
for this trick. 65
GOLDSTONE Let me come to the sight of your 'standards'
again.
VINTNER Your worship shall pardon me. Now you shall
not see 'em in haste, I warrant ye. 70
[Exit Vintner with fake beakers]
GOLDSTONE I do not desire't. Ha, ha!
FITZGRAVE Why, Master Goldstone!
GOLDSTONE I am for you, gallants. Master Bowser, cry you
mercy, sir; why supped you from us?
FITZGRAVE Faith, sir, I met with a couple of my fellow pu-
pils at university, and so we renewed our acquaintance
and supped together. 75
GOLDSTONE Fie, that's none of the newest fashion, I must
tell you that, Master Bowser. You must never take
acquaintance of any o' th' university when you are
at London, nor any of London when you're at univer-
sity. You must be more forgetful, i'faith; every place
ministers his acquaintance abundantly. 80
BUNGLER He tells you true, sir.
GOLDSTONE I warrant you, here's a gentleman will ne'er
commit such an absurdity. 85
BUNGLER Who, I? No, 'tis well known, if I be disposed I'll
forget any man in a seven-night and yet look him in
the face. Nay, let him ride but ten mile from me and
come home again, it shall be at my choice whether I'll
remember him or no. I have tried that. 90
GOLDSTONE This is strange, sir.
BUNGLER 'Tis as a man gives his mind to't, sir. And, now
you bring me in, I remember 'twas once my fortune to
be cozened of all my clothes and, with my clothes, my 95

13 **cloyed** clogged, burdened (not, presumably, 'satiated')

14 **Bowser** The name means 'college bursar'.

18 **Anon, anon, sir** Perhaps recalling I *Henry IV* 2.5.36–56, in which Hal and Poins tease a drawer.

21 **beakers** drinking vessels

23 **alchemy knaves** the fake beakers which Goldstone intends to switch for the Vintner's: *alchemy* because they are base metal that will be 'transformed' to silver or gold (compare the name *Goldstone*)

32 **draw in** i.e. join the dicing

39 **stayed** either 'prevented' or 'arrested'

47 **humours** an odd mood

54 **Turn . . . companions** James I had cheapened knighthood by selling the title; Goldstone is suggesting that other mere vintners have become knights. Probably also an allusion to Shakespeare's Sir Jack Oldcastle/Falstaff, especially in view of the joke on 'anon, anon, sir' at ll. 18–19.

55 **gilt spurs** the gaudy excess of newly-

made knights

56 **slubbering** muddying. The *nouveaux* knights won't wear their expensive new spurs on their boots for fear of getting them dirty.

61 **standards** vessels authorized as holding a full measure of drink

62 **There lie your standards** Plays on *standards* as objects that stand.

83 **ministers his acquaintance** looks after those it knows

- money. A poor shepherd, pitying me, took me in and relieved me.
- GOLDSTONE 'Twas kindly done of him, i'faith.
- BUNGLER Nay, you shall see, now: 'twas his fortune likewise, not long after, to come to me in much distress, i'faith, and with weeping eyes, and do you think I remembered him?
- GOLDSTONE You could not choose.
- BUNGLER By my troth, not I. I forgot him quite, and never remembered him to this hour.
- GOLDSTONE And yet knew who he was?
- BUNGLER As well as I know you, i'faith. 'Tis a gift giv'n to some above others.
- GOLDSTONE [*to audience*] To fools and knaves; they never miss on't.
- BUNGLER Does any make such a wonder at this? Why, alas, 'tis nothing to forget others; what say you to those that forget themselves?
- [*Enter Fulk*]
- GOLDSTONE Nay, then, to dice. Come, set me, gallants, set. [*The gallants go to the table, and Pursenet's Boy picks their pockets the while*]
- FRIP [*standing aside from gamesters*] Ay, fall to't, gentlemen. I shall hear some news from some of you anon. I have th'art to know which lose and ne'er look on; I'll be ready with all the worst money I can find about me.—Arthur!
- ARTHUR Here, sir.
- FRIP Stand ready.
- ARTHUR Fear not me, sir.
- GOLDSTONE [*offering his dice to Tailby*] These are mine, sir.
- FRIP [*examining his coins*] Here's a washed angel; it shall away. Here's Mistress Rose-noble Has lost her maidenhead—cracked in the ring. She's good enough for gamesters and to pass From man to man, for gold presents at dice Your harlot: in one hour won and lost thrice; Every man has a fling at her.
- TAILBY [*losing at dice*] Again!
- Pox of these dice!
- BUNGLER 'Tis ill to curse the dead, sir.
- PURSENET Mew!
- TAILBY Where should I wish the pox but among bones?
- FITZGRAVE He tells you right, sir.
- TAILBY I ne'er have any luck at these odd hands. None here to make us six? Why, Master Frip?
- FRIP I am very well here, I thank you, sir. I had rather be telling my money myself than have others count it for me. 'Tis the scurviest music in the world, methinks, to hear my money jingle in other men's pockets; I never had any mind to't, i'faith.
- TAILBY 'Slud, play six or play four; I'll play no more.
- GOLDSTONE 'Sfoot, you see there's none here to draw in.
- FULK Rather than you should be destitute, gentlemen, I'll play my ten pound—if my master's worship will give me leave.
- PURSENET Come.
- TAILBY He shall, he shall.
- GOLDSTONE Pray excuse me, gentlemen. [*To Fulk*] 'Sfoot! How now, Goodman rascal? What, because you served my grandfather when he went ambassador, and got some ten pound by th' hand, has that put such spirit in you to offer to draw in among gentlemen of worship, knave?
- TAILBY Pray, sir, let's entreat so much for once.
- PURSENET [*to Goldstone*] 'Tis a usual grace, i'faith, sir; you've many gentlemen will play with their men.
- BUNGLER Ay, and with their maids too, i'faith.
- PURSENET [*to Goldstone*] Good sir, give him leave.
- GOLDSTONE [*to Fulk*] Yes, come, an you be wary on't. I pray, draw near, sir.
- FULK Not so, sir.
- TAILBY Come, fool, fear nothing. I warrant thee; he's given thee leave. Stand here by me. Come, now. Set round, gentlemen, set.
- PURSENET How the poor fellow shakes!—Throw lustily, man.
- FULK At all, gentlemen.
- [*He throws dice and wins*]
- TAILBY Well said, i'faith.
- PURSENET They're all thine.
- TAILBY By my troth, I am glad the fellow has such luck; 'twill encourage him well.
- FULK [*betting against Goldstone*] At my master's worship alone.
- [*Fulk throws and wins*]
- GOLDSTONE Now, Sir Slave!
- FULK At my master's worship alone.

124 **washed** bathed in acid to dissolve gold off it, so of reduced value
angel a gold coin

125 **Rose-noble** a gold coin (*noble*) with a rose on it. Punningly taken as a woman's name (probably with *Rose* also in the sense 'vulva'). Throughout the play money that goes from hand to hand is likened to women who do the same.

126 **cracked in the ring** (*a*) of the coin: with a crack in the rim extending to the decorative ring around the rose, at which point the coin lost its value;

(*b*) of the woman: 'lost her maidenhead', with *ring* as 'vagina'. Proverbial (Dent, R130.1).

127 **gamesters** (*a*) wenchers, (*b*) gamblers

128 **presents** represents

131 **'Tis... dead** proverbial ('Speak well of the dead', Dent, D124)

Mew derisive exclamation

132 **Where... bones** A common curse was to wish the pox on someone's bones. Dice were made of bones.

134 **these odd hands** i.e. an odd number of card-hands, hence players. Tailby is

superstitious about odd numbers.

141 **'Slud** 'God's blood', a severe oath

149 **goodman** form of address to someone below the rank of gentleman, often prefixed to his occupation, as in 'goodman tailor'

151 **by th' hand** right away

156 **play** Bungler's riposte brings out the sense 'have sexual play'.

167 **At all** Accompanies the throwing of dice to signal that the game is on and all are included.

168 **Well said** well done

- [*Fulk throws and wins*]
 GOLDSTONE So, saucy rascal!
 FULK At my master's worship alone.
 [*Fulk throws and wins*]
 GOLDSTONE You're a rogue and will ever be one!
 FULK By my troth, gentlemen, at all again, for once.
 [*Fulk throws and wins*]
 180 TAILBY Take 'em to thee, boy, take 'em to thee. Thou'rt
 worthy of 'em, i'faith.
 GOLDSTONE Gentlemen, faith, I am angry with you. Go and
 suborn my knave against me here, to make him proud
 and peremptory?
 185 TAILBY Troth, that's but your conceit, sir. The fellow's an
 honest fellow and knows his duty, I dare swear for him.
 PURSENET Heart, I am sick already. [*He leaves the table*]
 GOLDSTONE Whither goes Master—
 PURSENET Play on, I'll take my turn, sir. [*Aside*] Boy!
 190 BOY Master?
 PURSENET Pist.
 [*The Boy secretly shows Pursenet the money he's
 stolen*]
 A supply. Carry't closely, my little fogger. How much?
 BOY Three pound, sir.
 PURSENET Good boy. Take out another lesson. [*Returning
 to the gallants*] How now, gentlemen?
 195 TAILBY Devil's in't; did you e'er see such a hand?
 PURSENET I set you these three angels.
 BOY [*to audience*] My master may set high, for all his stakes
 are drawn out of other men's pockets.
 200 FULK As I said, gentleman?
 PURSENET Deuce, ace.
 FULK At all your right worshipful worships.
 [*Fulk wins*]
 ALL THE REST Death and vengeance!
 GOLDSTONE Hell, darkness!
 [*Goldstone pretends to strike Fulk*]
 205 TAILBY Hold, sir.
 PURSENET Master Goldstone!
 GOLDSTONE Hinder me not, sweet gentlemen.—You rascal!
 I banish thee the board.
 TAILBY I'faith, but you shall not, sir!
 210 GOLDSTONE Touch a die, an thou dar'st. Come you in with
 your lousy ten pound, you slave, among gentlemen of
 worship, and win thirty at a hand?
 TAILBY Why, will you kick against luck, sir?
 BUNGLER As long as the poor fellow ventures the loss of
 215 his own money, who can be offended at his fortunes?
- FULK I have a master here! Many a gentleman would
 be glad to see his man come forward. [*He is seized by
 Goldstone*] Aha!
 PURSENET [*to Goldstone*] Pray, be persuaded, sir.
 GOLDSTONE 'Slife, here's none cuts my throat in play but 220
 he, I have observed it. An unluckly slave 'tis.
 BUNGLER Methinks his luck's good enough, sir.
 GOLDSTONE Upon condition, gentlemen, that I may ever
 bar him from the board hereafter, I am content to wink
 at him. 225
 PURSENET Faith, use your own pleasure hereafter; he's won
 our money now! [*To Fulk*] Come to th' table, sir, your
 master's friends with you.
 FULK Pray, gentlemen.
 TAILBY [*to the audience, leaving the table*] The fiend's in't, 230
 I think; I left a fair chain of pearl at my lodging too,
 like an ass, and ne'er remembered it; that would ha'
 been a good pawn now. [*Offering his rapier, dagger, and
 hangers*] Speak, what do you lend upon these, Master
 Frip? I care not much if you take my beaver hat, too, 235
 for I perceive 'tis dark enough already, and it does but
 trouble me here.
 FRIP Very well, sir. Why, now I can lend you three pound,
 sir—
 TAILBY Prithree, do't quickly then. 240
 FRIP There 'tis in six angels.
 TAILBY Very compendiously.
 [*He returns to the table*]
 FRIP Here, Arthur; run away with these presently; I'll
 enter 'em into th' shop-book tomorrow.
 [*Exit Arthur. Frip records the sale*]
 245 Item, one gilt-hatched rapier and dagger, with a fair
 embroidered girdle, and hangers, with which came also
 a beaver hat, with a correspondent band.
 TAILBY [*to Goldstone*] Push! I'faith, sir, you're to blame;
 you have snibbed the poor fellow too much; he can
 scarce speak; he cleaves his words with sobbing. 250
 FULK Haf—Haf—Haf—Haf at all, gentlemen.
 [*He throws and wins*]
 GOLDSTONE Ah, rogue! I'll make you know yourself.
 FULK At the fairest.
 [*He throw and loses*]
 PURSENET Out, i'faith—two aces.
 GOLDSTONE I am glad of that. Come, pay me all these, 255
 goodman Cloak-bag.
 PURSENET Why, are you the fairest, sir?
 GOLDSTONE You need not doubt of that, sir. [*To Fulk*] Five
 angels, you scoundrel.

192 **fogger** person given to underhand practices for gain; engrosser

194 **Take out another lesson** go back to your studying (i.e. picking pockets)

196 **Devil's in't** proverbial (Dent, D250.111)

201 **Deuce, ace** Pursenet's bet on the dice: a two and a one

216 **a master** i.e. a fine master (sarcastic)

221 **unluckly** bringing ill luck, malicious.

Bungler takes Goldstone to mean that Fulk has ill luck himself.

224–5 **wink at** turn a blind eye to

242 **compendiously** expeditiously

245 **gilt-hatched** gold-engraved

249 **snibbed** rebuked

252 **make...yourself** i.e. make you recog-

nize your lowly status by making you lose you winnings. 'Know thyself' was proverbial (Dent, K175).

253 **At the fairest** Evidently declares a game against the player with most money on the table.

256 **Cloak-bag** i.e. porter (named by what he carries)

- 260 TAILBY Fie o' these dice! Not one hand tonight.—There they go, gentlemen. At all, i'faith.
[*He throws and loses*]
PURSENET Pay all with two treys and a quatre.
TAILBY All curses follow 'em! Pay yourselves withal; I'll pawn myself to't, but I'll see a hand tonight. Not once
265 hold in? [*Taking off his doublet*] Here, Master Fripp, lend me your hand—quick, quick, so.
FRIPP What, do you borrow of this doublet now?
TAILBY Ne'er saw the world three days.
FRIPP Go to; in regard you're a continual customer, I'll use
270 you well and pleasure you with five angels upon't.
TAILBY
Let me not stand too long i'th' cold for them.
BUNGLER
Had ever country gentleman such fortune?
All swooped away! I'd need repair to th' brokers.
TAILBY If you be in that mind, sir, there sits a gentleman
275 will furnish you upon any pawn as well as the public'st broker of 'em all.
BUNGLER Say you so, sir? There's comfort in that, i'faith.
[*He goes to Fripp*]
FRIPP [*recording*] Item, upon his orange tawny satin doublet, five angels.
280 BUNGLER But by your leave, sir, next comes the britches—
FRIPP O, I have a tongue fit for anything—
BUNGLER Saving your tail, sir. 'Tis given me to understand that you are a gentleman i'th' hundred and deal in the premises aforesaid.
285 FRIPP Master Bungler, Master Bungler, you're mightily mistook. I am content to do a gentleman a pleasure for once, so his pawn be neat and sufficient.
BUNGLER Why, what say you to my grandfather's seal ring here?
290 FRIPP Ay, marry, sir; this is somewhat like.
BUNGLER Nay, view it well. An ancient arms, I can tell you.
FRIPP What's this, sir?
BUNGLER The great codpiece with nothing in't.
295 FRIPP How!
BUNGLER The word about it: '*Parturiunt montes*'.
FRIPP What's that, I pray, sir?
BUNGLER 'You promise to mount us.'
FRIPP And belike he was not so good as his word.
- BUNGLER So it should seem by the story, for so our names came to be Bunglers.
FRIPP A lamentable hearing, that so great a house should shrink and fall to ruin.
[*Bungler exchanges the ring for money and joins the table again*]
PURSENET Two quates and yet lose it! Heart! [*Aside*] Boy, i'faith, what is't?
300 BOY Five pound, sir.
PURSENET [*to audience*] By my troth, this boy goes forward well. Ye shall see him come to his preferment i'th' end!
GOLDSTONE [*looking at Tailby*] Why, how now, who's that, gentlemen, a barge-man?
305 TAILBY I never have any luck, gallants, till my doublet's off; I'm not half nimble enough. At this old cinquanter driv'el-beard.
[*He throws and loses*]
FULK Your worship must pay me all these, sir.
TAILBY There, and feast the devil with 'em.
310 PURSENET Hell gnaw these dice.
GOLDSTONE What, do you give over, gallants?
FULK [*aside to Goldstone*] Is't not time?
TAILBY I protest I have but one angel left to guide me home to my lodging.
315 GOLDSTONE [*aside to Fulk*] How much, think'st?
FULK Some fourscore angels, sir.
GOLDSTONE Peace, we'll join powers anon and see how strong we are in the whole number. [*To audience*] Mass, yon gilt goblet stands so full in mine eye, the whoreson tempts me. It comes like cheese after a great feast, to digest the rest. He will hardly 'scape me, i'faith; I see that by him already.
320 [Enter Vintner]
Back for a parting blow now.—Boy!
VINTNER Anon, anon, sir.
325 GOLDSTONE Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.
VINTNER I will, sir. [*Exit*]
TAILBY Nay, had not I strange casting? Thrice together, two quates and a deuce.
PURSENET Why, was not I as often haunted with two treys and a quatre?
330 [Enter Vintner]
VINTNER There's wax for your worship.—Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit*]

262 **two treys and a quatre** two threes and a four

268 **Ne'er . . . days** i.e. not three days old

281 **a . . . anything** i.e. a taste for any sort of clothing. Bungler makes that claim into a dirty joke ('a tongue good for anything except the anus').

283 **gentleman i'th' hundred** Bungler's euphemism for usurer, converging (a) one who charges a percentage (part of a hundred) in interest, (b) a respectable country gentleman (since a 'hundred' was a subdivision of a shire)

290 **this is somewhat like** proverbial (Dent, S623.11)

296 '*Parturiunt montes*' 'The mountains are in labour'. The quotation, from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, was proverbial (Dent, M1215). It continues: ' . . . and a silly mouse will be born'. Bungler sees the engraved emblem of the opening mountain as a codpiece, and misunderstands the Latin motto.

298 **mount us** Bungler might understand this to mean 'raise us in honour' and miss its bawdy sense. *Bungler* can mean 'unperforming husband'.

299 **so good as his word** Plays on the proverb (Dent, W773.1) by turning *word*

from 'promise' to 'motto'.

308 **preferment** promotion to a higher status or position

310 **barge-man** as would row a barge without his doublet

312 **cinquant** man of fifty or more (hence *drivel-beard*). Probably puns on *cinque-quatre*, the numbers four and five on the dice.

316 **Hell gnaw these dice** Based on proverbial 'Hell gnaw his bones' (Dent, B527.10, queried).

325 **full** prominent (playing on the sense 'full of drink')

- GOLDSTONE [*to Fulk*] Screen me a little, you whoreson old crossbiter.
 [Goldstone uses wax to stick the goblet beneath the table]
- 340 FULK Why, what's the business? Filchiton, Hobgoblit.
 PURSENET And what has Master Bowser lost?
 FITZGRAVE Faith, not very deeply, sir; enough for a scholar, some half a score royals.
 PURSENET 'Sfoot, I have lost as many with spurs at their heels.
- 345 [Enter Vintner and two drawers]
 GOLDSTONE Come, gallants, shall we stumble?
 TAILBY What's o'clock?
 DRAWER [*to the other*] Here's none on't, Dick; the goblet's carried down.
- 350 GOLDSTONE [*to Tailby*] Nay, 'tis upon the point of three.— Boy, drawer, what's to be done, sirs?
 VINTNER All's paid, and your worships are welcome; only there's a goblet missing, gentlemen, and cannot be found about house.
- 355 GOLDSTONE How, a goblet?
 PURSENET What manner o' one?
 VINTNER A gilt goblet, sir, of an indifferent size.
 GOLDSTONE 'Sfoot, I saw such a one lately.
 VINTNER It cannot be found now, sir.
- 360 GOLDSTONE Came there no strangers here?
 VINTNER No, sir.
 GOLDSTONE This' a marvellous matter, that a goblet should be gone, and none but we in the room. The loss is near all here as we are. Keep the door, vintner.
- 365 VINTNER No, I beseech your worship.
 GOLDSTONE By my troth, vintner, we'll have a privy search for this. What? We are not all one woman's children.
 VINTNER I beseech ye, gentlemen, have not that conceit of me that I suspect your worships.
- 370 GOLDSTONE Tut, you are an ass. Do you know every man's nature? There's a broker i'th' company.
 PURSENET [*aside to his Boy*] 'Slife, you have not stole the goblet, boy, have you?
 BOY Not I, sir.
- 375 PURSENET I was afraid. [*To the others*] 'Tis a good cause, i'faith. Let each man search his fellow.—We'll begin with you.
 [He searches his Boy]
 TAILBY I shall save somebody a labour, gentlemen, for I'm half searched already.
- 380 PURSENET I thought the goblet had hung here, i'faith. None here, nor here.
- GOLDSTONE Seek about' floor. What was the goblet worth, vintner?
 VINTNER Three pound ten shillings, sir. No more.
 GOLDSTONE Pox on't, gentlemen, 'tis but angels apiece; it shall be a brace of mine rather than I would have our reputations breathed upon by all comers; for you must think they'll talk on't in all companies: such a night, in such a company, such a goblet. 'Sfoot, it may grow to a gangrene in our credits and be incurable.
- 385
 390
 395
 400
 405
 410
 415
- TAILBY Faith, I am content.
 FRIP So am I.
 PURSENET There's my angel, too.
 GOLDSTONE So, and mine. [*To Vintner*] I'll tell thee what: the missing of this goblet has dismayed the gentlemen much.
 VINTNER I am sorry for that, sir.
 GOLDSTONE [*Giving the Vintner the money he's collected*] Yet they send thee this comfort by me. If they see thee but rest satisfied and depart away contented, which will appear in thy countenance, not three times thrice the worth of the goblet shall hang between them and thee, both in their continual custom and all their acquaintances.
 VINTNER I thank their worships all. I am satisfied.
 GOLDSTONE Say it again.—Do you hear, gentlemen?
 VINTNER I thank your worships all. I am satisfied.
 [Exeunt Vintner and drawers]
 GOLDSTONE Why, la, was not this better than hazarding our reputations upon trifles, and in such public as a tavern, such a questionable place?
 TAILBY True.
 PURSENET Faith, it was well thought on.
 GOLDSTONE Nay, keep your way, gentlemen.—I have sworn, Master Bowser, I will be last, i'faith.
 [Exeunt all but Goldstone and Fulk]
 Rascal, the goblet.
 FULK Where, sir?
 GOLDSTONE Peep yon, sir, under.
 FULK [*finding the goblet under the table*] Here, sir.
 [Exeunt Goldstone and Fulk]
- Finis Actus Secundus*
- In the midst of the music, enter one [Mistress Cleveland's Servant] bringing in a suit of satin; knocks at Tailby's door. Enter his man [Jack]*
- JACK Who knocks?
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT A Christian. Pray, is not this Master Tailby's lodging? I was directed hither.

339 **crossbiter** swindler, accomplice in swindling

340 **Filchiton, Hobgoblit** Probably imitation thieving cant. *Filchiton* is based on *filch*, 'steal, pilfer'. *Hobgoblit* is an alteration of *hobgoblin* playing on *goblet*. Fulk jestingly invokes a mischievous spirit to cheer on Goldstone's thievery.

343 **royals** coins worth ten shillings or half

of a pound sterling; Fitzgrave is casually estimating that he's lost five pounds

344–5 **spurs...heels** i.e. spur-royals, coins worth fifteen shillings

364 **Keep** secure, lock

367 **one woman's children** i.e. equally honest

386 **brace** pair

Interim 1.0.1 In...music In the Blackfriars theatre where the play was originally performed, a musical interlude was regularly performed between acts. Here, exceptionally, the music is interrupted by the episodes identified in this edition as entr'acte scenes (i.e. scenes performed during the interlude).

JACK Yes, this is my master's lodging.
 5 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT Cry you mercy, sir. Is he yet stirring?
 JACK He's awake, but not yet stirring, for he played away half his clothes last night.
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT My mistress commends her secrets unto him and presents him, by me, with a new
 10 satin suit here.
 JACK Mass, that comes happily.
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT And she hopes the fashion will content him.
 15 JACK There's no doubt to be had of that, sir. Your mistress's name, I pray?
 [Mistress Cleveland's Servant whispers]
 You're much preciously welcome.
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT I thank you uncommonly, sir.
 20 JACK The suit shall be accepted, I warrant you, sir.
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT That's all my mistress desires, sir.
 JACK Fare you well, sir.
 MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT Fare you well, sir. [Exit]
 25 JACK This will make my master leap out of the bed for joy, and dance Wigmore's Galliard in his shirt about the chamber. [Exit]

Interim 2 *The music plays on a while, then enter Tailby, [and] his man [Jack] after, trussing him*

TAILBY Came this suit from Mistress Cleveland?
 JACK She sent it secretly, sir.
 TAILBY A pretty, requiteful squall. I like that woman that can remember a good turn three months after the date;
 5 it shows both a good memory and a very feeling spirit.
 JACK This came fortunately, sir, after all your ill luck last night.
 TAILBY I'd beastly casting, Jack.
 JACK O, abominable, sir; you had the scurviest hand; the
 10 old servingman swooped up all.
 TAILBY I am glad the fortune lighted upon the poor fellow. By my troth, 't made his master mad!

JACK Did you mark that, sir? I warrant he has the dogged'st master of any poor fellow under the dog-sign. I'd rather serve your worship—I'll say that behind your
 15 back, sir—for nothing: as indeed I have no standing wages at all, your worship knows.
 TAILBY O, but your vails, Jack, your vails considered when you run to and fro between me and mistresses.
 JACK I must confess my vails are able to keep an honest
 20 man, go I where I list.
 TAILBY Go to, then, Jack.
 JACK But those vails stand with the state of your body, sir; as long as you hold up your head. If that droop once, farewell you, farewell I, farewell all; and droop it will,
 25 though all the caudles in Europe should put to their helping hands to't. 'Tis e'en as uncertain as playing: now up, now down; for if the bill rise to above thirty, here's no place for players, so if your years rise to above
 30 forty, there's no room for old lechers.
 TAILBY And that's the reason all rooms are taken up for young Templars?
 JACK You're in the right, sir.
 TAILBY Pize on't, I pawned a good beaver hat to Master Frip last night, Jack; I feel the want of it now.
 35 [Knocking within]
 Hark, who's that knocks?
 [Enter Mistress Newblock's Servant]
 MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT Is Master Tailby stirring?
 JACK What's your pleasure with him? He walks here i'th' hall.
 MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT [to Tailby] Give your worship
 40 good morrow.
 TAILBY Welcome, honest lad.
 MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT A letter from my mistress.
 TAILBY Who's thy mistress?
 MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT Mistress Newblock.
 45 TAILBY Mistress Newblock, my sincere love. How does she?
 MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT Faith, only ill in the want of your sight.
 TAILBY Alas, dear sweet, I've had such business; I protest I ne'er stood still since I saw her.
 50

13 **fashion** style

26 **Wigmore's Galliard** A galliard was a particularly energetic and spirited dance. The line may be a cue for Wigmore's Galliard to be played between the entr'acte episodes. It was a popular tune, and is extant; see *Companion*, p. 143.

Interim 2.0.1 music Another musical interlude suggesting the passage of time, in this case a sort of 'jump cut' in which the audience is to imagine that Tailby has awakened and Jack has begun to dress him in the newly delivered suit. See previous note.

0.2 **trussing him** fastening his clothes

1 **Cleveland** with the sexual innuendo

'place of cleaving, cleft'

3 **squall** little creature

4 **turn** in Tailby's bawdy sense, a sexual encounter

8 **casting** Refers to both throwing of dice and shedding clothes.

14 **dogged'st** most curriish, most cruel

dog-sign The constellation *Canis Major*, held to be astrologically unlucky.

18 **vails** tips

24 **hold up your head** in the bawdy sense 'maintain your erection'

26 **caudles** warm medicinal drinks (and recipes for them)

26–7 **put...to't** proverbial (Dent, H97)

28 **if...thirty** A 1604 ordinance of the

Privy Council required the closing of theatres when more than thirty deaths from plague were reported in a week.

32 **Templars** law students who took rooms at the Inner and Middle Temples or Inns of Court just west of the Blackfriars theatre. Tailby's joke—that the young Templars have all the women—presumably would have pleased many in his audience.

34 **Pize** probably a variant of 'pox'

37 **stirring** up and about (with a possible innuendo: 'engaged in sexual activity')

50 **ne'er stood still** have had no free time (with a bawdy play on *stand* as 'have an erection')

- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT She has sent your worship
a beaver hat here, with a band best in fashion.
- TAILBY How shall I requite this dear soul?
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT 'Tis not a thing fit for me to
55 tell you, sir, for I have three years to serve yet. Your
worship knows how, I warrant you.
- TAILBY I know the drift of her letter, and, for the beaver,
say I accept it highly.
[*He puts the letter in his pocket*]
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT O, she will be a proud
60 woman of that, sir.
- TAILBY And hark thee, tell thy mistress, as I'm a gentle-
man, I'll dispatch her out of hand the first thing I do,
o' my credit. Canst thou remember these words, now?
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT Yes, sir: as you are a
65 gentleman, you'll dispatch her out of hand the first
thing you do.
- TAILBY Ay, o' my credit.
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT O, of your credit; I thought
not of that, sir.
- 70 TAILBY Remember that, good boy.
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT Fear it not now, sir. [*Exit*]
- TAILBY I dreamt tonight, Jack, I should have a secret
supply out o'th' city.
- JACK Your dream crawls out partly well, sir.
[*Knocking within*]
- 75 What news there now?
Enter another, [Mistress Tiffany's Servant]
- MISTRESS TIFFANY'S SERVANT I have an errand to Master
Tailby—
- JACK Yonder walks my master. [*Exit Jack*]
- MISTRESS TIFFANY'S SERVANT Mistress Tiffany commends
80 her to your worship, and has sent you your ten pound
in gold back again, and says she cannot furnish you of
the same lawn you desire till after All-Hallowtide—
- TAILBY Thank her she would let me understand so much.
[*Exit Servant*]
- 85 Ha! Ha! This wench will live. Why, this was sent like
a workwoman now; the rest are botchers to her.
Faith, I commend her cunning. She's a fool
That makes her servant fellow to her heart;
It robs her of respect, dams up all duty,
Keeps her in awe e'en of the slave she keeps.
- 90 This takes a wise course; I commend her more:
Sends back the gold I never saw before.
- Well, women are my best friends, i'faith. Take lands;
give me
Good legs, firm back, white hand, black eye, brown
hair,
And add but to these five a comely stature.
Let others live by art, and I by nature. 95
Exit. [The music concludes]
- ☉
- Actus Tertius* 3.1
- Enter Tailby reading [the] letter [he had put in his
pocket]*
- TAILBY (*reads*) 'My husband is rode from home; make no
delay. I know if your will be as free as your horse, you
will see me yet ere dinner. From Kingston, this eleventh
of November.'—Ha! These women are such creatures,
5 such importunate sweet souls, they'll scarce give a man
leave to be ready. That's their only fault i'faith; if they
be once set upon a thing, why, there's no removing of
'em till their pretty wills be fulfilled. O, pity thy poor
oppressed client here, sweet Cupid, that has scarce six
10 hours' vacation in a month, his causes hang in so many
courts; yet never suffer my French adversary nor his
big-swollen confederates to overthrow me,
Who without mercy would my blood carouse
And lay me in prison—in a doctor's house.
Thy clemency, great Cupid.—Peace, who comes here? 15
[*Enter Purset*]
- PURSET Sir gallant, well encountered.
- TAILBY
I both salute and take my leave together.
- PURSET Why, whither so fast, sir?
- TAILBY
Excuse me, pray, I'm in a little haste;
My horse waits for me.
- PURSET What, some journey toward? 20
- TAILBY A light one, i'faith, sir.
- PURSET
I am sorry that my business so commands me
I cannot ride with you; but I make no question
You have company enough.
- TAILBY
Alas, not any—nor do I desire it. 25
Why, 'tis but to Kingston yonder.

58–9 **highly . . . proud** Both words suggest sexual arousal, and the fur hat may allude to the female genitals.

62 **dispatch her out of hand** A vague but loaded turn of phrase; she is to understand 'relieve her right away'.

73 **out o'th' city** from outside the city

79 **Tiffany** Meaning a kind of transparent silk. Compare the *lawn* (sheer linen) she can be expected to supply (l. Interim 82).

82 **All-Hallowtide** All Hallow's Day, the first of November

85 **workwoman** (a) woman who does needlework, (b) proficient working woman, expert at her trade

89 **awe** fear

3.1.0.2 **Enter Tailby** He will now be fully dressed and wearing his cloak, establishing that the location is now outdoors.

6–8 **if . . . fulfilled** Plays on *thing* as 'penis' and *wills* as 'vaginas'.

9–11 **client . . . courts** Tailby gives this legal terminology a bawdy turn.

11 **my French adversary** i.e. syphilis, the 'French disease'

12 **big-swollen confederates** i.e. prostitutes swollen with venereal disease. Perhaps also suggests another occupational hazard: a pregnant mistress.

21 **light** (a) slight, short; (b) bawdy, promiscuous

26 **Kingston** Because it had the first bridge west of London, Kingston-on-Thames was an important thoroughfare and a favourite hunting-ground for highwaymen.

PURSENET O, cry you mercy, sir.
 TAILBY 'Scape but one reach, there's little danger thither.
 PURSENET True, a little, of Coombe Park.
 TAILBY You've named the place, sir; that's all I fear, i'faith.
 PURSENET Farewell, sweet Master Tailby. *[Exit Tailby]*
 30 This fell out happily.
 I'll call this purchase mine before I greet him;
 E'en where his fear lies most, there will I meet him.
[He crosses the stage and disguises himself with a scarf]
 Boy.
[Enter Boy]
 BOY Sir?
 35 PURSENET Walk my horse behind yon thicket. Give a word if you descry.
 BOY I have all perfect, sir. *[Exit Boy]*
 PURSENET So, he cannot now be long. What, with my boy's dexterity at ordinaries and my gelding's celerity
 40 over hedge and ditch, but we make pretty shift to rub out a gallant. For I have learned these principles: Stoop thou to th' world, 'twill on thy bosom tread; It stoops to thee if thou advance thy head.
 The mind being far more excellent than fate,
 45 'Tis fit our mind then be above our state.
 Why should I write my extremities in my brow, To make them loathe me that respect me now?
 If every man were in his courses known, Legs that now honour him might spurn him down.
 50 To conclude, nothing seems as it is but honesty, and that makes it so little regarded amongst us.
 BOY *[within]* Eela! Ha! Ho!
 PURSENET The boy! He's hard at hand; I'll cross him suddenly. And here he comes.
[Enter Tailby]
 55 Stand!
 TAILBY Ha!
 PURSENET Deliver your purse, sir.
 TAILBY I feared none but this place, i'faith. Nay, when my mind gives me a thing once—
 60 PURSENET Quick! Quick, sir, quick!
 I must dispatch three robberies yet ere night.
 TAILBY I'm glad you have such good doings, by my troth, sir.
 PURSENET You'll fare never a whit the better for your
 65 flattery, I warrant you, sir.

TAILBY I speak sincerely. 'Tis pity such a proper-parted gentleman should want—nor shall you, as long as I have't about me.
[PurseNET begins to search Tailby, taking from him the chain of pearl, a purse, and a folded letter]
 Nay, search and spare not: there's a purse in my left pocket, as I take it, with fifteen pound in gold in't, and there's a fair chain of pearl in the other. Nay, I'll deal truly with you. It grieves me, i'faith, when I see such goodly men in distress; I'll rather want it myself than they should go without it.
 PURSENET And that shows a good nature, sir.
 75 TAILBY Nay, though I say it, I have been always accounted a man of a good nature; I might have hanged myself ere this time else. Pray, use me like a gentleman: take all, but injury not my body.
 PURSENET You must pardon me, sir, I must a little play the usurer and bind you, for mine own security.
 TAILBY Alas, there's no conscience in that, sir; shall I enter into bond and pay money too?
 PURSENET Tut, I must not be betrayed.
 TAILBY Hear me but what I say, sir: I do protest I would
 85 not be he that should betray a man, to be prince of the world.
 PURSENET Mass, that's the devil, I thank you heartily, for he's called prince o' th' world.
 TAILBY You take me still at worst.
 90 PURSENET Swear on this sword, then, to set spurs to your horse, not to look back, to give no marks to any passenger.
 TAILBY Marks? Why, I think you have left me ne'er a penny, sir.
 95 PURSENET I mean no marks of any.
 TAILBY I understand you, sir.
 PURSENET Swear, then.
 TAILBY I'faith, I do, sir.
 PURSENET Away.
 100 TAILBY I'm gone, sir. *[To audience]* By my troth, of a fierce thief he seems to be a very honest gentleman. *Exit*
 PURSENET
 Why, this was well-adventured: trim a gallant!
 Now with a courteous and long-thirsting eye,
 Let me behold my purchase,
 105 And try the soundness of my bones with laughter.
 How! Is not this the chain of pearl I gave
 To that perjured harlot? 'Tis, 'sfoot, 'tis,
 The very chain! O, damnèd mistress! Ha!
 And this the purse which not five days before
 110 I sent her filled with fair spur-royals?—Heart,

27 'Scape except for; if I escape reach stretch

28 Coombe Park scene of frequent highway robberies

32.1 He . . . stage The location thus shifts to Coombe Park.

40 shift fraudulent trick, stratagem, make-shift

46 write . . . brow i.e. let my problems show

in my face

49 honour him bend to him in a bow

spurn kick

66 proper-parted finely accomplished

73 want do without

80-1 play . . . you punning between physical and legal bonds

90 take me still at worst keep putting the

worst construction on my character and my words

92 marks signs (with a pun on the coin in Tailby's reply)

103 trim rob

111 spur-royals coins which bore an emblem resembling a spur and were worth five shillings more than a royal

The very gold! 'Slife, is this no robbery!
 How many oaths flew toward heaven,
 Which ne'er came halfway thither, but, like fire-
 drakes,
 115 Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell?—
 Feigned oaths bound up to sink more deep to hell.
 What folded paper's this? Death, 'tis her hand!
 'Master Tailby, you know with what affection I love
 you.'—You do?—'I count the world but as my prey to
 120 maintain you.'—The more dissembling quean, you, I
 must tell you.—'I have sent you an embroidered purse
 here with fifty fair spur-royals in't,'—a pox on you for
 you labour, wench!—'and I desire you, of all loves,
 to keep that chain of pearl from Master Pursesnet's
 125 sight.'—He cannot, strumpet; I behold it now, unto thy
 secret torture.—'So fare thee well, but be constant and
 want nothing.'—As long as I ha't, i'faith; methinks it
 should have gone so. Well, what a horrible age do we
 live in, that a man cannot have a quean to himself;
 130 let him but turn his back, the best of her is chipped
 away like a court loaf, that when a man comes himself,
 h'as nothing but bombast; and these are two simple
 chippings here. Does my boy pick and I steal to enrich
 myself, to keep her, to maintain him? Why, this is
 135 right the sequence of the world: a lord maintains her,
 she maintains a knight, he maintains a whore, she
 maintains a captain. So, in like manner, the pocket
 keeps my boy, he keeps me, I keep her, she keeps him;
 it runs like quicksilver from one to another. 'Sfoot, I
 140 perceive I have been the chief upholder of this gallant
 all this while. It appears true: we that pay dearest for
 our pasture are ever likely worse used. 'Sfoot, he has a
 nag can run for nothing, has his choice, nay, and gets
 by the running of him. O, fine world, strange devils,
 145 and pretty, damnable affections.

BOY [*within*] Lela! Ha! Ho!
 PURSENET The boy again.
 [*Enter Boy*]
 What news there?
 BOY Master! Pist, master!
 PURSENET How now, boy?
 BOY I have descried a prize.
 PURSENET Another, lad?
 BOY The gull. The scholar.
 PURSENET Master Bowser?
 BOY Ay, comes along this way.
 PURSENET Without company?
 BOY As sure as he is your own.
 PURSENET Back to thy place, boy.

[*Exit Boy*]

I have the luck today to rob in safety

Two precious cowards.—Whist! I hear him.

[*Enter Fitzgrave, disguised as Bowser*]

Stand!

160

FITZGRAVE You lie. I came forth to go.

PURSENET

Deliver your purse.

FITZGRAVE 'Tis better in my pocket.

PURSENET

How now, at disputations, Signor Fool?

FITZGRAVE

I've so much logic to confute a knave, a thief, a
 rogue.[*He overpowers Pursesnet, whose scarf slips from
 his face*]

PURSENET

Hold! Hold, sir, an you be a gentleman; hold, let me
 rise.

165

FITZGRAVE [*to audience*]Heart, 'tis the courtesy of his scarf unmasked him to
 me

Above the lip by chance. I'll counterfeit.

[*To Pursesnet*] Light, because I am a scholar! You think
 belike that scholars have no mettle in 'em, but you shall
 find—

170

[*Pursesnet tries to run*]

I have not done with you, cousin.

PURSENET

As you're a gentleman—

FITZGRAVE

As you're a rogue!

PURSENET

Keep on upon your way, sir.

FITZGRAVE

You bade me stand.

PURSENET

I have been once down for that.

FITZGRAVE

And then deliver.

PURSENET

Deliver me from you, sir.—O, pox on't,
 He's wounded me! Eela! Ha! Ho! My horse! My horse,
 boy!

175

[*Exit, running, leaving the letter behind*]

FITZGRAVE

Have you your boy so ready? O, thou world,
 How art thou muffled in deceitful forms!
 There's such a mist of these, and still hath been,
 The brightness of true gentry is scarce seen.
 180 This journey was most happily assigned;
 I have found him dross both in his means and mind.
 What paper's this he dropped? I'll look on't as I go.[*Exit*]114 **fire-drakes** fireworks120 **quean** prostitute131 **court loaf** i.e. a loaf with the crusts or
 chippings (l. 98) cut off (implying that
 at court the best part of the bread is

removed with the crust)

132 **bombast** literally 'cotton wool, stuffing';
 describing the middle of the loaf141 **we that pay dearest** Ironic for a thief,
 unless he is caught.143 **has his choice** i.e. has the nag to ride
 whenever he wants144 **him** Emendation to 'her' would make
 Pursesnet's analogy clearer.

- 3.2 [Enter Pursenet and his Boy]
 PURSENET A gull call you him? Let me always set upon wise men; they'll be afraid of their lives; they have a feeling of their iniquities, and knows what 'tis to die with fighting. 'Sfoot, this gull lays on without fear or wit. How deep's it, say'st thou, boy?
 5 BOY By my faith, three inches, sir.
 PURSENET La, this was long of you, you rogue!
 BOY Of me, sir?
 PURSENET Forgive me, dear boy; my wound ached, and I
 10 grew angry. There's hope of life, boy, is there not?
 BOY Pooh, my life for yours.
 PURSENET A comfortable boy in man's extremes! I was ne'er so afraid in my life but the fool would have seen my face; he had me at such advantage he might have commanded my scarf. I 'scaped well there; 't'ad choked me;
 15 My reputation had been past recovery;
 Yet live I unsuspected and still fit
 For gallants' choice societies. But here I vow,
 20 If e'er I see this Bowser when he cannot see me—
 Either in by-lane, privilege place, court-alley—
 Or come behind him when he's standing high,
 Or take him when he reels from a tavern late,
 Pissing again a conduit, wall, or gate;
 25 When he's in such a plight, and clear from men,
 I'll do that I am ashamed to speak till then. [Exeunt]
- 3.3 Enter [Fitzgrave and] two [Gentleman-Gallants]
 FITZGRAVE Nay, read forward. I have found three of your gallants, like your bewitching shame, merely
 5 A GENTLEMAN-GALLANT [reading] 'Master Tailby—'
 FITZGRAVE That's he.
 A GENTLEMAN-GALLANT 'I count the world but as my prey to maintain you.'
 FITZGRAVE That's just the phrase and style of 'em all to
 10 him; they meet all together in one effect, and it may well hold, too, for they all jump upon one cause: *subaudi* lechery.
 A GENTLEMAN-GALLANT
 What shapes can flattery take! Let me entreat you,
 Both in the virgin's right and our good hopes,
 15 Since your hours are so fortunate, to proceed.
- FITZGRAVE
 Why, he's base that faints until he crown his deed.
 Exeunt
- Enter [at one door] Pursenet [his arm bandaged] and [at another door] his First Courtesan 3.4
 PURSENET [to audience]
 See that dissembling devil, that perjured strumpet.
 FIRST COURTESAN
 Welcome, my soul's best wish!—O, out alas,
 Thy arm bound in a scarf? I shall swoon instantly.
 [She appears to faint]
 PURSENET Heart, and I'll fetch you again in the same tune:
 O, my unmatched love, if any spark of life
 5 Remain, look up, my comfort, my delight, my—
 FIRST COURTESAN
 O, good, O good!
 PURSENET [to audience]
 The organ of her voice is tuned again;
 There's hope in women when their speech returns.
 See, like the moon after a black eclipse,
 10 She by degrees recovers her pure light.—
 How cheers my love?
 FIRST COURTESAN
 As one new waked out of a deadly trance,
 The fit scarce quiet.
 PURSENET 'Twas terrible for the time;
 I'd much ado to fetch you.
 FIRST COURTESAN 'Shrew your fingers!
 15 How came my comfort wounded? Speak.
 PURSENET Faith, in a fray last night.
 FIRST COURTESAN
 In a fray? Will you lose your blood so vainly?
 Many a poor creature lacks it. Tell me, how?
 What was the quarrel?
 PURSENET Loath to tell you that.
 20 FIRST COURTESAN
 Loath to tell me?
 PURSENET Yet 'twas my cause of coming.
 FIRST COURTESAN
 Why then must not I know it?
 PURSENET Since you urge it, you shall:
 You're a strumpet.
 FIRST COURTESAN O, news abroad, sir!
 PURSENET Say you so?
 FIRST COURTESAN Why, you knew that the first night you
 25 lay with me.

3.2.7 long of you your fault

11 my life for yours proverbial (Dent, L260.1)

15–16 choked me Probably implying 'caused me to be hanged'.

21 privilege place place of sanctuary

22 standing high (a) held in high esteem, (b) standing in a vulnerable position, (c) with an erect penis, sexually preoc-

cupied

24 again against

3.3.2 your bewitching shame the shameful practice of witchcraft

2–3 merely sophistical utterly duplicitous

11 subaudi a Latin term telling the listener to supply in his or her mind the true word

3.4.4, 15 fetch you bring you round

7 O, good, O good Evidently she expects that the rhyme-word will be 'wife'. This prompts a quick recovery, perhaps because she *doesn't* want marriage.

15 'Shrew your fingers Pursenet has revived her by caressing her, or she exclaims at his injured fingers.

- PURSENET Nay, not to me only, but to the world.
 FIRST COURTESAN Speak within compass, man.
 PURSENET Faith, you know none; you sail without.
 FIRST COURTESAN I have the better skill, then.
 30 PURSENET At my first step into a tavern-room to spy that
 chain of pearl, wound on a stranger's arm, you begged
 of me.
 FIRST COURTESAN How, you mistook it, sure.
 PURSENET By heaven, the very self-same chain.
 35 FIRST COURTESAN O, cry you mercy, 'tis true; I'd forgot it:
 'tis St George's Day tomorrow; I lent it to my cousin
 only to grace his arm before his mistress.
 PURSENET Notable cunning.
 FIRST COURTESAN And is this all now, i'faith?
 40 PURSENET Not; I durst go further.
 FIRST COURTESAN Why, let me never possess your love if
 you see not that again o' Thursday morning. I take't
 unkindly, i'faith, you should fall out with me for such
 a trifle.
 45 PURSENET Better and better.
 FIRST COURTESAN Come, a kiss, and friends.
 PURSENET Away.
 FIRST COURTESAN By this hand, I'll spoil your arm an you
 will not.
 50 PURSENET More for this than the devil.
 [They kiss.]
 [Enter Goldstone, Tailby, Fitzgrave (disguised
 as Bowser), Bungler, Second Courtesan, and
 PurseNET's Boy]
 GOLDSTONE Yea, at your book so hard.
 PURSENET
 Against my will. [Aside, looking at Fitzgrave] Are you
 there, Signor Logic?
 A pox of you, sir.
 GOLDSTONE Why, how now? What has fate sent us here,
 55 in the name of Venus, goddess of Cyprus.
 PURSENET A freebooter's pink, sir, three or four inches deep.
 GOLDSTONE No more? That's conscionable, i'faith.
 TAILBY Troth, I'm sorry for't: pray, how came it, sir?
 PURSENET Faith, by a paltry fray in Coleman Street.
 60 FITZGRAVE [to audience] Coombe Park, he would say.
 PURSENET No less than three at once, sir, made a triangle
 with their swords and daggers, and all opposing me.
 FITZGRAVE And amongst those three, only one hurt you,
 sir?
 PURSENET Ex for ex. 65
 TAILBY Troth, and I'll tell you what luck I had, too, since
 I parted from you last.
 PURSENET What, I pray?
 TAILBY The day you offered to ride with me—I wish
 now I'd had your company—'sfoot, I was set upon in 70
 Coombe Park by three, too.
 PURSENET Bah!
 TAILBY Robbed, by this light, of as much gold and jewels
 as I valued at forty pound.
 PURSENET Sure Saturn is in the fifth house. 75
 TAILBY I know not that; he may be in the sixth an he will,
 for me. I am sure they were in my pocket, wheresoever
 they were; but I'll ne'er refuse a gentleman's company
 again when 'tis offered me, I warrant you.
 GOLDSTONE I must remember you 'tis Mitre night, ladies. 80
 SECOND COURTESAN Mass, 'tis indeed Friday today; I'd quite
 forgot; when a woman's busy, how the time runs away.
 FIRST COURTESAN [aside to Tailby]
 O, you've betrayed us both.
 TAILBY I understand you not.
 FIRST COURTESAN
 You've let him see the chain of pearl I gave you.
 TAILBY
 Who? Him? Will you believe me? By this hand 85
 He never saw it.
 FIRST COURTESAN
 Upon a stranger's arm, he swore to me.
 TAILBY
 Mass, that may be, for the truth is, i'faith,
 I was robbed on't at Coombe Park.
 FIRST COURTESAN 'Twas that betrayed it. 90
 TAILBY Would I had stayed him;
 He was no stranger; he was a thief, i'faith,
 For thieves will be no strangers.
 FIRST COURTESAN How shall I excuse it?
 BUNGLER [catching the Boy, who was picking his pocket] Nay,
 I have you fast enough, boy. You rogue. 95
 BOY Good sir, I beseech you, sir, let me go.

27 **within compass** within limits, with restraint (proverbial: Dent, C577). In l. 28 'without [compass]' implies both 'without restraint' and, as the navigational compass needle always points north, 'without constancy'.
 36 **St George's Day** 23 April. The excuse, alluding to the festivities held on that day, is all the more implausible as we are elsewhere told the month is November (see 2.2.14 and 3.1.2-5).

45-6 **Better and better** ... a kiss, and friends both proverbial (Dent, B329.11, F753)
 56 **freebooter's plunderer's pink** (a) hole cut for fashion, (b) stab wound
 59 **Coleman Street** known for its prosperous and law-abiding residents.
 65 **Ex for ex** Perhaps 'tit for tat'. Bullen asks, 'Can this expression mean *ecce*, for example?'. If so, *ex* might be short for *ecce signum*, 'behold the sign', 'here

is the proof of it', perhaps playing on 'X' as the cross of Christian symbolism and the supposed shape of the exchanged wounds.
 75 **Saturn is in the fifth house** Astrology divides the heavens into twelve 'houses' and for each planet ascribes particular influence to two of these 'houses'; Saturn 'in the fifth house' is a gloomy astrological situation.
 80 **remember** remind

He thumps

BUNGLER A pickpocket! Nay, you shall, to Newgate, look you. [*To PurseNET*] Is this your boy, sir?
 PURSENET How now, boy? A monster! Thy arm limed fast
 100 in another's pocket? Where learned you that manners? What company have you kept alate that you are so transformed into a rogue? That shape I know not. [*To Bungler*] Believe me, sir, I much wonder at the alteration of this boy, where he should get this nature. As good a
 105 child to see, too, and as virtuous; he has his creed by heart, reads me his chapter duly every night; he will not miss you one title in the nine commandments.
 BUNGLER There's ten of 'em.
 PURSENET I fear he skips o'er one: 'thou shalt not steal'.
 110 BUNGLER Mass, like enough.
 PURSENET
 Else grace and memory would quite abash the boy.— Thou graceless imp! Ah, thou prodigious child Begot at some eclipse, degenerate rogue, Shame to thy friends, and to thy master eke;
 115 How far digressing from the noble mind Of thy brave ancestors that lie in marble With their coat-armours o'er 'em!
 BUNGLER Had he such friends?
 PURSENET The boy is well descended, though he be a rogue and has no feeling on't. Yet for my sake and for my reputation's, seek not the blood of the boy; he's near allied to many men of worship now yet living; a fine old man to his father; it would kill his heart, i'faith; he'd away like a chrisom.
 120 BUNGLER Alas, good gentleman.
 PURSENET [*to the Boy*]
 Ah, shameless villain, complain'st thou? Dost thou want?
 BOY No, no, no, no.
 PURSENET
 Art not well clad? thy hunger well resisted?
 BOY Yes, yes, yes, yes.
 PURSENET
 But thou shalt straight to Bridewell.
 130 BOY Sweet master!
 PURSENET
 Live upon bread and water, and chap-choke.

BOY I beseech your worship!
 BUNGLER Come, I'll be his surety for once.
 PURSENET You shall excuse me indeed, sir.
 BUNGLER He will mend; a may prove an honest man for
 135 all this. I know gallant gentlemen now that have done as much as this comes to in their youth.
 PURSENET Say you so, sir?
 BUNGLER And as for Bridewell, that will but make him worse; a will learn more knavery there in one week
 140 than will furnish him and his heirs for a hundred year.
 PURSENET Deliver the boy?
 BUNGLER Nay, I tell you true, sir, there's none goes in there a quean but she comes out an arrant whore, I warrant you.
 145 PURSENET The boy comes not there for a million.
 BUNGLER No, you had better forgive him by ten parts.
 PURSENET True, but a must not know it comes from me. [*To Boy*] Down o' your knees, you rogue, and thank this gentleman has got your pardon.
 150 BOY [*to Bungler*] O, I thank your worship.
 PURSENET [*aside to Boy*] A pox on you for a rogue; you put me to my set speech once a quarter.
 GOLDSTONE [*to the other gallants*] Nay, gentlemen, you quite forget your hour. Lead, Master Bowser.
 155
Exeunt all but Goldstone and [Second] Courtesan
 SECOND COURTESAN Let me go; you're a dissembler.
 GOLDSTONE How?
 SECOND COURTESAN Did not you promise me a new gown?
 GOLDSTONE Did I not? Yes, faith, did I, and thou shalt have it. [*Calling offstage*] Go, sirrah, run for a tailor presently.—Let me see, for the colour now: orange tawny? peach colour? What say'st to a watchet satin?
 160 [*Enter Tailor*]
 SECOND COURTESAN O, 'tis the only colour I affect.
 TAILOR A very orient colour, an't please your worships; I made a gown on't for a gentlewoman t'other day, and it does passing well upon her.
 165 GOLDSTONE A watchet satin gown—
 TAILOR There your worship left, sir.
 GOLDSTONE Laid about, tailor—
 TAILOR Very good, sir.
 170 GOLDSTONE With four fair laces.
 TAILOR That will be costly, sir.

97 **Newgate** the most famous of London's prisons, and the way-station to the gallows at Tyburn
 99 **A monster** The conjunction of Bungler and the Boy is seen as a strange and unnatural beast. There is a suggestion that the hand in the pocket is an act of sexual deviance.
limed caught, as with birdlime smeared on twigs to catch birds with its stickiness. The catcher has become the caught, for more usually a thief would be said to take his plunder with limed fingers.

106 **chapter** of the Bible
 107 **title** heading; i.e. one commandment
 112 **prodigious** of unnatural and ominous birth, monstrous
 114 **eke** archaic word for 'also'. PurseNET's feigned horror is reflected in his overly traditional diction.
 115 **digressing** departing, transgressing
 116 **in marble** represented in marble funeral statuary
 117 **coat-armours** coats of arms
 118 **friends** relatives
 124 **a chrisom** an infant who dies. Presumably suggests a quiet and unexpected 'cot

death'.
 130 **Bridewell** a prison
 131 **chap-choke** *chaps* were cheeks; hence 'choke on your own caved-in cheeks'
 146 **the...million** proverbial ('not for a million', Dent, M963.11)
 147 **by ten parts** i.e. it would be ten times better
 150 **has** that has
 161-2 **orange tawny** orange-brown
 162 **watchet** light blue
 164 **orient** lustrous
 168 **There your worship left** that's where your worship left off

175 GOLDSTONE How, you rogue, costly? Out o'th' house, you slip-shod, sham'-legged, brown-thread, penny-skeined rascal.

[*He chases the Tailor away*]

SECOND COURTESAN Nay, my sweet love.

GOLDSTONE Hang him, rogue; he's but a botcher neither. Come, I'll send thee a fellow worth a hundred of this if the slave were clean enough. *Exeunt*

Finis Actus Tertius



4.1

Actus Quartus

[*During the music, a cloak is set on the stage.*]

Enter Goldstone, calling 'Master Bowser'

GOLDSTONE Master Bowser, Master Bowser! Ha, ha, ho! Master Bowser!

FITZGRAVE [*within*] Holla!

GOLDSTONE What, not out of thy kennel, Master Bowser?

5 FITZGRAVE [*within*] Master Goldstone, you're an early gallant, sir!

GOLDSTONE [*to audience*] A fair cloak yonder, i'faith.—By my troth, abed, Master Bowser? You remember your promise well o'ernight!

10 FITZGRAVE [*within*] Why, what's o'clock, sir?

GOLDSTONE Do you ask that now? Why, the chimes are spent at St Bride's.

FITZGRAVE [*within*] 'Tis a gentleman's hour. Faith, Master Goldstone, I'll be ready in a trice.

15 GOLDSTONE Away, there's no trust to you.

FITZGRAVE [*within*] Faith, I'll come instantly.

GOLDSTONE [*aside*] Nay, choose whether you will or no; by my troth, your cloak shall go before you.

20 FITZGRAVE [*within*] Nay, Master Goldstone, I ha' sworn—do you hear, sir?

GOLDSTONE Away, away! Faith, I'm angry with you: pox, abed now! I'm ashamed of it.

[*Exit Goldstone with the cloak*]

[*Enter Fitzgrave, in his shirt*]

FITZGRAVE Foot, my cloak! My cloak! Master Goldstone, 'slife, what mean you by this, sir? You'll bring it back

25 again, I hope. [*Getting no response*] No, not yet? By my troth, I care very little for such kind of jesting; methinks this familiarity now extends a little too far—unless it be a new fashion come forth this morning secretly; yesterday 'twould have shown unmannerly and saucily.

30 I scarce know yet what to think on't. Well, there's no great profit in standing in my shirt; I'll on with my

clothes; he's bound me to follow the suit. My cloak's a stranger; he was made but yesterday, and I do not love to trust him alone in company. *Exit*

Enter Frip [wearing Fitzgrave's cloak]

4.2

FRIP What may I conjecture of this Goldstone? He has not only pawned to me this cloak, but the very diamond and sapphire which I bestowed upon my new love at Master Primero's house. The cloak's new, and comes fitly to do me great grace at a wedding this morning to which I was solemnly invited. I can continue change more than the proudest gallant of 'em all; yet never bestow penny of myself, my pawns do so kindly furnish me. But the sight of these jewels is able to cloy me, did I not preserve my stomach the better for the wedding dinner. A gift could never have come in a more patient hour, nor to be better digested. Is she proved false?—But I'll not fret today, nor chafe my blood.

Enter Pursenet

PURSENET [*to audience*] Ha, yonder goes Bowser; the place is fit. [*Calling offstage*] Boy, stand with my horse at corner.—I owe you for a pink three inches deep, sir.

5

[*He wounds Frip, who falls*]

FRIP O, O, O!

PURSENET Take that in part of payment for Coombe Park!

10

FRIP O, O, O!

Exit [Pursenet]

Enter Fitzgrave, [disguised as Bowser]

FITZGRAVE How now, who's this? 'Sfoot, one of our gallants knocked down like a calf. Is there such a plague of 'em here at London they begin to knock 'em o'th' head already?

15

FRIP O, Master Bowser, pray, lend me your hand, sir; I am slain.

20

FITZGRAVE

Slain and alive? O, cruel execution!

What man so savage-spirited durst presume

To strike down satin on two taffetas cut,

Or lift his hand against a beaver hat?

FRIP [*rising, with help from Fitzgrave*]

Some rogue that owes me money, and had no other means

25

To a wedding dinner. I must be dressed myself,

methinks.

FITZGRAVE How! Why, this is my cloak! Life, how came my cloak hither?

FRIP Is it yours, sir? Master Goldstone pawned it to me this morning fresh and fasting, and borrowed five pound upon't.

30

35

174 slip-shod (a) wearing slippers (b) slovenly

sham'-legged shamble-legged, limping
penny-skeined A *skein* was a reel of thread.

177 botcher tailor who does repairs, probably badly

4.1.11–12 the chimes are spent the bells have all been rung. Unlikely to mean

it is after midday, as (a) the *gentleman's hour* for lunch, let alone rising, was

11 o'clock, (b) see 4.2.34–5; it is not midday until 4.5. *St Bride's* might refer not to the church but to Bridewell near it: once a royal house, in Jacobean times a prison.

14 in a trice proverbial (Dent, T517)

17 whether...no proverbial (Dent, W400.1)

4.2.7 the proudest...of 'em all proverbial (Dent, P614)

9 But merely (?)

9–10 did...stomach i.e. if it weren't that I'm keeping my appetite

31 be dressed (a) be properly attired (b) have my wound tended to

35 fresh and fasting i.e. before breakfast

FITZGRAVE How, pawned it? Pray, let me hear out this story; come, and I'll lend you to the next barber-surgeon's.—Pawned my cloak? [Exeunt]

Enter Fitzgrave, [at a distance, disguised as Bowser]

4.3 Enter Goldstone and [Bungler, meeting Marmaduke]
 BUNGLER How now, Marmaduke, what's the wager?
 MARMADUKE Nay, my care is at end, sir, now I am come to the sight of you. My mistress your cousin entertains you to take part of a dinner with her at home at her house,
 5 and bring what gentleman you please to accompany you.
 BUNGLER Thank my sweet coz; I'll munch with her, say.
 MARMADUKE I'll tell her so.
 BUNGLER Marmaduke.
 10 MARMADUKE Sir?
 BUNGLER Will there be any stock-fish, think'st thou?
 MARMADUKE How, sir?
 BUNGLER Tell my coz I've a great appetite to stock-fish, i'faith. [Exit Marmaduke]
 15 Master Goldstone, I'll entreat you to be the gentleman that shall accompany me.
 GOLDSTONE Not me, sir.
 BUNGLER You, sir.
 GOLDSTONE By my troth, concluded. What state bears thy
 20 coz, sirrah?
 BUNGLER O, a fine merchant's wife—
 GOLDSTONE Or rather: a merchant's fine wife.
 BUNGLER Trust me, and that's the properer phrase here at London, and 'tis as absurd, too, to call him fine
 25 merchant, for, being at sea, a man knows not what pickle he is in.
 GOLDSTONE Why, true—
 BUNGLER Yet my coz will be served in plate, I can tell you; she has her silver jugs and her gilt tankards.
 30 GOLDSTONE Fie!
 BUNGLER Nay, you shall see a house dressed up, i'faith; you must not think to tread o'th' ground when you come there.
 GOLDSTONE No? How then?
 35 BUNGLER Why, upon paths made of fig-frails and white blankets cut out in steaks.
 GOLDSTONE Away. [To audience] I have thought of a device.—Where shall we meet an hour hence?
 BUNGLER In Paul's.
 40 GOLDSTONE Agreed. Exit Bungler

FITZGRAVE
 The broker-gallant and the cheating-gallant;
 Now I have found 'em all. I so rejoice
 That the redeeming of my cloak I weigh not.
 I have spied him.
 GOLDSTONE Pox, here's Bowser. 45
 FITZGRAVE Master Goldstone, my cloak! Come, where's my cloak, sir?
 GOLDSTONE O, you're a sure gentleman, especially if a man stand in need of you; he may be slain in a morning to
 breakfast ere you vouchsafe to peep out of your lodging. 50
 FITZGRAVE How!
 GOLDSTONE No less than four gallants, as I'm a gentleman, drew all upon me at once and opposed me so spitefully that I not only lost your cloak i'th' fray—
 FITZGRAVE [to audience] Comes it in there? 55
 GOLDSTONE But my rich hangers, sirrah; I think thou hast seen 'em.
 FITZGRAVE Never, i'faith, sir.
 GOLDSTONE Those with the two unicorns all wrought in pearl and gold? Pox on't; it frets me ten times more
 60 than the loss of the paltry cloak. Prithee, an thou lov'st me, speak no more on't; it brings the unicorns into my mind, and thou wouldst not think how the conceit grieves me. I will not do thee that disgrace, i'faith, to offer thee any satisfaction, for in my soul I think thou
 65 scorn'st it; thou bear'st that mind, in my conscience; I have always said so of thee. Fare thee well; when shall I see thee at my chamber, when?
 FITZGRAVE Every day, shortly.
 GOLDSTONE I have fine toys to show thee. 70
 FITZGRAVE You win my heart then. Exit Goldstone
 The devil scarce knew what a portion he gave his children when he allowed 'em large impudence to live
 upon and so turned 'em into th'world. Surely he gave
 75 away the third part of the riches of his kingdom; revenues are but fools to't:
 The filed tongue and the undaunted forehead
 Are mighty patrimonies, wealthier than those
 The city sire or the court father leaves.
 In these behold it: riches oft like slaves 80
 Revolt; they bear their foreheads to their graves.
 What soonest grasps advancement, men's great suits,
 Trips down rich widows, gains repute and name,
 Makes way where'er it comes, bewitches all?

38 **lend you** a jocular way of saying 'hand you over', appropriate to Frip as pawnbroker (unless 'lend' is a misprint for 'lead')
 4.3.1 **wager** competition prize. 'What's the wager' is apparently a mocking comment on Marmaduke's haste.
 4 **take part** of partake in
 11 **stock-fish** fish cured in the open air without salt. Bungler absurdly views this

cheap and abundant fish as a delicacy.
 25-6 **what...in** proverbial (Dent, P276), playing on brine as a pickling liquid
 28 **in plate** with silver and gold utensils
 35 **fig-frails** woven floor mats
 36 **steaks** strips
 39 **Paul's** St Paul's Cathedral, the daily meeting place of gallants and would-be gallants, who used its middle aisle as a promenade

42 **found** revealed
 49 **to** before
 70 **toys** amusements
 72 **portion** inheritance; fate, destiny
 76 **to't** compared with it
 77 **filed tongue...undaunted forehead** proverbial: Dent, T400.2; F590.1 ('to have an impudent forehead')
filed smooth, polished
forehead countenance; impudence

- 85 Thou, impudence, the minion of our days,
On whose pale cheeks favour and fortune plays!
Call you these your five gallants? Trust me, they're
rare fellows:
They live on nothing. Many cannot live on some-
thing;
Here they may take example. Suspectless virgin,
How easy had thy goodness been beguiled!
90 Now only rests that, as to me they're known,
So to the world their base arts may be shown. *Exit*
- 4.4 *Enter Pursenet and his Boy*
PURSENET Art sure thou saw'st him receive't, boy?
BOY Forty pound in gold, as I'm a gentleman born.
PURSENET Thy father gave thee ram's-head, boy.
BOY No, you're deceived, my mother gave that, sir.
5 PURSENET What's thy mother's is thy father's.
Enter Piamont
BOY I'm sorry it holds in the rams-head. See, here he
walks; I was sure he came into Paul's. The gold had
been yours, master, long ere this, but that he wears
both his hands in his pockets.
10 PURSENET How unfortunately is my purpose seated! What
the devil should come in his mind to keep in his hands
so long? The biting but of a paltry louse would do
me great kindness now; I knew not how to requite
it. Will no rascal creature assist me? Stay! What if I did
15 impudently salute 'em out? Good. Boy, be ready, boy.
BOY Upon the least advantage, sir.
PURSENET [*to Piamont*] You're most devoutly met in Paul's,
sir.
PIAMONT So are you, but I scarce remember you, sir.
20 PURSENET O, I cry you mercy, sir; I pray pardon me. I fear
I have tendered an offence, sir; troth, I took you at the
first for one Master Dumpling, a Norfolk gentleman.
PIAMONT There's no harm done yet, sir.
PURSENET [*to audience*] I hope he is there by this time.—
25 How now, boy, hast it?
BOY No, by troth, have I not; this labour's lost; 'tis in the
right pocket, and he kept that hand in sure enough.
PURSENET [*to audience*] Unpractised gallant! Salute me but
with one hand, like a counterfeit soldier?
30 O, times and manners! Are we grown beasts?
Do we salute by halves? Are not our limbs at leisure?
Where's comely nurture, the Italian kiss,
- Or the French cringe with the Polonian waist? Are all
forgot?
Then misery follows. Surely fate forbade it;
Had he employed but his right hand, I'd had it. 35
[*Enter Bungler*]
It must be an everlasting device, I think, that procures
both his hands out at once.
[*He feigns a swoon, Piamont and Bungler go to
assist him, and the Boy picks Piamont's pocket*]
[*Exeunt Pursenet and Boy*]
PIAMONT [*to Bungler*] Do you walk, sir?
BUNGLER No, I stay a little for a gentleman's coming too.
PIAMONT Farewell then, sir; I have forty pound in gold 40
about me, which I must presently send down into the
country.
BUNGLER Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Piamont*]
I wonder Master Goldstone spares my company so long;
'tis now about the navel of the day, upon the belly of 45
noon.
Enter Goldstone and his man [Fulk], disguised both
GOLDSTONE [*aside to Fulk*] See where he walks; be sure you
let off at a twinkling now.
FULK [*aside to Goldstone*] When did I miss you? [*Aloud
to Goldstone*] Your worship has forgot; you promised 50
Mistress Newcut, your cousin, to dine with her this
day.
GOLDSTONE Mass, that was well remembered.
BUNGLER I am bold to salute you, sir.
GOLDSTONE Sir. 55
BUNGLER Is Mistress Newcut your cousin, sir?
GOLDSTONE Yes, she's a cousin of mine, sir.
BUNGLER Then I am a cousin of yours by the sister's side.
GOLDSTONE Let me salute you then; I shall be glad of your
60 farther acquaintance.
BUNGLER I am a bidden guest there, too.
GOLDSTONE Indeed, sir.
BUNGLER Faith, invited this morning.
GOLDSTONE Your good company shall be kindly embraced,
65 sir.
BUNGLER I walk a turn or two here for a gentleman, but I
think he'll either overtake me or be before me.
GOLDSTONE 'Tis very likely, sir. [*Giving money to Fulk*]
There, sirrah; go to dinner, and about two wait for
70 me.

4.4.1 Art...boy See 4.6.3-5.

3 gave thee ram's-head i.e. made you thick-headed. The Boy then implies that his mother cuckolded his father, alluding to the cuckold's horns.

12-13 The...now Piamont would have to take his hand out of his pocket to scratch.

2.2 Dumpling (a) ball of dough or suet associated with Norfolk cooking, (b) short, dumpy person. Hence 'country yokel'.

23-6 There's no harm done... this labour's lost proverbial (Dent, H165.11; L9)

29 counterfeit soldier Pursenet suggests that Piamont is pretending injury to one of his arms.

30 O, times and manners Echoes Cicero's 'O tempora, O mores'.

grown perhaps disyllabic: 'growen'

32-3 the Italian...waist The mock-Ciceronian lament on the decline of manners has a practical motive. An

elaborate Italian kiss, or a French or Polish bow (from the waist), would require Piamont to remove his hands from his pockets.

45-6 the navel...noon i.e. the middle of the day

48 let off discharge; i.e. start your performance

at a twinkling proverbial (Dent, T635)

49 miss fail

- BUNGLER Nay, let him come between two and three, cousin, for we love to sit long at dinner i'th' City.
[Exit Fulk]
- GOLDSTONE Come, sweet cousin.
- BUNGLER Nay, cousin; keep your way, cousin. Good cousin, I will not, i'faith, cousin. *Exeunt*
- 4.5 *Enter Mistress Newcut and Marmaduke, [who is setting the dinner table]*
- NEWCUT Why, how now, sirrah, upon twelve of the clock and not the cloth laid yet? Must we needs keep Exchange time still?
- MARMADUKE I am about it, forsooth.
- 5 NEWCUT You're 'about it, forsooth'! You're still about many things, but you ne'er do one well. I am an ass to keep thee in th' house now my husband's at sea; thou hast no audacity with thee, a foolish dreaming lad, fitter to be in the garret than in any place else; no grace nor manly behaviour. When didst thou ever come to me but with thy head hanging down? O, decheerful prentice, uncomfortable servant! [Exit Marmaduke]
- 10 Pray heaven the gull my cousin has so much wit left as to bring Master Tailby along with him—my comfort, my delight—for that was the chiefest cause I did invite him. I bade him bring what gentleman he pleased to accompany him; as far as I durst go. Why may he not then make choice of Master Tailby? Had he my wit or feeling he would do't.
- 15 *Enter Bungler and Goldstone, disguised*
- 20 BUNGLER Where's my sweet cousin here? Does she lack any guests?
- NEWCUT Ever such guests as you; you're welcome, cousin.
- GOLDSTONE I am rude, lady.
- NEWCUT You're most welcome, sir.
- 25 BUNGLER There will be a gallant here anon, coz; he promised faithfully.
- NEWCUT Who is't? Master Tailby?
- BUNGLER Master Tailby? No, Master Goldstone.
- NEWCUT Master Goldstone? I could think well of that
- 30 Goldstone were't not for one vile trick he has.
- GOLDSTONE What's that, lady?
- NEWCUT In jest he will pawn his punks for suppers.
- GOLDSTONE That's a vile part in him, i'faith, an he were my brother.
- 35 NEWCUT Pray, gentlemen, sit awhile; your dinner shall come presently. [Exit]
- GOLDSTONE [to audience]
- Yea, Mistress Newcut, at first give me a trip? A close bite always asks a secret nip.
- BUNGLER My cousin here is a very kind-natured soul, i'faith, in her humour.
- 40 GOLDSTONE Pooh, you know her not so well as I, coz; I have observed her in all her humours. You ne'er saw her a little waspish, I think.
- BUNGLER I have not i'faith.
- GOLDSTONE Pooh, then ye ne'er saw pretty humour in your life. I can bring her into't when I list.
- 45 BUNGLER Would you could, i'faith.
- GOLDSTONE Would I could? By my troth, an I were sure thou couldst keep thy countenance, coz, what a pretty jest have I thought upon already to entertain time before dinner.
- 50 BUNGLER Prithee, coz, what is't? I love a jest o' life, i'faith.
- GOLDSTONE Ah, but I am jealous you will not keep your countenance, i'faith.
- BUNGLER Why, ye shall see a pretty story of a humour.
- 55 GOLDSTONE Faith, I'll try you for once. You know my cousin will wonder when she comes in to see the cloth laid and ne'er a salt upon the board.
- BUNGLER That's true, i'faith.
- GOLDSTONE [taking the silver salt-cellar] Now will I stand a while out of sight with it, and give her humour play a little.
- 60 BUNGLER Coz, dost thou love me? An thou wilt ever do anything for me, do't.
- GOLDSTONE Marry, I build upon your countenance.
- 65 BUNGLER Why, dost thou think I'm an ass, coz?
- GOLDSTONE I would be loathe to undertake it else, for if you should burst out presently, coz, the jest would be spoiled.
- 70 BUNGLER Why, do not I know that? Away, stand close. So, so. Mum, cousin! [Exit Goldstone with salt-cellar]
- A merry companion, i'faith; here will be good sport anon.
- [Enter Mistress Newcut]
- Whist, she comes!
- NEWCUT I make you stay long for a bad dinner here, cousin; if Master Goldstone were come, the meat's e'en ready.
- 75 BUNGLER Some great business detains him, cousin, but he'll not be long now.
- NEWCUT Why, how now? Cud's my life—
- 80 BUNGLER Why?
- NEWCUT Was ever mistress so plagued with a shittle-headed servant? Why, Marmaduke!
- MARMADUKE [within] I come, forsooth.
- NEWCUT Able to shame me from generation to generation.
- 85 [Enter Marmaduke]
- MARMADUKE Did you call, forsooth?

75 I will not, i'faith Bungler is being polite and refusing to go before Goldstone—but Goldstone doesn't know the way.

4.5.2-3 keep Exchange time The bell at the Royal Exchange, the stock market built in 1566 by Thomas Gresham, announced lunch-time for merchants at noon. The custom with gentry and

aristocrats was to eat at 11 am.
33-4 an...brother proverbial (Dent, B686.1)

38 asks invites
nip also meant a pickpocket

52 o' life of all things
55 story painting or sculpture containing

human figures
58 salt salt-cellar; generally the main ornament of a table

65 build upon your countenance depend on your keeping a straight face
80 Cud's a corruption of 'God's'
82-3 shittle-headed flighty

- NEWCUT Come hither, forsooth. Did you lay this cloth?
 MARMADUKE Yes, forsooth.
- 90 NEWCUT Do you use to lay a cloth without a salt? A salt,
 a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt?
 MARMADUKE How many salts would you have? I'm sure I
 set the best i'th' house upon the board.
- BUNGLER How, cousin?—(*Sings*) Cousin, cousin, did call
 cozen.
- 95 NEWCUT Did you see a salt upon the board when you came
 in?
 BUNGLER [*bursting out in a laugh*] Pooh!
 NEWCUT Come, come; I thought as much. Beshrew your
 fingers, where is't now?
- 100 BUNGLER Your cousin yonder—
 NEWCUT Why, the man's mad.
 BUNGLER [*calling offstage*] Cousin! Hist, cousin!
 NEWCUT What say you?
 BUNGLER Pooh, I call not you; I call my cousin. Come
 105 forth with th' salt, cousin. [*Looking offstage*] Ha? How?
 Nobody? Why, was not he that came in e'en now your
 cousin?
 NEWCUT My cousin? O, my bell-salt! O, my great bell-salt!
Enter Goldstone [as himself]
- BUNGLER The tenor bell-salt. O, here comes Master Gold-
 110 stone now, cousin; he may tell us some news on him.
 [*To Goldstone*] Did you not meet a fellow about door,
 with a great silver salt under his arm?
 GOLDSTONE No, sure, I met none such.
 NEWCUT Pardon me, sir; I forgot all this while to bid
 115 you welcome. I shall loathe this room for ever. [*To*
Marmaduke] Take hence the cloth, you unlucky maple-
 faced rascal. [*Exit Marmaduke*]
 Come, you shall dine in my chamber, sir.
 GOLDSTONE No better place, lady.
Exeunt [Newcut and Goldstone
by one door, Bungler by another]
- 4.6 *Enter Piamont*
 PIAMONT No less than forty pound in fair gold at one
 lift! The next shall swoon and swoon again till the
 devil fetch him, ere I set hand to him. Heart, nothing
 vexes me so much but that I paid the goldsmith for the
 5 change, too, not an hour before. Had I left it alone in the
 chain of silver as it was at first, it might have given me
 some notice at his departure. 'Sfoot, I could fight with
- a windmill now. Sure 'twas some unlucky villain. Why
 should he come and salute me wrongfully too, mistake
 me at noonday? Now I think on't in cold blood, it could
 10 not be but an induction to some villainous purpose.
 Well, I shall meet him.
Enter Pursenet
 PURSENET [*to audience*] This forty pound came fortunately
 to redeem my chain of pearl from mortgage. I would not
 15 care how often I swooned to have such a good caudle
 to comfort me; gold and pearl is very restorative.
 PIAMONT [*to audience*] See, yonder's the rogue I suspect for
 foul play. I'll walk muffled by him, offer some offence
 or cause of a quarrel, only to try his temper. If he be
 20 a coward, he's the likelier to be a rogue—an infallible
 note.
 [*He muffles himself, then bumps into Pursenet*]
 PURSENET What? A pox ail you, sir! Would I had been
 aware of you.
 PIAMONT Sir, speak you to me?
 PURSENET Not I, sir; pray keep on your way; I have nothing
 25 to say to you.
 PIAMONT You're a rascal.
 PURSENET You may say your pleasure, sir; but I hope I go
 not like a rascal.
 PIAMONT Are you fain to fly to your clothes because you're
 30 gallant? Why, there's no rascal like your gallant rascal,
 believe that.
 PURSENET You have took me at such an hour, faith, you
 may call me e'en what you please; nothing will move
 35 me.
 PIAMONT No? I'll make somewhat move you!
 [*He unmuffles and draws his sword*]
 Draw! I suspected you were a rogue, and you have
 pursued it up well with a coward!
 PURSENET [*to audience*] Who?—My patron.
 PIAMONT Keep out, you rascal.
 40 PURSENET [*to audience*] The guest that did me the kindness
 in Paul's.—Hold, as you are a gentleman. You'll give
 me breath, sir?
 [*He runs away, dropping the chain of pearl*]
 PIAMONT Are you there with me? A vengeance stop you;
 45 you have found breath enough to run away from me.
 I will never meet this slave hereafter in a morning but
 I will breathe myself upon him. Since I can have no

93-4 **Cousin . . . cozen** Plays on the expres-
 sion to call *cousins*, 'to call each other
 cousin, to assume familiarity'. Bungler
 fails to keep his countenance and gives
 the game away in a sing-song refrain
 that puns between *cousin* and *cozen*,
 'cheat'.

108 **bell-salt** salt-cellar shaped like a bell
 109 **tenor** as of a large bell

116-17 **maple-faced** spotty-faced

4.6.5 **change** i.e. removal of the gold from

the chain of silver

7 **his** its

7-8 **fight with a windmill** Alludes to
 Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. Proverbial,
 though not recorded as such before
 Middleton (*Don Quixote* had not as yet
 been published in English).

8 **unlucky** mischief-making, malicious

16 **gold . . . restorative** Plays on the fact that
 gold and pearl were indeed sometimes
 dissolved into restoratives.

21 **note** noteworthy point

28-9 **go not like a rascal** don't appear by
 my dress to be of low birth

38 **pursed it up** combined it (as by putting
 in the same purse)

39 **My patron** Piamont's 'patronage'
 upholds Pursenet's business.

40 **Keep out** draw your sword

41 **guest** fellow, customer (or 'stranger')

47 **breathe** exercise

other satisfaction, he shall save me that forty pound in
fence-school. *Exit*

4.7 [Enter Goldstone]
GOLDSTONE
When things are cleanly carried, sign of judgement:
I was the welcom'st gallant to her alive
After the salt was stolen; then a good dinner,
A fine provoking meal which drew on apace
5 The pleasure of a day-bed, and I had it;
This here one ring can witness. When I parted,
Who but 'sweet Master Goldstone'? I left her in that
trance.
What cannot wit, so it be impudent,
Devise and compass? I would fain know that fellow
now
10 That would suspect me but for what I am;
He lives not. 'Tis all in the conveyance.
[*He sees the chain of pearl*]

What?

Thou look'st not like a beggar; what mak'st thou
On the ground? I have a hand to help thee up.—
A fair chain of pearl.
15 Surely, a merchant's wife gives lucky handsel.
They that find pearl may wear't at a cheap rate.
Marry, my lady dropped it from her arm
For a device to toll me to her bed:
I've seen as great a matter.
[*Enter Primero and Fripp*]
20 Who be these? I'll be too crafty for you.—
O, Monsieur Primero, Signor Fripp; is it you, gallants?
FRIPP Sweet Master Goldstone!
[*Fripp and Goldstone*] *whisper [apart]. Enter Tailby*
TAILBY [*to audience*] Every bawd exceeds me in fortune:
Master Primero was robbed of a carcanet upon Monday
25 last, laid the goldsmiths, and found it. I ha' laid
goldsmith, jeweller, burnisher, broker, and the devil
and all, I think, yet could never so much as hear of
that chain of pearl. He was a notable thief; he works
close.—Peace! Who be these? Ha, let me see: by this
30 light, there it is! Back, lest they see thee. A happy
minute. Goldstone! What an age do we breathe in! Who
that saw him now would think he were maintained by
purses? So, who that meets me would think I were
maintained by wenches? As far as I can see, 'tis all
35 one case, and holds both in one court; we are both
maintained by the common roadway. Keep thou thine
own heart thou liv'st unsuspected; I leese you again
now. *[Exit Tailby]*

GOLDSTONE But I pray you, tell me,
Met you no gentlewomen by the way you came? 40
FRIPP
Not any. What should they be?
GOLDSTONE Nay, I do but ask
Because a gentlewoman's glove was found
Near to the place I met you.
PRIMERO Faith, we saw none, sir.
[*Enter Tailby and two Constables*]
TAILBY Good officers, upon suspicion of felony. 45
FIRST CONSTABLE Very good, sir.
SECOND CONSTABLE What call you the thief's name you do
suspect?
TAILBY Master Justinian Goldstone.
SECOND CONSTABLE [*to the other Constable*] Remember: Mas- 50
ter Justice Goldstone. [*To the other Constable and Tailby*]
A terrible world the whilst, my masters.
TAILBY Look you, that's he; upon him, officers.
SECOND CONSTABLE I see him not yet; which is he, sir?
TAILBY Why, that. 55
SECOND CONSTABLE He a thief, sir? Who, that gentleman
i'th' satin?
TAILBY E'en he.
SECOND CONSTABLE Farewell, sir; you're a merry gentleman.
TAILBY As you will answer it, officers, I'll bear you out; 60
I'll be your warrant.
SECOND CONSTABLE Nay, an you say so. What's his name
then?
TAILBY Justinian Goldstone.
SECOND CONSTABLE Master Justinian Goldstone, we appre- 65
hend you, sir, upon suspicion of felony.
GOLDSTONE Me?
TAILBY You, sir.
FIRST CONSTABLE I charge you, in the King's name, gentle-
men, to assist us. 70
GOLDSTONE Master Tailby?
TAILBY The same man, sir.
GOLDSTONE Life, what's the news?
TAILBY Ha' you forgot Coombe Park?
GOLDSTONE Coombe Park? No, 'tis in Kingston way. 75
TAILBY I believe you'll find it so.
GOLDSTONE I not deny it.
SECOND CONSTABLE Bear witness: he's confessed.
GOLDSTONE What have I confessed, pair of coxcombs in-
dubitable? 80
TAILBY
I was robbed finely of this chain of pearl there,
And forty fair spur-royals.
GOLDSTONE Did I rob you?

49 fence-school i.e. tuition fees in fencing. Piamont will practise for free on Pursenet.

4.7.1 cleanly adroitly carried (a) managed, (b) stolen
15 handsel good-luck present, pledge of good things to follow
18 toll lure

24 carcanet ornate necklace
25 laid beset, searched
26-7 the devil and all proverbial (Dent, D224.11)
36 by the common roadway i.e. by the public highway (theft of purses), by sexual commerce (prostitution)
36-7 Keep... unsuspected Spoken as to

Goldstone.
37 heart understanding, conviction
leese (a) lose, part company with; (b) destroy, ruin. OED less plausibly glosses 'set free, deliver, release', quoting this line—which would seem to require a change of referent to the chain of pearl.
81 finely subtly

- TAILBY There where I find my goods I may suspect, sir.
FRIP I dreamt this would be his end.
- 85 GOLDSTONE See how I am wronged, gentlemen:
As I have a soul, I found this chain of pearl
Not three yards from this place, just when I met you.
- TAILBY Ha, ha!
FRIP [*to Goldstone*] Yet the law's such, if he but swear 'tis
90 you, you're gone.
- GOLDSTONE Pox on't that e'er I saw't!
FRIP [*to Tailby*] Can you but swear 'tis he? Do but that,
and you tickle him, i'faith.
- TAILBY Nay, an it come once to swearing, let me alone.
- 95 FRIP Say and hold; he called my jewels counterfeit and so
cheated the poor wench of 'em.
- SECOND CONSTABLE Come, bring him away. Come!
GOLDSTONE 'Twill call my state in question!
[*Enter Pursenet*]
- PURSENET
I think what's got by theft doth never prosper;
Now lost my chain of pearl.
[*He sees Goldstone with the chain of pearl, and
seizes it*]
- 100 Come, Master Goldstone,
Let't go; this' mine, i'faith.
- GOLDSTONE The chain of pearl?
PURSENET By my troth, it's mine.
- GOLDSTONE By my troth, much good do't you, sir.
[*He hands Pursenet the chain of pearl*]
- 105 FRIP I'm glad in my soul, sir.—(*Gnaws*)
- FIRST CONSTABLE [*to Pursenet*] Deliver your weapons.
PURSENET How?
FIRST CONSTABLE You're apprehended upon suspicion of
felony.
- PURSENET Felony? What's that?
- 110 TAILBY Was it you, i'faith, sir, all this while, that did me
that kindness to ease both my pockets at Coombe Park?
- PURSENET I, sir? Pray, gentlemen, draw near; let's talk
among ourselves.—[*To a Constable*] Stand apart, scoundrel.—Must every gentleman be upbraided in public
115 that flies out now and then upon necessity, to be themes
for pedlars and weavers? This should not be; 'twas
never seen among the Romans, nor read we of it in
the time of Brute. Are we more brutish now? Did I list
to blab, do not I know your course of life, Master Tailby,
120 to be as base as the basest, maintained by me, by him,
by all of us, and a' second hand from mistresses?—I've
their letters here to show.
Why should you be so violent to strip naked
- Another's reputation to the world,
Knowing your own so leprous? 125
Beside, this chain of pearl and those spur-royals
Came to you falsely, for she broke her faith
And made her soul a strumpet with her body
When she sent those; they were ever justly mine.
[*To Primero*] Pray what moves you, sir? Why should
130 you shake your head? You're clear? Sure, I should
know you, sir; pray, are not you sometimes a pandar
and oftener a bawd, sir? Have I never sinned in your
banqueting boxes, your bowers and towers, you slave
that keeps fornication upon the tops of trees? The very
135 birds cannot engender in quiet for you. Why, rogue
that goes in good clothes made out of wench's' cast
gowns—
PRIMERO Nothing goes so near my heart as that!
PURSENET Do you shake your slave's noddle? 140
TAILBY [*turning to Frip*] And here's a rascal looked a-swash
too—saving the presence of Master Goldstone—a filthy-
slimey-lousy-nittical broker, pricked up in pawns from
the hatband to the shoe-string; a necessary hook to
hang gentlemen's suits out i'th' air, lest they should
145 grow musty with long lying (which his pawns seldom
are guilty of); a fellow of several scents and steams—
French, Dutch, Italian, English—and therefore his lice
must needs be mongrels. Why, bill-money—
GOLDSTONE I am sorry to hear this among you. You've
150 all deceived me; truly, I took you for other spirits. You
must pardon me henceforward; I have a reputation to
look to; I must be no more seen in your companies.
- FRIP Nay, nay, nay, nay, Master Goldstone; you must not
'scape so, i'faith. One word before you go, sir. 155
GOLDSTONE Pray, dispatch then; I would not for half my
revenues, i'faith now, that any gallants should pass by
in the mean time and find me in your companies. Nay,
as quick as you can, sir.
- FRIP You did not take away Master Bowser's cloak t'other
160 morning, pawned it to me, and borrowed five pound
upon't?
- GOLDSTONE Ha?
FRIP 'Twas not you neither that finely cheated my little
novice at Master Primero's house of a diamond and
165 sapphire, and swore they were counterfeit, both glass,
mere glass, as you were a right gentleman?
- GOLDSTONE 'Slife, why were we strangers all this while?
'Sfoot, I perceive we are all natural brothers. A pox
170 on's all; are we found, i'faith?
FRIP A cheater!

99 **what's... prosper** Proverbially, 'ill-gotten gains never prosper' (Dent, G301).

104 (*Gnaws*) grimaces, speaks between clenched teeth

115-16 **themes... weavers** i.e. subject matter for popular ballads (or gossip)

118 **Brute** Aeneas' great-grandson Brutus, supposed by the English to have founded Britain

121 **a'** at

134 **bowers and towers** Probably the names or descriptions of rooms in Primero's house, suggestively vaginal and phallic.

135 **keeps... trees** i.e. gives fanciful arboreal names to the upstairs rooms for fornication. Perhaps also refers to the timbers of which the brothel (and the theatre) were constructed.

141 **a-swash** swaggering; suspicious

142-3 **filthy-slimey-lousy-nittical nittical:** filled with nits, the eggs of lice

143 **pricked up** decked out

147 **steams** noxious vapours

149 **bill-money** a note of charges. Tailby seems to be equating Frip with the money he charges.

- GOLDSTONE A thief, a lecher, a bawd, and a broker!
 FIRST CONSTABLE [*to the other*] What mean they to be so merry? I'm afraid they laugh at us and make fools on's.
- 175 GOLDSTONE [*to gallants*] Push! Leave it to me.—[*To Constables*] How now, who would you speak withal?
 FIRST CONSTABLE Speak withal? Have we waited all this while for a suspected thief.
- GOLDSTONE How! You're scarce awake yet, I think. Look well: does any appear like a thief in this company? Away, you slaves; you stand loitering, when you should look to the commonwealth! You catch knaves apace now, do you not? They may walk by your nose, you rascals. [*Exeunt Constables*]
- 185 ALL THE REST Sweet Master Goldstone!
 GOLDSTONE You lacked spirit in your company till I came among you. Here be five on's; let's but glue together. [*They take hands*]
 Why, now the world shall not come between us.
- PURSENET If we be true among ourselves.
- 190 GOLDSTONE Why, true; we cannot lack to be rich, for we cannot lack riches, nor can our wenches want, nor we want wenches.
- PRIMERO Let me alone to furnish you with them.
- TAILBY And me.
- GOLDSTONE
 There's one care past. And as for the knight's daughter,
 Our chiefest business and least thought upon—
- PURSENET That's true, i'faith.
- TAILBY How shall we agree for her?
- GOLDSTONE With as much ease
 200 As for the rest. Tomorrow brings the night;
 Let's all appear in the best shape we may—
 Truth is, we have need on't—
 And when amongst us five she makes election,
 As one she shall choose—
- PURSENET True, she cannot choose.
- GOLDSTONE
 205 That one so fortunate amongst us five
 Shall bear himself more portly, live regarded,
 Keep house, and be a countenance to the rest.
- ALL THE REST Admiral!
- GOLDSTONE For instance:
 210 [*To Pursenet*] Put case yourself, after some robbery done,
 Were pursued hardly; why, there were your shelter,
 You know your sanctuary. Nay, say you were taken;
 His letter to the justice will strike't dead.
 'Tis policy to receive one for the head.
- ALL THE REST
 Let's hug thee, Goldstone.
- GOLDSTONE What have I begot? 215
- PURSENET What, sir?
- GOLDSTONE I must plot for you all; it likes me rarely.
- TAILBY Prithee, what is't, sir?
- GOLDSTONE 'Twould strike Fitzgrave pale,
 220 And make the other suitors appear blanks.
- FRIP
 For our united mysteries!
- GOLDSTONE
 What if we five presented our full shapes
 In a strange, gallant, and conceited masque?
- PURSENET
 In a masque? Your thoughts and mine were twins.
- TAILBY
 So the device were subtle, nothing like it. 225
- FRIP Some poet must assist us.
- GOLDSTONE Poet?
 You'll take the direct line to have us staged!
 Are you too well, too safe? Why, what lacks Bowser,
 An absolute scholar, easy to be wrought;
 230 No danger in the operation.
- PURSENET But have you so much interest?
- GOLDSTONE What, in Bowser? Why my least word commands him.
- TAILBY Then no man fitter. 235
- PURSENET And there's Master Fripp, too, can furnish us of masquing suits enough.
- FRIP
 Upon sufficient pawn I think I can, sir.
- PURSENET
 Pawn? Jew, here take my chain.
 [*He gives Fripp the chain of pearl*]
 Pawns among brothers? We shall thrive,
 240 But we must still expect one rogue in five,
 And think us happy too.
 [*Enter Fitzgrave, disguised as Bowser*]
- GOLDSTONE Last man we spoke on, Master Bowser.
- ALL THE GALLANTS Little Master Bowser, sweet Master Bowser, welcome, i'faith! 245
- FITZGRAVE Are your fathers dead, gentlemen, you're so merry?
- GOLDSTONE By my troth, a good jest. Did not I commend his wit to you, gentlemen? Hark, sirrah Rafe Bowser, cousin Bowser, i'faith: there's a kind of portion in town,
 250 a girl of fifteen hundred, whom we all powerfully affect,
 and determine to present our parts to her in a masque.
- FITZGRAVE In a masque?

204 cannot choose has no alternative
 206 portly dignified, imposing
 207 be a countenance to provide a false appearance of good reputation for
 208 Admiral admirable. An appropriate portmanteau between *admirable* and noun *admiral* as the gallants are agreeing to choose a leader.

213 strike't dead proverbial for 'do magnificently, work wonders' (Dent, S933.111)
 214 receive one for the head accept one as leader
 221 mysteries guilds. Fripp refers to the 'trades' of the five gallants.
 222 shapes fine forms; theatrical parts
 225 So provided that

device emblematic form of the masque, contrivance
 228 staged i.e. played on the *professional* stage
 232 interest influence
 250 portion dowry; here, a woman with a dowry worth fifteen hundred pounds

- 255 GOLDSTONE Right, sir; now a little of thy brain for a device to present us firm, which we shall never be able to do ourselves, thou know'st that, and with a kind of speech wherein thou mayst express what gallants are bravely.
- FITZGRAVE Pooh, how can I express 'em otherwise but bravely? Now for a Mercury and all were fitted.
- 260 PURSENET Could not a boy supply it?
FITZGRAVE Why, none better.
PURSENET I have a boy shall put down all the Mercuries i'th' town; a will play a Mercury naturally at his finger's end, i'faith.
- 265 FITZGRAVE Why then we are suited. For torch-bearers and shield-boys, those are always the writer's properties; you're not troubled with them.
- GOLDSTONE Come, my little Bowser; do't finely now, to the life.
- 270 FITZGRAVE I warrant you, gentlemen.
FRIP [*taking Fitzgrave aside*] Hist! Give me a little touch above the rest, an you can possibly; for I mean to present this chain of pearl to her.
FITZGRAVE Now I know that, let me alone to fit you.
- Exeunt*
- Finis Actus Quartus*
- ❁
- 5.1 *Actus Quintus*
Enter [three] Courtesans [(including the Novice as the Third Courtesan), and Mistress Newcut, with a mourning veil]
- FIRST COURTESAN [*to Newcut*] Come forth, you wary, private-whispering strumpet! Have we found your close haunts, your private watchtowers, and your subtle means?
- 5 NEWCUT How then?
- SECOND COURTESAN You can steal secretly hither, you mystical quean, you, at twilight, twitterlights; You have a privilege from your hat, forsooth, To walk without a man, and no suspicion;
- 10 But we poor gentlewomen that go in tires Have no such liberty; we cannot do thus. Custom grants that to you that's shame in us.
NEWCUT Have you done yet?
- SECOND COURTESAN You broke the back of one husband already, and now th'other's dead with grief at sea with your secret expenses, close stealths, cunning filches, and continued banquets in corners. Then, forsooth, you must have your milk-baths to white you, your rose-leaves to sweeten you, your bean-flour bags to sleek you and make you soft, smooth, and delicate for lascivious entertainment.
- NEWCUT So, and you think all this while you dance like a thief in a mist you're safe, nobody can find you? Pray, were not you a fellmonger's daughter at first, that run away with a new courtier for the love of gentlewomen's clothes, and bought the fashion at a dear rate, with the loss of your name and credit? Why, what are all of you, but rustical insides and City flesh, the blood of yeomen and the bum of gentlewomen—
Enter Fitzgrave, [disguised as Bowser]
- SECOND COURTESAN What, shall we suffer a changeable fore-part to out-tongue us? Take that.
[They attack Newcut]
- NEWCUT Murder! Murder!
- FITZGRAVE How now? Why, ladies, a retreat! Come, you have shown your spirits sufficiently; you're all land captains, and so they shall find that come in your quarters; but have you the law-free now to fight and scratch among yourselves and let your gallants run away with others?
- FIRST COURTESAN How!
- SECOND COURTESAN Good—
- FIRST COURTESAN Sweet Master Bowser.
- NEWCUT Another?
- FITZGRAVE Why then, I perceive you know nothing. Why, they are in the way of marriage: a knight's daughter here in town makes her election among 'em this night.
- 45 FIRST COURTESAN This night?
- FITZGRAVE This very night, and they all present themselves in a masque before her. Know you not this?
- SECOND COURTESAN O, traitor Master Goldstone.
- THIRD COURTESAN Perjured Master Tailby.
- 50 NEWCUT Without soul!
FIRST COURTESAN She will chase him.
FITZGRAVE You have more cause to join

259 **Mercury** i.e. a boy to act as Mercury the herald. At l. 262 the sense becomes 'thieves', as Mercury was associated with theft.

263-4 **at his finger's end** i.e. expertly (from the proverb, 'to have it as one's finger's ends', Dent, F245). See also note to 3.4.99.

266 **properties** proprietorships; also theatrical *properties* or props

274 **fit** find something that suits; secretly, 'fittingly punish'

5.1.0.2 **[three] Courtesans** The Third Courtesan might be the Novice of the earlier scenes, except that in 5.2 the five

'whores' must include three Courtesans, the Novice, and Mistress Newcut.

0.3 **Mistress Newcut** She now seems to be wearing mourning dress: see notes to ll. 8 and 31, and l. 64.

7 **twitterlights** twilight (perhaps playing on the verb *twitter*, 'quiver with excitement')

8 **your hat** The widow's hat and veil (or perhaps the plain hat of a merchants' wife) allows her more public freedom than the fancy *tires* of the supposed gentlewomen. Widows were relatively independent of male control.

19 **bean-flour bags** an early version of both the powder puff and deodorant pad

29 **bum** buttocks

31 **fore-part** ornamental covering for the breast (referring, perhaps, to her new widow's attire); also, bawdily, 'front part', i.e. genitals (in contrast with *bum*)

34-5 **land captains** i.e. brave warriors, but quibbling on the sense 'highwaymen'

36 **quarters** soldiers' lodgings; also 'hind-quarters' or 'skirts'

have . . . law-free i.e. are you exempt from the laws (though *OED* records *law-free* only as an adjective)

- And play the grounds of friendship 'mongst yourselves
Than rashly run division. I could tell you
A means to pleasure you.
- 55 FIRST COURTESAN Good Master Bowser!
FITZGRAVE
But that you're women and are hardly secret—
SECOND COURTESAN
We vow it seriously!
FITZGRAVE You should be all there in presence,
See all, hear all, and yet not they perceive you.
THIRD COURTESAN
So that—
NEWCUT Sweet Master Bowser, I—
60 FITZGRAVE I can stand you in stead,
For I frame the device—
ALL THE COURTESANS If ever—
FITZGRAVE Will you do't?
Hark you—
[*They whisper*]
FIRST COURTESAN
Content.
SECOND COURTESAN And I'll make one.
THIRD COURTESAN
And I another. We'll mar the match.
NEWCUT
When that good news came of my husband's death,
65 Goldstone promised me marriage and swear to me—
SECOND COURTESAN
I'll bring his oaths in question.
THIRD COURTESAN So will I.
FITZGRAVE
Agree among yourselves, for shame!
FIRST COURTESAN Are we resolved?
SECOND COURTESAN
In this who would not feign?
THIRD COURTESAN Friends all, for my part.
NEWCUT
Here's my lip for mine.
THIRD COURTESAN Round let it go.
[*They kiss*]
SECOND COURTESAN
All wrath thus quenched.
- FIRST COURTESAN And I conclude it so. 70
Exeunt [women]
- FITZGRAVE
How all events strike even with my wishes!
Their own invention damns them.
[*Enter Piamont, Bungler, and the two Gentleman-Gallants*]
Now, gentlemen,
Stands your assistance firm?
FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Why, 'tis our own case;
I'm sorry you should doubt.
SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT
We'll furnish you.
- BUNGLER
Are these our gallants?
FITZGRAVE Are our gallants these? 75
[*Enter Painter, with five shields*]
PAINTER Here be five shields, sir.
FITZGRAVE Finished already? That's well. I'll see thy master
shortly.
PAINTER I'm satisfied. *Exit*
PIAMONT Prithce, let's see, Master Fitzgrave.
80 FITZGRAVE I have blazed them.
FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT What's this?
BUNGLER Foooh, you should be a gallant too, for you're no
university scholar.
FITZGRAVE Look, this is Purset: the device, a purse wide
85 open and the mouth downward; the word, '*Alienis ecce
crumenis.*'
FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT What's that?
FITZGRAVE 'One that lives out of other men's pockets.'
PIAMONT That's right.
90 FITZGRAVE Here's Goldstone's: three silver dice.
FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT They run high: two cinques
and a quatre!
FITZGRAVE They're high-men, fit for his purpose; the word,
'*Fratremque patremque.*'
95 SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Nay, he will cheat his own
brother; nay, his own father, i'faith.
FITZGRAVE So much the word imports. Master Primero—
BUNGLER Pox, what says he now?
FITZGRAVE The device, an unvalued pearl hid in a cave;
100 the word, '*Occultos vendit honores.*'

53-4 **play the grounds...run division** Puns on musical terminology: *ground* as the repeated bass phrase, *division* as the elaborate improvisatory treble line played over it.

60 **stand you in stead** put you in place

65 **swear** swore

69-70 **Here's...so** The women either exchange kisses and speak of drink metaphorically, or actually pass round a goblet of wine.

71 **strike** Perhaps a metaphor of music sounding, or of bells striking on time.

72 **Their** i.e. the gallants'

invention (a) ingenuity, (b) device (the masque)

72.1-2 **Piamont...Gentleman-Gallants**

These four gallants, together with Fitzgrave, make up a virtuous fivesome in contrast with the knavish gallants of the play's title.

75 **Are...these?** This shared line stresses the irony of the play's title and its overriding satirical point as Fitzgrave turns Bungler's enquiry to a rhetorical question: 'are *our* five gallants anything like these two?' Alternatively, the painter enters early enough for the line to refer to the emblems on the shields.

81 **blazed** (a) described heraldically, blazoned; (b) divulged, defamed

83 **should** must

86 **word** motto

86-7 **Alienis ecce crumenis** 'here he is with the purse of another'

94 **high-men** dice loaded to turn up high numbers

95 **Fratremque patremque** '(against) both brother and father'

100 **unvalued** (a) priceless, (b) hidden from valuation

101 **Occultos vendit honores** 'he sells hidden honours'. *Honours*, the English equivalent of *honores*, could mean 'chastities, maidenheads', as is reflected in Fitzgrave's translation.

- FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT What's that?
 FITZGRAVE 'One that sells maidenheads by wholesale.'
 SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Excellently proper.
 105 FITZGRAVE Master Fripp—
 SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT That Pythagorical rascal: in
 a gentleman's suit today, in a knight's tomorrow.
 FITZGRAVE The device for him, a cuckoo sitting on a tree;
 the word, '*En avis ex avibus*'—'one bird made of many',
 110 for you know, as the sparrow hatches the cuckoo, so
 the gentleman feathers the broker.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Let me admire thee, Master
 Fitzgrave.
 FITZGRAVE They will scorn, gentlemen; and to assist them
 115 the better, Pursenet's boy, that little precious pick-
 pocket, has a compendious speech in Latin, and, like
 a Mercury, presents their dispositions more liberally.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Never were poor gallants so
 abused.
 120 FITZGRAVE Hang 'em; they're counterfeits; no honest spirit
 will pity 'em.
 This is my crown:
 So good men smile, I dread no rascal's frown.
 Away, bestow yourselves secretly o'erhead; this is the
 125 place appointed for the rehearsal to practise their beha-
 viours.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT We are vanished.
 [Exeunt all but Fitzgrave, and appear above]
 [Enter below Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Fripp,
 Primero, and Pursenet's Boy]
 GOLDSTONE Master Bowser.
 PURSENET Well said, i'faith. Off with your cloaks, gallants;
 130 let's fall roundly to our business.
 TAILBY Is the boy perfect?
 FITZGRAVE That's my credit, sir, I warrant you.
 FRIPP If our little Mercury should be out, we should scarce
 be known what we are.
 135 FITZGRAVE I have took a course for that; fear it not, sir.
 Look you, first here be your shields.
 GOLDSTONE Ay, where be our shields?
 PURSENET Which is mine?
 TAILBY Which is mine, Master Bowser? This?
 140 FITZGRAVE I pray, be contained a little, gentlemen; they'll
 come all time enough to you, I warrant.
 PURSENET This Fripp is grown so violent.
 FITZGRAVE Yours to begin withal, sir?
 PURSENET Well said, Master Bowser.
- FITZGRAVE First, the device, a fair purse wide open, the
 145 mouth downward; the word, '*Alienis ecce crumenis.*'
 PURSENET What's that, prihee?
 FITZGRAVE 'Your bounty pours itself forth to all men.'
 PURSENET And so it does, i'faith; that's all my fault—
 150 bountiful.
 FITZGRAVE Master Goldstone, here's yours, sir: three silver
 dice; the word, '*Fratremque patremque.*'
 GOLDSTONE And what's that?
 FITZGRAVE 'Fortune of my side.'
 GOLDSTONE Well said, little Bowser, i'faith. 155
 TAILBY [to Fitzgrave] What say you to me, sir?
 FITZGRAVE For the device, a candle in a corner; the word,
 '*Consumptio victus.*'
 TAILBY The meaning of that, sir?
 FITZGRAVE 'My light is yet in darkness, till I enjoy her.' 160
 TAILBY Right, sir!
 PRIMERO Now mine, sir?
 FITZGRAVE The device, an unvalued pearl hid in a cave.
 PRIMERO Ah, ha, sirs!
 FITZGRAVE The word, '*Occultos vendit honores.*' 165
 PRIMERO Very good, I warrant.
 FITZGRAVE 'A black man's a pearl in a fair lady's eye.'
 PRIMERO I said 'twas some such thing.
 FRIPP My turn must needs come now; am I fitted, Master
 Bowser? 170
 FITZGRAVE Trust to me; your device here is a cuckoo sitting
 on a tree.
 FRIPP The Welsh lieger; good.
 FITZGRAVE The word, '*En avis ex avibus.*'
 FRIPP Ay, marry, sir. 175
 FITZGRAVE Why, do you know what 'tis, sir?
 FRIPP No, by my troth, not yet, sir.
 FITZGRAVE O, 'I keep one tune; I recant not.'
 FRIPP I'm like the cuckoo in that, indeed; where I love, I
 180 hold.
 FITZGRAVE Did I not promise you I would fit you?
 GOLDSTONE They're all very well done, i'faith, and very
 scholar-like, though I say't before thy face, little Bow-
 ser; but I would not have thee proud on't now. Come,
 if this be performed well— 185
 FITZGRAVE Who, the boy? He has performed deeper matters
 than this.
 PIAMONT [above] Ay, a pox on him; I think was in my
 pocket now, an truth were known.
 BUNGLER [above] I caught him once in mine. 190

103 **wholesale** puns on *hole-sale*106 **Pythagorical** changing in identity (after Pythagoras' theory of transmigration of souls)109 **En avis ex avibus** 'here is a bird out of other birds'. The cuckoo has its eggs hatched by other birds.114 **They will scorn** i.e. the shields will deride the gallants122 **crown** probably figured as a victor's

wreath with an emblematic motto

125-6 **behaviours** deportment, acting of roles129 **Well said** well done131 **Is the boy perfect** has the boy memorized his lines158 **Consumptio victus** 'a consumption of sustenance'

167 A...eye proverbial (Dent, M79)

black Perhaps Primero wears black. The sense he fails to recognize is 'wicked'.173 **The Welsh lieger** a name for the cuckoo (proverbial—Dent, A233—but not before Middleton)178 **I keep one tune** The cuckoo proverbially has but one song (Dent, C894). **recant** probably both 'retract' and 'sing another tune'

- FITZGRAVE Suppose the shields are presented, then you begin, boy.
- BOY 'I, representing Mercury, am a pickpocket and have his part at my fingers' ends; page I am to that great and secret thief, *Magno illo et secreto latroni.*'
- 195 FITZGRAVE [*to Pursenet*] There you make your honour, sir.
- BOY At '*latroni*'.
- [*Pursenet bows*]
- You have it, sir.
- PURSENET '*Latroni*'; that's mine.
- 200 FITZGRAVE [*apart*] He confesses the thief's his.
- PURSENET Remember, boy, you point '*latroni*' to me.
- BOY To you, master; proceed.
- FITZGRAVE 'These four are his companions, the one a notable cheater that will cozen his own father.' Master Goldstone.
- 205 GOLDSTONE Let me alone, Master Bowser; I can take mine own turn.
- FITZGRAVE Why—
- GOLDSTONE Peace!
- [*He bows*]
- 210 FITZGRAVE 'The second, a notorious lecher maintained by harlots, *Cuius virtus consumptio corporis.*'
- TAILBY That's I, Master Bowser.
- FITZGRAVE There you remember your honour, sir.
- [*Tailby bows*]
- 215 BOY '*Ille leno pretiosissimus, virgineos ob lucrum vendens honores.*'
- PURSENET It sounds very well, i'faith.
- BOY '*Postremus ille, quamvis apparatu splendidus, is no otherwise but a broker; these feathers are not his own, sed avis ex avibus—*'
- [*Frip bows*]
- 220 'all which to be nothing but truth will appear by the event.'
- FITZGRAVE I'faith, here's all now, gentlemen.
- GOLDSTONE Short and pithy.
- TAILBY A good boy, i'faith, and a pregnant.
- PURSENET I dare put trust in the boy, sir.—Forget not, 225 sirrah, at any hand, to point that same '*latroni*' to me.
- BOY I warrant you, master.
- GOLDSTONE Come, gentlemen, the time beckons us away.
- FITZGRAVE Ay, furnish, gentlemen; furnish.
- PURSENET Hark, one word, Master Bowser, what's that same '*latroni*'? I have a good mind to that word, i'faith. 230 FITZGRAVE '*Latroni*'? Why, 'sheriff of the shire'.
- PURSENET I'faith? And I have shriven some shires in my days. *Exeunt [the five Gallants and the Boy]*
- FITZGRAVE [*to those above*] Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied and pleased? 235
- FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT Never more amply.
- FITZGRAVE
- Amongst us now falls that desired lot,
For we shall blast five rivals with one plot. [*Exeunt*]
- Enter the virgin [Katherine] between two Ancient Gentlemen* 5.2
- KATHERINE
- Grave gentlemen, in whose approved bosoms
My deceased father did repose much faith,
You're dearly welcome. Pray sit, command music,
See nothing want to beautify this night,
That holds my election in her peaceful arms— 5
Feasts, music, hymns, those sweet celestial charms.
- [*She sits*]
- FIRST ANCIENT GENTLEMAN [*sitting*]
May you be blessed in this election.
- SECOND ANCIENT GENTLEMAN [*sitting*]
That content may meet perfection.
- Hymn*
- [SINGERS] [*within*]
- Sound lute, bandora, gittern,
Viol, virginals, and cithern! 10

193–221 I...event Evidently, the Boy and Fitzgrave share in rehearsing the Boy's Latin speech, which for the convenience of the audience has been mostly translated into English. The insults, which are intrinsic to the speech, are probably not understood by the gallants because they are imagined to hear the speech in Latin.

195 *Magno...latroni* 'for that great and secret thief'

196 *honour bow* (punning on 'moral reputation')

211 *Cuius...corporis* 'whose virtue is an employment (and a wasting away) of the body'

214–15 *Ille...honores* 'this is a very rich pimp because he sells virgin reputations for money'

217 *Postremus...splendidus* 'this is the most inferior, although sumptuous in his pomp'

218 *these...own* proverbial, as in *Timon*,

3.30 (Dent, B375)

219 *sed* but

224 *pregnant* resourceful

226 *at any hand* on any account

229 *furnish* get ready

233 *shriven* robbed (punning on *sheriff*)

5.2.0.1 *the virgin* Suggests a ceremonial costume denoting Katherine as such, perhaps a white robe.

8.1–5.2.18.15 *Hymn...action* The masque abandons the device rehearsed in 5.1 involving Pursenet's Boy as Mercury. He is nevertheless present because he is apprehended on suspicion of stealing the pearls, and so probably plays a shield-boy. The direction after l. 18 summarizes the entire masque, and anticipates the bowing, delivery of the shields, and dancing that occupy ll. 5.2.19–5.2.25.6. In substance this edition preserves the original text. The action may be

reconstructed as follows. The hymn, to the accompaniment of offstage musicians, is sung by the torch-bearers and shield-boys, who enter as they are singing. The groups separate by the middle of the hymn, and in ll. 16–18 *you* is addressed by the singers to the masquers, and *that* to an appropriate shield. Contrary to the sequence suggested by the printed text, the cornetts probably sound before the masquers bow to Katherine. Perhaps a flourish of cornetts announces the presentation of each shield. After the presentations, the action goes on as described in ll. 5.2.25.1–6.

9 *bandora* stringed instrument like the lute but with a deeper sound

gittern stringed instrument like a guitar

10 *virginals* keyboard instrument similar to the harpsichord

cithern another guitar-like instrument

- Voices spring and lift aloud
Her name that makes the music proud!
This night perfection
Makes her election.
- 15 Follow, follow, follow, follow round;
Look you to that; nay, you to that; nay, you to that:
Anon you will be found, anon you will be found,
Anon you will be found.
Cornetts.
Enter the masque, thus ordered: a torch-bearer, a shield-boy, then a masquer, so throughout; then the shield-boys fall at one end, the torch-bearers at the other; the masquers i'th' middle. The torch-bearers are the five gentlemen [Fitzgrave, Piamont, Bungler, and the two Gentleman-Gallants]; the shield-boys, the whores in boys' apparel [the two Courtesans, the Novice, and Mistress Newcut; also Pursenet's Boy as the fifth]; the masquers, the five gallants [Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Frip, Primero]. They bow to her [Katherine]; she rises and shows the like; they dance, but first deliver the shields up. She reads.
- | | <i>The speech</i> | <i>Their action</i> | |
|----|---|-----------------------|--|
| 20 | KATHERINE 'Alienis ecce crumenis.' | Pursenet bows to her | |
| | 'Fratremque, patremque.' | Goldstone bows to her | |
| | 'Consumptio victus.' | Tailby bows to her | |
| | 'Occultos vendit honores.' | Primero bows to her | |
| | A cuckoo: 'En avis ex avibus.' | Frip bows to her | |
| 25 | Are you all as the speech and shields display you?
GOLDSTONE We shall prove so.
<i>They going to dance, each unhasps his weapon from his side and gives 'em to the torch-bearers. Katherine seems distrustful, but then Fitzgrave whispers to her and falls back. At the end of which, all making an honour, Frip presents her with that chain of pearl</i> | | |
| | KATHERINE
The very chain of pearl was filched from me! | | |
| | FITZGRAVE Hold! Stop the boy there!
[<i>The Boy is stopped and</i>] Pursenet stamps | | |
| | KATHERINE Will none lay hands on him?
All lay hands on him [<i>Frip</i>] | | |
| 30 | GOLDSTONE How now?
FRIP Alas, I'm but a broker; 'twas pawned to me in my shop.
[<i>Fitzgrave, Piamont, Bungler, and the two gentlemen unmask</i>] | | |
| | TAILBY Ha? Fitzgrave?
PURSENET Piamont and the rest. | | |
| 35 | GOLDSTONE Where's Bowser?
FITZGRAVE Here.
GOLDSTONE We are all betrayed. | | |
- FITZGRAVE Betrayed? You're no sort to be betrayed; you have not so much worth. Nay, struggle not with the net; you are caught for this world.
- FIRST COURTESAN Would we were out.
- 40 FITZGRAVE [*to gallants*]
'Twas I framed your device, do you see, 'twas I!
The whole assembly has took notice of it:
[*To Goldstone*] That you are a gallant cheater—
So much the pawning of my cloak contains—
[*To Pursenet*] You a base thief—think of Coombe Park, and tell me—
- 45 [*To Tailby*] That you're a hired smockster. [*To Primero*]
Here's her letter
In which we are certified that you are a bawd.
- FIRST ANCIENT GENTLEMAN
The broker has confessed it.
- SECOND ANCIENT GENTLEMAN
So has the boy.
- TAILBY That boy will be hanged; he stole the chain at first and has thus long maintained his master's gallantry.
- 50 FITZGRAVE [*to Katherine*]
All which we here present, like captive slaves
Waiting that doom which their presumption craves.
- KATHERINE
How easily may our suspectless sex
With fair-appearing shadows be deluded!
Dear sir, you have the work so well begun
- 55 That, took from you, small glory would be won.
- FITZGRAVE
Since 'tis your pleasure to refer to me
The doom of these, I have provided so:
They shall not altogether lose their cost;
See, I have brought wives for 'em.
- 60 [*The three Courtesans, the Novice, and Mistress Newcut unmask*]
- GOLDSTONE Heart, the strumpets!—Out, out!
- TAILBY
Having assumed out of their impudence
The shape of shield-boys.
- FRIP
To heap full confusion.
- FIRST COURTESAN
Rather confine us to strict chastity,
A mere impossible task, than to wed these
- 65 Whom we loathe worse than the foul'st disease.
- GOLDSTONE [*to Fitzgrave*]
O, grant 'em their requests.
- FITZGRAVE
The doom is passed;
So, since your aim was marriage,
Either embrace it in these courtesans
Or have your base acts and felonious lives
- 70 Proclaimed to the indignation of the law,
Which will provide a public punishment.
As for the boy and that infectious bawd,

17 **found** found out, identified18.3 **so throughout** i.e. in this order for each masquer46 **smockster** womanizer69 **these courtesans** Mistress Newcut seems to fall under the heading. As Primero is

sent off for whipping, only four gallants need to be matched, but at ll. 82–6 Newcut includes herself in the marrying.

Your fūe Gallants.

- We put forth those to whipping.
- 75 PRIMERO Whipping? You find not that in the statute, to
 whip satin.
- FITZGRAVE Away with him.
 [Primerο and the Boy are taken off]
- 80 GOLDSTONE Since all our shifts are discovered, as far as I
 can see 'tis our best course to marry 'em: we'll make
 them get our livings.
- PURSENET He says true.
- NEWCUT You see how we are threatened; by my troth,
 wenches, be ruled by me: let's marry 'em an it be but
 to plague 'em; for when we have husbands, we are
- 85 under covert-baron and may lie with whom we list. I
 have tried that in my t'other husbands' days.
- ALL THE COURTESANS A match.
- FITZGRAVE
 I'll be no more deferred; come, when do you join?
- GOLDSTONE These forced marriages do never come to good.
- FITZGRAVE
 How can they, when they come to such as you? 90
- PURSENET
 They often prove the ruin of great houses.
- FITZGRAVE
 Nor, virgin, do I in this seek to entice
 All glory to myself; these gentlemen,
 Whom I am bound to love for kind assistance,
 Had great affinity in the plot with me. 95
- KATHERINE
 To them I give my thanks; myself to thee,
 Thrice worthy Fitzgrave.
- FITZGRAVE I have all my wishes.
- KATHERINE [to audience]
 And I presume there's none but those can frown
 Whose envies, like the rushes, we tread down. [Exeunt]
- Finis

THE PARTS

- GOLDSTONE (488 lines): Painter; Second Fellow; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant
- PURSENET (403 lines): Tailor; Painter; Second Fellow; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- FRIP (322 lines): Tailor; Painter; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant
- FITZGRAVE (315 lines): Presenter *or* First Fellow; Tailor; Second Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany
- TAILBY (287 lines): Tailor; Painter; Second Fellow; Marmaduke; Mistress Cleveland's Servant
- PRIMERO (182 lines): Tailor; Painter; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- BUNGLER (150 lines): Presenter *or* First Fellow; Tailor; Second Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant
- NEWCUT (92 lines): Presenter *or* First Fellow; Vintner *or* Drawer *or* Fulk; Tailor; Painter; Second Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke *or* Fulk
- FIRST COURTESAN (77 lines): Vintner *or* Drawer; Tailor; Painter; a Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- KATHERINE (66 lines): any but Gallants, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Gentleman-Gallants, Ancient Gentlemen, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Pursenet's Boy
- SECOND COURTESAN (61 lines): Vintner *or* Drawer; Painter; a Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- PURSENET'S BOY (50 lines): Presenter *or* First Fellow; Tailor; Painter; Second Fellow; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- FULK (48 lines): any but Gallants, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Novice, First and Second Courtesans, Newcut; Vintner, Drawer, Pursenet's Boy, Primerο's Boy, Arthur, Marmaduke
- PIAMONT (42 lines): any but Gallants, Katherine, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Gentleman-Gallants, Ancient Gentlemen, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Painter, Pursenet's Boy, Marmaduke
- JACK (39 lines): any but Tailby, Servants of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, and Tiffany

75-6 **statute** . . . **satin** Gentlemen would not be whipped. Primerο is evidently not by birth a gentleman, and so not legally entitled to wear satin.

85 **covert-baron** the legally protected

position of a married woman

95 **affinity** alliance

98-9 **And** . . . **down**. The original printed text sets this speech off as an epilogue by introducing blank space above it and

printing it in italic.

98 **none** . . . **frown** inverted from 'none can frown but those'

99 **envies** malice

rushes strewn on floors as a covering

The Fyve Wittie Gallantes

- VINTNER (2.4; 35 lines): any but Gallants, Fitzgrave; Bungler; Drawer, Pursenet's Boy, Arthur, Fulk
- ARTHUR (22 lines): any but Presenter, Gallants, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Novice, First and Second Courtesans, Newcut; Vintner, Drawer, Fellows, Pursenet's Boy, Fulk
- MISTRESS NEWBLOCK'S SERVANT (Interim 2; 20 lines): any but Tailby, Jack, Mistress Tiffany's Servant
- NOVICE (later THIRD COURTESAN; 18 lines): Vintner *or* Drawer; Tailor; Second Fellow; Painter; a Constable; Jack *or* a Servant of Mistress Cleveland, Newblock, *or* Tiffany; Katherine's Servant; Marmaduke
- SECOND FELLOW (1.1; 16 lines): any but Primero, Frip, Arthur
- SECOND CONSTABLE (4.7; 15 lines): any but a Gallant, First Constable
- MARMADUKE (14 lines): any but Frip, Goldstone, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Newcut, Fulk
- MISTRESS CLEVELAND'S SERVANT (Interim 1; 14 lines): any but Jack
- FIRST GENTLEMAN-GALLANT (13 lines): any but Gallants, Katherine, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Second Gentleman-Gallant, Ancient Gentlemen, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Painter, Pursenet's Boy
- FIRST FELLOW (1.1; 11 lines): any but Presenter, Gallants, Arthur
- FIRST CONSTABLE (4.7; 10 lines): any but a Gallant, Second Constable
- KATHERINE'S SERVANT (9 lines): any but Tailby, Fitzgrave
- PRESENTER (Prologue; 8 lines): any but Gallants, Courtesans ('wenches'), 1 Fellow, Arthur
- MISTRESS TIFFANY'S SERVANT (Interim 2; 6 lines): any but Tailby, Jack, Mistress Newblock's Servant
- SECOND GENTLEMAN-GALLANT (6 lines): any but Gallants, Katherine, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, First Gentleman-Gallant, Ancient Gentlemen, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Painter, Pursenet's Boy
- TAILOR (3.4; 6 lines): any but Goldstone, Second Courtesan
- Primero's BOY (2.1; 2 lines): any but a Gallant, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Pursenet's Boy, Fulk
- DRAWER (2.4; 2 lines): any but Gallants, Fitzgrave; Bungler; Vintner, Pursenet's Boy, Arthur, Fulk
- FIRST ANCIENT GENTLEMAN (5.2; 2 lines): any but Gallants, Katherine, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Gentleman-Gallants, Second Ancient Gentleman, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Pursenet's Boy
- PAINTER (5.1; 2 lines): any but Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Gentleman-Gallants
- SECOND ANCIENT GENTLEMAN (5.2; 2 lines): any but Gallants, Katherine, Fitzgrave, Bungler, Piamont, Gentleman-Gallants, First Ancient Gentleman, Novice, Courtesans, Newcut, Pursenet's Boy
- Most crowded scene: 5.2 (18 actors)

THE BLOODY BANQUET: A TRAGEDY

Text introduced and annotated by Julia Gasper, edited by Julia Gasper and Gary Taylor

THE title *The Bloody Banquet* draws attention to the final scene of this play, in which the Tyrant compels his wife, the young Queen Thetis, publicly to eat the corpse of her lover, Tymethes. The same title could serve for Seneca's tragedy *Thyestes*, or indeed for Shakespeare and Peele's tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*. *The Bloody Banquet* is greatly influenced by the tradition of Senecan horror, but its success is not to be judged by how closely it conforms to a classical model. This is a play which sets its own goals and, to a great extent, attains them.

The Bloody Banquet uses as its immediate source an Elizabethan prose novel, William Warner's *Pan his Syrinx*, in which a version of the gruesome banquet appears in a somewhat less horrific form than Seneca's. While its source can be called a diluted myth, *The Bloody Banquet* is an ambitious play whose authors, Dekker and Middleton, display not only their classical learning but also considerable originality and dramatic power. In their hands the gruesome banquet becomes a metaphor for all the gender and power relationships in the play.

The story of Atreus and Thyestes is only one of several Greek myths in which the motif of the gruesome, cannibalistic banquet recurs. In Greek legend, the Titan Cronos ate his children because he feared being supplanted. In the play, Armitrites expresses the same sentiment over the dead bodies of his son and daughter: 'Yes, and we safe, our death we need less fear, | Usurpers' issue oft proves dangerous, | We depose others, and they poison us.' Cronos' fears are self-fulfilling because his son Zeus, concealed by his mother Rhea, grows up to take revenge by poisoning him and forcing him to disgorge all his devoured offspring. No such kind reversal is possible in Thyestes' case, but the story suggests a conflation of the processes of digestion and gestation (both words deriving ultimately from the same Latin root *gesto*, to bear or carry) which elucidates the original meaning of the gruesome banquet myth. 'Incorporation... turns into a surrogate pregnancy', as Marina Warner has said.

A closely related legend concerns Tantalus, the son of Zeus and King of Lydia, the country which provides the setting for *The Bloody Banquet*. Tantalus is said to have served up his son Pelops to the gods in order to test whether they could tell human from animal flesh. He was suitably punished with starvation in the afterlife. Tantalus was traditionally the grandfather of Thyestes, and in Seneca's play there is an allusion to him in Act IV at the point where Atreus is carrying out the murder of Thyestes' three young sons, one of whom is called Tantalus after his ancestor.

Other versions of the myth include the story of King Astiages of Media, told by Herodotus: he killed the children of Harpagus and served them to their father in a pie, then for the second course brought in their heads, hands, and feet. This story is retold by Seneca in the third book of his moral essays, 'On Anger', which was a widely-studied text in the Renaissance. The extent of Seneca's influence on Elizabethan drama, particularly the drama written for the public stage, has been questioned by G. K. Hunter, and in some respects there may have been exaggeration and inexactitude (certainly in the case of T. S. Eliot's opinions). But there can be little doubt that Seneca and Ovid were the Latin authors through whom the gruesome banquet myth was known to Dekker, Middleton, and Shakespeare.

A further example is the legend of Philomela, told by Ovid and used as a source for *Titus Andronicus*. Philomela's sister Procne, discovering that her husband Tereus had raped Philomela, killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him to Tereus, who ate him unknowingly.

There are three components of this myth. First, a father eats his own children. Second, he is a king. Third, he is deceived or he deceives others. Without the third element, it would seem an ideal metaphor for tyranny. Aristotle took it for granted that government was the extension of the father's authority over the family and household. So the father eating his own children would be a logical image of tyranny, the perversion of government. A strong Renaissance tradition characterized Seneca as a critic of tyranny, a view confirmed by recent opinion, which suggests that a similar political agenda animates Elizabethan and Jacobean emulations of Senecan horror. In a society whose concepts of the state were usually organic, an image of physiological horror which perverts family relationship represents tyranny, not as a cold abstraction, but as an atrocity.

However, there is also the deception component. It never occurs to Thyestes, any more than to Oedipus, to exonerate himself because his trespass was committed unintentionally. Guilt is guilt and they damn themselves ruthlessly. Thyestes' pollution can be understood by comparing it to a rape such as Philomela's or Lucretia's, in another story taken up by Middleton: Thyestes' body has been contaminated because this forbidden flesh has entered it. Likewise Proserpine swallowed the seeds of the pomegranate in ignorance but paid the penalty. Christian theology insists that Adam, when he ate the apple, was not deceived. Roman logic damns him even if he was. There is no escape for Thyestes from the terrible knowledge of what he has done, which is a hell in itself.

The tragedy of Thyestes indicates a culture with a highly developed sense of pollution, transgression, and guilt, but no doctrine of redemption. Moral guilt is not the whole issue, however: Thyestes is tortured because in ingesting his own children, he has done the last thing he would have wished to do. If the purpose of any living organism is to perpetuate its own genes, he has frustrated the object of his whole existence.

The gruesome banquet myth grapples with the problem of defilement, for which in the classical culture there was no solution but death. It would be unwise to limit the scope or the significance of this myth: it is a symbol which assumes new meanings in a succession of cultural metamorphoses. In the Christian culture, the gruesome banquet becomes transformed into the Communion, and takes on a soteriological significance. The problem of sin, which is subtly different from the pagan notion of defilement but closely related to it, is resolved through paradox, as the communicants eat the flesh and drink the blood, not of their own children, but of the Host's offspring. By doing this, their own defilement is washed away and they are, like Thyestes and his sons, incorporated into one body.

The only moral of *Thyestes* is 'never hope for reconciliation with your enemy.' Thyestes is destroyed through his idealism, his nobility, which did not seek revenge. Revenge, Seneca's play asserts, is the law of nature, and in abjuring it Thyestes only brings a more frightful injury on himself. Yet revenge is also mysterious and problematic. The motives of Atreus are obscure, and the Latin language does not distinguish clearly between private revenge, divine vengeance, and public penalty: it uses the words *poena* or *ultio* to mean any of these things.

Its relationship to rape provides one insight into the gruesome banquet myth—and is what gives the Philomela myth its inner logic. Tereus' crime against Philomela is avenged in a fashion that makes him understand what she has suffered. Titus Andronicus seeks revenge through the gruesome banquet for the many crimes endured by his family—but in the Elizabethan play the Mediterranean myth subtly shifts. The cruel Tamora eats her own children, and thus receives them back into her own body. She re-assimilates them, and her horror is derived from a contemplation of the mysterious relation of parent to child, in which the exact boundaries of the individual are impossible to define.

At this point we encounter a gender transformation. In all the vernacular Elizabethan examples of this myth, the banqueter is female, and she is compelled to eat a male victim. In all the classical examples, the banqueter is male, and so also are the victims; women may serve up the gruesome banquet, but they never partake of it until the Renaissance. Another change in the myth is that in later versions it is no longer the child, but the lover of the woman who is now eaten. In *The Bloody Banquet* Tymethes, by being betrothed to Amphridote, the stepdaughter of the Queen, could be regarded as the Queen's son as well as her lover. Such in-law relationships were taken very seriously in the Renaissance and figured

in the tables of matrimonial exclusion. In other words, the sexual relationship between Tymethes and the Queen would have been regarded as incestuous, as well as adulterous. *The Bloody Banquet* thus anticipates Freud's linking of cannibalism to incest.

Classical and Renaissance features of the myth are combined in a neo-Latin play of 1592, William Alabaster's *Roxana*. In this play, which was closely based on an Italian source (Grotto's *La Dalida*), a cannibalistic banquet is served to Oromasdes, king of Bactria, by his wife Atossa. When he has eaten it, she reveals that it contained the flesh of his mistress, Roxana, and Roxana's two children by him. This combines both the child-eating and the lover-eating versions, as in a sense does *The Bloody Banquet*. Furthermore, Roxana earlier has been compelled to carry out the murder of her own children, somewhat like Tamora who eats her own sons in *Titus*, or again like the Queen who actually murders Tymethes. It is as if Renaissance versions could not resist centring on a female figure. It is not impossible that Dekker or Middleton knew *Roxana*, which was performed at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1592; they may have encountered a manuscript, and in *The Bloody Banquet* we find the unusual name Roxano for a character who does not in any way derive from Warner. In the play's cast list his name is oddly misspelled in a feminine form, 'Roxona', which may only be a misprint, but in a later play of Middleton's (*Hengist, King of Kent*) the name Roxana is used for a woman. There are also plot resemblances: for instance, in *Roxana* the heroine takes refuge in the forest when Bactria is invaded and conquered by Oromasdes, while in *The Bloody Banquet* the Old Queen does the same at the invasion of Armatrites. Whether or not Dekker and Middleton knew Alabaster's play, their play and his share typical Renaissance features of the myth.

Those features are also present in Dekker and Middleton's undoubtedly source, the story of Thetis in Warner's *Pan his Syrinx*. Warner's narrative was in itself a conflation of elements of the classical gruesome banquet with another story, the legend of Fair Rosamund which (as Wallace Bacon points out) goes back at least as far as Caxton's *Golden Legend*; analogues are found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Heptameron* of Marguerite of Navarre (story 32), *Painter's Palace of Pleasure* (I, 57), and Whetstone's *Aurelia*. Another example appears in Machiavelli's *Florentine History*, Middleton's source for *The Witch* (a play with some interesting links to *The Bloody Banquet*, noted in the commentary). In the story of Rosamund and its analogues, an unfaithful wife is compelled to drink from the skull of her lover (or, in some versions, her father). Warner increased the gruesome banquet element by having her also forced to consume his flesh. However, the young Queen is never in any doubt about what she is eating and drinking, and so the deception element of the myth disappears. This change may relate to the difference between classical concepts of defilement and Christian concepts of guilt, knowledge being crucial for the latter. Her knowledge of what she eats makes the

young Queen, in the final scene, an almost iconographic figure of what Julia Kristeva calls abjection, and what Gary Taylor (2002) calls ‘the edible complex.’

While *The Bloody Banquet* is not slavishly Senecan, the dramatists did attempt to make it, in some respects, more Senecan than Warner’s version. In the last scene, Dekker added some details which restore the deception element in another form: while it is the young Queen who is compelled to consume the remains of Tymethes, his father the Old King of Lydia enters as a guest and, upon hearing the story related, he realizes that the remains are those of his own son. The pieces of the myth are all there, but they are fragmented (like Tymethes himself, it is tempting to say). The play’s ending turns a little too quickly from the horror to attempt what is almost a happy ending. It is not a tragicomedy, for too many deaths and disasters have taken place, but such problems of genre are quite typical of Dekker (who seems to have written the ending). It is also possible that this abruptness results from a Caroline abridgement, since—as Schoenbaum suggested—the play was apparently adapted and shortened at some point between its first performances and its publication in 1639.

Dekker and Middleton moved away from the Senecan model in an explicitly Christian direction, emphasizing redemption in the Lapyrus plot and suggesting the hand of Providence at work in the downfall of Armatrites’ dynasty. This typical humanist eclecticism, mixing classical and Christian motifs, is one of the things that makes Renaissance drama stimulating, and without it the dramatists could not have created such a powerful scene as 4.3 with its blend of transmuted myth, theological mystery, and sheer theatrical shock. It surely deserves to be acted.

Moreover, the play has its own hidden coherence in a pattern of ideas concerning food, sex, vice, virtue, and the role of the female. There was a strongly held belief, stated by both Aristotle and Hippocrates, that sexual intercourse vitiated the male and nourished the female, because semen passed from the male to the female, resulting in loss and weakness to the man. This belief survived into the Victorian word for ejaculation (‘spend’) and also into the French term for the same thing (*la perte*, which has the further meanings of loss, ruin, and destruction). Since semen was believed to be made out of blood, lovemaking that was too frequent or too passionate led to the female effectively devouring the man: it would become a bloody banquet. At the same time it was believed that a woman’s blood was turned into breast milk, and so a woman nourished her children with her own life-force. Middleton surely drew on this belief in the stanza from *The Ghost of Lucrece* that concludes ‘Here’s blood for milk . . .’ (136–42). In *The Bloody Banquet*, the Old Queen is presented with two young children at the breast, but starving so that she cannot feed them. The young Queen feasts on men, while her virtuous antithesis feeds and nurtures them.

When Lapyrus has turned traitor by being tempted through a woman, Eurynome, he can redeem himself by renouncing the woman (she is never heard of again) and serving the good Old Queen: his expiation involves

starving himself while he searches for food for her and her offspring. That good Queen renounces her roles as both wife and mother during the period of expiation, reducing herself to a mere wet-nurse (that is, a nourisher), of her one remaining child. In this way, strength is restored to the good king and queen, so that they eventually regain their throne with a surviving heir. Abstinence helps to restore potency.

When the Tyrant greets his young Queen, he says ‘This night we’ll banquet in these blissful arms’, but the ironic implication is that his voracious desire will result in her consuming him, not the other way around. Uxoriousness is the first step in his destruction, his loss of potency. Tymethes is a wastrel who ends up being literally consumed by a woman. The play abounds in lines connected with this theme, linking its plot and imagery into one compelling whole. Even when Amphridote turns from virtue to despair, the means she uses is poison: when the good woman becomes bad, she ceases to be a nourisher and becomes a poisoner. Poison is the perversion of her gender role. Mazerer attempts to poison Tymethes, but fails miserably. This network of ideas provides one more link back to Seneca, for while in the classical gruesome banquet the parent devours the child, in the Lapyrus plot (which seems to have been written by Dekker) the wholesome antithesis, a mother feeding her children from her own body, is given centrality.

Middleton specialized in the depiction of wicked women, and even in a play where most of the men—the Tyrant, Tymethes, Mazerer, Roxano—are base and unscrupulous, the wickedness of the young Queen stands out. It has more dramatic impact, perhaps because it is more culturally transgressive. It is not unprepared. Act 4 scene 3—in which the young Queen makes Tymethes kneel in prayer by the side of her bed, then shoots him dead with two pistols—is the dramatic climax of the play. She has warned him of death often before, but somehow we do not quite expect this. We assume, if anything, that the furious husband or the obliging pander would carry out the execution, not the Queen herself. In Warner, the husband simply finds the guilty pair (‘the naughty packs’) in bed together, and beheads the lover on the spot. Middleton knew that was too hackneyed to have the kind of impact he desired. Everything in this scene wanders far from the source, introducing mythological elements and theological mysteries far beyond the scope of Warner.

Tymethes’ mad determination to unmask his mysterious lover in her rich palace recalls the Cupid and Psyche legend: but the genders are reversed. Here it is the man whose curiosity proves his downfall, and the woman who sorrowfully withdraws her love from him. Psyche of course was not killed, but given a chance to expiate her sin. The young Queen instructs Tymethes to kneel and repent of his sins, which he imagines to be his only penalty until she pulls the trigger. In her soliloquy over his body she points out that she has treated him generously by letting him pray for mercy first so that he will go to heaven. It reminds us of Hamlet’s inability to kill

Claudius while he was at prayer, and raises the question, so fascinating to Calvinists such as Middleton and Dekker and most of their audience: how could you ever be sure who was saved and who was damned?

Middleton also introduced the succeeding incident, with its black humour, when the young Queen tries to explain Tymethes' dead body to her intruding husband by claiming that he was a total stranger who had been trying to rape her. He exclaims: 'O let me embrace thee for a brave, unmatched, Precious, unvalued, admirable whore!' The business of the false rape-charge is an ancient and oppressive myth. It goes back in classical culture at least as far as the story of Phaedra and Hippolytus, and in the Jewish-Christian tradition to that of Joseph and Potiphar's wife in Genesis 39 (stories whose similarities were noted by scholars of the Renaissance). The myth also persists in twentieth-century works (e.g. Forster's *A Passage to India*). Middleton probably had both the biblical and the classical stories in mind, particularly the latter since Seneca wrote a tragedy on the subject of Phaedra. We know that Middleton was acquainted with it because he quotes from it in Latin in *The Revenger's Tragedy*: *Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*. In *The Bloody Banquet*, the young Queen appears to be the second wife of the Tyrant, as Phaedra was of King Theseus; Hippolytus was thus Phaedra's stepson, while Tymethes is betrothed to the young Queen's stepdaughter. Phaedra indirectly causes Hippolytus' death, for in desperately fleeing her slanders his chariot overturns and he is killed. Phaedra commits suicide over his fragmented remains: 'Hippolytus! Is this how I must find you? | Is this what I have made of you? What creature— | Some Sinis, some Procrustes?—Cretan bull | Bellowing in a Daedalian labyrinth, | Horned hybrid—can have torn you into pieces?'

But the differences are very revealing. Tymethes is far from an innocent young man: he has accepted the queen's advances readily, along with a large cash payment, then boasted of his adventure to Zenarchus and given his virgin love a jewel actually filched from the sleeping Queen. Moreover, the young Queen does not lie from simple motives of malice, as Phaedra and the nameless wife of Potiphar do. She does so out of self-preservation, fearing a husband who has locked her up like an animal and can now kill her on the spot for her adultery. The Middleton story does not, as its antecedents did, confine moral blame only to the woman, and it offers more insight into the pressures and constraints which can lead men or women to resort to duplicity.

It is no accident that the jealous husband is referred to throughout the play as 'the tyrant', even by his own servants. He is a domestic as well as a public tyrant in every sense. He usurps Lydia, incarcerates his wife (Roxano is bluntly described as her 'keeper') and predictably opposes his daughter's choice of husband. In *Thyestes* it is Atreus who is the usurper, but Armatrites is a Machiavellian tyrant, rather than a Senecan one, because he brings specious justifications and pragmatic evaluations of everything that he does. Armatrites has

invented his betrayal by the young Queen through his own previous treachery to the King of Lydia, without which Tymethes would never have had opportunity to get into this particular entanglement. The web of treachery, of cause and effect, is carefully woven.

The final scene of *The Bloody Banquet* presents a spectacle of tyranny overthrown, but it is also much more than that. The guilty young Queen is now presented as an object for compassion as she endures her public humiliation. In her, disparate strands of the myth are woven together: she is eating her lover but again in another sense eating her own child, and she is also a penitent eating in humility the child of her host, the Old King. Perhaps we are meant to believe that through it she achieves redemption before her death. At any rate, none of the horror is merely sensational and this scene is a complex achievement. The soldiers' cry of 'Speranza!' alludes back to the opening of the play, while the discharge of pistols which kills the Tyrant echoes the earlier one in the climactic central scene when Tymethes was dispatched by the young Queen.

This ending is more politically forthright than later plays in the Dekker canon: in *The Noble Spanish Soldier* the wicked King of France takes poison by accident rather than being killed by the conspirators. Middleton, on the other hand, had few inhibitions about dramatizing tyrannicide. His canon supplies a large proportion of the Jacobean genre that Albert Tricomi calls 'anti-court drama'. Chronologically, the tyrannicide in *The Bloody Banquet* apparently belongs to the period between those in *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1606) and *The Lady's Tragedy* (1611). Taylor (2002), on the basis of topical allusions and stylistic tests, places it c.1609.

In *The Lady's Tragedy* once more we have a female protagonist who lacks a baptismal name married to an usurper who is known generically as 'Tyrant'. That Tyrant's death in the final scene—fondling her corpse, poisoned by kissing the pigment he has commanded to be painted on her lips and cheeks—is a stroke of necrophiliac horror closely comparable to that in the final scene of *The Bloody Banquet*. Both can be compared to Vindice's fondling of the skull of his beloved, at the beginning of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, and his later use of that skull, appropriately painted with poison, to kill the lecherous and tyrannical Duke. Such comparisons do not prove that one man wrote all three plays; the proof of Middleton's authorship of all three comes from many kinds of interlocking stylistic evidence. In the case of *The Bloody Banquet*, Middleton's authorship of the Young Queen plot was first suggested by E. H. C. Oliphant in 1925, and confirmed by Gary Taylor in 2000; we provide further evidence in this edition. But the narrative, thematic, and emotional links between *The Revenger's Tragedy*, the Young Queen plot in *The Bloody Banquet*, and *The Lady's Tragedy* create an intelligible pattern of tragedies with a family resemblance, written between 1606 and 1611.

Like *The Bloody Banquet*, *The Lady's Tragedy* opens with the entrance of the new usurper of the kingdom. In the

THE BLOODY BANQVET, A TRAGEDIE.

later play, Sophonirus tells the Tyrant that cuckoldry is good for one's health. He speaks from experience, declaring 'I draw my life out by the bargain | Some twelve years longer than the times appointed, | When my young prodigal gallant kick up's heels | At one-and-thirty, and lies dead and rotten | Some five-and-forty years before I'm confined' (I.I.44-8). Here are the fundamental assumptions that underlie *The Bloody Banquet*: sexual activity vitiates the system, whereas male chastity conserves the body's strength. The penalty for sexual abandonment is, literally, death.

Both *The Bloody Banquet* and *The Lady's Tragedy* are plays of horror, a genre not nowadays rated very highly on the scale of aesthetic achievement. But their transgression of certain boundaries of 'good taste'—an ironic phrase, in this context—is surely as deliberate as that of, say, Oscar Wilde's *Salome*. The composition of more than one work in a similar vein probably indicates that the first

was a success on stage. Nobody repeats a failure. The first anthology of memorable passages from English Renaissance drama—John Cotgrave's *English Treasury* (1655)—quotes *The Bloody Banquet* fifteen times: more than any other Middleton play but *The Revenger's Tragedy*, more than any Shakespeare play but *Hamlet*. Nobody quotes a failure. In its own time, *The Bloody Banquet* seems to have been a theatrical and literary success. Only good modern productions of high standard might help us understand why.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1020
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 364
Other Middleton-Dekker works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Magnificent*, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Roaring Girl*, 721; *Gypsy*, 1723

THOMAS MIDDLETON and THOMAS DEKKER

The Bloody Banquet: A Tragedy

[adapted for Beeston's Boys at The Phoenix]

Hector adest secumque Deos in proelia ducit

Nos haec novimus esse nihil

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The KING of Lydia
TYMETHES, his son
LAPYRUS, his nephew

The King of Lycia
Zantippus, his son
Eurimone, his daughter

Armatrites, King of Cilicia [and TYRANT of Lydia]
ZENARCHUS, his son
AMPHRIDOTE, his daughter
His young QUEEN [Thetis]
Her maid, [a LADY in waiting]
MAZERES, his favourite
ROXANO, the Young Queen's keeper

FIDELIO }
AMORPHO } two faithful servants to the Lydian King

SERTORIO }
LODOVICO } two unfaithful servants of his

The OLD QUEEN of Lydia
Her two little children

CHORUS
The CLOWN
TWO SHEPHERDS
FOUR SERVANTS
Soldiers

Motto *Hector... ducit* 'Then Hector appeared, bringing his gods to do battle with him' [i.e. on his behalf] (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* XIII, 82).

morphoses XIII, 82). Ajax is recalling the Trojan war during his contention with Ulysses for the armour of Achilles.

Nos... nihil 'We know these things to be nothing' (Martial, *Epigrams*, XIII, 2). An authorial expression of modesty.

KING Will nothing satisfy but all?
 TYRANT Without all, nothing.
 30 The kingdom, and not under, suits our blood.
 Flies are not eagles' preys, nor thanks our food.
 And for Cilicia, our other sphere—
 Our son Zenarchus, let thy beams move there.
 ZENARCHUS
 Rather, my lord, let me move pity here
 35 Unto that reverend fate-afflicted king—
 For whom, with his disconsolate son (my friend
 And plighted brother) I here kneel as suitor.
 [*Zenarchus and Tymethes kneel*]
 O my most noble father, still retain
 The seal of honour and religion.
 40 A kingdom rightfully possessed by course
 Contains more joy than is usurped by force.
 TYRANT [*aside*] The boy hath almost changed us.
 MAZERES [*aside*]
 He cools.—My lord, remember: you are possessed.
 TYRANT What, with the devil?
 MAZERES
 45 The devil! The dukedom, the kingdom, Lydia.
 All pant under your sceptre; the sway's yours.
 Be not bought out with words. A kingdom's dear.
 Kiss fortune, keep your mind, and keep your state.
 You're laughed at if you prove compassionate.
 TYRANT
 50 Thanks to Mazerés; he hath refreshed our spirits.—
 Zenarchus, 'tis thy death if thou proceed.
 Thy words we threat; rise silent, or else bleed.
 [*Zenarchus and Tymethes rise*]
 KING
 Who can expect but blood where tyrants govern?
 TYRANT
 55 We are not yet so cruel to thy fortune
 As was Lapyrus, thy own nephew, treacherous—
 That stole upon thy life, besieged thee basely,
 And had betrayed thee to thine enemies' anger
 Had we not beat his strength to his own throat
 And made him shrink before us. All can tell
 60 In him 'twas monstrous; 'tis in us but . . . well,
 A trick of war, advantage, policy—
 Nay, rather recompense.
 There's more deceit in peace: 'tis common there
 T'unfold young heirs; the old may well stand bare.
 65 You have your life, be thankful—and 'tis more
 Than your perfidious nephew would consent to,
 Had he surprised you first. Your fate is cast.

The sooner you be gone, 'twill prove the safer.
 KING
 On thee, Lapyrus, and thy treacheries, fall
 The heavy burden of an old man's curse. 70
 FIDELIO
 Your Queen with her two infants fled the city,
 Affrighted at this treason and new wars.
 KING
 News of more sadness than the kingdom's loss!
 She fled upon her hour, for had she stayed
 She'd either died, been banished or betrayed.— 75
 I have some servants here.
 AMORPHO All these, my lord.
 KING All these? Not all. You did forget:
 I am not worth the flattering. I am done,
 Old and at set; honour the rising sun.
 80 If any for love serve me, which is he?
 Now let him shame the world and follow me.
 FIDELIO
 That's I, my lord.
 AMORPHO And I.
 KING What, two of you?—
 Let it be enrolled
 Two follow a king when he is poor and old. 85
Exit cum suis
 SERTORIO Farewell, king.
 I'll play the flounder: keep me to my tide.
 LODOVICO
 And so will I: this is the flowing side.
 MAZERES [*to Tyrant*]
 Those men are yours, my lord.
 TYRANT We'll grace them chiefly.—
 Wait for employment, place and eminence;
 90 The like to each that to our bounty flies,
 For he that falls to us shall surely rise.—
 [*Menarchus and the Tyrant speak apart*]
 His son Tymethes little frights our thoughts:
 He's young, and given to pleasure, not to plots.
 MAZERES
 Your grace defines him right. He may remain;
 95 The Prince, your son, binds him in a love-chain.
 There's little fear of him.
 TYRANT Their loves are dear.
 Base boy, he leaves his father to live here.
 MAZERES
 His presence sets a gloss on your attempts;
 They have their lustre from him.
 TYRANT He's their countenance. 100

30 **not under** nothing less
 32 **sphere** orbit of one of the planets (in the Ptolemaic astronomical system)
 36 **my friend** The friendship of Xenarchus and Tymetes in the source (Warner, 117) does not go as far as this. The play's version resembles the friendship of David and Jonathan in 1 Samuel 20.
 40 **course** lineal succession

43 **possessed** (a) in possession (of Lydia); (b) inhabited (by an evil spirit)
 53 **but** anything but
tyrants i.e. usurpers
 64 **T'unfold** to disclose or lay open to the view; to unwrap, hence to strip of their assets, to fleece.
stand bare (a) remove their hats, as a sign of deference; (b) are completely

bereft of possessions
 84 **enrolled** recorded in a roll, like an official document
 85 **Two . . . old** Compare *King Lear* (1605).
 85.1 **cum suis** with his followers (Latin)
 87 **play the flounder** swim with the tide, not against it; i.e., support the winner.
 99 **sets . . . attempts** gives the takeover an air of legitimacy

Which better suit with my calamity.
 5 What fate pursues the good old King my husband,
 I cannot learn, which is my worst affliction.
 O treacherous Lapyrus! Impious nephew!
 All horrors of a guilty breast keep with thee!—
 10 Either, poor babes, you must pine here for food,
 Or have the wars drink your immaculate blood.
Cry within, 'Follow! Follow!'
 O fly, lest life and honour be betrayed. *Exit*

1.3 *Enter Lapyrus disguised [with a false beard, etc.]*
 LAPYRUS
 Villain and fugitive, where wilt thou hide
 Th'abhorred burden of thy wretched flesh?
 In what disguise canst thou be safe and free,
 Having betrayed thy country? Base Lapyrus!
 [He prepares to kill himself]
 5 Earth, stretch thy throat: take down this bitter pill,
 Loathing the hateful taste of his own ill.
*Enter the [old] Queen and two soldiers [now
 thieves] pursuing her*

OLD QUEEN
 O help! Good heaven, save a poor wretch from
 slaughter!

FIRST THIEF [to Second Thief]
 Stop her mouth first. Soldiers must have their sport.
 'Tis dearly earned; they venture their blood for't.

LAPYRUS [aside]
 10 A mother so enforced by pitiless slaves?
 Let me redeem my honour in her rescue,
 And in this deed my former baseness die.

SECOND THIEF [to Old Queen] Come, come.

OLD QUEEN
 If ever woman bore you—

LAPYRUS [coming forward] Whoe'er bore them,
 15 Monsters begot them. Merciless damned villains!

BOTH [THIEVES]
 Hold, hold, sir; we are soldiers, but do not love to
 fight. *Exeunt [soldiers]*

OLD QUEEN [to Lapyrus]
 Let me dissuade you from all hope of recompense
 Save thanks and prayers, which are the beggar's gifts.

LAPYRUS
 20 You cannot give me that I have more need of
 Than prayers, for my soul hath a poor stock.
 There's a fair house within, but 'tis ill furnished:
 There wants true tears for hangings, penitent falls—
 For without prayers, soldiers are but bare walls.
 Whence are you? that with such a careful charge
 Dare pass this dangerous forest?

25 OLD QUEEN Generous sir,

I was of Lydia once, as happy then
 As now unfortunate, till one Lapyrus,
 That traitorous villain, nephew to the King,
 Sought the confusion of his state and him,
 30 And with a secret army girt his land
 When peace was plighted by his enemy's hand,
 Little expecting such unnatural treason
 From forth a kinsman's bosom; all admired
 But I his miserable queen.
 LAPYRUS [aside]
 O sink into perdition! Let me hear no further. 35

OLD QUEEN
 I'll tell you all—for your so late attempt
 Confirms you honest, and my thoughts so keep you.
 I, frighted at new wars and his false breath,
 Chose rather with these babes this lingering death.

LAPYRUS [aside]
 40 O, in her words I endure a thousand deaths!

OLD QUEEN
 The truth of this sad story hath been yours;
 Now, courteous sir, may I request your name?
 That in my prayers I may place the same.

LAPYRUS [aside]
 I'll put my death into her woeful hands.

OLD QUEEN
 45 I hear you not, sir. I desire your name.

LAPYRUS
 To add some small content to your distress,
 Know that Lapyrus, whom your miseries
 May rightly curse and be revenged justly,
 Lurks in this forest equally distressed.

OLD QUEEN
 50 Lurks in this forest that abhorred villain?

LAPYRUS
 These eyes did see him—and faith, lady, say
 If you should meet that worst of villains here,
 That treacher, monster, what would you attempt?

OLD QUEEN
 55 His speedy death. I should forget all mercy,
 Had I but means fully to express my vengeance.

LAPYRUS
 You would not, Queen.

OLD QUEEN No? By these infants' tears
 That weep for hunger, I would throughly do't.

LAPYRUS
 See, yonder he comes.

OLD QUEEN O where?

LAPYRUS Here, take my sword.
 Are you yet constant? Shame your sex, and be so.
 Will you do't?

OLD QUEEN I see him not. 60

5 What whatever
 10 Or...blood (anticipating the cannibalism of the final scene, but also suggesting its transmutation in the Christian communion)
 1.3 Dekker.
 9 blood (playing on the sense 'semen', and recalling I.I.I.10-30)
 22 penitent falls (Falling tears are likened to curtains or tapestries because both drop.)
 24 careful charge burden requiring care, i.e. her children
 33 admired were astonished.

	LAPYRUS		<i>Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus</i>	I.4
	Strike him through his guilt and treachery And let him see the horrors of his perjured soul. Are you ready?		ZENARCHUS Come, come, drive away these fits. Faith, I'll have thee merry.	
	OLD QUEEN Pray let me see him first. [Lapyrus] pulls off his false beard and kneels		TYMETHES As your son and heir at his father's funeral.	
	LAPYRUS You see him now—now do't!		ZENARCHUS Thou seest my sister constantly affects thee.	
65	OLD QUEEN Lapyrus! O fortunate revenge! Now all thy villainies Shall be at once requited: thy country's ruin, The King thy uncle's sorrow, my own miseries, Shall at this minute all one vengeance meet.— Alas, he doth submit, prays, and relents.		TYMETHES There were no mirth nor music else for me.	
70	Who could wish more? None made from woman can. Small glory 'twere to kill a kneeling man. When he in penitent sighs his soul commends Thou send'st him to the gods, thyself to th' fiends.— But hearken to thy piteous infants' cries,		ZENARCHUS Sir, in this castle the old King my father, O'erworn with jealousy, keeps his beautiful wife; I think thou never saw'st her.	5
75	And they're for vengeance. Peace then: now he dies. —Ungrateful woman, he delivered thee From ravishment; canst thou his murd'ress be? What's riches to thy honour? That rare treasure Which worlds redeem not, yet 'tis lost at pleasure.		TYMETHES Why then, thy judgement's fresh. I'll visit her O' purpose for thy censure.	
80	Kill him that preserved that? and in thy rescue His noble rage so manfully behaved?— Rise, rise! He that repents is ever saved.		ZENARCHUS Why then, thy judgement's fresh. I'll visit her O' purpose for thy censure.	
	LAPYRUS [rising] Will misery yet a longer life afford, To see a queen so poor, not worth her word?		TYMETHES I speak my affection.	
85	OLD QUEEN I am better than my word; my word was death.		ZENARCHUS Nay on my knowledge she's worth jealousy, <i>Enter Roxano</i> Though jealousy be far unworth a king.	10
	LAPYRUS Man's ne'er past grief, till he be past his breath.		ROXANO My loved lord?	
	OLD QUEEN I pardon all, Lapyrus.		ZENARCHUS How cheers the Queen? <i>They whisper</i>	
	LAPYRUS Do not do't.		TYMETHES [aside] Have I not seen this fellow before now? He has an excellent presence for a pander; I know not his office.	
90	OLD QUEEN And only to one penance I enjoin thee For all thy faults past: while we here remain Within this forest, this thy task shall be— To procure succour to my babes and me.		ZENARCHUS [to Roxano] Use those words to her.	15
	LAPYRUS And if I fail, may the earth swallow me.		ROXANO They shall be used, my lord—and any thing That comes to using, let it come to me.	<i>Exit</i>
	OLD QUEEN Thou'rt now grown good. Here could I ever dwell, Were the old King, my husband, safe and well.		TYMETHES What's he, Zenarchus?	
	<i>Exeunt</i>		ZENARCHUS Who, Roxano? A fellow in great trust, Elected by my father's jealousy.	20
71	Small...man She holds him at sword-point but is unable to kill him. For a woman with a weapon confronting a vulnerable man, compare 4.3.96.1, <i>Richard III</i> 1.2, and <i>Roaring Girl</i> sc. 5.	78 honour sexual integrity	TYMETHES Right oracle! What gain hath jealousy? Fruitless suspicion, sighs, ridiculous groans. Hunger and lust will break through flesh and stones, And like a whirlwind blows ope castle doors, Italian padlocks, []	25
72-3	When...fiends Compare <i>Hamlet</i> 3.3 (Hamlet sparing the kneeling Claudius).	1.4 Middleton		
		1 fits capricious impulses, moods		
		2 your one's (general, not specific)		
		3 affects loves		
		9 affection true feelings (i.e., I'll give you an honest opinion).		
		12 cheers fares		
		16-17 any thing...using (sexual innuendoes)		
		29 Italian padlocks chastity belts. (Italian men were allegedly more jealous than Englishmen.)		

ZENARCHUS
 30 What mad lords are your jealous people then,
 That lock their wives from all men but their men?
 Make 'em their keepers, to prevent some greater.
 So oft it happens to the poor's relief:
 Keepers eat venison, when their lords eat beef.
Enter young Queen with a book in her hand
 35 See, see, she comes.
 TYMETHES [aside]
 Honour of beauty! There man's wishes rise.
 Grace and perfection lighten from her eyes;
 Amazement is shot through me.
 ZENARCHUS 'Tis Tymethes, lady,
 Son to the banished King.
 40 QUEEN Is this he?
 ZENARCHUS It is, sweet lady.
 QUEEN [aside]
 I never knew the force of a desire
 Until this minute struck within my blood.
 I fear one look was destined to undo me.
 ZENARCHUS
 Why, Tymethes! Friend?
 TYMETHES Ha?
 45 ZENARCHUS A courtier,
 And forget your first weapon? Go and salute
 Our lady mother.
 QUEEN [aside] He makes towards us.—
 You're Prince Tymethes? So I understand.
 TYMETHES
 The same unfortunate, most gracious lady,
 50 Supremest of your sex in all perfections.
 QUEEN
 Sir, you're forgetful. This is no place for courtship,
 Nor we a subject for't. Return to your friend.
 TYMETHES [aside] All hopes killed in their blossom.
 QUEEN [aside]
 Too cruelly, in faith, I put him by.—
 55 Wine for our son Zenarchus! 'Twas done kindly.
Enter Roxano with wine
 You, son, and our best visitant—
 ZENARCHUS Duty binds me.
 QUEEN
 Begin to me, Zenarchus; I'll have't so.
 [Zenarchus pledges her, then gives her the cup]
 TYMETHES [aside]
 Why then there's hope she'll take occasion

To drink to me; she hath no means t'avoid it.
 QUEEN [aside]
 I'll prevent all loose thoughts, drink to myself. 60
Drinks and gives Roxano the cup
 My mind walks yonder, but suspèct walks here.
 TYMETHES [aside]
 The devil's on that side and engrosses all,
 Smiles, favours, common courtesies—none can fall
 But he has a snatch at 'em. Not drink to me?
 QUEEN [to Roxano]
 Make you yon stranger drink.
Roxano offers it him
 TYMETHES [refusing the cup] Pox on't, not I. 65
 QUEEN [aside]
 I speak strange words against my fantasy.
 ZENARCHUS
 Prithee, Tymethes, drink!
 TYMETHES I am not dry.
 ZENARCHUS
 I think so too; dry, and so young? 'Twere strange.
 Come prithee, drink to the Queen, my mother.
 TYMETHES
 You shall rule me.—Unto that beauteous majesty! 70
 [He pledges the Queen, then gives her the cup]
 QUEEN Thanks, noble sir.
 [Aside] I must be wary; my mind's dangerous.—
 I'll pledge you anon, sir.
Gives Roxano the cup. [Exit Roxano]
 TYMETHES [aside]
 Heart! How contempt ill fortune does pursue!
 Not drink, nor pledge: what was she born to do? 75
 I'll stay no longer, lest I get that flame
 Which nothing but cold death can quench or tame.—
 Zenarchus, come. *Exit*
 ZENARCHUS I go.—
 Music of mind to the Queen.
 QUEEN To you no less. 80
 ZENARCHUS
 And all that you can wish, or I express. *Exit*
 QUEEN Thanks to our son!—
 Th'other took leave in silence, but left me
 To speak enough both for myself and he.
 Tymethes? That's his name. Poor heart, take heed: 85
 Look well into th'event ere thou proceed.
 Love, yet be wise; impossible, none can.
 If e'er the wise man claim one foolish hour,

31 **their men** their servants

34.1 **book** (probably a prayer book or Bible: see 3.2)

46 **first weapon** i.e. tongue (but suggesting 'penis')

55 **son** stepson

57 **Begin** (For the woman to pledge first would suggest excessive familiarity or forwardness.)

58-9 **Why... t'avoid it** Normally pledging goes in a round: A (Zenarchus) pledges B (Young Queen), who pledges C (Ty-

methes), who pledges A (Zenarchus).

60 **I'll... myself** She drinks the second toast without pledging to anyone, disappointing Tymethes' expectation. He was hoping for this as a sign of flirtation.

61 **My... here** (Her thoughts are on Tymethes, but she fears observation by Roxano and Zenarchus.)

62 **devil's** i.e. Roxano

65 **refusing the cup** (because she has not pledged him first in the correct sequence.

His show of pique is flirtatious in itself.)

66 **strange** unfriendly
fantasy inclination, desire

67 **dry** (a) thirsty; (b) deficient in semen

78 **Exit** Now that Tymethes has done the courteous thing and pledged the Queen, she postpones replying to him. He misinterprets this as a snub (because of his fallen social status), and retaliates by leaving without a word.

86 **th'event** consequence

- 'Tis when he loves; he's then in folly's power.
 I need not fear the servants that o'erwatch me;
 Their faiths lie in my coffers, in effect,
 More true to me than to my lord's suspèct.
 The fears and dangers that most threaten me
 Live in the party that I must enjoy,
 And that's Tymethes. Men are apt to boast.
 He may in full cups blaze and vaunt himself
 Unto some meaner mistress, make my shame
 The politic engine to beat down her name,
 And from thence force a way to the King's ears.
 Strange fate: where my love keeps, there keep my
 fears.
Enter Tyrant [apart]
 TYRANT [*aside*]
 Alone? Why, where's her guard? Suffer her alone?
 Her thoughts may work; their powers are not her
 own.
 Women have of themselves no entire sway;
 Like dial needles they wave every way,
 And must be thoroughly taught to be kept right
 And point to none but to their lord's delight.
 Time to convey and plot? Leave her alone!—
 Why, villains!
 [*Enter Roxano and guard*]
 [*To Queen*] Kiss me, my perfection.
 [*They kiss*]
 This night we'll banquet in these blissful arms.
 QUEEN
 Your nights are music, and your words are charms.
 TYRANT Kiss me again, fair Thetis.
 [*They kiss. He*] *walks off with her, and the guard*
follows
 ROXANO
 My lady is scarce perfect in her thoughts,
 Howe'er she framed a smile upon the tyrant.
 I have some skill in faces—and yet they never were
 more deceitful. A man can scarce know a bawd from
 a midwife by the face, an hypocritical puritan from
 a devout Christian, if you go by the face. Well, all's
 not straight in my lady. She hath certain crooked
 cogitations, if a man had the liberty to search 'em.
 If aught point at my advice or performance, she may
 fortunately disclose it: she knows my mettle, and what
 it yields to an ounce. She cannot be deceived in't:
 here's service, and secrecy, and no lady can wish more,
 beside a monkey. She is assured of our faculties; there's
 none of us all that stand her smock-sentinels but would
 venture a joint to do her any pleasurable service, and
 I think that's as much as any woman desires.—Mass,
 here she comes.
Enter [young] Queen sad
 'Tis some strange physis; I know by the working.
 QUEEN [*aside*]
 It cannot be kept down with any argument.
 'Tis of aspiring force; sparks fly not downward,
 No more this received fancy of Tymethes.
 I threaten it with my lord's jealousy,
 Yet still it rises against all objections.
 I see my dangers, in what fears I dwell;
 There's but a plank on which I run to hell,
 Yet were't thrice narrower I should venture on.
 None dares do more for sin than woman can.
 Misery of love—Roxano? I am observed.—
 What news, Roxano?
 ROXANO None that's good, madam.
 QUEEN No? Which is the bad?
 ROXANO
 The worst of all is, madam, you are sad.
 QUEEN Indeed I am not merry.
 ROXANO
 Would I knew the means would make you so!
 I would turn myself into any shape or office
 To be the author on't, sweet lady.
 QUEEN Troth,
 I have that hope of thee, I think thou wouldst.
 ROXANO
 Think it? 'Sfoot, you might swear safely in that action
 And never hurt your oath. I ne'er failed yet.
 QUEEN
 'Twere sin to injure thee; I know thou didst not.
 ROXANO
 Nay, I know I did not.
 QUEEN But, my trusty servant,
 This plot requires art, secrecy and wit,
 Yet out of all can hardly work one safety.
 ROXANO
 Not one? That's strange. I would 'twere put to me.
 I'll make it arrive safe whate'er it be.
 QUEEN
 Thou couldst not, my Roxano. Why, admit I love,
 Now I come to thee.
 ROXANO Admit you love?
 Why, all's safe enough yet.

95 **Men... boast** (Her scruples are pragmatic, not ethical.)
 97-8 **make... name** mention his success with me in order to impress some other woman and persuade her to yield to him
 101 **Alone?** (He not only incarcerates her, but demands that she be kept under constant observation.)

104 **dial** compass
 105 **thoroughly** thoroughly
 109 **banquet** feast (sexually)
 116 **puritan** non-conformist Protestant: see *Puritan Widow*
 121 **mettle** spirit (punning on 'metal')
 123 **service** (sexual pun)
 124 **monkey** expensive and fashionable pet

(notoriously lecherous)
 125 **stand** (punning on 'sexually erect')
smock-sentinels guardians of her chastity. (Smocks were worn as undergarments or nightwear.)
 126 **venture a joint** risk a limb (probably bawdy)

QUEEN Ay, but a stranger?

160 ROXANO Nay, now we are all spoiled, lady. I may look for my brains in my boots—now you have put home to me indeed, madam. A stranger? There's a hundred deaths i'th' very name, besides vantage.

QUEEN I said I should affright thee.

165 ROXANO Faith, no fool can fright me, madam, commonly called a stranger.

QUEEN Hast thou the will? Or dar'st thou do me good?

ROXANO Do thee good, sweet lady? As far as I am able, ne'er doubt it. Let me but cast about for safety, and I'll do anything, madam.

170 QUEEN Ay, ay, our safeties, which are mere impossibles. Love forgets all things but its proper objects.

ROXANO What is he? And his name?

QUEEN Tymethes, in a most unlucky minute

175 Led hither by our son-in-law Zenarchus.

ROXANO Hmm...is that the most fortunate, spider-catching, smock-wrapped gentleman?

QUEEN Yet if he know me—

ROXANO What then?

QUEEN I am undone.

ROXANO And is it possible a man should lie with a woman, and yet not know her? And yet 'tis possible too—

180 Thank my invention, follow that game still.

QUEEN He must not know me. Then I love no further, Although for not enjoying him I die. My lord's pale jealousy does so o'erlook me

185 That if Tymethes know what he enjoys It may make way unto my lord's mistrust; Then, since in my desire such horrors move, I'll die no other than the death of love.

She swoons, and Roxano holds her in his arms

ROXANO Lady! Madam, do you hear? Have you leisure to swoon now, when I have taken such pains i'th' business to take order for your safety, set all things right? Why, Madam!

190 QUEEN What says the man?

ROXANO Why, he says like a gentleman, every inch of him, and will perform the office of a gentleman: bring you together, put you together, and leave you together. What gentleman can do more?

QUEEN And all this safely?

ROXANO And all this safely. Ay, by this hand will I, or else would I might never do anything to purpose. If he have but the first part of a young gentleman in him, 'tis granted, madam. I have crotchets in my brain that you shall see him and enjoy him, and he not know where he is, nor who it is.

QUEEN How? Shall he not know me?

200 ROXANO Why 'tis the least part of my meaning he should, lady. Do you think you could possibly be safe, an he know you? Why, some of your young gallants are of that vainglorious and preposterous humour that if they lay with their own sisters you should hear 'em prate on't! This is too usual. There's no wonder in't. What I have said, I will swear to perform: you shall enjoy him ere night, and he not know you next morning.

QUEEN Thou art not only necessary but pleasing, There, catch our bounty.

[She gives him gold]

Manage all but right,

215 As now with gold, with honours we'll requite.

ROXANO I am your creature, lady. *[Exit Queen]*

Pretty gold,

And by this light methinks most easily earned. There's no faculty, say I, like a pander, and that makes so many nowadays die i'th' trade. I have your gold, lady,

220 And eke your service. I am one step higher; This office makes a gentleman a squire. *Exit*

[Finis Actus Primus]

●

[Incipit Actus Secundus]

2.1

[In the act-time, a tree with fruit set out, and the trapdoor is opened.] Enter Clown and two Shepherds [carrying boughs]

FIRST SHEPHERD Come, fellow Corydon, are the pits digged?

159 **stranger** i.e. not her husband, or Roxano; but also 'foreigner'

160 **now...spoiled** (She has dashed his hopes. His preceding speeches have suggested that he would like to sleep with her himself.)

163 **besides vantage** and a little more (perhaps suggesting 'not counting my commission')

175 **son-in-law** stepson

176-7 **spider-catching** (comparing women to spiders, because they 'ensnare' men: Tymethes ensnares women, who

normally ensnare men)

177 **smock-wrapped** (a) successful with women; (b) wrapped in a lady's smock like a spider's victim in a web

180 **not know her** (punning on the cognitive and sexual senses)

182 **Then** therefore

184 **o'erlook** supervise

188 **die** (punning on 'have an orgasm')

194 **inch** (alluding to penis measurements)

195 **perform...gentleman** (probably bawdy)

201 **first part** (a) prime personal quality or

attribute; (b) most important body part, i.e. penis

202 **crotchets** fanciful devices

205, 208 **know** (punning again)

207 **an** if

217 **your creature** (a) your servant; (b) only what you have made me

219 **faculty** branch of art or science

223 **squire** pimp

2.1 Middleton, probably with Dekker.

1 **Corydon** (conventional name for a shepherd in pastoral literature)

- CLOWN Ay, and as deep as an usurer's conscience, I warrant thee.
- 5 SECOND SHEPHERD Mass, and that's deep enough; 'twill devour a widow and three orphans at a breakfast. Soft, is this it?
- FIRST SHEPHERD Ay, ay, this is it.
- CLOWN Nay, for the deepness I'll be sworn. But come, my masters, and lay these boughs crossover, so, so, 10 artificially, and may all those whoreson muttonmongers the wolves hole here, which eat our sheep.
[*The lay boughs over the open pit*]
- SECOND SHEPHERD I wonder what wolves those are which eat our sheep, whether they be he-wolves or she-wolves?
- CLOWN 15 They should be he-wolves by their loving mutton, But by their greediness they should be she-wolves, For the belly of a she-wolf Is never satisfied till it be dammed up.
- FIRST SHEPHERD Why are the she-wolves worse than the he's?
- CLOWN 20 Why, is not the dam worse than the devil, pray?
- FIRST SHEPHERD You have answered me there indeed.
- CLOWN Why, man, if all the earth were parchment, the sea ink, every stick a pen, and every knave a scrivener, they were not all able to write down the knaveries of 25 she-wolves.
- SECOND SHEPHERD A murrain on them, he's or she's! They suck the blood of none but our lambs.
- CLOWN O always the weakest goes to the wall—as for example, knock down a sheep and he tumbles forwards, knock down a woman and she tumbles backwards. 30
- FIRST SHEPHERD Sirrah, I wonder how many sorts of wolves there be?
- CLOWN Marry, just as many sorts as there be knaves in the cards.
- 35 SECOND SHEPHERD Why, that's four.
- CLOWN First, there are your court-wolves, and those be foul eaters and clean drinkers.
- SECOND SHEPHERD And why 'clean drinkers'?
- CLOWN Why, because when they be drunk they commonly cast up all, and so make cleansing work on't. 40
- SECOND SHEPHERD So sir, those are clean drinkers, indeed.
- CLOWN The next are your country-wolves: nothing chokes them but plenty. They sing like sirens when corn goes out by shipfulls, and dance after no tune but after 'an angel a bushel'. 45
- FIRST SHEPHERD The halter take such corn-cutters!
- SECOND SHEPHERD [*to Clown*] Are there no city-wolves?
- CLOWN A rope on them! Yes, huge routs, you shall have Long Lane full of them. They'll feed upon any whore, carrion, thief, or anything. 50
- FIRST SHEPHERD Have they such maws?
- CLOWN Maws? Why, man, fiddlers have no better guts. I have known some of them eat up a lord at three bites.
- SECOND SHEPHERD Three bonds, you mean.
- CLOWN A knight is nobody with them; a young gentleman 55 is swallowed whole, like a gudgeon.
- FIRST SHEPHERD I wonder that gudgeon does not choke him.
- CLOWN A gudgeon choke him? If the throat of his conscience be sound, he'll gulp down anything. Five of 60 your silken gallants are swallowed easier than a damask prune—for our city-wolves do so roll my young prodigal first in wax (which is soft), till he look like a gilded pill, and then so finely wrap him up in satin (which is sleek), that he goes down without chewing, and thereupon 65 they are called slippery gallants.
- FIRST SHEPHERD I'll be no gentleman for that trick.
- CLOWN The last is your sea-wolf, a horrible ravener too: he has a belly as big as a ship, and devours as much silk at a gulp as would serve forty dozen tailors against 70 a Christmas Day or a running at tilt.
- FIRST SHEPHERD Well, well, now our trap is set what shall we do with the wolves we catch?
- CLOWN Why, those that are great ones and more than our matches we'll let go, and the lesser wolves we will 75 hang: shall it be so?
- BOTH SHEPHERDS Ay, ay, each man to his stand.
Exeunt [severally]

10 **artificially** with careful design

11 **hole here** fall in this hole

15 **mutton** (a) female sheep; (b) prostitutes

17 **belly** (a) stomach; (b) womb

18 **dammed up** stuffed full

20 **dam** mother

28 **weakest . . . wall** proverbial: the weakest go under.

30 **backwards** i.e. onto her back, ready to be sexually mounted

39–40 **drunk . . . all** (probably alluding to notorious incidents of drunken vomiting in the Jacobean court)

42–6 **nothing . . . corn-cutters** The farmers export grain, either to get higher prices

for it abroad, or to keep prices up at home by creating a shortage. (Such exports were forbidden by proclamation in June 1608.)

45 **angel** gold coin worth ten shillings

46 **corn-cutters** farmers (but punning on chiropodist, 'persons who cuts corns from the feet')

49 **Long Lane** street in the City of London (north of St Paul's, running from Smithfield to the Barbican) occupied by usurers, pawnbrokers and rogues

52 **guts** (a) stomachs, appetites; (b) animal guts used to make strings for musical instruments

53 **bites** (a) mouthfuls; (b) bits

62–3 **roll . . . wax** i.e. get him to sign legal documents or bonds, which are sealed with wax

64 **satin** (a) cloth used in expensive fashionable clothing; (b) satin ribbons with which deeds and other legal documents were tied up

68 **sea-wolf** pirate (subject of sensational news accounts in 1609, and an increasing problem for English shipping)

71 **Christmas . . . tilt** (occasions for which courtiers would order new clothes)

74–6 **great ones . . . hang** (proverbial)

2.2 Enter Lapyrus solus

LAPYRUS
Foul monster-monger, who must live by that
Which is thy own destruction: why should men
Be nature's bond-slaves? Every creature else
Comes freely to the table of the earth;
5 That which for man alone doth all things bear
Scarce gives him his true diet anywhere.
What spiteful winds breathe here, that not a tree
Spreads forth a friendly arm? Distressèd Queen,
And most accursèd babes! The earth that bears you
Like a proud mother scorns to give you food.
[He sees fruit on the tree]

10 Ha!
Thanks, fate! I now defy thee, starveling hunger.
Blessed tree, four lives grow in thy fruit. Run, taste it
then:
Wise men serve first themselves, then other men.
He falls in the pit

15 O me accursèd and most miserable!
Help, help! Some angel lay a list'ning ear
To draw my cry up!—None to lend help? O,
Then pine and die.
Enter Clown

CLOWN A wolf caught, a wolf caught!
LAPYRUS O help! I am no wolf, good friend.
20 CLOWN No? What art thou then?
LAPYRUS A miserable wretch.
CLOWN An usurer?
LAPYRUS No, no.
CLOWN A broker then?
LAPYRUS

25 Mock not a man in woe: in a green wound
Pour balsam, and not physis.
CLOWN 'Snails, he talks like a surgeon.—If you be one,
why do you not help yourself, sir?
LAPYRUS

I am no surgeon, friend; my name's Lapyrus.
30 CLOWN How? A wolf caught, ho!—Lap what Lap ho!
LAPYRUS
Lapyrus is my name; dost thou not know me?

CLOWN Yes, for a wolfish rascal that would have worried
his own country.
LAPYRUS
Torture me not, I prithee. I am that wretch;
A villain I was once, but I am now— 35
CLOWN The devil in the vault! You, sirrah, that betrayed
your country and the old King your uncle, there lie till
one wolf devour another, thou treacherous rascal.
[Cover the pit, and] exit

LAPYRUS
O me most miserable and wretched creature!
I now do find there's a revenging fate 40
That dooms bad men to be unfortunate.

Enter Zenarchus, Tymethes, Amphridote, and
Mazeres [following behind them] 2.3

TYMETHES
We are observed.
ZENARCHUS By whom?
TYMETHES Mazeres follows us.
AMPHRIDOTE
O, he's my protested servant, your sole rival.
TYMETHES The devil he is!
AMPHRIDOTE
You'll make a hot suitor of him anon.
TYMETHES
He may be hot in th'end; his good parts sue for't. 5
ZENARCHUS
He eyes us still.
TYMETHES He does. You shall depart, lady.
I'll take my leave o' purpose in his presence.
He's jealous, and a kiss runs through his heart:
I'll make a thrust at him upon your lip.
MAZERES [aside]
Death! Minute favours? Every step a kiss? 10
I think they count how the day goes by kissing;
'Tis past four since I met 'em.
TYMETHES
I've hit him in the gall; instead of blood,
He sheds distractions, which are worse than wounds.
ZENARCHUS But sirrah! 15

2.2 Dekker.

0.1 solus alone (Latin)

1-6 **Foul**... anywhere Lapyrus wonders why Nature has made it so difficult for human beings to find anything edible in the wilds where he is: humans can only find or grow food by hard labour, which is 'thy own destruction', i.e. he has almost exhausted himself in the search. Men are 'Nature's bond-slaves' because they are required to work, unlike other animals.

5 **That**... bear (According to Genesis, man had dominion over all living things.)

9 **bears** (a) carries; (b) gives birth to

10 **proud mother** (Upper-class mothers rarely breast-fed their babies, employing

wet-nurses instead.)

12 **Blessed tree** (alluding to the trees at opposite ends of Christian historical symbolism: the tree in Eden whose fruit Eve and Adam ate, and the 'tree'/cross on which Christ was crucified)
four lives himself, the Old Queen and her two children

13.1 **pit** (an image of hell, represented in the medieval and Renaissance plays by the space under the stage)

21 **miserable** (suggesting 'miser' to the Clown, hence 'usurer')

25 **green** fresh or recent

26 **balsam, and not physis** soothing medicine, not an unpleasant purgative

27 **'Snails** 'by God's nails', i.e. the nails used in the crucifixion (strong oath)

28 **help yourself** (recalling Biblical, 'Physician, heal thyself')

2.3 Middleton.

0.1 **Enter** (If the tree is still visible onstage, the courtiers are probably imagined strolling outdoors—where they can be accosted by a poor beggar.)

2 **protested servant** declared suitor

4 **hot** eager

5 **hot in th'end** end up in Hell
parts qualities (sarcastic)

13 **hit**... **gall** galled him

14 **distractions** mental disturbances (mad jealousy)

- MAZERES [*aside*]
 Stays he to prove my rival? Cursed be th'hour
 Wherein I advised the King for his stay here!
 I have set slaves t'entrap him, yet none prosper.
 I'll lay no more my faith upon their works.
 20 They're weak and loose and like a rotten wall;
 Leaning on them may hazard my own fall.
 I'll use a swifter course, cut off long journeys
 And tedious ways that run my hopes past breath:
 I'll take the plain roadway and hunt his death. *Exit*
- TYMETHES
 25 So, so, he departs with a knit brow! No matter.
 When his frown begets earthquakes, haply then
 'Twill shake me too. I shall stand firm till then.
Enter Roxano, disguised
- ROXANO [*aside*]
 Mass, here a walks. I am far enough from myself.
 I challenge all disguises except drinking
 30 To hide me better; I give way to that—
 for that indeed will thrust a white gentleman into a suit
 of mud. But whist, I begin to be noted.
- ZENARCHUS Ay, he changed upon't.
 TYMETHES I marked him.
- 35 ROXANO [*coming forward, hat in hand*] Good your honours,
 your most comfortable charitable relief and devotion to
 a poor star-crossed gentleman.
 TYMETHES Pox on thee!
 ROXANO I'm bare enough already, if it like your honour.
- 40 TYMETHES [*to Zenarchus and Amphridote*] He did?
 ROXANO [*aside*] 'Pox on thee'? Your young gallants love to
 give no alms, but that that will stick by a man; that's
 one virtue in 'em. He's not content to have my hat off,
 but he would have my hair off too. [*To Tymethes*] Thank
 45 your good lordship!
 TYMETHES [*to Amphridote*] No! Was that his action?
 AMPHRIDOTE It called him lord.
 ZENARCHUS Nay, he's a villain.
- ROXANO [*to them*] Good your honours! I have been a man
 50 in my time—
 TYMETHES Why, what art thou now?
 ROXANO —kept goodly beasts, had three wives, two men
 uprising, three maids down lying. O good your kind
 honours!
- 55 TYMETHES 'Sfoot, I am a beggar myself.
 ROXANO Perhaps your lordship gets by it. Good your sweet
 honour!
- TYMETHES [*to Zenarchus and Amphridote*]
 This fellow would be whipped.
 ROXANO Your Lordship has forgot since you were a beggar.
 TYMETHES
 I'll give thee somewhat for that jest in truth. 60
 [*He goes to Roxano. They talk apart*]
 ROXANO But now you are in private, shut your purse, and
 open your ear, sir.
 TYMETHES How?
 ZENARCHUS [*to Amphridote*]
 He's dealing his devotion; hinder him not.
 ROXANO I am not literally a beggar, as puritanical as I 65
 appear. The naked truth is you are happily desired—
 TYMETHES Ha?
 ROXANO —of the most sweet, delicate, divine, pleasing,
 ravishing creature—
 TYMETHES Peace, peace, prithee peace! 70
 ROXANO —that ever made man's wishes perfect.
 TYMETHES
 Nay, say not so. I saw one creature lately
 Exceeds all human form for true perfection:
 This may be beauteous—
 ROXANO This for white and red, sir!
 Her honour and my oath sue for that pardon: 75
 You must not know her name, nor see her face.
 TYMETHES How?
 ROXANO
 She rather chooseth death in her neglect
 Than so to hazard life or lose respect.
 TYMETHES
 How shall I come at her?
 ROXANO Let your will 80
 Subscribe to the sure means already wrought,
 She shall be safely pleased, you safely brought.
 TYMETHES
 Ha! And is this sheer faith, without any trick in't?
 ROXANO
 Let me perish in this office else; and I need wish
 No more damnation than to die a pander. 85
 TYMETHES Thou speakest well. When meet we?
 ROXANO
 Five is the fixèd hour, upon tomorrow's evening.
 TYMETHES
 So, the place?
 ROXANO Near to the further lodge.

26 **When... earthquakes** (an impossible condition: 'when pigs fly')
 28 **a he** (Tymethes)
 31-2 **thrust... mud** make a pale well-dressed person of birth and means fall over in the filthy streets. Alcohol will also 'muddy' (i.e. cloud) his mental faculties.
 31 **white** (indicating race or class, in contrast to the darker dirtier skin of a beggar)

32 **mud** (often associated with labourers)
 33 **he** i.e. Mazerers
 39 **bare** bareheaded, hatless
 41-2 **to... man** instead of giving money (which would be spent) they give him venereal disease ('pox'), which will not go away
 44 **hair off** (Syphilis could cause baldness.)
 49 **man** person of some consideration
 51 **what... now** (taking 'man' in its most

literal sense)
 52 **men** male household servants
 53 **uprising** (punning on 'sexually erect')
maids (a) female household servants; (b) virgins
 56 **gets** gains financially
 64 **dealing his devotion** giving alms, an act of charity
 65 **puritanical** i.e., despising ornament, plainly dressed

	TYMETHES		'Tis pity, and not hate, makes goodness thrive.	
	Go to then! It holds honest all the way?		LAPYRUS	
	ROXANO		O that astonishment had left me dead!	
90	Else does there live no honesty but in lawyers.		Shame, sitting on my brow, weighs down my head.	
	TYMETHES		Even thus the guilt of my abhorred sin	
	Enough. Five? And the furthest lodge? I'll meet thee.		Flashed in my face when I beheld the Queen.	25
	ROXANO		KING	
	Enjoy the sweetest treasure in a woman.	Exit	Our Queen! O, where, Lapyrus? Tell the rest.	
	TYMETHES [<i>aside</i>]		LAPYRUS	
	Always excepting but the tyrant's gem.		Within this forest with her babes distressed.	
	ZENARCHUS What, have you done with the beggar?		KING	
	TYMETHES		Which way? Lead, dear Lapyrus.	
95	None that lives can say he has done with the beggar.		LAPYRUS	Follow me then.
	ZENARCHUS		KING	
	Hold conference so long with such a fellow?		Not only shall we quit thy soul's offence	
	TYMETHES		But give thy happy labour recompense.	Exeunt 30
	How? Are your wits perfect? If one should refuse			
	To talk with every beggar, he might refuse		<i>Dumb show</i>	2.5
	Brave company sometimes—gallants, i'faith.	Exeunt	<i>Enter [Chorus, then] the old Queen weeping, with both her infants, the one dead. She lays down the other on a bank, and goes to bury the dead, expressing much grief. Enter the former shepherds, walking by carelessly; at last they espy the child and strive for it. At last the Clown gets it, and dandles it, expressing all signs of joy to them. Enter again the Queen; she looks for her babe and, finding it gone, wrings her hands. The shepherds see her, then whisper together, then beckon to her. She joyfully runs to them; they return her child; she points to her breasts, as meaning she should nurse it; they all give her money; the Clown kisses the babe and her, and so exeunt several ways. Then enter Lapyrus, the old King, Amorpho and Fidelio; they miss the Queen and so, expressing great sorrow, exeunt</i>	
2.4	<i>Enter the old King, Fidelio, and Amorpho</i>			
	KING		CHORUS	
	The loss of my dear Queen afflicts me more		The miserable Queen expecting still	
	Than all Lapyrus' cursèd treacheries:		The infants' succour from Lapyrus' hand	
	Inhuman monster!		(Who wants himself), it chanced through extreme	
	LAPYRUS (<i>in the pit</i>)		want	
	If you have human forms to fit those voices		The youngest died, and this so near his end	
5	And hearts that may be pierced with misery's groans		That had not shepherds happily passed by	5
	Sent from a fainting spirit, pity a wretch,		And on the babe cast a compassionate eye	
	A miserable man, prisoner to darkness!		And snatched the child out of the arms of death	
	Your charitable strengths this way repair,		(Where the sad mother left it), the same hour	
	And lift my flesh to the reviving air.		Had been his grave that gives his life new power.	
	KING		Thus the distressed Queen, to them unknown,	10
10	Alas, some travelling man, by night outstripped,		Was as a nurse received unto her own—	
	Missing his way, into this danger slipped.		Whose sight Lapyrus missing, having led	
	Set all our hands to help him.—Come, good man,			
	They that sit high may make their ends below.			
	[<i>They reach down into the pit to pull him up</i>]			
	LAPYRUS [<i>in the pit</i>] Millions of thanks and praises!			
	KING			
15	You're heavy, sir, whoe'er you be.			
	LAPYRUS [<i>in the pit</i>]			
	There's weight within keeps down my soul and me.			
	KING One full strength more			
	Makes our pains happy; poor strength helps the poor.			
	[<i>They raise Lapyrus from the pit</i>]			
	So sir, you're welcome to—Lapyrus? O!			
	<i>Lapyrus falls down</i>			
20	We do forgive thy treachery: revive.			
90	lawyers (proverbially dishonest)	gallants men about town, courtiers	Old Queen, the Clown and shepherds,	
93	Always...gem i.e. the 'sweetest' woman apart from the Young Queen.	(sometimes actually penniless)	and another after 3.1 in which the Old King and Lapyrus fail to find the Old Queen.	
	(Amphridote is forgotten.)	2.4 Dekker.		
	but only	13 below i.e. in hell		
94	done finished your business	18 poor strength (weakened because old, or from wandering in exile)	10-11 Queen...own (She passes herself off as a wet-nurse to her own child, recalling the story of Moses in Exodus 2:1-10.)	
95	None...beggar Nobody can be sure they will not end up destitute.	2.5 Probably written by the adapter to replace several scenes of the Lapyrus plot: one at the end of Act Two with the		
99	Brave excellent, well-dressed			

The King her husband to this hapless place,
 They all depart in extreme height of grief
 15 To get unto their own sad wants relief.
*Exit. [Finis Actus Secundus. In the act-time
 the trapdoor closed and the tree removed]*



3.1 *[Incipit Actus Tertius]*
Enter Roxano with his disguise in his hand

ROXANO
 This is the farther lodge, the place of meeting;
 The hour scarce come yet. Well, I was not born to
 this.
 There's not a hair to choose betwixt me and a pander
 in this case, shift it off as well as I can. I do envy
 5 this fellow's happiness now, and could cut his throat at
 pleasure. I could e'en gnaw feathers now to think of his
 downy felicity. I that could never aspire above a dairy
 wench, the very cream of my fortunes—that he should
 bathe in nectar, and I most unfortunate in buttermilk,
 10 this is good dealing now, is't?

Enter Mazerès, musing

MAZERES *[aside]*

I'll have some other, for he must not live.

ROXANO *[aside]*

Who's this? My lord Mazerès, discontent?
 He's been to seek me twice, and privately.

I wonder at the business. I'm no statesman:
 15 if I be, 'tis more than I know. I protest therefore, I dare
 not call it in question. What should he make with me?
 I'll discover myself to him. If th'other come i'th' mean
 time, so I may be caught bravely; yet 'tis scarce the
 hour. I'll put it to the trial.

MAZERES *[aside]*

20 Roxano in my judgement had been fittest,
 And farthest from suspect of such a deed,
 Because he keeps i'th' castle.

ROXANO *[coming forward]* My loved lord.

MAZERES

Roxano!

ROXANO The same, my lord.

MAZERES

I was to seek thee twice.

Tell me Roxano, have I any power in thee?

25 Do I move there, or any part of me
 Flow in thy blood?

ROXANO As far as life, my lord.

MAZERES As far as love, man,

I ask no further.

ROXANO Touch me then, my lord,
 And try my mettle.

MAZERES First, there's gold for thee,
 30 *[He gives him gold]*

After which follow favour, eminence,
 And all those gifts which fortune calls her own.
 ROXANO Well, my lord.

MAZERES

There's one Tymethes, son to the banished King,
 Lives about court; Zenarchus gives him grace.

35 That fellow's my disease. I thrive not with him.
 He's like a prison chain shook in my ears.

I take no sleep for him; his favours mad me.

My honours and my dignities are dreams

40 When I behold him. That right arm can ease me.

I will not boast my bounties, but forever

Live rich and happy. Thou art wise; farewell. *Exit*

ROXANO Hmm, what news is here now? 'Thou art wise;
 farewell'? By my troth, I think it is a part of wisdom

45 to take gold when it is offered. Many wise men will
 do't: that I learned of my learned counsel. This is
 worth thinking on now. To kill Tymethes, so strangely

beloved by a lady, and so monstrously detested by a
 lord? Here's gold to bring Tymethes, and here's gold to

50 kill Tymethes. Ay, let me see, which weighs heaviest?
 By my faith, I think the killing gold will carry't! I shall,
 like many a bad lawyer, run my conscience upon the

greatest fee: who gives most is like to fare best. I like my
 safety so much the worse in this business in that Lord

55 Mazerès is his professed enemy. He's the King's bosom:
 he blows his thoughts into him. And I had rather be
 torn with whirlwinds than fall into any of their furies.

Troth, as far as I can see, the wisest course is to play
 the knave, lay open this venery, betray him.—But see,

60 my lord again.

Enter Mazerès

MAZERES

Hast thou thought of me? May I do good upon thee?
 I'll out of recreation make thee worthy,

Play honours to thy hand.

ROXANO

My lord?

MAZERES

Art thou resolved an I will be thy lord?

ROXANO It will appear I am so.

65 Be proud of your revenge before I name it.

Never was man so fortunate in his hate.

I'll give you a whole age but to think how.

3.1 Middleton. What is now 3.2 may originally have belonged here, thus contrasting the Young Queen and the Old Queen.

6 **gnaw feathers** chew his pillow (in frustration)

7 **downy** (a) made of down, like expensive bedding; (b) exquisitely soft, like skin

7–8 **dairy wench** (commoner, and hence considered less desirable, sexually, than a

Queen)

18 **bravely** i.e. without his disguise

23 I... **thee** I've been to look for you

25–6 Do... **blood** Do I have any influence with you

30 **mettle** spirit (punning on 'metal')

46 **learned counsel** (another dig at the

avarice of lawyers)

55 **bosom** confidant

62 **out of recreation** (a) from the sheer pleasure of doing it; (b) in recompense for the sexual recreation you enable

63 **Play** deal out to you (like cards)

hand (a) possession; (b) hand of cards, filled with high cards, which represent 'honoured' persons like kings, queens, etc.

MAZERES
 Thou mak'st me thirst.
 ROXANO Tymethes meets me here.
 MAZERES
 70 Here? Excellent! On, Roxano: he meets thee here...
 ROXANO
 I meant at first to betray all to you, sir:
 Understand that, my lord.
 MAZERES I'faith, I do.
 ROXANO Then thus, my lord—he comes.
Enter Tymethes
 MAZERES [*aside to Roxano*]
 75 Withdraw behind the lodge; relate it briefly.
 [*They withdraw*]
 TYMETHES [*aside*]
 A delicate sweet creature? 'Slight, who should it be?
 I must not know her name, nor see her face?
 It may be some trick to have my bones bastinadoed well,
 and so sent back again. What say you to a blanketting?
 80 Faith, so 'twere done by a lady and her chambermaids I
 care not, for if they toss me i'th' blankets I'll toss them
 i'th' sheets, and that's one for th'other. A man may
 be led into a thousand villainies. But the fellow swore
 enough, and here's blood apt enough to believe him.
 MAZERES [*aside to Roxano*]
 85 I both admire the deed, and my revenge.
 ROXANO [*aside to Mazerès*]
 My lord, I'll make your way.
 MAZERES Thou mak'st thy friend.
Exit
 [*Roxano puts on his disguise, and meets Tymethes*]
 TYMETHES
 Art come? We meet e'en jump upon a minute.
 ROXANO
 Ay, but you'll play the better jumper of the two;
 I shall not jump so near as you by a handful.
 TYMETHES
 How! At a running leap?
 90 ROXANO That is more hard:
 At a running leap you may give me a handful.
 TYMETHES So, so, what's to be done?
 ROXANO
 Nothing but put this hood over your head.
 TYMETHES How? I never went blindfold before.
 95 ROXANO You never went otherwise, sir, for all folly is blind.
 Besides, sir, when we see the sin we act,

We think each trivial crime a bloody fact.
 TYMETHES Well followed of a servingman.
 ROXANO Servingmen always follow their masters, sir.
 TYMETHES No, not in their mistresses. 100
 ROXANO There I leave you, sir.
 TYMETHES I desire to be left when I come there, sir.
 But faith, sincerely, is there no trick in this?
 Prithee deal honestly with me.
 ROXANO
 105 Honestly? if protestation be not honest,
 I know not what to call it.
 TYMETHES Why, if she affect me
 So truly, she might trust me with her knowledge.
 I could be secret to her chief actions: why, I love women
 too well—
 ROXANO She'll trust you the worse for that, sir. 110
 TYMETHES
 Why, because I love women?
 ROXANO O sir, 'tis most common:
 He that loves women, is ne'er true to woman.
 Experience daily proves he loveth none
 With a true heart, that affects more than one.
 TYMETHES
 Your wit runs nimble, sir; pray use your pleasure. 115
 ROXANO
 Why then, good night, sir.
He puts on the hood
 TYMETHES Mass, the candle's out.
 ROXANO
 O sir, the better sports taste best i'th' night,
 And what we do i'th' dark, we hate i'th' light.
 TYMETHES
 A good doer mayst thou prove, for thy experience.
 Come, give me thy hand. Thou mayst prove an honest
 lad; 120
 But however, I'll trust thee.
 ROXANO O sir, first try me.
 But we protract good hours. Come, follow me, sir.—
 [*Aside*] Why, this is right your sportive gallants' prize:
 Before they'll lose their sport, they'll lose their eyes.
Exeunt, [Roxano leading Tymethes]

*Enter the [young] Queen and four servants, she
 with a book in her hand* 3.2

QUEEN
 O my fear-fighting blood! Are you all here?

76 'Slight contraction of 'by God's light' (oath)

78 bastinadoed thrashed

87 jump (Roxano's reply takes 'jump' in a bawdy sense, as in 'jump her bones'.)

98 followed replied, argued of considering you are only

99 follow (a) walk behind; (b) imitate, copy

100 in (a) in relation to; (b) penetrating

103 trick (a) deception; (b) act of prostitution

105 protestation (a) solemn affirmation; (b) lover's assurances, wooing; (c) legal dissent to a statement which the witness cannot confidently confirm or deny

123 right exactly what

124 lose... eyes (Syphilis could cause blindness.)

3.2 Perhaps written by the adapter, or moved here from its original position before 3.1, in order to replace a scene in which Lapyrus (now a faithful ser-

vant) enters leading the Old King (his master) toward an intended rendezvous with the Old Queen; this would be in ironic contrast with Roxano's exit with Tymethes. If the lost scene contained further comment on the exiles' lack of food, it would also have contrasted with the extravagant banquet of 3.3. The scene's authorship is uncertain.

o.2 a book the Bible, on which she asks the servants to swear

Act 3 Scene 2

The Bloody Banquet.

FIRST SERVANT All at your pleasure, madam.
 QUEEN
 That's my wish, and my opinion
 Hath ever been persuaded of your truths,
 5 And I have found you willing t'all employments
 We put into your charge.
 SECOND SERVANT In our faiths, madam.
 THIRD SERVANT
 For we are bound in duty to your bounty.
 QUEEN
 Will you to what I shall prescribe swear secrecy?
 FOURTH SERVANT
 Try us, sweet lady, and you shall prove our faiths.
 QUEEN
 10 To all things that you hear or see,
 I swear you all to secrecy.
 I pour my life into your breasts;
 There my doom or safety rests.
 If you prove untrue to all,
 15 Now I rather choose to fall
 With loss of my desire, than light
 Into the tyrant's wrathful spite.
 But in vain I doubt your trust.
 I never found your hearts but just.
 20 On this book your vows arrive,
 And, as in truth, in favour thrive.
 [The servants swear upon the book]
 OMNES
 We wish no higher; so we swear.
 QUEEN
 Like jewels all your vows I'll wear.
 Here, take this paper; there those secrets dwell.
 25 Go read your charge, which I should blush to tell.
 [The servants take the paper and exeunt]
 All's sure; I nothing doubt of safety now,
 To which each servant hath combined his vow.
 Roxano, that begins it trustily—
 I cannot choose but praise him. He's so needful.
 30 There's nothing can be done about a lady
 But he is for it. Honest Roxano!
 Even from our head to feet he's so officious.
 The time draws on. I feel the minute's here.
 No clock so true as love that strikes in fear. [Exit]
 3.3 *Soft music. [Two seats and] a table with lights set
 out, arras spread [by the Queen's servants]. Enter
 Roxano leading Tymethes, [hooded]. Mazeret meets
 them.*
 TYMETHES How far lack I yet of my blind pilgrimage?
 MAZERES Whist, Roxano!

ROXANO You are at your—[to Mazeret] In, my lord, away:
 I'll help you to a disguise.
 MAZERES Enough. *Exit* 5
 TYMETHES
 Methinks I walk in a vault all underground.
 ROXANO
 And now your long lost eyes again are found.
Pulls off the hood
 Good morrow, sir.
 TYMETHES By the mass, the day breaks.
 ROXANO
 Rest here, my lord, and you shall find content
 Catch your desires; stay here, they shall be sent. 10
 TYMETHES
 Though it be night, 'tis morning to that night
 Which brought me hither.
 Ha! The ground spread with arras? What place is
 this?
 Rich hangings? Fair room gloriously furnished?
 Lights and their lustre? Riches and their splendour? 15
 'Tis no mean creature's, these dumb tokens witness.
 Troth, I begin t'affect my hostess better.
 I love her in her absence, though unknown,
 For courtly form that's here observed and shown.
*Loud music. Enter two [visored servants] with a
 banquet, other two [visored servants] with lights:
 they set 'em down and depart, making obeisance.
 Roxano takes one of them aside*
 ROXANO
 Valesta? Yes, the same. 'Tis my lady's pleasure 20
 You give to me your coat and visor, and attend
 without
 Till she employ you. *[Exit one servant]*
 So, now this disguise
 Serves for my lord Mazeret, for he watches
 But fit occasion.—Lecher, now beware.
 Securely sit and fearless quaff and eat: 25
 You'll find sour sauce still, after your sweet meat.
Exit [with coat and visor]
 TYMETHES
 The servants all in visors? By this light,
 I do admire the carriage of her love—
 For I account that woman above wise
 Can sin and hide the shame from a man's eyes. 30
 They never do their easy sex more wrong
 Than when they venture fame upon man's tongue.
 Yet I could swear concealment in love's plot,
 But happy woman that believes me not.
 Whate'er is spoke, o'er to be spoke seems fit. 35
 All still concludes her happiness and wit.

20 **vows arrive** i.e. place your hands and swear
 30–2 **nothing... officious** (unintentionally suggesting his sexual interest)
 32 **officious** eager to please
 3.3 Middleton.

17 **t'affect** to love
 26 **sour sauce** i.e. betrayal
 28 **carriage** manner, management
 32 **venture... tongue** risk telling a man their name, enabling him to repeat it,

and thereby ruin their reputation
man's tongue (probably alluding to cunninglingus)
 35 **Whate'er... fit** anything that is spoken once, is fit to be spoken again

Loud music. Enter Roxano, Mazerés [visored and disguised] and the [three other visored] servants with dishes of sweetmeats. Roxano places them [on the table]. Each, having delivered his dish, makes low obeisance to Tymethes

ROXANO

This banquet from her own hand received grace,
Herself prepared it for you—as appears
By the choice sweets it yields, able to move
40 A man past sense to the delights of love.
I bid you welcome as her most prized guest,
First to this banquet, next to pleasure's feast.

TYMETHES

Whoe'er she be, we thank her and commend
Her care and love to entertain a friend.

ROXANO

45 That speaks her sex's rareness, for to woman
The darkest path love treads is clear and common.
She wishes your content may be as great
As if her presence filled that other seat.

TYMETHES

Convey my thanks to her, and fill some wine.

MAZERES [stepping forward to pour wine]

My lord?

ROXANO [aside]

50 My lord Mazerés caught the office.
I can't but laugh to see how well he plays
The devil in a visor,
Damns where he crouches. Little thinks the prince
Under that face lurks his life's enemy.
55 Yet he but keeps the fashion: great men kill
As flatterers stab, who laugh when they mean ill.

MAZERES [aside]

Now could I poison him fitly, aptly, rarely.
My vengeance speaks me happy: there it goes.
[He poisons the cup]

TYMETHES

Some wine!

MAZERES It comes, my lord.

Enter a Lady with [another cup of] wine

LADY

60 My lady begun to you, sir, and doth commend
This to your heart, and with it her affection.

TYMETHES

I'll pledge her thankfully.

[Tymethes] spills the wine [Mazerés gave him, and pledges with the cup the lady brought]

There!—[To Mazerés] Remove that.

MAZERES

And in this my revenge must be removed
Where first I left it. Now my abused wrath
65 Pursues thy ruin in this dangerous path.

ROXANO [aside]

That cup hath quite dashed my lord Mazerés.

TYMETHES [to the Lady]

Return my faith, my reverence, my respect,
And tell her this, which courteously I find:
She hides her face, but lets me see her mind.

[Exit Lady]

ROXANO [aside] I would not taste of such a banquet to feel
70 that which follows it for the love of an empress. 'Tis
more dangerous to be a lecher than to enter upon a
breach. Yet how securely he munches!
His thoughts are sweeter than the very meats before
him.

He little dreams of his destruction,
75 His horrid fearful ruin, which cannot be withstood.
The end of venery is disease or blood.

Soft music. Enter the [young] Queen masked in her
nightgown, her maid with a shirt and a nightcap.
[The maid puts down the shirt and nightcap.
Exeunt the Queen and maid severally]

TYMETHES

I have not known one happier for his pleasure
Than in that state we are. 'Tis a strange trick,
And sweetly carried. By this light, a delicate creature!
80 And should have a good face, if all hit right.
For they that have good bodies and bad faces
Were all mismatched, and made up in blind places.

ROXANO

The wind and tide serve, sir; you have lighted
Upon a sea of pleasure. Here's your sail, sir,
85 And your top streamer: a fair-wrought shirt and
nightcap.

TYMETHES I shall make

A sweet voyage of this.

ROXANO

Ay, if you knew all, sir.

TYMETHES

Is not all known yet? What's to be told?

ROXANO

Five hundred crowns in the shirt sleeve in gold.
90

TYMETHES

How?

ROXANO

'Tis my good lady's pleasure.
No clouds eclipse her bounty; she shines clear.
Some like that pleasure best that costs most dear.
Yet I think your lordship is not of that mind now.
You like that best that brings a banquet with it,
95 And five hundred crowns.

TYMETHES

Ay, by this light do I.

And I think thou art of my mind.

ROXANO We jump somewhat near, sir.

TYMETHES But what does she mean to reward me afore-
hand? I may prove a eunuch now, for aught she knows.
100

60 begun to you (flirtatiously taking the initiative, as she had refused to do at 1.4.55-78)

77.2 maid (probably the lady-in-waiting who appeared earlier in the scene)

89 told (a) said; (b) tolled, counted

ROXANO O sir, I ne'er knew any of your hair but he was absolute at the game.

TYMETHES Faith, we are much of a colour. But here's a note; what says it?

He reads

105 Our love and bounty shall increase
So long as you regard our peace.
Unless your life you would forego,
Who we are, seek not to know.
Enjoy me freely: for your sake
110 This dangerous shift I undertake.
Be therefore wise; keep safe your breath.
You cannot see me under death.

I'd be loth to venture so far for the sight of any creature under heaven.

115 ROXANO Nay, sir, I think you may see a thousand faces better cheap.

TYMETHES

Well, I will shift me instantly, and be content
With my groping fortune. *Exit*

ROXANO O sir, you'll grope to purpose. *Exit*

120 MAZERES [*removing his visor*] I'll after thee,
And see the measure of my vengeance upheaped.
His ruin is my charge. I have seen that
This night would make one blush thorough this visor.
Like lightning in a tempest her lust shows,
125 Or drinking drunk in thunder, horrible—
For on this act a thousand dangers wait.
The King will seize him in his burning fury
And seal his vengeance on his reeking breast.
Though I make pander's use of ear and eye,
130 No office' vile to damn mine enemy.
This course is but the first. 'Twill not rest there;
The next shall change him into fire and air. *Exit*

[*Finis Actus Tertius*]



4.1 [*Incipit Actus Quartus*]

Enter Tymethes and Zenarchus

TYMETHES Nay, did e'er subtlety match it?

ZENARCHUS

'Slight, led to a lady hoodwinked,
Placéd in state and banqueted in visors!

TYMETHES

5 All, by this light: but all this nothing was
To the delicious pleasures of her bed.

ZENARCHUS

Who should this be?

TYMETHES Nay, enquire not, brother.

I'd give one eye to see her with the other.

Seest thou this jewel? In the midst of night

I slipped it from her veil, unfelt of her.

'T may be so kind unto me as to bring

Her beauty to my knowledge. 10

ZENARCHUS Canst not guess at her,

Nor at the place?

TYMETHES At neither, for my heart.

Why, I'll tell thee, man, 'twas handled with such art,

Such admired cunning, what with my blindness

And their general darkness, that when mine eyes

Received their liberty I was ne'er the nearer. 15

To them in full form I appeared unshrouded,

But all their sights to me were masked and clouded.

Enter Tyrant and Mazerès, observing

ZENARCHUS

'Fore heaven, I do admire the cunning on't.

TYMETHES

Nay, you cannot outvie my admiration. 20

I had a feeling on't, beyond your passion.

ZENARCHUS

Well, blow this over; see, our sister comes.

Enter Amphridote

[*Tyrant and Mazerès speak apart*]

TYRANT

Art sure, Mazerès, that he courts our daughter?

MAZERES

I'm sure of more, my lord: she favours him.

TYRANT

That beggar?

MAZERES

Worse my lord, that villain traitor— 25

And yet worse my lord.

TYRANT How?

MAZERES

Pardon, my lord, a riper time

Shall bring him forth. Behold him there, my lord.

Tymethes kisses her

TYRANT

Dares she so far forget respect to us,

And dim her own lustre to give him grace? 30

MAZERES

Favours are grown to custom 'twixt 'em both:

Letters, close banquets, whisperings, private meetings.

TYRANT I'll make 'em dangerous meetings.

AMPHRIDOTE [*to Tymethes*]

In faith, my lord, I'll have this jewel. 35

TYMETHES

'Tis not my gift, lady.

101-2 **any...game** anybody with hair like yours who was not a superb lover

103 **we...colour** your hair is pretty much the same colour as mine

110 **shift** (a) tricky business; (b) transfer of affections

112 **under death** without the penalty of death

116 **better cheap** at less cost

117 **shift me** (a) get moving; (b) transform myself

122 **charge** office, duty

that that thing, something which

125 **drunk in thunder** (a) incapacitated in dangerous circumstances; (b) defiantly immoral, despite threats from heaven

130 No...**enemy** I'll stoop to anything to destroy Tymethes.

4.1 Middleton.

2 **'Slight** contraction for 'by God's light' (oath)

21 **feeling** physical sensation

22 **blow this over** keep quiet about this

36 **my gift** mine to give

- [*She gives him the jewel*]
- 30 TYRANT That is the same, and all that e'er was his.
 AMPHRIDOTE I gave it you, my lord.
 TYRANT Who gave it thee?
 AMPHRIDOTE Tymethes.
 TYRANT He! Who gave it him?
 AMPHRIDOTE I know not that, my lord.
 TYRANT Then here it sticks.—Mazerés!
- MAZERES My lord?
 TYRANT 'Tis my Queen's, my Queen's, Mazerés.
 35 How to him came this?
 MAZERES I can resolve your highness.
 TYRANT Can Mazerés?
 MAZERES He is some ape: the husk falls from him now,
 And you shall know his inside. He's a villain,
 40 A traitor to the pleasures of your bed.
 TYRANT O, I shall burst with torment.
 MAZERES He's received this night
 Into her bosom.
 TYRANT I feel a whirlwind in me
 Ready to tear the frame of my mortality.
 MAZERES I traced him to the deed.
 TYRANT And saw it done?
 MAZERES I abused my eyes in the true survey on't,
 45 Tainted my hearing with lascivious sounds;
 My loyalty did prompt me to be sure
 Of what I found so wicked and impure.
 TYRANT 'Tis springtide in my gall. All my blood's bitter—
 Puh, lungs too.
 MAZERES This night.
 50 TYRANT Lodovico!
Enter Lodovico
 LODOVICO My lord.
 TYRANT How cam'st thou up? Let's hear.
 LODOVICO My lord, my first beginning was a broker.
 TYRANT A knave from the beginning; there's no hope of him.
 Sertorio!
- Enter Sertorio*
 SERTORIO Here, my lord.
 TYRANT We know thee just.
 How cam'st thou up? Let's hear.
 SERTORIO From no desert
 55 That I can challenge but your highness' favour.
 TYRANT Thou art honest in that answer. Go:
 Report we are forty leagues off rid forth:
 Spread it about the castle cunningly.
 SERTORIO I'll do it faithfully, my lord.
 TYRANT Do't cunningly.
 60 Go! If thou shouldst do't faithfully, thou liest.
 [Exit Sertorio]
 I'm lost by violence through all my senses.
 I'm blind with rage.—Mazerés, guide me forth.
 I tread in air, and see no foot nor path;
 I've lost myself, yet cannot lose my wrath.
 65 *Exeunt all but Amphridote*
 AMPHRIDOTE What have I heard? It dares not be but true.
 Tymethes taken in adulterate trains,
 And with the Queen, my mother? Now I hate him,
 As beauty abhors years, or usurers charity.
 He does appear unto my eye a leper
 70 *Enter Mazerés*
 Full of sin's black infection, foul adultery.
 Cursèd be the hour in which I first did grace him
 And let Mazerés starve in my disdain,
 That hath so long observed me with true love,
 Whose loyalty in this approves the same.
 75 MAZERES Madam.
 AMPHRIDOTE My love?
 'My lord' I should say, but would say 'my love'.
 MAZERES [*kneeling*]
 I do beseech your grace for what I've done
 Lay no oppressing censure upon me.
 80 I could not but in honesty reveal it,
 Not envying in that he was my rival
 Nor in the force of any ancient grudge,
 But as the deed in its own nature craved,
 So 'mong the rest it was revealed to me,
 85 Appearing so detested that yourself,
 Gracious and kind, had you but seen the manner,
 Would have thrown by all pity and remorse
 And took my office, or one more in force.
 AMPHRIDOTE Rise, dear Mazerés, in our favours rise.
 90 So far am I from censure to reprove thee
 That in my hate to him I choose and love thee.

33 sticks pierces (his heart)

38 ape...now (proverbially, 'an ape will be an ape, though that ye clad him all in purple array')

49 springtide high tide

51 cam'st thou up did you rise to your present high position

55-6 From...challenge for no merit that I can allege

67 trains entanglements

68 mother step-mother

89 took...force taken the steps I did, or done something more forceful

MAZERES [*rising*]
 If constant service may be called desert,
 I shall deserve.

AMPHRIDOTE Man hath no better part.

MAZERES (*aside*)
 95 Why, this was happily observed and followed.—
 The King will to the castle late tonight
 And tread through all the vaults; I must attend.

AMPHRIDOTE
 I wish that at first sight thou'dst forced his end. *Exit*

MAZERES
 100 'Tis better thus. So my revenge imports.
 Now thrive my plots! The end shall make me great:
 She mine, the crown sits here. I am then complete. *Exit*

4.3 *Enter [young] Queen and her maid with a light*

QUEEN
 So, leave us here awhile; bear back the light.
 I would not be discovered if he come.
 [*The maid shuts the lantern*]
 You know his entertainment. So, be gone. [*Exit maid*]

5 I am not cheerful, troth, what point soe'er
 My powers arrive at. I desire a league
 With desolate darkness, and disconsolate fancies.
 There is no music in my soul tonight.
 What should I fear, when all my servants' faiths
 Sleep in my bounty, and no bribes nor threats
 10 Can wake 'em from my safety? For the King,
 He's forty leagues rode forth; I heard it lately.
 Yet heaviness, like a tyrant, proud in night,
 Usurps my power, rules where it hath no right.
*She sleeps. Enter Roxano as she sleeps, with
 Tymethes hoodwinked*

TYMETHES
 Methinks this a longer voyage than the first?

ROXANO
 15 Pleasures once tasted makes the next seem worse.

TYMETHES
 Is that the trick?

ROXANO O sir, experience proves it.
 You came at first to enjoy what you ne'er knew;
 Now all is but the same whate'er you do.

TYMETHES
 I'll prove that false: the sight of her is new.

ROXANO
 20 I have forgot a business to my lord Mazerés;
 My safety to the King relies upon't.
 You are in the house, my lord: this is the withdrawing
 room.

TYMETHES I see nothing.

ROXANO No matter, sir, as long as you have feeling 25
 enough.

TYMETHES
 Is the hood off?

ROXANO 'Tis here in my hand, sir.
 I must crave pardon, leave you here awhile.
 But as you love my safety and your own
 Remove not from this room till my return. 30

TYMETHES
 Well, here's my hand: I will not.

ROXANO 'Tis enough, sir. *Exit*

TYMETHES
 Hist, art gone? Then boldly I step forth,
 Cunning discoverer of an unknown beauty
 As subtle as her plot. Thou art masked too:
Opens a dark lantern
 Show me a little comfort, in this condensive darkness. 35
 Play the flatterer: laugh in my face.
 Why, here's enough to perfect all my wishes.
 With this I taste of that forbidden fruit
 Which, as she says, death follows; death, 'twill sting.
 Soft, what room's this? Let's see, 'tis not the former 40
 I was entertained in; no, it somewhat differs:
 Rich hangings still, court deckings, ay, and all—
He spies the Queen
 O all that can be in man's wish comprised
 Is in thy love immortal, in thy graces!
 [*He touches her*]
 I am not the same flesh; my touch is altered. 45
She awakes

QUEEN
 Hast thou betrayed me? What hast thou attempted?

TYMETHES
 Nothing that can be prejudicial
 To the sweet peace of those illustrious graces.

QUEEN O my most certain ruin!

TYMETHES
 50 Admirèd lady, hear me, hear my vow.

QUEEN
 O miserable youth, none saves thee now.

TYMETHES
 By that which man holds dearest, dreadful Queen,
 And all that can be in a vow contained,
 I'll prove as true, secret, and vigilant
 As ever man observed with serious virtue 55
 The dreadful call of his departing soul.
 Your own soul to your secrets shall not prove more
 true
 Than mine to it, to them, to all, to you.

QUEEN
 O misery of affection built on breath!

93-4 **desert...part** (a rhyme)

100-1 **great...complete** (a rhyme)

101 **here** i.e. on his own head. (He would
 have to eliminate Zenarchus.)

4.3 Middleton. This scene is greatly elab-

orated from its brief source in Warner
 (p. 49), where the lover is killed by the
 jealous husband.

30 **Remove not** do not leave

33 **discoverer** unveiler. Middleton is here

drawing on the Cupid and Psyche myth,
 but with the genders reversed.

35 **condensive** dense

44 **immortal** (comparing her to a goddess,
 as in the myth of Cupid and Psyche)

- 60 Were I as far past my belief in heaven
As in man's oaths, I were the foulest devil.
- TYMETHES
May I eat and ne'er be nourishèd,
Live and know nothing, love without enjoying,
If ever—
- QUEEN Come, this is more than needs.
- TYMETHES There's comfort then.
- QUEEN
65 You that profess such truth, shall I enjoin you
To one poor penance then to try your faith?
TYMETHES Be't what it will, command it.
- QUEEN
Spend but this hour, wherein you have offended,
In true repentance of your sin, and all
70 Your hasty youth stands guilty of—and being clear,
You shall enjoy that which you hold most dear.
- TYMETHES
And if this penance I perform not truly,
May I henceforth ne'er be received to favour.
[*Tymethes kneels, as praying*]
- QUEEN
Why then, I'll leave you to your task awhile.
[*She speaks aside*]
- 75 Most wretched, doubtful, strange-distracted woman,
E'en drawn in pieces betwixt love and fear,
I weep in thought of both. Bold venturous youth,
Twice I writ death, yet would he seek to know me.
He'll make no conscience where his oaths bestow me.
Exit
- TYMETHES
80 I'm glad all's so well past, and she appeased.
I swear I did expect a harder penance
When she began to enjoin me. Why, this is wholesome
For soul and body, though I seldom use it.
Her wisdom is as pleasing as her beauty.
- 85 I never knew affection hastier born,
With more true art and less suspicion.
It so amazed me to know her my mistress,
I had no power to close the light again,
Enter the [young] Queen with two pistols
Unhappy that I was.—Peace, here she comes.
90 Down to thy penance: think of thy whole youth.
From the first minute that the womb conceived me
- To this full-heaped hour, I do repent me,
With heart as penitent as a man dissolving,
Of all my sins, born with me, and born of me,
Dishonest thoughts and sleights, the paths of youth. 95
So thrive in mercy as I end in truth!
She shoots him dead
- QUEEN
Fly to thy wish! I pray it may be given.
Man in a twinkling is in earth and heaven.
I dealt not like a coward with thy soul,
Nor took it unprepared. 100
I gave him time to put his armour on
And sent him forth like a celestial champion.
I loved thee with more care and truer moan,
Since thou must die, to taste more deaths than one.
Too much by this pity and love confesses. 105
Had any warning fast'ned on thy senses,
[]
Rash, unadvisèd youth, whom my soul weeps for,
How oft I told thee this attempt was death!
Yet would'st thou venture on, fond man, and knew? 110
But what destruction will not youth pursue?
Here long mightst thou have lived, been loved, en-
joyed,
Had not thy will thy happiness destroyed!
Thought'st thou by oaths to have thy deeds well
borne?
Thou shouldst have come when man was ne'er
forsworn. 115
They are dangerous now; witness this breach of thine.
Who's false to his own faith, will ne'er keep mine.
We must be safe, young man, the deeds unknown.
There are more loves; honours, no more than one.
Yet spite of death, I'll kiss thee.
[*She kisses the corpse*]
- O strange ill, 120
That for our fears we should our comforts kill!
Whom shall I trust with this poor bleeding body?
Yonder's a secret vault runs through the castle;
There for a while convey him. Hapless boy,
That never knew how dear 'twas to enjoy! 125
Enter Tyrant with a torch
O I'm confounded everlastingly,
Damned to a thousand tortures in that sight.

65 **enjoin** command70 **being clear** having been cleared (of your sins, by prayer and penance)79 **make...me** not have any compunctions about breaking his promise and talking about me everywhere92 **full-heaped hour** hour full of accumulated sins93 **dissolving** dying (the soul being the only part of a human not able to dissolve, therefore immortal)

96 **thrive...truth** Compare 1.3.82 where the Old Queen says to Lapyrus 'Rise, rise, he that repents is ever saved.' Repentance at the eleventh hour was not excluded by Calvinist beliefs: in Dekker's *The Virgin Martyr* the persecutor unexpectedly proves to be one of the elect, repenting at the last. But it is unclear whether Tymethes' final words are sincere; his prayer, like that of Claudius in *Hamlet*, may be only an

empty form.

114 **well borne** tolerated116 **this breach of thine** your broken promise

120.1 **She...corpse** A powerful tragic moment, anticipating the necrophilia of *The Lady's Tragedy*. Her soliloquy recalls Phaedra's over the body of Hippolytus in Seneca's tragedy *Phaedra* (from which Middleton quotes in *Revenger* 1.4.23, 4.2.193-8).

What shall I frame?—My lord!
She runs to him

TYRANT
 What's she?

QUEEN O my sweet dearest lord!

TYRANT Thy name?

QUEEN
 130 Thy poor affrighted and endangered Queen.
 TYRANT O, I know thee now.
 QUEEN
 Did not your majesty hear the piteous shrieks
 Of an enforced lady?
 TYRANT Yes, whose were they?
 QUEEN
 Mine, my most worthy lord. Behold this villain,
 135 Sealed with his just desert. Light here, my king.
 This violent youth, whom till this night I saw not,
 Being, as it seems, acquainted with the footsteps
 Of that dark passage, broke through the vault upon
 me
 And with a secret lantern searched me out,
 140 And seized me at my orisons, alone,
 And bringing me by violence to this room,
 Far from my guard or any hope of rescue,
 Intending here the ruin of my honour;
 But in the strife, as the good gods ordained it,
 145 Reaching for succour, I lighted on a pistol,
 Which I presumed was not without his charge.
 Then I redeemed mine honour from his lust,
 So he that sought my fall lies in the dust.

TYRANT
 O, let me embrace thee for a brave, unmatchable,
 150 Precious, unvalued, admirable—whore.
 QUEEN Ha! What says my lord?
 TYRANT
 Come hither. Yet draw nearer. How came this man
 To's end? I would hear that. I would learn cunning.
 Tell me that I may wonder, and so lose thee.
 155 There is no art like this. Let me partake
 A subtlety no devil can imitate.
 Speak: why is all so contrary to time?
 He down and you up? Ha, why thus?

QUEEN
 I am sorry for my lord; I understand him not.

TYRANT
 The deed is not so monstrous in itself
 As is the art which ponders home the deed.
 The cunning doth amaze me past the sin,
 That he should fall before my rage begin.

QUEEN My lord?

TYRANT
 Come hither yet. One of those left hands give me;
 165 Thou hast no right at all.
 QUEEN What would my lord?
 TYRANT
 Nothing but put a ring upon a finger.
 QUEEN
 That's a wrong finger for a ring, my lord.
 TYRANT
 And what was he on whom you bounteously
 Bestowed this jewel?
 [He puts the jewel on her finger]
 QUEEN *(aside)* I do not like that word.
 170 TYRANT
 Look well upon't: dost know it? Ay, and start.
 QUEEN O heaven, how came this hither?
 Your highness gave me this; this is mine own.
 TYRANT
 'Tis the same ring, but yet not the same stone.
 Mystical strumpet, dost thou yet presume
 175 Upon thy subtle strength? Shak'st thou not yet?
 Or is it only art makes women constant,
 Whom nature makes so loose?
 I looked for gracious lightning from thy cheeks
 (I see none yet), for a relenting eye
 (I can see no such sight). Lust keeps in all.—
 180 My witness! Where's my witness? Rise in the same
 form.
Enter from below, Mazeres habited like Roxano
 QUEEN O I'm betrayed.
 TYRANT [to Mazeres]
 Is not yon woman an adulteress?
 MAZERES Yes, my good lord.
 185 TYRANT
 Was not this fellow caught for her desire?
 Brought in a mist? Banqueted and received
 To all her ample pleasures!
 MAZERES True, my lord:

128 **frame** invent

129 **What's she? ... Thy name?** The Tyrant addresses his wife as if she were a stranger, because the revelation of her guilt has made him feel he does not know her. See also note to 5.1.229.

134–48 For this false rape-charge (not in the source story), see the myth of Phaedra and Hippolytus, and the story of Potiphar's wife in Genesis 39 (which were compared to each other by Renaissance Senecan scholars).

135 **Light** look, alight

150 **unvalued** impossible to value, priceless

(with ironic suggestion of 'worthless')

154 **wonder** (punning on 'wander', and ironically suggesting 'and get rid of you in the same way')

158 **He... up** (sexual innuendo)

161 **ponders home** thinks through

165 **left hands** In Roman tradition, used to touch the private parts, and hence considered impure (as in modern 'sinister'); the Latin slang for masturbation was 'the left-hand whore'. The right hand was used for public acts such as greeting or swearing an oath (hence modern

'rectitude'). Her actions are so sinister and impure that he imagines she should have two left hands and no right hand.

167 **ring** (slang for 'vagina')

168 **wrong finger** (The Tyrant deliberately places the ring on the wrong finger, because she has allowed her 'ring' to be penetrated by the wrong man's 'finger'.)

170 **jewel** (often used as a symbol for a woman's sexual purity)

174 **stone** (punning on 'testicle')

179 **gracious lightning** blushing as a sign of the repentance caused by God's grace

I brought him, saw him feasted and received—
 TYRANT
 Down, down, we have too much.

190 QUEEN O 'tis Roxano.
 MAZERES [*aside*]
 So, by this sleight I have deceived 'em both.
 I'm took for him I strive to make her loathe.
 Exit [*below*]

TYRANT
 Needs hear more witnesses? I'll call up more.

QUEEN
 O no, here lies a witness 'gainst myself
 195 Sooner believed than all their hirèd faiths.
 Doom me unto my death, only except
 The lingering execution of your look;
 Let me not live tormented in that brow.
 I do confess.

TYRANT O, I felt no quick till now.
 200 All witnesses to this were but dead flesh;
 I was insensible of all but this.
 Would I had given my kingdom, so conditioned
 That thou hadst ne'er confessed it.
 Now I stand by the deed, see all in action,
 205 The close conveyance, cunning passages,
 The artful fetch, the whispering, close disguising,
 The hour, the banquet, and the bawdy tapers,
 All stick in mine eye together. Yet thou shalt live.

QUEEN
 Torment me not with life; it asks but death.

TYRANT
 210 O hadst thou not confessed! Hadst thou no sleight?
 Where was thy cunning there?
 I see it now in thy confession.
 Thou shalt not die as long as this is meat.
 Thou killed'st a buck which thou thyself shalt eat.

QUEEN
 Dear sir?

TYRANT
 215 Here's deer struck dead with thy own hand;
 'Tis venison for thy own tooth. Thou know'st the
 relish:
 A dearer place hath been thy taster. Ho!
 Sertorio! Lodovico!
 They enter

AMBO Here, sir.

TYRANT
 Drag hence that body; see it quartered straight.
 [*Exeunt Sertorio and Lodovico with the body of*
Tymethes]
 220 No living wrath can I extend upon't,
 Else torments, horrors, gibbets, racks and wheels
 Had with a thousand deaths presented him
 Ere he had tasted one.—Yet thou shalt live.
 Here, take this taper lighted, kneel, and weep.

[*Queen kneels*]
 I'll try which is spent first, that or thine eye. 225
 I'll provide food for thee; thou shalt not die.
 If there be hell for sins that men commit,
 Marry a strumpet and she keeps the pit. Exit

QUEEN
 I feared this misery long before it came.
 My ominous dreams and fearful dreadfulness 230
 Promised this issue long before 'twas born.
 Enter Mazerès [*in his own clothes*]

MAZERES [*aside*]
 Yonder she kneels, little suspecting me
 The neat discoverer of her venery.
 I were full safe had I Roxano's life,
 Which in this stream I fish for.—How now, lady? 235
 So near the earth suits not a living queen.

QUEEN
 Under the earth were safer and far happier.

MAZERES
 What is't that can drive you to such discomforts,
 To prize your glories at so mean a rate?

QUEEN
 The treachery of my servants, good my lord. 240

MAZERES
 Dare they prove treacherous (most ignoble vassals!)
 To the sweet peace of so divine a mistress?

QUEEN
 I'm sure one villain, whom I dearly loved,
 Of whom my trust had made election chief,
 Perfidiously betrayed me to the fury 245
 Of my tempestuous unappeasèd lord.

MAZERES
 Let me but know him, that I may bestow
 My service to your grace upon his heart,
 And thence deserve a mistress like yourself.
 Enter Roxano from below

QUEEN
 O me, too soon behold him!

MAZERES Madam, stand by, 250
 Let him not see the light.

ROXANO [*aside*] Now I expect reward.

MAZERES
 He dies, were he my kinsman, for that guilt,
 Though 'twere as far to's heart as 'tis to th' hilt.

ROXANO
 Ha? What was that?
 [*Mazerès*] runs at Roxano [*with his sword, and*
pierces him]
 There's a reward with a vengeance.

MAZERES
 Fall villain, for betraying of thy lady. 255
 Such things must never creep about the earth
 To poison the right use of service—a traitor!

202 so conditioned on condition that
 216–17 relish...taster (sexual innuendo,
 perhaps alluding to oral sex; but vaginal

sex was classically perceived as female
 consumption of the male.)
 218 AMBO both (Latin)

225 I'll...eye I'll see whether your eyes
 dry up from weeping before the taper is
 consumed by burning.

QUEEN
 This is some poor revenge. Thanks, good my lord.
 Into that cave with him, from whence he rose
 260 Not long since and betrayed me to the King.
 MAZERES [to Roxano]
 O villain, in, and overtake thy soul.
 [He drops Roxano's body back into the pit]
 QUEEN
 Here's a perplexèd breast: let that warm steel
 Perform but the like service upon me,
 And live the rarest friend to a queen's wish.
 MAZERES
 265 O pardon me, that were too full of evil.
 I threat not angels, though I smite the devil:
 Doubt not your peace; the King will be appeased.
 There I'll bestow my service.
 QUEEN We are pleased.
 MAZERES [aside]
 As much as comes to nothing; I'll not sue
 270 To urge the King from that I urged him to. Exit
 QUEEN
 Betrayed where I reposed most trust? O heaven,
 There is no misery fit match for mine.
 Enter Tyrant, Sertorio, Lodovico, bringing in
 Tymethes' limbs
 TYRANT
 275 So, bring 'em forward yet, there; there bestow 'em.
 Before her eyes lay the divided limbs
 Of her desirèd paramour. So. You're welcome,
 Lady, you see your cheer: fine flesh, coarse fare.
 Sweet was your lust; what can be bitter there?
 By heaven, no other food thy taste shall have,
 Till in thy bowels those corpse find a grave.
 280 Which to be sure of, come: I'll lock thee safe
 From the world's pity.—Hang those quarters up!—
 [Sertorio and Lodovico hang up Tymethes' limbs]
 The bottom drink's the worst in pleasure's cup.
 Exeunt omnes
 [Finis Actus Quartus]

⊗

5.1 [Incipit Actus Quintus]
 Enter Zenarchus solus
 ZENARCHUS
 O my Tymethes! Truest joy on earth!
 Hath thy fate proved so flinty, so perverse,
 To the sweet spring both of thy youth and hopes?
 This was Mazerès' spite, that cursèd rival.
 5 And if I fail not, his own plot shall shower

Upon his bosom like a falling tower.
 Enter Tyrant
 My worthy lord.
 TYRANT O, you should have seen us sooner.
 ZENARCHUS Why my lord?
 TYRANT
 The quarters of your friend passed by in triumph, 10
 A sight that I presume had pleased you well.
 ZENARCHUS
 I call a villain to my father's pleasure
 No friend of mine. The sight had pleased me better
 Had I, not like Mazerès, run my hate
 Into the sin before it grew to act, 15
 And killed it ere't had knotted. 'Twas rare service
 (If your vexed majesty conceive it right)
 In politic Mazerès, serving more
 In this discovery his own vicious malice
 Than any true peace that should make you perfect— 20
 Suffering the hateful treason to be done
 He might have stopped in his confusion.
 TYRANT
 Most certain.
 ZENARCHUS Good your majesty, bethink you
 In manly temper and considerate blood:
 Went he the way of loyalty or your quiet, 25
 After he saw the courtesies exceed,
 'T'abuse your peace, and trust 'em with the deed?
 TYRANT
 O no, none but a traitor would have done it.
 ZENARCHUS
 For my lord, weigh't indifferently.
 TYRANT I do, I do.
 ZENARCHUS
 What makes it heinous, burdensome and monstrous, 30
 Fills you with such distractions, breeds such furies
 In your incensèd breast, but the deed doing?
 TYRANT O!
 ZENARCHUS
 Th'intent had been sufficient for his death,
 And that full satisfaction; but the act— 35
 TYRANT Insufferable.—
 Sertorio! Where's Sertorio?
 Enter Sertorio
 SERTORIO My lord?
 TYRANT
 Seek out Mazerès suddenly. [Exit Sertorio]
 Peace, Zenarchus.
 Let me alone to trap him.
 ZENARCHUS It may prove.

261 **overtake thy soul** i.e. in the plunge downwards towards Hell, of which the vault provides an image. The soul has already set off at the moment Roxano died.

276 **cheer** (a) entertainment, food and drink; (b) happiness

coarse (punning on 'corse', corpse)

279 **corpse** remains, 'corps' (plural)

282 **bottom ... cup** dregs are bitter

5.1.0.1–5.1.1.0.1 Middleton.

2 **flinty** hard

10 **passed ... triumph** were paraded in

public, as memorials of a conquest (ironic)

16 **knotted** i.e. knitted together in sexual union

rare service good work (sarcastic)

22 **his confusion** its confounding

- [*He speaks aside to Tymethes' limbs*]
 40 Behold, my friend, how I express my love.
 TYRANT
 O villain! Had he pierced him at first sight,
 Where I have one grief, I had missed ten thousand
 by't.
Enter Mazerés and Sertorio
 MAZERES [*aside*] I dreamt of some new honours
 For my late service, and I wondered how
 45 He could keep off so long from my desert.
 TYRANT
 Mazerés?
 MAZERES
 My loved lord.
 TYRANT I am forgetful.
 I am in thy debt some dignities, Mazerés.
 What shift shall we make for thee? Thy late service
 Is warm still in our memory and dear favour.
 50 Prithee, discover to's the manner how
 Thou took'st 'em subtly.
 MAZERES I was received
 Into a waiter's room, my lord.
 TYRANT Thou wast!
 MAZERES
 And in a visor helped to serve the banquet.
 TYRANT Ha, ha!
 MAZERES
 55 Saw him conveyed into a chamber privately.
 TYRANT
 And still thou let'st him run?
 MAZERES I let him play, my lord.
 TYRANT Ha, ha, ha!
 MAZERES
 I watched still near, till her arms clasped him.
 TYRANT And there thou let'st him rest?
 60 MAZERES There he was caught, my lord.
 TYRANT So art thou here.—
 [*To Sertorio*] Drag him to execution. He shall die
 With tortures 'bove the thought of tyranny.
Exit [Tyrant, with Mazerés borne off by Sertorio]
 ZENARCHUS
 No words are able to express my gladness.
 65 'Tis such a high born rapture that the soul
 Partakes it only.
Enter Amphridote and Lodovico [and speak apart]
 AMPHRIDOTE My lord Mazerés led
 Unto his death?
 LODOVICO It proves too true, dear princess.
 [Exit]
 AMPHRIDOTE [*aside*]
 Cursed be the mouth that doomed him, and forever
 Blasted the hand that parts him from his life.
 70 Was there none fit to practise tyranny on
 But whom our heart elected? Misery of love!
- I must not live to think on't.
 ZENARCHUS [*aside*] Here's my sister.
 I could not bring that news will please her better.—
 My news brings that command over your passions,
 You must be merry.
 AMPHRIDOTE Have you warrant for't, brother? 75
 ZENARCHUS
 Yes, strong enough, i'faith. Hear me: Mazerés
 By this time is at his everlasting home.
 Where'er his body lies, I struck the stroke.
 I wrought a bitter pill that quickly choked him.
 AMPHRIDOTE [*aside*]
 O me, my soul will out!—Some wine there, ho! 80
 ZENARCHUS
 Wine for our sister!—for the news is worth it.
Enter Lodovico with wine
 AMPHRIDOTE
 It will prove dear to both.—So, give it me.
 [*She takes the wine*]
 Now leave us.
 [Exit Lodovico]
 ZENARCHUS
 Revenge ne'er brought forth a more happy issue
 Than I think mine to be.
She poisons the wine
 AMPHRIDOTE [*aside*]
 I'm setting forth, Mazerés.—Here, Zenarchus! 85
 [*She drinks*]
 ZENARCHUS
 Thou art not like this hour, jovial.
 AMPHRIDOTE
 I shall be after this.
 ZENARCHUS That does't, if any.
 Wine doth both help defects, and causeth many.
 Here's to the deed, faith, of our last revenge.
 [*He drinks*]
 AMPHRIDOTE
 Dying men prophesy: faith, 'tis our last end. 90
 Now I must tell you, brother, that I hate you,
 In that you have betrayed my loved Mazerés.
 ZENARCHUS What's this?
 AMPHRIDOTE
 His deed was loyal, his discovery just:
 He brought to light a monster and his lust. 95
 ZENARCHUS Nay, if you grow
 So strumpet-like in your behaviour to me,
 I'll quickly cool that insolence.
 [*He threatens her*]
 AMPHRIDOTE Peace, peace.
 There is a champion fights for me unseen;
 I need not fear thy threats.
 ZENARCHUS Indeed no harlot 100
 But has her champion, besides bawd and varlet.
 O!

52 room place, role

56 run continue

82 dear (punning on 'costly')

100 harlot whore (because she has switched
her love from one man to another)

AMPHRIDOTE
 Why, law you now! Such gear will ne'er thrive with
 you.

ZENARCHUS
 I'm sick of thy society, poison to mine eyes.

105 AMPHRIDOTE
 'Tis lower in thy breast the poison lies.

ZENARCHUS
 How?

AMPHRIDOTE
 'Tis for Mazer's.

ZENARCHUS
 O you virtuous powers!
 What, a right strumpet? Poison, under love?

AMPHRIDOTE
 That man can ne'er be safe that divides love.
She dies

ZENARCHUS
 Nor she be honest can so soon impart.
 110 O 'ware that woman that can shift her heart!
[He] dies
Thunder and lightning. A blazing star appears.
Enter Tyrant

TYRANT
 Ha? Thunder? And thou marrow-melting blast,
 Quick-winged lightning, and thou blazing star,
 I like not thy prodigious bearded fire.
 Thy beams are fatal.
[He sees the bodies]

115 Ha! Behold the influence
 Of all their malice in my children's ruins!
 Their states malignant powers have envied,
 And both in haste, struck with their envies, died.
 'Tis ominous.—Within there!
Enter Sertorio and Lodovico

LODOVICO
 Here, my lord.

TYRANT
 Convey those bodies awhile from my sight.

120 SERTORIO Both dead, my lord.

TYRANT
 Yes, and we safe; our death we need less fear.
[Exit Sertorio and Ludovico with bodies]
 Usurper's issue oft proves dangerous:
 We depose others, and they poison us.
 I have found it on records; 'tis better thus.

Enter the Old King, Lapyrus, Fidelio, Amorpho, all
 disguised like pilgrims [and speak apart]

LAPYRUS [to old King]
 My lord, this castle is but slightly guarded. 125

KING
 'Tis as I hoped and wished. Now bless us heaven!
 What horrid and inhuman spectacle
 Is yonder that presents itself to sight?

FIDELIO
 It seems three quarters of a man hung up.

KING
 What tyranny hath been exercised of late? 130
 I dare not venture on.

AMORPHO
 Fear not, my lord: our habits give us safety.

LAPYRUS
 Behold, the tyrant maketh toward us.

TYRANT
 Holy and reverent pilgrims, welcome!

KING
 Bold strangers, by the tempest beaten in. 135
 TYRANT Most welcome still.
 We are but stewards for such guests as you:
 What we possess is yours, to your wants due.
 We are only rich for your necessities.

KING
 A generous, free, and charitable mind 140
 Keeps in thy bosom, to poor pilgrims kind.

TYRANT
 'Tis time of day to dine, my friends.—Sertorio!
Enter Sertorio

SERTORIO
 My lord?

TYRANT Our food.

SERTORIO 'Tis ready for your highness. 145
[Exit Sertorio]

*Loud music. A banquet brought in, and by it a
 small table for the [young] Queen*

TYRANT
 Sit, pray sit, religious men, right welcome
 Unto our cates. Grave sir, I have observed 145
 You waste the virtue of your serious eye
 Too much on such a worthless object as that is.
 A traitor when he lived called that his flesh;
 Let't hang. Here's to you! We are the oldest here.

103 **law you** (oath of uncertain meaning)
gear doings, goings-on (deliberately
 vulgar)
 107 **right** genuine
under under cover of, in the name of
 108 **that divides love** who comes between
 two people who love each other (i.e.
 Amphridote and Mazer's)
 109 **Nor ... impart** A woman cannot be
 virtuous if she so hastily confers [love].
 110.2-5.1.248.1 **Thunder ... omnes** Dekker.
 110.2 **blazing star** nova or comet, regarded

as ominous
 121-4 **Yes ... thus** This brutal speech recalls
 the Cronos myth, another version of
 the bloody banquet. The Titan Cronos
 devoured his own children out of fear
 that they would grow up to supplant
 him; he was (like the Tyrant) supplanted
 anyway.
 124.2 **pilgrims** A useful disguise if you
 wanted to claim hospitality. One or
 more scenes in which Lapyrus and the
 Old King were welcomed by the King of

Lycia, and Lapyrus married his daughter
 Euronome, were probably removed by
 the adapter; placed somewhere between
 3.3 and 5.1, they probably would have
 prepared for the reappearance of these
 characters.
 132 **habits ... safety** (because no one will do
 violence to a pilgrim)
 135 **by ... in** forced to come in because of
 the storm
 145 **cates** delicate food

	[He pledges the old King, and passes the cup]	The body should be quartered and hung up. 'Twas done.	
150	Round let it go. Feed, if you like your cheer.	This as a penance I enjoined her to:	180
	<i>Enter Sertorio</i>	To taste no other sustenance, no nor airs,	
	SERTORIO	Till her love's body be consumed in hers.	
	My lord.	KING	
	TYRANT How now?	The sin was great; so is the penance grievous.	
	SERTORIO Ready, my lord.	TYRANT	
	TYRANT [to pilgrims] Sit merry.	Our vow is signed.	
	<i>Exit [Tyrant and servants]</i>	KING	
	KING	And was he Lydian born?	
	Where'er I look, these limbs are in mine eye.	TYRANT	
	LAPYRUS	He was no less. Son to mine enemy,	185
	Some wretch on whom he wrought his tyranny.	A banished king; Tymethes was his name.	
	FIDELIO	KING [aside] O me, my son Tymethes!	
	Hard was his fate to 'light into his mercy.	LAPYRUS [aside]	
155	AMORPHO Peace, he comes.	Passion may spoil us.—Sir, we oft have heard	
	<i>Soft music. Enter the Tyrant with the [young] Queen, her hair loose; she makes a curtsy to the table. Sertorio brings in the flesh, with a skull all bloody. [She sits at the table, and begins to eat the flesh, and drink blood from the skull.] They all wonder</i>	Of that old king, his father, and that justly	
		This kingdom was by right due to his sway.	190
		TYRANT	
		It was; I think it was, till we (called in)	
		By policy and force deceived his confidence,	
		Showed him a trick of war and turned him out.	
		KING [aside]	
		Sin's boast is worse than sin.	
		<i>Enter Fidelio [and speaks apart to the pilgrims]</i>	
		FIDELIO All's sure, the guards are seized on.	
		LAPYRUS Good.	195
		FIDELIO	
		The passage strongly guarded.	
160	KING Your bounty every way conquers poor strangers.	TYRANT	
		Holy sir, what's he?	
		LAPYRUS	
		Our brother, a poor pilgrim, that gives notice	
		Of a religious father that attends	
165	TYRANT Besides her graces, there were all perfections:	To bear us company in our pilgrimage.	
	Unless she spoke, no music; till her wishes	TYRANT	
	Brought forth a monster, a detested issue,	O ho, 'tis good, 'tis very good.	
	Poisoning the thoughts I held of her.	KING	
	<i>The old King sends forth [Fidelio]</i>	Alas, poor lady!	200
	She did from her own ardour undergo	It makes me weep to see what food she eats.	
	Adulterous baseness with my professed foe.	I know your mercy will remit this penance.	
170	TYRANT Her lust strangely betrayed, I ready to surprise them,	TYRANT	
	Set on fire by the abuse, I found his life	Never, our vow's irrevocable, never.	
	Cunningly shifted by her own dear hand	The lecher must be swallowed rib by rib.	
	And far enough conveyed from my revenge.	His flesh is sweet; it melts, and goes down merrily.	205
	Unnaturally she first abused my heart,	[The pilgrims] discover themselves	
175	TYRANT And then prevented my revenge by art.	Ha? What are these?	
	Yet there I left not. Though his trunk were cold,	LAPYRUS	
	My wrath was flaming, and I exercised	<i>Speranza.</i>	
	New vengeance on his carcass, and gave charge	TYRANT	
		Ha?	
		KING	
		Villain, this minute loses thee, thou tyrant.	

154 'light into his mercy fall into the Tyrant's merciless hands
 155.2 *hair loose* (a theatrical symbol of female madness)
 155.3-4 *skull all bloody* See Introduction.
 187 O me, my son Tymethes The closest thing comes to the cannibal banquet in

Seneca's *Thyestes*: the Old King realizes the human remains being consumed are those of his own son. In Warner's *Pan his Syrinx* there is no relation between the devoured body and the witnesses.
 191 (called in) i.e. to help
 202 mercy Before condemning the Tyrant,

the Old King tests his mercy: compare 2.4.19.1-2.4.21, when the Old King forgave the treachery of Lapyrus.
 206 *Speranza* (the same word the Tyrant used when he usurped the throne)
 207 loses thee releases you, frees the soul from the body.

TYRANT
 Pilgrims wear arms? The old King? And Lapyrus?
 Betrayed? Confounded? O, I must die forsworn.
 Break, vow; bleed, whore.
He kills his Queen

210 There is my jealousy flown.
 O happy man, 'tis more revenge to me
 Than all your aims: I have killed my jealousy.
 I have nothing now to care for. More than hell
 'T had been if you had struck me ere she fell.

215 I had left her to your lust; the thought is bitterness.
 But she first fall'n—ha, ha, ha!

KING
 Die, cruel murderous tyrant.
They all discharge at him

TYRANT So laugh away this breath.
 My lust was ne'er more pleasing than my death.
Dies

LAPYRUS [to old King]
 As full possessed as ever, and as rich
 In subjects' hearts and voices, we present thee
 The complete sway of this usurpèd kingdom.

220 KING
 I am so borne betwixt the violent streams
 Of joy and passion, I forget my state.
 To all: our thanks and favours, and what more

225 We are in debt, to all your free consent
 We will discharge in happy government.
Enter the old Queen disguised, a boy with her

OLD QUEEN [kneeling]
 The peaceful'st reign that ever prince enjoyed—

KING
 Already a petition? Suitors begin betimes.
 We are scarce warm in our good fortune yet. What
 are you?

OLD QUEEN
 Unworthiest of all the joys this hour brings forth.
She discovers

KING
 Our dearest Queen?

OLD QUEEN Your poor distressed Queen.

KING
 O let me light upon that constant breast,
 And kiss thee till my soul melt on thy lips.
 [They embrace]
 Our joys were perfect, stood Tymethes there.
 We are old; this kingdom wants a hopeful heir.

235 OLD QUEEN
 Your joys are perfect, though he stand not there,
 And your wish blessed: behold a hopeful heir!
 Stand not amazed: 'tis Manophes.

KING
 How just the gods are, who in their due time
 Return what they took from us.

240 OLD QUEEN Happy hour!
 Heaven hath not taken all our happiness;
 For though your elder met ill fate, good heaven
 Hath thus preserved your younger for your heir.

KING [to Amorpho and Fidelio]
 Prepare those limbs for honourable burial.—
 And, noble nephew, all your ill is lost

245 In your late new-born goodness, which we'll reward.—
 No storm of fate so fierce but time destroys,
 And beats back misery with a peal of joys.
Exeunt omnes

215 **lust** (a) sexual appetite; (b) free disposal
 (and possible mercy)

217.1 **discharge** fire pistols or muskets

221 **sway** rule, government

223 **state** (a) political obligations;
 (b) subjects

229 **scarce warm in** (metaphor taken from
 clothing or beds)

What are you? The Old King does
 not recognize his wife at first: compare
 4.3.128–30.

SIR ROBERT SHERLEY HIS ENTERTAINMENT IN CRACOVIA

Text edited and annotated by Jerzy Limon and Daniel J. Vitkus, introduced by Daniel J. Vitkus

MOST of Middleton's 1609 pamphlet on Sir Robert Sherley is a prose translation of a Latin poem by Andrew Leech, a Scottish Jesuit living in Poland. Leech must have met Sir Robert Sherley during the winter of 1608–9 in Cracow. Sherley, appointed by the Shah of Persia as ambassador to the princes of Europe, was travelling from court to court, seeking support for a Perso-Christian alliance against the Turks.

The literary career of Andrew Leech had begun in London in 1603 with Latin verses celebrating the accession of King James. But between 1606 and 1609 he published in Cracow, under his Latin name (Andreas Loeaechius), at least five books of Latin verse. Some of those texts link him to Habsburg patrons and to the court of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth in Cracow where a sophisticated internationalist culture existed around the monarch, Sigismund III. Sigismund was a militant counter-Reformation Catholic who sponsored a tremendous expansion of the Jesuit movement within Poland and Lithuania. His long reign (1587–1632) represents the apex of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth's power, affluence, and culture. Sigismund's support for an alliance with Persia against Turkey is not surprising, since his borders were often harassed by the Ottomans and their vassals (including slave-raiding parties from the Tatar khanate).

The Scottish expatriate community under Sigismund may have been extensive. John Chamberlain, writing from the English court on 24 March 1621, recounts that Polish ambassadors 'tell what numbers of Scots are fostered in Poland, which after their account are more than 30,000 families'. Leech belongs to the same Latin Renaissance of expatriate Catholic Scots that would produce John Barclay's *Argenis* (published in Paris in 1621), the last masterpiece of Latin literature, and the last international bestseller in Latin.

No such masterpiece, the neoclassical *Encomia Nominis & Negocii D. Roberti Sherlaei* is an unusually anxious panegyric because it betrays so much concern about Sherley's exotic status. Leech commends Sherley's 'fame and honour' (295) and praises his 'honoured enterprises' (293), but much of the text raises questions (for English Protestant readers, at least) about Sherley's ties to Persia and his loyalty to England. Middleton's translation states that 'England may very justly accuse Persia of wrong for detaining him from her' (205–6); a personified Mother England tells Persia 'that against all law of nations, thou robbest me of my subject' (249–50); and Sherley himself celebrates his 'liberty' from England (271) while

proclaiming at the same time, 'I am a servant to that great master' (274), the Shah.

Middleton acknowledges through a musical analogy that the *Entertainment* is a song of praise for Sherley played 'upon an instrument tuned and directed by another' (64–5), but he may have known nothing of 'Loeaechius' and his background. Middleton's text is not simply a word-for-word translation. He adds an original introductory section, including a letter 'To the Reader'; he removes some passages that might be read as offensive, cutting a couple of sections that might have been interpreted in England as treasonous; he inserts a translated passage from the ancient Greek author Strabo. The additions from Strabo (taken from the fifteenth book of his *Geographia*) present the Persians as virtuous pagans, thereby concealing their Islamic identity and praising their martial discipline and virility. Somewhat surprisingly, Middleton's translation retains some provocative statements suggesting that England was isolated from a cosmopolitan Christianity. 'What is the cause that Sherley has not all this while lived in the same country, that first lent him breath?' (302–3). The answer is that 'a spirit so great was not to be contained within so small a circle, as his country' (303–5). The Latin original belittles England, and suggests that Robert Sherley (and by analogy, Leech himself) is a great spirit who left Protestant England to join the greater, common cause of Christendom and to promote a grand alliance against the Turks.

Repackaging the Latin poem for English consumption, Middleton tried to allay and redirect xenophobic anxieties by stressing that Sherley's service as a Persian ambassador would bring honour to England and succour to Christians besieged by 'that hell-hound brood of Mahomet . . . the barbarous Turks' (164–6). Middleton opens the *Entertainment* with a general defence of travel that is an implicit defence of Robert Sherley's transgressive hybridity. Declaring that 'Travel is the golden mine that enriches the poorest country and fills the barrenest with abundant plenty' (49–50), Middleton enters into a contemporary debate about the effects of travel. Returned travellers and travel writers had to contend with domestic distrust of their tales and 'true reports'. For instance, William Parry, who accompanied Anthony and Robert Sherley on their voyage to Persia, wrote *A new and large discourse of the travels of Sir Anthony Sherley Knight . . . to the Persian empire* (1601), a text that begins with this sentence: 'It hath been, and yet is, a proverbial speech amongst us, that travellers may lie by authority.' It was not only lies that English homebodies feared, but also the contaminating importation of foreign

goods and foreign ideas. That fear is evident, for example, in Bishop Joseph Hall's *Quo Vadis? A Just Censure of Travel* (1617). Hall articulates English xenophobia through the discourse of religious sectarianism. He concedes that there are two ethically justifiable purposes for travel, 'matter of traffic, and matter of state', but he warns merchant travellers to 'take heed, lest they go too far, that they leave God behind them; that whiles they buy all other things good cheap, they make not an ill match for their souls'.

Middleton's pamphlet acknowledges its alien origins (in Catholic Poland and in Shiite Persia) but plays down Sherley's Catholic connections and presents the Shah as a quasi-Christian figure. Its description of 'the Persian himself confessing and worshipping Christ' (89–90) is intentionally ambiguous. (The Shah was tolerant of Christians and rumoured to wear a cross, but remained a Muslim all his life.) Middleton's Christ-worshipping 'Persian' serves as an example of the compatibility and convertibility of foreign powers in the imagined 'league' (131) that would include both the Shah and the 'Christian kings' (129) of Europe. This trans-sectarian, international alliance is embodied by Robert Sherley himself, who converted to Catholicism while in Persia. Sherley is described by Leech as wearing 'rich garments . . . woven by Grecian workmen' (230–1), riding a 'Thracian courser' (234–5), and bearing a 'victorious scimitar' (237) that has spilled 'so much blood of those, that are enemies to the Persians' (238–9). Sherley had served in the Shah's army against the Turks, and he was now touring the Continent wearing a silken caftan and a turban decorated with a jewel-encrusted crucifix (see illustration). The Loeaechius poem was probably given to Middleton by Sherley's 'agent Master Moore', who had 'lately arrived in England' (358–9), also 'Attired in . . . Persian habits' (358). In his epistle 'To the Reader', Middleton compares the pamphlet to an exotic import, 'this Persian robe, so richly woven with the praises only of Sir Robert Sherley' (10–11), but he seeks to reassure his readers that this imported text(ile) comes 'at a low price' (12). In early modern England, anxiety about contact and exchange with foreign culture generated objections to the importation of luxury goods and to the presence of aliens in London. Consequently, Middleton attempts to present the hybridized Sherley, 'this famous English Persian' (360), in a positive light, as 'our famous English traveller' (375–6), a brave soul who had demonstrated English honour and virtue to the wider world without going 'too far'.

The object of Middleton's defensive praise was the youngest of three brothers whose controversial activities had already demonstrated to the English court that travel often breeds trouble, not moral or monetary profit. The eldest brother, Sir Thomas Sherley, captured and imprisoned by the Turks for piracy in 1603, was ransomed and returned to England in 1606—then in September 1607 committed to the Tower, accused of conspiring to divert the Levant trade from England to Venice. He was released in 1608 (but by 1611 would be in prison again,



Portrait engraving of Sir Robert Sherley by Diego de Astor, 1609

this time for debt). Sir Anthony Sherley led an abortive military expedition to Italy in 1598, then went from Venice to Persia, where the unauthorized English embassy was hospitably received by the Shah. Sponsored by Abbas I, Anthony left Persia in 1599 for Europe on a mission to persuade the princes of Europe to ally themselves with Persia against the Ottomans. He never returned to Persia, ending his days in poverty in Madrid.

Robert Sherley had accompanied his older brother Anthony to Persia in 1598, and stayed there until 1608, when the Shah assigned him the diplomatic mission Anthony had botched. Among the letters he carried was one from the Shah addressed to King James, which suggested that 'the Turk ought to be assaulted by diverse ways' and that a joint military operation 'to ruin him and to blot out his name' should be mounted (Shirley, App. C). Sherley journeyed first to Moscow, next to the court of Sigismund III, and then to the imperial court at Prague, to Florence, and to Rome. According to the Venetian ambassador in Rome, Sherley delivered an oration there in which he claimed that 'When the Turk was defeated and Constantinople taken . . . his master intended

to become a Christian and to render entire obedience to the Apostolic See' (*Calendar of State Papers Venetian* 11: 648). He arrived in Spain in December 1609, but his prolonged negotiations there proved fruitless. Sherley's 'coming into England' (5), announced in the *Entertainment*, did not occur until June 1611, more than two years after publication of the pamphlet.

Given Middleton's known sympathies for an English brand of Calvinism and his affiliation with the Protestant citizens of London, why would he write what G. B. Shand has characterized as 'a piece of advance public relations work' for Robert Sherley, an orientalized Catholic who had been 'entertained' by the militant counter-Reformation court of Sigismund III? One motive may have been a pressing need for cash. We know that Middleton adapted and prepared the *Entertainment* before May 30, 1609, because on that day its publisher, John Budge, was fined for having had the pamphlet printed without permission. Legal records dating from December 1608 to July 1609 show Middleton—deprived of theatrical income by the closure of the theatres due to plague—being sued for failing to repay loans to two different creditors. Middleton may have been paid by Sherley's harbingers, including 'Master Moore', to translate a Latin poem for London publication; certainly, he would have been paid something by the London publisher. He must have hoped for patronage from Robert Sherley's brother and father, to whom he dedicated his text. Author and publisher probably noted the Sherleys' fame and popularity, whose exploits had been romanticized by other pamphlets and by a stage play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers* (first performed in 1607). Merchants and courtiers may have scorned the Sherleys, but among the common people they had taken on, through the media of cheap print and stage performance, the image of heroic adventurers.

Middleton may also have been personally sympathetic to the idea of a 'Universal peace' (165) that would establish Christian amity throughout Europe—and enable a crusade against an Islamic empire that was pushing back the borders of Christendom. Furthermore, he had reason to believe that King James would favour Sherley's mission. As early as 1589, James had begun to promote religious reconciliation among Christian nations and express hostility toward the Ottoman sultanate. In 1601 James wrote to the Shah of Persia, Abbas I, praising him for his military success against the Ottomans and implying that soon James himself would offer assistance to Persia. In the same letter, James expressed admiration for Sir Anthony Sherley, the Shah's ambassador. As W. B. Patterson has shown in *King James VI and I and the*

Reunion of Christendom, throughout his reign James pursued an accommodation between all Christian princes and sects. In 1618, the King was to sponsor Middleton's *The Peacemaker*, in which England is praised as 'the factory of peace'. The persistence beyond the Reformation of a 'Common Corps of Christendom' led to frequent calls for a crusade against the Turks, and James himself had developed a conciliar theology which prepared the way for a possible *rapprochement* with the Church of Rome. Under the threat of Spanish power, Elizabeth I and her councilors had forged an alliance with Turkey and had fostered the Levant trade, but when in 1603 James succeeded to the English throne, he immediately expressed his dislike of this affiliation with the Turks. According to Thomas Wilson, James 'denied absolutely' at the commencement of his reign in England to sign commercial agreements with the Ottomans, 'saying, that for merchant's causes he would not do things unfitting a Christian prince' (Baumer, 36n).

James's peacemaking policies in support of Christian solidarity and his hostility toward the Ottomans help to explain the warm welcome that Robert Sherley obtained at the Jacobean court in 1611. In the end, though, Sherley's efforts to drum up support for an anti-Ottoman alliance and a new commercial arrangement with Persia were decisively thwarted by powerful commercial interests committed to trade with Turkey. One English courtier, John Chamberlain, doubted the success of Sherley's 'projects', because 'the way is long and dangerous, the trade uncertain, and must quite cut off our traffic with the Turk'. English commerce with the Ottoman empire, ongoing since 1570, was controlled by the Levant Company, a powerful organization firmly opposed to any Anglo-Persian alliance against the Turks. Middleton's translation exhorted Christian princes to put martial valour and the sacred cause of a crusade before venal motives, but pro-Turkish mercantile priorities prevailed over Sherley's proposal. Middleton's *Entertainment* may have helped to publicize and promote Sherley's mission, but ultimately the effort to enlist James in a coalition against the Turks failed. Sherley left England for Spain (and then Persia) in early 1613.

The *Entertainment* marks the beginning of Middleton's interest in foreign affairs, but the next time that he would write about an ambassador coming from Spain to negotiate an alliance with England, it would be Gondomar in *A Game of Chess*, and Middleton would write in opposition, not support, of a partnership with foreign and Catholic powers.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 598
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 368

Sir Robert Sherley his Entertainment in Cracovia

Sent ambassador in the name of the King of Persia to Sigismund the Third, King of Poland and Swecia, and to other princes of Europe.

His royal entertainment into Cracovia, the chief city of Poland, with his pretended coming into England.

Also, the honourable praises of the same Sir Robert Sherley, given unto him in that kingdom, are here likewise inserted.

To the Reader

Reader, this Persian robe, so richly woven with the praises only of Sir Robert Sherley (thy countryman) comes to thee at a low price, though it cost him dear that wears it, to purchase so much fame, as hath made it so excellent. It is now his, forever, thine so long as it is his; for every good man (as I hope thou art) doth participate in the renown of those that are good, and virtuous.

He hath been a traveller a long time: give him now a welcome home; the arms of his own country embracing him will be more joyful to him than all those of so many foreign kingdoms, with which he hath so often been honoured.

If a man that hath ventured through the world may deserve thy love, thou canst not choose but bestow as much of it upon him, as upon any. Look upon him truly, and thou shalt find a large general chronicle of time writ in a little volume.

He comes laden with the trophies of war, and the honours of peace. The Turk hath felt the sharpness of his sword, and against the Turk is he now whetting the swords of Christian princes. Much more could I speak of him, but that I should do wrong to the common laws of civility, by taking away that reverence from strangers, whom (from countries afar off) you shall presently hear giving ample testimonies of his nobleness.

Vale:

News from Persia and Poland, touching Sir Robert Sherley, being sent ambassador to divers princes of Europe, famed as well for his wisdom and experience, as for his knowledge and understanding of many tongues.

Albeit that man can receive his birth but from one place, yet is he

born a freeman of all the cities of the world. The whole earth is his country, and he that dwelleth farthest off, is by the laws of nature, as near to him in love as his kindred and acquaintance. This general charter being given by the King of this universal crown, to all nations, hath caused men from time to time (by the virtue of that privilege) to forsake the places of their first being, and to travel into other countries. The benefits that kingdoms have gotten by this means cannot in so small a volume (as this in hand) be comprehended. Travel is the golden mine that enriches the poorest country and fills the barrenest with abundant plenty. It is the chain that at first tied kingdoms together and the musical string that still maintains them in concord, in leagues and in unity. The Portuguese have hereby crowned themselves and their posterity with garlands of never dying honour. The Spaniards have their names (for this) so deeply engraven in the chronicles of fame, that they can never be forgotten. The French likewise and the Dutch, have raised their glories to a nobler height, only by these adventures. In imitation of all whose labours, or rather in emulation of all their fames, our Englishmen have not only stept as far as any of them all, but gone beyond the most and the best of them. And not to reckon those men of worth (in this kind) of our own nation, whose voyages and travels (by sea and land) to set down, were able to fill whole volumes, I will only at this time (not with a loud and shrill trumpet, as they deserve, but as it were upon an instrument tuned and directed by another) give only a soft touch of the praises of this worthy gentleman Sir Robert Sherley, of whose adventures, dangers, and various fortunes, both good and bad, to draw a true picture in the right and lively colours would as easily feed men's eyes with gazing admiration, as the large pictured tables of others have filled them with wonder.

Being therefore contented (at this time) to swim but in a shallow stream of his fame, sithence greater sails are likely hereafter (and that very shortly) to swell with the true report of his actions, you shall understand that Sir Robert Sherley, after a long, a chargeable, and a dangerous progress through most (if not all) the kingdoms in Europe, receiving entertainment from the princes of those dominions fitting to such a guest, desire of glory still more and more burning within him. At the length, he left Europe and travelled into Asia, receiving noble entertainment at the hands of the king of Persia. In whose court he so well and so wisely bore himself in all his actions, that the Persian (with much of his love, of which he tasted most plenteously) heaped on his head many honourable favours.

1 **ambassador** envoy
1-2 **the King of Persia** Shah Abbas I
2 **Sigismund the Third** Polish king of the Vasa dynasty; ruled between 1587 and 1632.
3 **Swecia** Sweden. In point of fact Sigis-

mund III lost his Swedish throne in 1598.
princes monarchs
5 **pretended** intended
17-18 **give...home** Although Sherley's arrival was expected in England in 1610,

he did not arrive until 1611.
28 **The Turk** the Ottoman sultan, Ahmed I
35 **Vale** Latin: farewell, adieu
44 **King of this universal crown** God
72 **sithence** sith = from this time on
75 **chargeable** burdensome; expensive

85 That common enemy of Christ and Christians, (the Turk) lifting up his sword continually (for the most part) not only against the Polack, the Hungarian, Bohemian, and other princes of Christendom, but also thirsting after the rich empire of Persia and showing a mortal hatred to that kingdom by being ever by in arms against it, it was thought fit that (the Persian himself confessing and worshipping Christ) aid should be required at the hands of Christian princes in the Persian's behalf, against so barbarous, so ambitious and so general an enemy. Hereupon honour of such an embassy was conferred (by the King of Persia) upon Sir Robert Sherley, as a man worthy and apt to treat with Christian princes in so weighty a business, he himself being a Christian born, and a gentleman that had travelled and by experience knew the conditions, state, and policies of most of their kingdoms.

95 First therefore was he employed into Poland, where by Sigismund (the King of Poland and of Swecia) he was received with great magnificence and applause, both of the Polack himself and of his people.

100 And because it is not fit that every common and popular ear should stand listening to the private business of princes in a designation that concerns the universal state of Christendom, we will not therefore at this time be interpreters of the Persian's embassy but rather wait his expected coming who hath in charge to deliver it by word of mouth himself.

110 In the mean time notwithstanding (forbearing to reckon up the rich presents given by the Poland king to Sir Robert, the honours done to him by the Polish lords, and the favours thrown upon him by the common people) you shall be witnesses only to those (not unworthy) praises of him, by which his fame (amongst scholars by those of the better sort) was lifted up at the time of his staying in Poland.

115 *A fourfold anagram upon Sir Robert Sherley's name.*

ROBERTVS SHERLÆIVS.

1. *Heus Labor, Tueris Res.*

2. *Servus, ast Hero Liber.*

3. *Libertas, ero Servus.*

120 4. *Virtus, Labores sere.*

Encomiums or praises, as well upon the name as negotiation, of Sir Robert Sherley, an English knight, sent ambassador from the King of the Persians, to the princes of Europe.

Mercurius, seeing the ambassador ready to take his journey,

125 resigneth unto him his office, as being messenger or herald to the gods, according to the fiction of poets, and with that office bestoweth the gift of eloquence upon him, because he may have power to persuade the princes to whom he is sent. And withal adds a wish that those Christian kings whom he is to solicit may not be cold in joining their forces together, but that they may enter into an honourable, a pious and inviolable league against that common enemy, the Turk. 130

Mercury's speech.

135 Thou (O Sherley), being born an Englishman, art sent from the Persian empire to the kingdoms that lie in Europe. Thy place is full of honour, thy message of weight: discharge thou therefore boldly those things which the great Lord of Persia commands thee to do. It is not chance that throws this high office upon thee, but a full synod (or parliament) of all the gods do appoint thee to be their messenger to the great kings of the earth. For this cause, I that am heaven's winged messenger, seeing thee ready to depart, present myself thus before thee and uttering only so much, as in the letters of thy name lies mystically hidden, and that is this: 140

145 *Heus Labor,—tu Res hoc ore Tueris Persarum.*—
O exceeding labour! Yet thou art the man that must defend the state of the Persians, even by the force of my eloquence. Go on therefore, be thou Mercurius in the courts of kings. I give thee my place; I give it to thee, that art more worthy of it then myself. O that the princes of Europe would knit an indissoluble league together with thy master (the Persian monarch) and tie all their sinews to one arm, that a noble war may be begotten. Let Bellona (the goddess of battles) breath courage into the breasts of soldiers; and let no country be dishonoured by bearing men that have no hearts to come into the field. O let not that covetous dragon, which once watched the golden firmament, sleep in the bosoms of kings and with his poison infect them with that covetous disease of hoarding up gold. Cast off (O you princes) your sensual pleasures, and let it be your ambition to wear garlands of oak, which are the crowns of conquerors. Prefer immortal fame before all those dangers, over which you must of necessity pass, be they never so invincible in the show of undertaking, and aspire only to that life which shall remain when your bodies lie dead. Heaven (in your doing so) shall smile upon your enterprises. Hell shall be conquered, and that hell-hound brood of Mahomet be utterly confounded. Universal peace shall crown the world and the barbarous Turks feel the sinews and puissant arms of Europe. 155
160
165

89–90 **Persian . . . worshipping Christ** This, of course, was not true, except in the sense that all Muslims acknowledge Jesus as a prophet.

100 **Polack** the King of Poland
106 **his expected coming** Sir Robert was expected in England shortly after his visit to Poland, Bohemia, Italy, and Spain.

115–307 **A fourfold . . . kings** This entire passage is a free translation of Middleton's source, Andrew Leech's *Encomium*.

115 **anagram** In what follows each line should contain all the letters of Sherley's (Latinized) name.

117 **Heus . . . Res** Here's labour, you must care about things.

118 **Servus . . . Liber** Servant, but free for his sovereign.

119 **Libertas, ero Servus** Free, but servant to his sovereign.

120 **Virtus, Labores sere** Virtue, sow labour.

121 **Encomiums** praises

122 **English knight** Robert Sherley was never knighted in England. He was, however, knighted by the Emperor in Prague in June 1609; in addition, he was created a count palatine of the Holy Roman Empire. Two months later Sir

Robert was created count of the sacred palace of the Lateran by the Pope (Paul V).

124 **Mercurius** messenger of the gods

144 **Heus . . . Persarum** this is translated by Middleton in the next line

154–5 **covetous dragon . . . firmament** In Greek mythology Ladon was the dragon that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides. Ladon had a hundred heads and voices, and was killed by Heracles when he came to fetch the golden apples (his twelfth labour).

166 **puissant** mighty, powerful

The travells of Sir Robert Sherley

- To the nations (unto whom the ambassador is sent on great and serious affairs, as rightly may be conjectured) a desire and wish is made that all kings in Christendom may entertain this holy war with the same courage, constancy and zeal, that the Persian doth.
- 170 Hearken O you Polanders, Italians, French, and you Germans; enrich your chronicles with an act of a wonder never heard of in the world before: for behold, a Briton is sent on a royal message from the King of the Persians. A Briton is sent, but who is it? Such a one he is, as by his name (being before anagrammatized) he may apparently be deciphered.
- 175 Ast Liber, Servus Hero.
Free born and a servant only unto his sovereign.
- 180 He, even he, is sent to you (O you nations of Europe) from the confines of the Persians, bringing along with him the name of his Lord and with that name the sound of an approaching war.
- 185 The destinies begin to promise some great matter: the God of battles (hereupon) speaks cheerfully. God himself prepares the armour; muster yourselves together therefore (O you kings) and with a religious defence draw your swords against the Turks.
- A gratulatory compendious speech, to Sir Robert Sherley, commending both his virtue and present fortune.
- 190 O Sherley, thou that art an honour to the Persians as well as to the Britons, within whose head dwelleth experience and wisdom, and upon whose tongue eloquence writeth her charms: whatsoever he was that at first durst say that Fortune was blind and that she bestowed extraordinary benefits upon undeserving men, let him know that all this while he hath been in an error. For Fortune had more eyes than Argus when she crowned this Englishman with so many Persian honours and offices. That monarch (O thou renowned Briton) whose sword is dreadful to the Thracian tyrant, makes thee a partner in the cares and burdens of his empire: for he hath seen, yea, he hath ever seen and found thee constant in execution of all his just and royal commands.
- 195 The empire of the Persian is here commended: the kings and princes of Europe being called to give witness how much glory the dexterity of Sir Robert Sherley hath added to the Persian monarchy; upon which, he appears to the Persians a gentleman of such merit, as that England may very justly accuse Persia of wrong for detaining him from her.
- 200 The fame of the Persian empire doth not grow up only in a mean soldier, for their cities are full of renowned and worthy captains: from the ancient discipline and stratagems of war, are the glories of the Persians sprung up and continue famous, but (O thou
- honoured Englishman) she derived her first principles from thy practice and knowledge. Far be my words from the base servitude of flattery: for within a short time, kings shall rise up as witnesses of what I speak. Let thine own country envy the kingdom of Persia for enjoying this honour (which by thee is given her). Yea, let her challenge thee to be delivered back again as her own, yet let her claim be made in such manner that England and Persia may not grow into quarrel about thee, but rather thus let them both share thee. Let rich Persia enjoy thy presence and reckon thee in the number of her citizens, and be proud in the possession of a man so worthy. Let England glory that she alone is happy in thy birth, and that she bears the honour of giving thee thy name. But howsoever (O thou, the dignity and lustre of two renowned kingdoms) go thou on in thine intended embassy, and perform these behests which the great Persian thy lord hath imposed upon thy integrity.
- 215 A short Speech uttered as it were by the whole body of the Polish court, to Robert Sherley, ambassador from the invincible King of the Persians.
- 220 It is not thy rich garments, embroidered so thick with gold and woven by Grecian workmen, that draws our eyes into admiration by beholding thee; it is not thy sparkling jewels, nor those costly precious stones that adorn thy robe, which dazzle our sight; it is not thy comely riding, nor skilful managing of that Thracian courser upon whose back thou sittest, whilst the proud beast itself champs on the glistering bit in disdain to be so curbed, that makes us to look after thee. It is not that victorious scimitar of thine, wherewith thou hast made the earth drunk so often with so much blood of those that are enemies to the Persians, that causes us to stand gazing at thy presence. No, it is the beauty of thy mind wherewith our eyes are enchanted. It is the excellent music of thy tongue, that so ties our ears to thy charms: thou being able to speak and to answer so many several nations in their own proper languages.
- 230 England's complaint to Persia for her Sherley.
- 245 O Persia! thou glorious kingdom, thou chief of empires; the palace sometimes where wisdom only kept her court, the land that was governed by none but by wisemen; yet must I tell thee, and with grief dost thou enforce me to tell thee, that against all law of nations, thou robbest me of my subject. Why should the right of another be thine? It is justice for every one to keep their own. But thou makest up thy gain by my loss. Is this equity? Is this tolerable? Cease to do it and send home (O Persia) that son of mine to me that am his mother: for to me only is he due. But (aye me) the
- 250
- 169 **all kings in Christendom** In the original source Pope Paul V is also mentioned; in Middleton's pamphlet the Pope is omitted on purpose.
- 178 **Ast Liber, Servus Hero** translated in the next sentence
- 181 **confines** borders
- 182 **war** Again, in the source we have a direct address to Paul V, here omitted.
- 187 **compendious** comprehensive though brief
- 195 **Argus** Argus had one hundred eyes, only two of which closed at any one time. He was killed by Hermes, and Hera saw to it that his eyes were placed in the peacock's tail.
- 197 **Thracian** Thrace was a large European country located to the south-west of the Black Sea and to the north of the Aegean Sea. Today, part of Turkey or Bulgaria. In Middleton's text 'Thracian' means simply 'Turkish'.
- 200 **commands** For some reason, Middleton did not include a translation of the passage that follows in the original, which consists of Sherley's address to his liberty, being an explication of the third line of his anagram: 'Libertas, ero
- Servus'.
- 223 **lustre** glory
- 225 **behests** vows, duties
- 226 **integrity** uncorrupted virtue
- 234 **Thracian** Turkish
- 235 **courser** a swift horse
- 236 **champs** bites
- 237 **scimitar** a curved, single-edged sword used by the Turks and Persians (and the Poles, as a matter of fact)
- 241-4 **It is . . . proper languages** Sir Robert's reputation as a linguist was confirmed by other writers, including Thomas Herbert (*Relation of Some Yeares Travaile*).

255 honours of his own country, and the palaces of my kingdom, are
by him (belike) neglected and seem not worth the looking on; and
though to the eye of the world I may perhaps appear beautiful
and great, yet in his eye I show no bigger than a small corner of
the world. I do envy thee therefore (O Persia) only for him; yet
260 sithence I cannot enjoy him, fare thou well, O thou my darling,
and with that farewell bear along with thee the praises which I
give thee. I rob Persia, Persia robs not me: my loss is to me more
honour, for the Persian empire borrows her brightness from the
beams of one of the sons of England.

265 *Sherley to his native country.*
O thou my country, if I should pay back into thy hands so much
as by bonds due unto thee from me, I should then lay down my
life at thy feet. But my thoughts aim at greater matters: it is not
breath I would pay thee, but fame; take thou from me so much
270 honour as may make me live for ever. Liberty is the goal to which
I run, but such a liberty it is, as may free me from the common
baseness of the multitude and make me worthy to be respected
by the eye of a king.

275 *Servus hero, I am a servant to that great master, to whose
feet all the Persians bow and do reverence: I am his servant that
I may be his messenger and bear the treaties of such a king to
other kings in Christendom. I am destined out to deliver his mind
in their own languages, to foreign princes and to the monarchs of
the earth. Let them therefore come together, and quickly shall the
280 Turkish fury be calmed, and being weakened in her own strengths,
shall be glad to kneel to the power and mercy of others. And thou
(O my native country), if thou wouldst be pleased to knit thy forces
in this just and universal war, to what dignities may thou advance
thyself? Whatsoever is dishonourable hath a base descention and
285 sinks beneath hell, but whatsoever is good and honest lifts up the
unblemished brow on high and makes it level with the front of
heaven.*

290 *The author's wish and request to Virtue that she would give
unto Sherley such a fruitful harvest of his labours that,
having conquered the hardness of them, his name may aspire
to the full height of his desert.*

O Virtue! the noblest and boldest guide, thou that givest to men
the due crown of praises, prosper thou the honoured enterprises
of Sherley; but touching those paths which must lead him to
titles of fame and honour, make them even and certain before
295 him: he hath no desire to have his name eaten out by the rust
of idleness, no; he will never unworthily sink beneath his own
proposed fortune.

300 *Another of the same author, touching Sir Robert Sherley
being called as it were by Fate to manage the affairs of
foreign princes.*

What is the cause that Sherley hath not all this while lived in the

same country that first lent him breath? This is the reason: a spirit
so great was not to be contained within so small a circle as his
country. Besides,

He is the child of Fate and highly sings

Of kingly embassies to none but kings.

Crowned with these praises as you hear in Poland and leaving the
fame of his memorable actions behind him, bending his course
to other princes of Christendom with the same royal embassy
of honourable and Christian confederacy against Mahomet and
his adherents, it shall not be amiss here to speak of the kingdom
of Persia, where Sir Robert received such honourable entertain-
ment, suitable to his noble actions and the virtues of his mind,
as also of the manners, fashions, rites, and customs that are and
have been observed by the Persians. And first, for their religion
which they have observed of old, doing worship and reverence in
their upright zeal to the Sun, Moon, Venus, Fire, Earth, Water, and
Winds, erecting neither altars nor statues, but in open fields offer-
ing their sacrifices, which sacrifices were superstitious and full of
idle ceremonies too tedious to be here rehearsed. For their kings,
the golden line of them is drawn out of one family. That custom
amongst the Persians never as yet suffered change or alteration,
and so severe their laws are in effect to the punishing of all re-
bellious, treasonable and disobedient people, that whosoever he
be that is found repugnant in the least demeanor to the will and
affection of the King, he is presently seized upon by the torment-
ors, his head and arms chopped off, and with his detested body
thrown into some common field, without either grave or covering.
And for their palaces and royal mansions, this hath ever been the
continued custom among them, that every king hath had his seat
royal erected on some high hill or mountain, the bowels of which
he makes his safe treasure house, where all his riches, jewels, and
tribute moneys are with exceeding carefulness kept hid and secret.
And so much they do detest sterility and barrenness, that from the
highest to the lowest they take many wives in marriage, counting
the fruitful propagation of the empire, the only happiness they
can raise to it, and so much they thirst after human fruitfulness,
that the kings themselves propound great gifts and rewards to
those that in one year brings forth the greatest harvest of man-
kind. From five year old to four-and-twenty the male children
practise to ride great horses, to throw the vulnerable and inevi-
table dart, to shoot in arbaests or long steel bows, and all such
manly exercises which shames many other Christian countries and
may justly upbraid them of effeminacy and laziness.

Their victuals, for the most part, by which the common sort
of people are fed and do live by, are acorns and hedge-pears,
their bread coarse and hard, their drink the running spring. For
their apparel, the princes and those that live in greatest respect
amongst them adorn their bodies with a triple robe, and another
garment in the fashion of a cloak hanging down to their knees,
the inward linings all of white silks and the outward facing like

274 *Servus hero* see note to l. 118.

284 *descention* falling in rank

289-91 *Sherley...desert* This passage elaborates on the fourth line of Sherley's anagram; cf. note to l. 120.

306-7 *He is...kings* This couplet is the only part of the translation that reproduces the poetic form used by

Loeaechius in the Latin original.

311-12 *Mahomet and his adherents* Middleton does not admit that Persia was in fact a Muslim country.

316-20 *And first...sacrifices* This passage is based on Strabo, p. 136.

325-9 *whosoever...covering* This passage is based on Strabo, p. 137.

326 *repugnant* resistant

335-7 *And so much...the empire* This passage is based on Strabo, p. 137.

341-3 *From five...bows* This passage is based on Strabo, p. 137.

345 *upbraid them* of reproach them for

346-57 *Their victuals...as tissue, etc.* This passage is based on Strabo, pp. 138-9.

powdered ermines. In summer for the most part they walk in purple; the winter refuses no colour; about their temples they wear a great tiara, being a stately ornament high and round with a cone at the top, from which descends a rich fair pendant of some costly embroidered stuff, as tissue, etc.

Attired in some of which ordinary Persian habits his agent Master Moore is lately arrived in England, bringing happy tidings of this famous English Persian, as also of his coming to England to the exceeding great joy of his native country, laden with honours through every kingdom, as the deserving ornaments of his virtue and labour. And thus, ingenuous reader, have I set down by true and most credible information a brief epitome of Sir Robert Sherley's entertainment into Cracovia, the chief city of Poland, together with all those several speeches delivered to him by the scholars of that country, which although they may seem to the nice ear of our times, not altogether so pure and polished as the refined labour of many English wits, yet therein they strived to express both their fashion and affection to the worthy virtues of Sir Robert, and for a taste of their style and manner of writing, it shall not be amiss if you cast your eye upon these verses following, composed by a scholar worthily reputed in that

country, one Andreas Loeaechius, and those are they which at this I borrow to shut up the honourable praises of our famous English traveller. 375

*Ad illustrissimum & maximi tum ingenij tum animi virum,
Dom. Robertum Sherlaeum, Equitem Anglum Regis
Persarum nomine ad Europae PP. legatum.*
Aemule Honos Animo Proavis, Lux alta, Britannae, 380
Qui gentis pessus non sinis ire Decus;
Non uni dat Cuncta Polus, sed Carmina Apollo,
Mars vires, Arcas Nuncius Ingenium.
Haec cuncta unus habes, est vis, sunt ora diserta.
Numina avara aliis, prodiga facta tibi; 385
Persia se iactat gemino in te munere, Martis
Pectore belligeri; Palladis ingenio,
Tantus honore licet, te Scoti haud subtrahe Vena,
At Venam excedit pondere vatis Amor.
Immo Censendum satis est Cecinisse Poetam 390
Quod tibi se fassus carmine & ore rudem;
Parva loquor, ne te venturis subtrahe saeculis:
At Fidei, ut Famae suesce parare modum.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

A *To the worthy and well experienced gentleman, Sir Thomas Sherley, son to that happy father, Sir Thomas Sherley, and brother to that noble gentleman, Sir Robert.*

Worthy Sir,

5 The sellsame office of love and due praises which the world put itself into, at your long desired arrival in England, falls happily upon me to perform the like duty toward your worthy brother, nor can I recite more encomiums of his actions, then those of your own hath

rightly and properly challenged to themselves; I'll speak thus much of you both, and the world shall judge it free from flattery: you well may be own brothers in birth, that are so near kin to one another in actions of fame and honour: so commending you both to eternizing memory of your own virtues and fortunes, I remain an unworthy 15 observer of them both.

Your Worship's, in his most selected studies,
Thomas Middleton.

359 **Master Moore**... **England** It is very likely that Moore (of whom nothing else is known) brought Leech's poem to England.

374 **Andreas Loeaechius** i.e. Andrew Leech, a Scottish Jesuit and a poet who found refuge in Poland

377-93 *Ad*... **modum** This poem opens Leech's work. Translation by Daniel J. Vitkus:

To the most illustrious Master Robert Sherley, a man both of the greatest spirit and of the greatest character; an English knight, and in the name of the king of Persia, ambassador to the princes of Europe.

O honoured man, rivalling the ancestral spirit, bright light, of Britain,

You who do not allow the glory of your people to perish:

Heaven [lit. "the pole star"] does not give all things to one person, But Apollo gives songs, Mars strength, Mercury financial genius.

You alone have all these things: strength is here, eloquent speech is here.

Others possess a jealous majesty; you have wondrous deeds.

Persia casts itself upon you with a double gift: with the heart of warlike Mars and the mind of Pallas.

So much honour is allowed you that the talent of a Scot can scarcely detract from it,

But the poet's love is weightier than his talent.

On the contrary, it is enough for the poet to have sung the praises of a man so worthy of esteem,

For he has confessed to you that he is unrefined both in song and in

speech.

I say little, lest I detract from you in the centuries to come;

But I sing for my faith, so as to provide your wonted measure of fame.

A This dedicatory epistle appears in one surviving copy of *Sherley*; all other copies contain the dedicatory epistle printed here as Additional Passage B.

A.1-2 **Sir Thomas Sherley** (1564-1630?), the eldest son of Sir Thomas Sherley; ironically, two years after the publication of Middleton's pamphlet, Robert's brother found himself in prison.

A.2, B.1-2 **Sir Thomas Sherley** (1542-1612), the father of the three famous sons

A.6 **long desired arrival** Sir Thomas spent thirteen years abroad, between 1593 and 1607.

B *To the worthy and noble affected gentleman, Sir Thomas
Sherley, father to that illustrious spark of honour and virtue,
Sir Robert Sherley.*

5 Sir, not long since it was my happiness to meet with a
little poem in Latin, as full freighted with the praises of
your worthy renowned son, as is his breast with virtues;
which no sooner mine eye had visited, but the general
fame of his nobleness invited me to make his praises as
10 general. And because it had been a great injury to his
worthiness that but one tongue should sound forth his

encomiums, who in so many tongues hath purchased
glory, I thought it a part of humanity, and the office of
a native countryman, since his honours were so spacious
and general, to make his praises speak more tongues than
one, and amongst all, especially, I chose the voice of his
15 own country as the fittest trumpet of his fame, for whose
honour he hath chiefly adventured his life and fortunes.
To you therefore the happy father of so worthy a son, I
dedicate both my love and labour, knowing the universal
taste of his nobleness cannot come to the dear thirst of his
20 country more pleasing than to your soul joyful.

THE TWO GATES OF SALVATION

or THE MARRIAGE OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT

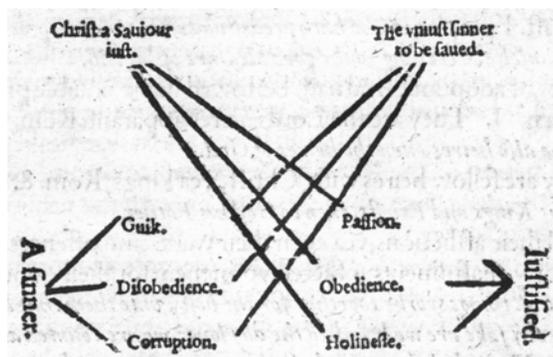
or GOD'S PARLIAMENT HOUSE

Text edited and annotated by Paul Mulholland, introduced by Lori Anne Ferrell

HISTORY is rarely a matter of names and dates, but in the case of Thomas Middleton's 1609 text *The Two Gates of Salvation*, both nomenclature and chronology are essential to an understanding of the author's political and religious world-view. *Two Gates* was reissued in 1620 as *The Marriage of the Old and New Testament*; it was reissued a second time in 1627 as *God's Parliament House*. Here change over time is reflected, significantly, in titles transformed to suit a volatile political climate; here, too, is a simple reason for the relative obscurity of this particular piece. If Middleton's unique exploration of the relationship between the first and second testaments has remained unprinted since the seventeenth century, it is not because of its subject, or the work's anomalous position in the Middleton *œuvre*, but because of the confusion caused by its various and nonattributive title-pages. It has only recently been established that the 'Thomas Middleton' whose name appears in the preface to *Two Gates* is the poet, playwright, and chronologer of seventeenth century London.

The Two Gates of Salvation is a treatise of biblical typology, often called a 'harmony', which in two sections presents an arrangement of parallel scriptural texts. Throughout, the harmony of the Old and New Testaments is quite literally invoked by Middleton: 'Hearken therefore to the mutual sounds,' he writes, 'which their heavenly music sends forth' (a.I.6-8). The themes presented in this work thus conform to the expectations of the genre; it is to the rhetoric of the second section, and the overall format of the piece, that we must turn to discover the unique nature of *The Two Gates of Salvation* and to speculate about Middleton's own religious affiliations.

After a short section devoted to the prophecies of Christ's birth, life, and passion, Middleton extends his paradigm to represent the Old Testament anticipation of New Testament doctrine. This is a more unusual and complicated undertaking, something noted by Middleton himself, who writes at the end of the first section, 'what follows of him [Christ] now, shall appear more largely, though more irregularly'. This section, which comprises 39 of the original's 55 pages, is expansive in more ways than one. What Middleton calls 'largeness' is in fact theological speculation, in which the Old Testament does not so much prefigure Christ's teachings as provide a commentary to them. In a methodology reflective of



An example, from William Perkins's *A Golden Chain*, of the graphic depiction of salvation theology.

Calvin's in *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, the Law is pressed into the service of the Gospel in *The Two Gates of Salvation*.

While Middleton's rhetorical approach is typical of the theological concerns of protestantism, his parallel-text presentation of these concerns makes *Two Gates* remarkable in the context of early seventeenth-century religious prose. The 'harmony' of the testaments is presented to the reader in graphic form, by the literal juxtaposition of the scriptures on opposing pages. This polyphonic format is unusual, even in a world where various schemata were employed to explain doctrine, as in the church calendars affixed to the Bishops' Bible, or, more notably, in William Perkins's *A Golden Chain*, where the doctrinal path of election is travelled over connecting lines and geometric figures. Rather than use a diagrammatic outline of unfolding events or logical progression, Middleton instead depends on simultaneous presentation to make his 'harmony'.

This format of mutuality is especially necessary to the polemical intent of the second half of the work, which is political as well as religious. By displaying the testamental texts side by side, Middleton makes a stronger case for his theology, which is strongly Calvinist. Middleton's Calvinism, however, is less significant to a political reading of *The Two Gates of Salvation* than the kind of Calvinist Middleton appears to be. For Middleton's beliefs, as evinced in his only extant theological treatise, occupy a grey area,

a characteristic danger zone where Calvinist religion could shade over into Puritan politics, goaded by the events of the volatile reign of James I.

The Civil War of the 1640s has been called by an earlier generation of historians 'England's Puritan Revolution' and by recent historians 'Britain's Wars of Religion'. During the time span represented by *Two Gates's* three publication dates, the religious consensus that had loosely bound James I's loyal subjects began to unravel, as the King appeared increasingly conciliatory to continental Catholicism, and, upon his death, as relations broke down between Charles I and his Parliaments over religious issues. *The Two Gates of Salvation* displays a theology that would have appeared more confrontative in 1620 than it did in 1609, more so in 1627 than in 1620. Middleton's presentation of scriptural mutuality, therefore, graphically echoes and underscores the calls for alliance and cooperation that characterize the political treatises, published sermons, and parliamentary rhetoric of the period. This was, after all, a time when differences over religion were perceived and decried with increasing vigour: the age that created the idea of the 'Puritan' as a symbol of religious harmony gone discordant.

To examine the rhetorical—and nominal—strategies of this treatise is to realize the importance of understanding its politics as well as its theology. Middleton's desire for political harmony is essential to an understanding of the work as a reflection of the Jacobean milieu wherein it was conceived, written, published, and re-issued. The period used to be described in terms of doctrinal conflict between 'Puritans', who were Calvinists, and 'Anglicans', who were not. This is a dichotomy that is no longer credible in the face of extensive recent scholarship. Jacobean religion ran across a broader doctrinal spectrum than such arbitrary distinctions can negotiate. More importantly, perhaps, the Church of England was an entity as much secular as spiritual. In this context, theological nuance, political alliance, and simple timing could mean the difference between moderate Calvinism, stiff-necked Calvinism, and Puritanism.

This state of affairs could exist because Jacobean protestantism, in general, combined the rhetoric of Calvinism with the religious practices of an unreformed past. The Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion raised doctrinal ambiguity to a religious art form. While most of the Church of England's orthodox theologians were Calvinists, their adherence to Calvin's ideas as contained in his uncompromising *Institutes* was less clear-cut. Unfettered by a well-defined official orthodoxy, there existed in the Church varieties of Calvinism (as well as doctrinal opinions best described as anti-Calvinist), each distinguished in part by its treatment of the doctrine of predestination. Until the final years of his reign, the King tolerated a broad range of opinion on predestination, as long as the Royal Supremacy went unchallenged and order and uniformity governed the Church's ceremonies.

Generally speaking, Puritans and Calvinists in the Jacobean Church were united in terms of theology. But doctrine constitutes only part of a religious programme. What was called 'Puritanism' at this time was not primarily a matter of dogma—it was a cultural phenomenon with political connotations. What fashioned a Puritan out of a Calvinist in this period was the former's increasingly impatient attitude toward unreformed (and thus 'papist' or 'idoltrous') Church practices, conjoined with an inflexible style of Calvinism. At the time Middleton first published *The Two Gates of Salvation*, however, such opinions were usually absorbed into the Church of England's broad-based and ill-defined theological consensus.

Consensus, however, is not quiescence. In the absence of an official Calvinist gloss to the Articles of Religion, efforts to define the religion of England flourished in religious treatises and political tracts. *The Two Gates of Salvation* is representative of the politics of moderation that governed Jacobean polemic. But while Middleton's rhetoric is consensual, it is deceptively so. As with other printed works in this period, we must look beyond Calvinist doctrine to find Puritan tendencies. But instead of reading between the lines, we only have to glance across the page.

The first section of *The Two Gates of Salvation* is a straightforward biblical typology, in which the protestant tradition of the genre is somewhat refined in the preface. There Middleton's debt to the Reformed tradition can be seen in his claim that 'kings, priests, and prophets' (Preface.69) foreshadow the person of Christ; Calvin, following Martin Bucer, maintained in Book Two of the *Institutes* that these functions made up *triplex munus Christi*, the threefold ministry of Christ. There is, however, nothing peculiarly Calvinist in Middleton's treatment of prophecy in this section, or in its simple marginal glosses. Middleton's use of the Geneva Bible in *Two Gates* has been demonstrated, but there is nothing distinctively Calvinist in this—the Bishops' Bible and the Geneva Bible were used interchangeably in the early seventeenth century, even by such anti-Calvinists as Lancelot Andrewes.

The distinctive doctrinal content of *The Two Gates of Salvation* is found in its second section, where Middleton admits his approach is one that favours 'material fullness' rather than 'formal niceness'. Loosening his theological tie, Middleton moves comfortably across the broad range of religious belief available in Jacobean England. This section reveals not only the content of Middleton's Calvinism, therefore, but also just what kind of Calvinist Middleton was.

We can easily identify Middleton's theology in *Two Gates's* exposition of predestination. Its preface introduces the doctrine:

God, being throughly angered with *mankind* for disobedience, put a sharp bridle into his mouth. That bridle was the law; that law was a curst *judge* and ready to condemn. But the King of *heaven* being as full of mercy as of justice, abated the edge of the axe,

and to a heavy *sentence* added a comfortable *pardon*.
(Preface.33–9)

Here Middleton employs a common metaphor. The idea of the Law as a ‘bridle’ used to restrain creatures naturally unable to discipline themselves was most vividly described by Martin Luther in his *On the Bondage of the Will*, written 1525. Following Luther, protestant theologians viewed the Fall as destructive, not only of eternal life, but also of free-will. Since humankind could not presume to merit salvation, either by inclination or by effort, they were dependent on a gratuitous act of the divine free-will to obtain justification.

The doctrine of election in itself is not peculiarly Calvin’s but it was Calvinist; in fact, allowing for differences of emphasis, it is a feature of all protestant doctrines of salvation, following Augustine’s *On the Predestination of the Saints*. Protestant, even Calvinist theologians, however, tended to speak only of predestination to salvation. Not so Calvin himself, whose capacity to take arguments to their logical and extreme conclusions is displayed in Book Three of the *Institutes*: ‘[God] does not create all in like condition, but ordains eternal life for some and eternal damnation for others’ (xxi.5). For Calvin, the omnipotence of God and the captivity of the human will meant that a special decision was also required in the case of the unregenerate. The divine will is thus doubly-binding: both Elect and Reprobate were predestined to their fate.

The doctrine of double predestination is a distinctive feature of Calvin’s theology. It was also its most vulnerable tenet, constantly under attack by anti-Calvinists unscrupulous and combative enough to make it a straw man. Reformers more than willing to call themselves Calvinists at this time found it hard to explain why they thought God had summarily consigned the majority of the human race to damnation; most simply said that God’s ways were inscrutable and not subject to inquiry. Willingness to explore and defend the double decree, therefore, identified bona fide, die-hard followers of Calvin. Their task became harder over time, as all styles of Calvinism drew increasing fire in the 1620s and 30s.

The Two Gates of Salvation follows the more rigorous line of Calvin. Citing Matthew 7:22–3, ‘...Then Christ will say unto them, I never knew you’, Middleton explains in his marginal gloss that ‘this is not of Ignorance, but because he will cast them away’ (6.II.c). The text Middleton chooses to prefigure this passage, Psalm 6, ‘the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping’, underscores the harshness of a deserved fate. But this choice of Old Testament text also softens the harsh edge of Calvin’s theology, by emphasizing God’s mercy towards the ‘broken-hearted, ... that are lively touched with the feelings of their sins’ (9.I.c). Here Middleton echoes the Calvinist William Perkins, who counselled his readers that these anguished ‘prickings of the heart’ could be the welcome sign of their election to salvation.

Middleton presents the decree of election as an action done on behalf of humanity, who have been absolved of

the responsibility to fulfil the impossible demands of the Law. In this scheme, predestination is curative rather than punitive. He cites Ezekiel 34:12:

As a shepherd searcheth out his flock when he hath been among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places, where they have been scattered... (39.I.I–4)

On the opposite page, Middleton cites as corresponding text Matthew 25:32, invoking the caretaking ideal of the Old Testament text, but then extending it to include the idea of judgement:

[H]e shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left. (39.II.I–4)

Middleton’s methodology reflects the Calvinist strategies of the Geneva Bible in providing marginal glosses to guide the reader through an interpretation of the texts. This does not mean, however, that he appropriates Geneva’s marginalia; as Paul Mulholland has shown, Middleton’s interpretation of the Matthew scripture, ‘The Judgement-day, the Elect, and the Reprobate’, is unique. By aligning this double-predestinarian reflection on Matthew with an Old Testament text glossed as ‘a comfort to the Church in all dangers’, Middleton echoes the language, if not the ambiguity, of the Thirty-Nine Articles, in which Article 17 describes predestination as a ‘comfortable doctrine’.

Middleton’s debt to Calvin and the Articles of Religion of the Church of England is an important reminder of the status of strict Calvinism in the reign of James I. Middleton reflects the protestant status quo when he defends the doctrine of election; when he defends the doctrine of double predestination, he reflects a rigorous but acceptable dogma. If pressed, most bishops, many court preachers, and other respectable religious polemicists in 1609 would have supported the same doctrine. At the time *Two Gates* was published, therefore, Middleton’s intriguing combination of biblical typology, Calvin’s rhetoric, and twin-text format would have been enlightening and quite possibly persuasive, but not very provocative.

The Two Gates of Salvation displays other, extra-doctrinal opinions, however, that identify Middleton as not only rigorously Calvinist but potentially puritan. He juxtaposes Isaiah 29:13–4, glossed here as ‘a fearful judgement against hypocrites’, to Matthew 15:7–8, ‘This people... honoureth me with their lips...but in vain they worship me, teaching for doctrines, men’s precepts’ (20.I.c, 20.II.I–4). Middleton’s comments on the New Testament text betray his disapproval of the sacramental and ceremonial practices of the Jacobean Church: ‘They are condemned for hypocrisy, because they made the kingdom of God to stand in outward things.’ This marginal condemnation of idolatry, aligned with the scriptural injunction against confusing ‘men’s precepts’ with God’s, blames the unreformed state of the Church of England

on its government by bishops—or, by extension, on the Royal Supremacy itself.

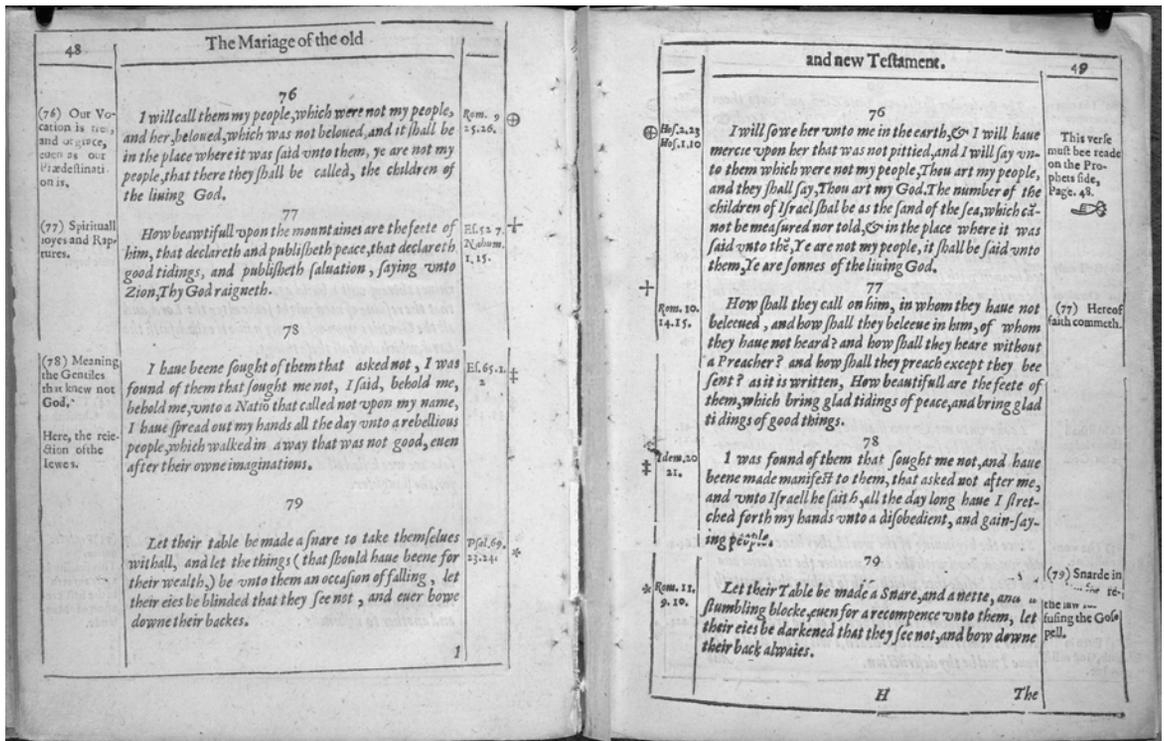
These ideas, in conjunction with his belief in double predestination, can help to label Middleton as a Puritan, but they by no means make the label certain. It is more reliable to consider the effect this text would have had in its next two publications. By 1620, as opposition to the Spanish match grew, and ceremonialists and anti-Calvinists rose to hitherto unprecedented positions of power in the Church, the fragile religious peace established by James I was shattered. Puritan rhetoric, a censorious voice more or less absorbed into a still-reforming Church, began to be viewed by the King as the inharmonious noise of political opposition. *The Two Gates of Salvation* thus became increasingly discordant with each re-publication.

This brings us to the subsequent titles of *Two Gates* and its very late inclusion in the Middleton canon. Margot

Heinemann has pointed to the publication of *The Marriage of the Old and New Testament* as evidence of Middleton's Puritanism in 1620; with the discovery of the 1609 version, it is tempting to roll back the date of Middleton's Puritanism as well. But Middleton's ideas need to be placed back into the historical contexts they occupied during a time of rapid social, cultural, and religious change. It might be best to see in *The Two Gates of Salvation* evidence of beliefs initially unremarkable, but that later would prove provocative. Like many other Jacobean Calvinists, Thomas Middleton became a Puritan over time—not because his ideas had radically changed, but because the times had.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 600
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 369



The G4^v/H1 opening as it appears in the 1620 issue—equipped with coordinating “The Mariage of the old/and new Testament” running titles—showing the accidental reversal of Old and New Testament passages (76.I and 76.II) found in all copies. Since sheet G had almost certainly already been machined when the error was noticed, a marginal note was added to the corresponding passage on H1 to alert the reader to the correct positions.

The Two Gates of Salvation Set Wide Open

Or, *The Marriage of the Old and New Testament*

Animæ patria est Deus ipse. August.

Preface

*The Marriage
of the Old and New Testament*

God's *anger* is short, his *mercy* infinite; he seldom sendeth a *punishment* but presently after followeth a *pardon*. Read his everlasting chronicle, *The Bible*, and you shall find this true. First he chideth and then smileth, strikes and then cureth, drowns the world for sin and then gives the *rainbow* as a sign he will do so no more. But passing by the *least*, let our considerations stay upon the greatest. *Adam* was in *paradise*, and there fell; he no sooner fell there but he was driven from thence; he no sooner was *banished* but, to comfort him, *Christ* was promised. Though *Adam* fled from *God*, yet *God* fled

15 not from him; but howsoever our first *father* stood condemned, we, his *posterity*, had a *reprieve* from a *Messiah* that was to come. The blessing which we lost in *Adam* was to be recovered by the seed of *Abraham*; *Moses* was the first witness to it, and after
20 him all the *prophets*. In *Adam* were we both happy and miserable. Happy if we had continued in the first estate, and miserable if, like maimed soldiers, we had not been fetched off when we lay wounded by sin; but our surgeon was at hand. Man sinned and the son of man was to suffer. The treason of the first *Adam* put the second to death, and the death of the second quitted all the sins of the first. So that
25 what we lost by the one we gained by the other;

Gen.
3:15
Gen.
12:2

This commentary pays particular attention to Middleton's sources. In composing *The Two Gates* Middleton appears to have had before him three versions of the Bible or, at the minimum, two versions of the complete Bible and yet another version of the New Testament: the Geneva Bible, the version of the New Testament 'Englished by L. Tomson' (possibly as part of a separate edition of the complete Geneva Bible), and the Bishops' Bible.

The Geneva Bible was a translation initiated by a group of Protestant refugees who had fled England and settled in Geneva during the reign of the Catholic Queen Mary (1553-8). The presence in Geneva of John Calvin and John Knox among others had helped to establish the city as a Protestant seat of learning and biblical scholarship. Originally printed and published in Geneva in 1560, the Bible was the first in English to divide scripture into verses. A prominent and distinguishing feature was its generous marginal commentary which betrayed a Calvinist or what would later be termed a Puritanical bias in matters of doctrine and scriptural interpretation and, especially in Revelation, anti-Roman Catholic sentiment. In its attempt to take account of Hebrew and Aramaic idiom in the Old Testament and Apocryphal texts and reference to the recent work of the age's foremost biblical scholar, Theodore Beza, on the New Testament the Geneva Bible marked a distinct advance in biblical scholarship over previous English

versions. The Calvinist slant, despite the Bible's dedication to Elizabeth, however, prevented adoption for reading in English churches and the granting of royal approval. The Geneva Bible nevertheless became the standard version in English households; more than seventy complete editions as well as numerous separate editions of the New Testament were printed between 1560 and 1644, of which the first published in England is dated 1575.

A revised version of the Geneva New Testament by Laurence Tomson was first published in 1576. Tomson's translation proved popular and was subsequently frequently mated with the Geneva Old Testament and Apocrypha. It preserves much of its predecessor's phraseology and reproduces many, though not all, of the Geneva's annotations complete with that version's doctrinal posture and supplemented by the translator's own extensive contributions. Among the traits that set it apart from the Geneva New Testament is Tomson's idiosyncratic use of 'that' to translate the Greek article, τῆς, which is discernible in two of Middleton's citations.

Although the scholarship of the Geneva Bible was generally acknowledged to have superseded that of all earlier English translations, its failure to attract royal approval and authorization for use in churches left a conspicuous gap which the Bishops' Bible, first published in 1568, was intended to fill. The Bible's name derives from the distribution

of the labours of translation and revision among sixteen or more bishops and other high-ranking churchmen overseen by Archbishop Matthew Parker. The Great Bible (1539), which had formerly been sanctioned for church use, was employed as the basis of the Bishops' Bible. In clear reference to the Geneva Bible, Parker remarked in a letter to Elizabeth's chief minister, Sir William Cecil, that the new Bible avoided provision of 'bitter notes upon any text'. Such notes as accompanied scriptural passages side-stepped controversy and confined themselves to matters calling for straightforward and unprovocative explanation. Within four years of initial publication the translation of the Psalms included in the Bible was replaced by that of the Book of Common Prayer, which in turn was essentially that of the Great Bible. This move was undoubtedly dictated by the form of the Psalms incorporated into the service of the Established Church since adoption of the Great Bible for church use. Psalm citations in *The Two Gates* uniformly match the wording of the Prayer Book Psalter and commonly printed in Bishops' Bible from 1572.

Motto *Animæ . . . ipse* St Augustine, 'de Quantitate Animæ', 1.2 (Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinae*, vol. 32, 1035-6): 'The soul's homeland is God himself.'

Preface.26 *first Adam . . . to death* reference to the typological vision that sees Christ as the antitype of Adam
27 **quitted** repaid, required

CELESTIAL PARALELS.

<p>we were beaten out of <i>paradise</i> and entertained into <i>heaven</i>. The <i>tree of good</i> and <i>evil</i> brought forth an <i>apple</i> to cast us all away, and the <i>tree of shame</i> bore a fruit to save us all for ever.</p> <p>God, being throughly angered with <i>mankind</i> for disobedience, put a sharp bridle into his mouth. That bridle was the law; that law was a curst <i>judge</i> and ready to condemn. But the King of <i>heaven</i> being as full of mercy as of justice, abated the edge of the axe, and to a heavy <i>sentence</i> added a comfortable <i>pardon</i>. The <i>balsamum</i> of grace healed the wounds of the law; law did both promise and threaten. The gospel should perform and reconcile. The bitterness of the law was tasted, but the sweetness of <i>grace</i> could not be relished but by hope. It was fit, therefore, that we lying so sick should be kept in hand that a <i>physician</i> was coming; and hereupon was <i>Christ</i> promised, even from the beginning. He was promised not once but often. Often, to show that God was mindful of our saving health; and by many mouths was the news brought to seal up the tidings with more assurance and credit.</p> <p><i>Moses</i> was the first that took upon him the office of a trumpeter and proclaimed the coming of a <i>Messiah</i> at least four thousand years before he set forth; and because he was to spring from the stock of <i>Judah</i>, he, like an industrious <i>herald</i>, took especial pains in drawing that <i>genealogy</i>. It rested not so, for old <i>Jacob</i> lying on his deathbed foretold that <i>Shiloh</i> should come; and who was that <i>Shiloh</i> but <i>Messiah</i>?</p> <p><i>Balaam</i>, instead of cursing, altered his tunes through the charms of the most high, and sung sweetly of a saviour.</p> <p>What is that ladder which <i>Jacob</i> saw in his dream, reaching from earth to heaven, but that scale of our ascending up thither (<i>Jesus Christ</i>)?</p> <p>And what other <i>paschal lamb</i> stand we in need of than of him who is the true <i>Passover</i>? To preserve the memory of this expected <i>redeemer</i> more lively, sundry pictures of him, as it were, were drawn in</p>	<p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> <p>50</p> <p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p>	<p>70</p> <p>75</p> <p>80</p> <p>85</p> <p>90</p> <p>95</p> <p>100</p> <p>105</p>	<p>the persons of others. Kings, priests, and prophets were appointed to be shadows of him that was the true and only substance. In <i>Isaac</i>, when he was ready to be sacrificed, was the figure of <i>Christ</i> going to be crucified. In <i>Joshua</i>, leading the children of <i>Israel</i> into the land of <i>Canaan</i>, was a <i>type</i> of our heavenly <i>Joshua</i>, <i>Christ Jesus</i>, conducting us to everlasting happiness. In the person of <i>David</i> he was the chief king and a conqueror. In <i>Solomon</i>, the builder up of the spiritual temple. In <i>Hezekiah</i>, the destroyer of all idolatry.</p> <p>After these were faithful messengers sent out whose errands were prophecies, and their prophecies ending only in a <i>Messiah</i>.</p> <p>Above the rest <i>Esay</i> sings loudest and clearest: he names <i>Christ's</i> forerunner and draws out <i>Christ's</i> kingdom in lively colours; his offices, his life, and his death are by him foretold.</p> <p><i>Jeremy</i> celebrateth his birth, <i>Ezekiel</i> and <i>Daniel</i> boast of his coming. <i>Hosea</i> makes him a captain over <i>Judah</i> and <i>Israel</i>. <i>Joel</i>, a shepherd to gather the scattered sheep; <i>Amos</i>, a builder to raise up the tabernacle which was fallen; <i>Jonah</i> goes into the grave before him to show how many days he himself should lie there. <i>Obadiah</i>, <i>Micah</i>, <i>Nahum</i>, and all the rest of the heavenly <i>singers</i> bear a part in suchlike <i>hymns</i>: they have their voices in this high parliament, for the nearer the time approached in which <i>Christ</i> was to come, the louder did they proclaim him, and with more greedy eyes stood waiting for his presence, as people do for a strange king that is to take possession of a new kingdom.</p> <p>They waited not in vain; neither was expectation deluded, for God, to prove that his prophets were no liars, was as good as his word: he kept his day, and sent a Saviour; in him the obligation of the <i>ritual</i> law was cancelled, in him all Jewish ceremony ended, in him all promises had performances, all foretellings their finishings. By him are <i>the gates of salvation set wide open</i>, in him alone all debts are</p>	<p>Gen. 22:8</p> <p>Josh.</p> <p>Isa. 40:3</p> <p>Isa. 54</p> <p>Jer. 31 & 33</p> <p>Hos. 1:11</p> <p>Joel 3</p> <p>Amos 9:11</p> <p>Jon. 17</p>
<p>31 <i>tree of shame</i> i.e. the cross</p> <p>37 <i>abated</i> blunted</p> <p>39 <i>balsamum</i> balm; a conventional typological trope represents Christ as a physician and his grace as healing or curing balm</p> <p>45 <i>hand</i> expectation</p> <p>53 <i>four thousand years</i> difficult to reconcile with contemporary chronologies. Edmund Coote in <i>The English Schoolmaster</i> (1596), pp. 67-8, places Moses 1494 years before Christ; the Geneva Bible (1597) reckons this period to be 1514 years; and the Bishops' Bible (1602) calculates that 1510 years separate Moses's giving of the law and the nativity of Christ.</p> <p>54-5 <i>stock of Judah</i> Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 1:1: 'Jesus Christ came of</p>	<p>Abraham of the tribe of Judah, and of the stock of David, as God promised.'</p> <p>56 <i>rested not so</i> did not continue or remain in that condition</p> <p>57 <i>Shiloh</i> Gen. 49:10. The Geneva Bible interprets this reference as a prophecy of Christ.</p> <p>60.n Exod. 24:17 mistaken reference for Num. 24:17</p> <p>65 <i>paschal lamb</i> lamb sacrificed at Passover; Christ</p> <p>66 <i>Passover</i> paschal lamb</p> <p>70-4 <i>shadows...figure...type</i> terms conventionally used in typological formulations</p> <p>73-4 <i>leading...Canaan</i> Josh. 13 and 14</p> <p>79 <i>destroyer...idolatry</i> chiefly set out in 2 Kgs. 18-20 and 2 Chr. 29-32</p> <p>83 <i>Esay</i> a form of Isaiah that appears in</p>	<p>Ecclesiasticus (Apocrypha) 48:20-2, and common in the Bishops' Bible</p> <p>87 <i>Jeremy</i> Greek—and hence New Testament—form of Jeremiah</p> <p>99-100 <i>people...new kingdom</i> possibly a reminiscence of the entry of James I into London on 15 March 1604 for which Middleton composed a speech: see <i>The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment</i>.</p> <p>104-6 <i>ritual law...ceremony ended</i> Joseph Hall, <i>The Passion Sermon</i>, sig. C2^v, p. 10: 'Christ is the end of the law. What Law? Ceremonial, moral. Of the moral, it was kept perfectly by himself, satisfied fully for us. Of the ceremonial, it was referred to him, observed of him, fulfilled in him, abolished by him.'</p>		

paid, through his means the *prophets* and *evangelists* hold hands and embrace. It is he that hath *married the Old and New Testament* together; five thousand years and more hath a parliament been held about his birth-right, and both the *upper house* and the *lower house*, *heaven* and *earth*, are now agreed upon it. In conclusion, this chronicle he writes of himself, and this epitome do we set forth of his acts, *Consummatum est*, all is now finished.

What is finished? Whatsoever was foretold, all the prophets gave out that the prince of *heaven* should dwell upon earth, and lo, the omnipotent king, his father, hath sent him hither. Shall I set down the gests of his progress? These they are: he first set out from his celestial palace and lodged in the womb of a *virgin*, when he left that blessed habitation he lay next in a *manger*, from the *manger* he went to the *cross*, from the *cross* to the *sepulchre*, and from that *sepulchre* returned home again into *heaven*. Sweetly therefore hath it been sung by one of the most excellent singers in *David's temple*: 'Nothing', saith he, 'was ever foretold by the prophets of Christ which was not done; nothing was done by Christ which was not foretold. It would take up a life to compare the prophets and evangelists, the predictions and the history, and largely to discourse how the one foretells and the other answers.'

Cast therefore your eyes upon this building, survey it from the foundation to the battlements; here shall you behold a wedding passing through two gates, the one having sundry paths beaten out, and all leading to one way; the other directed by one path only whose steps do guide to all *happiness*.

The first is the *court-gate* at which prophets are the porters to open it, whilst angels are the footmen and forerunners, bringing news that the king is upon coming.

The second gate is an entrance to the very *palace* where the king shows himself in person after he is come. Four *evangelists* are the four *heralds* that sound forth his approaching and proclaim him king

110 both of heaven and earth; here sits he crowned with the world at his feet, and his people round about him; he sits crowned with thorns, despised of the world, and betrayed by his people; but because you may take perfect knowledge of him, whom so they crowned, despised, and betrayed, a true relation shall be made of his honourable descent (being sprung from kings), of his marvellous birth (his mother being a pure *virgin*), of most base betraying him (the *traitor* feeding at his own table), of his ignominious death (the *tree* being accursed). And last of all, of his wondrous burial and most glorious resurrection, triumphing over *death* and *hell*. To prove all these things, behold witnesses stand ready on both sides who, *viva voce*, give in this evidence of him, *viz*.

Observations to be taken in reading this book

Upon every first page or leaf stand the prophets, and on the other page, right against it, are the evangelists: the one foretells the coming, the birth, the passion, etc., of Christ; the other shows wherein all the prophecies of him are fulfilled.

So that after you have read the words of the prophets at the upper end of the first leaf, marked thus ⊕, with a circled cross, you are, if you would truly follow the method of this book, next to read the words of the evangelists on the other side, marked likewise as the former ⊕, with a circled cross.

And so still if you read any verse quoted with any other marks, as + † ¶, etc., behold the like mark on the other side just opposite to it; for the matter of the one is answerable to, and makes plain, the other.

In reading the prophets you shall find that they speak of things to come as if they were already past; but note that they do this of purpose to show the certainty of all their prophecies, which they know could not choose but happen because God himself was the revealer of those secrets to them.

T.M.

Hall, in
sermone
Passionis
Domini

John
14:6.
Ego
sum
via.

111-12 **five thousand years and more** The chronology corresponds roughly to some contemporary historical thinking. Edmund Coote in *The English Schoolmaster* (1596) gives the year 1596 as 5524 years from the creation, a figure more or less in keeping with the 1597 Geneva Bible's 5564 years; Thomas Buckminster's *Almanack and Prognostication for the Year 1598* sets the creation 5560 years earlier. The Bishops' Bible (1602) in its 'Genealogy of Adam' prefixed to the scriptures, however, places Christ's birth at 5199 years from the creation of the world.
117 *Consummatum est* i.e. 'it is finished',

the Latin rendering of Christ's last words in the Vulgate Bible, John 19:30, and the text of Hall's *Passion Sermon*
122 **gests** stages of a journey
130.n **Hall, in sermone Passionis Domini** i.e. Joseph Hall, *The Passion Sermon*, delivered at Paul's Cross, 14 April 1609, and published in two issues of the first edition and a second edition in the same year. The passage cited, which is slightly inaccurate, appears on sig. B3, p. 5.
139.n *Ego sum via* from one of the Latin Bibles (e.g. Beza, Tremellius, Vulgate): 'I am the way'
142 **court-gate** the gate of a court or

courtyard; the gate of the king's court
164 **viva voce** by word of mouth (Latin)
173-5 **marked thus... book** Although they essentially duplicate the numbers used to link parallel Old and New Testament passages, the early edition of the pamphlet also incorporates matching symbols set in the inner margins of facing pages. The present edition does not reproduce these symbols or the rules framing the text on each page: modern readers are more familiar with this kind of linked arrangement and do not need the extra help provided by these further typographical indications.

The first Gate.

On this side are placed the prophets, giving testimony of so much as is revealed to them of Christ; and because the stock of which, according to the flesh, he was to come is one of the first matters which they handle, you shall first see how the prophets derive his *pedigree*, and then, on the other side, how the evangelist confirms it. Harken therefore to the mutual sounds which their heavenly music sends forth.

i

Christ is that blessing which was lost in *Adam*, and promised to be recovered in the seed of *Abram*.

The Lord said to Abram, I will make of thee a great nation, and will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing.

Gen. 12:2

ii

The Lord visited Sarah, as he had said, and did unto her according as he had promised: for Sarah conceived and bore Abraham a son in his old age at the same season that God told him; and Abraham called his son's name that was born unto him, Isaac.

Gen. 21:1, 2

iii

Out of Judah.

And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, art little to be amongst the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that shall be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from the beginning and from everlasting.

Mic. 5:2

iv

Formam viri assumendo, et de femina nascendo, utrumque sexum hoc modo honorandum indicavit. Aug.

Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign; behold the Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and he shall call his name Immanuel.

Isa. 7:14

v

For lo, thou shalt conceive and bear a son, and no razor shall come on his head, for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from his birth, and he shall begin to save Israel out of the hands of the Philistines.

Judg. 13:5, Sam. 1:11, Num. 6:3

vi

Christ his kingdom at the beginning is small and contemptible.

He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground; he hath neither form nor beauty; when we shall see him, there shall be no form that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men.

Isa. 53:2, 3

References to passages in the body of the work are by section number, testament (I for Old, II for New), and line number or marginal column (s for source, c for commentary). Thus 65.II.4 refers to section 65, New Testament passage, line 4. The early printed text contains two numbered sequences of sections, the first running from 1 to 17 and the second from 1 to 92; in this edition the first sequence is printed with roman numerals to distinguish it from the second. The introductory and concluding sections in these sequences are identified as a, xviii, o, and 92a in references.

i.I Geneva

c Geneva's commentary to 'a blessing' reads, 'The world shall recover by thy seed, which is Christ, the blessing which they lost in Adam.'

ii.I Geneva, with omission of 'which Sarah bore him' before '*Isaac*', 5

s The citation extends to Gen. 21:3.

iii.I Geneva, with 'among' altered to '*amongst*', 1, and 'the' omitted before 'ruler', 3

c untraced (a duplicate of iii.II.c)

iv.I Geneva, with a change of 'she' to 'he' in the final clause

c The sense of this passage appears in St Augustine in various sermons (e.g. Ser-

mon 51.3, Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, vol. 38, 334-5, Sermon 190.2, Migne, vol. 38, 1007-8), but the precise wording of the marginal notation has not been traced; 'He made known by taking the form of a man and by being born of a woman that each sex should in this way be honoured.'

v.I Geneva

vi.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'root': 'The beginning of Christ's kingdom shall be small, and contemptible in the sight of men, but it shall grow wonderfully, and flourish before God.'

The second Gate.

On this side the evangelists are ready to subscribe to all that which the prophets set down. The one draws Christ in picture, the other shows him in person. His kindred are scattered amongst the prophets and reckoned together amongst the evangelists. *Moses* fetcheth his descent from *Abram* and *David*, not showing the direct line; but *Matthew*, the first work he doth, draws out his true *genealogy*.

i

Matt. 1:1 *This is the book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abram.*

The Messiah sprung both from *Abraham* of the tribe of *Judah*, and from the stock of *David*.

ii

Idem, 1:2, 1:6, 1:16 *Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, etc. Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David, etc. Nathan begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, that is called Christ.*

Read Luke 3:23, where the genealogy of Christ is likewise set down, proving his descent from *Adam*.

iii

Matt. 2:4 *Herod asked where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, At Bethlehem in Judah, for so it is written by the prophet; and thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least amongst the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come the governor that shall feed my people Israel.*

Out of *Judah*.

iv

Matt. 1:22 *And all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bear a son, and they shall call his name Immanuel, which is by interpretation, God with us.*

Nobilitas fuit Christi nascentis, in virginitate parientis; nobilitas parientis, in divinitate nascentis. Aug.

v

Matt. 2:23 *And Joseph went and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, which was that he should be called a Nazarite.*

vi

Luke 2:7 *And she brought forth her first begotten son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.*

Ubi aula regia? Ubi thronus? Ubi curiæ regalis frequentia? Nunquid aula est stabulum? Thronus præsepium? Et totius curiæ frequentia Joseph et Maria?

- i.II Bishops' (although it and other versions read 'Abraham')
- c Geneva-Tomson comments on Matt. 1:1: 'Jesus Christ came of Abraham of the tribe of Judah, and of the stock of David, as God promised.'
- ii.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson; Middleton appears to have adopted Luke's 'Nathan' in place of Matthew's 'Matthan' in Christ's genealogy, Matt. 1:15.
- s The cited fragments are from Matt. 1:2, 5-6, 15-16.
- c untraced

- iii.II The occurrence of 'Bethleem' in the unmodernized text of *The Two Gates* and in Geneva-Tomson (derived from Theodorus Beza) points to this version; with 'Herod' substituted for 'he', and 'of them' omitted after 'asked', 1.
- s The citation covers Matt. 2:4-6.
- c untraced (a duplicate of iii.I.c)
- iv.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
- c St Augustine, sermon 200.2, 'In Epiphania Domini' (Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinæ*, vol. 38, 1029): 'Christ's nobility sprang from his virgin birth; his

mother's nobility from her child's divinity.'

- v.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'Joseph' added before 'went', 1
- vi.II Geneva-Tomson, except for the substitution of 'manger' (Bishops') for 'cratch'
- c source untraced, possibly St Augustine; 'Where is the royal palace? Where the throne? Where the royal assembly of the court? Is there no palace but a stable? No throne but a manger? And the assembly of the whole court but Joseph and Mary?'

The Prophets.

vii

I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not near; there shall come a star of Jacob and a scepter shall rise of Israel, and shall smite the coasts of Moab, and destroy all the sons of Sheth. Num. 24:17

viii

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents; the kings of Arabia and Saba shall bring gifts; all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall do him service. He shall live, and unto him shall be given of the gold of Sheba; they shall also pray for him continually, and daily bless him. Ps. 72:10

ix

When Israel was a child, then I loved him, and called my son out of Egypt. Hos. 11:1

x

Therefore the Lord thy God humbled thee, and made thee hungry, and fed thee with man which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know it, that he might teach thee that man liveth not by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth a man live. Deut. 8:3

xi

There shall no evil happen unto thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling: for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee in their hands, that thou hurt not thy foot against a stone. Ps. 91:11

vii.I Geneva, with an apparently accidental reversal of *'all the'* in the final clause in the early edition

viii.I The opening to *'gifts'*, 2, is closer to Geneva (Bishops' has *'give'* in place of *'bring'*) except for provision of *'Arabia'*, which is the Bishops' reading; but Geneva provides a marginal gloss identifying *'Sheba'* as a part of Arabia, which may have been responsible for the switch (cf. xvii.II). The phraseology of the next

verse, Ps. 72:11, down to *'service'* is Bishops'; and the final verse, from Ps. 72:15, mixes Geneva (*'he shall live, and unto him'*) and Bishops' (*'shall be given of the gold of'*), and then reverts to Geneva for *'Sheba'* (Bishops' reads *'Arabia'*) to the end. Preservation of *'Sheba'* is curiously at odds with the earlier change to *'Arabia'*.

s The reference should read Ps. 72:10, 11, 15.

ix.I Geneva

x.I Geneva

2 **man** manna, the substance miraculously supplied as food to the Children of Israel during their progress through the wilderness

xi.I Bishops' (after *'dwelling'*, 2, Bishops' and Geneva concur)

s The reference should be Ps. 91:10, 11, 12.

The Euangelifts.

vii

Matt. 2:1	<i>When Jesus was born at Bethlehem, a city of Jewry, in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.</i>	Worshippers of Christ.
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viii

Matt. 2:10, 11	<i>And when the wise men saw the star, they rejoiced with an exceeding great joy, and went into the house, and found the babe with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him, and opened their treasures, and presented unto him gifts, even gold and frankincense and myrrh.</i>	<i>Aurum solvitur quasi regi magno, thus immolatur ut deo, myrrha præbetur tamquam pro salute omnium morituro. Aug.</i>
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ix

Matt. 2:14	<i>So Joseph arose and took the babe and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, and was there unto the death of Herod, that that might be fulfilled which is spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.</i>	Joseph's flight.
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x

Matt. 4:2	<i>When Jesus had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterward hungry: then came unto him the tempter, and said, If thou be the son of God, command that these stones be made bread. But he answered, saying, Man shall not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.</i>	Christ is hungry.
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xi

Matt. 4:6	<i>And the Devil said unto Christ, If thou be the son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written that he shall give his angels charge over thee, and with their hands they shall lift thee up, lest at any time thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.</i>	Christ is tempted.
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vii.II Bishops', except for the retention of 'Bethleem', a form favoured by Geneva (but modernized here to 'Bethlehem'), and the substitution of 'Jerusalem' for 'Hierusalem', which occurs in both Bishops' and Geneva

s The reference should read Matt. 2:1, 2.
c The Geneva-Tomson chapter-heading synopsis reads: 'The wise men, who are the first fruits of the Gentiles, worship Christ'.

viii.II 'frankincense' points to Geneva-Tomson (Geneva reads 'incense'); although this term appears also in Bishops', this version's phrasology otherwise differs markedly.
c The sense of this passage appears in

various locations in St Augustine (e.g. several Epiphany sermons: Sermon 202.2, Migne, *Patrologiæ Latinae*, vol. 38, 1034; *Sermones Supposititii* 136.4, 6, Migne, vol. 39, 2014, 2015, and 139.2, Migne, vol. 39, 2018), but the source of this specific wording has not been traced; 'Gold is offered as to a great king, frankincense as to a god, myrrh is presented as to one who will die for the salvation of all.'

ix.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'Joseph' in place of 'he'
s The reference should read Matt. 2:14, 15.
c The Geneva-Tomson chapter-heading synopsis for Matt. 2:14 reads: 'Joseph

fleeth into Egypt with Jesus and his mother'

x.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with minor alterations: ('unto' for 'to' at 2, and 'answered saying' for 'he answering, said, It is written' at 4)

s The reference should read Matt. 4:2, 3, 4.
c presumably a paraphrase drawn from Matt. 4:2

xi.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with the addition of 'the Devil' and change of 'him' to 'Christ' in the opening line, and a change of 'he will' to 'he shall' at 2
c Both the Geneva-Tomson headline and the chapter-heading synopsis for Matt. 4:1 read 'Christ is tempted'

Law.

	xii		
The great light of the Gentiles.		<i>Yet the darkness shall not be according to the affliction that it had, when at the first he touched lightly the land of Zabulon and the land of Nephthalim; nor afterward when he was more grievous by the way of the sea beyond Jordan in Galilee of the Gentiles. The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelled in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.</i>	Isa. 9:1, 2
	xiii		
		<i>The spirit of the Lord is upon me, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, and to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of gladness for the spirit of heaviness.</i>	Isa. 61:1
	xiv		
Christ's poverty and affliction.		<i>Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our transgressions, broken for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.</i>	Isa. 53:4
	xv		
His humility.		<i>Rejoice greatly, O daughter Zion; shout for joy, O daughter Jerusalem: behold, thy king cometh unto thee, even the righteous and saviour, poor and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt, the foal of an ass.</i>	Zech. 9:9, Isa. 62:11
	xvi		
Betraying.		<i>Yea, even mine own familiar friend, whom I trusted, which did also eat of my bread, hath laid great wait for me.</i>	Ps. 41:9
	xvii		
Sold for a price.		<i>And I said unto them, If you think it good, give me my wages, and if no, leave off. And so they weighed for my wages thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, Cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was valued at of them. And I took the thirty pieces of silver and cast them to the potter in the house of the Lord.</i>	Zech. 11:12, 13

xii.I Geneva, with minor alterations (influenced by the New Testament passage)
 4 *grievous* oppressive; severe
 c presumably derived from the parallel passage from Matt.

xiii.I Geneva, with omission of the remainder of 61:1 following 'upon me', 1
 s The passage runs from the opening of 61:1 to 61:2 and part way through 61:3.

xiv.I Geneva, with omission of 'yet we did judge him as plagued, and smitten of God, and humbled. But' after '*sorrows*',

1, and 'he was' after '*transgressions*', 2
 c possibly influenced by a headline above the parallel passage from Matt. 8 in Geneva and Geneva-Tomson: 'Christ's poverty'

xv.I Bishops'

c Geneva glosses Zech. 9:9: 'Which declareth that they should not look for such a king as should be glorious in the eyes of man, but should be poor, and yet in himself have all power to deliver his: and this is meant of Christ, as Matt. 21:5'; the marginal commentary to xv.II

may be the direct source, however.

xvi.I Bishops'

c presumably influenced by the commentary for the parallel New Testament passage

xvii.I Geneva, except for the addition of '*And*' in the phrase '*And so they weighed*', 2

c Since it duplicates the commentary to xvii.II, that for xvii.I presumably either was deliberately designed to mirror the opposed passage (to emphasize the correspondence, for example), or signals an error in the manuscript or the setting.

Grace.

xii

Matt. 4:13 *And Jesus leaving Nazareth went and dwelt in Capernaum, which is near the sea, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephtholim, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, The land of Zabulon and the land of Nephtholim by the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles; the people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is risen up.*

xiii

Matt. 5:1 *When Jesus saw the multitude, he went up into a mountain, and when he was set, his disciples came to him, and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

xiv

Matt. 8:16, 17 *They brought unto Jesus many that were possessed with devils, and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, He took our infirmities and bore our sicknesses.*

This shows that in Christ only we should seek remedy in all our miseries.

xv

Matt. 21:4, 5 *All this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, saying, Tell ye the daughter of Zion, behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of the ass used to the yoke.*

Christ's humility.

xvi

Matt. 26:23 *Jesus said unto his disciples, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, he shall betray me.*

Betraying. Whom I vouchsafe to come to my table.

xvii

Matt. 27:9, 10 *Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Zecharias the prophet, saying, And they took thirty silver pieces, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel valued, and gave them for the potter's field, as the Lord appointed me.*

Sold for a price.

xii.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with the addition of 'Jesus' in the opening line
s The reference should read Matt. 4:13, 14, 15, 16.

xiii.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with substitution of 'Jesus' for 'he' and omission of Matt. 5:3
s The reference should read Matt. 5:1, 2, 4.

xiv.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 8:16:
'Christ, in healing divers diseases, showeth that he was sent of his Father, that in him only we should seek remedy in all our miseries'.

xv.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with minor alterations ('prophets' for 'prophet', 'Zion' for 'Sion', and 'the ass' for 'an ass')
c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 21:1:
'Christ by his humility triumphing over the pride of this world, ascendeth to

true glory by ignominy of the cross';
'Christ's humility' appears as a headline to Geneva, Isa. 42.

xvi.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with alteration of the opening of v. 23: 'And he answered and said'
c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 26:23:
'That is to say, whom I vouchsafed to come to my table, alluding to the place, Ps. 41:10, which is not so to be understood, as though at the self-same instant that the Lord spoke these words Judas had his hand in the dish (for that had been an undoubted token) but it is meant of his tabling and eating with them'.

xvii.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with the substitution of 'Zecharias' for 'Jeremias', possibly prompted by the accompanying gloss: 'Seeing this prophecy is read

in Zech. 11:12 it cannot be denied but Jeremy's name crept into the text through the printer's fault, or by some other's ignorance: it may be also that it came out of the margin, by reason of the abbreviation of the letters, the one being "iou", the other "zou", which are not much unlike. But in the Syrian text the prophet's name is not set down at all', or by Hall's comment in *The Passion Sermon*, sig. B4, p. 7, quoting this passage, 'Zachary (miswritten Jeremy, by one letter mistaken in the abbreviation)'; 'they' also omitted from v. 10.
c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 27:3:
'An example of the horrible judgement of God, as well against them which sell Christ, as against them which buy Christ'.

The Prophets.

Lo, thus in order hath been presented to your best eye—
your soul—from Christ's dear and miraculous birth to his
base and *Jewish* undervaluing. What follows shall offer
itself to your religious view more amply, though not so
nicely.

Here now bestow your eyes, and that worthily, upon this
heavenly *coherence* following, in those principal and saving
effects of *the Old and New Testament*, that
Are now in marriage, knit in heavenly bands,
To which they join their everlasting hands.

	1	<i>When a man taketh a wife and marrieth her, if so be she find no favour in his eyes because he hath espied some filthiness in her, then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and put it in her hand, and send her out of his house.</i>	Deut. 24:1
God approveth not hereby that light divorcement, but permitteth it to avoid further inconvenience.			
	2	<i>A voice crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a path for our God.</i>	Isa. 40:3
'Wilderness': that is, in <i>Babylon</i> and other places where they were kept in captivity and misery.			
	3	<i>Ye shall not swear by my name falsely, neither shalt thou defile the name of thy God: I am the Lord.</i>	Lev. 19:12, Exod. 20:7, Deut. 5:11
	4	<i>Thou shalt open thy hand unto thy poor brother, and shalt lend him sufficient for his need which he hath.</i>	Deut. 15:8
	5	<i>O cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee, and shall not suffer the righteous to fall for ever.</i>	Ps. 55:23
Crying tears.	6	<i>Away from me all you that work vanity, for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.</i>	Ps. 6:8

xviii.I.5 nicely precisely, exactly

o.I.4 marriage disyllabic

heavenly disyllabic (confirmed by the corresponding term at o.II.4, 'sacred')

1.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'then . . . divorcement': 'Hereby God approveth not that light divorcement, but permitteth it to avoid further inconvenience, Matt. 19:7'.

2.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'wilderness': 'That is, in Babylon and other places where they were kept in captivity, and misery.'

3.I Geneva

4.I Geneva

5.I Although the wording and verse numbering (the cited passage is v. 22 in Geneva) of the Bishops' text and the Book of Common Prayer Psalter agree, the unmodernized spelling, 'burthen',

which appears in *The Two Gates*, occurs only in the Psalter. Reference to the Psalter is not assured, however, since Middleton appears to have independently employed the spelling, 'burthens', for the second of two uses of this term in 57.II.

6.I opening clause ('*Away . . . vanity*'): Bishops'; the second clause ('*for . . . weeping*') could be either Bishops' or Geneva.

The Euangelifts.

Thus have you received a heavenly taste of Christ, from his cradle to his cross. What follows of him now shall appear more largely, though more irregularly, wherein I rather observe material fulness than formal niceness.

Here now bestow your eyes, and that worthily, upon this heavenly *coherence* following, in those principal and saving effects of *the Old and New Testament*, that
 Are now in marriage, knit in sacred bands,
 To which they join their everlasting hands.

I

Matt. 1:19 *Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away secretly.*

2

Matt. 3:3 *For this is he of whom it is spoken by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare you the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.* Make him a plain and smooth way.

3

Matt. 5:33 *Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform thine oaths to the Lord.*

4

Matt. 5:42 *Give to him that asketh, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not away.*

5

Matt. 6:25 *Therefore I say unto you, Be not careful for your life, what ye shall eat, or what you shall drink: nor yet for your body, what you shall put on; is not the life more worth than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the heavens, etc.* The carefulness of this life is worthily checked by thinking on the providence of God.

6

Matt. 7:22, 23 *Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not by thy name prophesied, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name done many great works? Then Christ will say unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.* ‘I never knew you’: this is not of ignorance, but because he will cast them away.

xviii. II. 4 **niceness** precision, exactness

o. II. 4 **marriage** disyllabic

1. II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

2. II Omission of ‘is’ after ‘wilderness’ points to Geneva-Tomson.

c cited directly from Geneva-Tomson

3. II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

4. II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

5. II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

s The citation extends into Matt. 6:26.

c Geneva-Tomson glosses ‘Therefore . . . life’: ‘The froward carking carefulness for things of this life, is corrected in the children of God by an earnest thinking upon the providence of God’.

6. II Geneva (Geneva-Tomson has ‘unto me’,

1), with a change apparently introduced for clarity: ‘*Then Christ will say unto them*’ for ‘And then I will profess to them’

c Geneva-Tomson glosses ‘I never knew you’: ‘This is not of ignorance, but because he will cast them away’.

Law.

- 7
- By the word 'clean' is meant, of birds which were permitted to be eaten. *And the priest shall go out of the camp, and the priest shall consider him: and if the plague of leprosy be healed in the leper, then shall the priest command to take for him that is cleansed two sparrows alive and clean, and cedar wood, and a scarlet lace, and hyssop.* Lev. 14:3, 4
- 8
- The wickedness of times, and the danger. *Trust ye not in a friend, neither put ye confidence in a counsellor. Keep the doors of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom; for the son revileth the father, the daughter riseth up against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and a man's enemies are the men of his own house.* Mic. 7:5, 6
- 9
- 'The broken-hearted' are those that are lively touched with the feeling of their sins. *The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, therefore hath the Lord anointed me, he hath sent me to preach the gospel unto the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach liberty to the captives, and to them that are bound, the opening of the prison.* Isa. 61:1
- 'The captives': those which are in the bondage of sin.
- 10
- 'My messenger': that is meant of *John Baptist*, as Christ expoundeth it. Luke 7:27. *Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom you seek shall speedily come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom you desire, behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.* Mal. 3:1
- 11
- Here *John Baptist*, both for his zeal and restoring of religion, is aptly compared to *Elias*. *Behold, I will send you Elias the prophet before the coming of the great and fearful day of the Lord, and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to their children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with cursing.* Mal. 4:5, 6
- 12
- 'The old way': wherein the patriarchs and prophets walked, directed by the word of God. *Thus saith the Lord, Stand in the ways, and behold, and ask for the old way, which is the good way, and walk therein, and you shall find rest for your souls.* Jer. 6:16
- 13
- Christ is called a 'servant' in respect of his manhood. *Behold, my servant: I will stay upon him: mine elect in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon him; he shall bring forth judgement to the Gentiles; he shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street, a bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench; he shall bring forth judgement in truth.* Isa. 42:1, 2, 3
- 'He shall not cry nor lift up the voice,' etc.: that is, his coming shall not be with pomp and noise, as earthly princes'.
- 7.I Geneva feeling of their sins'; and 'captives': 'Which are in the bondage of sin'.
c Geneva glosses 'clean': 'Of birds which were permitted to be eaten.'
- 8.I Geneva, with minor alterations (addition of 'and' ('and the daughter-in-law') at 4, substitution of 'the mother-in-law' for 'her mother-in-law' 4-5)
c Geneva gives 'The wickedness of those times' in the chapter-heading synopsis for Mic. 7:4.
- 9.I Geneva, with the substitution of 'the gospel' for 'good tidings'
c Geneva glosses 'broken-hearted': 'To them that are lively touched with the
- 10.I Geneva
c Geneva glosses 'messenger': 'This is meant of John Baptist, as Christ expoundeth it, Luke 7:27'.
- 11.I Bishops' with some elements from Geneva; alteration of 'Elijah' to the New Testament Greek form, 'Elias', was presumably dictated by a wish to sharpen the agreement between the parallel passages.
c Geneva glosses 'Elijah': 'This Christ expoundeth of John Baptist, Matt. 11:13,
- 14, who both for his zeal, and restoring of religion is aptly compared to *Elijah*'.
- 12.I Geneva, with 'ye' altered to 'you', 3
c Geneva glosses 'old way': 'Wherein the patriarchs and prophets walked, directed by the word of God: signifying that there is no true way, but that which God prescribeth'.
- 13.I Geneva
c Geneva glosses 'my servant': 'That is, Christ, who in respect of his manhood is called here, servant'; and 'cry . . . street': 'His coming shall not be with pomp and noise, as earthly princes'.

Grace.

7

Matt. 8:2, 3, 4

And lo, there came a leper and worshipped him, saying, Master, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, putting forth his hand, touched him, saying, I will; be thou clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. Then Jesus said unto him, See thou tell no man, but go and show thyself unto the priest, and offer the gift that Moses commanded for a witness to them.

In this Christ shows that he abhorreth no sinner that comes unto him, be he never so unclean.

8

Matt. 10:34, 35, 36

Think not that I am come to send peace into the earth, but the sword; for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's enemies shall be they of his own household.

Civil dissensions follow the preaching of the gospel.

9

Matt. 11:4, 5

And Jesus said, Go and show John what things you hear and see: the blind receive sight, the halt do walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor receive the gospel.

Christ shows by his works that he is the promised *Messiah*.

10

Idem 9, 10

But what went you out to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet: for this is he of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

Christ's testimony of *John*.

11

Matt. 11:13, 14

All the prophets and the law prophesied unto John, and if you will receive it, this is that Elias, which was to come. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

12

Matt. 11:29

Take my yoke on you, and learn of me, that I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls.

13

Matt. 12:18, 19, 20, 21

Behold my servant whom I have chosen, my beloved in whom my soul delighteth: I will put my spirit on him, and he shall show judgement unto the Gentiles; he shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets; a bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench until he bring forth judgement unto victory. And in his name shall the Gentiles trust.

By 'judgement' is meant a settled state, because Christ was to publish true religion among the Gentiles.

7.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 8:2: 'Christ in healing the leprous with the touching of his hand showeth that he abhorreth no sinners that come unto him, be they never so unclean.'

8.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with the omission of 'I came not to send peace' after 'earth', 1

c cited directly from the Geneva-Tomson gloss to Matt. 10:34

9.II Geneva-Tomson, with omission of 'answering' and 'unto them' respectively before and after 'said', 1, 'ye hear'

changed to 'you hear', 1, omission of 'and' after 'sight', 2, and 'cleansed', 3. (Geneva uses preterites—'have heard and seen'—and some different wording.)

c Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 11:1: 'Christ showeth by his works, that he is the promised *Messias*.'

10.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with a substitution of 'you' for 'ye' in 'went you', 1

c Both the headline and the chapter-heading synopsis in Geneva-Tomson read, 'Christ's testimony of John'.

11.II Geneva-Tomson, with alteration of 'ye'

to 'you', 1

s The reference should be Matt. 11:13, 14, 15.

12.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'ye shall' altered to 'you shall', 2

13.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with alteration of 'to' to 'unto' in 'unto the Gentiles', 3

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'judgement': 'By judgement is meant a settled state, because Christ was to publish true religion among the Gentiles...'

publish disseminate

The Mariage of the old

Behold God's terrible judgement and incomprehensible mercy met together.	I 4	<i>Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonas: and Jonas was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.</i>	Jon. 1:17
Through their own malice, the hearts of the wicked are hardened.	I 5	<i>And the Lord said, Go, and say unto this people, you shall hear indeed, but you shall not understand; you shall plainly see, and not perceive: make the heart of this people fat, make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes, lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and convert, and he heal them.</i>	Isa. 6:9, 10 10
	I 6	<i>I will open my mouth in a parable, I will declare hard sentences of old, which we have heard and known, and such as our fathers have told us, that we should not hide them from the children of the generations to come, but to show the honour of the Lord, his mighty and wonderful works that he hath done.</i>	Ps. 78:2, 3, 4 3 4
Their wickedness full ripe.	I 7	<i>Put in your scythes, for the harvest is ripe; come, get you down, for the winepress is full, yea, the winepresses run over, for their wickedness is great.</i>	Joel 3:13
Who have kept the true fear of God and his religion.	I 8	<i>They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.</i>	Dan. 12:3
	I 9	<i>Thou shalt not discover the shame of thy brother's wife, for it is thy brother's shame.</i>	Lev. 18:16
A fearful judgement against hypocrites.	20	<i>Therefore the Lord said, Because this people come near unto me with their mouth, and honour me with their lips, but have removed their hearts far from me, and their fear toward me was taught by the precept of men; therefore, behold, I will again do a marvellous work in this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder: for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.</i>	Isa. 29:13, 14 14
14.I Geneva, with substitution of 'Jonah' for 'Jonah', presumably either influenced by or for consonance with the New Testament citation c Geneva glosses 'belly... nights': 'Thus the Lord would chastise his prophet with a most terrible spectacle of death, and hereby also confirmed him of his favour and support in this his charge, which was enjoined him.'	will not immediately take away his word, but he will cause it to be preached to their condemnation, whenas they will not learn thereby to obey his will, and be saved: hereby he exhorteth the ministers to do their duty, and answereth to the wicked murmurers, that through their own malice their heart is hardened.'	another, which he calleth the valley of God's judgement.'	
15.I Geneva c Geneva glosses Isa. 6:9: 'Whereby is declared that for the malice of man God	16.I Bishops' 17.I Geneva c Geneva glosses 'scythes': 'Thus he shall encourage the enemies when their wickedness is full ripe to destroy one	18.I Geneva c cited directly from Geneva 19.I Geneva 1, 2 <i>shame</i> privy members, 'parts of shame' 20.I Geneva, with the alteration of 'heart' to 'hearts', 3 c Geneva glosses 'people... lips': 'Because they are hypocrites and not sincere in heart.'	

and new Testament.

14

Idem 40 As Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.

15

Matt. 13:14, 15 So in them is fulfilled the prophecy of Esay, which saith, By hearing you shall hear, and shall not understand, and seeing, 15 you shall see, and shall not perceive: for this people's heart is waxed fat, and their ears are dull of hearing, and with their eyes they have winked, lest they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and should return that I might heal them.

16

Matt. 13:34, 35 All these things spoke Jesus unto the people in parables, and without a parable spoke he not unto them, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, saying, I will open my mouth in parables, and will utter the things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.

By 'parables' is meant grave and sententious proverbs.

17

Matt. 13:38, 39 The field is the world, the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked, and the enemy that soweth them is the devil, and the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers be the angels.

18

Matt. 13:43 Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in the kingdom of their father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

19

Matt. 14:3, 4 Herod had taken John and bound him and put him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife. For John said unto him, It is not lawful for thee to have her.

20

Matt. 15:7, 8 O hypocrites! Esaias prophesied well of you, saying, This people draweth near unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far off from me, but in vain they worship me, teaching for doctrines, men's precepts.

They are condemned for hypocrisy because they made the kingdom of God to stand in outward things.

14.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

15.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'Esaias' altered to 'Esay', 1, 'ye' to 'you' ('you shall hear'... 'you shall see'), 2-3, and the omission of 'prophecy' after 'which', 1, and 'should' before 'understand', 6

4-5 with...winked they have shut their eyes to impropriety, faults

16.II Bishops', at least to 'spoke he not unto them' ('that it...prophets' is common to both, except that 'prophet' is singular);

the remainder, Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'parables': 'This word signifieth grave and sententious proverbs, to the end that the doctrine might have the more majesty, and the wicked might thereby be confounded.'

17.II chiefly Geneva and Geneva-Tomson, with some elements of Bishops' (omission of 'and' after 'world', 1, and 'but' at the start of the clause 'but the tares...'); Geneva-Tomson alone omits 'they are'

after 'good seed', 1.

18.II Bishops'

19.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

20.II probably Geneva-Tomson on the basis of 'far off' ('far' in Geneva), 3

s The cited passage extends to Matt. 15:9.
c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'hypocrites': 'The same men are condemned for hypocrisy and superstition, because they made the kingdom of God to stand in outward things.'

The lower Houfe.

	21					
God doth never repent; but he speaketh after our capacity.		<i>When the Lord saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and all the imaginations of the thoughts of his heart were only evil continually: then it repented the Lord that he had made man in the earth, and he was sorry in his heart.</i>	Gen. 6:5, 6			
	22					
'In the wilderness': that is, in barren hearts and ignorant.		<i>The eyes of the blind shall be lightened, and the ears of the deaf be opened. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the dumb man's tongue shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break forth, and rivers in the desert.</i>	Isa. 35:5, 6			
	23					
		<i>One witness shall not rise against a man for any trespass, or for any sin, or for any fault that he offendeth in, but at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be stablished.</i>	Deut. 19:15			
	24					
'The man': <i>Adam</i> .		<i>The man said, This now is bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be one flesh.</i>	Gen. 2:23, 24			
	25					
Not that God alloweth divorcement, but of two faults he inferreth the less.		<i>Keep yourselves in your spirit, and let none transgress against the wife of his youth. If thou hatest her, put her away, saith the Lord God of Israel; yet he covereth the injury under his garment: therefore keep yourselves in your spirit and transgress not.</i>	Mal. 2:15, 16			
	26					
Against unbelievers.		<i>Thus saith the Lord of hosts, If the residue of this people think it to be impossible in their eyes in these days, should it therefore be impossible in my sight?</i>	Zech. 8:6			
	27					
		<i>He that hath said unto his father and to his mother, I have not seen him; and he that knew not his brethren, nor knew his own children: those are they that have observed thy word, and shall keep thy covenant.</i>	Deut. 33:9			
<table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tbody> <tr> <td style="width: 33%; vertical-align: top;"> <p>21.I Geneva c Geneva glosses 'repented the Lord': 'God doth never repent, but he speaketh after our capacity, because he did destroy him, and in that, as it were, did disavow him to be his creature.' 3 <i>repented</i>...<i>Lord</i> caused the Lord to feel regret 22.I Geneva, with rephrasing of the opening clause, 'Then shall the eyes of the blind be lightened', and alteration of 'out' to '<i>forth</i>', 4</p> </td> <td style="width: 33%; vertical-align: top;"> <p>c Geneva glosses 'wilderness', 3: 'They that were barren and destitute of the graces of God, shall have them given by Christ.' 23.I Geneva 4 <i>stablished</i> rendered indubitable 24.I Geneva c untraced 25.I Geneva, with substitution of '<i>transgress</i>' in '<i>let none transgress</i>', 1, for 'trespass' (presumably influenced by 'transgress' at 5), and omission of 'saith the Lord of</p> </td> <td style="width: 33%; vertical-align: top;"> <p>hosts' after '<i>garment</i>', 4 c Geneva glosses 'put her away': 'Not that he doth allow divorcement, but of the two faults he showeth which is the less.' 26.I Bishops' c Geneva glosses the initial 'impossible': 'He showeth wherein our faith standeth, that is, to believe that God can perform that which he hath promised, though it seem never so impossible to man'. 27.I Bishops'</p> </td> </tr> </tbody> </table>				<p>21.I Geneva c Geneva glosses 'repented the Lord': 'God doth never repent, but he speaketh after our capacity, because he did destroy him, and in that, as it were, did disavow him to be his creature.' 3 <i>repented</i>...<i>Lord</i> caused the Lord to feel regret 22.I Geneva, with rephrasing of the opening clause, 'Then shall the eyes of the blind be lightened', and alteration of 'out' to '<i>forth</i>', 4</p>	<p>c Geneva glosses 'wilderness', 3: 'They that were barren and destitute of the graces of God, shall have them given by Christ.' 23.I Geneva 4 <i>stablished</i> rendered indubitable 24.I Geneva c untraced 25.I Geneva, with substitution of '<i>transgress</i>' in '<i>let none transgress</i>', 1, for 'trespass' (presumably influenced by 'transgress' at 5), and omission of 'saith the Lord of</p>	<p>hosts' after '<i>garment</i>', 4 c Geneva glosses 'put her away': 'Not that he doth allow divorcement, but of the two faults he showeth which is the less.' 26.I Bishops' c Geneva glosses the initial 'impossible': 'He showeth wherein our faith standeth, that is, to believe that God can perform that which he hath promised, though it seem never so impossible to man'. 27.I Bishops'</p>
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The vpper Houfe.

- 21
- Matt. 15:19, 20 *Out of the heart come evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, slanders: these are the things which defile the man, but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not the man.*
- 22
- Matt. 15:30 *And great multitudes came unto Jesus, having with them halt, blind, dumb, maimed, and many other, and cast them down at Jesus' feet, and he healed them.* *Maimed': whose members were weakened with the palsy or by nature.
- 23
- Matt. 18:15, 16 *Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he hear thee, thou hast won thy brother; but if he hear thee not, take yet with thee one or two, that by the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be confirmed.*
- 24
- Matt. 19:4, 5 *Christ said, Have you not read that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they which were two shall be one flesh.** *This word *flesh* is by a figure taken for the whole man.
- 25
- Idem* 9 *Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for whoredom, and marrieth another, committeth adultery, and whosoever marrieth her that is divorced doth commit adultery.*
- 26
- Idem* 24, 26 *It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. The disciples said, Who then can be saved? But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible.* Theophylact noteth that by this word *camel* is meant a cable, which though it be granted, it takes away nothing of the wonder.
- 27
- Idem* 29 *Whosoever shall forsake houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, he shall receive an hundred fold more, and shall inherit everlasting life.*

21.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

3 *unwashen* unwashed

22.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'him' altered to 'Jesus', 1

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'maimed':

'Whose members were weakened with the palsy, or by nature, for afterward it is said, he healed them...'

23.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

24.II probably Geneva-Tomson, with 'And he answered and said unto them' altered to 'Christ said'; Geneva-Tomson reads

'two' where Geneva reads 'twain', 4

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'flesh': '... and this word flesh, is by a figure taken for the whole man, or the body after the manner of the Hebrews.'

25.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'marry' altered to 'marrieth' ('marrieth another'), 2, and 'which' to 'that', 3

26.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with a condensation of v. 25: 'And when his disciples heard it, they were exceed-

ingly amazed, saying, Who then can be saved?'; 'but', 3, is possibly from Bishops'.

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'camel':

'Theophylact noteth that by this word is meant a cable rope, but Caninius al-legeth out of the Talmudists, that it is a proverb, and the word, Camel, signifieth the beast itself.'

27.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'hundredth' altered to 'hundred'

The Prophets.

28

Making religion their covering.

Is this house become a den of thieves whereupon my name is called before your eyes? Behold, even I see it, saith the Lord.

Jer. 7:11, Isa. 56:7

29

O Lord, our governor, how excellent is thy name in all the world, thou that hast set thy glory above the heavens! Out of the mouth of very babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightst still the enemy and the avenger.

Ps. 8:1, 2

30

Meaning that he had planted his church in a place most plentiful and abundant.

Now will I sing to my beloved a song of my beloved to his vineyard. My beloved had a vineyard in a very fruitful hill; and he hedged it, and gathered out the stones of it, and he planted it with the best plants, and he built a tower in the midst thereof, and made a winepress therein; then he looked that it should bring forth grapes, but it brought forth wild grapes.

Isa. 5:1, 2

31

The same stone which the builders refused is become the headstone in the corner; this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Ps. 118:22, 23

32

Christ is a sanctuary to his elect, to the rest a stumbling stone.

And he shall be as a sanctuary; but as a stumbling stone and as a rock to fall upon to both the houses of Israel, and as a snare and as a net to the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

Isa. 8:14, Zech. 12:3, Dan. 2

33

Moreover, God appearing unto Moses said, I am the God of thy fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; then Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look upon God.

Exod. 3:6

34

A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if then I be a father, where is mine honour? And if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord of hosts.

Mal. 1:6

28.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'den of thieves': 'As thieves hid in holes and dens think themselves safe, so when you are in my temple, you think to be covered with the holiness thereof, and that I cannot see your wickedness.'

29.I Bishops'

30.I Geneva, with the addition of 'and' in 'and he built', 4

c Geneva's gloss on 'vineyard'

31.I Bishops'

32.I Geneva

s The reference in Dan. is 2:45.

c Geneva glosses 'sanctuary': 'He will defend you which are his elect, and

reject all the rest, which is meant of Christ, against whom the lewd should stumble and fall.'

33.I Geneva, with a recasting of the opening from 'Moreover he said' and pluralization of 'father'

34.I Geneva

The Euangelifts.

28

Matt. 21:12, 13 *And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said to them, It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves.*

29

Idem 16 *When the chief priests and scribes saw the marvels that Christ did, and the children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna to the son of David, they disdained, and said unto him, Hearest thou what these say? Jesus said unto them, Yea, have you never read, By the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast made perfect the praise?*

Established, grounded, made perfect: it is all one that the evangelist saith, for that is stable and sure which is most perfect.

30

Idem 33 *Jesus put forth a similitude: There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and made a winepress therein, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a strange country, etc.*

31

Matt. 21:42 *Read you never in the scriptures, saith Jesus, the stone which the builders refused, the same is made the head of the corner; this was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*

'The head of the corner': which beareth up the joints of the whole building.

32

Idem 44 *Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will dash him in pieces.*

33

Matt. 22:31, 32 *Concerning the resurrection of the dead, have you not read what is spoken to you of God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.*

34

Matt. 23:9, 10 *Call no man your father upon the earth, for there is but one, your father which is in heaven; be not called doctor, for one is your doctor, even Christ.*

The scribes very greedily hunt after such titles.

28.II probably Geneva-Tomson (Geneva reads 'Mine house', 4), with 'ye' altered to 'you', 5

29.II Geneva-Tomson and Bishops': with 'he' altered to 'Christ', 1; otherwise the wording follows Geneva-Tomson except for 'have you never read', 4-5, which is the Bishops' reading with 'you' substituted for 'ye'.

s The reference should read Matt. 21:15, 16.

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'made perfect the praise': 'We read in David, Thou hast established or grounded, and if the

matter be considered well, it is all one that the evangelist saith, for that is stable and sure, which is most perfect.'

30.II Geneva-Tomson, except for the opening clause, which though apparently invented includes the term 'similitude' found only in Bishops'.

31.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with a modification of the opening: 'Jesus said unto them', and 'ye' altered to 'you', 1
c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'the head of the corner': 'The chiefest stone in the corner, which

beareth up the couplings or joints of the whole building.'

32.II Geneva-Tomson, with 'he' omitted after 'stone'

33.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with minor changes of 'ye' to 'you' in 'have you not', 1, and 'unto' to 'to', 2

34.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'doctors' rendered singular, 2
c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'doctors': 'It seemeth that the Scribes did very greedily hunt after such titles, whom, verse 16, he calleth blind guides.'

The first Gate.

35

Sacrifices ceasing, which Christ accomplished by his death and resurrection.

After threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be slain, and shall have nothing, and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary; and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the battle it shall be destroyed by desolations. And he shall confirm the covenant with many for one week; and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of the abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation determined shall be poured upon the desolate.

Dan. 9:27

It desolate meaning Jerusalem and the sanctuary.

36

The deliverance of the church by Christ, called here by the name of the archangel Michael.

At that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince, which standeth for the children of thy people, and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there began to be a nation, unto that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book.

Dan. 12:1

37

All the powers of heaven and earth war against sinners.

Behold the day of the Lord cometh, cruel, with wrath, and fierce anger to lay the land waste, and he shall destroy the sinners out of it: for the stars of heaven, and the planets thereof shall not give their light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth; and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.

Isa. 13:9, 10, Ezek. 32:7, Joel 2:31

38

That 'ancient of days', is meant by God the Father, who gave to the blessed *Messiah* all dominion, as to the mediator.

As I beheld in visions by night, behold, one like the son of man came in the clouds of heaven, and approached unto the ancient of days, before whom they brought him, and he gave him dominion, and honour, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall never be taken away; and his kingdom shall never be destroyed.

Dan. 7:13, 14

39

A comfort to the church in all dangers.

As a shepherd searcheth out his flock when he hath been among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places, where they have been scattered, in the cloudy and dark day.

Ezek. 34:12

35.I Geneva

7 *oblation* offering of a sacrifice

s The reference should be Dan. 9:26, 27.

c Geneva glosses 'cease': 'Christ accomplished this by his death and resurrection'; and 'overspreading... abominations': 'Meaning, that Jerusalem and the sanctuary should be utterly destroyed for their rebellion against God and their idolatry...'

36.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'time... stand up': 'The angel here noteth two things: first that the church shall be in great affliction

and trouble at Christ's coming, and

next that God will send his angel to deliver it, whom here he calleth Michael, meaning Christ, which is published by the preaching of the gospel.'

37.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'stars... light': 'They that are overcome, shall think that all the powers of heaven and earth are against them.'

38.I Geneva, with a phrase imported from

Bishops': 'before whom they brought him', 3

c Geneva glosses 'dominion... kingdom':

'This is meant of the beginning of Christ's kingdom, when God the Father gave unto him all dominion, as to the mediator, to the intent that he should govern here his church in earth continually, till the time that he brought them to eternal life.'

39.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'cloudy and dark day':

'In the day of their affliction and misery: and this promise is to comfort the church in all dangers.'

The second Gate.

35

Matt. 24:14, 15, 16, 17
 15
 16
 17

This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached through the whole world for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come; when you therefore shall see the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet set in the holy place (let him that readeth consider it): then let them which be in Judea fly into the mountains; let him which is on the house-top not come down to fetch anything out of his house, etc.

'The gospel', which is the covenant before spoken of.

'Abomination of desolation': that is, idolatry and the fruits thereof. The great fear that shall ensue.

36

Idem 20, 21, 22

Pray that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day: for then shall be a great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world, nor shall be; and except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake, those days shall be shortened.

'Neither on the sabbath': it was not lawful to take a journey on the sabbath day. *Josephus, lib. 13.*

37

Matt. 24:29

And immediately after the tribulations of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

38

Idem 30, 31

Then shall appear the sign of the son of man in heaven, and then shall all the kindreds of the earth mourn, and they shall see the son of man come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, and from the one end of the heavens unto the other.

The exceeding glory and majesty of Christ.

'From the four winds': that is, from the four quarters of the world.

39

Matt. 25:32

Before Christ shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on the left.

The Judgement Day, the elect and the reprobate.

35.II probably Geneva-Tomson (Geneva reads 'standing' in place of 'set', 4), with 'ye' altered to 'you', 3, and 'flee' to 'fly', 6

c Geneva-Tomson gives the following glosses on Matt. 24:15-17: 'The abomination of desolation, that is to say, which all men detest, and cannot abide, by reason of the foul and shameful filthiness of it; and he speaketh of the idols that were set up in the temple, or as other think, he meant the marring of the doctrine in the Church'; on 'clothes': 'This betokeneth the great fear that shall be.'

36.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with omission of 'to this time' after 'world', 3

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'Sabbath day': 'It was not lawful to take a journey on the Sabbath day. Joseph, book 13.' The reference to Josephus is to *Jewish Antiquities*, 13.52 or 252.

37.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 38.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'sign . . . heaven': 'The exceeding glory and majesty, which shall bear witness that Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, draweth near to judge the world'; and 'four winds': 'From the four quarters of the world.'

39.II probably Bishops' on the basis of 'divideth' (Geneva and Geneva-Tomson read 'separateth'); but 'and the goats', 4, conforms to Geneva/Geneva-Tomson

(Bishops' has 'but'); 'him' in the opening line has been altered to 'Christ'.

s The reference should read Matt. 25:32, 33.

c possibly a conflation of glosses in Geneva (to 'foundations', Matt. 25:34): 'Hereby God declareth the certainty of our predestination, whereby we are saved because we were chosen in Christ before the foundations of the world', and Geneva-Tomson (to Matt. 25:31): 'A lively setting forth of the everlasting judgement which is to come'; Geneva also provides as both a headline and a chapter-head summary 'The last judgement'.

The first Gate.

<p>The true fast, which God requires.</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">‘Thine own flesh’: for in him thou seest thyself, if so afflicted.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">40</p> <p><i>Is not this the fasting that I have chosen? To deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that wander unto thine house, when thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall grow speedily, thy righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the Lord shall embrace thee.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Isa. 58:7, 8, Ezek. 18:7</p>
<p>The general resurrection.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">41</p> <p><i>Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and perpetual contempt.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Dan. 12:2</p>
<p>‘My shepherd’: meaning Christ, the head of all pastors.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">42</p> <p><i>Arise, O sword, upon my shepherd, and upon the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts, smite the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered, and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Zech. 13:7</p>
<p>By <i>Josiah</i>, called ‘anointed’ because he was a figure of Christ.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">43</p> <p><i>Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of God hath he made man.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Gen. 9:6, Ezek. 11:7, 8, 9, 10</p>
<p>By <i>Josiah</i>, called ‘anointed’ because he was a figure of Christ.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">44</p> <p><i>The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord was taken in their nets, of whom we said, Under his shadow we shall be preserved alive among the heathen.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Lam. 4:20</p>
<p>His willingness and patience in suffering.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">45</p> <p><i>I gave my back unto the smiters, and my cheeks to the nippers, I hid not my face from shame and spitting.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Isa. 50:6</p>
<p>His willingness and patience in suffering.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">46</p> <p><i>He was oppressed, and he was afflicted; yet did he not open his mouth: he is brought as a sheep to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Isa. 53:7</p>
<p>40.I Geneva, with an omission of the rest of v. 6 and the start of v. 7 after ‘chosen’, 1</p> <p>c Geneva contains the headline ‘Of the true fast’, and glosses ‘thine own flesh’: ‘For in him thou seest thyself as in a glass.’</p> <p>s The opening line is actually from Isa. 58:6.</p> <p>41.I Geneva</p> <p>c Geneva headline, and cited in the gloss to Dan. 12:2</p> <p>42.I Geneva</p> <p>c Geneva glosses ‘shepherd’: ‘The prophet</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">47</p> <p><i>They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture; but be not thou far from me, O Lord: thou art my succour, haste thee to help me.</i></p> <p>warneth the Jews that before this great comfort should come under Christ, there should be an horrible dissipation among the people: for their governors and pastors should be destroyed, and the people should be as scattered sheep: and the evangelist applieth this to Christ, because he was the head of all pastors.’</p> <p>43.I Geneva</p> <p>44.I Geneva</p> <p>c Geneva glosses Lam. 4:20: ‘Our king,</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">Ps. 22:18, 19</p> <p>Josiah, in whom stood our hope of God’s favour, and on whom depended our state and life, was slain, whom he calleth anointed, because he was a figure of Christ.’</p> <p>45.I Geneva</p> <p>46.I Geneva</p> <p>c Geneva glosses Isa. 53:7: ‘But willingly, and patiently obeyed his father’s appointment.’</p> <p>47.I Bishops’</p>

The second Gate.

	40	<p>Matt. 25:34, 35, 36 <i>Come you blessed of my Father, take the inheritance of the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a-hungered, and you gave me meat; I thirsted, and you gave me drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in unto you; I was naked, and you clothed me; I was sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came unto me.</i></p>	<p>Of all the virtues, <i>charity</i> sits highest.</p>
Idem 46	41	<p><i>These shall go into everlasting pain; and the righteous into life eternal.</i></p>	<p>The last day.</p>
Matt. 26:31	42	<p><i>Jesus said unto his disciples, All you shall be offended because of me this night: for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered.</i></p>	<p>Their flight forewarned.</p>
Matt. 26:52	43	<p><i>One of them which was with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword; then said Jesus unto him, Put up thy sword into his place, for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword.</i></p>	<p>They take the sword, to whom the Lord hath not given it.</p>
Idem 55, 56	44	<p><i>The same hour said Jesus to the multitude, You be come out as it were against a thief, with swords and staves to take me; I sat daily teaching in the temple among you, and you took me not: but all this was done that the scriptures of the prophets might be fulfilled.</i></p>	
Idem 67, 68	45	<p><i>Then spat they on his face, and buffeted him, and other smote him with rods, saying, Prophesy to us, O Christ, who is he that smote thee?</i></p>	
Matt. 27:13, 14	46	<p><i>Pilate said to Jesus, Hearest thou not how many things they lay against thee?—There is his affliction.—But Jesus answered him not to one word—there’s his patience and long suffering—insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.</i></p>	<p>Note his affliction, then his patience and long suffering.</p>
Matt. 27:35	47	<p><i>And when they had crucified Jesus, they parted his garments, and did cast lots, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: they divided my garments among them, and upon my vesture did cast lots.</i></p>	

<p>40.II Geneva–Tomson, with ‘ye’ altered to ‘you’ at various points c derived presumably from 1 Cor. 13:13</p>	<p>43.II Geneva or Geneva–Tomson, with alteration of ‘were’ to ‘was’, 1, and omission of the remainder of v. 51 after ‘sword’, 2 s The citation draws on Matt. 26:51 and 52. c Geneva–Tomson glosses ‘take the sword’: ‘They take the sword to whom the Lord hath not given it, that is to say, they which use the sword, and are not called to it.’</p>	<p>come’, 1 and ‘and ye’ to ‘and you’, 3 45.II probably Geneva–Tomson (Geneva reads ‘their rods’, 2) 46.II Geneva or Geneva–Tomson, with interpolated additions (‘There is his affliction’ and ‘there’s his patience and long suffering’) presumably by Middleton c possibly derived from Isa. 53:7—i.e. to focus on the agreement of the parallel passages</p>
<p>42.II Bishops’ c Geneva–Tomson glosses Matt. 26:31: ‘Christ being more careful of his disciples, than of himself, forewarneth them of their flight, and putteth them in better comfort.’</p>	<p>44.II Geneva or Geneva–Tomson, with alteration of ‘ye be come’ to ‘You be</p>	<p>47.II Geneva or Geneva–Tomson, with ‘him’ altered to ‘Jesus’ in the opening line</p>

The first Gate.

48

'Experience': for the comfort of sinners.

He is despised, and abhorred of men; he is such a man as hath good experience of sorrows and infirmities; we have reckoned him so vile that we hid our faces from him.

Isa. 53:3

49

My God, my God, look upon me, why hast thou forsaken me? And art so far from my health, and from the words of my complaint?

Ps. 22:1

50

They gave me gall to eat; and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink.

Ps. 69:22

51

'Their worm': a continual gnawing of conscience, which shall never suffer them to rest.

From month to month, and from sabbath to sabbath, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord. And they shall go forth and look upon the carcasses of the men that have transgressed against me, for their worm shall not die; neither shall their fire be quenched, and they shall be an abhorring unto all flesh.

Isa. 66:24

52

The land shall never be without poor, and therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thy hand unto thy brother that is needy and poor in thy land.

Deut. 15:11

53

For his humility, he shall receive glory.

Therefore will I give him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong, because he hath poured out his soul unto death, and he was counted with the transgressors, and he bore the sin of many, and prayed for the trespassers.

Isa. 53:12

54

Of Christ's birth and office.

Unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given; upon his shoulder doth the rule lie, and he shall call his name Wonderful, the Giver of Counsel, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace; the increase of his government and peace shall have none end; he shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to stablish it with equity and righteousness from henceforth for evermore.

Isa. 9:6, 7, Dan. 7:14, Mic. 4:7

55

The word of the Lord came unto Elias, saying, Up and get thee to Sarepta, which is in Sidon, and remain there: behold I have commanded a widow there to sustain thee.

1 Kgs. 17:8, 9

48.I Bishops'

c Geneva glosses 'infirmities': 'Which was by God's singular providence for the comfort of sinners.'

49.I Bishops'

s The reference should read Ps. 69:21.

50.I Bishops'

c The reference should read Isa. 66:23, 24. Geneva glosses 'worm . . . die': 'Meaning, a continual torment of conscience, which

shall ever gnaw them and never suffer them to be at rest.'

52.I Bishops'

53.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'hath . . . death': 'Because he humbled himself, therefore he shall be exalted to glory.'

54.I either Bishops' or Geneva for the opening, 'Unto . . . given'; 'upon . . . lie': Bishops'; 'and he . . . Wonderful': Geneva; 'the Giver of Counsel': Bishops'; 'the

Mighty . . . Peace': either; 'the increase . . . stablish it with': Geneva; 'equity . . . evermore': Bishops'

7 **stablish** bring into settled order

c Geneva headline

55.I Geneva, with 'Elias' (in place of 'Elijah', used elsewhere in 1 Kgs.) substituted for 'him', 'Zarephath' altered to 'Sarepta', and 'Sidon' to 'Sidon', apparently to emphasize the correspondence between the verses from the two Testaments

The second Gate.

- 48
- Idem 39, 40 *They that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads and saying, Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself; if thou be the son of God, come down from the cross.*
- 49
- Idem 46 *And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachtani, that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*
- 50
- Idem 48 *And straightway one of them ran, and took a sponge and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink.*
- 51
- Mark 9:43, 44 *If thy hand cause thee to offend, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire never goeth out.*
- 52
- Mark 14:7 *You have poor with you always, and when you will you may do them good: but me shall you not have always.*
- 53
- Mark 15:27, 28 *They crucified also with him two thieves, the one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Thus the scripture was fulfilled which saith, He was counted among the wicked, and they that went by, railed on him, etc.*
- 54
- Luke 1:30, 31, 32, 33 *The angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God; for lo, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bear a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be none end.*
- 55
- Luke 4:25 *I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when heaven was shut three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land, but unto none of them was Elias sent, save into Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a certain widow.*

'Forsaken': to wit, in this misery, never otherwise.

All hindrances to Christ cut off. The torments of the damned.

The angel sent to Mary.

48.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

49.II probably Bishops' (Geneva and Geneva-Tomson read 'that is' for '*that is to say*', 2), with alteration of the text of Christ's words to agree with Mark 15:34

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'forsaken': 'To wit, in this misery: And this crying out is proper to his humanity, which notwithstanding was void of sin, but yet it felt the wrath of God, which is due to our sins.'

50.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

51.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with

'thine' altered to '*thy*', 1.

c Geneva glosses 'hand': 'It is a manner of speech which signifieth, that we should cut off all things, which hinder us to serve Christ'; and 'worm': 'These similitudes declare the pains, and eternal torments of the damned.'

52.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'ye' altered to '*you*' at several points, 'the' omitted before '*poor*', and 'ye shall' reversed ('*shall you*')

53.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with some

elements possibly drawn from Bishops': '*the left*' in place of Tomson's 'his left', and omission of Tomson's 'And' before '*he was counted...*', 3

s The cited passage extends into v. 29.
54.II Geneva, with elements drawn from Bishops': '*Most Highest*', 4, in place of Geneva's 'Most High', and the addition of '*there*' in the final line

c Geneva headline

55.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

s The reference should read Luke 4:25, 26.

Law.

56

Against the princes of Israel,
living in voluptuousness.

Woe to them that are at ease in Zion, and trust in the mountain of Samaria, which were famous at the beginning of the nations, and the house of Israel came to them.

Amos 6:1

57

Woe unto them that decree wicked decrees, and write grievous things, to keep back the poor from judgement, and to take away the judgement of the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may spoil the fatherless.

Isa. 10:1, 2

58

More Gentiles than Jews believers.

Rejoice, O barren that didst not bear; break forth into joy, and rejoice thou that didst not travail with child: for the desolate hath more children than the married wife, saith the Lord.

Isa. 54:1

59

Moses made a serpent of brass, and set it up for a sign; and when a serpent had bitten a man, then he looked to the serpent of brass and lived.

Num. 21:9

60

His heavenly care over
the weak and tender.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall guide them with young.

Isa. 40:11

61

No stranger, except
he be circumcised.

A stranger, or an hired servant shall not eat of the passover: in one house shall it be eaten; thou shalt carry none of the flesh out of the house, neither shall you break a bone thereof.

Exod. 12:45, 46

62

Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

Ps. 16:11

63

I will make them one people in the land, upon the mountains of Israel; and one king shall be king to them all, and they shall be no more two peoples, neither be divided any more henceforth into two kingdoms.

Ezek. 37:22

64

Let their habitation be void, and no man to dwell in their tents; when sentence is given upon him, let him be condemned: and let his prayer be turned into sin; let his days be few, and let another take his office.

Ps. 69:26 and 109:6, 7

56.I Geneva

c Geneva gives as the chapter synopsis:
'Against the princes of Israel living in pleasures.'

57.I Geneva

58.I Geneva

c Geneva's chapter synopsis: 'More of the Gentiles shall believe the gospel than of

the Jews.'

59.I Geneva

60.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'young': 'He shall show his care and favour over them that are weak and tender.'

61.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'no stranger' from v.

43: 'Except he be circumcised and only profess your religion.'

62.I Bishops'; apart from its different phrasology, the scriptural reference in Geneva is Ps. 16:10.

63.I Geneva

64.I Bishops'

Grace.

- 56
- Luke 6:24 *Woe be to you that are rich: for you have received your consolation.* That put their confidence in riches.
- 57
- Luke 11:46 *Woe unto you also, you lawyers, for you load men with burdens grievous to be borne, and you yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.*
- 58
- Luke 23:29 *Behold, the days will come when men shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the paps that never gave suck.*
- 59
- John 3:14, 15 *As Moses lift up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the son of man be lift up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.* 'Lift up': that is, his power made manifest.
- 60
- John 10:11 *I am that good shepherd: that good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*
- 61
- John 19:34, 35, 36 *One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water; and he that saw it bore record, and his record is true: and he knoweth that he saith true that you might believe it; for these things were done, that the scripture should be fulfilled, Not a bone of him shall be broken.*
- 62
- John 20:9 *As yet the disciples knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.*
- 63
- John 10:16 *Other sheep I have also, which are not of this fold: them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one sheepfold, and one shepherd.* The Gentiles, which then were strangers to the church of God.
- 64
- Acts 1:19, 20 *It is known unto all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, insomuch that that field is called in their own language Aceldama, that is, the field of blood: for it is written in the book of Psalms, Let his habitation be void, and let no man dwell therein; also, Let another take his charge.* 'His charge': that is, his office and his ministry.

56.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'ye have' altered to 'you have'
 c Geneva glosses 'rich': 'That put your trust in your riches, and forget the life to come.'
 57.II 'Woe... lawyers': Bishops'; the remainder could be Bishops' or Geneva, with 'ye', which occurs in the latter three instances, altered to 'you', and the second instance of 'burdens' changed to

its unmodernized form, 'burthens', 3.
 58.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 59.II Geneva
 1, 2 *lift* lifted
 c Geneva glosses 'lift up': 'His power must be manifest which is not yet known.'
 60.II Geneva-Tomson
 61.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'ye' changed to 'you', 4
 62.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

63.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 c Geneva glosses 'Other sheep': 'To wit, among the Gentiles, which then were strangers from the Church of God.'
 64.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson (the main distinction between them is 'Jerusalem' and 'Hierusalem' respectively)
 c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'his charge': 'His office and ministry...'

The first Gate.

65

'Pour out my spirit': that is, in greater abundance more generally than in times past, by Christ and the joyful tidings of the gospel.

Afterward will I pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the maids in those days will I pour my spirit. And I will show wonders in the heaven and in the earth, blood and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of the Lord come. But whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved, for in Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant, whom the Lord shall call.

Joel 2:28, 29, 30, 31, 32
29
30
31
32

By 'the remnant' are meant the Gentiles.

66

I have set God always before me, for he is on my right hand: therefore I shall not fall. Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced, my flesh also shall rest in hope.

Ps. 16:9, 10

67

Meaning a continual succession of prophets, till Christ, the end of all prophets, come.

The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet like unto me, from among you, even of the brethren: unto him shall you hearken.

Deut. 18:15

68

The world shall win by thy seed, Christ, the blessing which was lost in Adam.

I will make of thee a great nation, and will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: I will also bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee; and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed.

Gen. 12:2, 3

69

Siccuth and *Chiun*: two idols, which as their king they carried about.

Have you offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel? But you have borne Siccuth your king, and Chiun your images, and the star of your gods, which you made to yourselves. Therefore will I cause you to go into captivity beyond Damascus, saith the Lord, whose name is the God of hosts.

Amos 5:25, 26, 27
26
27

70

God's majesty is so great it filleth both heaven and earth.

Thus saith the Lord: The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is that house that you will build unto me? And where is that place of my rest? For all these things hath mine hand made, and all these things have been, saith the Lord.

Isa. 66:1, 2

65.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'pour . . . spirit': 'That is, in greater abundance and more generally than in time past; and this was fulfilled under Christ whenas God's graces, and his spirit under the gospel was abundantly given to the church'; and 'the remnant': 'Meaning hereby the Gentiles.'

66.I Bishops'

67.I Geneva, with 'thy' altered to 'the' and

'ye shall' to 'shall you', 2-3

c Geneva's gloss on 'prophet'

68.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'a blessing': 'The world shall recover by thy seed, which is Christ, the blessing which they lost in Adam.'

69.I Geneva, with 'Have ye' altered to 'Have you', 1, and 'which ye' to 'which you', 4

s Geneva glosses 'Siccuth . . . images': 'That idol which you esteemed as your king,

and carried about, as you did Chiun, in the which images you thought that there was a certain divinity.'

70.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'heaven . . . footstool': 'My majesty is so great that it filleth both heaven and earth, and therefore cannot be included in a temple like an idol: condemning hereby their vain confidence, which trusted in the temple and sacrifices.'

The fecond Gate.

65

Acts 2:16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21

This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall be in the last days, saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaids I will pour out my spirit in those days, and they shall prophesy; and I will show wonders in heaven above, and tokens in the earth beneath, blood and fire, and the vapour of smoke; the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come; and it shall be, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.

'All flesh': all without exception, both upon Jews and Gentiles.

'Call on' signifieth in holy scriptures, an earnest praying

66

Acts 2:25, 26

Thus David saith concerning Jesus, I beheld the Lord always before me, for he is at my right hand, that I should not be shaken: therefore did mine heart rejoyce, and my tongue was glad, and moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope.

67

Acts 3:22

Moses said unto the fathers, The Lord your God shall raise up unto you a prophet, even of your brethren, like unto me; you shall hear him in all things whatsoever he shall say unto you.

This promise was of an excellent prophet, *Christ*.

68

Acts 3:25

Ye are the children of the prophets and of the covenant, which God hath made unto our fathers, saying to Abraham, Even in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed.

God to *Abraham*.

69

Acts 7:42, 43

Then God turned himself away, and gave them up to serve the host of heaven, as it is written in the book of the prophets, O house of Israel, have you offered to me slain beasts and sacrifices by the space of forty years in the wilderness? And ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the star of your god Remphan, figures which you made to worship them; therefore I will carry you away beyond Babylon.

By 'the host of heaven' is meant the sun, moon, stars, etc.

70

Acts 7:48, 49, 50

The most high dwelleth not in temples made with hands, as saith the prophet, Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool; what house will you build for me? saith the Lord; or what place is it that I should rest in? Hath not mine hand made all these things?

65.II Although many correspondences in phraseology and wordings exist among Bishops', Geneva, and Geneva-Tomson for this passage, Geneva stands closest; 'of' was presumably omitted in the phrase 'pour out of my spirit' at 2 and 6 to register a closer correspondence with the parallel citation from Joel, where 'pour out my spirit' is given additional support by a gloss on its meaning and significance.
c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'all': 'all without

exception, both upon the Jews and Gentiles'; and 'call on': 'This word, Call on, signifieth in Holy Scripture, an earnest praying and craving for help at God's hand.'

66.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'For' altered to 'Thus' and 'him' to 'Jesus', 1

67.II Geneva-Tomson, with 'ye shall hear' altered to 'you shall hear', 2-3

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'a prophet': 'This promise was of an excellent and singular prophet.'

68.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c presumably derived from the citation

69.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'have ye' altered to 'have you', 3, and 'which ye' to 'which you', 6

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'host of heaven': 'By the host of heaven here, he meaneth not the angels, but the moon and sun, and other stars.'

70.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'will ye' altered to 'will you', 3

The first Gate.

71

None shall be blinded with ignorance.

They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and will remember their sins no more.

Jer. 31:34, Mic. 7:18

72

They shall not believe their own ruins, because unbelievers of God's word.

Behold among the heathen, and regard, and wonder, and marvel: for I will work a work in your days, you will not believe it, though it be told you.

Hab. 1:5

73

I will send the *Messiah* promised, and restore by him the spiritual *Israel*.

In that day will I raise up the tabernacle of David that is fallen down, and close up the breaches thereof; and I will raise up his ruins, and I will build it as in the days of old, that they may possess the remnant of Edom, and of all the heathen, because my name is called upon them, saith the Lord that doth this.

Amos 9:11, 12

74

If we have forgotten the name of our God, and holden up our hands to any strange god, shall not God search it out? For he knoweth the very secrets of the heart; for thy sake also we are killed all the day long, and are counted as sheep appointed to be slain.

Ps. 44:21, 22

75

Against those that murmur against God in time of adversity.

Woe be unto him that striveth with his maker, the potsherd with the potsherds of the earth; shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? Or thy work, It hath none hands? O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are you in mine hand, O house of Israel.

Isa. 45:9, Jer. 18:6

76

I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that was not pitied; and I will say unto them which were not my people, Thou art my people; and they shall say, Thou art my God. The number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which cannot be measured nor told; and in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, it shall be said unto them, Ye are sons of the living God.

Hos. 2:23, 1:10

71.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Jer. 31:34: 'Under the kingdom of Christ there shall be none blinded with ignorance, but I will give them faith, and knowledge of God for remission of their sins and daily increase the same...'

72.I Geneva, with 'ye will' altered to 'you will', 2

c Geneva glosses 'you will... told you':

'As in times past you would not believe God's word, so shall ye not now believe the strange plagues which are at hand.'

73.I Geneva

c gloss to Geneva, Amos 9:11

74.I Bishops' except for a reversal of 'we are' in v. 22

s The verse reference gives additional support for Bishops' since the passage is Ps. 44:20-2 in Geneva.

75.I Geneva

s The citations from Isaiah and Jeremiah are presented consecutively.

c Geneva glosses Isa. 45:9: 'Hereby he bridleth their impatency, which in adversity and trouble murmur against God, and will not tarry his pleasure...'

76.I Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'the' omitted before 'sons', 7

The second Gate.

	71		
Acts 10:42, 43		<i>Jesus commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he that is ordained of God a judge of quick and dead; to him also give all the prophets witness, that through his name all that believe in him shall receive remission of sins.</i>	There is no other name under heaven to be saved by.
	72		
Acts 13:40, 41		<i>Beware, lest that come upon you, which is spoken of in the prophets: Behold, you despisers, and wonder, and vanish away, for I work a work in your days, you will not believe it, though it be told you.</i>	Against their incredulity.
	73		
Acts 15:16, 17		<i>After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and the ruins thereof will I build again, and I will set it up, that the residue of men might seek after the Lord, and all the Gentiles upon whom my name is called, saith the Lord, which doth all these things.</i>	The promise kept.
	74		
Rom. 8:35, 36		<i>Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or anguish? Or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake are we killed all day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter.</i>	'The love of Christ': that is, wherewith Christ loveth us.
	75		
Rom. 9:20, 21		<i>But, O man, who art thou which pleadest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power of the clay, to make of the same lump one vessel to honour, and another to dishonour?</i>	Predestination. This similitude aptly agreeth in the first creation of mankind.
	76		
Rom. 9:25, 26		<i>I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her, beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall be in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, that there they shall be called the children of the living God.</i>	Our vocation is free, and of grace, even as our predestination is.

71.II probably Geneva on the basis of the present tense of *'believe'*, 4 (Geneva-Tomson reads *'believed'*)
 c Geneva-Tomson glosses Acts 10:37: 'The sum of the gospel (which shall be made manifest at the latter day, when Christ himself shall sit as judge both of the quick and dead) is this, that Christ promised to the fathers, and exhibited in his time with the mighty power of God (which was by all means showed) and at length crucified to reconcile us to God, did rise again the third day, that whosoever believeth in him, should be saved through the remission of sins.'

72.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'therefore' omitted after *'Beware'*, 1, and 'ye despisers' altered to *'you despisers'*, 2. The final line, *'you... told you'* conforms to none of the versions of the Bible and was presumably influenced by the parallel reading from Habakkuk.
 c possibly designed as a response to the commentary to 72.I; not found in any of the Bibles used elsewhere
 73.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 c apparently devised to respond to the commentary on Amos 9:11; not found in any of the Bibles used elsewhere

74.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'love of Christ': 'Wherewith Christ loveth us.'
 75.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'another unto' altered to *'another to'*, 4
 c probably derived in part from the headline, 'Predestination', to Geneva, Rom. 9. Geneva-Tomson glosses Rom. 9:20-1: 'This similitude agreeth very fitly to the first creation of mankind.'
 76.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson
 c Geneva-Tomson glosses Rom. 9:25: 'Our vocation or calling, is free and of grace, even as our predestination is...'

The lower Houfe.

77

Spiritual joys and raptures. *How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that declareth and publisheth peace, that declareth good tidings, and publisheth salvation, saying unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.* Isa. 52:7, Nah. 1:15

78

Meaning the Gentiles that knew not God. *I have been sought of them that asked not; I was found of them that sought me not; I said, Behold me, behold me, unto a nation that called not upon my name. I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walked in a way that was not good, even after their own imaginations.* Isa. 65:1, 2

Here, the rejection of the Jews.

79

Let their table be made a snare to take themselves withal, and let the things (that should have been for their wealth) be unto them an occasion of falling; let their eyes be blinded that they see not, and ever bow down their backs. Ps. 69:23, 24

80

The true deliverance from sin and Satan. *The Redeemer shall come unto Zion, and unto them that turn from iniquity in Jacob, saith the Lord. And I will make this my covenant with them, saith the Lord. My spirit that is upon thee, and my words, which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of the seed of thy seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth even for ever.* Isa. 59:20, 21

81

God only wise. *Who hath measured the waters in his fist? And counted heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure? And weighed the mountains in a weight, and the hills in a balance? Who hath instructed the Spirit of the Lord? Or was his counsellor, or taught him? Of whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the way of judgement, or taught him knowledge, and showed unto him the way of understanding?* Isa. 40:12, 13, 14

His omnipotence. 13
14

82

All shall acknowledge me for God. *Look unto me, and you shall be saved: all the ends of the earth shall be saved, for I am God, and there is none other; I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That every knee shall bow unto me, and every tongue shall swear by me.* Isa. 45:22, 23

77.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Isa. 52:7: 'Signifying, that the joy and good tidings of their deliverance should make their affliction in the mean time more easy: but this is chiefly meant of the spiritual joy.'

78.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'asked not': 'Meaning the Gentiles which knew not God, should seek after him when he had moved their hearts with his holy spirit'; and Isa. 65:2: 'He showeth the cause of the rejection of the Jews...'

79.I Bishops'

s Additional support for Bishops' is provided by the reference to Ps. 69:23, which is 69:22 in Geneva.

80.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Isa. 59:20: 'Whereby he declareth that the true deliverance from sin and Satan belongeth to none, but to the children of God, whom he justifieth.'

81.I Geneva

2 *span* distance from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger with the fingers and thumb of a hand spread apart

c The order of the Geneva glosses has

apparently been inverted; Isa. 40:12: 'Declaring that as God only hath all power, so doth he use the same for the defence and maintenance of his church', and 40:13: 'He showeth God's infinite wisdom for the same end and purpose.'

82.I Geneva, with 'ye shall' altered to '*you shall*', 1; see textual note.

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 'shall confess unto God', Rom. 14:11: 'Shall acknowledge me for God', which either by design or accident is set as commentary to the parallel citation from Isaiah.

The vpper Houfe.

	77		
Rom. 10:14, 15		<i>How shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe in him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? As it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them which bring glad tidings of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.</i>	Hereof faith cometh.
	78		
<i>Idem</i> 20, 21		<i>I was found of them that sought me not; and have been made manifest to them that asked not after me; and unto Israel he saith, All the day long have I stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.</i>	
	79		
Rom. 11:9, 10		<i>Let their table be made a snare and a net and a stumbling-block, even for a recompense unto them: let their eyes be darkened, that they see not, and bow down their back always.</i>	Snared in the law for refusing the gospel.
	80		
<i>Idem</i> 26, 27		<i>All Israel shall be saved; as it is written, The Deliverer shall come out of Zion, and shall turn away the ungodliness from Jacob, and this is my covenant to them, when I shall take away their sins.</i>	Christ the Saviour.
	81		
Rom. 11:33, 34, 35, 36		<i>O the deepness of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? Or who was his counsellor? Or who hath given unto him first, and he shall be recompensed? For of him, and through him, and for him, are all things: to him be glory for ever. Amen.</i>	<i>Paul</i> , ravished in spirit, crieth out as astonished with the wonderful wisdom of God.
	82		
Rom. 14:10, 11		<i>We shall all appear before the judgement seat of Christ. For it is written, I live, saith the Lord, and every knee shall bow unto me, and all tongues shall confess unto God.</i>	The knowledge of God, and the true worshipping, shall be through all the world.

77.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses Rom. 10:14:
 'That is true faith, which seeketh God in his word, and that preached according as God hath appointed in the Church.'

78.II The reading, 'hands', 3, points to Bishops' since it is unique to this version.

79.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses Rom. 11:9:
 'As unhappy birds are enticed to death

by that which is their sustenance, so did that only thing turn to the Jews' destruction, out of which they sought life, to wit, the Law of God for the preposterous zeal whereof, they refused the Gospel.' A similar gloss, but with different wording, appears in Geneva.

80.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c untraced

81.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses Rom. 11:33:
 'The apostle crieth out as astonished with this wonderful wisdom of God...'

82.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'to me' altered to 'unto me', 3

c Geneva glosses the parallel passage from Isa. 45:23: 'The knowledge of God and the true worshipping shall be through all the world', which appears here as the commentary to Rom. 14:10, 11.

The Prophets.

	83		
The wonderful love of God.		<i>Since the beginning of the world they have not heard, nor understood with the ear, neither the eye seen another God beside thee, which doth so to him that waiteth for him.</i>	Isa. 64:4
	84		
Even in death God will give life.		<i>I will redeem them from the power of the grave; I will deliver them from death: O death, I will be thy death; O grave, I will be thy destruction.</i>	Hos. 13:14
	85		
'A covenant', meaning Christ alone.		<i>In an acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee: and I will preserve thee, and will give thee for a covenant of the people, that thou mayst raise up the earth, and obtain the inheritance of the desolate heritages.</i>	Isa. 49:8
	86		
God in arms, to the delivering of his church.		<i>He put on righteousness as an habergeon, and an helmet of salvation upon his head; and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloak.</i>	Isa. 59:17
	87		
Meaning Christ; 'the rod of his mouth', which is his word.		<i>With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and with equity shall he reprove for the meek of the earth; and he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.</i>	Idem 11:4
	88		
		<i>Thou Lord in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands; they shall perish but thou shalt endure; they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.</i>	Ps. 102:25, 26, 27
	89		
Meant by Jerusalem.		<i>Lo, I begin to plague the city, where my name is called upon, and should you go free? You shall not go quit: for I will call for a sword upon all the inhabitants of the earth, saith the Lord of hosts.</i>	Jer. 25:29

83.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Isa. 64:4: 'St Paul useth the same kind of admiration, 1 Cor. 2:9, marvelling at God's great benefit showed to his church by the preaching of the gospel.'

84.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses 'death': 'Meaning that no power shall resist God when he will deliver his, but even in death will he give them life.'

85.I Geneva

c adapted from a gloss to Geneva, Isa. 49:8: 'Meaning, Christ alone.'

86.I Geneva

1 *habergeon* sleeveless coat or jacket of mail or scale-armour

c Geneva glosses Isa. 59:17: 'Signifying, that God hath all means at hand to deliver his church, and to punish their enemies.'

87.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Isa. 11:4: 'All these properties can agree to none but only

unto Christ: for it is he that toucheth the hearts of the faithful, and mortifieth their concupiscences: and to the wicked he is the savour of death, and to them that shall perish: so that all the world shall be smitten with this rod, which is his word.'

88.I Bishops'

89.I Geneva, with 'ye shall' altered to 'You shall', 2

c Geneva glosses 'the city': 'That is, Jerusalem'.

2 *quit* free

The Euangelifts.

- 83
- 1 Cor. 2:9 *The things which eye hath not seen, neither ear hath heard, neither came into man's heart, are, which God hath prepared for them that love him.* Joys incomprehensible.
- 84
- 1 Cor. 15:54, 55 *Death is swallowed up into victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?* The triumph over death.
- 85
- 2 Cor. 6:2 *I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee: behold now the accepted time, behold now the day of salvation.* In a time of grace and free mercy.
- 86
- Eph. 6:14, 15, 16, 17 *Stand therefore, and your loins gird about with verity, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, above all, take the shield of faith, wherewith you may quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.* Salvation, which was purchased by Jesus Christ.
- 87
- 2 Thess. 2:8 *The wicked man shall be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall abolish with the brightness of his coming.* By 'spirit', the word.
- 88
- Heb. 1:10, 11, 12 *Thou Lord in the beginning hast established the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands: they shall perish; but thou dost remain; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.*
- 89
- 1 Pet. 4:17, 18 *The time is come that judgement must begin at the house of God: if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them which obey not the gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* 'Saved': concerning temporal punishment.

83.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 1 Cor. 2:9: 'Man cannot so much as think of them, much less conceive them with his senses.'

84.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Various quarto editions of the Geneva-Tomson New Testament print 'Our victory' in the headline over the cited passage.

85.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva-Tomson glosses 2 Cor. 6:2: 'In

that that grace is offered, it is of the grace of God who hath appointed times and seasons to all things, that we may take occasion when it is offered'; and 'Which I of my free mercy and love towards thee liked of and appointed: at which time God poured out that his marvellous love upon us.'

86.II probably Geneva (Geneva-Tomson reads 'girded', 1), with 'ye' altered to 'you', 4

c Geneva glosses 'salvation': 'The salvation purchased by Jesus Christ.'

87.II probably Geneva (Geneva-Tomson reads 'that wicked man').

c Geneva glosses 'with . . . mouth': 'That is, with his word.'

88.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

89.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva glosses 'saved': 'As concerning this life where he is punished.'

The Prophets.

90

Here by 'seraphins', angels.

Every one of the seraphin that stood upon the throne had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly; and one cried to another and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts: the whole world is full of his glory.

Isa. 6:2, 3, Ezek. 10:20

91

They shall not be hungry, neither shall they be thirsty; neither shall the heat smite them, nor the sun: for he that hath compassion on them shall lead them, even to the springs of waters shall he drive them.

Isa. 49:10

92

By 'wine and milk', spiritual joy and nourishment.

Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and ye that have no silver, come, buy, and eat; come, I say, buy wine and milk without silver and without money.

Isa. 55:1

Thus have you heard the heavenly music of the prophets and evangelists, at which every good man's soul springs and rejoices: never sweeter harmony, nor ever cheaper. Come, and hear, 'tis freely yours; come, and feast, yours all.

*What heaven calls his, call yours: be glad, and feast;
There is no price set on a heavenly guest:
Milk, water, wine—life, grace, th'Eternal's love—
All three are free, and so I hope you'll prove.*

FINIS.

Deo soli gloria sapienti.

90.I Geneva, with the opening part, 'Every . . . throne', rephrased from 'The Seraphims stood upon it, every one', and incorporating the throne reference from Isa. 6:1

c Geneva glosses 'seraphim': 'They were

angels, so called, because they were of a fiery colour, to signify that they burn in the love of God, or were light as fire to execute his will.'

91.I Geneva

92.I Geneva

c Geneva glosses Isa. 51:1: 'By waters, wine, milk and bread, he meaneth all things necessary to the spiritual life, as these are necessary to this corporal life.'
92a.I.11 *Deo . . . sapienti* glory to God, the only wise one (Latin)

The Euangelifts.

90

Rev. 4:8 *The four beasts had each one of them six wings about him; and they were full of eyes within: and they ceased not day nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and which is, and which is to come.*

91

Rev. 7:16, 17 *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, neither any heat; for the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall govern them, and shall lead them unto the lively fountains of waters: and GOD shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*

All infirmity and misery shall be taken away.

92

Rev. *ull.*:16, 17 *I, Jesus, have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the generation of David, and the bright morning star. And the spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and let whosoever will, take of the water of life freely.*

Come, you that desire heavenly graces and comfort.

Thus have you heard the heavenly music of the prophets and evangelists, at which every good man's soul springs and rejoices: never sweeter harmony, nor ever cheaper. Come, and hear, 'tis freely yours; come, and feast, yours all.

*What heaven calls his, call yours: be glad, and feast;
There is no price set on a heavenly guest:
Milk, water, wine—life, grace, th'Eternal's love—
All three are free, and so I hope you'll prove.*

FINIS.

Christo gloria.

90.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

91.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson, with 'mids' expanded to 'middest', 3

c Geneva glosses Rev. 7:16: 'For all infirmity and misery shall be then taken

away.'

92.II Geneva or Geneva-Tomson

c Geneva glosses 'athirst': 'He that feeleth himself oppressed with afflictions,

and desireth the heavenly graces and comfort.'

92a.II.11 *Christo gloria* glory to Christ (Latin)

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

A To the very worthy deserver of all true honours,
and constant lover both of religion and learning,

[]

Worthy Sir,

5 Such fruits as, for the *diet* of the *soul*, I have prepared
for myself do I most gladly bestow upon you. *Prophets*
were the first grafters of them, *evangelists* the gatherers of
them, and the *tree* on which they grow is Christ; it was
10 a *heavenly pleasure* to me to climb up to these *branches*,
and I hope it shall be a heavenly *banquet* to you to taste
that which they bear. This book is as it were a *map* of a
large kingdom wherein you may see so much drawn forth
as was promised by the *King* of *heaven* and *earth* should
15 be bestowed upon his only *begotten son*. The *city* of the
soul is builded *above*, and through these two *gates* must
she pass if she *travel* to *salvation*. The one *gate* was opened
more than five thousand years ago (even presently after
the world was made), for to *Adam* himself was a *Messiah*
20 promised. At that *gate*, *prophets* stood waiting, and telling
news of his coming. But to us the other *gate* is opened, and
we are assured that our *shepherd* is come; Christ hath been
a dweller with us upon earth. In whose *birth*, *life*, *words*,

deeds, *passion*, *death*, *resurrection*, and *ascension* is fulfilled
whatsoever of him was foretold. I am a mere stranger to
your eye (though not to the good fame that lives of you 25
familiarily conversant). But sithence the *voyage* of every
professed Christian lies but one *way*, and that *way* is set
down here by the principles of *spiritual navigation*, accept of
my poor knowledge therein, I beseech you, which offers
itself, not as a *guide* unto your journey (you no doubt 30
having skill enough of your own), but as a perfect *circle*
of my love, filled with many wishes that after you have
gone through this first *gate* of a momentary life, you may
enter in at that second, which leadeth to all eternity and
happiness. 35

Devoted most affectionately to your

[]

To the two noble examples of
friendship and brotherhood,

Mr *Richard Fishbourne* and Mr *John Browne*

This sacred work is consecrated, as a testimony of his love
and service, to worth and virtue, 5

By *Tho. Middleton*, Chronologer
for the honourable city of London

A This is the text of a dedication leaf that
appears between the title-page and the
Preface in the solitary extant copy of the
1609 issue of *Two Gates*.

2-3 **learning**, [] In the original dedica-
tion leaf a space follows 'learning,' for
manuscript insertion of the dedicatee's
name; the space is blank in the only
surviving copy containing this leaf.

17 **more than . . . ago** See note to
Preface. 111-12 above.

26 **sithence** since

26-8 **voyage . . . navigation** i.e. in reference
to the typological formulation that sees
every Christian life as a correlative type
or antitype

36-7 **Devoted . . . your** [] As in the case
of the blank space for the dedicatee's
name, a space is left at the conclusion
of the dedicatory epistle for manuscript
completion.

B This is the text of a dedication leaf that

appears between the title-page and the
Preface in the only extant copy of the
1620 issue of *Two Gates*.

3 **Richard Fishbourne . . . John Browne**
prominent London merchants of Puritan
sympathies (Mercer and Merchant Taylor
respectively)

6-7 **Chronologer . . . London** a title acquired
by Middleton 6 September 1620 and held
until his death (1627)

THE ROARING GIRL or MOLL CUTPURSE

Edited by Coppélia Kahn

The Roaring Girl

OR Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately bene Acted on the Fortune-stage by
the Prince his Players.

Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar.



Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his
shop in Popes head-palace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1611.

MARY FRITH, the notorious London figure who inspired Middleton and Dekker to create the heroine of *The Roaring Girl*, may well have been the first English woman to perform in a public theatre. Sometime in the spring of 1611, according to church court records, she sat on the stage of the Fortune Theatre 'in the public view of all the people there present, in man's apparel, and played upon her lute and sang a song'. The Epilogue to *The Roaring Girl*, moreover, promises a repeat performance from her 'some few days hence... on this stage'. The 'original' of the play's roaring girl, a woman who dressed as a man, appears here in writing as a performer. And she could have made her stage debut in the very play that fictionalized her as a comic heroine, for (as allusions to contemporary events in the text indicate) *The Roaring Girl* was probably

first performed at about the same time as Moll's stage appearance, in late April or early May of 1611, at the Fortune Theatre. Its printed version, entered in the Stationers' Register on 18 February, 1612, only nine days after Mary Frith appeared in the customary white robe at Paul's Cross to do penance for her behaviour at the theatre the preceding spring (and for other offences), was probably intended to capitalize on that public appearance. As reported by John Chamberlain, her penance was as much a performance as her singing and playing onstage at the Fortune:

she wept bitterly and seemed very penitent, but it is since doubted [suspected] she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippled of three quarts of sack before she came to her penance.

New evidence of Mary Frith's transgressiveness has recently come to light. On September 26, 1611 (between her performance at the Fortune and her penance at St Paul's), the London Court of Aldermen cites her for unspecified 'divers misdemeanours', probably other than cross-dressing, and sends her to Newgate.

A purportedly factual life of Mary Frith, much influenced by stereotypes of criminal biography, was published in 1662. Recent research by Gustav Ungerer reveals that unlike the play's heroine, Mary Frith married—and carried on a profitable business as broker of stolen goods while also serving as intermediary between pickpockets (of whom she had been one for many years), their victims, and the authorities. He suggests that her cross-dressing was indeed performance, through which she tried 'to carve a niche for herself... in the entertainment business of Southwark and the City of London'.

In effect, Dekker and Middleton's Moll Cutpurse is a nexus of interchanges between the living woman and the fictional character, the performed and the real. And within any one textual representation of her, we find ambiguities and inconsistencies that expose constructions of gender in this patriarchal society, despite their apparent rigidity, as shifting and multivalent. Moreover, 'like a fat eel through a Dutchman's fingers', Moll slips between classes as well as genders, as did Mary Frith. She is equally at home with nobles, middle-class artisans, or criminals, but interacts with all of them so as to expose and explore social tensions increased by extremes of wealth and poverty in an expanding, nascently capitalistic consumer economy. In collaborating on *The Roaring Girl* Dekker and Middleton, both deeply familiar with London's social topography,

fused their talents; though one of the two probably wrote certain scenes, both writers shaped the whole play.

As Marjorie Garber suggests, cross-dressing like Moll's 'offers a challenge to easy notions of binarity, putting into question the categories of "female" and "male"'. Unlike the Shakespearean comic heroines who disguise themselves as boys so that they can covertly pursue the men they love, but abandon their assumed identities when obstacles to marriage are overcome, Moll never conceals her socially ascribed identity as a woman, doesn't stop dressing like a man, and refuses to marry. By wearing breeches and carrying a sword, she assumes the social position and prerogatives of a man—without either renouncing her social identity as a woman or conforming to its dictates. Thus she transgresses one of the most fiercely defended cultural boundaries of early modern Europe. In the final scene, when her fleeting disguise as a bride is plucked off, she puckishly declares to the bridegroom's appalled father, 'Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter— | As good a man as your son!' She has demonstrated that 'being a man' might be, as Judith Butler claims, 'a kind of persistent impersonation that passes as the real'. And the same proposition applies, of course, to 'being a woman'.

Indeed, in diverse kinds of cultural traditions women did impersonate men. Female cross-dressing flourished not only as a literary motif but also as a social practice, part of a struggle over women's place in early modern Europe that was just as characteristic of the period as the rhetoric of divinely ordered hierarchies frequently marshalled to quell it. In seventeenth and eighteenth century Holland, 119 cases of women living or trying to live as men over a period of years have been documented; in England, where female cross-dressing hasn't yet been fully researched, about fifty instances are known. Those in Holland who dressed and lived as men were usually poor, labouring class women under the age of twenty-five, orphaned or in conflict with their families, and away from home in pursuit of work. If they couldn't earn a living as servants, the usual alternatives were begging, vagrancy, and prostitution, so they joined an army or shipped off to sea as sailors, some accompanying husbands or lovers.

The English ballad figure of 'the warrior maid' closely parallels these instances of female cross-dressing in social life. 'Mary Ambree', the first of about one hundred such ballads written over the next three centuries, was published about a decade before *The Roaring Girl's* first performance, in 1600. It tells the story of a woman who becomes a soldier to avenge her lover's death and fights valiantly as a man in the siege of Gaunt. In these ballads as in a fictional biography of 'Long Meg', a cross-dressing woman in Henry VIII's London, love is almost always the heroine's motive for 'manly' deeds, and fully compatible with them. Like *The Roaring Girl*, which pursues a conventional comic courtship plot while celebrating a manly heroine who rejects marriage, these ballads represent an unresolved combination of the erotic with the martial, the conventionally feminine with the (masculine) heroic.

In so far as cross-dressing women simply tried to be taken for men, they were conforming to gender norms—but in so far as they succeeded (and it is only those who were ultimately discovered that we know about), they tend to support Butler's claim that gender is a 'persistent impersonation'. Though Dekker and Middleton's characterization of Moll bears more than a trace of the warrior maid tradition, it also differs strikingly, for on only one occasion and for one specific purpose (exposing Laxton) does Moll try to pass as a man. Otherwise, she pursues her eccentric bi-modal career of speaking and acting on women's behalf while acting and speaking as she is dressed—'like a man'.

Moll wasn't the only woman in sixteenth or seventeenth century London, then, to wear a doublet. We can also find precedents for her dress among bourgeois or gentry women, for whom a 'broad-brimmed hat and wanton feather' topping 'ruffianly short locks' became the latest fashion in the 1570s and 1580s, and again around 1620. Unlike Moll—if we can believe hostile male witnesses—these women used men's clothes specifically to enhance their femininity, wearing 'the loose, lascivious civil embracement of a French doublet, being all unbuttoned to entice'. This description is taken from *Hic Mulier; or, The Man Woman* (1620), a pamphlet indicting the fashion and, even more, the behaviours it elicited from its wearers: 'vile and horrible profanations', 'ruffianly and uncivil actions' that make women

man in body by attire, man in behaviour by rude complement, man in nature by aptness to anger, man in action by pursuing revenge, man in wearing weapons, man in using weapons . . . so much man in all things that they are neither men nor women, but just good for nothing.

Moll's male dress isn't designed for sexual enticement and she rejects all sexual advances. Nonetheless, in the play as in the pamphlet, clothes make the man, as it were. Men's clothes prompt or authorize the wearer to impersonate male behaviour, to perform a stylized kind of aggressive, self-assertive masculinity like that of the 'roaring boy', a recognized social type in early seventeenth century London on which Mary Frith patterned herself.

Hic Mulier (in Latin, an impossible phrase yoking a masculine pronoun to the feminine noun for woman) was promptly answered by *Haec Vir* (a similarly incorrect, oxymoronic Latin phrasing pertaining to a man). The woman in *Haec Vir* defends her right to dress as she pleases on the grounds that women 'are as freeborn as men, have as free election, and as free spirits'. She denies the dogma of female subjection, and dress as the sign of it. Instead, she calls clothing merely a matter of custom—absurd, foolish, and like the rest of the world, 'a warehouse of change', from which men and women alike are empowered by their creator to choose. This powerful argument, however, is followed by a conclusion that takes precisely the opposite tack, in which the woman argues that if men will only abandon their feminizing

fashions and resume 'those manly things which you have forsaken', then women will 'like rich jewels hang at your eares to take our instructions'. Together this pair of pamphlets suggests the range of conflicting positions about gender difference as essence and as social construction that is dramatized in *The Roaring Girl*.

As Ann Rosalind Jones and Peter Stallybrass argue, among the various discourses that seek to distinguish male from female, 'gender is never grounded: there is no master discourse which is called upon to fix the essence of gender'. Certainly religion claimed that kind of authority by appealing to the Bible and reading Eve's creation as a paradigm for the hierarchy of male over female. According to Genesis, God made Eve to supply that 'help' that Adam wanted, and thus Adam and Eve were seen as the first husband and wife. In sermon after sermon, preachers insist that 'the husband is the head of the woman, as Christ is the head of the Church', making marriage the general model of women's subjection to patriarchal authority. Nonetheless, numerous handbooks of marriage specifying the roles of husband and wife arrive, as Catherine Belsey points out, at a confusing position for the woman, who is configured as 'an authoritative mistress' over servants and children but nonetheless 'a subjected wife' in relation to her husband, whose position within the family is always clearly that of governor. In *The Roaring Girl*, the troubled marriages of the Gallipots and the Openworks articulate a similar confusion of authority. For example, Mistress Gallipot claims higher social rank than her husband, and her role in attracting and serving customers is crucial to his business as apothecary, yet she rebukes him for being too 'cookish', too fond and subservient, as if goading him to enact his proper role as governor.

Given the actual instability in discourses that purport to be clear and authoritative about sexual difference, it is no surprise that clothing is called upon to serve as a 'sign distinctive to discern betwixt sex and sex', in the words of Philip Stubbes, writing against cross-dressing women in 1583. He continues: 'therefore one to wear the apparel of another sex is to...adulterate the verity of his own kind', implying that the woman who dons a doublet alters her gender, actually becoming partly male in nature—as if clothing had the magical power to alter flesh and spirit. (Dekker and Middleton play with this idea in the *double entendre* of scene 4, implying that the breeches for which the tailor measures Moll must accommodate a male organ.) Stubbes calls male-dressed women '*Hermaphroditi*, that is, monsters of both kinds, half women, half men', epithets applied to Moll by Sir Alexander and his friends, who say she is 'woman more than man, | Man more than woman... A monster!' (2.132-3, 137). If women costumed as men may become virtual men and perform as men, they not only threaten male governance; they also call masculinity as a fixed essence into question.

Moreover, clothing was a 'sign distinctive' not only of gender but also of social rank. The male voice of *Hic Mulier* equates such appropriation of manliness in dress and behaviour with a collapse of all social difference,

asking 'Must but a bare pair of shears pass between noble and ignoble, between the generous spirit and the base mechanic? Shall we all be coheirs of one honour, one estate, and one habit?' The sumptuary laws (in effect till 1604) and Elizabeth's royal proclamations frequently reiterating them were meant to maintain hierarchy in the face of unprecedented social mobility. When a prosperous merchant could afford to wear the velvet reserved for a lord, arguments against women's cross-dressing easily modulated into dire warnings against the levelling of ranks.

The Roaring Girl dramatizes the interdependency of fashion, money, gender, and rank that is a major preoccupation of city comedy. In the courtship plot that pits son against father and then reconciles them, Sir Alexander Wengrave, proud of his place and his wealth, opposes his son's match with Mary Fitzallard because he considers her dowry of 5000 marks (considerably larger than usual) insufficient. He equates the woman with her money. When she pursues Sebastian, disguising herself as a seamstress delivering an order of fashionable collars, the play superimposes the working woman who makes and sells commodities onto the bourgeois woman who is herself a commodity.

Just as strikingly, scene 3 opens with the three citizen wives framed in their shops, displaying themselves and their wares as objects of the gallants' acquisitive gaze. They are selling items necessary to the self-presentation of the stylish gentleman: tobacco, ruffs, feathers. 'Gentlemen, what is't you lack?' cries Mistress Openwork in the time-honoured language of street vendors (5.1), inadvertently suggesting that both status and gender can be signified through what men buy and wear. Laxton and Goshawk each hope to profit from these women, one financially, the other sexually. And the women seek from the gallants a sexual pleasure that the economic partnership of marriage doesn't afford them. Moll is the only female shopper, roving from stall to stall as freely as the men, but Laxton tries to buy her, too, giving her ten gold angels to join him in a rendezvous—the same ten angels he wheedled from Mistress Gallipot. Moll flings them back at him when they meet, with a stinging indictment of lechers who prey on 'distressed needlewomen and trade-fallen wives' (5.95).

Moll's masculine clothing enables her to intervene in the circulation of goods, money, and women that shores up masculine identities by keeping women in their place. Her costume and behaviour function like a 'persistent impersonation' that *isn't* meant to pass for the real. Rather, its point is precisely to show that a woman can act like a man, can perform masculinity and do what men do, but on her own behalf. 'I scorn to prostitute myself to a man', she cries as she challenges Laxton, 'I that can prostitute a man to me' (5.111-12). In a play world of male characters who intrigue, swindle, and fail to govern themselves or others well, ranging from gentlemen such as the greedy Sir Alexander and impotent Laxton to displaced rascals such as Trapdoor and Tearcat, 'honest Moll' stands

up for herself. Scene 5, in which she turns her assignation with Laxton into a swordfight and a bruising denunciation of men like him, best demonstrates this strategy at work.

The scene recalls the figure of the warrior woman in Renaissance epics such as Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* and Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and in popular literature such as *Long Meg of Westminster*: the woman disguised as a warrior who challenges and defeats a braggart male in a swordfight, then reveals herself as a woman by removing her helmet and letting down her long hair. Thus she reaffirms her essential difference from the man, and shows him up as less than a man; she normalizes gender difference. Here the playwrights give the motif a new twist, in that the 'real' Moll revealed when she takes off her cloak isn't the 'normal' woman Laxton counts on, the woman who can be reduced to a sexual object, but rather one who fights like a man yet speaks as a woman identified with women, to defend them from men's slander.

'Thou'rt one of those', she charges, 'That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore', a man who interprets any woman's behaviour as indicating her innate seducibility (5.72-3). Even worse, she says, he speaks of chaste, virtuous women as whorish, gives them 'a blasted name', and ruins them. In this speech, the longest in the play, Moll focuses not on dress but on language deployed by men as the power that subjects women, first by eroticizing them, and then by slandering them as unchaste. Here the play refracts a problem faced by women generally in early modern England, for whom chastity was the *sine qua non* of social acceptability. As Susan Amussen argues, citing defamation cases tried in church courts, 'Women's reputations were far more narrowly rooted in sexual behaviour...[and] more easily threatened than men's'. Mistress Gallipot's false story of a precontracted marriage with Laxton is a desperate (and highly comic) expedient to protect her reputation. In a more serious vein, the play often makes a point of the disparity between Moll's reputation for whorishness and thievery, and her actual chastity and uprightness.

This brings us to a seeming contradiction, reminiscent of *Hic Mulier*, in the way male characters respond to Moll's male dress. Instead of simply making her more of a man and thus less appealing as a woman, it heightens her sexual attractiveness. Laxton sees her as a figure of extraordinary sexual potency who would challenge or even exhaust the virility of men who desire her. Though Sir Alexander considers Moll 'half woman, half man' and thus a monster, he also takes her apparel as a sign that she's a whore. (London court records show that women dressing as men were often accused of prostitution.) Thus he links it with the name Moll which, as he tells Sebastian, is typically a whore's name (4.160-2). That it is also a nickname for Mary suggests, as is the case in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, that the virgin and the whore are both types of male desire, a bifurcated image of woman constructed by patriarchal discourse. This linkage is inscribed in the plot of *The Roaring Girl*, in which Sebastian pretends to court Moll for the sake of winning

Mary, and the two women appear successively as his bride in the final scene.

In scene 8, however, when both Mary and Moll wear breeches, the playwrights explore a different configuration of desire. Sebastian says when he kisses Mary, 'Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet' (8.47)—possibly because the doublet recalls a male love object, a boy who could be the 'ingle' or sexual partner of a gallant, one of his many pleasures, like those in the list Sir Davy Dapper reels off: 'A noise of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore...fencers and ningles' (7.64-8). The fact that both Mary and Moll would be played by boy actors makes it possible, as Lisa Jardine and others have argued, that boy actors playing female characters (especially those in male costume) might appeal to men homoerotically as well as heterosexually. The homoerotic implications of scene 8, however, are somewhat at odds with the heterosexual implications of the marriage plot, as are the 'two noble friends' Sir Beauteous Ganymede (ganymede being a synonym for ingle) and Sir Noland who escort the real bride in the final scene.

Though Moll promotes the marriage of Mary and Sebastian, she herself adamantly refuses to marry, which she explains and justifies in a sequence of contradictions that mirrors the controversy over women in texts like *Hic Mulier* and *Haec Vir*. On the one hand, she rejects marriage because 'a wife ought to be obedient', but she herself is 'too headstrong to obey'; she presents herself as an exception to a norm she doesn't question. On the other hand, she declares

I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman; marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i'th' place. (4.43-7)

Here she criticizes marriage, implying that it involves violence against women and submission to an unfit male authority. Yet in doing so, she draws on the hierarchical opposition of head to body that, in patriarchal discourse, subtends and reinforces that of male to female. She can find no other language than this in which to assert her headship, her autonomy. So long as Moll remains outside marriage and resists normalization as a woman, though, she modifies the threat she poses to men, for as a 'headstrong' woman who is nobody's wife, she challenges no husband's mastery. The price she pays for her freedom, however, is the abridgement of her own sexuality, which is dramatized in the play's most original scene—saturated with sexual *doubles entendres*—when she plays the viol and sings. Reversing the passive/active, female/male relationships usually imaged in literary representations of erotic activity, she plays rather than being played upon, but 'fingering' and stroking an instrument held between her legs can be interpreted both as heterosexual and as auto-erotic. The haunting, dream-like lyrics of her songs mysteriously suggest female autonomy in a community of women:

I dream there is a mistress,
 And she lays out the money;
 She goes unto her sisters,
 And never comes at any. (8.103–6)

Like many of her speeches, they also protest the hypocrisy of those who impugn her chastity: 'Yet she began, like all my foes, | To call whore first' (8.122–3). 'Except in dreams', as Jean E. Howard suggests, 'Moll cannot be an autonomous sexual subject and escape being called a whore.'

Most readers have found her, nonetheless, irresistible as both focus and source of the play's energies. Oddly, both the Victorian editor Bullen and the modernist poet-critic T. S. Eliot share an uncritical delight in Moll Cutpurse. To Bullen she is an 'Amazon of the Bankside' with 'the thews of a giant and the gentleness of a child', while in his influential 1927 essay Eliot finds her 'a real and unique human being', yet also 'a type of the sort of woman who has renounced all happiness for herself and who lives only for a principle'. In a different vein, Eliot applied to Middleton Kathleen Lynch's thesis that Elizabethan–Jacobean comedy dramatized the rise of the merchant class to gentry status. Thus he helped to nudge interpretation away from its fascination with Moll toward the socio-economic approach to city comedy represented by L. C. Knights (1938). Knights, however, concentrates solely on the intrigues of citizens and gallants, ignoring Moll, while in the first book devoted to city comedy (1968), Brian Gibbons neglects to discuss the play at all. Five years later Alexander Leggatt's book on city comedy breaks this critical silence on Moll, arguing that the playwrights make her chastity not a docile submission to prevailing mores but 'the assertion of an individual will'. He locates this extraordinary assertiveness, however, entirely in her chastity, without even mentioning her male dress.

It is only with the advent of feminist criticism that *The Roaring Girl* is being understood as a probing critique of intersecting class and gender ideologies, rather than as a play about a historical curiosity. Recent essays by Rose (1984) and Howard (1988, 1992) set it in the context of a hierarchical social system trying to regulate both class and gender under the intense pressure of economic and cultural change. Shepherd (1981) and Helms (1989) view Moll as avatar of a classic literary type, the warrior woman, but like Rose and Howard, read that type in terms of a social contest over what gender means. Several critics focus on marriage as the key point in this contest: Comensoli (1987), Hendricks (1990), and Miller (1990) examine the commodifying effects of the exchange of women by men through marriage. Others, such as Dawson (1993), Nakayama (1993), and Orgel (1993), look at the performative dimensions of Moll's dual gender identity as part of an interplay among various cultural representations of gender. Garber (1991) interprets the play as a manifestation of cultural anxiety about masculinity as much as femininity, a play that, fascinated with fashion and clothing, theorizes in them the fashioning of

gender. This rich, stimulating body of work places *The Roaring Girl* at the centre of cultural change in early modern England, opening it up to questions that are, at the same time, current in the 1990s: does cross-dressing subvert or recuperate an oppositional gender ideology? Can the performance of gender effectively challenge oppressive political and economic structures?

Until a 1951 production by the Brattle Street Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, there is no record that *The Roaring Girl* was revived. The Brattle Street production pleased audiences as a fast-paced Restoration farce, with Nancy Walker playing Moll as 'a... combination of Groucho Marx and Mae West.' The intrigues between citizens and gallants were radically trimmed, but songs and a 'Keystone Cops' chase sequence were added. Of the six other performances since, two command special interest. Sue-Ellen Case's 1979 adaptation at the University of California, Berkeley, was the first that opened the play to feminist inquiry. Case emphasized the intersection of acting conventions with gendered power structures. Using a main stage for a 'straight' performance of the text and an adjacent stage for a concurrent dressing room drama, she cast the entire play with female actors. By intercutting dialogue from *The Roaring Girl* with the actors' mocking, probing backstage interrogations of it, she implied that the characters in the play, the all-male actors of Middleton's theatre, and the female actors were all playing gender roles scripted by male dominance and heterosexuality. The actress most critical of such structures is accused of scene-stealing, and bound and gagged by the others. Moll's part inspires provocative comment such as 'All plays are about male identification. But not about women doing it'. Her centrality as heroine is undermined, however, and attention re-focused on the patriarchal system that configures all characters: 'It's about money and how it buys sex... in the hands of the male'.

The 1983 Royal Shakespeare Company production of *The Roaring Girl*, directed by Barry Kyle and starring Helen Mirren as Moll, similarly emphasized the play's critique of the social order while trying to make it appealing as a comedy. A risky revival of a little-known play, it was paired with *The Taming of the Shrew* to increase box-office draw (thus also setting up the inevitable comparison with Shakespeare). Mirren won praise for her performance of Moll as a working class heroine with a Cockney accent who 'radiates mirth'. But some reviewers were put off by the implications of the set, which included 'a set of cog-wheels representing Tudor capitalism', in line with Kyle's interpretation of the play as 'a moral comedy about the class system breaking down in a Jacobean world of profiteering and self-interest'. Critical response, heavily influenced by the idealizing praise of Moll in Eliot's 1927 essay, betrays a certain disappointment with the play as a comedy and an edgy resistance to what is perceived as the obscurity of its wordplay and intrigues—which is surely no greater than that of Shakespeare. In the decade since 1983, however, feminist scholarship has made the play legible as a document of early modern culture contiguous

The Roaring Girl.

with our own times. Moreover, the popular success of films such as *The Crying Game* (1992), and of plays such as *M. Butterfly* (1988) that challenge traditional thinking about gender as innate and fixed, may encourage performances of *The Roaring Girl* that release its intellectual and dramatic energies anew.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 610
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 369
Other Middleton–Dekker works: *Caesar’s Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Magnificent*, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Gypsy*, 1723

THOMAS MIDDLETON and THOMAS DEKKER

The Roaring Girl

[for Prince Henry’s Men at *The Fortune*]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Sir ALEXANDER Wengrave
NEATFOOT, his man
[SIR THOMAS Long]
SIR ADAM Appleton
SIR DAVY Dapper
SIR BEAUTEOUS Ganymede
LORD NOLAND
Young [SEBASTIAN] Wengrave
JACK DAPPER, and GULL his page
GOSHAWK
GREENWIT
LAXTON
TILTYARD and MISTRESS TILTYARD

OPENWORK and MISTRESS OPENWORK
GALLIPOT and MISTRESS GALLIPOT

MOLL, the Roaring Girl
TRAPDOOR
[TEARCAT]

SIR GUY Fitzallard
MARY Fitzallard, his daughter

CURTALAX, a Sergeant
HANGER, his Yeoman

Ministri [FELLOW with long rapier, PORTER, TAILOR, COACHMAN, 5 or 6 CUTPURSES]

Epistle *To the Comic Play-readers, Venery and Laughter*

The fashion of play-making I can properly compare to nothing so naturally as the alteration in apparel: for in the time of the great-crop doublet, your huge bombasted plays, quilted with mighty words to lean purpose, was only then in fashion; and as the doublet fell, neater inventions began to set up. Now in the time of spruceness, our plays follow the niceness of our garments: single plots,

quaint conceits, lecherous jests dressed up in hanging sleeves; and those are fit for the times and the terms. Such a kind of light-colour summer stuff, mingled with diverse colours, you shall find this published comedy—good to keep you in an afternoon from dice, at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall find enough, for sixpence, but well couched an you mark it. For Venus, being a woman, passes through the play in doublet and

Persons.23 **Ministri** servants (Latin)

Epistle preface in form of a letter

0.1 **Venery** hunting game animals; pursuing sexual pleasure

3 **great-crop doublet** upper body garment worn by men, padded according to fashion

bombasted enlarged with cotton stuffing;

padded with inflated language

6 **spruceness** neatness

7 **niceness** elegance

single separate

8 **quaint conceits** clever expressions

8–9 **hanging sleeves** long, open sleeves hanging to knee or foot

9 **termers** people who come to London

for legal business, pleasure, or intrigue

during terms, periods when courts are in session

14 **sixpence** price of a printed play

couched hidden; decorated

Venus goddess of love; here, Moll Cutpurse

breeches: a brave disguise and a safe one, if the statute untie not her codpiece point! The book I make no question but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person itself, and may be allowed both gallery-room at the play-house and chamber-room at your lodging. Worse things, I must needs confess, the world has taxed her for than has been written of her; but 'tis the excellency of a writer to leave things better than he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow, that cares not what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy-house himself, and entertains drunkards to make use of their pockets and vent his private bottle-ale at midnight—though such a one would have ripped up the most nasty vice that ever hell belched forth, and presented it to a modest assembly, yet we rather wish in such discoveries where reputation lies bleeding, a slackness of truth, than fulness of slander.

Thomas Middleton.

Prologue

A play (expected long) makes the audience look For wonders—that each scene should be a book, Composed to all perfection; each one comes And brings a play in's head with him: up he sums, What he would of a roaring girl have writ— If that he finds not here, he mews at it. Only we entreat you think our scene Cannot speak high, the subject being but mean. A roaring girl, whose notes till now never were, Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre: That's all which I dare promise; tragic passion, And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion. I see attention sets wide ope her gates Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits

To know what girl this roaring girl should be— 15
For of that tribe are many. One is she
That roars at midnight in deep tavern bowls,
That beats the watch, and constables controls;
Another roars i'th' day-time, swears, stabs, gives
braves,
Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves: 20
Both these are suburb-roarers. Then there's besides
A civil, city-roaring girl, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
And leaves him roaring through an iron grate.
None of these roaring girls is ours: she flies 25
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lies—
Yet what need characters, when to give a guess,
Is better than the person to express?
But would you know who 'tis? would you hear her
name?
She is called Mad Moll; her life, our acts proclaim. 30

Enter Mary Fitzallard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table

Sc. I

NEATFOOT The young gentleman, our young master, Sir Alexander's son—is it into his ears, sweet damsel, emblem of fragility, you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent?
MARY A private word or two, sir, nothing else. 5
NEATFOOT You shall fructify in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation. I will, fairest tree of generation, watch when our young master is erected—that is to say up—and deliver him to this your most white hand. 10

- 16 **disguise** fashion; deceptive dress
statute could refer to misdemeanors, including male dress, for which Mary Frith was brought before a church court in January 1611/12 (see Introduction). Church laws, based on Deut. 22:5, prohibited women from dressing as men, but civil law did not.
- 17 **untie not her codpiece point** does not reveal that she is a woman (the codpiece, a cloth bag covering the male genitals, was tied to hose or breeches by laces called points)
- 19 **gallery-room** a place in the covered, tiered seating of the playhouse
- 24 **obscene** offensive
- 25 **keeps a mystical bawdy-house** secretly enjoys illicit sex
- 27 **vent** pour out
- 27-9 **though such a one...modest assembly** Unlike the author, this writer is hypocritical; though personally immoral, he self-righteously exposes extreme vice to decent people.
- Prologue.5 a **roaring girl** see Moll Cutpurse, 1.72, note
- 6 **mews** derides by imitating a cat's cry
- 7-8 **our scene...but mean** Our play can't be tragic (high), because its subject (Moll) is of low social rank; see 11-12.
- 9 **whose notes...never were** who has never been represented on stage before
- 10 **our vast theatre** the Fortune Theatre, in which the play was first performed; like other public theatres, it held approximately 2000-3000 persons
- 17 **bowls** drinking vessels
- 18 **constables** officers of the ward or parish responsible for keeping order
- controls** rebukes
- 19 **gives braves** defies, flouts
- 21 **suburb-roarers** Suburbs were areas outside the city walls, not subject to city authorities.
- 24 **through an iron grate** behind the iron-barred window of a cell in debtors' prison
- 26 **character** distinctive traits
- 30 **Mad Moll** wild, eccentric, not conforming to standards of female behaviour; cf. 1.102, note
- 1.0.1 **Mary Fitzallard** Mary connotes chastity, especially in conjunction with Moll (see 1.73, note).
- sempster** one who sews garments for a living, either man or woman
- 0.2 **case for bands** a box for neck-bands or collars
Neatfoot suggests skill and efficiency as a servant; pun on oxfoot prepared as food
- 0.4 **trencher** wooden plate or shallow dish, common in noble or fashionable households at this time
- 1-2 **The young gentleman...son** Sebastian, Sir Alexander's son and heir, in love with Mary Fitzallard
Sir Alexander's Sir Alexander Wengrave; 'grave' suggests his dignity as Justice of the Peace. In the original quarto, spelled 'Went-grave' only in the dramatis personae, suggesting his response to Mary Fitzallard's dowry.
- 4 **transcendent** affected diction typical of Neatfoot
- 6 **fructify...come for** suggests sexual consummation
- 8 **tree of generation** suggests Mary's desired union with Sebastian, which would make her part of his family tree
- 9 **erected** no longer seated, punning on erection as sexual arousal

MARY Thanks, sir.
 NEATFOOT And withal certify him that I have culled out
 for him, now his belly is replenished, a daintier bit or
 modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner.
 15 Hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity?
 MARY One, sir, of whom he bespake falling-bands.
 NEATFOOT Falling bands, it shall so be given him. If you
 please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a
 20 curl-pated company of rude servingmen, and take such
 as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously,
 and ingeniously welcome.
 MARY I have dined indeed already, sir.
 NEATFOOT —Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup
 of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting-
 25 women?
 MARY Not now in truth, sir.
 NEATFOOT Our young master shall then have a feeling of
 your being here presently. It shall so be given him.
 MARY
 I humbly thank you, sir. *Exit Neatfoot*
 30 But that my bosom
 Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile
 To see this formal ape play antic tricks;
 But in my breast a poisoned arrow sticks,
 And smiles cannot become me. Love woven sleightly,
 Such as thy false heart makes, wears out as lightly,
 35 But love being truly bred i'th' soul, like mine,
 Bleeds even to death at the least wound it takes.
 The more we quench this, the less it slakes. O me!
Enter Sebastian Wengrave with Neatfoot
 SEBASTIAN A sempster speak with me, sayst thou?
 NEATFOOT Yes, sir, she's there, *viva voce*, to deliver her
 40 auricular confession.
 SEBASTIAN With me, sweetheart? What is't?
 MARY I have brought home your bands, sir.
 SEBASTIAN Bands? Neatfoot!
 NEATFOOT Sir.

SEBASTIAN Prithee look in, for all the gentlemen are upon 45
 rising.
 NEATFOOT Yes, sir, a most methodical attendance shall be
 given.
 SEBASTIAN And, dost hear, if my father call for me, say I
 am busy with a sempster. 50
 NEATFOOT Yes, sir, he shall know it that you are busied
 with a needlewoman.
 SEBASTIAN In's ear, good Neatfoot.
 NEATFOOT It shall be so given him. *Exit*
 SEBASTIAN Bands? You're mistaken, sweetheart, I bespake 55
 none. When, where, I prithee? What bands? Let me see
 them.
 MARY
 Yes, sir, a bond fast sealed with solemn oaths,
 Subscribed unto, as I thought, with your soul,
 Delivered as your deed in sight of heaven, 60
 Is this bond cancelled? Have you forgot me?
 SEBASTIAN
 Ha! Life of my life! Sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter!
 What has transformed my love to this strange shape?
 Stay; make all sure; so. Now speak and be brief,
 Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait 65
 To prey upon us both. Albeit mine eyes
 Are blessed by thine, yet this so strange disguise
 Holds me with fear and wonder.
 MARY
 Mine's a loathed sight.
 Why from it are you banished else so long? 70
 SEBASTIAN
 I must cut short my speech: in broken language,
 Thus much, sweet Moll, I must thy company shun.
 I court another Moll; my thoughts must run
 As a horse runs that's blind: round in a mill,
 Out every step, yet keeping one path still. 75
 MARY
 Um! Must you shun my company? In one knot

- | | | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|------|---|
| 14 | modicum small quantity of food | | | | |
| 16 | falling-bands collars worn flat (falling),
with puns on bond (her precontract
with Sebastian) and banns, part of the
betrothal ritual (see 56–8, note) | 52 | needlewoman needle could mean penis | 72 | Moll nickname for Mary; see l. 73, note;
5-4, note |
| 19 | curl-pated curly-headed | 56–8 | bands . . . bond The two words were
used interchangeably. Mary refers to her
precontract with Sebastian, a ceremony
in which the couple joined hands (with
or without witnesses) to signify their
union before God, after which they
were regarded as husband and wife, but
weren't considered fully married until a
wedding ceremony took place in church.
Before the ceremony, 'banns' had to
be called in church on three successive
Sundays, announcing the expected
wedding ceremony so that those who
knew of any impediment could voice
their objection. | 73 | Moll the roaring girl. As a proper noun
'moll' means a whore, a thief's female
companion, or a female thief. Moll's
surname, Cutpurse, associates her with
thieves who robbed people by cutting the
cord that attached purses to clothing.
Purse could also refer to the scrotum.
Given Moll's appropriation of masculine
prerogatives and the reactions it pro-
vokes, 'Cutpurse' hints at castration, the
removal of the testicles. Roaring boys
were swaggering, quarrelsome young
men given to gaming, whoring, and
thieving, in defiance of law and social
mores. |
| 21 | ingeniously graciously | | | 74–5 | As a horse runs that's blind . . . keeping
one path still proverbial; blindfolded
horses provided power for grist mills;
suggests persistence |
| 24 | Orleans French wine from region of
Orleans | | | | |
| | buttery storeroom for food | | | | |
| 24–5 | waiting-women female servants | | | | |
| 28 | presently immediately | | | | |
| 29 | But except | | | | |
| 31 | formal ape referring to Neatfoot's
affectation or aping of formality | 62 | Sir Guy Fitzallard's recalls Guy of
Warwick, hero of chivalric romance | | |
| 33 | antic tricks grotesque gestures | 65 | the wolf's at door proverbial; refers to Sir
Alexander | | |
| 37 | sleightly craftily, skillfully | | | | |
| 39 | viva voce by word of mouth; in person | | | | |
| 40 | auricular confession normally used
for confession of sins to a priest; here,
insinuates confession of sexual misde- | | | | |

Have both our hands by th'hands of heaven been tied
 Now to be broke? I thought me once your bride—
 Our fathers did agree on the time when—
 80 And must another bedfellow fill my room?
 SEBASTIAN
 Sweet maid, let's lose no time. 'Tis in heaven's book
 Set down that I must have thee; an oath we took
 To keep our vows; but when the knight, your father,
 Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
 85 Upon my covetous father's brows, which fell
 From them on me. He reckoned up what gold
 This marriage would draw from him, at which he
 swore
 To lose so much blood could not grieve him more.
 He then dissuades me from thee, called thee not fair,
 90 And asked, 'What is she but a beggar's heir?'
 He scorned thy dowry of five thousand marks.
 If such a sum of money could be found,
 And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
 Provided his bags might add nothing to it;
 95 But vowed, if I took thee—nay more, did swear it—
 Save birth from him I nothing should inherit.
 MARY
 What follows then—my shipwreck?
 SEBASTIAN Dearest, no.
 Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
 My end is to meet thee: with a side wind
 100 Must I now sail, else I no haven can find,
 But both must sink forever. There's a wench
 Called Moll, Mad Moll, or Merry Moll, a creature
 So strange in quality, a whole city takes
 Note of her name and person. All that affection
 105 I owe to thee, on her, in counterfeit passion,
 I spend to mad my father; he believes
 I dote upon this roaring girl, and grieves
 As it becomes a father for a son
 That could be so bewitched; yet I'll go on
 110 This crooked way, sigh still for her, feign dreams
 In which I'll talk only of her: these streams
 Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
 That here I anchor, rather than be rent
 Upon a rock so dangerous. Art thou pleased,
 115 Because thou seest we are waylaid, that I take

A path that's safe, though it be far about?
 MARY
 My prayers with heaven guide thee!
 SEBASTIAN Then I will on,
 My father is at hand; kiss and be gone.
 Hours shall be watched for meetings. I must now,
 As men for fear, to a strange idol bow. 120
 MARY
 Farewell!
 SEBASTIAN
 I'll guide thee forth. When next we meet,
 A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam Appleton, Goshawk, Laxton, and Gentlemen Sc. 2

OMNES
 Thanks, good Sir Alexander, for our bounteous cheer.
 ALEXANDER
 Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear!
 SIR DAVY
 When bounty spreads the table, faith, 'twere sin,
 At going off, if thanks should not step in.
 ALEXANDER
 No more of thanks, no more. Ay marry, sir,
 5 Th'inner room was too close; how do you like
 This parlour, gentlemen?
 OMNES O, passing well!
 SIR ADAM
 What a sweet breath the air casts here—so cool!
 GOSHAWK
 I like the prospect best.
 LAXTON See how 'tis furnished.
 SIR DAVY
 A very fair sweet room.
 ALEXANDER Sir Davy Dapper,
 10 The furniture that doth adorn this room
 Cost many a fair grey groat ere it came here;
 But good things are most cheap when they're most
 dear.
 Nay, when you look into my galleries—

77 **our hands... tied** refers to precontract; see 56–8, note

80 **bedfellow** If they have had sexual intercourse (which could be implied here), then they would be considered married; could also refer to another match for Sebastian.

81 **heaven's book** refers to precontract as sacred, binding

91 **five thousand marks** worth £3,330, well above the average dowry offered by gentry in 1600–1624, and only slightly below the average offered by peers

94 **bags** money bags

102 **Mad Moll** mad in the sense of not

conforming to conventions of behaviour for women; spirited, wild (cf. Prologue.30 and 1.73, note)

103 **quality** character; occupation

111 **streams** currents

113 **rent** torn apart

2.0.1 **Wengrave** see 1.1, note

0.1–2 **Sir Davy Dapper** Dapper suggests smart dress, brisk movements.

0.2 **Sir Adam Appleton** in alluding to the Adam of Genesis, suggests both venerable age and human fallibility

Goshawk female hawk used in falconry; refers to his predatory schemes

Laxton 'lacks stone' (testicle), implying

his impotence and his landlessness (see 2.57, note)

5 **marry** exclamation denoting surprise or emphasis; from the Virgin Mary

7 **parlour** a spacious and handsomely furnished sitting room

9 **prospect** view of landscape

12 **fair grey groat** A groat was a silver coin worth fourpence; figuratively, any small sum. Sir Alexander, though, stresses its worth in 'fair'.

14 **galleries** long, narrow rooms in manor houses for the display of family portraits often hung very closely together

Scene 2

The Roaring Girl.

How bravely they are trimmed up—you all shall
 15 swear
 You're highly pleased to see what's set down there:
 Stories of men and women, mixed together
 Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather.
 Within one square a thousand heads are laid
 20 So close that all of heads the room seems made;
 As many faces there, filled with blithe looks,
 Show like the promising titles of new books
 Writ merrily, the readers being their own eyes,
 Which seem to move and to give plaudities.
 25 And here and there, whilst with obsequious ears
 Thronged heaps do listen, a cutpurse thrusts and leers
 With hawk's eyes for his prey—I need not show him:
 By a hanging villainous look yourselves may know
 him,
 The face is drawn so rarely. Then, sir, below,
 30 The very floor, as 'twere, waves to and fro,
 And like a floating island, seems to move
 Upon a sea bound in with shore above.
Enter Sebastian and Greenwit
 OMNES
 These sights are excellent!
 ALEXANDER I'll show you all;
 Since we are met, make our parting comical.
 SEBASTIAN
 35 This gentleman—my friend—will take his leave, sir.
 ALEXANDER
 Ha? Take his leave, Sebastian? Who?
 SEBASTIAN This gentleman.
 ALEXANDER
 Your love, sir, has already given me some time,
 And if you please to trust my age with more,
 It shall pay double interest—good sir, stay.
 GREENWIT
 I have been too bold.
 40 ALEXANDER Not so, sir. A merry day
 'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold saved.
 Some wine, some wine! Where be these knaves I
 keep?
Enter three or four Servingmen and Neatfoot
 NEATFOOT
 At your worshipful elbow, sir.

ALEXANDER You are
 Kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
 NEATFOOT
 Your worship has given it us right.
 ALEXANDER You varlets, stir! 45
 Chairs, stools, and cushions.
Servants bring on wine, chairs, stools and cushions
 Prithoe, Sir Davy Dapper,
 Make that chair thine.
 SIR DAVY 'Tis but an easy gift,
 And yet I thank you for it, sir; I'll take it.
 ALEXANDER
 A chair for old Sir Adam Appleton.
 NEATFOOT
 A backfriend to your worship.
 SIR ADAM Marry, good Neatfoot, 50
 I thank thee for it: backfriends sometimes are good.
 ALEXANDER
 Pray make that stool your perch, good Master Gos-
 hawk.
 GOSHAWK
 I stoop to your lure, sir.
 ALEXANDER Son Sebastian,
 Take Master Greenwit to you.
 SEBASTIAN Sit, dear friend.
 ALEXANDER
 55 Nay, Master Laxton. (*To Servant*)—Furnish Master
 Laxton
 With what he wants, a stone—a stool, I would say, a
 stool.
 LAXTON
 I had rather stand, sir.
Exeunt [Neatfoot and] Servants
 ALEXANDER
 I know you had, good Master Laxton. So, so—
 Now here's a mess of friends; and gentlemen,
 Because time's glass shall not be running long, 60
 I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.
 SIR DAVY Good tales do well
 In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
 SIR ADAM
 Begin, Sir Alexander.
 ALEXANDER Last day I met

19–24 **Within one square . . . give plaudities**
 Sir Alexander's description of his galleries
 modulates into a vision of the tiered
 galleries of the Fortune Theatre (the
 only public theatre built as a square) in
 which the faces of the audience crowded
 together resemble those in the galleries'
 portraits, and then, figuratively, the titles
 of books displayed on library shelves.
 24 **plaudities** conflates *plaudite* (Latin),
 customary appeal for applause made by
 actors at end of play, with applause
 26 **heaps** multitudes
 26–7 **a cutpurse . . . for his prey** In court
 records and other writings, the Fortune

was associated with cutpurses and
 pickpockets.
 30–2 **The very floor . . . with shore above**
 likens the Fortune's floor, crowded with
 standing spectators, to a sea and the
 stage to an island
 32.1 **Greenwit** suggests youth, naïvete
 34 **comical** happy
 45 **varlets** servants, or abusively, knaves
 46 **Chairs, stools, and cushions** Even in
 wealthy houses chairs were not plentiful
 and were often reserved for those of
 highest rank.
 50 **backfriend** chair supporting his back;
 pun on 'backfriend' as pretended or false

friend, and on officer arresting debtor,
 laying hands on him from behind
 52–3 **perch . . . lure** word play on Goshawk's
 name; in falconry, a hawk stoops to the
 lure when it comes down for its food
 56 **a stone . . . a stool** a jab at Laxton's
 impotence, punning on 'wants' as lacks,
 and 'stone' as testicle
 57 **stand** be capable of erection; refers to his
 impotence
 59 **mess** proverbially, 'four make up a
 mess'; a group of four
 60–1 **Because time's glass . . . a pretty tale**
 to make time seem short, I'll tell a story to
 please you

- 65 An aged man upon whose head was scored
A debt of just so many years as these
Which I owe to my grave: the man you all know.
- OMNES
His name, I pray you, sir?
- ALEXANDER Nay, you shall pardon me.
But when he saw me, with a sigh that brake,
Or seemed to break, his heart-strings, thus he spake:
70 'O my good knight', says he—and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They had spent so many tears, they had no more—
'O sir', says he, 'you know it, for you ha' seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me.
75 Fortune, who slaves men, was my slave; her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads, for, I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars.'
I asked him then what that one cause might be.
- OMNES
So, sir.
- ALEXANDER
He paused, and as we often see
80 A sea so much becalmed there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drowned
In their own rage; but when th'imperious winds
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise,
85 The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rise up and are more wild, more mad, than they:
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirred up to roughness; you might see his gall
Flow even in's eyes; then grew he fantastical.
- SIR DAVY
90 Fantastical? Ha, ha!
- ALEXANDER
Yes, and talked oddly.
- SIR ADAM
Pray, sir, proceed. How did this old man end?
- ALEXANDER
Marry, sir, thus:
He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards;
95 Yet then, though age cast snow on all his hairs,
He joyed, 'Because', says he, 'the god of gold
Has been to me no niggard. That disease
- Of which all old men sicken, avarice,
Never infected me—'
- LAXTON (*aside*) He means not himself, I'm sure. 100
- ALEXANDER 'For like a lamp
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself. O but', quoth he,
105 'Though heaven's dew fall thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that's like a wedge doth cleave,
My very heart-root.'
- SIR DAVY Had he such a son?
- SEBASTIAN (*aside*) Now I do smell a fox strongly.
- ALEXANDER
Let's see; no, Master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he, but as like Sebastian,
110 Just like my son Sebastian—such another.
- SEBASTIAN (*aside*) How finely, like a fencer, my father
fetches his by-blows to hit me; but if I beat you not
at your own weapon of subtlety—
- ALEXANDER
115 'This son', saith he, 'that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation.'
- SIR ADAM 'Tis some prodigal.
- SEBASTIAN (*aside*) Well shot, old Adam Bell!
- ALEXANDER
120 No city monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and—though wifeless—
An excellent husband; and such a traveller,
He has more tongues in his head than some have
teeth.
- SIR DAVY
I have but two in mine.
- GOSHAWK So sparing and so wary,
What then could vex his father so?
- ALEXANDER O, a woman. 125
- SEBASTIAN A flesh-fly: that can vex any man!
- ALEXANDER
A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doted.
'A creature', saith he, 'nature hath brought forth
130 To mock the sex of woman.' It is a thing

64 **scored** marked; word play on physical signs of age and 'score' as notch cut on stick in keeping accounts

75-6 **Fortune**... **golden threads** combines the wheel of Fortune and the Fates' spinning wheel, both emblems of Fortune's control over human life; may also allude to Fortune Theatre (see 19-24, note)

88 **gall** bile, a bodily substance associated with bitterness; here, merged with tears

89 **fantastical** eccentric, strange

94 **read o'er his cards** take note of the hand fortune dealt him

101 **like a lamp** draws on a parable (Luke 8:16) which had become proverbial: 'a

candle lights others and consumes itself'

106 **wedge** tool used for splitting wood or stone

108 **smell a fox** as in 'smell a rat', meaning suspect a trick; fox can also mean a kind of sword (see fencing imagery in 112-14)

113 **by-blows** side strokes with a sword

114 **subtlety** craftiness, cunning device

118 **prodigal** alludes to parable of the prodigal son (Luke 15:11-32), who squandered his paternal inheritance

119 **Adam Bell** refers to famous archer and outlaw; also plays on Sir Adam's name

122 **husband** plays on senses of 'spouse' and

of 'household manager' who is thrifty, careful

122-3 **traveller**... **teeth** Travellers' stories were thought to be exaggerated, fanciful.

126 **flesh-fly** fly that lives on and lays eggs in dead flesh; implies that Moll is a prostitute and by infecting her customers with venereal disease, makes her living from their 'dead flesh'

127 **scurvy** contemptible

130-2 **a thing**... | **Ere she was all made** associates Moll's masculine dress with the monstrous, that which transgresses the laws of nature, by likening her to a deformed infant born prematurely

Scene 2

The Roaring Girl.

One knows not how to name: her birth began
 Ere she was all made. 'Tis woman more than man,
 Man more than woman, and which to none can hap,
 The sun gives her two shadows to one shape;
 135 Nay, more, let this strange thing walk, stand, or sit,
 No blazing star draws more eyes after it.

SIR DAVY
 A monster! 'Tis some monster!

ALEXANDER
 She's a varlet!

SEBASTIAN [*aside*] Now is my cue to bristle.

ALEXANDER
 A naughty pack.

SEBASTIAN 'Tis false!

ALEXANDER
 Ha, boy?

SEBASTIAN 'Tis false!

ALEXANDER
 What's false? I say she's naught.

140 SEBASTIAN I say that tongue
 That dares speak so—but yours—sticks in the throat
 Of a rank villain. Set yourself aside.

ALEXANDER
 So, sir, what then?

SEBASTIAN Any here else had lied.
 (*aside*)—I think I shall fit you.

ALEXANDER
 Lie?

SEBASTIAN
 Yes.

SIR DAVY
 145 Doth this concern him?

ALEXANDER Ah, sirrah boy,
 Is your blood heated? Boils it? Are you stung?
 I'll pierce you deeper yet. O my dear friends,
 I am that wretched father, this that son
 150 That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.

SIR ADAM
 Will you love such a poison?

SIR DAVY Fie, fie!

SEBASTIAN You're all mad!

ALEXANDER
 Thou'rt sick at heart, yet feel'st it not. Of all these,
 What gentleman, but thou, knowing his disease
 Mortal, would shun the cure? O Master Greenwit,
 Would you to such an idol bow?

155 GREENWIT Not I sir.

ALEXANDER
 Here's Master Laxton: has he mind to a woman

As thou hast?

LAXTON No, not I, sir.

ALEXANDER Sir, I know it.

LAXTON
 Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
 I will have naught to do with any woman.

SIR DAVY
 'Tis well done, Master Laxton.

ALEXANDER O thou cruel boy, 160
 Thou wouldst with lust an old man's life destroy.
 Because thou seest I'm halfway in my grave,
 Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou mightest
 have
 Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural!

SIR DAVY
 Why sir, 'tis thought Sir Guy Fitzallard's daughter 165
 Shall wed your son Sebastian.

ALEXANDER Sir Davy Dapper,
 I have upon my knees wooed this fond boy
 To take that virtuous maiden.

SEBASTIAN Hark you a word, sir.
 You on your knees have cursed that virtuous maiden,
 And me for loving her; yet do you now 170
 Thus baffle me to my face? Wear not your knees
 In such entreats! Give me Fitzallard's daughter!

ALEXANDER
 I'll give thee ratsbane rather!

SEBASTIAN Well then, you know
 What dish I mean to feed upon.

ALEXANDER Hark, gentlemen,
 He swears to have this cutpurse drab to spite my gall. 175

OMNES
 Master Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN I am deaf to you all!
 I'm so bewitched, so bound to my desires,
 Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those
 fires
 That burn within me! *Exit*

ALEXANDER
 Her blood shall quench it then. 180
 Lose him not: O dissuade him, gentlemen!

SIR DAVY
 He shall be weaned, I warrant you.

ALEXANDER Before his eyes
 Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.

132-3 **woman . . . woman** Like a hermaphroditic, also considered a monstrosity, she belongs to both genders indeterminately.
 134 **two shadows** possibly, a different shadow for each gender
 136 **blazing star** comet
 139 **naughty pack** person of bad character
 140 **naught** immoral; wanton

141 **but** except
 144 **I shall fit you** echoes the revenger-hero's famous line from Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* (c.1582-92): 'Why then, I'll fit you', 4.1.70 (ed. Mulryne)
 158 **common** plays on senses of frequently found and promiscuous
 159 **naught** See 140; 'to do naught' means

to have sex with someone; Laxton equivocates, implying that he refuses to have sex, that he can't have sex (because of impotence), and that he will have it indiscriminately.
 171 **baffle** subject to public disgrace; cheat
 173 **ratsbane** rat poison
 175 **drab** whore

- OMNES
No more, no more; away!
- Exeunt all but Sir Alexander*
- ALEXANDER
185 I wash a negro,
Losing both pains and cost. But take thy flight:
I'll be most near thee when I'm least in sight.
Wild buck, I'll hunt thee breathless: thou shalt run
on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.
Enter Ralph Trapdoor [with a letter]
- 190 Now, sirrah, what are you? Leave your ape's tricks and
speak.
TRAPDOOR A letter from my captain to your worship.
ALEXANDER O, O, now I remember, 'tis to prefer thee into
my service.
- 195 TRAPDOOR To be a shifter under your worship's nose of a
clean trencher, when there's a good bit upon't.
ALEXANDER [*reads letter*]
Troth, honest fellow.—[*Aside*—Hm—ha—let me
see—
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble: h'as a face that promiseth
200 Much of a villain; I will grind his wit,
And if the edge prove fine make use of it.
Come hither sirrah, canst thou be secret, ha?
TRAPDOOR As two crafty attorneys plotting the undoing of
their clients.
ALEXANDER
205 Didst never, as thou hast walked about this town,
Hear of a wench called Moll—Mad, Merry Moll?
TRAPDOOR Moll Cutpurse, sir?
ALEXANDER The same; dost thou know her then?
TRAPDOOR As well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and
210 Judes day next. I will sift all the taverns i'th' city, and
drink half-pots with all the watermen o'th' Bankside,
but if you will, sir, I'll find her out.
ALEXANDER That task is easy; do't then. Hold thy hand up.
What's this? Is't burnt?
- TRAPDOOR No, sir, no: a little singed with making fire-
works.
ALEXANDER There's money. Spend it; that being spent,
fetch more.
TRAPDOOR O sir, that all the poor soldiers in England had
such a leader! For fetching, no water-spaniel is like me. 220
ALEXANDER
This wench we speak of strays so from her kind
Nature repents she made her; 'tis a mermaid
Has tolled my son to shipwreck.
TRAPDOOR I'll cut her comb for you.
ALEXANDER
I'll tell out gold for thee then; hunt her forth,
225 Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.
TRAPDOOR The jingling of golden bells, and a good fool
with a hobbyhorse, will draw all the whores i'th' town
230 to dance in a morris.
ALEXANDER Or rather, for that's best, they say sometimes
She goes in breeches; follow her as her man.
TRAPDOOR And when her breeches are off, she shall follow
me! 235
ALEXANDER Beat all thy brains to serve her.
TRAPDOOR Zounds, sir, as country wenches beat cream, till
butter comes.
ALEXANDER Play thou the subtle spider: weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.
TRAPDOOR Her life?
ALEXANDER Yes, suck 240
Her heart-blood if thou canst. Twist thou but cords
To catch her; I'll find law to hang her up.
TRAPDOOR
Spoke like a worshipful bencher!
ALEXANDER
Trace all her steps; at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter; let me play the shepherd
245 To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.
TRAPDOOR
This is the goll shall do't.

185 **I wash a negro** proverbial: 'To wash an Ethiop (blackamoor, moor) white', meaning that an action is futile

189.1 **Ralph Trapdoor** Ralph puns on 'raff' (trash); Trapdoor refers to his efforts to trap Moll.

190 **ape's tricks** possibly refers to Trapdoor's attempt at courteous gestures

192 **letter... to your worship** Justices of the Peace such as Sir Alexander were responsible for administering laws concerning discharged soldiers who turned to begging and became vagrants.

195-6 **To be a shifter... clean trencher** to wait on table as your servant

209-10 **Simon and Judes day** 28 October, a feast day honouring the holy apostles, was closely associated with the annual

Lord Mayor's Pageants held in London the following day; in 1605, the celebration was postponed because of rain and foul weather.

210 **sift** search closely

211 **watermen o'th' Bankside** boatmen who ferried passengers from the City across the Thames to the Bankside in Southwark, where many public theatres were located

214 **burnt** branded as a felon; common punishment for first offences

222 **mermaid** suggests Moll's allegedly dual nature as both woman and man (see 130-3, note); also associated with sirens who lured sailors to shipwreck by singing

224 **cut her comb** humiliate by destroying her 'masculine' potency

225 **tell out** count out

229-31 **The jingling of golden bells... dance in a morris** A hobbyhorse is both a figure in the morris dance who wears bells and figuratively a whore; Trapdoor suggests that the morris dancer's golden bells and lewd capers will attract whores, as like is drawn to like.

233 **her man** her servant

237 **Zounds** abbreviation of 'by God's (Christ's) wounds'; considered profane and banned from the stage in the Act of Abuses, 1606

237-8 **till butter comes** punning on come as orgasm

243 **bencher** magistrate

247 **goll** hand, in thieves' jargon or 'cant'; see 10.134-372

Scene 2

The Roaring Girl.

ALEXANDER Be firm and gain me
 Ever thine own. This done, I entertain thee.
 How is thy name?
 TRAPDOOR
 250 My name, sir, is Ralph Trapdoor—honest Ralph.
 ALEXANDER
 Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
 For her to venture on; but unto me—
 TRAPDOOR
 As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe, sir.
 ALEXANDER
 Hence then, be little seen here as thou canst;
 255 I'll still be at thine elbow.
 TRAPDOOR
 The trapdoor's set.
 Moll, if you budge you're gone. This me shall crown:
 A roaring boy the Roaring Girl puts down.
 ALEXANDER
 God-a-mercy, lose no time. *Exeunt*

Sc. 3 *The three shops open in a rank: the first a
 pothecary's shop, the next a feather shop, the third
 a sempster's shop. Mistress Gallipot in the first,
 Mistress Tiltyard in the next, Master Openwork
 and his wife in the third. To them enters Laxton,
 Goshawk, and Greenwit*

MISTRESS OPENWORK Gentlemen, what is't you lack? What
 is't you buy? See fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine

cambrics. What is't you lack, gentlemen, what is't you
 buy?
 LAXTON Yonder's the shop.
 GOSHAWK Is that she?
 LAXTON Peace!
 GREENWIT She that minces tobacco?
 LAXTON Ay: she's a gentlewoman born, I can tell you,
 though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian
 10 pot-herbs.
 GOSHAWK O sir, 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when
 her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and
 set up again.
 LAXTON And indeed the raising of the woman is the lifting
 15 up of the man's head at all times: if one flourish, t'other
 will bud as fast, I warrant ye.
 GOSHAWK Come, thou'rt familiarly acquainted there, I
 grope that.
 LAXTON And you grope no better i'th' dark, you may
 20 chance lie i'th' ditch when you're drunk.
 GOSHAWK Go, thou'rt a mystical lecher!
 LAXTON I will not deny but my credit may take up an
 ounce of pure smoke.
 GOSHAWK May take up an ell of pure smock! Away, go!
 25 [Aside] 'Tis the closest striker! Life, I think he commits
 venery forty foot deep: no man's aware on't. I, like
 a palpable smockster, go to work so openly with the
 tricks of art that I'm as apparently seen as a naked
 30 boy in a vial; and were it not for a gift of treachery
 that I have in me to betray my friend when he puts

248 entertain take as my servant
 253 fast close-sticking; loyal
 258 roaring boy see 1.73, note
 259 God-a-mercy God have mercy in
 the sense of 'May God reward you';
 exclamation of gratitude
 3.0.1 three shops open in a rank Resem-
 bling stalls or booths, the shops might be
 represented by canvas-covered wooden
 frames, or by the three doors downstage
 against the tiring-house wall, as distinct
 from the usual two, that may have been
 a special feature of the Fortune stage.
 Tradesmen commonly set up stalls in
 front of their houses to display goods,
 which were made in workshops at home;
 their wives, pretty and well-dressed,
 attracted customers.
 in a rank in a row
 0.2 pothecary's shop An apothecary or
 pharmacist sold tobacco (widely popular
 since the 1590s, hailed as medicine and
 decried as a vanity) in addition to herbs
 and drugs.
 feather shop Feathers, many imported
 from Africa and the Americas, were
 popular luxury items used extravagantly
 on hats.
 0.3 sempster's shop sold made to order
 apparel, especially shirts, undergarments,
 etc.; see 1.0.1

Mistress Gallipot Mistress denotes
 a married woman; her first name,
 Prudence, ironically alludes to her
 imprudent intrigue with Laxton. Gallipot,
 a small pot for ointments and medicines,
 refers to her husband's livelihood as
 apothecary.
 0.4 Mistress Tiltyard Her first name,
 Rosamond, is typical for heroines of
 romance, an ironic reference to her
 unromantic entanglement with Goshawk.
 Her surname denotes her husband's
 trade as feather-seller: a tiltyard is
 an enclosure for tilting (jousting with
 lances), a ceremonial, quasi-chivalric
 courtiers' pastime in which participants
 adorned their costumes with feathers.
 Master Openwork His surname refers
 to the kind of needlework required in his
 and his wife's trade as sempsters, and to
 his honesty; see 1.0.1, note; also 246–8,
 note, on needlework as metaphor for sex.
 1–4 what is't you lack? ... buy? traditional
 street vendors' cries
 11 pot-herbs herbs for cooking; here,
 tobacco
 12–14 good woman's fortune ... set up
 again suggests how women in trade
 helped restore their husbands' busi-
 nesses; here, by selling tobacco (a highly
 popular commodity) to pipe-smoking

male customers
 15–17 the raising of the woman ... bud
 as fast implies a connection between
 financial profit and sexual vigour, with
 wordplay on 'head' and 'bud' suggesting
 erection
 19, 20 grope understand; feel, in sexual
 play
 22 mystical secret; see Epistle.24–5
 23 credit good reputation; sale on trust
 24–5 ounce of pure smoke ... ell of pure
 smock pun on smoke/smock, a shirt
 worn both as underwear and nightgown:
 Laxton implies that Mistress Gallipot
 sells him tobacco on credit, Goshawk that
 Laxton is having sex with her, i.e., lifts
 up her smock
 25 ell measure of length: 45 inches
 26 closest most secret; intimate
 striker implies aggressive sexual conquest
 27 venery sexual pleasure; in this context,
 with predatory implication; see Epistle.1
 28 smockster lecher (see 24–5, note)
 29–30 a naked boy in a vial Goshawk's
 attempts at secrecy in seduction turn out
 to be as open as the curiosities displayed
 in early collections or 'wonder cabinets',
 among them the 'embalmed child'—fetus
 displayed in glass as a curiosity—listed
 by Thomas Platter in 1599.

most trust in me—mass, yonder he is too—and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting as a farmer's son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court but woo the hangings and glass windows for a month together, and some broken waiting-woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my ventry, that were it not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence; and he that wants impudence among women is worthy to be kicked out at bed's feet.—He shall not see me yet.

At the tobacco shop

GREENWIT Troth, this is finely shred.

LAXTON O, women are the best mincers!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT 'T had been a good phrase for a cook's wife, sir.

LAXTON But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new almanac, as thus: calculated for the meridian of cooks' wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Nay, you shall ha't sir: I have filled it for you.

She puts it to the fire

LAXTON The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

GREENWIT But not to be used o' that fashion!

LAXTON O pardon me, sir, I understand no French. [*Aside to Goshawk*] I pray be covered. Jack, a pipe of rich smoke.

GOSHAWK Rich smoke: that's sixpence a pipe, is't?

GREENWIT To me, sweet lady.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT [*aside to Laxton*] Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange; art and wit makes a fool of suspicion; pray be wary.

LAXTON [*aside to Mistress Gallipot*] Push! I warrant you. [*To them*] Come, how is't, gallants?

GREENWIT Pure and excellent.

LAXTON I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent. You are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i' the nose than

a common fiddler's prentice, and discourse a whole supper with snuffling. [*Aside to Mistress Gallipot*] I must speak a word with you anon.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT [*aside to Laxton*] Make your way wisely then.

GOSHAWK O, what else, sir? He's perfection itself, full of manners, but not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

GREENWIT Ay, and full of form; h'as ne'er a good stool in's chamber.

GOSHAWK But above all religious: he preyeth daily upon elder brothers.

GREENWIT And valiant above measure: he's run three streets from a sergeant.

LAXTON [*blowing smoke in their faces*] Puh, puh.

GREENWIT and GOSHAWK [*coughing*] O, puh, ho, ho. [*They move away*]

LAXTON So, so.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT What's the matter now, sir?

LAXTON I protest I'm in extreme want of money. If you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT What's the sum would pleasure ye, sir? Though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

LAXTON Why, 'tis but for want of opportunity thou knowest. [*Aside*] I put her off with opportunity still! By this light I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches, bear her in hand still. She has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to consume the money. [*To gallants*] Why, how now? What, the chincough?

GOSHAWK Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face and strangle him ere he be aware. I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

LAXTON Pox, an thou dost—thou knowest I never use to fight with my friends—thou'll but lose thy labour in't.

32 **mass** shortened form of 'by the mass', referring to Catholic church service

34-5 **the first day of his feather** on his first day attending the sovereign at court, where feathers were much worn

36 **hangings** tapestries or draperies hung against walls as decoration

37 **broken** sexually defiled

39 **discourse** ability to converse politely, pleasingly (for purpose of seduction)

39-40 **impudence** . . . among women presumptuous boldness; Goshawk implies that a man should abandon respect for women when seducing them

43 **mincers** best at chopping small; playing on sense of affectedly dainty

47 **almanac** a cheap, popular book containing astrological predictions, proverbs, medical advice, useful information of various kinds

meridian noon; referring to astrological

calculations

47-8 **cooks' wives** . . . all Englishwomen parody of title-pages of almanacs, appealing to the widest market

51 **pipe's in a good hand** bawdy suggestion of pipe as penis

53 **o' that fashion** put to the fire, alluding to the symptoms of syphilis

54 **French** 'French pox' was a common term for venereal disease.

55 **be covered** replace your hat

56 **sixpence a pipe** six times the cost of the cheapest place in a playhouse

57 **To me** a pipe for me

59 **seem strange** don't be too familiar

61 **Push!** exclamation

65 **victuals** articles of food; here, meals

66-8 **noise i' the nose** . . . snuffling symptoms of venereal disease

67 **fiddler's prentice** Fiddles and fiddlers often suggest sexual play; prentice is a

shortened form of apprentice.

73 **manners** punning on manors; Laxton possesses no land

74 **form** etiquette; pun on form meaning bench

76 **preyeth** pun implying that Laxton schemes to get lands from heirs (the eldest son usually inherited the father's estate; see 4.61-5, and 4.62-4, note)

78-9 **he's run three streets from a sergeant** implies that Laxton is both cowardly and deeply in debt (sergeants arrested debtors)

90 **nothing less** anything but money

91 **thou** Laxton switches from 'you' to the more intimate form

92-3 **By this light** daylight; an emphatic assertion

95 **bear her in hand** lead her on

98 **chincough** whooping cough; Laxton blows smoke in their faces

Enter Jack Dapper, and his man Gull

Jack Dapper!
 105 GREENWIT Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ankles.
 JACK DAPPER Save ye, gentlemen, all three, in a peculiar
 salute.
 GOSHAWK He were ill to make a lawyer: he dispatches three
 at once!
 110 LAXTON So well said! [*Receiving purse from Mistress Gallipot*]
 But is this of the same tobacco, Mistress Gallipot?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT The same you had at first, sir.
 LAXTON I wish it no better: this will serve to drink at my
 chamber.
 115 GOSHAWK Shall we taste a pipe on't?
 LAXTON Not of this, by my troth, gentlemen; I have sworn
 before you.
 GOSHAWK What, not Jack Dapper?
 LAXTON Pardon me sweet Jack, I'm sorry I made such
 120 a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand. Where art
 going, Jack?
 JACK DAPPER Faith, to buy one feather.
 LAXTON One feather? [*Aside*] The fool's peculiar still!
 JACK DAPPER Gull.
 125 GULL Master?
 JACK DAPPER Here's three halfpence for your ordinary, boy;
 meet me an hour hence in Paul's.
 GULL [*aside*] How? Three single halfpence? Life, this will
 scarce serve a man in sauce: a ha'p'orth of mustard,
 130 a ha'p'orth of oil, and a ha'p'orth of vinegar—what's
 left then for the pickle herring? This shows like small
 beer i'th' morning after a great surfeit of wine o'ernight.
 He could spend his three pound last night in a supper
 amongst girls and brave bawdy-house boys. I thought

his pockets cackled not for nothing: these are the eggs 135
 of three pound. I'll go sup 'em up presently. *Exit Gull*
 LAXTON [*aside*] Eight, nine, ten angels. Good wench, i'faith,
 and one that loves darkness well. She puts out a candle
 with the best tricks of any drugster's wife in England;
 140 but that which mads her, I rail upon opportunity still,
 and take no notice on't. The other night she would
 needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to
 show me a naked picture, where no sooner entered, but
 the candle was sent of an errand; now I, not intending
 145 to understand her, but like a puny at the inns of ventry,
 called for another light innocently. Thus reward I all her
 cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her
 husband to keep me, and I'll keep her honest, as long
 as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends.
 An honest mind of a whoremaster! [*To Gallants*] How
 150 think you amongst you? What, a fresh pipe? Draw in a
 third man.
 GOSHAWK No, you're a hoarder: you engross by th'ounces!
At the feather shop now
 JACK DAPPER
 Puh, I like it not.
 MISTRESS TILTYARD
 What feather is't you'd have, sir?
 These are most worn and most in fashion 155
 Amongst the beaver gallants, the stone-riders,
 The private stage's audience, the twelpenny-stool
 gentlemen:
 I can inform you 'tis the general feather.
 JACK DAPPER
 And therefore I mislike it—tell me of general!
 Now a continual Simon and Jude's rain 160
 Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.

103.1 *Jack Dapper* Son of Sir Davy Dapper. Jack is a generic name for an ordinary fellow; the surname suggests smart dress and brisk movements similar to his father's (see 2.0.1-2, note).
his man Gull Man means manservant; a gull is a fool or simpleton.
 105 *dive down* in an exaggerated bow, like a dive-dapper, bird that dives into water; playing on Dapper's name
 106 *Save ye* short for 'God save ye'
peculiar single; special
 108-9 *lawyer*... *three at once!* He would make a bad lawyer (ironically, because he is efficient, doesn't prolong business).
 113 *drink* smoke
 122 *one feather* Feathers were proverbially linked to fools, as in 'a feather for a fool'.
 123 *peculiar* odd; playing on 106
 126 *ordinary* eating house serving a fixed-price meal, or the meal itself, here a very cheap one; ordinaries were often considered meeting places for rogues and outlaws
 127 *Paul's* probably Paul's Walk, the middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral, a meeting place for high and low

128 *Life* short for 'God's life'
 129 *in sauce* he can only buy sauce, not the meal itself
ha'p'orth halfpenny's worth
 131-2 *small beer* weak beer, recommended for the morning after a night of heavy drinking
 134 *brave* handsome
 135-6 *his pockets cackled*... *eggs of three pound* The coins in Jack's pockets chinked like hens cackling before laying eggs; Gull's small change is like the eggs.
 136 *presently* right now
 137 *angels* the money he received from Mistress Gallipot; an angel, a coin worth ten shillings at this time, was named for its design of St Michael slaying the dragon
 138 *loves darkness well*... *puts out a candle* implies that she is promiscuous
 139 *drugster's* apothecary's
 140 *rail*... *still* complain that circumstances keep us from having sex
 144 *sent of an errand* put out
 145 *understand* playing on stand as erection; have sex

puny freshman at university or Inns of Court, residential colleges of law
 147 *cozens* tricks, deceives
 148 *keep* support me; hold my affection
 150 *whoremaster* lecher
 153 *hoarder* Laxton hasn't shared the tobacco (actually, money) Mistress Gallipot gave him earlier (see 110-11)
 156 *beaver gallants* gallants wearing fashionable, costly beaver hats; because the beaver was considered lustful, may suggest sexual desire, potency
stone-riders riders of stallions, playing on stone as testicle; implies masculine sexual potency
 157 *private stage's* indoor theatres that charged more than public (outdoor) theatres; attended by wealthier people, of somewhat higher rank
twelpenny-stool gentlemen Stools for sitting onstage were available in both public and private theatres, and were much favoured by gallants.
 158 *the general feather* most fashionable feather
 160 *Simon and Jude's rain* see 2.209-10

- Show me—a—spangled feather.
 MISTRESS TILTYARD O, to go a-feasting with!
 You'd have it for a hench-boy; you shall.
At the sempster's shop now
- OPENWORK
 165 Mass, I had quite forgot!
 His honour's footman was here last night, wife:
 Ha'you done with my lord's shirt?
- MISTRESS OPENWORK What's that to you, sir?
 I was this morning at his honour's lodging
 Ere such a snail as you crept out of your shell.
- OPENWORK
 O, 'twas well done, good wife.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK I hold it better, sir,
 Than if you had done't yourself.
- 170 OPENWORK Nay, so say I:
 But is the countess's smock almost done, mouse?
- MISTRESS OPENWORK
 Here lies the cambric, sir, but wants, I fear me.
- OPENWORK
 I'll resolve you of that presently.
 [*Makes sexual gesture*]
- MISTRESS OPENWORK
 Heyday! O audacious groom,
 175 Dare you presume to noblewomen's linen?
 Keep you your yard to measure shepherd's holland!
 I must confine you, I see that.
At the Tobacco Shop now
- GOSHAWK What say you to this gear?
- LAXTON I dare the arrantest critic in tobacco to lay one
 180 fault upon't.
Enter Moll in a frieze jerkin and a black safeguard
- GOSHAWK Life, yonder's Moll.
 LAXTON Moll, which Moll?
 GOSHAWK Honest Moll.
- LAXTON Prithce let's call her. Moll!
 ALL Moll, Moll, pist, Moll!
 185 MOLL How now, what's the matter?
 GOSHAWK A pipe of good tobacco, Moll?
 MOLL I cannot stay.
 GOSHAWK Nay Moll—puh—prithce hark, but one word,
 i'faith.
 190 MOLL Well, what is't?
 GREENWIT Prithce come hither, sirrah.
 LAXTON [*aside*] Heart, I would give but too much money
 to be nibbling with that wench. Life, sh'as the spirit
 of four great parishes, and a voice that will drown all
 195 the city! Methinks a brave captain might get all his
 soldiers upon her, and ne'er be beholding to a company
 of Mile End milksops, if he could come on, and come off
 quick enough. Such a Moll were a marrowbone before
 an Italian: he would cry bona-roba till his ribs were
 200 nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her—money is
 that *aquafortis* that eats into many a maidenhead: where
 the walls are flesh and blood, I'll ever pierce through
 with a golden auger.
 GOSHAWK Now thy judgement, Moll—is't not good?
 205 MOLL Yes, faith, 'tis very good tobacco. How do you sell
 an ounce? Farewell. God buy you, Mistress Gallipot.
 GOSHAWK Why Moll, Moll!
 MOLL I cannot stay now, i'faith; I am going to buy a shag
 ruff—the shop will be shut in presently.
 210 GOSHAWK 'Tis the maddest, fantasticalest girl! I never knew
 so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together!
 LAXTON She slips from one company to another like a fat
 eel between a Dutchman's fingers.—[*Aside*] I'll watch
 my time for her.
 215 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Some will not stick to say she's a man,
 and some both man and woman.

162 **spangled** decorated with spangles;
 speckled

163 **hench-boy** page

you shall you shall have it

171 **mouse** term of endearment

172 **wants** isn't yet finished

176 **yard** measuring stick; penis

shepherd's holland coarse linen fabric
 first made in Holland

178 **gear** stuff; here, tobacco

180.I **frieze jerkin** short coat with collar

and (usually) sleeves, made of coarse
 woollen cloth; worn by men
safeguard outer skirt worn by women
 to protect clothing from dirt when riding
 horseback (Moll enters the play wearing
 both male and female dress)

192 **sirrah** often used to address women

193 **Heart** short form of 'God's heart', an
 exclamation

195 **four great parishes** possibly those of
 Southwark, composed of four parishes
 much larger than any of those within

the city: St Savior's, St Olave's, St
 Thomas's, and St George's

196-7 **get all his soldiers upon her** Med-
 ical writers debated the contributions
 made by female and male in conceiv-
 ing a child; some followed Aristotle in
 believing that the male gave it form or
 spirit, and the female, matter, while
 others followed Galen in thinking the
 female contributed both matter and form.
 Laxton reasons that a 'mannish' woman
 like Moll will produce only male children.

198 **Mile End** a field south of Mile End Road
 used as a drill ground for citizens' militia
come on, and come off military terms for
 advance and retire, with sense of sexual
 conquest

199-200 **marrowbone before an Italian**
 Bones containing marrow were con-
 sidered a delicacy and an aphrodisiac;
 Italians were reputedly lustful.

200-I **cry bona-roba . . . nothing but bone**
 Bona-roba is a term for prostitute; the

(supposedly) lusty Italian would exhaust
 himself in having sex with her till his
 marrow, believed the seat of animal
 vitality, was consumed.

201 **lay hard siege** military language
 connoting aggressive sexual pursuit

202 **aquafortis** nitric acid, a powerful
 solvent and corrosive

204 **auger** long pointed tool for boring holes
 in wood; a phallic image

206 **How** at what price?

207 **God buy you** God redeem you; equival-
 ent to 'good-bye'

209-10 **shag ruff** a fluted collar standing up
 around the neck, made of worsted or silk
 cloth with a velvet nap on one side

211 **fantasticalest** from fantastical, meaning
 eccentric or strange; see 2.89, note

214 **eel** a favourite food in Holland

216-17 **a man . . . both man and woman**
 Mistress Gallipot echoes Sir Alexander's
 remarks; see 2.129-30, 132-3.

Scene 3

The Roaring Girl.

LAXTON That were excellent: she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife!
The feather shop again
 220 MOLL Save you—how does Mistress Tiltyard?
 JACK DAPPER Moll!
 MOLL Jack Dapper!
 JACK DAPPER How dost, Moll?
 MOLL I'll tell thee by and by—I go but to th'next shop.
 225 JACK DAPPER Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.
 MOLL Nay, an a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life!
The sempster shop
 Let me see a good shag ruff.
 230 OPENWORK Mistress Mary, that shalt thou, i'faith, and the best in the shop.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK How now?—Greetings! Love terms, with a pox between you! Have I found out one of your haunts? I send you for hollands, and you're i'the low countries with a mischief. I'm served with good ware by th'shift, that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands, I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it, I take nothing.
 235 OPENWORK Nay, and you fall a-ringing once the devil cannot stop you; I'll out of the belfry as fast as I can. Moll.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK Get you from my shop!
 MOLL I come to buy.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK I'll sell ye nothing; I warn ye my house and shop.
 245 MOLL
 You, goody Openwork, you that prick out a poor living
 And sews many a bawdy skin-coat together,
 Thou private pandress between shirt and smock,
 I wish thee for a minute but a man:
 Thou shouldst never use more shapes, but as th'art, 250
 I pity my revenge. Now my spleen's up,
 I would not mock it willingly.
Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side
 Ha, be thankful,
 Now I forgive thee.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK Marry, hang thee! I never asked forgiveness in my life. 255
 MOLL You, goodman swine's face!
 FELLOW What, will you murder me?
 MOLL You remember, slave, how you abused me t'other night in a tavern?
 FELLOW Not I, by this light. 260
 MOLL No, but by candlelight you did: you have tricks to save your oaths, reservations have you, and I have reserved somewhat for you. [Strikes him] As you like that, call for more: you know the sign again.
 FELLOW Pox on't! Had I brought any company along with me to have borne witness on't, 'twould ne'er have grieved me; but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still. Why tread upon a worm, they say, 'twill turn tail; but indeed a gentleman should have more manners. *Exit* 270
 LAXTON Gallantly performed, i'faith, Moll, and manfully! I love thee for ever for't. Base rogue, had he offered but the least counter-buff, by this hand, I was prepared for him.
 MOLL You prepared for him? Why should you be prepared 275 for him? Was he any more than a man?

218 **cuckold** A wife made her husband a cuckold by sleeping with another man; the term conveys scorn for the man who cannot keep his wife sexually satisfied. There is no fully equivalent term for the wife of an unfaithful husband.
 227-8 **feather**...**goose** Moll evokes the traditional association between feathers, geese, and foolishness; see 123.
 234-8 **I send you for hollands**... **I take nothing** an extended *double entendre* in which the sempster's language bears consistently sexual meaning. She claims that when she sends her husband to get cloth (hollands, linen from Holland) he pursues women with lecherous intent (low countries, for genitals). The ware (cloth, or sexual service) that he devises by this shift (subterfuge, or erotic play, shift meaning both an undergarment and a clever trick) leaves her dead (sexually unsatisfied) so that she takes in nothing (doesn't turn profits sexually or financially).

239 **fall a-ringing** proverbial language for the shrewish (articulate, assertive) wife
 241 **Moll** Openwork fades from the dialogue to emerge at 313 talking to Goshawk; he then exits with Moll at 406
 244 **warn ye** deny you entry to
 246 **goody** goodwife
prick out Seamstresses didn't belong to guilds and were often quite poor, thus some eked out a living through prostitution (see 1.52, note, and 5.95).
 247 **skin-coat** *double entendre* in which sewing also means bringing whore and customer together, and skin-coat stands for sexual intercourse
 248 **Thou** Moll shows her contempt by shifting to the more intimate form; see 91-2, note.
private pandress secret bawd
shirt and smock man and woman
 249 **but a man** transformed to a man (presumably so that Moll could challenge her with physical combat)
 250 **shapes** she would no longer deceive

people
 251 **pity** forego
spleen's temper's
 252.1 **Enter a fellow**... **rapier** See Persons.23-4; a quarrelsome gallant, the first of several bit parts comprised in the term *Ministri*, servants and others defined mainly by social role or vocation
long rapier long, pointed, two-edged sword
 256 **goodman** title for yeomen and others beneath the rank of gentlemen
 261-2 **tricks**... **reservations** ways of equivocating when you swear that a statement is true
 266 **borne witness on't** witnessed my being struck (so that he would have grounds for retaliation)
 268-9 **tread upon a worm**... **'twill turn tail** proverbial; even the humblest person will resent an injury and retaliate (also plays on tail as male or female sexual parts)
 273 **counter-buff** blow in return

- LAXTON No, nor so much by a yard and a handful, London measure.
- 280 MOLL Why do you speak this, then? Do you think I cannot ride a stone-horse unless one lead him by th'snaffle?
- LAXTON Yes, and sit him bravely, I know thou canst, Moll. 'Twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for't any way; prithee, sweet plump Moll, when shall thou and I go out o' town together?
- 285 MOLL Whither? To Tyburn, prithee?
- LAXTON Mass, that's out o' town indeed! Thou hangest so many jests upon thy friends still. I mean honestly to Brentford, Staines, or Ware.
- MOLL What to do there?
- 290 LAXTON Nothing but be merry and lie together; I'll hire a coach with four horses.
- MOLL I thought 'twould be a beastly journey. You may leave out one well; three horses will serve if I play the jade myself.
- 295 LAXTON Nay, push! Thou'rt such another kicking wench. Prithee be kind and let's meet.
- MOLL 'Tis hard but we shall meet, sir.
- LAXTON Nay, but appoint the place then. There's ten angels in fair gold, Moll: you see I do not trifle with you—do but say thou wilt meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.
- 300 MOLL Why, here's my hand I'll meet you, sir.
- LAXTON [*aside*] O good gold!—[*To her*] The place, sweet Moll?
- 305 MOLL It shall be your appointment.
- LAXTON Somewhat near Holborn, Moll.
- MOLL In Gray's Inn Fields then.
- LAXTON A match.
- MOLL I'll meet you there.
- LAXTON The hour? 310
- MOLL Three.
- LAXTON That will be time enough to sup at Brentford.
Fall from them to the other
- OPENWORK I am of such a nature, sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds; sh'as a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than St Antholin's bell. She rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I, being a freeman, must needs keep a whore i'th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties. When we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife. 315
- GOSHAWK No trouble at all: 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together. 320
- OPENWORK Go thy ways. [*Aside*] I do this but to try thy honesty, Goshawk.
The feather shop
- JACK DAPPER How likest thou this, Moll?
- MOLL O, singularly: you're fitted now for a bunch. [*Aside*] He looks for all the world with those spangled feathers like a nobleman's bedpost. The purity of your wench would I fain try: she seems like Kent unconquered, and I believe as many wiles are in her. O, the gallants of these times are shallow lechers: they put not their courtship home enough to a wench; 'tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried. I am of that certain belief there are more queans in this town of their own making than of any man's provoking: where lies the slackness then? 325
330
335

277 **a yard and a handful** punning on yard as penis; London mercers customarily gave a little more than the exact measure

280 **stone-horse** stallion (see 156); also figuratively a man, and an ironic reference to Laxton's impotence

th'snaffle a simple kind of bridle-bit, without a curb

285 **Tyburn** place of execution for criminals in London

288 **Brentford, Staines, or Ware** towns conveniently near London for a day's amusement or a sexual rendezvous. Ware, twenty miles north of London, housed the famous great bed of Ware (10 feet 9 inches square); Staines lay seventeen miles west and Brentford, the closest of the three, only ten miles west of the city.

294 **jade** a worn out, ill-tempered horse; 'to play the jade' means to act like a whore

297 **'Tis hard but** of course

306 **Holborn** a main thoroughfare of London, along which the inns of court (law schools) were located; gardens in its western part were locales for illicit sex

307 **Gray's Inn Fields** Gray's Inn was a distinguished law school; its open fields were frequented by criminal elements.

312.1 **Fall from them to the other** signals a shift of focus from one group to another

315 **St Antholin's bell** a church in Watling Street where Puritan preachers not under church jurisdiction held an early morning lecture for which the bell was rung at 5 a.m.; the noise was resented by some in the neighbourhood

317–18 **suburbs...liberties** The city had no control over the suburbs, so that prostitution supposedly could flourish more easily in them; the liberties (named because they were free from manorial rule or obligation to the crown) were territories both within and outside the city over which no single city or county authority had jurisdiction or control. Mistress Openwork ironically suggests that her husband, as a guild member and citizen of London, goes against his own interests by seeking his sexual pleasures in the suburbs.

318 **fall out** quarrel

319 **trouble you** ask you

make all whole make peace

320–1 **join things together** Goshawk ironically alludes to his own sexual interests

322 **Go thy ways** as you please

325 **singularly** very much; alluding to Jack's intention of buying a single feather (see 123, 225)

327 **nobleman's bedpost** The 'state beds' of the great manor houses built by the gentry and nobility had four posts supporting a canopy, or tester, which were often decorated with bunches of feathers.

328 **Kent unconquered** commonly said of this county, which unlike others, retained its original laws and customs pre-dating the Norman conquest

330–1 **put...home** They don't go far enough, get to the point (implying sexual penetration).

332 **honest** chaste; virtuous in a sexual sense

333 **tried** tested, put to the proof

334 **queans** loose (unchaste) women; whores

Many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will
 pish 'em!
 Women are courted but ne'er soundly tried,
 As many walk in spurs that never ride.
The sempster's shop

340 MISTRESS OPENWORK O abominable!
 GOSHAWK Nay, more, I tell you in private, he keeps a
 whore i'th' suburbs.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK O spittle dealing! I came to him a
 gentlewoman born: I'll show you mine arms when you
 345 please, sir.
 GOSHAWK [*aside*] I had rather see your legs, and begin that
 way!
 MISTRESS OPENWORK 'Tis well known he took me from a
 lady's service where I was well-beloved of the steward.
 350 I had my Latin tongue and a spice of the French before I
 came to him, and now doth he keep a suburban whore
 under my nostrils.
 GOSHAWK There's ways enough to cry quit with him. Hark
 in thine ear. [*Whispers*]
 355 MISTRESS OPENWORK There's a friend worth a million.
 [*Before the feather shop*]
 MOLL I'll try one spear against your chastity, Mistress
 Tiltyard, though it prove too short by the burr.
Enter Ralph Trapdoor

TRAPDOOR [*aside*] Mass, here she is! I'm bound already
 to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. [*To her*]
 360 Bless my hopeful young mistress with long life and great
 limbs, send her the upper hand of all bailiffs and their
 hungry adherents!
 MOLL How now, what art thou?
 TRAPDOOR A poor ebbing gentleman that would gladly wait
 365 for the young flood of your service.
 MOLL My service! What should move you to offer your
 service to me, sir?
 TRAPDOOR The love I bear to your heroic spirit and
 masculine womanhood.
 370 MOLL So, sir, put case we should retain you to us: what
 parts are there in you for a gentlewoman's service?

TRAPDOOR Of two kinds right worshipful: movable and
 immovable—movable to run of errands, and immovable
 to stand when you have occasion to use me.
 MOLL What strength have you? 375
 TRAPDOOR Strength, Mistress Moll? I have gone up into a
 steeple and stayed the great bell as 't has been ringing;
 stopped a windmill going.
 MOLL And never struck down yourself?
 TRAPDOOR Stood as upright as I do at this present. 380
Moll trips up his heels; he falls
 MOLL Come, I pardon you for this; it shall be no disgrace
 to you. I have struck up the heels of the high German's
 size ere now. What, not stand?
 TRAPDOOR I am of that nature where I love, I'll be at my
 mistress' foot to do her service. 385
 MOLL Why, well said! But say your mistress should receive
 injury: have you the spirit of fighting in you—durst you
 second her?
 TRAPDOOR Life, I have kept a bridge myself, and drove
 seven at a time before me. 390
 MOLL Ay?
 TRAPDOOR [*aside*] But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks,
 by my troth.
 MOLL Well, meet me in Gray's Inn Fields between three
 and four this afternoon, and upon better consideration 395
 we'll retain you.
 TRAPDOOR I humbly thank your good mistress-ship. [*Aside*]
 I'll crack your neck for this kindness. *Exit*
Moll meets Laxton
 LAXTON Remember three.
 MOLL Nay, if I fail you, hang me. 400
 LAXTON Good wench, i'faith.
Then Moll meets Openwork
 MOLL Who's this?
 OPENWORK 'Tis I, Moll.
 MOLL Prithee tend thy shop and prevent bastards!
 OPENWORK We'll have a pint of the same wine, i'faith, 405
 Moll. [*Exit Openwork with Moll*]

336 **would down** would 'fall' from chastity; have illicit sex
 339 **walk in spurs that never ride** Horseriding often carries sexual meanings; here, many are ready to ride (have sex) who never have the chance.
 343 **spittle** shortened form of hospital, probably referring to St Mary's Spittle which specialized in treating venereal disease, and its neighbourhood, frequented by thieves and prostitutes
 344 **arms** the shield or emblem that signifies her family's status as gentry
 349 **steward** person in charge of a gentle or noble household, responsible for expenditures, servants, etc.
 350 **a spice of the French** a little French; associated with venereal disease, called the French pox and (especially in women) with loose sexual behaviour
 353 **cry quit with** pay back, get back at
 357 **burr** ring of iron behind handle of lance used in tilting (see 3.0.4, note); playing on 'Tiltyard'
 364 **ebbing** unfortunate, impoverished
 365 **young flood** flow of tide upriver
service the position of servant; here also implies sexual 'service'
 370 **put case** suppose
 371 **parts** abilities, talents; also, sexual organs (see 'stand', 374)
 372-3 **movable and immovable** punning on 'parts', 371
 380 **Stood as upright** punning on erection
 382-3 **high German's size** a German fencer, tall and of great strength, in London at this time
 385 **foot** playing on French *foutre*, to have sex with; continuing the implications of 'service' (see 364-5) that Moll will dominate him sexually
 388 **second** support in attacking or defending
 389-90 **kept a bridge... before me** military actions
 392 **Lincolnshire bullocks** cattle from a county well known for them; undercuts his claim of valour in 389-90
 402 **Who's this?** Seemingly, Openwork is eluding his wife.
 405 **same wine** a common pun on bastard, a sweet Spanish wine

The bell rings

GOSHAWK Hark, the bell rings; come, gentlemen. Jack Dapper, where shall's all munch?

JACK DAPPER I am for Parker's Ordinary.

LAXTON

410 He's a good guest to'm, he deserves his board:
He draws all the gentlemen in a term-time thither.
We'll be your followers, Jack: lead the way.
Look you, by my faith, the fool has feathered his nest well.

Exeunt Gallants

Enter Master Gallipot, Master Tiltyard, and servants with water spaniels and a duck

415 TILTYARD Come, shut up your shops. Where's Master Openwork?

MISTRESS OPENWORK Nay, ask not me Master Tiltyard.

GALLIPOT Where's his water-dog? Puh—pist—hurr—hurr—pist.

420 TILTYARD Come wenches, come, we're going all to Hogsden.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT To Hogsden, husband?

GALLIPOT Ay, to Hogsden, pigsney.

MISTRESS TILTYARD I'm not ready, husband.

TILTYARD Faith, that's well. (*Spits in the dog's mouth*)

425 Hum—pist—pist.

GALLIPOT Come Mistress Openwork, you are so long.

MISTRESS OPENWORK I have no joy of my life, Master Gallipot.

430 GALLIPOT Push! Let your boy lead his water spaniel along, and we'll show you the bravest sport at Parlous Pond. Hey Trug, hey Trug, hey Trug! Here's the best duck in England, except my wife.
Hey, hey, hey! Fetch, fetch, fetch!

Come, let's away:

Of all the year, this is the sportful'st day. [*Exeunt*] 435

Enter Sebastian solus

Sc. 4

SEBASTIAN

If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love?
All creatures have their liberty in that;

Enter Sir Alexander and listens to him

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear,
The very bondslave has his freedom there. 5

Amongst a world of creatures voiced and silent,
Must my desires wear fetters?—[*Aside*] Yea, are you
So near? Then I must break with my heart's truth,
Meet grief at a back way. [*Aloud*] Well: why, suppose
The two-leaved tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce Moll loathsome; if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I?

I have the thing I like. In all things else
Mine own eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper;
Life, what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne'er truly loves—if he gainsay't, he lies— 15

That winks and marries with his father's eyes;
I'll keep mine own wide open.

Enter Moll and a Porter with a viol on his back

ALEXANDER [*aside*] Here's a brave wilfulness.

A made match: here she comes; they met o' purpose.

PORTER Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber,
Mistress Mary? 20

MOLL Fiddle, Goodman hog-rubber? Some of these porters
bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit
for themselves.

PORTER To your own chamber, Mistress Mary? 25

408 shall's shall we

409 Parker's Ordinary see 126

410 to'm to him, i.e., to Parker

411 term-time when law courts were in session and London was full of visitors

413 fool... feathered referring to Jack Dapper's purchase of feathers; see 123

413.3 water spaniels and a duck type of dog used for retrieving water fowl; duck-hunting was a popular pastime

417-18 Puh... pist whistles or other sounds, for calling the dog

419-20 Hogsden Hoxton, an area north of London with open fields, popular for excursions

422 pigsney term of endearment, possibly playing on Hogsden

424 Spits in the dog's mouth expression of affection toward and means of befriending a dog

430 Parlous Pond pond in London popular

for swimming, not far from the Fortune Theatre and on the way to Hogsden; so named because of drownings that occurred there (parlous is a corruption of 'perilous')

431 Trug name of dog; can also mean prostitute

435 sportful'st day an enthusiastic exclamation, or possibly a reference to May Day (1 May) or Shrove Tuesday (the pre-Lenten festivity) on which 'the pancake bell' rang at 11 a.m. and apprentices stopped work, sometimes rioting and destroying property

4.8 break with abandon, renounce (since his father is present, he must dissemble)

9 Meet grief... way express grief covertly

10 two-leaved tongues recalls both the forked tongue of the devil in the form of a serpent, who speaks a mixture of slander and truth, and Virgil's *Fama* or

Rumour (*Aeneid* 4.173-97, Loeb ed.),

who speaks both truth and untruth

17 winks closes his eyes

18.1 viol a stringed instrument played with a bow, very popular with both men and women at this time. Playing an instrument often carried the meaning of sexual play, with the player assumed to be either male or female and the 'instrument' of either sex; because the viol was held between the knees (hence Ital. *gamba*, leg) it was especially suggestive. Here a female player takes the active role of 'player' (cf. scene 8 and Introduction)

19 made match arranged meeting

20 great fiddle great could mean pregnant; to fiddle could mean to play sexually with a woman

22 hog-rubber abusive term for a swineherd

MOLL Who'll hear an ass speak? Whither else, goodman pageant bearer? They're people of the worst memories.
Exit Porter

SEBASTIAN Why, 'twere too great a burden, love, to have them carry things in their minds and o' their backs together.

MOLL Pardon me, sir, I thought not you so near.

ALEXANDER [*aside*] So, so, so.

SEBASTIAN
 I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion That makes the best part of all creatures honest.
 No otherwise I wish it.

MOLL Sir, I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me: I have no humour to marry. I love to lie o' both sides o'th'bed myself; and again o'th'other side, a wife, you know, ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore I'll ne'er go about it. I love you so well, sir, for your good will, I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after, and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first. I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman; marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i'th' place.

ALEXANDER [*aside*]
 The most comfortablest answer from a roaring girl, That ever mine ears drunk in.

SEBASTIAN This were enough
 Now to affright a fool forever from thee,
 When 'tis the music that I love thee for.

ALEXANDER [*aside*]
 There's a boy spoils all again!

MOLL Believe it, sir,
 I am not of that disdainful temper,

But I could love you faithfully.

ALEXANDER [*aside*] A pox
 On you for that word. I like you not now;
 You're a cunning roarer, I see that already.

MOLL But sleep upon this once more, sir; you may chance shift a mind tomorrow: be not too hasty to wrong yourself. Never while you live, sir, take a wife running: many have run out at heels that have done't. You see, sir, I speak against myself, and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger brothers would not be so often gulled with old cozening widows that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor gentleman work hard for a pension. Fare you well, sir.

SEBASTIAN Nay, prithee one word more!

ALEXANDER [*aside*] How do I wrong this girl; she puts him off still.

MOLL Think upon this in cold blood, sir; you make as much haste as if you were a-going upon a sturgeon voyage. Take deliberation, sir, never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia. [*Moves away from him*]

SEBASTIAN And so we parted, my too cursed fate! [*Retires*]

ALEXANDER [*aside*] She is but cunning; gives him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor

TAILOR Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll! So ho ho, so ho!

MOLL There boy, there boy. What dost thou go a-hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger?

TAILOR I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches. [*Takes measurements*]

ALEXANDER [*aside*] Heyday, breeches! What, will he marry a monster with two trinkets? What age is this? If the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a fool.

27 **pageant bearer** Pageants were spectacular displays or tableaux, either erected on fixed stages, placed on moving cars, or carried by porters in municipal celebrations.

33 **fashion** marriage

34 **the best part** most

37 **humour** inclination

38 **again** besides

39 **o'th'other side** ambiguously, the other side of the bed, or of the question of marriage

44 **have the head** a term from horsemanship that picks up the metaphor behind 'headstrong' (39): to give a horse his head means to let him go freely. Moll 'has the head of herself' in that she governs herself, without being subject to a husband (see I Cor. 11:3, 'the head of the woman is the man').

44-5 **man enough for a woman** echoes Sir Alexander's description of her as 'woman more than man, | Man more than woman' (2.1.32-3), but more positively implies that the 'masculine'

trait of self-governance doesn't disturb her femaleness

45-7 **marriage...i'th' place** Chopping implies some violence in defloration or loss of maidenhead in marriage, and in the change to being governed by the husband as one's 'head'.

48 **roaring girl** see 1.72, note

59 **running** on the run

62-4 **younger brothers...cozening widows**

Moll contrasts her frankness to the tactics of wealthy widows, who keep suitors (here, younger brothers with modest inheritance, or none) from their wealth by secretly transferring legal control over it to male relatives; otherwise, it would normally pass by law to their second husbands.

66 **pension** denied possession of his wife's estate, the husband must obey her wishes to get even an allowance

71-2 **sturgeon voyage** a long fishing voyage; i.e., you will actually have to live with the wife you choose

73 **Virginia** as if you were going on a long

voyage to a faraway place with uncertain prospects. The Virginia Company established Jamestown, the first colony, in 1607; in its early years, more than half the settlers died within a few months of arrival.

74 **And so we parted...fate!** For his father's ears, Sebastian pretends to be downcast at being refused by Moll.

77 **So ho** cry in hare-hunting and falconry; hence 'a-hawking' in 78

79 **red clout** piece of cloth for measuring, or to stick pins and needles into

83 **a monster with two trinkets** see 2.1.32-3; having the features of both sexes, like a hermaphrodite

84 **breeches...long coats** proverbial; floor-length coats or skirts were worn by young children, women, and professional fools or jesters. Sir Alexander takes clothing to mark or even determine gender, and gender is dichotomized; male and female have mutually exclusive traits (cf. 2.1.29-36).

- MOLL What fiddling's here? Would not the old pattern have served your turn?
- TAILOR You change the fashion, you say you'll have the great Dutch slop, Mistress Mary.
- 90 MOLL Why sir, I say so still.
- TAILOR Your breeches then will take up a yard more.
- MOLL Well, pray look it be put in then.
- TAILOR It shall stand round and full, I warrant you.
- MOLL Pray make 'em easy enough.
- 95 TAILOR I know my fault now; t'other was somewhat stiff between the legs. I'll make these open enough, I warrant you.
- ALEXANDER [*aside*] Here's good gear towards! I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop and a French doublet: a codpiece daughter.
- 100 TAILOR So, I have gone as far as I can go.
- MOLL Why then, farewell.
- TAILOR If you go presently to your chamber, Mistress Mary, pray send me the measure of your thigh by some honest body.
- 105 MOLL Well sir, I'll send it by a porter presently. *Exit*
- TAILOR So you had need: it is a lusty one. Both of them would make any porter's back ache in England! *Exit*
- SEBASTIAN [*comes forward*]
- I have examined the best part of man—
Reason and judgement—and in love, they tell me,
They leave me uncontrolled. He that is swayed
By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love,
His springtime must needs err: his watch ne'er goes
right
That sets his dial by a rusty clock.
- ALEXANDER [*comes forward*]
- 115 So—and which is that rusty clock, sir, you?
- SEBASTIAN
The clock at Ludgate, sir, it ne'er goes true.
- ALEXANDER
But thou goest fals'er; not thy father's cares
Can keep thee right, when that insensible work
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour,
And stops again when time is satisfied;
120 But thou run'st on, and judgement, thy main wheel,
- Beats by all stops as if the work would break,
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin,
Much like a suffering man brought up with care,
At last bequeathed to shame and a short prayer.
- 125 SEBASTIAN
I taste you bitterer than I can deserve, sir.
- ALEXANDER
Who has bewitched thee, son? What devil or drug
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood
And betrayed all her hopes to ruinous folly?
O wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits with a golden dream
Flattered and poisoned! I am old, my son—
O let me prevail quickly,
For I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee. I must not to my grave
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise.
Let me dispatch in time; come no more near her.
- SEBASTIAN
Not honestly? Not in the way of marriage?
- ALEXANDER
What sayst thou? Marriage? In what place?—The
sessions-house?
140 And who shall give the bride, prithee?—An indictment?
- SEBASTIAN
Sir, now ye take part with the world to wrong her.
- ALEXANDER
Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at?
Alas the number's great, do not o'erburden't.
Why, as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon,
As her thy folly dotes on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns,
Thou'rt in the way; or to confound thy name,
150 Keep on, thou canst not miss it; or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,

86 **fiddling's** fidgeting; sexual play (see 3.67, note). 'Tailor' could mean male or female sexual organ.

89 **great Dutch slop** wide-cut baggy breeches; see title-page woodcut of Moll

91 **yard** unit of measure; also penis

93 **stand round and full** as in erection; the tailor virtually attributes a penis to Moll

96 **stiff** again, refers to erection

98 **gear** doings; genitals

100 **codpiece daughter** again, implying that because she wears male dress, she must be a man anatomically—but at the same time, still a woman, combining what ought to be mutually exclusive; see 83–4, note; Epistle.16–18, note; and Introduction

107 **lusty** vigorous; lustful

112 **unfeeling blood** In Renaissance humours psychology, sexual passion derives from blood, a warm, moist humour which decreases with age; Sebastian objects to being 'swayed' by his father's cold, 'unfeeling blood' (referring also to their blood relationship).

113–14 **springtime**... **rusty clock** plays on spring as a season and as part of a clock, both alluding to the human life cycle; youth can't develop properly if it moves to the rhythms of age

116 **clock at Ludgate** one of the ancient city gates, according to legend built by King Lud in 66 BC; made into a prison

for debtors and bankrupts by Richard II

121–2 Sebastian's 'uncontrolled' (111) passion drives his judgement to run wildly till it breaks, like a clock running too fast and breaking down.

128 **blood** youthful passion

132 **Flattered** encourage with false hopes

134 **weightier business** presumably, settling his estate or his soul to rights before he dies

140 **sessions-house** court house

150 **in the way** on the way to it
name family name and reputation

152 **untimely coldness** premature death

153 **left hand** the opposite of the right; associated with error, evil, disaster

Scene 4

The Roaring Girl.

155 Nor sighs that fly in sparkles from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.

SEBASTIAN
Why is the name of Moll so fatal, sir?

ALEXANDER
160 Many one, sir, where suspect is entered,
Forseek all London from one end to t'other
More whores of that name than of any ten other.

SEBASTIAN
What's that to her? Let those blush for themselves;
Can any guilt in others condemn her?

165 I've vowed to love her: let all storms oppose me
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.

ALEXANDER
O folly that can dote on naught but shame!

SEBASTIAN
Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
170 More than another: is that name the worse
Where honesty sits possessed in't? It should rather
Appear more excellent and deserve more praise
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why, there are of the devil's, honest gentlemen,
And well descended, keep an open house;
175 And some o'th'good man's that are arrant knaves.
He hates unworthily that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves nor yet condemns;
And for her honesty, I have made such proof on't

180 In several forms, so nearly watched her ways,
I will maintain that strict against an army,
Excepting you, my father. Here's her worst:
Sh'as a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it, and oftentimes

185 Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth;
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth:
Would all Molls were no worse!

ALEXANDER [*aside*]
This way I toil in vain and give but aim

To infamy and ruin: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him; all my joys
190 Stand at the brink of a devouring flood
And will be wilfully swallowed, wilfully!
But why so vain let all these tears be lost?
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crossed. *Exit*

SEBASTIAN
He is gone with some strange purpose whose effect
195 Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide
To think I love so blindly. I but feed
His heart to this match to draw on th'other,
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crowned—
Only his mood excepted, which must change
200 By opposite policies, courses indirect:
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known:
'Twixt lovers' hearts she's a fit instrument,
205 And has the art to help them to their own.
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies. *Exit*

Enter Laxton in Gray's Inn Fields with the Coachman

Sc. 5
LAXTON Coachman!
COACHMAN Here, sir.
LAXTON [*gives money*] There's a tester more; prithee drive
thy coach to the hither end of Marybone Park—a fit
5 place for Moll to get in.
COACHMAN Marybone Park, sir?
LAXTON Ay, it's in our way, thou knowest.
COACHMAN It shall be done, sir.
LAXTON Coachman.
COACHMAN Anon, sir. 10
LAXTON Are we fitted with good frampold jades?
COACHMAN The best in Smithfield, I warrant you, sir.
LAXTON May we safely take the upper hand of any coached
velvet cap or tuftaffety jacket? For they keep a wild
15 swaggering in coaches nowadays—the highways are
stopped with them.

155 **sparkles** implying that his heart is hardened by sorrow; Sebastian's conduct strikes it, producing sparks
160 **Many one**...**suspect** many an officer, when a person is suspected of an offence, or under surveillance
161 **Forseek** seek thoroughly, to the point of being weary
169 **Put case** imagine that
174 **of the devil's** those of the devil's party
176 **o'th'good man's** good men; also married men ('goodman' was title for married man)
179 **honesty** chastity
180 **nearly** closely
181 **strict** strictly, rigorously
183 **mankind** men; as adjective, denotes masculine quality in a woman, thus can

also mean 'is somewhat mannish'
184 **But nothing**...**near it** in no other way does she approach men
188 **give**...**aim** in archery, to guide one's aim by charting the result of the previous shot
201 **By**...**courses indirect** i.e., by Sebastian pretending to court Moll, which will make his father more favourably inclined toward Mary
203 **mad** spirited, eccentric; see I.102
208 **spite** in spite of
5.0.1 **Gray's Inn Fields** see 3.307, note
3 **tester** small coin worth sixpence
4 **Marybone Park** near Oxford Street; named for St Mary-le-Bourne (on the brook) or St Mary-le-Bonne (the good),

also playing on 'marybone' for marrow-bone, marrow considered a seat of vitality and an aphrodisiac (see 3.199, note). The park was known as a centre of prostitution, thus its name evokes the same juxtaposition of whore and virgin as does Moll's name; see I.73, note, and Introduction.
11 **frampold** spirited
12 **Smithfield** famous market for horses and cattle near London
13 **coached** travelling by coach, which was newly fashionable
14 **tuftaffety** taffeta with raised, velvety patterns in different colours from the ground colour; costly, worn by the wealthy

- COACHMAN My life for yours, and baffle 'em too, sir!
Why, they are the same jades—believe it sir—that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.
- 20 LAXTON Nay, then they know their business; they need no more instructions.
- COACHMAN They're so used to such journeys, sir, I never use whip to 'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.
- Exit Coachman with his whip*
- 25 LAXTON Fine Cerberus! That rogue will have the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot afoot, he'll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse! Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I see her not. *(The clock strikes three)* Hark, what's this? One, two
- 30 three: three by the clock at Savoy; this is the hour, and Gray's Inn Fields the place, she swore she'd meet me. Ha, yonder's two Inns-o'-Court men with one wench: but that's not she; they walk toward Islington out of my way. I see none yet dressed like her: I must look
- 35 for a shag ruff, a frieze jerkin, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none. Why, Moll, prithee make haste or the coachman will curse us anon.
- Enter Moll like a man*
- MOLL *[aside]* O here's my gentleman! If they would keep their days as well with their mercers as their hours
- 40 with their harlots, no bankrupt would give sevenscore pound for a sergeant's place. For would you know a catchpole rightly derived: the corruption of a citizen is the generation of a sergeant. How his eye hawks for venery! *[To him]* Come, are you ready, sir?
- 45 LAXTON Ready? For what, sir?
- MOLL Do you ask that now, sir? Why was this meeting 'pounded?
- LAXTON
I thought you mistook me, sir.
You seem to be some young barrister;
- 50 I have no suit in law—all my land's sold,
- I praise heaven for't, 't has rid me of much trouble.
MOLL Then I must wake you, sir; where stands the coach?
LAXTON Who's this?—Moll? Honest Moll?
MOLL So young, and purblind? You're an old wanton in your eyes, I see that. 55
LAXTON Thou'rt admirably suited for the Three Pigeons at Brentford. I'll swear I knew thee not.
MOLL I'll swear you did not: but you shall know me now!
LAXTON No, not here: we shall be spied i'faith! The coach is better; come. 60
MOLL Stay.
She puts off her cloak and draws
LAXTON
What, wilt thou untruss a point, Moll?
MOLL Yes, here's the point
That I untruss: 't has but one tag, 'twill serve though To tie up a rogue's tongue!
LAXTON How?
MOLL *[putting down gold]* There's the gold
With which you hired your hackney, here's her pace: 65
She racks hard and perhaps your bones will feel it. Ten angels of mine own I've put to thine:
Win 'em and wear 'em!
LAXTON Hold, Moll! Mistress Mary—
MOLL
Draw, or I'll serve an execution on thee
Shall lay thee up till doomsday. 70
LAXTON
Draw upon a woman? Why, what dost mean, Moll?
MOLL
To teach thy base thoughts manners! Thou'rt one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore:
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine; or amongst com-
pany, 75
By chance drink first to thee, then she's quite gone,

17 **baffle** shame

18–19 **jades**... **whores** a jade was a worn-out or mean-tempered horse; whores were often called jades

19 **Ware** town near London known as site for sexual rendezvous; see 3.288, note

25 **Cerberus** in classical mythology, three-headed dog guarding entrance to hell

30 **Savoy** hospital built on site of Savoy Palace, between the Thames and the Strand

33 **Islington** suburb north of London used for outings and sexual meetings

35–6 **shag ruff**... **safeguard** Laxton remembers Moll much as she was dressed on her entrance (see 3.180.1), in both men's and women's garments

38–9 **keep their days** figuratively, pay their debts

39 **mercers** dealers in textiles, especially costly silks and velvets

42 **catchpole** sergeant who arrested people

for debt

42–3 **rightly derived**... **sergeant** Moll summarizes a cycle of downward social mobility; tradesmen who go bankrupt because gallants don't pay them become sergeants, who arrest gallants for debt.

43–4 **hawks for venery** see Epistle.1, note

47 **'pointed** appointed

49 **barrister** lawyer

50 **all my land's sold** perhaps suggests a parallel between his lack of stones (testicles), signifying impotence, and his lack of land, a kind of social impotence

54 **purblind** totally blind

56 **Three Pigeons** tavern in Brentford; see 3.288, note

58 **know me now** know what I really think of you; in lines 59–60, he thinks she means carnal knowledge, gained by having sex with someone

62 **untruss a point** undo a lace (laces fastened hose to doublet); Laxton may

think, mistakenly, that by starting to remove her hat or cloak, Moll is trying to entice him

point sword point

63 **tag** hard end of lace, allowing it to be threaded through eyelet

65 **hackney** horse for ordinary riding; prostitute

pace speed; gait (playing on a prostitute's sexual movements)

66 **racks hard** runs fast, shaking the rider

68 **Win 'em and wear 'em** proverbial: take your chance

69–70 **serve**... **lay thee up** deliver a writ that will put you in jail or incapacitate you (using legal language for a threat of physical force)

70 **doomsday** the day of judgement (playing on 'execution', 69)

73 **fond** foolishly infatuated
flexible malleable, impressionable

74 **liberal** generous; flirtatious

There's no means to help her. Nay, for a need,
 Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow lechers
 That thou'rt more in favour with a lady
 80 At first sight than her monkey all her lifetime.
 How many of our sex by such as thou
 Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
 That never deserved loosely or did trip
 In path of whoredom beyond cup and lip?
 85 But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
 Better had women fall into the hands
 Of an act silent than a bragging nothing:
 There's no mercy in't. What durst move you, sir,
 To think me whorish? A name which I'd tear out
 90 From the high German's throat if it lay ledger there
 To dispatch privy slanders against me!
 In thee I defy all men, their worst hates
 And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts
 With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools—
 95 Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallen wives,
 Fish that must needs bite or themselves be bitten—
 Such hungry things as these may soon be took
 With a worm fastened on a golden hook.
 Those are the lecher's food, his prey. He watches
 100 For quarrelling wedlocks and poor shifting sisters:
 'Tis the best fish he takes. But why, good fisherman,
 Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
 Had angling rod cast towards me? 'Cause you'll say
 I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest;
 105 Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
 O shame take all her friends then! But howe'er
 Thou and the baser world censure my life,
 I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
 Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear't in mind:
 110 Tell them 'twere base to yield where I have conquered.
 I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
 I that can prostitute a man to me!
 And so I greet thee.

LAXTON Hear me!

MOLL Would the spirits
 Of all my slanderers were clasped in thine,
 That I might vex an army at one time! 115
They fight
 LAXTON I do repent me; hold!
 MOLL You'll die the better Christian then.
 LAXTON I do confess I have wronged thee, Moll.
 MOLL
 Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
 Unless a rope would follow.
 LAXTON I ask thee pardon. 120
 MOLL
 I'm your hired whore, sir!
 LAXTON I yield both purse and body.
 MOLL
 Both are mine and now at my disposing.
 LAXTON
 Spare my life!
 MOLL I scorn to strike thee basely.
 LAXTON
 Spoke like a noble girl, i'faith.
 —[*Aside*] Heart, I think I fight with a familiar, or the 125
 ghost of a fencer! She's wounded me gallantly. Call
 you this a lecherous voyage? Here's blood would have
 served me this seven year in broken heads and cut
 fingers, and it now runs all out together! Pox o' the
 Three Pigeons! I would the coach were here now to 130
 carry me to the surgeon's. *Exit*
 MOLL
 If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
 I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
 And make 'em know, she that has wit and spirit
 May scorn to live beholding to her body for meat, 135
 Or for apparel, like your common dame
 That makes shame get her clothes to cover shame.
 Base is that mind that kneels unto her body
 As if a husband stood in awe on's wife;
 My spirit shall be mistress of this house 140

77 **for a need** in a pinch
 80 **monkey** monkeys were ladies' pets
 84 **cup and lip** refers to pledging faith by drinking wine or beer in a betrothal ceremony, as a sign of marital union; figuratively, protests censure of women for having sex with their future husbands before the wedding ceremony (as in fact many women did)
 85 **But** for except for
 87 **act silent** man who has sex with a woman but doesn't talk about it
bragging nothing man who brags of having sex with a woman when he hasn't
 89–90 **tear...throat** To lie in the throat means to lie deliberately, without justification.
 90 **high German's** see 3.382
ledger ambassador
 91 **privy** secret (as in secrets of state, playing on 90)
 95 **trade-fallen** fallen in social rank, from gentry to merchant class; see 3.12–14, note
 96 **Fish** proverbial: 'The great fish eat the small.' Moll reverses the usual emphasis, making predatory behaviour in women a response to circumstances rather than simply a vice in itself.
 100 **wedlocks** wives
shifting deceiving
 102 **meat** food, punning on 'meet', suitable, and suggesting 'whore'
 113 **greet** as in 'salute'; also, attack
 117 **Christian** If believers confess their sins before death, they are saved from damnation and may expect to enter heaven.
 120 **rope** hanging; figuratively, any punishment
 125 **familiar** a demon or evil spirit supposed to assist a witch
 126 **gallantly** finely; like a gallant
 127 **lecherous voyage** sexual adventure
 133 **make...shift** dispose of them nicely
 135 **to live...for meat** to feed herself by selling her body as a prostitute
 136 **common dame** whore, or, ordinary housewife
 137 **shame...shame** shamefully works as a prostitute to buy clothes to cover the 'shame' of her naked body; or, as shamefast (modest, chaste) wife 'earns' her clothes from her husband
 139 **husband...wife** based on patriarchal comparison of the mind, which ideally should rule the body, to a husband, who ideally should rule over his wife; a prostitute allows her body to rule her mind (spirit, conscience)
 140 **My spirit...mistress** cf. 138–40, in which 'mind' is figured as 'husband'; here, spirit is feminine and rules the house

As long as I have time in't.
Enter Trapdoor
 O
 Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
 Faith, a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
 Be answerable to his umbles. He walks stiff,
 145 But whether he will stand to't stiffly, there's the point!
 H'as a good calf for't, and ye shall have many a
 woman
 Choose him she means to make her head by his calf;
 I do not know their tricks in't. Faith, he seems
 A man without; I'll try what he is within.
 TRAPDOOR *[aside]*
 150 She told me Gray's Inn Fields 'twixt three and four.
 I'll fit her mistress-ship with a piece of service:
 I'm hired to rid the town of one mad girl.
She jostles him
 —*[To her]* What a pox ails you, sir?
 MOLL He begins like a gentleman.
 155 TRAPDOOR Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eyesight?—
She comes towards him
 Life, he comes back again!
 MOLL Was this spoke to me, sir?
 TRAPDOOR I cannot tell, sir.
 MOLL Go, you're a coxcomb!
 TRAPDOOR Coxcomb?
 MOLL You're a slave!
 TRAPDOOR I hope there's law for you, sir!
 MOLL Yea, do you see sir?
Turns his hat
 160 TRAPDOOR Heart, this is no good dealing. Pray let me know
 what house you're of.
 MOLL One of the Temple, sir.
Fillips him
 TRAPDOOR Mass, so methinks.
 MOLL And yet, sometime I lie about Chick Lane.

TRAPDOOR I like you the worse because you shift your
 lodging so often; I'll not meddle with you for that trick, 165
 sir.
 MOLL A good shift, but it shall not serve your turn.
 TRAPDOOR You'll give me leave to pass about my business, sir?
 MOLL Your business? I'll make you wait on me
 Before I ha' done, and glad to serve me too! 170
 TRAPDOOR How sir, serve you? Not if there were no more
 men in England!
 MOLL But if there were no more women in England, I hope
 you'd wait upon your mistress then.
 TRAPDOOR Mistress! 175
 MOLL O you're a tried spirit at a push, sir.
 TRAPDOOR What would your worship have me do?
 MOLL You a fighter?
 TRAPDOOR No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more
 manners. 180
 MOLL As how, I pray, sir?
 TRAPDOOR Life, 't had been a beastly part of me to have
 drawn my weapons upon my mistress; all the world
 would 'a' cried shame of me for that.
 MOLL Why, but you knew me not. 185
 TRAPDOOR Do not say so, mistress; I knew you by your
 wide straddle as well as if I had been in your belly.
 MOLL Well, we shall try you further; i'th' mean time, we
 give you entertainment.
 TRAPDOOR Thank your good mistress-ship. 190
 MOLL How many suits have you?
 TRAPDOOR No more suits than backs, mistress.
 MOLL Well, if you deserve, I cast off this next week,
 And you may creep into't.
 TRAPDOOR Thank your good worship.
 MOLL Come, follow me to St Thomas Apostles: 195
 I'll put a livery cloak upon your back
 The first thing I do.
 TRAPDOOR I follow my dear mistress. *Exeunt*

142 **man that would be** he who wants to be
 my manservant
 144 **umbles** edible inward parts of an
 animal, usually a deer; figuratively,
 insides
stiff resolute, playing on erection
 145 **stand to't** reference to erection
 147 **to make her head by his calf** choose
 a husband by his calf, i.e., physical
 attractiveness
 148 **tricks** stratagems for choosing
 151 **fit** furnish
 157 **coxcomb** fool
 158 **law for you** law to deal with people like
 you

161 **what house** which one of the Inns of
 Court
 162 **the Temple** a lawyer affiliated with
 the Middle Temple or the Inner Temple
 (named for the property of the Knights
 Templar which they leased)
 162.1 **Fillips him** gives him a sharp blow
 163 **Chick Lane** in the suburb of Smithfield,
 known as a haunt of thieves and ruffians
 165 **I'll not meddle with you** because he
 fears one from Chick Lane
for that trick because you change
 lodging
 167 **shift** punning on shift as change of

residence and as trick, device
serve your turn suit your purpose
 176 **tried** proven
at a push in an emergency; playing on
 'push' as the sexual act
 182 **part** piece of behaviour
 187 **straddle** walking, standing, or sitting
 with legs wide apart
as well... in your belly as well as if you
 were my mother
 189 **give you entertainment** engage you as
 a servant
 195 **St Thomas Apostles** church located in
 neighbourhood of clothing shops

Sc. 6

Enter Mistress Gallipot as from supper, her husband after her

GALLIPOT What, Prue! Nay, sweet Prudence!
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT What a pruing keep you! I think the baby would have a teat, it kyes so. Pray be not so fond of me, leave your city humours. I'm vexed at you to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.
 5 GALLIPOT Nay, honey Prue, how does your rising up before all the table show? And flinging from my friends so uncivilly? Fie, Prue, fie! Come.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Then up and ride, i'faith.
 10 GALLIPOT Up and ride? Nay, my pretty Prue, that's far from my thought, duck. Why mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something. What is't? What lies upon thy stomach?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Such an ass as you! Heyday, you're best turn midwife or physician; you're a pothecary already, but I'm none of your drugs.
 15 GALLIPOT Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Prue, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Must you be prying into a woman's secrets? Say ye?
 20 GALLIPOT Woman's secrets?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me but your teeth waters till your nose hang over it.
 GALLIPOT It is my love, dear wife.
 25 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Your love? Your love is all words; give me deeds! I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me, so cookish! Thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind.
 GALLIPOT No, Prue? Why, I hope I have handled—
 30 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Handle a fool's head of your own!—
 Fie, fie!

GALLIPOT Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp, it does me good now to have her sting me, little rogue.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Now fie how you vex me! I cannot abide these apron husbands: such cotqueans! You overdo your things; they become you scurvily. 35
 GALLIPOT [*aside*] Upon my life, she breeds. Heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her night and day. I wonder why we citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine. [*To her*] Shall I leave thee, my Prue? 40
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Fie, fie, fie.
 GALLIPOT Though shalt not be vexed no more, pretty kind rogue; take no cold, sweet Prue. *Exit* 45
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT As your wit has done! Now Master Laxton, show your head: what news from you? [*Produces a letter*] Would any husband suspect that a woman crying, 'Buy any scurvy-grass', should bring love letters amongst her herbs to his wife? Pretty trick! Fine conveyance! Had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all. 50
 Laxton, with bays
 Crown I thy wit for this: it deserves praise.
 This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise; 55
 'Lack, what poor shift is love forced to devise?
 To the point.
She reads the letter
 'O Sweet Creature'—a sweet beginning—'pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence. Though Demophon was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida; though Aeneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so. O sweetest creature, make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman 60

6.0.1 *as from supper* presumably late afternoon or evening of the same day as scene 5
 2 *pruing* pestering; nonce word derived from Prudence
 3 *kyes* baby talk for 'cries'
 4 *city humours* moods typical of husbands in city comedies, anxious about their wives' marital fidelity
 9 *up and ride* exclamation of impatience, with sexual innuendo
 12 *lies upon* has upset, with sexual innuendo
 15 *drugs* playing on drudge, a menial servant
 17 *pounded* as in preparation of medicines; also, refers to the sexual act
 19 *secrets* playing on private parts, genitalia
 21 *qualm* sudden faintness or feeling of illness
 25-6 *words...deeds* proverbial opposition
 27 *cookish* like a woman fussing over her cooking
 28 *in her kind* in the way she wants
 29 *handled* in a sexual way
 30 *a fool's head of your own* your own

foolish head (in exasperation)
 35 *cotqueans* men that act like housewives
 36 *things* concerns; sexual organs
scurvily meanly
 37 *breeds* is pregnant
 39 *get* beget
 40 *untoward* hard to manage
breeding bringing up
 41 *milch kine* milk cows
 45 *take no cold* don't catch cold; don't be cold toward me
 46 *As your wit has done* i.e., caught cold, gotten sick
 49 *scurvy-grass* spoonwort, an herb growing along the Thames; its juice was used as a remedy for scurvy
 51 *a thousand eyes* alludes to Argus, a giant with eyes all over his body, whom Hera commanded to watch over Io when Zeus was enamored of her
silly simple, helpless
 53 *bays* a garland of bay leaves, traditional reward for poetic achievement
 55 *affect* love
 56 *'Lack* alack, exclamation of despair
shift trick

60 *Demophon...Phyllis* When Demophon sailed to Athens, promising to return to his wife Phyllis at a certain time, she gave him a box containing an object sacred to Rhea, the goddess of earth, which he was not to open unless he decided not to return. He settled in Cyprus, and Phyllis hanged herself; then he opened the box, was driven mad by its contents, and died by accidentally falling on his own sword.
 61 *Pan-da-rus...Cres-sida* (She hesitates over unfamiliar words.) Pandarus wasn't Cressida's lover but rather the go-between who assisted her love affair with Troilus; the reference ironically undercuts Laxton's profession of fidelity, and moreover implies that he will not be Mistress Gallipot's lover.
 62 *Aeneas...Dido* After Aeneas abandoned Dido to pursue his destiny of founding Rome, she killed herself.
die to thee become as though dead, with play on die meaning to have an orgasm
 64-5 *make more...of thee* be more loving, with ironic meaning of profiting from

- 65 than I do of thee. Furnish me therefore with thirty pounds—you must do it of necessity for me. I languish till I see some comfort come from thee. Protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I have and will,
- 70 Thy true Laxton ever.
Alas, poor gentleman! Troth, I pity him.
How shall I raise this money? Thirty pound?
'Tis thirty sure: a three before an O—
I know his threes too well. My childbed linen?
75 Shall I pawn that for him? Then if my mark
Be known, I am undone! It may be thought
My husband's bankrupt. Which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears, and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamant.
- 80 *Enter Master Gallipot hastily*
GALLIPOT Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up—[*Aside*]
Ha? How? Reading o' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my life—
Steal—steal—
[*He sneaks behind her*]
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
O beshrew your heart!
GALLIPOT What letter's that? I'll see't.
She tears the letter
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
85 O would thou hadst no eyes to see
The downfall of me and thyself! I'm for ever,
For ever I'm undone.
GALLIPOT What ails my Prue?
What paper's that thou tear'st?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces, for my soul
90 Lies on the rack of shame that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.
GALLIPOT What means this?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys—
GALLIPOT Dear woman!
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
When the full sea of pleasure and content
- Seemed to flow over me?
GALLIPOT As thou desirest
To keep me out of Bedlam, tell what troubles thee!
Is not thy child at nurse fallen sick, or dead?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
O no!
GALLIPOT
Heavens bless me! Are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley Hole consumed with fire?
100 I can build more, sweet Prue.
MISTRESS GALLIPOT 'Tis worse, 'tis worse!
GALLIPOT
My factor broke? Or is the *Jonas* sunk?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves!
GALLIPOT
I'm at my wit's end!
MISTRESS GALLIPOT O my dear husband,
105 Where once I thought myself a fixed star
Placed only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer.—
O Laxton, Laxton, is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
GALLIPOT Defend me, wisdom,
From falling into frenzy! On my knees,
Sweet Prue, speak! What's that Laxton who so heavy
Lies on thy bosom?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT I shall sure run mad!
GALLIPOT
I shall run mad for company then. Speak to me—
I'm Gallipot, thy husband. Prue! Why, Prue!
115 Art sick in conscience for some villainous deed
Thou wert about to act? Didst mean to rob me?
Tush, I forgive thee. Hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults, Prue; 'las that's no more
120 Than what some neighbours near thee have done
before.
Sweet honey Prue, what's that Laxton?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT O!
GALLIPOT
Out with him!

73 **an O zero**; also, term for female genitals

74 **childbed linen** bed linen used for confinement and childbirth, sometimes finely embroidered and costly

75 **mark** sign of personal ownership

79 **adamants** hard stones confused with loadstones or magnets; she is pulled two ways, by her attraction to Laxton and her desire to stay married

80 **up** risen from the supper table

83 **hold bet**

84 **steal** his movement as he creeps behind her to read the letter over her shoulder
beshrew your heart common expression, often used lightly, meaning 'devil take

your heart'

85-137 **O would thou hadst no eyes...**

never! To deceive her husband, Mistress Gallipot adopts an extravagant style associated with tragedy; in this comic context, the style amounts to parody.

96 **Bedlam** corruption of Hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem in London, which treated the insane; bedlam came to mean any kind of madhouse

97 **child at nurse** The well-to-do customarily sent infants away from home to be suckled by wet nurses.

100 **Hockley Hole** Hockley-in-the-Hole, a village near London

102 **factor** financial representative
broke ruined financially

Jonas trading vessel in which Gallipot presumably has a financial interest; ironically named, since the cargo of the Biblical Jonah's ship was cast overboard in the storm (see Jonah 1:5)

106 **fixed star** one which appears to hold the same position, as distinguished from a wandering star or planet, which circles the sun

108 **wanderer** unfaithful, wanton

111 **On my knees** i.e., I beg you

120 **wink at** pretend not to see
'las Alas

Scene 6

The Roaring Girl.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 O, he's born to be my undoer!
 This hand which thou call'st thine, to him was given;
 125 To him was I made sure i'th' sight of heaven.

GALLIPOT
 I never heard this thunder!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Yes, yes, before
 I was to thee contracted, to him I swore.
 Since last I saw him, twelve months three times told
 130 The moon hath drawn through her light silver bow;
 For o'er the seas he went, and it was said—
 But rumour lies—that he in France was dead.
 But he's alive! O he's alive! He sent
 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
 Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me
 135 Or tear me from this bosom. O heavens save me!

GALLIPOT
 My heart will break—shamed and undone for ever!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 So black a day, poor wretch, went o'er thee never!

GALLIPOT
 If thou shouldst wrestle with him at the law,
 Thou'rt sure to fall; no odd sleight, no prevention.
 I'll tell him thou'rt with child.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Um!
 140 GALLIPOT Or give out
 One of my men was ta'en abed with thee.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 Um, um!

GALLIPOT
 Before I lose thee, my dear Prue,
 I'll drive it to that push.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Worse, and worse still!
 You embrace a mischief to prevent an ill.

GALLIPOT
 145 I'll buy thee of him, stop his mouth with gold:
 Think'st thou 'twill do?

MISTRESS GALLIPOT O me, heavens grant it would!
 Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
 He writ, as I remember in his letter,
 That he in riding up and down had spent,
 150 Ere he could find me, thirty pounds: send that,
 Stand not on thirty with him.

GALLIPOT Forty, Prue.

Say thou the word, 'tis done. We venture lives
 For wealth, but must do more to keep our wives.
 Thirty or forty, Prue?

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Thirty, good sweet;
 Of an ill bargain let's save what we can
 155 I'll pay it him with my tears. He was a man,
 When first I knew him, of a meek spirit:
 All goodness is not yet dried up, I hope.

GALLIPOT
 He shall have thirty pound; let that stop all.
 Love's sweets taste best when we have drunk down
 160 gall.
*Enter Master Tiltyard and his wife, Master
 Goshawk, and Mistress Openwork*
 Gods-so, our friends! Come, come, smooth your cheek;
 After a storm, the face of heaven looks sleek.

TILTYARD Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

MISTRESS TILTYARD How dost thou, sirrah? Why, sister
 165 Gallipot!—

MISTRESS OPENWORK Lord, how she's changed!

GOSHAWK Is your wife ill, sir?

GALLIPOT Yes indeed, la, sir, very ill, very ill, never worse.

MISTRESS TILTYARD How her head burns; feel how her
 170 pulses work.

MISTRESS OPENWORK Sister, lie down a little: that always
 does me good.

MISTRESS TILTYARD In good sadness, I find best ease in that
 too. Has she laid some hot thing to her stomach?

MISTRESS GALLIPOT No, but I will lay something anon.
 175 TILTYARD Come, come, fools, you trouble her. Shall's go,
 Master Goshawk?

GOSHAWK Yes, sweet Master Tiltyard.
 [Talks apart with Mistress Openwork]
 Sirrah, Rosamond, I hold my life Gallipot hath vexed
 180 his wife.

MISTRESS OPENWORK She has a horrible high colour indeed.

GOSHAWK We shall have your face painted with the same
 red soon at night, when your husband comes from his
 rubbers in a false alley; thou wilt not believe me that
 185 his bowls run with a wrong bias?

MISTRESS OPENWORK It cannot sink into me that he feeds
 upon stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at
 home.

GOSHAWK What if I bring thee where thou shalt see him
 190 stand at rack and manger?

125 **made sure**... **heaven** betrothed, bound by a precontract (see 1.56-8, note)
 129 **The moon**... **silver bow** The moon is identified with Diana as huntress; drawing her bow signifies the passage of one month.
 139 **odd sleight** clever trick
 143 **push** extremity
 151 **Stand not on** don't refuse on principle to give him
 154 **Thirty** see 209, note

160 **gall** bile, signifying bitterness
 161 **Gods-so** corruption of 'by God's soul' or 'God save my soul'
 163 **turtles** turtle-doves, associated with love
 173 **good sadness** in all seriousness
 174 **hot thing to her stomach** as medication; playing on hot as lustful, thing as penis, with sexual innuendo
 184 **rubbers** a set of (usually three) games, playing on rub as sexual movement; in 183-5 Goshawk insinuates, as he has

before, that Openwork is having an affair
false alley bowling alley; figuratively, false woman or whore
 185 **bowls**... **bias** he bowls with unnatural crookedness (bowling balls were normally made to move obliquely), meaning that he is unfaithful
 187 **stale mutton** mutton is slang for whore
 190 **stand at rack and manger** like a horse with plenty of food; plainly revealed as unfaithful

MISTRESS OPENWORK I'll saddle him in's kind and spur him
till he kick again!
GOSHAWK Shall thou and I ride our journey then?
MISTRESS OPENWORK Here's my hand.
195 GOSHAWK No more.—[To Tiltyard] Come Master Tiltyard,
shall we leap into the stirrups with our women and
amble home?
TILTYARD Yes, yes; come wife.
MISTRESS TILTYARD In troth, sister, I hope you will do well
200 for all this.
MISTRESS GALLIPOT I hope I shall. Farewell good sister,
sweet Master Goshawk.
GALLIPOT Welcome, brother; most kindly welcome, sir.
OMNES Thanks, sir, for our good cheer.
Exeunt all but Gallipot and his Wife
GALLIPOT
205 It shall be so, because a crafty knave
Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore.
I'll give him a golden coxcomb: thirty pound.
Tush, Prue, what's thirty pound? Sweet duck, look
cheerly.
210 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Thou art worthy of my heart, thou
buy'st it dearly.
Enter Laxton muffled
LAXTON [aside] Uds light, the tide's against me! A pox of
your pothecaryship! O for some glister to set him going!
'Tis one of Hercules' labours to tread one of these city
215 hens, because their cocks are still crowing over them.
There's no turning tail here; I must on.
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
O husband, see, he comes!
GALLIPOT Let me deal with him.
LAXTON Bless you, sir.
GALLIPOT Be you blessed too, sir, if you come in peace.
220 LAXTON Have you any good pudding-tobacco, sir?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
O pick no quarrels, gentle sir! My husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are.
He knows all: I have opened all before him

Concerning you.
LAXTON [aside] Zounds, has she shown my letters?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
Suppose my case were yours, what would you do? 225
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him?
How could you shift this storm off?
LAXTON If I know, hang me!
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
Besides a story of your death was read 230
Each minute to me.
LAXTON [aside] What a pox means this riddling?
GALLIPOT
Be wise, sir, let not you and I be tossed
On lawyers' pens: they have sharp nibs and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them; what need you,
sir,
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy, 235
And call your friends together, sir, to prove
Your precontract, when she's confessed it?
LAXTON Um, sir,—
Has she confessed it?
GALLIPOT Sh'as, faith, to me, sir,
Upon your letter sending.
MISTRESS GALLIPOT I have, I have.
LAXTON [aside]
If I let this iron cool, call me slave!
240 —[To her] Do you hear, you dame Prudence? Think'st
thou, vile woman,
I'll take these blows and wink?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT Upon my knees.—
LAXTON
Out, impudence!
GALLIPOT Good sir—
LAXTON You goatish slaves!—
No wild fowl to cut up but mine?
GALLIPOT Alas, sir,
You make her flesh to tremble: fright her not; 245
She shall do reason, and what's fit.

191–2 **saddle him**...**kick again** continuing Goshawk's horse metaphors, meaning 'I'll get back at him for his misdeeds, using his own methods'
193–4 **Shall thou**...**my hand** they agree to have sex, parodying the betrothal ceremony
197 **amble** a leisurely horseriding pace
208 **coxcomb** derogatory term for head, implying foolishness; Gallipot threatens to beat Laxton along with paying him the money
209 **thirty pound** A fancy riding suit cost twenty pounds; a knighthood purchased from the king, thirty pounds; a small cottage, possibly forty pounds.
211.I *Enter Laxton muffled* Here as in all his subsequent entrances, Laxton's concealment suggests that the drubbing

he received from Moll in scene 5 has left him ashamed, injured, or vulnerable to creditors because of the ten angels he lost to her. (Debtors commonly concealed themselves so as to escape arrest.)
212 **Uds light** corruption of 'by God's light', a mild oath
213 **glister** suppository or enema
214 **Hercules' labours** the twelve extraordinary feats of strength and bravery performed by the legendary Greek hero
tread copulate with; used of male bird with female
216 **turning tail** with sexual innuendo on tail as genitals
220 **pudding-tobacco** compressed tobacco in rolls resembling a pudding or sausage
224 **letters** the plural implies that their liaison has been going on for some time

232–3 **tossed** | **On lawyers' pens** financially drained by fees for prolonged legal manoeuvres
235 **beat the drum of make public**
236–7 **call your friends**...**precontract** Gallipot imagines Laxton asserting the legal force of the alleged precontract by assembling the family members who witnessed it.
236 **friends** relatives
240 **iron cool** reference to the proverb, 'Strike while the iron is hot'; Laxton would play along with Mistress Gallipot's ruse, to blackmail her husband and extort more money
243 **goatish** lustful; goats were considered very sexually active
244 **wild fowl** a term for prostitutes

Scene 6

The Roaring Girl.

LAXTON I'll have thee, By which the serpent did the first woman beguile
 Wert thou more common than an hospital Did ever since all women's bosoms fill: 270
 And more diseased— You're apple-eaters all, deceivers still! *Exeunt*

GALLIPOT But one word, good sir!

LAXTON So, sir. *Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Sir Davy Dapper, Sc. 7*
 GALLIPOT *Sir Adam Appleton at one door, and Trapdoor at another door*

250 I married her, have lain with her, and got
 Two children on her body: think but on that.
 Have you so beggarly an appetite,
 When I upon a dainty dish have fed,
 To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? Ha, sir?
 Do I come near you now, sir?

LAXTON Be lady, you touch me.

GALLIPOT

255 LAXTON Would not you scorn to wear my clothes, sir?
 GALLIPOT Right, sir.

Then pray, sir, wear not her, for she's a garment
 So fitting for my body, I'm loath
 Another should put it on: you will undo both.
 Your letter, as she said, complained you had spent
 260 In quest of her, some thirty pound: I'll pay it.
 Shall that, sir, stop this gap up 'twixt you two?

LAXTON

Well, if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you.
 The money being paid, sir, I am gone;
 Farewell. O women, happy's he trusts none!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT

265 GALLIPOT Dispatch him hence, sweet husband.
 Yes, dear wife.
 Pray, sir, come in; [*To Wife*] ere Master Laxton part,
 Thou shalt in wine drink to him.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT With all my heart.
Exit Gallipot

LAXTON How dost thou like my wit?
 Rarely: that wile

247-8 **more common...diseased** common, meaning sexually available, wanton; hospitals were sometimes associated with venereal disease

254 **come near you** do you see my point? **Be lady** corruption of 'by our lady' (the Virgin Mary)

255 **wear my clothes** clothes marked social rank

256-8 **wear not her...put it on** figuratively, suggests their intimacy as a couple, his affection for her, and a wife's function as social 'ornament' for her husband

259 **complained** lodged a complaint (in quasi-legal sense)

264 **O women...trusts none** proverbial

265 **Dispatch him** settle the business and send him away

268-71 **that wile...deceivers still** pictures Mistress Gallipot as Eve, attributing the serpent's guile in the garden of Eden to the woman he beguiled into eating the

apple

7.2 **A knave...in my debt** Sir Alexander conceals the real nature of his dealings with Trapdoor by inventing this reason for his presence.

in mine eye here before me

5 **A duck's egg...frog** The duck (which may carry the sexual meaning of wild-fowl for prostitute; see 6.244) is Moll, who has swallowed the frog, i.e., Trapdoor's bait.

7 **bouncing** loud, blustering

8 **ramp** bold, vulgar, ill-behaved woman

9 **tread** used of male birds copulating with hens; see 6.213

11 **oyster-wench** woman who sells oysters, which were considered an aphrodisiac and a delicacy

13 **barber's every Saturday night** barbers, great sources of news, were busiest at this time

15-16 **back gate** sexual allusion to anal intercourse or *coitus a tergo*

18 **bawdy** made to look like a bawdy-house or brothel

20 **shirt of mail** garment made of mail, interlaced metal rings or overlapping plates; a type of armour

25-6 **Close to your son...almanacs lie** not playing on astrological predictions in almanacs, with sexual innuendo in 'conjunction' (close proximity of heavenly bodies)

27-9 **safeguard...codpiece** Moll has changed female clothing—safeguard (see 3.180.1, note), upper body or bodice fastened with laces in eyelets or holes, waistcoat, and placket—for male: deep slop or baggy breeches (see 4.89, and title-page woodcut), doublet fastened with buttons and button holes, and codpiece (see Epistle.14-17).

- upper body to buttonholes, her waistcoat to a doublet,
her placket to the ancient seat of a codpiece; and you
shall take 'em both with standing collars.
- ALEXANDER Art sure of this?
- TRAPDOOR As every throng is sure of a pickpocket; as sure
as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas Term, and
of the pox after the term.
- ALEXANDER The time of their tilting?
- TRAPDOOR Three.
- ALEXANDER The day?
- TRAPDOOR This.
- ALEXANDER Away, ply it; watch her.
- TRAPDOOR As the devil doth for the death of a bawd, I'll
watch her; do you catch her.
- ALEXANDER She's fast; here weave thou the nets. Hark—
- TRAPDOOR They are made.
- ALEXANDER I told them thou didst owe me money: hold it
up, maintain't.
- TRAPDOOR Stiffly, as a Puritan does contention. [*As in a
quarrel*] Fox, I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny
halter!
- ALEXANDER Thou shalt be hanged in't ere thou 'scape so!
Varlet, I'll make thee look through a grate!
- TRAPDOOR I'll do't presently: through a tavern grate.
Drawer! Pish! *Exit*
- SIR ADAM
Has the knave vexed you, sir?
- ALEXANDER Asked him my money;
He swears my son received it! O that boy
Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart
Till he has broke it quite!
- SIR ADAM Is he still wild?
- ALEXANDER
As is a Russian bear.
- SIR ADAM But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.
- ALEXANDER Worse still and worse!
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.
- SIR DAVY
My son, Jack Dapper, then shall run with him,
All in one pasture.
- SIR ADAM Proves your son bad too, sir?
- SIR DAVY
As villainy can make him: your Sebastian
Dotes but on one drab, mine on a thousand!
A noise of fiddlers, tobacco, wine, and a whore,
A mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a duck; O,
Bring him abed with these! When his purse jingles,
Roaring boys follow at's tail, fencers and ningles—
Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to—these horse-leeches
suck
My son; he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.
- ALEXANDER
Tobacco?
- SIR DAVY
Right; but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise
Or a stark fool. Pray lend me your advice.
- ALEXANDER and SIR ADAM
That shall you, good Sir Davy.
- SIR DAVY Here's the springe
I ha' set to catch this woodcock in: an action
In a false name—unknown to him—is entered
I'th' Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.
- ALEXANDER and SIR ADAM Ha, ha, he!
- SIR DAVY
Think you the Counter cannot break him?
- SIR ADAM Break him?
Yes, and break's heart too, if he lie there long!
- SIR DAVY
I'll make him sing a counter-tenor, sure.
- SIR ADAM
No way to tame him like it; there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.

29 **placket** slit at top of skirt or petticoat to allow putting on; a feature typical of women's dress, it came to mean women *per se* and women's genitals. The word could also mean apron, petticoat, or pocket in a woman's skirt.

30 **standing collars** high straight collars worn by both sexes

33 **whore** . . . **Michaelmas Term** When law courts were in session, visitors flooded London for legal business and for pleasure, and prostitution was said to increase; Michaelmas Term ran from 9 or 10 October to 28 or 29 November.

35 **tilting** see 3.0.4, note; with sexual innuendo

42 **fast** fastened; fixed to the spot

44–52 see 2, note: they resume their ruse

46 **Stiffly** sexual allusion to erection, playing on 'hold it up', 44

48 **halter** rope with a noose used for hanging

50 **grate** prison grating, barred window; see Prologue.24, note

51 **tavern grate** red lattice work of alehouse window

52 **Drawer** one who draws liquor from the tap in an alehouse or tavern

57 **Russian bear** imported to England for bear baiting, a popular spectator sport

58 **baggage** disreputable woman or strumpet

63 **drab** whore

64 **noise** group (of musicians)

65 **merc** dealer in textiles; see 5.39, note

take up more buy more on credit

66 **water-spaniel with a duck** see 3.413.3

67 **Bring him abed** let him be delivered of, be rid of; punning on childbirth

68 **Roaring boys** see 1.73, note

ningles boy favourites or male lovers; satires of this period associate them with other pleasures and fashions enjoyed by gallants (see Sir Davy's list, 7.64–6)

69 **Beasts Adam ne'er gave name to** those

indulging in sexual practices considered 'unnatural', not belonging to the animals in paradise to which Adam gave names
horse-leeches extortioners; whores

72 **windmill** figuratively, visionary scheme

75 **That shall you** that shall you have

75–6 **springe** . . . **woodcock** proverbial; snare for catching small birds, such as woodcocks, which are easily caught

76 **action** legal proceedings, which Sir Davy has instigated using a false name

78 **Counter** one of two debtors' prisons in London, both named after the streets where they were located, in Cheapside: the Poultry Counter and the Wood Street Counter

79 **break him** break his will, reform him

81 **counter-tenor** punning on Counter, a male voice higher than tenor; may also hint at castration, used to produce *castrati*, high-voiced male singers

Scene 7

The Roaring Girl.

SIR DAVY
He's bridled there.

ALEXANDER
Ay, yet knows not how to mend it!
85 Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year
Than one of the counters does; men pay more dear
There for their wit than anywhere. A counter,
Why, 'tis an university! Who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees
90 And follow the same studies, all alike.
Scholars learn first logic and rhetoric;
So does a prisoner. With fine honeyed speech
At's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech
He may be lodged with one that is not itchy,
95 To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy.
But when he has no money, then does he try
By subtle logic and quaint sophistry
To make the keepers trust him.

SIR ADAM
Say they do?

ALEXANDER
Then he's a graduate!

SIR DAVY
Say they trust him not?

ALEXANDER
100 Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence; but, being still barred,
Be expelled from the Master's Side to th'Twopenny
Ward,
Or else i'th' Hole be placed.

SIR ADAM
When then, I pray,
Proceeds a prisoner?

ALEXANDER
When, money being the theme,
105 He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts
And get out clear, he's then a Master of Arts!
Sir Davy, send your son to Wood Street College;
A gentleman can nowhere get more knowledge.

SIR DAVY
There gallants study hard.

ALEXANDER
True: to get money.

SIR DAVY
'Lies by th'heels, i'faith. Thanks, thanks; I ha' sent
110 For a couple of bears shall paw him.
Enter Sergeant Curtalax and Yeoman Hanger

SIR ADAM
Who comes yonder?

SIR DAVY
They look like puttocks; these should be they.

ALEXANDER
I know 'em;
They are officers. Sir, we'll leave you.

SIR DAVY
My good knights,
Leave me; you see I'm haunted now with sprites.
115 ALEXANDER and SIR ADAM Fare you well, sir.
Exeunt Sir Alexander and Sir Adam

CURTALAX
This old muzzle chops should be he by the
fellow's description. [*To Sir Davy*] Save you, sir.

SIR DAVY
Come hither, you mad varlets; did not my man
tell you I watched here for you?

CURTALAX
One in a blue coat, sir, told us that in this
120 place an old gentleman would watch for us, a thing
contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for every
wicked member in a city.

SIR DAVY
You'll watch, then, for ten thousand! What's
thy name, honesty?

CURTALAX
Sergeant Curtalax, I sir.

SIR DAVY
An excellent name for a sergeant, Curtalax;
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law:
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them, citizens were o'erthrown.
130 Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn, Curtalax?

CURTALAX
That's my circuit, sir; I conjure most in that
circle.

SIR DAVY
And what young toward whelp is this?

HANGER
Of the same litter; his yeoman, sir. My name's
135 Hanger.

84 **how to mend it** how to cure his spend-thrift habits
87-108 **counter . . . university . . . knowledge** a frequent comparison, between the prisoner's acquisition of survival skills in prison and the scholar's course of study from bachelor's to master's to doctor's degrees
91 **logic and rhetoric** logic, forms and rules of reasoning; rhetoric, rules derived from classical authors for using language eloquently, to persuade; along with grammar, these comprised the *trivium*, a triad of studies basic to the liberal arts curriculum of the medieval university that continued to shape the Renaissance curriculum
100 **freshman** beginning student
sot fool
101 **commence** take the full university degree of master or doctor
barred prevented from graduating, with a pun on prison bars

102-3 **Master's Side . . . th'Twopenny Ward . . . i'th' Hole** in descending order of comfort and expense, the different wards (sections) of debtors' prison; prisoners had to pay for their food and lodging, and as their money ran out, they moved from one ward to the next, 'the Hole' being notorious for filth, misery, and disease
104-5 **theme . . . dispute** pedagogical terms; scholars were given 'themes', topics or propositions to be debated or 'disputed' in exercises
110 **'Lies by th'heels** in irons or the stocks; in jail
111 **bears shall paw him** figuratively, sergeants who arrested debtors by laying hands on their shoulders; they were sometimes called 'shoulder-clappers'
111.1 **Curtalax** short, broad sword; as a sergeant, he is an officer of the court who arrests debtors (see 111, note)
Yeoman Hanger a yeoman assisted an

official; a hanger was a loop on the belt from which a sword hung (see title-page engraving of Moll) or a short sword hung from a belt; suggests his role as assistant
112 **puttocks** kites, birds of prey
114 **sprites** figuratively, sergeants who make bodily arrests, analogous to spirits who take possession of the soul
116 **muzzle chops** name for a man with prominent nose and jaw, like an animal's muzzle
118 **mad** foolish
120 **One in a blue coat** a servant
125 **honesty** an honest, honourable man
126-8 **Curtalax . . . weapons of the law** playing on the sergeant's name; see 111.1
130 **cut** strike sharply, playing on Curtalax
132 **circuit . . . conjure** alluding to the magician's action of drawing a circle before conjuring
134 **toward** bold, or conversely, docile

- SIR DAVY Yeoman Hanger.
One pair of shears, sure, cut out both your coats;
You have two names most dangerous to men's
throats.
140 You two are villainous loads on gentlemen's backs;
Dear ware, this Hanger and this Curtalax.
CURTALAX We are as other men are, sir; I cannot see but he
who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws
145 can fasten to his liking, he draws blood. All that live in
the world are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon
one another: some eat up whole men; a sergeant cares
but for the shoulder of a man. They call us knaves and
curs, but many times he that sets us on worries more
150 lambs one year than we do in seven.
SIR DAVY Spoke like a noble Cerberus! Is the action
entered?
HANGER His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.
SIR DAVY What book's that?
CURTALAX The book where all prisoners' names stand; and
155 not one among forty when he comes in believes to
come out in haste!
SIR DAVY Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to
be.
CURTALAX and HANGER O sir!
SIR DAVY You know the unthrift Jack Dapper?
CURTALAX Ay, ay, sir, that gull? As well as I know my
yeoman.
SIR DAVY And you know his father too, Sir Davy Dapper?
CURTALAX As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews!
165 If he were sure his father's skin would yield him any
money, he would, when he dies, flay it off and sell it to
cover drums for children at Barthol'mew Fair!
- SIR DAVY [*aside*] What toads are these to spit poison on
a man to his face! [*To them*] Do you see, my honest
170 rascals? Yonder Greyhound is the dog he hunts with:
out of that tavern, Jack Dapper will sally. Sa, sa! Give
the counter! On, set upon him!
CURTALAX and HANGER We'll charge him upo'th' back, sir.
SIR DAVY Take no bail; put mace enough into his caudle.
Double your files! Traverse your ground!
175 CURTALAX and HANGER Brave, sir!
SIR DAVY Cry arm, arm, arm!
CURTALAX and HANGER Thus, sir.
SIR DAVY There boy, there boy, away: look to your prey,
my true English wolves and—and so I vanish. *Exit* 180
CURTALAX Some warden of the sergeants begat this old
fellow, upon my life! Stand close.
HANGER Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?
CURTALAX No, nook thou yonder.
Enter Moll and Trapdoor
MOLL Ralph. 185
TRAPDOOR What says my brave captain, male and female?
MOLL This Holborn is such a wrangling street.
TRAPDOOR That's because lawyers walks to and fro in't!
MOLL Here's such jostling as if everyone we met were
190 drunk and reeled.
TRAPDOOR Stand, mistress, do you not smell carrion?
MOLL Carrion? No, yet I spy ravens.
TRAPDOOR Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall
into sore labour; and these men-midwives must bring
195 him to bed i'the Counter: there all those that are great
with child with debts lie in.
MOLL Stand up.
TRAPDOOR Like your new maypole!
HANGER [*to Curtalax*] Whist, whew!

138 **One pair of shears** proverbial for likeness, sameness

140 **villainous** regarded as vile, detestable **loads** referring to their mode of arrest, grabbing debtors from behind

141 **ware** metal goods, punning on their names

144-6 All...**feed upon one another** proverbial; see 5.96, Moll's variation on the same idea

146-7 a **sergeant**... **the shoulder of a man** again referring to his mode of arresting debtors; compare 111, 140

148 **worries** like wolves or dogs, seizes the throat of sheep with the teeth

150 **Cerberus** see 5.25, note; implicitly, compares debtors' prison to hell

152 **book of unbelievers** the register of prisoners (see 154); the opposite of the book of the faithful entering heaven

157 **dogged** strict, dutiful; playing on 'Cerberus'

164 **As damned a usurer... among Jews** Jews were expelled from England in 1290 by Edward I. Though some Jews were living in London at this time, none could have practised usury legally because the

office that regulated Jewish usurers was no longer in existence; Curtalax voices prejudice rather than known practice.

165-7 **his father's skin... Barthol'mew Fair** Crimes commonly attributed to Jews may reflect a European fascination with the Jewish ritual of circumcision. At Bartholemew Fair, held in Smithfield on 24 August, St Bartholemew's Day, toys such as drums were sold (see Ben Jonson's comedy, *Bartholemew Fair* [1614]).

168 **toads... poison** toads were proverbially poisonous

170 **Greyhound** probably the name of a tavern; the place where Jack Dapper can be found

171 **Sa, sa** exclamation used by fencers delivering a thrust

172 **counter** fencing term for circular motion of sword, or, hunting term for going in the opposite direction to the course taken by the game

174 **mace... caudle** caudle, a warm drink of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, was often spiced with mace; pun on mace, the staff carried by sergeants as badge

of office, with which they made their arrests

175 **Double... ground** military terms: increase your file (row of soldiers) to double its length (absurd for only two soldiers), move from side to side

176 **Brave** excellent

177 **Cry arm** 'be ready for fight' or 'take up arms'

183 **ambuscado** force lying in ambush (sergeants waited in concealment at alehouses and other locales for debtors they arrested)

184 **nook** hide in a corner

187 **Holborn** see 3.306, note

192 **ravens** referring to lawyers as those who prey on people as ravens eat carrion

193 **wind-shaken** flawed in the centre, as timber cracked by high winds

194-6 **sore labour... lie in** comparison of debtors to pregnant women (great with child) in the final stage (sore) of labour who are brought to bed (for delivery) in prison by men-midwives (sergeants), where they lie in (await the birth)

199 **Whist, whew** whistling sounds, to get his partner's attention

Scene 7

The Roaring Girl.

200 CURTALAX [*to Hanger*] Hump, no!
 MOLL Peeping? It shall go hard, huntsmen, but I'll spoil
 your game. They look for all the world like two infected
 maltmen coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty
 morning to London.

205 TRAPDOOR A course, captain: a bear comes to the stake!
Enter Jack Dapper and Gull
 MOLL It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let loose.
 HANGER [*to Curtalax*] Whew!
 CURTALAX [*to Hanger*] Hemp!
 MOLL Hark Trapdoor, follow your leader.

210 JACK DAPPER Gull.
 GULL Master?
 JACK DAPPER Didst ever see such an ass as I am, boy?
 GULL No, by my troth, sir, to lose all your money, yet have
 false dice of your own! Why, 'tis as I saw a great fellow
 215 used t'other day: he had a fair sword and buckler, and
 yet a butcher dry-beat him with a cudgel!
 MOLL and TRAPDOOR Honest sergeant! [*To Jack*] Fly! Fly,
 Master Dapper, you'll be arrested else!
 JACK DAPPER Run, Gull, and draw!
 220 GULL Run master! Gull follows you!
Exit Jack Dapper and Gull
 CURTALAX [*Moll holding him*] I know you, well enough:
 you're but a whore to hang upon any man.
 MOLL Whores then are like sergeants: so now hang you!
 225 [*To Trapdoor*] Draw, rogue, but strike not: for a broken
 pate they'll keep their beds and recover twenty marks
 damages.
 CURTALAX You shall pay for this rescue! [*To Hanger*] Run
 down Shoe Lane and meet him!
 TRAPDOOR Shoo! Is this a rescue, gentlemen, or no?
 [*Exeunt Curtalax and Hanger*]

MOLL
 230 Rescue? A pox on 'em Trapdoor, let's away;
 I'm glad I have done perfect one good work today.

If any gentleman be in scrivener's bands,
 Send but for Moll, she'll bail him by these hands!
Exeunt

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave solus

Sc. 8

ALEXANDER
 Unhappy in the follies of a son,
 Led against judgement, sense, obedience,
 And all the powers of nobleness and wit—
 O wretched father!
Enter Trapdoor
 Now, Trapdoor, will she come?

TRAPDOOR
 In man's apparel, sir; I am in her heart now,
 And share in all her secrets.

ALEXANDER
 Peace, peace, peace.
 Here, take my German watch, hang't up in sight
 That I may see her hang in English for't.

TRAPDOOR
 I warrant you for that now, next sessions rids her, sir.
 This watch will bring her in better than a hundred
 constables.

ALEXANDER
 Good Trapdoor, sayst thou so? Thou cheer'st my heart
 After a storm of sorrow. My gold chain, too:
 Here, take a hundred marks in yellow links.

TRAPDOOR
 That will do well to bring the watch to light, sir,
 And worth a thousand of your headborough's lan-
 terns.

ALEXANDER
 Place that o' the court-cupboard, let it lie
 Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.

TRAPDOOR
 She cannot miss it, sir; I see't so plain
 That I could steal't myself.

ALEXANDER
 Perhaps thou shalt, too;

5

10

15

200 **Hump** return signal
 202-3 **infected maltmen** During plague
 times, those who brought malt for sale to
 London returned to the countryside with
 contaminated rags for use as fertilizer,
 and became infected.
 203 **muffled** as debtors often were, to avoid
 arrest
 205 **course** in hunting, the animal being
 pursued (here, Jack Dapper)
stake post to which bear was tethered
 for bear baiting
 206 **dogs** sergeants; compare 134-5
 213-14 **to lose all . . . false dice** he came pre-
 pared to cheat others, but was cheated
 himself instead
 214-16 **great fellow . . . dry-beat him with**
a cudgel may allude to an actual
 occurrence at the Fortune Theatre on 26
 February 1610/11, when two butchers
 'abused' some gentlemen
 217 **Honest sergeant** Moll tries to divert the
 sergeant's attention so that Jack Dapper

can escape him.
 222-3 **a whore to hang upon . . . like ser-**
geants Sergeants cling to debtors'
 shoulders as whores cling to customers;
 cf. 111, 140, 146-7.
 224-6 **broken pate . . . damages** If debtors
 resist arrest, sergeants will claim injury,
 pretend to need recuperation (keep their
 beds), and sue debtors for damages.
 224-5 **broken pate** cut head
 225 **twenty marks** A mark was an amount
 (not a coin), two-thirds of a pound;
 twenty marks was a considerable sum.
 228 **Shoe Lane** street running north from
 Fleet Street to Holborn
 229 **Shoo** expression of mild contempt,
 punning on Shoe Lane
 232 **in scrivener's bands** Scrivener could
 mean notary, or a broker who made
 loans for security; thus a debtor raising
 money to pay off debts might be further
 in debt to a scrivener.
 233 **by these hands** an oath, or a reference

to herself as agent of rescue
 8.5 **in her heart** have her trust
 7 **German watch** the earliest portable
 timekeepers were made in Germany
 around 1500
 8 **in English** under English law
 9 **sessions** court session
 10 **watch** timepiece, punning on ward or
 parish officers who keep the watch at
 night
 12 **gold chain** worn by well-dressed gentle-
 men; perhaps an emblem of his office as
 Justice of the Peace
 13 **a hundred marks** £66 13s. 4d. (a mark
 was an amount worth two-thirds of a
 pound; see 1.91); an expensive item
 15 **headborough's** parish police officer or
 constable; they carried lanterns on night
 watch
 16 **court-cupboard** sideboard with three tiers
 of open shelves, used to display silver
 dishes, known as 'plate'

20 That or something as weighty. What she leaves,
 Thou shalt come closely in and filch away,
 And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.

TRAPDOOR
 You cannot assure that, sir.

ALEXANDER No? What lets it?

TRAPDOOR
 Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing;
 25 Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.

ALEXANDER
 Belly or back, I care not, so I've one.

TRAPDOOR
 You're of my mind for that, sir.

ALEXANDER
 Hang up my ruff band with the diamond at it;
 It may be she'll like that best.

30 TRAPDOOR It's well for her that she must have her choice—
 [*Aside*] he thinks nothing too good for her!—[*To him*] If
 you hold on this mind a little longer, it shall be the first
 work I do to turn thief myself: would do a man good to
 be hanged when he is so well provided for!

ALEXANDER
 35 So, well said! All hangs well; would she hung so too:
 The sight would please me more than all their glisten-
 ings.
 O that my mysteries to such straits should run,
 That I must rob myself to bless my son! *Exeunt*
Enter Sebastian with Mary Fitzallard like a page,
and Moll [dressed as a man]

SEBASTIAN
 Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch
 40 Either of sin or shame: our loves are honest.

MOLL
 I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together
 else.

SEBASTIAN
 Now have I time and opportunity
 Without all fear to bid thee welcome, love.
 (*He kisses Mary*)

MARY
 Never with more desire and harder venture.

MOLL
 How strange this shows, one man to kiss another. 45

SEBASTIAN
 I'd kiss such men to choose, Moll;
 Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet.

MOLL
 Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
 Whose breaths grew stale before the fashion came:
 If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do, 50
 They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too!

SEBASTIAN
 The older they wax, Moll. Troth, I speak seriously:
 As some have a conceit their drink tastes better
 In an outlandish cup than in our own,
 So methinks every kiss she gives me now 55
 In this strange form is worth a pair of two.
 Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
 Of all suspicion: this is my father's chamber,
 Upon which floor he never steps till night.
 Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming; 60
 At mine own chamber he still pries unto me.
 My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
 Still checked and curbed; here he shall miss his
 purpose.

MOLL
 And what's your business, now you have your mind,
 sir?

SEBASTIAN
 At your great suit I promised you to come:
 65 I pitied her for name's sake, that a Moll
 Should be so crossed in love, when there's so many
 That owes nine lays apiece, and not so little.
 My tailor fitted her: how like you his work?

SEBASTIAN
 So well, no art can mend it for this purpose;
 70 But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
 And must live still beholding.

MOLL Any honest pity
 I'm willing to bestow upon poor ring-doves.

SEBASTIAN
 I'll offer no worse play.

MOLL Nay, and you should, sir,

21 **closely** secretly
 22 **all the weight . . . lay** I'll accuse her of
 stealing what you steal
 23 **lets** hinders
 24 **stout** robust, large
pressing word play on pressing as *peine*
forte et dure, a form of torture in which
 weights were loaded on the accused
 to force them to answer a charge, and
 with reference to the sexual act, the man
 'pressing on' the woman
 26 **so I've one** I don't care, so long as I
 incriminate her one way or the other
 28 **ruff band** small ruff; see 3.209, note
 37 **mysteries** pun on secret practices, and
 technical skills proper to his craft, as in

'secrets of the trade'
 41 **shift** effort, with pun on shift as change
 of clothes (at Sebastian's request, she
 is disguised in order to pass as a male
 musician)
 46 **to choose** by choice
 48 **madam** derisive term for fashionable
 lady, implying affectation
 49 **Whose breaths . . . the fashion came**
 who aged before male dress for women
 became fashionable
 50 **that** dressing as men
 52 **The older they wax** they'll still get older
 53 **conceit** fancy, notion
 54 **outlandish** foreign, strange
 56 **pair of two** set of two

65 **great suit** earnest pleading
 66 **for name's sake** calling attention to the
 close conjunction of opposing images of
 women as whores and virgins (see I.O.I,
 note; I.73, note; and 5.4, note)
 68 **owes nine lays** meaning uncertain:
 owes probably means owns, and lays can
 mean either wagers (they won prizes in a
 contest) or lodgings (they keep as many
 as nine lodgings for meeting customers)
 72 **still** forever
beholding beholden
 73 **ring-doves** wood-pigeons; figuratively,
 lovers
 74 **play** sport; sexual play

75 I should draw first and prove the quicker man!
 [Draws]
 SEBASTIAN
 Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting;
 But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
 [Takes down and gives her a viol]
 Here, take this viol: run upon the guts
 And end thy quarrel singing.
 MOLL Like a swan above bridge:
 80 For, look you, here's the bridge and here am I.
 SEBASTIAN Hold on, sweet Moll.
 MARY I've heard her much commended, sir, for one that
 was ne'er taught.
 MOLL I'm much beholding to 'em. Well, since you'll needs
 85 put us together, sir, I'll play my part as well as I can: it
 shall ne'er be said I came into a gentleman's chamber
 and let his instrument hang by the walls!
 SEBASTIAN Why well said, Moll, i'faith; it had been a
 shame for that gentleman then, that would have let
 90 it hang still, and ne'er offered thee it.
 MOLL There it should have been still then for Moll, for
 though the world judge impudently of me, I ne'er
 came into that chamber yet where I took down the
 instrument myself.
 95 SEBASTIAN Pish, let 'em prate abroad! Thou'rt here where
 thou art known and loved; there be a thousand close
 dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument
 for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when
 you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

MOLL Push, I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em, sir; 100
 and thus I dream.
 SEBASTIAN Prithee let's hear thy dream, Moll.
The Song
 MOLL
 I dream there is a mistress,
 And she lays out the money;
 She goes unto her sisters,
 She never comes at any. 105
Enter Sir Alexander behind them
 She says she went to th'Burse for patterns;
 You shall find her at St Kathern's,
 And comes home with never a penny.
 SEBASTIAN That's a free mistress, 'faith. 110
 ALEXANDER [aside] Ay, ay, ay, like her that sings it; one of
 thine own choosing.
 MOLL But shall I dream again?
 Here comes a wench will brave ye,
 Her courage was so great, 115
 She lay with one o' the navy,
 Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
 Yet oft with him she cavilled;
 I wonder what she ails;
 Her husband's ship lay gravelled 120
 When hers could hoise up sails.
 Yet she began, like all my foes,
 To call whore first; for so do those—
 A pox of all false tails!
 SEBASTIAN Marry, amen, say I! 125

75 **draw first...man** provoked by Sebastian's sexual innuendo, Moll draws her sword to defend her honour
 76 **weapon** playing on sword and on weapon as penis
 77 **loose thy fury idle** spend your energy (either aggressive, as in loosing an arrow, or sexual) to no purpose
 78 **run upon the guts** pun on running through with a sword, and drawing bow across strings (made of animal guts)
 79 **swan above bridge** alludes to the idea that swans sing just before they die; traditionally, swans drew Venus' chariot, and were also plentiful on the Thames around London
bridge pun on bridge of viol (piece of wood over which strings are stretched) and bridge over a river
 85 **put us together...play my part** part in musical sense, but also implying a sexual encounter
 87 **let his instrument hang by the walls** viols were fashionable instruments, especially for men, and often hung on chamber walls; also, word play on instrument as penis
 88-90 **it had been a shame...ne'er offered thee it** intended as a compliment, implying that not to make sexual overtures to Moll would be the man's loss
 92 **judge impudently** judge me (wrongly) to be forward, sexually aggressive, or, be

impudent in judging me thus
 93-4 **took down the instrument myself** approached a man sexually (Moll is again defending herself against a reputation for wanton behaviour)
 96 **close** secret, close-mouthed
 97 **call the viol an unmannerly instrument** punning on viol/vile/vial (penis), on unmannerly, and on instrument (see 87, 92-4): disapprove of women playing the viol/having sex with men
 98 **talk broadly** disapprove
 99 **sit wider to a worse quality** alluding to woman's position in playing the viol and in having sex: behave more unchastely
 101 **dream** in addition to normal sense, means make melody
 102 **dream** music, melody
 103 **mistress** a woman who governs a family, household, state or territory, or establishment of any kind, having control over and care of children, servants, dependents, etc.
 105 **sisters** ambiguously, female siblings; fellow members of a female religious order; fellow Christians who are female; fellow prostitutes; or, broadly, women who share her position in some sense
 106 **never comes at** doesn't accost anyone, like a prostitute; doesn't profit from anyone
 107 **th'Burse** from Fr. *bourse*, purse: the

original name for the Royal Exchange, a financial centre built in 1566 and surrounded by arcades for small shops selling fashionable wares appealing to women; more likely, refers to the New Exchange built in 1609 on the Strand, also with arcades and similar kinds of shops
patterns models or specimens, perhaps of clothing or such fashionable items as were sold at the Burse, or decorative designs on china, carpets, wallpaper
 108 **St Kathern's** dockside district along the Thames in east London, from the Tower of London to Ratcliff, known for alehouses and taverns
 110 **free** generous, magnanimous; noble, gentle; may also imply sexual looseness
 114 **brave** challenge, defy
 116 **lay with** had sex with; playing on 'lying' (117), staying, lodging at
 117 **the Fleet** Fleet Prison, near the junction of Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street
 118 **cavilled** found fault with, quarrelled
 119 **what she ails** what ails her
 120 **gravelled** beached
 121 **hoise up sails** i.e., when she could manage, make progress; sometimes used of prostitutes attracting customers
 124 **false tails** derogatory for sexual partners who are false, fickle; punning on tales, to mean slander, false allegations

ALEXANDER [*aside*] So say I, too.
MOLL Hang up the viol now, sir; all this while I was in
a dream: one shall lie rudely then, but being awake, I
keep my legs together. A watch; what's a clock here?
130 ALEXANDER [*aside*] Now, now, she's trapped!
MOLL Between one and two; nay then, I care not. A watch
and a musician are cousin-germans in one thing: they
must both keep time well or there's no goodness in 'em.
The one else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and
135 t'other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle-case.
What? A loose chain and a dangling diamond!
Here were a brave booty for an evening thief now;
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for't,
140 And wriggle in and out like an eel in a sandbag.
O, if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution
That e'er was seen in England!
There would be but few left to sing the ballads: there
145 would be so much work, most of our brokers would
be chosen for hangmen—a good day for them!—they
might renew their wardrobes of free cost then!
SEBASTIAN [*to Mary*]
This is the roaring wench must do us good.
MARY [*to Sebastian*]
No poison, sir, but serves us for some use,
Which is confirmed in her.
150 SEBASTIAN Peace, peace—
Foot, I did hear him sure, where'er he be.
MOLL
Who did you hear?
SEBASTIAN My father:
'Twas like a sigh of his—I must be wary.
ALEXANDER [*aside*]
No? Will't not be? Am I alone so wretched
155 That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for't.
SEBASTIAN [*aside to Moll and Mary*]
Life, here he comes!—[*Aloud to Moll*] Sir, I beseech
you take it.

Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound; here's forty shillings, sir.
I think I name it right. [*Aside to Moll*] Help me, good
Moll.
—[*Aloud*] Forty in hand. [*Offering money*]
MOLL Sir, you shall pardon me, 160
I have more of the meanest scholar I can teach:
This pays me more than you have offered yet.
SEBASTIAN
At the next quarter,
When I receive the means my father 'lows me,
You shall have t'other forty.
ALEXANDER [*aside*] This were well now, 165
Were it to a man whose sorrows had blind eyes;
But mine behold his follies and untruths
With two clear glasses.
[*He comes forward*]
[*To Sebastian*] How now?
SEBASTIAN Sir?
ALEXANDER What's he there?
SEBASTIAN
You're come in good time, sir, I've a suit to you;
I'd crave your present kindness.
ALEXANDER What is he there? 170
SEBASTIAN A gentleman, a musician, sir: one of excellent
fingering—
ALEXANDER Ay, I think so. [*Aside*] I wonder how they
'scaped her?
SEBASTIAN H'as the most delicate stroke, sir— 175
ALEXANDER A stroke indeed.—[*Aside*] I feel it at my heart!
SEBASTIAN Puts down all your famous musicians.
ALEXANDER Ay.—[*Aside*] A whore may put down a hun-
dred of 'em!
SEBASTIAN Forty shillings is the agreement, sir, between 180
us; now, sir, my present means mounts but to half
on't.
ALEXANDER And he stands upon the whole.
SEBASTIAN Ay indeed does he, sir.
ALEXANDER And will do still; he'll ne'er be in other tale. 185

128 **rudely** crudely, immodestly, with
reference to 'dream' as music and the
position of the viol player's legs
132 **cousin-germans** first cousins, punning
on the 'German watch' (7)
137 **brave** splendid, fine looking
138 **younger brother** without paternal
inheritance
140 **eel . . . sandbag** sinuously, nimbly
142 **general'st execution** i.e., more people
would be condemned as criminals, and
executed
144 **ballads** those that commemorated
prisoners condemned to be hanged;
playing on execution, 142
145-7 **brokers . . . free cost then** hangmen
traditionally received their victims'
clothing; if hangmen were brokers
(dealers in second hand clothing) they
could profit greatly because they could

replenish their stock without cost
149 **No poison . . . some use** proverbial; also
an example of the Christian doctrine that
everything in creation has a use
151 **Foot** abbreviation of mild oath, 'God's
foot'
154 **Will't not be?** won't my scheme work?
155 **takes** takes effect
put him to his plunge I'll bring this crisis
to a head
161 **have more of** get more money from
168 **What's he there?** who is that man
there?
172-85 This series of *doubles entendres*
referring to both musical and sexual
playing could be read as a sequence:
'fingering' (172), 'delicate stroke' (175),
'puts down' (177), 'mounts to' (181),
'stands upon' (183), and 'tale' (185).
172 **fingering** in playing an instrument; in

thieving; in sexual sense
173 **they** items displayed to tempt Moll:
watch, chain, diamond
174 **'scaped** escaped
175 **delicate stroke** in bowing the viol; in
sexual act
176 **stroke . . . at my heart** paralytic stroke
177 **Puts down** excels; Sir Alexander takes
it in a sexual sense
180 **Forty shillings** two pounds; could buy
an inexpensive horse
181 **mounts but to half** only amounts to
half, i.e., twenty shillings instead of the
forty he offered in lines 158 and 160;
possibly playwrights' or scribe's error
183 **stands upon** insists on; playing on
'mounts' (181) in sexual sense
185 **ne'er be in other tale** will keep to the
same story (as yours); with pun on tail
as sexual parts

SEBASTIAN Therefore I'd stop his mouth, sir, an I could.
 ALEXANDER Hum, true. There is no other way indeed.—
 [Aside] His folly hardens; shame must needs succeed.—
 [To Moll] Now sir, I understand you profess music.
 190 MOLL I am a poor servant to that liberal science, sir.
 ALEXANDER
 Where is it you teach?
 MOLL Right against Clifford's Inn.
 ALEXANDER Hum, that's a fit place for it; you have many
 scholars?
 MOLL And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.
 195 ALEXANDER [aside] Ay, true, a company of whoremas-
 ters!—[To Moll] You teach to sing, too?
 MOLL Marry, do I, sir.
 ALEXANDER I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son,
 especially for prick-song.
 200 MOLL I have much hope of him.
 ALEXANDER [aside] I am sorry for't, I have the less for that.
 [To Moll] You can play any lesson?
 MOLL At first sight, sir.
 205 ALEXANDER There's a thing called 'The Witch'—can you
 play that?
 MOLL I would be sorry any one should mend me in't.
 ALEXANDER
 Ay, I believe thee. [Aside] Thou has so bewitched my
 son,
 No care will mend the work that thou hast done.
 I have bethought myself, since my art fails,
 210 I'll make her policy the art to trap her.
 Here are four angels marked with holes in them,
 Fit for his cracked companions. Gold he will give her;
 These will I make induction to her ruin,
 And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart.
 —[To Sebastian] Here, son, in what you take content
 215 and pleasure,

Want shall not curb you; [Gives money] pay the
 gentleman
 His latter half in gold.
 SEBASTIAN I thank you, sir.
 ALEXANDER [aside]
 O, may the operation on't end three:
 In her, life; shame in him; and grief in me. Exit
 SEBASTIAN
 Faith, thou shalt have 'em; 'tis my father's gift: 220
 Never was man beguiled with better shift.
 MOLL
 He that can take me for a male musician,
 I cannot choose but make him my instrument
 And play upon him! Exeunt

 Enter Mistress Gallipot and Mistress Openwork Sc. 9
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Is then that bird of yours, Master
 Goshawk, so wild?
 MISTRESS OPENWORK A goshawk, a puttock: all for prey!
 He angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Is't possible his smooth face should have 5
 wrinkles in't, and we not see them?
 MISTRESS OPENWORK Possible? Why, have not many hand-
 some legs in silk stockings villainous splay feet for all
 their great roses?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Troth, sirrah, thou sayst true. 10
 MISTRESS OPENWORK Didst never see an archer, as thou'st
 walked by Bunhill, look asquint when he drew his bow?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Yes, when his arrows have flown
 toward Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary
 towards Pimlico. 15
 MISTRESS OPENWORK For all the world, so does Master
 Goshawk double with me.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT O fie upon him! If he double once, he's
 not for me.

186 **stop his mouth** pay him off
 190 **liberal science** In the seven liberal arts
 of the medieval curriculum, music was
 grouped with arithmetic, geometry, and
 astronomy in the four-part division called
 the *quadrivium*; see 7.91, note.
 191 **Clifford's Inn** the oldest of the Inns
 of Chancery, law schools that trained
 lawyers for the court of Chancery;
 located on Fleet Street between Chancery
 Lane and Fetter Street
 199 **prick-song** an accompanying melody
 written or 'pricked' down, as opposed to
 plainsong, which was improvised; with
 sexual sense
 204 **'The Witch'** possibly a contemporary
 ballad; implying that Moll has bewitched
 Sebastian (see 207)
 206 **mend me** excel me; correct me
 210 **policy** stratagem of posing as a musi-
 cian
 211 **angels** gold coins worth ten shillings

(see 3.137, note)
marked with holes making them no
 longer current; thus if Moll tried to pass
 them, she would break the law
 212 **cracked** Metal was illicitly filed or
 'clipped' from the edges of coins for
 profit; if clipping 'cracked' the circle
 around the sovereign's head embossed on
 the coin, it was no longer legal tender.
 'Cracked' coinage became a metaphor for
 flawed moral conduct and especially for
 women's 'cracked' sexual virtue.
 213 **induction** initial step, punning on sense
 of prologue to a play
 222-4 **He that can take me... play upon
 him** Thus Middleton punningly alludes
 to several motifs in this scene: disguise,
 manipulation, and music.
 9.3 **puttock** kite; see 7.112, note
 8 **silk stockings** favoured by gallants
 because they showed off the leg better
 than woollen ones

splay feet flat feet that turn outwards
 9 **great roses** ornamental knots of ribbon in
 the shape of a rose, tied to the shoe (see
 title-page woodcut of Moll)
 12 **Bunhill** street near Moorfields, marshy
 area north of city walls that, when laid
 out in walks in 1606, became popular
 for summer excursions; also used as
 training ground for city militia, and for
 duels
asquint sideways
 14-15 **Islington... Pimlico** He aims toward
 Islington in the north-west (see 5.33,
 note) but he looks toward Pimlico, the
 inn in Hogsden to the north-east. The
 inn's name derives from a Roanoke
 Island place-name, one of a number of
 links connecting Hogsden with tobacco
 and Virginia (Coates).
 17 **double with** deceive, like the archer in
 13-15

- 20 MISTRESS OPENWORK Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in't which shows like an agate set in a cramp-ring, he thinks I'm in love with him.
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT 'Las, I think he takes his mark amiss in thee.
- 25 MISTRESS OPENWORK He has, by often beating into me, made me believe that my husband kept a whore.
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Very good.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat with a tilt over it to the Three Pigeons at Brentford, and his punk with him under his tilt!
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT That were wholesome!
- MISTRESS OPENWORK I believed it; fell a-swearing at him, cursing of harlots, made me ready to hoise up sail and be there as soon as he.
- 35 MISTRESS GALLIPOT So, so.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK And for that voyage, Goshawk comes hither incontinently; but sirrah, this water spaniel dives after no duck but me: his hope is having me at Brentford to make me cry quack!
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Art sure of it?
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Sure of it? My poor innocent Openwork came in as I was poking my ruff; presently hit I him i'the teeth with the Three Pigeons. He forswore all, I up and opened all, and now stands he, in a shop hard by, like a musket on a rest, to hit Goshawk i'the eye when he comes to fetch me to the boat.
- 45 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Such another lame gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin—Laxton, sirrah—but I am rid of him now.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Happy is the woman can be rid of 'em all! 'Las, what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly, man for man?
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Troth, mere shallow things.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Idle, simple things: running heads; and yet—let 'em run over us never so fast—we shopkeepers, when all's done, are sure to have 'em in our purse-nets at length, and when they are in, Lord, what simple animals they are!
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Then they hang the head—
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Then they droop—
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Then they write letters—
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Then they cog—
- MISTRESS OPENWORK Then deal they underhand with us, and we must ingle with our husbands abed; and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at Court.
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT And yet when we have done our best, all's but put into a riven dish: we are but frumped at and labelled upon.
- MISTRESS OPENWORK O if it were the good Lord's will there were a law made, no citizen should trust any of 'em all!
- Enter Goshawk*
- MISTRESS GALLIPOT Hush sirrah! Goshawk flutters.
- GOSHAWK How now, are you ready?
- 75 MISTRESS OPENWORK Nay, are you ready? A little thing, you see, makes us ready.
- GOSHAWK Us? [*To Mistress Openwork*] Why, must she make one i' the voyage?
- MISTRESS OPENWORK O by any means: do I know how my husband will handle me?
- 80 GOSHAWK [*aside*] Foot, how shall I find water to keep these two mills going? Well, since you'll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both till all split, hang me up at the mainyard and duck me. [*Aside*] It's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork heels fly up high, like two swans, when their tails are above water and their long necks under water,

20-1 **shag-ruff band** see 3.209-10, note
 21-2 **with a face...cramp-ring** an image of a small head surrounded by a large ruff; small figures carved in agate decorated seals, used for sealing letters with wax. Cramp rings, charms against illness, were distributed by the monarch on Good Friday.
 24 **mark** in archery, a target (continuing the archery image of 11-15); in falconry, a hawk's quarry or prey (playing on Goshawk's name)
 26 **beating into me** repeatedly telling me (with suggestion of a bird's beating wings)
 30 **tilt** awning over a boat
 31 **Three Pigeons at Brentford** inn which Laxton suggested for a rendezvous with Moll (see 3.288, note; 5.56, note)
 35 **punk** whore
 35 **hoise up sail** get going; compare 8.121, note
 39 **incontinently** immediately
 39-41 **water spaniel...cry quack!** cf. 'wild fowl', 6.244, note

44 **poking my ruff** when soaked in starch, ruffs were pleated by being folded over poking sticks, on which they dried
 44-5 **hit I him i'the teeth** aggressively accused him
 46-7 **hard by** near by
 47 **a musket on a rest** the barrels of heavy, unwieldy muskets were set into forked poles driven into the ground
 53 **whisking** lively, smart
 55; 56 **things** playing on thing as penis
 56 **running heads** footmen, lackeys
 59 **purse-nets** bag-shaped nets the mouths of which were drawn together; used especially for catching rabbits (conies), hence referring to cony-catching (illicitly duping naive victims)
 61-2 **hang the head...droop** become dejected; playing on detumescence (to get limp)
 64 **cog** cheat; fawn, wheedle
 66 **ingle** caress with; cajole (to deceive husbands)
 67-8 **a pleasure at Court** a favour from some court official; such claims were

stratagems used by wives having affairs with gallants, to deceive husbands
 70 **all's...a riven dish** riven means broken; i.e., our efforts have gone for nothing
 frumped at mocked
 76 **little thing** i.e., we're almost ready (with reference to thing as penis)
 81 **handle** treat (she claims to need Mistress Gallipot with her as protection)
 82 **foot** abbreviation of mild oath 'God's foot', with play on Fr. *foutre*, to have sex
 82-3 **water...mills** *double entendre* for having sex; water is figuratively semen
 83-4 **clapped under hatches** imprisoned on a ship; also refers to having sex
 84 **split** go to pieces; shipwreck
 85 **hang me up...duck me** traditional sailors' punishment
 86 **liquoring...soundly** making them drunk
 87 **cork heels** fashionable, and associated with women's lightness (wantonness)
 87-9 **like two swans...diving to catch gudgeons** pictures the women in flagrant sexual postures, like swans diving for small fish

90 diving to catch gudgeons. [*To them*] Come, come! Oars stand ready; the tide's with us. On with those false faces. Blow winds, and thou shalt take thy husband casting out his net to catch fresh salmon at Brentford.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT I believe you'll eat of a cod's-head of your own dressing before you reach halfway thither.
[*They put on masks*]

95 GOSHAWK So, so, follow close. Pin as you go.
Enter Laxton muffled

LAXTON Do you hear? [*Talks apart with Mistress Gallipot*]

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Yes, I thank my ears.

LAXTON I must have a bout with your potheary-ship.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT At what weapon?

100 LAXTON I must speak with you.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT No!

LAXTON No? You shall!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT Shall? Away soused sturgeon, half fish, half flesh!

105 LAXTON Faith, gib, are you spitting? I'll cut your tail, puss-cat, for this.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT 'Las poor Laxton, I think thy tail's cut already! Your worst!

LAXTON If I do not— *Exit*

GOSHAWK
110 Come, ha' you done?
Enter Master Openwork
[*To Mistress Openwork*] 'Sfoot, Rosamond, your husband!

OPENWORK
How now? Sweet Master Goshawk! None more welcome!
I have wanted your embracements. When friends meet,
The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet
115 Than does their conference. Who is this? Rosamond? Wife?—[*To Mistress Gallipot*] How now, sister?

GOSHAWK Silence, if you love me!

OPENWORK
Why masked?

90 **false faces** Masks made of velvet or other silk were worn by women of fashion to protect the complexion from the sun, to shield them from public gaze, or to conceal their identity.

92 **fresh salmon** figuratively, young whores

93 **cod's-head** fool's head, meaning that his plan will fail and expose him for a fool

95 **Pin** possibly, put on your masks

95.1 **muffled** see 6.211.1, note

98 **bout** round of fighting, with sexual implication

103 **soused** pickled, or soaked in liquor; an insult

103-4 **half fish, half flesh** proverbial for neither one thing nor another, referring to his impotence; if he lacks the sexual capacity of a man, he is assumed to be womanish

105 **gib** term for cat, especially male or castrated cat, used for woman as insult

107-8 **tail's cut already** alluding to his impotence

108 **Your worst!** do your worst (a challenge)

113 **wanted** missed

114 **The music of the spheres** In the Ptolemaic system, the planets, sun, moon, and fixed stars moved in concentric circles around the earth, creating friction which made music normally inaudible to human ears.

118 **a-mumming** Mummings, amateur performances for holiday festivities, were mimed; Mistress Openwork is telling her husband to be silent.

125-7 **Many bad faces . . . privilege current** Bad women (wicked, unchaste) pass for good because they wear expensive masks, making people think something valuable lies behind the mask.

127-8 **as caves . . . beauties' graves** Just as hoarding gold is morally wrong, so is hiding beauty behind a mask.

131 **beldame** hag

133 **sprites** spirits

135 **stuff** cloth of lesser quality

136 **owl-light** Dim light; drapers and sempsters were said to deceive customers by displaying wares in badly-lit shops.

137 **strike this sail** possibly, remove your mask, and prepare for trouble

139 **in my brows** Referring to a frown; Openwork pretends to think she means horns, conventional symbol of a cuckold.

141 **flags . . . advanced** Playhouses flew flags when open for performance.
comedy Openwork associates Goshawk's deception with play-acting.

MISTRESS OPENWORK
Does a mask grieve you, sir?

OPENWORK
It does.

MISTRESS OPENWORK
Then you're best get you a-mumming.

GOSHAWK [*aside to Mistress Openwork*]
'Sfoot, you'll spoil all!

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
May not we cover our bare faces with masks
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats? 120

OPENWORK
No masks; why, they're thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies.
Why are masks worn? Why good? Or why desired?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fired
To read the vil'st looks. Many bad faces— 125
Because rich gems are treasured up in cases—
Pass by their privilege current; but as caves
Damn misers' gold, so masks are beauties' graves.
Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her that first did masks devise, 130
And swear it was some beldame. Come, off with't.

MISTRESS OPENWORK
I will not!

OPENWORK
Good faces, masked, are jewels kept by sprites.
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights;
Show them as shopkeepers do their broidered stuff: 135
By owl-light; fine wares cannot be open enough.
Prithee, sweet Rose, come strike this sail.

MISTRESS OPENWORK
Sail?

OPENWORK
Ha?

Yes, wife, strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes.

MISTRESS OPENWORK
They're here, sir, in my brows, if any rise.

OPENWORK
Ha, brows? What says she, friend? Pray tell me why 140
Your two flags were advanced: the comedy?

- Come, what's the comedy?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT *Westward Ho.*
OPENWORK How?
MISTRESS OPENWORK
'Tis *Westward Ho*, she says.
GOSHAWK Are you both mad?
MISTRESS OPENWORK
Is't market day at Brentford, and your ware
Not sent up yet?
145 OPENWORK What market day? What ware?
MISTRESS OPENWORK A pie with three pigeons in't—'tis
drawn and stays your cutting up.
GOSHAWK As you regard my credit—
OPENWORK Art mad?
150 MISTRESS OPENWORK Yes, lecherous goat! Baboon!
OPENWORK Baboon? Then toss me in a blanket.
MISTRESS OPENWORK [*to Mistress Gallipot*] Do I it well?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT [*to Mistress Openwork*] Rarely!
GOSHAWK [*to Openwork*]
Belike, sir, she's not well; best leave her.
OPENWORK No,
155 I'll stand the storm now, how fierce soe'er it blow.
MISTRESS OPENWORK
Did I for this lose all my friends? Refuse
Rich hopes and golden fortunes to be made
A stale to a common whore?
OPENWORK This does amaze me.
MISTRESS OPENWORK
O God, O God! Feed at reversion now?
A strumpet's leaving?
160 OPENWORK Rosamond!
GOSHAWK [*aside*] I sweat; would I lay in Cold Harbour.
MISTRESS OPENWORK Thou hast struck ten thousand dag-
gers through my heart!
OPENWORK Not I, by heaven, sweet wife.
165 MISTRESS OPENWORK Go, devil, go! That which thou
swear'st by, damns thee!
- GOSHAWK [*aside to Mistress Openwork*] 'S heart, will you
undo me?
MISTRESS OPENWORK [*to Openwork*]
Why stay you here? The star by which you sail
Shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore. 170
If this moon light you, seek out your light whore.
OPENWORK
Ha?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT
Push! Your western pug!
GOSHAWK Zounds, now hell roars!
MISTRESS OPENWORK
With whom you tilted in a pair of oars
This very morning.
OPENWORK Oars?
MISTRESS OPENWORK At Brentford, sir!
OPENWORK
Rack not my patience. Master Goshawk,
Some slave has buzzed this into her, has he not?—
I run a-tilt in Brentford with a woman?
'Tis a lie!
What old bawd tells thee this? 'Sdeath, 'tis a lie!
MISTRESS OPENWORK
'Tis one to thy face shall justify 175
All that I speak.
OPENWORK Ud' soul, do but name that rascal!
MISTRESS OPENWORK
No, sir, I will not.
GOSHAWK [*aside*] Keep thee there, girl. [*To them*] Then!
OPENWORK [*to Mistress Gallipot*]
Sister, know you this varlet?
MISTRESS GALLIPOT Yes.
OPENWORK Swear true;
Is there a rogue so low damned? A second Judas?
A common hangman? Cutting a man's throat? 185
Does it to his face? Bite me behind my back?
A cur-dog? Swear if you know this hell-hound!

142 *Westward Ho* cry of boatmen carrying passengers across the Thames; also title of a comedy by Dekker and Webster (1604)

144-5 *Is't market day . . . up yet* likens the prostitutes supposedly waiting for her husband at Brentford, a market town located on the trade route from London in the south-west of England, to goods for sale (see 3.288, note)

146 A *pie with three pigeons in't* playing on the Three Pigeons Inn, the supposed site of his meeting; pigeons, like ducks (see 38-41) and swans (see 86-8), are terms for prostitutes

147 *stays* waits for
cutting up carving, as of roasted fowl, with sexual implication

150 *goat! Baboon!* both regarded as highly lustful

151 *toss me in a blanket* humiliating

punishment

152 *Do I it well?* is my act convincing?

156 *friends* relatives (alluding to her social rank, supposedly higher than her husband's; see 3.12-14, 343-4, 348-50)

158 *stale* lover whose fidelity is mocked to amuse her rival ('common whore'); decoy

159-60 *Feed at reversion . . . leaving* Why should I take a whore's leftovers (i.e., Openwork)?

161 *Cold Harbour* neighbourhood near London Bridge known as refuge for the poor and sanctuary for debtors hiding from arrest; also, pun on 'Cold', as remedy for sweating

167 *'S heart* abbreviation for 'God's heart', mild oath

170 *Chelsea* west from London, on the way to Brentford, where Openwork

supposedly will meet a prostitute
171 *light . . . light* pun on light as illumination and as fickle, wanton
172 *western pug* bargeman going westward from London; whore in Brentford, west of London

173 *tilted* pun on tilting as jousting with lances, as the sexual act, and as the boat covered with a tilt (see 30, note)

pair of oars boat rowed by two men

181 *Ud' soul* corruption of 'God bless my soul'

184 *Judas* from Judas Iscariot, the disciple who betrayed Christ; a betrayer who seems a friend

186 *Bite . . . back* backbiter; one who vilifies another behind his back

187 *cur-dog* mongrel; term of contempt
hell-hound allusion to Cerberus, watchdog of hell (see 5.25, note)

Scene 9

The Roaring Girl.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 In truth I do. 215
 OPENWORK His name?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Not for the world,
 To have you to stab him.
 GOSHAWK [*aside*] O brave girls: worth gold!
 OPENWORK
 A word, honest Master Goshawk.
Draws out his sword
 190 GOSHAWK What do you mean, sir?
 OPENWORK
 Keep off, and if the devil can give a name
 To this new fury, holla it through my ear,
 Or wrap it up in some hid character.
 I'll ride to Oxford and watch out mine eyes,
 195 But I'll hear the Brazen Head speak; or else
 Show me but one hair of his head or beard,
 That I may sample it. If the fiend I meet
 In mine own house, I'll kill him—the street,
 Or at the church door—there, 'cause he seeks to untie
 200 The knot God fastens, he deserves most to die!
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 My husband titles him!
 OPENWORK Master Goshawk, pray, sir,
 Swear to me that you know him or know him not,
 Who makes me at Brentford to take up a petticoat
 Besides my wife's.
 GOSHAWK By heaven, that man I know not.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 Come, come, you lie!
 205 GOSHAWK Will you not have all out?
 —[*To Openwork*] By heaven, I know no man beneath
 the moon
 Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
 I'd print it in text letters.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK Print thine own then;
 Didst not thou swear to me he kept his whore?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 210 And that in sinful Brentford they would commit
 That which our lips did water at, sir? Ha?
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 Thou spider, that hast woven thy cunning web
 In mine own house t'ensnare me: hast not thou

Sucked nourishment even underneath this roof
 And turned it all to poison, spitting it
 On thy friend's face, my husband—he as 'twere,
 sleeping—
 Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes,
 That they might glance on thee?
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Speak, are these lies?
 GOSHAWK
 Mine own shame me confounds.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK No more, he's stung.
 Who'd think that in one body there could dwell
 220 Deformity and beauty, heaven and hell?
 Goodness, I see, is but outside. We all set
 In rings of gold, stones that be counterfeit:
 I thought you none.
 GOSHAWK Pardon me.
 OPENWORK Truth, I do.
 This blemish grows in nature, not in you;
 225 For man's creation stick even moles in scorn
 On fairest cheeks. Wife, nothing is perfect born.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 I thought you had been born perfect.
 OPENWORK
 What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
 For at the heart lies the old core still.
 230 I'll tell you, Master Goshawk, ay, in your eye
 I have seen wanton fire; and then to try
 The soundness of my judgement, I told you
 I kept a whore, made you believe 'twas true,
 Only to feel how your pulse beat, but find
 235 The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
 Come, come, a trick of youth, and 'tis forgiven;
 This rub put by, our love shall run more even.
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 You'll deal upon men's wives no more?
 GOSHAWK No. You teach me
 A trick for that!
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 Troth, do not; they'll o'erreach thee. 240
 OPENWORK
 Make my house yours, sir, still.
 GOSHAWK No.

192 **this new fury** Openwork imagines his wife as one of the furies, Greco-Roman goddesses of vengeance who punished those who committed certain serious crimes.
 holla shout
 193 **hid character** secret code
 194 **watch out mine eyes** stay awake watching, no matter how long
 195 **Brazen Head** alluding to the legendary magical bronze head of Brasenose College, Oxford; by making it speak, Friar Bacon tried to wall England with brass, but missed hearing it and failed

197 **the fiend** the one who has supposedly lied about him
 200 **The knot God fastens** the marital bond; compare 1.58–60
 201 **titles** calls by the right name
 203 **take up a petticoat** have sex
 208 **text letters** capital letters
 212–15 **Thou spider . . . poison** Spiders were associated with craftiness and treachery; cf. 2.239–40.
 226 **moles** small pieces of velvet or silk cut in decorative shapes and attached to women's faces to cover blemishes or call

attention to an attractive feature
 229 **gilt rotten pill** some sweetmeats (candies) were decorated with an edible gold covering
 237 **trick** habit; deception; prank
 238 **rub** obstacle; term in the game of bowls for touch of a bowl against others or unevenness in its passage
put by set aside
 239 **deal upon** work on, exploit
 239–40 **teach me** | **A trick** i.e., your own trick has taught me not to
 240 **o'erreach** overpower

OPENWORK I say you shall:
 Seeing, thus besieged, it holds out, 'twill never fall!
*Enter Master Gallipot, and Greenwit like a
 summer; Laxton muffled, aloof off*

OMNES How now?
 GALLIPOT [to Greenwit] With me, sir?
 245 GREENWIT You, sir. I have gone snuffling up and down by
 your door this hour to watch for you.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT What's the matter, husband?
 GREENWIT I have caught a cold in my head, sir, by sitting
 up late in the Rose Tavern, but I hope you understand
 250 my speech.
 GALLIPOT So, sir.
 GREENWIT I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot,
 and you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear
 upon *Crastino*—do you see—*Crastino Sancti Dunstani*,
 255 this Easter Term, in Bow Church.
 GALLIPOT Where, sir? What says he?
 GREENWIT Bow—Bow Church, to answer to a libel of
 precontract on the part and behalf of the said Prudence
 and another; you're best, sir, take a copy of the citation:
 260 'tis but twelvenpence.
 OMNES A citation?
 GALLIPOT You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to
 this?
 LAXTON Slave? [*Comes forward; aside to Goshawk*] I ha'
 265 nothing to do with you, do you hear, sir?
 GOSHAWK [*aside to Laxton*] Laxton, is't not? What vagary
 is this?
 GALLIPOT
 Trust me, I thought, sir, this storm long ago
 Had been full laid, when—if you be remembered—
 270 I paid you the last fifteen pound, besides
 The thirty you had first—for then you swore—
 LAXTON
 Tush, tush, sir, oaths—
 Truth, yet I'm loath to vex you.—Tell you what:

Make up the money I had an hundred pound,
 And take your bellyful of her.
 GALLIPOT An hundred pound? 275
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 What, a hundred pound? He gets none!
 What a hundred pound?
 GALLIPOT
 Sweet Prue, be calm; the gentleman offers thus:
 If I will make the moneys that are past
 A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts 280
 And give his bond never to vex us more.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 A hundred pound? 'Las, take, sir, but threescore.
 —[*Aside to Laxton*] Do you seek my undoing?
 LAXTON I'll not bate one sixpence.
 —[*Aside to Mistress Gallipot*] I'll maul you, puss, for
 spitting.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Do thy worst!
 —[*Loud*] Will fourscore stop thy mouth?
 LAXTON No.
 MISTRESS GALLIPOT You're a slave! 285
 Thou cheat; I'll now tear money from thy throat.
 Husband, lay hold on yonder tawny-coat.
 GREENWIT
 Nay, gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot,
 I must lose my hair in their company, I see.
 [*Removes hair-piece*]
 MISTRESS OPENWORK
 His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much 290
 In the nose as he did before.
 GOSHAWK He has had
 The better surgeon. Master Greenwit,
 Is your wit so raw as to play no better
 A part than a summer's?
 GALLIPOT I pray, who plays
 295 *A Knack to Know an Honest Man* in this company?

242.2 *summer* summoner; officer of church court who summoned people to appear there
Laxton muffled see 6.211, note
aloof off at a distance
 245 *snuffling* speaking through the nose; symptom of venereal disease associated with summoners
 247 *What's... husband?* Mistress Gallipot addresses her husband, but Greenwit answers
 252 *Hippocrates* a Greek physician born about 460 BC and considered the founder of medicine; ironically appropriate for an apothecary
 254 *Crastino...Dunstani* the day after St Dunstan's Day, which was 19 May: 20 May
 255 *Easter Term* session of church court beginning the fifteenth day after Easter and ending after Ascension Day
Bow Church church of St Mary le

Bow, built in the reign of William the Conqueror (1066-1087), named for its bow-shaped stone arches, the first in London; the church court held here was called the Court of Arches
 257-8 *libel of precontract* charge of marrying someone who was already betrothed to another by a precontract; see 1.56-8, note
 259 *citation* summons (legal document summoning someone to appear in court)
 262 *pocky-nosed* pocks or pustules were a symptom of venereal disease, and commonly attacked the nose; see 245, note
fees you to is paying you for
 266 *vagary* prank
 269 *laid* subsided
 270 *last fifteen pound* Not dramatized; Laxton has evidently continued to bilk Gallipot since 6.259-60.
 274 *Make up...an hundred pound* bring

the total sum to a hundred pounds
 280 *discharge all courts* Gallipot thinks Laxton threatens other legal actions besides the present one.
 281 *give his bond* promise
 283 *bate* abate; subtract
 285 *stop thy mouth* satisfy you
 286 *tear money from thy throat* implies Laxton is lying; compare 5.89-90, note
 287 *tawny-coat* Greenwit, who wears a summoner's tawny-coloured livery
 288 *hot* angry; implying sexual eagerness; alludes to burning sensations of syphilis
 289 *lose my hair* playing on 'hot', 288, note
 293 *wit so raw* playing on Greenwit's name
 295 *A Knack to Know an Honest Man* Anonymous comedy of 1594 in which a character disguises himself to test the honesty of those he meets; as the action proceeds, the title becomes a catch phrase.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
 Told thee I was his precontracted wife—
 When letters came from him for thirty pound,
 I had no shift but that.

GALLIPOT A very clean shift,
 But able to make me lousy.—On.

300 MISTRESS GALLIPOT Husband, I plucked—
 When he had tempted me to think well of him—
 Gilt feathers from thy wings, to make him fly
 More lofty.

GALLIPOT O' the top of you, wife. On.

MISTRESS GALLIPOT
 He, having wasted them, comes now for more,
 305 Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
 Whose sin keeps him in breath. By heaven, I vow,
 Thy bed he never wronged more than he does now.

GALLIPOT
 My bed? Ha, ha, like enough! A shop-board will serve
 To have a cuckold's coat cut out upon;
 310 Of that we'll talk hereafter.—[to *Laxton*] You're a
 villain!

LAXTON
 Hear me but speak, sir, you shall find me none.

OMNES
 Pray, sir, be patient and hear him.

GALLIPOT I am
 Muzzled for biting, sir; use me how you will.

LAXTON
 The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
 315 Myself with other gentlemen sitting by
 In your shop tasting smoke, and speech being used
 That men who have fairest wives are most abused
 And hardly 'scaped the horn, your wife maintained
 That only such spots in city dames were stained
 320 Justly, but by men's slanders; for her own part,
 She vowed that you had so much of her heart,
 No man by all his wit, by any wife
 Never so fine spun, should yourself beguile
 Of what in her was yours.

GALLIPOT Yet Prue, 'tis well;
 Play out your game at Irish, sir. Who wins? 325

MISTRESS OPENWORK
 The trial is when she comes to bearing.

LAXTON
 I scorned one woman, thus, should brave all men,
 And—which more vext me—a she-citizen.
 Therefore I laid siege to her: out she held,
 330 Gave many a brave repulse, and me compelled
 With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust.
 Then seeing all base desires raked up in dust,
 And that to tempt her modest ears I swore
 Ne'er to presume again, she said her eye
 335 Would ever give me welcome honestly;
 And—since I was a gentleman—if it run low,
 She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
 Your own and hers; did so. Then seeing I wrought
 Upon her meekness, me she set at naught;
 340 And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
 You see what stream I strove with. But sir, I swear
 By heaven and by those hopes men lay up there,
 I neither have nor had a base intent
 To wrong your bed. What's done is merriment;
 345 Your gold I pay back with this interest:
 When I had most power to do't, I wronged you least.

GALLIPOT
 If this no gullery be, sir—

OMNES No, no, on my life!

GALLIPOT
 Then, sir, I am beholden—not to you, wife—
 But Master Laxton, to your want of doing ill,
 350 Which it seems you have not. Gentlemen,
 Tarry and dine here all.

OPENWORK Brother, we have a jest
 As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

GALLIPOT
 We'll crown our table with it.—Wife, brag no more
 Of holding out: who most brags is most whore.

Exeunt

299 **shift** Mistress Gallipot refers to her stratagem; her husband takes the word to mean both undergarment and change.
 303 **O' the top of you** alluding to the sexual act
 305 **ruffian** pimp
 306 **keeps him in breath** supports him
 308-9 **A shop-board . . . cut out upon** A shopboard is a counter for displaying goods; a man can be made a cuckold in his own shop if his wife has sex with another man on the shopboard.
 313 **Muzzled for biting** I will be quiet and listen to you.
 318 **hardly 'scaped the horn** can't really avoid being cuckolded

319-20 **only such spots . . . men's slanders** city wives should be censured (stained) for unchastity (spots) only if it isn't men's slanders that incriminate them
 325 **Irish** board game similar to backgammon, played with dice and counters
 326 **bearing** term in both Irish and backgammon for removing pieces at end of game; playing on childbearing
 327 **scorned** objected that
 brave defy
 329-31 **laid siege . . . lust** military metaphors for his aggressive sexual pursuit of her
 332 **raked up in dust** like a fire covered with ashes to keep it from burning actively
 334-5 **her eye . . . honestly** She would

befriend me but remain chaste.
 336-8 **if it run low . . . | Your own and hers** If my money (state) ran low, she would pay me not to ruin (o'erthrow) your marriage by talking about our relationship.
 338 **did so** she paid me
 338-9 **wrought | Upon her meekness** worked on her compassion
 339 **set at naught** repulsed, rejected
 340 **to try . . . tide** to see if I could make her change
 347 **gullery** trickery
 351 **jest** in the sense of Fr. *geste*, tale of notable deeds, exploits
 352 **furnish out** fill out; embellish

Sc. 10

Enter Jack Dapper, Moll [dressed as a man], Sir
Beauteous Ganymede, and Sir Thomas Long

JACK DAPPER But prithee, Master Captain Jack, be plain and
perspicuous with me: was it your Meg of Westminster's
courage that rescued me from the Poultry puttocks
indeed?

5 MOLL The valour of my wit, I ensure you, sir, fetched you
off bravely when you were i' the forlorn hope among
those desperates. Sir Beau-teous Ganymede here and Sir
Thomas Long heard that cuckoo—my man Trapdoor—
sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

10 SIR BEAUTEOUS Uds-so, Moll, where's that Trapdoor?

MOLL Hanged, I think, by this time; a justice in this town,
that speaks nothing but 'Make a mittimus, away with
him to Newgate', used that rogue like a firework to run
upon a line betwixt him and me.

15 OMNES How, how?

MOLL Marry, to lay trains of villainy to blow up my life: I
smelt the powder, spied what linstock gave fire to shoot
against the poor captain of the galley-foist, and away
slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling. He struts up
and down the suburbs, I think, and eats up whores,
feeds upon a bawd's garbage.

SIR THOMAS Sirrah Jack Dapper—

JACK DAPPER What sayst, Tom Long?

25 SIR THOMAS Thou hadst a sweet-faced boy, hail-fellow with
thee to your little Gull: how is he spent?

JACK DAPPER Troth, I whistled the poor little buzzard off
o' my fist because when he waited upon me at the

ordinaries, the gallants hit me i' the teeth still and said
I looked like a painted alderman's tomb, and the boy at
my elbow, like a death's head. Sirrah Jack, Moll.

MOLL What says my little Dapper?

SIR BEAUTEOUS Come, come, walk and talk, walk and talk.

JACK DAPPER Moll and I'll be i' the midst.

MOLL These knights shall have squire's places, belike then.
Well, Dapper, what say you?

JACK DAPPER Sirrah Captain Mad Mary, the gull, my
own father—Dapper, Sir Davy—laid these London boot-
halers, the catchpoles, in ambush to set upon me.

OMNES Your father? Away, Jack!

JACK DAPPER By the tassels of this handkerchief, 'tis true;
and what was his warlike stratagem, think you? He
thought, because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a
lowly prison could make an ass of me.

OMNES A nasty plot!

JACK DAPPER Ay: as though a counter, which is a park in
which all the wild beasts of the city run head by head,
could tame me!

Enter the Lord Noland

MOLL Yonder comes my Lord Noland.

OMNES Save you, my lord.

LORD NOLAND Well met, gentlemen all: good Sir Beau-teous
Ganymede, Sir Thomas Long—and how does Master
Dapper?

JACK DAPPER Thanks, my lord.

MOLL No tobacco, my lord?

LORD NOLAND No, faith, Jack.

10.0.2 *Ganymede* Jove's beloved cupbearer, renowned for his boyish beauty; in the Renaissance, a term for a lover of the same sex

Thomas Long conventional name for carrier of letters, goods, parcels

1 *Jack* generic name for a man; apparently used for Moll when she wears male clothing

2–3 *Meg of Westminster's courage* alludes to the legendary figure whose biography is a source for this play; see Introduction

3 *Poultry puttocks* officers of debtors' prison called the Poultry; for Poultry, see 7.7.8, note; for puttocks, see 7.11.2, note

5–6 *fetched you off* rescued you

6 *i' the forlorn hope* in military language, soldiers chosen to begin the attack; figuratively, persons in a desperate condition

8 *cuckoo* The cuckoo, a migratory bird, arrives in Britain in April and is considered a herald of spring; Trapdoor is first to suspect the sergeants who arrest Jack Dapper (see 7.191–5).

10 *Uds-so* corruption of 'God save my soul'

11 *a justice* Sir Alexander

12–13 *Make a mittimus . . . Newgate* Proverbial expression for a severe magistrate. Named for its first word *mittimus* (Lat. =

send), a mittimus is a legal warrant to commit someone to jail; Newgate, London's main prison, was used for felons and debtors.

13–14 *firework . . . a line* a line of gunpowder used as a fuse to set off explosives

16 *trains . . . to blow up my life* compares Trapdoor, who was planted by Sir Alexander to trap Moll into stealing, with a line of gunpowder used to blow her up (see 13)

16–19 *I smelt the powder . . . shilling* not dramatized; Moll realized that Trapdoor was tricking her, and dismissed him

17 *linstock* staff with a forked head for holding the match used to light gunpowder in a musket

18 *captain of the galley-foist* derogatory terms; a galley-foist was a barge used by the Lord Mayor of London for state occasions

19 *shovel-board shilling* disk used in playing shuffle-board

20 *eats up* devastates; takes over (as a pimp); has sex with

21 *garbage* whores that pimps have abandoned; play on Ralph, Trapdoor's first name, and raff, trash (see 2.189.1, note)

24 *hail-fellow* on intimate terms

25 *spent* employed

26–7 *whistled . . . o' my fist* released (falconry term); dismissed

28 *hit me i' the teeth* accused, insulted me

29–30 *painted alderman's tomb . . . death's head* A coloured effigy of the deceased was placed on an alderman's tomb, along with a death's head as a *memento mori* (heads of guilds were magistrates in city government, next in dignity to the mayor).

34 *squire's places* Reversing the ceremonial position of a knight between two squires, Moll and Dapper walk in the middle with Sir Beau-teous and Lord Noland flanking them.

37–8 *boot-halers* marauding soldiers; highwaymen

40 *tassels . . . handkerchief* handkerchiefs about four inches square with buttons or tassels at each corner were worn, folded, in hats

45 *counter* debtors' prison; see 7.7.8, note
47.1 *Noland* derived from 'know' or 'noll' (head) and 'land', suggesting power and authority

54 *No tobacco* possibly alludes to James I's well-known opposition to tobacco, as expressed in *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* (1604)

- JACK DAPPER My Lord Noland, will you go to Pimlico with us? We are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of spice cakes.
- LORD NOLAND Here's such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to sail to the World's End with such company. Come gentlemen, let's on.
- JACK DAPPER Here's most amorous weather, my lord.
OMNES Amorous weather? (*They walk*)
- JACK DAPPER Is not amorous a good word?
Enter Trapdoor like a poor soldier with a patch o'er one eye, and Tearcat with him, all tatters
- TRAPDOOR Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot? Zounds, yonder comes Moll, my whorish master and mistress; would I had her kidneys between my teeth!
- TEARCAT I had rather have a cow-heel.
- TRAPDOOR Zounds, I am so patched up, she cannot discover me. We'll on.
- TEARCAT *Coraggio*, then.
- TRAPDOOR Good your honours and worships, enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe penetrate your pitiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of silver as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maimed soldiers.
- JACK DAPPER Where are you maimed?
- TEARCAT In both our nether limbs.
- MOLL Come, come, Dapper, let's give 'em something; 'las poor men, what money have you? By my troth, I love a soldier with my soul.
- SIR BEAUTEOUS Stay, stay, where have you served?
- SIR THOMAS In any part of the Low Countries?
- TRAPDOOR Not in the Low Countries, if it please your manhood, but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.
- LORD NOLAND Who served there with you, sirrah?
- TRAPDOOR Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Valachians, and Transylvanians, with some Slavonians; and retiring home, sir, the Venetian galleys took us prisoners, yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.
- JACK DAPPER You have ambled all over Italy then?
- TRAPDOOR O sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchia, Bonogna, Romagna, Bologna, Modena, Piacenza, and Toscana with all her cities, as Pistoia, Volterra, Montepulciano, Arezzo, with the Siennese and diverse others.
- MOLL Mere rogues, put spurs to 'em once more.
- JACK DAPPER Thou lookest like a strange creature—a fat butter-box—yet speakest English. What art thou?
- TEARCAT *Ick, mine here. Ick bin den ruffling Tearcat, den brave soldado. Ick bin dorick all Dutchlant gueresen. Der shellum das meere ine beasa, ine woert gaeb; Ick slaag um stroakes on tom cop, dastick den hundred touzun divel halle; frollick, mine here.*
- SIR BEAUTEOUS Here, here—[*About to give money*] let's be rid of their jobbering.
- MOLL Not a cross, Sir Beauteous. You base rogues, I have taken measure of you better then a tailor can, and I'll fit you as you—monster with one eye—have fitted me.
- TRAPDOOR Your worship will not abuse a soldier!
- MOLL Soldier?—Thou deservest to be hanged up by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession.—Soldier, you skeldering varlet?—Hold, stand, there should be a trapdoor hereabouts.

56 **Pimlico** an inn and place of entertainment at Hogsden

57 **boon voyage** prosperous, happy trip; cf. *Fr. bon voyage*
nappy foaming, heady (used of ale); refers to strong ale for which Pimlico was famed

58 **spice cakes** eaten with ale

59 **ging gang**

60 **World's End** a long journey, as far as one could go; several London taverns were so named

62 **amorous** malapropism for amiable, as suggested by responses in 63-4

64.2 **Tearcat... all tatters** "To tear a cat" means to rant like a swaggering hero; he is wearing ragged clothes.

66-7 **whorish master and mistress** Like Sir Alexander, he confounds the prostitute's supposed lust with the transgression of gender difference attributed to Moll's dress; see 2.1.32-3, 4.1.57-62.

69 **cow-heel** calf's foot jelly, a jellied broth used as a restorative

72 **Coraggio** Italian; have courage

75 **bowels** considered the source of pity, compassion

85 **Low Countries** England fought the forces

of Spain, which occupied the present Holland and Belgium, from 1585 to 1587.

87-8 **in Hungary... Belgrade** Belgrade, capital of Serbia, was seized from Hungarian occupation by Solyman, Sultan of Turkey, in 1522; thus Trapdoor's claim is fallacious.

90-1 **Hungarians... Slavonians** soldiers from the regions under Hungarian rule

93 **suffered** allowed

96-9 **Venice... others** As in 86-8, 90-4, Trapdoor provides many place names, mixing cities with regions indiscriminately, and English with Italian forms (as was common) so as to convince his listeners that he is a widely travelled soldier.

96 **Vecchia** Civitavecchia, the port of Rome

96-7 **Bonogna... Bologna** city in Romagna, in northern Italy

97 **Romagna** region in Italy north of Tuscany
Toscana region in Italy north of Rome; Tuscany in English

98 **Volterra** town in Tuscany
Montepulciano town in Tuscany

99 **Siennese** inhabitants of Siena, city in

Tuscany

102 **butter-box** contemptuous term for a Dutchman

103-6 As Dekker advises in *The Gull's Hornbook* (1609), those who fear arrest should pretend to be from a country at peace with England, so that they cannot be examined by a magistrate; hence, Tearcat's pretence of being a native Dutch speaker. His speech isn't meant to be strictly understood. It means roughly: I, my lord? I am the ruffling Tearcat, the brave soldier. I have travelled through all Dutchland. [He is] the greater scoundrel who gives an angry word. I beat him directly on the head, that you take out a hundred thousand devils. [Be] merry, sir.

109 **jobbering** jabbering

110 **cross** coin with cross stamped on one side

111-12 **I'll fit you** Moll echoes the same well-known line from *The Spanish Tragedy* as Sebastian did (2.1.44); also plays on 'tailor' in 110-12.

112 **monster with one eye** may refer to stage convention of representing the devil as one-eyed

116 **skeldering** begging, sponging, swindling

Pulls off his patch

- TRAPDOOR The balls of these glaziers of mine—mine eyes—
120 shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service
for my invincible mistress.
- JACK DAPPER I did not think there had been such knavery
in black patches as now I see.
- MOLL O sir, he hath been brought up in the Isle of Dogs,
125 and can both fawn like a spaniel and bite like a mastiff,
as he finds occasion.
- LORD NOLAND [*to Tearcat*] What are you, sirrah? A bird of
this feather too?
- TEARCAT A man beaten from the wars, sir.
- SIR THOMAS I think so, for you never stood to fight.
- 130 JACK DAPPER What's thy name, fellow soldier?
- TEARCAT I am called by those that have seen my valour,
Tearcat.
- OMNES Tearcat?
- MOLL A mere whip-jack, and that is, in the commonwealth
135 of rogues, a slave that can talk of sea-fight, name all
your chief pirates, discover more countries to you than
either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found
out; yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to
rob a fair, or some such venturous exploit. Tearcat—
140 foot, sirrah, I have your name, now I remember me, in
my book of horners: horns for the thumb, you know
how.
- TEARCAT No indeed, Captain Moll—for I know you by
sight—I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer
145 upon the pad, I confess; and meeting with honest
Trapdoor here, whom you had cashiered from bearing
arms, out at elbows under your colours, I instructed
him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made
him sail over any country you can name, so that now
150 he can maunder better than myself.
- JACK DAPPER So then, Trapdoor, thou art turned soldier
now.
- TRAPDOOR Alas, sir, now there's no wars, 'tis the safest
course of life I could take.
- MOLL I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you,
155 sirrah, are an upright man.
- TRAPDOOR As any walks the highway, I assure you.
- MOLL And Tearcat, what are you? A wild rogue, an angler,
or a ruffler?
- TEARCAT Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood,
160 ruffling Tearcat is my name, and a ruffler is my style,
my title, my profession.
- MOLL Sirrah, where's your doxy?—Halt not with me.
- OMNES Doxy, Moll? What's that?
- MOLL His wench.
- 165 TRAPDOOR My doxy? I have, by the solomon, a doxy that
carries a kinchin mort in her slate at her back, besides
my dell and my dainty wild dell, with all whom I'll
tumble this next darkmans in the strommel, and drink
ben booze, and eat a fat grunting-cheat, a cackling-
170 cheat, and a quacking-cheat.
- JACK DAPPER Here's old cheating!
- TRAPDOOR My doxy stays for me in a boozing ken, brave
captain.
- MOLL He says his wench stays for him in an ale-house. [*To*
175 *Trapdoor and Tearcat*] You are no pure rogues.
- TEARCAT Pure rogues? No, we scorn to be pure rogues;
but if you come to our libken, or our stalling-ken, you
shall find neither him nor me a queer cuffin.
- MOLL So, sir, no churl of you.
- 180 TEARCAT No, but a ben cove, a brave cove, a gentry cuffin.
- LORD NOLAND Call you this canting?
- JACK DAPPER Zounds, I'll give a schoolmaster half a crown
a week and teach me this pedlar's French.

118 **glaziers** eyes, in cant (thieves' jargon)

122 **patches** referring to their clothes;
playing on patches meaning fools,
clowns

123 **Isle of Dogs** peninsula in the Thames;
reportedly, the king's hounds were kept
there

134 **whip-jack** rogue who masquerades as
a former sailor, wandering, begging, and
thieving

141 **book of horners** plays on the hornbook,
consisting of a paper on which the
alphabet and other rudiments of literacy
were written, covered with a thin sheet
of transparent horn and mounted on
wood; used for teaching small children
horns for the thumb piece of horn
shaped like a thimble to protect thumb
from knife blade when thief cuts purse

144 **nipping** He who cuts the purse is called
the nip.

144-5 **maunderer upon the pad** wanderer
on the road

146-7 **cashiered from bearing arms** military
terms for dismissing from service

147 **out at elbows** proverbial for being poor,
destitute

under your colours in your service

155 **cant** speak in the jargon of vagabonds
and rogues; dialogue is largely in cant to
238

156 **upright man** first or second in the
hierarchy of rogues named in cant, who
dominate lesser rogues and have their
choice of women; tall, large, loud-voiced
men who carry truncheons and travel
together in all-male groups

158 **wild rogue** thief travelling in a large
group that meets in barns at night to
have sex and plan robberies
angler companion of upright man, who
uses a long staff with a hook to angle
(fish) through open windows for goods to
steal

159 **ruffler** first or second in the hierarchy;
much like upright man (see 156, note)

163 **doxy** general term for adult, sexually
available woman who might also be a
prostitute or pickpocket

166 **by the solomon** by the mass

167-8 **kinchin mort**... **wild dell** Ranks
in the hierarchy of female rogues:
kinchin mort, female infant carried on

mother's back in a sheet; mort, mother
who belongs sexually to one man;
dell, teen-age girl or virgin; wild dell,
either born on the road, or a servant
or young woman of gentle birth forced
into a wandering or criminal life by
circumstances.

169 **darkmans** night

strommel straw

170 **ben booze** good drink

170-1 **grunting-cheat**... **quacking-cheat**
cheat means thing; grunting-cheat, pig;
cackling-cheat, chicken; quacking-cheat,
duck

172 **old** great, abundant

173 **boozing ken** alehouse

178 **libken** sleeping place

stalling-ken house for receiving stolen
goods

179-81 **queer cuffin**... **gentry cuffin** cuffin
means man: queer cuffin, churl or Justice
of the Peace; gentry cuffin, gentleman

181 a **ben cove**, a **brave cove** cove means
man or fellow; ben cove, good fellow;

brave cove, gentleman

184 **pedlar's French** underworld slang

185 TRAPDOOR Do but stroll, sir, half a harvest with us, sir, and
you shall gabble your bellyful.
MOLL [*to Trapdoor*] Come you rogue, cant with me.
SIR THOMAS Well said, Moll.—[*To Trapdoor*] Cant with her,
sirrah, and you shall have money—else not a penny.
190 TRAPDOOR I'll have a bout if she please.
MOLL Come on, sirrah.
TRAPDOOR Ben mort, shall you and I heave a booth, mill a
ken, or nip a bung? And then we'll couch a hogshead
under the ruffmans, and there you shall wap with me,
195 and I'll niggle with you.
MOLL Out, you damned impudent rascal! [*Hits and kicks
him*]
TRAPDOOR Cut benar whids, and hold your fambles and
your stamps!
200 LORD NOLAND Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? What
was his gibberish?
MOLL Marry, this, my lord, says he: 'Ben mort'—good
wench—'shall you and I heave a booth, mill a ken, or
nip a bung?'—shall you and I rob a house, or cut a
205 purse?
OMNES Very good!
MOLL 'And then we'll couch a hogshead under the ruff-
mans',—and then we'll lie under a hedge.
TRAPDOOR That was my desire, captain, as 'tis fit a soldier
210 should lie.
MOLL 'And there you shall wap with me, and I'll niggle
with you',—and that's all.
SIR BEAUTEOUS Nay, nay, Moll, what's that wap?
JACK DAPPER Nay, teach me what niggling is; I'd fain be
215 niggling.
MOLL Wapping and niggling is all one: the rogue my man
can tell you.
TRAPDOOR 'Tis fadoodling, if it please you.
SIR BEAUTEOUS This is excellent; one fit more, good Moll.
220 MOLL [*to Tearcat*] Come, you rogue, sing with me.
The Song
A gage of ben Rome-booze
In a boozing ken of Rome-ville

TEARCAT
Is benar than a caster,
Peck, pannam, lap, or popler
Which we mill in Deuce-a-ville. 225

MOLL and TEARCAT
O, I would lib all the lightmans,
O, I would lib all the darkmans,
By the solomon, under the ruffmans,
By the solomon, in the harmans,

TEARCAT
And scour the queer cramp-ring,
And couch till a palliard docked my dell,
So my boozy nab might skew Rome-booze well. 230

MOLL and TEARCAT
Avast to the pad, let us bing,
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

OMNES Fine knaves, i'faith. 235

JACK DAPPER The grating of ten new cart-wheels, and the
grunting of five hundred hogs coming from Romford
market cannot make a worse noise than this canting
language does in my ears. Pray, my Lord Noland, let's
240 give these soldiers their pay.
SIR BEAUTEOUS Agreed, and let them march.
LORD NOLAND [*gives money*] Here, Moll.
MOLL [*to Trapdoor and Tearcat*] Now I see that you are
stalled to the rogue and are not ashamed of your
245 professions: look you, my Lord Noland here, and these
gentlemen, bestows upon you two, two bords and a
half: that's two shillings sixpence.
TRAPDOOR Thanks to your lordship.
TEARCAT Thanks, heroical captain.
MOLL Away. 250

TRAPDOOR We shall cut ben whids of your masters and
mistress-ship wheresoever we come.
MOLL [*to Trapdoor*] You'll maintain, sirrah, the old justice's
plot to his face?
TRAPDOOR Else trine me on the cheats: hang me!
255 MOLL Be sure you meet me there.
TRAPDOOR Without any more maundering, I'll do't.—
Follow, brave Tearcat.

185 **harvest** season
192-5 **Ben mort**...**niggle with you** Mod-
estly avoiding 'wap' and 'niggle', Moll
translates this speech: see 202-5, 207-
12. Wap and niggle both mean to have
sex, the implications of which anger her
at 196-7.
198-9 **Cut**...**stamps** speak better words,
and hold your hands and legs
218 **fadoodling** nonce word, euphemism for
having sex
219 **fit** part of poem or song; strain of music
221-34 Moll translates the song, excepting
the last two lines, at 264-74. A literal

translation follows: A quart pot of
good wine in an ale-house of London
is better than a cloak, meat, buttermilk
(or whey) or porridge which we steal in
the country. O I would lie all the day,
I would lie all the night, by the mass,
under the woods (or bushes), by the
mass in the stocks, and wear bad bolts
(or fetters), and lie till a rogue lay with
my wench, so my drunken head might
quaff wine well. Away to the highway,
let us be off, etc.
231 **palliard** rogue, often Irish or Welsh,
who wears patched clothing and travels

with a wife and forged marriage docu-
ment; may feign disease to draw pity
237 **Romford** town north-east of London
that held a famous hog market every
Tuesday (perhaps playing on 'Rome-
ville')
244 **stalled to the rogue** initiated as rogues
246 **bords** shillings
251 **cut ben whids** speak good words
253-7 Moll and Trapdoor join forces against
Sir Alexander, looking ahead to the
denouement in scene 11
255 **trine me on the cheats** hang me on the
gallows

- TEARCAT *I prae, sequor*; let us go, mouse.
Exeunt they two, manet the rest
- 260 LORD NOLAND Moll, what was in that canting song?
 MOLL Troth, my lord, only a praise of good drink, the only milk which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus it was:
- 265 A rich cup of wine,
 O it is juice divine!
 More wholesome for the head
 Than meat, drink, or bread;
 To fill my drunken pate,
 With that, I'd sit up late;
 270 By the heels would I lie,
 Under a lousy hedge die,
 Let a slave have a pull
 At my whore, so I be full
 Of that precious liquor—
- 275 and a parcel of such stuff, my lord, not worth the opening.
Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with four or five men after him, one with a wand
- LORD NOLAND What gallant comes yonder?
 SIR THOMAS Mass, I think I know him: 'tis one of Cumberland.
- 280 FIRST CUTPURSE Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of gallants, and strike?
 SECOND CUTPURSE 'Tis a question whether there be any silver shells amongst them, for all their satin outsides.
 OMNES Let's try!
- 285 MOLL Pox on him, a gallant? Shadow me, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed. If he swim near to the shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses!
 OMNES Is't possible?
 MOLL This brave fellow is no better then a foist.
- 290 OMNES Foist? What's that?
 MOLL A diver with two fingers: a pickpocket. All his train study the figging-law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foisting. One of them is a nip: I took him once i'the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogs any new brother in that trade, and snaps will have half in any booty. He with the wand is
- both a stale, whose office is to face a man i'the streets whilst shells are drawn by another, and then with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he, by the nimbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will in cheaping a piece of plate at a goldsmith's stall, make four or five rings mount from the top of his caduceus and, as if it were at leap-frog, they skip into his hand presently.
- SECOND CUTPURSE Zounds, we are smoked!
 OMNES Ha?
 SECOND CUTPURSE We are boiled, pox on her; see Moll, the roaring drab!
- FIRST CUTPURSE All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil her! Away!
- MOLL Bless you, sir.
 FIRST CUTPURSE And you, good sir.
 MOLL Dost not ken me, man?
 FIRST CUTPURSE No, trust me, sir.
- MOLL Heart, there's a knight, to whom I'm bound for many favours, lost his purse at the last new play i'the Swan—seven angels in't: make it good, you're best; do you see? No more.
- FIRST CUTPURSE A synagogue shall be called, Mistress Mary: disgrace me not; *pocas palabras*, I will conjure for you. Farewell. [*Exeunt Cutpurses*]
- 320 MOLL Did not I tell you, my lord?
 LORD NOLAND I wonder how thou camest to the knowledge of these nasty villains?
- SIR THOMAS And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee Moll Cutpurse? A name, methinks, damned and odious.
- MOLL
 Dare any step forth to my face and say,
 'I have ta'en thee doing so, Moll'? I must confess,
 In younger days, when I was apt to stray,
 I have sat amongst such adders, seen their stings—
 330 As any here might—and in full playhouses
 Watched their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame
 Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name.
 When next, my lord, you spy any one of those—
 335 So he be in his art a scholar—question him,
 Tempt him with gold to open the large book

259 *I prae, sequor* Lat. go first, I will follow; a phrase from a play by Terence, Latin writer taught in grammar school

276.1 *gallant* smartly dressed

276.2 *wand* light walking stick or riding switch

278–9 *Cumberland* country in north-west England, probably chosen for the wordplay at 285–6

281 *strike* pick a pocket or cut a purse

283 *silver shells* money

289 *foist* pickpocket

292 *figging-law* cant for strategies used by cutpurses and pickpockets

293 *foisting* picking pockets

nip thief who actually cuts the purse

294 *twopenny gallery at the Fortune* gallery

that cost two pennies for admission; for a description of the Fortune, see 2.19–24, note

294–6 *cloyer...any booty* thief who accompanies any novice, and divides booty with him

296–303 *He with the wand...hand presently* The stale has two jobs: he distracts a victim while another thief robs him, and he uses his wand to steal rings while bargaining for silver dishes at a goldsmith's shop.

302 *caduceus* the wand or staff with two serpents twined around it carried by Mercury, messenger of the gods and protector of thieves

304 *smoked* seen, identified as thieves

306 *boiled* same as smoked, 304, note

312 *ken* know

315–16 *i'the Swan* playhouse on the south bank of the Thames; the only extant contemporary drawing of a London theatre depicts the interior of the Swan

316 *angels* gold coins worth ten shillings; see 3.137, note

make it good get it back

318 *synagogue* meeting at which thieves choose officers, deal with business, etc.

319 *pocas palabras* common Spanish phrase meaning few words

conjure appeal on your behalf; beseech

330 *adders* poisonous snakes; figuratively, criminals, wicked people

335 *So so long as*

Of his close villainies; and you yourself shall cant
 Better than poor Moll can, and know more laws
 Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards, curbers,
 340 With all the devil's blackguard, than it is fit
 Should be discovered to a noble wit.
 I know they have their orders, offices,
 Circuits, and circles, unto which they are bound,
 To raise their own damnation in.

JACK DAPPER How dost thou know it?
 MOLL
 345 As you do: I show it you, they to me show it.
 Suppose, my lord, you were in Venice.

LORD NOLAND Well.
 MOLL
 If some Italian pander there would tell
 All the close tricks of courtesans, would not you
 Hearken to such a fellow?

LORD NOLAND Yes.
 MOLL And here,
 350 Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear
 That were to travel thither, you would proclaim
 Your knowledge in those villainies, to save
 Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
 A black ill name because ill things you know?
 355 Good troth, my lord, I am made Moll Cutpurse so.
 How many are whores in small ruffs and still looks?
 How many chaste whose names fill slander's books?
 Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scorns
 Call so, we should not walk for goring horns.
 360 Perhaps for my mad going, some reprove me;
 I please myself, and care not else who loves me.

OMNES A brave mind, Moll, i'faith.
 SIR THOMAS Come, my lord, shall's to the ordinary?
 LORD NOLAND Ay, 'tis noon sure.
 365 MOLL Good my lord, let not my name condemn me to
 you or to the world; a fencer, I hope, may be called a
 coward: is he so for that? If all that have ill names in
 London were to be whipped and to pay but twelvenpence

apiece to the beadle, I would rather have his office than
 a constable's.

JACK DAPPER So would I, Captain Moll: 'twere a sweet
 tickling office, i'faith. 370
Exeunt

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Goshawk and
 Greenwit, and others*

ALEXANDER
 My son marry a thief! That impudent girl
 Whom all the world stick their worst eyes upon!

GREENWIT
 How will your care prevent it?

GOSHAWK 'Tis impossible!
 They marry close; they're gone, but none knows
 whither.

ALEXANDER
 O gentlemen, when has a father's heart-strings
 5 Held out so long from breaking?
Enter a Servant

—Now what news, sir?

SERVANT
 They were met upo'th' water an hour since, sir,
 Putting in towards the Sluice.

ALEXANDER The Sluice? Come gentlemen,
 'Tis Lambeth works against us.

GREENWIT And that Lambeth
 Joins more mad matches than your six wet towns
 10 'Twixt that and Windsor Bridge, where fares lie
 soaking.

ALEXANDER
 Delay no time, sweet gentlemen: to Blackfriars!
 We'll take a pair of oars and make after 'em.
Enter Trapdoor

TRAPDOOR
 Your son and that bold masculine ramp, my mistress,
 Are landed now at Tower.

ALEXANDER Heyday, at Tower?
 15

TRAPDOOR
 I heard it now reported. [Exit]

337 **close** secret
 339 **cheaters** those who win money by
 using false dice
lifters those who steal valuable items
 such as plate (silver dishes), jewels,
 velvet, etc.
nips cutpurses
foists pickpockets
puggards thieves of an unspecified type
curbers thieves who use hooks to steal
 goods out of open windows
 340 **the devil's blackguard** attendants black
 in character and dress who guard the
 devil (a parody of courtiers attending the
 sovereign)
 343-4 **Circuits...raise their own damnation**
 in Magicians drew circles within which
 they raised spells.
 346-54 **Suppose...you know?** Allusion to
 Thomas Coryate's questionable defence
 of himself for providing information on

Venetian courtesans in *Coryate's Crudities*
 (1611)
 348 **close tricks** secret stratagems
 355 I...so I am given a bad reputation
 because I know about evil doings.
 358-9 **cuckolds...horns** horns were the
 sign of a cuckold; see 3.218, note
 360 **mad going** eccentric behaviour
 365 **name** reputation
 369-70 **beadle...constable's** The beadle,
 a minor officer of the parish church,
 punished petty offenders, usually by
 whipping them. Moll's point is that many
 people have bad reputations who, like
 her, don't deserve them; if they all were
 punished and fined, beadles would grow
 rich.
 372 **tickling** pleasing
 11.4 **close** secretly
 8 **the Sluice** an embankment along the

south side of the Thames protecting
 Lambeth Marsh, swampy open country
 west of Southwark, from flooding; a
 landing place for those going to Lambeth
 9-10 **Lambeth...** | **Joins more mad**
matches Couples could be married
 secretly outside of their home parishes
 in London by clergy in Lambeth.
 10-11 **six wet towns...Windsor Bridge**
 possibly refers to several towns on the
 banks of the Thames that were popular
 for sexual rendezvous
 12 **Blackfriars** Blackfriars Stairs was a
 landing stage on the north (city) side of
 the Thames, presumably the one closest
 to Sir Alexander's house.
 14 **ramp** vulgar, ill-behaved woman; cf. 7.8,
 note
 15 **Tower** at either the wharf or the landing
 stages at the Tower of London

- ALEXANDER Which way, gentlemen,
 Shall I bestow my care? I'm drawn in pieces
 Betwixt deceit and shame.
Enter Sir Guy Fitzallard
- SIR GUY Sir Alexander.
 You're well met, and most rightly served;
 My daughter was a scorn to you.
- 20 ALEXANDER Say not so, sir.
 SIR GUY
 A very abject she, poor gentlewoman!—
 Your house has been dishonoured! Give you joy, sir,
 Of your son's gaskin-bride; you'll be a grandfather
 shortly
 To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters:
 'Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well, sir.
- 25 ALEXANDER
 O, play not with the miseries of my heart!
 Wounds should be dressed and healed, not vexed, or
 left
 Wide open to the anguish of the patient,
 And scornful air let in; rather let pity
 30 And advice charitably help to refresh 'em.
- SIR GUY
 Who'd place his charity so unworthily,
 Like one that gives alms to a cursing beggar?
 Had I but found one spark of goodness in you
 Toward my deserving child, which then grew fond
 35 Of your son's virtues, I had eased you now;
 But I perceive both fire of youth and goodness
 Are raked up in the ashes of your age,
 Else no such shame should have come near your
 house,
 Nor such ignoble sorrow touch your heart.
- ALEXANDER
 40 If not for worth, for pity's sake assist me!
- GREENWIT
 You urge a thing past sense; how can he help you?
 All his assistance is as frail as ours,
 Full as uncertain where's the place that holds 'em.
 One brings us water-news, then comes another
 45 With a full-charged mouth like a culverin's voice,
 And he reports the Tower: whose sounds are truest?
- GOSHAWK
 In vain you flatter him. Sir Alexander—
- SIR GUY
 I flatter him? Gentlemen, you wrong me grossly.
- GREENWIT [*aside to Goshawk*]
 He does it well, i'faith.
- SIR GUY Both news are false,
 Of Tower or water: they took no such way yet.
- 50 ALEXANDER
 O strange: hear you this, gentlemen? Yet more
 plunges!
- SIR GUY
 They're nearer than you think for, yet more close,
 Than if they were further off.
- ALEXANDER How am I lost
 In these distractions!
- SIR GUY For your speeches, gentlemen,
 In taxing me for rashness, for you all,
 55 I will engage my state to half his wealth,
 Nay, to his son's revenues, which are less,
 And yet nothing at all till they come from him,
 That I could, if my will stuck to my power,
 Prevent this marriage yet, nay, banish her
 60 For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms!
- ALEXANDER
 Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me
 Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter!
 I'd willingly resign up half my state to him,
 So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
- 65 GREENWIT [*to Sir Alexander*]
 He talks impossibilities, and you believe 'em!
- SIR GUY
 I talk no more than I know how to finish;
 My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me.
 The poor young gentleman I love and pity;
 And to keep shame from him—because the spring
 70 Of his affection was my daughter's first,
 Till his frown blasted all—do but estate him
 In those possessions which your love and care
 Once pointed out for him, that he may have room
 To entertain fortunes of noble birth,
 75 Where now his desperate wants casts him upon her;
 And if I do not, for his own sake chiefly,
 Rid him of this disease that now grows on him,
 I'll forfeit my whole state, before these gentlemen.
- GREENWIT [*to Sir Alexander*]
 80 Troth, but you shall not undertake such matches;

21 A very abject she Sir Guy sarcastically mimics Sir Alexander's scorn for his daughter.

22 dishonoured by Sebastian's supposed marriage to Moll

23 gaskin-bride Gaskins were wide, knee-length breeches; as in 'codpiece daughter' (4.100), it is implied that male clothing makes Moll part man.

25 suburbs towns outside London where the city had no jurisdiction and crime could flourish

30 refresh restore, heal

34 which who (i.e., Mary)

45 culverin's large cannon's

46 reports punning on report, meaning to fire a gun

49 He does it well Sir Guy plays his part in the trick (making Sir Alexander believe that Sebastian has married Moll).

51 plunges dilemmas, playing on Sebastian's supposed travels by water; cf. 8.155, note

56 engage... his wealth pledge my estate to the value of half Sir Alexander's wealth

57 Nay, to his son's...less i.e., Sir Guy

stands to lose more

58 nothing... come from him Sebastian won't have any money unless his father gives or bequeaths it to him.

68 My fortunes else... dares stake with me I'll wager my wealth to anyone who will stand by me in my pledge (to end the supposed marriage).

71 his affection Sebastian's, for Mary

72 his frown Sir Alexander's

estate him give or bequeath to him

76 her Moll

80 matches agreements

We'll persuade so much with you.
 ALEXANDER [*to Sir Guy*] Here's my ring; [*Gives ring*]
 He will believe this token. Fore these gentlemen
 I will confirm it fully: all those lands
 My first love 'lotted him, he shall straight possess
 In that refusal.
 85 SIR GUY If I change it not,
 Change me into a beggar!
 GREENWIT Are you mad, sir?
 SIR GUY 'Tis done!
 GOSHAWK Will you undo yourself by doing,
 And show a prodigal trick in your old days?
 ALEXANDER 'Tis a match, gentlemen.
 SIR GUY Ay, ay, sir, ay!
 90 I ask no favour, trust to you for none;
 My hope rests in the goodness of your son. *Exit*
 GREENWIT [*aside to Goshawk*]
 He holds it up well yet.
 GOSHAWK [*aside to Greenwit*]
 Of an old knight, i'faith.
 ALEXANDER
 Cursed be the time I laid his first love barren,
 Wilfully barren, that before this hour
 95 Had sprung forth fruits of comfort and of honour;
 He loved a virtuous gentlewoman.
Enter Moll [dressed as a man]
 GOSHAWK
 Life, here's Moll!
 GREENWIT
 Jack!
 GOSHAWK
 How dost thou, Jack?
 MOLL How dost thou, gallant?
 ALEXANDER
 Impudence, where's my son?
 MOLL Weakness, go look him!
 ALEXANDER
 Is this your wedding gown?
 100 MOLL The man talks monthly:
 Hot broth and a dark chamber for the knight;
 I see he'll be stark mad at our next meeting. *Exit*
 GOSHAWK
 Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter;
 No priest will marry her, sir, for a woman
 Whiles that shape's on: an it was never known,
 Two men were married and conjoined in one!
 Your son hath made some shift to love another.
 ALEXANDER
 Whate'er she be, she has my blessing with her:
 May they be rich and fruitful, and receive
 Like comfort to their issue as I take
 110 In them. H'as pleased me now, marrying not this,
 Through a whole world he could not choose amiss.
 GREENWIT
 Glad you're so penitent for your former sin, sir.
 GOSHAWK
 Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry:
 No portion with her but her lips and arms?
 115 ALEXANDER
 Why, who thrive better, sir? They have most blessing,
 Though other have more wealth, and least repent:
 Many that want most know the most content.
 GREENWIT
 Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner?
 ALEXANDER
 Age will quench that; any offence but theft
 120 And drunkenness, nothing but death can wipe away;
 Their sins are green even when their heads are grey.
 Nay, I despair not now, my heart's cheered, gentle-
 men:
 No face can come unfortunately to me.
Enter a Servant
 Now sir, your news?
 SERVANT Your son with his fair bride
 125 Is near at hand.
 ALEXANDER Fair may their fortunes be!
 GREENWIT
 Now you're resolved, sir, it was never she?
 ALEXANDER
 I find it in the music of my heart.
*Enter Moll [in female dress] masked, in Sebastian's
 hand, and Sir Guy Fitzallard*
 See where they come.
 GOSHAWK A proper lusty presence, sir.
 ALEXANDER
 Now has he pleased me right. I always counselled him
 130 To choose a goodly personable creature:
 Just of her pitch was my first wife, his mother.

82 **he** Sebastian (when Sir Guy tells him of his father's pledge)
 84 **'lotted** immediately
 85 **change it not** if I don't change Sebastian's marriage to Moll
 87 **undo yourself by doing** reverse your position, or, ruin your finances, by making this agreement
 88 **prodigal trick** ... **old days** alludes to the parable of the prodigal son (cf. 2.1.118, note); like him, Sir Alexander might squander his wealth in this agreement
 92 **holds it up well** keeps it going; see 49

98 **Jack!** generic name for man, addressed to Moll; see 10.1, note
 99 **impudence** implies her boldness in appearing before him, her immodesty in dressing as a man, and her supposed sexual misconduct
look look for
 100 **monthly** plays on links between the moon, its monthly cycle, menstruation, and madness
 101 **Hot broth and a dark chamber** common remedies for the agitations of mad people, intended to calm them

110 **issue** children
 114 **smock-dowry** dowry consisting only of her smock (undergarment)
 115 **portion** dowry
 119 **sinner** unchaste woman
 120-2 **Age will quench that** ... **heads are grey** Sir Alexander first says that unchastity stops as one grows older, then reverses himself by claiming that, like all sins except thieving and drunkenness, it persists till death.
 129 **lusty** gaily dressed; merry; lustful
 132 **pitch** height

- SEBASTIAN
Before I dare discover my offence, [*Kneels*]
I kneel for pardon.
- ALEXANDER
My heart gave it thee
135 Before thy tongue could ask it—
Rise; thou hast raised my joy to greater height
Than to that seat where grief dejected it.
[*Sebastian rises*]
Both welcome to my love and care for ever!
Hide not my happiness too long: all's pardoned;
140 Here are our friends. Salute her, gentlemen.
They unmask her
- OMNES
Heart, who? This Moll!
- ALEXANDER
O my reviving shame! Is't I must live
To be struck blind? Be it the work of sorrow
Before age take't in hand!
- SIR GUY
Darkness and death!
145 Have you deceived me thus? Did I engage
My whole estate for this?
- ALEXANDER
You asked no favour,
And you shall find as little: since my comforts
Play false with me, I'll be as cruel to thee
As grief to father's hearts.
- MOLL
Why, what's the matter with you,
150 'Less too much joy should make your age forgetful?
Are you too well, too happy?
- ALEXANDER
With a vengeance!
- MOLL
Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter—
As good a man as your son!
- ALEXANDER
O monstrous impudence!
- MOLL
You had no note before, an unmarked knight;
155 Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake.
You may pass where you list, through crowds most
thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpicked!
You do not know the benefits I bring with me:
160 No cheat dares work upon you with thumb or knife,
While you've a roaring girl to your son's wife!
- ALEXANDER
A devil rampant!
- SIR GUY
Have you so much charity
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain,
And I'll give in your pledge?
- ALEXANDER
No, sir, I stand to't:
I'll work upon advantage, as all mischiefs
165 Do upon me.
- SIR GUY
Content, bear witness all then,
His are the lands, and so contention ends.
Here comes your son's bride 'twixt two noble friends.
*Enter the Lord Noland and Sir Beauteous
Ganymede, with Mary Fitzallard between them,
the Citizens and their Wives with them*
- MOLL [*to Sir Alexander*]
Now are you gulled as you would be: thank me for't,
I'd a forefinger in't.
- SEBASTIAN
Forgive me, father;
170 Though there before your eyes my sorrow feigned,
This still was she for whom true love complained.
- ALEXANDER
Blessings eternal and the joys of angels
Begin your peace here to be signed in heaven!
How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
175 To this eternity of boundless comforts
That finds no want but utterance and expression.
—[*To Lord Noland*] My lord, your office here appears
so honourably,
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man
180 Than in your comfortable presence now.
- LORD NOLAND
Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue
Than in this worthy gentlewoman, your son's bride,
Noble Fitzallard's daughter, to whose honour
And modest fame I am a servant vowed;
185 So is this knight.
- ALEXANDER
Your loves make my joys proud.
—[*To Servant*] Bring forth those deeds of land my care
laid ready—
[*Servant fetches deeds*]
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge,
Joined with thy daughter's virtues, whom I prize now,

- 133 **discover my offence** confess my fault,
playing on unmasking Moll as his bride
- 141 **Heart** shortened form of 'God's heart', a
mild oath
This Moll! Several meanings are possible:
Moll's female identity is confirmed (this
is Moll), or questioned (this is Moll?), or
her appearance in female dress is simply
distinguished from that in male dress
(*this Moll*).
- 148 **I'll be as cruel to thee** I'll seize your
estate because you haven't kept your
part of our agreement.
- 150 **'Less** unless
- 153 **monstrous impudence** Monstrous recalls

- Sir Alexander's first account of Moll
(see 2.130–2, note; 132–3, note); for
impudence, see 99, note.
- 154 **note** distinction
unmarked unnoticed
- 158 **come off** escape
- 160 **No cheat . . . thumb or knife** No thief
dares cut your purse; see 10.141, note.
- 162 **devil rampant** Playing on ramp, an
abusive term used of Moll (see 7.8,
note) and rampant, rearing on the
hind legs to show fierceness, used of
animals in heraldic emblems; indicates
Sir Alexander's outrage at including
Moll in his family lineage, signified by

- the heraldic emblems on a coat of arms.
- 164 **your pledge** your ring (given to him,
81); your promise to give your estate to
Sebastian
- 169 **would be** wish to be
- 170 **forefinger** as in the proverbial 'finger in
the pie', with sexual implications
- 174 **signed in heaven** refers to wedding
ceremony; see 1.82, note.
- 179 **ancient** venerable, old-fashioned
- 181 **comfortable** cheering
- 188 **challenge** lay claim to (in the sense
of take credit for, because he negotiated
Sir Alexander's pledge of an estate to
Sebastian)

- 190 As dearly as that flesh I call mine own. Honesty and truth unslandered,
 —[*To Mary*] Forgive me, worthy gentlewoman, 'twas Woman manned but never pandered, 220
 my blindness: Cheaters booted but not coached,
 When I rejected thee, I saw thee not; Vessels older ere they're broached;
 Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films If my mind be then not varied,
 Over the eyes of judgement, now so clear Next day following, I'll be married.
- 195 I see the brightness of thy worth appear.
 LORD NOLAND
 This sounds like doomsday.
 MARY
 Duty and love may I deserve in those,
 MOLL
 And all my wishes have a perfect close. Then were marriage best, 225
 For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
- ALEXANDER
 That tongue can never err, the sound's so sweet.
 Here, honest son, receive into thy hands
 MOLL
 The keys of wealth, possessions of those lands
 Which my first care provided; they're thine own.
 Heaven give thee a blessing with 'em! The best joys
 That can in worldly shapes to man betide
 Are fertile lands and a fair fruitful bride,
 Of which I hope thou'rt sped.
 MOLL
 Some wrongs I've done thee.
 TRAPDOOR
 Is the wind there now?
 'Tis time for me to kneel and confess first, 230
 For fear it come too late and my brains feel it.
 —[*To Moll*] Upon my paws I ask you pardon, mistress.
- 205 SEBASTIAN I hope so too, sir.
 MOLL
 Pardon? For what, sir? What has your roguishness done
 now?
 SEBASTIAN
 Father and son, I ha' done you simple service here.
 TRAPDOOR
 I have been from time to time hired to confound you,
 For which thou shalt not part, Moll, unrequited. By this old gentleman.
- ALEXANDER
 Thou art a mad girl, and yet I cannot now
 MOLL
 Condemn thee. How?
 TRAPDOOR
 Pray forgive him; 235
 But may I counsel you, you should never do't.
 MOLL
 Condemn me? Troth an you should, sir, Many a snare to entrap your worship's life
 I'd make you seek out one to hang in my room: Have I laid privily—chains, watches, jewels—
 I'd give you the slip at gallows and cozen the people. And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
 [To *Lord Noland*] Heard you this jest, my lord? Four hollow-hearted angels he then gave you, 240
 LORD NOLAND What is it, Jack?
 MOLL
 He was in fear his son would marry me,
 But never dreamt that I would ne'er agree!
 LORD NOLAND
 Why? thou hadst a suitor once, Jack; when wilt
 marry?
 MOLL
 Who, I, my lord? I'll tell you when i'faith:
 When you shall hear
 Gallants void from sergeants' fear, 245
 And look upon thee freely with mine own.
 I see the most of many wrongs before thee
 Cast from the jaws of Envy and her people,
 And nothing foul but that. I'll never more
 Condemn by common voice, for that's the whore

- 193 **films** morbid growths
 201 **first** the estate he originally planned to give
 205 **sped** provided
 206 **simple service** a modest expression for 'I have served you well'
 208-9 **Thou... thee** Sir Alexander shifts to the more familiar forms.
 208 **mad** see 1.102, note
 209 **an** if
 210 **room** place (she would find a substitute)
 217-24 **When you shall hear... married** parodies a form of religious prophecy that lists sins or social evils and makes their eradication the condition for the coming of God's final judgement, or reaching salvation, as line 225 indicates
 218 **sergeants' fear** fear of being arrested for debt
 219 **Honesty** chastity, with primary reference to women
 220 **manned** escorted or ruled (by husbands) of the spirit (1 Thess. 4); when women aren't too soon penetrated—in marriage, or by rape—then Moll will marry.
 222 **Vessels... broached** In Christian thought, the body is the vessel (container) of the spirit (1 Thess. 4); when women aren't too soon penetrated—in marriage, or by rape—then Moll will marry.
 223 **varied** changed
 225 **doomsday** see 217-24, note
 225-6 **marriage... at rest** alluding to proverb 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure' (Tilley M196)
 229 **Is the wind there** has the situation changed?
 232 **paws** dog-like, emphasizing his contrition
 234 **confound** ruin, destroy
 239 **mount you up** hang you on the gallows
 240 **hollow-hearted angels** four coins 'marked with holes in them' (see 8.211-14 and note), thus 'hollow-hearted' in no longer being current, i.e., legally exchangeable as money
 246 **Envy** malice, ill will
 248 **voice** opinion; rumour

250 That deceives man's opinion, mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.
MOLL
Here be the angels, gentlemen: they were given me
As a musician; I pursue no pity—
Follow the law, and you can cuckold me, spare not;
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not!
ALEXANDER
255 So far I'm sorry, I'll thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends.
Come, worthy friends, my honourable lord,
Sir Beauteous Ganymede, and noble Fitzallard,
And you, kind gentlewomen, whose sparkling pres-
ence
260 Are glories set in marriage, beams of society,
For all your loves give lustre to my joys;
The happiness of this day shall be remembered
At the return of every smiling spring;
In my time now 'tis born, and may no sadness
265 Sit on the brows of men upon that day,
But as I am, so all go pleased away! [Exeunt]

Epilogue

A painter, having drawn with curious art
The picture of a woman—every part
Limned to the life—hung out the piece to sell.
People who passed along, viewing it well,
5 Gave several verdicts on it: some dispraised
The hair, some said the brows too high were raised,
Some hit her o'er the lips, misliked their colour,
Some wished her nose were shorter, some the eyes
fuller;

Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they looked too pale, others cried no. 10
The workman, still as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all; but, this work being ended,
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous and so ugly, all men did smile
At the poor painter's folly. Such we doubt 15
Is this our comedy: some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying, 'tis too thin, too weak, too mean;
Some for the person will revile the scene,
And wonder that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a poet, seeing, 20
In the world's eye, none weighs so light; others look
For all those base tricks published in a book—
Foul as his brains they flowed from—of cutpurses,
Of nips and foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as empty of worth or wit, 25
For any honest ear or eye unfit.
And thus,
If we to every brain that's humorous
Should fashion scenes, we, with the painter, shall,
In striving to please all, please none at all. 30
Yet for such faults, as either the writers' wit
Or negligence of the actors do commit,
Both crave your pardons: if what both have done
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roaring Girl herself, some few days hence, 35
Shall on this stage give larger recompense;
Which mirth that you may share in, herself does woo
you,
And craves this sign: your hands to beckon her to
you.
Finis

252 **pursue** seek

253 **cuck** Set me in a cucking stool, a chair into which women who vocally challenged male authority (designated 'scolds') were strapped, then publicly immersed several times in water; a legal punishment and social ritual.

Epilogue.1 **curious** skillful, elaborate

3 **Limned to the life** in a lifelike way

6 **brows** eyebrows

7 **hit her o'er the lips** criticized the lips

13 **open at stall** at an open stall, stand

15 **doubt** suspect, fear

17 **mean** involving people of low social

rank; in a literary sense, unadorned, modest

18 **person** character, i.e., Moll

21 **weighs so light** is considered so trivial, playing on light as wanton

22-6 **book . . . eye unfit** probably refers to a pamphlet by Samuel Rid taking issue with Dekker's pamphlet *The Bel-man* (1608), an exposé of the London underworld

24 **nips and foists** cutpurses and pickpockets; cf. 10.327-41

obscene repulsive

28 **humorous** afflicted with unsettled

humours, fanciful, capricious

31-3 **writers' . . .** | **Both** the two playwrights in collaboration, Dekker and Middleton

35-6 **The Roaring Girl . . . larger recompense** Probably refers to the appearance of Mary Frith, the figure on whom Moll is based, singing and playing a lute on the stage of the Fortune in man's clothing, probably at a performance of this play several months before it was published (see Introduction).

37 **Which mirth . . . share in** so that you may share in this mirth

38 **this sign** applause

The Roaring Girl.

THE PARTS

Adult Males

ALEXANDER (524 lines): Jack Dapper *or* Sir Thomas *or* Cutpurses (Sc. 10); Tearcat; Coachman (Sc. 5)
LAXTON (264 lines): Curtalax *or* Hanger; Tailor (Sc. 4); Porter (Sc. 4); Tearcat; Cutpurses (Sc. 10); Tiltyard *or* Sir Guy *or* Lord Noland *or* Sir Beauteous *or* Sir Thomas *or* Others (Sc. 11) *or* Servants (Sc. 11)
SEBASTIAN (246 lines): Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Jack Dapper; Coachman (Sc. 5); Cutpurse (Sc. 10) *or* Jack Dapper; Tearcat; Sir Thomas
TRAPDOOR (217 lines): Neatfoot; Tailor (Sc. 4); Porter (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Cutpurses (Sc. 10)
GALLIPOT (155 lines): Neatfoot *or* Sir Davy *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Sir Adam *or* Jack Dapper *or* Gentlemen (Sc. 2) *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Sir Thomas *or* Tearcat; Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas; Tearcat *or* Sir Thomas
GOSHAWK (136 lines): Curtalax *or* Hanger; Gentlemen *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Servants (Sc. 3); Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Sir Thomas; Tearcat; Cutpurses (Sc. 10); Servants *or* Others (Sc. 11)
OPENWORK (110 lines): Neatfoot *or* Sir Davy *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Sir Adam *or* Gentlemen (Sc. 2) *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Servants (Sc. 3); Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Sir Davy; Coachman (Sc. 5); Tearcat *or* Sir Thomas; Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas
SIR DAVY (79 lines): any but Sebastian, Alexander, Sir Adam, Goshawk, Laxton, Gentlemen (Sc. 2), Greenwit, Neatfoot, Servingmen (Sc. 2), Trapdoor, Curtalax, Hanger
JACK DAPPER (69 lines): Alexander *or* Sebastian *or* Sir Guy *or* Gallipot *or* Neatfoot *or* Sir Davy *or* Tailor (Sc. 4) *or* Porter; Coachman (Sc. 5); Others *or* Servant (Sc. 11)
SIR GUY (58 lines): Neatfoot *or* Laxton *or* Sir Adam *or* Sir Davy *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Gentlemen (Sc. 2) *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Jack Dapper *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas; Fellow (Sc. 3); Servants (Sc. 3); Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Sir Davy *or* Jack Dapper; Coachman (Sc. 5); Sir Thomas *or* Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Jack Dapper; Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas *or* Jack Dapper
GREENWIT (48 lines): Curtalax *or* Hanger; Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Sir Thomas *or* Tearcat; Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas; Tearcat *or* Sir Thomas
CURTALAX (35 lines): any but Hanger, Sir Adam, Sir Davy, Trapdoor, Jack Dapper
NEATFOOT (34 lines): any but Sebastian, Alexander, Sir Davy, Sir Adam, Goshawk, Laxton, Gentlemen (Sc. 2), Greenwit, Servingmen (Sc. 2)
LORD NOLAND (29 lines): Neatfoot; Sir Adam; Sir Davy; Gentlemen *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Laxton; Jack Dapper;

Servants (Sc. 3); Fellow (Sc. 3); Tailor (Sc. 4); Porter (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Curtalax *or* Hanger
SIR ADAM (20 lines): any but Sebastian, Alexander, Sir Davy, Goshawk, Laxton, Gentlemen (Sc. 2), Greenwit, Neatfoot, Servingmen (Sc. 2), Trapdoor, Curtalax, Hanger
SIR THOMAS (13 lines): any but Jack Dapper, Sir Beauteous, Lord Noland, Trapdoor, Tearcat, Cutpurses (Sc. 10)
TILTYARD (10 lines): Neatfoot *or* Sir Adam *or* Sir Davy *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger *or* Laxton *or* Gentlemen (Sc. 2) *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Fellow (Sc. 3); Porter (Sc. 4); Tailor (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Jack Dapper *or* Curtalax *or* Hanger; Sir Thomas *or* Tearcat; Cutpurses (Sc. 10) *or* Sir Thomas *or* Jack Dapper; Tearcat *or* Sir Thomas
SIR BEAUTEOUS (8 lines): Laxton *or* Neatfoot *or* Sir Adam *or* Sir Davy *or* Gentlemen (Sc. 2) *or* Servingmen (Sc. 2); Servants (Sc. 3); Fellow (Sc. 3); Tailor (Sc. 4); Porter (Sc. 4); Coachman (Sc. 5); Curtalax *or* Hanger
HANGER (6 lines): any but Curtalax, Sir Adam, Sir Davy, Trapdoor, Jack Dapper

Adult males not listed in Dramatis Personae

TEARCAT (34 lines): any but Jack Dapper, Sir Beauteous, Sir Thomas, Lord Noland, Trapdoor
TAILOR (Sc. 4; 16 lines): any but Sebastian, Alexander
CUTPURSES (Sc. 10; 14 lines): any but Jack Dapper, Sir Beauteous, Sir Thomas, Lord Noland
COACHMAN (Sc. 5; 11 lines): any but Laxton
FELLOW (Sc. 3; 8 lines): any but Openwork, Laxton, Goshawk, Greenwit, Jack Dapper
Gentlemen (Sc. 2; 7 lines): any but Alexander, Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam, Goshawk, Laxton, Sebastian, Greenwit, Neatfoot, Servingmen (Sc. 2)
PORTER (Sc. 4; 3 lines): any but Sebastian, Alexander
Others (Sc. 11; 1 line): any but Alexander, Sebastian, Goshawk, Greenwit, Servant (Sc. 11), Sir Guy, Lord Noland, Sir Beauteous, Gallipot, Openwork, Tiltyard, Trapdoor
Servingmen (Sc. 2; no lines): the same, excluding themselves, including Gentlemen (Sc. 2)
SERVANTS (Sc. 3; no lines): any but Gallipot, Tiltyard
SERVANT (Sc. 11; no lines): any but Alexander, Sebastian, Goshawk, Greenwit, Sir Guy, Lord Noland, Sir Beauteous, Gallipot, Openwork, Tiltyard, Trapdoor

Boys

MOLL (547 lines): none
MISTRESS GALLIPOT (217 lines): none
MISTRESS OPENWORK (154 lines): none
MARY (36 lines): Gull
GULL (16 lines): Mary
MISTRESS TILTYARD (16 lines): none

Most crowded scene: Sc. 11, 17 characters

NO WIT/HELP LIKE A WOMAN'S; OR, THE ALMANAC

Edited by John Jowett

'*No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, a comedy by Thomas Middleton, Gent.' waited until 1657 before it appeared in print. But the play was clearly written decades earlier in 1611, for Weatherwise repeatedly quotes from actual almanacs for that year published by Thomas Bretnor and Jeffrey Neve (George, 1966). It is probably no coincidence that on 29 December of the same year, 1611 a play called *The Almanac* was acted by Prince Henry's Men at Whitehall before King James. In all probability this is the same play, or a court adaptation of it (Eccles, 1987).

If *No Wit* is indeed the Prince Henry's Men's play, the company would presumably have staged its original performances at the Fortune Theatre, within months of their production of *The Roaring Girl*. The title *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, like *The Roaring Girl*, promises that the play will focus on one or more female characters, and in each play the principal female is a resourceful figure who dresses herself as a man and in that guise offends social probity. In *No Wit's* world of scoundrels and fools, Mistress Low-water stands out as a character who, though disadvantaged by misfortune and by the social expectations of gender, is able to succeed remarkably well through her own resourceful wit. Thus the alternative titles place different emphasis on the play's balance. Women engineer the real plots of *No Wit*. Weatherwise, with his almanac, actually has no control over anything. He is butt of *The Almanac's* anti-providential wit and mainspring of its theatricality.

The play is known to have been revived in 1638 by James Shirley for the short-lived St Weburgh Street Theatre in Dublin. Shirley gave the play a new prologue and inserted a reference to the year of his production at 7.293; act intervals were evidently introduced (unless they derive from the 1611 court performance or an unrecorded revival), and further changes cannot be entirely ruled out. In more respects than most plays of the period, *No Wit* anticipates Restoration comedy, and in 1677 a farcical adaptation called *The Counterfeit Bridegroom, or, The Defeated Widow* (attributed to Aphra Behn or Thomas Betterton) was acted at Dorset Garden. The Low-water plot was imitated from *The Counterfeit Bridegroom*, either directly or indirectly, in a number of eighteenth-century plays (Balch, 1980). Middleton's play thus fell by the wayside, and it evidently remained unperformed for over three hundred years. In a marginal note in his copy of Dyce's edition, Anthony Trollope gave an ill-tempered verdict on its theatrical potential; he observed 'a certain activity' about the play 'that may have made it attractive on the stage to an audience devoid of all taste'. The play was

finally revived in 1985 in London by the Wayward Players at the Bear Gardens, where it formed an effective double bill with *Women, Beware Women* and revealed the women as 'astonishingly good natured' (Potter, 1985), and again in 1991 by a student group at the University of Toronto, a production that confirmed, according to its director Robert Irish, the stage prominence of Weatherwise.

Trollope's response was not typical of his century. A. W. Ward (1875) found a mix of lively, accomplished writing and dubious moral situation, a view the 1885 editor A. H. Bullen echoed. In 1887 Algernon Charles Swinburne wrote of 'the unflinching charm of a style worthy of Fletcher himself'. Such praise can turn to disparagement; a recent editor, Johnson (1976), laments what he sees as the blunting influence of Fletcherian romance on the incisive style found in Middleton's earlier city comedies. A more positive evaluation comes from Rowe (1979), who sees the play as repeatedly denying and interrogating comic resolutions. This is a useful approach, but it should not be allowed to obscure the charm noted by Swinburne. If the play absurdifies comic convention, it does so in a spirit that is itself comic. If it probes the limits of tolerance, it is perhaps itself finally tolerant.

No Wit might be described as a female-oriented continuation of male-oriented city comedy. The rapacious Goldenfleece has defrauded Low-water of his fortune; now Mistress Low-water pursues a new kind of confrontation with Goldenfleece's Widow. The key men are dead (Goldenfleece), ineffectual (Low-water) or contemptible (the Widow's suitors). Initially Mistress Low-water seeks revenge on a would-be seducer, Sir Gilbert Lambstone, who is also a favoured suitor to the Widow. Disguised as a plucky young gentleman, Mistress Low-water appears as an uninvited guest at Weatherwise's banquet in honour of the Widow, and reveals Sir Gilbert's duplicity to the assembled company. The Widow responds by falling in love with her saviour, and decides to marry for love rather than money. Mistress Low-water plays the game for her own advantage, and the couple are duly wed. Now the disguised woman's survival as the young gallant and her need for revenge converge, for the 'husband' must inflict emotional cruelty in order to avoid being taken to bed and discovered as a woman. The Widow has chosen love over money only to be emotionally and sexually defrauded. The frustrated and injured Widow turns her attention to Mistress Low-water's brother Beveril, enabling the sister to accuse the Widow of sexual dishonesty, just as she did Sir Gilbert before her. A restitution of the gains from her first husband's financial misdemeanours is required

before the new love-match between her and Beveril can be solemnized.

This contest between Mistress Low-water and the Widow Lady Goldenfleece relates to a ballad in *The Exeter Garland* (1720) called 'No Wit Like to a Woman's; or, The Old Woman Fitted by her Daughter'. The extant ballad tells of a daughter whose dowry is withheld by her rich widowed mother; she tricks her mother of the wealth by disguising herself as a beau and causing her mother to fall in love with her. Either the Exeter ballad and the play have a common source in a lost ballad, or the play is itself the source for the ballad.

For the play's other plot, Middleton followed Giambattista Della Porta's 1584 Italian comedy *La Sorella* ('The Sister'), which he presumably read in the Italian. The location turns from Della Porta's Venice to London; accordingly the Turks are familiarized as England's co-religionists but trade rivals, the Dutch. The manservant Saviourwit, a New Comedy witty rogue, is new to Middleton's play, and his cynicism helps to complicate *La Sorella's* moral simplicity.

Before the stage-action begins, Philip's father sent Philip and Saviourwit to the Low Countries to redeem Philip's long-lost Mother and sister from captivity with Dutch pirates. Having squandered the ransom, Philip returned home with a wife whom he now passes off as his redeemed sister Grace. This works well until his Mother is unexpectedly freed and returns home. Surprisingly, she agrees to connive with Philip against his father by pretending that Grace is his sister. But confusion multiplies when she meets Grace and discovers, to Philip's horror, that she is indeed that sister. It takes a second extraordinary twist of fate to set all to rights again.

Here are two causally independent plots. As the 1657 title itself suggests, the very idea of doubleness holds the play together. On the title-page the word 'wit' is bracketed above 'help', so as to give alternative readings. The 'wit' is above all the means by which Mistress Low-water helps herself, her husband, her brother Beveril, even, finally, the Widow. Philip's Mother is not particularly witty, but her lie on his behalf is of considerable help to him. Finally it takes the help of another woman, the Widow, to rescue Philip. The split title equates and contrasts the ideas of wit and help, and similarly correlates the two plots.

The apparent disjunction between the plots is in fact correlation in disguise. Both take financial loss in conjunction with the loss of a relative as a starting point. New marriages at first offer to compensate, but turn out to be disasters. Each plot hinges on a piece of female duplicity or role-playing—Mistress Low-water's disguise as a man, Philip's Mother's acceptance of Grace as her daughter—and push the pretence unnervingly towards becoming a reality. What is at issue is a false marriage—woman to woman, brother to sister. Each of these marriages becomes a meeting point for the laws of inheritance and wayward desire.

The outcomes are more secure marital resolutions in which confusion of identity is resolved by sleights of hand. It is important here that in both plots a character is available to double with one of the marriage partners. Philip's supposed and real sisters are dangerously interchangeable (Middleton gives the women's fathers the virtually synonymous names Sunset and Twilight), and the evasive device of the stand-in marital partner links this resolution with that for the Low-water plot. There it is the brother who is miraculously available to stand in for the sister and as it were reconstruct the homosexual marriage as heterosexual.

To put it another way, Grace, whose identity as Philip's sister is supposed to be the reality behind the false identity, who is repeatedly referred to as Philip's sister, and is specifically called 'Sister' in the stage direction following 8.159, becomes Philip's legitimate wife; in contrast Mistress Low-water changes from the Widow's spouse to her 'sister' (9.570, 9.578), in the sense 'sister-in-law'. Della Porta's title provides a keyword for the denouement of both plots. The unacceptable marriages are resolved by taking the sisterhood out of the incestuous marriage and inserting it as a separator to prevent the other from constituting itself as a union of women.

Of course mistaken identity and romantic confusion as a result of cross-dressing are conventions of Renaissance comedy. But Middleton retrieves the issues of sexuality from the comic formalities in several ways. Any links between these two autonomous plots are bound to highlight their common core of significance. The extreme involutions of the action draw attention to its artificiality, and so draw attention to the desperate need to avoid certain outcomes. And incest and female homoeroticism are actually confronted. Philip despairingly fears damnation for incest, and these fears inhabit the same part of the play as the Widow's lust for the man who is really Mistress Low-water. Philip perhaps articulates an anxiety about illicit sex on behalf of both sets of characters. The masque scene raises the matter of Mistress Low-water's apparent and real gender. Sir Gilbert despises the young gentleman's effeminacy, and in scourging widows who marry such androgynes he states what is the actual situation in an outraged but supposedly hypothetical comparison:

They marry now but the third part of husbands—
Boys, smooth-faced catamites—to fulfil their bed,
As if a woman should a woman wed. (9.90-2)

Much virtue in 'as if', especially as the actor playing Mistress Low-water would indeed have been a 'smooth-faced' boy. (And the actor playing the Widow would also have been a boy: the marriage perhaps threatens simultaneous collapse into both male and female homosexuality.) Rarely in Renaissance drama are such possibilities confronted so explicitly. It is all the more striking because, as Valerie Traub has pointed out, there was no Early Modern English word for lesbianism, a sexuality that was almost as Shirley

imagines Dublin in his Prologue to *No Wit*, unchronicled, unmapped, invisible. And indeed even in the play it is incest rather than same-sex marriage that finds all too clear a place on the list of damnable sins.

The whole play can be seen as an action that forces incestuous and female-homoerotic marriage from actual event to similitude, 'as if'. Thanks to the doubling characters Beveril and Jane, incest and same-sex liaison are only temporary mistakes. The final outcomes may be taken as matters of fact, unless our sense of the factual has been so heavily undercut that they seem rather to be fantasies of normalization that bring about an acceptable ending. It is not beyond the bounds of Middleton's representation of human behaviour to suggest that earlier in the play Philip and the Widow get what they unconsciously desire. Marriages have taken place that, more or less to the audience's best knowledge, break the very laws on which marriage is founded. Incest doubles the family upon itself, and same-sex marriage denies the possibility of progeny. Like widowhood, lost or duplicitous mothers, and cross-dressing, they undermine male control of reproduction and inheritance. Every step towards recognizing these desires is a step away from a standard comedic ending, and they are not allowed finally to hold sway.

The stage-managed denouements may be read by the light of two earlier episodes that show the intractability of life to theatrical schemes. These are the major and sustained ensemble scenes of the banquet in Scene 4 and the subverted wedding masque in Scene 9. Weatherwise, central protagonist in the play as *The Almanac*, attempts to rule over both festivities, unintentionally or intentionally ensuring that the prescribed inner action of each is in the event twisted to a bizarre outcome.

For his 'conceited' banquet, Weatherwise arranges twelve places that correspond to the signs of the zodiac, each with a motto appropriate to the time of year represented by the sign. He devises sweet-dishes for his guests that are shaped like the twelve astrological signs. In allocating each guest to his or her seat he makes much play on the correspondence between person and sign, and on the part of the human body associated with each sign. The whole table becomes an emblem of the natural year, of human behaviour, and of the human body. The most immediate point of reference is the almanac lore to which Weatherwise is enslaved. Pocket-book almanacs usually included the figure of the 'anatomical man': a human body surrounded by a rectangular frame showing the twelve signs of the zodiac, each sign connected to the corresponding bodily limb or organ. This graphic table has become the banqueting table.

Almanacs were popular renditions of astrological learning. Weatherwise has produced a correspondingly debased rendition of aristocratic and royal feast-making. The zodiac signs are presumably confections of marzipan and sugar of the kind mentioned, and associated with lecherous feasting, in *Women, Beware Women* 3.1.270 and 3.2.74-5, where the bull, ram, and goat are again astrological signs. Sugar sculptures were standard items of

conceited extravagance, and representative of the new levels of refinement and ingenuity being reached in food preparation. A court banquet would be a work of gastronomic contrivance designed to surprise and delight both eyesight and palate. An ingenious procession of dishes would manifest natural food substances in cunningly altered form. Thus the banquet could aspire to high artifice and even theatricality. At the Whitehall Banqueting Hall it might be prelude to a performance of a court masque—or indeed of a play such as *The Almanac*.

Weatherwise's banquet, here 'a course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine, served . . . as a separate entertainment' (*OED*), is metonymic for such feasting. His pretentious vulgarity recalls Petronius Arbiter's Latin prose-and-verse fiction *Satyricon*. A lengthy section of this fragmented work describes Trimalchio's banquet. The Renaissance editions Middleton might have read preserve only small portions of this episode, but one of them is the opening passage which includes an account of a course of comestibles that are shaped like the signs of the zodiac or make punning reference to it. This text probably suggested to Middleton Weatherwise's edible zodiac signs. The parvenu Trimalchio, like Weatherwise, is superstitious, observing lucky and unlucky days. He has apparently mastered fortune (his wife is called *Fortunata*), and Weatherwise hopes to do likewise. Yet the astrologer falls well short of Trimalchio's lavish opulence. All and sundry crowd in to Trimalchio's feast, but Weatherwise needs to conscript his tenants to fill the empty seats. In the theatre the tenants would be mute hired men, and presumably filled the chairs whose backs faced the audience. But this theatrical pragmatism nicely coincides with a satire on Weatherwise's ill-disguised frugality. His tenants are pointedly marginalized, and plain foods such as beef and fish are only figuratively present on his table as Taurus and Pisces. Weatherwise fails in the mythical simple old-fashioned hospitality of the rural gentry, just as he fails to reproduce the style of princes.

The guests conspicuously lack the mannered courtliness that should crown the feast as a living art-form. Instead, conversation is marked by amusingly stilted incongruity. The Renaissance manners on display at the fictional repast in Book 4 of Stefano Guazzo's *Civil Conversation* (translated from the Italian by Bartholomew Young, 1586) offer a significant point of contrast. There are several correspondences between the conduct of the two banquets as social occasions. In *Civil Conversation*, a woman is appointed head of the feast, games are played with proverbial tags, and a drinking-vessel ingeniously shaped like a ship is passed round the guests. *No Wit* echoes these details, but where in Guazzo they were sources of compliment and delight, they are here occasions for awkwardness, embarrassment, and factional contempt for the inventor. Just as Middleton adds Saviourwit to the personae of *La Sorella*, he augments Guazzo's feast with a sardonic Clown who ridicules the sun-cup Weatherwise produces to pass through his zodiac. Guazzo provides a fictional

model of 'civil conversation' that Weatherwise imitates in accidental parody.

All of his conceits turn out to be unsuitable, and unhelpful in his attempts to woo the Widow. At first he simply plays into the hands of his rivals. By the end of the scene he and the other suitors have been displaced by Mistress Low-water, the supposed young gentleman humiliated at the foot of the table.

The wedding masque is the occasion for the suitors' revenge. When the Widow commissions the scholar Beveril to supply an entertainment, her former suitors offer their services as actors, in order to turn an extravagant public compliment into an equally extravagant insult. The masque is again based on a theme familiar to Weatherwise from his almanacs: the division of human temperament into four types or humours related to the four elements of Earth, Air, Fire, and Water. Middleton may have based Beveril's masque on a sequence in Thomas Dekker's portion of *The Magnificent Entertainment* (Bergeron, 1985; see 2047-2119). Weatherwise visually presides over the show, suspended from the heavens as Air. The suitors displace Beveril's text for the masque, which would inferably have shown the Widow's love for her supposed husband as a perfect figuration of all the elements combined in harmony. Their actual speeches are calculatedly nasty, though the sheer absurdity of the suitors' transformations ensures that they cannot be taken too seriously.

As with the banquet scene, the proposed idealized view of human nature designed to flatter the Widow becomes in the event the very opposite. Human nature is deeply imperfect in this play, especially where sexual passion is concerned. If the conventions of marriage masque are corrupted, so too are the conventions of romantic comedy. The disguised heroine cannot marry; she is the wrong gender for the match in question, and she already has a spouse. Mistress Low-water is neither Shakespeare's premarital Viola nor Middleton's anti-marital Moll. Though she claims the moral high ground, and even, as her fortunes improve, sees herself as a post-diluvian Noah favoured by God (6.253-7), her charm has more to do with wit than virtue. That wit is hard pushed to excuse some of her actions, especially as the Widow, her victim, is herself too verbally witty, too sexually vulnerable, and finally too dignified to capitulate, by association with her dead husband, to the role of villain.

A redistribution of wealth is the precondition for final happiness. As the Widow accepts a lowered position in the financial order of things, and is accepted as a member of the middling-gentry community, she becomes the key to resolving Philip and Grace's difficulties. That resolution defies belief, and in the celebration that follows it is the roguish Saviourwit who says he 'could spring up and knock my head against yon silver ceiling for joy'. As in *Revenger's Tragedy* 3.5.2-4, where Vindice uses virtually the same words to express how he is ravished by his own success, or indeed Jonson's *Sejanus* 5.8-9, where the self-congratulatory would-be tyrant at each step feels his 'advanced head | Knock out a star

in heaven', there are suggestions here of atheistic self-congratulation. Sejanus and Vindice meet their downfall, but the comic plot-machine of *No Wit* rewards those who wittily help themselves. The mysteries of concord between microcosm and macrocosm are reduced to an emblematic banqueting-table or debased in a show that consigns the Platonic ideal to the past; the science of astrology has retreated to banal almanac lore; the heavens are merely a painted ceiling. Weatherwise proves to be a lack-wit above all for his belief in schematic conceptualizations of the world; he is an urban-gentry Prospero who is chastened for his attempts at deploying providence for his own ends. As with Prospero, the Epilogue is left to him.

As the Epilogue centres on Weatherwise's almanac, it might hypothetically have been added for the court performance where the play was called *The Almanac*, or at any rate have been an optional afterthought to the original play. It distracts attention from the play's leading concerns to its leading comic character. Interestingly, though, in the final lines Weatherwise offers himself as a scapegoat for the play's faults:

Some faults perhaps have slipped I am to answer;
And if in anything your revenge appears,
Send me in with all your fists about mine ears.

In other words, perhaps, don't blame the women. The final three lines of the main play have likewise been spoken by a male character, and have been analogously addressed to the 'gentlemen' assembled on stage. But it is a perfunctory summing-up. The last exchange specific to the play's action comes in two lines immediately before, where Mistress Low-water says of the Widow, 'I am her servant for't', the Widow replies, 'Ha, worthy sister!', and then adds, without any apparent change of addressee, 'The government of all I bless thee with.' This exchange between the women jokingly looks back on their courtship, in that 'servant' plays on the sense 'suitor, wooer', the role that has been replaced now that Mistress Low-water, as woman and as her brother's sister, has become the Widow's 'worthy sister'. Mistress Low-water doesn't get a wife, but she does get a dowry. Beveril has just offered to make the Widow's wealth readily available to his sister. In response, Mistress Low-water's 'I am her servant for't' sets aside Beveril's theoretical power as husband-to-be and insists on acknowledging deference to the Widow. The Widow not only gives Mistress Low-water access to her wealth but puts her fully in control of it. She thus establishes an alliance between the women that strips her future husband of his potential rights. If the Widow addresses whom she seems to address and means what she says, her endowment of her sister-in-law is an astonishing financial transaction, especially in context of a period when the restrictions on female ownership of property were very considerable. The play cannot propose woman-to-woman marriage as the basis for a socially inclusive comic ending, but it can and evidently does propose a woman-to-woman financial exchange as the basis for that comic ending. This switch from the sexual to the economic

aspect of marriage is the play's last moment of doubleness and substitution. It might be a stunning twist to the conventions of comic closure, one that goes far beyond questions of form and artifice. Perhaps the distracting Epilogue was needed from the play's inception after all.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1149

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 371

No $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \textit{Wit} \\ \textit{Help} \end{array} \right\}$ *like a Woman's*

Or, *The Almanac*

[for Prince Henry's Men at the Fortune]

THE ACTORS' NAMES

PROLOGUE

SIR OLIVER Twilight, a rich old knight
 PHILIP his son, servant to Mistress Grace
 SANDFIELD, friend to Philip, servant to Mistress Jane
 Master SUNSET, true father of Mistress Grace
 MASTER LOW-WATER, a decayed gentleman
 SIR GILBERT Lambstone
 Master WEATHERWISE
 Master PEPPER-TON
 Master OVERDONE
 Master BEVERIL, brother to Mistress Low-water
 DUTCH MERCHANT

} Suitors to the Lady Goldenfleece

DUTCH BOY

SAVOURWIT, Sir Oliver's man
 FOOTMAN
 Peccadill, Lady Goldenfleece's CLOWN
 SERVANTS
 Six of Weatherwise's TENANTS
 Lady Twilight, Philip's MOTHER
 Lady Goldenfleece, a rich WIDOW
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Mistress GRACE, Sunset's daughter, but supposed Twilight's
 Mistress JANE, Twilight's daughter, but supposed Sunset's

In the masque, presenters of three of the Winds

Prologue [Enter Prologue]

PROLOGUE

How is't possible to suffice
 So many ears, so many eyes?
 Some in wit, some in shows
 Take delight, and some in clothes;
 5 Some for mirth they chiefly come,
 Some for passion, for both some;

Some for lascivious meetings, that's their errand,
 Some to detract, and ignorance their warrant.
 How is't possible to please
 Opinion tossed in such wild seas?
 Yet I doubt not, if attention
 Seize you above, and apprehension
 You below, to take things quickly,
 We shall both make you sad and tickle ye. [Exit]

10

Title *No... Woman's* The main title has a proverbial flavour (compare 'A woman's wit helps at a pinch'). *Wit* is 'intelligence, craftiness', and may have a sexual pun: 'genitals'.

Persons Most of the names indicate the character type. See notes on their first

appearances.
 3, 4 **servant** lover
 6 **decayed** impoverished
Prologue.1 **suffice** satisfy (rhymes with *eyes*)
 6 **passion** grief, high emotion (the stuff of tragedy)

12-13 **you above... You below** i.e. those in the audience sitting in the galleries and those standing in the yard. The disposition of the audience reflected the social hierarchy.
 12 **apprehension** understanding

Scene 1

No wit like a Womans.

Sc. 1

Enter Philip, Sir Oliver Twilight's son, with Saviourwit, his father's man

[He draws his sword]

PHILIP I am at my wit's ends, Saviourwit.
SAVOURWIT And I am e'en following after you as fast as I can, sir.

PHILIP Then may the sharp point of an inward horror Strike me to earth, and save thy weapon guiltless. 35

PHILIP My wife will be forced from me, my pleasure!
5 SAVOURWIT Talk no more on't, sir. How can there be any hope i'th' middle when we're both at our wits' end in the beginning? My invention was ne'er so gravelled since I first set out upon't.

SANDFIELD Not in thy father?
PHILIP O defend me, friendship!
How much is truth abused when 'tis kept silent!

PHILIP Nor does my stop stick only in this wheel,
10 Though it be a main vexation; but I'm grated In a dear absolute friend, young Master Sandfield—

SAVOURWIT [to Sandfield] True, your anger's in an error all this while, sir. But that a lover's weapon now hears reason, 'Tis out still like a mad man's. Hear but me, sir. 40

SAVOURWIT Ay, there's another rub too.

'Tis my young master's injury, not yours, That you quarrel with him for; and this shows As if you'd challenge a lame man the field, And cut off's head because he has lost his legs. His grief makes him dead flesh, as it appeared 45 By offering up his breast to you; for, believe it, sir, Had he not greater crosses of his own, Your hilts could not cross him—

PHILIP Who supposes That I make love to his affected mistress, When 'tis my father works against the peace
15 Of both our spirits, and woos unknown to me. He strikes out sparks of undeservèd anger 'Twixt old steel friendship and new stony hate, As much forgetful of the merry hours The circuits of our youth hath spent and worn
20 As if they had not been, or we not born.

SANDFIELD How?
SAVOURWIT Not your hilts, sir. Come, I must have you friends. A pox of weapons! There's a whore gapes for't; put it up i'th' scabbard. 50

Enter Sandfield

SAVOURWIT See where he comes.
SANDFIELD Unmerciful in torment!
Will this disease never forsake mine eye?

SANDFIELD [putting up his sword] Thou'rt a mad slave.

PHILIP It must be killed first if it grow so painful.
Work it out strongly at one time, that th'anguish
25 May never more come near thy precious sight. If my eternal sleep will give thee rest, Close up mine eyes with opening of my breast. [He offers his breast]

SAVOURWIT Come, give me both your hands. You're in a quagmire both. Should I release you now, Your wits would both come home in a stinking pickle; Your father's old nose would smell you out presently.

SANDFIELD I feel thy wrongs at midnight, and the weight
30 Of thy close treacheries. Thou hast a friendship As dangerous as a strumpet's that will kiss Men into poverty, distress, and ruin; And to make clear the face of thy foul deeds, Thou work'st by seconds.

PHILIP Tell him the secret which no mortal knows 55 But thou and I, and then he will confess How much he wronged the patience of his friend.

SAVOURWIT Then thus the marigold opens at the splendour
Of a hot constant friendship 'twixt you both. [To Sandfield] 'Tis not unknown to your ear, some ten 60 years since, My mistress his good mother, with a daughter About the age of six, crossing to Jersey, Was taken by the Dunkirks, sold both, and separated. As the last news brings hot, the first and last 65 So much discovered; for in nine years' space No certain tidings of their life or death

1.0.2 *Saviourwit* The name is fitting for a flippant cynic.
6 *middle* i.e. (a) middle of an action or voyage (b) middle (sexual) region of the body
7 *invention* ingenuity
gravelled run aground (like a ship on sand), confounded
8 *set out* Draws specifically on the sense 'put to sea'.
9 *Nor... wheel* From the proverb 'to set a spoke in one's wheel'.
stop peg to stop a wheel turning

10 *grated* harassed, irritated
12 *rub* (a) irritation, reproof (b) obstacle
13 *make love to* woo
his affected mistress the woman he loves
17 *steel* (alluding to the proverb 'true as steel')
stony (alluding to the proverb 'as hard as a flint-stone')
24 *Work it out* get rid of it
at one time once and for all
33 *seconds* other people, agents
39 *lover's weapon* (with a phallic innuendo)
40 *still* always

48 *hilts* sword-hilt
50 *whore* i.e. the scabbard
52-3 *You're... pickle* From the proverbs 'to be in a sad pickle' and 'to lie in the mire'.
54 *smell you out* (proverbial)
presently straight away
58 *opens* opens its flower (with *hot constant friendship* as the sun); i.e. discloses secrets
63 *Dunkirks* Dunkirk pirates
64 *last... last* latest... final
brings is brought

- Or what place held 'em, earth, the sea, or heaven,
 Came to the old man's ears, the knight my master;
 Till, about five months since, a letter came,
 Sent from the mother, which related all
 Their taking, selling, separation,
 And never meeting; and withal required
 Six hundred crowns for ransom, which my old master
 No sooner heard the sound but tolled the sum,
 Gave him the gold, and sent us both aboard.
 We landing by the way, having a care
 To lighten us of our carriage because gold
 Is such a heavy metal, eased our pockets
 In wench's aprons. Women were made to bear,
 But for us gentlemen 'tis most unkindly.
- SANDFIELD
 Well, sir?
- PHILIP A pure rogue still!
- SAVOURWIT Amongst the rest, sir,
 'Twas my young master's chance there to dote finely
 Upon a sweet young gentlewoman, but one
 That would not sell her honour for the Indies
 Till a priest struck the bargain, and then half
 A crown dispatched it.
 To be brief, wedded her and bedded her,
 Brought her home hither to his father's house;
 And with a fair tale of mine own bringing up,
 She passes for his sister that was sold.
- SANDFIELD
 Let me not lose myself in wond'ring at thee.
 But how made you your score even for the mother?
- SAVOURWIT
 Pish, easily. We told him how her fortunes
 Mocked us as they mocked her. When we were o'th'
 sea
 She was o'th' land; and, as report was given,
 When we were landed she was gone to heaven.
 So he believes two lies one error bred:
 The daughter ransomed, and the mother dead.
- SANDFIELD
 Let me admire thee, and withal confess
 My injuries to friendship.
- PHILIP They're all pardoned.
 These are the arms I bore against my friend.
- [He embraces Sandfield]
- SAVOURWIT
 But what's all this to th' present? This discourse
 Leaves you i'th' bog still.
- PHILIP On, good Saviourwit.
- SAVOURWIT
 For yet our policy has crossed ourselves;
 For the old knave my master, little thinking her
 Wife to his son, but his own daughter still,
 Seeks out a match for her.
- PHILIP Here I feel the surgeon
 At second dressing.
- SAVOURWIT And he's entertained,
 E'en for pure need—for fear the glass should crack
 That is already broken, but well soldered—
 A mere sot for her suitor, a rank fox,
 One Weatherwise, that woos by the almanac,
 Observes the full and change, an arrant moon-calf.
 And yet, because the fool demands no portion
 But the bare dow'r of her smock, the old fellow,
 Worn to the bone with a dry covetous itch
 To save his purse and yet bestow his child,
 Consents to masty lumps of almanac stuff
 Kned with May-butter.—Now as I have thought on't,
 I'll spoil him in the baking.
- SANDFIELD Prithee, as how, sirrah?
- SAVOURWIT
 I'll give him such a crack in one o'th' sides,
 He shall quite run out of my master's favour.
- PHILIP
 I should but too much love thee for that.
- SAVOURWIT Thus then,
 To help you both at once, and so good-night to you:
 After my wit has shipped away the fool,
 As he shall part I'll buzz into the ear
 Of my old master that you, sir, Master Sandfield,
 Dearly affect his daughter, and will take her
 With little or no portion. Well stood out in't!
 Methinks I see him caper at that news,
 And, in the full, cry 'O!' This brought about
 And wittily dissembled on both parts,
 You to affect his love, he to love yours,
 I'll so beguile the father at the marriage

74 **tolled** counted out75 **him** i.e. Philip77 **carriage** burden78-9 **eased**... **aprons** Refers literally to the transfer of money, euphemistically to sexual acts the money paid for.79 **Women**... **bear** Possible proverbial; the same joke occurs in *Taming of the Shrew*, 2.1.200.**bear** Refers to (a) the position underneath in the sexual act (b) child-bearing (c) carrying money.80 **unkindly** unnatural87 **wedded her and bedded her** (proverbial)93 **him** i.e. Philip's father97 **one error bred** that were bred by one error101 **arms** Puns on limbs and weapons.102-3 **This**... **bog** See note to ll. 52-3.111 **mere sot** utter fool113 **arrant** (a) downright, rascally (b) *errant*: wandering, unfixed
moon-calf natural idiot (quibbling on the moon as the object whose changes Weatherwise *Observes*)114 **portion** dowry115 **dow'r** dowry118 **masty** fed with mast, fatted, swinish118-19 **lumps**... **May-butter** Describes the consistency of Weatherwise's mind.119 **Kned** kneaded**May-butter** unsalted butter left to stand in the sun during May and used medicinally. Mentioned here because rancid and cloudy. The proverb 'Mad as May-butter' may have been current.121-2 I'll... **favour** The punning image is of a pie (see l. 120) whose contents *run out* through the crack.129 **stood out** stood firm, upheld131 **in the full** at full

135 That each shall have his own; and both being wel-
 comed
 And chambered in one house—as ’tis his pride
 To have his children’s children got successively
 On his forefathers’ feather beds—in the daytimes
 To please the old man’s eyesight you may dally
 140 And set a kiss on the wrong lip. No sin in’t;
 Brothers and sisters do’t, cousins do more;
 But pray take heed you be not kin to them.
 So in the night-time nothing can deceive you.
 Let each know his own work; and there I leave you.

SANDFIELD
 Let me applaud thee.

145 PHILIP [*to Savourwit*] Blest be all thy ends,
 That mak’st armed enemies embracing friends.
 About it speedily. *Exit [with Sandfield]*

SAVOURWIT I need no pricking.
 I’m of that mettle so well paced and free,
 There’s no good riders that use spur to me.
Enter Grace Twilight

150 O, are you come?
 GRACE Are any comforts coming?
 SAVOURWIT I never go without ’em.
 GRACE
 Thou sport’st with joys that utterance cannot perfect.
 [*A noise within*]

SAVOURWIT
 Hark, are they risen?
 GRACE Yes, long before I left ’em;
 155 And all intend to bring the widow homeward.
 SAVOURWIT
 Depart then, mistress, to avoid suspect.
 Our good shall arrive time enough at your heart.
 [*Exit Grace*]

Poor fools that evermore take a green surfeit
 Of the first-fruits of joys! Let a man but shake the tree,
 160 How soon they’ll hold up their laps to receive comfort!
 The music that I struck made her soul dance.
*Enter the Lady Widow Goldenfleece, with Sir
 Gilbert Lambstone, Master Pepperton, Master
 Overdone, suitors; after them the two old men
 Sir Oliver Twilight and Master Sunset, with their
 daughters Grace Twilight, Jane Sunset*
 Peace.

Here comes the lady widow, the late wife
 To the deceased Sir Avarice Goldenfleece,
 165 Second to none for usury and extortion,
 As too well it appears on a poor gentleman,
 One Master Low-water, from whose estate
 He pulled that fleece that makes his widow weight.
 Those are her suitors now, Sir Gilbert Lambstone,
 170 Master Pepperton, Master Overdone.

WIDOW
 Nay, good Sir Oliver Twilight, Master Sunset,
 We’ll trouble you no farther.

SUNSET and SIR OLIVER No trouble, sweet madam.

SIR GILBERT
 We’ll see the widow at home; it shall be our charge
 that.

WIDOW It shall be so indeed.
 Thanks, good Sir Oliver, and to you both
 175 I am indebted for those courtesies
 That will ask me a long time to requite.

SIR OLIVER Ah, ’tis but your pleasant condition to give it
 out so, madam!

WIDOW
 Mistress Grace and Mistress Jane, I wish you both
 180 A fair contented fortune in your choices,
 And that you happen right.

GRACE and JANE Thanks to you, good madam.

WIDOW
 There’s more in that word ‘right’ than you imagine.
 I now repent, girls, a rash oath I took
 185 When you were both infants, to conceal a secret.

GRACE What does’t concern, good madam?

WIDOW
 No, no; since you are both so well, ’tis well enough.
 It must not be revealed. ’Tis now no more
 Than like mistaking of one hand for t’other.
 A happy time to you both.

GRACE and JANE The like to you, madam.

GRACE [*aside*]
 I shall long much to have this riddle opened!

JANE [*aside*]
 I would you were so kind to my poor kinswoman,
 And the distressed gentleman her husband,
 Poor Master Low-water, who on ruin leans.
 195 You keep this secret as you keep his means.

142 kin to like (quibbling on ‘related to’)
 147 pricking spurring
 151 comforts Grace means ‘comforting
 news’; Sandfield understands ‘sexual
 comforts’.
 153 sport’st with are flippant about, joke
 about
 utterance cannot perfect cannot be
 realized in speech
 157 Our good (a) the good Philip and I
 intend (b) our merchandise
 158 green surfeit i.e. (a) surfeit taken
 through eager inexperience (b) sickness

caused by eating too much green fruit
 161.1 Goldenfleece The name points to the
 wealth that the Widow’s husband has
 filched (*fleece*d) from the Low-waters, and
 recalls the Greek myth of Jason’s quest
 for the Golden Fleece, which he won
 with the help of the enchantress Medea.
 161.2 Lambstone Suggests ‘Lamb-stone’,
 i.e. lamb’s testicle, and so the character’s
 virile lechery.
 Pepperton He might be *peppered* in the
 sense ‘infected with venereal disease’.
 161.3 Overdone The name implies he is

sexually exhausted.
 161.4 Twilight... Sunset The names
 suggests their old age.
 168 He... fleece See note to l. 161.1.
 widow weight A variation of *widow right*,
 the part of a deceased husband’s estate
 to which the widow has a right. The
 Widow has the financial load but not
 the right to it.
 173 see... home i.e. escort the widow home
 178 condition disposition
 182 you happen right things turn out well
 for you

- WIDOW Thanks, good Sir Oliver Twilight. Welcome, sweet Master Pepperton. Master Overdone, welcome.
Exeunt; manet Sir Oliver with Saviourwit
- SIR OLIVER
 And goes the business well 'twixt those young lovers?
- SAVOURWIT
 Betwixt your son and Master Sunset's daughter
 The line goes even, sir.
- 200 SIR OLIVER Good lad, I like thee.
- SAVOURWIT
 But, sir, there's no proportion, height, or evenness
 Betwixt that equinoctial and your daughter.
- SIR OLIVER
 'Tis true, and I'm right glad on't.
- SAVOURWIT Are you glad, sir,
 There's no proportion in't?
- SIR OLIVER Ay, marry am I, sir.
- 205 I can abide no word that ends in 'portion'.
 I'll give her nothing.
- SAVOURWIT Say you should not, sir—
 As I'll ne'er urge your worship 'gainst your nature—
 Is there no gentleman, think you, of worth and credit
 Will open's bed to warm a naked maid?—
- 210 A hundred gallant fellows, and be glad
 To be so set a-work. Virginity
 Is no such cheap ware as you make account on
 That it had need with portion be set off;
 For that sets off a portion in these days.
- 215 SIR OLIVER Play on, sweet boy.
 O, I could hear this music all day long
 When there's no money to be parted from!
 Strike on, good lad!
- SAVOURWIT
 Do not wise men and great often bestow
 Ten thousand pound in jewels that lie by 'em?
 If so, what jewel can lie by a man
 More precious than a virgin? If none more precious,
 Why should the pillow of a fool be graced
 With that brave spirits which dearness have em-
 braced?—
- 225 And then perhaps, ere the third spring come on,
 Sends home your diamond cracked, the beauty gone,
 And—more to know her, 'cause you shall not doubt
 her—
- A number of poor sparks twinkling about her.
- SIR OLIVER
 Now thou play'st Dowland's 'Lachrimae' to thy
 master.
- SAVOURWIT
 But shall I dry your eyes with a merry jig now,
 And make you look like sunshine in a shower?
- SIR OLIVER
 How, how, my honest boy, sweet Saviourwit?
- SAVOURWIT
 Young Master Sandfield, gallant Master Sandfield—
- SIR OLIVER
 Ha, what of him?
- SAVOURWIT Affects your daughter strangely.
- SIR OLIVER
 Brave Master Sandfield! Let me hug thy zeal
 Unto thy master's house. Ha, Master Sandfield!
 But he'll expect a portion.
- 235 SAVOURWIT Not a whit, sir,
 As you may use the matter.
- SIR OLIVER
 Nay, an the matter fall into my using,
 The devil a penny that he gets of me.
- 240 SAVOURWIT
 He lies at the mercy of your lock and key, sir.
 You may use him as you list.
- SIR OLIVER
 Sayst thou me so? Is he so far in doting?
- SAVOURWIT Quite over head and ears, sir. Nay, more, he
 means to run mad and break his neck off some high
 steeple if he have her not.
- 245 SIR OLIVER Now bless the young gentleman's gristles! I
 hope to be a grandfather yet by 'em.
- SAVOURWIT That may you, sir,
 To, marry, a chopping girl with a plump buttock
 Will hoist a farthingale at five years' old,
 And call a man between eleven and twelve
 To take part of a piece of mutton with her.
- 250 SIR OLIVER
 Ha, precious wag! Hook him in finely, do.
- SAVOURWIT
 Make clear the way for him first; set the gull going.
- 255 SIR OLIVER
 An ass, an ass; I'll quickly dash his wooing.

200 **line** verse, metre. Quibbles on the sense 'equatorial line,' anticipating *equinoctial*.

201 **proportion** (a) regular rhythm (b) due relation

height Implies (a) quality of poetic style (b) elevation of a heavenly body above the horizon.

202 **equinoctial** (a) celestial equator (a glance at Weatherwise's interest in astrology) (b) terrestrial equator (probably hinting that Weatherwise has a rotund figure)

217 **When...from** (referring to payment for musical entertainment in taverns)

218 **Strike** play

224 **which...embraced** i.e. that have been conjoined with high value (with quibbles on *dearness* as 'affection' and *embraced* in its sexual sense)

227 **more** the better

228 **sparks** gallants (playing on the sense 'jewels' or 'sparkles')

229 **Dowland's 'Lachrimae'** i.e. John Dowland's *Lachrimae, or Seven Tears* (1604), a music collection with seven pavans based on Dowland's melancholy song 'Flow my Tears'.

230-1 **But...shower** From the proverb 'to laugh and cry like rain and sunshine'.

238 **use the matter** take advantage of the situation

244 **over...ears** (proverbial)

247 **bless...gristles** (an alteration of *bless his bones* that picks up on *gristle* as 'youthful, delicate man' and as having a phallic overtone)

250 **chopping** healthy, strong

251 **farthingale** framework of hoops supporting a skirt, made of whalebone. A phallic innuendo is possible.

253 **take...mutton** i.e. partake in lovemaking

255 **gull** fool

SAVOURWIT
 Why, now the clocks go right again. It must be a
 strange wit
 That makes the wheels of youth and age so hit.
 The one are dry, worn, rusty, furred, and soiled;
 260 Love's wheels are glib, ever kept clean and oiled.

SIR OLIVER
 I cannot choose but think of this good fortune.
 That gallant Master Sandfield!
Enter Weatherwise [with his almanac]
 WEATHERWISE [*aside*] Stay, stay, stay!
 What comfort gives my almanac today?
 Luck, I beseech thee!
 [*He reads*]
 265 'Good Days... Evil Days... June... July'. Speak a good
 word for me now, and I have her. Let me see. 'The fifth
 day, 'twixt hawk and buzzard. The sixth day, backward
 and forward.'—That was beastly to me, I remember.—
 270 'The seventh day, on a slippery pin. The eighth day,
 fire and tow. The ninth day, the market is marred.'—
 That's long of the hucksters, I warrant you. But now,
 the eleventh day. Luck, I beseech thee now, before I
 look into't! 'The eleventh day, against the hair'.—A
 275 pox on't, would that 'hair' had been left out! 'Against
 the hair'! That 'hair' will go nigh to choke me—had
 it been against anything but that, 'twould not have
 troubled me—because it lies cross i'th' way. Well, I'll
 try the fortune of a good face yet, though my almanac
 leave me i'th' sands.

SIR OLIVER [*aside*]
 280 Such a match, too! I could not wish a better.

WEATHERWISE Mass, here he walks!—Save you, sweet Sir
 Oliver! Sir Oliver Twilight!

SIR OLIVER O, pray come to me a quarter of a year hence;
 I have a little business now.

Exit

WEATHERWISE How, a quarter of a year hence? What, shall
 285 I come to you in September?

SIR OLIVER
 Nor in November neither, good my friend.

WEATHERWISE You're not a mad knight; you will not let
 your daughter hang past August, will you? She'll drop
 290 down under tree then. She's no winter fruit, I assure
 you, if you think to put her in crust after Christmas!

SIR OLIVER
 Sir, in a word, depart. My girl's not for you.
 I gave you a drowsy promise in a dream,
 But, broad awake now, I call't in again.
 Have me commended to your wit. Farewell, sir. 295

[*Exit*]

WEATHERWISE Now the devil run away with you, and some
 lousy fiddler with your daughter! May Clerkenwell have
 the first cut of her, and Houndsditch pick the bones! I'll
 never leave the love of an open-hearted widow for a
 300 narrow-eyed maid again, go out of the roadway like an
 ass to leap over hedge and ditch. I'll fall into the beaten
 path again, and invite the widow home to a banquet.
 Let who list seek out new ways; I'll be at my journey's
 end before him.
 My almanac told me true how I should fare: 305
 Let no man think to speed against the hair. *Exit*

Enter Mistress Low-water

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Is there no saving means, no help religious
 For a distressèd gentlewoman to live by?
 Has virtue no revèue? Who has all, then?
 Is the world's lease from hell? The devil's head-
 landlord?
 O, how was conscience, the right heir, put by? 5
 Law would not do such an unrighteous deed,
 Though with the fall of angels 't had been fee'd.
 Where are our hopes in banks? Was honesty,

Sc. 2

254 hit fall in with each other
 259 furred encrusted
 262.1 *Weatherwise* The name alludes to
 the character's interest in the predictions
 in almanacs (see Introduction).
 266 her i.e. the Widow
 266-77 Let...way Weatherwise's almanac
 has proverbial and sometimes cryptic
 mottoes for each day. Some derive from
 the 1611 almanac of Thomas Bretnor,
 which Middleton consulted.
 267 'twixt hawk and buzzard From Bretnor:
 'Beware the hawk and buzzard'.
 267-8 backward...remember The motto
 suggests different coital techniques.
Backward would be *beastly*.
 269 on...pin From Bretnor.
 pin peg
 270 tow flax. 'Put not fire to tow' was
 proverbial.
 the market is marred (proverbial)
 271 long of because of

hucksters profiteers, middle-men,
 engrossers
 272 eleventh Eleven was considered an
 unlucky number through its association
 with sin and death. Weatherwise evi-
 dently passes over the tenth day without
 reading it.
 273 against the hair i.e. against the
 grain (proverbial). With a suggestion of
 'adverse to the hair', taken up in *pox*:
 syphilis caused baldness.
 hair Puns at ll. 275-8 on *hare*.
 277 cross i'th' way To have a hare cross
 one's way was proverbially unlucky.
 279 i'th' sands i.e. stuck in the quicksands.
 Proverbial; compare ll. 52-3 and note.
 296-7 the...daughter Draws on the
 proverb 'The Devil rides on a fiddlestick'.
 297 Clerkenwell A district of London known
 for thieves and prostitutes.
 298 cut slice (as of a piece of meat). Also a
 euphemism for 'vulva'.

Houndsditch A London street with many
 second-hand clothes dealers. A *hound*
 would *pick the bones*.
 299-300 open-hearted...narrow-eyed
 Suggests contrasting degrees of sexual
 generosity.
 302 banquet repast of sweetmeats, fruit, and
 wine
 306 speed be successful
 against the hair against the grain
 2.0.1 Low-water The name alludes to
 the low ebb in the couple's financial
 fortunes.
 1 saving (a) redeeming, protecting (b) al-
 lowing accumulation of money
 4 Is...head-landlord Inverts the common
 idea that life is loaned or tenanted from
 God.
 7 Though even if
 8 banks (a) sums of money (b) seats of
 justice

- A younger sister without portion, left
 10 No dowry in the Chamber beside wantonness?
 O miserable orphan!
 'Twixt two extremes runs there no blessèd mean,
 No comfortable strain, that I may kiss it?
 Must I to whoredom or to beggary lean,
 15 My mind being sound? Is there no way to miss it?
 Is't not injustice that a widow laughs,
 And lays her mourning part upon a wife;
 That she should have the garment, I the heart?
 My wealth her husband left her, and me her grief.
 20 Yet, stood all miseries in their loathèd'st forms
 On this hand of me, thick like a foul mist,
 And here the bright enticements of the world
 In clearest colours, flattery, and advancement,
 And all the bastard glories this frame jets in,
 25 Horror nor splendour, shadows fair nor foul,
 Should force me shame my husband, wound my soul.
Enter Mistress Jane, Sunset's daughter
 Cousin, you're welcome. This is kindly done of you
 To visit the despaired.
- JANE I hope not so, coz.
 The want of means cannot make you despaired.
 30 Love, not by wealth, but by desert is prized.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 You're pleased to help it well, coz.
- JANE I am come to you,
 Beside my visitation, to request you
 To lay your wit to mine, which is but simple,
 And help me to untie a few dark words
 35 Made up in knots—they're of the widow's knitting,
 That ties all sure—for my wit has not strength
 Nor cunning to unloose 'em.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Good, what are they?—
 Though there be little comfort of my help.
- JANE
 She wished Sir Oliver's daughter and myself
 40 Good fortune in our choices, and repented her
 Of a rash oath she took when we were both infants
 A secret to conceal; but since all's well,
 She holds it best to keep it unrevealed.
 Now what this is, heaven knows.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Nor can I guess.
 45 The course of her whole life, and her dead husband's,
 Was ever full of such dishonest riddles
 To keep right heirs from knowledge of their own.
 And now I'm put i'th' mind on't, I believe
 It was some prize of land or money given
 50 By some departing friend upon their deathbed,
- Perhaps to yourself; and Sir Oliver's daughter
 May wrongfully enjoy it, and she hired—
 For she was but an hireling in those days—
 To keep the injury secret.
- JANE The most likeliest
 That ever you could think on!
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Is it not? 55
- JANE
 Sure, coz, I think you have untied the knot.
 My thoughts lie at more ease. As in all other things,
 In this I thank your help; and may you live
 To conquer your own troubles and cross ends,
 As you are ready to supply your friends. 60
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I thank you for the kind truth of your heart,
 In which I flourish when all means depart.
 [*Jane begins to leave*]
 Sure in that oath of hers there sleeps some wrong
 Done to my kinswoman.
Enter Footman
- JANE Who'd you speak withal?
 FOOTMAN The gentlewoman of this house, forsooth. 65
- JANE
 Whose footman are you?
- FOOTMAN One Sir Gilbert Lambstone's.
- JANE
 Sir Gilbert Lambstone's!—There my cousin walks.
- FOOTMAN
 Thank your good worship. [*Exit Jane*]
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER How now, whence are you?
- FOOTMAN [*giving her a letter*]
 This letter will make known.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Whence comes it, sir?
- FOOTMAN
 From the knight my master, Sir Gilbert Lambstone. 70
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Return't; I'll receive none on't.
 [*She throws down the letter and turns away*]
- FOOTMAN [*aside*] There it must lie then. I were as good run
 to Tyburn afoot and hang myself at mine own charges
 as carry it back again. *Exit*
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Life, had he not his answer? What strange impudence 75
 Governs in man when lust is lord of him!
 Thinks he me mad? 'cause I have no monies on earth
 That I'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
 And live eternal beggar? He shall pardon me.
 That's my soul's jointure; I'll starve ere I sell that. 80
 O, is he gone, and left the letter here?

10 **Chamber** City of London Treasury (where orphans' inheritances were deposited until they came of age)

13 **strain** (a) kind, class, breed (b) melody (comfortable to the voice)

15 **My . . . sound** i.e. despite my mind being sound

18 **heart** vital centre, feelings (of *grief*, l. 19)

20 **stood all miseries** even if all miseries stood

24 **bastard** i.e. false (but also a glance at the consequences of extramarital sex)

this frame i.e. the world

jets struts

25 **shadows . . . foul** i.e. fair false appearances or foul dark shapes

26 **soul** Rhymes with *foul*.

32 **Beside my visitation** i.e. apart from my simple desire to visit you. *Visitation* has connotations of a charitable visit to the sick or needy.

59 **cross** thwarted

73 **Tyburn** (the place of execution by hanging)

Yet I will read it, more to hate the writer.
 [She picks it up and reads]
 'Mistress Low-water,
 If you desire to understand your own comfort, hear me
 85 out ere you refuse me. I'm in the way now to double
 the yearly means that first I offered you; and, to stir you
 more to me, I'll empty your enemy's bags to maintain
 you; for the rich widow the Lady Goldenfleece, to whom
 I have been a longer suitor than you a long adversary,
 90 hath given me so much encouragement lately insomuch
 that I am perfectly assured the next meeting strikes the
 bargain. The happiness that follows this 'twere idle to
 inform you of. Only consent to my desires, and the
 widow's notch shall lie open to you. Thus much to
 95 your heart I know you're wise. Farewell.
 Thy friend to his power,
 And another's,
 Gilbert Lambstone.'

In this poor brief what volumes has he thrust
 100 Of treacherous perjury and adulterous lust!
 So foul a monster does this wrong appear
 That I give pity to mine enemy here.
 What a most fearful love reigns in some hearts,
 That dare oppose all judgement to get means,
 105 And wed rich widows only to keep queans.
 What a strange path he takes to my affection,
 And thinks't the nearest way—'twill never be—
 Goes through mine enemy's ground to come to me.
 This letter is most welcome. I repent now
 110 That my last anger threw thee at my feet.
 My bosom shall receive thee.
 [She puts the letter in her bosom]
 Enter Sir Gilbert Lambstone

SIR GILBERT [aside] 'Tis good policy, too,
 To keep one that so mortally hates the widow.
 She'll have more care to keep it close herself;
 And look what wind her revenge goes withal,
 115 The self-same gale whisks up the sails of love.
 I shall loose much good sport by that.—Now, my
 sweet mistress!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Sir Gilbert! You change suits oft; you were here
 In black but lately.

SIR GILBERT My mind ne'er shifts though.

120 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside] A foul mind the whilst.—
 But sure, sir, this is but a dissembling glass

You sent before you. 'Tis not possible
 Your heart should follow your hand.
 SIR GILBERT Then may both perish!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Do not wish that so soon, sir. Can you make
 A three-months' love to a rich widow's bed,
 125 And lay her pillow under a quean's head?
 I know you can't, howe'er you may dissemble't.
 You have a heart brought up better.

SIR GILBERT Faith, you wrong me in't.
 You shall not find it so. I do protest to thee,
 I will be lord of all my promises,
 130 And ere't be long thou shalt but turn a key
 And find 'em in thy coffer; for my love
 In matching with the widow is but policy
 To strengthen my estate and make me able
 To set off all thy kisses with rewards,
 135 That the worst weather our delights behold,
 It may hail pearl and shower the widow's gold.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 You talk of a brave world, sir.

SIR GILBERT 'Twill seem better
 When golden happiness breaks forth itself
 Out of the east port of the widow's chamber.
 140 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 And here it sets.

SIR GILBERT Here shall the down-fall be.
 Her wealth shall rise from her, and set in thee.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 You men have th'art to overcome poor women.
 Pray give my thoughts the freedom of one day,
 And all the rest take you.

SIR GILBERT
 I straight obey. [Aside] This bird's my own. 145
 Exit

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 There is no happiness but has her season
 Wherein the brightness of her virtue shines.
 The husk falls off in time that long shuts up
 The fruit in a dark prison; so sweeps by
 150 The cloud of miseries from wretches' eyes,
 That yet, though fall'n, at length they see to rise.
 The secret powers work wondrously, and duly.
 Enter Master Low-water

MASTER LOW-WATER
 Why, how now, Kate?

85 in the way disposed
 94 notch score, i.e. financial account (with a sexual quibble, playing on the common figuration of a woman's sex organs as a hidden treasure, and perhaps anticipating Mistress Low-water's disguise as a male suitor to the Widow)
 95 heart desires (both financial and amorous)
 96 to to the extent of
 99 brief summary document
 thrust crammed, insinuated

105 queans whores
 114 look what whatever
 116 loose set loose
 118 In black (in fellow mourning with the Widow)
 121 this i.e. the letter
 125 love suit
 126 her pillow i.e. what you have won from her bed; her money
 quean's whore's
 131-2 turn...coffer There may be a suggestion of sexual penetration that

clarifies the cost to Mistress Low-water.
 138 brave splendid
 139 golden happiness i.e. the Widow's money; also sexual bliss and even childbirth (both sustained in breaks forth, and see next notes)
 140 port i.e. the figurative 'gateway' of both the sun's rising and the Widow's vagina
 chamber (a) bedroom (b) vagina
 146 There...season From the proverb 'everything in its season'.
 147 virtue good quality, efficacy

- MISTRESS LOW-WATER O, are you come, sir? Husband,
Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor.
155 Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber.
Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream,
And this the opening morning of thy comforts.
Wipe the salt dew off from thy careful eyes,
And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart
160 T'expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows.
- MASTER LOW-WATER
You turn me past my senses.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER Will you but second
The purpose I intend, I'll be first forward.
I crave no more of thee but a following spirit.
Will you but grant me that?
- MASTER LOW-WATER Why, what's the business
That should transport thee thus?
- 165 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Hope of much good,
No fear of the least ill. Take that to comfort thee.
- MASTER LOW-WATER
Yea?
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Sleep not on't; this is no slumbering business.
'Tis like the sweating sickness: I must keep
Your eyes still 'wake; you're gone if once you sleep.
- MASTER LOW-WATER
170 I will not rest, then, till thou hast thy wishes.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*giving him the letter*]
Peruse this love-paper as you go.
- MASTER LOW-WATER A letter? *Exeunt*
- Sc. 3 *Enter Sir Oliver Twilight, with Master Sandfield,
and Savourwit*
- SIR OLIVER
Good Master Sandfield, for the great affection
You bear toward my girl, I am well pleased
You should enjoy her beauty. Heaven forbid, sir,
That I should cast away a proper gentleman,
5 So far in love, with a sour mood or so.
No, no, I'll not die guilty of a lover's neck-cracking.
Marry, as for portion, there I leave you, sir,
To the mercy of your destiny again;
I'll have no hand in that.
- SANDFIELD Faith, something, sir,
Be't but t'express your love.
- 10 SIR OLIVER I have no desire, sir,
To express my love that way, and so rest satisfied.
I pray take heed in urging, that too much
You draw not my love from me.
- SANDFIELD Fates foresee, sir.
- SIR OLIVER
Faith, then you may go seek out a high steeple
Or a deep water; there's no saving of you. 15
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
How naturally he plays upon himself!
- SIR OLIVER
Marry, if a wedding dinner, as I told you,
And three years' board, well lodged in mine house,
And eating, drinking, and a sleeping portion
May give you satisfaction, I am your man, sir; 20
Seek out no other.
- SANDFIELD I am content to embrace it, sir,
Rather than hazard languishment or ruin.
- SIR OLIVER
I love thee for thy wisdom. Such a son-in-law
Will cheer a father's heart. Welcome, sweet Master
Sandfield.
Enter Philip
Whither away, Philip?
- PHILIP To visit my love, sir, 25
Old Master Sunset's daughter.
- SIR OLIVER That's my Philip!
[*To Philip and Sandfield*] Ply't hard, my good boys both;
put 'em to't finely.
One day, one dinner, and one house shall join you.
- PHILIP and SANDFIELD
That's our desire, sir. *Exeunt Philip and Sandfield*
- SIR OLIVER Pish! Come hither, Savourwit. 30
Observe my son, and bring me word, sweet boy,
Whether h'as a speeding wit or no in wooing.
- SAVOURWIT
That will I, sir. [*Aside*] That your own eyes might tell
ye.
I think it speedy your girl has a round belly. *Exit*
- SIR OLIVER
How soon the comfortable shine of joy
Breaks through a cloud of grief! 35
The tears that I let fall for my dead wife
Are dried up with the beams of my girl's fortunes.
Her life, her death, and her ten years' distress
Are e'en forgot with me. The love and care
That I owed her, her daughter shows it all. 40
It can but be bestowed, and there 'tis well.
Enter Servant
How now, what news?
- SERVANT
There's a Dutch merchant, sir, that's now come over,
Desires some conference with you.
- SIR OLIVER How, a Dutch merchant?

165 **transport** (a) enrapture (b) move (as suggested by l. 162)

168 **the sweating sickness** (a fever causing profuse sweating and often quickly fatal)

3.6 a... **neck-cracking** See 1.244-6.

13 **Fates foresee** provide against disasters

16 **plays upon** (like a musical instrument)

19 **eating... portion** dowry of food, drink, and sleeping quarters

31 **speeding** successful

33 **speedy** (a) successful (b) soon

34 **comfortable** comforting

39 **e'en** entirely

40 **shows it all** i.e. manifests all the benefit of it. *Shows* might also suggest elided *she* owes, 'she possesses'.

Scene 3

No wit like a Womans.

45 Pray send him in to me. [Exit Servant] SIR OLIVER Call down my daughter.
 What news with him, trow? SERVANT Yes, sir. [Exit]

Enter Dutch Merchant, with a little Dutch Boy in great slops

DUTCH MERCHANT

SIR OLIVER Twilight?
 That's my name indeed, sir.
 I pray be covered, sir. You're very welcome.

DUTCH MERCHANT

This is my business, sir: I took into my charge
 A few words to deliver to yourself
 50 From a dear friend of yours that wonders strangely
 At your unkind neglect.
 SIR OLIVER Indeed? What might he be, sir?
 DUTCH MERCHANT Nay, you're i'th' wrong gender now.
 'Tis that distressed lady your good wife, sir.

SIR OLIVER

What say you, sir, my wife?
 55 DUTCH MERCHANT Yes, sir, your wife.
 This strangeness now of yours seems more to harden
 Th'uncharitable neglect she taxed you for.

SIR OLIVER

Pray give me leave, sir: is my wife alive?
 DUTCH MERCHANT

Came any news to you, sir, to th' contrary?
 SIR OLIVER

Yes, by my faith, did there.
 60 DUTCH MERCHANT Pray, how long since, sir?
 SIR OLIVER

'Tis now some ten weeks.
 DUTCH MERCHANT Faith, within this month, sir,
 I saw her talk and eat; and those, in our calendar,
 Are signs of life and health.

SIR OLIVER

Mass, so they are in ours.
 DUTCH MERCHANT

And these were the last words her passion threw me:
 65 'No grief', quoth she, 'sits to my heart so close
 As his unkindness and my daughter's loss.'
 SIR OLIVER

You make me weep, and wonder, for I swear
 I sent her ransom, and that daughter's here.
 DUTCH MERCHANT

Here? That will come well to lighten her of one grief.
 70 I long to see her for the piteous moan
 Her mother made for her.
 SIR OLIVER

That shall you, sir.—
 Within there!
 [Enter Servant]

SERVANT Sir.

SIR OLIVER

Here's strange boggling! I tell you, sir,
 Those that I put in trust were near me too.
 A man would think they should not juggle with me. 75
 My own son and my servant, no worse people, sir.

DUTCH MERCHANT

And yet oft-times, sir, what worse knave to a man
 Than he that eats his meat?
 SIR OLIVER

Troth, you say true, sir.
 I sent 'em simply, and that news they brought
 My wife had left the world; and with that son 80
 I sent to her, this brought his sister home.
 Enter Grace

Look you, sir, this is she.
 DUTCH MERCHANT

If my eye sin not, sir,
 Or misty error falsify the glass,
 I saw that face at Antwerp in an inn
 When I set forth first to fetch home this boy. 85

SIR OLIVER

How, in an inn?
 GRACE [aside] O, I am betrayed, I fear.
 DUTCH MERCHANT

How do you, young mistress?
 GRACE

Your eyes wrong your tongue, sir,
 And makes you sin in both. I am not she.
 DUTCH MERCHANT

No? Then I never saw face twice. Sir Oliver Twilight,
 I tell you my free thoughts. I fear you're blinded. 90
 I do not like this story. I doubt much
 The sister is as false as the dead mother.
 SIR OLIVER

Yea? Say you so, sir? I see nothing lets me
 But to doubt so too, then.
 [To Grace] So, to your chamber; we have done with
 you. 95
 GRACE [aside]

I would be glad you had.—Here's a strange storm!
 Sift it out well, sir. Till anon I leave you, sir. [Exit]

DUTCH MERCHANT

Business commands me hence, but as a pledge
 Of my return I'll leave my little son with you,
 Who yet takes little pleasure in this country, 100
 'Cause he can speak no English; all Dutch he.
 SIR OLIVER

A fine boy. He's welcome, sir, to me.
 DUTCH MERCHANT [to the Boy]

Where's your leg and your thanks to the gentleman?

45 trow I wonder
 45.2 slops baggy trousers
 47 be covered put your hat on
 57 taxed censured
 62 calendar almanac
 64 passion distress, anguish

65 close Rhymes with loss.
 67 swear Rhymes with here.
 73 boggling playing fast and loose
 74 near closely related to
 79 simply i.e. (a) trustingly, or (b) on their own

80 with as well as
 81 this i.e. the sending of Philip
 90 free thoughts Proverbially, 'thought is free'.
 91 doubt suspect
 93 lets hinders

- 105 *Waar is je nijgen en je dank-je?*
 DUTCH BOY [to Sir Oliver]
Ik dank je voor Uw Edelman vriendelijkheid.
 SIR OLIVER What says he, sir?
 DUTCH MERCHANT He thanks you for your kindness.
 SIR OLIVER Pretty knave!
 DUTCH MERCHANT
 Had not some business held me by the way,
 110 This news had come to your ear ten days ago.
 SIR OLIVER
 It comes too soon now, methinks. I'm your debtor.
 DUTCH MERCHANT
 But I could wish it, sir, for better ware.
 SIR OLIVER
 We must not be our own choosers in our fortunes.
Exit Dutch Merchant
 Here's a cold pie to breakfast: wife alive,
 115 The daughter doubtful, and the money spent!
 How am I juggled withal?
Enter Saviourwit
 SAVOURWIT It hits, i'faith, sir.
 The work goes even.
 SIR OLIVER O, come, come, come! Are you come, sir?
 SAVOURWIT
 Life, what's the matter now?
 SIR OLIVER There's a new reckoning come in since.
 SAVOURWIT [aside]
 Pox on't, I thought all had been paid.
 120 I can't abide these after-reckonings.
 SIR OLIVER
 I pray come near, sir; let's be acquainted with you.
 You're bold enough abroad with my purse, sir.
 SAVOURWIT
 No more than beseems manners and good use, sir.
 SIR OLIVER
 Did not you bring me word some ten weeks since
 My wife was dead?
 125 SAVOURWIT Yes, true, sir, very true, sir.
 SIR OLIVER
 Pray stay, and take my horse along with you.
 And, with the ransom that I sent for her,
 That you redeemed my daughter?
 SAVOURWIT Right as can be, sir.
 I never found your worship in a false tale yet.
 SIR OLIVER
 130 I thank you for your good word, sir; but I'm like
 To find your worship now in two at once.
- SAVOURWIT
 I should be sorry to hear that.
 SIR OLIVER I believe you, sir.
 Within this month my wife was sure alive—
 There's six weeks bated of your ten-weeks' lie—
 As has been credibly reported to me
 135 By a Dutch merchant, father to that boy,
 But now come over, and the words scarce cold.
 SAVOURWIT [aside]
 O strange! [To Sir Oliver] 'Tis a most rank untruth.
 Where is he, sir?
 SIR OLIVER
 He will not be long absent.
 SAVOURWIT [aside] All's confounded.
 [To Sir Oliver] If he were here, I'll tell him to his face,
 140 sir,
 He wears a double tongue that's Dutch and English.
 Will the boy say't?
 SIR OLIVER 'Las, he can speak no English.
 SAVOURWIT [aside]
 All the better. I'll gabble something to him.—
Hoyste kaloiste, kalooskin ee vou, dar sune, alla gaskin?
 DUTCH BOY *Ik weet niet wat hij zegt.—Ik en verstaan U niet.*
 145 SAVOURWIT
 Why, la, I thought as much!
 SIR OLIVER What says the boy?
 SAVOURWIT He says his father is troubled with an im-
 perfection at one time of the moon, and talks like a
 madman.
 SIR OLIVER
 What, does the boy say so?
 SAVOURWIT I knew there was somewhat in't.
 150 Your wife alive! Will you believe all tales, sir?
 SIR OLIVER
 Nay, more, sir: he told me he saw this wench
 Which you brought home at Antwerp in an inn;
 Tells me I'm plainly cozened of all hands:
 'Tis not my daughter neither.
 SAVOURWIT [aside] All's broke out.
 155 [To Sir Oliver] How, not your daughter, sir? I must to't
 again.
 [To the Boy] *Quisquinikin sadlamare, alla pisse kickin*
sows-clows,
Hoff tofte le cumber shaw, bouns bus boxsceeno.
 DUTCH BOY *Ik antwoord nooit geen klappende hik. Ik denk uit*
 160 *zijn zinnen.*

104 *Waar...dank-je* 'Where is your bow and your thank-you'

105 *Ik...vriendelijkheid* 'I thank you for your kindness'. *Edelman* is literally 'nobleman'; this deferential form of address was antiquated.

108 *knave* fellow, rogue (with no opprobrium)

112 *for* exchanged for

114 *cold pie to breakfast* cold comfort (proverbial)

116 *hits* succeeds

126 *stay* wait

take...you i.e. don't gallop off ahead of me. From proverbial 'take me with you'.

134 *bated* deducted

145 *Ik weet...niet* 'I don't know what he says.—I understand you not'

153 *Antwerp* (centre of the English wool trade in Flanders)

154 *of all hands* on all sides

159-60 *Ik antwoord...zinnen* 'I never answer beating hiccups [i.e. nonsense]. I think [he is] out of his mind'

SAVOURWIT O, *zein zennon!* Aha, I thought how 'twould prove i'th' end. The boy says they never came near Antwerp—a quite contrary way, round about by Parma.

SIR OLIVER What's the same '*zein zennon*'?

165 SAVOURWIT That is, he saw no such wench in an inn. 'Tis well I came in such happy time to get it out of the boy before his father returned again. Pray be wary, sir; the world's subtle. Come and pretend a charitable business in policy, and work out a piece of money on you!

170 SIR OLIVER Mass, art advised of that?

SAVOURWIT The age is cunning, sir; beside, a Dutchman will live upon any ground, and work butter out of a thistle.

SIR OLIVER
Troth, thou sayst true in that. They're the best thrivers

175 In turnips, artichokes, and cabbages; Our English are not like them.

SAVOURWIT O, fie, no, sir!

SIR OLIVER
Ask him from whence they came, when they came hither.

SAVOURWIT That I will sir.—*Cullvaron lagooso, lageen, lagan, rufft, punkatee?*

180 DUTCH BOY *Neem U eige' te kakk'.*

SAVOURWIT What, what? I cannot blame him then.

SIR OLIVER What says he to thee?

SAVOURWIT The poor boy blushes for him. He tells me his father came from making merry with certain of his countrymen, and he's a little steeped in English beer; there's no heed to be taken of his tongue now.

185 SIR OLIVER Hoyda! How com'st thou by all this? I heard him speak but three words to thee.

SAVOURWIT O, sir, the Dutch is a very wide language; you shall have ten English words even for one. As for example, *gullder-goose*: there's a word for you, master.

SIR OLIVER
Why, what's that same *gullder-goose*?

SAVOURWIT
'How do you and all your generation?'

SIR OLIVER
Why, 'tis impossible! How prove you that, sir?

195 SAVOURWIT 'Tis thus distinguished, sir: gull, 'how do you'; der, 'and'; goose, 'your generation'.

SIR OLIVER
'Tis a most saucy language. How cam'st thou by't?

SAVOURWIT
I was brought up to London in an eel-ship; There was the place I caught it first by th' tail.— [Aside] I shall be tripped anon. Pox, would I were gone!—
I'll go seek out your son, sir; you shall hear What thunder he'll bring with him.

200 SIR OLIVER Do, do, Saviourwit. I'll have you all face to face.

SAVOURWIT [aside] Cuds me!—What else, sir?— An you take me so near the net again, I'll give you leave to squat me. I have scaped fairly!

205 We are undone in Dutch; all our three-months' roguery
Is now come over in a butter firkin. *Exit*

SIR OLIVER
Never was man so tossed between two tales! I know not which to take, not which to trust. The boy here is the likeliest to tell truth, Because the world's corruption is not yet At full years in him. Sure he cannot know What deceit means; 'tis English yet to him. And when I think again, why should the father Dissemble for no profit? He gets none,

210 Whate'er he hopes for, and I think he hopes not. The man's in a good case, being old and weary, He dares not lean his arm on his son's shoulder For fear he lie i'th' dirt, but must be rather Beholding to a stranger for his prop.

220 *Enter Dutch Merchant*

DUTCH MERCHANT
I make bold once again, sir, for a boy here.

SIR OLIVER
O, sir, you're welcome. Pray resolve me one thing, sir: Did you within this month with your own eyes See my wife living?

DUTCH MERCHANT I ne'er borrowed any.
Why should you move that question, sir? Dissembling

225 Is no part of my living.

SIR OLIVER I have reason
To urge it so far, sir—pray be not angry though— Because my man was here since your departure, Withstands all stiffly, and, to make it clearer,

163 **Parma** In north Italy: an implausible detour.

170 **Mass** (an oath: 'by the mass')
art advised of have you considered

172-3 **work ... thistle** productively farmland on which only thistles grow. Comically varies the proverb 'To wring milk from a stone' with a product associated with the Dutch (see l. 207).

180 **Neem ... kakk'** 'Make shit of yourself'; i.e. make a fool of yourself

187 **Hoyda** (an exclamation of surprise)

191 **gullder-goose** Suggests *gull the goose*, slang for 'cheat the idiot', or *gullder-goose*, from the Dutch coin guilder, 'fool with his money'.

193 **generation** offspring

197 **saucy** (a) cheeky (because of the imputations of *gullder-goose*) (b) savoury, sauce-like (suggested by *goose* as food)

198 **eel-ship** The Dutch were reputed to be fond of eels.

199 **by th' tail** (as eels might be caught; with a possible pun on *tale*, as in l. 207)

202 **thunder** i.e. angry words

203 **Cuds me** (an expletive; literally 'God's me')

204-5 **An ... squat me** Saviourwit pictures himself as a tennis ball.

205 **squat** slam down, smash (as in the tennis stroke)

207 **come over** i.e. shipped to England
butter firkin small cask of butter (as a typical import from Holland, and perhaps suggestive of the Merchant's appearance)

213 **English** i.e. foreign

217 **in a good case** well off (ironic)

218 **He** i.e. who

220 **Beholding** beholden

230 Questioned your boy in Dutch, who, as he told me,
Returned this answer first to him: that you
Had imperfection at one time o'th' moon,
Which made you talk so strangely.

DUTCH MERCHANT How, how's this?—
Zeg, jongen, ik ben gekweld met een dolligheid, een ontijf
235 van de maan, en koeterwalend?

DUTCH BOY Wee ik! Hij liegt in zijn bakkes die't zegt.

DUTCH MERCHANT Why, la you, sir! Here's no such thing.
He says he lies in's throat that says it.

SIR OLIVER Then the rogue lies in's throat, for he told me so,
240 And that the boy should answer at next question
That you ne'er saw this wench, nor came near
Antwerp.

DUTCH MERCHANT Ten thousand devils!—Zei hij U ook niet,
jongen, dat we niet kijf bij Antwerpen vandaan komen, noch
zien de dochter daar?

245 DUTCH BOY Ik heb hem geen zulke dingen gezegd. Hij is een
schelm, een rabauw!

DUTCH MERCHANT He says he told him no such matter; he's
a knave and a rascal.

SIR OLIVER Why, how am I abused! Pray tell me one thing:
250 What's *gullder-goose* in Dutch?

DUTCH MERCHANT How, *gullder-goose*? There's no such
thing in Dutch; it may be 'an ass' in English.

SIR OLIVER Hoyda! Then am I that ass in plain English. I
am grossly cozened, most inconsiderately.

255 Pray let my house receive you for one night,
That I may quit these rascals, I beseech you, sir.

DUTCH MERCHANT If that may stead you, sir, I'll not refuse you.

SIR OLIVER A thousand thanks, and welcome!—
On whom can fortune more spit out her foam?

260 Worked on abroad, and played upon at home!

Exeunt

Sc. 4 Enter Weatherwise the gull, meeting the Clown
and one or two servants bringing out a table [with
twelve trenchers]

234-5 *Zeg...koeterwalend?* 'Tell me, boy,
I, am I tortured with a madness, a bad
time of the moon, and raving?'

236 *Wee...zegt* 'Woe is me! He lies in his
face that says it'

238 *lies in's throat* (proverbial)

242-4 *Zei...daar?* 'Didn't he tell you also,
boy, that we certainly did not then come
from Antwerp, nor saw the daughter
there?' The sense required is 'Didn't you
tell him...'

245-6 *Ik...rabauw* 'I have said no such
thing to him. He is a rogue and a rascal'

252 *an...English* See note to l. 191.

256 *quit* requite

257 *stead* help

4.5 *fetchd in* (a) brought in (b) taken in,
cheated

with the moon i.e. when the moon
changes (with an allusion to menstrua-
tion)

6 *roundlier* more thoroughly

8 *the...clock* *Hand and striking part of a
clock* have phallic innuendos, and *dial*
suggests 'vulva'.

9 *stand* (a) put up with (b) have an
erection

chamber (a) private room (b) vagina

13 *are you double with* (a) do you have two
of (b) do you double up with

15 *wore doublets* A doublet was a man's
body-garment. For women scandal-
ously cross-dressing, see *Roaring Girl*.
Doublets also plays on *double*, l. 13, and
so suggests promiscuity.

WEATHERWISE So, set the table ready. The widow's i'th'
next room, looking upon my clock with the days and
the months and the change of the moon. I'll fetch her
in presently. [*Exit*]

CLOWN She's not so mad to be fetched in with the moon,
5 I warrant you. A man must go roundlier to work with
a widow than to woo her with the hand of a dial, or
to stir up her blood with the striking part of a clock. I
should ne'er stand to show her such things in chamber.

Exeunt

Enter Weatherwise, with the Widow, Sir Gilbert
Lambstone, Master Pepperton, Master Overdone

WEATHERWISE Welcome, sweet widow, to a bachelor's
10 house here. A single man I, but for two or three maids
that I keep.

WIDOW Why, are you double with them then?

WEATHERWISE An exceeding good mourning wit! Women
are wiser than ever they were, since they wore doublets.
15 You must think, sweet widow, if a man keep maids
they're under his subjection.

WIDOW That's most true, sir.

WEATHERWISE They have no reason to have a lock but the
master must have a key to't.

WIDOW To him, Sir Gilbert; he fights with me at a wrong
20 weapon now.

[*The Widow and Sir Gilbert talk apart*]

WEATHERWISE [*aside*]

Nay, an Sir Gilbert strike, my weapon falls.

I fear no thrust but his. Here are more shooters,
But they have shot two arrows without heads;
25 They cannot stick i'th' butt yet. Hold out, knight,
And I'll cleave the black pin in th' midst o'th' white.

Exit

WIDOW [*to Sir Gilbert*] Nay, and he led me into a closet, sir,
where he showed me diet drinks for several months, as
scurvygrass for April, clarified whey for June, and the
30 like.

SIR GILBERT O madam, he is a most necessary property,
an't be but to save our credit ten pound in a banquet.

WIDOW Go, you're a wag, Sir Gilbert!

19-20 *They...to't* (with a coital implica-
tion, developed in ll. 21-7)

24 *shooters* (pronounced the same as
suitors)

25-6 *they...yet* Implies that Pepperton
and Overdone are incapable of having
an erection. *Butt* ('mark for archery
practice') suggests 'vulva' or 'buttocks'.

27 *the...white* i.e. the peg in the middle
of the inner white circle of the archer's
target. 'Cleave the pin' was proverbial.

28 *he* i.e. Weatherwise

29 *diet* i.e. medicinal

30 *scurvygrass* (a plant believed effective
against scurvy)

32 *property* means to an end, tool

34 *wag* mischievous joker

Scene 4

NO Wit Like a WOMANS.

35 SIR GILBERT How many there be in the world of his fortunes
that prick their own calves with briers to make an easy
passage for others, or, like a toiling usurer, sets his son
a-horseback in cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself
goes to th' devil a-foot in a pair of old strossers!
40 But shall I give a more familiar sign?
His are the sweetmeats, but the kisses mine.
[*He kisses her*]
OVERDONE [*aside*] Excellent! A pox o' your fortune!
PEPPER-TON [*to Overdone*] Saucy courting has brought all
modest wooing clean out of fashion. You shall have
45 few maids nowadays got without rough handling, all
the town's so used to't; and most commonly too they're
joined before they're married, because they'll be sure to
be fast enough.
OVERDONE
Sir, since he strives t'oppose himself against us,
50 Let's so combine our friendships in our straits,
By all means graceful to assist each other.
For I protest it shall as much glad me
To see your happiness and his disgrace
As if the wealth were mine, the love, the place.
PEPPER-TON
55 And with the like faith I reward your friendship.
I'll break the bawdy ranks of his discourse
And scatter his libidinous whispers straight.—
Madam!
WIDOW How cheer you, gentlemen?
SIR GILBERT [*aside*] Pox on 'em!
They waked me out of a fine sleep; three minutes
60 Had fastened all the treasure in mine arms.
PEPPER-TON
You took no note of this conceit, it seems, madam.
WIDOW
Twelve trenchers, upon every one a month:
January, February, March, April—
PEPPER-TON
Ay, and their posies under 'em.
WIDOW
75 Pray what says May? She's the spring lady.
[*She reads*]
'Now gallant May in her array
Doth make the field pleasant and gay.'
OVERDONE [*reading*]
'This month of June use clarified whey
Boiled with cold herbs, and drink alway.'
WIDOW
'Drink't all away', he should say. 70
PEPPER-TON
'Twere much better indeed, and wholesomer for his
liver.
SIR GILBERT
September's a good one here, madam.
WIDOW
O, have you chose your month? Let's hear't, Sir
Gilbert!
SIR GILBERT [*reading*]
'Now mayst thou physics safely take,
And bleed and bathe for thy health's sake. 75
Eat figs and grapes and spicery,
For to refresh thy members dry.'
WIDOW Thus it is still when a man's simple meaning lights
among wantons. How many honest words have suffered
corruption since Chaucer's days? A virgin would speak
80 those words then that a very midwife would blush to
hear now, if she have but so much blood left to make
up an ounce of grace. And who is this long on but such
wags as you, that use your words like your wenches?
You cannot let 'em pass honestly by you but you must
85 still have a flirt at 'em.
PEPPER-TON You have paid some of us home, madam.
Enter *Weatherwise*
WEATHERWISE [*aside*] If conceit will strike this stroke, have
at the widow's plumb-tree! I'll put 'em down all for
a banquet.—Widow and gentlemen, my friends and
90 servants, I make you wait long here for a bachelor's
pittance.
WIDOW O, sir, you're pleased to be modest.
WEATHERWISE No, by my troth, widow; you shall find it
95 otherwise.
Strike music. Enter [*the Clown and servants with
the*] banquet, and six of *Weatherwise's* tenants
with the twelve signs, made like banqueting-stuff,
[in order:] *Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo,*

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 38 cloth-of-gold cloth interwoven with gold thread | wise's reading. | and so without the <i>grace</i> of innocence, and perhaps also as old and so with little blood in her veins. |
| 39 strossers trousers | 74-7 Now ... dry Quoted word-for-word from Neve, except that Neve reads 'physic'. | 83 ounce of grace The amount of blood needed to blush is seen as a minimal sign of <i>grace</i> . |
| 48 fast (a) firmly <i>joined</i> (b) quick | 74 physics medicines | long on because of |
| 56-7 break ... ranks ... scatter (military metaphor) | 75 bleed let blood | 86 flirt (a) stroke of wit (b) flirtation |
| 61 conceit ingenious contrivance | 77 members (a) the parts of the body (the 'simple' meaning) (b) the penis. | 87 home Said of a sword-thrust that finds its mark and goes deep. |
| 64 posies epigrams, mottoes | 78-9 Thus ... wantons The suitors have responded to the sexual meaning. | 89 plumb-tree (slang for 'pudendum') |
| 66-9 Now ... alway Both posies are from the 1611 almanac of Jeffrey Neve. | 79 wantons i.e. people with sex on the brain | put ... for defeat them all by means of |
| 68 clarified whey (drunk as a health remedy) | 80 Chaucer's days Seen as a time when language was pure; equivocal because Chaucer himself was a bawdy poet. | 95.3 banqueting-stuff i.e. sweetmeats, fruit, etc. |
| 69 alway always. Needed for rhyme, but already archaic; hence the Widow's emendation. Neve supports <i>Weather-</i> | 81 midwife Seen as sexually knowledgeable | |

Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces. [The tenants set the signs on the table, with Aries at the head and Pisces at the foot]

WIDOW What, the twelve signs!

WEATHERWISE These are the signs of my love, widow.

WIDOW

Worse meat would have served us, sir. By my faith, I'm sorry you should be at such charges, sir,
100 To feast us a whole month together here.

WEATHERWISE

Widow, thou'rt welcome a whole month and ever.

WIDOW

And what be those, sir, that brought in the banquet?

WEATHERWISE

Those are my tenants. They stand for fasting days.

SIR GILBERT

Or the six weeks in Lent.

WEATHERWISE

You're i'th' right, Sir Gilbert.—

105 Sweet widow, take your place at Aries here.

That's the head sign. A widow is the head

Till she be married.

WIDOW

What is she then?

WEATHERWISE

The middle.

WIDOW [*sitting*] 'Tis happy she's no worse.

WEATHERWISE

Taurus, Sir Gilbert Lambstone, that's for you.

They say you're a good town-bull.

110 SIR GILBERT [*sitting*]

O, spare your friends, sir.

WEATHERWISE

And Gemini for Master Pepperton.

He had two boys at once by his last wife.

PEPPERON [*sitting*]

I hear the widow find no fault with that, sir.

WEATHERWISE

Cancer the crab for Master Overdone,

115 For when a thing's past fifty it grows crookèd.

[*Overdone sits*]

WIDOW

Now for yourself, sir.

WEATHERWISE

Take no care for me, widow;

I can be anywhere. Here's Leo, heart and back;

Virgo, guts and belly.

I can go lower yet, and yet fare better,

Since Sagittarius fits me the thighs.

120

I care not if I be about the thighs;

I shall find meat enough.

[*He sits*]

WIDOW

But under pardon, sir,

Though you be lord o'th' feast and the conceit both,

Methinks it had been proper for the banquet

To have had the signs all filled, and no one idle.

125

WEATHERWISE I know it had; but whose fault's that,

widow? You should have got you more suitors to have

stopped the gaps.

WIDOW

Nay, sure, they should get us, and not we them.

There be your tenants, sir. We are not proud;

130

You may bid them sit down.

WEATHERWISE

By th' mass, it's true, too.

Then sit down, tenants, once, with your hats on; but

spare the meat, I charge you, as you hope for new

leases. I must make my signs draw out a month yet,

with a bit every morning to breakfast, and at full-moon

135

with a whole one that's restorative. Sit round, sit round;

and do not speak, sweet tenants. You may be bold

enough, so you eat but little.

[*The tenants sit*]

How like you this now, widow?

WIDOW

It shows well, sir,

And like the good old hospitable fashion.

140

CLOWN How, like a good old hospital? My mistress makes

an arrant gull on him.

WIDOW

But yet methinks there wants clothes for the feet.

95.6–8 *The . . . foot* The formally correct positions for the remaining signs would be to have Gemini, Leo, Libra, Sagittarius, and Aquarius along the side of the table to the left of Aries, and Taurus, Cancer, Virgo, Scorpio, and Capricorn opposite them. The staging would be more straightforward if Gemini and Taurus were transposed, so that Lambstone and Weatherwise could both face the audience, and if Virgo and Libra were transposed, so that at ll. 117–22 Weatherwise could proceed down one side of the table.

98 *meat food*

103 *They . . . days* (because they physically stand at various points in the zodiac 'year' to which no banqueting food is allotted)

105–6 *Aries . . . sign* The astrological signs

were each thought to govern parts of the body: Aries, the head and face. The sign for Aries at the head of the table might be thought an inappropriate place for a female guest, especially as the ram is a male animal; though in Guazzo's *Civil Conversation* (see Introduction) a woman is appointed head of the feast, and the Widow's name Goldenfleece suggests the sheep or ram.

106 *A . . . head* (turning *head* to mean 'head of the family')

107 *The middle* (a) i.e. between husband and children in rank (b) pudendum

108 *no worse* i.e. (a) no lower in rank (b) not called a worse name

110 *town-bull* bull kept in turn by a village's farmers for servicing cows; 'stud'

116 *Take no care for* don't worry about

117–22 *Here's . . . enough* Further examples of the association between signs and parts of the body, with a joking allusion to their edibility.

119 *lower* i.e. (a) at table (b) in the body

120–2 *Since . . . enough* Weatherwise obliviously chooses a place where he is surrounded by tenants and at a distance from the Widow.

120 *fits me* accords with. *Me* is redundant except to emphasize the verb.

121 *about* (a) around, near (b) busy with

128 *stopped the gaps* (with a coital implication)

134 *draw out* last

143 *the feet* The part of the body associated with Pisces, whose place that *wants clothes* (i.e. is empty) is at the foot of the table. The Widow, four suitors, and six tenants fill the eleven occupied places.

WEATHERWISE That part's uncovered yet.—Push! No matter for the feet!
 145 WIDOW Yes, if the feet catch cold the head will feel it.
 WEATHERWISE Why then, you may draw up your legs, and lie rounder together.
 SIR GILBERT He's answered you well, madam.
 150 WEATHERWISE An you draw up your legs too, widow, my tenant will feel you there, for he's one of the calves.
 WIDOW Better and better, sir; your wit fattens as he feeds.
 CLOWN She's took the calf from his tenant and put it upon his ground now.
 [Enter a Servant]
 WEATHERWISE
 155 How now, my lady's man, what's the news, sir?
 SERVANT [to the Widow]
 Madam, there's a young gentleman below Has earnest business to your ladyship.
 WEATHERWISE
 Another suitor, I hold my life, widow.
 WIDOW [to the Servant]
 What is he, sir?
 SERVANT He seems a gentleman.
 160 That's the least of him, and yet more I know not.
 WIDOW
 Under the leave o'th' master of the house here, I would he were admitted.
 WEATHERWISE
 With all my heart, widow. I fear him not, Come cut and long tail. [Exit Servant]
 SIR GILBERT I have the least fear,
 165 And the most firmness; nothing can shake me.
 WEATHERWISE If he be a gentleman, he's welcome. There's a sign does nothing, and that's fit for a gentleman. The feet will be kept warm enough now for you, widow, for if he be a right gentleman he has his stockings warmed,
 170 and he wears socks beside, partly for warmth, partly for cleanliness. And if he observe Fridays too, he comes excellent well; Pisces will be a fine fish dinner for him.
 WIDOW Why then you mean, sir, he shall sit as he comes.
 WEATHERWISE Ay; an he were a lord he shall not sit above
 175 my tenants. I'll not have two lords to them; so I may go look my rent in another man's breeches; I was not brought up to be so unmannerly!

Enter Mistress Low-water, as a gallant gentleman, her husband like a servingman after her
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside] I have picked out a bold time.—Much good do you, gentlemen. 180
 WEATHERWISE You're welcome as I may say, sir. 180
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [to the Widow]
 Pardon my rudeness, madam.
 WIDOW No such fault, sir.
 You're too severe to yourself; our judgement quits you.
 Please you to do as we do?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Thanks, good madam.
 WIDOW Make room, gentlemen.
 WEATHERWISE Sit still, tenants; I'll call in all your old leases 185 and rack you else.
 ALL TENANTS O, sweet landlord!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [to Master Low-water]
 Take my cloak, sirrah.—If any be disturbed, I'll not sit, gentlemen. I see my place.
 WEATHERWISE [aside] A proper woman turned gallant! 190 If the widow refuse me I care not if I be a suitor to him. I have known those who have been as mad and given half their living for a male companion.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 How, Pisces! Is that mine? 'Tis a conceited banquet.
 [She sits]
 WEATHERWISE If you love any fish, pray fall to, sir. If you 195 had come sooner, you might have happened among some of the flesh signs, but now they're all taken up. Virgo had been a good dish for you, had not one of my tenants been somewhat busy with her.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Pray let him keep her, sir. Give me meat fresh; 200 I'd rather have whole fish than broken flesh.
 SIR GILBERT
 What say you to a bit of Taurus?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER No, I thank you, sir;
 The bull's too rank for me.
 SIR GILBERT How, sir?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Too rank, sir.
 SIR GILBERT
 Fie, I shall strike you dumb, like all your fellows.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 What, with your heels or horns?

144 **Push** pish (a strong expletive)
 146 **if...it** (folk-wisdom that varies the proverb, 'The head and feet keep warm, the rest will take no harm')
 151 **calves** (a) lower legs (b) dolts (by extension of the sense 'young cows')
 152 **Better and better** (proverbial) he it
 153 **calf** (a) young cow (as an animal grazed on land) (b) the imputation of dolt
 164 **Come...tail** Proverbial for 'come dogs of all kinds' (a *cut* is a dog with a docked tail), hence 'whatever happens, whoever comes'. Also suggests the

genitals (*cut* meaning 'slit' or suggesting 'cunt', and *tail* able to apply to male or female organs), anticipating Mistress Low-water's disguised sexual identity.
 167 **that's...gentleman** (because the gentry had no trade or occupation)
 170 **socks** (part of a gentleman's costume)
 171 **Fridays** Fish was customarily eaten instead of meat on Fridays.
 173-5 **Why...tenants** Guests of higher social rank would usually sit nearer the head of the table.
 175 **to** in exchange for

176 **look** seek
 178-9 **bold time** time that calls for boldness
 182 **quits** requites
 186 **rack** charge excessive rent, extort
 190 **A...gallant** A hyperbolic comment on the *gallant's* effeminacy; Weatherwise does not actually see through the disguise.
 198 **dish** The slang sense 'attractive woman' was not current, but the word is here used metaphorically to similar effect.
 203 **rank** (a) foul, rancid (b) lustful
 204 **your fellows** i.e. fish

- 205 SIR GILBERT Perhaps with both. An honest citizen,
MISTRESS LOW-WATER Pityed her case, and married her to Aquarius,
It must be at dead low water, when I'm dead, then. An old water-bearer.
MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside*] And Pisces was her living ever after:
'Tis a brave Kate, and nobly spoke of thee. At Standard she sold fish, where he drew water. 245
- WEATHERWISE This quarrel must be drowned. Peccadill,
my lady's fool! ALL THE REST
It shall be yours, sir.
- 210 CLOWN You're your own man, sir. WIDOW Meat and mirth too; you're lavish!
WEATHERWISE Prithee, step in to one o'th' maids— Your purse and tongue has been at cost today, sir.
CLOWN That I will, sir, and thank you too. SIR GILBERT [*to Weatherwise*] You may challenge all comers
WEATHERWISE Nay, hark you, sir. Call for my sun-cup at these twelve weapons, I warrant you.
presently; I'd forgot it. Enter Clown, [*without his doublet, with a cypress
over his face, and bearing the sun-cup*]
- 215 CLOWN How, your sun-cup?—Some cup, I warrant, that he stole out o'th' Sun Tavern! [*Exit*]
WIDOW [*aside, looking on Mistress Low-water*] CLOWN Your sun-cup, call you it? 'Tis a simple voyage 250
The more I look on him, the more I thirst for't. that I have made here: I have left my doublet within,
Methinks his beauty does so far transcend, for fear I should sweat through my jerkin, and thrown
Turns the signs back, makes that the upper end. a cypress over my face, for fear of sun-burning.
- WEATHERWISE How now, who's this?—Why, sirrah!
CLOWN Can you endure it, mistress? 255
WIDOW Endure what, fool?
WEATHERWISE [*taking the cup from the Clown*] Fill the cup,
coxcomb.
- CLOWN Nay, an't be no hotter I'll go put on my doublet
again. Exit 260
WEATHERWISE What a whoreson sot is this! [*To Master
Low-water*] Prithee, fill the cup, fellow, and give't the
widow.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to Master Low-water*] Sirrah, how
stand you? Bestow your service there upon her ladyship. 265
[*Master Low-water fills the cup and offers it to the
Widow*]
- WIDOW
What's here, a sun?
WEATHERWISE It does betoken, madam,
A cheerful day to somebody.
- WIDOW [*aside*] It rises
Full in the face of yon fair sign, and yet
By course he is the last must feel the heat.—
Here, gentlemen, to you all, for you know the sun must 270
go through the twelve signs.

206 It... then Alludes to the stranding of fish on an exposed shore, quibbling on Mistress Low-water's name, and puns on *dead* as (a) absolute (b) not alive.

208 drowned (by drinking wine)
Peccadill An anglicization of *peccadillo*, alluding to the venial trespasses of a fool.

210 You're... man (implying Weatherwise is (a) not a servant (b) not married to my lady, so not in charge of the Clown (c) a decisive man)

211 step in to go inside to (but the Clown takes it as 'sexually enter')

213 sun-cup Evidently a goblet ornamented with a sun motif, to complement the zodiac signs.

216 Sun Tavern Located in London's New Fish Street.

219 Turns that it turns

223 a tale of these The signs are characterized in appropriate ways as London citizens.

229 shooter Refers to the bow and arrow of Sagittarius, and puns on *sutor*.

230 head chief (and referring to the head as the part of the body associated with Aries)

232 Crookèd Lane (adjoined New Fish Street)

234 Scorpio (appropriate as a usurer because of its sting)

236 Town-bull Street A comic alteration of the disreputable Turnbul Street. See note to l. 110.

239 Red Lion A tavern near the Tower of London.

240 Capricorn The word's association with goat's horns suggests someone who cuckolds.

242 Pityed her case Complicated by the quibble on *case* as 'vagina'.

245 Standard (a water conduit in Cheapside; with a phallic innuendo)
sold fish With the implication 'practised prostitution'.

water With the implication 'semen'. *Drew water* probably refers to pimping.

246 It shall be yours (a phrase used to acknowledge a victory)

249.1 cypress piece of light, transparent cloth. If black, it would usually denote mourning.

250 simple fine (ironic)

- [*She drinks*]
 WEATHERWISE
 Most wittily, widow; you jump with my conceit right.
 There's not a hair between us.
 WIDOW [*to Master Low-water*] Give it Sir Gilbert.
 SIR GILBERT
 I am the next through whom the golden flame
 275 Shines when 'tis spent in thy celestial ram.
 The poor feet there must wait and cool a while.
 [*He drinks*]
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 We have our time, sir; joy and we shall meet.
 I have known the proud neck lie between the feet.
 [*They drink in turn*]
 WEATHERWISE So round it goes.
 280 Enter Clown
 CLOWN I like this drinking world well.
 [*Pepperton drinks*]
 WEATHERWISE [*to Master Low-water*] So fill t' him again.
 PEPPERON Fill t' me? Why, I drunk last, sir.
 WEATHERWISE
 I know you did, but Gemini must drink twice,
 Unless you mean that one of them shall be choked.
 WIDOW [*aside*]
 285 Fly from my heart all variable thoughts!
 She that's enticed by every pleasing object
 Shall find small pleasure, and as little rest.
 This knight hath loved me long; he's best and worthiest.
 I cannot but in honour see him requited.—
 Sir Gilbert Lambstone—
 290 MISTRESS LOW-WATER How? Pardon me, sweet lady,
 That with a bold tongue I strike by your words.—
 Sir Gilbert Lambstone?
 SIR GILBERT Yes, sir, that's my name.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 There should be a rank villain of that name.
 Came you out of that house?
 SIR GILBERT How, Sir Slave!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 295 Fall to your bull; leave roaring till anon.
 WEATHERWISE Yet again! An you love me, gentlemen, let's
 have no roaring here. If I had thought that, I'd have
 sent my bull to the Bear Garden.
 PEPPERON Why, so you should have wanted one of your
 300 signs.
- WEATHERWISE But I may chance want two now, an they
 fall together by the ears.
 WIDOW
 What's the strange fire that works in these two
 creatures?
 Cold signs both, yet more hot than all their fellows.
 [*The cup comes round to Mistress Low-water*]
 WEATHERWISE Ho, Sol in Pisces! The Sun's in New Fish
 305 Street; here's an end of this course.
 CLOWN [*to the Widow*] Madam, I am bold to remember
 your worship for a year's wages and an livery-cloak.
 WIDOW
 How, will you shame me? Had you not both last
 week, fool?
 CLOWN Ay, but there's another year passed since that.
 310 WIDOW
 Would all your wit could make that good, sir.
 CLOWN I am sure the sun has run through all the twelve
 signs since; and that's a year, these gentlemen can
 witness.
 WEATHERWISE The fool will live, madam.
 315 CLOWN Ay, as long as your eyes are open, I warrant him.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to Master Low-water*] Sirrah!
 MASTER LOW-WATER Does your worship call?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Commend my love and service to the widow;
 Desire her ladyship to taste that morsel.
 320 [*She gives him the letter*]
 MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside*]
 This is the bit I watched for all this while;
 But it comes duly.
 [*He takes the letter to the Widow*]
 SIR GILBERT [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 And wherein has this name of mine offended,
 That you're so liberal of your infamous titles,
 I but a stranger to thee? It must be known, sir,
 325 Ere we two part.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Marry, and reason, good sir.
 WIDOW [*reading the letter*]
 O strike me cold! This should be your hand, Sir
 Gilbert?
 SIR GILBERT Why, make you question of that, madam? 'Tis
 one of the letters I sent you.
 WIDOW [*rising as if to leave*] Much good do you, gentlemen!
 330 ALL THE SUITORS [*rising*] How now? What's the matter?

- 272 **jump** accord
conceit idea, whim
 273 **not a hair between** (proverbial)
 275 **when . . . ram** i.e. after it has passed
 through Aries
 278 **neck** (associated with Taurus, hence Sir
 Gilbert)
feet (associated with Pisces, hence
 Mistress Low-water)
 291 **strike by** i.e. sound the time as promp-
 ted by (taking *tongue* as 'bell-clapper')
 295 **Fall to your bull** i.e. set to eating your
 banqueting-stuff. Sir Gilbert may have
 risen to his feet in the previous line.
roaring (a) bellowing (b) brawling
 298 **Bear Garden** (a bull-baiting pit)
 302 **fall . . . ears** (proverbial)
 304 **Cold signs** The temperament associated
 with each sign was described in terms
 of heat and moisture. Taurus was
 considered cold and dry, Pisces cold and
 wet.
 305 **Sol** the sun
 305–6 **The . . . Street** See note to l. 216.
 307 **remember** remind
 315 **will live** i.e. must earn a living (but the
 Clown takes the words more literally)
 316 **your eyes are open** i.e. you are alive
 324 **infamous titles** insulting names
 326 **reason** with good reason

- WEATHERWISE Look to the widow; she paints white. Some
aqua coelistic for my lady. [*To the Clown*] Run, villain!
- 335 CLOWN Aqua solister? Can nobody help her case but a
lawyer, and so many suitors here?
- WIDOW
O treachery unmatched, unheard of!
- SIR GILBERT How do you, madam?
- WIDOW
O impudence as foul! Does my disease
Ask how I do? Can it torment my heart,
And look with a fresh colour in my face?
- SIR GILBERT
What's this, what's this?
- 340 WEATHERWISE I am sorry for this qualm, widow.
- WIDOW
He that would know a villain when he meets him,
Let him ne'er go to a conjuror;
[*She shows him the letter*]
Here's a glass
Will show him without money, and far truer.
[*To Mistress Low-water*] Preserver of my state, pray tell
me, sir,
- 345 That I may pay you all my thanks together,
What blest hap brought that letter to your hand
Frames me so fast locked in mine enemy's power?
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
I will resolve you, madam. I have a kinsman
Somewhat infected with that wanton pity
350 Which men bestow on the distress of women,
Especially if they be fair and poor.
With such hot charity, which indeed is lust,
He sought t'entice, as his repentance told me,
Her whom you call your enemy, the wife
355 To a poor gentleman, one Low-water—
- WIDOW
Right, right, the same.
- MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside*]
Had it been right, 't'ad now been.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
And according to the common rate of sinners,
Offered large maintenance, which with her seemed
nothing;
For if she would consent, she told him roundly,
360 There was a knight had bid more at one minute
Than all his wealth could compass; and withal
- Plucked out that letter as it were in scorn;
Which by good fortune he put up in jest,
With promise that the writ should be returnable
The next hour of his meeting. But, sweet madam,
365 Out of my love and zeal I did so practise
The part upon him of an urgent wooer
That neither he nor that returned more to her.
- SIR GILBERT [*aside*]
Plague o' that kinsman!
- WEATHERWISE Here's a gallant rascal!
- WIDOW [*to Mistress Low-water*]
Sir, you have appeared so noble in this action,
370 So full of worth and goodness, that my thanks
Will rather shame the bounty of my mind
Than do it honour. [*To Sir Gilbert*] O, thou treacherous
villain!
Does thy faith bear such fruit?
Are these the blossoms of a hundred oaths
375 Shot from thy bosom? Was thy love so spiteful
It could not be content to mock my heart—
Which is, in love, a misery too much—
But must extend so far to the quick ruin
Of what was painfully got, carefully left me,
380 And 'mongst a world of yielding needy women
Choose no one to make merry with my sorrows,
And spend my wealth on in adulterous surfeits,
But my most mortal enemy? O, spiteful!
Is this thy practice? Follow it; 'twill advance thee.
385 Go, beguile on. Have I so happily found
What many a widow has with sorrow tasted,
Even when my lip touched the contracting cup,
E'en then to see the spider? 'Twas miraculous!
Crawl with thy poisons hence, and for thy sake
390 I'll never covet titles and more riches,
To fall into a gulf of hate and laughter.
I'll marry love hereafter; I've enough,
And wanting that, I have nothing. There's thy way.
[*She points to a door*]
- OVERDONE
Do you hear, sir? You must walk.
- PEPPER TON Heart, thrust him downstairs! 395
- WEATHERWISE
Out of my house, you treacherous, lecherous rascal!
- SIR GILBERT [*to them all*]
All curses scatter you! [Exit]

332 **paints white** turns pale (literally, 'whitens her face with make-up')

333 **aqua coelistic** A cordial. The *c* is pronounced 's'.

334 **solister** The Clown's mishearing allows a pun on *solicitor*.

case (a) situation (b) lawsuit (c) vagina

339 **look . . . face** (a) appear to give fresh colour to my face (referring to the metaphorical disease) (b) look, with

its own fresh colour, at my [pale] face (referring to Sir Gilbert)

340 **qualm** fit of sickness

342 **glass** magic crystal

347 **Frames** that forms, articulates, shows

356 **Had . . . been** i.e. the story is no more true than Low-water's present appearance (?)

363 **put up** pocketed

364 **writ** letter

376 **Shot** (a) uttered (b) sprouted

386 **found** found out

388 **the contracting cup** i.e. betrothal, figured as drinking a pledge

389 **spider** Thought to produce poison.

The image of the spider in the cup is associated with knowledge of a spouse's adultery in *Winter's Tale* 2.1.40–5.

392 **To** in order to

394 **that** i.e. love

Scene 4

No wit like a Womans.

WEATHERWISE Life, do you thunder here?
If you had stayed a little longer, I'd have ripped out
some of my bull out of your belly again.

400 PEPPERTON [*to Mistress Low-water*] 'Twas a most noble
discovery. We must love you for ever for't.

WIDOW [*to Weatherwise*]
Sir, for your banquet and your mirth we thank
you;—

You, gentlemen, for your kind company;—
[*To Mistress Low-water*] But you, for all my merry days
to come,

Or this had been the last else.

405 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Love and fortune
Had more care of your safety, peace, and state,
madam.

WEATHERWISE [*aside*]
Now will I thrust in for't.

PEPPERTON [*aside*] I'm for myself now.

OVERDONE [*aside*]
What's fifty years? 'Tis man's best time and season.
Now the knight's gone, the widow will hear reason.

410 MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside to Mistress Low-water*]
Now, now the suitors flutter, hold on, Kate.
The hen may pick the meat while the cocks prate.

Exeunt

Sc. 5 *Enter Master Sandfield, Philip (Sir Oliver
Twilight's son), with Saviourwit*

PHILIP [*to Saviourwit*]
If thou talk'st longer, I shall turn to marble,
And death will stop my hearing.

SANDFIELD Horrible fortune!

SAVOURWIT
Nay, sir, our building is so far defaced
There is no stuff left to raise up a hope.

5 PHILIP
O, with more patience could my flesh endure
A score of wounds, and all their several searchings,
Than this that thou hast told me.

SAVOURWIT Would that Flemish ram
Had ne'er come near our house! There's no going
home

10 As long as he has a nest there, and his young one,
A little Flanders egg new-fledged. They gape
For pork, and I shall be made meat for 'em.

PHILIP
'Tis not the bare news of my mother's life—
May she live long and happy—that afflicts me
With half the violence that the latter draws.

15 Though in that news I have my share of grief,

As I had share of sin and a foul neglect,
It is my love's betraying that's the sting
That strikes through flesh and spirit; and since nor
wit

From thee in whom I ne'er saw ebb till now
Nor comforts from a faithful friend can ease me, 20
I'll try the goodness of a third companion,
What he'll do for me.

[*He draws his sword and offers to kill himself*]

SANDFIELD Hold! Why, friend!

SAVOURWIT Why, master,
is this all your kindness, sir: offer to steal into another
country and ne'er take your leave on's? Troth, I take it
unkindly at your hands, sir; but I'll put it up for once. 25
[*He puts up Philip's sword*]

Faith, there was no conscience in this, sir. Leave me
here to endure all weathers, whilst you make your soul
dance like a juggler's egg upon the point of a rapier?
By my troth, sir, you're to blame in't. You might have
given us an inkling of your journey; perhaps others 30
would as fain have gone as you.

PHILIP
Burns this clay-lamp of miserable life,
When joy, the oil that feeds it, is dried up?
*Enter his Mother, new landed, with Master Beveril
(a gentleman scholar) and servants*

MOTHER
He has removed his house.

BEVERIL So it seems, madam.

MOTHER
I'll ask that gentleman. [*To Philip*] Pray can you tell
me, sir, 35
Which is Sir Oliver Twilight's?

PHILIP Few can better, gentlewoman.
It is the next fair house your eye can fix on.

MOTHER
I thank you, sir.—Go on. [*Exeunt servants*]
He had a son

About some ten years since.

PHILIP That son still lives. 40

MOTHER I pray, how does he, sir?

PHILIP
Faith, much about my health. [*Aside*] That's never
worse.—
If you have any business to him, gentlewoman,
I can cut short your journey to the house.
I'm all that ever was of the same kind. 45

MOTHER
O my sweet son! Never fell fresher joy
Upon the heart of mother!—This is he, sir.

397 **thunder** Draws on thunder (a) as a sign of Jove's wrath and (b) in the sense 'roar'.

398–9 **Pd...** **again** Refers to the eaten sign of Taurus; and perhaps varies the proverb 'I wish it were in your belly', a way of retorting an insult.

5.3 **defaced** destroyed

6 **several** distinct, various
searchings probings (to cleanse and heal)

20 **friend** i.e. Sandfield

25 **put it up** (a) put up with it (b) put up the sword

32 **clay-lamp** The body was proverbially

pictured as a house of clay.

33 **joy, the oil** The biblical 'oil of joy' was God's comfort for mourners (Isaiah 61:3).

33.1 **new landed** i.e. still dressed for the voyage. The servants may carry a trunk.

BEVERIL
 My seven years' travel has e'en worn him out
 Of my remembrance.
 SAVOURWIT [*aside*] O, this gear's worse and worse!
 PHILIP [*kneeling to his Mother*]
 50 I am so wonder-struck at your blest presence
 That through amazed joy I neglect my duty.
 MOTHER [*raising him*]
 Rise, and a thousand blessings spring up with thee!
 SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 I would we had but one in the mean time;
 Let the rest grow at leisure.
 MOTHER
 55 But know you not this gentleman yet, son?
 PHILIP
 I take it's Master Beveril.
 BEVERIL My name's Beveril, sir.
 PHILIP [*embracing him*]
 Right welcome to my bosom!
 MOTHER You'd not think, son,
 How much I am beholding to this gentleman:
 As far as freedom. He laid out the ransom,
 Finding me so distressed.
 60 PHILIP 'Twas worthily done, sir,
 And I shall ever rest your servant for't.
 BEVERIL
 You quite forget your worth. 'Twas my good hap, sir,
 To return home that way after some travels,
 Where finding your good mother so distressed,
 65 I could not but in pity see her released.
 PHILIP
 It was a noble charity, sir. Heaven quit you!
 SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 It comes at last.
 BEVERIL I left a sister here
 New married when I last took leave of England.
 PHILIP
 O, Mistress Low-water!
 BEVERIL Pray, sir, how does she?
 PHILIP
 70 So little comfort I can give you, sir,
 That I would fain excuse myself for silence.
 BEVERIL
 Why, what's the worst, sir?
 PHILIP Wrongs has made her poor.
 BEVERIL
 You strike my heart. Alas, good gentlewoman!

PHILIP Here's a gentleman;
 You know him: Master Sandfield.
 BEVERIL [*to Sandfield*] I crave pardon, sir. 75
 PHILIP
 He can resolve you from her kinswoman.
 SANDFIELD
 Welcome to England, madam.
 MOTHER Thanks, good sir.
 [*The Mother, Beveril, and Sandfield speak apart*]
 PHILIP [*aside to Savourwit*]
 Now there's no way to scape; I'm compassed round.
 My shame is like a prisoner set with halberds.
 SAVOURWIT
 80 Pish, master! Master, 'tis young flood again,
 And you can take your time now. Away, quick!
 PHILIP
 Push! Thou'st a swimming head!
 SAVOURWIT Will you but hear me?
 When did you lose your tide when I set forth with
 you?
 PHILIP
 That's true.
 SAVOURWIT
 85 Regard me then. Though you have no feeling,
 I would not hang by th' thumbs with a good will.
 PHILIP
 I hang by th' heart, sir, and would fain have ease.
 SAVOURWIT
 Then this or none: fly to your mother's pity,
 For that's the court must help you. You're quite gone
 At common law; no counsellor can hear you
 Confess your follies, and ask pardon for 'em. 90
 Tell her the state of all things; stand not nicely.
 The meat's too hard
 To be minced now; she breeds young bones by this
 time.
 Deal plainly; heaven will bless thee. Turn out all,
 And shake your pockets after it. 95
 Beg, weep, kneel, anything; 'twill break no bones,
 man.
 Let her not rest, take breathing time, nor leave thee
 Till thou hast got her help.
 PHILIP Lad, I conceive thee.
 SAVOURWIT
 100 About it then; it requires haste. Do't well.
 There's but a short street between us and hell.

49 gear's affair's
 76 resolve you from dispell your uncertainty
 with information from
 her kinswoman i.e. Jane
 80 young flood rising tide (the best time to
 set sail)
 82 Push pish
 swimming (a) giddy (b) inclined to swim
 in the sea
 84 Though even if
 85 hang by th' thumbs (a form of torture)

88 the court (probably alluding to the
 ecclesiastical court, as distinct from
common law)
 gone lost
 89 counsellor advocate
 91 stand not nicely don't fastidiously hold
 off
 93 minced The image is suggested by the
 expression 'to mince matters' (i.e. to
 extenuate them).

she breeds young bones i.e. she (Grace)
 is pregnant (proverbial).
 bones (too hard to be minced)
 96 'twill . . . bones (as is proverbially said of
 words)
 98 conceive understand
 100 a short street i.e. the distance to
 Twilight's house. Also glances at the
 proverb 'A short prayer penetrates
 heaven'.

Scene 5

No wit like a Womans.

BEVERIL [*to Sandfield*]
 Ah, my poor sister!

MOTHER 'Las, good gentlewoman!
 My heart e'en weeps for her.
Philip shogs his Mother

PHILIP
 May I crave one word, madam?

MOTHER With me, son?
 The more, the better welcome.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*] Now, now, luck!
 I pray not often; the last prayer I made
 Was nine year old last Bartholomew-tide.
 'Twould have been a jolly chopper an 't'ad lived
 Till this time.

MOTHER [*to Philip*]
 Why do your words start back? Are they afraid
 Of her that ever loved them?

PHILIP I have a suit to you, madam.

MOTHER
 You have told me that already; pray, what is't?
 If't be so great my present state refuse it,
 I shall be abler; then command and use it.
 Whate'er't be, let me have warning to provide for't.

PHILIP [*knelling*]
 Provide forgiveness then, for that's the want
 My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
 Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once.
 I spent the ransom which my father sent,
 To set my pleasures free while you lay captive.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 He does it finely, faith.

MOTHER And is this all now?
 You use me like a stranger; pray stand up.

PHILIP
 Rather fall flat; I shall deserve yet worse.

MOTHER [*raising Philip*]
 Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a friend,
 Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
 Than when you did the wrong you asked it for;
 And since you have prepared me to forgive you,
 Pray let me know for what; the first fault's nothing.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 'Tis a sweet lady, every inch of her.

PHILIP
 Here comes the wrong then that drives home the rest.

PHILIP I saw a face at Antwerp that quite drew me
 From conscience and obedience. In that fray
 I lost my heart; I must needs lose my way.
 There went the ransom, to redeem my mind.

Stead of the money, I brought over her,
 And, to cast mists before my father's eyes,
 Told him it was my sister, lost so long,
 And that yourself was dead. You see the wrong.

MOTHER
 This is but youthful still.—O, that word 'sister'
 Afflicts me when I think on't!—I forgive thee
 As freely as thou didst it. For, alas,
 This may be called good dealing to some parts
 That love and youth plays daily among sons.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 She helps our knavery well; that's one good comfort.

PHILIP
 But such is the hard plight my state lives in,
 That 'twixt forgiveness I must sin again,
 And seek my help where I bestowed my wrongs.
 O mother, pity once, though against reason!—
 'Cause I can merit none. Though my wrongs grieve
 ye,
 Yet let it be your glory to relieve me.

MOTHER
 Wherein have I given cause yet of mistrust,
 That you should doubt my succour and my love?
 Show me but in what kind I may bestow 'em.

PHILIP
 There came a Dutchman with report this day
 That you were living.

MOTHER Came he so lately?

PHILIP Yes, madam.
 Which news so struck my father on the sudden
 That he grows jealous of my faith in both.
 These five hours have I kept me from his sight,
 And wished myself eternally so hid;
 And, surely, had not your blest presence quickened
 The flame of life in me, all had gone out.
 Now to confirm me to his trust again
 And settle much aright in his opinion,
 Say but she is my sister, and all's well.

MOTHER
 You ask devotion like a bashful beggar
 That pure need urges, and not lazy impudence;
 And, to express how glad I am to pity you,
 My bounty shall flow over your demand.
 I will not only with a constant breath
 Approve that, but excuse thee for my death.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*] Why, here's a woman made as a man
 would wish to have her!

PHILIP
 O, I am placed higher in happiness
 Than whence I fell before!

102.1 *shogs* jogs to attract attention
 106 *Bartholomew-tide* St Bartholomew's day
 (24 August). The *prayer* was perhaps an
 entreaty for a sexual favour made at the
 notorious Bartholomew Fair.
 107 *chopper* strong child
 133 *redeem my mind* get what I wanted,

release my mind from bondage
 135 *cast . . . eyes* 'To cast mists before
 someone's eyes' was proverbial.
 141 *to* compared to
 145 'twixt forgiveness i.e. between the
 forgiveness obtained and that now

sought for the new sin
 156 *jealous* suspicious
both i.e. Philip's two assertions: that
 Grace was his sister and that his mother
 was dead
 169 *Approve* confirm, corroborate

SAVOURWIT [*aside*] We're brave fellows once again, and we
 175 can keep our own.
 Now hufty-tufty, our pipes play as loftily!
 BEVERIL [*to Sandfield*] My sister fled?
 SANDFIELD
 Both fled; that's the news now. Want must obey;
 Oppressions came so thick, they could not stay.
 BEVERIL
 180 Mean are my fortunes, yet had I been nigh
 Distress nor wrong should have made virtue fly.
 MOTHER
 Spoke like a brother worthy such a sister.
 BEVERIL
 Grief's like a new wound: heat beguiles the sense;
 For I shall feel this smart more three days hence.
 185 Come, madam. Sorrow's rude, and forgets manners.
Exeunt; manet Savourwit
 SAVOURWIT Our knavery is for all the world like a shifting
 bankrupt: it breaks in one place, and sets up in another.
 He tries all trades, from a goldsmith to a tobacco-seller;
 we try all shifts, from an outlaw to a flatterer. He cozens
 190 the husband and compounds with the widow; we cozen
 my master and compound with my mistress. Only here I
 turn o'th' right hand from him: he is known to live like
 a rascal, when I am thought to live like a gentleman.
Exit

Sc. 6 *Enter Kate Low-water, with her man-husband,
 [both disguised as before]*
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I have sent in one to th' widow.
 MASTER LOW-WATER Well said, Kate.
 Thou ply'st thy business close. The coast is clear yet.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Let me but have warning,
 I shall make pretty shift with them.
 MASTER LOW-WATER That thou shalt, wench.
Exit
 [*Enter Servant*]
 SERVANT
 5 My lady, sir, commends her kindly to you,
 And for the third part of an hour, sir,
 Desires your patience.
 Two or three of her tenants out of Kent
 Will hold her so long busied.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Thank you, sir.
[Exit Servant]

'Tis fit I should attend her time and leisure. 10
 Those were my tenants once. But what relief
 Is there in what hath been, or what I was?
 'Tis now that makes the man. A last-year's feast
 Yields little comfort for the present humour.
 He starves that feeds his hopes with what is past. 15
[Enter Master Low-water, disguised as before]
 How now?
 MASTER LOW-WATER They're come, newly alighted.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Peace, peace.
 I'll have a trick for 'em; look you second me well
 now.
 MASTER LOW-WATER I warrant thee.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER I must seem very imperious, I can tell you;
 Therefore if I should chance to use you roughly, 20
 Pray forgive me beforehand.
 MASTER LOW-WATER With all my heart, Kate.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER You must look for no obedience in these clothes;
 That lies in the pocket of my gown.
 MASTER LOW-WATER Well, well, I will not then.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER I hear 'em coming; step back a little, sir. 25
*[Master Low-water steps back.] Enter Master
 Weatherwise, Master Pepperton, and Master
 Overdone, suitors*
 Where be those fellows? Who looks out there? Is there
 ne'er a knave i'th' house to take those gentlemen's
 horses? Where wait you today? How, stand you like a
 dreaming goose in a corner? The gentlemen's horses,
 forsooth! 30
 MASTER LOW-WATER Yes, an't like your worship. [*Exit*]
 PEPPERTON [*to the other suitors*] What's here? A strange
 alteration!
 WEATHERWISE A new lord! Would I were upon my mare's
 back again then! 35
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Pray, gentlemen, pardon the rudeness of these
 grooms.
 I hope they will be brought to better fashion.
 In the mean time, you're welcome, gentlemen.
 ALL THE SUITORS We thank you, sir.
 WEATHERWISE Life, here's quick work! I'll hold my life he's 40
 struck the widow i'th' right planet.

176 **hufty-tufty** Expresses superiority and giddy behaviour; also imitative of the sound of pipes.
 186 **shifting** (a) deceitful (b) changing abode
 187 **breaks** (a) decamps (b) becomes bankrupt
 189 **shifts** (a) expedients, tricks, frauds (b) livelihoods
 190 **compounds** comes to an agreement
 192 **o'th' right hand** (a) to the right-hand side (b) in the right direction

6.1 **said done**
 2 **ply'st** (a) work away at (b) steer, tack (as with a sailing vessel)
close (a) rigorously (b) secretly (c) close to the wind
The coast is clear (proverbial)
 4 **pretty** artful, clever
shift contrivance, stratagem
 13 **'Tis...man** Varies the proverb 'manners make the man'.

14 **humour** mood, inclination
 22 **these clothes** (her disguise)
 23 **the...gown** i.e. (a) my female identity as constructed through clothing (b) my sexuality (evoked by a quibble on *pocket* and *gown* as 'vagina')
 26 **looks out** is on duty
 29 **goose** simpleton
 41 **i'th' right planet** i.e. when the right planet is dominant

[*He looks in his almanac*]
 Venus in Cauda! I thought 'twas a lecherous planet
 that goes to't with a caudle.
 [*Enter Master Low-water, disguised as before*]
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER How now, sir?
 45 MASTER LOW-WATER The gentlemen's horses are set up, sir.
 PEPPERTON No, no, no, we'll away.
 WEATHERWISE We'll away.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER How? By my faith, but you shall not
 yet, by your leave! [*To Master Low-water*] Where's Bess?
 50 Call your mistress, sir, to welcome these kind gentlemen
 my friends. [*Exit Master Low-water*]
 PEPPERTON *and* OVERDONE How, Bess? Peg?
 WEATHERWISE Plain Bess! I know how the world goes then;
 55 he has been a-bed with Bess, i'faith. There's no trust to
 these widows; a young horsing gentleman carries 'em
 away clear.
 [*Enter Master Low-water, disguised as before*]
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to Master Low-water*] Now where's
 your mistress, sir? How chance she comes not?
 MASTER LOW-WATER Sir, she requests you to excuse her for
 60 a while; she's busy with a milliner about gloves.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Gloves?
 WEATHERWISE Hoyda, gloves too!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to Master Low-water*] Could she find
 no other time to choose gloves but now when my
 65 friends are here?
 PEPPERTON No, sir, 'tis no matter; we thank you for your
 good will, sir. To say truth, we have no business with
 her at all at this time, i'faith, sir.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER O, that's another matter. Yet stay,
 70 stay, gentlemen, and taste a cup of wine ere you go.
 OVERDONE No thank you, sir.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Master Pepperton? Master Weather-
 wise, will you, sir?
 WEATHERWISE I'll see the wine in a drunkard's shoes first,
 75 and drink't after he has brewed it. But let her go;
 she's fitted, i'faith. A proud surly sir here; he domineers
 already; one that will shake her bones and go to dice
 with her money, or I have no skill in a calendar. Life,
 he that can be so saucy to call her 'Bess' already will
 call her 'prating quean' a month hence. *Exeunt suitors* 80
 MASTER LOW-WATER
 They have given thee all the slip.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER So, a fair riddance!
 There's three rubs gone; I've a clear way to th'
 mistress.
 MASTER LOW-WATER
 You'd need have a clear way, because you're a bad
 pricker.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Yet if my bowl take bank, I shall go nigh
 To make myself a saver. 85
 Here's alley-room enough; I'll try my fortune.
 I am to begin the world like a younger brother;
 I know that a bold face and a good spirit
 Is all the jointure he can make a widow;
 And't shall go hard but I'll be as rich as he, 90
 Or at least seem so, and that's wealth enough.
 For nothing kills a widow's heart so much
 As a faint bashful wooer. Though he have thousands,
 And come with a poor water-gruel spirit
 And a fish-market face, he shall ne'er speed. 95
 I would not have himself left a poor widower.
 MASTER LOW-WATER Faith, I'm glad I'm alive to commend
 thee, Kate. I shall be sure now to see my commenda-
 tions delivered.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I'll put her to't, i'faith.
 MASTER LOW-WATER But soft ye, Kate. 100
 How an she should accept of your bold kindness?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 A chief point to be thought on, by my faith.
 Marry, therefore, sir, be you sure to step in, for fear I
 should shame myself, and spoil all.
 MASTER LOW-WATER Well, I'll save your credit then for 105
 once, but look you come there no more.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Away; I hear her coming.
 MASTER LOW-WATER I am vanished. *Exit*

42 **Cauda** Latin for 'tail'; here referring to the 'Dragon's Tail', almanac terminology for the passage of the Moon or a planet across the ecliptic from north of it to south (i.e. through the 'descending node'). The malevolent aspect of planets (for Venus, lust) was thought to be augmented at this time.
 43 **caudle** warm, spiced drink, here seen as an aphrodisiac. Puns on *Cauda*.
 45 **set up** put up in the stable
 49 **Bess** Short forms of the first name were considered appropriate only from husband to wife, or to a whore.
 52 **Peg** Another familiar name, emphasizing Overdone's astonishment at *Bess*.
 60 **gloves** (customary gifts from the bride to

the groom's men)
 69 **that's another matter** that changes the situation
 75 **brewed** (a) fermented (b) poured out (i.e. vomited)
 76 **fitted** well matched, fittingly punished
 77-8 **shake ... money** Dice were made of bone.
 80 **prating quean** gossiping whore
 82 **rubs** impediments. Specifically, unevenness in the turf in a game of bowls.
mistress (a) 'jack' or target bowl (b) wooed woman
 83 **pricker** (a) horseman, rider (b) someone who aims at the prick or target (c) wielder of a penis
 84 **bank** i.e. the raised bank of the bowling

green, which could be used to curve the bowl round an obstacle (with a pun on the sense 'gaming stake')
 85 **make ... saver** i.e. compensate for my loss
 86 **alley-room** passage-way. An *alley* was an enclosure for bowls.
 87 **younger brother** (who could expect little or no inheritance and would have to seek his fortune)
 90 **but** I'll if I'll not
 95 **fish-market** i.e. pale and watery (in contrast with *flesh-market*)
 96 **a poor widower** (having married a wife both poor and sickly)
 105 **credit** (a) credibility (as a man) (b) reputation (as a virtuous wife)

Enter Widow

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

How does my life, my soul, my dear sweet madam?

WIDOW

I have wronged your patience, made you stand too long here.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

110 There's no such thing, i'faith, madam; you're pleased to say so.

WIDOW Yes, I confess I was too slow, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Why, you shall make me amends for that then with a quickness in your bed.

WIDOW That were a speedy 'mends, sir.

115 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Why then you are out of my debt. I'll cross the book, and turn over a new leaf with you.

WIDOW So with paying a small debt I may chance run into a greater.

120 MISTRESS LOW-WATER My faith, your credit will be the better then. There's many a brave gallant would be glad of such fortune, and pay use for't.

WIDOW Some of them have nothing else to do; they would be idle an 'twere not for interest.

125 MISTRESS LOW-WATER I promise you, widow, were I a setter-up, such is my opinion of your payment I durst trust you with all the ware in my shop.

WIDOW I thank you for your good will; I can have no more.

130 MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside*] Not of me, i'faith, nor that neither an you know all.—Come, make but short service, widow: a kiss and to bed. I'm very hungry, i'faith, wench.

WIDOW What are you, sir?

135 MISTRESS LOW-WATER O, a younger brother, has an excellent stomach, madam, worth a hundred of your sons and heirs that stay their wedding stomachs with a hot bit of a common mistress, and then come to a widow's bed like a flash of lightning. You're sure of the first of me, not of the five hundredth of them. I never took physick yet in my life; you shall have the doctor continually with them, or some bottle for his deputy: out flies

your monies for restoratives and strength'nings. In me, 'tis saved in your purse, and found in your children. They'll get peevish pothecaries' stuff—you may weigh 'em by th' ounces—I, boys of war, brave commanders that shall bear a breadth in their shoulders and a weight in their hips, and run over a whole country with a pound o' beef and a biscuit in their belly. Ho, widow, my kisses are virgins, my embraces perfect, my strength solid, my love constant, my heat comfortable—but to come to the point, inutterable.

WIDOW

But soft ye, soft ye. Because you stand so strictly Upon your purity, I'll put you to't, sir. Will you swear here you never yet knew woman?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*kneeling*]

Never as man e'er knew her, by this light, widow. 155

WIDOW

What, what, sir? [*Aside*] 'Shrew my heart, he moves me much.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

Nay, since you love to bring a man on's knees, I take into the same oath thus much more: That you're the first widow, or maid, or wife That ever I in suit of love did court Or honestly did woo. [*Rising*] How say you to that, widow? 160

WIDOW Marry, I say, sir, you had a good portion of chastity left you, though ill fortune run away with the rest.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER That I kept for thee, widow. She's of fortune, and all her strait-bodied daughters. Thou shalt have't, widow. 165

[*She embraces her*]

WIDOW Push! What do you mean?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER I cannot bestow't better.

WIDOW I'll call my servants.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER By my troth, you shall not, madam. 170
Enter Master Low-water [*disguised as before*]

MASTER LOW-WATER

Does your worship call, sir?

110 **pleased** kind, well-disposed

114 **'mends** amends

116 **cross the book** cancel the account

turn...leaf (proverbial)

119 **credit** (a) positive reckoning of money (b) reputation

121 **fortune** (a) sum of money (b) good luck use for't (a) interest on it (b) for the use of it

123 **interest** i.e. the money-lending system

124-5 **setter-up** beginner in business

129-30 **Not...neither** i.e. not of my body...nor of my good will

131 **service** (a) shop service (b) religious service, ceremony (c) sexual 'servicing'

134 **has** who has

136 **stay** (a) hold back, appease; or (b) sustain, strengthen

137 **bit** morsel

140 **physic** medicine

143 **'tis** The money is *saved* and the strength is *found*.

144 **get** beget

147-8 **a...biscuit** (soldiers' rations)

149 **perfect** complete, undivided

150 **comfortable** cheering, pleasure-giving

155 **by this light** An asseveration; *this light* is the sun.

157 **on's** onto his

159 **widow...wife** (the three proverbial classifications of women)

162 **portion** inheritance

163 **the rest** i.e. wealth

164-5 **of fortune** Chastity might be regarded as morally enriching, but at 1.211-14 Savourwit points out that it is also a commodity.

165 **strait-bodied** sexually restrained. Also

'narrow-bodied', i.e. young, virginal, boyish. As such the term is relevant to the opposite cross-dressing to Mistress Low-water's, and generally to the playing of women's roles by boy actors. Ironically, Mistress Low-water associates the chastity of her male disguised role with a slightly ambiguated female image. There may be a hint of sexual desirability, to some at least: Ben Jonson referred to 'strait-bodied [narrow-fitting] city attire' able to 'stir a courtier's blood'. **daughters** female adherents. Glances at the impossibility of a chaste woman having literal daughters.

167 **Push** pish. Can also be equivalent to interjectory 'fuck', which may be relevant here.

Scene 6

NO Help Like a WOMANS.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Ha, pox! Are you peeping?
Throws somewhat at him. [Exit Master Low-water]
 [Aside] He came in a good time, I thank him for't.

WIDOW
 What do you think of me? You're very forward, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Extremity of love.

WIDOW You say you're ignorant;
 175 It should not seem so, surely, by your play.
 For aught I see, you may make one yourself;
 You need not hold the cards to any gamester.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 That love should teach men ways to wrong itself!

WIDOW
 180 Are these the first-fruits of your boldness, sir?
 If all take after these, you may boast on 'em.
 There comes few such to market among women.
 Time you were taken down, sir.—Within there!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside] I've lost my way again.
 There's but two paths that leads to widows' beds;
 That's wealth or forwardness; and I've took the
 185 wrong one.
Enter a Servant, with the suitors

SERVANT [to the suitors]
 He, marry my lady? Why, there's no such thought
 yet. [Exit]

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside]
 O, here they are all again too!

WIDOW Are you come, gentlemen?
 I wish no better men.

WEATHERWISE O, the moon's changed now!

WIDOW
 See you that gentleman yonder?

PEPPERTON Yes, sweet madam.

WIDOW
 190 Then pray be witness all of you: with this kiss
 I choose him for my husband—
 [She kisses Mistress Low-water]

ALL THE SUITORS A pox on't!

WIDOW
 And with this parted gold, that two hearts join.
 [She parts gold and gives one part to Mistress
 Low-water]

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Never with chaster love than this of mine.

WIDOW
 And those that have the hearts to come to th'
 wedding,
 They shall be welcome for their former loves. Exit 195

PEPPERTON
 No, I thank you; you've choked me already.

WEATHERWISE I never suspected mine almanac till now. I
 believe he plays Cogging John with me. I bought it at
 his shop; it may learn the more knavery by that.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Now indeed, gentlemen, I can bid you welcome; 200
 Before 'twas but a flourish.

WEATHERWISE Nay, so my almanac told me:
 [Reading] 'There should be an eclipse, but not visible
 in our horizon, but about the western inhabitants of
 Mexicana and California.'

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Well, we have no business there, sir. 205

WEATHERWISE Nor we have none here, sir; and so fare you
 well.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER You save the house a good labour,
 gentlemen. Exeunt suitors
 The fool carries them away in a voider.—Where be 210
 these fellows?
*Enter Servants: the Clown, and Master Low-water,
 [disguised as before,] and another Servant*

SERVANT Sir.

CLOWN Here, sir.

SERVANT What your worship' pleasure?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 O, this is something like. [To Master Low-water] Take 215
 you your ease, sir;
 Here are those now more fit to be commanded.

MASTER LOW-WATER [aside] How few women are of thy
 mind! She thinks it too much to keep me in subjection
 for one day, whereas some wives would be glad to keep
 their husbands in awe all days of their lives, and think 220
 it the best bargain that e'er they made. [Exit]

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I'll spare no cost for th' wedding; some device too,
 To show our thankfulness to wit and fortune.
 It shall be so. [To the Clown] Run straight for one o'th'
 wits.

CLOWN How, one o'th' wits? I care not if I run on that 225
 account. Are they in town, think you?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Whither runn'st thou now?

CLOWN To an ordinary, for one of the wits.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Why to an ordinary, above a tavern?

176	make one play the game	like.	voider receptacle for clearing leftovers after a meal
177	hold the cards to i.e. continue to play with a hidden hand of cards against	198 Cogging cheating	215 something like more like it
182	taken down (a) cut down, felled (like a fruit tree); put in your place; or (b) taken from the shelf (like the fruit). With a quibble on detumescence after sexual intercourse.	201 flourish ostentatious gesture	216 those... commanded (quibbling on (a) more dutiful servants, and (b) those whose station it is to be servants)
190	parted gold Parting gold in this way was a betrothal custom. The gold might be coins, a chain that unlinks, or the	202 eclipse (a portent of disaster)	222 device theatrical contrivance, show
		204 Mexicana Mexico	228 ordinary eating-house. Wits would evidently in fact prefer a tavern, more expensive but more convivial.
		208 save... labour i.e. deprive the house- hold of entertaining you	
		210 The... voider i.e. they depart like leftovers from a feast carried out by the Clown	

230 CLOWN No, I hold your best wits to be at ordinary; nothing
so good in a tavern.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER And why, I pray, sir?
CLOWN Because those that go to an ordinary dine better
for twelve pence than he that goes to a tavern for his
235 five shillings; and I think those have the best wits that
can save four shillings, and fare better too.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER So, sir, all your wit then runs upon
victuals.
CLOWN 'Tis a sign 'twill hold out the longer then.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to Servant*]
What were you saying to me?
240 SERVANT Please your worship,
I heard there came a scholar over lately
With old Sir Oliver's lady.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside*]
Is she come?—
What is that lady?
SERVANT A good gentlewoman,
Has been long prisoner with the enemy.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside*]
245 I know't too well, and joy in her release.—
Go to that house then straight, and in one labour
You may bid them and entreat home that scholar.
SERVANT
It shall be done with speed, sir.
CLOWN I'll along with you,
And see what face that scholar has brought over:
250 a thin pair of parbreaking sea-water-green chops, I
warrant you. [*Exeunt Servant and Clown*]
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Since wit has pleased me, I'll pleasure wit;
Scholars shall fare the better. O, my blessing!
I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
255 Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
Upon a mountain where the sun plays most,
To cheer my heart e'en as it dries my limbs.
What deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls
Many a nimble mortal toils
260 And scarce can feed himself. The streams of fortune,
'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
And will not suffer him, past hand-to-mouth,
To lift his arm to his posterity's blessing.
I see a careful sweat run in a ring
265 About his temples, but all will not do;
For till some happy means relieve his state,
There he must stick, and bide the wrath of fate.

I see this wrath upon an uphill land.
O, blest are they can see their falls, and stand!
Enter Beveril [and Servant]
How now?
SERVANT With much entreating, sir, he's come. 270
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Sir, you're—[*aside*] My brother! Joys come thick
together.—
Sir, when I see a scholar, pardon me,
I am so taken with affection for him
That I must run into his arms and clasp him.
[*She embraces him*]
BEVERIL
Art stands in need, sir, of such cherishers; 275
I meet too few. 'Twere a brave world for scholars
If half a kingdom were but of your mind, sir;
Let ignorance and hell confound the rest.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Let it suffice, sweet sir, you cannot think
How dearly you are welcome.
BEVERIL [*kneeling*] May I live 280
To show you service for't.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*raising him*]
Your love, your love, sir;
We go no higher, nor shall you go lower.
Sir, I'm bold to send for you to request
A kindness from your wit for some device
To grace our wedding. It shall be worth your pains; 285
And something more t'express my love to art,
You shall not receive all in bare embracements.
BEVERIL
Your love I thank; but pray, sir, pardon me;
I've a heart says I must not grant you that.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
No? What's your reason, sir?
BEVERIL I'm not at peace 290
With the lady of this house. Now you'll excuse me.
She's wronged my sister, and I may not do't.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER The widow knows you not.
BEVERIL
I never saw her face, to my remembrance.
O, that my heart should feel her wrongs so much, 295
And yet live ignorant of the injurer!
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Let me persuade thee, since she knows you not,
Make clear the weather, let not griefs betray you.
I'll tell her you're a worthy friend of mine—

244 **Has** who has

247 **bid** invite

250 **parbreaking** vomiting
chops cheeks

254–69 I...**stand** An emblematic description drawing at first on Noah's preservation from the Flood (Genesis 8:1–5), passing into an image of fortune's victim struggling to survive in raging seas. *Falls* and *streams* also suggest a river torrent; proverbially 'It is vain to strive against

the stream'.

258 **deeps** deep waters (perhaps also 'abysses')

falls The falling waters are probably waves rather than waterfalls. The abstract sense is 'calamities, overthrows'.

262 **hand-to-mouth** subsistence living (proverbial)

263 **To... blessing** i.e. (a) to enable him to bless his descendants with prosperity (b) to earn the blessings of his descend-

ants

lift his arm labour. Develops from both *he tugs in vain* (in the water) and *hand-to-mouth*.

264 **careful** afflicted with cares

266 **happy means** stroke of good fortune

268 **upon** i.e. being myself upon

283 **I'm bold** I presume

294 **to my remembrance** as far as I can remember

295 **her** i.e. Mistress Low-water's

Scene 6

No Witt, no helpe like a Woman

300 [Aside] And so I tell her true; thou art indeed.
Enter Widow
 Sir, here she comes.
 WIDOW What, are you busy, sir?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Nothing less, lady. Here's a gentleman
 Of noble parts, beside his friendship to me.
 Pray give him liberal welcome.
 WIDOW He's most welcome.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 305 The virtues of his mind will deserve largely.
 WIDOW
 Methinks his outward parts deserve as much then;
 A proper gentleman it is.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Come, worthy sir.
 BEVERIL
 I follow. [Exeunt; manet Beveril]
 310 Check thy blood,
 For fear it prove too bold to wrong thy goodness.
 A wise man makes affections but his slaves.
 Break 'em in time; let 'em not master thee.
 O, 'tis my sister's enemy, think of that!
 Some speedy grief fall down upon the fire,
 315 Before it take my heart; let it not rise
 'Gainst brotherly nature, judgement, and these
 wrongs.
 Make clear the weather.
 O, who could look upon her face in storms?
 Yet pains may work it out. Griefs do but strive
 320 To kill this spark; I'll keep it still alive. [Exit]

Sc. 7 *Enter the three late suitors (Weatherwise,
 Pepperton, and Overdone) joined with Sir Gilbert
 Lambstone*

WEATHERWISE
 Faith, Sir Gilbert, forget and forgive.
 There's all our hands to a new bargain of friendship.
 PEPPERTON
 Ay, and all our hearts to boot, Sir Gilbert.
 WEATHERWISE Why, la you, there's but four suitors left
 5 on's in all th' world, and the fifth has the widow; if
 we should not be kind to one another, and so few on's,
 i'faith, I would we were all raked up in some hole or
 other.

SIR GILBERT
 Pardon me, gentlemen; I cannot but remember
 Your late disgraceful words before the widow
 10 In time of my oppression.
 WEATHERWISE Puh, Saturn reigned then, a melancholy,
 grumbling planet; he was in the third house of privy
 enemies, and would have bewrayed all our plots. Beside,
 there was a fiery conjunction in the Dragon's Tail that
 15 spoilt all that e'er we went about.
 SIR GILBERT
 Dragon or devil, somewhat 'twas, I am sure.
 WEATHERWISE Why, I tell you, Sir Gilbert, we were all out
 of our wits in't. I was so mad at that time myself, I
 could have wished an hind-quarter of my bull out of
 20 your belly again, whereas now I care not if you had eat
 tail and all. I am no niggard in the way of friendship.
 I was ever yet at full moon in good fellowship, and so
 you shall find if you look into the almanac of my true
 nature.
 SIR GILBERT
 Well, all's forgiven for once. Hands apace, gentlemen.
 WEATHERWISE Ye shall have two of mine to do you a
 kindness.
 [He clasps hands with Sir Gilbert]
 [Aside] Yet when they're both abroad, who shall look
 30 to th' house here?
 PEPPERTON and OVERDONE Not only a new friendship, but a
 friend.
 [They clasp hands with Sir Gilbert]
 SIR GILBERT
 But upon this condition, gentlemen:
 You shall hear now a thing worth your revenge.
 WEATHERWISE An you doubt that,
 35 You shall have mine before-hand. I've one ready;
 I never go without a black oath about me.
 SIR GILBERT
 I know the least touch of a spur in this
 Will now put your desires to a false gallop,
 By all means sland'rous, in every place
 40 And in all companies, to disgrace the widow,
 No matter in what rank so it be spiteful
 And worthy your revenges. So now I.
 It shall be all my study, care, and pains.
 And we can lose no labour; all her foes
 45

307 **proper** handsome, well-framed
 310 **bold** eager
 311 **affections** passions. Beveril has fallen in
 love with his sister's enemy.
 312 **Break 'em** reduce them to obedience
 319 **work it out** exhaust it, expell it
 7.0.1 **late** former
 1 **forget and forgive** (proverbial)
 2-3 **There's...boot** (from the proverb
 'with heart and hand')
 11 **oppression** trouble, distress
 12 **reigned** had predominant influence
 13 **third house** The heavens were notionally
 divided into segments known as houses,

through which the heavenly bodies
 passed each day: six houses below the
 horizon and six in the visible sky. The
 house in which a planet was situated at
 a given time was thought to modify its
 influence. In fact the twelfth house was
 traditionally associated with enemies.
 14 **bewrayed** revealed
 15 **fiery conjunction** A conjunction is when
 two bodies appear in the same sign of the
 zodiac. It is *fiery* (or 'combust') when
 one of them is the sun. The other is
 presumably Venus, the planet in the
 Dragon's Tail at 6.40. With a sexual

implication: 'hot-blooded copulation'
 (OED, Conjunction, 2b), which (a) refers
 to the supposed gentleman and the
 Widow, and (b) quibbles on *tail* as 'anus'
 (taken up in 'Dragon or devil').
Dragon's Tail See note to 6.42 and
 previous note.
 30 **th' house** i.e. the almanac
 37 **black** malignant, deadly
 39 **false gallop** canter. Often used figurat-
 ively of unregulated speech; 'to run a
 false gallop' was proverbial.
 42 **rank** (a) kind, manner (b) rankness
 45 **lose no labour** (proverbial)

Will make such use on't that they'll snatch it from us
 Faster than we can forge it, though we keep
 Four tongues at work upon't and never cease.
 Then, for the indifferent world, faith, they're apter
 50 To bid a slander welcome than a truth.
 We have the odds of our side. This in time
 May grow so general, as disgrace will spread,
 That wild dissension may divide the bed.
 WEATHERWISE *and* PEPPERON
 Excellent!
 OVERDONE
 A pure revenge; I see no dregs in't.
 SIR GILBERT
 55 Let each man look to his part now, and not feed
 Upon one dish all four on's, like plain maltmen;
 For at this feast we must have several kickshaws
 And delicate-made dishes, that the world
 May see it is a banquet finely furnished.
 WEATHERWISE
 60 Why then, let me alone for one of your kickshaws.
 I have thought on that already.
 SIR GILBERT Prithee, how, sir?
 WEATHERWISE Marry, sir, I'll give it out abroad that I
 have lain with the widow myself. As 'tis the fashion
 of many a gallant to disgrace his new mistress when
 65 he cannot have his will of her, and lie with her name
 in every tavern though he ne'er came within a yard of
 her person; so I, being a gentleman, may say as much
 in that kind as a gallant: I am as free, by my father's
 copy.
 70 SIR GILBERT This will do excellent, sir!
 WEATHERWISE And moreover, I'll give the world thus
 much to understand beside: that if I had not lain with
 the widow in the wane of the moon at one of my
 Seven Stars houses when Venus was about business
 75 of her own and could give no attendance, she had been
 brought abed with two roaring boys by this time, and
 the Gemini being infants, I'd have made away with
 them like a step-mother, and put mine own boys in
 their places.
 SIR GILBERT
 Why, this is beyond talk; you outrun your master. 80
Enter Clown
 CLOWN Whoop, draw home next time! Here are all the
 old shooters that have lost the game at pricks. What
 a fair mark had Sir Gilbert on't if he had shot home
 before the last arrow came in! Methinks these show to
 me now for all the world like so many lousy beggars 85
 turned out of my lady's barn, and have ne'er a hole to
 put their heads in.
 WEATHERWISE
 Mass, here's her ladyship's ass; he tells us anything.
 SIR GILBERT
 Ho, Peccadill!
 CLOWN What, Sir Gilbert Lambstone!
 Gentlemen, outlaws all, how do you do? 90
 SIR GILBERT
 How! What dost call us? How goes the world at
 home, lad?
 What strange news?
 CLOWN This is the state of prodigals as right as can be:
 when they have spent all their means on brave feasts,
 they're glad to scrape to a servingman for a meal's 95
 meat.
 So you that whilom like four prodigal rivals
 Could goose or capon, crane or woodcock, choose,
 Now're glad to make up a poor meal with news.
 A lamentable hearing! 100
 WEATHERWISE
 He's in passion, up to the eyebrows for us.
 CLOWN O, Master Weatherwise, I blame none but you.
 You are a gentleman deeply read in Pond's Almanac;
 methinks you should not be such a shallow fellow.
 105 You knew this day the twelfth of June would come
 When the sun enters into the Crab's room,
 And all your hopes would go aside, aside.

48 **tongues** Puns on the instrument used in handling metal in the forge.
 49 **for** as for
 53 **That** so that
 56 **maltmen** maltsters, beer-brewers
 57 **kickshaws** dainty dishes
 60 **let me alone** leave it to me
 65 **lie** (a) go to bed (b) tell lies
 66 **yard** Puns on the measurement of distance and the tavern courtyard.
 68 **free** (a) of the class of gentleman and above (b) free-tongued, unconstrained
 68–9 **by my father's copy** (a) as established in my father's legal document (b) by virtue of being a copy (i.e. son) of my father (c) by my father's rights as a copyholder (a recognized tenant on an estate, as distinct from a bondman). Sense (c) reflects the usual legal sense of *copy*, but undercuts Weatherwise's claim to gentry status.

73 **in...moon** Associated with age, and here with lack of vigour.
 74 **houses** taverns (with a quibble on astrological houses)
Venus i.e. (a) the planet conducive to sexual love, and (b) the tavern maid
 77 **Gemini** twins (in Weatherwise's astrological diction)
 80 **your master** i.e. the almanac
 81 **draw home** draw arrows that hit the target; i.e. better luck
 82 **shooters** (pronounced the same as *suitors*)
at pricks (a) to hit the bull's-eye (b) with penises
 83 **mark** (a) archery target (b) vulva
 86–7 **have...in** Proverbial for homelessness; with a sexual innuendo.
 90 **outlaws** i.e. banished men
 96 **meat** food

97 **whilom** formerly
 98 **goose...woodcock** The Clown probably indicates each suitor in turn. *Goose* and *woodcock* were by-words for stupidity; *capon* suggests impotence; the crane was notoriously clumsy in taking flight, and was considered greedy. All were highly esteemed as food.
 100 **hearing** report, news. The strangest news is the suitors' eagerness for news.
 103 **Pond's Almanac** Edward Pond began publishing almanacs in 1601. The information that follows is not from Pond, who is named, as *deeply* and *shallow* suggest, for a pun on a pond of water.
 105 **the twelfth of June** (the summer solstice in the old-style calendar, when the sun entered Cancer)
 107 **aside** Crabs move sideways.

WEATHERWISE The fool says true, i'faith, gentlemen. I knew
'twould come all to this pass. I'll show't you presently.

CLOWN
110 If you had spared but four of your twelve signs now,
You might have gone to a tavern and made merry
with 'em.

WEATHERWISE H'as the best moral meaning of an ass
that e'er I heard speak with tongue. Look you here
gentlemen.

[He reads from his almanac]
115 'Fifth day, neither fish nor flesh.'

CLOWN
No, nor good red herring an you look again.

WEATHERWISE 'Sixth day, privily prevented.'

CLOWN Marry, faugh!

WEATHERWISE 'Seventh day, shrunk in the wetting.'

CLOWN
120 Nay, so will the best ware bought for love or money.

WEATHERWISE 'The eighth day, over head and ears.'

CLOWN By my faith, he come home in a sweet pickle then!

WEATHERWISE 'The ninth day, scarce sound at heart.'

CLOWN What a pox ailed it?

125 WEATHERWISE 'The tenth day, a courtier's welcome.'

CLOWN That a cup of beer, an you can get it.

WEATHERWISE 'The eleventh day, stones against the wind.'

CLOWN Pox of an ass, he might have thrown 'em better!

WEATHERWISE Now the twelfth day, gentlemen—that was
130 our day—'past all redemption'.

CLOWN Then the devil go with't.

WEATHERWISE
Now you see plainly, gentlemen, how we're used.
The calendar will not lie for no man's pleasure.

SIR GILBERT
Push! You're too confident in almanac posies.

PEPPERTON
Faith, so said we.

SIR GILBERT They're mere delusions.

135 WEATHERWISE How?
You see how knavishly they happen, sir.

SIR GILBERT
Ay, that's because they're foolishly believed, sir.

[Sir Gilbert and the Clown talk apart]

WEATHERWISE Well, take your courses, gentlemen, without
'em, and see what will come on't. You may wander
like masterless men; there's ne'er a planet will care a
140 halfpenny for you. If they look after you, I'll be hanged,
when you scorn to bestow twopence to look after them.

SIR GILBERT [to the Clown] How, a device at the wedding,
sayst thou?

CLOWN Why, have none of you heard of that yet? 145

SIR GILBERT 'Tis the first news, i'faith, lad.

CLOWN O, there's a brave travelling scholar entertained
into the house o' purpose, one that has been all
the world over, and some part of Jerusalem. H'as his
chamber, his diet, and three candles allowed him after
150 supper.

WEATHERWISE By my faith, he need not complain for
victuals then, whate'er he be.

CLOWN He lies in one of the best chambers i'th' house,
bravely matted; and to warm his wits as much, a cup
155 of sack and an aqua vitae bottle stands just at his elbow.

WEATHERWISE He's shrewdly hurt, by my faith! If he catch
an ague of that fashion, I'll be hanged.

CLOWN He'll come abroad anon.

SIR GILBERT Art sure on't? 160

CLOWN Why, he ne'er stays a quarter of an hour in the
house together.

SIR GILBERT No? How can he study then?

CLOWN Fah, best of all: he talks as he goes, and writes as
he runs. Besides, you know, 'tis death to a traveller to
165 stand long in one place.

SIR GILBERT
It may hit right, boys!—Honest Peccadill,
Thou wast wont to love me.

CLOWN I'd good cause, sir, then.

SIR GILBERT [giving money]
Thou shalt have the same still; take that.

CLOWN Will you believe me now, I ne'er loved you better
170 in my life than I do at this present.

SIR GILBERT
Tell me now truly, who are the presenters?
What persons are employed in the device?

109 **presently** at once

111 **tavern** Appropriate because taverns display inn-signs.

115–30 **Fifth...redemption** The mottoes are assembled from various 'evil days' between March and December in Bretnor's 1611 almanac, except the ambiguous 'a courtier's welcome', which is listed as a 'good day'.

115 **neither...flesh** Proverbial for 'neither one thing nor the other', but here suggesting 'nothing of any kind will come of it', alluding to fish as the food of fast-days; and with the bawdy suggestion of no sexual success.

116 **nor good red herring** A common amplification of the proverb, ruling out the flesh-like fish.

117 **privily prevented** The Clown picks up on the lavatory senses of *privy* and *vented*.

118 **faugh** An expression of disgust.

119 **shrunk in the wetting** (proverbial)

120 **for love or money** (proverbial)

121 **over head and ears** (proverbial for 'completely immersed')

122 **By...then** (implying that he is *over head and ears* in drink or mire)

in...pickle (proverbial)

125 **a courtier's welcome** Presumably polite but cold and meagre, as indicated by *a cup of beer*. The phrase is from Bretnor.

127 **stones against the wind** (proverbial for a futile act)

131 **Then...with't** (picking up on the religious sense of *redemption*)

133 **lie** tell lies (and quibbling on 'lie in bed for sex')

134 **Push** pish

140 **masterless men** unemployed itinerents

141 **look after** take care of (but in l. 133, 'seek after')

142 **twopence** (the price of an almanac)

156 **aqua vitae** i.e. spirits such as brandy

157 **shrewdly** cursedly, badly (used ironically)

158 **of that fashion** in that way

164 **goes** walks

171 **at this present** (a) right now (b) for this gift

173 **persons** (pronounced the same as *parsons*)

175 CLOWN Parsons? Not any, sir. My mistress will not be at
the charge; she keeps none but an old Welsh vicar.
SIR GILBERT Prithce, I mean who be the speakers?
CLOWN Troth, I know none but those that open their
mouths.
Enter Master Beveril, [with a pasteboard]
Here he comes now himself; you may ask him.
180 WEATHERWISE Is this he? By my faith, one may pick a
gentleman out of his calves and a scholar out on's
cheeks; one may see by his looks what's in him. I
warrant you there has ne'er a new almanac come out
these dozen years but he has studied it over and over.
185 SIR GILBERT *[to the Clown]* Do not reveal us now.
CLOWN Because you shall be sure on't, you have given me
a ninepence here; and I'll give you the slip for't. *Exit*
SIR GILBERT
Well said. Now the fool's pleased, we may be bold.
[The suitors talk apart]
BEVERIL *[aside]*
Love is as great an enemy to wit
190 As ignorance to art. I find my powers
So much employed in business of my heart
That all the time's too little to dispatch
Affairs within me. Fortune too remiss,
I suffer for thy slowness. Had I come
195 Before a vow had chained their souls together,
There might have been some hope, though ne'er so
little.
Now there's no spark at all, nor e'er can be,
But dreadful ones struck from adultery;
And if my lust were smothered with her will,
200 O, who could wrong a gentleman so kind,
A stranger made up with a brother's mind?
SIR GILBERT *[aside to the other former suitors]*
Peace, peace, enough. Let me alone to manage it.—
A quick invention, and a happy one,
Reward your study, sir.
BEVERIL Gentlemen, I thank you.
SIR GILBERT
205 We understand your wits are in employment, sir,
In honour of this wedding.
BEVERIL Sir, the gentleman
To whom that worthy lady is betrothed
Vouchsafes t'accept the power of my good will in't.
SIR GILBERT
I pray resolve us then, sir, for we're friends
That love and honour her—
ANOTHER SUITOR That humbly serve her— 210
SIR GILBERT
Whether your number be yet full or no
Of those which you make choice of for presenters.
BEVERIL
First, 'tis so brief, because the time is so,
We shall not trouble many; and, for those
215 We shall employ, the house will yield in servants.
SIR GILBERT
Nay then, under your leave and favour, sir,
Since all your pains will be so weakly graced,
And, wanting due performance, lose their lustre,
Here are four of us gentlemen her friends,
220 Both lovers of her honour and your art,
That would be glad so to express ourselves,
And think our service well and worthily placed.
BEVERIL
My thanks do me no grace for this large kindness;
You make my labours proud of such presenters.
SIR GILBERT
225 She shall not think, sir, she's so ill beloved
But friends can quickly make that number perfect.
BEVERIL
She's bound t'acknowledge it.
SIR GILBERT Only thus much, sir,
Which will amaze her most: I'd have't so carried,
As you can do't, that neither she nor none
230 Should know what friends we were till all were done.
WEATHERWISE
Ay, that would make the sport.
BEVERIL I like it well, sir.
My hand and faith amongst you, gentlemen,
It shall be so disposed of.
SIR GILBERT We are the men then.
BEVERIL
Then look you, gentlemen.
[He shows them the pasteboard]
The device is single,
235 Naked, and plain, because the time's so short,
And gives no freedom to a wealthier sport.
'Tis only, gentlemen, the four elements
In liveliest forms: Earth, Water, Air, and Fire.
WEATHERWISE
Mass, and here's four of us too.
BEVERIL It fits well, sir.
240 This is the effect: that, whereas all those four
Maintain a natural opposition

175 **charge** expense
vicar Originally a clergyman who stands
in for a parson.

181 **calves** (i.e. the stockings on them,
perhaps of silk or some such costly
material)

182 **cheeks** (presumably pale)

185 **reveal us** (as the former suitors)

187 a **ninepence** i.e. an Irish shilling,

worth only nine English pence. A veiled
complaint.

give you the slip (a) slip away from you
(b) give you a counterfeit coin (compare
previous note)

196 **though** even if

199 **smothered** i.e. satiated

203 **quick** lively

invention creative faculty, inventiveness

happy fortunate (i.e. financially benefi-
cial)

223 **large** generous

226 **perfect** full, complete

227 **thus much** i.e. with this qualification

234 **single** i.e. without preliminary episode,
sub-plot, or the like

238 **In liveliest forms** i.e. most vividly
represented in living form

And untruced war the one against the other,
 To shame their ancient envies they should see
 How well in two breasts all these do agree.

WEATHERWISE
 245 That's in the bride and bridegroom; I am quick, sir.

SIR GILBERT
 In faith, it's pretty, sir; I approve it well.

BEVERIL
 But see how soon my happiness and your kindness
 Is crossed together.

SIR GILBERT
 Crossed? I hope not so, sir.

BEVERIL
 I can employ but two of you.

PEPPERON
 How comes that, sir?

BEVERIL
 250 Air and the Fire should be by men presented,
 But the two other in the forms of women.

WEATHERWISE
 Nay, then we're gone again. I think these women
 Were made to vex and trouble us in all shapes.

SIR GILBERT [*to Beveril*]
 Faith, sir, you stand too nicely.

WEATHERWISE [*to Beveril*]
 So think I, sir.

BEVERIL
 255 Yet when we tax ourselves, it may the better
 Set off our errors when the fine eyes judge 'em.—
 But Water certainly should be a woman.

WEATHERWISE
 By my faith, then he is gelded since I saw
 him last. He was thought to be a man once, when he
 260 got his wife with child before he was married.

BEVERIL
 Fie, you are fishing in another stream, sir.

WEATHERWISE
 But now I come to yours an you go to that,
 sir: I see no reason then but Fire and Water should
 change shapes and genders.

BEVERIL
 265 How prove you that, sir?

WEATHERWISE
 Why, there's no reason but Water should
 be a man, because Fire is commonly known to be a
 quean.

BEVERIL
 So, sir, you argue well.

WEATHERWISE
 Nay, more, sir. Water will break in at a
 little crevice; so will a man if he be not kept out. Water
 will undermine; so will an informer. Water will ebb
 and flow; so will a gentleman. Water will search any
 place; and so will a constable, as lately he did at my
 Seven Stars for a young wench that was stole. Water
 270 will quench fire, and so will Wat the barber. Ergo, let
 Water wear a codpiece point.

BEVERIL
 Faith, gentlemen, I like your company well.

WEATHERWISE
 Let's see who'll dispute with me at the full
 o'th' moon. 280

BEVERIL
 No, sir; an you be vainglorious of your talent, I'll
 put you to't once more.

WEATHERWISE
 I'm for you, sir, as long as the moon keeps
 in this quarter.

BEVERIL
 Well, how answer you this then? Earth and Water 285
 are both bearers; therefore they should be women.

WEATHERWISE
 Why, so are porters and pedlars, and yet
 they are known to be men.

BEVERIL
 I'll give you over in time, sir; I shall repent the
 bestowing on't else. 290

WEATHERWISE
 If I that have proceeded in five-and-twenty
 such books of astronomy should not be able to put down
 a scholar now, the dominical letter being 'G', I stood
 for a goose.

SIR GILBERT
 Then this will satisfy you: though't be a woman, 295
 Océanus, the sea, that's chief of waters,
 He wears the form of a man, and so may you.

BEVERIL
 Now I hear reason, and I may consent.

SIR GILBERT
 And so, though Earth challenge a feminine face,
 The matter of which earth consists, that's dust, 300
 The general soul of earth, is of both kinds.

BEVERIL
 Fit yourselves, gentlemen; I've enough for me.
 Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, part 'em amongst you.

243 **envies malices**
 254 **stand too nicely** insist too much upon niceties
 256 **Set off** put out of consideration
 258–60 **By... married** Puns on *water* and the name *Walter*, and quibbling on *water* as 'seminal fluid'.
 262 **I... that** i.e. we exchange 'streams'
 267–8 **Fire... quean** Alludes to fire as a figure for lust and as a euphemism for venereal disease.
 268 **quean** prostitute
 272–3 **ebb and flow** Applies to the *gentleman* as 'fluctuate in wealth'.
 275 **Seven Stars** (the tavern name)
 276 **Wat** (diminutive of *Walter*)
the barber Barber-surgeons would treat venereal disease (*fire*)

Ergo therefore (Latin)
 286 **bearers** Playing on the senses 'child-bearers' and 'supporters'. The earth both supports those who stand upon it and is commonly figured as a 'mother' to all life; water supports floating vessels.
 289 **give you over** give up on you
 290 **bestowing on't** i.e. time spent on it
 291 **proceeded in** advanced through, graduated in
 293 **now** The original 1657 printed text reads 'now in One thousand six hundred thirty and eight', an interpolation referring to the year of James Shirley's revival of the play in Dublin.
dominical letter The letter used to denote Sundays in a given year; often printed

in red or large type in almanacs. It was established by giving each day in the first week of the year a letter from A to G. The dominical letter for 1611, the almost certain year of first production, was in fact F, but that for 1638 (see previous note) happened to be G.
 293–4 **stood for** would be reckoned as (quibbling on G as the initial letter of *goose*)
 296 **Océanus** one of the Titans; father of the rivers of the world and of the ocean nymphs
 299 **challenge** claim as its due
 301 **of both kinds** i.e. composed of the dead of both sexes
 302 **Fit yourselves** have it your way

WEATHERWISE

Let me play Air; I was my father's eldest son.

BEVERIL

305 Ay, but this air never possessed the lands.

WEATHERWISE I'm but disposed to jest with you, sir. 'Tis the same my almanac speaks on, is't not?

BEVERIL That 'tis, sir.

310 WEATHERWISE Then leave it to my discretion to fit both the part and the person.

BEVERIL

You shall have your desire, sir.

SIR GILBERT

We'll agree

Without your trouble now, sir; we're not factious,
Or envy one another for best parts

315 Like quarrelling actors that have passionate fits;
We submit always to the writer's wits.

BEVERIL

He that commends you may do't liberally,
For you deserve as much as praise can show.

SIR GILBERT

We'll send to you privately.

BEVERIL

I'll dispatch you.

SIR GILBERT [*aside*]

We'll poison your device.

Exit

320 PEPPERON [*aside*] She must have pleasures,
Shows, and conceits, and we disgraceful doom!

WEATHERWISE [*aside*]

We'll make your elements come limping home.

Exeunt suitors

BEVERIL

How happy am I in this unlooked-for grace,
This voluntary kindness from these gentlemen!
Enter Mistress Low-water and her man-husband,
[both disguised as before, unobserved by Beveril]

325 'Twill set off all my labours far more pleasing
Before the widow, whom my heart calls mistress,
But my tongue dares not second it.

MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside to Mistress Low-water*]

How say you now, Kate?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside to Master Low-water*]

I like this music well, sir.

BEVERIL

O, unfortunate!

Yet though a tree be guarded from my touch,
There's none can hinder me to love the fruit.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside*]

330 Nay, now we know your mind, brother, we'll provide
for you.

Exit [with her man-husband]

BEVERIL

O, were it but as free as late times knew it,
I would deserve if all life's wealth could do it! *Exit*

*Enter, at Sir Oliver's house, himself; old Sunset;
Sir Oliver's redeemed lady, Philip's Mother;
Master Sandfield; the Dutch Merchant; Philip, Sir
Oliver's son; and Saviourwit aloof off; and Servants*

SIR OLIVER [*to Philip's Mother*]

O, my reviving joy! Thy quick'ning presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood.
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words.

MOTHER

It is expressed, sir,

5

With more than can be equalled. The ill store
Lies only on my side; my thanks are poor.

SIR OLIVER

Blest be the goodness of his mind for ever
That did redeem thy life! May it return
Upon his fortunes double! That worthy gentleman,
Kind Master Beveril! Shower upon him, heaven,
Some unexpected happiness to requite him
For these my joys unlooked for! O, more kind,
And juster far is a mere stranger's goodness
Than the sophistic faith of natural sons.
Here's one could juggle with me, take up the ransom,
He and his loose companion.

15

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]

Say you me so, sir?

I'll eat hard eggs for that trick!

SIR OLIVER

Spend the money,
And bring me home false news and empty pockets!
In that young gallant's tongue there, you were dead
Ten weeks before this day, had not this merchant
Brought first the truth in words, yourself in substance.

20

MOTHER

Pray let me stay you here ere you proceed, sir.
Did he report me dead, say you?

SIR OLIVER

Else you live not.

MOTHER

See now, sir, you may lay your blame too rashly,
When nobody looked after it. Let me tell you, sir,
A father's anger should take great advice
Ere it condemn flesh of so dear a price.
He's no way guilty yet, for that report
The general tongue of all the country spread;
For, being removed far off, I was thought dead.

30

PHILIP

Can my faith now be taken into favour, sir?
Is't worthy to be trusted?

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]

No, by my troth, is't not.

'Twould make shift to spend another ransom yet.

SIR OLIVER [*to Philip*]

Well, sir, I must confess you've here dealt well with
me;
And what is good in you I love again.

35

304 Air Puns on *heir*.

305 possessed the lands i.e. (a) as inheritor
(b) as an element distinct from earth

309-10 fit... person i.e. supply an appropriate
costume and act the role fittingly

318 dispatch you i.e. answer you quickly

320 conceits fanciful devices
doom Rhymes with *home*.

327 this music i.e. Beveril's words

8.14 juster more honourable

mere complete

18 I'll i.e. I'll have to

26 looked after demanded, deserved

27 advice deliberation

34 make shift find a way

Scene 8

No wit like a Womans.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 Now am I halfways in, just to the girdle;
 But the worst part's behind.

SIR OLIVER [*to Philip*] Marry, I fear me, sir,
 This weather is too glorious to hold long.

MOTHER
 40 I see no cloud to interpose it, sir,
 If you place confidence in what I have told you.

SIR OLIVER
 Nay, 'tis clear sky on that side; would 'twere so
 All over his obedience! I see that,
 And so does this good gentleman—

MOTHER [*to the Dutch Merchant*] Do you, sir?

SIR OLIVER
 That makes his honesty doubtful.

45 MOTHER [*to the Dutch Merchant*] I pray, speak, sir.
 The truth of your last kindness makes me bold with
 you.

DUTCH MERCHANT
 The knight your husband, madam, can best speak.
 He truest can show griefs whose heart they break.

MOTHER [*to Sir Oliver*]
 I'm sorry yet for more. Pray let me know't, sir,
 That I may help to chide him, though 'twould grieve
 50 me.

SIR OLIVER
 Why then, prepare for't. You came over now
 In the best time to do't you could pick out.
 Not only spent my money, but, to blind me,
 He and his wicked instrument—

SAVOURWIT [*aside*] Now he fiddles me.

SIR OLIVER
 Brings home a minion here—by great chance
 55 known—
 Told me she was his sister; she proves none.

MOTHER [*to Philip*]
 This was unkindly done, sir. Now I'm sorry
 My good opinion lost itself upon you.
 You are not the same son I left behind me;
 60 More grace took him.—O, let me end in time,
 For fear I should forget myself and chide him!
 Where is she, sir? Though he beguiled your eyes,
 He cannot deceive mine; we're now too hard for him.
 For since our first unfortunate separation,
 I've often seen the girl—[*aside*] would that were
 65 true!—
 By many a happy accident, many a one,
 But never durst acknowledge her for mine own;
 And therein stood my joys distressed again.

SIR OLIVER
 You rehearse miseries, wife!—Call the maid down.
 [Exit Servant]

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 She's been too often down to be now called so. 70
 She'll lie down shortly and call somebody up.

MOTHER
 He's now to deal with one, sir, that knows truth.
 He must be shamed or quit; there's no mean saves
 him.

SIR OLIVER
 I hear her come.

MOTHER [*aside to Philip*]
 You see how hard 'tis now
 To rèdeem good opinion, being once gone. 75
 Be careful then, and keep it when 'tis won.
 Now see me take a poison with great joy
 Which, but for thy sake, I should swoon to touch.
 Enter Grace

GRACE
 What new affliction? Am I set to sale
 For anyone that bids most shame for me? 80

SIR OLIVER [*to Philip's Mother*]
 Look you, do you see what stuff they've brought me
 home here?

MOTHER
 O bless her, eternal powers! My life, my comforts,
 My nine years' grief, but everlasting joy now,
 Thrice welcome to my heart! 'Tis she indeed.
 [She embraces Grace]

SIR OLIVER
 What, is it?

PHILIP I'm unfit to carry a ransom? 85

SAVOURWIT [*aside to Grace*]
 Down on your knees, to save your belly harmless.
 Ask blessing, though you never mean to use it
 But give't away presently to a beggar wench.
 [Grace kneels]

PHILIP [*to Sir Oliver*]
 My faith is blemished, I'm no man of trust, sir?

MOTHER
 Rise with a mother's blessing.
 [Grace rises]

SAVOURWIT [*aside*] All this while 90
 She's risse with a son's.

SIR OLIVER But soft ye, soft ye, wife!
 I pray take heed you place your blessing right now.
 This honest Dutchman here told me he saw her
 At Antwerp in an inn.

MOTHER True, she was so, sir.

38 the... behind (proverbial)

45 That who

54 instrument agent, helper (but Saviourwit takes it as 'musical instrument')

55 minion strumpet

known found out

60 took lit upon

71 shortly straight away

call somebody up (a) summon someone upstairs (b) provoke an erection in

someone

86 your belly (alluding to Grace's pregnancy)

91 risse risen (another reference to pregnancy)

- DUTCH MERCHANT
95 Sir, 'tis my quality what I speak once
I affirm ever. In that inn I saw her.
That lets her not to be your daughter now.
- SIR OLIVER
O, sir, is't come to that?
- SUNSET Here's joys ne'er dreamt on!
- SIR OLIVER
O, Master Sunset, I am at the rising
100 Of my refulgent happiness!—Now, son Sandfield,
Once more and ever!
- SANDFIELD I am proud on't, sir.
- SIR OLIVER [*to Philip*]
Pardon me, boy; I have wronged thy faith too much.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
Now may I leave my shell and peep my head forth.
- SIR OLIVER
Where is this Saviourwit, that honest whoreson,
105 That I may take my curse from his knave's shoulders?
- SAVOURWIT
O sir, I feel you at my very blade here.
Your curse is ten-stone weight, and a pound over.
- SIR OLIVER
Come, thou'rt a witty varlet, and a trusty.
- SAVOURWIT
You shall still find me a poor faithful fellow, sir,
110 If you have another ransom to send over,
Or daughter to find out.
- SIR OLIVER I'll do thee right, boy.
I ne'er yet knew thee but speak honest English.
Marry, in Dutch I found thee a knave lately.
- SAVOURWIT
That was to hold you but in play a little,
115 Till farther truths came over, and I strong.
You shall ne'er find me a knave in mine own tongue;
I have more grace in me. I go out of England
Still when I take such courses; that shows modesty,
sir.
- SIR OLIVER
Anything full of wit, and void of harm,
120 I give thee pardon for; so was that now.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
Faith, now I'm quit I find myself the nimble
To serve you so again, and my will's good,
Like one that lately shook off his old irons
And cuts a purse at bench to deserve new ones.
- SIR OLIVER
Since it holds all the way so fortunate still,
125 And strikes so even with my first belief,
This is the gentleman, wife, young Master Sandfield
here,
A man of worthy parts beside his lands,
Whom I make choice of for my daughter's bed.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
But he'll make choice there of another bedfellow. 130
- MOTHER
I wish 'em both the happiness of love, sir.
- SIR OLIVER
'Twas spoke like a good lady. An your memory
Can reach it, wife—but 'tis so long ago too—
Old Master Sunset he had a young daughter
When you unluckily left England so,
135 And much about the age of our girl there,
For both were nursed together.
- MOTHER 'Tis so fresh
In my remembrance, now you've wakened it,
As if twelve years were but a twelve hours' dream.
- SIR OLIVER
That girl is now a proper gentlewoman,
140 As fine a body, wife, as e'er was measured
With an indenture cut in farthing steaks—
- SUNSET
O, say not so, Sir Oliver. You shall pardon me, sir;
I'faith, sir, you are to blame.
- SIR OLIVER Sings, dances, plays,
Touches an instrument with a motherly grace. 145
- SUNSET
'Tis your own daughter that you mean that by.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
There's open Dutch indeed, an he could take it.
- SIR OLIVER
This wench, under your leave—
- SUNSET You have my love in't.
- SIR OLIVER
Is my son's wife that shall be.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*] Thus I hold with't:
Is your son's wife that should be Master Sandfield's. 150
- MOTHER
I come in happy time to a feast of marriages.
- SIR OLIVER
And now you put's i'th' mind, the hour draws on
At the new-married widow's; there we're looked for.
There will be entertainments, sports, and banquets.

97 **lets** prevents
99–100 **O...happiness** (quibbling on
Sunset's name)
100 **son** (said of Sandfield as potential
son-in-law)
104 **whoreson** rogue, fellow (used playfully)
106 **blade** shoulder-blade
115 **I strong** i.e. until my position was
strong
118 **Still** always

124 **bench** court of law
128 **parts** qualities
130 **he'll** i.e. Philip will
140 **proper** handsome
142 **With...steaks** i.e. by a young man
just released from his indenture as
apprentice, just graduated from youth
farthing steaks tiny strips
146 **'Tis...by** Picks up on *grace* as the
daughter Grace.

147 **open Dutch** Dutch language intelligible
to an English ear; i.e. words more
transparently true than they might
seem (because the supposed daughter
Grace is *motherly* in that she will soon
be a mother). Introduces possible sexual
equivocations on *Touches an instrument*,
open (sexually available), and *take*.
take understand (and see previous note)

- 155 There these young lovers shall clap hands together. To whom, I've often heard, the enemy sold me. 180
 The seed of one feast shall bring forth another. MOTHER What's that?
 SUNSET GRACE
 Well said, Sir Oliver. Too often have I heard this piteous story
 SIR OLIVER [*to the Dutch Merchant*] Of a distressed mother I had once,
 You're a stranger, sir. Whose comfortable sight I lost at sea;
 Your welcome will be best. But then the years of childhood took from me 185
 DUTCH MERCHANT Good sir, excuse me. Both the remembrance of her and the sorrows.
 SIR OLIVER MOTHER [*aside*]
 You shall along, i'faith; you must not refuse me. O, I begin to feel her in my blood!
 My heart leaps to be at her.—What was that mother?
 PHILIP GRACE
 O, mother, these new joys that sets my soul up, Some said an English lady—but I know not.
 Which had no means, nor any hope of any, MOTHER
 Has brought me now so far in debt to you What's thy name?
 I know not which way to begin to thank you. GRACE Grace.
 I am so lost in all, I cannot guess MOTHER May it be so in heaven, 190
 Which of the two my service most constrains, For thou art mine on earth. Welcome, dear child,
 Your last kind goodness or your first dear pains. Unto thy father's house, thy mother's arms,
 After thy foreign sorrows.
 MOTHER [*She embraces Grace*]
 Love is a mother's duty to a son, SAVOURWIT [*showing Philip his Mother and Grace*]
 As a son's duty is both love and fear. 'Twill prove gallant.
 SAVOURWIT MOTHER
 I owe you a poor life, madam, that's all. What, son, such earnest work: I bring thee joy now
 Pray call for't when you please; it shall be ready for Will make the rest show nothing, 'tis so glorious. 195
 you.
 MOTHER PHILIP
 Make much on't, sir, till then. Why, 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
 Should take a greater height than mine aspires.
 SAVOURWIT [*aside*] If buttered sack will. MOTHER
 MOTHER No, now you shall confess it; this shall quit thee
 Methinks the more I look upon her, son, From all fears present or hereafter doubts
 The more thy sister's face runs in my mind. About this business.
 PHILIP PHILIP Give me that, sweet mother. 200
 Belike she's somewhat like her; it makes the better, MOTHER
 madam. Here, take her then, and set thine arms a-work.
 MOTHER There needs no 'fection; 'tis indeed thy sister.
 Was Antwerp, say you, the first place you found her PHILIP
 in? My sister!
 PHILIP SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
 Yes, madam. Why do you ask? Cuds me, I feel the razor!
 MOTHER [*to Grace*] Whose daughter were you? MOTHER
 GRACE Why, how now, son, how comes a change so soon?
 I know not rightly whose, to speak truth, madam. PHILIP
 SAVOURWIT [*aside*] O, I beseech you, mother, wound me anywhere 205
 The mother of her was a good twigger the whilst. But where you pointed last; that's present death.
 [*Philip and Saviourwit talk apart*] Devise some other miserable torment,
 MOTHER [*to Grace*] Though ne'er so pitiless, and I'll run and meet it.
 No? With whom were you brought up then? Some way more merciful let your goodness think on
 GRACE With those, madam, May steal away my joys but save my soul. 210

155 **clap hands together** pledge themselves to each other before witnesses in a spousal

157–8 **You're . . . best** (from the proverbial advice, 'Give the stranger welcome')

166 **first dear pains** (of childbirth)

171 **buttered sack** i.e. mulled wine with melted butter

174 **makes** works out

178 **twigger** prolific breeder (hence 'woman with various sexual partners')

190–1 **May . . . earth** Echoing the Lord's Prayer: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven'. The point is probably that divine *grace* is necessary for this.

194 **earnest** weighty, important

197 **take** measure (as in gauging the altitude of a heavenly body)

aspires mounts up to

199 **hereafter** future

202 **'fection** affectation

210 **May** that may

- I'll willingly restore back every one
Upon that mild condition; anything
But what you spake last will be comfortable.
- MOTHER
You're troubled with strange fits in England here.
215 Your first suit to me did entreat me hardly
To say 'twas she, to have old wrath appeased;
And now 'tis known your sister, you're not pleased.
How should I show myself?
- PHILIP Say 'tis not she.
- MOTHER
Shall I deny my daughter?
- PHILIP O, you kill me
Beyond all tortures!
- 220 MOTHER Why do you deal thus with me?
PHILIP
She is my wife; I married her at Antwerp.
I have known the way unto her bed these three
months.
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
And that's too much by twelve weeks for a sister.
- MOTHER
I understand you now, too soon, too plain.
- PHILIP
225 O mother, if you love my peace for ever,
Examine her again, find me not guilty.
- MOTHER
'Tis now too late; her words make that too true.
- PHILIP
Her words! Shall bare words overthrow a soul?
A body is not cast away so lightly.
230 How can you know 'tis she? Let sense decide it:
She then so young, and both so long divided.
- MOTHER
She tells me the sad story.
- PHILIP Does that throw me?
Many a distress may have the face of yours
That never was kin to you.
- MOTHER But however, sir,
I trust you are not married.
- 235 PHILIP Here's the witness,
And all the wealth I had with her: this ring
That joined our hearts together.
[*He shows the ring*]
- MOTHER O, too clear now!
Thou'st brought in evidence to o'erthrow thyself.
Had no one word been spoke, only this shown,
240 'T had been enough to approve her for mine own.
See here two letters that begun my name
Before I knew thy father. This I gave her,
- And as a jewel fastened to her ear.
- GRACE
Pardon me, mother, that you find it stray.
I kept it till I gave my heart away. 245
- PHILIP
O, to what mountain shall I take my flight,
To hide the monster of my sin from sight?
- SAVOURWIT [*aside*]
I'll to Wales presently; there's the best hills
To hide a poor knave in.
- MOTHER
O, heap not desperation upon guilt!
250 Repent yet, and all's saved. 'Twas but hard chance.
Amongst all sins, heaven pities ignorance;
She's still the first that has her pardon signed.
All sins else see their faults; she's only blind.
Go to thy chamber, pray, leave off, and win. 255
One hour's repentance cures a twelvemonth's sin.
- GRACE
O my distressed husband, my dear brother!
Exit Mother, cum filia (Grace)
- PHILIP
O Saviourwit, never came sorrow yet
To mankind like it! I'm so far distressed
I've no time left to give my heart attendance, 260
Too little all to wait upon my soul!
Before this tempest came, how well I stood,
Full in the beams of blessedness and joy!
The memory of man could never say
So black a storm fell in so bright a day. 265
I am that man that e'en life surfeits of;
Or, if to live, unworthy to be seen
By the savage eyesight. Give's thy hand.
Commend me to thy prayers.
- SAVOURWIT Next time I say 'em.
- PHILIP
Farewell, my honest breast, that cravest no more 270
Than possible kindness. That I've found thee large in,
And I must ask no more. There wit must stay;
It cannot pass where fate stops up the way.
Joy thrive with thee; I'll never see thee more.
[*He starts to leave*]
- SAVOURWIT
What's that, sir? Pray come back, and bring those
words with you. 275
You shall not carry 'em so out of my company.
There's no last refuge when your father knows it;
There's no such need on't yet; stay but till then,
And take one with you that will imitate you
In all the desperate onsets man dare think on. 280

211 **restore back** Prompted by *steal away*,
but now Philip is the thief.
215 **hardly** obdurately
216 **old** inveterate
229 **cast away** i.e. condemned to death.
A single testimony was not considered
sufficient proof in law.

236 **with her** along with her (by way of
dowry)
240 **approve** prove
241 **here** (on the ring)
248 **Wales** (well known for its mountains)
254 **she's only** she alone is
255 **leave off** i.e. abstain from sex

257.1 **cum filia** with the daughter
260 **give...attendance** i.e. set my feelings in
order
261 **all** at all
268 **savage eyesight** eyesight of savages
269 **Commend...prayers** Implies that Philip
is contemplating suicide.

Scene 8

NO Wit Like a WOMANS.

Were it to challenge all the wolves in France
To meet at one set battle, I'd be your half in't;
All beasts of venom, what you had a mind to,
Your part should be took still. For such a day
285 Let's keep ourselves in heart; then am I for you.
In the mean time, to beat off all suspicion,
Let's to the bride-house too; here's my petition.

PHILIP

Thou hast a learning art when all hopes fly.
Let one night waste; there's time enough left to die.

SAVOURWIT

290 A minute's as good as a thousand year, sir,
To pink a man's heart like a summer suit. *Exeunt*

Sc. 9

*Enter two or three Servants, [setting forth a stage
for the masque, and] placing things in order, with
Peccadill the Clown like an overseer*

CLOWN Bestir your bones nimbly, you ponderous beef-
buttocked knaves! What a number of lazy hinds do I
keep company withal! Where's the flesh-colour velvet
cushion now, for my lady's peaseporridge-tawny satin
5 bum? You, attendants upon revels?

FIRST SERVANT You can prate and domineer well, because
you have a privilege place, but I'd fain see you set your
hand to't.

CLOWN O base bone-pickers! I, set my hand to't? When
10 did you e'er see a gentleman set his hand to anything,
unless it were to a sheepskin and receive a hundred
pound for his pains?

SECOND SERVANT And afterward lie in the Counter for his
pleasure.

15 CLOWN Why, true, sir; 'tis for his pleasure indeed; for spite
of all their teeths he may lie i'th' Hole when he list.

FIRST SERVANT Marry, and should, for me.

CLOWN Ay, thou wouldst make as good a bawd as the best
jailer of them all; I know that.

20 FIRST SERVANT How, fool?
Loud music [within]

CLOWN Hark! I must call you knave within; 'tis but staying
somewhat the longer for't. *Exeunt*

*Enter the new-married Widow, and Kate Low-
water [as] her husband, both changed in apparel,
arm in arm together; after them, Sir Oliver
Twilight, Master Sunset, and the Dutch Merchant;*

*after them, the Mother, Grace the daughter, sad,
with Jane Sunset; after these, melancholy Philip,
Savourwit, and Master Sandfield*

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

This fair assembly is most freely welcome.

ALL THE REST

Thanks to you, good sir.

WIDOW [*to the Mother*]

Come, my long-wished-for madam;

You and this worthy stranger take best welcome. 25

Your freedom is a second feast to me.

[*Enter Master Low-water, disguised as before*]

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside to him*]

How is't with my brother?

MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside to her*]

The fit holds him still.

No love's more violent.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside to him*]

'Las, poor gentleman!

I would he had my office without money;

If he should offer any, I'd refuse it. 30

MASTER LOW-WATER [*aside to her*] I have the letter ready.

He's worthy of a place knows how to use it.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

That's well said.—Come, ladies, gentlemen, Sir Oliver;

Good, seat yourselves. Shall we be found unreadiest?

[*They sit*]

What is yon gentleman with the funeral face there? 35

Methinks that look does ill become a bride-house.

SIR OLIVER

Who does your worship mean, sir, my son Philip?

I am sure he had ne'er less reason to be sad.—

Why are you sad, son Philip?

PHILIP

How, sir, sad?

You shall not find it so, sir.

SAVOURWIT [*aside to Philip*] Take heed he do not, then. 40

You must beware how you carry your face in this
company. As far as I can see, that young bridegroom
has hawk's eyes. He'll go nigh to spell 'sister' in your
face if your nose were but crooked enough to serve for
an 'S'; he'd find an eye presently, and then he has more
45 light for the rest.

PHILIP [*aside to Savourwit*] I'll learn then to dissemble.

282 **be your half** share the risk

283 **what** whatever

288 **learning art** skill in teaching

291 **pink** deck out, ornament (i.e., as applied to the heart, cheer up)

9.2 **hinds** servants

4 **peaseporridge-tawny** (mocking fanciful compounds for describing the colour of fabrics)

7 **privilege** (the Servant's mistake for *privileged*)

9 **bone-pickers** i.e. eaters of leftovers

11 **sheepskin** parchment, legal document (for a loan)

13 **Counter** (the name for either of the debtors' prisons; with a possible pun on *cunt*)

for (a) as amends for (b) to procure (the Clown's sense)

15–16 **spite...teeths** in defiance of them all (proverbial). *Teeths* might also suggest the seizing powers of usury or the law.

16 **lie i'th' Hole** (a) be imprisoned in the Hole (the worst room in the debtors' prison) (b) have sexual intercourse

17 **for me** as far as I'm concerned

25 **this worthy stranger** i.e. the Dutch merchant

merchant

29 **without money** Public offices were often obtained with bribes.

31 **the letter** i.e. the letter Beveril receives at l. 296.1 (but quibbling on a letter of recommendation)

32 **worthy of a place** i.e. deserves the *office* purely on merit

34 **Shall we** i.e. who's going to

42 **As...see** (proverbial)

43 **has hawk's eyes** (proverbial)

45 **an eye** i.e. (a) an eye in Philip's face (b) an eye to see *the rest* (c) a letter 'I'

SAVOURWIT [*aside to Philip*] Nay, an you be to learn that
now you'll ne'er sit in a branched velvet gown as long
50 as you live. You should have took that at nurse, before
your mother weaned you; so do all those that prove
great children and batten well.

Enter Master Beveril, with a pasteboard

Peace, here comes a scholar indeed; he has learnt it, I
warrant you.

WIDOW [*to Beveril*]

55 Kind sir, you're welcome. You take all the pains, sir.

BEVERIL

I wish they were but worthy of the grace
Of your fair presence and this choice assembly.
Here is an abstract, madam, of what's shown,
Which I commend to your favour.

[*He gives her the pasteboard*]

WIDOW

Thank you for't, sir.

BEVERIL [*aside*]

60 I would I durst present my love as boldly.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside, hearing him*]

My honest brother!

WIDOW [*showing Mistress Low-water the pasteboard*]

Look thee here, sweetheart.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

What's there, sweet madam?

BEVERIL

Music, and we're ready.

*Loud music a while. A thing like a globe opens of
one side o'th' stage and flashes out fire; then Sir
Gilbert, that presents the part, issues forth with
yellow hair and beard, intermingled with streaks
like wild flames, a three-forked fire in's hand. And
at the same time [Weatherwise, presenting] Air,
comes down, hanging by a cloud, with a coat made
like an almanac, all the twelve moons set in it, and
the four quarters, Winter, Spring, Summer, and
Autumn, with change of weathers, rain, lightning,
and tempest, etc.*

And from under the stage at both ends arises

[*Overdone presenting*] *Water and [Pepperton
presenting] Earth: Water with green flags upon
his head standing up instead of hair, and a beard
of the same, with a chain of pearl; Earth with a
number of little things like trees, like a thick grove,*

*upon his head, and a wedge of gold in his hand, his
garment of a clay colour.*

*The Fire speaking first, Beveril the scholar stands
behind, gives him the first word, which he now
follows*

BEVERIL

'The flame of zeal—'

SIR GILBERT *AS FIRE* The wicked fire of lust

Does now spread heat through water, air, and dust.

BEVERIL [*aside*]

How? He's out in the beginning.—'The wheel of
time—'

65

WEATHERWISE [*aside*] The devil set fire o'th' distaff!

SIR GILBERT *AS FIRE*

I that was wont in elder times to pass

For a bright angel—so they called me then—

Now so corrupted with the upstart fires

Of avarice, luxury, and inconstant heats

Struck from the bloods of cunning clap-fall'n daugh-
ters,

70

Night-walking wives, but, most, libidinous widows,

That I that purify e'en gold itself

Have the contemptible dross thrown in my face,

And my bright name walk common in disgrace:

How am I used o' late, that I am so handled,

Thrust into alleys, hospitals, and tubs!

I was once a name of comfort, warmed great houses

When Charity was landlord; I have given welcome

To forty russet yeomen at a time

In a fair Christmas hall. How am I changed!

The chimneys are swept up, the hearth as cold

As the forefathers' charity in the son.

All the good hospitable heat now turns

To my young landlord's lust, and there it burns.

Rich widows that were wont to choose by gravity

Their second husbands, not by tricks of blood,

Are now so taken with loose Aretine flames

Of nimble wantonness and high-fed pride,

They marry now but the third part of husbands—

Boys, smooth-faced catamites—to fulfil their bed,

As if a woman should a woman wed.

These are the fires o' late. My brightness darks,

And fills the world so full of beggarly sparks.

75

80

85

90

49 **branched . . . gown** (of a judge)

branched embroidered

50 **at nurse** at the nurse's breast

52 **great** (a) large (b) eminent, prosperous

batten put weight on, thrive

53 **has learnt** it knows his stuff

62.1 **A thing . . . globe** Probably a circular
flat painted like a globe. Court masques
sometimes made use of large globes from
which masquers issued.

opens Probably here 'is disclosed (by
drawing back curtains)'.
62.3 **the part** (of Fire)

62.7 **comes down** i.e. is lowered on a

wire from a trapdoor in the stage roof
or 'heavens'

62.8 **moons** months; i.e. signs of the zodiac

62.18 **wedge** ingot

65 **out** out of his lines

66 **distaff** staff on which the unspun flax
was wound. 'To have tow on one's
distaff' was proverbial for having work
in hand.

67-8 **I . . . then** Suggested by Psalm 104:4:
'Who maketh his angels spirits, | His
ministers a flaming fire'.

69 **upstart** (both socially upstart and

physically rising up)

71 **clap-fall'n** stricken with gonorrhoea

77 **tubs** sweating tubs (used for treatment of
syphilis)

80 **russet** clad in coarse homespun reddish-
brown woollen cloth

82-3 **the hearth . . . son** (developed from the
proverb 'as cold as charity')

87 **tricks of blood** freakish turns of lust

88 **Aretine** in the manner of Pietro Aretino
(1492-1556), famous for his licentious
poetry; lustful

94 **sparks** (a) sparks of fire (b) gallants

BEVERIL [*aside*]

95 Heart, how am I disgraced! What rogue should this be?

WIDOW

By my faith, Monsieur Fire, you're a hot whoreson!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside*]

I fear my brother is beside his wits;
He would not be so senseless to rail thus else.

WEATHERWISE *as AIR*

100 After this heat, you madams fat and fair,
Open your casements wide, and take in Air.
But not that air false women make up oaths with;
No, nor that air gallants perfume their clothes with.
I am that air that keeps about the clouds.
None of my kindred was smelt out in crowds.
105 Not any of our house was ever tainted,
When many a thousand of our foes have fainted.
Yet some there are that be my chief polluters:
Widows that falsify their faith to suitors,
And will give fair words when the sun's in Cancer,
110 But at the next remove, a scurvy answer;
Come to the poor men's houses, eat their banquet,
And at night with a boy tossed in a blanket.
Nay, shall I come more near?—perhaps at noon;
For here I find a spot full in the moon.
115 I know youth's trick; what's she that can withstand it
When Mercury reigns, my lady's chamber planet?
He that believes a widow's words shall fail
When Venus' gown-skirts sweeps the Dragon's Tail.
Fair weather the first day she makes to any;
120 The second cloudy, and the third day rainy.
The fourth day a great storm, lightning and thunder;
A bolt strikes the suitor: a boy keeps her under.

BEVERIL [*aside*]

Life! These are some counterfeit slaves crept in their rooms,

O' purpose for disgrace; they shall all share with me.
Heart, who the devil should these be? *Exit*

WIDOW My faith, gentlemen, 125

Air has perfumed the room well!

SIR OLIVER

So methinks, madam.

SAVOURWIT [*aside*]

A man may smell her meaning two rooms off,
Though his nose wanted reparations,
And the bridge left at Shoreditch as a pledge
For Rosa Solis in a bleaching-house. 130

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*aside to Master Low-water*]

Life, what should be his meaning in't?

MASTER LOW-WATER

I wonder.

OVERDONE *as WATER*

Methinks this room should yet retain such heat
Struck out from the first ardour, and so glow yet,
You should desire my company, wish for water,
That offers here to serve your several pipes 135
Without constraint of mill or death of water-house.
What if I sprinkled on the widow's cheeks
A few cool drops to 'lay the guilty heat
That flashes from her conscience to her face?
Would't not refresh her shame? From such as she 140
I first took weakness and inconstancy.
I sometimes swell above my banks and spread;
They're commonly with child before they're wed.
In me the Sirens sing before they prey;
In her more witchcraft, for her smiles betray. 145
Where I'm least seen, there my most danger lies;
So in those parts hid most from a man's eyes—
Her heart, her love, or what may be more close.
I know no mercy; she thinks that no loss.
In her, poor gallants, pirates thrive in me. 150
I help to cast away, and so does she.

WIDOW

Nay, an you can hold nothing sweet, Sir Water,

100 **casements** window-frames (with a quibble on 'vulvas')

101 **air** i.e. breath

103 **keeps dwells**

104 **smelt out** (a) detected, caught (b) smelt

105 **house** (a) place of abode in the heavens (b) household

109 **Cancer** (associated with the emotional and protective)

110 **at the next remove** i.e. when shifted to the next sign. As planets move backwards through the zodiac, the next sign would be Gemini, associated with changeability.

112 **tossed** i.e. are tossed

114 **here** Weatherwise is commenting on the chart painted on his coat.
a... moon From the proverb, 'The moon is not without spots'.

116 **Mercury** Said to influence artfulness, trickery, and thieving; depicted as youthful. Here stands for the young gentleman.

118 **Dragon's Tail** See note to 6.4.2.

119–21 **Fair... thunder** Again refers to the depictions on Weatherwise's coat.

122 **keeps her under** (both physically and figuratively)

123 **rooms** places

126 **perfumed** (playing on the sense 'fumigated')

128 **wanted reparations** needed repairing. Refers to collapse of the nose through syphilis.

129 **Shoreditch** A London parish renowned for prostitution.

130 **Rosa Solis** An alcoholic cordial that would make the breath smell (punning on *Rosa Solace*, the supposed name of the woman whose *solace* has caused syphilis).
bleaching-house The bleachery, or brothel, where Rosa Solace was to be found; perhaps also a hospital for curing venereal disease.

132 **this room should** if this room should

135 **pipes** water-pipes (perhaps also 'tubular body-organs')

136 **water-house** building in which water was raised from a conduit to a reservoir

138 **'lay allay**

142 **I... spread** A river bursting its banks was a common image of unregulated behaviour. *Swell* and *spread* also quibble on the physical appearance of a woman with child.

144 **prey** With possible wordplay on *pray*, referring to (a) the alternation of singing and prayer in a church service, and (b) prayer as metonymic for the wedding ceremony, giving a closer parallel with the previous line (and with *sing* suggesting 'have sexual intercourse with').

146 **Where... lies** Refers to treacherous hidden currents.

148 **close** enclosed, secret

151 **cast away** (a) wreck ships (b) reject

152 **hold nothing** (a) bear nothing afloat (b) keep nothing secret
Water Puns on *Walter*.

- I'll wash my hands o' you ever hereafter.
- PEPPERTON *as Earth*
 Earth stands for a full point. Me you should hire
 155 To stop the gaps of Water, Air, and Fire.
 I love muck well, but your first husband better.
 Above his soul he loved it, as his end
 Did fearfully witness it. At his last gasp
 His spirit flamed as it forsook his breast,
 160 And left the sparkles quarrelling 'bout his lips.
 Now of such metal the devil makes him whips.
 He shall have gold enough to glut his soul;
 And as for Earth, I'll stop his crane's-throat full.
 The wealth he left behind him, most men know
 165 He wrung inconscionably from the rights
 Of poor men's livings. He drunk dry their brows.
 That liquor has a curse, yet nothing sweeter.
 When your posterity drinks, then 'twill taste bitter.
- SIR GILBERT *as Fire*
 And now to vex, 'gainst nature, form, rule, place,
 170 See once four warring elements all embrace.
 [They embrace]
Enter four, [one of them Beveril,] at several corners, addressed like the four winds, with wings, etc., and dance all to the drum and fife. The four elements seem to give back, and stand in amaze. The South Wind has a great red face, the North Wind a pale bleak one, the Western Wind one cheek red and another white, and so the Eastern Wind. At the end of the dance, the winds shove off the disguises of the other four, which seem to yield and almost fall off of themselves at the coming of the winds; so all the four old suitors are discovered. Exeunt all the winds but one, which is Beveril the scholar in that disguise. So shows all
- WIDOW
 How, Sir Gilbert Lambstone, Master Overdone,
 All our old suitors! You have took pains, my masters!
- SIR GILBERT
 We made a vow we'd speak our minds to you.
- WEATHERWISE And I think we're as good as our words,
 175 though it cost some of our purses. I owe money for the
- clouds yet, I care not who knows it; the planets are sufficient enough to pay the painter an I were dead.
- WIDOW [to Beveril] Who are you, sir?
 BEVERIL [taking off his disguise]
 Your most unworthy servant.
- WIDOW Pardon me; is't you, sir? 180
 BEVERIL
 My disgrace urged my wit to take some form
 Wherein I might both best and properliest
 Discover my abusers and your own,
 And show you some content before y'had none.
- WIDOW
 Sir, I owe much both to your care and love, 185
 And you shall find your full requital worthy.
 [To the old suitors] Was this the plot now your poor
 envy works out?
 I do revenge myself with pitying on you.
 [To Master Low-water] Take Fire into the buttry; he
 has most need on't.
 Give Water some small beer, too good for him. 190
 Air, you may walk abroad like a fortune-teller;
 But take down Earth, and make him drink i'th' cellar.
 [Exeunt the old suitors, with Master Low-water]
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 The best revenge that could be.
- MOTHER [to the Widow] I commend you, madam.
- SIR OLIVER I thought they were some such sneakers.
- SAVOURWIT The four suitors! And here was a mess of mad 195
 elements!
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Lights, more lights there! Where be these bluecoats?
 [Enter Servants with lights]
- WIDOW
 You know your lodgings, gentlemen, tonight.
- SIR OLIVER
 'Tis bounty makes bold guests, madam.
- WIDOW [to Philip's Mother] Good rest, lady.
- SIR OLIVER
 A most contentful night begin a health, madam, 200
 To your long joys, and may the years go round with't.
- WIDOW
 As many thanks as you have wished 'em hours, sir,

153 **wash my hands o'** Proverbial for 'have nothing more to do with', and quibbling on 'wash my hands with'.

154 **full point** full stop, i.e. end (because (a) Earth is the last speaker, and (b) the dead return to earth)

156 **muck** (a) manure, mud (b) money **better** i.e. loved *muck* better

159-60 **His... lips** Alludes to the belief that after death the soul left the body through the mouth; but the husband's *spirit* has qualities of precious metal and jewels.

163 **crane's-throat** The crane's neck is long and swells when swallowing a fish.

167 **That liquor** i.e. the sweat of *poor men*
 170.3 **addressed** dressed

170.4 **dance... fife** The fife is a pipe that could be played with one hand, leaving the other to accompany on the drum. The dance is probably an unruly jig.

170.11 **fall... themselves** fall away from each other of their own accord

170.14 **shows all** all is revealed

174 **as... words** (proverbial)

176-7 **the... dead** The planets of his costume are evidently made of coins.

187 **poor envy** petty malice **works out** devises

189 **Take... on't** Either fire is associated with alcoholic spirits or it induces thirst.

190 **small beer** watery beer

191 **Air... fortune-teller** Air is proverbially free

192 **cellar** (fittingly subterranean)

194 **sneakers** sneaks

195 **mess** of group of four

195-6 **mad elements** (with *elements* as in the 'four elements', but quibbling on 'constituents of madness')

197 **bluecoats** servants (so called from their livery)

199 **bold** i.e. confident of hospitality

200 **begin a health** (a) initiate prosperity (b) toast a health (taken up in *go round with't*, l. 201)

202 **'em** i.e. *joys*

Scene 9

No Witt, no helpe like a Woman

Take to your lodging with you.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER A general rest to all.
Exeunt; [manent Philip, Savourwit, the Widow, and Mistress Low-water]
PHILIP [*aside to Savourwit*] I'm excepted.
SAVOURWIT [*aside to Philip*]
205 Take in another to you then; there's room enough
In that exception, faith, to serve us both.
The dial of my sleep goes by your eyes.
Exeunt; manent Widow and Mistress Low-water
WIDOW
Now like a greedy usurer, alone
I sum up all the wealth this day has brought me;
And thus I hug it.
[*She embraces her*]
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Prithce!
210 WIDOW [*kissing her*] Thus I kiss it.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
I can't abide these kissings.
WIDOW How, sir, not?
I'll try that, sure; I'll kiss you out of that humour.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Push! By my troth, I cannot.
WIDOW What cannot you, sir?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Not toy, nor bill and imitate house-pigeons.
215 A married man must think of other matters.
WIDOW
How, other matters, sir? What other matters?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Why, are there no other matters that belong to't?
Do you think you've married only a cock sparrow,
And fit but for one business, like a fool?
You shall not find it so.
220 WIDOW You can talk strangely, sir.
Come, will you to bed?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER No, faith, will not I.
WIDOW What, not to bed, sir?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
An I do, hang me. Not to bed with you.
WIDOW
How, not to bed with me? Sir, with whom else?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
225 Why, am not I enough to lie with myself?
WIDOW
Is that the end of marriage?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER No, by my faith;
'Tis but the beginning; yet death is the end on't,
Unless some trick come i'th' middle and dash all.

WIDOW
Were you so forward lately, and so youthful,
That scarce my modest strength could save me from
you,
And are you now so cold?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER I've thought on't since.
It was but a rude part in me, i'faith,
To offer such bold tricks to any woman,
And by degrees I shall well break myself from't.
I feel myself well chastened since that time,
235 And not the third part now so loosely minded.
O, when one sees their follies, 'tis a comfort.
My very thoughts take more staid years upon 'em.
O, marriage is such a serious, divine thing!
It makes youth grave, and sweetly nips the spring.
240 WIDOW
If I had chose a gentleman for care
And worldly business, I had ne'er took you.
I had the offers of enough more fit
For such employment; I chose you for love,
Youth, and content of heart, and not for troubles;
245 You are not ripe for them. After you've spent
Some twenty years in dalliance, youth's affairs,
Then take a book in your hand and sum up cares.
As for wealth now, you know that's got to your
hands.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
But had I known't had been so wrongfully got,
250 As I heard since, you should have had free leave
To have made choice of another master for't.
WIDOW
Why, can that trouble you?
MISTRESS LOW-WATER It may too soon. But go.
My sleeps are sound; I love not to be started
With an ill conscience at the fall of midnight
255 And have mine eyes torn ope with poor men's curses.
I do not like the fate on't. 'Tis still apt
To breed unrest, dissension, wild debate;
And I'm the worst at quarrels upon earth.
Unless a mighty injury should provoke me,
260 Get you to bed, go.
WIDOW Not without you, in troth, sir.
MISTRESS LOW-WATER
If you could think how much you wrong yourself
In my opinion of you, you would leave me now
With all the speed you might. I like you worse
For this fond heat, and drink in more suspicion of
you.
265 You high-fed widows are too cunning people
For a poor gentleman to come simply to.

207 **The ... eyes** An image of a sundial, with Philip's eyes as the sun, or of two clocks, one set by the other.

213 **Push** See note to 6.1.67.

214 **toy** dally

218 **sparrow** (proverbially lustful)

226 **end** purpose (but 'conclusion' in l. 227)

227-8 **death is the end ... all** Echoes the proverb, 'Death is the end of all'.

228 **Unless ... middle** (with a sexual innu-endo)

230 **my modest strength** the strength of my

modesty

237 **their** Refers back to *bold tricks*, l. 233.

240 **spring** young shoot

248 **book** (a) account book (b) bible

267 **simply** (a) alone (b) artlessly, humbly

- WIDOW
What's that, sir?
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
You may make a youth on him;
'Tis at your courtesy, and that's ill trusted.
270 You could not want a friend, beside a suitor,
To sit in your husband's gown and look over your
writings.
- WIDOW
What's this?
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
I say there is a time when women
Can do too much and understand too little.
Once more, to bed. I'd willingly be a father
275 To no more noses than I got myself.
And so good-night to you.
- WIDOW
Now I see the infection.
A yellow poison runs through the sweet spring
Of his fair youth already; 'tis distracted,
Jealous of that which thought yet never acted.—
280 [Kneeling] O dear sir, on my knees I swear to thee—
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
I prithee, use them in thy private chamber,
As a good lady should. Spare 'em not there;
'Twill do thee good. Faith, none 'twill do thee here.
- WIDOW [rising]
Have I yet married poverty, and missed love?
285 What fortune has my heart? That's all I craved,
And that lies now a-dying. It has took
A speeding poison, and I'm ignorant how.
I never knew what beggary was till now.
My wealth yields me no comfort in this plight.
290 Had want but brought me love, I'd happened right.
Exit Widow
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
So, this will serve now for a preparative
To ope the pores of some dislike at first.
The physic will pay't home.
Enter Master Low-water, [disguised as before]
How dost thou, sir?
- How goes the work?
- MASTER LOW-WATER
Your brother has the letter.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
295 I find no stop in't then; it moves well hitherto.
Did you convey it closely?
- MASTER LOW-WATER
He ne'er set eye of me.
[Enter Master Beveril,] above, [with a letter]
- BEVERIL
I cannot read too often.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside to Master Low-water]
Peace; to your office.
- [Master Low-water steps back]
- BEVERIL
What blessèd fate took pity of my heart,
But with her presence to relieve me thus?
300 All the large volumes that my time hath mastered
Are not so precious to adorn my spirit
As these few lines are to enrich my mind.
I thirst again to drink of the same fountain.
[He reads]
'Kind sir, I found your care and love so much in the
performance of a little wherein your wit and art had
305 late employment that I dare now trust your bosom with
business of more weight and eminence. Little thought
the world that since the wedding dinner all my mirth
was but dissembled, and seeming joys but counterfeit.
The truth to you, sir, is, I find so little signs of content
in the bargain I made i'th' morning that I began to
repent before evening prayer; and to show some fruits
of his wilful neglect and wild disposition more than the
day could bring forth to me, he's now forsook my bed;
315 I know no cause for't.'
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside] But I'll be sworn I do.
- BEVERIL [reading] 'Being thus distressed, sir, I desire your
comfortable presence and counsel, whom I know to
be of worth and judgement, that a lady may safely
impart her griefs to you and commit 'em to the virtues
320 of commiseration and secrecy.
Your unfortunate friend,
The widow wife.
I have took order for your private admittance with
a trusty servant of mine own, whom I have placed at
325 my chamber door to attend your coming.' He shall not
wait too long and curse my slowness.
- MASTER LOW-WATER [aside] I would you'd come away then.
- BEVERIL
How much am I beguiled in that young gentleman!
I would have sworn had been the perfect abstract
330 Of honesty and mildness; 'tis not so.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [aside]
I pardon you, sweet brother; there's no hold
Of what you speak now; you're in Cupid's pound.
- BEVERIL
Blest be the secret hand that brought thee hither;
But the dear hand that writ it, ten times blest. [Exit] 335
- MASTER LOW-WATER
That's I still; he's blest me now ten times at twice.
Away; I hear him coming.
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
Strike it sure now!
- MASTER LOW-WATER
I warrant thee, sweet Kate; choose your best bow.
Exit Mistress Low-water

268 **make**...**him** contrive for him to be a youth

269 **at your courtesy** subject to your indulgence

270 **want** lack, do without

275 **got** begot

277 **yellow** i.e. jealous

279 **thought yet never acted** was never even thought

290 **Had**...**love** i.e. if I had been poor but found love

291 **preparative** potion taken to prepare the body for a medicine

293 **physic** medicine

296 **closely** secretly, unobtrusively

307 **eminence** distinction, honour

330 **abstract** epitome

337-8 **Strike**...**bow** *Strike* suggests a phallic arrow; *bow* correspondingly suggests 'vulva' (and rhymes with *now*).

Scene 9

NO Wit Like a WOMANS.

Enter Master Beveril, [below]

BEVERIL

Who's there?

MASTER LOW-WATER

O, sir, is't you? You're welcome then.

My lady still expects you, sir.

340 BEVERIL

Who's with her?

MASTER LOW-WATER

Not any creature living, sir.

BEVERIL [*giving money*] Drink that.

I've made thee wait too long.

MASTER LOW-WATER

It does not seem so now, sir. Sir, if a man

Tread warily, as any wise man will,

345 How often may he come to a lady's chamber

And be welcome to her!

BEVERIL

Thou giv'st me learnèd counsel for a closet.

MASTER LOW-WATER

Make use on't, sir, and you shall find no loss in't.

[*Exit Beveril to the Widow*]

So, you are surely in, and you must under.

Enter, [at another door,] Kate Low-water,

[disguised as before, attended by Servants, and]

with all the guests: Sir Oliver Twilight, Master

Sunset, Twilight's wife (the Mother), daughter

(Grace), [Jane]; [after them,] Philip, Sandfield, and

Savourwit

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

350 Pardon my rude disturbance; my wrongs urge it.

I did but try the plainness of her mind,

Suspecting she dealt cunningly with my youth,

And told her the first night I would not know her;

But, minding to return, I found the door

355 Warded suspiciously, and I heard a noise

Such as fear makes, and guiltiness at th'approaching

Of an unlooked-for husband.

ALL THE GUESTS This is strange, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*trying the door*]

Behold, it's barred. I must not be kept out.

SIR OLIVER

There is no reason, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER I'll be resolved in't.

360 If you be sons of honour, follow me.

Break open door, rush in; [manet Savourwit]

SAVOURWIT Then must I stay behind, for I think I was

begot i'th' wooyard, and that makes everything go so

hard with me.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER (*within*)

That's he; be sure on him!

345 **come... chamber** (quibbling on sexual penetration)

347 **closet** (a) lady's private room (b) study

349 **under** i.e. drown

355 **Warded** defended

359 **resolved** made certain

364 **be sure on him** i.e. keep him from escape

366 **taken** caught

369 **quick** alive

370 **the lecher** i.e. the plucked-out heart

pant beat

375 **asks** examines judicially

382 **good parts** (a) scholarly talents (b) physical endowments

387 **book of fate** i.e. the biblical Book of Life,

Enter confusedly [Mistress Low-water and Master Low-water, both disguised as before, and all the guests,] with the Widow and Mistress Low-water's brother Beveril the scholar

SIR OLIVER [*to Mistress Low-water*]

Be not so furious, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

She whispered to him to slip into her closet.

[*To the Widow*] What, have I taken you? Is not my dream true now?

Unmerciful adulteress: the first night!

SIR OLIVER

Nay, good sir, patience.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER Give me the villain's heart,

That I may throw't into her bosom quick.

There let the lecher pant.

MOTHER

Nay, sweet sir!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

Pardon me;

His life's too little for me.

WIDOW

How am I wrongfully shamed! [*To Beveril*] Speak your intent, sir,

Before this company; I pursue no pity.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

This is a fine thievish juggling, gentlemen!

She asks her mate that shares in guilt with her.

Too gross, too gross!

BEVERIL

Rash mischief!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

Treacherous sir,

Did I for this cast a friend's arm about thee,

Gave thee the welcome of a worthy spirit,

And lodged thee in my house, nay, entertained thee

More like a natural brother than a stranger;

And have I this reward? Perhaps the pride

Of thy good parts did lift thee to this impudence.

Let her make much on 'em; she gets none of me.

Because thou'rt deeply read in most books else,

Thou would'st be so in mine. [*Pointing to Widow*]

There it stands for thee;

Turn o'er the leaves, and where you left, go forward.

To me it shall be like the book of fate,

Ever clasped up.

SIR OLIVER

O dear sir, say not so!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER

Nay, I'll swear more. For ever I refuse her;

I'll never set a foot into her bed,

Never perform the duty of man to her,

So long as I have breath.

SIR OLIVER

What an oath was there, sir! Call't again.

finally opened on the Day of Judgement (Revelation 20:12). Suggests that those who open and read the book find they are destined to be damned.

388 **clasped up** Larger books used to be held closed with a clasp.

393 **Call't again** revoke it

- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 395 I knew by amorous sparks struck from their eyes
 The fire would appear shortly in a blaze,
 And now it flames indeed. [*To the Widow*] Out of my
 house,
 And take your gentleman of good parts along with
 you.
 That shall be all your substance. He can live
 In any emperor's court in Christendom.
 You know what you did, wench, when you chose
 400 him,
 To thrust out me. You have no politic love;
 You are to learn to make your market, you.
 You can choose wit, a burden light and free,
 And leave the grosser element with me:
 405 Wealth, foolish trash, I thank you. Out of my doors!
- SIR OLIVER Nay, good sir, hear her.
 MOTHER *and* SUNSET Sweet sir!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Pray, to your chambers, gentlemen. I should be here
 Master of what is mine.
 SIR OLIVER Hear her but speak, sir!
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 410 What can she speak but woman's common language:
 She's sorry and ashamed for't? That helps nothing.
- WIDOW
 Sir, since it is the hard hap of my life
 To receive injury where I placed my love—
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Why, la, I told you what escapes she'd have.
 SIR OLIVER
 Nay, pray, sir, hear her forward.
 415 WIDOW Let our parting
 Be full as charitable as our meeting was,
 That the pale envious world, glad of the food
 Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
 And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours.
 420 But since you are resolved so wilfully
 To leave my bed and ever to refuse me,
 As by your rage I find it your desire—
 Though all my actions deserve nothing less—
 Here are our friends, men both of worth and wisdom;
 425 Place so much power in them to make an evenness
 Between my peace and yours. All my wealth within
 doors
 In gold and jewels lie in those two caskets
 I lately led you to, the value of which
 Amounts to some five thousand pound apiece;
 430 Exchange a charitable hand with me,
 And take one casket freely. Fare thee well, sir.
- SIR OLIVER [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 How say you to that now?
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER Troth, I thank her, sir!
- Are not both mine already? [*To the Widow*] You shall
 wrong me,
 And then make satisfaction with mine own?
 I cannot blame you; a good course for you. 435
- WIDOW
 I know 'twas not my luck to be so happy.
 My miseries are no starters, when they come
 Stick longer by me.
 SIR OLIVER [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 Nay, but give me leave, sir:
 The wealth comes all by her.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER So does the shame,
 Yet that's most mine; why should not that be too? 440
- SIR OLIVER
 Sweet sir, let us rule so much with you:
 Since you intend an obstinate separation
 Both from her bed and board, give your consent
 To some agreement reasonable and honest.
 MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Must I deal honestly with her lust?
 MOTHER Nay, good sir! 445
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Why, I tell you, all the wealth her husband left her
 Is not of power to purchase the dear peace
 My heart has lost in these adulterous seas.
 Yet, let her works be base, mine shall be noble.
 SIR OLIVER
 That's the best word of comfort I heard yet. 450
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Friends may do much.—Go, bring those caskets forth.
 [Exeunt Servants]
 I hate her sight; I'll leave her though I lose by't.
 SIR OLIVER
 Spoke like a noble gentleman, i'faith.
 I'll honour thee for this.
 BEVERIL [*aside*] O, cursèd man!
 Must thy rash heat force this division? 455
- MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to the Widow*]
 You shall have free leave now, without all fear.
 You shall not need oiled hinges, privy passages,
 Watchings, and whisperings. Take him boldly to you.
 WIDOW
 O that I had that freedom, since my shame
 Puts by all other fortunes, and owns him 460
 A worthy gentleman! If this cloud were passed him
 I'd marry him, were't but to spite thee only,
 So much I hate thee now.
 Enter Servants with two caskets, and the suitors:
 Sir Gilbert Lambstone, Weatherwise, Pepperton,
 and Overdone
 SIR OLIVER
 Here come the caskets, sir. Hold your good mind now,
 And we shall make a virtuous end between you. 465

402 **make your market** From the proverb
 'to make one's market', to determine
 one's own fortune.

403 You...**free** Proverbially, words are but
 wind, and air is free.

404 **the grosser element** i.e. earth (from
 which wealth, as land or precious
 metals, is derived)

411 **nothing** not at all

437 **starters** deserters, wanderers

440 **that be** i.e. the wealth be

457 **passages** (a) goings on, passings to and
 fro (b) corridors

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Though nothing less she merit but a curse
 That might still hang upon her and consume her
 still—
 As't has been many a better woman's fortune
 That has deserved less vengeance, and felt more—
 470 Yet my mind scorns to leave her shame so poor.

SIR OLIVER
 Nobly spoke still!

SIR GILBERT This strikes me into music. Ha, ha!

PEPPERTON
 Parting of goods before the bodies join?

WEATHERWISE This 'tis to marry beardless domineering
 boys. I knew 'twould come to this pass. Well fare a
 475 just almanac yet; for now is Mercury going into the
 second house near unto Ursa Major, that great Hunks
 the Bear at the Bridge-foot in heaven, which shows
 horrible bear-baitings in wedlock; and the sun near
 ent'ring into th' Dog sets 'em all together by th' ears.

SIR OLIVER [*to Mistress Low-water, opening a casket*]
 You see what's in't.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 480 I think 'tis as I left it.

WIDOW
 Then do but gage your faith to this assembly
 That you will ne'er return more to molest me,
 But rest in all revenges full appeased
 And amply satisfied with that half my wealth,
 485 And take't as freely as life wishes health.

SIR OLIVER
 La you, sir; come, come; faith, you shall swear that.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 Nay, gentlemen, for your sakes now I'll deal fairly
 with her.

SIR OLIVER
 I would we might see that, sir.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER I could set her free;
 But now I think on't, she deserves it not.

SUNSET
 490 Nay, do not check your goodness. Pray, sir, on with't.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I could release her ere I parted with her—
 But 'twere a courtesy ill placed—and set her
 At as free liberty to marry again
 As you all know she was before I knew her.

SIR OLIVER
 What, couldst thou, sir?

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 But 'tis too good a blessing for her.— 495
 Up with the casket, sirrah.

WIDOW O, sir, stay!

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I have nothing to say to you.

SIR OLIVER Do you hear, sir?
 Pray let's have one word more with you for our
 money.

WIDOW [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 Since you've exposed me to all shame and sorrow,
 And made me fit but for one hope and fortune, 500
 Bearing my former comforts away with you,
 Show me a parting charity but in this:
 For all my losses pay me with that freedom,
 And I shall think this treasure as well given
 As ever 'twas ill got.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER
 I might afford it you, 505
 Because I never mean to be more troubled with you.
 But how shall I be sure of the honest use on't,
 How you'll employ that liberty?—Perhaps sifully,
 In wantonness unlawful, and I answer for't.
 So I may live a bawd to your loose works still, 510
 In giving 'em first vent. Not I, 'shall pardon me;
 I'll see you honestly joined ere I release you.
 I will not trust you for the last trick you played me.
 Here's your old suitors.

PEPPERTON Now we thank you, sir!

WEATHERWISE My almanac warns me from all cuckoldly 515
 conjunctions.

WIDOW [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 Be but commander of your word now, sir,
 And before all these gentlemen our friends
 I'll make a worthy choice.

SUNSET [*to Mistress Low-water*]
 Fly not ye back now.

MISTRESS LOW-WATER [*to the Widow*]
 I'll try thee once. I am married to another. 520
 There's thy release.

SIR OLIVER
 Hoyda, there's a release with a witness!
 Thou'rt free, sweet wench.

WIDOW [*to Mistress Low-water*] Married to another? 525
 Then in revenge to thee,
 To vex thine eyes, 'cause thou hast mocked my heart
 And with such treachery repaid my love,

475 **Mercury** (representing the young gentleman)
 475-6 **the second house** (associated with money)
 476 **Ursa Major** constellation of the Great Bear (named for the animal's association with surliness and bear-baiting)
Hunks Originally the name of a particular bear at Paris Garden bear-baiting amphitheatre, hence a by-word for bad temper and meanness.

477 **the Bridge-foot** Location of a tavern called the Bear, over the bridge from London in Southwark, and on the way to the bear-gardens.
shows indicates
 479 **th' Dog** i.e. the constellation of Canis Major, and its brightest star Sirius, the 'Dog-star'. The sun does not pass through Canis Major. The 'dog-days' (the time of Sirius' heliacal rising; late July-early August) were associated with

pernicious events and dogs running mad. The reference is also to bear-baiting dogs.
sets...ears (proverbial)
 492 **But 'twere** if it were not
 500 **one...fortune** i.e. dissolution of the marriage
 516 **conjunctions** (quibbling on the astrological and marital senses)
 522 **with a witness** (proverbial for 'for sure, with a vengeance')

You wished for love; and, faith, I have bestowed you
 Upon a gentleman that does dearly love you.
 That recompense I've made you; and you must think,
 madam,
 I loved you well—though I could never ease you—
 585 When I fetched in my brother thus to please you.
 SIR OLIVER
 Here's unity for ever strangely wrought.
 WIDOW
 I see too late there is a heavy judgement
 Keeps company with extortion and foul deeds,
 And, like a wind which vengeance has in chase,
 590 Drives back the wrongs into the injurer's face.
 My punishment is gentle, and to show
 My thankful mind for't, thus I'll revenge this:
 With an embracement here, and here a kiss.
 [She embraces Mistress Low-water and kisses
 Beveril]
 SIR OLIVER
 Why, now the bells they go trim, they go trim!
 [To Beveril] I wished thee, sir, some unexpected
 595 blessing
 For my wife's ransom, and 'tis fall'n upon thee.
 WEATHERWISE A pox of this; my almanac ne'er gulled
 me till this hour! 'The thirteenth day, work for the
 hangman', and there's nothing toward it. I'd been a
 600 fine ass if I'd given twelve pence for a horse to have
 rid to Tyburn tomorrow! But now I see the error: 'tis
 false-figured; it should be 'thirteen days and a half, work
 for the hangman', for he ne'er works under thirteen
 pence halfpenny. Beside, Venus being 'a spot in the
 605 sun's garment' shows there should be a woman found
 in hose and doublet.
 SIR OLIVER Nay, faith, sweet wife, we'll make no more
 hours on't now; 'tis as fine a contracting time as
 ever came amongst gentlefolks.—Son Philip, Master
 610 Sandfield, come to the book here.
 PHILIP [aside to Saviourwit] Now I'm waked
 Into a thousand miseries and their torments.
 SAVOURWIT [aside to Philip] And I come after you, sir,
 drawn with wild horses. There will be a brave show
 615 on's anon if this weather continue.
 SIR OLIVER [to Grace and Jane]
 Come, wenches.—Where be these young gentlemen's
 hands now?
 MOTHER [aside]
 Poor gentleman my son!—Some other time, sir.
 SIR OLIVER I'll have't now, i'faith, wife.

WIDOW What are you making here?
 SIR OLIVER I have sworn, sweet madam,
 620 My son shall marry Master Sunset's daughter,
 And Master Sandfield mine.
 WIDOW So, you go well, sir;
 [Pointing to Jane] But what make you this way then?
 SIR OLIVER This? For my son.
 WIDOW
 O, back, sir, back! This is no way for him.
 SUNSET and SIR OLIVER How? 625
 WIDOW
 O, let me break an oath, to save two souls,
 Lest I should wake another judgement greater.
 You come not here for him, sir.
 SIR OLIVER What's the matter?
 WIDOW
 Either give me free leave to make this match,
 Or I'll forbid the banns.
 SIR OLIVER Good madam, take it. 630
 WIDOW
 Here, Master Sandfield, then—
 [She presents Jane to Sandfield]
 SIR OLIVER Cud's bodkins!
 WIDOW
 Take you this maid.
 SANDFIELD You could not please me better, madam.
 SIR OLIVER
 Hoyda! Is this your hot love to my daughter, sir?
 WIDOW
 Come hither, Philip; here's a wife for you.
 [She presents Grace to him]
 SIR OLIVER
 Zounds, he shall ne'er do that: marry his sister? 635
 WIDOW
 Had he been ruled by you, he had married her,
 But now he marries Master Sunset's daughter,
 And Master Sandfield yours. I've saved your oath, sir.
 PHILIP O, may this blessing hold!
 SAVOURWIT Or else all the liquor runs out. 640
 SIR OLIVER [to the Widow] What riddle's this, madam?
 WIDOW
 A riddle of some fourteen years of age now.
 [To Philip's Mother] You can remember, madam, that
 your daughter
 Was put to nurse to Master Sunset's wife?
 MOTHER
 True; that we talked on lately.
 SIR OLIVER I grant that, madam. 645

584 ease sexually gratify
 589 has in chase i.e. chases forward like a
 hunted animal. *Vengeance* is probably the
 subject, but might be the object.
 594 trim finely, well
 597 gulled made a fool of
 603-4 thirteen pence halfpenny By custom,
 a thief could be hanged if he or she stole
 more than this.
 604-5 Venus... garment Fanciful almanac

language (from Bretnor's 1611 almanac)
 for the planet's transit in front of the
 sun. Here implies 'a woman blemishing
 (by wearing) a man's garment'.
 606 hose and doublet (items of male attire)
 607-8 make... hours delay no more
 610 come to the book put your name to the
 document; i.e. join in with the marriage
 contracts (and perhaps also referring to
 the Book of Common Prayer with which

marriages were solemnized)
 614 drawn Refers specifically to dragging
 criminals at a horse's tail to execu-
 tion. The idea of a public spectacle is
 developed in *brave show*.
 631 Cud's bodkins An oath; a euphemized
 form of 'God's little body'.
 635 Zounds A strong oath; literally 'God's
 wounds'.

NO Help Like a WOMANS.

Glad of my fragments for their ember-week.
 The sign's in Gemini too: both hands should meet.
 There should be noise i'th' air if all things hap,
 Though I love thunder when you make the clap.
 20 [Cancer,
 Some faults perhaps have slipped I am to answer;
 And if in anything your revenge appears,
 Send me in with all your fists about mine ears.

[Exit]

Finis

Shirley *James Shirley's Prologue for the 1631 revival in Dublin*
 We are sorry, gentlemen, that with all our pains
 To invite you hither, the wide house contains
 No more. Call you this term? If the Courts were
 So thin, I think 'twould make your lawyers swear,
 5 And curse men's charity in whose want they thrive,
 Whilst we by it woe to be kept alive.
 I'll tell you what a poet says: two year

He has lived in Dublin, yet he knows not where
 To find the city. He observed each gate,
 It could not run through them, they are too strait. 10
 When he did live in England, he heard say
 That here were men loved wit and a good play,
 That here were gentlemen and lords. A few
 Were bold to say there were some ladies too.
 This he believed, and though they are not found 15
 Above, who knows what may be underground?
 But they do not appear, and missing these,
 He says he'll not believe your chronicles
 Hereafter, nor the maps, since all this while
 Dublin's invisible, and not Brazil; 20
 And all that men can talk he'll think to be
 A fiction now above all poetry.
 But stay; you think he's angry? No, he prayed
 Me tell you he recants what he has said.
 He's pleased so you shall be, yes, and confess 25
 We have a way 'bove wit of man to please;
 For though we should despair to purchase it
 By art of man, this is a woman's wit.

THE PARTS

Men

WEATHERWISE (423 lines): Prologue, Footman
 SAVOURWIT (394 lines): Footman, [Prologue, a Tenant]
 SIR OLIVER (340 lines): Prologue, Footman, a Tenant
 SIR GILBERT (202 lines): Prologue, Footman
 BEVERIL (195 lines): Prologue, Footman, a Tenant
 PHILIP (195 lines): Footman, [Prologue, a Tenant]
 CLOWN (118 lines): Prologue, Footman
 DUTCH MERCHANT (65 lines): Prologue, Footman, a Tenant
 MASTER LOW-WATER (63 lines): Prologue, Footman
 PEPPER-TON (52 lines): Prologue, Footman
 OVERDONE (34 lines): Prologue, Footman
 SANDFIELD (30 lines): Footman, a Tenant, [Prologue]
 SERVANT(S) (30 lines): Prologue, Footman

PROLOGUE (14 lines): any [but Philip, Savourwit]
 SUNSET (9 lines): Prologue, Footman, a Tenant
 FOOTMAN (8 lines): any

Boys

MISTRESS LOW-WATER (573 lines): Dutch Boy
 WIDOW (342 lines): Dutch Boy
 MOTHER (153 lines): Dutch Boy
 JANE (30 lines): Dutch Boy
 GRACE (26 lines): Dutch Boy
 DUTCH BOY (8 lines): Widow, Grace, Jane, Mistress Low-water, Mother

Most crowded scene: Sc. 9: 17 characters (+ 3 mutes)

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>16 ember-week period of fasting
 17 Gemini (the sign associated with the hands)
 19 thunder (associated with the god Jupiter)
 20 [Cancer The missing words probably referred to the crab's claws; conjecturally, 'Though claws pinch closest when the sign is Cancer'.
 23 with...ears proverbial for (a) applause (b) blows
 Shirley.3 term one of the times of year when law courts were in session. The speaker</p> | <p>goes on to compare the theatre with a court-room, but the immediate point is that the city should be busy during term.
 5-6 And...alive Charity is bad for lawyers' business, whereas the players have such low receipts that they depend on it.
 7 a poet i.e. the writer, Shirley
 9 the city i.e. the populace (but quibbling on the area within the gated walls)
 10 strait narrow</p> | <p>20 Dublin's...Brazil Brazil would more usually be accounted <i>invisible</i> because remote from most Englishmen's actual experience, apparently uncharted and unchronicled, so figuratively an empty space. Dublin is seen as more like this than like a civilized city such as London.
 25 so if
 26, 28 man Quibbles on 'human' and 'male'.
 28 this...wit Refers to the play.</p> |
|--|---|--|

THE LADY'S TRAGEDY: PARALLEL TEXTS

Edited by Julia Briggs

ON 31 October 1611, the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, read through, corrected and licensed a manuscript submitted to him by the King's Men, Shakespeare's company and the leading troupe of the day. On the last page, he wrote, 'This second Maydens tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed) may with the reformations bee acted publickly'. Buc gave the manuscript this provisional title because its theme of tyrannicide and its anti-court satire reminded him of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy*, submitted by the same company in the previous year. *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, as it has usually been called, was never printed, perhaps because of its anti-court sentiments, but it survived in the manuscript marked up first by Buc, and then by the King's Men, who used it as the prompt copy for their performances. In this edition, the play has been retitled *The Lady's Tragedy*, since its heroine, like the Duchess of Malfi, has no personal name, and is always referred to as the Lady, or else as Govianus's Lady. The heroine of the parallel plot also remains unnamed. Though she is usually identified as the Wife or Anselmus's Wife, she is four times referred to as 'Lady' or 'Anselmus's Lady' in the original stage directions (at A.I.2.290/B.I.2.289, 4.I.0.2, 5.I.37.2, and 5.I.120.2), while the word 'lady' itself occurs more than fifty times within the dialogue. Jacobean spelling (like modern pronunciation) did not distinguish between *The Lady's Tragedy* and *The Ladies' Tragedy*.

Surviving in a single manuscript without a title-page (though with the names of George Chapman, Thomas Goff, and William Shakespeare written in as later guesses as to authorship beneath Buc's licence), *The Lady's Tragedy* was first attributed to Thomas Middleton by the Victorian poet and dramatic critic Algernon Swinburne. His tentative suggestion has since been confirmed by a number of scholars, including E. H. C. Oliphant, R. H. Barker, and Samuel Schoenbaum and, in the 1970s, by David Lake and MacDonald P. Jackson, who used statistical linguistic tests and independently arrived at the same conclusion. Anne Lancashire's edition for Revels (1978), while shrinking from putting Middleton's name on the title-page, nevertheless found many verbal parallels with other plays of his, and in particular with *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, written earlier in 1611; further parallels have been observed by Roger Holdsworth. In 1998, the play was finally published as the work of Thomas Middleton in a volume of *Four Jacobean Sex Tragedies* edited by Martin Wiggins, under the title *The Maiden's Tragedy* (although the word 'maiden' never actually appears in the play). In the present edition, the text is given in two versions—

the first, in the left column, is as close as possible to Middleton's original composition, and the second, in the right column, is as it was performed, after various cuts and alterations had been incorporated. For the first time, the reader will be able to see how a Jacobean tragedy, written for the King's Men at the height of their success, underwent processes of censorship, addition, and revision before and during rehearsal.

Plot

The plot of *The Lady's Tragedy* resembles that of *The Changeling* in being constructed from two different narratives worked together to form a complex counterpoint: the Lady plot is assumed to have been Middleton's own invention. It draws on themes earlier dramatized in *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1606) such as court corruption and the fatal kiss of the dead, while the character of the Tyrant owes something to the sexually fixated Tyrant of *The Bloody Banquet* (1608–9). The Wife plot is adapted from Cervantes's story of 'The Curious Impertinent', included in the first part of *Don Quixote* (1605), and also published separately in a French translation alongside the Spanish text in 1608. This is a tale of the woes of marriage, characterized by ironies of misplaced confidence and sexual betrayal such as Middleton relished.

The play opens with the Tyrant ascending the throne and proposing to the Lady, who rejects him in favour of her betrothed—Govianus, the kingdom's rightful heir. The two are placed under house arrest, and the Tyrant sends her father Helvetius to woo the Lady on his behalf, but Helvetius repents when Govianus shoots him with a blank pistol, literally putting the fear of God in him. The next set of messengers lay siege to the house, and, in the midst of furious knocking, the Lady commits suicide to avoid abduction and rape, Govianus having failed to slay her at the crucial moment. The Tyrant, brooking no obstacle to his desires, breaks into the Cathedral and steals the Lady's corpse from its tomb. As Govianus mourns for her, her ghost appears to him, begging him to recover her body and re-inter it. Meanwhile in the Wife plot, Govianus's brother Anselmus is determined to test his Wife's fidelity, and so forces his best friend Votarius to tempt her. After some initial resistance, the Wife surrenders. The lovers set about deceiving Anselmus, but are betrayed to him by Leonella, the Wife's maid, who is eager to exonerate herself and create further mischief, especially as her own lover, Bellarius, is the sworn enemy of Votarius. The Wife attempts to convince her husband of her fidelity by staging a scene in which she fights off Votarius's unwanted

advances, but she is again betrayed by Leonella, who poisons the sword with which the Wife defends herself. In the fighting that follows, everyone is killed. Govianus mourns for his brother Anselmus, and then sets off for the court where the Tyrant is paying homage to the Lady's corpse. Disguised as an artist, Govianus paints her dead lips with poison, so that the Tyrant dies from her kiss. A conspiracy of courtiers declares Govianus king, and the play ends with the Lady's funeral procession.

First Performance

Middleton wrote this play to be performed by the King's Men at their indoor theatre at Blackfriars, late in 1611: the boys' singing voices were one attraction there, and he included two songs—the mournful, 'If ever pity were well placed', sung by a page at 4.4.14–28, and the madrigal, 'O what is beauty that's so much adorèd?', sung offstage while the Tyrant worships the Lady's corpse at 5.2.14–19. The comparative darkness of the indoor theatre would have enhanced the effect in 4.3, where the ruffians break into the Cathedral with pickaxes and dark lanterns, and contributed to the *coup de théâtre* when 'a great light appears in the midst of the tomb' from behind or beneath the stage (4.4.42.2–3). Ceremonial music would have further emphasized the contrast between the Tyrant's worship of the Lady's corpse early in 5.2, and the dead march at its end. The Lady's tomb, 'richly set forth' (4.3.0.3–4), may even have included an effigy of the Lady herself, as Jacobean tombs often did (see illustration), perhaps also recalling the final scene of *The Winter's Tale*, which the King's Men had performed earlier that year. But unlike Hermione's statue, the Lady's corpse when taken from the tomb proves 'cold indeed' (4.3.94).

When Middleton had finished drafting his play, two copies would have been written out by a professional scrivener employed by the company. The copy which has survived was submitted to Sir George Buc, in accordance with government regulations. The second copy consisted of individual 'parts' for the actors. As the play went into rehearsal, Middleton was asked to supply some extra speeches. The same scrivener copied these onto a single folio page, twice. One of these was cut up and the slips were pinned onto the manuscript that Buc had sent back, marked up with his corrections; this now became the prompt copy. The other sheet was cut up to be distributed to the actors. The new speeches (at B1.1.198, B1.1.208–15, B2.1.3–10, B4.2.38–41, B4.2a.1–11, and B5.1.166–79) tidied up loose ends in the plot, making the shared house arrest of the Lady and Govianus more plausible, and covering the Tyrant's exit and immediate re-entry at the end of 4.2 and the beginning of 4.3 (disallowed by the stage practice of the day). The most striking of Middleton's additions gives Anselmus, the jealous husband, a moment of sudden reversal and discovery, an Aristotelian *peripateia*: instead of dying in the happy (if mistaken) belief that his Wife had proved her innocence by killing Votarius (5.1.136–42), he survives a few minutes longer to learn

that his worst fears have been realized, and she had indeed cuckolded him (B5.1.166–79). The addition at B4.2a.1–11 prepared the audience for the reappearance of Helvetius in 5.2, but in production further substantial cuts were made, especially to the last scene, so that Helvetius's part in it disappeared entirely. The cutting of several long poetic speeches that hold up the action at crucial points (e.g. at A2.1.108–38, A5.2.127–38, A180–7) suggests that comparable long set speeches may have been cut from other plays of the period during rehearsal.

We do not know whether Middleton, having supplied the script and six additional passages, played any further part in the production of his play, but it seems unlikely. He was not an actor or a company shareholder, and so had no further reason to participate, once he had received payment for the script (probably around £6). The play text moved steadily away from his original conception as it passed through the hands, first of Buc, and later of the company, in the course of rehearsals. Sir George Buc had begun by correcting what he took to be a grammatical mistake (at 1.1.2), but then went on to delete a number of oaths (sixteen are deleted in all, five examples of 'Heart!', ten of 'Life!' and a 'By the mass!'), a reference to the recent death by torture of Henry IV's assassin, François Ravaillac (A5.2.141/B5.2.116), as well as a series of sarcastic comments on the court and its courtiers:

... heaven,
That glorious court of spirits, all honest courtiers!
(last three words deleted, 1.2.14–15)

I must put on
A courtier's face and do't. Mine own will shame me.
(‘courtier’s’ deleted, ‘brazen’ substituted, 1.2.164–5)

Push! Talk like a courtier, girl, not like a fool.
(‘courtier’ deleted, ‘woman’ substituted, A2.1.69/
B2.1.75)

There's many a good knight's daughter is in service
And cannot get such favour of her mistress
(‘knight’s’ deleted, ‘men’s’ substituted [ungrammatically], 4.1.74–5)

I would not trust at court, an I could choose
(‘at court’ deleted, ‘but few’ substituted, A5.2.80/
B5.2.66)

In addition, a number of passages have been marked for omission that comment specifically on the sexual misbehaviour of court ladies (e.g. at A2.1.72–81, A3.1.219–21), and the play's final couplet has been spoiled by substituting the more general term 'virtuous' for 'honest' (which carried stronger connotations of sexual chastity). It had originally read

I would those ladies that fill honour's rooms
Might all be borne so honest to their tombs. (A5.2.212–
13/B5.2.163–4).

Although the play's original cast list was not recorded, the bookkeeper entered the names of two of the King's Men on the play script in the course of adding further stage directions. One was that of Master (Robert) Gough, written in at B4.2a.o.1. Gough had been with the company since before 1605, and almost certainly played Memphionius, though the particular speech where his name appears lacks its speech heading. The Lady was played by Richard Robinson, named in the margin at the entry for her ghost (B4.4.42.7). Robinson was one of the company's boy apprentices, and may also have played Shakespeare's Hermione. His name was included in the cast-list for Jonson's *Catiline* (1611), where he probably played Fulvia. Five years later, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Engine recommends Dick Robinson's talents as a female impersonator to Merecraft (2.7.64–73), but he is actually replaced by Wittipol (no doubt also played by Robinson himself), who later appears in drag as 'the Spanish Lady'. By the 1620s, Robinson was taking adult roles such as the Cardinal in *The Duchess of Malfi*, and had his own apprentice. He remained an actor and shareholder with the company until the 1630s. The part of the Tyrant would have suited the company's leading actor, Richard Burbage, who had played the lip-gnawing Richard III, Macbeth and, probably, Leontes.

Later History

The manuscript in which all these changes have been recorded is one of sixteen surviving promptbooks used in the public theatres before 1642, and one of only four to have been marked up by the Master of the Revels in his capacity as censor. The detailed stage directions entered on the manuscript of *The Lady's Tragedy* by the bookkeeper provide evidence of its performance, in the absence of other records; so, too, does its impact on other dramatists, especially John Webster, who borrowed several of its effects for *The White Devil* (1612), including the poisonous kiss, and for his fifth-act climax, Govianus's trick with the blank pistol shots and also a violent reversal resulting from a revelation. The character of the Lady, with her love of 'goodness' rather than 'greatness', also influenced that of *The Duchess of Malfi* (c.1614).

After the theatres closed in 1642, the manuscript of *The Lady's Tragedy* passed, with other playbooks belonging to the King's Men, into the hands of the printer Humphrey Moseley who registered it for printing on 9 September 1653 with several other Middleton plays (though the order of his list suggests that he had not identified it as Middleton's); in any case he never actually got round to printing it. A century later it resurfaced in the collection of the antiquarian, John Warburton, who claimed that it was one of only three play manuscripts that escaped being burned, or baked under pies by his cook. From Warburton it passed to Lord Lansdowne, and thence to the British Museum Library in 1807. It was first published in 1824 and nine further editions have been produced since then, most notably W. W. Greg's old-spelling transcript for the

Malone Society (1910) and Anne Lancashire's exemplary modern edition for Revels (1978).

After nearly four centuries of complete theatrical neglect, the twentieth century ended with a sudden flurry of performances of Middleton's play under a variety of titles. The first was in London, in 1984, as *The Tyrant's Tragedy*, in a production by the Troupe at the Upstream Theatre. Ten years later, this time billed as Middleton's *The Lady's Tragedy* and using the earlier (left-hand) text given here, it was performed by 'Show of Strength' at Bristol, under the direction of Alan Coveney, who also played the Tyrant, in a production memorable for its menacing atmosphere and intelligent verse-speaking. But earlier that year, the appearance of a new and highly eccentric edition of the play created renewed interest in it: in May 1994, Charles Hamilton published a version under the title *Cardenio, or The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, attributing it to William Shakespeare and John Fletcher and renaming the characters from the 'Cardenio' plot of Cervantes's *Don Quixote*. Hamilton claimed it was Shakespeare's lost late play, *Cardenio*, on the grounds that *Cardenio* and the Wife plot of *The Lady's Tragedy* both derived from (different) episodes in Cervantes. Hamilton also claimed that the manuscript of *The Lady's Tragedy* was in Shakespeare's hand. His edition was launched with a play-reading by the Allied Theatre Group at Fort Worth, Texas.

Once (re-)attributed to Shakespeare, the play rapidly acquired a new lease of life: it was translated into German and performed at the Globe Theater at Neuss, near Düsseldorf, in August 1994, and into Serbian in 1996, to be broadcast by Radio Belgrade, where its focus on political oppression had a special immediacy. Meanwhile, back in the USA in 1995, the Upstart Crow Theatre Company of Boulder, Colorado, performed a carefully authentic version under the play's traditional title, attributing it to Middleton. Two further performances took place that year, both as *Cardenio*, by the Unseam'd Shakespeare Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and by the Palm Beach Shakespeare Festival, where Kevin Crawford produced and starred as the Tyrant; an off-Broadway run followed in 1996.

In 1998, Kate Buckley produced the play as *Cardenio* for the Next Theatre of Evanston, Illinois, and Melanie White directed the first English version as *Cardenio* at Essex University, and later at the Globe Theatre on Bankside. Her production used modern dress and a Gothic style, with off-stage screams and bright red blood and lipstick emphasized by a black and white set and costumes. In 2002, the Lone Star Ensemble played it as *Cardenio* in Los Angeles, again in modern dress, using newsreels and guns for swords in the manner of Baz Luhrmann's *Romeo + Juliet*. This version separated the two plots and performed them successively, with an interval between; soliloquies were videoed and *Cardenio*/Govianus's third-act swoon was drug-induced. The same year, the Ariel Society performed a *Cardenio* at Oxford with an almost all-female cast, Jessica Cullimore playing the Tyrant. In

October 2004, Blue Eyes played a modern-dress version at the White Bear Theatre. As Shakespeare's *Cardenio*, *The Lady's Tragedy* has found a new theatrical life, though it still awaits a strong mainstream professional production.

Structure

Despite increasing interest in it, the play has so far failed to attract the critical attention it deserves, though its strong and independent heroine, its percipient exploration of marital distrust and betrayal, its highly politicized treatment of the court will attract future critics, and no doubt theatrical directors as well. Until recently, the vivid psychological detail of the Wife plot has appealed more strongly than the Lady plot which Samuel Schoenbaum considered 'less interesting', finding it 'unconvincing', and lacking in realism. He disliked its use of archetypes, and its serious and uninhibited use of the supernatural, so unlike the naturalistic stage practice of his day. Schoenbaum also complained of 'the two stories being joined together in a clumsy and arbitrary fashion', though, as Richard Levin was to point out, this was no more true of *The Lady's Tragedy* than it was of *The Changeling*: in both plays, the two plots are cunningly interwoven, and scenes of temptation, sudden reversals, play-acting, disguise, treachery, even particular words or phrases echo one another closely throughout. In fact, like the rest of Middleton's *œuvre*, *The Lady's Tragedy* displays a deep theatrical self-awareness (as David Bergeron has demonstrated).

Both plots represent sexual desire as self-destructive and spiritually dangerous, recalling the imagery used of Narcissus's death in *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased*: 'O sugared kiss, dyed with a poisoned lip' (13.86), a metaphor made literal when the Tyrant actually kisses the Lady's poisoned lips (as in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, where the Duke kisses Gloriana's poisoned skull [3.5.145]). Poison also figures in the Wife plot where the sword that Leonella has baited kills her as well as Votarius, Bellarius, and perhaps the Wife too; its poison rages like a fire through breast and blood, as a foretaste of punishments to come (5.1.108, 132–5). The gendered symbolism of poisoned lips and sword suggests the way in which the Tyrant's lust propels the Lady plot, and the Wife's desire drives the Wife plot, although her husband's jealousy and the several treacheries of Votarius and Leonella also contribute to her downfall.

Both plots present relationships under breaking strain: the love of Govianus and his Lady (they are apparently betrothed rather than married—a familiar state for many young couples in early modern England) is threatened by outside forces in the shape of the Tyrant and his henchmen, while Anselmus's marriage is threatened from within by his own obsessive fears, a point he himself makes at the outset: 'He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restored; | Which is the larger empire?' (1.2.6–7). For Anselmus, the Lady's independent choice of Govianus gives his brother the 'peace and pleasure' (1.2.18) that he cannot find within his marriage. His words expose the hidden

cost of patriarchy which, by reducing women's opportunities to make active choices, sets up troubling doubts and anxieties in their masters. When the Wife is play-acting for Anselmus's benefit, she compares herself with the Lady, threatening that unless her husband can save her from Votarius's (supposedly) unwanted attentions: '... here I vow | I'll imitate my noble sister's fate, ... | And cast away my life as she did hers' (5.1.79–82). But by this point, the comparison merely emphasizes the difference between the Wife who has succumbed to temptation, and the Lady who has triumphed over it in death.

Staging Oppression

There is no obvious source for the dramatic confrontation between the Tyrant and the Lady in the opening scene—the meeting of an irresistible force with an immovable object—though it voices contemporary fears of absolute power, and of political or religious coercion, as Bushnell, and more recently, Allman, have shown. The Tyrant's transgressive desire reflects his refusal to submit to the law, a self-will so determined that it overrides fate and death. 'It is the mark of a tyrant, ...', wrote Erasmus, in *The Education of a Christian Prince*, 'to follow the unbridled will of [his] mind.' Like his predecessor in *The Bloody Banquet*, the Tyrant descends from sexual obsession into full-blown mania.

At one level, the Lady's resistance is emblematic of the (religious) conscience. The encounter between a female victim and a male authority figure is a recurrent motif in Middleton, though more typically, masculine power prevails, as in the encounter between the Duke and Bianca in 2.2 of *Women, Beware Women*. The chaste wife who becomes the sexual victim of a man in power, sacrificing her life, was epitomized in the Roman legend of Lucrece (used by Middleton in *The Ghost of Lucrece*, written at the outset of his career). *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1606) reworks different elements of Lucrece's story: Gloriana's death provides the Revenger with his motive, Junior rapes Antonio's wife, triggering a political conspiracy against the Duke and his family, and Castiza defends her virtue. Tales of sexual intimidation were, in any case, popular on the Elizabethan stage, and the Roman heroines Lucrece and Virginia, as well as the Biblical Susannah were dramatized in Thomas Garter's *Most Virtuous and Godly Susanna* (1563–9), R. B.'s, and later Webster's *Appius and Virginia* (1564 and 1624, respectively) and Thomas Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece* (1607). Comparable situations of sexual and political oppression also occur in Anthony Munday's *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (1598), whose heroine Matilda, like the Lady, is conspicuously dressed in black, as well as in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* (1604) and John Marston's *Sophonisba, the Wonder of Women* (1605).

Closest in atmosphere to *The Lady's Tragedy*, and a significant influence on it (see notes to A4.2.38 and B5.1.192) is John Fletcher's *Tragedy of Valentinian*, performed some time during 1610 or 1611: here, the chaste wife, Lucina, is raped by the Emperor, whose corrupt court is deeply complicit in her ruin. One of the age's most influential

books, Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' (*The Acts and Monuments*, 1570), had recorded the lives of a number of early Christian martyrs, including that of Sophronia who, like Middleton's Lady and her Roman prototype, Virginia, or Olympia in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine, Part Two*, avoided rape by committing suicide. Foxe represented the resistance of martyrs, among them women and the lower classes, as part of the long and ultimately victorious struggle of the Protestant church against Catholic persecution.

All or any of these narratives could have contributed to the story of the Tyrant and the Lady. The Tyrant's illegitimacy, lustfulness, and acts of desecration and idolatry link him with the Catholic Church as it appeared to committed Protestants like Middleton, while the sombrely dressed Lady represents the reformed Church, persecuted but unafraid. She is the daughter of Helvetius, perhaps named after the (Calvinist) United Swiss Provinces and referred to as 'the father of the state' (B4.2a.9), and she is betrothed to the rightful, virtuous and godly prince, Govianus. As John Stachniewski observed, the play also employs a number of characteristically Calvinist images, whereby spiritual states are described in terms of physical processes: at A2.1.149/B2.1.115 Govianus acts as a surgeon, restoring Helvetius to spiritual health by cutting away his worldly ambitions, an operation that the good governor may be obliged to perform upon a people corrupted by evil rule. In the Wife plot, the temptation to adultery is experienced by Votarius first as the threat of a 'dead sleep' (1.2.226), then of sickness (1.2.229). Later, thoughts of jealousy and revenge course like poison or alcohol through his blood (2.2.110, 149–50), until they are overtaken by the literal action of the poison itself (5.1.108).

The sexual passions of the Wife plot contrast with the transcendent love of Govianus and the Lady who take comfort in the thought of sharing eternal joy: 'we'll walk together | Like loving spirits' (4.4.82–3). The Lady does not consider suicide a sin (St Augustine had argued it was) but as an act necessary to preserve herself from the Tyrant whose 'lust may part thee from me, but death, never. | Thou canst not lose me there, for dying thine, | Thou dost enjoy me still. Kings cannot rob thee' (3.1.144–6). The intensely dramatic scene (3.1) in which she stabs herself to the accompaniment of frenzied offstage knocking wonderfully conveys the lovers' conflicting desires to be united both in life and in death. The violent break-in of Govianus's house, and subsequently of the Lady's tomb symbolically enact her threatened rape and make powerful theatre. For the Tyrant, the Lady's spirituality is merely an obstacle to his desires; their sinister nature is made fully apparent when he embraces her corpse, in a gruesome echo of the Dance of Death, at once anticipating and acting out his damnation.

Body and Spirit

Yet even in death her spirit still resists him. Her presence as a ghost creates a number of problems, some metaphysical, others practical and theatrical. There is the whole

question of the legitimacy of ghosts within the Protestant tradition: as in *Hamlet*, the ghost threatens to be incompatible with a belief system that no longer allows a place of transit for its dead. Female ghosts were in any case unusual on the Jacobean stage, appearing more commonly in complaint poems in which legendary figures such as Fair Rosamund or Jane Shore lamented their lost virtue. Middleton's *The Ghost of Lucrece*, a poem belonging to this genre, effects an interesting negotiation between poetry and the theatre when its heroine writes out her wrongs as if on stage, and speaking a prologue; but otherwise she has little in common with the Lady's ghost who has anticipated and avoided Lucrece's fate. The ghost's plea for reburial was traditional, common to a wide range of cultures (see, for example, the ballad of 'The Unquiet Grave', or Virgil's Palinurus in the *Aeneid*, 6.337–383), though the Tyrant's necrophilia gives it a peculiarly gruesome twist. The notion that the spirit requires proper burial to be at peace is very ancient and not especially Christian, though Govianus offers a rationale for it in terms of the contemporary belief in the resurrection of the body: 'Thy body shall return to rise again' (A5.2.162/B5.2.137).

The Lady's ghost is given specifically Christian, and even angelic overtones, as if to allay any suspicions it might arouse. As Lancashire has pointed out, its appearance at the tomb dressed all in white, accompanied by a supernatural wind and a mysterious beam of light (4.4.42.1–6), recalls the appearance of the angel at Christ's empty tomb in the 'Resurrection' play of the suppressed Mystery cycles. Traditionally, the angel appeared to the four soldiers guarding the tomb, who shifted from coarse jesting to panic, much as the soldiers do in 4.3. Protestant objections to those plays had focused largely on their representation of the divine in gross material terms; yet even in the very different medium of the secular stage, the representation of the supernatural remained a problem. The Lady (or her spirit) responds to Govianus's prayer with the strange words, 'I am not here' (echoing the angel at Christ's empty tomb in the gospels: 'He is not here, for He is risen')—words that emphasize the shifting and ultimately elusive nature of the self as body or spirit, even as actor. The stage direction 'Enter Lady | Rich Robinson' marking the ghost's entry at B4.4.42.7 draws attention to the physical presence of the boy actor, his face whitened with flour as convention required, dressed 'all in white, stuck with jewels, and a great crucifix on her breast', to resemble the corpse 'as went out' in the previous scene (and, perhaps, the Lady's effigy upon her tomb). The relationship between the Lady's ghost and her physical remains becomes even more complicated in the play's last scene, where the two are required to appear on stage together.

Disappointingly, the stage directions give no indication as to whether the Lady's corpse in 5.2 was represented by another actor or, as seems more probable, by a dummy which could also have been used for her abduction from the tomb at 4.3.81.1. After death, the Lady's body is emptied of its spirit, and the actor who played her living



A Jacobean tomb effigy from the Church of St Margaret, Paston, England. Did the Lady's tomb, so 'richly set forth', include her effigy?

must now play her ghost, although body and spirit are dressed identically, first in the white of grave-clothes or eternal brightness in Act 4, and then in fashionable if deathly black velvet, with pearls in Act 5. The transience of flesh is the theme of the off-stage song at 5.2.17 ('The dainty preserv'd flesh, how soon it moulders'), underlined by the corpse's 'too constant paleness' (A5.2.28/B5.2.23) and its tendency to sag: 'Keep her up, | I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in it' (A5.2.115-16/B5.2.101-2). The Tyrant's efforts to disguise from himself what he is worshipping reach a climax in the face-painting episode, which brings together various symbolic associations of deception (among them, the make-up used on the stage itself). In the opening scene, the Tyrant had attacked the Lady for wearing mourning garments, while she had responded by rejecting 'strange colours' (A1.1.113-25/B1.1.94-106). Now the Tyrant commands an artist to impose on her the colour she lacks. Face-painting in Jacobean drama is always linked with meretriciousness, the artifice of the prostitute. It was further associated with the Church of Rome through John Bale's identification of the Catholic Church with the Scarlet Woman of Babylon in the Apocalypse, in his *Image of Both Churches* (c.1545). The disguised Govianus paints the Lady's face with poison in order to kill the Tyrant and rescue her corpse, but to do so, he must first disguise her body as its own antithesis, the painted whore, so that in kissing the corpse, the Tyrant quite literally embraces death and sexual corruption. Such use of the Lady's body as the agent of destruction is deeply troubling, and not least for Govianus: 'A religious trembling shakes me by the hand | And bids me put by such unhallowed business' (A5.2.91-2/B5.2.77-8).

The Tyrant's sacrilegious desire to violate the Lady's body contrasts with Govianus's desire to honour it

'in memory | Of her admirèd mistress' (A5.2.197-8/B5.2.153-4), and the gap between them may be intended to bring to mind contemporary debate as to the meaning of transubstantiation: while Catholics consumed the wafer as the literal body of Christ, the reformers took it 'in memory of' the Last Supper. If such meanings were present, it is likely that Middleton necessarily left them inexplicit, though they are hinted at by the contrasting ceremonies of the final scene. In the first, polyphonic music plays while the Tyrant and the soldiers make low bows to the Lady's corpse, and the Tyrant kisses her hand. In an aside, the first soldier denounces this as 'mere idolatry! I make curtsy | To my damnation', linking it with incomprehensible 'Latin prayers' (A5.2.20-3), as well as the polyphonic music, bowing and kneeling that had been part of the old mass. The second ceremonial was to have been performed at Govianus's command, 'Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen' (A5.2.201), but a line in the margin indicates a cut at this point—whether marked in by the Master of the Revels as politically unacceptable, or by the actors because the scene was already too long, is impossible to tell. However we interpret it, Stephen Greenblatt's description of *Hamlet* as 'the conjunction of gross physicality and pure abstracted spirituality, of Body and Word, of corruptible flesh and invulnerable ghost' may also be applied to *The Lady's Tragedy*, which weaves together Renaissance anxieties about the relationship of body and spirit, and their embodiment on the material stage—a medium in which the paradoxes within the process of representation itself were always palpable to the beholders.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 619
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 371

15 You dared to be my rival! Was't not bold?
 Now we are king, she'll leave the lower path
 And find the way to us.—Helvetius,
 It is thy daughter. Happier than a king
 And far above him, for she kneels to thee
 Whom we have kneeled to, richer in one smile
 That came from her, than she in all thy blessings.
 20 If thou be'st proud, thou art to be forgiven;
 It is no deadly sin in thee. While she lives,
 High lust is not more natural to youth
 Than that to thee: be not afraid to die in't.
 'Tis but the sin of joy. There is no gladness
 25 But has a pride it lives by: that's the oil
 That feeds it into flames.—Let her be sent for
 And honourably attended, as beseems
 Her that we make our queen. My lords Memphonius
 And Sophonirus, take into your care
 30 The royal business of my heart. Conduct her
 With a respect equal with that to us.
 If more, it shall be pardoned; so still err.
 You honour us, but ourself honours her.

MEMPHONIUS [*aside*]

Strange fortune! Does he make his queen of her?

Exit

SOPHONIRUS [*aside*]

35 I have a wife. Would she were so preferred!
 I could be but her subject—so I'm now.
 I allow her her one friend, to stop her mouth
 And keep her quiet, give him his table free,
 And the huge feeding of his great stone-horse
 40 With which he rides in pomp about the city,
 Only to speak to gallants in bay-windows.
 Marry, his lodging he pays dearly for:
 He gets me all my children; there I save by't.
 Beside I draw my life out by the bargain
 45 Some twelve years longer than the times appointed,
 When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
 At one-and-thirty, and lies dead and rotten
 Some five-and-forty years before I'm coffined.
 'Tis the right way to keep a woman honest:
 50 One friend is barricado to a hundred
 And keeps 'em out. Nay, more: a husband's sure
 To have his children all of one man's getting,
 And he that performs best can have no better.
 I'm e'en as happy then that save a labour.

Exit

TYRANT [*to Helvetius*]

55 Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise.

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 And he that performs best can have no better.
 I'm e'en as happy then that save a labour.

Exit

TYRANT [*to Helvetius*]

55 Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise.

20–6 If...flames Though pride can be a deadly sin, your pride in your daughter, while she lives, is as natural as the energy of the young, and as forgivable. Every happiness is fed by some kind of pride—it's the oil that feeds the flame.

28–9 Memphonius...Sophonirus Their names derive from Greek, Memphonius meaning 'a fault-finder' and Sophonirus meaning clever or wise of mind (with irony).

35–54 I...labour This soliloquy of the contented cuckold anticipates that of Allwit in *Chaste Maid* (1.2.12–56). It consists of a series of double meanings. Sophonirus wishes his wife might become queen, since he is already her obedient 'subject'. He persuades himself that this is to his advantage, since her present lover ('friend') performs all the sexual duties required of a husband. Mouth-stopping, feeding, riding, speaking (like

'intercourse') can all be used of the sexual act; a stone-horse is a stallion (like 'stud'); 'gallants in bay-windows' are ladies of fashion (or prostitutes). The lover pays for his 'lodging' (his possession of the wife's body) by begetting all her children, which he will pay for in another sense, since copulating was supposed to shorten one's life ('kicks up's heels', i.e. dies).

50 barricado barrier

I shall read thy deservings in her eyes.
 HELVETIUS
 O may they be eternal books of pleasure
 To show you all delight.
 [The Tyrant consults his Nobles]
 GOVIANUS [aside]
 The loss of her sits closer to my heart
 Than that of kingdom, or the whorish pomp
 Of this world's titles that with flattery swells us
 And makes us die like beasts fat for destruction.
 O she's a woman, and her eye will stand
 Upon advancement, never weary yonder;
 But when she turns her head, by chance, and sees
 The fortunes that are my companions,
 She'll snatch her eyes off, and repent the looking.
 TYRANT [to Nobles]
 'Tis well advised. We doom thee, Govianus,
 To banishment for ever from our kingdom.
 GOVIANUS
 What could be worse to one whose heart is locked
 Up in another's bosom? Banishment?
 And why not death? Is that too easy for me?
 TYRANT But that the world would call
 Our way to dignity a path of blood,
 It should be the first act in all our reign.
 GOVIANUS
 She's lost for ever. [To Nobles] Farewell, virtuous men,
 Too honest for your greatness. Now you're mightier
 Than when we knew the kingdom, your styles heav-
 ier;
 Then, ponderous nobility, farewell.
 FIRST NOBLE How's that, sir?
 GOVIANUS
 Weighty and serious.—O, sir, is it you?
 I knew you one-and-twenty and a lord,
 When your discretion sucked; is't come from nurse
 yet?
 You scorn to be a scholar, you were born better.
 You have good lands, that's the best grounds of
 learning.
 If you can construe but your doctor's bill,
 Pierce your wife's waiting women, and decline your
 tenants
 Till they're all beggars, with new fines and rackings,
 You're scholar good enough for a lady's son
 That's born to living. If you list to read,
 Ride but to th' city and bestow your looks
 On the court library, the mercers' books;
 They'll quickly furnish you. Do but entertain

62 **beasts . . . destruction** animals fattened for slaughter
 63–4 **stand** | Upon remain fixed on
 78 **styles** titles
 A83 **when . . . yet** When your wisdom was being suckled—is it weaned now?
 A84–96 **You . . . called** In a sequence of complex puns, the young nobleman substitutes sexual and social exploitation

for education, and in particular, learning Latin: he construes (i.e. inspects/translates) his doctor's bills, because he has caught a venereal infection; he pierces/parses (i.e. penetrates his wife's maids/identifies parts of speech) and declines (i.e. reduces the living standards of his tenants/inflects). Fines and rackings are fees and excessive rents

charged. A living is an estate providing a source of income. Mercers' books are the account books of cloth-dealers. In an age of extravagant dress, tailors could expound (explain or comment on) the stuff (material, in both senses) and its title (i.e. the name, whether of a book or a type of cloth).

95 A tailor for your tutor, to expound
All the hard stuff to you, by what name and title
Soever they be called.

FIRST NOBLE I thank you, sir.

GOVIANUS

'Tis happy you have learned so much manners,
Since you have so little wit. Fare you well, sir. [*Going*]

TYRANT

Let him be stayed awhile.

SECOND NOBLE [*to Govianus*]

Stay!

FIRST NOBLE [*to Govianus*] You must stay, sir.

GOVIANUS [*aside*]

100 He's not so honest, sure, to change his mind,
Revoke his doom. Hell has more hope on him!

TYRANT

We have not ended yet: the worst part's coming.

Thy banishment were gentle, were that all,

But t'afflict thy soul, before thou goest

105 Thou shalt behold the heaven that thou must lose

In her that must be mine;

Then to be banished, then to be deprived,

Shows the full torment we provide for thee.

GOVIANUS [*aside*]

Here's a right tyrant now: he will not bate me

110 Th'affliction of my soul; he will have all parts
Suffer together.

Enter [Memphoni] with the Lady, clad in black

Now I see my loss.

I never shall recover't. My mind's beggared.

TYRANT

Black? Whence risse that cloud? Can such a thing be
seen

In honour's glorious day? The sky so clear?

115 Why mourns the kingdom's mistress? Does she come

To meet advancement in a funeral garment?

Back! She forgot herself. 'Twas too much joy

That bred this error and we heartily pardon't.

[*To Attendants*] Go, bring me her hither like an illustri-
ous bride

120 With her best beams about her. Let her jewels

Be worth ten cities—that beseems our mistress,

And not a widow's case, a suit to weep in.

LADY

I am not to be altered.

TYRANT

How?

LADY

I have a mind

That must be shifted ere I cast off these,

125 Or I shall wear strange colours. 'Tis not titles

Nor all the bastard honours of this frame

That I am taken with. I come not hither

TYRANT

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SECOND NOBLE [*to Govianus*]

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A101/B82 **Hell**. . . **him** Hell's hopes (of
receiving him) are better than mine are
(i.e. that he will change his mind).

A109/B90 **bate** spare, abate

A113/B94 **risse** rose (older form)

A125/B106 **strange colours** The Lady's

black expresses her sobriety, as well as
her mourning for the state. She would
not be true to herself if she wore imposed
colours (and see A5.2.72/B5.2.58,
A124/B110).

A125-7/B106-8 **'Tis not . . . with** See ll.
A171-2/B152-3, and *No Wit* 2.20-6,
for comparison especially with l. A126/
B107 here.
A126/B107 **frame** world

To please the eye of glory, but of goodness,
 [To the Tyrant] And that concerns not you, sir. You're
 for greatness. 110

I dare not deal with you. [Indicating Govianus] I have
 found my match
 And I will never lose him.

GOVIANUS If there be man
 Above a king in fortunes, read my story
 And you shall find him there. Farewell, poor kingdom!
 [To the Tyrant] Take it to help thee, thou hadst need
 on't now. 115

I see thee in distress, more miserable
 Than some thou lay'st taxations on, poor subjects.
 Thou art all beset with storms, more overcast
 Than ever any man that brightness flattered.
 'Tis only wretchedness to be there with thee,
 And happiness to be here. 120

140 TYRANT [aside] Sure some dream crowned me.
 If it were possible to be less than nothing,
 I wake, the man you seek for. There's the kingdom
 Within yon valley fixed, while I stand here
 Kissing false hopes upon a frozen mountain,
 Without the confines. I am he that's banished. 125

145 The king walks yonder, chose by her affection,
 Which is the surer side, for where she goes,
 Her eye removes the court. What is he here
 Can spare a look? They're all employed on her!—
 [To Helvetius] Helvetius! Thou art not worth the
 waking, neither. 130

I lose but time in thee. Go, sleep again:
 Like an old man, thou canst do nothing.
 Thou tak'st no pain at all to earn thine honours.
 Which way shall we be able to pay thee
 To thy content, when we receive not ours?
 The master of the work must needs decay
 When he wants means, and sees his servant play. 135

HELVIETIUS [to the Lady]
 Have I bestowed so many blessings on thee,
 And do they all return to me in a curse?
 160 Is that the use I ha' for 'em? Be not to me
 A burden ten times heavier than my years.
 Thou'dst wont to be kind to me and observe
 What I thought pleasing. Go, entreat the king.

LADY
 I will do more for you, sir—you're my father.
 I'll kiss him too. [She kisses Govianus] 145

165 HELVIETIUS How am I dealt withal!
 LADY
 [Pointing to the Tyrant] Why, that's the usurper, sir.
 [Pointing to Govianus] This is the King.
 I happened righter than you thought I had,
 And were all kingdoms of the earth his own,

A130/B111 **match** partner
 A145/B126 **Without** outside
 A146/B127 **chose** chosen
 A152/B133 **thou...nothing** You are useless
 ('Like an old man' may be read with the

previous or the following clause).
 A157/B138 **wants** lacks (its most usual
 meaning in the play, as at 1.2.98, 191,
 195, etc.)

A160/B141 **use I ha'** the treatment I get;
 also, the capital interest I receive (i.e. on
 his blessings given)
 A168/B149 **his own** i.e. the Tyrant's

210	I wish no better to bring me content. Love's best freedom is close prisonment! <i>Exeunt Lady and Govianus [with Memphonius]</i>		I wish no better to bring me content. Lovers' best freedom is close prisonment! <i>Exeunt Lady and Govianus [with Memphonius]</i>	
TYRANT [aside]	Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence. I stand as in a shade, when a great cloud Muffles the sun whose beams shine afar off		TYRANT [aside] Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence. I stand as in a shade, when a great cloud Muffles the sun whose beams shine afar off	190
215	On towers and mountains, but I keep the valleys, The place that is last served.		On towers and mountains, but I keep the valleys, The place that is last served.	
HELVETIUS	My lord!	HELVETIUS	My lord!	
TYRANT	Your reason, sir?	TYRANT	Your reason, sir?	
HELVETIUS	Your grace is mild to all but your own bosom. They should have both been sent to several prisons, And not committed to each other's arms.	HELVETIUS	Your grace is mild to all but your own bosom. They should have both been sent to several prisons, And not committed to each other's arms.	195
220	There's a hot durance! He'll ne'er wish more freedom.		There's a hot durance! He'll ne'er wish more freedom.	
TYRANT	'Tis true. Let 'em be both forced back. [To departing Attendants] Stay, we command you! [To Helvetius] Thou talk'st not like a statesman. Had my wrath	TYRANT	'Tis true. Let 'em be both forced back. [To departing Attendants] Stay, we command you! [To Helvetius] Thou talk'st not like a statesman. Had my wrath	200
225	Took hold of such extremity at first, They'd lived suspectful still, warned by their fears. Where now that liberty makes 'em more secure, I'll take 'em at my pleasure. It gives thee Freer access to play the father for us And ply her to our will.		Took hold of such extremity at first, They'd lived suspectful still, warned by their fears. Where now that liberty makes 'em more secure, I'll take 'em at my pleasure. It gives thee Freer access to play the father for us And ply her to our will.	
HELVETIUS	Mass, so it does. Let a man think on't twice, your grace hath happened Upon a strange way, yet it proves the nearest.	HELVETIUS	Mass, so it does. Let a man think on't twice, your grace hath happened Upon a strange way, yet it proves the nearest.	205
	TYRANT Nay, more to vex his soul, give command straight They be divided into several rooms Where he may only have a sight of her To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips Locked up like felons from her.		TYRANT Nay, more to vex his soul, give command straight They be divided into several rooms Where he may only have a sight of her To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips Locked up like felons from her.	210
	HELVETIUS Now you win me. I like that cruelty passing well, my lord.	HELVETIUS	Now you win me. I like that cruelty passing well, my lord.	
	TYRANT Give order with all speed.	TYRANT	Give order with all speed.	
230	I do beseech your majesty, look cheerful. You shall not want content, if it be locked In any blood of mine: the key's your own, You shall command the wards.		HELVETIUS Though I be old, I need no spur, my lord. Honour pricks me. I do beseech your grace, look cheerfully. You shall not want content, if it be locked In any blood of mine: the key's your own, You shall command the wards.	215
TYRANT	Say'st thou so, sir? I were ingrateful, then, should I see thee	TYRANT	Say'st thou so, sir? I were ingrateful, then, should I see thee	220

A213-16/B190-3 I...served Here the repeated images of sunshine and cloud and height versus lowliness are brought together.

A216/B193 Your reason, sir? i.e. for speaking.—What do you want?

A220/B197 a hot durance a harsh (also burning, passionate) imprisonment
B198 'Tis true...you; B208-15 Nay,...

pricks me. The additional passages here respond to Helvetius's point, that the Tyrant's punishment will be ineffectual unless the lovers are kept apart. Despite his orders, they are shown freely together at 2.1, although a further addition at B2.1.3-10 explains why. Anne Lancashire points out that the order to keep them apart would have reminded

the audience of the separate imprisonment of the royal lovers Arabella Stuart and William Seymour (both of whom had claims to the throne) in 1610-11.
A224/B202 secure confident
A229/B207 nearest most direct
A233/B219 wards the notches or guards on a lock so that only one key can open it (thus giving access to the Lady)

235	Want honour, that provides content for me. <i>Exeunt</i>	Want honour, that provides content for me. <i>Exeunt</i> <i>A flourish</i> [The throne is withdrawn]	
	[The throne is withdrawn]		
1.2	<i>Enter Lord Anselmus, the deposed King's brother, with his friend Votarius</i>	<i>Enter Lord Anselmus, the deposed King's brother, with his friend Votarius</i>	1.2
	VOTARIUS Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me. Methinks the deposed king your brother's sorrow Should find you business enough.	VOTARIUS Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me. Methinks the deposed king your brother's sorrow Should find you business enough.	
	ANSELMUS How, Votarius? Sorrow for him? Weak ignorance talks not like thee. Why, he was never happier!	ANSELMUS How, Votarius? Sorrow for him? Weak ignorance talks not like thee. Why, he was never happier!	
5	VOTARIUS Pray prove that, sir.	VOTARIUS Pray prove that, sir.	5
	ANSELMUS He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restored; Which is the larger empire? Prithee tell me. Dominions have their limits: the whole earth Is but a prisoner, nor the sea her jailer, That with a silver hoop locks in her body. They're fellow prisoners, though the sea look bigger Because he is in office, and pride swells him. But the unbounded kingdom of the mind Is as unlimitable as heaven, That glorious court of spirits, all honest courtiers! Sir, if thou lov'st me, turn thine eye to me And look not after him that needs thee not. My brother's well attended. Peace and pleasure Are never from his sight: he has his mistress. She brought those servants and bestowed them on him, But who brings mine?	ANSELMUS He's lost the kingdom, but his mind's restored; Which is the larger empire? Prithee tell me. Dominions have their limits: the whole earth Is but a prisoner, nor the sea her jailer, That with a silver hoop locks in her body. They're fellow prisoners, though the sea look bigger Because he is in office, and pride swells him. But the unbounded kingdom of the mind Is as unlimitable as heaven, That glorious court of spirits! Sir, if thou lov'st me, turn thine eye to me And look not after him that needs thee not. My brother's well attended. Peace and pleasure Are never from his sight: he has his mistress. She brought those servants and bestowed them on him, But who brings mine?	
10			10
15			15
20	VOTARIUS Had you not both long since By a kind, worthy lady, your chaste wife?	VOTARIUS Had you not both long since By a kind, worthy lady, your chaste wife?	20
	ANSELMUS That's it that I take pains with thee to be sure of. What true report can I send to my soul Of that I know not? We must only think Our ladies are good people, and so live with 'em, A fine security for them! Our own thoughts Make the best fools of us; next to them, our wives. But say she's all chaste, yet is that her goodness? What labour is't for woman to keep constant That's never tried or tempted? Where's her fight, The wars within her breast, her honest anger Against the impudence of flesh and hell? So let me know the lady of my rest, Or I shall never sleep well. Give not me	ANSELMUS That's it that I take pains with thee to be sure of. What true report can I send to my soul Of that I know not? We must only think Our ladies are good people, and so live with 'em, A fine security for them! Our own thoughts Make the best fools of us; next to them, our wives. But say she's all chaste, yet is that her goodness? What labour is't for woman to keep constant That's never tried or tempted? Where's her fight, The wars within her breast, her honest anger Against the impudence of flesh and hell? So let me know the lady of my rest, Or I shall never sleep well. Give not me	
25			25
30			30
35			35

B2.1.1 *flourish* i.e. of trumpets

1.2.0.2 *Votarius* His name means a worshipper or vow-maker, and has been altered from 'Lothario' in Cervantes's story, while that of 'Anselmo' has been retained.

1 *Pray...me* Votarius is replying to Anselmus's proposal, repeated at ll. 39-40.

6-7 *He's...empire* Unlike Govianus (though like the Tyrant), Anselmus cannot rule his own inner empire, his thoughts.

8-12 *the whole...him* The earth is imprisoned (because surrounded) by the sea, but the sea is also a prisoner (because governed by the moon), though

the sea looks bigger because its power over the earth makes it swell with pride.

20 *those servants* i.e. peace and pleasure
27 *security* insurance; protection against unwelcome truths

28 *next...wives* after them, our wives (i.e. make fools of us)

34 *know* i.e. the truth about

I'll ne'er be seen to plead in't.
 WIFE What, Votarius?
 VOTARIUS
 Good morrow, virtuous madam.
 WIFE Was my lord
 Seen lately here?
 VOTARIUS He's newly walked forth, lady.
 WIFE
 How was he attended?
 80 VOTARIUS Faith, I think with none, madam.
 WIFE
 That sorrow for the king his brother's fortune
 Prevails too much with him, and leads him strangely
 From company and delight.
 VOTARIUS [*aside*] How she's beguiled in him!
 There's no such natural touch, search all his bosom.
 85 [To Wife] That grief's too bold with him indeed, sweet
 madam,
 And draws him from the pleasure of his time,
 But 'tis a business of affection
 That must be done. We owe a pity, madam,
 To all men's misery, but especially
 90 To those afflictions that claim kindred of us.
 We're forced to feel 'em. All compassion else
 Is but a work of charity; this, of nature,
 And ties our pity in a bond of blood.
 WIFE
 Yet, sir, there is a date set to all sorrows.
 95 Nothing is everlasting in this world.
 Your counsel will prevail. Persuade him, good sir,
 To fall into life's happiness again
 And leave the desolate path. I want his company.
 He walks at midnight in thick shady woods
 Where scarce the moon is starlight. I have watched
 100 him
 In silver nights, when all the earth was dressed
 Up like a virgin in white innocent beams,
 Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
 T'observe him through the bounty of the moon
 105 That liberally bestowed her graces on me;
 And when the morning dew began to fall,
 Then was my time to weep. He's lost his kindness,
 Forgot the way of wedlock, and become
 A stranger to the joys and rites of love.
 110 He's not so good as a lord ought to be.
 Pray, tell him so from me, sir.
 VOTARIUS That will I, madam.
Exit Wife
 Now must I dress a strange dish for his humour.
 ANSELMUS [*aside*]
 Call you this courting? Life, not one word near it!
 There was no syllable but was twelve score off!

I'll ne'er be seen to plead in't.
 WIFE What, Votarius?
 VOTARIUS
 Good morrow, virtuous madam.
 WIFE Was my lord
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 VOTARIUS He's newly walked forth, lady.
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 Pray, tell him so from me, sir.
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Exit Wife
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 ANSELMUS [*aside*]
 Call you this courting? Life, not one word near it!
 There was no syllable but was twelve score off!

90 **kindred of us** relationship with us
 (because they belong to our relatives;
 also, because they are related to our

own)
 100 **scarce . . . starlight** where the moon
 gives scarcely as much light as the stars

107 **kindness** natural feeling, affection (see
 A1.1.189/B1.1.166)
 112 **dress** prepare (food)

115	My faith, hot temptation! Woman's chastity In such a conflict had great need of one To keep the bridge—'twas dangerous for the time. Why, what fantastic faiths are in these days Made without substance! Whom should a man trust In matters about love? [Anselmus comes forward]	115
120	VOTARIUS [aside] Mass, here he comes, too! ANSELMUS How now, Votarius? What's the news for us? VOTARIUS You set me to a task, sir, that will find Ten ages work enough, and then unfinished. Bring sin before her? Why, it stands more quaking 125 Than if a judge should frown on't! Three such fits Would shake it into goodness, and quite beggar The under-kingdom! Not the art of man Woman, or devil— ANSELMUS [interrupting] O, peace, man! Prithee, peace.	120
130	VOTARIUS —Can make her fit for lust. ANSELMUS Yet again, sir? Where lives that mistress of thine, Votarius, That taught thee to dissemble? I'd fain learn. She makes good scholars. VOTARIUS How, my lord? ANSELMUS Thou art the son of falsehood. Prithee, leave me. How truly constant, charitable and helpful 135 Is woman unto woman in affairs That touch affection and the peace of spirit, But man to man, how crooked and unkind! I thank my jealousy I heard thee all, For I heard nothing.—Now thou'rt sure I did. VOTARIUS 140 Now, by this light, then wipe but off this score, Since you're so bent, and if I ever run In debt again to falsehood and dissemblance For want of better means, tear the remembrance of me From your best thoughts. ANSELMUS For thy vow's sake, I pardon thee.	130
145	Thy oath is now sufficient watch itself Over thy actions. I discharge my jealousy. I ha' no more use for't now! To give thee way, I'll have an absence made purposely for thee, And presently take horse. I'll leave behind me 150 An opportunity that shall fear no starting.	145

115-17 **Woman's...time** Her chastity was so fiercely besieged that, like Rome, she needed a hero like Horatius (famous for single-handedly defending the Roman bridge against the Etruscans): Anselmus is being sarcastic.

118 **fantastic faiths** unbelievable promises (as in *Revenge*, 3.1.6-7)

123 **Ten ages** i.e. for ten ages

124 **it** i.e. sin

125 **judge...frown** indicating that he will condemn the prisoner

126-7 **beggar** | **The under-kingdom** depopulate hell

130-1 **Where...learn** Where does the mistress live who taught you how to act a part? I'd like to learn myself.

138 **I...all** Thanks to my suspiciousness, I

heard everything you said.

140 **wipe...score** Don't count what happened this time.

141 **bent** determined

147 **way** opportunity

149 **presently take horse** set out riding at once

150 **starting** sudden interruption

Let but thy pains deserve it.
 VOTARIUS I am bound to't.
 ANSELMUS
 For a small time, farewell, then. Hark thee—
 VOTARIUS [*interrupting*] O, good sir,
 It will do wondrous well. *Exit Anselmus*
 What a wild seed
 Suspicion sows in him, and takes small ground for't.
 155 How happy were this lord, if he would leave
 To tempt his fate and be resolved he were so.
 He would be but too rich.
 Man has some enemy still that keeps him back
 In all his fortunes, and his mind is his,
 160 And that's a mighty adversary. I had rather
 Have twenty kings my enemies than that part,
 For let me be at war with earth and hell,
 So that be friends with me.—I ha' sworn to make
 A trial of her faith. I must put on
 165 A courtier's face and do't. Mine own will shame me.
Enter Wife

WIFE
 This is most strange of all! How one distraction
 Seconds another!
 VOTARIUS What's the news, sweet madam?
 WIFE
 He's took his horse, but left his leave untaken.
 What should I think on't, sir? Did ever lord
 170 Depart so rudely from his lady's presence?
 VOTARIUS
 Did he forget your lip?
 WIFE He forgot all
 That nobleness remembers.
 VOTARIUS I'm ashamed on him.
 Let me help, madam, to repair his manners,
 And mend that unkind fault.
 [*He tries to kiss her*]
 WIFE Sir, pray forbear.
 You forget worse than he.
 175 VOTARIUS [*aside*] So virtue save me,
 I have enough already.
 WIFE 'Tis himself
 Must make amends, good sir, for his own faults.
 VOTARIUS [*aside*]
 I would he'd do't, then, and ne'er trouble me in't.
 [*To Wife*] But, madam, you perceive he takes the
 course
 180 To be far off from that: he's rode from home,
 But his unkindness stays, and keeps with you.
 Let whos' will please his wife, he rides his horse;
 That's all the care he takes. I pity you, madam:
 You've an displeasing lord. Would 'twere not so,
 185 I should rejoice with you.

Let but thy pains deserve it.
 VOTARIUS I am bound to't.
 ANSELMUS
 For a small time, farewell, then. Hark thee—
 VOTARIUS [*interrupting*] O, good sir,
 It will do wondrous well. *Exit Anselmus*
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 Man has some enemy still that keeps him back
 In all his fortunes, and his mind is his,
 160 And that's a mighty adversary. I had rather
 Have twenty kings my enemies than that part,
 For let me be at war with earth and hell,
 So that be friends with me.—I ha' sworn to make
 A trial of her faith. I must put on
 165 A brazen face and do't. Mine own will shame me.
Enter Wife

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 This is most strange of all! How one distraction
 Seconds another!
 VOTARIUS What's the news, sweet madam?
 WIFE
 He's took his horse, but left his leave untaken.
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 185 I should rejoice with you.

151 **bound** committed154 **ground** basis (and metaphorically,
earth)155–6 **leave** | **To tempt** leave off tempting157 **but** only159 **is his** i.e. is his enemy162–3 **For... me** for I could be at war with
earth and hell so long as my mind was
friends with me.167 **Seconds** follows168 **his... untaken** without saying goodbye182 **whos'** 'whoso(ever)', i.e. 'let whoever
wants to, please...', and also 'let who-
ever's "will" (i.e. penis) please...'. For
riding as having sex, see above, 1.1.40.

You're young, the very spring's upon you now,
 The roses on your cheeks are but new blown—
 Take you together, you're a pleasant garden
 Where all the sweetness of man's comfort breathes.
 190 But what is it to be a work of beauty
 And want the heart that should delight in you?
 You still retain your goodness in yourselves,
 But then you lose your glory, which is all.
 The grace of every benefit is the use,
 195 And is't not pity you should want your grace?
 Look you like one whose lord should walk in groves
 About the peace of midnight? Alas, madam,
 'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
 From amorous clips, much less the general season
 200 When all the world's a gamester.
 That face deserves a friend of heart and spirit,
 Discourse and motion, indeed such a one
 That should observe you, madam, without ceasing,
 And not a weary lord.

WIFE Sure, I was married, sir,
 205 In a dear year of love, when scarcity
 And famine of affection vexed poor ladies,
 Which makes my heart so needy. It ne'er knew
 Plenty of comfort yet.

VOTARIUS Why, that's your folly,
 To keep your mind so miserably, madam.
 210 Change into better times. I'll lead you to 'em.
 What bounty shall your friend expect for his?
 O, you that can be hard to your own heart,
 How would you use your friend's? If I thought kindly,
 I'd be the man myself should serve your pleasure.

WIFE How, sir?

VOTARIUS
 Nay, and ne'er miss you, too: I'd not come sneaking
 Like a retainer, once a week or so,
 To show myself before you for my livery.
 I'd follow business like a household servant,
 220 Carry my work before me and dispatch
 Before my lord be up, and make no words on't,
 The sign of a good servant.

WIFE 'Tis not friendly done, sir,
 To take a lady at advantage thus,
 Set all her wrongs before her, and then tempt her.

VOTARIUS [*aside*]
 225 Heart, I grow fond myself! 'Twas well she waked me,

You're young, the very spring's upon you now,
 The roses on your cheeks are but new blown—
 Take you together, you're a pleasant garden
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VOTARIUS [*aside*]
 225 I grow fond myself! 'Twas well she waked me,

187 **new blown** just opened

193 **all** everything

194-5 **The...grace?** The value of every natural gift lies in its use, so isn't it a shame that you lack the proper appreciation?—There are further implications: if Anselmus is not making proper, i.e. sexual, use of his wife, he is not according proper value to her attractions (also, the Wife's frustration will contribute to her surrender and consequent loss of spiritual grace).

199 **clips** embraces

200 **a gamester** at (sexual) play

201-3 **a friend...you** these terms all carry sexual overtones: friend, i.e. lover (as at A2.1.65); spirit, i.e. semen (as in modern 'spunk'); discourse i.e. intercourse; motion i.e. during the sexual act; to observe is to attend on, pay court to.

205 **dear year** year of famine

209 **your...miserably** your own wishes so neglected

217-22 **Like...servant** This passage plays upon resemblances between the terms of domestic and sexual service: a retainer lived outside the household, only coming

in for his 'livery', a payment of food or clothing (in this case, sex). Business and work can both refer to the sexual act; to dispatch is to finish, and 'up' means erect.

A225 **Heart** 'God's heart!' This and 'Life' (i.e. God's life!) are the two most frequently used oaths in the play. Both Buc, the official censor and others at the playhouse deleted a number of examples, in accordance with contemporary laws against blasphemy on the stage.

225 **fond** besotted

Before the dead sleep of adultery took me—
 'Twas stealing on me. Up, you honest thoughts,
 And keep watch for your master.—[*To Wife*] I must
 hence.
 [Aside] I do not like my health; 't'as a strange relish.
 230 Pray heaven I plucked mine eyes back time enough.
 I'll never see her more. I praised the garden,
 But little thought a bed of snakes lay hid in't.
 [*He prepares to leave*]
 WIFE [aside]
 I know not how I am! I'll call my woman.—
 [To *Votarius*] Stay! [Aside] For I fear thou'rt too far
 gone already.
 VOTARIUS [aside]
 235 I'll see her but once more. Do thy worst, love,
 Thou art too young, fond boy, to master me.
 [To *Wife*] I come to tell you, madam, and that plainly,
 I'll see your face no more. Take't how you please!
 WIFE
 You will not offer violence to me, sir,
 240 In my lord's absence? What does that touch you
 If I want comfort?
 VOTARIUS Will you take your answer?
 WIFE
 It is not honest in you to tempt woman
 When her distresses takes away her strength:
 How is she able to withstand her enemy?
 VOTARIUS
 245 I would fain leave your sight, an I could possible.
 WIFE
 What is't to you, good sir, if I be pleased
 To weep myself away, and run thus violently
 Into the arms of death, and kiss destruction.
 [*She runs to him and kisses him*]
 Does this concern you now?
 VOTARIUS Aye, marry, does it. [*Returning her kiss*]
 250 What serve these arms for but to pluck you back,
 These lips but to prevent all other tasters,
 And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?
 [Aside] Heart, I'm beguiled again! Forgive me, heaven!
 My lips have been naught with her! Sin's mere
 witchcraft!
 255 Break all the engines of life's frame in pieces,
 I will be master once, and whip the boy
 Home to his mother's lap. [*To Wife*] Face, fare thee
 well!

Exit [abruptly]

Before the dead sleep of adultery took me—
 'Twas stealing on me. Up, you honest thoughts,
 And keep watch for your master.—[*To Wife*] I must
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 [*She runs to him and kisses him*]
 Does this concern you now?
 VOTARIUS Aye, marry, does it. [*Returning her kiss*]
 250 What serve these arms for but to pluck you back,
 These lips but to prevent all other tasters,
 And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?
 [Aside] I'm beguiled again! Forgive me, heaven!
 My lips have been naught with her!
 255 I will be master once, and whip the boy
 Home to his mother's lap. [*To Wife*] Face, fare thee
 well!

Exit [abruptly]

226 **dead** heavy, also spiritually blind (used in the Psalms, 13:3 and 76:6)
 229 **my...relish** spiritual state; it has a strange taste. Calvinist discourse often described spiritual states in terms of physical health.
 230 **time enough** in time
 236 **fond boy** i.e. love, personified as Cupid

240 **touch** matter to
 245 I...**possible** I'd like to be out of your sight, if I possibly could.
 254 **naught** sexually immoral (for having kissed her)
 A254 **mere witchcraft** nothing but an evil spell

A255 **Break...pieces** even if it may break all the parts of my body to pieces
 A256-7/B255-6 **the boy...lap** i.e. Cupid back to the lap of his mother Venus
 A257/B256 **Face** *Votarius* associates the attractions of the Wife with her face (as also at 1.2.74, 201, 238).

WIFE
 260 Votarius? Sir? My friend? Thanks, heaven, he's gone
 And he shall never come so near again.
 I'll have my frailty watched ever. Henceforward
 I'll no more trust it single, it betrays me
 Into the hands of folly. Where's my woman?
Enter Leonella
 My trusty Leonella!

LEONELLA Call you, madam?

WIFE
 Call I? I want attendance! Where are you?

LEONELLA
 Never far from you, madam.

265 WIFE Pray be nearer,
 Or there is some that will, and thank you, too;
 Nay, perhaps bribe you to be absent from me.

LEONELLA
 How, madam?

WIFE Is that strange to a lady's woman?
 270 There are such things i'th' world, many such buyers
 And sellers of a woman's name and honour,
 Though you be young in bribes, and never came
 To the flesh market yet.—Beshrew your heart,
 For keeping so long from me!

LEONELLA What ail you, madam?

WIFE
 Somewhat commands me, and takes all the power
 Of myself from me!

275 LEONELLA What should that be, lady?

WIFE
 When did you see Votarius?

LEONELLA [*aside*] Is that next?
 Nay, then, I have your ladyship in the wind!
 [*To Wife*] I saw him lately, madam.

WIFE Whom did'st see?

LEONELLA
 Votarius.

WIFE What have I to do with him
 280 More than another man? Say he be fair,
 And his parts proper both of mind and body,
 You praise him but in vain in telling me so.

LEONELLA [*aside*]
 Yea, madam, are you prattling in your sleep?
 'Tis well my lord and you lie in two beds!

WIFE [*aside*]
 285 I was ne'er so ill. [*To Leonella*] I thank you, Leonella,
 My negligent woman, here you showed your service.

LEONELLA [*aside*]
 Life, have I power or means to stop a sluice
 At a high water? What would sh'ave me do in't?

WIFE
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A261/B260 **single** unaccompanied, alone
 A262.1/B261.1 **Leonella** i.e. little lioness
 (named thus in Cervantes's story)
 A266/B265 **there... too** There are others
 who want to be nearer me and would
 also thank you for the opportunity.

A271/B270 **young** inexperienced
 A272/B271 **Beshrew your heart** curse you
 A277/B276 I... **wind** I have picked up your
 scent (as in hunting).
 A284/B283 **in two beds** presumably since
 Anselmus began to distrust his Wife

A285/B284 **ill** in such a bad state (physic-
 ally or spiritually)
 A287/B286 **sluice** a flood-gate (Leonella
 cannot stop the truth pouring out of the
 Wife)

WIFE
 I charge thee, while thou liv'st with me, henceforward
 290 Use not an hour's absence from my sight. *Exit*

LEONELLA
 By my faith, madam, you shall pardon me,
 I have a love of mine own to look to,
 And he must have his breakfast. [*Calling offstage*] Psst!
 Bellarius!
Enter Bellarius, muffled in his cloak

BELLARIUS Leonella?

LEONELLA
 295 Come forth, and show yourself a gentleman,
 Although most commonly they hide their heads,
 As you do there, methinks!
 And why a taffeta muffler? Show your face, man.
 I'm not ashamed on you.

BELLARIUS I fear the servants.

LEONELLA
 300 And they fear their mistress, and ne'er think on you.
 Their thoughts are upon dinner, and great dishes.
 If one thing hap, impossible to fail, too,
 (I can see so far in't), you shall walk boldly, sir,
 And openly in view through every room
 305 About the house; and, let the proudest meet thee,
 I charge you give no way to 'em.

BELLARIUS How thou talk'st!

LEONELLA
 I can avoid the fool, and give you reason for't.

BELLARIUS
 'Tis more than I should do, if I asked more on thee:
 I prithee, tell me how?

LEONELLA With ease, i'faith, sir.
 310 My lady's heart is wondrous busy, sir,
 About the entertainment of a friend, too,
 And she and I must bear with one another
 Or we shall make but a mad house betwixt us.

BELLARIUS
 I'm bold to throw my cloak off at this news,
 [*He does so*]
 315 Which I ne'er durst before, and kiss thee freelier!
 [*He kisses Leonella*]
 What is he, sirrah?

LEONELLA Faith, an indifferent fellow
 With good long legs, a near friend of my lord's.

BELLARIUS
 A near friend of my lady's, you would say!
 His name, I prithee?

LEONELLA One Votarius, sir.

WIFE
 I charge thee, while thou liv'st with me, henceforward
 Use not an hour's absence from my sight. *Exit*

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BELLARIUS
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 His name, I prithee?

LEONELLA One Votarius, sir.

A293/B292 **breakfast** any meal that ends a
 period of fast, but here ending his sexual
 fast

Bellarius His name means aggressive,
 warlike (he does not appear in Cer-
 vantes's story).

A296/B295 **hide their heads** i.e. keep
 their heads covered, or their hats on;
 gentlemen might hide their heads for
 any number of embarrassing reasons,

including to avoid arrest for unpaid
 debts.

A302/B301 **If...fail** if a particular thing
 happens, which it can't fail to do

A305-6/B304-5 **let... 'em** Even if the
 proudest confront you, I command you
 not to step aside for them.

A306/B305 **How...talk'st** What a lot of
 nonsense you talk.

A307/B306 **I can...for't** I'm not a fool, and

I can explain what I've just said.

A308/B307 **'Tis more...thee** If I ask you to
 tell me more, I'll be the fool.

A312-13/B311-12 **And...us** She and I
 must put up with one another (also, take
 the weight of our lovers), or else between
 the two of us we'll turn the house upside
 down ('mad' has undertones of sexual
 obsession and lunacy, as in *Changeling*:
 e.g. I.1.146).

BELLARIUS
 What sayest thou?
 320 LEONELLA He walks under the same title.
 BELLARIUS
 The only enemy that my life can show me!
 LEONELLA
 Your enemy? Let my spleen then alone with him.
 Stay you your anger, I'll confound him for you.
 BELLARIUS
 As how, I prithee?
 LEONELLA I'll prevent his venery.
 He shall ne'er lie with my lady.
 325 BELLARIUS Troth, I thank you!
 Life, that's the way to save him! Art thou mad?
 Whereas the other way, he confounds himself
 And lies more naked to revenge and mischief.
 LEONELLA
 Then let him lie with her, and the devil go with him!
 330 He shall have all my furtherance.
 BELLARIUS
 Why, now you pray heartily, and speak to purpose.
Exeunt
Finis Actus Primus

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2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter the Lady of Govianus, with a servant

Incipit Actus Secundus 2.1
Enter the Lady of Govianus, with a servant

LADY
 What's he would speak with me?
 SERVANT My lord your father.
 LADY
 My father? Pray make haste; he waits too long.
 Entreat him hither. [Exit Servant]

LADY
 Who is't would speak with us?
 SERVANT My lord your father.
 LADY
 My father! Pray make haste; he waits too long.
 Entreat him hither. [Exit Servant]

Enter Helvetius

5
 Some mild news, I hope,
 Comes with my father. No, his looks are sad.
 There is some further tyranny.—Let it fall!
 Our constant suff'rings shall amaze it.
 [She kneels before Helvetius]

In despite of all
 The Tyrant's cruelties, we have got that friendship
 E'en of the guard that he has placed about us,
 My lord and I have free access together, 5
 As much as I would ask of liberty.
 They'll trust us largely now, and keep sometimes
 Three hours from us, a rare courtesy
 In jailers' children.
Enter Helvetius
 Some mild news, I hope, 10
 Comes with my father. No, his looks are sad.
 There is some further tyranny.—Let it fall!
 Our constant suff'rings shall amaze it.
 [She kneels before Helvetius]

HELVETIUS Rise!

HELVETIUS Rise!

A320/B319 He...title That's his name
 A322/B321 spleen anger, spite
 A323/B322 confound destroy, as at l.
 A327/B326, where Bellarius points
 out that easy access to sin will be more
 destructive than being hindered from it.
 A324/B323 venery sexual pleasure

A331/B330 to purpose to the point
 2.1.3 Entreat him hither The additional
 passage inserted at this point explains
 how the jailer's kindness has enabled the
 Lady and Govianus to be together.
 B4 got gained

B8 largely greatly, freely
 B9-10 a rare...children an unusually
 considerate gesture from a jailer's family
 A6/B13 Our...it Our steadfastness in
 the face of suffering shall surprise (that
 tyranny).

I will not bless thee. Thy obedience
 Is after custom, as most rich men pray
 Whose saint is only fashion and vainglory:
 10 So 'tis with thee in thy dissembled duty.
 There is no religion in't, no reverent love,
 Only for fashion and the praise of men.

LADY [*rising*]

Why should you think so, sir?

HELVETIUS Think? You come too late

If you seek there for me. I know't and see't.
 15 I'll sooner give my blessing to a drunkard
 Whom the ridiculous power of wine makes humble,
 As foolish use makes thee.—Base-spirited girl,
 That canst not think above disgrace and beggary
 When glory is set for thee and thy seed,
 20 Advancement for thy father, beside joy
 Able to make a latter spring in me
 In this my fourscore summer, and renew me
 With a reversion yet of heat and youth!
 But the dejection of thy mind and spirit
 25 Makes me, thy father, guilty of a fault
 That draws thy birth in question, and e'en wrongs
 Thy mother, in her ashes, being at peace
 With heav'n and man. Had not her life and virtues
 Been seals unto her faith, I should think thee now
 30 The work of some hired servant, some house tailor,
 And no one part of my endeavour in thee.
 Had I neglected greatness, or not rather
 Pursued, almost to my eternal hazard,
 Thou'dst ne'er been a lord's daughter.

LADY Had I been
 35 A shepherd's, I'd been happier and more peaceful.

HELVETIUS

Thy very seed will curse thee in thy age
 When they shall hear the story of thy weakness:
 How in thy youth thy fortunes tendered thee
 A kingdom for thy servant, which thou left'st
 40 Basely, to serve thyself. What dost thou in this
 But merely cozen thy posterity
 Of royalty and succession, and thy self
 Of dignity present?

LADY Sir, your king did well

'Mongst all his Nobles to pick out yourself
 45 And send you with these words. His politic grace
 Knew what he did, for well he might imagine
 None else should have been heard. They'd had their
 answer

Before the question had been halfway through.
 But, dearest sir, I owe to you a reverence,
 50 A debt which both begins and ends with life,
 Never till then discharged, 'tis so long lasting.

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 55 A debt which both begins and ends with life,
 Never till then discharged, 'tis so long lasting.

A7-9/B14-16 **Thy...vainglory** Your
 obedience is a matter of convention,
 just as most rich men pray in church
 but really worship only fashion and
 self-advancement.
 A17/B23 **use** custom
 A22/B28 **my fourscore summer** my eightieth

year (a symbolic, rather than literal
 figure)
 A23/B29 **reversion** return, recovery
 A24/B30 **dejection** degradation, baseness
 A29/B35 **seals** guarantees
 A33/B39 **to...hazard** to the extent of

risking my eternal salvation
 A41-3/B47-9 **cozen...present** cheat your
 descendants of royalty and inheritance
 of the throne, and yourself of immediate
 honours
 A45/B51 **politic** cunning, scheming

55	Yet could you be more precious than a father Which, next a husband, is the richest treasure Mortality can show us, you should pardon me (And yet confess, too, that you found me kind) To hear your words, though I withstood your mind.	60	Yet could you be more precious than a father Which, next a husband, is the richest treasure Mortality can show us, you should pardon me (And yet confess, too, that you found me kind) To hear your words, though I withstood your mind.	65	HELNETIUS Say you so, daughter? Troth, I thank you kindly. I am in hope to rise well by your means, Or you to raise yourself; we're both beholden to you. Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you; I praise your constancy and pardon you. Take Govianus to you, make the most of him, Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me One light request that follows.	70	HELNETIUS Say you so, daughter? Troth, I thank you kindly. I am in hope to rise well by your means, Or you to raise yourself; we're both beholden to you. Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you; I praise your constancy and pardon you. Take Govianus to you, make the most of him, Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me One light request that follows.	75	LADY Heaven forbid else, sir. HELNETIUS Give me the choosing of your friend, that's all. LADY How, sir? My friend? A light request indeed! Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing Or your own gravity, an you look on't well. HELNETIUS Push! Talk like a courtier, girl, not like a fool. Thou know'st the end of greatness, and hast wit Above the flight of twenty feathered mistresses That glisten in the sun of princes' favours. Thou hast discourse in thee fit for a king's fellowship, A princely carriage and astonishing presence. What should a husband do with all this goodness? Alas, one end on't is too much for him, Nor is it fit a subject should be master Of such a jewel. 'Tis in the king's power To take it for the forfeit!—But I come To bear thee gently to his bed of honours, All force forgotten. He commends him to thee With more than the humility of a servant That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen, Be yet his mistress. He shall be content With that, or nothing. He shall ask no more, And with what easiness that is performed, Most of your women know: having a husband, That kindness costs thee nothing. You've that in, All over and above to your first bargain, And that's a brave advantage for a woman,	80	LADY Heaven forbid else, sir. HELNETIUS Give me the choosing of your servant, that's all. LADY How, sir? My servant? A light request indeed! Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing Or your own gravity, an you look on't well. HELNETIUS Push! Talk like a woman, girl, not like a fool. Thou know'st the end of greatness, and hast wit Above the flight of twenty feathered mistresses.	85	The King commends him to thee With more than the humility of a servant That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen, Be yet his mistress. He shall be content With that, or nothing. He shall ask no more, And with what easiness that is performed, Most of your women know: having a husband, That kindness costs thee nothing. You've that in, All over and above to your first bargain, And that's a brave advantage for a woman,	90	A53/B59 next a husband after a husband A54-6/B60-2 you...mind You should forgive me for resisting your intentions, while acknowledging that you found me 'kind' (i.e. considerate and dutiful) in listening to you; also 'kind' (natural) in hearing you, but rejecting your advice (as unworthy of a father). A64/B70 light small. 'Friend' (A65) signifies lover (as at 1.2.201), as does 'servant' (B71). When the Lady repeats her father's phrase, she picks up other mean- ings of 'light', in particular, 'wanton'; also 'thin' (as of material), and lacking in weight or seriousness.	95	A69/B75 Push Middleton's characteristic spelling of 'pish', an exclamation of impatience A70-1/B76-7 Thou...mistresses You know where great ambitions lead, and your intelligence will carry you higher than the flock of court mistresses, for all their fine feathers A73-4 Thou...presence 'Discourse' means conversation, but also sexual intercourse (as at 1.2.202); 'carriage' means bear- ing, but also taking a man's weight in the act of love (as at A1.2.312/ B1.2.311) or being pregnant (carrying	100	a child); 'presence' means (impressive) appearance. A76 one end on't a part of it: i.e. she should bestow the other 'end' (her sexual parts, also suggested at A70/B76) elsewhere. A79 for the forfeit as his by right, according to the custom of <i>droit de seigneur</i> (i.e. the lord's right to take the virginity of brides); or else due to him as a penalty, perhaps for her disobedience. A88-9/B85-6 You've...bargain You have that advantage as well, in addition to what you receive from your first contract (with a sexual innuendo).
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If she be wise, as I suspect not thee.
 And having youth, and beauty, and a husband,
 Thou'st all the wish of woman. Take thy time, then.
 Make thy best market.

LADY Can you assure me, sir,
 95 Whether my father spake this, or some spirit
 Of evil-wishing that has, for a time,
 Hired his voice of him to beguile me that way,
 Presuming on his power and my obedience?
 I'd gladly know, that I might frame my answer
 According to the speaker.

100 HELVETIUS How now, baggage!
 Am I in question with thee? Does thy scorn cast
 So thick an ignorance before thine eyes
 That I am forgotten too? Who is't speaks to thee
 But I, thy father?
Enter Govianus, discharging a pistol. [Helvetius falls]

GOVIANUS The more monstrous he!
 105 Art down but with the bare voice of my fury?
 Up, ancient sinner, thou'rt but mocked with death.
 I missed thee purposely, thank this dear creature.
 O, hadst thou been anything beside her father,
 I'd made a fearful separation on thee.
 110 I would have sent thy soul to a darker prison
 Than any made of clay, and thy dead body
 As a token to the lustful king thy master.
 Art thou struck down so soon with the short sound
 Of this small earthen instrument, and dost thou
 115 So little fear th'eternal noise of hell?
 What's she? Does she not bear thy daughter's name?
 How stirs thy blood, sir? Is there a dead feeling
 Of all things fatherly and honest in thee?
 Say thou couldst be content, for greatness' sake,
 120 To end the last act of thy life in panderism
 (As you perhaps will say your betters do),
 Must it needs follow that unmanly sin
 Can work upon the weakness of no woman
 But hers, whose name and honour natural love
 125 Bids thee preserve more charily than eyesight,
 Health or thy senses? Can promotion's thirst
 Make such a father? Turn a grave old lord
 To a white-headed squire? Make him so base
 To buy his honours with his daughter's soul
 130 And the perpetual shaming of his blood?
 Hast thou the leisure, thou forgetful man,
 To think upon advancement at these years?
 What wouldst thou do with greatness? Dost thou hope

A91/B88 **as...thee** as I don't doubt that
 you are

A94/B91 **Make...market** Drive the best
 bargain you can.

A101/B98 **Am...thee?** Are you questioning
 who I am?—When Gratiana tempts her
 daughter Castiza, in *Revenger*, 2.1.156–
 7, Castiza replies: 'I cry you mercy, lady,
 I mistook you. | Pray did you see my

mother?'

A105/B102 **Art...fury?** Have you been
 struck down merely by the sound of
 my anger?—The stage direction brings
 Govianus onto the stage at A104.1/
 B101.1, but he may enter earlier and
 overhear some of the preceding dialogue.

A109 **a fearful separation** i.e. of your body

from your soul

A114 **this...instrument** i.e. the pistol

A125 **more charily** more carefully, lovingly
 (the preciousness of a child is compared
 to eyesight in *Women Beware*, 1.1.1–3).

A128 **squire** a gentleman below a knight
 in status, but also slang for a pimp or
 procurer, as at A2.3.52

135 To fray death with't, or hast thou that conceit
That honour will restore thy youth again?
Thou art but mocked, old fellow, 'tis not so.
Thy hopes abuse thee. Follow thine own business,
And list not to the sirens of the world.

140 Alas, thou hadst more need kneel at an altar,
Than to a chair of state,
And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth:
That's work enough for age; it needs no greater.
Thou'rt called within; thy very eyes look inward
To teach thy thoughts the way, and thy affections.

145 But miserable notes that conscience sings,
That cannot truly pray, for flattering kings.

HELVETIUS
This was well searched indeed, and without favouring.
Blessing reward thee! Such a wound as mine
Did need a pitiless surgeon! Smart on, soul,
150 Thou'lt feel the less hereafter. Sir, I thank you.
I ever saw my life in a false glass
Until this friendly hour. With what fair faces
My sins would look on me, but now truth shows 'em
How loathsome and how monstrous are their forms.
[He rises to his knees]

155 Be you my king and master, still. Henceforward,
My knee shall know no other earthly lord.
Well may I spend this life to do you service
That sets my soul in her eternal way.

GOVIANUS
Rise, rise, Helvetius!

HELVETIUS I'll see both your hands
Set to my pardon first.

160 GOVIANUS Mine shall bring hers.

LADY
Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly.
You're my most worthy father. You speak like him.
The first voice was not his. My joy and reverence
Strive which should be most seen. Let our hands, sir,
[They raise Helvetius to his feet]

165 Raise you from earth thus high, and may it prove
The first ascent of your immortal rising,
Never to fall again.

HELVETIUS A spring of blessings
Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's.

GOVIANUS
I ha' lost an enemy and have found a father. *Exeunt*

Alas, thou hadst more need kneel at an altar, 105
Than to a chair of state,
And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth:
That's work enough for age; it needs no greater.
Thou'rt called within; thy very eyes look inward
To teach thy thoughts the way, and thy affections. 110
But miserable notes that conscience sings,
That cannot truly pray, for flattering kings.

HELVETIUS
This was well searched indeed, and without favouring.
Blessing reward thee! Such a wound as mine
Did need a pitiless surgeon! 115

[He rises to his knees]

Be you my king and master, still. Henceforward,
My knee shall know no other earthly lord.
Well may I spend this life to do you service
That sets my soul in her eternal path.

GOVIANUS
Rise, rise, Helvetius!

HELVETIUS I'll see both your hands 120
Set to my pardon first.

GOVIANUS Mine shall bring hers.

LADY
Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly.
You're my most worthy father. You speak like him.
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Strive which should be most seen. Let our hands, sir, 125
[They raise Helvetius to his feet]

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Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's.

GOVIANUS
I ha' lost an enemy and have found a father. *Exeunt* 130

A134 **fray** frighten, drive off
conceit fantasy, idea

A138 **the sirens** in classical mythology,
mermaids whose singing distracted
sailors, luring their ships onto the rocks

A140/B106 **chair of state** i.e. a throne

A143-4/B109-10 **thy...way** The sunken
eyes of old age seem to look inward, in
order to lead the mind to contemplate
the eternal life to come.

A145-6/B111-12 **But...kings** Only poor
music ('miserable notes') comes from
that conscience which cannot truly pray
because it is too busy flattering kings.

A147-9/B113-15 **well...surgeon** well
probed and without sparing (the patient).
Helvetius acclaim Govianus as the
surgeon who has examined his spiritual
wound and restored him to health.

A164-7/B125-8 **Let...again** Helvetius
kneels to Govianus and the Lady, until
they bless him and raise him to his feet
(thus reversing the moment when the
Lady knelt for a blessing at the opening
of the scene). His rising prefigures his
'immortal rising' (eternal salvation), and
the avoidance of a further fall (into sin).
A167/B128 A **spring** new growth

2.2 Enter *Votarius sadly*

VOTARIUS

All's gone! There's nothing but the prodigal left.
I have played away my soul at one short game
Where e'en the winner loses.
Pursuing sin, how often did I shun thee?
5 How swift art thou afoot, beyond man's goodness,
Which has a lazy pace: so was I caught.
A curse upon the cause! Man in these days
Is not content to have his lady honest,
And so rest pleased with her without more toil,
10 But he must have her tried, forsooth, and tempted,
And when she proves a quean, then he lies quiet:
Like one that has a watch of curious making,
Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
Never gives over tamp'ring with the wheels
15 Till either spring be weakened, balance bowed,
Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all.
How I could curse myself! Most business else
Delights in the dispatch, that's the best grace to't;
Only this work of blind, repented lust
20 Hangs shame and sadness on his master's cheek;
Yet wise men take no warning—
Enter *Wife*

—Nor can I now.

Her very sight strikes my repentance backward.
It cannot stand against her. Chamber thoughts
And words that have sport in 'em, they're for ladies.

WIFE

25 My best and dearest servant!

VOTARIUS Worthiest mistress!

[*They embrace.*]Enter *Leonella*

LEONELLA

Madam!

WIFE Who's that? My woman! She's myself.
Proceed, sir.

LEONELLA Not if you love your honour, madam.

I came to give you warning my lord's come.

VOTARIUS How?

30 WIFE My lord!

LEONELLA [*aside*]

Alas, poor vessels, how this tempest tosses 'em!

Enter *Votarius sadly*

VOTARIUS

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2.2.1-3 All's...loses *Votarius* compares himself to a spendthrift who has gambled away his soul at a game (of cards or dice), where even the winner (he has had sex with the Wife) loses. For similar imagery, see ll. 168-9 and Penitent Brothel's soliloquy in *Mad World*, 4.1.4-5, 'Thou wretched unthrift, that hast play'd away | Thy eternal portion at a minute's game'. This scene parallels and contrasts with 2.1: one of the tempters (*Helvetius*) is saved, the other (*Votarius*) is damned.

4 Pursuing sin sin that pursues (man)
7 cause...days 'the cause' was *Anselmus's*
insistence that *Votarius* make trial of

his Wife; *Anselmus* is typical of 'man in these days'.

11 quean promiscuous woman

15-16 spring...all The carefully made, easily broken watch signifies the Wife, spoiled by her husband's interference: the main spring drives the mechanism; the balance regulates the speed, but when a 'wrong pin' (peg, also penis) is 'put in' to her 'wheels', she is ruined. Watches were comparatively new at this time, like the 'German clock' which occurs with similar wordplay in Penitent Brothel's soliloquy, cited at ll. 1-3.

17-20 Most...cheek Most other activities are a source of pleasure after they are

performed—that's the most attractive aspect of them; but illicit lovemaking leaves one feeling guilty and miserable (lust is blind because it does not rightly see its object or foresee its consequences, as at 1.2.226; see also *Solomon*, 6.114; *Game*, 5.2.75).

23 Chamber thoughts bedroom thoughts; see l. 76, and especially ll. 129, 138.
26 She's myself i.e. as secret as if she were me

31-6 Alas...still The lovers' excitement is brought down by *Anselmus's* return, like ships in a storm: the Wife's 'sails' fall as her arousal fades (and, perhaps, she

They're driven both asunder in a twinkling:
Down goes the sails here, and the main mast yonder.
Here rides a barque with better fortune yet;
35 I fear no tossing, come what weather will;
I have a trick to hold out water still.

VOTARIUS *[aside]*

His very name shoots like a fever through me,
Now hot, now cold. Which cheek shall I turn toward
him

For fear he should read guiltiness in my looks?
40 I would he would keep from home, like a wise man.
'Tis no place for him now. I would not see him
Of any friend alive! It is not fit
We two should come together. We have abused
Each other mightily: he used me ill
45 To employ me thus, and I ha' used him worse!
I'm too much even with him.

Enter Anselmus

Yonder's a sight on him.

WIFE

My loved and honoured lord! Most welcome, sir!
[She kisses him]

LEONELLA *[aside]*

O, there's a kiss! Methinks my lord might taste
Dissimulation rank in't, if he had wit:
50 He takes but of the breath of his friend's lip.
A second kiss is hers, but that she keeps
For her first friend. We women have no cunning.

WIFE

You parted strangely from me.

ANSELMUS That's forgotten!

Votarius, I make speed to be in thine arms!
[He embraces Votarius]

VOTARIUS

You never come too soon, sir.

ANSELMUS *[taking Votarius aside]*
55 How goes the business?

VOTARIUS

Pray think upon some other subject, sir.
What news at court?

ANSELMUS Pish! Answer me.

VOTARIUS

Alas, sir, would you have me work by wonders,
To strike fire out of ice? You're a strange lord, sir.
60 Put me to possible things and find 'em finished
At your return to me. I can say no more.

ANSELMUS

I see by this thou didst not try her thoroughly.

They're driven both asunder in a twinkling:
Down goes the sails here, and the main mast yonder.
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ANSELMUS

I see by this thou didst not try her thoroughly.

lowers her raised skirts), while Votarius's 'main mast' falls, in detumescence. Leonella, by contrast, is more 'seaworthy': she fears no 'tossing' (sexual activity). Her 'trick' to keep out water (also, semen) may be a stratagem to protect her love affair (such as she uses later in this scene), or possibly a device to avoid pregnancy ('vessel' and 'barque' can be used of women as sexual objects; 'trick' may

also be a sexual act).
46 I'm...him I'm more than even with him.
48-52 Methinks...cunning If Anselmus were cleverer, he would notice that his Wife was pretending, giving him only the kiss that she received from his friend (Votarius), while she keeps a second, more intimate kiss for her first (best

friend. The final comment is ironic.
53 **strangely** in an unfriendly way
62-6 I...so Votarius claims he has tried the Wife out as thoroughly as he could (in all senses), and that she did not find him 'slack' (i.e. sexually limp, as in *Revenger*, 1.2.75).
62 **thoroughly** thoroughly, but also 'all the way through'

Enter Bellarius, passing over the stage, [then exits]

Ha! What's he?

100 Life, 'tis Bellarius, my rank enemy,
Mine eye snatched so much sight of him. What's his
business?
His face half-darkened, stealing through the house
With a whoremaster's pace—I like it not.
This lady will be served like a great woman
105 With more attendants, I perceive, than one.
She has her shift of friends. My enemy one?
Do we both shun each other's company
In all assemblies public, at all meetings,
And drink to one another in one mistress?
110 My very thought's my poison. 'Tis high time
To seek for help. Where is our head physician,
A doctor of my making, and that lecher's?
O woman, when thou once leav'st to be good,
Thou car'st not who stands next thee! Every sin
115 Is a companion for thee, for thy once-cracked honesty
Is like the breaking of whole money:
It never comes to good, but wastes away.

Enter Anselmus

ANSELMUS

Votarius?

VOTARIUS

Ha!

ANSELMUS We miss you, sir, within.

VOTARIUS

I missed you more without. Would you had come
sooner, sir!

ANSELMUS

Why, what's the business?

120 VOTARIUS You should ha' seen a fellow,
A common bawdy-house ferret, one Bellarius,
Steal through this room, his whorish barren face
Three-quarters muffled. He is somewhere hid
About the house, sir.

ANSELMUS Which way took the villain,

125 That marriage felon, one that robs the mind
Twenty times worse than any highway striker?
Speak, which way took he?

VOTARIUS

Marry, my lord, I think—

Let me see—which way was't, now? Up yon stairs.

ANSELMUS

130 The way to chamb'ring! Did not I say still
All thy temptations were too faint and lazy?

Enter Bellarius, passing over the stage, [then exits]

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ANSELMUS

130 The way to chamb'ring! Did not I say still
All thy temptations were too faint and lazy?

100 **rank** absolute (also, lustful)

105-6 **With...friends** Votarius suddenly
suspects the Wife of having other lovers
(‘attendants’), and varying them like a
change (‘shift’) of clothes.

109-10 **drink...poison** share the same
vessel or cup, as a pledge of trust or
friendship (since both may be having
sex with the Wife). Votarius feels himself
poisoned by this thought, and begins
to experience Anselmus's irrational

jealousy.

111 **head physician** Anselmus is the ‘head
physician’, made thus (i.e. cuckolded) by
Votarius and Bellarius, but now needed
to cure (Votarius's) (fore)head of the pain
of being horned, i.e. sexually betrayed.

114 **who...thee** is closest to you (to ‘stand’
is also to have an erection)

115-16 **for...money** Once women gave
up sexual fidelity, they were supposed to

have lost their value, like cracked coins
which, when sufficiently damaged, were
no longer legal tender.

122 **barren** ugly

125-6 **That...striker** That marriage thief
takes away peace of mind, and so is far
worse than the highwayman (who only
takes money).

129 **chamb'ring** illicit lovemaking (as at l.
138)

	Thou did'st not play 'em home.		Thou did'st not play 'em home.	
VOTARIUS	To tell you true, sir, I found her yielding ere I left her last, And wavering in her faith.		VOTARIUS	To tell you true, sir, I found her yielding ere I left her last, And wavering in her faith.
ANSELMUS	Did not I think so?		ANSELMUS	Did not I think so?
VOTARIUS	That makes me suspect him.		VOTARIUS	That makes me suspect him.
ANSELMUS	Why, partial man, 135 Could'st thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for, And rather waste thy pity upon her? Thou'rt not so kind as my heart praised thee to me. [Footsteps are heard offstage]		ANSELMUS	Why, partial man, 135 Could'st thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for, And rather waste thy pity upon her? Thou'rt not so kind as my heart praised thee to me. [Footsteps are heard offstage]
	Hark!			Hark!
VOTARIUS	'Tis his footing, certain.		VOTARIUS	'Tis his footing, certain.
ANSELMUS	Are you chambered? I'll fetch you from aloft!	Exit	ANSELMUS	Are you chambered? I'll fetch you from aloft!
VOTARIUS	He takes my work 140 And toils to bring me ease. This use I'll make on him, His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out, Whiles I familiarly go in and rob him Like one that knows the house. But how has rashness and my jealousy used me! 145 Out of my vengeance to mine enemy, Confessed her yielding? I have locked myself From mine own liberty with that key. Revenge Does no man good, but to his greater harm. Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup, 150 Made me soon drunk. I knew not what I spoke, And that may get me pardon. Enter Anselmus, a dagger in his hand, with Leonella		VOTARIUS	He takes my work 140 And toils to bring me ease. This use I'll make on him, His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out, Whiles I familiarly go in and rob him Like one that knows the house. But how has rashness and my jealousy used me! 145 Out of my vengeance to mine enemy, Confessed her yielding? I have locked myself From mine own liberty with that key. Revenge Does no man good, but to his greater harm. Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup, 150 Made me soon drunk. I knew not what I spoke, And that may get me pardon. Enter Anselmus, a dagger in his hand, with Leonella
LEONELLA	Why, my lord!		LEONELLA	Why, my lord!
ANSELMUS	Confess, thou mystical panderess! [He threatens Leonella]		ANSELMUS	Confess, thou mystical panderess! [He threatens Leonella]
	—Run, Votarius, To the back gate. The guilty slave leaped out And 'scaped me so. This strumpet locked him up In her own chamber. Exit Votarius			—Run, Votarius, To the back gate. The guilty slave leaped out And 'scaped me so. This strumpet locked him up In her own chamber. Exit Votarius
LEONELLA	Hold, my lord! I might, 155 He is my husband, sir!		LEONELLA	Hold, my lord! I might, 155 He is my husband, sir!
ANSELMUS	O, soul of cunning! Came that arch-subtlety from thy lady's counsel Or thine own sudden craft? Confess to me How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions, Or all thy light goes out.		ANSELMUS	O, soul of cunning! Came that arch-subtlety from thy lady's counsel Or thine own sudden craft? Confess to me How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions, Or all thy light goes out.
LEONELLA	160 My lord, believe me,		LEONELLA	160 My lord, believe me,

131 **play 'em home** push them (in) far enough (Anselmus is unconscious of the innuendo)

135 **dearly** eagerly (also, expensively)—Anselmus fails to notice the ironic meaning of his words, but his keenness to hear of his wife's adultery is perverse.

138 **chambered** upstairs in the bed chamber, but also inside a woman's vagina; 'aloft' means sexually erect, as well as on high

147–8 **Revenge... harm** Any benefit revenge appears to offer is outweighed by the spiritual damage it does. (According to the Church, revenge was the prerogative of God alone, as in *Solomon* 18.227–8: 'Man did not overcome his foes with arms, | But with thy word, which conquers greater harms'.)

149 **Suspect** suspicion
mingled cup strong cocktail

152 **mystical** secret (as in 'mystical strumpet', *Banquet*, 4.3.175; 'mystical harlot', *Hengist*, 5.2.154)

155–6 I... **husband** I'm allowed to—he is my fiancé. Leonella pretends to be, or is perhaps, engaged, and thus entitled to refer to Bellarius as her 'husband'.

158 **sudden craft** quick invention

159 **close** secret, intimate

160 **thy light** i.e. of life

In troth I love a man too well myself
To bring him to my mistress.

165 ANSELMUS Leave thy sporting,
Or my next offer makes thy heart weep blood.
[*He threatens to stab her*]
LEONELLA [*on her knees*]
O, spare that strength my lord, and I'll reveal
A secret that concerns you, for this does not.

ANSELMUS Back, back, my fury, then.
It shall not touch thy breast.
[*He sheathes his dagger*]
Speak freely. What is't?

LEONELLA
Votarius and my lady are false gamesters.
They use foul play, my lord.

ANSELMUS Thou liest!
LEONELLA Reward me, then,
170 For all together, if it prove not so:
I'll never bestow time to ask your pity.

ANSELMUS
Votarius and thy lady! 'Twill ask days
Ere it be settled in belief.—So, rise.
[*She rises*]
Go, get thee to thy chamber. *Exit*

175 LEONELLA A pox on you!
You hindered me of better business, thank you.
He's frayed a secret from me. Would he were
whipped!
Faith, from a woman a thing's quickly slipped! *Exit*

2.3 [*The throne is set out*]
*Enter the Tyrant with Sophonirus, Memphonius
and other Nobles*
A flourish

TYRANT
My joys have all false hearts. There's nothing true to
me
That's either kind or pleasant. I'm hardly dealt withal.
I must not miss her. I want her sight too long.
Where's this old fellow?

5 SOPHONIRUS
Here's one, my lord, of threescore and seventeen.

TYRANT
Push! That old limber ass puts in his head still!
Helvetius! Where is he?

MEMPHONIUS
Not yet returned, my lord.
Enter Helvetius

TYRANT Your lordship lies.
Here comes the kingdom's father. Who amongst you

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162 **sporting** joking, playing games
163 **offer** i.e. blow (with his dagger)
169-71 **Reward... pity** Punish me, then,
for both claims (that Bellarius is my
husband and Votarius is your Wife's
lover), if they turn out not to be true. I
won't waste time asking for your pity.
172 **'Twill ask days** it will take several days

175 **better business** i.e. from using her
knowledge to blackmail the Wife
176 **frayed** frightened (as at A2.1.134)
177 **thing's** i.e. a secret, also penis
2.3.2-3 **I'm...long** I'm harshly treated. I
must not be without her. I've lacked the
sight of her for too long.

5 **threescore and seventeen** i.e. seventy-
seven. Sophonirus seems to be referring
to himself, and the Tyrant replies as if
speaking of him.
6 **Push...still** Huh! That flabby old idiot
is always butting in (suggesting his
impotence).

10	Dares say this worthy man has not made speed? I would fain hear that fellow.	10	Dares say this worthy man has not made speed? I would fain hear that fellow.
	SOPHONIRUS [<i>aside</i>] I'll not be he. I like the standing of my head too well To have it mended.		SOPHONIRUS [<i>aside</i>] I'll not be he. I like the standing of my head too well To have it mended.
	TYRANT [<i>to Helvetius</i>] Thy sight quickens me. I find a better health when thou art present Than all times else can bring me. Is the answer As pleasing as thyself?		TYRANT [<i>to Helvetius</i>] Thy sight quickens me. I find a better health when thou art present Than all times else can bring me. Is the answer As pleasing as thyself?
15	HELVETIUS Of what, my lord? TYRANT Of what? Fie, no! He did not say so, did he? SOPHONIRUS O no, my lord, not he spoke no such word! [<i>Aside</i>] I'll say as he would ha't, for I'd be loath To have my body used like butcher's meat.	15	HELVETIUS Of what, my lord? TYRANT Of what? Fie, no! He did not say so, did he? SOPHONIRUS O no, my lord, not he spoke no such word! [<i>Aside</i>] I'll say as he would ha't, for I'd be loath To have my body used like butcher's meat.
20	TYRANT When comes she to our bed? HELVETIUS Who, my lord? TYRANT Hark! You heard that plain amongst you? SOPHONIRUS O, my lord, As plain as my wife's tongue that drowns a saint's bell. [<i>Aside</i>] Let me alone to lay about for honour. I'll shift for one.	20	TYRANT When comes she to our bed? HELVETIUS Who, my lord? TYRANT Hark! You heard that plain amongst you? SOPHONIRUS O, my lord, As plain as my wife's tongue that drowns a saint's bell. [<i>Aside</i>] Let me alone to lay about for honour. I'll shift for one.
25	TYRANT When comes the lady, sir, That Govianus keeps? HELVETIUS Why, that's my daughter. TYRANT O, is it so? Have you unlocked your memory? What says she to us? HELVETIUS Nothing. TYRANT How thou tempt'st us! What did'st thou say to her, being sent from us? HELVETIUS More than was honest, yet it was but little.	25	TYRANT When comes the lady, sir, That Govianus keeps? HELVETIUS Why, that's my daughter. TYRANT O, is it so? Have you unlocked your memory? What says she to us? HELVETIUS Nothing. TYRANT How thou tempt'st us! What did'st thou say to her, being sent from us? HELVETIUS More than was honest, yet it was but little.
30	TYRANT How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience, Having advantage 'cause thou art her father! But be not bold too far. If duty leave thee, Respect will fall from us. HELVETIUS Have I kept life So long, till it looks white upon my head, Been threescore years a courtier, and a flatterer Not above threescore hours, which time's repented Amongst my greatest follies? And am I at these days Fit for no place but bawd to mine own flesh?	30	TYRANT How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience, Having advantage 'cause thou art her father! But be not bold too far. If duty leave thee, Respect will fall from us. HELVETIUS Have I kept life So long, till it looks white upon my head, Been threescore years a courtier, and a flatterer Not above threescore hours, which time's repented Amongst my greatest follies? And am I at these days Fit for no place but bawd to mine own flesh?
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40	TYRANT You'll prefer all your old courtiers to good services, If your lust keep but hot some twenty winters: We are like to have a virtuous world of wives,		

23 **saint's bell** rung to summon the congregation to church

24–5 **lay . . . one** Trust me to look around for advancement; I'll take care of number one.

26 **keeps** withholds; also, maintains
A40–5 **You'll . . . 'em** You'll advance all your old courtiers to good positions, if you stay as lecherous as this for the next twenty years; we're likely to have all

our virtuous women—wives, daughters, sisters, as well as relatives, cousins—carried off all over the place, wherever it pleases you to take them (i.e. sexually).

	Thou'lt feel thyself light, shortly. I'll not leave thee A title to put on, but the bare name That men must call thee by, and know thee miserable.	I'll not leave thee A title to put on, but the bare name That men must call thee by, and know thee miserable.	
	HELVETIUS 'Tis miserable, king, to be of thy making And leave a better workman. If thy honours Only keep life in baseness, take 'em to thee And give 'em to the hungry. [<i>Pointing to Sophonirus</i>] There's one gapes.	HELVETIUS 'Tis miserable, king, to be of thy making And leave a better workman. If thy honours Only keep life in baseness, take 'em to thee And give 'em to the hungry. [<i>Pointing to Sophonirus</i>] There's one gapes.	
85	SOPHONIRUS One that will swallow you, sir, for that jest, And all your titles after.	SOPHONIRUS One that will swallow you, sir, for that jest, And all your titles after.	
	HELVETIUS The devil follow 'em, There's room enough for him, too.—Leave me, thou king, As poor as truth (the gentlewoman I now serve, And never will forsake her for her plainness), That shall not alter me!	HELVETIUS The devil follow 'em, There's room enough for him, too.—Leave me, thou king, As poor as truth (the mistress I now serve, And never will forsake her for her plainness), That shall not alter me!	75
90	TYRANT No? [<i>Calling</i>] Our guard, within there! <i>Enter Guard</i>	TYRANT No? [<i>Calling</i>] Our guard, within there! <i>Enter Guard</i>	
	GUARD My lord?	GUARD My lord?	
	TYRANT Bear that old fellow to our castle prisoner. Give charge he be kept close.	TYRANT Bear that old fellow to our castle prisoner. Give charge he be kept close.	
95	HELVETIUS Close prisoner? Why, my heart thanks thee. I shall have more time And liberty to virtue in one hour Than all those threescore years I was a courtier. So by imprisonment I sustain great loss; Heav'n opens to that man the world keeps close. <i>Exit [under guard]</i>	HELVETIUS Close prisoner? Why, my heart thanks thee. I shall have more time And liberty to virtue in one hour Than all those threescore years I was a courtier. So by imprisonment I sustain great loss; Heav'n opens to that man the world keeps close. <i>Exit [under guard]</i>	
100	SOPHONIRUS [<i>aside</i>] But I'll not go to prison to try that. Give me the open world; there's a good air.	SOPHONIRUS [<i>aside</i>] But I'll not go to prison to try that. Give me the open world; there's a good air.	
	TYRANT I would fain send death after him, but I dare not. He knows I dare not: that would give just cause Of her unkindness everlasting to me. His life may thank his daughter.—Sophonirus! Here, take this jewel. Bear it as a token To our heart's saint. 'Twill do thy words no harm. Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm Than any made of words, and to be sure, If one or both should fail, I provide further. Call forth those resolute fellows whom our clemency	TYRANT I would fain send death after him, but I dare not. He knows I dare not: that would give just cause Of her unkindness everlasting to me. His life may thank his daughter.—Sophonirus! Here, take this jewel. Bear it as a token To our heart's saint. 'Twill do thy words no harm. Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm Than any made of words, and to be sure, If one or both should fail, I provide further. Call forth those resolute fellows whom our clemency	
105			95
110			100

A81 **Thou'lt . . . shortly** You'll soon find yourself relieved, i.e. of the weight of your honours.

A85–6/B75–6 **And . . . thee** And abandon a better workman, i.e. God. If your honours only allow one to live basely, take them back.

A87/B77 **There's one gapes** There's someone with his mouth wide open (i.e. for honours).

A90–3/B80–3 **Leave . . . me** Even if you leave me, wretched king, as poor as Truth, that will not change me. (Helvetius

personifies Truth as a woman of good family come down in the world, whose simple way of life will not deter him from his service to her. This image and his refusal to be altered recall the Lady's words at A1.1.123/B1.1.104 and A1.1.171/B1.1.152, and at A2.3.96–9/B2.3.86–9 he will echo Govianus at A1.1.210–11/B1.1.187–8 in welcoming his imprisonment.)

A93/B83 **Our guard** The guard called out here is apparently distinct from the 'resolute fellows' summoned at l. A113/

B103 (see note on that line).

A96/B86 **close** closely confined
A107/B97 **His . . . daughter** He may thank his daughter for his life.

A113–15/B103–5 **fellows . . . offences** fellows whom my mercy saved from a shameful execution for war crimes committed on the battlefield. These men seem to be identical with the soldiers summoned at 4.2.37–8, 'The men I wished for, | For secrecy and employment', though by 5.2.111.1, they seem to have become the official guard.

115	Saved from a death of shame in time of war For field offences. Give 'em charge from us They arm themselves with speed, beset the house Of Govianus round, that if thou fail'st, Or stay'st beyond the time thou leav'st with them, They may with violence break in themselves And seize on her for our use.	105	Saved from a death of shame in time of war For field offences. Give 'em charge from us They arm themselves with speed, beset the house Of Govianus round, that if thou fail'st, Or stay'st beyond the time thou leav'st with them, They may with violence break in themselves And seize her for our use.
	<i>Exeunt [Tyrant, Memphonius and Nobles]. Manet Sophonirus</i>		<i>Exeunt [Tyrant, Memphonius and Nobles]. Manet Sophonirus</i>
120	SOPHONIRUS They're not so saucy To seize on her for their own, I hope; As there are many knaves will begin first And bring their lords the bottom. I have been served so A hundred times myself by a scurvy page That I kept once; but my wife loved him, and I could not help it.	110	SOPHONIRUS They're not so saucy To seize her for their own, I hope; As there are many knaves will begin first And bring their lords the bottom. I have been served so A hundred times myself by a scurvy page That I kept once; but my wife loved him, and I could not help it.
125	<i>Exit</i>	115	<i>Exit</i>
	<i>A flourish [The throne is withdrawn] Finit Actus Secundus</i>		<i>A flourish [The throne is withdrawn] Finit Actus Secundus</i>



3.1	<i>Incipit Actus Tertius Enter Govianus with his Lady, and a Servant</i>	3.1	<i>Incipit Actus Tertius Enter Govianus with his Lady, and a Servant</i>
	GOVIANUS What is he?		GOVIANUS What is he?
	SERVANT An old lord come from the court.		SERVANT An old lord come from the court.
	GOVIANUS He should be wise, by's years. He will not dare To come about such business: 'tis not man's work. Art sure he desired conference with thy lady?		GOVIANUS He should be wise, by's years. He will not dare To come about such business: 'tis not man's work. Art sure he desired conference with thy lady?
	SERVANT Sure, sir.		SERVANT Sure, sir.
5	GOVIANUS Faith, thou'rt mistook. 'Tis with me, certain. Let's do the man no wrong. Go, know it truly, sir.	5	GOVIANUS Faith, thou'rt mistook. 'Tis with me, certain. Let's do the man no wrong. Go, know it truly, sir.
	SERVANT [<i>aside</i>] This' a strange humour we must know things twice. <i>Exit</i>		SERVANT [<i>aside</i>] This' a strange humour we must know things twice. <i>Exit</i>
	GOVIANUS There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh The work he undertakes, and set about it E'en in the best sobriety of his judgement, With all his senses watchful. Then his guilt Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken. <i>Enter Servant</i> What says he now?		GOVIANUS There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh The work he undertakes, and set about it E'en in the best sobriety of his judgement, With all his senses watchful. Then his guilt Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken. <i>Enter Servant</i> What says he now?
10	SERVANT E'en as he said at first, sir. He's business to my lady from the king.	10	SERVANT E'en as he said at first, sir. He's business to my lady from the king.

A116/B106 **beset** besiege
A118/B108 **time... them** the time appointed, agreed with them
A122-3/B112-13 **As... bottom** Dishonest servants would drink their masters' wine and leave them the dregs. The analogy has a sexual twist, as in *Mad*

World, 5.2.306-8, *Banquet*, 4.3.282, and *Changeling*, 5.3.170-1.
3.1.3 **such business** i.e. luring the Lady back to the court. Govianus is reluctant to recognize the danger that threatens her; he reacts slowly, and with disbelief.

7 **This'** i.e. This is, as at 4.1.87, 5.1.107
11-12 **Then... undertaken** In that case, he is as guilty as the man he acts for. Govianus's comment applies to the temptations of Helvetius and Votarius, as well as to that of Sophonirus.

GOVIANUS
15 Still from the king. He will not come near, will he?
SERVANT
Yes, when he knows he shall, sir.
GOVIANUS I cannot think it!
Let him be tried.
SERVANT
Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir. [Exit]
GOVIANUS
Sure, honesty has left man. Has fear forsook him?
20 Yes, faith, there is no fear where there's no grace.
LADY
What way shall I devise to give him his answer?
Denial is not strong enough to serve, sir.
GOVIANUS
No, 't must have other helps.
Enter Sophonirus [with a casket]
I see he dares.
O patience, I shall lose a friend of thee!
SOPHONIRUS
25 I bring thee, precious lady, this dear stone
And commendations from the king my master.
GOVIANUS [drawing his sword]
I set before thee, panderous lord, this steel,
And much good do't thy heart. [Offering to fight] Fall
to, and spare not!
[They fight. Govianus runs Sophonirus through. He
falls]
LADY
'Las, what have you done, my lord?
GOVIANUS Why, sent a bawd
30 Home to his lodging, nothing else, sweet heart.
SOPHONIRUS
Well, you have killed me, sir, and there's an end.
But you'll get nothing by the hand, my lord,
When all your cards are counted. There be gamesters,
Not far off, will set upon the winner
35 And make a poor lord on you, ere they've left you.
I'm fetched in like a fool to pay the reck'ning,
Yet you'll save nothing by't.
GOVIANUS What riddle's this?
SOPHONIRUS
There she stands by thee now, who yet ere midnight
Must lie by the king's side.
GOVIANUS Who speaks that lie?
SOPHONIRUS
40 One hour will make it true. She cannot 'scape,
No more than I from death. You've a great gain on't,
An you look well about you, that's my comfort:

GOVIANUS
Still from the king. He will not come near, will he? 15
SERVANT
Yes, when he knows he shall, sir.
GOVIANUS I cannot think it!
Let him be tried.
SERVANT
Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir. [Exit]
GOVIANUS
Sure, honesty has left man. Has fear forsook him?
20 Yes, faith, there is no fear where there's no grace.
LADY
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40 One hour will make it true. She cannot 'scape,
No more than I from death. You've a great gain on't,
An you look well about you, that's my comfort:

15 **near** i.e. nearer16 **shall** i.e. may20 **there . . . grace** Wicked men (i.e. who lack God's grace) are not afraid of sinning.24 **patience . . . thee** I am about to lose my patience (literally, to lose patience as a friend).28 **Fall to** Get on with it—an invitation to begin fighting. It is not clear whether

Sophonirus defends himself (as my stage directions propose), or whether Govianus simply kills him without pity.

29 **bawd** pimp, procurer30 **his lodging** where he belongs (i.e. hell)32-7 **But . . . by't** You won't gain from your (winning) hand when all the cards are added up. There are players nearby who

will attack you and rob you of your winnings, and ruin you before they've finished with you. Like a fool, I've been called in to foot the bill, yet that isn't going to help you.

41-2 **You've . . . you** You'll see how much you've gained from my death, if you take a good look around you (ironic).

The house is round beset with armèd men
That know their time, when to break in, and seize on
her.

LADY
My lord!

GOVIANUS [*to the Lady*]
45 'Tis boldly done, to trouble me
When I've such business to dispatch. [*Calling*]—
Within there!
Enter Servant

SERVANT
My lord?

GOVIANUS
Look out, and tell me what thou seest.
[Exit Servant]

SOPHONIRUS
How quickly now my death will be revenged,
Before the king's first sleep. I depart laughing
To think upon the deed.
[He dies]

50 GOVIANUS 'Tis thy banquet.
Down, villain, to thy everlasting weeping
That canst rejoice so in the rape of virtue
And sing light tunes in tempests, when we're ship-
wrecked,
And have no plank to save us.
Enter Servant

Now, sir, quickly!

SERVANT
55 Which way soe'er I cast mine eye, my lord,
Out of all parts o' th' house, I may see fellow
Gathered in companies and all whispering,
Like men for treachery busy—

LADY 'Tis confirmed.

SERVANT
Their eyes still fixed upon the doors and windows.

GOVIANUS
60 I think thou'st never done. Thou lov'st to talk on't.
'Tis fine discourse. Prithee find other business.

SERVANT
Nay, I am gone. I'm a man quickly sneaped. *Exit*

GOVIANUS
He's flattered me with safety for this hour.

LADY
Have you leisure to stand idle? Why, my lord,
It is for me they come.

65 GOVIANUS For thee, my glory,
The riches of my youth, it is for thee.

LADY
Then is your care so cold? Will you be robbed
And have such warning of the thieves? Come on, sir,
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you!

The house is round beset with armèd men
That know their time, when to break in, and seize
her.

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GOVIANUS [*to the Lady*]
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Within there!
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LADY
Then is your care so cold? Will you be robbed
And have such warning of the thieves? Come on, sir,
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you!

46 **such...dispatch** so much to do
50 **'Tis thy banquet** Enjoy yourself (as
in *Changeling*, 'My thoughts are at a
banquet', 3.4.18).

59 **still** constantly
61 **'Tis...business** That's a fine topic of
conversation (ironic). Please go and find
something else to do.

62 **quickly sneaped** easily reprovèd, ticked
off
69 **Fall...business** Get on with the job (i.e.
of killing me).

70	Do not think scorn to work. A resolute captain Will rather fling the treasure of his bark Into whales' throats than pirates should be gorged with't. Be not less man than he. Thou art master yet And all's at thy disposing. Take thy time;	70
75	Prevent mine enemy. Away with me, Let me no more be seen! I'm like that treasure, Dangerous to him that keeps it; rid thy hands on't.	75
	GOVIANUS I cannot lose thee so.	
80	LADY Shall I be taken And lost the cruell'st way? Then wouldst thou curse That love that sent forth pity to my life, Too late thou wouldst.	80
	GOVIANUS O, this extremity! Hast thou no way to 'scape 'em but in soul? Must I meet peace in thy destruction, Or will it ne'er come at me?	
85	'Tis a most miserable way to get it. I had rather be content to live without it Than pay so dear for't, and yet lose it too.	85
	LADY Sir, you do nothing. There's no valour in you. You're the worst friend to a lady in affliction That ever love made his companion!	
90	For honour's sake, dispatch me! Thy own thoughts Should stir thee to this act more than my weakness. The sufferer should not do't. I speak thy part, Dull and forgetful man, and all to help thee!	90
95	Is it thy mind to have me seized upon And borne with violence to the tyrant's bed, There forced unto the lust of all his days?	95
	GOVIANUS O no! Thou liv'st no longer, now I think on't. [He runs at her with his sword drawn] I take thee at all hazard!	
	LADY O stay! Hold, sir!	
	GOVIANUS Lady, what had you made me done now? You never cease	
100	Till you prepare me cruel 'gainst my heart, And then you turn't upon my hand and mock me.	100
	LADY Cowardly flesh, Thou show'st thy faintness still: I felt thee shake E'en when the storm came near thee. Thou'rt the same;	
105	But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by. I had forgot a chief and worthy business, Whose strange neglect would have made me forgotten	105
	GOVIANUS Lady, what had you made me done now? You never cease	
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105	But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by. I had forgot a chief and worthy business, Whose strange neglect would have made me forgotten	105

70 **think scorn** think it shameful
74 **Take thy time** seize your opportunity
76 **Let ... seen** Let me die (as in *Changeling*,
2.2.136).
79 **lost ... way** i.e. by being raped by the
Tyrant
82 **in soul** in spirit, i.e. through death

84 **Or ... me** or else I will never find it (i.e.
peace)
90 **That ... companion** that ever became a
lover
93 **The ... do't** The one who must endure it
should not perform it.
95 **thy mind** your intention

99 **at all hazard** at any risk
101-2 **Till ... hand** until you've persuaded
me to be cruel against my nature, and
then you turn my heart against my hand
105-6 **Thou'rt ... by** You (i.e. the Lady's
flesh) are always fearful of death, yet it
was not for that reason that I delayed it.

	Where I desire to be remembered most. I will be ready straight, sir. [She kneels to pray]		Where I desire to be remembered most. I will be ready straight, sir. [She kneels to pray]	
110	GOVIANUS O poor lady, Why might not she expire now in that prayer, Since she must die, and never try worse ways? 'Tis not so happy, for we often see Condemned men sick to death, yet 'tis their fortune To recover to their execution, And rise again in health, to set in shame! What if I steal a death unseen of her now, And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes?—O fie, And leave her here alone? That were unmanly.		GOVIANUS O poor lady, Why might not she expire now in that prayer, Since she must die, and never try worse ways? 'Tis not so happy, for we often see Condemned men sick to death, yet 'tis their fortune To recover to their execution, And rise again in health, to set in shame! What if I steal a death unseen of her now, And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes?—O fie, And leave her here alone? That were unmanly.	110
115	LADY [rising] My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir. I am ready to your hand.		LADY [rising] My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir. I am ready to your hand.	115
120	GOVIANUS But that's not ready! 'Tis the hard'st work that ever man was put to. I know not which way to begin to come to't. Believe me, I shall never kill thee well; I shall but shame myself. It were but folly, Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform. I shall not have the power to do thee right in't. Thou deserv'st death with speed, a quick dispatch, The pain but of a twinkling, and so sleep.		GOVIANUS But that's not ready! 'Tis the hard'st work that ever man was put to. I know not which way to begin to come to't. Believe me, I shall never kill thee well; I shall but shame myself. It were but folly, Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform. I shall not have the power to do thee right in't. Thou deserv'st death with speed, a quick dispatch, The pain but of a twinkling, and so sleep.	120
125	130 If I do't, I shall make thee live too long And so spoil all that way. I prithee excuse me.		125 130 If I do't, I shall make thee live too long And so spoil all that way. I prithee excuse me.	125 130
130	LADY I should not be disturbed, an you did well, sir. I have prepared myself for rest and silence And took my leave of words. I am like one Removing from her house, that locks up all And rather than she would displace her goods, Makes shift with anything for the time she stays. Then look not for more speech: th'extremity speaks Enough to serve us both, had we no tongues!		LADY I should not be disturbed, an you did well, sir. I have prepared myself for rest and silence And took my leave of words. I am like one Removing from her house, that locks up all And rather than she would displace her goods, Makes shift with anything for the time she stays. Then look not for more speech: th'extremity speaks Enough to serve us both, had we no tongues!	130
135	Hark! VOICES WITHIN Lord Sophonirus?		[A] knock[ing within] Hark! VOICES WITHIN Lord Sophonirus?	135
140	GOVIANUS Which hand shall I take?		GOVIANUS Which hand shall I take?	140
145	LADY Art thou yet ignorant? There is no way But through my bosom. GOVIANUS Must I lose thee, then? LADY They're but thine enemies that tell thee so: His lust may part thee from me, but death, never. Thou canst not lose me there, for dying thine,		LADY Art thou yet ignorant? There is no way But through my bosom. GOVIANUS Must I lose thee, then? LADY They're but thine enemies that tell thee so: His lust may part thee from me, but death, never. Thou canst not lose me there, for dying thine,	145

109 **most** i.e. in heaven
113-16 'Tis...**shame** But it won't turn out as well as that, for we often see condemned men at death's door, yet it's just their luck to get better in time for their execution, so they get up from their sick-beds only to be brought down by a shameful death. The association of the

setting sun with shame is characteristic of Middleton (see *Dissemblers*, 'an ill cause...sets in shame', 2.1.17-9), as is the metaphorical use of 'set', meaning 'to go down'.
117 **What...now** Supposing I were to kill myself now, while she isn't looking? Govianus's difficulty in 'dispatching' the

Lady efficiently throughout this scene seems to him 'unmanly' (l. 119), and his fear of failure carries sexual undertones: to inflict death (also, to bring to orgasm) is 'more than I can perform' (126).
137 **Makes shift with** makes do with
140 **hand** course (i.e. what should I do?)

Thou dost enjoy me still. Kings cannot rob thee.

VOICES WITHIN

Do you hear, my lord?

LADY Is it yet time or no?

Honour remember thee.

GOVIANUS I must. Come, prepare thyself!

LADY

Never more dearly welcome!

[Govianus, with his sword drawn,] runs at her and falls by the way in a swoon

Alas, sir!

150 My lord, my love—O thou poor-spirited man!
He's gone before me. Did I trust to thee,
And hast thou served me so? Left all the work
Upon my hand, and stole away so smoothly?
There was not equal suffering shown in this,
155 And yet I cannot blame thee: every man
Would seek his rest. Eternal peace sleep with thee.

[She takes up Govianus's sword]

Thou art my servant now. Come, thou hast lost
A fearful master, but art now preferred
Unto the service of a resolute lady,
One that knows how to employ thee, and scorns
160 death

As much as great men fear it. Where's hell's ministers,
The Tyrant's watch and guard?

'Tis of much worth

When with this key the prisoner can slip forth.

[She kills herself [by falling on the sword]
A great knocking again

GOVIANUS [awaking from his swoon]

165 How now? What noise is this? I heard doors beaten.
Where are my servants? Let men knock so loud
Their master cannot sleep?

VOICES WITHIN The time's expired,
And we'll break in, my lord.

GOVIANUS Ha! Where's my sword?
I had forgot my business! [Seeing the Lady] O, 'tis
done,

And never was beholden to my hand.

170 Was I so hard to thee, so disrespectful of thee
To put all this to thee? Why, it was more
Than I was able to perform myself
With all the courage that I could take to me.
It tired me. I was fain to fall and rest.

175 And hast thou, valiant woman, overcome
Thy honour's enemies with thine own white hand,
Where virgin-victory sits, all without help?
Eternal praise go with thee!—[Calling] Spare not now,

Thou dost enjoy me still. Kings cannot rob thee.

[A] knock[ing within]

VOICES WITHIN

Do you hear, my lord?

LADY Is it yet time or no?

Honour remember thee.

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LADY

Never more dearly welcome!

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Thou art my servant now. Come, thou hast lost
A fearful master, but art now preferred
Unto the service of a resolute lady,
One that knows how to employ thee, and scorns
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As much as some men fear it. Where's hell's ministers,
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[A] knock[ing within]

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When with this key the prisoner can slip forth.

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Thy honour's enemies with thine own white hand,
Where virgin-victory sits, all without help?
Eternal praise go with thee!—[Calling] Spare not now,

148 Honour remember thee May Honour remind you (or else reward you, or be remembered by you).

151 He's...me He's preceded me by dying first.

153 Upon my hand up to me

158 fearful apprehensive, full of fear preferred promoted

163 this key i.e. the sword (which can release the prisoner from prison, just as it

releases the soul from within the body)

165 Let allowing (i.e. how dare they allow)

169 beholden indebted

170 disrespectful careless

178 Spare not don't hesitate

Make all the haste you can.
 [He drags the body of Sophonirus across the stage]
 —I'll plant this bawd
 180 Against the door, the fittest place for him,
 That when with ungoverned weapons they rush in,
 Blinded with fury, they may take his death
 Into the purple number of their deeds,
 And wipe it off from mine.
 [He sets the body against the door, calling out]
 How now? Forbear,
 My lord's at hand.
 185 VOICES WITHIN My lord, and ten lords more,
 I hope the king's officers are above 'em all.
 [The Fellows break down the door]
 GOVIANUS
 Life, what do you do? Take heed—
 Enter the Fellows, well weaponed, [striking and
 stumbling over the body of Sophonirus]
 Bless the old man—
 My lord?
 [He examines Sophonirus]
 All-ass, my lord? He's gone!
 FIRST FELLOW Heart, farewell he, then.
 190 We have no eyes to pierce thorough inch boards.
 'Twas his own folly. The king must be served
 And shall. The best is, we shall ne'er be hanged for't,
 There's such a number guilty.
 GOVIANUS Poor my lord!
 He went some twice ambassador, and behaved himself
 So wittily in all his actions.
 SECOND FELLOW [seeing the Lady]
 My lord, what's she?
 195 GOVIANUS Let me see,
 What should she be? Now I remember her.
 O she was a worthy creature
 Before destruction grew so inward with her.
 FIRST FELLOW
 Well, for her worthiness, that's no work of ours.
 200 You have a lady, sir. The king commands her
 To court with speed, and we must force her thither.
 GOVIANUS
 Alas, she'll never strive with you. She was born
 E'en with the spirit of meekness.—Is't for the king?
 FIRST FELLOW
 For his own royal and most gracious lust,
 Or let me ne'er be trusted.
 205 GOVIANUS Take her, then.
 SECOND FELLOW
 Spoke like an honest subject, by my troth.

Make all the haste you can.
 [He drags the body of Sophonirus across the stage]
 —I'll plant this bawd
 180 Against the door, the fittest place for him,
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180 **fittest place** because holding the door was the pimp's job (prostitution was 'the hold-door trade')
 183 **purple** bloody
 184 **Forbear** wait a moment
 185-6 **My...all** However many lords there are, I hope the King's officers will be

recognized as taking precedence over them.
 188 **All-ass** i.e. Sophonirus. All-fool, also punning on 'alas'.
 191 **And...is** And he will be served. The best (of it) is...
 193 **some...ambassador** a couple of times

as an ambassador
 194 **wittily** wisely, punning on 'wittolly', i.e. like a cuckold
 198 **inward** intimate
 199 **for...ours** as for her worthiness, that's none of our business

I'd do the like myself to serve my prince.
Where is she, sir?
GOVIANUS [*pointing to the Lady*]
Look but upon yon face,
Then do but tell me where you think she is.
SECOND FELLOW
Life, she's not here.
GOVIANUS She's yonder.
210 FIRST FELLOW Faith, she's gone
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that.
GOVIANUS
No, nor thy master, neither. [*Aside*] Now I praise
Her resolution. 'Tis a triumph to me
When I see those about her.
SECOND FELLOW How came this, sir?
The king must know.
GOVIANUS [*pointing to Sophonirus*]
215 From yon old fellow's prattling:
All your intents he revealed largely to her,
And she was troubled with a foolish pride
To stand upon her honour, and so died.
'Twas a strange trick of her. Few of your ladies
220 In ord'nary will believe it; they abhor it.
They'll sooner kill themselves with lust, than for it.
FIRST FELLOW
We have done the king good service to kill him,
More than we were aware on. But this news
Will make a mad court. 'Twill be a hard office
225 To be a flatterer now. His Grace will run
Into so many moods, there'll be no finding on him:
As good seek a wild hare without a hound now.
[*To Sophonirus*] A vengeance of your babbling! [*To the
others*] These old fellows
Will hearken after secrets as their lives,
230 But keep 'em in, e'en as they keep their wives!
ALL
We have watched fairly.
*Exeunt [with the body of
Sophonirus]. Manet Govianus*
GOVIANUS What a comfort 'tis
To see 'em gone without her. Faith, she told me
Her everlasting sleep would bring me joy,
Yet I was still unwilling to believe her,
235 Her life was so sweet to me. Like some man
In time of sickness that would rather wish,
To please his fearful flesh, his former health
Restored to him than death, when after trial,
If it were possible, ten thousand worlds
240 Could not entice him to return again

I'd do the like myself to serve my prince.
Where is she, sir?
GOVIANUS [*pointing to the Lady*]
Look but upon yon face,
Then do but tell me where you think she is.
SECOND FELLOW
She's not here.
GOVIANUS She's yonder.
FIRST FELLOW Faith, she's gone 210
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that.
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210 **she's not here** she's dead (anticipating
4.4.40: and see note)
yonder in heaven
214 **those...her** fellows like those standing
around her
218 **stand upon** insist upon, worry about
A219-20 **ladies** | **In ord'nary** i.e. ladies-in-
waiting at the court, punning on 'in the

ordinary way'
A221 **for it** on account of it
A226/B223 **finding on him** keeping track of
him (as in hare-coursing)
A228/B225 **A vengeance of** a curse on
A230/B227 **keep...wives** i.e. they can't
keep secrets, any more than they can
keep their wives to themselves

A231/B228 **We...fairly** We've done our
best; or perhaps ironically, we've made a
fine mess of this.
A235-41 **Like...flew** (I was) like a sick
man who longs to get better rather than
die, but who would not want to recover,
if he were once able to experience the
joys of the afterlife.

And walk upon the earth from whence he flew.
 So stood my wish, joyed in her life and breath;
 Now gone, there is no heav'n but after death!
 [He takes the Lady's body in his arms]
 Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind:
 245 To him that knows what virtuous woman is
 And can discreetly love her, the whole world
 Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
 And caves beneath the deep.—O thou fair spring
 Of honest and religious desires,
 250 Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
 After death's marble lip.
 [He kisses her]
 Thou'rt cold enough
 To lie entombed now by my father's side;
 Without offence in kindred there I'll place thee
 With one I loved the dearest next to thee.
 255 Help me to mourn, all that love chastity!
 Exit [carrying the body of the Lady]
 Finit Actus Tertius



4.1 Incipit Actus Quartus
 Enter Votarius with Anselmus's Wife
 VOTARIUS
 Prithee forgive me, madam. Come, thou shalt!
 WIFE
 I'faith, 'twas strangely done, sir.
 VOTARIUS I confess it.
 WIFE
 Is that enough to help it, sir? 'Tis easy
 To draw a lady's honour in suspicion,
 5 But not so soon recovered and confirmed
 To the first faith again from whence you brought it.
 Your wit was fetched out about other business
 Or such forgetfulness had never seized you.
 VOTARIUS
 'Twas but an overflowing, a spring tide
 10 In my affection, raised by too much love,
 And that's the worst words you can give it, madam.
 WIFE
 Jealous of me?
 VOTARIUS Life, you'd 'a' sworn yourself, madam,
 Had you been in my body, and changed cases:
 To see a fellow with a guilty pace
 Glide through the room, his face three-quarters
 15 nighted,
 As if a deed of darkness had hung on him.

A246/B232 **discreetly** wisely
 A247/B233 **ransack** i.e. even if one were to ransack
 A253/B239 **Without offence in kindred** without breaking the rules as to who may be buried in the family tomb. The Lady was betrothed, but not yet married to Govianus, so would not normally have been buried with his family.

4.1.1 **shalt** must
 2 **strangely done** an unfriendly thing to do
 3 **to help it** set it right
 3-6 **'Tis... it** It's easy to throw suspicion upon a lady's honour, but not so easy to restore it and re-establish the original trust which you destroyed.
 7 **Your... business** your mind was distract-

[He takes the Lady's body in his arms]
 Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind: 230
 To him that knows what virtuous woman is
 And can discreetly love her, the whole world
 Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
 And caves beneath the deep.—O thou fair spring
 Of honest and religious desires, 235
 Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
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 [He kisses her]
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 Without offence in kindred there I'll place thee
 With one I loved the dearest next to thee. 240
 Help me to mourn, all that love chastity!
 Exit [carrying the body of the Lady]
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ted with some other matter
 9-10 **a spring... affection** a high tide in my passion (love arouses feelings as the moon draws the sea)
 13 **cases** places
 14 **pace** step
 15 **nighted** hidden
 16 **deed of darkness** secret or illicit act

50	Upholding still the same, as being emboldened By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt (After you've placed my lord in some near closet) To thrust yourself into my chamber rudely, As if the game went forward to your thinking; Then leave the rest to me. I'll so reward thee 55 With bitterness of words (but prithee pardon 'em), My lord shall swear me into honesty Enough to serve his mind all his life after. Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth That shall come near my hand, as 'twere by chance, 60 And set a lively face upon my rage— But fear thou nothing. I too dearly love thee To let harm touch thee.	50	Upholding still the same, as being emboldened By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt (After you've placed my lord in some near closet) To thrust yourself into my chamber rudely, As if the game went forward to your thinking; Then leave the rest to me. I'll so reward thee 55 With bitterness of words (but prithee pardon 'em), My lord shall swear me into honesty Enough to serve his mind all his life after. Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth That shall come near my hand, as 'twere by chance, 60 And set a lively face upon my rage— But fear thou nothing. I too dearly love thee To let harm touch thee.	60	
VOTARIUS	O, it likes me rarely. I'll choose a precious time for't.	Exit	VOTARIUS	O, it likes me rarely. I'll choose a precious time for't.	Exit
WIFE	Go thy ways. I'm glad I had it for thee. <i>Enter Leonella</i>		WIFE	Go thy ways. I'm glad I had it for thee. <i>Enter Leonella</i>	
LEONELLA	Madam, my lord entreats your company.		LEONELLA	Madam, my lord entreats your company.	65
WIFE	Say ye?		WIFE	Say ye?	
LEONELLA	'Say ye?'		LEONELLA	'Say ye?'	
WIFE	My lord entreats your company. What now?		WIFE	My lord entreats your company. What now?	
LEONELLA	Are ye so short-heeled?		LEONELLA	Are ye so short-heeled?	
WIFE	I am as my betters are, then.		WIFE	I am as my betters are, then.	
70	How came you by such impudence alate, minion? You're not content to entertain your playfellow In your own chamber closely, which I think Is large allowance for a lady's woman. There's many a good knight's daughter is in service 75 And cannot get such favour of her mistress But what she has by stealth (she and the chamber- maid Are glad of one between 'em), and must you Give such bold freedom to your long-nosed fellow That every room must take a taste of him?		70	How came you by such impudence alate, minion? You're not content to entertain your playfellow In your own chamber closely, which I think Is large allowance for a lady's woman. There's many a good man's daughter is in service 75 And cannot get such favour of her mistress But what she has by stealth (she and the chamber- maid Are glad of one between 'em), and must you Give such bold freedom to your long-nosed fellow That every room must take a taste of him?	75
LEONELLA	Does that offend your ladyship?		LEONELLA	Does that offend your ladyship?	
80	WIFE How think you, forsooth?		80	WIFE How think you, forsooth?	80
LEONELLA	Then he shall do't again.		LEONELLA	Then he shall do't again.	
WIFE	What?		WIFE	What?	

50 loose inviting
53 to your thinking according to your plans
56-7 My...after My lord shall swear that I am faithful with such confidence that it will satisfy his doubts for the rest of his life.
58 for a need if necessary (i.e. to convince him)
60 lively face life-like, realistic appearance
62-3 O...for't I'm delighted with it (i.e. the Wife's scheme). I'll find the perfect moment for it.
63-4 Go...thee Off you go. I'm glad I

thought of it for you.
66 Say ye? What did you say? (Leonella repeats the question, making these the first of the Wife's words to be thrown back at her.)
69 short-heeled sexually promiscuous, perhaps also referring to Leonella's 'shortness', her offhand brevity
70 alate of late, recently
minion saucy woman (implying sexual misbehaviour and social inferiority)
71-3 You're...woman You're not satisfied with entertaining your lover secretly in

your bedroom, which I think is a great privilege for a lady's maid.
A74 knight's daughter Daughters of knights and gentry were often sent into service as waiting ladies in grand households, though this may be a sidelong glance at the fact that James I was criticized for giving knighthoods away too cheaply. The censor altered 'knight's' to 'men's' (ungrammatically).
78 long-nosed The length of the nose was supposed to indicate the length of the penis.

LEONELLA And again, madam.
So often till it please your ladyship,
And when you like it, he shall do't no more.

WIFE
What's this?

LEONELLA I know no difference, virtuous madam,
85 But in love all have privilege alike.

WIFE
You're a bold quean!

LEONELLA And are not you my mistress?
WIFE This' well, i'faith!

LEONELLA
You spare not your own flesh no more than I:
Hell take me an I spare you!

WIFE [*aside*] O, the wrongs
90 That ladies do their honours when they make
Their slaves familiar with their weaknesses.
They're ever thus rewarded for that deed,
They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed.
I must be forced to speak my woman fair now
95 And be first friends with her; nay, all too little,
She may undo me at her pleasure else.
She knows the way so well, myself not better.
My wanton folly made a key for her
To all the private treasure of my heart.
100 She may do what she list. [*To Leonella*] Come, Leon-
ella,
I am not angry with thee.

LEONELLA Pish!

WIFE Faith, I am not.

LEONELLA
Why, what care I an you be?

WIFE Prithee forgive me.

LEONELLA I have nothing to say to you.

WIFE
Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake.
105 A kiss and friends; we'll never quarrel more.
[*She gives Leonella the jewel, and offers to kiss
her*]

LEONELLA [*accepting the jewel but refusing the kiss*]
Nay, choose you, faith. The best is, an you do,
You know who'll have the worst on't.

WIFE [*aside*] True, myself.

LEONELLA [*aside*]
Little thinks she, I have set her forth already!
I please my lord, and keep her in awe, too.

WIFE
110 One thing I had forgot: I prithee, wench,
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him

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They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed.
I must be forced to speak my woman fair now
95 And be first friends with her; nay, all too little,
She may undo me at her pleasure else.
She knows the way so well, myself not better.
My wanton folly made a key for her
To all the private treasure of my heart.
100 She may do what she list. [*To Leonella*] Come, Leon-
ella,
I am not angry with thee.

LEONELLA Pish!

WIFE Faith, I am not.

LEONELLA
Why, what care I an you be?

WIFE Prithee forgive me.

LEONELLA I have nothing to say to you.

WIFE
Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake.
105 A kiss and friends; we'll never quarrel more.
[*She gives Leonella the jewel, and offers to kiss
her*]

LEONELLA [*accepting the jewel but refusing the kiss*]
Nay, choose you, faith. The best is, an you do,
You know who'll have the worst on't.

WIFE [*aside*] True, myself.

LEONELLA [*aside*]
Little thinks she, I have set her forth already!
I please my lord, and keep her in awe, too.

WIFE
110 One thing I had forgot: I prithee, wench,
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him

86 **bold quean** impudent whore
87 **This' well** This is well, or, here's a fine thing (with irony).
88-9 **You... you!** You don't hold back where your pleasure's concerned any more than I do. Damn me if I hold back from telling you so!
91 **slaves** servants

93 **grooms** man-servants
94 **fair** politely, nicely
95 **be first friends** first make friends with her—or, make her my closest friend
100 **what she list** as she pleases
106 **choose... do** Just as you please. The best of it is, that if you do (i.e. quarrel),...

108 **Little...already** She's no idea that I've already given her away.
110 **wench** term of affection for a female inferior
111-13 **closely...fear** secretly, and remind him to put on some hidden armour at that time, so that I can pretend to be angry with him, without hurting him

Thou wouldst be too adventurous?
 LEONELLA Ne'er a whit, sir!
 145 I made her glad to seek my friendship first.
 BELLARIUS
 By my faith, that showed well: if you come off
 So brave a conqueress, to't again and spare not.
 I know not which way you should get more honour.
 LEONELLA
 150 She trusts me now to cast a mist, forsooth,
 Before the servants' eyes. I must remember
 Votarius to come once with privy armour
 Into her chamber, when with a feigned fury
 And rapier drawn (which I must lay o' purpose
 Ready for her dissemblance), she will seem
 155 T'act wonders for her juggling honesty.
 BELLARIUS
 I wish no riper vengeance! Canst conceive me?
 Votarius is my enemy.
 LEONELLA That's stale news, sir.
 BELLARIUS
 Mark what I say to thee: forget of purpose
 That privy armour. Do not bless his soul
 160 With so much warning, nor his hated body
 With such sure safety. Here express thy love:
 Lay some empoisoned weapon next her hand
 That in that play he may be lost for ever.
 I'd have him kept no longer. Away with him!
 165 One touch will set him flying—let him go.
 LEONELLA
 Bribe me but with a kiss, it shall be so!
 [They kiss;] exeunt

4.2 Enter Tyrant, wondrous discontentedly; [Memphonius,
 and] Nobles afar off

FIRST NOBLE
 My lord.
 TYRANT Begone, or never see life more.
 I'll send thee far enough from court!
 [Exit First Noble]
 Memphonius!

Where's he, now?
 MEMPHONIUS Ever at your highness' service.
 TYRANT
 How dar'st thou be so near, when we have threatened
 5 Death to thy fellow? Have we lost our power?
 Or thou thy fear? Leave us, in time of grace.
 'Twill be too late anon.
 MEMPHONIUS [aside, going]
 I think 'tis so
 With thee already.
 TYRANT Dead! And I so healthful?

146-8 that...honour that was impressive. chastity
 If you come out of it so triumphantly, 156 Canst conceive me? Do you follow me?
 have another go, and don't hold back. I 157 stale old
 can't think of any way you could gain 158 of on
 more respect. 161 Here...love Show your love for me in
 154-5 she...honesty she will look as if (doing) this.

Thou wouldst be too adventurous?
 LEONELLA Ne'er a whit, sir!
 145 I made her glad to seek my friendship first. 145
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 So brave a conqueress, to't again and spare not.
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 [They kiss;] exeunt

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 'Twill be too late anon.
 MEMPHONIUS [aside, going]
 I think 'tis so
 With thee already.
 TYRANT Dead! And I so healthful?

162 next near, close to
 163 That...ever so that in that game
 (swordplay, play-acting) he will die and
 be damned eternally
 4.2.6-7 in...anon while you still can. Soon
 it will be too late.

There's no equality in this.—Stay!
MEMPHONIUS Sir?
TYRANT
10 Where is that fellow brought the first report to us?
MEMPHONIUS
He waits without.
TYRANT I charge thee, give command
That he be executed speedily,
As thou'd stand firm thyself.
MEMPHONIUS [*aside*] Now, by my faith,
His tongue has helped his neck to a sweet bargain.
Exit
TYRANT
15 Her own fair hand so cruel? Did she choose
Destruction before me? Was I no better?
How much am I exalted to my face,
And where I would be graced, how little worthy!
20 There's few kings know how rich they are in goodness
Or what estate they have in grace and virtue;
There is so much deceit in glozers' tongues,
The truth is taken from us. We know nothing
But what is for their purpose: that's our stint;
We are allowed no more. O wretched greatness!
25 I'll cause a sessions for my flatterers,
And have 'em all hanged up.—'Tis done too late.
O, she's destroyed, married to death and silence,
Which nothing can divorce—riches, nor laws
Nor all the violence that this frame can raise.
30 I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever.
I cannot call this life that flames within me,
But everlasting torment, lighted up
To show my soul her beggary!—A new joy
Is come to visit me, in spite of death.
35 It takes me, of that sudden. I'm ashamed
Of my provision, but a friend will bear.
[*Calling*] Within, there!
Enter [*three*] soldier[s]
FIRST SOLDIER Sir!
SECOND SOLDIER My lord!
TYRANT The men I wished for,
For secrecy and employment.—

There's no equality in this.—Stay!
MEMPHONIUS Sir?
TYRANT
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MEMPHONIUS
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To show my soul her beggary!—A new joy
Is come to visit me, in spite of death.
35 It takes me, of that sudden. I'm ashamed
Of my provision, but a friend will bear.
[*Calling*] Within, there!
Enter [*four*] soldiers
FIRST SOLDIER Sir!
SECOND SOLDIER My lord!
TYRANT The men I wished for,
For secrecy and employment. [*To Fourth Soldier*] Go,
give order
That Govianus be released.
FOURTH SOLDIER Released, sir?
TYRANT
Set free! And then I trust he will fly the kingdom
And never know my purpose. [*Exit Fourth Soldier*]

13 As...**thyself** if you wish to remain safe yourself
14 **sweet bargain** an attractive deal (ironic)
18 **would be graced** want to be thought well of
19–20 **how...virtue** how many good qualities they possess, or what their position is in terms of grace and virtue (the Tyrant regrets that no one dares

21 **glozers'** flatterers'
23 **But...stint** but whatever suits their purpose: that's all we're allowed
25 **sessions** trial, assize
29 **this frame** the world (as at A.I.I.126/B.I.I.107)
35 **of that sudden** so suddenly
36 **Of...bear** of being so unprepared (for

this new idea), but a friend will be understanding
38 **For...employment** In the passage added at this point, the Tyrant orders Govianus's release, in order to prevent his darker plans from being interrupted, though in fact it also enables Govianus to visit the Cathedral at 4.4.

Act 4 Scene 2

The Ladies' Tragedy

	[To First Soldier]	Run, Afranius, Bring me the keys of the Cathedral straight.		[To First Soldier]	Run, sir, you, Bring me the keys of the Cathedral.	
	FIRST SOLDIER [aside]			FIRST SOLDIER [aside]		
40		Are you so holy now? Do you curse all day And go to pray at midnight?	Exit		Are you so holy now? Do you curse all day And go to pray at midnight?	Exit
	TYRANT	Provide you, sirs, close lanterns and a pickaxe. Away, be speedy!		TYRANT	Provide you, sirs, close lanterns and a pickaxe. Away, be speedy!	45
	SECOND SOLDIER [aside]	Lanterns and a pickaxe? Life, does he mean to bury himself alive, trow?		SECOND SOLDIER [aside]	Lanterns and a pickaxe? Does he mean to bury himself alive, trow?	
		[Exeunt Second and Third Soldiers]			[Exeunt Second and Third Soldiers]	
	TYRANT			TYRANT		
45		Death nor the marble prison my love sleeps in Shall keep her body locked up from mine arms. I must not be so cozened. Though her life Was like a widow's state made o'er in policy To defeat me and my too confident heart,			Death nor the marble prison my love sleeps in Shall keep her body locked up from mine arms. I must not be so cozened. Though her life Was like a widow's state made o'er in policy To defeat me and my too confident heart,	50
50		'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself, As much to me that lov'd her. Enter First Soldier, [with keys]			'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself, As much to me that lov'd her. Enter First Soldier, [with keys]	
		What, returned?			What, returned?	
	FIRST SOLDIER	Here be the keys, my lord.		FIRST SOLDIER	Here be the keys, my lord.	
	TYRANT	I thank thy speed.		TYRANT	I thank thy speed.	55
		[Enter Second and Third Soldiers, with lanterns and pickaxe]			[Enter Second and Third Soldiers, with lanterns and pickaxe]	
		Here comes the rest, full furnished. Follow me And wealth shall follow you. Exit			Here comes the rest, full furnished. Follow me And wealth shall follow you. Exit	
55	FIRST SOLDIER	Wealth! By this light, We go to rob a church! I hold my life The money will ne'er thrive. That's a sure saw, 'What's got from grace, is ever spent in law'.	Exeunt	FIRST SOLDIER	Wealth! By this light, We go to rob a church! I hold my life The money will ne'er thrive. That's a sure saw, 'What's got from grace, is ever spent in law'.	60
						Exeunt
					Enter Mr Gough [as Memphonius]	4.2a
				[MEMPHONIUS]	What strange fits grow upon him! Here alate His soul has got a very dreadful leader. What should he make in the Cathedral now,	

A38 **Run, Afranius** the name of the first soldier, only given in the original version, was taken from John Fletcher's recent *Tragedy of Valentinian*, where he is a captain loyal to the Emperor, and appears in 5.4 and 5.8.
A42/B45 **close lanterns** dark, i.e. shuttered lanterns
A44/B47 **trow** trow ye, i.e. do you think? or, I wonder?
A47/B50 **so cozened** so cheated (of her)
A47-9/B50-2 **Though...me** She gave up her life, like a widow who deliberately puts her (e)state in trust (i.e. in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of her second husband), to frustrate my

plans.
A55-7/B58-60 **I hold...law** I'll wager my life that this money will come to no good. It's a sure saying, ill-gotten gains are always paid out in legal costs.
B4.2a This additional passage was partly inserted to avoid the Tyrant and his soldiers leaving the stage and immediately re-entering at a different location (at 4.3.0.1-2). The speaker's name appears in the margin as Mr Gough, an actor for the King's Men, and the speech was almost certainly spoken by Memphonius. It enlarges upon the Tyrant's mental breakdown and announces the conspiracy to release Helvetius, who was

originally intended to reappear in the last scene, though at a later stage his part in it was cut altogether (see Introduction, 834).
B1 **alate** of late, recently
B2 **a very dreadful leader** i.e. the devil
B3 **make** do
B6-8 **He...long** He grows to be a weight upon his Nobles' minds; his moods are so difficult that they cannot put up with them, and are not prepared to do so much longer,
B9 **father of the state** the most senior and respected member of government
B11 **close policy** secret stratagem

4.3 Enter the Tyrant again [followed by the soldiers] at a further door, which opened, brings him to the tomb where the Lady lies buried. The tomb here discovered, richly set forth

TYRANT Softly, softly!
Let's give this place the peace that it requires.
The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds
For making bold so late.—It must be done.

5 FIRST SOLDIER [aside] I fear nothing but the whorish ghost of a quean I kept once. She swore she would so haunt me I should never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from church this fifteen year to prevent her.

TYRANT
The monument woos me; I must run and kiss it.
10 Now trust me if the tears do not e'en stand Upon the marble. What slow springs have I? 'Twas weeping to itself before I came. How pity strikes e'en through insensible things And makes them shame our dullness.
15 Thou house of silence, and the calms of rest After tempestuous life, I claim of thee A mistress, one of the most beauteous sleepers That ever lay so cold, not yet due to thee By natural death, but cruelly forced hither
20 Many a year before the world could spare her. We miss her 'mongst the glories of our court, When they be numbered up. All thy still strength, Thou grey-eyed monument, shall not keep her from us.
[To Second Soldier] Strike, villain, though the echo rail us all
25 Into ridiculous deafness. Pierce the jaws Of this cold ponderous creature.

SECOND SOLDIER Sir!
TYRANT Why strik'st thou not?
SECOND SOLDIER I shall not hold the axe fast; I'm afraid, sir.

5 The hour so deep in night? All his intents Are contrary to man, in spirit or blood. He waxes heavy in his Nobles' minds, His moods are such, they cannot bear the weight, Nor will not long, if there be truth in whispers! The honourable father of the state, Noble Helvetius, all the lords agree
10 By some close policy shortly to set free. [Exit]

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4.3.0.3-4 here discovered i.e. revealed, probably by the drawing back of a curtain across the 'discovery space' at the back of the stage. The tomb remains on stage for this scene and the next, when the curtain would be redrawn.
3 The vaults the vaulting is probably that of the Cathedral itself. Jacobean tombs were often 'richly set forth', i.e. elaborately sculptured, with effigies of

those buried within, and set along the aisle or in side chapels. The soldiers' sense of being in church suggests that this scene takes place in the Cathedral itself, rather than in the crypt beneath (which would also have been vaulted).
6 quean whore, as at 4.1.86
7 for her because of her
9-11 The...marble The Tyrant's desire

to run and kiss the monument suggests that it includes an effigy of the Lady which seems to be weeping. By contrast, the Tyrant's eyes are 'slow springs', i.e. slow to respond.
23 grey-eyed perhaps because stone-coloured (but grey eyes have been admired since the ancient Greeks)
24 rail scold, cry out against

TYRANT
O shame of men! A soldier and so limber?

SECOND SOLDIER
'Tis out of my element to be in a church, sir.
30 Give me the open field and turn me loose, sir.

TYRANT
True, there thou hast room enough to run away.
[To First Soldier] Take thou the axe from him.

FIRST SOLDIER I beseech your grace,
'Twill come to a worse hand. You'll find us all
Of one mind for the church, I can assure you, sir.

TYRANT [to Third Soldier]
Nor thou?

THIRD SOLDIER
35 I love not to disquiet ghosts
Of any people living, that's my humour, sir!

TYRANT
O slaves of one opinion!
[He takes the axe from Second Soldier]
Give me't from thee,
Thou man made out of []

SECOND SOLDIER [aside] By my faith,
I'm glad I'm rid on't.—
40 I that was ne'er before in a Cathedral
And have the batt'ring of a lady's tomb
Lie hard upon my conscience at first coming,
I should get much by that! It shall be a warning to
me.
I'll ne'er come here again.

TYRANT [striking at the tomb]
No, wilt not yield?
Art thou so loath to part from her?

45 FIRST SOLDIER [aside] Life, what means he?
Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not
afraid to stay any longer, I'm a stone-cutter! Very fear
will go nigh to turn me of some religion or other, and
so make me forfeit my lieutenantship.

TYRANT [loosening the stone]
50 O, have we got the mastery? Help, you vassals!
Freeze you in idleness and can see us sweat?

SECOND SOLDIER
We sweat with fear as much as work can make us.

TYRANT
Remove the stone that I may see my mistress.
Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,
55 Or the same axe shall make you all fly open!

ALL
O good my lord!

TYRANT I must not be delayed!

TYRANT
O shame of men! A soldier and so fearful?

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A28 **limber** limp, feeble
B28 **fearful** 'Fie, my lord, fie—a soldier and
afeared?' *Macbeth*, 5.1.34–5.
29 **out of my element** not natural to me
34 **for** with regard to
35–6 I... **living** i.e. ghosts are the last
people alive that I'd want to disturb.
A36 **that's my humour** that's the way I am
(a popular catch-phrase of the day)

43 I... **that** I should gain a great deal from
that (ironic).
46 **with him** in him
A47 **stone-cutter** ironic, since the first
soldier's reluctance to break into the
tomb prevents him from becoming a
stone-cutter, in the sense of a mason (it
can also mean a surgeon who removes

internal stones or cuts off 'stones', i.e.
testicles)
47–9 Very... **lieutenants** Fear itself will
almost convert me to some religion or
other, and so force me to give up my
lieutenancy (soldiers were often thought
of as irreligious).
50 **vassals** slaves

FIRST SOLDIER This is ten thousand times worse than ent'ring upon a breach!
'Tis the first stone that ever I took off
60 From any lady. Marry, I have brought 'em many,
Fair diamonds, sapphires, rubies.
[They remove the stone from the tomb]
TYRANT [gazing into the opened tomb]
O, blest object!
I never shall be weary to behold thee.
I could eternally stand thus and see thee.
Why, 'tis not possible death should look so fair;
65 Life is not more illustrious when health smiles on't.
She's only pale, the colour of the court,
And most attractive. Mistresses most strive for't
And their lascivious servants best affect it.
[To Soldiers] Where be these lazy hands again?
ALL My lord!
TYRANT
Take up her body.
FIRST SOLDIER How, my lord?
70 TYRANT Her body!
FIRST SOLDIER
She's dead, my lord!
TYRANT True, if she were alive
Such slaves as you should not come near to touch
her.
Do't, and with all best reverence place her here.
FIRST SOLDIER
Not only, sir, with reverence, but with fear.
75 You shall have more than your own asking once.
I am afraid of nothing but she'll rise
At the first jog, and save us all a labour.
SECOND SOLDIER
Then we were best take her up and never touch her?
FIRST SOLDIER
Life, how can that be? Does fear make thee mad?
80 I've took up many a woman in my days,
But never with less pleasure, I protest!
[The soldiers lift the Lady's body out of the tomb]
TYRANT
O, the moon rises! What reflection
Is thrown about this sanctifièd building,
E'en in a twinkling! How the monuments glisten,
85 As if death's palaces were all massy silver
And scorned the name of marble!

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And scorned the name of marble!

58 **ent'ring upon a breach** making an attack through a gap blown in fortifications during a siege (also sexual penetration)

59-61 **'Tis...rubies** The first soldier continues punning on 'stones', first as testicles (you couldn't take those off a woman), then as gemstones. It is not clear from the text whether the stone removed from the tomb is a side panel, or forms the lid (as ll. 131-2 suggest, though this might be awkward if the tomb had an effigy on top).

66 **pale** a fair (i.e. not sunburned) complexion was considered desirable at this period

68 **best affect it** imitate it, or aim for it most

70 **Take up** The Tyrant's order, that the soldiers 'take up' (i.e. lift up) the Lady's body, has a secondary sexual meaning, of the taking up of clothes before lovemaking, or simply the act itself, as does 'touch' at l. 72, which also means to make sexual contact. The

soldiers play on these different senses in ll. 78, 80.

How, my lord What do you mean, my lord?

75 **You...once** You'll get more than you bargained for.

82 **the moon rises** i.e. her body is lifted from the tomb (a dummy may have been used for this—see note at 5.2.13.1)

86-7 **cold?...yet** Dead (or, sexually unresponsive)? I still can't believe it.

[He receives the Lady's body from them]

Art thou cold?

I have no faith in't yet; I believe none.
Madam! 'Tis I, sweet lady, prithee speak!
'Tis thy love calls on thee, the king thy servant.
90 No, not a word? All prisoners to pale silence?
I'll prove a kiss.

[He kisses the body]

FIRST SOLDIER [aside]

Here's fine chill venery!

'Twould make a pander's heels ache! I'll be sworn
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't.

TYRANT

95 By th' mass, thou'rt cold indeed; beshrew thee for't!
Unkind to thine own blood? Hard-hearted lady,
What injury hast thou offered to the youth
And pleasure of thy days! Refuse the court,
And steal to this hard lodging, was that wisdom?
O I could chide thee with mine eye brim-full,
100 And weep out my forgiveness when I ha' done.
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel:
Hadst thou but asked th'opinion of most ladies,
Thou'dst never come to this! They would have told
thee

How dear a treasure life and youth had been:
105 'Tis that they fear to lose; the very name
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute
Than heaven, or sin, or hell—those are last thought
on.

And where got'st thou such boldness from the rest
Of all thy timorous sex, to do a deed here
110 Upon thyself, would plunge the world's best soldier,
And make him twice bethink him, and again,
And yet give over? Since thy life has left me,
I'll clasp the body for the spirit that dwelt in't,
And love the house still for the mistress' sake.
115 Thou art mine now, 'spite of destruction
And Govianus; and I will possess thee.
I once read of a Herod whose affection
Pursued a virgin's love, as I did thine,
Who for the hate she owed him killed herself
120 (As thou too rashly didst) without all pity;
Yet he preserved her body dead in honey
And kept her long after her funeral.

But I'll unlock the treasure house of art
With keys of gold and bestow all on thee.
125 [To the soldiers] Here, slaves, receive her humbly from
our arms;

[He receives the Lady's body from them]

Art thou cold?

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our arms;

90 **prisoners** i.e. her words are imprisoned within her by her death

91 **prove** try

91-2 **chill . . . ache** lovemaking so cold that it would make even a pimp's heels ache (pimps were supposed to 'cool their heels', while they waited for their clients)

94 **beshrew thee** curse you

105-7 **the . . . hell** the mere mention (of

losing life and youth) can make more revellers tremble in a moment than can heaven or sin or hell

108 **from** unlike

110 **plunge** overwhelm

112 **yet give over** eventually give up

114 **house** i.e. body (as in *Roaring Girl*, 5.140-1): the body as the (now empty) house of the soul echoes the Tyrant's

violation of the tomb, the (now empty) house of the body

117-22 **read . . . funeral** the full horror of the Tyrant's plan is finally revealed, through the legend of Herod's preservation of Mariamne's body—according to some versions, in order to have sex with it—as related in the *Works of Josephus* (trans. Thomas Lodge, 1602) and elsewhere

Upon your knees, you villains! All's too little,
 If you should sweep the pavement with your lips.
 FIRST SOLDIER [*aside*]
 What strange brooms he invents!
 [*Soldiers kneel and take the body from the Tyrant*]
 TYRANT So, reverently,
 Bear her before us gently to our palace.
 130 Place you the stone again where first we found it.
 Exeunt [*Second and Third Soldiers*
 carrying the body]. Manet First Soldier

FIRST SOLDIER
 Life, must this on now to deceive all comers
 And cover emptiness?
 [*He replaces the tombstone*]
 'Tis for all the world
 Like a great city-pie brought to a table
 Where there be many hands that lay about.
 135 The lid's shut close, when all the meat's picked out,
 Yet stands to make a show and cozen people. Exit

4.4 Enter Govianus in black, a book in his hand, his
 page carrying a torch before him

GOVIANUS
 Already mine eye melts. The monument
 No sooner stood before it, but a tear
 Ran swiftly from me, to express her duty.
 Temple of honour, I salute thee early,
 5 The time that my griefs rise. Chamber of peace,
 Where wounded virtue sleeps, locked from the world,
 I bring to be acquainted with thy silence
 Sorrows that love no noise: they dwell all inward,
 Where truth and love in every man should dwell.
 10 [*To the page*] Be ready, boy; give me the strain again.
 'Twill show well here, whilst in my grief's devotion
 At every rest mine eye lets fall a bead
 To keep the number perfect.

Govianus kneels at the tomb wondrous passionately. His page sings.

The song:

15 If ever pity were well placed
 On true desert and virtuous honour,
 It could ne'er be better graced;
 Freely, then, bestow't upon her.

20 Never lady earned her fame
 In virtue's war with greater strife.
 To preserve her constant name
 She gave up beauty, youth and life.
 There she sleeps,

Upon your knees, you villains! All's too little,
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 There she sleeps,

126-7 All's...lips Your reverence for her would be inadequate, even if you were to bow so low that you brushed the paving with your lips.

131 this on this (i.e. the stone) be put back on (the tomb)

133 city-pie pie made for the Lord Mayor's or Aldermen's feasts in the City of London. Sometimes elaborate pie-crusts were put back on the dishes after they

had been emptied. The pie crust or lid was also known as the coffin.

134 lay about grab what they can

4.4.1-5 Already...rise Unlike the Tyrant, Govianus weeps at once. It is now early morning ('the time that my griefs rise'). The play's action takes place over twenty-four hours, although the movement of time is telescoped to create

a sense of continuous action.

3 her duty i.e. my duty to her

10-13 give...perfect a strain is a musical passage (as in *Twelfth Night*, 1.1.4), which will 'show well' (fit appropriately) at this point. Rests are pauses in the music, and Govianus's falling tears (beads) keep the numbers (i.e. the measure) of the song in strict time.

And here he weeps,
The lord unto so rare a wife.

25 Weep, weep and mourn lament,
You virgins that pass by her,
For if praise come by death again,
I doubt few will lie nigh her.

GOVIANUS

30 Thou art an honest boy. 'Tis done like one
That has a feeling of his master's passions
And the unmatched worth of his dead mistress.
Thy better years shall find me good to thee
When understanding ripens in thy soul,
Which truly makes the man, and not long time.
35 Prithee withdraw a little and attend me
At cloister door.

PAGE It shall be done, my lord. [Exit]

GOVIANUS

Eternal maid of honour, whose chaste body
Lies here, like virtue's close and hidden seed,
To spring forth glorious to eternity
At the everlasting harvest—

40 VOICE WITHIN I am not here.

GOVIANUS

What's that? Who is not here? I'm forced to question
it.

Some idle sounds the beaten vaults send forth.

*On a sudden in a kind of noise like a wind, the
doors clattering, the tombstone flies open, and a
great light appears in the midst of the tomb; his
Lady, as went out, standing just before him all in
white, stuck with jewels and a great crucifix on
her breast*

Mercy look to me! Faith, I fly to thee!
Keep a strong watch about me—now thy friendship!
45 O never came astonishment and fear
So pleasing to mankind! I take delight
To have my breast shake, and my hair stand stiff.
If this be horror, let it never die!
Came all the pains of hell in that shape to me,
I should endure 'em smiling. [*To the Lady*] Keep me
50 still

In terror, I beseech thee: I'd not change
This fever for felicity of man

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Enter Lady: Rich. Robinson

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This fever for felicity of man

50

25 **mourn lament** sadly sing a lament.
The words of the song show that the
Lady was both 'wife', i.e. betrothed to
Govianus, but also virgin (see also 37–8).
27–8 if...**her** if a virgin were to achieve
praise again through death, I am sure
that few would approach her in virtue
32 **better** later, older
35–6 **attend...door** wait for me at the door
to the cloisters.
38–40 **like...harvest** like the seeds of
virtue, secret and concealed, until
they shall bear fruit at God's harvest

of souls (i.e. be resurrected at the last
judgement). Govianus's words refer to
the doctrine of the resurrection of the
body, a further powerful reason why
the Lady's body must be saved from the
Tyrant's lust.
40 **I am not here** According to the gospels,
angels clothed in white told mourners
at Christ's tomb, 'He is not here, for He
is risen'. The mysterious offstage voice
prepares us for the Lady's miraculous
appearance two lines later, probably
through a trapdoor, since she arrives

'standing just before him'.

42 **idle** meaningless
beaten echoing

42.4 **as went out** A baffling phrase, which
looks as if it should mean 'as she left the
stage', or 'as she was when she died',
but since the Lady was then in black,
and is now in white, 'stuck with jewels',
this seems less likely.

B4.2.7 **Enter Lady: Rich. Robinson** Richard
Robinson was a boy actor with the
King's Men (see Introduction, 835).

44 **thy friendship** I need (faith's) friendship

Or all the pleasures of ten thousand ages.

LADY
Dear lord, I come to tell you all my wrongs.

GOVIANUS
55 Welcome! Who wrongs the spirit of my love?
Thou art above the injuries of blood,
They cannot reach thee now. What dares offend thee?
No life that has the weight of flesh upon't,
And treads as I do, can now wrong my mistress!

LADY
60 The peace that death allows me is not mine.
The monument is robbed. Behold, I'm gone,
My body taken up.

GOVIANUS [*looking into the tomb*]
'Tis gone indeed.
What villain dares so fearfully run in debt
To black eternity?

LADY He that dares do more—
The Tyrant!

65 GOVIANUS All the miseries below
Reward his boldness!

LADY I am now at court,
In his own private chamber. There he woos me
And plies his suit to me with as serious pains
As if the short flame of mortality
70 Were lighted up again in my cold breast;
Folds me within his arms and often sets
A sinful kiss upon my senseless lip;
Weeps when he sees the paleness of my cheek,
And will send privately for a hand of art
75 That may dissemble life upon my face
To please his lustful eye.

GOVIANUS O piteous wrongs,
Inhuman injuries, without grace or mercy!

LADY
I leave 'em to thy thought, dearest of men.
My rest is lost. Thou must restore't again.

GOVIANUS
O, fly me not so soon!

80 LADY Farewell, true lord. *Exit*

GOVIANUS
I cannot spare thee yet. I'll make myself
Over to death too, and we'll walk together
Like loving spirits—I prithee let's do so.
She's snatched away by fate and I talk sickly.
85 I must dispatch this business upon earth
Before I take that journey.
I'll to my brother for his aid or counsel.
So wronged! O heav'n, put armour on my spirit:
Her body I will place in her first rest
90 Or in th'attempt lock death into my breast. *Exit*

Finit Actus Quartus

59 **treads** walks on the earth
63-4 **What . . . eternity** Who is so wicked
that he dares incur a debt that must be
paid for eternally in hell?

65 **below** of hell
74 **a hand of art** the hand of an artist
75 **dissemble** give the appearance of
80 **fly me not** do not fly from me

88-90 **put . . . breast** give me spiritual
protection. I will restore her body to
its original resting-place, or die in the
attempt.



5.1 *Incipit Actus Quintus*
Enter Votarius with Anselmus, the husband
 VOTARIUS [*pointing out the closet*]
 You shall stand here, my lord, unseen, and hear all.
 Do I deal now like a right friend with you?
 ANSELMUS Like a most faithful.
 VOTARIUS
 You shall have her mind e'en as it comes to me,
 Though I undo her by't. Your friendship, sir,
 5 Is the sweet mistress that I only serve.
 I prize the roughness of a man's embrace
 Before the soft lips of a hundred ladies.
 ANSELMUS
 And that's an honest mind of thee.
 VOTARIUS Lock yourself, sir,
 Into that closet and be sure none see you.
 10 Trust not a creature. We'll have all run clear,
 E'en as the heart affords it.
 ANSELMUS 'Tis a match, sir.
 [*He withdraws to the closet*]
 VOTARIUS [*aside*]
 Troth, he says true there: 'tis a match indeed.
 He does not know the strength of his own words,
 For if he did, there were no mast'ring on him.
 15 He's cleft the pin in two with a blind man's eyes.
 Though I shoot wide, I'll cozen him of the game.
 [*Enter*] Leonella above, in a gallery with her love
 Bellarius
 LEONELLA
 Dost thou see thine enemy walk?
 BELLARIUS I would I did not.
 LEONELLA
 Prithee rest quiet, man. I have fee'd one for him,
 A trusty catchpole, too, that will be sure on him.
 20 Thou know'st this gallery well. 'Tis at thy use now;
 'T'as been at mine full often. Thou mayst sit
 Like a most private gallant in yon corner,
 See all the play, and ne'er be seen thyself.
 BELLARIUS
 Therefore I chose it.
 LEONELLA Thou shalt see my lady
 25 Play her part naturally, more to the life

5.1.2 **right** true. Votarius hides Anselmus in the closet so that he may overhear what ensues (as he had done earlier at 1.2.71.1, or as the deceived Harebrain does in *Mad World*, 3.2.191-5).
 3 **have** know
 8 **that's... thee** that shows an honourable attitude on your part.
 10 **clear** smoothly, also openly or transparently
 11-16 **'Tis... game** That's agreed. In an aside, Votarius plays on further meanings of this expression—that Anselmus and he are playing a match against one

another for the Wife, but if Anselmus were to realize this, there would be no controlling his rage. Anselmus is like a blind man at an archery match who has accidentally managed to split the centre ('pin') of the target. Even if Votarius cannot beat him (shooting wide of the mark), he can still cheat him of the prize.
 18-19 I... **him** I have paid an officer to arrest him (a catchpole was an officer who arrested debtors),—a reliable one who will make sure that he's got him.
 22 **Like... corner** Gallants (men-about-town)

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sat on the stage and in the galleries of the theatre, partly in order to be seen. Bellarius, by contrast, will be 'private', i.e. invisible to the actors, but able to watch the performance about to take place on the stage below. The fifth act sets up a piece of play-acting which suddenly becomes reality, but unlike comparable scenes in *Mad World*, *Hengist* and *Women Beware*, this one is not presented as a formal entertainment.
 25-6 **more... on** more realistically than she realizes

Than she's aware on.
 BELLARIUS There must I be pleased.
 Thou'rt one of the actors, thou'lt be missed anon.
 LEONELLA
 Alas, a woman's action's always ready.
 Yet I'll down, now I think on't. *Descendet Leonella*
 BELLARIUS Do, 'tis time, i'faith.
 ANSELMUS [*apart, at the closet*]
 30 I know not yet where I should plant belief,
 I am so strangely tossed between two tales.
 I'm told by my wife's woman the deed's done,
 And in Votarius' tongue, 'tis yet to come:
 The castle is but upon yielding yet,
 35 'Tis not delivered up. Well, we shall find
 The mystery shortly. I will entertain
 The patience of a prisoner i'th' mean time.
 [*He locks himself in [the closet]*
Enter Anselmus' Wife with Leonella [who hangs
up the sword]
 WIFE [*aside to Leonella*]
 Is all set ready, wench?
 LEONELLA Push! Madam, all.
 WIFE [*louder, as if replying to Leonella*]
 Tell me not so. She lives not for a lady
 That has less peace than I.
 40 LEONELLA Nay, good sweet madam,
 You would not think how much this passion alters
 you:
 It drinks up all the beauty of your cheek.
 I promise you, madam, you have lost much blood.
 WIFE
 Let it draw death upon me, for till then
 45 I shall be mistress of no true content.
 Who could endure hourly temptation
 And bear it, as I do?
 LEONELLA Nay, that's most certain,
 Unless it were myself again. I can do't,
 I suffer the like daily. You should complain, madam.
 WIFE
 50 Which way, were that wisdom? Prithee, wench, to
 whom?
 LEONELLA
 To him who makes all whole again, my lord.
 To one that, if he be a kind, good husband,
 Will let you bear no more than you are able.
 WIFE
 Thou know'st not what thou speak'st. Why, my lord's
 he

26 **There...pleased** I'm bound to be pleased about that.

28 **a woman's...ready** women are always ready to play their part; also, women's (sexual) parts are always ready.

31 **tossed...tales** 'Never was man so tossed between two tales! | I know not which to take, nor which to trust' (*No Wit*, 3.208-9).

34-5 **The castle...up** The castle is only at

the point of surrender—it has not yet been handed over.

39 **She...lady** There is no lady living
 43 **blood** the Wife is pale—supposedly from being persecuted, but actually from sexual passion (according to contemporary medical theories, the body's liquids needed to be maintained at steady levels for health).

44 **death** with the secondary meaning of

orgasm, which she must 'bear', as at A2.I.80

49 **I suffer the like** I put up with the same thing. Leonella hastens to assure the Wife that she suffers the same pleasures or pains.

50 **Which...wisdom** In what direction? Would that be wise?

54-5 **my lord's he** | **That** it is my lord who

55	That gives him the house-freedom, all his boldness, Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me.	That gives him the house-freedom, all his boldness, Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me.	55
	LEONELLA Now I hold wiser of my lord than so: He knows the world. He would not be so idle.	LEONELLA Now I hold wiser of my lord than so: He knows the world. He would not be so idle.	
	WIFE I speak sad truth to thee: I am not private In mine own chamber, such his impudence is.	WIFE I speak sad truth to thee: I am not private In mine own chamber, such his impudence is.	
60	Nay, my repenting time is scarce blessed from him; He will offend my prayers.	Nay, my repenting time is scarce blessed from him; He will offend my prayers.	60
	LEONELLA Out upon him! I believe, madam, he's of no religion.	LEONELLA Out upon him! I believe, madam, he's of no religion.	
	WIFE He serves my lord, and that's enough for him, And preys upon poor ladies like myself.	WIFE He serves my lord, and that's enough for him, And preys upon poor ladies like myself.	
65	There's all the gentleman's devotion!	There's all the gentleman's devotion!	65
	LEONELLA Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing!	LEONELLA Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing!	
	WIFE Pray watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us Unless it be my lord.	WIFE Pray watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us Unless it be my lord.	
	LEONELLA [<i>aside</i>] 'Twas finely spoke, that— My lord indeed is the most trouble to her.	LEONELLA [<i>aside</i>] 'Twas finely spoke, that— My lord indeed is the most trouble to her.	
70	Now must I show a piece of service here. How do I spend my days? Life, shall I never Get higher than a lady's doorkeeper?	Now must I show a piece of service here. How do I spend my days? Shall I never Get higher than a lady's doorkeeper?	70
	I must be married, as my lady is, first, And then my maid may do as much for me.	I must be married, as my lady is, first, And then my maid may do as much for me.	
75	WIFE O miserable time! Except my lord Do wake in honourable pity to me And rid this vicious gamester from his house Whom I have checked so often, here I vow	WIFE O miserable time! Except my lord Do wake in honourable pity to me And rid this vicious gamester from his house Whom I have checked so often, here I vow	
80	I'll imitate my noble sister's fate, Late mistress to the worthy Govianus, And cast away my life as she did hers.	I'll imitate my noble sister's fate, Late mistress to the worthy Govianus, And cast away my life as she did hers.	80
	<i>Enter Votarius to the door within</i>	<i>Enter Votarius to the door within</i>	
	LEONELLA Back! You're too forward, sir. There's no coming for you.	LEONELLA Back! You're too forward, sir. There's no coming for you.	
	VOTARIUS How, mistress Len, my lady's smock woman?	VOTARIUS How, mistress Len, my lady's smock woman?	
85	Am I no further in your duty yet?	Am I no further in your duty yet?	85
	LEONELLA Duty? Look for't of them you keep under, sir.	LEONELLA Duty? Look for't of them you keep under, sir.	
	VOTARIUS You'll let me in?	VOTARIUS You'll let me in?	
	LEONELLA Who would you speak withal?	LEONELLA Who would you speak withal?	
	VOTARIUS With the best lady you make curtsy to.	VOTARIUS With the best lady you make curtsy to.	

57 Now...so Now I think better of my lord than that.

58 idle silly, as at 4.4.42

59 sad serious, sober

66 There's...devotion That's all the prayers he makes (punning on prey/pray in the previous line, and also on the meaning of Votarius's name as 'devotee').

73 doorkeeper also, bawd

74-5 I must...me first I'll have to get married, as my lady is, and then my maid could do as much for me

76 Except unless

83 coming visiting, (sexual) access

84-5 How...yet What, mistress Len, who

looks after my lady's underclothes?

('Smock woman' also suggests a sexual guardian—see 'smock sentinels', *Banquet*, 1.4.125.) Have I earned no more respect from you than this?

86 them...under i.e. your own servants (also, those under you in the act of sex)

LEONELLA
 She will not speak with you.
 VOTARIUS Have you her mind?
 90 I scorn to take her answer of her broker.
 [He presses past Leonella]
 LEONELLA [warning the Wife]
 Madam!
 WIFE
 What's there? How now, sir, what's your business?
 We see your boldness plain.
 VOTARIUS I came to see you, madam.
 WIFE
 Farewell, then; though 'twas impudence too much
 When I was private.
 VOTARIUS Madam!
 WIFE Life, he was born
 To beggar all my patience!
 95 VOTARIUS I'm bold
 Still to prefer my love.—Your woman hears me not.
 [He attempts to kiss her]
 WIFE
 Where's modesty and honour? Have I not thrice
 Answered thy lust?
 LEONELLA [aside] By'r lady, I think oftener.
 WIFE
 And dar'st thou yet look with temptation on us?
 Since nothing will prevail—come, death! Come,
 100 vengeance!
 I will forget the weakness of my kind,
 And force thee from my chamber.
 [She seizes the sword and attacks Votarius]
 VOTARIUS How now, lady?
 Ud's life, you prick me, madam!
 WIFE [aside to Votarius] Prithee peace,
 I will not hurt thee. [Loudly] Will you yet be gone, sir?
 LEONELLA [aside]
 He's upon going, I think.
 105 VOTARIUS Madam!
 Heart, you deal false with me! O, I feel it.
 You're a most treacherous lady! This' thy glory?
 My breast is all afire—O—
 [He dies]
 LEONELLA [laughing] Ha, ha, ha!
 ANSELMUS [coming from the closet]
 Ha! I believe her constancy too late,
 110 Confirmed e'en in the blood of my best friend.
 [He seizes the sword to stab Leonella]
 Take thou my vengeance, thou bold perjurous strum-
 pet,
 That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely!
 [He] kills Leonella

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 VOTARIUS Have you her mind?
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 WIFE He was born
 To beggar all my patience!
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 Take thou my vengeance, thou bold perjurous strum-
 pet,
 That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely!
 [He] kills Leonella

90 **broker** agent, intermediary

93-4 'twas...**private** It was unacceptably rude of you when I was alone.

96 **prefer** put forward, offer

98 **Answered** responded to (the Wife means

with a rebuke, Leonella means sexually)

103 **you prick me** you've stabbed me

105 **He's...going** he's just about to go (i.e. die)

107 **This' thy glory** Is this your triumph?

The poison, like fire in the blood, acts out the destructiveness of sexual passion (as in Hippolito's death from poisoned darts, *Women Beware*, 5.1.177-9, 186-7).

	BELLARIUS	O deadly poison after a sweet banquet! What make I here? I had forgot my heart.		BELLARIUS	O deadly poison after a sweet banquet! What make I here? I had forgot my heart.	
115		I am an actor too, and never thought on't. The blackness of this season cannot miss me. [Bellarius descends to the main stage, draws his sword and challenges Anselmus]			I am an actor too, and never thought on't. The blackness of this season cannot miss me. Bellarius [descends to the main stage, draws his sword and challenges Anselmus]	115
		Sirrah, you, lord!			Sirrah, you, lord!	
	WIFE [aside]	Is he there? Welcome, ruin!		WIFE [aside]	Is he there? Welcome, ruin!	
	BELLARIUS	There is a life due to me in that bosom For this poor gentlewoman.		BELLARIUS	There is a life due to me in that bosom For this poor gentlewoman.	
	ANSELMUS	And art thou then receiver?		ANSELMUS	And art thou then receiver?	
120		I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last scape! They make a dangerous pass at one another. The Wife purposely runs between, and is killed by them both			I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last scape! They make a dangerous pass at one another. The Wife purposely runs between, and is killed by them both	120
	WIFE [aside]	I come, Votarius!		WIFE [aside]	I come, Votarius!	
	ANSELMUS [to Bellarius]	Hold, if manhood guide thee! [He kneels beside the Wife]		ANSELMUS [to Bellarius]	Hold, if manhood guide thee! [He kneels beside the Wife]	
		O, what has fury done?			O, what has fury done?	
	BELLARIUS	What has it done now?		BELLARIUS	What has it done now?	
		Why, killed an honourable whore, that's all.			Why, killed an honourable whore, that's all.	
	ANSELMUS	Villain, I'll seal that lie upon thy heart! A constant lady!		ANSELMUS	Villain, I'll seal that lie upon thy heart! A constant lady!	
125	BELLARIUS	To the devil, as could be! Heart, must I prick you forward? Either up Or, sir, I'll take my chance. Thou couldst kill her Without repenting, that deserved more pity, And spend'st thy time and tears upon a quean—		BELLARIUS	To the devil, as could be! Must I prick you forward? Either up Or, sir, I'll take my chance. Thou couldst kill her Without repenting, that deserved more pity, And spend'st thy time and tears upon a quean—	125
130	ANSELMUS Slave!	[He rises. They fight, wounding one another fatally]		ANSELMUS Slave!	[He rises. They fight, wounding one another fatally]	130
	BELLARIUS	—That was deceived once in her own deceit, As I am now! The poison I prepared Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too And serves us both to make up death withal.		BELLARIUS	—That was deceived once in her own deceit, As I am now! The poison I prepared Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too And serves us both to make up death withal.	135
135	ANSELMUS	I ask no more of destiny but to fall		ANSELMUS	I ask no more of destiny but to fall	

114 **What ... heart** What am I doing here? (this phrase is used by Bianca at the end of *Women Beware*, 5.1.247). I had forgotten my own feelings. Bellarius speaks these lines from the gallery ('here'), but descends immediately, challenging Anselmus at l. 117. As it normally took about eight lines for an actor to descend from the gallery (as at ll. 29–38), he may jump, swing or slide down onto the main stage (depending on the height of the gallery).

119–20 **And ... scape** So you're going to call in my life, then (i.e. in payment for

Leonella's)? I'll pay you back in full, scoundrel, for your previous offence (i.e. illegally entering my house).

121 **I come, Votarius** The Wife is (symbolically) slain between two men. As Bellarius suggestively puts it at l. A164, 'She ran upon two weapons' (swords/penises). Her last words suggest self-immolation for the accidental killing of Votarius, as well as her desire to join him. They seem to be said to herself or in an aside, since Anselmus does not apparently overhear them.

126–7 **must ... chance** Must I goad you into

fighting? Either get up, or I'll risk killing you where you are.

129 **quean** promiscuous woman

131–2 **That ... now** That was once taken in by her own trick,—as I have been taken in by my own.

133 **mine enemy's** i.e. that of Votarius

134–5 **Is ... withal** (The poison) is saucily familiar with my blood, also, and will suffice to bring about both our deaths (i.e. his and that of Votarius, since Anselmus dies from Bellarius's sword, which has not been poisoned).

Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress.
 If all the treasure of my weeping strength
 Be left so wealthy but to purchase that,
 140 I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit.
 [He drags himself towards the Wife's body]
 Yet favour me—[reaching her] O yet I thank thee, fate.
 I expire cheerfully and give death a smile.
Anselmus dies

BELLARIUS

O rage! I pity now mine enemy's flesh.
Enter Govianus with servants

GOVIANUS

Where should he be?

FIRST SERVANT My lady, sir, will tell you.

She's in her chamber here.

SECOND SERVANT [looking about]

O, my lord!

145 GOVIANUS Peace!

My honourable brother, madam, all!
 So many dreadful deeds and not one tongue
 Left to proclaim 'em?

BELLARIUS Yes. Hear, if a voice

Some minute long may satisfy your ear;
 I've that time allowed it.

150 GOVIANUS 'Tis enough.

Bestow it quickly ere death snatch it from thee.

BELLARIUS

That lord, your brother, made his friend Votarius
 To tempt his lady. She was won to lust,
 The act revealed here by her serving woman.
 155 But that wise, close adulteress, stored with art,
 To prey upon the weakness of that lord,
 Dissembled a great rage upon her love,
 And indeed killed him; which so won her husband,
 He slew this right discoverer in his fury,
 160 Who, being my mistress, I was moved in heart
 To take some pains with him, and he's paid me for't.
 As for the cunning lady, I commend her:
 She performed that which never woman tried,
 She ran upon two weapons, and so died.

165 Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet.

[He] dies

Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress.
 If all the treasure of my weeping strength
 Be left so wealthy but to purchase that,
 140 I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit.
 [He drags himself towards the Wife's body]
 Yet favour me—[reaching her] O yet I thank thee, fate.
 I expire cheerfully and give death a smile.
 [Anselmus collapses]

140

BELLARIUS

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 As for the cunning lady, I commend her:
 She performed that which never woman tried,
 She ran upon our weapons, and so died.

150

165 Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet.

[He] dies

165

138-40 **If...spirit** If whatever's left of my strength, as I bleed, is only enough to buy my death (beside my mistress), I have gained the dearest wish of my great spirit.

143 **O rage!** He feels the burning of the poison, and momentarily pities Votarius.
 155 **close secret**

157 **Dissembled...love** pretended to be furiously angry with her lover

159 **right discoverer** person who exposed the truth (i.e. Leonella)

161-4 **To...died** to take some trouble over him, and he has repaid me for it. As for the crafty (also, sexy) lady, I congratulate her: she did something no woman has ever attempted before: she

threw herself upon two weapons, and so killed herself (Bellarius suggests that the Wife deliberately set out to achieve such a consummation).

B166-79 **O thunder...lust** In this additional passage, Anselmus survives long enough to learn from the dying Bellarius that his Wife had, in fact, betrayed him, and despairs.

B168-9 **I...me** Bellarius's words burn Anselmus inwardly, as the action of the poison had consumed the others. They condemn him to hell, both because they make him burn with anger (as if he were already there), and also because he would reject heaven itself to avoid

meeting his Wife there, as he explains at ll. B175-7.

B171 **believing** trusting
 B173 **grow beggars** are emptied of blood
sue beg, pray

B177 **sup with torments** i.e. in hell
 B179 **"The...lust"** This epigram links women's lust to the serpent that persuaded Eve to disobey God by eating the apple, thus bringing desire, death, and misery into the world ('Now, the serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field...', Genesis 3:1). Even at the point of death, Anselmus remains self-deceived since he cannot admit his own part in his Wife's fall.

GOVIANUS

Is death so long a-coming to mankind,
It must be met halfways? 'Las, the full time
Is, to eternity, but a minute, a [breath].
Was that so long to stay? O cruel speed!
170 There's few men pay their debts before their day;
If they be ready at their time, 'tis well,
And but a few that are so. What strange haste
Was made among these people! My heart weeps for't.

[To the servants] Go, bear those bodies to a place more
comely.

[The bodies are carried out]

175 [To Anselmus] Brother, I came for thy advice, but I

Find thee so ill a counsellor to thyself
That I repent my pains, and depart sighing.—
The body of my love is still at court.
I am not well to think on't. The poor spirit
180 Was with me once again about it, troth,
And I can put it off no more for shame,
Though I desire to have it haunt me still
And never to give over, 'tis so pleasing.
I must to court. I've plighted my faith to't.
185 'T'as opened me the way to the revenge.
Tyrant, I'll run thee on a dangerous shelf,
Though I be forced to fly this land myself!

Exit

5.2 [The throne is set out]
Enter Tyrant with attendants

TYRANT

In vain my spirit wrestles with my blood,
Affection will be mistress here on earth.
The house is hers, the soul is but a tenant.
I ha' tasked myself but with the abstinence
5 Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that.
I cannot keep from sight of her so long.

ANSELMUS

O thunder that awakes me e'en from death,
And makes me curse my confidence with cold lips!
I feel his words in flames about my soul.
He's more than killed me.

GOVIANUS Brother!

ANSELMUS I repent the smile

That I bestowed on destiny! A whore! 170

[He throws the Wife's body from him]

I fling thee thus from my believing breast
With all the strength I have. My rage is great,
Although my veins grow beggars. Now I sue
To die far from thee. May we never meet!
Were my soul bid to joy's eternal banquet 175
And were assured to find thee there a guest,
I'd sup with torments and refuse that feast!
O thou beguiler of man's easy trust,
"The serpent's wisdom is in women's lust!"
[He] dies

GOVIANUS [to the servants]

Go, bear those bodies to a place more comely. 180

[The bodies are carried out]

[To the body of Anselmus] Brother, I came for thy
advice, but I

Find thee so ill a counsellor to thyself
That I repent my pains, and depart sighing.—
The body of my love is still at court.
I am not well to think on't. The poor spirit 185
Was with me once again about it, troth,
And I can put it off no more for shame,
Though I desire to have it haunt me still
And never to give over, 'tis so pleasing.
I must to court. I've plighted my faith to't. 190
'T'as opened me the way to the revenge.
And I must through. Exit

5.2 [The throne is set out]
Enter Tyrant with attendants

TYRANT

In vain my spirit wrestles with my blood,
Affection will be mistress here on earth.
The house is hers, the soul is but a tenant.
I ha' tasked myself but with the abstinence
5 Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that.
I cannot keep from sight of her so long.

A166-7 **Is...halfways** Is death so slow
to arrive for men that it must be met
halfway? (Govianus voices the common
man's reaction to the violence that has
cut short the lives of five people.)

A170-3 **There's...people** Few men pay
their debts (i.e. give up their lives) before
they fall due; if they are ready to do so
when called upon, that's good, but even
then, only a few are. What a strange
hurry these people were in.

A179/B185 **I am...on't** It makes me ill to
think of it.
A180/B186 **about it** concerning that (i.e.
her body having been taken to the court)
A184/B190 **plighted my faith** given my
word
A186 **I'll...shelf** I'll drive you onto danger-
ous rocks.
B192 **I must through** I must go through
with it. As the closing line of a scene,
this recalls Maximus's words at the

end of act 3 of Fletcher's *Tragedy of
Valentinian*: "Give me a certain ruin, I
must through it" (3.3.170).
5.2.1-5 **In...that** My soul is wrestling
unsuccessfully against my body: passion
must rule here on earth. She owns the
house (i.e. the body, as at 4.3.114); the
soul is no more than a lodger. I have set
myself to abstain (i.e. from seeing her)
for a single hour, yet I cannot achieve
even that (compare 2.3.3).

I starve mine eye too much. [*To an attendant*] Go,
 bring her forth,
 As we have caused her body to be decked
 In all the glorious riches of our palace.
 [Exit attendant]

10 Our mind has felt a famine for the time;
 All comfort has been dear and scarce with us.
 [*Enter soldiers with the Lady*]
 The times are altered since. Strike on, sweet harmony!
 [*Music plays*]
 A braver world comes toward us.
*They bring the body in a chair, dressed up in
 black velvet which sets out the paleness of the
 hands and face, and a fair chain of pearl across her
 breast and the crucifix above it. The Tyrant stands
 silent awhile, letting the music play, beckoning the
 soldiers that bring her in to make obeisance to her,
 and he himself makes a low honour to the body
 and kisses the hand.*
A Song within, in voices

15 O what is beauty that's so much adorèd?
 A flatt'ring glass that cozens her beholders:
 One night of death makes it look pale and horrid;
 The dainty preserv'd flesh, how soon it moulders.
 To love it living, it bewitcheth many,
 But after life is seldom heard of any.

FIRST SOLDIER [*aside*]

20 By this hand, mere idolatry! I make curtsy
 To my damnation. I have learned so much,
 Though I could never know the meaning yet
 Of all my Latin prayers, nor ne'er sought for't.

TYRANT [*to the Lady's body*]

25 How pleasing art thou to us even in death!
 I love thee yet, above all women living,
 And shall do sev'n year hence.
 I can see nothing to be mended in thee
 But the too constant paleness of thy cheek.
 I'd give the kingdom but to purchase there
 30 The breadth of a red rose in natural colour,
 And think it the best bargain
 That ever king made yet; but fate's my hindrance,
 And I must only rest content with art,
 And that I'll have in spite on't!—[*To Second Soldier*] Is
 he come, sir?

SECOND SOLDIER
 Who, my lord?

I starve mine eye too much. [*To an attendant*] Go,
 bring her forth,
 As we have caused her body to be decked
 In all the glorious riches of our palace.
 [Exit attendant]

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 25 The breadth of a red rose in natural colour,
 But fate is my hinderer,
 And I must only rest content with art,
 And that I'll have in spite on't!—[*To Second Soldier*] Is
 he come, sir?

SECOND SOLDIER Who, my lord?

10-11 **Our...us** My mind felt starved during that time (i.e. of her absence); any comfort seemed expensive and hard to come by.
 13 **braver** brighter, better
 13.1 **the body in a chair** probably a dummy (or else another actor), since the Lady's ghost enters at l. A153.1/B128.1 and speaks at l. A164/B139
 13.2 **sets out** sets off
 13.7 **honour** a bow (a distinctively Middletonian sense of the word)
 13.9 **in voices** with different voices taking

different parts. Sung offstage, the words of this madrigal emphasize physical decay, thus commenting ironically on the Tyrant's ceremony, although he seems unconscious of them. Polyphonic singing was characteristic of Catholic services.
 A20-3 **By...for't** The first soldier finds the ceremony idolatrous or even Roman Catholic, as his reference to Latin prayers suggests (Anglican prayers were said in English). Protestants in any case

considered Catholics idolatrous.
 A26 **And...hence** Like Herod, who kept Mariamne's body embalmed for seven years (see 4.3.117).
 A30/B25 **The breadth** as much colour (as...)
 A32 **fate's my hinderer**; B26 **fate is my hinderer** fate (in the form of death) will prevent me
 A33-4/B27-8 **I...on't** I shall have to be satisfied with mere artifice, and that I'll have, in spite of fate.

35 TYRANT Dull!—The fellow that we sent
For a court schoolmaster, a picture drawer,
A ladies' forenoon tutor. Is he come, sir?
FIRST SOLDIER
Not yet returned, my lord.
TYRANT The fool belike
Makes his choice carefully, for so we charged him,
40 To fit our close deeds with some private hand.
[To the Lady] It is no shame for thee, most silent
mistress,
To stand in need of art,
When youth and all thy warm friends has forsook
thee.
Women alive are glad to seek her friendship
45 To make up the fair number of their graces,
Or else the reck'ning would fall short sometimes,
And servants would look out for better wages.
*Enter Third Soldier with Govianus [disguised as a
painter]*
SECOND SOLDIER
He's come, my lord.
TYRANT Depart then.
[*Exeunt First and Second Soldiers and attendants*]
Is that he?
THIRD SOLDIER The privat'st I could get, my lord.
GOVIANUS [*aside*]
50 O heav'n, marry patience to my spirit!
Give me a sober fury, I beseech thee,
A rage that may not overcharge my blood
And do myself most hurt! 'Tis strange to me
To see thee here at court, and gone from hence.
55 Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?
And kept in the worst corner!
O who dares play with destiny but he
That wears security so thick upon him,
The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through!
TYRANT [*to Third Soldier*]
60 'Twas circumspectly carried. Leave us, go.
[*Exit Third Soldier*]
[To Govianus] Be nearer, sir: thou'rt much commended
to us.
GOVIANUS
It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman.
TYRANT
Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that.
We need that art that thou art master of.
GOVIANUS
65 My king is master both of that and me.

TYRANT Dull!— 30
The fellow that we sent for a picture drawer,
A ladies' forenoon tutor. Is he come, sir?
FIRST SOLDIER
Not yet returned, my lord.
TYRANT The fool belike
Makes his choice carefully, for so we charged him.
Where is he?
*Enter Third Soldier with Govianus [disguised as a
painter]*
SECOND SOLDIER
He's come, my lord.
TYRANT Depart then. 35
[*Exeunt First and Second Soldiers and attendants*]
Is that he?
THIRD SOLDIER
The privat'st I could get, my lord.
GOVIANUS [*aside*]
O heav'n, marry patience to my spirit!
Give me a sober fury, I beseech thee,
A rage that may not overcharge my blood
And do myself most hurt! 'Tis strange to me 40
To see thee here at court, and gone from hence.
Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?
O who dares play with destiny but he
That wears security so thick upon him,
The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through! 45
TYRANT [*to Third Soldier*]
'Twas circumspectly carried. Leave us, go.
[*Exit Third Soldier*]
[To Govianus] Be nearer, sir: thou'rt much commended
to us.
GOVIANUS
It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman.
TYRANT
Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that.
We need that art that thou art master of. 50
GOVIANUS
My king is master both of that and me.

A35/B30 **Dull** Stupid
A36/B31 **a picture drawer** a portrait painter
A37/B32 **ladies'... tutor** Court ladies
supposedly spent their mornings painting
their faces, or having them painted.
A40 **fit...deeds** suit our secret activities
A44-7 **Women...wages** Living women are

happy to seek the help of art to make up
the full quantity of their attractions, oth-
erwise their sum total would sometimes
fall short, and their lovers would look
elsewhere for better rewards.
A51/B38 **sober** restrained, controlled
A56 **corner** secret or concealed place, per-

haps for sexual activity, or for forbidden
religious practices
A58/B44 **security** over-confidence—
according to Calvinist theology, sinners
were often impervious to the fear of
eternal punishment

TYRANT
Look on yon face and tell me what it wants.

GOVIANUS
Which? That, sir?

TYRANT
That. What wants it?

GOVIANUS
Troth, my lord,
Some thousand years' sleep and a marble pillow.

TYRANT
What's that? [*Aside*] Observe it still. All the best arts
70 Hath the most fools and drunkards to their masters.
[*To Govianus*] Thy apprehension has too gross a film
To be employed at court. What colour wants she?

GOVIANUS
By my troth, all, sir. I see none she has,
Nor none she cares for.

TYRANT [*aside*] I am overmatched here.

GOVIANUS
85 A lower chamber with less noise were kindlier
For her, poor woman, whatsoe'er she was.

TYRANT
But how if we be pleased to have it thus
And thou well hired to do what we command?
Is not your work for money?

GOVIANUS
Yes, my lord.

80 TYRANT
I would not trust at court, an I could choose.

TYRANT
Let but thy art hide death upon her face
That now looks fearfully on us, and but strive
To give our eye delight in that pale part
Which draws so many pities from these springs,
85 And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end,
And reach to thy friend's fortunes, and his friend.

GOVIANUS
Say you so, my lord? I'll work out my heart, then,
But I'll show art enough.

TYRANT
About it, then.
90 [*Aside*] I never wished so seriously for health
After long sickness.

GOVIANUS [*aside*]
A religious trembling shakes me by the hand
And bids me put by such unhallowed business,
But revenge calls for't, and it must go forward.
'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest.
95 Poor soul, 'tis weary, much abused and toiled.

TYRANT
Look on yon face and tell me what it wants.

GOVIANUS
Which? That, sir?

TYRANT
That. What wants it?

GOVIANUS
Troth, my lord,
Some thousand years' sleep and a marble pillow.

TYRANT
What's that? [*Aside*] Observe it still. All the best arts 55
Hath the most fools and drunkards to their masters.
[*To Govianus*] Thy apprehension has too gross a film
To be employed at court. What colour wants she?

GOVIANUS
By my troth, all, sir. I see none she has,
Nor none she cares for.

TYRANT [*aside*] I am overmatched here. 60

GOVIANUS
A lower chamber with less noise were kindlier
For her, poor woman, whatsoe'er she was.

TYRANT
But how if we be pleased to have it thus
And thou well hired to do what we command?
Is not your work for money?

GOVIANUS
Yes, my lord. 65

TYRANT
I would not trust but few, an I could choose.

TYRANT
Let but thy art hide death upon her face
That now looks fearfully on us, and but strive
To give our eye delight in that pale part
Which draws so many pities from these springs, 70
And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end,
And reach to thy friend's fortunes, and his friend.

GOVIANUS
Say you so, my lord? I'll work out my heart, then,
But I'll show art enough.

TYRANT
About it, then. 75
[*Aside*] I never wished so seriously for health
After long sickness.

GOVIANUS [*aside*]
A religious trembling shakes me by the hand
And bids me put by such unhallowed business,
But revenge calls for't, and it must go forward.
'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest. 80
Poor soul, 'tis weary, much abused and toiled.

A66/B52 **wants** lacks
A68/B54 **thousand...sleep** sleep of the dead
until the judgement day
A70/B56 **to** for
A71/B57 **Thy...film** Your understanding
has too thick a skin over it.
A74/B60 **overmatched** outdone (in re-
partee), or out of my depth
A75/B61 **lower chamber** lower room, i.e. a
grave
A78/B64 **hired** rewarded
A80 I...**choose** I would not give credit at

court, if I had the choice. The Tyrant re-
minds Govianus that he is an employee,
but Govianus (mis)understands him to
mean 'Don't you work for ready money?'
Since aristocrats could not be arrested
for debt at this period, tradesmen were
reluctant to grant credit.
A81/B67 **hide death** ironic: Govianus's art
hides death in a sense that the Tyrant
does not anticipate
A84/B70 **pities...springs** tears from these
eyes

A85-6/B71-2 **And thy...friend** and your
reward for this shall extend beyond your
death, to include your friends and theirs
A87-8/B73-4 I'll...**enough** I'll work as
hard as I can (also, fulfil my purpose),
then, and show all the art you could
wish for.
A90/B76 **After...sickness** i.e. as I have
wished for this (perhaps recalling
A3.I.235-41)
A92/B78 **put...business** give up such an
unholy task

	[<i>He paints the Lady's face</i>]		[<i>He paints the Lady's face</i>]	
	TYRANT [<i>aside</i>]		TYRANT [<i>aside</i>]	
	Could I now send for one to renew heat Within her bosom, that were a fine workman! I should but too much love him, but, alas, 'Tis as impossible for living fire		Could I now send for one to renew heat Within her bosom, that were a fine workman! I should but too much love him, but, alas, 'Tis as impossible for living fire	85
100	To take hold there, As for dead ashes to burn back again Into those hard tough bodies whence they fell. Life is removed from her, now, as the warmth Of the bright sun from us when it makes winter,		To take hold there, As for dead ashes to burn back again Into those hard tough bodies whence they fell. Life is removed from her, now, as the warmth Of the bright sun from us when it makes winter,	90
105	And kills with unkind coldness—so is't yonder. An everlasting frost hangs now upon her, And, as in such a season men will force A heat into their bloods with exercise		And kills with unkind coldness—so is't yonder. An everlasting frost hangs now upon her, And, as in such a season men will force A heat into their bloods with exercise	95
110	In spite of extreme weather, so shall we By art force beauty on yon lady's face, Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail To beat it off. Our pleasure shall prevail.		In spite of extreme weather, so shall we By art force beauty on yon lady's face, Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail To beat it off. Our pleasure shall prevail.	
	GOVIANUS [<i>finishing</i>]		GOVIANUS [<i>finishing</i>]	
	My lord!		My lord!	
	TYRANT Hast done so soon?		TYRANT Hast done so soon?	
	GOVIANUS That's as your grace Gives approbation.		GOVIANUS That's as your grace Gives approbation.	
	[<i>He holds the Lady's head up for the Tyrant to see</i>]		[<i>He holds the Lady's head up for the Tyrant to see</i>]	
	TYRANT O, she lives again! She'll presently speak to me!		TYRANT O, she lives again! She'll presently speak to me!	100
	[<i>The body sags</i>]		[<i>The body sags</i>]	
115	Keep her up, I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't. [<i>Govianus straightens the Lady's body</i>] Does she not feel warm to thee?		Keep her up, I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't. [<i>Govianus straightens the Lady's body</i>] Does she not feel warm to thee?	
	GOVIANUS Very little, sir.		GOVIANUS Very little, sir.	
	TYRANT		TYRANT	
	The heat wants cherishing, then. Our arms and lips Shall labour life into her. Wake, sweet mistress, 'Tis I that call thee at the door of life!		The heat wants cherishing, then. Our arms and lips Shall labour life into her. Wake, sweet mistress, 'Tis I that call thee at the door of life!	105
120	[<i>He kisses her</i>]		[<i>He kisses her</i>]	
	Ha! I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself. Methinks an evil scent still follows me.		Ha! I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself. Methinks an evil scent still follows me.	
	GOVIANUS		GOVIANUS	
	Maybe 'tis nothing but the colour, sir, That I laid on.		Maybe 'tis nothing but the colour, sir, That I laid on.	110
	TYRANT Is that so strong?		TYRANT Is that so strong?	
125	GOVIANUS Yes, faith, sir. 'Twas the best poison I could get for money. [<i>He reveals himself</i>]		GOVIANUS Yes, faith, sir. 'Twas the best poison I could get for money. [<i>He reveals himself</i>]	
	TYRANT		TYRANT	
	Govianus!		Govianus!	
	GOVIANUS O, thou sacrilegious villain,			

A98/B84 I...**him** I should love him all too well
A102/B88 **those...bodies** i.e. trees, or perhaps coals
A104/B90 **from us** i.e. is removed from us
A111-12/B97-8 **Though...off** even if death

were to sit and frown so that a hailstorm washed it off
A114/B100 **approbation** your approval
A115/B101 **up** i.e. propped up. The body's limpness seems to the Tyrant a form of disobedience ('treachery'—though the

real treachery is that of Govianus).
A125/B111 **so strong** i.e. in small
A127 O...**villain** Govianus denounces the Tyrant's sin as unparalleled, changing from the respectful 'you' to the scornful 'thou'.

Thou thief of rest, robber of monuments!
 Cannot the body after funeral
 130 Sleep in the grave for thee? Must it be raised
 Only to please the wickedness of thine eye?
 Does all things end with death and not thy lust?
 Hast thou devised a new way to damnation
 More dreadful than the soul of any sin
 135 Did ever pass yet between earth and hell?
 Dost strive to be particularly plagued
 Above all ghosts beside? Is thy pride such
 Thou scorn'st a partner in thy torments too?

TYRANT
 What fury gave thee boldness to attempt
 140 This deed, for which I'll doom thee with a death
 Beyond the Frenchmen's tortures!

GOVIANUS I smile at thee.
 Draw all the death that ever mankind suffered
 Unto one head to help thine own invention,
 And make my end as rare as this thy sin
 145 And full as fearful to the eyes of women,
 My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging
 In midst of that rough weather. Doom me, tyrant!
 Had I feared death, I'd never appeared noble
 To seal this act upon me which e'en honours me
 150 Unto my mistress' spirit—it loves me for't.
 I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,
 Who, hearing 'twas for her, charged me to do't.

TYRANT
 Thy glories shall be shortened! Who's within, there?
*Enter the Ghost in the same form as the Lady is
 dressed in the chair*
 I called not thee, thou enemy to firmness,
 Mortality's earthquake.

GOVIANUS Welcome to mine eyes
 155 As is the dayspring from the morning's womb
 Unto that wretch whose nights are tedious.
 As liberty to captives, health to labourers,
 And life still to old people, never weary on't,
 160 So welcome art thou to me. The deed's done,
 Thou queen of spirits. He has his end upon him.
 Thy body shall return to rise again,
 For thy abuser falls, and has no power
 To vex thee further now.

SPIRIT My truest love,
 165 Live ever honoured here, and blest above. [Exit]

TYRANT
 O, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,

TYRANT Govianus!
 What fury gave thee boldness to attempt
 This deed, for which I'll doom thee with a death
 115 Beyond th'extremest tortures!

GOVIANUS I smile at thee.
 Draw all the death that ever mankind suffered
 Unto one head to help thine own invention,
 And make my end as rare as this thy sin
 120 And full as fearful to the eyes of women,
 My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging
 In midst of that rough weather. Doom me, tyrant!
 Had I feared death, I'd never appeared noble
 To seal this act upon me which e'en honours me
 125 Unto my mistress' spirit—it loves me for't.
 I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,
 Who, hearing 'twas for her, charged me to do't.

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 Thy glories shall be shortened! Who's within, there?
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 130 As is the dayspring from the morning's womb
 Unto that wretch whose nights are tedious.
 As liberty to captives, health to labourers,
 And life still to old people, never weary on't,
 135 So welcome art thou to me. The deed's done,
 Thou queen of spirits. He has his end upon him.
 Thy body shall return to rise again,
 For thy abuser falls, and has no power
 To vex thee further.

SPIRIT My truest love,
 Live ever honoured here, and blest above. [Exit] 140

TYRANT
 O, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,

A130 for thee because of you
 A137 ghosts beside other (damned) spirits
 A137-8 Is...too? Is your pride so great that
 you cannot bear anyone to endure equal
 suffering in hell?
 A141 beyond the Frenchmen's tortures i.e.
 worse than—the execution of François
 Ravailac, assassin of King Henri IV in
 May 1610, was intended as a spectacul-
 ar warning: after torture, he was torn
 apart by horses.

A143/B118 Unto one head together
 A146/B121 lodging i.e. in heaven
 A147/B122 Doom condemn
 A148-50/B123-5 Had...spirit Had I feared
 death, I would not have come forward
 nobly to perform this act myself, which
 makes me honoured in the eyes of my
 lady's spirit.
 A152/B127 Who i.e. my heart
 A154-5/B129-30 firmness...earthquake

the Lady's ghost makes the living shake
 (as an earthquake would) with fear
 A156/B131 the dayspring...womb the
 birth of the morning (dayspring is dawn)
 A161/B136 He...him He's dying (compare
Changeling, 2.2.136, and the previous
 line with 2.2.143-4)
 A162/B137 to rise again i.e. at the last
 judgement, when it was believed that
 all bodies would be resurrected

Act 5 Scene 2

The Ladies' Tragedy

'Tis built within this bosom! My lords, treason!
Enter [Memphonius and] Nobles
 GOVIANUS
 Now, death, I'm for thee: welcome!
 TYRANT Your king's poisoned!
 MEMPHONIUS
 The King of heav'n be praised for't!
 TYRANT Lay hold on him,
 On Govianus.
 170 MEMPHONIUS E'en with the best loves
 And truest hearts that ever subjects owed.
 TYRANT
 How's that? I charge you both, lay hands on him!
 MEMPHONIUS
 Look you, my lord, your will shall be obeyed.
*[The Nobles lay their hands on Govianus in
 homage.]*
Enter Helvetius
 Here comes another. We'll have his hand, too.
 HELVETIUS
 175 You shall have both mine, if that work go forward,
 Beside my voice and knee.
[He lays his hands on Govianus]
 TYRANT Helvetius?
 Then my destruction was confirmed amongst 'em,
 Premeditation wrought it.
[The Nobles kneel to Govianus]
 O, my torments!
 ALL *[rising]*
 Live Govianus long our virtuous king!
 TYRANT
 That thunder strikes me dead!
[He dies]
 180 GOVIANUS I cannot better
 Reward my joys than with astonished silence,
 For all the wealth of words is not of power
 To make up thanks for you, my honoured lords.
 I'm like a man plucked up from many waters
 185 That never looked for help, and am here placed
 Upon this cheerful mountain where prosperity
 Shoots forth her richest beam.
 MEMPHONIUS Long injured lord,
 The tyranny of his actions grew so weighty,
 His life so vicious—
 HELVETIUS To which this is witness,

'Tis built within this bosom! My lords, treason!
Enter [Memphonius and] Nobles
 GOVIANUS
 Now, death, I'm for thee: welcome!
 TYRANT I am poisoned!
 MEMPHONIUS
 The King of heav'n be praised for't!
 TYRANT Lay hold on him,
 On Govianus.
 MEMPHONIUS E'en with the best loves
 And truest hearts that ever subjects owed.
 TYRANT
 How's that? I charge you all, lay hands on him!
 MEMPHONIUS
 Look you, my lord, your will shall be obeyed.
*[The Nobles lay their hands on Govianus in
 homage]*
 ALL *[rising]*
 Live Govianus long our virtuous king!
A flourish
 TYRANT
 That thunder strikes me dead!
[He dies]

145

A168/B143 **for thee** i.e. ready for thee.
 Govianus is expecting to be put to death,
 so the Nobles' reaction takes him by
 surprise.

A169/B144 **Lay hold on him** 'Seize him'.
 Memphonius deliberately misinterprets
 his words to mean 'lay hands on him in
 homage', here and at l. A172/B148.

A173.3 **Enter Helvetius** Helvetius's final
 appearance, though prepared for by the
 additional passage at B4.2a, was cut in
 the final production.

A175 **both mine** i.e. my hands. This
 moment recalls A2.1.154.1/B2.1.115.1,
 where the kneeling Helvetius asked
 Govianus for his blessing; this time it
 is his turn to confer gifts on Govianus.

A177 **Then... 'em** The Tyrant mistakenly
 concludes that his death was the result
 of a conspiracy between Govianus and
 the Nobles.

A180/B150 **thunder** i.e. the shout in
 the previous line (but perhaps also
 suggesting God's punishment, as at

B5.1.166)

A181 **reward** respond to
 A183 **make up** compose, put together
 (adequate thanks)

A184-7 **plucked... beam** In Psalm 18:16-
 17, the speaker is 'drawn out of many
 waters' and 'delivered from my strong
 enemy'; mountain and sunshine figure
 worldly success, e.g. at A1.1.144/
 B1.1.125, A214-15/B191-2, and
 appear together in *No Wit*, 6.254-7.

190 [Pointing to the Lady's body]
 Monster in sin, this the disquieted body
 Of my too resolute child in honour's war.
 MEMPHONIUS
 —That he became as hateful to our minds—
 HELVETIUS
 —As death's unwelcome to a house of riches,
 Or what can more express it.
 GOVIANUS Well, he's gone,
 195 And all the kingdom's evils perish with him!
 And since the body of that virtuous lady
 Is taken from her rest, in memory
 Of her admirèd mistress, 'tis our will
 It receive honour dead, as it took part
 200 With us in all afflictions when it lived.
 Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen,
 The first and last that ever we make ours,
 Her constancy strikes so much firmness in us.
 [The Lady's body is placed on the throne and
 crowned]
 That honour done, let her be solemnly borne
 205 Unto the house of peace from whence she came
 As queen of silence.
 The Spirit [of the Lady] enters again and stays to
 go out with the body, as it were attending it
 O welcome, blessed spirit,
 Thou need'st not mistrust me; I have a care
 As jealous as thine own. We'll see it done
 And not believe report. Our zeal is such,
 210 We cannot reverence chastity too much.
 Lead on.
 I would those ladies that fill honour's rooms
 Might all be borne so honest to their tombs.
 [Exeunt, carrying the bodies
 of the Lady and the Tyrant]
 Recorders or other solemn music plays them out
 [The throne is withdrawn]
 Finit Actus Quintus

GOVIANUS Well, he's gone,
 150 And all the kingdom's evils perish with him!
 And since the body of that virtuous lady
 Is taken from her rest, in memory
 Of her admirèd mistress, 'tis our will
 155 It receive honour dead, as it took part
 With us in all afflictions when it lived.
 The Spirit [of the Lady] enters again and stays to
 go out with the body, as it were attending it
 O welcome, blessed spirit,
 Thou need'st not mistrust me; I have a care
 As jealous as thine own. We'll see it done
 160 And not believe report. Our zeal is such,
 We cannot reverence chastity too much.
 Lead on.
 I would those ladies that fill honour's rooms
 Might all be borne so virtuous to their tombs.
 [Exeunt, carrying the bodies
 of the Lady and the Tyrant]
 Recorders or other solemn music plays them out
 [The throne is withdrawn]
 Finit Actus Quintus

A194 Or...it compare 4.1.129
 A197-8/B153-4 in...mistress The crown-
 ing of the Lady is to be performed 'in
 memory' of his mistress's soul, thus dis-
 tinguishing it from the Tyrant's worship
 of her body. This distinction may be in-
 tended to recall the Protestant revision
 of the act of communion, to be taken
 not 'as' but 'in remembrance' of Christ's

body (see Introduction, 838).
 A202-3 and...us Govianus will not marry
 again, so impressed has he been by his
 Lady's constancy.
 A208/B159 jealous watchful, careful
 A209-10/B160-1 Our...much Compare
 Truth: 'Her goodnesses are such, |
 We cannot honour her and her house
 too much' (457-8); and, less closely,

Revenger 5.2.7-8.
 A212-13/B163-4 I...tombs The final
 couplet is addressed to court ladies,
 whose lax morals have been a recurrent
 theme of the play—'honour's rooms' are
 also the 'lord's rooms' (i.e. boxes) at the
 theatre. The suggestion that 'honourable
 ladies' should also be 'honest' (i.e.
 chaste) was toned down by the censor.

The Lady's Tragedy

THE PARTS

Adult Males

The TYRANT (436 lines): Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius; Fellows; Servant of Lady; Servants of Anselmus
GOVIANUS (344 lines): none
VOTARIUS (329 lines): Tyrant *or* Helvetius *or* Memphoni-
us *or* Sophonirus; Servant of Lady; Fellows; Soldiers *or*
Nobles
ANSELMUS (169 lines): Tyrant *or* Helvetius *or* Memphoni-
us *or* Sophonirus; Servant of Lady; Fellows; Soldiers *or*
Nobles
HELVETIUS (136 lines): Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius;
Fellows; Servants of Anselmus; Soldiers (if distinct from
Guard)
BELLARIUS (77 lines): Tyrant *or* Helvetius *or* Memphoni-
us *or* Sophonirus; Servant of Lady; Fellows; Soldiers *or*
Nobles
SOPHONIRUS (72 lines): Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius;
Servants of Anselmus; Soldiers
FIRST SOLDIER (45 lines): (if distinct from Guard) Helve-
tius *or* Sophonirus; Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius;
servant of Lady; servants of Anselmus; Nobles
MEMPHONIUS (25 lines): Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius;
Servant of Lady; Fellows; Servants of Anselmus
FIRST FELLOW (19 lines): Tyrant *or* Helvetius *or* Mem-

phoni-
us; Anselmus *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius; Servant of
Lady; Servants of Anselmus; Soldiers *or* Nobles
SECOND SOLDIER (18 lines): same as First Soldier
SERVANT of Lady (15 lines): Tyrant *or* Memphoni-
us *or* Votarius *or* Bellarius; Servants of Anselmus;
Fellows; Soldiers *or* Nobles
SECOND FELLOW (12 lines): same as First Fellow

Boys

The WIFE (237 lines): The Lady *or* page of Govianus
LEONELLA (169 lines): The Lady *or* page of Govianus
The LADY (168 lines): The Wife *or* Leonella
PAGE of Govianus (1 line): The Wife *or* Leonella

In the performance version, Helvetius's part at 5.2 has been cut altogether, which may indicate that he was played by a particular character actor, rather than being doubled. Allowing for rapid costume changes, it would have been technically possible for the Lady to double as the Wife, Leonella as the page, and for Sophonirus, Memphoni-
us and the Tyrant to play Anselmus, Votarius and Bellarius, so that as few as 7 actors would have been required, plus walk-on parts. The two soldiers and/or fellows would have been played by clowns.

A CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE

Edited by Linda Woodbridge

AMONG the greatest of Middleton's city comedies, *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* is a blistering satire whose relentless sexual jests lend a farcical atmosphere; but this can darken to unveil bleak vistas: with Sir Walter's collapse and the Allwits' defection the 'farcical surface . . . buckle[s]', exposing the authentic horror of *The Changeling and Women Beware Women*' (R. B. Parker). Farce serves the cause of 'horror': in a superficial world of materialism, sensuality, self-serving, and cheap intrigue, horror lies in recognizing that this ugly surface is the world: there is nothing underneath. Life's farcicality, unlike its tragedy, is offset not even by human dignity; such recognitions are savage. Yet *Chaste Maid's* very savagery crackles with vitality and a spirit of play.

The romantic plot is primarily sexual (though—compared to the rest of the play—refreshingly non-commercial). Touchstone Junior first speaks of his love in appetitive terms ('I must hasten it, | Or else peak o' famine; her blood's mine'), and addresses Moll first in unromantic prose (1.1.145–6, 150–5). 'Who can imagine a Berlioz or a Tchaikovsky writing a Touchstone Junior and Moll Yellowhammer overture?' demands G. R. Hibbard. (Though one *might* imagine songs written for them by Cole Porter or Kurt Weill.) Shakespearean comedy's joyful promise of fruition is here translated into a harsh 'nowadays'; though Middleton is obsessively interested in fertility, conception often proves disastrous, and not one of the play's babies is legitimate (Arthur Marotti). At the wedding, fruition is not mentioned. Though Ruby Chatterji finds family values affirmed in the emphasis on family life—birth, christening, education, and marrying of children—Joanne Altieri notes the play's exposure of kinship relations as economic relations. Satiric touches undermine the play's Aristophanic celebration of sex as a priapic elemental force: Touchwood Senior's keeping fools to which to marry his pregnant wenches is a quite unmythic family planning.

The funeral scene has been condemned as Beaumont-and-Fletcher-style cheap theatricality, and defended as a legacy of the *commedia dell'arte*, as an echo of fertility ritual's rebirths, or as parody of contemporary plays' extravagant theatricality. The abrupt rising of 'corpses' from coffins could be staged as a comical popping-up, like jacks-in-the-box. This scene is punctuated by unison utterances by everyone on stage; the first, 'Ne'er more pity!', sounds like a congregational response, but the third, 'Alive, sir? O sweet, dear couple!' might well be delivered by the assembled cast in a self-consciously camp style, as might the longest united declaration, 'Never was

hour so filled with joy and wonder' (5.4.21, 30, 53). E. A. J. Honigmann discusses ways to make such simultaneous utterance more realistic on stage; but in this scene a frankly non-realistic delivery might be highly effective.

There are several 'humours' characters, each governed by one hyperbolic trait—Touchwood Senior's tall-tale virility, Allwit's preening wittoldry, the Kixes' fighting and reconciling. The protagonist is Cheapside life. The play combines densely specified Jacobean London rejoicing in sophisticated urban gamesmanship with figures and action from Roman comedy (the outwitted old father, the witty servant) and from folk tradition. From folk tale come the childless couple, numskull brother, clever wench (both the Wench with the child and Susan), the motif of the biter bit, and above all the tricksters. Touchwood Junior tricks Yellowhammer with a ring; Allwit and the Wench trick the Promoters; Sir Walter tricks Tim into marrying a 'whore'; Touchwood Senior tricks Sir Oliver with a potion; a series of tricks spirit Moll away. Aptly for a world of trickery and false appearance, over seventy speeches are delivered as asides. Surprise and reversal of expectation abound. Touchwood Senior's sober encomium to companionate marriage is followed by his confessing he has got seven women pregnant in three weeks. The Wench's pitiful 'thou hast undone me' yields to her revealing that she accuses various men of fathering her infant(s), and she abandons her baby. Yellowhammer's shock at hearing of Sir Walter's turpitude yields to his remarks on his own bastard. Early reversals undercut seemingly virtuous characters; late-play repentances and changes of heart continue the campaign of surprise—though in late play, too, comes the sudden revelation of cold ruthlessness underlying Allwit's wife's bovine complacency.

Mecca of tricksters, London springs to life, with its wharfs, steeples, guildhalls, gutters. Middleton began writing Lord Mayor's shows the year *Chaste Maid* was first acted; to *The Triumphs of Truth*, *Chaste Maid* is almost an anti-pageant, exposing London at its worst. As Gail Paster argues, civic pageants and city comedy exemplify *laus* (praise) and *vituperatio* (blame), idealization in the one just as hyperbolic as cynicism in the other (*Idea*). The city's moral status is slippery: the comedies' exposés of city wickedness shade off into celebration of city sophistication. Middleton avoids the city-bashing of pastoral writers to whom the countryside is a repository of simplicity and virtue: his Wench and Welsh gentlewoman are as corrupt and street-wise as the canniest Londoners.

Street-smartness is itself a primary value, and scorn is heaped on its converse, university education.

The play offers a textbook example of Gayle Rubin's 'Traffic in Women'. In a nexus of money and sex, Allwit exchanges his wife for material comforts; Sir Walter values Moll for her dowry; Lady Kix's pregnancy has cash value. Like other misers of both gold and women (Shakespeare's Shylock, Spenser's Malbecco), Yellowhammer locks up his daughter 'as carefully as my gold', and equates elopement with theft, with daughter-stealing (3.1.41-3, 1.1.207). London was already one of the world's great commercial cities; Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, Part 2* (1605) renders mythic the founding of the Royal Exchange. Yet there is something fishy about *Chaste Maid's* financial world. Though commercial and sexual value operated on a gold standard—a chaste maiden was proverbially 'a girl worth gold'—the opening scene in a goldsmith's shop reveals a world of shifting and shifty value. Moll's love affair involves a commercial transaction over a ring, and is juxtaposed with a transaction involving a gold chain. Though goldsmiths sell, for money, objects fashioned from gold, here a gentleman tries to sell a goldsmith already-fashioned jewellery for money. That his first business in the play is assessing jewellery to be melted down gives Yellowhammer the air less of a respectable artisan than of a pawnbroker or even a fence. This erosion of the play's gold standard (abetted by talk of counterfeiting) may reflect on Moll's chastity too. The shopkeeper's formula 'What is't you lack?' (1.1.100) is apt for a consumer society—not having everything is construed as lack; but this gentleman lacks not goods but money. In a play in which much is consumed, the consumer society creates not wealth but lack. The absence from the play of those city-comedy favourites, prostitutes, bawds, and usurers, alerts us to the fact that it locates its marketed sex not in the streets but within marriage, while the complement of marketed sex, usurers' grasping materialism, here resides within the respectable milieu of shopkeepers and tradesmen.

The early modern shift to a money-based from a land-based economy habituated the mind to abstraction, a disappearance of the material that is like consumption. The gentleman values his chain at 100 pounds, residually a measure of weight; Yellowhammer offers 100 marks, a currency whose value was set by the government. In inscription-value money, as in language, abstract signs represent material reality (Marc Shell, Jean-Joseph Goux). *Chaste Maid* associates deceptive words with counterfeit coins: 'Has no attorney's clerk been here o'late | And changed his half-crown piece his mother sent him, | Or rather cozened you with a gilded twopence, | To bring the word in fashion?' (1.1.30-3). The many sexual puns are a sort of counterfeiting—a respectable word turns out to have a filthy meaning, like a gilded tuppence. Like Freud, the play associates money with sexuality: money, sex, and language are weirdly interchangeable. Sir Walter transmits English to his mistress through intercourse, like a venereal disease, and also turns her into gold (1.1.105-7);

Tim labours to *beget* an epitaph (5.2.22); a man is to 'utter all' on his wedding night (5.4.48)—'utter' could mean to speak, to ejaculate sexually, to sell in the market, or to pass counterfeit money. 'Metaphors are words exchanged for other words' (Allen Hoey), and the play's similes often represent monetary exchange. The Welsh counterfeit virgin's fortune 'shine[s] like [her] bright trade', the simile exchanging 'fortune' for prostitution; Moll, 'like a mermaid', may be 'sold to fishwives' (1.1.108; 4.4.30-1).

Of one of Moll's several threats to die, Maudline scoffs, 'You that have tricks can counterfeit' (4.4.26); acting a part was a counterfeit coining. John Vernon's theory that similar mental operations underpin accepting money (as the equivalent of labour or goods) and accepting a realistic fiction as empirical reality works well here. Dense local reference creates 'realism'; but it takes a mentality habituated to accepting money as a signifier to find 'realistic' this outrageous plot, these extravagant caricatures. Whorehound's name specifies his character; yet meaning, transparent to the audience, is opaque to the characters, an impression of realism paid for in counterfeit coin. In the funeral scene, the play slips its mask, metatheatrically trumpeting its own extravagant artifice; here 'play' as acting and 'play' as game intersect. The playwright has been playing with us. An audience that believes in money will believe in anything. The final trick is on us, for finding in the play a realistic London.

England's grand market-place, London lives by exchange. Yellowhammer, making a ring, is one of only a few characters who perform work, or add labour value to an object; the porter and watermen ply their trade, but it is conveyance, not production: this is a world of middlemen, not producers. Allwit has quit work and lives by exchanging his wife; the Welsh gentlewoman exchanges her body as a mistress and later a wife. The gentry live off inheritance. Here is no green world, no contact with a world where food, cloth, metal are produced. And the market-place was changing, from an open area of communal life to a set of private shops, the commercial equivalent of the increasingly interiorized abstracting mind, unlike the more community-oriented medieval personality. This play about antisocial selfishness opens in a private shop, and satirizes both Puritans and acquisitive bourgeoisie. The Puritan ideal of knowing God by 'inner light', which helped interiorize the personality, risked a tendency to selfishness, to disregard of community and even family. The language of material exchange structured even spiritual life: Sir Walter repents that he has 'exchanged [his] soul' for sexual pleasure (5.1.81). The selfish greed of the ideal capitalist citizen is Cheapside's foremost trait.

The exchange system included brokered marriages. A Moll/Sir Walter match would give a merchant family gentility and a gentleman money. Tim's marriage is supposed to give a bourgeois family land. The Civil War was only a generation off, and much class tension simmers in Middleton's plays. In *Chaste Maid* citizens acquire gentlemen's possessions (the Allwits keep the booty that has helped to

bankrupt Sir Walter) and a lewd knight consorts with a citizen's wife. Allwit thinks merchants live largely at the expense of 'prodigal heirs' (1.2.44). Servants, too, figure in class tensions: Allwit's and Sir Oliver's servants satirize their masters. Sometimes lower classes speak for the common decency their 'betters' neglect: the watermen call Maudline 'cruel'; Susan, 'made of pity', helps the lovers (3.3.29). But the money-mindedness and self-interest infecting various classes in the play erode class distinctions. And the play itself was commercial, part of a lucrative entertainment industry; *Chaste Maid's* language/money equation points to the drama's own embeddedness in the market (see Douglas Bruster).

Sexual profligacy, part of the popular stereotype of gentlemen, does not disqualify Sir Walter or the 'decayed gentleman' Touchwood Senior from gentility in characters' eyes. Allwit's wittoldry, however, threatens to drop him out of the respectable middle class: 'he's but one pip above a servingman' (1.2.67-8). In a patriarchal society, a husband's abdication of sexual rights was the most contemptible of failings; our own marital climate, less patriarchal, may obscure for us how anti-ideological is Allwit's behaviour. The ubiquitous Renaissance cuckold jokes remind us how deep ran concerns about patriarchal authority and familial legitimacy—seriously disrupted by the Allwits and Kixes.

In the Renaissance, water imagery conventionally attended concupiscible passions—lust, gluttony, acquisitiveness (as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, book 2). The prominence of the latter passions in *Chaste Maid* makes logical its association of concupiscence with liquids. As Gail Paster shows, the play's permeable females drink too much, talk loosely, cry copiously, are sexually loose, and wet themselves ('Leaky Vessels'). The ideal woman was a sealed container, letting no drink or semen in, no tears, talk, or urine out. One index of Moll's chastity is that, like a 'good' woman in patriarchal ideology, she speaks little: when upset she cries 'O death'; when happy she murmurs 'I am silent with delight' (5.4.49). (Even the contemptuous term 'baggage', seven times applied to her, suggests a container.) Renaissance men were to go out to work, women to work in the house, reflecting the container metaphor; men were to make money, women to conserve through household thrift. (Women who worked in shops—often in the same premises as their homes—are a frequent source of male sexual anxiety in city comedies.) Paster thinks the pervasive images of female leakiness reflect cultural anxiety about women's potential for disrupting the protocapitalist system through spending rather than conserving. Male sexuality too is expressed in liquids: Touchwood Senior's 'water' or semen, or the name 'Walter'—pronounced 'Water'—for a lewd gentleman. In the usual way of gender ideology, female liquidity represents leakiness, while male liquidity spells potency.

That the lovers' break for freedom leads naturally to the river is a hint that London mirrors the human body. The Thames is the city's 'master-vein' which 'shoots from the heart' (3.1.16): 'blood' (that is, lust) naturally seeks it.

Escape (from a household, from restraint) leads to lower ground and flowing water, associated with sex and with urine and excrement: Puddle Wharf, where horses left puddles, and Dung Wharf, where garbage was loaded on to barges, are to the city what urethra and anus are to the body. Yellowhammer tries to make his house a sealed-up vagina; Allwit's house in its fecundity and gluttony is womb and mouth. Though called 'the heart of the city' (1.1.101-2), Cheapside, home to grocers and butchers, is more the mouth of London: gustatory and sexual consumption proceed unchecked even in Lent.

This Lenten play is set in a meat market. 1613, when the play was first acted, saw one of the strictest Lents ever: the harvest had failed and meat was severely restricted. Yet a spirit of pre-Lent carnival pervades the play, recalling Bruegel's painting *The Battle of Carnival and Lent*. In *Chaste Maid*, Carnival seems to be winning. Mikhail Bakhtin shows how in carnival's topsy-turvydom, lower-body functions—eating, sex, urination, excretion—overwhelm the upper body's emotional, spiritual, and intellectual concerns. The play's main emotional tie, between the lovers, is openly sexual. Advocates of spiritual life, Puritans, are seen tipling, pilfering food, and lusting, and a parson leers 'I'll not be long | A-clapping you together' (3.1.8-9). Intellectual life is reduced to Tim and his tutor, a move which uncrowns the university. The outfitting of the Promoters who enforce Lenten laws is a carnivalesque subversion of obnoxious authority, as is the inversion wherein servants speak for common decency. Language is topsy-turvy: learned, cerebral Latin is translated into Anglo-Saxon monosyllables belonging to the lower body: *parentibus* becomes 'a pair of boots'; *fertur* becomes 'farts' (1.1.71, 4.1.114-16). The frank talk of sex, eating, excreting is also carnivalesque; improprieties are 'unofficial elements of speech, ... liberated from norms, hierarchies, and prohibitions of established idiom' (Bakhtin); as Susan Wells notes, satirists like Middleton 'were claiming a similar right to free speech'. Carnival expressed class tensions; but it had also traditionally comprised a festive world where a community celebrated together, and Middleton's invoking it exposes poignantly the breakdown of communality in this savagely self-centred society.

Meat-smuggling, conspicuous consumption at the baptism, gold jewellery, Allwit's orgasmic inventories of his goods—all paint brilliantly a consumer society, which finally consumes even people. Women are 'mutton'. Puritan brethren are 'consumed' (3.2.48). And a whiff of cannibalism attends the baby smuggled under meat, a prophetic glimpse of Swift's world, where a baby born poor might as well be eaten as starve. For all its scorching satire, the play's values are hard to pinpoint. No character 'sets a moral standard' (David Richman). Not even Moll: she bears a criminal name, is not put off by her lover's filthy talk, keeps trying to elope; and one can hardly serve as the play's moral centre who speaks so few lines—a total of forty-seven in the play, less than a third of the lines even of the witless Tim. Only four of Moll's speeches are more than one line long. This title figure is sketchily

characterized, and though silence was linked to chastity, she could easily be staged as a sulky teenager or even an oversexed bimbo. People triumph at the end 'not because they are good but because they are clever intriguers' (Parker). 'Only Sir Walter is thoroughly penitent, and only Sir Walter is thoroughly crushed' (Alexander Leggatt); the scapegoating of Sir Walter, who siphons off the others' guilt, screams out the absence of poetic justice. Stephen Wigler sees Allwit/Touchwood Senior and Whorehound as Jungian 'splits', with Allwit/Touchwood the infantile self, given creature comforts and taking no responsibility for children fathered, and Whorehound the adult self which (however lewd) accepts family responsibility. This being so, the outcome conspicuously fails to valorize adult values: sympathetic figures 'live as if there were no tomorrow'; Sir Walter, who 'provide[s] carefully for the next day', is annihilated. Adultery is rewarded: for Lady Kix's adultery, the Kixes receive what they wanted: a baby, an inheritance, a reputation as a man for Sir Oliver. The lack of a moral centre, the 'starless ensemble character' of the action (Altieri), the reversals which keep us off balance, foster a decentredness congenial to our post-modern climate.

The play's treatment of women is mixed. Some speakers who paint women as commodities, property, food, as extravagant, sexually loose, leaky, gluttonous, or garrulous are being satirized for their attitudes, but the women's behaviour allows some charges to stick. The christening party is a fine example of the 'gossips' meeting' genre, a traditional male-authored vehicle for antifeminist comment, as is the schooling of a young woman by an older, with frank talk of men and sex, which opens the play (Woodbridge). The allusion to cosmetics' disgusting ingredients (3.2.53-4) belongs to an ancient misogynistic topos. Partly because literature lacked similar topos for criticizing the male sex, the vices and follies of individual male characters tend not to be generalized to the male sex as a whole; generalizations about women at 1.1.36, 3.2.62-3, 3.2.203, and 5.4.15-16 find no counterpart in generalizations about males. Education was closed to most women, and Latin a male preserve; but Latinless women (Maudline, the Welsh gentlewoman) are still scorned. Moll can be bought and sold in marriage by parents who own her, but no one criticizes patriarchy; it may be 'not the system going wrong here but Moll's despicably bad parents'. We see nothing of Allwit's wife's feelings about her prostituted state, and the text 'makes us regret that Allwit is not more of a patriarchal male' (Ingrid Hotz-Davies). On the positive side, the play has an extraordinary number of female characters—twenty-one out of fifty-four or fifty-five. As is very rare in Shakespeare, a woman speaks the opening lines. Unlike the contemporary *Triumphs of Truth* which opens with an idealized Mother London, *Chaste Maid* is hard on mothers (Maudline, Allwit's wife, Lady Kix, the Wench), but at least (unlike many Shakespeare plays) it *has* mothers. In a play valuing street-smartness, women are among the most successful tricksters: the

Wench, Susan, the Welsh gentlewoman, even (at last) Moll.

Notions of masculinity are unstable. Allwit abdicates conventional masculinity in not locking up his wife or exhibiting patriarchal dynastic concern. Such potential feminism is presented as an erosion of masculinity, as is his 'cotqueanish', unmanly interest in domestic furnishings; yet the character's sheer theatrical appeal subverts any easy pronouncements about patriarchy. Though Allwit's neglect of jealousy may undermine his masculinity, Sir Walter's rigorous jealousy does not make him a model male, nor does his sexual potency, which is presented as mere lewdness, though Touchwood Senior's priapism is treated with good-humoured indulgence, combining with his trickery to produce a near-magical figure of male potency. Manly Touchwood Senior is bereft of worldly goods, while those most prosperous are deficient in conventional masculinity—Yellowhammer the outwitted father, Allwit the wittol/cotquean, Sir Oliver the impotent. Critical of his society's materialism, Middleton did not define masculinity in terms of material success. Nor of violence: the one instance of physical aggression—the duel—ends with both parties severely wounded and nothing settled in the way of respective masculinity. Though women are mocked for ignorance, Tim's foolishness and the irrelevance of Latin disputation to practical life undermine intellectual prowess as a bulwark of masculinity. The one context where formation of masculine identity could have been explored, Tim's coming-of-age, treats the issue flippantly. And to the extent that a patriarchy depends on certainty of paternity, in Cheapside the state totters.

In a world lacking manual labour, sex role distinctions are diminished. Living by exchange, trickery, and inheritance rather than by productive labour destabilizes gender roles. Antifeminism and uncertainty about masculinity are both symptoms of that potentially fruitful (though locally uncomfortable) instability.

Reflecting fluid boundaries of social class, the play's versification effaces the common distinction in which lower orders speak prose. Allwit's servants, the Kixes' maid, the Wet Nurse, Wench, Watermen, even the Promoters speak verse. The verse/prose boundary is fluid too, with prose heavily rhythmic while verse is angular and unmetrical, with irregular syllable counts, and with many anapaests and feminine endings. The racy, colloquial effect resembles the 'strong lines' of contemporary John Donne. Despite its jaunty, prosy air, *Chaste Maid* is Middleton's only city comedy mainly in verse.

Exploring the play's intricate structure, Richard Levin notes four sexual triangles of two men and one woman: in the Touchwood Junior/Moll/Sir Walter triangle, the elder Yellowhammers labour to prevent a marriage and fail, but later accept it; in the Tim/Welsh gentlewoman/Sir Walter triangle, they promote a marriage and succeed, but later regret it. (Moll's dowry of £2,000 in gold symbolizes her virtue; the Welsh gentlewoman's imaginary two thousand runts, her vacuum of virtue. Moll sings a piteous, sentimental song, the Welsh gentlewoman a bawdy one.)

The Allwits/Sir Walter triangle and the Kixes/Touchwood Senior triangle involve a long-married couple and cuckolding man. The Kixes have been married seven years with no child; Sir Walter has kept Allwit's wife for seven years, with seven children. The first marriage displays true affection despite scrapping; the second is sordid, a business arrangement. (Levin's scheme neglects the Touchwood Seniors/Wench triangle.) The brilliant dovetailing of five plots is a *tour de force* even in an age revelling in multiple plots, yet 'the play never sprawls under the weight of its abundance' (Samuel Schoenbaum). An adaptation of ancient 'ring composition' can be glimpsed in the parallel between the first and last scenes, between 2.1 and 3.3, and elsewhere. The play also twins scenes: one illegitimate baby elaborately christened, another ingeniously abandoned; Allwit and Touchwood Senior both uttering soliloquies praising the married state in circumstances undercutting the praise; hypocritical promoters drooling over the flesh they confiscate, hypocritical Puritans professing spirituality while succumbing to animal appetites.

There are no definite sources but several close analogues (see R. C. Bald). The fertility-potion plot recalls Machiavelli's *Mandragola* and Andrea Calmo's *La Potione*. Allwit resembles the wittol in Mateo Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, and his soliloquy echoes (at one point verbatim) Thomas Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie*. The christening scenes may be indebted to *The Bachelor's Banquet*, a translation of the antifeminist *Le Quinze joies de mariage*, although lore of guzzling gossips was widespread. The Wench's baby trick may echo an event reported in an anonymous pamphlet of 1613, though such tricks (often involving country wenches duping shrewd cockneys) are common in ballads. The lamb/baby trick, the couple impoverished by too many children, the juxtaposition of tricksters with a central Christian festival, the alliance of a married couple (the Allwits) for trickery, recall the Wakefield cycle's *Second Shepherd's Play*; the guild plays'

volatile mix of religious sobriety, socio-political shrewdness, and merry hi-jinks may have contributed to the tone of Middleton's city comedies. It is fitting that *The Second Shepherd's Play*, the first English double-plot play, has some relationship to one of the best English multiple-plot plays, *Chaste Maid*.

The play was first acted at the Swan Theatre by Lady Elizabeth's Men, probably augmented (to handle the many female roles) by the Queen's Revels boys, for whom Middleton had written earlier city comedies. The action and language of *Chaste Maid* undercut Alfred Harbage's theory of the uplifting influence of public theatre audiences. After its Jacobean performances, the full play was not staged again (to our knowledge) until 1938, perhaps because too bawdy, but the bawdy later twentieth century has seen many revivals, the majority at universities. (The revenge of Tim?) The first modern professional revival, William Gaskill's at the Royal Court Theatre in London in 1966, was variously reviewed as a justly neglected 'filthy farce' and as a 'bawdy, realistic, and brilliantly directed comedy of Jacobean London' (Parker). *Chaste Maid* has been produced oftener than any Middleton play except *The Changeling* and *The Revenger's Tragedy* (Marilyn Roberts). Modern productions often cut the promoters and many topical references; but those retaining the topical have found audiences responsive to the densely realized urban world, however unfamiliar the place-names. The play will have a stage future as long as audiences can respond to wit, trickery, brilliant plotting, infectious cynicism, and sheer vitality. It still bids us, in Maudline's words, 'Draw near and taste the welcome of the city'.

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 145 ('Weep eyes, break heart'), 149 ('Cupid is Venus' only joy')

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1011

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 373

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

[for Lady Elizabeth's Men and the Children of the Queen's Revels at The Swan]

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERSONS

Master YELLOWHAMMER, a goldsmith
MAUDLINE, his wife
TIM, their son
MOLL, their daughter
TUTOR to Tim
SIR WALTER Whorehound, a suitor to Moll
SIR OLIVER KIX
His wife, LADY KIX } kin to Sir Walter
Master Jack ALLWIT
His WIFE, whom Sir Walter keeps
WELSH GENTLEWOMAN, Sir Walter's whore
WAT } his bastards
NICK }
DAVY Dahumma, his man
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR, a decayed gentleman
His WIFE
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR, his brother, another suitor to Moll
SUSAN, maid to Yellowhammer

TWO PROMOTERS
Nine SERVANTS, two to Allwit, one to a comfit-maker, four
to Kix, two to Sir Walter
A PORTER
A GENTLEMAN with a chain
A WENCH, former sexual partner of Touchwood Senior
Her baby
A MAID to the Kixes
A DRY NURSE to Allwit's Wife's baby
A WET NURSE to Allwit's Wife's baby
Allwit's Wife's baby
TWO MEN, with meat in baskets
TWO PURITAN women
A NURSE
Midwife
Five GOSSIPS
A PARSON
Three or four WATERMEN, one named Sam

I. I [Incipit] *Actus Primus*
Enter Maudline and Moll, a shop being discovered
MAUDLINE Have you played over all your old lessons o' the
virginals?
MOLL Yes.
MAUDLINE Yes? You are a dull maid o' late; methinks
5 you had need have somewhat to quicken your green
sickness. Do you weep? A husband. Had not such a
piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been

good for? To make salads, or else cried up and down for
samphire. To see the difference of these seasons! When
I was of your youth, I was lightsome, and quick, two
years before I was married. You, fit for a knight's bed!
Drowsy-browed, dull-eyed, drossy-sprited. I hold my life
you have forgot your dancing. When was the dancer
with you?

MOLL
The last week.

10

Title Possible pun on 'chaste': (a) sexually pure; (b) chased (Moll is pursued by two suitors and—in three elopement attempts—by her parents; with a possible suggestion of prostitutes 'chased' behind carts as a punishment). The echo effect between 'chaste maid' and 'Cheapside' sets the one against the other, suggesting that Cheapside is a difficult place in which to stay chaste. The title may well be meant to sound oxymoronic, like *Honest Whore*. Cheapside was the market district, the word coming from the Anglo-Saxon *ceap* meaning 'market'.
I. I. O. 2 *Maudline* Derived from pictures of the weeping Mary Magdalene (a reformed prostitute), the name suggested

tearful sentimentality and a shady past.
Moll pet form of Mary. Though 'Mary' brings to mind the Virgin, Moll was a traditional name for a prostitute or criminal's companion (see 2.2.69).
discovered revealed
2 *virginals* small, harpsichord-like instrument, with a suggestion of 'virgin', or chaste maid
5 *quicken* bring life to; suggests pregnancy
5-6 *green sickness* anemia in young women; unfocused sexual desire
8 *make salads* become salads (associated with impropriety because highly seasoned; also, women without men are like green salads without meat)

cried up and down shouted by sellers up and down the street
9 **samphire** herb provoking urine and desire for meat
seasons times, ages
10 **lightsome** graceful, merry; with a suggestion of 'sexually easy'
quick lively, ready to act; with a suggestion of 'pregnant'
12 **drossy-sprited** scummy-spirited
13 **dancing** Though dancing and musicianship were genteel accomplishments, teachers of dancing and music often had sex with their pupils in popular tales and plays; 'dancing' was slang for sexual intercourse.

- 15 MAUDLINE Last week! When I was of your bord,
He missed me not a night; I was kept at it;
I took delight to learn, and he to teach me;
Pretty brown gentleman, he took pleasure in my
company;
But you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you,
20 You dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve
Two thousand pound in lead to your marriage,
And not in goldsmith's ware.
Enter Yellowhammer
YELLOWHAMMER Now, what's the din betwixt mother and
daughter, ha?
- 25 MAUDLINE Faith, small; telling your daughter Mary of her
errors.
YELLOWHAMMER
Errors? Nay, the city cannot hold you, wife,
But you must needs fetch words from Westminster.
I ha' done, i'faith!—
30 Has no attorney's clerk been here o'late
And changed his half-crown piece his mother sent
him,
Or rather cozened you with a gilded twopence,
To bring the word in fashion for her faults
Or cracks in duty and obedience?
35 Term 'em e'en so, sweet wife.
As there is no woman made without a flaw,
Your purest lawns have frays, and cambrics bracks.
MAUDLINE
But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks.
- MOLL
What, is he come, sir?
YELLOWHAMMER Sir Walter's come:
He was met at Holborn bridge, and in his company 40
A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess
By her red hair and other rank descriptions
To be his landed niece brought out of Wales,
Which Tim our son, the Cambridge boy, must marry.
'Tis a match of Sir Walter's own making, 45
To bind us to him and our heirs for ever.
MAUDLINE
We are honoured then, if this baggage would be
humble
And kiss him with devotion when he enters.
I cannot get her for my life
To instruct her hand thus, before and after— 50
Which a knight will look for—before and after.
I have told her still, 'tis the waving of a woman
Does often move a man and prevails strongly.
But, sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge?
Has Tim word on't? 55
YELLOWHAMMER Had word just the day after, when you
sent him the silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall
amongst the gentlemen commoners.
MAUDLINE O, 'twas timely.
Enter Porter
YELLOWHAMMER How now? 60
PORTER
A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge.

- 15–18 **When... company** The whole description of tutelage is sexually suggestive.
- 15 **bord** bore, calibre (with indecent implication); condition
- 18 **brown** dark-skinned or tanned, or brunette. Possibly suggests an Italian dancing master, drawing on stereotypes of lascivious Italians.
- 21 **to your marriage** a reference to the dowry ('to' means 'for')
- 22 **goldsmith's ware** i.e., gold
- 22.1 **Yellowhammer** (a) slang for a gold coin; (b) contemptuous term for a jealous husband (here extended to a protective father). He plays the conventional role of the *senex iratus*, angry old man who opposes his child's marital choice in favour of another suitor. Making him a goldsmith may be revenge—a money-lending goldsmith took Middleton to court four years before the play was first acted.
- 27 **Errors** To Yellowhammer a word with the aura of the law courts with their writs of error, or perhaps of chivalric romance, seems out of place in Goldsmith's Row.
the city The city mentioned so often in Jacobean comedy was both London and the realm of commercial enterprise as opposed to the country, the court, the church, or the university; the city was both a geographical location and a state of mind.
- 28 **hold** contain; also, keep from speaking
- 28 **must needs** feel driven to
- Westminster** the law court district
- 31 **half-crown piece** French crowns were in circulation in England, as well as English crowns and half crowns; the crown was worth five shillings.
- 32 **cozened** cheated
- twopence** silver coin worth two pence. The half-crown piece would have been worth about 15 times as much, and, since the twopence was much smaller, only a fool would have mistaken even a gilded half-crown for a twopence.
- 33 **the word** i.e., 'errors'. The clerk palms off counterfeit words as if they were of the mother tongue, as he fobs off a counterfeit coin as a gold piece given him by his mother. Attorneys are seen as purveyors of deceptive language or hifalutin jargon.
- 37 **Your... frays** proverbial
- lawns** pieces of fine linen, resembling cambric
- frays** frayed or worn away places
- cambrics** fine white linens, originally made at Cambray in Flanders
- bracks** flaws in cloth
- 38 **solders up all cracks** mends all character
- 40 **Holborn bridge** crossing the Fleet ditch on the main road from Wales into London via Newgate
- 42 **red hair** apparently a sign of Welshness; could also suggest sexual looseness
- rank descriptions** signifiers of high social standing; with a suggestion of rankness or lustfulness
- 44 **Tim** sometimes a term of abuse
- 47 **baggage** impertinent wench, good-for-nothing woman (referring to Moll)
- 52 **waving** with an affected gesture, perhaps demure or coy face fanning; suggestion of changing capriciously, said in this period to be a feminine flirting tactic
- 58 **gentlemen commoners** undergraduates whose wealth entitled them to dine apart from poorer students (they also wore different academic dress and paid higher fees). At Cambridge these were actually called 'pensioners'—Middleton's use of the Oxford term may recall his own student days at Oxford, an affiliation which helps account for his making witless Tim a student at Oxford's rival university.
- 61 **letter** the first of an unusually large number of stage properties in the play

- YELLOWHAMMER
O, one of Hobson's porters: thou art welcome!
I told thee Maud, we should hear from Tim. [*He reads*]
Amantissimis carissimisque ambobus parentibus patri et
65 *matri.*
MAUDLINE What's the matter?
YELLOWHAMMER
Nay, by my troth, I know not; ask not me:
He's grown too verbal, this learning is a great witch.
MAUDLINE
Pray, let me see it; I was wont to understand him.
70 *Amantissimis carissimis*: he has sent the carrier's man,
he says; *ambobus parentibus*: for a pair of boots; *Patri et*
matri: pay the porter or it makes no matter.
PORTER Yes, by my faith, mistress! There's no true con-
struction in that; I have took a great deal of pains and
75 come from the Bell sweating. Let me come to't, for I
was a scholar forty years ago. 'Tis thus, I warrant you:
Matri: it makes no matter; *ambobus parentibus*: for a pair
of boots; *patri*: pay the porter: *amantissimis carissimis*:
80 he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims. And there
he says true, forsooth; my name is Sims indeed. I have
not forgot all my learning. A money matter; I thought
I should hit on't.
YELLOWHAMMER Go, thou art an old fox! [*He gives him*
money] There's a tester for thee.
85 PORTER If I see your worship at Goose Fair, I have a dish
of birds for you.
YELLOWHAMMER Why, dost dwell at Bow?
- PORTER All my lifetime, sir; I could ever say boo to a goose!
Farewell to your worship. *Exit*
YELLOWHAMMER A merry porter! 90
MAUDLINE How can he choose but be so, coming with
Cambridge letters from our son Tim?
YELLOWHAMMER What's here? [*He reads*] *Maximus diligo*?
Faith, I must to my learned counsel with this gear, 'twill
95 ne'er be discerned else.
MAUDLINE
Go to my cousin, then, at Inns of Court.
YELLOWHAMMER
Fie, they are all for French; they speak no Latin.
MAUDLINE
The parson then will do it.
Enter a Gentleman with a chain
YELLOWHAMMER Nay, he disclaims it,
Calls Latin 'papistry'; he will not deal with it.
What is't you lack, gentleman?
GENTLEMAN Pray, weigh this chain. 100
[*Yellowhammer weighs chain*]
Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, Welsh Gentlewoman,
and Davy Dahumma
SIR WALTER
Now, wench, thou art welcome to the heart
Of the city of London.
WELSH GENTLEWOMAN *Duw cato chwi.*
SIR WALTER
You can thank me in English, if you list.
WELSH GENTLEWOMAN
I can, sir, simply.
- 62 **Hobson's** Cambridge carrier, or hauling and message company. Hobson's porters were comic types in the jest book 'The Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson'.
64-5 **Amantissimis...matri** 'to mother and father, both my most loving and beloved parents' (Latin)
66 **What's the matter?** what does this mean? or, what is wrong?
68 **verbal** verbose
witch bewitcher. To Yellowhammer, the Latin sounds like an incantation.
69 **Pray** I pray thee; i.e., please
was wont to used to
70 **man** employee
72 **matter** sense
73-4 **true construction** accurate translation
75 **the Bell** an inn frequented by Cambridge messengers
come to't have a try at translating it
82 **hit on't** understand it
84 **tester** sixpence
85-7 **Goose Fair...Bow** a fair at London suburb Stratford-le-Bow featuring young geese; 'goose' also meant fool or whore, and 'bow' could mean 'pudendum'. The Porter's saying 'boo to a goose' puns on 'Bow'; 'boo' was probably pronounced 'bo'.
85-6 **dish of birds** a serving of loose women
88 **ever** always
- say boo to a goose** proverbial; 'boo' means to shout at or shoo away
89 **worship** form of address in deference to social superior
93 **Maximus diligo** Tim's error for either the Latin *Maxime diligo*, 'I love very greatly', or *maxima diligo*, 'I choose the greatest'
94 **counsel** attorney
gear business
95 **discerned** made sense of
96 **Inns of Court** where lawyers were educated in London
97 **Fie** mild exclamation of disapproval or disagreement
French Inns of Court students used law-French; also, hints at French pox (syphilis)
99 **papistry** hostile term for Roman Catholicism, with its Latin mass
100 **What...lack** shopkeeper's formula, similar to 'May I help you?'
weigh this chain Gentlemen often wore gold chains, and often (owing to their dicing, wenching, and extravagant tailoring) had to sell them to stay afloat financially, an emblem of the gentry's loss of wealth and power to merchant-class citizens like Yellowhammer.
100.2 **Sir Walter Whorehound** 'Walter', related to 'wallow', suggests gross de-
- light in sensuality. It can also mean 'overthrow', which hints at the character's final comeuppance. Pronounced 'water', it ties in with the play's pervasive imagery of liquids. 'Whorehound' means a chaser after whores, but 'water horehound' was also a plant that grew in moist places—its connection with deceptive practices is appropriate to the character.
100.3 **Davy Dahumma** 'Dahumma' is a phonetic spelling of the Welsh *dewch yma*, 'come hither'; 'man' means manservant.
101 **wench** a term of affection which, because of its implications of lower social class and of intimacy, Sir Walter does not address to the Welsh Gentlewoman in front of those who know nothing of their relationship. Sir Walter and the Welsh Gentlewoman are conversing apart, unheard by the Yellowhammer family.
101-2 **heart...London** Cheapside lay in the heart of the city. That this is said while a gold chain is being weighed suggests that London has a heart of gold, in the sense that trade is the essence of the City.
102 **Duw...chwi** God be with you (Welsh)
103 **list** like

- SIR WALTER 'Twill serve to pass, wench; And kiss with trembling thighs. Yet see, she comes,
105 'Twas strange that I should lie with thee so often sir. 125
To leave thee without English; that were unnatural.
I bring thee up to turn thee into gold, wench,
And make thy fortune shine like your bright trade;
A goldsmith's shop sets out a city maid.
Davy Dahumma, not a word!
- 110 DAVY Mum, mum, sir.
SIR WALTER [*to the Welsh Gentlewoman*]
Here you must pass for a pure virgin.
DAVY [*aside*] Pure Welsh virgin!
She lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire.
SIR WALTER
I hear you mumble, Davy.
DAVY I have teeth, sir;
115 I need not mumble yet this forty years.
SIR WALTER [*aside*]
The knave bites plaguily!
YELLOWHAMMER [*to Gentleman*]
What's your price, sir?
GENTLEMAN A hundred pound, sir.
YELLOWHAMMER
A hundred marks the utmost; 'tis not for me else.
What, Sir Walter Whorehound? [*Exit Gentleman*]
MOLL O death! [*Exit*]
MAUDLINE Why, daughter!
120 Faith, the baggage!
[*To Sir Walter*] A bashful girl, sir; these young things
are shamefaced;
Besides, you have a presence, sweet Sir Walter,
Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city:
Enter Moll
A brave court-spirit makes our virgins quiver
- SIR WALTER Why, how now, pretty mistress? Now I have caught
you.
What, can you injure so your time to stray
Thus from your faithful servant?
YELLOWHAMMER
Pish, stop your words, good knight—'twill make her
blush else—
Which sound too high for the daughters of the
freedom. 130
'Honour' and 'faithful servant'! They are compliments
For the worthies of Whitehall or Greenwich;
E'en plain, sufficient, subsidy words serves us, sir.
And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece?
SIR WALTER
You may be bold with her on these terms; 'tis she, sir, 135
Heir to some nineteen mountains.
YELLOWHAMMER Bless us all!
You overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches.
SIR WALTER
And all as high as Paul's.
DAVY [*aside*] Here's work, i'faith!
SIR WALTER How sayest thou, Davy?
DAVY
Higher, sir, by far; you cannot see the top of 'em. 140
YELLOWHAMMER
What, man! Maudline, salute this gentlewoman,
Our daughter if things hit right.
Enter Touchwood Junior
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [*aside*]
My knight, with a brace of footmen,

105-6 'Twas... **English** i.e., it would be strange if I had slept with you so often and left you without knowing English
107 **turn... gold** recalls Rumpelstiltskin's turning straw into gold. The play's talk of 'gold' more often than 'money' has a folk-tale resonance.
108 **your** may be impersonal, i.e., 'one's', thus referring to any lucrative trade; or may be personal, referring to her trade as 'whore'
109 A **goldsmith's... maid** serves as a foil to, heightening her attractiveness. May mean that as fiancée of a goldsmith's son the Welsh Gentlewoman will be 'set out' in the city, or may refer to Moll, whose city life has given her advantages over the Welsh Gentlewoman; in either case, 'sets out' suggests wares displayed for sale.
110 **Mum** i.e., I will keep silent
111 **pass for a pure virgin** Phrasing appropriate to supposed pure gold, this injunction gestures toward the play's counterfeiting motif.
113 **Brecknockshire** county in Wales

116 **plaguily** vexatiously
118 **marks** a mark was two-thirds of a pound
119 **O death!** Why Moll cries 'O death!' and exits is unclear. The scene could be played so that she overhears Sir Walter's private conversation with the Welsh Gentlewoman which her father is too distracted by customers to hear; or she could suffer revulsion against the appearance or demeanor of her husband-to-be, or simply be upset at his arrival because she is already in love with Touchwood Junior. Why she re-enters voluntarily four lines later is also obscure.
121 **shamefaced** shy; modest
124 **court-spirit** one accustomed to life at court
128 **your faithful servant** Sir Walter speaks the conventional language of courtly love; Jacobean comedy, however, regularly debases key terms of courtly love so that 'servant' comes to mean 'illicit lover'.
129 **Pish** expression of impatience

130 **the freedom** those licensed to practise trade in London
131 **'Honour'** Sir Walter has not actually used this word.
132 **worthies** persons of note or standing
Whitehall... Greenwich royal palaces
133 **subsidy** fit for the bourgeois world of material goods
serves are good enough for. Middleton often uses singular verbs with plural nouns.
136 **mountains** In Elizabethan stereotype, Wales was nearly all mountains; possible quibble on 'mountings'.
138 **as high as Paul's** i.e., Saint Paul's Cathedral; proverbial
141 **salute** greet, often with a kiss
142 **hit** work out
142.1 **Touchwood Junior** One meaning of 'touchwood' was a passionate, impulsive person. Both Touchwoods' names suggest the expression 'touch wood', living by luck.
143 **brace** two (usually applied to game birds)

- 145 Is come, and brought up his ewe-mutton
To find a ram at London; I must hasten it,
Or else peak o' famine; her blood's mine,
And that's the surest. Well, knight, that choice spoil
Is only kept for me.
[*He whispers to Moll from behind*]
- MOLL Sir?
- 150 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Turn not to me till thou mayst law-
fully; it but whets my stomach, which is too sharp-set
already. [*Giving her a paper*] Read that note carefully;
keep me from suspicion still, nor know my zeal but in
thy heart. Read, and send but thy liking in three words;
155 I'll be at hand to take it.
- YELLOWHAMMER [*to Sir Walter*] O, Tim, sir, Tim!
A poor plain boy, an university man;
Proceeds next Lent to a bachelor of art:
He will be called Sir Yellowhammer then
160 Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight.
- MAUDLINE Please you, draw near and taste the welcome
of the city, sir.
- YELLOWHAMMER
Come, good Sir Walter, and your virtuous niece here.
- SIR WALTER
'Tis manners to take kindness.
- YELLOWHAMMER Lead 'em in, wife.
- SIR WALTER
Your company, sir?
- 165 YELLOWHAMMER I'll give't you instantly.
[*Exeunt Maudline, Sir Walter,
Davy, and the Welsh Gentlewoman*]
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [*aside*]
How strangely busy is the devil and riches!
Poor soul, kept in too hard, her mother's eye
Is cruel toward her, being kind to him.
'Twere a good mirth now to set him a-work
170 To make her wedding ring; I must about it:
Rather than the gain should fall to a stranger,
'Twas honesty in me to enrich my father.
- YELLOWHAMMER [*aside*]
The girl is wondrous peevish, I fear nothing
But that she's taken with some other love,
Then all's quite dashed: that must be narrowly looked
to,
175 We cannot be too wary in our children.
[*To Touchwood Junior*] What is't you lack?
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [*aside to Moll*]
O, nothing now; all that I wish is present.
[*To Yellowhammer*] I would have a wedding ring made
for a gentlewoman
180 With all speed that may be.
- YELLOWHAMMER Of what weight, sir?
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Of some half ounce;
Stand fair and comely with the spark of a diamond.
Sir, 'twere pity to lose the least grace.
- YELLOWHAMMER
Pray, let's see it.
[*He takes diamond from Touchwood Junior*]
Indeed, sir, 'tis a pure one. 185
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
So is the mistress.
- YELLOWHAMMER
Have you the wideness of her finger, sir?
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Yes, sure, I think I have her measure about me.
Good faith, 'tis down; I cannot show't you,
I must pull too many things out to be certain.
190 Let me see: long, and slender, and neatly jointed;
Just such another gentlewoman that's your daughter,
sir.
- YELLOWHAMMER
And, therefore, sir, no gentlewoman.
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
I protest I never saw two maids handed more alike;
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir.
- YELLOWHAMMER
If you dare venture by her finger, sir. 195

144 **ewe-mutton** Jacobean comedy frequently refers to sexually-available women in terms of meat, 'mutton' applying especially to aging women with much sexual experience. The play's language repeatedly connects illicit sexuality with illicit meat-eating during Lent.

145 **hasten it** hurry

146 **peak** waste away

her blood's mine i.e., she is as full of sexual desire for me as I am for her; referring to Moll, not the Welsh Gentlewoman of whom he has just been speaking

147 **that's the surest** i.e., the best assurance that Moll will prefer me to Sir Walter
choice spoil prized acquisition or plunder, i.e., Moll

150-1 **Turn...lawfully** i.e., do not acknowledge our relationship until we are betrothed or married

151 **stomach** sexual appetite
sharp-set aroused

152 **paper** perhaps a love letter or details of an elopement plot

154 **liking** (a) consent; (b) expression of sexual desire

158 **Proceeds...to** receives a degree as
next Lent Since Tim is called a bachelor at 3.2.123 and 3.2.134, Act One must occur before Lent; Lent is first mentioned at 2.1.108.

159 **Sir Yellowhammer** The title 'Sir' acquired merely through taking a university degree was used with the surname only, hence making one 'half a knight'.

161 **Please you** if it pleases you
taste the welcome an invitation to come into the Yellowhammers' private chambers for refreshment. They would have lived in the same building as the

shop.

164 **take kindness** accept hospitality

168 **him** i.e., Sir Walter

169 **him** i.e., Yellowhammer

172 'Twas it would be

father father-in-law-to-be

183 **Stand** i.e., standing

spark a small jewel

187 **measure** size, with bawdy innuendo

188 **down** deep in my pocket; suggestion of 'flaccid'

191 **that's** i.e., as

192 **no gentleman** Moll is of the merchant class; Yellowhammer may be displaying a humility that would be good for business, or may be warning off the gentleman by implying 'don't flirt with my daughter—she isn't of your social class'.

195 **venture** risk, in a commercial sense

- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Ay, and I'll 'bide all loss, sir.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 Say you so, sir? Let's see hither, girl.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 Shall I make bold with your finger, gentlewoman?
 MOLL
 Your pleasure, sir.
 [He tries the ring on Moll's finger]
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 That fits her to a hair, sir.
 200 YELLOWHAMMER What's your posy now, sir?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 Mass, that's true: posy? I'faith, e'en thus, sir:
 'Love that's wise
 Blinds parents' eyes.'
 YELLOWHAMMER
 How, how! If I may speak without offence, sir,
 I hold my life—
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 What, sir?
 205 YELLOWHAMMER Go to; you'll pardon me?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 Pardon you? Ay, sir.
 YELLOWHAMMER Will you, i'faith?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Yes, faith, I will.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 You'll steal away some man's daughter: am I near
 you?
 Do you turn aside? You gentlemen are mad wags!
 I wonder things can be so warily carried,
 210 And parents blinded so; but they're served right
 That have two eyes and wear so dull a sight.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [aside] Thy doom take hold of thee.
- YELLOWHAMMER
 Tomorrow noon shall show your ring well done.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 Being so, 'tis soon. Thanks, [to Moll] and your leave,
 sweet gentlewoman.
 Exit
 MOLL Sir, you are welcome.
 215 [Aside] O, were I made of wishes, I went with thee.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 Come now, we'll see how the rules go within.
 MOLL [aside]
 That robs my joy; there I lose all I win. Exit
 Enter Davy and Allwit severally I.2
 DAVY [aside]
 Honesty wash my eyes! I have spied a wittol.
 ALLWIT
 What, Davy Dahumma? Welcome from North Wales,
 I'faith; and is Sir Walter come?
 DAVY New come to town, sir.
 ALLWIT
 In to the maids, sweet Davy, and give order
 His chamber be made ready instantly. 5
 My wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy,
 And longs for nothing but pickled cucumbers
 And his coming; and now she shall ha't, boy.
 DAVY She's sure of them, sir.
 ALLWIT
 Thy very sight will hold my wife in pleasure 10
 Till the knight come himself. Go in, in, in Davy.
 Exit [Davy]
 The founder's come to town. I am like a man
 Finding a table furnished to his hand,

196 'bide pay, if he should be wrong about the size
 197 hither here
 198 make bold be bold, by holding her finger
 199 to a hair to a tee; with bawdy suggestion of pubic hair
 200 posy verse motto inscribed inside a ring
 201 Mass by the mass (oath). 'Mass' for the eucharistic service, denounced by Reformation Protestants as a relic of papistry, survived by habit in oaths.
 203 Blinds... eyes Language of blindness and incomprehension pervades the play, related to its themes of proneness to trickery and of moral blindness.
 205 hold my life i.e., I'll wager that Go to come on
 207 am I near you? do I guess your secret? (with an unintended irony in 'near': Yellowhammer himself is the man whose daughter is to be stolen away; possible unintended suggestion of 'nearly related', which they will ultimately become)
 208 wags mischievous youths

213-14 Tomorrow...soon possible allusion to proverb 'Soon enough if well enough'
 216 went would go
 217 rules revels
 I.2.0.1 Allwit all-knowing, full of wit; transposition of 'wittol', a willing cuckold severally separately
 I Honesty...eyes i.e., may clean thinking clarify my vision (he ironically attributes his identification of Allwit as a wittol to his own filthy mind). Though as Sir Walter's man, Davy knows about Allwit, the secret seems otherwise well-kept; those who believe that no material comforts could compensate for the contempt in which a wittol is held ignore the fact that (at least until Allwit tips off Yellowhammer in 4.1) no one in Cheapside knows about Allwit's cuckoldry.
 wittol a willing cuckold
 6 great far advanced in pregnancy
 wallow walk rollingly, like a sow wallowing in mud

7 pickled cucumbers Pregnancy's exotic cravings were a common theme of gynecological works and of satires on women such as *Le Quinze Joies de Mariage*, which often mention women's desire for dainty delicacies. That 'longs' refers to both cucumbers and Sir Walter's coming is one of the play's connotations of sex and food. Cucumbers are notably phallic.
 9 She's...them either she is sure of both the pickled cucumbers and Sir Walter's arrival, or (if the actor emphasizes 'them') she is sure of the cucumbers but Sir Walter's coming (in a sexual sense) is a matter of doubt
 12 founder's a founder is normally one who founds a charitable institution with funds to maintain it perpetually; here, one who maintains Allwit's household
 13 Finding...furnished allusion to Psalm 23, line 5: 'Thou dost prepare a table before me' (Geneva)
 to his hand near at hand

- As mine is still to me, prays for the founder:
 15 'Bless the right worshipful the good founder's life.'
 I thank him, he's maintained my house this ten years,
 Not only keeps my wife, but a keeps me
 And all my family. I am at his table;
 He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse
 20 Monthly or weekly; puts me to nothing,
 Rent, nor church-duties, not so much as the scav-
 enger:
 The happiest state that ever man was born to!
 I walk out in a morning; come to breakfast,
 Find excellent cheer; a good fire in winter;
 25 Look in my coal-house about midsummer eve,
 That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up;
 Look in my backyard, I shall find a steeple
 Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
 The water-house and the windmills: I say nothing,
 30 But smile and pin the door. When she lies in,
 As now she's even upon the point of grunting,
 A lady lies not in like her; there's her embossings,
 Embroid'rings, spanglings, and I know not what,
 As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops
 35 In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,
 Able to set up a young pothecary,
- And richly stock the foreman of a drug-shop;
 Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by runlets.
 I see these things, but like a happy man
 I pay for none at all; yet fools think 's mine;
 40 I have the name, and in his gold I shine;
 And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
 Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs
 To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,
 45 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone—
 As what affliction nature more constrains
 Than feed the wife plump for another's veins?—
 These torments stand I freed of; I am as clear
 From jealousy of a wife as from the charge.
 50 O, two miraculous blessings! 'Tis the knight
 Hath took that labour all out of my hands.
 I may sit still and play; he's jealous for me,
 Watches her steps, sets spies. I live at ease;
 He has both the cost and torment: when the strings
 55 Of his heart frets, I feed, laugh, or sing:
 [Singing] *La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo.*
Enter two Servants
- FIRST SERVANT
 What, has he got a singing in his head now?

- 15 **Bless... life** 'God bless the founder' was proverbial.
 16 **house** The play repeatedly exploits different meanings of this word—home, lineage, bloodlines, family, business establishment, brothel—for ironic effect; the word's biblical resonance (as in 'the house of David') adds to the irony.
ten years The duration of the arrangement is said to be ten years here and at 2.3.8, but twice said to be seven years (3.2.66–9, 4.1.229).
 17 **a he**
 19 **gets begets**
 21 **church-duties...scavenger** Church dues were paid with money or parish work; scavengers oversaw pavement repair, street cleaning, and repair of chimneys and furnaces; Sir Walter has paid in cash, relieving Allwit of parish work.
 25 **midsummer eve** day before Midsummer Day, June 24, one of the four quarter days. That the winter's coal is laid up this early indicates Sir Walter's zealotry toward his illegitimate family, or perhaps merely his efficiency.
 26 **chaldron** cauldron (32 bushels, or 198 to 238 cubic feet); five or six chaldron would provide enough to burn a bushel a day for half a year. A reference in Pepys's diary to the delivery of 10 chaldron of coal suggests that the amount is not necessarily hyperbolic, though Pepys would have had a large house, and in any case overstatement would fit in with the steeple-high firewood and wine in huge casks.
 28 **Kentish faggots** firewood from the county of Kent
o'erlooks is higher than
 29 **water-house** a new pump-house; or perhaps a reservoir built by goldsmith Hugh Myddelton, opened in 1613, the year *Chaste Maid* was first performed
windmills several were patented and erected at about this time, some for pumping water into private houses
 30 **pin bolt**
lies in is confined for childbirth
 32 **A lady...her** The dainty tastes and extravagant demands of wives in the weeks before and after childbirth, the 'lying in' period, were a staple of Renaissance antifeminist satire.
embossings embossed ornaments
 33 **spanglings** bits of glittering metal decorating fabrics
 34 **gaudy-shops** boutiques
 35 **Gresham's Burse** a kind of shopping mall, a covered walk lined with stalls featuring clothes and trinkets, on the south side of the Royal Exchange
restoratives foods, cordials or medicines to restore health or strength
 36 **set up** set up in business
pothecary apothecary, druggist
 37 **foreman** May allude to Simon Forman and the scandalous Essex divorce case with its drugs and accusations of impotence; see *Masque of Cupids*.
 38 **loaves** a 'sugar loaf' was refined sugar moulded into a loaf or cone
runlets casks of varying sizes, up to 18.5 gallons
 42 **would...hell** would (figuratively)
 sell their souls to the devil; possible suggestion of witches' supposed practice of kissing the Devil's anus
 43–4 **dye...heirs** have upon their conscience the sin of having helped ruin prodigal heirs by selling them expensive wares
 45 **night-piece** insulting term for wife or other sexual companion
 47 **nature more constrains** more violates nature
 48 **feed...veins** 'Veins' is a synecdoche for a body in the throes of lust, envisioned as hot blood pulsing wildly; 'feed' paints lust as cannibalism, a wife fattened to be served at another's table.
 52 **labour...hands** A husband's duties, such as sex and jealousy, were sometimes regarded as drudgery.
 54 **live at ease** Allwit's famous soliloquy parodies praises of the Golden Age, a classless utopia where all are fed abundantly without needing to work: closely contemporary with *Chaste Maid*, *The Tempest's* Golden Age set piece imagines 'all men idle' and abundance produced 'without sweat or endeavour', a vision that a Middletonesque bystander glosses 'all idle: whores and knaves' (2.1.160–72).
 55–6 **strings...frets** the heart was thought to have strings, which could fray from emotional turmoil
 57 **dildo** (a) a meaningless word in ballad refrains; (b) an artificial penis
 58 **singing in his head** possible reference to headache caused by cuckold's horns

- SECOND SERVANT
Now 's out of work, he falls to making dildoes.
- ALLWIT
Now, sirs, Sir Walter's come.
- 60 FIRST SERVANT Is our master come?
ALLWIT
Your master! What am I?
FIRST SERVANT Do not you know, sir?
ALLWIT Pray, am not I your master?
FIRST SERVANT
O, you are but our mistress' husband.
ALLWIT *Ergo*, knave, your master.
Enter Sir Walter and Davy. [Allwit removes his hat.]
FIRST SERVANT
65 *Negatur argumentum.*—Here comes Sir Walter.
[Aside to Second Servant] Now a stands bare as well as we; make the most of him, he's but one pip above a servingman, and so much his horns make him.
SIR WALTER *[to Allwit]*
How dost, Jack?
ALLWIT Proud of your worship's health, sir.
SIR WALTER
How does your wife?
70 ALLWIT E'en after your own making, sir;
She's a tumbler i'faith; the nose and belly meets.
SIR WALTER They'll part in time again.
ALLWIT
At the good hour they will, an please your worship.
SIR WALTER *[to First Servant]* Here, sirrah, pull off my
75 boots.—*[To Allwit]* Put on, put on, Jack.
ALLWIT I thank your kind worship, sir.
SIR WALTER Slippers! *[Second Servant brings slippers]* Heart, you are sleepy!
ALLWIT *[aside]* The game begins already.
80 SIR WALTER Pish! Put on, Jack.
- ALLWIT *[aside, putting on his hat]* Now I must do it, or he'll be as angry now, as if I had put it on at first bidding. 'Tis but observing; 'tis but observing a man's humour once, and he may ha' him by the nose all his life.
- SIR WALTER *[to First Servant]*
What entertainment has lain open here? 85
No strangers in my absence?
FIRST SERVANT Sure, sir, not any.
ALLWIT *[aside]*
His jealousy begins. Am not I happy now
That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts?
SIR WALTER
How do you satisfy me?
FIRST SERVANT Good, sir, be patient.
SIR WALTER
90 For two months' absence I'll be satisfied.
FIRST SERVANT
No living creature entered.
SIR WALTER Entered? Come, swear!
FIRST SERVANT
You will not hear me out, sir.
SIR WALTER Yes, I'll hear't out, sir.
FIRST SERVANT
Sir, he can tell, himself.
SIR WALTER Heart, he can tell!
Do you think I'll trust him?—as a usurer
With forfeited lordships. Him? O monstrous injury! 95
Believe him? Can the devil speak ill of darkness?
[To Allwit] What can you say, sir?
ALLWIT Of my soul and conscience, sir, she's a wife as honest of her body to me, as any lord's proud lady can be. 100
SIR WALTER
Yet, by your leave, I heard you were once off'ring
To go to bed to her.
ALLWIT No, I protest, sir!

59 **out of work** (a) out of work; (b) sexually inactive

61–3 **What am I? . . . husband** recalls King Lear's demanding of a servant 'Who am I?' and being impertinently answered, 'My lady's father' (1.4.76–7 [Folio])

64 *Ergo* therefore (Latin)

65 *Negatur argumentum* the argument is denied (Latin)

66 a he

stands bare with his hat removed, a mark of respect for Sir Walter (hats were worn indoors in this period)

67 **pip** the mark on dice or playing cards; hence, a very small degree

68 **horns** the (figurative) insignia of a cuckold

69 **How dost** how do you do

Proud pleased, glad

70 **after . . . making** as you have fashioned her, with suggestion of 'making' meaning 'mating'

71 **tumbler** (a) acrobat (nose meeting belly requires contortions); (b) copulator
nose . . . meets proverbial description of pregnancy

73 **good hour** most auspicious time
an if it

74 **sirrah** term of address to male servants or boys, contemptuously expressing authority

75 **Put on** Allwit is still standing hatless.

77–9 **Heart . . . already** Sir Walter may be musingly addressing himself, to let the others know he is ready for bed, which prompts Allwit to observe that the game of sex with his wife is beginning; or Sir Walter may be upbraiding the servant for 'sleepy' or slow service in bringing the slippers, a prelude to his testy interrogation of the servants, in which case the 'game' is jealousy. ('Heart' is an exclamation of surprise.)

83 **humour** disposition, temperament

84 **by the nose** under his influence; proverbial

85 **lain open** Sir Walter's diction in this passage—'lain open', 'entered'—plays upon a common Renaissance identification of a woman's body with a house, which can be locked up but may also be illicitly entered.

88 **marrow** seat of animal vitality; love proverbially melted the marrow

92 **out . . . out** the first 'out' means 'to the end of my statement', the second 'the true story' (as in 'the truth will out')

93 **he** i.e., Allwit

94–5 **usurer . . . lordships** moneylender who has foreclosed on aristocratic property for non-repayment of loans. The passage may mean 'as I will trust a usurer not to foreclose on aristocratic property if given a chance'.

99 **honest** chaste

- SIR WALTER
Heart, if you do, you shall take all. I'll marry.
ALLWIT O, I beseech you, sir!
- 105 SIR WALTER [*aside*]
That wakes the slave, and keeps his flesh in awe.
ALLWIT [*aside*]
I'll stop that gap where'er I find it open.
I have poisoned his hopes in marriage already—
Some old rich widows and some landed virgins,
Enter two children, [Wat and Nick]
And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him,
He's yet too sweet to part from.
- 110 WAT [*to Allwit*] Good e'en, father.
ALLWIT
Ha, villain, peace.
NICK Good e'en, father.
ALLWIT Peace, bastard! [*aside*] Should he hear 'em! [*Aloud*]
These are two foolish children, they do not know the
gentleman that sits there.
- 115 SIR WALTER O, Wat! How dost, Nick? Go to school, ply
your books, boys, ha?
ALLWIT [*aside to boys*] Where's your legs, whoresons?
[*Aside*] They should kneel indeed, if they could say their
prayers.
- 120 SIR WALTER [*aside*] Let me see, stay;
How shall I dispose of these two brats now
When I am married? For they must not mingle
Amongst my children that I get in wedlock;
'Twill make foul work, that, and raise many storms.
125 I'll bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith—my father Yellow-
hammer, as fit as can be! Nick with some vintner; good,
goldsmith and vintner; there will be wine in bowls,
I'faith.
Enter Allwit's Wife
- 130 WIFE Sweet knight,
Welcome! I have all my longings now in town;
Now, welcome the good hour.
- SIR WALTER How cheers my mistress?
WIFE Made lightsome e'en by him that made me heavy.
SIR WALTER Methinks she shows gallantly, like a moon at full, sir.
ALLWIT True, and if she bear a male child, there's the man
in the moon, sir. 135
SIR WALTER 'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, goodman calf.
ALLWIT There was a man, the boy had never been there else.
SIR WALTER It shall be yours, sir.
ALLWIT No, by my troth, I'll swear
It's none of mine. Let him that got it keep it!
[*Aside*] Thus do I rid myself of fear, 140
Lie soft, sleep hard, drink wine, and eat good cheer.
[*Exeunt*]
- Finis Actus Primus*
-
- [*Incipit*] *Actus Secundus* 2.1
Enter Touchwood Senior and his Wife
- WIFE 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from you,
But that necessity must be obeyed.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
I would it might not, wife. The tediousness
Will be the most part mine, that understand
The blessings I have in thee; so to part, 5
That drives the torment to a knowing heart,
But as thou say'st, we must give way to need,
And live awhile asunder; our desires
Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes.
How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures: 10
Some only can get riches and no children,

105 **slave** contemptible fellow
106 **gap** i.e., the possibility of Sir Walter's
marrying. Given adjacent imagery of
openings, 'gap' is also sexually suggest-
ive.
108.1 *Wat* (a) short for Walter; (b) a hare
Nick In the sense 'notch' perhaps
suggests a notch on the belt of Sir
Walter's sexual conquests.
115 **ply** work at
117 **Where's your legs** i.e., why aren't
you bowing or kneeling? (Children knelt
before their parents.)
whoresons Allwit's calling the boys
'bastard' and 'whoresons' raises the
question of whether they know they
are not his children, in which case
he has committed the despicable act
of implicating young children in the
household's immoral arrangements; his
thus addressing them if they think he is
really their father is not very attractive
behaviour either.

118–19 **if...prayers** i.e., Sir Walter should
be considered their God
122 **mingle** intermix with, be acknowledged
as heirs on an equal footing with
124 **storms** disputes, probably over property
and equitable treatment
125 **prentice** apprentice. Since apprentices
lived in their master's households, Sir
Walter is imagining the cruel situation
of forcing his illegitimate son to live as
an apprentice in the very household
where his legitimate offspring will have
the status of grandchildren.
128.1 *Allwit's Wife* The fact that All-
wit's wife, Lady Kix, and Touchwood
Senior's wife are designated in the list of
the 'Principal Persons' and elsewhere in
the text only as 'his wife' is one instance
among many in the play of wives being
considered mere objects. Of the play's
dozen wives, only Maudline Yellowham-
mer is given a first name.
130 **longings** desires. The word was espe-

cially used for pregnancy's cravings.
132 **lightsome** light-hearted, happy
heavy pregnant, with a paradoxical play
on another meaning, 'sad'
136 **calf** dolt; suggestion of 'mooncalf'—
natural idiot or aborted foetus
137 **There...else** i.e., there must have been
a man, or else there could be no boy
138 **It...yours** Sir Walter may mean that
Allwit wins the prize for this wit duel;
Allwit takes him to mean that the child
will pass as his legitimate heir.
139 **Let...keep it** proverbial
141 **good cheer** plentiful food
2.1.0.2 *Touchwood Senior* Touchwood was
tinder used to ignite the touchhole of a
musket, with a sexual implication.
1 **from** separated from
2 **necessity...obeyed** proverbial
5 **blessings** (a) happiness; (b) offspring
6 **knowing** i.e., savouring marital bliss;
'know' also meant to have sex with

- We only can get children and no riches.
Then 'tis the prudent'st part to check our wills
And, till our state rise, make our bloods lie still.
15 Life, every year a child, and some years two—
Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckoned;
This gear will not hold out.
- WIFE Sir, for a time
I'll take the courtesy of my uncle's house,
If you be pleased to like on't, till prosperity
20 Look with a friendly eye upon our states.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Honest wife, I thank thee. I ne'er knew
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more
Than at this instant minute. A man's happy
When he's at poorest that has matched his soul
25 As rightly as his body. Had I married
A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'scape it
'Mongst gentlewomen of our time, she would ha'
hanged
About my neck, and never left her hold
Till she had kissed me into wanton businesses,
30 Which at the waking of my better judgement
I should have cursed most bitterly,
And laid a thicker vengeance on my act
Than misery of the birth—which were enough
If it were born to greatness, whereas mine
35 Is sure of beggary, though it were got in wine.
Fullness of joy showeth the goodness in thee;
Thou art a matchless wife: farewell, my joy.
- WIFE I shall not want your sight?
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR I'll see thee often,
Talk in mirth, and play at kisses with thee,
Anything, wench, but what may beget beggars;
40 There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,
And dare not take them up.
- WIFE Your will be mine, sir. *Exit*
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
This does not only make her honesty perfect,
But her discretion, and approves her judgement.
Had her desires been wanton, they'd been blameless
45 In being lawful ever, but of all creatures
I hold that wife a most unmatched treasure
Than can unto her fortunes fix her pleasure
And not unto her blood. This is like wedlock;
The feast of marriage is not lust but love
50 And care of the estate; when I please blood,
Merely I sin and suck out others'; then
'Tis many a wise man's fault, but of all men
I am the most unfortunate in that game
That ever pleased both genders: I ne'er played yet
55 Under a bastard: the poor wenches curse me
To the pit where'er I come; they were ne'er served so,
But used to have more words than one to a bargain.
I have such a fatal finger in such business
I must forth with't, chiefly for country wenches,
60 For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making:

- 13 **check curb**
wills sexual desires
14 **state** financial condition
bloods sexual passions
15 **Life** God's life (oath)
16 **drinkings abroad** cost of drinking or dining out, with a suggestion of sexual encounters with other women
17 **gear** business; with a suggestion of 'genitals'
19 **like on't** approve it
20 **states** situations
23 **instant** present
32-3 **And...birth** i.e., he would make himself more miserable by cursing himself than the ensuing child would be made miserable by poverty; or, cursing would be an even greater penalty to him than the birth of the child would
33 **misery...birth** The Renaissance commonplace that humans are born into misery comes from Christianity (original sin) and from classical Greek authors.
33-5 **which...beggary** i.e., the birth of a child would be sad enough if it were born into wealth, whereas my child is certain to be poor
35 **got in wine** conceived while the parents were drunk (possible allusion to proverb 'let him drink, and forget his poverty'; perhaps alludes to a superstition that children begotten by drunken parents would grow up to be rich)
37 **matchless** peerless; also, possibly, husbandless
38 **want** lack
40 **Anything...beggars** His sexual 'fast' is counterpoised against Lenten food fasting in the play, the former being about as rigorous as the latter.
wench here, simply an affectionate term with no suggestion of rusticity or lower class
41 **give...set** give up the game (of sex); game imagery pervades the play
43-63 Touchwood Senior's soliloquy is balanced against Allwit's soliloquy in the preceding scene; both men relinquish their sex lives with their wives; both praise the married state in circumstances undercutting that praise.
44 **approves** confirms
49 **like wedlock** what wedlock should ideally be
50-1 **The feast...estate** for similar sentiments, see *No Wit* 9.214-5 and *Women Beware* 1.3.22-35, 41-49
52 **Merely...others'** i.e., I commit an absolute sin and harm other people ('others' means 'other people's sins')
55-6 **ne'er...bastard** i.e., never had sex without producing at least one bastard. The image is perhaps from card-playing—to have a bastard is to be left with a card that scores against one.
57 **the pit** Hell; suggestion of pudendum
57-8 **ne'er...bargain** i.e., the maids are not used to conceiving after only one sexual encounter. To 'have more words than one to a bargain' is proverbial.
59 **fatal** (a) doomed by destiny; (b) deadly, ruinous
finger contribution, influence (figurative); with a suggestion of a sexually potent penis
61 **hinder hay-making** i.e., the pregnant country wenches cannot help with the harvest

- Enter a Wench with a child*
 I had no less than seven lay in last progress
 Within three weeks of one another's time.
- WENCH
 O, snap-hance, have I found you?
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 How snap-hance?
- WENCH [*showing him the baby*]
 Do you see your workmanship?
 Nay, turn not from it, nor offer to escape; for if you
 do,
 I'll cry it through the streets and follow you.
 Your name may well be called Touchwood, a pox on
 you!
- 70 You do but touch and take; thou has undone me;
 I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate for it
 From both the churchwardens.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 I'll have the parson's hand too, or I'll not yield to't.
- WENCH Thou shalt have more, thou villain! Nothing
 grieves me but Ellen, my poor cousin in Derbyshire;
 thou hast cracked her marriage quite; she'll have a
 bout with thee.
- 75 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 Faith, when she will, I'll have a bout with her!
- WENCH A law bout, sir, I mean.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 True, lawyers use such bouts as other men do.
 An if that be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband.
 I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle
 To eat such mutton with, and she shall choose one.
 Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me
- Of this half yard of flesh, in which I think it wants
 A nail or two.
- WENCH No, thou shalt find, villain,
 It hath right shape and all the nails it should have.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 Faith, I am poor. Do a charitable deed, wench;
 I am a younger brother and have nothing.
- WENCH
 Nothing! Thou hast too much, thou lying villain,
 Unless thou wert more thankful.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 I have no dwelling;
 I brake up house but this morning. Pray thee, pity
 me;
- I am a good fellow, faith, have been too kind
 To people of your gender; if I ha't
 Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it.
 [*Aside*] That word has been of force to move a woman.
 95 [*To her*] There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't,
 wench:
 Some rich man's porch, tomorrow before day,
 Or else anon i' the evening; twenty devices.
 [*He gives her money*] Here's all I have, i'faith, take
 purse and all;
 [*Aside*] And would I were rid of all the ware i' the
 shop so!
- 100 WENCH
 Where I find manly dealings, I am pitiful:
 This shall not trouble you.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 And I protest, wench, the next I'll keep myself.
- WENCH Soft, let it be got first!

- 61.1 **Wench** A wench was a rustic or working-class girl, often regarded as sexually 'easy' and sometimes as witty and resourceful.
- 62 **lay in** were confined for childbirth **progress** The monarch and members of Court went on a royal tour of England in July or August; they were lavishly entertained and courtiers often wreaked havoc on the local population; Touchwood Senior's impregnation of seven women parallels Sir Walter's fathering seven children by Allwit's wife.
- 64 **snap-hance** (a) bandit; (b) the flintlock or cock which ignites 'touchwood' or tinder in the touchhole (suggestion of pudendum) of a gun
- 69 **touch and take** speedily lay hands on; proverbial; with a suggestion of speedy impregnation
undone ruined my reputation and marital prospects
- 70 **certificate** a warrant of good conduct required of all those who moved out of their own parish; notoriously unreliable
- 71 **churchwardens** lay officers who helped parishioners
- 72 **parson's hand** the parson's signature,

- proving the maid's chastity
- 75 **cracked** broken
- 76 **bout** she means a law suit; but he interprets 'bout' as a sexual encounter
- 80 **An if** if
- 81 **of purpose** on purpose
gulls fools
in pickle (a) stored up, like pickled food; (b) in tubs for treating syphilis. Possibly recalls the pickled cucumbers with which Sir Walter is associated (1.2.7), obliquely suggesting that he, like the gulls, is being used.
- 82 **mutton** whore
- 84 **half yard of flesh** the baby
- 84-5 **wants . . . two** (a) is short of a half yard by a nail (measure of 2 1/2 inches) or two; (b) lacks some nails (children of syphilitics sometimes lacked finger- or toenails)
- 88 **younger brother** By the custom of primogeniture, in which the first-born son was heir to his father's title and estate, younger male children had little material wealth. Touchwood may be lying to the wench, since 'Touchwood Senior' suggests that he is the eldest son.
- 89-90 **Thou . . . thankful** She seems to mean

- that he will have 'too much' in that she will make him take the baby, unless he proves more grateful ('thankful') by giving her money.
- 91 **brake up house** parted from my family
- 92 **good fellow** good-hearted womanizer
- 94 **Without my belly** outside my belly; i.e., any food not actually eaten already; with sexual innuendo
want lack
- 95 **That . . . woman** i.e., that pose as a benefactor of the female sex has worked with women before
- 96 **There's . . . on't** i.e., there are many ways to rid yourself of a baby
- 98 **anon** at once
devices schemes
- 100 **ware . . . shop** Middleton's characters often use 'ware' to mean sexually available woman, casting women as shop goods in a consumer world.
- 101 **manly dealings** sardonic reference to his pay-off
pitiful pitying
- 104 **Soft** mild exclamation, similar to 'Wait a minute!'
got begotten

- 105 [Aside] This is the fifth; if e'er I venture more,
Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
What shift she'll make now with this piece of flesh
In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine;
Flesh dare not peep abroad now. I have known
110 This city now above this seven years,
But, I protest, in better state of government
I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of.
There has been more religious wholesome laws
In the half circle of a year erected
115 For common good, than memory ever knew of,
Enter Sir Oliver Kix and his Lady
Setting apart corruption of promoters,
And other poisonous officers that infect
And with a venomous breath taint every goodness.
- LADY
O, that e'er I was begot, or bred, or born!
- SIR OLIVER
Be content, sweet wife.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [aside]
120 What's here to do, now?
I hold my life she's in deep passion
For the imprisonment of veal and mutton
Now kept in garrets; weeps for some calf's head now.
Methinks her husband's head might serve with bacon.
Enter Touchwood Junior
125 LADY [to Sir Oliver] Hist!
SIR OLIVER Patience, sweet wife.
- [They walk aside]
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Brother, I have sought you strangely.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Why, what's the business?
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
With all speed thou canst, procure a licence for me.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR How, a licence?
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Cud's foot, she's lost else! I shall miss her ever. 130
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [giving money]
Nay, sure, thou shalt not miss so fair a mark
For thirteen shillings fourpence.
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Thanks by hundreds!
Exit
- SIR OLIVER [to Lady Kix]
Nay, pray thee, cease; I'll be at more cost yet,
Thou know'st we are rich enough.
- LADY All but in blessings,
And there the beggar goes beyond us. O, O, O! 135
To be seven years a wife and not a child,
O, not a child!
- SIR OLIVER Sweet wife, have patience.
- LADY
Can any woman have a greater cut?
SIR OLIVER
I know 'tis great, but what of that, wife?
I cannot do withal; there's things making, 140
By thine own doctor's advice, at pothecaries':
I spare for nothing, wife, no, if the price
Were forty marks a spoonful;

105 **the fifth** her fifth child out of wedlock, or perhaps the fifth man she has accused of fathering this baby

105-6 **if e'er...whore** i.e., if I pull this stunt again, I may no longer pass as a maid, but may be known as a whore. 'Ride' suggests the sex act and may also suggest a whore's punishment of being carted through the streets; or she may be anticipating not having to walk ('go') but being able to ride in a carriage, from her gains through prostitution.

107 **shift** evasive device
piece of flesh the infant. His conflation of the infant with a piece of Lent-forbidden meat foreshadows the 'shift' she will actually practise.

108 **strict...Lent** From 1608 onwards acts which forbade the killing and eating of meat during Lent were more strictly enforced, and in 1613 laws were passed against even ill people and pregnant women having meat during Lent. Playwrights were not warmly-disposed toward Lent in the best of times, since theatres were often closed during Lent.

113 **religious wholesome laws** Lenten laws; Touchwood Senior's defence of these laws, unless ironic, may have aimed at

mollifying King James, promulgator of Lenten prohibitions—James's daughter was the acting company's sponsor; a nearly identical phrase, used non-ironically, occurs in *The Triumphs of Truth*, 1613, 142

115.1 **Sir Oliver Kix** an oxymoronic name: 'Oliver' means 'fruitful', but a kix is a dry, hollow plant stalk, and hence a dried-up, sapless person. It is also the English name for cicuta, an anaphrodisiac medication that could prevent sexual maturation.

116 **Setting apart** except for **promoters** informers. In 1613 the Privy Council appointed 'messengers' to spy out abuses of the Lenten regulations.

120 **What's...do** i.e., what's all this about?

121 **I...life** i.e., I would wager my life that **passion** sorrow

123 **garrets** Butchers who wanted to evade Lenten laws sometimes operated secretly in attic rooms (cf. 2.2.91-2).

calf's head literally, meat; figuratively, fool. Touchwood Senior thinks that Lady Kix is upset about the lack of meat in Lent—he does not yet realize that this is not the sort of flesh she is longing for.

124 **husband's head** suggests that Sir Oliver

has a calf's head or is a fool

125 **Hist!** silence! (She wishes not to be overheard by Touchwood Junior, who is entering; the Kixes have not noticed being overheard by Touchwood Senior.)

127 **strangely** urgently

128 **licence** A marriage licence from the bishop was necessary for a marriage that took place outside a church or chapel or for which banns had not been called.

130 **Cud's foot** by God's foot (oath)

miss her ever lose her forever

131 **giving money** shows he was lying when he told the Wench, shortly before, that he was giving her all his money (2.1.99)

mark (a) archery target (with suggestion of target as pudendum); the target image involves a pun on 'miss', which in the previous line meant 'lose' and here means 'fail to hit'; (b) thirteen shillings and fourpence, or two-thirds of a pound; the cost of a marriage licence

138 **cut** (a) misfortune; (b) pudendum. Since 'cut' can also refer to gelding, this could also apply to Sir Oliver.

140 **cannot do withal** cannot help it; or, cannot copulate

141 **pothecaries** apothecaries, druggists

	I'd give a thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness: [Exit Touchwood Senior]	O, one of them, one of them, would ha' served my turn.	170
145	'Tis but 'bating so many good works In the erecting of bridewells and spittlehouses, And so fetch it up again; for, having none, I mean to make good deeds my children.	SIR OLIVER Sorrow consume thee, thou art still crossing me, And know'st my nature— <i>Enter a Maid</i>	
	LADY Give me but those good deeds, and I'll find children.	MAID O, mistress! [Aside] Weeping or railing, That's our house harmony!	
	SIR OLIVER Hang thee, thou hast had too many!	LADY What say'st, Jug?	
150	LADY Thou li'st, brevity!	MAID The sweetest news!	
	SIR OLIVER O, horrible! Dar'st thou call me 'brevity'?	LADY What is't, wench?	
	Dar'st thou be so short with me?	MAID Throw down your doctors' drugs: They're all but heretics; I bring certain remedy That has been taught and proved and never failed.	175
	LADY Thou deservest worse. Think but upon the goodly lands and livings That's kept back through want on't.	SIR OLIVER O that, that, that or nothing!	
155	SIR OLIVER Talk not on't, pray thee; Thou'lt make me play the woman and weep too.	MAID There's a gentleman, I haply have his name too, that has got Nine children by one water that he useth: It never misses; they come so fast upon him, He was fain to give it over.	180
	LADY 'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up Sir Walter; None gets by your not-getting but that knight; He's made by th' means, and fats his fortunes shortly In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter.	LADY His name, sweet Jug?	
160	SIR OLIVER They may all be deceivèd; Be but you patient, wife.	MAID One Master Touchwood, a fine gentleman, But run behindhand much with getting children.	
	LADY I have suffered a long time.	SIR OLIVER Is't possible?	
	SIR OLIVER Suffer thy heart out, a pox suffer thee!	MAID Why sir, he'll undertake, Using that water, within fifteen year, For all your wealth, to make you a poor man, You shall so swarm with children.	185
	LADY Nay, thee, thou desertless slave!	SIR OLIVER I'll venture that, i'faith.	
165	SIR OLIVER Come, come, I ha' done; You'll to the gossiping of Master Allwit's child?	LADY That shall you, husband.	
	LADY Yes, to my much joy! Everyone gets before me; there's my sister Was married but at Barthol'mew-eve last, And she can have two children at a birth:	MAID But I must tell you first, he's very dear.	190

144.1 *Exit Touchwood Senior* COTES does not direct Touchwood Senior to exit here, but the plot seems to demand it. Touchwood, after remaining onstage long enough to overhear the Kixes' plight, exits for long enough to enlist the maid in his scheme; otherwise, the maid would be acting on her own initiative, unlikely since the miraculous 'water' she reports is actually Touchwood Senior's fabrication, tailored to this situation.

145-6 'Tis...*spittlehouses* i.e., to finance fertility treatments, I would only have to reduce my spending on charities—the building of bridewells (workhouses for the poor, and houses of correction for prostitutes) and spittlehouses (leper houses, and hospitals for treating venereal diseases)

147 *fetch...again* (a) raise money for fertility treatments; (b) regain sexual potency

147-8 *for, having...my children* i.e., I will compensate for having no children by being a philanthropist

149 *good deeds* sexual acts

150 *too many* too many sexual encounters

brevity (a) shortness of penis, sexual inadequacy; (b) possible reference to the stature of a boy actor (With so many boys necessary to play the female parts, one of them could have been doubled into this part.)

152 *short* rude; with a pun on 'brevity'

153-4 *Think...on't* i.e., think about the property that will go elsewhere (to Sir Walter Whorehound) because of your heirlessness. Some estate has been entailed so that the property passes to Sir Walter if the Kixes have no children.

155 *play the woman* behave like a woman

157 *gets* makes money

not-getting failure to impregnate

158 *by th' means* i.e., by their infertility

fats increases

162 *pox* venereal disease

163 *desertless* undeserving

165 *gossiping* christening or christening feast

168 *Barthol'mew-eve* August 23. Since it is now not even Mid-Lent Sunday (cf. 2.2.182), the twins were probably conceived out of wedlock.

170 *served my turn* suited my purposes

171 *crossing* agitating

174 *Jug* a common substitute for 'Joan', a generic name for maid-servants

176 *heretics* i.e., doctors are to medicine what heretics are to religion—purveyors of falsehood

179 *haply* (a) happen to; (b) fortunately

180 *water* (a) liquid medicine; (b) semen; a frequent Middleton double entendre

182 *fain* glad

184 *run behindhand* fallen into debt

190 *dear* expensive

SIR OLIVER
No matter; what serves wealth for?
LADY
True, sweet husband.
SIR OLIVER
There's land to come. Put case his water stands me
In some five hundred pound a pint,
'Twill fetch a thousand, and a kersen soul.
I'll about it.
195 LADY And that's worth all, sweet husband.
Exeunt

2.2
Enter Allwit
ALLWIT
I'll go bid gossips presently myself.
That's all the work I'll do; nor need I stir,
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth
And air myself a little: I am tied to nothing
5 In this business; what I do is merely recreation,
Not constraint.
Here's running to and fro—nurse upon nurse,
Three charwomen, besides maids and neighbours'
children!
Fie, what a trouble have I rid my hands on;
It makes me sweat to think on't.
Enter Sir Walter Whorehound
10 SIR WALTER How now, Jack?
ALLWIT
I am going to bid gossips for your worship's child, sir;
A goodly girl, i'faith, give you joy on her!
She looks as if she had two thousand pound to her
portion,
And run away with a tailor; a fine plump black-eyed
slut:
15 Under correction, sir,
I take delight to see her.—Nurse!
Enter Dry Nurse
DRY NURSE Do you call, sir?

ALLWIT
I call not you, I call the wet nurse hither.
Exit [Dry Nurse]
Give me the wet nurse!—
Enter Wet Nurse [with baby]
Ay, 'tis thou;
Come hither, come hither!
Let's see her once again; I cannot choose
20 But buss her thrice an hour.
WET NURSE You may be proud on't sir;
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did.
ALLWIT
Think'st thou so, nurse? What sayest to Wat and
Nick?
WET NURSE
They're pretty children both, but here's a wench
Will be a knocker.
25 ALLWIT [*fondling the baby*]
Pup!—Say'st thou me so? Pup! Little countess!
Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl
Ten thousand times and upward.
SIR WALTER
I am glad I have her for you, sir.
ALLWIT Here, take her in, nurse; wipe her, and give her
30 spoon-meat.
WET NURSE
Wipe your mouth, sir. *Exit [with baby]*
ALLWIT And now, about these gossips.
SIR WALTER
Get but two; I'll stand for one myself.
ALLWIT To your own child, sir?
SIR WALTER
The better policy, it prevents suspicion;
35 'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons.
ALLWIT
Troth, I commend your care, sir; 'tis a thing
That I should ne'er have thought on.
SIR WALTER [*aside*] The more slave!

192 **Put case** suppose
192-3 **stands me** | **In** costs me
194 **fetch a thousand** bring in a thousand
pounds (as part of the inheritance the
birth of a child would bring them)
kersen Christian or christened
2.2.1 **bid** summon
gossips god-parents at a baptism; also,
a woman's female friends invited to be
present at a birth and/or christening
party
presently immediately
9 **rid . . . on** rid myself of
10 **How now** i.e., how is it with you?
13 **to her portion** as her dowry
14 **run . . . tailor** it looks (judging from
the extravagant christening clothes) as
though she had run away with a
tailor
slut girl (playful, not seriously implying
sluttishness)

15 **Under correction** if I may presume to say
so (deferential phrase)
16.1 **Dry Nurse** a nurse who tended, but
did not breastfeed, an infant
17 **I . . . you** Rejection of the Dry Nurse
after she speaks only four words gives
this character little purpose in the play,
except that preference to the Wet Nurse
continues the play's pervasive imagery of
liquids; and the presence of two nurses
in the household underlines the Allwits'
extravagance.
wet nurse a nurse hired by wealthy
families to breastfeed an infant
21 **buss** kiss
on't of it
25 **knocker** (a) a beauty; (b) notable
copulator
26 **Pup** a favourite all-purpose exclamation
with Middleton

countess possible reference to the
extravagant lying in of the Countess
of Salisbury; may be a bawdy pun,
'cuntress'
28 **upward** more
31 **spoon-meat** puréed food
32 **Wipe your mouth** i.e., you speak like a
fool or slobberer—possibly for making a
fool of himself by cooing over the baby
33 **Get . . . myself** A child normally had
three godparents; besides the obvious
hypocrisy of Sir Walter's attempt to
conceal his paternity, this may be a
reference to the Puritan practice of
standing as godparents to their own
children.
stand for serve as
35 **policy** devious strategy
36 **play . . . at** fight against rumour with
37 **Troth** by my troth (mild oath)

40	When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame, The fat of ease o'erthrows the eyes of shame.		The bodies of their poor departed debtors To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex And stay the corpse with bills of Middlesex.	65
	ALLWIT I am studying who to get for godmother Suitable to your worship. Now I ha' thought on't.		This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweetbreads, And lard their whores with lamb-stones; what their golls	
	SIR WALTER I'll ease you of that care, and please myself in't. [<i>Aside</i>] My love, the goldsmith's daughter: if I send, 45 Her father will command her.—Davy Dahumma!		Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls: The bawds will be so fat with what they earn, 70 Their chins will hang like udders by Easter-eve And, being stroked, will give the milk of witches. How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in? Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly. [<i>To them</i>] By your favour, gentlemen,	
	<i>Enter Davy</i> ALLWIT I'll fit your worship then with a male partner. SIR WALTER What is he?		I am a stranger both unto the city 75 And to her carnal strictness.	
	ALLWIT A kind, proper gentleman, brother to Master Touch- wood.		FIRST PROMOTER Good; your will, sir?	
	SIR WALTER I know Touchwood: has he a brother living?		ALLWIT Pray, tell me where one dwells that kills this Lent?	
50	ALLWIT A neat bachelor.		FIRST PROMOTER How, kills? [<i>Aside to Second Promoter</i>] Come hither, Dick; a bird, a bird!	
	SIR WALTER Now we know him, we'll make shift with him: Dispatch, the time draws near.—Come hither, Davy. <i>Exit [with Davy]</i>		SECOND PROMOTER [<i>to Allwit</i>] What is't that you would have?	
	ALLWIT In troth, I pity him, he ne'er stands still. Poor knight, what pains he takes; sends this way one, 55 That way another; has not an hour's leisure: I would not have thy toil for all thy pleasure. <i>Enter two Promoters</i> [<i>Aside</i>] Ha, how now? What are these that stand so close		ALLWIT Faith, any flesh; But I long especially for veal and green-sauce.	80
	At the street-corner, pricking up their ears And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs When the first course goes in? By the mass, pro- moters!		SECOND PROMOTER [<i>aside</i>] Green-goose, you shall be sauced.	
	'Tis so, I hold my life; and planted there To arrest the dead corpses of poor calves and sheep, Like ravenous creditors, that will not suffer		ALLWIT I have half a scornful stomach, no fish will be admit- ted.	
			FIRST PROMOTER Not this Lent, sir?	
			ALLWIT Lent? What cares colon here for Lent?	
60			FIRST PROMOTER You say well, sir: Good reason that the colon of a gentleman— As you were lately pleased to term your worship, sir— Should be fulfilled with answerable food To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature. Were you directed hither to this street, sir?	85 90
41	studying considering	pushes this legal abuse to its extreme: the grave.	the law	
46	male partner One godparent was of the same sex as the baby, the others of the opposite sex.	67-8 sweetbreads ... lamb-stones the pancreas and testicles of a lamb, believed to be aphrodisiacs	74 baffle hoodwink	
50	neat elegant	68 lard fatten	76 carnal strictness prohibition on meat- eating; with bawdy innuendo	
51	make shift be content	68 lard fatten	your will i.e., what do you want?	
52	Dispatch get on with it	68 lard fatten	77 kills this Lent i.e., breaks the Lenten meat laws	
57	close hidden	69 Molls and Dolls loose women consorting with criminals	78 bird victim (slang)	
58	pricking ... ears listening intently	70 bawds female pimps	80 veal and green-sauce veal with vinegar sauce; metaphorically, 'to get what one deserves' or 'to be cheated'. Allwit purposely uses the provocative phrase, to help hoodwink the Promoters.	
59	snuffing up sniffing with	71 chins ... udders a double chin was considered the hallmark of a bawd		
60	first...in when a meal's first course is served	Easter-eve i.e., the close of Lent		
63	suffer allow	72 milk of witches Witches were believed to have an extra teat in an unusual place on the body (here, the chin), and to suckle the devil and familiar spirits.	81 Green-goose (a) young goose made into pies for the goose fair at Bow; (b) cuckold or fool	
66	bills of Middlesex dubious method of extending the jurisdiction of the King's Bench outside of Middlesex, the county containing Westminster and part of London. A writ was issued allowing an arrest on bogus charges within Middlesex; if the defendant was not in Middlesex, the bill could be extended outside the county. Allwit jokingly	73 mongrels derogatory reference to promoters, who often hung about the house of a pregnant women, counting on her cravings to tempt her into breaking	82 half a scornful rather a choosy 84 colon gut; appetite 88 fulfilled satisfied answerable suitable	

ALLWIT
That I was, ay, marry.

SECOND PROMOTER And the butcher, belike,
Should kill and sell close in some upper room?

ALLWIT
Some apple-loft, as I take it, or a coal-house;
I know not which, i'faith.

95 SECOND PROMOTER Either will serve:
This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up
The bottom of the pocket of his apron.
You go to seek him?

ALLWIT Where you shall not find him:
I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,
Sheep-biting mongrels, hand-basket freebooters!

100 My wife lies in. *A foudre* for promoters! *Exit*

FIRST PROMOTER
That shall not serve your turn.—What a rogue's this!
How cunningly he came over us.
Enter a Man with meat in a basket

SECOND PROMOTER Hush't, stand close!

MAN
I have 'scaped well thus far; they say the knaves
Are wondrous hot and busy.

FIRST PROMOTER By your leave, sir,
105 We must see what you have under your cloak there.

MAN
Have! I have nothing.

FIRST PROMOTER No? Do you tell us that?
What makes this lump stick out then? We must see,
sir.

MAN What will you see, sir? A pair of sheets and two of
my wife's foul smocks going to the washers?

110 SECOND PROMOTER O, we love that sight well! You cannot
please us better.
[He pulls meat out of basket]
What, do you gull us? Call you these shirts and
smocks?

MAN Now, a pox choke you!

You have cozened me and five of my wife's kindred
Of a good dinner; we must make it up now 115
With herrings and milk-pottage. *Exit*

FIRST PROMOTER 'Tis all veal.

SECOND PROMOTER All veal? Pox, the worse luck! I promised
faithfully to send this morning a fat quarter of lamb to
a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street that longs; and 120
and how I'm crossed!

FIRST PROMOTER Let's share this, and see what hap comes
next then.
Enter another [Man] with a basket

SECOND PROMOTER
Agreed. Stand close again: another booty.
What's he?

FIRST PROMOTER
Sir, by your favour.

SECOND MAN Meaning me, sir?

FIRST PROMOTER
Good Master Oliver? Cry thee mercy, i'faith! 125
What hast thou there?

SECOND MAN
A rack of mutton, sir, and half a lamb;
You know my mistress' diet.

FIRST PROMOTER
Go, go, we see thee not; away, keep close!—
[To Second Promoter] Heart, let him pass! Thou'lt
never have the wit 130
To know our benefactors. *[Exit Second Man]*

SECOND PROMOTER I have forgot him.

FIRST PROMOTER
'Tis Master Beggarland's man, the wealthy merchant
That is in fee with us.

SECOND PROMOTER Now I have a feeling of him.

FIRST PROMOTER
You know he purchased the whole Lent together,
Gave us ten groats a-piece on Ash Wednesday. 135

SECOND PROMOTER
True, true.

91 **marry** exclamation like 'indeed'; originally from the Virgin Mary

92 **belike** likely

92 **Should kill** i.e., was rumoured to kill

92 **close** surreptitiously

93 **apple-loft** a dark, cool place for storing

93 **apples**; good for covert butchering

95 **kiss Newgate** go to prison. One of the

95 **gates** in London's ancient wall, Newgate

95 **was** London's main prison.

95-6 **turn**... **apron** pay a bribe

99 **Sheep-biting** slang for 'whoring'

hand-basket freebooters pirates of baskets

100 **foudre** fuck (French)

101 **That**... **turn** i.e., that excuse will not

101 **do**. Allwit thinks that since his wife 'lies

101 **in**', she will be allowed meat during

101 **Lent**, but the 1613 Lenten laws denied

101 **pregnant** women the usual exemption.

102 **How**... **us** How Allwit eludes the Promoters, despite the fact that his trump card 'my wife lies in' is negated by the changed Lenten law, is obscure, as is the precise nature of the trick by which he 'baffles' them. It could be played as if in the false security of his misunderstanding of the law, he simply skips boldly off, while the Promoters do a double take, realizing they have not been swift enough to catch him and do not know his name.

103 **knaves** the Promoters

104 **wondrous** amazingly

104 **hot** keen

109 **foul** dirty

112 **gull** fool

116 **milk-pottage** milk broth

119 **Turnbull Street** Turnmill Street, a

119 **haunt** of prostitutes and thieves. The

'gentlewoman' is probably a whore.

120 **longs** has the cravings of pregnancy

120 **crossed** thwarted

121 **hap** chance occurrence

127 **rack** neck, considered a delicacy

127 **suitable** for invalids

131 **benefactors** those who bribe the

131 **Promoters**

132 **Master Beggarland's** The name sug-

132 **gests** that the merchant has got rich

132 **through** begging the profligate heirs

132 **of** landowners through providing them

132 **with** extravagant goods.

133 **is**... **with** i.e., has bribed

133 **have** a feeling seem to remember

134 **purchased**... **together** bought immunity

134 **for** the whole of Lent

135 **groats** coins worth fourpence; by 1600

135 **used** for any small sum

Enter a Wench with a basket, and a child in it under a loin of mutton

FIRST PROMOTER

A wench.

SECOND PROMOTER Why, then, stand close indeed.

WENCH [*aside*]

Women had need of wit, if they'll shift here,
And she that hath wit may shift anywhere.

FIRST PROMOTER

Look, look! Poor fool, she has left the rump uncovered
too,

140 More to betray her. This is like a murd'rer
That will outface the deed with a bloody band.

SECOND PROMOTER What time of the year is't, sister?

WENCH

O, sweet gentlemen, I am a poor servant,
Let me go.

FIRST PROMOTER

145 You shall, wench, but this must stay with us.

WENCH O, you undo me, sir!

'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physic, sir;
The doctor does allow my mistress mutton.

150 O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman!
I'll bring my master to you; he shall show you
A true authority from the higher powers,
And I'll run every foot.

SECOND PROMOTER Well, leave your basket then,
And run and spare not.

WENCH Will you swear then to me
To keep it till I come?

FIRST PROMOTER Now by this light I will.

WENCH

What say you, gentleman?

155 SECOND PROMOTER What a strange wench 'tis!
Would we might perish else.

WENCH Nay, then I run, sir.
Exit, [leaving the basket]

FIRST PROMOTER

And ne'er return, I hope.

SECOND PROMOTER A politic baggage!

She makes us swear to keep it:

I prithee look what market she hath made.

FIRST PROMOTER

Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mutton.

160

What comes next under this cloth? Now for a quarter
Of lamb.

SECOND PROMOTER

Now for a shoulder of mutton.

FIRST PROMOTER

Done!

SECOND PROMOTER

Why, done, sir!

FIRST PROMOTER

By the mass, I feel I have lost;

'Tis of more weight, i'faith.

SECOND PROMOTER

Some loin of veal?

FIRST PROMOTER

No, faith, here's a lamb's head,
I feel that plainly; why, I'll yet win my wager.
[*He takes out baby*]

165

SECOND PROMOTER

Ha?

FIRST PROMOTER

'Swounds, what's here?

SECOND PROMOTER

A child!

FIRST PROMOTER

A pox of all dissembling cunning whores!

SECOND PROMOTER

Here's an unlucky breakfast!

FIRST PROMOTER

What shall 's do?

SECOND PROMOTER

The quean made us swear to keep it too.

170

FIRST PROMOTER

We might leave it else.

SECOND PROMOTER

Villainous strange!

Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters
That watch hard for a living?

FIRST PROMOTER

Half our gettings must run in sugar-sops
And nurses' wages now, besides many a pound of
soap

175

And tallow; we have need to get loins of mutton still,
To save suet to change for candles.

SECOND PROMOTER

Nothing mads me but this was a lamb's head with
you;

137-8 **shift**...**shift** (a) make a living by one's own devices; (b) employ evasions, live by fraud

141 **outface**...**band** pretend innocence even though his collar or cuff is blood-stained

147 **physic** medicine

151 **true authority** In 1613, even the sick needed a special licence to buy meat in Lent.

154 **by this light** oath similar to 'by God's light'

157 **politic baggage** crafty strumpet; may say more than he knows in suggesting the tricky nature of the actual baggage or basket

159 **market** purchase

160 **Imprimis** a word introducing a list of items (Latin)

161-2 **Now**...**lamb** i.e., I'll wager that there is a quarter of lamb under this cloth

162 **Done!** the wager is agreed to

166.1 **baby** The discovery of a baby where a lamb was expected recalls the discovery of a sheep where a baby was expected in *The Second Shepherd's Play*. The trick is funny in context (the Promoters so richly deserve their comeuppance), but not far from sober reality: in early modern times between 10 and 40 per cent of urban

children were abandoned, mostly out of poverty.

167 **'Swounds** God's wounds (oath)

170 **quean** whore

174 **sugar-sops** bread soaked in sugar water, to be given to the baby

176 **tallow** animal fat for making cheap candles

177 **candles** Candles, made of tallow and suet, are required because the baby will need night-time care.

178-9 **Nothing**...**felt it** i.e., nothing annoys me so much as to think that you, who felt the baby, still thought it was a lamb's head

- 180 You felt it! She has made calves' heads of us.
 FIRST PROMOTER Prithee, no more on't.
 There's time to get it up; it is not come
 To Mid-Lent Sunday yet.
- SECOND PROMOTER
 I am so angry, I'll watch no more today.
- FIRST PROMOTER
 Faith, nor I neither.
- 185 SECOND PROMOTER Why then, I'll make a motion.
 FIRST PROMOTER Well, what is't?
 SECOND PROMOTER
 Let's e'en go to the Checker at Queenhithe,
 And roast the loin of mutton till young flood;
 Then send the child to Brentford. [Exeunt]
- 2.3 Enter Allwit in one of Sir Walter's suits, and Davy
 trussing him
- ALLWIT
 'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy.
- DAVY
 Always the kers'ning day, sir.
- ALLWIT Truss, truss me, Davy.
- DAVY [aside] No matter an you were hanged, sir.
- ALLWIT How does this suit fit me, Davy?
- 5 DAVY Excellent neatly; my master's things were ever fit
 for you, sir, e'en to a hair, you know.
- ALLWIT Thou hast hit it right, Davy,
 We ever jumped in one this ten years, Davy,
 So well said.
- Enter a Servant with a box
 What art thou?
- SERVANT Your comfit-maker's man, sir.
- ALLWIT
 O, sweet youth, in to the nurse quick,
 Quick, 'tis time, i'faith;
- 181 get it up make up the loss
 182 Mid-Lent Sunday the fourth Sunday in
 Lent, March 17 in 1613
 186 Checker an inn with the sign of a
 chessboard
 Queenhithe a quay on the north bank of
 the Thames, west of Southwark Bridge,
 where fishing boats came in with the
 Lenten catch
 187 young flood when the tide begins to
 flow upriver; Brentford is upriver from
 the city
 188 Brentford a Middlesex town, eight miles
 upstream from London; a favourite place
 for assignations and for putting children
 out to nurse
 2.3.0.2 trussing tying the 'points' or laces
 of hose or breeches to the doublet
 2 kers'ning christening
 3 an if
 hanged a secondary meaning of 'trussed'
 5 things...fit the relationship between the
 men makes sexual innuendo likely
 6 e'en to a hair (a) exactly; (b) even to
 Allwit's wife's pubic hair; (c) pun on
- Your mistress will be here?
 SERVANT She was setting forth, sir.
 [Exit]
 Enter two Puritans
 ALLWIT Here comes our gossips now; O, I shall have
 such kissing work today!—Sweet Mistress Underman,
 welcome, i'faith. 15
 FIRST PURITAN
 Give you joy of your fine girl, sir!
 Grant that her education may be pure
 And become one of the faithful.
 ALLWIT
 Thanks to your sisterly wishes, Mistress Underman.
 SECOND PURITAN
 Are any of the brethren's wives yet come? 20
 ALLWIT
 There are some wives within, and some at home.
 FIRST PURITAN
 Verily, thanks, sir. Exeunt [Puritans]
 ALLWIT Verily, you are an ass, forsooth:
 I must fit all these times, or there's no music.
 Enter two Gossips
 Here comes a friendly and familiar pair:
 Now I like these wenches well.
 5 FIRST GOSSIP How dost, sirrah? 25
 ALLWIT
 Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour, and how dost
 thou?
 SECOND GOSSIP
 Want nothing but such getting, sir, as thine.
 ALLWIT
 My gettings, wench? They are poor.
 FIRST GOSSIP Fie, that thou'lt say so!
 Th'ast as fine children as a man can get.
- 'heir'?; cf. I.1.199
 8 jumped in one (a) agreed exactly;
 (b) enjoyed the same woman. Suggests
 that Sir Walter may have been right in
 suspecting Allwit of sleeping with his
 own wife (I.2.101–2).
 9 comfit-maker's confectioner's
 12.2 Puritans insulting term for Protestant
 reformers demanding purification of the
 English Church
 13 gossips in the sense of female attendants
 of christenings and christening parties,
 rather than in the sense of godparents
 14 Underman Her name suggests sexual
 profligacy. Partly because they were op-
 posed to stage plays on moral grounds,
 Puritans were relentlessly satirized as
 hypocrites and sensualists in Jacobean
 drama; Middleton's satire on contem-
 porary vices suggests that he agreed
 with many Puritan beliefs—what he
 consistently satirizes is not religious re-
 form movements but ultra-holiness and
 hypocrisy.
 18 become suit
- 20 brethren's male Puritans's
 22 Verily Allwit mocks the Puritan's
 'scriptural' style of speech
 forsooth in truth
 23 I...music (a) I must keep to the beat of
 all these rhythms ('times' in a musical
 sense) or I will produce social dishar-
 mony; (b) I must conform with the
 affectations of these times ('these times'
 in the sense of 'nowadays') or there will
 be no harmonious living. With his cus-
 tomary sail-trimming, Allwit says what
 the Puritans want to hear as he says
 what Sir Walter wants to hear.
 27 Want...thine i.e., I lack nothing but
 your good luck in child-begetting
 28 gettings...poor He is either deceptively
 speaking the truth (he has begotten no
 children), knowing it will be taken for
 modesty, or (if Sir Walter was right in
 suspecting him of sleeping with Allwit's
 wife) lying to prevent word getting back
 to Sir Walter that he is the father of his
 own children.

- DAVY [*aside*]
 30 Ay, as a man can get, and that's my master.
 ALLWIT
 They are pretty foolish things, put to making in minutes;
 I ne'er stand long about 'em. Will you walk in, wenches?
 [*Exeunt Gossips*]
Enter Touchwood Junior and Moll
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 The happiest meeting that our souls could wish for!
 Here's the ring ready; I am beholden
 35 Unto your father's haste, he's kept his hour.
 MOLL
 He never kept it better.
Enter Sir Walter Whorehound
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Back, be silent.
 SIR WALTER
 Mistress and partner, I will put you both
 Into one cup.
 [*He drinks their health*]
 DAVY [*aside*] Into one cup! Most proper:
 A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter.
 ALLWIT [*to Sir Walter*]
 40 Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's partner
 In this day's business, Master Touchwood's brother.
 SIR WALTER
 I embrace your acquaintance, sir.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR It vows your service, sir.
 SIR WALTER
 It's near high time. Come, Master Allwit.
 ALLWIT Ready, sir.
 SIR WALTER [*to Touchwood Junior*]
 Will't please you walk?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Sir, I obey your time. *Exeunt*
 2.4 *Enter [at one door] Midwife with the child, [Maudline, the two Puritans,] and the [five] Gossips, to the kers'ning*
 [*Exit at another door Midwife with the child*]
 FIRST GOSSIP [*offering precedence*]
 Good Mistress Yellowhammer.
 MAUDLINE In faith, I will not.
- FIRST GOSSIP
 Indeed, it shall be yours.
 MAUDLINE I have sworn, i'faith.
 FIRST GOSSIP I'll stand still then.
 MAUDLINE
 So will you let the child go without company,
 And make me forsworn. 5
 FIRST GOSSIP You are such another creature.
 SECOND GOSSIP Before me? I pray come down a little.
 THIRD GOSSIP Not a whit; I hope I know my place.
 SECOND GOSSIP Your place? Great wonder, sure! Are you
 any better than a comfit-maker's wife? 10
 THIRD GOSSIP And that's as good at all times as a
 pothecary's.
 SECOND GOSSIP Ye lie! Yet I forbear you too.
 FIRST PURITAN
 Come, sweet sister; we go in unity, and show
 The fruits of peace, like children of the spirit. 15
 SECOND PURITAN I love lowliness.
 FOURTH GOSSIP
 True, so say I: though they strive more,
 There comes as proud behind as goes before.
 FIFTH GOSSIP Every inch, i'faith. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Secundus
- [*Incipit*] *Actus Tertius* 3.1
Enter Touchwood Junior and a Parson
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 O sir, if ever you felt the force of love,
 Pity it in me!
 PARSON Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,
 I have felt the force of love from good men's daughters,
 And some that will be maids yet three years hence.
 Have you got a licence?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Here, 'tis ready, sir. 5
 PARSON That's well.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 The ring and all things perfect. She'll steal hither.
 PARSON
 She shall be welcome, sir; I'll not be long

31 **put to making** conceived

32 **stand long** (a) waste much time; (b) remain erect very long

33 **happiest meeting** The fact that a court- ing couple must seize on any pretext even to see each other is a measure of how thoroughgoing was a merchant- class patriarch's surveillance over his daughters.

37-8 **put . . . cup** i.e., I will pledge you both in a single toast. Since a couple drank from a single loving-cup after the betrothal ceremony, Sir Walter's words are unconsciously ironic.

42 **It vows your service** i.e., knowing you

prompts me to promise to serve you

43 **high time** the appropriate time

44 **obey your time** i.e., follow your lead (a musical image)

2.4.1-19 **Good . . . i'faith** the christening party make a fuss about social precedence

6 **You . . . creature** light-hearted retort to an accuser; proverbial

7-13 **Before . . . too** The Second Gossip, an apothecary's wife ('As proud as an apothecary' was proverbial) thinks she is socially superior to the Third, a comfit-maker's wife.

7 **come down a little** be socially humbler

16 **I love lowliness** satirical portrait of a Puritan taking pride in the affectation of humility

18 **There . . . before** i.e., a person in high estate may be humble and a person of mean condition proud (proverbial). The meaning 'proud' as sexually excited is perhaps taken up in the next line.

3.1.4 **some . . . hence** including some that are still actually virgins, or will go on pretending to be virgins for at least another three years (at which time they will perhaps reach marriageable age)

- A-clapping you together.
Enter Moll and Touchwood Senior
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR O, here she's come, sir.
 PARSON
 What's he?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 My honest brother.
 10 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Quick, make haste, sirs!
 MOLL
 You must dispatch with all the speed you can,
 For I shall be missed straight; I made hard shift
 For this small time I have.
 PARSON Then I'll not linger.
 Place that ring upon her finger:
 15 This the finger plays the part,
 Whose master-vein shoots from the heart.
 [*Touchwood Junior puts ring on Moll's finger*]
 Now join hands—
Enter Yellowhammer and Sir Walter
 YELLOWHAMMER Which I will sever,
 And so ne'er again meet, never!
 MOLL
 O, we are betrayed!
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Hard fate!
 SIR WALTER I am struck with wonder.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 20 Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical baggage,
 Thou disobedient strumpet! [*To Sir Walter*] And were
 you
 So wise to send for her to such an end?
 SIR WALTER
 Now I disclaim the end; you'll make me mad.
 YELLOWHAMMER [*to Touchwood Junior*]
 And what are you, sir?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR An you cannot see
 25 With those two glasses, put on a pair more.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 I dreamed of anger still!—Here, take your ring, sir.
 [*He pulls ring off Moll's finger*]
 Ha, this? Life, 'tis the same! Abominable!
- Did not I sell this ring?
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 I think you did; you received money for't.
 YELLOWHAMMER Heart, hark you, knight,
 30 Here's no inconscionable villainy:
 Set me a-work to make the wedding ring,
 And come with an intent to steal my daughter.
 Did ever runaway match it?
 SIR WALTER [*to Touchwood Senior*]
 This' your brother, sir?
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR He can tell that as well as I.
 35 YELLOWHAMMER
 The very posy mocks me to my face:
 'Love that's wise
 Blinds parents' eyes'!
 I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us;
 We have good hope to recover our sight shortly;
 40 In the mean time I will lock up this baggage
 As carefully as my gold: she shall see
 As little sun, if a close room or so
 Can keep her from the light on't.
 MOLL O, sweet father,
 For love's sake, pity me!
 YELLOWHAMMER Away!
 MOLL [*to Touchwood Junior*] Farewell, sir,
 45 All content bless thee, and take this for comfort:
 Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,
 I am ever thine although we part for ever.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 Ay, we shall part you, minx. *Exit [with Moll]*
 SIR WALTER [*to Touchwood Junior*]
 Your acquaintance, sir,
 50 Came very lately, yet it came too soon;
 I must hereafter know you for no friend,
 But one that I must shun like pestilence
 Or the disease of lust.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Like enough, sir; you ha' ta'en me at
 the worst time for words that e'er ye picked out: faith,
 55 do not wrong me, sir. *Exit [with Parson]*

- 9 **A-clapping you together** joining your hands, marrying you (with a sexual suggestion)
 12 **straight** right away
 made...**shift** managed, with difficulty
 13–17 **Then...hands** Doggerel verse substitutes for the Prayer Book wedding ceremony which would have been dangerous to echo onstage. The Parson continues this doggerel at 5.4.35 exactly where he leaves off here.
 15–16 **This...heart** An artery was popularly believed to run directly from the heart to the third finger of the left hand.
 17 **join hands** 'handfasting', the legally binding part of the marriage ceremony, is here interrupted
 20 **politic fetch** cunning trick

- mystical** secret
 21 **strumpet** prostitute. In this patriarchal society, disobedience to one's father is easily conflated with sexual looseness, reflecting also the theory that one kind of vice led quickly and inevitably to others.
 22 **end** purpose
 23 **disclaim the end** deny that my asking her to be a godparent was aimed at this purpose (her elopement)
 24 **An** if
 26 **dreamed...still** kept dreaming about anger (perhaps prophetically, the night before this occurrence)
 27 **'tis the same** i.e., the ring Yellowhammer made for Touchwood Junior
 31 **no inconscionable** (a) very lacking in conscience (employing the double

- negative as an emphatic); or (b) not unconscious
 34 **Did...it?** i.e., did any runaway ever equal this villainy?
This' i.e., this is
 43 **close** locked
 50 **lately** recently
 52 **pestilence** plague
 53 **disease of lust** (a) lust considered as a disease; (b) venereal disease resulting from lust
 54–5 **ta'en...out** i.e., for rendering a man at a loss for words, the situation in which you have caught me is the worst possible
 56 **do...me** i.e., I am not so bad as the present situation makes me appear

- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Look after him, and spare not: there he walks
That never yet received baffling: you're blest
More than e'er I knew; go, take your rest. *Exit*
- SIR WALTER
60 I pardon you, you are both losers. *Exit*
- 3.2 *A bed thrust out upon the stage, Allwit's Wife in it. Enter all the Gossips, [the Puritans, Maudline, Lady Kix, and Nurse with child. Low stools set out.]*
- FIRST GOSSIP [*to Allwit's Wife*]
How is't, woman? We have brought you home
A kersen soul.
WIFE Ay, I thank your pains.
FIRST PURITAN
And, verily, well kersened i' the right way,
Without idolatry or superstition,
5 After the pure manner of Amsterdam.
WIFE
Sit down, good neighbours.—Nurse!
NURSE At hand, forsooth.
WIFE
Look they have all low stools.
NURSE They have, forsooth.
SECOND GOSSIP
Bring the child hither, nurse.—How say you now,
Gossip, is't not a chopping girl? So like the father.
THIRD GOSSIP
10 As if it had been spit out of his mouth!
Eyed, nosed, and browed as like a girl can be,
Only indeed it has the mother's mouth.
SECOND GOSSIP
The mother's mouth up and down, up and down!
THIRD GOSSIP
'Tis a large child; she's but a little woman.
- FIRST PURITAN
No, believe me, a very spiny creature, but all heart; 15
Well mettled, like the faithful, to endure
Her tribulation here and raise up seed.
- SECOND GOSSIP
She had a sore labour on't, I warrant you;
You can tell, neighbour.
- THIRD GOSSIP O, she had great speed;
We were afraid once, but she made us all 20
Have joyful hearts again; 'tis a good soul, i' faith;
The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter.
- FIRST PURITAN
'Tis the spirit; the sisters are all like her.
Enter Sir Walter with two spoons and plate, and Allwit
- SECOND GOSSIP
O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours.
[Exit Nurse with child]
- SIR WALTER
The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies. 25
- THIRD GOSSIP
O, dear, sweet gentleman, what fine words he has:
'The fatness of our wishes!'
- SECOND GOSSIP Calls us all 'ladies!'
- FOURTH GOSSIP
I promise you, a fine gentleman and a courteous.
- SECOND GOSSIP
Methinks her husband shows like a clown to him.
- THIRD GOSSIP I would not care what clown my husband 30
were too, so I had such fine children.
- SECOND GOSSIP She's all fine children, gossip.
- THIRD GOSSIP Ay, and see how fast they come.
- FIRST PURITAN
Children are blessings, if they be got with zeal
By the brethren, as I have five at home. 35
- 57 **Look after him** watch out for him
58 **baffling** disgrace. This jousting term for the defeat or humiliation of an unworthy knight foreshadows the duel at 4.4.61–72; but its lofty chivalric connotations are undercut by the fact that Allwit uses the same word for his trick on the Promoters (2.2.74).
58–9 **you're . . . knew** you are luckier than anyone I've known (i.e., to escape with your life)
60 I . . . **losers** possible allusion to the proverb 'Give losers leave to speak'. Sir Walter's game image suggests that as one of life's winners he can afford to pardon the losers; his last lines (at 5.1.151) will reverse this boast.
3.2.2 **kersen** Christian or christened
3 **kersened** christened
5 **Amsterdam** a haven for Puritans and other religious dissenters. This remark, and the Puritans at the christening, may suggest that the Allwits have Puritan leanings, though Allwit mocks the
excesses of the play's two doctrinaire Puritans.
8 **hither** here
9 **chopping** strapping
10 **spit . . . mouth** proverbial. The baby's likeness to Allwit may be (a) a polite christening cliché; or (b) an intimation that Allwit is actually the father. Campaign's portrait of a wittol, on which Middleton seems to have drawn, stresses that the wittol 'cuckolds' the man who keeps the wittol's wife.
13 **up and down** exactly
15 **spiny** lean
16 **mettled** spirited, with possible suggestion of 'tipsy'
the faithful Puritans (in their own parlance)
16–17 **endure . . . here** Earthly life was called a tribulation to be endured as preparation for eternal life.
17 **raise up seed** produce and raise offspring
18 **sore . . . on't** difficult labour
warrant assure
19 **You can tell** The eyewitness reports of the labour and birth show that Allwit's wife has followed the common custom of giving birth in the company of a group of women friends.
great speed good success
23 **the spirit** (a) the Holy Spirit; (b) alcohol
23.1 **spoons** a common christening gift
plate gold or silver ware
25 **fatness** fullness; suggestion of over-indulgence
27 **Calls . . . 'ladies'** 'Lady' denoted aristocracy or gentry, appropriate to Sir Walter's class and to Lady Kix but an inflated compliment to the middle-class women at the christening.
29 **shows . . . to** appears like a country bumpkin by comparison with
32 **She's** she has
34 **Children are blessings** proverbial
zeal religious enthusiasm, with suggestion of sexual gusto

- SIR WALTER [*to Allwit's Wife*]
The worst is past, I hope now, lady.
WIFE So I hope too, good sir.
ALLWIT [*aside*]
Why, then, so hope I too for company;
I have nothing to do else.
SIR WALTER [*giving cup and spoons*]
A poor remembrance, lady,
40 To the love of the babe; I pray, accept of it.
WIFE O, you are at too much charge, sir!
SECOND GOSSIP
Look, look! What has he given her? What is't, gossip?
THIRD GOSSIP
Now, by my faith, a fair high standing-cup
And two great 'postle-spoons, one of them gilt.
FIRST PURITAN
45 Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.
SECOND PURITAN
I would not feed my daughter with that spoon
For all the world, for fear of colouring her hair;
Red hair the brethren like not, it consumes them
much:
'Tis not the sisters' colour.
Enter Nurse with comfits and wine
ALLWIT Well said, nurse;
50 About, about with them amongst the gossips!
[*Aside*] Now out comes all the tasselled handkerchiefs,
They are spread abroad between their knees already;
Now in goes the long fingers that are washed
- Some thrice a day in urine; my wife uses it.
Now we shall have such pocketing: see how
They lurch at the lower end!
FIRST PURITAN Come hither, nurse.
ALLWIT [*aside*]
Again? She has taken twice already.
FIRST PURITAN [*taking comfits*]
I had forgot a sister's child that's sick.
ALLWIT [*aside*] A pox! It seems your purity loves sweet
things well that puts in thrice together. 60
Had this been all my cost now, I had been beggared;
These women have no consciences at sweetmeats,
Where'er they come; see an they have not culled out
All the long plums too, they have left nothing here
But short wriggle-tail comfits, not worth mouthing. 65
No mar'l I heard a citizen complain once
That his wife's belly only broke his back;
Mine had been all in fitters seven years since,
But for this worthy knight,
That with a prop upholds my wife and me, 70
And all my estate buried in Bucklersbury.
WIFE [*pledging them*]
Here, Mistress Yellowhammer and neighbours,
To you all that have taken pains with me,
All the good wives at once!
[*Nurse goes around pouring wine*]
FIRST PURITAN I'll answer for them. 75
They wish all health and strength,
And that you may courageously go forward

38 **for company** in order to be sociable, with suggestion of sexual company; another example of Allwit's obsequious agreement with everything Sir Walter says
40 **accept of** accept
41 **you... charge** i.e., you have spent too much money
43 **standing-cup** stemmed goblet
44 **'postle-spoons** silver spoons with an apostle portrayed on the handle; though a common christening gift, the spoons are considered idolatrous by the Puritans
gilt silver covered with gold
45 **Judas... beard** The disciple who betrayed Christ was traditionally depicted with red hair, linked with lechery (note that the Welsh Gentlewoman has red hair). If the First Puritan is right about the identity of the apostle on the spoon, Judas seems an odd choice for a gift decoration, but apt enough considering all the betrayals in the play.
48 **consumes** eats them up (with anger, or lust)
49 **sisters** female Puritans
49.1 **Enter Nurse... wine** From here on, the scene becomes a stock portrayal of female carousing, gormandizing, and gossiping at a christening party, found in many male-authored Renaissance

antifeminist writings.
comfits sweets
49 **Well said** well done
51 **tasselled handkerchiefs** fashionably large, ornamental handkerchiefs with tassels at the corners
54 **urine** used as a cleansing or cosmetic lotion. The disgusting ingredients of cosmetics were a staple of antifeminist satire.
55 **pocketing** smuggling home of sweets
56 **lurch** filch
lower end far end of the table, with bawdy innuendo
59 A **pox** oath, equivalent to cursing the Puritan sister with venereal disease
62 **no... sweetmeats** The notion of Puritan gluttony may have arisen from Puritan opposition to Lenten and Friday fasting, which Puritans saw as popish.
sweetmeats goodies preserved in sugar
63 **an if**
64 **plums** sugar plums. Their choosing the long sweets in preference to the short is phallically suggestive.
65 **short... mouthing** suggestion of short phallus and oral sex; 'wriggle-tail' seems to describe a twisted sweet, but is also sexually suggestive. (Freudian readings make much of the play's oral and urogenital fixations as suggesting infantile

gratification.)
66 **No mar'l** no marvel; i.e., it is no wonder
67 **his... back** (a) her gluttony, and pregnancies necessitating expensive, gluttonous christening parties, made him overwork to support her; (b) her demands for sex taxed his virility
only alone
68 **Mine had been** my back would have been
fitters small pieces
seven years see note to 1.2.16. In addition to Sir Walter's seven-year support of the Allwits, Touchwood Senior has lived in London for over seven years, the Kixes have been married and childless for seven years, and two sets of seven children are mentioned; the ubiquity of the number seven may suggest the Renaissance theory of seven-year cycles or climacterics, hinting that this materialistic society is at the end of a cycle, on the verge of regeneration.
since ago
70 **prop** financial support, with phallic suggestion
71 **Bucklersbury** street running south from Cheapside, occupied by grocers and apothecaries. Without Sir Walter, Allwit would have given these shopkeepers all his money for catering christenings.

- To perform the like, and many such,
Like a true sister, with motherly bearing.
[*She drinks*]
ALLWIT [*aside*]
Now the cups troll about to wet the gossips' whistles.
80 It pours down, i'faith; they never think of payment.
FIRST PURITAN Fill again, nurse.
[*She drinks*]
ALLWIT [*aside*]
Now, bless thee, two at once! I'll stay no longer;
It would kill me an if I paid for't.—
[*To Sir Walter*] Will it please you to walk down and
leave the women?
SIR WALTER
With all my heart, Jack.
85 ALLWIT Troth, I cannot blame you.
SIR WALTER
Sit you all merry, ladies.
ALL GOSSIP Thank your worship, sir.
FIRST PURITAN Thank your worship, sir.
ALLWIT [*aside*]
A pox twice tittle ye, you are last and lowest!
Exit [*with Sir Walter*]
FIRST PURITAN
Bring hither that same cup, nurse; I would fain
90 Drive away this—hup!—antichristian grief.
[*She drinks*]
THIRD GOSSIP
See, gossip, an she lies not in like a countess.
Would I had such a husband for my daughter!
FOURTH GOSSIP
Is not she toward marriage?
THIRD GOSSIP O no, sweet gossip!
FOURTH GOSSIP
Why, she's nineteen!
THIRD GOSSIP Ay, that she was last Lammas,
95 But she has a fault, gossip, a secret fault.
- FOURTH GOSSIP
A fault? What is't?
THIRD GOSSIP I'll tell you when I have drunk.
[*She drinks. Exit Nurse*]
FOURTH GOSSIP [*aside*]
Wine can do that, I see, that friendship cannot.
THIRD GOSSIP
And now I'll tell you, gossip; she's too free.
FOURTH GOSSIP
Too free?
THIRD GOSSIP
O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed.
FOURTH GOSSIP
What, and nineteen?
THIRD GOSSIP 'Tis as I tell you, gossip. 100
[*Enter Nurse*]
MAUDLINE
Speak with me, nurse? Who is't?
NURSE A gentleman
From Cambridge; I think it be your son, forsooth.
MAUDLINE
'Tis my son Tim, i'faith; prithee, call him up
Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,
[*Exit Nurse*]
105 For he wants nothing but audacity.
'Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here
now.
LADY Is your son come, forsooth?
MAUDLINE Yes, from the university, forsooth.
LADY 'Tis great joy on ye.
MAUDLINE There's a great marriage towards for him. 110
LADY
A marriage?
MAUDLINE Yes, sure, a huge heir in Wales
At least to nineteen mountains,
Besides her goods and cattle.

77 **perform...such** have many more successful childbirths

79 **troll** circulate

80 **of payment** i.e., of how much all this costs. It is ironic that Allwit the wife-renter is offended by the gossips' trivial failings, and that he who pays for nothing complains of the expense of the celebration; it is possible, though, to see Allwit here as a choric spokesman for patriarchal values, horrified that women, who are supposed to conserve, are extravagantly spending, a moral lapse paralleling their bladder incontinence.

84–5 **Will...Jack** a good example of male homosocial bonding fostered in opposition to female camaraderie, portrayed as disgusting

88 **tittle** (a) intoxicate; (b) descend on you as payment for your drunkenness; (c) topple, cause to fall down

last and lowest the Puritans sisters' wish for lowliness and insistence on low stools is now transmuted into the likelihood of their lying in a drunken stupor on the floor; possible ironic twist of proverb 'last but not least'

90 **hup** hiccup

91 **an she lies not** i. e., doesn't she lie
countess another possible reference to the extravagant lying in of the Countess of Salisbury

93 **toward marriage** about the age to be married

94 **Lammas** August 1, church harvest festival

95 **secret fault** That the gossip declares the fault secret and then immediately divulges it exemplifies the Renaissance stereotype that women cannot keep a secret; tipping exacerbated this fault in many satiric scenes of the period.

Since the ideal chaste woman was seen as a sealed container, the 'bad' woman suffered varieties of leakiness: bibulousness, talkativeness, sexual profligacy, bladder incontinence.

97 **Wine...cannot** i.e., wine can produce intimacy that even friendship cannot produce; possible reference to proverb 'In wine there is truth' or 'What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals'

99 **cannot...bed** is a bed-wetter (another reference to women's physical incontinence, thought to reflect moral incontinence)

105 **wants** lacks

110 **towards** in the offing

111 **huge heir** heir to huge estates

112 **At least to** to at least

113 **cattle** (a) her two thousand runts; (b) chattel as wealth, property

Enter [Nurse with] Tim

TIM O, I'm betrayed! *Exit*

MAUDLINE What, gone again? Run after him, good nurse;
[*Exit Nurse*]

115 He's so bashful; that's the spoil of youth.
In the university they're kept still to men,
And ne'er trained up to women's company.

LADY 'Tis a great spoil of youth, indeed.
Enter Nurse and Tim

NURSE Your mother will have it so.

MAUDLINE Why son, why Tim!

120 What, must I rise and fetch you? For shame, son!

TIM Mother, you do entreat like a freshwoman;
'Tis against the laws of the university
For any that has answered under bachelor
To thrust 'mongst married wives.

MAUDLINE Come, we'll excuse you here.

TIM Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not.

MAUDLINE What, is your tutor come? Have you brought him up?

TIM I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door:
Negatur. There's logic to begin with you, mother.

MAUDLINE Run, call the gentleman, nurse; he's my son's tutor.
[*Exit Nurse*]

130 [To Tim] Here, eat some plums.

TIM Come I from Cambridge, and offer me six plums!

MAUDLINE Why, how now, Tim?
Will not your old tricks yet be left?

TIM Served like a child,

When I have answered under bachelor!

MAUDLINE You'll never lin till I make your tutor whip you;
You know how I served you once at the free-school
In Paul's church-yard?

TIM O monstrous absurdity!
Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time;
Life, whip a bachelor! You'd be laughed at soundly;
Let not my tutor hear you!

140 'Twould be a jest through the whole university.
No more words, mother.
Enter Tutor

MAUDLINE Is this your tutor, Tim?

TUTOR Yes, surely, lady, I am the man that brought him
In league with logic and read the Dunces to him.

TIM That did he, mother, but now I have 'em all in my
own pate, and can as well read 'em to others.

TUTOR That can he, mistress, for they flow naturally from
him.

MAUDLINE [*to Tutor*]
I'm the more beholden to your pains, sir.

TUTOR *Non ideo sane*.

MAUDLINE True, he was an idiot indeed,
When he went out of London, but now he's well
mended.

150 Did you receive the two goose-pies I sent you?

TUTOR And ate them heartily, thanks to your worship.

MAUDLINE [*to Gossips*] 'Tis my son Tim; I pray, bid him
welcome, gentlewomen.

TIM 'Tim'? Hark you: 'Timotheus', Mother, 'Timotheus'.

MAUDLINE How? Shall I deny your name? 'Timotheus',
quoth he. Faith, there's a name! 'Tis my son Tim,
forsooth.

155

I'm betrayed Tim seems to have walked unwittingly into the scene of drunken gossiping.

115 **spoil** ruination

116-17 **In...company** a commonplace

116 **still** to always with

121 **freshwoman** female equivalent of 'freshman', a first-year university student (an absurdity since women never attended university); possible play on 'fresh' as sexually impudent

123 **answered...bachelor** achieved the standing of 'bachelor'

124 **thrust** with sexual innuendo

125-7 **up...up** Maudline seems to mean 'up from London', but Tim thinks she means 'upstairs'.

128 **Negatur** it is denied; portion of the Latin formula for denying an opponent's argument in an academic debate

131 **plums** perhaps a babyish food, unfitting

for a university man; but 'plum' also had slang meaning 'puendum'

133 **Will not...left** i.e., don't you retain any of the habits and likings of your childhood?

135 **lin** cease; i.e., stop being insubordinate to her

whip Students could be whipped by their tutors, but this was rare once they had reached adult age (about 18) and had taken their B.A. Whipping was considered such a disgrace that a year before *Chaste Maid* was first acted, the son of the Bishop of Bristol killed himself to avoid being whipped.

136 **served** treated; i.e., whipped or had him whipped for disobedience

free-school St Paul's School, founded by John Colet for poor scholars

144 **Dunces** 'schoolmen', the disciples

of John Duns Scotus (1265?-1308?). When these scholastic philosophers were attacked by sixteenth-century humanists and reformers, the term came to mean 'blockhead', or 'pedant'.

146 **pate** head

147 **naturally** (a) spontaneously; (b) half-wittedly

149 **Non ideo sane** 'not for that reason indeed' (Latin); common tag in academic disputation. Maudline takes 'ideo' for 'idiot'.

155 **Timotheus** Latinization of 'Tim'; spoofs the affectations of university learning, where published scholars often Latinized their names

156 **Shall I deny your name?** ironic echo of Revelation 3:8 (Geneva): 'Thou... hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name'

- LADY You're welcome, Master Tim.
She kisses Tim
- 160 TIM [*aside to Tutor*] O this is horrible, she wets as she kisses! Your handkerchief, sweet tutor, to wipe them off as fast as they come on.
- SECOND GOSSIP Welcome from Cambridge.
She kisses Tim
- 165 TIM [*aside to Tutor*] This is intolerable! This woman has a villainous sweet breath, did she not stink of comfits. Help me, sweet tutor, or I shall rub my lips off.
- TUTOR I'll go kiss the lower end the whilst.
- TIM Perhaps that's the sweeter, and we shall dispatch the sooner.
- 170 FIRST PURITAN Let me come next. Welcome from the wellspring of discipline that waters all the brethren.
[She] reels and falls
- TIM Hoist, I beseech thee!
- THIRD GOSSIP O bless the woman!—Mistress Underman!
- FIRST PURITAN 'Tis but the common affliction of the faithful; We must embrace our falls.
- 175 TIM [*aside to tutor*] I'm glad I 'scaped it; it was some rotten kiss, sure, it dropped down before it came at me.
Enter Allwit and Davy
- ALLWIT [*aside*] Here's a noise! Not parted yet? Heyday, a looking glass! They have drunk so hard in plate
- 180 That some of them had need of other vessels.
[Aloud] Yonder's the bravest show!
- ALL GOSSIPS Where, where, sir?
- ALLWIT Come along presently by the Pissing-Conduit With two brave drums and a standard bearer.
- ALL GOSSIPS O, brave!
- TIM Come, tutor! *Exit [with Tutor]*
- ALL GOSSIPS [*to Allwit's Wife*] Farewell, sweet gossip. 185
Exeunt [Gossips]
- WIFE I thank you all for your pains.
- FIRST PURITAN Feed and grow strong.
Exeunt [Maudline, Lady Kix, and Puritans; the bed, with Allwit's Wife in it, is withdrawn]
- ALLWIT [*calling after the Puritans*]
 You had more need to sleep than eat;
 Go take a nap with some of the brethren, go,
 And rise up a well-edified, boldified sister! 190
 O here's a day of toil well passed o'er,
 Able to make a citizen hare-mad!
 How hot they have made the rooms with their thick
 bums!
 Dost not feel it, Davy?
- DAVY Monstrous strong, sir.
- ALLWIT What's here under the stools? 195
- DAVY Nothing but wet, sir, some wine spilt here belike.
- ALLWIT Is't no worse, think'st thou?
 Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them, Davy.
- DAVY [*aside*]
 Nor you neither, i'faith.
- ALLWIT Look how they have laid them,
 E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up! 200
 How they have shuffled up the rushes too, Davy,
 With their short figging little shuttle-cork heels!
 These women can let nothing stand as they find it.
 But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,
 My honest Davy?
- DAVY If you should disclose it, sir— 205
- ALLWIT Life, rip my belly up to the throat then, Davy.
- DAVY My master's upon marriage.

165 **sweet breath . . . comfits** i.e., the scent of comfits overwhelms the alcohol on her breath. 'Kissing comfits' were taken like breath mints.

167 **lower end** those at the bottom end of the table
the whilst meanwhile

168 **that's the sweeter** Tim seems to think that 'the lower end' means 'the lower end of the women'.

171 **wellspring of discipline** Contemporary Cambridge was strongly Puritan; Tim's attending there is one of the indications that the Yellowhammers have Puritan tendencies.

waters spiritually nourishes, with a suggestion of urination (especially after 'lower end' in 3.2.167)

brethren Puritan brothers

172 **Hoist** lift up. This could be played so that she falls on top of Tim, which would lend piquancy to the ensuing line, which shows that it is Mistress Underman who has fallen on top of a man.

175 **embrace our falls** accept our moral (and sexual) lapses; a travesty of Calvin's

doctrine that humans must humbly accept their fallen state

179 **Heyday** expression of surprise

looking glass (a) mirror in which the gossips can view their behaviour;
 (b) chamber-pot

in plate i.e., in the silver-plated vessels used for the christening party

180 **other vessels** chamber pots

181 **bravest** most magnificent

182 **presently** immediately

Pissing-Conduit a channel in Cheapside, close to the Royal Exchange, whose name has obvious resonance with the gossips' condition; since Allwit's house overlooks the Conduit, it must be located in the Stocks meat market

183 **two . . . bearer** The phallic description of this procession rouses the gossips' enthusiasm; and it helps Allwit decoy them out of the house before they have a chance to drink any more.

brave splendid

187 **Feed** eat heartily

192 **hare-mad** as mad as a hare, which

becomes wilder around breeding season—'as mad as a hare' was proverbial; possible pun on 'hair' as in pubic hair

193 **bums** (a) bumbasts, padding; (b) rumps

198 **needlework stools** stools with expensive embroidered covers (a current fashion)
cost . . . them are not valued by them, because they did not pay for them

201 **rushes** green rushes were strewn on the floors of homes, in place of carpets

202 **short . . . heels** a loose woman was said to be short-heeled because she fell over backwards easily; 'shortheels' was slang for 'tart'

figging worthless

shuttle-cork heels punning alteration of 'shuttle-cock', a slang term for whores (since shuttle-cocks bounce back and forth from player to player). Cork heels, much in fashion, were also associated with sexual profligacy.

203 **stand** (a) remain; (b) stay erect, in a sexual innuendo

204 **thou'st** thou wast

206 **then** i.e., if I tell

	ALLWIT	Marriage, Davy? Send me to hanging rather!		And shake the golden fruit into her lap; About it, before she weep herself to a dry ground And whine out all her goodness.		
	DAVY	[<i>aside</i>] I have stung him.		TOUCHWOOD SENIOR	Prithee, cease;	
	ALLWIT	When, where? What is she, Davy?		I find a too much aptness in my blood		
210	DAVY	E'en the same was gossip, and gave the spoon.		For such a business without provocation;	15	
	ALLWIT	I have no time to stay, nor scarce can speak. I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break.		You might' well spared this banquet of eryngoes, Artichokes, potatoes, and your buttered crab: They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.		
	DAVY		<i>Exit</i>	TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR		
	I knew 'twould prick. Thus do I fashion still All mine own ends by him and his rank toil.			Nay, an you'll follow my suit and save my purse too, Fortune dotes on me: he's in happy case Finds such an honest friend i' the Common Pleas.	20	
215	'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage. Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare The better at his death; there my hopes build, Since my Lady Kix is dry and hath no child.		<i>Exit</i>	TOUCHWOOD SENIOR		
				Life, what makes thee so merry? Thou hast no cause That I could hear of lately since thy crosses, Unless there be news come with new additions.		
3.3	<i>Enter both the Touchwoods</i>			TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR		
	TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR	Y'are in the happiest way to enrich yourself And pleasure me, brother, as man's feet can tread in; For though she be locked up, her vow is fixed only to me;		Why, there thou hast it right: I look for her This evening, brother.	25	
		Then time shall never grieve me, for by that vow E'en absent I enjoy her, assuredly confirmed that none Else shall, which will make tedious years seem game- ful		TOUCHWOOD SENIOR	How's that? Look for her?	
5		To me. In the mean space, lose you no time, sweet brother; You have the means to strike at this knight's fortunes And lay him level with his bankrupt merit; Get but his wife with child, perch at tree-top		TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR	I will deliver you of the wonder straight, brother: By the firm secrecy and kind assistance Of a good wench i' the house who, made of pity, Weighing the case her own, she's led through gutters, Strange hidden ways, which none but love could find Or ha' the heart to venture; I expect her Where you would little think.	30
				TOUCHWOOD SENIOR	I care not where, So she be safe, and yours.	
10				TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR	Hope tells me so; But from your love and time my peace must grow.	35
					<i>Exit</i>	

208 **hanging** allusion to proverb 'Weddings and hangings go by destiny'

210 **gave the spoon** Moll was not actually present at the spoon-giving (see 3.2.23-49), which is odd since she was one of the baby's godparents; perhaps we are to assume that after the foiled elopement in 3.1, she was either not in a partying mood, had no wish to participate in a ceremony with the other godparent (Sir Walter), or had been grounded by her father. 'Gave the spoon' might indicate she had literally or metaphorically 'signed the card' accompanying the gift, or simply that as a godparent she was a spoon-giver, a kind of defining epithet like 'treasure-giver' to an Anglo-Saxon king.

211-12 **speak...break** a common rhyme (both rhymed with 'cake')

212 **wheels** plots, machinations

214 **him** i.e., Allwit

rank (a) sweaty; (b) corrupt

215 **him** i.e., Sir Walter

217-18 **build...child** probably a rhyme

218 **dry** barren

3.3.6 **gameful** joyful

7 **space** time

8 **this knight's** i.e., Sir Walter's

9 **lay...merit** make his financial fortunes as bankrupt as is his moral worth

10 **his wife** i.e., Lady Kix

perch...tree-top the image is that of a harvester shaking down fruit into the apron of his helper below

11 **golden fruit** golden apples guarded by the Greek nymphs, the Hesperides; a symbol of sexual delight

12 **About it** get on with it

weep...ground turn herself into a barren field through weeping out all her natural moisture; continues the play's imagery of wetness and dryness

13 **Prithee** I pray thee; please

16 **might'** might have

16-17 **eryngoes...crab** delicacies, con-

sidered aphrodisiacs (eryngoes are candied sea-holly root); metaphorically, Touchwood Senior's erotically-charged language, which has an aphrodisiac effect

19 **an** if

21 **Pleas** i.e., when in need; literally, in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, where civil cases were heard. Ties in with other legal language ('suit', 'case') to cast Touchwood Senior as his brother's legal advocate.

23 **crosses** setbacks

24 **new additions** (a) fresh information; (b) increases to your fortune

25 **look for** expect

30 **Weighing...own** i.e., considering Moll's situation as if it were her own; possible quibble on 'case' as pudendum **she's led** she has led the way **gutters** house gutters; Moll escapes over the roofs (cf. 4.1.273)

32 **ha'** have

- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
You know the worst then, brother.—Now to my Kix,
The barren he and she; they're i' the next room;
But to say which of their two humours hold them
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly.
- 40 SIR OLIVER (*to his lady, within*) Thou liest, barrenness!
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
O, is't that time of day? Give you joy of your tongue,
There's nothing else good in you. This their life
The whole day, from eyes open to eyes shut,
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends;
45 Then rail the second part of the first fit out,
And then be pleased again, no man knows which
way:
Fall out like giants and fall in like children;
Their fruit can witness as much.
Enter Sir Oliver Kix and his Lady
SIR OLIVER 'Tis thy fault.
LADY
Mine, drought and coldness?
SIR OLIVER Thine; 'tis thou art barren.
LADY
50 I barren? O life, that I durst but speak now
In mine own justice, in mine own right! I barren?
'Twas otherways with me when I was at court;
I was ne'er called so till I was married.
SIR OLIVER
I'll be divorced.
LADY Be hanged! I need not wish it;
55 That will come too soon to thee: I may say
'Marriage and hanging goes by destiny',
For all the goodness I can find in't yet.
SIR OLIVER
I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful whore,
Like an old bachelor, in a tradesman's chamber;
She and her children shall have all.
60 LADY Where be they?
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Pray, cease;
When there are friendlier courses took for you
- To get and multiply within your house
At your own proper costs, in spite of censure,
Methinks an honest peace might be established. 65
SIR OLIVER
What, with her? Never.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Sweet sir—
SIR OLIVER You work all in vain.
LADY
Then he doth all like thee.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Let me entreat, sir—
SIR OLIVER
Singleness confound her! I took her with one smock.
LADY
But, indeed, you came not so single
When you came from shipboard.
SIR OLIVER [*aside*] Heart, she bit sore there!— 70
[*To Touchwood Senior*] Prithee, make 's friends.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*aside*]
Is't come to that? The peal begins to cease.
SIR OLIVER [*to Lady Kix*]
I'll sell all at an outcry!
LADY Do thy worst, slave!—
[*To Touchwood Senior*] Good sweet sir, bring us into
love again.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*aside*]
Some would think this impossible to compass.— 75
[*To them*] Pray, let this storm fly over.
SIR OLIVER
Good sir, pardon me; I'm master of this house,
Which I'll sell presently; I'll clap up bills this evening.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Lady! Friends! Come!
LADY
80 If e'er ye loved woman, talk not on't, sir.
What, friends with him! Good faith, do you think I'm
mad?
With one that's scarce the hinder quarter of a man?
SIR OLIVER
Thou art nothing of a woman.
LADY Would I were less than nothing!
- 36 **know the worst** allusion to the proverb
"To know the worst is good". He may
mean that his brother's fortunes, having
touched bottom, are bound to be on the
way up.
37 i' in
38 **two humours** two moods, loving and
fighting
41 **Give** i.e., God give
45 **fit** (*a*) section of a poem or song; (*b*) par-
oxysm of rage
47 **Fall out** quarrel; the notion of giants
falling out may allude to the war of the
Titans
fall in (*a*) make up; (*b*) have sexual
intercourse; they make up 'like children',
without fully consummated sex, as their
lack of issue demonstrates
48 **fruit** offspring, or lack thereof
52 **'Twas... court** i.e., (*a*) I was never
insulted at court, where people are more
polite than you are; (*b*) I was never
called barren at court because there I
was sexually loose
54 **divorced** Divorce, possible only for a
very few, necessitated an individual act
of Parliament; barrenness would not be
sufficient grounds for divorce, but Sir
Oliver might plead non-consummation,
or complain of the profligacy at court to
which Lady Kix may just have confessed.
56 **'Marriage... destiny'** See note to
3,2,208.
59 **in a tradesman's chamber** i.e., living in
lodgings
60 **Where be they?** i.e., you have yet to
prove you can father a child
64 **proper** personal
in... censure (*a*) in spite of your mut-
ual recrimination; or (*b*) averting the
criticism of your neighbours (for your
childlessness)
68 **Singleness** i.e., the divorced state
I... **smock** i.e., she had very little
property when I married her; possible
allusion to the well-known tale of patient
Griselde
69 **not so single** unaccompanied, with
the implication that he was lousy, had
venereal disease, had brought a 'smock'
(loose woman) with him, or came direct
from a relationship with a sailor
71 's us
72 **peal** volley of sound
73 **outcry** auction
75 **compass** accomplish
78 **presently** immediately
clap up bills i.e., hastily post advertise-
ments for the auction
82 **scarce... man** i.e., not a complete man
sexually

[*She*] weeps

SIR OLIVER
Nay, prithee, what dost mean?

LADY
I cannot please you.

SIR OLIVER
I'faith, thou art a good soul; he lies that says it;

85 [*Kissing her*]
Buss, buss, pretty rogue.

LADY
You care not for me.

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*aside*]
Can any man tell now which way they came in?
By this light, I'll be hanged then!

SIR OLIVER
Is the drink come?

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR (*aside*)
Here's a little vial of almond milk,
90 That stood me in some threepence.

SIR OLIVER
I hope to see thee, wench, within these few years,
Cirled with children, pranking up a girl,
And putting jewels in their little ears;
Fine sport, i'faith!

LADY
Ay, had you been ought, husband,

95 It had been done ere this time.

SIR OLIVER
Had I been ought! Hang thee! Hadst thou been ought!
But a cross thing I ever found thee.

LADY
Thou art a grub to say so.

SIR OLIVER
A pox on thee!

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*aside*]
By this light, they are out again at the same door,
100 And no man can tell which way! [*To Sir Oliver*]
Come, here's your drink, sir.

SIR OLIVER
I will not take it now, sir,
An I were sure to get three boys ere midnight.

LADY
Why, there thou show'st now of what breed thou
com'st,
105 To hinder generation. O thou villain,
That knows how crookedly the world goes with us

For want of heirs, yet put by all good fortune.

SIR OLIVER
Hang, strumpet! I will take it now in spite.

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Then you must ride upon't five hours.
[*He gives vial to Sir Oliver*]

SIR OLIVER
I mean so. Within there!
Enter a Servant

SERVANT
Sir?

SIR OLIVER
Saddle the white mare.
[*Exit Servant*]

I'll take a whore along and ride to Ware. 110

LADY
Ride to the devil!

SIR OLIVER
I'll plague you every way.
Look ye, do you see?
[*He drinks*]

'Tis gone.

LADY
A pox go with it!

SIR OLIVER
Ay, curse and spare not now.

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Stir up and down, sir, you must not stand.

SIR OLIVER
Nay, I'm not given to standing. 115

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
So much the better, sir, for the
[]].

SIR OLIVER
I never could stand long in one place yet;
I learned it of my father, ever figient.
How if I crossed this, sir? 120

[*He capers*]

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
O passing good, sir, and would show
well a-horseback; when you come to your inn, if you
leaped over a joint-stool or two, 'twere not amiss;
(*Aside*)—although you brake your neck, sir.

SIR OLIVER [*capering*]
What say you to a table thus high, 125
sir?

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Nothing better, sir; [*Aside*—if it be
furnished with good victuals. [*To him*] You remember
how the bargain runs about this business?

85 **he...it** i.e., whoever says you cannot please me is lying

86 **buss** kiss

87 **Can...in** i.e., one would never know from the present sweet concord that the couple came in fighting a few minutes ago

89 **almond milk** drink made from sweet blanched almonds

90 **stood me in** cost me

92 **pranking up** dressing up

93 **jewels...ears** both sexes wore earrings until about 1660

94 **had...ought** i.e., if you had been anything in the way of a man

95 **ere** before

98 **grub** dwarfish, unmannerly fellow

102 **An** even if

106 **put by** neglect

108 **ride upon't** go horseback riding after taking it, with possible sexual innuendo, especially since he threatens to 'take a whore along' (3.3.110)

109 **mean so** intend to

Within there i.e., you! inside! (a demand that a servant come out and attend him)

white mare perhaps hints at the proverb 'He that has a white horse and a fair wife never lacks trouble'

110 **Ware** a Hertfordshire town, some 20 miles north of London, famous for amorous meetings. A Ware inn had a famous bed nearly 11 feet square, now

in a museum.

114 **Stir** move

115 **standing** (a) keeping still; (b) staying sexually erect

117 [] One or two words, probably obscenities, are omitted; compare similar omissions, possibly the result of censorship, at 4.1.228, 4.1.232, 4.1.263.

119 **figient** fidgety

120 **crossed this** i.e., jumped over this—probably a joint-stool (see 3.3.123)

123 **joint-stool** a two-foot high wooden stool, assembled by a joiner. References to stool leaping, something of a fashionable pastime, are usually disparaging.

124 **brake** broke

- 130 SIR OLIVER [*capering about the stage all the while*] Or else I had a bad head: you must receive, sir, four hundred pounds of me at four several payments: one hundred pound now in hand.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Right, that I have, sir.
SIR OLIVER
135 Another hundred when my wife is quick; The third when she's brought a-bed; and the last hundred
When the child cries, for if it should be still-born, It doth no good, sir.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
All this even still: a little faster, sir.
140 SIR OLIVER [*still capering*] Not a whit, sir; I'm in an excellent pace for any physick.
Enter a Servant
SERVANT
Your white mare's ready.
SIR OLIVER [*still capering*] I shall up presently.
[*Exit Servant*]
[*To Lady Kix*] One kiss, and farewell. [*He kisses her*]
LADY Thou shalt have two, love.
SIR OLIVER
Expect me about three. *Exit, [capering]*
LADY With all my heart, sweet.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*aside*]
145 By this light, they have forgot their anger since, And are as far in again as e'er they were. Which way the devil came they? Heart, I saw 'em not,
Their ways are beyond finding out. [*To Lady Kix*]
Come, sweet lady.
LADY How must I take mine, sir?
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Clean contrary; yours must be taken lying. 150
LADY
A-bed, sir?
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
A-bed, or where you will for your own ease,
Your coach will serve.
LADY The physick must needs please. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Tertius
- [*Incipit*] *Actus Quartus* 4.1
Enter Tim and Tutor
TIM *Negatur argumentum, tutor.*
TUTOR *Probo tibi, pupil, stultus non est animal rationale.*
TIM *Falleris sane.*
TUTOR *Quaeso ut taceas: probo tibi—*
TIM *Quomodo probas, domine?* 5
TUTOR *Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale.*
TIM *Sic argumentaris, domine: stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale. Negatur argumentum* again, tutor. 10
TUTOR *Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine: qui non participat de ratione, nullo modo potest vocari rationalibus; but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dicere rationalis.* 15
TIM *Participat.*
TUTOR *Sic disputas: qui participat, quomodo participat?*
TIM *Ut homo, probabo tibi in syllogismo.*
TUTOR *Hunc proba.*

- 131 **bad head** poor memory; possible (unintended) reference to cuckold's horns
131-8 **you...sir** So pervasive are the habits of money and exchange that even a gentleman like Sir Oliver has the bourgeois knack of writing watertight contracts.
131-2 **four hundred pounds** Since Sir Oliver earlier was willing to spend £500 for Touchwood's fertility cure (2.1.192-4), and Touchwood Senior has to invest only threepence and some of his bodily fluids, both get a bargain.
135 **quick** pregnant
139 **even just faster** Sir Oliver is still jumping to activate the potion
140 **whit** bit
141 **physick** medicine
142 **up** get mounted, with the usual sexual innuendo
145 **anger since** previous anger
147 **Which...they** i.e., one cannot keep track of their mood shifts
148 **Their...out** ironic echo of Romans 11:33 (Geneva): 'O the deepness of

- the riches, both of the wisdom, and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgements, and his ways past finding out!'
150 **Clean contrary** in an exactly opposite way
152 **coach will serve** Many Renaissance writings allude to ladies copulating in their coaches.
must needs is bound to
4.1.1-20 Latin disputation was the major teaching method in Renaissance universities. The argument here, on a common topic, relies on both parties accepting the traditional definition of a human as a 'rational animal or creature' (*animal rationale*). Parker translates the dialogue as follows:
TIM Your proof is denied, tutor.
TUTOR I demonstrate it to you, pupil, a fool is not a rational creature.
TIM You will certainly fail.
TUTOR I beg you to be silent: I prove it to you—
TIM How do you prove it, sir?
TUTOR A fool has not the power of

- reason, therefore he is not a rational creature.
TIM Thus you argue, sir: a fool has not the power of reason, therefore he is not a rational creature. Your argument is denied again, tutor.
TUTOR Again I demonstrate the proof, sir: he who does not share the power of reason, in no wise can be termed rational; but a fool does not share the power of reason, therefore a fool in no wise can be said to be rational.
TIM He does share it.
TUTOR So you argue: who shares it, how does he share it?
TIM As a man: I will prove it to you by a syllogism.
TUTOR Prove this.
TIM Thus I prove it, sir: a fool is a man just as you and I are; a man is a rational creature, just so a fool is a rational creature.
12 **rationalibus** the Tutor's mistake for *rationalis*
14 **dicere** the Tutor's mistake for *dici*

- TIM *Sic probo domine: stultus est homo sicut tu et ego sumus; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*
 20 Enter Maudline
 MAUDLINE Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em!
 TUTOR *Sic disputas: stultus est homo sicut tu et ego sumus; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.*
 MAUDLINE
 25 Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be;
 Pray, give them o'er; faith, you'll tire yourselves;
 What's the matter between you?
 TIM
 Nothing but reasoning about a fool, mother.
 MAUDLINE About a fool, son? Alas, what need you trouble
 30 your heads about that? None of us all but knows what a fool is.
 TIM Why, what's a fool, mother? I come to you now.
 MAUDLINE Why, one that's married before he has wit.
 TIM 'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman never
 35 brought up at the university; but bring forth what fool you will, mother, I'll prove him to be as reasonable a creature as myself or my tutor here.
 MAUDLINE
 Fie, 'tis impossible.
 TUTOR Nay, he shall do't, forsooth.
 TIM 'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by logic;
 By logic I'll prove anything.
 40 MAUDLINE What, thou wilt not!
 TIM I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman.
 MAUDLINE Nay, by my faith, she must prove that herself,
 Or logic will never do't.
 TIM 'Twill do't, I tell you.
 MAUDLINE Some in this street would give a thousand
 45 pounds
 That you could prove their wives so.
 TIM Faith, I can,
- And all their daughters too, though they had three bastards.
 When comes your tailor hither?
 MAUDLINE Why, what of him?
 TIM By logic I'll prove him to be a man,
 50 Let him come when he will.
 MAUDLINE [to Tutor] How hard at first was learning to him!
 Truly, sir, I thought he would never a took the Latin tongue. How many accidences do you think he wore out ere he came to his grammar?
 55 TUTOR
 Some three or four.
 MAUDLINE Believe me, sir, some four-and-thirty.
 TIM Pish, I made haberdines of 'em in church porches.
 MAUDLINE He was eight years in his grammar, and stuck horribly at a foolish place there called *ass in praesenti*.
 TIM Pox, I have it here now. [He points to his forehead]
 60 MAUDLINE He so shamed me once before an honest gentleman that knew me when I was a maid.
 TIM These women must have all out!
 MAUDLINE '*Quid est grammatica?*' says the gentleman to him—I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token—but
 65 nothing could he answer.
 TUTOR How now, pupil, ha? *Quid est grammatica?*
 TIM *Grammatica?* Ha, ha, ha!
 MAUDLINE Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear you say it now: there was one word went so prettily off the
 70 gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it the longest day of my life.
 TUTOR Come, *quid est grammatica?*
 TIM Are you not ashamed, tutor? *Grammatica*: why, *recte scribendi atque loquendi ars*, sir-reverence of my mother.
 75 MAUDLINE That was it, i'faith! Why now, son, I see you are a deep scholar. And, Master Tutor, a word I pray. [Aside to Tutor] Let us withdraw a little into my husband's chamber. I'll send in the North-Wales gentlewoman to

23-4 TUTOR 'So you contend: a fool is a man just as you and I are; a man is a rational creature, just so a fool is a rational creature'. (Middleton repeats the Latin to make sure his audience grasps the joke: Tim and the Tutor are fools.)
 27 **matter** issue
 32 **I...now** I pose the question to you (disputation term)
 33 **one...wit** a proverb that foreshadows the fate of the foolish Tim
 34 **pretty** i.e., a clever argument
 39 **prove a fool** (a) construct an argument proving fools rational; (b) turn out to be a fool oneself. (Tim is presumably oblivious to the second meaning.)
 41 **honest** chaste, faithful to one man
 49-50 **tailor...man** Tailors were frequently regarded as unmanly, probably because sewing was deemed 'feminine'; hence the proverb 'Nine tailors make but one man' and the nursery rhyme 'Four-and-twenty

tailors | Went to kill a snail'.
 53 **a took** have taken; i. e., mastered
 54 **accidences** books of rules for Latin inflexions
 55 **grammar** books of rules for syntax
 57 **haberdines** dried salt cod; possibly a reference to a lost game similar to the modern children's game 'kippers'
 59 **ass in praesenti** a phrase, meaning 'as in the present tense', occurring at the beginning of the 'verb' section of a famous Latin grammar text; the 'ass/arse' pun was frequent
 62 **knew...maid** 'knew' was a biblical euphemism for 'had sex with'; 'maid' could mean either 'virgin' or 'unmarried woman'. Maudline's pronouncement seems unintentionally suggestive.
 63 **must...out** i.e., must tell everything; with a sexual suggestion
 64 **Quid est grammatica** what is grammar? (Latin)

65 **sweet token** the 'one word [that] went so prettily off the gentleman's tongue' (4.1.70-1)
 71-2 **longest...life** for the rest of my life
 73-5 **quid...ars** what is grammar?... the art of writing and speaking correctly (Latin); from the beginning of a standard grammar book of the period
 74 **Are...ashamed** i.e., 'aren't you ashamed to ask me such an easy question?', or (more likely, given his apology in the next sentence), 'Aren't you ashamed to ask me a question that will produce an answer like "arse"?'
 75 **sir-reverence** corruption of 'saving your reverence' or *salve reverentia*, a formula similar to the modern 'pardon my French'
 76 **That was it** i.e., the word '*ars*' was the 'sweet, sweet token' or 'one word' that her gentleman friend used to say (cf. 4.1.70)

80 him, she looks for wooing. I'll put together both and lock the door.

TUTOR

I give great approbation to your conclusion.

Exeunt [Maudline and Tutor]

TIM I mar'l what this gentlewoman should be that I should have in marriage. She's a stranger to me.

85 I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,
To match me with a stranger so,
A maid that's neither kith nor kin to me.
Life, do they think I have no more care of my body than to lie with one that I ne'er knew, a mere stranger,
90 one that ne'er went to school with me neither, nor ever play-fellows together?
They're mightily o'erseen in't, methinks.

They say she has mountains to her marriage;
She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts:
95 Now what the meaning of these runts should be,
My tutor cannot tell me.

I have looked in Rider's *Dictionary* for the letter R, and there I can hear no tidings of these runts neither; unless they should be Romford hogs, I know them not.

Enter Welsh Gentlewoman

100 And here she comes. If I know what to say to her now in the way of marriage, I'm no graduate.
Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done of her
To come into my chamber, being but a stranger;
She shall not say I'm so proud yet but I'll speak to her;
105 marry, as I will order it, she shall take no hold of my words, I'll warrant her.

[The Welsh Gentlewoman curtsies]

She looks and makes a cursy!—*[To her]* *Salve tu quoque, puella pulcherrima; quid vis nescio nec sane curo*,—Tully's own phrase to a heart!

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN *[aside]*

110 I know not what he means: a suitor quoth a?

I hold my life he understands no English.

TIM *Fertur, me hercule, tu virgo, Wallia ut opibus abundis maximis.*

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN *[aside]* What's this *fertur* and *abundis*? He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts. 115

TIM *[aside]* I have no Latin word now for their runts; I'll make some shift or other: *[To her]* *Iterum dico, opibus abundis maximis montibus et fontibus et, ut ita dicam, rontibus; attamen vero homunculus ego sum natura simul et arte baccalaureus, lecto projecto non paratus.* 120

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN *[aside]*

This is most strange; maybe he can speak Welsh.

[To him] *A fedrwrch chwi Cymraeg?* *[Aside]* *Er duw, cog fo gennyf?*

TIM *[aside]* *Cog foggin?* I scorn to cog with her; I'll tell her so too, in a word near her own language; *[To her]* *Ego non cogo.* 125

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN *Rhyw gosyn a chwigyn ar ôl bod yn cerdedd am dro.*

TIM *[aside]* By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that already: She has the tongues plain; I hold my life she has travelled. What will folks say? 'There goes the learned couple!' Faith, if the truth were known she hath proceeded! 130

Enter Maudline

MAUDLINE How now, how speeds your business?

TIM *[aside]* I'm glad my mother's come to part us. 135

MAUDLINE *[to the Welsh Gentlewoman]* How do you agree, forsooth?

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN

As well as e'er we did before we met.

MAUDLINE How's that?

WELSH GENTLEWOMAN

You put me to a man I understand not;

Your son's no Englishman, methinks. 140

83 mar'l wonder

87 neither...kin neither neighbour nor relative

92 o'erseen imprudent

93 to her marriage i.e., as dowry

94 runts a breed of small cattle, common in Wales and the Scottish Highlands

97 Rider's *Dictionary* a Latin/English, English/Latin dictionary by John Rider first published in 1589, and the subject of a law case in 1613

99 Romford hogs 12 miles north-east of London, Romford was famous for markets, especially its Tuesday hog market; also a favourite place for amorous trysts

107 cursy curtsy

107-8 *Salve...curo* save you too, most beautiful young woman; what you want I do not know, nor truly do I care (Latin)

108 Tully's Cicero, whose prose served as a stylistic model for Renaissance writers; students were taught to imitate him

109 to a heart exactly, as if by heart

110 quoth a says he; i.e., 'indeed'

112-13 *Fertur...maximis* it is said—by

Hercules!—virgins, that you abound with great wealth in Wales (Latin)

112 *abundis* Tim's error for *abundas*; see also 4.1.119

114-16 *fertur...farts* The 'er' in *fertur* may have been pronounced 'ar'.

118 *shift* contrivance, approximation

118-21 *Iterum...paratus* 'Again, I say, you abound in great riches, in mountains and fountains and, as I may call them, in "runts" [inventing the Latin-sounding *rontibus*]; yet, truly, I am a little man by nature and at the same time a bachelor by training, really not prepared for the marriage bed.' Tim's claim to be a 'homunculus' and the earlier emphasis on Sir Oliver's 'shortness' (3.3.98) may indicate the presence of boy actors from the Queen's Revels. A 'homunculus', in medical theory, was a fully-formed proto-human present in sperm; thus Tim's strained

Latin suggests sexuality at the very moment he is insisting that he is not prepared for bed.

123 *A fedrwrch...Cymraeg?* do you speak Welsh?

Er...gennyf for God's sake, is he pretending with me?

124 *cog* cheat, or have sex with

125-6 *Ego non cogo* I won't come together with you (Latin); *cogo* puns on 'cog' in 4.1.124

127-8 *Rhyw...dro* some cheese and whey after taking a walk. Cheese and whey were considered the staple diet of the Welsh.

131 *has travelled* with unintended suggestion of 'has travailed', or been in labour; also suggests 'has got around sexually'

133 *proceeded* taken a degree (cf. I.1.158), with a suggestion again of sexual 'travelling'

134 *speeds* fares

136 *agree* get along together

- MAUDLINE No Englishman?
Bless my boy, and born i' the heart of London!
- WELSH GENTLEWOMAN
I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him,
And I find neither Welsh nor English in him.
- MAUDLINE
145 Why, Tim, how have you used the gentlewoman?
- TIM
As well as a man might do, mother, in modest Latin.
- MAUDLINE
Latin, fool?
- TIM And she recoiled in Hebrew.
- MAUDLINE
In Hebrew, fool? 'Tis Welsh!
- TIM All comes to one, mother.
- MAUDLINE
She can speak English too.
- TIM Who told me so much?
150 Heart, an she can speak English, I'll clap to her.
I thought you'd marry me to a stranger.
- MAUDLINE [*to the Welsh Gentlewoman*]
You must forgive him: he's so injured to Latin,
He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot
To use the Protestant tongue.
- 155 WELSH GENTLEWOMAN 'Tis quickly pardoned, forsooth.
- MAUDLINE Tim, make amends and kiss her. [*To the Welsh Gentlewoman*] He makes towards you, forsooth.
[*Tim kisses the Welsh Gentlewoman*]
- TIM O, delicious! One may discover her country by her
kissing; 'tis a true saying: "There's nothing tastes so
160 sweet as your Welsh mutton."—[*To the Welsh Gentlewoman*] It was reported you could sing.
- MAUDLINE
O, rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs.
- TIM
And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry,
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,
To view how rich I were.
- MAUDLINE Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim. 165
[*To the Welsh Gentlewoman*] Pray, forsooth.
Music and Song
- WELSH GENTLEWOMAN
Cupid is Venus' only joy,
But he is a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy;
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts, 170
He is the cause of most men's crests,—
I mean upon the forehead,
Invisible but horrid;
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play. 175
- Why should not Venus chide her son
For the pranks that he hath done,
The wanton pranks that he hath done?
He shoots his fiery darts so thick,
They hurt poor ladies to the quick, 180
Ay me, with cruel wounding!
His darts are so confounding,
That life and sense would soon decay
But that he keeps their lips in play.
- Can there be any part of bliss, 185
In a quickly fleeting kiss,
A quickly, quickly fleeting kiss?
To one's pleasure leisures are but waste,
The slowest kiss makes too much haste,
[] 190
And lose it ere we find it.
The pleasing sport they only know
That close above and close below.
- TIM
I would not change my wife for a kingdom;
I can do somewhat too in my own lodging. 195
Enter Yellowhammer, and Allwit [in disguise]
- YELLOWHAMMER
Why, well said, Tim! The bells go merrily;

145 used treated

147 recoiled retorted

148 All...one i.e., it's all the same

150 clap clap hands on the marriage contract, or stick close to. Since Tim often speaks more truly than he knows, the meaning 'to catch gonorrhoea from' may also be hinted at.

151 stranger foreigner

154 Protestant tongue i.e., vernacular English rather than 'Catholic' Latin

157 makes towards approaches

158 country (a) her country of origin, Wales; (b) her 'country' sexual proclivities as in 'country matters'; (c) possible sexual innuendo of 'cunt'

160 mutton Welsh mutton was famous, but 'mutton' also meant 'whore'

161 sing with sexual innuendo (to 'sing' was to copulate)

162 rarely exceptionally well

British i.e., Welsh

164 good parts accomplishments, with bawdy innuendo

166.1 *Music and Song* Songs were often used to characterize Welsh nationality; this song, inappropriately in English, may have replaced an original Welsh song in the printed version, or in performances where no Welsh singer was available. See also *Masque of Cupids*, p. 1027, and *Dissemblers* 1.4.89-99; for a musical setting see *Companion*, p. 149.167 Cupid Roman god of love, son of Venus; shoots arrows into his victims, causing them to fall in love
Venus Roman goddess of Love

171 crests (a) erections (implied and then rejected by the next line); (b) cuckold's horns (coyly established as the 'true' meaning of 'crests' at 4.1.172)

172 forehead pronounced to rhyme with

'horrid'

175 lips in play through kissing (with a suggestion of labia)

180 quick tenderest part, with bawdy implication

182 darts In literature, arrow wounds often had sexual implications, and the 'dart of love' was the penis.

188 To...waste intermissions in pleasure are a waste of time

191 we...find it A line seems to have dropped out before or after this line, to judge from the rhyme scheme.

193 close...below unite both upper and lower bodies

195 I...too an understated sexual boast
in...lodging (a) on my own account;
(b) in the privacy of my nuptial lodging

196 bells go merrily i.e., everything is going well

- I love such peals o' life. Wife, lead them in a while;
Here's a strange gentleman desires private conference.
Exeunt [Maudline, the Welsh Gentlewoman, and Tim]
- [To Allwit] You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake,
200 Good Master Yellowhammer; I love my name well:
And which o' the Yellowhammers take you descent from,
If I may be so bold with you, which, I pray?
- ALLWIT
The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire near Abingdon.
YELLOWHAMMER
And those are the best Yellowhammers, and truest bred;
205 I came from thence myself, though now a citizen.
I'll be bold with you; you are most welcome.
- ALLWIT
I hope the zeal I bring with me shall deserve it.
YELLOWHAMMER
I hope no less: what is your will, sir?
- ALLWIT
I understand, by rumours, you have a daughter,
210 Which my bold love shall henceforth title 'cousin'.
YELLOWHAMMER I thank you for her, sir.
- ALLWIT
I heard of her virtues and other confirmed graces.
YELLOWHAMMER A plaguy girl, sir!
- ALLWIT
Fame sets her out with richer ornaments
215 Than you are pleased to boast of; 'tis done modestly:
I hear she's towards marriage.
- YELLOWHAMMER You hear truth, sir.
ALLWIT
And with a knight in town, Sir Walter Whorehound.
YELLOWHAMMER
The very same, sir.
ALLWIT I am the sorrier for't.
YELLOWHAMMER The sorrier? Why, cousin?
ALLWIT
220 'Tis not too far past, is't? It may yet be recalled?
YELLOWHAMMER Recalled? Why, good sir?
- ALLWIT
Resolve me in that point, ye shall hear from me.
YELLOWHAMMER
There's no contract passed.
ALLWIT I am very joyful, sir.
YELLOWHAMMER But he's the man must bed her.
ALLWIT
By no means, coz; she's quite undone then,
225 And you'll curse the time that e'er you made the match;
He's an arrant whoremaster, consumes his time and state,
[]
Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven years;
Nay, coz, another man's wife too.
YELLOWHAMMER O, abominable! 230
ALLWIT
Maintains the whole house, apparels the husband,
Pays servants' wages, not so much but []
YELLOWHAMMER
Worse and worse! And doth the husband know this?
ALLWIT
Knows? Ay, and glad he may, too, 'tis his living,
235 As other trades thrive—butchers by selling flesh,
Poulters by vending conies, or the like, coz.
YELLOWHAMMER
What an incomparable wittol's this!
ALLWIT
Tush, what cares he for that? Believe me, coz,
No more than I do.
YELLOWHAMMER What a base slave is that!
ALLWIT
All's one to him; he feeds and takes his ease,
240 Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep
To get a child yet, by his own confession,
And yet his wife has seven.
YELLOWHAMMER What, by Sir Walter?
ALLWIT
Sir Walter's like to keep 'em and maintain 'em
In excellent fashion; he dares do no less, sir. 245
YELLOWHAMMER
Life, has he children too?

197 **peals o' life** life imagined as ringing like a bell with pulsating sexuality
198 **strange** unknown
199 **more...sake** Allwit pretends to be Yellowhammer's distant cousin.
203 **Abingdon** actually the county town of Berkshire, five miles south of Oxford
204 **best Yellowhammers** The boasting about the name may reflect the fact that two medieval Yellowhammers were Lord Mayors of London.
205 **thence** there
citizen member of the London middle classes, including merchants, shopkeep-

ers, well-off craftsmen, and some others (a fluid category)
211 **for her** on her behalf
212 **confirmed** firmly established
213 **plaguy** troublesome
216 **towards marriage** about to be married
220 **recalled** called off
222 **Resolve...me** i.e., satisfy me on that question and then I'll continue
223 **contract** marriage agreement; it was legally very difficult to get out of such an agreement once formalized
225 **coz** familiar form of 'cousin'

228 [] A line seems to be missing here, the gist of which may be something like 'with a woman in this neighbourhood'.
232 another truncated and perhaps censored part-line, represented (as elsewhere) by a long dash in COTES
236 **Poulters** poulterers (poultry dealers), with suggestion of 'pimps'; another reference to the sale of women as food to be consumed.
vending conies selling rabbits, with suggestion of whores

ALLWIT	Children! Boys thus high, In their Cato and Corderius.	No matter, so the whore he keeps be wholesome— My daughter takes no hurt then. So let them wed; I'll have him sweat well ere they go to bed.	270
YELLOWHAMMER	What? You jest, sir!	<i>Enter Maudline</i>	
ALLWIT	Why, one can make a verse And is now at Eton College.	MAUDLINE O, husband, husband!	
YELLOWHAMMER	O, this news has cut into my heart, coz.	YELLOWHAMMER How now, Maudline?	
250 ALLWIT	It had eaten nearer, if it had not been prevented: One Allwit's wife.	MAUDLINE We are all undone! She's gone, she's gone!	
YELLOWHAMMER	Allwit? Foot, I have heard of him; He had a girl kersened lately?	YELLOWHAMMER Again? Death! Which way?	
ALLWIT	Ay, that work Did cost the knight above a hundred mark.	MAUDLINE Over the houses. Lay the waterside; she's gone for ever, else.	
YELLOWHAMMER	I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't. A thousand thanks and blessings! I have done with him.	YELLOWHAMMER O vent'rous baggage!	<i>Exeunt</i> 275
ALLWIT [<i>aside</i>]	Ha, ha, ha! This knight will stick by my ribs still; I shall not lose him yet; no wife will come; Where'er he woos, I find him still at home. Ha, ha!	<i>Enter Tim and Tutor</i>	4.2
255 YELLOWHAMMER	Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are black, Pray, what serves marriage but to call him back? I have kept a whore myself, and had a bastard By Mistress Anne, in <i>anno</i> []	TIM Thieves, thieves! My sister's stol'n! Some thief hath got her: O, how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape! 'Twas all left out, tutor.	
260 ALLWIT	I care not who knows it; he's now a jolly fellow, He's been twice warden. So may his fruit be; They were but base begot, and so was he. The knight is rich, he shall be my son-in-law.	TUTOR Is't possible?	
265 YELLOWHAMMER		TIM Besides three chains of pearl and a box of coral. My sister's gone. Let's look at Trig Stairs for her. My mother's gone to lay the common stairs At Puddle Wharf; and at the dock below Stands my poor silly father. Run, sweet tutor, run!	5 <i>Exeunt</i>
		<i>Enter both the Touchwoods</i>	4.3
		TOUCHWOOD SENIOR I had been taken, brother, by eight sergeants,	

247 **Cato and Corderius** authors of two popular moralizing schoolbooks favoured by Puritans

249 **Eton College** school patronized by the gentle classes, 23 miles west of London; composing Latin verses was a common school exercise. Allwit seems to be lying about this son, who is nowhere else mentioned.

251 **prevented** anticipated

252 **Foot** short for 'Christ's foot' (oath)

254 **the knight** i.e., Sir Walter above more than

hundred mark over 66 pounds

257 **stick . . . ribs** i.e., stay very close

261 **what . . . marriage** what is marriage good for. The idea that the love of a good woman could reform the wildest of men was current in Middleton's time.

call him back reform him

263 **anno** in the year (Latin)

[] The date may have been left blank for the actor to fill in the date the play was performed.

264 **he's** i.e., the bastard son

265 **warden** (a) member of the governing body of a city trade guild; (b) a kind of pear, hence the play on 'fruit'

his fruit Yellowhammer's bastard's offspring

266 **They . . . he** i.e., Yellowhammer's bastard son's children will prove to be illegitimately sired, like their father

267 **knight is rich** a reminder that positing a marital exchange of bourgeois money for the prestige of a gentleman's title is too simple; Touchwood Junior is a gentleman, but that is not enough—Yellowhammer wants gentility and money.

268 **wholesome** free of the pox

270 **sweat** be treated in a steam tub for venereal disease

273 **Over the houses** i.e., across the rooftops

274 **Lay set watch on**

275 **vent'rous baggage** bold girl

4.2.2 **plate** silver-plated ornaments. Tim's automatic placing of his sister in the

same category as the family silver is another instance of daughters' being considered material property; but that such attitudes are attributed to a complete fool suggests that they are being satirized rather than unthinkingly accepted.

5-7 **Trig Stairs . . . dock below** embarkation points on the Thames; since 'trig' also meant coxcomb, the association with Tim is suitable

6 **common** public

7 **Puddle Wharf** originally so called because a man called Puddle kept a wharf there, but later because horses watered there and created puddles on the wharf; ties in with other urine imagery in the play
below downstream, perhaps at Dung Wharf, where the city refuse was loaded on to barges

8 **silly** innocent

4.3.1 **had been taken** would have been arrested
sergeants sheriff's officers

- But for the honest watermen; I am bound to them;
They are the most requiteful'st people living,
For as they get their means by gentlemen,
They are still the forwardest to help gentlemen.
5 You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars,
But a while since, from two or three varlets
Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
10 With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts,
Whilst the poor gentleman so pursued and bandied
Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed.
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
I love them with my heart for't.
Enter three or four Watermen
FIRST WATERMAN Your first man, sir.
SECOND WATERMAN
Shall I carry you gentlemen with a pair of oars?
15 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR These be the honest fellows.
Take one pair and leave the rest for her.
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Barn Elms.
TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
No more, brother.
FIRST WATERMAN Your first man.
SECOND WATERMAN Shall I carry your worship?
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Go. [*Exit Touchwood Senior with First Waterman*]
And you honest watermen that stay,
20 Here's a French crown for you: [*He gives him money*]
There comes a maid with all speed to take water,
Row her lustily to Barn Elms after me.
- SECOND WATERMAN
To Barn Elms, good, sir.—Make ready the boat, Sam;
We'll wait below. *Exeunt [Watermen]*
Enter Moll
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
What made you stay so long?
MOLL
I found the way more dangerous than I looked for. 25
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
Away, quick! There's a boat waits for you;
And I'll take water at Paul's-wharf and overtake you.
MOLL
Good sir, do; we cannot be too safe. [*Exeunt*]
Enter Sir Walter, Yellowhammer, Tim, and Tutor 4.4
SIR WALTER
Life! Call you this close keeping?
YELLOWHAMMER She was kept
Under a double lock.
SIR WALTER A double devil!
TIM
That's a buff sergeant, tutor; he'll ne'er wear out.
YELLOWHAMMER How would you have women locked?
TIM
With padlocks, father; the Venetian uses it; 5
My tutor reads it.
SIR WALTER
Heart, if she were so locked up, how got she out?
YELLOWHAMMER
There was a little hole looked into the gutter;
But who would have dreamed of that?
SIR WALTER A wiser man would.

2 **watermen** boatmen, running a taxi service on the Thames
3 **requiteful'st** most eager to return favours. The praise lavished on watermen reflects the symbiotic relationship between them and Bankside theatres. Early in 1614, John Taylor the watermen's poet and advocate emphasized the importance of water taxis to bankside theatres. When in 1614 the watermen petitioned the Privy Council to limit theatrical activity on the near side of the river so as to maintain their business on the bankside, His Majesty's Players' counter-petition declared, 'We might as justly remove the Exchange . . . to the Bank-side', the comparison with the Royal Exchange underlining the fact that theatre was big business, every bit as implicated in the money game as any of *Chaste Maid's* grasping commercialists.
6 **Blackfriars** indoor, candle-lit private theatre, used by the King's Men 1608–42; it stood by a landing-stage on the Thames, close to Touchwood Junior's embarkation point, west of Puddle Wharf. The episode has not been traced,

but to report it on the stage of the Swan was to denigrate a rival theatre, on the wrong side of the river in the watermen's view, as a rowdy, dangerous place.
7 **But a while since** not long ago
varlets low rascals
9 **sword-dance** ancient fertility-promoting dance, still practised in Middleton's time, mainly in the countryside
10 **candles** the ruffians carry candles to pursue a victim in the dark theatre
chandlers candle-makers. Since stage ghosts often carried distinctive symbols, chandlers' ghosts would carry candles.
12 **pair of oars** i.e., a waterman
landed brought to shore.
13 **Your first man** the waterman's trade cry, meaning 'I'm first in the queue'
17 **Barn Elms** a favourite lovers' resort
No more i.e., farewell
20 **French crown** French silver coin accepted as equivalent to the English five-shilling piece
21 **take water** to embark on the river, with possible suggestion of water as semen, as in 2.1.180
22 **lustily** vigorously, with possible sexual

innuendo
27 **Paul's-wharf** between Puddle Wharf and Trig Stairs
28 **we . . . safe** It seems odd that Moll and Touchstone Junior should part now; they seem to think this will render them less liable to detection.
4.4.1 **close keeping** locking (Moll) up securely
2 **double devil** i.e., it took a double devil to escape from double locks—a reference to Moll, or perhaps Touchwood Junior
3 **buff sergeant** arresting officer, whose doggedness was often compared to his jerkin's durable ox-hide ('buff') leather. Tim may be saying that a buff sergeant is as hard-wearing as a double lock, or as persistent as a double devil.
5 **With padlocks . . . Venetian** Venetians were believed to keep control of women by chastity belts; many contemporary writings portray Italian women as closely locked up compared to freer English women.
6 **reads** has read about, or advises
8 **looked** that opened

- 10 TIM He says true, father; a wise man for love will seek every hole; my tutor knows it.
TUTOR *Verum poeta dicit.*
TIM *Dicit Virgilius*, father.
- 15 YELLOWHAMMER Prithée, talk of thy jills somewhere else, she's played the jill with me. Where's your wise mother now?
TIM Run mad, I think; I thought she would have drowned herself. She would not stay for oars but took a smelt-boat; sure, I think she be gone a-fishing for her!
- 20 YELLOWHAMMER She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now, Will serve us all to supper.
Enter Maudline drawing Moll by the hair, [wet] and Watermen
- MAUDLINE I'll tug thee home by the hair.
FIRST WATERMAN Good mistress, spare her!
MAUDLINE Tend your own business.
SECOND WATERMAN You are a cruel mother.
Exeunt [Watermen]
- MOLL O, my heart dies!
MAUDLINE I'll make thee an example for all the neighbours' daughters.
- 25 MOLL Farewell, life!
MAUDLINE You that have tricks can counterfeit.
YELLOWHAMMER Hold, hold, Maudline.
MAUDLINE I have brought your jewel by the hair.
YELLOWHAMMER She's here, knight.
SIR WALTER Forbear, or I'll grow worse.
TIM Look on her, tutor; she hath brought her from the water like a mermaid; she's but half my sister now, as
- far as the flesh goes, the rest may be sold to fishwives.
MAUDLINE Dissembling, cunning baggage!
YELLOWHAMMER Impudent strumpet!
SIR WALTER Either give over, both, or I'll give over!—
[*To Moll*] Why have you used me thus, unkind mistress?
Wherein have I deserved?
YELLOWHAMMER You talk too fondly, sir: 35
We'll take another course and prevent all;
We might have done't long since; we'll lose no time now,
Nor trust to't any longer. Tomorrow morn,
As early as sunrise we'll have you joined.
- MOLL O, bring me death tonight, love-pitying fates; 40
Let me not see tomorrow up upon the world.
YELLOWHAMMER Are you content, sir? Till then she shall be watched!
MAUDLINE Baggage, you shall! *Exit [with Moll]*
TIM Why, father, my tutor and I will both watch in armour. *[Exit Yellowhammer]* 45
TUTOR How shall we do for weapons?
TIM Take you no care for that. If need be I can send for conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet. 'Tis but at Westminster; I am acquainted with him that keeps the monuments; I can borrow Harry the Fifth's sword. 50
'Twill serve us both to watch with. *Exit [with Tutor]*
- SIR WALTER I never was so near my wish as this chance
Makes me: ere tomorrow noon
I shall receive two thousand pound in gold
And a sweet maidenhead worth forty. 55
Enter Touchwood Junior with a Waterman
TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR O, thy news splits me!

10–11 **seek every hole** with bawdy innuendo; perhaps a lewd paraphrase of Ovid's *Ars Amatoria*, II.243–6. Tim comically misattributes it to lofty Virgil.
12 **Verum . . . dicit** the poet speaks the truth (Latin)
13 **Dicit Virgilius** Virgil says so (Latin)
14 **jills** loose women. Ignorant of Latin, Yellowhammer takes 'Virgilius' for a reference to 'jills'.
15 **played the jill** played a nasty trick; variation of 'play the Jack'
18 **stay** wait
18–19 **smelt-boat** a boat for fishing smelt, a small fish—poor folks' fare; a notably undignified mode of pursuit
20 **gudgeons** small fish used as bait; 'to gape for a gudgeon' meant to be deceived or be gullible
21 **serve . . . to supper** i.e., Maudline's behaviour will make them all look

foolish; 'to' means 'for'
23 **Tend** mind
26 **You . . . counterfeit** i.e., you who are cunning can easily feign despair
27 **jewel** i.e., daughter
28 **Forbear . . . worse** i.e., stop pulling her by the hair or I'll feel even worse than I do
29–30 **from the water** Presumably Maudline has dragged Moll overboard from her water taxi into the smelt boat.
30 **mermaid** with overtones of the word's slang meaning, 'whore'
31 **fishwives** female fish-sellers, with overtones of the word's slang meaning, 'pimps'
33 **give over . . . give over** i.e., stop berating your daughter or I'll back out of the marriage
35 **fondly** foolishly
38 **trust to't** i.e., trust Moll's obedience to

their wishes
39 **joined** married
44–5 **watch in armour** an absurdly misplaced reference to the chivalric custom of an armed knight keeping a solitary all-night vigil in a chapel as spiritual preparation for a quest; 'in armour' also meant 'emboldened by drinking'
47 **Take . . . for** don't worry about
48 **ne'er . . . yet** that never yet lost a battle
49 **Westminster** Westminster Abbey
49–50 **him . . . monuments** master of the monuments, official guide to the tombs of famous English kings and queens in Westminster Abbey
50 **Harry the Fifth's sword** an error or an idle boast: Henry V's armour had been stolen
55 **forty** i.e., forty thousand (one hopes)
56 **splits** tears apart

Act 4 Scene 4

A Chaff Mayd in Cheape-side.

WATERMAN
 Half drowned! She cruelly tugged her by the hair,
 Forced her disgracefully, not like a mother.
 TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR Enough! Leave me, like my joys.
 Exit Waterman

60 Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way?
 Heart, villain, is it thou?
 SIR WALTER Yes, slave, 'tis I!
 Both draw and fight

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 I must break through thee, then; there is no stop
 That checks my tongue and all my hopeful fortunes,
 That breast excepted, and I must have way.

SIR WALTER
 65 Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in play.
 [He wounds Touchwood Junior]

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [recovering and fighting again]
 Sir, you'll gain the heart in my breast at first?

SIR WALTER
 There is no dealing, then? Think on the dowry
 For two thousand pounds.

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR O, now 'tis quit, sir.
 [He wounds Sir Walter]

SIR WALTER
 And being of even hand, I'll play no longer.

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
 No longer, slave?

70 SIR WALTER I have certain things to think on
 Before I dare go further. [Exit]

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR But one bout?
 I'll follow thee to death, but ha't out. Exit

Finis Actus Quartus

⊗

5.I [Incipit] Actus Quintus
 Enter Allwit, his Wife, and Davy Dahumma

WIFE
 A misery of a house!

ALLWIT What shall become of us?

DAVY
 I think his wound be mortal.

ALLWIT Think'st thou so, Davy?
 Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy.

This is no world for me whene'er he goes;
 I must e'en truss up all and after him, Davy—
 A sheet with two knots, and away!
 Enter Sir Walter, led in hurt [by two of his
 Servants]

DAVY O, see, sir,
 How faint he goes! Two of my fellows lead him.

WIFE [swooning] O me!

ALLWIT
 Heyday, my wife's laid down too! Here's like to be
 A good house kept, when we are altogether down.
 10 Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there.
 Let me come to his worship, let me come.
 [Exeunt two Servants]

SIR WALTER
 Touch me not, villain! My wound aches at thee,
 Thou poison to my heart!

ALLWIT [aside] He raves already,
 His senses are quite gone, he knows me not.—
 15 [To him] Look up, an't like your worship; heave those
 eyes,
 Call me to mind; is your remembrance left?
 Look in my face: who am I, an't like your worship?

SIR WALTER
 If anything be worse than slave or villain,
 Thou art the man!

ALLWIT Alas, his poor worship's weakness!
 He will begin to know me by little and little.

SIR WALTER
 No devil can be like thee.

ALLWIT Ah, poor gentleman,
 Methinks the pain that thou endurest—

SIR WALTER
 Thou know'st me to be wicked, for thy baseness
 Kept the eyes open still on all my sins;
 25 None knew the dear account my soul stood charged
 with
 So well as thou, yet, like hell's flattering angel,
 Wouldst never tell me on't, let'st me go on,
 And join with death in sleep; that if I had not waked
 Now by chance, even by a stranger's pity,
 30 I had everlastingly slept out all hope
 Of grace and mercy.

ALLWIT Now he is worse and worse.

57 **by the hair** Modest, chaste women wore their hair bound up, a symbol of bodily containment; wearing the hair loose on-stage conventionally represented recent rape or mental derangement, which is one reason Maudline's dragging Moll by the hair is so shocking to bystanders. The stage picture prepares the audience for Moll's seeming mental distraction in 5.2.
 62 **stop** impediment
 63 **checks my tongue** i.e., robs me of the power to make my marriage vows
 64 **That...excepted** i.e., except Sir Walter

have way triumph over him
 65 **'twill...play** i.e., the desire to win Moll away from me will mean working hard to defend your life
 66 **at first** at once
 67 **dealing** coming to terms (Sir Walter is offering to share the dowry)
 68 **quit** paid back (wound for wound)
 69 **even hand** on equal terms (a gaming term)
 70 **certain...on** possible anticipation of his religious qualms
 72 **ha't out** see this through to a conclusion

5.1.2 **his** Sir Walter's
 3 **but** nothing but
 5 **truss up** wrap in a shroud
after go after
 6 **sheet...knots** i.e., a shroud, knotted at head and foot
 16 **an't like** if it pleases
 17 **is...left** is your memory intact?
 25 **Kept...open** The play's blindness/sight imagery culminates in this scene.
still always
 26 **dear** costly
 27 **hell's...angel** Satan

- [*Allwit's Wife revives from her swoon*] Wife, to him,
wife; thou wast wont to do good on him.
- WIFE
How is't with you, sir?
- SIR WALTER Not as with you,
35 Thou loathsome strumpet! Some good pitying man
Remove my sins out of my sight a little;
I tremble to behold her, she keeps back
All comfort while she stays. Is this a time,
Unconscionable woman, to see thee?
40 Art thou so cruel to the peace of man
Not to give liberty now? The devil himself
Shows a far fairer reverence and respect
To goodness than thyself; he dares not do this,
But parts in time of penitence, hides his face;
45 When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place.
Hast thou less manners and more impudence
Than thy instructor? Prithce show thy modesty,
If the least grain be left, and get thee from me.
Thou shouldst be rather locked many rooms hence
50 From the poor miserable sight of me,
If either love or grace had part in thee.
- WIFE [*weeping*]
He is lost for ever!
- ALLWIT Run, sweet Davy, quickly,
And fetch the children hither; sight of them
Will make him cheerful straight. [*Exit Davy*]
- SIR WALTER [*to Allwit's Wife*] O death! Is this
55 A place for you to weep? What tears are those?
Get you away with them! I shall fare the worse
As long as they are a-weeping. They work against me;
There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow—
Thou weep'st for lust. I feel it in the slackness
60 Of comforts coming toward me.
I was well till thou began'st to undo me.
This shows like the fruitless sorrow of a careless
mother
That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows
And then stands by and weeps to see him suffer.
Enter Davy with the children [*Nick, Wat, and the
baby girl*]
- DAVY
65 There are the children, sir; an't like your worship,
Your last fine girl—in troth, she smiles.
Look, look, in faith, sir.
- SIR WALTER
O, my vengeance! Let me for ever hide my cursed face
From sight of those that darkens all my hopes,
And stands between me and the sight of heaven! 70
Who sees me now, her too and those so near me,
May rightly say I am o'ergrown with sin.
O, how my offences wrestle with my repentance!
It hath scarce breath;
Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft, 75
And with her black wings beats down all my prayers
Ere they be halfway up. What's he knows now
How long I have to live? O, what comes then?
My taste grows bitter; the round world all gall now;
Her pleasing pleasures now hath poisoned me, 80
Which I exchanged my soul for.
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me!
- ALLWIT
Speak to him, Nick.
- NICK I dare not, I am afraid.
- ALLWIT
Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with making
moan.
- SIR WALTER Wretched, death of seven. 85
- ALLWIT
Come, let's be talking somewhat to keep him alive.
Ah, sirrah Wat, and did my lord bestow that jewel on
thee
For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin?
Thou art a good forward boy, there's great joy on
thee.
- SIR WALTER
O sorrow!
- ALLWIT [*aside*]
Heart, will nothing comfort him? 90
If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan.
[*To him*] Here's pen and ink and paper, and all things
ready;
Will't please your worship for to make your will?
- SIR WALTER
My will? Yes, yes, what else? Who writes apace now?
- ALLWIT
That can your man Davy, an't like your worship, 95
A fair, fast, legible hand.
- SIR WALTER Set it down then:
[*Davy writes*]
Imprimis, I bequeath to yonder wittol

33 **do good on** (a) have a beneficial effect on; (b) copulate with
36 **sins** Allwit's wife has come to embody for him all his sins.
39 **Unconscionable** without conscience
47 **instructor** i.e., Satan
58–9 **There's... for lust** i.e., you are crying only because my death will leave you sexually frustrated
61 **I... me** Though true repentance meant self knowledge and acceptance of personal responsibility for sin, he blames his

misconduct solely on the Allwits.
63 **with dalliance** through over-indulgence. This image, a parody of the Virgin Mary weeping at the foot of the cross, grants the son no responsibility for his own crime, as Sir Walter himself accepts no responsibility.
68 **my vengeance** the children represent God's vengeance
77 **halfway up** i.e., to heaven
What's he who is he who
79 **gall** bitter substance

82 **Make way** prepare
85 **death of seven** Sir Walter's children by Allwit's wife. His death will leave them unprovided for.
86 **somewhat** a little
87 **my lord** 'My lord' is an inappropriate form of address for a knight like Sir Walter; Allwit may mean some dignitary at a ceremonial occasion at Wat's school.
89 **forward** high-achieving
94 **apace** quickly

- Three times his weight in curses.
 ALLWIT
 How!
 SIR WALTER
 All plagues of body and mind.
 ALLWIT
 Write them not down, Davy.
 100 DAVY It is his will; I must.
 SIR WALTER Together also
 With such a sickness ten days ere his death.
 ALLWIT [*aside*]
 There's a sweet legacy! I am almost choked with't.
 SIR WALTER
 105 Next I bequeath to that foul whore his wife
 All barrenness of joy, a drought of virtue,
 And dearth of all repentance; for her end,
 The common misery of an English strumpet,
 In French and Dutch; beholding ere she dies
 Confusion of her brats before her eyes,
 And never shed a tear for it.
 Enter a Servant [*of Sir Walter's*]
 110 FIRST SERVANT Where's the knight?
 O sir, the gentleman you wounded is newly departed!
 SIR WALTER Dead? Lift, lift! Who helps me?
 ALLWIT
 Let the law lift you now, that must have all;
 I have done lifting on you, and my wife too.
 FIRST SERVANT [*to Sir Walter*]
 You were best lock yourself close.
 115 ALLWIT [*to Sir Walter*] Not in my house, sir,
 I'll harbour no such persons as men-slayers;
 Lock yourself where you will.
 SIR WALTER What's this?
 WIFE Why, husband!
 ALLWIT
 I know what I do, wife.
 WIFE [*aside to Allwit*] You cannot tell yet;
 For having killed the man in his defence,
 120 Neither his life nor estate will be touched, husband.
 ALLWIT
 Away, wife! Hear a fool! His lands will hang him.
- SIR WALTER
 Am I denied a chamber?—[*To Mistress Allwit*] What
 say you, forsooth?
 WIFE
 Alas, sir, I am one that would have all well
 But must obey my husband.—[*To Allwit*] Prithce, love,
 Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded: 125
 There's a close chamber at one end of the garret
 We never use; let him have that I prithce.
 ALLWIT
 We never use? You forget sickness then,
 And physic times; is't not a place of easement?
 Enter a [*second*] Servant [*of Sir Walter's*]
 SIR WALTER
 130 O death! Do I hear this with part
 Of former life in me?—What's the news now?
 SECOND SERVANT
 Troth, worse and worse; you're like to lose your land,
 If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon.
 ALLWIT [*aside to Allwit's Wife*]
 Hark you there, wife.
 SIR WALTER Why, how, sir?
 SECOND SERVANT
 Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new quickened; 135
 That child undoes you sir.
 SIR WALTER All ill at once!
 ALLWIT
 I wonder what he makes here with his consorts?
 Cannot our house be private to ourselves
 But we must have such guests? [*To Servants*] I pray,
 depart, sirs,
 140 And take your murderer along with you.
 Good he were apprehended ere he go,
 He's killed some honest gentleman. Send for officers!
 SIR WALTER
 I'll soon save you that labour.
 ALLWIT I must tell you, sir,
 You have been somewhat bolder in my house
 Than I could well like of; I suffered you 145
 Till it stuck here at my heart; I tell you truly
 I thought you had been familiar with my wife once.
 WIFE
 With me? I'll see him hanged first. I defy him,

108 **French and Dutch** venereal diseases.

Syphilis was called 'the French pox'; a 'Dutch widow' was a prostitute.

109 **Confusion** i.e., incestuous intercourse112–13 **Lift... lift** Sir Walter means 'lift me up' (physically); Allwit means 'arrest'.113 **law... all** i.e., the law will seize Sir Walter's possessions since he has killed Touchstone Junior114 **lifting** (a) helping; (b) robbing; (c) (in the case of Allwit's wife) arousing sexually

on of

115 **were best** had better close tightly, in hiding121 **Hear a fool** i.e., listen to the fool talking**His... him** i.e., since Sir Walter's lands will be forfeited to the Crown if he is convicted, the Crown will be sure to find him guilty and hang him126 **close chamber** privy129 **physic times** times of illness**place of easement** privy135 **new quickened** newly pregnant136 **undoes you** i.e., a Kix heir will do Sir Walter out of the inheritance ill evil, bad luck137 **makes** does**consorts** companions (i.e., Davy and the two servants)142 **officers** officers of the watch143 **save... labour** i.e., by dying147 **been familiar** had sexual relations with, or at least flirted with

And all such gentlemen in the like extremity.
 SIR WALTER
 150 If ever eyes were open, these are they.
 Gamesters, farewell, I have nothing left to play.
Exit [with his two Servants]

ALLWIT
 And therefore get you gone, sir.
 DAVY Of all wittols
 Be thou the head!—[To Allwit's Wife] Thou, the grand
 whore of spittles!
Exit

ALLWIT
 So, since he's like now to be rid of all,
 155 I am right glad I am so well rid of him.
 WIFE
 I knew he durst not stay when you named officers.
 ALLWIT That stopped his spirits straight.
 What shall we do now, wife?
 WIFE As we were wont to do.
 ALLWIT
 We are richly furnished wife, with household stuff.
 160 WIFE Let's let out lodgings then,
 And take a house in the Strand.
 ALLWIT In troth, a match, wench!
 We are simply stocked with cloth-of-tissue cushions
 To furnish out bay-windows; pish, what not that's
 quaint
 And costly, from the top to the bottom?
 165 Life, for furniture, we may lodge a countess!
 There's a close-stool of tawny velvet too,
 Now I think on't, wife.
 WIFE There's that should be, sir;

Your nose must be in everything!
 ALLWIT I have done, wench;
 And let this stand in every gallant's chamber:
 'There's no gamester like a politic sinner,
 170 For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner.'
Exeunt

Enter Yellowhammer and his wife [Maudline] 5.2
 MAUDLINE
 O husband, husband, she will die, she will die!
 There is no sign but death.
 YELLOWHAMMER 'Twill be our shame then.
 MAUDLINE
 O, how she's changed in compass of an hour!
 YELLOWHAMMER
 Ah, my poor girl! Good faith, thou wert too cruel
 To drag her by the hair.
 MAUDLINE You would have done as much, sir, 5
 To curb her of her humour.
 YELLOWHAMMER
 'Tis curbed sweetly! She caught her bane o'th' water.
Enter Tim
 MAUDLINE How now, Tim?
 TIM
 Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph
 Upon my sister's death.
 MAUDLINE Death! She is not dead, I hope? 10
 TIM
 No, but she means to be, and that's as good,
 And when a thing's done, 'tis done; you taught me
 that, mother.
 YELLOWHAMMER What is your tutor doing?

149 **extremity** degree

150 **If... they** Sir Walter's devastated shock when Allwit's wife defies him shows up an oddly credulous and sentimental streak: he has been buying her sexual favours, but seems to have believed her protestations of affection.

151 **Gamesters** (a) gamblers; (b) lechers. Sir Walter's final abandonment of his sexual and financial games echoes Touchwood's Senior's impulse (at 2.1.41) to give up the card game of sex.

153 **spittles** hospitals; suggests a whore's connection with disease

156 **durst** dared

158 **were wont** to used to

160 **let out** rent out their present lodgings

161 **Strand** A fashionable residential area, but (in the oddly-assorted mix typical of early modern London) also notorious for courtesans. The conversation about a well-furnished house, following the Allwit's agreement that they will now support themselves as they used to (presumably before Sir Walter's advent), suggests that they are planning to establish a fashionable brothel. In one of the play's many surprise turns, not

only is a seemingly-respectable citizen an amateur brothel-keeper to his wife, but the couple were formerly *professional* brothel-keepers—another link between bourgeois marriage and prostitution. **a match** formula for concluding an agreement

162 **simply** absolutely

cloth-of-tissue fabric with gold and silver thread

163 **bay-windows** jutting-out windows, good for advertising wares, such as prostitutes in the new Allwit brothel. The bay window was theatrical short-hand for a brothel.

quaint costly, fashionable, with a possible suggestion of 'queinte' or pudendum

164 **from...bottom** with bawdy innuendo

165 **lodge a countess** perhaps another reference to the Countess of Salisbury, with a possible suggestion of 'cuntess'

166 **close-stool** commode, chamber pot

167 **There's...be** i.e., there's everything one could wish

168 **nose...everything** A man who took too much interest in household matters (sometimes called a 'cotqueen') was an object of scorn; here the image of a man

putting his nose in a chamber pot is even more unflattering.

169 **let...chamber** i.e., let this saying appear in the male customers' rooms in the brothel

170 **politic** crafty

171 **games** plays games, including sexual ones

box the percentage taken by the house. In a reversal of the initial impression that Allwit is being ignominiously used by Sir Walter, Allwit now sees himself as proprietor of a gaming house, and 'the house' always has a better chance of winning than any individual gambler like Sir Walter; his image recalls Sir Walter's last words earlier in the scene—those of a defeated gambler.

5.2.1 **she** Moll

3 **in compass** of in the space of

6 **curb...humour** i.e., prevent her from eloping

7 **bane** death (cf. the modern expression 'catch one's death of a cold')

9 **epitaph** It was customary to decorate the hearse and later the tomb with a few words about the dead person.

11 **means** intends

- TIM
Making one too, in principal pure Latin
Culled out of Ovid his *de Tristibus*.
- 15 YELLOWHAMMER
How does your sister look? Is she not changed?
- TIM
Changed? Gold into white money was never so
changed
As is my sister's colour into paleness.
Enter Moll
- YELLOWHAMMER
O, here she's brought; see how she looks like death!
- 20 TIM
Looks she like death, and ne'er a word made yet?
I must go beat my brains against a bed-post
And get before my tutor. [Exit]
- YELLOWHAMMER [to Moll] Speak, how dost thou?
- MOLL
I hope I shall be well, for I am as sick at heart
As I can be.
- YELLOWHAMMER
'Las my poor girl!
- 25 The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,
The worst ingredients dissolved pearl and amber;
We spare no cost, girl.
- MOLL Your love comes too late,
Yet timely thanks reward it. What is comfort,
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?
- 30 It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.
- YELLOWHAMMER All is cast away then.
Prithee look upon me cheerfully.
- MAUDLINE [to Moll]
Sing but a strain or two, thou wilt not think
How 'twill revive thy spirits: strive with thy fit,
- 35 Prithee, sweet Moll.
- MOLL You shall have my good will, Mother.
- MAUDLINE Why, well said, wench.
The Song
- MOLL
Weep eyes, break heart,
My love and I must part.
- 40 Cruel fates true love do soonest sever:
O, I shall see thee never, never, never!
- O, happy is the maid whose life takes end
Ere it knows parent's frown or loss of friend.
Weep eyes, break heart,
My love and I must part.
Enter Touchwood Senior with a letter
- 45 MAUDLINE
O, I could die with music!—Well sung, girl.
- MOLL If you call it so, it was.
- YELLOWHAMMER
She plays the swan and sings herself to death.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR By your leave, sir.
- YELLOWHAMMER
What are you, sir? Or what's your business, pray?
- 50 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
I may be now admitted, though the brother
Of him your hate pursued; it spreads no further.
Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir?
- YELLOWHAMMER
In death?
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
He's dead: 'twas a dear love to him,
It cost him but his life, that was all, sir;
He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love.
- 55 YELLOWHAMMER [aside]
There's all our ill removed, if she were well now.—
[To Touchwood Senior] Impute not, sir, his end to any
hate
That sprung from us; he had a fair wound brought
that.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
That helped him forward, I must needs confess;
But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,
Those were the wounds that from his heart drew
blood;
But being past help, let words forget it too.
Scarcely three minutes ere his eye-lids closed
And took eternal leave of this world's light,
- 60 He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me
To give to her own hands; that's all my business.
- 65 YELLOWHAMMER
You may perform it then; there she sits.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
O, with a following look!
- YELLOWHAMMER Ay, trust me, sir,

14 **principal** choice15 **Ovid his** Ovid's*de Tristibus* a collection of dolorous poetry, popular as a textbook in grammar schools17 **white** silver20 **ne'er . . . yet** i.e., not a word of her epitaph yet composed21 **beat my brains** concentrate hard. (Tim's adding 'against a bed-post' makes the cliché comically literal.)22 **get beget** (an epitaph)23 **well** possible allusion to the proverb 'the dead are well'25 **sovereign drink** potent remedy26 **worst** least expensive**pearl and amber** costly ingredients often used in restorative medicines30 **grief** (a) sickness; (b) distress31 **All . . . then** i.e., I have wasted my money on the pearl and amber medicine33-4 **Sing . . . spirits** Music was considered therapeutic.34 **strive . . . fit** (a) struggle against your condition ('fit' as a symptom of illness); (b) put up a fight by singing a strain ('fit' as part of a song)36 **You . . . will** i.e., I'll do my best37.1 **The Song** Laments by and about dying virgins or betrothed young women were popular in contemporary ballads; cf. also Ophelia's death in *Hamlet*. For a musical setting see *Companion*, p. 145.48 **swan . . . death** The swan proverbially sang before death; possible reference to Swan playhouse in which *Chaste Maid* was acted, which was shortly to close.53 **sets** goes down like the sun54 **dear** expensive57 **ill** trouble69 **following** i.e., she seems about to follow Touchwood Junior in death

- I think she'll follow him quickly.
 70 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Here's some gold
 He willed me to distribute faithfully
 Amongst your servants.
 [He gives money to servants]
 YELLOWHAMMER 'Las, what doth he mean, sir?
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [to Moll]
 How cheer you, mistress?
 MOLL I must learn of you, sir.
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [giving letter to Moll]
 Here's a letter from a friend of yours;
 75 And where that fails in satisfaction,
 I have a sad tongue ready to supply.
 MOLL How does he, ere I look on't?
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 Seldom better; he's a contented health now.
 MOLL
 I am most glad on't.
 [She reads]
 MAUDLINE [to Touchwood Senior]
 Dead, sir?
 YELLOWHAMMER
 80 He is. [Aside] Now, wife, let's but get the girl
 Upon her legs again, and to church roundly with her.
 MOLL
 O, sick to death he tells me! How does he after this?
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 Faith, feels no pain at all: he's dead, sweet mistress.
 MOLL [swooning]
 Peace close mine eyes!
 YELLOWHAMMER The girl! Look to the girl, wife!
 MAUDLINE
 85 Moll, daughter, sweet girl, speak! Look but once up,
 Thou shalt have all the wishes of thy heart
 That wealth can purchase!
 YELLOWHAMMER
 O, she's gone for ever! That letter broke her heart.
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 As good now, then, as let her lie in torment
- And then break it.
 Enter Susan
 MAUDLINE
 O Susan, she thou loved'st so dear is gone!
 SUSAN
 O sweet maid!
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 This is she that helped her still.—
 I've a reward here for thee.
 [He gives Susan money]
 YELLOWHAMMER Take her in,
 Remove her from our sight, our shame and sorrow.
 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
 Stay, let me help thee; 'tis the last cold kindness
 I can perform for my sweet brother's sake. 95
 [Exeunt Touchwood Senior, Susan,
 and Servants, carrying Moll]
 YELLOWHAMMER
 All the whole street will hate us, and the world
 Point me out cruel. It is our best course, wife,
 After we have given order for the funeral,
 To absent ourselves till she be laid in ground. 100
 MAUDLINE Where shall we spend that time?
 YELLOWHAMMER
 I'll tell thee where, wench: go to some private church
 And marry Tim to the rich Brecknock gentlewoman.
 MAUDLINE Mass, a match!
 We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch. 105
 Exeunt
 Enter Sir Oliver and [four] Servants 5.3
 SIR OLIVER
 Ho, my wife's quickened; I am a man for ever!
 I think I have bestirred my stumps, i'faith.
 Run, get your fellows all together instantly,
 Then to the parish church and ring the bells.
 FIRST SERVANT
 It shall be done, sir. [Exit]
- 73 **How . . . you** i.e., how do you feel?
 I . . . **you** i.e., I won't know how I feel
 until you give me the letter (and perhaps
 tell me more of Touchwood Junior)
 77 **How does he** how is he? Since Moll
 was onstage when Touchwood Senior
 announced 'He's dead' (5.2.54), her
 asking after his health may indicate
 distracted wits, or a state of what grief
 therapists now call denial.
 78 **he's . . . now** a common phrase meaning
 'he is well because he is in Heaven'
 79 **glad on't** happy to hear it
 81 **to church** to marry Sir Walter
 81 **roundly** promptly
 92 **still** always
 93 **reward** payment for helping with Moll's
 attempted elopement, or perhaps money
 up front to ensure Susan's help with the
 present plan
- 96.1–2 **Exeunt . . . Moll** The hand is quicker
 than the eye: what seems the carrying
 of a dead body off the stage is actually
 the third attempt to steal Moll from her
 parents.
 102 **private church** a secluded church, or
 perhaps a private chapel where licensed
 marriages could be celebrated without
 the publicity of a parish church
 103 **marry . . . gentlewoman** The Yellow-
 hammers plan to cash in on Sir Walter's
 half of their business arrangement—
 the Welsh heiress—even though he has
 been cut out of their half—Moll and the
 dowry.
 104 **a match** (a) formula for concluding
 an agreement; (b) a marriage. Agreeing
 to this scheme for salvaging something
 after Moll's death, Maudline uses exactly
 the words with which Allwit, in the last
 scene, assented to his wife's scheme for
 cutting their losses after jettisoning Sir
 Walter: 'A match' (5.1.161).
 105 **somewhat** at least a little
 5.3.2 **bestirred my stumps** bustled about on
 my legs, with bawdy innuendo
 3 **fellows** fellow servants
 4–7 **ring . . . night** Churchbells were rung
 and bonfires lit to announce important
 events; as the servant's response shows,
 this would have been a monstrously
 inflated reaction to begetting a baby. As
 Stow records, the London poor used to be
 treated with food and drink by the rich
 at summer festival 'bonfires', but this
 custom had lapsed by Middleton's time.
 Invoking this old symbol of charitable
 neighbourliness highlights the grasping
 selfishness of the present.

- Was fully glorious? Beauty set in goodness
Speaks what she was that jewel so infixed,
There was no want of anything of life
20 To make these virtuous precedents man and wife.
- ALLWIT
Great pity of their deaths!
- ALL Ne'er more pity!
- LADY
It makes a hundred weeping eyes, sweet gossip.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
I cannot think there's anyone amongst you
In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,
Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and
25 gladness
To have seen their marriage day.
- ALL
It would have made a thousand joyful hearts.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR [*to Touchwood Junior and Moll*]
Up, then, apace and take your fortunes,
Make these joyful hearts; here's none but friends.
[*Moll and Touchwood Junior rise out of their
coffins*]
- ALL
30 Alive, sir? O sweet, dear couple!
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from about 'em.
If she be caught again, and lose this time,
I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest cham-
bermaid
That helped all at a push.
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR [*to Parson*]
Good sir, apace!
- PARSON
Hands join now, but hearts for ever,
Which no parents' mood shall sever:
[*To Touchwood Junior*] You shall forsake all widows,
wives, and maids;
[*To Moll*] You, lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of
trades;
And if in haste any article misses,
Go interline it with a brace of kisses.
- 40 TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Here's a thing trolled nimbly.—Give you joy, brother!
Were't not better thou shouldst have her
Than the maid should die?
- WIFE
To you, sweet mistress bride.
- ALL Joy, joy to you both.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Here be your wedding sheets you
45 brought along with you; you may both go to bed when
you please to.
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR
My joy wants utterance.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR Utter all at night then, brother.
- MOLL I am silent with delight.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
50 Sister, delight will silence any woman,
But you'll find your tongue again among maidservants,
Now you keep house, sister.
- ALL
Never was hour so filled with joy and wonder.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
To tell you the full story of this chambermaid,
And of her kindness in this business to us,
55 'Twould ask an hour's discourse; in brief, 'twas she

18 **Speaks** shows
19 **infixed** firmly fixed
20 **want** lack
21 **virtuous precedents** exemplars of virtue
22 **gossip** The word recalls the christening party, suggesting a counterposing of two rites of passage, christening and funeral, one welcoming new life, the other commemorating death.
24 **full fair** very handsome; a slightly archaic turn of phrase suggesting chivalric romance
28 **apace** quickly
29.1-2 **Moll...coffins** If (as many think) this 'resurrection' is parodic, there was plenty to parody: R. S. Forsythe lists no fewer than 132 English Renaissance plays which include the 'resurrection' of a character supposed dead. Resurrection from coffins for marriage was a staple of the *commedia dell' arte*.
31 **from about** away from
33-4 **I'll...push** This revelation reminds us that it was Touchwood Senior and Susan who carried Moll off after her swoon in 5.2, thus retroactively raising the possibility that the swoon and even her

desperate illness were a trick, belonging to that female strategy common in Renaissance writing, feigned illness.
34 **at a push** when things were most critical; 'push' also meant 'copulate'
35 **Hands join** cf. 3.1.13-17. This verse bears no resemblance to an actual marriage service, but it was impermissible to enact a church ceremony on stage.
36 **mood** anger
37 **widows, wives, and maids** the traditional three estates of womankind
38 **You...trades** Since 'forsake' implies giving up what one has possessed, the line suggests that the 'chaste maid' has in the past enjoyed lord, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades—hardly an orthodox pronouncement for a clergyman performing a wedding.
39 **article** legally binding part of the ceremony
misses The diction implies that the clergyman has hastily fired a volley of legal articles at the couple, hoping some will hit their target—again, the ceremony hardly has an aura of sanctity.

40 **interline** write in (legal term)
41 **trolled** uttered rapidly
44 **To...bride** The occasion's holiness is further eroded by the toast to the bride's being offered by that travesty of wifeliness, Allwit's wife.
45 **wedding sheets** the coffin shrouds; light-hearted reversal of a common trope identifying wedding sheets with shrouds. Fascinated by similarity of symbols in the rituals closing tragedy (funerals) and comedy (weddings), Renaissance writers anticipated Arnold Van Gennep's thesis that all rites of passage share one repertoire of symbols.
48 **wants** craves
Utter (a) speak; (b) ejaculate sexually; (c) pass counterfeit money
51 **find...maidservants** i.e., once among your maidservants you will gossip a good deal. (Reflects the stereotype of women's talkativeness, especially with other women.)
52 **keep house** are the mistress of your own household
56 **ask** require

- That wrought it to this purpose cunningly.
- ALL
We shall all love her for't.
Enter Yellowhammer and his wife, [Maudline]
- ALLWIT
See who comes here now!
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
A storm, a storm, but we are sheltered for it.
- YELLOWHAMMER
60 I will prevent you all and mock you thus,
You and your expectations: I stand happy
Both in your lives and your hearts' combination!
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Here's a strange day again!
- YELLOWHAMMER
The knight's proved villain—
All's come out now—his niece an arrant baggage.
- 65 My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,
Even before breakfast, married a whore
Next to his heart.
- ALL
A whore?
- YELLOWHAMMER
His 'niece', forsooth!
- ALLWIT [*aside to his wife*]
I think we rid our hands in good time of him.
- WIFE
I knew he was past the best when I gave him over.
[*To Yellowhammer*] What is become of him, pray, sir?
- 70 YELLOWHAMMER
Who, the knight?
He lies i'th' knight's ward. [*To Lady Kix*] Now your
belly, lady,
Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,
His creditors are so greedy.
- SIR OLIVER [*to Touchwood Senior*]
Master Touchwood, hear'st thou this news?
- 75 I am so endeared to thee for my wife's fruitfulness
That I charge you both, your wife and thee,
To live no more asunder for the world's frowns.
I have purse, and bed, and board for you.
Be not afraid to go to your business roundly;
- Get children, and I'll keep them.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Say you so, sir? 80
- SIR OLIVER
Prove me with three at a birth, an thou dar'st now.
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR
Take heed how you dare a man, while you live, sir,
That has good skill at his weapon.
Enter Tim and Welsh Gentlewoman, [and Tutor]
- SIR OLIVER
Foot, I dare you, sir!
- YELLOWHAMMER
Look, gentlemen, if ever you say the picture
Of the unfortunate marriage, yonder 'tis. 85
- WELSH GENTLEWOMAN
Nay, good sweet Tim—
- TIM
Come from the university
To marry a whore in London, with my tutor too!
O tempora! O mors!
- TUTOR Prithce, Tim, be patient!
- TIM I bought a jade at Cambridge; 90
I'll let her out to execution, tutor,
For eighteen pence a day, or Brentford horse-races,
She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well.
Where be these mountains? I was promised moun-
tains,
But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em. 95
What are become of those two thousand runts?
Let's have a bout with them in the mean time;
A vengeance runt thee!
- MAUDLINE
Good, sweet Tim, have patience.
- TIM
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo, mother.
- MAUDLINE
I think you have married her in logic, Tim. 100
You told me once by logic you would prove
A whore an honest woman; prove her so, Tim,
And take her for thy labour.
- TIM
Troth, I thank you:
- 57 **wrought... purpose** brought about this successful conclusion
- 58.1 **Enter Yellowhammer** The Yellowhammers' entrance jolts us into realizing why the clergyman was rushing: despite the crowd onstage, this is an elopement—Moll has finally been spirited away from her parents. That Yellowhammer betrays no surprise that the lovers are alive is in keeping with the play's self-consciously unrealistic mode—he appears suddenly and blusters every time the couple is about to elope, like the Demon King in a pantomime.
- 60 **prevent** anticipate. He at first speaks in the old blustering manner, but soon reveals that he means to explode not the lovers' expectations of marriage but everyone's expectations that he will go on playing the heavy father.
- 63 **The knight's** Sir Walter's
- 64 **his niece** the Welsh Gentlewoman
- 67 **Next... heart** (a) closest to his affections;
- (b) on an empty stomach
- 71 **knight's ward** second-class accommodation in a London debtor's prison
- 79 **roundly** thoroughly, with a suggestion of pregnancy
- 80 **Get... keep them** Sir Oliver means that Touchwood Senior should beget children upon Touchwood Senior's wife, but the audience is bound to suspect that Lady Kix will be involved as well; the closing scenario with the Touchwoods and Kixes disarmingly resembles the earlier scenario with the Allwits and Sir Walter.
- 81 **Prove test an if**
- 84-5 **Look... 'tis** With the outwitting of the social-climbing Yellowhammers, city scheming comes full cycle: citizens' aspirations to gentlemanly status expose them to predation by sharpers like themselves.
- 84 **say** saw
- 88 **O tempora... mors!** The allusion is to Cicero's *Catiline*, which however reads *mores*, and thus means 'O times, O manners!', i.e., what is the world coming to? Tim's misquotation yields 'O time! O death!'
- 90 **jade** (a) broken-down horse; (b) whore. (He means that he bought a nag at Cambridge and therefore doesn't need another one.)
- 91 **to execution** for hire; Tim plans to act as his wife's pander
- 92 **Brentford** a favourite spot for assignments and for horseracing. See also note to 2.2.188.
- 94 **promised mountains** Tim takes literally the proverbial 'to promise mountains'.
- 98 **runt** berate
- 99 **Flectere... movebo** If I cannot move the gods, I will appeal to hell (Latin; from Virgil's *Aeneid*)
- 103 **for thy labour** (a) for your pains; (b) for your sexual effort

A Chaff Mayd in Cheape-side.

- I grant you I may prove another man's wife so,
But not mine own.
- 105 MAUDLINE There's no remedy now, Tim;
You must prove her so as well as you may.
- TIM
Why then, my tutor and I will about her
As well as we can.
Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falleris.
- WELSH GENTLEWOMAN
110 Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,
There's a thing called marriage, and that makes me
honest.
- MAUDLINE
O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim.
- TIM I perceive then a woman may be honest according to
the English print, when she is a whore in the Latin; so
much for marriage and logic! I'll love her for her wit, 115
I'll pick out my runts there; and for my mountains, I'll
mount upon []
- YELLOWHAMMER So Fortune seldom deals two marriages
With one hand, and both lucky. The best is,
One feast will serve them both! Marry, for room, 120
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all. [*Exeunt*]
Finis

THE PARTS

- Adult Males*
- ALLWIT (375 lines): porter *or* gentleman with a chain;
[first *or* second Kix servant]; [second man with a
basket]; [second waterman] *or* [third waterman] *or*
[fourth waterman]
- TOUCHWOOD SENIOR (265 lines): comfit-maker's servant;
one of the Walter servants; porter *or* gentleman with
a chain; one of the promoters *or* one of the men with
meat in a basket
- YELLOWHAMMER (231 lines): comfit-maker's servant; one
of the promoters *or* one of the men with meat in a
basket
- SIR WALTER (198 lines): any Kix servant; comfit-maker's
servant; [one of the men with meat in a basket]
- TIM (184 lines): one of the Allwit servants; one of the
Walter servants; porter *or* gentleman with a chain; one
of the promoters *or* one of the men with meat in a
basket *or* comfit-maker's servant; [any Kix servant]
- SIR OLIVER (122 lines): porter *or* gentleman with a chain
or Sir Walter *or* Davy *or* one of the Allwit servants;
(Sir Walter *or* Davy *or* an Allwit servant); one of the
promoters *or* one of the men with meat in a basket;
(a promoter *or* comfit-maker's servant *or* Davy); one of
the Walter servants *or* any waterman; (waterman *or*
Sir Walter *or* Davy *or* a Walter servant)
- TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR (117 lines): one of the Allwit servants;
comfit-maker's servant; one of the promoters *or* one
of the men with meat in a basket; [porter]; [first Kix
servant] *or* [second Kix servant]
- FIRST PROMOTER (60 lines): any but Allwit, Sir Walter,
Davy, Second Promoter, first *or* second man with meat
in a basket, comfitmaker's servant
- SECOND PROMOTER (43 lines): any but Allwit, Sir Walter,
Davy, First Promoter, first *or* second man with meat in
a basket, comfitmaker's servant
- DAVY (39 lines): any Kix servant *or* Sir Oliver *or* Touch-
wood Senior *or* parson; (parson *or* third Kix servant
or fourth Kix servant); [one of the men with meat in
a basket]; [any waterman]; (waterman *or* Touchwood
Senior)
- TUTOR (27 lines): any Kix servant; one of the Walter
servants; porter *or* gentleman with a chain; one of the
promoters *or* one of the men with meat in a basket; one
of the Allwit servants *or* comfit-maker's servant
- PARSON (19 lines): any but Touchwood Junior, Sir Oliver,
Allwit, Touchwood Senior, Yellowhammer, Tim, tutor,
Sir Walter, third *or* fourth Kix servant
- PORTER (15 lines): any but Yellowhammer, gentleman
with a chain, Davy, Sir Walter
- Allwit's FIRST SERVANT (1.2; 13 lines): any but Allwit,
Allwit's Second Servant, Davy, Sir Walter, Touchwood
Senior
- First MAN with meat in basket (2.2; 9 lines): any but
Allwit, Sir Walter, promoters, second man with meat
in a basket
- FIRST WATERMAN (5 lines): any but Tim, tutor, Touchwood
Junior, Touchwood Senior, other watermen, Sir Walter,
Yellowhammer, Allwit, Davy, either Walter servant
- SECOND WATERMAN (5 lines): any but Tim, tutor, Touch-
wood Junior, Touchwood Senior, other watermen, Sir

107 **about** i.e., work on, with bawdy
innuendo

109 **Uxor . . . falleris** a wife is not a whore;
therefore you utter a fallacy (Latin)

113-14 **honest . . . Latin** The Latin *meretrix*,
'whore', sounds like 'merry tricks'; a
common joke.

114 **print** spelling; *or* perhaps edition

117 [] The line may have been
censored for indecency ('cunts' to chime
with 'runts' in the previous line?), *or* left
open to be filled in by a lewd gesture, *or*
cut short by Yellowhammer.

120 **One feast . . . both** Businessman to the
end, Yellowhammer is pleased to get two
weddings for the price of one.

for room to have enough room

121 **Goldsmiths' Hall** an imposing guild hall
north of Cheapside

A Chaff Mayd in Cheape-side.

Walter, Yellowhammer, Davy, either Walter servant
 Kix's FOURTH SERVANT (5.3; 13 lines): any but Touchwood Senior, Sir Oliver, other Kix servants, Tim, tutor, Yellowhammer, Allwit, parson
 Allwit's SECOND SERVANT (1.2; 3 lines): any but Allwit, Allwit's First Servant, Davy, Sir Walter, Touchwood Senior
 Walter's FIRST SERVANT (5.1; 3 lines): any but second Walter servant, Allwit, Davy, Sir Walter, Touchwood Junior, First waterman, Yellowhammer, Tim, tutor
 SECOND MAN with meat in basket (2.2; 3 lines): any but Allwit, Sir Walter, promoters, first man with meat in a basket
 Kix's FIRST SERVANT (3.3, 5.3; 2 lines): any but Touchwood Senior, Sir Oliver, other Kix servants, Tim, tutor, Yellowhammer, Allwit, parson
 Kix's SECOND SERVANT (5.3; 2 lines): any but Touchwood Senior, Sir Oliver, other Kix servants, Tim, tutor, Yellowhammer, Allwit, parson
 Walter's SECOND SERVANT (5.1; 2 lines): any but first Walter servant, Allwit, Davy, Sir Walter, Touchwood Junior, First waterman, Yellowhammer, Tim, tutor
 GENTLEMAN with a chain (2 lines): any but porter, Yellowhammer, Davy, Sir Walter, Touchwood Junior
 Comfit-maker's SERVANT (2.3; 2 lines): any but Allwit, Davy, promoters
 Kix's THIRD SERVANT (5.3; 1 line): any but Touchwood Senior, Sir Oliver, other Kix servants, Tim, tutor, Yellowhammer, Allwit, parson
 THIRD WATERMAN (no lines): any but Tim, tutor, Touchwood Junior, Touchwood Senior, other watermen, Sir Walter, Yellowhammer, Davy, either Walter servant
 FOURTH WATERMAN (no lines): any but Tim, tutor, Touchwood Junior, Touchwood Senior, other watermen, Sir Walter, Yellowhammer, Davy, either Walter servant

Boys

MAUDLINE (187 lines): Kix maid; wet nurse; Wench *or* Touchwood Senior's wife; [Nick *or* Wat]; (Nick *or* Wat *or* Touchwood Senior's wife)
 LADY KIX (70 lines): any but Maudline, Moll, Welsh Gentlewoman, Mistress Allwit, the puritans, the gossips, Kix maid, dry nurse, nurse, Susan
 MOLL (48 lines): any but Maudline, Welsh gentlewoman, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, Susan
 WELSH GENTLEWOMAN (47 lines): any but Maudline, Moll, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, Susan
 WIFE (Mistress Allwit; 37 lines): midwife; Touchwood Senior's wife *or* Wench; Kix maid *or* wet nurse
 WENCH (37 lines): any but Touchwood Senior's wife, Lady Kix
 FIRST PURITAN (32 lines): Kix maid *or* wet nurse; Moll *or* Welsh gentlewoman *or* Susan; Wat *or* Nick *or* Touch-

wood Senior's wife; Wench (*or* Touchwood Senior's wife)
 THIRD GOSSIP (28 lines): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, dry nurse, the puritans, other gossips, nurse, midwife
 KIX MAID (18 lines): any but Lady Kix, dry nurse, wet nurse
 SECOND GOSSIP (16 lines): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, dry nurse, the puritans, other gossips, nurse, midwife
 FIRST GOSSIP (9 lines): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, dry nurse, the puritans, other gossips, nurse, midwife
 FOURTH GOSSIP (9 lines): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, dry nurse, the puritans, other gossips, nurse, midwife
 Touchwood Senior's WIFE (8 lines): any but Mistress Allwit, Wat, Nick, Wench
 SECOND PURITAN (6 lines): Kix maid *or* wet nurse; Moll *or* Welsh gentlewoman *or* Susan; Wat *or* Nick *or* Touchwood Senior's wife; Wench (*or* Touchwood Senior's wife)
 WET NURSE (5 lines): any but dry nurse
 NURSE (5 lines): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, the puritans, the gossips
 NICK (2 lines): any but Wat, Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Touchwood Senior's wife
 WAT (1 line): any but Nick, Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Touchwood Senior's wife
 SUSAN (1 line): any but Maudline, Moll, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, Welsh gentlewoman
 DRY NURSE (1 line): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, wet nurse, the puritans, the gossips
 FIFTH GOSSIP (1 line): any but Maudline, Mistress Allwit, Lady Kix, dry nurse, the puritans, other gossips, nurse, midwife
 MIDWIFE (no lines): any but Maudline, the puritans, the gossips

Two Possible Sexual Dissidents:

1. As a young university graduate, Tim might conceivably be played by a boy, in which case these are the doubling possibilities: nurse; midwife, Wat *or* Nick *or* Touchwood Senior's wife *or* Wench; Kix maid *or* dry nurse *or* wet nurse.
2. R. B. Parker suggests that Sir Oliver Kix might have been played by a boy, citing a reference to his short stature; I might add that Oliver's sexual impotence could have suggested casting him as a boy rather than a man, for the sake of the high voice, etc. If Sir Oliver were played by a boy, here are the doubling possibilities: nurse; midwife; Wat *or* Nick *or* Touchwood Senior's wife; dry nurse *or* wet nurse *or* any of the gossips; nurse (*or* gossip).

THE MANNER OF HIS LORDSHIP'S ENTERTAINMENT

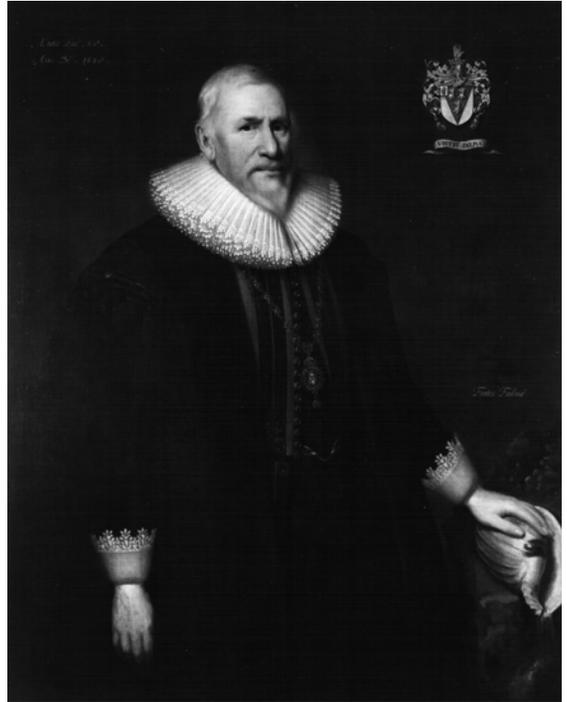
Edited by David M. Bergeron

THE speaker instructs the 'clerk of the work': 'reach me the book to show | How many arts from such a labour flow' (63-4). Although referring to the successful completion of the New River, the speaker could just as readily be referring to Middleton's 1613 'book', the one that contains, in its expanded issue, the texts of both *The Triumphs of Truth* and *The Manner of his Lordship's Entertainment on Michaelmas Day... At that most Famous and Admired Work of the Running Stream*. That book reveals the arts that flowed from Middleton's dramatic efforts in behalf of civic occasions in 1613. Although the two texts stand alone bibliographically, they both come from Middleton's pen, they praise two other men named Middleton (Myddelton), and they celebrate events held within a month of each other.

The New River was a forty-mile-long canal that brought water from Chadwell and the Amwell spring north of London to Islington. For the official opening, Middleton wrote this brief entertainment to honour Sir Hugh Myddelton, Goldsmith. On Michaelmas Day 1613, the day on which Sir Hugh's brother Thomas was officially elected the new mayor, some aldermen and other authorities of the city gathered at the cistern in Islington into which the river emptied. Today a statue of Hugh Myddelton, dating from 1862, stands on Islington Green in London to celebrate the New River project.

Several things stand out about this brief pageant. First, a dramatist might be called upon to offer entertainments for a surprising array of events. This New River pageant, clearly not a Lord Mayor's show, nevertheless responds to a civic occasion associated with the city. Second, Middleton knows how he is supposed to respond; he knows how to please the city fathers.

Middleton uses the word 'perfection' three times in the opening thirty-two lines of the text; he defines it as 'the crown of all inventions' (12). The speaker, who represents all the labourers who have worked on the project, says: 'Long have we laboured, long desired and prayed | For this great work's perfection' (35-6). Middleton intends 'perfection' to mean both successful 'completion' of the project and this project's 'flawless, faultless' character. Perfection 'makes the conquest' (22), Middleton writes earlier. The speaker later asserts: 'perfection draws | Favour from princes' (53-4). Middleton might have added that perfection, as in this pageant entertainment, draws favour from the citizenry as well. This pageant 'perfects' the New River because it becomes the last event to complete the celebration of a new era in the city's life: a desirable and ample source of water.



Sir Hugh Myddelton

With the early twenty-first century convenience of running water in most homes in developed countries, we have to remind ourselves of the difficulty of obtaining a ready supply of fresh, safe water in Middleton's London. With largely unfettered growth, London faced mounting problems of sanitation, pestilence, and danger of fire. Finding an inexpensive and reliable source of water became increasingly crucial. All across Europe cities struggled with this problem, knowing that their safety and future development depended on water.

Just how crucial water might be in the city's life may be revealed by the organization of John Stow's *Survey of London* (1598). When he begins to describe London, Stow starts with the wall around the city. But he next moves to the sources of fresh water that serve the city: the fountains, wells, springs, conduits, and the River Thames. A city, no matter how securely situated within a wall, cannot survive without water. At some length, then, Stow recounts the various sources of water and how

those sources have changed over the centuries. The city's water supply had evolved over the course of some four hundred years. The water brought in from springs in the surrounding areas by means of leaded pipes had become inadequate. Water from the Thames had to be pumped into the city, and it became polluted because of sewage dumped into the river. Time and again Stow emphasizes the unparalleled importance of water.

The idea of bringing water into London from the northern outreaches dates back to the Elizabethan period. After many futile starts Hugh Myddelton finally stepped forward to rescue what seemed to be a doomed project. He signed the first agreement with the city on 21 April 1609 and a new one on 28 March 1611. Work had begun in earnest in 1609. Dozens of people became actively involved in the project, and a number made financial investments. But eventually it took the efforts of James I to save the project from its financial problems. On 2 May 1612 representatives of the King and Myddelton drew up a formal indenture. The basic agreement called for James to contribute half the expenditure, past as well as future. Probably the pageant speaker has this in mind when he says: "That every week" the labourers "had their royal pay" (78). In any event, many people, including the King and Myddelton, bore the cost for the new river.

The text's portrait of Hugh Myddelton combines a certain amount of fiction with an accurate view of his involvement in the project. The title-page asserts that the project was 'the sole invention, cost, and industry of that worthy Master Hugh Myddelton . . . for the general good of the city' (9-11). The speaker says that the project, 'a work so rare, | Only by one man's industry, cost, and care | Is brought to blest effect' (43-5). No warranted stretch of imagination could lead one to conclude that Hugh Myddelton's *sole* cost and effort led to the successful completion of the New River. Indeed, the speaker in the pageant embodies *all* the workers who have actually constructed the canal. That speaker also claims: 'His only aim the city's general good' (46). Doubtless Sir Hugh intended to meet one of the city's needs, but he also sought to make money.

Early in the text the poet refers to 'the warlike music of drums and trumpets' on this festive occasion and makes the analogy: 'there is no labour that man undertakes but hath a war within itself' (22-3). 'Onsets of malice, calumnies, and slanders' help define the battle that Hugh Myddelton faced. The speaker cites the five years' expense, 'the infinite ways | Of malice, envy, false suggestions' (40-1), and the 'many unjust complaints' (47) that have 'oft caused restraints' (48). The historical record confirms that Myddelton faced considerable opposition from landowners and some members of Parliament. Their warlike opposition cost the project a work stoppage of twenty-two months at one point. Middleton the poet puts a rough and realistic edge on what otherwise functions as an idealized celebration.

Later seventeenth-century reports somewhat muddy the waters of the New River. In his *Brief Lives* John Aubrey

(1626-97) offers a bleak portrait of Hugh Myddelton, as one who stole ideas from others and profited from them. Aubrey credits William Ingelbert with being 'the first Inventor or Projector of bringing the water from Ware to London'. But Sir Hugh 'got the profit and also the Credit of that most useful Invention, for which there ought to have been erected a Statue for the memory of this poor-man from the City of London'. Instead, Sir Hugh's picture hangs in Goldsmiths' Hall, and Ingelbert has been reduced to one 'in a poor Rug-gown like an Alms-man'. What an appalling and journalistically appealing story Aubrey provides. Unfortunately for his sake, it has little basis in fact. True, Ingelbert did enter negotiations with the city, but he dropped out of the picture early on and therefore made no contribution to the successful completion of the project. Aubrey's perspective confirms continuing slander about Hugh Myddelton. Thomas Fuller in *The Worthies of England* (1662) offers an assessment that more nearly resembles Thomas Middleton's: 'how meritorious a work did this worthy man perform, who, to quench the thirst of thousands in the populous city of London fetched water on his own cost, more than twenty-four miles, encountering all the way with an army of oppositions'. All evidence to the contrary, writers insist on giving Sir Hugh sole credit for financing the new river. Somehow this must appeal to an entrepreneurial spirit that they wish to foster; perhaps it reflects ideas of emerging capitalism with its emphasis on individual risk. In any event, sometimes truth apparently takes a back seat to fiction-making.

One of the finest contemporary accounts appears in Anthony Munday's continuation (1618) of Stow's *Survey of London*. Munday insists on firsthand knowledge: 'I myself (by favour of the Gentlemen) did divers times ride to see it, and diligently observed, that admirable Art, pains and industry were bestowed for the passage of it.' Munday repeats the by now familiar story of the river's completion 'by the only care, cost and liberal expences of one Worthy Man, master Hugh Myddelton'. And he rehearses the story of the opposition that Myddelton overcame. Munday has gone to some trouble to include this four-page account in the *Survey*. At the bottom of the first page appears this printed note: 'Let this halfe sheete be plac'd betweene Folio 20. and 21.' This account seems to be a later addition after the pagination had already been worked out: this section has its own signature designation.

Munday's report of the New River also includes Middleton's pageant. Munday faithfully provides the events on Michaelmas Day, such as the gathering at the cistern in Islington, and includes the speech. With only two slight word changes Munday repeats the speech as found in Middleton's text. Munday writes, without revealing his source: 'The Speech at the Cistern, according as it was delivered to me.' Given the accuracy of this printing of the speech, one has to assume that Munday has his eye on Middleton's text. In any event, the 1618 *Survey* breathes new life into the New River entertainment; the final edition of the *Survey* (1633) also contains the story and speech of Middleton's entertainment.

The Manner of his Lordships Entertainment

Middleton's speaker argues that Hugh Myddelton's example may give 'Courage to some that may hereafter live | To practise deeds of goodness and of fame, | And cheerfully light their actions by his name' (60-2). But not only does this example offer courage to future virtuous action; it also instructs and informs the poet's view of himself. Middleton admires this Sir Hugh who has survived the onslaughts of 'malice, calumnies, and slanders'. Middleton would write in the Epistle Dedicatory of *The Triumphs of Truth* that he himself had suffered 'oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy'. The poet therefore forges a link between himself and the successful Hugh Myddelton,

just as he would closely identify himself with the mayor Thomas Myddelton in the other pageant text in the 1613 book. The writer hopes that his 'invention' will participate in the perfection of the New River, as he also in his self-fashioning identifies with political and financial leaders who have overcome adversity.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 629

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 375

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968

The Manner of his Lordship's Entertainment

The manner of his Lordship's Entertainment on Michaelmas day last, being the day of his honourable election, together with the worthy Sir John Swinnerton, Knight, then Lord Mayor, the learned and judicious, Sir Henry Montagu, Master Recorder, and many of the right worshipful the Aldermen of the City of London.

At that most famous and admired work of the running stream from Amwell Head, into the cistern near Islington, being the sole invention, cost, and industry of that worthy Master Hugh Myddelton of London, Goldsmith, for the general good of the city.

Perfection, which is the crown of all inventions, swelling now high with happy welcomes to all the glad well-wishers of her admired maturity, the father and master of this famous work, expressing thereby both his thankfulness to heaven and his zeal to the City of London, in true joy of heart to see his time, travails, and expenses so successively greeted, thus gives entertainment to that honourable assembly.

At their first appearing, the warlike music of drums and trumpets liberally beats the air, sounds as proper as in battle, for there is no labour that man undertakes but hath a war within itself, and perfection makes the conquest; and no few or mean onsets of malice, calumnies, and slanders, hath this resolved gentleman borne off, before his labours were invested with victory, as in this following

speech to those honourable auditors then placed upon the mount is more at large related.

A troop of labourers, to the number of threescore or upwards, all in green caps alike, bearing in their hands the symbols of their several employments in so great a business, with drums before them, marching twice or thrice about the cistern, orderly present themselves before the mount, and after their obeisance:

THE SPEECH

*Long have we laboured, long desired and prayed
For this great work's perfection, and by th'aid
Of heaven and good men's wishes 'tis at length
Happily conquered by cost, art, and strength.
And after five years' dear expense in days,
Travail, and pains, besides the infinite ways
Of malice, envy, false suggestions,
Able to daunt the spirits of mighty ones
In wealth and courage, this, a work so rare,
Only by one man's industry, cost, and care
Is brought to blest effect, so much withstood,
His only aim the city's general good;
And where before many unjust complaints,
Enviously seated, hath oft caused restraints,
Stops, and great crosses, to our master's charge
And the work's hindrance; favour now at large
Spreads itself open to him, and commends
To admiration both his pains and ends,*

2 **Michaelmas day** feast of St Michael, 29 September

3 **John Swinnerton** Merchant Taylor, elected mayor in 1612, honoured by Thomas Dekker's Lord Mayor's pageant, *Troia-Nova Triumphans*

5 **Henry Montagu** Recorder of the City of London, elected in May 1603; spoke in

Magnificent Entertainment (ll. 1603-18); became Chief Justice of the King's Bench

8 **Amwell Head** Amwell springs located in Hertfordshire

9 **Islington** in the 17th century a country village on the northern edge of London; now part of London

invention Middleton typically implies

both the action of inventing and the thing invented, the product

10 **Hugh Myddelton** (1560-1631); Goldsmith, brother of the mayor Thomas Myddelton; Member of Parliament several times for Denbigh

25 **resolved gentleman** Hugh Myddelton

The manner of his Lordships Entertainment

55 *The king's most gracious love: perfection draws
 Favour from princes, and from all applause.
 Then, worthy magistrates, to whose content,
 Next to the state, all this great care was bent,
 And for the public good, which grace requires,
 Your loves and furtherance chiefly he desires,
 To cherish these proceedings, which may give
 60 Courage to some that may hereafter live
 To practise deeds of goodness and of fame,
 And cheerfully light their actions by his name.
 Clerk of the work, reach me the book to show
 How many arts from such a labour flow.*

65 These lines following are read in the clerk's book:
*First, here's the overseer, this tried man
 An ancient soldier and an artisan;
 The clerk; next him mathematician;
 The master of the timber-work takes place
 70 Next after these; the measurer in like case;*

*Bricklayer and engineer; and after those
 The borer and the pavior; then it shows
 The labourers next; keeper of Amwell-head;
 The walkers last: so all their names are read;
 Yet these but parcels of six hundred more
 75 That at one time have been employed before;
 Yet these in sight and all the rest will say,
 That every week they had their royal pay.*

The speech goes on.

*Now for the fruits then: flow forth precious spring,
 80 So long and dearly sought for, and now bring
 Comfort to all that love thee; loudly sing,
 And with thy crystal murmurs struck together,
 Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither.*

At which words the flood-gate opens, the stream let in 85
 into the cistern, drums and trumpets giving it triumphant
 welcomes; and, for the close of this their honourable
 entertainment, a peal of chambers.

FINIS.

53 *king's* King James I

67 *ancient soldier* standard bearer; also,
 experienced, venerable soldier

70 *measurer* one who takes measurements

72 *borer* one who bores, drills

pavior one who lays pavement

74 *walkers* an officer of the New River
 company who has charge of a 'walk' or
 section of the bank (*OED*)

78 *royal pay* refers to the monetary support

of King James, who helped pay for the
 project

88 *peal of chambers* small piece of ordnance
 used to fire salutes

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH

Edited by David M. Bergeron

WHY do so many critics, even at the beginning of the twenty-first century, typically cross to the other side of the street when they see a civic pageant approaching? Possibly because they share the assumptions implied or stated by a number of writers spanning several centuries who seem to have taken seriously Prospero's reference to 'insubstantial pageants'. For example, George Chapman in the Epistle Dedicatory, addressed to Robert Carr, of the translation of Homer's *Odyssey* (1614) refers specifically and unkindly to Middleton's first Lord Mayor's show, *The Triumphs of Truth*, when he writes: 'Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hateful to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poor Chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked *Truth*, (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards, than *Homer* for his naked *Ulysses*, clad in eternal Fiction?' Chapman continues by sneering at those writers who 'ride the ambling Muse' and 'Whose Raptures are in every Pageant seen'.

Chapman, the poet who has translated Homer, disdains those who dabble in pageants, for those with 'popular' taste. He refers disparagingly to Middleton as a 'poor chronicler'—as opposed to a true poet, one assumes. He contrasts the 'eternal fiction' of Homer with the ephemeral nature of a Lord Mayor's show—that peradventure will last a year. Ironically, Chapman helps confer permanence on Middleton's effort by this very reference, which appears unaltered again in the 1616 edition of Chapman's Homer. Chapman voices his contempt for the 'true Ignorants' and 'modern wizards' who do not share his superior judgement. More than two centuries after Chapman, J. B. Heath in a history of the Grocers' guild, who sponsored the 1613 pageant, writes that the pageants 'seem to have afforded great delight to the rude and uncultivated understandings of those for whose entertainment they were intended'. Even as Chapman and Heath register their uncomprehending annoyance that pageants have captured the public imagination, they inadvertently testify to the impact of such street entertainments.

In a generally sympathetic article on Middleton's pageants R. C. Bald nevertheless writes in the 1930s that any 'serious achievement in these shows was prevented not merely by the prescribed themes but by the fact that it was impossible to regard the show as a whole'. This bleak assessment depends upon unduly confident assumptions. Bald presumes—what cannot be proven—that someone 'prescribed' the themes for pageant writers, and that 'serious' artistic achievement is incompatible with 'prescribed themes'. This position embraces a romantic ideology about the relationship of patron and artist. When

Bald complains about the difficulty of being able to regard 'the show as a whole', he raises the familiar argument of *unity*. Ideas about unity, derived in part from the totalizing concepts of New Criticism, do not fit pageants. In any case, we can 'regard the show as a whole' through the texts that survive. The event may be scattered, but the text is bound.

With any dramatic text of this early period we ponder its possible relationship to actual performance. Speeches and stage directions provide clues but not the whole event. Middleton's pageant texts do not pretend to give us only the dramatic event itself; instead, we encounter a textual performance that extends in several directions beyond mere representation of theatrical performance. Looking at the three extant texts of Elizabethan Lord Mayor's shows by George Peele (1585, 1591) and Thomas Nelson (1590), we perceive them as models of simplicity. They contain only the speeches and a few stage directions, but no prefatory material, no elaboration, no description, no marginalia—nothing else. By contrast, the Jacobean texts pursue copiousness, starting with Anthony Munday's *The Triumphs of Reunited Britannia* (1605) and certainly including Thomas Dekker's *Troia-Nova Triumphans* (1612). Middleton builds on the expanding pageant text. Clearly he intends his texts for *readers*; they become commemorative books that both capture the event and add to it. They assume an expository and narrative function that sets them apart from the typical dramatic text. Middleton's 1613 text also includes the musical score for the song sung early in the inaugural morning, the first time that a pageant text has contained such musical notation. The music appears at the end of the text, clearly intended for a reader and not trying to duplicate its place in the performance. As readers, we must abandon an overly narrow concern for unity and instead succumb to the pleasures of digressions, descriptions, and discourses on sometimes arcane topics. We experience the pageant text as an event itself, resembling but differing from the show.

Middleton begins the text of *The Triumphs of Truth* with a formal dedication to the new mayor, as he does all of his pageant texts. (Before Middleton only Dekker's 1612 text has such prefatory matter.) Not yet commonplace in dramatic texts, these dedications add to the sense of this document as a book. The 1613 dedication to the new mayor, also named Thomas Middleton (Myddelton), is Middleton's longest; he refers to the mayor's earlier life and notes their common name. A decidedly religious tone permeates this dedication; this tone may reflect Sir Thomas Myddelton's avowed Puritanism. In the text



Sir Thomas Myddelton

proper Middleton begins by discussing the quality of the mayor's reception into London and then moves to comment on his own experience with the Grocers, 'the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the cost might purchase perfection' (72-5). Middleton adds: 'If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon themselves, let them but read and conceive' (78-80).

The personal pronouns 'I' and 'you' that recur in *Truth* and in Middleton's other pageant texts imply a dialogue with a reader, not an attempt to reproduce only the event. Describing the procession to St Paul's Churchyard, Middleton points to the appearance of five islands, 'those dumb glories that I spake of before upon the water' (391-2). Earlier he instructs the reader: 'If you hearken to Zeal... after his holy anger is passed against Error and his crew, he will give it you in better terms' (338-40). In the text of *Triumphs of Truth*, Middleton assumes the persona of a writer who speaks the truth. If we think that he exaggerates the virtue of the guild, then we need only 'read and conceive'—a wonderfully disingenuous position for Middleton, who in fact provides the principal means by which to judge his accuracy.

Middleton pauses at the end to recognize the contributions of Humphrey Nichols, John Grinkin, and Anthony Munday—the first such acknowledgements in a pageant text. Again, this information takes us beyond a report of

the dramatic show. He adds: 'I now conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let him strike at his pleasure' (790-4). No longer a conversation with a reader, this statement suggests Middleton's having a conversation with himself. In and through the text he now participates in the allegorical fiction that he had created for the pageant. Regularly Middleton reminds us that pageant texts exist as a special breed: dramatic texts that fulfil a wide array of functions, including but not restricted to providing the speeches and other apparatus of dramatic performance.

More than his Jacobean counterparts, Middleton uses his texts also to defend his 'art'. In the Epistle Dedicatory, Middleton suggests that he has overcome 'all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy' (37) and can now 'do service' to the mayor's fame: 'and my pen only to be employed in these bounteous and honourable triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers' (40-3). In the opening lines of the text proper, Middleton hopes that 'the streams of art... equal those of bounty' (60-1). He laments the failure of 'the impudent common writer' to achieve such artistic desires: 'it would heartily grieve any understanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing art' (63-7). Whatever specific writers or events Middleton may allude to (and the criticism is deliberately, functionally, ambiguous), he has staked his own claim on the fire of art. This art must match the 'state and magnificence' of the Lord Mayor's inauguration. At the end of the text, he returns to the subject, referring to the 'art' of Nichols and the 'proper beauties' of workmanship, 'most artfully and faithfully performed by John Grinkin' (783-6). The artisans match the high artistic standards that Middleton has set for himself even as they construct the 'body' of the pageant. 'Art' as a word can be applied, comfortably, both to literary works of a poet and to the work of the city's trades and craftsmen.

Before the text, came the event it describes; and before that event, came the institution of mayoralty in London and the development of pageant entertainments to honour the new mayor. King John allowed the establishment of the elective office of mayor in London; Henry fitz Ailwin, who had been appointed mayor in 1189, became the first elected mayor in 1208. As part of the arrangements for this new office the King insisted that the new mayor annually take his oath of office, administered by one of the king's officials, at the Exchequer in the royal government offices in Westminster. The mayor came from the ranks of the aldermen; and they typically derived from one of the twelve principal, or livery, companies of London, which by 1538 had settled into a fixed order of prestige: Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers.

The section on 'Temporal Government' in John Stow's *The Survey of London* (1598) provides a contemporary

account of the procedures for electing the mayor and a guide to the ritual of his inauguration. Formally elected on Michaelmas Day (29 September), the new mayor took the oath of office on 29 October, the day after St Simon and St Jude's Day. Stow notes that the aldermen greet the new mayor at eight o'clock in the morning and escort him to the Guildhall, the seat of city government. From there the entourage goes to the river and takes barges upriver to Westminster where the mayor takes the oath. Entertainment may occur on this river journey. The party then returns downstream to the City of London. In the 1613 text, Middleton shows the procession beginning from the Guildhall, going by river to Westminster, then returning to London at Baynard's Castle, moving by land to St Paul's Cathedral, on to Cheapside, through St Lawrence Lane to the Guildhall, back to St Paul's for religious services, and finally to the mayor's home. Abbreviated versions of this traditional route govern all of Middleton's pageants. Unlike the great London royal entry pageants for Elizabeth I and James I which moved from the Tower westward through the City toward Westminster, the mayoral procession moved west to east. The mayor encountered tableaux and speeches along the way; indeed, as in the 1613 pageant, some of the devices followed the mayor in procession. The report from the Russian ambassador Aleksei Ziuzin, who was present for this pageant, underscores the importance of this ceremony, saying at one point: 'except for the King's coronation there is no other such great ceremony in England'. (Ziuzin's complete account is printed in this edition following the text of the pageant.) Not only did the mayor's representatives urge the ambassador's attendance, so did James I, according to the account. The ambassadorial dispatch (printed in this edition following the pageant's text) captures much of the spectacle, including the river procession, and emphasizes the participation by many different groups in the entertainment, including children who carried various constructed animals. The whole city, according to the ambassador, watched the festivities.

A mayor, a day, and a festive occasion do not inevitably lead to drama. By the beginning of the fifteenth century the London guilds became responsible for setting the Midsummer Watch on 24 and 29 June. By 1504, the pageant entertainment included a procession and dramatic representations mainly of biblical and religious subjects. But these shows decline because the guilds' attention shifts to the inaugural day of the new mayor. Henry Machyn provides in 1553 the first report of a Lord Mayor's show, although guild records indicate a pageant as early as 1535. Guild records in 1561 provide the first speeches for a Lord Mayor's Show; the first surviving printed text preserves George Peele's pageant of 1585 and also underscores the growing involvement of well-known writers and dramatists with these pageants. Peele's *Descensus Astraeae* (1591), although the last extant text of an Elizabethan mayoral show, is the first to have a distinct, specific title. In the hands of Munday, Dekker, and Middleton the Jaco-

bean Lord Mayor's show gains a complexity unknown in the previous reign.

How do these dramatists fit into the guilds' plans and negotiations? As with medieval drama, the guilds assessed their membership in order to finance street pageants; therefore, an unbroken line of guild support of drama runs from the fourteenth century to the end of the seventeenth. Fortunately, guild records provide sufficient documentation for the planning and expenditures. The Grocers' Court Books reveal unusually early deliberations on 5 February 1613 about preparations for a mayoral pageant, surveying the need for banners, streamers, and other ornaments 'set in readiness in convenient time in honour of the next worthy Magistrate that shall be chosen out of this Company'. (The Grocers had not sponsored a pageant for a mayor from their ranks since 1598.) Also in February the Master, Wardens, and others gave consideration to a 'Device or project in writing set down' by Anthony Munday. Not unlike dramatists submitting plots to Henslowe for plays in public theatres, Munday, Middleton, and others offered a proposal to be considered by the appropriate authorities in the guild. If chosen, the dramatist would then negotiate the specific services that he would perform. Records in 1613 indicate that Munday received the gross sum of £149 for his 'device', providing apparel, securing players, and arranging transportation. Middleton got £40 'for the ordering overseeing and writing of the whole Device'.

Other records from March, June, and July 1613 reveal the workings of various committees planning the pageant. The records of April 1614 tally the various expenditures, including £4 to the printer Nicholas Okes for printing the text, probably the usual run of 500 copies for pageants as shown in other guild records. John Grinkin, the artificer, received £310 for the construction of all the pageant devices—the ship, chariots, five islands, and all the carpentry work, painting, and fireworks. The total cost of nearly £1,300 makes this show the most expensive such pageant; the average cost, based on available records, of a Lord Mayor's show in the early Stuart period comes to slightly over £700. The exceptionally early planning and generous expenditure suggest that the Grocers intended to outstrip recent pageants; this zeal may lay behind Middleton's criticism of the 'freezing art' of his predecessors.

Thus *The Triumphs of Truth* came into existence. Defying Chapman's assessment, it has lasted beyond its year. Whenever critics discuss mayoral pageants, they inevitably focus on *Truth*, as evident in the work of Gail Kern Paster, Muriel Bradbrook, Sheila Williams, Glynn Wickham, Theodore Leinwand, and David Bergeron. A. A. Bromham indeed explores the topical, political context of 1613 and its relevance to the pageant. Unlike other mayoral pageants, it even has a performance history. The Lord Mayor's celebration of 1913 purported to be a reproduction of Middleton's show; but in fact it did not resemble the earlier pageant, although it included representations of Thomas Myddelton (the new mayor) and Hugh Myddelton

(his brother). A giant also represented the New River. On 2 May 1988, the Corporation of London presented 'The Lord Mayor of London's Jacobean Thames Pageant', consisting of several barges that moved along the Thames, all inspired by Middleton's *Triumphs of Truth*. Reflecting late twentieth-century reality, this 1988 show occurred 'in association with Thames Television' and served as a charity event for the 1988 ITV Telethon. A media and charity occasion, it had no real connection to the office of mayor or other traditional civic events; it became an excuse for spectacle. Nevertheless, the planners of this pageant did pay attention to Middleton's text and presented many of the figures from the 1613 show, such as London, Truth, Time, Truth's Angel, and Zeal. (Of course, they also added Roman soldiers and Roman handmaidens, possibly because they look good from barges.)

The artistic achievement of this pageant derives from Middleton's successful solution to the problem of how to represent the struggle between truth and error. Middleton approaches this conflict from several directions, relying on an implicit system of correspondences that enables the poet to connect moral ideas and historical persons to his fiction. The created characters make manifest the ideas that Middleton seeks to convey. Middleton also through the construction of his text underscores the battle between truth and error. For example, in the opening thirty-six lines of the text proper he twice makes rhetorical moves that hinge on this conflict. He first establishes the idea that no place receives a new mayor in such state and magnificence as London does: 'This being then infallible' (54). Error opposes this certainty by providing inadequate art for such an occasion, offering instead 'miserable want' and 'freezing art, sitting in darkness'—the place of error (62–7). Middleton begins line 69: 'But to speak truth'. If any imagine that the dramatist exaggerates the spectacle, 'their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgement of their errors' (80–2). Such rhetorical conflict makes sense, of course, only to a reader.

The representation of London in the performance heightens the tension between truth and error. Middleton presents the figure as a woman, 'a reverend mother', with long white hair and wearing 'on her head a model of steeples and turrets' (119–21). Middleton deliberately emphasizes the feminine gender so that he may pursue the metaphor of the city as caring mother. A female London links immediately to Truth, which always appears as feminine. Had he wanted, the dramatist might have named the pageant 'The Triumphs of London', reflecting the prominence of this character who speaks significantly more lines than any other. London exists in at least two ways in the pageant: as present reality and as representation. Middleton exploits this fiction–reality axis, common in most civic pageants. That is, London appears as a fictionalized, female character and as an obvious reality in the very streets where the performance takes place. Spectators looking at London also see London around them. The representation functions as a synecdoche of

the city itself, resembling but obviously differing from the actual city.

In the opening speech London emphasizes her maternal connection to the mayor: 'I am thy mother' (131). Since she addresses the real mayor Thomas Myddelton, she thereby underscores the blurred boundary between fiction and reality. This speech (ll. 126–94) strikes us immediately because much of it forgoes the familiar rhymed couplets used by most pageant dramatists. In moral terms London sketches the difference between truth and error, as the speech moves from past actions to present and future imperatives. London asserts that the mayor's soul contains 'The sacred lights of divine fear and knowledge' (134), gained from this caring mother who has 'Set wholesome and religious laws' (142) before him and who has cheered his youth with 'the faith, the love, the zealous fires' (154). London boldly says: 'thou'st all from me' (159). These virtues derive from and embody truth. But error also exists in 'sons' who have been disobedient, who refrain 'from doing grace and service' (168) to London, a city that may also contain 'pollution, | Sin, and uncleanness' (188–9), the result of error. London closes with this benediction: 'My blessing be upon thee, son and lord, | And on my sons all that obey my word' (193–4). To obey London's 'word' means in effect to obey the Word of Truth. The words of London reinforce a moral struggle between truth and error; London joins this war as the pageant allegorizes a battle for the mayor's soul. This battle gains specific visual representation at London's Triumphant Mount, the last major device, located near the Little Conduit in Cheapside. London, surrounded by allegorical virtues, drives away the shroud that covers the mount, a darkness caused by Error.

Middleton dramatizes the Truth–Error conflict by choosing to personify such figures and to provide a 'naïve allegory' of their struggle. A psychomachian battle takes place simultaneously in the streets and in the mind of the mayor, who participates both in the fiction and in the real world of his inauguration. The representation of Truth and Error as characters depends on an allegorical frame of mind and on emblematic and iconographical techniques. Such techniques can be found in emblem books, which emerged on the European continent in the sixteenth century. Andrea Alciati's *Emblematum* (1531) and Cesare Ripa's *Iconologia* (1593) became particularly influential, existing in several editions and translations. Two important English emblem books depend on the Italian models: Geoffrey Whitney's *A Choice of Emblemes* (1586), the first English emblem book, and Henry Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* (1612). Whether the dramatist knew these books directly matters less than his appropriation of their methods. Emblems typically contain three parts: motto, picture, and verses that pull the parts together. The tableaux that constitute *The Triumphs of Truth* resemble movable emblems, ones the audience could recognize.

Emblems participate in iconographical traditions, received ways in which certain mythological and allegorical

figures should be represented. Middleton adapts and re-hearses that which he inherited. Therefore he describes Truth who sits in a chariot 'in a close garment of white satin, which makes her appear thin and naked' (324–5), a dove over her head and serpents under her feet 'in that she treads down all subtlety and fraud' (331–2), a 'sun in her right hand' (335), 'on her breast a pure round crystal, showing the brightness of her thoughts and actions' (333–5). Zeal, the speaker, says: 'Nor by the naked plainness of her weeds | Judge thou her worth, no burnished gloss Truth needs' (348–9). But Zeal continues to offer a 'burnished gloss' for the benefit of the spectators, just as Middleton's text assists the reader in comprehending the symbolic value of Truth's properties. With slight variation Middleton's Truth could have walked off the pages of Peacham's *Minerva Britanna* and into the pageant. On page 134 of the emblem book Truth appears, naked, holding a sunburst in her right hand and a palm branch in her left and also a book, while her right foot rests on a globe—details that Peacham probably took from Ripa. Serpents form the decorative border for the emblem. Clearly Peacham's picture represents the 'triumphs of truth'. The verses interpret the symbolism of the emblem, much as Zeal's speech does in the pageant.

Middleton represents the quality Error in vivid terms as he sits in a chariot near St Paul's, 'his garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud, over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness, mists hanging at his eyes' (245–9). This emblematic representation heightens the contrast with Truth. Envy accompanies Error, 'eating of a human heart, . . . attired in red silk, . . . her left pap bare, where a snake fastens' (250–2). This gruesome image could derive from a similar portrait in Whitney's and other emblem books or from Dekker's representation in the 1612 pageant. Interestingly, in Middleton's allegory the mayor and his retinue encounter Error before Truth, which may reflect Middleton's view of the post-lapsarian world. Such a sequence also underscores the importance of the figure London as the initial embodiment of truth.

For sheer seductive power nothing surpasses Error's first speech (255–318). If Error cannot look very attractive, he can certainly sound enticing. In effect, Error turns upside down the world articulated by London earlier in the pageant, at first by a kind of poetic imitation of London's speech. Like London, Error first avoids the typical pattern of rhymed couplets. If representation depends in part on resemblance, then Error first resembles London, but with a profound difference. If we heard only the opening few lines of Error's speech, we would hear a seemingly benign voice, like London's. Error says: 'Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord, | My glory's sweetheart! how many millions | Of happy wishes hath my love told out | For this desired minute' (255–8). Error does not sound so bad.

But this disingenuous quality gives way to Error's true intent: to be false. The son of darkness adopts the imagery of light. With the mayor's arrival, Error claims now to be

'all of light, | Of fire, of joy, pleasure runs nimbly through me' (261–2). 'Power' becomes the operative word for Error as he adumbrates a programme for exercising power and gaining wealth, the seductive charms of high office. By line 270, 'And let thy will and appetite sway the sword', there can be no doubt about Error's purpose. The final movement of Error's speech concentrates on the 'evils' of Truth, her narrow, single, austere way of life, while Error offers pleasure and delight. Error notes that 'e'en in this throng' (302) of spectators he could find many 'children'. With some irony Error makes his final assertion: 'This of thy life I'll make the golden year' (317). But 'golden' for Error can only refer to material accumulation, whereas London has earlier urged, 'disdain all titles | Purchased with coin' (177–8). Middleton has succeeded in giving Error considerable dramatic interest.

The representation of truth and error takes another twist in the appearance of a King of Moors, his queen, and attendants. Moors had appeared in early sixteenth-century Midsummer Shows and in the 1585 Lord Mayor's show. The pageant's sponsoring guild, the Grocers, had joined with the East India Company to expand their trade—hence another reason to include the Moor. The Moorish king confronts directly the issue of his colour: 'does my complexion draw | So many Christian eyes that never saw | A king so black before?' (413–14). He connects his appearance with assumptions made about him: 'I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness, | As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness' (423–4). Beneath that dark exterior resides a transformed soul: 'Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace' (430). Having once pursued error in false religion ('And though in days of error I did run', 431), the king through the work of English merchants has been 'brought to the true Christian faith' (440). The power of truth, embodied in the English traders, had 'power to convert infidels' (442). Even the ship on which he has allegedly travelled and which has no pilot has safely brought him to the streets of London, 'Only by Truth steered, as our souls must be' (454). Dismayed at this show of piety, Error cries out: 'What, have my sweet-faced devils forsook me too?' (464). Error forsaken and Truth embraced: the pageant's essential programme for salvation.

Symbolic landscape functions also to represent the pageant's essential battle. The power of Error shrouds London's Triumphant Mount only to have it transformed again by Truth. This alteration occurs several times, suggesting, as Truth herself points out, the necessity of vigilance. Finally, Zeal, 'his head circled with strange fires' (769), seeks permission from Truth to destroy Error's chariot. He cries out: 'Then here's to the destruction of that seat; | There's nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat' (777–8). The text describes what then happens: 'At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which, fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all the beasts that are joined to it' (779–81). What a spectacular finish to the conflict between Truth and Error. But it is more

The Triumphes of Truth.

than spectacle: Error's burned chariot 'being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on all wicked offenders in the time of his government' (789–90).

Sir Thomas Myddelton the mayor must have been justly pleased by the art of Mr Thomas Middleton the poet. From the playwright's pen has come this entertainment that pales only if compared to 'those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers'. The bounty of the Grocers has met its match in Middleton's art, which has produced not 'idle relish' but rather 'bounteous and honourable triumphs'. The glowing ashes of Error's chariot testify to the complete

victory of Truth and to the imaginative zeal by which the poet has approached his task: no freezing art here. In 1613 Thomas Middleton helped set the standard by which to judge Lord Mayor's shows.

SEE ALSO

Ziuzin's account: 977

Music: *Companion*, 147

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 627

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 375

The Triumphs of Truth

A solemnity unparalleled for cost, art, and
magnificence at the confirmation and establishment
of that worthy and true nobly-minded gentleman,
Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knight, in the honourable
5 office of His Majesty's lieutenant, the Lord
Mayor of the thrice-famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his lordship's going and
proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of
10 mayoralty at Westminster, on the morrow next
after Simon and Jude's day, October 29, 1613.

All the shows, pageants, chariots,
morning, noon, and night triumphs.

Directed, written, and redeemed into form, from
the ignorance of some former times, and
15 their common writer, by Thomas Middleton.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the great expectation of virtue and goodness, and most
worthy of all those costs and honours which the noble
Fellowship and Society of Grocers and general love of the
20 whole City in full-heaped bounties bestow upon him, the
truly generous and judicious Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knight,
Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London

As often as we shall fix our thoughts upon the Almighty
Providence, so often they return to our capacities laden
25 with admiration, either from the divine works of his
mercy or those incomprehensible of his justice. But here
to instance only his omnipotent mercy, it being the health
and preservation of all his works, and first, not only
in raising, but also in preserving your lordship from

many great and incident dangers, especially in foreign
countries in the time of your youth and travels; and
30 now, with safety, love, and triumph, to establish you
in this year's honour, crowning the perfection of your
days, and the gravity of your life, with power, respect,
and reverence. Next, in that myself, though unworthy,
35 being of one name with your lordship, notwithstanding
all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy, should
thus happily live, protected by part of that mercy—as
if one fate did prosperously cleave to one name—now
to do service to your fame and worthiness, and my pen
40 only to be employed in these bounteous and honourable
triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that
stand ready for deservers; to which I commend the deserts
of your justice, remaining ever,

To your lordship, in the best of my observance,
45 Thomas Middleton

The Triumphs of Truth

Search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language
or letter soever; let the inquisitive man waste the dear
treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life
50 only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth
received into the place of his government with the like
state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the City of
London. This being then infallible, like the mistress of our
triumphs, and not to be denied of any, how careful ought
55 those gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and judgement
the weight and charge of such a business is entirely
referred and committed by the whole society, to have all
things correspondent to that generous and noble freeness
of cost and liberality; the streams of art to equal those
60

1 unparalleled for cost At a cost of £1300
this is the most expensive Lord Mayor's
Show.

4 Thomas Myddelton became Mayor of
London in October 1613, served until
October 1614; had been Sheriff in 1603–

4; served as Member of Parliament
several different times; admitted to the
Grocers company in 1583; died in 1631
10 Simon and Jude's day 28 October, the
feast day of St Simon and St Jude

30–1 in foreign countries a possible ref-
erence to the mayor's youth spent in
Antwerp
56 gentlemen members of the Grocers
company

The Triumphes of Truth.

of bounty; a knowledge that may take the true height of such an honourable solemnity; the miserable want of both which, in the impudent common writer, hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow; and it would heartily
 65 grieve any understanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing art, sitting in darkness, with the candle out, looking like the picture of Black Monday.

But to speak truth, which many beside myself can affirm
 70 upon knowledge, a care that hath been seldom equalled and not easily imitated hath been faithfully shown in the whole course of this business, both by the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the
 75 cost might purchase perfection, so fervent hath been their desire to excel in that, which is a learned and virtuous ambition, and so unfeignedly pure the loves and affections of the whole company to his lordship. If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon
 80 themselves, let them but read and conceive, and their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgement of their errors. First, they may here behold love and bounty opening with the morning, earlier than some of former years, ready at the first appearing of his lordship to give his ear a taste of the day's succeeding glory; and thus the
 85 form of it presents itself.

At Soper-Lane end a senate-house erected, upon which musicians sit playing, and more to quicken time, a sweet voice married to these words:

THE SONG

90 *Mother of many honourable sons,
 Think not the glass too slowly runs
 That in Time's hand is set,
 Because thy worthy son appears not yet:
 Lady, be pleased, the hour grows on,
 95 Thy joy will be complete anon;
 Thou shalt behold
 The man enrolled
 In honour's books, whom virtue raises;
 Love-circled round,
 100 His triumphs crowned
 With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.*

*What greater comfort to a mother's heart,
 Than to behold her son's desert
 Go hand in hand with love,
 105 Respect, and honour, blessings from above?
 It is of power all griefs to kill,
 And with a flood of joy to fill
 Thy aged eyes,
 To see him rise*

68 **Black Monday** Easter Monday. Nineteenth-century editors assumed that Middleton was referring disparagingly to Anthony Munday, but this assumption seems unfounded.

72-3 **wardens and committees** organiza-

tional structure of the Grocers company
 87 **Soper-Lane** street in London now called Queen Street, running south from Cheapside to Southwark Bridge, so called for the soapmakers who lived there
senate-house a structure resembling a

*With glory decked, where expectation,
 Grace, truth, and fame,
 Met in his name,
 Attends his honour's confirmation.* 110

After this sweet air hath liberally spent itself, at the first appearing of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall in the morning, a trumpet placed upon that scaffold sounds forth his welcome; then, after a strain or two of music, a grave feminine shape presents itself from behind a silk curtain, representing London, attired like a reverend mother, a long white hair naturally flowing on either side of her; on her head a model of steeples and turrets; her habit crimson silk, near to the honourable garment of the city; her left hand holding a key of gold: who, after a comely grace, equally mixed with comfort and reverence, sends from her lips this motherly salutation. 115

THE SPEECH OF LONDON

*Honour and joy salute thee; I am raised
 In comfort and in love to see thee, glad
 And happy in thy blessings; nor esteem
 My words the less 'cause I a woman speak,
 A woman's counsel is not always weak. 130
 I am thy mother; at that name I know
 Thy heart does reverence to me, as becomes
 A son of honour, in whose soul burns clear
 The sacred lights of divine fear and knowledge;
 I know that at this instant all the works 135
 Of motherly love in me, shown to thy youth,
 When it was soft and helpless, are summed up
 In thy most grateful mind: thou well rememb'rest
 All my dear pains and care; with what affection
 I cherish thee in my bosom, watchful still 140
 Over thy ways;
 Set wholesome and religious laws before
 The footsteps of thy youth; showed thee the way
 That led thee to the glory of this day.
 To which, with tears of the most fruitful joy 145
 That ever mother shed, I welcome thee.
 O, I could be content to take my part
 Out of felicity only in weeping,
 Thy presence and this day is so dear to me.
 Look on my age, my honourable son, 150
 And then begin to think upon thy office;
 See how on each side of me hang the cares
 Which I bestowed on thee, in silver hairs;
 And now the faith, the love, the zealous fires
 With which I cheered thy youth, my age requires. 155
 The duty of a mother I have shown,
 Through all the rites of pure affection,
 In care, in government, in wealth, in honour,*

meeting place for a senate
 90 **THE SONG** For the music to this song, see *Companion*, 147.
Mother . . . sons i.e., London
 115 **Guildhall** civic hall for the governing bodies of the City of London

The Triumphes of Truth.

160 Brought thee to what thou art, thou'st all from me;
 Then what thou shouldst be I expect from thee.
 Now to thy charge, thy government, thy cares,
 Thy mother in her age submits her years:
 And though—to my abundant grief I speak it,
 Which now o'erflows my joy—some sons I have
 165 Thankless, unkind, and disobedient,
 Rewarding all my bounties with neglect,
 And will of purpose wilfully retire
 Themselves from doing grace and service to me,
 When they've got all they can, or hope for, from me,
 170 The thankfulness in which thy life doth move
 Did ever promise fairer fruits of love,
 And now they show themselves; yet they have all
 My blessing with them, so the world shall see
 'Tis their unkindness, no defect in me.
 175 But go thou forward, my thrice-honoured son,
 In ways of goodness; glory is best won
 When merit brings it home; disdain all titles
 Purchased with coin, of honour take thou hold
 By thy desert; let others buy't with gold;
 180 Fix thy most serious thought upon the weight
 Thou go'st to undergo, 'tis the just government
 Of this famed city, me, whom nations call
 Their brightest eye; then with what care and fear
 Ought I to be o'erseen, to be kept clear?
 185 Spots in deformed faces are scarce noted,
 Fair cheeks are stained if ne'er so little blotted.
 Seest thou this key of gold? It shows thy charge.
 This place is the king's chamber; all pollution,
 Sin, and uncleanness must be locked out here,
 190 And be kept sweet with sanctity, faith, and fear:
 I see grace takes effect: heaven's joy upon her.
 'Tis rare when virtue opes the gate to honour.
 My blessing be upon thee, son and lord,
 And on my sons all that obey my word.

195 Then making her honour, as before, the waits of the city
 there in service, his lordship and the worthy company are
 led forward toward the waterside, where you shall find
 the river decked in the richest glory to receive him; upon
 whose crystal bosom stand five islands, artfully garnished
 200 with all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugs, spiceries, and
 the like; the middle island with a fair castle especially
 beautified.

But making haste to return to the city again, where
 triumph waits in more splendour and magnificence, the
 205 first then that attends to receive his lordship off the water
 at Baynard's Castle is Truth's Angel on horseback, his
 raiment of white silk powdered with stars of gold, on
 his head a crown of gold, a trumpeter before him on
 horseback, and Zeal, the champion of Truth, in a garment

of flame-coloured silk, with a bright hair on his head, 210
 from which shoot fire-beams, following close after him,
 mounted alike, his right hand holding a flaming scourge,
 intimating thereby that as he is the manifester of Truth,
 he is likewise the chastiser of Ignorance and Error.

THE SALUTATION OF THE ANGEL

I have within mine eye my blessed charge: 215
 Hail, friend of Truth; safety and joy attends thee.
 I am Truth's Angel, by my mistress sent
 To guard and guide thee. When thou took'st thy oath,
 I stood on thy right hand, though to thy eye
 220 In visible form I did not then appear;
 Ask but thy soul, 'twill tell thee I stood near;
 And 'twas a time to take care of thee then,
 At such a marriage before heaven and men,
 Thy faith being wed to honour; close behind thee
 225 Stood Error's minister that still sought to blind thee,
 And wrap his subtle mists about thy oath,
 To hide it from the nakedness of troth,
 Which is Truth's purest glory; but my light,
 Still as it shone, expelled her blackest spite;
 230 His mists fled by, yet all I could devise
 Could hardly keep them from some people's eyes,
 But thine they flew from: thy care's but begun,
 Wake on, the victory is not half yet won;
 Thou wilt be still assaulted, thou shalt meet
 235 With many dangers that in voice seem sweet,
 And ways most pleasant to a worldling's eye;
 My mistress has but one, but that leads high.
 To yon triumphant city follow me,
 Keep thou to Truth, eternity keeps to thee.

ZEAL

On boldly, man of honour; thou shalt win. 240
 I am Truth's champion, Zeal, the scourge of sin.

The trumpet then sounding, the Angel and Zeal rank
 themselves just before his lordship and conduct him to
 Paul's-Chain, where in the south yard Error in a chariot
 245 with his infernal ministers attends to assault him, his
 garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud,
 over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat
 on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness,
 mists hanging at his eyes. Close before him rides Envy,
 250 his champion, eating of a human heart, mounted on a
 rhinoceros, attired in red silk, suitable to the bloodiness
 of her manners; her left pap bare, where a snake fastens;
 her arms half naked, holding in her right hand a dart
 tinted in blood.

THE GREETING OF ERROR

Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord, 255
 My glory's sweetheart! how many millions
 Of happy wishes hath my love told out

188 *king's chamber* the familiar idea that
 London is the king's special chamber
 195 *waits* wind instrumentalists, musicians
 200 *Indian* from East India
 206 *Baynard's Castle* site of an ancient

castle close to where Blackfriars bridge
 crosses the Thames; stairs led up from
 the river into the city
 227 *troth* promise, covenant
 244 *Paul's-Chain* a lane running south

from the southside of St Paul's Cathedral
 precinct
 254 *tincted* coloured
 257 *told* counted

The Triumphs of Truth.

For this desirèd minute. I was dead
 Till I enjoyed thy presence; I saw nothing,
 260 A blindness thicker than idolatry
 Clove to my eyeballs; now I am all of light,
 Of fire, of joy, pleasure runs nimbly through me;
 Let's join together both in state and triumph,
 And down with beggarly and friendless virtue,
 265 That hath so long impoverished this fair city;
 My beasts shall trample on her naked breast,
 Under my chariot wheels her bones lie pressed,
 She ne'er shall rise again. Great power this day
 Is given into thy hand; make use on't, lord,
 270 And let thy will and appetite sway the sword;
 Down with them all now whom thy heart envies,
 Let not thy conscience come into thine eyes
 This twelvemonth, if thou lov'st revenge or gain;
 I'll teach thee to cast mists to blind the plain
 275 And simple eye of man; he shall not know't,
 Nor see thy wrath when 'tis upon his throat;
 All shall be carried with such art and wit,
 That what thy lust acts shall be counted fit:
 Then for attendants that may best observe thee,
 280 I'll pick out sergeants of my band to serve thee;
 Here's Gluttony and Sloth, two precious slaves,
 Will tell thee more than a whole herd of knaves;
 The worth of every office to a hair,
 And who bids most, and how the markets are,
 285 Let them alone to smell; and, for a need,
 They'll bring thee in bribes for measures and light bread;
 Keep thy eye winking and thy hand wide ope,
 Then thou shalt know what wealth is, and the scope
 Of rich authority; ho, 'tis sweet and dear.
 290 Make use of time then, thou'st but one poor year,
 And that will quickly slide, then be not nice:
 Both power and profit cleaves to my advice;
 And what's he locks his ear from those sweet charms,
 Or runs not to meet gain with wide-stretched arms?
 295 There is a poor, thin, threadbare thing called Truth,
 I give thee warning of her; if she speak,
 Stop both thine ears close; most professions break
 That ever dealt with her; an unlucky thing,
 She's almost sworn to nothing. I can bring
 300 A thousand of our parish, besides queans,
 That ne'er knew what Truth meant, nor ever means.
 Some I could cull out here, e'en in this throng,
 If I would show my children, and how strong
 I were in faction. 'Las, poor simple stray.
 305 She's all her lifetime finding out one way;
 Sh'as but one foolish way, straight on, right forward,
 And yet she makes a toil on't, and goes on
 With care and fear, forsooth, when I can run
 Over a hundred with delight and pleasure,
 310 Back-ways and by-ways, and fetch in my treasure

After the wishes of my heart, by shifts,
 Deceits, and sleights: and I'll give thee those gifts;
 I'll show thee all my corners yet untold,
 The very nooks where beldams hide their gold,
 315 In hollow walls and chimneys, where the sun
 Never yet shone, nor Truth came ever near:
 This of thy life I'll make the golden year;
 Follow me then.

ENVY

Learn now to scorn thy inferiors, those most love thee,
 And wish to eat their hearts that sit above thee. 320

Zeal, stirred up with divine indignation at the impudence
 of these hell-hounds, both forceth their retirement and
 makes way for the chariot wherein Truth his mistress
 sits in a close garment of white satin, which makes her
 appear thin and naked, figuring thereby her simplicity 325
 and nearness of heart to those that embrace her; a robe
 of white silk cast over it, filled with the eyes of eagles,
 showing her deep insight and height of wisdom; over
 her thrice-sanctified head a milk-white dove, and on each
 shoulder one, the sacred emblems of purity, meekness, 330
 and innocency; under her feet serpents, in that she treads
 down all subtlety and fraud; her forehead empaled with a
 diadem of stars, the witness of her eternal descent; on her
 breast a pure round crystal, showing the brightness of her
 thoughts and actions; a sun in her right hand, than which 335
 nothing is truer; a fan, filled all with stars, in her left, with
 which she parts darkness and strikes away the vapours of
 ignorance. If you hearken to Zeal, her champion, after his
 holy anger is passed against Error and his crew, he will
 give it you in better terms, or at least more smoothly and 340
 pleasingly.

THE SPEECH OF ZEAL

Bold furies, back, or with this scourge of fire,
 Whence sparkles out religious chaste desire,
 I'll whip you down to darkness: this a place
 Worthy my mistress; her eternal grace 345
 Be the full object to feast all these eyes,
 But thine the first; he that feeds here is wise.
 Nor by the naked plainness of her weeds
 Judge thou her worth, no burnished gloss Truth needs;
 That crown of stars shows her descent from heaven;
 350 That robe of white, filled all with eagles' eyes,
 Her piercing sight through hidden mysteries;
 Those milk-white doves her spotless innocence;
 Those serpents at her feet her victory shows
 Over deceit and guile, her rankest foes; 355
 And by that crystal mirror at her breast
 The clearness of her conscience is expressed;
 And showing that her deeds all darkness shun,
 Her right hand holds Truth's symbol, the bright sun;
 A fan of stars she in the other twists, 360

286 *measures* a vessel of standard capacity
 for dealing out fixed quantities of grain
 291 *nice* overly scrupulous or stupid
 299 *sworn to nothing* i.e., she offers no

promises, unlike Error
 300 *queans* strumpets, harlots
 304 *'Las* alas

314 *beldams* aged women, hags, witches
 324 *close garment* close-fitting
 344 *this* i.e., this is

The Tryumphs of Truth.



The King of Moors on a leopard; from a manuscript drawing for Anthony Munday's Lord Mayor's Show for 1616, as reproduced in a nineteenth-century edition of the pageant for the Fishmongers.

With which she chaseth away Error's mists:
And now she makes to thee her so even grace,
For to her rich and poor look with one face.

THE WORDS OF TRUTH

365 Man, raised by faith and love, upon whose head
Honour sits fresh, let not thy heart be led,
In ignorant ways of insolence and pride,
From her that to this day hath been thy guide;
I never showed thee yet more paths than one,
370 And thou hast found sufficient that alone
To bring thee hither; then go forward still,
And having most power, first subject thy will;
Give the first fruits of justice to thyself.
Then dost thou wisely govern, though that elf
Of sin and darkness, still opposing me,
375 Counsels thy appetite to master thee.
But call to mind what brought thee to this day.
Was falsehood, cruelty, or revenge the way?
Thy lust or pleasures? people's curse or hate?
These were no ways could raise thee to this state,

The ignorant must acknowledge; if then from me,
Which no ill dare deny or sin control,
Forsake me not, that can advance thy soul:
I see a blessed yielding in thy eye;
Thou'rt mine; lead on, thy name shall never die.

380

385 These words ended, they all set forward, this chariot
of Truth and her celestial handmaids, the Graces and
Virtues, taking place next before his lordship; Zeal and
the Angel before that, the chariot of Error following as
near as it can get; all passing on till they come into
Paul's Churchyard, where stand ready the five islands,
390 those dumb glories that I spake of before upon the
water: upon the height of these five islands sit five
persons, representing the Five Senses: *Visus, Auditus,*
Tactus, Gustus, Olfactus, or Seeing, Hearing, Touching,
Tasting, Smelling; at their feet their proper emblems:
395 *aquila, cervus, araneus, simia, canis;* an eagle, a hart, a
spider, an ape, a dog.

385

390

395

No sooner can your eyes take leave of these, but they
may suddenly espy a strange ship making toward, and

386-7 **Graces and Virtues** familiar Renaissance idea of the Three Graces and the

four Cardinal Virtues
390 **Paul's Churchyard** churchyard at the

east end of St Paul's Cathedral precinct

The Triumphs of Truth.

400 that which may raise greater astonishment, it having
neither sailor nor pilot, only upon a white silk streamer
these two words set in letters of gold, *Veritate gubernor*:
I am steered by Truth. The persons that are contained
within this little vessel are only four: a king of the Moors,
405 his queen, and two attendants of their own colour; the
rest of their followers people the castle that stands in the
middle island, of which company two or three on the top
appears to sight. This king seeming much astonished at
the many eyes of such a multitude, utters his thoughts in
410 these words.

THE SPEECH OF THAT KING

*I see amazement set upon the faces
Of these white people, wond'ring and strange gazes;
Is it at me? does my complexion draw
So many Christian eyes that never saw
415 A king so black before? no, now I see
Their entire object, they're all meant to thee,
Grave city-governor, my queen and I
Well honoured with the glances that pass by.
I must confess many wild thoughts may rise,
420 Opinions, common murmurs, and fixed eyes,
At my so strange arrival in a land
Where true religion and her temples stand.
I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness,
As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness;
425 But I forgive the judgings of th'unwise,
Whose censures ever quicken in their eyes,
Only begot of outward form and show.
And I think meet to let such censurers know,
However darkness dwells upon my face,
430 Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace;
And though in days of error I did run
To give all adoration to the sun,
The moon, and stars, nay, creatures base and poor,
Now only their Creator I adore.
435 My queen and people all, at one time won
By the religious conversation
Of English merchants, factors, travellers,
Whose truth did with our spirits hold commerce,
As their affairs with us; following their path,
440 We all were brought to the true Christian faith.
Such benefit in good example dwells,
It oft hath power to convert infidels;
Nor could our desires rest till we were led
Unto this place, where those good spirits were bred;
445 And see how we arrived in blessed time
To do that mistress service, in the prime
Of these her spotless triumphs, and t'attend
That honourable man, her late-sworn friend.
If any wonder at the safe arrive*

404 **Moors** Presumably Middleton refers to residents of the East Indies, especially given the Grocers' connection to the East India company.

437 **factors** one who buys or sells on behalf of another; also, one of the third class of

East India Company's servants (OED)

461 **St Paul** St Paul's Cathedral

484.n **St Paul's Cross** located on north side of St Paul's, a platform from which sermons were delivered

*Of this small vessel, which all weathers drive
According to their rages, where appears
Nor mariner nor pilot, armed 'gainst fears,
Know this came hither from man's guidance free,
Only by Truth steered, as our souls must be.
And see where one of her fair temples stands;
455 Do reverence, Moors, bow low, and kiss your hands:
Behold, our queen.*

QUEEN

*Her goodnesses are such,
We cannot honour her and her house too much.*

All in the ship and those in the castle bowing their bodies to the temple of St Paul; but Error smiling, betwixt scorn and anger to see such a devout humility take hold of that complexion, breaks into these.

ERROR

*What, have my sweet-faced devils forsook me too?
Nay, then, my charms will have enough to do.*

But Time, sitting by the frame of Truth his daughter's chariot, attired agreeable to his condition, with his hour-glass, wings, and scythe, knowing best himself when it is fittest to speak, goes forward in this manner.

TIME

*This Time hath brought t'effect, for on thy day
Nothing but Truth and Virtue shall display
Their virgin ensigns; Infidelity,
Barbarism, and Guile, shall in deep darkness lie.
O, I could ever stand still thus and gaze;
Never turn glass again, wish no more days,
475 So this might ever last; pity the light
Of this rich glory must be cased in night.
But Time must on; I go; 'tis so decreed,
To bless my daughter Truth and all her seed
With joys immortal, triumphs never-ending.
480 And as her hand lifts me, to thy ascending
May it be always ready, worthy son,
To hasten which my hours shall quickly run.
Seest thou yon place? thither I'll weekly bring thee,
Where Truth's celestial harmony thou shalt hear;
To which I charge thee bend a serious ear.
Lead on, Time's swift attendants.*

Then the five islands pass along into Cheapside, the ship next after them; the chariot of Truth still before his lordship, and that of Error still chased before it, where their eyes meet with another more subtle object, planting itself close by the Little Conduit, which may bear this character: the true form and fashion of a mount triumphant, but the beauty and glory thereof overspread with a thick, sulphurous darkness, it being a fog or mist raised from Error, enviously to blemish that place

488 **Cheapside** chief commercial street in the City of London running east from St Paul's

492 **Little Conduit** water source located in the middle of the roadway of Cheapside

The Triumphes of Truth.

500 which bears the title of London's Triumphant Mount, the chief grace and lustre of the whole triumph. At the four corners sit four monsters, Error's disciples, on whom hangs part of the mist for their clothing, holding in their hands little thick clubs, coloured like their garments; the names of these four monsters, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, Falsehood; who, at the near approaching of Truth's chariot, are seen a little to tremble, whilst her deity gives life to these words.

TRUTH

510 *What's here? the mist of Error? dare his spite
Stain this Triumphant Mount, where our delight
Hath been divinely fixed so many ages?
Dare darkness now breathe forth her insolent rages,
And hang in pois'nous vapours o'er the place
From whence we received love, and returned grace?
I see if Truth a while but turn her eyes,
Thick are the mists that o'er fair cities rise:
We did expect to receive welcome here
515 From no deformed shapes, but divine and clear;
Instead of monsters that this place attends,
To meet with goodness and her glorious friends;
Nor can they so forget me to be far.
I know there stands no other envious bar
520 But that foul cloud to darken this bright day,
Which with this fan of stars I'll chase away.
Vanish, infectious fog, that I may see
This city's grace, that takes her light from me.
Vanish, give way.*

525 At this her powerful command, the cloud suddenly rises and changes into a bright-spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars and beams of gold shooting forth round about it, the mount appearing then most rich in beauty and glory, the four monsters falling flat at the foot of the hill, that grave, feminine shape, figuring London, sitting in greatest honour. Next above her, in the most eminent place, sits Religion, the model of a fair temple on her head and a burning lamp in her hand, the proper emblems of her sanctity, watchfulness, and zeal; on her right hand sits Liberality, her head circled with a wreath of gold, in her hand a cornucopia, or horn of abundance, out of which rusheth a seeming flood of gold, but no way flowing to prodigality; for, as the sea is governed by the moon, so is that wealthy river by her eye, for bounty must be led by judgement; and hence is artfully derived the only difference between prodigality and bounty: the one deals her gifts with open eyes, the other blindfold: on her left side sits Perfect Love, his proper seat being nearest the heart, wearing upon his head a wreath of white and red roses mingled together, the ancient witness of peace, love, and union, wherein consists the happiness of this land, his right hand holding a sphere, where in a circle of gold is contained all the twelve companies' arms,

and therefore called the Sphere of True Brotherhood, or *Annulus Amoris*, the Ring of Love. Upon his left hand stand two billing turtles, expressing thereby the happy condition of mutual love and society: on either side of this mount are displayed the charitable and religious works of London—especially the worthy company of Grocers—in giving maintenance to scholars, soldiers, widows, orphans, and the like, where are placed one of each number: and on the two heights sit Knowledge and Modesty, Knowledge wearing a crown of stars, in her hand a perspective glass, betokening both her high judgement and deep insight; the brow of Modesty circled with a wreath all of red roses, expressing her bashfulness and blushings, in her hand a crimson banner filled with silver stars, figuring the white purity of her shamefastness; her cheeks not red with shame or guilt but with virgin fear and honour. At the back of this Triumphant Mount, Chastity, Fame, Simplicity, Meekness, have their seats; Chastity wearing on her head a garland of white roses, in her hand a white silk banner filled with stars of gold, expressing the eternity of her unspotted pureness: Fame next under her, on her head a crown of silver, and a silver trumpet in her hand, showing both her brightness and shrillness: Simplicity with a milk-white dove upon her head; and Meekness with a garland of mingled flowers, in her hand a white silk banner with a red cross, a lamb at her feet, by which both their conditions are sufficiently expressed. The mount thus made glorious by the power of Truth, and the mist expelled, London thus speaks.

LONDON

530 *Thick scales of darkness in a moment's space
Are fell from both mine eyes; I see the face
Of all my friends about me now most clearly,
Religion's sisters, whom I honour dearly.
O, I behold the work; it comes from thee,
Illustrious patroness, thou that mad'st me see
In days of blindness ignorance; when this light
Was e'en extinguished, thou redeem'st my sight.
535 Then to thy charge, with reverence, I commend
That worthy son of mine, thy virtuous friend,
Whom on my love and blessing I require
To observe thee faithfully, and his desire
To imitate thy will, and there lie bounded;
540 For power's a dangerous sea, which must be sounded
With truth and justice, or man soon runs on
'Gainst rocks and shelves to dissolution.
Then, that thou mayst the difference ever know
'Twixt Truth and Error, a few words shall show:
545 The many ways that to blind Error slide
Are in the entrance broad, hell-mouth is wide;
But when man enters far, he finds it then
Close, dark, and straight, for hell returns no men:
But the one sacred way which Truth directs,
600 Only at entrance man's affection checks,*

545 **white and red roses** refers to the houses of York and Lancaster

548 **twelve companies'** the twelve principal guilds of London

551 **turtles** turtle doves

558 **perspective glass** optical instrument

The Triumphs of Truth.

And is there strict alone; to which place throngs
 All world's afflictions, calumnies, and wrongs.
 But having passed those, then thou find'st a way
 605 In breadth whole heaven, in length eternal day;
 Then, following Truth, she brings thee to that way:
 But first observe what works she here requires,
 Religion, knowledge, sanctity, chaste desires;
 Then charity, which bounty must express
 610 To scholars, soldiers, widows, fatherless:
 These have been still my works, they must be thine;
 Honour and action must together shine,
 Or the best part's eclipsed: behold but this,
 Thy very crest shows bounty, here 'tis put;
 615 Thou giv'st the open hand, keep it not shut,
 But to the needy or deserving spirit
 Let it spread wide, and heaven enrols that merit.
 Do these and prove my hopeful, worthy son;
 Yet nothing's spoke but needfully must be done:
 620 And so lead forward.

At which words the whole triumph moves, in his richest
 glory, toward the Cross in Cheap; at which place Error,
 full of wrath and malice to see his mist so chased away,
 falls into this fury.

ERROR

625 Heart of all the fiends in hell!
 Could her beggarly power expel
 Such a thick and poisonous mist
 Which I set Envy's snakes to twist.
 Up, monsters; was her feeble frown
 630 Of force to strike my officers down?
 Barbarism, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,
 All your hell-bred heads advance,
 And once again with rotten darkness shroud
 This Mount Triumphant: drop down, sulphurous cloud.

635 At which the mist falls again and hangs over all the
 beauty of the mount, not a person of glory seen, only
 the four monsters gather courage again and take their
 seats, advancing their clubs above their heads; which no
 sooner perceived, but Truth in her chariot, making near
 640 to the place, willing still to rescue her friends and servants
 from the powers of Ignorance and Darkness, makes use of
 these words.

TRUTH

645 Dare yet the works of ugliness appear
 'Gainst this day's brightness, and see us so near?
 How bold is sin and hell, that yet it dare
 Rise against us; but know, perdition's heir,
 'Tis idle to contend against our power.
 Vanish again, foul mist, from honour's bower.

650 Then the cloud dispersing itself again, and all the mount
 appearing glorious, it passeth so on to the Standard, about

which place, by elaborate action from Error, it falls again,
 and goes so darkened till it comes to St Lawrence Lane
 end, where, by the former words by Truth uttered being
 again chased away, London thus gratefully requites her
 goodness. 655

LONDON

Eternity's bright sister, by whose light
 Error's infectious works still fly my sight,
 Receive thy servant's thanks. Now, Perfect Love,
 Whose right hand holds a sphere wherein do move
 Twelve blest societies, whose beloved increase 660
 Styles it the ring of brotherhood, faith, and peace,
 From thy harmonious lips let them all taste
 The golden counsel that makes health long last.

Perfect Love then standing up, holding in his right hand a
 sphere, on the other, two billing turtles, gives these words. 665

PERFECT LOVE

First, then, I banish from this feast of joy
 All excess, epicurism, both which destroy
 The healths of soul and body; no such guest
 Ought to be welcome to this reverend feast,
 Where Truth is mistress; who's admitted here 670
 Must come for virtue's love more than for cheer.
 These two white turtles may example give
 How perfect joy and brotherhood should live;
 And they from whom grave order is expected,
 Of rude excess must never be detected. 675
 This is the counsel which that lady calls
 Golden advice, for by it no man falls:
 He that desires days healthful, sound, and blest,
 Let moderate judgement serve him at his feast.
 And so lead on; may perfect brotherhood shine 680
 Still in this sphere, and honour still in thine.

This speech so ended, his lordship and the companies
 pass on to Guildhall; and at their returning back, these
 triumphs attend to bring his lordship toward St Paul's
 church, there to perform those yearly ceremonial rites
 which ancient and grave order hath determined; Error by
 the way still busy and in action to draw darkness often
 upon that Mount of Triumph, which by Truth is as often
 dispersed. Then all returning homewards full of beauty
 and brightness, this mount and the chariot of Truth both
 placed near to the entrance of his lordship's gate near
 Leadenhall, London, the lady of that mount, first gives
 utterance to these words. 690

LONDON

Before the day sprang from the morning's womb
 I rose, my care was earlier than the light, 695
 Nor would it rest till I now brought thee home,
 Marrying to one joy both thy day and night;

622 **Cross in Cheap** opposite Wood Street in
 Cheapside

650 **Standard** square pillar in Cheapside,
 also a water conduit

652 **St Lawrence Lane** narrow street

running north from Cheapside, named
 for the church of St Lawrence Jewry at
 its north end

667 **epicurism** philosophy of pleasure
 derived from Epicurus

692 **Leadenhall** originally built in the 15th
 century; by Middleton's time had become
 a market, located at the intersection of
 Gracechurch street and Cornhill

The Triumphs of Truth.

Nor can we call this night, if our eyes count
 The glorious beams that dance about this mount;
 700 Sure, did not custom guide 'em, men would say
 Two noons were seen together in one day,
 The splendour is so piercing: Triumph seems
 As if it sparkled, and to men's esteems
 705 Threw forth his thanks, wrapped up in golden flames,
 As if he would give light to read their names,
 That were at cost this day to make him shine,
 And be as free in thanks as they in coin.
 But see, Time checks me, and his scythe stands ready
 To cut all off; no state on earth is steady;
 710 Therefore, grave son, the time that is to come
 Bestow on Truth; and so thou'rt welcome home.

Time, standing up in Truth's chariot, seeming to make
 an offer with his scythe to cut off the glories of the day,
 growing near now to the season of rest and sleep, his
 715 daughter Truth thus meekly stays his hand.

TRUTH
 Father, desist a while, till I send forth
 A few words to our friend, that man of worth.
 The power that heaven, love, and the city's choice,
 720 Have all conferred on thee with mutual voice,
 As it is great, reverend, and honourable,
 Meet it with equal goodness, strive t'excel
 Thy former self; as thy command exceeds
 Thy last year's state, so let new acts, old deeds;
 725 And as great men in riches and in birth,
 Heightning their bloods and joining earth to earth,
 Bestow their best hours and most serious cares
 In choosing out fit matches for their heirs,
 So never give thou over day or hour,
 Till with a virtue thou hast matched this power;
 730 For what is greatness if not joined with grace?
 Like one of high blood that hath married base.
 Who seeks authority with an ignorant eye,
 Is like a man seeks out his enemy;
 735 For where before his follies were not spread,
 Or his corruptions, then they're clearly read
 E'en by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure
 A crystal of itself, it will endure
 No poison of oppression, bribes, hired law,
 740 But 'twill appear soon in some crack or flaw:
 Howe'er men soothe their hopes with popular breath,
 If not in life, they'll find that crack in death.
 I was not made to fawn or stroke sin smooth;
 Be wise and hear me, then, that cannot soothe:
 745 I have set thee high now; be so in example,
 Made thee a pinnacle in honour's temple,
 Fixing ten thousand eyes upon thy brow.
 There is no hiding of thy actions now,

They must abide the light and imitate me,
 Or be thrown down to fire where errors be.
 750 Nor only with these words thy ear I feed,
 But give those part that shall in time succeed,
 To thee in present, and to them to come,
 That Truth may bring you all with honour home
 To these your gates, and to those, after these,
 755 Of which your own good actions keep the keys.
 Then, as the loves of thy society
 Hath flowed in bounties on this day and thee,
 Counting all cost too little for true art,
 Doubling rewards there where they found desert,
 760 In thankfulness, justice, and virtuous care,
 Perfect their hopes; those thy requitals are.
 With fatherly respect embrace 'em all,
 Faith in thy heart and plenty in thy hall,
 Love in thy walks, but justice in thy state,
 765 Zeal in thy chamber, bounty at thy gate:
 And so to thee and these a blessed night;
 To thee, fair City, peace, my grace and light.

Trumpets sounding triumphantly, Zeal, the champion of
 Truth, on horseback, his head circled with strange fires,
 appears to his mistress, and thus speaks. 770

ZEAL
 See yonder, lady, Error's chariot stands,
 Braving the power of your incensed commands,
 Emboldened by the privilege of night
 775 And her black faction; yet to crown his spite,
 Which I'll confound, I burn in divine wrath.

TRUTH
 Strike, then; I give thee leave to shoot it forth.

ZEAL
 Then here's to the destruction of that seat;
 There's nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat.

At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which,
 fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all
 780 the beasts that are joined to it.

The firework being made by master Humphrey Nichols,
 a man excellent in his art; and the whole work and
 body of the triumph, with all the proper beauties of
 the workmanship, most artfully and faithfully performed
 785 by John Grinkin; and those furnished with apparel and
 porters by Anthony Munday, gentleman.

This proud seat of Error lying now only glowing in
 embers—being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on
 all wicked offenders in the time of his government—I now
 790 conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of
 myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let
 him strike at his pleasure.

FINIS.

706-7 *shine . . . coin* a perfect rhyme
 761 *requitals* recompense or reward
 782 *Humphrey Nichols* No other reference
 to him can be found.
 786 *John Grinkin* artificer first involved
 in a Lord Mayor's Show in 1604; also

assisted with pageants in 1609, 1610,
 1611, 1618, and 1620
 787 *Anthony Munday* (1560-1633)
 prolific playwright, translator, poet,
 pamphlet writer, pageant writer, and
 historian. Wrote the first extant Jacobean

Lord Mayor's Show, *The Triumphes of
 Reunited Britannia* (1605). His frequent
 association with Middleton gives the lie
 to the nineteenth-century idea that he
 and Middleton were angry rivals.

An Account by Aleksei Ziuzin

Text edited by Maija Jansson and Nikolai Rogozhin, and translated by Paul Bushkovitch

And the ambassador [Ziuzin] said to Sir Lewis: 'We hear the royal order that you have for us that your Sovereign King, James, shows his fraternal love and friendship to our Great Sovereign Tsar and Grand Duke Mikhail Fyodorovich, Autocrat of all Russia, to his Tsar's Majesty, that he wants to come to London for us soon. And at this we, seeing fraternal love and strong friendship between them, the Great Sovereigns, rejoice and expect to see the royal eyes. And in so far as your sovereign King James has ordered, showing his favour to us, that you ask about our health and food, we are grateful for his royal favour and until now we are in honour with him, your sovereign, and satisfied about everything. And in so far as Sir Thomas, the son of Thomas Smith, has come to us according to the royal command, and with him the King's gentlemen, and has told us the same thing as the royal order that we now hear from you, that we are to go to see your ceremony according to the royal command, the installation of the Lord Mayor, we have told Sir Thomas that until we have been with your sovereign King James, until we have seen his eyes, it is not possible for us to go to see your ceremony. And we tell you the same thing, Sir Lewis, that to the honour of his royal Majesty we will be with him, your sovereign, and we will see his eyes before [we see] your City and country ceremonies. This is our first business.'

And Sir Lewis said to the ambassadors: 'For your Great Sovereign, his Tsar's Majesty our Sovereign King James,

wanting to see his Tsar's fraternal love and friendship to himself, and showing his favour to you, the ambassadors, even though he was not finished with his royal affairs, and leaving them, he is coming to London for you and wants to see you soon and to receive you honourably. And he has ordered you with care that you should see what happens in this state because another such ceremony will not happen while you are here. And you are not to disobey our sovereign nor to anger him, but to go and watch.' And having said this Sir Lewis left the ambassadors.

On October 29th, at the first hour of the day, conductor Sir Thomas, the son of Thomas, and his brother, Sir Richard, and four royal gentlemen and the merchants John Merrick and William Russell, (that William [who] comes to the Moscow state with John) came to the ambassadors at their lodgings. And Sir Thomas and his associates said to the ambassadors: 'So that you might obey the order of our sovereign, King James, and see the royal ceremony, the installation of the Lord Mayor, the royal coaches are with us ready for you, and it is time for you to go. And I am telling you this, taking care of the Sovereign's affairs, so that you should definitely not disobey the royal order and by this anger our sovereign, and so that you should not make any interference in his measures of state.'

And John Merrick said to the ambassadors properly: 'Just as is the case of his direct service to the Great Sovereign, his Tsar's Majesty, I tell you that our sovereign

The newly elected Tsar Michael of Russia, the first of the Romanovs, sought to increase political ties to England and to gain financial assistance. Therefore, he decided to send an ambassador to England in 1613, hoping thereby also to secure his legitimacy in the eyes of other European sovereigns. Ambassador Aleksei Ivanovich Ziuzin left Russia in August 1613, accompanied by another ship of English merchants. They finally reached England after an agonizing two months at sea. They arrived in London on 26 October but did not gain audience with King James until 7 November (he had been hunting at Royston in Hertfordshire). The Ambassador returned to Russia in early summer 1614 and filed this report then. The text comes from *England and the North: The Russian Embassy of 1613-1614*, edited by Maija Jansson and Nikolai Rogozhin, translated by Paul Bushkovitch (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1994),

pp. 161-164.

Sir Thomas Smith explained to the Russian entourage on 28 October what they might expect to see at the Lord Mayor's Show the next day: the mayor 'is to ride from his house to the royal palace and, having been in the palace for a while as the ceremony requires, he is to ride back home through the city on horseback and by water on the river Thames in ships and boats. And there is a great salute from muskets and from all sorts of artillery. And the previous Lord Mayor who sat out his year before him rides with him, and the old Lord Mayors who were judges beforehand. And now those people, knights and aldermen, elected people who will in the future be Lord Mayors, and many other people of various ranks, accompany him; and the whole City watches. And except for the King's coronation there is no other such great ceremony in England' (p. 159).

- 1 Sir Lewis Lewis Lewkenor, first to be appointed to the newly created office of Master of Ceremonies
- 14 Sir Thomas Thomas Smith, member of the Haberdashers and Skinners, governor of the East India Company; had been sent by King James to Boris Godunov in June 1604.
- 42 John Merrick Merchant who had travelled to Russia earlier and sailed back to England in a ship that accompanied the Russian Ambassador's ship; in June 1614 James made Merrick the English Ambassador to Russia.
William Russell Member of the East India Company; in 1612, director of the Company of Merchants of London, also a member of the Muscovy Company. He, too, went to Russia and travelled back to England in 1613.
- 47 royal ceremony As is often the case in the Russian Ambassador's report, there is some confusion about titles and protocol.

King James, the son of Andrew, orders you with care and you should definitely not disobey in this matter.’

And the ambassadors did not dare to disobey the King’s orders and, so that they would not by that harm the affairs of his Tsar’s Majesty and not anger the King, they went to see their ceremony. And the ambassadors sat in the coaches in the great place and on the sides in the coach with Aleksei Ivanovich [Ziuzin], at the door, sat the conductor, Sir Thomas, and the royal gentlemen, and the merchant John Merrick. And with the Secretary with Aleksei in the coach near the doors sat Sir Richard, and the gentlemen, and the merchant William Russell. And the undersecretary and the translator sat in a separate coach. And the ambassadors’ servants also rode in coaches, and when the ambassadors came to the yard and entered the building, at that time there were no people at the yard besides the conductors who came with the ambassadors and a few local servants in the rooms to arrange things. And they placed for the ambassadors fine places, chairs and tables, they honoured the ambassadors. And at the same time the Lord Mayor went up the river Thames to the royal palace and he sat in a ship, and it was a decorated ship, small, painted in all sorts of various colours. And it was rowed by oars. Under the ship were made boats, and on the ship, as is the case with a straight ship, the lower decks had windows and in these windows were rowers on both sides. And with him sat the previous Lord Mayor who had been Lord Mayor for the year before, and other people of rank. And before the ship and behind and on the sides, over the whole river, sailed on many boats, the King’s gentlemen, and knights, and aldermen, and merchants, and traders, and the bodyguard of the King’s court, and all sorts of people of the land in bright costume. And there were banners and great decorated royal flags and many others. And the King’s trumpeters trumpeted, and they beat the drums and they played on litavra and there were all sorts of various instruments. And they fired a great salute from the ship in which the Lord Mayor sailed and from other ships which were there and from big boats and from the City wall. And from all the small boats there was a great shooting of muskets.

And when the Lord Mayor came to the royal palace where the King lives with the Queen and the Prince, at

that time there was a great salute at the royal palace. And when the Lord Mayor had been at the palace for a short time he went back through the City riding on stallions and argamaks. And before him walked the bodyguards of the King’s court, about one hundred and fifty men in bright clothes with gilded partisans, two by two, and after them walked the merchants and traders organized by livery companies and between them rode the King’s trumpeters and drummers in decorated dress on royal horses and trumpeted while riding and played the drums and litavri. And all sorts of players walked and carried big royal banners and flags, bright coloured, wide and long. And after them other men, walking, carried on themselves wooden [models of] towns, worked and painted. And in the [model] towns were churches and on the towers and along the wall were constructed guns, and on the steeples of the churches and on the city ladder sat old and young people and boys and girls in bright dresses. And on them were masks like human faces and like all sorts of animals. And they carried two [model] places from the royal coronation ceremony like a dais, or platform, with high decorated steps on four sides and on the top and on the places sat one person in each place as if from the royal ceremony, and around on all sides, above, and below, sat small girls and boys and here they carried a variety of great beasts: elephants, and unicorns, and lions and camels, and boars, and other animals. And each one was made as if it was real. And there was a small decorated ship and all the people who carried it were draped from all sides to the ground. And around them went people in masks with palms, and they carried palms with fireworks, and they threw from them sparkling fire on both sides because of the great press of people, that they might give way. And before them and behind them went soldiers, and on both sides, turning quickly and waving swords and sabres so that people would get out of the way. And after, rode many of the King’s gentlemen and behind them, last before the Lord Mayor, rode the knights who had been Lord Mayors before, in decorated clothing and wearing gold chains.

And with the Lord Mayor rode side by side, at his left hand, the Lord Mayor whom he was replacing, and behind them rode the aldermen, elected people who would be Lord

57 **Andrew** The name ‘Henry’ was unknown in Russian; the name ‘Andrew’ became a transliteration for the name Henry.
 67 **Secretary** Aleksei Vitovtov
 71–2 **the yard** at the palace in Whitehall
 77 **Lord Mayor** Thomas Myddelton, Grocer
 77–8 **river Thames** the description that follows adds information not available in Middleton’s text
 83–4 **previous Lord Mayor** Sir John Swinerton, who had issued an order on 22 October requesting that the livery companies provide members to accompany the aldermen to greet the Russian Ambassador at Tower Wharf upon his

arrival into London.
 93 **litavra** kettle drums
 103 **argamaks** name for Central Asian saddle horse
 105 **gilded partisans** long-handled spears used as a leading staff, borne as halberds by civic and other guards (*OED*)
 106–27 **walked the merchants... as if it was real** These details find no exact parallel in Middleton’s text; the ambassador and his party must be located near the beginning of the procession once it returns to the City. The ambassador captures much of the spectacle as an eyewitness account. Certainly guild

records contain expenses for items that do not appear in Middleton’s text, such as expenditures for whifflers, staves, torches, javelins, and halberds.
 127–8 **small decorated ship** It is possible that this became the ship used for the King of Moors.
 130 **palms with fireworks** This is a common technique for moving the crowds so that the procession can pass through. The Grocers’ records show a payment to John Grinkin for making a number of the devices and also money for ‘greenmen, devils, and fireworks’, all presumably used to help control the crowds.

An Account by Aleksei Ziuzin

145 Mayors in the future. And many people, men, women,
and children—the whole City—watched this ceremony.
And at the ambassadors' windows there were curtains
and shutters, and when the Lord Mayor had passed,
the ambassadors returned to their lodgings. And the

conductors, Sir Thomas, the son of Thomas Smith, with
his brother, Sir Richard, and with the royal gentlemen,
and with those who were with them at first, and the
merchant, John Merrick, accompanied the ambassadors
to their lodgings.

150

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Edited by Michael Dobson

Wit at Several Weapons is the first play Middleton co-wrote with William Rowley, and its combination of fluent and inventive comic plotting with incisive and fantastical dialogue makes it abundantly clear that from its inception the partnership brought out the best in both playwrights. Its status as the first fruit of this celebrated collaboration, however, has been obscured for most of four centuries by the circumstances of its publication: the play was not printed until 1647, when it appeared in the Royalist publisher Humphrey Moseley's grand folio volume of plays attributed to Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, and from then until the late nineteenth century it was read and reprinted as part of the Beaumont and Fletcher canon. Only with the advent of sophisticated and reliable statistical tests for authorship in the later twentieth century (which have decisively confirmed the instincts of several Victorian scholars of the play) has *Wit at Several Weapons* been definitively re-established as the work of Middleton and Rowley.

It is possible that the play was published in the Beaumont and Fletcher folio because Middleton and Rowley were rewriting a play first composed by Fletcher, but if this is the case their revision was so thorough as to relegate this hypothetical Fletcherian first draft to the status of a mere source (the only specific source conjectured or known for the play). Its two central plots, on both of which the two writers worked closely together, are very much in the mode of the city comedy at which Middleton was already supremely accomplished. Both deal with the perilous intersections of family and money, one with an inheritance and the other with a marriage settlement. In the first, the Old Knight, Sir Perfidious Oldcraft—a rich city businessman whose career (by his own proud testimony) has progressed from pimping through the defrauding of orphans to the proposed embezzlement of two-thirds of his niece's dowry—threatens to disinherit his son Wittypate on the grounds that Wittypate must likewise rise in the world by his own 'wit', only to find himself made the next victim of the ruthless catalogue of frauds upon which Wittypate is in fact already embarked. In the interlocking counterpart to this plot, the Old Knight's unnamed Niece, at first jokingly presented by her uncle with the malcontented wit Cunninggame by way of 'antemasque' to her real intended husband (his brainless but wealthy patron Sir Gregory Fop), falls in love with the penniless Cunninggame, and each camouflages a passion for the other (and tests the seriousness of the other's interest) by flirting successively with a whole progression of bewildered

rivals before arranging, with Wittypate's assistance, an elopement from a masque.

Whether these two dramatic situations were invented by Middleton and Rowley or derived from an idea by Fletcher, their elaboration in *Wit at Several Weapons* as it stands bears the unmistakable marks of both Middleton and Rowley at their most characteristic, and its cast list includes some of their most distinctive creations. The impoverished Lady Ruinous Gentry, for example (a rueful and reluctant assistant in Wittypate's Oedipal swindles), granted the bitter self-knowledge of a tragic heroine even while accepting a farcical cross-dressed role in a bogus highway robbery, is sheer Middleton, from our first glimpse of her onwards:

SERVANT

Nay, Lady—

LADY

Put me not in mind on't, prithee;

You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remembered; 'tis a title
That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice.
Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble callings: they are safe, and lie
Level with pity still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are called by, 'Lady'. [Exit Servant]

O my spirit,

Will nothing make thee humble? I am well,
methinks,

And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again . . . (2.1.1–16)

Similarly, at the opposite end of the play's social and generic spectrum is a part every bit as characteristic of Rowley: the Clown, 'Pompey Doodle, a clown, Sir Gregory's man, a piece of puff-paste, like his master', as the List of Persons added to the play in 1679 aptly describes him. This character is easily recognizable as one of an illustrious succession of fat and fatuous fools written by Rowley for performance by himself—not least by his endearingly imaginative stupidity. Sent into raptures of garbled courtly love when the Niece makes feigned advances to him in order to excite Cunninggame's jealousy, the Clown exchanges his servant's livery for the gaudy costume of a gallant, and he spends much of the second

half of the play loitering on the northern fringes of London entertaining ever more picturesque delusions of grandeur:

...but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the lady sends not for me, according to promise? I ha' kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent for; I'm almost starved with walking... Pray, do me the part and office of a gentleman; if you chance to meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbons, running before an empty coach, with a buzzard i'th' poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the New River by Islington; there they shall have me, looking upon the pipes and whistling. (4.1.345-8, 357-62)

Quite apart from its comedy, the Clown's plaintive and topical interest in the New River water-supply project (shared at some level by much of the play, which abounds in references to the area affected by its construction—Islington, Clerkenwell, St Pancras, Highgate) incidentally provides some of our best evidence for the dating of *Wit at Several Weapons*, which almost certainly belongs to 1613, the year of the New River's completion; Middleton, of course, celebrated this event in *The Manner of his Lordship's Entertainment*, and the Clown's at times disparaging comments may represent a quiet in-joke by Rowley. In any case this dating of the play, coupled with Rowley's likely creation of the role of the Clown in its first production, makes it probable that *Wit at Several Weapons* was originally written for Prince Charles's Men, with whom Rowley was closely associated as player, poet, and manager; the same company would stage Middleton and Rowley's next extant collaboration, *A Fair Quarrel*, some two or three years later.

Beyond this plausible assignation of the play to Prince Charles's Men, however, tantalizingly little is known of its stage history before the closing of the theatres in 1642. It was certainly popular enough to be still in the live repertory some six or seven years after its première, when its title (albeit abbreviated by later damage) appears at the top of a fragmentary list of plays jotted down on scrap paper by the Master of the Revels (a list which also includes two subsequent Middleton and Rowley comedies, *A Fair Quarrel* and *The Old Law*); but whether this note either recorded or resulted in a performance of the play at Court is not known. After this the play vanishes from the written record until its misattributed publication in 1647. It would not be performed again until 1709, when the actor/playwright (and later Poet Laureate) Colley Cibber updated its diction for early eighteenth-century consumption and produced it at Drury Lane under the title *The Rival Fools: or, Wit, at several Weapons*. Largely negligible as a response to the play, this wholly prose adaptation offered few of the attractions of its original save the presence of an actor/writer particularly skilled in 'puff-paste' roles, Cibber himself, in the role of the Clown (here rechristened Samuel Simple, a symptomatic come-down from Rowley's preposterous Pompey Doodle): it ran for five nights in 1709, scraped a bare two when Cibber revived it in 1722, and was last seen abbreviated to an after-piece for

a solitary performance at the Haymarket in 1774. Since then, although regularly praised in the nineteenth century as containing some of the most striking passages in the Beaumont and Fletcher canon (featuring extensively, for example, in Horace Guilford's 1834 anthology of *Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher*), *Wit at Several Weapons* has been generally neglected except by attribution specialists, its theatrical and critical history alike a story of spectacularly missed opportunity.

The kinds of authorship-preoccupied scrutiny to which the play *has* been subjected, however, have revealed much which can enhance an appreciation of its often unsettling comic procedures; in particular, by highlighting the patterns of substitution and redoubling around which Middleton and Rowley built their respective and answering shares of the text. The three most exhaustive and trustworthy authorship studies to date (by Cyrus Hoy, David Lake, and MacDonald P. Jackson) are in full agreement as to which playwright was primarily responsible for which sections of the text, and their conclusions amply support a reading of the play as a virtuoso fantasia on exchange and displacement, with Middleton and Rowley both collaborating and vying with one another to produce ever more comic and extreme variations on the themes of the two plots introduced in its first scene.

The mainsprings of both plots (the father-son conflict between the Old Knight and Wittypate, and the initially triangular love intrigue between the Niece, Cunningame, and Sir Gregory Fop) are wound in Middleton's 1.1, which not only introduces the play's chief lines of intrigue but establishes the characteristic pattern of inventive excess by which both will be elaborated. By the end of 1.1, for example, Middleton has not only set up the play's love triangle but has already begun to extend it, adding a fourth player when Cunningame opens his fraudulent courtship of the Niece's Guardianess. Rowley's 1.2 develops a corresponding variation on the inheritance plot, with Wittypate's outcast wit doubled and redoubled by his accomplice Priscian's impersonation of a starving scholar and their colleague Sir Ruinous Gentry's performance as an impoverished veteran ('what, arms and arts both go a-begging?', exclaims the deceived Old Knight, 1.2.119-20). It finishes with Wittypate electing a scapegoat to undergo his father's displeasure, as the three cheats plan their elaborate mischief against Wittypate's unworldly cousin, the Cambridge cleric Credulous. Middleton's haunting 2.1 furthers these plans, introducing Lady Ruinous Gentry, before Rowley's 2.2 and 2.3 complicate the love-plot to a still greater degree by introducing another suitor for the Niece in Sir Gregory's servant the Clown, and another niece to compete for Cunningame in the person of the Guardianess's ward Mirabell. Once Rowley's 2.4 has dramatized the fake highway robbery in which Wittypate embroils Credulous, Middleton takes over the writing for the whole of the third and fourth acts, where the substitutions and swappings of both plots extend to take in a whole catalogue of objects; false money exchanged for real as the Old Knight is compelled to buy Credulous

out of his fictitious arrest, love-tokens exchanged between the Niece and Cunningame using Sir Gregory as an unwitting go-between, and, at the extreme of the process in 4.3, a dressmaker's dummy substituted for Mirabell and courted by Cunningame in a final bid to expose the Niece's jealousy and thus her affection. The writing of Act 5 is principally Rowley's (although it includes many 'composite' passages in which Middleton's participation is visible), and in resolving both plots it pushes their preoccupations still further. In 5.1 parts of two bodies are hilariously interchanged as Sir Gregory's hands undergo a betrothal ceremony with Mirabell from beneath Cunningame's gown, and 5.2 disguises and exchanges practically the entire cast in a masked dance at Lady Ruinous's mansion, from which the Niece and Cunningame elope while the Old Knight is detained to pay a musicians' bill for a hundred pounds from that 'consort of thieves' (5.2.128), Priscian and Sir Ruinous.

From this brilliantly and energetically pursued exercise in high farce, however, a surprisingly dark and disturbing play emerges. With characteristic Middletonian irony, the struggle between the Old Knight and his son proves to have no ethical dimension whatsoever—at its conclusion Wittypate's viciously unfilial extortions are rewarded as evidence of his proper filial loyalty to a merciless economic individualism—and even the play's romance plot functions on the purely predatory rationale expounded in the Old Knight's shocking introductory lecture. Cunningame and the Niece alike manoeuvre ruthlessly for the position of cheat and just as ruthlessly nominate others for the position of dupe, their affinity founded on a shared willingness to exploit the emotions of others in their own interests; the discourse of romantic love is in this play reserved for the Clown, a mock-heroic loser who arrives back from the New River for the play's conclusion too late to be paired off with anybody. Such gulls, apparently, exist solely to provide meals for the play's knaves, often in a virtually cannibalistic sense. When Sir Gregory sees Priscian and Sir Ruinous in their roles as overqualified beggars, his first impulse is to eat them so as to acquire their qualities (1.2.137–42), but it is he who is ultimately fed as a lucratively nourishing broth by Cunningame to Mirabell (4.1.194–9); Wittypate practically salivates as he describes to Credulous how naïve university graduates are eaten for breakfast by London wits as if they were poached eggs (4.1.124–36). When not reduced to the status of food, the play's victims are perpetually metamorphosing

into other inanimate objects: the Niece's first response to Sir Gregory is to liken him to a puppet (1.1.189), and as far as Cunningame is concerned, as he cynically plans to marry him off to another character who proves interchangeable with a lifeless effigy, both he and Mirabell are so much cast-off millinery (4.1.227), Sir Gregory the offspring of mere fabric:

Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipped else,
Engend'ring with an old pair of paned hose
Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen;
Very steam bred him . . . (4.1.288–91)

With people being taken for clothes and clothes for people on all sides (a dummy turned into a woman by the addition of Mirabell's hat and the Niece's scarf, a false beard creating fictitious identities for Wittypate, Priscian, and Sir Ruinous in turn, a male costume depriving the dispossessed Lady Ruinous even of her Ladyship), *Wit at Several Weapons* depicts a world which for all its comedy can look very alarming indeed, where the distinctions not just between people but between people and their possessions are perpetually under threat, and where the 'wit weapons' of the play's title may materialize, as they do at 5.2.92, as all too literal pistols. While it is true that this sinister side of the play is more often visible in Middleton's predominantly verse scenes than in Rowley's largely prose ones, the overwhelming impression given by the play is of a comedy whose components, however varied, work according to the same symbolic logic. Like much farce, *Wit at Several Weapons* touches not only on the comic results of economic exchange slipping over into affective relations but on the blind, remorseless solipsism of desire itself (as in the beautiful serenade at the centre of the play, 3.1.46–60, praising the superiority of erotic dreams to any waking reality), and the play's culminating dramatic image, appropriately, in the substantially composite 5.2, is the change of partners at a masked ball, danced in the house of a ruined lady to the music of a consort of thieves.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 148
Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1062
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 375
The Manner of his Lordship's Entertainment, 959
Other Middleton–Rowley works: *Quarrel*, 1209; *Old Law*, 1331;
Tennis, 1405; *Changeling*, 1632; *Gypsy*, 1723

WILLIAM ROWLEY and THOMAS MIDDLETON

Wit at Several Weapons

[for Prince Charles's Men]

THE PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, an OLD KNIGHT, a great admirer of wit

WITTYPATE Oldcraft, his father's own son

SIR GREGORY Fop, a witless lord of land

CUNNINGAME, a discreet gentleman, Sir Gregory's comrade and supplanter

SIR RUINOUS Gentry, a decayed knight

PRISCIAN, a poor scholar. two sharking companions

Pompey Doodle, a CLOWN, Sir Gregory's man, a piece of puff-paste, like his master

Mr CREDULOUS, nephew to Sir Perfidious, a shallow-brained scholar

BOY, a singer

SERVANT to Sir and Lady Ruinous Gentry

SERVANT to Sir Perfidious Oldcraft

TWO SERVANTS at a tavern

NIECE to Sir Perfidious, a rich and witty heir

LADY Ruinous, wife to Sir Ruinous

GUARDIANESS to Sir Perfidious's Niece, an old doting crone

MIRABELL, the Guardianess's niece

I. I *Enter Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, an old knight, and Wittypate, his son*

WITTYPATE

Sir, I'm no boy, I'm deep in one-and-twenty,
The second year's approaching.

OLD KNIGHT

A fine time

For a youth to live by his wits, then, I should think,
If e'er he mean to make account of any.

5 WITTYPATE Wits, sir?

OLD KNIGHT

Ay, wits, sir; if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a fool,
I might have employed my pains a great deal better.
Thou know'st all that I have I ha' got by my wits,
10 And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means; I never offered it
My parents from a schoolboy; past nineteen once
(See what these times are grown to!), before twenty
15 I rushed into the world, which is indeed
Much like the art of swimming; he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and adventurous,

And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock; 20

Well he may make a paddler i' the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,

Borne up by th' chin, as I bore up myself
With my strong industry that never failed me;

For he that lies borne up with patrimonies 25

Looks like a long great ass that swims with bladders:
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him

He sinks, because he never tried to swim,
When wit plays with the billows that choked him.

WITTYPATE

Why, is it not a fashion for a father, sir, 30

Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only son a competent brace of hundreds,
Or such a toy?

OLD KNIGHT

Yes, if he mean to spoil him
Or mar his wits he may, but never I. 35

This is my humour, sir, which you'll find constant;
I love wit so well, because I lived by't,

That I'll give no man power out of my means to hurt
it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,

1.1 composed primarily by Middleton
2 second year's of Wittypate's majority
7 get beget
10 urgent insistent
17 plump 'with a sudden drop or fall into

the water' (OED)
20 quake-buttock coward
26 bladders inflated animal bladders used as
aids to buoyancy
29 When...him while those who have wit

sport on the waves that overwhelmed
him
32 competent possibly used in the obsolete
sense of 'no more than adequate'

Which great ones oft forget. I admire much
 This age's dullness. When I scarce writ man,
 The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
 I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
 Could give this lord or knight a true certificate
 Of all the maidenheads extant; how many lay
 'Mongst chambermaids, how many 'mongst Exchange
 45 wenches
 (Though never many there, I must confess,
 They have a trick to utter ware so fast);
 I knew which lady had a mind to fall,
 Which gentlewoman new divorced, which tradesman
 breaking,
 50 The price of every sinner to a hair,
 And where to raise each price; which were the
 termers
 That would give velvet petticoats, tissue gowns,
 Which pieces, angels, suppers, and half-crowns:
 I knew how to match and make my market,
 55 Could give intelligence where the pox lay ledger,
 And then to see the lechers shift a point,
 'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
 Their adored mistress' chambers, and run fearfully
 Like rats from burning houses! So brought I
 60 My clients o' the game still safe together,
 And noble gamesters loved me, and I felt it:
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
 And never left a groat, there's the true gallant.
 When I grew somewhat pursy, I grew then
 65 In men's opinions too, and confidences;
 They put things called executorships upon me,
 The charge of orphans, little senseless creatures,
 Whom in their childhoods I bound forth to feltmakers,
 To make 'em lose and work away their gentry,
 70 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
 So wrought 'em out in time: there I risse ungently;
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
 I'm armed at all points against treachery.
 I hold my humour firm; if I can see thee thrive by thy
 75 wits while I live, I shall have the more courage to trust
 thee with my lands when I die; if not, the next best
 wit I can hear of carries 'em: for since in my time and
 knowledge so many rich children of the City conclude in
 beggary, I'd rather make a wise stranger my executor
 than a foolish son my heir, and to have my lands called
 80 after my wit, thou after my name; and that's my nature.

WITTYPATE [*aside*]
 'Tis a strange harsh one; must I still shift then?
 I come, brave cheats, once to my trade again,
 And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't—
 You'll part with nothing then, sir?

OLD KNIGHT Not a jot, sir. 85

WITTYPATE
 If I should ask you blessing ere I go, sir,
 I think you would not give't me.

OLD KNIGHT
 Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once,
 Thou shalt have anything; thou'rt none of mine else,
 Then why should I take care for thee?

WITTYPATE Thank your bounty. 90
Exit

OLD KNIGHT
 So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
 As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
 He comes so near my nature. I'm grown old now,
 And e'en arrived at my last cheat, I fear me,
 95 But 'twill make shift to bury me, by daylight too,
 And discharge all my legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
 And never trouble any interest money.
 I've yet a niece to wed, over whose steps
 I have placed a trusty watchful guardianess
 For fear some poor earl steal her ('t has been
 100 threatened)
 To redeem mortgaged land, but he shall miss on't;
 To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her;
 Fop of Fop Hall he writes himself (I take it,
 The ancient'st Fop in England), with whom I'm
 privately
 105 Compounded for the third part of her portion.
Enter Sir Gregory and Cunningame
 An she seems pleased, so—two parts rest with me.
 He's come.—Sir Gregory, welcome; what's he, sir?

SIR GREGORY
 Young Cunningame, a Norfolk gentleman,

45 **Exchange wenches** shopgirls employed in the boutiques of the Royal Exchange, the bourse at Cornhill in the City

47 **utter** sell

49 **breaking** going bankrupt

51 **termers** visitors in London to transact legal affairs (during the four law terms, when the courts were in session)

52 **tissue** the most expensive and prestigious dress fabric then available

53 **pieces** gold coins worth £1

angels coins, first minted in 1465, worth around ten shillings each in 1613

55 **lay ledger** was in residence or conducting a siege

56 **shift a point** A point was a lace used for attaching the codpiece, and the doublet,

to the hose: hence 'to truss one's points' was the Jacobean equivalent of 'to do up one's flies'. 'Point', however, could also mean the tip of the penis, so this phrase might best be paraphrased as 'get their codpieces out of there'.

63 **groat** silver coin worth fourpence

64 **pursy** wealthy (having a full purse), with a secondary sense of 'plump'

68 **bound forth** apprenticed

71 **risse** rose

82 **shift** make do with living by tricks

95 **make shift** manage

by daylight Although nocturnal funerals were becoming fashionable in the 1610s, the practice was still chiefly associated

with paupers and lazars.

97 **interest money** capital the Old Knight has loaned out at interest as a usurer (a practice regarded as sinful and unclean)

104-5 **with whom . . . portion** with whom I have privately negotiated to pay only a third of her dowry

105.1 **Cunningame** The name of the character described by the cast list as 'a discreet gentleman, Sir Gregory's comrade and supplanter' obviously puns on 'cunning game', but it is worth noting that this was a perfectly ordinary contemporary spelling of the surname now rendered as 'Cunningham'.

106 An If

- 110 One that has lived upon the Fops, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance; he's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him—nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to law for him;
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are,
115 But I will give him over when I list,
I ha' used wits so before.
- OLD KNIGHT I hope when you're married, sir, you'll shake
him off.
- SIR GREGORY Why, what do you take me to be, old father-
120 i'-law that shall be? Do you think I'll have any of the
wits hang upon me after I am married once? None of
my kindred ever had before me. But where's this niece?
Is't a fashion in London to marry a woman and never
see her?
- OLD KNIGHT
- 125 Excuse the niceness, sir; that care's your friend;
Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her;
There's many a spent thing called 'An't like your
honour'
That lies in wait for her; at first snap, she's a count-
ess,
Drawn with six mares through Fleet Street, and a
coachman
130 Sitting bare-headed to their Flanders buttocks.
[Aside] This whets him on.
- SIR GREGORY Pray, let's clap up the business, sir.
I long to see her; are you sure you have her?
Is she not there already? Hark, O hark!
- OLD KNIGHT
- How now, what's that, sir?
- SIR GREGORY Every caroach goes by
Goes e'en to th' heart of me.
- 135 OLD KNIGHT I'll have that doubt eased, sir,
- Instantly eased, Sir Gregory: and now I think on't,
A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there;
We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her. I love wit preciousely!
You shall not be seen yet: we'll stale your friend first,
140 If't please but him to stand for the antemasque.
- SIR GREGORY
Puh, he shall stand for anything: why, his supper
Lies i' my breeches here; I'll make him fast else.
- OLD KNIGHT
Then come you forth more unexpectedly,
145 The masque itself, a thousand-a-year jointure:
The cloud, your friend, will be then drawn away,
And only you the beauty of the play.
- SIR GREGORY
For red and black I'll put down all your fullers;
Let but your niece bring white, and we have three
colours.
- Exit
- OLD KNIGHT
I'm given to understand you are a wit, sir. 150
- CUNNINGGAME
I'm one that fortune shows small favour to, sir.
- OLD KNIGHT
Why, there you conclude it, whether you will or no,
sir;
To tell you truth, I'm taken with a wit.
- CUNNINGGAME
Fowlers catch woodcocks so; let not them know so
much.
- OLD KNIGHT [aside]
A pestilence mazzard, a Duke Humphrey spark, 155
He'd rather lose his dinner than his jest—
I say, I love a wit the best of all things.

- 114 **chargeable** expensive, with a pun on legal charge, referring back to l. 112
- 119–20 **father-i'-law** used loosely but appropriately, since the Old Knight exercises paternal control over the Niece as her legal guardian
- 120–2 **Do you think . . . before me.** Literally Sir Gregory is assuring the Old Knight that, like other members of his family before him, he will not support 'wits' such as Cunninggame as members of his household after his marriage, but his words carry a punning sense of which he is unaware, namely that he, in the traditional manner of Fops, will be witless as a husband.
- 127 **spent** ruined, bankrupt
'An't like your honour' if it pleases your honour, a phrase regarded as characteristic of the flattery given to aristocrats by their servants
- 129 **six mares** a coach and six would of course have been an ostentatious luxury, appropriate to a newly-ennobled bride
Fleet Street the chief thoroughfare
- from the mercantile City to the socially superior West End
- 130 **Flanders** at the time celebrated for its expensive horses
- 134 **caroach** carriage, luxury coach for urban use
- 137 **toy** fancy, whim
- 140 **stale** use as a lure or decoy
- 141 **antemasque** grotesque, burlesque interlude to precede and set off the main action of a Court masque
- 143 **i' my breeches** i.e. in my pocket
- 145 **jointure** marriage arrangement by which property would be held for the joint use of husband and wife for life (and generally entailed for the wife in the event of widowhood)
- 146 **cloud . . . away** divine revelations from behind mechanical clouds were a commonplace motif in contemporary masques
- 148–9 **For . . . colours** 'an obscure passage . . . Perhaps Sir Gregory is . . . dressed in a red and black suit of clothes. The white probably symbolizes sexual purity . . .
- Perhaps too some reference back to masques, or some specific masque drawing its effect from the striking use of colours, is intended' (Sharp)
- 148 **fullers** workers in the textile industry who beat or trod cloth so as to clean or thicken it
- 153 **taken with** (a) fond of (as the Old Knight intends) (b) duped by (as Cunninggame punningly takes it)
- 155 **A pestilence mazzard** a plaguy head, i.e. this man's brain is a nuisance
Duke Humphrey spark Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester was mistakenly believed to be buried in the promenade of St Paul's, known as Duke Humphrey's Walk, where penurious gallants and wits ('sparks') would take shelter and loiter while their more fortunate fellow-citizens dined: hence the phrase 'to dine with Duke Humphrey', to which the Old Knight alludes, meaning to go hungry. Oldcraft thus labels Cunninggame as penniless, a wit and a malcontent.

- CUNNINGGAME
Always except yourself.
- 160 OLD KNIGHT [*aside*] He's gi'n't me twice now,
All with a breath, I thank him! But that I love a wit
I should be heartily angry.
Enter Niece and Guardians
Cuds, my niece!—
You know the business with her?
- CUNNINGGAME With a woman?
'Tis e'en the very same it was, I'm sure,
Five thousand years ago; no fool can miss it.
- OLD KNIGHT
This is the gentleman I promised, niece,
To present to your affection.
- 165 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] 'Ware that arrow!
OLD KNIGHT
Deliver me the truth now of your liking.
- CUNNINGGAME [*aside*]
I'm spoiled already; that such poor lean game
Should be found out as I am!
- OLD KNIGHT Go, set to her, sir. [*Aside*] Ha, ha, ha!
- CUNNINGGAME
How noble is this virtue in you, lady;
170 Your eye may seem to commit thousand slaughters
On your dull servants, which, truly tasted,
Conclude all in comforts.
- OLD KNIGHT [*aside*] Puh.
- NIECE
It rather shows what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.
- OLD KNIGHT [*aside*]
And that's not worth a groat.—
How like you him, niece?
- 175 NIECE It shall appear how well, sir.
I humbly thank you for him. [*Kisses Cunninggame*]
- OLD KNIGHT [*aside*]
Ha? ha, good gullery! he does it well, i'faith;
'Light, as if he meant to purchase lip-land there.—
Hold, hold! Bear off, I say! 'Slid, your part hangs too
long.
- CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] My joys are mockeries. 180
- NIECE
You've both expressed a worthy care and love, sir:
Had mine own eye been set at liberty
To make a public choice (believe my truth, sir),
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.
- OLD KNIGHT You will say so, then? 185
Alas, sweet niece, all this is but the scabbard;
Now I draw forth the weapon.
- NIECE How?
OLD KNIGHT Sir Gregory,
Approach, thou lad of thousands!
Enter Sir Gregory
- SIR GREGORY Who calls me?
NIECE [*aside*]
What motion's this? the model of Nineveh?
- OLD KNIGHT
Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee. 190
- SIR GREGORY
I was advised to bestow dainty cost on you.
- NIECE
You were ill advised; back, and take better counsel.
You may have good for an angel: the least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, sir,
195 Trebles ten counsellors' fees; in lady-ware
You're over head and ears ere you be aware.
Faith, keep a bachelor still, and go to bowls, sir,
Follow your mistress there, and prick and save, sir,
For other mistresses will make you a slave, sir.

158 He's gi'n't He has given it

160 Cuds one of Middleton's favourite
exclamations, a contraction of 'God save
me'

165 'Ware beware of. 'Cunninggame might
refer here to Cupid's arrow, but his next
two speeches take up the idea of the
Niece's gaze shooting down her suitors.
Presumably, then, the arrow darts from
the Niece's eye rather than from Eros's
bow' (Sharp)

167 poor lean game referring both to his
defencelessness against the Niece's at-
tractions and his position of impoverished
powerlessness in relation to the Old
Knight and Sir Gregory, of whose prac-
tical joke he has already become a victim
(with a pun on his name)

169-72 How... comforts 'The Niece is
more willing to be approached than her
initial glare might indicate' (Sharp). The
'virtue' on which Cunninggame remarks
might equally be a friendly approach

towards him by the Niece

173-4 It... yours is this behaviour simply
reflects my sense of your genuine merits

178 'Light a mild oath (God's light)

lip-land playing on 'Lapland'

179 'Slid another mild oath (God's lid)
your part hangs too long you are taking
your role too far (with a pun on sexual
excitement)

188 lad of thousands (a) lad out of thou-
sands (compare 'one in a million') (b) lad
worth thousands of pounds

189 motion's puppet's (perhaps also with
the sense of 'proposal')

the model of Nineveh a popular fair-
ground puppet-show telling the story of
Jonah and the whale, mentioned by
Jonson in *Every Man out of His Humour*
(1599) and *Bartholomew Fair* (1615);
generically, a bathetic contrast to the
masque in which Sir Gregory imagines
himself to be starring. The Niece may

cite this puppet-play in particular for the
sake of the pun on 'ninny'

190-1 Accost... on you Sir Gregory fails to
understand the word 'accost'; compare
Shakespeare's Sir Andrew Aguecheek,
Twelfth Night, 1.3.46-56

193-6 You... aware You might just be
worth an angel (ten shillings), but the
least amount you would have to give a
woman [in order to compensate her for
your personal deficiencies] would be the
equivalent of thirty lawyers' fees; you are
already head over heels in debt when it
comes to the things desired by women
before you even know it.

198 mistress... save The mistress is the
small white ball at which bowls are
aimed (the modern 'jack'); 'prick' and
'save' are also terms from bowls, mean-
ing to deflect and to block. Middleton
puns on the same three terms in *No Wit/
Help like a Woman's*, 6.82-3.

SIR GREGORY
200 So, so, I have my liripoop already.

OLD KNIGHT
Why, how now, niece? This is the man, I tell you.

NIECE
He? Hang him, sir! I know you do but mock;
This is the man, you would say.

OLD KNIGHT [*aside*]
The devil rides, I think.

CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] I must use cunning here.

OLD KNIGHT
205 Make me not mad; use him with all respect;
This is the man, I swear.

NIECE [*aside*] Would you could persuade me to that!—
Alas, you cannot go beyond me, Uncle!
You carry a jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years, but—

OLD KNIGHT I'm wrought beside myself.

CUNNINGGAME [*to the Guardianess*]
210 I never beheld comeliness till this minute.

GUARDIANESS
O good sweet sir, pray, offer not these words
To an old gentlewoman.

NIECE Sir!

CUNNINGGAME Away, fifteen!
Here's fifty-one exceeds thee.

NIECE What's the business?

CUNNINGGAME
215 Give me these motherly creatures! Come, ne'er
smother it;
I know you are a teeming woman yet.

GUARDIANESS
Troth, a young gentleman might do much, I think,
sir,

CUNNINGGAME Go to, then!

GUARDIANESS
And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

NIECE
Can you so soon neglect me?

CUNNINGGAME Hence, I'm busy.

OLD KNIGHT [*aside*]
220 This cross point came in luckily.—Impudent baggage,
Hang from the gentleman; art thou not ashamed

To be a widow's hindrance?

CUNNINGGAME Are you angry, sir?

OLD KNIGHT
You're welcome; pray, court on. I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance. [*To Niece*] Vex me
not,
After my care and pains to find a match for thee, 225
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth
Like a consuming light in her own socket,
And not allowed a male creature about thee;
A very monkey thy necessity 230
Shall prize at a thousand pound, a chimney-sweeper
At fifteen hundred.

NIECE But are you serious, uncle?

OLD KNIGHT
Serious.

NIECE
Pray, let me look upon the gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over, 235
In haste, good faith, as lawyers chancery sheets;
Beshrew my blood, a tolerable man,
Now I distinctly read him.

SIR GREGORY [*hums*] Hum, hum, hum.

NIECE
Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch;
Well ankled; two good confident calves; they look 240
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness i'th' face, why, that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it, sign of greatness,
marry;
'Tis to be taken down, too, with May butter,
I'll send to my lady Spend-tail for her medicine. 245

SIR GREGORY [*hums*]
Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

NIECE
He's qualified too, believe me.

SIR GREGORY
Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

NIECE
Where was my judgement?

SIR GREGORY
Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum. 250

200 **liripoop** lesson or part to be learned by heart; Sir Gregory has both received his sermon and been assigned his role

204 **The devil rides** from the proverb 'the devil rides upon a fiddlestick', meaning 'here's a fine commotion'

215 **teeming** fertile

220 **cross point** dance step in the contrary direction

226 **out-chamber** outhouse (away from all the other members of the household)

228 **socket** of a candlestick

235 **hum him over** glance quickly and superficially over him

236 **chancery sheets** briefs for the Lord Chancellor's court

239 **pitch** punningly suggesting Sir Gregory has an unappealingly pitch-dark complexion while ostensibly praising his height or build

240 **two...calves** 'From Cunninggame's later remarks at 3.1.285-7 which cite Sir Gregory as an example of "thin gentlemen" with "small trapstick legs" it would seem that the Niece's flattery is heavily ironic' (Sharp)

243 **high bloods** (a) those of aristocratic birth (b) those exhibiting sexual arousal

244 **May butter** Sharp quotes the 1637 edition of Gervase Markham's *English Housewife*, 199: 'If during the month of May before you salt your butter you save a lump thereof, and put it into a vessel, and so set it into the sun the space of that month, you shall find it exceeding sovereign and medicinable for wounds, strains, aches and suchlike grievances'

245 **Spend-tail** the name implies promiscuity, following on from the sexual innuendo of 'high bloods' being 'taken down'

- NIECE
Perfection's covered mess!
- SIR GREGORY
Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.
- NIECE [aside]
It smokes apparently.—Pardon, sweet sir,
The error of my sex.
- 255 OLD KNIGHT Why, well said, niece.
Upon submission, you must pardon her now, sir.
- SIR GREGORY
I'll do't by course; do you think I'm an ass, knight?
Here's first my hand; now't goes to the seal office.
[Kisses her].
- OLD KNIGHT
Formally finished. [To Cunninggame and Guardianess]
How goes this suit forward?
- CUNNINGGAME
I'm taking measure of the widow's mind, sir;
I hope to fit her heart.
- 260 GUARDIANESS Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? Things come in minutes.
- SIR GREGORY
Trust him not, widow, he's a younger brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me, he's worth nothing.
- GUARDIANESS
He brings more content to a woman with that nothing
- 265 THAN he that brings his thousands without any thing,
We have precedents for that amongst great ladies.
- OLD KNIGHT
Come, come; no language now shall be in fashion
- But your love-phrase, the bell to procreation. *Exeunt*
- Enter Sir Ruinous, Wittypate, and Priscian,
[sharing out money] I.2
- WITTYPATE POX, there's nothing puts me besides my wits,
but this fourth, this lay illiterate share, there's no
conscience in't.
- SIR RUINOUS Sir, it has ever been so where I have practised,
and must be still where I am; nor has it been
undeserved at the year's end, and shuffle the almanac
together, vacations and term-times one with another—
though I say't, my wife is a woman of a good spirit—
then it is no lay share. 5
- PRISCIAN Faith, for this five year, *ego possum probare*, I
have had a hungry penurious share with 'em, and she
has had as much as I always. 10
- WITTYPATE Present or not present?
- PRISCIAN *Residens aut non residens, per fidem*.
- WITTYPATE And what precedent's this for me? Because
your *hic et haec turpis* and *qui mihi discipulus* brains (that
never got anything but by accident and uncertainty)
did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded
conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my father to
get by? 15
- SIR RUINOUS Sir, be compendious; either take or refuse;
I will bate no token of my wife's share: make even
the last reckonings, and either so unite or here divide
company. 20
- PRISCIAN A good resolution, *profecto*: let every man beg his
own way, and happy man be his dole. 25

251 **Perfection's covered mess** a covered mess was a 'made dish' served under a cover as one of the high points of a feast, hence the phrase means something like 'a delicious masterpiece'

253 **It smokes apparently** my deception is obviously working

259–60 **I'm . . . heart** punning on the Old Knight's use of the term 'suit'

265 **thing** with a sexual quibble

268 **bell** perhaps with the additional sense of 'mating call', as used of stags

1.2 Composed primarily by Rowley

0.1 **Sir Ruinous . . . Priscian** Sir Ruinous and Priscian are described as 'two *sharking companions*' by the cast list, i.e. predatory rogues, cony-catchers. Priscian is named after the author (*fl. c.AD 500*) of the important Latin grammar *Institutiones Grammaticae*, probably via the phrase 'to break Priscian's head', meaning 'to use incorrect Latin'.

2 **fourth** Sir Ruinous insists that the proceeds of the trio's previous exploit be split four ways, one share going to Lady Ruinous even though she did not

participate in it.

lay non-practising

illiterate i.e. ignorant, non-speaking (and thus unearned)

6–7 **shuffle . . . another** i.e. average out the takings over the whole year to accommodate both the vacations and the (more lucrative) law terms (when London was full of wealthy litigants)

10 ***ego possum probare*** I can witness or demonstrate

14 ***Residens . . . fidem*** Present or absent, by my faith

15 **precedent's** playing on the sound of 'residens'

16 ***hic . . . discipulus*** approximately, 'this dishonest male and female' (referring to Sir Ruinous) and 'who to me would be a pupil' (referring to the pedantic Priscian): both phrases derive from the standard Latin primer used by Renaissance schoolboys, William Lilly and John Colet's *A Short Introduction of Grammar* (1549), which gives 'Hic & Haec Parens' as its first example of the two genders, and concludes with a poem,

'*Ad suos discipulos*' ('To his students'), the first words of which are '*Qui mihi discipulus*'

17 **accidence** the aspect of Latin grammar concerned with inflexions, here used as a pun on 'accidents'

18 **grounded** securely based

19 **conclusions** Wittypate is again playing with the terminology of Latin grammar, choosing the word 'conclusions' because of its linguistic sense of 'word endings, inflexions': he uses the word 'rules' similarly later in the sentence

20 **get** i.e. obtain money

21 **be compendious** be brief, i.e. come to the point

22 **bate** deduct

22–3 **make even the last reckonings** (let's) settle up our outstanding accounts (on that basis, i.e. with a whole quarter share for Lady Ruinous)

25 ***profecto*** indeed

26 **happy man be his dole** proverbial phrase meaning, approximately, 'the best of luck to the winner'

- WITTYPATE Well, here's your double share and single brains. [Giving money to Sir Ruinous] *Pol, aedepol*, here's toward a *castor, ecastor* for you. [Giving money to Priscian] I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends—
- 30 PRISCIAN Take heed, five's odd; put both hands together, or severally they are all odd unjust ends.
- WITTYPATE *Medius fidius*, hold your tongue! I depose you from half a share presently else; I will make you a participle, and decline you; now you understand me: be you a quiet conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your Latin ends shall go shift, *solus cum solo* together, else; and then if ever they get ends of gold and silver enough to serve that gerundine maw of yours, that without *do* will end in *di* and *dum* instantly—
- 40 *Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory*
- SIR RUINOUS Enough, enough, here comes company; we lose five shares in wrangling about one.
- WITTYPATE My father! Put on, Priscian. He has Latin fragments too, but I fear him not. I'll case my face with a little more hair, and relieve. [*Retires, and puts on a false beard*]
- 45 OLD KNIGHT
Tush, nephew! I'll call you so, for if there be No other obstacles than those you speak of, They are but powder charges without pellets; You may safely front 'em, and warrant your own danger.
- 50 SIR GREGORY No other that I can perceive, i'faith, sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest repulse was, she said she would have a little soldier in me, that, if need were, I should defend her reputation.
- 55
- OLD KNIGHT
And surely, sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal ladies: they require
Valour either in a friend or a husband.
- SIR GREGORY And I allow their requests, i'faith, as well as any woman's heart can desire: if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.
- 60 OLD KNIGHT 'Breathes', 'breathes', sir; that's the sweeter phrase.
- SIR GREGORY 'Blows' for a soldier, i'faith, sir; and I'm in practice that way.
- 65 OLD KNIGHT For a soldier, I grant it.
- SIR GREGORY 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little soldier in me.
- 70 SIR RUINOUS [*aside to Priscian*] Will you on and beg, or steal and be hanged?
- SIR GREGORY And some scholar she would have me besides.
- OLD KNIGHT Tush, that shall be no bar; 'tis a quality in a gentleman, but of the least question.
- 75 PRISCIAN *Salvete, domini benignissimi, munificentissimi!*
- OLD KNIGHT *Salvete dicis ad nos? Jubeo te salvere.* Nay, sir, we have Latin, and other metal in us too. [*To Sir Gregory*]
Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.
- SIR GREGORY I could find in my heart to talk with him too, if I could understand him.
- 80 PRISCIAN *Charissimi doctissimique domini, ex abundantia charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me juvenem miserum, pauperem, et omni consolatione exulem.*
- OLD KNIGHT A pretty scholar, by my faith, sir: but I'll to him again.
- 85 SIR GREGORY Does he beg or steal in this language, can you tell, sir? He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er the wiser.

28 *Pol, aedepol* another nickname for Priscian drawn from Lilly and Colet's *Short Introduction of Grammar*, taken from its section 'Of the Adverb': 'Some be of Swearing: as *Pol, aedepol, hercle, medius fidius*...'. The literal sense is 'Pollux, by Pollux'.

28-9 **here's...you** *Castor, ecastor* means 'Castor, by Castor', but the exact point of Wittypate's invocation of the other heavenly twin here, apart from its echoing of '*Pol, aedepol*', has never been satisfactorily explained. Dyce rather dubiously records a friend's suggestion that it puns on the cant term 'caster', cloak, so that Wittypate is recommending that Priscian might spend his share on a cloak: Turner, on the strength of a 1565 translation of 'ecastor' as 'By my fay, used only of women' (in Thomas Cooper's *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae & Britannicae*), glosses the line as 'here's something toward the price of a woman for you', presumably on the assumption that any obscure

joke *must* be bawdy. It seems unlikely that either explanation would persuade a modern director not to cut the line.

30-1 **by...ends** 'i.e. by the fingers of this hand, or, in the modern vernacular, "by this bunch of fives"' (Sharp)

32 **odd** 'i.e. an odd number. Some of the puns in this scene are rather desperate in quality' (Sharp)

33 **severally** separately

34 *Medius fidius* most certainly. Wittypate is again mocking Priscian by quoting A *Short Introduction of Grammar* at him: see note on l. 28, above

36-7 **participle...undeclined** a further battery of grammatical terms

38 **ends** word-endings, inflexions

solus cum solo literally 'alone with alone'

39-40 **ends...silver** 'i.e. broken pieces of gold and silver' (Dyce)

40 **gerundine** 'Possibly this might be a misprint...for "gerundive", but equally it might be a nonce word invented by Wittypate to imply "gerund-spouting" or

"gerund-loving"' (Sharp)

41 **do...dum** gerundive endings, perhaps once more from Lilly and Colet (who refer to 'certain voices called Gerunds ending in *di, do, and dum*'), with puns on 'do', 'die' and 'dumb'

43 **five shares** Sir Ruinous may be echoing 'five ends' at l. 30, but he surely means 'four': 'unless Wittypate also claims a double share, I do not understand Ruinous's arithmetic' (Sharp)

44 **Put on** Go to it

66 **'Blows'...soldier** punning on the pugilistic sense of 'blows'

76 *Salvete...munificentissimi* Greetings, most generous, most munificent sir

77 *Salvete...salvere* Are you speaking your greetings to us? I greet you in return

77-8 **Nay...too** punning on 'latten', an alloy resembling brass, and 'mettle'

82-4 *Charissimi...exulem* Most gracious and learned sir, from your state of charitable abundance look favourably on me, a young man in misery and poverty, exiled from all consolation

- 90 OLD KNIGHT He begs, he begs, sir.
PRISCIAN *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore famias sitisque; ignis in vultu, pudor et impudentia; in omni parte necessitas et indigentia.*
- 95 OLD KNIGHT *Audi tu, bonus socius; tu es scholasticus, sic intelligo; ego faciam argumentum.*—Mark now, sir, now I fetch him up.
SIR GREGORY I have been fetched up a hundred times for this, yet I could never learn half so much.
OLD KNIGHT *Audi, et responde; hoc est argumentum: nomen est nomen; ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc, responde argumentum meum.*—Have I not put him to't, sir?
SIR GREGORY Yes, sir, I think so.
WITTPATE [*aside to Sir Ruinous*] Step in; the rascal is put out of his penned speech, and he can go no farther.
- 105 OLD KNIGHT *Cur non respondes?*
PRISCIAN *O domine, tanta mea est miseria*—
WITTPATE So, he's almost in again.
PRISCIAN —*ut nocte mecum pernoctet egestas, luce quotidie paupertas habitet.*
- 110 OLD KNIGHT *Sed quod est tibi nomen, et quis dedit? Responde argumentum.*
PRISCIAN Hem, hem.
WITTPATE He's dry, he hems; on, quickly!
SIR RUINOUS [*coming forward*] Courteous gentlemen, if the
- 115 brow of a military face may not be offensive to your generous eyeballs, let his wounds speak better than his words for some branch or small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren soil of a soldier.
OLD KNIGHT How now! What, arms and arts both go
- 120 a-begging?
SIR RUINOUS Such is the post-progress of cold Charity nowadays, who, for heat to her frigid limbs, passes in
- so swift a motion that two at the least had need be to stay her.
SIR GREGORY Sir, let's reward 'em, I pray you, and be gone. If any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer neither of them; his iron and steel tongue is as hard as the t'other's Latin one.
OLD KNIGHT Stay, stay, sir; I will talk a little with him first. Let me alone with both; I will try whether they live by their wits or no, for such a man I love.—And what, you both beg together, then?
PRISCIAN *Coniunctis manibus profecto, domine.*
SIR RUINOUS With equal fortunes, equal distribution; there's not the breadth of a sword's point uneven in our division.
SIR GREGORY What two qualities are here cast away upon two poor fellows! If a man had 'em that could maintain 'em, what a double man were that! If these two fellows might be bought, and sodden, and boiled to a jelly, and eaten fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find strange things in his stomach.
OLD KNIGHT Come, sir, join your charity with mine, and we'll make up a couple of pence betwixt us.
SIR GREGORY If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.
WITTPATE [*coming forward*] Save you, gentlemen! how now? What, are you encountered here? What fellows are these?
OLD KNIGHT Faith, sir, here's Mars and Mercury, a pair of poor planets, it seems, that Jupiter has turned out to live by their wits; and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle 'em a new fire.
WITTPATE Stay, pray you, stay, sir; you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice: so many deceivers walk in these shadows
- 125
130
140
145
150
155
- 91–3 *Ecce ... indigentia* Behold, behold, in my eyes a river of tears, in my mouth hunger and thirst; in my countenance a fire of shame at my shamelessness [in begging]; in every part of me necessity and indigence. (Throughout this scene, Priscian's Latin is as clumsy as Wittypate's taunts from *A Short Introduction of Grammar* might lead us to expect, and proves to have been learned parrot-fashion from a prepared script: see I.I.I.105.1–I.I.I.106).
- 94–5 *Audi ... argumentum* Listen, good friend; you are a scholar, so I understand; I will set you an argument. (The Old Knight's Latin, however, is even more basic than Priscian's.)
- 99–101 *Audi ... meum* Listen and reply; this is the argument: a name is a name; and so, what is your name? Reply now, reply to my argument
- 105 *Cur ... respondes?* Why do you not reply?
- 106 *O ... miseria* O sir, such is my distress ... (In response to the Old Knight's interrogation, Priscian is only able to
- revert to his pre-rehearsed begging routine.)
- 108–9 *ut ... habitet* ... that through the hours of darkness destitution lodges with me, and through the hours of light every day poverty stays with me
- 110–11 *Sed ... argumentum* But what is your name, and who will vouchsafe it? Reply to the argument
- 112 *Hem, hem* conventional sound of throat-clearing, by which Priscian may be deliberately signalling to his colleagues that he has 'dried'
- 116–17 *his wounds ... his words* The wounds are those about to be claimed by Sir Ruinous in his character of a veteran soldier, the words those which Priscian has already spoken in his character of a poor scholar. Sir Ruinous adopts the elaborately figured, slightly bombastic language regarded as proper to a Renaissance soldier.
- 121 *post-progress* hurried movement or procession
- 124 *stay detain*, stop
- 128 *Latin* punning once more on 'latten': see ll. 77–8
- 133 *Coniunctis ... domine* With hands united, indeed, sir
- 138 *maintain* afford to support
- 141 *fasting* on an empty stomach
- 142 *stomach* Sir Gregory is presumably thinking in particular of Sir Ruinous's assumed military virtues here, since the stomach was thought to be the seat of courage
- 145 *pennyworth* of Priscian's learning and Sir Ruinous's valour
- 148 *are you encountered here?* have you been accosted here?
- 150 *Mercury* appropriately, a deity associated with trickery as well as with study
- 151–2 *Jupiter ... wits* 'We need not search for this incident in classical mythology. The Old Knight makes of Jupiter, chief of the gods, exactly the same sort of harsh, but wit-loving head of household as himself' (Sharp)
- 156 *shadows* disguises, stage costumes

- nowadays that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserved to so lewd and vicious uses.—Which is he that professes the soldier?
- 160 SIR RUINOUS He that professes his own profession, sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this pair of half-score years.
- WITTYPATE In what services have you been, sir?
- 165 SIR RUINOUS The first that fleshed me a soldier, sir, was that great battle of Alcazar in Barbary, where the noble English Stukeley fell, and where that royal Portugal, Sebastian, ended his untimely days.
- WITTYPATE Are you sure Sebastian died there?
- 170 SIR RUINOUS Faith, sir, there was some other rumour hopped amongst us that he, wounded, escaped, and touched on his native shore again, where, finding his country at home more distressed by the invasion of the Spaniard than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which where he ended is yet uncertain.
- 175 WITTYPATE By my faith, sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.
- SIR RUINOUS Since, sir, I served in France, the Low Countries, lastly at that memorable skirmish at Nieuport; where the forward and bold Scot there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell came home from his resolution a double honour to his country.
- 180 WITTYPATE This should be no counterfeit, sir.
- 185 OLD KNIGHT I do not think he is, sir.
- WITTYPATE But, sir, methinks you do not show the marks of a soldier: could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scars to be your chronicle?
- SIR RUINOUS Sir, I have wounds, and many; but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.
- WITTYPATE A good soldier cannot want those badges.
- SIR GREGORY Now am not I of your mind in that; for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best: always at a cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest 195 knocks.
- WITTYPATE Nay, I'll have a bout with your scholar too.—To ask you why you should be poor, yet richly learned, were no question, at least you can easily answer it; but whether you have learning enough to deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is commonly the meed of learning), is yet to be tried. You have the languages? I mean the chief, as the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, *et caetera*?
- 200 PRISCIAN *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, domine.*
- OLD KNIGHT The Latin I have sufficiently tried him in, and I promise you, sir, he is very well grounded.
- WITTYPATE I will prove him in some of the rest.—*Tois miois fatherois iste coxcomboy?*
- 205 PRISCIAN *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi asinisooy.*
- WITTYPATE *Cheateron ton biton?*
- PRISCIAN *Tous pollous strikerous, angelo to peeso.*
- WITTYPATE Certainly, sir, a very excellent scholar in the Greek.
- OLD KNIGHT I do note a wondrous readiness in him.
- 210 SIR GREGORY I do wonder how the Trojans could hold out ten years' siege, as 'tis reported, against the Greeks; if Achilles spoke but this tongue, I do not think but he might have shaken down the walls in a seventh-night, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.
- 215 WITTYPATE I will try him so far as I can in the Syriac.—*Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.*

161 **pair of half-score** elaborate military banter for 'a score', i.e. twenty

164–7 **The first... days** Sir Ruinous's recollections of his fictitious military career are of a distinctly hackneyed variety: the famous battle in which king Sebastian of Portugal perished in his attempt to win Morocco for Christianity, fought in 1578, was well known to playgoers from George Peele's drama *The Battle of Alcazar* (1594), while the career of the notorious English pirate and adventurer Thomas Stukeley, who also died there, had been made the subject of the anonymous play *Captain Thomas Stukeley* (1596; printed 1605).

169–75 **Faith... uncertain** Sebastian left no legal heir, and after his death at Alcazar Philip II of Spain was able to take control of Portugal, although rumours of Sebastian's survival persisted throughout Europe for many years

179 **skirmish at Nieuport** perhaps the most famous encounter of the Dutch civil wars, the Battle of Nieuport (2 Jul. 1600), in which Protestant forces under Prince Maurice of Nassau, assisted by

English and Scots troops commanded by Sir Edward Cecil and Sir Francis Vere, defeated Prince Albert of Spain

180–3 **the forward... country** The Scottish vanguard at Nieuport was cut off by the Spanish from the remainder of the army and massacred, achieving legendary status as a result. The story of this rare Protestant victory was so well-known in England that Sir Ruinous's ability to recount it constitutes a remarkably slender proof of his military experience, making Wittypate's success in persuading the Old Knight otherwise especially comic.

189–91 **Sir... publish** with an innuendo on the marks of venereal disease, taken up covertly by Wittypate's response

194 **scapes** escapes

195 **cock-fencing** cockfight. Sir Gregory obtusely fails to see that Sir Ruinous's lack of visible wounds actually does invalidate his story

201 **meed** reward. The learned have always been spectacularly underpaid, especially in England.

203 **Syriac** Cyrillic, i.e. Russian. It is

probable that the dialogue from here through l. 227–8 was contributed to the scene by Middleton, who delighted in such scenes of fraudulent linguistic expertise.

205 **Aliquantulum... domine** Somewhat, not completely, sir

208–12 **Tois... peeso** The 'Greek' spoken by Wittypate and Priscian is magnificently spurious, consisting largely of English words given vaguely Greek-sounding endings: it is just possible to discern the sense of the conversation as, approximately, 'Is my father a coxcomb?... (?)... fool, ass (?)—Shall we cheat him, bite him (in the cant sense of "cheat")?... (?)... we can strike (coin) angels and pieces (from him)'. Compare the fraudulent Greek spoken by Idle in *Puritan* (4.2.108).

215 **wondrous readiness** due, as the Old Knight fails to realize, to careful rehearsal

219 **seventh-night** week

222–6 **Kircom... nagothi** this 'Syriac' is of course every bit as bogus as the preceding Greek

- PRISCIAN *Hashagath rabgabash shobos onoriadka.*
 WITTYPATE *Colpack rubasca, gnawerthem shigshag.*
 225 PRISCIAN *Napshamothem ribshe bongomosh lashemech nag-
 othi.*
 WITTYPATE Gentlemen, I have done: any man that can, go
 further; I confess myself at a nonplus.
 SIR GREGORY Faith, not I, sir; I was at my farthest in my
 230 natural language; I was never double-tongued, I thank
 my hard fortune.
 WITTYPATE Well, gentlemen, 'tis pity,—[*To Priscian and Sir
 Ruinous*] Walk further off a little, my friends—I say, 'tis
 235 pity such fellows, so endowed, so qualified with the gifts
 of nature and arts, yet should have such a scarcity of
 Fortune's benefits: we must blame our iron-hearted age
 for it.
 OLD KNIGHT 'Tis pity, indeed, and our pity shall speak a
 little for 'em: come, sir; here's my groat.
 240 WITTYPATE A groat, sir? O, fie! Give nothing rather! 'Twere
 better you railed on 'em for begging, and so quit
 yourself. I am a poor gentleman, that have little but
 my wits to live on—
 OLD KNIGHT Troth, and I love you the better, sir.
 245 WITTYPATE —yet I'll begin a better example than so. [*To
 Priscian and Sir Ruinous, throwing them a purse*] Here,
 fellows, there's between you! Take purse and all, and
 I would it were heavier for your sakes! There's a
 pair of angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor
 250 gentleman's good will.
 PRISCIAN *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime domine!*
 OLD KNIGHT This is an ill example for us, sir; I would this
 bountiful gentleman had not come this way today!
 SIR GREGORY Pox, we must not shame ourselves now, sir.
 255 I'll give as much as that gentleman, though I never be
 soldier or scholar while I live.—Here, friends, [*throwing
 a gold coin to Sir Ruinous and Priscian*] there's a piece
 that if he were divided would make a pair of angels for
 me too, in the love I bear to the sword and the tongues.
 260 OLD KNIGHT My largess shall be equal too, [*throwing them
 another gold coin*] and much good do you!—[*Aside*] This
 bounty is a little abatement of my wit, though, I feel
 that.
 SIR RUINOUS May soldiers ever defend such charities!
- PRISCIAN And scholars pray for their increase! 265
 OLD KNIGHT [*to Wittypate*] Fare you well, sir: these fellows
 may pray for you; you have made the scholar's com-
 mons exceed today. And a word with you, sir; you said
 you lived by your wits; if you use this bounty, you'll
 270 beggar your wits, believe it.
 WITTYPATE O, sir, I hope to increase 'em by it; this seed
 never wants his harvest. Fare you well, sir. *Exit*
 SIR GREGORY [*aside*] I think a man were as good meet with a
 reasonable thief as an unreasonable beggar sometimes;
 I could find in my heart to beg half mine back again. 275
 [*To Priscian and Sir Ruinous*]—Can you change my piece,
 my friends?
 PRISCIAN *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*
 SIR GREGORY My gold is turned into Latin.
Re-enter Wittypate
 WITTYPATE Look you, good fellows, here's one round 280
 shilling more, that lay concealed.
 OLD KNIGHT Sir, away! We shall be drawn farther into
 damage else.
 SIR GREGORY A pox of the fool! He live by his wits? If his
 wits leave him any money but what he begs or steals 285
 very shortly, I'll be hanged for him.
Exeunt Old Knight and Sir Gregory
 SIR RUINOUS This breakfast-parcel was well fetched off,
 i'faith.
 WITTYPATE Tush, a by-blow for mirth; we must have better
 purchase. We want a fourth for another project that I 290
 have ripened.
 SIR RUINOUS My wife; she shares, and can deserve it.
 WITTYPATE She can change her shape, and be masculine?
 SIR RUINOUS 'Tis one of the freest conditions: she fears not
 the crack of a pistol; she dares say 'Stand!' to a grazier. 295
 PRISCIAN *Probatum fuit profecto, domine.*
 WITTYPATE Good: then you, sir, [*To Priscian*] Bacchus
 Apollo, shall be dispatched with her share and some
 counters to meet us tomorrow, at a certain place and
 time appointed, in the masculine gender. My father 300
 has a nephew, and I an own cousin, coming up from
 the university, whom he loves most indulgently—easy
 Master Credulous Oldcraft (for you know what your
 mere academic is). Your carrier never misses his hour.
 been proven, sir
 297–8 **Bacchus Apollo** Wittypate again calls
 Priscian by a nickname drawn from *A
 Short Introduction of Grammar*, this time
 from Lilly's poem '*Carmen de nominum
 generibus*', the second line of which
 includes the phrase 'Ut sunt divorum,
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo'.
 302 **easy** gullible
 304 **Your...hour** The punctuality of the
 Cambridge university carrier Thomas
 Hobson (c.1544–1631), who ferried
 students and baggage to and from
 London, was legendary; see Milton's
 two facetious epitaphs, printed in *Poems*
 (1645).
- 230 **double-tongued** bilingual
 249 **pair of angels** The two coins Wittypate
 claims are in the purse would together be
 worth about £1, a sum sixty times larger
 than the groat initially offered by the Old
 Knight.
 251 **Gratias...domine** Thanks, the greatest
 thanks, most generous sir
 257 **piece** coin worth £1, twice as much as
 an angel
 267–8 **scholar's commons** daily allowance
 of food provided for university students
 (generally bread and cheese)
 271 **seed** Wittypate's apparent investment
 in Priscian and Sir Ruinous has of course
 been precisely that, seed money, which
 has already reaped its harvest
- 278 **Tempora...illis** Times change and
 we change with them: perhaps the most
 clichéd of all Latin tags
 279 **Latin** another pun on 'latten': Sir
 Gregory's gold has been alchemically
 transformed into base metal
 287 **breakfast-parcel** sum of money with
 which to pay for breakfast
 289 **by-blow** trifling achievement
 294 **'Tis** i.e. she is (or has)
 295 **'Stand!'** stereotypical command of a
 highwayman to his prey
grazier one who fattens cattle and brings
 them to market, a proverbial target for
 highwaymen and footpads when on the
 way home with the proceeds
 296 **Probatum...domine** This has indeed

305 He must not be robbed, because he has but little to lose,
but he must join with us in a device that I have, that
shall rob my father of a hundred pieces, and thank me
to be rid on't. For there's the ambition of my wit: to
live upon his professed wit, that has turned me out to
310 live by my wits.

PRISCIAN *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regraturor.*

WITTYPATE A male habit, a bag of a hundred weight,
though it be counters (for my alchemy shall turn 'em
into gold of my father's); the hour, the place, the action
315 shall be at large set down: and, father, you shall know
that I put my portion to use, that you have given me
to live by;

And, to confirm yourself in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wit's legitimate. *Exeunt*



2.1 *Enter Lady Ruinous and Servant*

SERVANT

Nay, Lady—

LADY Put me not in mind on't, prithee;
You cannot do a greater wrong to women;
For in our wants 'tis the most chief affliction
To have that name remembered; 'tis a title
5 That misery mocks us by, and the world's malice.
Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work
On humble callings: they are safe, and lie
Level with pity still, and pale distress
Is no great stranger to 'em; but when Fortune
10 Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
And our worst enemy then, that most abuses us,
Is that we are called by, 'Lady'. *[Exit Servant]*

O my spirit,

Will nothing make thee humble? I am well, methinks,
15 And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
Until I look into the world again:
Then I begin to rave at my stars' bitterness,
To see how many muckhills placed above me,
Peasants and droils, caroches full of dunghills,
20 Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
Glistering by night like glow-worms through the high-
streets,
Hurried by torchlight in the footmen's hands,
That show like running fire-drakes through the city:

311 *Cum...regraturor* Coming back as the swallow

318 *renate* reborn
2.1 composed by Middleton

18 *muckhills* i.e. persons bred in farmyards
(compare 'dunghills', 2.1.19)

19 *droils* common drudges

23 *fire-drakes* fireworks in the shape of
dragons which propelled themselves
along wires

26 *manfully* with the additional sense of 'in

male attire'

28 *stamped* marked, inflicted

36 *philip-and-cheyney* a relatively inexpensive
dress fabric

37 *bugle* a dark-coloured tubular bead made
of glass

40 *highway-lawyers* highway robbers

42 *Highgate* increasingly fashionable
settlement on high ground five miles
north of the City, where the northward
road's passage through a tollgate into

And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
Nay, sometimes danger too, on foot, on horseback, 25
And earn my supper manfully ere I get it;
Many a meal I have purchased at that rate,
Enter Priscian [disguised with a beard]

Fed with a wound upon me, stamped at midnight.
Ha! what are you?

PRISCIAN (*pulls off his beard*)

Now you may tell yourself, lady.

LADY O, Master Priscian; what's the project? 30

For you ne'er come without one.

PRISCIAN First, your husband,
Sir Ruinous Gentry, greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five cheats and two robberies.

LADY And what comes it to?

PRISCIAN

Near upon thirteen pound.

LADY A goodly share! 35

'Twill put a lady scarce in philip-and-cheyney
With three small bugle laces, like a chambermaid:
Here's precious lifting!

PRISCIAN 'Las, you must consider, lady,
'Tis but young term; attorneys ha' small doings yet;
Then highway-lawyers, they must needs ha' little. 40

We've had no great good luck, to speak troth, beauty,
Since your stout ladyship parted from's at Highgate:
But there's a fair hope now for a present hundred;
Here's man's apparel; your horse stands at door.

LADY

And what's the virtuous plot now?

PRISCIAN Marry, lady, 45

You, like a brave young gallant, must be robbed.

LADY

I robbed?

PRISCIAN Nay, then—

LADY Well, well, go on; let's hear, sir.

PRISCIAN

Here's a sealed bag of a hundred, which indeed
Are counters all, only some sixteen groats
Of white money i'the mouth on't.

LADY So: what saddle have I? 50

PRISCIAN

Monsieur Laroon's, the Frenchman's.

LADY That again!

You know so well it is not for my stride,

open countryside provided a suitable
venue for highway robberies
49-50 *sixteen...white money* 'white
money' meant silver coins (such as the
groat)
51-4 *Monsieur Laroon's...Scotch one*
'Evidently the saddles have been stolen,
and some badinage about the comparat-
ive sexual capacities of Frenchmen and
Scots[men] definitely seems intended...'
(Sharp)

Act 2 Scene 1

Wit at feverall Weapons.

How oft have I complained on't?
 PRISCIAN
 You may have Jockey's then, the little Scotch one.
 You must dispatch.
 55 LADY I'll soon be ready, sir,
 Before you ha' shifted saddles. *Exit Priscian*
 Many women
 Have their wealth flow to 'em; I was made, I see,
 To help my fortune, not my fortune me. *Exit*

2.2 *Enter Cunninggame*
 CUNNINGGAME
 My ways are goblin-led, and the night-elf
 Still draws me from my home, yet I follow;
 Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
 Such hags do get dominion of our tongues,
 5 So soon as we speak, the enchantment binds.
 I have dissembled such a trouble on me
 As my best wits can hardly clear again.
 Piping through this old reed, the guardianess,
 With purpose that my harmony shall reach
 10 And please the lady's ear, she stops below
 And echoes back my love unto my lips,
 Persuaded by most violent arguments
 Of self-love in herself, I am so self-fool
 To dote upon her hundred-wrinkled face.
 15 I could beggar her to accept the gifts
 She would throw upon me; 'twere charity;
 But for pity's sake I will be a niggard
 And undo her, refusing to take from her.
Enter Guardianess
 I'm haunted again: if it take not now,
 I'll break the spell.
 20 GUARDIANESS Sweet Cunninggame, welcome!
 What, a whole day absent? Birds that build nests
 Have care to keep 'em.
 CUNNINGGAME That's granted,
 But not continually to sit upon 'em,
 'Less in the youngling season; else they desire
 25 To fly abroad and recreate their labours,
 Then they return with fresher appetite
 To work again.
 GUARDIANESS Well, well, you have built a nest
 That will stand all storms; you need not mistrust
 A weather-wrack; and one day it may be
 30 The youngling season, too; then, I hope,
 You'll ne'er fly out of sight.
 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] There will be pains,

I see, to shake this burr off.—And, sweetest,
 Prithee, how fares thy charge? Has my good friend
 Sir Gregory the countenance of a lover?
 GUARDIANESS
 No, by my troth, not in my mind; methinks,
 35 Setting his worship aside, he looks like a fool.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Nay, i'faith, ne'er divide his worship from him
 For that small matter; fool and worship are
 No such strangers nowadays. But my meaning is,
 Has he thy lady's countenance of love?
 40 Looks she like a welcome on him? Plainly,
 Have they as good hope of one another
 As, Cupid bless us, we have?
 GUARDIANESS Troth, I know not;
 I can perceive no forwardness in my charge;
 45 But I protest I wish the knight the better
 For your sake, bird.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Why, thanks, sweet bird, and with my heart I wish
 That he had as strong and likely hope of her
 As thou hast of me.
 GUARDIANESS Well, he's like to speed
 Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you,
 50 bird,
 (For secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two),
 My charge thinks well of you.
 CUNNINGGAME Of me? For what?
 GUARDIANESS
 For my sake, I mean so; I have heard her
 A hundred times say, since her uncle gave her
 The first bob about you, that she'd do somewhat
 55 For my sake, if things went well together:
 We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things, and
 things—
 Go to, I'll tell you all! But you'll find some
 Advancement for my sake, I do believe.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Faith, be not sparing, tell me.
 GUARDIANESS By my lady,
 60 You shall pardon me for that; 'twere a shame
 If men should hear all that women speak behind
 Their backs sometimes.
 CUNNINGGAME You must give me leave yet
 At least to give her thanks.
 GUARDIANESS Nor that neither;
 She must not take a notice of my blabbing.
 65 It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,

2.2 primarily composed, along with the remainder of act 2, by Rowley
 1-5 My... binds Cunninggame attributes his spontaneous idea of feigning to court the Guardianess in place of the Niece to the sort of magic by which goblins and elves were popularly supposed to lead benighted travellers astray
 16-18 'twere... her it would be charitable (to accept the Guardianess's gifts), but

out of pity I will be stingy (with my acceptance) and thus undo her by not taking them (instead of bankrupting her by doing so)
 19-20 if... spell if my plan of wooing the Niece via the feigned wooing of the Guardianess doesn't succeed this time, I'll disabuse the Guardianess
 24 'Less unless, except

else otherwise, at other times
 54-5 gave... bob 'to give someone the bob' meant 'to make a fool of them' or 'play a trick on them'
 57 We... things The conversation here sparingly reported has clearly been full of sexual innuendo
 58 Go... all! i.e. get away, I'll be betraying all my secrets to you at this rate

For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful:
 She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.
 CUNNINGGAME
 How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate
 70 Not to repay her with my dearest duty?
 GUARDIANESS
 Ay, but you must not know it; if you tell
 All that I open to you, you'll shame us both:
 Afar off you may kiss your hand, blush, or so,
 But I'll allow no nearer conference.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Whoop! you'll be jealous, I perceive now.
 75 GUARDIANESS Jealous?
 Why, there is no true love without it, bird,
 I must be jealous of thee; but for her
 (Were it within my duty to my master),
 I durst trust her with the strongest tempter,
 80 And I dare swear her now as pure a virgin
 As e'er was welcomed to a marriage bed:
 If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.
 CUNNINGGAME
 And where's the cause of your fear, then?
 GUARDIANESS Well, well,
 85 When things are past and the wedding torches
 Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
 Then I'll tell you more.
 CUNNINGGAME Come, come, I see further
 That if we were married, you'd be jealous.
 GUARDIANESS
 I protest, I should a little, but not of her:
 It is the married woman (if you mark it),
 90 And not the maid, that longs; the appetite
 Follows the first taste; when we have relished
 We wish cloying; the taste once pleased before,
 Then our desire is whetted on to more.
 But I reveal too much to you, i'faith, bird.
 CUNNINGGAME
 95 Not a whit, faith, bird, betwixt you and I;
 I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
 GUARDIANESS
 Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be ruled;
 But make not things common.
Enter Niece and Clown [the latter giving her a ruff]
 CUNNINGGAME Ud'so, your lady.

GUARDIANESS
 Ay, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this;
 Our familiarity is her content. 100
 NIECE This present from Sir Gregory?
 CLOWN From my master, the worshipful right Sir Gregory
 Fop.
 NIECE
 A ruff? And what might be his high conceit
 In sending of a ruff? 105
 CLOWN I think he had two conceits in it, forsooth, too high,
 too low; ruff-high, because as the ruff does embrace
 your neck all day, so does he desire to throw his
 knightly arms.
 NIECE
 But then I leave him off o' nights. 110
 CLOWN Why, then he is ruff-low, a ruffian, a bold adven-
 turous errant to do any rough service for his lady.
 NIECE
 A witty and unhappy conceit! (*Toward Cunninggame*)—
 Does he mean
 As he seems to say unto that reverence?
 He does woo her, sure. 115
 CLOWN To tell you truth, lady, his conceit was far better
 than I have blazed it yet.
 NIECE Do you think so, sir?
 CLOWN Nay, I know it, forsooth, for it was two days ere he
 compassed it, to find a fitting present for your ladyship:
 120 he was sending once a very fine puppy to you.
 NIECE And that he would have brought himself.
 CLOWN So he would, indeed, but then he altered his device,
 and sent this ruff, requesting withal, that whensoever
 it is foul, you with your own hands would bestow the
 starching of it. 125
 NIECE (*toward Cunninggame*)
 Else she woos him: now his eyes shoot this way.—
 And what was the reason for that, sir?
 CLOWN There lies his main conceit, lady; 'For', says he, 'in
 so doing she cannot choose but in the starching to clap
 130 it often between her hands, and so she gives a great
 liking and applause to my present; whereas if I should
 send a puppy she ever calls it to her with "hist, hiss,
 hiss", which is a fearful disgrace.' He drew the device
 from a play at the Bull t'other day. 135
 NIECE
 Ay, marry, sir, this was a rich conceit, indeed.

85 fire with its secondary sense of 'passion'

96 beholding beholden to you

98.1 Clown The Clown, Pompey Doodle, is described by the cast list as 'a piece of puff-paste [puff pastry], like his master', so it may be that there is something foppish about his clothes even before his transformation into a gallant later in the play.

98 Ud'so contraction of 'God save me'

104 conceit conception, fanciful underlying idea

106-7 too high, too low an expression

which has greatly puzzled editors, although Sharp and Turner are in general agreement that of Sir Gregory's two conceits the first is 'too high' (in the sense of excited, the ruff about the neck signifying an embrace) and the second too low (too vulgar)

107-12 ruff-high...lady The puzzlement continues here, with some editors following Weber in suspecting an obscure pun derived from cardplaying (since 'ruff' could mean 'trump'), and Turner opting

squarely for obscenity, pointing out that 'ruff' could mean 'pudendum' and 'rob the ruffian' could mean 'copulate'. That the 'lower' of the conceits is salacious, ll. 110-12, seems certain.

113 unhappy 'i.e. mischievous, waggish' (Dyce), although, as Sharp observes, the modern sense may also be present

120 compassed achieved

135 the Bull the Red Bull Theatre in Clerkenwell (near the Barbican), noted for its rowdiness

CLOWN
And far-fetched; therefore good for you, lady.

GUARDIANESS How now, which way look you, bird?

CUNNINGGAME At the fool, bird; shall I not look at the fool?

140 GUARDIANESS At the fool, and I here? What need that?
Pray, look this way.

NIECE [*aside*]
I'll fit him aptly; either I'll awake
His wits (if he have any) or force him
To appear (as yet I cannot think him)
145 Without any.—Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I shall ask you now: was this device
Your master's own? I doubt his wit in it;
He's not so ingenious.

CLOWN His own, I assure you, madam.

150 NIECE Nay, you must not lie.

CLOWN Not with a lady? I'd rather lie with you than lie
with my master, by your leave, in such a case as this.

GUARDIANESS
Yet again your eye?

CUNNINGGAME The fool makes mirth, i'faith,
I would hear some.

GUARDIANESS Come, you shall hear none but me.

NIECE
155 Come hither, friend; nay, come nearer me; did
Thy master send thee to me? He may be wise,
But did not show it much in that; men sometimes
May wrong themselves unawares, when they least
think on't:
Was Vulcan ever so unwise to send Mars
160 To be his spokesman, when he went a-wooing?
Send thee! Heigh-ho, a pretty rolling eye—

CLOWN I can turn up the white and the black too, an need
be, forsooth.

NIECE Why, here's an amorous nose.

165 CLOWN You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

NIECE A cheek!
How I could pat it now in dalliance!
A pair of lips—O, that we were uneyed!—
I could suck sugar from 'em. What a beard's here!
170 When will the knight thy master have such a stamp
Of manhood on his face? Nay, do not blush.

CLOWN
'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

CUNNINGGAME Death, she courts the fool!

GUARDIANESS
Away, away! 'Tis sport; do not mind it.

NIECE
Give me thy hand; come, be familiar: 175
Ay, here's a promising palm; what a soft
Handful of pleasure's here! Here's down compared
With flocks and quilted straw; thy knight's fingers
Are lean mattress-rubbers to these feathers:
I prithee, let me lean my cheek upon't; 180
What a soft pillow's here!

CLOWN Hum, umh, hu, hum!

NIECE
Why, there's a courage in that lively passion.
Measure thee all o'er, there's not a limb
But has his full proportion: it is my voice,
There's no compare betwixt the knight and thee; 185
The goodlier man by hall,
At once, now I see thee all over.

CLOWN If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back,
you would have said you had seen: there was two
chambermaids that saw me, and my legs by chance
were tangled in the flags, and when they saw how I
was hanged, they cried out, 'O, help the man for fear
he be drowned!'

NIECE
They could do no less in pity. Come, thine arm;
We'll walk together. 195

CUNNINGGAME
Blindness of love and women! why, she dotes
Upon the fool.

GUARDIANESS What's that to you? Mind her not.

CUNNINGGAME
Away, you burr!

GUARDIANESS How's that?

CUNNINGGAME
Hang off, flesh-hook! Fasten thine itchy clasp
On some dry toadstool, that will kindle with thee, 200
And burn together.

GUARDIANESS O, abominable!
Why, do you not love me?

CUNNINGGAME No; never did.
I took thee down a little way to enforce
A vomit from my offended stomach; now

137 **far-fetched** alluding to the proverb 'far-fetched and dear bought is good for ladies' (i.e. women like exotic and expensive gifts)

151–2 I'd...**this** with a sexual quibble
159–60 Was...**a-wooing** Venus was of course unfaithful to her husband Vulcan with Mars

162–3 I...**forsooth** The Clown misunderstands the Niece's praise of his 'rolling' (i.e. sensually languorous) eye, boasting that he can perform the childish trick of rolling up his pupils until they become invisible.

165 **You... forsooth** The compliment to the Clown's nose might be received with similar ineptitude if he were to wipe it apologetically on this line.

179 **mattress-rubbers** rough mattress covers
191 **flags** irises

192 **hanged** The Clown ostensibly means 'suspended', but with a punning boast of his sexual endowment (compare the modern colloquialism 'well hung').

199 **flesh-hook** literally, a utensil for lifting meat from a stewpot: Cunninggame's insult thus implies that the Guardianess belongs in the kitchen, as well as

accusing her of excessive carnality
200 **dry toadstool** At this date the word 'toadstool' could be used to refer to mushrooms in general (rather than simply inedible or poisonous varieties), so Cunninggame may well be continuing the stew metaphor he begins with 'flesh-hook', suggesting that the wrinkled flesh of an old, dry mushroom would be more appropriate for the Guardianess to draw out of the pot than his own.
kindle with thee take fire from you (i.e. from your inordinate sexual heat)

- 205 Thou'rt up again, I loathe thee filthily.
 GUARDIANESS
 O, villain!
 CUNNINGGAME
 Why, dost thou not see a sight
 Would make a man abjure the sight of women?
 NIECE Ha, ha, ha! He's vexed. Ha, ha, ha!
 CLOWN Ha, ha, ha!
- 210 NIECE Why dost thou laugh?
 CLOWN Because thou laugh'st; nothing else, i'faith.
 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*]
 She has but mocked my folly; else she finds not
 The bosom of my purpose: some other way
 Must make me know. I'll try her, and may chance
 quit
- 215 The fine dexterity of her lady-wit. *Exit*
 NIECE
 Yes, in troth, I laughed to think of thy master;
 Now, what would he think if he knew this?
 CLOWN By my troth, I laugh at him too: faith, sirrah, he's
 but a fool, to say the truth, though I say't that should
 not say't.
- 220 NIECE
 Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee.
 Well, for this time we'll part: you perceive something;
 Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness,
 But pray be silent.
 CLOWN
 As mouse in cheese, or goose in hay, i'faith.
 [*Guardianess approaches them*]
- 225 NIECE Look, we are cut off: there's my hand where my lips
 would be.
 CLOWN I'll wink, and think 'em thy lips. Farewell. *Exit*
 NIECE
 Now, guardianess, I need not ask where you have
 been.
 GUARDIANESS
 O, lady, never was woman so abused.
 [*Re-enter Clown*]
- 230 CLOWN Dost thou hear, lady sweetheart? I had forgot to
 tell thee: if you will, I will come back in the evening.
 NIECE
 By no means; come not till I send for you.
 CLOWN If there be any need (you may think of things when
 235 I am gone), I may be conveyed into your chamber. I'll
- lie under the bed while midnight or so, or you shall put
 me up in one of your little boxes; I can creep in at a
 small hole.
 NIECE These are things I dare not venture; I charge you
 on my love, never come till I send for you. 240
 CLOWN *Verbum insipienti*; 'tis enough to the wise: nor I
 think it is not fit the knight should know anything yet.
 NIECE
 By no means; pray you, go now; we are suspected.
 CLOWN For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.
 NIECE
 Now I'll make a firm trial of your love;
 As you love me, not a word more at this time, 245
 Not a syllable; 'tis the seal of love; take heed.
 CLOWN Hum, hum, hum, hum—
Exit, humming 'Loath to depart'
- NIECE
 So, this pleasant trouble's gone.—Now, guardianess;
 What, your eyes easing your heart? The cause,
 woman? 250
 GUARDIANESS
 The cause is false man, madam: O, lady,
 I have been gulled in a shining carbuncle,
 A very glow-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
 And 'tis as cold as ice.
 NIECE And justly served;
 Wouldst thou once think that such an early spring 255
 Would dote upon thine autumn?
 GUARDIANESS O, had you heard him
 But protest!
 NIECE I would not have believed him.
 Thou might'st have perceived how I mocked thy folly
 In wanton imitation with the fool.
 Go, weep the sin of thy credulity, 260
 Not of thy loss, for it was never thine,
 And it is gain to miss it. Wert thou so dull?
 Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and incapable:
 Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
 The prey; the stale to catch another bird with. 265
 GUARDIANESS
 Indeed, he called me 'bird'.
 NIECE Yet thou perceiv'st not:
 It is your niece he loves; wouldst thou be made
 A stalking jade? 'Tis she, examine it.
 [*Aside*] I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path

214 quit require

225 As...hay 'Silent, of course, only because they are busily eating' (Sharp); both phrases are proverbial

234-7 Sharp notes that 'chamber', 'box' and 'hole' were all used as slang terms for the female pudenda.

236 while until

241 *Verbum insipienti* literally 'a word to the unwise', the Clown's misquotation of the proverb '*verbum sat sapienti*', 'a word is enough to the wise'248.I '*Loath to depart*' a popular song of valediction, the tune of which the Clown hums so as to express his reluctance to leave without disobeying the Niece's command; for the music, see *Companion*, p. 148252 gulled deceived
carbuncle garnet or ruby

265 stale decoy

268 stalking jade A stalking horse was a real or artificial horse behind which a hunter could approach to within firing

range of birds: the Niece chooses the term 'jade' for 'horse' because of its use as a disrespectful term for a woman, particularly an older woman.

269-71 I'll...bouts 'The general sense is clear, despite the peculiar phrasing. The Niece will arrive at her target (Cunninggame) by a circuitous route intended to shake off the Old Knight and the Guardianess and, indeed, to test Cunninggame himself' (Sharp)

- 270 Over unbeaten grounds; go level to the mark,
But by circular bouts. Rare things are pleasing,
And rare's but seldom in the simple sense,
But has her emphasis with eminence. *Exit*
- GUARDIANESS My niece? She the rival of my abuse?
275 My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll aunt her for't.
Enter Mirabell
O, opportunity, thou blestest me!—
Now, gentlewoman, are you parted so soon?
Where's your friend, I pray? your Cunninggame?
- MIRABELL
What say you, aunt?
GUARDIANESS Come, come, your Cunninggame.
280 I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.
MIRABELL [*aside*]
Dumb I am sure you are not.—What, ail you, aunt?
Are you not well?
- GUARDIANESS
No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor sleeping,
Nor waking, nor nothing, nor anything:
285 I know not what I am, nor what I am not.
MIRABELL
Mercy cover us! What do you mean, aunt?
GUARDIANESS
I mean to be revenged.
MIRABELL On whom?
GUARDIANESS On thee,
Baggage!
MIRABELL
Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reached so far as thought in me
Towards you, aunt.
- 290 GUARDIANESS Your cunning, minion,
Nor your Cunninggame, can either blind me:
The gentle beggar loves you.
MIRABELL Beseech you,
Let me stay your error. I begin to hear,
And shake off my amazement: if you think
295 That ever any passage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenced, any
Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
So much as brother and sister might meet with,
The lip-salute so much as strangers might
300 Take a farewell with, the commixèd hands,
Nay, but the least thought of the least of these,
In troth, you wrong your bosom: by that truth
Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me
If it were offered ye, I am as free
- As all this protestation.
GUARDIANESS May I believe this? 305
MIRABELL
If ever you'll believe truth. Why, I thought
He had spake love to you; and if his heart
Prompted his tongue, sure I did hear so much.
GUARDIANESS
O, falsest man! Ixion's plague fell on me:
Never by woman such a masculine cloud, 310
So airy and so subtle, was embraced.
MIRABELL
By no cause in me, by my life, dear aunt.
GUARDIANESS
I believe you: then help in my revenge,
And you shall do't, or lose my love forever.
I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon: 315
Thou art young; follow him, bait his desires
With all the engines of a woman's wit,
Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
And when thou hast him by the amorous gills, 320
Think on my vengeance, choke up his desires,
Then let his banquetings be Tantalism:
Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out.
O, I should climb my stars, and sit above,
To see him burn to ashes in his love. 325
MIRABELL
This will be a strange task, aunt, and an unwilling
labour;
Yet, in your injunction, I am a servant to't.
GUARDIANESS Thou'lt undertake't?
MIRABELL
Yes; let the success commend itself hereafter.
GUARDIANESS
Effect it, girl; my substance is thy store; 330
Nothing but want of will makes woman poor. *Exeunt*
- Enter Sir Gregory and Clown* 2.3
- SIR GREGORY
Why, Pompey, thou art not stark mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my lady does?
CLOWN Your lady?
SIR GREGORY Did she receive the thing that I sent her
kindly, or no? 5
CLOWN The thing that you sent her, knight, by the thing
that you sent, was for the thing's sake that was sent to
carry the thing that you sent, very kindly received. First,

271-3 **Rare...eminence** 'Another cryptic utterance... She would appear to mean that although a rare thing (such as Cunninggame) comes infrequently, its unusual excellence makes it of elevated importance' (Sharp)
290 **minion** hussy
304-5 **free...protestation** 'i.e. Mirabell is as free of guilt as the Guardianess is free

with her accusations' (Sharp)
309 **Ixion's plague** In Greek legend Ixion fell in love with Hera, but his attempt to seduce her was frustrated when she substituted a cloud for herself
315 **quitted** requited
317 **engines** inventions, devices
322 **Tantalism** Tantalus was punished in Hades for betraying the secrets of the

Greek gods by being stood up to his neck in water which receded each time he bent to drink it, beneath branches of fruit which withdrew each time he reached up to harvest them.
327 **injunction** 'authoritative order. Presumably Mirabell is the Guardianess's legal ward' (Sharp)

10 there is your indenture, [*handing over a paper*] now go seek you a servant; secondly, you are a knight; thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man; and fourthly, fare you well.

SIR GREGORY

Why, Pompey, prithee, let me speak with thee.

[*Aside*] I'll lay my life some hare has crossed him.

15 CLOWN Knight, if you be a knight, so keep you; as for the lady, who shall say that she is not a fair lady, a sweet lady, an honest and a virtuous lady, I will say he is a base fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these fingers' ends.

20 SIR GREGORY Why, here's nobody says so, Pompey.

CLOWN Whatsoever things have passed between the lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it as long as I can maintain myself with bread and water.

25 SIR GREGORY Why, I know nobody thinks otherwise.

CLOWN Any man that does but think it in my hearing, I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his bosom; shall we say that kindnesses from ladies are common, or that favours and protestations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been betwixt the lady and the party which I will not name, that she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.

35 SIR GREGORY Why, I say she is honest.

CLOWN Is she honest? In what sense do you say she is honest, knight?

SIR GREGORY If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no gentleman!

40 CLOWN Throw your dagger at me! Do not, knight, I give you fair warning; 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other words of me. The lady is an honest lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name. This I give you to understand: that another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stamped beard, and be as proper a man as a knight (I name no parties);

50 a servingman may be as good as a Sir, a Pompey as

a Gregory, a Doodle as a Fop; so servingman Pompey Doodle may be respected as well with ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir Gregory Fop; so farewell. *Exit*

SIR GREGORY If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live; either the sight of the lady has gastered him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep, or else he's a fool, or a knave, or both; one of the three I'm sure 'tis. Yet, now I think on't, she has not used me so kindly as her uncle promised me she should: but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best horse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a lady, I'm sure on't. *Exit*

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man, [with a money-bag]), with Wittypate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian and Credulous [all with their faces disguised by scarves], who are binding and robbing her; Credulous finds the bag

2.4.

LADY

Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your pleasure
How you'll deal with me; yet I would entreat
You will not make that which is bad enough
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit;
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store, I vow (and it weighs a hundred);
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

5

WITTYPATE

You may pursue.

LADY

As I am a gentleman, I never will—

10

WITTYPATE

Only, we'll bind you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for bail, and on th'other
Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of danger; if we come back,
We come with a mischief.

15

LADY

You need not fear me.

PRISCIAN Come, we'll bestow you then.

Exeunt Priscian and Sir Ruinous, with Lady Ruinous

2.3.9 **indenture** the legal contract binding the Clown to his master, which he seems to think he can cancel simply by thus handing back his copy

14 **some hare has crossed him** 'A hare crossing a person's way was supposed to disorder his senses' (Dyce)

19 **these fingers' ends** these knuckles, i.e. my fist

34 **cut and long tail** from the proverbial phrase 'come cut and long tail', referring to all the varieties of horses or dogs (those with docked and those with uncut tails) and meaning 'no matter who or what is concerned', here with bawdy innuendoes on 'cut' (female genitalia) and 'tail' (male genitalia)

48 **stamped beard** as Sharp points out,

the Clown's inaccurate recollection of the Niece's flattery ('such a stamp | Of manhood', 2.2.170-1)

56 **gastered** shocked out of his wits, flabbergasted

2.4.11-12 **Only...bail** Wittypate puns on the legal sense of 'bind', and imagines Lady Ruinous's cries to be released as requests for bail from imprisonment

- WITTYPATE Why, law you, sir, is not this a swifter revenue
 20 than *sic probos, ergos* and *igiturs* can bring in? Why, is
 not this one of your syllogisms in Barbara, *Omne utile
 est honestum*?
- CRECULOUS
 Well, sir, a little more of this acquaintance
 Will make me know you fully: I protest
 You have (at first sight) made me conscious
 25 Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted; yet
 I could almost have wished rather ye'd robbed me
 Of my cloak (for my purse, 'tis a scholar's)
 Than to have made me a robber; I had rather
 Have answered three difficult questions
 30 Than this one, as easy as yet it seems.
- WITTYPATE
 Tush, you shall never come to further answer for't;
 Can you confess your penurious uncle,
 In his full face of love, to be so strict
 A niggard to your commons that you are fain
 35 To size your belly out with shoulder fees,
 With rumps and kidneys, and cues of single beer,
 And yet make dainty to feed more daintily
 At this easier rate? Fie, Master Credulous,
 I blush for you.
- CRECULOUS This is a truth undeniable.
- WITTYPATE
 40 Why, go to, then; I hope I know your uncle;
 How does he use his son, nearer than you?
- CRECULOUS
 Faith, like his jade, upon the bare commons,
 Turned out to pick his living as he can get it.
- WITTYPATE
 45 He would have been glad to have shared in such
 A purchase, and thanked his good fortune too;
Re-enter Sir Ruinous and Priscian
 But mum, no more.—Is all safe, bullies?
- SIR RUINOUS Secure.
 The gentleman thinks him most happy in his loss,
- With his safe life and limbs, and redoubles
 His first vow, as he is a gentleman,
 Never to pursue us.
- WITTYPATE Well, away then;
 50 Disperse, you with master Credulous, who still
 Shall bear the purchase; Priscian and I
 Will take some other course. You know our meeting;
 At the Three Cups in Saint Giles, with this proviso
 (For 'tis a law with us), that nothing be opened
 55 Till all be present. The loser says a hundred,
 And it can weigh no less.
- SIR RUINOUS Come, sir, we'll be your guide.
 CRECULOUS
 My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,
 All shall be close till our meeting.
Exeunt Credulous and Sir Ruinous
- WITTYPATE Tush, I believe't,
 And then all shall out. Where's the thief that's
 60 robbed?
Enter Lady Ruinous
- LADY
 Here, Master Oldcraft; all follows now.
- WITTYPATE
 'Twas neatly done, wench; now to turn that bag
 Of counterfeits to current pieces, *et actum est*.
- LADY
 65 You are the chemist; we'll blow the fire still,
 If you can mingle the ingredients.
- WITTYPATE
 I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram.
 You know the place?
- PRISCIAN I have told her that, sir.
- WITTYPATE
 Good. Turn Ruinous to be a constable
 (I'm sure we want not beards of all sorts, from
 The worshipful magistrate to the under-watchman).
 70 Because we must have no danger of life,
 But a cleanly cheat, attach Credulous

18–59 As Turner points out, Credulous's subsequent recollections at 4.1.111–12 suggest that Wittypate ought perhaps to light up a pipe during this dialogue.

18 **law you, sir** a favourite interjection of Middleton's, possibly signalling his collaboration in a scene otherwise dominated by Rowley

19 **sic...igiturs** terms from the Latin rhetoric and logic by which contemporary university syllabi were dominated, literally "Thus-I-proves, therefore and thens"

20 **Barbara** the first word of a mnemonic by which scholars remembered the different figures and moods of the syllogism ('*Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque prioris*')

20–1 **Omne...honestum** All that is profitable is virtuous (which is of course not actually a syllogism at all, but simply a single proposition)

32 **penurious** miserly, grudging

34 **commons** see note on 1.2.266–8

35 **size your belly out** fill your belly up (with a pun on 'sizing', a Cambridge term for a helping of drink or food from the buttery)
shoulder fees shoulder bones of beef from which the meat had already been removed, good only for broth

36 **cues** minuscule servings (another university word, from the 'q' entered in college accounts for a quarter-farthing's worth of beer or bread)

single beer small beer, the wateriest grade

37 **make dainty** show fastidiousness

42 **jade** old horse

bare commons thin communal pasture, with a pun on the university sense employed at l. 34

46 **bullies** a bluff term for 'good fellows'

54 **Three Cups in Saint Giles** 'The Three Cups' was a common tavern sign,

perhaps chosen here in allusion to the street game in which the operator, usually dishonest, placed a pea or ball under one of three cups, switched them quickly about, and then invited spectators to gamble as to which of the three concealed it. This would sort well with the tavern's location, since the parish of Saint Giles (just north-west of Covent Garden) was a notorious haunt of beggars and thieves: perhaps appropriately it now contains Foyle's bookshop, the Centre Point office development and the guitar shops of Denmark Street.

58 **My honesty** i.e. by my honesty

63 **et actum est** and it is done

64 **chemist** alchemist

66 **cause** chemical agent

dram small measurement of liquid

72 **attach** arrest

(The cause is plain, the theft found about him),
 Then fall I in, in his own cousin's shape
 75 By mere accident, where, finding him distressed,
 I with some difficulty must fetch him off
 With promise that his uncle shall shut up all
 With double restitution. Master constable Ruinous
 His mouth shall be stopped; you, Mistress Rob-thief,
 Shall have your share of what we can gull my father
 80 of;
 Is't plain enough?

LADY

As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

WITTYPATE

Father, I come again; and again when this is
 Past, too, father; one will beget another;
 85 I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren:
 You were best to come to composition, father,
 Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
 It will be cheaper, father, than my wit;
 For I will cheat none but you, dear father. *Exeunt*

3.1 *Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory*

OLD KNIGHT

Why, now you take the course, Sir Gregory Fop:
 I could enforce her an I list, but love
 That's gently won is a man's own for ever.
 Have you prepared good music?

SIR GREGORY As fine a noise, uncle,
As heart can wish.

5 OLD KNIGHT Why, that's done like a suitor;
 They must be wooed a hundred several ways,
 Before you obtain the right way in a woman:
 'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings,
 The serpent has not more; for sh'as all his,
 10 And then her own beside came in by her mother.

SIR GREGORY

A fearful portion for a man to venture on.

OLD KNIGHT

But the way found once by the wits of men,
 There is no creature lies so tame again.

SIR GREGORY

I promise you, not a house-rabbit, sir.

OLD KNIGHT

No sucker on 'em all.

SIR GREGORY

What a thing's that?

They're pretty fools, I warrant, when they're tame
 As a man can lay his lips to.

OLD KNIGHT

How were you bred, sir?

Did you never make a fool of a tenant's daughter?

SIR GREGORY

Never, i'faith; they ha' made some fools for me,
 And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

OLD KNIGHT

They could not show you the way plainlier, I think,
 To make a fool again.

SIR GREGORY

There's fools enough, sir,

'Less they were wiser.

OLD KNIGHT

This is wondrous rare!

Come you to London with a maidenhead, knight?

A gentleman of your rank ride with a cloak-bag?

Never an hostess by the way to leave it with,

Nor tapster's sister, nor head ostler's wife?

What, nobody?

SIR GREGORY

Well mocked, old wit-monger:

I keep it for your niece.

OLD KNIGHT

Do not say so, for shame, she'll laugh at thee;

A wife ne'er looks for't; 'tis a bachelor's penny,

He may give't to a beggar-wench i'th' progress time,

And never called to account for't. *Exit*

SIR GREGORY

Would I'd known so much,

I could ha' stopped a beggar's mouth by th' way,

Enter Boy

That railed upon me 'cause I'd give her nothing.—

What, are they come?

BOY

And placed directly, sir,

Under her window.

SIR GREGORY

What may I call you, gentleman?

BOY

A poor servant to the viol; I'm the voice, sir.

SIR GREGORY

In good time, Master Voice.

78–9 **Ruinous** | **His** Ruinous's86 **composition** compromise

3.1 composed primarily by Middleton

1 **course** i.e. right course of action2 **an I list** if I wished8 **creeks and windings** crooked devices and tricks9 **sh'as** she has10 **her mother** Eve11 **portion** dowry14 **house-rabbit** domestic rabbit15 **sucker** young (suckling) rabbit15–17 **What...to** The stress must be laid very heavily on the dubious 'I warrant', as it is otherwise not clear how the Old Knight deduces the sexual inexperience

on which he comments in his next

speech. Colley Cibber's 1709 adaptation

The Rival Fools solves this problem by simply altering Sir Gregory's line to 'O, dear! ah! I warrant 'em they're pretty soft Fools when their Clothes are off.'18 **make a fool of** (a) seduce (b) beget a bastard ('fool') upon19 **fools** sweet puddings made of stewed fruit puréed with cream22 **make a fool** in the sense of 'conceive a bastard'25 **cloak-bag** an encumbrance which someone of Sir Gregory's status would normally get rid of to one of his servants (like, the Old Knight suggests, his

virginity)

27 **tapster's** tavern servant employed to serve drinks**ostler's** stableman32 **progress time** when crowds gathered to watch a royal procession34 **could...mouth** with an obscene quibble of which Sir Gregory is probably unconscious36 **they** the (offstage) musicians who accompany the Boy's song38 **viol** the six-stringed ancestor of the violin39 **Master Voice** Sir Gregory mistakes the Boy's description of his part in the music for a surname

Act 3 Scene 1

Wit at feverall Weapons.

BOY
 40 Indeed, good time does get the mastery.
 SIR GREGORY What countryman, Master Voice?
 BOY
 Sir, born at Ely; we all set up in E-la,
 But our house commonly breaks in Rutlandshire.
 SIR GREGORY
 A shrewd place, by my faith, it may well break your
 voice,
 It breaks many a man's back. Come, set to your
 45 business.
 BOY (*sings*)
 Fain would I wake you, sweet, but fear
 I should invite you to worse cheer;
 In your dreams you cannot fare
 Meaner than music; no compare;
 50 None of your slumbers are compiled
 Under the pleasure makes a child;
 Your day-delights so well compact,
 That what you think turns all to act:
 I'd wish my life no better play,
 55 Your dream by night, your thought by day.
 Wake gently, wake,
 Part softly from your dreams;
 The morning flies
 To your fair eyes,
 60 To take her special beams.
 SIR GREGORY
 I hear her up; here, Master Voice,
 Pay you the instruments; save what you can
Enter Niece, above
 To keep you when you're cracked. *Exit Boy*
 NIECE Who should this be
 That I'm so much beholding to for sweetness?
 [Aside] Pray Heaven it happens right.
 65 SIR GREGORY Good morrow, mistress.
 NIECE
 An ill day and a thousand come upon thee!
 SIR GREGORY
 'Light, that's six hundred more than any almanac
 has.
 NIECE
 Comes it from thee? It is the mangiest music
 That ever woman heard.

SIR GREGORY Nay, say not so, lady,
 There's not an itch about 'em.
 NIECE I could curse 70
 My attentive powers for giving entrance to't;
 There is no boldness like the impudence
 That's locked in a fool's blood; how durst you do this?
 In conscience, I abused you as sufficiently
 As woman could a man; insatiate coxcomb, 75
 The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee
 Would, o' my life, ha' served ten reasonable men,
 And rise contented too, and left enough for their
 friends.
 You glutton at abuses, never satisfied!
 I am persuaded thou devour'st more flouts 80
 Than all thy body's worth, and still a-hungred!
 A mischief of that maw; prithee, seek elsewhere;
 In troth, I am weary of abusing thee;
 Get thee a fresh mistress, thou't make work enough;
 I do not think there's scorn enough in town 85
 To serve thy turn; take the court-ladies in,
 And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em.
 SIR GREGORY
 Is this in earnest, lady?
 NIECE O, unsatiable!
 Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
 I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me; 90
 Thou't beggar my derision utterly
 If thou stay'st longer; I shall want a laugh:
 If I knew where to borrow a contempt
 Would hold thee tack, stay and be hanged thou
 should'st then;
 But thou'st no conscience now to extort hate from me 95
 When one has spent all she can make upon thee.
 Must I begin to pay thee hire again
 After I've rid thee twice? Faith, 'tis unreasonable.
 SIR GREGORY
 Say you so? I'll know that presently. *Exit*
 NIECE Now he runs 100
 To fetch my uncle to this musty bargain;
 But I have better ware always at hand,
 And lay by this still when he comes to cheapen.
Enter Cunninggame [below]
 CUNNINGGAME
 I met the music now, yet cannot learn

42 E-la the highest note in the Renaissance scale (or 'gamut'), corresponding to modern top E, punning on 'Ely'
 43 But... Rutlandshire Rutlandshire, where the Boy claims the 'Voice family' usually fail, is on the route between Ely and London. The punning sense of this line is of course 'but voices usually break at puberty' (rutting time).
 47 cheer 'fare', 'welcome' or 'state of mind'
 49 no compare no comparison
 50-1 None... child None of your dreams are made up of anything less than orgasm

52 compact composed, distilled
 63 when you're cracked when your voice breaks
 71 attentive powers senses
 77 served (a) been sufficient for (b) provided adequate servings of (as at a banquet, a sense the Niece pursues in her next line)
 84 thou't thou wilt
 87 women serving women or maids (who excel their mistresses in contempt)
 89 earnest The Niece punningly takes Sir Gregory's question as to whether she is serious as an enquiry as to whether

her insults to date have been merely a down-payment.
 91 Thou't thou wilt
 94 tack fixed, fast
 95 thou'st thou hast
 98 rid sacked, fired
 101 musty stale, mouldy, perhaps with an additional punning sense of 'compulsory', as at 5.2.86
 103 lay by set aside
 cheapen bargain (here literally 'woo')
 104 the music the band of musicians

105 What entertainment he received from her.
 NIECE [*aside*]
 There's somebody set already, I must to't, I see.—
 Well, well, Sir Gregory,
 CUNNINGAME [*aside*] Ha, Sir Gregory?
 NIECE
 Where'er you come you may well boast your conquest.
 CUNNINGAME [*aside*]
 She's lost, i'faith; enough; has Fortune then
 110 Remembered her great boy? She seldom fails 'em.
 NIECE
 He was the unlikeliest man at first, methought,
 To have my love; we never met but wrangled.
 CUNNINGAME [*aside*]
 A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,
 I never knew it fail yet, where'er't came;
 115 It never comes but, like a storm of hail,
 'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't;
 There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without
 it;
 It fights i'th' tongue, but sure to agree i'th' haunches.
 NIECE
 That man that should ha' told me, when time was,
 120 I should ha' had him, had been laughed at piteously,
 But see how things will change!
 CUNNINGAME (*aside*) Here's a heart feels it!
 O the deceitful promises of love!
 What trust should a man put i'th' lip of woman?
 She kissed me with that strength, as if she'd meant
 125 To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.
 NIECE
 I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha' been a match
 once.
 CUNNINGAME [*aside*]
 I'll hear no more; I'm mad to hear so much.
 Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
 Than younger brothers have? That's a maid with
 nothing,
 130 Or some old soap-boiler's widow, without teeth;
 There waits my fortune for me; seek no farther. *Exit*
Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory
 OLD KNIGHT
 You tell me things, Sir Gregory, that cannot be;
 She will not, nor she dares not.
 SIR GREGORY Would I were whipped, then.
 NIECE [*above, as if to herself*]
 I'll make as little show of love, Sir Gregory,
 135 As ever woman did; you shall not know
 You have my heart a good while.

OLD KNIGHT Heard you that?
 NIECE
 Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition;
 'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can;
 I've much ado, I swear; and love i'th' end
 Will have his course. Let maids do what they can,
 140 They are but frail things till they end in man.
 OLD KNIGHT
 What say you to this, sir?
 SIR GREGORY This is somewhat handsome.
 NIECE
 And by that little wrangling that I feigned,
 Now I shall try how constant his love is,
 Although't went sore against my heart to chide him. 145
 SIR GREGORY
 Alas, poor gentlewoman!
 OLD KNIGHT Now you're sure of truth,
 You hear her own thoughts speak.
 SIR GREGORY They speak, indeed.
 OLD KNIGHT
 Go, you're a brainless cox, a toy, a fop
 (I'll go no farther than your name, Sir Gregory,
 I'll right myself there); were you from this place
 150 You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you;
 Offer to sow strife 'twixt my niece and I?—
 Good morrow, niece, good morrow.
 NIECE Many fair ones to you, sir.
 OLD KNIGHT [*aside, to Sir Gregory*]
 Go, you're a coxcomb!—How dost, niece, this morn-
 ing?— 155
 [*Aside to Sir Gregory*] An idle, shallow fool—Slept'st
 thou well, girl?—
 [*Aside to Sir Gregory*] Fortune may very well provide
 thee lordships,
 For honesty has left thee little manners.
 SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
 How am I banged o' both sides!
 OLD KNIGHT Abuse kindness!—
 Wilt take the air today, niece?
 NIECE When you please, sir, 160
 There stands the heir behind you I must take.
 [*Aside*] Which I'd as lieve take as take him, I swear.
 OLD KNIGHT [*aside to Sir Gregory*]
 La you, do you hear't continued to your teeth now?
 A pox of all such Gregories! what a hand
 Have I with you!
Niece lets fall her scarf
 SIR GREGORY No more, i'feck, I ha' done, sir.— 165
 Lady, your scarf's fall'n down.
 NIECE 'Tis but your luck, sir,

106 **set** stationed (as a spy). It is not clear here whether the Niece recognizes Cunningame and deliberately sets out to make him jealous, or whether she believes she is deceiving the Old Knight, via an informer, about her opinion of Sir Gregory.

110 **great boy** fool, simpleton

137 **insult** in the sense of 'exalt arrogantly over (a defeated adversary)'

condition nature, disposition

148 **cox** simpleton

toy i.e. trifle

158 **manners** punning on 'manors'

161-2 **There . . . swear** 'Stated baldly, the

Niece would as soon accept a fart from the Old Knight ("the air behind you") as Sir Gregory ("the heir behind you") (Sharp)

163 **La you** a meaningless interjection

to your teeth i.e. to your face

165 **i'feck** in faith

And does presage the mistress must fall shortly;
 You may wear it, an you please.

170 OLD KNIGHT There's a trick for you.
 You're parlously beloved; you should complain!
 SIR GREGORY Yes, when I complain, sir,
 Then do your worst; there I'll deceive you, sir.

OLD KNIGHT
 You are a dolt; and so I leave you, sir. *Exit*

SIR GREGORY
 Ah, sirrah mistress, were you caught, i'faith?
 We overheard you all; I must not know
 175 I have your heart; take heed o' that, I pray.
 I knew some scarf would come.

NIECE [*aside*] He's quite gone, sure.—
 Ah, you base coxcomb, could'st thou come again?
 And so abused as thou wast?

SIR GREGORY How?
 NIECE 'Twould ha' killed
 A sensible man; he would ha' gone to his chamber
 And broke his heart by this time.

180 SIR GREGORY Thank you heartily.
 NIECE
 Or fixed a naked rapier in a wall,
 Like him that earned his knighthood ere he had it,
 And then, refused, upon't ran up to th'hilts.

SIR GREGORY
 Yes, let him run for me; I was never brought up to't,
 185 I never professed running i' my life.

NIECE
 What art thou made on? Thou tough, villainous
 vermin,
 Will nothing destroy thee?

SIR GREGORY Yes, yes, assure yourself,
 Unkind words may do much.

NIECE Why, dost thou want 'em?
 I've e'en consumed my spleen to help thee to 'em;
 190 Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee,
 I'll see what I can do yet.

SIR GREGORY I'm much beholding to you,
 You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

NIECE
 I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

SIR GREGORY
 I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me
 All the while your uncle was here. 195

NIECE
 Why, there thou betray'st thy house; we of the
 Oldcrafts
 Were born to more wit than so.

SIR GREGORY I wear your favour here.
 NIECE
 Would it might rot thy arm off. If thou knewst
 With what contempt thou hast it, what heart's
 bitterness,
 How many cunning curses came along with it,
 200 Thou'dst quake to handle it.

SIR GREGORY A pox, take't again then!
 [*Aside*] Who'd be thus plagued of all hands?

NIECE No, wear't still,
 But long, I hope, thou shalt not. 'Tis but cast
 Upon thee purposely to serve another
 That has more right to't, as in some countries they
 convey 205
 Their treasure upon asses to their friends;
 If mine be but so wise and apprehensive
 As my opinion gives him to my heart,
 It stays not long on thy desertless arm.
 I'll make thee ere I ha' done not dare to wear 210
 Any thing of mine, although I give't freely;
 Kiss it you may, and make what show you can,
 But sure you carry't to a worthier man.
 And so good morrow to you. [*Exit*]

SIR GREGORY Hu hum, ha hum.
 I ha'n't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
 215 Nor the audacity to kill myself,
 But I could cry my heart out, that's as good,
 For so't be out, no matter which way it comes.
 If I can die with a fillip, or depart
 At hot-cockles, what's that to any man,
 220 If there be so much death that serves my turn there?
 Everyone knows the state of his own body:
 No carrion kills a kite, but then again
 There's cheese will choke a daw. Time I were dead,
 i'faith,
 If I knew which way without hurt or danger. 225

169 **parlously** perilously (used here simply as an intensifier, akin to the modern colloquial usage of 'terribly')

176 **scarf** in the sense of some salving bandage or sling for his own wounded heart

181–3 **Or... th'hilts** If this is an allusion to a real incident, it has not been identified

190 **speed** dispatch, kill

193 **rid** get rid of, dismiss

196 **house** family, i.e. Sir Gregory is showing that he is a Fop

202 **of all hands** on all sides, by everybody

207 **apprehensive** perceptive

219 **fillip** flicking blow administered with one finger

220 **hot-cockles** a game resembling blind man's buff, in which a kneeling player with eyes covered tries to guess which other player is administering playful blows from behind

223 **No... kite** a proverbial phrase generally used in the sense 'a shameless person is invulnerable to shame', more common in the form 'No carrion poisons a crow.' The kite, a bird of prey now confined to a few valleys in Wales, was a common scavenger in the streets of Jacobean

London.

224 **There's... daw** apparently a contrary proverb, meaning 'everyone has some vulnerable point or Achilles' heel': for the notion of jackdaws as vulnerable to choking (with cheese?), cf. Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, 2.3.241–3, 'just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal'. This piece of obscure avian lore is additionally appropriate here since the jackdaw was regarded as a foolish bird, and hence 'daw' was slang for 'idiot'.

I am a maiden knight, and cannot look
 Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
 Else 'twould go hard with me: and to complain
 To Sir Perfidious the old knight again
 Were to be more abused; perhaps he would beat me
 well,
 230 But ne'er believe me;
Enter Cunninggame
 And few men die o' beating, that were lost too.
 O, here's my friend, I'll make my moan to him.
 CUNNINGGAME
 I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
 235 That treads mine down. Was ever man so fooled
 That professed wit?
 SIR GREGORY O, Cunninggame.
 CUNNINGGAME Sir Gregory,
 The choice, the victor, the town's happy man!
 SIR GREGORY
 'Sniggs, what dost mean? Come I to thee for comfort
 And dost abuse me too?
 CUNNINGGAME Abuse you? How, sir?
 240 With justifying your fortune and your joys?
 SIR GREGORY
 Pray, hold your hand, sir, I've been bobbed enough:
 You come with a new way now, strike me merrily,
 But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
 Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him.
 245 Wilt ha' the truth? I'm made the rankest ass
 That ere was born to lordships.
 CUNNINGGAME What? No, sir.
 SIR GREGORY
 I had not thought my body could 'a' yielded
 All those foul scurvy names that she has called me;
 I wonder whence she fetched 'em?
 CUNNINGGAME Is this credible?
 SIR GREGORY
 250 She pinned this scarf upon me afore her uncle,
 But, his back turned, she cursed me so for wearing
 on't,
 The very brawn of mine arm has ached ever since,
 Yet in a manner forced me to wear't still,
 But hoped I should not long; if good luck serve
 255 I should meet one that has more wit and worth

Should take it from me; 'twas but lent to me,
 And sent to him for a token.
 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] I conceit it.—
 I know the man
 That lies in wait for't: part with it, by all means,
 In any case; you are waylaid about it. 260
 SIR GREGORY
 How, sir, waylaid?
 CUNNINGGAME Pox of a scarf, say I,
 I prize my friend's life 'bove a million on 'em;
 You shall be ruled, sir, I know more than you.
 SIR GREGORY
 If you know more than I, let me be rid on't;
 'Las, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me. 265
 CUNNINGGAME
 No, no, give me't; the knave shall miss his purpose,
 And you shall live.
 SIR GREGORY I would, as long as I could, sir.
 CUNNINGGAME
 No more replies, you shall, I'll prevent this;
 Pompey shall march without it.
 SIR GREGORY What, is't he?
 My man that was?
 CUNNINGGAME Call him your deadly enemy; 270
 You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly,
 He bears a bloody mind; a cruel foe, sir,
 I care not if he heard me.
 SIR GREGORY But do you hear, sir?
 Can 't sound with reason she should affect him?
 CUNNINGGAME
 Do you talk of reason? I never thought to have heard 275
 Such a word come from you; reason in love?
 Would you give that no doctor could e'er give?
 Has not a deputy married his cook-maid?
 An alderman's widow one that was her turn-broach?
 Nay, has not a great lady brought her stable 280
 Into her chamber, lay with her horsekeeper?
 SIR GREGORY
 Did ever love play such jade's tricks, sir?
 CUNNINGGAME O, thousands, thousands.
 Beware a sturdy clown e'er while you live, sir.
 'Tis like a housewifery in most shires about us;
 You shall ha' farmers' widows wed thin gentlemen 285

226 **maiden knight** one who has never fought (with a pun on the sexual sense, too, which continues through the next line)
 232 **that were lost too** that would be wasted too (since the Old Knight's beating would not prove fatal)
 235 **That treads mine down** It is not clear whether 'mine' refers to Cunninggame's memory or his heart, or whether 'That' refers back to 'her memory' or 'my heart', but in any case Cunninggame feels trampled down by his perpetual recollection of the Niece.

238 **'Sniggs** God's nigs (a mild and meaningless oath)
 240 **justifying** proclaiming as just
 241 **bobbed** both in the sense of 'mocked' and that of 'beaten'
 250 **pinned** used loosely in the sense of 'fastened'
 257 **conceit** apprehend, get the idea of
 260 **you . . . it** there is an ambush set for you on its account
 268 **prevent** intercept
 278-81 **Has not . . . horsekeeper?** if these are specific allusions, rather than simply

drawn from the general archive of folklore, they have never been conclusively identified
 279 **turn-broach** kitchen servant employed to turn a spit
 282 **jade's tricks** punning on the equestrian nature of Cunninggame's last example, since the phrase could refer to wilful or perverse behaviour on the part of either women or horses
 283 **clown** peasant, rustic servant
 284 **a housewifery** a policy of domestic economy

Much like yourself, but put 'em to no stress,
 What work can they do with small trapstick legs?
 They keep clowns to stop gaps, and drive in pegs,
 A drudgery fit for hinds. E'en back again, sir,
 You're safest at returning.

290 SIR GREGORY Think you so, sir?
 CUNNINGAME
 But how came this clown to be called Pompey first?
 SIR GREGORY
 Pish, one goodman Caesar, a pump-maker, christened
 him;
 'Pompey' he writes himself, but his right name's
 'Pumpey',
 And stunk, too, when I had him; now he's crank.

295 CUNNINGAME
 I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, sir;
 Walk you still that way. [*Aside*] I'll make use of this
 To resolve all my doubts, and place this favour
 On some new mistress, only for a try;
 And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. *Exit*

SIR GREGORY
 300 Is Pompey grown so malapert? so frampold?
 The only cutter about ladies' honours,
Enter Old Knight
 And his blade soonest out?
 OLD KNIGHT Now, what's the news, sir?
 SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
 I dare not say but good.—O, excellent good, sir.
 OLD KNIGHT
 I hope now you're resolved she loves you, knight?
 SIR GREGORY
 305 Cuds me, what else, sir? That's not to do now.
 OLD KNIGHT
 You would not think how desperately you angered me
 When you belied her goodness; O, you vexed me
 Even to a palsy.
 SIR GREGORY What a thing was that, sir!
Enter Niece
 NIECE [*aside*] 'Tis, that 'tis!
 310 As I have hope of sweetness, the scarf's gone:
 Worthy wise friend, I dote upon thy cunning!
 We two shall be well matched; our issue male, sure,
 Will be born counsellors; is't possible?
 Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;

Nay, since the way's found, pity thou should'st want,
 i'faith.—
 O, my best joy and dearest!
 OLD KNIGHT Well said, niece;
 So violent fore your uncle? What will you do
 In secret then?
 SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
 Marry, call me slave and rascal.
 NIECE
 Your scarf—the scarf I gave you—
 OLD KNIGHT Mass, that's true, niece,
 I ne'er thought upon that; the scarf she gave you, sir? 320
 What, dumb? No answer from you? The scarf!
 SIR GREGORY
 I was waylaid about it, my life threatened:
 Life's life, scarf's but a scarf, and so I parted from't.
 NIECE
 Unfortunate woman! My first favour too?
 OLD KNIGHT
 Will you be still an ass? No reconciliation 325
 'Twixt you and wit? Are you so far fallen out
 You'll never come together? I tell you true,
 I'm very lousily ashamed on you,
 That's the worst shame that can be.
 [*Aside*] Thus baiting on him, now his heart's hooked
 in, 330
 I'll make him, ere I ha' done, take her with nothing.
 I love a man that lives by his wits, o' life!—
 Nay, leave, sweet niece, 'tis but a scarf, let it go.
 NIECE
 The going of it never grieves me, sir.
 It is the manner, the manner— 335
 SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
 O, dissembling marmoset! If I durst speak,
 Or could be believed when I speak, what a tale
 Could I tell, to make hair stand upright now!
 NIECE
 Nay, sir, at your request you shall perceive, uncle,
 With what renewing love I forgive this.— 340
 [*Giving a ring to Sir Gregory*] Here's a fair diamond,
 sir; I'll try how long
 You can keep that.
 SIR GREGORY [*aside to Niece*]
 Not very long, you know't too,
 Like a cunning witch as you are.

287 **trapstick** a stick about six inches long and two inches thick, tapering from the middle to both ends, used in the child's ball game of tip-cat (favoured by the Ward in *Women Beware*)

288 **stop... pegs** the sexual sense is obvious

289 **hinds** peasants, farm labourers

292 **Caesar** as incongruously illustrious a name as Pompey, and of course closely associated with it, since Julius Caesar briefly co-ruled the Roman empire with Pompey the Great before the outbreak of the civil wars between them which

concluded with Caesar's victory at Pharsalus in 48 BC

pump-maker Sharp glosses this term as meaning 'shoemaker', suggesting that the association of the Clown with footwear is appropriate since he is a footman, but the Clown is nowhere referred to as such, and the subsequent pun on 'crank' makes it more likely that goodman Caesar was genuinely a manufacturer of pumping equipment

294 **And stunk** 'The joke, such as it is, turns on *pump* as "to fart"' (Turner)

crank arrogant, cocky (with another pun on 'pump')

298 **try** trial

299 **'tis I** i.e. that I am the one she intends

300 **malapert** impertinent

frampold sour-tempered, peevish

301 **cutter** 'swaggerer, ruffler' (Dyce)

302 **blade** with a sexual pun for 'penis'

304 **resolved** convinced

332 **o' life** as my life

336 **marmoset** a type of small monkey considered to be lecherous

NIECE (*aside to Sir Gregory*)
 You're best let him ha' that too.
 SIR GREGORY [*aside to Niece*]
 So I were, I think, there were no living else,
 345 I thank you, as you have handled the matter.
 SIR GREGORY
 Why, this is musical now, and Tuesday next
 Shall tune your instruments; that's the day set.
 NIECE
 A match, good uncle.
 OLD KNIGHT Sir, you hear me too?
 SIR GREGORY O, very well; I'm for you.
 NIECE [*to Sir Gregory*]
 350 Whate'er you hear, you know my mind.
Exeunt Old Knight and Niece
 SIR GREGORY Ay, a pox on't, too well! If I do not wonder
 how we two shall come together, I'm a bear-whelp. He
 talks of Tuesday next as familiarly as if we loved one
 another, but 'tis as unlikely to me as 'twas seven year
 355 before I saw her. I shall try his cunning: it may be he
 has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need
 to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never
 do't. I look to have this diamond taken from me very
 speedily; therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for if it be
 360 seen, I shall be waylaid for that too. *Exit*



4.1 *Enter Old Knight and Wittypate*

OLD KNIGHT
 O torture! torture! Thou carriest a sting i' thy tail;
 Thou never brought'st good news i' thy life yet,
 And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.
 WITTYPATE
 Why, you receive a blessing the wrong way, sir,
 5 Call you not this good news? To save at once, sir,
 Your credit and your kinsman's life together?
 Would it not vex your peace, and gall your worth,
 T'have one of your name hanged?
 OLD KNIGHT Peace, no such words, boy.

WITTYPATE
 Be thankful for the blessing of prevention, then.
 OLD KNIGHT Lemme see,
 10 There was none hanged out of our house since Brute,
 I ha' searched both Stow and Holinshed.
 WITTYPATE O, sir.
 OLD KNIGHT
 I'll see what *Polychronicon* says anon, too.
 WITTYPATE
 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't.
 OLD KNIGHT
 I would thou'dst never heard on't.
 WITTYPATE That's true too,
 15 So it had ne'er been done. To see the luck on't!
 He was e'en brought to Justice Aurum's threshold:
 There had flown forth a mittimus straight for Newgate,
 And note the fortune too; sessions o' Thursday,
 Jury culled out o' Friday, judgement o' Saturday,
 20 Dungeon o' Sunday, Tyburn o' Monday.
 Misery's quotidian ague, when't begins once,
 Every day pulls him, till he pull his last.
 OLD KNIGHT
 No more, I say, 'tis an ill theme. Where left you him?
 WITTYPATE
 He's i'th' constable's hands below i'th' hall, sir,
 25 Poor gentleman, and his accuser with him.
 OLD KNIGHT What's he?
 WITTYPATE
 A judge's son, 'tis thought; so much the worse, too,
 He'll hang his enemy, and't shall cost him nothing;
 That's a great privilege.
 OLD KNIGHT Within, there!
Enter Servant
 SERVANT Sir?
 OLD KNIGHT
 Call up the folks i'th' hall. [*Exit Servant*]
 30 I had such hope on him
 For a scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for,
 Therefore erected all my joys in him;

4.1 composed primarily, along with the remainder of act 4, by Middleton

11 **Brute** the legendary great-grandson of Aeneas supposed to have founded Britain

12 **Stow** the historian and geographer John Stow (c.1525–1605); the reference here is to his *Annals, or a General Chronicle of England from Brute until the Present Year of Christ 1580* (1580)

Holinshed Raphael Holinshed, compiler of *The Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1577, 1587)

13 **Polychronicon** a Latin history of the universe composed c.1360 by the English monk Ranulph Higden (who appears

in *Hengist*), translated into English by John Trevisa in 1387 and most recently reprinted in 1527

17 **Aurum's** The name of course means 'gold', suggesting an amenability to bribes

18 **mittimus** warrant for someone's detention prior to trial
Newgate London's most important prison, on the site of the present-day Old Bailey

20 **culled out** picked out, chosen. Since Credulous's trial might begin on the first day of the sessions, the Thursday,

however, it is possible that the first edition's 'cul'd' is an error for 'cal'd', i.e. 'called', and that Friday would be the day on which the jury considered their verdict rather than the day on which they were selected.

21 **Tyburn** London's chief gallows, situated at the meeting of the main westward road towards Oxford (now Oxford Street) and the Tyburn stream, the site of the present-day Marble Arch

22 **quotidian ague** disease from which the sufferer endured a fresh spasm every day
 23 **pull his last** takes his last breath

- Got a Welsh benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of Cardigan; has his grace already,
35 He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a hair on's face,
*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a constable) and
Lady Ruinous (as a man)*
Like a French vicar: and does he bring such fruits
To town with him? A thief at his first lighting?—
O, good e'en to you.
- WITTYPATE
Nay, sweet sir, you're so vexed now, you'll grieve
him,
And hurt yourself.
- 40 OLD KNIGHT Away! I'll hear no counsel.—
[To *Credulous*] Come you but once in seven year to
your uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too,
And by a constable?
- WITTYPATE O, speak low, sir,
Remember your own credit; you profess
45 You love a man o' wit; begin at home, sir,
Express it i' yourself.
- LADY Nay, master constable,
Show yourself a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.
- SIR RUINOUS
Sir, no dish-porridge; we have brought home
As good men as ye.
- 50 OLD KNIGHT [*aside*]
Out, a North Britain constable! That tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already.—
Are you the gentleman?
- LADY The unfortunate one, sir,
That fell into the power of merciless thieves,
Whereof this fellow (whom I'd call your kinsman
55 As little as I could, for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.
- OLD KNIGHT
A wicked prime.
- WITTYPATE Nay, not so loud, sweet father.
- LADY
The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em;
- Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it,
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first. 60
- OLD KNIGHT
A Cambridge man for this? These your degrees, sir?
Nine years at university for this fellowship?
- WITTYPATE
Take your voice lower, dear sir.
- OLD KNIGHT What's your loss, sir?
- LADY
That which offends me to repeat; the money's whole,
sir,
'Tis i' the constable's hands there, a sealed hundred, 65
But I will not receive it.
- OLD KNIGHT No? Not the money, sir,
Having confessed 'tis all?
- LADY 'Tis all the money, sir,
But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me
They took a diamond hung at my shirt string
Which fear of life made me forget to hide, 70
It being the sparkling witness of a contract
'T'wixt a great lawyer's daughter and myself.
- WITTYPATE
I told you what he was.—What does the diamond
Concern my cousin, sir?
- LADY No more did the money,
But he shall answer all now.
- 75 WITTYPATE There's your conscience,
It shows from whence you sprung.
- LADY Sprung? I had leapt a thief
Had I leapt some of your alliance.
- WITTYPATE Slave!
- LADY
You prevent me still.
- OLD KNIGHT 'Slid, son, are you mad?
- LADY Come, come; I'll take a legal course.
- OLD KNIGHT
Will you undo us all?—What's your demand, sir?— 80
Now we're in's danger too.
- LADY A hundred mark, sir,
I will not bate a doit.

33 **Welsh benefice** evidence of the Old Knight's stinginess even to his favourite, since Welsh benefices were notoriously unrewarding (indeed we later learn that this one is worth only £10 a year, at 5.2.322). 'For what it may be worth, playing cards for money was one of a number of unbecoming practices resorted to by Welsh clergymen to eke out a living' (Turner)
in reversion for him reserved for him to take over on the death of the present incumbent
34 **has his grace already** has already been ordained
35–6 **yet ne'er... French vicar** Catholic clerics were encouraged to remain clean-shaven: the Anglican *Credulous* is so young that he has as yet no beard to shave

48 **dish-porridge** 'disparagement', pronounced in the Scots accent which is part of Sir Ruinous's disguise and with which the 'porridge' is deliberately in keeping
50 **North Britain** i.e. Scottish; a topical circumlocution given James I's continuing attempts to negotiate a complete political and legal union between Scotland and England
51 **speaks so broad** punning on the senses of speaking in a thick accent and speaking abroad, spreading tales at large
57 **prime** here in the sense of youth, the springtime of life
62 **this fellowship** the company of the constable, punning on the university sense of the term
71 **contract** engagement

76–7 **I had... alliance** 'Leapt' here means copulated with, i.e. married: Wittypate's insult to the ancestors of *Credulous*'s 'victim' provokes 'him' to point out the undesirability of marrying into Wittypate's disgraced family
77 **some of your alliance** some to whom you are related
78 **prevent** anticipate
81 **in's danger** in his danger, at risk from him
A hundred mark A mark was worth two-thirds of a pound, i.e. 13s. 4d.; a hundred marks is equal to £66 13s. 4d. (rounded up by the Old Knight to £67 at l. 90).
82 **bate** go without, lower my price by **doit** the smallest and least valuable of all coins

When a man's fame's once poisoned. Fare thee well,
lad.

Exeunt Credulous and Servant

145 This is the happiest cheat I e'er claimed share in:
It has a twofold fortune; gets me coin,
And puts him out of grace that stood between me,
My father's Cambridge jewel, much suspected
To be his heir; now there's a bar in's hopes.
Enter Sir Ruinous and Lady Ruinous, [with a purse]

SIR RUINOUS
It chinks, make haste!

150 LADY The Goat at Smithfield Pens.

WITTYPATE
Zo, zo, zufficient.

[Exeunt Sir Ruinous and Lady Ruinous]
Enter Cunninggame
Master Cunninggame!
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

CUNNINGGAME
A wit's better to meet than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet;
155 But commonly men unfortunate to themselves
Are luckiest to their friends, and so may I be.

WITTYPATE
I run o'er so much worth going but in haste from
you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

CUNNINGGAME
'Tis but to show that you can place sometimes
160 Your modesty atop of all your virtues.

Exit Wittypate

This gentleman may pleasure me yet again.
Enter Mirabell [behind]
I am so haunted with this broad-brimmed hat
Of the last progress block, with the young hatband,
Made for a sucking devil of two year old,
I know not where to turn myself.

MIRABELL Sir!

CUNNINGGAME More torture? 165

MIRABELL 'Tis rumoured that you love me.

CUNNINGGAME O' my troth, gentlewoman,
Rumour's as false a knave as ever pissed then,
Pray tell him so from me; I cannot feign
With a sweet gentlewoman, I must deal downright.

MIRABELL I heard, though, you dissembled with my aunt, sir,
170 And that makes me more confident.

CUNNINGGAME *[aside]* There's no falsehood
But pays us our own some way.—I confess
I feigned with her ('twas for a weightier purpose),
But not with thee, I swear.

MIRABELL Nor I with you, then,
175 Although my aunt enjoined me to dissemble
To right her spleen. I love you faithfully.

CUNNINGGAME *[aside]*
'Light, this is worse than 'twas.

MIRABELL I find such worth in you
I cannot, nay, I dare not dally with you
For fear the flame consume me.

CUNNINGGAME *[aside]* Here's fresh trouble,
180 This drives me to my conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.

MIRABELL I crave but such a truth from your love, sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

CUNNINGGAME *[aside]*
A good geometriean, 'shrew my heart.—
185 Why, are you out o' your wits, pretty plump
gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'Tis a great happiness
Love has made one on's wiser than another;
We should be both cast away else:
Yet I love gratitude; I must requite you,
I shall be sick else, but to give you me,
190 A thing you must not take, if you mean to live
(For, o' my troth, I hardly can myself),

147 **between me** i.e. between me and my father's fortune

150 **The Goat** a widespread tavern sign, perhaps selected because of the association between goats and devilry; no other reference to an inn bearing this name in Smithfield is recorded
Smithfield Pens Smithfield Market, London's principal livestock market, whose taverns, full of money-laden buyers and sellers of horses and cattle, attracted pickpockets and cheats of all kinds: the area was popularly known as 'Ruffian's Hall'

151 **Zo, zo, zufficient** Wittypate jokingly imitates Sir Ruinous's fake Scots accent
151–61 **Master Cunninggame... again** This short passage of dialogue, which provides the first indication that Wittypate and Cunninggame are acquainted but other-

wise does not materially assist the play's narrative, has clearly been added at a late stage of revision to join two previously unconnected scenes: until this point the setting has clearly been within the Old Knight's house, but from here to the end of the act it is apparently in a public street.

162–5 **haunted... myself** In this slightly confused passage Cunninggame for a second time associates the unwanted attentions of a woman with black magic (see 2.1.19), thinking of Mirabell at l. 162 as 'an evil spirit in a broad-brimmed hat' and at l. 164 as 'a currently harmless but potentially dangerous familiar' (Turner).

162–3 **this broad-brimmed... block** 'The *block* of a hat is the form upon which it is made, and hence the fashion of

it in general. From the text it would seem that new fashions were frequently invented and sported at a progress of the monarch through the kingdom' (Weber). Broad-brimmed hats were regarded as 'mannish' wear for women, marking them as dangerously liable to take sexual initiatives (as Mirabell does here).

163 **young hatband** Turner points out that Mirabell appears to have given her out-of-fashion hat a new ('young') band to bring it up to date

164 **sucking devil... old** alluding to the proverb 'as innocent as a devil of two years old'

167 **as false... pissed** a familiar collocation, here, as Sharp observes, with a pun on the 'pst' sound of whispered gossip

176 **To right her spleen** to avenge her anger
183 **proportionable** commensurate

- 195 No wise physician will prescribe me for you.
Alas, your state is weak; you had need of cordials,
Some rich electuary, made of a son and heir,
An elder brother in a cullis, whole:
'Tmust be some wealthy Gregory, boiled to a jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new gowns,
French ruffs, and mutable headtires.
- MIRABELL But where is he, sir?
200 One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.
- CUNNINGGAME
Then see thy conscience and thy wit together;
Wouldst thou have me, then, that has nothing
neither?
What say you to Fop Gregory the First yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompensed,
205 Full satisfaction upon love's record,
Without any more suit, if I combine you?
- MIRABELL
Yes, by this honest kiss. [*Kisses him*]
- CUNNINGGAME You're a wise client
To pay your fee beforehand; but all do so.
You know the worst already; that's the best too.
- MIRABELL
I know he's a fool.
- 210 CUNNINGGAME You're shrewdly hurt, then;
This is your comfort: your great wisest women
Pick their first husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to choose, if they bury
twenty.
- MIRABELL
I'm of their minds that like him for a first husband,
215 To run youth's race with him, 'tis very pleasant,
But when I'm old I'd always wish a wiser.
- CUNNINGGAME
You may have me by that time. For this first business,
Rest upon my performance.
- MIRABELL With all thankfulness.
- CUNNINGGAME
I have a project you must aid me in too.
- MIRABELL
220 You bind me to all lawful action, sir.
- CUNNINGGAME [*giving the Niece's scarf*]
Pray, wear this scarf about you.
- MIRABELL I conjecture now.
- CUNNINGGAME
There's a Court principle for't; one office must help
another;
As, for example, for your cast o' manchets out o'th'
pantry
I'll allow you a goose out o'th' kitchen.
- MIRABELL
'Tis very sociably done, sir. Farewell, Performance,
225 I shall be bold to call you so.
- CUNNINGGAME Do, sweet Confidence.
[*Exit Mirabell*]
If I can match my two broad-brimmed hats—
Enter Sir Gregory
'Tis he, I know the maggot by his head;
Now shall I learn news of him.—My precious chief!
- SIR GREGORY
230 I have been seeking for you i'th' bowling green,
Enquired at Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary,
'T has vexed me to the heart. Look, I've a diamond
here,
And it cannot find a master.
- CUNNINGGAME No? That's hard, i'faith.
- SIR GREGORY
It does belong to somebody: a pox on him,
I would he had it; does but trouble me,
235 And she that sent it is so waspish too
There's no returning to her till't be gone.
- CUNNINGGAME [*aside*]
O ho!—[*Inspecting diamond*] Ah, sirrah, are you come?
SIR GREGORY What's that, friend?
- CUNNINGGAME
Do you note that corner sparkle?
- SIR GREGORY Which? which? Which, sir?
- CUNNINGGAME
At the west end o' the collet.
- SIR GREGORY O, I see't now.
240
- CUNNINGGAME
'Tis an apparent mark: this is the stone, sir,
That so much blood is threatened to be shed for.
- SIR GREGORY
I pray?

194 **cordials** medicines

195 **electuary** paste made of a medicinal powder crushed in honey or syrup

196 **cullis** strong broth with which to nourish an invalid

199 **French ruffs** an expensive form of ruff, deeper and less starched than the usual English variety

mutable headtires changeable head-attire, ample millinery (in contrast to the monotony of Mirabell's apparently unique current hat)

203 **Fop Gregory the First** a play on 'Pope Gregory the First'

207-8 **You're...beforehand** spoken iron-

ically. Cunninggame thinks it folly to pay in advance for services one has not yet received, although, as his next words acknowledge, the legal profession compels all its clients to do so.

210 **shrewdly** severely. 'In the context, "knowingly" seems also intended' (Sharp)

223 **cast o' manchets** serving of white bread rolls or small loaves

227-8 **If...head** 'This is the first reference in the text to Sir Gregory's wearing a broad-brimmed hat, but perhaps it is part of his foppish costume from his first entry in Act 1' (Sharp)

230 **bowling green** Given the play's numerous other references to the area just north-west of the City (St Pancras, Finsbury, Islington), this may be a reference to the popular bowling green at Clerkenwell, now commemorated in the name of Bowling Green Lane (EC1).

231 **Nettleton's and Anthony's ordinary** eating places now known only from this fleeting reference. An ordinary was a tavern or eating house serving a single 'dish of the day'

240 **collet** the part of a piece of jewellery's setting visible around the stone

Act 4 Scene 1

Wit at feverall Weapons.

CUNNINGGAME
 A tun, at least.
 SIR GREGORY They must not find't
 I' me, then; they must go where 'tis to be had.
 CUNNINGGAME
 245 'Tis well it came to my hands first, Sir Gregory;
 I know where this must go. [*Pockets diamond*]
 SIR GREGORY Am I discharged on't?
 CUNNINGGAME
 My life for yours now! (*Draws*)
 SIR GREGORY What now?
 CUNNINGGAME 'Tis discretion, sir;
 I'll stand upon my guard all the while I ha't.
 SIR GREGORY
 Troth, thou tak'st too much danger on thee still
 To preserve me alive.
 250 CUNNINGGAME 'Tis a friend's duty, sir:
 Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
 I'll undertake to get your mistress for you.
 SIR GREGORY
 Thou wilt not! Wilt?
 CUNNINGGAME Contract her by a trick, sir,
 When she least thinks on't.
 SIR GREGORY There's the right way to't,
 255 For if she think on't once, she'll never do it.
 CUNNINGGAME
 She does abuse you still, then?
 SIR GREGORY A pox! Damnably,
 Every time worse than other: yet her uncle
 Thinks the day holds o' Tuesday; say it did, sir,
 She's so familiarly used to call me 'rascal',
 260 She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name,
 And then that marriage cannot hold in law, you
 know.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Will you leave all to me?
 SIR GREGORY Who should I leave it to?
 CUNNINGGAME
 'Tis our luck to love nieces; I love a niece too.
 SIR GREGORY
 I would you did, i'faith.
 CUNNINGGAME But mine's a kind wretch.
 SIR GREGORY
 265 Ay, marry, sir, I would mine were so too.
 CUNNINGGAME
 No 'rascal' comes in her mouth.
 SIR GREGORY Troth, and mine
 Has little else in hers.
 CUNNINGGAME Mine sends me tokens

All the world knows not on.
 SIR GREGORY Mine gives me tokens too,
 Very fine tokens, but I dare not wear 'em.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Mine's kind in secret.
 SIR GREGORY And there mine's a hell-cat. 270
 CUNNINGGAME
 We have a day set, too.
 SIR GREGORY 'Slid, so have we, man,
 But there's no sign of ever coming together.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Tell thee who 'tis; the old woman's niece.
 SIR GREGORY Is't she?
 CUNNINGGAME
 I would your luck had been no worse for mildness.
 But, mum, no words on't to your lady.
 SIR GREGORY Foh! 275
 CUNNINGGAME
 No blabbing, as you love me.
 SIR GREGORY None of our blood
 Were ever babblers.
 CUNNINGGAME [*giving a letter*]
 Prithce, convey this letter to her,
 But at any hand, let not your mistress see't.
 SIR GREGORY
 Yet again, sir?
 CUNNINGGAME There's a jewel in't;
 The very art would make her dote upon't.
 SIR GREGORY Say you so? 280
 [*Aside*] And she shall see't for that trick only.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Remember but your mistress, and all's well.
 SIR GREGORY
 Nay, if I do not, hang me. *Exit*
 CUNNINGGAME I believe you.
 This is the only way to return a token:
 I know he'll do't now, 'cause he's charged to'th'
 contrary. 285
 He's the nearest kin to a woman, of a thing
 Made without substance, that a man can find again.
 Some petticoat begot him, I'll be whipped else,
 Engend'ring with an old pair of paned hose
 Lying in some hot chamber o'er the kitchen; 290
 Very steam bred him.
 He never grew where *rem in re* e'er came;
 The generation of a hundred such
 Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
 For 'tis no act in law; nor can a constable 295
 Pick out a bawdy business for Bridewell in't.

243 tun a type of barrel
 244 I' me in me
 251 toy device, trick
 273 Tell thee I'll tell thee
 289 paned hose 'breeches made of different coloured strips or panels, old-fashioned by the early seventeenth century' (Turner)

292 *rem in re* literally 'with the thing in the other thing': legal Latin phrase for sexual penetration
 294 stand in a white sheet before the rest of the congregation, the ecclesiastical penance for fornication
 296 Bridewell a prison mainly devoted to the punishment of female sexual offend-

ers such as fornicators (and prostitutes): the original Bridewell was located at the mouth of the Fleet River close to Blackfriars, but by Middleton's time there were also two similar jails bearing the same name, one at Westminster and one at Clerkenwell

- A lamentable case.
 He's got with a man's urine, like a mandrake.
Enter Clown, as a gallant
 How now? Ha! What prodigious bravery's this?
 300 A most preposterous gallant; the doublet sits
 As if it mocked the breeches.
 CLOWN Save you, sir.
 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*]
 He's put his tongue in the fine suit of words too.
 CLOWN
 How does the party?
 CUNNINGGAME [*aside*] Takes me for a scrivener.—
 Which of the parties?
 CLOWN Hum! Simplicity betide thee!
 305 I would fain hear of the party; I would be loath to go
 Further with her; honour is not a thing to be dallied
 withal,
 No more is reputation, no, nor fame, I take it; I must
 not
 Have her wronged when I'm abroad; my party is not
 To be compelled with any party in an oblique way;
 310 'Tis very dangerous to deal with women;
 May prove a lady too, but shall be nameless,
 I'll bite my tongue out ere it prove a traitor.
 CUNNINGGAME
 Upon my life, I know her.
 CLOWN Not by me;
 Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
 315 You're ne'er the wiser; she comes not from these lips.
 CUNNINGGAME The old knight's niece.
 CLOWN [*aside*]
 'Slid, he has got her! Pox of his heart that told him!
 Can nothing be kept secret?—Let me entreat you
 To use her name as little as you can, though.
 CUNNINGGAME
 320 'Twill be small pleasure, sir, to use her name.
 CLOWN
 I had intelligence, in my solemn walks
 'Twixt Paddington and Pancridge, of a scarf
 Sent for a token, and a jewel followed,
- But I acknowledge not the receipt of any;
 Howe'er 'tis carrièd, believe me, sir,
 325 Upon my reputation, I received none.
 CUNNINGGAME
 What, neither scarf nor jewel?
 CLOWN 'Twould be seen
 Somewhere about me, you may well think that;
 I have an arm for a scarf, as others have,
 330 An ear to hang a jewel, too, and that's more
 Than some men have, my betters a great deal.
 I must have restitution, where'er it lights.
 CUNNINGGAME
 And reason good.
 CLOWN For all these tokens, sir,
 Pass i' my name.
 CUNNINGGAME It cannot otherwise be.
 CLOWN
 'Sent to a worthy friend.'
 CUNNINGGAME Ay, that's to thee. 335
 CLOWN
 I'm wronged under that title.
 CUNNINGGAME I dare swear thou art:
 'Tis nothing but Sir Gregory's circumvention,
 His envious spite; when thou'rt at Paddington
 He meets the gifts at Pancridge.
 CLOWN Ah, false knight!
 False both to honour and the law of arms! 340
 CUNNINGGAME
 What wilt thou say if I be revenged for thee,
 Thou sit as witness?
 CLOWN I should laugh in state then.
 CUNNINGGAME I'll fob him; here's my hand.
 CLOWN I should be as glad as any man alive to see him
 well fobbed, sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder 345
 the lady sends not for me, according to promise? I ha'
 kept out o' town these two days, o' purpose to be sent
 for; I am almost starved with walking.
 CUNNINGGAME Walking gets men a stomach.
 CLOWN 'Tis most true, sir; I may speak it by experience, 350
 for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it again, as

298 **got with** begotten by
mandrake a poisonous, potentially
 narcotic plant whose man-shaped root
 inspired much folklore, of which this
 line provides, as Sharp observes, a
 comparatively tame example
 299 **bravery's** finery's
 300-1 **doublet**...**breeches** Although usually
 of a different material, the doublet was
 supposed to match the remainder of the
 costume: the Clown's evidently does not.
 303 **scrivener** clerk employed to transcribe
 or draw up legal documents
 305-10 I...**women** The Clown's curious,
 semi-poetic utterance—appropriately
 couched in wildly irregular verse—

garbles legal terminology with dim
 recollections of the chivalric code of
 courtly love.
 320 **'Twill**...**name** i.e. compared to the
 pleasure of using her person
 321 **intelligence** The source of the Clown's
 information is never explained, the
 transparency of the play's plotting in this
 regard perhaps providing a deliberate
 joke in itself.
 322 **Paddington** at this time a rural hamlet,
 three miles west and about one to the
 north of the City, not far beyond Tyburn
Pancridge The large parish of St Pancras,
 around two miles east of Paddington,
 stretched as far north as Highgate and as

far south as Gray's Inn, bordering on
 Islington to the east and Clerkenwell
 to the south-west: it was at this time
 sparsely populated and known as a
 haunt of thieves and other criminals,
 with a particular reputation as a venue
 for illicit marriages.
 339-40 **Ah**...**arms** further incongruous
 fragments of chivalry
 343 **fob** dupe
 344-5 The Clown's lapse back into prose at
 this point (the preceding dialogue being
 his only sustained verse in the play)
 probably signals that Rowley took over
 the writing from here to the Clown's exit
 at l. 361-2.

- often as a traveller from Chelsea shall lose the sight of Paul's and get it again.
- CUNNINGGAME Go to her, man.
- 355 CLOWN Not for a million. Infringe my oath? There's a toy called a vow has passed between us, a poor trifle, sir. Pray, do me the part and office of a gentleman; if you chance to meet a footman by the way, in orange-tawny ribbons, running before an empty coach, with a buzzard i'th' poop on't, direct him and his horses toward the New River by Islington; there they shall have me, looking upon the pipes and whistling.
- CUNNINGGAME
A very good note. *Exit Clown*
This love makes us all monkeys.
But to my work: scarf first! And now a diamond!
These
365 Should be sure signs of her affection's truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. *Exit*
- 4.2 *Enter Niece and Sir Gregory*
- NIECE
Is't possible?
SIR GREGORY
Nay, here's his letter too;
There's a fine jewel in't, therefore I brought it to you.
- NIECE
You tedious mongrel! Is't not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
5 A thing that makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?
- SIR GREGORY I ha' done.
NIECE Fall back;
Yet backer, backer yet: you unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?
- SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
Nay, these are golden days, now I stay by't;
10 She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all.
The world mends, I see that.
- NIECE
What an ambiguous superscription's here,—
'To the best of nieces'.
Why, that title may be mine, and more than hers.
- Sure, I much wrong the neatness of his art;
'Tis certain sent to me, and, to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my tokens,
Used the same fop for his.
- SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
She nodded now to me; 'twill come in time.
- NIECE What's here?
An entire ruby, cut into a heart,
And this the word: *Istud amoris opus*.
- SIR GREGORY Yes, yes;
I've heard him say that love is the best stone-cutter.
- NIECE
Why, thou saucy issue of some travelling sow-gelder,
25 What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't. Hast thou ever hope
To come i'the same room where lovers are
And scape unbrained with one of their velvet slippers?
30
- SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
Love tricks break out, I see.—An you talk of slippers
once,
'Tis not far off to bedtime.
- NIECE Is it possible
Thou canst laugh yet? I would ha' undertook
To ha' killed a spider with less venom far
Than I have spit at thee.
- SIR GREGORY You must conceive,
35 A knight's another manner o' piece of flesh.
- NIECE
Back, owl's-face.
OLD KNIGHT (*within*)
Do, do.
- NIECE (*aside*) 'Tis my uncle's voice, that.—
Why keep you so far off, Sir Gregory?
Are you afraid, sir, to come near your mistress?
- SIR GREGORY [*aside*]
Is the proud heart come down? I looked for this still.
40
- NIECE [*aside*]
He comes not this way yet.—Away, you dog-whelp!
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?
I'll make you understand my mind in time:
You run in greedily, like a hound to his breakfast,

352–3 **Chelsea**...**Paul's** Chelsea was at this time another separate village, a good four or five miles upriver from the West End proper. The old St Paul's Cathedral, considerably larger and taller than its post-Great Fire successor, was easily the most prominent building in the City (despite the destruction of its immense steeple by lightning in 1561), but would only be intermittently visible from the Chelsea road because of the meanderings of the Thames, which the route followed.

358–9 **footman**...**ribbons** 'Orange-tawny' was a particularly ostentatious colour for servants' liveries

359 **buzzard** at this time regarded as an

ignoble, scavenging bird, little better than a kite: presumably a comic mistake on the Clown's part for a heraldic eagle

360 **i'th' poop** at the stern, on the back.

Whether the Clown is seriously expecting such an expensive messenger or confides these fantastical details with an air of mystery in the hopes of impressing Cunninggame is not clear

360–1 **the New River by Islington** The New River, constructed between 1609 and 1613, brought water nearly forty miles from Ware in Hertfordshire to a system of reservoirs in Islington (and finally the Round Pond, Clerkenwell), from which it was piped to the City: its inauguration is

celebrated by *His Lordship's Entertainment and Truth*.

- 4.2.9 **stay by't** persevere
- 12 **superscription's** the address on the letter
- 14 **hers** i.e. Mirabell's
- 22 ***Istud amoris opus*** A labour of love, for you
- 24 **I've...stone-cutter** 'Sir Gregory's knowledge of Latin seems to have improved somewhat since 1.2' (Sharp)
- 25 **sow-gelder** punningly taking up Sir Gregory's 'stone-cutter'
- 26 **What...mouth?** i.e. what is the word 'love' doing in your talk?
- 31 **An If**

45 That chops in head and all, to beguile his fellows.
I'm to be eaten, sir, with grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble
you:
After I have pelted you sufficiently
I trow you will learn more manners.

50 SIR GREGORY [*aside*] I'm wondering still
When we two shall come together; Tuesday's at hand,
But I'm as far off as I was at first, I swear.
Enter Guardianess
GUARDIANESS [*aside*]
Now, Cunninggame, I'll be revenged at large.—
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion
Is truth full blown now; my niece wears your scarf.

55 NIECE Ha!
GUARDIANESS
Do but follow me; I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by Cunninggame.
NIECE [*aside*]
I go with greediness: we long for things
That break our hearts sometimes; there's pleasure's
misery.
Exeunt Niece and Guardianess

60 SIR GREGORY
Where are those gadflies going? To some junket now:
That same old humble-bee toles the young one forth
To sweetmeats after kind. Let 'em look to't
The thing you wot on be not missed or gone;
I bring a maidenhead, and I look for one. *Exit*

4.3 *Enter Cunninggame, in discourse with a masked
gentlewoman in a broad hat and scarfed, and Niece
at another door*
CUNNINGGAME
Yes, yes.
NIECE [*aside*]
Too manifest now; the scarf and all.
CUNNINGGAME
It cannot be: you're such a fearful soul.
NIECE [*aside*]
I'll give her cause of fear e'er I part from her.
CUNNINGGAME
Will you say so? Is't not your aunt's desire too?

NIECE [*aside*]
What a dissembling crone's that! She'll forswear't
now.
CUNNINGGAME [*aside*]
I see my project takes; yonder's the grace on't.
NIECE [*aside*]
Who would put confidence in wit again?
I'm plagued for my ambition, to desire
A wise man for a husband, and I see
Fate will not have us go beyond our stint;
We are allowed but one dish, and that's woodcock;
It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of,
And thinks anything's good enough to make us
husbands.
O, that whore's hat o' thine, o' the riding block,
A shade for lecherous kisses!
CUNNINGGAME Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
NIECE [*coming forward*] Yes, me it forces
To tear that sorcerous strumpet from th'embraces!
CUNNINGGAME
Lady?
NIECE
O, thou hast wronged the exquisit'st love—
CUNNINGGAME
What mean you, lady?
NIECE Mine; you'll answer for't.
CUNNINGGAME
Alas, what seek you?
NIECE Sir, mine own, with loss.
CUNNINGGAME
You shall.
NIECE I never made so hard a bargain.
CUNNINGGAME
Sweet lady!
NIECE Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe virtue duty. [*Cunninggame falls*] Your cause
trips you.
Now, minion, you shall feel what love's rage is,
Before you taste the pleasure.—Smile you, false sir?
CUNNINGGAME
How can I choose, to see what pains you take
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?

45 **chops in** barges in
beguile cheat (of their shares of the food)
47 **Behaviour and discourse** Politeness and
conversation
60 **gadflies** biting insects which cause cattle
to rush frenetically about: used here in
a transferred sense, likening the two
women's behaviour to that of gadfly-
bitten cows (as in the expression 'to gad
about', meaning to have a frantically
busy social life)
junket a sweet pudding made from curds

and whey; hence a feast or party
61 **humble-bee** bumblebee, presumably a
reference to the Guardianess's shape as
well as her figurative sweet tooth
toles entices
62 **sweetmeats after kind** literally the sweet
foods appropriate to their natures, but
since 'kind' could also mean the urge to
procreate the figurative sense is 'sexual
pleasure'
63 **The thing you wot on** 'you know what',

in this case the Niece's hymen
4.3.11 **woodcock** a proverbially stupid edible
bird, hence the term could simply mean
'a fool'
12 **It Fate**
friends and servants lovers and admirers
(after marriage)
14 **o' the riding block** see 4.1.163
17 **th'embraces** thy embraces
23 **Your cause trips you** i.e. the injustice of
your cause trips you

Act 4 Scene 3

Wit at feverall Weapons.

NIECE
How?
[Cunninggame turns 'Mirabell', which proves to be a puppet so dressed]

CUNNINGGAME
See what things you women be, lady,
When clothes are taken for the best part of you!
This was to show you, when you think I love you
not,
How you're deceived still; there the moral lies.
'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
To take a lady nibbling is fine clothes.
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love;
I'm pretty well resolved in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague always ushers it.

NIECE
Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine,
And I've an excellent fortune coming in thee;
Bring nothing else, I charge thee.

CUNNINGGAME Not a groat, I warrant ye.

NIECE
Thou shalt be worthily welcome; take my faith for't,
Next opportunity shall make us one.

CUNNINGGAME
The old gentlewoman has fooled her revenge sweetly.

NIECE
'Las, 'tis her part; she knows her place so well yonder;
Always when women jump upon threescore,
Love shoves 'em from the chamber to the door.

CUNNINGGAME Thou art a precious she-wit. *Exeunt*

⦿

5.I *Enter Cunninggame at one door; Wittypate, Sir Ruinous, Lady Ruinous, and Priscian at the other*

CUNNINGGAME
Friend, met in the harvest of our designs;

Not a thought but's busy.

WITTYPATE I knew it, man,
And that made me provide these needful reapers,
Hooks, rakers, gleaners; we'll sing it home
With a melodious hornpipe. This is the bond:
That as we further in your great affair
You'll suffer us to glean, pick up for crumbs;
And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf
You will not look a churl on's.

CUNNINGGAME Friend, we'll share
The sheaves of gold; only the love-acre
Shall be peculiar.

WITTYPATE Much good do you, sir.
[To Sir Ruinous and Priscian] Away, you know your
way and your stay; get you the music ready, while
we prepare the dancers.

SIR RUINOUS We are a consort of ourselves.
PRISCIAN And can strike up lustily.

WITTYPATE You must bring Sir Fop.

CUNNINGGAME That's perfect enough.

SIR RUINOUS
Bring all the fops you can, the more the better fare,
So the proverb runs backwards.

Exeunt Sir Ruinous and Priscian

LADY I'll bring the ladies. *Exit*

WITTYPATE
Do so first, and then the fops will follow;
I must to my father; he must make one.
Enter two servants, with a banquet

CUNNINGGAME
While I dispatch a business with the knight,
And I go with you. *Exit Wittypate*
—Well said, I thank you.
This small banquet will furnish our few guests
With taste and state enough. One reach my gown;
The action craves it rather than the weather.
[Exit Second Servant]

28.2 *puppet* a life-sized lay figure (of a type used by dressmakers), masked to conceal anything of its wooden face not hidden beneath the broad brim of Mirabell's hat (which is probably introduced into the play solely for the purposes of this scene)
35 *resolved in't* convinced of it
44 *jump upon* arrive at or get near to
45 *from the chamber... door* with an allusion to the supposedly typical career trajectory of a prostitute, finishing her working life as a door-keeper or pander
5.I Act 5 is primarily Rowley's, but it is full of 'composite' writing in which verbal mannerisms of both playwrights are visible, and is probably the section of the play on which they collaborated most closely

4 *Hooks* reaping hooks
7 *crumbs* here meaning 'grains'
9 *look a churl on's* take a miserly attitude towards us, with a pun on 'churl' as 'rustic', appropriate to the agricultural context
10 *the love-acre* the field or sphere of love, i.e. the Niece (as opposed to the 'knave's acre', the field of cheating; 'to return by Knave's Acre' was a proverbial phrase meaning 'to return empty-handed, as if cheated on the way home')
11 *peculiar* private, reserved for a single owner
13 *your stay* where you are to wait
20 *the proverb runs backwards* The proverb in question is 'The more the merrier, the

fewer the better fare'; the reverse is now the case, Sir Ruinous suggests, because the larger the number of victims who can be brought to their 'party' the better their fare (i.e. the larger their shares of the booty) will be.
22 *make one* be one of those present
22.1 *Enter two servants, with a banquet* In Renaissance usage, the banquet was a dessert course after supper, consisting of sweetmeats and fruit. It is not made clear whose servants these are: Cunninggame is too poor to have a household of his own, so presumably we are to infer that this scene takes place in a private room at a tavern.
24 *Well said* i.e. well done

- FIRST SERVANT
There's one stays to speak with you, sir.
- CUNNINGGAME
What is he?
- FIRST SERVANT
Faith, I know not what, sir; a fool, I think,
30 That some broker's shop has made half a gentleman;
Has the name of a Worthy, too.
- CUNNINGGAME
Pompey, is't not?
- FIRST SERVANT
That's he, sir.
- CUNNINGGAME
Alas, poor fellow. Prithce, enter him.
He will need too, he shall serve for a witness.
Enter Second Servant, with a gown
35 O, gramercy. If my friend Sir Gregory comes,
You know him, entertain him kindly.
[Exit Second Servant]
Enter Clown
O, Master Pompey, how is't, man?
- CLOWN 'Snails! I'm almost starved with love, and cold,
40 and one thing or other. Has not my lady sent for me
yet?
- CUNNINGGAME
Not that I hear; sure some unfriendly mes-
senger is employed betwixt you.
- CLOWN I was ne'er so cold in my life. In my conscience, I
45 have been seven mile in length, along the New River:
I have seen a hundred sticklebacks; I do not think but
there's gudgeons, too; 'twill ne'er be a true water.
- CUNNINGGAME
Why think you so?
- CLOWN I warrant you, I told a thousand miller's thumbs
in it.
50 I'll make a little bold with your sweetmeats.
- CUNNINGGAME
And welcome, Pompey.
- CLOWN 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in anything.
- CUNNINGGAME
O, that's love, that distastes anything but
itself.
- 55 CLOWN 'Tis worse than cheese in that point. May not a
man break his word with a lady? I could find in my
heart and my hose too.
- CUNNINGGAME
By no means, sir; that breaks all the laws of
love.
- CLOWN Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed to
60 lady, while I live, again. I would fain recover my taste.
CUNNINGGAME Well, I have news to tell you.
CLOWN Good news, sir?
CUNNINGGAME Happy news: I help you away with a rival,
65 your master, bestowed—
CLOWN Where, for this plum's sake?
CUNNINGGAME Nay, listen me.
CLOWN I warrant you, sir, I have two ears to one mouth,
I hear more than I eat; I'd ne'er row by Queenhithe
70 while I lived else.
CUNNINGGAME I have a wife for him, and thou shalt witness
the contract.
CLOWN The old one, I hope; 'tis not the lady?
CUNNINGGAME Choke him first! 'Tis one which thou shalt
75 see; see him, see him deceived, see the deceit; only the
injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.
CLOWN I'll simper, i'faith, as cold as I am yet. The old one,
I hope!
Re-enter Second Servant
SECOND SERVANT Sir, here's Sir Gregory. *[Exit]*
80 CUNNINGGAME Ud'so, shelter, shelter; if you be seen, all's
ravelled out again. Stand there private, and you'll find
the very opportunity to call you forth, and place you at
the table.—
[Clown withdraws]. Enter Sir Gregory
You are welcome, sir. This banquet will serve, when it
85 is crowned with such a dainty as you expect, and must
have.
SIR GREGORY Tush, these sweetmeats are but sauce to that.
Well, if there be any honesty or true word in a dream,
she's mine own, nay, and changed extremely, not the
90 same woman.
CUNNINGGAME Who? Not the lady?
SIR GREGORY No, not to me: the edge of her tongue is taken
off, gives me very good words; turned upside-down to
me, and we live as quietly as two tortoises, if she hold
95 on as she began in my dream.
CUNNINGGAME Nay, if love send forth such predictions, you
are bound to believe 'em. *(Soft music)* There's the watch-

31 **name of a Worthy** the Nine Worthies were nine great men, three from the Bible, three from the classics and three from romance, supposed to be the greatest heroes of all time: see *Heroes*
34 **He will need** he will be needed
38 **'Snails** His nails (an oath referring to the nails used in the Crucifixion)
44 **New River** see 4.1.360-1
45 **sticklebacks** a species of small fish
46 **gudgeons** another species of small fish, easily caught and often used as live bait for perch or pike; hence, figuratively, either deceitful baits or gullible simpletons
true i.e. fresh, drinkable, with a pun on the sense of 'honest'. The Clown's

pessimism about the New River is in marked contrast to the attitude expressed in *His Lordship's Entertainment*, against which Rowley may be offering a deliberate in-joke here.
48 **miller's thumbs** small fishes about two inches long, their facetious name alluding to the proverbial dishonesty of millers, who were traditionally supposed to use their thumbs to depress the scales when weighing out the amount of flour to be handed over (so that the farmer received a smaller quantity of flour than he had brought of grain); hence the Clown's punning suspicion that the water will never be 'true'

50 **I'll...sweetmeats** The Clown eats diligently from this point until at least l. 145-6
53 **distastes** takes away the flavour of
60 **without my deed** i.e. before consummation
66 **this plum's** which presumably the Clown has just picked up to eat
69 **Queenhithe** a quay on the north side of the Thames between London Bridge and Blackfriars (directly opposite the Bank-side theatres), on which fishmongers cried their wares: the Clown would be detained there indefinitely if he ate all the food he heard about
73 **The old one** the Guardiansess

- word of her coming; to your practised part now; if you hit it, *æquus Cupido nobis*. (*Both go into the gown*)
- 100 SIR GREGORY I will warrant you, sir, I will give arms to your gentry; look you forward to your business, I am an eye behind you. Place her in that chair, and let me alone to grope her out.
[*Clown comes forward, and sits at the banquet*]
- CUNNINGGAME Silence!—
Enter *Mirabell*
- 105 Lady, your sweet presence illustrates This homely roof, and as coarse entertainment; But where affections are both host and guest They cannot meet unkindly. Please you sit; Your something long stay made me unmannerly
- 110 To place before you; you know this friend here, He's my guest, and more especially That this our meeting might not be too single, Without a witness to't.
- MIRABELL I came not unresolved, sir, And when our hands are clasped in that firm faith Which I expect from you, fame shall be bold To speak the loudest on't.
[*Sir Gregory reaches out his hand from under the gown and clasps hers*]
- O, you grasp me Somewhat too hard, friend.
- CUNNINGGAME That's love's eager will; I'll touch it gentlier. (*Kisses her hand*)
- MIRABELL That's too low in you, 'Less it be doubly recompensed in me. (*She kisses [Sir Gregory's] hand*)
- CLOWN [*aside*]
- 120 Puh, I must stop my mouth, I shall be choked else.
- CUNNINGGAME Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays; We met to join these hands, and willingly I cannot leave it till confirmation.
- MIRABELL One word first, how does your friend, kind Sir Gregory?
- CUNNINGGAME Why do you mention him? You love him not? 125
- MIRABELL I shall love you the less if you say so, sir; In troth, I love him, but 'tis you deceive him. This flattering hand of yours does rob him now, Now you steal his right from him; and I know I shall have hate for't, his hate extremely. 130
- CUNNINGGAME Why, I thought you had not come so weakly armed; Upon my life, the knight will love you for't, Exceedingly love you, forever love you.
- MIRABELL Ay, you'll persuade me so.
- CUNNINGGAME Why, he's my friend, And wishes me a fortune equal with him; I know, and dare speak it for him. 135
- MIRABELL O, this hand Betrays him. You might remember him in some Courtesy yet, at least.
- CUNNINGGAME I thank your help in't; Here's to his health, where'er he be. [*Drinks*]
- MIRABELL I'll pledge it, were it against my health. [*Drinks*]
- CLOWN [*aside*] O, o! 140
- My heart hops after twelve mile a day upon a good return. Now could I walk three hundred mile afoot, and laugh forwards and backwards.
- MIRABELL You'll take the knight's health, sir?
- CLOWN Yes, yes, forsooth.— [*Aside*] O, my sides! Such a banquet once a week would make me grow fat in a fortnight. 145
- CUNNINGGAME Well, now to close our meeting with the close Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin:
[*Sir Gregory's hand takes Mirabell's again*]
- Here in Heaven's eye, and all love's sacred powers (Which in my prayers stand propitious), 150 I knit this holy handfast, and with this hand The heart that owes this hand, ever binding

99 *æquus Cupido nobis* Cupid deals justly with us
Both go into the gown Sir Gregory must stand or half-crouch under the gown behind Cunninggame, who holds his arms concealed by his sides while Sir Gregory reaches his own around him and out through the sleeves. Previous editors have imagined Cunninggame sitting in Sir Gregory's lap, but this would make some of the remaining action in the scene extremely awkward.

100-1 *arms to your gentry* Sir Gregory puns that he is ennobling Cunninggame by lending him his arms (in the heraldic sense as well as the literal)

105 *illustrates* beautifies
110 *To place before you* to seat your fellow guest at the table before your arrival
114-16 *And...on't* A 'handfast' exchange of betrothal vows before one or more witnesses was regarded as legally binding; although the vows were more important in law than the clasping of hands which accompanied them, the custom provides the cue for the elaborate comic references to hands and comic pieces of stage business involving them which continue from here to l. 168.
119 *'Less* Unless
141 *after twelve mile a day* at a rate

of twelve miles a day (an allusion, according to Turner, to the comedian Will Kemp's famous nine-days' jig from London to Norwich in 1600, which covered the ground at about this speed). The Clown's amusement has more than cured his earlier exhaustion from walking seven miles along the New River (5.1.43-4).
141-2 *upon a good return* for a good price (possibly, as Sharp suggests, such another jest as this)
143 *forwards and backwards* all the way and all the way back
152 *owes* owns

155 By force of this initiating contract
 Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
 Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,
 Rights, and honours of a faithful husband;
 And this firm vow henceforth till death to stand
 Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand.

MIRABELL
 Which thus I second; but, O, Sir Gregory!

CUNNINGAME
 160 Again? This interposition's ill, believe me.

MIRABELL
 Here in Heaven's eye, and all love's sacred powers,
 I knit this holy handfast, and with this hand
 The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
 Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
 165 Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,
 Rights, and duties of a true faithful wife;
 And this firm vow henceforth till death to stand
 Irrevocable, sealed both with heart and hand.

SIR GREGORY A full agreement on both parts.

CUNNINGAME Ay, here's witness of that.

SIR GREGORY [emerging from the gown] Nay, I have over-
 reached you, lady, and that's much, for any knight in
 England to overreach a lady.

MIRABELL
 I rejoice in my deceit; I am a lady now,
 I thank you, sir.

175 CLOWN Good morrow, Lady Pop.

SIR GREGORY 'Snails, I'm gulled, made a worshipful ass!
 This is not my lady.

CUNNINGAME
 But it is, sir, and true as your dream told you
 That your lady was become another woman.

180 SIR GREGORY I'll have another lady, sir, if there were no
 more ladies in London! Blind-man's buff is an unlawful
 game.

CUNNINGAME
 Come, down on your knees first, and thank your
 stars.

SIR GREGORY A fire of my stars! I may thank you, I think.

CUNNINGAME
 185 So you may pray for me, and honour me,
 That have preserved you from a lasting torment
 For a perpetual comfort; did you call me friend?

SIR GREGORY I pray pardon me for that; I did miscall you,
 I confess.

CUNNINGAME
 And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
 190 Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend
 Baffled, disgraced, without any reverence
 To your title, to be called 'slave', 'rascal'?
 Nay, cursed to your face, fooled, scorned, beaten
 down
 With a woman's peevish hate, yet I should stand
 195 And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
 I would have seen you buried quick first,
 Your spurs of knighthood to have wanted rowels
 And to be kicked from your heels. 'Slave', 'rascal'?
 Hear this tongue.

200 MIRABELL
 My dearest love, sweet knight, my lord, my husband.

CUNNINGAME
 So; this is not 'slave' and 'rascal', then.

MIRABELL
 What shall your eye command, but shall be done
 In all the duties of a loyal wife?

CUNNINGAME Good, good.

205 SIR GREGORY Are not curses fitter for you? Were't not better
 Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,
 Or your nose bored with a silver bodkin?

MIRABELL
 Why, I will be a servant in your lady.

CUNNINGAME
 Pox, but you shall not!—[To Sir Gregory] She's too
 good for you.—
 210 [To Mirabell] This contract shall be a nullity. I'll
 break't off,
 And see you better bestowed.

SIR GREGORY 'Slid, but you shall not, sir! She's mine own,
 and I am hers, and we are one another's lawfully, and
 let me see him that will take her away by the civil law.
 215 If you be my friend, keep you so; if you have done me
 a good turn, do not hit me i'th' teeth with't, that's not
 the part of a friend.

CUNNINGAME If you be content—

SIR GREGORY Content? I was never in better contention in
 220 my life. I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New
 or the Old.—Come, kiss me boldly.
 [Sir Gregory and Mirabell kiss]

CLOWN Give you joy, sir!

SIR GREGORY O sir, I thank you as much as though I
 225 did. You are beloved of ladies; you see we are glad

153 **initiating contract** As Turner points out, the ceremony performed here constitutes a spousal *de presenti*, the beginning of the process of being married rather than its completion; at the conclusion of such a betrothal the parties still had to go through the marriage service in church and consummate before the marriage was fully established (although the parties here perform these last two stages in reverse order; see ll. 245–8). However, if after a spousal *de presenti* either party married someone else, that

subsequent marriage would be dissolved as unlawful.
 166 **duties** In becoming a wife, Mirabell acquires 'duties' in contrast to her husband's 'honours', 156
 181–2 **Blind-man's... game** Sir Gregory recognizes that the betrothal is not legally binding due to his deception as to the identity of the bride
 197 **quick** alive
 198 **rowels** the spiked discs at the ends of a pair of spurs

214–15 **we are... law** Sir Gregory changes his mind about the legality of the proceedings
 220 **contention** 'Presumably a malapropism. Sir Gregory means "contentment"' (Sharp)
 221 **both the Exchanges** The Royal Exchange at Cornhill dated from 1567; its rival the New Exchange in the Strand had opened in 1609.
 225 **we** Sir Gregory grandly uses the royal first person plural

of under-women.

CLOWN Ladies? Let not ladies be disgraced: you are as it were a married man, and have a family, and for the party's sake that was unnamed before, being peascod time, I am appeased; yet I would wish you make a ruler of your tongue.

230

CUNNINGGAME
Nay, no dissension here, I must bar that.
[To Sir Gregory] And this, friend, I entreat you, and be advised:

235 Let this private contract be yet concealed,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the lady. Mark how it avails you
And quits all her scorns: her uncle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
240 Herself to you, which when you have flouted
And laughed your fill at, you shall scorn her off
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

245 SIR GREGORY Good, i'faith, I'll continue it: I'd fain laugh at
the old fellow too, for he has abused me as scurvily as
his niece.—My knighthood's upon the spur: we'll go to
bed, and then to church as fast as we can.

Exeunt Sir Gregory and Mirabell

CLOWN I do wonder I do not hear of the lady yet.

250 CUNNINGGAME The good minute may come sooner than you
are aware of; I do not think but 'twill ere night yet, as
near as 'tis.

CLOWN Well, I will go walk by the New River in that
meditation; I am o'er shoes, I'm sure, upon the dry
255 bank. This gullery of my master will keep me company
this two hours too; if love were not an enemy to
laughter I should drive away the time well enough.
You know my walk, sir: if she sends, I shall be found
angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I
260 will fish fair for't.
O knight, that thou should'st be gulled so! Ha, ha! it
does me good at heart,
But O, lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. *Exit*
Enter Wittypate

WITTYPATE
Friend!

CUNNINGGAME
Here, friend.

WITTYPATE All's afoot, and will go smooth away;
The woman has conquered the women, they are
265 gone,
Which I have already complained to my father,

Suggesting that Sir Gregory is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On Gentry's wife (whom I have called a widow),
270 And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

CUNNINGGAME Foot, all this is wrong!
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me;
I am lost for ever. [*Leaving*]

WITTYPATE No, stay, you shall not go
275 But with my father: on my wit let it lie;
You shall appear a friendly assistant
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help yourself only.

CUNNINGGAME Would my belief were strong
In this assurance!

WITTYPATE You shall credit it,
280 And my wit shall be your slave if it deceive you.
Enter Old Knight
My father—

OLD KNIGHT
O sir, you are well met; where's the knight, your
friend?

CUNNINGGAME Sir, I think your son has told you—

WITTYPATE
Shall I stand to tell't again? I tell you, he loves,
But not my kinswoman: her base usage,
285 And your slack performance, which he accuses most
Indeed, has turned the knight's heart upside down.

OLD KNIGHT
I'll curb her for't: can he be but recovered
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a wife too.

CUNNINGGAME With that condition, sir,
290 I dare recall him were he entered the church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.

OLD KNIGHT
Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

WITTYPATE
Ay, but these are words still; will not the deeds be
wanting
At the recovery, if it should be again?
295

OLD KNIGHT
Why, here, fool, I am provided: [*showing a purse*] five
hundred in earnest
Of the thousands in her dower. But were they married
once,
I'd cut him short enough; that's my agreement.

WITTYPATE
Ay, now I perceive some purpose in you, father.

227-8 **as it were** see note to l. 153 above
229-30 **peascod**...**appeased** clearly with
a pun on 'peascod' and 'appeased'; the
Clown is letting Sir Gregory off on the
grounds either that it is literally the time
of year when peas are harvested, or in
the figurative sense that Sir Gregory is
young

237 **quits** requites
247 My...**upon the spur** with a sexual
quibble
247-8 **we'll...can** see note to l. 153 above
254-5 **o'er shoes**...**dry bank** alluding to
the phrase 'over shoes in love'
272 **Foot** by Christ's foot

273 **and will be before me** i.e. and the
Old Knight will get to the Niece before
Cunninggame can
296-7 **five hundred...dower** The Old
Knight hopes to buy back Sir Gregory
as a nephew-in-law by paying him an
advance on the Niece's dowry

300 OLD KNIGHT But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors
To him?
WITTYPATE To him? O, fie upon your error!
She has another object, believe it, sir.
OLD KNIGHT I never could perceive it.
CUNNINGGAME I did, sir, and to her shame I should speak it,
305 To my own sorrow I saw it; dalliance,
Nay, dotage, with a very clown, a fool.
OLD KNIGHT Wit and wantonness, nothing else, nothing else.
She love a fool? She'll sooner make a fool
Of a wise man.
CUNNINGGAME Ay, my friend complains so.
310 Sir Gregory says flatly she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approved;
Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant
Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood
And taken from him; certain, sir, there is
315 An unsuspected fellow lies concealed,
What or where'er he is; these slight neglects
Could not be of a knight else.
OLD KNIGHT Well, sir, you
Have promised (if we recover him unmarried)
To salve all these old bruises?
CUNNINGGAME I'll do my best, sir.
OLD KNIGHT I shall thank you costly, sir, and kindly too.
320 WITTYPATE Will you talk away the time here, sir, and come
Behind all your purposes?
OLD KNIGHT Away, good sir!
WITTYPATE Then stay a little, good sir, for my advice.
Why, father, are you broke, your wit beggared,
325 Or are you at your wit's end, or out of
Love with wit? No trick of wit to surprise
Those designs, but with open hue and cry
For all the world to talk on? This is strange;
You were not wont to slubber a project so.
OLD KNIGHT Can you help at a pinch now, show yourself
330 My son? Go to, I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.
WITTYPATE 'Tis thus, then:

I have had late intelligence they are now
Buxom as Bacchus' frows, revelling, dancing,
335 Telling the music's numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premonished friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you.
Now, sir, with a dextrous trick indeed, sudden
And sufficient, were well to enter on 'em
As something like the abstract of a masque.
340 What though few persons? If best for our purpose
That commends the project.
OLD KNIGHT This takes up time.
WITTYPATE Not at all; I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that scene.
OLD KNIGHT Why, what wants then?
WITTYPATE Nothing but charge of music;
345 That must be paid, you know.
OLD KNIGHT That shall be my charges; I'll pay the music,
Whate'er it cost.
WITTYPATE And that shall be all your charge.
Now on, I like it, there will be wit in't, father.
Exeunt Wittypate and Old Knight
CUNNINGGAME I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship;
350 Yet if his master-brain should be o'erthrown,
My resolution now shall seize mine own. *Exit*

Enter Niece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Sir Ruinous, and Priscian, [the latter pair] with instruments, masked 5.2

LADY Nay, let's have music; let that sweet breath, at least,
Give us her airy welcome; 'twill be the best,
I fear, this ruined receptacle will yield,
But that most freely.
NIECE [*aside to Lady Ruinous*] My welcome follows me,
5 Else I am ill come hither; you assure me still
Master Cunninggame will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wished me meet him?
LADY Else let me be that shame unto my sex
That all belief may fly 'em.
NIECE Continue still
10 The knight's name unto my guardianess,

307 **wantonness** sportiveness, playfulness
313 **understood** recognized through inside information
329 **slubber** spoil or bungle
334 **Buxom** merry, lively
Bacchus' frows 'Frow' is the English form of 'frau', a woman; 'Bacchus' frows' are thus Mænads or Bacchantes, the orgiastic priestesses of the wine-god Bacchus
335 **Telling . . . feet** The dancing party Wittypate describes takes place at the

home of Sir and Lady Ruinous; see 5.2.1-4
336 **premonished** forewarned, tipped off
5.2 The opening passage of this scene, recognizably providing a glimpse of the Lady Ruinous of Middleton's 2.1, is probably Middleton's alone, although elsewhere Rowley seems to have done the bulk of the writing in this scene
0.3 **instruments** violins or viols; see l. 86, where the musicians are referred to as 'fiddlers'

1-4 Lady Ruinous's command is obeyed, and music plays throughout the ensuing dialogue (see l. 38), unless the 'musicians' busy themselves with setting or tuning up and do not start to play until after Sir Ruinous's speech at ll. 14-15 (which, however, he might perhaps deliver while playing). The actors playing Priscian and Sir Ruinous must be capable either of playing the violin or of miming to an offstage consort.

Act 5 Scene 2

Wit at feverall Weapons.

She expects no other.

LADY —He will, he will, assure you
 Lady, Sir Gregory will be here, and suddenly;
 This music fore-ran him; is't not so, consorts?

15 SIR RUINOUS Yes, lady; he stays on some device to bring
 along, such a labour he was busy in; some witty device.

NIECE 'Twill be long ere he come then, for wit's a great
 labour to him.

GUARDIANESS Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

NIECE Scarce two, I think.

GUARDIANESS

20 Such a mock-beggar suit of clothes as led me
 Into the fool's pair-o'-dice, with deuce ace,
 He that would make me Mistress Cun, Cun, Cunny
 (He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
 Forget him while I have a hole in my head),

25 Such a one I think would please you better, though
 He did abuse you.

LADY Fie, speak well of him now,
 Your niece has quitted him.

GUARDIANESS I hope she has,
 Else she loses me for ever; but for Sir Gregory,
 Would he were come; I shall ill answer this
 Unto your uncle else.

30 NIECE You know 'tis his pleasure
 I should keep him company.

GUARDIANESS Ay, and should be your own
 If you did well too. Lord, I do wonder
 At the niceness of you ladies nowadays.
 They must have husbands with so much wit, forsooth.

35 Worship and wealth were both wont to be in
 Better request, I'm sure; I cannot tell,
 But they get ne'er the wiser children, that I see.

LADY
 La, la, la, la, sol. This music breathes in vain:
 Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
 40 Let's have a female motion; 'tis in private,
 And we'll grace't ourselves, however it deserves.

NIECE
 What say you, guardianess?

GUARDIANESS 'Las, I'm weary with the walk;
 My jaunting days are done.

LADY
 Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
 She shall pay the music. 45

GUARDIANESS
 Nay, I'll have a little for my money, then.
 [They put on masks, and] dance. A cornet sounds

LADY
 Hark! Upon my life, the knight. [Aside to Niece] 'Tis
 your friend,
 This was the warning-piece of his approach.
 Enter Old Knight, Wittypate and Cunninggame,
 masked, who take [the three women] to dance

LADY [to her partner, the Old Knight] Ha? No words but
 mum? Well then, we shall need no counsel-keeping. 50

NIECE [to her partner, Cunninggame] Cunninggame?

CUNNINGGAME Yes: fear nothing.

NIECE Fear? Why do you tell me of it?

CUNNINGGAME Your uncle's here.

NIECE Ay me! 55

CUNNINGGAME Peace!

OLD KNIGHT [aside to Wittypate] We have caught 'em.

WITTYPATE Thank my wit, father.

GUARDIANESS [aside to Niece] Which is the knight, think
 you? 60

NIECE
 I know not; he will be found when he speaks;
 No mask can disguise his tongue.

WITTYPATE [aside to Old Knight] Are you charged?

OLD KNIGHT Are you awake?

WITTYPATE I'm answered in a question. 65

CUNNINGGAME [to Niece]
 Next change we meet, we loose our hands no more.

NIECE
 Are you prepared to tie 'em?

CUNNINGGAME Yes.
 [To Guardianess, imitating Sir Gregory's voice] You must
 go with me.

GUARDIANESS Whither, sir? Not from my charge, believe
 70 me.

CUNNINGGAME She goes along.

NIECE [aside to Cunninggame] Will you venture, and my
 uncle here?

14 **device** witty and fanciful idea, conceit
 20 **mock-beggar** misleadingly wealthy-
 looking
 21 **pair-o'-dice** hackneyed pun on 'paradise'
deuce ace here, 'nothing'; worthless
 throw of the dice giving a two ('deuce')
 with one die and a one ('ace') with the
 other
 22-4 **Cun, Cun...head** the obvious obscen-
 eity of 'Cunny' is taken up by the 'hole'
 at l. 24; 'I shall never forget him while
 I have a hole in my head' ostensibly
 means 'I shall never forget him all my

life (while I still have a mouth to breathe
 by)', but punningly suggests 'I shall be
 reminded of him whenever I think of a
 vagina'. Sharp suggests the player would
 pause lewdly after the word 'hole'.
 38 **La...sol** Lady Ruinous sings along with
 the music
 44 **by course** in due course
 46.1 **cornet** at this time, a wooden rather
 than brass instrument, with finger holes
 rather than valves
 50 **counsel-keeping** secrecy. 'In a masqued

ball the identities of the dancers were
 meant to be kept secret until unmasking
 time. Often this involved conspiracy
 between participants who had, in fact,
 recognized each other' (Sharp)
 63 **charged** supplied with money (akin to
 the modern slang usage of 'loaded')
 66 **Next change we meet** Appropriately to
 the entire Niece-Cunninggame plot of the
 play, the dance involves the repeated
 exchange of partners. A 'change' is a
 finite phase or passage of a set dance.

75 CUNNINGAME His stay's prepared for.
Exeunt Cunningame and Niece
 GUARDIANESS 'Tis the knight, sure; I'll follow. *Exit*
[Music continues, then stops]
 OLD KNIGHT How now, the music tired before us?
 SIR RUINOUS Yes, sir, we must be paid now.
 WITTYPATE O, that's your charge, father.
 OLD KNIGHT
 80 But stay, where are our wanton ladies gone?
 Son, where are they?
 WITTYPATE Only changed the room in a change, that's all,
 sure.
 OLD KNIGHT
 I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.
 SIR RUINOUS
 You must pay for your music first, sir.
 85 OLD KNIGHT Must?
 Are there musty fiddlers? Are beggars choosers now?
 Ha! Why, Wittypate, son, where am I?
 WITTYPATE
 You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, sir,
 Is your health miscarried since? What ail you, sir?
 OLD KNIGHT
 90 Death, I may be gulled to my face! Where's my niece?
 What are you?
 LADY *[unmasking]* None of your niece, sir.
[Sir Ruinous and Priscian produce pistols]
 OLD KNIGHT
 How now! Have you loud instruments too? I'll hear
 No more, I thank you. What have I done, trow,
 95 To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I?
 WITTYPATE
 Not where you should be, sir; you should be paying
 For your music, and you are in a maze.
 OLD KNIGHT
 O, is't so? Put up, put up, I pray you;
 Here's a crown for you.
 LADY Pish, a crown?
 SIR RUINOUS and PRISCIAN Ha, ha, ha! A crown!
 OLD KNIGHT
 100 Which way do you laugh? I have seen a crown
 Has made a consort laugh heartily.
 WITTYPATE Father,
 To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
 Musicians; they expect a bounty
 Above their punctual desert.

OLD KNIGHT
 A pox on your punks, and their deserts too!
 Am I not cheated all this while, think you?
 Is not your pate in this?
 WITTYPATE If you be cheated,
 You are not to be indicted for your own goods:
 Here you trifle time, to market your bounty
 And make it base, when it must needs be free
 110 For aught I can perceive.
 OLD KNIGHT Will you know the lowest price, sir?
 WITTYPATE That I will, sir, with all my heart.
*[Wittypate talks apart to Sir Ruinous, Lady
 Ruinous and Priscian]*
 OLD KNIGHT
 Unless I was discovered, and they now fled
 Home again for fear, I am absolutely beguiled,
 115 That's the best can be hoped for.
 WITTYPATE Faith, 'tis somewhat too dear yet, gentlemen.
 SIR RUINOUS There's not a denier to be bated, sir.
 OLD KNIGHT Now, sir, how dear is it?
 WITTYPATE Bate but the t'other ten pound?
 120 PRISCIAN Not a bawbee, sir.
 OLD KNIGHT How? Bate ten pound? What's the whole sum,
 then?
 WITTYPATE
 Faith, sir, a hundred pound; with much ado
 I got fifty bated, and faith, father, to say truth,
 125 'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.
 OLD KNIGHT
 La, la, la, down a hundred pound? La, la, la!
 You are a consort of thieves, are you not?
 WITTYPATE
 No, musicians, sir, I told you before.
 OLD KNIGHT Fiddle faddle!
 130 Is't not a robbery? a plain robbery?
 WITTYPATE No,
 No, no, by no means, father; you have received
 For your money, nay, and that you cannot give back;
 'Tis somewhat dear, I confess, but who can help it?
 If they had been agreed with beforehand...
 135 'Twas ill forgotten.
 OLD KNIGHT
 And how many shares have you in this? I see
 My force; case up your instruments; I yield.
 Here, as robbed and taken from me, I deliver it. *[Gives
 money]*

75 His stay's prepared for i.e. arrangements have been made to detain him
 82 Only changed the room in a change only danced into another room, according to the pattern of the dance
 86 musty mouldy or stale; used here in a punning sense to mean 'coercive, imperious'
 94 trow think, i.e. 'do you think' or 'am I to think'
 97 in a maze i.e. amazed, confused
 99 crown coin worth five shillings

100 Which... laugh? i.e. 'whether in jest or earnest' (Symson)
 104 Above their punctual desert i.e. beyond what they have technically earned
 105 punks whores, punning on 'punctual'
 108 indicted held to account
 109-11 Here... perceive You are wasting time haggling over your generosity and thus devaluing it, when as far as I can see you have no choice but to give freely
 112 Will you know i.e. will you find out
 118 denier coin worth a tenth of a penny

121 bawbee halfpenny
 127 La...la Sharp notes the similarity to Lady Ruinous's singing at l. 38, and suggests that the Old Knight sings his indignation to the tune to which he has just been dancing
 130 Fiddle faddle dismissive exclamation, appropriately chosen for its musical reference
 135 If... beforehand if you had negotiated the price in advance

- WITTYPATE
140 No, sir; you have performed your promise now,
Which was to pay the charge of music; that's all.
- OLD KNIGHT
I have heard no music, I have received none, sir.
There's none to be found in me nor about me.
- WITTYPATE
Why, sir, here's witness against you; you have
danced,
145 And he that dances acknowledges a receipt
Of music.
- OLD KNIGHT I deny that, sir, look you, I can dance without
music, [*dances*] do you see, sir? and I can sing without
it too: [*sings*] You are a consort of thieves!—Do you
150 hear what I do?
- WITTYPATE Pray you, take heed, sir; if you do move the
music again it may cost you as much more.
- OLD KNIGHT Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly; I need not bid
you farewell, I think now, so long as that hundred
155 pound lasts with you. [*Aside*] Ha, ha, am I snapped,
i'faith?
- Enter Guardianess*
- GUARDIANESS O, Sir Perfidious!
- OLD KNIGHT Ay, ay, some howling another while; music's
too damnable dear.
- 160 GUARDIANESS O, sir, my heartstrings are broke! If I can
but live to tell you the tale I care not: your niece, my
charge, is—
- OLD KNIGHT What, is she sick?
- GUARDIANESS No, no, sir, she's lustily well married.
- 165 OLD KNIGHT To whom?
- GUARDIANESS O, to that cunning dissembler, Cunningame.
- OLD KNIGHT I'll hang the priest first! What was he?
- GUARDIANESS Your kinsman, sir, that has the Welsh benefice.
- 170 OLD KNIGHT I saved him from the gallows to that end!
Good! Is there any more?
- GUARDIANESS And Sir Gregory is married too.
- OLD KNIGHT To my niece too, I hope, and then I may hang
her.
- 175 GUARDIANESS No, sir, to my niece, thank Cupid, and that's
all that's likely to recover me; she's Lady Fop now, and
I am one of her aunts, I thank my promotion.
- Enter Credulous, Cunningame, Niece, Sir Gregory
and Mirabell*
- CREDULOUS I have performed your behest, sir.
- OLD KNIGHT What have you performed, sir?
- WITTYPATE Faith, sir, I must excuse my cousin in this 180
act, if you can excuse yourself for making him a priest
(there's the most difficult answer): I put this practice on
him as from your desire. A truth, a truth, father.
- CREDULOUS I protest, sir, he tells you truth; he moved me
to't in your name. 185
- OLD KNIGHT I protest, sir, he told you a lie in my name, and
were you so easy, Master Credulous, to believe him?
- CREDULOUS If a man should not believe his cousin, sir,
whom should he believe?
- OLD KNIGHT
Good-e'en to you, good Master Cousin Cunningame, 190
And your fair bride, my cousin Cunningame too!
And how do you, Sir Gregory, with your fair lady?
- SIR GREGORY A little better than you would have had me,
I thank you, sir: the days of 'puppy' and 'slave' and
'rascal' are pretty well blown over now. I know crabs
195 from verjuice, I have tried both: an thou'dst give me
thy niece for nothing, I'd not have her.
- CUNNINGAME I think so, Sir Gregory, for my sake you
would not.
- SIR GREGORY I would thou had'st scaped her too, and then 200
she had died of the green-sickness. Know this, that I
did marry in spite, and I will kiss my lady in spite, and
love her in spite, and beget children of her in spite, and
when I die they shall have my lands in spite. This was
205 my resolution, and now 'tis out.
- NIECE
How spiteful are you now, Sir Gregory!
Why, look you, I can love my dearest husband
With all the honours, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.
- SIR GREGORY Pox, this is afore your uncle's face, but behind 210
his back, in private, you'll show him another tale.
- CUNNINGAME You see, sir, now the irrecoverable state of all
these things before you. Come out of your muse: they
have been but wit weapons; you were wont to love the
215 play.
- Enter Clown*
- OLD KNIGHT Let me alone in my muse a little, sir; I will
wake to you anon.
- CUNNINGAME [*to Niece*] Ud'so, your friend Pompey: how
will you answer him?
- NIECE Very well, if you'll but second it and help me. 220
- CLOWN I do hear strange stories; are ladies things obnoxious?
NIECE
O, the dissembling, falsest wretch is come!

151 **move** i.e. to start playing again
153-5 **I need not . . . with you** i.e. since
they will fare extremely well on all this
money, while it lasts
155 **snapped** snapped up, caught, cheated
158 **some howling another while** i.e. let's
have some howling for a change
173-4 **hang her** for bigamy, which had
been made a capital offence in 1603

182 **practice** 'artful contrivance, stratagem'
(Dyce)
190 **Master Cousin Cunningame** 'Cousin'
is here used in its general sense of
'kinsman' (in this instance, 'nephew-in-
law'), and with a pun on Cunningame's
mastery of cozenage
195-6 **crabs from verjuice** Crabs are small,
bitter apples, used for making a sweet

purée called verjuice.
201 **green-sickness** an anaemic disease of
young women, supposedly caused by
unfulfilled sexual desire and curable by
marriage
214-15 **wit weapons . . . play** 'Play' here
puns on Wittypate's virtual quotation
of the title of the play in which he is
appearing

- CUNNINGGAME How now, lady?
NIECE
225 Let me come to him, and instead of love
Let me have revenge!
WITTYPATE Pray you now, will you first examine whether
he be guilty or no?
NIECE He cannot be excused.—
230 How many messengers, thou perjured man,
Hast thou returned with vows and oaths that thou
Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour
Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye
Drew my heart to it? O, I could tear thee now,
235 Instead of soft embraces, pray give me leave—
WITTYPATE Faith, this was ill done of you sir, if you
promised otherwise.
CLOWN By this hand, never any messenger came at me
since the first time I came into her company; that a
240 man should be wronged thus!
NIECE
Did not I send thee scarves and diamonds?
And thou returned'st me letters, one with a false
heart in't.
WITTYPATE
O, fie! To receive favours, return falsehoods,
And hold a lady in hand—
245 CLOWN Will you believe me, sir? If ever I received diamonds
or scarf, or sent any letter to her, would this sword
might ne'er go through me.
WITTYPATE Some bad messengers have gone between you,
then.
NIECE
250 Take him from my sight, if I shall see tomorrow.
WITTYPATE
Pray you, forbear the place; this discontent
May impair her health much.
CLOWN Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er
have grieved him, sir, if you'll believe.
WITTYPATE
255 Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you,
But you see how the lady is wronged by't:
She has cast away herself, it is to be feared,
Against her uncle's will, nay, any consent,
But out of a mere neglect and spite to herself,
260 Married suddenly without any advice.
CLOWN Why, who can help it? If she be cast away she may
thank herself; she might have gone further and fared
worse; I could do no more than I could do. 'Twas her
own pleasure to command me that I should not come
265 till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of
an hour else.
- WITTYPATE Truly, I believe you.
CLOWN Night and day she might have commanded me,
and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her,
between her and I; yet I protest she's as honest a lady 270
for my part, that I'd say if she would see me hanged.
If she be cast away I cannot help it; she might have
stayed to have spoke with a man.
WITTYPATE Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.
CLOWN So 'twas; I was within one of her, for all this cross 275
luck; I was sure I was between the knight and home.
NIECE Not gone yet? O, my heart! None regard my health?
WITTYPATE Good sir, forbear her sight a while, you hear
how ill she brooks it.
CLOWN Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so; I 280
shall think the worse of a lady's wit while I live for't.
Pox, I could almost cry for anger. If she should miscarry
now 'twould touch my conscience a little, and who
knows what love and conceit may do? What would
people say as I go along? 'There goes he that the lady 285
died for love on'. I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets.
I shall weep beforehand; foolish woman, I do grieve
more for thee now than I did love thee before. Well, go
thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy husband's head and
break thine own heart, if thou hadst any wit? I would 290
some other had been the cause of thy undoing; I shall
be twitted i'th' teeth with't, I'm sure of that, foolish
lady. *Exit*
NIECE
So, so, this trouble's well shook off.—Uncle, how d'ee?
There's a dowry due, sir.
CUNNINGGAME We have agreed it, sweetest, 295
And find your uncle fully recovered, kind
To both of us.
NIECE To all the rest, I hope.
OLD KNIGHT
Never to thee,—nor thee, easy cousin Credulous.
Was your wit so raw?
CREDULOUS Faith, yours, sir, so long seasoned, 300
Has been faulty too and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, uncle.
SIR GREGORY Yes, faith, sir; you have paid as dear for your
time as any man here.
WITTYPATE Ay, sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, the
first preface-cheat of a pair of pieces to the beggars; 305
you remember that? I was the example to your bounty
there; I spake Greek and Syriac, sir; you understand me
now. Next, the robbery put upon your indulgent cousin:
which indeed was no robbery, no constable, no justice,
no thief, but all cheaters; there was a hundred mark, 310
mark you that. Lastly, this memorable hundred pounds'

244 **hold a lady in hand** lead a lady on
247 **ne'er** The Clown confusedly swears by
a wish that he should be killed with his
own sword, rather than that he should
not be.
272-3 **she might . . . man** i.e. she might have
postponed her marriage until after we
had spoken together

284 **conceit** here 'imagination'
289-90 **wouldst thou . . . heart** would you
break your heart by refraining from
cuckolding your husband with me?
294 **how d'ee** how do ye, how are you
304 **Imprimis** Firstly (as used in accounts)
307-8 **understand me now** in the double

sense of retrospectively understanding
the situation, and now being able to un-
derstand Wittypate (since he is speaking
English)
308 **cousin** used loosely to mean any
relative outside the immediate family,
as at 5.2.190; here 'nephew'

Wit at feverall Weapons.

worth of music: this was but cheats and wit too, and for the assistance of this gentleman to my cousin (for which I am to have a fee). That was a little practice of my wit, too, father. Will you come to composition yet, father?

315 CUNNINGGAME Yes, faith, sir, do; two hundred a year will be easier than so much weekly. I do not think he's barren, if he should be put to't again.

OLD KNIGHT

320 Why, this was the day I looked for; thou shalt have't, And the next cheat makes it up three hundred. [To *Credulous*] Live thou upon thy ten pound vicarage, Thou get'st not a penny more; here's thy full Hire now.

CREDULOUS

I thank you, sir.

WITTYPATE

325 Why, there was the sum of all my wit, father: To shove him out of your favour, which I feared Would have disinherited me.

OLD KNIGHT

Most certain it had, Had not thy wit recovered it. Is there any here That had a hand with thee?

WITTYPATE

Yes, all these, sir.

OLD KNIGHT

330 Nephew, part a hundred pound amongst 'em, I'll repay it. Wealth love me as I love wit! When I die I'll build an almshouse for decayèd wits.

SIR GREGORY I'll entertain one in my lifetime. [To *Priscian*] Scholar, you shall be my chaplain: I have the gift of twenty benefices, simple as I am here. 335

PRISCIAN Thanks, my great patron.

CUNNINGGAME [to *Sir Ruinous*] Sir, your gentry and your name shall both be raised as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friend's sake. 340

WITTYPATE Something will be in my present power, the future more. You shall share with me.

SIR RUINOUS and LADY Thanks, worthy gentlemen.

NIECE [to *Sir Gregory*] Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

SIR GREGORY You can beg nothing of me. 345

WITTYPATE O sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

SIR GREGORY She has begged me for a fool already, but 'tis no matter; I have begged her for a lady that she might have been; that's one for another.

WITTYPATE Nay, but if she beg— 350

SIR GREGORY Let her beg again, then.

NIECE That your man Pompey's coat may come over his ears back again; I would not he should be lost for my sake.

SIR GREGORY Well, 'tis not granted, for mine own sake. 355

MIRABELL I'll entreat it, sir.

SIR GREGORY

Why, then, 'tis granted for your sake.

OLD KNIGHT

Come, come, Down with all weapons now, 'tis music time, So it be purchased at an easy rate. Some have received the knocks, some given the hits; 360 An all concludes in love, there's happy wits. *Exeunt*

THE PARTS

Adult Males

CUNNINGGAME (511 lines): any servant(s) except First or Second

OLD KNIGHT (460 lines): any servant except the Old Knight's

WITTYPATE (425 lines): Lady Ruinous's servant

SIR GREGORY (390 lines): any servant(s) except First or Second

CLOWN (239 lines): any servant(s) except First or Second

SIR RUINOUS (72 lines)

PRISCIAN (58 lines): any servant(s) except Lady Ruinous's

CREDULOUS (34 lines): any servant(s) except the Old Knight's

Old Knight's SERVANT (4.1; 7 lines): any servant(s)

FIRST SERVANT (5.1; 5 lines): any servant(s) except Second

SECOND SERVANT (5.1; 1 line): any servant(s) except First

Lady Ruinous's SERVANT (2.1; 1 line): any servant(s)

Boys

NIECE (377 lines)

GUARDIANESS (169 lines)

LADY RUINOUS (115 lines)

MIRABELL (88 lines): Boy

BOY (21 lines): Mirabell

315 **composition** compromise, peace terms

318 **barren** of further ideas

331 **repay it** i.e. pay it over again (since the Old Knight has already paid them £100 for their music)

347 **begged me for a fool** 'An allusion to the

applications made for the guardianship of fools: under a writ in the old common law, if a man is proved *pursus idiota*, the custody of his person and the profits of his lands may be granted by the King to

some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. These wardships were sometimes sold' (Dyce)

352 **coat** servant's livery

359 **So it** So long as it

MASQUE OF CUPIDS

Introduced by M. T. Jones-Davies and Ton Hoenselaars, text edited and annotated by John Jowett

MIDDLETON'S *Masque of Cupids* is not extant, except for two songs that have been plausibly identified as parts of the lost text. Modified versions of one song appear in *More Dissemblers Besides Women* (1.4) and *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* (4.1), and an alternative version of part of the other song appears in *The Witch* (2.1). The symbolic, spectacular effects in *Women, Beware Women*, with its several pages acting as destructive Cupids in the concluding masque, would also appear to reflect the influence of Middleton's earlier *Masque of Cupids*.

Occasion

Masque of Cupids was written and performed as part of the festivities organized around the wedding on 26 December 1613 of James I's favourite Robert Carr (or Ker, in Scottish), Earl of Somerset, and Frances Howard (daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk). This wedding had been preceded by most unorthodox divorce proceedings, and the events of the 1613/14 Christmas season excited no less interest.

With the king's mediation, Frances Howard had married Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, in 1606. The marriage was an attempt to reconcile the Devereux family with the Howard family, which had been instrumental in bringing the second Earl of Essex to the block in 1601. The bride was only thirteen years old, the bridegroom fourteen. The marriage was not consummated. Following the wedding Essex left for the Continent, while Howard went to live at court. Frances Howard grew up to become not only a great beauty but also a flirtatious young woman who may have tried, in vain, to become Prince Henry's mistress. Her great-uncle Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, probably brought her and Carr together. The pro-Catholic Howards found themselves jeopardized by a court faction with strong puritan leanings, including Sir Thomas Egerton (Lord Ellesmere), Archbishop George Abbot, and William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke; under the circumstances, it would certainly have suited the Earl of Northampton, a formidable politician, to have the king's favourite develop, through Frances, an attachment to the Howards. Carr succumbed to the temptations of the young Countess, who relied on Dr Simon Forman's sorcery. Private meetings between the lovers were arranged through Mrs Anne Turner, who had introduced the fashion of yellow starch in England—to which Middleton alludes in *The Widow* (5.1.54). Mrs Turner had premises for the lovers in Paternoster Row and at Hammersmith. The Court turned a blind eye. To write to Howard, Carr relied on his unofficial mentor Sir Thomas Overbury (the

character writer, and former Oxford classmate of Middleton). Although Overbury belonged to the anti-Howard faction, he assisted his influential friend Carr in composing love letters to Frances Howard.

In December 1609, Essex back from the Continent claimed his rights as a husband. Only when compelled by her father did the Countess agree to live with Essex at Chartley. For three years, she tried to keep him from intercourse with her, calling on Dr Forman for drugs to secure her husband's impotence.

Carr's influence was growing. He had been knighted and made Gentleman of the Bedchamber in 1607. A year later, he had received Sir Walter Raleigh's Sherborne Estate, to which in 1610 were added the estates of Lord Maxwell. On 25 March 1611 he became Viscount Rochester, and the first Scot in the English House of Lords. He was soon made a Knight of the Garter. When Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, died in May 1612, Carr joined the Privy Council. He became, with each new honour, an ever more desirable match.

By the end of 1612, a divorce was sought on the grounds of nullity. The annulment was supported by both Frances Howard and her husband. Northampton and Carr approached the king on the divorce, and found a willing ear. As the news spread, so did speculation about the adulterous ties between Howard and Carr. In February of the following year, it was rumoured that Howard had used the services of one Mary Woods to kill Essex, and in April, this 'scandal and slander' as John Chamberlain put it, led Frances Howard's father to consider stopping the divorce proceedings (I, 444-45). Overbury urged Carr to leave Howard and wrote *The Wife* as a marriage guide. His tactful advice soon gave way to open resentment, and with a quarrel in the Privy Gallery at Whitehall, during which Overbury called the Countess a 'base' woman, the friendship came to an end.

On 21 April 1613, Overbury, having repeatedly refused several foreign embassies, was committed to the Tower. Carr's role in this imprisonment remains unclear. To obtain easy access to the prisoner, Northampton had Sir Gervase Elwes appointed Lieutenant of the Tower on 6 May. Meanwhile, Howard plotted to have Richard Weston, her old *postillion d'amour*, made keeper of Overbury. Through him, she schemed, assisted by Mrs Turner, to poison the prisoner.

On 16 May, James assigned a number of Commissioners to try the divorce case in preparation of the marriage of Howard and Carr. The aim was to establish the Earl's impotence and Howard's virginity. Essex claimed that

he had not slept with his wife. Still, he was unwilling to admit total impotence, as this would deprive him of any hope ever to marry again. He admitted that he was ‘*maleficiatus only ad illam*’, or, in the words of Thomas Howard, that he ‘had no ink in his pen’ only where Howard was concerned. Her virginity had to be tried: as Chamberlain reports, ‘ancient Ladies and midwives expert in those matters’ inspected her. Since the Countess wore a veil on the occasion, rumour had it that her cousin Katherine Fines, or a daughter of Sir Thomas Monson, had substituted for her. The proceedings became a topic for gossip as did the rumours about the affair between Frances Howard and Carr. On 10 June, John Chamberlain wrote to Sir Ralph Winwood that he was stupefied that the Countess should have seen Carr ‘three hours together within these two days’. Several weeks later, he wrote that ‘The world speaks liberally that my Lord of Rochester and she be in love one with another.’

The Commissioners reached a stalemate in July 1613. The question arose if Essex had been bewitched. Archbishop Abbot told the king that *maleficium* could not be proved in the Church Fathers, but James, with his own *Daemonology* in hand, considered it a valid reason to grant the divorce. As it became evident that the Commissioners were equally divided in opinion, an impatient James appointed two additional members—the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester—who, as expected, swayed the balance. On 25 September, the Essex marriage was declared void, and at James’s command the verdict was pronounced without any arguments or reasons. The news that on 14 September Sir Thomas Overbury had died in the Tower went nearly unnoticed.

The marriage took place on St Stephen’s Day, 1613. For those who, like Chamberlain, remembered Howard’s union with Essex in 1606, this was an intriguing event. The king was present on both occasions, and the venue was the same, the Chapel Royal. Moreover, Dr Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who officiated in 1613, had also married Howard to Essex in 1606.

Epithalamiaists

Many material presents were bestowed on the new couple, but also poems, epithalamiums and masques. The marriage, which was thoroughly unpopular in the public eye, proved a delicate rhetorical subject to which each writer responded with more or less appropriate tactics.

George Chapman’s mythological fable of Perseus and Andromeda, a virgin tied to a rock and miraculously released from a monster—drawn from Natale Conti—is an allegory of the Earl of Somerset’s ‘rescue’ of Frances Howard from her ill-fated marriage with Essex. *Andromeda Liberata* starts as a warning to the Earl of Somerset and the Countess against scandal and gossip. The quotation from Petronius on the title-page leaves one in little doubt: ‘*Nihil a veritate nec virtute remotius quam vulgaris opinio*’ [‘Nothing is more remote from truth and virtue than common opinion’]. To the happy couple is promised ‘so renowned a progeny | As earth shall envy’, and that ‘to

the last times of the world’ (ll. 532–7). The song of praise ends on a cosmic vision when bridegroom and bride will be rapt to heaven and transformed into constellations.

Yet a few tactless allusions in *Andromeda Liberata* got Chapman into trouble. His observations that Andromeda was ‘Bound to a barren rock’ (l. 143), and that ‘he no less a homicide is held, | That man to be born lets’ (ll. 491–2), read like thinly veiled allusions to Essex’s impotence. No wonder Chapman was to find himself in disgrace with the Essex faction.

John Donne was confronted with the same paradoxical circumstances as the other poets. But he was also under financial pressure to compose an epithalamium to procure Somerset’s patronage. The poet’s wit attempts to reconcile the claims of sexuality with social conventions, perhaps nowhere better than in lines 87–90:

Our little Cupid hath sued Livery,
And is no more in his minority,
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the King’s counsels and his secrets rest.

Here, Cupid is the wise god of adult love. Thus, indirectly, the respectability of the newly-married couple is defended, since they are not the victims of Venus’ childish son who shoots his darts at random. This is an allusion to Howard’s former union with Essex, which had been a marriage of children. Donne cleverly interweaves compliments and criticisms. The refrains referring to the lovers’ inflaming eyes, while insisting on their indivisible union, also allude to their illicit passion. And the pattern of the poem, made up of eleven stanzas, each consisting of eleven lines, stresses its ambiguity, with the pervasive presence of sin, as shown by Augustine in *The City of God*: ‘the number eleven, passing ten as it does, stands for trespassing against the law, and consequently for sin’ (IV, 535).

When Donne brings his nuptial song to the Court, he is full of the ‘common’ joy (l. 232). In the masques, this sense of community is increased. Thomas Campion’s *Masque of Squires*, which was danced in the Banqueting Room at Whitehall on 26 December 1613, offers the royal family ‘The fruit of Peace and Joy [...] in a perpetual spring’. Here ‘false opinion’ also interferes as Error with her fiendish associates, Rumour, Curiosity, and Credulity, provoke the confusion of a storm, an antimasque that may have been inspired by the *Ballet of the Winds* (Florence, 1608). Peace and Joy can only be restored by the benevolence of Bel-Anna, who will dissolve the evil charms. Thus Campion, with his diplomatic compliment to the Queen (who had originally expressed her disagreement with the Somerset/Howard match), aims at shifting attention to the royal family as the object of praise. The masque is a tribute to the King, the Queen, and Prince Charles, their ‘triple majesty’.

As part of the season’s festivities, the king would have a masque ‘performed by some gentlemen of his own servants that are good dancers’. This was Ben Jonson’s *Irish Masque at Court*, a gentlemen’s masque that Chamberlain described as ‘a medley mask of five

English and five Scots (which are called the high dancers)⁷. Jonson's contribution reads like a parody of Campion's masque in the Anglo-Irish jargon that, like all dialect imitation, would normally be expected to raise a laugh. Four Irish footmen arriving at the English court will speak to King 'Yamish'. But 'the villanous vild Irish sheas' have destroyed their fine clothes and they dance the main dance in Irish mantles (ll. 73-4). Only through the king's wonderful intervention could they be transformed into new-born creatures—a tale of metamorphosis like Campion's masque.

Jonson's *Challenge at Tilt* spread over two nights. The *Challenge* was offered on 27 December 1613, and the answering *Tilt* was played on 1 January 1614. The device presented in *Challenge at Tilt* is of special interest in connection with Middleton's *Masque of Cupids*. Jonson's is also a masque about Cupids—two rival Cupids acting as pages. One of these is the husband's page, who is slightly taller than the wife's. Yet each claims precedence, asserting that he is the true Cupid. The wife's page unashamedly hints at his service as he waited on the bride into 'the nuptial chamber', transforming her into 'the throne of love', with roses on her cheeks and kisses on her lips, and mentions Venus' girdle about her that the bridegroom was to untie (ll. 42-44). The husband's page summarizes, not without a few smutty allusions, what in an epithalamium like Donne's was referred to as 'the bridegroom's coming'. Jonson here stresses the communal sense of sexual license that, within the privileged society to which *The Tilt* was addressed, tended to make the newly-weds not morally abnormal, but rather socially normative. The public character of the celebration is stressed as the second Cupid, who now enters first, descending from his chariot, addresses the ladies in the audience, threatening to chastise them by 'whipping [their] rebellious farthingales, with [his] bow-string' (ll. 108-9). After the spectacle of the two Cupids' champions—ten against ten—has ended the contention, a new kind of tilting is recommended: 'to meet lips for lances' and 'crack kisses instead of staves' (ll. 184-85). Hymen then expounds the myth of Eros and his brother Anteros, whose quarrel is not 'who is the true love', but 'who loves most' (ll. 215-16). This is symbolized by a palm that the two Cupids will divide between them. Hymen is the victory of reciprocal affection.

For a conclusion of the Christmas festivities and of the solemnities and magnificences in honour of the Somerset marriage, the *Masque of Flowers* (prepared in three weeks) was presented by some gentlemen of Gray's Inn at the Court of Whitehall in the Banqueting House on Twelfth Night 1614, eleven nights after the wedding. As a joint masque of the four Inns of Court could not be arranged, Sir Francis Bacon encouraged the 'Grayans' to offer a most sumptuous spectacle—paying all expenses himself—which, as Chamberlain remarks, stood him 'in above £2000'. It may have been an opportunity for Bacon to express his gratitude to the king and to Somerset, who in

October 1613 had been instrumental in promoting him to the Attorney-Generalship.

Thus, from Chapman's poem to Bacon's masque we can see diverse strategies at work: advice to protect the newly-weds against envy and gossip (Chapman); excuses for the poet's absence from court (Donne); a shift of attention to the royal family (Campion); vindication of the couple (*Challenge at Tilt*); and, finally, with Bacon's discretion, no reference at all to the moral implications of the marriage.

Considering the different tactics adopted by contemporary poets, how might Middleton have tried to respond to the delicate moral problem that also faced him when he was commissioned at short notice to write a masque for the same occasion? As he demonstrated in his civic pageantry, Middleton was capable of celebrating idealized virtues, and of overlooking the weaknesses of the human individuals who should have embodied those virtues. If he experienced some ambivalence regarding the morality of the Somerset wedding, he might have resolved it as an ironist who saw the harmony of love threatened by the wanton pranks of his antemasque Eros. Was not *Ironia* for him, as it is described in *The World Tossed at Tennis*, like a needle 'That with one eye looks two ways at once' (l. 125)? Just such an irony informs the two Middleton songs.

Masque of Cupids

The *Masque of Cupids* was performed at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, on Tuesday, 4 January 1614. On 31 December 1613, 'The Lord Mayor was sent to by the King, to entertain this new married couple, with their friends and followers; but he making an excuse that his house was too little to receive them, it was not accepted, but word sent back that he might command the biggest hall in the town: whereupon calling a council, it was resolved,' says Chamberlain, 'to do it at the charge of the City in the Merchant Taylors' Hall upon four days' warning'. On the last day of the year, therefore, a meeting of knights and aldermen was called to 'advise and consider how and in what manner the entertainment [was to be] given, and what solemnities, sports, and triumphs [...] prepared for the great honour of the feast; and to give speedy direction for the effecting thereof' (Nichols, III, 731). Sir Thomas Myddelton, the Lord Mayor, was well known to the dramatist who had written *The Triumphs of Truth* on the occasion of Sir Thomas's inauguration two months before, and also another entertainment that autumn in honour of the Lord Mayor's brother Hugh. This association may explain the choice of our Middleton to write his *Masque of Cupids*.

As Chamberlain put it, the ceremony preceding the feast at the Merchant Taylors' Hall was itself already tantamount to a pageant: 'thither they went yesternight about six o'clock, through Cheapside all by torchlight, accompanied by the father and mother of the bride, and all the lords and ladies about the court. The men were well mounted and richly arrayed, making a goodly show; the women, all in coaches'. At the Hall, 'the Lord Mayor and

Aldermen of London, in their scarlet robes, entertained them with hearty welcome, and feasted them with all magnificence'. Following speeches and music, 'all the meat was served to the table by choice citizens of comeliest personage, in their gowns of rich foins, selected out of the twelve honourable companies'. After supper and a wassail followed 'two several pleasant masques, and a play', 'other pleasant dances' and a 'princely banquet'. There remains no trace of these other elements of the evening's entertainment; the poet was paid for other shows, which could include speeches and songs, like those later collected in *Honourable Entertainments*. The guests did not return to Whitehall until 3 o'clock in the morning (Nichols, II, 732).

Evidence for the involvement of 'Thomas Middleton, gent.' (also called 'Mr. Middleton, Poet') is provided by the proceedings of the Court of Aldermen. That document also establishes the title: although modern scholars usually describe the entertainment as a 'Masque of Cupid', the last word is clearly plural in the original manuscript.

That plural makes it likely that *Masque of Cupids* was directly inspired by Jonson's *The Challenge at Tilt* of 27 December 1613, with its first introduction into the English masque tradition of two Cupids named Eros and Anteros. This would not be the only instance of conscious intertextuality in the Somerset wedding masques: Campion's *Masque of Squires*, performed on 26 December 1613, was mocked three days later by Jonson in *The Irish Masque*.

The Common Hall of the Merchant Taylors was ideally suited for theatrical production. It had seen performances by the Westminster boys in the mid-sixteenth century, and when the Company opened the Merchant Taylors' School in 1561, its first headmaster Richard Mulcaster perpetuated the tradition with his pupils, until boys' plays there were stopped in 1574 (Chambers, II, 75). Later Stuart performances included 'A military show and sham battle by the gentlemen of the Artillery Garden' in October 1619 (Chambers, IV, 112), and, on 13 February 1634, James Shirley's *The Triumph of Peace* (Bentley, V, 1157-58).

The physical Hall was, according to a contemporary account, 'of stone, and of such bigness that it passes all the Halls in London for beauty and comeliness' (Clode). The Common Hall was approximately 82 feet in length, 43 feet in width, and 43 feet in height. Although in 1614 the sumptuous Common Hall had not yet been tiled, it was glazed. Its extravagance and size excepted, the interior of the Hall was of a traditional kind, having its dais at one end (east), facing the screen with a door on either side and a Minstrel's Gallery over it. Like the dais, the sides of the Hall were matted and boarded, leaving the centre or 'Marsh' for 'the display of pageants'. On public occasions, like the annual festival of the Merchant Taylors' patron saint, St John, nine vast pieces of arras, presumably representing the life of the saint, served to conceal and adorn the bare walls, excepting the screen. If the nine tapestries, with their total surface of 230 square



Interior of Merchant Taylors' Hall, c.1850.

yards (covering the three walls to a height of twelve feet) were indeed taken from their protective bagging to adorn the walls on 4 January 1614, the Christian subject matter provided an intriguing blend (if not altogether unfamiliar in Middleton's other work) with the classical mythology to which the title of the masque alludes. Given the evidence of Shirley's *The Triumph of Peace*, flying machinery may well have been available at the Hall in the 1610s. If Middleton used it for the *Masque of Cupids*, this would make it likely that he incorporated elements of the wedding entertainment into *More Dissemblers Besides Women*.

Cupid and Cupids

In John Fletcher's *The Elder Brother* (1625?), Eustace asks for a masque to celebrate his marriage, to which Egremont acquiesces with the remark: 'Tis not half an hour's work; | A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done' (2.2). His words indicate the proverbial status of Cupid in a wedding masque. In court entertainments, the god of love continued the glorious career he had known in Renaissance poetry, whether in Petrarch's *Triumphus Cupidinis* or in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, whose 'mask of Cupid' exhibited 'the winged god himself [...] riding on a lion ravenous' (III.xii.22). With his *Masque of Cupids*, Middleton followed the widespread custom, which made of Cupid(s) the central persona (or personae) of such aristocratic triumphs.

The nature and attributes of this figure of love owe much to the popularity of Plato in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Plato's Pausanias speaks of two Aphrodites, the celestial Ourania and the popular Pandemos; and as there are two Aphrodites, there must be two figures of Eros. Plato's two Aphrodites became the twin Venuses of the Neoplatonists: the celestial Venus and the terrestrial

Venus. Each was attended by a corresponding Eros or Amor: *Amor divinus* and *Amor vulgaris*.

Henceforth, the poets would play with the two loves, Eros and his brother Anteros, and the rivalry between *Amor profano* and *Amor sacro*. Whereas the classical Anteros had stood for mutual love (*anti* = in return), they would sometimes choose the other sense (*anti* = against), implying an idea of contention. In *A Challenge at Tilt* (1614), as in *Love's Welcome at Bolsover* (1634), Jonson enhances the tradition by introducing Eros and his rival brother Anteros, and Middleton is likely to have adopted or perhaps mocked this device in the *Masque of Cupids*.

It is true that this neoplatonic ideology is more obviously present in Jonson's erudite entertainment than in the works of Middleton, which remain much closer to the native literary tradition. And yet, neoplatonism was part of the intellectual context in which both authors worked. And that Middleton should toy with the two figures of Eros and Anteros as they had just appeared in *A Challenge at Tilt* seems no impossibility; but his artistic approach would reveal a different stance from Jonson's, a stance on the side of irony, and even raillery.

Alternatively, Middleton's *Masque of Cupids* may have represented several Cupids. As early as 1594, in *The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage* by Marlowe and Nashe, Dido evokes 'ten thousand Cupids [that] hover in the air | And fan it in Aeneas' lovely face'. And there were the multiple decorative *putti* in baroque art. Multiple Cupids appear in *Hymenæi* where 'a thousand several-coloured loves [...] hop about the nuptial-room' (370). In Jonson's *Masque of Beauty* (1608), the ascent to the throne of harmony was covered with 'a multitude of Cupids', and in Campion's *Lords' Masque* (1612/13), in order not to 'wrong the Night | Of her Hymenæan right; | A thousand Cupids call away, | Fearing the approaching day'.

Cupid is a literary and theatrical as well as a visual figure, eliciting a wide variety of responses. Thus in *The Tragedy of Dido*, Cupid obeys his mother Venus, who orders him to turn to Ascanius's shape. In what is here printed as the first song, Cupid is described with his mother Venus. This is a Renaissance commonplace—witness the 1615 inventory of the Earl of Somerset, listing large panels representing Venus and Cupid. It suggests that Venus could well have been a character in *Masque of Cupids*.

Ladies are mentioned three times in one Middleton song, and women once in the other; this strongly suggests the presence of women, and probably specifically ladies, in the masque. And in fact, Middleton likes to have Cupid introduce masques of ladies—as happens in the second scene of *Timon of Athens* (a Middleton scene), at the time of the banquet, and in *The Nice Valour* where the Cupid character, a Lady disguised, leads in six ladies as masquers (2.1). That Cupid is mentioned again in the epilogue as 'Cupid in's petticoat'. In *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, and *The Witch*, the altered versions of the two songs are sung by a woman. In *More*

Dissemblers, Cupid also addresses several ladies referred to as 'fair beauties' (1.3.86). And we do not forget that Middleton's later Inns-of-Court *Masque of Heroes* was again to be presented 'as an entertainment for many worthy ladies'.

Whether or not Venus and other ladies were characters in the masque, Cupid certainly was. Cupid had different genealogies with the Neoplatonists, but his functions and attributes seldom change. In the first song, Cupid is a waggish boy, the exemplary archer who 'doth bend with his bow and enamour[s] with his arrow', as Richard Mulcaster describes him in his *Positions* (ch. 26, 101). The playful tone of the song recalls an extant fragment of *The Hunting of Cupid* by George Peele:

What thing is love? for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a prick; it is a sting;
It is a pretty pretty thing;
It is a fire; it is a coal
Whose flame creeps in at ev'ry hole.

The initial question of the song's second stanza—'Why should not Venus chide her son?'—is reminiscent of Titian's 'Education of Cupid': here it seems that blind Cupid will not be permitted to cause any more mischief with his bow and arrows. Middleton's quick rhythm, with the repetition of echoing words ('wanton boy', 'A very very wanton boy', 'wanton pranks'; 'fiery darts | his darts'), and the repeated last two lines of each stanza, with a quibble on 'lips' (*labia*) and the allusion to the cuckold's horn ('men's crests'), intensify the satirical tone that fits the antimasque or foil preceding the main masque. The pun on 'crests' with the sense of 'blazons' could have been an allusion to Somerset's newly acquired earldom. This also explains the line that follows, with its self-conscious 'I mean', intended to cancel any ambiguous reading. Yet, the reading that remains could easily refer to Essex's cuckoldry. This thesis can only be upheld if the song belonged to the antimasque—or 'antemasque', as Middleton would write—and was followed by the main masque in which any seedy detail would be resolved into an image of mutual love.

The second song opens on a cynical note, associating Cupid with commerce. Its next stanza looks back nostalgically to the days when lust between men and women was natural. The attitude to Cupid here recalls the song in Sir Philip Sidney's *Old Arcadia* sung by the love-hating shepherd named Dicus:

Poor painters oft with silly poets join
To fill the world with strange but vain conceits,
One brings the stuff, the other stamps the coin,
Which breeds naught else but glosses of deceits.
Thus painters Cupid paint, thus poets do,
A naked god, blind, young, with arrows two. (58)

Read in this way, the first and the second song are one another's counterparts. In the first, Cupid is an extremely bawdy presence, though also cynical like Shakespeare's Pandarus. The second song evokes the unspoiled time

when the dart was made of flesh, and men did not disguise their sexual appetites with the fiction that Cupid made them do it. We cannot be certain if this contrast corresponds to the structure of the original masque, or tries to capture something of the scandal around the wedding for which it was produced.

Love is a 'speaking picture' in the collections of emblems, from Andrea Alciati to the representatives of the genre in England: Geoffrey Whitney or Henry Peacham. Different emblems show Cupid carrying a torch (for the ardour of love) or thunder (a sign of power), taming lions or holding a fish in one hand and a flower in the other to show that he has power 'on sea and land' (Alciati, Whitney). He is stung by bees to signify that we often 'pluck a nettle for a rose' (Whitney). For Peacham he is stronger than Hercules, and Cupid dwells 'where he lists | Be it a palace or a simple shed'. To the influence on masques of the emblematisers' imagery was added that of the Italian humanist Piero Valeriano's hieroglyphs: a good instance is 'the palm tree', which in Jonson's *Love's Triumph through Callipolis* (1631) is the hieroglyph of marriage (l. 211).

The major sources of dramatists and masque inventors were provided by the Italian mythographers and their compendia dealing with the ancient gods. Boccaccio's *Genealogia deorum gentilium* had been known in England since the fifteenth century, and is still quoted by Robert Burton when, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he discusses the origins of love. There were three other great Italian manuals. In Lilio Gregorio Giraldi's *De deis gentium varia et multiplex historia* (1548), Cupid is multiple 'because loves of things are diverse'. Vincenzo Cartari's *Le Imagine colla Spozione degli dei* (1556) depicts Cupid as a single god and then as the personification of mere human desires (*multiplices cupidines*). He also pictures the struggle of naked Eros and Anteros for the palm. Natale Conti's *Mythologiae sive Explicationis fabularum libri decem* (1568), distinguishes between the abuse of Cupid and Cupid himself, 'whose force is the primal attraction that fashioned the Universe from Chaos' (an idea later developed by Bacon). These manuals were used by scholars, poets, and painters alike. And, at the end of the sixteenth century, Cesare Ripa's *Iconologia*—'Opera [...] non meno utile che necessaria a Poeti, Pittori, Scultori, & altri per rappresentare le Virtù, Vitti, Affetti et Passioni humane'—was published in Italy. It is an immense repertoire of Renaissance symbolism which was to become a mine of information for the masque inventors. Like Jonson, Middleton, though less erudite, would turn to Ripa's work for his symbolic characters as well as Valeriano's *Hieroglyphica* or Alciati's commentaries, and the humanists' compendia.

Cupid being the most frequently represented character in masques, many legends, roles, and anecdotes associated with him will colour his many-faceted figure. Eros appears accompanied by Desire (*Masque of Beauty*), with Games, Laughter, Sports and Delights (*Time Vindicated*). He is the run-away after whom Aphrodite raises the hue and cry (*Masque of Haddington*). Eros is bound captive (*Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*), or he is the blind archer, with

his 'bewitching philters' and 'alluring baits' that will be banished by Diana in Robert White's *Cupid's Banishment* (1617), where the victory of Chastity repeats Petrarch's *Triumphus Pudicitiae* that follows his *Triumphus Cupidinis*. Elsewhere we watch him in contest with Plutus, the god of money, who is also painted blind, Impostor Mammon, 'who has stolen Love's ensigns' (Jonson's *Love Restored*, ll. 174–75). We note an allusion to the myth of Pores and Penia: 'The father Plenty is; the mother, Want' (*Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, l. 58). 'Rebellious he' disobeys Venus, who punishes him by forcing his arms away (*Chloridia*), which explains why Inigo Jones's design of Cupid is inscribed 'without bow or quiver' (Jones-Davies). Cupid is above all such an efficient dramatic figure that Venus would 'let him out for the week to the King's players': 'they have need of him'—one more tribute to his invaluable favour with the public (Jonson's *Christmas His Masque*, 1616, 441–42). The wanton boy of Middleton's bawdy song is also Venus' wanton son of *Lovers Made Men* (1617), 'fashioned to tilt with ladies' lips', and reappears in Philip Massinger's *The Bondman* (1.1.50–52):

a raw young fellow,
One never trained in arms, but rather fashioned
To tilt with ladies' lips than crack a lance.

Since Cupid could not be represented naked in English plays and masques, he nearly always appeared disguised as a page. Alternatively, the illusion of nakedness was suggested by sartorial means, as in Francis Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn* (1613), where a stage direction reads: 'Enter foure Cupids from each side of the Boscage [= grove], attired in flame coloured Taffita close to their bodie like naked Boyes' (132). Middleton elsewhere had a preference for the former solution, most notably in *More Dissemblers Besides Women* where the revised version of the song is sung by a woman disguised as a page. However, in the more private setting of the *Masque of Cupids* performance, the pretence of nudity would have been appropriate to the more sexually adventurous culture of the Jacobean court. And Thomas Carew's *Coelum Britannicum* (1634), a masque praising the moral reformation that Charles I had brought about, seems to imply that Cupid had been performed naked in the Jacobean court. Among the sanctions that Jove will impose on his own kingdom, in imitation of Charles, is that 'Cupid must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticoats' (159).

The scandalous future of the marriage so royally celebrated at the Merchant Taylors' Hall on 1 January 1614 is narrated elsewhere in this volume. (See the Critical Introduction to *The Witch*, 1124.) Given the scandals before and scandals after the Somerset wedding, it may be no accident that the full text of Middleton's *Masque of Cupids* was never printed, no accident that Middleton cannibalized and recycled elsewhere anything that seemed theatrically salvageable. Even Jonson, when he came to include his *Irish Masque* in the 1616 edition of his *Works*, removed any mention of the occasion for which it was

written. However happy Middleton may have been to receive a commission from his new patrons in the London government, he may have felt no great desire to publicize his part in this business.

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 149 ('Cupid is Venus' only joy'), 151 ('Cupid is an idle toy')

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 630

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 377

Related works: *Timon*, 467; *Chaste Maid*, 907; *More Dissemblers*, 1034; *Witch*, 1124; *Women Beware*, 1488; *Nice Valour*, 1679

Two Songs from 'Masque of Cupids'

I	[First] Song	[Second Song]	2
	Cupid is Venus' only joy,	Cupid is an idle toy.	
	But he is a wanton boy,	Never was there such a boy.	
	A very, very wanton boy.	If there were, let any show	
	He shoots at ladies' naked breasts;	Or his quiver or his bow	
5	He is the cause of most men's crests—	Or a wound by him they got	5
	I mean upon the forehead,	Or a broken arrow-shot.	
	Invisible but horrid.	Money, money makes us bow.	
	'Twas he first thought upon the way	There is no other Cupid now.	
	To keep a lady's lips in play.		
10	Why should not Venus chide her son	Whilst the world continued good	
	For the tricks that he hath done,	People loved for flesh and blood.	10
	The wanton tricks that he hath done?	Men about them bore the dart	
	He shoots his fiery darts so thick	That would catch a woman's heart.	
	They wound poor ladies to the quick,	Women likewise, great and small,	
15	Ay me, with cruel wounding.	With a pretty thing they call	
	His darts are so confounding	Cunny, cunny, won the men,	15
	That life and strength would soon decay,	And this was all the Cupid then.	
	But that it keeps their lips in play.		

These songs are likely to have been taken from the lost *Masque of Cupids*. They survive in later music manuscripts. The first of them is the basis for songs in *Chaste Maid*, at 4.1.167–93, and *Dissemblers*, at 1.4.89–99.

1.1 **only joy** as said of a parent's sole child, Cupid being the son of Venus, but with a sexual equivocation

2 **wanton** lewd, skittish, unrestrained

4 **He shoots** Refers to the traditional depiction of Cupid with a bow and arrow.

ladies' naked breasts Perhaps refers to the fashion for court ladies to wear diaphanous or transparent coverings over their breasts, as exemplified in court masques, some of which represented Cupids.

breasts The non-erotic sense is 'hearts'.

5 **crests** (a) the cuckold's horns

(b) erections (the sense denied)

9 **lips** with a quibble on the labia of the vulva

13–18 **He...play** There is a sustained undercurrent of allusion to sexual penetration.

15–16 **wounding...confounding** Compare Pandarus's bawdy song in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* (3.1) with its rhyme on 'wound' and 'confound'.

17 **strength** more often an attribute of male sexual performance, here transferred to the female

18 **it** refers back to 'wounding'

2.1 **idle** foolish

toy primarily 'piece of nonsense, joke', the claim being that Cupid doesn't exist.

Also knick-knack, friskiness, sexual caress, (female) sexual organ. Perhaps also 'frivolous tune', referring to the song of Cupid itself.

4 **Or either**

quiver the case for Cupid's arrows, but also, equivocally, 'vagina'

bow equivocally, 'penis'

5 **wound** Refers to the wound of Cupid's arrow, the penetrated vagina, and loss of chastity or good reputation

6 **arrow-shot** Probably 'arrow-shaft', altered for rhyme. Otherwise the flight of an arrow, 'broken' in that it has hit its target, hence the wound of broken flesh.

9–10 **Whilst...blood** A provocative variation of the Christian idea of prelapsarian innocence, combined with the classical myth of the Golden Age, in which there were no metals, money, or violence.

11–12 **the dart...heart** i.e. (a) Cupid's arrow, (b) the penis

15 **Cunny** cunt

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN

Edited by John Jowett

More Dissemblers takes a quizzical look at the persistence of desire in a court world where romantic and sexual love have been subordinated to religion. It explores the inexorable clash between love and religion as manifested in two views of life, two styles of speech and behaviour. For the godly the heart of the state is defined as a religious cloister. The libidinous seek to redefine it as a sexual market-place.

The play belonged to the repertoire of the King's Men. Though the date of first performance has variously been conjectured as 1614, c.1615, or 1619, the earliest year is perhaps in balance more likely. Subsequently, on 17 October 1623, Sir Henry Herbert, the new Master of the Revels, issued a new licence. The King's Men, having presumably revived the play at the Blackfriars theatre, staged it at court on 6 January 1624, as we know from Herbert's note in his office-book: 'Upon Twelfth Night, the masque being put off, *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, by the King's company, the Prince only being there. At Whitehall.' The masque in question, Jonson's *Neptune's Triumph*, had been designed to celebrate as a triumph of Protestant diplomacy Prince Charles's and the Duke of Buckingham's return to London empty-handed after the negotiations in Madrid for a betrothal between Charles and the Spanish Infanta had broken down. *Neptune's Triumph* had to be 'put off' to avoid a diplomatic wrangle involving the Spanish ambassador. As a substitute *More Dissemblers* is perhaps not anodyne. The Gypsy scene, in which a fool has his palm read and is tricked of his money, might now have served to recall another Jonson masque, *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* (1621), in which Buckingham played the 'Patrico', or First Gypsy, who read King James's palm. The Gypsy scene as a whole can scarcely have been introduced for the court performance, as it is intrinsic to the rest of the play's action and so cannot have been a late addition, but it could possibly have been revised for the court performance. Whether revised or not, the scene could scarcely have failed to be topical to the court occasion. The play as a whole could have acquired further new significance because it deals with the fortunate breakdown of a match that involves a head of state (as Charles was destined to become) and is based on a compromising infatuation (such as Charles initially conceived towards the Infanta). At the revival, the final affirmation of the Duchess's celibacy might well have acquired new political overtones of national independence and uncompromised Protestant virtue. Middleton was shortly to write his strongly anti-Spanish *Game at Chess*.

Herbert's note adds the first recorded criticism of *More Dissemblers*: 'The worst play that e'er I saw'. Such denunciations of plays were not uncommon in the seventeenth century. As similar comments in the diary of Samuel Pepys suggest, they can reflect on the production or on the social occasion, and in this case there may have been disgruntlement over the cancelled masque. *More Dissemblers* held its place in the King's Men's repertoire, for as late as 1641 it was protected along with other of the company's plays against unauthorized publication, and in 1669 it was one of the plays allotted to Thomas Killigrew as 'formerly acted at the Blackfriars and now allowed of to his Majesty's Servants at the New Theatre'. The Restoration apparently lost interest, except in the Gypsy scenes, which were plagiarized in John Leaner's comedy *The Rambling Justice*, acted at Drury Lane in 1678. *More Dissemblers* is not known to have been revived until a student production at the University of Toronto in 1970.

The play first reached a reading public in 1657, a year before Oliver Cromwell's death. Humphrey Moseley, a major Interregnum publisher of pre-1642 drama, brought the play out in an octavo volume with *Women, Beware Women*, under the joint title *Two New Plays*. He probably regarded the pair and *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*, which he published in the same year, as a coherent group. The collocated titles, setting forth a common theme in women, characterize them as witty, dissembling, and dangerous, and so suggest ways in which women might compensate for their traditionally subordinate role. Each title marks out a distinct stage between male approval and apprehension.

The title-page declares *More Dissemblers* a comedy, thus complementing the tragedy *Women, Beware Women*. Despite the obvious differences in tone and genre, there are some points of contact between these plays. Both develop the theme of sexual betrayal in an Italianate setting. They share the figure of a moralizing Cardinal (though the temporizing hypocrisy of the churchman in *More Dissemblers* largely disappears in *Women, Beware Women*). There are similarities too of dramatic technique. In particular, each play has a set-piece scene in which a woman, standing at a window, is led towards sexual involvement with the man at the centre of a state procession over the main stage below; each makes ironic use of a Cupid or Cupids in its masque scene; and each of these scenes is unusually elaborate in its staging. The Duchess in *More Dissemblers* attempts but fails to use her ducal authority to obtain sexual gratification; the Duke in *Women, Beware Women* by threatening violence succeeds in such a project. And

there seem to be glances at the title of *More Dissemblers in Women, Beware Women* at 4.2.157–8 and 184–5.

More Dissemblers itself glances back to John Webster's tragedy *The Duchess of Malfi*, which similarly concerns the dilemma of a widowed Italian duchess who has to choose between chastity and the urgings of the heart. Middleton may also have encountered Hans Holbein's striking portrait of Christina, Duchess of Milan, a young widow whom Henry VIII briefly contemplated as a bride. The portrait was commissioned to give Henry an idea of Christina's appearance; the potentially lecherous gaze of Henry and Merry England is answered with calm reserve and self-assurance. The play's Duchess of Milan is likewise a young widow who considers coming out of mourning to remarry but finally remains in widowhood. The portrait constitutes a possible visual 'source' for some of the play's materials. It is especially tantalizing in the absence of any known full narrative or dramatic source, though the theme of the widow who cannot uphold her vows against remarriage goes back at least as far as Petronius.

In early modern England, a widow inheriting her husband's estate might find herself in a position of unusual power and autonomy, and yet discover that she was hemmed in by the advice or imperatives of the men best placed to substitute for her dead husband's authority. When the widow inherits nothing less than a duchy, the stability of the state itself is at issue. Middleton's Duchess is a figure of compromised political power and endangered moral authority. A Protestant audience might have mistrusted the principle that a widow should maintain vows of chastity for being too close to the Catholic ideals of celibate priesthood and conventual chastity. To Calvin, vows of continence were wrong, and to the English Protestant reformer William Tyndale they might even be blasphemous. The Duchess's resolution is at first upheld by a Cardinal whose addiction to ritual and inclination to sanctify the Duchess might seem analogous to Catholic traits. And his principles collapse on their first and only test. On the other hand both Moll in *Roaring Girl* and the White Queen's Pawn in *Game at Chess* demand approbation when they finally affirm their celibacy, and the Pawn's preserved chastity is a victory for the Protestant cause. Lisa Geller (1991) notes of the Duchess that 'Her self-imposed vow—subject to the approval of neither father nor husband—has a stature and a validity that her earlier vow could not command.'

The Cardinal's scheme to fortify the Duchess's heroic chastity by exposing her to the temptations of man is riddled with folly and self-interest. The Duchess is brought into contact with subjects who are volatile and divided, and she becomes the social high-point in a circle of sexual pursuit. Most of the links in this circle are set in place during the early scenes. The play begins with Lactantio hearing an off-stage song from the Duchess's lodgings in praise of her celibate widowhood. This opening might be thought of as a window-scene without a visible female window-character: the song marks out her absence both as an object of display and as a participant in the social

world. It is soon confirmed that the Duchess and Lactantio stand for the play's opposed principles of chastity and lust. In 1.2, the character disguised as an unnamed Page reveals herself as Lactantio's pregnant former mistress, who, like Aurelia, seeks to claim him as her husband. Then Aurelia's father, after exploding her brief disguise as a man, hands her over to his choice of a prospective husband. The latter, the Governor of the Fort, acts in his official role by imprisoning her. Such is the world of convoluted and unifying sexual relationships that the Duchess enters when, accepting the Cardinal's challenge, she abandons her cloistered isolation so as to wage a 'harder fight' in the sight of men.

The military imagery is appropriate, for her first public act is to grace with her presence the triumphal return of General Andrugio from the wars—and her private response is to fall in love with him. The now tangled plot is given a formal and emblematic summary as the action, with gratuitously assured indifference to plausibility, becomes masque-like. Necessarily, and as elsewhere in Middleton, the socially cohesive Platonic harmonies of the masque are inverted. The spectacle is split into a series of separate sub-actions played out on the main stage (the procession), the upper acting space (the Duchess's window, where she now appears in public view), and in flight (a descent from the 'heavens' of a 'Cupid', who was probably played by the singing boy-actor who also appeared as the 'Page'). Even the events on the main stage are radically divided between the General's public welcome and his private dismay at returning to find his beloved Aurelia lost to him. In the mean time, the Duchess's feelings, like Andrugio's, are running counter to her official role in the welcome. The fragmented staging provides a visual metaphor for these emotional disparities as the figure of Cupid, suspended from above as in flight, mischievously appropriates the formal procession to his own ends. Love is victor over both War and Chastity, and the state occasion becomes a masque of Cupid.

In another emblematic piece of theatre in 2.1 the Duchess attempts to recuperate the vows made to her dying husband, re-enacting them with the Cardinal playing her husband. But their force has been lost; at the crucial moment she interposes: 'I can go no further'. If this seems to be a break from a pious artificial self that is no longer tenable, it paradoxically marks her entry into another state of dissembling. She guesses that self-interest will prevail over the Cardinal's moral dismay, and so she pretends love for his nephew Lactantio. Her guess is right; in 2.2, the Cardinal admits, 'I love his good as dearly as her vow', with disconcertingly rapid slippage on the words *love, good, and dearly*. When the Duchess sees Lactantio in private (3.2) the mutual seduction he anticipates rapidly turns to convoluted intrigue, as the Duchess persuades Lactantio to write a bawdy and self-defaming letter of seduction supposedly from Andrugio to her. In this passage the pen becomes explicitly phallic. More precisely, the penis is rewritten as the pen, seen as an instrument of duplicitous trickery and sexual wordplay. Sexual punning,

like duplicity, is endemic to the play, and seeks to underwrite every utterance with the language of the body. In practice, however, consummation is repeatedly deferred, and the sexual humour remains based on sexual frustration. In a play where the intrigue will lead nowhere, the forged bawdy epistle is a summary emblem of the language-splitting intrinsic to punning and dissembling. Obscenity and disguise are driven by sexual impulse; but in the event the object of desire, like the pun's object of signification, proves elusive.

Andrugio is arrested by Lactantio so that Lactantio can deliver him into the Duchess's hands, but Andrugio maintains his loyalty to Aurelia. This prompts the Duchess to realize her error and renew her vows of chastity. The complexities of the plot entail slight movements, and are easily if arbitrarily resolved. But the play's strength lies elsewhere, in the witty continuities it threads between morality, authority, and language. These ideas are given dramatic articulation in two highly theatrical episodes towards the end of the play.

Aurelia's literal imprisonment by her father's choice of husband, the Governor of the Fort, offers an extreme and scathingly humorous image of patriarchal authority, but the outcome is a turn towards carnival. When she escapes, Aurelia seeks out a roving Gypsy band that seems to promise anarchic liberty. Lactantio's servant Dondolo takes the same course, to evade the humiliations of service. There is a glance here at the alleged 'conversion' of English rogues to Gypsyism, as described, for example in William Harrison's *Description of Britain* (1577), and as targeted in an Act of Parliament of 1596 that made vagabonds of those 'wandering and pretending themselves to be Egyptians' (see Dale B. J. Randall, 1975). But Aurelia and Dondolo seek an alternative commonwealth rather than a guise for villainy.

In Chapter 8 of *English Villainies Discovered by Lantern and Candlelight* (1608) Thomas Dekker describes Gypsies as dissolute vagabonds, whilst admitting into his account an element of the comic grotesque:

They are a people more scattered than Jews and more hated—beggarly in apparel, barbarous in condition, beastly in behaviour, and bloody if they meet advantage... Their apparel is odd and fantastic, though it be never so full of rents. The men wear scarfs of calico or any other base stuff, hanging their bodies like morris-dancers with bells and other toys... The woman as ridiculously attire themselves and, like one that plays the rogue on a stage, wear rags and patched filthy mantles uppermost when the under-garments are handsome and in fashion... These barns are the beds of incests, whoredoms, adulteries and of all other black and deadly damned impieties... Upon days of pastime and liberty they spread themselves in small companies amongst the villages and, when young maids and bachelors—yea, sometimes old doting fools that should be beaten to this world of villainies and

forewarn others—do flock about them, they then profess skill in palmistry and forsooth can tell fortunes. Which for the most part are infallibly true, by reason that they work upon rules which are grounded upon certainty: for one of them will tell you that you shall shortly have some evil luck fall upon you and, within half an hour after, you shall find your pocket picked or your purse cut.

Middleton's version of Gypsydom is more tolerant. Yet he was surely familiar with Dekker's hostile account, for *Lantern and Candlelight* appears to have informed the play's Gypsy language. The cant, or rather the sprinkling of cant upon sheer nonsense, stands at a further stage than the pun in the disintegration of lawful and determinate language, and so contributes to Middleton's almost celebratory treatment of the Gypsies. *More Dissemblers* anticipates *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* in playing down the criminality attributed to Gypsies to the extent that thefts, drunkenness, and libertinism are presented as reprehensible but gamesome fun. The spirit is not far removed from that found in the broadside ballad 'The Brave English Gypsy' (printed and published before 1626), in which 'English Gypsies all live free, | And love and live most jovially', boasting that 'Wheresoe'er we come, we find, | For one that hates, an hundred kind'.

Any prospect of utopian linguistic and moral anarchy is, however, short-lived. Though they offer an existence outside the law, the Gypsies reproduce, in caricature, the ritual, discipline, and authority of church and state. A comic ceremony of anointing Dondolo's face with pig-fat and soot parodies the Catholic ritual of marking the forehead with ash on Ash Wednesday (fittingly, as the play identifies Gypsies with Egyptians, and Protestant polemic identified Old-Testament Egyptians with Roman Catholics). Dondolo's and Aurelia's expectations of a libertarian convert's life amongst the Gypsies remain unfulfilled. Dondolo is robbed; Aurelia finds herself the 'doxy' to the inanely un-Gypsyfied Dondolo.

That is one parabola by which the play reaches towards its conclusion. Despite the shift back from the antithetical Gypsy highway to the thetic and enclosed court, there is a logic whereby the Gypsy episode leads coherently to the penultimate scene, in which the secretly pregnant 'Page' is unmasked. Here is another route, sadistic and farcical, by which the wayward individual returns to social reality. The 'Page', whom the audience has yet to see dressed as a woman, finds herself pushed into vocal gymnastics by her music teacher, then forced by her dancing master to practise leaping dance movements. These stresses send her into labour. In Castiglione's *The Courtier* there is a cautionary remark against women indulging in 'manly exercises' such as 'swift and violent tricks' in dancing or singing, or playing music with 'hard and often divisions'. Sexual identity itself is threatened by such activities. In *More Dissemblers* the extremes of the exercises are supposed to train the 'Page' into manhood, but the effeminacy of the teachers suggests rather that

More Diffemblers besides Women.

singing and dancing are androgynous arts. The attempt to make the 'Page' more manly, or at least more pagely, achieves the opposite. Middleton was probably familiar with a case related by Montaigne in his essay 'Of the Force of Imagination' of an erstwhile woman who, 'upon a time, leaping, and straining himself to overleap another, he wot not how, but where before he was a woman, he suddenly felt the instrument of a man to come out of him', and thereafter remained a man. In contrast with this woman turned man, Middleton's effeminate 'man' produces a baby. As so often in Middleton, the physical body reproves and betrays the person's moral failings. But the return to a safely gendered and moralized reality is only achieved by passing through a dizzying collapse of apparent gender identity. This scene offers a startling example of the darker, almost manic edge to the play's humour.

There can be no true reconciliation between the defining, contrasted, but oddly contiguous obsessions of chastity and lust. Chastity yields no ground; the Duchess finally turns her back on Andrugio and renews her vows. Marriage, where it proceeds, has more to do with punishment than reward, and, most of all, is the instrument of social and moral regulation. Aurelia and then Lactantio are both 'plagued justly' by being denied their first choice of partner. These are uneasy resolutions for a

play advertised as a comedy. What logic is at work? On the one hand, a cloistered spiritual and secular élite has been threatened with a loss of its identity and sense of merit. On the other hand, a self-sufficient world of frivolous behaviour finally accepts without reverence or surprise the consequences exacted by law and nature. These are potentially autonomous worlds forced into reluctant but necessary mutual recognition. The Duchess comes to acknowledge her own propensity to lust and her overdependence on the Cardinal's and the Lords' dissembling piety; she comes to know at first hand the consanguinity of duchess, cardinal, and knave. In the last scene she exercises government over her people for the first time, and with a directness that was not before possible. Yet she is addressing only the men that have threatened her state of chastity and the women whose chastity they have taken; she is about to retreat from all this. The state of moral siege will resume, and the end of the play is the end of a communication that had scarcely begun. Some things have been shaken out during the action; others remain hidden in a text that seems intriguingly burdened with its political and apolitical unconscious.

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 149

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1131

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 378

More Dissemblers Besides Women

[for the King's Men]

THE ACTORS' NAMES

DUCHESS of Milan, a widow
CELIA, her waiting-gentlewoman
LORD CARDINAL of Milan
LACTANTIO, his nephew
DONDOLO, Lactantio's man-servant
ANDRUGIO, General of Milan
AURELIA, mistress formerly to Andrugio, now to Lactantio
Aurelia's FATHER
GOVERNOR of the Fort, suitor to Aurelia
Lactantio's former mistress disguised as a PAGE

LORDS of Milan
A CUPID
CAPTAIN of the Gypsies
Other GYPSIES
CROTCHET, a singing master
CINQUEPACE, a dancing master
USHER to Cinquepace

SERVANTS
Officers of the Guard

It blazes beauty's bounty, and hurts nothing.
 AURELIA The power of love commands me.
 LACTANTIO
 I shall wither in comforts till I see thee.
*Exeunt [Lactantio at one door,
 Aurelia and servant at another]*

I.2 Enter two or three Lords, and [they discover] the
 Lord Cardinal in his closet, [seated with his books]

LORD CARDINAL
 My lords, I have work for you. When you have hours
 Free from the cares of state, bestow your eyes
 Upon those abstracts of the Duchess' virtues,
 My study's ornaments. I make her constancy
 5 The holy mistress of my contemplation.
 Whole volumes have I writ in zealous praise
 Of her eternal vow. I have no power
 To suffer virtue to go thinly clad,
 I that have ever been in youth an old man
 10 To pleasures and to women,
 And could never love but pity 'em
 And all their momentary frantic follies.
 [Rising] Here I stand up in admiration,
 And bow to the chaste health of our great Duchess,
 15 Kissing her constant name. O my fair lords,
 When we find grace confirmed, especially
 In a creature that's so doubtful as a woman,
 We're spirit-ravished; men of our probation
 Feel the spheres' music playing in their souls.
 20 So long, unto the eternizing of her sex,
 She's kept her vow, so strictly, and as chaste
 As everlasting life is kept for virtue
 E'en from the sight of men; to make her oath
 As uncorrupt as th'honour of a virgin,
 25 That must be strict in thought, or else that title,
 Like one of frailty's ruins, shrinks to dust;
 No longer she's a virgin than she's just.

FIRST LORD
 Chaste, sir? The truth and justice of her vow
 To her deceased lord's able to make poor

Man's treasury of praises. But, methinks,
 She that has no temptation set before her,
 Her virtue has no conquest. Then would her con-
 stancy
 Shine in the brightest goodness of her glory
 If she would give admittance, see and be seen,
 And yet resist and conquer. There were argument
 35 For angels; 'twould outreach the life of praise
 Set in mortality's shortness. [Aside] I speak this
 Not for religion, but for love of her
 Whom I wish less religious and more loving;
 But I fear she's too constant, that's her fault.
 40 But 'tis so rare few of her sex are took with't,
 And that makes some amends.

LORD CARDINAL
 You have put my zeal into a way, my lord,
 I shall not be at peace till I make perfect.
 I'll make her victory harder. 'Tis my crown
 45 When I bring grace to great'st perfection;
 And I dare trust that daughter with a world,
 None but her vow and she. I know she wears
 A constancy will not deceive my praises,
 A faith so noble. She that once knows heaven
 50 Need put in no security for her truth.
 I dare believe her face, use all the art,
 Temptation, witcheries, sleights, and subtleties
 You temporal lords and all your means can practise.

SECOND LORD
 My lord, not any, we.

LORD CARDINAL Her resolute goodness
 55 Shall as a rock stand firm, and send the sins
 That beat against it
 Into the bosom of the owners, weeping.

THIRD LORD
 We wish her virtues so.

LORD CARDINAL O, give me pardon,
 I have lost myself in her upon my friends.
 60 Your charitable censures I beseech.
 So dear her white fame is to my soul's love,
 'Tis an affliction but to hear it questioned.

66 **blazes** (a) causes to blaze (b) blazons, proclaims
nothing not at all
 I.2.0.1 **discover** reveal by drawing back curtains
 3 **abstracts** summary accounts, distillations
 4 **study's ornaments** i.e. the books, both as accessories to contemplation (as in church ornaments) and as gracious embellishments of the 'closet' where he studies
 5 **mistress** guiding influence, personified as a woman; female object of devotion
 8 **thinly clad** (figurative for 'poor, unrewarded'; here 'bare of praise')
 14 **chaste health** health of the chastity
 17 **doubtful** giving cause for apprehensions
 18 **spirit-ravished** transported in spirit
probation religious discipline

19 **the spheres' music** i.e. the imagined divine music of harmony between the celestial 'spheres' or orbs
 21-3 **as...men** The analogy is with the remoteness of everlasting life from mortal experience, with play on *men* as humans and as males.
 23 **E'en from** (a) away from even (with the emphasis on *sight*), or (b) completely away from
 24 **th'honour** the virginity, maidenhead
 27 **just** righteous
 31-2 **She...conquest** Montaigne commented that 'Of Stoic and Epicurean philosophers, I say, there are divers who have judged that it was not sufficient to have the mind well placed, well ordered, and well disposed to virtue... it was very requisite to seek for occasions whereby a man might come to the trial of it', citing Seneca: 'Virtue provoked adds much to itself' ('Of Cruelty'). Compare also the proverb 'She's chaste whom none will have'.
 34 **see and be seen** Proverbial.
 35 **argument** subject of discourse
 43 **a way** such a way
 44 **make perfect** fully accomplish
 47 **daughter** i.e. daughter of *grace* (a biblical usage)
 50 **so** as
 51 **put...security** (a) deposit no forfeitable pledge (b) require no physical protection
 52 **face** outward appearance
 56 **as...firm** Proverbial.
 58 **weeping** Qualifies owners.
 60 **lost...upon** i.e. become absorbed with her at the expense of

- 65 She's my religious triumph.
If you desire a belief rightly to her,
Think she can never waver, then you're sure.
She has a fixèd heart, it cannot err.
He kills my hopes of woman that doubts her.
- FIRST LORD
No more, my lord, 'tis fixèd.
- LORD CARDINAL Believe my judgement.
70 I never praise in vain, nor ever spent
Opinion idly, or lost hopes of any
Where I once placed it. Welcome as my joys
Now you all part believers of her virtue.
- ALL LORDS
We are the same most firmly.
- LORD CARDINAL Good opinion
75 In others rēward you, and all your actions.
[Exeunt Lords]
Who's near us?
Enter a Servant
SERVANT My lord.
LORD CARDINAL Call our nephew. [Exit Servant]
There's a work too
That for blood's sake I labour to make perfect,
And it comes on with joy. He's but a youth,
To speak of years, yet I dare venture him
80 To old men's goodnesses and gravities
For his strict manners, and win glory by him;
And for the chasteness of his continence,
Which is a rare grace in the spring of man,
He does excel the youth of all our time;
85 Which gift of his, more than affinity,
Draws my affection in great plenty to him.
The company of a woman is as fearful to him
As death to guilty men. I've seen him blush
When but a maid was named. I'm proud of him,
90 Heaven be not angry for't. He's near of kin
In disposition to me. I shall do much for him
In lifetime, but in death I shall do all.
There he will find my love. He's yet too young
In years to rise in state, but his good parts
Will bring him in the sooner.
Enter Lactantio with a book
95 Here he comes.—
What, at thy meditation? Half in heaven?
- LACTANTIO
The better half, my lord. My mind's there still;
And when the heart's above, the body walks here
But like an idle serving-man below,
Gaping and waiting for his master's coming. 100
- LORD CARDINAL
What man in age could bring forth graver thoughts?
- LACTANTIO
He that lives fourscore years is but like one
That stays here for a friend. When death comes, then
Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.
I wonder at the young men of our days,
105 That they can dote on pleasure, or what 'tis
They give that title to, unless in mockage.
There's nothing I can find upon the earth
Worthy the name of pleasure, unless't be
To laugh at folly, which indeed good charity
110 Should rather pity. But of all the frenzies
That follow flesh and blood, O reverend uncle,
The most ridiculous is to fawn on women.
There's no excuse for that. 'Tis such a madness
There is no cure set down for't. No physician
115 Ever spent hour about it, for they guessed
'Twas all in vain when they first loved themselves,
And never since durst practise. Cry '*Hei mihi*',
That's all the help they have for't. I had rather meet
A witch far north than a fine fool in love;
120 The sight would less afflict me. But for modesty,
And your grave presence that learns men respect,
I should fall foul in words upon fond man
That can forget his excellence and honour—
His serious meditations being the end
125 Of his creation, to learn well to die—
And live a prisoner to a woman's eye.
Can there be greater thralldom, greater folly?
LORD CARDINAL [aside]
In making him my heir, I make good works,
And they give wealth a blessing; where, on the
contrary,
130 What curses does he heap upon his soul
That leaves his riches to a riotous young man,
To be consumed on surfeits, pride, and harlots!
Peace be upon that spirit whose life provides
A quiet rest for mine.

67 **fixèd** firmly resolved, attached to its object (in contrast to *err*, literally 'wander')

72 **Welcome** Also 'well come'.

76 **near** in attendance on

77 **for blood's sake** i.e. because he is a blood-relative

79 **To speak of years** by the measure of his age

80 **To against**

81 **manners** moral conduct

82 **continence** Puns on *countenance*.

83 **spring** i.e. youth

85 **affinity** kinship

89 **but a maid was** a maid was but

91 **disposition** temperament

92 **do all** i.e. bequeath everything

95 **bring him in** establish him

97 **still** constantly

99 **idle** unoccupied

100 **Gaping** (a) open-mouthed, yawning
(b) eagerly longing

107 **mockage** mockery

116 **spent** wasted

guessed rightly conjectured

118 **Hei mihi** In Ovid's *Metamorphoses*

I. 523, Phoebus' cry of despair at his powerlessness against love. He laments:

'Of physic and of surgery I found the

arts for need, | The power of every herb and plant doth of my gift proceed; | Now *woe is me* [in Latin, *hei mihi*], that ne'er a herb can heal the hurt of love, | And that the arts that others help their lord doth helpless prove' (trans. Arthur Golding, 1567).

120 **A witch far north** Alludes probably to the Lancashire witches executed at Lancaster Castle in August 1612.

122 **learns** teaches

123 **fond** (a) foolish (b) doting

132 **riotous** dissolute

Enter Page, with a letter

135 LACTANTIO How now, the news?
PAGE
A letter, sir, brought by a gentleman
That lately came from Rome.

LACTANTIO [*aside*] That's she, she's come.
I fear not to admit her in his presence;
There is the like already. I'm writ chaste

140 In my grave uncle's thoughts, and honest meanings
Think all men's like their own. [*Aside to the Page*]
Thou look'st so pale.
What ail'st thou here o'late?

PAGE I doubt I have cause, sir.

LACTANTIO Why, what's the news?
PAGE I fear, sir, I'm with child.

LACTANTIO With child? Peace, peace, speak low!
PAGE 'Twill prove, I fear, so.

LACTANTIO Beshrew my heart for that! [*Aloud to the Page*] Desire
the gentleman
145 To walk a turn or two.

LORD CARDINAL What gentleman?
LACTANTIO
One lately come from Rome, my lord, in credit
With Lord Vincentio; so the letter speaks him.

LORD CARDINAL Admit him, my kind boy. [*Exit Page*]

150 That ever man was blest with! 'Tis so meek,
So good and gentle, 'twas the best alms-deed
That e'er you did to keep him. I have oft took him
Weeping alone, poor boy, at the remembrance
Of his lost friends, which, as he says, the sea
Swallowed with all their substance.

155 LACTANTIO 'Tis a truth, sir,
Has cost the poor boy many a feeling tear,
And me some too, for company. In such pity
I always spend my part.
Enter Aurelia, like a gentleman
Here comes the gentleman.

LORD CARDINAL Welcome to Milan, sir. How is the health
Of Lord Vincentio?

160 AURELIA May it please your grace,

I left it well and happy, and I hope
The same blest fortune keeps it.
LORD CARDINAL I hear you're near him.
AURELIA One of his chamber, my lord.
LACTANTIO [*aside*]
I'd ne'er wish one of her condition nearer
165 Than to be one of mine.

LORD CARDINAL Your news is pleasing.
Whilst you remain in Milan, I request you
To know the welcome of no house but ours.

AURELIA Thanks to your Grace.
LORD CARDINAL I'll leave you to confer.
I'll to the Duchess, and labour her perfection. Exit 170

LACTANTIO Then thus begins our conference: I arrest thee
In Cupid's name. Deliver up your weapon.
It is not for your wearing, Venus knows it.
Here's a fit thing indeed, nay, hangers and all!
Away with 'em, out upon 'em, things of trouble,
175 And out of use with you. Now you're my prisoner,
And till you swear you love me, all and only,
You part not from mine arms.

AURELIA I swear it willingly.
LACTANTIO
And that you do renounce the General's love
That heretofore laid claim to you.

AURELIA My heart bids me,
180 You need not teach me that. My eye ne'er knew
A perfect choice till it stood blest with you.
There's yet a rival whom you little dream of.
Tax me with him, and I'll swear too I hate him.
I'll thrust 'em both together in one oath,
185 And send 'em to some pair of waiting-women
To solder up their credits.

LACTANTIO Prithee, what's he?
Another yet? For laughter' sake, discover him.

AURELIA The Governor of the Fort.
LACTANTIO That old dried neat's-tongue?
AURELIA
190 A gentleman after my father's relish.
Enter [*Aurelia's*] Father and Governor [*of the Fort*]

FATHER By your kind favours, gentlemen.

139 **the like** i.e. the Page (another woman disguised as a man)
142 **doubt** suspect
145 **Beshrew** curse
148 **speaks** testifies
152 **took** found
154 **friends** relatives, family
155 **substance** possessions, wealth
158 **spend my part** With a quibble suggesting 'employ my penis', or 'discharge my semen'.
163 **near him** i.e. a trusted member of his

household
164 **One of his chamber** an attendant of his private rooms. Lactantio turns the phrase to mean 'one of his bed-partners'.
165 **her condition** Insinuates Aurelia is a whore.
nearer more closely related
172 **weapon** i.e. sword (as worn by men, with a phallic innuendo)
174 **thing** Quibbles on the euphemism for 'penis'.
hangers straps from which the sword

hangs (and so, quibblingly, 'testicles')
176 **out of use** useless (with a sexual pun on *use* as 'copulation')
184 **Tax** censure, accuse
187 **solder up** repair, as with solder (with a suggestion of sexual union)
credits reputations
189 **dried neat's-tongue** Suggests a shrivelled shape; *neat* is 'ox'.
190 **after** in accordance with
relish taste. Picks up on *neat's tongue* as a kind of food.

AURELIA [<i>aside to Lactantio</i>]	O, my father!	But one's enough to beggar him, if he light	225
	We are both betrayed.	Upon a wise physician. 'Tis a labour	
LACTANTIO	Peace, you may prove too fearful.—	To keep those little wits I have about me.	
	To whom your business, sir?	Still did I dream that villain would betray her;	
FATHER	To the Lord Cardinal,	I'll never trust slave with a parboiled nose again.	
	If it would please yourself or that young gentleman	I must devise some trick to excuse her absence	230
	To grace me with admittance.	Now to my uncle too. There is no mischief	
195 LACTANTIO	I will see, sir.	But brings one villainy or other still	
	The gentleman's a stranger, new come o'er.	E'en close at heels on't. I'm pained at heart.	
	He understands you not.	If ever there were hope of me to die	
	[<i>To Aurelia</i>] <i>Lofftro veen, tant umbro, hoff tufftee, locumber shaw.</i>	For love, 'tis now; I never felt such gripings.	235
200 AURELIA <i>Quisquimken, sapadlaman, fool-urchin, old astrata.</i>		If I can scape this climacterical year,	
FATHER	Nay, an that be the language we can speak't too:	Women, ne'er trust me, though you hear me swear.	
	<i>strumpetikin, bold harlotum, queaninisma, whoremongeria.</i>	Kept with him in the fort! Why, there's no hope	
	Shame to thy sex, and sorrow to thy father.	Of ever meeting now; my way's not thither.	
	Is this a shape for reputation	Love bless us with some means to get together,	240
205	And modesty to mask in? Thou too cunning	And I'll pay all the old reck'nings.	<i>Exit</i>
	For credulous goodness!		
	Did not a reverent respect and honour	<i>Enter Duchess, above, and Celia</i>	1.3
	That's due unto the sanctimonious peace	DUCHESS	
	Of this lord's house restrain my voice and anger	What a contented rest rewards my mind	
210	And teach it soft humility, I would lift	For faithfulness! I give it constancy,	
	Both your disgraces to the height of grief	And it returns me peace. How happily	
	That you have raised in me; but, to shame you,	Might woman live, methinks, confined within	
	I will not cast a blemish upon virtue.	The knowledge of one husband!	5
	Call that your happiness, and the dearest, too,	What comes of more rather proclaims desire	
215	That such a bold attempt could ever boast of.	Prince of affections than religious love,	
	We'll see if a strong fort can hold you now.—	Brings frailty and our weakness into question	
	Take her, sir, to you.	'Mongst our male enemies, makes widows' tears	
GOVERNOR [<i>to Aurelia</i>]	How have I deserved	Rather the cup of laughter than of pity.	10
	The strangeness of this hour?	What credit can our sorrows have with men,	
FATHER	Talk not so tamely.	When in some month's space they turn light again,	
	[<i>To Lactantio</i>] For you, sir, thank the reverence of this	Feast, dance, and go in colours? If my vow	
	place,	Were yet to make, I would not sleep without it,	
220	Or your hypocrisy I had put out of grace,	Or make a faith as perfect to myself	15
	I had, i'faith. If ever I can fit you,	In resolution as a vow would come to,	
	Expect to hear from me.	And do as much right so to constancy	
	<i>Exeunt [Father, Governor, and Aurelia]</i>	As strictness could require; for 'tis our goodness	
LACTANTIO	I thank you, sir;	And not our strength that does it. I am armed now	
	The cough o'th' lungs requite you. I could curse him	'Gainst all deserts in man, be't valour, wisdom,	20
	Into diseases by whole dozens now;	Courtesy, comeliness, nay, truth itself,	
		Which seldom keeps him company. I commend	
196 new come o'er	Quibbles on the sense	(i.e. inflated). The <i>nose</i> has a phallic	
	'recently mounted sexually'.	connotation.	
200 fool-urchin	<i>Urchin</i> was variously	231–3 There...on't From the proverbs	
	'hedgehog', 'goblin', or 'hunchback'.	'One misfortune comes on the neck	
202 queaninisma	Based on <i>quean</i> ,	'of another' and 'Every sin brings in	
	'prostitute'.	another'.	
205 mask in	disguise themselves in (perhaps	232 other still yet another, yet others	
	suggesting a masquerade or court	235 gripings (a) gripping pains (b) afflictions	
	entertainment)	236 climacterical critical to health or	
208 sanctimonious	sacred, holy (without	fortune	
	any suggestion of pretence)	1.3.6 What comes of more i.e. (a) what	
220 grace	(a) i.e. its seeming grace (b) fa-	knowledge comes of more husbands, or	
	vour	(b) what comes of more knowledge	
221 fit	fittingly punish	8 question discussion, scrutiny	
228 that villain	(presumably the scurvy-	10 cup As of wine drunk to mark a shared	
	looking Servant of 1.1)	sentiment; also as in the biblical image of	
229 parboiled	over-boiled, overheated		
		the overflowing cup of sorrow, etc.	
		12 month's The usual period of mourning	
		was a year.	
		turn light (a) start wearing light-	
		coloured clothing (b) become light-	
		hearted, lascivious	
		13 colours coloured garments (as distinct	
		from mourning black)	
		14 make be made	
		without it i.e. until it had been made	
		15 faith pledge	
		19 not our strength Based on the proverbs	
		'flesh is frail' and 'all women may be	
		won'.	
		20 deserts good qualities, merits	
		21 truth righteousness, faithfulness	

The virtues highly, as I do an instrument
 When the case hangs by th' wall; but man himself
 25 Never comes near my heart.
Enter Lord Cardinal, [above]

LORD CARDINAL
 The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady,
 For I'm resolved they are good ones.

DUCHESS Honour of greatness,
 Friend to my vow, and father to my fame,
 Welcome, as peace to temples.

LORD CARDINAL I bring war.

DUCHESS How, sir?

LORD CARDINAL
 30 A harder fight. If now you conquer,
 You crown my praises double.

DUCHESS What's your aim, sir?

LORD CARDINAL
 To astonish sin and all her tempting evils,
 And make your goodness shine more glorious.
 When your fair noble vow showed you the way
 35 To excellence in virtue, to keep back
 The fears that might discourage you at first,
 Pitying your strength, it showed you not the worst.
 'Tis not enough for tapers to burn bright;
 But to be seen, so to lend others light,
 40 Yet not impair themselves, their flame as pure
 As when it shined in secret. So t'abide
 Temptations is the soul's flame truly tried.
 I have an ambition, but a virtuous one:
 I would have nothing want to your perfection.

DUCHESS
 45 Is there a doubt found yet? Is it so hard
 For woman to recover, with all diligence
 And a true fasting faith from sensual pleasure,
 What many of her sex has so long lost?
 Can you believe that any sight of man,
 50 Held he the worth of millions in one spirit,
 Had power to alter me?

LORD CARDINAL No; there's my hope,
 My credit, and my triumph.

DUCHESS I'll no more
 Keep strictly private, since the glory on't
 Is but a virtue questioned. I'll come forth
 55 And show myself to all. The world shall witness
 That, like the sun, my constancy can look

On earth's corruptions, and shine clear itself.

LORD CARDINAL
 Hold conquest now, and I have all my wishes.
Cornetts and a shout within

DUCHESS
 The meaning of that sudden shout, my lord?

LORD CARDINAL
 Signor Andrugio, general of the field,
 60 Successful in his fortunes, is arrived,
 And met by all the gallant hopes of Milan,
 Welcomed with laurel wreaths and hymns of praises.
 Vouchsafe but you to give him the first grace, madam,
 Of your so long hid presence, he has then
 65 All honours that can bless victorious man.

DUCHESS
 You shall prevail, grave sir. *[Exit Lord Cardinal]*
*Enter Andrugio, attended with the nobility and
 state, [wreathed with bays] like a victor. [Amongst
 the nobility is Lactantio, in black and yellow.]
 [The Duchess and Celia stand in view above].
 Song, music*

ALL THE NOBILITY
 Laurel is a victor's due,
 I give it you,
 I give it you. 70
 Thy name with praise,
 Thy brow with bays,
 We circle round.
 All men rejoice
 With cheerful voice, 75
 To see thee like a conqueror crowned.
*A [winged] Cupid, [with a bow,] descending, sings
 this*

CUPID
 I am a little conqueror, too.
 For wreaths of bays
 There's arms of cross,
 80 And that's my due.
 I give the flaming heart,
 It is my crest,
 And by the mother's side
 The weeping eye,
 The sighing breast. 85
 It is not power in you, fair beauties.
 If I command love, 'tis your duties.

He ascends.

23-4 **an... wall** i.e. a musical instrument when it is in its case, hanging unused on the wall. With a glance at the bawdy senses of *instrument* and *case* as the female sex organs.
 25 **comes... heart** In the continued metaphor of a musical instrument, suggests (a) the moving qualities of music and (b) the playing of an instrument such as a lute, which is held close to the chest.
 27 **Honour of greatness** i.e. one who does honour to his power and eminence
 32 **astonish** stun, dismay

38-9 **'Tis... light** From Christ's parable (Matthew 5:15, Mark 4:21, Luke 8:16 and 11:33).
 40 **Yet... themselves** In contrast with the candle that proverbially 'lights others and consumes itself'.
 44 **want to** lack in
 52 **credit** belief
 56-7 **like... itself** From the proverb, 'The sun is never the worse for shining on a dunghill'.
 58 **Hold conquest** let conquest remain secure
 58.1 **Cornetts** wind instruments capable of

great brilliance
 62 **hopes** men in whom hope is placed
 64 **Vouchsafe but you** if only you deign
 67.2 **state** persons of rank
 76.1-2 **A... this** The Cupid would have been suspended aloft from the stage-roof (the 'heavens'). See Introduction.
 79 **arms of cross** crossed or folded arms (a posture indicating sadness)
 82 **crest** heraldic device above shield and helmet in a coat of arms
 83 **by... side** inherited from the mother

During these songs, Andrugio peruses a letter delivered him by a Lord, and then [the welcome] closes with this song below

ALL THE NOBILITY

Welcome, welcome, son of fame!
Honour triumphs in thy name.

Exeunt in state [Andrugio and all the nobility except the Lord who delivered the letter]

LORD

90 Alas, poor gentleman! I brought him news
That like a cloud spread over all his glories.
When he missed her whom his eye greedily sought
for,

His welcome seemed so poor he took no joy in't;
But when he found her by her father forced
95 To the old Governor's love, and kept so strictly,
A coldness struck his heart. There is no state
So firmly happy but feels envy's might.
I know Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal,
Hates him as deeply as a rich man death;
100 And yet his welcome showed as fair and friendly
As his that wore the truest love to him;
When in his wishes he could drink his blood,
And make his heart the sweetness of his food. *Exit*

CELIA Madam, madam!

DUCHESS

105 Beshrew thy heart, dost thou not see me busy?
You show your manners.

CELIA In the name of goodness,
What ails my lady?

DUCHESS I confess I'm mortal.

There's no defending on't. 'Tis cruel flattery
To make a lady believe otherways.
110 Is not this flesh? Can you drive heat from fire?
So may you love from this. For love and death
Are brothers in this kingdom; only death
Comes by the mother's side, and that's the surest.
That General is wondrous fortunate:
115 Has won another field since, and a victory
That credits all the rest. He may more boast on't
Than of a thousand conquests. I am lost,

95 **kept** confined102 **he** i.e. Lactantio110 **flesh** (proverbially frail)110-13 **Can...surest** The drift is that love can only be separated from the body by consigning it to death.110 **Can...fire** Proverbially, 'The fire is never without heat'.111-12 **love...kingdom** From the biblically-derived proverb 'Love is strong as death' (Song of Solomon 8:6).112 **this kingdom** i.e. the body112-13 **only...side** Alludes to Eve's primary responsibility for original sin and its consequence, death.113 **that's the surest** *The mother's side* is proverbially *surest* (as the father may not be known), but also *death* is proverbially

sure.

115 **field** battle**since** i.e. since his other, military, victories116 **credits** does credit to117 **am lost** (a) am given over to the enemy

(b) have lost my way (c) am damned

124 **My faith** (a) faith others have in me

(b) my faithfulness (c) my religious belief

1.4.0.1 **Dondolo** Meaning 'a shallow-pate, a silly gull' (Florio), and perhaps also a wanderer.2 **against** ready for when6 **lickerish** lecherous7 **smell-smock** skirt-chaser8 **term-time** (when young men studying at the Inns of Court were resident in

Utterly lost. Where are my women now?

Alas, what help's in them, what strength have they?

I call to a weak guard when I call them.

In rescuing me they'd be themselves o'ercome.

When I that professed war am overthrown,

What hope's in them then that ne'er stirred from home?

My faith is gone for ever;

My reputation with the Cardinal,

My fame, my praise, my liberty, my peace

Changed for a restless passion. O hard spite

To lose my seven years' victory at one sight! *Exeunt**Enter Dondolo and the Page, with a shirt*

PAGE I prithee, Dondolo, take this shirt, and air it a little against my master rises. I'd rather do anything than do't, i'faith.

DONDOLO O monstrous, horrible, terrible, intolerable! Are not you big enough to air a shirt? Were it a smock now, you lickerish page, you'd be hanged ere you'd part from't. If thou dost not prove as arrant a smell-smock as any the town affords in a term-time, I'll lose my judgement in wenching.

PAGE Pish! Here, Dondolo, prithee take it.

DONDOLO It's no more but up and ride with you then? All my generation were beades and officers; and do you think I'm so easily entreated? You shall find a harder piece of work, boy, than you imagine, to get anything from my hands. I will not disgenerate so much from the nature of my kindred. You must bribe me one way or other if you look to have anything done, or else you may do't yourself. 'Twas just my father's humour when he bore office. You know my mind, page: the song, the song. I must either have the song you sung to my master last night when he went to bed, or I'll not do a stitch of service for you from one week's end to the other. As I am a gentleman, you shall brush cloaks, make clean spurs, pull off strait boots, although in the tugging you chance to fall and hazard the breaking of your little buttocks. I'll take no more pity of your marrowbones than a butcher's dog of a rump of beef.

London)

11 **It's...ride** Proverbial. Implies a casual or dismissive attitude in the Page; with a sexual innuendo.12 **generation** family**beades** low-ranking parish constables15 **disgenerate** Dondolo's error for *degenerate*.20-30 **I must...boots-haling** The lines are riddled with variously specific homosexual innuendos. In particular, *singing* can refer to fellatio.23 **As...gentleman** Dondolo apparently is not.24 **strait** narrow, tight-fitting27 **marrowbones** i.e. large thigh bones (the top of which are under the buttocks)

30 Nay, ka me, ka thee. If you will ease the melancholy of my mind by singing, I will deliver you from the calamity of boots-haling.

PAGE Alas, you know I cannot sing.

DONDOLO Take heed; you may speak at such an hour that your voice may be clean taken away from you. I have known many a good gentlewoman say so much as you say now, and have presently gone to bed and lay speechless. 'Tis not good to jest, as old Chaucer was wont to say, that broad famous English poet. Cannot you sing, say you? O, that a boy should so keep cut with his mother and be given to dissembling!

PAGE

40 Faith, to your knowledge in't, ill may seem well; But as I hope in comforts, I've no skill.

DONDOLO A pox of skill; give me plain simple cunning. Why should not singing be as well got without skill as the getting of children? You shall have the arrant'st fool do as much there as the wisest coxcomb of 'em all, let 'em have all the help of doctors put to 'em, both the directions of physicians and the erections of pothecaries. You shall have a plain hobnailed country fellow marrying some dairy wench tumble out two of a year, and sometimes three, by'r Lady, as the crop falls out; and your nice puling physicking gentlefolks some one in nine years, and hardly then a whole one as it should be; the wanting of some apricock or something loses a member on him, or quite spoils it. Come, will you sing, that I may warm the shirt? By this light, he shall put it on cold for me else.

PAGE A song or two I learnt with hearing gentlewomen practise themselves.

DONDOLO Come, you are so modest, now, 'tis pity that thou wast ever bred to be thrust through a pair of canions; thou wouldst have made a pretty, foolish waiting-woman, but for one thing. Wilt sing?

PAGE As well as I can, Dondolo.

28 **ka me, ka thee** if you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. *Ka*, a corruption of *claw*, was used only in this proverbial expression.

32-3 **you... you** Alludes to the voice breaking in male adolescence (particularly dangerous for boy actors).

34-5 **much... now** Presumably the Page has put on a hoarse voice.

36 **jest** (a) trifle (as Dondolo accuses the Page); (b) make jokes

38-9 **keep cut with** take after, assume the same shape as. *Cut* is 'style of clothing', and also, unintendedly, 'cunt' (implying that the boy has a girl's sexual organs).

41 **comforts** i.e. divine grace

44 **arrant'st** most out-and-out

45-6 **the... all** Perhaps glances at the French King Henri IV's description of King James as 'the wisest fool in Christendom'.

45 **coxcomb** fool (literally 'fool's hat')

47 **erections** Probably used only for the phallic quibble.

48 **pothecaries** apothecaries, druggists

49 **tumble out** i.e. cause children to tumble out of in

50 **by'r Lady** Short for 'by our Lady', an oath by the Virgin Mary.

50-1 **falls out** chances, happens

51 **nice** delicate

puling (a) whining (b) sickly

physicking medicine-taking

53 **wanting** lack

apricock apricot (quibbling on *cock*, 'penis', and referring to the pregnant women's craving for the fruit)

55 **By this light** an oath by the sun

56 **for me** as far as I'm concerned

61 **canions** legs of breeches (literally ornamental rolls around the ends of them)

foolish probably an endearment

62 **thing** euphemistic for male or female genitals

79 **hot** lustful

the whilst these days

DONDOLO Give me the shirt then; I'll warm't as well I can, too.

[*He takes it*]

Why, look, you whoreson coxcomb, this is a smock.

PAGE

No, 'tis my master's shirt.

DONDOLO

Why, that's true too; Who knows not that? Why, 'tis the fashion, fool. All your young gallants here of late wear smocks, Those without beards especially.

PAGE Why, what's the reason, sir?

DONDOLO Marry, very great reason in't. A young gallant lying abed with his wench, if the constable should chance to come up and search, being both in smocks, they'd be taken for sisters, and I hope a constable dare go no further. And as for the knowing of their heads, that's well enough too; for I know many young gentlemen wear longer hair than their mistresses.

PAGE

'Tis a hot world the whilst.

DONDOLO

Nay, that's most certain, and a most witty age of a bald one for all languages. You've many daughters so well brought up they speak French naturally at fifteen, and they are turned to the Spanish and Italian half a year after.

PAGE That's like learning the grammar first and the accidence after, they go backward so.

DONDOLO

The fitter for the Italian. Thou'st no wit, boy; Hadst had a tutor, he'd have taught thee that. Come, come, that I may be gone, boy.

Song, music

PAGE

Cupid is Venus' only joy,
But he's a wanton boy,
A very, very wanton boy.
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts;

80 **witty** clever, crafty of for

bald (a) plain, crude (in speech) (b) hairless (baldness being an effect of both *age* and syphilis, variously referred to as the French, Spanish, or Italian pox) for in

82-3 **they... after** Implies variety of sexual experience, as well as its consequence in disease.

85 **accidence** first principles of grammar

go backward i.e. learn backwards (quibbling in Dondolo's reply on 'have sexual intercourse from behind', as was associated with Italians)

87 **that** Either the fact or the practice.

88.1 **Song** The first seven and last two lines make the first stanza of the song in *Chaste Maid* 4.1.167. For a musical setting, see *Companion*, p. 149.

music The Page probably plays an instrument such as a lute.

92 **shoots** fires arrows

- He is the cause of most men's crests—
I mean upon the forehead,
95 Invisible, but horrid.
Of the short velvet mask he was deviser,
That wives may kiss, the husbands ne'er the wiser.
'Twas he first thought upon the way
To keep a lady's lips in play.
- 100 DONDOLO O, rich, ravishing, rare, and enticing! Well, go
thy ways for as sweet a breasted page as ever lay at his
master's feet in a truckle-bed.
PAGE You'll hie you in straight, Dondolo?
DONDOLO I'll not miss you. *Exit [Page]*
- 105 This smockified shirt, or shirted smock,
I will go toast. Let me see what's o'clock.
I must to th' castle straight to see his love,
Either by hook or crook. My master, storming,
Sent me last night, but I'll be gone this morning. *Exit*
- Finis Actus Primus*
-
- 2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter Duchess and Celia
- DUCHESS
Seek out the lightest colours can be got,
The youthfull'st dressings; tawny is too sad.
I am not thirty yet, I have wronged my time
To go so long in black, like a petitioner.
5 See that the powder that I use about me
Be rich in cassia.
- CELIA [*leaving*] Here's a sudden change.
DUCHESS [*aside*]
O, I'm undone, in faith!—Stay, art thou certain
Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal, was present
In the late entertainment of the General?
- 10 CELIA
Upon my reputation with your excellence,
These eyes beheld him. He came foremost, madam.
'Twas he in black and yellow.
- DUCHESS
Nay, 'tis no matter, either for himself
Or for the affectation of his colours,
So you be sure he was there.
- 15 CELIA As sure as sight
- Can discern man from man, madam.
DUCHESS It suffices. *Exit [Celia]*
- O, an ill cause had need of many helps,
Much art, and many friends, ay, and those mighty,
Or else it sets in shame. A faith once lost
Requires great cunning ere't be entertained 20
Into the breast of a belief again.
There's no condition so unfortunate,
Poor, miserable, to any creature given,
As hers that breaks in vow; she breaks with heaven.
[*She weeps.*] *Enter Lord Cardinal*
- LORD CARDINAL
Increase of health, and a redoubled courage 25
To chastity's great soldier! What, so sad, madam?—
The memory of her seven years' deceased lord
Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
As at the seventh hour after his departure.
What a perpetual fountain is her virtue!— 30
Too much to afflict yourself with ancient sorrow
Is not so strictly for your strength required.
Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam;
You need no weightier task.
- DUCHESS Religious sir,
You heard the last words of my dying lord. 35
- LORD CARDINAL
Which I shall ne'er forget.
- DUCHESS May I entreat
Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me
As near as memory can befriend your utterance,
That I may think a while I stand in presence
Of my departing husband?
- LORD CARDINAL What's your meaning 40
In this, most virtuous madam?
- DUCHESS 'Tis a courtesy
I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially.
Urge it no further yet. As it proves to me,
You shall hear from me; only I desire it
Effectually from you, sir; that's my request. 45
- LORD CARDINAL
I wonder, yet I'll spare to question farther.
You shall have your desire.
- DUCHESS I thank you, sir.
A blessing come along with't.

93 **crests** (a) erect penises (the sense denied)
(b) cuckold's horns (as excrescences on
the head and emblematic device)

96 **short velvet mask** (covering the eyes
and cheeks but not the mouth; worn
by ladies particularly at court entertain-
ments)

99 **lips** Quibbles on 'vulvas'.

100-1 **go thy ways for** off you go, being

101 **breasted** Refers to the lungs as used in
singing, but the Page is also breasted as
a woman.

102 **truckle-bed** low bed that could be
pushed on its castors under a larger one

103 **hie you** hasten

104 **miss** fail

107 **his** i.e. Lactantio's

108 **by . . . crook** Proverbial.

2.1.1 **lightest** (a) palest and brightest
(b) most frivolous and wanton

4 **petitioner** plaintiff

6 **cassia** perfume from the fragrant plant
cassia

9 **late** recent

19 **sets** like the sun, whose reddening
suggests blushes of *shame*

30 **fountain** spring. Refers both to the
Duchess's tears and to her self-renewing
virtue.

32 **your strength** i.e. a woman of your
limited strength

40 **meaning** intention, purpose

45 **Effectually** earnestly, ardently (postdates
OED's last citation, 1578)

LORD CARDINAL
 'You see, my lords, what all earth's glory is,
 50 Rightly defined in me: uncertain breath,
 A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
 To most not half the time. Beware ambition;
 Heaven is not reached with pride, but with submis-
 sion.
 And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
 55 Good purposes begun; be what you seem,
 Steadfast and uncorrupt, your actions noble,
 Your goodness simple, without gain of art,
 And not in vesture holier than in heart.—
 But 'tis a pain more than the pangs of death
 60 To think that we must part, fellows of life.
 Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear princess,
 Death had no sting but for our separation;
 'Twould come more calmer than an ev'ning's peace
 That brings on rest to labours. Thou art so precious
 65 I should depart in everlasting envy
 Unto the man that ever should enjoy thee.
 O, a new torment strikes his force into me
 When I but think on't; I am racked and torn.
 Pity me in thy virtues.'

DUCHESS 'My loved lord,
 70 Let your confirmed opinion of my life,
 My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
 Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
 Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses
 To draw my affections to a second liking.'

LORD CARDINAL
 75 'T 'as ever been thy promise, and the spring
 Of my great love to thee. For once to marry
 Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
 Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh.
 But second marriage shows desires in flesh;
 80 Thence lust and heat and common custom grows.
 But she's part virgin who but one man knows.
 I here expect a work of thy great faith
 At my last parting. I can crave no more,
 And with thy vow I rest myself for ever;
 85 My soul and it shall fly to heaven together.

Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
 And I go hence in peace.'

DUCHESS 'Then here I vow, never—'

LORD CARDINAL
 Why, madam!

DUCHESS I can go no further.

LORD CARDINAL What,
 Have you forgot your vow?

DUCHESS I have, too certainly.

LORD CARDINAL
 Your vow? That cannot be; it follows now
 90 Just where I left.

DUCHESS My frailty gets before it.
 Nothing prevails but ill.

LORD CARDINAL What, ail you, madam?

DUCHESS
 Sir, I'm in love.

LORD CARDINAL O all you powers of chastity,
 Look to this woman! Let her not faint now
 For honour of yourselves. If she be lost
 95 I know not where to seek my hope in woman.
 Madam, O madam!

DUCHESS My desires are sickened
 Beyond recovery of good counsel, sir.

LORD CARDINAL
 What mischief owed a malice to the sex,
 To work this spiteful ill? Better the man
 100 Had never known creation than to live
 Th'unlucky ruin of so fair a temple.
 Yet think upon your vow, revive in faith;
 Those are eternal things. What are all pleasures,
 Flatteries of men, and follies upon earth,
 105 To your most excellent goodness? O, she's dead,
 Stark cold to any virtuous claim within her.
 What now is heat is sin's. Have I approved
 Your constancy for this, called your faith noble,
 Writ volumes of your victories and virtues?
 110 I have undone my judgement, lost my praises,
 Blemished the truth of my opinion.
 Give me the man, that I may pour him out
 To all contempt and curses.

49 **earth's glory** Recalls 1 Corinthians
 15:40, 'the glory of the earthly' (in
 contrast with heavenly glory).

55 **be...seem** Proverbial.

57 **simple** (a) artless (b) pure, unmixed with
 other qualities

60 **fellows** companions, spouses
 of during

62 **Death had no sting** 'O death, where is
 thy sting' (1 Corinthians 15:55)
had would have had

67 **his** its

68 **racked** tortured by stretching on the rack
 72 **forgetfulness** (both of her husband and of
 her moral being)

73 **deadly** (a) death-like (b) mortally sinful

76-7 **once...woman** Varies the biblical
 'Marriage is honourable among all'

(Hebrews, 13:4).

78 **for** as

80 **common custom** i.e. promiscuous and
 unsanctified habits

81 **she's...knows** Restates the Protestant
 doctrine that marital fidelity is a form of
 chastity.

82 **a...faith** 'Even so, faith, if it hath no
 works, is dead in itself' (James 2:17).
 Contrast the Duchess's 'true fasting
 faith from sensual pleasure' (1.2.47).
 Protestant doctrine emphasized the
 priority of faith over good works.

86 **quiet satisfaction** peace-bringing release
 from uncertainty. *Satisfaction* is perhaps
 also 'fulfilment of obligation'.

89 **forgot** The Cardinal refers to the words;
 the Duchess refers to disregarding their

import.

98 **of** by

99 **mischief** worker of mischief
the sex the female sex

101 **known creation** i.e. been born

102 **Th'unlucky** The harmful, malicious
ruin cause of ruin

temple i.e. human soul. The word in
 its literal sense appropriately implies a
 sacrilege.

106 To compared with

107 **virtuous claim** claim to virtue

108 **heat** (previously of zeal for virtue, now
 of lust)

approved confirmed, commended

111 **undone** ruined, discredited

113 **Give me** identify to me

pour him out expose him

	DUCHESS	The man's innocent,	Allowed for natural argument. 'Tis she	
115		Full of desert and grace; his name, Lactantio.	That loves my nephew, she that loves, loves first.	
	LORD CARDINAL	How?	What cause have I to lay a blame on him then?	5
	DUCHESS	Your nephew.	He's in no fault in this. Say 'twas his fortune	
	LORD CARDINAL	My nephew!	At the free entertainment of the General,	
	DUCHESS	Beshrew the sight of him! He lives not, sir,	'Mongst others the deserts and hopes of Milan,	
120		That could have conquered me, himself excepted.	To come into her sight, where's th'offence yet?	10
	LORD CARDINAL	He that I loved so dearly, does he wear	What sin was that in him? Man's sight and presence	
		Such killing poison in his eye to sanctity?	Are free to public view. She might as well	
		He has undone himself for ever by't,	Have fixed her heart's love then upon some other.	
125		Has lost a friend of me, and a more sure one.	I would 't had lighted anywhere but there!—	
		Farewell, all natural pity. Though my affection	Yet I may err to wish't, since it appears	15
		Could hardly spare him from my sight an hour,	The hand of heaven that only picked him out,	
		I'll lose him now eternally, and strive	To reward virtue in him by this fortune.	
		To live without him. He shall straight to Rome.	And through affection I'm half conquered now.	
	DUCHESS	Not if you love my health or life, my lord.	I love his good as dearly as her vow—	
	LORD CARDINAL	This day he shall set forth.	Yet there my credit lives in works and praises.	
130	DUCHESS	Dispatch me rather.	I never found a harder fight within me	20
	LORD CARDINAL	I'll send him far enough.	Since zeal first taught me war. Say I should labour	
	DUCHESS	Send me to death first.	To quench this love?—And so quench life and all,	
	LORD CARDINAL	No basilisk that strikes dead pure affection	As by all likelihood it would prove her death.	
		With venomous eye lives under my protection. <i>Exit</i>	For it must needs be granted she affects him	
	DUCHESS	Now my condition's worse than e'er 'twas yet.	As dearly as the power of love can force,	25
135		My cunning takes not with him. He's broke through	Since her vow awes her not, that was her saint.	
		The net that with all art was set for him,	What right could that be to religion	
		And left the snarer here herself entangled	To be her end, and disposess my kinsman?	
		With her own toils. O, what are we, poor souls,	No, I will bear, in pity to her heart;	
		When our dissembling fails us? Surely creatures	The rest commend to fortune and my art. <i>Exit</i>	30
		As full of want as any nation can be		
140		That scarce have food to keep bare life about 'em.	<i>Enter Father, Governor, Aurelia, and Andrugio</i>	2.3
		Had this but took effect, what a fair way	<i>disguised [as a poor soldier]</i>	
		Had I made for my love to th' General,	GOVERNOR	
		And cut off all suspect, all reprehension!	I like him passing well.	
		My hopes are killed i'th' blossom. <i>Exit</i>	FATHER	
2.2		<i>Enter Lord Cardinal</i>	He's a tall fellow.	
	LORD CARDINAL	Let me think upon't,	ANDRUGIO [<i>aside</i>]	
		Set holy anger by a while; there's time	A couple of tall wits!—I have seen some service, sir.	
			GOVERNOR	
			Nay, so it seems by thy discourse, good fellow.	
			ANDRUGIO [<i>aside</i>]	
			'Good-fellow': calls me thief familiarly.—	
			I could show many marks of resolution,	5
			But modesty could wish 'em rather hidden.	
			I fetched home three and twenty wounds together	
			In one set battle, where I was defeated	
			At the same time of the third part of my nose;	

119 He lives not no man lives

122 Such...eye Alludes to the basilisk, a legendary reptile whose look was fatal; compare ll. 132-4.

124 a more sure one (i.e. God)

125 natural pity compassion arising from kinship

127 eternally The banishment resembles damnation.

130 Dispatch kill (with a quibble on 'send')

132 basilisk See note to l. 122.

137-8 left...toils Proverbial.

138 we Either human beings generally, or,

as in the play's title, women.

145 killed i'th' blossom Proverbial.

2.2.3 natural argument arguing the case as a relative

7 free magnanimous

8 others others of

15 only picked him picked only him

19 works good works

24 affects loves

26 saint i.e. object of personal devotion and source of strength

29 bear tolerate. Compare Romans 15:1:

'We which are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not please ourselves'.

2.3.0.2 disguised...soldier A concluded military campaign deposited poor, unemployed, and injured ex-soldiers onto the streets.

1, 2 tall brave, fine (ironic in l. 2)

2 service military service

4 Good-fellow thief

5 marks (a) signs (b) scars

8 was defeated lost possession

10 But, meeting with a skilful surgeoen,
Took order for my snuffling.

GOVERNOR And a nose
Well healed is counted a good cure in these days.
It saves many a man's honesty, which else
Is quickly drawn into suspicion.
This night shall bring you acquainted with your
15 charge;
In the mean time you and your valour's welcome.
Would we had more store of you, although they come
With fewer marks about 'em.

FATHER So wish I, sir.
Exeunt Father and Governor

ANDRUGIO [*aside*]
I was about to call her, and she stays
20 Of her own gift, as if she knew my mind.
Certain she knows me not, not possible.

AURELIA [*aside*]
What if I left my token and my letter
With this strange fellow, so to be conveyed
Without suspicion to Lactantio's servant?
25 Not so, I'll trust no freshman with such secrets.
His ignorance may mistake, and give't to one
That may belong to th' General, for I know
He sets some spies about me; but all he gets
Shall not be worth his pains. I would Lactantio
30 Would seek some means to free me from this place.
'Tis prisonment enough to be a maid;
But to be mewed up too, that case is hard,
As if a toy were kept by a double guard.

ANDRUGIO [*aside*]
Away she steals again, not minding me.
'Twas not at me she offered.—Hark you, gentlewo-
35 man.

AURELIA
With me, sir?

ANDRUGIO I could call you by your name,
But gentle's the best attribute to woman.

AURELIA
Andrugio! O, as welcome to my lips
As morning dew to roses! My first love!

ANDRUGIO
Why, have you more then?
AURELIA What a word was there!
40 More than thyself what woman could desire,
If reason had a part of her creation?
For loving you, you see, sir, I'm a prisoner;
There's all the cause they have against me, sir;
A happy persecution, I so count on't.
45 If anything be done to me for your sake,
'Tis pleasing to me.

ANDRUGIO Are you not abused,
Either through force or by your own consent?
Hold you your honour perfect and unstained?
Are you the same still that at my departure
50 My honest thoughts maintained you to my heart?

AURELIA
The same, most just.

ANDRUGIO Swear't.

AURELIA By my hope of fruitfulness,
Love, and agreement, the three joys of marriage.

ANDRUGIO
I am confirmed, and in requital on't
Ere long expect your freedom.

AURELIA O, you flatter me!
55 It is a wrong to make a wretch too happy,
So suddenly upon affliction.
Beshrew me if I be not sick upon't.
'Tis like a surfeit after a great feast.
My freedom, said you?

ANDRUGIO Does't o'ercome you so?
60 AURELIA
Temptation never overcame a sinner
More pleasingly than this sweet news my heart.
Here's secret joy can witness, I am proud on't.

ANDRUGIO
Violence I will not use, I come a friend,
'Twere madness to force that which wit can end.
65 AURELIA
Most virtuously delivered.

ANDRUGIO Thou art in raptures.

AURELIA
My love, my love.

11 **order** measures
13-14 **It...suspicion** Alludes to destruction of the nasal bones through syphilis.
17 **store** supply
although even if
20 **Of her own gift** as a favour freely given
25 **freshman** (a) newcomer (b) matriculating student (hence 'His ignorance')
27 **belong** to be in the service of
31-3 **'Tis...guard** Plays on the idea that the maidenhead locks out sexual penetration. In the analogy of l. 33, the second guard might be a chastity-belt.
32 **mewed** cooped
case (a) situation (b) cage (also quibbling on 'vagina')
33 **toy** trinket, plaything (alluding to the female sexual organs)
35 **offered** showed intention to address
40 **What...there** i.e. what an idea
42 **had...creation** was an ingredient in her making
45 **happy persecution** Compare 2 Corinthians 12:10, "Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake".
47 **abused** dishonoured
52 **just** (a) exactly (b) honourably
52-3 **By...marriage** Based on God's three 'causes' for instituting marriage in the opening address of the marriage service in the Book of Common Prayer: 'One was the procreation of children... Secondly it was ordained for a remedy against sin and to avoid fornication... Thirdly for the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other'.
52 **fruitfulness** fertility, child-bearing
53 **agreement** harmony
54 **confirmed** assured, convinced
55 **flatter me** tempt me with pleasing ideas
57 **So...affliction** Qualifies *wretch*.
upon after
59 **surfeit** sickness with overeating
63 **proud** elated, pleased
64 **a friend** (to the Governor)
65 **wit** cunning

10 Receive your anger only for reward,
The harder is my fortune. I must tell you, sir,
To stir your care up to prevention—
Misfortunes must be told as well as blessings—
When I left all my friends in Mantua
For your love's sake alone, then with strange oaths
You promised present marriage.

15 LACTANTIO 'With strange oaths', quoth a?
They're not so strange to me. I have sworn the same
things,
I am sure, forty times over; not so little.
I may be perfect in 'em, for my standing.

PAGE
You see 'tis high time now, sir.

LACTANTIO Yes, yes, yes.

20 Marriage is nothing with you, a toy till death.
If I should marry all those I have promised,
'Twould make one vicar hoarse ere he could dispatch
us.
[The Page stands apart and weeps]
I must devise some shift. When she grows big
Those masculine hose will shortly prove too little.

25 What if she were conveyed to Nurse's house—
A good, sure old wench, and she'd love the child well
Because she suckled the father. No ill course,
By my mortality; I may hit worse.
Enter Dondolo
Now, Dondolo, the news?

DONDOLO The news?

LACTANTIO How does she?

DONDOLO
30 Soft, soft, sir, you think 'tis nothing to get news
Out o'th' castle? I was there.

LACTANTIO Well, sir?

DONDOLO As you know,
A merry fellow may pass anywhere.

LACTANTIO So, sir?

DONDOLO
35 Never in better fooling in my life.
LACTANTIO What's this to th' purpose?
DONDOLO Nay, 'twas nothing to th' purpose, that's certain.
LACTANTIO
How wretched this slave makes me! Didst not see her?

DONDOLO
I saw her.

LACTANTIO
Well, what said she, then?

DONDOLO Not a word, sir.

LACTANTIO
How, not a word?

DONDOLO Proves her the better maid,
For virgins should be seen more than they're heard.

LACTANTIO
Exceeding good, sir; you are no sweet villain.

DONDOLO
No, faith, sir, for you keep me in foul linen.

LACTANTIO
Turned scurvy rhymers, are you?

DONDOLO Not scurvy neither,
Though I be somewhat itchy in the profession.
If you could hear me out with patience,
I know her mind as well as if I were in her belly.

LACTANTIO
Thou saidst e'en now she never spake a word.

DONDOLO
But she gave certain signs, and that's as good.

LACTANTIO
Canst thou conceive by signs?

DONDOLO O, passing well, sir,
E'en from an infant; did you ne'er know that?
I was the happiest child in all our country;
I was born of a dumb woman.

LACTANTIO How?

DONDOLO Stark dumb, sir. My father had a rare bargain
of her, a rich pennyworth. There would have been but
too much money given for her. A Justice of Peace was
about her, but my father, being then constable, carried
her before him.

LACTANTIO
Well, since we are entered into these dumb-shows,
What were the signs she gave you?

DONDOLO Many and good, sir.
60 *Imprimis*, she first gaped; but that, I guessed,
Was done for want of air 'cause she's kept close;
But had she been abroad and gaped as much,
'T had been another case. Then cast she up

11 **prevention** action to anticipate what will happen
13 **friends** relatives, family
15 **present** immediate
18 **may** may well, ought to
perfect expert
for for the sake of
standing (a) reputation with the Lord Cardinal (b) erections
19 **high** Quibbles on *standing*: what stands has height.
22 **dispatch** marry (but also suggesting 'bury'; compare l. 20)
23 **shift** trick, expedient
24 **hose** close-fitting breeches
28 **hit** hit upon, think of

worse Rhymes with 'course'.
35 **What's... purpose** Proverbial.
40 **virgins... heard** Varies the proverbial 'Maidens should be seen and not heard'.
41 **sweet villain** A term of endearment. Dondolo takes *sweet* as 'sweet-smelling'.
43 **scurvy** Lactantio uses the word figuratively: 'lousy, rotten'. Dondolo takes it literally.
44 **the profession** (of rhymers)
46 **I... belly** Proverbial.
49 **conceive** understand
passing surpassingly
51 **happiest** most fortunate
54-5 **My... her** Proverbially, 'silence is the

best ornament of a woman'.
56 **Peace** Plays on the sense 'silence'.
57-8 **carried... him** won her before he did (quibbling on 'brought her to be tried before him')
59 **dumb-shows** Alludes to set pieces of theatrical mime.
61 **Imprimis** in the first place
62 **close** confined
63 **abroad** at large, out of doors
64 **'T had... case** i.e. it would have been a sexual come-on
64-5 **cast... winked** Another sexual come-on, but Dondolo absurdly understands a mime indicating sunset.

- Her pretty eye and winked; the word me thought was
then
65 'Come not till twitter light'.
Next, thus her fingers went, as who should say,
'I'd fain have a hole broke to scape away.'
Then looked upon her watch, and twice she nodded,
70 As who should say, 'The hour will come, sweetheart,
That I shall make two noddies of my keepers.'
- LACTANTIO
A third of thee. Is this your mother tongue?
My hopes are much the wiser for this language!
There is no such curse in love to an arrant ass.
- DONDOLO
75 O yes, sir, yes, an arrant whore's far worse.
You ne'er lin
Railing on me from one week's end to another.
But you can keep a little titmouse page there,
That's good for nothing but to carry toothpicks,
80 Put up your pipe, or so; that's all he's good for.
He cannot make him ready as he should do;
I am fain to truss his points ev'ry morning.
Yet the proud scornful ape, when all the lodgings
Were taken up with strangers th'other night,
85 He would not suffer me to come to bed to him,
But kicked and pricked and pinched me like an
urchin.
There's no good quality in him. O' my conscience,
I think he scarce knows how to stride a horse.
I saw him with a little hunting nag
But thus high t'other day, and he was fain to lead
90 him
To a high rail and get up like a butter-wench.
There's no good fellowship in this dandiprat,
This dive-dapper, as is in other pages.
They'd go a-swimming with me familiarly
95 I'th' heat of summer, and clap what-you-call-'ems;
But I could never get that little monkey
Yet to put off his breeches.
- A tender, puling, nice, chitty-faced squall 'tis.
LACTANTIO
Is this the good you do me? His love's wretched
And most distressed that must make use of fools. 100
DONDOLO [*aside*]
'Fool' to my face still! That's unreasonable.
I will be a knave one day for this trick, or it shall cost
me a fall, though it be from a gibbet—
It has been many a proper man's last leap.
Nay, sure I'll be quite out of the precincts of a fool if I 105
live but two days to an end.
I will turn Gypsy presently,
And that's the highway to the daintiest knave
That ever mother's son took journey to.
O, those dear Gypsies, 110
They live the merriest lives, eat sweet stol'n hens
Plucked over pales or hedges by a twitch;
They are ne'er without a plump and lovely goose,
Or beautiful sow-pig.
Those things I saw with mine own eyes today. 115
They call those vanities and trifling pilf'ries,
But if a privy search were made amongst 'em
They should find other manner of ware about 'em:
Cups, rings, and silver spoons, by'r Lady, bracelets,
Pearl necklaces, and chains of gold sometimes. 120
They are the wittiest thieves. I'll stay no longer,
But e'en go look what I can steal now presently,
And so begin to bring myself acquainted with 'em.
- Exit
- LACTANTIO
Nothing I fear so much as, in this time
Of my dull absence, her first love, the General, 125
Will wind himself into her affection
By secret gifts and letters; there's the mischief.
I have no enemy like him. Though my policy
Dissembled him a welcome, no man's hate
Can stick more close unto a loathed disease 130
Than mine to him.

66 **twitter light** twilight
67 **thus** Dondolo presumably makes a circle
with the thumb and forefinger of one
hand, passing a finger of the other hand
through it. The sexual innuendo is taken
up in 'a hole broke', l. 68.
69 **as who should say** as if to say
watch The hands and dial of a watch
were considered sexually suggestive.
71 **noddies** idiots (punning on *nodded*)
72 **mother** (a) native (b) mother's
74 **to** compared with
76 **lin** cease
79–80 **to... pipe** Toothpicks and pipe were
fashionable, and small.
80 **Put... pipe** Meant literally ('put away
your pipe'), but playing on the set
expression meaning 'shut up', and on
pipe as slang for 'penis'.
82 **fain** obliged
truss his points pull his laces tight and

tie them (in particular, those attaching
the hose to the doublet)
85 **come... him** It was common for
servants, etc., of the same sex to share
a bed.
86 **urchin** (a) hedgehog (hence 'pricked')
(b) goblin, spirit (hence 'pinched')
89 **hunting nag** pony
91 **rail** fence
like a butter-wench i.e. by climbing up
from the fence
92 **dandiprat** contemptibly small person
(from the name of a small coin)
93 **dive-dapper** dabchick (as a particularly
small water-fowl)
95 **what-you-call-'ems** Apparently a
clapping game whose name Dondolo
forgets or avoids as indecent.
98 **puling** sickly
nice fastidious

chitty-faced (a) pinch-faced, or (b) baby-
faced
squall (a) small, insignificant person;
(b) girl
101 **unreasonable** (a) unfair (b) irrational
(like a fool)
102 **for this trick** in return for treating me
like this
103 **fall** (a) throw (as in wrestling) (b) drop
(as in hanging)
105 **of a** of being a
107 **presently** at once
108 **highway** (both figurative 'route' and
the road of travelling people)
to i.e. to becoming
112 **pales** fences
twitch tug, snatch
116 **pilf'ries** petty thefts
121 **wittiest** cunningest
126 **wind** insinuate

Enter Lord Cardinal

LORD CARDINAL
 What ails this pretty boy to weep so often?
 Tell me the cause, child. How his eyes stand full!
 Beshrew you, nephew, you're too bitter to him.
 135 He is so soft th'unkindness of a word
 Melts him into a woman. 'Las, poor boy,
 Thou shalt not serve him longer. 'Twere great pity
 That thou shouldst wait upon an angry master.
 I have promised thee to one will make much of thee,
 140 And hold thy weak youth in most dear respect.
 PAGE
 O, I beseech your grace, that I may serve
 No master else.
 LORD CARDINAL
 Thou shalt not. Mine's a mistress,
 The greatest mistress in all Milan, boy:
 The Duchess' self.
 PAGE
 Nor her, nor any.
 LORD CARDINAL
 Cease, boy,
 Thou knowest not thine own happiness, through
 145 fondness,
 And therefore must be learnt. Go dry thine eyes.
 PAGE
 This rather is the way to make 'em moister. Exit
 LORD CARDINAL
 Now nephew, nephew.
 LACTANTIO
 O, you've snatched my spirit, sir,
 From the divinest meditation
 That ever made soul happy.
 150 LORD CARDINAL [aside] I am afraid
 I shall have as much toil to bring him on now
 As I had pains to keep her off from him.—
 I have thought it fit, nephew, considering
 The present barrenness of our name and house
 155 (The only famine of succeeding honour)
 To move the ripeness of your time to marriage.
 LACTANTIO
 How, sir, to marriage?
 LORD CARDINAL
 Yes, to a fruitful life.
 We must not all be strict; so generation
 Would lose her right. Thou'rt young; 'tis my desire
 160 To see thee bestowed happily in my lifetime.

LACTANTIO
 Does your grace well remember who I am
 When you speak this?
 LORD CARDINAL
 Yes, very perfectly;
 You're a young man, full in the grace of life,
 And made to do love credit; proper, handsome,
 And for affection pregnant.
 LACTANTIO
 I beseech you, sir,
 165 Take off your praises rather than bestow 'em
 Upon so frail a use. Alas, you know, sir,
 I know not what love is, or what you speak of.
 If woman be amongst it, I shall swoon. Take her
 away,
 For contemplation's sake. Most serious uncle,
 170 Name no such thing to me.
 LORD CARDINAL
 Come, come, you're fond.
 Prove but so strict and obstinate in age,
 And you are well to pass. There's honest love
 Allowed you now for recreation.
 The years will come when all delights must leave you;
 175 Stick close to virtue then. In the mean time
 There's honourable joys to keep youth company;
 And if death take you there, dying no adulterer,
 You're out of his eternal reach, defy him.
 List hither, come to me, and with great thankfulness
 180 Welcome thy fortunes. 'Tis the Duchess loves thee.
 LACTANTIO
 The Duchess!
 LORD CARDINAL
 Dotes on thee, will die for thee
 Unless she may enjoy thee.
 LACTANTIO
 She must die then.
 LORD CARDINAL
 How?
 LACTANTIO
 Alas, do you think she ever means to do't, sir?
 I'll sooner believe all a woman speaks
 185 Than that she'll die for love. She has a vow, my lord,
 That will keep life in her.
 LORD CARDINAL
 Believe me, then,
 That should have bounteous interest in thy faith,
 She's thine, and not her vow's.
 LACTANTIO
 The more my sorrow,
 My toil, and my destruction. [Aside] My blood dances. 190

141-2 I... else 'No man can serve two masters' (Matthew 6:24). More particularly, the 'Page', being pregnant by Lactantio, might avoid having to serve another master likewise.
 145 fondness foolishness (also, ironically, 'love', for Lactantio)
 151 bring him on induce him
 155 famine i.e. the dirth caused by barrenness, as when a crop fails, and threatening extinction
 of succeeding honour i.e. to prevent honour being passed on
 156 move urge

ripeness of your time Perhaps based on Revelation 14:15: 'the time is come to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe'.
 157-9 Yes... right Recalls God's injunction to 'be fruitful and multiply' (Genesis 1:22, 28; King James version); but in biblical terms a fruitful life would more usually be productive in the service of God.
 158 generation reproduction of offspring
 164 proper good-looking, worthy
 165 pregnant apt. Lactantio might take up the sense 'with child' in use.

167 use (with hints at 'sexual use' and 'profit from investment')
 171 fond foolish
 174 recreation (also 're-creation')
 178 there i.e. in those joys
 179 defy you defy
 180 List (a) deserve, chose (b) listen (c) lean (as of a ship)
 185 I'll... speaks Women were proverbially considered changeable and duplicitous.
 187 keep life in her i.e. preserve her soul
 188 interest spiritual concern (but also 'financial stake')

<p>LORD CARDINAL And though that bashful maiden virtue in thee, That never held familiar league with woman, Binds fast all pity to her heart that loves thee, Let me prevail. My counsel stands up to thee; 195 Embrace it as the fullness of thy fortunes, As if all blessings upon earth were closed Within one happiness; for such another Whole life could never meet with. Go and present Your service and your love; but, on your hopes, 200 Do it religiously. [<i>Aside</i>] What need I doubt him, Whom chastity locks up?</p> <p>LACTANTIO [<i>aside</i>] O envy, Hadst thou no other means to come by virtue But by such treachery? The Duchess' love! Thou wouldst be sure to aim it high enough; 205 Thou knew'st full well 'twas no prevailing else.— Sir, what your will commands, mine shall fulfil. I'll teach my heart in all t'obey your will.</p> <p>LORD CARDINAL A thing you shall not lose by. <i>Enter Lords</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Here come the lords.</p> <p>Go follow you the course that I advised you. 210 The comfort of thy presence is expected. Away with speed to court; she languishes For one dear sight of thee. For life's sake, haste. You lose my favour if you let her perish.</p> <p>LACTANTIO [<i>aside</i>] And art thou come, brave fortune, the reward 215 Of neat hypocrisy, that ever booked it, Or turned up transitory white o'th' eye After the feminine rapture? Duchess and I Were a fit match can be denied of no man: The best dissembler lights on the best woman. 220 'Twere sin to part us. <i>Exit</i></p> <p>LORD CARDINAL You lights of state, truth's friends, much honoured lords, Faithful admirers of our Duchess' virtues, And firm believers: it appears as plain As knowledge to the eyes of industry 225 That neither private motion, which holds counsel Often with woman's frailty and her blood, Nor public sight, the lightning of temptations</p>	<p>Which from the eye strikes sparks into the bosom And sets whole hearts on fire, hath power to raise A heat in her 'bove that which feeds chaste life 230 And gives that cherishing means. She's the same still, And seems so seriously employed in soul As if she could not tend to cast an eye Upon deserts so low as those in man. It merits famous memory, I confess. 235 Yet many times, when I behold her youth And think upon the lost hopes of posterity, Succession, and the royal fruits of beauty, All by the rashness of one vow made desperate, It goes so near my heart I feel it painful, 240 And wakes me into pity oftentimes, When others sleep unmoved.</p> <p>FIRST LORD I speak it faithfully, For 'tis poor fame to boast of a disease: Your grace has not endured that pain alone; 'T 'as been a grief of mine; but where's the remedy? 245</p> <p>LORD CARDINAL True, there your lordship spake enough in little. There's nothing to be hoped for but repulses. She's not to seek for armour against love That has bid battle to his powers so long. 250 He that should try her now had need come strong, And with more force than his own arguments, Or he may part disgraced, being put to flight. That soldier's tough has been in seven years' fight; Her vow's invincible. For you must grant this: 255 If those desires trained up in flesh and blood To war continually 'gainst good intents Prove all too weak for her, having advantage Both of her sex and her unskillfulness At a spiritual weapon, wanting knowledge 260 To manage resolution, and yet win, What force can a poor argument bring in? The books that I have published in her praise Commend her constancy, and that's fame-worthy; But if you read me o'er with eyes of enemies, 265 You cannot justly and with honour tax me That I dissuade her life from marriage there. Now heaven and fruitfulness forbid, not I. She may be constant there; and the hard war Of chastity is held a virtuous strife 270 As rare in marriage as in single life,</p>
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192 **familiar** intimate193 **Binds fast** firmly restrains194 **stands up to** withstands, does not retreat from199 **on** at peril of201 **envy** malice, evil202 **come by** get at204 **aim . . . enough** *treachery* is seen as an arrow aimed *high* to reach a *high* (morally impeccable, socially elevated) target215 **neat** (a) cleverly contrived (b) unadulterated**booked it** devoted himself to books (not in *OED*)216 **turned . . . eye** (a momentary gesture of piety)217 **After . . . rapture** i.e. in response to female intoxication in love; or in imitation of female ecstatic virtue**Duchess and I** i.e. That the Duchess and I224 **the . . . industry** i.e. diligent eyes225 **motion** impulse, desire (also 'proposals', as appropriate to *holds counsel*)226 **blood** fleshly nature, vitality, desires227 **public sight** seeing the public world229 **sets . . . fire** Proverbial.238 **royal fruits** Recalls Jacob predictively blessing his sons: 'he shall yield royal dainties . . . Joseph is a fruitful bough' (Genesis 49:20–22; King James version)239 **desperate** without hope248 **She's not to** she need not258–9 **unskillfulness . . . weapon** i.e. lack of spiritual training260 **manage** bring about; train up (as of a horse)

Nay, by some writers, rarer. Hear their reasons,
 And you'll approve 'em fairly. She that's single,
 Either in maid or widow, oftentimes
 The fear of shame more than the fear of heaven
 275 Keeps chaste and constant. When the tempest comes
 She knows she has no shelter for her sin;
 It must endure the weathers of all censure.
 Nothing but sea and air that poor barque feels;
 When she in wedlock is like a safe vessel
 280 That lies at anchor. Come what weathers can,
 She has her harbour. At her great unlading
 Much may be stol'n, and little missed; the master
 Thinks himself rich enough with what he has,
 And holds content by that. How think you now,
 lords?
 285 If she that might offend safe does not err,
 What's chaste in others is most rare in her.

SECOND LORD
 What wisdom but approves it?

FIRST LORD But, my lord,
 This should be told to her it concerns most;
 Pity such good things should be spoke and lost.

LORD CARDINAL
 290 That were the way to lose 'em utterly.
 You quite forget her vow. Yet, now I think on't,
 What is that vow? 'Twas but a thing enforced,
 Was it not, lords?

FIRST LORD Merely compelled, indeed.

LORD CARDINAL
 Only to please the Duke; and forcèd virtue
 295 Fails in her merit, there's no crown prepared for't.
 What have we done, my lords? I fear we have sinned
 In too much strictness to uphold her in't,
 In cherishing her will; for woman's goodness
 Takes counsel of that first, and then determines.
 300 She cannot truly be called constant now
 If she persèvere; rather obstinate,
 The vow appearing forcèd, as it proves
 Tried by our purer thoughts. The grace and triumph
 Of all her victories are but idle glories,
 305 She wilful, and we enemies to succession.
 I will not take rest till I tell her soul
 As freely as I talk to those I keep.

ALL LORDS
 And we'll all second you, my lord.

LORD CARDINAL Agreed.
 We'll knit such knots of arguments so fast
 310 All wit in her shall not undo in haste.

SECOND LORD
 Nay, sure, I think all we shall be too hard for her,

Else she's a huge wild creature.
 FIRST LORD [*aside*] If we win
 And she yield marriage, then will I strike in. *Exeunt*

Enter Duchess and Celia

3.2 DUCHESS
 Thou tell'st me happy things, if they be certain,
 To bring my wishes about wondrous strangely.
 Lactantio, nephew to the Cardinal,
 The General's secret enemy?

CELIA Most true, madam.
 I had it from a gentleman, my kinsman,
 That knows the best part of Lactantio's bosom.

DUCHESS
 It happens passing fortunately, to save
 Employment in another. He will 'come now
 A necessary property. He may thank
 The need and use we have of him for his welcome. 10
Knocks within
 Now who's that knocks?

CELIA Madam, 'tis he, with speed.
 I thought he had brought his horse to th' chamber
 door,
 He made such haste and noise.

DUCHESS Admit him, prithee,
 And have a care your heart be true and secret.

CELIA
 Take life away from't when it fails you, madam. 15

DUCHESS
 Enough, I know thee wise. *Exit [Celia]*
Enter Lactantio, [hastily]
 He comes with haste indeed.—Are you come now, sir?
 You should have stayed yet longer, and have found
 me
 Dead, to requite your haste.

LACTANTIO Love bless you better, madam.

DUCHESS
 Must I bid welcome to the man undoes me,
 20 The cause of my vow's breach, my honour's enemy,
 One that does all the mischief to my fame,
 And mocks my seven years' conquest with his name?
 This is a force of love was never felt.
 But I'll not grudge at fortune; I will take
 25 Captivity cheerfully. Here, seize upon me;
 And if thy heart can be so pitiless
 To chain me up for ever in those arms,
 I'll take it mildly, ay, and thank my stars;
 For we're all subject to the chance of wars. 30

LACTANTIO
 We are so, yet take comfort, vanquished Duchess.

274 **shame** dishonour (specifically, pregnancy)
 278 **barque** boat
 282 **master** (a) ship's owner (b) husband
 289 **lost** Rhymes with *most*.
 293 **Merely** entirely
 294 **forcèd virtue** Suggests an ironically

inappropriate comparison with rape.
 295 **crown** garland of victory
 303 **purer** purified
 307 **those I keep** my servants
 310 **haste** Rhymes with *fast*.
 312 **a...creature** Suggests that the *knots*, l.
 309, are of ropes that will capture her.

313 **strike in** (with a sexual innuendo)
 3.2.6 **bosom** thoughts and feelings
 8 'come become
 9 **property** tool
 30 **the...wars** Proverbially, 'The chance of war is uncertain'.

- I'll use you like an honourable prisoner;
You shall be entreated. Day shall be
Free for all sports to you, the night for me.
35 That's all I challenge, all the rest is thine;
And, for your fare, 't shall be no worse than mine.
- DUCHESS
Nay, then I'm heartily pleasant, and as merry
As one that owes no malice, and that's well, sir.
You cannot say so much for your part, can you?
- LACTANTIO
40 Faith, all that I owe is to one man, madam,
And so can few men say. Marry, that malice
Wears no dead flesh about it, 'tis a stinger.
- DUCHESS
What is he that shall dare to be your enemy,
Having our friendship, if he be a servant
And subject to our law?
- 45 LACTANTIO Yes, trust me, madam.
Of a vile fellow, I hold him a true subject.
There's many arrant knaves that are good subjects,
Some for their livings' sakes, some for their lives',
That will, unseen, eat men, and drink their wives.
- DUCHESS
50 They are as much in fault that know such people
And yet conceal 'em from the whips of justice.
For love's sake give me in your foe betimes,
Before he vex you further. I will order him
To your heart's wishes, load him with disgraces,
55 That your revenge shall rather pity him
Than wish more weight upon him.
- LACTANTIO Say you so, madam?
[*Aside*] Here's a blest hour, that feeds both love and
hate;
Then take thy time, brave malice.—Virtuous princess,
The only enemy that my vengeance points to
Lives in Andrugio.
- 60 DUCHESS What, the General?
LACTANTIO That's the man, madam.
DUCHESS Are you serious, sir?
LACTANTIO As at my prayers.
DUCHESS We meet happily, then,
In both our wishes. He's the only man
My will has had a longing to disgrace,
65 For divers capital contempts. My memory
- Shall call 'em all together now. Nay, sir,
I'll bring his faith in war now into question,
And his late conference with th'enemy.
- LACTANTIO
By'r Lady, a shrewd business, and a dangerous.
[*Aside*] Signor, your neck's a-cracking.
- DUCHESS Stay, stay, sir. 70
Take pen and ink.
LACTANTIO Here's both, and paper, madam.
DUCHESS I'll take him in a fine trap.
LACTANTIO That were exc'llent.
DUCHESS A letter so writ would abuse him strangely.
LACTANTIO Good madam, let me understand your mind,
And then take you no care for his abusing; 75
I serve for nothing else. I can write fast and fair
Most true orthography, and observe my stops.
DUCHESS Stay, stay a while,
You do not know his hand?
LACTANTIO A bastard Roman,
Much like mine own. I could go near it, madam. 80
DUCHESS Marry, and shall.
LACTANTIO We were once great together,
And writ Spanish epistles one to another,
To exercise the language.
DUCHESS Did you so?
It shall be a bold letter of temptation
With his name to't, as writ and sent to me. 85
LACTANTIO Can be no better, lady. Stick there, madam,
And never seek further.
DUCHESS Begin thus: 'Fair Duchess', say.
We must use flattery if we imitate man;
'Twill ne'er be thought his pen else.
LACTANTIO 'Most fair Duchess'.
DUCHESS What need you have put in 'most'? Yet since 'tis in, 90
Let't e'en go on. Few women would find fault with't.
We all love to be best, but seldom mend.
Go on, sir.
LACTANTIO 'Most fair Duchess!' Here's an admiration point.

34 sports diversions

35 challenge lay claim to

37 pleasant merry

38 owes owns, has

malice (such as a prisoner might feel)

44 Having our friendship Applies to *you*.

servant (as in 'servant of state', referring to Andrugio's position as General)

46 Of for

48 for their lives' i.e. for the sake of saving their lives

49 eat Proverbially used to indicate oppres-

sion, destruction, or exploitation.

drink Implies 'sexually consume'.

52 give me in deliver to me

betimes soon

53 order dispose of, punish

58 time opportunity

65 divers several (and varying)

capital (a) major (b) punishable with death

69 shrewd mischievous, evil

73 abuse disgrace

75 his abusing disgracing him

77 observe my stops punctuate correctly

79 bastard impure

Roman i.e. with round and bold letters (with a glance at Roman Catholicism, taken up in *Spanish*, l. 82)

80 go near imitate

81 Marry, and shall Proverbial.

great together good friends

92 mend improve

94 admiration point exclamation mark (playing on the *admiration* in 'Most fair Duchess')

DUCHESS
 95 'The r^eport of your vow shall not fear me—'
 LACTANTIO 'Fear me:'—two stops at 'fear me'.
 DUCHESS
 'I know you're but a woman—'
 LACTANTIO 'But a woman,'—
 A comma at 'woman'.
 DUCHESS
 'And what a woman is a wise man knows.'
 100 LACTANTIO 'Wise man knows.'—A full prick there.
 DUCHESS
 'Perhaps my condition may seem blunt to you—'
 LACTANTIO
 'Blunt to you,'—a comma here again.
 DUCHESS
 'But no man's love can be more sharp set—'
 LACTANTIO 'Sharp set:'
 There a colon, for colon is sharp set oftentimes.
 105 DUCHESS 'And I know
 Desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.'
 LACTANTIO
 'Skill at that weapon.'—A full prick here, at 'weapon'.
 DUCHESS
 So, that will be enough. Subscribe it thus, now:
 'One that vows service
 110 To your affections, Signor such-a-one'.
 LACTANTIO
 'Signor Andrugio, G.'. That stands for 'General'.
 DUCHESS [*aside*]
 And you shall stand for goosecap.—Give me that;
 Betake you to your business speedily, sir.
 We give you full authority from our person,
 115 In right of reputation, truth, and honour,
 To take a strong guard, and attach his body;
 That done, to bring him presently before us.
 Then we know what to do.
 LACTANTIO My hate finds wings.
 Man's spirit flies swift to all revengeful things. *Exit*
 DUCHESS
 120 Why, here's the happiness of my desires,
 The means safe, unsuspected, far from thought.
 His state is like the world's condition right,
 Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth;
 And whilst one toils, another gets the wealth. *Exit*
Finis Actus Tertius

Incipit Actus Quartus
 Enter Andrugio

ANDRUGIO
 Now, Fortune, show thyself the friend of love.
 Make her way plain and safe; cast all their eyes
 That guard the castle
 Into a thicker blindness than thine own,
 Darker than ignorance or idolatry,
 5 That in that shape my love may pass unknown,
 And by her freedom set my comforts free.
 This is the place appointed for our meeting.
 Yet comes she not. I am covetous of her sight.
 That Gypsy habit alters her so far
 10 From knowledge that our purpose cannot err.
 She might have been here now by this time, largely,
 And much to spare. I would not miss her now
 In this plight for the loss of a year's joy.
 She's ignorant of this house, nor knows she where
 15 Or which way to bestow herself, through fear.
Enter Lactantio, with a guard
 LACTANTIO
 Close with him, gentlemen.—In the Duchess' name
 We do attach your body.
 ANDRUGIO How, my body!
 What means this rudeness?
 LACTANTIO You add to your offences
 Calling that rudeness that is fair command,
 20 Immaculate justice, and the Duchess' pleasure.
 ANDRUGIO
 Signor Lactantio! O, are you the speaker?
 LACTANTIO
 I am what I am made.
 ANDRUGIO Show me my crime.
 LACTANTIO
 I fear you'll have too many shown you, sir.
 ANDRUGIO
 25 The father of untruths possess thy spirit,
 As he commands thy tongue. [*Aside*] I defy fear,
 But in my love; it only settles there.
 LACTANTIO
 Bring him along.
 ANDRUGIO Let law's severest brow
 Bend at my deeds, my innocence shall rise
 30 A shame to thee and all my enemies.

95 **r^eport** reputation
 96 **two stops** a colon. *Stops* also suggests physical hesitation.
 98 **comma** Its shape is suggestive of a limp penis.
 100 **full prick** full stop (quibbling on 'erect penis')
 101 **condition** behaviour
 103 **sharp set** (as with a keen appetite or an erect penis)
 104 **colon** (the punctuation mark; but also

'gut', hence 'appetite')
 107 **weapon** (quibblingly, 'penis')
 112 **stand for goosecap** be reckoned an idiot
 116 **attach** arrest
 117 **presently** immediately
 122 **right** exactly
 4.1.4 **Into...own** Fortune was often portrayed as blind.
 6 **that shape** that disguise (referring to Gypsies' dark skin and supposed religious *ignorance*)

11 **knowledge** recognition, notice
 12 **largely** easily. Not so defined in *OED*; but Aurelia has had *large*, 'generous, ample', time.
 14 **plight** engagement (or possibly 'state of mind')
 25 **The father of untruths** i.e. the devil
 27 **there** (rhymes with *fear*)
 28 **Let** even if
 29 **Bend** frown, scowl
 30 **enemies** (rhymes with *rise*)

LACTANTIO

You're much the happier man.

ANDRUGIO [*aside*]

O my hard crosses!—

Grant me the third part of one hour's stay.

LACTANTIO

Sir, not a minute.

ANDRUGIO [*aside*]

O, she's lost!

LACTANTIO

Away.

Exeunt

4.2

Enter Aurelia, like a Gypsy

AURELIA

I'm happily escaped. Not one pursues me;
 This shape's too cunning for 'em. All the sport was
 The porter would needs know his fortune of me
 As I passed by him. 'Twas such a plunge to me,
 I knew not how to bear myself. At last
 I did resolve of somewhat: looked in's hand,
 Then shook my head, bade him make much on's eyes,
 He would lose his sight clean, long before he dies.
 And so away went I; he lost the sight of me quickly. I
 told him his fortune truer for nothing than some of my
 complexion that would have cozened him of his money.
 This is the place of meeting. Where's this man now
 That has took all this care and pains for nothing?
 The use of him is at the last cast now.
 Shall only bring me to my former face again,
 And see me somewhat cleaner, at his cost,
 And then farewell Andrugio. When I am handsome
 I'm for another straight. I wonder, troth,
 That he would miss me thus. I could have took
 Many occasions besides this to have left him.
 I'm not in want; he need not give me any.
 A woman's will has still enough to spare
 To help her friends, an need be. What, not yet?
 What will become of me in this shape then?
 If I know where to go I'm no dissembler;
 And I'll not lose my part in woman so,
 For such a trifle to forswear myself.
 But comes he not indeed?

Enter Dondolo

DONDOLO

O excellent! By this light, here's one of them.

I thank my stars. I learnt that phrase in the Half Moon
 Tavern.—By your leave, good Gypsy, I pray how far off
 is your company?

AURELIA [*aside*]

O happiness! This is the merry fellow
 My love Signor Lactantio takes delight in.
 I'll send him away speedily with the news
 Of my so strange and fortunate escape,
 And he'll provide my safety at an instant.—
 My friend, thou serv'st Signor Lactantio.

DONDOLO Who, I serve? Gypsy, I scorn your motion. An
 if the rest of your company give me no better words,
 I will hinder 'em the stealing of more pullen than fifty
 poulturers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy
 to all their pig booties; they shall travel like Jews, that
 hate swine's flesh, and never get a sow by th' ear
 all their lifetime. I serve Lactantio? I scorn to serve
 anybody, I am more Gypsy-minded than so. Though
 my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were
 ripped up you shall find my heart as black as any patch
 about you. The truth is, I am as arrant a thief as the
 proudest of your company, I'll except none. I am run
 away from my master in the state of a fool, and till I be
 a perfect knave I never mean to return again.

AURELIA [*aside*]

I'm ne'er the happier for this fortune now.
 It did but mock me.

DONDOLO Here they come! Here they come!

*Enter a company of Gypsies, men and women,
 with booties of hens and ducks, etc., singing.
 Music; song*

CAPTAIN

Come, my dainty doxies,
 My dells, my dells most dear.
 We have neither house nor land,
 Yet never want good cheer.

ALL GYPSIES

We never want good cheer.

CAPTAIN

We take no care for candle-rents.

SECOND GYPSY

We lie.

31 **crosses** thwartings, obstacles4.2.0.1 *like a Gypsy* See Introduction.2 **shape's** disguise's4 **plunge** danger, crisis, dilemma7 **make much** on's make the most of his8 **clean** completely10–11 **my complexion** Aurelia has darkened
her skin.14 **at the last cast** Proverbial.14 **cast** throw of dice. Aurelia's use of An-
drugio to help her escape is a gambling
game in which she is a cheat.15 **Shall** he shall16 **cleanlier** more cleanly dressed (perhaps
also 'looking more innocent')18 **straight** at once21 **any** i.e. any occasion22 **will** (a) wilfulness (b) bequest (c) lust(with *friends* specifically 'lovers')
still always26 **part in** (a) share in being (b) role as30–1 **Half Moon Tavern** Fitting to learn a
phrase about stars there.39 **motion** suggestion41 **pullen** hens44 **get... ear** Plays on the proverbial
expression 'have a sow by the right ear',
i.e. get things right.47 **a Christian colour** i.e. pale (as mostChristians were Europeans). White was
associated with both innocence and
cowardice.48 **black** Quibbles on darkness of complex-
ion and inclination to wickedness.55.1 *Gypsies* See Introduction.56 **doxies** Gypsy cant for women who,
according to alleged custom, might have
intercourse with any of the group's men.57 **dells** young wenches, virgins59 **want** lack61 **candle-rents** rents for house-property (so
called because they diminished in time as
the property deteriorated)

THIRD GYPSY			
	We snort.		
CAPTAIN	We sport in tents; Then rouse betimes, and steal our dinners. Our store is never taken		
65	Without pigs, hens, or bacon, And that's good meat for sinners. At wakes and fairs we cozen Poor country folks by dozen. If one have money, he disburses; Whilst some tell fortunes, some pick purses.		
70	Rather than be out of use, We'll steal garters, hose, or shoes, Boots, or spurs with jingling rowels, Shirts or napkins, smocks or towels.		
75	Come live with us, come live with us, All you that love your eases. He that's a Gypsy May be drunk or tipsy At what hour he pleases.		
ALL GYPSIES			
80	We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we scuffle, We cheat, we drab, we filch, we shuffle.		
DONDOLO	O sweet! They deserve to be hanged for ravishing of me.		
AURELIA	[<i>aside</i>] What will become of me if I seem fearful now, Or offer sudden flight? Then I betray myself. I must do neither.		
85			
CAPTAIN	<i>Ousabel, camcheateroon, Pusscatelion, house-drows.</i>		
SECOND GYPSY			
90	<i>Rumbos stragadelion Alla piss-kitch in sows-clows. O, O!</i>		
DONDOLO	<i>Piss-kitch in house-clout!</i> I shall ne'er keep a good tongue in my head till I get this language.		
CAPTAIN	<i>Umbra fill kevolliden, magro-pye.</i>		
95	DONDOLO He calls her maggot o' pie.		
AURELIA	I love your language well, but understand it not.		
62	snort snore		
63	rouse betimes wake up early		
64	taken found		
66	sinners i.e. the Gypsies as thieves, and as unconverted heathens (alluding again to pig as an animal not eaten by faithful Jews, here analagous to Christians)		
67	wakes village festivals		
71	use (a) practise (b) employment		
81	drab mix with harlots, fornicate		
83	ravishing delighting (quibbling on 'raping', hence <i>They deserve to be hanged</i>)		
87-8	camcheateroon... house-drows Non- sense with meaningful words embedded in it. These and other such words are modelled on Gypsy cant: words such	as mendelion (overcoat) dewse-a-vill (the country), and cannikin (plague).	104 bastard born As implied by Aurelia's account of her parentage.
		90 piss-kitch in Kitch in is perhaps kitchen, cant for 'child'.	111 to as cousin-german first cousin
		92 house-clout Dondolo confuses nonsense house-drows and the previous sows-clows. House-clout is 'house-cloth' (for mopping up, presumably of piss).	112 taken accepted 117 naked truth Proverbial.
		92-3 keep... head i.e. speak properly (quibbling on tongue as 'language'). From the proverb 'To have a tongue in one's head'.	121 eggs urges (with the obvious pun) 124 rotten-roasted roasted when gamy 125 Egypt i.e. the Gypsies (supposed to originate in Egypt, from which their name derives)
		95 maggot o' pie magpie. A variant of the usual form maggot-pie.	126 smelt out Quibbles on the figurative sense (proverbial for 'detected') and the literal.
		102-3 My... sides Millers and tailors were both proverbially thieves.	132 pregnant quick-witted, promising

- CAPTAIN
Stretch forth thy hand, coz. Art thou fortunate?
DONDOLO How, fortunate? Nay, I cannot tell that myself.
135 Wherefore do I come to you but to learn that? I have sometimes found money in old shoes, but if I had not stol'n more than I have found, I had had but a scurvy thin-cheeked fortune on't.
- CAPTAIN [*studying Dondolo's palm*] Here's a fair table.
140 DONDOLO Ay, so has many a man that has given over housekeeping: a fair table when there's neither cloth nor meat upon't.
- CAPTAIN
What a brave line of life's here, look you, Gypsies.
DONDOLO
I have known as brave a line end in a halter.
CAPTAIN [*stealing Dondolo's money*]
145 But thou art born to precious fortune.
DONDOLO The devil I am!
CAPTAIN *Bette, Bucketto.*
DONDOLO How, to beat bucks?
CAPTAIN *Stealee Bacono.*
150 DONDOLO O, to steal bacon, that's the better fortune o'th' two indeed.
- CAPTAIN
Thou wilt be shortly Captain of the Gypsies.
DONDOLO
I would you'd make me corporal i'th' mean time, Or standard-bearer to the women's regiment.
- CAPTAIN
Much may be done for love.
155 DONDOLO Nay, here's some money.
I know an office comes not all for love.—
A pox of your lime-twigs, you have't all already.
- CAPTAIN
It lies but here in cache for thine own use, boy.
DONDOLO Nay, an't lie there once I shall hardly come to the fing'ring on't in haste. Yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not. Teach me but so much Gypsy to steal as much more from another, and the devil do you good of that.
160
- CAPTAIN
Thou shalt have all thy heart requires.
First, here's a girl for thy desires. 165
[*He presents Aurelia to Dondolo*]
This doxy fresh, this new-come dell,
Shall lie by thy sweet side and swell.
Get me Gypsies brave and tawny,
With cheek full plump and hip full brawny.
Look you prove industrious dealers 170
To serve the commonwealth with stealers,
That th'unhoused race of fortune-tellers
May never fail to cheat town-dwellers,
Or to our universal grief
Leave country fairs without a thief. 175
This is all you have to do,
Save ev'ry hour a filch or two,
Be it money, cloth or pullen.
When the ev'ning's brow looks sullen,
Lose no time, for then 'tis precious. 180
Let your sleights be fine, facetious;
Which hoping you'll observe, to try thee,
With rusty bacon thus I Gypsify thee.
[*He marks Dondolo's face with rusty bacon*]
- DONDOLO
Do you use to do't with bacon?
CAPTAIN Evermore.
DONDOLO By this light, the rats will take me now for some hog's cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep. I shall have ne'er a bit left by tomorrow morning; and lying open mouthed, as I use to do, I shall look for all the world like a mousetrap baited with bacon. 185
- CAPTAIN
Why, here's a face like thine, so done, Only grained in by the sun, and this, and these. 190
- DONDOLO Faith, then there's a company of bacon-faces of you, and I am one now to make up the number. We are a kind of conscionable people, and 'twere well thought upon for to steal bacon and black our faces with't: 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead. 195

135-6 I...shoes Fairies were superstitiously supposed to reward good servants by leaving money in their shoes.

139 table the quadrangle formed by principal lines in the hand. The first of a series of palmistry terms. Dondolo takes table as the furniture, and the food served on it.

140 given over abandoned

141 housekeeping hospitality (or 'managing his household')

142 meat food

143 brave fine

line of life's (a) the line of life of the palm (b) pedigree, family. Dondolo takes line as the hangman's rope.

146 The devil I am Proverbial.

148 beat bucks dry loads of washing by

beating them

153 corporal (punning on corporeal)

154 standard-bearer (with a phallic joke in standard)

women's regiment Alludes to John Knox's *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women* (1558). In Knox, regiment is 'rule'.

157 lime-twigs twigs smeared with birdlime for catching birds; hence the fingers of thieves

158 cache hidden storage (punning on cash)

162-3 the...that Proverbial.

167 swell (with pregnancy)

168 Get beget

171 the commonwealth the 'nation' or collective well-being of the Gypsies (also, ironically, of society at large)

175 thief theft

181 facetious sprightly, polished. Rhymes with precious.

182 try thee set you apart

183 With...thee Dekker reports vagabonds tattooing marks by pricking or razing the skin then rubbing in 'burnt paper, piss, and gunpowder' (*O per se O*). See also Introduction.

rusty rancid

184 use to regularly

192 bacon-faces The usual, figurative, sense on which Dondolo puns is 'fat-faces'.

194 conscionable conscientious

195-7 'tis...forehead Proverbially, one's faults are (or are not) written in one's forehead.

CAPTAIN Wit, whither wilt thou?
 DONDOLO Marry, to the next pocket I can come at, and if
 200 it be a gentleman's I wish a whole quarter's rent in't.
 Is this my 'in dock, out nettle'? What's Gypsy for her?
 CAPTAIN
 Your doxy she.
 DONDOLO O, right. Are you my doxy, sirrah?
 AURELIA
 I'll be thy doxy and thy dell.
 With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal.
 205 From fair to fair, from wake to wake,
 I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.
 DONDOLO O dainty fine doxy! She speaks the language as
 familiarly already as if she'd been begot of a canter. I
 pray, captain, what's Gypsy for the hind quarter of a
 210 woman?
 CAPTAIN *Nosario*.
 DONDOLO *Nosario*. Why, what's Gypsy for my nose then?
 CAPTAIN Why, *arsinio*.
 DONDOLO *Arsinio*? Faith, methinks you might have devised
 215 a sweeter word for't.
Enter Father and Governor
 CAPTAIN
 Stop, stop; fresh booties, gentlefolks,
Signoros, cavallario, folkadelio.
 SECOND GYPSY *Lagnambrol a tumbrel*.
 DONDOLO How? Give me one word amongst you, that I
 220 may be doing too.
 AURELIA [*aside*]
 Yonder they are again. O guiltiness,
 Thou putt'st more trembling fear into a maid
 Than the first wedding night. Take courage, wench;
 Thy face cannot betray thee with a blush now.
 225 FATHER [*to the Governor*]
 Which way she took her flight, sir, none can guess,
 Or how she scaped.
 GOVERNOR Out at some window, certainly.
 FATHER
 O, 'tis a bold daring baggage!
 GOVERNOR See, good fortune, sir,
 The Gypsies; they're the cunning'st people living.
 FATHER
 230 They cunning? what a confidence have you, sir!
 No wise man's faith was ever set in fortunes.

GOVERNOR
 You are the wilful'st man against all learning still.
 I will be hanged now if I hear not news
 Of her amongst this company.
 FATHER
 You are a gentleman of the flatt'ring'st hopes
 That e'er lost woman yet.
 GOVERNOR [*to Aurelia*] Come hither, Gypsy. 235
 AURELIA [*aside*]
 Luck now, or I'm undone.—What says my master?
 Bless me with a silver cross,
 And I will tell you all your loss.
 GOVERNOR
 Lo you there, sir: 'all my loss', at first word too.
 There is no cunning in these Gypsies now? 240
 FATHER
 Sure I'll hear more of this.
 GOVERNOR [*to Aurelia*] Here's silver for you.
 AURELIA
 Now attend your fortune's story.
 You loved a maid.
 GOVERNOR Right.
 AURELIA She never loved you.
 You shall find my words are true.
 GOVERNOR
 Mass, I am afraid so.
 AURELIA You were about 245
 To keep her in, but could not do't.
 Alas the while, she would not stay.
 The cough o'th' lungs blew her away.
 And, which is worse, you'll be so crossed
 You'll never find the thing that's lost. 250
 Yet oftentimes your sight will fear her;
 She'll be near you, and yet you ne'er the nearer.
 Let her go, and be the gladder;
 She'd but shame you, if you had her.
 Ten counsellors could never school her. 255
 She's so wild, you could not rule her.
 GOVERNOR
 In troth I am of thy mind, yet I'd fain find her.
 AURELIA
 Soonest then, when you least mind her;
 But if you mean to take her tripping,
 Make but haste; she's now a-shipping. 260

198 Wit...**thou** Proverbial phrase addressed to someone talking too much or foolishly. Dondolo takes it literally.
 201 **in dock, out nettle** Originally chanted when a dock-leaf was rubbed on the skin to relieve nettle-sting. Proverbial for changeability, but here suggesting the 'in' and 'out' of both copulation and thieving. *Dock* is prompted by the word Dondolo is searching for, *doxy*.
 202 **sirrah** Often jocularly applied to women.
 203-6 I'll...**sake** In the manner of a reply to Marlowe's pastoral lyric "The

Passionate Shepherd to his Love', which begins 'Come live with me, and be my love'. There were several imitations and replies.
 208 **canter** user of thieves' or Gypsies' cant; vagabond
 213 **arsinio** Quibbling on *arse*. An appropriate 'Gypsy' word as a recollection of Arsinoe, Queen of Egypt.
 215 **sweeter** sweeter-smelling
 217 **cavallario** (suggesting 'cavalier, gentleman')
 218 **Lagnambrol a tumbrel** (perhaps

disguising *amble* and *tumble*, 'act as decoy')
 227 **baggage** strumpet, good-for-nothing
 237 **cross** coin (with a cross stamped on it)
 245 **Mass** by the Mass
about busy, contriving
 248 **cough o'th' lungs** (a trait of old men such as the Governor)
 249 **crossed** thwarted
 252 **ne'er the nearer** Proverbial.
 260 **a-shipping** boarding ship (also, quibblingly, 'loading herself with freight', i.e. stealing)

Act 4 Scene 2

More Diffemblers besides Women.

GOVERNOR
I ever dreamed so much.

FATHER
Hie to the quay!
We'll mar your voyage; you shall brook no sea.
Exeunt Father and Governor

CAPTAIN
Cheateroon, high gulleroon.

DONDOLO
Filcheroon, purse-fulleroon.

265 I can say somewhat too.

ALL GYPSIES Excellent Gypsy, witty rare doxy.

DONDOLO I would not change my dell for a dozen of black bell-wethers.

CAPTAIN
Our wealth swells high, my boys.

DONDOLO
Our wealth swells high, my boys.

270 CAPTAIN
Let every Gypsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.

DONDOLO
Let every Gypsy
Dance with his doxy,
And then drink, drink for joy.

275 ALL GYPSIES
And then drink, drink for joy.
*Exeunt with a strange wild-fashioned
dance to the oboes or cornetts*

4.3 *Enter Duchess, Lord Cardinal, and other Lords*

LORD CARDINAL
That which is merely called a will in woman,
I cannot always title it with a virtue.

DUCHESS
O good sir, spare me.

LORD CARDINAL Spare yourself, good madam.
Extremest justice is not so severe

5 To great offenders as your own forced strictness
To beauty, youth and time. You'll answer for't.

DUCHESS
Sir, settle your own peace; let me make mine.

LORD CARDINAL
But here's a heart must pity it. When it thinks on't,
I find compassion, though the smart be yours.

FIRST LORD
None here but does the like.

10 SECOND LORD Believe it, madam,

You have much wronged your time.

FIRST LORD Nay, let your grace
But think upon the barrenness of succession.

SECOND LORD
Nay, more, a vow enforced.

DUCHESS
What, do you all
Forsake me then, and take part with yon man?
Not one friend have I left? Do they all fight
15 Under th'inglorious banner of his censure,
Serve under his opinion?

LORD CARDINAL
So will all, madam,
Whose judgements can but taste a rightful cause.
I look for more force yet; nay, your own women
Will shortly rise against you when they know
20 The war to be so just and honourable
As marriage is. You cannot name that woman
Will not come ready armed for such a cause.
Can chastity be any whit impaired
By that which makes it perfect? Answer, madam.
25 Do you profess constancy, and yet live alone?
How can that hold? You're constant, then, to none.
That's a dead virtue. Goodness must have practice,
Or else it ceases. Then is woman said
To be love-chaste knowing but one man's bed—
30 A mighty virtue. Beside, fruitfulness
Is part of the salvation of your sex;
And the true use of wedlock's time and space
Is woman's exercise for faith and grace.

DUCHESS
O, what have you done, my lord?

LORD CARDINAL Laid the way plain
35 To knowledge of yourself and your creation;
Unbound a forcèd vow that was but knit
By the strange jealousy of your dying lord,
Sinful i'th' fast'ning.

DUCHESS
All the powers of constancy
Will curse you for this deed.

LORD CARDINAL
You speak in pain, madam,
40 And so I take your words like one in sickness
That rails at his best friend. I know a change
Of disposition has a violent working
In all of us; 'tis fit it should have time
And counsel with itself. May you be fruitful, madam,
45 In all the blessings of an honoured love.

FIRST LORD
In all your wishes fortunate, [*aside*] and I
The chief of 'em myself.

LORD CARDINAL Peace be at your heart, lady.

261 I...**much** Dreams were supposed to be capable of showing distant or future events.
262 **brook** endure
263 **gulleroon** (based on *guller*, which is synonymous with *cheater*)
268 **bell-wethers** Castrated rams that led flocks of sheep, so-called because they

carried a bell round their necks.
4.3-9 **smart** affliction
11 **wronged your time** (a) misspent your time; or (b) wronged your youth
19 **force** military forces
21-2 **so...is** See note to 2.1.76-7.
28-9 **That's...ceases** From the proverb 'Virtue must be practised, not praised'.

31-2 **fruitfulness...sex** (referring to the Protestant doctrine that motherhood was a woman's Christian duty)
34 **exercise** practice of virtue (perhaps also with reference to the sense 'military training')
36 **your creation** i.e. the specific nature and purpose of your being in the world

50 FIRST LORD And love, say I.
LORD CARDINAL
We'll leave good thoughts now to bring in themselves.
Exeunt Lord Cardinal and Lords

DUCHESS
O, there's no art like a religious cunning!
It carries away all things smooth before it.
How subtly has his wit dealt with the lords,
55 To fetch in their persuasions to a business
That stands in need of none, yields of itself,
As most we women do when we seem farthest!
But little thinks the Cardinal he's requited
After the same proportion of deceit
60 As he sets down for others.
Enter Page
O, here's the pretty boy he preferred to me.
I never saw a meeker, gentler youth
Yet made for man's beginning. How unfit
Was that poor fool to be Lactantio's page!
65 He would have spoiled him quite, in one year utterly;
There had been no hope of him. Come hither, child,
I have forgot thy name.

PAGE Antonio, madam.

DUCHESS Antonio! So thou told'st me. I must chide thee:
Why didst thou weep when thou cam'st first to serve
me?

PAGE At the distrust of mine own merits, madam,
70 Knowing I was not born to those deserts
To please so great a mistress.

DUCHESS 'Las, poor boy,
That's nothing in thee but thy modest fear,
Which makes amends faster than thou canst err.
75 It shall be my care to have him well brought up
As a youth apt for good things. Celia!
[Enter Celia]

CELIA Madam.

DUCHESS Has he bestowed his hour today for music?

CELIA Yes, he has, madam.

DUCHESS How do you find his voice?

CELIA A pretty, womanish, faint, sprawling voice, madam;
80 But 'twill grow strong in time if he take care
To keep it, when he has it, from fond exercises.

DUCHESS Give order to the dancing-schoolmaster
Observe an hour with him.

CELIA It shall be done, lady.
He is well made for dancing, thick i'th' chest, madam.
He will turn long and strongly. 85

DUCHESS He shall not be behind a quality
That aptness in him or our cost can purchase;
And see he lose no time.

CELIA I'll take that order, madam.

PAGE *[aside]*
Singing and dancing! 'Las, my case is worse.
I rather need a midwife and a nurse. 90
Exeunt Celia and Page

DUCHESS Lactantio, my procurer, not returned yet?
His malice I have fitted with an office
Which he takes pleasure to discharge with rigour.
Enter General [Andrugio], Lactantio, and the guard
He comes, and with him my heart's conqueror.
My pleasing thralldom's near.

ANDRUGIO *[to Lactantio]* Not know the cause? 95

LACTANTIO Yes, you shall soon do that now, to the ruin
Of your neck-part, or some nine years' imprisonment.
You meet with mercy an you scape with that—
Beside your lands all begged and seized upon—
That's admirable favour. Here's the Duchess. 100

DUCHESS *[to Andrugio]*
O sir, you're welcome.

LACTANTIO *[aside]* Marry, bless me still
From such a welcome.

DUCHESS You are hard to come by,
It seems, sir, by the guilt of your long stay.

ANDRUGIO My guilt, good madam?

DUCHESS Sure you'd much ado
To take him, had you not? Speak truth, Lactantio,
105 And leave all favour: were you not in danger?

LACTANTIO Faith, something near it, madam. He grew head-
strong,
Furious and fierce; but 'tis not my condition
To speak the worst things of mine enemy, madam;
Therein I hold mine honour. But had fury
110 Burst into all the violent storms that ever

51 **bring in** adduce, introduce

53 **smooth** smoothly

55 **fetch in** (a) gain as supporters (b) take in, deceive

56 **of itself** of its own accord

57 **most** most of

61 **preferred** introduced, recommended

63 **for man's beginning** to begin to be a man

64 **fool** (here an endearment)

70 **the distrust of** i.e. my mistrust in

71-2 **those deserts** | To such deserving merits as to

81 **when he has it** (referring to the Page's reluctance or inability to sing)

fond foolish

83 **Observe** regularly to spend

85 **strongly** strong

86 **behind** slow to develop

88 **that order** that responsibility, measures for that

89 **case** situation (also 'womb')

92 **fitted** fittingly supplied (perhaps also "fittingly punished")

95 **cause** accusation

99 **begged** begged for (by the likes of Lactantio himself, as reward for service to the Duchess)

103 **stay** delay in coming

106 **leave** set aside

favour lenient mitigation

108 **condition** character

- Played over anger in tempestuous man,
I would have brought him to your grace's presence,
Dead or alive.
- 115 DUCHESS [*to Andrugio*]
You would not, sir?
- ANDRUGIO What pride
Of pampered blood has mounted up this puckfist?
If any way, uncounselled of my judgement,
My ignorance has stepped into some error,
Which I could heart'ly curse, and so brought on me
Your great displeasure, let me feel my sin
120 In the full weight of justice, virtuous madam,
And let it wake me throughly. But, chaste lady,
Out of the bounty of your grace, permit not
This perfumed parcel of curled powdered hair
To cast me in the poor relish of his censure.
- DUCHESS
125 It shall not need, good sir; we are ourself
Of power sufficient to judge you, ne'er doubt it, sir.—
Withdraw, Lactantio; carefully place your guard
I'th' next room.
- LACTANTIO [*to Andrugio*]
You'll but fare the worse.
You see your niceness spoils you. You'll go nigh now
To feel your sin indeed.
- 130 ANDRUGIO Hell-mouth be with thee!
Exeunt Lactantio and guard
Was ever malice seen yet to gape wider
For man's misfortunes?
- DUCHESS First, sir, I should think
You could not be so impudent to deny
What your own knowledge proves to you.
- 135 ANDRUGIO That were a sin, madam,
More gross than flattery spent upon a villain.
- DUCHESS
Your own confession dooms you, sir.
- ANDRUGIO Why, madam?
- DUCHESS
Do not you know I made a serious vow
At my lord's death never to marry more?
- 140 ANDRUGIO That's a truth, madam, I'm a witness to.
- DUCHESS
Is't so, sir? You'll be taken presently;
This man needs no accuser. Knowing so much,
How durst you then attempt so bold a business
As to solicit me, so strictly settled,
145 With tempting letters and loose lines of love?
- ANDRUGIO
Who, I do't, madam?
- DUCHESS Sure the man will shortly
Deny he lives, although he walk and breathe.
- ANDRUGIO
Better destruction snatch me quick from sight
Of human eyes than I should sin so boldly.
- DUCHESS
'Twas well I kept it then from rage or fire,
150 For my truth's credit. Look you, sir.
[*She gives him the letter*]
Read out.
You know the hand and name.
- ANDRUGIO Andrugio!
- DUCHESS
An if such things be fit the world shall judge.
- ANDRUGIO Madam—
- DUCHESS
Pish, that's not so; it begins otherwise. 155
Pray look again, sir. How you'd slight your knowledge!
- ANDRUGIO
By all the reputation I late won—
- DUCHESS
Nay, an you dare not read, sir, I am gone.
- ANDRUGIO
Read? 'Most fair Duchess!'
- DUCHESS O, have you found it now?
There's a sweet flatt'ring phrase for a beginning. 160
You thought, belike, that would o'ercome me.
- ANDRUGIO I, madam?
- DUCHESS Nay, on, sir; you are slothful.
- ANDRUGIO
'The report of your vow shall not fear me—'
- DUCHESS
No? Are you so resolute? 'Tis well for you, sir. 165
- ANDRUGIO
'I know you're but a woman—'
- DUCHESS Well, what then, sir?
- ANDRUGIO
'And what a woman is a wise man knows.'
- DUCHESS
Let him know what he can, he's glad to get us.
- ANDRUGIO
'Perhaps my condition may seem blunt to you—'
- DUCHESS
Well; we find no fault with your bluntness. 170
- ANDRUGIO 'But no man's love can be more sharp set—'
- DUCHESS Ay, there's good stuff now.
- ANDRUGIO 'And I know
Desires in both sexes have skill at that weapon.'
- DUCHESS 'Weapon'! You begin like a flatterer, and end like 175
a fencer.
Are these fit lines now to be sent to us?
- ANDRUGIO
Now by the honour of a man, his truth, madam,
My name's abused.
- DUCHESS Fie, fie, deny your hand?

112 over as an effect of

115 mounted up elevated, raised in influence

puckfist literally 'puffball'; hence

'braggart'

123 parcel piece, quantity

124 relish tinge, small quantity

129 niceness fastidiousness

141 presently immediately

156 How...knowledge illiteracy, though widespread, might not be expected in a general.

180 I will not deny mine; here, take it freely, sir,
And with it my true constant heart for ever.
I never disgraced man that sought my favour.

ANDRUGIO
What mean you, madam?

DUCHESS To requite you, sir.
By courtesy I hold my reputation,
And you shall taste it. Sir, in as plain truth
185 As the old time walked in when love was simple
And knew no art nor guile, I affect you.
My heart has made her choice. I love you, sir,
Above my vow. The frown that met you first
190 Wore not the livery of anger, sir,
But of deep policy. I made your enemy
The instrument for all; there you may praise me,
And 'twill not be ill given.

ANDRUGIO [*aside*] Here's a strange language!
The constancy of love bless me from learning on't,
195 Although ambition would soon teach it others.—
Madam, the service of whole life is yours; but—

DUCHESS
Enough; thou'rt mine for ever.—Within there!
Enter Lactantio and the guard

LACTANTIO
Madam.

DUCHESS
Lay hands upon him; bear him hence;
See he be kept close prisoner in our palace.
[*Aside to Andrugio*] The time's not yet ripe for our
200 nuptial solace.

LACTANTIO
This you could clear yourself?

ANDRUGIO [*aside*] There's a voice that wearies me
More than mine own distractions.

LACTANTIO You are innocent?

ANDRUGIO [*aside*]
I have not a time idle enough from passion
To give this devil an answer. O, she's lost!
205 Cursed be that love by which a better's crossed!
There my heart's settled. [*Exit with the guard*]

184 **courtesy** common allowance (as distinct from inherent right)

185 **taste** (a) test (b) savour, enjoy (because her reputation will prove ill-founded)

186 **the old time** the distant past (idealized as a golden age without artifice)

187 **affect** love

195 **others** to other persons (or possibly 'otherwise')

200 **solace** comfort (also 'sport, entertainment')

202 **distractions** bewilderment

203 **passion** strong feeling, sorrow

205 **a better's** i.e. the love of someone more powerful is

206 **There** in that

settled certain, resolved

5.1.0.3 **Crotchet** The music-teacher is named after the musical note; *crotchet* is also 'whimsical fancy'.

2 **take** learn (and see next note)

prick-song song, performed from written music (with a quibble on *prick* as 'penis', pertinent as the Page secretly does not have one)

3 **G sol-re-ut** Crotchet's exclamation is, in his manner, a nonce-word based on the musical letter G and its equivalent in the hexachord system. The hexachord scale (ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la), used for teaching singing, could be based on ut as C, F, or G, making G sol, re, or ut.

6 **caudle** restorative warm drink of thin gruel with sweetened and spiced wine or ale

7 **whos'** whoso, whoever

would who would

8-9 **I...off** Perhaps an absurd case of food-craving during pregnancy, and/or an allusion to a Court brawl of 1613 in which a piece of nose was reportedly bitten off. The nose is also phallic; only a sex-change could save the Page. Crotchet might wear a pointed stage nose.

10 **lose my longing** Proverbial.

15 **gamut** musical scale. Literally 'gamma' (G) and 'ut' (first note in any hexachord)

16 **want** lack

17 **when** (exclamation of impatience) stay await

18 **Gam ut** See note to l. 15. The expression is here used to indicate a particular musical note; *Gam* indicating the pitch and *ut* its position in the scale. Similarly with 'A re', etc.

LACTANTIO How is he disgraced,
And I advanced in love! Faith, he that can
Wish more to his enemy is a spiteful man,
And worthy to be punished. Exit
Finis Actus Quartus

Incipit Actus Quintus
Enter Page, [carrying music-books,] Celia, and Crotchet

CELIA [*to Crotchet*]
Sir, I'm of that opinion. Being kept hard to't,
In troth I think he'll take his prick-song well.

CROTCHET
G sol-re-ut! You guess not right, i'faith.
Mistress, you'll find you're in an error straight.—
Come on, sir, lay the books down. [*To Celia*] You shall
see now.
[*Crotchet and Celia talk apart*]

PAGE [*aside*]
Would I'd an honest caudle next my heart!
Let whos' would 'sol fa'; I'd give them my part.
In troth, methinks I have a great longing in me
To bite a piece of the musician's nose off.
But I'll rather lose my longing 10
Than spoil the poor man's singing.
The very tip will serve my turn, methinks.
If I could get it, that he might well spare;
His nose is of the longest. [*Laying down the books*] O,
my back!

CROTCHET [*to Celia*]
You shall hear that.—Rehearse your gamut, boy. 15

PAGE [*aside*]
Who'd be thus toiled for love, and want the joy?

CROTCHET
Why, when? Begin, sir. I must stay your leisure?

PAGE [*singing*]
Gam ut, A re, B mi, C fa, D sol—

CROTCHET
E la: aloft, above the clouds, my boy.

- PAGE
20 It must be a better note than 'E la', sir,
That brings musicians thither; they're too hasty,
The most part of 'em, to take such a journey,
And must needs fall by th' way.
- CROTCHET How many clefs be there?
PAGE
One clef, sir.
- CROTCHET O intolerable heretic
25 To voice and music! Do you know but one clef?
PAGE
No more, indeed, one, sir; [*aside*] and at this time
I know too much of that.
- CROTCHET How many notes be there?
PAGE
Eight, sir. [*Aside*] I fear me I shall find nine shortly,
To my great shame and sorrow. O, my stomach!
- CROTCHET
30 Will you repeat your notes, then? I must sol-fa you.
Why, when, sir?
PAGE A large, a long, a breve, a semibreve, a minim, a
crotchet, a quaver, a semiquaver.
- CROTCHET
O, have you found the way?
PAGE Never trust me
35 If I have not lost my wind with naming of 'em.
- CROTCHET
Come, boy, your mind's upon some other thing now.
Set to your song.
- PAGE [*aside*] Was ever wench so punished?
CROTCHET
Ut. Come, begin.
PAGE [*singing*] Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la.
Here the Page and Crotchet sing prick-song
- CROTCHET Keep time, you foolish boy!
[*They sing again*]
40 How like you this, madonna?
CELIA Pretty.
He will do well in time, being kept under.
- CROTCHET I'll make his ears sore and his knuckles ache else.
CELIA
And that's the way to bring a boy to goodness, sir.
- CROTCHET
There's many now waxed proper gentlemen
Whom I have nipped i'th' ear, wench, that's my
comfort.—
Come, sing me over the last song I taught you.
You're perfect in that, sure. Look you keep time well,
[*He offers to beat the Page*]
Or here I'll notch your faults up. Sol, sol, begin, boy.
Music. Song [sung by the Page]
- CELIA [*to Crotchet*] So, you've done well, sir. 45
Enter Cinquepace the dancer
Here comes the dancing-master now; you're discharged.
- CINQUEPACE
O, Signor Crotchet, O!
CROTCHET A minim rest,
Two clefs, and a semibreve! In the name
Of Alamire, what's the matter, sir?
- CINQUEPACE
The horriblemst disaster that ever disgraced 55
The lofty cunning of a dancer.
- CROTCHET B fa, B mi!
Heaven forbid, man!
- CINQUEPACE O, oo, the most cruel fortune!
CROTCHET
That semiquaver is no friend to you,
That I must tell you. 'Tis not for a dancer
To put his voice so hard to't; every workman
Must use his own tools, sir. D la-sol, man, dilate
The matter to me. 60
- CINQUEPACE Faith, riding upon my foot-cloth, as I use to
do, coming through a crowd, by chance I let fall my
fiddle. 65
- CROTCHET D sol-re! Your fiddle, sir?
CINQUEPACE O, that such an instrument should be made to
betray a poor gentleman! Nay, which is more lamentable,
whose luck should it be to take up this unfortunate

20 **note** Puns on the senses 'characteristic feature', 'way of doing things' (as in *change one's note*), and 'reputation'; with a probable quibble on the circle and upright stem of a written musical note as suggesting the male sex organs.

21-3 **they're... way** The sexual *double entendre* is that musicians are hasty lovers who detumescence (*fall by th' way*) too soon.

23 **clefs** In her answer, the Page puns on *clefs*, in the sense 'vulvas'.

27 **notes** musical notes. But the ninth of l. 28 is (a) the cries of the expected baby (b) attention, stigma, notoriety.

31 **when** (as in l. 17)

32-3 A... **semiquaver** The *notes* seem to retain a phallic connotation. The original sense of *breve* was 'brief'. *Quaver* suggests 'tremble, quiver'.

32 **large** musical note (equivalent to two or three 'longs')

long (equivalent to two or three breves)

34 **found the way** worked it out, learnt it

38.1 **Here...prick-song** The song is clearly a learner's piece which elaborates on the six-note scale.

40 **madonna** my lady

42 **being** i.e. if he is
under under control

45 **waxed** grown, become

49 **Or...up** a threat of corporal punishment

50.1 **Cinquepace** Named after the lively dance.

54 **Alamire** (the note A below middle C, being la, mi, or re in the various hexachords; here perhaps punning on *Allah*)

56 **cunning** skill

B fa, B mi B flat: fa on the F hexachord, and B natural, mi on the G hexachord; here used as a nonsense exclamation

58 **That semiquaver** i.e. Cinquepace's 'O, oo' (punning on *quaver* as 'tremulousness')

60-1 **every... tools** Varies the proverb 'What is a workman without his tools?'

61 **D la-sol** D as on the F and G hexachords

dilate tell at length

63 **foot-cloth** richly ornamented cloth laid over a horse's back and hanging to the ground (a mark of dignity and state)

use to habitually

65 **fiddle** Cinquepace's foot-cloth implies higher rank than appropriate; in contrast the fiddle might suggest a humble itinerant musician. There is also a phallic innuendo, as in *Roaring Girl* 4.20-4.

66 **sol-re** re: D on the C hexachord

70 fiddle but a barber's prentice, who cried out presently, according to his nature, 'You trim gentleman on horse-back, you've lost your fiddle, your worship's fiddle!' Seeing me upon my foot-cloth, the mannerly coxcomb could say no less. But away rid I, sir, put my horse to a coranto pace, and left my fiddle behind me.

75 CROTCHET D la-sol-re!
CINQUEPACE Ay; was't not a strange fortune? An excellent treble viol, by my troth, 'twas my master's when I was but a pumper—that is, a puller-on of gentlemen's pumps.

80 CROTCHET C, C sol-fa. I knew you then, sir.
CINQUEPACE But I make no question but I shall hear on't shortly at one broker's or another, for I know the barber will scorse it away for some old cithern.

85 CROTCHET E la-mi, my life for yours on that, sir. I must to my other scholars, my hour calls me away. I leave you to your practise. Fa-sol-la. Fare you well, sir.
CINQUEPACE The lavoltas of a merry heart be with you, sir; and a merry heart makes a good singing man.

90 *Exit [Crotchet with his books]*
A man may love to hear himself talk when he carries pith in's mouth.—*Metereza* Celia!
CELIA Signor Cinquepace, the welcom'st gentleman alive of a dancer!
This is the youth. He can do little yet;
95 His prick-song very poorly. He is one Must have it put into him; somewhat dull, sir.
CINQUEPACE
As you are all at first. You know 'twas long Ere you could learn your doubles.
CELIA *Ay, that's true, sir,*
But I can tickle't now. [*Dancing*] Fa-la-la (*etc.*)
100 Lo you, how like you me now, sir?
CINQUEPACE Marry, pray for the founder; here he stands. Long may he live to receive quartr'ages, go brave, and pay his mercer wondrous duly—ay, and his jealous laundress, that for the love she bears him starches

yellow, poor soul; my own flesh knows I wrong her not. Come, *Metereza*, once more shake your great hips and your little heels, since you begin to fall in of yourself, and dance over the end of the coranto I taught you last night.

CELIA The tune's clear out of my head, sir.
CINQUEPACE A pox of my little usher! How long he stays, too, with the second part of the former fiddle! Come, I'll sol-fa it i'th' mean time. Fa-la-la-la (*etc.*)
[*Celia dances*]
Perfectly excellent. I will make you fit to dance with the best Christian gentleman in Europe, and keep time with him for his heart, ere I give you over.

CELIA Nay, I know I shall do well, sir, and I am somewhat proud on't; but 'twas my mother's fault when she danced with the Duke of Florence.

CINQUEPACE Why, you'll never dance well, while you live, if you be not proud. I know that by myself. I may teach my heart out if you have not the grace to follow me.

CELIA I warrant you for that, sir.
CINQUEPACE
Gentlewomen that are good scholars will come As near their masters as they can. I have known some Lie with 'em for their better understanding. I speak not this to draw you on, forsooth. Use your pleasure. If you come you're welcome; You shall see a fine lodging, a dish of comfits, Music, and sweet linen.

110
115
120
125
130
135

CELIA
And trust me, sir, no woman can wish more in this world, Unless it be ten pound i'th' chamber window, Laid ready in good gold against she rises.

CINQUEPACE
Those things are got in a morning, wench, with me.

CELIA
Indeed, I hold the morning the best time of getting.
140 So says my sister; she's a lawyer's wife, sir,

73 **coxcomb** conceited fool
75 **coranto** a dance with a running step
78 **treble viol** (the equivalent in art music of the violin, which was traditionally associated with popular music)
79 **pumper** (a nonce-word)
81 **C** (punning on Italian *sì*, 'yes')
sol-fa C on the F and G hexachords
82 **on't** i.e. of the fiddle
83-4 the...**cithern** Citherns, lute-like instruments, were commonly kept in barbers' shops for customers to play.
84 **scorse** barter
85 **la-mi** mi: third note on the hexachord
my...yours Proverbial.
87 **Fa-sol-la** a musical farewell
88 **lavoltas** high bounds. The lavolta was a vigorous dance with such steps.
90 A...**talk** Proverbial.
91 **Metereza** mistress (pseudo-Italian)
96 **put into him** (with the quibble on *prick*)

dull obtuse, slow to learn
98 **doubles** a kind of dancing step; with a quibble on sexual doubling
99 **tickle't** do it ticklingly
101 **pray...founder** Proverbial.
the founder i.e. Cinquepace himself, founder of Celia's dancing skills
102 **quatr'ages** quarterly fees
brave finely dressed
105 **yellow** the colour of jealousy
107 **fall...yourself** begin of your own accord
111 **stays** delays
112 **second part** replacement (using music terminology for the second playing part in a piece of music)
former (a) formerly possessed (b) afore-said (c) preferred (d) taking the first musical part
116 **heart** well-being, strength of spirit.
As throughout, dancing has a sexual

undertone.
give you over give up on you, quit teaching you
118 **'twas** i.e. pride was
fault mistake, undoing
121 **proud** spirited
121-2 **teach...out** Probably varies the proverbial 'eat one's heart out'.
123 **warrant you for** guarantee you're right about
124-5 **come | As near** (a) i.e. learn to dance as much like (b) approach as close to (and perhaps (c) come to orgasm as near)
128 **Use your pleasure** do what you want (but also suggesting 'use your ability to make pleasure')
133 **against** ready for when
134 **got** (a) earned (b) begot (the sense Celia takes)
with me (a) by me (b) from me

- And should know what belongs to cases best.
A fitter time for this; I must not talk
Too long of women's matters before boys.
140 He's very raw. You must take pains with him;
It is the Duchess' mind it should be so.
She loves him well, I tell you. *Exit*
- CINQUEPACE How, love him?
He's too little for any woman's love i'th' town, by three
handfuls. I wonder of a great woman she's no more
145 wit, i'faith. One of my pitch were somewhat tolerable.
Enter Usher, [with a viol]
O, are you come? Who would be thus plagued with a
dandiprat usher? How many kicks do you deserve, in
conscience?
- USHER
Your horse is safe, sir.
- CINQUEPACE Now I talked of kicking,
150 'Twas well remembered. Is not the footcloth stol'n
yet?
- USHER
More by good hap than any cunning, sir.
Would any gentleman but you get a tailor's son to walk
his horse, in this dear time of black velvet?
- CINQUEPACE
Troth, thou say'st true. Thy care has got thy pardon.
155 I'll venture so no more. [*To the Page*] Come, my young
scholar,
I am ready for you now.
- PAGE [*aside*] Alas, 'twill kill me!
I'm even as full of qualms as heart can bear.
How shall I do to hold up?—Alas, sir,
I can dance nothing but, ill-favouredly,
160 A strain or two of passemeasures galliard.
- CINQUEPACE
Marry, you're forwarder than I conceived you.
A toward stripling. Enter him, Nicholao,
For the fool's bashful, as they are all at first
Till they be once well entered.
- USHER Passemeasures, sir?
- 137 **belongs** appertains
cases (a) legal cases (b) women's internal
sexual organs (perhaps also (c) window-
cases, i.e. window-frames)
- 141 **mind** intention
- 143-4 **three handfuls** (i.e. three 'hands',
four-inch measurements used especially
to reckon the height of horses; perhaps
also, quibblingly, the male sex organs are
'handfuls')
- 144 **great** (a) eminent, powerful (b) large
- 145 **pitch** (a) rank (b) height
- 145.1 **Usher** assistant teacher
- 147 **dandiprat** contemptibly small person
- 147-8 **in conscience** rightly, in truth
- 150 **yet** though
- 153 **dear time of** time of expensive
- 155 **venture** risk
- 158 **hold up** keep going
- 159 **ill-favouredly** displeasingly, badly
- 160 **strain** musical phrase, tune
- passemeasures** (a slow variety of the
galliard dance)
- 161 **forwarder** more advanced
- conceived** thought
- 162 **toward** ready, forward
- Enter him** i.e. play the music for him to
begin dancing
- 163 **fool's** (a term of endearment)
- 164 **entered** begun (with a sexual equivoca-
tion)
- 166 **Dainty** excellent, delightful
- springals** youths
- 167 **Hall** i.e. guildhall
- 170 **O times! O manners!** Translates
Cicero's lament, 'O tempora, O mores'.
manners (a) customs, usages (seen as
degenerate) (b) good ways (of which the
times *have very little*)
- 171 **Why . . . hall** The Plumbers were an
influential merchant company, though
- at the time Middleton wrote they merely
rented a hall. A new Plumbers' Hall may
have been projected.
- leaden-heeled** i.e. heavy-footed. *Plumber*
derives from Latin *plumbum*, 'lead'.
- 173 **fortune de la guerre** fortune of war
(French). Here a stoical acceptance of
how things work out, as in the proverb
'The chance of war is uncertain'.
things must be Proverbial.
- 176 **honour** bow (or curtsy)
- 184 **another thing** something else (quibbling
on *thing* as 'sexual organ')
- 187 **leg** obeissance made by drawing back
one leg and bending the other
- 189 **vex . . . out** Varies the proverb 'eat one's
heart out'.
- 192 **Out upon thee** exclamation of impa-
tience with her
- 193 **credit** reputation

195 me come to him. I shall get more disgrace by this little monkey now than by all the ladies that ever I taught.
 [The Usher plays the viol]
 [To the Page] Come on, sir, now; cast thy leg out from thee, lift it up aloft, boy. A pox, his knees are soldered together, they're sewed together. Canst not stride? O, I could eat thee up, I could eat thee up, and begin upon thy hinder quarter, thy hinder quarter. I shall never teach this boy without a screw; his knees must be opened with a vice, or there's no good to be done upon him.—Who taught you to dance, boy?

PAGE
 205 It is but little, sir, that I can do.
 CINQUEPACE No; I'll be sworn for you.
 PAGE
 And that Signor Lactantio taught me, sir.
 CINQUEPACE
 Signor Lactantio was an arrant coxcomb, And fit to teach none but white-baker's children To knead their knees together. You can turn above
 210 ground, boy?
 PAGE
 Not I, sir. [Aside] My turn's rather underground.
 CINQUEPACE
 We'll see what you can do. I love to try What's in my scholars, the first hour I teach them. Show him a close trick now, Nicholao.
 [The Usher makes a leaping turn]
 Ha, dainty stripling! Come, boy.

215 PAGE 'Las, not I, sir.
 I am not for lofty tricks, indeed I am not, sir.
 CINQUEPACE
 How! Such another word, down goes your hose, boy.
 PAGE [aside]
 Alas, 'tis time for me to do anything then.
 [The Page offers to leap, and falls]
 CINQUEPACE
 Heyday, he's down! Is this your lofty trick, boy?
 USHER
 O master, the boy swoons. He's dead, I fear me.
 CINQUEPACE
 Dead! I ne'er knew one die with a lofty trick before.—
 Up, sirrah, up.
 PAGE A midwife, run for a midwife!
 CINQUEPACE
 A midwife? By this light, the boy's with child!
 A miracle! Some woman is the father.

The world's turned upside down. Sure if men breed Women must get; one never could do both yet. No marv'l you danced close-knee'd the cinquepace. Put up my fiddle; here's a stranger case.
 Exit Cinquepace, [supporting the] Page

USHER
 That 'tis, I'll swear; 'twill make the Duchess wonder. I fear me 'twill bring dancing out of request, And hinder our profession for a time. Your women that are closely got with child Will put themselves clean out of exercise, And will not venture now for fear of meeting Their shames in a coranto, specially
 230 If they be near their time. Well, in my knowledge, If that should happen we are sure to lose Many a good waiting-woman that's now over-shoes. Alas the while! Exit

Enter the Duchess and Celia 5.2

DUCHESS
 Thou tell'st me things are enemies to reason. I cannot get my faith to entertain 'em, And I hope ne'er shall.
 CELIA 'Tis too true, madam.
 DUCHESS
 I say 'tis false. 'Twere better thou'dst been dumb Than spoke a truth s'unpleasing; thou shalt get
 5 But little praise by't. He whom we affect To place his love upon so base a creature?
 CELIA
 Nay, ugliness itself—you'd say so, madam, If you but saw her once—a strolling Gypsy. No Christian that is born a hind could love her;
 10 She's the sun's masterpiece for tawinness; Yet have I seen Andrugio's arms about her, Perceived his hollow whisp'rings in her ear, His joys at meeting her.
 DUCHESS What joy could that be?
 CELIA
 Such, madam, I have seldom seen it equalled. He kissed her with that greediness of affection As if her lips had been as red as yours. I looked still when he would be black in mouth, Like boys with eating hedgeberries. Nay, more, madam;
 He bribed one of his keepers with ten ducats
 20 To find her out amongst a flight of Gypsies.

198 soldered pronounced 'sowdered', anticipating sowed
 206 No (agreeing with the negative of but little)
 208 coxcomb (with a possible pun on cock as 'penis')
 209 white-baker's a baker of white bread's
 210 turn above ground execute a turn whilst in the air
 211 turn's movement's underground hidden (antedates OED's

first citation, 1677)
 214 close secret
 217 hose breeches
 225 The...down Proverbial for an inversion of natural order.
 228 case (a) situation (b) violin-case (c) womb
 232 closely secretly
 235 coranto a dance with a running step
 238 over-shoes Proverbial for 'gone too far' (literally, stepped into water or mud that

has gone over the shoes)
 5.2.2 I... 'em i.e. I can't believe them
 6 we I (the 'royal' plural)
 10 hind rustic servant
 18 looked... be kept expecting to see him black in mouth Proverbial.
 19 hedgeberries blackberries
 20 ducats gold or silver coins
 21 flight roving band (not in OED, but on the analogy of a flight of birds)

- DUCHESS
I'll have that keeper hanged—and you, for malice.
She cannot be so bad as you report
Whom he so firmly loves. You're false in much,
25 And I will have you tried. Go fetch her to us. *Exit Celia*
- He cannot be himself and appear guilty
Of such gross folly; has an eye of judgement,
And that will overlook him. This wench fails
In understanding service. She must home,
30 Live at her house i'th' country; she decays
In beauty and discretion.
Enter Celia, and Aurelia, [like a Gypsy]
Who hast brought there?
- CELIA
This is she, madam.
- DUCHESS Youth and whiteness bless me!
It is not possible. He talked sensibly
Within this hour; this cannot be. How does he?
35 I fear me my restraint has made him mad.
- CELIA
His health is perfect, madam.
- DUCHESS You are perfect
In falsehood still; he's certainly distracted.
Though I'd be loath to foul my words upon her,
She looks so beastly, yet I'll ask the question.
40 Are you beloved, sweet face, of Andrugio?
- AURELIA
Yes, showrly, mistress, he done love me
'Bove all the girls that shine above me.
Full often has he sweetly kissed me,
And wept as often when he missed me;
45 Swore he was to marry none
But me alone.
- DUCHESS
Out on thee, marry thee?—Away with her.
Clear mine eyes of her.—
A curate that has got his place by simony,
50 Is not half black enough to marry thee. *Exit Aurelia*
Surely the man's far spent, howe'er he carries it.
He's without question mad; but I ne'er knew
Man bear it better before company.
The love of woman wears so thick a blindness
55 It sees no fault but only man's unkindness;
And that's so gross it may be felt. Here, Celia,
[She gives Celia a token of her warrant]
Take this; with speed command Andrugio to us,
And his guard from him.
- CELIA
It shall straight be done, madam. *Exit*
- DUCHESS
I'll look into his carriage more judiciously
When I next get him. A wrong done to beauty
60 Is greater than an injury done to love,
And we'll less pardon it; for had it been
A creature whose perfection had outshined me,
It had been honourable judgement in him,
And to my peace a noble satisfaction;
65 But as it is, 'tis monstrous above folly!
Look he be mad indeed, and throughly gone,
Or he pays dearly for't. 'Tis not
The ordinary madness of a gentleman
That shall excuse him here. He'd better lose
70 His wits eternally than lose my grace.
So strange is the condition of his fall,
He's safe in nothing but in loss of all.
Enter Andrugio [and Celia]
He comes. Now by the fruits of all my hopes,
75 A man that has his wits cannot look better.
It likes me well enough. There's life in's eye,
And civil health in's cheek; he stands with judgement,
And bears his body well. What ails this man?
Sure I durst venture him 'mongst a thousand ladies,
Let 'em shoot all their scoffs—which makes none
80 laugh
But their own waiting-women, and they dare do no
otherwise.
Come nearer, sir. I pray keep further off,
Now I remember you.
- ANDRUGIO What new trick's in this now?
- DUCHESS
How long have you been mad, sir?
- ANDRUGIO Mad? A great time, lady:
85 Since I first knew I should not sin, yet sinned;
That's now some thirty years, by'r Lady, upwards.
- DUCHESS *[aside]*
This man speaks reason wondrous feelingly,
Enough to teach the rudest soul good manners.—
You cannot be excused with lightness now,
90 Or frantic fits; you're able to instruct, sir,
And be a light to men. If you have errors
They be not ignorant in you, but wilful,
And in that state I seize on 'em. Did I
Bring thee acquainted lately with my heart?
95 And when thou thought'st a storm of anger took thee,
It in a moment cleared up all to love,
To the abusing of thy spiteful enemy

25 tried tested

28 overlook watch over

33 sensibly rationally

35 fear me am afraid

36 perfect unimpaired (but in the Duchess's

reply, 'expert')

41 showrly (mock-rustic pronunciation of
surely)

done does (rustic)

49 A...*simony* i.e. a man both black in his
attire and morally 'black' or sinful

51 spent ruined (mentally)

carries it behaves

59 carriage behaviour

67 Look he he had better

throughly thoroughly

76 likes pleases

77 civil well-governed

78 What ails this man? Implies that surely
nothing ails him.87 feelingly (a) understandingly (b) effect-
ively in provoking feelings

89 lightness lightheadedness

97 abusing deception, maltreatment,
disgrace

That sought to fix his malice upon thee;
 And couldst thou so requite me?
 ANDRUGIO How, good madam?
 DUCHESS
 100 To wrong all worth in man, to deal so basely
 Upon contempt itself, disdain, and loathsomeness—
 A thing whose face through ugliness frights children,
 A stragling Gypsy!
 ANDRUGIO See how you may err, madam,
 Through wrongful information. By my hopes
 105 Of truth and mercy, there is no such love
 Bestowed upon a creature so unworthy.
 DUCHESS
 No? Then you cannot fly me.—Fetch her back;
 [Exit Celia]
 And though the sight of her displease mine eye
 Worse than th'offensiv'st object earth and nature
 110 Can present to us, yet, for truth's probation,
 We will endure't contentfully.
 Enter Celia, and Aurelia, [like herself]
 What now,
 Art thou returned without her?
 ANDRUGIO
 No, madam. This is she my peace dwells in.
 If here be either baseness of descent,
 115 Rudeness of manners, or deformity
 In face or fashion, I have lost, I'll yield it.
 Tax me severely, madam.
 DUCHESS [to Celia] How thou stand'st,
 As dumb as the salt-pillar! Where's this Gypsy?
 [Celia brings Aurelia forward, and shows the
 Gypsy clothes Aurelia was wearing]
 120 What, no! I cannot blame thee then for silence.
 Now I'm confounded too, and take part with thee.
 AURELIA [kneeling]
 Your pardon and your pity, virtuous madam.
 Cruel restraint, joined with the power of love,
 Taught me that art; in that disguise I scaped
 The hardness of my fortunes. You that see
 125 What love's force is, good madam, pity me.
 ANDRUGIO [kneeling]
 Your grace has ever been the friend of truth;
 And here 'tis set before you.
 DUCHESS I confess
 I have no wrong at all; she's younger, fairer.
 He has not now dishonoured me in choice.
 130 I much commend his noble care and judgement.
 'Twas a just cross, led in by a temptation,
 For offering but to part from my dear vow,
 And I'll embrace it cheerfully.—Rise both.
 The joys of faithful marriage bless your souls.
 I will not part you.
 ANDRUGIO [rising] Virtue's crown be yours, madam. 135
 Enter Lactantio
 AURELIA [aside]
 O, there appears the life of all my wishes.—
 Is your grace pleased, out of your bounteous goodness
 To a poor virgin's comforts, I shall freely
 Enjoy whom my heart loves?
 DUCHESS Our word is past,
 Enjoy without disturbance.
 AURELIA [rising] There, Lactantio. 140
 Spread thy arms open wide, to welcome her
 That has wrought all this means to rest in thee.
 ANDRUGIO Death of my joys! How's this?
 LACTANTIO
 Prithee away, fond fool. Hast no shame in thee?
 Thou'rt bold and ignorant, whate'er thou art. 145
 AURELIA
 Whate'er I am? Do not you know me then?
 LACTANTIO
 Yes, for some waiting-vessel; but the times
 Are changed with me, if you'd the grace to know 'em.
 I looked for more respect; I am not spoke withal
 After this rate, I tell you. Learn hereafter 150
 To know what belongs to me. You shall see
 All the court teach you shortly. Farewell, Manners.
 DUCHESS [aside]
 I'll mark the event of this.
 [She whispers to Celia. Exit Celia]
 AURELIA [aside] I've undone myself
 Two ways at once: lost a great deal of time,
 And now I am like to lose more. O my fortune! 155
 I was nineteen yesterday, and partly vowed
 To have a child by twenty, if not twain.
 To see how maids are crossed! But I'm plagued justly;
 And she that makes a fool of her first love,
 Let her ne'er look to prosper. [To Andrugio] Sir.
 ANDRUGIO O falsehood! 160
 AURELIA
 Have you forgiveness in you? There's more hope of
 me
 Than of a maid that never yet offended.
 ANDRUGIO
 Make me your property?
 AURELIA I'll promise you

100-1 deal... Upon have dealings... with
 103 stragling roving
 107 fly me i.e. prevent me from finding you
 guilty
 110 probation proof
 117 Tax censure
 118 As... salt-pillar alluding to the trans-
 formation of Lot's wife to a pillar of salt
 when she looked back on the destruction
 of Sodom and Gomorrah, Genesis 19:26

120 take part with thee i.e. join you in
 silence (also, perhaps, 'take sides with
 you')
 131 cross prevention, thwarting
 147 waiting-vessel (dismissive for
 'attendant'; vessel is also a contemptuous
 term for women, seen as receptacles)
 147-8 the... me From the proverb 'Times
 change, and we with them'.
 150 After according to, in

rate (a) style (b) estimation, value
 151 belongs appertains
 152 Manners (as Lactantio sarcastically calls
 Aurelia)
 153 mark If Celia leaves here, mark is 'put
 my mark on'; otherwise it is 'observe'.
 event outcome
 163 property i.e. object to be disposed with
 at will, instrument

- 165 I'll never make you worse; and, sir, you know
There are worse things for women to make men.
But by my hope of children, and all lawful,
I'll be as true for ever to your bed
As she in thought or deed that never erred.
- ANDRUGIO
I'll once believe a woman, be it but to strengthen
170 Weak faith in other men. I have a love
That covers all thy faults.
Enter Lord Cardinal and the Lords
LORD CARDINAL [*aside to Lactantio*]
Nephew, prepare thyself
With meekness and thanksgiving to receive
Thy reverend fortune. Amongst all the lords,
Her close affection now makes choice of thee.
- LACTANTIO [*aside*]
175 Alas, I'm not to learn to know that now.
Where could she make choice here if I were missing?
'Twould trouble the whole state, and puzzle 'em all,
To find out such another.
- LORD CARDINAL 'Tis high time, madam,
If your grace please, to make election now.
Behold, they are all assembled.
- 180 DUCHESS What election?
You speak things strange to me, sir.
- LORD CARDINAL How, good madam?
DUCHESS
Give me your meaning plainly, like a father.
You are too religious, sir, to deal in riddles.
- LORD CARDINAL
Is there a plainer way than leads to marriage,
madam,
And the man set before you?
- 185 DUCHESS O blasphemy
To sanctimonious faith! Comes it from you, sir?—
An ill example. Know you what you speak,
Or who you are? Is not my vow in place?
How dare you be so bold, sir! Say a woman
190 Were tempt with a temptation, must you presently
Take all th'advantage on't?
- LORD CARDINAL Is this in earnest, madam?
DUCHESS
Heaven pardon you if you do not think so, sir;
You've much to answer for. But I will leave you;
Return I humbly now from whence I fell.
195 All you blest powers that register the vows
Of virgins and chaste matrons, look on me
With eyes of mercy; seal forgiveness to me
By signs of inward peace; and, to be surer
- That I will never fail your good hopes of me,
I bind myself more strictly. All my riches
I'll speedily commend to holy uses,
This temple unto some religious sanctuary,
Where all my time to come I will allow
For fruitful thoughts; so knit I up my vow.
- LACTANTIO
This 'tis to hawk at eagles. Pox of pride;
It lays a man i'th' mire still, like a jade
That has too many tricks and ne'er a good one.
I must gape high! I'm in a sweet case now.
I was sure of one, and now I have lost her too.
- DUCHESS [*to the Lord Cardinal*]
I know, my lord, all that great studious care
210 Is for your kinsman; he's provided for
According to his merits.
- LORD CARDINAL How's that, good madam?
DUCHESS
Upon the firmness of my faith, it's true, sir.
[*Enter Celia, and the former Page, like herself,
with an infant*]
See, here's the gentlewoman; the match was made
Near forty weeks ago. He knows the time, sir,
215 Better than I can tell him, and the poor gentlewoman
Better than he. But being religious, sir, and fearing
you,
He durst not own her for his wife till now,
Only contracted with her in man's apparel,
For the more modesty, because he was bashful,
220 And never could endure the sight of woman
For fear that you should see her. This was he
Chose for my love; this page preferred to me.
- LACTANTIO
I'm paid with mine own money.
- LORD CARDINAL Dare hypocrisy,
For fear of vengeance, sit so close to virtue?
225 Steal'st thou a holy vestment from religion,
To clothe forbidden lust with? Th'open villain
Goes before thee to mercy, and his penitency
Is blest with a more sweet and quick return.
I utterly disclaim all blood in thee.
230 I'll sooner make a parricide my heir
Than such a monster.—O forgive me, madam!
Th'apprehension of the wrong to you
Has a sin's weight at it. I forget all charity
When I but think upon him.
- DUCHESS Nay, my lord,
235 At our request, since we are pleased to pardon,
And send remission to all former errors

165 **worse things** (such as cuckolds)
174 **close** (a) secret (b) emotionally close
175 I'm not to I don't need to
177 **puzzle** confound
185 **And the man** the man being
190 **tempt** tempted
presently immediately
202 **This temple** i.e. the Duchess's body
205 **pride** quibbling on the sense 'sexual

arousal'
206 **It... mire** From the proverb 'To lie in
the mire'.
jade contemptuous term for a horse;
hence also 'worn-out trollop'
207 **tricks** quibbling on the sense 'sexual
devices'
208 **I must** ironic: 'just like me to have to'

high upwards (at someone of 'high'
rank)
sweet case fine situation
219 **contracted with** betrothed
223 **Chose** chosen
preferred he preferred
224 **I'm... money** Proverbial.
229 **quick** (a) fast (b) living, fruitful

More Diffemblers besides Women.

240 Which conscionable justice now sets right,
 From you we expect patience. He's had punishment
 Enough in his false hopes; trust me he has, sir;
 They have requited his dissembling largely.
 And to erect your falling goodness to him,
 We'll begin first ourself. Ten thousand ducats
 The gentlewoman shall bring out of our treasure
 To make her dowry.

245 LORD CARDINAL None has the true way
 Of overcoming anger with meek virtue
 Like your compassionate grace.

LACTANTIO Curse of this fortune!
 This 'tis to meddle with taking stuff, whose belly cannot
 be confined in a waistband. [To the Page] Pray, what
 250 have you done with the breeches? We shall have need
 of 'em shortly. An we get children so fast they are too
 good to be cast away. My son and heir need not scorn to
 wear what his mother has left off. I had my fortune told

me by a Gypsy seven years ago; she said then I should
 be the spoil of many a maid, and at seven years' end
 255 marry a quean for my labour; which falls out wicked
 and true.

DUCHESS [to the Lord Cardinal]
 We all have faults; look not so much on his.
 Who lives i'th' world that never did amiss?—
 For you, Aurelia, I commend your choice. 260
 You've one after our heart. And though your father
 Be not in presence, we'll assure his voice.
 Doubt not his liking, his o'erjoying rather.
 [To Lactantio] You, sir, embrace your own; 'tis your
 full due.
 No page serves me more that once dwells with you. 265
 O, they that search out man's intents shall find
 There's more dissemblers than of womenkind.

Exeunt

Finis

THE PARTS

Men

LORD CARDINAL (471 lines): Crotchet or Cinquepace
 LACTANTIO (344 lines): Servant, a Gypsy; Crotchet or
 Cinquepace
 DONDOLO (271 lines): Andrugio, Servant; Crotchet or Cin-
 quepace
 ANDRUGIO (148 lines): Servant; Donolo or a Gypsy;
 Crotchet or Cinquepace
 CINQUEPACE (5.1 only; 123 lines): any but Crotchet
 CAPTAIN of Gypsies (4.2 only; 77 lines): any but Dondolo,
 Father, Governor, Cardinal, Lords
 Two or three LORDS (56 lines): Father or Governor;
 Crotchet or Cinquepace
 CROTCHET (5.1 only; 40 lines): any but Cinquepace

FATHER (38 lines): A Lord or Servant; Crotchet or Cinque-
 pace
 GOVERNOR (26 lines): A Lord or Servant; Crotchet or
 Cinquepace
 Two other GYPSIES (4.2 only; 13 lines): any but Dondolo,
 Father, Governor, Cardinal, Lords
 SERVANT (1.2 only; 1 line): any but Cardinal, Lords

Boys

DUCHESS (495 lines): None
 AURELIA (211 lines): Cupid, Usher
 PAGE (93 lines): Cupid
 CELIA (74 lines): None
 USHER (5.1 only; 20 lines): any but Page, Duchess, Celia
 CUPID (1.3 only; 11 lines): any but Duchess, Celia

Most crowded scene: 5.2 (10 characters)

244 **treasure** treasury
 248 **taking** kindling, taking with child (also
 'alluring, captivating')
 253 **left off** stopped wearing

256 **quean** prostitute. The Gypsy's prophecy
 equivocated between *quean* and *queen*.
 256-7 **wicked and true** i.e. true in its bad
 interpretation

258 **We all have faults** Proverbial.
 261 **after our heart** in accordance with our
 affection

THE WIDOW

Text edited and introduced by Gary Taylor, annotated by Michael Warren and Gary Taylor

‘To make you gay’, the prologue says of this play, ‘Is all th’ambition ’t has’. The title-page of the first edition, printed in 1652, describes the text as ‘A COMEDY’, and our responses to the particulars of *The Widow* are inevitably entangled in our attitudes to Comedy generally. But in limiting the play’s artistic ambition to merrymaking, its prologue implicitly rejects the classical critical standard most famously articulated by Horace: *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci*—that is (as Ben Jonson translated it), the best poems offer readers ‘Sweet mixed with sour’, combining ‘doctrine and delight’. From Horace to Freud, from formalism to feminism, critics of comedy have sought to find in it a significance beyond pleasure.

Pleasure *The Widow* has supplied. The play was, its title-page asserts, ‘acted with great applause’ by the King’s Men at the Blackfriars Theatre; apparently revived in the 1630s, it was the first of Middleton’s plays separately published, with his name under the title, after the closing of the theatres; the actor Alexander Gough, who had probably played one of the women’s parts in the 1630s, in his preface favourably compared ‘this lively piece’ to the great dead works of antiquity; after the Restoration, it was often revived, attracting the attendance of Samuel Pepys, John Evelyn, and Charles II; the popular song at 3.1.22–37 was recycled in at least two other plays. In the eighteenth century *The Widow* was selected for Robert Dodsley’s first anthology of *Old Plays*, and remained one of the few works of Middleton regularly reprinted and available before Dyce’s edition of 1840; late in the nineteenth century, Swinburne celebrated the ‘fluency and facility’ of ‘this brilliant play’, and Havelock Ellis included it among the ten plays selected for the popular Mermaid edition—which did not find room for *Michaelmas Term*, *A Mad World, My Masters*, or *A Game at Chess*.

In the twentieth century, by contrast, *The Widow* became almost invisible—never anthologized; often ignored even in books devoted to Middleton; rarely mentioned in critical essays, and then only in the indifferent haste of surveys of some topic, like Paula Berggren’s of cross-dressing.

This invisibility belongs, in part, to the more general neglect of what Inga-Stina Ewbank calls ‘The Middle of Middleton’. But *The Widow* has also suffered, more particularly, from the expectation that Middleton’s comedies should always be city comedies. Within the literary canon, ‘minor’ writers supplement ‘major’ writers by providing specimens of a particular tone or manner: ‘Fletcherian tragicomedy’, ‘Lylyean court comedy’, ‘Jonsonian humours comedy’. Likewise, Middleton’s career has been

falsely divided into two tones—early ‘city comedy’ and late ‘Jacobean tragedy’—which define the protocols for reading him; critics have not known how to read texts which do not fit those protocols.

The Widow is not a city comedy, though its sources gave it every encouragement to become one. In the second tale of the second day of Boccaccio’s *Decameron*, a man is robbed and stripped by his travelling companions; like Ansaldo, he walks to the home of a ‘beautiful and comely’ ‘young lady’, who is immediately attracted to him; within twenty-four hours, the man is married. But in Boccaccio the victim is ‘a merchant’, travelling with other ‘merchants like himself’, and the young lady lives in a walled town. Middleton’s Ansaldo, by contrast, is no merchant, and the house which receives him is located in the woods. In the third tale of the third day, a gentlewoman, like Philippa, communicates her erotic interest in a handsome young man by complaining to a third party of the gentleman’s (entirely fictitious) unwelcome advances; the third party rebukes the gentleman, who in turn correctly interprets the woman’s indirect instructions. But in Boccaccio this story takes place ‘in our own city (more full of craft and deceit, than love or faithful dealing)’, and the gentlewoman, though ‘descended of very great parentage’, is ‘married to an artisan, a clothier or draper’, whom she disdained ‘because he was a tradesman’. By contrast, Middleton’s Philippa is married to a country Justice of the Peace, urban class rivalries play no part in her attempted liaison with Francisco, and the whole play takes place, not in ‘our own city’ but on the Adriatic coast near Istria.

As the thief Latrocinio says, ‘Hang him that has but one way to his trade!’ (4.2.29). Middleton knew more than one way to write comedy, and here he deliberately avoided the sharp tonality and relentless speed of a young man’s city comedy; here, instead, a mature virtuoso is using the entire keyboard. Ellis described *The Widow* as a play ‘always bright and alert, with no jarring discord to spoil its joyous humanity’, written in Middleton’s ‘most delightful style of romantic comedy’; its ‘unalloyed cheerfulness’ gives us a ‘glimpse of a large and sunny world’.

If that does not sound much like the Middleton of modern criticism, it is because modern criticism has tended to celebrate the satire but ignore the romance in Middleton’s work (Sousa). Ellis goes to the opposite extreme; but he does point to something pertinent about the play’s tone. In Boccaccio, the robbed merchant is abandoned by his own servant; the woman who welcomes him is a nobleman’s kept mistress; the gentlewoman in the other tale adulterously satisfies, in the end, her ‘sensual appetite’. In

The Widow, by contrast, no infidelity is consummated, no woman is reduced to a sexual property, no servant betrays a master. No one is married off to a whore, or stripped of all their possessions, or taken away to be whipped. Even the *commedia dell'arte* thieves are full of music, pity, and wit. The worst wished on anyone in this play is to 'be stoned to death with pipkins' (5.1.137).

Likewise, the character for whom the play is named differs strikingly from the standard widows of city comedy and misogynist satire. As Jennifer Panek observes, Middleton was more interested in widows than any playwright of his time, and he 'offers an alternative to the common and degrading belief that a woman's passion controlled her reason.' Unlike her namesake in John Dickenson's tale *Fair Valeria of London* (1598), Middleton's Valeria does not keep a stable of young male whores to service her lust. She does not remarry with indecent haste; she has no children from her first marriage, to suffer in her second; the estate she has inherited seems not to be the fruit of immoral profiteering. Like Moll in *The Roaring Girl*, Valeria is a smart, capable, experienced woman who knows her own mind, is determined not to be dominated, and can see through the men around her. But unlike Moll, Valeria has a plausible and honest economic basis for her independence—the only basis for real independence most women could have hoped for. In early modern London, as Vivien Brodsky has demonstrated, 'more than half of all marriages lasted ten years or less'. Middleton's own grandmother, mother, sister, and wife all outlived a husband. Most widows were poor, but one like Valeria—a 'rich widow', and relatively young—was uniquely positioned to control her own destiny.

Also unlike Moll, Valeria—like most women, and even most widows, in Middleton's time and ours—wants a mate. Because this is a comedy, she gets the mate she wants. Ricardo is, physically and theatrically, the most attractive man around. Admittedly, from the outset he is interested in Valeria's wealth. When 'a young gentleman' is 'spent', he naturally seeks 'to have a rich widow set him up again' (1.2.2-4). Middleton announces from the outset the conventionality of the Valeria/Ricardo plot; indeed, the very title would have promised Jacobean playgoers a story in which a prodigal young man courts and conquers a well-endowed widow. Elizabeth Hanson argues that the popularity of this plot reflected a changing attitude toward the acquisition of wealth, which was often allegorized as a woman: *regina Pecunia*, Lady Money, Lady Treasure, Lady Lucre, Middleton's own Lady Goldenfleece, the rich widow in *No Wit*. Such plays hover between allegory and realism, and their male protagonists embody capitalism's new ethic of acquisition, what Hanson calls 'a desire for money that could be neither satisfied by nor subordinated to sanctioned social roles'. Ricardo is a man on the make, a distant but still recognizable ancestor of the Horatio Alger hero, Ragged Dick, who starts the play with nothing and ends with everything. What gets Ricardo everything is sheer determination, masculine energy, opportunism,

'wit'. In this new psychological model, which created and/or reflected the new economy, desire for money and desire for a woman were really the same thing. Desire is desire is desire. Ricardo leaves us in no doubt of his physical desire for the 'sweet' widow, and her cunning resistance only captivates him the more: 'I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had' (2.2.46-7). In the play's final speech he declares 'I'm as hungry of my widow | As you can be upon your maid', just before he exits to enjoy 'My widow and my meat'.

Money and meat are not very romantic accessories for a mate. But Middleton insists that romance can only be real, that comedy can only be convincing, by remaining practical. Raphael Seligmann has called attention to the fact that Capo d'Istria sits at the very edge, then as now, of the Western European world, geographically close to the setting of *Twelfth Night*—but imaginatively we are a long way from Shakespeare's Illyria. Lyly, Shakespeare, and Fletcher use the distant geography of romance to legitimate a marvellous suspension of the rules of daily life: comedy is made possible by the problem-dissolving powers of identical twins, gods and goddesses, magic potions, and resurrections from the dead. Middleton instead translates the proper names of romance back into the vernacular common places of an 'all here' (5.1.453) in a lucid 'now at this present' (3.2.108).

Consequently, the play is consistently unsentimental about the economic and sexual realities of marriage. For the First Suitor, 'Marrying for love' is a recipe for filling the commonwealth with 'beggars'; for the Second, it guarantees a life of violent misery ('He'll give her a black eye within these three days, | Beat half her teeth out by Allhallowtide'); Valeria herself acknowledges that 'Want on both sides makes all affection cold' (5.1.340-63). If lack of funds can cripple a marriage, so can lack of fun. Valeria's sister-in-law Philippa is so anxious to commit adultery precisely because her eighty-year-old husband cannot satisfy her physically.

Evelyn described *The Widow* as 'a lewd play'. Certainly, its characters are lewd enough. Everyone's language is frank and physical, and Ricardo claims to have had a thousand women—half of them other men's wives. Francisco begins the action trying to commit adultery with a woman married to a man of his own father's generation, who was his father's good friend; the appeal of this illicit union is, in part, incestuous, and its consummation is prevented, at the last moment, when Francisco thinks he sees the ghost of his dead father blocking his entrance to Philippa's gate. Philippa herself, having solicited Francisco unsuccessfully, immediately transfers her erotic attention to Ansaldo. She first sees him dressed in her husband's clothes, and finds the conjunction particularly arousing: 'here's my husband young again!' (3.3.69). Later, she disguises Ansaldo as a woman, and fantasizes about having him, dressed as her waiting woman, 'lay night by night with her in way of comfort' (5.1.88-93). The

Second Suitor, too old for sex, now enjoys instead 'no other ventry but vexation' (4.1.25).

In all these conjugations, desire is inscribed in a grammar of substitution and transgression. Ricardo, trying to teach his friend Francisco how to seduce a woman, gives Francisco the woman's part; Ricardo then becomes so engrossed in the game of overcoming Francisco's feminine resistance that, in the end, he assaults her/him physically, using kisses 'to stop all your mouths', and has to be pulled off by a third man, who wakes him from his 'fairest dream' (1.2.115-48). Desire is aroused, not by biological genitalia, but by the mere performance of gender. Gender is theatre. Hence, when Ansaldo is dressed as a woman, he not only attracts Philippa, who imagines having sex with a man dressed in her husband's or her woman's clothes; he also attracts Francisco, who believes he is a real woman. Philippa finds this vengefully amusing, and urges Ansaldo to play the woman's part for all it's worth, in order to maximize the embarrassment of Francisco: the joke culminates in 'one man married to another!' (5.1.409).

But Middleton, finally, takes the joke even further than Philippa intended. Ansaldo, it turns out, actually is a woman, Marcia—a discovery apparently meant to be as surprising to the audience as to Philippa and Violetta. Middleton was not the first dramatist to conceal so long a character's gender from the audience: Ben Jonson had done so, at least for Latinless spectators, in *Epicœne*. But in Jonson that last-minute discovery is the result of a cruel practical joke, a discovery which dissolves a marriage and strips away theatrical pretence, showing us that a supposedly 'female' character is actually being played by a boy actor. In Middleton's play, Jonson's world is turned upside down: the discovery *undoes* a cruel practical joke, it *enables* a marriage, and it *insists* upon pretence, by revealing that a supposedly male character is 'actually' female. Of course, since even 'actual' females were played by male actors, Middleton's conclusion remains ambiguous, as Jonson's does not; spectators can leave a performance still arguing and asking about Ansaldo's 'real' gender. The play can leave us feeling that, like Ricardo in his 'dream', we cannot really tell the difference between men and women—that, indeed, there may be no essential difference, beyond performance. 'I can do that', Ansaldo declares (5.1.249), realizing and relishing his own potential: a deceptively simple but deliciously comic moment, as the 2001 Georgia Shakespeare Festival public reading of the play demonstrated.

Middleton's play celebrates what Jonson's play fears, the collapse of sexual distinction in a merry-go-round of substitutions. *The Widow* tears down the walls of gender, showing that those walls are made, mostly, of mere clothes, or of actions which can be put on and off as easily as clothes. We are initiated, here, into a world of absolute play. Francisco begins the action by pretending to want a warrant; Philippa pretends to receive a letter and pretends to be outraged by it; Ricardo turns a pretended

exchange of vows into a binding contract. The pretences and disguises of lovers and suitors are doubled by those of the thieves. Indeed, the thieves may have been doubled by the same players who played the male romantic leads. 'How round the world goes', the robbers/lovers/players sing, 'And everything that's in it' (3.1.114-15).

This playground of lawless egalitarian circulation is, of course, the world of festival, the font of Rabelaisian comedy (according to Mikhail Bakhtin) and of Shakespearean comedy too (according to C. L. Barber and François Laroque). Its prologue calls *The Widow* 'a sport only for Christmas', and whether or not the play was written for performance at Christmas, the comparison itself reveals something about the tone of the play. The twelve days of Christmas were celebrated with songs (like the five in *The Widow*, and the four sung between its acts), feasts (like that which waits off-stage in the final scene), and plays (like *The Widow* itself). The longest and merriest of the holidays combined birth and death, looking backward at the grotesque old year (Brandino, Martino, the two suitors) and forward to the erotic young year (Francisco, Ricardo, Ansaldo, Violetta). And in the most outrageous of transgressive substitutions, it exalted a Lord of Misrule or Christmas Prince, replacing reverence with ridicule. At a time when Justices of the Peace were 'the most influential class of men in England' (G. M. Trevelyan) and 'rulers of the countryside' (J. H. Gleason), Brandino is a venerable wealthy JP, but he has his pocket picked, his eyes washed with urine, his robes of office mocked, stolen, and cut up into a hundred pieces; his opinions oscillate with all the dignified integrity of a teetertotter; he unwittingly delivers instructions for his own cuckolding. Martino, his loyal pet clerk, begins the play dreaming of buttocks, and is later farcically relieved of teeth and purse simultaneously.

Of course, Christmas takes place in a winter world, and so does *The Widow*, both literally (1.1.173, etc.) and figuratively. There are 'few portmanteaus stirring' (4.2.22); business, of every kind, is at an ebb. There is real physical pain here: 'I that feel it think it somewhat', Brandino insists (4.2.191). Real emotional pain too: Violetta reminds Philippa that 'I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress' (5.1.40). The Second Suitor viciously compounds complacency ('I have enough') and capriciousness ('and I will have my humour'). Philippa ends the play, as she began it, trapped in an unsatisfying marriage with an impotent old buffoon; Violetta, having offered herself and her inheritance to Ricardo, is publicly rejected; our jolly band of thieves and impostors is in jail.

Nevertheless, out of such materials *The Widow* constructs the possibility of celebration. Like Christmas, like Christianity more generally, the play offers believers a comedy about love, about true and false cures, about the forgiveness of debts, about the inadequacy of law. Brandino is a judge; the play begins with the writing of an arrest warrant, ends with the arrest of thieves, and in between is saturated with legal language and practice,

with a sense of the complicated exploitive process of judicature (Taylor 1994). Even lovers are put on 'trial': Philippa tests Francisco and Ansaldo, Valeria tests Ricardo and the other suitors. And while the characters are judging each other, we are judging them. They (we) are all imperfect: 'The best have their mistakings' (4.2.205). As C. John Sommerville has noted, this sense that inadequacy is not an individual failing, but a universal condition, was the foundation of Puritan humour, a new 'facetiousness' characterized above all by 'self-mockery' and 'self-effacement'.

No one here deserves to be saved. But they are saved, nevertheless: Ricardo by 'a strange miraculous courtesy' (2.2.104), Francisco 'most miraculously' (3.2.101). As Lancelot Andrewes observed, 'there is no *joy* in the world to the *joy* of a man *saved*'. The comic principle behind *The Widow* is not poetic justice, but poetic grace. John Donne's Christmas sermons are more helpful in understanding such a comedy than Horace or Jonson—not because Donne's sermons influenced Middleton, but because they articulate widely shared beliefs about the grounds for celebration in a fallen world. We might think, looking at Ricardo the practised or Francisco the novice adulterer, 'that it is impossible God should have mercy upon such a man' (Donne, iv.297). But they are saved from their own bad intentions '*quia complacuit*, merely in the good pleasure of God' (iv.291). This is the flip side of Calvinism: if damnation is arbitrarily predestined, so is salvation. Only grace can save us, but grace can save *any* of us. God has enough, and God will have his humour.

Preachers encouraged their congregations 'to call to mind God's occasional mercies to them—such mercies as a regenerate man will call mercies, though a natural man would call them accidents, or occurrences, or contingencies' (vi.171). Aristotle and Horace had banished improbable accidents from the drama, but no one could banish them from life, and *The Widow* is unembarrassed, indeed insistent, about the importance of mere chance to comedy. The word *luck* is echoed three times within the first twelve lines of dialogue, and fourteen times in the play as a whole; *fortune*, *misfortune*, and *unfortunate* are spoken 33 times; both sets of words occur in *The Widow* more often than in any other work in the Middleton canon. In the play's language and structure, happiness is something that happens by happenstance, haply. This is a rags-to-riches story in which no one *earns* anything: rich happens.

Early modern Protestants were fascinated by accidents, seeing in them, not evidence of chaos, but what Thomas Beard called *The Theatre of God's Judgements*. In Middleton's theatre, at the very centre of his play, in its longest speech, Francisco sees Ansaldo stripped to his shirt, and mistakes him for the ghost of his own father (3.2.85–119). By this improbable accident or occurrence or contingency, Francisco is diverted from adultery, and can later declare 'I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek | For a sin stamped

last midnight' (5.1.127–8). Francisco's encounter is what Thomas Wilson, in his *Christian Dictionary* (1612), would have called Fortune or Chance, words used for 'such things as, in regard of our foresight, happen accidentally to us', or which 'fall out beside our purpose, and whereof we can give no reason'. But Wilson reminded his readers that 'in respect of God, who knoweth all things, and ordereth them most wisely to just and due ends, there is no chance nor fortune'. Likewise, Donne tells his audience of 'The adulterer, whose eye waits for the twilight, goes forth, and casts his eyes upon forbidden houses, and would enter', but then he '*sees a Lord have mercy upon us* upon the door; this is an occasional mercy', because by this sign God reminds the adulterer that 'his lustful loins' will carry him 'to everlasting perdition' (vi.171).

This moment of apparently accidental revelation is, by Donne's definition, Christmas itself: 'every manifestation of Christ to the world, to the Church, to a particular soul, is an Epiphany, a Christmas-day' (vii.279). Whereas Barber sees festive comedy moving 'through release to clarification', Donne and Middleton trace a movement from clarification to release.

The play encourages an attention to the effects of chance, the limits of will, the interplay of fortune and nature, but it does not force Calvinism upon us, any more than it forces us to interpret the Ricardo/Valeria plot as an allegory of capitalism. Herbert Jack Heller rightly insists that Francisco's crisis of conscience dramatically enacts a classic conversion narrative familiar to every early modern Christian. But we may also see Francisco's pivotal retreat as yet another comic example of how easily this would-be lover is discouraged—which no doubt explains why, to the amazement of his neighbours, 'he has his maidenhead yet' (5.1.242). Middleton's ambidextrous sport is epitomized in a sentence of Valeria's first speech:

He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure,
Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste
To please some gaudy goose i'th' morning.
(2.1.15–18)

Divine and mundane explanations, hell and geese, stand shoulder to shoulder, and the action makes sense whichever we privilege. Christmas is a secular as well as a sacred festival, and in early modern Europe it was observed, not as a time when small impacted families retreat into private domesticity, but as the most openly communal occasion of the year, celebrating a togetherness of friendship, kinship and sinship, an imperfect but possible human warmth against the world's chill. So—in the community of a theatre—does this play. 'I hope 'twill make you laugh.'

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 152

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1084

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 379

The Widow: A Comedy

[for the King's Men at The Blackfriars]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

BRANDINO, a fat old Justice of the Peace	ATTILIO, another gentleman, friend to Francisco and Ricardo
MARTINO, his old clerk	
PHILIPPA, Valeria's sister, Brandino's handsome young second wife	ANSALDO, a handsome youth
VIOLETTA, Philippa's unmarried waiting woman	LATROCINIO, leader of a band of thieves
VALERIA, a rich widow	OCULTO
Two old men, SUITORS to Valeria	SILVIO
RICARDO, a handsome gentleman, in debt, suitor to Valeria	STRATIO
FRANCISCO, a handsome curly-haired twenty-one-year-old gentleman, Ricardo's friend	FIDUCIO
	Officers
	Servants

Prologue Enter Prologue

A sport only for Christmas is the play
This hour presents t' you. To make you gay
Is all th'ambition 't has, and fullest aim
(Bent at your smiles) to win itself a name.
5 And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

[Exit]

Incipit Actus 1

Table and standish. Enter Signor Martino (an old justice's clerk) and Francisco [a young gentleman]

FRANCISCO Martino?

MARTINO Signor Francisco? You're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning; I never saw you yet but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

I. I

This commentary pays particular attention to 'complex' words: idioms, sometimes apparently simple, which carried a central or compound significance in early modern culture. See for instance 'gentleman' (1.1.0.3). An index to the complex words appears on p. 1123.

Prologue.1 **sport** here (a) a pleasant pastime; recreation; diversion; but also elsewhere (b) sexual pleasure. The first, innocent sense obtains also at 5.1.246 and 5.1.364. However, the word is used more ambiguously at Prologue.6, 5.1.176, and 5.1.410, and with a specific sense of sexual pleasure by Francisco at 2.2.3 and by Violetta at 3.2.46.

2 **hour** occasion

3-4 **fullest aim** ... **name** the furthest extent of its aim, having your smiles as the target aimed at, is to gain itself fame (the metaphor 'bent' is from archery)

5 **edge** sword's sharpness; by extension ardour, liking, appetite

taken off blunted; carried away, removed

6 **sports** festive pastimes, especially associated with the Christmas season; but the preceding words suggest that

the audience may be weary from sexual activity

1.1.0.2 **standish** a stand containing inks, pens, and other writing materials and accessories

Martino Italian: 'Martino, taken for a man's bum or arse' (Florio). The name encourages an emphasis on buttocks in the actor's appearance or performance.

0.3 **gentleman** a person of a distinct social rank; Francisco is the social superior of Martino, who is described later as looking 'half like a gentleman' (5.1.187). In the rural hierarchy, within which this play takes place, *gentlemen* were members of the gentry, ranked below knights and esquires but above yeomen; their wealth was based on land, the cultivation of their estates, and profitable marriage. As gentry they sought to maintain their way of life and to advance socially by increasing their family power and wealth. Early modern society was complicated by the overlapping and competition of two systems of hierarchy, a status

system based on birth (epitomized by 'gentlemen'), and a class system based on wealth (which might be accumulated by persons who had inherited no status at all). Young gentry were notorious for wasting their patrimony: the 'poor indebted gentleman' (1.2.49) Ricardo has sold his land and plans to restore his fortune by marrying a rich widow (1.2.14-25). However, older gentlemen pursued wealth similarly: the two suitors who are Ricardo's rivals for Valeria withdraw their interest in her when she declares that she has given all she has to her brother-in-law (5.1.298-332); Brandino regards himself as cheated when Valeria destroys the 'deed of gift' (5.1.379-86). Marcia has run away because her father wanted to marry her to an old 'wealthy gentleman' (2.1.165); he accepts Francisco as a prospective husband for her since he comes 'of a noble family', although he regards him as 'somewhat spent' (5.1.421-2); Brandino describes Francisco to her as 'worth ten thousand dollars' (5.1.174).

5 FRANCISCO I bring you the same luck still.
 MARTINO What? You do not! I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?
 FRANCISCO Yes, faith, for another warrant.
 10 MARTINO Why, there's my dream come out then. I never dreamed of a buttock but I was sure to have money for a warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me. Let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion that to dream of the devil is your wealthier dream, and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed. For if one be the flesh, th'other's the broth. So 'tis in all his members, an we mark it. If gluttony be the meat, lechery is the porridge: they're both boiled together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the twopenny chop.
 [Francisco does not mark Martino's speech]
 Why, sir, Signor Francisco?
 FRANCISCO [aside] 'Twas her voice sure,
 Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
 And makes a sound like hers.
 MARTINO Sir, I beseech you.
 FRANCISCO
 25 It is the prettiest contrived building, this.
 What posy's that, I prithee?
 MARTINO Which, sir? that
 Under the great brass squirt?

FRANCISCO Ay, that, sir, that.
 MARTINO 'From fire, from water, and all things amiss Deliver the house of an honest justice.'
 FRANCISCO There's like to be a good house kept then, when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen. [Aside] Not yet a sight of her? This hour's unfortunate.— And what's that yonder, prithee?—[Aside] O love's famine,
 There's no affliction like thee.—Ay, I hear you, sir.
 MARTINO You're quicker-eared than I then: you hear me Before I heard myself. 35
 FRANCISCO A gift in friendship;
 Some call it an instinct.
 MARTINO It may be;
 Th'other's the sweeter phrase though. Look you, sir: Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle.
 'A goose quill and a clerk,
 a constable and a lantern 40
 Brings many a bawd from coach to cart,
 and many a thief to one turn.'
 FRANCISCO That 'one turn' helped you well.
 MARTINO It's helped me to money indeed for many a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that one turn; an 'twould come off quicker, 'twere ne'er a whit the worse for me. But indeed when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there's 45

- 5 **luck** On the concept of chance, see the Introduction, and notes on *will* (I.I.79), *happy* (I.I.133), and *fortune* (I.I.185, I.2.4, 34).
- 7 **warrant** a writ or order issued by some executive authority, empowering an officer to make an arrest, seizure, etc.
- 10 **have money** Martino must charge Francisco for the legal document.
- 11 **luckiest...body** See I.I.2.
- 12 **your** a (hypothetical use)
- 13-14 **usurer...wealthier dream** Since usury is considered sinful, to dream of the devil would be considered profitable by the usurer.
- 15 **part...devil** usually the genitals, but Martino is more interested in the buttock than the crotch
- 16-17 **one...flesh, th'other's...broth** if the devil is the flesh, then the buttock is the prepared extract or reduced form of the devil
- 16 **smatch** taste, smack, flavour
- 17 **members** parts of the body
- 18 **porridge** pottage or soup made by stirring vegetables, herbs, or meat, often thickened with pot-barley or other farinaceous addition; possibly a pun on 'partridge', meaning 'whore'
- 20 **modicum** small quantity or portion of food or the like, but also used of a person, especially a woman (compare 'piece, bit')
- 20-1 **twopenny chop** chopped meat in broth; the context of gluttony is pervasive, and 'twopenny chop' may be an extension of *modicum* in once more presenting a sexual reference: *chop* = 'a fissure, cleft, or crack'
- 22 **'Twas...sure** (The audience may or may not hear Philippa's voice offstage.)
- 24 **And makes...hers** His soul responds in harmony with hers.
- 25 **contrived** ingeniously or artfully planned
- 26 **posy** a motto or short inscription (often metrical, and usually in patterned or formal language)
- 27 **squirt** a tubular instrument by which water may be squirted, used as a fire extinguisher
- 32 **unfortunate** not favoured by fortune; inopportune; compare Martino's emphasis on luck (I.I.2-4)
- 36-7 **A gift...instinct** Francisco explains his anticipation in conversation as an instance of telepathy among friends rather than his distraction by the thought of Philippa.
- 37 **instinct** innate propensity (in animate or inanimate things)
- 38 **Th'other's** the phrase 'A gift in friendship', which sounds sweeter than *instinct* (which includes the word 'stink').
sweeter The word *sweet*, *-er*, *-est* appears 49 times in the play; it is the common adjective of approval and is used regularly in compliments before nouns
- referring to persons (*widow*, *gentleman*, etc.). Among the favourite adjectives in verse of the period.
- 39 **turtle** turtle-dove, a bird proverbial for its fidelity
- 42 **Brings** The singular verb with plural subject is not uncommon; see also I.I.49, where the phenomenon is not noted.
coach to cart prosperity to punishment. In the Jacobean period luxury coaches became increasingly popular among the well-to-do. They also offered opportunities for illicit sexual assignations: in *Owl* (1618) they are described as 'running bawdy-houses' (361). Carts were used for conveying convicts to the gallows, and for the public exposure and chastisement of offenders, esp. lewd women.
- 43 **thief** initiating a disquisition on thieves, which has no connection to the play's plot until much later: see 3.I.O.3.
- turn** hanging. (Stealing thirteen pence or more was punishable by hanging.)
- 44 **helped you well** (by giving you a rhyme for your poem)
- 46 **dollars** The English name for the German *thaler*, a large silver coin; in the succeeding lines Martino wishes for more frequent hangings, but speaks happily of gains from thieves' escapes which lead him to issue more warrants and so bring in money.

50 my gains; then goes out more warrants to fetch 'em again. One fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars in and out, o' that fashion. I love such a one with my heart; ay, and will help him to 'scape, too, an I can. Hear you me that? I'll have him in at all times at a month's warning. Nay, say I let him run like a summer nag all the vacation—see you these blanks? I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance. Nothing kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir. Then there's no hope of more money. I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholden to.

FRANCISCO

You betray your mystery too much, sir. [*Aside*] Yet no

comfort?

'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for,
For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have.

MARTINO

I'm ready now, signor.

Here are blank warrants of all dispositions.
Give me but the name and nature of your malefactor,
and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

FRANCISCO [*aside*]

This only is th'excuse that bears me out
And keeps off impudency and suspicion
From my too frequent coming. What name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating.—One Astilio;
His offence, wilful murder.

52 in and out (of jail)

55–6 run like a summer nag have the freedom of movement of an unemployed horse at pasture

56 vacation a part of the year during which the law courts were closed
blanks warrants58 Michaelmas the feast of St Michael, 29 September; Michaelmas Term, beginning on 9 October, was the autumn session of the law courts in London
with a vengeance (an intensifier; here, 'with alacrity')

62 beholden indebted

63 mystery occupation, skill, craft, trade, art. The word derives from Medieval Latin *misterium*—a form of *ministerium* (service, employment)—by confusion with *mysterium* (mystery)—a word associated with both religious truth and hidden or secret secular truth; it was probably also confused with *maistrīe* (mastery). Thus the mystery was not just a trade or skill but rather a special province of protected knowledge. It is that which Francisco conceives Martino as betraying.

comfort a favourite Middleton word. Here it means only 'relief from mental torment', the pleasure it would give Francisco to see Philippa, whose presence he anxiously anticipates. It can also indicate more literal physical relief (like that which Latrocinio promises his patients in 4.2) or explicitly sexual satisfaction (like that which a bedmate provides at 5.1.91). But *comfort* can also mean 'spiritual solace', as at *Solomon* 3.12 ('Heaven is their haven, comfort their reward') and *Two Gates* 48.1c ('for the comfort of sinners'). Much of the play's action turns upon the confused relation between the sexual and spiritual senses of the word—as in Ricardo's ambiguous oath, 'let me never hope for comfort' (2.1.42).

65 strict virtuous, proper, stern in matters of conscience or morality

66 I'm ready now (to respond to Francisco's

request of 1.1.6–8)

67 dispositions (a) kinds, characters (b) legal decisions (c) the act of disposing of a person (as to custody by a warrant); (d) the mental constitution or temperament of an individual, a sense associated with *nature* in the next line68 nature the character or essential quality of a person, here with the sense of the criminal quality, thus leading to the idea of his *merits* determining where he shall be bestowd. *Nature* is a word with such multiple uses that it underlies all areas of human culture, primarily as that which is prior to or unaffected by subsequent cultural modification. In Christian thought concerning the quality of the human being it implies the state existing before the advent of God's grace (without which humans are not capable of acts of goodness), defined by Thomas Wilson as (a) 'our state by birth, being born into the world corrupt and sinful' and (b) 'sensuality'. Thus although Martino's use here may be commonplace, it reflects in its connection with *malefactor* the play's sense of the essentially depraved actions of humans that are socially regulated by legal institutions and spiritually brought to good ends by a force outside them, specifically at *Christmas* (Prologue.1).

69 bestow place, dispose of

70 bears me out gives me justification

74 coxcomb conceited fool (after the name for the cap worn by a professional fool, which was like a cock's comb in shape and colour)
prating chattering

Astilio Francisco's invention of this name is confusing in the light of the presence in the play of a character named Attilio.

75–80 wilful... Are you wilful? Martino's question is apparently addressed to the supposed murderer, whose warrant he is writing; but it is also relevant to Francisco. The root noun *will* can refer to determination and to sexual desire: Francisco lustfully pursues Philippa, despite

worldly obstacles and spiritual sanctions.

Likewise, the struggle between Ricardo and Valeria turns upon the meanings of the repeated 'will' in 2.1.63–93 ('an you will', 'have your will', 'wilful'); the validity of the contract—contested because of the 'wilful' stubbornness of both parties—depends upon whether she vowed willingly (*voluntate*, 4.1.12). All these senses are united by conscious intention and premeditated desire, which Protestant theologians found troubling, because it was difficult to reconcile predestination with personal volition. The resulting theological debates presupposed a binary distinction between 'God's will' and 'man's will', which virtually ensured that 'man's will' was characterized negatively. 'Simply to will anything is of nature, but to will well is of grace—our will being free in respect of sinful acts, but bound in respect of good works, till it be set free by Christ' (Wilson). In the play, wilfulness characterizes murder, sexual desire, legal wrangling, and theft. Here, it is a disembodied 'wilfulness' which (comically) incenses Martino. For those who believed that the human will, as a faculty of mind, was almost inevitably misguided, salvation depended upon an acceptance of the unexpected and unwilled—what the play characterizes as 'fortune' or 'luck'. Nevertheless, a person's response to such moments of grace might be characterized as an act of will, and a will to godliness might itself be a sign of God's grace. Hence William Perkins, for instance, asked 'how far forth the will worketh in the receiving of grace?' The Calvinist preoccupation with 'will' made it a central category for understanding, not only the fate of persons [narrative], but the organization of souls [character]. Thus, Brandino has no will of his own, being easily persuaded to change his opinion; the Second Sutor, by contrast, refuses to be dissuaded from his 'humour' (see 2.1.175).

MARTINO Wilful murder? O, I love o' life to have such a fellow come under my fingers. Like a beggar that's long a-taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loath to part with him; I must look upon him over and over first. Are you willful? P'faith, I'll be as wilful as you then.
 80 *Enter Philippa and Violetta at a window*

PHILIPPA Martino!
 MARTINO Mistress?

PHILIPPA Make haste; your master's going.
 MARTINO I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth. I'll dispatch that presently.
 [Martino writes]

PHILIPPA [to Francisco] Good morrow, sir. [Aside] O that I durst say more.
 [Exeunt Philippa and Violetta from the window]

FRANCISCO [aside] 'Tis gone again, since. Such are all life's pleasures—
 85 No sooner known, but lost; he that enjoys 'em
 The length of life has but a longer dream;
 He wakes to this i'th' end, and sees all nothing.
 [Enter Philippa above]

PHILIPPA He cannot see me now. I'll mark him better
 90 Before I be too rash. Sweetly composed he is.
 Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love
 That loves only for shape, as most on's do.
 But I must have him wise as well as proper.
 He comes not in my books else, and indeed

95 I have thought upon a course to try his wit. Violetta!
 [Enter Violetta above]

VIOLETTA Mistress?

PHILIPPA Yonder's the gentleman again.
 VIOLETTA O, sweet mistress,
 Pray give me leave to see him.
 PHILIPPA Nay, take heed.
 Open not the window, an you love me. 100

VIOLETTA No, I've the view of his whole body here, mistress,
 At this poor little slit. O, enough, enough.
 In troth, 'tis a fine outside.

PHILIPPA I see that.
 VIOLETTA He's curled his hair most judiciously well.
 PHILIPPA Ay, there's thy love now: it begins in barbarism. 105
 She buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman
 for's hair; she may be cozened to her face, wench.
 Away, he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither.
 Quick, quick, wench!
 [Violetta hands the letter to Philippa, who drops it
 as the men talk below]

MARTINO [to Francisco] Nay, look upon't, and spare not. 110
 Everyone cannot get that kind of warrant from me,
 signor. Do you see this prick i'th' bottom? It betokens
 power and speed. It is a privy mark, that runs betwixt
 the constables and my master. Those that cannot read,
 when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; 115
 and this being away, the warrant comes gelded and
 insufficient.

FRANCISCO I thank you, sir.
 MARTINO Look you, all these are *nihils*,
 They want the punction.

FRANCISCO Yes, I see they do, sir.
 There's for thy pains.—[Aside] Mine must go
 unrewarded. 120

76 **love o' life** love dearly
 77 **under my fingers** into my clutches, in my control
 80.1 **at a window** a window located on an upper part of the stage; Philippa and Violetta are conceived as at a window here and at 1.1.88.1.
 83 **presently** immediately
 85 'Tis his vision of Philippa is **since** now, already
 88.1 **above** another location at the upper level in which Philippa cannot be seen (see 1.1.100)
 90 **rash** hasty
composed fashioned, framed
 92 **on's** of us
 93 **proper** handsome
 94 **books** favour
 95 **try** test experimentally; examine judicially; in both these senses related to *trial*. When applied to persons, both *try* and *trial* posit an interior reality which a misleading surface may conceal; the trial is a procedure for determining the true nature of a thing (a metallic ore, for instance) or a person. Philippa tries Francisco, and later Ansaldo; Francisco

claims to have made 'friendly trial' of Philippa (1.2.233); Ricardo tries Francisco's performance of 'ladyship' (1.2.114); Valeria promises to 'make great trial' of any man she would marry (2.1.22), and when in distress tries the First Suitor's 'goodness' (2.1.152), etc. In Christian theology, God similarly 'tries' persons, in order to reveal their true nature. See 'prove' (3.3.52, 5.1.382).
wit intelligence and ingenuity. Although the word *wit* derives from Old English *wit* or *gewit* (mind, reason, intelligence—thus the five wits and the capacity to lose one's wits; see 3.3.11, 17), it develops early a capacity to stand for the distinctive quality of an individual mind. Just as important is the development of the sense associated with cleverness, ability, and ingenuity. Philippa here is testing not just Francisco's intelligence but the sprightliness of his invention in a challenging situation. See also 3.1.59, 3.3.3, 8, 47, 75.
 95.1 **above** See 1.1.88.1.
 100 **Open** . . . **window** The scene is conceived as Philippa and Violetta looking through

a window, either partially opened or with a shutter; note at 102 'this poor little slit', a narrow opening.
 104 **judiciously** prudently (an arch or affected use)
 105 **barbarism** (a) unsophisticated behaviour (Philippa criticizes Violetta's praise of Francisco), but also (b) a pun, 'the work of the barber'
 112 **prick** (a) a dot or hole, but also (b) a penis; sexual puns are frequent in the rest of Martino's speech.
betokens denotes, signifies
 113 **privy** secret
 116 **away** absent
gelded castrated (an image often used of authoritative texts that had been altered illegitimately). It refers explicitly to removal of the testicles, the source of male seed; here, a document that has been 'gelded' is 'insufficient' for 'lechery'.
 118 **nihils** nothings (Latin), powerless things; 'thing' = sexual organ, thus 'no-things' = geldings
 119 **punction** the act of pricking
 120-1 **unrewarded** . . . **regarded** a rhyme

- The better love, the worse by fate regarded. *Exit*
 MARTINO Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer
 that ever penman was blessed withal.—Now will he
 come for another tomorrow again. If he hold on this
 125 course, he will leave never a knave i'th' town within
 this twelvemonth. No matter, I shall be rich enough by
 that time.
 PHILIPPA [*above*] Martino!
 MARTINO Say you, forsooth?
 PHILIPPA
 130 What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?
 MARTINO Paper? [*Aside*] 'Tis the warrant, I hope. If it be,
 I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again. No, pox; 'tis
 not so happy.
 PHILIPPA What is't, sirrah?
 135 MARTINO 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.
 PHILIPPA Is that nothing?
 MARTINO Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.
 PHILIPPA A letter? Why, it's been many a man's undoing,
 sir.
 140 MARTINO So has a warrant, an you go to that, mistress.
 PHILIPPA
 Read but the superscription, and away with't.
 Alas, it may concern the gentleman nearly.
 MARTINO
 Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.
 PHILIPPA
 At home? How mean you, sir?
 MARTINO You shall hear, mistress.
 145 [*Reads*] 'To the deserving'st of all her sex, and most
 worthy of his best respect and love, Mrs Philippa
 Brandino.'
 [*He gives her the letter*]
 PHILIPPA How, sir, to me?
 MARTINO To you, mistress.
 PHILIPPA
 Run, as thou lov'st my honour and thy life. 150
 Call him again. I'll not endure this injury.
 But stay; stay, now I think on't. 'Tis my credit.
 I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow,
 To leave his loose lines thus! 'Tis even as much
 As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing, 155
 Had I not a grave wiseman to my husband—
 And thou, a vigilant varlet, to admit
 Thou car'st not whom.
 MARTINO 'Las, 'tis my office, mistress.
 You know you have a kirtle every year,
 And 'tis within two months of the time now. 160
 The velvet's coming over. Pray be milder.
 A man that has a place must take money of anybody.
 Please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll
 make you a warrant for him now; that's all I care for
 him. 165
 PHILIPPA
 Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy
 Against mine honour, or your master's love to you,
 That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here.
 It shall not; trust to't. *Exit*
 MARTINO This is strange to me now.
 Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to New Year's
 tide? 170

- 122 **go thy ways for** off you go, for you are
customer client, but also slang for
 prostitute
 123 **withal** with
 133 **happy** fortunate, lucky; the word
 derives from the idea of *hap* or good for-
 tune, and not until the 16th century did
 it become associated with inner content-
 ment (as at 1.2.225) and with fitness to
 circumstances, or an aptitude for getting
 done what the circumstances require (as
 at 5.1.94). It recurs frequently in *The*
Widow, as do the related words *fortune*
 and *luck*. The play is notable for the
 characters' experience of chance and
 coincidence unrelated to their own ap-
 parent determinations and of reward un-
 justified by their actions; it has a 'happy'
 ending despite their wrong ambitions.
 (See Introduction.)
 137 **in respect of** in comparison with
 138–40 **letter . . . warrant** (perhaps alluding
 to the fate of those involved in the
 scandalous Overbury murder trials of
 1615–16)
 138 **undoing** cause of ruin

- 141 **superscription** the direction or head of a
 letter
away with't put it away
 142 **nearly** particularly, intimately
 149–50 **you . . . thou** Martino addresses his
 mistress Philippa formally and politely
 as *you*, and she answers him, her sub-
 ordinate, with the informal and familiar
thou.
 151 **injury** insult, affront. From Latin
iniuria (wrong, hurt, detriment), the
 word enters English as a wrong inflicted
 or suffered. It also encompasses hurtful
 language, slander, or calumny. The sense
 of physical injury was current but not
 primary. See also at 1.2.143; 5.1.45,
 and 5.1.194.
 152 **credit** honour, reputation
 154 **loose** (a) not tied up; (b) unchaste
lines message, writing
 155 **honest** virtuous, chaste, faithful in
 marriage. Philippa represents herself
 as a chaste wife, vulnerable to slander
 and fearful for her reputation. The word
 enters English from French *honeste*
 (Latin *honestus*, respectable, decent,

- honourable) and has the initial sense
 of 'held in honour, respectable'. But
 by Middleton's day its general sense
 'of good moral character, virtuous'
 had developed a specific application for
 women relating to sexual virtue, i.e.,
 complete sexual abstinence or fidelity
 to a spouse. Throughout the play honest/
 honesty operates within this gendered
 context, except at 5.1.365 where the
 Second Suitor, challenging Valeria's
 'honesty', is testing the sincerity of her
 affection for Ricardo. See also *honour* as a
 gendered term at 3.2.94 and 3.3.48.
undoing cause of ruin
 156 **wiseman** (ironic) a simpleton
 157 **varlet** knave, rogue, rascal
 159 **kirtle** a woman's gown or skirt
 161 **coming over** from France, the source
 of such velvet; at this point the language
 assumes an English setting
 162 **place** a position of responsibility
 168 **stout** defiant, rebellious
 170 **eight . . . tide** Compare 1.1.160; Martino
 suggests that she is risking her New
 Year's present by attacking him.

- A man that had his blood as hot as hers now
Would fit her with French velvet. I'll go near it.
Enter Brandino (the justice) and Philippa
- PHILIPPA
If this be a wrong to modest reputation
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.
- 175 BRANDINO Signor Francisco?
I'll make him fly the land.
- MARTINO That will be hard, sir.
I think he be not so well feathered, master;
He's spent the best part of his patrimony.
- PHILIPPA
Hark of his bold confederate.
- BRANDINO There thou'rt bitter,
And I must chide thee now.
- 180 PHILIPPA What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.
- BRANDINO There it goes then.—
Come hither, knave. Comes he to you for warrants?
- MARTINO Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds.
- 185 That comes by fortune and by nature, sir.
- BRANDINO
True, that comes by fortune and by nature, wife.
Why dost thou wrong this man?
- MARTINO He needs no warrant, master, that goes about
such business. A cuckold-maker carries always his
warrant about him.
- 190 BRANDINO [*to Philippa*]
La, has he answered well now? to the full?
What cause hast thou t'abuse him?
- PHILIPPA Hear me out, I pray.
Through his admittance, he's had opportunity
To come into the house and court me bodily.
- BRANDINO [*to Martino*]
Sirrah, you're foul again methinks.
- MARTINO Who, I, sir?
- 195 BRANDINO
You gave this man admittance into th'house.
- MARTINO
That's true, sir. You never gave me any order yet
To write my warrants i'th' street.
- BRANDINO [*to Philippa*] Why, sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife. Ha?—'cause I love him.
- PHILIPPA
Pray see the fruits, see what he's left behind here. 200
Be angry where you should be. There's few wives
Would do as I do.
- BRANDINO Nay, I'll say that for thee.
I ne'er found thee but honest.
- PHILIPPA She's a beast
- 171 **blood...hot** violence of passion. The *blood* was one of the four 'cardinal humours' of the human body, fluids that determined mental and physical health (see *humour* 2.1.175); its predominance in the human constitution maintained a 'sanguine' disposition. Here it is used in the sense of the seat of emotion and passion in humans, and particularly in association with anger and sexual desire, both of which are relevant here (*hot...blood*). Martino perceives Philippa as angry, but speaks about male revenge against her in terms of sexual violence, thus combining the concepts of lust and anger; he is, however, unaware of the sexual desire that is Philippa's motivation.
- 172 **fit...velvet** provide her with the velvet that is 'coming over' (1.1.161) from France; however the context suggests sexual humour, and 'French' is frequently associated with nouns to do with syphilis.
I'll go near it I'll consider it; I'll hint at it.
- 172.1 **Brandino** Italian, 'brandire, to brandish a sword. Also to smug or trim up' (Florio); an ironic name for an eighty-year-old husband of a young wife. He is also apparently quite fat (4.2.103-4) and moves very slowly (2.2.119-20).
- 174 **censurer** judge; Philippa is assuring Brandino that he has charge of her reputation as well as his own.
- 176 **fly the land** go into exile
- 177 **well feathered** prosperous; Martino is picking up on the metaphor of flying
- 178 **patrimony** inheritance
- 180 **chide** scold, rebuke severely
- 185 **by fortune and by nature** the two sources of gifts to humans, the first of benefits granted during life, the second of qualities born in the individual. Fortune and Nature are usually contrasted (as in the debate at *As You Like It* 1.2.30-53); Martino's phrasing suggests that the two are in some sense not opposed but identical, and in Calvinist theology they were easily conflated, since God was thought to be the source of both, and the apparent accidents which occur during a life were just as predetermined as the characteristics inherited at birth. Moreover, cuckoldry is not usually considered a benefit; it would normally be attributed to 'misfortune' or 'ill fortune', and the idea that it comes 'by fortune' implies that great wealth (another sense of 'fortune') inevitably leads to cuckoldry. In city comedy, successful merchants are often cuckolds, as though there were an inverse relation between economic and sexual potency; more generally, wealth has often enabled older men to acquire pretty young wives, and in comic tradition such wives are almost invariably unfaithful. Their unfaithfulness comes 'by nature' either (ideologically) because women are regarded as naturally lecherous, or
- (literally) because 'nature' is slang for the genitals.
- 189 **business** Martino puns on two senses of *business*: (a) legal or commercial activity, and (b) sexual intercourse. The two senses are fused in much of the action of the play, since the wooing of Valeria by Ricardo and the two suitors is dominated by concern for financial profit, and Francisco's pursuit of Philippa is conducted under the guise of legal activity. Though the word is occasionally used in the first sense alone in the play, it frequently appears in sexual puns; see 2.1.103, 2.2.18, 38, 40, 101, and especially Francisco's uses at 3.2.62, 74, and 94.
- 190 **warrant** in commenting on the 'illegality' of cuckoldry, Martino gives *warrant* a double meaning: (a) instrument of authority, and (b) penis.
- 191 **to the full** completely, satisfactorily (with double entendre: 'all the way' or 'all the way in')
- 193 **his...he's** Martino's...Francisco is
- 194 **bodily** in person, but with the physical association
- 195 **foul** wicked
- 200 **fruits** consequences; the word has a moral charge as the inevitable consequence of the quality of life or actions: see Matthew 7:18-19, and *Two Gates* 35.II.c ('idolatry and the fruits thereof')
- 203 **honest** truthful, but also chaste; see 1.1.155

- That ever was found otherways.
- 205 BRANDINO Read, Martino.
Mine eyes are sore already, and such business
Would put 'em out quite.
- MARTINO [*reads*] 'Fair, dear and incomparable mistress—'
- BRANDINO
O, every letter draws a tooth, methinks.
- MARTINO [*aside*]
And it leads mine to wat'ring.
- PHILIPPA Here's no villainy?
- 210 MARTINO [*reads*] 'My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence tonight, who as I understand takes a journey this morning—'
- BRANDINO
O plot of villainy!
- PHILIPPA Am I honest, think you, sir?
- BRANDINO
Exactly honest, perfectly improved.—
- 215 On, on, Martino.
- MARTINO [*reads*] 'I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long desired opportunity at the back gate between nine and ten this night.'
- BRANDINO
- 220 I feel this Inns o' Court man in my temples.
- MARTINO [*reads*] 'Where if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfulest that ever vowed service to woman: Francisco.'
- BRANDINO
I will make Francisco smart for't.
- PHILIPPA
Show him the letter. Let him know you know him; That will torment him. All your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that; that breaks his heart.
- BRANDINO
The strings shall not hold long then. Come, Martino.
Exeunt Brandino and Martino
- PHILIPPA
Now, if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. *Exit* 230
- Enter [three gentlemen:] Francisco and Ricardo and Attilio* 1.2
- RICARDO Nay, mark; mark it, Francisco. It was the naturalest courtesy that ever was ordained: a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich widow set him up again. To see how Fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins: your college for your old standing scholar, your hospital for your lame creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer, your open house for your beggar, and your widow for your gentleman. Ha, Francisco?
- FRANCISCO
Ay, sir, you may be merry; you're in hope
Of a rich widow. 10
- RICARDO And why shouldst not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee? Thou art as likely a

204 **was found** He takes her to mean 'turned out to be' but she means 'was discovered to be'.

205 **sore** painful, inflamed

208 **draws a tooth** causes suffering

209 **And... wat'ring** makes him salivate with titillation

213 **honest** chaste

214 **improved** cultivated, cultured

217 **chastity** Philippa is a married woman, not a virgin, but *chastity* means 'an abstinence and forbearing, not from marriage, but from all strange and roving lusts about the desire of sex' (Wilson).

218–19 **at the back gate** (alluding, by *double entendre*, to anal intercourse)

220 **Inns o' Court man** law student
temples The cuckold's horns grew from his temples; but there is also a pun on the names of two Inns of Court, the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple.

221 **affection** love

223 **service** (a) devotion to the beloved's wellbeing, but also (b) sexual activity as the male's performance for the female; the double sense suggests always the complexity of human desire. Here it is Philippa who uses the pun in the letter

that she constructs to attract Francisco's desire to *serve* her. The word functions differently when Marcia/Ansaldò uses it to Philippa; s/he plays the naïve role of dedicated courtier to Philippa, who understands instead the complexity that she invests the term with in this first scene; see 3.3.100 and 3.3.111.

228 **The strings** his heartstrings

229 **wit** intelligence, ingenuity

230 **at night** tonight

1.2.2 **courtesy** courteous or generous act. In its broadest sense 'courtesy' is the elaborate code of behaviour that distinguishes the person of gentle rank; 'naturalest courtesy' is an oxymoron since by contrast to 'nature' it is the 'art' of conduct. It is 'courtesy' in the form of generosity that Ansaldò receives from Philippa, and in the form of gracious conduct that attracts Philippa to Ansaldò; see 3.3.61, 3.3.71, 3.3.92, 3.3.97, 3.3.119, and 3.3.126.

ordained arranged, destined

3 **spent** bankrupt (but also 'sexually emptied')

3–4 **set him up** (a) restore his financial credit (b) give him an erection

4 **Fortune** Early texts do not orthograph-

ically distinguish the abstract concept of chance from the personified 'deity' worshipped by sinners (*Solomon* 2.21) and pagans (*Hengist* 1.2.0.1), who emblematically 'Stood reeling on a rolling stone' (*Ghost* 296), carrying 'a silver wheel' (*Industry* 92) or 'a golden round full of lots' (*Hengist* 1.2.0.2). Fortune was always female, and her operations were often attributed to personal affection: 'Fortune dotes on me' (*Chaste Maid* 3.3.20). Ricardo associates Fortune with a rich widow, who will bestow her gifts on him; in an inverse economy, only those who have lost or given up their fortunes will be cared for by Fortune. In the plot, Ricardo's fortune, and his chance to regain the material fortune he has squandered, depend upon the affections of a rich widow.

5 **standing** perpetual (perhaps sexually erect)

7 **bawd** either madam (as financial provider) or pimp (as alternative profession)

mangled hacked, mutilated (perhaps castrated)

roarer a bully or reveller; a wild young man

15 fellow as any is in the company. I'll be hanged now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness—and confess truly, i'faith: thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

FRANCISCO Marry, I hope so, sir.

20 RICARDO A pox on't! Have I found it? 'Slight, away with't with all speed, man. I was never merry at heart while I had a foot. Why, man, Fortune never minds us till we are left alone to ourselves. For what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think, if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have looked after a rich widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

25 FRANCISCO I protest, sir, I should not have the face, though, to come to a rich widow with nothing.

RICARDO

30 Why, art thou so simple as thou mak'st thyself? Dost think, i'faith, I come to a rich widow with no thing?

FRANCISCO

I mean, with state not answerable to hers.

RICARDO

35 Why, there's the fortune, man, that I talked on. She knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

FRANCISCO

Ay, that's strange, sir.

RICARDO Nay, more to pierce thy hard heart— And make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace: She has, 'mongst others, two substantial suitors. One (in good time be't spoke) I owe much money to; She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her.

Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me. She's told him thus: those that profess love to her Shall have the liberty to come and go— Or else get him gone first. She knows not yet Where fortune may bestow her; she's her gift; Therefore to all will show a kind respect.

45 FRANCISCO

Why, this is like a woman. I ha' no luck in't.

RICARDO

And, as at a sheriff's table—O, blest custom!— A poor indebted gentleman may dine, Feed well, and without fear, and depart so, So to her lips fearless I come and go.

50 FRANCISCO

You may well boast; you're much the happier man, sir.

RICARDO

So you would be, an you would sell your land, sir.

FRANCISCO

I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortunes; Prithee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

55 RICARDO

That's an ill hearing. But come on for once, sir.

FRANCISCO

I never yet loved but one woman.

RICARDO

Right, I begun so too, but I have loved A thousand since.

FRANCISCO

Pray, hear me, sir. But this is a man's wife.

60 RICARDO

So has five hundred of my thousand been.

- 14 **the company** our social circle (but also suggesting 'this band of actors'—the first of several theatrical allusions in this scene)
- 16 **land unsold** Ricardo suggests that Francisco is sad because property is a burdensome responsibility, and ties up cash.
- 18 **Marry** a mild interjection used by a broad range of characters in the play; originally an invocation of the name of the Virgin Mary, it had lost that significance by this time
- 19 **'Slight** by God's light (a strong oath). The oaths in this play show the observance of the *Act to Restrain Abuses of Players* (1606), which forbade actors to 'jestingly or prophanelly speak or use the holy Name of God or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost or of the Trinity.' See also Ricardo's similar contracted oaths *Life* (2.1.93, 2.2.107), *'Od's light* (2.2.62), *Heart* (2.2.95). The most frequent oath in the play is the mild *faith/i'faith*, which occurs on forty occasions. Note also *heaven* as an avoidance of the name of God at 2.1.12, 2.1.15, 2.1.21, 2.2.116, 5.1.195, 5.1.415, 5.1.430.
- 25 **looked after** sought out
- 27 **undone myself** ruined my life, not ruined my finances
- 28 **face** effrontery, nerve, gall
- 29 **nothing** no money
- 30 **mak'st thyself** appear to be
- 32 **no thing** Ricardo exposes Francisco's verbal innocence by joking on thing = penis.
- 33 **state** position in the world, especially in relation to prosperity in wealth or property
- answerable** comparable or corresponding to
- 34 **fortune** good luck, blessing; although Ricardo has earlier spoken of *Fortune* in the sense of the goddess he here uses the word in its more commonplace sense of the consequences of her generosity. See 1.2.4.
- 35 **She** the widow
- 37 **grace** good sense; a word often with strong theological significance as God's gift that enables humans to do virtuous acts, but here reduced to a purely secular sense in the context of Ricardo's mockery of penitential language ('to pierce thy hard heart').
- 39 **in good time** by good fortune; or right away
- 45 **her gift** Fortune's gift; however, it could mean that she is her own to give in the context of what fortune brings.
- 46 **kind** natural, gracious. The word is of Old English origin, and the early senses of its noun form relate to birth and origin, to birthright and 'character or quality derived from birth or native constitution.' The adjective originally was used for 'natural, in various senses'—'in accordance with the nature of things, appropriate, by birth'—and was extended to further positive senses, such as 'well bred' (see 5.1.172 'came of a good kind') and, as usually in this play, 'naturally well disposed, having a benevolent nature, generous, courteous' (*OED* a. 5). (See also 'unkindly', 2.2.145.)
- 51 **fearless** without trepidation
- 52 **happier** more fortunate, more blessed. (The issue is not inner contentment but the benevolence of external forces.)
- 56 **an ill hearing** unpleasant to hear

- FRANCISCO
Nay, see an you'll regard me!
- RICARDO No? You see I do;
I bring you an example in for everything.
- FRANCISCO
This man's wife—
- RICARDO So you said.
- FRANCISCO Seems very strict.
- 65 RICARDO Ha!—hm.
- FRANCISCO
Do you laugh at that?
- RICARDO 'Seems very strict', you said.
I hear you, man. I'faith, you are so jealous still.
- FRANCISCO But why should that make you laugh?
- RICARDO
Because she *seems* so. You're such another!
- FRANCISCO
Nay, sir, I think she *is*.
- 70 RICARDO You cannot tell then?
- FRANCISCO
I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse; which, yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.
- RICARDO Ha!—hm.
[*To Attilio*] This 'tis to be a landed man.—Come, I
perceive
- 75 I must show you a little of my fortune, and instruct
you.
Not ask the question?
- FRANCISCO Methought still she frowned, sir.
- RICARDO
Why, that's the cause, fool, that she looked so
scurvily.
- Come, come, make me your woman; you'll ne'er do't
else.
I'll show you her condition presently. 80
I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get
up at horse-tail, before you get into the saddle. Have
you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being
but in hose and doublet? I think if I should put on a
farthingale, thou wouldst never have the heart to do't. 85
- FRANCISCO
Perhaps I should not then for laughing at you, sir.
- RICARDO In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee
without one.
- FRANCISCO
Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak to a
woman.
- RICARDO You shall pardon me for that, friend; I will not
think it, till I see't. 90
- FRANCISCO
Why, you shall, then. I shall be glad to learn, too,
Of one so deep as you are.
- RICARDO So you may, sir.
[*To Attilio*] Now 'tis my best course to look mildly; I
Shall put him out at first, else.
- FRANCISCO A word, sweet lady. 95
- RICARDO [*as a woman*]
With me, sir? Say your pleasure.
- FRANCISCO O Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long.
- RICARDO
Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornful; be content when you're well used.
- FRANCISCO
You say well, sir.—Lady, I have loved you long. 100
- RICARDO [*as a woman*] 'Tis a good hearing, sir.

62 *see...me* look how you don't listen to me

64 *strict* virtuous, chaste

67 *jealous* fearful, doubtful

69 *such another!* such an innocent (see Dent A250)

70 *tell* discern, perceive

77 *Not...question* (don't tell me you) could not even speak to her directly

78 *scurvily* sourly

80 *condition* nature, character, quality. The word derives from French *condicion* after Latin *condicion-em*, 'an agreement or compact', but in Latin the word had already the senses 'situation, position, rank, circumstances, nature, manner'. In English it develops a complex of senses related to modes or states of being; here Ricardo protests that he will show (act out for) Francisco her true character as he understands it. See also the uses at 4.2.74 and 5.1.307 and 310. *presently* right now

81–2 *vaulter...saddle* the stages of mounting a horse, but here with sexual joke: leaping or vaulting into the saddle is an idiom for copulation

84 *hose and doublet* men's clothes

85 *farthingale* women's clothes; a hooped petticoat

87–8 *laugh...one* Seeing a male *not* in female clothes would not normally be laughable, but it might be so if the male in question normally cross-dressed. This is one of several moments in the scene which would make better sense if the actor playing Francisco had, until recently, played female roles: see 1.2.111.

92–3 *I...are* (like a young actor, taking lessons from a more experienced one)

93 *deep* learned, experienced

95 *put him out* disconcert him, put him off; specifically, make an actor forget his lines

lady female equivalent of 'lord' (a word

not used of any of the male characters), indicating a status usually higher than 'gentlewoman'. This is the first occurrence of the word in the play; it occurs eight times in 1.2.95–149, perhaps prompted by association with 'the scornful lady' (see note at 1.2.103).

96 *Say your pleasure* What do you want? The word *pleasure* always has a latent complexity. Used in phrases such as this it expresses the formal courteous sense of providing a person with what s/he wishes; however, there is the secondary risk that the respondent's desire may be of a kind that is beyond the courteous, and may be unwelcome or threatening. In the cross-gendered role-playing of this scene the formal phrase assumes a strong erotic potential. Note further uses at 1.1.85; 1.2.105; 2.2.1; 2.2.78; 2.2.109; and of *pleasant* at 3.2.108.

101 'Tis a good hearing That's good to hear

- [*To Attilio*] If he be not out now, I'll be hanged.
- FRANCISCO
You play a scornful woman? I perceive, Ricardo,
you have not been used to 'em. Why, I'll come in at
105 my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to
talk when a woman gives way to't. One shall seldom
meet with a lady so kind as thou played'st her.
- RICARDO Not altogether, perhaps. He that draws their
pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that
110 plays 'em should do't a great deal then.
- FRANCISCO
Come, come, I'll play the woman; that I'm used to.
I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinched you yet;
All your things comes on easy.
- RICARDO Say you so, sir?
I'll try your ladyship, faith.—Lady, well met.
- 115 FRANCISCO [*as a woman*] I do not think so, sir.
- RICARDO
A scornful gom!—and at the first dash, too.
My widow never gave me such an answer.
I'll to you again, sir.—
Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.
- 120 FRANCISCO [*as a woman*] There's nobody bids you, sir.
- RICARDO Pox on thee! Thou art the beastliest, crossset
baggage that ever man met withal. But I'll see thee
hanged, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this. Why,
thou'rt too awkward, sirrah.
- 125 FRANCISCO [*as a woman*] Hang thee, base fellow.
- RICARDO [*To Attilio*]
Now by this light, he thinks he does't indeed.
- Nay then, have at your plum-tree! Faith, I'll not be
foiled.—
Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have
enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love
you.
- FRANCISCO [*as a woman*] Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll
call my woman.
- RICARDO [*to Attilio*] What a pestilent quean's this! I shall
have much ado with her, I see that.
—Tell me as you're a woman, lady, what
135 Serve kisses for? But to stop all your mouths.
- [*He makes to kiss Francisco*]
- FRANCISCO Hold, hold, Ricardo!
- RICARDO Disgrace me, widow?
[*Ricardo throws Francisco down*]
- FRANCISCO Art mad? I'm Francisco.
- ATTILIO Signor Ricardo, up, up!
140 [*Attilio pulls Ricardo off Francisco*]
- RICARDO Who is't? Francisco?
- FRANCISCO Francisco, quoth a! What, are you mad, sir?
- RICARDO A bots on thee! Thou dost not know what injury
thou hast done me. I was i'th' fairest dream. This is
your way now, an you can follow it.
- 145 FRANCISCO 'Tis a strange way, methinks.
- RICARDO
Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully, then,
For I am like the actor that you spoke on:
I must have the part that overcomes the lady.
I never like the play, else.—Now your friendship,
150 But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,

103 **scornful woman** with 'scornful' at 99, perhaps alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's most popular play, *The Scornful Lady* (1613); perhaps the actor playing Francisco originally played the part of the title character in that play.

104–5 **come in at my pleasure** visit as I please; but the erotic suggestion of sexual penetration and pleasure is present.

109 **look exact**

111 I'll...**used to** depending on whether there is a strong pause after 'woman', this could mean either (a) I'll act like the woman with whom I am familiar, or (b) I'll act the part of a woman; I'm accustomed to doing that. The first sense could refer to Philippa, or to a female role the actor now playing Francisco was famous for playing in the past ('the scornful lady'). The second sense would suggest that Francisco has never asserted himself in a manly fashion, or that the actor is a 'juvenile romantic lead' who has, until recently, played female roles for the company. Dick Robinson (formerly a boy actor playing women's parts) may have first performed the part

of Francisco. Robinson seems to have played the 'young gallant' Wittipol in Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* (probably first performed in late 1616); Jonson's play calls attention to Robinson's acting, and his transition from playing young women to playing young men.

play the woman (a) behave in an effeminate fashion (b) act the role of a woman in a play

112 **shoe that pinched** a woman's small shoe

113 **things** genitals, in this case female, rendering the previous line bawdy

116 **gom** godmother; an old woman
at the first dash at the first stroke or blow (OED sb1.2), immediately

124 **awkward** perverse, disagreeable
sirrah ordinary form of address to inferiors, used to women as well as men

127 **plum-tree** female genitals. 'Have at your plumb-tree' in the same sense occurs in Thomas Nashe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden* (1596).

128 **careless** unconcerned, not caring

133 **quean's** a bold, impudent, or ill-behaved woman

134 **much ado** (perhaps alluding to Shake-

speare's popular play *Much Ado about Nothing*, famous for Beatrice's scornful retorts to the young gallant Benedick—an allusion irresistible if the Ricardo-actor had played Benedick against the Francisco-actor's Beatrice)

136 **all your mouths** (a) the mouths of all women (b) all a woman's orifices

138 **Disgrace** treat me with disfavour, or dismiss from favour

143 **A bots on thee** an expression of execration; 'bots' is a disease of cattle

148 **actor** Francisco has not mentioned an actor, but the audience will easily assume an earlier unstaged part of their conversation; in any case, this is probably a reference (which the audience could be expected to recognize) to the kinds of roles normally played by the actor playing Ricardo; it also promises a happy ending.

149 **part** (a) role in the play; (b) sexual organ

150 **play** (a) playhouse performance; (b) sexual adventure
Now your friendship now let me have your support as a friend

- And the rich widow's mine within these three hours.
 ATTILIO and FRANCISCO
 We should be proud of that, sir.
 RICARDO List to me then.
 I'll place you two (I can do't handsomely,
 155 I know the house so well) to hear the conference
 'Twixt her and I. She's a most affable one;
 Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
 To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract.
 Then shall you both step in as witnesses
 And take her in the snare.
 160 FRANCISCO But do you love her?
 And then 'twill prosper.
 RICARDO By this hand, I do—
 Not for her wealth, but for her person too.
 FRANCISCO
 It shall be done then.
 RICARDO But stay, stay, Francisco.
 Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence
 now?
 FRANCISCO
 Why, hark you, sir.
 [He whispers to Ricardo]
 165 RICARDO Enough. Command my life;
 Get me the widow, I'll get thee the wife.
Exeunt Ricardo and Attilio
 FRANCISCO
 O that's now with me past hope. Yet I must love her.
 I would I could not do't.
Enter Brandino and Martino [aloof]
 MARTINO Yonder's the villain, master.
 170 BRANDINO Francisco? I am happy.
 MARTINO Let's both draw, master,
 For there's nobody with him.—Stay, stay, master.
 Do not you draw till I be ready too.
 Let's draw just both together, and keep e'en.
 BRANDINO
 175 What an we killed him now, before he saw us?
- MARTINO
 No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.
 BRANDINO
 That's true. Good counsel, marry.
 MARTINO Marry, thus much, sir:
 you may kill him lawfully, all the while he's a-reading
 on't, as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife all
 180 the while he's asleep.
 BRANDINO
 He turns, he looks.—Come on, sir, you, Francisco!
 I loved your father well, but you're a villain.
 He loved me well too, but you love my wife, sir.
 After whom take you that? I will not say
 Your mother played false.
 FRANCISCO No, sir, you were not best. 185
 BRANDINO
 But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.
 MARTINO
 And I, my mistress.
 FRANCISCO You may; I'll give you leave.
 BRANDINO
 Leave or leave not, there!
 [He gives Francisco the letter]
 She defies you, sir.
 Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
 Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
 190 For fear you want one. Many a lecher may
 That sins in cambric now.
 MARTINO And in lawn too, master.
 BRANDINO [to Francisco] Nay, read and tremble, sir.
 [Brandino and Martino talk apart, while Francisco
 reads]
 MARTINO Now shall I do't, master? I see a piece of an open
 195 seam in his shirt: shall I run him in there? for my sword
 has ne'er a point.
 BRANDINO No, let him foam awhile.
 MARTINO If your sword be no better than mine, we shall
 200 not kill him by daylight; we had need have a lantern.

152 **three hours** (He expects to put his plan into practice immediately. But this reference may also be to actual playing time: literally, in less than three hours of performance, he will have won the widow)

156 **'Twixt her and I** 'The inflections of Personal Pronouns are frequently neglected or misused' (Abbott)
affable civil and courteous in conversation

157 **urge** press forcibly

158 **kind** natural; see 1.2.46

proof good outcome or result

contract legal agreement, here specifically to marry

160 **snare** an animal trap in the form of a noose

162 **Not... too** (contradictory, since 'too' acknowledges that her wealth is part of her attraction)

person her being, her *self*; Ricardo's use of the word protests that he loves her both as an individual moral being and as a physical body

167 **O... her** either (a) 'I have no hope of marrying her (because she's already married), but I must have sex with her' or (b) 'I have no hope of consummation, but I can't help desiring her'

170 **happy** fortunate

177 **marry** to be sure

179 **Anabaptist** an early term for 'Baptists', but loosely used of dissenters from the Church of England; as extremists in religion they were portrayed as unconventional in belief and sexual practice.

brother's co-religionist's (but also suggesting incest)

189 **adulterous sheet** 'lewd piece of paper',

but suggesting 'sheet on a bed in which adultery has been committed'. No fornication has occurred, but *adultery* could mean 'all manner of uncleanness about desire of sex' (Wilson), including presumably masturbation associated with adulterous fantasy.

to **wind you in** to serve as a burial sheet
 191 **want** lack

may i.e., lack one in the future

192 **cambric** a fine white linen, originally made at Cambray in Flanders

193 **lawn** a kind of fine linen resembling cambric

197 **ne'er** a no

199–200 **If your sword... daylight** i.e., it will take a long time

200–2 **lantern...lant-horns...horns** The old form 'lanthorn' made possible a pun on the horns of the cuckold.

BRANDINO
Talk not of lant-horns. He's a sturdy lecher.
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

FRANCISCO [*aside*]
I apprehend thee. Admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not: thy wit or beauty.

BRANDINO [*to Francisco*]
205 Now sir, have you well viewed your bastard there,
Got of your lustful brain? Give you joy on't.

FRANCISCO
I thank you, sir, although you speak in jest.
I must confess I sent your wife this letter
And often courted her, tempted and urged her.

210 BRANDINO Did you so, sir?
Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my
house.

MARTINO And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office.
Die tomorrow next, thou never get'st warrant of me
more, for love or money.

FRANCISCO
215 Remember but again from whence I came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

BRANDINO
How's this?

MARTINO Pray hear him; it may grow to a peace.—
[*Aside*] For master, though we have carried the business
nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

BRANDINO [*aside to Martino*]
220 Peace. Thou sayst true in that.—What is't you'd say,
sir?

FRANCISCO
Was not my father (quietness be with him)
And you sworn brothers?

BRANDINO Why, right, that's it urges me.

FRANCISCO
And could you have a thought that I could wrong
you
As far as the deed goes?

BRANDINO You took the course, sir.

FRANCISCO
225 To make you happy, an you rightly weighed it.

MARTINO [*to Brandino*]
Troth, I'll put up at all adventures, master.
It comes off very fair yet.

FRANCISCO [*to Brandino*] You, in years,
Married a young maid. What does the world judge,
think you?

MARTINO [*to Brandino*] By'r Lady, master, knavishly
enough, I warrant you.
I should do so myself.

FRANCISCO [*to Brandino*]
Now, to damp slander
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you loved; that now confirmed,
I might advance my sword against the world
235 In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

MARTINO [*to Brandino*]
O master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

BRANDINO
Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? What, will he show himself
240 In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand.
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me.
Prithee forgive me.

MARTINO [*to Francisco*]
And me too, prithee.

BRANDINO [*to Francisco*]
Come to my house; thy father never missed it.

MARTINO [*to Francisco*]
Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.

FRANCISCO To see how soon man's goodness
245 May be abused.

BRANDINO But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

FRANCISCO Sir, I take it.
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it. *Exit*

BRANDINO
Martino, I applaud my fortune and thy counsel.

MARTINO
250 You never have ill fortune when you follow it.
Here was things carried now in the true nature of a
quiet *duello*;
A great strife ended without the rough soldier or the
punto bello.
And now you may take your journey.

BRANDINO Thou art my glee, Martino. *Exeunt*

⊗

Incipit Actus 2
Enter Valeria (the widow) and a servant 2.1

VALERIA
Servellio!

203 **apprehend thee** understand her trick; see 3.2.4
Admirable exciting wonder; the word was stronger than in modern use.

205 **bastard** the letter, regarded as the illegitimate issue of his brain, conceived in an 'adulterous sheet'; also a handwriting of mixed letter forms

211 **forewarn** prohibit, but here with the sense 'forbid to enter'

222 **urges** provokes to anger

224 **deed** sexual intercourse

226 **put up** put away his weapon
at all adventures anyway, whatever the consequence

227 **in years** old

231 **damp** extinguish, stifle

243 **missed it** failed to visit it

251 **duello** duel

252 **punto bello** fine thrust. (These words of Italian fencing jargon are an editorial conjecture, to fill out the metre and supply the rhyme; at this point the quarto has a dash.)

254 **glee** joy

2.1.0.2 **Valeria** Italian, 'Valere...to be worth, to be of value, Also to be much or greatly esteemed...' (Florio)

- SERVANT Mistress?
 VALERIA If that fellow come again,
 Answer him without me. I'll not speak with him.
 SERVANT
 He in the nutmeg-coloured band, forsooth?
 VALERIA
 Ay, that spiced coxcomb, sir. [Exit Servant]
 Never may I marry again
 5 If his right worshipful idolatrous face
 Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
 I might perceive it peel in many places,
 And under's eye lay a betraying foulness,
 10 As maids sweep dust o'th' house all to one corner.
 It showed me enough there, prodigious pride
 That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman,
 Yet I praise heaven I never had th'ambition
 To go about to mend a better workman.
 She ever shames herself i'th' end that does it.
 15 He that likes me not now, as heaven made me,
 I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure,
 Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste
 To please some gaudy goose i'th' morning.
 20 A wise man likes that best that is itself,
 Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.
 Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy—
 Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him,
 Though I speak all men fair and promise sweetly.
 I learn that of my suitors; 'tis their own,
 25 Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.
Enter Ricardo
 RICARDO And so, as I said, sweet widow—
 VALERIA Do you begin where you left, sir?
 RICARDO I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin
 i'th' middle of a sentence, for I presume she has a bad
 memory of a woman that cannot remember what goes 30
 before.
 VALERIA
 Stay, stay, sir. Let me look upon you well.
 Are not you painted too?
 RICARDO How, painted, widow?
 VALERIA
 Not 'painted widow'; I do not use it, trust me, sir.
 RICARDO
 That makes me love thee.
 VALERIA I mean 'painted gentleman', 35
 Or if you please to give him a greater style, sir.
 Blame me not, sir. It's a dangerous age, I tell you;
 Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.
 RICARDO
 But is there such a fellow in the world, widow,
 As you are pleased to talk on?
 VALERIA Nay, here lately, sir. 40
 RICARDO Here? A pox! I think I smell him. 'Tis vermilion
 sure. Ha? Oil of ben! Do but show him me, widow, and
 let me never hope for comfort if I do not immediately
 geld him and grind his face upon one o'th' stones.
 VALERIA Suffices you've expressed me your love and valour 45
 and manly hate against that unmanly pride. But sir, I'll
 save you that labour; he never comes within my door
 again.
 RICARDO I'll love your door the better while I know't,
 widow. A pair of such brothers were fitter for posts
 without-door indeed, to make a show at a new-chosen
 magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's cham- 50
 ber. No, sweet widow, having me, you've the truth of
 a man.
 All that you see of me is full mine own,
 55 And what you see, or not see, shall be yours.

3 **band** the neckband or collar of a shirt
 4 **spiced** delicate, over-refined; Valeria
 plays upon 'nutmeg'
 5 **right worshipful** a mocking acknowledge-
 ment of the unnamed suitor's rank
idolatrous worshipping false beauty, i.e.,
 his own
 6 **fearfully** inducing fear, but used as
 modern 'awfully', or 'terribly'
painted wearing cosmetics; Valeria jests
 on the association of painted idols in
 'idolatrous'
 10 **prodigious** monstrous
 11 **scornfully** in a way that will attract
 scorn
 13 **mend...workman** improve on the work
 of God, the 'better workman'

17 **woodcock** (a) a bird; (b) a gullible
 person, a fool
paste (a) a pastry shell in which a
 woodcock would be cooked; (b) almond
 paste, used for whitening the skin
 18 **gaudy** glaringly showy
goose a foolish person
 24 **their own** i.e., the art of speaking fair
 and promising sweetly
 30-1 **what goes before** (a) what happened in
 her former marriage; (b) what happened
 or was said at their last meeting; (c) a
 penis
 36 **greater style** more elevated title
 than 'gentleman' (such as 'knight',
 'marquis', 'earl', etc.). Many Jacobean
 courtiers were 'painted', but it would be

'dangerous' for Valeria—or the actor, or
 playwright—to say so.
 38 **simple-dealing** honest, candid
 40 **on** of
 41 **vermilion** cinnabar or red crystalline
 mercuric sulphide used as a cosmetic
 42 **Oil of ben** oil obtained from the ben-nut
 (the winged seed of the horse-radish tree)
 43 **comfort** i.e., spiritual or sexual
 44 **stones** testicles (imagined as grindstones,
 used for sharpening knives, etc.)
 49 **door** (a) house; (b) genitals
 50-1 **posts without-door** wooden posts
 that stood outside the doors of sheriffs
 or magistrates, and that were repainted
 with each new office-holder

I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow anything but money.
Francisco and Attilio [enter and] stand unseen
 VALERIA
 True, and that you never use to pay again.
 60 RICARDO What matter is't? If you be pleased to do't for me, I hold it as good.
 VALERIA O, soft you, sir, I pray.
 RICARDO Why, i'faith, you may, an you will.
 VALERIA I know that, sir.
 65 RICARDO Troth, and I would have my will then, if I were as you. There's few women else but has.
 VALERIA
 But since I cannot have't in all, signor, I care not to have't in anything.
 RICARDO
 Why, you may have't in all, an you will, widow.
 VALERIA
 70 Pish! I would have one that loves me for myself, sir, Not for my wealth—and that I cannot have.
 RICARDO
 What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?
 VALERIA
 Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him then.
 RICARDO
 Your hand and faith?
 VALERIA My hand and faith.
 [They clasp hands]
 RICARDO 'Tis I, then.
 VALERIA
 75 I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my heart, else.
 RICARDO A match!
Francisco and Attilio [come forward]
 FRANCISCO
 Give you joy, sweet widow!

ATTILIO Joy to you both!
 VALERIA How?
 RICARDO
 Nay, there's no starting now. I have you fast, widow.—
 You're witness, gentlemen.
 FRANCISCO and ATTILIO We'll be deposed on't. 80
 VALERIA
 Am I betrayed to this then? Then I see 'Tis for my wealth. A woman's wealth's her traitor.
 RICARDO
 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet widow, I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.
 VALERIA
 Hence!
 RICARDO
 Why, thou'rt mine.
 VALERIA I do renounce it utterly. 85
 RICARDO
 Have I not hand and faith?
 VALERIA Sir, take your course.
 RICARDO
 With all my heart: ten courses, an you will, widow.
 VALERIA
 Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me. I'll stand you out by law.
 RICARDO
 By law? O cruel merciless woman, 90
 To talk of law, and know I have no money.
 VALERIA
 I will consume myself to the last stamp Before thou get'st me.
 RICARDO Life, I'll be as wilful then too.
 I'll rob all the carriers in Christendom
 But I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money. 95
 I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis*;

57 **art** artifice, modification of the 'natural'. The word appears in *The Widow* with three different meanings. Deriving from the Latin *art-em*, skill, it entered the English language with this meaning (as *Latrocinio* employs it at 4.2.51-3), and was used in education in the phrase the *liberal arts*, those modes of knowledge that make a free person. However, the nature of the skill and the attitude to that skill led to various specializations of meaning. Here it is used in the sense in which it is opposed to nature: *art* is the human skill in ornamenting or modifying nature (often, as here, with some sense of corrupting primal purity). At 3.1.42, where *Latrocinio* says to *Ansaldò* that 'Art should be rewarded. You must pay your music, sir', he is using the word as the distinctive term for music (belonging to that class of experiences that are now called *art*), but with a secondary meaning of cunning in crime, because he

has just used his song to introduce the idea of robbery. At 4.2.62, 4.2.118, and 5.1.68 *Latrocinio* in his disguise is called the 'man of art'; the advertised sense is of wisdom and learning, specifically mysterious healing power, but the sense 'con artist' is also ironically present. (The same term is used of *Subtle* in *Jonson's The Alchemist*.) *Valeria* makes 'trial' (see 1.1.95) of men in order to distinguish their 'art' from their 'nature' (1.1.185).
 59 **again** back
 66 **has** i.e., has her will
 76 **match** by leading *Valeria* into offering him her 'hand and faith' in the presence of (unseen) witnesses, *Ricardo* has tricked her into a marriage contract (*sponsalia per verba de praesenti*)
 79 **starting** escaping (*OED* v.6)
fast securely
 80 **be deposed** swear a deposition
 86 **take your course** (a) leave immediately; (b) pursue your legal suit

87 **courses** (a) courses of a meal; (b) sexual bouts
 88 **gamesome** merry, playful
 89 **stand you out** resist you, hold out against you
 90 **law . . . merciless** As in the commonplaces of Protestant doctrine, *Ricardo* opposes law (represented by the Old Testament, which condemns men to punishment for the sins they will inevitably commit) and mercy (represented by the New Testament, which promises them undeserved grace). Compare *Two Gates* Preface.35-8 ('that law was a curst *judge* and ready to condemn. But the King of *heaven* being as full of mercy as of justice, abated the edge of the axe').
 92 **stamp** coin
 96 **forma pauperis** in the form of a poor person, Latin legal term; 'one allowed, on account of poverty, to sue or defend in a court of law, without paying costs'

- I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.
 VALERIA [to Francisco and Attilio]
 As for you gentlemen, I'll take course against you.
 You came into my house without my leave;
 100 Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
 I know you not, and I hope law will right me.
 RICARDO
 It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em.
 'Tis not your business to know every man;
 An honest wife contents herself with one.
 VALERIA
 105 You know what you shall trust to. Pray depart, sir,
 And take your rude confederates along with you
 Or I will send for those shall force your absence.
 I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.
 How quickly may poor women be undone!
 110 RICARDO Lose thee? By this hand, I'll see fifteen counsellors
 first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em, and
 I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.
 VALERIA
 Me?
 RICARDO
 Thee.
 VALERIA Ay, fret thy heart out. *Exit Ricardo*
 FRANCISCO Were I he now
 I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.
 VALERIA
 115 Pray counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay you well.
 FRANCISCO Pay me? Pay your next husband.
 VALERIA
 Do not scorn't, gallant. A worse woman than I
 Has paid a better man than you.
 [Exeunt Francisco and Attilio]
Enter two old suitors
 FIRST SUITOR
 Why, how now, sweet widow?
 VALERIA Oh, kind gentlemen,
 120 I am so abused here.
 AMBO Abused?
- [The suitors draw their swords]
 VALERIA
 What will you do, sirs? Put up your weapons.
 SECOND SUITOR Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I
 must tell you. Mine has not been out this three years.
 125 Marry, in your cause, widow, 'twould not be long
 a-drawing. Abused? By whom, widow?
 VALERIA Nay, by a beggar.
 SECOND SUITOR A beggar? I'll have him whipped then, and
 sent to the house of correction.
 VALERIA Ricardo, sir. 130
 SECOND SUITOR Ricardo? Nay, by th' mass, he's a gentle-
 man beggar; he'll be hanged before he be whipped.
 Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?
 VALERIA
 'Tis too good for him. That's the thing he would have;
 He would be clapped up whether I would or no,
 135 methinks.
 Placed two of his companions privately,
 Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
 In my kind answers, and at last stole from me
 That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
 A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
 And he forsooth call by the name of contract. 140
 FIRST SUITOR
 O politic villain!
 VALERIA But I am resolved, gentlemen,
 If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
 He never shall obtain me.
 SECOND SUITOR Hold you there, widow.
 Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.
 FIRST SUITOR Stay, stay, stay.— 145
 You broke no gold between you?
 VALERIA We broke nothing, sir.
 FIRST SUITOR
 Nor drunk to one another?
 VALERIA Not a drop, sir.
 FIRST SUITOR
 You're sure of this you speak?
 VALERIA Most certain, sir.

98 **take course** pursue legal action
 103 **know** (a) be acquainted with (b) have
 sexual intercourse with
 105 **trust to** put confidence in
 108-9 **soon...undone** a rhyme
 111 **undo** ruin
 112 **yaul** shout
 116 **Pay your next husband** (i.e. you will
 have to buy a husband)
 121 **AMBO** both
 122 **weapons** swords, but the Second Suitor
 puns on 'weapon' as 'penis'
 129 **house of correction** a prison designed to
 reform its occupants
 132 **hanged...whipped** Ricardo's rank
 as a gentleman will protect him from
 whipping

133 **clap him up** imprison him with no
 delay
 135 **clapped up** married
 138 **kind** courteous, appropriately civil; see
 1.2.46
 140 **courtesy** gesture of respect, as in
 'curtsy' (see 1.2.2), but here with a
 special legal sense: 'a tenure by which
 a husband, after his wife's death, holds
 certain kinds of property which she has
 inherited, the conditions varying with
 the nature of the property' (OED sb. 4)
 141 **contract** a legal commitment of mar-
 riage as at 2.1.76; Valeria will challenge
 Ricardo's claim to her on the ground
 that her 'kind of verbal courtesy' was not
 an expression of a will to marry

142 **politic** crafty, cunning; the word enters
 the language in the 15th century in
 the sense of 'pertaining to a citizen'
 and thence to a state; but in the 16th
 century it develops a sinister sense and
 is associated with craft and deceit, the
 activities of a *villain*, particularly in
 the context of English perceptions of
 Machiavelli's thought.
 143 **cast** defeat in an action of law
 144 **Hold you there** Be steadfast in that
 146 **broke no gold** to break gold was a
 pledge of constancy in betrothals and
 symbolized sharing wealth; see 2.1.155-
 6
nothing i.e. 'no maidenhead, either'

- FIRST SUITOR
 Be of good comfort, wench. I'll undertake then
 At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.
- 150 VALERIA
 O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you.
 Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman
 And, alas, ignorant in law businesses.
 I'll bear the charge most willingly.
- FIRST SUITOR Not a penny.
 Thy love will reward me.
- 155 VALERIA And where love must be,
 It is all but one purse, now I think on't.
- FIRST SUITOR
 All comes to one, sweet widow.
- SECOND SUITOR [*aside*] Are you so forward?
- FIRST SUITOR
 I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco.
 I'll get out process and attach 'em all.
 We'll begin first with them.
- 160 VALERIA I like that, strangely.
- FIRST SUITOR
 I have a daughter run away, I thank her;
 I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake.
 Some of 'em has got her up.
- VALERIA Your daughter?
 What, sir? Marcia?
- FIRST SUITOR Ay, a shaker marry her!
 I would have wed her to a wealthy gentleman
 No older than myself; she was like to be
 Shrewdly hurt, widow.
- VALERIA It was too happy for her.
- FIRST SUITOR I'm of thy mind.
- 170 FAREWELL, sweet widow. I'll about this straight.
 I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
- And so save charges.
- VALERIA How I love your providence!
Exit First Suitor
- SECOND SUITOR [*aside*]
 Is my nose bored? I'll cross ye both for this,
 Although it cost me as much o'th' other side.
 I have enough, and I will have my humour. 175
 I may get out of her what may undo her too.—
 Hark you, sweet widow. You must now take heed
 You be of a sure ground; he'll overthrow you else.
- VALERIA
 Marry, fair hope forbid!
- SECOND SUITOR That will he,
 Marry, lemme see, lemme see.—Pray, how far passed
 it 180
 Between you and Ricardo?
- VALERIA Farther, sir,
 Than I would now it had; but I hope well yet.
- SECOND SUITOR
 Pray, let me hear't. I've a shrewd guess o'th' law.
- VALERIA
 Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
 To marry none but him.
- SECOND SUITOR Indeed?
- VALERIA Ay, trust me, sir. 185
- SECOND SUITOR
 I'm very glad on't. I'm another witness,
 And he shall have you now.
- VALERIA What said you, sir?
- SECOND SUITOR
 He shall not want money in an honest cause, widow.
 I know I have enough, and I will have my humour.
- VALERIA
 Are all the world betrayers?

149 **wench** a familiar form of address used to a wife, daughter, sweetheart, or servant (see also 3.2.6, 5.1.167, and 5.1.462)

151 **bind me to you** earn my gratitude and loyalty; but the First Suitor may understand a promise of marriage

152 **try** put to the test

159 **process** 'the mandate, summons, or writ by which a person or thing is brought into court for litigation' (*OED* sb. 7b)

attach arrest

160 **strangely** either (a) extremely or (b) strange to say

163 **got her up** (a) driven her from cover, as birds or animals in hunting; (b) (perhaps) made her pregnant

164 **shaker** (a) disreputable person (b) boaster (c) fever

167 **Shrewdly hurt** severely misused (spoken sarcastically)

168 **happy** fortunate

172 **providence** care, thrift

173 **Is my nose bored?** Am I being cheated?

cross thwart. 'Every grievous or painful thing sent by God, either to our minds or bodies... is the general cross common to all men' (Wilson). But such a *cross* is paradoxically a blessing in that it tests the virtue of the person. In the context of trial and proof in the play (see 1.1.95) the frustrations that characters such as Ricardo, Valeria, Francisco, and Marcia/Ansaldino undergo are fortunate in their outcomes. See 3.2.60, 66, 99, 3.3.60, and 5.1.66.

174 **o'th' other side** to work in opposition

175 **have my humour** have whatever I want. *Humour* is fancy, whim, caprice, impulse. The word comes into English via French from Latin *umor* or *humor* meaning dampness or moisture, but it develops a technical sense in medieval and early modern English in respect especially to the 'cardinal humours', 'the four chief fluids of the body (blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy or black choler), by the relative proportions of which a person's physical or mental

qualities and dispositions were held to be determined' (*OED* sb. 2b). The purely medical sense is present in 'hydropic humour' (4.2.91). From this technical use arose the sense of personal humour, the distinctive quality or temperament of the individual. However, by about 1550 it developed the sense employed by the Second Suitor repeatedly in this play: 'A particular disposition, inclination, or liking, esp. one having no apparent ground or reason' (*OED* sb. 6). Indeed, his repetition of the phrase itself constitutes a humour, and the First Suitor takes him at his word when he commands him to 'Follow your humour out' (2.2.167). This is the sense in the titles of Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour* and *Every Man out of His Humour*. In practice, a *humour* is clearly related to personal *will* and *wilfulness* (see 1.1.79–80), but its medical root emphasizes the purely material, fleshy origin of such behaviour.

190 SECOND SUITOR Pish, pish, widow.
 You've borne me in hand this three months, and now
 fobbed me.
 I've known the time when I could please a woman.
 I'll not be laughed at now. When I'm crossed, I'm a
 tiger.
 I have enough, and I will have my humour.

VALERIA
 195 This only shows your malice to me, sir.
 The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
 So much in your debt already.

SECOND SUITOR Therefore I do't.
 I have no way but that to help myself.
 Though I lose you, I will not lose all, widow.
 200 He marrying you, as I will follow't for him,
 I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

VALERIA
 I looked for this from you.

SECOND SUITOR I ha' not deceived you then.
Exit Valeria
 Fret, vex, and chafe; I'm obstinate where I take.
 I'll seek him out and cheer him up against her.
 205 I ha' no charge at all, no child of mine own
 But two I got once of a scouring woman,
 And they're both well provided for, they're i'th'
 Hospital.
 I have ten thousand pound to bury me,
 And I will have my humour. *Exit*

2.2 *Enter Francisco*

FRANCISCO
 A man must have a time to serve his pleasure
 As well as his dear friend. I'm forced to steal from 'em
 To get this night of sport for mine own use.
 What says her amiable witty letter here?
 5 "Twixt nine and ten". Now 'tis 'twixt six and seven.
 As fit as can be: he that follows lechery
 Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks.
 Sun sets at eight; it's 'bove an hour high yet.
 Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
 10 But I've an excellent horse, and a good gallop
 Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.
Enter First Sutor with officers

FIRST SUITOR
 Here's one of 'em. Begin with him first, officers.

OFFICER [*to Francisco*]
 By virtue of this writ, we attach your body, sir.
 [*Officers seize Francisco*]

FRANCISCO
 My body? Life, for what?

FIRST SUITOR Hold him fast, officers.

OFFICER
 The least of us can do't, now his sword's off, sir. 15
 We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen;
 We never lose a man.

FRANCISCO O treacherous fortune!
 Why, what's the cause?

FIRST SUITOR The widow's business, sir.
 I hope you know me?

FRANCISCO For a busy coxcomb
 This fifteen year, I take it.

FIRST SUITOR O you're mad, sir. 20
 Simple though you make me, I stand for the widow.

FRANCISCO
 She's simply stood for, then. What's this to me, sir,
 Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

FIRST SUITOR
 You're like to find good bail before you leave us
 Or lie till the suit's tried.

FRANCISCO O my love's misery! 25

FIRST SUITOR
 I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
 With all severity. Build upon that, sir.
Enter Ricardo and Attilio [aloof]

FRANCISCO
 How I could curse myself!

RICARDO [*to Attilio*] Look, here's Francisco.
 Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

ATTILIO
 'Tis strange to me.

RICARDO I tell you, 'tis his fashion. 30
 He never stole away in's life from me
 But still I found him in such scurvy company.
 [*Ricardo and Attilio come forward*]
 A pox on thee, Francisco! Wilt never leave thy old
 tricks?
 Are these lousy companions for thee?

FRANCISCO [*warning them*] Pish, pish, pish!

FIRST SUITOR
 Here they be all three now: 'pprehend 'em, officers. 35

191 borne me in hand	kept me in expectation, deluded			21 stand for	represent
fobbed	cheated	2.2.1 serve his pleasure	do what he wishes,	22 simply	(a) easily; (b) by a simoleon
200 follow't	pursue the business to its conclusion	but also satisfy his desires		23 these flesh-hooks	the officers
201 lie without him	sleep alone; the Second Sutor will imprison him for debt.	3 sport	sexual pleasure	24 You're like to	You may expect to
203 take	seize my prey; (perhaps) infect	7 at six and seven	in confusion	25 lie in custody	
206 scouring	cleaning	10-11 a good...banquet	the horse ride stirs sexual appetite as much as a sensuous banquet	26 put in trust	obliged
207 Hospital	orphanage; the audience would probably have thought of Christ's	11 provoking	arousing	27 Build	depend
		13 attach	arrest	29 qualities	personal or moral character
		19 busy	officious, meddling	32 still	always
				scurvy	contemptible
				34 lousy	mean (literally, infected with lice)

[Officers seize Ricardo and Attilio]

RICARDO What's this?

FRANCISCO

I gave you warning enough to make away.

I'm in for the widow's business; so are you now.

RICARDO What, all three in a noose? This is like a widow's
40 business indeed.

FIRST SUITOR

She's catched you, gentlemen, as you caught her.

[To Ricardo] The widow means now to begin with you,
sir.

RICARDO

I thank her heartily; she's taught me wit—

45 for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun
with her indeed. By this light, the widow's a notable
housewife, she bestirs herself. I have a greater mind to
her now than e'er I had. I cannot go to prison for one
I love better, I protest; that's one good comfort.—

And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?

FIRST SUITOR

50 It seems you know me by your anger, sir.

RICARDO

I've a near guess at you, sir.

FIRST SUITOR

Guess what you please, sir.

I'm he ordained to trounce you, and indeed

I am the man must carry her.

RICARDO

Ay, to me.

But I'll swear she's a beast, an she carry thee.

FIRST SUITOR

55 Come, where's your bail, sir? Quickly, or away.

RICARDO

Sir, I'm held wrongfully. My bail's taken already.

FIRST SUITOR Where is't, sir, where?

RICARDO

Here they be both. Pox on you, they were taken

Before I'd need of 'em.—An you be honest,

60 Officers, let's bail one another;

For by this hand, I do not know who will else.—

Enter Second Suitor

'Od's light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then.

I shall never find the way out again.

My debts, my debts! I'm like to die i'th' Hole now.

FIRST SUITOR [to Second Suitor]

We have him fast, old signor, and his consorts.

Now you may lay action on action on him.

65

SECOND SUITOR

That may I, sir, i'faith.

FIRST SUITOR

And I'd not spare him, sir.

SECOND SUITOR

Know you me, officers?

OFFICER

Your bounteous worship, sir.

RICARDO [aside] I know the rascal so well, I dare not look
upon him.

70

SECOND SUITOR [to officers]

Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

FRANCISCO

Which gentleman?

SECOND SUITOR

Not you, sir; you're too hasty.—

[To Attilio] No, not you neither, sir; pray, stay your
time.

RICARDO [aside]

There's all but I now, and I dare not think he means
me.

SECOND SUITOR [to officers]

Deliver me Ricardo.

RICARDO [aside]

O sure he lies,

Or else I do not hear well.

75

OFFICER

Signor Ricardo.

RICARDO

Well, what's the matter?

OFFICER

You may go. Who lets you?

It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.

RICARDO

Bail me?

SECOND SUITOR

I will. Ay, sir, look in my face, man.

Thou'st a good cause. Thou'lt pay me when thou'rt
able?

80

RICARDO

Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

SECOND SUITOR

No matter if thou dost not; then, I'll make thee,

And that's as good at all times.

FIRST SUITOR

But I pray, sir,

You go against the hair there.

37 **make away** escape

38 **I'm in** (custody)

for on account of

39 **in a noose** trapped

39-40 **widow's business** being trapped in

marriage (but also implying that three
men are needed to satisfy the sexual
appetite of a widow)

44 **begun** initiated sexual intercourse

46 **housewife** a woman who manages her

household with skill and thrift

49 **what . . . coxcomb?** what sort of a fool are

you?

52 **trounce** get the better of, defeat

53 **carry** win as a prize, but Ricardo's 'Ay,

to me' takes it as 'convey'

54 **carry** bear his weight in sexual inter-

course

56 **taken** Ricardo puns on the meanings

'received' and 'arrested' in respect of

'bail' as both money and the person

62 'Od's **light** by God's light

providing the money

62 'Od's **light** until midnight; figuratively

'forever'

64 **debts** Ricardo is literally in debt, but his

expectation of death in bondage may also

have figurative meanings: sin 'is called a

debt, because for sin we do owe unto the

justice of God eternal death' (Wilson),

and 'in [Christ] alone all debts are paid'

(*Two Gates* Preface.108-9).

Hole a prison cell, but also 'the name

of one of the worst apartments in the

Counter prison in Wood Street, London'

(*OED* sb. 2b)

66 **lay action . . . on him** bring multiple

charges against him

73 **stay your time** remain for your allotted

time

77 **lets** prevents, obstructs

78 **pleasure** desire, but also the gracious act

of the superior that needs no explana-

tion, a secular grace

84 **against the hair** contrary to the natural

way; against the grain

- 85 SECOND SUITOR Against the widow, you mean, sir.
Why, 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too.
I saw your politic combination;
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest.
90 His cause is strong and fair, nor shall he want
Money or means or friends, but he shall have her.
I've enough, and I will have my humour.
- FIRST SUITOR
Hang thee! I have a purse as good as thine.
- RICARDO [*aside*]
I think they're much alike; they're rich knaves
both.—
95 'Heart, an I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I'll cramp your joints.
- SECOND SUITOR Let him alone, sweet honey.
I thank thee for thy love, though.
- RICARDO [*aside*] This is wonderful.
- FRANCISCO O Ricardo!
100 'Tis seven, struck in my pocket. I lose time now.
- RICARDO
What sayst, Francisco?
- FRANCISCO I ha' mighty business
That I ne'er thought on. Get me bailed; I'm spoiled
else.
- RICARDO
Why, you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous
courtesy
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
105 For fear he repent this and turn me in again.
- FRANCISCO
Do somewhat, an you love me.
- RICARDO I'll make trial, faith.—
May't please you, sir.—Life, if I should spoil all now!
- SECOND SUITOR
What sayst, Ricardo?
- RICARDO Only a thing by th' way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.
- SECOND SUITOR That I like well from thee.
- RICARDO
110 'Twere good, an those two gentlemen were bailed too;
They're both my witnesses.
- SECOND SUITOR They're well, they're well.
An they were bailed, we know not where to find 'em.
- Let 'em go to prison; they'll be forthcoming the better.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
- RICARDO [*aside*]
I knew there was no more good to be done upon him. 115
'Tis well I've this; heav'n knows I never looked for't.
- FRANCISCO
What plaguy luck had I to be ensnared thus!
- OFFICER
O patience.
Enter Brandino and Martino
- FRANCISCO Pox o' your comfortable ignorance!
- BRANDINO
Martino, we ride slow.
- MARTINO But we ride sure, sir.
Your hasty riders often come short home, master. 120
- BRANDINO
Bless this fair company!
- FRANCISCO [*aside*] Here he's again too.
I am both shamed and crossed.
- BRANDINO Seest thou who's yonder,
Martino?
- MARTINO We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.
- BRANDINO
How now, Francisco! Art thou got before me?
- FRANCISCO
Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you. 125
- BRANDINO
What? No! In hold?
- RICARDO Ay, o' my troth. Poor gentleman!
Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.
- BRANDINO Why do not you do't then?
- MARTINO [*to Ricardo*] La you, sir, now!
My master has that honesty 130
He's loath to take a good deed from you, sir.
- RICARDO
I'll tell you why: I cannot. Else I would, sir.
[*Ricardo and Brandino talk apart*]
- FRANCISCO [*aside*]
Luck, I beseech thee!—If he should be wrought
To bail me now, to go to his own wife,
'Twere happiness beyond expression. 135
- BRANDINO [*to Ricardo*]
A matter but of controversy?

87 **politic** crafty, cunning (see 2.1.142)

combination conspiracy

89 **rightest** with most justice

95 **'Heart** by God's heart

96 **cramp your joints** make your joints stiff and painful (by beating you)

honey term of endearment—a characteristic verbal tic of the Second Suitor, who as his 'patron' has a relation to Ricardo comparable to James I's relations with his favourites Somerset and Buckingham, whom he addressed with similarly erotic pet-names and epithets.

100 **struck in my pocket** Francisco has a

chiming watch in his pocket.

102 **spoiled** ruined

106 **make trial** try

faith in faith

109 **Use your own pleasure** if it please you; but Second Suitor interprets the phrase

as a sexual invitation

111 **well** all right

113 **forthcoming** available in the future

117 **plaguy** disagreeable

ensnared trapped

118 **Pox o'** a curse upon

119 **slow . . . sure** Martino plays on the proverb 'slow but sure'.

120 **come short home** (a) return without bringing back all that they need—their haste causing forgetfulness or inefficiency (b) ejaculate prematurely

124 **Art thou got before me?** Have you got ahead of me?

125 **got before you** brought before you (as an accused man before a judge)

126 **In hold** in custody

133 **wrought** persuaded, convinced

136 **controversy** civil dispute; Ricardo is assuring Brandino that Francisco is not arrested for a crime.

RICARDO That's all; trust me, sir. To cut the throat of slander and suspicion?
 BRANDINO Francisco shall ne'er lie for't. He's my friend And can you do too much for such a man? 160
 And I will bail him. Shall it be said I serve an ingrateful master?
 MARTINO He's your secret friend, master: BRANDINO Never, Martino. I will bail him now,
 Think upon that. An 'twere at my wife's suit.
 BRANDINO Give him his liberty, officers. FRANCISCO [aside] 'Tis like to be so.
 140 Upon my peril, he shall be forthcoming. MARTINO And I his friend, to follow your example, master.
 FRANCISCO How I am bound to you! FRANCISCO Precious Martino!
 FIRST SUITOR [to Brandino] FIRST SUITOR [to Brandino] You've done wondrous well, sir. 165
 'Tis at your sister's suit; be well advised, sir. Your sister shall give you thanks.
 BRANDINO How, at my sister's suit?—Take him again, then. RICARDO [to Second Sutor] This makes him mad, sir.
 BRANDINO Why, sir, do you refuse me? SECOND SUITOR We'll follow't now to th' proof.
 BRANDINO I'll not hear thee. FIRST SUITOR Follow your humour out.
 RICARDO This is unkindly done, sir. SECOND SUITOR The widow shall find friends.
 145 FIRST SUITOR 'Tis wisely done, sir. SECOND SUITOR And so shall he, sir,
 SECOND SUITOR Money and means.
 FIRST SUITOR Well shot, foul malice. RICARDO [to First Sutor] Hear you me that, old huddle?
 FIRST SUITOR Flattery stinks worse, sir. [Exit First Sutor, with officers]
 RICARDO You'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir. SECOND SUITOR Mind him not. Follow me, and I'll supply thee. 170
 FRANCISCO O Martino, have I this for my late kindness? Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees.
 MARTINO Alas, poor gentleman! Dost complain to me? I've buried money enough to bury me,
 Thou shalt not fare the worse for't.—Hark you, And I will have my humour.
 150 master. Exit [Second Sutor, with Ricardo and Attilio]
 Your sister's suit, said you? BRANDINO Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco.
 BRANDINO Ay, sir, my wife's sister. I prithee, use my house.
 MARTINO And shall that daunt you, master? Think again. FRANCISCO It is my purpose, sir. 175
 Why, were't your mother's suit—your mother's suit, Exit
 Mark what I say—the dearest suit of all suits, BRANDINO Nay, you must do't then. Though I am old, I'm free.
 You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentle- MARTINO And when you want a warrant, come to me. Exit
 155 man. FRANCISCO That will be shortly now, within this few hours.
 BRANDINO Yea, am I so? How prov'st thou that, Martino? This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse.
 MARTINO Have you forgot so soon what he did lately? I shall be nighted, but an hour or two 180
 Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master, Never breaks square in love. He comes in time
 That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. Exit

137 lie (in jail)

138 secret friend (Martino reminds Brandino that Francisco has recently acted confidentially and trustworthily in testing Philippa's chastity)

140 forthcoming ready to appear when required; but also freed from custody

142 sister's sister-in-law (see 2.2.151)

145 unkindly ungenerously, unnaturally (see 1.2.46)

146 Well shot an applauding exclamation when a shooter hits the mark

148 kindness generosity

158 to your hand without exertion on your part

163 An 'twere... suit even if it were her suit (to imprison him)

'Tis like to be so it's likely to be her suit (to relieve him)

164 And I his friend (Martino bails Attilio.)

167 to th' proof to the court hearing

169 huddle a miserly old person

170 supply provide for

176 free generous, ready to give. The word derives from Old English, in which its primary sense was 'not in bondage to

another'; it developed two main paths of meaning, the first associated with looseness and absence of restriction, the second with nobility of birth or character, whence the sense of generosity and magnanimity that Brandino invokes here.

179 happy fortunately

180 nighted overtaken by night

181 breaks square does no harm, does not matter

182 all love's crime the only crime in love



- 3.1 *Incipit Actus 3*
Enter Occulto, Silvio, and two or three other thieves
- OCULTO
 Come, come, let's watch th'event on yonder hill.
 If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.
- SILVIO
 Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watched, sir.
- OCULTO
 Have you the blue coats and the beards?
- SILVIO
 They're here, sir.
- OCULTO
 Come, come away, then. A fine cock-shoot evening.
Exit [Occulto, with other thieves]
- Enter Latrocinio (the chief thief) and Ansaldo*
- LATROCINIO [*singing*]
 Kuck before and kuck behind, etc.
- ANSALDO
 Troth, you're the merriest and delightful'st company,
 sir,
 That ever traveller was blessed withal.
 I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.
- LATROCINIO
 Pish, I've a hundred of 'em.
- 10 ANSALDO
 And believe me, sir,
 I'm infinitely taken with such things.
- LATROCINIO
 I see there's music in you. You kept time, methought,
 Pretty and handsomely with your little hand there.
- ANSALDO
 It only shows desire but, troth, no skill, sir.
- LATROCINIO
 Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill, sir,
 I'll have another for you.
- ANSALDO
 It rids way pleasantly.
- LATROCINIO
 Lemme see now. One confounds another, sir.
 You've heard this certainly: [*sings*] Come, my dainty doxies.
- ANSALDO
 O that's all the country over, sir.
 There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that pricked.
- 20 LATROCINIO
 Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard then.
 [*He sings a*] song
 I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
 I take no rents, yet am not poor.
 I travel all the land about
 And yet was born to ne'er a foot.
- 25 With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
 I do at midnight often dine,
 And if my whore be not in case
 My hostess' daughter takes her place.
 The maids sit up and watch their turns;
- 30 If I stay long the tapster mourns;
 The cook-maid has no mind to sin,
 Though tempted by the chamberl'in.
 But when I knock, O how they bustle!
 The ostler yawns, the geldings justle.
- 35

3.1.0.2 *Occulto* Italian, 'hidden, concealed, secret, close' (Florio)
Silvio 'of the woods' (from Latin *silva*, a wood; not in Florio)
 0.3 *thieves* People who make a living by stealing from others—like the thieves eulogized by Martino earlier (1.1.43–62)—permeate the play's social world: the miller is a thief (4.2.39–44), as is the tailor (4.2.40–5), and the play's medical practitioners are (literally) thieves (4.2). All economic activity can be understood as theft, in so far as it operates, not through fair exchange within carefully constructed rules (under the medieval guild system), but through improvisation and deception (increasingly, under emergent capitalism). The thief is therefore located at the centre of a system of circulation, 'the sequence of the world' (*Five Gallants* 3.1.135), which runs from usury to prostitution, innkeeping, farming, and the court (3.1.115–22). Moreover, theft is often associated with lechery, a woman's body being regarded as a man's possession, which another man may steal. Hence Tarquin for raping Lucrece is called 'a Roman thief' (*Ghost* 275), and when Moll elopes the

Yellowhammers exclaim 'Some thief hath got her' (*Chaste Maid* 4.2.1); 'adulterous thefts' (*Women Beware* 4.3.36) and 'a stolen...kiss' (*Hengist* 1.2.13) may lead to the conception of a bastard child, who steals into the world illegitimately, 'the thief of nature' (*Revenge* 1.2.159). Combining larceny and lechery, theft epitomizes unregenerate humanity, from Adam and Eve's theft of the apple to the two thieves crucified on either side of Christ. Thus, when Middleton's characters think of the ten commandments, it is the seventh ('Thou shalt not steal') which comes to mind: *Puritan* 1.4.126–44, *Five Gallants* 3.4.109, *Measure* 1.2.10.

1 **th'event** the result
 2 **relieve** (a) provide comfort; (b) take his possessions
 3 **the hill being watched** (a) provided with watchers (themselves); (b) guarded by a watch
 4 **blue coats... beards** their disguise; blue coats were worn by servants
 5 **cock-shoot** a broad way or glade in a wood, through which woodcocks etc might dart or 'shoot' so as to be caught by nets stretched across the opening;

thus here a fine evening to catch foolish birds, i.e. unsuspecting travellers
 5.2 *Latrocinio* Italian, 'larceny, theft, stealing' (Florio)
 6 **Kuck... behind** a refrain from a (lost) song
Kuck void excrement (but also probably suggesting 'cock' = penis)
before in front
 9 **overtook** caught up with
 11 **infinitely** exceedingly
 16 **rids way** passes the time on the journey
 17 **confounds** becomes confused with
 18 **Come, my dainty doxies** For the full text of this song, see *Dissemblers* 4.2.56–81. **doxies** whores, but also 'gypsy sweethearts'
 20 **pricked** noted down or marked; but also with sexual puns on 'country' and 'prick'
 22 **I keep my horse** For a musical setting, see *Companion*, p. 152.
 28 **not in case** not in good physical condition, i.e. menstruating; case = female genitals
 30 **watch their turns** take turns to be on duty (?)
 33 **chamberl'in** waiter

If maid but sleep, O how they curse her!
 And all this comes of 'Deliver your purse, sir!'
 [*He draws a weapon*]
 ANSALDO How, sir?
 LATROCINIO
 Few words. Quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir.
 ANSALDO
 40 You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,
 To sing me out of my money.
 LATROCINIO 'Tis most fit
 Art should be rewarded. You must pay your music,
 sir,
 Where'er you come.
 ANSALDO But not at your own carving.
 LATROCINIO
 Nor am I common in't. Come, come, your purse, sir.
 ANSALDO
 45 Say it should prove th'undoing of a gentleman?
 LATROCINIO Why, sir, do you look for more conscience
 in us than in usurers? Young gentleman, you've small
 reason for that, i'faith.
 ANSALDO [*giving his purse*]
 There 'tis, and all I have, and—so truth comfort me—
 All I know where to have.
 50 LATROCINIO Sir, that's not written
 In my belief yet. Search. 'Tis a fine evening;
 Your horse can take no harm. I must have more, sir.
 ANSALDO
 May my hopes perish if you have not all, sir,
 And more I know than your compassionate charity
 55 Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.
 LATROCINIO
 Search, and that speedily. If I take you in hand,
 You'll find me rough. Methinks men should be ruled
 When they're so kindly spoke to. Fie upon't!
 ANSALDO [*aside*]
 Good fortune and my wit assist me then!
 60 A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't.—
 Look, sir, I've searched; here's all that I can find,
 [*He shows a pistol*]
 And you're so covetous, you will have all, you say,
 And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.
 LATROCINIO
 A pox o' that young devil of a handful long!
 65 That's frayed many a tall thief from a rich purchase.

ANSALDO
 This and my money, sir, keeps company.
 Where one goes, th'other must. Assure your soul
 They vowed never to part.
 LATROCINIO Hold, I beseech you, sir.
 ANSALDO
 You rob a prisoner's box, an you rob me, sir.
 LATROCINIO [*giving back the purse*]
 There 'tis again.
 ANSALDO I knew 'twould never prosper with you. 70
 Fie, rob a younger brother? O take heed, sir.
 'Tis against nature, that. Perhaps your father
 Was one, sir, or your uncle; it should seem so
 By the small means was left you, and less manners.
 Go, keep you still before me. And do you hear me? 75
 To pass away the time to the next town,
 I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.
 LATROCINIO
 O horrible punishment!
 [*He sings*] a song
 Enter Stratio [*disguised as a servant*]
 STRATIO Honest gentleman—
 ANSALDO
 How now, what art thou?
 STRATIO Stand you in need of help?
 I made all haste I could. My master charged me, 80
 A knight of worship. He saw you first assaulted
 From top of yonder hill.
 ANSALDO Thanks, honest friend.
 LATROCINIO [*aside*]
 I taste this trick already. Exit
 STRATIO Look, he's gone, sir.
 Shall he be stopped? What is he?
 ANSALDO Let him go, sir.
 He can rejoice in nothing; that's the comfort. 85
 STRATIO
 You have your purse still then?
 ANSALDO Ay, thanks fair fortune
 And this grim handful.
 STRATIO We were all so 'fraid o' you.
 How my good lady cried, 'O help the gentleman!'
 'Tis a good woman, that. But you're too mild, sir.
 You should ha' marked him for a villain, faith, 90
 Before he'd gone, having so sound a means, too.

37 'Deliver...sir!' the highwayman's challenge	that	charitable
39 Few words 'Few words and many deeds' (proverb)	56 take you in hand Latrocinio's threat of violence comes in a phrase whose standard meaning is 'to assume responsibility for someone'.	71 younger brother proverbially poor, since the oldest son traditionally inherited the family estate
42 Art his skill in singing, but also his cunning in deceiving Ansaldo; see 2.1.57	59 wit quickness of invention	78.2 Stratio Italian, 'torture, torment, rough handling, ill usage' (Florio)
43 at your own carving as you please	64 young devil...long the pistol	81 worship renown
44 common ordinary, commonplace	65 frayed frightened	83 taste perceive, recognize
in't in singing	tall bold	86 thanks thanks to
50 All...have all I am aware of having anywhere	purchase booty, prize	87 grim handful the pistol
50-1 that's...belief I am not persuaded of	69 prisoner's box the box let down by the prisoner through the prison-grating, to receive money or food from the	o' you for your wellbeing
		90 marked with a wound

- ANSALDO
Why, there's the jest, man. He had once my purse—
STRATIO
O villain! Would you let him 'scape unmassacred?
ANSALDO
Nay, hear me, sir. I made him yield it straight again
95 And—so hope bless me!—with an uncharged pistol.
STRATIO
Troth, I should laugh at that.
ANSALDO It was discharged, sir,
Before I meddled with't.
STRATIO I'm glad to hear't.
[He threatens Ansaldo]
ANSALDO
Why, how now, what's your will?
STRATIO Ho! Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio!
Enter Latrocinio and the rest: Occulto, Silvio,
Fiducio
LATROCINIO [to Ansaldo] What, are you caught, sir?
100 STRATIO The pistol cannot speak.
LATROCINIO He was too young.
I ever thought he could not, yet I feared him.
ANSALDO
You've found out ways too merciless to betray
Under the veil of friendship and of charity.
LATROCINIO
105 Away, sirs! Bear him in to th' next copse and strip
him.
STRATIO Brandino's copse, the Justice?
LATROCINIO Best of all, sir, a man of law. A spider lies
unsuspected in the corner of a buckram bag, man.
ANSALDO
What seek you, sirs? Take all, and use no cruelty.
110 LATROCINIO You shall have songs enough.
- ALL THIEVES [*singing a*] song
How round the world goes
And everything that's in it.
The tides of gold and silver
Ebb and flow in a minute.
From the usurer to his sons,
115 There a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief,
From the gallant to the thief,
From the thief unto his host,
From the host to husbandmen,
120 From the country to the court,
And so comes to use again.
How round the world goes
And everything that's in it.
The tides of gold and silver
Ebb and flow in a minute. Exeunt
Enter Philippa and Violetta above at the window 3.2
PHILIPPA
What time of night is't?
VIOLETTA Time of night do you call't?
It's so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.
PHILIPPA
Fie on him! There's no looking for him, then.
Why, sure this gentleman apprehends me not.
VIOLETTA
'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool, mistress. 5
PHILIPPA
Nay sure, wench, if he find me not out in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wiseman,
I'll never trust him with my reputation.
Therefore I made this trial of his wit.
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself, 10

95 **uncharged** unloaded
97 **meddled** concerned myself
98.2 **Fiducio** Italian, 'Fiducia, trust, faith, confidence' (Florio)
108 **buckram bag** a lawyer's bag; buckram is a kind of coarse linen or cloth stiffened with gum or paste
111 **round the world goes** In the new Copernican astronomy, the earth was not fixed at the centre of the universe, but a globe which rotated on its axis, and revolved around the sun.
112 **And... it** An increasingly globalized economy brought commodities to London from the Americas, Africa, and Asia.
113–14 **The tides... minute** money comes and goes quickly and endlessly (like the tides on which ships left and returned to the port of London, on transoceanic commercial voyages).
114 **minute** A subdivision of time increasingly significant to urban Protestant populations: personal timepieces, though still expensive, became for the first time reasonably reliable, enabling a new discipline of business practices, scientific ob-

servation, and personal behaviour. Kepler declared, in Middleton's lifetime, that 'the universe... is similar to a clock'.
115 **usurer** moneylender (an increasingly important figure, in an emergent capitalist economy). The sons of men who had hoarded money in their lifetime were often portrayed as lecherous prodigals; the progress described here in 115–17 also occurs in *Microcynicon*.
117 **queans** whores (see also 1.2.133)
in chief in the chief or highest position
118 **gallant** fashionable woman (*OED* sb.1.b), but used here as a synonym for 'quean'.
120 **husbandmen** farmers (who would be paid by the host, for supplying him with produce for his inn or tavern, and who would in turn pay rents to the lord of their estates, thereby passing the money from 'country' to 'court')
122 **use** usury (thus completing the circle, returning to the usurer). The Jacobean court was heavily in debt; much of the money courtiers collected from their country estates went to pay off interest

on loans. But 'use' also has less technical senses: money in circulation is being 'used', rather than sitting idle, and the particular economy imagined in this song involves, in part, sexual employment (also called 'use').
3.2.4 **apprehends me not** does not understand me, does not get the point of the letter. The word derives from Latin *apprehendere*, to seize. In English it is used both in the sense of physical seizing, as in arrests, and of mental grasping, as in learning. In the latter strain it includes the idea of understanding mentally, and also that of being sensible of something or somebody. Philippa here despairs (*a*) of Francisco's wit, although he has indeed understood her message perfectly (see 1.2.203); (*b*) of his attention, since he has not appeared, and (*c*) of being seized physically by him.
6 **find... out** (*a*) does not understand my intention; (*b*) does not discover what I'm like
7 **a beaten path** obvious

- Pox on 'em! Here's the length of one of their whittles.
 But one of my dear rascals I pursued so
 The jail has him, and he shall bring out's fellows.
 Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
 80 I'm glad I'm so near yet. The surgeon bade me too
 Have a great care. I shall never think of that now.
 ANSALDO [*aside*]
 One of the thieves come back again? I'll stand close.
 He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
 And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer't.
- FRANCISCO [*aside*]
 85 Life, what should that be? A prodigious thing
 Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
 Which always appears terrible.
 Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
 By my ill purpose. For 'tis man's own sin
 90 That puts an armour upon all his evils
 And gives them strength to strike him. Were it less
 Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve.
 A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.
 Were this a business now to save an honour,
 95 As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then,
 Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee; now I dare not.
 Why may't not be the spirit of my father
 That loved this man so well, whom I make haste
 Now to abuse? And I have been crossed about it
 100 Most fearfully hitherto, if I well think on't,
 'Scaped death but lately too, nay most miraculously.
 And what does fond man venture all these ills for,
 That may so sweetly rest in honest peace?
 For that which, being obtained, [
 105] is as he was
- To his own sense, but removed nearer still
 To death eternal. What delight has man
 Now at this present for his pleasant sin
 Of yesterday's committing? 'Las, 'tis vanished,
 110 And nothing but the sting remains within him.
 The kind man bailed me too. I will not do't now,
 An 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
 Might he but have his end appear still to him,
 That he might read his actions i'th' event?
 'Twould make him write true, though he never
 meant.
- Whose check soe'er thou art, father's or friend's
 Or enemy's, I thank thee. Peace requite thee.—
 Light, and the lighter mistress, both farewell.
 He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell. *Exit*
- ANSALDO
 He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed.
 120 I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
 For no compassion can be less than theirs.
 [*Ansaldo knocks*]
- PHILIPPA
 He's come, he's come.—O, are you come at last, sir?
 Make little noise.—Away, he'll knock again else.
 [*Exeunt above*]
- ANSALDO
 I should have been at Istria, by daybreak too;
 125 Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy widow's,
 There waits one purposely to do me good.
 What will become of me?
 Enter *Violetta* [*below*]
- VIOLETTA
 O you're a sweet gallant. This, your hour?

- 76 **whittles** large knives; a reference to his wound(?)
- 77 **dear rascals** a pun on 'rascal', a young or inferior deer (*OED* sb.4.b)
- 78 **bring out's** produce his
- 80 **yet** nevertheless
- 82 **close** concealed
- 84 **call in vain 'tis** it would be pointless to call for help
- offer't** offer wrong, attack or rob
- 85 **prodigious** ominous
- 86-7 **that shape... terrible** (Ansaldo out of doors at night dressed in just a shirt appears to Francisco to be an apparition.)
- 90 **armour** One meaning of *armour* was 'those strong and powerful lusts of sin, whereby Satan conquereth natural men, and holdeth them fast under his banner and dominion' (Wilson).
- 92 **serve** fulfil the function of an ominous warning, or simply overcome him
- 93 **distracted him** driven him insane
- 94-5 **to save... one** to preserve a woman's chastity as it is in fact to defile one
- 96 **Stuck... i' thee** even if all hell's horrors were bristling on you
- 98 **loved... well** Brandino was a great friend of Francisco's father (see 1.2.221-43)
- 99 **crossed about it** thwarted in pursuit of it
- 101 **miraculously** (In this crisis of conscience Francisco interprets all events as examples of miraculous intervention. See Introduction.)
- 102 **fond** (a) foolish (b) enamoured
- 104-5 There appears to be a gap in the text here. We can only guess at the missing words; perhaps something like 'favours the beggar | With a minute's dream; who, waked,'.
- 108 **Now at this present** right now, by contrast to yesterday when the sin was committed (but also implying 'at this moment, here in the theatre', as in *Revenge* 2.2.136-43, 157-8, etc.)
- pleasant** that gives pleasure, in this context to be rejected as a false corrupt desire
- 110 **sting** the acute pain of guilty conscience
- 111 **The kind man** Brandino; kind = generous, natural (see 1.2.46); in his crisis of conscience Francisco has a new view of Brandino.
- 112 **An... that** if only for that reason (Brandino's bailing of him)
- 113 **end** death
- still** always
- 114 **read** recognize the true nature of event outcome
- 115 **'Twould... meant** i.e., it would make him act honestly even if he had not set out to
- 116 **check** rebuke, corrective
- 118 **Light... lighter mistress** the light that Ansaldo saw (3.2.52); Philippa as unchaste (*lighter*)
- 119 **breaks with** breaks (his promise) to, breaks off (relations) with
- 125 **Istria** the sole reference in the text to the location of the action; Istria is a peninsula in the northern Adriatic, the northern part of which is now in Slovenia, the rest Croatia. It was governed at the time by Venice—hence the play's Italian names and idioms. Though the source stories in Boccaccio's *Decameron*, 2.2 and 3.3, apparently take place in Italy, there is no reference to a specific location.

130 Give me your hand. Come, come, sir, follow me.
I'll bring you to light presently. Softly, softly, sir.

Exeunt

3.3 *Enter Philippa below*

PHILIPPA

I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it.
So short of apprehension and so witless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship.

5 I've been at cost too for a banquet for him.
Why, 'twould ha' killed my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit.
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit forever,
And blamed mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter Violetta

VIOLETTA

O mistress, mistress!

10 PHILIPPA How now, what's the news?

VIOLETTA

O I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.

PHILIPPA Ha?

VIOLETTA They are scarce settled yet, mistress.

PHILIPPA What's the matter?

15 VIOLETTA Do you ask that seriously?

Did you not hear me squeak?

PHILIPPA How? Sure thou art

Out of thy wits indeed.

VIOLETTA O, I'm well now,

To what I was, mistress.

PHILIPPA Why, where's the gentleman?

VIOLETTA

The gentleman's forthcoming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.

20 PHILIPPA What sayst? not Francisco?

VIOLETTA

Pish, he's a coxcomb. Think not on him, mistress.

PHILIPPA What's all this?

VIOLETTA

I've often heard you say ye'd rather have
A wise man in his shirt than a fool feathered,
And now Fortune has sent you one, a sweet young
gentleman,

25

Robbed e'en to nothing but what first he brought with
him.

The slaves had stripped him to th' very shirt, mistress.

I think it was a shirt; I know not well,

For gallants wear both nowadays.

PHILIPPA

This is strange.

VIOLETTA

But for a face, a hand, and as much skin

30

As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one.

Francisco is a child of Egypt to him.

I could not but in pity to th' poor gentleman

Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

PHILIPPA 'Twas charitably done.

35

VIOLETTA

You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did.

Sweet youth! I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest,

Proper'st young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself,

If my master's clothes do not spoil him; that's all the
fear now.

I would 't'ad been your luck to have seen him

40

Without 'em, but for scaring on you.

PHILIPPA

Go, prithee fetch him in whom thou commend'st so.

Exit Violetta

Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much on
him;

And better he deserves our love and welcome

45

Than the disrespectful fellow 'twas prepared for.

Yet if he please mine eye never so happily

I will have trial of his wit and faith

Before I make him partner with my honour.

'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceived me.

I'll take more heed o'th' next for't. Perhaps now

50

131 **light** Compare the light that guided Ansaldo to the house initially (3.2.52), and the beauty and 'lightness' of Philippa (3.2.118), who expects Ansaldo to be Francisco.

3.3.1 **given . . . thoughts** considered him

2 **found it** i.e., understood the implied message in the letter she sent to him through her husband

3 **apprehension** understanding; see 3.2.4.

witless (a) senseless, without ingenuity or prudence (b) without physical sensation—associated with possible sexual innuendoes in *short* (with a small penis), *dullest* (not easily aroused), and *fit* (just right for snug intercourse)

5 **banquet** either a sumptuous entertainment or an exquisite dessert; whichever, rich food was thought to stimulate sexual appetites

7 **conceit** understanding. The word derives from 'conceive' and initially

has the sense of an idea or thought, something conceived; but it develops the sense of the capacity for having ideas or thoughts. The sense 'esteem' and 'self-esteem' were current at the time of the play, but here the word seems more to be associated with imaginative intelligence and capacity for judgement.

8 **wit** intelligence; Philippa desires acuteness of social perception and invention. See 3.3.3.

9 **forwardness** boldness

11, 17 **out of . . . wits** mad

11 **minute** See 3.1.114.

18 **To** compared with

21 **Pish** an exclamation of rejection or contempt

24 **feathered** fully dressed with an expensive feather in his hat, hence wealthy

26 **what first . . . him** an allusion to being born naked

29 **both** shirts and smocks (conventionally

men's and women's clothes respectively, but the second decade of the 17th century witnessed a brief flourishing of unisex fashions, with women wearing styles previously limited to men, and vice versa)

32 **child of Egypt** dark-complexioned like a gypsy or an Egyptian, and therefore less attractive within the conventional values of the time (but also, a sinner, contrasted with 'the chosen people, the elect' who escaped from Egypt into Israel)

38 **Proper'st** handsomest

41 **but for scaring on you** except that you would have been scared. (Violetta mocks Philippa's sexual interest in young men.)

45 **respectless** discourteous

46 **if he . . . happily** however attractive I happen to find him

47 **wit** intelligence; see 3.3.8

48 **honour** reputation for chastity

- To furnish his distress he will appear
Full of fair promising courtship; but I'll prove him
then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortunes is blown over
And he himself again. A distressed man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison:
There's poor assurance in 'em. When he's from me
And in's own pow'r, then I shall see his love.
Enter Ansaldo [in Brandino's clothes] and Violetta
Mass, here he comes.
[*Ansaldo and Violetta talk apart*]
- 60 ANSALDO Never was star-crossed gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love
Than I in yours.
- VIOLETTA I'm sorry they're no better for you.
I wished 'em handsomer and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not.
- 65 There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i'th' garret,
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.
- ANSALDO I deserve not this,
Dear and kind gentlewoman. Is yon your mistress?
- PHILIPPA Why, trust me, here's my husband young again!—
70 It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.
- ANSALDO I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatched charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things they would but
shame me.
[*Philippa and Violetta talk apart*]
- PHILIPPA Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him! I fear me
75 I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve myself
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
Troth, I should think the better of him at fourscore
now.
- VIOLETTA Nay, mistress, what would he be, were he in
fashion—
- A hempen curse on those that put him out on't!—
That now appears so handsome and so comely, in
clothes
Able to make a man an unbeliever
And good for nothing but for shift or so
If a man chance to fall i'th' ditch with better?
This is the best that ever I marked in 'em.
A man may make him ready in such clothes
Without a candle.
- PHILIPPA Ay, for shame of himself, wench.
- VIOLETTA My master does it oft in winter mornings
And never sees himself till he be ready.
- PHILIPPA No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench.—
90 I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot show you
A courtesy in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth. Your name I crave, sir.
- ANSALDO Ansaldo, lady.
- PHILIPPA 'Tis a noble name, sir.
- ANSALDO The most unfortunate now.
- VIOLETTA So do I think, truly,
95 As long as that suit's on.
- PHILIPPA The most unfitting
And unprovidest, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume, is that you've passed already.
Your pardon but for that, and we're encouraged.
- ANSALDO My faithful service, lady.
- PHILIPPA Please you, sir,
100 To taste the next, a poor slight banquet, for sure I
think you were
Unluckily prevented of your supper, sir.
- ANSALDO My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which (so nobly shown to
me)
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you.
105 I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend
Upon my state's establishing, and the place

51 **furnish** embellish, render more attractive52 **prove** make trial of. See *try*, 1.1.95.55 **rude** harsh57 **bonds** covenants, agreements58 **from** away from60 **star-crossed** ill-fated62 **they're** the clothes are64 **house** perhaps with the sense 'playhouse' (*OED* 4g: from Latin *domus*). Here, the theatrical sense would add a joke about the company's wardrobe; see also 5.1.213 and 5.1.272.67 **matters** (with a flirting innuendo on the sense 'genitals')74 **Beshrew** curse75 **wit** hardly 'intelligence, ingenuity', since Ansaldo has shown neither yet; rather Philippa has found in Ansaldo a sexually attractive person able to replace Francisco and so uses *wit* ironically as a convenient term for her desire76 **resolve** convince80 A **hempen curse on those** may they be hanged
out on't out of fashion82 **Able . . . unbeliever** clothes not fit for a Christian. If (proverbially) 'clothes make the man', then these clothes are so atrocious that they could turn a Christian into a pagan.83 **for shift** for want of something better; as makeshift85 **marked** observed, saw86 **make him ready** dress himself96 **unfitting** unbecoming (punning on 'poorly fitting')97 **unprovidest** unprepared100 **service** See 1.1.223.101 **banquet** the meal prepared for Francisco; see 3.3.5102 **prevented of** deprived of105 **occasions** business affairs108 **Upon** about
state's financial affairs

- 110 Ten mile from hence. O I am forced unwillingly
To crave your leave for't; which done, I return
In service plentiful.
- PHILIPPA Is't so important?
ANSALDO
If I should fail, as much as my undoing.
PHILIPPA
I think too well of you to undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.
ANSALDO My great happiness.
PHILIPPA
115 But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?
ANSALDO
As fast as speed can possibly return me.
PHILIPPA You will not fail?
ANSALDO
May never wish go well with me then!
PHILIPPA [*giving him money*]
There's to bear charges, sir.
ANSALDO Courtesy dwells in you.
120 I brought my horse up with me from the woods;
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supplied as liberally as you give.
PHILIPPA
Farewell, sir, and be faithful.
ANSALDO Time shall prove me. *Exit*
- PHILIPPA
125 In my opinion now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word. He's modest, wise, and courteous.
He has the language of an honest soul in him.
A woman's reputation may lie safe there.
I'm much deceived else. H'as a faithful eye,
If it be well observed.
130 VIOLETTA [*calling*] Good speed be with thee, sir!—
He puts him to't, i'faith.
PHILIPPA Violetta.
VIOLETTA Mistress?
PHILIPPA
Alas, what have we done, wench?
VIOLETTA What's the matter, mistress?
PHILIPPA
Run, run, call him again. He must stay, tell him,
Though it be upon's undoing. We're undone else.
- Your master's clothes, they're known the country
over. 135
- VIOLETTA
Now by this light that's true, and well remembered.
But there's no calling of him; he's out of sight now.
PHILIPPA
O what will people think?
VIOLETTA What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worst on't. Were I he now
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about 140
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.
PHILIPPA
Will he be careful, think'st?
VIOLETTA My life for yours, mistress.
PHILIPPA
I shall long mightily to see him again.
VIOLETTA
And so shall I; I shall ne'er laugh till then. *Exeunt*
- ⊙
- Incipit Actus 4*
Enter Ricardo and Second Suitor at one door, and
Valeria and First Suitor at another door. [Ricardo
and Second Suitor talk apart] 4.1
- RICARDO
It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
SECOND SUITOR
Ay, and shall still to th'end, to th'end, my honey.
Wherefore have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?
[*Valeria and First Suitor talk apart*]
FIRST SUITOR
My whole state on't: thou overthrow'st him, widow.
VALERIA
I hope well still, sir.
FIRST SUITOR Hope? Be certain, wench. 5
I make no question now but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-gear.
VALERIA
By'r Lady, that I doubt, sir.
FIRST SUITOR O, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I marked.
VALERIA What's that, good sweet sir?
FIRST SUITOR
A thing that never failed me.
VALERIA Good sir, what? 10

109 **Ten mile** Ansaldo presumably intends to keep his rendezvous at Istria, near Valeria's house (3.2.125-7). His sense of the distance may be vague: elsewhere, Francisco (soon after leaving Valeria's) speaks of being fifteen miles from Brandino's house (2.2.9), and Brandino speaks of Violetta riding fifteen miles for a meeting with Valeria and Ricardo (4.1.124). However, it is not clear

exactly where 2.2 or 4.1 takes place. Brandino's house is a mile from town, and two miles from where the thieves attacked Francisco and Ansaldo (3.2.71-2). The play takes place in an area where everyone knows everyone else, with a small 'market town' (3.3.141), highways, and apparently isolated houses owned by wealthy gentry; it resembles an English county.

119 **bear charges** pay your expenses
122 **kind** naturally charitable
131 **puts him to't** rides his horse hard (which Violetta perceives as a sign of virility)
135 **country** countryside, county
143 **mightily** greatly
4.1.4 **state** estate
7 **night-gear** night clothes

- FIRST SUITOR
I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort:
Invita voluntate. Ha! That's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith.
- VALERIA
Invita voluntate. What's the meaning, sir?
- FIRST SUITOR
15 Nay, there I leave you. But assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life
But the cause went on's side; that I marked ever.
[Ricardo and Second Suitor talk apart]
- SECOND SUITOR
Do, do, and spare not! Thou wouldst talk with her?
- RICARDO
Yes, with your leave and liking.
- SECOND SUITOR
20 Do, my adoption,
My chosen child. An thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.
- RICARDO
A child's part in your love, that's my ambition, sir.
- SECOND SUITOR
Go and deserve it then. Please me well now.
I love wrangling, o' life, boy; there's my delight.
25 I have no other venery but vexation;
That's all my honey now. Smartly now to her!
I've enough, and I will have my humour.
- RICARDO
This need not ha' been, widow.
- VALERIA
You say right, sir.
No, nor your treachery, your close conspiracy
30 Against me for my wealth need not ha' been neither.
- RICARDO
I had you fairly. I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserved for wife.
- VALERIA How, wife?
- RICARDO
Ay, wife, wife, widow. Be not ashamed on't;
35 It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace indeed, brag as you list.
- SECOND SUITOR Ha ha!
- VALERIA
I grant you, sir—but not to be *your* wife.
- FIRST SUITOR
O O!
- RICARDO
Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
40 That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid—but that's not yet this
threescore year.
Let's talk of nearer matters.
- VALERIA
You're as near, sir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.
- RICARDO
Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.
45 VALERIA How!
- RICARDO
Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
- VALERIA
Your goods?
- RICARDO
I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
- VALERIA
I'll give you my word you shall, sir.
- RICARDO
50 Look to't, widow.
A night may come will call you to account for't.
- VALERIA
O, if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'd be revenged on me.
- RICARDO
Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get
55 Three children at a birth, an I could o' thee.

12 *Invita voluntate* with an unwilling willingness (Latin); at 4.1.15–17 the First Suitor is unable to explain to Valeria what the words mean, but they are explicitly relevant to the legal issue at hand, whether Valeria willingly entered into a contract with Ricardo.

15 **there I leave you** in that I can't help you
19 **adoption** Wilson defines adoption as "The purpose of God eternally decreeing to make some his children... to take him for a son, who was a child of wrath by nature". This theological sense connects divine election with the secular sense of a 'chosen child'.

20 **hold'st** remain

21 **cozen all my kindred** cheat his relations out of any inheritance (the First Suitor has just addressed him as 'my adoption | My chosen child?'), with pun on 'cozen/cousin'

22 **A child's part... ambition** (a) I would

like to receive love from you as your child; (b) I would like to inherit a portion appropriate to a loved child.

24 **wrangling** contentious dispute
o' life dearly

25 **venery** sexual pleasure

26 **honey** sexual pleasure

29 **close** secret

31–3 **I scorn... wife** Ricardo declares his honourable approach to his wooing, asserting that he would not deceive the waiting woman in order to gain access to her, and especially would not deceive the woman he wishes to marry.

36 **calling** station in life. Although the word derives the sense of naming or appellation (*OED* sb 4) from the idea of the action of greeting, the word developed a special religious sense as the 'summons, invitation, or impulse of God to salvation or to his service', and by extension therefore the position,

estate, or station in life to which God has called a person (*OED* cites 1 Corinthians 7:20 in this connection: 'Let every man abide in the calling wherein he was called'). Thus though the word can mean an occupation or trade, it nevertheless may retain an aspect of Godly sanction. Ricardo's use implies the sanctified nature of the wifely role.

37 **all your grace** the particular source of grace for women

42 **When my head's laid** when I die

43 **nearer** more personal, immediate matters (punning on 'genitals')

44 **right me** redress my injuries

45 **wilful** independent, determined to have her way

housewife (a) a woman who manages a household (b) hussy, slut

51 **account** (punning on 'a cunt')

52 **heat** eagerness, (sexual) passion

- FIRST SUITOR [*to Second Suitor*]
Take off your youngster there.
- SECOND SUITOR Take off your widow first.
He shall have the last word; I pay for't dearly.—
To her again, sweet boy; that side's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Enter Brandino and Martino. [Ricardo and Second Suitor stand apart]
- VALERIA
60 O brother, see, I'm up to th'ears in law here.
[*She shows him many legal papers*]
Look, copy upon copy.
- BRANDINO
'Twere grief enough if a man did but hear on't,
But I'm in pain to see't.
- VALERIA What, sore eyes still, brother?
BRANDINO Worse and worse, sister. The old woman's water
Does me no good.
- 65 VALERIA Why, it's helped many, sir.
BRANDINO It helps not me, I'm sure.
MARTINO O! O!
VALERIA What, ails Martino too?
MARTINO O! O! the toothache, the toothache!
BRANDINO
70 Ah, poor worm! This he endures for me now.
There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband when his wife breeds child
Than in Martino. I ha' marked it ever.
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still—and, to quite
me,
It is his eye-tooth too.
- 75 MARTINO Ay, ay, ay, ay!
VALERIA
Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, sir,
His flag hangs out in town here, i'th' Cross Inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions.
80 It shows him a great travelling and learned empiric.
BRANDINO
We'll both to him, Martino.
VALERIA Hark you, brother.
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
FIRST SUITOR
Ay, about that, sweet widow.
- VALERIA True. Speak low, sir.
BRANDINO Well, what's the business? Say, say.
VALERIA Marry, this, brother.
85 Call the young man aside, from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear 'a thousand dollars'—
If he will vanish, and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.
FIRST SUITOR
90 Say me those words, good sir; I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.
Enter Violetta
BRANDINO
I shall do much for that.
[*Brandino whispers to Ricardo, apart*]
VALERIA Welcome, sweetheart.
Thou com'st most happily. I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.
VIOLETTA I take delight forsooth
In any such employment.
FIRST SUITOR Good wench, trust me.
[*Valeria and Second Suitor whisper to Violetta, apart*]
RICARDO [*to Brandino*]
95 How, sir, let fall the suit? Life, I'll go naked first.
BRANDINO
A thousand dollars, sir: think upon them.
RICARDO
Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're
thought on.
BRANDINO
A good round sum.
RICARDO A good round widow's better.
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
100 Out of my lands and yielded, but (sir) scorn
To be bought out of my affection.
BRANDINO
Why, here's e'en just my university spirit.
I prized a piece of red deer above gold then.
RICARDO [*aside*]
My patron would be mad, an he should hear on't.
MARTINO
I pray, what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?
105 RICARDO
Hanged, drawn, and quart'ring. Is't a hollow one?

56 **Take off** lead or draw away64 **old woman's** 'wise woman's', healer's
water curative liquid, perhaps urine,
which was used as a remedy for sore
eyes69 **toothache** since devoted husbands were
believed to suffer toothache in sympathy
with their wives' labour pains, Martino,
the dedicated clerk, responds similarly to
his master's distress74 **still** always**quite** requite, match, correspond pre-
cisely with78 **flag** sign80 **empiric** physician; specifically one
who 'relies solely upon observation and
experiment'82 **indifferent** impartial88 **never . . . no more** the double negative is
an emphatic negative, not a positive92 **happily** fortunately; the emphasis is on
the benevolence of chance, not her or his
pleasure93 **make a purpose good** bring a project to
a successful conclusion95 **suit** Ricardo puns on the legal term andthe item of clothing to assert his financial
investment in his success at law99 **meat** woman as sexual body102 **university spirit** undergraduate reckless-
ness103 **red deer** female flesh105 **wicked** painful, harmful106 **Hanged, drawn, and quart'ring** the
torture and death meted out to traitors
are associated with the drawing of a
tooth and its hanging on a thread after
extraction

- MARTINO
Ay, 'tis a hollow one.
- RICARDO Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mixed with oil of felon.
- MARTINO
Why, sure you mock me.
- RICARDO Troth, I think I do, sir.
- SECOND SUITOR
Come hither, honey. What's the news in whispers?
[Ricardo and Second Sutor whisper apart]
- BRANDINO [to Valeria]
He will not be bought out.
- VALERIA No? That's strange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.
- BRANDINO I like this better.
[Brandino approaches Ricardo and Second Sutor]
Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here
For amity's sake and peace, to end all controversy:
This gentlewoman—my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly; but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.
- RICARDO
At me?
- BRANDINO
But for this jar, 't'ad ne'er been offered.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir
And a maid too—and that's a thing worth thanks,
sir;
Nay, one that has rid fifteen mile this morning
For your love only.
- SECOND SUITOR [to Ricardo]
Honey, hearken after her.
Being rich, I can have all my money there,
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further.
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.
- RICARDO [to Violetta]
Do you love me, forsooth?
- VIOLETTA O infinitely!
- RICARDO
I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee,
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.
- VIOLETTA
My time was come, sir; that's all I can say.
- RICARDO
'Las, poor fool! Where didst thou love me first,
prithee?
- VIOLETTA
In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window, sir.
- RICARDO
A window? Prithee clap it to, and call it in again. 135
What was I doing then, should make thee love me?
- VIOLETTA
Twirling your band-string—which, methought,
became you
So generously well.
- RICARDO
'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for.
That love was likely to be tied in matrimony 140
that begun in a band-string. Yet I ha' known as much
come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well,
sister. I may be cozened in a maid; I cannot, in a widow.
- SECOND SUITOR
Art thou come home again? Stick'st thou there still?
I will defend thee still then.
- FIRST SUITOR Sir, your malice 145
Will have enough on't.
- SECOND SUITOR I will have my humour.
- FIRST SUITOR
Beggary will prove the sponge.
- SECOND SUITOR Sponge i' thy gaskins,
Thy galligaskins there!
- RICARDO Ha! Brave protector!
- BRANDINO
I thought 'twould come to open wars again.
Let 'em agree as they will. Two testy fops! 150
I'll have a care of mine eyes.
- MARTINO I, of my chops.
Exeunt [severally] 4.2
- Enter Latrocinio and Occulto*
- LATROCINIO
Away, out with the banner! Send's good luck today!
A banner of cures and diseases hung out
- OCULTO
I warrant you. Your name's spread, sir, for an em-
piric.
There's an old mason troubled with the stone
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel;
He would have ease, fain.

116 **gentlewoman** Violetta, whom Brandino offers to marry to Ricardo

117 **portion** dowry

121 **jar** discord, dispute

123 **maid** Brandino stresses her virginity

135 **clap it to** . . . it shut the window . . . love

137 **band-string** a string for fastening a collar or 'band'; at 4.1.141 Ricardo puns on the band/bond of marriage

142 **tassel** (a) a decorative ornament on clothing; (b) perhaps a pun on 'tussle'

143 **sister** this form of address disavows

sexual interest

144 **come home again** returned to where you started

147 **Beggary . . . sponge** poverty (as a result of losing the lawsuit) will dry up your capacity for indulging your whims; humour derives from the word for moisture (see note to 2.1.175)

gaskins breeches

148 **galligaskins** wide or loose breeches

Brave excellent, worthy

150 **testy** short-tempered
fops fools

151 **chops** jaws, mouth

4.2.1 **Away** get on with it

2 **Your name's spread** (a) his reputation has been published; (b) his name is spread out on the banner

empiric physician; see 4.1.80.

3 **stone** a kidney stone, with a pun on the mason's occupation

5 **fain** gladly

- 5 LATROCINIO Marry, I cannot blame him, sir.
But how he will come by't? There lies the question.
OCCULTO
You must do somewhat, sir, for he's swoll'n most
piteously;
Has urine in him now was brewed last March.
LATROCINIO 'Twill be rich gear for dyers.
10 OCCULTO I would 'twere come to that, sir.
LATROCINIO Lemme see.
I'll send him a whole musketcharge of gunpowder.
OCCULTO
Gunpowder? What, sir, to break the stone?
LATROCINIO Ay, by my faith, sir.
It is the likeliest thing I know to do't.
15 I'm sure it breaks stone walls and castles down;
I see no reason, but 't should break the stone.
OCCULTO
Nay, use your pleasure, sir.
LATROCINIO Troth, if that do not
I ha' nothing else that will.
OCCULTO I know that too.
LATROCINIO
20 Why then thou'rt a coxcomb to make question on't.
Go call in all the rest. I have employment for them.
[Exit Occulto]
When the highways grow thin with travellers
And few portmanteaus stirring (as all trades
Have their dead time, we see—thievery poor takings,
And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still),
25 Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i' my chamber,
And make 'em come to me. It's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade!
30 He's like a mouth that eats but on one side
- And half-cozens his belly, 'specially
If he dine among shavers and both-handed feeders.
Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio!
Enter all the rest [of the thieves]: Silvio, Stratio,
Fiducio
I will have none left out. There's parts for you.
SILVIO
For us? Pray, let's have 'em.
LATROCINIO Change yourselves 35
With all speed possible into several shapes
Far from your own, as: you, a farmer, sir;
A grazier, you; and you may be a miller.
FIDUCIO
O no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may spoil all again.
LATROCINIO Some country tailor then. 40
FIDUCIO
That's near enough, by'r Lady; yet I'll venture that.
The miller's a white devil; he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The tailor, modestly, between his legs. 45
LATROCINIO
Why, pray, do you present that modest thief then.
And hark you for the purpose.
SILVIO 'Twill improve you, sir.
LATROCINIO
50 'Twill get believers, believe that, my masters,
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer.
When you see any come, repair you to me
As samples of my skill. There are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off;
Then where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends? Make haste, away,
sirs!
Exeunt [Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio]

7 somewhat something
9 rich... dyers valuable material for dyers
to use in their processes
22 portmanteaus travelling bags for clothes
24 doings copulation
and so forwards and so forth
25 take my inn take up residence (OED
sb.2.a)
curmudgeons miserly or churlish persons
26 abroad out of doors
27 here Since this speech is addressed to
the audience, the actor may be referring
to the theatre itself: in *Mad World* and
Hengist Middleton equates actors with
thieves.
28 state-like stately. In the increasingly
corrupt Jacobean patronage system, well-
connected courtiers profited handsomely
by letting clients and suitors 'come to
them' in their 'chambers', giving them
gifts and bribes in exchange for offices,
patents, and monopolies.

31 half-cozens half-cheats
32 shavers swindlers. More literally, a
clean-shaved man can eat faster than
a bearded one, because he needn't worry
about getting food in his beard.
34 parts jobs; theatrical roles
36 shapes theatrical roles or costumes
39-40 miller... tailor both traditionally
regarded as thieves
39 comes too near is too like in qualities
42 white devil For the Reformation origins
of this image of hypocrisy, see long
commentary note at *Game* ('Early')
3.214. Here, 'white' plays on the literal
sense (he is covered with flour).
theft what he has stolen, flour
43 badges distinguishing marks
apparently manifestly
45 tailor... legs the tailor puts the stolen
material into his own breeches; also
tailor = penis
46 present act the part of

47 hark... purpose (The action is not
clear here; Latrocinio does something,
or whispers something, which will
contribute to Fiducio's impersonation
of a tailor.)
improve make you appear more prosper-
ous, of higher social rank (This may also
be a comment on whatever Latrocinio
has just done.)
51 samples illustrations, examples, of his
capacity to effect cures
51-3 There... shadow nearly every skill
exploits mysteries to enhance its power;
but when the skill is itself a complete
illusion or trick... (see 2.1.57). The
shadow is the dark background against
which the art is highlighted. The use of
shadow here may refer to the association
of actors with shadows; see 'If we
shadows have offended', *A Midsummer
Night's Dream* Epilogue.1.

- Enter Occulto [disguised]*
- OCCULTO
Where are you, sir?
- 55 LATROCINIO Not far, man. What's the news?
- OCCULTO
The old Justice, sir, whom we robbed once by moon-
light,
And bound his man and he in haycock time
With a rope made of horsemeat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which I think ere midnight
60 Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty—
- LATROCINIO
Life, what of him, man?
- OCCULTO He's inquiring earnestly
For the great man of art—indeed, for you, sir.
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir. Make yourself dainty
now,
And that's three parts of any profession.
- LATROCINIO
I have enough on't. *Exit*
- Enter Ansaldo [in old Brandino's clothes]*
- 65 OCCULTO [*aside*] How now, what thing's this?
Now by this light, *The Second Part o'th' Justice*,
'Newly revived'—with never a hair on's face.
It should be the first rather, by his smoothness;
But I ha' known *The First Part* written last.
- 70 'Tis he, or let me perish—the young gentleman
We robbed and stripped! But I am far from knowledge
now.
- ANSALDO
One word, I pray, sir.
- OCCULTO With me, gentle sir?
- ANSALDO
Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?
- 75 OCCULTO Why do you ask, sir?
- ANSALDO
There was a poor young gentleman robbed last night.
- OCCULTO
Robbed?
- ANSALDO
Stripped of all, i'faith.
- OCCULTO O beastly rascals!
'Las, what was he?
- ANSALDO Look o' me, and know him, sir.
- OCCULTO
Hard-hearted villains! Strip? Troth, when I saw you
Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir. 80
- ANSALDO
Want made me glad o' 'em.
- OCCULTO Send you better fortunes, sir!—
[*Aside*] That we may have a bout with you once
again.
- ANSALDO
I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.
- OCCULTO
'Tis with my heart, i'faith. New store of coin
And better clothes be with you!
- ANSALDO There's some honest yet 85
And charitably minded. How, what's here to do?
(*Reads*) 'Here within this place is cured
All the griefs that were e'er endured.'—
Now there thou liest. I endured one last night
Thou canst not cure this morning. A strange prom-
iser.— 90
- 'Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula *in ano*, ulcer, mægum,
Or what disease soe'er beleaf'r 'em,
Stone, rupture, squinancy, impostume, 95
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.'—
That's conscionably said, i'faith.—
'In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.'—
By'r Lady, you shall pardon me; I'll not try't, sir. 100
- [Exit Occulto]*
- Enter Brandino and Martino [aloof]*
- BRANDINO
Martino, is not yon my hinder parts?
- MARTINO
Yes, and your fore parts too, sir.
- BRANDINO I trow so.

57 **haycock time** harvest time; a haycock is
'a conical heap of hay in a field' (OED)

58 **rope . . . horsemeat** The next two lines
show that they were bound with ropes of
hay, 'hay-bound'

62 **man of art** wise man (see 2.1.57)

63 **dainty** impressive in appearance

64 **three parts** three-quarters

65 **have enough on't** understand well

67 **'Newly revived'** (a cliché of theatrical ad-
vertising). Ansaldo appears like a theat-
rical sequel in the life of Brandino, whose
clothes he wears; in his youthfulness
Ansaldo looks like a reborn Brandino

69 **The First . . . last** Occulto refers to new
plays that present material anterior to

the events portrayed in a prior work
(‘prequels’); he suggests that Ansaldo’s
youth creates such an experience.

71 **But . . . knowledge now** Occulto must
pretend ignorance of Ansaldo’s identity.

74 **knot** group or band

conditions behaviour, morals (see
1.2.80)

75 **privily** secretly

82 **bout** ‘go, turn’, contest, opportunity to
overcome (with sexual suggestion)

88 **griefs** (a) misfortunes; (b) sicknesses

91 **Palsy** shaking

hydropic humour condition of being
swollen with retained fluid

93 **Fistula** a pipelike ulcer
in ano in the anus (Latin)

mægum headache, migraine

94 **beleaf'r** surround, beset

95 **Stone** kidney stone

squinancy quinsy

impostume abscess

97 **conscionably** in good faith

99 **unsound so fast** so very unhealthy

101–2 **hinder parts . . . fore parts** they spot
Ansaldo wearing Brandino’s clothes;
in 103–4, where the references are
physical, Brandino’s failure to see his
fore parts suggests that he has always
been too fat to see his genitals

- I never saw my hind parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore ones neither.—What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?
- 105 ANSALDO A justice? No, truly.
BRANDINO
How came this suit to you then?
ANSALDO How, this suit?
Why, must he needs be a Justice, sir, that wears it?
BRANDINO
You'll find it so. 'Twas made for nobody else.
I paid for't.
ANSALDO [*aside*]
O strange fortune! I have undone
The charitable woman.
110 BRANDINO He'll be gone.
Martino, hold him fast. I'll call for aid.
ANSALDO
Hold me? O curse of fate!
[*Ansaldo strikes Martino on the face*]
MARTINO O master, master!
BRANDINO
What ails, Martino?
MARTINO In my conscience
He's beat out the wrong tooth. I feel it now,
Three degrees off.
BRANDINO [*to Ansaldo*]
115 O slave! spoiled a fine penman.
ANSALDO
He lacked good manners, though. Lay hands o' me?
I scorn all the deserts that belong to't.
Enter *Latrocínio* [*disguised as an empiric*]
LATROCINIO
Why, how now? What's the broil?
BRANDINO The man of art
I take you, sir, to be.
LATROCINIO I'm the professer
120 Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.
BRANDINO
Our business was to you, most skilful sir,
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.
LATROCINIO A thief?
BRANDINO With my clothes on, sir.
Let but the hose be searched, I'll pawn my life
125 There's yet the tailor's bill in one o'th' pockets
And a white thimble that I found i' moonlight.—
Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.
MARTINO Oy, oy.
BRANDINO
O, he's spoiled the worthiest clerk that e'er drew
warrant here.
- LATROCINIO [*to Ansaldo*]
Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you. 130
That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.
ANSALDO [*aside*]
I dare not say which way; that's my affliction.
LATROCINIO
Is not your worship's name Signor Brandino, sir?
BRANDINO
It has been so these threescore year and upwards.
LATROCINIO
I heard there was a robbery done last night 135
Near to your house.
ANSALDO You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robbed.
LATROCINIO Ah, that's too gross.
Send him away for fear of farther mischief.
I do not like him; he's a cunning knave.
BRANDINO
I want but aid.
LATROCINIO Within there!
Enter [*Oculto and*] two or three servants
BRANDINO Seize upon 140
That impudent thief!
ANSALDO Then hear me speak.
BRANDINO Away!
I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes
again.
To prison with the varlet!
ANSALDO How am I punished!
BRANDINO
I'll make thee bring out all before I leave thee.
Exit [*servants*] with *Ansaldo*
LATROCINIO
You've took an excellent course with this bold villain,
sir. 145
BRANDINO
I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.
Enter *Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio* [*disguised as a
farmer, a grazier, and a tailor*]
What are these, learnèd sir?
LATROCINIO O, they're my patients.—
Good morrow, Gout, Rupture, and Palsy.
STRATIO
'Tis farewell gout almost, I thank your worship.
LATROCINIO
What? No, you cannot part so soon, I hope? 150
You came but lately to me.
STRATIO But most happily.
I can go near to leap, sir.
LATROCINIO What, you cannot?
[*Stratio leaps*]
Away, I say! Take heed. Be not too vent'rous, though.

103 **else** otherwise, under other circum-
stances117 **deserts** . . . to't the consequences of
striking Martino (?), or the respect due
to Martino's skill as a penman (?)118 **broil** disturbance128 **Oy, oy** cries of pain (?)132 **affliction** distress137 **gross** evident144 **bring out** produce, utter (*OED* bring,

vb.21.c)

146 **service** as a Justice of the Peace150 **part** depart (because cured)151 **happily** fortunately, advantageously152 **go near to** almost

- I've had you but three days, remember that.
- 155 STRATIO Those three are better than three hundred, sir.
[*Stratio leaps*]
- LATROCINIO Yet again?
- STRATIO Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.
[*Exit*]
- LATROCINIO [*to Silvio*]
You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
Pray let me see your space this morning. Walk, sir.
[*Silvio walks in a bow-legged manner*]
I'll take your distance straight. 'Twas 'F.O.' yesterday.
- 160 Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration,
Secundo gradu, you're 'F.U.' already.
Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir.
Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another; by tomorrow noon
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.
- 165 SILVIO Bless your worship!
[*Exit*]
- BRANDINO You have a hundred pray'rs in a morning, sir.
- LATROCINIO Faith, we have a few to pass away the day with.—
Tailor, you had a stitch.
- FIDUCIO O, good your worship,
I have had none since Easter. Were I rid
170 But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy.
I cannot thread my needle.
- LATROCINIO No, that's hard.
I never marked so much.
- FIDUCIO It comes by fits, sir.
- LATROCINIO 'Las, poor man!—What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?
- BRANDINO And make him firm from shaking?
- 175 LATROCINIO As a steeple,
From the disease on't.
- BRANDINO 'Tis to me miraculous.
- LATROCINIO [*to Fiducio*]
You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither.
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it steadfast.
- Yet more, sir; yet, I say! So.
- BRANDINO Admirable!
- LATROCINIO Go, live, and thread thy needle. [*Exit Fiducio*]
- BRANDINO Here, Martino.— 180
'Las, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises
And cannot utter 'em.
- LATROCINIO No? What's the malady?
- BRANDINO The fury of a tooth.
- LATROCINIO A tooth? Ha ha!
I thought 't'ad been some gangrene, fistula,
Cancer, or ramex.
- BRANDINO No, it's enough as 'tis, sir. 185
- LATROCINIO My man shall ease that straight.—Sit you down there,
sir.
[*Martino sits*]
[*To Occulto*] Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insens-
ibly.—
But what's your worship's malady? That's for me, sir.
- BRANDINO Marry, pray look you, sir: your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.
- LATROCINIO Sore eyes? That's nothing too, sir. 190
- BRANDINO By'r Lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.
- LATROCINIO Have you no convulsions? pricking achës, sir?
Ruptures or apostemates?
- BRANDINO No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.
- LATROCINIO Those are cures;
There do I win my fame, sir.—Quickly, sirrah, 195
Reach me the eye-cup hither.—Do you make water
well, sir?
- BRANDINO I'm all well there.
- LATROCINIO You feel no grief i'th' kidney?
- BRANDINO Sound, sound, sound, sir.
- LATROCINIO O, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal 200
One of these mornings.
- BRANDINO There I think, i'faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words

156 Ease... known happiness wants to make itself known to others

158 space The '*hernia in scrotum*' prevents Silvio from walking with a natural space between his legs.

159 take your distance measure the 'space'

159-61 'F.O.'... 'F.U.' an indication that Silvio's condition has improved sufficiently for him to bring his legs closer together. The meaning (if any) of these abbreviations is not clear: 'eff' (as a euphemism for *fuck*) is not recorded until the twentieth century.

160 simple clear

161 *Secundo gradu* in the second degree (Latin)

168 stitch a sharp pain; a pun on the tailor's trade

170 whoreson damned

171 hard either (a) a severe case or (b) unfortunate

175-6 steeple... on't as a steeple, since he will be free of the disease

177 whoremaster disease palsy was perceived as a consequence of syphilis

180 live (a) live your life; (b) make your

living

185 ramex rupture, hernia

187 daintily deftly

insensibly imperceptibly

193 apostemates large deep-seated abscesses

198 grief pain

200 breath bad breath, but quibbling on 'speech'

talk withal treat

202 wife's words (Philippa has presumably complained about Brandino's bad breath, and predicted that others would notice it.)

Are come to pass, sir.
 [Occulto draws a tooth from Martino]

MARTINO O, O! 'Tis not that, 'tis not that!
 It is the next beyond it: there, there, there.

OCCULTO
 205 The best have their mistakings. Now I'll fit you, sir.

BRANDINO [to Latrocinio]
 What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his cool-
 ness?

LATROCINIO
 O, sovereign gear. Wink hard, and keep it in, sir.
 [While he applies the eye-cup, he picks Brandino's
 pocket]

MARTINO O, O, O!
 OCCULTO
 Nay, here he goes. One twitch more and he comes,
 sir.
 [While he draws a tooth, he picks Martino's
 pocket]

MARTINO
 Auh, ho.

210 OCCULTO Spit out. I told you he was gone, sir.

BRANDINO
 How cheers Martino?

MARTINO O, I can answer you now, master.
 I feel great ease, sir.

BRANDINO So do I, Martino.

MARTINO
 I'm rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
 Of a scald little one.

LATROCINIO [to Brandino]
 Please but your worship now

215 To take three drops of the rich water with you,
 I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
 At twice i' your own chamber.

BRANDINO Shall he so, sir?

LATROCINIO
 I will uphold him in't.

MARTINO Then will I do't, sir.

LATROCINIO
 How lively your man's now!

MARTINO O, I'm so light, methinks,
 Over what e'er I was!

BRANDINO [to Latrocinio]
 220 What is't contents your worship?

LATROCINIO
 E'en what your worship please. I am not mercenary.

BRANDINO
 My purse is gone, Martino!

LATROCINIO How, your purse, sir?

BRANDINO
 'Tis gone, i'faith. I've been among some rascals.
 MARTINO And that's a thing
 I ever gave you warning of, master. You care not 225
 What company you run into.

BRANDINO
 Lend me some money. Chide me anon, I prithee.
 A pox on 'em for vipers! They ha' sucked blood o' me.

MARTINO
 O master!

BRANDINO
 How now, man?

MARTINO My purse is gone too.

BRANDINO How?
 I'll never take warning more of thee while I live then. 230
 Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
 To give good counsel to thy master, that
 Canst not keep from ill company thyself.

LATROCINIO
 This is most strange, sir. Both your purses gone?

MARTINO
 Sir, I'd my hand on mine when I came in. 235

LATROCINIO
 Are you but sure of that? O would you were!

MARTINO
 As I'm of ease.

LATROCINIO Then they're both gone one way;
 Be that your comfort.

BRANDINO Ay, but what way's that, sir?

LATROCINIO
 That close knave in your clothes has got 'em both.
 'Tis well you've clapped him fast.

BRANDINO Why, that's impossible. 240

LATROCINIO
 O, tell not me, sir. I ha' known purses gone
 And the thief stand and look one full i'th' face,
 As I may do your worship and your man now.

MARTINO
 Nay, that's most certain, master.

BRANDINO I will make
 That rascal in my clothes answer all this then 245
 And all the robberies that have been done
 Since the moon changed. Get you home first, Martino,
 And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
 Or any more of mine. Tell her he's taken,
 And by that token he has took both our purses. 250
 [He gives Martino a token]

MARTINO
 That's an ill token, master.

BRANDINO That's all one, sir.

205 **fit you** treat you, sort you out

206 **his** its

207 **sovereign** excellent
gear treatment, remedy

214 **scald** contemptible

215 **rich** of great worth

217 **At twice** on a second occasion, at a

later time

218 **uphold** give him assistance

219 **light** (a) merry, but also (b) of little
 substance (since without his knowledge
 he has been robbed)

220 **Over** beyond what (*OED prep.* 9b)

227 **anon** later

237 **of ease** free from pain

240 **clapped** confined

250 **token** some object (unidentified) that
 appears to be distasteful or unsatisfac-
 tory; Martino calls it an *ill token* in the
 next line

- She must have that or nothing, for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.
Begone! Make haste again, and meet me part o'th'
way.
- 255 MARTINO I'll hang the villain
An 'twere for nothing but the souse he gave me.
- BRANDINO
Sir, I depart ashamed of my requital,
And leave this seal ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.
- LATROCINIO No, I beseech you, sir.
- BRANDINO
Indeed you shall, sir.
- 260 LATROCINIO O, your worship's word, sir.
[Brandino gives him the ring]
- BRANDINO
You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal.
- LATROCINIO Clear sight be with you, sir!
Exit Brandino
- If conduit-water and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
[Enter Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio]
Life, I feared none but thee, my villainous tooth-
drawer.
- 265 OCCULTO
There was no fear of me. I've often told you
I was bound prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i'th' second year.
- LATROCINIO Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee.—What have we there, sirs?
- 270 OCCULTO
Some threescore dollars i' the master's purse
And sixteen in the clerk's, a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.
- LATROCINIO
Warrants? Where be they? The best news came yet.
Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal, I thank
him.
- 275 This comes most luckily. One of our fellows
Was took last night; we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him—and if he
In th'old Justice's suit, whom we robbed lately,
- Will come off roundly, we'll set him free too.
- OCCULTO
That were a good deed, faith; we may in pity.
- LATROCINIO
There's nothing done merely for pity nowadays;
Money or ware must help too.
- Song in parts*
- THIEVES
Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth. 285
Who complains his fate's amiss
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health, 290
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town and city,
He has lands, that was born witty. *Exeunt*
- 5.1
Incipit Actus 5
Enter Philippa and Violetta
- PHILIPPA
How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!
Sure there's no trust in man.
- VIOLETTA They're all Franciscos.
That's my opinion, mistress. Fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,
To send my master's clothes home.
- PHILIPPA Ay, those clothes. 5
- VIOLETTA
Colliers come by the door ev'ry day, mistress.
Nay, this is market-day too: poulterers, butchers,
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier
And kept veal from the wind.
- PHILIPPA Those clothes much trouble me.
- VIOLETTA
Faith, an he were a gentleman, as he seemed to be, 10
They would trouble him too, I think.
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.
- PHILIPPA
Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think,
wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
- 254 **again** back
256 **souse** heavy blow
257 **requital** (lack of) payment for services
263 **conduit-water** water from the conduit,
the source of public supply; with the
hostess' breast milk it made up the
eye-wash
265 **villainous** devilishly skilled (ironic
praise)
267 **barber** Barbers originally practised
dentistry and surgery.
268 **second year** (a full apprenticeship lasted
for seven)
- 273 **amber beads** Amber has various
associations: it has been a symbol of
immortality, and in the 17th century
was advanced as a universal cure.
However, with respect to Martino it
may be relevant that amber 'was used
as an amulet to attract lovers' (*OED* sub.
4); 'beads made of amber preserved the
wearer against rheumatism, toothache'
and many other complaints (Budge), and
Camillus Leonardus records among its
other properties that 'it fastens teeth that
are loosened' (*Speculum Lapidum*, 1502).
- 278 **good boys** fellow criminals
280 **come off** pay up
roundly promptly
282 **merely** just, solely
283.1 **Song in parts** a song for several
voice-parts in simple harmony
288 **devil in fee** has retained the devil as his
servant (or lawyer)
5.1.6 **Colliers** coal-merchants
8 **They** the clothes; Violetta says that
they could have been returned by trades-
people, using them as rags

15 For after-times, to show what misery
 He passed in his young days, and then weep over 'em.
 VIOLETTA Weep, mistress?
 Nay, sure, methinks he should not weep for laughing.
Enter Martino
 PHILIPPA [*aside to Violetta*]
 Martino? O, we're spoiled, wench. Are they come
 then?
 20 MARTINO Mistress, be of good cheer. I have excellent
 news for you. Comfort your heart. What have you to
 breakfast, mistress?
 You shall have all again, I warrant you.
 PHILIPPA [*aside*]
 What says he, wench?
 VIOLETTA [*aside*] I'm loath to understand him.
 MARTINO
 25 Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress.
 You shall not lose a hair. Take't of my word.
 We have him safe enough.
 PHILIPPA [*aside*] O 'las, sweet wench,
 This man talks fearfully.
 VIOLETTA [*aside*] And I know not what yet;
 That's the worst, mistress.
 MARTINO Can you tell me, pray,
 30 Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?
 There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
 Would have served me this seven year—O, and my
 fig-cheese!
 The fig of everlasting obloquy
 Go with him if he have eat it! I'll make haste;
 35 He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
 Grossly and beastly—how do you think, i'faith?
 PHILIPPA
 I know not, sir.
 MARTINO Troth, in my master's clothes.
 Would any thief but a beast been taken so?
 PHILIPPA [*aside*] Wench, wench.
 VIOLETTA [*aside*]
 40 I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.
 PHILIPPA [*to Martino*]
 Did he confess the robbery?
 MARTINO O no, no, mistress.
 He's a young cunning rascal; he confessed nothing.
 While we were examining on him, he took away

My master's purse and mine, but confessed nothing
 still.
 PHILIPPA [*aside*]
 That's but some slanderous injury raised against
 him.—
 45 Came not your master with you?
 MARTINO No, sweet mistress,
 I must make haste and meet him. Pray, dispatch me
 then.
 PHILIPPA
 I have looked over all with special heedfulness.
 There's nothing missed, I can assure you, sir,
 But that suit of your master's.
 MARTINO I'm right glad on't. 50
 That suit would hang him. Yet I would not have him
 Hanged in that suit, though; it will disgrace
 My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
 As yellow bands. *Exit*
 PHILIPPA
 O, what shall's do, wench?
 VIOLETTA 'Tis no marvel, mistress, 55
 The poor young gentleman could not keep his prom-
 ise.
 PHILIPPA
 Alas, sweet man, he's confessed nothing yet, wench.
 VIOLETTA
 That shows his constancy and love to you, mistress.
 But you must do't, of force; there is no help for't.
 The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much. 60
 Let 'em make what they can on't; 'twere sin and pity,
 i'faith,
 To cast away so sweet a gentleman
 For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet.
 I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.
 PHILIPPA
 Thou sayst true, wench.
Enter Ansaldo [in old Brandino's clothes]
 VIOLETTA O O, they're come again, mistress. 65
 PHILIPPA
 Signor Ansaldo?
 ANSALDO The same—mightily crossed, lady,
 But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,
 A man of art; I know not justly what, indeed,
 But pity and the fortunate gold you gave me
 Wrought my release between 'em.

20–2 **Mistress...mistress?** Martino does not mention Brandino's token; there could be silent theatrical business associated with it—for instance, he could deliver the distasteful object to Philippa, without explanation, while saying 'I have excellent news for you'.
 28 **fearfully** in a manner to excite fear; he appears crazy to them
 31 **pome-citrons** citrus fruit; lemons and limes were often covered by this category.
 32 **fig-cheese** a conserve of figs, having the consistency of cheese or the form of

cheese
 33–4 **The fig...** | **Go with** a curse upon... (The fig was an abusive gesture made by putting the thumb between two closed fingers or into one's mouth.)
 34 **have** (subjunctive form)
 45 **eat** eaten; a form of the past participle now relatively rare, pronounced 'et'
 45 **injury** calumny
 54 **yellow bands** a fashion for collars and ruffs stiffened with yellow starch, reputedly introduced to the court by Mrs Anne Turner, who was ordered to

wear them at her execution in 1615 for her part in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury
 55 **shall's** must we
 59 **of force** of necessity
 64 **Jew** (here regarded as the most contemptible of persons; antisemitism was widespread, and officially encouraged)
 65 **they're** the doublet and hose
 66 **crossed** thwarted
 67 **past hope** beyond what one would hope
 68 **art** special skill in healing (see 2.1.57)
 68 **doctor's** a man of learning's

- 70 PHILIPPA Met you not
My husband's man?
ANSALDO I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.
PHILIPPA O, most welcome!
VIOLETTA
But how shall we bestow him now we have him,
mistress?
PHILIPPA
Alas, that's true.
VIOLETTA Martino may come back again.
PHILIPPA
75 Step you into that little chamber—speedily, sir—
And dress him up in one of my gowns and headties.
His youth will well endure it.
VIOLETTA That will be admirable.
PHILIPPA
Nay, do't, do't quickly then, and cut that suit
Into a hundred pieces, that it may never be known
again.
VIOLETTA
80 A hundred? Nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress,
For if there be a piece of that suit left
as big as my nail, the deed will come out. 'Tis worse
than a murder; I fear 'twill never be hid.
PHILIPPA
Away! Do your endeavour, and dispatch, wench.
Exeunt Violetta and Ansaldo
85 I've thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him too,
Without suspicion now. I've heard o'th' like.
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
90 In her own garments, and (she being a widow)
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion match they did together.
Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion.
Enter Brandino with a writing
He's come himself now. If thou be'st a happy wench,
95 Be fortunate in thy speed. I'll delay time
With all the means I can.—O, welcome sir.
BRANDINO
I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly.
I'm very busy yet.—[*Reads*] 'Cocksey-down, Mem-
berry,
Her manor house at Welldun.'
- PHILIPPA What's that, good sir?
BRANDINO
The widow's, your sweet sister's, deed of gift. 100
She's made all her estate over to me, wench.
She'll be too hard for 'em all.—And now come buss
me.
Good luck after thieves' handsel.
PHILIPPA O, 'tis happy, sir,
You have him fast.
BRANDINO I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.
PHILIPPA
I was so lost in joy at the report on't 105
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.
BRANDINO
What's that, sweet blood?
PHILIPPA He and his villains, sir,
Robbed a sweet gentlewoman last night.
BRANDINO
A gentlewoman?
PHILIPPA Nay, most uncivilly,
And basely stripped her, sir.
BRANDINO O, barbarous slaves! 110
PHILIPPA
I was e'en fain—for womanhood's sake,
Alas, and charity's—to receive her in
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.
BRANDINO
'Twas most religiously done. I long for her.
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, wo-
man? 115
PHILIPPA
Nay, sir, I know not.
BRANDINO Guess, I prithee heartily.
An enemy of thine.
PHILIPPA That I hope you have not, sir.
BRANDINO
But all was done in jest; he cries thee mercy.
Francisco, sirrah.
PHILIPPA O, I think not on him.
BRANDINO
That letter was but writ to try thy constancy. 120
He confessed all to me.
PHILIPPA Joy on him, sir.
Enter Francisco
So far am I from malice, look you, sir:—
Welcome, sweet signor. But I'll never trust you, sir.

76 **headties** headdresses77 **His youth... endure it** His youth will enable him to pass for a woman.80-3 **Nay... hid** (Proverbially, 'murder will out'.)82 **nail** finger-nail84 **your endeavour** all you can, your best92 **match** marry93 **Would I'd... conclusion** I wish I might enjoy the same conclusion.94-6 **He's... can** (perhaps stage-whispered to Violetta, offstage; or spoken aside,

thinking of Violetta)

94-5 **If... speed** If you are favoured by fortune ('happy'), may you be fortunate in being quick; speed = (a) success, (b) quickness98-9 **'Cocksey-down, Memberry... Welldun.'** sexual puns: cock, member, well-fucked102 **hard** shrewd, odurate102 **buss** kiss103 **after thieves' handsel** after a first

experience of thieves; handsel = first experience. Dent records a use in 1609 of the proverb 'Thieves handsell is alwaies naught' (Dent, T122.11).

107 **sweet blood** Brandino's endearment stresses Philippa's attractiveness and youthful health; he ignores the association of *blood* and sexual desire.111 **fain** obliged114 **long** for sympathize with118 **cries thee mercy** asks pardon of you

BRANDINO
Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.

FRANCISCO [*aside*]
125 Methinks I enter now this house with joy,
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience.
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek
For a sin stamped last midnight; I can talk now
130 With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly
With any scornful thought made of his shame.
What a sweet being is an honest mind.
It speaks peace to itself and all mankind.
Enter Martino

BRANDINO
Martino.

MARTINO
Master?

BRANDINO
There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.

MARTINO
What? Your worship mocks,
Under correction.

135 PHILIPPA
I forgot to tell thee
He robbed a lovely gentlewoman.

MARTINO
O pagan!
This fellow will be stoned to death with pipkins.
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruces and pitchers without ears
140 He will ne'er die alive; that's my opinion.
*Enter Ansaldo [dressed as a gentlewoman], and
Violetta*

PHILIPPA
Look you, your judgements, gentlemen—yours especially,
Signor Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman, at these years; that's the eye-saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants.—Husband, you have a
glimpse too;
145 You offer half an eye, as old as you are.

BRANDINO
By'r Lady, better, wench: an eye and a half, I trow.
I should be sorry else.

PHILIPPA
What think you now, sirs?

Is't not a goodly manly gentlewoman?
BRANDINO Beshrew my heart else, wife.—
Pray, soft a little, signor. You're but my guest, re-
member; 150
I'm master of the house; I'll have the first buss.

PHILIPPA
But husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.

BRANDINO In woodcock or so, but there's no heed to be
taken in mutton; we commonly fall so roundly to that, 155
we forget ourselves.—
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady.
[*Brandino kisses Ansaldo*]

MARTINO [*aside*]
My master kisses as I've heard a hackney man
Cheer up his mare: chap, chap.

BRANDINO [*to Ansaldo*] I have him fast, lady,
And he shall lie by't close.

ANSALDO
You cannot do me 160
A greater pleasure, sir.

BRANDINO
I'm happily glad on't.

FRANCISCO [*aside*]
Methinks there's somewhat whispers in my soul
This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts.
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye 165
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.
[*Francisco kisses Ansaldo. Philippa and Violetta
talk apart*]

PHILIPPA Wench, wench!
VIOLETTA Pish, hold in your breath, mistress.
If you be seen to laugh, you spoil all presently.
I keep it in with all the might I have—puh! 170

ANSALDO [*to Brandino*]
Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir?

BRANDINO
An honest boy, i'faith,
And came of a good kind. Dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him, an thou be'st not promised;
He's worth ten thousand dollars.

VIOLETTA
By this light, mistress,
My master will go near to make a match anon. 175

128 **stamped** perpetrated; the metaphor is from striking an impression into something, as in minting a coin, and may be associated with conceiving a child (the 'sin').
129 **inwardly** in private thought
135 **Under correction** if you'll pardon my saying so; a deferential gesture after the possibly indiscreet remark that preceded it
137 **pipkins** small earthenware pots
138 **women in the suburbs** (including prostitutes; the 'suburbs' were the prime location of the brothels in London)

139 **cruces** small earthen vessels for liquids; pots, jars, or bottles
ears handles
140 **ne'er die alive** he will be dead before he can be executed (unintentionally absurd)
142 **mere** sole
143 **eye-saint** object of the eye's veneration
148 **manly** independent, courageous; but the pun is obvious
150 **signor** addressed to Francisco, who has taken the initiative with regard to the 'gentlewoman'
153 **bit** morsel to eat
154-5 **woodcock**...**mutton** small birds...

joints of lamb; but Brandino is talking idiomatically: woodcock = fool, mutton = prostitutes, or at least women regarded as sexual beings
155 **fall so roundly to** eat so ravenously
159 **him** the thief, who is in fact Ansaldo, whom Brandino may at this moment still be holding
160 **lie by't close** lie securely in prison (but permitting an unintended sexual pun on 'lie beside Philippa in bed')
162 **somewhat** something
169 **presently** immediately
172 **good kind** good descent, good family

- Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.
 PHILIPPA Peace, thou art a drab.
 BRANDINO Come hither now, Francisco.
 I've known the time I've had a better stomach;
 Now I can dine with looking upon meat.
 FRANCISCO [*to Ansaldo*]
 180 That face deserved a better fortune, lady,
 Than last night's rudeness showed.
 ANSALDO We cannot be
 Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.
 FRANCISCO [*aside*]
 I return better pleased than when I went.
 MARTINO [*to Ansaldo*]
 And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?
 185 ANSALDO Most true, forsooth.
 I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
 Because you look half like a gentleman.
 MARTINO
 And that's the mother's half.
 ANSALDO There's my hand for you.
 MARTINO
 I swear you could not give me anything
 190 I love better. A hand gets me my living.
 O sweet lemon-peel!
 [*Martino kisses Ansaldo's hand*]
 FRANCISCO [*to Ansaldo*]
 May I request a modest word or two, lady,
 In private with you?
 ANSALDO With me, sir?
 FRANCISCO
 To make it sure from all suspect of injury
- Or unbecoming privacy, which heaven knows
 Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
 For an ear-witness unto all our conference.
 ANSALDO
 Why, so, I am content, sir.
 BRANDINO So am I, lady.
 Exeunt Francisco and Ansaldo
 MARTINO O master, here's a rare bedfellow for my mistress
 tonight—for you know we must both out of town again. 200
 BRANDINO That's true, Martino.
 MARTINO
 I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales together,
 The prettiliest.
 BRANDINO The prettiliest, indeed.
 MARTINO Their tongues will never 205
 Lin wagging, master.
 BRANDINO Never, Martino, never.
 Exeunt Brandino [*at one door, following Francisco
 and Ansaldo*], and Martino [*at another door*]
 PHILIPPA Take heed you be not heard.
 VIOLETTA I fear you most, mistress.
 PHILIPPA Me, fool?—Ha ha!
 VIOLETTA
 Why, look you, mistress; faith, you're faulty—ha ha! 210
 PHILIPPA
 Well said, i'faith. Where lies the fault now, gossip?
 VIOLETTA
 O for a husband! I shall burst with laughing else.
 This house is able to spoil any maid.
 PHILIPPA
 I'll be revenged now soundly of Francisco
 For failing me when time was.

- 176 **admirable** wonderful, surprising
sport The innocent sense of jest and
 the sexual sense of intercourse are both
 present as Violetta contemplates what
 she believes to be Francisco's betrothal to
 a man; see also 5.1.410.
 177 **drab** prostitute, but here (by extension)
 a talkative person
 178 **stomach** appetite (for food, but here
 with sexual association)
 182 **destiny** Ansaldo's response to Francisco
 may be an artful and diplomatic reply
 from a person in double disguise, but it
 also relates to Francisco's emphasis at
 their meeting on *fate* (165, 234), *fortune*
 (180), and *ordained* (233, 254), and to
 the workings of predestination in the
 resolution of the play.
 183 I...**went** I am happier returning to this
 house than I was leaving it (ironically
 connecting his happiness now with his
 distress in 3.3—both caused, without his
 realizing it, by the same person, Ansaldo)
 184 **imp** a child of the devil
 188 **mother's half** proverbially, 'The
 mother's side is the surer side'. Martino

- affirms his rank while jesting about his
 paternity; specifically, he implies a liaison
 between an upper-class woman and a
 lower-class man.
 190-I **hand...lemon-peel** Martino praises
 a hand because he earns his living by his
 hand; he compares hers to lemon-peel
 because with his passion for lemons it is
 extravagant praise.
 194 **suspect** suspicion
injury wrongful act
 195 **unbecoming** inappropriate
 196 **this gentleman** Brandino, who leaves
 the stage at 206.1; his exit is delayed by
 Martino, who presumably pulls him aside
 on his way out
 206 **Lin** cease
 208 **fear you** am afraid for you
 210 **faulty** to blame, naughty
 211 **fault** (a) sin (b) woman's genitals, con-
 sidered as a crack or flaw in the body.
 The physical and moral senses often inter-
 twine, as in 'love covers faults' (*Trick*
 2.1.51; *Dissemblers* 5.2.171). Ansaldo,
 as a man, would not have the 'fault'
 which Francisco expects. This sense also

- leads to Violetta's following wish for a
 husband: as Maud says in relation to the
 'faults or cracks' of her daughter, 'tis
 a husband solders up all cracks' (*Chaste
 Maid* 1.1.30-8). Within this system of
 correspondences a woman's vagina and
 mouth were easily twinned: an infant
 daughter has 'the mother's mouth, up
 and down' (*Chaste Maid* 3.2.13), for
 instance, and Helkiah Crooke relates
 anecdotal evidence of the physiological
 interchangeability, in women, of the two
 orifices (p. 254). Volubility (an open
 mouth) could therefore be taken as a
 sign of sexual incontinence (an open
 'fault'). Violetta must find a husband,
 or she will 'burst with laughing': a hus-
 band, by stopping up one orifice, will
 thereby enable greater control of the
 other.
 213 **house** perhaps in the secondary sense
 'playhouse': many contemporary critics
 alleged that a visit to the public theatres
 was 'able to spoil any maid'. See 3.3.64.
 214 **revenged** (by manipulating Francisco
 into marrying a man)

215 VIOLETTA Are you there, mistress?
I thought you would not forget that, however. A good
turn disappointed is ever the last thing that a woman
forgives. She'll scarce do't when she's speechless. Nay,
though she hold up her whole hand for all other
220 injuries, she'll forgive that but with one finger.
PHILIPPA
I'll vex his heart as much as he mocked mine.
VIOLETTA
But that may mar your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
Be known to be a man.
PHILIPPA Not as I'll work it.
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
225 For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.
Enter Ansaldo [dressed as a gentlewoman]
Why, how now, sir, what course take you for laugh-
ing?
We are undone for one.
ANSALDO Faith, with great pain
Stifle it and keep it in. I ha' no receipt for't.
230 But pray, in sadness say: what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings.
He will receive no answer.
PHILIPPA Would he would not, sir.
ANSALDO
Says I'm ordained for him, merely for him,
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him;
235 Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.
PHILIPPA Would thou hadst 'em, sir!
I know he can, an he will.
ANSALDO For wonder's pity,
What is this gentleman?
PHILIPPA Faith, shall I tell you, sir?
One that would make an excellent honest husband
240 For her that's a just maid at one-and-twenty,
For on my conscience he has his maidenhead yet.
ANSALDO
Fie, out upon him, beast!
PHILIPPA Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

ANSALDO
Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on
me.
PHILIPPA
Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
245 Seem to come from you. 'Twill make noble sport, sir.
We'll get jointure and all—but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.
ANSALDO
I can do that.
PHILIPPA Ay, and take heed of laughing.
ANSALDO
I've bide the worst of that already, lady.
250 *Enter Francisco*
PHILIPPA
Peace, set your countenance then, for here he comes.
FRANCISCO
There is no middle continent in this passion.
I feel it since; it must be love or death;
It was ordained for one.
PHILIPPA [*taking him aside*]
Signor Francisco,
I'm sorry 'twas your fortune in my house, sir,
255 To have so violent a stroke come to you.
The gentlewoman's a stranger; pray be counselled,
sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.
FRANCISCO
'Tis only but her love that I desire;
She comes most rich in that.
PHILIPPA But be advised, though.
260 I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.
FRANCISCO
'Tis mine, and I will do't.
PHILIPPA She shall be yours too,
If I may rule her then.
FRANCISCO You speak all sweetness.
PHILIPPA
265 She likes your person well; I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.
FRANCISCO Not a word.
PHILIPPA [*to Ansaldo*]
Come, lady, come. The gentleman's desertful,

215 **Are you there, mistress?** Is that what you're thinking about?

216 **however** whatever happened in the mean time

216-17 A **good turn** a favour, but possibly also with a sexual sense: 'turn' = 'bout of sex'

218-20 **speechless . . . finger** Violetta refers to the practice of asking a speechless dying person to respond to questions by making hand signals; the 'injury' or insult of sexual disappointment produces the most grudging forgiveness.

227 **course** plan of action, remedy
for laughing to prevent laughing

228 **undone for** in trouble for the lack of

229 **receipt** remedy

230 **sadness** seriousness

233 **merely** solely

235 **jointure** 'A sole estate limited to the wife, being "a competent livelihood of freehold for the wife of lands and tenements, to take upon the death of the husband for the life of the wife at least" (Coke upon Littleton, 36b)' (*OED*)

241 **maidenhead** used of male virginity as well as female

242 **out upon** a phrase of rejection

250 **bide** endured, survived

252 **continent** a containing area or space; Francisco protests that there are only extreme states available to him.

253 **since** from then till now

254 **one** a person

256 **stroke** blow (as a metaphor for love; but it could also be used as a metaphor for fornication, of the kind which Philippa *had* wanted Francisco to experience in her house)

258 **portion** dowry

259 **only but** solely

265 **person** appearance, physical presence

267 **desertful** deserving

- And, o' my conscience, honest.
- ANSALDO Blame me not.
I am a maid, and fearful.
- FRANCISCO Never truth
Came perfecter from man.
- 270 PHILIPPA Give her a lip-taste,
Enter Brandino
That she herself may praise it.
[*Francisco kisses Ansaldo*]
- BRANDINO Yea, a match, i'faith!
[*Exeunt Francisco, Ansaldo, Philippa, and Violetta*]
My house is lucky for 'em.
[*Enter Martino*]
Now, Martino?
- MARTINO Master, the widow has the day.
- BRANDINO The day?
- MARTINO She's overthrown my youngster.
- BRANDINO Precious tidings!
Clap down four woodcocks more.
- 275 MARTINO They're all at hand, sir.
- BRANDINO What, both her adversaries too?
- MARTINO They're come, sir.
- BRANDINO Go bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.
- MARTINO I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance. [*Exit*]
Enter Valeria, Ricardo, and two Suitors
- BRANDINO Welcome, sweet sister. Which is the man must have
you?
I'd welcome nobody else.
- 280 FIRST SUITOR Come to me then, sir.
- BRANDINO Are you he, faith, my chain of gold? I'm glad on't.
- VALERIA [*to Ricardo*]
I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me.
But I ha' resolved myself, 'tis done to spite me.
- RICARDO [*tearing his hair*]
O dearth of truth!
- 285 SECOND SUITOR Nay, do not spoil thy hair.
Hold, hold I say. I'll get thee a widow somewhere.
- RICARDO If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?
- SECOND SUITOR 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allowed
A contract without gifts to bind it fast.
Everything now must have a feeling first.—
Do I come near you, widow?
- VALERIA No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope.—And for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means t'entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir.
Here stands the honest gentleman my brother
To whom I've made a deed of gift of all.
- BRANDINO Ay, that she has, i'faith. I thank her, gentlemen.
Look you here, sirs.
[*He shows a writing*]
- VALERIA I must not look for pleasures
That give more grief, if they prove false or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.
- FIRST SUITOR Ha' you served me so, widow?
- SECOND SUITOR [*to Ricardo*]
I'm glad thou hast her not. Laugh at him, honey. Ha
Ha!
- VALERIA I must take one that loves me for myself.
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth
But virtue, manners, and conditions.
- FIRST SUITOR Yes, by my faith. I must have lordships too, widow.
- VALERIA How, sir?
- FIRST SUITOR Your manners, virtue, and conditions, widow,
Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em.
But I must have somewhat without, 'lying or being
In the tenure, or occupation,
Of Master such-a-one'—ha? Those are fine things
indeed.
- VALERIA Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.
- FIRST SUITOR True, but there's two words to a bargain ever
All the world over, and if love be one
I'm sure money's the other. 'Tis no bargain else.
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, widow.
- VALERIA Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir.
It was this ancient gentleman, indeed,

272 **house** perhaps in the secondary sense
'playhouse': marriages take place with
great frequency in the theatre. See
3.3.64.

274 **She's overthrown** she is victorious over
my youngster Ricardo (as at 4.1.56)

275 **Clap down** set [the table] with

278 **conceit** idea

281 **chain of gold** (promised by the First

Suitor at 4.1.90)

282 **face** nerve, gall

290 **bribes** (see 4.2.28)

292 **feeling** material base

293 **Do I come near you** does what I say
affect you

303 **served** treated

307 **conditions** qualities of character (see
1.2.80)

308 **lordships** estates

312-14 **'lying... such-a-one'** The First
Suitor talks of land in the forms of
hypothetical legal documents.

316 **there's... bargain** The proverb 'Two
words to a bargain' suggests that agree-
ment is the essence of a bargain, but the
First Suitor thinks in terms of love and
money in marriage.

- Whom I crave pardon on.
- SECOND SUITOR What of me, widow? 355
- VALERIA
Alas, I have wronged you, sir. 'Twas you that swore
You loved me for myself.
- SECOND SUITOR By my troth, but I did not.
325 Come, father not your lies upon me, widow.
I, love you for yourself?—Spit at me, gentlemen,
If ever I'd such a thought.—Fetch me in, widow;
You'll find your reach too short.
- VALERIA Why, you have enough, you say.
- 330 SECOND SUITOR Ay, but I will have
My humour too; you never think of that.
They're coach-horses; they go together still.
- VALERIA
Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one of
you
That made me believe so.—Mass, think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.
- 335 RICARDO I swore too much
To be believed so little.
- VALERIA Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you.
- RICARDO Welcome, blessing.
Are you mine faithfully now?
- VALERIA As love can make one.
- FIRST SUITOR
340 Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love—which none of mine shall do.
- VALERIA [*to Ricardo*]
But now I think on't, we must part again, sir.
- RICARDO
Again?
- VALERIA
You're in debt; and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too. We must not hold;
Want on both sides makes all affection cold.
345 I shall not keep you from that gentleman.
You'll be his more than mine, an when he list
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison.
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir,
For he that's mine shall be all mine, or nothing.
- RICARDO
350 I never felt the evil of my debts
Till this afflicting minute.
- SECOND SUITOR [*aside*] I'll be mad
Once in my days; I have enough to cure me,
And I will have my humour. They're now but
- Desperate debts again; I ne'er look for 'em,
And ever since I knew what malice was
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief 355
Than to reap money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I'll give him in his bonds, as 'twere in pity,
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary.
Then will they ne'er agree; that's a sure point. 360
He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by Allhallowtide,
And break the little household-stuff they have
With throwing at one another. O sweet sport!—
Come, widow, come. I'll try your honesty. 365
Here to my honey you've made many proffers;
I fear they're all but tricks.—
[*He shows writings*]
Here are his debts, gentlemen.
How I came by 'em, I know best myself.—
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, widow. 370
- VALERIA
Else may all faith refuse me.
- SECOND SUITOR [*to Ricardo*] Tear 'em, honey.
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given.
[*Ricardo tears the papers*]
What, with thy teeth? Thou'lt shortly tear her so.
That's all my hope. Thou'dst never had 'em else.
I've enough, and I will have my humour. 375
- RICARDO
I'm now at liberty, widow.
- VALERIA I'll be so too,
And then I come to thee.—Give me this from you,
brother.
[*She takes the writing from Brandino*]
- BRANDINO Hold, sister, sister!
- VALERIA [*to Ricardo*]
Look you, the deed of gift, sir. I'm as free.
He that has me, has all—and thou art he. 380
- BOTH SUITORS
How's that?
- VALERIA You're bobbed; 'twas but a deed in trust.—
And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.
- BRANDINO
I'm bobbed among the rest too. I'd have sworn
'T'ad been a thing for me and my heirs for ever. 385
If I'd but got it up to the black box above
It had been past redemption.
- FIRST SUITOR How am I cheated!

322 on from
327 Fetch me in cheat me
332 still always
340 none of mine no relative of mine
343 hold maintain our attachment, remain devoted
345 gentleman the Second Suitor, to whom Ricardo owes money

346 list desires (subjunctive form)
348 for altogether for all time to come
352 cure take care of
354 Desperate debts bad debts, unrecoverable
358 give... in hand back, return
362 Allhallowtide 1 November
372 'Tis... given The cancelling of the

bonds is legally valid, because the First Suitor has been given something, a 'consideration' (Valeria's oath to marry Ricardo), in exchange for their value.
381 bobbed cheated, deceived
382 prove test

- SECOND SUITOR [*to Ricardo*]
I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me, sir.
- RICARDO
O wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips.
- SECOND SUITOR How? How's this?
- RICARDO
390 Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own
But two thou got'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i'th'
hospital.
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee;
Hang thyself when thou wilt. A slave go with thee!
- SECOND SUITOR
395 I'm gone. My goodness comes all out together.
I have enough, but I have not my humour. [*Exit*]
Enter Violetta
- VIOLETTA
O master, gentlemen, and you, sweet widow—
I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not:
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.
- 400 VALERIA Why, what's the matter, wench?
VIOLETTA Ha ha ha!
BRANDINO Speak, speak!
VIOLETTA Ha! a marriage, a marriage—I cannot tell't for
laughing. Ha ha!
- BRANDINO
405 A marriage? Do you make that a laughing matter?
VIOLETTA
Ha! Ay, and you'll make it so, when you know all.
*Enter Francisco, and Ansaldo [dressed as a
gentlewoman, followed by Philippa]*
Here they come!
Here they come, one man married to another!
- VALERIA
How, man to man?
- VIOLETTA Ay, man to man, i'faith.
410 There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to
bed.
Do you see 'em now? Ha ha ha!
- FIRST SUITOR [*to Ansaldo*] My daughter Marcia!
- ANSALDO
O my father! Your love and pardon, sir.
- VALERIA 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.
- ANSALDO [*to First Sutor*] I have been disobedient, I confess,
415 Unto your mind, and heaven has punished me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;
- But, finding reconciliation from above
In peace of heart, the next (I hope) 's your love.
- FIRST SUITOR
I cannot but forgive thee, now I see thee.
420 Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man,
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.
- FRANCISCO I loved her not, sir,
As she was yours (for I protest I knew't not)
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings—
425 Which, had you been as foul as you've been spiteful,
I should have loved in her.
- FIRST SUITOR Well, hold your prating, sir;
You're not like to lose by't.
- PHILIPPA
O Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?
- VIOLETTA
The child unborn, mistress.
- ANSALDO [*to Philippa*] Be good.
- FRANCISCO [*to Philippa*] Be honest.
- ANSALDO [*to Philippa*]
430 Heav'n will not let you sin, an you'd be careful.
FRANCISCO [*to Philippa*]
What means it sends to help you, think and mend.
You're as much bound as we to praise that friend.
- PHILIPPA
I am so, and I will so.
- ANSALDO [*to Violetta*] Marry you speedily.
Children tame you; you'll die like a wild beast else.
- VIOLETTA
435 Ay, by my troth, should I. I've much ado
To forbear laughing now; more's my hard fortune.
Enter Martino
- MARTINO
O master, mistress, and you gentles all,
To horse, to horse! presently, if you mean
To do your country any service.
- BRANDINO
440 Art not ashamed, Martino, to talk of horsing
So openly before young married couples thus?
- MARTINO
It does concern the commonwealth, and me,
And you, master, and all: the thieves are taken.
- ANSALDO
What sayst, Martino?
- MARTINO La, here's commonwealth's-men!—
445 The man of art, master, that cupped your eyes,
Is proved an arrant rascal; and his man

388 **strife and envy** Ricardo's moral rebuke is an echo of Philippians 1:15, 'Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some of good will', and also of James 3:14, 'But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts...'
390-3 **Thou...thee** Ricardo recalls the Second Sutor's speech at 2.1.205-8.
390 **charge** financial responsibilities

395 **comes...out** comes to an end
398 **forwarder** closer (to marriage, or resolution of your disputes)
411 **Marcia** Italian, 'Martiale, a Martialman, a Martialist' (Florio)
422 **somewhat spent** At 1.1.178 Martino says that 'He's spent the best part of his patrimony'.
425 **foul** poor

426 **prating** idle chatter
429 **The child unborn** posterity
honest chaste
431 **mend** reform yourself
440 **horsing** copulating; a term for the stallion's action in mating with the mare
444 **commonwealth's-men** good citizens; Martino is ironic
446 **arrant** notorious, manifest

The Widdow.

That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer.
 I felt no pain in that; it went insensibly.
 Such notable villainies confessed!

450 BRANDINO Stop there, sir.
 We'll have time for them.—Come, gentlefolks,
 Take a slight meal with us; but the best cheer
 Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here.

RICARDO
 Stay, stay, sir.—I'm as hungry of my widow
 As you can be upon your maid, believe it,

But we must come to our desires in order.
 There's duties to be paid, ere we go further.—
 [Ricardo addresses the Epilogue to the audience]
 He that, without your likings, leaves this place,
 Is like one falls to meat and forgets grace,
 And that's not handsome, trust me, no.
 Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
 My widow and my meat then does me good.
 —I ha' no money, wench; I told thee true.
 For my report—pray, let her hear't from you.

460

Exeunt

THE PARTS

Adult Males

RICARDO (317 lines): Silvio or Stratio or Fiducio [or Latrocinio or Occulto]; any servant
 MARTINO (287 lines): Servellio
 BRANDINO (275 lines): Servellio
 FRANCISCO (264 lines): any servant; any one thief
 LATROCINIO (191 lines): Francisco or Attilio or an officer [or Ricardo or a suitor]; Servellio
 SECOND SUITOR (152 lines): Silvio or Stratio or Fiducio [or Latrocinio or Occulto]; any servant
 FIRST SUITOR (102 lines): Silvio or Stratio or Fiducio [or Latrocinio or Occulto]; any servant
 OCCULTO (52 lines): Francisco or Attilio or an officer [or Ricardo or a suitor]; Servellio
 STRATIO (24 lines): Francisco or Attilio or an officer [or Ricardo or a suitor]; Servellio

FIDUCIO (12 lines): Francisco or Attilio or an officer [or Ricardo or a suitor]; Servellio
 OFFICER (9 lines): any servant; any one thief
 PROLOGUE (6 lines): anyone but Martino or Francisco
 SILVIO (5 lines): Francisco or Attilio or an officer [or Ricardo or a suitor]; Servellio
 ATTILIO (3 lines): Servellio; any one thief or Ansaldo or servants in 4.2

Youths

ANSALDO (185 lines): Attilio

Boys

PHILIPPA (300 lines)
 VALERIA (204 lines)
 VIOLETTA (164 lines)

Most crowded scene: 5.1 (10 speaking parts)

INDEX OF COMPLEX WORDS

apprehend 3.2.4	condition 1.2.80	honest 1.1.155	politic 2.1.142
art 2.1.57	fault 5.1.211	humour 2.1.175	service 1.1.223
blood 1.1.171	fortune 1.1.185; 1.2.4	kind 1.2.46	thieves 3.1.0.3
calling 4.1.36	free 2.2.176	mystery 1.1.63	try 1.1.95
comfort 1.1.63	gentleman 1.1.0.3	nature 1.1.68; 1.1.185	use 3.2.122
conceit 3.3.7	happy 1.1.133	pleasure 1.2.96	wilful 1.1.75

448 insensibly without any feeling	460 rights duties; also a pun on 'rites', the ritual of the performance and the ritual of marriage	have had their evening meal soon afterward.
456 duties to be paid obligations to be met (to a social superior: the audience is here being treated as though it were a lord or monarch); taxes to be paid (when importing goods: hence 'ere we go further')	paid performed, discharged	462 I (both Ricardo, and the actor playing him)
457 likings approval, and so by extension applause	461 meat food, generally (not specifically animal flesh), alluding to the 'meal' just promised, but also to the fact that plays were performed in the late afternoon, and that actors and spectators would	wench Valeria
		463 my (appropriating the audience's applause for the whole cast as approval of the actor/character Ricardo)
		report reputation, deserving

THE WITCH

Edited by Marion O'Connor

A Page, a Knight, a Viscount and an Earl
Did lately marry with an English girl—
A maid, a wife, a widow, and a whore.
Whoever saw so cross a match before?

THE solution to this Jacobean riddle, of which various versions were widely circulated in manuscript, is a notorious narrative. That narrative, and the form of the riddle itself, provide a solution to many of the more puzzling features of *The Witch*, Middleton's drama of a maid, a wife, a widow, and a whore—plus more than one witch.

Robert Carr began his courtly progress in Edinburgh, as page to the Earl of Dunbar. Having come to England and attracted the attention of King James I, Carr was knighted in 1607, made Viscount Rochester and then Knight of the Garter in 1611, and created Earl of Somerset in 1612. At the end of 1613 he married Frances Howard, who had been married to Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, early in 1606. Where royal utterance was the source of three of the four names assigned Carr in the riddle, legal pronouncements account for the same proportion of hers. Her claim to be called a maid had been upheld in June of 1613 after inspection by a panel of seven of her matronly peers and two midwives, their verdict of '*virgo incorrupta*' being indispensable to secure the annulment of her marriage to Essex. Pronounced on 25 September 1613, the episcopal commissioners' judgement in favour of the plaintiff was closely preceded by an event whereof the outcome would bring her and her second husband to the dock as defendants in a murder case. On 14 September 1613 Sir Thomas Overbury, whose close association with Carr had soured over the royal favourite's liaison with Howard, died in the Tower after four months' imprisonment there. Within two years, Howard's great-uncle, Henry Howard, the Earl of Northampton, died; George Villiers displaced Somerset at the centre of James's attentions; and ugly rumours were actualized as due process of law. Somerset and his Countess were accused of having procured Overbury's poisoning and eventual murder. Trial was delayed by her pregnancy (their daughter, Anne, being born early in December of 1615), and by the legal necessity of securing the conviction of their agents before prosecuting the couple as accessories before the fact. At their respective trials late in May of 1616, she pleaded guilty, while he (in the teeth of royal attempts to get him to follow his wife's lead) insisted upon his innocence. Both were convicted and condemned to death, but neither followed their agents to the block, for both received royal pardons. Her pardon came within two months, but his

was not sealed until 1624. For years, then, his status as a man attainted of a felony meant that he was '*civilliter mortuus*'—dead in civil law—and she was thus, in legal fiction, a widow. In fact, she predeceased him, dying in 1632 while he survived until 1645. At the time of her death, when she was probably not quite forty years old, Frances Howard Devereux Carr had been labelled whore for half her lifetime. On this label the different versions of the riddle concur: where they vary is in the abusiveness of the terms enchainned to that conclusion. The line 'A maid, a wife, a widow and a whore' in one manuscript miscellany of verse appears in another as 'A maid, a wife, a countess and a whore' and in still another as 'A wife, a witch, a murderer and a whore'.

Frances Howard's name was linked with witchcraft long before she was tried for murder. In the spring of 1613, as rumours arose of her alienation from Devereux and her association with Carr, John Chamberlain reported the latest gossip:

There was speech of a divorce to be prosecuted this term 'twixt the earl of Essex and his lady . . . but there happened an accident that hath altered the case, for she having sought out a certain wise woman had much conference with her, and she after the nature of such creatures drawing much money from her, at last cozened her of a jewel of great value, for the which being apprehended and clapped up, she accuses the Lady of divers strange questions and projects, and in conclusion that she dealt with her for the making away of her Lord (as aiming at another mark) upon which scandal and slander the Lord Chamberlain [Frances Howard's father, Thomas, Earl of Suffolk] and his friends think it not fit to proceed with the divorce. (Letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, [6 May 1613])

A 'wise wo/man' or 'cunning wo/man' being deemed equivalent to a witch in orthodox Jacobean demonology, merely to consult such a person was risky. Being rumoured to have sought such murderous and adulterous assistance as Frances Howard was said to have asked was scandalous indeed. And when the nullity proceedings got under way, the question of witchcraft came up again. The grounds on which the annulment was eventually granted were 'that the Earl of Essex, for some secret, incurable, binding impediment, did never carnally know, or was or is able carnally to know the lady Frances Howard'. The reason proposed by the Earl for his selective impotence was simply that, having once loved her, he had ceased to do so. Treatises upon witchcraft, however, offered more

exotic explanations: selective impotence could be ascribed to *maleficium versus hanc*, an evil spell affecting a man's sexual relations with one particular woman. It was as such that the Devereux/Howard conjugal relations were debated between George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury and an opponent of the annulment, and King James I, its prime mover as well as the author of a *Demonologie* (1597).

While the published records of the 1613 annulment bear no trace of speculation as to the human perpetrators of the *maleficium* hypothesized by the King, in the published records of the 1615–16 trials Frances Howard's name is linked with witchcraft upon various victims. It was claimed that (with her agent Anne Turner, a physician's widow) the Countess had often had resort to Simon Forman 'that by force of magic, he should procure the now Earl of Somerset, then Viscount Rochester, to love her'. Mrs Turner confessed 'that Dr Savories was used in succession after Forman and practised many sorceries upon the Earl of Essex's person'. Another agent, the apothecary and druggist James Franklin, confessed even more than he was charged with: not only had he provided the seven different poisons administered to Overbury, but 'then he wrought the love between Rochester and [the countess] . . . and was to have £200 to continue their loves until the[ir] marriage'. Franklin's confession implied an excuse beyond price: the Countess, he said, 'was able to bewitch any man'. With women, however, she had been less successfully bewitching, even when abetted by the professionals: a memorandum to the King concerning the charges against Somerset included the claim 'that the countess laboured Forman and Gresham, the conjurors, to enforce the queen by witchcraft to favour the countess'.

Between this narrative and all three plots of *The Witch* the correspondences are startling. Notably, in the first plot to be unfolded in the course of the play, Sebastian procures from the witch a spell rendering Antonio selectively impotent in relation to Isabella. For this first plot, *The Atheist's Tragedy* (1611), ascribed to Cyril Tourneur, is a likely, although not an absolutely certain, source. Where the Charlemont/Castabella/Rousard relationship in *The Atheist's Tragedy* diverges from the Sebastian/Isabella/Antonio relationship in *The Witch*, the differences go in the direction of the Carr/Howard/Devereux relationship and suggest that if Middleton was indeed reshaping a plot from Tourneur's play, he was recasting it in the mould of the contemporary scandal. The express desire of Isabella for maternity and the involvement of the bride's powerful uncle in her matrimonial ventures, for example, both correspond to matters well known in the Howard/Devereux marriage and its annulment. The second plot is dominated by a figure whose name (Francisca, homophonous with Frances Carr), age (sixteen, the age of the Countess when Essex returned from France and attempted to consummate their marriage), disposition, and sexual morals link her with the popular image of Frances Howard. Francisca has a brother whose angry intervention in his sister's sexual entanglements aligns

with the public quarrel (which only royal intervention stopped short of a duel) between the Countess's brother Henry and Essex. Francisca is pregnant, as the Countess both actually was when the murder trials began in the autumn of 1615, and also was rumoured to be again at the end of the following year. For this second plot of *The Witch*, no literary source has been identified. There is, however, a marked correspondence between some stage business assigned to Francisca and a visual image circulated of Frances. At 2.3.31–7 the character's gratuitous comments upon her own appearance require her to be contemplating herself in a mirror, a gesture most easily achieved if her costume follows the Jacobean fashion of wearing a decorated mirror as an ornament: it is in such a pose and with such a bauble that the Countess was quite recognizably represented in a broadsheet entitled *Mistress Turner's Farewell to All Women* (reproduced above, p. 45). The third plot—the Duchess's revenge upon her consort and her attempt to dispose of her agent—probably derives from a narrative of early Lombardy as retold, from the chronicle of Paul the Deacon, by Niccolò Machiavelli in his *Florentine History*, of which an English translation had been published in 1595. This narrative of ultramontane sex and skulduggery was held to be instructively like the scandal around Overbury's death: both stories figure in a Jacobean preacher's 1616 catalogue of cases proving that 'if we mark the dealings of God with murderers, it will appear that very seldom, or never, they 'scape unpunished, but by one means or other, he finds them out and meets with them, though it be by suffering them to murder themselves' (Tuke). Here again, dramatizing this exemplum from the *Florentine History* as the third plot in *The Witch*, Middleton made adjustments which improve the fit between the narrative and contemporary facts. The Duchess's resort to a witch for poison, for example, is a point which does not appear in the source but was well publicized at the Countess's trials. Such, too, is the Duchess's insistence on her own sexual propriety even as she acknowledges herself to be a murderess:

Blood I am guilty of
But not adultery, not the breach of honour.
(5.3.102–3)

The Duke's final speech, fulsomely thanking

heaven for such a wife,
Who though her intent sinned, yet she makes amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends
(5.3.131–3)

corresponds to the praise which the *prosecution*, in the person of the Attorney General, Sir Francis Bacon, accorded the Countess (pale, tearful, and very fetching in black) for her penitence, femininity, and ancestry. The conclusion of her trial was outrageous: Lord Ellesmere, acting as Lord High Steward, virtually assured the Countess of a royal pardon with the same breath—indeed, in the middle of the same grammatical sentence—as he pronounced legal sentence of death upon her. The conclusion of *The Witch*

is analogously outrageous: to attempt to explain all the unexpected revelations and reversals solely as tragicomic conventions, or even yet as parodies of those conventions, is to overburden generic expectations.

The contemporary references in *The Witch* are altogether too insistent and too elaborate to be either accidental or incidental. Middleton's dispersal of them across three plots may have ensured that no single figure or configuration would run the risk of being cited as a representation of the crimes of his social superiors. That they are nonetheless to be seen, ensemble, as just such a representation is secured by the presence of the witch of the title. It is not that the witch brings the plots together in some formal unity of the sort that twentieth-century criticism so often, and inappropriately, foisted upon Renaissance dramaturgy. The witch has no direct involvement in one plot, the second, for neither Francisca nor her partner Aberzanes has any resort to her. In the other two plots Hecate is active but finally otiose. The love-charm which she gives Almachildes to use on the waiting woman Amoretta at first appears impressively powerful: having once served its limited dramatic purpose as the occasion of an entertaining turn (sexual attraction On/Off), however, the charm works only as a dupe, misleading both Almachildes about the waiting woman and also the audience about her mistress. The poisons which the witch gives the Duchess so that Almachildes may meet 'a sudden and a subtle' death (5.2.2) turn out in the next and last scene either not to have worked or perhaps not even to have been ingested: they have been forgotten. The spell which the witch puts on Antonio does the detumescent trick all right; but then, after having gone to such lengths to preserve Isabella's virginity for his own purposes, Sebastian turns squeamish about violating it with a rape. That he subsequently gets what he wants is no thanks to the witch but rather to 'a fearful, unexpected accident' (5.3.25).

In no plot of *The Witch* do the activities of the witch and her coven of companions determine the outcome nor even affect the actions of the human figures. The courtiers who consult her are neither her victims nor her converts but rather simply her clients. That they are neither harmed nor corrupted by their encounters with witchcraft is a flat violation of the rules of demonology as articulated in Elizabethan and Jacobean treatises on the subject. Almachildes, for example, should be shown as sexually subjugated to the witch: she has, she lustfully gloats, 'had him thrice in incubus already' (1.2.197), an anterior relationship which ought to ensure his enthrallment. Almachildes, however, is shown to be buying her charm-making services with marzipan, an exchange which occasions no more than a few sexually innuendoed lines (1.2.220-3) and some mildly ribald stage business with a wet handkerchief. Nor does Almachildes's acceptance of the dinner to which the witch invites him and which she conjures up, complete with Cat and Fiddle,

put him in any greater jeopardy than a hungry hang-over. Conspicuously ineffectual in their plot relations to the courtiers, the witch and her colleagues appear almost innocent alongside them. For all her talk of incest and infanticide, the coven is not shown to be performing anything more noxious than their aerial song and dance routine. Within the fiction of *The Witch*, it is in the court that vices are enacted, and it is by the courtiers that crimes are committed, with ultimate impunity.

The witch, then, proves useless within the dramatic fiction, but she nevertheless serves to point up the contemporary significance of that fiction by bringing its several strands together around a single figure, Frances Howard. The name of the witch, a name emphasized from the first of the three scenes in which she appears, is Hecate. Although she is a mortal being with only three years left to run on her 120-year lifespan (1.2.64-71), the witch bears the name of a classical divinity. It is important to notice which one, for Hecate was no simple patroness of black arts. Basing their understanding mainly on literary texts of late classical antiquity, Renaissance mythographers of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries construed Hecate as part of a trinity and usually referred to her with epithets advertising her threesomeness. In Virgil's *Aeneid*, for example, Dido offers pyreside prayers to assorted underworld deities, including 'three-bodied Hecate, three faces of the virgin Diana [*tergeminam . . . Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae*]' (IV.511), a line cited by Ben Jonson in his note to the lines in which his Dame addresses Hecate as 'thou three-formed star . . . to whose triple name . . . Thus we incline, once, twice and thrice the same' (*The Masque of Queens*, 1609). In thus requiring his witches to bow three times to a tri-form deity, Jonson gets some theatrical mileage out of an epithet so recognizably familiar that no name need be attached to it. Jonson's understanding of Hecate was available in the standard Renaissance mythographies of Natalis Comes [*Natale Conti*] and Vincenzo Cartari and in their English-language derivatives:

She is also called *Hecate*. ἐχάτων signifieth an hundred: which simple & determinate number, is put for an infinite or great number: meaning, that the Moon hath many and infinite operations in and over these inferior bodies. She had three faces, called for that *Trivia*, *Triformis*, and *Tergemina*. For, in heaven she is called *Luna*, in the woods *Diana*, under the earth *Hecate*, or *Proserpina*. That of these three faces, which was on the right side, was the face and head of a horse, figuring the swiftness of the Moon in ending her revolution. The left was of a dog, noting that when she hideth herself from us she is then *Proserpina* with her hellish hound: the middle was of a boar, signifying her jurisdiction in fields and forests. (Fraunce)

Other mythographers were less interested in the zoology of Hecate's three heads than in their solid geometry. Spatial



Two views of a bronze statuette of Hecate, made in Padua c.1520.

necessity requires a three-headed goddess to be imagined as facing in three different directions:

This Hecate the ancients worshipped and adored as she that had the guard and keeping of all crossways, and such lanes as in the end concurred and conjoined themselves in one, and for that cause they depicted her with three heads . . . And it is said, that Orpheus ascribed unto her such faces, meaning to declare thereby the divers and sundry aspects which we oftentimes may discern to be in the Moon, and that her virtues and effects are powerful and working, not only in the heavens where she is called Luna, and on the earth where she is known by the name of Diana, but also extend down even to the bowels of Erebus, where she is called Hecate and Proserpina. (Lynche)

The title character of *The Witch*, then, has been given the name of a multiform and multivalent deity. Diana/Artemis, Luna/Selene, and Proserpina/Hecate all constitute a single goddess. Like the string of apparently incompatible names in every version of the riddle, the divine names all designate a single 'she'. The presiding presence of Hecate in *The Witch* brings the contemporary references together as representations of that same 'she', Frances Howard Devereux Carr, and labels her not just witch but also whore. The pronunciation of the name 'Hecate' in *The*

Witch is disyllabic and its mere utterance carries a sexual innuendo, 'cat' being early modern slang for 'whore'. The Countess had already been more immediately insulted with the feline epithet: in at least two of the sometimes astonishingly obtuse letters which Overbury sent from the Tower to Carr, she is cited as the 'Catopard'.

At the same time, moreover, the particular name by which this triform goddess is called invokes her as the patroness of a particular aspect of female sexuality—Diana/Artemis is associated with virginity, Luna/Selene with maternity, and Proserpina/Hecate with sterility. These phases correspond to the sexual/social placement of the principal female characters in *The Witch*: the youthful and nubile Francisca, the newly-wed Isabella, and the mature Duchess. (Amoretta is functionally a cipher—necessary, but necessary only in relation to another character, the Duchess, whose name she shares [2.2.106] and as whose woman she is designated by the original list of *dramatis personae*.) Francisca, Isabella, and the Duchess form a configuration which repeats the sequence in the first version of the riddle quoted above: a maid, a wife, a widow. However, none of these ladies actually meets the terms of sexual conduct defining the social category to which she is assigned. Francisca the sixteen-year-old mother is no maiden. Isabella, promised in marriage to one man and bound in an unconsummated marriage with another, is

no wife. The Duchess, having (as only the final moments of the play make clear) failed to kill her husband, is no widow. And even when she thinks the Duke to be dead, the Duchess is no figure of mourning and abstinence but rather a sexual predator. In *The Witch*—again as in the riddle—the maid, the wife, and the widow exist merely by sleights of language. Indeed, among the female characters in the play, only Hecate and Florida are entitled to the names by which they are known—witch and whore.

The fact that the other female characters do not meet the job descriptions for their respective titles points to the play's preoccupation with the problem of determining a woman's moral worth and her social status solely with respect to her sexual relations with men. To Anglo-American sensibilities of the twenty-first century, this is perhaps above all an issue of equity. To earlier centuries it has sometimes, and in some places, been a question of epistemology. The epistemological problem lies in the unverifiability of those all-determining relations: what are the true and certain indicators of sexual experience in women? Even witchcraft, the Jacobean definition of which centred on so private and interior an event as a secret pact between human and devil, had its relatively sure signs. Such evidence was important because the issue of witchcraft in the period was a matter not just of theological disputation but also of legal procedure; and it was primarily to the latter that Reginald Scot objected in *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), Middleton's principal source for his witch scenes. The devil was believed to leave his marks upon his follower's body and/or to desensitize patches of it: once discovered and tested, such marks and patches constituted presumptive evidence of the diabolical pact hypothesized as their cause. But objective evidence of sexual activity was harder to secure. Sexual activity does not always leave its marks upon a female body; and even when it does, such marks can sometimes be concealed. Francisca manages to hide a pregnancy, and Frances Howard was thought to have faked a virginity test. Furthermore, and more unsettlingly, male observation of females for signs of sexual activity is subject to Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, the conditions of observation affecting the data. Faced with both Florida the experienced courtesan and Gaspero the obliging (nudge-wink) manservant, Sebastian evinces less confidence in his own accuracy as judge of the woman than of the man:

I know that face
To be a strumpet's, or mine eye is envious

And would fain wish it so where I would have it.
I fail if the condition of this fellow
Wears not about it a strong scent of baseness.
(3.2.15–19)

The Witch was probably written in the middle of 1616, after the convictions of Frances Howard and Robert Carr for their parts in the murder of Thomas Overbury and amid other coded outcries against the King's protection of the couple from the full penalty of the law. Middleton's text survives in a single manuscript which a professional scrivener prepared some imprecisely 'long' time after the play was presented in, conjecturally, the latter months of 1616 and some time before Middleton died in 1627. It was not printed during Middleton's lifetime, nor for another century and a half thereafter. So topical a dramatic text has a short theatrical shelf-life. The stage history of *The Witch* begins in a cloud of ambiguity and promptly disappears into a void. No professional production is known to have occurred subsequent to its first performance(s), of which tantalizingly little is known. The manuscript subtitles *The Witch* as having been 'long since acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Blackfriars'. The spectacular staging needs of the witch scenes would have been particularly well served by the theatrical resources which the King's Men commanded at the Blackfriars. Middleton's dedicatory epistle, however, clearly indicates that the play had in some sense failed: 'I have...recovered into my hands (though not without much difficulty) this (ignorantly-ill-fated) labour of mine.' The parentheses tease. What difficulty beset Middleton's recovery of his dramatic labour? It is unclear whether the ill fate was a matter of theatrical failure or of political suppression, and it is correspondingly unclear whether unappreciative audiences are being accused of ignorance or Middleton is (implausibly and belatedly) excusing himself on grounds of ignorance. His next sentence, however, hints at the latter alternatives: 'Witches are (*ipso facto*) by the law condemned, & that only (I think) hath made her lie so long in an imprisoned obscurity.' The organizing conceit of this dedication, the verbal elision between a text entitled *The Witch* and a woman labelled a witch, points the reader back to the realm of riddles.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 151 ('In a maiden time professed'), 153 ('Come away'), 158, 160 (dances)
Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 995
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 382

The Witch

[for the King's Men at The Blackfriars]

THE PERSONS

DUKE		FRANCISCA, Antonio's sister
LORD GOVERNOR [of Ravenna]		AMORETTA, the Duchess's woman
SEBASTIAN, contracted to Isabella		FLORIDA, a courtesan
FERNANDO, his friend		HECATE, the chief witch
ANTONIO, husband to Isabella		STADLIN } witches
ABERZANES, a gent[leman] neither honest, wise, nor valiant		[&] }
ALMACHILDES, a fantastical gentleman		HOPPO }
GASPERO } servants to Antonio		[GENTLEMAN in 2.I]
& }		[STABLEBOY]
HERMIO }		[OLD WOMAN]
FIRESTONE, the clown and Hecate's son		[Malkin, a spirit like a CAT]
DUCHESS		Other Witches }
ISABELLA, niece to the [lord] governor		[Spirits] }
		[Watermen] }
		& Servants }

Epistle *To the truly worthy and generously affected
Thomas Holmes, Esquire*

Noble Sir,

As a true testimony of my ready inclination to your service, I have (merely upon a taste of your desire) recovered into my hands (though not without much difficulty) this
5 (ignorantly ill-fated) labour of mine. Witches are (*ipso facto*) by the law condemned, and that only (I think) hath made her lie so long in an imprisoned obscurity. For your sake alone she hath thus far conjured herself abroad and bears no other charms about her but what may tend to
10 your recreation, nor no other spell but to possess you with a belief that as she, so he that first taught her to enchant, will always be

Your devoted
Tho: Middleton.

[Incipit] *Actus Primus*
Enter Sebastian and Fernando

I.I

SEBASTIAN

My three years spent in war has now undone
My peace for ever.

FERNANDO Good, be patient, sir.

SEBASTIAN

She is my wife by contract before heaven
And all the angels, sir.

FERNANDO

I do believe you,
But where's the remedy now? You see she's gone:
5 Another has possession.

SEBASTIAN

There's the torment.

FERNANDO

This day, being the first of your return,
Unluckily proves the first too of her fast'ning.

5

This commentary devotes particular attention to Middleton's sources, especially in relation to witchcraft.

Persons.8 fantastical (a) capricious
(b) foppishly attired

12 clown buffoon part

Epistle.5-6 Witches...condemned Under
a 1563 statute (5 Eliz.I.c.16), first
convictions of witchcraft carried the

death penalty only when the criminal had caused another's death. However, a 1604 statute (1 Jac.I.c.12) both extended the definition of witchcraft to cover activities (such as graverobbing) ignored by the Elizabethan statute and also lowered the level of damage which carried the death penalty even for first convictions.

I.I.3-4 wife...angels Sebastian and Isabella have exchanged marriage vows without public ceremony and sacerdotal supervision. Such contracts were forbidden but also recognized as morally and legally binding. See 4.2.3-20, where it is also revealed that Fernando had been a witness to the lovers' exchange of vows.

Her uncle, sir, the Governor of Ravenna,
 Holding a good opinion of the bridegroom,
 As he's fair-spoken, sir, and wondrous mild—
 SEBASTIAN
 There goes the devil in a sheepskin!
 FERNANDO —with all speed
 Clapped it up suddenly. I cannot think, sure,
 That the maid over-loves him; though, being married
 15 Perhaps (for her own credit) now she intends
 Performance of an honest duteous wife.
 SEBASTIAN
 Sir, I've a world of business. Question nothing:
 You will but lose your labour. 'Tis not fit
 For any—hardly mine own secrecy—
 20 To know what I intend. I take my leave, sir.
 I find such strange employments in myself
 That unless death pity me and lay me down,
 I shall not sleep these seven years: that's the least, sir.
 Exit
 FERNANDO
 That sorrow's dangerous can abide no counsel:
 'Tis like a wound past cure. Wrongs done to love
 Strike the heart deeply: none can truly judge on't
 But the poor sensible sufferer, whom it racks
 With unbelieved pains which men in health
 That enjoy love, not possibly can act—
 30 Nay, not so much as think. In troth I pity him!
 His sighs drink life blood in this time of feasting.
 [Noises off]
 A banquet towards too? Not yet hath riot
 Played out her last scene? At such entertainments still
 Forgetfulness obeys and surfeit governs.
 35 Here's marriage sweetly honoured in gorged stomachs
 And overflowing cups.
 Enter Gaspero and Servant
 GASPERO Where is she, sirrah?
 SERVANT Not far off.

Prithee, where? Go fetch her hither.
 [Exit Servant]
 [Aside] I'll rid him away straight. [To Fernando] The
 Duke's now risen, sir.
 FERNANDO
 I am a joyful man to hear it, sir.
 It seems he's drunk the less, though I think he
 That has the least, he's certainly enough. Exit 40
 GASPERO
 I have observed this fellow all the feast time.
 He hath not pledged one cup but looked most
 wickedly
 Upon good malaga, flies to the black jack still
 And sticks to small drink like a water rat. 45
 Enter Florida
 O, here she comes. Alas, the poor whore weeps!
 'Tis not for grace now: all the world must judge.
 It is for spleen and madness 'gainst this marriage.
 I do but think how she could beat the vicar now,
 Scratch the man horribly that gave the woman, 50
 The woman worst of all, if she durst do it.—
 Why, how now, mistress, this weeping needs not, for
 though
 My master marry for his reputation,
 He means to keep you too.
 FLORIDA How, sir?
 GASPERO He doth indeed.
 He swore't to me last night. Are you so simple 55
 —And have been five years traded—as to think
 One woman would serve him? Fie, not an empress!
 Why, he'll be sick o'th' wife within ten nights,
 Or never trust my judgement.
 FLORIDA Will he, think'st thou?
 GASPERO Will he?
 FLORIDA I find thee still so comfortable! 60
 Beshrew my heart, if I knew how to miss thee!

9 **Ravenna** port on the Adriatic coast of Italy and the scene of part of the narrative which is the source for the ducal plot of *The Witch*: see note to 1.1.110-43 below
 12 **the devil in a sheepskin** an amalgamation of two proverbs derived from the New Testament: (a) 'The Devil can transform himself into an angel of light' (Tilley D231) from Corinthians 11:14; and (b) 'A wolf in a sheepskin' (Tilley W614) from Matthew 7:15
 27 **sensible** emotionally sensitive
 29 **act** simulate
 30 **troth** truth
 32 **banquet** dessert course of fruit, sweetmeats, etc., for which guests remove to a room other than that in which the meal has been served. Fernando's line thus both explains the offstage noises which

cue it and also heralds the approach of the wedding party.
 riot debauchery, extravagance
 34 **surfeit** excessive indulgence in food and drink
 36 **sirrah** term of address used to men or boys expressing contempt, reprimand or assumption of authority on the part of its speaker
 42 **fellow** Having swiftly realized his intention (announced at l. 38) to clear the scene of Fernando, Gaspero proceeds to refer to him, a social superior whom in person he addresses as 'Sir', as 'fellow'. The condescension of the reference continues Gaspero's self-characterization as manipulative and impudent.
 43 **pledged** toasted
 44 **malaga** Spanish white wine, named

for the southern port of Malaga, which exported it
 45 **black jack** tarred leather jug for beer
 45 **small** weak, low in alcohol
 46-7 **weeps... not for grace** At her first entrance in tears of chagrin, Florida is mockingly contrasted with the New Testament woman of ill repute (Luke 7:36-50) whose tears were the visible signs of her repentance and divine grace.
 54 **keep** maintain for bedservice. The cost of maintaining Florida is given by Gaspero at 2.1.21.
 56 **traded** i.e., as a prostitute
 60 **comfortable** comforting, giving of solace. (The comfort which Florida here evokes, like the 'kindness' which she proceeds to invite in l. 61, is sexual.)
 61 **miss** do without

They talk of gentlemen, perfumers, and such things:
 Give me the kindness of the master's man
 In my distress, say I.
 GASPERO 'Tis your great love, forsooth.
 65 Please you withdraw yourself to yon private parlour.
 I'll send you ven'son, custard, parsnip pie.
 For banqueting stuff—as suckets, jellies, syrups—
 I will bring in myself.
 FLORIDA I'll take 'em kindly, sir. *Exit*
 GASPERO
 She's your grand strumpet's complement to a tittle.
 70 'Tis a fair building. It had need: it has
 Just at this time some one-and-twenty inmates.
 But half of 'em are young merchants: they'll depart
 shortly.
 They take but rooms for summer and away they
 When't grows foul weather. Marry, then come the
 75 termers,
 And commonly they're well booted for all seasons.
Enter Almachildes and Amoretta
 But, peace! No more! The guests are coming in.
 ALMACHILDES
 The fates have blessed me: have I met you privately?
 AMORETTA
 Why, sir? Why, Almachildes?
 ALMACHILDES Not a kiss.
 AMORETTA
 I'll call aloud, i'faith.
 ALMACHILDES I'll stop your mouth.
 AMORETTA
 80 Upon my love to reputation,
 I'll tell the Duchess once more.

ALMACHILDES 'Tis the way
 To make her laugh a little.
 AMORETTA She'll not think
 That you dare use a maid of honour thus.
 ALMACHILDES
 Amsterdam swallow thee for a Puritan
 And Geneva cast thee up again like she that sunk
 85 At Charing Cross and rose again at Queenhithe!
 AMORETTA
 Ay, these are the holy fruits of the sweet vine, sir.
 [Exit]
 ALMACHILDES
 Sweet venery be with thee, and I at the tail
 Of my wish! I am a little headstrong, and so
 Are most of the company. I will to the witches.
 90 They say they have charms and tricks to make
 A wench fall backwards, and lead a man herself
 To a country-house some mile out of the town,
 Like a fire-drake: there be such whoreson kind girls
 And such bawdy witches, and I'll try conclusions.
 95 [Exit through one door]
*Enter [through other door] Duke, Duchess, Lord
 Governor, Antonio, Isabella and Francisca [with
 Servants bearing a banquet]*
 DUKE
 A banquet yet? Why surely, my Lord Governor,
 Bacchus could never boast of a day till now
 To spread his power, and make his glory known.
 DUCHESS
 Sir, you've done nobly. Though in modesty
 You keep it from us, know we understand so much
 100 All this day's cost: 'tis your great love bestows

- 62 **perfumers** (a) those employed to fumigate or perfume rooms (b) those engaged in making or selling perfumes
 63 **master's man** gentleman's servant, valet
 65 **parlour** (a) intimate dining room, apart from the great hall, (b) female genitalia. The innuendo anticipates the architectural conceit which Gaspero develops at ll. 70–5.
 66 **ven'son** venison, table meat from wild animal (usually deer) killed by hunting
 67 **For** (a) with respect to (b) instead of. The initial preposition creates a syntactical ambiguity which sustains the innuendo of the speech: Gaspero proposes both to bring in and to be the sweet course.
suckets succades, sweetmeats of fruit which has been candied or preserved in syrup. In this context, the utterance of the word carries an easily audible innuendo.
 68 **take** (a) receive, accept (b) admit to sexual intercourse
kindly (a) as a kindness (b) fittingly
 69 **grand strumpet's complement** that which goes to complete the courtesan: hence, the set of personal accomplishments or qualities appropriate to her
to a tittle to the smallest particular
 74 **termers** those who—in order to conduct legal business, to study at the Inns of Court, or to pursue amusements, intrigues or dishonest practices—came to London for the law terms, the periods when the courts were in session
 75 **booted** equipped for riding, with an innuendo on 'riding' as 'sexual intercourse'
 84–5 **Amsterdam... Geneva** centres of radical Protestantism, these Continental cities gave refuge to successive generations of English religious exiles
 85–6 **she that... Queenhithe** Queen Elinor, wife of King Edward I. Legend held this to have been the punishment she brought upon herself by falsely swearing her innocence of a murder which she had committed. In linking the geography of this legend with Amsterdam and Geneva, Almachildes implies the usual anti-Puritan accusation of moral hypocrisy.
 87 **holy** Drawing attention to his inebriation, Amoretta bounces the charge of excessive religiosity back at her challenger.
 88–9 **Sweet... wish** Almachildes wishes sexual pleasure for Amoretta, and then a share in that pleasure for himself.
 89 **headstrong** drunk
 90 **I will to the witches** The first mention of witches in the play both associates them with illicit sexual activity and also coincides with the first appearance of the court party.
 92 **fall backwards** lie on her back, as the passive partner in the 'missionary position' for sexual intercourse
 93 **country-house** (punning on 'cunt'). See also 3.2.193.
 94 **fire-drake** will-o-th'-wisp
 95 **try conclusions** experiment, see what will come of it
 97 **Bacchus** classical Greek god of wine
 99–104 **Sir, you've done nobly... 'tis rightly** To the Duchess's interpretation of his magnificence as a compliment to his niece, the Lord Governor replies that it is to be construed as a tribute to goodness and to the Duchess herself. Their exchange of courtly compliments is harshly terminated by the Duke's mid-line announcement of his barbaric business with the skull-cup.

Act I Scene I

The witch

In honour of the bride, your virtuous niece.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 In love to goodness, and your presence, madam!
 So understood, 'tis rightly.
 DUKE Now will I
 Have a strange health after all these.
 105 LORD GOVERNOR What's that, my lord?
 DUKE A health in a strange cup; and't shall go round.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 Your grace need not doubt that, sir, having seen
 So many pledged already. This fair company
 Cannot shrink now for one, so it end there.
 DUKE
 It shall, for all ends here:
 [He produces a skull set as a cup]
 110 here's a full period.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 A skull, my lord?
 DUKE Call it a soldier's cup, man.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 Fie, how you fright the women!
 DUKE I have sworn
 It shall go round, excepting only you, sir,
 For your late sickness, and the bride herself,
 Whose health it is.
 [He drinks]
 115 ISABELLA Marry, I thank heaven for that.
 DUKE
 Our duchess, I know, will pledge too, though the cup
 Was once her father's head, which, as a trophy,
 We'll keep till death, in memory of that conquest.
 He was the greatest foe our steel e'er struck at,
 120 And he was bravely slain. Then took we thee
 Into our bosom's love. Thou madest the peace
 For all thy country, thou, that beauty did.
 We're dearer than a father, are we not?
 DUCHESS
 Yes, sir, by much.
 DUKE And we shall find that straight.
 ANTONIO
 125 That's an ill bride-cup for a marriage-day.
 I do not like the fate on't.

LORD GOVERNOR Good my lord,
 The duchess looks pale. Let her not pledge you there.
 DUKE Pale?
 DUCHESS
 Sir, not I!
 [She takes the cup and drinks]
 DUKE See how your lordship fails now.
 The rose's not fresher, nor the sun at rising
 More comfortably pleasing.
 DUCHESS [To Antonio] Sir, to you, 130
 The lord of this day's honour.
 [She presents cup to him]
 ANTONIO All first moving
 From your grace, madam, and the duke's great
 favour!
 [He drinks]
 Sister, it must.
 [He presents cup to Francisca]
 FRANCISCA [aside]
 This's the worst fright that could come
 To a concealed great belly. I'm with child,
 And this will bring it out, or make me come 135
 Some seven weeks sooner than we maidens reckon.
 [She drinks, then presents cup to Almachildes]
 DUCHESS [aside]
 Did ever cruel, barbarous act match this?
 Twice hath his surfeits brought my father's memory
 Thus spitefully and scornfully to mine eyes,
 And I'll endure't no more. 'Tis in my heart since: 140
 I'll be revenged, as far as death can lead me.
 ALMACHILDES
 Am I the last man, then? I may deserve
 To be first one day.
 [He drinks]
 LORD GOVERNOR Sir, it's gone round now.
 DUKE
 The round? An excellent way to train up soldiers.
 Where's bride and bridegroom?
 ANTONIO At your happy service. 145
 DUKE
 A boy tonight at least: I charge you look to't,
 Or I'll renounce you for industrious subjects.

109 so provided that
 110-43 It shall...now Book I of Thomas
 Bedingfield's translation (1595) of Nic-
 colò Machiavelli's *Istorie fiorentine* (1525)
 is the source of this incident: 'The king-
 dom [of the Longobards] being come to
Alboino a man courageous & cruel, they
 passed the river *Danubio*, and fought
 with *Comundo*... and overthrew him
 in *Pannonia*, which he then possessed.
Alboino... happened to take prisoner the
 daughter of *Comundo*, called *Rosmunda*,
 married her, and thereby became Lord of
Pannonia. Then moved by the cruelty of
 his nature, he made a cup of her father's
 head, whereof in memory of the victory)

[punctuation sic] he used to drink. But
 then called into *Italy*...he celebrated a
 solemn feast in *Verona*, whereat, being
 by drinking much, become very merry,
 and seeing the skull of *Comundo* full of
 wine, he caused the same to be presented
 to the Queen *Rosmunda*, who sat over
 against him at the table (saying unto
 her, with so loud a voice that every one
 might hear him) that she should now at
 this feast drink with her father: which
 speech pierced the Lady to the Heart,
 and she forthwith determined to revenge
 the same.'
 110 full period complete stop, terminus—to
 drinking, to predication, to life

125 bride-cup cup or bowl handed round at
 a wedding
 126 fate on't (a) what will come of it
 (b) what it portends
 128 fails mistakes
 133 it must you have no choice
 134 concealed great belly secretly pregnant
 woman
 135 bring it out reveal the fact of pregnancy
 135-6 make...reckon induce labour
 perilously early
 144 round (a) military watchman's circuit of
 the garrison which he is guarding (b) of
 alcoholic drink
 147 for as

ANTONIO
Your grace speaks like a worthy and tried soldier.
Exeunt [all but Gaspero]

GASPERO
And you'll do well, for one that ne'er tossed pike, sir.
Exit

1.2 *Enter Hecate with properties and habits fitting
[including a baby, serpents and snakes]*

HECATE
Titty and Tiffin, Suckin
And Pidgin, Liard and Robin!
White spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits!
Devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat and devil-dam!
5 Why, Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwain and Puckle?
STADLIN [*within*]
Here, sweating at the vessel.

HECATE Boil it well.

HOPPO [*within*]
It gallops now.

HECATE Are the flames blue enough
Or shall I use a little seeton more?

STADLIN [*within*]
The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips
Are not more perfect azure.

HECATE Tend it carefully.
Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish
That I may fall to work upon these serpents
And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour.
Why, when?

[*Enter Stadlin with brass dish*]

STADLIN Here's Stadlin, and the dish.

HECATE [*handing over baby*]
There, take this unbaptized brat.

10

15

149 **tossed pike** brandished (*a*) weapon of the ordinary infantryman (*b*) penis. Silent since the middle of the scene, Gaspero closes it with a sneer at the military and sexual competence of his master Antonio, who has just complimented the Duke on the same points of machismo.

1.2.0.1 **properties...fitting** Some indication of what constituted 'properties and habits fitting' for witches on a Jacobean stage can be found in Ben Jonson's account of the anti-masque of eleven witches in his 1609 *Masque of Queens*. They were, he writes, 'all differently attired: some with rats on their head, some on their shoulders; others with ointment pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master [Inigo] Jones his... Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers.'

0.2 [**including...snakes**] The dialogue requires Hecate, at this her first appearance in *The Witch*, to be equipped with serpents (l. 12) and a human infant (l. 15). The baby is quickly handed over to Stadlin and carried offstage (a transfer which anticipates the disposal of Aberzanes and Francisca's offspring at 2.3.1-4). The serpents are squeezed into the brazen dish which the dialogue requires Stadlin to bring on at l. 14 and Firestone to carry off at l. 101. (See Hecate's instructions to Firestone at ll. 63, 78, and 99.) Their skins remain onstage until Sebastian removes them at l. 178. Middleton's deft care in deploying these stage properties is a pointer to their importance. Within the iconographical language available to his dramaturgy, snakes and serpents tend to be encoded with wickedness. For important example, in Cesare Ripa's *Iconologia* (1593), the

standard Renaissance handbook devoted to the iconography of moral concepts, snakes generally appear as the appurtenances of the more extreme moral evils—heresy, sin (in general), false religion, and enmity to God.

1-4 **Titty...devil-dam** Hecate's first lines in the play come from Chapter 33 of *A Discourse of diuels and spirits* which Reginald Scot appended to *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584): 'Now, how *Brian Darcy's* he spirits and she spirits, Titty and Tiffin, Suckin and Pidgin, Liard and Robin, &c: his white spirits and black spirits, grey spirits and red spirits, devil toad and devil lamb, devil's cat and devil's dam... can stand consonant with the word of GOD... , let heaven and earth judge. In the mean time, let any man with good consideration peruse that book published by W.W....' The title of the book published by W.W. (in 1582) is *A true and just Record of the Information, Examination and Confession of all the witches, taken at S. Oses in the county of Essex*. This account, and the St Osyth witchhunt which it records, were principally the work of an Essex Justice of the Peace, Brian Darcy. Scot, who personally observed some of the St Osyth trials, evidently (and rightly) despised Darcy's investigative methods and juridical proceedings as grotesque violations of due process of law. The book published by W.W. parades detail after detail of Darcy's findings: particularly preoccupied with witches' familiars, he records the name, species, colour, sex, and maleficent activity of each familiar that he can discover, and finally he even tabulates the data by accused witch. Thus, 'Ursley Kemp had four spirits, their names Titty a he like a grey Cat, Jack a he like a black Cat, Pidgin a she, like a black Toad, and Tiffin a she, like a white Lamb. The he's were to plague to death

and the she's to punish with bodily harm, and to destroy cattle.'

4 **Devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat** venefical familiars

devil-dam proverbial (Tilley D225)

5 **Hoppo and Stadlin** Middleton's source for these names was probably another passage from *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* in which Scot contemptuously reports the findings of witch-hunters: 'It is constantly affirmed [by James Sprenger and Heinrich Kremer] in *M[alleus] Mal[ificarum]* [1486] that *Stafus*... had a disciple called *Hoppo*, who made *Stadlin* witch, and could all when they list invisibly transfer the third part of their neighbours' dung, hay, corn, etcetera, into their own ground, make hail, tempests, and floods, with thunder and lightning, and kill children, cattle, etcetera, reveal things hidden, and many other tricks' (xii, 5).

Hellwain and Puckle Both names appear in the incantation which Middleton fillets from Scot and assigns to Hecate at 1.2.102-6. (See note below.)

6 **vessel** cauldron

7 **gallops** boils (the earliest occurrence recorded for this sense by *OED*)

8 **seeton** This substance has yet to be identified.

13 **the second hour** the witching hour, when the moon rises and witches take to the sky. See also 1.2.34. With advance preparations for the witches' flight under way throughout this scene, audience expectations are thereby heightened for their next, and more spectacular, appearance onstage.

15-18 **unbaptized...air** In *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (iii, 1), Scot summarizes demonologists' accounts of the susceptibility of unchristened babies to being snatched, alive or dead, by witches for use in transvection ointments: 'if there be any children unbaptized... then the

- Boil it well. Preserve the fat:
 You know 'tis precious to transfere
 Our 'noited flesh into the air
 In moonlit nights, o'er steeple-tops,
 20 Mountains, and pine-trees, that like pricks or stops
 Seem to our height: high towers and roofs of princes
 Like wrinkles in the earth. Whole provinces
 Appear to our sight then, e'en leek
 A russet mole upon some lady's cheek,
 25 When hundred leagues in air we feast, and sing,
 Dance, kiss, and coll, use every thing.
 What young man can we wish, to pleasure us
 But we enjoy him in an incubus?
 Thou know'st it, Stadlin?
- STADLIN Usually that's done.
 HEcate Then there's all, Hecate?
- 30 Last night thou got'st the Mayor of Whelpley's son:
 HEcate Is the heart of wax

witches may and do catch them from their mothers' sides in the night, or out of their cradles, or otherwise kill them with their ceremonies; and after burial steal them out of their graves, and seeth them in a cauldron, until their flesh be made potable. Of the thickest whereof they make ointments, whereby they ride in the aire.' The sixth of the eleven hags who comprise the coven in Jonson's *Masque of Queens* boasts of having 'Killed an infant to have his fat' (163).

- 20 **pricks... stops** small marks of punctuation
 23 **leek** like (archaic)
 24 **russet** reddish-brown
 25-8 **we feast... enjoy him** After the second of the recipes which are quoted below (note to I.2.37-42) from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (x, 8), comes an account of the effects perceived by users of transvection ointment: 'By this means... in a moonlight night they seem to be carried in the aire, to feasting, singing, dancing, kissing, culling, and other acts of venery, with such youths as they love and desire most'.
 26 **coll** hug, fondle in the arms
use every thing (a) copulate with everything (b) engage in those 'other acts of venery' which Scot (as quoted above in the note to I.2.25-8) leaves to the imagination
 28 **incubus** devil (or witch) disguised in a(nother) corporeal form in order to engage in sexual intercourse with a human being. Strict demonological usage distinguishes 'incubus' (disguise as male partner, assumed to be active and prone) from 'succubus' (disguise as female partner, assumed to be passive and supine). In Zacharie Jones's 1605 translation of part of Pierre Le Loyer's *Livre des Spectres*, incubi are defined as: 'a kind of Deuils, or Spirits, in the form of men, whose delight is in lascivious-

ness, and are as wanton and lecherous as Goats... And their nature is... to desire to ravish and force women, and in the night time to go into their bed, and to oppress them, striving to have carnal company with them. The like do those Spirits which are called *Succubs*, which are devils passive, as the former active, and taking the form of women, do seek to enjoy their pleasure of men.'

- 30 **Whelpley's** Denoting a south-east Wiltshire village which has vanished since the seventeenth century, the place-name still connotes both the contempt of the speaker and the age and inclinations of her victim.
 31 **black cloak, lined with yellow** The gratuitous precision of this detail of reported costume invites interpretation. While colour conventions (linking black to evil and yellow to love) provide one possibility, it is more probably a reference to Anne Turner. At her execution for the murder of Thomas Overbury, she wore black, as did the executioner; and both (at the macabre command of Lord Chief Justice Coke) also wore linen/lace treated with the yellow starch which she had made fashionable.
 33 **mounting** (a) aerially, in flight with the coven (b) sexually, as an incubus
 37-42 **eleoselinum... oleum** Save for the pungent reminder of the effects of soot, this list comes *verbatim* from two different recipes for transvection ointment which Scot reports in *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (x, 8):

Rx. The fat of young children, and seeth it with water in a brazen vessel, reserving the thickest of that which remaineth boiled in the bottom, which they lay up and keep, until occasion serveth to use it. They put hereunto *Eleoselinum, Aconitum, Frondes populeas,* and Soot.

I knew him by his black cloak, lined with yellow.
 I think thou'st spoiled the youth: he's but seventeen.
 I'll have him the next mounting. Away, in!
 Go feed the vessel for the second hour.

- STADLIN Where be the magical herbs?
 HEcate They're down his throat, 35
 His mouth crammed full, his ears and nostrils stuffed.
 I thrust in *eleoselinum* lately,
Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot—
 You may see that, he looks so black i'th' mouth—
 Then *sium, acorum vulgare* too, 40
Pentaphyllon, the blood of a flitter-mouse,
Solanum somniferum et oleum.

STADLIN Then there's all, Hecate?
 HEcate Is the heart of wax

Another recipe to the same purpose.

Rx. *Sium, acorum vulgare, pentaphyllon,* the blood of a flittermouse, *solanum somniferum,* & *oleum.* They stamp all these together, and then they rub all parts of their bodies exceedingly, till they look red, and be very hot, so as the pores may be opened, and their flesh soluble and loose. They join herewithal either fat, or oil instead thereof, that the force of the ointment may the rather pierce inwardly, and so be more effectual.

- 37 **eleoselinum** smallage, a wild species of parsley
 38 **Aconitum** genus of poison plant, of which the common European species is popularly known as 'wolfs bane' or 'monkshood'
frondes populeas poplar leaves
 40 **sium** sion, an aquatic plant, formerly also known as 'bellrags' and 'laver'
acorum vulgare a kind of reed, the root of which was used medicinally
 41 **Pentaphyllon** cinquefoil, so called because the leaves of this genus of plant are composed of five leaflets
flitter-mouse bat
 42 **Solanum somniferum** deadly (or sleeping) nightshade
et oleum 'and oil': where the first of the recipes quoted above begins with the fat of young children, the second does not specify what sort of fat or oil is to be used to bind the ointment
 43-4 **heart of wax... needles** In *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (xii, 16) Scot gives various versions of 'A charme teaching how to hurt whom you list with images of wax, &c.' and tells of a recent Kentish case involving a fraudulent accusation, complete with fabricated evidence, of witchcraft wrought by means of a wax heart stuck full of needles.

Stuck full of magic needles?
 STADLIN 'Tis done, Hecate.
 HECCATE
 45 And is the farmer's picture, and his wife's,
 Laid down to th' fire yet?
 STADLIN They're a-roasting, both, too.
 [Exit Stadlin, with baby]
 HECCATE Good:
 Then their marrows are a-melting subtly
 And three months' sickness sucks up life in 'em.
 They denied me often flour, barm and milk,
 Goose-grease and tar, when I ne'er hurt their charm-
 50 ings,
 Their brewlocks, nor their batches, nor forespoke
 Any of their breedings.
 [Squeezing snakes and serpents into brass dish, she
 sets aside their skins]
 Now I'll be meet with 'em.
 Seven of their young pigs I've bewitched already
 Of the last litter, nine ducklings, thirteen goslings,
 55 And a hog fell lame last Sunday after evensong too.
 And mark how their sheep prosper, or what sope
 Each milk-kine gives to th' pail. I'll send those snakes
 Shall milk 'em all beforehand: the dew'd-skirted dairy-
 wenches
 Shall stroke dry drugs for this, and go home cursing.
 60 I'll mar their syllabubs, and frothy feastings
 Under cows' bellies with the parish youths.
 Where's Firestone? Our son Firestone?
 Enter Firestone
 FIRESTONE Here am I, mother.
 HECCATE
 Take in this brazen dish full of dear ware.
 Thou shalt have all when I die, and that will be

E'en just at twelve o'clock at night, come three year. 65
 FIRESTONE And may you not have one o'clock into th'
 dozen, mother?
 HECCATE No.
 FIRESTONE Your spirits are then more unconscionable than
 70 bakers. You'll have lived then, mother, six-score years
 to the hundred; and methinks after six-score years,
 the devil might give you a cast, for he's a fruiterer
 too, and has been from the beginning: the first apple
 that e'er was eaten came through his fingers. The
 75 costermonger's, then, I hold to be the ancientest trade,
 though some would have the tailor pricked down before
 him.
 HECCATE
 Go, and take heed you shed not by the way!
 The hour must have her portion. 'Tis dear syrup:
 Each charmed drop is able to confound
 80 A family consisting of nineteen
 Or one-and-twenty feeders.
 FIRESTONE Marry, here's stuff indeed!
 [Aside] 'Dear syrup', call you it? A little thing
 Would make me give you a dram on't, in a posset,
 And cut you three years shorter.
 HECCATE Thou'rt now 85
 About some villainy?
 FIRESTONE Not I, forsooth.
 [Aside] Truly the devil's in her, I think! How one villainy
 smells out another straight! There's no knavery but is
 nosed like a dog, and can smell out a dog's meaning. [To
 Hecate] Mother, I pray give me leave to ramble abroad
 90 tonight, with the nightmare, for I have a great mind to
 overlay a fat parson's daughter.
 HECCATE
 And who shall lie with me, then?

49–52 **They denied . . . breedings** Most of the lurid activities which Hecate claims for herself ultimately derive, via Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, from Continental demonological treatises. The narrative of petty crime and retribution in this speech, however, is closer to contemporary English pamphlets reporting particular cases of witchcraft in provincial communities. Hecate bears a grudge because her begging for basic foodstuffs had been refused on a farm where she had not previously meddled with the butter-making, brewing, baking, and breeding. Essential to rural economy, these processes abounded in occasions of error: when things went wrong, accusations of witchcraft offered an explanation of natural disaster as well as a venting of emotions onto liminal figures whose survival depended on communal charity.
 49 **barm** yeast
 50 **charmings** variant form of 'churnings'
 51 **brewlocks** brewings. (The second syllable is a rare survival, one not noted in the

OED, of an Anglo-Saxon suffix meaning 'activity'. More technical glosses have been suggested but context demands the general sense.)
 56 **sope** small amount of drink
 57 **milk-kine** milk-cow
 63 **dear ware** precious product—i.e., the venom or juice of those serpents upon which the speaker undertook (at 1.2.12–14) to 'fall to work . . . and squeeze 'em ready for the second hour'.
 69 **unconscionable** extortionate, harsh
 70 **six-score** 120: Hecate is therefore 117 years old. At 1.2.32 the Mayor of Whelpley's son was reported to have been 17, while at 2.1.121 it will be said that Francisca has not yet attained that age.
 71 **to the hundred** Firestone implies that Hecate has been living on borrowed time since her 100th birthday.
 72 **cast** chance, playing on faint homophony with 'cost[ard]' (apple)
 72–4 **he's a fruiterer . . . fingers** In the Old Testament (Genesis 2 and 3), a

serpent successfully tempts Eve (and through her, Adam) to disobey God's command not to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Christian exegetical tradition has always construed the serpent as the devil; and iconographic convention has long represented the fruit as an apple.
 75 **costermonger's** a costermonger is a fruiterer or apple seller; often used contemptuously
 76 **pricked down** play on several senses of 'prick': (a) mark, tick (b) awl, bodkin (c) penis
 78 **shed** spill (the serpent venom imagined to be the contents of the brazen vessel)
 79 **her portion** the part allotted to it
 83–4 **A little . . . make me** It wouldn't take much to make me
 91 **nightmare** spirit or monster supposed to settle on people when they are asleep at night, and produce a sense of suffocation by its weight. Nightmare is to nocturnal terror as incubus or succubus is to nocturnal pleasure.

145 Blast vineyards, orchards, meadows, or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by ricks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground.

SEBASTIAN This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier; but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn or vines.
'Twill trouble your best powers to give me ease.

HECATE
150 Is it to starve up generation?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman?

SEBASTIAN Hah?

HECATE
'Hah?! Did you feel me there? I knew your grief.

SEBASTIAN
Can there be such things done?

HECATE Are these the skins
Of serpents? These of snakes?
[*She produces them*]

SEBASTIAN I see they are.

HECATE
155 So sure into what house these are conveyed,
Knit with these charmèd and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets nor woman breeds,
No, nor performs the least desires of wedlock
Being then a mutual duty. I could give thee
160 *Chirocineta, adincantida,*
Archimèdon, marmaritin, calicia,
Which I could sort to villainous barren ends
But this leads the same way. More I could instance—
As the same needles thrust into their pillows
165 That sews and socks up dead men in their sheets,
A privy gristle of a man that hangs
After sunset—good, excellent. Yet all's there, sir.
[*She gives him the skins*]

SEBASTIAN
You could not do a man that special kindness
To part 'em utterly now? Could you do that?

HECATE
No. Time must do't. We cannot disjoin wedlock: 170
'Tis of heaven's fast'ning. Well may we raise jars,
Jealousies, strifes and heart-burning disagreements,
Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
Upon that patient miracle; but the work itself
Our power cannot disjoint.

SEBASTIAN I depart happy 175
In what I have, then, being constrained to this,
And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
That I may never need this hag again.

Exit [with skins]

HECATE
I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't. 180
'Tis for the love of mischief I do this;
And that we're sworn to—the first oath we take.
[*Enter Firestone*]

FIRESTONE
O, mother, mother!

HECATE What's the news with thee now?

FIRESTONE There's the bravest young gentleman within,
and the finest drunk. I thought he would have fall'n 185
into the vessel! He stumbled at a pipkin of child's
grease, reeled against Stadlin, overthrew her, and in
the tumbling cast struck up old Puckle's heels with her
clothes over her ears.

HECATE Hey-day!

FIRESTONE I was fain to throw the cat upon her to save her 190
honesty, and all little enough. I cried out still, 'I pray,
be covered!'
See where he comes now, mother!
Enter Almachildes

ALMACHILDES Call you these witches?
They be tumblers, methinks, very flat tumblers.

HECATE [*Aside*]
'Tis Almachildes! Fresh blood stirs in me— 195
The man that I have lusted to enjoy!

147 **grazier** one who feeds cattle for the market

153-4 **Are these...snakes?** Here, as later with the Duchess at 5.2.13-32, Hecate dismisses doubts by posing a rhetorical question and then overwhelming her client with a parade of claims as extreme as they are derivative.

159-61 **I could give thee...calicia** The menu is a classical one derived from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (vi, 3): 'Pythagoras and Democritus give us the names of a great many magical herbs and stones, whereof now, both the virtue, and the things themselves also are unknown: as *Marmaritin*, whereby spirits might be raised: *Archimèdon*, which would make one bewray in his sleep, all the secrets in his heart: *Adincantida*, *Calicia*,...*Chirocineta*, &c: which had all their several virtues, or

rather poisons. But all these now are worn out of knowledge: marry in their stead we have hog's turd and chervil, as the only thing whereby our witches worke miracles.'

163-7 **More...sunset** For this part of Hecate's self-advertisement to Sebastian and again for her exchange with Firestone at 1.2.205-10, Middleton uses items from a catalogue in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (vi, 7): 'The toys which are said to procure love... are these: the hair growing in the nethermost part of a wolf's tail, a wolf's yard [= penis], a little fish called *Remora*, the brain of a cat, of a newt, or of a lizard: the bone of a green frog, the flesh thereof being consumed with pismires or ants;... the garments of the dead, candles that burn before a dead corpse, and needles wherewith

dead bodies are sewn or socked into their sheets: and diverse other things, which for the reverence of the reader, and in respect of the unclean speech to be used in the description thereof, I omit.'

173-4 **Like...miracle** alluding to one of the diabolically inflicted (but divinely authorized) sufferings of Job. In *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (v, 8) Scot pays extended attention to this Old Testament narrative.

185 **pipkin** small earthenware pot or pan, used chiefly in cookery

185-6 **child's grease** See note to 1.2.5.

187 **tumbling cast** somersault

189 **Hey-day** an exclamation denoting gaiety

194 **flat tumblers** (a) incompetent acrobats (b) downright muddlers. There is a sexual innuendo on 'tumblers'.

- I have had him thrice in incubus already.
 ALMACHILDES
 Is your name Goody Hag?
 HECATE 'Tis anything.
 Call me the horrid'st and unhallowed'st things
 200 That life and nature trembles at, for thee
 I'll be the same. Thou com'st for a love-charm now?
 ALMACHILDES
 Why, thou'rt a witch, I think.
 HECATE Thou shalt have choice
 Of twenty, wet or dry.
 ALMACHILDES Nay, let's have dry ones.
 HECATE
 If thou wilt use't by way of cup and potion,
 205 I'll give thee a remora shall bewitch her straight.
 ALMACHILDES
 A remora? What's that?
 HECATE A little suckstone:
 Some call it a sea-lamprey, a small fish.
 ALMACHILDES And must't be buttered?
 HECATE
 The bones of a green frog, too—wondrous precious,
 210 The flesh consumed by pismires.
 ALMACHILDES Pismires? Give me a chamber-pot.
 FIRESTONE [*aside*]
 You shall see him go nigh to be so unmannerly,
 He'll make water before my mother, anon.
 ALMACHILDES
 And now you talk of frogs, I have somewhat here.
 215 I come not empty-pocketed from a banquet:
 I learned that of my haberdasher's wife.
 [*Pulling a wet handkerchief from his pocket, he
 unfolds it to reveal the contents*]
 Look, Goody Witch, there's a toad in marzipan for
 you.
 HECATE
 O sir, you've fitted me!
 ALMACHILDES And here's a spawn or two
 Of the same paddock-brood too, for your son.
 FIRESTONE
 I thank your worship, sir. How comes your
 220 handkerchief
- So sweetly thus berayed? Sure, 'tis wet sucket, sir!
 ALMACHILDES
 'Tis nothing but the syrup the toad spit.
 Take all, I pray thee.
 HECATE This was kindly done, sir,
 And you shall sup with me tonight for this.
 ALMACHILDES
 How? Sup with thee? Dost think I'll eat fried rats
 225 And pickled spiders?
 HECATE No, I can command, sir,
 The best meat i'th' whole province for my friends,
 And reverently served in, too.
 ALMACHILDES How?
 HECATE In good fashion.
 ALMACHILDES
 Let me but see that, and I'll sup with you.
 She conjures, and enter [*Malkin,*] a Cat (*playing
 on a fiddle*) and Spirits (*with meat*)
 The Cat and Fiddle? An excellent ordinary!
 230 You had a devil once, in a fox-skin?
 HECATE
 O, I have him still! Come walk with me, sir!
 Exeunt [*all but Firestone*]
 FIRESTONE How apt and ready is a drunkard now to reel
 to the devil! Well, I'll even in and see how he eats, and
 I'll be hanged if I be not the fatter of the twain with
 235 laughing at him. Exit
 Finis Actus Primi
- [*Incipit*] Actus Secundus
 Enter Antonio and Gaspero
 2.1
- GASPERO
 Good sir, whence springs this sadness? Trust me, sir.
 You look not like a man was married yesterday.
 There could come no ill tidings since last night
 To cause that discontent. I was wont to know all
 5 Before you had a wife, sir. You ne'er found me
 Without those parts of manhood—trust and service.
 ANTONIO
 I will not tell thee this.

198 **Goody** Goodwife. This polite title for a married woman of lower class forms an oxymoron when it is prefixed to 'Hag' or, as at 1.2.217, to 'Witch'.
anything Frequently named by the other witches and Firestone, Hecate remains anonymous to her human clients. Namelessness is next to godlessness in this play, as it is in *Macbeth* (4.1.64).
 205 **remora** sucking fish, also called 'echeneis'
 206 **suckstone** remora
 207 **sea-lamprey** lamprey eel, species of a genus of fish which resemble eels in shape and in lack of scales and which have sucker-like mouths. Hecate's identification of the remora as a lamprey may

be a taxonomic error, but it establishes the sexual innuendo of the exchange. Compare John Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*: 'Women like that part which, like the lamprey, | Hath ne'er a bone in't' (1.1.336-7).
a small fish Scot is dismissive of the reported use of the remora as an aphrodisiac charm: see the quotation from *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (v1, 7) in the note to 1.2.163-7 above. Elsewhere in *The Discoverie of Witchcraft* (xiii, 4), however, Scot is much less doubtful of claims that the remora—'a little fish being but half a foot long'—is able to halt any ship to which it attaches itself.

210 **pismires** ants. The inebriated Al-

machildes hears only the first syllable. On the charm, see the note to 1.2.163-7 above.
 215-16 **empty-pocketed... wife** as a vendor of small items pertaining to dress, a haberdasher (like a pedlar) wore garments with many pockets
 219 **paddock-brood** family of toads
 221 **berayed** dirtied, stained
wet sucket syrup: see note to 1.1.67
 230 **ordinary** eating-house or tavern where public meals are provided at a fixed price
 235 **fatter of the twain** because Almachildes will not actually be eating anything: see note to 2.2.7-8
 2.1.6 **parts** attributes

GASPERO Not your true servant, sir? As sad (methought) as grief could make a man:
 ANTONIO Know you the cause?
 True? You'll all flout according to your talent,
 The best a man can keep of you; and a hell 'tis
 10 For masters to pay wages to be laughed at.
 Give order that two cocks be boiled to jelly.
 GASPERO How? Two cocks boiled to jelly?
 ANTONIO Fetch half an ounce of pearl. Exit
 GASPERO This is a cullis
 For a consumption; and I hope one night
 15 Has not brought you to need the cook already,
 And some part of the goldsmith. What, two trades
 In four-and-twenty hours?—and less—time?
 Pray heaven the surgeon and the 'pothecary
 Keep out, and then 'tis well. You'd better fortune
 20 (As far as I see) with your strumpet-sojourner,
 Your little four-nobles-a-week. I ne'er knew you
 Eat one panada all the time you've kept her.
 And is't in one night, now, come up to two-cock-
 broth?
 I wonder at the alteration strangely.
 Enter Francisca
 FRANCISCA
 Good morrow, Gasper.
 25 GASPERO Your hearty wishes, mistress,
 And your sweet dreams come upon you.
 FRANCISCA What's that, sir?
 GASPERO In a good husband—that's my real meaning.
 FRANCISCA Saw you my brother lately?
 GASPERO Yes.
 FRANCISCA I met him now

Exit

Exit

FRANCISCA

I have the hardest fortune, I think,
 Of a hundred gentlewomen!
 35 Some can make merry with a friend seven year
 And nothing seen: as perfect a maid still
 (To the world's knowledge) as she came from rocking.
 But 'twas my luck, at the first hour (forsooth)
 To prove too fruitful. Sure, I'm near my time.
 40 I'm yet but a young scholar: I may fail
 In my account, but certainly I do not.
 These bastards come upon poor venturing gentlewo-
 men
 Ten to one faster than your legitimate children.
 If I had been married, I'll be hanged
 45 If I had been with child so soon now.
 When they are once husbands, they'll be whipped
 Ere they take such pains as a friend will do.
 To come by water to the back door at midnight,
 There stay perhaps an hour in all weathers
 50 With a pair of reeking watermen,
 Laden with bottles of wine, chewets,
 And currant-custards (I may curse those egg-pies!
 They are meat that help forward too fast!):
 This hath been usual with me night by night
 55 (Honesty forgive me!) when my brother
 Has been dreaming of no such junkets.
 Yet he hath fared the better for my sake,
 Though he little think for what, nor must he ever.

8 flout recite with sarcastic purpose
 11 cocks... jelly chicken broth, to be taken
 as a cure for impotence
 13 half an ounce of pearl an expensive
 aphrodisiac. Regarded as restorative (see
 Tilley P166), pearl appears on the list
 of pharmaceutical simples needed for
 recipes in the *Pharmacopoeia Londinensis*
 (1618), the apothecaries' standard refer-
 ence book. Within Jacobean drama,
 the ingestion of pearl signals extravagance,
 and (an apothecary's ounce being
 1/12th of an apothecary's pound) Antonio
 is calling for a considerable quantity.
 cullis strong broth used to nourish
 invalids
 14 consumption wasting disease. Gaspero
 is interpreting Antonio's self-prescribed
 cures for impotence as treatments for
 venereal disease. In Thomas Vicary's *The
 English mans treasure* (1613), a thirty-
 day diet of chicken boiled with borage is
 recommended 'for the French poxe'.
 15-18 the cook... the surgeon and the

'pothecary In *A Short & Profitable Treatise,
 touching the cure of the disease called
 (Morbus Gallicus)* (1579, revised 1585
 and 1596), the Elizabethan surgeon
 [medical practitioner] William Clowes
 outlined the treatment of syphilis by
 (i) diet (ii) evacuation—bloodletting,
 purges and sweating, the last produced
 by—(iii) unction with ointments.
 20 strumpet-sojourner sojourner: guest,
 visitor
 21 four-nobles-a-week noble: gold coin
 then worth 6s. 8d. [33p.] At £1.32 a
 week, Florida's maintenance was not
 an insignificant sum on any 1616 price
 index, but the medicinal diet ordered by
 Antonio would be costlier still.
 22 panada bread boiled in water and
 flavoured
 27 real sincere, honest
 33 porridge potage, thick soup (see ll. 11-
 12)
 43 venturing (a) risk-taking (b) sexually
 wanton

47-53 When... currant-custards Francisca's
 account of her friend's nightly visitations
 situates its speaker as a prostitute whose
 client comes by boat across the Thames
 to her Southwark brothel and brings
 with him the victuals which brothel-
 keepers were not allowed to sell. A
 number of the Jacobean aristocratic
 palaces in the Strand, on the north side
 of the Thames, were also accessible 'by
 water to the back door'.
 51 reeking steaming, vapour-breathing
 watermen boatmen
 52 chewets dishes cooked from various
 forms of meat or fish, chopped fine and
 seasoned
 53 currant-custards open pies containing
 currants covered with a mixture of milk
 and eggs, sweetened, seasoned and baked
 course... egg-pies i.e., on account of the
 aphrodisiac powers attributed to them
 54 meat food
 57 junkets (a) confections (b) merrymakings
 accompanied with feasting

Act 2 Scene 1

The witch

60 My friend promised me to provide safely for me,
 And devise a means to save my credit here i'th'
 house.
 My brother sure would kill me if he knew't,
 And powder up my friend, and all his kindred,
 For an East Indian voyage.
Enter Isabella

ISABELLA Alone, sister?

FRANCISCA [*aside*]
 65 No, there's another with me, though you see't not.
 [*To Isabella*] 'Morrow, sweet sister! How have you slept
 tonight?

ISABELLA
 More than I thought I should: I've had good rest.

FRANCISCA
 I'm glad to hear't.

ISABELLA
 70 Sister, methinks you are too long alone
 And lose much good time, sociable and honest.
 I'm for the married life: I must praise that now.

FRANCISCA
 I cannot blame you, sister, to commend it.
 You have happened well, no doubt, on a kind hus-
 band,
 And that's not every woman's fortune, sister.
 75 You know if he were any but my brother
 My praises should not leave him yet so soon.

ISABELLA
 I must acknowledge, sister, that my life
 Is happily blessed with him: he is no gamester
 That ever I could find or hear of yet,
 80 Nor midnight surfeiter. He does intend
 To leave tobacco too.

FRANCISCA Why, here's a husband!

ISABELLA
 He saw it did offend me and swore freely
 He'd ne'er take pleasure in a toy again
 That should displease me: some knights' wives in
 town
 85 Will have great hope, upon his reformation,
 To bring their husbands' breaths into th'old fashion
 And make 'em kiss like Christians, not like pagans.

FRANCISCA
 I promise you, sister, 'twill be a worthy work
 To put down all these pipers: 'tis great pity

There should not be a statute against them
 As against fiddlers.

ISABELLA These good offices
 If you'd a husband, you might exercise
 To th' good o'th' commonwealth, and do much profit.
 Beside it is a comfort to a woman
 T'have children, sister—a great blessing certainly. 95

FRANCISCA
 They will come fast enough.

ISABELLA Not so fast neither,
 As they're still welcome to an honest woman.

FRANCISCA [*aside*]
 How near she comes to me! I protest she grates
 My very skin.

ISABELLA Were I conceived with child,
 Beshrew my heart, I should be so proud on't! 100

FRANCISCA
 That's natural: pride is a kind of swelling.
 [*Aside*] And yet I've small cause to be proud of mine.

ISABELLA
 You are no good companion for a wife.
 Get you a husband, prithee, sister, do,
 That I may ask your counsel now and then. 105
 'Twill mend your discourse much: you maids know
 nothing.

FRANCISCA
 No, we are fools; [*aside*] but commonly we prove
 Quicker mothers than you that have husbands.
 I'm sure I shall else: I may speak for one!
Enter Antonio

ANTONIO [*aside*]
 I will not look upon her: I'll pass by
 And make as though I see her not. 110

ISABELLA Why, sir,
 Pray, your opinion, by the way, with leave, sir,
 I'm counselling your sister here to marry.

ANTONIO
 To marry? Soft, the priest is not at leisure yet!
 Some five year hence!—Would you fain marry, sister? 115

FRANCISCA
 I have no such hunger to't, sir, for I think
 I've a good bit that well may stay my stomach
 As well as any that broke fast a sinner.

ANTONIO [*to Isabella*]
 Though she seem tall of growth, she's short in years

63 powder up preserve with salt or spice
 78 happily (a) felicitously (b) perchance. See also 4.3.20.
 gamester (a) gambler (b) fornicator
 83 toy (a) trifle, folly (b) amorous sport
 84 some knights' wives many ladies (an allusion to King James I's sales of knighthoods)
 in town in London (during legal terms—see I.1.74)
 89 pipers (a) pipe-smokers with a pun on (b) strolling musicians who play on pipes
 90–1 statute... against fiddlers Minstrels

(along with 'fencers, bearwards, [and] common players of interludes') were among the entertainers banned by successive Tudor and Stuart laws against vagabonds. The law in force during Middleton's professional lifetime was *An Act for Punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds and Sturdy Beggars* (39 Elizabeth I.c.4 & 5; 1 James I.c.7; and 7 James I.c.4).
 91 offices services
 94 Beside Moreover
 107 fools (a) simpletons, ignoramuses (b) dupes, victims (c) darlings. ('Fool-

sticker' = slang 'penis'.)
 108 Quicker as adverb modifying 'we prove'—(a) more quickly; as adjective modifying 'mothers'—(b) more intelligent (c) at stage of pregnancy when foetal movement becomes perceptible
 109 else if it is not believed
 117 bit (a) portion (in life) (b) morsel (referring to unborn child)
 118 any... sinner (a) any human being (all being presumed sinners) (b) anyone 'the morning after' sexual activity

120 Of some that seem much lower.—How old, sister?
Not seventeen, for a yard of lawn!

FRANCISCA Not yet, sir.
ANTONIO [*to Isabella*] I told you so.
FRANCISCA [*aside*]
I would he'd laid a wager of old shirts rather!

125 I shall have more need of them shortly; and yet
A yard of lawn will serve for a christ'ning cloth.
I have use for everything, as my case stands.

ISABELLA
I care not if I try my voice this morning;
But I have got a cold, sir, by your means.

ANTONIO
I'll strive to mend that fault.

130 ISABELLA I thank you, sir.
Song
In a maiden time professed,
Then we say that life is best.
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife.

135 There's but one state more to try
Which makes women laugh or cry:
Widow, widow, of these three,
The middle's best, and that give me.

ANTONIO [*kissing her*]
There's thy reward.

ISABELLA I will not grumble, sir,
140 Like some musician: if more come, 'tis welcome.

FRANCISCA [*aside*]
Such tricks has made me do all that I've done.
Your kissing married folks spoils all the maids
That ever live i'th' house with 'em.
Enter Aberzanes [with watermen carrying provisions]
O, here he comes

With his bags, and bottles: he was born
To lead poor watermen, and I. 145

ABERZANES
Go, fellows, into th' larder: let the bakemeats
Be sorted by themselves.

ANTONIO Why, sir!

ABERZANES
Look the canary bottles be well stopped:
The three of claret shall be drunk at dinner.
[*Exeunt watermen*]

ANTONIO
My good sir, you're too plenteous of these courtesies, 150
Indeed you are! Forbear 'em, I beseech ye!
I know no merit in me, but poor love,
And a true friend's well-wishing, that can cause
This kindness in excess. [*Aside*] I'th' state that I am
I shall go near to kick this fellow shortly 155
And send him downstairs with his bag and baggage.
Why comes he now I'm married? There's the point!
[*To Aberzanes*] I pray, forbear these things.

ABERZANES Alas, you know, sir,
These idle toys, which you call courtesies,
They cost me nothing but my servants' travail. 160
One office must be kind, sir, to another:
You know the fashion. What, the gentlewoman
Your sister's sad, methinks.

ANTONIO I know no cause she has.

FRANCISCA [*aside*]
Nor shall you, by my good will.
[*Still aside, to Aberzanes*]
What do you mean, sir?
165 Shall I stay here, to shame myself and you?
The time may be tonight, for aught you know.

ABERZANES
Peace, there's means wrought, I tell thee.

121 **yard of lawn** Lawn is a fine linen fabric resembling cambric. A single yard of it would be, like Francisca's age, no great length.

125 I shall...**shortly** Old shirts would be useful in childbirth because they can serve as absorbent and clean cloths.

126 **christ'ning cloth** chrism: a white head-cloth or garment put on a baby before its anointing in a Christian baptismal ceremony and customarily returned by the mother at her churching (see 3.2.114)

127 **have use for everything** (a) can put anything to good use (b) am sexually available to any man
case (a) situation (b) vagina

129 **got a cold...means** Ostensibly apologizing for her singing voice and covertly complaining of sexual frustration, Isabella chides Antonio for both conditions.

131-8 **In a maiden time...that give me** Isabella's song is a metadramatic tally of the female figures at the centre of each of the three plots of *The Witch*.

In its immediate dramatic situation, it is both a covert rebuke to Antonio for his impotence and also an allusion to Frances Howard's divorce from Robert Devereux, in which her claim to virginity was crucial. And it may also be an echo from the celebrations surrounding her subsequent marriage. In two seventeenth-century song manuscripts, this song appears with a musical setting by John Wilson and two further (and bawdier) verses, reproduced in the Textual Notes and in this edition's text of *Masque of Cupids*; for the music, see *Companion*, p. 151.

143.1-2 **with...provisions** With such a display, Aberzanes at his first appearance in the play is visibly a figure of Gluttony.

143-9 **here he comes...at dinner** Aberzanes's arrival at Antonio's house recapitulates his visitations to Francisca as the 'friend' described at 2.1.46-53. On both occasions his baggage and behaviour are not appropriate for a guest, but, rather, suggest a customer at a

Southwark brothel. Antonio's exclamation at l. 157—'Why comes he now I'm married? There's the point!'—implies the speaker's own experience of sexual transactions in which Aberzanes has figured.

145 **To lead...and I** Francisca draws audience attention both to what Aberzanes literally does (leading in a gaggle of heavily laden watermen) onstage as she speaks and to what he has figuratively done (leading her astray) on other occasions in which watermen have figured.

146 **larder** room in which meat and other provisions are stored
bakemeats pies

147 **sorted** arranged

148 **canary** light sweet wine from the Canary Islands

160 **travail** labour

161 **office** (a) office-holder (b) service. Antonio's implication in an economy of courtly office was noted by Francisca at ll. 56-9.

Act 2 Scene 1

the Witch

FRANCISCA Ay, sir, when? That I shall ne'er endure't.
Enter Sebastian [in disguise] and Gentleman
 ANTONIO ABERZANES Perhaps, forsooth,
 How now? what's he? 'Tis not her meaning you shall live there long. 195
 ISABELLA O, this is the man, sir, I do not think but after a month or so
 I entertained this morning for my service: You'll be sent up again: that's my conceit.
 Please you to give your liking. However, let her have her will.
 170 ANTONIO ANTONIO Ay, good sir,
 Yes, he's welcome: Great reason 'tis she should.
 I like him not amiss.—Thou wouldst speak business, ISABELLA I am sorry, sister,
 Wouldst thou not? 'Tis our hard fortune, thus to part so soon. 200
 SEBASTIAN Yes, may it please you, sir. FRANCISCA
 There is a gentleman from the northern parts The sorrow will be mine.
 Hath brought a letter, as it seems, in haste. ANTONIO [to Gentleman] Please you walk in, sir,
 ANTONIO We'll have one health into those Northern parts
 From whom? [Aside] Though I be sick at heart.
 175 GENTLEMAN Your bonny lady mother, sir. ABERZANES Ay, sir, a deep one,
 [He presents letter] [To Francisca] Which you shall pledge too.
 ANTONIO Exeunt [Antonio, Isabella and Gentleman]
 You're kindly welcome, sir: how doth she? FRANCISCA You shall pardon me:
 GENTLEMAN I have pledged one too deep already, sir. 205
 I left her healt' varray well, sir. ABERZANES
 ANTONIO [reading letter aloud] 'I pray send your sister down Peace! All's provided for: thy wine's laid in,
 with all speed to me. I hope it will prove much for her Sugar and spice: the place not ten mile hence.
 180 good, in the way of her preferment. Fail me not, I desire What cause have maids now to complain of men
 you, son; nor let any excuse of hers withhold her. I have When a farmhouse can make all right again?
 sent, ready furnished, horse and man for her.' Exeunt [Aberzanes and Francisca]
 ABERZANES [aside, to Francisca] SEBASTIAN
 Now, have I thought upon you? It takes: he's no content. How well she bears it yet! 210
 FRANCISCA Peace, good sir! Hardly myself can find so much from her,
 You're worthy of a kindness another time. That am acquainted with the cold disease.
 ANTONIO O, honesty's a rare wealth in a woman:
 185 Her will shall be obeyed. Sister, prepare yourself. It knows no want—at least, will express none,
 You must down with all speed. Not in a look. Yet I'm not th'roughly happy: 215
 FRANCISCA [aside] I know down I must, His ill does me no good. Well may it keep me
 And good speed send me. From open rage and madness for a time,
 ANTONIO 'Tis our mother's pleasure. But I feel heart's grief in the same place, still.
 FRANCISCA What makes the greatest torment 'mongst lost souls?
 Good sir, write back again, and certify her 'Tis not so much the horror of their pains 220
 I'm at my heart's wish here. I'm with my friends (Though they be infinite) as the loss of joys.
 And can be but well: say. It is that deprivation is the mother
 190 ANTONIO You shall pardon me, sister: Of all the groans in hell; and here on earth
 I hold it no wise part to contradict her, Of all the red sighs in the hearts of lovers.
 Nor would I counsel you to't. Still she's not mine, that can be no man's else 225
 FRANCISCA 'Tis so uncouth Till I be nothing, if religion
 Living i'th' country, now I'm used to th' city, Have the same strength for me as 't has for others.

168 **what's he?** The question is fair, as well as dramaturgically useful: there has been no previous indication that Sebastian would disguise himself, let alone seek service in Antonio's household. The pseudonym 'Celio' will not be introduced until 4.2.112.

175 **bonny** 'The northern parts' from which the gentleman is said to have come are here signalled as northern Britain, not Italy. His message being false, the Scottish accent indicated for his two

half-lines could be played as flagrantly phony. The more outrageous the accent sounds, the more it mocks the Scottish courtiers around King James I, notably Robert Carr.

177 **healt' varray** phonetic approximation of 'health very' in Jacobean stage Scottish.

178 **down** away from the capital, into the country

186 **down...down** double ellipsis: go down (into the country)...lie down (in

childbirth)

188 **certify** assure

197 **up** back to the capital

conceit opinion

205 **pledged** (a) toasted (b) conceived

212 **cold disease** sexual starvation

219–21 **What makes...loss of joys** Christian teaching construes damnation as eternal separation from God.

224 **red** hot, burning

226 **religion** devotion, fidelity

	I'll make you eat your word. I'll make all split else.	[The charm falls from Amoretta's dress to the floor]	
	<i>Exit</i>		
AMORETTA	Nay, now I think on't better, I'm to blame too. There's not a sweeter gentleman in court, Nobly descended too, and dances well.	DUCHESS	I'm quite lost in this woman! What's that fell Out of her bosom now? Some love-token? [Duchess picks up the charm]
50	Beshrew my heart, I'll take him when there's time. He will be caught up quickly! The Duchess says She's some employment for him, and has sworn me To use my best art in't. Life of my joys, There were good stuff! I will not trust her with him.	AMORETTA	Nay, I'll say that for him: he's the uncivil'st gentle- man
55	I'll call him back again: he must not keep Out of my sight so long—I shall go mad then. <i>Enter Duchess</i>	DUCHESS	Who's that now She discommends so fast?
DUCHESS [aside]	He lives not now to see tomorrow spent, If this means take effect, as there's no hardness in't. Last night he played his horrid game again, 60 Came to my bedside at the full of midnight, And in his hand that fatal fearful cup, Waked me, and forced me pledge him, to my trem- bling And my dead father's scorn. That wounds my sight That his remembrance should be raised in spite; 65 But either his confusion, or mine, ends it.— O, Amoretta, hast thou met him yet? Speak, wench, hast done that for me?	AMORETTA	I could not love him, madam, Of any man in court!
DUCHESS	What's he now, prithee?	DUCHESS	What's he now, prithee?
AMORETTA	Who should it be but Almachildes, madam? I never hated man so deeply yet.	AMORETTA	Who should it be but Almachildes, madam? I never hated man so deeply yet.
60	Came to my bedside at the full of midnight, And in his hand that fatal fearful cup, Waked me, and forced me pledge him, to my trem- bling And my dead father's scorn. That wounds my sight That his remembrance should be raised in spite; 65 But either his confusion, or mine, ends it.— O, Amoretta, hast thou met him yet? Speak, wench, hast done that for me?	DUCHESS	As Almachildes? I am sick, good madam, When I but hear him named.
AMORETTA	What, good madam?	DUCHESS	How is this possible? But now thou saidst thou lov'dst him, and didst raise him 'Bove all the court, in praises.
DUCHESS	Destruction of my hopes, dost ask that now? Didst thou not swear to me, out of thy hate To Almachildes, thou'dst dissemble him A loving entertainment, and a meeting Where I should work my will?	AMORETTA	How great people May speak their pleasure, madam! But surely I Should think the worse of my tongue while I lived then.
70	A loving entertainment I do protest Myself to give him—[Aside] with all speed I can too!— But as I'm yet a maid, a perfect one, As the old time was wont to afford, when There was few tricks, and little cunning stirring, I can dissemble none that will serve your turn. He must have e'en a right one, and a plain one.	DUCHESS	No longer have I patience to forbear thee, Thou that retain'st an envious soul to goodness. He is a gentleman deserves as much As ever Fortune yet bestowed on man, The glory and prime lustre of our court. Nor can there any but ourself be worthy of him And take you notice of that now from me, Say you have warning on't: if you did love him, You must not now.
AMORETTA	Good madam, pardon me!	AMORETTA	Let your grace never fear it.
DUCHESS	Thou mak'st me doubt thy health: speak, art thou well?	DUCHESS	Thy name is Amoretta, as ours is: It's made me love and trust thee.
80	O, never better—[Aside] if he would make haste And come back quickly! He stays now too long.	AMORETTA	And my faithfulness Has appeared well i'th' proof still, has't not, madam?
		DUCHESS	But if't fail now, 'tis nothing.

58 **hardness** (a) cruelty (in the Duchess's purposed effect), or (b) difficulty (in the means adopted to secure that end)
65 **confusion** overthrow, destruction
76 **the old time** the Golden Age. Ostensibly Amoretta evokes a mythical time of strict sexual discipline, when maidens in name were in fact virgins intact. Her protestations, however, are remarkably resonant

with the last verse of 'In a Maiden Time Professed', Isabella's song in the previous scene, as it survives in two seventeenth-century song manuscripts. As celebrated in that verse, the mythical past was a time of sexual liberty. See note to 2.1.131–8 and Textual Notes.
99–100 **He is . . . on man** an ambivalent assessment

102 **ourself** The Duchess occasionally affects the royal 'we': see 2.2.106, 3.1.26, 3.1.56.
106 **as ours is** Coming immediately after her praise of Almachildes at lines 99–105, the Duchess's announcement of her own Christian name makes it appear that the charm, which she holds and will carry offstage, has worked on her.

AMORETTA Then it shall not. 140
 I know he will not be long from flutt'ring
 About this place, now he's had a sight of me;
 And I'll perform in all that I vowed, madam, faith-
 fully.

ALMACHILDES I'll consent to 'em
 And may thy sweet humility be a pattern
 For all proud women living.

AMORETTA They're beholding to you.
Exeunt

DUCHESS
 Then am I blessed both in revenge and love;
 And thou shalt taste the sweetness. *Exit*

AMORETTA What your aims be
 I list not to enquire: all I desire
 Is to preserve a competent honesty
 Both for mine own and his use that shall have me,
 Whose luck soe'er it be.
Enter Almachildes
 O, he's returned already!
 I knew he would not fail.

ALMACHILDES It works by this time,
 Or the devil's in't, I think: I'll never trust witch else,
 Nor sup with 'em this twelve month.

AMORETTA I must soothe him now,
 And 'tis great pain to do't against one's stomach.

ALMACHILDES
 Now, Amoretta?
 AMORETTA Now you're welcome, sir,
 If you'd come always thus.

ALMACHILDES O, am I so?
 Is the case altered since?

AMORETTA If you'd be ruled,
 And know your times, 'twere somewhat, a great
 comfort.
 'Las, I could be as loving and as venturous
 As any woman—we're all flesh and blood, man—
 If you could play the game out modestly
 And not betray your hand: I must have care, sir.
 You know I have a marriage time to come,
 And that's for life. Your best folks will be merry
 But look to the main chance—that's reputation—
 And then do what they list.

ALMACHILDES Wilt hear my oath?
 By the sweet health of youth, I will be careful
 And never prate on't, nor like a cunning snarer
 Make thy clipped name the bird to call in others.

AMORETTA
 Well, yielding then to such conditions
 As my poor bashfulness shall require from you,
 I shall yield shortly after.

ALMACHILDES
 O, well said!
 Art almost furnished? There's such a toil always
 To set a woman to horse, a mighty trouble.
 The letter came to your brother's hands, I know,
 On Thursday last by noon: you were expected there
 Yesterday night.

FRANCISCA It makes the better, sir.

116 **competent** suitable, adequate
 125 **case** (a) situation (b) vagina
 132-3 **Your best folks... reputation** (pos-
 sibly a reference to Frances Howard)
 137 **clipped name** mutilated reputation.
 The metaphor is of a bird, its wing-
 feathers trimmed to render it incapable of
 flight, being used as decoy to trap other
 birds. Homophony between 'clipped' and
 'cleped' [= called] is also in play.
 2.3.6 **ballast** burdened (by pregnancy)
 7 **drab** slut

9 **scape** bastard
 14 **purse** slang for both 'vagina' and
 'scrotum'
 18 **rapier** (sartorial sign of gentlemanly
 status)
 22 **quick hand** skill, dexterity
convey... cleanly (a) manage smoothly
 (b) steal imperceptibly
 23 **'Twill... day** proverbial (Tilley M628)
well said! The range of interpretations
 admitted by this bland half-line makes

it a good example of the making of dra-
 matic meaning in theatrical performance.
 The gloss 'fittingly spoken!' makes the
 exclamation Aberzanes's applause of his
 own utterance. The gloss 'well done!'
 could refer either to Aberzanes's con-
 trivance or to Francisca's appearance. If
 the exclamation is addressed to her, it
 implies that her attire is noteworthy.
 25 **set... to horse** (a) get on horseback (for a
 journey) (b) ride in sexual intercourse

- ABERZANES
30 We must take heed we ride through all the puddles
'Twill this and that now, that your safeguard there
May be most probably dabbled.
- FRANCISCA [*looking at her reflection in mirror*]
Alas, sir!
I never marked till now—I hate myself—
How monstrous thin I look.
- ABERZANES Not monstrous neither!
A little sharp i'th' nose, like a country woodcock.
- FRANCISCA
35 Fie, fie, how pale I am! I shall betray myself!
I would you'd box me well and handsomely
To get me into colour.
- ABERZANES Not I, pardon me.
That let a husband do, when he has married you.
A friend at court will never offer that.
- 40 Come, how much spice and sugar have you left now
At this poor one month's voyage?
- FRANCISCA Sure, not much, sir.
I think some quarter of a pound of sugar
And half an ounce of spice.
- ABERZANES Here's no sweet charge!
And there was thirty pound good weight and true,
45 Beside what my man stole when't was a-weighing—
And that was three pound more. I'll speak wi' th'
least.
The Rhenish wine, is't all run out in caudels too?
- FRANCISCA
Do you ask that, sir? 'Tis of a week's departure!
You see what 'tis now, to get children, sir.
[*Enter Stableboy*]
- STABLEBOY
Your mares are ready, both, sir.
- 50 ABERZANES Come, we'll up then.
Youth, give my sister a straight wand: there's two
pence.
- 30 **safeguard** overskirt worn to protect a woman's dress from mud
31 **probably dabbled** i.e., spattered with enough mud to suggest a journey down to London from 'Northern parts'
33-5 **How monstrous... pale I am** Contemplating her own reflection in a hand-mirror, an elaborately-dressed Francisca becomes a stage icon, an image that can be variously decoded by different texts. She is recognizably an analogue of the image of Frances Howard circulated in a broadsheet response to the Overbury trials (see 45). She is also (like that image titled 'Lady Pride') cast in the figure of Vanity. And in Ripa's *Iconologia* she meets the principal specifications for 'LASCIVIA... [LUST. A richly dressed young woman, she holds in her left hand a mirror in which she studies herself attentively (and) with the right she keeps beautifying her face...']
34 **woodcock** (a) long-billed bird which is easily snared, whence (b) simpleton, gull (c) prostitute (d) tailor
36 **box** slap (and thereby reddened) my face
43 **sweet** (a) saccharine (b) easy
charge (a) weight (b) expense
46 **speak wi' th' least** estimate conservatively
47 **Rhenish** from the Rhineland
caudels warm drinks which were mixed from gruel, wine, sugar and spice and used for invalids and women in childbed
3.1.1-2 **How... To deceive men** An abbreviated allusion to a misogynistic proverb ('Women naturally deceive, weep, and spin' [Tilley W716]) which is itself a translation from a medieval Latin jingle ('Fallere, flere, nere tria sunt haec in muliere').
3 **finely cunningly handled** made use of
13 **birdlime** viscous sticky substance made from bark of holly and used for catching small birds
out finished
16 **either die, or kill the Duke** The options, and the bed-trick which enforces them, come from Bedingfield's translation of Machiavelli's *Istorie fiorentine*: 'Knowing that *Almachilde* (a valiant young gentleman of *Lombardi*) loved a maiden of hers, of whom he obtained to lie with her, and the Queen being privy to that consent, did herself tarry in the place of their meeting, which being without light, *Almachilde* came thither, and supposing to have lien with the maiden, enjoyed the Queen her mistress, which done, the Queen discovered herself and said unto him, that it was in his power to kill *Alboino*, and possess her with her kingdom forever; but if he refused so to do, she would procure that *Alboino* should kill him, as one that had abused his wife. To this motion... *Almachilde* consented.'
- STABLEBOY
I'll give her a fine whip, sir.
- ABERZANES No, no, no!
[*Aside*] Though we have both deserved it.
- STABLEBOY Here's a new one.
- ABERZANES
Prithee talk to us of no whips, good boy:
My heart aches when I see 'em. Let's away. *Exeunt* 55
Finis Actus Secundi
- [*Incipit Actus Tertius* 3.1
Enter Duchess, leading Almachildes blindfold [with scarves]]
- ALMACHILDES
This's you that was a maid? How are you born
To deceive men? I'd thought to have married you:
I had been finely handled, had I not?
I'll say that man is wise ever hereafter
That tries his wife beforehand: 'tis no marvel 5
You should profess such bashfulness, to blind one,
As if you durst not look a man i'th' face,
Your modesty would blush so. Why do you not run
And tell the Duchess now? Go! You should tell all!
Let her know this too—why, here's the plague
now!— 10
'Tis hard at first to win 'em: when they're gotten,
There's no way to be rid on 'em. They stick
To a man like birdlime. My oath's out:
Will you release me? I'll release myself else.
- DUCHESS
Nay, sure I'll bring you to your sight again. 15
[*She removes his blindfold*]
Say, thou must either die, or kill the Duke—
For one of them thou must do.
- ALMACHILDES How, good madam?

DUCHESS	DUCHESS [kissing him]	There's a pledge then	50
Thou hast thy choice, and to that purpose, sir,	Of a duchess' love for thee. And now trust me		
I've given thee knowledge now of what thou hast,	For thy most happy safety. I will choose		
20 And what thou must do, to be worthy on't.	That time, shall never hurt thee. When a man		
You must not think to come by such a fortune	Shows resolution, and there's worth in him,		
Without desert: that were unreasonable.	I'll have a care of him. Part now for this time,		55
He that's not born to honour must not look	But still be near about us till thou canst		
To have it come with ease to him: he must win't.	Be nearer, that's ourself.		
25 Take but into thine actions, wit and courage:	ALMACHILDES And that I'll venture hard for.		
That's all we ask of thee. But if through weakness	DUCHESS Good speed to thee. <i>Exeunt [severally]</i>		
Of a poor spirit thou deniest me this,			
Think but how thou shalt die, as I'll work means			
for't,	<i>Enter Gaspero and Florida</i>		3.2
No murderer ever like thee, for I purpose	FLORIDA Prithee be careful of me, very careful now.		
30 To call this subtle, sinful snare of mine	GASPERO I warrant you. He that cannot be careful of		
An act of force from thee. Thou'rt proud, and youth-	a quean can be careful of nobody. 'Tis every man's		
ful:	humour, that: I should ne'er look to a wife half so		
I shall be believed. Besides, thy wantoness	FLORIDA		5
Is at this hour in question 'mongst our women—	O, softly, sweet sir! Should your mistress meet me		
Which will make ill for thee.	now,		
ALMACHILDES I had hard chance	In her own house, I were undone for ever.		
35 To light upon this pleasure, that's so costly!	GASPERO		
'Tis not content with what a man can do	Never fear her. She's at her pricksong close:		
And give him breath, but seeks to have that too.	There's all the joy she has, or takes delight in.		
DUCHESS	Look, here's the garden key! My master gave't me,		10
Well, take thy choice.	And willed me to be careful: doubt not you on't.		
ALMACHILDES I see no choice in't, madam,	FLORIDA [seizing key]		
For 'tis all death, methinks.	Your master is a noble, complete gentleman,		
DUCHESS Thou'st an ill sight, then,	And does a woman all the right that may be.		
40 Of a young man! 'Tis death if thou refuse it,	[Exit, with key]		
And say my zeal has warned thee. But consenting	<i>Enter Sebastian, [passing Florida]</i>		
'Twill be new life, great honour, and my love	SEBASTIAN		
Which in perpetual bands I'll fasten to thee.	How now? What's she?		
ALMACHILDES	GASPERO A kind of doubtful creature—		
How, madam?	I'll tell thee more anon. <i>[Exit, pursuing Florida]</i>		
DUCHESS I'll do't religiously,	SEBASTIAN I know that face		15
45 Make thee my husband. May I lose all sense	To be a strumpet's, or mine eye is envious		
Of pleasure in life else, and be more miserable	And would fain wish it so, where I would have it.		
Than ever creature was: for nothing lives	I fail if the condition of this fellow		
But has a joy in somewhat.	Wears not about it a strong scent of baseness.		
ALMACHILDES Then by all	I saw her once before here, five days since 'tis,		20
The hopeful fortunes of a young man's rising	And the same wary panderous diligence		
I will perform it, madam.	Was then bestowed on her. She came altered then,		

31 **act of force** rape
proud amorous, lustful
33 **in question** discussed
36 **'Tis** The abbreviated pronoun refers to 'pleasure' in l. 34.
do perform sexually
37 **breath** (a) post-coital rest (b) life
39 **ill sight** bad vision
40 **Of** For
44 **religiously** etymological play upon the derivation of this adverb from the Latin verb *religare*—'to bind'

49 **rising** (both socially and sexually)
57 **venture** (a) risk oneself (b) copulate
3.2.3 **quean** whore
4 **humour** inclination
5 **handsomely** courteously
8 **pricksong** written (as opposed to memorized) vocal music, with quibble on 'prick' [= penis]
close shut up, in private
10 **here's the garden key** No particular plot function is established either for this key, or for the key which Sebastian will give

to Florida at 4.2.33–6, or for the one which Francisca will produce at 4.3.20. On all three occasions, possession of a key operates as a stage signal, a clear indication of access and thus a strong implication of intimacy.
14 **doubtful** of questionable character
16 **envious** malicious
18 **condition** moral character, nature
21 **panderous** characteristic of a pander, pimp or procuress
22 **altered** (a) changed (b) thirsty

- And more inclining to the city-tuck.
Whom should this piece of transformation visit
25 After the common courtesy of frailty
In our house here? Surely not any servant—
They are not kept so lusty, she so low.
I'm at a strange stand: love and luck assist me.
The truth I shall win from him by false play.
Enter Gaspero
30 He's now returned. Well, sir, as you were saying—
Go forward with your tale!
- GASPERO What? I know nothing.
SEBASTIAN The gentlewoman.
GASPERO She's gone out at backdoor now.
SEBASTIAN Then farewell she, and you, if that be all.
GASPERO Come, come: thou shalt have more. I have no power
To lock myself up from thee.
35 SEBASTIAN So methinks.
GASPERO You shall not think—trust me, sir—you shall not!
Your ear: she's one o'th' falling family,
A quean my master keeps. She lies at Rutney's.
SEBASTIAN Is't possible? I thought I had seen her somewhere.
GASPERO I tell you truth sincerely. She's been thrice here
40 By stealth within these ten days, and departed still
With pleasure and with thanks, sir, 'tis her luck.
Surely I think, if ever there were man
Bewitched in this world, 'tis my master, sirrah.
SEBASTIAN Think'st thou so, Gaspero?
45 GASPERO O, sir, too apparent!
SEBASTIAN [*aside*] This may prove happy. 'Tis the likeliest means
That Fortune yet e'er showed me.
Enter Isabella
ISABELLA You're both here now,
- And strangers newly lighted! Where's your attend-
ance?
SEBASTIAN [*aside*] I know what makes you waspish. A pox on't—
She'll every day be angry now at nothing. 50
Exeunt [Gaspero and Sebastian]
ISABELLA I'll call her stranger ever in my heart!
She's killed the name of sister, through base lust,
And fled to shifts. O, how a brother's good thoughts
May be beguiled in woman! Here's a letter,
55 Found in her absence, reports strangely of her
And speaks her impudence. She's undone herself—
I could not hold from weeping when I read it!—
Abused her brother's house and his good confidence!
'Twas done not like herself: I blame her much,
60 But if she can but keep it from his knowledge
I will not grieve him first: it shall not come
By my means to his heart.
Enter Gaspero
Now, sir, the news?
GASPERO You called 'em strangers: 'tis my master's sister,
madam!
ISABELLA O, is't so? She's welcome. Who's come with her?
GASPERO I see none but Aberzanes. [*Exit*]
ISABELLA He's enough 65
To bring a woman to confusion
More than a wiser man, or a far greater.
A letter came last week to her brother's hands
To make way for her coming up again
After her shame was lightened; and she writ there, 70
The gentleman her mother wished her to,
Taking a violent surfeit at a wedding,
Died ere she came to see him. What strange cunning
Sin helps a woman to!
Enter Aberzanes and Francisca
Here she comes now.
Sister, you're welcome home again.

23 **city-tuck** urban fashion

24 **piece** person in whom an activity is exemplified

transformation metamorphosis, action of changing in form, shape or appearance. Both substantives in 'piece of transformation' carry insulting implications, 'piece' implying contempt and 'transformation' implying 'corruption'. Inasmuch as it is condemnatory, the phrase is also an inadvertent verdict on its speaker, Sebastian, who has himself assumed a disguise in order to alter his identity. In the wider context of early modern demonological literature, moreover, the phrase is heavily significant: venefical and diabolical shape-changing greatly interested the writers of such treatises

and of their sources.

25 **After . . . frailty** in accordance with the conventions of prostitution

27 **They . . . low** They [the servants] are not so pleasurably maintained, nor is she [a courtesan] so far down the the social scale [as to service servants]

28 **at a strange stand** extremely perplexed

31 **Go forward with your tale** Even Gaspero deserves a better pun than this half-line.

37 **one o'th' falling family** a prostitute

38 **Rutney's** The establishment has not been identified and may be purely fictive, invented for the innuendo on 'rut' [= period of sexual excitement in male animals]

44 **Bewitched** (a) under a necromantic spell (b) sexually fascinated. The speaker uses

the participle in its second, figurative sense. Unaware of Hecate's charm against Antonio, he is ignorant that the primary sense also obtains, let alone that his interlocutor has procured the spell. The irony of the line is compounded by its conclusion in a patronizing term of address: see note to I.I.36.

48 **lighted** alighted (from horseback), dismounted

49 **waspish** irascible

53 **shifts** (a) subterfuges, with quibble on (b) chemises, smocks

55 **strangely** surprisingly

56 **impudence** shamelessness

66 **confusion** ruin

72 **surfeit** sickness caused by intemperance

75 FRANCISCA Thanks, sweet sister. And better hope still kept me off from speaking.
 ISABELLA You've had good speed. Yet may you find a kind and peaceful sister of me,
 FRANCISCA [*aside*] What says she?—I have made Which you've more cause to do, than I to wish you. 105
 All the best speed I could. As truly as I bear a love to goodness,
 ISABELLA I well believe you.— Your brother knows not yet on't, nor shall ever
 Sir, we're all much beholding to your kindness. For my part, so you leave his company.
 ABERZANES But if I find you impudent in sinning, 110
 My service ever, madam, to a gentlewoman. I will not keep't an hour—nay, prove your enemy,
 80 I took a bonny mare I keep and met her And you know who will aid me. As you've goodness,
 Some ten mile out of town—eleven, I think. You may make use of this:
 [*He prompts Francisca*] [*She throws down the letter*]
 'Twas at the stump I met you, I remember, I'll leave it with you. *Exit*
 At bottom of the hill. FRANCISCA
 FRANCISCA 'Twas thereabout, sir. Here's a sweet churching after a woman's labour,
 ABERZANES And a fine 'Give-you-joy'!
 Full eleven, then, by the rod, if they were measured. [*She snatches up the letter*]
 ISABELLA [*To Francisca*] Why, where the devil 115
 85 You look ill, methinks. Have you been sick of late?— Lay you to be found out? The sudden hurry
 'Troth, very bleak, doth she not? How think you, sir? Of hast'ning to prevent shame, brought shame forth.
 ABERZANES That's still the curse of all lascivious stuff:
 No, no, a little sharp with riding: she's rid sore. Misdeeds could never yet be wary enough!
 FRANCISCA Now must I stand in fear of every look— 120
 I ever look lean after a journey, sister. Nay, tremble at a whisper. She can keep it secret?
 One shall do, that has travailed, travailed hard. —That's very likely!—and a woman too?
 ABERZANES I'm sure I could not do't, and I am made
 90 Till evening, I commend you to yourselves, ladies. *Exit* As well as she can be for any purpose.
 ISABELLA [*Aside*] 'Twould never stay with me two days—I've cast it— 125
 And that's best trusting to, if you were hanged.— The third would be a terrible sick day with me,
 You're well acquainted with his hand went out now? Not possible to bear it. Should I then
 FRANCISCA His hand? Trust to her strength in't, that lies every night
 ISABELLA I speak of nothing else. Whispering the day's news in a husband's ear?
 [*She produces a letter*] No, and I have thought upon the means. Blessed
 I think 'tis there. Fortune! 130
 95 Please you to look upon't, and when you've done, I must be quit with her in the same fashion
 If you did weep, it could not be amiss— Or else 'tis nothing. There's no way like it,
 A sign you could say grace after a full meal. To bring her honesty into question cunningly.
 You had not need look paler, yet you do. My brother will believe small likelihoods
 'Twas ill done to abuse yourself, and us, Coming from me, too. I, lying now i'th' house, 135
 To wrong so good a brother and the thoughts May work things to my will, beyond conceit too.
 That we both held of you. I did doubt you much Disgrace her first, her tale will ne'er be heard:
 100 Before our marriage day, but then my strangeness I learned that counsel first of a sound guard.
 I do suspect Gasper, my brother's squire there,
 Had some hand in this mischief, for he's cunning, 140

76 **good speed** (a) success (b) swiftness

78 **kindness** (a) beneficence (b) sexual favours

79 **service** (a) respect, duty (b) sexual attention

80 **mare** (a) female horse, with quibble on extended sense as (b) woman (one held in contempt)

82 **stump** (a) trunk of a tree (b) post, pillar (c) penis

84 **rod** (a) unit of linear measure equivalent to 16 1/2 feet (b) penis

86 **'Troth** In truth

bleak pale

87 **sharp** peaked, thin

89 **travailed** Punning on the homophony between 'travel' [= journey] and 'travail' [= labour in childbirth]

92 **hand** (a) handwriting (b) touch

102 **strangeness** unfamiliarity

105 **shake hands with** bid farewell to

109 so provided that

110 **impudent** shameless

114 **churching** a woman's first public appearance at church after childbirth, for a ceremony of thanksgiving. Francisca's

metaphor casts Isabella in the role of cleric praying over a recently delivered woman.

119 **Misdeeds... enough** Rhyme draws attention to this line and distinguishes it as a *sententia*, a rhetorical statement of proverbial wisdom.

125 **cast** tried, attempted

136 **conceit** imagination

138 **first of a sound guard** (a) as best precaution (b) originally from a trusty protector

139 **squire** (a) personal servant (b) pimp

Act 3 Scene 2

to Witch

And I perhaps may fit him.
Enter Antonio
 ANTONIO Your sister told me
 You were come: thou'rt welcome.
 FRANCISCA
 Where is she?
 ANTONIO Who? My wife?
 FRANCISCA Ay, sir.
 ANTONIO Within.
 FRANCISCA
 Not within hearing, think you?
 ANTONIO Within hearing?
 145 What's thy conceit in that? Why shak'st thy head so?
 And look'st so pale and poorly?
 FRANCISCA I'm a fool indeed
 To take such grief for others—for your fortune, sir.
 ANTONIO
 My fortune? Worse things yet? Farewell life then!
 FRANCISCA
 I fear you're much deceived, sir, in this woman.
 ANTONIO
 150 Who? In my wife? Speak low. Come hither, softly,
 sister.
 FRANCISCA
 I love her as a woman you made choice of,
 But when she wrongs you, natural love is touched,
 brother,
 And that will speak, you know.
 ANTONIO I trust it will.
 FRANCISCA
 I held a shrewd suspicion of her lightness
 At first, when I went down, which made me haste the
 155 sooner;
 But more, to make amends, at my return now
 I found apparent signs.
 ANTONIO Apparent, say'st thou?
 FRANCISCA
 Ay, and of base lust too: that makes th'affliction.
 [*She holds up the letter*]
 ANTONIO
 There has been villainy wrought upon me then:
 'Tis too plain now.
 160 FRANCISCA Happy are they, I say still,
 That have their sisters living i'th' house with 'em,
 Their mothers, or some kindred: a great comfort
 To all poor married men. It is not possible
 A young wife can abuse a husband then:
 165 'Tis found straight. But swear secrecy to this, brother.
 ANTONIO
 To this, and all thou wilt have.

FRANCISCA Then this follows, sir.
 [*She whispers in his ear*]
 ANTONIO
 I praise thy counsel well: I'll put't in use straight.
 See where she comes herself.
Enter Isabella
 [Exit Francisca]
 Kind, honest lady,
 I must now borrow a whole fortnight's leave of thee.
 ISABELLA How, sir? A fortnight?
 170 ANTONIO
 It may be but ten days: I know not yet.
 'Tis business for the state, and't must be done.
 ISABELLA
 I wish good speed to't then.
 ANTONIO Why, that was well spoke.
 I'll take but a footboy: I need no more.
 The rest I'll leave at home, to do you service.
 175 ISABELLA
 Use your own pleasure, sir.
 ANTONIO Till my return
 You'll be good company, my sister and you.
 ISABELLA
 We shall make shift, sir.
 ANTONIO I'm glad now she's come,
 And so the wishes of my love to both. *Exit*
 ISABELLA
 And our good prayers with you, sir.
Enter Sebastian
 SEBASTIAN [*aside*] Now my fortune.— 180
 By your kind favour, madam.
 ISABELLA With me, sir?
 SEBASTIAN
 The words shall not be many; but the faithfulness
 And true respect that is included in 'em
 Is worthy your attention and may put upon me
 The fair repute of a just, honest servant.
 185 ISABELLA
 What's here to do, sir, there's such great preparation
 toward?
 SEBASTIAN
 In brief, that goodness in you is abused, madam.
 You have the married life, but 'tis a strumpet
 That has the joy on't, and the fruitfulness:
 There goes away your comfort.
 ISABELLA How? A strumpet?
 190 SEBASTIAN
 Of five years' cost, and upwards: a dear mischief,
 As they are all of 'em. His fortnight's journey
 Is to that country, if it be not rudeness

141 **fit** require
 145 **conceit** meaning
 146 **look'st so pale and poorly** Offering yet another interpretation of Francisca's pallor and thinness, Antonio here instantiates the play's preoccupation with women's bodies as sets of signs which

invite, but baffle, interpretation.
 152 **natural** familial, blood-related
 154 **shrewd** ominous, coming near the truth
lightness wantonness
 157 **apparent** manifest, palpable
 174 **footboy** boy-attendant, page-boy
 175 **do you service** (a) give you assistance

(b) pay you sexual attention
 189 **fruitfulness** fecundity, fertility in offspring
 191 **Of... upwards** maintained for over five years
 193 **country** punning (again) on 'cunt'

To speak the truth: I have found it all out, madam.
 ISABELLA
 195 Thou'st found out thine own ruin, for to my know-
 ledge
 Thou dost belie him basely: I dare swear
 He's a gentleman as free from that folly
 As ever took religious life upon him.
 SEBASTIAN
 200 Be not too confident to your own abuse, madam:
 Since I have begun the truth, neither your frowns,
 The only curses that I have on earth
 (Because my means depends upon your service),
 Nor all the execration of man's fury
 205 Shall put me off. Though I be poor, I'm honest,
 And too just in this business. I perceive now,
 Too much respect and faithfulness to ladies
 May be a wrong to servants.
 ISABELLA Art thou yet
 So impudent to stand in't?
 SEBASTIAN Are you yet so cold, madam,
 210 In the belief on't? There my wonder's fixed.
 Having such blessed health and youth about you,
 Which makes the injury mighty.
 ISABELLA Why, I tell thee
 It were too great a fortune for thy lowness
 To find out such a thing: thou dost not look
 As if thou'rt made for't. By the precious sweets of
 215 love,
 I would give half my wealth for such a bargain
 And think 'twere bought too cheap. Thou canst not
 guess
 Thy means, and happiness, should I find this true.
 First, I'd prefer thee to the lord my uncle.
 He's governor of Ravenna: all the advancements
 220 I'th' kingdom flows from him. What need I boast that
 Which common fame can teach thee?
 SEBASTIAN Then thus, madam:
 Since I presume now on your height of spirit
 And your regard to your own youth, and fruitfulness,
 Which every woman naturally loves and covets,
 225 Accept but of my labour in directions.
 You shall both find your wrongs, which you may
 right
 At your own pleasure, yet not missed tonight
 Here in the house neither. None shall take notice
 Of any absence in you, as I have thought on't.

ISABELLA
 Do this, and take my praise and thanks for ever. 230
 SEBASTIAN
 As I deserve, I wish 'em, and will serve you. *Exeunt*

Enter Hecate, Hoppo and Stadlin [through one door] and Firestone [with basket, through the other, unnoticed] 3.3

HECATE
 The moon's a gallant: see how brisk she rides!
 STADLIN
 Here's a rich evening, Hecate.
 HECATE Ay, is't not, wenches,
 To take a journey of five thousand mile?
 HOPPO
 Ours will be more tonight.
 HECATE O, 'twill be precious.
 Heard you the owl yet?
 STADLIN Briefly in the copse, 5
 As we came through now.
 HECATE 'Tis high time for us then.
 STADLIN
 There was a bat hung at my lips three times
 As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
 Old Puckle saw her.
 HECATE You are fortunate still.
 The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder
 10 And woos you, like a pigeon. Are you furnished?
 Have you your ointments?
 STADLIN All.
 HECATE Prepare to flight then:
 I'll overtake you swiftly.
 STADLIN Hie thee, Hecate.
 We shall be up betimes.
 HECATE I'll reach you quickly.
 [Exeunt Stadlin and Hoppo]
 FIRESTONE [aside] They're all going a-birding tonight. They 15
 talk of fowls i'th'air, that fly by day: I'm sure they'll be
 a company of foul sluts there tonight. If we have not
 mortality after it, I'll be hanged, for they are able to
 putrefy it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
 HECATE What, Firestone, our sweet son? 20
 FIRESTONE A little sweeter than some of you, or a dunghill
 were too good for me.
 HECATE
 How much hast here?
 FIRESTONE Nineteen, and all brave plump ones,

194 I have found it all out Antonio having announced his fortnight's journey only two dozen lines earlier, Sebastian's knowledge of his master's intentions has perplexed some editors. Perhaps Francisca has told the servants of Antonio's travel plans. The problem is unlikely to be perceived in performance.

208 stand persevere
 218 prefer recommend

219-20 all the advancements... from him Otiose within the dramatic fiction, the boast draws attention to familiar facts outside it: in the first half of James I's reign, Frances Howard's great-uncle had been the source of all advancements in the newly united kingdom.
 3.3.1 gallant fine lady, fashionably attired
 beauty
 brisk smartly dressed

9 still ever, always
 15 a-birding flying
 18 mortality death
 23 Nineteen... ones Firestone does not specify what he is counting. The actor playing him could probably make an empty basket pass for one crammed with necromantic ware, but some plump snakes could be dangling out from among eggs and greens.

- Besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.
 25 HECATE
 Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?
 FIRESTONE
 I have some *Mar Martin* and *mandragon*.
 HECATE
Marmaritin, and *mandragora*, thou wouldst say.
 Here's *panax* too: I thank thee.
 FIRESTONE My pan aches, I am sure,
 With kneeling down to cut 'em.
 HECATE And *selago*!
 30 Hedge-hyssop too: how near he goes my cuttings!
 Were they all cropped by moonlight?
 FIRESTONE Every blade of 'em.
 Or I am a moon-calf, mother.
 HECATE Hie thee home with 'em.
 Look well to the house tonight: I am for aloft.
 FIRESTONE
 Aloft, quoth you? [*Aside*] I would you would break
 your neck once,
 35 That I might have all quickly!—Hark, hark, mother!
 They are above the steeple already, flying
 Over your head with a noise of musicians.
 HECATE
 They are there indeed: Help, help me! I'm too late
 else.
 Song
 VOICES [*from off-stage or above*]
 Come away, come away!
 40 Hecate, Hecate, O come away!
 HECATE
 I come, I come, I come, I come
 With all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may.
- Where's Stadlin?
 VOICE [*from off-stage or above*]
 Here.
 HECATE Where's Puckle?
 VOICE [*from off-stage or above*] Here.
 And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too.
 We lack but you, we lack but you.
 Come away, make up the count.
 HECATE
 I will but 'noint, and then I mount.
A spirit like a cat descends
 VOICE [*from off-stage or above*]
 There's one comes down to fetch his dues:
 A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood—
 50 And why thou stay'st so long
 [CAT] I muse, I muse
 VOICE [*from off-stage or above*]
 Since the air's so sweet and good.
 HECATE [*to Cat*]
 O, art thou come?
 [CAT] What news, what news?
 [HECATE]
 All goes still to our delight:
 VOICE [*from off-stage or above*]
 Either come, or else
 [CAT] Refuse, refuse.
 55 HECATE
 Now I am furnished for the flight.
 FIRESTONE [*aside*] Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble
 in her own language.
 HECATE (*going up* [*with Cat*])
 Now I go, now I fly,
 Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
 60 O, what a dainty pleasure 'tis

- 27 *Marmaritin* See note to 1.2.159–61. Giving no other occurrence of the word, the OED links it to the Latin *marmaritis*. Lewis and Short define this as a plant that grows in marble quarries and identify it with Pliny's *aglaophotis*. The species thus appears to be known only to classical zoology. Its name here serves to occasion Firestone's recasting it as '*Mar Martin*'. His mistake may allude to *Mar Martine*, a pamphlet published in the Martin Marprelate controversy of the 1580s.
mandragora mandrake, used as narcotic or soporific drug
 28 *panax* genus of plants, to some of which medicinal virtues are attributed: hence, 'panacea'.
 pan head, skull (brain-pan)
 29 *selago* club-moss
 30 Hedge-hyssop species of figwort, formerly noted for medicinal qualities
 31 cropped by moonlight Firestone's horticultural habits come from Zacharie Jones's 1605 translation of part of Pierre Le Loyer's *Livre des Spectres*: 'Virgil doth recite... ceremonies which the Sorcerers

- used in gathering of their herbs... as to cut them in the night time by the light of the Moonshine with a hook of brass, which maketh me also to remember certain observations of the Magicians and Sorcerers in times past, in cutting of their herb *Elleborus*, *Mandragoras*, and the herb *Panaceum*... and those also of the *Druids*... who used, without any knife or iron, to pluck the herb which they called *Selago*.'
 32 moon-calf absent-minded person who gazes at the moon
 37 noise company, band
 38.1 Song In the MS of *The Witch* this song is distinguished by layout and an italic hand, but its distribution among singers is not very clear. Hecate's parts are headed '*Hec*'; others are marked 'in y^e aire' (twice) or '*above*'; and still others are not assigned at all. The song also survives in two manuscript copies of a setting believed to have been composed by Robert Johnson (c.1582–1633), a lutenist associated with the King's Men. These manuscripts do not divide

- the melody among different voices. See Textual Notes; for the music, see *Companion*, p. 153.
 57–8 the cat... own language If these lines are taken to refer to Malkin, the 'spirit like a cat' that has descended at l. 48, then Malkin must sing at least some of the unattributed lines. A feline miaow would suit the vowel sounds in 'muse', 'news' and 'refuse', and the effect would be exaggerated by the high notes by which these words are distinguished in Robert Johnson's setting of the song. Firestone's aside could, however, be made to refer to Hecate. The witch has sung the line immediately preceding her son's spoken comment on the singing; the pronominal reference of his aside more certainly applies to her than to Malkin, who is gendered masculine (see 1.2.95); and the disyllabic pronunciation of her name throughout the play brings it into homophony with 'the cat'. If the aside is taken to refer to Hecate, then her singing voice should be remarkable—perhaps for dissonance.

To ride in the air
 When the moon shines fair
 And sing and dance and toy and kiss!
 65 Over woods, high rocks and mountains,
 Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
 Over steeple towers and turrets,
 We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
 [ALL] [*from off-stage or above*]
 70 No ring of bells, to our ears sounds;
 No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds.
 No, not the noise of waters' breach
 Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.
 [*Exeunt all but Firestone*]
 FIRESTONE Well, mother, I thank your kindness: you must
 75 be gamboling i'th'air, and leave me to walk here like a
 fool, and a mortal. *Exit*
Finis Actus Tertii

⊗

4.1 [*Incipient*] *Actus Quartus*
Enter Almachildes
 ALMACHILDES Though the Fates have endued me with
 a pretty kind of lightness, that I can laugh at the
 world in a corner on't, and can make myself merry
 on fasting-nights to rub out a supper (which were a
 5 precious quality in a young formal student), yet let
 the world know there is some difference betwixt my
 jovial condition and the lunar state of madness. I
 am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an
 aqua vitae shop, a strumpet from wildfire, and a
 10 beadle from brimstone. Now shall I try the honesty of a
 great woman soundly: she reckoning the duke's made
 away, I'll be hanged if I be not the next now. If I trust
 her as she's a woman, let one of her long hairs wind
 about my heart and be the end of me (which were a
 piteous lamentable tragedy, and might be entitled *A Fair*
Warning for all Hair-Bracelets).
 Already there's an insurrection
 Among the people: they are up in arms
 Not out of any reason but their wills,
 Which are in them their saints. Sweating and swear-
 20 ing
 (Out of their zeal to rudeness) that no stranger
 (As they term her) shall govern over them,
 They say they'll raise a duke among themselves first.
Enter Duchess
 DUCHESS
 O Almachildes, I perceive already
 Our loves are born to crosses! We're beset
 25 By multitudes and—which is worse—I fear me
 Unfriended too of any. My chief care
 Is for thy sweet youth's safety.
 ALMACHILDES [*aside*] He that believes you not
 Goes the right way to heaven, o' my conscience.
 DUCHESS
 There is no trusting of 'em! They are all as barren
 30 In pity as in faith: he that puts confidence
 In them, dies openly to the sight of all men,
 Not with his friends and neighbours in peace private,
 But as his shame, so his cold farewell is,
 Public and full of noise. But keep you close, sir,
 35 Not seen of any, till I see the way
 Plain for your safety. I expect the coming
 Of the Lord Governor, whom I will flatter
 With fair entreaties to appease their wildness
 And before him take a great grief upon me
 40 For the Duke's death, his strange and sudden loss;
 And when a quiet comes, expect thy joys.
 ALMACHILDES [*aside*]
 I do expect now to be made away
 'Twixt this and Tuesday night: if I live Wednesday,
 Say I have been careful and shunned spoonmeat.
 45 *Exit*

64 **toy** (a) frisk about (b) flirt
 66 **our mistress' fountains** The seas, like the witches, are controlled by the moon (which the opening lines of this scene have personified as a fashionable lady).
 71 **waters' breach** water-break, an irruption of water
 4.1.1 **endued** supplied
 2 **pretty fine, agreeable**
lightness high spirits
 4 **rub out** omit, miss
 5 **formal** regular, complete
 9 **aqua vitae** alcoholic spirits distilled from wine
wildfire erysipelas, a febrile inflammation which produces deep red eruptions in the skin and spreads easily
 10 **beadle** parish constable
brimstone inflammable sulphur, by extension hellfire. Almachildes catalogues pairs of commonly linked, but separable, entities.
 15 **piteous lamentable tragedy** Using old-fashioned dramatic terms and form, Almachildes evokes his own demise as the fall of a great man.
 15-16 **A Fair Warning for all Hair-Bracelets** An allusion to *A Warning for Fair Women* (1599), an exemplary tragedy of wifely adultery.
 17-23 **Already... first** In Bedingfield's translation of Machiavelli's *Istorie fiorentine*, the insurrection carries somewhat more narrative weight than it does in the plot here: 'After the murder performed, [Almachilde] finding that he could not according to his expectation enjoy the kingdom, and fearing to be slain of the Lombards for the love they bare to *Alboino*, the Queen and he... fled to *Longino* at *Ravenna*, who honourably there received them.'
 20 **their saints** i.e., their objects of devotion
 25 **crosses** thwartings
 45 **spoonmeat** soft or liquid food suitable for invalids. The apothecary convicted of murder in the Overbury case was charged with having laced broths and jellies with poisons over a period of months in which the victim's health degenerated.

DUCHESS	This fellow lives too long after the deed! I'm weary of his sight: he must die quickly Or I've small hope of safety. My great aim's At the Lord Governor's love: he is a spirit Can sway and countenance. These obey and crouch. My guiltiness had need of such a master That with a beck can suppress multitudes And dim misdeeds with radiance of his glory, Not to be seen with dazzled popular eyes. And here behold him come. <i>Enter Lord Governor [and Servant]</i>	LORD GOVERNOR [aside] How she's betrayed her! May I breathe no longer Than to do virtue service, and bring forth The fruits of noble thoughts, honest and loyal. This will be worth th'observing, and I'll do't. <i>Exit</i>	85
50	LORD GOVERNOR [to Servant] Return back to 'em: Say we desire 'em to be friends of peace Till they hear farther from us. <i>[Exit Servant]</i>	DUCHESS What a sure happiness confirms joy to me Now, in the times of my most imminent dangers! I looked for ruin, and increase of honour Meets me auspiciously! But my hopes are clogged now With an unworthy weight: there's the misfortune. What course shall I take now with this young man, For he must be no hindrance? I have thought on't! I'll take some witch's counsel for his end— That will be sur'st! Mischief is mischief's friend. <i>Exit</i>	90 95
60	DUCHESS O my lord, I fly unto the pity of your nobleness, The grieved'st lady that was e'er beset With storms of sorrows or wild rage of people. Never was woman's grief for loss of lord Dearer than mine to me.	<i>Enter Sebastian and Fernando</i>	4.2
LORD GOVERNOR	There's no right done To him now, madam, by wrong done to yourself: Your own good wisdom may instruct you so far. And for the people's tumult (which oft grows From liberty or rankness of long peace), I'll labour to restrain, as I've begun, madam.	SEBASTIAN If ever you knew force of love in life, sir, Give to mine pity!	
65	DUCHESS My thanks and pray'rs shall ne'er forget you, sir, And, in time to come, my love.	FERNANDO You do ill to doubt me.	
LORD GOVERNOR	Your love, sweet madam! You make my joys too happy! I did covet To be the fortunate man that blessing visits, Which I'll esteem the crown and full reward Of service present and deserts to come. It is a happiness I'll be bold to sue for When I have set a calm upon these spirits That now are up for ruin.	SEBASTIAN I could make bold with no friend seemlier Than with yourself, because you were in presence At our vow-making.	
70	DUCHESS Sir, my wishes Are so well met in yours, so fairly answered And nobly recompensed, it makes me suffer In those extremes that few have ever felt, To hold two passions in one heart at once Of gladness, and of sorrow.	FERNANDO I'm a witness to't.	5
LORD GOVERNOR	Then, as the olive Is the meek ensign of fair, fruitful peace, So is this kiss, of yours. <i>[He kisses her]</i>	SEBASTIAN Then you best understand of all men living This is no wrong I offer, no abuse Either to faith or friendship, for we're registered Husband and wife in heaven, though there wants that Which often keeps licentious man in awe From starting from their wedlocks—the knot public. 'Tis in our souls knit fast, and how more precious The soul is than the body, so much judge The sacred and celestial tie within us More than the outward form, which calls but witness Here upon earth to what is done in heaven. Though I must needs confess the least is honourable, As an ambassador sent from a king Has honour by the employment, yet there's greater Dwells in the king that sent him: so in this.	10 15
75	DUCHESS Love's power be with you, sir!	FERNANDO I approve all you speak and will appear to you A faithful, pitying friend. <i>Enter Florida</i>	20
LORD GOVERNOR	Then, as the olive Is the meek ensign of fair, fruitful peace, So is this kiss, of yours. <i>[He kisses her]</i>	SEBASTIAN [apart to Fernando] Look, there is she, sir— One good for nothing but to make use of,	
80	LORD GOVERNOR Then, as the olive Is the meek ensign of fair, fruitful peace, So is this kiss, of yours. <i>[He kisses her]</i>		
DUCHESS	Love's power be with you, sir!		
46-50	This fellow . . . and crouch This development is much altered from Bedingfield's translation of Machiavelli's <i>Istorie fiorentine</i> : 'Longino hoped that time would well serve him . . . to become King of Lombardy and all Italy. And conferring his intent with the Queen, persuaded her to kill <i>Almachilde</i> , and take him for her husband: she accepted . . .	preparing a cup of wine poisoned, and with her one hand she offered the same to <i>Almachilde</i> . . . he having drunk half the wine, and . . . mistrusting the poison, enforced <i>Rosmunda</i> to drink the rest, whereof both the one and the other within few hours died, and <i>Longino</i> bereft of his expectation to become King.'	65 for as for 81-2 the olive . . . peace See Genesis 8:11. 91 clogged encumbered, obstructed 4.2.22-7 she . . . her Although they may confuse a reader, the pronominal references of these lines would not pose problems in performance. 22-4 she . . . One . . . her Florida
62	Dearer more earnest, more heartfelt		

25 And I'm constrained to employ her to make all things
Plain, easy and probable, for when she comes
And finds one here that claims him—[*aside*] as I've
taught
Both this to do't and he to compound with her—
'Twill stir belief the more of such a business.

FERNANDO
I praise the carriage well.

30 SEBASTIAN [*to Florida*] Hark you, sweet mistress:
I shall do you a simple turn in this,
For, she disgraced thus, you are up in favour
Forever with her husband.

FLORIDA That's my hope, sir.
I would not take the pains else. Have you the keys
Of the garden-side, that I may get betimes in,
Softly, and take her lodging?

35 SEBASTIAN Yes, I have thought upon you:
Here be the keys.

FLORIDA [*seizing keys*]
Marry, and thanks, sweet sir!
Set me a work so still.

SEBASTIAN [*aside*] Your joys are false ones.
You're like to lie alone. You'll be deceived
Of the bedfellow you look for, else my purpose
40 Were in an ill case. He's on his fortnight's journey:
You'll find cold comfort there. A dream will be
Even the best market you can make tonight.
[*To Florida*] She'll not be long now. You may lose no
time, neither.
If she but take you at the door, 'tis enough.
45 When a suspect doth catch once, it burns mainly.
There may you end your business, and as cunningly
As if you were i'th' chamber, if you please
To use but the same art.

FLORIDA What need you urge that
Which comes so naturally I cannot miss on't?
50 What makes the devil so greedy of a soul
But 'cause he's lost his own, to all joys lost?
So 'tis our trade to set snares for other women
'Cause we were once caught ourselves. [*Exit*]

SEBASTIAN A sweet allusion!
Hell and a whore, it seems, are partners then,
55 In one ambition. Yet thou'rt here deceived now:
Thou canst set none to hurt or wrong her honour.

It rather makes it perfect. [*To Fernando*] Best of friends
That ever love's extremities were blessed with,
I feed mine arms with thee and call my peace
The offspring of thy friendship. I will think 60
This night my wedding-night, and with a joy
As reverend as religion can make man's
I will embrace this blessing: honest actions
Are laws unto themselves, and that good fear
Which is on others forced, grows kindly there. 65

FERNANDO
Hark, hark! One knocks: away, sir! 'Tis she certainly.
It sounds much like a woman's jealous 'larum.
[*Exit Sebastian through one door*]
Enter Isabella [*through the other door*]

ISABELLA
By your leave, sir.

FERNANDO You're welcome, gentlewoman.

ISABELLA
Our ladyship then stands us in no stead now.
One word in private, sir—
[*She whispers in his ear*]

FERNANDO No, surely, forsooth! 70
There is no such here: you've mistook the house.

ISABELLA
O, sir, that have I not! Excuse me there,
I come not with such ignorance: think not so, sir.
'Twas told me at the ent'ring of your house here
By one that knows him too well.

FERNANDO Who should that be? 75

ISABELLA
Nay, sir, betraying is not my profession;
But here I know he is, and I presume
He would give me admittance, if he knew on't,
As one on's nearest friends.

FERNANDO You're not his wife, forsooth?

ISABELLA
Yes, by my faith, am I.

FERNANDO Cry you mercy then, lady! 80

ISABELLA
She goes here by the name on's wife: good stuff!
But the bold strumpet never told me that.

FERNANDO
We are so oft deceived that let out lodgings,
We know not whom to trust. 'Tis such a world!

25 **she** Isabella
26 **one** Florida
him Antonio
27 **this** Florida
he Fernando
compound agree
her Florida
29 **carriage** management. Sebastian's plans
appear less praiseworthy than Fernando's
acuity in apprehending them. With the
connivance of Florida and Fernando,
Sebastian is contriving to trick Isabella
into bed and there deflower her. The bed
in question is Florida's in her lodgings

at a house belonging to Fernando.
Florida vacates her chamber here so
that Isabella can be lured into it (and
Sebastian's embraces) and so that she
herself can take over Isabella's chamber
(and husband) in Antonio's house. On
her way out of Fernando's house, Florida
is to encounter Isabella and let the lady
know of Antonio's familiarity with the
place and his intimacy with Florida's
person. Fernando, who is acting as
brothel-keeper, is to back up Florida's
claims, which are expected to alienate
Isabella from her husband.

34 **garden-side** garden entrance
betimes in good time
35 **take...lodging** occupy her chamber
45 **suspect** suspicion
mainly vigorously
53 **allusion** likening
65 **kindly** naturally
68 **gentlewoman** a woman of good birth
or breeding but without titled rank.
Addressing Isabella thus is part of
Fernando's pretence that he does not
recognize her, an 'error' for which he
apologizes at l. 80.
79 **on's** of his

Who's that? Young mistress?
 FRANCISCA Ay! Up, up, sweet Gasper!
 My sister hath both knocked and called this hour,
 And not a maid will stir.
 GASPERO They'll stir enough sometimes.
 [Noises off]
 FRANCISCA Hark, hark again! Gasper! O, run, run, prithee!
 GASPERO Give me leave to clothe myself.
 30 FRANCISCA Stand'st upon clothing
 In an extremity?
 [Noises off]
 Hark, hark again!
 She may be dead ere thou com'st. O, in quickly!
 [Exit Gaspero]
 He's gone. He cannot choose but be took now
 Or met in his return: that will be enough.
 Enter Antonio [armed, above]
 Brother? Here, take this light.
 [She takes torch from wall and hands it to him]
 35 ANTONIO My careful sister!
 [Exit above]
 FRANCISCA [calling after him]
 Look first in his own lodging, ere you enter.
 [Enter Antonio below, torch in hand, to discover
 key on stage floor]
 ANTONIO O abused confidence! Here's nothing of him
 But what betrays him more.
 FRANCISCA Then 'tis too true, brother!
 ANTONIO I'll make base lust a terrible example:
 No villainy e'er paid dearer.
 [He draws his sword]
 40 FRANCISCA Help! Hold, sir!
 ANTONIO I'm deaf to all humanity! [Exit. Noises off]
 FRANCISCA List, list:
 A strange and sudden silence after all!
 I trust he's spoiled 'em both! Too dear a happiness!
 O, how I tremble between doubts and joys!
 [Enter Antonio below]
 45 ANTONIO There perish both! Down to the house of falsehood,
 Where perjurous wedlock weeps! O, perjurous wo-
 man!
 She'd took the innocence of sleep upon her
 At my approach, and would not see me come—
 As if she'd lain there, like a harmless soul
 50 And never dreamed of mischief. What's all this now?

I feel no ease: the burden's not yet off
 So long as th'abuse sticks in my knowledge.
 O, 'tis a pain of hell to know one's shame!
 Had it been hid, and done, it'd been done happy,
 For he that's ignorant lives long, and merry. 55
 FRANCISCA [Aside]
 I shall know all now.—Brother!
 ANTONIO Come down quickly,
 For I must kill thee too!
 FRANCISCA Me?
 ANTONIO Stay not long
 If thou desir'st to die with little pain.
 Make haste, I'd wish thee, and come willingly:
 If I be forced to come, I shall be cruel 60
 Above a man to thee.
 FRANCISCA Why, sir, my brother?
 ANTONIO Talk to thy soul, if thou wilt talk at all.
 To me thou'rt lost forever.
 FRANCISCA This is fearful in you
 Beyond all reason, brother. Would you thus
 Reward me for my care and truth shown to you? 65
 ANTONIO A curse upon 'em both, and thee for company!
 'Tis that too diligent thankless care of thine
 Makes me a murderer, and that ruinous truth
 That lights me to the knowledge of my shame.
 Hadst thou been secret, then had I been happy 70
 And had a hope (like man) of joys to come.
 Now here I stand, a stain to my creation
 And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
 Ha' understanding of this base adultery
 And that thou toldst me first, which thou deserv'st 75
 Death worthily for.
 FRANCISCA If that be the worst, hold, sir!
 Hold, brother! I can ease your knowledge straight.
 By my soul's hopes, I can! There's no such thing.
 ANTONIO How?
 FRANCISCA Bless me but with life, I'll tell you all.
 Your bed was never wronged.
 ANTONIO What, never wronged? 80
 FRANCISCA I ask but mercy, as I deal with truth now.
 'Twas only my deceit, my plot and cunning
 To bring disgrace upon her, by that means
 To keep mine own hid, which none knew but she.
 To speak troth: I'd a child by Aberzanes, sir. 85
 ANTONIO How? Aberzanes?

28 stir (a) awaken (b) arouse sexual desire
 35 careful painstaking
 39-41 I'll make... all humanity Threatening
 to make an example of lust, Antonio
 makes himself into an emblem of another
 deadly sin—wrath. With bared sword
 in one hand and burning torch in the

other, he is equipped as the figure of
 Wrath in Ripa's *Iconologia*: 'IRA... [she
 will hold a naked sword in her right
 hand, and in the left she will have a
 burning torch... The naked sword sig-
 nifies that Wrath quickly seizes steel and
 embarks upon vengeance. The burning

torch is the wrathful man's heart, which
 continually burns and consumes itself.]'
 39 terrible terrifying
 43 spoiled destroyed
 46 perjurous... perjurous characterized by
 perjury... forworn, guilty of perjury
 61 Above a man inhumanly

Act 4 Scene 3

The witch

FRANCISCA And my mother's letter
Was counterfeited, to get time and place
For my delivery.

ANTONIO O, my wrath's redoubled!

FRANCISCA
At my return, she could speak all my folly
And blamed me with good counsel. I, for fear
It should be made known, thus rewarded her,
Wrought you into suspicion without cause
And at your coming raised up Gasper suddenly,
Sent him but in before you, by a falsehood,
Which (to your kindled jealousy) I knew
Would add enough. What's now confessed is true.

ANTONIO
The more I hear, the worse it fares with me.
I've killed 'em now for nothing: yet the shame
Follows my blood still. Once more, come down.
Look you, my sword goes up.
[*He sheathes his sword*]

Call Hermio to me,
Let the new man alone: he'll wake too soon
To find his mistress dead, and lose a service.
[*Exit Francisca above*]

Already the day breaks upon my guilt.
I must be brief and sudden. Hermio!
[*Enter Hermio*]

HERMIO
Sir.

ANTONIO
Run, knock up Aberzanes speedily.
Say I desire his company this morning:
To yonder horse-race, tell him. That will fetch him.
O, hark you, by the way—
[*He whispers in his ear*]

HERMIO Yes, sir.

ANTONIO Use speed now,
Or I will ne'er use thee more, and perhaps
I speak in a right hour. My grief o'erflows:
I must in private go and vent my woes.
[*Exeunt [severally]*]

Finis Actus Quarti

⊗

5.1 [Incipit] Actus Quintus
[*Enter Antonio and Aberzanes, [his clothing in disarray]*]

ANTONIO
You are welcome, sir.

ABERZANES I think I'm worthy on't,
For look you, sir, I come untrussed, in troth.

ANTONIO [*aside*]
The more's the pity (honest men go to't!)
That slaves should 'scape it.—What blade have you
got there?

ABERZANES Nay, I know not that, sir. I am not acquainted
greatly with the blade. I am sure 'tis a good scabbard,
and that satisfies me.

ANTONIO 'Tis long enough indeed, if that be good.

ABERZANES I love to wear a long weapon: 'tis a thing
Commendable.

ANTONIO I pray draw it, sir.

ABERZANES It is not to be drawn.

ANTONIO Not to be drawn?

ABERZANES I do not care to see't. To tell you troth, sir,
'Tis only a holiday thing, to wear by a man's side.

ANTONIO Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from neck to navel,
Though there's small glory in't.

ABERZANES Are you in earnest, sir?

ANTONIO I'll tell thee that anon.

ABERZANES Why, what's the matter, sir?

ANTONIO
What a base misery is this in life now!
This slave had so much daring courage in him
To act a sin, would shame whole generations;
But hath not so much honest strength about him
To draw a sword, in way of satisfaction.
This shows thy great guilt, that thou dar'st not fight.

ABERZANES Yes, I dare fight, sir, in an honest cause.

ANTONIO Why, come then, slave! Thou'st made my sister a
whore!

ABERZANES Prove that an honest cause and I'll be hanged.

ANTONIO So many starting-holes? Can I light no way?
Go to, you shall have your wish: all honest play.
Come forth, thou fruitful wickedness, thou seed
Of Shame and Murder.
[*Enter Francisca*]

Take to thee in wedlock
Baseness and Cowardice, a fit match for thee.
Come, sir, along with me.
[*He leads him by the hand*]

ABERZANES 'Las, what to do?

105 **knock up** arouse by knocking at the door

110 I **speak in a right hour** i.e., my threat is timely

5.1.1 **You are welcome** Antonio's greeting initiates fifteen lines of *double-entendre* in which the secondary sense eludes

Aberzanes.

2 **untrussed** (a) without having tied up the laces (called 'points') attaching the top of his breeches to his doublet (b) not hanged

4 **it** i.e., hanging

blade (a) weapon (b) penis

6 **scabbard** (a) sheath (b) vagina

13 **holiday** trifling, frivolous

26 **starting-holes** means of evasion
light strike

27 **play** (a) preceding (b) sexual sport

28 **seed** cause

I am too young to take a wife, in troth.
 ANTONIO
 But old enough to take a strumpet, though.
 You'd fain get all your children beforehand
 And marry when you've done: that's a strange
 35 course, sir.
 This woman I bestow on thee:
 [*He joins their hands*]
 What dost thou say?
 ABERZANES
 I would I had such another to bestow on you, sir.
 ANTONIO
 Uncharitable slave, dog, coward as thou art
 To wish a plague so great as thine to any!
 ABERZANES
 40 To my friend, sir, where I think I may be bold.
 ANTONIO
 Down, and do't solemnly.
 [*He forces them to kneel*]
 Contract yourselves
 With truth, and zeal, or ne'er rise up again.
 I will not have her die i'th' state of strumpet,
 Though she took pride to live one. Hermio, the wine!
 [*Enter Hermio*]
 HERMIO
 45 'Tis here, sir. [*Aside*] 'Troth, I wonder at some things,
 But I'll keep honest.
 [*He serves wine to Antonio*]
 ANTONIO So: here's to you both now,
 [*He drinks*]
 And to your joys, if't be your luck to find 'em.
 I tell you, you must weep hard if you do.
 [*He gives wine cup to Aberzanes and Francisca*]
 Divide it 'twixt you both: you shall not need
 50 A strong bill of divorcement after that
 If you mislike your bargain.
 [*They drink*]
 Go, get in now:
 Kneel and pray heartily to get forgiveness
 Of those two souls whose bodies thou hast murdered.
 [*Exeunt Aberzanes and Francisca*]
 Spread, subtle poison. Now my shame in her
 55 Will die when I die: there's some comfort yet.
 I do but think how each man's punishment
 Proves still a kind of justice to himself.
 I was the man that told this innocent gentlewoman,
 Whom I did falsely wed and falsely kill,
 60 That he that was her husband first, by contract,
 Was slain i'th' field, and he's known yet to live.
 So did I cruelly beguile her heart—
 For which I'm well rewarded. So is Gasper,

Who, to befriend my love, swore fearful oaths
 He saw the last breath fly from him. I see now
 'Tis a thing dreadful t'abuse holy vows
 And falls most weighty.
 HERMIO Take comfort, sir:
 You're guilty of no death. They're only hurt,
 And that not mortally.
 ANTONIO Thou breath'st untruths.
 [*Enter Gaspero, [wounded]*]
 HERMIO
 Speak, Gasper, for me then.
 GASPERO Your unjust rage, sir
 70 Has hurt me without cause
 ANTONIO 'Tis changed to grief for't.
 How fares my wife?
 GASPERO No doubt, sir, she fares well,
 For she ne'er felt your fury. The poor sinner
 That hath this seven year kept herself sound for you,
 'Tis your luck to bring her into th' surgeon's hands
 now.
 75 ANTONIO Florida?
 GASPERO
 She: I know no other, sir.
 You were ne'er at charge yet, but with one light
 horse.
 ANTONIO
 Why, where's your lady? Where's my wife tonight
 then?
 GASPERO
 Nay, ask not me, sir: your struck doe within
 Tells a strange tale of her.
 ANTONIO This is unsufferable.
 80 Never had man such means to make him mad!
 O, that the poison would but spare my life
 Till I had found her out!
 HERMIO Your wish is granted, sir.
 Upon the faithfulness of a pitying servant
 I gave you none at all. My heart was kinder.
 85 Let not conceit abuse you: you're as healthful—
 For any drug—as life yet ever found you.
 ANTONIO
 Why, here's a happiness, wipes off mighty sorrows!
 The benefit of ever-pleasing service
 Bless thy profession!
 [*Enter Lord Governor*]
 O my worthy lord,
 90 I've an ill bargain: never man had worse.
 The woman that (unworthy) wears your blood
 To countenance sin in her, your niece—she's false.

50 **bill of divorcement** written petition for annulment of marriage. (Probably an allusion to Frances Howard's divorce proceedings against Robert Devereux.)
 58 **this innocent gentlewoman** i.e., Isabella
 59 **falsely...falsely** treacherously...

erroneously
 74 **seven year** Estimates vary: see 1.1.56 and 3.2.191.
sound healthy, free of (venereal) disease
 77 **at charge...with** (a) financially responsible for (b) sexually effective with

light horse courtesan. *OED* gives no other instance of usage in this sense.
 79 **struck** stricken, wounded
 86 **conceit** imagination, fancy
 87 **For** In respect of
drug poison

Act 5 Scene 1

to witch

LORD GOVERNOR
False?

ANTONIO
Impudent, adulterous!

LORD GOVERNOR
You're too loud
95 And grow too bold too, with her virtuous meekness.
Enter Florida, [wounded]
Who dare accuse her?

FLORIDA
Here's one dare and can.
She lies this night with Celio, her own servant,
The place Fernando's house.

LORD GOVERNOR
Thou dost amaze us!

ANTONIO
Why, here's but lust translated from one baseness
100 Into another: here I thought to have caught 'em
But lighted wrong, by false intelligence,
And made me hurt the innocent. But now
I'll make my revenge dreadfuller than a tempest.
An army should not stop me, or a sea
Divide 'em from my revenge. *Exit*

LORD GOVERNOR
I'll not speak
To have her spared, if she be base and guilty.
If otherwise, heaven will not see her wronged:
I need not take care for her. Let that woman
Be carefully looked to, both for health, and sureness.
110 It is not that mistaken wound thou wear'st
Shall be thy privilege.

FLORIDA
You cannot torture me
Worse than the surgeon does, so long I care not.
[Exeunt Florida and Gaspero]

LORD GOVERNOR
If she be adulterous, I will never trust
Virtues in women: they're but veils for lust. *Exit*

HERMIO
115 To what a lasting ruin mischief runs!
I had thought I had well and happily ended all
In keeping back the poison, and new rage now
Spreads a worse venom. My poor lady grieves me!
'Tis strange to me that her sweet seeming virtues
120 Should be so meanly overtook with Celio,
A servant. 'Tis not possible.
Enter Isabella and Sebastian

ISABELLA
Good morrow, Hermio!
My sister stirring yet?

HERMIO
How? Stirring, forsooth!
Here has been simple stirring. Are you not hurt,
Madam? Pray speak: we have a surgeon ready.

ISABELLA
How a surgeon?

125 HERMIO
Hath been at work these five hours.

ISABELLA
How he talks!

HERMIO
Did you not meet my master?

ISABELLA
How your master? Why, came he home tonight?

HERMIO
Then know you nothing. Madam, please you
But walk in, you shall hear strange business.

ISABELLA *[to Sebastian]*
I'm much beholding to your truth now, am I not? 130
You've served me fair: my credit's stained for ever.
Exeunt [Isabella and Hermio]

SEBASTIAN
This is the wicked'st fortune that e'er blew!
We're both undone, for nothing: there's no way
Flatters recovery now. The thing's so gross
Her disgrace grieves me more than a life's loss. *Exit* 135

Enter Duchess, Hecate, Firestone [with necromantic equipment, including a cauldron] 5.2

HECATE
What death is't you desire for Almachildes?

DUCHESS
A sudden and a subtle.

HECATE
Then I have fitted you.
Here lie the gifts of both sudden and subtle.
His picture, made in wax and gently molten
By a blue fire kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees. 5

DUCHESS
In what time, prithee?

HECATE
Perhaps in a moon's progress.

DUCHESS
What, a month?
Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious!
Give me things with some life.

HECATE
Then seek no farther.

DUCHESS
This must be done with speed, dispatched this night 10
If it may possibly.

HECATE
I have it for you!
Here's that will do't. Stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five hours hence.

DUCHESS
Canst thou do this?

HECATE
Can I?

DUCHESS
I mean, so closely! 15

HECATE
So closely, do you mean too?

DUCHESS
So artfully, so cunningly!

HECATE
Worse and worse! Doubts and incredulities—
They make me mad! Let scrupulous greatness know:

109 **sureness** security
111 **privilege** protection from arrest
120 **meanly** basely
overtook caught
122 **stirring** awake, up and about

123 **stirring** commotion, uproar
134 **Flatters recovery** fosters hopes of
recovery
5.2.2 **fitted** supplied, furnished
3 **gifts** powers

8 **tedious** dilatory, slow
12 **perfection's** completion's
15 **closely** quickly (an extension of sense,
from spatial to temporal proximity)
19 **scrupulous** distrustful

20 *Cum volui ripis ipsis mirantibus amnes*
In fontes redieri suos concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio, cantu freta nubila pello,
Nubilaque induco ventos, abigoque vocoque,
Viperias rumpo verbis, et carmine fauces
25 *Vivaque saxa, sua convulsaque robora terra,*
Et silvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.
Teque luna traho. Can you doubt me then, daughter?
That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods
walk,
30 Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spirits
Of the entombed to burst out from their marbles,
Nay, draw yon moon to my involved designs?
FIRESTONE I know as well as can be when my mother's
mad and our great cat angry, for one spits French then,
35 and th'other spits Latin.
DUCHESS
I did not doubt you, mother.
HECATE No? What did you?
My power's so firm, it is not to be questioned.
DUCHESS
Forgive what's past; and now I know th'offensiveness
That vexes art, I'll shun th'occasion ever.
HECATE
40 Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
It shall be conveyed in at owlet time,
Take you no care. My spirits know their moments.
Raven or screech-owl never fly by th' door
But they call in, I thank 'em, and they lose not by't.
45 I give 'em barley soaked in infants' blood:
They shall have *semina cum sanguine*,
Their gorge crammed full, if they come once to our
house.
We are no niggard. [Exit Duchess]
FIRESTONE They fare but too well when they come hither:
50 they eat up as much t'other night as would have made
me a good conscionable pudding.

HECATE
Give me some lizard's brain, quickly, Firestone!
Where's Grannam Stadlin, and all the rest o'th'
sisters?
FIRESTONE All at hand, forsooth.
HECATE
Give me *marmaritin*, some bear-breach. When?
FIRESTONE
Here's bear-breach and lizard's brain, forsooth.
HECATE Into the vessel.
And fetch three ounces of the red-haired girl
I killed last midnight.
FIRESTONE Whereabouts, sweet mother?
HECATE
Hip. Hip or flank. Where is the *Acopus*?
FIRESTONE
You shall have *Acopus*, forsooth.
HECATE
Stir, stir about, whilst I begin the charm.
A Charm Song: about a vessel
Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in.
65 Fire-drake, Pucky, make it lucky.
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.
[Enter Witches]
[STADLIN]
Here's the blood of a bat.
70
HECATE
Put in that, O put in that.
[HOPPO]
Here's libbard's bane.
HECATE
Put in again.
[STADLIN]
The juice of toad, the oil of adder.

20-8 *Cum volui... luna traho* In Book VII of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Medea, abandoned by Jason, speaks these lines within a vengeful prayer to the gods of the groves and the night. The Ovidian passage is quoted and translated in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (XII, 7), near the beginning of the first of a series of chapters on charms.
31 **marbles** sepulchres. (The word translates *sepulchris* of l. 27.)
32 **involved** (a) complicated (b) covert
34 **spits French** a jibe at French vowel sounds as resembling feline noises. Malkin's 'French' accent has been heard at 3.3.51, 3.3.53, and 3.3.55.
39 **shun th'occasion** avoid giving cause [for offence]
40 **five sisters** This line is the only indication of the size of Hecate's coven. However, with no other witches onstage to be tallied at this point, the line need not be construed as a firm census. Stadlin and

Hoppo are the only 'sisters' required to speak, and to be spoken to.
46 ***semina cum sanguine*** grain with blood
51 **conscionable** fair
52 **lizard's brain** See the list of venefical aphrodisiacs quoted from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (vi, 7) in the note to 1.2.163-7.
53 **Grannam** grandam, old woman
55 **bear-breach** species of herbaceous plant of the genus *Acanthus*. Its popular names—bear-breach, brank-ursine, bear's foot—are thought to refer to the shagginess and shape of the leaf.
60 ***Acopus*** *Anagyros* or bean trefoil, a bushy shrub used medicinally in childbirth
62 **Stir, stir about** Hecate's command suggests that Firestone stir the contents of the cauldron, at least initially. He may move away from it to find the ingredient which he produces at l. 77.
62.1 ***Charm Song*** Like the song at 3.3.39-55, this song is invoked, by title only,

in the text of *Macbeth* as printed in the Shakespearean First Folio (1623). For this song, however, no musical setting is known to have survived, and it is possible that the charm was chanted. The final exchange between Hecate and Firestone at ll. 84-8 can be construed as evidence that music only begins there, at the end of the scene, with the witches' dance. (See note to 5.2.88.1.)
about a vessel The subtitle of the charm song requires its singer(s) to go around the cauldron.
63-7 **Black spirits... Robin** See notes to 1.2.1-5 and 1.2.105-1.2.106.1.
72 **libbard's bane** leopardsbane, a plant of the genus *Doronicum*. Among the witches in Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, Hag 9, the herbalist, 'ha' been plucking, plants among, | Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue, | Nightshade, moonwort, libbard's bane' (ll. 174-77).

[HOPPO] Those will make the younker madder.
 75 HECATE Put in. There's all, and rid the stench.
 FIRESTONE Nay, here's three ounces of the red-haired wench.
 ALL Round, around, around, about, about,
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.
 [End Song]
 HECATE So, so, enough. Into the vessel with it:
 80 There, 't hath the true perfection. I am so light
 At any mischief! There's no villainy
 But is a tune, methinks.
 FIRESTONE [Aside] A tune! 'Tis to the tune of damnation
 85 then, I warrant you, and that song hath a villainous
 burden.
 HECATE Come, my sweet sisters. Let the air strike our tune
 Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moon.
Here they dance the Witches' Dance and exeunt
 5.3 *Enter Lord Governor, Isabella, [Sebastian], Florida*
[bandaged], Francisca, Aberzanes, Gaspero
[bandaged], [Servants]
 ISABELLA My lord, I have given you nothing but the truth
 Of a most plain and innocent intent.
 My wrongs being so apparent in this woman,
 A creature that robs wedlock of all comfort
 5 Where'er she fastens, I could do no less
 But seek means privately to shame his folly.
 No farther reached my malice, and it glads me
 That none but my base injurer is found
 To be my false accuser.
 LORD GOVERNOR This is strange
 10 That he should give the wrongs, yet seek revenge.
 [To Sebastian] But sirrah, you! You are accused here
 doubly:
 First, by your lady, for a false intelligence

That caused her absence, which much hurts her
 name
 Though her intents were blameless; next, by this
 woman
 For an adulterous design and plot
 Practised between you to entrap her honour
 15 Whilst she, for her hire, should enjoy her husband.
 Your answer!
 SEBASTIAN Part of this is truth, my lord,
 To which I'm guilty, in a rash intent,
 But clear in act, and she most clear in both,
 20 Not sanctity more spotless.
 [Enter Hermio]
 HERMIO O my Lord!
 LORD GOVERNOR What news breaks there?
 HERMIO Of strange destruction!
 Here stands the lady that within this hour
 Was made a widow.
 LORD GOVERNOR How?
 HERMIO Your niece, my lord!
 A fearful, unexpected accident
 25 Brought death to meet his fury; for my lord
 Ent'ring Fernando's house like a rash tempest
 Which nothing heeds but its own violent rage,
 Blinded with wrath and jealousy, which scorn guides,
 From a false trapdoor fell into a depth—
 30 Exceeds a temple's height—which takes into it
 Part of the dungeon that falls threescore fathom
 Under the castle.
 LORD GOVERNOR O you seed of lust,
 Wrongs and revenges wrongful, with what terrors
 You do present yourselves to wretched man
 35 When his soul least expects you!
 ISABELLA I forgive him
 All his wrongs now, and sign it with my pity.
 FLORIDA O my sweet servant!
 [She swoons]
 LORD GOVERNOR Look to yon light mistress.
 GASPERO She's in a swoon, my lord.

75 **younker** fashionable young man. The charm is to be used on Almachildes, who at 4.1.5 has characterized himself as young.
 85 **that song** i.e., 'damnation'
 86 **burden** (a) bass accompaniment to melodic line (b) refrain. If Firestone carries off the cauldron on this line, then there will be further wordplay on (c) weight, load.
 88.1 **the Witches' Dance** The veneficial anti-masque to Jonson's *Masque of Queens* was bracketed by dancing: his eleven hags danced immediately before they first spoke, and then again immediately before they disappeared. Jonson's account of their first dance pronounces it

'an usual ceremony at their convents, or meetings, where sometimes also they are visored and masked'. His account of the second dance is rather more helpful for a reconstruction of the Witches' Dance in Middleton's play. After casting spells for nearly 100 lines of Jonsonian verse, 'with a strange and sudden music they fell into a magical dance full of posterous change and gesticulation, but most applying to their property, who at their meetings do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies.' In a note to

this account Jonson records that his hags were armed with brooms: Middleton's witches may also have been equipped with them. For the music, see *Companion*, p. 158.
 5.3.12 **intelligence** communication, information
 14 **this woman** Florida
 16-17 **her...she...her...her** Isabella's... Florida... Florida's... Isabella's
 20 **clear** innocent
 32 **fathom** unit of linear measure equivalent to 6 feet. That Fernando's house should include a shaft reaching a depth of 360 feet is sufficiently remarkable to invite an allegorical reading of this architectural feature as hell-mouth.

LORD GOVERNOR Convey her hence!
 40 It is a sight would grieve a modest eye
 To see a strumpet's soul sink into passion
 For him that was the husband of another.—
 [Exeunt Servants, supporting Florida]
 Yet all this clears not you.
 [Sebastian removes his disguise]
 SEBASTIAN Thanks to heaven
 That I am now of age to clear myself then!
 LORD GOVERNOR Sebastian?
 SEBASTIAN The same, much wronged, sir!
 45 ISABELLA Am I certain
 Of what mine eye takes joy to look upon?
 SEBASTIAN Your service cannot alter me from knowledge
 I am your servant ever.
 LORD GOVERNOR Welcome to life, sir!—
 Gasper, thou swor'st his death.
 GASPERO I did indeed, my lord,
 50 And have been since well paid for't: one forsworn
 mouth
 Hath got me two or three more here.
 SEBASTIAN I was dead, sir,
 Both to my joys and all men's understanding,
 Till this my hour of life: for 'twas my fortune
 To make the first of my return to Urbin
 55 A witness to that marriage—since which time
 I have walked beneath myself and all my comforts,
 Like one on earth whose joys are laid above;
 And though it had been offence small in me
 To enjoy mine own, I left her pure and free.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 60 The greater and more sacred is thy blessing,
 For where heaven's bounty holy groundwork finds,
 'Tis like a sea encompassing chaste minds.
 Enter Duchess
 HERMIO The Duchess comes, my lord.
 LORD GOVERNOR Be you then all witnesses
 Of an intent most horrid.
 DUCHESS [Aside] One poor night
 65 Ends Almachildes now.
 Better his meaner fortunes wept than ours
 That took the true height of a prince's spirit
 To match unto their greatness: such lives as his
 Were only meant to break the force of fate
 70 Ere it came at us, and receive the venom.
 'Tis but a usual friendship for a mistress

To lose some forty years' life in hopeful time
 And hazard an eternal soul for ever,
 As young as he has done, and more desertful.
 LORD GOVERNOR Madam. 75
 DUCHESS My lord.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 This is the hour that I've so long desired:
 The tumult's full appeased. Now may we both
 Exchange embraces with a fortunate arm
 And practise to make love knots, thus—
 [The body of the] Duke is discovered
 DUCHESS My lord! 80
 LORD GOVERNOR
 Thus, lustful woman and bold murd'ress, thus!
 Blessed powers, to make my loyalty and truth so
 happy!
 Look thee, thou shame of greatness! Stain of honour,
 Behold thy work, and weep before thy death
 If thou be'st blessed with sorrow and a conscience, 85
 Which is a gift from heaven and seldom knocks
 At any murderer's breast with sounds of comfort.
 See this, thy worthy and unequalled piece,
 A fair encouragement for another husband!
 DUCHESS
 Bestow me upon death, sir. I am guilty 90
 And of a cruelty above my cause.
 His injury was too low for my revenge.
 Perform a justice that may light all others
 To noble actions. Life is hateful to me,
 Beholding my dead lord. Make us an one 95
 In death, whom marriage made one of two living
 Till cursèd fury parted us. My lord,
 I covet to be like him.
 LORD GOVERNOR No, my sword
 Shall never stain the virgin brightness on't
 With blood of an adult'ress.
 DUCHESS There, my lord, 100
 I dare my accuser and defy the world,
 Death, shame and torment. Blood I am guilty of
 But not adultery, not the breach of honour.
 LORD GOVERNOR
 No? Come forth, Almachildes!
 Enter Almachildes
 DUCHESS Almachildes!
 105 Hath Time brought him about to save himself
 By my destruction? I am justly doomed.
 LORD GOVERNOR [to Almachildes] Do you know this woman?
 ALMACHILDES I have known her better, sir, than at this
 time.
 LORD GOVERNOR But she defies you there. 110

44 of age old enough
 51 two or three more i.e., wounds
 54 Urbin Urbino. Having headed the play with 'The Scene Ravenna' (a city altogether distinct, although not very distant, from Urbino), the manuscript

probably records an error here. In Bedingfield's translation of Machiavelli's *Istorie fiorentine*, Urbino is mentioned two pages after the narrative which was Middleton's source for the Duchess/Almachildes plot.

80.1 *discovered* revealed (presumably in a curtained-off space, such as an inner stage, which the Lord Governor uncovers with a single gesture)
 95 **Make us an one** unite us
 107 **know** (carnally)

The witch

ALMACHILDES That's the common trick of them all.
DUCHESS
Nay, since I am touched so near, before my death,
then,
In right of honour's innocence, I am bold
To call heaven, and my woman here, to witness.
Enter Amoretta
115 My lord, let her speak truth, or may she perish.
AMORETTA
Then, sir, by all the hopes of a maid's comfort
Either in faithful service or blessed marriage,
The woman that his blinded folly knew
Was only a hired strumpet, a professor
120 Of lust and impudence, which here is ready
To approve what I have spoken.
ALMACHILDES A common strumpet!
This comes of scarves: I'll never more wear
An haberdasher's shop before mine eyes again.
LORD GOVERNOR
My sword is proud thou art lightened of that sin.
Die, then, a murd'ress only.
[Duke revives]
DUKE Live a duchess, 125
Better than ever loved, embraced and honoured!
DUCHESS
My lord?
DUKE Nay, since in honour thou canst justly rise,
Vanish all wrongs: thy former practice dies.
I thank thee, Almachildes, for my life;
This lord, for truth; and heaven, for such a wife, 130
Who, though her intent sinned, yet she makes
amends
With grief and honour, virtue's noblest ends.
What grieved you then shall never more offend you:
Your father's skull with honour we'll inter
And give the peace due to the sepulchre. 135
And in all times, may this day ever prove
A day of triumph, joy and honest love. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Quinti

THE PARTS

ABERZANES (97 lines): Fernando *or* Servant (1.1); Cat
ALMACHILDES (155 lines): Gentleman (2.1)
AMORETTA (80 lines): Gentleman (2.1); Old Woman *or*
Stableboy (*or* Hecate *or* Stadlin *or* Firestone *or* Hoppo);
Cat *or* Hecate (*or* Stableboy) *or* Stadlin (*or* Stableboy) *or*
Firestone (*or* Stableboy) *or* Hoppo (*or* Stableboy)
ANTONIO (216 lines): Old Woman *or* Stableboy (*or* Stadlin
or Firestone *or* Hoppo); Stadlin (*or* Stableboy) *or* Fire-
stone (*or* Stableboy) *or* Hoppo (*or* Stableboy) *or* Cat;
[Fernando]
CAT (3 lines): Fernando *or* Servant (1.1) *or* Florida (*or*
or Duke *or* Lord Governor *or* Isabella *or* Francisca); Duke
(*or* Florida) *or* Lord Governor (*or* Florida) *or* Isabella
(*or* Florida) *or* Francisca (*or* Florida); Old Woman *or*
Stableboy
DUCHESS (192 lines): Gentleman (2.1); [Servant (1.1)];
[Florida]; [Cat]
DUKE (42 lines): Gentleman (2.1); Stableboy (*or* Stadlin
or Firestone *or* Hoppo); Stadlin (*or* Stableboy) *or* Fire-
stone (*or* Stableboy) *or* Hoppo (*or* Stableboy) *or* Cat;
[Fernando]
FERNANDO (49 lines): Stableboy (*or* Hecate *or* Stadlin *or*
Firestone *or* Hoppo); Hecate (*or* Stableboy) *or* Stadlin
(*or* Stableboy) *or* Firestone (*or* Stableboy) *or* Hoppo
(*or* Stableboy) *or* Cat; Hermio *or* [Aberzanes] *or* [Lord
Governor] *or* [Duke] *or* [Francisca]
FIRESTONE (83 lines): Antonio *or* Gentleman (2.1); Stable-
boy
FLORIDA (31 lines): Gentleman (2.1); Old Woman *or*
Stableboy; Cat
FRANCISCA (227 lines): Fernando; Servant (1.1); [Cat]
GASPERO (114 lines): Stableboy *or* Old Woman
GENTLEMAN (2.1; 2 lines): any but Sebastian, Gaspero,
Lord Governor, Antonio, Isabella, Francisca, Aberzanes
HECATE (263 lines): Old Woman (*or* Amoretta); Fernando
(*or* Amoretta)
HERMIO (42 lines): Fernando; Stableboy (*or* Hecate *or*
Stadlin *or* Firestone *or* Hoppo); Hecate (*or* Stableboy)
or Stadlin (*or* Stableboy) *or* Firestone (*or* Stableboy) *or*
Hoppo (*or* Stableboy) *or* Cat
HOPPO (4 lines): Fernando; Antonio; Amoretta *or* Duke *or*
Hermio
ISABELLA (178 lines): Old Woman *or* Stableboy; Cat
LORD GOVERNOR (104 lines): Fernando; Cat; Old Woman
or Stableboy
OLD WOMAN (1 line): any but Amoretta, Almachildes,
Aberzanes, Francisca, Stableboy
SEBASTIAN (245 lines): Old Woman *or* Stableboy
STABLEBOY (3 lines): any but Aberzanes, Almachildes,
Duchess, Francisca, Old Woman
STADLIN (20 lines): Fernando *or* Servant (1.1); Amoretta;
[Duke]; [Florida]
Most crowded scene: 5.3; 12 (+ 2 mute servants)

111 common trick usual practice
119 professor one who makes a profession
of, a professional

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH: A GENETIC TEXT

Text edited by Gary Taylor, introduced by Inga-Stina Ewbank

IN including *The Tragedy of Macbeth* in an edition of *The Collected Works of Thomas Middleton* the intention is not to dispute the fact that the greater part of this play, by far, was written by William Shakespeare. On the other hand, the consensus of editorial and critical opinion, since the Clarendon edition of 1869, is that there are non-Shakespearean interpolations in the first printed text of *Macbeth*, the 1623 Folio; and recent scholarship points unmistakably to Middleton as the author of these. The Folio text calls for the performance of two songs, referred to only by their opening phrases, 'Come away, come away, &c.' (3.5.36.1) and 'Blacke Spirits, &c.' (4.1.43.1), which can be found in full in Middleton's tragicomedy *The Witch*; the text of both is printed, with minor variants, in the 1674 edition of William Davenant's *Macbeth*, which is clearly based on a prompt copy of Shakespeare's play. Middleton's hand can also be seen in the Hecate material framing these songs, in 3.5 and 4.1. Gary Taylor concludes that Middleton wrote about eleven per cent of the adapted text, and Stephen Orgel notes that in performance the added songs 'would have been accompanied by dances, which means that in the theatre these scenes took a good deal longer than they do on the page'. Middleton may also be responsible for cutting one quarter or more of the original. The cuts cannot be recovered, of course, but this edition typographically distinguishes material probably altered or added by Middleton. *Macbeth* is presented here, then, as part of both the Shakespeare and the Middleton canon, to be read and seen if not at the intersection of the two canons at least at a point where one touches the other rather more than tangentially.

The interpolations have on the whole had a bad press: disapproved of by editors, ignored by critics, and almost invariably cut by modern theatre directors although, as Brooke points out, they 'form the core of the operatic development of the play which held the stage' until the twentieth century (53). In the Restoration, Davenant's staging of *Macbeth* delighted Samuel Pepys with its 'variety of dancing and music' (19 April 1667), and to eighteenth- and nineteenth-century audiences *Macbeth* was a play of spectacle and music—indeed Verdi's opera (1847) was based on, and not a far cry from, contemporary London stage versions. Twentieth-century distaste for the Hecate scenes is part of a more general purism, the theatrical equivalent of the scholarly search for authenticity, for the 'original' play. If *Macbeth* is seen as Shakespeare's play, with the stress on 'Shakespeare's' rather than on 'play', then it is also natural to see Middleton's additions as contaminating a text 'owned' by Shakespeare. For all

our knowledge of Renaissance stage practice, we find it easier to approach a play text in terms of the imaginative coherence imposed on it by an individual mind than as the record of stage performances. We know that in the Elizabethan and Jacobean theatre the company, not the author, owned the text, and that in a play kept in active repertory cuts, revisions, and additions would be made to suit particular performances—at court, for example, or in the provinces—or to adapt the play to changing theatre conditions or popular taste. Title-pages of printed texts often proudly claim 'new additions'. We know that Shakespeare, as not only playwright but also actor and shareholder in his company, would have had more control than most authors over the performing texts of his plays, at least until he left the theatre, in or about 1613; but also that even at the height of his professional power he regarded collaboration as normal. So, of course, did Middleton, who wrote alone, in collaboration, and as an adapter, and for several companies, including the King's Men. Both would have been baffled by the terms, still fundamental to much thinking about Renaissance drama, in which Henrik Ibsen in 1883 defended his 'ownership' of a play that reviewers had found derivative, by insisting that 'that which makes a work of art the spiritual property of its originator is that he has imprinted on it the stamp of his own personality'.

In the playhouse the additions to *Macbeth* clearly proved their worth, and Heminges and Condell were proud to include in the Folio an augmented and altered text of *Macbeth*, although it could not possibly have been entirely Shakespeare's 'spiritual property' and may well have two personalities imprinted on it. A further comparison with Ibsen may be to the point. Once he had gained recognition as a playwright, Ibsen preserved the manuscript drafts of his plays with a care which suggests that he wanted posterity to see and study them as underlying the printed corpus, pointing the difference from, and the way to, the final, authoritative version in which each phrase and each structural unit had reached its definitive form. For *Macbeth* we have only the Folio text, and the way to it, through revisions, cuts, and additions, must remain conjectural. This is not the place to rehearse all the many conjectures that have been made, ever since Clark and Wright (1869) assigned 300 lines of *Macbeth* to Middleton. But R. V. Holdsworth's work on Middleton's collaboration with Shakespeare must be mentioned, as he has demonstrated remarkably convincing signs of Middleton's hand—the idiosyncratic stage direction 'Enter . . . meeting . . .' (1.2 and 3.5) and other verbal characteristics—not only in the Hec-



Three weird sisters meet the mounted Macbeth and Banquo; from Holinshed, *Historie of Scotlande* (1577)

ate passages but also at a number of other points in the text. It seems possible that Middleton was responsible both for cuts which produced the famous brevity and tightness of the extant text and for additions which either merely bridge such cuts or, as with the Hecate scenes, bring in his own material for reuse. Such recycling is a typically Middletonian practice. Thus, for example, he reuses a song from *Masque of Cupids* in *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, and a song from *Dissemblers* in *The Widow*; both plays were written in the period when he is most likely to have been revising *Macbeth* (about 1616).

In order to see how the text of *Macbeth* relates to Middleton's as well as Shakespeare's canon it is necessary to review briefly the relation between this play and *The Witch*, since the same songs appear in both plays and the Hecate passages are inextricably connected with the songs. Because Hecate shares responses with singers who have plot parts in *The Witch*, the songs are almost bound to have been originally written for that play. The likelihood on which the following discussion is built is that some time after Shakespeare's retirement from the theatre Middleton made additions to a text of *Macbeth* which already had the weird sisters and a cauldron scene (4.1); that he interpolated the two songs and a dance from the 'ignorantly-ill-fated' *Witch* which, probably written in 1616, had fallen foul of the censor; and that, in order to motivate the appearance of Hecate in these, he added the rest of what is now 3.5 and some lines in 4.1 (39-43; 143-50). The result was to give the play a new dimension of theatrical magic. Middleton may well have seen himself as both underscoring Shakespeare's intentions in the play and adding his own stamp by local subversions of those intentions.

To support and develop this point some re-tracing of the road to the Folio text is necessary. The play was first performed in 1606-7; and, whether or not its first performance was before James I, there is little doubt that the 'weird sisters' owe something to the King's interest in witchcraft. Ben Jonson capitalized on that interest in the spectacular antimasque of witches which he devised for his *Masque of Queens*, performed at court on 2 February



Three bearded witches meet the horseless Macbeth and Banquo; from a 1901 edition of Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*

1609 and printed soon thereafter. It is possible that in a first version of *Macbeth* the weird sisters were nothing like the 'secret black and midnight hags' we now know. The creatures who Banquo thinks 'should be women | and yet your beards forbid me to interpret | that you are so' (1.3.42-4), summon up the gender ambivalence of an early modern play like *The Roaring Girl* or of a postmodern image like the Dutch artist Charlotte Schleichert's 'Bearded Women Make Great Leaders'. It does not seem to have anything in common with Simon Forman's account of the performance of *Macbeth* that he saw at the Globe on 20 April 1611, which refers to Macbeth's encounter with 'three women fairies or nymphs'. Holinshed, in telling of Macbeth, has the phrase 'some nymphs or fairies' as well as a woodcut representing three quite un-haglike ladies in medieval costume. Forman's own interest in the occult, as well as Holinshed's reference to Macbeth's later trust in the words of 'certain wizards' and the prophecies of 'a certain witch', makes it oddly significant that Forman's account has nothing corresponding to *Macbeth* 4.1, perhaps because as originally written the scene was much less impressive than it had become by 1623.

Yet Shakespeare's imagination was powerfully engaged with the 'charm of powerful trouble' that brews in 4.1.

There is some overlap of *materia magica* between Jonson's and Shakespeare's witches, but the Jonsonian hell-broth remains verbal only, whereas in *Macbeth* a cauldron is producing a real, nasty stew surreally compacted of social and moral evil:

finger of birth-strangled babe
ditch-delivered by a drab
make the gruel thick and slab

At the same time Shakespeare integrates the cauldron scene with Macbeth's descent into a hell of his own making. The king bursts in on the witches' ritual with his chaos-defying demand to know his future; and in response they stage for him a show that is so structured as to repeat in a different theatrical mode the ironies of the banquet scene (3.4). The banquet, intended to be a formal occasion in celebration of Macbeth's kingship, collapses into shambles because of the repeated appearance of the ghost of Banquo. The witches' show has its own far more spectacular formality. Macbeth is equivocally assured of his future in a perverse version of a royal entertainment. The witches act as choric presenters; and thunder substitutes for music. It is ironically appropriate that Macbeth should refer to his royal self, in this stage configuration, as 'our high-placed Macbeth' 4.1.115. It is ironic, too, that when the witches, directors of the show, want it to end on Macbeth's belief that he 'shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath | To time and mortal custom', it is his own insistence on being 'satisfied' that provokes the climax: the cauldron sinks and oboes announce 'A show of eight kings, the last with a glass in his hand'.

On stage, this looks like an inversion of the fundamental gesture of the Stuart court masque which lodges all past, present, and future virtue in the king. In *The Masque of Queens* the twelve witches of the antimasque threaten to bring chaos but vanish to a loud blast of music as the scene changes to the House of Fame displaying the twelve queens. Eleven of them are 'of times long gone'; the twelfth is 'Bel-Anna' (Queen Anne) who possesses all the virtues for which the others were famed but of course ultimately 'Confesseth all the lustre of her merit: | To you, most royal and most happy king' (407-8). In *Macbeth* the witches remain in charge; and in the procession of kings, staged to 'show his eyes and grieve his heart', Macbeth's past and present crimes are seen to control his future 'to th' crack of doom'. Judgement is passed on Macbeth from the point of view of the audience's present as the eighth king holds up the magic mirror in which Macbeth sees 'many more', some carrying 'twofold balls and treble sceptres'—as did the ninth Stuart monarch, James VI of Scotland, who was also James I of England and Wales.

The direction in which Shakespeare had taken *Macbeth* would have seemed congenial to Middleton who, from the beginning to the end of his career, excelled in the ironic use of conventional dramatic devices. He could write 'straight' pageants, but he could also use pageant and masque material to ironic ends, from *Your Five Gallants*

to *Women, Beware Women*. As he added music, song, and dance to *Macbeth*, he resolutely introduced Hecate as a formal presenter of such material. Her two appearances are framed by self-reflexive references to the 'art' of the witch scenes. When she first enters, in a clap of thunder, it is to rebuke the three witches for trafficking with Macbeth without calling on her to 'show the glory of our art' (3.5.9)—a nudge to the text for not making enough, theatrically, of the witch world. With the 'Come away' scene the audience is then shown that 'glory'. In 4.1 her last few lines (assuming that they are meant to be hers) almost amount to putting quotation marks around the interpolated passages:

come sisters cheer we up his sprites
and show the best of our delights
I'll charm the air to give a sound
while you perform your antic round
that this great king may kindly say
our duties did his welcome pay (4.1.145-50)

Within the fiction of the play the idea of cheering Macbeth up in this fashion is as ironic as that of Dr Faustus taking pleasure in the pageant of the Seven Deadly Sins. Un-Shakespearean as these lines may seem, Middleton makes their irony structurally cohesive, for the 'welcome' for 'this great king' recalls the elaborate welcoming ceremony in the banquet scene, where the 'hearty welcome' that Macbeth offers his guests is only one of four uses of the word in some thirty lines (3.4.2, 5, 7, 34)—a ceremony interrupted first by the First Murderer and then by the first unwelcome visit of Banquo's ghost, whose second visit disrupts the Lords' drinking 'our duties and the pledge'. But the thrust of Hecate's lines goes beyond the dramatic fiction, to self-referential theatricality. As the ultimate irony, the last two lines could well be commemorating, as has been often suggested, an actual performance before James I—the king who could not make up his mind about witchcraft, but enjoyed 'shows'.

It has also often been suggested that the music and choreography of the witches' dance at 4.1.150 were those used in the antimasque of *The Masque of Queens* (Brooke; Cutts). If so, we have Jonson's account of how, to the sound of 'a strange and sudden music', the dance was executed, 'full of preposterous change, and gesticulation', the witches doing 'all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies'; the dance ended when 'on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had given one blast', at which point 'the hags . . . quite vanished' (327-336). If there was a sameness, it would be lost on an audience at the Globe, though effective at a court performance. But whether transposed directly from Jonson's masque or from 5.2 of *The Witch*, in its *Macbeth* context the dance both completes the pattern of an un-royal entertainment for Macbeth and asserts the witches' freedom. Macbeth, whose 'society' (3.4.3) was seen to disintegrate in the

banquet scene, here stands ‘amazedly’, utterly alone and frozen into immobility, while in glaring visual contrast the ‘sisters’ join hands to affirm their community in an ‘antic round’. There is a world elsewhere, to which Macbeth has no access, but which the theatre audience glimpses through the enactment of the witches’ literally marvellous freedom. The dancing witches in *The Masque of Queens* are routed as the scene changes to the main masque, and later they appear bound before the queens’ chariots. The witches in *Macbeth* dance and vanish freely, as in *The Witch*, leaving the stage to Macbeth for a speech which is the antithesis of the way the traditional masque ends, as for example in *Oberon* (361–68), with the wish that this glorious moment last forever: ‘Let this pernicious hour | Stand aye accursèd in the calendar’ (4.1.151–2).

What the introduction of the song and dance in 4.1 achieves, while building on the framework laid down by Shakespeare, is to make the scene less focused on the moral self-destruction of Macbeth and to shift the emphasis on to the witches as being in command, free and unbounded. In introducing the song ‘Black spirits and white’, headed in the manuscript of *The Witch* ‘A Charm Song: about a Vessel’, Middleton might be thought simply to be adding more of the same to the cauldron scene and the weird sisters’ ‘Round about the cauldron go’. But this is not so. The music for the song has not survived, but the text reads, as Brooke points out, ‘like a singing game such as children play, leading to a girl claiming her own choice of boy’ (229). Whether or not it draws on a traditional rhyme, or even ballad, the effect is to lift the scene towards gaiety as it moves from the three weird sisters’ oppressive rhythms—‘double double toil and trouble’—to a choric jingle, ‘Round around around about | all ill come running in all good keep out’, in which words like ‘good’ and ‘ill’ are merely counters. In *The Witch*, where this song follows a sinister visit to Hecate by the Duchess who wants a means to quickly do away with a tool villain, the lift into an a-moral world is identified by Hecate at the end of the song: ‘I am so light | At any mischief! There’s no villainy | But is a tune, methinks’ (5.2.81–3).

This ‘light’-ness, literally realized by flying machinery and mimetically rendered in song, is also a quality Middleton transposes from *The Witch* into the scene which became 3.5 of *Macbeth*. As plot goes, its only function is to prepare for the meeting ‘at the pit of Acheron’, but it must have been a theatrical highlight at the Globe or Blackfriars. The sudden shift, as we move from the oppressive ending of 3.4 and Macbeth’s descent into his ‘strange and self-abuse’, is not merely one of tone; it offers the audience the kind of contrast which only the theatre can produce: magic made ‘real’ as a way to an alternative, literally marvellous world. ‘Come away come away’ is not simply a song; it is a kind of proto-operatic scene in which Hecate, while anointing herself for transvection, engages in a sung dialogue with voices in the air and with a thoroughly embodied ‘spirit like a cat’ who descends and with whom she ascends. Rising, she sings to celebrate her

freedom and the joys of flight ‘when the moon shines fair’, and the chorus of voices above repeat her triumphant last four lines:

no ring of bells to our ears sounds
no howls of wolves no yelps of hounds
no not the noise of waters breach
or cannons’ throat our height can reach (3.5.68–71)

These words evoke an ethos far from the weird sisters’ ‘fair is foul and foul is fair’, and a world opposed to Macbeth’s world of darkness, tolling bells and howling wolves. The words were probably set to music by Robert Johnson, who composed for the King’s Men as well as for court masques; and Raphael Seligmann who has analysed the score and the way it is adapted to the text finds in it ‘irreverent allusions to liturgical and courtly musical tradition’. Clearly, there is neither verbally nor musically anything grotesque or threatening about this song; the triumphant negatives that define ‘our height’ are a contrast to, not a deepening of, the evil in Macbeth’s world. In Shakespeare’s thematic structure the only such contrast is the loyal world of England under Edward the Confessor who—like James I—touches for King’s Evil (4.3.142–60). The ‘come away’ interlude is subversive in an un-Shakespearean way in so far as it enacts an alternative not of benevolent monarchy but of positive, joyful anarchy and so makes the play as a whole that much less royalist. It is as though Middleton should have dropped an Autolycus, or even a Falstaff, into the morally determined world of Macbeth—but then the analogy itself suggests that he might not have seen his interpolation as wholly un-Shakespearean.

Nor might he have seen himself as doing anything wholly untypical in terms of his own aesthetics. Incorporating into *Macbeth* parts of *The Witch* meant returning them to a play which had acted as a sounding board for *The Witch*. I use this image, rather than ‘source’, for while Jacobean plays are generally full of more or less conscious echoes of each other, Middleton has a way—particularly pronounced in the tragicomedies he was writing in this period—of using intertextuality with a difference: of drawing on audiences’ reminiscence of another play or plays (Ewbank, 1991). The manuscript of *The Witch* tells us that it had been ‘long since acted by His Majesty’s seruants at the Blackfriars’; Middleton wrote it to be performed by actors whom the audience would also have seen in *Macbeth*—an audience who could hardly help seeing one witch play as an alternative to the other. *The Witch* supplied a fictive world in which the words and deeds of ‘these juggling fiends’ can be both laughed and marvelled at, and where there is always a way out for the human characters. At the same time the play can be seen to be sceptical about its own tragicomic resolution, as Middleton questions the very conventions he uses. The bed-trick, for example, is shown up for what it is—a facile way of turning tragedy into comedy—by the bathetic moral drawn by Almachildes when the final scene reveals the last in the

series of deceptions played on him, and on the audience: 'This comes of scarves: I'll never more wear | An haberdasher's shop before mine eyes again' (5.3.123-4). The plot twists of the denouement are so resolutely abrupt as to draw attention to their own artifice. Everything ends happily, but only as long as morality is brushed under the carpet—or covered by a scarf. The audience of *The Witch* was hardly allowed to forget the tragic alternative to the tragicomedy.

In *Macbeth*, for all that Macbeth implores 'seeling night' to 'scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day' (3.2.47-8), there is no way of blinding oneself to the logic of the deed and its consequences—of being 'the deed's creature' as Middleton was to call it in *The Changeling*. Middleton's interpolations do not turn the play into a tragicomedy or radically change its overall moral structure. The lightness of being of the witches in the interpolated passages introduces a note of subversive freedom; but in the end the logic of doom closes in on Macbeth all the more relentlessly for these glimpses of spirits who do not merely equivocate but simply don't care—who, unlike human beings, have access to a world elsewhere.

This is where the other function of Middleton's Hecate becomes operative. As we have seen, she is a meta-theatrical device, but she also represents, in her long speech in 3.5, an attempt to bridge two worlds. She is not the dramatic character of *The Witch*, with her libido and her son, Firestone—the play's chief comic part, who appears in all the witch scenes as a sneering deflater of magic and its accoutrements. Nor does she have the divinity or convey the universal horror implied in Macbeth's vision of evil when 'Witchcraft celebrates | Pale Hecate's offerings' (2.1.51-2). Middleton is not, in her speech, trying to write Shakespearean lines, as modern directors have been known to do. He is translating Hecate into his own theatre language. In a sense she becomes a figure who, like characters in his comedies or the Cardinal in *Women, Beware Women*, rises out of the turmoil of the action to moralize it; but the moral register and terms here

are her own. This kind of translation—into a pragmatic syntax and a discourse relying on the literal force of a plain vocabulary—results in presenting Macbeth as 'a wayward son | spiteful and wrathful who as others do | loves for his own ends not for you'. Hecate's preview, then, of 4.1 where the spirits 'by the strength of their illusion | shall draw him on to his confusion', becomes:

he shall spurn fate scorn death and bear
his hopes 'bove wisdom grace and fear

To anyone who treasures the metaphorical density of *Macbeth* (and who does not?) this may seem nugatory: verbally too thin, morally too simple. But if we see the lines in the full context of what Middleton was trying to do—making Hecate the presenter of a kind of Triumph of Truth more spectacular than anything the weird sisters were capable of—then they are not so much a loss as pointers to a new kind of gain: a dimension in which theatricality itself—the 'illusion' enacted by Hecate and her witches—adds a measure to Macbeth's tragedy.

Some forty lines into the cauldron scene, Hecate arrives to cheer the proceedings:

O well done I commend your pains
and everyone shall share i'th'gains

The second of her lines has a meta-textual potential which points us back to what the additions meant in the playhouse. There is no account book to record payment to Middleton for 'additions in *Macbeth*'. What we can be sure of in reading the augmented *Macbeth* is that the 'gains' were those of the company and its sharers—as well as its audiences.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 153 ('Come away'), 158, 160 (dances)

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 690

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 383

Other Middleton-Shakespeare works: *Timon*, 467; *Measure*, 1542

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, adapted by THOMAS MIDDLETON

The Tragedy of Macbeth

[for the King's Men at the Blackfriars]

I. I	Sc. 1 I. I <i>incipit actus primus</i> thunder and lightning enter three weird sisters <i>witches</i>	ALL fair is foul and foul is fair hover through the fog and filthy air	exeunt 10
FIRST	when shall we three meet again in thunder lightning or in rain	Sc. 2 I. 2 alarum within enter King Malcolm Donalbain Lennox with attendants	I. 2
SECOND	when the hurly burly's done when the battle's lost and won	[oa
THIRD	that will be ere set of sun	the merciless Macdonald worthy to be a rebel for to that the multiplying villainies of nature do swarm upon him from the western isles of kerns and galloglasses is supplied and fortune on his damnèd quarrel smiling showed like a rebel's whore	ob oc od oe of og oh oi
FIRST	where the place upon the heath	[oj
SECOND	there to meet with Macbeth [a cat mews within]	[Enter	ok
FIRST	I come Greywalkin [a toad croaks within]]	ol
SECOND	Paddock calls [an owl shrieks within]]	om
THIRD	anon	[oo

Adaptation. Passages apparently added or rewritten by Middleton are printed in bold type; passages apparently deleted or intended for deletion are printed in grey; transposed passages are printed in grey where Shakespeare probably placed them, and in bold where Middleton apparently moved them. For detailed explanations of the evidence for Middleton's alterations to Shakespeare's original, see 'Canon and Chronology', *Companion* 383.

Punctuation. This edition removes all punctuation and all capitalization at the beginning of sentences or verse lines. The punctuation in the text first printed in 1623 bears little, if any, relation to the authors' intentions; it reflects the preferences of different compositors and scribes. Neither playwright capitalized the beginnings of sentences or verse lines. This completely unpunctuated text lets readers decide for themselves how to interpret the words. For a more detailed discussion of the original text and the

decision not to punctuate this edition, see 'Textual Introduction', *Companion* 690. For Middleton's punctuation, see *A Game at Chesse: An Early Form*.

Commentary. Glossarial commentaries, like punctuation, make interpretive choices about which meanings are appropriate and which are not. This commentary to *Macbeth* is limited to clarifying aspects of the process of adaptation signalled typographically in the text.

Title Blackfriars The indoor theatre (where the King's Men began performing in 1608 or 1609) certainly had machinery for elaborate 'flying' scenes, like 3.5, added by Middleton.

I. I. 0. I Sc. 1 *Macbeth* was originally written for the Globe, c.1606, where there were no act intervals. The text was adapted for the later theatrical convention of five acts separated by musical intervals.

0.4 *witches* Middleton's major adaptation

was to transform into witches the three characters who are identified as 'weird sisters' in Shakespeare's chief historical source and in passages clearly written by Shakespeare.

- 7.1-1.1.8 *a cat...anon* probably added as part of the process of identifying Shakespeare's 'weird sisters' as witches
- 10 **hover through** This suggests that the witches are flying, a spectacular effect also used in 3.5; the sisters do not fly in Shakespeare's source. Shakespeare might have had the sisters 'drink the...air', as in *Tempest* 5.1.102 and *Timon* 1.84.
- 1.2 Middleton apparently abbreviated Shakespeare's more extended original battle sequence, transposing some material and providing transitional phrases of his own. The original battle sequence might have been much more extensively dramatized, like those in *Troilus and Cressida*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, or *Coriolanus*.

	THIRD	sister where thou		<i>enter Macbeth and Banquo [on horseback]</i>	
	FIRST	a sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap and munched and munched and munched give me quoth I		MACBETH so foul and fair a day I have not seen	
5		aroint thee witch the rump-fed runnion cries her husband's to Aleppo gone master o'th' Tiger but in a sieve I'll thither sail and like a rat without a tail I'll do I'll do and I'll do		BANQUO how far is't called to Forres what are these fairies or nymphs so withered and so wild in their attire that look not like th'inhabitants o'th' earth and yet are on't live you or are you aught	40
	SECOND	I'll give thee a wind		that man may question you seem to understand me by each at once her chappy finger laying upon her skinny lips you should be women and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so	
10	FIRST	thou'rt kind		MACBETH	45
	THIRD	and I another		FIRST	
	FIRST	I myself have all the other and the very ports they blow all the quarters that they know i'th' shipman's card I'll drain him dry as hay sleep shall neither night nor day hang upon his penthouse lid		all hail Macbeth hail to thee thane of Glamis	
15		he shall live a man forbid weary se'en-nights nine times nine shall he dwindle peak and pine though his barque cannot be lost yet it shall be tempest-tossed look what I have		SECOND all hail Macbeth hail to thee thane of Cawdor	
				THIRD all hail Macbeth that shalt be king hereafter	
20				BANQUO good sir why do you start and seem to fear things that do sound so fair i'th' name of truth	50
				are ye fantastical or that indeed which outwardly ye show my noble partner you greet with present grace and great prediction of noble having and of royal hope that he seems rapt withal to me you speak not	55
25	SECOND	show me show me		if you can look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not speak then to me who neither beg nor fear your favours nor your hate	
	FIRST	here I have a pilot's thumb wrecked as homeward he did come <i>drum within</i>		FIRST hail	60
				SECOND hail	
	THIRD	a drum a drum Macbeth doth come		THIRD hail	
	ALL	<i>[dancing in a ring]</i>		FIRST lesser than Macbeth and greater	
30		the weird sisters hand in hand posters of the sea and land thus do go about about thrice to thine and thrice to mine and thrice again to make up nine peace the charm's wound up		SECOND not so happy yet much happier	
				THIRD thou shalt get kings though thou be none so all hail Macbeth and Banquo	65
				FIRST Banquo and Macbeth all hail	
35				MACBETH stay you imperfect speakers tell me more	

30 *dancing* For music that may have been used, see *Companion*, p. 158.

35.1 *[on horseback]* The 1611 spectator's account specifies that they entered this scene 'riding'. That may indicate dialogue (talking about horses offstage), but probably refers to the actual appearance of a horse or horses in the theatre, perhaps riding through the yard toward the stage. *Alarum for London* (1599?) and *The Late Lancashire Witches* (1634), both performed at the Globe, require a horse.

Indoor theatres did not attempt such effects. Removing the horse(s) probably also removed an unknown amount of dialogue.

38-45 **so withered . . . are so** A spectator at a performance of *MacBeth* at the Globe in 1611 described the weird sisters in this scene as 'three women fairies or nymphs', a characterization that fits their presentation as 'nymphs or fairies' in Shakespeare's historical

sources. The original text might well have contained something like the phrase found in Shakespeare's source. The Middletonian words and phrases in this speech transform the three figures into sexually ambiguous figures who could be played by adult male actors, rather than boys.

42-3 **chappy . . . skinny** These negative adjectives might be Middleton's rather than Shakespeare's.

70	by Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis but how of Cawdor the thane of Cawdor lives a prosperous gentleman and to be king stands not within the prospect of belief no more than to be Cawdor say from whence you owe this strange intelligence or why	with those of Norway or did line the rebel with hidden help and vantage or that with both he laboured in his country's wrack I know not but treasons capital confessed and proved have overthrown him	110
75	upon this blasted heath you stop our way with such prophetic greeting speak I charge you <i>witches vanish</i>	MACBETH Glamis and thane of Cawdor the greatest is behind thanks for your pains do you not hope your children shall be kings when those that gave to me the thane of Cawdor promised no less to them	115
	BANQUO the earth hath bubbles as the water has and these are of them whither are they vanished	BANQUO that trusted home might yet enkindle you unto the crown besides the thane of Cawdor but 'tis strange	120
80	MACBETH into the air and what seemed corporal melted as breath into the wind would they had stayed	and oftentimes to win us to our harm the instruments of darkness tell us truths win us with honest trifles to betray's in deepest consequence cousins a word I pray you	
	BANQUO were such things here as we do speak about or have we eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner	MACBETH two truths are told as happy prologues to the swelling act of the imperial theme I thank you gentlemen this supernatural soliciting cannot be ill cannot be good if ill	125
	MACBETH your children shall be kings	why hath it given me earnest of success commencing in a truth I am thane of Cawdor if good why do I yield to that suggestion whose horrid image doth unfix my hair and make my seated heart knock at my ribs against the use of nature present fears are less than horrible imaginings my thought whose murder yet is but fantastical shakes so my single state of man that function is smothered in surmise and nothing is but what is not	130
85	BANQUO and thane of Cawdor too went it not so		
	BANQUO to th' selfsame tune and words who's here <i>enter Ross and Angus</i>		
	ROSS the king hath happily received Macbeth the news of thy success and when he reads thy personal venture in the rebels' fight his wonders and his praises do contend which should be thine or his silenced with that in viewing o'er the rest o'th' selfsame day he finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks nothing afraid of what thyself didst make strange images of death as thick as hail came post with post and every one did bear thy praises in his kingdom's great defence and poured them down before him		135
90		BANQUO look how our partner's rapt	140
95		MACBETH if chance will have me king why chance may crown me without my stir	
	ANGUS we are sent to give thee from our royal master thanks only to herald thee into his sight not pay thee	BANQUO new honours come upon him like our strange garments cleave not to their mould but with the aid of use	
100		MACBETH come what come may time and the hour runs through the roughest day	145
	ROSS and for an earnest of a greater honour he bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor in which addition hail most worthy thane for it is thine	BANQUO worthy Macbeth we stay upon your leisure	
105	BANQUO what can the devil speak true	MACBETH give me your favour my dull brain was wrought with things forgotten kind gentlemen your pains are registered where every day I turn the leaf to read them let us toward the king think upon what hath chanced and at more time the interim having weighed it let us speak our free hearts each to other	150
	MACBETH the thane of Cawdor lives why do you dress me in borrowed robes	BANQUO very gladly	
	ANGUS who was the thane lives yet but under heavy judgement bears that life which he deserves to lose whether he was combined	MACBETH till then enough come friends	<i>exeunt</i> 155

Act I Scene 4

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

I.4 Sc. 4 I.4
flourish enter King Lennox Malcolm Donalbain and attendants

KING
is execution done on Cawdor or are not those in commission yet returned

MALCOLM my liege
they are not yet come back but I have spoke with one that saw him die who did report
5 that very frankly he confessed his treasons implored your highness pardon and set forth a deep repentance nothing in his life became him like the leaving it he died as one that had been studied in his death
10 to throw away the dearest thing he owed as 'twere a careless trifle

KING there's no art to find the mind's construction in the face he was a gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust

enter Macbeth Banquo Ross and Angus
O worthiest cousin

15 the sin of my ingratitude even now was heavy on me thou art so far before that swiftest wing of recompense is slow to overtake thee would thou hadst less deserved that the proportion both of thanks and payment
20 might have been mine only I have left to say more is thy due than more than all can pay

MACBETH
the service and the loyalty I owe in doing pays itself your highness' part is to receive our duties and our duties
25 are to your throne and state children and servants which do but what they should by doing everything safe toward your love and honour

KING welcome hither
I have begun to plant thee and will labour to make thee full of growing noble Banquo
30 that hast no less deserved nor must be known no less to have done so let me enfold thee and hold thee to my heart

BANQUO there if I grow the harvest is your own

KING my plenteous joys wanton in fullness seek to hide themselves
35 in drops of sorrow sons kinsmen thanes and you whose places are the nearest know we will establish our estate upon our eldest Malcolm whom we name hereafter the prince of Cumberland which honour must
40 not unaccompanied invest him only but signs of nobleness like stars shall shine on all deserves from hence to Inverness and bind us further to you

MACBETH
the rest is labour which is not used for you
45 I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful

the hearing of my wife with your approach so humbly take my leave

KING my worthy Cawdor

MACBETH
the prince of Cumberland that is a step on which I must fall down or else o'erleap
50 for in my way it lies stars hide your fires let not light see my black and deep desires the eye wink at the hand yet let that be which the eye fears when it is done to see exit

KING
true worthy Banquo he is full so valiant and in his commendations I am fed
55 it is a banquet to me let's after him whose care is gone before to bid us welcome it is a peerless kinsman flourish exeunt

Sc. 5 I.5

enter Macbeth's wife alone with a letter

LADY they met me in the day of success and I have learned by the perfect'st report they have more in them than mortal knowledge when I burned in desire to question them further they made themselves air into which they vanished whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came
5 missives from the king who all-hailed me thane of Cawdor by which title before these weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the coming on of time with hail king that shalt be this have I thought good to deliver thee my dearest partner of greatness that thou
10 mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee lay it to thy heart and farewell

Glamis thou art and Cawdor and shalt be what thou art promised yet do I fear thy nature
15 it is too full o'th' milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way thou wouldst be great art not without ambition but without the illness should attend it what thou wouldst highly that wouldst thou holily wouldst not play false
20 and yet wouldst wrongly win thou'dst have great Glamis

that which cries thus thou must do if thou have it and that which rather thou dost fear to do than wishest should be undone hie thee hither
25 that I may pour my spirits in thine ear and chastise with the valour of my tongue all that impedes thee from the golden round which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem to have thee crowned withal

enter messenger

what is your tidings

MESSENGER
the king comes here tonight

LADY thou'rt mad to say it
30 is not thy master with him who were't so would have informed for preparation

MESSENGER
so please you it is true our thane is coming

one of my fellows had the speed of him
 35 who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
 than would make up his message
 LADY give him tending
 he brings great news *exit messenger*
 the raven himself is hoarse
 that croaks the fatal ent'rance of Duncan
 under my battlements come you spirits
 40 that tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
 and fill me from the crown to the toe topfull
 of direst cruelty make thick my blood
 stop up th'access and passage to remorse
 that no compunctious visitings of nature
 45 shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between
 th'effect and it come to my woman's breasts
 and take my milk for gall you murd'ring ministers
 wherever in your sightless substances
 you wait on nature's mischief come thick night
 50 and pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell
 that my keen knife see not the wound it makes
 nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
 to cry hold hold
enter Macbeth
 great Glamis worthy Cawdor
 greater than both by the all-hail hereafter
 55 thy letters have transported me beyond
 this ignorant present and I feel now
 the future in the instant
 MACBETH my dearest love
 Duncan comes here tonight
 LADY and when goes hence
 MACBETH
 tomorrow as he purposes
 LADY O never
 60 shall sun that morrow see
 your face my thane is as a book where men
 may read strange matters to beguile the time
 look like the time bear welcome in your eye
 your hand your tongue look like the innocent flower
 65 but be the serpent under't he that's coming
 must be provided for and you shall put
 this night's great business into my dispatch
 which shall to all our nights and days to come
 give solely sovereign sway and masterdom
 MACBETH
 we will speak further
 70 LADY only look up clear
 to alter favour ever is to fear
 leave all the rest to me *exeunt*
 1.6 *Sc. 6 1.6*
oboes and torches enter King Malcolm Donalbain
Banquo Lennox Macduff Ross Angus and
attendants
 KING
 this castle hath a pleasant seat the air
 nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
 unto our gentle senses
 BANQUO this guest of summer
 the temple-haunting martlet does approve
 by his loved masonry that the heavens' breath
 5 smells wooingly here no jutting frieze
 buttress nor coign of vantage but this bird
 hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle
 where they must breed and haunt I have observed
 the air is delicate
enter Lady
 KING see see our honoured hostess
 10 the love that follows us sometime is our trouble
 which still we thank as love herein I teach you
 how you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains
 and thank us for your trouble
 LADY all our service
 in every point twice done and then done double
 15 were poor and single business to contend
 against those honours deep and broad wherewith
 your majesty loads our house for those of old
 and the late dignities heaped up to them
 we rest your hermits
 KING where's the thane of Cawdor
 20 we coursed him at the heels and had a purpose
 to be his purveyor but he rides well
 and his great love sharp as his spur hath hold him
 to his home before us fair and noble hostess
 we are your guest tonight
 LADY your servants ever
 25 have theirs themselves and what is theirs in count
 to make their audit at your highness' pleasure
 still to return your own
 KING give me your hand
 conduct me to mine host we love him highly
 and shall continue our graces towards him
 30 by your leave hostess *exeunt*
Sc. 7 1.7
oboes torches enter a sewer and divers servants
with dishes and service over the stage then enter
Macbeth
 MACBETH
 if it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well
 it were done quickly if th'assassination
 could trammel up the consequence and catch
 with his surcease success that but this blow
 might be the be-all and the end-all here
 5 but here upon this bank and shoal of time
 we'd jump the life to come but in these cases
 we still have judgement here that we but teach
 bloody instructions which being taught return
 to plague th'inventor this even-handed justice
 commends th'ingredience of our poisoned chalice
 10 to our own lips he's here in double trust
 first as I am his kinsman and his subject
 strong both against the deed then as his host
 who should against his murderer shut the door
 not bear the knife myself besides this Duncan
 15 hath borne his faculties so meek hath been

20	so clear in his great office that his virtues will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off and pity like a naked new-born babe striding the blast or heavens cherubin horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air shall blow the horrid deed in every eye that tears shall drown the wind I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent but only vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on th'other	that memory the warder of the brain shall be a fume and the receipt of reason a limbeck only when in swinish sleep their drenchèd natures lie as in a death what cannot you and I perform upon th'unguarded Duncan what not put upon his spongy officers who shall bear the guilt of our great quell	65
25	<i>enter Lady</i> LADY how now what news LADY he has almost supped why have you left the chamber MACBETH hath he asked for me	MACBETH bring forth men children only for thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males will it not be received when we have marked with blood those sleepy two of his own chamber and used their very daggers that they have done't	70 75
30	LADY know you not he has MACBETH we will proceed no further in this business he hath honoured me of late and I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people which would be worn now in their newest gloss not cast aside so soon	MACBETH I am settled and bend up each corporal agent to this terrible feat away and mock the time with fairest show false face must hide what the false heart doth know	80 <i>exeunt</i>
35	LADY was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself hath it slept since and wakes it now to look so green and pale at what it did so freely from this time such I account thy love art thou afeard to be the same in thine own act and valour as thou art in desire wouldst thou have that which thou esteem'st the ornament of life and live a coward in thine own esteem letting I dare not wait upon I would like the poor cat i'th' adage		
40	LADY what beast was't then that made you break this enterprise to me when you durst do it then you were a man and to be more than what you were you would be so much more the man nor time nor place did then adhere and yet you would make both they have made themselves and that their fitness now does unmake you I have given suck and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me I would while it was smiling in my face have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums and dashed the brains out had I so sworn as you have done to this	<i>Sc. 8 2.1</i> <i>incipit actus secundus</i> <i>enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch before him</i> BANQUO how goes the night boy FLEANCE the moon is down I have not heard the clock BANQUO and she goes down at twelve FLEANCE I take't 'tis later sir BANQUO hold take my sword there's husbandry in heaven their candles are all out take thee that too a heavy summons lies like lead upon me and yet I would not sleep merciful powers restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature gives way to in repose <i>enter Macbeth and a servant with a torch</i> give me my sword who's there	2.1 5 10
45	MACBETH prithee peace I dare do all that may become a man who dares do more is none	MACBETH being unprepared our will became the servant to defect which else should free have wrought	
50	LADY what beast was't then that made you break this enterprise to me when you durst do it then you were a man and to be more than what you were you would be so much more the man nor time nor place did then adhere and yet you would make both they have made themselves and that their fitness now does unmake you I have given suck and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me I would while it was smiling in my face have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums and dashed the brains out had I so sworn as you have done to this	BANQUO a friend BANQUO what sir not yet at rest the king's a-bed he hath been in unusual pleasure and sent forth great largesse to your offices this diàmond he greets your wife withal by th' name of most kind hostess and shut up in measureless content	15
55	MACBETH if we should fail LADY we fail but screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail when Duncan is asleep where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey soundly invite him his two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so convince	MACBETH I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters to you they have showed some truth MACBETH I think not of them	20

yet when we can entreat an hour to serve
 we would spend it in some words upon that business
 if you would grant the time

BANQUO at your kind'st leisure

MACBETH if you shall cleave to my consent when 'tis
 it shall make honour for you

25 BANQUO so I lose none
 in seeking to augment it but still keep
 my bosom franchised and allegiance clear
 I shall be counselled

MACBETH good repose the while

30 BANQUO thanks sir the like to you
exit Banquo [with Fleance]

MACBETH go bid thy mistress when my drink is ready
 she strike upon the bell get thee to bed *exit servant*
 is this a dagger which I see before me
 the handle toward my hand come let me clutch thee

35 I have thee not and yet I see thee still
 art thou not fatal vision sensible
 to feeling as to sight or art thou but
 a dagger of the mind a false creation
 proceeding from the heat oppress'd brain

40 I see thee yet in form as palpable
 as this which now I draw
 thou marshall'st me the way that I was going
 and such an instrument I was to use
 mine eyes are made the fools o'th'other senses

45 or else worth all the rest I see thee still
 and on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood
 which was not so before there's no such thing
 it is the bloody business which informs
 thus to mine eyes now o'er the one half world

50 nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse
 the curtained sleep witchcraft celebrates
 pale Hecate's offerings and withered murder
 alarumed by his sentinel the wolf
 whose howl's his watch thus with his stealthy pace

55 with Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design
 moves like a ghost thou sure and firm-set earth
 hear not my steps which way they walk for fear
 thy very stones prate of my whereabouts
 and take the present horror from the time
 which now suits with it whiles I threat he lives
 words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives
a bell rings
 I go and it is done the bell invites me
 hear it not Duncan for it is a knell
 that summons thee to heaven or to hell *exit*

2.2 *Sc. 9 2.2*
enter Lady

LADY that which hath made them drunk hath made me
 bold
 what hath quenched them hath given me fire

[*an owl shrieks within*]

hark peace
 it was the owl that shrieked the fatal bellman
 which gives the stern'st good-night he is about it
 the doors are open and the surfeited grooms
 do mock their charge with snores I have drugged their
 5 possets
 that death and nature do contend about them
 whether they live or die
enter Macbeth [above]

MACBETH who's there what ho *[exit]*

LADY alack I am afraid they have awaked
 and 'tis not done th'attempt and not the deed
 confounds us hark I laid their daggers ready
 he could not miss 'em had he not resembled
 my father as he slept I had done't
 [enter Macbeth below]

my husband

MACBETH I have done the deed didst thou not hear a noise

LADY I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry
 did not you speak

15

MACBETH when

LADY now

MACBETH as I descended

LADY ay

MACBETH hark who lies i'th' second chamber

LADY Donalbain

MACBETH this is a sorry sight

LADY a foolish thought to say a sorry sight

MACBETH there's one did laugh in's sleep and one cried murder
 that they did wake each other I stood and heard them
 but they did say their prayers and addressed them
 again to sleep

20

LADY there are two lodged together

MACBETH one cried God bless us and amen the other
 as they had seen me with these hangman's hands
 list'ning their fear I could not say amen
 when they did say God bless us

25

LADY consider it not so deeply

MACBETH but wherefore could not I pronounce amen
 I had most need of blessing and amen
 stuck in my throat

30

LADY these deeds must not be thought
 after these ways so it will make us mad

MACBETH methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more
 Macbeth does murder sleep the innocent sleep

35 sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care
the death of each day's life sore labour's bath
balm of hurt minds great nature's second course
chief nourisher in life's feast

LADY what do you mean

MACBETH still it cried sleep no more to all the house
40 Glamis hath murdered sleep and therefore Cawdor
shall sleep no more Macbeth shall sleep no more

LADY who was it that thus cried why worthy thane
you do unbend your noble strength to think
so brain-sickly of things go get some water
45 and wash this filthy witness from your hand
why did you bring these daggers from the place
they must lie there go carry them and smear
the sleepy grooms with blood

MACBETH I'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done
look on't again I dare not

50 LADY infirm of purpose
give me the daggers the sleeping and the dead
are but as pictures 'tis the eye of childhood
that fears a painted devil if he do bleed
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal
for it must seem their guilt *exit*

knock *within*

55 MACBETH whence is that knocking
how is't with me when every noise appals me
what hands are here ha they pluck out mine eyes
will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
clean from my hand no this my hand will rather
60 the multitudinous seas incarnadine
making the green one red
enter Lady

LADY my hands are of your colour but I shame
to wear a heart so white
knock *within*

I hear a knocking
at the south entry retire we to our chamber
65 a little water clears us of this deed
how easy is it then your constancy
hath left you unattended
knock *within*

hark more knocking
get on your nightgown lest occasion call us
and show us to be watchers be not lost
70 so poorly in your thoughts

MACBETH to know my deed 'twere best not know myself
knock *within*
wake Duncan with thy knocking I would thou couldst
exeunt

Sc. 10 2.3 2.3
enter a porter
knocking *within*
PORTER here's a knocking indeed if a man were porter of
hell gate he should have old turning the key
knock *within*
knock knock knock who's there i'th' name of Beelzebub
here's a farmer that hanged himself on th'expectation
of plenty come in time hanger have napkins enough 5
about you here you'll sweat for't
knock *within*
knock knock who's there in th'other devil's name
faith here's an equivocator that could swear in both
the scales against either scale who committed treason
enough for God's sake yet could not equivocate to 10
heaven O come in equivocator
knock *within*
knock knock knock who's there faith here's an English
tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose
come in tailor here you may roast your goose
knock *within*
knock knock never at quiet what are you but this place 15
is too cold for hell I'll devil-porter it no further I had
thought to have let in some of all professions that go
the primrose way to th'everlasting bonfire
knock *within*
anon anon
[*he opens the gate*]
I pray you remember the porter 20
enter Macduff and Lennox

MACDUFF was it so late friend ere you went to bed
that you do lie so late
PORTER faith sir we were carousing till the second cock
and drink sir is a great provoker of three things
MACDUFF what three things does drink especially provoke 25
PORTER marry sir nose-painting sleep and urine lechery sir
it provokes and unprovokes it provokes the desire but it
takes away the performance therefore much drink may
be said to be an equivocator with lechery it makes him
and it mars him it sets him on and it takes him off it 30
persuades him and disheartens him makes him stand
to and not stand to in conclusion equivocates him in a
sleep and giving him the lie leaves him
MACDUFF I believe drink gave thee the lie last night
PORTER that it did sir i' the very throat on me but I requited 35
him for his lie and I think being too strong for him
though he took up my legs sometime yet I made a shift
to cast him
MACDUFF is thy master stirring
enter Macbeth
our knocking has awaked him here he comes 40
[*exit porter*]

LENNOX
 good morrow noble sir
 MACBETH good morrow both
 MACDUFF
 is the king stirring worthy thane
 MACBETH not yet
 MACDUFF
 he did command me to call timely on him
 I have almost slipped the hour
 MACBETH I'll bring you to him
 MACDUFF
 45 I know this is a joyful trouble to you
 but yet 'tis one
 MACBETH
 the labour we delight in physics pain
 this is the door
 MACDUFF I'll make so bold to call
 for 'tis my limited service *exit Macduff*
 LENNOX
 goes the king hence today
 50 MACBETH he does he did appoint so
 LENNOX
 the night has been unruly where we lay
 our chimneys were blown down and as they say
 lamentings heard i'th'air strange screams of death
 and prophesying with accents terrible
 55 of dire combustion and confused events
 new-hatched to th' woeful time the obscure bird
 clamoured the livelong night some say the earth
 was feverous and did shake
 MACBETH 'twas a rough night
 LENNOX
 my young remembrance cannot parallel
 a fellow to it
enter Macduff
 60 MACDUFF O horror horror horror
 tongue nor heart cannot conceive nor name thee
 MACBETH and LENNOX what's the matter
 MACDUFF
 confusion now hath made his masterpiece
 most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
 65 the Lord's anointed temple and stole thence
 the life o'th' building
 MACBETH what is't you say the life
 LENNOX mean you his majesty
 MACDUFF
 approach the chamber and destroy your sight
 70 with a new Gorgon do not bid me speak
 see and then speak yourselves
exeunt Macbeth and Lennox
 awake awake
 ring the alarum bell murder and treason
 Banquo and Donalbain Malcolm awake
 shake off this downy sleep death's counterfeit
 75 and look on death itself up and see

the great doom's image Malcolm Banquo
 as from your graves rise up and walk like sprites
 to countenance this horror
bell rings enter Lady
 LADY what's the business
 that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
 the sleepers of the house speak speak
 MACDUFF O gentle lady 80
 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak
 the repetition in a woman's ear
 would murder as it fell
enter Banquo
 O Banquo Banquo
 our royal master's murdered
 LADY woe alas
 what in our house
 BANQUO too cruel anywhere 85
 dear Duff I prithee contradict thyself
 and say it is not so
enter Macbeth Lennox and Ross
 MACBETH
 had I but died an hour before this chance
 I had lived a blessed time for from this instant
 there's nothing serious in mortality 90
 all is but toys renown and grace is dead
 the wine of life is drawn and the mere lees
 is left this vault to brag of
enter Malcolm and Donalbain
 DONALBAIN what is amiss
 MACBETH you are and do not know't 95
 the spring the head the fountain of your blood
 is stopped the very source of it is stopped
 MACDUFF
 your royal father's murdered
 MALCOLM O by whom
 LENNOX
 those of his chamber as it seemed had done't
 their hands and faces were all badged with blood 100
 so were their daggers which unwiped we found
 upon their pillows they stared and were distracted
 no man's life was to be trusted with them
 MACBETH
 O yet I do repent me of my fury
 that I did kill them
 MACDUFF wherefore did you so 105
 MACBETH
 who can be wise amazed temp'rate and furious
 loyal and neutral in a moment no man
 th'expedition of my violent love
 outran the pauser reason here lay Duncan
 his silver skin laced with his golden blood 110
 and his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
 for ruin's wasteful entrance there the murderers
 steeped in the colours of their trade their daggers
 unmannerly breeched with gore who could refrain

2.3.87.1 *and Ross* probably a remnant of the original, more expansive version of the scene.

115	that had a heart to love and in that heart courage to make's love known	thou seest the heavens as troubled with man's act threatens his bloody stage by th' clock 'tis day and yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp is't night's predominance or the day's shame that darkness does the face of earth entomb when living light should kiss it	5
	LADY help me hence ho		
	MACDUFF look to the lady		
	MALCOLM why do we hold our tongues that most may claim this argument for ours	OLD MAN 'tis unnatural	10
	DONALBAIN what should be spoken here where our fate hid in an auger hole may rush and seize us let's away our tears are not yet brewed	even like the deed that's done on Tuesday last a falcon tow'ring in her pride of place was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed	
120	MALCOLM nor our strong sorrow upon the foot of motion	ROSS and Duncan's horses a thing most strange and certain beauteous and swift the minions of their race turned wild in nature broke their stalls flung out contending 'gainst obedience as they would make war with mankind	15
	BANQUO look to the lady [<i>exit Lady attended</i>]	OLD MAN 'tis said they ate each other	
	and when we have our naked frailties hid that suffer in exposure let us meet and question this most bloody piece of work to know it further fears and scruples shake us in the great hand of God I stand and thence against the undivulged pretence I fight of treasonous malice	ROSS they did so to th'amazement of mine eyes that looked upon't <i>enter Macduff</i> here comes the good Macduff	20
	MACDUFF and so do I	MACDUFF how goes the world sir now	
	ALL so all	MACDUFF why see you not	
	MACBETH	ROSS	
130	let's briefly put on manly readiness and meet i'th' hall together	is't known who did this more than bloody deed	
	ALL well contented	MACDUFF those that Macbeth hath slain	
	<i>exeunt [all but Malcolm and Donalbain]</i>	ROSS alas the day what good could they pretend	
	MALCOLM what will you do let's not consort with them to show an unfelt sorrow is an office which the false man does easy I'll to England	MACDUFF they were suborned Malcolm and Donalbain the king's two sons are stol'n away and fled which puts upon them suspicion of the deed	25
	DONALBAIN to Ireland I our separated fortune shall keep us both the safer where we are there's daggers in men's smiles the nea'er in blood the nearer bloody	ROSS 'gainst nature still thrifless ambition that will raven up thine own life's means then 'tis most like the sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth	30
135	MALCOLM this murderous shaft that's shot hath not yet lighted and our safest way is to avoid the aim therefore to horse and let us not be dainty of leave-taking but shift away there's warrant in that theft which steals itself when there's no mercy left	MACDUFF he is already named and gone to Scone to be invested	
140	<i>exeunt</i>	ROSS where is Duncan's body MACDUFF carried to Colmekill the sacred storehouse of his predecessors and guardian of their bones	35
2.4	<i>Sc. II 2.4</i> <i>enter Ross with an old man</i>	ROSS will you to Scone	
	OLD MAN threescore and ten I can remember well within the volume of which time I have seen hours dreadful and things strange but this sore night hath trifled former knowings	MACDUFF no cousin I'll to Fife	
	ROSS ha good father	ROSS well I will thither	
		MACDUFF well may you see things well done there adieu lest our old robes sit easier than our new	
		ROSS farewell father	40

117, 122 **look to the lady** The repetition of this phrase suggests that the intervening lines by Malcolm and Donalbain may have been added; if so, they were

probably transferred from another scene of the original, since the writing seems clearly to be Shakespeare's.

	OLD MAN	God's benison go with you and with those that would make good of bad and friends of foes <i>exeunt omnes [severally]</i>	
		⊗	
3.1	<i>Sc. 12 3.1</i> <i>incipit actus tertius</i> <i>enter Banquo</i>		
	BANQUO	thou hast it now king Cawdor Glamis all as the weird women promised and I fear thou played'st most foully for't yet it was said it should not stand in thy posterity 5 but that myself should be the root and father of many kings if there come truth from them as upon thee Macbeth their speeches shine why by the verities on thee made good may they not be my oracles as well 10 and set me up in hope but hush no more <i>semet sounded enter Macbeth as king Lady [as queen] Lennox Ross lords and attendants</i>	
	MACBETH	here's our chief guest	
	LADY	if he had been forgotten it had been as a gap in our great feast and all-thing unbecoming	
	MACBETH	tonight we hold a solemn supper sir and I'll request your presence	
15	BANQUO	let your highness command upon me to the which my duties are with a most indissoluble tie for ever knit	
	MACBETH	ride you this afternoon	
20	BANQUO	ay my good lord	
	MACBETH	we should have else desired your good advice which still hath been both grave and prosperous in this day's council but we'll talk tomorrow is't far you ride	
	BANQUO	as far my lord as will fill up the time 'twixt this and supper go not my horse the better I must become a borrower of the night for a dark hour or twain	
	MACBETH	fail not our feast	
30	BANQUO	my lord I will not	
	MACBETH	we hear our bloody cousins are bestowed in England and in Ireland not confessing their cruel parricide filling their hearers with strange invention but of that tomorrow when therewithal we shall have cause of state 35 craving us jointly hie you to horse adieu till you return at night goes Fleance with you	
	BANQUO	ay my good lord our time does call upon's	
	MACBETH	I wish your horses swift and sure of foot and so I do commend you to their backs farewell 40 let every man be master of his time till seven at night to make society the sweeter welcome we will keep ourself till supper time alone while then God be with you 45 <i>exeunt [all but Macbeth and a servant]</i> sirrah a word attend those men our pleasure	40
	SERVANT	they are my lord without the palace gate	
	MACBETH	bring them before us 50 to be thus is nothing but to be safely thus our fears in Banquo stick deep and in his royalty of nature reigns that which would be feared 'tis much he dares and to that dauntless temper of his mind he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety there is none but he whose being I do fear and under him 55 my genius is rebuked as it is said Mark Antony's was by Caesar he chid the sisters when first they put the name of king upon me and bade them speak to him then prophet-like they hailed him father to a line of kings 60 upon my head they placed a fruitless crown and put a barren sceptre in my grip thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand no son of mine succeeding if't be so for Banquo's issue have I filed my mind 65 for them the gracious Duncan have I murdered put rancours in the vessel of my peace only for them and mine eternal jewel given to the common enemy of man to make them kings the seeds of Banquo kings 70 rather than so come fate into the list and champion me to th'utterance who's there <i>enter servant and two murderers</i> now go to the door and stay there till we call 75 <i>exit servant</i> was it not yesterday we spoke together	45
	MURDERERS	it was so please your highness	
	MACBETH	well then now 75 have you considered of my speeches know that it was he in the times past which held you so under fortune which you thought had been our innocent self this I made good to you in our last conference passed in probation with you 80 how you were borne in hand how crossed the instru- ments who wrought with them and all things else that might to half a soul and to a notion crazed	80

	say thus did Banquo	I will advise you where to plant yourselves	
	FIRST MURDERER you made it known to us	acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time	130
	MACBETH	the moment on't for't must be done tonight	
85	I did so and went further which is now	and something from the palace always thought	
	our point of second meeting do you find	that I require a clearness and with him	
	your patience so predominant in your nature	to leave no rubs nor botches in the work	
	that you can let this go are you so gospelled	Fleance his son that keeps him company	135
90	to pray for this good man and for his issue	whose absence is no less material to me	
	whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave	than is his father's must embrace the fate	
	and beggared yours for ever	of that dark hour resolve yourselves apart	
	FIRST MURDERER we are men my liege	I'll come to you anon	
	MACBETH	MURDERERS we are resolved my lord	
	ay in the catalogue ye go for men	MACBETH	
	as hounds and greyhounds mongrels spaniels curs	I'll call upon you straight abide within	140
	shoughs water rugs and demi-wolves are clept	[<i>exeunt murderers</i>]	
95	all by the name of dogs the valued file	it is concluded Banquo thy soul's flight	
	distinguishes the swift the slow the subtle	if it find heaven must find it out tonight	[<i>exit</i>]
	the housekeeper the hunter every one		
	according to the gift which bounteous nature	<i>Sc. 13 3.2</i>	3.2
	hath in him closed whereby he does receive	<i>enter Macbeth's Lady and a servant</i>	
100	particular addition from the bill	LADY is Banquo gone from court	
	that writes them all alike and so of men	SERVANT	
	now if you have a station in the file	ay madam but returns again tonight	
	not i'th' worst rank of manhood say't	LADY	
	and I will put that business in your bosoms	say to the king I would attend his leisure	
105	whose execution takes your enemy off	for a few words	
	grapples you to the heart and love of us	SERVANT madam I will	<i>exit</i> 5
	who wear our health but sickly in his life	LADY naught's had all's spent	
	which in his death were perfect	where our desire is got without content	
	SECOND MURDERER I am one my liege	'tis safer to be that which we destroy	
	whom the vile blows and buffets of the world	than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy	
110	hath so incensed that I am reckless what	<i>enter Macbeth</i>	
	I do to spite the world	how now my lord why do you keep alone	10
	FIRST MURDERER and I another	of sorriest fancies your companions making	
	so weary with disasters tugged with fortune	using those thoughts which should indeed have died	
	that I would set my life on any chance	with them they think on things without all remedy	
	to mend it or be rid on't	should be without regard what's done is done	
	MACBETH both of you	MACBETH	
	know Banquo was your enemy	we have scorched the snake not killed it	15
115	MURDERERS true my lord	she'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice	
	MACBETH	remains in danger of her former tooth	
	so is he mine and in such bloody distance	but let the frame of things disjoint both the worlds	
	that every minute of his being thrusts	suffer	
	against my near'st of life and though I could	ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep	
	with barefaced power sweep him from my sight	in the affliction of these terrible dreams	20
120	and bid my will avouch it yet I must not	that shake us nightly better be with the dead	
	for certain friends that are both his and mine	whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace	
	whose loves I may not drop but wail his fall	than on the torture of the mind to lie	
	who I myself struck down and thence it is	in restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave	
	that I to your assistance do make love	after life's fitful fever he sleeps well	25
125	masking the business from the common eye	treason has done his worst nor steel nor poison	
	for sundry weighty reasons	malice domestic foreign levy nothing	
	SECOND MURDERER we shall my lord	can touch him further	
	perform what you command us	LADY come on gentle my lord	
	FIRST MURDERER though our lives	sleek o'er your rugged looks be bright and jovial	
	MACBETH	among your guests tonight	
	your spirits shine through you within this hour at	MACBETH so shall I love	30
	most	and so I pray be you let your remembrance	

apply to Banquo present him eminence
 both with eye and tongue unsafe the while that we
 must lave our honours in these flattering streams
 35 and make our faces visors to our hearts
 disguising what they are

LADY you must leave this

MACBETH

O full of scorpions is my mind dear wife
 thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives

LADY

but in them nature's copy's not eterne

MACBETH

40 there's comfort yet they are assailable
 then be thou jocund ere the bat hath flown
 his cloistered flight ere to black Hecate's summons
 the shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums
 hath rung night's yawning peal there shall be done
 a deed of dreadful note

45 LADY what's to be done

MACBETH

be innocent of the knowledge dearest chuck
 till thou applaud the deed come seeling night
 scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
 and with thy bloody and invisible hand

50 cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 which keeps me pale light thickens and the crow
 makes wing to th' rooky wood
 good things of day begin to droop and drowse
 whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse
 55 thou marvell'st at my words but hold thee still
 things bad begun make strong themselves by ill
 so prithee go with me *exeunt*

3-3 *Sc. 14 3-3*
enter three murderers

FIRST MURDERER

but who did bid thee join with us

THIRD MURDERER Macbeth

SECOND MURDERER

he needs not our mistrust since he delivers
 our offices and what we have to do
 to the direction just

FIRST MURDERER then stand with us

5 the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
 now spurs the lated traveller apace
 to gain the timely inn and near approaches
 the subject of our watch

THIRD MURDERER hark I hear horses

BANQUO (*within*)

give us a light there ho

SECOND MURDERER then 'tis he the rest

10 that are within the note of expectation
 already are i'th' court

FIRST MURDERER his horses go about

THIRD MURDERER

almost a mile but he does usually
 so all men do from hence to th' palace gate

make it their walk

enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch

SECOND MURDERER a light a light

THIRD MURDERER 'tis he

FIRST MURDERER stand to't

15

BANQUO

it will be rain tonight

FIRST MURDERER let it come down

[*first murderer strikes out the torch the others*
attack Banquo]

BANQUO

O treachery fly good Fleance fly fly fly

thou mayst revenge O slave [*he dies exit Fleance*]

THIRD MURDERER who did strike out the light

FIRST MURDERER was't not the way

20

THIRD MURDERER

there's but one down the son is fled

SECOND MURDERER

we have lost best half of our affair

FIRST MURDERER

well let's away and say how much is done

exeunt [with Banquo's body]

Sc. 15 3-4

3-4

banquet prepared enter Macbeth Lady Ross Lennox
lords and attendants [Lady sits]

MACBETH

you know your own degrees sit down at first and last
 the hearty welcome

LORDS thanks to your majesty

[*they sit*]

MACBETH

ourselves will mingle with society
 and play the humble host our hostess keeps her state
 but in best time we will require her welcome

5

LADY

pronounce it for me sir to all our friends
 for my heart speaks they are welcome

enter first murderer [to the door]

MACBETH

see they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks
 both sides are even here I'll sit i'th' midst
 be large in mirth anon we'll drink a measure
 the table round

10

[*Macbeth talks apart to first murderer*]

there's blood upon thy face

FIRST MURDERER 'tis Banquo's then

MACBETH

'tis better thee without than he within
 is he dispatched

FIRST MURDERER

my lord his throat is cut that I did for him

15

MACBETH

thou art the best o'th' cutthroats yet he's good
 that did the like for Fleance if thou didst it
 thou art the nonpareil

FIRST MURDERER most royal sir

Act 3 Scene 4

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

	Fleance is scaped	[<i>she speaks apart with Macbeth</i>]	
	MACBETH	are you a man	
20	then comes my fit again I had else been perfect whole as the marble founded as the rock as broad and general as the casing air but now I am cabined cribbed confined bound in to saucy doubts and fears but Banquo's safe	MACBETH ay and a bold one that dare look on that which might appal the devil	
	FIRST MURDERER	LADY O proper stuff	60
25	ay my good lord safe in a ditch he bides with twenty trenchèd gashes on his head the least a death to nature	this is the very painting of your fear this is the air-drawn dagger which you said led you to Duncan O these flaws and starts impostors to true fear would well become a woman's story at a winter's fire	
	MACBETH	authorized by her grandam shame itself	65
30	thanks for that there the grown serpent lies the worm that's fled hath nature that in time will venom breed no teeth for th' present get thee gone tomorrow we'll hear ourselves again <i>exit first murderer</i>	MACBETH prithee see there behold look lo how say you why what care I if thou canst nod speak too if charnel houses and our graves must send those that we bury back our monuments	70
	LADY	shall be the maws of kites <i>[exit ghost]</i>	
35	my royal lord you do not give the cheer the feast is sold that is not often vouched while 'tis a-making 'tis given with welcome to feed were best at home from thence the sauce to meat is ceremony meeting were bare without it <i>enter the ghost of Banquo and sits in Macbeth's place</i>	LADY what quite unmanned in folly	
	MACBETH	MACBETH if I stand here I saw him	
	sweet remembrancer now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both	LADY fie for shame	
	LENNOX may't please your highness sit	MACBETH blood hath been shed ere now i'th'olden time ere human statute purged the gentle weal	75
	MACBETH	ay and since too murders have been performed too terrible for the ear the time has been that when the brains were out the man would die and there an end but now they rise again with twenty mortal murders on their crowns and push us from our stools this is more strange than such a murder is	80
40	here had we now our country's honour roofed were the graced person of our Banquo present who may I rather challenge for unkindness than pity for mischance	LADY my worthy lord your noble friends do lack you	
	ROSS his absence sir lays blame upon his promise please't your highness to grace us with your royal company	MACBETH I do forget do not muse at me my most worthy friends I have a strange infirmity which is nothing to those that know me come love and health to all then I'll sit down give me some wine fill full <i>enter ghost</i>	85
	MACBETH	I drink to th' general joy of the whole table and to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss would he were here to all and him we thirst and all to all	90
45	LENNOX here is a place reserved sir	LORDS our duties and the pledge <i>[they drink]</i>	
	MACBETH where	MACBETH avaunt and quit my sight let the earth hide thee thy bones are marrowless thy blood is cold thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with	
	LENNOX	LADY think of this good peers	95
	here my good lord what is't that moves your highness	but as a thing of custom 'tis no other only it spoils the pleasure of the time	
	MACBETH	MACBETH what man dare I dare approach thou like the rugged Russian bear	
	which of you have done this		
	LORDS what my good lord		
50	MACBETH thou canst not say I did it never shake thy gory locks at me		
	ROSS [<i>rising</i>] gentlemen rise his highness is not well		
	LADY [<i>rising</i>] sit worthy friends my lord is often thus and hath been from his youth pray you keep seat the fit is momentary upon a thought		
55	he will again be well if much you note him you shall offend him and extend his passion feed and regard him not		

100	the armed rhinoceros or th'Hyrcan tiger take any shape but that and my firm nerves shall never tremble or be alive again and dare me to the desert with thy sword if trembling I inhabit then protest me	MACBETH	come we'll to sleep my strange and self abuse is the initiate fear that wants hard use we are yet but young in deed	3.5
105	the baby of a girl hence horrible shadow unreal mock'ry hence	[<i>exit ghost</i>]	<i>thunder enter the three witches meeting Hecate</i>	3.5
	why so being gone I am a man again pray you sit still	FIRST WITCH	why how now Hecate you look angerly	
	LADY you have displaced the mirth broke the good meeting with most admired disorder	HECATE	have I not reason beldams as you are saucy and overbold how did you dare to trade and traffic with Macbeth in riddles and affairs of death	5
110	MACBETH can such things be and overcome us like a summer's cloud without our special wonder you make me strange even to the disposition that I owe when now I think you can behold such sights and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks when mine is blanched with fear		and I the mistress of your charms the close contriver of all harms was never called to bear my part or show the glory of our art and which is worse all you have done hath been but for a wayward son spiteful and wrathful who as others do loves for his own ends not for you but make amends now get you gone and at the pit of Acheron	10
115	ROSS what sights my lord		meet me i'th' morning thither he will come to know his destiny your vessels and your spells provide your charms and everything beside I am for th'air this night I'll spend unto a dismal and a fatal end great business must be wrought ere noon upon the corner of the moon there hangs a vap'rous drop profound I'll catch it ere it come to ground and that distilled by magic sleights shall raise such artificial sprites as by the strength of their illusion shall draw him on to his confusion he shall spurn fate scorn death and bear his hopes 'bove wisdom grace and fear and you all know security is mortals' chiefest enemy	15
	LADY I pray you speak not he grows worse and worse question enrages him at once good night stand not upon the order of your going but go at once		<i>music and a song [by other witches]</i>	
	LENNOX good night and better health attend his majesty		[SINGING WITCHES] [<i>singing within</i>] Hecate Hecate Hecate O come away come away [<i>a cloud appears carrying a spirit like a cat</i>]	
120	LADY a kind good-night to all	[<i>exit lords</i>]		
	MACBETH it will have blood they say blood will have blood stones have been known to move and trees to speak augurs and understood relations have by maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth the secret'st man of blood what is the night		HECATE hark I am called my little spirit see sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me <i>the song</i>	20
125	LADY almost at odds with morning which is which		[FOURTH WITCH] (<i>in the air within</i>) come away come away Hecate Hecate O come away	25
	MACBETH how sayst thou that Macduff denies his person at our great bidding			
	LADY did you send to him sir			30
	MACBETH I hear it by the way but I will send there's not a one of them but in his house I keep a servant fee'd I will tomorrow and betimes I will to the weird sisters more shall they speak for now I am bent to know by the worst means the worst for mine own good all causes shall give way I am in blood stepped in so far that should I wade no more returning were as tedious as go o'er strange things I have in head that will to hand which must be acted ere they may be scanned			35
130	LADY you lack the season of all natures sleep			

3.5 A new scene, written entirely by Middleton, introducing Hecate and expanding the play's supernatural dimension. For

the song see also *The Witch* 3.3.39-72; an edition of the music appears in the *Companion*, p. 153. For the theatrical and

critical significance of this addition see Critical Introduction.

	HECATE		no nor the noise of waters' breach or cannon's throat our height can reach [<i>exeunt singing witches</i>]	
40	I come I come I come with all the speed I may with all the speed I may where's Stadlin		FIRST WITCH come let's make haste she'll soon be back again	<i>exeunt</i>
	[FIFTH WITCH] (<i>in the air within</i>) here			
	HECATE	where's Puckle		
	[SIXTH WITCH] (<i>in the air within</i>)	here	<i>Sc. 16 3.6</i>	3.6
	and Hoppo too and Hellwain too		<i>enter Lennox and another lord</i>	
	[FOURTH WITCH] (<i>in the air within</i>)		LENNOX	
45	we lack but you we lack but you come away make up the count		my former speeches have but hit your thoughts which can interpret farther only I say things have been strangely borne the gracious Duncan was pitied of Macbeth marry he was dead and the right valiant Banquo walked too late	5
	HECATE		whom you may say if't please you Fleance killed for Fleance fled men must not walk too late who cannot want the thought how monstèrous it was for Malcolm and for Donalbain to kill their gracious father damnèd fact	10
	I will but 'noint and then I mount I will but 'noint and then I mount <i>a spirit like a cat descends [the other three witches appear above]</i>		in pious rage the two delinquents tear that were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep was not that nobly done ay and wisely too for 'twould have angered any heart alive	15
	[FOURTH WITCH] (<i>above</i>) here comes one down to fetch his dues a kiss a coll a sip of blood and why thou stay'st so long		to hear the men deny't so that I say he has borne all things well and I do think that had he Duncan's sons under his key as an't please heaven he shall not they should find what 'twere to kill a father so should Fleance but peace for from broad words and 'cause he failed his presence at the tyrant's feast I hear Macduff lives in disgrace sir can you tell where he bestows himself	20
50	[CAT] I muse I muse		LORD	23a
	[FOURTH WITCH] since the air's so sweet and good		from whom this tyrant holds the due of birth	23b
	[HECATE] O art thou come		lives in the English court and is received	23c
	[CAT] what news what news		of the most pious Edward with such grace	23d
	[FIFTH WITCH] all goes still to our delight either come or else		that the malevolence of fortune nothing takes from his high respect thither Macduff is gone to pray the holy king upon his aid to wake Northumberland and warlike Siward that by the help of these with him above to ratify the work we may again	23e 23f 23g 23h 23i 23j
	[CAT] refuse refuse		give to our tables meat sleep to our nights free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives do faithful homage and receive free honours all which we pine for now and this report hath so exasperate their king that he prepares for some attempt of war	23k 23l 23m 23n 23o
55	HECATE now I am furnished for the flight <i>Hecate and the cat go up</i> now I go and now I fly Malkin my sweet spirit and I O what a dainty pleasure's this to ride in the air		LENNOX	23p
60	when the moon shines fair and feast and dance and toy and kiss over woods high rocks and mountains over seas our mistress fountains over steeples towers and turrets		[23q
65	we fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits no ring of bells to our ears sounds no howls of wolves nor yelps of hounds no nor the noise of waters' breach or cannon's throat our height can reach [<i>exeunt Hecate and the cat into the heavens</i>]		LORD	
	[SINGING WITCHES] (<i>above</i>) no ring of bells to our ears sounds no howls of wolves nor yelps of hounds		sent he to Macduff	

3.6.23-23p sir...war apparently intended for deletion, as part of the adaptation's diminution of the role of the Catholic

saint, England's King Edward the Confessor. The speech prefixes after the cut are confused.

	LORD LENNOX	i'th' shipman's card	3P
25	he did and with an absolute sir not I	I'll drain him dry as hay	3Q
	the cloudy messenger turns me his back	sleep shall neither night nor day	3R
	and hums as who should say you'll rue the time	hang upon his penthouse lid	3S
	that clogs me with this answer	he shall live a man forbid	3T
	LENNOX LORD and that well might	weary se'en-nights nine times nine	3U
	advise him to a caution t'hold what distance	shall he dwindle peak and pine	3V
	his wisdom can provide	though his barque cannot be lost	3W
30	LENNOX some holy angel	yet it shall be tempest-tossed	3X
30a	fly to the court of England and unfold	look what I have	
30b	his message ere he come that a swift blessing	SECOND show me show me	3Y
30c	may soon return to this our suffering country	FIRST	
	under a hand accursed	here I have a pilot's thumb	3Z
	LORD I'll send my prayers with him	wrecked as homeward he did come	3aa
	<i>exeunt</i>	[SECOND]	
		[]	3ab
		[THIRD]	
		[]	3ac
4.1	<i>Sc. 17 4.1</i>	FIRST	
	<i>incipit actus quartus</i>	round about the cauldron go	
	<i>[a cauldron] thunder</i>	in the poisoned entrails throw	5
	<i>enter the three weird sisters witches</i>	toad that under cold stone	
	FIRST	days and nights has thirty-one	
	thrice the brinded cat hath mewed	sweltered venom sleeping got	
	SECOND	boil thou first i'th' charmed pot	
	thrice and once the hedge-pig whined	ALL	
	THIRD	double double toil and trouble	10
	Harpier cries 'tis time 'tis time	fire burn and cauldron bubble	
	FIRST	SECOND	
3a	where hast thou been sister	fillet of a fenny snake	
	SECOND	in the cauldron boil and bake	
	killing swine	eye of newt and toe of frog	
3b	THIRD sister where thou	wool of bat and tongue of dog	15
	FIRST	adder's fork and blind-worm's sting	
3c	a sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap	lizard's leg and owlet's wing	
	and munched and munched and munched give me	for a charm of pow'rful trouble	
3d	quoth I	like a hell-broth boil and bubble	
3e	aroint thee witch the rump-fed runnion cries	ALL	
3f	her husband's to Aleppo gone master o'th' Tiger	double double toil and trouble	20
3g	but in a sieve I'll thither sail	fire burn and cauldron bubble	
3h	and like a rat without a tail	THIRD	
3i	I'll do I'll do and I'll do	scale of dragon tooth of wolf	
	SECOND	witch's mummy maw and gulf	
3j	I'll give thee a wind	of the ravined salt-sea shark	
	FIRST	root of hemlock digged i'th' dark	25
3k	thou'rt kind	liver of blaspheming Jew	
	THIRD	gall of goat and slips of yew	
3l	and I another	slivered in the moon's eclipse	
	FIRST	nose of Turk and Tartar's lips	
3m	I myself have all the other	finger of birth-strangled babe	30
3n	and the very ports they blow	ditch-delivered by a drab	
3o	all the quarters that they know	make the gruel thick and slab	

30-3.6.30.4 LENNOX some... accursed A continuation of the cut at 23-23p.

4.1.3a-aa FIRST where... come These lines fit the post-murder atmosphere of 4.1 better than the 'fairies and nymphs' of

1.3. Middleton might have moved them to the earlier scene in order to make room for Hecate, the charm song, and the apparitions here.

3ab-ac [SECOND]...[] A transitional

passage appears to be lost, with lines spoken by one or two of the other weird sisters, or all three together (perhaps the choral 'Double, double...?')

	add thereto a tiger's chaudron for th'ingredience of our cauldron		<i>enter Macbeth</i>	
35	ALL double double toil and trouble fire burn and cauldron bubble		MACBETH how now you secret black and midnight hags what is't you do	65
	SECOND cool it with a baboon's blood then the charm is firm and good <i>enter Hecate and the other three witches</i>		ALL BUT MACBETH a deed without a name	
40	HECATE O well done I commend your pains and everyone shall share i'th' gains and now about the cauldron sing like elves and fairies in a ring enchanting all that you put in <i>music and a charm song about a vessel</i>		MACBETH I conjure you by that which you profess howe'er you come to know it answer me though you untie the winds and let them fight against the churches though the yeasty waves confound and swallow navigation up though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down though castles topple on their warders' heads though palaces and pyramids do slope their heads to their foundations though the treasure of nature's germens tumble all together even till destruction sicken answer me to what I ask you	70
45	black spirits and white red spirits and grey mingle mingle mingle you that mingle may Titty Tiffin keep it stiff in Fire-Drake Puckey make it lucky Liard Robin you must bob in		FIRST speak SECOND demand THIRD we'll answer	75
50	[ALL] round around around about about all ill come running in all good keep out		MACBETH []	78a
	[FOURTH WITCH] here's the blood of a bat		HECATE say if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths or from our masters	
	HECATE put in that O put in that		MACBETH call 'em let me see 'em	80
	[FIFTH WITCH] here's leopard's bane		HECATE pour in sow's blood that hath eaten her nine farrow grease that's sweated from the murderers' gibbet throw into the flame	
55	HECATE put in a grain		[ALL BUT MACBETH] come high or low thy self and office deftly show <i>thunder first apparition an armed head</i>	85
	[FOURTH WITCH] the juice of toad the oil of adder those will make the charm grow madder		MACBETH tell me thou unknown power	
	[FIFTH WITCH] put in there's all and rid the stench		HECATE he knows thy thought hear his speech but say thou naught	
	[HECATE] nay here's three ounces of a red-haired wench		FIRST APPARITION Macbeth Macbeth Macbeth beware Macduff beware the thane of Fife dismiss me enough <i>he descends</i>	
60	[ALL] round around around about about all ill come running in all good keep out		MACBETH time thou anticipat'st my dread exploits the castle of Macduff I will surprise seize upon Fife give to th'edge o'th' sword his wife his babes and all unfortunate souls	89a 89b 89c 89d
	SECOND by the pricking of my thumbs something wicked this way comes [<i>knock within</i>] open locks whoever knocks			

38.1-4.1.60 *enter...out* Another expansion of the supernatural dimension, like the addition of 3.5. For the song see also *The Witch* 5.2.63-79 and *Companion*, p. 158.

38.1 *the other three witches* that is, the three singing witches in 3.5, presumably played by boy actors

78a-4.1.107 MACBETH ... APPARITION Middleton apparently added the apparitions, who speak prophecies originally spoken by the three weird sisters. This involved some transposition and rewriting of Shakespeare's lines. Macbeth's questions, promised in lines 68-78, were

apparently cut as part of this addition. 81-5 *pour...show* probably transposed from its original position at 122a-e, introducing the show of eight kings 89a-e *time...line* Middleton used these lines in a soliloquy for Macbeth at the end of the scene.

89e that trace him in his line [her nine farrow grease that's sweaten 122b
 89f] from the murderers' gibbet throw 122c
 90 whate'er thou art for thy good caution thanks into the flame
 thou hast harped my fear aright **but one word more** [ALL BUT MACBETH]
 HECATE come high or low 122d
he will not be commanded here's another thy self and office deftly show 122e
more potent than the first [the cauldron sinks]
thunder second apparition a bloody child MACBETH
 SECOND APPARITION Macbeth Macbeth Macbeth why sinks that cauldron
 95 MACBETH had I three ears I'd hear thee *oboes*
 SECOND APPARITION and what noise is this
 be bloody bold and resolute laugh to scorn
 the pow'r of man for none of woman born
 shall harm Macbeth
descends FIRST show
 SECOND show 125
 THIRD show
 [ALL BUT MACBETH] show his eyes and grieve his heart
 come like shadows so depart *the witches vanish*
 100 *a show of eight kings the last with a glass in his*
hand and Banquo
 MACBETH
 thou art too like the spirit of Banquo down
 thy crown does sear mine eyeballs and thy hair 130
 thou other gold-bound brow is like the first
 a third is like the former filthy hags
 why do you show me this a fourth start eyes
 what will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom
 another yet a seventh what is this 135
 that rises like the issue of a king 135a
 and wears upon his baby brow the round 135b
 and top of sovereignty I'll see no more
 and yet the eighth appears who bears a glass
 which shows me many more and some I see
 that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry
 110 **horrible sight now I see 'tis true** 140
for the blood-battered Banquo smiles upon me
and points at them for his what is this so
 MACBETH that will never be
 who can impress the forest bid the tree
 unfix his earth-bound root sweet bodements good
 rebellious dead rise never till the wood
 115 of Birnam rise and our high-placed Macbeth 145
 shall live the lease of nature pay his breath
 to time and mortal custom yet my heart
 throbs to know one thing tell me if your art
 can tell so much shall Banquo's issue ever
 reign in this kingdom
 120 [ALL BUT MACBETH] seek to know no more 150
 MACBETH
 I will be satisfied deny me this
 and an eternal curse fall on you let me know
 FIRST
 122a pour in sow's blood that hath eaten
 come in without there

128.2 *and Banquo* added by Middleton, linking this scene backward to 3.4
 135-6 **what...sovereignty** This passage probably referred originally to the grandfather of James I, the seventh Stuart king of Scotland, who was crowned when

he was 'one year, five months, and ten days old'. Shakespeare's lines, written to refer to the Stuart lineage, might have been transferred to refer to the third apparition.
 143-4.1.150.1 HECATE... *vanish* The added

witches' dance may have been based on that in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*; see *Companion*, p. 158.
 153-61 **come...lord** This exchange replaces the information reported in the passage apparently deleted from 3.6.

	<i>enter Lennox</i>		the most diminutive of birds will fight	10
	LENNOX	what's your grace's will	her young ones in her nest against the owl	
	MACBETH	saw you the weird sisters	all is the fear and nothing is the love	
	LENNOX	no my lord	as little is the wisdom where the flight	
	MACBETH	came they not by you	so runs against all reason	
155	LENNOX	no indeed my lord	ROSS my dearest coz	15
	MACBETH	infected be the air whereon they ride	I pray you school yourself but for your husband	
		and damned all those that trust them	he is noble wise judicious and best knows	
		<i>I did hear</i>	the fits o'th' season I dare not speak much further	
		the galloping of horse who was't came by	but cruel are the times when we are traitors	20
	LENNOX	'tis two or three my lord that bring you word	and do not know ourselves when we hold rumour	
		Macduff is fled to England	from what we fear yet know not what we fear	
160	MACBETH	fled to England	but float upon a wild and violent sea	25
	LENNOX	ay my good lord	each way and none I take my leave of you	
	MACBETH	time thou anticipat'st my dread exploits	shall not be long but I'll be here again	
		the flighty purpose never is o'ertook	things at the worst will cease or else climb upward	
165		unless the deed go with it from this moment	to what they were before my pretty cousin	
		the very firstlings of my heart shall be	blessing upon you	25
		the firstlings of my hand and even now	WIFE	
		to crown my thoughts with acts be it thought and	fathered he is and yet he's fatherless	
		done	ROSS	
		the castle of Macduff I will surprise	I am so much a fool should I stay longer	
170		seize upon Fife give to th'edge o'th' sword	it would be my disgrace and your discomfort	
		his wife his babes and all unfortunate souls	I take my leave at once	<i>exit</i>
		that trace him in his line no boasting like a fool	WIFE	30
		this deed I'll do before this purpose cool	and what will you do now how will you live	
		but no more sighs where are these gentlemen	SON	
		come bring me where they are	as birds do mother	
		<i>exeunt</i>	WIFE	
4.2	<i>Sc. 18 4.2</i>		what with worms and flies	
	<i>enter Macduff's wife her son and Ross</i>		SON	
	WIFE	what had he done to make him fly the land	with what I get I mean and so do they	
	ROSS	you must have patience madam	WIFE	
	WIFE	he had none	poor bird thou'dst never fear the net nor lime	
		his flight was madness when our actions do not	the pitfall nor the gin	35
		our fears do make us traitors	SON	
	ROSS	you know not	why should I mother poor birds they are not set for	
5		whether it was his wisdom or his fear	my father is not dead for all your saying	
	WIFE	wisdom to leave his wife to leave his babes	WIFE	
		his mansion and his titles in a place	yes he is dead	
		from whence himself does fly he loves us not	how wilt thou do for a father	
		he wants the natural touch for the poor wren	SON	40
			WIFE	
			why I can buy me twenty at any market	
			SON	
			then you'll buy 'em to sell again	
			WIFE	
			thou speak'st with all thy wit and yet i'faith with	
			wit enough for thee	
			SON	45
			was my father a traitor mother	
			WIFE	
			ay that he was	
			SON	
			what is a traitor	
			WIFE	
			why one that swears and lies	
			SON	
			and be all traitors that do so	

162-74 time...are This soliloquy—
mostly Middleton's, but incorporating
some Shakespearean lines apparently
transferred from earlier in the scene—
with the preceding dialogue gives the
boy actors time for a costume change, to
reappear as Macduff's wife and son.

4.2.39, 59 how wilt thou do for a father
The repetition of the same phrase by the
same character, and the change from
verse to prose, suggest that the interven-
ing material has been added; stylistically
the prose resembles Middleton, and the
added material seems to allude to the

Overbury scandal of 1616 (with its per-
jury, hangings of some but not all of the
guilty, related accusations of treason,
issues of remarriage, and survival of a
mother/wife after her husband had been
condemned to death). For the political
context see *Witch*.

50 WIFE everyone that does so is a traitor and must be hanged
SON and must they all be hanged that swear and lie
WIFE every one
SON who must hang them
WIFE why the honest men

55 SON then the liars and swearers are fools for there are liars
and swearers enough to beat the honest men and hang
up them
WIFE now God help thee poor monkey
but how wilt thou do for a father

60 SON
if he were dead you'd weep for him if you would not
it were a good sign that I should quickly
have a new father
WIFE poor prattler how thou talk'st
enter a messenger

MESSENGER
bless you fair dame I am not to you known
though in your state of honour I am perfect

65 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly
if you will take a homely man's advice
be not found here hence with your little ones
to fright you thus methinks I am too savage
to do worse to you were fell cruelty

70 which is too nigh your person heaven preserve you
I dare abide no longer *exit messenger*
WIFE whither should I fly
I have done no harm but I remember now
I am in this earthly world where to do harm
is often laudable to do good sometime

75 accounted dangerous folly why then alas
do I put up that womanly defence
to say I have done no harm
enter murderers

what are these faces
A MURDERER where is your husband
WIFE
I hope in no place so unsanctified
where such as thou mayst find him

80 A MURDERER he's a traitor
SON
thou liest thou shag-haired villain
A MURDERER what you egg
young fry of treachery
SON he has killed me mother
run away I pray you
*exit [Wife] crying murder [murderers
exit following her taking son's body]*

4.3 *Sc. 19 4.3*
enter Malcolm and Macduff
MALCOLM
let us seek out some desolate shade and there
weep our sad bosoms empty
MACDUFF let us rather

hold fast the mortal sword and like good men
bestride our downfall birthdom each new morn
new widows howl new orphans cry new sorrows
5 strike heaven on the face that it resounds
as if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
like syllable of dolour
MALCOLM what I believe I'll wail
what know believe and what I can redress
10 as I shall find the time to friend I will
what you have spoke it may be so perchance
this tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues
was once thought honest you have loved him well
he hath not touched you yet I am young but some-
thing
you may discern of him through me and wisdom
15 to offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
t'appease an angry God
MACDUFF I am not treacherous
MALCOLM but Macbeth is
a good and virtuous nature may recoil
20 in an imperial charge but I shall crave your pardon
that which you are my thoughts cannot transpose
angels are bright still though the brightest fell
though all things foul would wear the brows of grace
yet grace must still look so
MACDUFF I have lost my hopes
25 MALCOLM
perchance even there where I did find my doubts
why in that rawness left you wife and child
those precious motives those strong knots of love
without leave-taking I pray you
30 let not my jealousies be your dishonours
but mine own safeties you may be rightly just
whatever I shall think
MACDUFF bleed bleed poor country
great tyranny lay thou thy basis sure
for goodness dare not check thee wear thou thy
wrongs
35 the title is affeered fare thee well lord
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
for the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp
and the rich east to boot
MALCOLM be not offended
I speak not as in absolute fear of you
40 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke
it weeps it bleeds and each new day a gash
is added to her wounds I think withal
there would be hands uplifted in my right
and here from gracious England have I offer
of goodly thousands but for all this
45 when I shall tread upon the tyrant's head
or wear it on my sword yet my poor country
shall have more vices than it had before
more suffer and more sundry ways than ever
by him that shall succeed

58 now God... monkey This phrase may
have been intended for deletion, in

connection with the addition; it is clearly
Shakespeare's.

50	MACDUFF	what should he be	in the division of each several crime	
	MALCOLM	it is myself I mean in whom I know	acting it many ways nay had I power I should	
		all the particulars of vice so grafted	pour the sweet milk of concord into hell	100
		that when they shall be opened black Macbeth	uproar the universal peace confound	
		will seem as pure as snow and the poor state	all unity on earth	
55		esteem him as a lamb being compared	MACDUFF	O Scotland Scotland
		with my confineless harms	MALCOLM	if such a one be fit to govern speak
	MACDUFF	not in the legions		I am as I have spoken
		of horrid hell can come a devil more damned	MACDUFF	fit to govern
		in evils to top Macbeth		no not to live O nation miserable
	MALCOLM	I grant him bloody		with an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered
		luxurious avaricious false deceitful		when shalt thou see thy wholesome days again
60		sullen malicious smacking of every sin		since that the truest issue of thy throne
		that has a name but there's no bottom none		by his own interdiction stands accused
		in my voluptuousness your wives your daughters		and does blaspheme his breed thy royal father
		your matrons and your maids could not fill up		was a most sainted king the queen that bore thee
		the cistern of my lust and my desire		oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet
65		all continent impediments would o'erbear		died every day she lived fare thee well
		that did oppose my will better Macbeth		these evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
		than such an one to reign		hath banished me from Scotland O my breast
	MACDUFF	boundless intemperance		thy hope ends here
		in nature is a tyranny it hath been	MALCOLM	Macduff this noble passion
		th'untimely emptying of the happy throne		child of integrity hath from my soul
70		and fall of many kings but fear not yet		wiped the black scruples reconciled my thoughts
		to take upon you what is yours you may		to thy good truth and honour devilish Macbeth
		convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty		by many of these trains hath sought to win me
		and yet seem cold the time you may so hoodwink		into his power and modest wisdom plucks me
		we have willing dames enough there cannot be		from over-credulous haste but God above
75		that vulture in you to devour so many		deal between thee and me for even now
		as will to greatness dedicate themselves		I put myself to thy direction and
		finding it so inclined		unspeak mine own detraction here abjure
	MALCOLM	with this there grows		the taints and blames I laid upon myself
		in my most ill-composed affection such		for strangers to my nature I am yet
		a staunchless avarice that were I king		unknown to woman never was forsworn
80		I should cut off the nobles for their lands		scarcely have coveted what was mine own
		desire his jewels and this other's house		at no time broke my faith would not betray
		and my more having would be as a sauce		the devil to his fellow and delight
		to make me hunger more that I should forge		no less in truth than life my first false speaking
		quarrels unjust against the good and loyal		was this upon myself what I am truly
		destroying them for wealth		is thine and my poor country's to command
85	MACDUFF	this avarice		whither indeed before thy here approach
		sticks deeper grows with more pernicious root		old Siward with ten thousand warlike men
		than summer-seeming lust and it hath been		already at a point was setting forth
		the sword of our slain kings yet do not fear		now we'll together and the chance of goodness
		Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will		be like our warranted quarrel why are you silent
90		of your mere own all these are portable	MACDUFF	such welcome and unwelcome things at once
		with other graces weighed		'tis hard to reconcile
	MALCOLM	but I have none the king-becoming graces		<i>enter a doctor</i>
		as justice verity temp'rance stableness	MALCOLM	well more anon comes the king forth I pray you
		bounty perseverance mercy lowliness	DOCTOR	ay sir there are a crew of wretched souls
95		devotion patience courage fortitude		
		I have no relish of them but abound		

4.3.141-60 comes...grace probably replacing, as reported speech rather than dialogue, a longer sequence in which the holy King Edward appeared and

performed a miracle on stage. See the conjectural reconstruction at 4.3.242a-ab.

that stay his cure their malady convinces
 the great essay of art but at his touch
 145 such sanctity hath heaven given his hand
 they presently amend
 MALCOLM I thank you doctor *exit doctor*
 MACDUFF
 what's the disease he means
 MALCOLM 'tis called the evil
 a most miraculous work in this good king
 which often since my here remain in England
 150 I have seen him do how he solicits heaven
 himself best knows but strangely visited people
 all swoll'n and ulcerous pitiful to the eye
 the mere despair of surgery he cures
 hanging a golden stamp about their necks
 155 put on with holy prayers and 'tis spoken
 to the succeeding royalty he leaves
 the healing benediction with this strange virtue
 he hath a heavenly gift of prophecy
 and sundry blessings hang about his throne
 that speak him full of grace
enter Ross
 160 MACDUFF see who comes here
 MALCOLM
 my countryman but yet I know him not
 MACDUFF
 my ever gentle cousin welcome hither
 MALCOLM
 I know him now good God betimes remove
 the means that makes us strangers
 ROSS sir amen
 MACDUFF
 stands Scotland where it did
 165 ROSS alas poor country
 almost afraid to know itself it cannot
 be called our mother but our grave where nothing
 but who knows nothing is once seen to smile
 where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air
 170 are made not marked where violent sorrow seems
 a modern ecstasy the dead man's knell
 is there scarce asked for who and good men's lives
 expire before the flowers in their caps
 dying or ere they sicken
 MACDUFF O relation
 too nice and yet too true
 175 MALCOLM what's the newest grief
 ROSS
 that of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker
 each minute teems a new one
 MACDUFF how does my wife
 ROSS
 why well
 MACDUFF
 and all my children
 ROSS well too

MACDUFF
 the tyrant has not battered at their peace
 ROSS
 no they were well at peace when I did leave 'em 180
 MACDUFF
 be not a niggard of your speech how goes't
 ROSS
 when I came hither to transport the tidings
 which I have heavily borne there ran a rumour
 of many worthy fellows that were out
 which was to my belief witnessed the rather 185
 for that I saw the tyrant's power afoot
 now is the time of help your eye in Scotland
 would create soldiers make our women fight
 to doff their dire distresses
 MALCOLM be'th their comfort
 we are coming thither gracious England hath 190
 lent us good Sward and ten thousand men
 an older and a better soldier none
 that Christendom gives out
 ROSS would I could answer
 this comfort with the like but I have words
 that would be howled out in the desert air 195
 where hearing should not latch them
 MACDUFF what concern they
 the general cause or is it a fee-grief
 due to some single breast
 ROSS no mind that's honest
 but in it shares some woe though the main part
 pertains to you alone
 MACDUFF if it be mine 200
 keep it not from me quickly let me have it
 ROSS
 let not your ears despise my tongue for ever
 which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
 that ever yet they heard
 MACDUFF hm I guess at it
 ROSS
 your castle is surprised your wife and babes 205
 savagely slaughtered to relate the manner
 were on the quarry of these murdered deer
 to add the death of you
 MALCOLM merciful heaven
 what man ne'er pull your hat upon your brows
 give sorrow words the grief that does not speak 210
 whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break
 MACDUFF
 my children too
 ROSS wife children servants all
 that could be found
 MACDUFF and I must be from thence
 my wife killed too
 ROSS I have said
 MALCOLM be comforted
 let's make us med'cines of our great revenge 215

190-3 **gracious...out** perhaps transferred
 from the deleted later scene.

Act 4 Scene 3

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

	to cure this deadly grief	and braggart with my tongue but gentle heavens	
	MACDUFF	cut short all intermission front to front	
	he has no children all my pretty ones	bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself	235
	did you say all O hell-kite all	within my sword's length set him if he scape	
	what all my pretty chickens and their dam	heaven forgive him too	
220	at one fell swoop	MALCOLM	this tune goes manly
	MALCOLM dispute it like a man	come go we to the king our power is ready	
	MACDUFF I shall do so	our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth	
	but I must also feel it as a man	is ripe for shaking and the powers above	240
	I cannot but remember such things were	put on their instruments receive what cheer you may	
225	that were most precious to me did heaven look on	the night is long that never finds the day	<i>exeunt</i>
	and would not take their part sinful Macduff	come go we to the king	
	they were all struck for thee naught that I am	[Flourish]	
	not for their own demerits but for mine	comes the king forth	242a
	fell slaughter on their souls heaven rest them now	[Enter at one door as many poor people as may be,	
	MALCOLM	and kneel]	
230	be this the whetstone of your sword let grief	[ROSS]	
	convert to anger blunt not the heart enrage it	[sir what are these]	
	MACDUFF	[MALCOLM]	a crew of wretched souls
	O I could play the woman with mine eyes	that stay his cure their malady convinces	242b 242c

242a-ab *come . . . day* This is a rough, minimal, and conjectural reconstruction, using elements that Middleton may have re-used and transposed to other parts of the scene, of what might have been the climax of Shakespeare's scene, the appearance of the holy English king, blessing the Scots resistance and formally lending them his general and soldiers. King Edward's role may have been much larger in the original script. The 1611 observer referred to him as 'Edward the Confessor', which suggests that phrase was spoken in performance; otherwise, there were many English kings named 'Edward'. Shakespeare took the account of Young Siward's death from the account of the reign of Edward the Confessor in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, which also provided other information that Shakespeare might have used in material that Middleton cut. Something that would have interested Shakespeare's patron King James (an avid hunter) was the information that 'The pleasure that [King Edward] took chiefly in this world for refreshing of his wits, consisted only in hawking and hunting, which exercises he daily used'. Another point emphasized by Holinshed, and potentially relevant to the way Shakespeare typically dramatized history, was the fact that 'King Edward put away the Queen his wife' and 'forbore to have fleshly pleasure with her'. His rigorous control of his wife would have contrasted with Lady Macbeth's excessive influence over her husband. Other details are directly relevant to the action in this scene. As an explanation for appointing others to lead an army, Holinshed records, 'age would not give him leave to execute the same by his own hand and force of

body'; elsewhere he notes that Edward had 'white hair, both head and beard'. This would have created an obvious parallel with Duncan. The costuming of Edward, in this or an earlier deleted scene, might have been suggested by Holinshed's note that 'In diet and apparel he was spare and nothing sumptuous'. Shakespeare and other Londoners could have seen the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, 'which he had in his life time royally repaired, after such a stately sort as few churches in those days were like thereunto within this realm' (Holinshed); this information might have been used if Westminster Abbey were identified as the location of this conjectured lost scene, a setting which would have made it more interesting for London audiences. The same sentence that was the basis for Shakespeare's account of Edward's touching for the king's evil also records that 'As hath been thought he was inspired with the gift of prophecy'. Holinshed then gives a detailed account of his final prophecy, beginning 'Oh Lord God almighty, if this be not a vain fantastical illusion, but a true vision which I have seen, grant me space to utter the same unto these that stand here present'. The prophecy Holinshed records concerns the Norman invasion of England, which would hardly have suited Shakespeare's purposes; more relevant to Shakespeare and King James in 1606 would have been the fact that Edward, as King of England, was invited to intervene in Scotland (militarily and successfully) and that 'all the savage people of Wales [were] reduced into the form of good order under the subjection of King Edward' (Holinshed). Edward

thus anticipated the uniting of the three kingdoms effected by James I, and in the play he might well have predicted a future peaceful and prosperous union. Like James, Edward 'abhorred wars and shedding of blood' (something that could have been mentioned parenthetically, by him or someone else), and it would be appropriate for him to predict that the unfortunately necessary warfare of the play's final scenes would lead, eventually, to the peace of James I, a future Scots King entering England to balance the English army about to enter the play's Scotland. Such a prophecy would have been politically topical, and welcomed by the patron of the King's Men, in 1606, when King James was again pressing his proposals for a full legal union of the two kingdoms; but those proposals were definitively rejected by Parliament in 1608, and therefore would have become increasingly problematic as the years passed (and especially after James terminated the abortive Parliament of 1614). Middleton may also have been uncomfortable with the celebration of a Catholic saint, especially if his appearance here were accompanied by any kind of religious ritual (which would have made the scene theatrically more compelling, but ideologically more objectionable). The Catholic polemicist Robert Parsons had called attention, in a pamphlet published in 1606, to the 'Obedience of King Edward the Confessor to the Popes of Rome in his time', and although Shakespeare probably would not have included that detail, it is the kind of thing that made Edward a problematic figure for many Protestants.

242d the great essay of art but at his touch
 242e such sanctity hath heaven given his hand
 242f they presently amend
 [Solemn music. Enter at the other door Saint
 Edward the Confessor with Siward and monks.
 He touches the sufferers and hangs a golden chain
 about their necks and they arise healed and exeunt]

MACDUFF
 what's the disease he [cures]

242g MALCOLM 'tis called the evil
 242h a most miraculous work in this good king
 242i which often since my here remain in England
 242j I have seen him do how he solicits heaven
 242k himself best knows but strangely visited people
 242l all swoll'n and ulcerous pitiful to the eye
 242m the mere despair of surgery he cures
 242n hanging a golden stamp about their necks
 242o put on with holy prayers and 'tis spoken
 242p to the succeeding royalty he leaves
 242q the healing benediction with this strange virtue
 242r he hath a heavenly gift of prophecy
 242s and sundry blessings hang about his throne
 that speak him full of grace

242t [KING EDWARD] []
 242u [] good Siward
 242v an older and a better soldier none
 that Christendom gives out

242w [SIWARD] [is your] power ready
 [MALCOLM]
 our lack is nothing but our leave

242x [KING EDWARD] Macbeth
 242y is ripe for shaking and the powers above
 242z put on their instruments []
 242aa [] receive what cheer you may
 242ab the night is long that never finds the day *exeunt*



5.1 *Sc. 20 5.1*
incipit actus quintus

enter a doctor of physic and a waiting gentlewoman

DOCTOR I have two nights watched with you but can
 perceive no truth in your report when was it she last
 walked

5 GENTLEWOMAN since his majesty went into the field I have
 seen her rise from her bed throw her nightgown upon
 her unlock her closet take forth paper fold it write
 upon't read it afterwards seal it and again return to
 bed yet all this while in a most fast sleep

10 DOCTOR a great perturbation in nature to receive at once
 the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching in
 this slumb'ry agitation besides her walking and other
 actual performances what at any time have you heard
 her say

GENTLEWOMAN that sir which I will not report after her

15 DOCTOR you may to me and 'tis most meet you should

GENTLEWOMAN neither to you nor anyone having no
 witness to confirm my speech
enter lady with a taper
 lo you here she comes this is her very guise and upon
 my life fast asleep observe her stand close

DOCTOR how came she by that light 20

GENTLEWOMAN why it stood by her she has light by her
 continually 'tis her command

DOCTOR you see her eyes are open

GENTLEWOMAN ay but their sense are shut

DOCTOR what is it she does now look how she rubs her 25
 hands

GENTLEWOMAN it is an accustomed action with her to seem
 thus washing her hands I have known her continue in
 this a quarter of an hour

LADY yet here's a spot 30

DOCTOR hark she speaks I will set down what comes from
 her to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly

LADY out damned spot out I say one two why then 'tis
 time to do't hell is murky fie my lord fie a soldier and
 afraid what need we fear who knows it when none can 35
 call our power to account yet who would have thought
 the old man to have had so much blood in him

DOCTOR do you mark that

LADY the thane of Fife had a wife where is she now what
 will these hands ne'er be clean no more o' that my lord 40
 no more o' that you mar all with this starting

DOCTOR go to go to you have known what you should not

GENTLEWOMAN she has spoke what she should not I am
 sure of that heaven knows what she has known

LADY here's the smell of the blood still all the perfumes of 45
 Arabia will not sweeten this little hand O O O

DOCTOR what a sigh is there the heart is sorely charged

GENTLEWOMAN I would not have such a heart in my bosom
 for the dignity of the whole body

DOCTOR well well well 50

GENTLEWOMAN pray God it be sir

DOCTOR this disease is beyond my practice yet I have
 known those which have walked in their sleep who
 have died holily in their beds

LADY wash your hands put on your nightgown look not 55
 so pale I tell you yet again Banquo's buried he cannot
 come out on's grave

DOCTOR even so

LADY to bed to bed there's knocking at the gate come come
 come come give me your hand what's done cannot be 60
 undone to bed to bed to bed *exit*

DOCTOR will she go now to bed

GENTLEWOMAN directly

DOCTOR
 foul whisp'rings are abroad unnatural deeds
 do breed unnatural troubles infected minds 65
 to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets
 more needs she the divine than the physician
 God God forgive us all look after her
 remove from her the means of all annoyance

Act 5 Scene 1

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

70 and still keep eyes upon her so good night
my mind she has mated and amazed my sight
I think but dare not speak
GENTLEWOMAN good night good doctor
exeunt

5.2 *Sc. 21 5.2*
drum and colours enter Menteith Caithness Angus
Lennox soldiers

MENTEITH
the English pow'r is near led on by Malcolm
his uncle Siward and the good Macduff
revenge burn in them for their dear causes
would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
excite the mortified man

5 ANGUS near Birnam Wood
shall we well meet them that way are they coming

CAITHNESS
who knows if Donalbain be with his brother

LENNOX
for certain sir he is not I have a file
of all the gentry there is Siward's son
and many unrough youths that even now
protest their first of manhood

10 MENTEITH what does the tyrant

CAITHNESS
great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies
some say he's mad others that lesser hate him
do call it valiant fury but for certain
15 he cannot buckle his distempered cause
within the belt of rule

ANGUS now does he feel
his secret murders sticking on his hands
now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach
those he commands move only in command
20 nothing in love now does he feel his title
hang loose about him like a giant's robe
upon a dwarfish thief

MENTEITH who then shall blame
his pestered senses to recoil and start
when all that is within him does condemn
itself for being there

25 CAITHNESS well march we on
to give obedience where 'tis truly owed
meet we the med'cine of the sickly weal
and with him pour we in our country's purge
each drop of us

LENNOX or so much as it needs
30 to dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds
make we our march towards Birnam
exeunt marching

5.3 *Sc. 22 5.3*
enter Macbeth doctor and attendants

MACBETH
bring me no more reports let them fly all
till Birnam Wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear what's the boy Malcolm

was he not born of woman the spirits that know
all mortal consequences have pronounced me thus
5 fear not Macbeth no man that's born of woman
shall e'er have power upon thee then fly false thanes
and mingle with the English epicures
the mind I sway by and the heart I bear
shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear
10 *enter servant*
the devil damn thee black thou cream-faced loon
where gott'st thou that goose look
SERVANT there is ten thousand

MACBETH geese villain

SERVANT soldiers sir
15 MACBETH
go prick thy face and over-red thy fear
thou lily-livered boy what soldiers patch
death of thy soul those linen cheeks of thine
are counsellors to fear what soldiers whey-face

SERVANT the English force so please you
20 MACBETH
take thy face hence [exit servant]
Seyton I am sick at heart
when I behold Seyton I say this push
will cheer me ever or disseat me now
I have lived long enough my May of life
25 is fall'n into the sere the yellow leaf
and that which should accompany old age
as honour love obedience troops of friends
I must not look to have but in their stead
curses not loud but deep mouth-honour breath
which the poor heart would fain deny and dare not
30 Seyton
enter Seyton

SEYTON
what's your gracious pleasure

MACBETH what news more

SEYTON
all is confirmed my lord which was reported

MACBETH
I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked
give me my armour

SEYTON 'tis not needed yet
35 MACBETH I'll put it on
send out more horses skirr the country round
hang those that talk of fear give me mine armour
how does your patient doctor

DOCTOR not so sick my lord
as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
40 that keep her from her rest

MACBETH cure her of that
canst thou not minister to a mind diseased
pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow
raze out the written troubles of the brain
and with some sweet oblivious antidote
45 cleanse the fraught bosom of that perilous stuff
which weighs upon the heart

DOCTOR therein the patient
must minister to himself

	MACBETH		<i>Sc. 24 5-5</i>		5-5
50	throw physic to the dogs I'll none of it come put mine armour on give me my staff Seyton send out doctor the thanes fly from me come sir dispatch if thou couldst doctor cast the water of my land find her disease and purge it to a sound and pristine health		<i>enter Macbeth Seyton and soldiers with drum and colours</i>		
55	I would applaud thee to the very echo that should applaud again pull't off I say what rhubarb senna or what purgative drug would scour these English hence hear'st thou of them		MACBETH	hang out our banners on the outward walls the cry is still they come our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn here let them lie till famine and the ague eat them up were they not forced with those that should be ours we might have met them dareful beard to beard and beat them backward home <i>a cry within of women</i>	5
	DOCTOR	ay my good lord your royal preparation makes us hear something		what is that noise	
60	MACBETH	bring it after me I will not be afraid of death and bane till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane	SEYTON	it is the cry of women my good lord	[exit]
	DOCTOR	were I from Dunsinane away and clear profit again should hardly draw me here	MACBETH	I have almost forgot the taste of fears the time has been my senses would have cooled to hear a night-shriek and my fell of hair would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir as life were in't I have supped full with horrors direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts cannot once start me <i>[enter Seyton]</i>	10
5-4	<i>Sc. 23 5-4</i> <i>drum and colours enter Malcolm Siward Macduff</i> <i>Siward's son Menteith Caithness Angus and</i> <i>soldiers marching</i>			wherefore was that cry	15
	MALCOLM	cousins I hope the days are near at hand that chambers will be safe	SEYTON	the queen my lord is dead	
	MENTEITH	we doubt it nothing	MACBETH	she should have died hereafter there would have been a time for such a word tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day to the last syllable of recorded time and all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death out out brief candle life's but a walking shadow a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more it is a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury signifying nothing <i>enter a messenger</i>	20
	SIWARD	what wood is this before us		thou com'st to use thy tongue thy story quickly	
	MENTEITH	the wood of Birnam	MESSENGER	gracious my lord I should report that which I say I saw but know not how to do't	
5	MALCOLM	let every soldier hew him down a bough and bear't before him thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host and make discovery err in report of us	MACBETH	well say sir	30
	A SOLDIER	it shall be done	MESSENGER	as I did stand my watch upon the hill I looked toward Birnam and anon methought the wood began to move	
	SIWARD	we learn no other but the confident tyrant keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure our setting down before't	MACBETH	liar and slave	
10	MALCOLM	'tis his main hope for where there is advantage to be gained both more and less have given him the revolt and none serve with him but constrained things whose hearts are absent too	MESSENGER	let me endure your wrath if't be not so within this three mile may you see it coming I say a moving grove	35
15	MACDUFF	let our just censures attend the true event and put we on industrious soldiership	MACBETH	if thou speak'st false upon the next tree shall thou hang alive till famine cling thee if thy speech be sooth	
20	SIWARD	the time approaches that will with due decision make us know what we shall say we have and what we owe thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate but certain issue strokes must arbitrate towards which advance the war		<i>exeunt marching</i>	

Act 5 Scene 5

The Tragedie of Mackbeth.

40	I care not if thou dost for me as much I pall in resolution and begin to doubt th'equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth fear not till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane and now a wood comes toward Dunsinane arm arm and out	but swords I smile at weapons laugh to scorn brandished by man that's of a woman born <i>exit [with the body]</i>	
45	if this which he avouches does appear there is nor flying hence nor tarrying here I 'gin to be aweary of the sun and wish th'estate o'th' world were now undone ring the alarum bell [alarums]	MACDUFF that way the noise is tyrant show thy face if thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine my wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms are hired to bear their staves either thou Macbeth or else my sword with an unbattered edge I sheathe again undeeded there thou shouldst be by this great clatter one of greatest note seems bruted let me find him fortune and more I beg not <i>exit alarums</i>	5.8 5.8 5 10
5.6	<i>Sc. 25 5.6</i> <i>drum and colours enter Malcolm Siward Macduff</i> <i>and their army with boughs</i>	<i>Sc. 28 5.9</i> <i>enter Malcolm and Siward</i>	5.9
	MALCOLM now near enough your leafy screens throw down and show like those you are [they throw down the boughs] you worthy uncle shall with my cousin your right noble son lead our first battle worthy Macduff and we shall take upon's what else remains to do according to our order	SIWARD this way my lord the castle's gently rendered the tyrant's people on both sides do fight the noble thanes do bravely in the war the day almost itself professes yours and little is to do	
5	SIWARD fare you well do we but find the tyrant's power tonight let us be beaten if we cannot fight	MALCOLM we have met with foes that strike beside us	5
	MACDUFF make all our trumpets speak give them all breath those clamorous harbingers of blood and death <i>exeunt alarums continued</i>	SIWARD enter sir the castle <i>exeunt alarum</i>	
10	<i>Sc. 26 5.7</i> <i>enter Macbeth</i>	<i>Sc. 29 5.10</i> <i>enter Macbeth</i>	5.10
5.7	MACBETH they have tied me to a stake I cannot fly but bear-like I must fight the course what's he that was not born of woman such a one am I to fear or none <i>enter young Siward</i>	MACBETH why should I play the Roman fool and die on mine own sword whiles I see lives the gashes do better upon them <i>enter Macduff</i>	
5	YOUNG SIWARD what is thy name MACBETH thou'lt be afraid to hear it YOUNG SIWARD no though thou call'st thyself a hotter name than any is in hell	MACDUFF turn hell-hound turn MACBETH of all men else I have avoided thee but get thee back my soul is too much charged with blood of thine already	5
	MACBETH my name's Macbeth YOUNG SIWARD the devil himself could not pronounce a title more hateful to mine ear	MACDUFF I have no words my voice is in my sword thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out <i>fight alarum</i>	
10	MACBETH no nor more fearful YOUNG SIWARD thou liest abhorred tyrant with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st <i>fight and young Siward slain</i>	MACBETH thou lovest labour as easy mayst thou the intrenchant air with thy keen sword impress as make me bleed let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests I bear a charmed life which must not yield to one of woman born	10
	MACBETH thou wast born of woman	MACDUFF despair thy charm and let the angel whom thou still hast served tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb untimely ripped MACBETH accursèd be that tongue that tells me so	15

for it hath cowed my better part of man
 and be these juggling fiends no more believed
 20 that palter with us in a double sense
 that keep the word of promise to our ear
 and break it to our hope I'll not fight with thee
 MACDUFF then yield thee coward
 and live to be the show and gaze o'th' time
 25 we'll have thee as our rarer monsters are
 painted upon a pole and underwrit
 here may you see the tyrant
 MACBETH I will not yield
 to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet
 and to be baited with the rabble's curse
 30 though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane
 and thou opposed being of no woman born
 yet I will try the last before my body
 I throw my warlike shield lay on Macduff
 and damned be him that first cries hold enough
exeunt fighting alarums
enter fighting and Macbeth slain [exit Macduff
with body]

5.11 *Sc. 30 5.11*
retreat and flourish enter with drum and colours
Malcolm Siward Ross thanes and soldiers

MALCOLM
 I would the friends we miss were safe arrived
 SIWARD
 some must go off and yet by these I see
 so great a day as this is cheaply bought
 MALCOLM
 Macduff is missing and your noble son
 ROSS
 5 your son my lord has paid a soldier's debt
 he only lived but till he was a man
 the which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
 in the unshrinking station where he fought
 but like a man he died
 SIWARD then he is dead
 ROSS
 10 ay and brought off the field your cause of sorrow

must not be measured by his worth for then
 it hath no end
 SIWARD had he his hurts before
 ROSS
 ay on the front
 SIWARD why then God's soldier be he
 had I as many sons as I have hairs
 I would not wish them to a fairer death
 15 and so his knell is knolled
 MALCOLM he's worth more sorrow
 and that I'll spend for him
 SIWARD he's worth no more
 they say he parted well and paid his score
 and so God be with him here comes newer comfort
enter Macduff with Macbeth's head
 MACDUFF
 hail king for so thou art behold where stands
 20 th'usurpers cursèd head the time is free
 I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl
 that speak my salutation in their minds
 whose voices I desire aloud with mine
 hail king of Scotland
 ALL BUT MALCOLM hail king of Scotland
 25 *flourish*
 MALCOLM
 we shall not spend a large expense of time
 before we reckon with your several loves
 and make us even with you my thanes and kinsmen
 henceforth be earls the first that ever Scotland
 in such an honour named what's more to do
 30 which would be planted newly with the time
 as calling home our exiled friends abroad
 that fled the snares of watchful tyranny
 producing forth the cruel ministers
 of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen
 35 who as 'tis thought by self and violent hands
 took off her life this and what needful else
 that calls upon us by the grace of grace
 we will perform in measure time and place
 so thanks to all at once and to each one
 40 whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone
flourish exeunt omnes

5.10.34.2 *enter...slain* either an addition,
 creating suspense before some spectac-
 ular special effect for Macbeth's death,

or an indication that an intervening
 scene has been cut. Compare *Changeling*

3.1.10.2: 'Exeunt at one door and enter at
 the other.'

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

THE PARTS

Adult Males

- MACBETH (711 lines): Captain; messenger (1.5); messenger (4.2); **English Doctor**
- MALCOLM (231 lines): messenger (1.5); Porter; any servant; any murderer; Lord; [**first three witches**] or **First Apparition**; messenger (4.2); [Old Man; Seyton or Scottish Doctor]
- MACDUFF (178 lines): messenger (1.5); Lord; any murderer; messenger (4.2); **first three witches** or **First Apparition**
- ROSS (136 lines): any messenger; Porter; servant (3.2); Lord; Scottish Doctor or Seyton; Young Siward; [**first three Witches**]; Captain; English Doctor; Second or Third Murderer]; **First Apparition**
- BANQUO (110 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Witches, Ross, Angus, Duncan, Lennox, Malcolm, Donalbain, Macduff, any murderer
- KING (69 lines): any messenger; Porter; Old Man; any servant; any murderer; Lord; **First Apparition**; English Doctor; Menteith or Caithness or Siward or Young Siward; Seyton or Scottish Doctor (*or* Servant (5.3))
- LENNOX (69 lines): any messenger; any servant; Seyton or Siward or Young Siward; [Old Man; Second or Third Murderer; Scottish Doctor (*or* Seyton); **first three Witches**]; **First Apparition**; **English Doctor**
- FIRST WITCH (47 lines): *any but* other witches, Macbeth, Banquo, [King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, Captain, Ross, Lord]
- SCOTTISH DOCTOR (42 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Seyton, servant (5.3) [Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Malcolm, Macduff, Siward, Young Siward]
- PORTER (34 lines) *any but* Macduff, Lennox, Macbeth

- CAPTAIN (1 scene; 34 lines): *any but* King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, [Ross, first three Witches]
- SIWARD (31 lines): *any but* Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Malcolm, Siward's son, Macduff, [Macbeth or Scottish Doctor or Seyton]
- SECOND WITCH (27 lines): *any but* other witches, Macbeth, Banquo, [King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, Captain, Ross, Lord]
- THIRD WITCH (27 lines): *any but* other witches, Macbeth, Banquo, [King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, Captain, Ross, Lord]
- FIRST MURDERER (25 lines): *any but* servant (3.1), Macbeth, Second Murderer, Third Murderer, Banquo, Ross, Lennox [servant (3.2)]
- ANGUS (21 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Banquo, King, Malcolm, Lennox, Donalbain, Ross, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Siward, Young Siward, [Scottish Doctor, Seyton, messenger (5.5)]
- SECOND MURDERER (14 lines): *any but* servant (3.1), Macbeth, First Murderer, Third Murderer, Banquo, [Ross, Lennox, servant (3.2)]
- MENTEITH (12 lines): *any but* Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Malcolm, Siward, Siward's son, Macduff, [Macbeth or Scottish Doctor or Seyton]
- CAITHNESS (11 lines): *any but* Menteith, Angus, Lennox, Malcolm, Siward, Siward's son, Macduff, [Macbeth or Scottish Doctor or Seyton]
- OLD MAN (1 scene, 11 lines): *any but* Ross, Macduff, [Malcolm, Donalbain]
- MESSENGER (4.2: 9 lines): *any but* [Murderers]
- MESSENGER (5.5: 9 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Seyton, [Malcolm, Siward, Macduff]

Parts The 1623 edition of *Macbeth* does not contain a list of dramatis personae, and we have not included an editorial list, for the same reason we have omitted a glossarial commentary. Every list of dramatis personae makes arbitrary choices about the sequence of persons and the description of each, and thus prejudices a reader's response to the playwrights' script. For a history of dramatis personae lists, see "The Order of Persons" (*Companion*, 31). We include this list of parts because it illuminates the process of adaptation. This list differs from those elsewhere in the edition by the use of bold font (to indicate roles that belong only to the adaptation) and grey font (to indicate parts that belong only to the original).

0.1 **Adult Males** The adaptation requires 10 named speaking adult males for the transition between 5.3 and 5.4 (Macbeth, Doctor, Seyton, Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Young Siward, Men-

teith, Caithness, Angus) plus Macbeth's unnamed attendants (in 5.3) and the unnamed soldiers (in 5.4). If we assume two attendants and two soldiers, the total of 14 men is the same as that required for 4.1.

- 1 MACBETH was originally played by Richard Burbage, who was still acting at the probable time of the adaptation. The part was changed only in the cue for the first speech, in a few speeches and cues in 4.1, and a final silent entry.
- 10 ROSS is not named in stage directions between 4.3 and 5.11, though he would naturally belong to the army from England in 5.4 and 5.6; this suggests that the actor doubled the Scottish Doctor or Seyton.
- 14 BANQUO was altered in the adaptation only in the very first speech and in an added stage direction at the very end of the part. For addition of a mute final entrance by an existing character, compare Juliet in *Measure for Measure*.

- 17 KING The very beginning of Duncan's role may have been abridged; this is also true of other secondary Scottish lords.
- 21 LENNOX This part was adapted by rearrangement and cutting in 3.6 and an addition in 4.1; it may also have been affected by abridgement of the initial battle scene(s). It might have been played, in either version, by a hired man.
- 25 FIRST WITCH was originally the First Weird Sister, played in 1606 by a boy actor, who would no longer have been a boy in 1616. The adaptation made it an adult part, which therefore completely changed its doubling possibilities. (All this also applies to Second Witch and Third Witch.)
- 32 CAPTAIN This one-page part was apparently rewritten.
- 34 SIWARD The beginning of this part was probably cut.
- 46 ANGUS This role, probably played by a hired man, seems to have been abridged.

The Tragedie of Macbeth.

DONALBAIN (8 lines): *any but* King, Malcolm, Lennox, Captain, Ross, Macbeth, Macduff, Banquo, Angus, [old man, **first three Witches**]

THIRD MURDERER (1 scene; 8 lines): *any but* First and Second Murderer, Banquo, [Macbeth, Ross, Lennox]

YOUNG SIWARD (7 lines): *any but* Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Macbeth, [Scottish Doctor or Seyton]

SEYTON (5 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Scottish Doctor, messenger (5.5), [servant (5.3), Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Malcolm, Siward, Young Siward, Macduff]

LORD (one scene, 5 lines) *any but* Lennox or **first three witches**

ENGLISH DOCTOR (1 scene, 5 lines): *any but* Malcolm, Macduff, [Ross]

MESSENGER (1.5: 5 lines): *anyone*

SERVANT (3.1-3.2: 3 lines): *any but* [Macbeth, First and Second Murderer]

SERVANT (5.3: 3 lines): *any but* Macbeth, Scottish Doctor, [Seyton]

FIRST APPARITION (2 lines): *any but* Macbeth

KING EDWARD (one scene): *any but* Malcolm, Macduff, Ross, Siward, English Doctor

Boys

LADY (253 lines): wife or son; [Fleance]; **any singing witch or Cat; Second Apparition or Third Apparition (or any singing witch)**; *any weird sister*

HECATE (88 lines): Fleance; Gentlewoman; wife or son

FIRST WEIRD SISTER (49 lines): Lady, Wife or Son, Gentlewoman, Fleance

WIFE (40 lines): *any boy part but* Son

THIRD WEIRD SISTER (32 lines): Lady, Wife or Son, Gentlewoman, Fleance

SECOND WEIRD SISTER (31 lines): Lady, Wife or Son, Gentlewoman, Fleance

GENTLEWOMAN (23 lines): *any boy part but* Lady

SON (20 lines): *any boy part but* Wife

FOURTH WITCH (11 lines): Lady; Fleance; Gentlewoman; wife or son

FIFTH WITCH (5 lines): Lady; Fleance; Gentlewoman; wife or son

THIRD APPARITION (5 lines): *any but* Hecate, singing witches

SECOND APPARITION (4 lines): *any but* Hecate, singing witches

CAT (3 lines): Lady; Fleance; Gentlewoman; **Second Apparition or Third Apparition**; wife or son

SIXTH WITCH (2 lines): Lady; Fleance; Gentlewoman; wife or son

FLEANCE (2 lines): *any boy part but* Lady (?)

Most crowded scene: 4.1 (6 boys, 5 adults, 9 adult mutes)

75 LORD This one-scene part originally was larger (21 lines), and could have been doubled with any adult male roles but Lennox and Macbeth.

77 ENGLISH DOCTOR His lines were originally probably spoken by Malcolm, later in the same scene (4.3).

85 KING EDWARD This deleted part may have been more substantial than the minimal reconstruction offered here.

86.1 *Boys* The adaptation requires at least six boys (in 4.1), including five with good singing voices (for 3.5), and it would have required eight or nine boys if the three Weird Sisters had not been transformed into bearded adult Witches. The original script apparently required only three speaking boys (and none who could sing); the three Weird Sisters could easily have doubled Wife,

Son, Gentlewoman, and Fleance, without requiring any doubling for Lady.

93 WIFE This one-scene part was expanded by 8 lines in the adaptation.

99 SON Half of the lines in this small one-scene part were added in the adaptation.

112 4.1 The original scene would probably have required 3 boys, 1 adult, 7 adult mutes, and 1 boy mute.

CIVITATIS AMOR

Edited by David M. Bergeron

MIDDLETON demonstrates in *Civitas Amor* that he can also write for a royal occasion, here the investiture of the sixteen-year-old Prince Charles as Prince of Wales. James I may have felt some urgency about endowing Charles with greater stature, especially if we consider the situation of the royal family in 1616. Prince Henry, the great hope of many Englishmen, especially militant Protestants, had died in November 1612 after a brief but rather gruesome illness (probably typhoid fever). In February 1613, Princess Elizabeth, the only royal daughter, married the German prince Frederick, Elector Palatine, and left England. When Middleton writes of Charles's 'rare proofs of promising heroical virtues' (22-3), he merely echoes what had been said of the popular Henry. In contrast to the glorious moment in 1610 when the entire royal family gathered for Henry's investiture, in 1616 only one of the three Stuart children remained, and only one of the two royal parents appeared. Queen Anne did not attend the public festivities in 1616 because the memory of Prince Henry remained too recent and painful for her, according to the letter-writer John Chamberlain. By contrast, in Howes's continuation of Stow's *Chronicles* (1631) we find a reference to the pageant's 'pleasant trophies and ingenious devices', more striking than 'ever was at any former Creation of any Prince of Wales'. But the Venetian Ambassador in London noted the diminished quality of the festivities.

Records of the Corporation of London indicate that the city spent £323 for the pageant entertainment on 31 October in a pattern of financial arrangements that resembles how the guilds sponsored Lord Mayor's shows. Middleton provided two scenes, one when the Prince and his party arrived by the river at Chelsea and the other at Whitehall. Both give prominence to the idea of peace: a reflection of James I's motto *Beati pacifici*, made clear again in the publication of his *Works* earlier in 1616.

Middleton creates an imaginative poetic encounter between allegorical figures and Prince Charles. At Chelsea a figure representing London, 'sitting upon a sea-unicorn with six Tritons sounding before her' (46-7), greets and speaks to Charles, as does the mythological figure Neptune. Mythology, allegory, and reality converge at Chelsea. Middleton personifies London; but she also appears in the persons of the mayor, aldermen, and others who fill barges brought along the Thames from the City of London. Mythologized, the River Thames obviously exists in fact. The whole entertainment, taking place on the river, underscores its importance in civic, commercial, and cultural life. Stow in his *Survey of London* (1603)

calls the Thames 'the most famous river of this island', noting its origins in Oxfordshire and how it comes 'with a marvellous quiet course to London, and thence breaketh into the French ocean'. It serves the 'great commodity of Travellers, by which all kinds of Merchandise be easilly conveyed to London, the principal store house, and Staple of all commodities within this Realm'. Michael Drayton begins a sonnet in his *Idea* sequence: 'Our floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crowned.' Middleton crowns the river with a royal entertainment. Neptune addresses Thamesis, noting her fame 'to all those | That must observe thy precious tides' (58-9). Waving his silver mace, Neptune calls for silence on the river. Middleton calls for recognition of the river and the occasion.

Style and theme account in part for Middleton's accomplishment in London's remarkable thirty-line speech, which begins: 'Treasure of hope, and jewel of mankind' (74). Interestingly, the allegorical figures never address Charles by name, in contrast to the 1610 investiture pageant, which regularly named Prince Henry. Middleton instead resorts to metaphors in London's speech: 'treasure of hope', 'glory of our days', 'hope of these', and 'joy of after ages'. These metaphors accumulate with a kind of biblical resonance, as they mystify the occasion and idealize the prince. Such discourse elevates the prince's status: 'lift our loves up with his fame' (102).

Middleton skillfully weaves into London's speech the twin themes of peace and hope. These ideas become allegorical figures in the Whitehall part of the pageant as it actualizes London's speech, making manifest what has been but an idea. London also indicates that she functions as synecdoche: 'The loves of many thousands speak in me' (77). On the banks of the Thames at Chelsea she gathers up the life of the city, embodying and representing it.

Stuart political ideology and mythology appear in London's speech in the emphasis on the peaceful succession and peaceful reign of James I. London connects England's current condition—'Richer no kingdom's peace did ever see' (75)—to the peacemaker king. London adds: 'What a fair glorious peace for many years, | Has sung her sweet calms to the hearts of men' (94-5). Convinced of Charles's virtue, London foresees the continuation of a peaceful dynasty. At this hour, peace 'begins her hymns again' (97). In 1616 the country might justly celebrate peace.

London, Neptune, and their companions move on to Whitehall where they encounter 'the figures of two sacred deities, Hope and Peace' (109). Middleton describes Hope as 'leaning her breast upon a silver anchor, attended

with four virgins all in white, having silver oars in their hands' (115–17). In addressing the allegorical figures, London urges Hope to 'behold the fullness of thy good' (111) and Peace to see 'the glory of thy song' (114). These qualities appear in Prince Charles, but they have yet to be dramatically realized. Middleton anticipates such fulfillment in the Whitehall scene.

Hope's response takes the extraordinary form of a sonnet, the only one in Jacobean pageants. Hope begins: 'Fair and most famous city, thou hast waked me | From the sad slumber of disconsolate fear' (118–19). If we remove the word 'city', then we could be in the presence of innumerable sonnets that focus on the 'fair' qualities of the beloved, reflecting Petrarchan influence. Sonnet 81 of Spenser's *Amoretti*, for example, contains five lines that begin with the word 'fair', all pointing to the idea of beauty. In a pageant entitled *Civitas Amor*, we cannot be surprised to find Middleton's love sonnet, one in which the 'music' of London's 'voice' (120) awakens Hope. The idea of hope also runs as a constant thread through Elizabethan sonnet sequences. By the second quatrain Hope has moved from disconsolate fear to certainty: 'Now has my anchor her firm hold again' (122). As the procession of barges and the Prince has moved along the Thames, it has arrived securely at, first, Chelsea and then Whitehall. Coming to Whitehall, the royal palace, prompts Hope to assert: 'This is the place that I'll cast anchor in' (126). From city to court: the movement of the sonnet corresponds to the movement of the pageant. The couplet closes the sonnet with prayerful intention, as the speaker anticipates securing 'this happy shore' (130). The slightly irregular metre and the caesura in the last line add force to the idea: 'Till all be changed, never to alter more' (131). After long storms and tempests, the speaker in Spenser's Sonnet 63 of *Amoretti* has a vision: 'Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with store.' Arriving at this happy shore, the poet asserts: 'All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.' Middleton's Hope shares this view: till change be no more.

The city's love for Charles finds its final expression in the song of Peace, who sits 'on a dolphin, with her sacred choir' (132). Only 'such a prince, and such a day' (144) can satisfy expectations. Again, Charles exists in various metaphors: 'spring of joy and peace' (134), 'glory of life' (146). In a double metaphor Peace likens the spectators ('the many thousand faces', 137) to an 'amorous flood' (138) that becomes in turn 'like a moving wood, | Usurping all her crystal spaces' (139–40). 'Amorous flood' describes the pageant: movement along a river characterized by a loving display of entertainment. Middleton himself has usurped the blank spaces along the route at Chelsea and Whitehall and filled them with pageantry.

In an unusual development this entertainment of 31 October shared barges from the Lord Mayor's show, performed on 29 October, producing a wonderful mixture of royal and city interests. The Fishmongers sponsored the mayoral pageant, *Chrysanaleia: The Golden Fishing*, written by Anthony Munday. Their records for 11 November

indicate that the Master of the King's Barges came and desired payment 'for the making . . . and furnishing of two barges for carrying of the mermen and mermaids by water and for barge hire at the Lord Mayor's presentment and at the meeting of the prince on the day of his instalment'. Munday's pageant included a fishing boat (in honour of the company) and barges for conveying a dolphin and mermen and mermaids. The boat Munday named the 'Fishmongers *Esperanza*, or *Hope of London*', making a connection between London and Hope that Middleton pursues two days later for Charles's arrival. Doubtless the close proximity of time for the two events (itself rare) and the city's involvement in both led to cooperation.

Two disproportionate parts make up the text of *Civitas Amor*, for which the title-page does not indicate an author. Instead, Middleton's name appears on l. 147, at the end of the show at Whitehall. This has led editors to doubt whether the remainder of the text—an extended description of the actual investiture of Charles—should be attributed to Middleton. The description derives from the anonymous *The Order and Solemnity of the Creation of the High and Mighty Prince Henry . . . Prince of Wales* (1610). Middleton or his publisher simply used this earlier text, changing the names to reflect the 1616 investiture. In 1610 two separate texts record the ceremonies: *The Order and Solemnity* and Anthony Munday's *London's Love to Royal Prince Henry*, which describes the pageant for which Munday received payment. *Civitas Amor* in effect collapses two texts into one: pageant and investiture, neatly packaged in one quarto.

Civitas Amor begins: 'His Majesty, as well to show the bounty of his affection towards his royal son, as to settle in the hearts of his loving subjects a lively impression of his kingly care for continuance of the happy and peaceable government of his land in his issue and posterity . . .' (14–18). Middleton capturing James I's love for Charles and the decision to have this ceremony? No: Middleton copying almost verbatim from the 1610 *Order and Solemnity*. The 1616 text describes the barges of London's guilds 'richly decked with banners, streamers, and ensigns, and sundry sorts of loud-sounding instruments aptly placed amongst them' (35–8). This does not necessarily describe the 1616 occasion because it comes verbatim from the 1610 text. One can multiply examples. All of this material appears *before* Middleton's name on l. 147. If Middleton can so easily and obviously adapt the 1610 text at this moment in his own, then he might well have been responsible for the rest of *Civitas Amor*, beyond the entertainment at Chelsea and Whitehall.

The remainder of *Civitas Amor* focuses on and recounts the ceremonies for the Knights of the Bath on Saturday, 2 November; the investiture service for Charles on Monday, 4 November; and the running at the ring on Wednesday, 6 November, by fourteen noblemen. The writer records the involvement of gentlemen of the Inns of Court in some of the festivities, 'whose names, for their worthiness, I commend to fame' (206–7). After a brief report of running at the ring, the text adds: 'I should have set a period, but

The Citties Love.

that the Knights of the Bath, being a principal part and ornament of this sacred triumph, I cannot pass them over without some remembrance' (243-6). We might assume that the 'P' refers to Thomas Middleton, but even the 'P' comes from the 1610 *Order and Solemnity*. Because we do not know the identity of the author of the 1610 text, we find ourselves in the presence of a floating 'P', unattached to certain identity. The 'P' of *Civitas Amor* usurps the 'P'

of the 1610 text, just as Prince Charles usurps the place of Prince Henry in truth and in text. The 'author' erases one, creating a crystal space, and inscribes another.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 632

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 398

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 963

Civitas Amor

The City's Love

An entertainment by water, at Chelsea, and Whitehall. At the joyful receiving of that illustrious hope of Great Britain, the High and Mighty Charles, to be created Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, etc.

5 Together with the ample order and solemnity of his Highness' creation, as it was celebrated in his Majesty's palace of Whitehall on Monday, the fourth of November 1616.

10 As also the ceremonies of that ancient and honourable Order of the Knights of the Bath; and all the triumphs shown in honour of his Royal creation.

The Ample Order and Solemnity of Prince Charles his Creation

15 His Majesty, as well to show the bounty of his affection towards his royal son, as to settle in the hearts of his loving subjects a lively impression of his kingly care for continuance of the happy and peaceable government of his land in his issue and posterity, having determined to invest his princely Highness with those titles and solemnities which the former princes of this realm have usually
20 been adorned; it seemed fittest, both in regard of his Highness' years, showing the rare proofs of promising heroical virtues, and also that it would be a gladness most grateful and acceptable to the commonwealth, to have the solemnities thereof royally performed: to the effecting of which, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, with the several companies, honourably furnished and appointed, and marshalled in fair and comely order, both
25 by the care and industry of Master Nicholas Leate, citizen and merchant of London, and one of the chief captains for

the city; as also by the well-observed and deserving pains of Master Thomas Sparro, water-bailiff, made for that day marshal for the water-triumphs, were ready attending, with a great train and costly entertainment, to receive his Highness at Chelsea, their barges richly decked with banners, streamers, and ensigns, and sundry sorts of loud-sounding instruments aptly placed amongst them. And for his Grace's first entertainment, which was near Chelsea, a personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied both
35 with Neptune and the two rivers Thamesis and Dee, at his first appearing speaks as followeth.

The City's Love. The Entertainment by Water at Chelsea and Whitehall

At Chelsea

45 A personage figuring London, sitting upon a sea-unicorn, with six Tritons sounding before her, accompanied thither with Neptune, and the two rivers Thamesis and Dee, at the first appearing of the Prince speaks as followeth:

LONDON

*Neptune, since thou hast been at all this pains,
Not only with thy Tritons to supply me,
But art thyself come from thy utmost mains
To feast upon that joy that's now so nigh me,
To make our loves the better understood,
Silence thy wat'ry subject, this small flood.*

Neptune gives action toward Thamesis and speaks.

NEPTUNE

By the timely ebbs and flows,

1 **Chelsea** western area of London on north bank of Thames

Whitehall area of royal palace and government buildings in Westminster

3 **Charles** Born in 1600 in Scotland, Charles was the youngest child of King

James I and Queen Anne. His elder brother Henry had died in 1612.

16 **impression** copy

18 **issue** progeny, children

27 **companies** guilds

32 **water-bailiff** enforces shipping regulations

41 **Thamesis** poetic name of the river Thames

Dee river in western England, flowing through Wales

52 **mains** high sea, open ocean

The Cities Love.

60 That make thee famous to all those
That must observe thy precious tides
That issue from our wealthy sides,
Not a murmur, not a sound,
That may this lady's voice confound.
And, Tritons, who by our commanding power
Attend upon the glory of this hour,
65 To do it service and the city grace,
Be silent till we wave our silver mace.

LONDON

And you, our honoured sons, whose loyalty,
Service, and zeal, shall be expressed of me,
Let not your loving, over-greedy noise
70 Beguile you of the sweetness of your joys.
My wish has took effect, for ne'er was known
A greater joy and a more silent one.

Then turning to the Prince, thus speaks.

75 Treasure of hope, and jewel of mankind,
Richer no kingdom's peace did ever see;
Adorned in titles, but much more in mind,
The loves of many thousands speak in me,
Who from that blessing of our peaceful store,
Thy royal father, hast received most free,
80 Honours that wooed thy virtues long before,
And ere thy time were capable of thee;
Thou whose most early goodness, fixed in youth,
Does promise comfort to the length of time;
As we on earth measure heaven's works by truth,
85 And things which natural reason cannot climb:
So, when we look into the virtuous aim
Of thy divine addiction, we may deem,
By rules of grace and principles of fame,
What worth will be, now in so high esteem,
90 And so betimes pursued; which thought upon,
Never more cause this land had to rejoice;
But chiefly I, the city, that has known
More of this good than any, and more choice.
What a fair glorious peace for many years,
95 Has sung her sweet calms to the hearts of men,
Enriched our homes, extinguished foreign fears,
And at this hour begins her hymns again.
Live long and happy, glory of our days,
And thy sweet time marked with all fair presages,
100 Since heaven is pleased in thy blest life to raise
The hope of these, and joy of after ages.
Sound, Tritons; lift our loves up with his fame,
Proclaimed as far as honour has a name.

NEPTUNE

Sound on.

105 *The Entertainment at Whitehall*
This personage, figuring London, with the six Tritons
sounding before, Neptune, and the two rivers, being
arrived at Whitehall, where attend the Prince's landing

the figures of two sacred deities, Hope and Peace, thus
speaks. 110

LONDON

Hope, now behold the fullness of thy good,
Which thy sick comforts have expected long.
And thou, sweet Peace, the harmony of this flood,
Look up, and see the glory of thy song.

Hope, leaning her breast upon a silver anchor, attended
with four virgins all in white, having silver oars in their
hands, thus answers. 115

HOPE

Fair and most famous city, thou hast waked me
From the sad slumber of disconsolate fear,
Which at the music of thy voice forsaked me, 120
And now begin to see my comforts clear.
Now has my anchor her firm hold again.
And in my blest and calm security
The expectations of all faithful men
Have their full fruits, being satisfied in me. 125
This is the place that I'll cast anchor in,
This, honour's haven, the king's royal court;
Here will I fasten all my joys again,
Where all deservers and deserts resort:
And may I never change this happy shore 130
Till all be changed, never to alter more.

Then Peace, sitting on a dolphin, with her sacred choir,
sings this song following.

THE SONG OF PEACE

Welcome, O welcome, spring of joy and peace,
Born to be honoured and to give increase 135
To those that wait upon thy graces;
Behold the many thousand faces
That make this amorous flood
Look like a moving wood,
Usurping all her crystal spaces; 140
'Mongst which the City's love is first,
Whose expectation's sacred thirst
Nothing truly could allay
But such a prince, and such a day.
Welcome, O welcome, all fair joys attend thee, 145
Glory of life, to safety we commend thee.

Tho. Middleton

Prince Charles his Creation

The day's triumph ended, to the great honour of the city
and content of his Highness, who, out of the goodness
of his love, gave the Lord Mayor and Aldermen many
thanks. 150

On Monday following, the lords and peers of the realm
being all assembled at Whitehall, his Highness then pro-
ceeded in this manner to his creation. 155

First went the trumpets, then the heralds and officers
of arms in their rich coats; next followed the Knights of

87 *divine addiction* bent or leaning toward
religious matters

115 *Hope . . . anchor* The allegorical figure
of Hope is typically represented with an

anchor.
143 *allay* temper or abate

Prince Charles his Creation.

160 the Bath, being six-and-twenty in number, apparelled in long robes of purple satin, lined with white taffeta; then Sir William Segar, knight, alias Garter principal King of Arms, bearing the letters patents; the Earl of Sussex the purple robes; the train borne by the Earl of Huntington, the sword by the Earl of Rutland, the ring by the Earl of Derby, the rod by the Earl of Shrewsbury, the cap and coronet by the Duke of Lennox, lord steward. His princely Highness, supported by the Earls of Suffolk and Nottingham, came bareheaded, and so entered the great hall, where the King was set in his royal throne, and the whole state of the realm in their order.

170 The Prince made low obeisance to his Majesty three times; and after the third time, when he was come near to the King, he kneeled down on a rich pillow or cushion, whilst Sir Ralph Winwood, principal secretary, read his letters patents: then his Majesty, at the reading of the words of investment, put the robes upon him, and girded on the sword, invested him with the rod and ring, and set the cap and coronet on his head. With which ceremony the creation being accomplished, the King arose, and went up to dinner; but the Prince, with his lords, dined in the hall, and was served with great state and magnificence, accompanied at his table with divers great lords, as the Earl of Suffolk, lord treasurer; the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal; the Earl of Nottingham, lord admiral; the Duke of Lennox, lord steward; the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain; the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Rutland, and Sussex; the Prince sitting in a chair at the upper end, and the rest in distance about four yards from him, one over against another, in their degrees; all which were those that were employed in several offices of honour about his royal creation.

190 At another table, in the same room, on the left hand of the Prince, sat the Knights of the Bath, all on one side, and had likewise great service and attendance. About the midst of dinner, Sir William Segar, knight, alias Garter principal King of Arms, with the rest of the King's Heralds and Pursuivants of Arms, approached the Prince's table, and with a loud and audible voice proclaimed the King's style in Latin, French, and English, thrice; and the Prince's, in like manner, twice: then the trumpets sounding, the second course came in. And dinner done, that day's solemnity ceased.

200 At night, to crown it with more heroical honour, forty worthy gentlemen of the noble societies of Inns of Court, being ten of each house, every one appointed, in way of honourable combat, to break three staves, three swords,

and exchange ten blows apiece, whose names, for their worthiness, I commend to fame, began thus each to encounter other. And not to wrong the sacred antiquity of any of the houses, their names are here set down in the same order as they were presented to his Majesty; viz. of the Middle Temple—Master Strowd, Master Izord. Gray's Inn—Master Courthop, Master Calton. Lincoln's Inn—Master Skinner, Master Windham. Inner Temple—Master Crow, Master Vernon. Middle Temple—Master Argent, Master Glascock. Gray's Inn—Master Wadding, Master St John. Lincoln's Inn—Master Griffin, Master Fletcher. Inner Temple—Master Parsons, Master Brocke. Middle Temple—Master Bentley, senior, Master Peere. Gray's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Paston. Lincoln's Inn—Master Selwyn, Master Clinch. Inner Temple—Master Chetwood, Master Smalman. Middle Temple—Master Bentley, junior, Master Bridges. Gray's Inn—Master Covert, Master Fulkes. Lincoln's Inn—Master Jones, Master Googe. Inner Temple—Master Wilde, Master Chave. Middle Temple—Master Wansted, Master Goodyeere. Gray's Inn—Master Burton, Master Bennet. Lincoln's Inn—Master Hitchcock, Master Nevill. Inner Temple—Master Littleton, Master Trever.

230 On Wednesday, the sixth day of November, to give greater lustre and honour to this triumph and solemnity, in the presence of the King, Queen, Prince, and lords, fourteen right honourable and noble personages, whose names hereafter follow, graced this day's magnificence with running at the ring; viz. The Duke of Lennox, lord steward. Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain. Earl of Rutland. Earl of Dorset. Earl of Montgomery. Viscount Villiers. Lord Clifford. Lord Walden. Lord Mordaunt. Sir Thomas Howard. Sir Robert Rich. Sir Gilbert Gerrard. Sir William Cavendish. Sir Henry Rich.

240 Having thus briefly described the manner of his Highness' creation, with the honourable service shown to the solemnity both by the lords and gentlemen of the Inns of Court, I should have set a period, but that the Knights of the Bath, being a principal part and ornament of this sacred triumph, I cannot pass them over without some remembrance: therefore thus much out of the note of directions, from some of the principal officers of arms, and some observation of credit concerning the order and ceremonies of the knighthood.

250 The lords and other that were to receive the honourable Order of the Bath repaired on Saturday, the second of November, to the Parliament House at Westminster, and there in the afternoon heard evening prayer, observing

161 **letters patents** an open letter or document here certifying membership in the Order of the Bath
 182 **Earl of Suffolk** Thomas Howard, born 1561, son of Thomas Howard
Earl of Arundel Thomas Howard, son of Philip Howard, born 1586
 183 **Earl of Nottingham** Charles Howard, Lord Admiral
 184 **Duke of Lennox** Ludovic Stuart, son of

Esmé Stuart, an early favourite of King James VI of Scotland who became King James I of England
Earl of Pembroke William Herbert
 185-6 **Earls of Shrewsbury**...**Sussex** Earl of Shrewsbury, Edward Talbot; Earl of Derby, William Stanley; Earl of Rutland, Francis Manners; Earl of Sussex, Robert Radcliffe

196 **Pursuivants** heraldic officers of the College of Arms
 205 **staves** sticks of wood
 236 **Earl of Dorset** Richard Sackville, son of Robert
Earl of Montgomery Philip Herbert, brother of William
 236-7 **Viscount Villiers** George Villiers, eventually Duke of Buckingham

Prince Charles his creation.

no other ceremony at that time, but only the heralds going before them in their ordinary habits from thence to King Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster, there to begin their warfare, as if they would employ their service for God especially; from whence, after service ended, they returned into the chamber they were to sup in. Their supper was prepared all at one table, and all sat upon one side of the same, every man having an escutcheon of his arms placed over his head, and certain of the King's officers being appointed to attend them. In this manner, having taken their repast, several beds were made ready for their lodging in another room hard by, after the same manner, all on one side; their beds were pallets with coverings, testers, or canopies of red say, but they used no curtains.

The Knights in the meanwhile were withdrawn into the bathing chamber, which was the next room to that which they supped in; where for each of them was provided a several bathing-tub, which was lined both within and without with white linen, and covered with red say; wherein, after they have said their prayers and commended themselves to God, they bathe themselves, that thereby they might be put in mind to be pure in body and soul from thenceforth; and after the bath, they betook themselves to their rest.

Early the next morning they were awakened with music, and at their uprising invested in their hermits' habits, which was a gown of grey cloth, girded close, and a hood of the same, and a linen coif underneath, and an handkerchief hanging at his girdle, cloth stockings soled with leather, but no shoes; and thus appavelled, their esquires governors, with the heralds wearing the coats of arms, and sundry sorts of wind instruments before them, they proceeded from their lodging, the meanest in order foremost, as the night before, until they came to the chapel, where, after service ended, their oath was ministered unto them by the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, and the Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain, in a solemn and ceremonious manner, all of them standing forth before their stalls, and at their coming out making low reverence towards the altar, by which the commissioners sat. Then were they brought up by the heralds by two at once, the chiefest first, and so the rest, till all successively had received their oath, which in effect was this: that above all things they should seek the honour of God, and maintenance of true religion; love their sovereign; serve their country; help maidens, widows, and orphans; and, to the utmost of their power, cause equity and justice to be observed.

This day, whilst they were yet in the chapel, wine and sweetmeats were brought them, and they departed to their chamber to be disrobed of their hermits' weeds, and were vested in robes of crimson taffeta, implying they should be martial men, the robes lined with white sarsenet, in token of sincerity, having white hats on their heads with white feathers, white boots on their legs, and white gloves tied unto the strings of their mantles; all which performed, they mount on horseback, the saddle of black leather, the arson white, stirrup-leathers black gilt, the pectoral of black leather, with a cross pattee of silver thereon, and without a crupper, the bridle likewise black, with a cross pattee on the forehead or frontlet; each knight between his two esquires well appavelled, his footman attending, and his page riding before him, carrying his sword, with the hilts upward, in a white leather belt without buckles or studs, and his spurs hanging thereon.

In this order ranked, every man according to his degree, the best or chiefest first, they rode fair and softly towards the court, the trumpets sounding, and the heralds all the way riding before them. Being come to the King's hall, the Marshal meets them, who is to have their horses, or else 100 shillings in money for his fee: then, conducted by the heralds and others appointed for that purpose, his Majesty, sitting under his cloth of estate, gave to them their knighthood in this manner:

First, the principal lord that is to receive the order comes, led by his two esquires, and his page before him bearing his sword and spurs, and kneeleth down before his majesty; the lord chamberlain takes the sword of the page and delivers it to the King, who puts the belt over the neck of the knight, aslope his breast, placing the sword under his left arm; the second nobleman of the chief about the King puts on his spurs, the right spur first; and so is the ceremony performed. In this sort Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel, lord marshal, which was the principal of this number, being first created, the rest were all consequently knighted alike. And when the solemnity thereof was fully finished, they all returned in order as they came, saving some small difference, in that the youngest or meanest knight went now foremost, and their pages behind them.

Coming back to the Parliament House, their dinner was ready prepared, in the same room, and after the fashion as their supper was the night before; but being set, they were not to taste of anything that stood before them, but, with a modest carriage and graceful abstinence, to refrain; divers kinds of sweet music sounding the while; and after a convenient time of sitting, to arise and withdraw themselves, leaving the table so furnished to their esquires and pages.

About five of the clock in the afternoon they rode again to court, to hear service in the King's chapel, keeping the

261 **escutcheon** shield
 265 **hard by** close by
 267 **testers** canopy over bed
say cloth of fine texture, sometimes partly of silk
 282 **coif** close-fitting cap

285 **esquires** attendants to knights, carried knights' shields
 307 **sarsenet** fine, soft silk material
 312 **arson** saddle bow
pectoral ornamental cloth worn on breast

313 **pattee** an expanded, open cross
 314 **crupper** leather strap buckled to back of saddle
 334 **aslope** aslant
 345 **Parliament House** meeting place of Parliament in Westminster Palace

Prince Charles his Creation.

same order they did at their return from thence in the morning, every knight riding between his two esquires, and his page following him. At their entrance into the chapel, the heralds conducting them, they make a solemn reverence, the youngest knight beginning, the rest orderly ensuing; and so one after another take their standing before their stalls, where all being placed, the eldest knight maketh a second reverence, which is followed to the youngest; and then all ascend into their stalls, and take their accustomed places.

Service then beginneth, and is very solemnly celebrated with singing of divers anthems to the organs; and when the time of their offertory is come, the youngest knights are summoned forth of their stalls by the heralds, doing reverence first within their stalls, and again after they are descended, which is likewise imitated by all the rest; and being all thus come forth, standing before their stalls as at first, the two eldest knights, with their swords in their hands, are brought up by the heralds to the altar, where they offer their swords, and the dean receives them, of whom they presently redeem them with an angel in gold, and then come down to their former places, whilst two other are led up in like manner. The ceremony performed and service ended, they depart again in such order as they came, with accustomed reverence. At the chapel door, as they came forth, they were encountered by the King's master cook, who stood there with his white apron and sleeves, and a chopping knife in his hand, and challenged their spurs, which were likewise redeemed with a noble in money, threatening them, nevertheless, that if they proved not true and loyal to the King, his lord and master, it must be his office to hew them from their heels.

On Monday morning they all met together nigh at the court, where, in a private room appointed for them, they were clothed in long robes of purple satin, with hoods of the same, all lined and edged about with white taffeta; and thus apparelled, they gave their attendance upon the Prince at his creation, and dined that day in his presence, at a sideboard, as is already declared.

The Names of such Lords and Gentlemen as were made Knights of the Bath, in honour of his Highness' Creation
 James Lord Maltravers, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel.

Algernon Lord Percy, son and heir to the Earl of Northumberland. 400
 James Lord Wriothesley, son to the Earl of Southampton.
 Edward Lord Clinton, son to the Earl of Lincoln.
 Edward Lord Beauchamp, grandchild to the Earl of Hertford. 405
 Lord Berkeley.
 Lord Mordaunt.
 Sir Alexander Erskine, son to the Viscount Fenton.
 Sir Henry Howard, second son to the Earl of Arundel.
 Sir Robert Howard, fourth son to the Earl of Suffolk. 410
 Sir Edward Sackville, brother to the Earl of Dorset.
 Sir William Howard, fifth son to the Earl of Suffolk.
 Sir Edward Howard, sixth son to the Earl of Suffolk.
 Sir Montague Bertie, eldest son to the Lord Willoughby of Eresby. 415
 Sir William Stourton, son to the Lord Stourton.
 Sir Henry Parker, son to the Lord Mouteagle.
 Sir Dudley North, eldest son to the Lord North.
 Sir Spencer Compton, son and heir to Lord Compton.
 Sir William Spencer, son to the Lord Spencer. 420
 Sir William Seymour, brother to the Lord Beauchamp.
 Sir Rowland St John, third son to the Lord St John.
 Sir John Cavendish, second son to the Lord Cavendish.
 Sir Thomas Nevill, grandchild to the Lord Abergavenny.
 Sir John Roper, grandchild to the Lord Tenham. 425
 Sir John North, brother to the Lord North.
 Sir Henry Carey, son to Sir Robert Carey.

And for an honourable conclusion of the King's royal grace and bounty shown to this solemnity, his Majesty created Thomas Lord Ellesmere, lord chancellor of England, Viscount Brackley; the Lord Knolles, Viscount Wallingford; Sir Philip Stanhope, Lord Stanhope of Sheldford in Nottinghamshire. 430

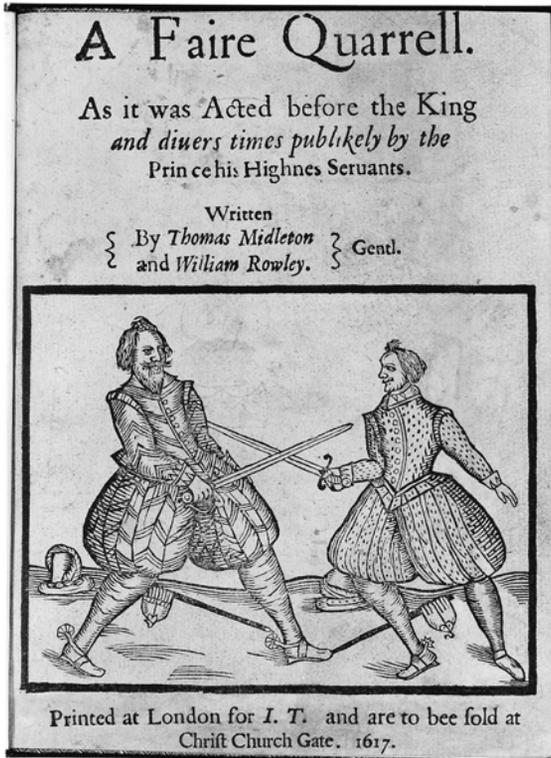
These being created on Thursday the seventh of November, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Brackley being led out of the council chamber into the privy gallery by the Earl of Montgomery and Viscount Villiers, the Viscount Wallingford, by the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer and the Viscount Lisle, the Lord Stanhope, by the Lord Danvers and the Lord Carew, etc. 435 440

FINIS.

362 stalls choir stalls
 376 angel gold coin
 384 noble gold coin, first minted in reign of Edward III

A FAIR QUARREL

Edited by Suzanne Gossett



A Fair Quarrel, though written collaboratively by Middleton and Rowley, built on three plots, and echoing other plays by Middleton and his contemporaries, is a cohesive, powerful, and original tragicomedy. The main theme is traditionally said to be honour, which for Captain Ager, disparagingly called ‘son of a whore’ by his Colonel, is embodied in his military standing and his family’s purity; for Jane Russell, secretly married and pregnant, is identified with female chastity; and for Chough, Jane’s foolish Cornish suitor, is the ‘reputation of gallantry’ earned by holding his own in ‘roaring’ contests with the riff-raff of London. Richard Levin and Roger Holdsworth have demonstrated how these parallels are carried into the structure, with each plot—if one includes the added scene between Chough and the Irish pander Captain Albo—constructed around a quarrel between men about a woman’s virtue. Yet the more general interest of *A Fair Quarrel*

lies in its exploration of the morality of absolutes, and its sceptical view of both the duelling field and the field of male-female relations.

The story of Captain Ager was apparently invented by the authors, though it recalls Thomas Heywood’s *A Woman Killed With Kindness*, whose title plot concerns woman’s adultery and family honour and the second plot two friends who quarrel and duel to disastrous effect, until the rift is cured by the exchange of a sister. Captain Ager’s anguished uncertainty about the chastity of his mother resonates with Middleton’s repeated depiction of sexual distrust between the generations, seen as early as *The Phoenix* and at its most violent in *The Revenger’s Tragedy*.

Ager, barely twenty and still a ‘boy’ to his Colonel, with whom he has an intense bond both filial and homosocial, cannot bring himself to defend his mother’s honour without further reassurances about her fidelity. His insecurity is based not on her behaviour, which has been exemplary, but on profound psychological discomfort about male dependence upon women:

who lives
That can assure the truth of his conception,
More than a mother’s carriage makes it hopeful?
And is’t not miserable valour then
That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
(2.I.I4–18)

It is his lack of faith, however, that corrupts his mother’s sincerity. Her immediate reaction when he probes for the truth of the phrase, ‘son of a whore’, is in straightforward contrast to his hesitations: striking him, she shouts, ‘Thou liest!’ (2.I.86). Her son has failed to respond to the Colonel’s insult by ‘giving the lie’, the usual procedure for clearing an accusation and provoking a challenge. Lady Ager has no such qualms until she realizes that she may lose her only child, perhaps after losing another—her brother says that ‘she has no daughter now. | It follows all the love must come to him [Ager]’ (1.I.34–5)—and so she invents an imaginary lapse, just enough to assure the ‘untruth’ of the Captain’s conception. She is thus the first of the play’s women to choose loyalty to another over self, abandoning an abstract commitment to truth for the immediate goal of saving her son. Selfishly, Ager ignores her feelings and concentrates on his own pain, petulantly asking: ‘O, were you so unhappy to be false, | Both to yourself and me? But to me chiefly’ (2.I.194–5). He nevertheless lacks the courage to refuse to go to the duelling field, and there he gives speeches against duelling—‘Why should man, | For a poor hasty syllable

or two... Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul | To the revenge of that, die lost forever?' (3.1.81-5)—that ring hollow once his fury is unleashed by the Colonel's second accusation, of cowardice.

Despite requisite admiration for military prowess, *A Fair Quarrel* shares the anti-duelling attitudes of *The Peacemaker*, written not long after. Ager's seconds represent all that is wrong with private warfare. They prod him to the duel, use undignified language ('Pox on him, I could eat his buttock baked, methinks', 3.1.107), flaunt the shallowness of their knowledge ('An absolute *punto*, hey!' 'Twas a *passado*, sir', 3.1.155), and are indifferent to religious scruples. When Ager claims to come with 'Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness, | The weather of a Christian and a friend', one mutters, 'Give me a valiant Turk, though not worth tenpence, rather' (3.1.71-3). Only when Ager wounds the Colonel, apparently mortally, do they acknowledge that such slaughter might require justification. In contrast, the wound brings the Colonel to recognize that he has pursued his own ruin by following a code that drives men to fight regardless of the righteousness of their cause. In his repentance he, like Lady Ager, abandons his unwavering commitment to a principle found meaningless and inhumane.

Modern criticism of the play began with Charles Lamb, who in 1808 anthologized Ager's confrontation with his mother, as well as the duelling scene, and praised this plot's 'delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong'. Subsequent analysis has concentrated on the moral quandaries facing Captain Ager and his mother. There are signs that Jacobean audiences, instead, particularly enjoyed the farcical scenes. The first edition exists in two issues, both published in 1617; the second contains an additional scene (4.4) in which Chough and his man Trimtram practise what they have learned in the roaring school (4.1). Apparently Rowley—who probably played Chough, one of his typical fat-clown roles, himself—prepared the extra scene in time for it to be inserted in the remaining copies of the original issue. The cancel title leaf tempts buyers with 'new additions of Mr. Chough's and Trimtram's Roaring, and the Bawd's Song'. In the additional material Meg, the bawd, praises the 'new play', where the 'finest players' use the 'handsomest narrow-mouthed names' for 'gentlewomen of our quality'. These 'names', absurd insults for women which the Cornishmen study methodically, remained popular enough to be quoted metatheatrically almost a decade later in Rowley and Webster's *A Cure for a Cuckold* (1624-5).

Once we notice the play's focus on female sexuality, the story of Jane Russell's secret marriage comes to seem increasingly central. Indeed, the history of Jane's trials forms less a sub-plot than a balancing point, an attainable ideal, between the 'roaring' about women at the heart of the plots on either side. (The similarity of these plots would be accentuated if, as the names suggest, the parts of Captain Ager the hero and Captain Albo the pander were doubled.) Throughout *A Fair Quarrel* women of all social classes are expected to yield to the desires of their

male kin. Lady Ager has no authority to prevent her son from duelling; the Colonel's Sister is willed along with other gifts to the Captain; Jane Russell is to be wed at her father's bidding to a fool who thinks marriage is a form of wrestling; and Anne, the Physician's sister, describes herself as 'his creature' and excuses herself for abetting his sexual blackmail of Jane because 'Who lives commanded must obey his keeper' (3.2.147). These women are made subservient by law, social custom, economics, and biology.

A Fair Quarrel is unusually explicit in its depiction of power relations between brothers and sisters. Middleton and Rowley concentrate not on the psychosexual but on the social and economic consequences of the authority that, in the absence of fathers, brothers exercised over their unmarried sisters. This authority was conventionally demonstrated, as it is by the Colonel, through a brother's control of his sister's marriage. Much rarer on stage was a figure like Anne, for whom marriage is not mentioned, who was historically likely to be an ageing spinster economically dependent on her brother, and who, most surprising of all, openly articulates dislike of her sibling. Even widows like Lady Ager expected to take direction from their brothers, so it is not surprising that the play begins with a brief meeting between Russell and his sister the Lady (Gossett, 1992).

Both Lady Ager and the Colonel's Sister accept the patriarchal ideal that their responsibilities are to male relatives rather than to themselves. Faced with a dying brother's demand that she 'tender both herself and all these enfeoffments to... my late enemy, Captain Ager' (4.2.67-9), moved by an appeal that she not grudge peace to his soul, the Sister agrees to perform 'What by your will you have enjoined me to, | Though the world never show me joy again' (4.2.112-13). Similarly, Lady Ager willingly slanders her own honour to preserve her son. These decisions are made from a perspective that values personal relations more than general moral imperatives. Yet Middleton reminds us that women's choices are neither unconstrained nor reciprocated. The Colonel's plea to his sister includes reminders of his economic power and his misogyny—'Am I content, | Having much kindred, yet to give thee all... And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty... O, wretched is the man | That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts | Upon a woman's charity!' (4.2.87-98). Lady Ager asserts that out of maternal affection she did something that 'were my own life's safety put upon't | I'd rather die than do't'. Nevertheless, she complains, her son still hazarded himself; 'Twas but unkindly done' (4.3.36-9). The pun on 'unkind', both inconsiderate and indifferent to the 'great tie of blood' (2.1.103), emphasizes the difference between male and female attitudes towards their mutual obligations.

Yet despite homilies of obedience and injunctions to silence, women in Middleton's London, a world of saltpetre men, unemployed soldiers, roaring boys and whores and materialistic fathers, were neither entirely helpless nor truly yielding. Russell himself half recognizes this. He

attempts to soothe Jane by promising that her foolish suitor is:

A thing that will be ruled, and thou shalt rule.
Consider of your sex's general aim,
That domination is a woman's heaven. (2.2.195-7)

Jane never acknowledges such intentions, but she and the other women use wit and psychological pressure to contest male control. The story of a young woman blackmailed by the physician who has secretly delivered her baby is based on the fifth tale in the fourth decade of Giambattista Cinzio Giralaldi's *Gli Ecatommiti* (The Hundred Tales). Yet Jane Russell's character is much stronger than her Italian predecessor's, and her pregnancy is, surprisingly, less problematic.

The scene in which the Physician attempts to extract sexual favours from Jane is one of the play's most intense. Offered payment, he refuses monetary compensation because 'in our loving donatives to others | Man's virtue best consists'; instead he asks ambiguously for 'love', suggesting, no doubt with appropriate gestures, that 'our meanings are better understood | Than shifted to the tongue'. Only slowly does Jane fathom the Physician's intentions, but then she furiously accuses him, in an appropriately medical metaphor, of having 'Skinned o'er a green wound to breed an ulcer'. Unimpressed, he reminds her pointedly of woman's vulnerability and objectification by men: 'You've a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged; | Ere you grow old, old men will despise you' (3.2.126-7).

Jane, however, has two weapons of resistance. The first is female solidarity. Anne, sent to second her brother's demand for 'this act of woman' (3.2.148), vacillates briefly as she considers the Physician's power to destroy Jane's reputation, but ultimately 'speaks her soul' and urges the frightened and angry girl to resist. Later Anne will take revenge for her own oppression by testifying that her brother is mad. Jane is also assisted by a positive attitude towards fertility which, though in apparent conflict with the idealization of female chastity, frequently appears in the plays of Middleton and Rowley. The physical aspects of pregnancy may be carnivalesque, as they are in *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside* or *More Dissemblers Besides Women*, but they are seldom associated, as sometimes in Shakespeare, with death. The Physician himself, giving the baby to the Dutch nurse, asserts that children are 'above the quantity of price . . . we are made | Immortal one by other' (3.2.6-12). A similar attitude emerges in Russell's unperturbed reaction to news of Jane's motherhood:

Well, wipe thine eyes, I'm a grandfather then.
If all bastards were banished, the City would be thin
In the thickest term-time. (5.1.249-51)

While exaggerated, Russell's statement reflects the actualities of Jacobean life, when many brides were pregnant and, despite church disapproval, intercourse between betrothed couples was frequently tolerated. Jane, who tells Anne in her first confession that "'Tis no black swan I show you: these spots stick | Upon the face of many go

for maids' (2.2.76-7), is not terrified by the threat of doing public penance in a sheet (5.1.28-30). She and Fitzallen have a *de praesenti* marriage, and penances in such cases were often reduced to confession before a group of fellow parishioners (Hayne).

The play's tragicomic tone is sustained by the seriousness of its events and the intensity of its central scenes. The Colonel's brush with death, the Captain's anguish, Lady Ager's dilemma, and Jane's confrontation with the Physician are all persuasively moving. Yet potential tragedy in *A Fair Quarrel* is kept in check as the plots repeatedly swerve away from personal disaster: the Colonel recovers, Captain Ager becomes instantly infatuated with the Colonel's Sister, Jane succeeds in resisting the Physician and her father and marrying Fitzallen. Tragedy is also contained by the joyous concatenation of languages: the Surgeon's jargon, the Nurse's mingled Dutch and English, the duellists' Italian, the whores' bawdy, and the nonsense of the roaring school. Finally, the clowns, Chough and his sidekick Trimtram, are a fully comic routine.

Yet even Chough's roaring scenes reiterate the contest for authority between the sexes. In 4.4 Priss warns Captain Albo of his 'penance' should he fail to defend them valiantly, and Meg reminds him of the painful consequences when 'I and my Amazons stripped you as naked as an Indian' (4.4.39-40). The key insults Chough and Trimtram learn are 'thy sister is a bronsterops', 'thy sister is a fructifer', and 'thy mother is a callicut, a panagron, a duplar and a sindicus' (4.1.112-31). The last parodies the Colonel's hollow accusation of Captain Ager; the other insults emphasize the commodification of sisters throughout. Chough is not pure fool when he asks Captain Albo, 'Is this thy sister? . . . I say she is a bronsterops, and this is a fucus' (4.4.65-8). The pimp determines the sexual and economic lives of Meg and Priss just as the Physician and Colonel do for their sisters; the difference between a 'fructifer' and a woman of status praised for her potential fruitfulness (5.1.432-3) quickly blurs. On all social levels, affection and family bonds easily reduce to sex and material dependence.

A Fair Quarrel was composed jointly by Middleton and Rowley, with Middleton writing 1.1.1-93, 1.1.394-425, 2.1, 3.1, 3.3, 4.2, 4.3, and 5.1.393-448. The attributions are uncertain only for the opening and closing of the first act and the end of the last, where there is not enough material to allow full statistical analysis of linguistic differences. Yet Middleton's participation in these scenes fits the general impression that the two authors worked closely together to create this intricately unified play. Middleton introduces Russell, Lady Ager, Captain Ager, and the Colonel, and writes the powerful scenes between Ager, his mother, and the Colonel; Rowley is responsible for Jane's history, the roaring scenes, and the confrontation between the Colonel and Captain Ager that builds to the provocative insult. If Rowley later wrote 4.4 alone, he nevertheless integrated it tightly into the rest of the play. In the overall structure the major plots are united by the sibling relationship between Russell and Lady Ager, which

A Faire Quarrell.

was neither artificial in early seventeenth-century London, where rich men's daughters were wives of choice among the impoverished nobility, nor arbitrary in a play which thematizes the relationship between brothers and sisters.

A *Fair Quarrel* demonstrates how shared attitudes and authorship may blur distinctions and create mutual influence between collaborators. Rowley's section of the first act recalls the final scene of *The Patient Man and the Honest Whore*. The treatment of sexuality in *No Wit/Help like a Woman's*—a play that includes a mother who lies to save her son, a foolish suitor encouraged for his money, a secretly married, pregnant young woman, a father consoled because he hopes 'to be a grandfather yet by 'em' (1.248), and Dutch characters—apparently lies behind Rowley's sections of *A Fair Quarrel*. On the other hand, the greatest scene in *The Changeling*, in which Beatrice-Joanna slowly realizes what compensation De Flores expects for murdering Alonzo de Piracquo, is modelled on the confrontation between Jane and the Physician. This time the model is by Rowley, the elaboration by Middleton.

The date of *A Fair Quarrel* lies between 1612, the year of Peter Lowe's *A Discourse of the Whole Art of Surgery*, which Middleton consulted for the professional jargon of the Surgeon, and the play's publication in 1617. The apparent influence of the roaring scenes in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, performed in October 1614, narrows the time further. In all likelihood the play was composed

in 1615–16, in which years roaring boys, the invasion of private property to search for saltpetre, and duels were all troublesome. Since the second issue, which includes the additional scene, is also dated 1617, the extra material must have been written within a year or two, perhaps for a revival. There is no obvious explanation for the prompt publication of this popular play: Rowley wrote the dedication to Robert Gray and was the leader of Prince Charles's Men, who first played it 'before the King and divers times publicly'.

A Fair Quarrel was probably performed at the Red Bull (Gurr), though if it appeared before 1617 it may have been first staged at the Hope on the Bankside (Bentley, *Jacobean Stage*). In 1979 it was revived for the first time since the Restoration at the National Theatre in London. An acute reviewer praised its 'revelation of the busy domestic actuality of London under James I' and its depiction of 'individuals stuffed with complex motives and unconscious hypocrisies' (Barber, 1979). If we add praise for its linguistic variety, its psychological acuteness, its sympathy for women, and its dramatic intensity, we explain its continuing appeal over the centuries.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 633

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 398

Other Middleton–Rowley works: *Weapons*, 980; *Old Law*, 1331; *Tennis*, 1405; *Changeling*, 1632; *Gypsy*, 1723

WILLIAM ROWLEY and THOMAS MIDDLETON

A Fair Quarrel

[for Prince Charles's Men]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

RUSSELL, a rich citizen
JANE, his daughter and heir
FITZALLEN, a gentleman, lover of Jane
CHOUGH, a simple Cornish gentleman of great estate, suitor to Jane
TRIMTRAM, his man
LADY Ager, Russell's sister
CAPTAIN Ager, her son
TWO FRIENDS OF THE CAPTAIN
The COLONEL, kinsman of Fitzallen and Ager's superior officer
The Colonel's SISTER, a virtuous gentlewoman
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND, keeper of a Roaring School

COLONEL'S SECOND FRIEND
TWO SERGEANTS, disguised as Saltpetre men
PHYSICIAN
ANNE, the Physician's sister
Dutch NURSE
SURGEON
USHER of the Roaring School
VAPOUR, a whiffler or tobacco-man
ROARER
CAPTAIN ALBO, an Irish pander
Meg, a BAWD
Priss, a WHORE
SERVANT TO RUSSELL
TWO SERVANTS TO LADY AGER

Epistle *To the nobly disposed, virtuous, and faithful-breasted
Robert Grey Esquire, one of the grooms of his Highness's
bedchamber, his poor well-willer wishes his best wishes.*

Hic et supra.

Worthy sir, this is but a play, and a play is but a butt,
against which many shoot many arrows of envy. 'Tis the
weaker part, and how much more noble shall it be in you
to defend it, yet if it be (as some philosophers have left
5 behind 'em) that this megacosm, this great world, is no
more than a stage where everyone must act his part, you
shall of necessity have many part-takers, some long, some
short, some indifferent, all some, while indeed the players
themselves have the least part of it. For I know few that
10 have lands, which are a part of the world, and therefore
no grounded men. But howsoever they serve for mutes,
happily they must wear good clothes for attendance. Yet
all have exits and must all be stripped in the tiring-house
(viz., the grave), for none must carry anything out of the
15 stock. You see, sir, I write as I speak, and I speak as I
am, and that's excuse enough for me. I did not mean
to write an epistle of praise to you, it looks so like a
thing I know you love not, flattery, which you exceedingly
hate actively, and unpleasingly accept passively. Indeed I
20 meant to tell you your own, that is, that this child of
the muses is yours. Whoever begat it, 'tis laid to your
charge, and for aught I know you must father and keep
it too, if it please you. I hope you shall not be ashamed
of it neither, for it has been seen, though I say it, in
25 good companies, and many have said it is a handsome,
pretty-spoken infant. Now be your own judge, at your
leisure look on it, at your pleasure laugh at it, and if you
be sorry it is no better you may be glad it is no bigger.

Yours ever,
William Rowley.

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus
Enter Master Russell solus*

RUSSELL

It must be all my care; there's all my love,
And that pulls on the t'other. Had I been left
In a son behind me, while I had been here

Epistle.0.2 *Robert Grey Esquire* Grey was a
Scottish soldier who became one of the
Grooms of the Bedchamber to Charles,
Duke of York, by 1609, the same year
that Rowley joined the Duke of York's
men; *Ager* may be an anagram of *Grey*.
his Highness's Charles, who became
Prince of Wales on 4 November 1616

0.4 *Hic et supra* now as formerly

1 **butt** a mark for archery practice

5 **megacosm** macrocosm, cosmos
12 **happily** punning on haply/happily, by
chance and cheerfully
13 **tiring-house** theatrical dressing room
14-15 **none...stock** Henslowe imposed
a fine on actors for violating the rule
against carrying off theatre property.
19 **unpleasingly** without pleasure
21 **the muses** Greek deities of the arts
21-2 **to your charge** (a) blamed upon you

He should have shifted as I did before him,
Lived on the freeborn portion of his wit. 5
But a daughter, and that an only one, O,
We cannot be too careful o'er, too tender;
'Tis such a brittle niceness, a mere cupboard of
glasses,
The least shake breaks or cracks 'em. All my aim is
To cast her upon riches, that's the thing 10
We rich men call perfection, for the world
Can perfect naught without it. 'Tis not neatness,
Either in handsome wit or handsome outside,
With which one gentleman, far in debt, has courted
her,
Which boldness he shall rue. He thinks me blind 15
And ignorant; I have let him play a long time,
Seemed to believe his worth, which I know nothing.
He may perhaps laugh at my easy confidence,
Which closely I requite upon his fondness,
For this hour snaps him, and before his mistress, 20
His saint, forsooth, which he inscribes my girl,
He shall be rudely taken and disgraced.
The trick will prove an everlasting scarecrow
To fright poor gallants from our rich men's daughters.
Enter the Lady Ager with two servants
Sister! I've such a joy to make you a welcome of; 25
Better you never tasted.

LADY Good sir, spare it not.

RUSSELL

Colonel's come, and your son Captain Ager.

LADY

My son!
She weeps

RUSSELL I know your eye would be first served;
That's the soul's taster still for grief or joy.

LADY

O, if a mother's dear suit may prevail with him, 30
From England he shall never part again.

RUSSELL

No question he'll be ruled, and grant you that.

(b) a financial burden upon you

I. I. I-93 attributed to Middleton

2 **t'other** variation of other

4 **shifted** contrived, managed

8 **niceness** delicacy

17 **worth** wealth

20 **snaps him** catches him

21 **which he inscribes** as he calls

29 **taster** servant who tastes food to assure
its wholesomeness

160	CAPTAIN	I have had none, My blood has not yet rose to a quarrel, Nor have you had cause.	JANE	Sir, my voice Was long since given; since that I gave my hand.	
	COLONEL	No cause of quarrel! Death, if my father should tell me so—	COLONEL	Would you had sealed too.	
	RUSSELL	Again!	JANE (<i>aside</i>)	That wish comes too late, For I too soon fear my delivery.	
	FITZALLEN	Good sir, for my sake—	[<i>To the Colonel</i>]	My father's hand sticks yet, sir, you may now	195
	COLONEL	Faith, I have done, coz.		Challenge a lawful interest in his.	
165		You do too hastily believe mine anger, And yet to say diminuting valour In a soldier is no cause of quarrel—		He took your hand from your enraged blood And gave it freely to your opposite, My cousin Ager. Methinks you should claim from him,	
	RUSSELL	Nay, then, I'll remove the cause to kill the effect. [<i>To Ager</i>] Kinsman, I'll press you to't, if either love Or consanguinity may move you to't, I must disarm you though you are a soldier. Pray grant me your weapon, it shall be safe At your regress from my house.		In the less quality of calmer blood, To join the hands of two divided friends, Even these two that would offer willingly Their own embrace.	200
170		[<i>Ager gives his sword to Russell</i>]	CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	Troth, she instructs you well, Colonel, and you shall do a lover's part Worth one brave act of valour.	
		Now I know No words can move this noble soldier's sword To a man undefenced so. We shall <i>parle</i> And safely make all perfect friends again.	COLONEL	Why, I did Misdoubt no scruple. Is there doubt in it?	205
175	COLONEL	To show my will, sir, accept mine to you: As good not wear it as not dare to use it. [<i>The Colonel gives Russell his sword</i>]	FITZALLEN	Faith, sir, delays, which at the least are doubts. But here's a constant resolution fixed, Which we wish willingly he would accord to.	
	COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND	Nay then, sir, we will be all exempl'd. We'll have no arms here now but lovers' arms. [<i>Colonel's First Friend gives Russell his sword</i>]	COLONEL	Tush, he shall do't, I will not be denied, He owes me so much in the recompense Of my reconcilment. Captain Ager, You will take our parts against your uncle In this quarrel?	210
180	CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	No seconds must begin a quarrel. Take mine, sir. [<i>Captain's First Friend gives Russell his sword</i>]	CAPTAIN	I shall do my best, sir, Two denials shall not repulse me. I love Your worthy kinsman and wish him mine, I know He doubts it not.	215
	RUSSELL	Why, law, what a fine sunshine's here! These clouds My breath has blown into another climate. I'll be your armourers, they are not pawn'd. [<i>Aside</i>] These were the fish that I did angle for; I have caught 'em finely. Now for my trick. My project's lusty and will hit the nick.	COLONEL	See, he's returned. <i>Enter Russell and a Servant</i>	
185		<i>Exit with weapons</i>	RUSSELL [<i>aside to Servant</i>]	Your cue, Be sure you keep it, 'twill be spoken quickly. Therefore watch it. [<i>Exit Servant</i>]	
	COLONEL	What, is't a match, beauty? I would now have Alliance with my worthy Captain Ager To knit our loves the faster; here's witness Enough if you confirm it now.	COLONEL	Let's set on him all at once.	
190			OMNES	Sir, we have a suit to you.	
			RUSSELL	What, all at once?	220
			OMNES	All, all, i'faith, sir.	

166 **diminuting** belittling
 170 **consanguinity** blood relationship
 173 **regress** withdrawal
 175 **parle** confer
 187 **hit the nick** reach my goal
 190-1 **witness . . . now** A valid *de presenti*
 marriage required a verbal agreement in
 the presence of witnesses.
 191-3 **voice . . . hand . . . sealed** The com-

ments here and at 2.2.86-7 and
 5.1.369-71 reflect the complex state of
 Elizabethan marriage arrangements. By
 giving her voice Jane presumably agreed
 to a *de futuro* marriage; this became a
de praesenti marriage by handfasting,
 creating the 'jugal knot' that heaven
 witnessed (2.2.86). The marriage has
 been consummated ('sealed') but there

has been no church ceremony. Jane also
 puns that she is sealed or marked by her
 sexual activity.
 194 **delivery** (a) formal transfer of a deed
 (b) childbirth
 206 **Misdoubt no scruple** not anticipate any
 objection
 220 **Omnes** all together

RUSSELL Mine's yet a virgin earth: the worm hath not been
 One speaker may yet deliver. Say, say, seen
 I shall not dare to stand out against so many. To wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
 COLONEL A gunpowder fellow should deflower her now. 255
 Faith, sir, here's a brabbling matter hangs on demur,
 COLONEL Our suit is yet delayed by this means, sir.
 I make the motion for all without a fee.
 Pray you, let it be ended this term.
 RUSSELL Ha, ha, ha!
 (Aside) That's the rascal's cue, and he has missed it.
 [To the Colonel] What is it? What is it, sir?
 COLONEL Why sir, here's a man,
 And here's a woman; you're scholar good enough. 260
 Put 'em together and tell me what it spells.
 RUSSELL Ha, ha, ha!
 [Aside] There's his cue once again.
 Enter Servant
 O, he's come, humh.
 SERVANT [aside]
 My master laughs, that's his cue to mischief.
 COLONEL
 What say you, sir?
 SERVANT Sir—
 RUSSELL Ha? What say you, sir?
 SERVANT
 Sir, there's a couple desire speedily to speak with you. 235
 RUSSELL
 A couple, sir? Of what, hounds or horses?
 SERVANT
 Men, sir, gentlemen or yeomen, I know not which,
 But the one sure they are.
 RUSSELL
 Hast thou no other description of them?
 SERVANT They come with commission, they say, sir, to 240
 taste of your earth; if they like it, they'll turn it into
 gunpowder.
 RUSSELL
 O, they are saltpetremen, before me,
 And they bring commission: the King's power indeed!
 They must have entrance, but the knaves will be 245
 bribed.
 There's all the hope we have in officers.
 They were too dangerous in a commonwealth
 But that they will be very well corrupted.
 Necessary varlets.
 SERVANT
 Shall I enter in, sir?
 RUSSELL By all fair means, sir, 250
 And with all speed, sir, give 'em very good words
 To save my ground unravished, unbroke up.
 [Exit Servant]

Mine's yet a virgin earth: the worm hath not been
 seen
 To wriggle in her chaste bowels, and I'd be loath
 A gunpowder fellow should deflower her now. 255
 COLONEL Our suit is yet delayed by this means, sir.
 RUSSELL Alas, I cannot help it. These fellows gone
 (As I hope I shall dispatch 'em quickly)
 A few articles shall conclude your suit.
 Who? Master Fitzallen? The only man 260
 That my adoption aims at.
 COLONEL There's good hope then.
 Enter two Sergeants in disguise
 FIRST SERGEANT Save you, sir.
 RUSSELL
 You are welcome, sir, for aught I know yet.
 SECOND SERGEANT
 We come to take a view and taste of your ground, sir.
 RUSSELL
 I had rather feed you with better meat, 265
 Gentlemen, but do your pleasures, pray.
 FIRST SERGEANT
 This is our pleasures: [To Fitzallen] we arrest you, sir,
 In the King's name.
 FITZALLEN Ha! At whose suit?
 RUSSELL How's that?
 COLONEL
 Our weapons, good sir, furnish us.
 JANE Ay me!
 RUSSELL
 Stay, stay, gentlemen, let's inquire the cause. 270
 It may be but a trifle, a small debt
 Shall need no rescue here.
 SECOND SERGEANT Sir, betwixt three creditors, Master
 Leech, Master Swallow, and Master Bonesuck, the debts
 are a thousand pounds. 275
 RUSSELL
 A thousand pounds? Beshrew me, a good man's
 substance.
 COLONEL
 Good sir, our weapons! We'll teach these varlets
 To walk in their own parti-coloured coats,
 That they may be distinguished from honest men.
 FIRST SERGEANT
 Sir, attempt no rescue, he's our prisoner. 280
 You'll make the danger worse by violence.
 COLONEL
 A plague upon your gunpowder treason!
 Ye quick-damned varlets,

224 **brabbling** ... **demur** A minor but
 disputed question awaits resolution;
 demur is from *demurer*, a legal objection.
 225-6 **motion** ... **fee** ... **term** The Colonel,
 acting as a lawyer without payment,
 applies for a decision during the present
 legal session.

237 **gentlemen** a man with financial

independence from labour, though not
 a nobleman
yeomen a freeholder or farmer
 243 **saltpetremen** officers appointed to
 find saltpetre for the production of
 gunpowder. Saltpetremen had the right
 to enter private premises to search for

the material.
 250 **enter in** the officers, understood
 261 **adoption** acceptance as a relation
 278 **parti-coloured** multicoloured
 282 **gunpowder treason** the Gunpowder Plot
 to blow up the king and parliament, 5
 November 1605

285 Is this your saltpetre proving, your tasting earth?
 Would you might never feed better, nor none
 Of your catchpole tribe. [To Russell] Our weapons,
 good sir,
 We'll yet deliver him.

RUSSELL Pardon me, sir,
 I dare not suffer rescue here, at least
 Not be so great an accessory
 290 As to furnish you. Had you had your weapons,
 But to see the ill fate on't! [Aside] My fine trick, i'faith.
 Let beggars beware to love rich men's daughters,
 I'll teach 'em the new morris, I learned it
 Myself of another careful father.

FITZALLEN
 May I not be bailed?

295 SECOND SERGEANT Yes, but not with swords.

COLONEL
 Slaves, here are sufficient men.

FIRST SERGEANT Ay, i'th' field,
 But not in the city, sir. If this gentleman
 Will be one, we'll easily admit the second.

RUSSELL
 Who, I, sir? Pray pardon me, I am wronged,
 300 Very much wronged in this, I must needs speak it.
 Sir, you have not dealt like an honest lover
 With me nor my child. Here you boast to me
 Of a great revenue, a large substance
 Wherein you would endow and state my daughter.
 305 Had I missed this, my opinion yet
 Thought you a frugal man, to understand
 The sure wards against all necessities,
 Boldly to defend your wife and family,
 To walk unmuffled, dreadless of these flesh-hooks,
 310 Even in the daringest streets through all the city.
 But now I find you a loose prodigal,
 A large unthrift. A whole thousand pound?
 Come from him, girl, his inside is not sound.

FITZALLEN
 Sir, I am wronged. These are malicious plots
 315 Of some obscure enemies that I have.
 These debts are none of mine.

RUSSELL Ay, all say so.
 Perhaps you stand engaged for other men:
 If so you do, you must then call't your own.
 The like arrearage do I run into
 320 Should I bail you. But I have vowed against it,
 And I will keep my vows, that's religious.

FITZALLEN
 All this is nothing so, sir.

RUSSELL Nothing so?
 By my faith it is, sir, my vows are firm.

FITZALLEN
 I neither owe these debts, nor engaged for others.

RUSSELL
 The easier is your liberty regained. 325
 These appear proofs to me.

COLONEL Liberty, sir?
 I hope you'll not see him go to prison.

RUSSELL
 I do not mean to bear him company
 So far, but I'll see him out of my doors.
 O sir, let him go to prison, 'tis a school 330
 To tame wild bloods. He'll be much better for't.

COLONEL
 Better for lying in prison?

RUSSELL In prison.
 Believe it, many an honest man lies in prison,
 Else all the keepers are knaves; they told me so
 themselves.

COLONEL
 Sir, I do now suspect you have betrayed him 335
 And us, to cause us to be weaponless.
 If it be so, you're a blood-sucking churl,
 One that was born in a great frost, when charity
 Could not stir a finger, and you shall die
 340 In heat of a burning fever i'th' dog-days,
 To begin your hell to you. I have said your grace for
 you,
 Now get you to supper as soon as you can.
 Pluto, the master of the house, is set already.

CAPTAIN
 Sir, you do wrong mine uncle.

COLONEL Pox on your uncle
 And all his kin, if my kinsman mingle 345
 No blood with him.

CAPTAIN You're a foul-mouthed fellow.

COLONEL
 Foul-mouthed I will be, thou'rt the son of a whore.

CAPTAIN
 Ha! Whore! Plagues and furies! I'll thrust that back
 Or pluck thy heart out after. Son of a whore?

COLONEL
 On thy life I'll prove it.

CAPTAIN Death, I am naked! 350
 Uncle, I'll give you my left hand for my sword
 To arm my right with. O, this fire will flame me
 Into present ashes.

COLONEL Sir, give us weapons.

286 **catchpole** contemptuous term for a petty officer, especially one who arrests for debt
 293 **morris** country dance
 304 **state** instate
 307 **wards** defences
 309 **flesh-hooks** hooks for removing meat from a pot, here, metaphorically, the sergeants who seize Fitzallen. In *Quiet Life* there is a sergeant named Fleshhook.
 310 **daringest** most dangerous
 319 **arrearage** indebtedness
 338 **great frost** During the Great Frost of 1606-7 the Thames froze for six weeks.
 340 **dog-days** the hottest part of the year,
 from late July to early August
 343 **Pluto** god of the underworld
 347 **son of a whore** the standard phrase used to provoke a challenge from the person insulted, normally understood to be without literal significance
 350 **naked** without a weapon

We ask our own, you will not rob us of them?
 355 RUSSELL No sir, but still restrain your furies here.
 At my door I'll give you them, nor, at this time,
 My nephew's. A time will better suit you,
 And I must tell you, sir, you have spoke swords,
 360 And 'gainst the law of arms poisoned the blades
 And with them wounded the reputation
 Of an unblemished woman. Would you were out of
 my doors!
 COLONEL
 Pox on your doors, and let it run all your house o'er!
 Give me my sword.
 CAPTAIN We shall meet, Colonel?
 COLONEL
 365 Yes, better provided. To spur thee more
 I do repeat my words, son of a whore!
Exit with his Friend
 CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND
 Come, sir, 'tis no worse than 'twas, you can do
 nothing now.
Exit Captain and his Friend
 RUSSELL
 No, I'll bar him now, away with that beggar. *Exit*
 JANE [*giving money to First Sergeant*]
 Good sir, let this persuade you for two minutes stay.
 At this price I know you can wait all day.
 370 FIRST SERGEANT
 You know the remora that stays our ship always.
 JANE
 Your ship sinks many when this hold lets go.
 O my Fitzallen, what is to be done?
 FITZALLEN
 To be still thine is all my part to be,
 Whether in freedom or captivity.
 375 JANE
 But art thou so engaged as this pretends?
 FITZALLEN
 By heav'n, sweet Jane, 'tis all a hellish plot.
 Your cruel-smiling father all this while
 Has candied o'er a bitter pill for me,
 Thinking by my remove to plant some other,
 And then let go his fangs.
 380 JANE
 Plant some other?
 Thou hast too firmly stamped me for thine own
 Ever to be rased out. I am not current
 In any other's hand; I fear too soon

I shall discover it.
 FITZALLEN Let come the worst,
 Bind but this knot with an unloosed line, 385
 I will be still thine own.
 JANE And I'll be thine.
 FIRST SERGEANT
 My watch has gone two minutes, master.
 FITZALLEN
 It shall not be renewed. I go, sir. Farewell.
 JANE
 Farewell. We both are prisoned, though not together,
 But here's the difference in our luckless chance: 390
 I fear mine own, wish thy deliverance.
 FITZALLEN
 Our hearts shall hourly visit, I'll send to thee.
 Then 'tis no prison where the mind is free.
Exit with Officers
Enter Russell
 RUSSELL
 So, let him go. Now wench, I bring thee joys,
 A fair sunshine after this angry storm. 395
 It was my policy to remove this beggar.
 What, shall rich men wed their only daughters
 To two fair suits of clothes, and perhaps yet
 The poor tailor is unpaid? No, no, my girl,
 I have a lad of thousands coming in. 400
 Suppose he have more wealth than wit to guide it,
 Why, there's thy gains, thou keep'st the keys of all,
 Disposest all, and, for generation,
 Man does most seldom stamp 'em from the brain:
 Wise men begets fools, and fools are the fathers 405
 To many wise children. *Hysteron proteron*,
 A great scholar may beget an idiot,
 And from the plough-tail may come a great scholar.
 Nay, they are frequent propagations.
 JANE
 I am not well, sir.
 410 RUSSELL Ha! Not well, my girl?
 Thou shalt have a physician then,
 The best that gold can fetch upon his footcloth.
 Thou know'st my tender pity to thee ever.
 Want nothing that thy wishes can instruct thee
 To call for. Fore me, and thou look'st half ill indeed. 415
 But I'll bring one within a day to thee
 Shall rouse thee up, for he's come up already:
 One Master Chough, a Cornish gentleman.
 H'as as much land of his own fee-simple

363 **meet** in combat
 370 **remora** a sucking fish believed capable
 of stopping the ship to which it attaches
 itself
 375 **pretends** claims
 379 **remove** removal
 381-3 **stamped . . . rased out . . . current . . .**
hand Jane describes herself as a coin
 bearing the permanent imprint of a
 monarch, useless in any other realm.
 The metaphor includes a series of sexual

puns on conception and pregnancy.
 385 **Bind** strengthen
unloosed unloosened
 394-425 attributed to Middleton
 402 **keep'st the keys of all** control all the
 household possessions, kept locked in
 chests and pantries
 403 **generation** begetting of children
 406 **Hysteron proteron** by inversion of the
 natural order of things
 409 **propagations** offspring

412 **footcloth** ornamental cloth placed over
 the back of a horse and hanging down
 on each side; a sign of dignity
 417 **come up** to London
 418 **Chough** a nickname for the Cornish
 crow or *Fregillus Graculus*, a bird with
 red bill and legs common in Cornwall
Cornish from Cornwall, the extreme
 south-west of England
 419 **fee-simple** full ownership

420 As a crow can fly over in half a day,
 And now I think on't, at the Crow at Aldgate
 His lodging is. He shall so stir thee up!
 Come, come, be cheered, think of thy preferment.
 Honour and attendance, these will bring thee health,
 425 And the way to 'em is to climb by wealth. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Primus



2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter Captain Ager

CAPTAIN The son of a whore?
 There is not such another murd'ring piece
 In all the stock of calumny: it kills
 At one report two reputations,
 5 A mother's and a son's. If it were possible
 That souls could fight after the bodies fell,
 This were a quarrel for 'em. He should be one indeed
 That never heard of heaven's joys or hell's torments
 To fight this out. I am too full of conscience,
 10 Knowledge, and patience to give justice to't,
 So careful of my eternity, which consists
 Of upright actions, that unless I knew
 It were a truth I stood for, any coward
 Might make my breast his foot-pace. And who lives
 15 That can assure the truth of his conception
 More than a mother's carriage makes it hopeful?
 And is't not miserable valour then
 That man should hazard all upon things doubtful?
 O, there's the cruelty of my foe's advantage!
 20 Could but my soul resolve my cause were just,
 Earth's mountain nor sea's surge should hide him
 from me;
 E'en to hell's threshold would I follow him
 And see the slanderer in before I left him.
 But as it is it fears me, and I never
 25 Appeared too conscionably just till now.
 My good opinion of her life and virtues
 Bids me go on, and fain would I be ruled by't;
 But when my judgement tells me she's but woman,
 Whose frailty let in death to all mankind,
 30 My valour shrinks at that. Certain she's good:
 There only wants but my assurance in't
 And all things then were perfect. How I thirst for't!
 Here comes the only she that could resolve,
 But 'tis too vile a question to demand indeed.

Enter the Lady Ager

LADY
 Son, I've a suit to you.
 35 CAPTAIN [*aside*] That may do well.

[*To Lady Ager*] To me, good madam? You're most sure
 to speed in't,
 Be't i'my power to grant it.

LADY 'Tis my love
 Makes the request, that you would never part
 From England more.
 CAPTAIN With all my heart 'tis granted;
 40 [*Aside*] I'm sure I'm i'th' way never to part from't.

LADY
 Where left you your dear friend, the Colonel?

CAPTAIN
 O, the dear Colonel, I should meet him soon.

LADY
 O, fail him not then, he's a gentleman
 The fame and reputation of your time
 Is much engaged to.

CAPTAIN Yes, and you knew all, mother. 45

LADY
 I thought I'd known so much of his fair goodness
 More could not have been looked for.

CAPTAIN O, yes, yes, madam,
 And this his last exceeded all the rest.

LADY
 For gratitude's sake let me know this, I prithee.

CAPTAIN
 Then thus, and I desire your censure freely 50
 Whether it appeared not a strange noble kindness in
 him.

LADY
 Trust me, I long to hear't.

CAPTAIN You know he's hasty,
 That by the way.

LADY So are the best conditions;
 Your father was the like.

CAPTAIN [*aside*] I begin now
 To doubt me more. Why am not I so too then? 55
 Blood follows blood through forty generations,
 And I've a slow-paced wrath. A shrewd dilemma!

LADY
 Well, as you were saying, sir.

CAPTAIN Marry thus, good madam.
 There was in company a foul-mouthed villain—stay,
 stay,
 60 Who should I liken him to that you have seen—
 He comes so near one that I would not match him
 with,
 Faith, just o' the Colonel's pitch. He's ne'er the worse
 man:

Usurers have been compared to magistrates,
 Extortioners to lawyers and the like,

But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that. 65

421 **Crow** Inns were identified by names;
 Sugden suggests that the Crow in
 Aldgate was the same as the Pye Inn
 in Aldgate High Street.

2.1.1–250 attributed to Middleton

2 **murd'ring piece** a small cannon or

mortar

4 **report** (a) detonation (b) declaration

14 **foot-pace** place to put the feet, mat

16 **carriage** behaviour

24 **fears me** frightens me

25 **conscionably** conscientiously

29 **Whose . . . mankind** a reference to Eve

50 **censure** judgement

53 **conditions** dispositions, temperaments

62 **pitch** height, both physical and meta-
 phorical

LADY
That's bad enough, they need not.

CAPTAIN
This rude fellow,
A shame to all humanity or manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice
The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemished,
70 Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,
Which heightened my affliction.

LADY
Mine? My honour, sir?

CAPTAIN
The Colonel soon enraged, as he's all touchwood,
Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field. My wrath could not be heard
75 His was so high-pitched, so gloriously mounted.
Now what's the friendly fear that fights within me:
Should his brave noble fury undertake
A cause that were unjust in our defence,
And so to lose him everlastingly
80 In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink,
Never to rise again. What pity 'twere
First to die here and never to die there.

LADY
Why, what's the quarrel, speak, sir, that should raise
Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on't?
The words, whate'er they were.

85 CAPTAIN
Son of a whore.
LADY Thou liest!
She strikes him
And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,
So thou shouldst feel my anger. Dost thou call
90 That quarrel doubtful? Where are all my merits?
Not one stand up to tell this man his error?
Thou might'st as well bring the sun's truth in ques-
tion
As thy birth or my honour.

CAPTAIN
Now blessings crown you for't,
It is the joyfullest blow that e'er flesh felt.

LADY
95 Nay stay, stay, sir, thou art not left so soon.
This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure closed up fair again
As though you'd never touched it. No, honour
doubted
100 Is honour deeply wounded, and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort.
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood
Is farthest off in bounty? O poor goodness,
105 That only pay'st thyself with thy own works,
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite

With this vile thought? Which of my prayers or
wishes?
Many thou owest me for. This seven year hast thou
known me
A widow, only married to my vow. 110
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honoured father,
And live I now to know that good mistrusted?

CAPTAIN
No, 't shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation 115
Noblier defended. 'Tis my joy and pride
I have a firm to bestow upon it.

LADY
What's that you said, sir?

CAPTAIN
'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you. I will earn it first;
Dead or alive, I know I shall enjoy it. 120

LADY
What's all this, sir?

CAPTAIN
My joy's beyond expression;
I do but think how wretched I had been
Were this another's quarrel and not mine.

LADY
Why, is it yours?

CAPTAIN
Mine! Think me not so miserable
Not to be mine. Then were I worse than abject,
125 More to be loathed than vileness or sin's dunghill.
Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful madam,
But came with greedy joy to be confirmed in't,
To give the nobler onset. Then shines valour,
And admiration from her fixed sphere draws,
130 When it comes burnished with a righteous cause,
Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward
That now am ten degrees above a man,
Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders.

LADY
But pray, stay; all this while I understood you
135 The Colonel was the man.

CAPTAIN
Yes, he's the man,
The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
Which I must turn into his soul again.

LADY
The Colonel do't! That's strange.

CAPTAIN
The villain did it;
140 That's not so strange. Your blessing and your leave.

LADY
Come, come, you shall not go.

CAPTAIN
Not go! Were death
Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
I'd put him off an hour. Why, the whole world
Has not chains strong enough to bind me from it.
145 The strongest is my reverence to you,

72 touchwood tinder

101 fear my truth be uncertain about my
fidelity

110 to my vow probably a vow never to
remarry, like that taken by the Duchess
in *Dissemblers*, but possibly her original

marriage vow

117 firm signature or sign, here, the mark
from his sword

Act 2 Scene 1

A *Fayre Quarrell.*

Which if you force upon me in this case
I must be forced to break it.

LADY Stay, I say.

CAPTAIN
In anything command me but in this, madam.

LADY [*aside*]
'Las, I shall lose him! [*To Ager*] You'll hear me first.

CAPTAIN
At my return I will.

150 LADY You'll never hear me more, then.

CAPTAIN How?

LADY Come back, I say.
You may well think there's cause I call so often.

CAPTAIN
Ha, cause! What cause?

LADY So much, you must not go.

155 CAPTAIN How?

LADY You must not go.

CAPTAIN
Must not! Why?

LADY I know a reason for it,
Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know.
If not, it must come forth. Faith, do not know,
And yet obey my will.

160 CAPTAIN Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it if you take your injury,
For one more great I know the world includes not.

LADY
Yes, one that makes this nothing. Yet be ruled,
And if you understand not, seek no further.

165 CAPTAIN
I must, for this is nothing.

LADY Then take all,
And if amongst it you receive that secret
That will offend you, though you condemn me
Yet blame yourself a little, for perhaps
170 I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity,
But upon yours I dare not.

CAPTAIN How?

LADY I dare not.
'Twas your own seeking, this.

CAPTAIN If you mean evilly,
I cannot understand you, nor for all the riches
This life has, would I.

175 LADY Would you never might.

CAPTAIN
Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.

LADY
In that you neither right your joy nor me.

CAPTAIN
What an ill orator has virtue got here?
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible

That you were ever false?

LADY O, fearfully! 180
As much as you come to.

CAPTAIN O silence, cover me!
I've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False?

LADY
I was betrayed to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.

CAPTAIN Where is she? Let me pay her. 185
LADY
O, dead long since.

CAPTAIN Nay, then sh'as all her wages.
False! Do not say't, for honour's goodness do not,
You never could be so. He I called father
Deserved you at your best, when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you. You'd no grace 190
Or virtue that he matched not, no delight
That you invented but he sent it crowned
To your full wishing soul.

LADY That heaps my guiltiness.

CAPTAIN
O, were you so unhappy to be false,
Both to yourself and me? But to me chiefly. 195
What a day's hope is here lost, and with it
The joys of a just cause. Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you'd ha' died
Ere you'd ha' yielded, for the sin's hate first,
Next for the shame of this hour's cowardice. 200
Cursed be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for. Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee!
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood;
I never shall have use of valour more. 205
Put off your vow for shame: why should you hoard
up
Such justice for a barren widowhood
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock?

Exit Lady Ager

I should be dead, for all my life's work's ended:
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage 210
The noble resolution of my friends:
That were more vile.

Enter two Friends of Captain Ager's

They're here! Kill me, my shame,
I am not for the fellowship of honour.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND
Captain! Fie, come sir, we have been seeking for you
Very late today. This was not wont to be. 215
Your enemy's i'th' field.

CAPTAIN Truth enters cheerfully.

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND
Good faith, sir, you've a royal quarrel on't.

181 As much...to My infidelity brought
about your birth.
185 pay her kill her

CAPTAIN	Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy, It would be held so.	CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	Pardon this traitorous slumber, clogged with evils; Give captains rather wives than such tame devils.	250
CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	How, and is't not here so?		<i>Exeunt</i>	
CAPTAIN	'Tis not so contumeliously received In these parts, an you mark it.		<i>Enter Physician and Jane</i>	2.2
CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	Not in these? Why, prithee, what is more, or can be?	PHYSICIAN	Nay, mistress, you must not be covered to me. The patient must ope to the physician All her dearest sorrows: art is blinded else, And cannot show her mystical effects.	
CAPTAIN	Yes, That ordinary commotioner, the lie, Is father of most quarrels in this climate, And held here capital, and you go to that.	JANE	Can art be so dim-sighted, learned sir? I did not think her so incapacious. You train me, as I guess, like a conjuror, One of our fine oraculous wizards, Who from the help of his examinant, By the near guess of his suspicion Appoints out the thief by the marks he tells him.	5
CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND	But sir, I hope you will not go to that, Or change your own for it. Son of a whore! Why, there's the lie down to posterity, The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.		Have you no skill in physiognomy? What colour, says your coat, is my disease? I am unmarried, and it cannot be yellow; If it be maiden green, you cannot miss it.	10
CAPTAIN	Why would you cozen yourself so and beguile So brave a cause, manhood's best masterpiece? Do you ever hope for one so brave again?	PHYSICIAN	I cannot see that vacuum in your blood. But gentlewoman, if you love yourself, Love my advice, be free and plain with me. Where lies your grief?	15
CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	O miracle! So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain Possessed with a tame devil! Come out, thou spoilest The most improved young soldier of seven kingdoms, Made captain at nineteen, which was deserved The year before, but honour comes behind still. Come out, I say, this was not wont to be. That spirit never stood in need of provocation, Nor shall it now. Away, sir.	JANE	Where lies my grief indeed? I cannot tell the truth where my grief lies, But my joy's imprisoned.	20
CAPTAIN	Urge me not.	PHYSICIAN	This is mystical.	
CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	By manhood's reverend honour, but we must.	JANE	Lord, what plain questions you make problems of! Your art is such a regular highway That put you out of it and you are lost. My heart is imprisoned in my body, sir, There's all my joy, and my sorrow too Lies very near it.	25
CAPTAIN	I will not fight a stroke.	PHYSICIAN	They are bad adjuncts: Your joy and grief, lying so near together, Can propagate no happy issue. Remove The one, and let it be the worst, your grief, If you'll propose the best unto your joy.	30
CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND	O blasphemy To sacred valour!	JANE	Why, now comes your skill. What physic for it?	
CAPTAIN	Lead me where you list.			

220 **contumeliously** disgracefully, dishon-
ourably
223 **commotioner** one who stirs up tumult
or rebellion
225 **capital** deadly
and you go to that if you go that far
230 **beguile** cheat, disappoint
231 **brave** worthy
235 **spleen** hot or proud temper
239 **Come out** addressed to the 'tame devil',

as in an exorcism
240 **improved** cultivated, with additional
sense of approved
242 **comes behind still** always comes late
2.2.1-240 attributed to Rowley
1 **covered to me** secretive
2 **ope** open
6 **incapacious** deficient in mental capacity
7 **train me** lure me on
8 **oraculous** apparently infallible or

authoritative, like an oracle
9 **examinant** one being examined
11 **Appoints out** points out
12 **physiognomy** the art of judging charac-
ter from the features of the face
13 **coat** profession
14 **yellow** as the colour of jealousy
15 **green** referring to green sickness or
chlorosis, anemic disease affecting young
women around the age of puberty

	PHYSICIAN	I will be more than mine ears' length from you. [He retires]	
	Now I have found you out. You are in love.		
	JANE	JANE	
	I think I am. What's your appliance now?	You hold some endeared place with this gentleman.	
35	Can all your Paracelsian mixtures cure it?	ANNE	
	'T must be a surgeon of the civil law,	He's my brother, forsooth, I his creature.	70
	I fear, that must cure me.	He does command me any lawful office Either in act or counsel.	
	PHYSICIAN	JANE	
	Gentlewoman,	I must not doubt you.	
	If you knew well my heart you would not be	Your brother has protested secrecy	
40	So circular. The very common name	And strengthened me in you. I must lay ope	
	Of physician might reprove your niceness.	A guilty sorrow to you: I am with child.	75
	We are as secret as your confessors	'Tis no black swan I show you: these spots stick	
	And as firm obliged; 'tis a fine like death	Upon the face of many go for maids.	
	For us to blab.	I that had face enough to do the deed	
	JANE	Cannot want tongue to speak it, but 'tis to you,	
	I will trust you. Yet, sir,	Whom I accept my helper.	
45	I had rather do it by attorney to you;	ANNE	
	I else have blushes that will stop my tongue.	Mistress, 'tis locked	80
	Have you no friend so friendly as yourself	Within a castle that's invincible.	
	Of mine own sex, to whom I might impart	It is too late to wish it were undone.	
	My sorrows to you at the second hand?	JANE	
	PHYSICIAN	I have scarce a wish within myself so strong,	
50	Why, law, there I hit you! And be confirmed	For understand me, 'tis not all so ill	
	I'll give you such a bosom counsellor	As you may yet conceit it. This deed was done	85
	That your own tongue shall be sooner false to you.	When heaven had witness to the jugal knot;	
	Make yourself unready and be naked to her.	Only the barren ceremony wants,	
	I'll fetch her presently.	Which by an adverse father is abridged.	
	JANE	ANNE	
	I must reveal:	Would my pity could help you.	
55	My shame will else take tongue and speak before me.	JANE	
	'Tis a necessity impulsive drives me.	Your counsel may.	
	O my hard fate! But my more hard father,	My father yet shoots widest from my sorrow	90
	That father of my fate. A father, said I?	And with a care indulgent, seeing me changed	
	What a strange paradox I run into:	From what I was, sends for your good brother	
60	I must accuse two fathers of my fate	To find my grief and practice remedy.	
	And fault, a reciprocal generation.	You know it, give it him, but if a fourth	
	The father of my fault would have repaired	Be added to this counsel, I will say	95
	His faulty issue, but my fate's father hinders it:	You're worse than you can call me at the worst,	
	Then fate and fault, wherever I begin	At this advantage of my reputation.	
	I must blame both, and yet 'twas love did sin.	ANNE	
	<i>Enter Physician and Anne his sister</i>	I will revive a reputation	
65	PHYSICIAN	That women long has lost: I'll keep counsel.	
	Look you, mistress, here's your closet. Put in	I'll only now oblige my teeth to you,	100
	What you please, you ever keep the key of it.	And they shall bite the blabber if it offer	
	JANE	To breathe on an offending syllable.	
	Let me speak private, sir.		
	PHYSICIAN		
	With all my heart.		

35 **Paracelsian** characteristic of Paracelsus, celebrated Swiss physician and philosopher (1490–1541)
 36 **surgeon of the civil law** Punning on sergeant of the [civil] law. Jane needs legal assistance to free Fitzallen as well as medical help.
 39 **circular** indirect
 42 **firm obliged** firmly bound
 44 **by attorney** through an agent
 52 **Make yourself unready** undress; metaphorically, expose yourself

54 **take tongue... before me** The baby will be born and heard.
 55 **impulsive** compulsory
 59 **two fathers** Fitzallen is father of her fault, and Russell is father of her fate.
 65 **closet** cabinet, private repository of valuables
 70 **creature** one activated by the will of another
 73 **protested** promised
 74 **strengthened me in you** urged me to

have faith in you
 76 **black swan** rarity
 78 **face** impudence
 85 **conceit** imagine
 86–7 **heaven... jugal... ceremony wants**
 See note to 1.1.191–3.
 88 **abridged** blocked
 97 **At this advantage... reputation** to take advantage to damage my reputation
 100 **oblige my teeth to you** engage my teeth to maintain the silence you desire

JANE
I trust you, go, whisper. Here comes my father.
Enter Russell, Chough, and Trimtram

RUSSELL
Sir, you are welcome, more and most welcome,
105 All the degrees of welcome, thrice welcome, sir.

CHOUGH
Is this your daughter, sir?

RUSSELL Mine only joy, sir.

CHOUGH I'll show her the Cornish hug, sir.
[*He kisses Jane*]
I have kissed you now, sweetheart, and I never do any
kindness to my friends, but I use to hit 'em in the teeth
with it presently.

110 TRIMTRAM My name is Trimtram, forsooth; look, what my
master does, I use to do the like.
[*He attempts to kiss Anne*]

ANNE You are deceived, sir, I am not this gentlewoman's
servant, to make your courtesy equal.
[*She withdraws and whispers to Physician*]

115 CHOUGH You do not know me, mistress.

JANE
No indeed. [*Aside*] I doubt I shall learn too soon.

CHOUGH My name is Chough, a Cornish gentleman. My
man's mine own countryman too, i'faith. I warrant
you took us for some of the small islanders.

JANE
120 I did indeed, between the Scotch and Irish.

CHOUGH Red-shanks? I thought so, by my truth. No, truly,
we are right Cornish diamonds.

TRIMTRAM Yes, we cut out quarrels and break glasses
where we go.

PHYSICIAN [*to Anne*]
125 If it be hidden from her father, yet
His ignorance understands well his knowledge,
For this I guess to be some rich coxcomb
He'd put upon his daughter.

ANNE That's plainly so.

PHYSICIAN
Then only she's beholden to our help
130 For the close delivery of her burden,
Else all's o'erthrown.

ANNE And pray be faithful in that, sir.

PHYSICIAN
Tush, we physicians are the truest
Alchemists, that from the ore and dross of sin
Can new distill a maidenhead again.

RUSSELL
How do you like her, sir?
135 CHOUGH Troth, I do like her, sir, in the way of comparison
to anything that a man would desire. I am as high as
the Mount in love with her already, and that's as far
as I can go by land, but I hope to go further by water
with her one day.

140 RUSSELL
I tell you, sir, she has lost some colour
By wrestling with a peevish sickness now of late.

CHOUGH Wrestle? Nay, and she love wrestling, I'll teach
her a trick to overthrow any peevish sickness in London,
what e'er it be.

145 RUSSELL
Well, she had a rich beauty, though I say't,
Nor is it lost; a little thing repairs it.

CHOUGH She shall command the best thing that I have in
Middlesex, i'faith.

RUSSELL
150 Well, sir, talk with her, give her a relish
Of your good liking to her. You shall have time
And free access to finish what you now begin.

JANE [*aside*]
What means my father? My love's unjust restraint,
My shame were it published, both together
Could not afflict me like this odious fool.

155 RUSSELL
Now I see why he hated my Fitzallen.

CHOUGH Sweet lady, your father says you are a wrestler. If
you love that sport, I love you the better. I'faith, I love
it as well as I love my meat after supper, 'tis indeed
meat, drink, and cloth to me.

160 JANE
Methinks it should tear your clothes, sir.

CHOUGH Not a rag, i'faith. Trimtram, hold my cloak. I'll
wrestle a fall with you now; I'll show you a trick that
you never saw in your life.

JANE
165 O good sir, forbear, I am no wrestler.

PHYSICIAN [*coming forward*]
Good sir, take heed, you'll hurt the gentlewoman.
CHOUGH I will not catch beneath the waist, believe it. I
know fair play.

JANE
'Tis no woman's exercise in London, sir.

170 CHOUGH I'll ne'er believe that. The hug and the lock
between man and woman, with a fair fall, is as sweet

107 **Cornish hug** a hold in Cornish wrest-
ling where each contestant grasps the
other's clothing

109 **hit 'em in the teeth** reproach them with
it

119 **small islanders** inhabitants of the
Hebrides off the west coast of Scotland
and thus between the Scotch and the
Irish

121 **Red-shanks** Celtic inhabitants of the

Scottish highlands and Ireland

122 **Cornish diamonds** quartz crystals, a
byword for fraudulence

123 **quarrels** (a) diamond-shaped panes of
glass; (b) causes of complaint

127 **coxcomb** fool

130 **close** secret

138 **Mount** St Michael's Mount, a small
island in Mount's Bay at Land's End, the
westernmost tip of Cornwall

139 **go further by water** have sexual
relations with

143 **Wrestle . . . wrestling** Throughout this
passage wrestle has a secondary meaning
of 'participate in a love bout'.

148-9 **the best thing that I have in Middle-
sex** a sexual pun

150 **relish** taste

170 **hug . . . lock** wrestling holds, with
bawdy pun

- an exercise for the body as you'll desire in a summer's evening.
- PHYSICIAN
Sir, the gentlewoman is not well.
- CHOUGH
175 It may be you are a physician, sir.
PHYSICIAN 'Tis so, sir.
CHOUGH I say then, and I'll stand to't, three ounces of wrestling with two hips, a yard of a green gown put together in the inturn, is as good a medicine for the green sickness as ever breathed.
- 180 TRIMTRAM Come, sir, take your cloak again. I see here will be ne'er a match.
JANE [*aside*] A match? I'd rather be matched from a musket's mouth and shot unto my death.
- 185 CHOUGH I'll wrestle with any man for a good supper.
TRIMTRAM Ay, marry, sir, I'll take your part there, catch that catch may.
PHYSICIAN [*to Russell*]
Sir, she is willing to't. There at my house
She shall be private and near to my attendance.
- 190 I know you not mistrust my faithful care.
I shall return her soon and perfectly.
RUSSELL
Take your charge, sir. Go with this gentleman, Jane,
But pritheer look well this way ere thou goest.
[*Aside to Jane*] 'Tis a rich simplicity of great estate,
195 A thing that will be ruled, and thou shalt rule.
Consider of your sex's general aim,
That domination is a woman's heaven.
JANE
I'll think on't, sir.
RUSSELL [*to Chough*]
My daughter is retiring, sir.
- CHOUGH I will part at Dartmouth with her, sir.
[*He kisses Jane*]
- 200 O, that thou didst but love wrestling, I would give any man three foils on that condition.
TRIMTRAM There's three sorts of men that would thank you for 'em, either cutlers, fencers, or players.
- RUSSELL
Sir, as I began I end, wondrous welcome.
Exeunt Russell, Jane, Physician, Anne
- TRIMTRAM What, will you go to school today? You are entered you know, and your quarterage runs on. 205
CHOUGH What? To the roaring school? Pox on't, 'tis such a damnable noise I shall never attain it neither. I do wonder they have never a wrestling school. That were worth twenty of your fencing or dancing schools. 210
TRIMTRAM Well, you must learn to roar here in London, you'll never proceed in the reputation of gallantry else.
CHOUGH How long has roaring been an exercise, thinkest thou, Trimtram?
TRIMTRAM Ever since guns came up: the first was your roaring Meg. 215
CHOUGH Meg? Then 'twas a woman was the first roarer.
TRIMTRAM Ay, afire of her touch-hole, that cost many a proper man's life since that time; and then the lions, they learned it from the guns, living so near 'em; then it was heard to the Bankside, and the bears they began to roar; then the boys got it, and so ever since there have been a company of roaring boys. 220
CHOUGH And how long will it last, thinkest thou?
TRIMTRAM As long as the water runs under London Bridge, or watermen at Westminster stairs. 225
CHOUGH Well, I will begin to roar too, since it is in fashion. O Corineus, this was not in thy time, I should have heard on't by the tradition of mine ancestors (for I'm sure there were Choughs in thy days) if it had been so. 230
When Hercules and thou wert on the Olympic mount together, then was wrestling in request.
TRIMTRAM Ay, and that mount is now the Mount in Cornwall. Corineus brought it thither under one of his arms, they say. 235
CHOUGH O Corineus my predecessor, that I had but lived in those days to see thee wrestle! On that condition I had died seven year ago.
TRIMTRAM Nay, it should have been a dozen at least, i'faith, on that condition. *Exeunt* 240
Finis Actus Secundus

179 **inturn** in wrestling, the act of putting a leg between the thighs of an opponent and lifting him up

183 **matched** married; lit with a match

199 **Dartmouth** on the south coast of Devon, with pun on a kiss

200 **give** allow as a handicap

201 **foils** (a) in wrestling, throws not resulting in a fall; (b) sheets of metal for a cutler or knife-maker; (c) light fencing weapons

206 **quarterage** quarterly payment

207 **roaring school** a place to learn bullying and riotous conduct

211 **to roar** to behave in a noisy, boisterous manner

216 **roaring Meg** originally a great gun in Edinburgh Castle, Mons Meg; hence, any large piece of ordnance

217 **a woman was the first roarer** because 'roaring Meg' also refers to Long Meg of Westminster, a roaring girl like Moll Frith in *Roaring Girl*

218 **touch-hole** a hole in the breech of a fire-arm, through which the charge is ignited; with sexual innuendo

219 **proper** handsome

lions kept in the Tower of London
221 **Bankside . . . bears** On the Bankside or south side of the Thames river there were brothels, theatres, and bear-baiting

grounds. The Hope Theatre, built 1613-14, alternated playing and bear-baiting.

226 **watermen at Westminster stairs** Ferry-men for hire on the Thames waited for fares at stairways connecting the shore with landing stages on the river. Westminster stairs was at the foot of Old Palace Yard.

228 **Corineus** Legendary Trojan hero who came to Britain with Brutus and ruled over Cornwall

231 **Hercules . . . Olympic mount** According to tradition, Corineus founded wrestling in Cornwall, but Chough jumbles Greek and Cornish mythology.



3.1

*Incipit Actus Tertius**Enter Captain Ager with his two Friends*

CAPTAIN

Well, your wills now?

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

Our wills? Our loves, our duties

To honoured fortitude. What wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause?

5 CAPTAIN

O, that's not mine.

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND

War has his court of justice, that's the field,
Where all cases of manhood are determined,
And your case is no mean one.

CAPTAIN

True, then 'twere virtuous;

But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.

10 CAPTAIN

Well, now you've got me hither, you're as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute,
For by the strength and honour of a vow
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

How? Not in this? Be not so rash a sinner.

15 CAPTAIN

Why sir, do you ever hope to fight again?
Then take heed on't, you must never look for that.

Why, the universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.

20 CAPTAIN

Give up your right and title to desert, sir;
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after. Let her take this wrong
And never presume then to serve her more.

Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,

And let that honourable name of soldier

25 CAPTAIN

Fall from you like a shivered wreath of laurel,
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead
That wears another's right by usurpation.

Good Captain, do not wilfully cast away

At one hour all the fame your life has won.

30 CAPTAIN

This is your native seat, here you should seek
Most to preserve it; or, if you will dote
So much on life, poor life, which in respect

Of life in honour is but death and darkness,
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,

35 CAPTAIN

Which is to me too fearful to imagine,

Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,

Her reputation, dear to nobleness

As grace to penitence, whose fair memory

E'en crowns fame in your issue—for that blessedness

40 CAPTAIN

Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell

And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.

CAPTAIN

O, O, O!

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND

Why, well said, there's fair hope in that.

Another such a one.

CAPTAIN

Came they in thousands

'Tis all against you.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

Then poor friendless merit

Heaven be good to thee. Thy professor leaves thee;

45

Enter the Colonel and his two Friends

He's come. Do you but draw, we'll fight it for you.

CAPTAIN

I know too much to grant that.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

O dead manhood!

Had ever such a cause so faint a servant?

Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him.

COLONEL

I've heard, sir, you've been guilty of much boasting

50

For your brave earliness at such a meeting.

You've lost the glory of that way this morning:

I was the first today.

CAPTAIN

So were you ever

In my respect, sir.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

O most base præludium!

CAPTAIN

I never thought on victory, our mistress,

55

With greater reverence than I have your worth,

Nor ever loved her better.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND [*aside to Captain's Second Friend*]

'Slight, I could knock

His brains about his heels, methinks.

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND

Peace, prithee peace!

CAPTAIN

Success in you has been my absolute joy,

And when I have wished content, I have wished your
friendship.

60

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

Stay, let me but run him through the tongue a little.

There's lawyer's blood in't, you shall see foul gear
straight.

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND

Come, you are as mad now as he's cowardous.

COLONEL

I came not hither, sir, for an encomium.

CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND

No, the more coxcomb he, that claws the head

65

Of your vainglory with't.

COLONEL

I came provided

For storms and tempests and the foulest season

That ever rage let forth or blew in wildness

From the incensed prison of man's blood.

3.1.1-184 attributed to Middleton

25 **wreath of laurel** traditional sign of the victor45 **professor** announced follower54 **præludium** prelude or introduction62 **foul gear** corrupt matter, pus64 **encomium** formal expression of praise65 **claws the head** scratches, soothes

- Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
 As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,
 145 Your sin's rage, or her lord. This will require it,
 Or you'll be too soon lost. For I've an anger
 Has gathered mighty strength against you, mighty;
 Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
 Noble and fair.
- COLONEL I'll venture't once again,
 150 And if't be but as true as it is wondrous,
 I shall have that I come for. Your leave, gentlemen.
 [*They fight*]
- CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND
 If he should do't indeed, and deceive's all now!
 Stay, by this hand he offers, fights, i'faith,
 Fights! By this light he fights, sir!
- CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND So methinks, sir.
- CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND
 An absolute *punto*, hey!
- CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND
 155 'Twas a *passado*, sir.
- CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND
 Why, let it pass, and 'twas, I'm sure, 'twas somewhat.
 What's that now?
- CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND
 That's a *punto*.
- CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND O, go to, then,
 I knew 'twas not far off. What a world's this?
 Is coward a more stirring meat than bastard, my
 160 masters?
 Put in more eggs, for shame, when you get children,
 And make it true court custard. Ho! I honour thee.
 [*The Colonel falls*]
 'Tis right and fair, and he that breathes against it,
 He breathes against the justice of a man,
 And man to cut him off, 'tis no injustice.
 165 Thanks, thanks, for this most unexpected nobleness.
- CAPTAIN
 Truth never fails her servant, sir, nor leaves him
 With the day's shame upon him.
- CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND Thou'st redeemed
- Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteemed.
Exeunt Captain and his Friends
- COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND
 Alas, how is it, sir? Give us some hope
 Of your stay with us; let your spirit be seen
 170 Above your fortune. The best fortitude
 Has been of fate ill-friended. Now force your empire
 And reign above your blood spite of dejection,
 Reduce the monarchy of your abler mind,
 Let not flesh straiten it.
- COLONEL O, just heaven has found me
 175 And turned the stings of my too hasty injuries
 Into my own blood. I pursued my ruin
 And urged him past the patience of an angel.
 Could man's revenge extend beyond man's life,
 This would ha' waked it. If this flame will light me
 180 But till I see my sister, 'tis a kind one;
 More I expect not from it. Noble deserver!
 Farewell, most valiant and most wronged of men;
 Do but forgive me, and I am victor then.
Exit, led by his Friends
- Enter Physician, Jane, Anne, Dutch Nurse with
 the child* 3.2
- PHYSICIAN
 Sweet Fro, to your most indulgent care
 Take this my heart's joy. I must not tell you
 The value of this jewel in my bosom.
- NURSE
 Dat you may vell, sir, der can niet forstoore you.
- PHYSICIAN
 Indeed I cannot tell you. You know, Nurse,
 5 These are above the quantity of price.
 Where is the glory of the goodliest trees
 But in the fruit and branches? The old stock
 Must decay, and sprigs, scions such as these,
 Must become new stocks from us, to glory
 10 In their fruitful issue. So we are made
 Immortal one by other.
- NURSE You spreke a most lieben fader, and ick sall do de
 best of tender nurses to dis infant, my pretty frokin.

144 **circular fire** fire on all sides

145 **her lord** Satan

153 **offers** attempts

155 **punto** a stroke with the point of the sword

passado a forward thrust with the sword, one foot being advanced at the same time

157 **go to** a contemptuous concession

159 **coward**...**bastard** Is it more provoking to be called coward than bastard?

159-61 **bastard**...**more eggs**...**court custard** Bastard is a sweet wine. Eggs are needed to make it into a court, that is, impressive, custard, though the metaphor is not entirely clear. Custard also puns on coward.

160 **get** beget

171 **fortune** chance; fate

173 **spite** despite

174 **Reduce** bring back, recall

175 **straiten** restrict freedom or power

180 **this flame** his remaining spirit of life

3.2.0.1 **Dutch Nurse** Dutch in this period referred to the language and inhabitants of the Low Countries and Germany, now distinguished as Dutch and German.

1-175 attributed to Rowley

1 **Fro** lady, from the Dutch *vrouwe*

4 **vell** well. The Nurse mixes mispronounced English words with her Dutch.
der can niet forstoore you He (the baby) cannot understand you, from *verstaen*,

understand. Consequently, the Nurse implies, the Physician may freely praise the baby in its presence.

6 **These** i.e., children
above...**price** beyond what can be valued in money

9 **scions** new shoots

13 **spreke** speak; Hexham *spreecken*
lieben fader loving father, in a mixture of German and Dutch

ick I

13-14 **de best** *De* is the masculine article in Dutch, but the Nurse probably just mispronounces 'the'.

14 **frokin** little girl, a diminutive from Dutch *vrouwe*

90 If that hurt you, I have the cure, you see.
 JANE Come, you're a good man, I do perceive you:
 You put a trial to me. I thank you.
 You're my just confessor, and believe me,
 I'll have no further penance for this sin.
 95 Convert a year unto a lasting ever,
 And call't Apollo's smile, 'twas once, then never.
 PHYSICIAN Pray you, mistake me not, indeed I love you.
 JANE In deed, what deed?
 PHYSICIAN The deed that you have done.
 JANE I cannot believe you.
 PHYSICIAN Believe the deed then.
 [He offers to kiss her]
 JANE Away, you're a blackamoor! You love me?
 100 I hate you for your love. Are you the man
 That in your painted outside seemed so white?
 O, you're a foul dissembling hypocrite.
 You saved me from a thief that yourself might rob me,
 105 Skinned o'er a green wound to breed an ulcer.
 Is this the practice of your physic college?
 PHYSICIAN Have you yet uttered all your niceness forth?
 If you have more, vent it. Certes I think
 Your first grant was not yielded with less pain.
 110 If 'twere, you have your price, yield it again.
 JANE Pray you tell me, sir—I asked it before—,
 Is it a practice 'mongst you physicians?
 PHYSICIAN Tush, that's a secret. We cast all waters;
 Should I reveal, you would mistrust my counsel.
 115 The lawyer and physician here agrees:
 To women clients they give back their fees.
 And is not that kindness?
 JANE This for thy love!
She spits
 Out, outside of a man, thou cinnamon tree,
 That but thy bark hast nothing good about thee!
 120 The unicorn is hunted for his horn,
 The rest is left for carrion. Thou false man,
 Th'ast fished with silver hooks and golden baits,
 But I'll avoid all thy deceiving sleights.

PHYSICIAN Do what you list, I will do something too;
 Remember yet what I have done for you. 125
 You've a good face now, but 'twill grow rugged;
 Ere you grow old, old men will despise you.
 Think on your grandam Helen, the fairest queen:
 When in a new glass she spied her old face
 She smiling wept to think upon the change. 130
 Take your time, you're crazed, you're an apple fallen
 From the tree; if you be kept long, you'll rot.
 Study your answer well. Yet I love you.
 If you refuse I have a hand above you. *Exit*

JANE Poison thyself, thou foul empoisoner: 135
 Of thine own practic drink the theory.
 What a white devil have I met withal!
 What shall I do? What do! is't a question?
 Nor shame, nor hate, nor fear, nor lust, nor force
 (Now being too bad) shall ever make me worse. 140
Enter Anne
 What have we here, a second spirit?
 ANNE Mistress,
 I am sent to you.
 JANE Is your message good?
 ANNE As you receive it. My brother sent me
 And you know he loves you.
 JANE I heard say so,
 But 'twas a false report. 145
 ANNE Pray pardon me, I must do my message:
 Who lives commanded must obey his keeper.
 I must persuade you to this act of woman.
 JANE Woman! Of strumpet.
 ANNE Indeed of strumpet.
 He takes you at advantage of your fall, 150
 Seeing you down before.
 JANE Curse on his fainèd smiles.
 ANNE He's my brother, mistress, and a curse on you
 If e'er you bless him with that cursèd deed.
 Hang him, poison him! He held out a rose
 To draw the yielding sense, which come to hand 155
 He shifts, and gives a canker.
 JANE You speak well yet.
 ANNE Ay, but mistress, now I consider it,

96 **Apollo's smile** from the Latin proverb
semel in anno ridet Apollo, Apollo smiles
 once a year, Tilley Y15
 100 **blackamoor** a dark-skinned African
 105 **Skinned** covered
green recent and unhealed
 106 **physic college** medical society. The
 Royal College of Physicians was founded
 1518.

107 **niceness** coyness
 108 **Certes** certainly
 109 **Your first grant** your first sexual
 yielding
 113 **cast all waters** literally, diagnose disease
 by the inspection of urine; figuratively,
 deal with everyone
 118–19 **outside . . . thee** Metaphorically, the
 Physician looks better than he is.

128 **Helen** Helen of Troy
 131 **crazed** (a) impaired, ruined; (b) cracked
 (no longer a virgin); (c) driven mad
 136 **practic** practice
 137 **white devil** moral hypocrite
 147 **keeper** guardian
 151 **down before** already down
 156 **canker** dog-rose, an inferior kind of rose

Your reputation lies at his mercy;
 Your fault dwells in his breast. Say he throw it out,
 160 It will be known; how are you then undone?
 Think on't, your good name; and they are not to be
 sold
 In every market. A good name's dear,
 And indeed more esteemed than our actions
 By which we should deserve it.

JANE
 Ay me, most wretched!

165 ANNE What, do you shrink at that?
 Would you not wear one spot upon your face
 To keep your whole body from a leprosy,
 Though it were undiscovered ever? Hang him,
 Fear him not! Horseleeches suck out his corrupt
 blood;
 170 Draw you none from him, 'less it be pure and good.

JANE
 Do you speak your soul?

ANNE By my soul do I.

JANE
 Then yet I have a friend. But thus exhort me,
 And I have still a column to support me.

ANNE
 One fault heaven soon forgives, and 'tis on earth
 forgot;
 175 The moon herself is not without one spot. *Exeunt*

3.3 *Enter the Lady Ager, meeting one of her servants*

LADY
 Now, sir, where is he? Speak, why comes he not?
 I sent you for him. Bless this fellow's senses,
 What has he seen? A soul nine hours entranced,
 Hovering 'twixt hell and heaven, could not wake
 ghastlier.
Enter another Servant
 Not yet return an answer? [*To Second Servant*] What
 5 say you, sir?
 Where is he?

SECOND SERVANT
 Gone!

LADY What say'st thou?

SECOND SERVANT He is gone, madam,
 But as we heard, unwillingly he went
 As ever blood enforced.

LADY Went? Whither went he?

SECOND SERVANT
 Madam, I fear I ha' said too much already.

LADY
 These men are both agreed. Speak, whither went he? 10

SECOND SERVANT
 Why to—I would you'd think the rest yourself,
 madam.

LADY
 Meek patience bless me!

SECOND SERVANT To the field.

FIRST SERVANT To fight, madam.

LADY
 To fight!

FIRST SERVANT
 There came two urging gentlemen
 That called themselves his seconds, both so powerful
 As 'tis reported they prevailed with him 15
 With little labour.

LADY O, he's lost, he's gone!
 For all my pains, he's gone. Two meeting torrents
 Are not so merciless as their two rages:
 He never comes again. Wretched affection,
 Have I belied my faith? Injured my goodness? 20
 Slandered my honour for his preservation,
 Having but only him, and yet no happier?
 'Tis then a judgement plain, truth's angry with me,
 In that I would abuse her sacred whiteness
 For any worldly temporal respect. 25
 Forgive me, then, thou glorious woman's virtue,
 Admired where'er thy habitation is,
 Especially in us weak ones. O, forgive me,
 For 'tis thy vengeance this. To belie truth,
 Which is so hardly ours, with such pain purchased, 30
 Fastings and prayers, continence and care,
 Misery must needs ensue. Let him not die
 In that unchaste belief of his false birth
 And my disgrace. Whatever angel guides him,
 May this request be with my tears obtained: 35
 Let his soul know my honour is unstained.
 Run, seek, away! *Exeunt Servants*

If there be any hope
 Let me not lose him yet. When I think on him,
 His dearness and his worth, it earns me more:
 They that know riches tremble to be poor. 40
 My passion is not every woman's sorrow:
 She must be truly honest feels my grief,

159 **Your . . . breast** He knows about your (sexual) slip.

169 **Horseleeches** Leeches were used medicinally to bleed patients; horseleeches were larger than the ones usually employed.

3.3.1–44 attributed to Middleton

3–4 **A soul nine hours entranced**, | **Hovering 'twixt hell and heaven** a soul neither alive nor dead, in limbo. Sampson claims

that because nine is three times three it is a mystical number.

In 4.2.50–2 the Colonel says he has been lord of a more happy conquest in the nine hours since he was wounded than in the nine years before.

7–8 **unwillingly . . . enforced** (a) Ager's unwillingness was like that of blood being forced to run. (b) Though unwilling, Ager was forced by his blood relationship

to go.

19 **He never comes** He will never come.

22 **happier** more fortunate

26 **woman's virtue** truth, especially glorious in women or 'weak ones' (3.3.28), since it is often identified with their chastity

30 **so hardly** with such difficulty

33 **unchaste belief** belief in my unchastity

39 **earns me** affects me with poignant grief

And only known to one. If such there be,
They know the sorrow that oppresseth me. *Exit*
Finis Actus Tertius



4.1

*Incipit Actus Quartus**Enter Colonel's First Friend, Usher, Roarer with
Chough and Trimtram*

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Truth, sir, I must needs blame you
for a truant, having but one lesson read to you, and
neglect so soon. Fie, I must see you once a day at least.
CHOUGH Would I were whipped, tutor, if it were not 'long
of my man Trimtram here.

TRIMTRAM Who, of me?

CHOUGH [*aside to Trimtram*] Take't upon thee, Trim, I'll
give thee five shillings, as I am a gentleman.

TRIMTRAM I'll see you whipped first. Well, I will, too.
[*To Colonel's First Friend*] Faith, sir, I saw he was not
perfect, and I was loath he should come before to shame
himself.

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND How! Shame, sir? Is it a shame for
scholars to learn? Sir, there are great scholars that are
but slenderly read in our profession. Sir, first it must be
economical, then ecumenical. Shame not to practice in
the house how to perform in the field. The nail that is
driven takes a little hold at the first stroke, but more at
the second, and more at the third, but when 'tis home
to the head, then 'tis firm.

CHOUGH Faith, I have been driving it home to the head
this two days.

TRIMTRAM I helped to hammer it in as well as I could too,
sir.

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Well, sir, I will hear you rehearse
anon. Meantime peruse the exemplary of my bills, and
tell me in what language I shall roar a lecture to you,
or I'll read to you the mathematical science of roaring.

CHOUGH Is it mathematical?

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND O, sir, does not the winds roar?
the sea roar? the welkin roar? Indeed, most things do

roar by nature, and is not the knowledge of these things
mathematical?

CHOUGH Pray proceed, sir.

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND [*reads his bill*] 'The names of
the languages, the Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Bartheo-
thian, Tyburnian, Wappinganian, or the modern Lon-
donian. Any man or woman that is desirous to roar in
any of these languages, in a week they shall be perfect,
if they will take pains. So let 'em repair into Holborn to
the sign of the cheat-loaf.'

CHOUGH Now your bill speaks of that, I was wondering a
good while at your sign. The loaf looks very like bread,
i'faith, but why is it called the cheat-loaf?

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND This house was sometimes a
baker's, sir, that served the court, where the bread is
called cheat.

TRIMTRAM Ay, ay, 'twas a baker that cheated the court
with bread.

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Well, sir, choose your languages,
and your lectures shall be read, between my usher
and myself, for your better instruction, provided your
conditions be performed in the premises beforesaid.

CHOUGH Look you, sir, there's twenty pound in hand, and
twenty more I am to pay when I am allowed a sufficient
roarer.

[*He gives Colonel's First Friend money*]

COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND You speak in good earnest, sir.

CHOUGH Yes, faith, do I. Trimtram shall be my witness.

TRIMTRAM Yes indeed, sir, twenty pound is very good
earnest.

USHER Sir, one thing I must tell you belongs to my place.

You are the youngest scholar, and till another comes
under you, there is a certain garnish belongs to the
school. For in our practice we grow to a quarrel. Then
there must be wine ready to make all friends, for that's
the end of roaring, 'tis valiant but harmless, and this
charge is yours.

CHOUGH With all my heart, i'faith, and I like it the better
because no blood comes on it. Who shall fetch?

ROARER I'll be your spaniel, sir.

43 **known to one** having had sexual
experience with only one person

4.1.0.2 **Usher** assistant teacher

1-255 attributed to Rowley

4 **Would I were whipped** let me be
whipped

4-5 **'long of** because of

11 **come before** come earlier

15 **but slenderly read** have small knowledge

16 **economical, then ecumenical** private

before universal. The Colonel's Friend's
language is inflated and inexact.

17-20 **nail... head** a variant of the proverb,
to drive the nail to the head, Tilley N15

25 **rehearse** repeat his lesson

26 **exemplary** exemplar, copy

bills generally, documents, but here
handbills

28 **mathematical** exact

31 **welkin** the sky, the upper atmosphere

36-8 **Sclavonian, Parthamenian, Bartheo-**

thian, Tyburnian, Wappinganian... Londonian

nonce words combining
adjectives derived from places around
the world—S[c]lavonian is the language
of the Slavs or Russians, Parthamenian
is derived from Parthia, an ancient
kingdom of western Asia—with others
derived from places familiar in Jaco-
bean England. Tyburn was the site of a
gallows where felons were hanged; Wap-
ping, on the north bank of the Thames,
was the usual place of execution for
pirates. Bartheoian may come from
Bermudas, the name given a notorious
quarter of London.

40 **Holborn** one of the main thoroughfares

of London, running from the Old Bailey
to Drury Lane through a quarter of law-
yers, taverns, booksellers, and gardens of
dubious repute

41 **sign of the cheat-loaf** Inns were identified
by their signs; this would once have
been a baker's shop.

cheat-loaf a loaf of coarse wheat bread

53 **conditions... beforesaid** you pay as
previously agreed

59-60 **very good earnest** (a) very serious
(b) a satisfactory instalment payment

63 **under you** younger than you, after you
garnish money extorted from a new
prisoner for drink

69 **fetch** fetch it

70 **I'll be your spaniel** Spaniels were
considered notably fawning.

- COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Bid Vapour bring some tobacco,
too.
CHOUGH Do, and here's money for't.
[*He offers money to Roarer*]
USHER No, you shall not, let me see the money.
[*He takes the money*]
75 So, I'll keep it, and discharge him after the combat.
Exit Roarer
For your practice sake you and your man shall roar
him out on't (for indeed you must pay your debts so,
for that's one of the main ends of roaring), and when
you have left him in a chafe, then I'll qualify the rascal.
80 CHOUGH Content, i'faith. Trim, we'll roar the rusty rascal
out of his tobacco.
TRIMTRAM Ay, and he had the best craccus in London.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Observe, sir, we could now roar
in the Sclavonian language, but this practice hath been
85 a little sublime, some hair's breadth or so above your
caput. I take it for your use and understanding both, it
were fitter for you to taste the modern assault, only the
Londonian roar.
CHOUGH I'faith, sir, that's for my purpose, for I shall use
90 all my roaring here in London. In Cornwall we are all
for wrestling, and I do not mean to travel over sea to
roar there.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Observe, then, sir, but it were
necessary you took forth your tables to note the most
95 difficult points for the better assistance of your memory.
CHOUGH Nay, sir, my man and I keep two tables.
TRIMTRAM Ay, sir, and as many trenchers, cat's meat and
dog's meat enough.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Note, sir: Dost thou confront my
100 cyclops?
USHER With a briarean brousted.
CHOUGH [*writing*] Cyclops.
TRIMTRAM [*writing*] Briarean.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND I know thee and thy lineal pedi-
105 gree.
USHER It is collateral, as Brutus and Posthumus.
- TRIMTRAM [*writing*] Brutus.
CHOUGH [*writing*] Posthumus.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND False as the face of Hecate. Thy
sister is a— 110
USHER What is my sister, centaur?
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND I say thy sister is a bronsterops.
USHER A bronsterops!
CHOUGH Tutor, tutor, ere you go any further, tell me the
English of that. What is a bronsterops, pray? 115
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND A bronsterops is in English a
hippocrene.
CHOUGH A hippocrene. Note it, Trim. I love to understand
the English as I go.
TRIMTRAM What's the English of hippocrene? 120
CHOUGH Why, bronsterops.
USHER Thou dost obtrect my flesh and blood.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Again I denounce, thy sister is a
fructifer.
CHOUGH What's that, tutor? 125
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND That is in English a fucus or a
minotaur.
CHOUGH [*writing*] A minotaur.
TRIMTRAM [*writing*] A fucus.
USHER I say thy mother is a callicut, a panagron, a duplar 130
and a sindicus.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Dislocate thy bladud.
USHER Bladud shall conjure, if his demons once appear.
Enter Roarer with wine and Vapour with tobacco
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Advance thy respondecy.
CHOUGH Nay, good gentlemen, do not fall out. A cup of 135
wine quickly, Trimtram!
USHER [*drawing his sword*] See, my steel hath a glister.
CHOUGH Pray wipe him and put him up again, good Usher.
USHER Sir, at your request I pull down the flag of defiance.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Give me a bowl of wine. My fury 140
shall be quenched. Here, Usher.
[*He drinks*]
USHER I pledge thee in good friendship.

75 **discharge** pay
79 **in a chafe** in a rage
qualify appease
80 **rusty** lacking polish
82 **craccus** a kind of tobacco
85 **sublime** exalted
86 **caput** head (Latin)
94 **tables** writing tablets
97 **trenchers** plates
100 **cyclops** one-eyed giant of Greek
mythology
101 **briarean** of Briareus, a hundred-handed
monster of Greek mythology
brousted uncertain; perhaps a variation
of roasted
104-5 **lineal pedigree** direct line of descent
106 **collateral** descended of the same stock,
but in a different line
Brutus and Posthumus Silvius Post-
humus was the father of Brutus, the

legendary founder of Rome.
109 **Hecate** a goddess of the infernal regions
and of witchcraft
111 **centaur** a mythological creature, half
man and half horse
112 **bronsterops** procuress or bawd. The
OED citation, in the form *bronestrops*,
which also appears in *ELD*, is from *A Fair
Quarrel*. The word may be formed from
the names of two Cyclops, Brontes and
Steropes.
117 **hippocrene** a fountain on Mount
Helicon sacred to the muses; here an-
other term for a sexually loose woman,
perhaps combining hippo and quean
122 **obtrect** disparage
123 **denounce** proclaim
124 **fructifer** nonce word meaning a whore,
from Latin *fructifer*, bearing fruit

126 **fucus** nonce word meaning a painted
woman, with pun on 'fuck us'. Fucus
was a cosmetic for the face.
127 **minotaur** a monster with the body of a
man and the head of a bull
130 **callicut** from callet, strumpet, with pun
on 'cunt'
panagron Greek for fishing net, and thus
full of holes
duplar double, implying unfaithfulness
131 **sindicus** Latin for advocate, with no
obvious relevance
132 **Dislocate thy bladud** unsheathe your
blade, i.e. sword. Bladud was a legendary
British king addicted to necromancy.
133 **conjure** bring about as by magic
134 **respondecy** answer; here, his sword
137 **glister** gleam, with pun on glyster or
clyster, enema

- [*He drinks*]
 CHOUGH I like the conclusion of roaring very well, i'faith.
 TRIMTRAM It has an excellent conclusion indeed, if the
 145 wine be good, always provided.
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND O, the wine must be always
 provided, be sure of that.
 USHER Else you spoil the conclusion, and that, you know,
 crowns all.
 150 CHOUGH 'Tis much like wrestling, i'faith, for we shake
 hands ere we begin. Now that's to avoid the law, for
 then if he throw him a furlough into the ground, he
 cannot recover himself upon him, because 'twas done
 in cold friendship.
 155 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND I believe you, sir.
 CHOUGH And then we drink afterwards, just in this fashion.
 Wrestling and roaring are as like as can be, i'faith, even
 like long sword and half pike.
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Nay, they are reciprocal, if you
 160 mark it, for as there is a great roaring at wrestling, so
 there is a kind of wrestling and contention at roaring.
 CHOUGH True, i'faith, for I have heard 'em roar from the
 Six Windmills to Islington. Those have been great falls
 then.
 165 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Come, now a brief rehearsal of
 your other day's lesson, betwixt your man and you,
 and then for today we break up school.
 CHOUGH Come, Trimtram. If I be out, tutor, I'll be bold to
 look in my tables, because I doubt I am scarce perfect.
 170 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Well, well, I will not see small
 faults.
 CHOUGH [*to Trimtram*] The wall!
 TRIMTRAM The wall of me? To thy kennel, spaniel!
 CHOUGH Wilt thou not yield precedency?
 175 TRIMTRAM To thee? I know thee and thy brood.
 CHOUGH Know'st thou my brood? I know thy brood too:
 thou art a rook.
 TRIMTRAM The nearer akin to the Choughs.
 CHOUGH The rooks akin to the Choughs?
 180 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Very well maintained.
 CHOUGH Dungcrower, thou liest.
 TRIMTRAM Lie! Eucleate the kernel of thy scabbard.
- CHOUGH Now if I durst draw my sword, 'twere valiant,
 i'faith.
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Draw, draw, howsoever. 185
 CHOUGH Have some wine ready to make us friends, I pray
 you.
 TRIMTRAM Chough, I will make thee fly and roar.
 CHOUGH I will roar if thou striketh me.
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND So, 'tis enough, now conclude in 190
 wine. I see you will prove an excellent practitioner.
 Wondrous well performed on both sides.
 CHOUGH Here, Trimtram, I drink to thee.
 [*He drinks*]
 TRIMTRAM I'll pledge you in good friendship.
 [*He drinks*]
 Enter a Servant
 SERVANT Is there not one Master Chough here? 195
 USHER This is the gentleman, sir.
 SERVANT My master, sir, your elected father-in-law, desires
 speedily to speak with you.
 CHOUGH Friend, I will follow thee. I would thou hadst come
 a little sooner, thou shouldst have seen roaring sport,
 200 i'faith.
 SERVANT Sir, I'll return that you are following.
 CHOUGH Do so. *Exit Servant*
 I'll tell thee, tutor, I am to marry shortly, but I will
 defer it a while till I can roar perfectly, that I may get 205
 the upper hand of my wife on the wedding day. 'T must
 be done at first or never.
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND 'Twill serve you to good use in
 that, sir.
 CHOUGH How likest thou this, whiffler? 210
 VAPOUR Very valiantly, i'faith, sir.
 CHOUGH Tush, thou shalt see more by and by.
 VAPOUR I can stay no longer indeed, sir. Who pays me for
 my tobacco?
 CHOUGH How, pay for tobacco? Away, ye sooty-mouthed 215
 piper, you rusty piece of Martlemas bacon, away!
 TRIMTRAM Let me give him a mark for't.
 CHOUGH No, Trimtram, do not strike him, we'll only roar
 out a curse upon him.
 TRIMTRAM Well, do you begin then. 220

148-9 **conclusion** . . . all the end crowns all,
 proverbial, Tilley E116

152 **he throw him** Chough is describing a
 typical case, not specific individuals.

153 **recover himself upon him** sue him
 successfully

158 **long sword and half pike** a sword
 with a long cutting blade and a small
 pike with a shaft half the length of the
 full-sized one. These weapons are not
 the same but are more similar than the
 regular forms.

163 **Six Windmills** There were three
 windmills in Finsbury Field in the time of
 Stow's survey (1598), and six by 1658.

Islington a suburb north of London

165 **rehearsal** repetition

168 **if I be out** if I forget

169 **I doubt** I suspect

172 **The wall!** I claim the wall side of the
 street, that is, the cleanest place to walk.

175 **brood** (a) family (contemptuous);
 (b) hatch of birds

177 **rook** (a) crow; (b) fool, simpleton

178 **Choughs** (a) small crows, jackdaws;
 (b) redlegged Cornish crows; (c) chatter-
 ers

181 **Dungcrower** a rooster or other noisy
 bird

182 **Eucleate the kernel** . . . scabbard extract

your sword from its sheathe

197 **elected** chosen

202 **return** report

210 **whiffler** (a) attendant who clears the

way for a procession; (b) swaggerer

215-16 **sooty-mouthed piper** one who
 smokes tobacco through a pipe, black-
 ening his mouth with smoke

216 **rusty** rancid

Martlemas bacon bacon from cattle
 slaughtered on November 11, Martinmas
 or the Feast of St Martin, and put aside
 for the winter

217 **mark** (a) 12s. 4d in money; (b) visible
 trace

- CHOUGH May thy roll rot, and thy pudding drop in pieces,
being sophisticated with filthy urine.
- TRIMTRAM May sergeants dwell on either side of thee, to
fright away thy twopenny customers.
- 225 CHOUGH And for thy penny ones, let them suck thee dry.
- TRIMTRAM When thou art dead, mayst thou have no other
sheets to be buried in but mouldy tobacco leaves.
- CHOUGH And no strewings to stick thy carcass but the
bitter stalks.
- 230 TRIMTRAM Thy mourners all greasy tapsters—
- CHOUGH With foul tobacco pipes in their hats instead of
rotten rosemary. And last of all, may my man and I
live to see all this performed and to piss reeking even
upon thy grave.
- 235 TRIMTRAM And last of all for me, let this epitaph be
remembered over thee.
- ‘Here coldly now within is laid to rot
A man that yesterday was piping hot.
Some say he died by pudding, some by prick,
240 Others by roll and ball, some leaf, all stick
Fast in censure, yet think it strange and rare
He lived by smoke, yet died for want of air.
But then the surgeon said when he beheld him,
It was the burning of his pipe that killed him.’
- 245 CHOUGH So, are you paid now, whiffler?
- VAPOUR All this is but smoke out of a stinking pipe.
- CHOUGH So, so, pay him now, Usher.
- [*Usher gives money to Vapour*]
- COLONEL’S FIRST FRIEND Do not henceforth neglect your
schooling, Master Chough.
- 250 CHOUGH Call me rook if I do, tutor.
- TRIMTRAM And me raven, though my name be Trimtram.
- CHOUGH Farewell, tutor.
- TRIMTRAM Farewell, Usher.
- [*Exeunt Chough and Trimtram*]
- COLONEL’S FIRST FRIEND
Thus when the drum’s unbraced and trumpet cease,
Soldiers must get pay for to live in peace. *Exeunt* 255
- [*The Colonel discovered in bed, with his two
Friends watching him.*] *Enter the Colonel’s Sister,
meeting the Surgeon* 4.2
- SISTER
O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate ’twas—
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin. What hope is there?
- SURGEON Hope? Chillis was ’scaped miraculously, lady.
- SISTER What’s that, sir? 5
- SURGEON Cava vena. I care but little for his wound i’t’h
oesophag, not thus much, [*snapping his fingers*] trust
me, but when they come to diaphragma once, the
small intestines, or the spinal medull, or i’t’h’ roots of
the emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I fear 10
a syncope, the flanks retiring towards the back, the
urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour
pricking or pungent.
- SISTER
Alas, I’m ne’er the better for this answer.
- SURGEON Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i’t’h 15
region of the liver, and there’s both inflammation and
turmafaction feared. Marry, I made him a quadrangular
plumation, where I used sanguis draconis, by my faith,
with powders incarnative, which I tempered with oil of
hypericon, and other liquors mundificative. 20
- SISTER
Pox o’ your mundies figatives, I would they were all
fired.
- SURGEON But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment
at next dressing with a sarcotrick medicament, made

221 **roll** a quantity of tobacco leaves rolled
up in a cylinder, with sexual innuendo
pudding tobacco in a compressed form,
with sexual innuendo

223 **sergeants** arresting officers

228 **strewings** flowers and leaves scattered
on a grave

230 **tapsters** men who draw beer for the
customers in a tavern

232 **rotten rosemary** Rosemary was tradi-
tionally strewn at funerals as well as
weddings.

238 **piping hot** punning on the smoker’s
pipe

239 **prick** (a) a small roll of tobacco;
(b) penis

240 **roll and ball . . . leaf . . . stick** presenta-
tions of tobacco

254 **unbraced** with relaxed tension

4.2.0.1 **discovered** The bed may be thrust
out, or a curtain pulled back.

0.3 **Surgeon** one who practises the art
of healing by manual operation. Unlike
physicians, surgeons dealt particularly
with wounds and fractures.

1-4.3.124 attributed to Middleton

4-6 **Chillis . . . Cava vena** terms for the *vena
cava*, the vein that goes to the liver

7 **oesophag** oesophagus, gullet

8 **diaphragma** diaphragm, midriff

9 **spinal medull** spinal marrow, spinal cord

9-10 **roots of the emunctories of the noble
parts** Emunctories are the excretory
ducts of the body; Lowe says ‘in our
bodies there are three noble parts,
whereby we are governed, and without
them can do nothing, as the brains, the
heart, and the liver’ (312).

11 **syncope** heart attack

flanks sides

12 **purulent** discharging pus, putrid

dolour pain

13 **pungent** sharp

17 **turmafaction** tumefaction, swelling

17-18 **quadrangular plumation** Plumations
are little pieces of cloth cut into a variety
of shapes for bandages; these are square.

18 **sanguis draconis** dragon’s blood, a bright
red gum or resin exuded upon the fruit
of a palm

19 **incarnative** promoting the growth of
flesh in a wound

19-20 **oil of hypericon** a drug prepared from
the herb hypericum or St John’s-wort

20 **liquors mundificative** cleansing medicines

21 **mundies figatives** The sister’s dismissal
of the medical jargon puns on fig, a
contemptuous sexual gesture (the finger).

23 **sarcotrick** from sarcotic, inducing the
growth of flesh, healing
medicament medicine

- of iris of Florence. Thus, mastic, calaphena, opopanax,
25 sacrocolla—
SISTER Sacro-halter!
What comfort is i'this to a poor gentlewoman?
Pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him.
SURGEON Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to
30 him. The wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism,
and I find his body cacochymic. Being then in fear
of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether
with viands refrigerative and give for potion the juice of
sanicola, dissolved with water cerefolium. I could do no
35 more, Lady, if his best guiguimos were dissevered. *Exit*
SISTER
What thankless pains does the tongue often take
To make the whole man most ridiculous.
I come to him for comfort, and he tires me
Worse than my sorrow. What a precious good
40 May be delivered sweetly in few words,
And what a mount of nothing has he cast forth.
[*She approaches the bed*]
Alas, his strength decays! How cheer you, sir,
My honoured brother?
COLONEL In soul, never better.
I feel an excellent health there, such a stoutness!
45 My invisible enemy flies me. Seeing me armed
With penitence and forgiveness, they fall backward,
Whether through admiration, not imagining
There were such armoury in a soldier's soul
As pardon and repentance, or through power
50 Of ghostly valour. But I have been lord
Of a more happy conquest in nine hours now
Than in nine years before. O, kind lieutenants,
This is the only war we should provide for,
Where he that forgives largest and sighs strongest
55 Is a tried soldier, a true man indeed,
And wins the best field, makes his own heart bleed.
Read the last part of that will, sir.
COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND (*reads*) 'I also require at the hands
of my most beloved sister, whom I make full executrix,
60 the disposure of my body in burial at St Martin's i'th'
- field, and to cause to be distributed to the poor of the
same parish, forty mark, and to the hospital of maimed
soldiers, a hundred. Lastly, I give and bequeath to my
kind, dear, and virtuous sister the full possession of my
present estate in riches, whether it be in lands, leases, 65
money, goods, plate, jewels, or what kind soever, upon
this condition following: that she forthwith tender both
herself and all these enfeoffments to that noble captain,
my late enemy, Captain Ager.'
SISTER How, sir? 70
COLONEL
Read it again, sir, let her hear it plain.
SISTER
Pray spare your pains, sir, 'tis too plain already.
Good sir, how do you, is your memory perfect?
This will makes question of you. I bestowed
So much grief and compassion o' your wound, 75
I never looked into your senses' epilepsy.
The sickness and infirmity of your judgement
Is to be doubted now, more than your body's.
Why, is your love no dearer to me, sir,
Than to dispose me so upon the man 80
Whose fury is your body's present torment,
The author of your danger, one I hate
Beyond the bounds of malice? Do you not feel
His wrath upon you? I beseech you, sir,
Alter that cruel article.
COLONEL Cruel, sister? 85
Forgive me, natural love, I must offend thee,
Speaking to this woman. Am I content,
Having much kindred, yet to give thee all,
Because in thee I'd raise my means to goodness,
And canst thou prove so thankless to my bounty 90
To grudge my soul her peace? Is my intent
To leave her rich, whose only desire is
To send me poorer into the next world
Than ever usurer went, or politic statish?
Is it so burdensome for thee to love 95
Where I forgive? O, wretched is the man
That builds the last hopes of his saving comforts

- 24 **iris of Florence** white iris
mastic gum or resin from the tree
Pistacia Lentiscus
calaphena in Lowe, colaphonic, resin
distilled from turpentine
opopanax a gum resin obtained from
the root of *Opopanax Chironium*; also the
juice obtained from lovage
25 **sacrocolla** sarcocolla, a gum-resin. The
mistake is in Lowe.
26 **Sacro-halter** The sister's pun suggests her
annoyance, and is based on the proverb,
'after the collar comes a halter', Tilley
C513.
30 **paralism** paralysis
31 **cacochymic** containing unhealthy
humours or fluids
33 **viands refrigerative** cooling foods
34 **sanicola** sanicle, a plant
cerefolium chervil, a salad herb
35 **guiguimos** presumably an error for
gingylmus, a hinge-like joint, though the
earliest OED citation is 1657
dissevered divided, separated
44 **stoutness** firmness, valour
45-6 **invisible enemy** . . . they The enemy are
the devils who lie in wait for mankind to
fall; through 4.2.50 the metaphor is of a
battle in which the Colonel is spiritually
armed against a hostile host.
47 **Whether through admiration** either by
surprise
50 **ghostly valour** spiritual courage
51 **happy** fortunate
55 **tried** tested
59 **executrix** a woman appointed by a
testator to implement his will
60-1 **St Martin's i'th' field** now St Martin-
in-the-fields, a well-known church and
parish in London
67-8 **tender . . . herself** offer herself in
marriage. With some exceptions, the law
gave whatever possessions a woman had
upon marriage to her husband.
68 **enfeoffments** deeds of possession
69 **late** recent
73 **perfect** sound or sane
78 **doubted** feared
82 **danger** risk (of death)
86 **natural love** love based in nature,
usually of relatives
89 **raise my means to goodness** increase my
means of doing good
91 **grudge** begrudge
94 **usurer** one who takes excessive interest
on loans
politic statish shrewd politician

- 4.4 VOICE (*within*)
Hem!
Enter Captain Albo, a Bawd, and a Whore
BAWD Hark of these hard-hearted bloodhounds. These butchers are e'en as merciless as their dogs, they knock down a woman's fame e'en as it walks the streets by 'em.
5 WHORE And the Captain here, that should defend us, walks by like John-of-the-apple-loft.
CAPTAIN ALBO What for interjections, Priss? *Hem, Evax, Vah!* Let the carnifexes scour their throats, thou knowest there is a curse hangs over their bloody heads: this year there shall be more butchers' pricks burnt than of all trades besides.
BAWD I do wonder how thou camest to be a captain.
CAPTAIN ALBO As thou camest to be a bawd, Meg, and Priss to be a whore, everyone by their deserts.
15 BAWD Bawd and whore? Out, you unprofitable rascal, hast not thou been at the new play yet, to teach thee better manners? Truly they say they are the finest players, and good speakers of gentlewomen of our quality. Bawd and whore is not mentioned amongst 'em, but the handsomest narrow-mouthed names they have for us, that some of them may serve as well for a lady as for one of our occupation.
WHORE Prithee, patroness, let's go see a piece of that play.
25 If we shall have good words for our money, 'tis as much as we can deserve, i'faith.
BAWD I doubt 'tis too late now, but another time, servant.
CAPTAIN ALBO Let's go now, sweet face. I am acquainted with one of the pantomimics: the bulchins will use the Irish captain with respect, and you two shall be boxed amongst the better sort.
30 WHORE Sirrah, Captain Albo, I doubt you are but white-livered. Look that you defend us valiantly, you know your penance else. Patroness, you remember how you used him once?
35 BAWD Ay, servant, and I shall never forget it till I use him so again. Do you remember, Captain?
CAPTAIN ALBO Mum, Meg, I will not hear on't now.
BAWD How I and my Amazons stripped you as naked as an Indian—
40 CAPTAIN ALBO Why, Meg!
BAWD And then how I bound you to the good behaviour in the open fields.
- WHORE And then you strewed oats upon his hoppers—
CAPTAIN ALBO Prithee, sweet face—
WHORE And then brought your ducks to nibble upon him, you remember?
CAPTAIN ALBO O, the remembrance tortures me again. No more, good sweet face.
BAWD Well, lead on, sir. But hark a little.
50 *Enter Chough and Trimtram*
CHOUGH Didst thou bargain for the bladders with the butcher, Trim?
TRIMTRAM Ay, sir, I have 'em here. I'll practise to swim, too, sir, and then I may roar with the water at London Bridge. He that roars by land and by water both is the perfect roarer.
CHOUGH Well, I'll venture to swim too. If my father-in-law gives me a good dowry with his daughter, I shall hold up my head well enough.
TRIMTRAM Peace, sir, here's practice for our roaring, here's a centaur and two hippocrenes.
60 CHOUGH Offer the jostle, Trim.
Trimtram jostles the Captain
CAPTAIN ALBO Ha! What meanest thou by that?
TRIMTRAM I mean to confront thee, cyclops.
CHOUGH I'll tell thee what a means. Is this thy sister?
65 CAPTAIN ALBO How then, sir?
CHOUGH Why then, I say she is a bronsterops, and this is a fucus.
WHORE No indeed, sir, we are both fucusses.
CAPTAIN ALBO Art thou military? Art thou a soldier?
70 CHOUGH A soldier? No, I scorn to be so poor. I am a roarer.
CAPTAIN ALBO A roarer?
TRIMTRAM Ay, sir, two roarers.
CAPTAIN ALBO Know then, my freshwater friends, that I am a captain.
75 CHOUGH What, and have but two to serve under you?
CAPTAIN ALBO I am now retiring the field.
TRIMTRAM You may see that by his bag and baggage.
CHOUGH Deliver up thy panagron to me.
TRIMTRAM And give me thy sindicus.
80 CAPTAIN ALBO Deliver?
BAWD I pray you, Captain, be contented, the gentlemen seem to give us very good words.
CHOUGH Good words? Ay, if you could understand 'em, the words cost twenty pound.
85 BAWD What is your pleasure, gentlemen?

4.4.1-237 attributed to Rowley

- 2 Hark of listen to bloodhounds here, butchers
7 John-of-the-apple-loft Apple-loft was a slang term for brothel, as apple-squire (4.4.121) was for pimp.
8 What for interjections Pay no attention to exclamations (referring to the offstage voice calling Hem! at 4.4.1).
8-9 Hem, Evax, Vah Latin interjections
9 carnifexes butchers
11 butchers' pricks skewers, with bawdy second sense
17 new play *A Fair Quarrel*, first produced

- without this scene
21 narrow-mouthed literally, having a small mouth; here, metaphorical, polite
24 patroness The whore is the dependent of the bawd, who finds her work.
27 I doubt I fear
29 pantomimics actors
bulchins bull-calves, used as a term of contempt
30 boxed seated in a box or private room on the side of the stage
32-3 white-livered cowardly
39 my Amazons the prostitutes in her employ

- 42 bound you to the good behaviour constrained you to good conduct, as if with legal authority
44 hoppers hips
62 the jostle collision, push
64 confront oppose
cyclops in Greek mythology, giant with one eye who forged thunderbolts for Zeus
74 freshwater friends because they have not crossed the sea as soldiers
77 retiring the field retreating from the field of battle
79 panagron see 4.1.130
80 sindicus see 4.1.131

- CHOUGH I would enucleate my fructifer.
WHORE What says he, patroness?
BAWD He would enoculate; I understand the gentleman
90 very pithily.
CAPTAIN ALBO Speak, are you gentle or plebeian? Can you
give arms?
CHOUGH Arms? Ay, sir, you shall feel our arms presently.
TRIMTRAM 'Sault you the women, I'll pepper him till he
95 stinks again. I perceive what countryman he is; let me
alone with him.
CAPTAIN ALBO Darest thou charge a captain?
TRIMTRAM Yes, and discharge upon him, too.
[Trimtram turns his back to the Captain]
CAPTAIN ALBO Foh, 'tis poison to my country, the slave
100 has eaten pippins! O, shoot no more, turn both thy
broad-sides rather than thy poop! 'Tis foul play: my
country breeds no poison. I yield, the great O'Toole
shall yield on these conditions.
CHOUGH I have given one of 'em a fair fall, Trim.
105 TRIMTRAM Then thus far we bring home conquest. Follow
me, Captain, the cyclops doth command.
CHOUGH Follow me, tweaks, the centaur doth command.
BAWD Anything, sweet gentlemen. Will't please you to
lead to the tavern where we'll make all friends?
110 TRIMTRAM Why, now you come to the conclusion.
CHOUGH Stay, Trim; I have heard your tweaks are like
your mermaids: they have sweet voices to entice the
passengers. Let's have a song, and then we'll set 'em at
liberty.
115 TRIMTRAM In the commendation of roaring, not else, sir.
CHOUGH Ay, in the commendation of roaring.
BAWD The best we can, gentlemen.
Sing Bawd
Then here thou shalt resign
Both captain and commander;
120 That name was never thine,
But apple-squire and pander.
And henceforth will we grant
In pillage or in moneys,
- In clothing or provant,
Whate'er we get by conies. 125
With a hone, a hone, a hone,
No cheaters nor decoys
Shall have a share, but alone
The bravest roaring boys.
Whate'er we get by gulls, 130
Of country or of city,
Old flat-caps or young heirs,
Or lawyers' clerks so witty,
By sailors newly landed,
To put in for fresh waters, 135
By wandering gander-mooners,
Or muffled late night-walkers.
With a, etc.
Whate'er we get by strangers,
The Scotch, the Dutch, or Irish, 140
Or to come nearer home,
By masters of the parish.
It is concluded thus,
By all and every wench,
To take of all their coins 145
And pay 'em back in French.
With a, etc.
CHOUGH Melodious minotaur!
TRIMTRAM Harmonious hippocrene!
CHOUGH Sweet-breasted bronsterops!
150 TRIMTRAM Most tuneable tweak!
CHOUGH Delicious duplar!
TRIMTRAM Putrefactious panagron!
CHOUGH Calumnious callicut!
TRIMTRAM And most singular sindicus! 155
BAWD We shall never be able to deserve these good words
at your hands, gentlemen.
CAPTAIN ALBO Shake golls with the captain, he shall be
thy valiant friend.
CHOUGH Not yet, Captain, we must make an end of our 160
roaring first.

87-9 **enucleate** . . . **fructifer** . . . **enoculate**

Chough would lay open his whore, in a sexual sense. But the bawd hears enoculate, with a pun on knockers.

90 **pithily** speaking with few and significant words91-2 **gentle** . . . **arms?** well-born, with the right to bear arms, or base93 **Arms** . . . **arms** armorial bearings. Chough, however, understands limbs or weapons94 **'Sault you** you attack
pepper (a) pelt with missiles; (b) make pungent98 **discharge** (a) shoot at; (b) break wind99 **poison to my country** Irishmen were supposed to be especially sensitive to flatulence.100 **pippins** apples101 **broad-sides** side of a ship, here, metaphorically, the side of a man**poop** (a) afterpart of a ship; (b) rump, posteriors of a man102 **country** . . . **poison** According to legend, St Patrick freed Ireland of snakes.**O'Toole** Arthur Severus O'Toole was a notorious Irish captain in London.104 **fair fall** wrestling term for being thrown on one's back by one's opponent, with bawdy second sense112-13 **mermaids** . . . **passengers** Mermaids are imaginary creatures with the head of a woman and the body of a fish, frequently confused, as here, with sirens, sea-songstresses that charm sailors with their music and lead them to their deaths. Sirens are half woman and half bird.118-19 **resign** . . . **commander** give up being Captain or Commander121 **apple-squire** pimp
pander go-between123 **pillage** booty, spoil124 **provant** an allowance of food, especially for soldiers125 **conies** dupes, gulls. Conies are rabbits, supposed to be stupid.126 **hone** nonsense syllable129 **roaring boys** roisterers and bullies about London132 **flat-caps** London citizens or apprentices, who wore round caps with a low, flat crown136 **gander-mooners** husbands during the month after their wives give birth; hence, married men who go to whores137 **muffled** wrapped up and hidden146 **French** the French disease, i.e., the pox, syphilis148-55 **minotaur** . . . **sindicus** see 4.1.112-31 and notes158 **golls** hands

- TRIMTRAM We'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco man: lay
a curse upon 'em. Marry, we'll lay it on gently, because
they have used us so kindly, and then we'll shake golls
together.
- 165 WHORE As gently as you can, sweet gentlemen.
- CHOUGH For thee, O pander, mayst thou trudge till the
damned soles of thy boots fleet into dirt, but never rise
into air.
- 170 TRIMTRAM Next, mayst thou fleet so long from place to
place, till thou beest kicked out of Fleet Street.
- CHOUGH As thou hast lived by bad flesh, so rotten mutton
be thy bane.
- TRIMTRAM When thou art dead, may twenty whores follow
thee, that thou mayst go a squire to thy grave.
- 175 CAPTAIN ALBO Enough for me, sweet faces, let me sleep in
my grave.
- CHOUGH For thee, old sindicus, may I see thee ride in a
caroche with two wheels and drawn with one horse.
- 180 TRIMTRAM Ten beadles running by, instead of footmen.
- CHOUGH With every one a whip, 'stead of an Irish dart.
- TRIMTRAM Forty barbers' basins sounding before instead
of trumpets.
- BAWD This will be comely indeed, sweet gentlemen roarers.
- 185 TRIMTRAM Thy ruff starched yellow with rotten eggs.
- CHOUGH And mayst thou then be drawn from Holborn to
Hounslow Heath.
- TRIMTRAM And then be burnt to Colebrook for destroying
of Maidenhead.
- 190 BAWD I will study to deserve this kindness at your hands,
gentlemen.
- CHOUGH Now for thee, little fucus, mayst thou first serve
out thy time as a tweak, and then become a bronsterops
as she is.
- 195 TRIMTRAM Mayst thou have a reasonable good spring, for
thou art like to have many dangerous foul falls.
- CHOUGH Mayst thou have two ruffs torn in one week.
- TRIMTRAM May spiders only weave thy cobweb lawn.
- CHOUGH Mayst thou set up in Rogue Lane.
- TRIMTRAM Live till thou stinkest in Garden Alleys.
- 200 CHOUGH And die sweetly in Tower Ditch.
- WHORE I thank you for that, good sir roarer.
- CHOUGH Come, shall we go now, Trim? My father-in-law
stays for me all this while.
- TRIMTRAM Nay, I'll serve 'em as we did the tobacco man:
I'll bury 'em altogether, and give 'em an epitaph.
- 205 CHOUGH All together, Trim? Why then the epitaph will be
accessory to the sin.
- TRIMTRAM Alas, he has kept the door all his lifetime, for
pity let 'em lie together in their graves.
- 210 CAPTAIN ALBO E'en as thou wilt, Trim, and I thank you,
too, sir.
- TRIMTRAM
He that the reason would know, let him hark,
Why these three were buried near Marybone Park;
These three were a pander, a bawd, and a whore,
- 215 That sucked many dry to the bones before.
That sucked many dry to the bones before.
Will you know how they lived? Here't may be read,
The Low Countries did ever find 'em bread.
They lived by Flushing, by Sluys, and the Groyne,
Sickened in France, and died under the Line.
- 220 Three letters at last commended 'em hither,
But the hangman broke one in putting together.
P. was the first, who cries out for a pardon.
O. craves his book, yet could not read such a hard
one.
- An X. was the last, which in conjunction
Was broke by Brandon, and here's the conclusion:
By three trees, three letters; these three, pander,
bawd, whore,
- 225 Now stink below ground, stunk long above before.
- CHOUGH So, now we have done with you, remember
roaring boys.
- 230 TRIMTRAM Farewell centaur.
CHOUGH Farewell bronsterops.

168 **fleet** dissolve, disintegrate

171 **Fleet Street** Fleet Street extended from
Ludgate Hill to Temple Bar; it contained
taverns, tobacconists, and booksellers,
and abutted the Inns of Court and the
houses of the nobility along the Strand.

172 **mutton** slang for a prostitute

179 **caroche** a stately town carriage. But
Chough describes the kind of cart used to
convey bawds for whipping.

180 **beadles** minor parish officers, one of
whose duties was whipping offenders

181 **Irish dart** a weapon carried by Irish
footmen

185 **ruff**...**eggs** a starched linen neckpiece,
arranged in horizontal flutings, popular
under Elizabeth and James. Yellow
ruffs were made notorious by Mrs Ann
Turner, a laundress executed for assisting
Lady Frances Howard in murdering Sir
Thomas Overbury.

186 **Holborn** a major thoroughfare running
from the Old Bailey to Drury Lane and
used for the public carting and flogging

of criminals

187 **Hounslow Heath** a heath next to the
town of Hounslow in Middlesex, 11 miles
west of London. The heath was notorious
for highway robberies; executed felons
were hung in chains there.

188 **Colebrook** or Colnbrook, a village some
5 miles east of Windsor, with pun on
coal meaning (a) ashes and (b) bawd

189 **Maidenhead** see 5.1.181

198 **cobweb lawn** very fine transparent
linen

199 **Rogue Lane** nickname for Shire Lane,
which had a disreputable character

200 **Garden Alleys** alleys behind various
gardens where prostitutes plied their
trade

201 **Tower Ditch** the moat around the
Tower of London

207-8 **epitaph**...**sin** Because men and
women will lie in the grave together,
the epitaph will participate in sexual
misconduct.

214 **Marybone Park** near Tyburn; now part
of Regent's Park

218 **Low Countries** the Netherlands and
Belgium, with bawdy pun

219 **Flushing** Vlissingen, town in the south-
west Netherlands, with bawdy pun on
spurting, drawing off liquid from
Sluys a fortified town in Holland, with
pun on sluice, to cause to flow out
(metaphorically, to copulate)

the Groyne Groningen, a fortified city in
Friesland, with bawdy pun

220 **the Line** the equator

224 **O. craves**...**hard one** a reference to the
the 'neck verse', a Latin verse printed in
black letter (usually the beginning of the
fifty-first psalm) set before a condemned
prisoner claiming benefit of clergy. If he
could read the verse he would escape
execution. O finds the offered verse too
difficult.

226 **Brandon** Sir William Brandon, the
Elizabethan hangman

TRIMTRAM Farewell fucus. *Exeunt Chough and Trimtram*
 CAPTAIN ALBO Well, Meg, I will learn to roar and still
 235 maintain the name of captain over these lanceprisados.
 BAWD If thou dost not, mayst thou be buried under the
 roaring curse. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Quartus

⊗

5.1 *Incipit Actus Quintus*
Enter Physician and Jane [dressed] as a Bride

PHYSICIAN
 Will you be obstinate?
 JANE Torment me not,
 Thou ling'ring executioner to death,
 Greatest disease to nature, that striv'st by art
 To make men long a-dying. Your practice is
 5 Upon men's bodies. As men pull roses
 For their own relish but to kill the flower,
 So you maintain your lives by others' deaths.
 What eat you then but carrion?
 PHYSICIAN Fie, bitterness!
 Y'ad need to candy o'er your tongue a little,
 10 Your words will hardly be digested else.
 JANE
 You can give yourself a vomit to return 'em
 If they offend your stomach.
 PHYSICIAN Hear my vow.
 You are to be married today.
 JANE A second torment,
 Worse than the first, 'cause unavoidable.
 15 I would I could as soon annihilate
 My father's will in that as forbid thy lust.
 PHYSICIAN
 If you then tender an unwilling hand
 Meet it with revenge: marry a cuckold.
 JANE
 If thou wilt marry me, I'll make that vow
 20 And give my body for satisfaction
 To him that should enjoy me for his wife.
 PHYSICIAN
 Go to, I'll mar your marriage.
 JANE Do, plague me so.
 I'll rather bear the brand of all that's passed
 In capital characters upon my brow
 25 Than think to be thy whore, or marry him.
 PHYSICIAN
 I will defame thee ever.
 JANE Spare me not.

PHYSICIAN I will produce thy bastard,
 Bring thee to public penance.
 JANE No matter, I care not:
 I shall then have a clean sheet. I'll wear twenty
 Rather than one defiled with thee.
 PHYSICIAN Look for revenge. 30
 JANE
 Pursue it fully then. [*Aside*] Out of his hate
 I shall pursue, I hope, a loathèd fate. *Exit*
 PHYSICIAN
 Am I rejected, all my baits nibbled off,
 And not the fish caught? I'll trouble the whole stream
 And choke it in the mud; since hooks not take,
 35 I'll throw in nets that shall or kill or break.
Enter Trimtram with rosemary
 This is the bridegroom's man.—Hark, sir, a word.
 TRIMTRAM
 'Tis a busy day, sir, nor I need no physic.
 You see I scour about my business.
 PHYSICIAN Pray you a word, sir. 40
 Your master is to be married today?
 TRIMTRAM Else all this rosemary's lost.
 PHYSICIAN I would speak with your master, sir.
 TRIMTRAM My master, sir, is to be married this morning,
 and cannot be within while soon at night. 45
 PHYSICIAN
 If you will do your master the best service
 That e'er you did him; if he shall not curse
 Your negligence hereafter, slacking it;
 If he shall bless me for the dearest friend
 That ever his acquaintance met withal: 50
 Let me speak with him ere he go to church.
 TRIMTRAM A right physician, you would have none go to
 the church nor churchyard till you send them thither!
 Well, if death do not spare you yourselves, he deals
 hardly with you, for you are better benefactors and
 55 send more to him than all diseases besides.
 CHOUGH (*within*) What, Trimtram, Trimtram!
 TRIMTRAM I come, sir! Hark you, you may hear him. He's
 upon the spur and would fain mount the saddle of
 matrimony, but if I can I'll persuade him to come to
 60 you.
 PHYSICIAN
 Pray you do, sir. *Exit Trimtram*
 I'll teach all peevish niceness
 To beware the strong advantage of revenge.
Enter Chough
 CHOUGH
 Who's that would speak with me?

235 lanceprisados lance-corporals, low-grade non-commissioned officers
 5.1.1-392 attributed to Rowley
 2 ling'ring executioner to death one who aggravates the death sentence by dragging it out
 6 but to kill but in the process kill
 9 candy o'er sweeten
 18 cuckold husband of an unfaithful wife
 24 capital characters upon my brow as if branded
 28 public penance typically, standing in a sheet in a public place as a sign of repentance and shame
 36.1 rosemary symbol of wedding
 38 physic medicine
 39 scour move hastily
 45 while until
 48 slacking it for omitting it
 50 withal with
 52 right true
 59 upon the spur in the utmost haste
 59-60 saddle of matrimony continuing the metaphor of riding, with sexual sense
 62 peevish niceness obstinate coyness
 63 advantage superior position

- PHYSICIAN None but a friend, sir:
65 I would speak with you.
CHOUGH Why sir, and I dare speak with any man under the universe. Can you roar, sir?
PHYSICIAN No, i'faith, sir.
I come to tell you mildly for your good,
70 If you please to hear me. You are upon marriage?
CHOUGH
No, sir, I am towards it, but not upon it yet.
PHYSICIAN Do you know what you do?
CHOUGH Yes sir, I have practised what to do before now, I would be ashamed to be married else. I have seen a
75 bronsterops in my time, and a hippocrene, and a tweak, too.
PHYSICIAN
Take fair heed, sir. The wife that you would marry
Is not fit for you.
CHOUGH Why, sir, have you tried her?
PHYSICIAN
80 Not I, believe it, sir, but believe withal
She has been tried.
CHOUGH
Why, sir, is she a fructifer? or a fucus?
PHYSICIAN
All that I speak, sir, is in love to you.
Your bride that may be has not that portion
85 That a bride should have.
CHOUGH
Why sir, she has a thousand and a better penny.
PHYSICIAN
I do not speak of rubbish, dross, and ore,
But the refinèd metal, honour, sir.
CHOUGH What she wants in honour shall be made up in
90 worship, sir. Money will purchase both.
PHYSICIAN
To be plain with you, she's naught.
Physician draws his sword
CHOUGH If thou canst not roar thou'rt a dead man. My
bride naught?
PHYSICIAN
95 Sir, I do not fear you that way. What I speak
My life shall maintain. I say she's naught.
CHOUGH Dost thou not fear me?
PHYSICIAN Indeed I do not, sir.
CHOUGH I'll never draw upon thee while I live for that
trick. Put up and speak freely.
- PHYSICIAN [*sheathing his sword*]
Your intended bride is a whore, that's freely, sir. 100
CHOUGH Yes, faith, a whore's free enough, an she hath a
conscience. Is she a whore? Foot, I warrant she has the
pox then.
PHYSICIAN
Worse, the plague; 'tis more incurable.
CHOUGH A plaguy whore? A pox on her, I'll none of her. 105
PHYSICIAN
Mine accusation shall have firm evidence.
I will produce an unavoided witness,
A bastard of her bearing.
CHOUGH A bastard? 'Snails, there's great suspicion she's a
whore then. I'll wrestle a fall with her father for putting 110
this trick upon me, as I am a gentleman.
PHYSICIAN
Good sir, mistake me not. I do not speak
To break the contract of united hearts.
I will not pull that curse upon my head,
To separate the husband and the wife. 115
But this in love I thought fit to reveal,
As the due office betwixt man and man,
That you might not be ignorant of your ills.
Consider now of my premonishment
As yourself shall please. 120
CHOUGH I'll burn all the rosemary to sweeten the house, for
in my conscience 'tis infected. Has she drunk bastard?
If she would piss me wine vinegar now nine times a
day I'd never have her, and I thank you too.
Enter Trimtram
TRIMTRAM Come, will you come away, sir? They have all 125
rosemary and stay for you to lead the way.
CHOUGH I'll not be married today, Trimtram. Hast e'er an
almanac about thee? This is the nineteenth of August,
look what day of the month 'tis.
[*Trimtram*] looks in an almanac
TRIMTRAM 'Tis twenty-nine indeed, sir. 130
CHOUGH What's the word? What says Bretnor?
TRIMTRAM The word is, sir, 'There's a hole in her coat.'
CHOUGH I thought so. The physician agrees with him. I'll
not marry today.
TRIMTRAM I pray you, sir, there will be charges for new 135
rosemary else. This will be withered by tomorrow.
CHOUGH Make a bonfire on't to sweeten Rosemary Lane.
Prithee, Trim, entreat my father-in-law that might have
been to come and speak with me.

70-1 upon marriage... upon it about to marry. Chough takes the phrase in a sexual sense.

75 bronsterops... hippocrene... tweak see above, 4.1.112, 116-17. Tweak was another slang word for a prostitute.

79-81 tried... tried (a) tested; (b) tried out (sexually) (c) made to suffer

82 fructifer... fucus see above, 4.1.124, 126

84 portion (a) dowry; (b) virginity

87 dross scum thrown off while melting metals

90 worship respect

91 naught immoral, worthless

101, 141 an if

102-3 the pox syphilis

107 unavoided unavoidable, certain

119 premonishment forewarning

122 in my conscience upon my word

drunk bastard (a) consumed a sweet

Spanish wine; (b) produced a child out of wedlock

131 word phrase or motto for the day

Bretnor Thomas Bretnor, author of a series of almanacs. See *Owl* for a satirical example.

137 Rosemary Lane now Royal Mint Street, running from the Minorities to Leman Street. Occupied by old clothes shops, it was an abode of whores and thieves.

140 TRIMTRAM The bride cries already, and looks t'other way.
 An you be so backward, too, we shall have a fine
 arseward wedding on't. *Exit*
 CHOUGH You'll stand to your words, sir?
 PHYSICIAN I'll not fly the house, sir.

145 When you have need, call me to evidence. *Exit*
 CHOUGH If you'll prove she has borne a bastard, I'll stand
 to't she's a whore.
Enter Russell and Trimtram

RUSSELL
 Why, how now, son, what causeth these delays?
 All stay for your leading.

CHOUGH
 Came I from the Mount to be confronted?

150 RUSSELL How's that, sir?
 CHOUGH Canst thou roar, old man?
 RUSSELL Roar? How mean you, sir?
 CHOUGH Why then, I'll tell thee plainly: thy daughter is a
 bronsterops.

155 RUSSELL A bronsterop? What's that, sir?
 TRIMTRAM
 Sir, if she be so she is a hippocrene.
 CHOUGH Nay worse, she is a fructifer.
 TRIMTRAM Nay then, she is a fucus, a minotaur, and a
 tweak.

160 RUSSELL
 Pray you, speak to my understanding, sir.
 CHOUGH If thou wilt have it in plain terms, she is a callicut
 and a panagron.
 TRIMTRAM
 Nay then, she is a duplar and a sindicus.

165 RUSSELL Good sir, speak English to me.
 CHOUGH All this is Cornish to thee. I say thy daughter has
 drunk bastard in her time.

RUSSELL
 Bastard! You do not mean to make her a whore?
 CHOUGH Yes, but I do. If she make a fool of me, I'll ne'er
 make her my wife till she have her maidenhead again.

170 RUSSELL
 A whore? I do defy this calumny.
 CHOUGH Dost thou? I defy thee then.

TRIMTRAM Do you, sir? Then I defy thee too. Fight with
 us both at once in this quarrel if thou darest.
 CHOUGH I could have had a whore at Plymouth. 175
 TRIMTRAM Ay, or at Penryn.
 CHOUGH Ay, or under the Mount.
 TRIMTRAM Or as you came, at Yeovil.
 CHOUGH Or at Hockey Hole in Somersetshire.
 TRIMTRAM Or at the hanging stones in Wiltshire. 180
 CHOUGH Or at Maidenhead in Berkshire. And did I come
 in by Maidenhead to go out by Staines? O, that man,
 woman, or child would wrestle with me for a pound of
 patience!

RUSSELL
 Some thief has put in poison at your ears 185
 To steal the good name of my child from me.
 Or if it be a malice of your own,
 Be sure I will enforce a proof from you.
 CHOUGH He's a goose and a woodcock that says I will not
 prove any word that I speak. 190
 TRIMTRAM Ay, either goose or woodcock; he shall, sir,
 with any man.
 CHOUGH [*calls*] Phy-si-ci-an, *mauz avez* Physician.
 RUSSELL Is he the author?
 [*Enter Physician*]

PHYSICIAN
 Sir, with much sorrow for your sorrow's sake 195
 I must deliver this most certain truth:
 Your daughter is an honour-stainèd bride,
 Indeed she is the mother to a child
 Before the lawful wife unto a husband.
 CHOUGH Law, that's worse than I told thee. I said she had 200
 borne a bastard, and he says she was the mother on't,
 too.

RUSSELL
 I'm yet an infidel against all this,
 And will believe the sun is made of brass,
 The stars of amber— 205
 CHOUGH And the moon of a Holland cheese—
 RUSSELL
 Rather than this impossibility.
 O, here she comes.

141-2 **backward . . . arseward wedding**

(a) If Chough turns his back, as Jane has done, they will be 'arseward' to each other. (b) Chough's unwillingness to go forward with the wedding may suggest he is instead interested in anal intercourse.

149 **All stay for your leading** Everyone is waiting for you to lead the way.

150 **confronted** forced to face a hostile situation. Chough, however, seems to mean affronted, insulted.

156 **bronsterop** Russell does not quite catch the word the first time.

168-70 **make her a whore . . . make a fool of me . . . make her my wife** Russell means that Chough does not intend to call

her a whore, but Chough understands the phrase as *make her into* a whore, and continues this sense of *make* in the succeeding phrases.

171 **calumny** a damaging false charge, slander

175 **Plymouth** on the south coast of England in Devon, east of Cornwall

176 **Penryn** in Cornwall at the head of a branch of Falmouth harbour

177 **under the Mount** near St Michael's Mount

178 **Yeovil** in Somerset (with pun on evil)

179 **Hockey Hole in Somersetshire** Wookey Hole, near Wells, was on Chough's route to London; there were two places called Hockley in the Hole, one in London, the

other in Bedfordshire.

180 **hanging stones in Wiltshire** Stonehenge

181 **Maidenhead in Berkshire** Maidenhead is at the east end of Berkshire, near London.

182 **in by Maidenhead to go out by Staines** Staines is a town in Middlesex, 17 miles west of London; the sequence punningly suggests defloration.

188 **enforce a proof** force you to prove

189 **goose and a woodcock** Both birds were symbols of foolishness.

193 **mauz avez** Usually glossed as Rowley's attempts at Cornish, the phrase also suggests the French *mauvez*, wicked.

201 **on't** of it

203 **infidel** unbeliever

Act 5 Scene 1

A Fayre Quarrell.

Enter Jane and Anne

210 Nay, come, daughter, stand at the bar of shame.
 Either now quit thyself or kill me ever.
 Your marriage day is spoiled if all be true.
 JANE
 A happy misery. Who's my accuser?
 PHYSICIAN
 I am, that knows it true I speak.
 CHOUGH Yes, and I'm his witness.
 215 TRIMTRAM And I.
 CHOUGH And I again.
 TRIMTRAM
 And I again, too. There's four, that's enough I hope.
 RUSSELL
 How can you witness, sir, that nothing know
 But what you have received from his report?
 220 CHOUGH Must we not believe our physicians? Pray you,
 think I know as much as every fool does.
 TRIMTRAM
 Let me be Trimtram. I pray you too, sir.
 JANE
 Sir, if this bad man have laid a blemish
 On my white name, he is a most false one,
 225 Defaming me for the just denial
 Of his foul lust. [*To Physician*] Nay, now you shall be
 known, sir.
 ANNE
 Sir, I'm his sister and do better know him
 Than all of you. Give not too much belief
 To his wild words. He's oftentimes mad, sir.
 PHYSICIAN
 I thank you, good sister.
 230 ANNE Are you not mad
 To do this office? Fie upon your malice!
 PHYSICIAN
 I'll presently produce both nurse and child,
 Whose very eyes shall call her mother before it speaks.
 CHOUGH Ha, ha, ha, ha! By my troth, I'd spend a shilling
 235 on that condition to hear that. I think in my conscience
 I shall take the physician in a lie. If the child call her
 mother before it can speak I'll never wrestle while I live
 again.
 TRIMTRAM It must be a she child if it do, sir, and those
 240 speak the soonest of any living creatures, they say.
 CHOUGH Bow wow, a dog will bark a month sooner, he's
 a very puppy else.

RUSSELL [*aside to Jane*]
 Come, tell truth 'twixt ourselves, here's none but
 friends.
 One spot a father's love will soon wipe off.
 The truth, and then try my love abundant. 245
 I'll cover it with all the care I have
 And yet, perhaps, make up a marriage day.
 JANE
 Then it's true, sir, I have a child.
 RUSSELL Hast thou?
 Well, wipe thine eyes, I'm a grandfather then.
 If all bastards were banished, the City would be thin 250
 In the thickest term-time. Well, now, let me alone,
 I'll try my wits for thee. Richard, Francis, Andrew!
 None of my knaves within?
 Enter his Servant
 SERVANT
 Here's one of 'em. Sir, the guests come in apace.
 RUSSELL
 Do they, Dick? Let 'em have wine and sugar, 255
 We'll be for 'em presently. But hark, Dick.
 [*He whispers*]
 CHOUGH I long to hear this child speak, i'faith, Trim. I
 would this foolish physician would come once.
 TRIMTRAM If it calls her mother, I hope it shall never call
 you father. 260
 CHOUGH No, and it do I'll whip it, i'faith, and give thee
 leave to whip me.
 RUSSELL Run on thy best legs, Dick.
 SERVANT I'll be here in a twinkling, sir. Exit
 Enter Physician, Nurse, with the Child
 PHYSICIAN
 Now gentlemen, believe your eyes if not my tongue. 265
 [*To Jane*] Do not you call this your child?
 CHOUGH Phew, that's not the point. You promised us the
 child should call her mother. If it does this month, I'll
 ne'er go to the roaring school again.
 RUSSELL Whose child is this, Nurse? 270
 NURSE
 Dis gentleman's, so he to me reden.
 She points to the Physician
 CHOUGH 'Snails, she's the physician's bronsterops, Trim.
 TRIMTRAM His fucus, his very tweak, i'faith.
 CHOUGH A glister in his teeth, let him take her, with a
 275 purgation to him.
 RUSSELL
 'Tis as your sister said: you are stark mad, sir,
 This much confirms it. You have defamed

209 **bar** as in a court
 210 **quit thyself** clear thyself of the charge
 222 **Let me be Trimtram** Let me be known
 as Trimtram, rather than as a fool like
 Chough.
 224 **white** pure
 233 **call her mother** identify her as its
 mother
 251 **term-time** when the law courts were in

session and many people came to London
let me alone give me a chance
 253 **knaves** servants
 254 **apace** swiftly
 256 **for 'em** with them, ready for them
 271 **me reden** told me, from Middle Dutch
reden, redenen, to reason or speak. Based
 on the Physician's statement that the
 baby is his 'heart's joy' (3.2.2), the

Nurse believes he is the child's father.
 272 **'Snails** exclamation, God's nails
 274 **glister** enema
 277-80 **defamed...bastard** Russell
 threatens the physician with legal action
 in an ecclesiastical court for defamation,
 as well as with the civil punishment he
 will receive for fornication and the fine
 for support of his child.

Mine honest daughter. I'll have you punished for't,
 Besides the civil penance of your sin
 And keeping of your bastard.

280 PHYSICIAN This is fine.
 All your wit and wealth must not thus carry it.

RUSSELL Sir Chough, a word with you.
 CHOUGH I'll not have her, i'faith, sir. If Trimtram will have
 her, an he will, let him.

285 TRIMTRAM Who, I, sir? I scorn it. If you'll have her, I'll
 have her too; I'll do as you do, and no otherwise.

RUSSELL
 I do not mean't so either. This only, sir:
 That whatsoe'er you've seen, you would be silent.
 Hinder not my child of another husband

290 CHOUGH Though you forsake her.
 CHOUGH I'll not speak a word, i'faith.

RUSSELL As you are a gentleman.
 CHOUGH
 By these basket-hilts, as I am a youth,
 A gentleman, a roarer.

295 RUSSELL Charm your man, I beseech you, too.
 CHOUGH I warrant you, sir, he shall do nothing but what
 I do before him.
Enter Servant with Fitzallen

RUSSELL
 I shall most dearly thank you. O, are you come?
 Welcome, son-in-law. This was beyond your hope.

300 We old men have pretty conceits sometimes:
 Your wedding day's prepared, and this is it.
 How think you of it?

FITZALLEN As of the joyfullest
 That ever welcomed me. You show yourself now
 A pattern to all kind fathers. My sweetest Jane!

RUSSELL
 Your captivity I meant but as sauce
 Unto your wedding dinner. Now, I'm sure,
 'Tis far more welcome in this short restraint
 Than had it freely come.

FITZALLEN A thousandfold.

JANE I like this well.

310 CHOUGH [*aside to Trimtram*] I have not the heart to see this
 gentleman gulled so. I will reveal, I make it mine own
 case. 'Tis a foul case.

TRIMTRAM Remember you have sworn by your hilts.

CHOUGH I'll break my hilts rather than conceal. I have a
 trick. Do thou follow me. I will reveal it and yet not
 speak it neither. 315

TRIMTRAM 'Tis my duty to follow you, sir.
 CHOUGH (*sings*)
 Take heed in time, O man, unto thy head.

TRIMTRAM (*sings*)
 All is not gold that glistereth in bed.

RUSSELL Why, sir? Why, sir? 320

CHOUGH [*sings*]
 Look to't, I say, thy bride's a bronsterops.

TRIMTRAM [*sings*]
 And knows the thing that men wear in their slops.

FITZALLEN How's this, sir?
 CHOUGH [*sings*]
 A hippocrene, a tweak, for and a fucus.

TRIMTRAM [*sings*]
 Let not fond love with foretops so rebuke us. 325

RUSSELL Good sir!
 CHOUGH [*sings*]
 Behold a baby of this maid's begetting.

TRIMTRAM [*sings*]
 A deed of darkness after the sun-setting.

RUSSELL Your oath, sir!
 CHOUGH [*sings*]
 I swear and sing, thy bride has taken physic. 330

TRIMTRAM [*sings*]
 This was the doctor cured her of that pththisic.

CHOUGH [*sings*]
 If you'll believe me I will say no more.

TRIMTRAM [*sings*]
 Thy bride's a tweak, as we do say that roar.

CHOUGH
 Bear witness, gentlemen, I have not spoke a word:
 My hilts are whole still. 335

FITZALLEN
 This is a sweet epithalamium
 Unto the marriage bed, a musical
 Harmonious lo! Sir, you've wronged me,
 And basely wronged me. Was this your cunning fetch,
 To fetch me out of prison, forever 340

To marry me unto a strumpet?

RUSSELL None of those words, good sir.
 'Tis but a fault, and 'tis a sweet one, too.

283-4 will have her, an he will if he will have her
 293 basket-hilts hilts provided with a metal defence for the swordsman's hand
 300 pretty conceits clever fancies, tricks
 311 gulled fooled
 311-12 I make it mine own case I imagine this were happening to me.
 312 foul case (a) dirty situation; (b) impure vagina; (c) taken from the wrong case of

printer's type
 318 unto thy head lest thou have horns on thy head, i.e. be a cuckold
 319 All is not gold that glistereth proverbial, Tilley A146
 322 knows is sexually familiar with
 slops wide baggy breeches or hose
 324 for and apparently added for the rhythm
 325 foretops the top of the head, here

suggesting horns and cuckoldry
 330 taken physic received medicine, especially purges; here with ironic reference to the birth of the baby
 331 pththisic wasting disease of the lungs
 336 epithalamium wedding song
 338 lo! a Greek and Latin exclamation of joy, frequent in epithalamia
 339-40 fetch...fetch (a) contrivance, trick; (b) bring

- Come, sir, your means is short: lengthen your fortunes
 345 With a fair proffer. I'll put a thousand pieces
 Into the scale to help her to weigh it up
 Above the first dowry.
 FITZALLEN Ha? You say well.
 Shame may be bought out at a dear rate.
 A thousand pieces added to her dowry?
 RUSSELL
 350 There's five hundred of 'em to make the bargain.
 [*He gives Fitzallen money*]
 I have worthy guests coming and would not delude
 'em.
 Say, speak like a son to me.
 [*Jane and Fitzallen kneel*]
 FITZALLEN Your blessing, sir,
 We are both yours. Witness, gentlemen,
 These must be made up a thousand pieces,
 355 Added to a first thousand for her dowry,
 To father that child.
 PHYSICIAN O, is it out now?
 CHOUGH
 For t'other thousand I'll do't myself yet.
 TRIMTRAM Or I, if my master will.
 FITZALLEN [*rising with Jane*]
 The bargain's made, sir. I have the tender
 360 And possession both, and will keep my purchase.
 CHOUGH Take her e'en to you with all her movables, I'll
 wear my bachelor's buttons still.
 TRIMTRAM So will I, i'faith; they are the best flowers in
 any man's garden, next to heartsease.
 FITZALLEN [*taking the child*]
 365 This is as welcome as the other, sir,
 And both as the best bliss that e'er on earth
 I shall enjoy. Sir, this is mine own child,
 You could not have found out a fitter father;
 Nor is it basely bred, as you imagine,
 370 For we were wedded by the hand of heaven
 Ere this work was begun.
 CHOUGH At Pancridge, I'll lay my life on't.
 TRIMTRAM I'll lay my life on't too, 'twas there.
 FITZALLEN
 Somewhere it was, sir.
- RUSSELL Was't so i'faith, son?
 JANE
 And that I must have revealed to you, sir,
 375 Ere I had gone to church with this fair groom.
 [*Pointing to the Physician*] But thank this gentleman,
 he prevented me.
 I am much bound unto your malice, sir.
 PHYSICIAN
 I am ashamed.
 JANE Shame to amendment then.
 RUSSELL
 Now get you together for a couple of cunning ones. 380
 But son, a word. The latter thousand pieces
 Is now more than bargain.
 FITZALLEN No, by my faith, sir.
 Here's witness enough on't, 'must serve to pay my
 fees.
 Imprisonment is costly.
 CHOUGH By my troth, the old man has gulled himself finely. 385
 Well, sir, I'll bid myself a guest, though not a groom.
 I'll dine and dance and roar at the wedding for all this.
 TRIMTRAM So will I, sir, if my master does.
 RUSSELL
 Well sir, you are welcome. But now, no more words
 on't
 Till we be set at dinner, for there will mirth 390
 Be the most useful for digestion.
 See, my best guests are coming.
 Enter Captain Ager, Surgeon, Lady Ager, the
 Colonel's Sister, Captain Ager's two Friends
 CAPTAIN Recovered, sayst thou?
 SURGEON May I be excluded quite out of Surgeon's Hall else.
 395 Marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice
 corroded, 'twas a plain gastrolophe, and a deep one, but
 I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures, which
 is a kind conjunction of the parts separated against the
 course of nature.
 CAPTAIN Well, sir, he is well. 400
 SURGEON I feared him, I assure you, Captain. Before the
 suture in the belly it grew almost to a convulsion, and
 there was like to be a bloody issue from the hollow
 vessels of the kidneys.

344 **means is short** resources are slender

345 **proffer** offer

346-7 **Into the scale...dowry** He will put an extra thousand pieces into one side of the scale to make Jane heavier, with implied contrast to light, i.e. sexually promiscuous.

348 **dear** expensive

354 **made up a thousand pieces** brought up to a thousand pieces

359 **tender** formal offer, usually of money

360 **possession** (a) monetary ownership;

(b) sexual knowledge of

purchase that which is obtained, winnings

361 **movables** personal property

362-4 **bachelor's buttons...heartsease** flowers, usually buttercups and pansies, with secondary meanings based on the names

365 **the other** Jane, but it could also mean the money

370 **wedded by the hand of heaven** in a private contract of marriage; see note to I.I.191-3

372 **Pancridge** St Pancras, a large parish in London. St Pancras church was often used for hasty and irregular marriages.

377 **he prevented me** His actions anticipated mine.

382 **more than bargain** more than was agreed

383-4 **fees...costly** Prisoners had to pay their own upkeep.

393-448 attributed to Middleton

394 **Surgeon's Hall** Barber-Surgeon's Hall in Monkswell Street
 else otherwise

395-6 **twice corroded** worn away

396 **gastrolophe** Lowe mentions a suture used in the belly, called gastroraphie; the term is applied here to the wound itself.

401 **feared him** feared for him

403 **issue** discharge

A Fayre Quarrell.

405 CAPTAIN (*giving him money*)
 There's that to thank thy news and thy art together.
 SURGEON And if your worship at any time stand in need
 of incision, if it be your fortune to light into my hands,
 I'll give you the best. [Exit]

CAPTAIN
 Uncle, the noble Colonel's recovered.
 410 RUSSELL Recovered!
 Then honour is not dead in all parts, coz.
Enter the Colonel with his two Friends
 CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND Behold him yonder, sir.
 CAPTAIN [*aside*]
 My much unworthiness is now found out.
 Thou'st not a face to fit it.
 415 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND Sir, yonder's Captain Ager.
 COLONEL
 O lieutenant, the wrong I have done his fame
 Puts me to silence. Shame so confounds me
 That I dare not see him.
 CAPTAIN
 I never knew how poor my deserts were
 420 Till he appeared. No way to give requital?
 [*He gives Captain's First Friend the will*]
 Here, shame me lastingly, do't with his own.
 Return this to him, tell him I have riches
 In that abundance in his sister's love
 These come but to oppress me and confound
 425 All my deservings everlastingly.
 I never shall requite my wealth in her, say.

How soon from virtue and an honoured spirit
 May man receive what he may never merit!
 [*Captain's First Friend takes will to the Colone!*]
 COLONEL
 This comes most happily to express me better,
 For since this will was made there fell to me
 The manor of Fitzdale; give him that too.
 430 [*He writes on the will*]
 He's like to have charge, there's fair hope
 Of my sister's fruitfulness. For me,
 I never mean to change my mistress,
 And war is able to maintain her servant. 435
 CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND [*returning will to Ager*]
 Read there, a fair increase, sir, by my faith!
 He hath sent it back, sir, with new additions.
 CAPTAIN
 How miserable he makes me. This enforces me
 To break through all the passages of shame
 And headlong fall—
 COLONEL Into my arms, dear worthy! 440
 [*They embrace*]
 CAPTAIN You have a goodness
 Has put me past my answers. You may speak
 What you please now, I must be silent ever.
 COLONEL
 This day has shown me joy's unvalued treasure.
 I would not change this brotherhood with a monarch, 445
 Into which blessed alliance sacred heaven
 Has placed my kinsman and given him his ends.
 Fair be that quarrel makes such happy friends.
Exeunt omnes

Finis Actus Quintus

THE PARTS

Adult Males
 CAPTAIN Ager (403 lines): Lady Ager's Second Servant;
 Captain Albo; Usher or Roarer or Vapour
 RUSSELL (322 lines): Captain Albo; Usher or Roarer or
 Vapour
 CHOUGH (319 lines): Lady Ager's First Servant or Lady
 Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant or Second Ser-
 geant
 The COLONEL (211 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First
 Servant or Lady Ager's Second Servant; Usher or Roarer
 or Vapour

PHYSICIAN (205 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First
 Servant or Lady Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant
 or Second Sergeant; Usher or Roarer or Vapour
 TRIMTRAM (193 lines): Lady Ager's First Servant or Lady
 Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant or Second Ser-
 geant
 COLONEL'S FIRST FRIEND (125 lines): Captain Albo; [Lady
 Ager's First Servant or Lady Ager's Second Servant]
 CAPTAIN'S FIRST FRIEND (107 lines): Captain Albo; Usher
 or Roarer or Vapour; [Lady Ager's First Servant or Lady
 Ager's Second Servant]

420 **No way to give requital** no way to pay
 him back
 422-3 **riches** | **In that abundance** such
 great riches
 426 **requite my wealth in her** repay the
 riches I find in her

429 **happily** fortunately
 431 **give him that too** Legally, as soon as
 they are married the Captain will have
 full control of the Sister's property. By
 returning the will to the Colonel the
 Captain starts a contest in generosity

between the men. Since the Colonel's
 intent is to enrich the Captain, he sends
 the will back, with the additional gift,
 directly to him.
 432 **like to have charge** likely to have
 expenses

A Faire Quarrell.

FITZALLEN (62 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First Servant *or* Lady Ager's Second Servant; Usher *or* Roarer *or* Vapour

CAPTAIN ALBO (4.4; 40 lines): any but Chough or Trimtram

SURGEON (39 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First Servant *or* Lady Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant *or* Second Sergeant; Usher *or* Roarer *or* Vapour

USHER (4.1; 27 lines): any but Chough, Trimtram, Colonel's First Friend, Russell's Servant, Roarer, Vapour

CAPTAIN'S SECOND FRIEND (21 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First Servant *or* Lady Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant *or* Second Sergeant; Usher *or* Roarer *or* Vapour

Russell's SERVANT (19 lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First Servant *or* Lady Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant *or* Second Sergeant

FIRST SERGEANT (1.1; 10 lines): any but Captain Ager, Russell, Colonel, Fitzallen, Colonel's First Friend, Captain's First Friend, Second Sergeant

Lady Ager's SECOND SERVANT (7 lines): any but Russell, Lady Ager's First Servant

Lady Ager's FIRST SERVANT (5 lines): any but Russell, Captain Ager, Lady Ager's Second Servant

SECOND SERGEANT (1.1; 5 lines): any but Captain Ager, Russell, Colonel, Fitzallen, Colonel's First Friend, Captain's First Friend, First Sergeant

VAPOUR (4.1; 4 lines): any but Chough, Trimtram, Colonel's First Friend, Russell's Servant, Usher, Roarer

ROARER (4.1; 1 line): any but Chough, Trimtram, Colonel's First Friend, Russell's Servant, Usher, Vapour

COLONEL'S SECOND FRIEND (no lines): Captain Albo; Lady Ager's First Servant *or* Lady Ager's Second Servant; First Sergeant *or* Second Sergeant; Usher *or* Roarer *or* Vapour

Boys

JANE (229 lines): Bawd *or* Whore

LADY Ager (171 lines): Bawd *or* Whore

BAWD (4.4; 66 lines): Lady Ager *or* Jane *or* Anne *or* Nurse *or* Colonel's Sister

ANNE (54 lines): Bawd *or* Whore

Colonel's SISTER (49 lines): Bawd *or* Whore

WHORE (4.4; 16 lines): Lady Ager *or* Jane *or* Anne *or* Nurse *or* Colonel's Sister

NURSE (9 lines): Bawd *or* Whore

Most crowded scene: 5.1, 17 characters

THE TRIUMPHS OF HONOUR AND INDUSTRY

Text edited by David M. Bergeron, annotated and introduced by Kate D. Levin

LOOKING below us onto the street we saw a huge mass of people, surging like the sea, moving here and there in search of places to watch or rest—which proved impossible because of the constant press of newcomers. It was a chaotic mixture: dotards; insolent youths and children, especially of that race of apprentices I mentioned earlier; beribboned serving wenches; lower class women with their children in their arms: all were there to see the beautiful show. We saw few carriages about, and fewer horsemen . . . because the insolence of the crowd is extreme.

The report of Orazio Busino, chaplain to the Venetian Ambassador, provides vivid descriptions of the audiences for the pageant celebrating the installation of George Bolles, Grocer, as London's Lord Mayor on 29 October 1617. In addition to the crowds roiling through the streets and hanging out of windows, Busino talks about the spectators who are paying for the show, the guildmembers whose authority and influence make the city 'more like a republic of merchants than anything else'. The day's spectacle had to entertain 'the crowd' and affirm 'the republic'; Thomas Middleton's *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry*, printed in a single edition of 500 copies by Nicholas Okes, is a canny effort to do both. It takes a distinct position in the debate about the form and purpose of such entertainments, a debate that erupted periodically in the texts of civic pageants and court masques throughout the Stuart era.

The basic conflict was over the question of audience: who were these performances for? What were spectators likely to understand? What was the relationship between the audiences for court and city entertainments—and between the entertainments themselves? The honour of 'ordering, overseeing and writing' the 1617 pageant was a lucrative one. The pageant cost £882, of which Middleton received £282 to cover his own fee as well as the salaries of a range of actors and artisans. Anthony Munday got a generous consolation prize of £5 for 'his pains in drawing a project for this business'. The other contestant was Middleton's frequent collaborator Thomas Dekker, who was paid £4 'for the like'. The competition between these writers was more than a commercial one; they represent very different artistic approaches to the questions outlined above.

Middleton and Dekker are on one side of the convoluted debate about the audience—and by extension, the aesthetic value—of civic entertainments. Dekker, in his text of the 1612 pageant *Troia-Nova Triumphans*, defines

two kinds of spectators and validates the different abilities of both groups to respond: 'Princes' behold triumphs 'with delight; common people with admiration'. *Honour and Industry* shares this encompassing view of its audience. The elaborate iconography invites aristocratic 'delight', while the breezy, ebullient narrative encourages and welcomes popular 'admiration'.

Ben Jonson represents a very different point of view. Although he removed himself from the milieu of civic pageantry by cultivating the position of house dramatist to James I, a position cemented in 1616 with a royal pension, Jonson always seemed to be looking over his shoulder for potential gatecrashers. In a masque text from 1609, Jonson describes his clientele as having 'enquiring eyes' and 'quick ears'; a world of difference from 'those sluggish ones of porters, and mechanics, that must be bored through, at every act, with narrations'. Although Jonson would have been appalled by the comparison, Anthony Munday was in many ways his counterpart in the world of 'porters and mechanics'. Skewered by Jonson in *The Case is Altered* (c.1600) as Antonio Balladino, the 'pageant poet' specializing in stale conceits, Munday was nonetheless as ubiquitous in serving the livery companies as Jonson was in writing for the court. Between 1602 and 1616, Munday was chosen to compose or help produce at least nine Lord Mayor's pageants (to Middleton's one).

The dramaturgy and written description of a Munday pageant is consistent over the years. He creates a succession of 'inventions', from which one figure emerges as a kind of narrator or presenter. At some point toward the end of the pageant this figure explains to the Lord Mayor and his entourage the iconography of all the devices they have seen—the 'narration' that so disgusted Jonson. Munday's pamphlets similarly segregate performance and explication. He describes all the inventions in the first part of each text, giving lengthy and painstakingly learned derivations for his themes. The speeches are listed in the second part of each pamphlet. Munday's tone is monochromatically earnest, and his texts teem with scholarly justifications and marginal glosses, as if aspiring to the solidity and profundity of a Jonsonian entertainment. That aspiration is explicit at the close of *Metropolis-coronata* (1615), when Munday describes the final procession 'as if it had been a royal masque, prepared for the marriage of an immortal deity, as in the like nature we hold the Lord Mayor, to be this day solemnly married to London's supreme dignity, by representing the awful authority of sovereign majesty'.

Where Munday in the texts of his city entertainments strives to emulate a 'higher' tone associated with the court, Middleton in *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* works to frame a mode of civic rhetoric that is neither craven nor pedantic. Unlike Munday, Middleton's prose commandeers attention through its integration of narration and performance. Readers are told to look, listen, imagine, by a narrator who often seems distracted in his eagerness to show us the best bits. "The first invention", the Indians 'at work in an island of growing spices', is typographically announced with its own heading. Its successor, however, simply rolls into view in the following paragraph. This chariot features India, 'the seat of merchandise', and several emblematic companions. Middleton starts to sketch out the significance of the device but interrupts himself, telling us, 'if you give attention to Industry that now sets forward to speak, it will be yours more exactly'.

Industry finishes her encomium to the virtues and rewards of hard work by introducing the next device, the 'Pageant of Nations', but the narrator again intervenes, backtracking to give us a more detailed description of the props and costumes of the mercantile values peopling the chariot, 'that you may take the better note of their adornments': India's wedge of gold, Perfection's crown, and so forth. Only then are we reminded of Industry's closing lines, as 'the Pageant of Several Nations, which is purposely planted near the sound of the words, moves with a kind of affectionate joy' into the procession. Eventually, all but panting, the narrator confesses, 'I arrive now at that part of triumph which my desire ever hastened to come to, this Castle of Fame or Honour, which Industry brings her sons unto in their reverend ages.' Here, the narrator does not merely describe the emblematic participants, he takes us by the hand and points: 'If you look upon Truth first, you shall find her properly expressed'.

Throughout, the narrator is wry, hard-working, supremely confident of his own worth, and, by implication, the worth of the occasion and the honorand. This persona holds right up to the pamphlet's final lines. Honour's last speech is set down, the artisans responsible for the devices are thanked, and we are told, 'The season cuts me off; and after this day's trouble, I am as willing to take my rest.'

The various 'inventions' are composed with an eye toward their effect in performance, and can be 'admired' by audience members not stationed near enough to hear the words. The Island of Spices needs only to be seen; Busino admired the 'grace and many varied gestures' that marked the children's dancing. The speeches themselves are relatively brief and provide ample opportunity for expository pantomime: Industry gesturing with her prop, a large, golden, Cupid-topped sphere; Justice reprimanding Reward in front of an open seat in the Castle of Honour. Middleton has not just written a lecture on the ethics of high government office or a guided tour of the pageant's iconography; dramatic action, however rudimentary, is embedded in the material.

One 'invention', the Pageant of Nations, constitutes an act of genuine theatrical daring. According to Industry, the pageant represents 'several nations where commerce abounds', producing 'a stream of amity and peace'. London's interest in—and profound ambivalence toward—cultural exotics would most likely have rendered these appropriately costumed foreigners far more 'readable' to the crowd than the 'six celestial figures' accompanying them on the pageant wagon. Busino's eyewitness account of *Honour and Industry* suggests the emblematic significance of national dress for xenophobic Londoners:

Foreigners in London are little liked, not to say hated, so those who are wise take care to dress in the English style or that of France, which has been adopted by the court, and make themselves understood by signs whenever they can avoid speaking, and so they avoid mishaps. Only the Spanish nation choose the prerogative of dressing in their own fashion, and are therefore easily recognized and mortally hated.

The Venetian goes on to report a brawl along the pageant route in which the crowd, incited by a woman wielding a bunch of greens, mobbed a gentleman believed to be connected with the Spanish embassy.

Spain and France, twin objects of England's secret admiration and obsessive fears, come in for special treatment in *Honour and Industry*. Hysterical talk of imminent invasion—by Catholicism, by a second armada—boomed alongside trade with both countries. Rumours proliferated identifying members of James's inner circle as spies in the pay of the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar; at the same time, the English appetite for Spanish imports like sugar and wine burgeoned. A pamphlet from 1615 bemoans the 'pretty mystery' of trade with Spain: 'though the gain scarce provideth for the merchants' livelihood, yet the commodities make the land merry'. France, with its Catholic seminaries swallowing up recusant English youth, was a constant object of English paranoia. For several years now the English had followed with fascination and horror a series of embassies between James I and the royal families of France and Spain to negotiate for the marriage of Prince Charles to an (unavoidably) Catholic princess of either house. In the weeks leading up to the performance of *Honour and Industry*, court circles were abuzz with news of the latest exploded conspiracy: a Milanese Jesuit had claimed that powerful French and Spanish factions were plotting to kidnap His Majesty and Prince Charles, incite a Catholic uprising, invade England, and present the conquered kingdom as a dowry for the marriage of the second Princess of Spain to the Duke of Orleans.

Middleton, as a playwright, must have been acutely aware of the range of possible audience responses to his featured players in the Pageant of Nations. His Spaniard and Frenchman, dressed to the life, are 'not content with a silent joy, like the rest of the nations'; rather, they 'have a thirst to utter their gladness'. The pageant text records (and translates) their speeches of congratulations

The Triumphs of Honour and Industry.

and well-wishing: flattering to the Grocers, unimpeachably bland to court auditors, riotous—in performance—to the crowd. Busino confirms Middleton’s theatrical acumen, reporting that the Spaniard ‘kept kissing his hands, right and left, but especially to the Spanish Ambassador, who was a short distance from us, in such a wise as to elicit roars of laughter from the multitude’.

Presumably this invention was part of the proposal that won Middleton the pageant-writing job. On paper, it must have appealed to the Grocers in their capacity as traders working to encourage and even protect commerce with ‘strangers’. The implication that London’s merchants warranted diplomatic greetings independent from those delivered to the King would also have been gratifying. New links between court and City were being forged by the success of London’s overseas trading ventures. Several important noblemen were admitted to the freedom of the

East India Company in 1614; in 1617 the opportunity to invest in the Company’s Second Joint-Stock produced something of a stampede on the part of astute courtiers. And yet *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* does not try to assert the City’s status by adopting an élite or exclusive stance. Instead, the pageant is an effort to negotiate a distinct civic voice and dramaturgical method through which to address its several audiences: the merchants, the multitude, and the monarchy.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 643

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 400

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968

Busino’s account: this volume, 1264

‘On Sir George Bolles’: this volume, 1890

The Triumphs of Honour and Industry

A solemnity performed through the City at confirmation and establishment of the right honourable George Bolles in the office of His Majesty’s lieutenant, the Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his lordship’s going, and proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of mayoralty at Westminster on the morrow next after Simon and Jude’s day, October 29, 1617.

5

The commentary for *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* and for the eyewitness account of it that follows are efforts to detail the economics of civic pageantry, and to suggest the matrix of commercial, social and political forces that shaped this form of theatre.

Currencies. The relationship of different denominations of currency during this period is straightforward: 12 pennies or pence (12*d.*) equalled one shilling (1*s.*), and 20 shillings (20*s.*) made up £1. A mark was worth two-thirds of £1 (or 1*3s.* and 4*d.*—or 160*d.*).

Values. The sums quoted below cannot be interpreted by means of a formula converting Jacobean currency into present-day values; such mathematics would give no sense of the vast differences in commodities and culture. A brief listing of prices and incomes should, however, help the reader evaluate the costs associated with Lord Mayor’s shows. Between 1610 and 1620, a successful skilled worker in the construction trades (a journeyman mason or carpenter) might earn £18–20 a year. The Bishop of London’s revenues totalled £1400 in 1604; a decade later the vicar of St Lawrence Jewry and similarly placed parish rectors could earn £60 annually. In 1612 the Earl of Salisbury’s

landed income was £7,313. Around 1619, a baker’s average expenses included 2*s.* 4*d.* a week to feed each of his children, 10*s.* a week for his own and his wife’s meals, 12*s.* a week for wood, 8*d.* a week for water, and £30 a year for rent. His journeymen received weekly salaries of 2*s.* 6*d.* (£6. 10*s.* a year); his maidservants were paid 10*d.* a week (slightly over £2 annually). In 1607 eggs were 10 for 4*d.*; complaints were registered in 1615 over the high price of butter: 8*d.* a pound. Alehouses were to sell a quart of the strongest beer for 1*d.*; a quart of ‘small’ beer cost halfpenny. The price of a horse ranged from £1 for an ‘old nag’ to £15 for a superior animal. The standard amount of ‘common cloth’ for an adult garment, 4 1/2 yards, cost £4. 1*3s.* 4*d.* in 1617; a pair of shoes cost 2*s.* 8*d.* The baker’s staggering annual expenditure of £20 on clothing for himself, his wife, and two apprentices is thus far from extravagant. Public theatre admission prices ranged from a penny for standing room to 6*d.* for the best accommodations. At a private theatre such as the Blackfriars, 6*d.* was the minimum charge; a box by the stage cost 2*s.* 6*d.*

5 **beginning at his lordship’s going** Middleton’s text in fact begins *after* Bolles has returned by water from Westmin-

ster, and is travelling through London’s streets. By the time of *Honour and Industry*, the usual route, after disembarking at Baynard’s Castle, was to St Paul’s Churchyard and from there along Cheapside to Guildhall. Pageant devices were stationed at intervals in the streets or in courtyards, and each one was carried as part of the procession after the Lord Mayor had stopped to watch and hear. After feasting at Guildhall, the Lord Mayor was escorted back to St Paul’s for religious services. The pageant devices were then regrouped for the delivery of one last speech upon his return to his house in the evening.

6 **receiving the oath** According to Munday’s 1618 continuation of Stow, the new Lord Mayor, accompanied by his predecessor and the Aldermen, arrive at Westminster, whereupon they ‘put on their cloaks within the palace, and go round about . . . making divers courtesies in the Hall, passing up to the Exchequer’ where the actual swearing-in takes place. ‘After the oath taken in the Exchequer, they descend down again, and go first to the King’s Bench, then to the [Court of] Common Pleas, and putting off their cloaks, go about the King’s Tomb in Westminster Abbey’ before returning by barge to the City.

The Epistle Dedicatory

10 To the worthy deseruer of all the costs and triumphs which

the noble society of Grocers in bounteous measure bestow on him, the right honourable George Bolles, Lord Mayor

10-11 all the costs... in bounteous measure bestow The scrupulously detailed budget in the account book kept by wardens of the Grocers' Company 'concerning matters of Triumph' for 1617 records a total of £884. 12s. 10d. collected for the pageant, which cost £882. 18s. 11d., leaving a surplus of £1. 13s. 11d. This 'bounteous measure' was tithed from the wealthier members of the Grocers' yeomanry—all those who had obtained the 'freedom' of the Company allowing them to engage in trade (see note to 11-12 below regarding the 'freedom'). The majority of the yeomanry, aside from journeymen who were free of the Company but not independent shopkeepers, were retail grocers. Approximately 140 members of the Company (perhaps 20 per cent of the total membership) were recruited to serve as members of the livery, an elite group from which the guild's executive leadership—its master, wardens, and the 20-25 person Court of Assistants—was chosen. Initial entrance into the livery was usually as a 'bachelor', either in 'budge' (wearing a gown faced with sheepskin on special occasions), or—denoting greater wealth—in 'foynes' (a gown faced with marten fur). Members of the livery were asked to contribute at a higher rate than the yeomanry toward triumphs such as Lord Mayor's pageants. For *Honour and Induftry*, the 'bachelors in budge' were assessed £4 each; 42 of them contributed £162. 4s. The 'bachelors in foynes' were dunned £6; £393 was raised from 69 members of this group. The sums raised in both of these categories are not evenly divisible by the amounts requested: one bachelor in budge came up with a mere £2. 4s rather than the full £4, and three bachelors in foynes offered £5 instead of the £6 requested. These reduced payments may be evidence of the relatively straitened financial circumstances in which successful merchants occasionally found themselves. But if some members of the livery endured reversals of fortune, others wilfully refused to contribute. In response to this lack of fraternal spirit, the Grocers in 1617 paid £4 to one William Atkins, 'the Lord Mayor's officer, for pains by him taken about such brothers of this Company as were disobedient and refused to pay as they were assessed'. (See note to *Busino* 28-9 for other refusals to undertake guild and civic responsibilities.) In addition to members of the livery, 53 'special contributors', a category of wealthy yeomen who were not serving as bachelors, made contributions in differing amounts, ranging from £3 to £8, adding up to £258. 2s. 8d. Another

47 yeomen, also not liverymen, made donations from 10s to £2 as 'general contributors', totalling £71. 6s. 2d.

The cost of Lord Mayor's shows is frequently alluded to in pageant texts, usually as a tribute to the power and prosperity of the guilds able to raise such enormous sums from their members. Nonetheless, these huge outlays apparently occasioned some unease, as registered in Thomas Dekker's text for the 1612 show by his paradoxical language asserting that 'a sumptuous thriftiness in these civil ceremonies manag[es] all'. But for Dekker, the political advantages to be won by a 'sumptuous' display justify the expense. Indeed, using language reminiscent of pageant 'devices', he implies that conspicuous consumption is itself an aesthetic category for determining the success of these shows: 'the chairs of magistrates ought to be adorned, and to shine like the chariot which carries the sun... as well to dazzle and amaze the common eye, as to make it learn that there is some excellent and extraordinary arm from heaven thrust down to exalt a superior man, that thereby the gazer may be drawn to more obedience and admiration'.

12 **George Bolles** (1538-1621) Bolles, with his network of family connections, range of investments, and steady progress through the Grocers' Company ranks, in many respects typifies the active and successful guildsman of his age. His father-in-law, John Harte (d. 1604), had been Lord Mayor (1589-90), a Member of Parliament from London (1592-3, 1597-8), one of the principal founders and a governor of the East India Company, an investor in the Levant and Muscovy Companies, and a Grocer; at least one of Bolles's brothers-in-law and a son-in-law were also members of the Grocers' Company. Bolles subscribed £1,000 jointly with Harte at the East India Company's formation in 1599 and is named in the Company's first charter, issued in 1600. Bolles subsequently adventured £400 in the Company's third voyage (1607) and £550 in the fourth (1608), and was a committee member of the Company in 1602-7 and 1610-11. Other trade-related investments included the Virginia Company (1609), the North-West Passage Company of 1612, and the Muscovy Company (1620). Bolles was not, however, a 'mere merchant'—a term for those who engaged personally and exclusively in foreign enterprise. Instead, he invested capital in joint-stock companies whose officers and employees conducted the actual trading

overseas. Nor were Bolles's business interests limited to the grocery trade. The 'freedom of the City', achieved through membership in one of London's guilds, allowed its possessor to undertake any line of commerce and was a prerequisite for holding public office. Bolles's primary occupation appears to have been the domestic grocery trade, perhaps in London, certainly in the provinces, but by the 1590s he was the main supplier of general commodities—including though not limited to foodstuffs—to Hull and King's Lynn. He may have shared this business with his father-in-law, who left Bolles his 'great warehouse' at his death in 1604. Bolles started assuming responsibilities within the Grocers' Company just as his active involvement in trading began to taper off. He was admitted to the Grocers' Court of Assistants in 1598, became a Warden of the Company in 1599, a Master of the Company in 1606, an Alderman of the City in 1607, and served as Sheriff in 1608-9 before becoming Lord Mayor.

Bolles is associated with an anecdote that reflects the often prickly relations between City and Court during these years. Shortly after publication of the *Book of Sports* in May, 1618, James I, apparently intent on (literally) driving home its message, had his carriages clatter through London's streets on a Sunday during church services. Bolles, exercising his authority as Mayor, commanded that the carriages be stopped. Infuriated, the king is said to have issued an official warrant for his carriages, exclaiming, 'He thought there had been no more kings in England but himself.' Bolles obeyed the warrant, apparently informing the king, 'Whilst it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey.' See the epitaph by Middleton, 'On Sir George Bolles' for a character summary emphasizing his civic responsibility and generosity.

Anthony Munday's continuation of Stow's *Survey* (1618) is dedicated to Bolles, Lord Mayor at its publication, and also to the Recorder of London and 'all the knights and Aldermen' of the City. Munday, himself a member of the Drapers' Company, apparently presented the augmented *Survey* to all the major guilds. The Skinners', Goldsmiths' and Merchant Taylors' accounts record 'gratuities' (ranging from 11s. to 22s.) to Munday for the volume.

Lord Mayor London's Lord Mayor was chosen annually from among the senior

of the famous City of London.

Right Honourable,

15 Out of the slightest labours and employments there may
that virtue sometimes arise that may enlighten the best
part of man, nor have these kind of triumphs an idle
relish, especially if they be artfully accomplished; under
20 such an esteemed slightness may often lurk that fire
that may shame the best perfection. For instance, what
greater means for the imitation of virtue and nobleness
can anywhere present itself with more alacrity to the
beholder than the memorable fames of those worthies in

the castle, manifested by their escutcheons of arms, the
only symbols of honour and antiquity. The honourable
seat that is reserved, all men have hope that your justice
and goodness will exactly merit, to the honour of which I
commend your lordship's virtues, remaining

At your honour's service,

T. M.

The Triumphs of Honour and Industry

It hath been twice my fortune in short time to have em-
ployment for this noble society, where I have always met
with men of much understanding, and no less bounty; to

Aldermen; as of 1622, an Alderman
was required to have assets worth at
least 10,000 marks (£6,666). (See also
ll. 28-9 of the *Busino Account* and note
for the costs of public office—and some
consequences of those costs.)

20 **shame...perfection** outdo the best
of things (as opposed to Middleton's
pageant, which he calls the slightest of
things)

24 **escutcheons** shields

26 **reserved** held for Bolles alone to occupy
as its duly elected occupant. Middleton's
pageant supplies a literal chair or 'seat
of honour' (190) as part of the Castle of
Fame.

32 **twice...time** Middleton had also written
The Triumphs of Truth for the Grocers
in 1613. For that pageant, however,
his responsibilities were limited to 'the
ordering overseeing and writing of the
whole device and also for the apparelling
the personage in the pageant', for which
he was paid £40. Anthony Munday had
been an essential (and much better paid)
collaborator, receiving £149 for 'the
device of the pageant and other shows,
and for the apparelling and finding of
all the personages in the said shows
(excepting the pageant) and also for the
portage and carriage both by land and
water'. (See the *Busino Account*, note to
l. 192, regarding the terms 'device' and
'pageant'.) By 1617, Middleton was fully
entrusted with producing, in addition to
writing, the show. He was paid £282
not just 'for the ordering, overseeing and
writing of the whole device', but also
as a kind of general contractor 'for the
making of the Pageant of Nations, the
Island, the Indian Chariot, the Castle of
Fame, trimming the Ship, with all the
several beasts which drew them, and
for all the carpenter's work, painting,
gilding and garnishing of them, with all
other things necessary for the apparelling
and finding of all the personages in the

said shows, and for all the portage and
carriage, both by land and by water, for
the lighters for the show by water, for
painting of a banner of the Lord Mayor's
arms, and also in full for the greenmen,
devils and fireworks'.

34-5 **to whom cost appears but as a shadow**
While the £882 paid out for *Honour and
Industry* did not equal the £1,295 lav-
ished on the previous Grocers' pageant
(*The Triumphs of Truth*, 1613), the 1617
spectacle was among the more costly
Lord Mayor's shows during this period.
The Merchant Taylors spent £747. 2s.
10d. in 1602, but their Court Books
make clear that this is an extraordin-
ary sum meant to satisfy the 'greater
expectation now looked from our Com-
pany than ordinary, by reason we have
been free so long from the same charge,
having not had a Mayor of our company
sithence... thirty and three years at the
least'. A scant decade later, the Com-
pany raised £978. 12s. 11d. for Thomas
Dekker's 1612 extravaganza, *Troia-Nova
Triumphans*. The thrifty Ironmongers
spent a mere £205. 15s. 11d. in 1609;
the £523. 11s. 9d. spent on their 1618
show was much closer to the average
cost of £700 for Jacobean and Caroline
pageants. That the guilds undertook
expenditures on civic pageantry in some-
thing of a competitive spirit is evident
from Anthony Munday's thinly veiled
apology for the shortcomings of the 1609
Ironmongers' show: 'And let me tell you,
did their number hold level with other
Societies, or carry correspondency in the
best helping matter, their bounty should
hardly have gone behind the best.'

The other locus of theatrical conspicu-
ous consumption was King James's
court. As with Lord Mayor's pageants,
the designers/producers of these spec-
tacles received much larger payments
than the writers, and it is difficult to

determine if this difference reflects the
relative value placed on these different
services, or the expenses involved in pur-
chasing the necessary materials and la-
bour. *Oberon, the Fairy Prince*, performed
by Prince Henry at Court in 1611, cost
£1,087. 6s. 10d., of which Ben Jonson
received £40 for his work with designer
Inigo Jones, who was paid at least £390.
Composer Alphonso Ferrabosco received
£20. Extant accounts record payments
of approximately £1000 (the total ex-
penditure was rumoured to be £1500)
for *The Lords' Masque*, staged at Court
in honour of Princess Elizabeth's mar-
riage in 1613. Jones received upwards
of £370—although some of this seems
to have been for two other masques
also performed as part of the nuptial
celebrations—while Thomas Campion,
as 'poet', received £66. Jonson's annual
pension bestowed by James I in 1616
was for an amount similar to Campion's
fee: 100 marks (£66) for services 'done
and to be done', including the writing
of masques. In 1617, £750 was spent
for two performances of Jonson and
Jones's *The Vision of Delight*, featuring
the newly-made Earl of Buckingham,
with additional payment of £100 to be
divided among the twelve French musi-
cians who performed in this and other
holiday entertainments for the King. By
1618, word at Court was that straitened
royal finances had forced the Queen to
cancel a planned masque of ladies and
caused the King to allocate £4,000 of
a loan from Middelburg and Dutch East
India merchants for Jonson and Jones's
Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue. Also per-
formed twice, this masque celebrated the
investiture of Prince Charles as Prince
of Wales. Detailed accounts survive for
the costumes of Prince Charles and two
companions: these three masquing suits
alone cost £249.

The triumphs of Honor and Industry.

35 whom cost appears but as a shadow, so there be fullness
of content in the performance of the solemnity; which
that the world may judge of, for whose pleasure and
satisfaction custom hath yearly framed it (but chiefly for
the honour of the City), it begins to present itself, not
40 without form and order, which is required in the meanest
employment.

The first invention

A company of Indians, attired according to the true
nature of their country, seeming for the most part naked,
45 are set at work in an island of growing spices: some
planting nutmeg trees, some other spice trees of all
kinds; some gathering the fruits, some making up bags
of pepper; every one severally employed. These Indians
are all active youths, who, ceasing in their labours, dance
50 about the trees, both to give content to themselves and
the spectators.

After this show of dancing Indians in the island follows
triumphantly a rich personage presenting India, the seat
of merchandise. This India sits on the top of an illustrious
55 chariot; on the one side of her sits Traffic or Merchandise,
on the other side, Industry, both fitted and adorned ac-
cording to the property of their natures: Industry holding
a golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a Cupid, sig-
nifying that Industry gets both wealth and love, and, with

her associate Traffic or Merchandise, who holds a globe 60
in her hand, knits love and peace amongst all nations.
To the better expressing of which, if you give attention to
Industry that now sets forward to speak, it will be yours
more exactly.

THE SPEECH OF INDUSTRY IN THE CHARIOT

I was jealous of the shadowing of my grace, 65
But that I know this is my time and place.
Where has not Industry a noble friend?
In this assembly even the best extend
Their grace and love to me, joyed or amazed:
Who of true fame possessed, but I have raised, 70
And after added honours to his days.
For Industry is the life-blood of praise:
To rise without me is to steal to glory;
And who so abject to leave such a story?
It is as clear as light, as bright as truth, 75
Fame waits their age, whom Industry their youth.
Behold this ball of gold, upon which stands
A golden Cupid, wrought with curious hands;
The mighty power of Industry it shows,
That gets both wealth and love, which overflows 80
With such a stream of amity and peace,
Not only to itself adding increase,

35-6 so there be fullness of content Middleton seems to be playing on two senses of the word 'content': the one implying satisfaction and the one referring to what is contained in a work. 'Fullness of content' was occasionally a matter of dispute. Anthony Munday was brought before the Ironmongers in early November, 1609, to hear their objections to the performance of *Camp-bell*, that year's effort. Problems included 'that the children were not instructed their speeches which was a special judgement of the consideration, then that the music and singing were wanting, the apparel most of it old and borrowed, with other defects'. Munday had the temerity to ask for a £5 increase in his fee 'in regard of his speeches made for the water', but the Ironmongers were unbending: 'in respect he performed not his speeches on land, nor the rest of his contracted service, the Company were not to go beyond their bargain'.

43 Indians honours the connection of the Grocers to the East India Company; Bolles and his father-in-law were important members of both (see note to 11-12 above). The East India Company, chartered in 1600, was a phenomenal financial success for many of its investors and for the Crown, which benefitted from customs and imposts on the East India trade. In 1621, for example, Crown revenues from these sources were said to exceed £20,000. Indeed, the Com-

pany's dynamism made it vulnerable to royal interference around the time of *Honour and Industry's* performance. The long-established Merchant Adventurers were just beginning to recover from King James's suspension of their charter between 1614 and early 1617 in favour of the disastrous Cokayne project. Undaunted, James seems to have had a related idea of intervening in East Indian trade. By early November of 1617, he had granted a patent to his 'Right trusty and well-beloved cousin and councillor' Sir James Cunningham for the establishment of a Scottish East India Company, to compete directly with the established company. Protests from the English East India merchants caused the patent to be withdrawn by March of 1618, but only on the condition that the Company reimburse Cunningham and his associates for the hypothetical profits they had foregone; the King then demanded a loan of £20,000 for the royal treasury.

48 pepper a reference to the Grocers' original name, the Guild or Fraternity of Pepperers, whose existence is first recorded in 1180. The Guild traded drugs, spices and other commodities in large quantities. By the 1370s, merchants selling 'engrossed' goods were members of 'the Company of Grocers'.

49 youths Most of the figures on the pageant wagons in Lord Mayor's shows were played by children, and there is no evidence to suggest that the main figures

in *Honour and Industry*, including the members of the Pageant of Nations (see l. 96 ff. below), were an exception (see note to l. 244-5 below). This practice was not without its problems, and adult actors seem to have taken on increased responsibilities at least in Munday's pageants. In *Camp-bell*, the 1609 effort for which he was sternly reprimanded by the sponsoring Ironmongers (see note to l. 35 above), Munday explains that he has chosen to have two key roles played by adults in part because 'the weak voices of so many Children, which such shows as this do urgently require, for personating each device, in a crowd of such noise and uncivil turmoil, are not any way able to be understood'.

56 Industry Middleton's 'Industry' is very different from Dekker's in his 1612 show, *Troia-Nova Triumphans*. There, Industry is figured 'in the shape of an old country-man, bearing on his shoulder a spade, as the emblem of labour'.

59 gets both 'aquires' and 'begets'
65 jealous Industry here refers to the 'shadowing of my grace' by the more centrally placed and spectacularly dressed India. This assignment of an extra-emblematic motivation—the implication, even, of rudimentary dramatic conflict—is typical of Middleton's efforts to give the stock figures of civic pageantry distinct voices and even personalities.

78 with by



The arms of Sir George Bolles.

But several nations where commerce abounds
Taste the harmonious peace so sweetly sounds;
For instance, let your gracious eye be fixed
Upon a joy true, though so strangely mixed.

And that you may take the better note of their adornments, India, whose seat is the most eminent, for her expression holds in her hand a wedge of gold; Traffic, her associate, a globe; Industry, a fair golden ball in her hand, upon which stands a golden Cupid; Fortune expressed

with a silver wheel; Success holding a painted ship in a haven; Wealth, a golden key where her heart lies; Virtue bearing for her manifestation a silver shield; Grace holding in her hand a book; Perfection, a crown of gold.

At which words, the Pageant of Several Nations, which is purposely planted near the sound of the words, moves with a kind of affectionate joy, both at the honour of the day's triumph and the prosperity of Love, which by the virtue of Traffic is likely ever to continue. And for a good omen of the everlasting continuance of it, on the top of this curious and triumphant pageant shoots up a laurel tree, the leaves spotted with gold, about which sit six celestial figures, presenting Peace, Prosperity, Love, Unity, Plenty, and Fidelity: Peace holding a branch of palm; Prosperity, a laurel; Love, two joined hands; Unity, two turtles; Plenty holding fruits; Fidelity, a silver anchor. But before I entered so far, I should have showed you the zeal and love of the Frenchman and Spaniard, which now I hope will not appear unseasonably: who, not content with a silent joy, like the rest of the nations, have a thirst to utter their gladness, though understood of a small number; which is this:

THE SHORT SPEECH DELIVERED BY THE FRENCHMAN IN FRENCH

La multitude m'ayant monté sur ce haut lieu pour contempler le glorieux triomphe de cette journée, je vois qu'en quelque sorte la noble dignité de la très honorable Société des Grociers y est représentée, dont me jouissant par-dessous tous, je leur souhaite et à Monseigneur le Maire le comble de toutes nobles et heureuses fortunes.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH It is my joy chiefly (and I stand for thousands) to see the glory of this triumphant day, which in some measure requites the noble worthiness of the honourable Society of Grocers, to whom and to my Lord Mayor I wish all good successes.

This Frenchman no sooner sets a period to his speech, but the Spaniard, in zeal as virtuous as he, utters himself to the purpose of these words:

86 **strangely** 'strange' had the sense of 'unusual' or 'uncommon'; 'stranger' was also synonymous with 'foreigner' during this period

92 **wheel** In emblem books, the changeable nature of Fortune is routinely symbolized by a wheel. While in this particular case Middleton is following the standard iconography, models for his pageant figures and their symbolic accessories cannot always be found in the emblem literature of his day.

95 **book** In association with Grace, the book here most likely represents divine truth. Books are also used in emblems to signify secular wisdom.

crown of gold Crowns appear in emblems that depict divine as well as temporal authority.

103 **laurel** a sign for triumph or lasting fame

106 **palm** also used to represent triumph

107 **turtles** turtle doves. Often a reference to

married love, turtle doves are appropriate here in association with the figure of Unity.

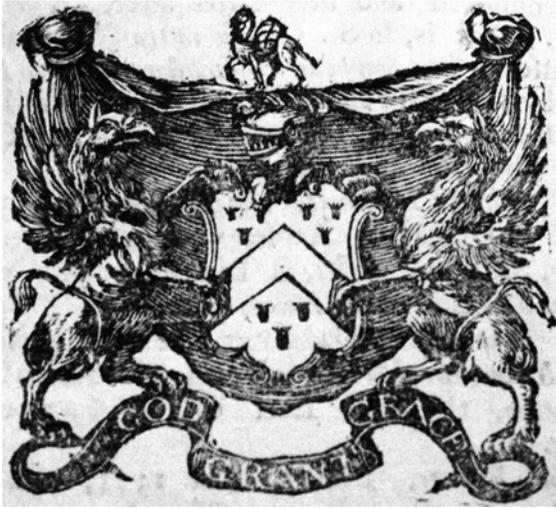
anchor An anchor is most often used in emblems depicting Hope, but also appears in representations of religious faith.

112-113 **understood . . . number** This suggests that in performance, the speeches of the Frenchman and Spaniard were not followed by the English translations Middleton supplied in his pamphlet. The pamphlet itself was printed by Nicholas Okes, who received £4 from the Grocers for printing 500 copies—the customary number of copies at the usual price for these commemorative publications. Only a handful are entered in the Stationers' Register (*Honour and Industry* is not among them), and it is unclear whether the pamphlets were consistently intended for sale to the general public or primarily

for distribution among the members of the Lord Mayor's guild. A somewhat specialized audience for this and other such pageant texts is implied by their tendency to assume a reader's familiarity with the overall shape and geography of the shows. For example, although Middleton's fee included compensation for many aspects of the spectacle on the Thames accompanying Bolles's passage to and from Westminster for his oath-taking, the text of *Honour and Industry* contains almost nothing about this part of the day's festivities—presumably because no speeches were written for delivery on the water. By comparison, in the *Busino Account* the flotilla on the river is described at length as an essential part of the celebration. (See note to l. 32-3 for the responsibilities covered by Middleton's fee.)

127 **utters** delivers

The Tryumphs of Honour and Induftry.



The arms of the Grocers.

THE SPANIARD'S SPEECH IN SPANISH *Ninguna de todas estas*

naciones conciben mayor y verdadera alegría en este triunfante y glorioso día que yo, no, ninguna de todas ellas, porque ahora que me parece, que son tan ricas, es señal que los de mi nación en tratando con ellas recibirán mayor provecho de ellas, a mi señor Don Mayor todas buenas y dichosas fortunas, y a los de la honrada Compañía de Especieros dichosos deseos, y así Dios guarde a mi señor Don Mayor, y ruego a Dios que todo el año siguiente, puede ser tan dichoso como esta entrada suya, a la dignidad de su Señoría, guarde Dios a su Señoría.

THE SAME IN ENGLISH None of all these nations conceive more true joy at this triumphant day than myself: to my Lord Mayor all fair and noble fortunes, and to the worthy Society of Grocers all happy wishes; and I pray heaven that all the year following may be as happy and successful as this first entrance to your dignity.

This expression of their joy and love having spent itself, I know you cannot part contented without their several inscriptions: now the favour and help must be in you to conceive our breadth and limits, and not to think we can in these customary bounds comprehend all the nations, but so many as shall serve to give content to the understander, which thus produce themselves:

An Englishman, a Frenchman, an Irishman, a Span-

148 **inscriptions** An inscription was a written legend or description, often inscribed on the thing it explicated. Here, Middleton seems to be combining this meaning with the tradition, lapsed by 1617, of having pageant devices bear written labels. In 1575, William Smyth had described a 'pageant of triumph richly decked, whereupon by certain figures and writings, (partly touching the name of the said mayor) some matter touching Justice, and the office of a magistrate is represented'.

149-51 **not to think we can...comprehend all the nations** Middleton's Pageant of Nations does in fact exclude the Dutch, with whom England had long-standing trade relations. Middleton had used a Dutchman and his son—and parodied the Dutch language—in *No Wit* (1611); the omission from a pageant glorifying London's mercantile power was not due to oversight or unfamiliarity. England's natural allies and co-religionists on the continent had, paradoxically, become ferocious competitors in the sphere of foreign trade in the first decades of the seventeenth century. The growth of hostilities between the English and Dutch East India Companies during this period would have been of particular concern to the Grocers. As early as 1610, the

Dutch had proposed a union of the two Companies, but, as one letter to the English Ambassador in Holland attests, the proposal was not looked on with favour: 'we fear that in case of joining, if it be on equal terms, the art and industry of their people will wear out ours'. Hostilities between the two merchant groups erupted into open warfare during 1618-19, and reached their severest crisis—at least in the English popular imagination—with the notorious murder of English merchants by the Dutch in the 1624 'Massacre of Amboyna'.

153 **a Frenchman** Trade with France for commodities including cloth and wine was steady throughout this period. A brief effort was made in 1611 to regulate trade with France by establishing a French Company; aside from its charter, this entity left few records.

an Irishman The performer dressed as an Irishman is presumably included to acknowledge the Grocers' membership in the Irish Society. In the aftermath of rebellion by a number of powerful Roman Catholics in the province of Ulster, King James offered the City of London the opportunity to resettle the seized lands. 'Motives and Reasons to induce the City of London to undertake Plantation in the

North of Ireland', issued by the Privy Council, was delivered to the Lord Mayor in 1609; he in turn asked each of the major guilds to nominate representatives to a committee charged with considering the undertaking. The 'motives' included the hope that these plantations would 'furnish the City of London yearly with manifold provision' and that these 'colonies may be a means to utter infinite commodities from London to furnish the whole north of Ireland and Isles of Scotland'. After deliberating, the City helped form the Irish Society with a subscription of £20,000, of which the Grocers contributed £1,748. The actual division of lands did not take place for a number of years; the Grocers received final details of their allotment on 12 February 1617.

153-4 **a Spaniard** Trade with Spain was unregulated, except for the formation of Spanish Companies from 1577-85 and 1604-6. The peace treaty of 1604 between England and Spain touched off enormous growth in trade between the two countries, with the balance weighted unfavourably for the English. Traders were relatively ineffectual in selling English-made goods but imported large amounts of Spanish wares such as sugar, tobacco and wines.

The Tryumphs of Honour and Induftry.

155 iard, a Turk, a Jew, a Dane, a Polander, a Barbarian, a Russian or Muscovian.

This fully expressed, I arrive now at that part of triumph which my desire ever hastened to come to, this Castle of Fame or Honour, which Industry brings her sons unto in their reverend ages.

160 In the front of this Castle, Reward and Justice, decked in bright robes, keep a seat between them for him to whom the day's honour is dedicated, showing how many worthy sons of the City and of the same society have by their truth, desert, and industry come to the like honour before him; where on a sudden is shown divers of the same right worshipful Society of Grocers, manifested both
165 by their good government in their times, as also by their escutcheons of arms, as an example and encouragement

to all virtuous and industrious deservers in time to come. And in honour of antiquity is shown that ancient and memorable worthy of the Grocers' company, Andrew Bockrill, who was mayor of London the sixteenth year of Henry the Third, 1231, and continued so mayor seven years together.

Likewise, for the greater honour of the company, is also shown in this Castle of Fame the noble Allen de la Zouche, grocer, who was mayor of London the two-and-fiftieth year of the same Henry the Third, which Allen de la Zouche, for his good government in the time of his mayoralty, was by the said King Henry the Third made both a baron of this realm and Lord Chief Justice of England; also that famous worthy, Sir Thomas Knolles, grocer, twice mayor of this honourable city, which Sir

154 **a Turk** The development of English Levantine trade in the late 1500s exemplifies the interrelationships between London's political and economic élites. The Levant Company, chartered in 1592, was an amalgam of the Turkey and Venice Companies. Of the twelve members issued the Turkey Company's original patent in 1581, eight were or subsequently became Aldermen of the City of London, seven were Lord Mayors, and four served as MPs for the City of London. John Harte, George Bolles's father-in-law, was among these founding twelve. In 1592, the Turkey Company joined with the only slightly-less formidable leadership of the Venice Company to form the Levant Company. A select group of twenty additional merchants were, upon payment of £130, allowed to join the original fifty-three persons granted the patent for this new enterprise. Among the monopolies included in this grant was the right to establish and make exclusive use of an overland trade route to the Far East. The leading members of the Levant Company (again including John Harte) instead formed the East India Company, which received its first charter in 1600. Meanwhile, the Levant Company, which had changed from a joint-stock (a company funded by a range of investors but whose activities were directed by a small governing committee) to a regulated company (whose members individually engaged in trade), continued to enjoy royal favour. In 1615, the Crown went so far as to make it illegal for any merchandise to be imported into England from the Levant except directly, and in English shipping. Competition from foreign merchants, or from English entrepreneurs working overland routes, was effectively eliminated.

a Jew Jews served as middlemen in both the Barbary and Levant trades. Physical descriptions were available in accounts by English travellers abroad,

such as George Sandy's observations about Turkish Jews in his *A Relation of a Journey begun An: Dom: 1610*, published in 1615: 'Their undergarments, differing little from the Turks' in fashion, are of purple cloth; over that they wear gowns of the same colour, with large wide sleeves, and clasped beneath the chin, without band or collar: on their heads high brimless caps of purple, which they move at no time in their salutations. They shave their heads all over... it being their ancient fashion'.

a Dane, a Polander The Eastland Company, incorporated in 1579, was a regulated company, offering its members a monopoly on trade of English merchandise with Denmark and Poland. The Danes controlled access to the Baltic Sea of all foreign shipping, exacting a variety of tolls on the value of goods being shipped. The King of Denmark, Christian IV, was brother of James I's Queen Anne; commerce between the two countries was occasionally shaped by this royal family connection. Poland was a significant source of grain imported into England, particularly during the second decade of the seventeenth century. In addition, Poles were generally thought to use more spices on their meat than other European nationals, making the country a market for the resale of commodities imported into England from India.

a Barbarian The entire northern coast of Africa was referred to as 'Barbary' during this period, but Middleton's 'Barbarian' most likely acknowledges England's commerce with Morocco. Established in the 1550s, this trade was a major source of grocery goods such as sugar and dates. A regulated company, created largely at the insistence of the Earl of Leicester, was chartered for twelve years from 1585 to 1597, and unregulated trade resumed thereafter.

154-5 **a Russian or Muscovian** Chartered in 1555, the Russia Company helped

to pioneer the joint-stock principal of commercial organization, although it was trading as a regulated company by the mid-1620s, shortly after George Bolles's investment (see note on 'a Turk' at l. 154 above for 'joint-stock' vs. 'regulated'). Russia's relevance to the grocery trade included its market for English re-exports such as wine and spices; Russia also provided some spices, primarily from Persia, for English consumers. The first Russian ambassador to England, Osep Napea, arrived in 1557 under the auspices of the nascent Russia Company. Napea and his entourage were feted by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and members of the Company for almost a month before being received at court by King Philip and Queen Mary. The Company continued to play an important role in diplomatic relations between England and Russia. For example, the Company paid at least £1,376 toward the expenses of Sir Richard Lee's embassy on behalf of Queen Elizabeth I to the Tsar in 1600. The week after the performance of *Honour and Industry*, the Company hosted an ambassador from Russia, who arrived with an entourage of seventy-five people as well as gifts of white hawks and live sables for James I. At the ambassador's departure in June, 1618, he was understood to take with him a loan of £50,000 from the Company, made 'not merely with the hope of obtaining privileges advantageous for their traffic, but also the monopoly of the Russian trade, to the utter exclusion of the Dutch'.

157-8 **Castle of Fame or Honour** Middleton's lack of specificity here—Fame or Honour—is interesting. He certainly does not mean for them to be synonymous, as they are given distinct personifications—and distinct genders—later in the pageant: Fame is 'not without her silver trumpet' (229), Honour is 'manifested by a fair star in his hand' (232).

The Tryumphs of Honour and Induftry.

185 Thomas begun at his own charge that famous building of
Guildhall in London, and other memorable works both in
this city and in his own company; so much worthiness
being the lustre of this castle, and ought indeed to be the
imitation of the beholder.

190 My lord no sooner approaches, but Reward, a partner
with Justice in keeping that seat of honour, as overjoyed
at the sight of him, appears too free and forward in the
resignation.

REWARD

*Welcome to Fame's bright Castle; take thy place:
This seat's reserved to do thy virtue's grace.*

JUSTICE

195 *True, but not yet to be possessed. Hear me:
Justice must flow through him before that be;
Great works of grace must be required and done
Before the honour of this seat be won.
A whole year's reverend care in righting wrongs,
200 And guarding innocence from malicious tongues,
Must be employed in virtue's sacred right
Before this place be filled: 'tis no mean fight
That wins this palm; truth, and a virtuous care
Of the oppressèd, those the loadstones are
205 That will 'gainst envy's power draw him forth
To take this merit in this seat of worth,
Where all the memorable worthies shine
In works of brightness able to refine
All the beholders' minds, and strike new fire
210 To kindle an industrious desire*

*To imitate their actions and their fame,
Which to this Castle adds that glorious name.
Wherefore, Reward, free as the air or light,
There must be merit, or our work's not right.*

REWARD

*If there were any error, 'twas my love; 215
And if it be a fault to be too free,
Reward commits but once such heresy.
Howe'er, I know your worth will so extend,
Your fame will fill this seat at twelve months' end.*

About this Castle of Fame are placed many honourable 220
figures, as Truth, Antiquity, Harmony, Fame, Desert,
Good Works; on the top of the Castle, Honour, Religion,
Piety, Commiseration: the works of those whose memories
shine in this Castle.

If you look upon Truth first, you shall find her properly 225
expressed, holding in her right hand a sun, in the other a
fan of stars; Antiquity with a scroll in her hand, as keeper
of Honour's records; Harmony holding a golden lute,
and Fame not without her silver trumpet; for Desert, 'tis
glorious through her own brightness, but holds nothing; 230
Good Works expressed with a college or hospital. On the
top of the Castle, Honour manifested by a fair star in his
hand; Religion with a temple on her head; Piety with an
altar; Commiseration with a melting or burning heart.
And, not to have our speakers forgotten, Reward and 235
Justice, with whom we entered this part of Triumph,
Reward holding a wreath of gold ready for a deser-
ver, and Justice furnished with her sword and balance.

185 **Guildhall** civic hall for the governing
bodies of the City of London
191–2 **too free** . . . **resignation** Reward too
easily relinquishes the seat to the new
Lord Mayor, according to Justice in the
speech that follows.
225 **Truth** Compare the representation of
Truth in the 1613 pageant.
231 **Good Works** . . . **college or hospital**
London's guilds contributed to the found-
ation and maintenance of a number of
educational institutions, and the Lord
Mayor, Court of Aldermen and Com-
mon Council were responsible for the
upkeep of the City's four royal hospitals:
St Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, Christ's,
and St Thomas's. Four beades from
each of the four hospitals marched in
the procession in blue coats; in 1617
the Grocers paid 'diverse tailors' 14d for
each coat. In addition, the beades from
each hospital received 12d each 'for their
dinners and attendance in this service
done'—in addition to 'long caps and
ribbons'.
240 **Paul's Churchyard** churchyard at the
east end of St Paul's Cathedral. The
Grocers paid 10s. 'for taking up of the
spurs at Paul's and for setting them
again and for paving and gravel'. 'Spurs'
were cylindrical stones set at the corner
of buildings or archways to protect

against damage by wheeled traffic.
Presumably they were removed and then
reset to accommodate the anticipated
crowds. Another piece of evidence that
property along the pageant route was
modified for the day's celebration is the
payment of £1. 14s. 6d. to the 'city
carpenter, for pulling down divers signs
and setting them up again'.
Cheapside chief commercial street run-
ning east from St Paul's. The church-
wardens of St Peter's, located along the
pageant route on Cheapside, received
3s. 4d. for allowing the waits of the
City, a group of wind-instrumentalists
maintained by the municipality, to be
stationed there while providing musical
accompaniment for the procession. The
waits themselves were paid £2. 13s. 4d.
for five days of 'service' in connection
with the Lord Mayor's inaugural.

241–2 **that gave delight upon the water**
This is Middleton's only allusion within
the text of *Honour and Industry* to the
elaborate water-borne procession that
took place prior to the events that he
does narrate. While Middleton's pageant
does not feature speeches delivered as
part of a 'water show', a practice be-
gun by George Peele in his pageant of
1591 and continued sporadically over

the years, 'both castle and island' now
gathered before the Lord Mayor had
begun the day's festivities transported
by boat as part of the flotilla on the
Thames. Middleton's fee included ar-
ranging for water transport as well as
'lighters for the show by water' for the
actual performance, but the Grocers paid
a separate sum of 2s. 6d. for 'going by
water at several times to see the work
made ready' prior to the big day. The
inaugural ceremony's logistical com-
plexities are suggested by the payment of
13s. to 'several watermen for carrying of
the whifflers', young freemen serving as
armed attendants, and 'divers' members
of the Court of Assistants and liverymen,
'to and from Westminster'. Presumably,
Bolles paid for his own transportation,
as there is no sum assigned for the
usual rental of a barge for the new Lord
Mayor. The Grocers' Accounts do, how-
ever, record payment of £1. 10s. for the
hire of a barge to carry various members
to the separate oath-taking ceremonies at
Westminster of Robert Johnson, a grocer,
as one of London's two Sheriffs. It was
customary for the mayor-elect to choose
one of the Sheriffs, usually from his own
guild; Johnson was selected by Bolles to
serve during his Mayoral term. The other

240 All this service is performed before the feast, some in Paul's Churchyard, some in Cheapside; at which place the whole triumph meets, both castle and island, that gave delight upon the water. And now, as duty binds me, I commend my lord and his right honourable guests to the solemn pleasure of the feast, from whence, I presume, 245 all epicurism is banished; for where Honour is master of the feast, Moderation and Gravity are always attendants. The feast being ended at Guildhall, my lord (as yearly custom invites him) goes accompanied with the triumph towards St Paul's, to perform the noble and reverend 250 ceremonies which divine antiquity virtuously ordained,

Sheriff was elected by London's Common Council (see the *Busino Account*, notes to ll. 28-9 and 236).

244 the feast Stow's *Survey* of 1603 records the tradition, dating back at least to the reign of Henry VIII, that London's 60 guilds were represented at the 'Mayor's feast' by their wardens and a stated number of Company members, ranging from 17 for the venerable Mercers to one for lesser guilds like the Coopers. These guests—several hundred of them—were joined by members of the nobility, ambassadors, and other worthies. The Grocers' accounts do not record the cost of this feast for 1617; the banquet was traditionally paid for by the new Lord Mayor and Sheriffs. The Grocers did pay the keeper of Guildhall 12s. to have the 'Mercers' hangings' carried to and from the Guildhall, hung up and taken down, and for the necessary timber and hooks. These 'hangings' were presumably the result of the bequest of £73. 6s. 8d. 'for a hanging of tapestry to serve for principal days in the Guildhall' by Nicholas Alwyn, a Mercer and Lord Mayor in 1499. The Grocers also paid George Newball, Keeper of Blackwell Hall, £2 'for the use of his house for the children' during the feast, and the porters of the Hall received 10s. for 'looking to the pageant and other shows whilst the children were at dinner' (see note to l. 49 above regarding child performers). Blackwell or Bakewell Hall, used as a cloth market in Stow's time, was adjacent to the Guildhall. In addition, the Company picked up the tab for the breakfast shared by the bachelors and other participants in the day's festivities 'at the Ship behind Old Fish Street', conveniently located near the pageant route (which they would be expected to line) from Baynard's Castle to St Paul's Churchyard. Mr Abell, a vintner, received £27. 8s. 9d. 'for all manner of charges'. Another entry suggests that these shows provided an opportunity for expense-account socializing: committee members involved in supervising various aspects of the pageant, along with the Company Wardens, consumed £25. 16s.

worth of 'dinners and potatoes . . . in the hall as elsewhere during the time of their sitting about these businesses'.

presume The pageant text, along with the public, waits patiently outside the doors during the feast and the services at St Paul's which follow. Munday's continuation of Stow, however, gives a glimpse into the hierarchical, ritualized private part of the public celebration at Guildhall: 'the new Lord Mayor with two of the ancientest Aldermen, Master Recorder and the Sheriffs, go up to the lords' table to bid them welcome, and likewise all the other guests there: and from thence to the Lady Mayoress' table: and so come forth to the gentlewomen's table, and to the judges; and from thence he goeth into the Chamberlain's Office, where he dineth. But the old Lord [Mayor], at their first entering into the Hall, goeth up directly to the high table of the hustings, and there keepeth the state for that feast. After the Hall is almost served the seconds, then the new Lord Mayor goeth with Master Recorder, and those other aldermen that dined with him, to bid the old Lord [Mayor], and all the guests in the Hall welcome.'

245 **epicurism** excess in eating; see *Triumphs of Truth* 666. The 'moderation and gravity' which Middleton ascribed to the proceedings would have been in sharp contrast to the behaviour of guests at court masques. Orazio Busino, observer of Court as well as City entertainments, described the scene that followed Prince Charles's performance in Jonson and Jones's *Pleasure Reconiled to Virtue* (1618): 'His majesty . . . glanced round the table and departed, and at once like so many harpies the company fell on their prey. The table was almost entirely covered with sweetmeats, with all kinds of sugar confections . . . The meal was served in bowls or plates of glass; the first assault threw the table to the ground, and the crash of glass platters reminded me exactly of the windows breaking in a great midsummer storm.'

253 **torchlight** 49 dozen 'large staff torches' cost £36. 15s. The Company also paid £5. 8s. 3d. for ten-and-half dozen 'small

and is no less than faithfully observed, which is no mean lustre to the City. Holy service and ceremonies accomplished, he returns by torchlight to his own house, the whole triumph placed in comely order before him; and at the entrance of his gate, Honour, a glorious person, 255 from the top of the castle gives life to these following words.

HONOUR

*There is no human glory or renown,
But have their evening and their sure sun-setting,
Which shows that we should upward seek our crown
And make but use of time for our hope's bettering.* 260

torches' and five-and-a-half dozen 'links' 'to light the pageant and other shows from Leadenhall over night to Carter Lane and other places appointed'. Leadenhall, used variously as a market for cloth and a storage facility for grain, also had a role in civic pageantry. According to a petition of 1519, 'if any triumph or nobleness were to be done, or showed by the commonality of the city for the honour of our sovereign lord the King, and realm, and for the worship of the said City, the said Leadenhall is most meet and convenient place to prepare and order the said triumph therein, and from thence to issue forth to the places therefore appointed'. Carter Lane, one street away from St Paul's, appears to have been the location where pageant wagons were stored the night before a Lord Mayor's show. For the 1613 pageant written by Middleton, Anthony Munday received an additional £3. 13s. 4d. over his £149 producer's fee for 'the clearing of all charges for the standing of the pageant etc. at the Bell in Carter Lane'.

254 **placed in comely order** 'Ordering' the pageant throughout the day was a major concern; failure to do so could have dire consequences for the production. In his 1615 pageant text, Munday is apparently explaining some organizational glitches in transferring the pageants from water to land when he bemoans 'the time being so short, and our preparation requiring such decency in order: yet much abused by neglect in marshalling, and hurried away with too impudent hastiness'. The various pageant devices had to be kept in order; so did Company members and participating dignitaries. And the pageant route itself had to be kept clear of people so that the whole cumbersome procession could circulate in a timely way. For *Honour and Industry*, the Grocers paid £5 to George Bell 'for himself and 10 others for the ushering, marshalling and making way for the whole Company on the day, they furnishing themselves with all things necessary'. (See also the *Busino Account*, l. 157 ff. and notes.)

The triumphs of Honor and Industry.

So, to be truly mindful of our own
 Is to perform all parts of good in one.
 The close of this triumphant day is come,
 265 And Honour stays to bid you welcome home.
 All I desire for my grace and good
 Is but to be remembered in your blood,
 With honour to accomplish the fair time,
 Which power hath put into your hands. A crime
 270 As great as ever came into sin's hand
 I do entitle a too-sparing hand:
 Nothing deads honour more than to behold
 Plenty cooped up, and bounty faint and cold,
 Which ought to be the free life of the year;
 275 For bounty 'twas ordained to make that clear,

Which is the light of goodness and of fame,
 And puts by honour from the cloud of shame.
 Great cost and love hath nobly been bestowed
 Upon thy triumph, which this day hath showed.
 Embrace 'em in thy heart, till times afford
 Fuller expression; in one absolute word,
 All the content that ever made man blest,
 This triumph done, make a triumphant breast.

280

No sooner the speech is ended but the triumph is dissolved,
 and not possible to 'scape the hands of the defacer; things
 285 that, for their quaintness (I dare so far commend them),
 have not been usually seen through the City; the credit
 of which workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts
 of Master Rowland Bucket, chief master of the work; yet

269–71 A crime... too-sparing hand This kind of rhetoric, encouraging the Lord Mayor's generosity, is a frequent refrain in these pageants. The Lord Mayor was responsible for securing and storing grain for distribution to the City's poor in time of dearth, and the pageants' constant appeals for 'bounty' may reflect this larger corporate duty. Individual philanthropy was also a hallmark of the successful tradesman. Here again, Bolles is exemplary. His will includes bequests of £50 to Christ's Hospital, £20 to St Bartholomew's, £20 to aid prisoners, and £19 for poor relief. He was also generous to the Grocers, leaving £30 for plate, £33 for a commemorative dinner, and £50 for the Company's general use. The generosity of Bolles's father-in-law was more spectacular: among his many bequests John Harte left £112 to London's hospitals, £733 to found a grammar school in Yorkshire, and, along with at least one identifiably Puritan London magnate, £30 towards the purchase of books and £600 as endowment for the newly-established Sidney Sussex College at Cambridge.

284–94 These closing credits contain information about Middleton's collaborators that presumably was not communicated to the pageant's audience. Like the translations provided in the pamphlet for the speeches of the Spaniard and Frenchman (see note to l. 112 above), this is a difference between the text and performance of *Honour and Industry*.

285 the hands of the defacer Pageant producers were occasionally reimbursed for items 'defaced' in the course of the day's activities. In 1616 Anthony Munday applied to the Fishmongers for an additional £10 over his fee for a number of reasons including the 'spoiling [of] the silk coats which the halberdiers did wear'; he was 'content thankfully to accept' a little over half that amount. Accounts for the 1617 show indicate the Grocers' concern that the 'triumph' be preserved as carefully as possible.

The Company's beadle received 12s. 9d. 'for candles and for bringing in of the pageants after the show to the hall'; another 11s. were disbursed 'to certain workmen for setting up the beasts in the pageant-chamber over the entry in the hall'. An order in the Goldsmiths' records from 1611 suggests that the display, or at least storage, of these scenic elements at livery company halls was a common practice: 'the leopards, unicorns, and mermaids of the pageants standing in the gallery next the hall shall be taken down and laid in some other place... because it is intended that provision of armour shall be made and set up there'. In addition to looking after the 'triumph', the Grocers took some care to clean up the city streets: 11s. were paid 'for carrying away the rubbish at Leadenhall'—where the pageant elements were prepared—'and taking down the partitions there'.

286 quaintness ingeniously designed; skillfully made; elaborate
 287 seen through the City The hiring of porters to carry the various pageants through the streets was one of the responsibilities to be covered out of Middleton's £282 fee. The Grocers allotted an additional £1. 10s. to be divided among eight of these men in 'gratuity' for their services; 5s. was paid to 'Thomas Hunt, porter, being hurt in the service'.

289 Rowland Bucket Munday thanks 'the exact and skilful painter Rowland Bucket' at the end of the text for the 1614 Lord Mayor's Show, *Himatia-Poleos*. It seems that Bucket did not, however, work exclusively on civic projects or for guild-related clients. Indeed, a sampling of his known employments indicates numerous points of contact between London's different social élites. Bucket received £7. 5s. in connection with the 1620 Accession Day tilt. For building six chariots for *The Triumph of Peace* (1634), a lavish masque sponsored by the Inns of Court, Bucket was paid £272. 17s.; Inigo Jones received £200

for scenery and James Shirley got the generous sum of £120 for writing the text. Bucket was also employed with some frequency by the Earl of Salisbury. One project undertaken for this last patron was overtly hostile to the City's interests. Bucket participated in the interior decoration of the New Exchange, developed beginning in 1607 as a commercial centre by the Earl outside the City walls along the increasingly fashionable Strand. The building had sparked an outcry from City merchants who feared that 'if such a work be erected, the situation of the place... being near unto the Court of Whitehall in the midst of the nobility and where much of the gentry lodge... will have such advantages' that the Royal Exchange already extant within the City will be rendered 'of no use for salesmen at all'. Undaunted by the City's protests, Salisbury proceeded with his plan and commissioned Ben Jonson and Inigo Jones to prepare an entertainment, costing £179, to greet James I and his family, all of whom attended the opening of the building on April 11, 1609. Jonson's text for this most unusual entertainment—a court-sponsored celebration promoting commerce in London—affirms the appeal to his élite audience of exotic items from faraway places. However, the tradesmen importing and selling such goods are portrayed with implicit scepticism. A merchant displaying his wondrous inventory to the august audience is as much charlatan as wizard, and he bluntly describes his competitors 'about the town' as stocking their shelves with counterfeit goods and 'trash'. London citizens are unambiguous figures of fun: another character ridicules their ignorant curiosity about the construction of the New Exchange by describing at length the 'quotidian torture that I have endured... from my great cousin the multitude'.

The triumphs of Honor and Industry.

290 not forgetting the faithful care and industry of my well approved friend, Master Henry Wilde, and Master Jacob Challoner, partners in the business. The season cuts me off; and after this day's trouble I am as willing to take my rest.

FINIS.

295

291 **Henry Wilde** painter, cited in the Haberdashers' Minutes for his contribution to that guild's 1604 Lord Mayor's Show
291-2 **Jacob Challoner** painter, cited in *Honour and Industry's* accounts for painting or repairing a range of banners, streamers, and shields. A sampling of his services and their cost: 'for a great square banner of the Prince's arms within the sunbeams of gold', £7; for mending the Company's banner, 5s.;

for 'the new painting and gilding of 10 trumpet banners at 4s. a piece', £2; for mending '24 trumpet banners', £1. 4s.; 'for painting and gilding of 2 long pennants of the Lord Mayor's arms on callico', £2. 13s. 4d.; 'for painting and gilding of 8 other pennants on callico with the arms of the City, Company, England, and Scotland', £8. Challoner and two companions were also involved in the actual pageant: they received 13s.

4d. 'for the ordering, marshalling, and setting forth of the banners, streamers, and other silk works and for looking to them and for their pains all that day'. The Grocers were concerned that Challoner, along with other non-guildmembers essential to the pageant's success, be distinctively costumed: £1. 1s. 4d was spent on 16 ells of taffeta 'for scarves for the fencers, marshals and Jacob Challoner'.

Orazio Busino's Eyewitness Account of The Triumphs of Honour and Industry

Translated and annotated by Kate D. Levin

Public solemnity in the manner of a triumph for the City of London's chief magistrate, known as 'my Lord Mayor', held for the enjoyment of the populace shortly after his election.

5 For a good understanding of this supreme judicial office, you need to know that in addition to the absolute power of His Majesty the King, there exists in London a head of that city's government. The city itself is more like a republic of merchants than anything else: idlers are banished, and noblemen and foreigners are excluded from
10 its government. All the houses on the major streets, with the exception of a few mansions, are shops of a variety of tradesmen, and each house has its own sign or trademark like an inn. Anyone who wants to attain

the eminent position of the Lord Mayorship must start
15 in youth by working for seven years, bareheaded, in the shop of a tradesman whose business he wants to learn, just to acquire the title 'apprentice'. Then he can open his own shop, and with earnings from trade or other
20 good fortune, increase his capital to the sum of 200,000 ducats—at which point he is eligible for this august office. First, though, he has to have served as sheriff, which is to say as a kind of criminal magistrate, and also as an alderman, which is like a senator. Hundreds of such
25 children exist in this little world of London, and, because it costs so much and a new person must be chosen each year, anyone of them might be elected to the office. Moreover, anyone with a clear head flees the opportunity

Title Orazio Busino Busino was chaplain to Pietro Contarini, appointed the Venetian ambassador to England in 1617. Accompanied by Busino, Contarini arrived in England in October of that year. His chief commission was to enlist England's support for Venice against Spanish-sanctioned (and funded) efforts to invade and annex the Venetian republic. Busino's obvious and ardent anti-Spanish sentiments have much to do with that country's predatory attitude towards his own. This eyewitness account of *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* is not an official dispatch; it does not have the status of a diplomatic *relazione*. Instead, Busino's observations about English personalities and customs were written for the enjoyment of Contarini's brothers back home. In late 1618 Busino left England with Contarini, who had been appointed his country's ambassador to Spain.

I triumph The classical Roman triumphal entry honouring military victories was revived in fifteenth-century Italy to welcome important visitors (usually royal or noble) and celebrate major civic and religious festivals. The defining feature of these triumphs was the use of elaborate chariots representing historical or allegorical scenes. Middleton's use of 'triumph' in the titles of most of his Lord Mayor's pageants plays on this sense of the word as a lavish continental form of entertainment associated with

the wealthy and powerful. Busino's description of *Honour and Industry* as being 'in the style of a triumph' affirms the Grocers' own aspirations for the event: the expenditures for 1617 are described in the wardens' account book as 'concerning matters of Triumph'.

10-11 noblemen . . . government Only those who had earned the 'freedom of the City' were eligible for election to one of the City's governing bodies (see *Industry* 12, note regarding the 'freedom').

16-18 seven years . . . the title 'apprentice' In fact, the title for youths *during* those seven years of work was 'apprentice'.

16 bareheaded an indication of subservience
20-1 200,000 ducats £50,000; one ducat was worth 5s. Although fortunes of this size were not unheard of among London's élite, Busino exaggerates in asserting that this amount was prerequisite for selection as Lord Mayor (see note to 28-9 below, and *Industry* 12, note).

28-9 flees . . . enormous The financial burdens of the mayoralty on its incumbent had historically been substantial. A petition from 1535 asking that the households of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs be combined 'at an expense of not less than £1600' was an early, but by no means the only, effort to scale back the costs of these positions. An Act of Common Council passed in 1555, again attempting to redress the problem, acknowledged that 'almost all good Citizens

fly and refuse to serve'. At the time of *Honour and Industry's* composition, the Lord Mayor's expenses, in addition to numerous acts of public generosity, included the food, lodging and most of the liveries of an official household consisting of thirty or so functionaries. The cost of feeding such a household, in addition to the Lord Mayor's own family, was by itself enormous. Upon the death in office of Lord Mayor Thomas Skinner in 1596, the Court of Aldermen allotted £10 to be distributed among his official retinue as reimbursement for meals that had not been provided in the relatively brief interim before the installation of the new Lord Mayor. The price of acquiring a suitable dwelling could also be astronomical. Sir James Pemberton, Lord Mayor in 1610-11, spent £4000-5000 on this alone. London's Common Council helped to defray the Lord Mayor's house-keeping expenses in different ways over the years. For example, during a period in the 1580s the Council switched from annual donations of 4 tuns of wine (one tun equalled 252 gallons) to payments of £40. The Council also allocated substantial sums for 'decorations'. Individual guilds were apparently expected to help member Lord Mayors establish their households. George Bolles seems to have spared his colleagues this burden, since Grocers' Company accounts record £2 'paid and given in benevolence to certain officers of the Lord Mayor's house, in

30 because the expenditure is so enormous as the position
 requires hosting elaborate public festivals for an entire
 year. The Lord Mayor is set up as monarch by the twelve
 heads of companies of very picked men, extremely wealthy
 and experienced, and within these twelve are placed and
 35 subordinated another sixty companies comprising all the
 mechanical arts, however humble. On public occasions
 company members wear gowns reaching the ground, with
 slight differences which will be described at another time
 so as not to postpone recounting the style used on the
 day of the triumph for the new Lord Mayor, which took
 40 place on November 8. His Excellency received a private
 invitation to see the first part of the triumph, the water
 show, which features ships, galleons, brigantines, large
 boats and barges as long as a galley. This all takes place on
 the River Thames, beginning near the Lord Mayor's house

and heading toward the King's palace or court, where 45
 he swears his oath of fealty. The incumbent made his
 progress with the greatest possible pomp he could devise,
 always alluding to his line of trade with huge expenditure,
 which in truth exceeds that of a petty or medium duke. At
 a very early hour His Excellency arrived at the house of a 50
 nobleman with a fine and commodious view from a dock
 on the Thames. This river flows the length of the City like
 our Grand Canal in Venice, but the width is like that of the
 Giudecca Canal. We watched as a large flotilla, including
 the big vessels already mentioned, made an appearance 55
 accompanied by innumerable small boats of sightseers—
 like the gondolas that swarm around the Bucintoro. The
 ships were very beautifully decorated, their balustrades
 festooned with various paintings, huge banners and an
 infinite number of pennants. Accompanied by thundering 60

regard his Lordship took no money of the bachelors'.

Not surprisingly, financial ruin was an occasional consequence of office. Richard Martin, who served as sheriff for a year (1581–82) and as mayor for parts of two terms (1589, 1594), spent £7000 on these offices; in 1602 he was removed from the Court of Aldermen 'on account of his unfitting demeanour and carriage'—euphemisms, as it turns out, for his poverty and imprisonment for debt. His colleagues had apparently given him 1,000 marks (£667) as a condition of his resignation from office, which he then refused to do. In 1621, Sir Francis Jones's 'failing' was the talk of London. According to the indefatigable letter writer John Chamberlain, Jones, 'the night before he should have accompanied his successor to Westminster did *sgombrare*, conveying all of worth out of his house, and himself with his wife into some secret corner in the country, where ever since he has played least in sight. He is one of the farmers [of the customs] and always esteemed a man of great wealth. Howsoever it falls out that . . . many men [are] like to lose great sums by him.'

The office of Lord Mayor was only one among several positions that prominent Londoners sought to avoid. Individuals selected as Aldermen frequently paid fines averaging £500 rather than undertake the more costly duties of office. The merchant Sir Thomas Myddelton, the subject of *The Triumphs of Truth* (1613), agreed to serve as Alderman upon his election in 1603 only after being imprisoned in Newgate for refusing either to take office or pay a fine. Myddelton's confinement took place even though James I petitioned for his release on the grounds that his position

as Surveyor of Customs exempted him from 'private service'. The acceptance of fines in lieu of service seems to have caused particular difficulty in filling the office of Sheriff. In 1613, twelve persons were elected and refused to serve; 1614 saw eleven refusals. This breakdown of civic-mindedness—or increase in cost-consciousness—on the part of London's guildmembers is registered in Munday's 1614 pageant text, *Himatia-poleos, The Triumphs of Old Drapery*. In an outburst of fraternal pride, Munday, himself a draper, notes that 'when many solemn meetings have been made in the Guildhall, for election of a Sheriff by common consent, and as many refusals still happening day by day . . . ; yet when no one would undergo the office and charge, a draper has done it, worthily and willingly'. Even the guilds themselves had to threaten members with stiff fines for refusing to be elevated to the next—and more costly—rung of membership. The Merchant Taylors' 1613 ordinances charged members unwilling to serve as Wardens £50.

31–4 **twelve heads . . . sixty companies** The Lord Mayor was chosen annually from London's Court of Aldermen, all of whose members belonged to a craft guild, or company. The twelve largest and wealthiest of these companies—the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers—supplied the vast majority of Aldermen throughout this period. The near-monopoly of the larger guilds on elective positions is partially due to the tradition, almost always observed, whereby members of the sixty or so smaller guilds obtained membership in one of the twelve 'great' companies upon election as Aldermen.

Translation to membership in one of the twelve companies was an absolute requirement upon election to the Lord Mayorship.

40 **November 8** Busino is using the Gregorian calendar, adopted by Roman Catholic countries in 1582 at the behest of Pope Gregory XIII. Until 1752 England remained on the Julian calendar, which, in 1617, was ten days behind the Gregorian. By English calculations, the Lord Mayor's pageant took place on October 29.

45–6 **palace . . . fealty** i.e. Westminster (see *Industry* 6, note)

48 **line of trade** i.e. the grocery trade
 57 **Bucintoro** The Bucintoro (ship of gold) was an elaborately decorated barge used by the Doge of Venice for the annual enactment of Venice's 'marriage with the sea'. This rite, performed as part of Ascension Day festivities, included the throwing of a golden wedding band into the waters around the Lido. The Englishman Thomas Coryate, who visited Venice in 1608, described the Bucintoro as 'a thing of marvellous worth, the richest galley of all the world; for it cost one hundred thousand crowns which is thirty thousand pound sterling. A work so exceeding glorious that I never heard or read of the like in any place of the world, these only excepted, viz: that of Cleopatra, which she so exceeding sumptuously adorned with cables of silk and other passing beautiful ornaments; and those that the Emperor Caligula built with timber of cedar and poops and stems of ivory.' With a surge of patriotism, Coryate adds, 'lastly that most incomparable and peerless ship of our gracious Prince called the Prince Royal . . . doth by many degrees surpass this Bucintoro of Venice, and any ship else (I believe) in Christendom.'



Leathersellers, depicted in the 1604 charter of their company.

65 canon and fireworks, a very numerous and well-appointed group of musicians sang and played on fifes, drums, and other instruments. They were rowed swiftly upriver with the swelling tide, to the constant peal of firing ordnance. We saw the aforementioned barges carrying stages highly decorated with various devices, which later served as triumphal cars on the city's main thoroughfare. When the fleet arrived at a certain point it received a booming salute from the sakers, and a greater one when
70 the Lord Mayor disembarked at the dock near the court

of Parliament where, as I have said, he takes his oath before the appointed judges. Amazed by all this, we then went to the house of a respected goldsmith on the main street in the most beautiful part of the city, where we had been assigned windows from which to see more of the show. While the procession was being ordered we gazed up and down the street. The houses have many high vantage points and all the façades are entirely of windows, glazed from one side to the other. They were filled with the handsomest faces, like so many beautiful paintings, with varied headtires and rich clothing of every colour, including silver and gold. Two lone ugly faces marred the charming view—and I say this apart from our natural loathing of the nation—two Spaniards: badly dressed, emaciated, with sunken eyes, ugly as ogres. We couldn't avoid catching glimpses of them from time to time as we gazed at the nearby English ladies who, by comparison, were all the more radiant. Looking below us onto the street we saw a huge mass of people, surging like the sea, moving here and there in search of places to watch or rest—which proved impossible because of the constant press of newcomers. It was a chaotic mixture: dotards; insolent youths and children, especially of that race of apprentices I mentioned earlier; beribboned serving wenches; lower-class women with their children in their arms: all were there to see the beautiful show. We saw few carriages about, and fewer horsemen; only a few carrying ladies to watch the procession from the houses of close friends or relatives on the street, because the insolence of the crowd is extreme. They swing up onto the back of carriages, and if one of the drivers turns on them with his whip, they jump to the ground and hurl stinking mud at him. We saw them dirty the beautiful livery of a coachman in exactly this way; one must have patience. No one unsheathes a sword in these great tumults: everything resolves itself with kicks and punches and muddy faces. A perpetual shower of firecrackers rained from the windows onto the seething crowd, popping mischievously under everyone's clothes and faces and between their legs. The children fight with each other to collect the squibs off the ground once they are extinguished. Looking up again
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64-5 **firing ordnance** John Kellocke was paid £32. 10s. 'for the whole charge of the... [barge] and a galley, and for his service with men, shot, powder, cassocks, colours and all other necessaries for them.'

69 **salute from the sakers** Sakers were small cannon. Robert Bevis Connor received £31 'for the charge of six score chambers, twice shot off'.

73-4 **main street... city** Goldsmiths' Row, a stretch of properties in Cheapside controlled by the Goldsmiths' Company and leased to members of that guild, like Busino's host. Stow described the

Row as 'the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops that be within the walls of London, or elsewhere in England', and one foreign visitor was impressed by the 'great treasures and vast amount of money [which] may be seen here'. From their window in the Row, the Venetian party would have had an excellent view of the pageant's progress along Cheapside to Guildhall. It seems from his account that Busino does not actually see one of the devices performed for the Lord Mayor; rather, he is describing the entire procession in motion. Nonetheless, it is clear that the

actors, dancers, and musicians on each pageant wagon continue to perform as they move through the streets.
75 **assigned windows** It usually fell to the King's Master of Ceremonies to find suitable vantage points for visiting diplomats who wished to see the procession through Cheapside. A fee of £3 was expected by householders for the use of their windows when the ambassadors themselves paid. When the King paid, as he often did for 'extraordinary' ambassadors (foreign emissaries of the highest rank sent on specific, usually short-term missions), the rate was £5.

at windows farther down the street, we saw various young men mingling with lovely damsels and, in our naïvete, we thought that these were brothers or husbands for the protection of each young lady. We were told, however, that, to the contrary, these men were their servants, which is to say in plain language, their lovers and favourites, granted great intimacy and many liberties. Foreigners in London are little liked, not to say hated, so those who are wise take care to dress in the English style or that of France, which has been adopted by the court, and make themselves understood by signs whenever they can avoid speaking, and so they avoid mishaps. Only the Spanish nation choose the prerogative of dressing in their own fashion, and are therefore easily recognized and mortally hated. Some of us saw a wretched woman enraged against a man thought to belong to the Catholic Ambassador's household. She aroused the crowd to persecute him, leading the way by striking him with a bunch of greens while calling him 'Spanish rogue'. And although he was already dressed very finely, his clothes were further embroidered in a nasty manner with a kind of soft, fetid mud found at all times in such quantity that this city would better be called '*Lorda*' than '*Londra*'. And if the don hadn't saved himself in a shop, they would

certainly have torn out his eyes. So much are the haughty Spaniards detested that they are considered harpies in this country; it seems to me that they are not as well known elsewhere. The companies of gownsmen now began to appear. Their purpose was merely to line the sides of the streets, but they were accompanied by footmen and other officers to protect them from the press of the crowd. Their gowns were like doctoral robes, or like those of the Doge, with sleeves very wide from the shoulders and lined with various materials like plush, velvet, marten, feathers, a beautiful kind of badger, and also sable. These gownsmen were members of the apothecaries' guild from which the present Lord Mayor derives. Several different marching groups numbering over a thousand all together wore a kind of pouch over the left shoulder, half of red cloth and half of black, in the shape I've sketched in the margin. Other gownsmen wore long robes and pouches of red damask; these members were younger than the first and had to wait at table during the banquet. Others wore gowns with all red shoulders; still others wore small stoles at their throats. To assist the proceedings and clear a pathway in the street, a constable on horseback, with a gold chain around his neck and two footmen in livery, weaved up and down; he was so large and plump that, we

113-18 **in our naïvete... liberties** Note that the Italians, stock figures of lascivious immorality in the plays of Middleton and his contemporaries, are shocked by the behaviour of these English ladies and their gallants.

128 **Catholic Ambassador's** This ostensibly peculiar reference to a Spanish diplomat as *the* 'Catholic Ambassador'—Busino was himself a Catholic chaplain of the Catholic Ambassador from Venice—is understandable in light of the Venetian Republic's long history of challenges to papal authority. As recently as 1606, the pope had excommunicated the Venetian government and interdicted its territories for failing to exempt Catholic clergymen from civil laws and church property from taxation. However, despite enormous pressure brought to bear on the Republic, the papal interdict completely failed to curb Venice's ideological independence and was revoked in less than a year, following a series of face-saving manoeuvres by a papal envoy. In calling Spain's ambassador 'the Catholic Ambassador', Busino registers Venetian hostility towards Spain for its powerful support of papal orthodoxy.

134 **Lorda** filth
Londra London

145-6 **various materials... sable** The garments worn by those in the procession were part of a sartorial code that distinguished levels of guild and civic office (see *Industry* 10-11, note). An order from 1562 stipulates that bachelors of

the Grocers Company should not 'wear any kinds of furs in their gowns, but only foynes', or marten, 'and budge', or sheepskin. The use of velvet in their gowns is carefully restricted, and they are prohibited 'any unreasonable ruffs in their shirts, but only black and white; their doublets to be of black satin, and they with coats or jackets of satin or damask, and of no other colour'. By contrast, the Wardens are 'to wear russet satin in their doublets'. At various events during the year London's Aldermen wore their violet or scarlet gowns, 'lined' or 'furred' depending on the season, often in combination with similarly coloured cloaks. The Lord Mayor's installation called for the 'scarlet gown, furred'. Aldermen who had 'passed the chair' or served as Lord Mayor were entitled to wear 'grey amis'—hoods of grey fur (probably badger)—while Alderman who had not yet been Mayor could wear 'calabre' or squirrel fur.

147 **apothecaries' guild** In identifying Bolles as an apothecary, not a grocer, Busino touches on a controversy then at its apogee. Apothecaries had long been part of the Grocers' company, which had jurisdiction over the sale of drugs. However, increasing complaints about the quality of pharmaceuticals and the competence of those administering them led King James to take a personal interest in the Apothecaries' 1614 petition for a separate charter. Despite vociferous

protests by the Grocers, the charter was granted on December 6, 1617.

150-2 **pouch... in the margin** Busino is describing a vestige of medieval guild livery. According to Stow, this garment is 'a memory of the hoods of old time... made in colours according to... [the companies'] gowns, which were of two colours, as red and blue or red and purple...; but now of late time they have used their gowns to be all of one colour, and those of the saddest, but their hoods being made the one half of the same cloth their gowns be of, the other half remaineth red as of old time.'

154 **wait at table** A group of bachelors acted as the Lord Mayor's serving gentlemen on feast days throughout the year.

157 **constable** The Grocers paid £4 to Roger Walrond, 'marshal of this city... in respect of his service and attendance with his men on the day'. Walrond seems to have been in charge of more general matters of crowd control, while George Bell and his ten assistants (see *Industry* 24 I-2, note) were primarily concerned with ordering the pageant and Company members. In addition, whiffers, young freemen of the Company, helped to clear the way and keep back the crowds. The Grocers purchased '24 dozen of white staves' for £4. 17s. 8d. to be distributed among 'the whiffers, the marshals and their men', and the porters charged with carrying the pageant and attending the Company at Guildhall.



The arms of the East India Company.

160 agreed without hesitation, he was of the genuine porcine
 race of Bacchus. A number of robust youths and men
 also managed to clear the way with their fencing swords,
 which they brandished about with much dexterity; but
 165 as soon as one part of the street was freed of people,
 the crowd closed in on another. Some men masked as
 wild giants strode through the crowd with wheels and

fireballs, hurling sparks here and there at the bodies and
 faces of the multitude, but to no avail in making a wide
 and clear route for the procession. The first stages which
 appeared were harnessed to hippogriffs, each one ridden 170
 by a child dressed in silk livery; others followed with
 lions, camels, and other equally large animals, laden with
 bales from which the children threw various confections
 to the crowd. These animals were yoked by silk cords
 and pulled the triumphal cars. The first car represented 175
 a very beautiful wood with fruit atop its trees, peopled
 by children dressed like Indians, with long hair on their
 heads and tinted faces, as if naked, with a little apron from
 which hung plumes, or more exactly red and variously
 coloured bird feathers. In addition, there were two pastoral 180
 figures with fifes, one dressed head to foot in red feathers
 and the other wrapped in a tiger skin, as if they were
 man and wife. They played very well in the Indian
 manner as the children danced with much grace and
 many varied gestures, using their entire bodies—hands, 185
 head, and feet—turning in good measure around the
 trees, changing from one position to the next in a way
 that amazed everybody. After that followed other large
 and handsome stages, one of which represented, as far
 as I could understand, the Indians' religion of the sun 190
 above a grouping of various other figures. Another stage

161-2 **robust youths...swords** Payment of
 £7 was made to 'John Bradshaw, fencer,
 for himself and 18 fellow flourishers
 with long swords for their service'. (See
Industry 291-2, note, regarding the
 distinctive dress of fencers and marshals.)

166-7 **wild giants...fireballs** The use of
 'giants' or 'greenmen' hurling firecrack-
 ers into the crowd was a time-honoured
 method of clearing a pathway for the
 oncoming procession. Part of Middle-
 ton's fee in 1617 included the hiring of
 'greenmen, devils, and fire works'. The
 efforts of one of these individuals seems
 to have been particularly appreciated:
 the Grocers paid 11s. 'in benevolence to
 the fireman or greenman over and above
 his agreement'.

170-2 **hippogriffs...camels** Busino is de-
 scribing the griffins and camels, featured
 in the Grocers' Company coat of arms,
 which were a regular part of company-
 sponsored pageants. 'Hippogriffs' were
 not, however, mere griffins. Memorable
 features of Ariosto's epic romance *Or-
 lando Furioso*, hippogriffs had the body

and legs of a horse. Busino's choice of
 words thus indicates something about
 his familiarity with Italian literature; it
 also suggests that the fantastic animals
 referred to here were almost always in
 fact cloth, lath and plaster construc-
 tions costuming more mundane beasts—
 usually horses—which were frequently
 used to pull pageant wagons through
 the streets. Alternatively, pageant devices
 sometimes included animal statuary car-
 rying performers (see the 'King of the
 Moors' illustration for *Triumphs of Truth*,
 p. 972).

173 **various confections** The Grocers spent
 £5. 7s. 8d. for '50 sugar loaves, 36
 pounds of nutmegs, 24 pounds of dates,
 and 114 pounds of ginger, which were
 thrown about the streets by those which
 sat on the griffins and camels'.

177 **dressed like Indians** While these
 Indians are definitely meant to represent
 inhabitants of the 'East Indies', their
 resemblance to North American Indians
 may reflect the confusion and lack of

specificity associated with the term
 'Indian' during this period. In the 1614
 edition of *Purchas, His Pilgrimage*, Samuel
 Purchas explains that 'The name of India
 is now applied to all far distant countries,
 not in the extreme limits of Asia alone;
 but even to whole America, through the
 error of Columbus and his fellows; who
 at their first arrival in the western world,
 thought that they had met with Ophir
 and the Indian regions of the east.'

190 **Indians' religion of the sun** This is prob-
 ably a misreading of the second device
 Middleton describes: India seated on the
 chariot with Industry at her side, holding
 a golden ball. The sun was believed to
 be the object of religious devotion by
 the 'Indians' of North America as well
 as those encountered in the East India
 trade. George Chapman and Inigo Jones's
The Memorable Masque, staged at Court
 as part of the 1613 nuptial celebrations
 for Princess Elizabeth and the Elector
 Palatine, had featured 'the Phoebades',
 a group of sun-worshipping 'Virginians'.

carried a very beautiful castle; another was a fine ship, apparently returning from the Indies with cargo and crew aboard. Other stages carried the figures of Trade, and the nations which traffic with the Indies. Among these, a Spaniard was perfectly impersonated, the gestures of his nation expertly mimicked, with small black mustachios, hat and cape after the Spanish fashion, a ruff at the throat and little palm-length muffs on his hands. He was continually blowing kisses to the onlookers; but to the Spanish Ambassador, who was a short distance from us, he did it to such a superlative degree that the entire crowd roared with laughter. After this triumphant fleet the Archbishop of Canterbury appeared on horseback, which is to say the Pope of England. He was on the right, the country's principal baron was on his left, and before them marched forty gentlemen on foot wearing gold chains around their necks. There were mace-bearers, footmen, and other officers wearing coats of black velvet with the rose, the imprese of the kingdom, richly embroidered on the back in gold and silk. Then followed in pairs the earls, marquises and other lords and treasurers of the realm. After that came various banners, including one especially

large one with its panels smoothed, carried by four or six men who supported the staff with other staves attached to it; others carried the long tail of this banner. It really was a splendid spectacle. All these banners bore the insignia of the Lord Mayor's company; all the other companies have different banners of their own. Following this came fifty old men in liveries of long peacock blue gowns with red caps and sleeves, each holding a javelin. At night these same men carry torches to the Lord Mayor's doorway. After these came a big man wearing a red hat, large as a basket, and holding a very beautiful gilded rapier. He was followed closely by two little children, immaculately dressed, each carrying a small staff topped with flowers. Finally we saw his Excellency the Lord Mayor, on a barded horse, in a red gown and chain of gold around his neck, over which was a large order like the Fleece, given in earlier times by a king to a Lord Mayor for having uncovered a conspiracy and killed the oppressor. This order is all of gold with a very large and precious jewel. Fifteen or twenty aldermen then followed on horseback all dressed in red gowns like the Lord Mayor's; those with gold chains around their necks had previously held that

192 **fine ship** The 'Ship', featured prominently in the pageant's accounts, is not specifically mentioned in Middleton's text. A ship appears in a great number of Lord Mayor's shows, and it has been suggested that such standard or subsidiary features (along with lions and camels) were originally referred to as 'devices' while the term 'pageant' was reserved for especially elaborate inventions or those specific to a particular show or occasion. Since Middleton has not given the ship's occupants any speeches in *Industry*, he does not feel compelled to describe it. This explanation would seem to be supported by the reference to tradition in the Grocers' accounts regarding the musicians aboard the ship: they 'were present in the show according to the accustomed manner'. These musicians included thirty-two of his Majesty's Trumpeters and 'a boy to sound in the ship'; the group received a lump sum of £26, while the Sergeant Trumpeter got a separate fee of 11s. Another child, 'a little boy which played on the drum in the ship', received 12s.; he too was contracted for as part of a professional adult group, who would appear to be the same ones described in lines 61-3 of Busino's account. These '8 drums and 4 fifes', supplying their own costumes of 'black hats, white doublets, black hose and white stockings and with scarves according to the colour' of the Grocer's Company, collectively received £12. 11s.

200-1 **the Spanish Ambassador** Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, known as Count Gondomar, the inspiration for the Black Knight in *A Game at Chess*.

213 **various banners** Under the heading 'mercery wares for banners and other things' the Grocers' accounts record payment of £6. 12s. for '7 yards of crimson damask', £8 for '20 ells of taffeta sarsenet, at 8s. per ell', and £10. 16s. 11d. for '59 dozen of crimson and white ribbon of all sorts' (see also *Industry* 291-2, note).

214-16 **four or six men... others** Sixteen 'poor men', recipients of the Company's alms, were paid 5s. each 'for their service in carrying of the streamers, banners, and other things, in respect they had no coats'. Ten others 'of the said banner and streamer bearers which had coats' got 1s. each 'for their dinners'.

215 **other staves** 'Two new banner staves' were purchased for 8s.

220 **peacock blue gowns** The livery worn by these 'fifty old men'—also almsmen—was apparently the same as that worn by the banner and streamer bearers. The Grocers paid £159. 4s. 6d. 'to divers clothworkers' for '18 azure coloured cloths for the poor men's gowns', and this fabric was used to make '124 gowns, after 12d. a piece'—a total of £6. 4s. paid 'to divers tailors'.

220-1 **red caps and sleeves** Thomas Hinkman, 'capper', received £18. 3d. for '10 dozen of round caps, and 5 dozen and

3 long caps'. Roger Clarke, a mercer, received £10 for '10 pieces of crimson mochado to make sleeves for the poor men, and to face the beadles', streamer- and banner-bearers' coats'. The mochado, a kind of silk, was then turned over to 'divers tailors' to make '124 pair of sleeves, at 2d. a piece' (a total of £1. 8d.).

221 **javelin** The Grocers paid £1. 13s. 4d. for 'the hire of 124 javelins'.

223-4 **big man... rapier** The Mayor's Swordbearer and head of his official household.

228 **barded armoured chain of gold** Presumably the 'rich collar of gold, to be worn by the Mayor', given to the City of London by Sir John Allen, a Mercer and Lord Mayor in 1525 and 1535.

229 **the Fleece** A reference to the ornament worn by the knights of the Golden Fleece, an order of knighthood associated with the Catholic faith, instituted at Bruges in 1430 by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy.

230-1 **a Lord Mayor... oppressor** Busino here is referring to that paragon of civic heroism, Sir William Walworth, a Lord Mayor and fishmonger whose slaying of Wat Tyler in 1381 saved the kingdom for Richard II. Munday's 1616 pageant, *Chrysanaleia: The Golden Fishing*, features the awakening of Walworth from his tomb to address his distant successor as Lord Mayor.

240 office. Last in line on horseback were the two sheriffs, dressed in slightly different red gowns, with small gold chains around their necks. These two have been chosen to administer justice in London for the present year as officials of this Lord Mayor. All of this fine company were to enjoy the bounty, and they were followed by

an endless troop of scavengers, sticking like a tail to the procession, all of whom also expect to participate in the very sumptuous feast that begins today and continues with open doors for an entire year. Let this serve as a close for the illustrious gentlemen so as not to be as protracted as the long itinerary already described; making them most humble reverence and thanks.

245

236 **two sheriffs** The Lord Mayor's appointee was Robert Johnson, a grocer; the Sheriff elected by the Common Council (often referred to as election 'by common consent') was William Halliday, a mercer. Halliday had refused the shrievalty in 1614, the same year he became a Committee member of the East India Company. He was a governor of that Company from 1621-24 (see note to 28-9 above for refusals of civic office, and *Industry* 241-2, note, regarding the selection of sheriffs).

245 **open doors . . . entire year** The munificent hospitality of London's Lord Mayor impressed a number of foreigners. Paul Hentzner of Brandenburg, travelling

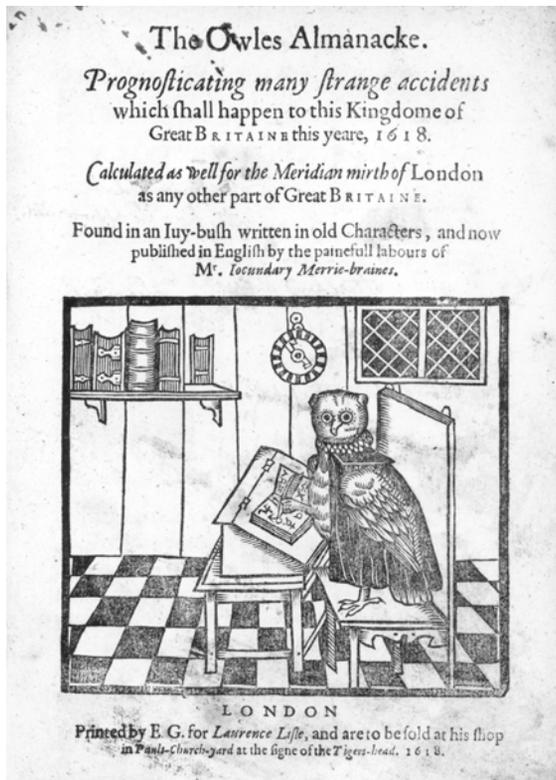
through England in 1598, noted that during 'the year of his magistracy' the Lord Mayor 'is obliged to live so magnificently that foreigner or native, without any expense, is free, if he can find a chair empty, to dine at his table, where there is always the greatest plenty.' In fact, the City's generosity to foreign notables was often under orders from the Crown. In addition to feasting important visitors, the Lord Mayor was periodically directed to obtain, and occasionally pay for, housing for foreign diplomats. The difficulties of such a task can be inferred from the Privy Council's letter of January 9, 1617, requiring the Lord Mayor to 'take present order for some fair and

convenient house . . . within the city' for the French ambassador, 'and to cause the same to be furnished with hangings, bedding, and all other furniture necessary for such a purpose. And if perhaps you cannot find room sufficient in any one house for the lodging of all his company, which we conjecture may require some eighteen or twenty beds . . . , you shall in that case do well to take up so many lodgings in some good houses near adjoining to the place where the ambassador shall be, as shall serve the turn.'

246 **illustrious gentlemen** The brothers of Busino's patron; see note to Title above.

THE OWL'S ALMANAC

Edited by Neil Rhodes



THE almanac, with its prognostication of forthcoming events, has an ancient pedigree. Edmund in *The Tragedy of King Lear* is sarcastic about his father's belief in dire astrological predictions, and the Fool, who offers his own burlesque of such fateful documents, tells us that he is living before the time of Merlin. If we are willing to accept the Fool's chronology then these must be the earliest prognostication and mock-prognostication recorded in Britain. At the other end of the spectrum, if you want to be ahead of next year's events you can buy a copy of *Old Moore's Almanack* in the UK or *The Farmer's Almanac* in the US from your local newsagent or railway bookstall. So while almanacs are among the most topical, socially specific, and ephemeral of all publications, the almanac itself seems timeless.

The Owl's Almanac (1618) is the most elaborate and also the cleverest parody of the early printed almanac.

These publications were enormously popular in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, as we can see from the fact that the Stationers' Company closely guarded the patent privilege for almanacs (as for bibles) because there was so much and such predictable demand, and the Owl stitches together a ludicrous sampler of their most familiar features: the law terms, the 'computation of time' (a sort of countdown of major events from Adam and Eve to the present which survives in the modern *Timetables of History*), tide predictions, the anatomy or astrological man, rules for health and profit, lists of the major fairs and highways, and finally, that indispensable calendar of 'good' and 'bad' days in the forthcoming year. The principal sources for the Owl's mockery are almanacs by Edward Pond (1609) and Thomas Bretnor (1617), two of the most prolific prognosticators in the Jacobean period and solemn exponents of the astrologer's art. Pond, for example, gives a laborious account of how to tell time by the moon, which is parodied in the Owl's opaque do-it-yourself instructions for assembling a moon-clock, while Bretnor's computation of time is redesigned by the Owl to include such notable events as the appearance of a dancing horse on the top of St Paul's. (A version of the moon-clock, incidentally, reappeared in 1757 as 'a striking sun-dial' in Benjamin Franklin's comic almanac, *Poor Richard*.) But perhaps the most distinctive feature of the Owl's parody is that it extends to the style as well as the substance of the serious almanac. In Sir Thomas Overbury's character of an almanac-maker we are told that 'The verses in his book have a worse pace than ever had Rochester hackney: for his prose, 'tis dappled with inkhorn terms...' (*A Wife*, 1614), and these ponderous neologisms are reproduced—or rather reactivated—in the bizarre verbal inventiveness of *The Owl's Almanac*. Another feature which the Owl pounces upon is Bretnor's liking for laconic catchphrases, presumably intended to suggest sibylline gravity but which have more the flavour of Christmas-cracker mottoes. Some of the elaborate marginalia, which are such a striking feature of Middleton's text, parody these, but others reflect the practice of almanac owners jotting down their own observations on the blank pages opposite the calendars; hence the fatuous marginal glosses from the Owl such as 'Terrible doings' (644.n) or 'No such women now' (612.n). The parody in *The Owl's Almanac* is certainly comprehensive when even the readers of almanacs are not spared.

The Owl's other main source is Dekker's *The Raven's Almanac* (1609), a mock-prognostication which the Owl

directly addresses in a prefatory epistle to the Raven. Dekker himself was originally identified as the Owl, but this cannot be the case: he is hardly likely to have written a letter to himself and, besides, there are many stylistic aspects of the work which are beyond his range. Modern bibliographies acknowledge that *The Owl's Almanac* is not by Dekker. The author was, however, certainly part of Dekker's circle, and new research has made a strong case for Middleton's authorship: we now know that Middleton wrote *Plato's Cap* (1604), another mock-almanac which he put out in the same year as the brilliant Nasheian pastiche, *The Black Book*, and almanac parody crops up frequently in his dramatic work. In *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, Sam is 'the true picture of a common servingman' because he has an almanac in his pocket (1.28-9); in *The Puritan Widow* Pieboard's almanac is given a sarcastic going-over (3.5.239 ff.); in *The Roaring Girl* Laxton refers to an almanac 'calculated for the meridian of cooks' wives' (3.47-8); in *Anything for a Quiet Life* the barber-surgeon Sweetball is guided by his almanac (3.2.158-62); and in *No Wit/Help like a Woman's Weatherwise* allows his entire life to be governed by his almanac's directions. Chough's foolishness is confirmed by his reliance on Bretnor in *A Fair Quarrel* (5.1.131), and, most significantly, within months of the publication of *The Owl's Almanac* Middleton staged an almanac parody in *Masque of Heroes*, presided over by a Doctor Almanac and with characters representing Good Days and Bad Days appearing in the antemasque.

But perhaps the strongest pointer to Middleton's authorship of *The Owl's Almanac* is its stylistic virtuosity, which derives from Nashe's extraordinary experiments in comic prose technique during the 1590s. (In fact, Nashe refers to '*The Owl's Almanac* which Pasquil hath undertaken to write' in two of his anti-Marprelate tracts, but no connection has been established between that and the present work.) A number of writers attempted to emulate Nashe's prose style, but Middleton was the only one to do so with real success (see Rhodes 1980). There is a eulogy to Nashe in *The Ant and the Nightingale* (1604), and in *The Black Book* Middleton writes a sequel to *Pierce Penniless* which manages to reproduce many of the hallmarks of Nashe's style: an intrusive authorial persona, electric rhetorical shifts, comic-grotesque physicality and, above all, a sense of pace, dexterity, and metaphoric flair. These are also the characteristics which make *The Owl's Almanac* as lively as any comic prose pamphlet of the Jacobean period. Most texts of this kind are consciously written documents and betray signs of a certain stylistic rigor mortis. By contrast, what preserves the Owl's vitality is his ability, like Nashe's, to mimic the rhetorical strategies of the stand-up comic in an oral rather than a written mode of discourse. This is why, when introducing Aquarius in the zodiacal line-up, the Owl explains that he will tell us his story 'admirably, though he be illiterate and unlearned' (1057-8), and this is why at various points the text seems to be theatrically conceived. There is audience presence: 'Nay, but there be more tormentors of my kind coming. Draw the curtains of your eyes and see' (1082-4), and there is

digressive patter: 'In good faith, 'tis strange, my masters, to my sense: a couple of fishes (I'll tell you their names as they fall better into my knowledge) come leaping over the fallows like pepper in a mortar...' (1086-9). There is a variety of characters: witness the appearance of the mincing, petulant twins after the 'ram-headed oration' of Aries and the 'bull-headed oration' of Taurus, or the sudden intrusion of the fine lady in the prognostication for chandlers: 'Fah! What a gross light is this! In truth, Sir Timothy, it condenses the wit and stupefies the brain; pray let our flames be wax...' (2119-21). And behind them, running the show, is the Owl himself, commenting on the proceedings with such pointless observations as 'This is very likely' (824.n; these, as we saw, also parody the almanac owner's annotation) or remarking self-consciously on his own style: 'The spring is like a piece of powdered beef... I mean when 'tis but slenderly boiled... or else the simile holds not' (1309-15). Certainly, the Owl is adept at doing the police in different voices.

One of the curious aspects of the pamphlet, then, is that it is on the one hand an elaborately designed parody of a printed document, in which the typography and page layout have a comic function, and on the other hand something that is very much a performance. The first aspect provides Middleton's text with a structure, a set of limits and forms, into which he pours and contains the free-floating verbal play of Nashe. The second aspect, however, serves to underline another Nasheian characteristic, which is the rapid fluctuation in stylistic register. We are told, for instance, that Prometheus loved 'a pretty damosel that dwelt under the immortal canopy in this cold horizon, which made his virgin in frosty congealing mornings look like Vespasian, as if she had been wringing at a hard stool' (540-5). The sudden, deflating switch from the lyrical opening of the sentence to the picture of a Roman emperor straining on his chamber-pot is hilarious, and immediately reminiscent of Nashe (face-wrinkling metaphors also happen to be a Nasheian speciality). Switches of this kind are not, however, confined to a lowering of tone. In a remarkable passage on the origin of the human heart, the Owl describes how it was pumped into action by fear: 'the poor heart with very thought of the terrifying beast drives itself with a continual systole and diastole, like the clack of a mill or a sun-sucked leaf chained to a spider's twine. Yet I have not read that before that time it ever stirred' (875-9). This is imaginative writing of real quality. The physiological terms, which it is surprising to find being used as early as 1618, are suddenly translated into metaphors which capture brilliantly the clatter of the palpitations, driven as if under the pressure of escape, and at the same time the delicacy and fragility of the vital organ, the parched and chained leaf imaging the prison of mortality. This is not only imaginatively crafted, but sensitive.

Throughout *The Owl's Almanac* there is experimentation in the Nasheian mode, and it is the metaphorical scatter which gives the text its distinctive verbal texture.

This may take the form of compound coinages such as 'ghost-groping' (948) for Pluto, god of the underworld, or 'cranny-lighted' (1738) for the dimly lit corners of the haberdasher's workshop; and this kind of formulation can also serve for metonymic epithets in such inventions as 'marrow-melting luminists' (chandlers, or candlemakers) and 'pale-bodied blazers' (candles) (2135-6). There is a fair number of more pedantic coinages, the 'inkhornisms' which, according to Overbury, 'dappled' the pages of the serious almanac ('dimidiate', 460; 'saxifies', 1079; 'inaulated', 1672; 'labecutable', 1748). There are grotesque but ingenious similes, as in the picture of Cancer, 'like a waterman in a boat, his arse toward the place to which he was going; he looked like a piece of Hebrew spelled the wrong way' (787-90), and there is in general a suppleness in the language of the text which makes it responsive to the physical characteristics of its subjects: Capricorn, for example, is described as 'falling flat and flexible on his knees' (1012), a picture which captures precisely the goat's emblematic posture.

Concentrating upon the Owl's stylistic inventiveness helps us to establish the probable authorship of the pamphlet, and it also suggests why it is so successful as a parody. But does this text have any context or content? Is it simply a clever display of word-spinning? The 'contents' are indeed labelled as such at the start, and these are necessarily determined to a large extent by the contents of actual almanacs. There are, however, two original sequences in *The Owl's Almanac* which together account for well over half of the complete text: the story of Prometheus and the signs of the zodiac, and the set of prognostications for the London livery companies, the 'fundamental trades'. The Prometheus story is a fantastic concoction based upon the picture of astrological man which prefaced many almanacs. This shows a naked human body surrounded by the signs of the zodiac, with pointers from each sign to the part of the body which it governs. There are famous examples of the picture from the medieval period and later, but by the early seventeenth century the astrological man had become something of a figure of fun, as Dekker indicates at the start of *The Raven's Almanac*: 'At the beginning of every almanac it is the fashion to have the body of a man drawn as you see, and not only baited, but bitten and shot at by wild beasts and monsters... he stands as if he had been some notorious malefactor, and being stripped stark naked to go to execution'. He then compares the figure to an 'anatomy', i.e. a gallows corpse carved up by the barber-surgeons in the interests of medical science. Dekker's grim joke provides the Owl with a starting point for an elaborate aetiological fantasy or explanation of causes: what is the origin of the zodiac, and where do the parts of the body come from? (Spoof aetiologies, incidentally, are another Nasheian feature.) The Owl contends that it all begins with Prometheus's theft of fire from the gods. So far from this being a welcome piece of new technology for terrestrial life, it turns out to be a calamity for many creatures. Fire provides the means by which

Aries the ram is sheared of his fleece, Virgo polluted by the tobacco smoke of young gallants, and Capricorn the goat stigmatized as lecherous (as a result of Prometheus's kindling of sexual heat); even Aquarius bears a grudge against him on the grounds that the widespread use of fire has depleted his resources of water. So Prometheus is chained to a stake in the Caucasus and, spurred on by a punitive Jupiter, the creatures proceed in turn to bite, head-butt, sting, shoot, and generally torment their wretched victim. Various parts of the body originate from these attacks (the navel, for instance, is created by Virgo's hurling a red-hot spit at Prometheus's belly), and when the ceremony is complete Jupiter places his instruments of revenge in the sky as the zodiac.

This focus on the human body and its various members and organs supplies the Owl with a fund of the kind of comic-grotesque metaphor that we associate with Nashe, but the way in which Prometheus is presented as a victim is much more typical of Middleton. As we have seen, one of the most remarkable passages in the text is the depiction of the terror-stricken heart, and underlying the comedy of the zodiac sequence is a view from the scaffold. Prometheus 'stands shivering and shaking like a condemned caitiff that attends the fatal stroke' (651-3); he is turned into the subhuman 'like an Indian (in New Spain), stood there exposed as a fair mark for any man's fury' (660-1); and human/animal roles are reversed when he is baited at the stake by Taurus the bull. Jupiter, the author of these torments, is ambiguously presented. At one point he refers, Prospero-like, to 'the nurture of my sceptre' (866) which can limit 'boundless savageness', but in the Taurus section we are told how glad he is to see justice 'so nobly and stoutly executed on a villain' (719-20). That sounds very much like Middletonian irony. And, interestingly, in the later section on the disposition of the planets for the year, Jupiter reappears as a pseudonym for King James in a political moral about Europe, and then stands metonymically to represent kings in general. There is perhaps a hint of a Shelleyan rebel Prometheus in *The Owl's Almanac*.

The immediate context, however, for the Owl's handling of the Prometheus story is the Ovidian theme of the end of the Golden Age and loss of innocence. The arrival of fire on earth is a tragedy, but here principally for Prometheus himself as he stands exposed to the excoriating justice of Jupiter, and the theatricality of the text is reinforced by the fact that the entire sequence is designed in terms of the scaffold as sadistic spectacle. The scene of punishment has an audience, 'troupes and multitudes of all kinds... spreading themselves either as actors or spectators in this rueful tragedy' (1122-6). Following this sequence the Owl moves on to 'a lecture upon the four quarters, with what particular diseases hang upon every quarter' (1355-6), and then to floods and famines. The metaphor of the anatomy, or executed traitor, is extended to 'the body of the year', and so the Owl rather neatly links his tale of Prometheus to the almanac calendar itself. At this point the text changes direction—'The string of sorrow is now

tuned to a merry note. Diseases, drownings, dearths and other dreary tragedies, get you from the stage' (1455–7)—and we move into the comic set of predictions for the London livery companies. Here, the timeless aspects of the almanac represented in the Owl's reworking of Ovidian myth are replaced by the topical and socially specific: this is London, this is 1618.

What also happens in the last major section of the text is that we see a return of the Golden Age. After the miseries attributed to and inflicted upon Prometheus, the London tradesmen are promised a year of milk and honey, a bonanza. Labourers will buy velvet neck-pieces from the mercers, and servants will break their masters' plate to the benefit of goldsmiths; doctors will prescribe wine from the vintners, an epidemic of rust will provide work for armourers and property developers will boost the profits of carpenters. Throughout this section there is a sense of an economy going into overdrive, as raw materials are turned into a cornucopia of saleable commodities in the way that Lorna Hutson has described in *Thomas Nashe in Context*. Moreover, the hectic economic activity feeds

into the comic prose style, with the tradesmen conceived in terms of their own materials and products, and the products acquiring human characteristics in a riot of anthropomorphism. Pewter is a soft-natured gentleman; money will choke the throats of misers' purses; leaning buildings bow to the Lord Mayor; and tottering houses have their ribs painted. This section of *The Owl's Almanac* shows us an urban society at work, and in doing so emphasizes the materiality of the almanac and its parodic offspring. The almanac is concerned with time and tide, the phases of the moon and the rotation of the seasons, but it is also concerned with the body and with the fabric of economic and social life. What *The Owl's Almanac* ultimately gives us, in the range and vivacity of its parody, is a rich, comic panorama of Jacobean life, and in particular of the life of Middleton's London.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 641
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 400

The Owl's Almanac

Prognosticating many strange accidents
which shall happen to this kingdom of
Great Britain this year 1618. Calculated as
well for the meridian mirth of London
as any other part of Great Britain. Found in
an ivy bush written in old characters and
now published in English by the painful
labours of Mr Jocunday Merry-brains.

To the right worshipful and generous-minded
gentleman, Sir Timothy Thornhill, Knight
Sir,

Is it not strange that an owl should write an
almanac? Yet why not, as well as a crow to speak
Latin to Caesar? And why not an owl prognosticate
wonders which are sure to happen this year,
as for astrological wizards to shoot threatening calendars
out of their ink-pots at the world, and yet when they
hit, their fillips hurt nothing? Lies are as well
acquainted with astronomers as oaths are with
soldiers, or as owing money is familiar to courtiers,
but Madge Owlet fetches her predictions out of an
upper room in heaven where never any common
star-catcher was garreted before. Had I a

bird of paradise I should gladly send her flying to
you, and therefore I hope that your acceptance of
this owl (though she be none of mine, but hiding
her broad face under my eaves by chance) will
keep petty, idle birds from wondering about her. I
wish every year you are to live to begin and end
with you as merrily as this prognostication takes
her aim to make you, and that I may cease to be
when I give over from being

Devoted ever at your worship's disposing,
L. L.

The Contents of this Work
1. An epistle of the Owl to a certain Raven, an
almanac-maker
2. The beginnings and endings of the four terms
in the year
3. Annual computations of time
4. The beginning and ending of the year
5. English tides
6. Computation diurnal and astrological
7. A moon-clock
8. The anatomy of man's body governed by the
twelve signs

Title several features of the illustrated title-page parody the title-page of the 1616 edition of *Doctor Faustus*, notably the sphere of destiny on the wall

6 ivy bush 'To look like an owl in an ivy-bush' is a proverbial expression.
21 Madge Owlet nickname for the barn-owl
23 garreted lodged in an attic

34 L. L. Laurence Lyle, the publisher
36 Raven Thomas Dekker, author of *The Raven's Almanac* 1609 (see Introduction)

The Owles Almanacke.

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The Owl's epistle to the Raven

Brother Raven, I did ever envy the happiness of other birds when I saw them freely enjoying woods, fields, parks, forests, cities, kingdoms, and all that the moving canopy of heaven can cover,	95
--	----

as their proper cages to sing in all the day, drawing thereby audience to their bewitching music-lectures, when poor I (having more knowledge, except in song, than the proudest of them) durst never or seldom gad abroad in the light. But when I heard and beheld yourself a student in the mathematics, and by jumbling together a hotch-potch of calculations to be counted an astronomer and to paste up your name on every post in the title of a book called *The Raven's Almanac*, I did then more vex than ever before.

I confess you are a bird of larger wing than I am, goodlier is your proportion, piercing are your eyes, your colour so amiable that women take a pride to have hair black as a raven's; dreadful is your voice, bloody your beak, and your talons full of terror. But let your bosom be open, and then (as in some great statesmen who carry an outward-glorious show) nothing is to be found but ugliness, treachery and rapacity. But if it shall be no dishonour for me to stand on the tiptoes of mine own commendations, I would then against your ominous croaking thus far prefer my wakeful hooting that I have ever been held a predooming bird, but (besides that) an emblem of wisdom, and so sacred among the Athenians that they carried the reverence of my picture stamped upon their money.

Now (Brother Raven) as in this point I spitefully make comparisons with you, as proving myself not one to whom you may cry 'Hail fellow well met', so will I in these my Ptolemaical predictions discover to the world such wonders from the planetary regions that not only thou, but all other birds (daring to pry into the privy chamber of heaven) shall pluck in their heads (as I do until twilight) with shame, and never offer more to pester Paul's Churchyard with their trivial prognostications. I have been this year in progress with the moon, riding on the dog which the man in the moon leads, whose bush of thorns he lent me instead of a fan to keep off the wind, whilst he himself ran along by me as my footman. Much skill learned I of the moon, for she is a great light to almanac-makers, albeit in show she seem but a cold friend to them, and much mad talk had I with that lunatical fellow (the squire of her body). The twelve houses of the sun lay higher up into the country, so that, by reason my sight hath ever been bad, I had no great stomach to mount up thither, because I know the sun (who could never endure me) would have spied both a mote

61 fundamental trades i.e. the city livery companies	astronomer whose theory that the sun and planets revolved around a stationary earth held until the seventeenth century.	by the monarch)
82 Chandlers candlemakers		144 squire of her body personal attendant; pimp
121 predooming pronouncing the sentence beforehand (coinage)	135 Paul's Churchyard centre of the London book trade	149-50 mote...beam a splinter and a log, a small and a large fault; see Matthew 7:3
129 Ptolemaical Ptolemy was the ancient	136 in progress (alludes to a state journey	

London are too hot for four hundred of those five hundred to tarry by it.

It hath eight returns.

1 The first return, an Essex yeoman hath a goose goes gagging into his neighbour's barn.

2 The second return, he that owns that barn wrings off the neck of this goose.

3 The third return, the goose's master ambles up to the term to a man of law, drawing out his purse as he drivels out his speech and scrapes with his hobnails for counsel how to sue in the goose's name.

4 The fourth return, he that assaulted and battered the goose gallops up too and thrashes out his silver about that goose too.

5 The fifth return, the matter comes to trial.

So that $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{The goose is plucked} \\ \text{The goose is roasted with delicate sauce} \\ \text{The lawyer eats the goose} \\ \text{and gives the feathers to stick the other two coxcombs} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{there's the jury.} \\ \text{there's the verdict.} \\ \text{there's a judgement entered—} \\ \text{execution upon that judgement.} \end{array}$

6 The sixth return, the lawyer persuades his client it was no goose, but a gander. To it again they go.

7 The seventh return, the two Essex calves have sucked each other dry and have neither goose nor gander.

8 The eighth return, they go home like a couple of tame geese when their feathers are plucked, and are passing good friends.

Star Chamber days There are Star Chamber days in all these four terms, for the council of heaven (with the King in all his glory) sits to censure the riots of the mighty on earth oppressing the poor, the fatherless and widow, and by the royal authority of that most honourable court to guard innocence and weakness from the malice and tyranny of

245

290

bloody-minded creditors, whose pleas are never heard before so high an assembly of judges.

A memorial of the time sithence some strange and remarkable accidents until this year 1617

Since the first lie was told is (as I remember) 5565 years: and that was by all computation in Adam's time, but now in these days men and women lie downright.

Since the burning of Paul's steeple many fiery faces have heated the city, but especially some catchpoles' red noses have set five hundred a-sweating coming by the Counter gate. But since the burning at Winchester (at which time no small number of geese were both plucked and powdered) many heads ache to this day to remember it, albeit it be now about twelve or thirteen years past.

Since the first making of noses chimneys, with smoking men's faces as if they were bacon and baking dried neats' tongues in their mouths.

Some almanacs talk that printing hath been in England not above 156 years, but I find in an old worm-eaten cabalistical author that sheets have been printed in this kingdom above a 1000 years before that time.

Tailors have been troubled with stitches ever since yards came up to measure women's petticoats, and that is at least ago years:

Oranges came from Seville into England above a 100 years past, but we had great store of lemons long before.

Since hot waters caused bad livers in London and her suburbs is not much above 15 or 16 years, but they never burnt out the bottom of men's purses so much until Ralph Savage gave them phlegethontical brewings and horrible necromantical names.

First lie

5565

2

12

Winchester Geese

32

3 First snuffing tobacco

100

4 Printing of presses

5000

5 Tailors' stitches

100

6 Lemons

16

7 Hot waters

275 *Essex calves* fools; also a nickname for Essex men

281 *Star Chamber* in Westminster Hall; a notoriously tyrannical court dealing with crown interests, abolished 1640

290 *sithence* since

293-365 *5565 years...morning* following Bretnor's almanacs (see Introduction)

297 *Paul's steeple* destroyed by lightning on 4 June 1561

299 *catchpoles* officers who arrest for debt,

baillifs

301 *Counter* there were two debtors' prisons of this name, one in Poultry and the other in Wood Street, Cheapside

302-7 *Winchester...years past* referring to the movement of the London law sessions to Winchester during the plague of 1603-4; Londoners who fled to Winchester were 'burned' by high prices for lodging and food. For a full account, see *News from Gravesend*.

303.n *Winchester Geese* Winchester goose was a slang term for sexually transmitted disease.

304 *powdered* salted or pickled

310-11 *neats' tongues* ox tongues

315 *cabalistical* dealing with the esoteric or mystic

319 *yards* (pun on penis)

330 *phlegethontical* Phlegethon was a fiery river in the underworld

8 <i>Dancing and pumps</i>	Dancing was in England long before the Conquest, but pumps have been used in London within 60 years or thereabouts.	} 60 335	The year ends with me when my silver is melted and my elbows are ragged. In the interim of these two extremes it is indifferent current.	<i>Year ends</i>
9 <i>Bottle-ale and roaring boys</i>	Since bottle-ale came puffing into England, and thereby troubled the country with terrible winds, all the put-gallies serving brew-houses near the Thames are weeping witnesses, but whether puffing and roaring boys were before that time, look into the calendar of Newgate and there 'tis recorded.	340	380 The world begins with a young man when he new sets up for himself, and ends with him when his wife sets up for herself. The world begins with an old man when every day his bags fill, and that he can drink half a pint of sack off at a draught and cry 'hm!' after it, and the world ends with him when he begins to dote on a young wench.	<i>World begins and ends</i>
	Since the horrible dance to Norwich.—14 Since the arrival of Monsieur Nobody.—11			
	Since that old and loyal soldier George Stone of the Bear-garden died.	} 8 345	<i>English tides</i> High water above London Bridge when the prentices there dwelling pluck up buckets full to the top of the house to serve their kitchens, and low water when people go over the Thames dry shod.	<i>High water</i>
	Since the dancing horse stood on the top of Paul's whilst a number of asses stood braying below.	} 17 350	High water at London Bridge when the tide is come in, low water when 'tis gone out. High water at all havens when their mouths swill in so much that they cast it out again.	<i>Havens</i>
<i>Rich men's earthquakes</i>	The general earthquake in rich men's consciences hath no certain time when it shall be, but the earthquake and cold shivering in poor men's bodies is now every day, and charity cold herself she knows not how to comfort them.	350	And high water with all rivers when bridges, and they meeting the bridges, are glad to stand up to the middle to save themselves.	<i>Bridges</i>
	Since the German fencer cudgelled most of our English fencers, now about a month past.	355	High water in schoolboys' eyes after the fearful sentence of 'Take him up', and in women's when either they cry for anger or are maudlin drunk.	<i>School-boys.</i> <i>Women</i>
<i>Yellow bands</i>	Since yellow bands and saffroned chaperons came up is not above two years past, but since citizens' wives fitted their husbands with yellow hose is not within the memory of man.	360	It flows with good fellows when their cups are full and their brains swim, and it ebbs at the postern when the physic works and the body purgeth backward.	<i>Drunkards</i>
<i>Yellow hose</i>	Since close coaches were made running bawdy-houses, yesterday.	360	It's high water at Westminster Hall when porters are fee'd by lawyers to ride a pick-pack on them instead of mules and so to turn them into asses, and wonderful low water when the stream of quicksilver hath his current stopped up.	<i>Lawyers</i>
	Since swearing and forswearing cried 'What do you lack' in London, no longer ago than this very morning.	365		
	<i>The beginning and ending of the year as also of the world</i>		<i>Computation diurnal and astrological</i>	
<i>Year begins</i>	The year begins with me when I have money in my purse, which with a good suit on my back, a fair gelding under me, and a gilt rapier by my side makes it complete.	370	Golden number is any number of golden angels or other coin of the same metal. It is this year with me two for the golden number; next year I hope it will be more.	<i>Golden number</i>
	The year begins with some gallants when they cry "Swounds, drawers, ye rogues", and is near expiration when they ask in a low voice, 'What's to pay?'	375	Epact is a comprehension of the teeth of the moon, for look into her mouth with the watching candle of astronomical skill and by the soundness	<i>Epact</i>
338	put-gallies receptacles for raising water from wells	(1606)	at the gallows in November 1615	
340	roaring boys riotous youths	345-6	chaperons hoods or caps worn by ladies	
341	calendar of Newgate record of the inmates of Newgate prison, issued as a publication from 1773	347	drawers tavern waiters	
343	dance to Norwich Will Kemp, the clown, danced from London to Norwich for a wager in February 1600; <i>Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder</i> was published in April. (The Owl is inaccurate about the date.)	347	sack fortified white wine	
344	Monsieur Nobody reference to the anonymous play <i>Nobody and Somebody</i>	355	389-90 prentices apprentices	
		357	395 havens harbours	
			401 'Take him up' i.e. to be whipped	
			402 maudlin tearful, sentimental	
			405 postern back-door; also the anus	
			408 pick-pack pick-a-back, piggy-back	
			417 Epact the number of days that constitutes the excess of the solar over the lunar year of twelve months	

	of her gum-pales you shall know how old her great belly is.	420	
Circle of the sun	The circle of the sun is bigger than any town bushel, yea though you allow unto it London water-measure. A sieve cannot hold it, for the beams peep out at every little hole.	425	
Roman indiction	The Roman indiction this year is that we eat no flesh on Fridays and that none feed upon Saturdays unless he have victuals.		
Dominical letter L	The dominical letter 'L' with a dash over it signifies either a lord or a pound, the one sometimes being more welcome to an almanac-maker than the other.	430	
	Shrove Tuesday falls on that day on which the prentices plucked down the Cockpit, and on which they did always use to rifle Madam Leak's house at the upper end of Shoreditch.	435	
	Ash Wednesday on a Wednesday.		
	Good Friday the Friday before Easter.		
	And this year Holy Thursday (which I never wonder at) will fall upon a Thursday.	440	
	Easter day, my grandam says, she never knew but on a Sunday, and I say as much for Whitsunday.		
	And now listen to a double-ribbed distichon of an old author.	445	
Old rhymes to remember times	<i>Christmas (as I remember) Is ever in December, And May the first of the row, St John after Steven, The day after even, Believe me, I say it so.</i>	450	
	<i>A moon-clock, or a rule to know the hour of the night by the moon</i>		
An excellent moon-dial, but that the dial is too big to carry in a man's pocket	Take a pair of iron tongues; pitch them straddling over a kennel; then fasten a wagon-wheel to the diameter of the tongues; which done, mark what spoke doth cast the shadow of the moon into the sink directly between the bestriders; from which, count the spokes till you come right opposite to the shadow, then dimidiate or part in two equal parts that number, divide it by 3, multiply it by 7, from which extract the number of the epact and the remanet will be the just hour of the night. To show a platform were idle when the precept is so plain.	455	
		460	
		465	
424	water-measure a kind of measurement formerly used for coal, salt, fruit, etc., sold on board vessels in port or on the river		
426	Roman indiction a fiscal period of fifteen years instituted by Emperor Constantine; a specified year in the recurring period of fifteen years		
429	dominical letter the letter used to denote the Sundays in a particular year		
434	the Cockpit the Cockpit theatre was		
	sacked by the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday, 1617.		
435	Madam Leak's keeper of a brothel		
444	distichon two lines of rhyming verse		
455	kennel gutter		
460	dimidiate divide in half (coinage)		
463	remanet the remainder (Latin)		
464	platform plan		
472	dead their tools blunt (pun); take the edge off their lust		
	Turnbull Street otherwise Turnmill Street, a red-light area of Clerkenwell, north London		
474	sessions law sessions, trials		
486	sting pockily hurt with the pox, i.e., syphilis		
499	gubbins fragments, especially of fish		
501	companies twelve premier city livery companies or guilds		
509	hight is called		
	<i>The anatomy of man's body</i>		
	1. Aries, the ram, governs the head: men whose wives have light heels are called ram-headed cuckolds.		
	2. Taurus, the bull, governs the neck and throat: for stiff-necked fellows are roaring boys and dead their tools often in Turnbull Street.	470	
	3. Gemini, the twins, govern the arms and shoulders: so thieves go to the sessions two by two, arm in arm, shoulder to shoulder.	475	
	4. Cancer, the crab, governs the stomach: and reason, for a crab well buttered is excellent meat.		
	5. Leo, the lion, governs the heart: he that hath not the heart of a lion hath the head of an ox.	480	
	6. Virgo, the virgin, governs bowels and belly and makes both cry 'O!' if they meddle too much with her government.		
	7. Libra, the balance, governs the loins, for much double-dealing is done in those quarters.		
	8. Scorpio, the scorpion, governs the secret parts, for those sting pockily.	485	
	9. Sagittarius, the archer, governs the thighs, for between them is the sweetest shooting.		
	10. Capricornus, the goat, governs the knees, for a man lecherous as a goat is brought upon his knees.	490	
	11. Aquarius, the water-bearer, governs the legs; he hath a staff to help, too, and all little enough sometimes when he carries drink and water both.	495	
	12. Pisces, the fishes, govern the feet, for let a man come out of any tavern in Fish Street drunk, it is so slippery with fish-water that down he comes and lies like a heap of stinking gubbins.	500	
	If these twelve be not able to govern man's unruly body, then let the twelve companies of London have him to their halls and whip him. But to prove that these are strong enough to hold him, you may by the verses following perceive that the sun of these twelve makes himself a girdle in the zodiac.	505	
	<i>The signs of the zodiac</i>		
	<i>The ram, the bull, twins, crab, the lion hot, Virgin, scales, scorpion, he which archer hight, The goat, and bearer of the water pot, A brace of fishes—with heavenly light</i>	510	Signs

These sum the dozen of those stars in sky
Which lend bright Cynthia such variety.

The first induction of the zodiac

The zodiac, which begged his name of living creatures (for all the cullizans in it except one, which is of no great weight neither, drew their pedigree from the idea of some excellent animal) took his original thus.

How the zodiac took his original

When Jupiter reigned in the sky, and the fry of the gods in the zodiac circle, Prometheus, that melancholic artisan, casting down from the earth's ceiling a compassionate eye on mankind, who at that time had no other fire than that of love, (which was Cupid's,) and that of anger, (which is the heat of Nemesis,) commiserated man's cold comfort and vowed when time served to pull opportunity by the nose and pleasure man with that artificious pantechnon which in worth far transcended that peerless pearl of Antony's lady.

Prometheus the thief that first stole fire

What might move him to divulge this treasure out of the exchequer of heaven, I know not. Some think it was a swelling desire that possessed him, thinking to eternize his fame and make his name immortal by bestowing this rare gift upon mortals.

Others imagine that this Prometheus was wound into the love (and not unlikely, for your semi-saints and demi-deities were ever liable to Cupid's archery) of a pretty damosel that dwelt under the immortal canopy in this cold horizon, which made his virgin in frosty congealing mornings look like Vespasian, as if she had been wringing at a hard stool, and that for her sake he became so liberal to the earth's inhabitants.

Armourers had first use of fire

Howsoever, whether this or that was his instigation, occasion being tossed in his way he bestowed this hot benefit on man, imparting it first unto Pyrodes, an excellent armourer.

The means how he came by it is not certainly known. Some think that he himself by his deep-

searching wit first invented the manner how to dash it out of the igniferous flint.

In his right hand a shivering flint he locks,
Which 'gainst another in his left he knocks
So up and down that from the coldest stone
At every stroke small fiery sparkles shone,
Which withered, Daphne with her leaves doth feed,
This was our fire's ('tis thought) both root and seed.

First fire from a flint

Others imagine he got this knowledge by coming into Mulciber's shop (which stands at the foot of brimstone-bubbling Etna) and secretly peeping over the old farrier's shoulder as he was striking fire. But the most received opinion is that he played the thief and stole it either out of Vulcan's forge (as some would have it) or rather *e coelo* out of Jove's treasury, as most imagine. Howsoever, he bestowed it on man, flat against Jove's will and pleasure, who was much enraged at this his action.

Prometheus robbed Vulcan's forge of fire

And surely there was just cause of Jove's displeasure, for it is thought that at that time as many damned mischiefs thronged into the world with fire as there did fantastical fooleries with Monsieur into England. Then pranked Dame *Poena et Pecunia* (money and misery), bags and beggary, the very heart and head of infelicity. Then came craft into the world with his pages, Sinon, Davus, Geta, Parasitus (the fawn), and goodman Dolus (Doctor Deceit), who for his antiquity might bear arms as big as Charles's Wain. Then came posting in (on a piebald cut) Simony (see money), Bribery, Humorism, Malice, all the whelps of Acheron, all the weeds of the infernal banks, with pale-faced Incontinence and giddy-brained Intemperance, the two swiftest coach-horses of hell.

Why Jove was angry seeing men to use fire

Fire the breeder of mischief

About this very time landed *Deterior Aetas* (the ill-favoured-faced beldam) and calendared herself into the earth's almanac, a cunning, a coyng and purloining sorceress at whose tail marched in most stinking ranks all the sores, mischiefs

The Brazen Age

- 513 *Cynthia* the moon, e.g. the night sky
- 516 *cullizans* corruption of cognizance; badge or sign
- 520 *fry* offspring
- 526 *Nemesis* goddess of retribution
- 529 *pantechnon* all-purpose technological aid (coinage)
- 530-1 *Antony's lady* Cleopatra
- 543 *Vespasian* Roman emperor, AD 69-79, reputed to have died while trying to excrete
- 549 *Pyrodes* the discoverer of the art of kindling fire
- 558 *Daphne* nymph who was saved from rape by Apollo by being changed into a

- laurel tree
- 561 *Mulciber's* another name for Vulcan, god of fire and metal-work
- 562 *Etna* volcano in Sicily
- 566 *e coelo* from the heavens (Latin)
- 575 *Monsieur* the Duke of Anjou, one of Elizabeth I's suitors, arrived in England in October, 1581
- pranked* disported themselves
- 578 *Sinon* Greek soldier who persuaded the Trojans to admit the wooden horse into Troy
- Davus* the cunning slave in Terence's play *Andria*
- 579 *Geta* brother of Caracalla. Became

- Caesar in AD 198. Assassinated by his brother in 212.
- 581 *Charles's Wain* the Plough constellation
- 582 *piebald cut* a black and white horse
- Simony* (see money) buying or selling of ecclesiastical preferment. (A facetious etymology: see = bishopric.)
- 583 *Humorism* whimsical, capricious or obsessional behaviour
- Acheron* one of the rivers of the underworld
- 587 *Deterior Aetas* weaker age (Latin)
- 588 *beldam* hag
- 589 *coyng* coaxing, wheedling

and state-imposthumes that covered their damned heads with *Pasquil's Madcap*, or else were minced and boiled together in *Madcap's Gallimaufry*. Now issued in from the rearward Madam Vice or old Iniquity, with a lath dagger painted according to the fashion of an old Vice in a comedy, with a head of many colours as showing her subtlety, and at her back two punks that were her chambermaids, the one called Too Little, the other Too Much, and these two had like quicksilver eaten the world's goodness to the heart.

In a left wing of this army of Barathrum were skirmishing more sins than ever *The Bellman of London* or *Lanthorn and Candlelight* did ever muster up together.

For before these barrels of mischief were set abroad every old man was a piece of reverend coin on which the very face of goodness was engraven, and every sprig of youth was a laurel branch which all the year long grew green and smelt sweet of innocence. Women were those creatures that were fairer within than without, wooing men to love them for their virtues, and not one of that name did then sound *woe-man*. Maids had that title from modesty, marriage was the merrymage, a child playing with a dog the emblem of simplicity; every man's life was his chronicle to following times, and in every leaf was Honesty and Fidelity in texted letters. A Golden Age was this, yet without gold, where every commonwealth was more (if more might be) than Sir Thomas More's never-enough-praised Utopian.

Jove, the reputed admiral of the air's ocean, billowing his brows with disdain and fury, cracking a cloud at every bended wrinkle and thumping out a thunder at every frown, his face flashing fire and his looks menacing storms, stood still as if mortality had seen Medusa stamped on the ground, as if Cato had seen a swaggerer,

vowed with a thousand Stygian oaths that Prometheus should repent him of his bold attempt and audacious profusion in communicating that Jovial flame which would in time set the whole world in combustion. Forthwith flies there a voice which summons his winged herald Mercury, to whom the fire-stealer is delivered in charge to be conveyed to Vulcan, the master of the heavenly ferrary or Jove's iron works, to be chained to the top of the cold Caucasus. Mercury presently made proclamation (with an iron voice out of his star-threatening turret) that all creatures who thought themselves endamaged by this fire-work of Prometheus should instantly present themselves before him and wreak their baleful ire on him at their pleasure. On frosty-fronted Caucasus, that cold mountain, (at Jove's command) was this Prometheus lodged, shackled to a stake with chains which Vulcan had hammered out for that unruly hell-hound, the wide-throated porter of Erebus (Cerberus), where to this hour he stands shivering and shaking like a condemned caitiff that attends the fatal stroke to sever his headpiece from his fear-frozen carcass, or like a schoolboy doomed with that fatal *solve ligulas* (or 'untruss'). Even so he stood till the sound of the writhen horn had famed his act far and near with the liberty of inflicting penalties, viz. how that all the world was licensed to whet the spears of anger to spit him who, like an Indian (in New Spain), stood there exposed as a fair mark for any man's fury.

Aries: the ram

The first tilter that ran against him was Aries the crooked-horned-winding ram; off left he his grazing and thus began he his indictment.

Calling to mind the prejudice that this fire-filcher had done him, how that now such craft had sunk into the brains of man, such rape and

Prometheus, look to your coxcomb.

Jove's pursuivant called for

Terrible doings

The thief taken

Hell's porter and a prison porter cousins as I take it

A ram-headed oration

Omne nimum vertitur in vitium

Two books written by T. D.

A figure of the Golden Age

No such women now

No maids, puppies and children do so still

Sir Thomas More his Utopia

Jove in a pelting chase

- 592 **state-imposthumes** corruption or insurrections in the State
- 593 **Pasquil's Madcap** Pasquil was a satirical persona, adopted by Nashe in his anti-Marprelate pamphlets, derived from the statue in Rome to which lampoons were pinned. This and *Madcap's Gallimaufry* are probably the titles of satirical pamphlets, now lost.
- 594 **Gallimaufry** hodge-podge
- 596 **lath dagger** wooden dagger carried by the Vice in the Morality plays
- 597 **Vice** a mischief-making character in the Morality plays; stage jester
- 599 **punks** prostitutes
- 600.n **Omne...vitium** all excess becomes a vice (Latin)
- 603.n **T. D.** Thomas Dekker
- 603 **Barathrum** a deep pit at Athens into which criminals condemned to death

- were thrown
- 604-5 **The Bellman...Candlelight** pamphlets published in 1608 and 1609 respectively exposing the characters and practices of the London underworld
- 615 **woe-man** popular false etymology
- 620 **texted** in fine, large handwriting
- 621.n **Utopia** More's work was first published in Latin in 1516 and translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551.
- 629 **Medusa** one of the three Gorgons, mythological female monsters with snakes for hair
- 630 **Cato** Cato the Younger, 95-46 BC, Roman statesman, general and Stoic philosopher; opponent of Catiline and Caesar
- 631 **Stygian** inviolable, like the oath by the Styx which the gods themselves feared to break

- 633 **profusion** lavish gift
- 637.n **pursuivant** herald, messenger
- 639 **ferrary** blacksmiths' shop (from Latin)
- 642 **turret** see the herald in the turret in De Witt's drawing of the Swan theatre (1596), p. 80
- 650 **Erebus** the underworld
- 652 **caitiff** prisoner
- 655 **solve ligulas** undo your laces (Latin), i.e. for whipping by the schoolmaster
- 656 **writhen** twisted
- 660 **New Spain** a Spanish viceroyalty of the 16th to 19th centuries comprising Mexico, Central America, the south-western U.S. and the Spanish West Indies. Members of the native population were sometimes used for target practice.
- 664 **off left he** i.e. he left off
- 666.n **ram-headed** thick-witted

	avarice into his heart, that poor rams could no more sleep in their golden fleeces; whereas before that time their woollen coats were never in fear or danger of cutting out by the cruelty of fire-moulded metal, their tender lambs were never taken from their uberous sides, their blood was never 'tainted in the parliament of wolves, nor had the fox that crafty noddle of his own to play the bloodsucker amongst their flocks. This tale being bleated out and heard, this cornuted husband of the sheep's heads fetching a feeze backward (like the Roman ram, to push forward with the more violent and villainous force) ran with all his horniferous strength at the poor fire-felon and stroke his brow-butters full in Prometheus's forehead that the very print remaineth in his front, and doth still in some of his race to this day; yea, such was the violence of the blow that it hath caused a wrinkled brow in all his progeny.	670	715	Jove clapped the bull on the flanks (as a bearward doth the bull at Paris Garden in a great day of baiting) and was glad to see justice (whose sword is put into the hands of fools and coxcombs upon earth) to be so nobly and stoutly executed on a villain by a creature merely irrational.	Jove a stickler
A sweet parliament		675		<i>Gemini: the twins</i>	
O brave ram!		680	725	Yea, the thunder-darting god laughs so loud that the echo of that noise even shook the palaces celestial, but before the wrinkles of his cheeks were made smooth again, Jove fed his eyes with the sight of two twins (called Gemini) hand-in-hand approaching this condemned miscreant. The tears fell in sweet showers from their eyes, sometimes trickling down their tender cheeks, anon those balls of light swimming only in circles of water like two islands encompassed about with a pair of rivers. So stood they gazing and grieving to behold that arch-pirate, their tormented enemy, whose punishment in heart they wished to be doubled as were their bodies.	Room for two fencers
These horn-heads are terrible fellows		685	730		
Re-wards for revenge	Jove stood by in a cloud beholding the courage of the ram, which after he had applauded with his pleasing looks, he placed him on the chained head to vex his pate forever as the head-sign at which hung his fury.	690	735	Destiny had given them more woes than words, but nature was so good a schoolmistress to them that they could without book rehearse their own misfortunes. 'Who thou art', quoth the Gemini with feeble voices, 'we cannot tell; known only art thou unto us as a fatal tree upon which grows all our miseries. Thou didst first reveal the use of fire to man, teaching him since how to feed and foster it continually, and by that mystery opened to him the way to our undoing. It was thy wit and work to set the world at wars by the fire of dissension and the burning coals of ambition, and to that end smiths, gun-makers, spear-makers and suchlike hard-handed fellows have been a long time thy slaves and prentices, night and day hammering from the murd'rous anvil knives, poniards, stilettoes, swords, bills, pole-axes, cannons, culverins, sakers, muskets, petronels and pistols, to feed whose insatiable, sulphurous and devouring, fire-spitting mouths that black meal of hell (gunpowder) hath likewise been invented. It was long of thee that our parents were slain, that our states were overthrown and all misfortunes fell upon us. Two we are to one, yet our force is but small and the stroke of our revenge but feeble. Yet to prove that there is spleen even in	
	<i>Taurus: the bull</i>		740		Good boys!
'Ware the bull. Bull's oration	But casting his eye aside, behold came Taurus up the hill with roaring throat, sweating like a bull as he was, bellowing out on behalf of all his beastly kindred that by Prometheus's means his soul and body was brought in danger. For the invention of the scythe which mowed down the grass from his hungry paunch, the iron chain that restrained his grinders from hewing up the blades, were by the help of fire first framed. Nay, the butcher had all the instruments of death from this theft of his. The goad that spurs his slowness forward, and the boldness of man that durst encounter such a mass of flesh, first fetched their original from this act of his.	695	745		Sea-coal of Newcastle a good benefactor to this
	These speeches with a bull-beef countenance being uttered (for he was like Ajax, more warrior than orator), he ran at this bellows-maker (whose filching was the first inventor of kindling fire) with such a roaring and bellowing violence that, goring his thievish neck, he almost doubly nailed it to the stake.	700	750		Armourers had never been a company else
A Paris Garden bull could have done no more		705	755		That's odds
		710	760		

674 **uberous** supplying plenty of milk or nourishment
 676 **noddle** head
 678 **cornuted** horned
 679 **fetching a feeze** taking a short run before jumping
 680 **Roman ram** battering ram
 682 **horniferous** horn-bearing (coinage)

709 **Ajax** Greek hero of the Trojan war who killed himself in rage when Achilles's armour was given to Odysseus
 716 **Paris Garden** bear-baiting arena on the south side of the river near the theatres
 742.n **Sea-coal** often explained as coal brought by sea from Newcastle to London, but originally jet, or coal from the

sea as opposed to charcoal
 752 **poniards** daggers
 753 **culverins** cannons
sakers small cannons
 754 **petronels** large pistols used especially by horse-soldiers
 757 **long of** on account of

<p><i>Habet et musca splenem</i></p>	<p>poor flies, and to show a love to our parents, we will in scorn of thee bestride thy shoulders, and there with the horrid noise of our wrongs so lug thee by the ears with our nails, and so torment thy hearing, that thou shalt wish to be burnt in ten thousand bonfires for filching that handful of fire from heaven, rather than be tortured by two such cruel hangmen as we shall prove to thee.’</p>	<p>765</p>	<p>810</p>	<p>ram, bull and a couple of Jack Sprat boys had laid about them so like fencers. The revenge was as common as the law, or as the blows of a spital whore (hot and dangerous), and therefore like the ass in the fable that would needs be so lusty at legs as to lend the lion a brace of kicks and to play at spurn-point with him, so would the crab have a bout with Don Fire-Drake. But the ass played his jade’s tricks when Coeur-de-Lion lay half dead in his belly, scarce having one tooth in his head because age, being his barber, had plucked all out, and so Monsieur Cancro was the more hot upon his enemy because he had him bound to the peace.</p>	<p>Age a terrible tooth-drawer</p>
<p><i>Prometheus made an ass to carry two apes</i></p>	<p>This threatened sentence took place: upon his shoulders they mounted, Prometheus both patient and speechless, enduring their bawling exclamations whose scolding day and night grew to be so loud, and the barking so intolerable, that the head of man and his ears laid their noddles together, taking counsel of the brain how to prevent the shaking down and utter ruin of the capital building by such an everlasting, roaring thunder; and thereupon found out no better means to stop such breaches than by clammy wax just at the wickets of the ears, whose little key-holes being so choked up, the horror of their sounds could not pierce too far; so that ever since, the head (being the body’s hive) doth by certain bee-workings of the brain convey wax to the cells of hearing.</p>	<p>770</p>	<p>815</p>	<p>Or it may be he was thus sour the rather because Prometheus looked like a fisher (as he hung) with a long drivelling beard, who was wont to scare such crabbed companions out of their rocky and mossy dens; or else because fishermen, by help of that felon’s skill in fire-works, got both anchors to hold their peter-boats and little hooks to choke harmless fishes, with other engines to destroy the poor inhabitants of the ocean.</p>	<p>This is very likely</p>
<p><i>How wax crept into the ears</i></p>	<p>Next came Cancer like a waterman in a boat, his arse toward the place to which he was going; he looked like a piece of Hebrew spelled the wrong way, or like a rope-maker who as he gets his living doth go (like a corpse carried to church) with his heels forwards, or, if you will, like a witch who says her prayers backwards; just in that manner marched Signor Cornuto Cancer with the crab-tree face, <i>testudineo gradu</i>, crawling with his tail before him. He was very desirous to mend his pace (not daring to swear, for fear his claws should catch no fish) but, protesting he would give all his palaces of dead horse-heads, and cared not who buttered his lecherous guts with eggs and muscadine, and so eat him, upon condition he might but give that termagant Prometheus but three pinches; not upon any legitimate spleen in the world, but only that he would not like a snail pluck in his horns in such a combat, where the</p>	<p>775</p>	<p>820</p>	<p>Howsoever or whatsoever it was which boiled within him, but Cancer crawled up to Prometheus his linked ribs, where he fell so to pinch his stomach that all his chamber of melancholy (I mean the milt) was in a dogged and sullen, scurvy puffing, so that the poor scab was as splenetic as the Cappadocian bawd in Plautus. ‘<i>Habet et musca splenem</i>’, quoth Jove, ‘Cancer can be choleric and my little crab crawl on his belly, but he will bite his enemy’.</p>	<p><i>Hinc illae lachrimae!</i></p>
<p><i>A sour-faced crab</i></p>	<p><i>Cancer: the crab</i></p>	<p>780</p>	<p>825</p>	<p><i>Leo: the lion</i></p>	<p>Crabs are windy meat for the stomach</p>
<p><i>O cruel crab</i></p>	<p>762 flies boys hired to help the pressman 762.n <i>Habet... splenem</i> even the fly has a spleen (Latin) 764 lug pull violently (a term used in bear-baiting) 780 wickets small doors or gates 789 Hebrew written from right to left 795 crab-tree crooked, knotted <i>testudineo gradu</i> in the manner (literally ‘step’) of a tortoise (Latin); quoted from Plautus, <i>Aulularia</i> 801 muscadine musk-scented wine 802 termagant imaginary deity of violent</p>	<p>790</p>	<p>835</p>	<p>But O! on a sudden the belly-bitten thief yells out, roars and bandies up curses able to crack the clouds asunder, yelping with loud-yawning throat like a prisoner in Ludgate, or the gratemen in the begging room of the King’s Bench common jail when they do but smell the breath of four Flanders mares whurrying near them in a caroche. All his body grew cold with fear, his shoulders shook like an aspen and his heart quaked like a half-dead eel upon a hot gridiron; and what was it but Leo came flinging up the hill, bearing his head</p>	<p>Either of which bawl extremely</p>
<p>762 Jack Sprat i.e. skinny 808 spital hospital, poor-house 810 ass in the fable Aesop’s fable of ‘The Mighty Fallen’; also in Aristotle, <i>Politics</i>, III, 13 812 spurn-point an old game, possibly similar to hopscotch 813 Fire-Drake a fiery dragon of Germanic myth 814 jade’s tricks the tricks of an ill-tempered horse 825 peter-boats small, decked fishing boats</p>	<p>795</p>	<p>840</p>	<p>845</p>	<p>on the Thames 826.n <i>Hinc illae lachrimae</i> hence those tears (Latin) 832 milt the spleen in mammals 834 Cappadocian bawd Cappadox in Plautus, <i>Curculio</i> 834-5 <i>Habet... splenem</i> see l. 762.n 842 Ludgate prison west of St Paul’s Cathedral gratemen jailers 843 King’s Bench jail for poor prisoners in Southwark</p>	<p>Enter Lion</p>

<p><i>Lex talionis</i></p>	<p>dealing.' Prometheus's reins being sore affrighted at the sight of such a misshapen creature, like a heartless hound fell a-running away, and had not Jove stopped their race, he might have died of that disease and resigned his spirit to ghost-groping Pluto.</p>	<p>945</p>	<p>and tender grove in autumn, you shall see within a handful of days after all the humid sap of those burning branches fled within the rind and sunk under the ground (like a moor-hen at the sight of a spaniel), as dreading by a secret antipathy those two wood-wasting tyrants. Stand aside', said the shooter, 'I'll venture this at a haunch of his, though all the woods in Arabia fail me in yielding such another. I'll lame him first, afterwards (as my passion shall move me) I'll rage farther, have at his thigh.' Away flies the arrow, buzzing in the air, as singing in his greedy voyage for joy of his wished prey. After follows Sagittarius, viewing how his hungry arrow drunk up the traitor's tainted blood.</p>	<p>990</p>	<p>Now his bolt flies</p>
<p><i>Whips indeed bite sore</i></p>	<p><i>Scorpio: the scorpion</i> Not long after came Scorpio, alleging that by the virtue of this attracting fire men had learned to cure his body-biting sting and sought out devices to entrap his person and to convert his corpse into a liquid oil (most sovereign against empoisonings). More than this, that in derision of his name, Prometheus the great artificer had made a scourge for his apprentice's delinquency and called it a scorpion, for which injuries he enviously skipped up to his genitals, murdering that place, lest Prometheus should beget some more audacious boldings of his venturous nature.</p>	<p>950</p>	<p><i>Capricornus: the goat</i> No sooner was this brunt over, but lo another calamity: Capricornus the Sophy-bearded goat came frisking in as if he would have capered over the Alps; his chinny dependant was bedewed with his pearled sweat that issued from his head with too much haste, which so tired him that, falling flat and flexible on his knees, he thus gan say: 'Since this fire-founder Prometheus incensed the whole course of nature by his damned inventions, lust and lechery, the buds of heat and ardour have dispersed themselves through all the ranks of breathing creatures. My grey-bearded sire well calculating the event of this mischief would ever charge his sons and daughters to beware of those force-eneebing companions (the children of heat), declaring to us by way of items (as he went grazing down the hill) the aptness and inclination of our bodies that way. I (for mine own part) thought myself sufficiently instructed against these hot-spurs, but having them occasionally tossed in my way, I resisted (like Ovid's Corinna) as though I would not join. And suddenly my spirits were so strongly addicted to the sinful act (so strangely framed to the venom of venery) that even now already I am become the odious signature and emblem of unchastity. Yea, when men would decipher to the world a man that is lodged in lust, in one word (by way of metaphor) they term him a goat. Neither is this the utmost of my grief or of the scathe that this fire brood hath done me, for he hath so searched and wrought upon my body that</p>	<p>1000</p>	<p>More anger yet</p>
<p><i>He lies stone dead</i></p>	<p><i>Sagittarius: the archer</i> Sagittarius the bowman (Robin Hood's great grandsire) stood aiming at this fettered wretch, ready to let fly at him, had not the proceeding (<i>indicta causa</i>) hindered him; whereupon he produceth that this salamander-breeder had brought so many books and subtleties into the world, and so stained all the livers on the earth with craft and foxism, that whereas before he could have slain a soul at every errand he had sent his feather-cheeked lackey, now his bolts make many a vain voyage and return empty. The buck, as soon as he spies these limb-slicing shafts, erecteth his front and ears and paceth into the thicket where he is warded from the dart of death. 'Thus is the use of my intended arrow defeated; yea, of the shafts themselves this Prometheus labours to delude me, for when the world had no other heat than <i>ardorem solis</i> (the heavens' heat) every hedge and quickset, every knot and turb of trees, was able to yield quiver-shafts sufficient choice and variety; now whole woods and forests can scarce fit me with a pair to my liking. All the arborean and arbustian army are so suddenly dried up and turned to colour as pale as ashes at the very sight of this Promethean fire; yea (even to this hour) if a collier or an iron-grinder pass but by a young</p>	<p>960</p>	<p>1010</p>	<p>1015</p>	<p>Now the goat's beard begins to wag</p>
<p><i>Foxism</i> <i>Birds may sing merrily at this news</i></p>	<p>970</p>	<p>1020</p>	<p>975</p>	<p>1025</p>	<p>Hairy bodies lecherous</p>
<p><i>The buck too crafty for a bow</i></p>	<p>980</p>	<p>1030</p>	<p>985</p>	<p>1035</p>	<p>Grata est vis ipsa</p>
<p><i>Sun-shine the first heat man warmed his hands at</i></p>	<p>944.n <i>Lex talionis</i> the law of retaliation, an eye for an eye (Latin)</p> <p>944 <i>reins</i> the region of the kidneys</p> <p>967 <i>indicta causa</i> his case not put (Latin)</p> <p>971 <i>foxism</i> craftiness (coinage)</p> <p>982 <i>quickset</i> hedge or thicket</p> <p><i>turb</i> clump of trees</p> <p>986 <i>arbustian</i> of shrubs (coinage)</p>	<p>1006 <i>brunt</i> charge, violent attack</p> <p>1007 <i>Sophy-bearded</i> Sophy: the Shah of Persia</p> <p>1009 <i>chinny dependant</i> beard</p> <p>1021 <i>items</i> maxims, words of advice</p> <p>1025 <i>occasionally</i> in a manner brought about by some occasion or secondary</p>	<p>cause</p> <p>1026 <i>Ovid's Corinna</i> the Roman poet's mistress who offered token resistance in <i>Amores</i>, I, v</p> <p>1026.n <i>Grata est vis ipsa</i> Force herself is attractive (Latin)</p> <p>1035 <i>scathe</i> harm</p>	<p>Goats emblems of lust</p>	

Goats subject to agues, quails to the falling sickness. Gout, of goat

I am continually vexed with the spirit-spending ague, as the quail with the falling sickness, or else ever buckled and bended in the knees with the joint-tormenting gout (which I think borrowed his name of goat), as now I am whilst kneeling I tell this story, so that Damage herself calls upon me to sacrifice in wrath to her sister Nemesis, and (as I intend) this wagoner of lust shall rue my malevolent mood before he and I depart. His knees, which I trow are within my reach, for I will proportion his penance to the quality of his offence, shall be the object of my baneful butchery. O! ever will I pray that the gonagra may possess his hams and the sciatica his hips eternally.'

Aquarius: the water-bearer

The rage of fire

But opinion might persuade me that of all men alive Aquarius the water-porter should not fume at fiery Prometheus so much, since old Oceanus the senior sea god would lovingly call him his endeared friend. Yea, but Aquarius has excellent reason for it and will tell it as admirably, though he be illiterate and unlearned: 'For', saith he, 'in times past when fire was kept underboard like a prisoner and dwelt far from our houses like the antipodes, every conduit might flow his circle, every fountain run his dripling race without molest. But now, since fire is grown superlative and breathes naught but devastations and incendiaries, since it hath got the knack of translating houses into bon-fires (for envious neighbours to warm themselves by), making them lofty torches as though they would outface the moon, the pipes of our aquary conveyance have been so drawn, the channels of springs so sucked, that I can sound my tankard like an empty cask and look into the bottom, but see not a drop of water. And, assuredly, were all the waters of Europe sunk down into their kennels, yet would I lave this thief with this relic of water in my tankard, and send it into his shoes with an army of imprecations that it might prove like the Ethiopian well in the daytime or the Sicilian river in the night, or (at least) like the English fount that saxifies wood and turns it into rigid stone; that his supporters might be congealed

Water-bearers are sore emptiers of full tankards

1038 **quail...sickness** In the Old Testament when the Israelites were fed up with manna God made quails fall out of the sky so that they could eat meat; see Numbers 11:31.
 1049 **gonagra** gout in the knee (first citation in *OED*, 1657)
 1060-1 **antipodes** the opposite side of the world
 1062 **dripling** a formation combining 'dripping' and 'dribbling' (coinage)
 1074 **lave** wash
 1078 **Sicilian river** Arethusa, a nymph who was desired by the river-god Alpheus

and who was turned into a fountain at Syracuse. Alpheus, flowing under the sea, was united with the fountain. It was believed in antiquity that there was a real connection with the river, whose source was in Arcadia, and the spring.
 1079 **English fount** reference to Mother Shipton's well in Knaresborough, North Yorkshire
saxifies turns to stone
 1089 **fallows** ploughed fields
 1096 **ambitiosoes** Ambitioso is the name of the Duchess's eldest son in *Revenge*.

and his legs condensed into glassy ice, that boys might slide his shins to shatters. Nay, but there be more tormentors of my kind coming. Draw the curtains of your eyes and see.'

Pisces: the fishes

In good faith, 'tis strange, my masters, to my sense: a couple of fishes (I'll tell you their names as they fall better into my knowledge) come leaping over the fallows like pepper in a mortar, as though Revenge had sent them on her errand. The company turned their heads back jointly at the voice of that news like a steeple weathercock at the landing of another wind. Well, not many skips spent but fortune led them to this *Igni-fur*, and being seated low by nature they covet no higher than his feet (a lesson for ambitiosoes), which by this time were drowned in water that ran from the waterman's pitcher (sufficient life-room for these two sworn brothers) where, engraving some few signs and characters in the plain visage of the water (for fishes are the mutest creatures alive), the beholders might gather thus much.

'Fire (which this tyrant to fishes hath invented against us of the moister orb) hath so instructed the fish-chasers in the art of framing bearded hooks and such inevitable baits of faithless forgery, that the hare lives not in more fear of the hound than we of these traitorous, enticing (I may call them Italian) salads. And, alas, when our captivated corpses are yielded to those scale-hunters, then begins the Tamburlaine-Ignis to broil our bark and carbonado our well-compacted limbs. In heat has this hunter offended, but we will torment him in another kind. O, let our frozen nature numb the passages of his veins, and let no blood of warmth have recourse to these forward feet that led this wretch into this woe, whiles that our tenter-teeth, armed with envy's points, nibble on his toes and vex his corns and kibes.'

Jove, thus seeing the delinquent perplexed in every part, shoring up his eyelids above the snow-topped Caucasus (where were met whole troupes and multitudes of all kinds, except some drops of mechanicals and a spoonful of old women that

1109 **Italian** salads diabolically tempting morsels
 1111 **Tamburlaine-Ignis** the tyrant fire; Tamburlaine was the Asiatic conqueror dramatized by Marlowe
 1112.n **Yarmouth** Norfolk fishing port eulogized by Thomas Nashe in *Lenten Stuff* (1599)
 1112 **carbonado** barbecue
 1118 **tenter-teeth** hooked teeth (coinage)
 1119 **kibes** chilblains
 1122 **troupes** (suggests a company of actors)
 1124 **mechanicals** artisans or labourers

It may be they be two otters

Fire-stealer. Why the fishes govern the feet

An oration writ in water

Yarmouth herrings complain much of this

Thus use the fish-mongers when they blow their nails

Jupiter	<i>Jupiter</i> tells me his like for ambition will easily be found, but not a compare for celestial regiment. Those that will love as he did will not be so kind to their loves as he was. Jupiter bore Europa on his shoulders to show that our governors should sustain Europe's kingdoms. Jupiter himself was once sufficient to bear Europa on his shoulders: God grant that all our Jupiters be able to bear up Europe against her strong enemy, the Turk.	1220	1265	11. If the singing men of the chapel of Paul's and of Windsor meet this year together in any one of the court cellars, I set it down infallibly as fate some hogshead or other must that day be knocked soundly.	
A moral				12. More plucking of men by the cloak and elbows in Birchin Lane than clapping men o' the shoulder at the Counter gates.	
Saturn	<i>Saturn</i> , the father of melancholy, is like to domineer in the minds of those that have lost purse and money, that have made an ill match and could find in their hearts to hang themselves. In maids likewise that are tympanized before their time and in boys that are sullen. In those that have lost at lotteries and in some that watch out their money. In poets when they are scurvily rewarded or paid, and in players when for their bad acts they are scurvily hissed.	1225	1270	Some wise Justice of the Peace, that sits not upon the bench for nothing, avert these ills and clap up these threatening mischiefs in the close prison of obscurity by the vociferous doom of his inexorable <i>mittimus</i> .	
Let such repair to Moll Cutpurse				<i>Rules for health and profit</i>	
A tribus ad centum		1230	1275	Purge when you come from a gluttonous feast within some hour after the cramming of your guts, but if your body be foul, the joiners of Southwark can tell you how you may have the best stools.	<i>Purging</i>
More fools they No matter		1235	1280	Let blood when you have a pig to be killed and long to see it come in piping hot.	<i>Blood-letting</i>
	<i>Predictions for this year</i>			Lib or geld cattle when you see them begin to be too stone-hearted.	<i>Libbing</i>
	1. More blazing stars will be on the morrow after Simon and Jude's day next in Cheapside than were seen at the conquest of Julius at Rome.			Evacuate by vomit when The Sun in New Fish Street draws excellent French wines that leap up in your face.	<i>Vomits</i>
	2. More Charles's Wains in London highway than in the high down of heaven.	1240	1285	Fell timber and wood when you are to build or want a good fire.	<i>Timber</i>
	3. More planets among scholars' opinions than fixed stars.			Reap corn never till 'tis ripe, and rather than wup money, away with it to market as fast as ye can.	<i>Corn</i>
	4. More quaking agues in cold complexions than in the earth.	1245	1290	Cut hair if it be too long or that the head is lousy, or when you are to go before a shaving justice lest he cut it for you.	<i>Hair</i>
	5. More shall dine with Duke Humphrey than sup with the man i'th' moon.				
	6. More battles fought in the fields than in the clouds.				
	7. More satin and velvet will be taken up upon trust and 'God damn me's' than shall be paid for in seven years after.	1250	1295		
	8. More boxes on the ear shall be given at Billingsgate with a good hand and a heart than shall willingly be taken.	1255			
	9. It is to be feared that divers noblemen will run the city quite through and through, being drawn so to do by the devilish, headstrong whurry of their coach-horses.		1300		<i>Winter a mess of mustard</i>
	10. More stinking breaths will be begotten by tobacco this year than children.	1260			
			1305		<i>Winter diseases</i>
1220	Europa princess raped by Jupiter in the form of a bull			1269	Counter gates see note to l. 301-2
1227.n	Moll Cutpurse notorious woman thief, dramatized in <i>Roaring Girl</i>			1274	mittimus warrant for arrest
1230	tympanized swollen; i.e. pregnant			1279	Southwark on the south side of the river; theatre land
1231.n	A tribus ad centum from three to a hundred (Latin)			1283	Lib castrate
1238	Simon and Jude's day 28 October			1285-6	The Sun in New Fish Street tavern mentioned by Weatherwise in <i>No Wit</i> ; New Fish Street, off Eastcheap in the City, was also known as Bridge Street
1239	conquest of Julius Caesar's assassination			1294-5	shaving justice hanging judge
1246	dine with Duke Humphrey The supposed tomb of Humphey, Duke of Gloucester, in St Paul's Cathedral was a rendezvous during the dinner hour for gallants and others trying to escape arrest for debt.			1298	mess dish
	1254 Billingsgate fish market east of London Bridge, formerly London's principal dock				
	1265 hogshead large cask for storing drink				
	1268 Birchin Lane otherwise Birchovers Lane, off Lombard Street in the City; haunt of second-hand clothes dealers.				

1. Crouching in the chimney corner, 2. Lying a bed, 3. Kibed heels.

SPRING

Spring a piece of powdered beef

The spring is like a piece of powdered beef that is new skipped out of purgatory: of nature hot and moist (paralleled to the sanguine complexion), I mean when 'tis but slenderly boiled so that the blood may flash through the crushers (this were enough now to make a good stomach bark) or else the simile holds not. And surely there will be very good agreement betwixt powdered beef and the spring, that falling so justly in Lent. Nay, Taurus himself (the sign where the sun dwells in the height of the spring) shall domineer in this quarter as lively as in a butcher's shop.

Diseases incident to this quarter

Spring diseases

Are crawling things, being lobsters, wriggling eels and other fish to weak and watery stomachs, and fasting days to good stomachs.

SUMMER

Summer a marrow-bone

Summer will be like the beef's marrow-bone (sweet and sweaty), smacking of the taste of the doublet collar. Of a fretting complexion being called summer, *quasi* 'sun-more', because the sun is more powerful then than at other seasons.

Diseases incident to this quarter

Summer diseases

Diseases that now land are dry throats and wet backs. For the first, the first part of Cancer (the sign which Sol sets foot in at the beginning of this quarter) is very sovereign, but the latter must be beholden to the launderer. Choleric humours will rage now in a man's body more than in his picture, and a cross word may chance to cost many a servant a cracked crown, which though it will not be taken at the goldsmith's, yet must it be taken to the surgeon's.

AUTUMN, or *Foli-lapse* (fall of the leaf)

Fall of the leaf the pewter dish

The harvest quarter is like in my judgement (that I may go no farther than my mess of meat) to the pewter dish it is put in (according to his natural operation cold and dry), as opposite to the flesh that lies in it as Cato and Catiline.

Diseases

Autumnian diseases a H

That invest themselves into men's bodies are glutinous surfeits, uphoarding of corn, raising of rents and arresting of debtors, the eighth letter^a in men's joints, the old wives' vice^b in young folk's bellies.

b Gripping

1307 **Kibed** chapped or chilblained
 1313 **flash through the crushers** squirt through the teeth
 1327 **doublet** close-fitting body-garment
 1347 **Cato and Catiline** See note to l. 630. Catiline, ?108-62 BC, organized an unsuccessful conspiracy to seize power in Rome.

1351.n **H** ache (pun)
 1366 **draymen** brewers' drivers
tapsters barmen
 1367 **carmen** carters, carriers
 1369 **pushes** pimples, boils
 1372 **fistulas** long, pipe-like ulcers
 1375 **Comfit-makers** makers of sweets

1378 **carbuncles** inflammations similar to boils
 1397 **heartsease** the pansy
 1399 **chafers** cooking vessels
skillets three-footed saucepans
 1402 **scummers** shallow ladles for removing scum

And thus have I anatomized the whole body of the year and read a lecture upon the four quarters, with what particular diseases hang upon every quarter, but the body of the year being great, gross and subject to much corruption, his breath striking all sorts of people (as being infectious) poisons them in general. And these are other diseases which I find will be reigning.

General diseases to reign this year

Many young wenches will be subject to the falling sickness, cramps with pitiless convulsion will hold fast the strings of misers' purses, giddiness and staggers threaten draymen, porters, tapsters, carmen, and shoemakers upon Mondays. Swellings both in men and women, and some women greatly vexed with pushes, but every prison horribly tormented with scabs. All the fiddlers that play upon wind instruments shall in cold, nipping mornings have fistulas in their fingers. The toothache will vex young children at first breeding of them, and young people that are to pluck teeth out will be ready to run mad. Comfit-makers' wives shall cry out to have a hollow tooth stopped, and waiting gentlewomen never lie still till it be drawn. Some carbuncles will be found among goldsmiths, but they not very hotly reigning.

More hospitals must be built if this world hold

Fistula a pipe

Inundations and most strange overflowings of waters
 Never did the stars stuff an almanac with more prodigious births of nature than this year is to bring forth. Sins of men grow thicker than the hair-bushes on the head, and having filled bodies (as by the former hospital bed roll appears) with maladies, mark how the very element of water (as if heaven had drunk up a second deluge to drown all) spreads abroad his dankish and showery wings.

For widows that have buried 5 or 6 husbands before are likely this year at the burial of the last to weep out so much water as may serve to wash another wedding smock, but that joy hath dried up both the conduits of their eyes.

So will rich heirs and executors wear mourning garments and have onions in one hand, but branches of heartsease in the other.

The Lord Mayor's cauldrons, brass pots, kettles, chafers, skillets etc. will have their waters and broths flow up so high in his kitchen chimney, till they gallop so fast that they shall (in spite of all scummers) run over, whilst all the fat runs

Widows drowned in tears

Rich heirs not an eye to see with

These waters do less hurt than the Thames doth at Billingsgate in men's cellars

	into the fire. Hot waters threaten so to overflow the stomachs of frozen-blooded bawds and dried up panderesses till they lie drowned, being dead drunk, that roaring boys shall take their hackney mares out of the stable, put them into coaches and ride them to Ware for nothing but their provender.	1445	Bread (by the scarcity of true weights) will be so little this year that many a baker will rather stand on the pillory and have his batch marked with O (a goose eye, the memento of a pillory) than to give every loaf his just bigness.	
Terrible doings are oxen to do this	Romney Marsh, by all signs and tokens, will meet with such an inundation of waters this winter that, the summer following, oxen shall go up to the knees and sheep up to the bellies in grass—a fatal manger to fatten fools at, for they feed themselves plump, and no sooner fed full but they go to the pot.	1405	Pheasant, partridge and quails will be very dainty this year, but woodcocks shall fly up and down the city.	Pillories. Baker, your hole for nine pence
What beasts are oxen to do this	If all the jailers in and about London should this year shake off the fetters of mortality, the learned astrologians are of opinion that all the cellars and tap-houses of prisons would be drowned in strong beer and ale, which from the eyes of barrels should gush out for extreme sorrow.	1450	<i>A brief and merry prognostication, presaging good fortunes to a set of fundamental trades</i>	Stultorum plena sunt omnia
This will be a woeful day	Are there more horrors yet? Yes, yes, every mischief hath his twin, and no calamity was ever born alone. What can follow diseases but inundations of waters, which are tears? And after deep floods dearth must of consequence play the servingman.	1410	The string of sorrow is now tuned to a merry note. Diseases, drownings, dearths and other dreary tragedians, get you from the stage, and now let a company of jovial citizens have a fit of mirth to make them laugh a little.	
Wenches and mischiefs are ever breeding	Infinite numbers, therefore, of sheep, calves, and oxen shall this year die so that people will be in danger to be better fed than taught. The blood of these innocents will dye red a shambles, and most merciless cutting of throats shall there be in Eastcheap. A thousand lambs shall be carried to the stocks and three times that number lose their lives at Smithfield Bars, some of them in that butcherous massacre being driven up into Whitecross Street.	1455	<i>Mercers</i>	
Tragedies at none of the play-houses	Beef will be sold so dear that a hundred pound will not be taken in Cheapside for a stone, nor in any other market 19s. 6d. be taken for a pound. Against Simon and Jude's day such a dearth and death of poultry that all the cooks in London shall sit up day and night to make coffins to bury them in.	1415	You that fold up angels' hues and attire your walls with Indian coats, never link your souls to your shins, nor look as desperate as a piece of rash for the matter. For this year shall old plain lads that never went farther than the leatherseller for their habits mount to your shops, wrap themselves in your royal weeds and scorn to dine thrice in a suit. Old Euclioes and old Corydons shall persuade Chremes, and all three swear it in silk and sweat it in satin.	Brave doings for mercers The world in a new coat
Our constables carry geese thither		1420	Bespeak new shop books in Papernoster Row, inquire for them of a one hundred quire, make a new counter on the other side, for such a cluster of dash-thrifts and scatter-goods are coming up out of all shires that your shops will swarm again. I could tell you (were it not needless) what a volume of velvet ladies' trains will devour, and of which piles, and what a bundle of silk of Seres will be trussed up in gentlemen's wardrobes.	But not paid for
What will the price be, with a mess of mustard too		1470	Long summers will discard the draper, when every tender soul must have a stuff gown, for cloth is too stubborn. Punks are now no more regarded than withered pinks, unless the head wears a saffroned chaperon and the back a loose gown of light-coloured silk. Not so much as Madam Fill-the-pot (mine hostess) but must have a changeable	All Westminster can witness this
Guildhall smokes for this	1405 panderesses bawds, procuresses			
	1407 mares prostitutes	old money		
	1408 Ware in Hertfordshire; famous for the Great Bed of Ware	1443 coffins pastry cases	1468 Euclioes referring to the miser in Plautus, <i>Aulularia</i>	
	1409 Romney Marsh in Kent	1444.n Guildhall built c.1440 in what is now called Gresham Street; seat of civic government for the City of London	Corydons Corydon was a generic proper name for a shepherd in classical pastoral	
	1433 Eastcheap location of the butchers' shops	1447 O brand to indicate short measure; also suggesting a bruised eye	1469 Chremes an old miser in several plays of Terence	
	1435 Smithfield Bars wooden barrier marking the western boundary of the City; site of the main cattle market	1451 woodcocks simpletons, dupes	1471 Papernoster Row i.e. Paternoster Row, by St Paul's; home of the printers and booksellers	
	1437 Whitecross Street running north of the City from Cripplegate to Old Street	1452.n Stultorum...omnia the world is full of fools (Latin)	1472 quire a gathering of leaves in a book	
	1439 stone a measure of weight, usually equal to fourteen pounds	1460 Mercers dealers in fabrics, the premier city livery company; the other companies appear in order of seniority	1478 Seres name of a people anciently inhabiting some part of Eastern Asia, probably China, whose country was believed to be the original home of silk	
	1440 19s. 6d. nineteen shillings and sixpence; six pence short of a pound in	1463 rash a smooth textile fabric made of silk or worsted	1481 stuff gown gown made of textile fabric	

silk forepart, and every country lass a taffeta apron, for linen is wear for milkmaids, perpetuana is for pedants and attorneys' clerks, and durance would be thought an excellent wear in some virgins' petticoats. Every plain Ploddall will have a velvet neck-piece, and every old bawd will have her heels guarded with sparks of satin. Every fool will clothe himself with rash in all his actions, and every fantastical ass will be in a fustian fume at this my prognostication, but *odi profanum vulgus*.

Grocers

Grocers

Never look as pale as your sugarloaves, you cinnamonian gingibers, for that your spices groan in their bags like a pig in a wallet, I can tell you there are ten thousand sour countenances that hope all to be sweetened by the grocer. Nay, all the scolds' tongues in the country that were wont to rail so bitterly must be bathed (as it is decreed by the authority of their husbands) in the oil of your ware, that is, in the syrup of sugar. For your hotter spices, why, they'll fly quickly; abundance of choleric complexions will never be without hot mouths, and you yourselves know that everybody will take pepper in the nose before he hath a casket to put it in. All the children in the world (if they be like me) will have a sweet tooth in their head, the first that grows out of their gums. Yea, and your own prentices will jerk a clod of currants currently down their throats, and it may be, pocket up an injury as big as a pound of sugar to welcome a friend in a tavern.

*Old folks shall take my lady's part
that often use this speech:*

*I love the grocer next my heart,
the skimmer next my breech.*

Every old-trot will wrap up a race to heat her cold stomach.

The gentle nurse to still her baby's cry

Will hasten to your shops, your plums to buy.

Not so much as the cobbler but he shall have a plum pie as black as his wax he slimes his thread with, so well stuffed that the grocer shall quick-smother the butcher, and weak, waterish

Christ-
mas
comes
but once
a year

1487 **forepart** covering for the breast or stomacher
taffeta a kind of silk fabric
1488 **perpetuana** hard-wearing woollen fabric
1489 **durance** stout, durable cloth
1491 **Ploddall** plodder
1493 **guarded** ornamented, trimmed
1495 **fustian** coarse cloth
1496 **odi profanum vulgus** I hate the common crowd (Latin); Horace, *Odes*, III.i.i
1499 **cinnamonian** referring to the spice (coinage)

gingibers gingers
1500 **wallet** sack
1514 **jerk** throw suddenly
1522 **old-trot** old woman
race root of ginger
1533 **black-pot** a beer-mug
1535 **Raisins** reasons (pun)
1537-8 **moon...sun** silver and gold coins, see l. 1621
1539 **blue** blue pigment used for laundering whites
1545 **shoe-clouts** shoe cloths
1550 **basted** stitched
1552.n **hell** hole in the floor of the shop for

1530 stomachs (as tender as basin custards) shall not break a piece of flesh without Spanish trappings.

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stomachs (as tender as basin custards) shall not break a piece of flesh without Spanish trappings.

Boon companions shall purse up a nutmeg to muster with a black-pot and a toast, and he that will drink a cup of mulled sack must needs lay up a crust of ginger. Raisins will be much asked for, especially in an action of injury, and he that hath none of the moon must come to you for some of the sun. Your starch will be in great request for stiffening, and your blue will keep a band clean a whole seven-night. If you please, I can help you to those will take your tobacco freely, and rather than fail, our scullion hath got such a use he cannot make clean a pair of boots without it; tobacco makes him spit, and this is the reason why the shoe-clouts look so pale in respect of the inside of a tobacco-pipe: it fears a drowning.

I believe
you

Tobacco
keeps
boots
clean

Drapers

Now you, Master Drapers, that harbour the minds as well as the mantles of sheep, droop your fronts like a piece of well basted cloth, for gentlemen shall put more cloth in their hose now than ever they did, and tailors ask more lining than ever they had. You shall not need to fear the second birth of those French gascoignes, nor the base retire of bases, when a cloak or horseman's coat is more comely. Good husbands will have a cloth gown to sit by the fire in and whip off a measure of ale, and all our wives that smell of housewifery must have their winter weeds from the draper. An ordinary cloth shall lose the nap within a month after it kissed the back, and a good shower of rain shall wash off the wool of a new cloak. White frieze will turn the warm fashion because 'twill say well against the cold wind, and frizado the country ministers will buy up to make them cassocks because 'tis warm and comely. Your yard is like to be as short as ever it was, and you shall have many days as dark as twilight. But the main is this: there is a lean spindle-shank that looks as if he had eat never a bit of meat since the creation will speak to you for a thousand black; he will help you to sell them and you need not see him, Monsieur Mors, Domine Death, that peeps over

Tailors
have
a hell
for that
purpose

Death a
friend to
drapers

the tailor's scraps and cuttings

1554 **gascoignes** or gaskins; a kind of breech or hose (also a native of Gascony in France, notorious for braggarts)
1555 **bases** a brocaded skirt appended to the doublet
1560 **nap** the pile of threads or fibres on a fabric
1563-4 **frieze...frizado** a kind of coarse woollen cloth and its finer version
1566 **cassocks** long cloaks worn by clergy-men
1569 **spindle-shank** a person with long, thin legs

the merchant's shoulder whilst he casts up his gains and sums up his hundreds. He has pinched a number of them by the arms and has given some a pluck by the shoulders. He has set some old ones in Charon's boat with one foot, and another in their beds, but when he wasteth they must all attend him. It is a merry world with you when many mourn, and the more wet eyes the more dry clothes.

Fishmongers

I promise to you, you soldiers under happy hering, that there shall be great store of fishmongers this year. For all the butcher curseth our fasting days, yet shall your gettings be good, and if he grudge that you should be permitted to sell all the year, and his shop shut up in Quadregesima, you shall tell him that Lent is the fishmonger's harvest, though it be the butcher's spring. You need not fear the defect of water, for a cold morn shall wring it out of your nose and you take it not off with your sleeve. A codshead will be an ordinary dish, or a dish at an ordinary, and a red sprat a good breakfast for a prentice. Stockfish and onions will be a dish for Dutchmen, and a side of ling will make a double brace of servingmen's beards wag. The kindreds of Rufus that frequent the grape will metamorphose their noses into rochet, and he that has no facing may feed upon his cousin greenfish. Every maid will be in love with fish, and old men will make much of hearing. In fine, the fishmonger shall be more beholden to one recusant than all the puritans in a city.

Goldsmiths

Proface, you goldsmiths, harken to my news, and I'll make your hearts jog like a quicksilver jelly with laughing. This year shall great minerals of gold and silver burst out of misers' coffers, and their heirs shall play their pelf away at span-counter. What though the golden age be worn out, yet the golden art shall flourish still, and though no mines of the earth appear to us, yet earthly minds will be plenty. Every Jack will have a jewel in his ear that he may defy the pillory with the better grace, and many elder brothers shall

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study alchemy to concoct the gold their friends left them. Jolly travellers, hot-shots that mean to breathe in beyond-sea air, shall come to you to metamorphose their moon into your sun, their shillings into sovereigns, to clap them close in their coffers and so geld England of her gold, and posters to fairs shall court ducats to beguile thieves and lessen their carriage.

On St George's day you may put out a thousand chains to grass on men's shoulders, and you know what the citizens will give for one to welcome his majesty to London.

A blue coat without a cullizan will be like haberdine without mustard. Every kitchen-maid will have a marriage ring as an emblem of her good man's love, and the youths of the parish will offer gold at a bridal, the metal's purity being a signet of the bride's virginity.

Negligent servants will crack their masters' plate lest it last too long, and a little fall will make a salt look like Grantham steeple with his cap to the alehouse.

Fine wives will have a goldsmith's shop on their livery cupboards though their husbands stand up to the chin in the mercer's rolls, and five thousand will have silver in the mouth when they have none in the purse.

Gallant ladies will have silver stools for fear of pollution, and every malkin will have a silver bodkin to rouse a bird in the hair-bush.

Every busy wooer will present a costly necklace to his lovely joy, and not a pin that came not through your fingers. Gossips at christ'nings shall help you away with many spoons, and New Year's gifts (to leave out bribes) are able to make you rich. There shall be more gilding now than honest dealing, and gentlemen's spurs shall speak false Latin: they shall jingle as if they were all silver to the heel when they are lead at the heart.

Many church doors shall be opened with silver keys lest the locks be thought baser than the bell metal, and that which you thought not of, most men might climb the ladder of promotion by silver steps. And after all this 'twill be good fishing with a silver hook.

Silver into gold, good alchemy

Wives' pride undo husbands

Silver keys open any doors

Some men's misery is other's mirth

Fishmongers

Codsheads are picking meat all the year long

Goldsmiths

Goods ill got worse spent

- 1574 **casts** counts
- 1578 **Charon's** Charon: ferryman who brought the dead across the Styx to the underworld
- 1589 **Quadregesima** the forty days of Lent
- 1595 **ordinary** set meal at a tavern
- sprat** a small sea-fish
- 1599 **Rufus** a ruddy-faced person
- 1600 **rochet** the red gurnard (fish)
- 1601 **facing** complexion
- greenfish** fresh, unsalted fish, esp. cod

- 1603 **hearing** herring (pun)
- 1604 **recusant** somebody who refused to attend services of the Church of England, esp. a Roman Catholic
- 1607 **Proface** an expression of welcome or good wishes at a meal (from Latin)
- 1611 **pelf** money
- 1611-12 **span-counter** boys' game, similar to marbles
- 1618 **concoct** to bring metals to their perfect state by heat (alchemical term)

- 1624 **posters** messengers, carriers of news
- 1626 **St George's day** 23 April
- 1630 **cullizan** see l. 516
- 1631 **haberdine** salt cod
- 1638 **salt** salt-cellar
- Grantham steeple** in Lincolnshire
- 1641 **livery cupboards** sideboards from which food is served
- 1642 **rolls** account books
- 1646 **malkin** servant, lower-class woman

Skinners

Skinners

Old wives, you pelleters, that are as gripple of the world as a man shot overboard of a rope, shall line their coats with your softest furs lest they forfeit their voice to the cold. Your badge shall be worn in ruddy braggadocian's countenance, for modesty shall hang down the head like a twig with a pompion at it. Our citizens must have their destructions from the skinners or else they'll confound their order, and inaulated punies must have a silver hair for their capes or else Littleton will not know them.

1705
1665
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1715

her heart; for mine own part, I never loved them since my horse died of them. 'Tis like to prove a very windy spring, and by that means many Venetians will be blasted out behind; everyone rub one till the world is out at the elbows, and they that use wrestling must needs to the tailor. Every schoolboy that plays the truant should not want a jerkin, and he that learns more knavery than virtue should have a breech or two. An ocean of indentures will not serve you for measures, and as much thread as would compass the world will be stitched up in a twelve month.

Birchen breeches a good wearing for boys

Pedlars good benefactors to skinners

The trotting pedlar shall summon up to your shops an army of cony skins, and pick them out of the country kitchens for points, pins, and all to enrich you. Every simpering Sib and coy Katherine shall round a muff before her as a case for her nose, or a den for her fingers in frost-biting weather, and every oyster-wife's throat shall be furred with marry-muffs when cold complexions will be content to warm their fingers in a meaner fire. Your trade must needs hold, for every tip-sitaprapolonian will maintain an excellent good facing. But you must not, when you espy a hard-favoured gentleman with a bugled cheek or a chin like a visor, pace down your row with cry, 'Will you buy a good face, will you buy a good face, sir?' 'Twill make him hereafter go five miles about rather than grace your street any more with that face he has, as bad as 'tis.

1675
1680
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1690

Rich men will be ashamed hereafter to transport their hose so often to the botchers for fear they purchase creepers. Neither will there be any more such old miserrimoes that when they hear one knock at the door will clap on their gown (their sloven's cover) lest their patched rags appear to the world; I know you shall take measure of them for a new suit first. Finally, a long waist will be much in request if you can frame it, because a short body is obnoxious to a stinking breath, the mouth and tail are too nigh.

Haberdashers

Never indenture your foreheads so ruefully, you bonny bonnetonists, for you see the fashion of steeple crowns (a sore waster of felts) is already past. There is an ambassador making for England now so fraught with quaint humoralities and attireable sesquipedalities that he will set all the noses of your now worn bonnets utterly out of joint. But, do you hear me, never doubt of the fashion of your blocks for all this; rather, when a swad-swained gentleman shall amount into your cranny-lighted shops and call for a hat of the courtier's block, exonerate your press, out with a Spaniardo and clap it on his coxcomb, and swear an oath as long as your tongue, 'This hat is excellently blocked, sir'.

Haberdashers

The courtier's block

Tailors

Tailors

I presage, you limb-trimmers, a shipful of new fashions shall sail into our coasts out of the Isle Lunatic, and you dapper lances shall make at the footman's armour so valiantly that they shall pierce it in a hundred places. Your snippers never looked so bright as they are this year, and your goose shall be counted the valiantest lad in a country, for that he can make so many drapers shrink. I foretell a great rot amongst the present fashions: they shall change as fast as the moon for

1735
1695
1740

For the state of your trade, your fools' caps will this summer fly all from your stalls that stuck

Fools' caps

Tailors pray for new fashions

- 1664 **pelleters** dealers in hides and furs
- gripple** gripping, tenacious
- 1668 **braggadocian's** boaster, swaggerer
- 1670 **pompion** pumpkin
- 1672 **inaulated** admitted to halls; here, the inns of court (coinage, from Latin *aulum*)
- punies** novices, freshmen
- 1673 **Littleton** possibly Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-81), author of the standard work on English property law. However, the phrase 'or else Littleton will not know them' seems to suggest a superior person who will not acknowledge the Inns of Court freshmen if they are not properly dressed. Edward, later Lord Littleton was an Inner Temple lawyer who was called to the bar in 1617; he became a Bencher of his Inn, an MP and Chief Justice for

- North Wales. Middleton wrote *Heroes* for the Inner Temple in 1619.
- 1676 **cony** rabbit
- 1677 **points** fasteners for tying doublet to hose; often used as a type of something of small value
- 1682 **marry-muffs** cheap textile fabrics
- 1687 **bugled** covered in blackheads
- 1688 **visor** mask
- 1695-6 **Isle Lunatic** an imaginary place
- 1696 **lances** lancers, i.e. users of needles
- 1698 **snippers** scissors
- 1711 **jerkin** pun on 'jerk'ing', i.e. whipping
- 1711.n **Birchen breeches** the birch was used for whipping
- 1717 **botchers** menders
- 1718 **creepers** lice
- 1719 **miserrimoes** miserable types (coinage)

- 1729 **bonnetonists** makers of headgear (coinage)
- 1730 **steeple crowns** hats with very tall crowns
- 1732 **humoralities** extravagant fashions (coinage)
- 1733 **sesquipedalities** literally things a foot and a half in length; here, extravagant headgear
- 1736 **blocks** moulds for hats
- 1737 **swad-swained** coinage made up from 'swad' and 'swain', both meaning country bumpkin
- amount** climb up (i.e. to the attic)
- 1739 **exonerate** unload
- 1740 **Spaniardo** a style of hat
- coxcomb** jocularly, the head

there this seven year, to keep the wit of addle pates from freezing, and many old boys shall drink till their caps crack. White hats will take slur quickly, for their colour is labecutable, and pure black shall moulder to dirt, for that was burnt on the block.

Citizens' wives shall shift their taffetas often, for that the low portals knap them out at the crown, and all my black sisters must get them broader brims, for these will not hide their forehead faults. A shower of rain shall put a pasteboard out of square and order, and a little drop will cockle your silk as rising for revenge if it come from the gutter. Five hundred virgins shall be married in their velvet pot-lids, and but ten millions of blowzes in their felt stool-pans. O, how many brides will measure their brain on their wedding eve in your shop, and he that roofs not his wife under one of your shelters on his marriage day shall be trussed up in wool and sent into Burgundy.

Prentices shall wear no more caps, for it makes them look like costards, and he that fronts it with straw must be content also to lie in straw. But the best friend to men of your mould will be mannerly courtesy and obsequious compliments. Two friends shall not pass in the street without an interchange of vails, nor old men see Cardinal candle cast his eye upon the table without reverence to his charity. As for those of your name that are conversant with small wares, they shall fly out of your shops like foul words out of a thankless person.

Salters

And as for you, Master Salters, you'll flourish this year, for white herrings, a hot summer, and fresh beef shall stand as stiffly under you as any three legs under the bright trifoot in the world. All the brewers have sworn by the pearly cognizance that Barleycorn gives his pages in their faces that there shall be no more broom foisted into the vat instead of your hops. Fatal cords will be busily set on work and hempen caudles will be common physic for desperate persons. Mice and rats will gnaw the goodwife's yarn, and hands and feet shall rub out her linen, so that need will make her trot to your worships for flax and tow, and thrift will make her set her maid to the distaff. Musicians will be

counted scrapers and crowders if they buy not some of your rosin, and had not our sow cast her farrow it should have gone hard, but we would have had some of it to unhair a fat pig. Ships will leak and they be not lined with your pitch. In a word, the wheel and the brewer, the shepherd and the mariner, will make you now or never.

Ironmongers

You that draw your line from the loins of Ironside, you shall have harder doings than ever you had since your hammer told his master what his trade was, and I think a hard world is that which you desire. Such an iron age is now on foot, and such a crew of copper consciences, that to sheath a blade in a man's corpse will be counted voluntary valour, and a hard heart will be thought a good spirit, steel to the back. Opulent, rich clunch-fists shall lie in as much fear of the pilferer as a buck of the wood-knife, and to prevent the purloiner they shall gird the ribs of their chests with girths of your iron, and lace the belly of their money-tombs with laces of your weaving.

*He's mad that lays up gold of Ophir
In a wooden lined coffer.*

Boys are as like to break glass windows as ever they were, and that will make men speak for your wires; and thieves are as like to break prison, and that will make the jailer sue for your iron to bolt them. A warming pan will be counted excellent physic for a featherbed, and an iron cradle very good authority to hold up sea-coal. My gossip Gooseing must needs have a fair pair of andirons to garnish her hall against her belly's abed, and all the wives in the parish shall beg as much of their sweethearts at midnight. All the hobbinolls of the country shall arm their high shoes with your metal to encounter with London stones, and there shall be so much scratching between Susan Scold-out and Tib Tattle-basket that I am persuaded the single combat will make you sell all your nails.

Vintners

A cask full of comfort for you, crimson-nosed vintners, that quilt your guests' apparel with the best bombast. You shall not need to take much care for those fellows that war so long under the colours of sack and sugar in the rearward, that

Brides

Prentices' flat-caps

Cardinal candle

Salters
White herring, hot summer, fresh beef—the three pillars of salters

Iron-mongers

A hard world with iron-mongers

Vintners

- 1747 slur thin mud
- 1748 labecutable easily stained (coinage, from Latin *labes*)
- 1755 cockle cause to pucker or crease
- 1758 blowzes beggar women
- 1759 stool-pans chamber-pots
- 1765 costards large apples
- 1770 vails gratuities; pun on veils and *vales*, i.e. greetings (Latin)
- 1781 pearly cognizance the sign of pearl barley

- 1783 broom a yellow shrub
- 1785-6 caudles... desperate persons ropes for suicides to hang themselves with
- 1789 tow the fibre of flax, hemp or jute prepared for spinning
- 1790 distaff a staff used for spinning wool or flax
- 1791 crowders fiddlers who play to a crowd
- 1792 rosin distillation of oil of turpentine used to lubricate the strings of a fiddler's bow

- 1799 Ironside nickname of Edmund II of England
- 1807 clunch-fists misers
- 1813 Ophir place mentioned in the Old Testament where fine gold was obtained; see Job 22:24
- 1822 andirons ornamental iron supports positioned on either side of the fireplace
- 1825 hobbinolls rustics who wear hobnail boots
- 1834 bombast stuffing; here, wine

Fill your barrels full with heart of oak and flower of the field, then will they untruss a hoop and lask like a squirt, so shall the maids' faucets fly from the taphole, and this will make them trot to the fountain of liquid liquor again. Every market town shall be better furnished with houses for ale than for alms, and that village shall be counted a dunghill of puritans where there is never a tapsterring of bene-bouse. Small beer shall be for diet-keepers, but strong twang shall prove as good as bagpudding (meat, and drink, and cloth). The best medicine for the fleas will be a cup of merry-go-down, and the only help to clap the door upon sorrow and shut him out will be a draught of March beer. The merry physician's counsel to an odd patient of his shall be the very pitch of Paracelsians' diet: the first draught will wash a man's liver, the second increase his blood, and the third satisfies his thirst. And all the world knows what a countryman's bond is:

Alms and ale have not one entertainment

Cares are drowned in cups

Good wax

New dubbing

Leathersellers

*A pot of ale still the assurance doth hatch,
And serves for the scrivener to bind up the match.*
The water in Netherland will taste of the brack, and most of those Flemings would taste of our English beer. Harvest men will be as dry as the Arabian sand, and a dozen of hay-tossers will quickly toss down a bung of moisture. Salt meat will be a great dish if it come to the board in a charger, and that will draw down liquor. Red herring will prove a prologue to a hungry fast, and that will work for the brewer. Monsieur Domingo, knight of the malt-hoop, has enacted against sippers and sparrowinchers, but those that take off their life by *quantus* shall be dubbed on a barrel head. There will be one in a parish shall piss as much against the wall in a year as half his neighbours spend in three. Other of your customers shall carry as much as your horse, but those that drink in an empty cup may chance to have sore lips for their labour.

Leathersellers

You that clothe your shops with cattle's coats, be not all a mort as dumb as your hides, for all our

1925
1970
1930
1975
1935
1980
1940
1985

park vermin are like to fall into paste and our bucks' heads into pots to pleasure your faculty and wardrobe your shelves. A buff jerkin shall be a lordly wear and a pair of buskins a preservative against the gout. All tradesmen that occupy with the leathern apron shall sue unto you, so that your vocation may be called the forepart of most mechanicals, and many cutpurses shall nip those foreparts to make you vend your leather. Our boys in Lent shall put off and scrape to your workshops for a metal to course their tops, and most of the world will turn Adam and Eve and put on mortality. The owners of our country will be new-belted against Christmas, and the plough-joggers of our town must smell of your counter at Easter. To conclude, ample indentures, large copies, and drumheads will metamorphose your skins, an you will let them.

Cutpurses loving to leathersellers

Pewterers

From great and gorgeous swilling, you pewter Johns, issueth a world of leaking, and I know every man will purchase a piss-pot to prevent the colic, or else he must spout out at the window, and that may prove perilous to the urine if the descent be violent. At fairs and marts young married wives must look out for their vessels, and all the year shall Francis Truge wear your buttons' metal before him. Many a good bit shall be turned in your platters, and many a mouth shall pronounce (when the feast comes marching in the pewterers' livery) that you are the upholders of all good cheer. Basins and ewers shall revive into the fashion, as a pewter standish proves profitable for a scribe; 'twill be somewhat chargeable in the melting, but foist in the leaden lubber and it will pay your painstaking. Sea-coal fire this year shall melt a million of dishes, and the negligence of servants shall put many a pot in the pillory, for pewter shall be the softest natured gentleman, he shall sink at every blow and take thought inwardly at every knock. In sum, a pewter pot of ale with a toast in his belly will quench a man's

Pewterers

This is most true

1927 **lask** to become loose in the bowels; to purge
squirt an attack of diarrhoea
1933 **bene-bouse** cant term for good drink
Small beer weak beer
1934 **twang** presumably strong ale or beer; the closest definition in *OED* is something with a nasty taste
1936-7 **merry-go-down** strong ale
1939 **March beer** beer brewed in March was supposed to be the best
1941 **Paracelsians** followers of Paracelsus, the sixteenth century Swiss physician

and alchemist who had challenged the doctrine of the four humours
1946 **scrivener** professional scribe
1951 **bung** cask
1953 **charger** large dish
1956 **malt-hoop** measure of liquor
1957 **sparrowinchers** small drinkers (coin-age)
1958 **quantus** yardstick, rule (Latin)
dubbed knighted
1967 **all a mort** a dialect phrase used as an intensive; one of Bretnor's catchphrases
1969 **faculty** means, resources

1971 **buskins** knee-length boots
1972 **occupy** (probably a pun: to have sexual intercourse)
1978 **course** whip, drive
1980 **mortality** i.e. animal skins
1981 **plough-joggers** ploughmen
1993 **vessels** probably a sexual pun
1995 **bit** money
1999 **ewers** water jugs
2000 **standish** inkstand
2002 **foist** in introduce surreptitiously
lubber lout

thirst better than a silver tankard with nothing in it.

Barber-Surgeons

Barber-Surgeons

You cunning cutbeards, never let your stomachs quail to suck your living out of festered sores, for *lucri bonus est odor*, silver has a sweet sound; ask Vespasian the emperor else. For your comfort a proud match at football shall send many a lame soldier to your tent, and a fiery fray in Smithfield shall bring many a bloody companion to your shop. The fencing schools will serve to keep your hand in ure, but the bragging prizes, a hundred pound to a pig's turd, will put chink into your purses. The French something shall line your squirrel skins brim-full, and stretch the strings and so thoroughly choke their throats that they shall speak no more than an oven's mouth rampired. O, the income that is Neapolitan shall bring in a hot summer to you; an it were not for tobacco, which is a preventer, I think surgeons would be the only purchasers in London. Joints shall be ill-knit, and gentles shall cut their fingers; sanguine complexions shall swarm, and letting of blood will be common. But the spider shall intercept something of you again. He shall be phlebotomist to the fly if she come in his net, and the fleas must be let blood at midsummer for God-a-mercy. Tavern quarrels shall find you Sunday fare all the Sundays in the year, and lazy ignavoes that sit still and putrify like a mud-sink shall fall into your hands for felons. And this shall attire you from Good Friday to Maundy Thursday: curst and crabbed masters shall send many a cracked crown to your cure, and the toothache shall find you beef for your house your lifetime. Young beards shall pullulate and multiply like a willow, if worm bark them not; howsoever, shaving will be good to make a down spout. The picke-devant (I presage) will be the cut, and a pair of muchatoes that will fence for the face shall be the tantara flash sea-coal. Fume shall besmudge our neatoes that they shall go to the barber's ball oftener than

Bragging prizes

Neapolitan incomes

Cracked crowns beget silver crowns

2010

2055

2015

2060

2020

2065

2025

2070

2030

2075

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2080

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2085

2045

2090

2050

to church, and every nice bachelor shall entreat a lick with the barber's apron and a dash with his rosebud to smell odoriferous in his mistress's nostrils.

Armourers

Armourers

The foresaid surgeon and Vulcanian crease-fist sacrifice alike for quarrels, but *bellum, bellum*, war, war, would fit the armourer's hand better than a pair of gloves of twenty pound. Yet in pranking peace the canker and rust, taking the armourer's part, so bedent the soldier's livery that men must seek unto this ward-part for amendment, or else prepare their purse for fresh ones. But I take it I speak it to the encouragement of this brood of Mulciber, who framed a child's shield and Aeneas his armour, that within a while *arma virumque cano* will be the world's posy. Men's bodies are but of earthly mould, but their minds taste of fiery fury: a little word will kindle war, and the Spaniard's self-conceit must have its issue. It is comfort enough for you that sweat in the wardrobe of war to foretell that men shall be proud, for pride is such a manly mother that Juno-like she can beget Mars without a father. Armour of proof will be in great request at the tilt, and fearful frogs will down with their dust for good breast-plates. A helmet will be an excellent wear for him that has little wit, and a gauntlet a good guard for a tender-fingered combatant.

Hares in helmets

Bakers

Bakers

Nurses this year, you little-fisted bakers, shall crumb their infants' milk with your white bread out of all measure, and a white crust shall make no more teeth bleed to fright little ones from the love of it. Though daily delvers mumble on a brown crust all the year, yet they shall sweeten their chaps with a white loaf at Christmas, and though the vulgar shall browse on your bran as cheaper in the purse, yet most will desire your loaves like your bolters as whiter in the hand. Besides, the physician will tell you that is hard of digestion, when this will nourish out of all

Christmas loaves

- 2012 *Barber-Surgeons* Barbers and surgeons formed a united company in 1540; the barbers' surgical work was restricted to bleeding and dentistry.
- 2015 *lucri...odor* literally, the smell of profit is good (Latin)
- 2016 *Vespasian* see l. 543-4
- 2021 *ure* operation, action
- 2023 *French something* sexually transmitted disease
- 2024 *squirrel skins* purses
- 2026 *rampired* fortified
- 2027.n *Neapolitan* i.e. syphilitic
- 2034 *phlebotomist* surgeon who bleeds patients
- 2038 *ignavoes* idlers (coinage, from Latin

- ignavus*)
- 2041 *Maundy Thursday* the Thursday before Easter
- curst* bad-tempered
- 2045 *pullulate* sprout
- 2045-6 *worm bark them* figurative reference to hair loss as a symptom of sexually transmitted disease
- 2047 *picke-devant* short beard trimmed to a point
- 2048 *muchatoes* moustaches
- 2049 *tantara* brash, brassy (imitating the sound of a trumpet)
- flash* showy
- 2050 *sea-coal* i.e. jet-black; see l. 742.n
- neatoes* dapper gentlemen (coinage)

- 2057 *crease-fist* clench-fist? (coinage)
- 2060 *pranking* showily dressed
- 2067-8 *arma virumque cano* I sing of arms and men (Latin), the first words of Virgil's *Aeneid*
- 2075 *Juno-like* Juno was queen of the gods and wife of Jupiter
- 2077 *frogs* general term of abuse; or possibly a reference to Aesop's fable of King Log
- 2079 *gauntlet* armoured glove
- 2086 *delvers* diggers, labourers
- mumble* chew toothlessly
- 2089 *browse* feed
- 2091 *bolters* cloths used for sifting

weapon will be a good companion, and the thief that ruins the country lad will let him ride like a free man an he but swear and discourse to him of his irons. The soldier that lies on the bare ground ready to be congealed with cold shall think his side very warm if he have the cutler by him, and he that delights in blunt metal may cut his foreman's throat with a packsaddle.

Butchers

A hungry year, you carnal carvers, I know you shall have, for the conjunction of heat and moisture (in the kitchen of digesture) foretells no less, and he that hath no stomach to his work, or not a piece of a heart to meet a man in the field, shall have as good a stomach to his provant as a starved bristleback to his waste, or a crop-eared courser to his mill-bruised beans. Woolner (that cannon of gluttony) shall revive again, and those that lived by love and feed upon the air shall fall to their victuals and furbish their trenchers. A piece of powdered beef will make a man as strong as a cable, and a target of veal will be as good to defend a sick body from dying as a dead crow to defend our corn from the living. Pottage that will fur the ribs (an inch thick) are mere restorative, and the best fast-killer in a morning will be one of your marrow bones. Mutton will be like a ripe medlar, or a false lover rotten at the liver, but never pine at the spleen, for it smells of the blood-pot. Keep your own counsel, set a smooth face and a round face upon it, and then there is never a steward that sharks in your shambles will smell out the putrefaction. The tanners will prevent the worst and ply you with pledges aforehand for your hides, but keep not back the horns in any case, for that's ominous. Furriers and glovers will put money into your hands as warm as wool for your sheepskins, but for the love of a chitterling see you hold your beasts' entrails at a clean price and make the tripewives pay sweetly for them, or I protest in the presence of a hog's countenance I'll never feed more on them. The country farmers' wives will swap with you quickly for their calves, because they draw away their milk and

Butchers

Woolner the great eater

Targets of veal are excellent weapons

Furriers and glovers the butcher prays for

2190
2235

2195
2240

2200
2245

2205
2250

2210
2255

2215
2260

2220
2265

2225
2270

2230
2275

mar their good markets, and the graziers will send you their big-boned beeves upon trust if you pay them largely and keep your day truly.

Saddlers

I shall never beat it into your brains, you horse-ridge cushioners, what care men in general will take for soft saddles, lest their shrewish wives get the vantage of the proverb ('twas Socrates' speech when he was in jail) 'He loves not his wife that loves not his tail'. Coaches are like to have a downfall this year if the horses be frantic at a side of a ditch, and penny-fathers will say 'tis fond to be vexed with a brace of jades when one is sufficient to tire a man. Dirty passes shall so bespot the complexion of a velvet saddle that if your prentices were horses they would break their halters with laughing, and the dusty canker so spoil the silkman that he must be brushed till he be bald again. A voider for those fellows that will ride flat-breeched on a swain's panel, I do not think that you shall take one man (that hath but a dream of wealth) in that trick of clownery this year. Why, I tell you, every substantial webbe in a parish that hath a seat of his own in his church shall buttock a saddle and adorn his prancer with your stately trappings, and Jockie that rode on his courser (hair to hair) shall suddenly leap into his tuftaffety. Horses will be headstrong as unnurtured lobcocks and snap their brides in pieces as fast as hops. The powerful provender shall make them swell in the belly like a sullen girl in the cheek, or a wench after toying, and that will crack girts apace. But, for conclusion, divers women shall saddle their poor husbands' backs and make plain ninny-hammers of noddies, and the Lenten-faced usurer shall bridle our prodigal spend-all's most miserably.

Saddlers

Jockie a gentleman now

Women saddle men

Carpenters

You human harbour-raisers, you are the only householders in these days of do-no-good, for were it not that you held up the house without by your faculty, it might well fall down within for want of hospitality. Well, there be abundance of rotten doors in London, and they must all fall into your

Carpenters

Hospitality dwells nowhere

2200 **digesture** the process of digesting
2204 **bristleback** pig (not recorded in *OED* as a noun)
2205 **courser** horse
2205.n **Woolner** Richard Woolner, of Windsor, was a notorious glutton who, after safely digesting iron, glass, and oyster shells, 'by eating a raw eel was overmastered'.
2208 **trenchers** flat pieces of wood on which food was served; plates or platters
2210 **target** shield
target joint of meat, usually lamb,

consisting of neck and breast
2212 **Pottage** thick soup
2216 **medlar** fruit eaten when decayed to a soft, pulpy state
2220 **sharks** pilfers
shambles abattoir, slaughterhouse
2226 **chitterling** the smaller intestine of the pig
2228 **tripewives** women who prepared and sold offal
2240 **Socrates** Athenian philosopher, ?470–399 BC, condemned to death for impiety and the corruption of youth

2244 **penny-fathers** misers, skinflints
2251 **voider** a basket for removing rubbish, scraps of food etc.
2252 **panel** a piece of cloth placed under the saddle
2255 **webbe** weaver
2258.n **Jockie** type of a common lad
2260 **tuftaffety** tufted silk fabric
2261 **lobcocks** simpletons
2264 **toying** amorous play
2265 **girts** saddle-belt
2267 **ninny-hammers** simpletons
noddies simpletons

chimneys shortly, for we must not look for another Orpheus to build a city with his harmony; our musicians will never do the like to that Theban. I tell you, many overleaning buildings will lack a little of your help, yet some of them that bow to my Lord Mayor when he rides by their front, and lean into the streets as though they would shake him by the hand or look the farther after him, may stand as they do to teach aproned slovens agility in the knee. 'As the bed's head rises', quoth he that was wont to lay his bags there, 'our houses must stand, and as I store up my wealth I will story up my chambers'.

'Away', quoth Monsieur Prodigio, 'with these base cottages of Philemon and Baucis, my generous blood cannot brook such a degenerate lodging. Down with wood, and up with my older oaks; stone is too damp, and brick is too cold.' All this tickles the carpenter. I would be loth to tell him too much of his joy, lest with his laughing he fall from his building and mar the fashion of his perpendicular. You shall not need to see the topgallant, the tiler, for he'll leave many a crack in the crown of a house for his own commodity, and that will make timber rot like a muckhill. And you know that the decay of a commonwealth is first in the state, the defect of my body first in my head, and the ruin of a house first in the roof. Finally, many things will be exceedingly out of order, and there will be much use of your line, rule and square.

Shoemakers

You'll laugh till you stink again, you shoemakers, to hear yourselves called eternal constables, and that (without control) you can cast the best gentleman in the land into your stocks only upon his suspicion that he would have a fine foot, or means not to tread in his old steps. I protest, I think you are able to make a greater fleet in a rainy day than the King of Spain in his whole age, for all his fleeting. This is in your shops an excellent memento (make but use of it) of your mortality. Wet weather will be as good as a purgation for dry leather, and boys' spurn-point will grate out shoes as fast as a cook can bread. Our sirs that want shoes must trash out their boots, and if they be in love with the fire tonight they must be in league

with you tomorrow. Those that would be taken for gentlewomen must sue for shoes that creak like a frog, but our shrewd dames will have dumb bottoms that they may rush upon their maids as 'twere out of an ambush. As long as hats and shoes shall be slipped on with horns your trade shall be extant, and as long as you clap the fur to tender virgins' soles you shall maintain the name of the gentle craft.

Hats and shoes pulled on with horns

Painters

You beauty-shadows that rob the rainbow of her colours and disrobe the golden garden of her orient spots and flowers, your craft shall have his spring all the year and your art his flourish all your life. The parasite that gives the dug to humour shall paint it in soothing to his patron, the light lover in phrasing to his mistress, and the undermining cony-catcher in compliments to his cony. The impotent debtor shall paint it in protesting to his creditor, the fetching salesman in praising to the buyer, and all the world besides shall paint their bosom carriage with hypocrisy. Alas, men are so frosty-natured that they cannot be thawed but by viewing the colours of the playing satyrs and the coupling nymphs behind the curtains. Heaven's smith with the sky's fair one (chaste Lucrece) and her foe in a chamber, the banished Dardan and his fere in a cave: this puts life into the beholder's corpse and coin into the painter's calf-skin. While he lays colours on the table, they gild his fist, and while he makes shadows for them, he himself may sit in the sunshine. The ribs of tottering houses must be coated with a new paint against the christening of the next child, and a thin wall would have a painter's skin to shroud him from the blast of Boreas. A coloured clout will set the stamp of decorum on a rotten partition, and a pretty picture will hide a hole in a hall out of all question. My Lord Mayor's posts must needs be trimmed against he takes his oath, and the vintner's lattices must have a new blush, and all these will make you suck your pencils to the bone. O, but our sweet-faced gentlewomen will keep your profession in great request; our lack-looks and barren-beauties will uphold it forever, when the old bawd like a green apple parched in an oven, or the Italian colourist with his new-cast

Painters

Excellent painting

Two poor people of whom Ovid writes

Shoemakers

Gentlemen put into the shoemaker's stocks

- 2278 **Orpheus** in myth, a poet and musician whose song had a civilizing power
- 2291 **Philemon and Baucis** a poor old couple who offered hospitality to the disguised Jupiter and Mercury; see Ovid's *Metamorphoses* VIII
- 2292 **degenerate** fallen from ancestral virtue or excellence
- 2299 **topgallant** sail on the topmast of a ship
- 2300 **commodity** benefit, profit
- 2320 **spurn-point** children's game, perhaps similar to hopscotch
- grate out** wear out
- 2322 **trash out** spoil by tramping through mud
- 2326-7 **dumb bottoms** noiseless soles
- 2341 **cony-catcher** cheat, trickster
- 2348-9 **Heaven's smith** Vulcan
- 2349 **Lucrece** legendary Roman woman who killed herself after being raped by a son of Tarquin the proud; subject of

Ghost of Lucrece

- 2350 **banished Dardan** Dardanus was the founder of the Trojan race; used here to refer to Aeneas after his flight from Troy
- 2351 **fere** partner, i.e. Dido
- 2352 **calf-skin** purse
- 2359 **Boreas** the north wind
- 2362-3 **posts... trimmed** posts used for fixing proclamations were newly painted when a magistrate or mayor came into office

face, shall present this good complexion. Why then, to painting speedily.

When nature's birth appeareth lame,

To aid with art I count no shame.

But the smoke of my lungs will melt the vermilion, and then more work for the painter.

The winding up of the clue

Thus have you here the zephyral and spring part of your destinies. 'Twere a task beyond all time to suffer any wagon wheel to press every land's end. Only if you pardon this precursion, it may so happen that as I have here chattered of your vernal age, so I may hereafter tell you of your winter blasts, of the rigorous tempests that shall beat the blossoms from your blooming plants. But for this time I desist.

So, tradesmen, fare you well.

Yet before we shake hands at parting, let us, as country chapmen going from their inns in a morning, give one another the *Basileu* on horseback with a cup of white wine and sugar, if it be summer. But now I remember, it being the fall of the leaf and trees beginning to stand like tattered rogues half-naked, a cup of mulled sack and ginger is better for the stomach. Take this, therefore, next your heart. I know that to catch riches in a net you fish in all the wealthy streams of the world besides the broad sea, but is it not more safe for you to angle standing on land, and what land is more peaceable than your own? And upon your own where shall you meet less foul dealings than at fairs? To the fairest of fairs I wish you, therefore, to turn your horses' heads. Many fairs are in England, and (being wenching fellows as you are) I think not but you have set up your standings and opened booths in all or the best of them. But my prognostication speaks of other fairs to which, if travelling, your purses be ever the warmer lined. Stand wondering no more at

the ill-faced Owl, but say she hath a piercing eye to catch mice in such corners. And so in the name of Minerva (patroness of handicrafts) set forward, for now I proclaim my fairs.

Fairs in England

A fare at Westminster Bridge every forenoon of all the four terms in the year, and in the afternoons of the same days a fare at Temple Stairs. And these fares (no bawdy booths in them) are kept in wherries.

A fare on the Bankside when the playhouses have twopenny tenants dwelling in them.

A fare at Blackfriars when any gentleman coming to the place desires to be a landed man.

A fare is sure to be at Coldharbour when a fresh, delicate whore lies there *cum privilegio*.

Bartholomew Fair begins ever on the 24 of August, but Bartlemew-babies are held in London (in men's arms) all the year long.

A fair at Cuckold's Haven every St Luke's day, but all that pass that way have not gilded horns as (then) the Haven has.

A fair kept heretofore at Beggar's Bush is this year removed and held in the prisons about London, and in some of the streets of the City too.

A fair of horses at Ripon in Yorkshire this year, and every year a fair of asses at Leighton Buzzard.

A fair of sows on Michaelmas day at Blockley in Worcestershire, but your best pigs and fattest pork are at Our Lady fair in Southwark.

A fair at Romford for hogs every Tuesday in the week, but your fairest headed oxen are fed in London.

A fair wench is to be seen every morning in some shop in Cheapside, and in summer afternoons the self-same fair opens her booth at one of the garden houses about Bunhill.

A fair pair of gallows is kept at Tyburn from year's end to year's end, and the like fare (but not

- 2375 *vermilion* cosmetic, i.e. rouge
- 2376 *clue* a ball of thread used to guide someone through a maze
- 2377 *zephyral* mildly breezy
- 2380 *precursion* prognostication (first citation in *OED* as a noun, 1701)
- 2388 *chapmen* itinerant traders
- 2389 *Basileu* 'your majesty'? (there is no record of this as a greeting in *OED*)
- 2393 *tattered* ragged
- 2411 *Minerva* better known as goddess of wisdom
- 2416 *Temple Stairs* landing place on the river for the Inns of Court
- 2418 *wherries* light rowing-boats used to carry passengers and goods
- 2419 *Bankside* on the south side of the river; theatre land
- 2421 *Blackfriars* site of the most important

- private theatre in London; landing place east of the Fleet river
- 2423 *Coldharbour* tenements near London Bridge, popularly regarded as a place of sanctuary; also a place where marriages could be expedited
- 2424 *cum privilegio* reserved for you; royal patent (Latin)
- 2425 *Bartholomew Fair* famous Smithfield fair, represented in Ben Jonson's play (1614)
- 2426 *Bartlemew-babies* dolls or puppets
- 2428 *Cuckold's Haven* proverbial
- St Luke's day* 18 October, proverbially associated with Cuckold's Haven
- 2431 *Beggar's Bush* a bush under which a begger finds shelter; William Harrison records a fair at Beggar's Bush near Rye

- on Bartholomew Day in his *Description of England* (1577), III, xv
- 2434 *Ripon* cathedral city; Harrison records a horse fair at Ripon on Holyrood day, 14 September
- 2435 *Leighton Buzzard* town in Bedfordshire
- 2436 *Michaelmas day* 29 September, the feast of St Michael
- 2438 *Our Lady fair* the other great London fair, south of the river
- 2439 *Romford* town in Essex
- 2445 *garden houses* used for sexual encounters
- Bunhill* Bunhill fields, north of London near Finsbury, where archery matches and artillery practice were held
- 2446 *Tyburn* the chief place of execution, west of London

so much resort of chapmen and crack-ropes to it) is at St Thomas à Waterings.

The highways of England: how they lie, and how to travel from one place to another 2450

Now because there are no fairs but they are kept in some certain places, and that no place can be gone unto but by knowledge of the ways, I have therefore chalked out here some of the most notorious ways in the kingdom for the benefit of galled-toe travellers thereby the sooner to come to their inns, viz.

The way between York and London is just so many miles as between London and York. It hath divers times been ridden in a day, so that by my geometrical dimensions I find it but a day's journey, yet the postmasters of the North swear 'tis a great deal more. 2460

The way between Charing Cross, and not a cross to be found scarce in one purse for twenty that passes by, is to be tried by many a gallant's pocket with yellow band, feather pendant-regardant and cloak lined with velvet, and therefore here I spare to speak of so poor a thing. 2470

The way between the two Counters in London may be travelled in as short time as one of the varlets there ventures his soul for money, and that's much about quarter of an hour, or half at most. 2475

The way to prove the taking of any purse (be it never so full), and to stand in that quarrel even to the death, is to go first to Newgate and then to Tyburn. 2525

The way to be an arrant ass is to be a mere university scholar. 2480

The highway to Bedlam is first to set forth at Westminster Hall and there to be undone in four or five terms by corrupted lawyers. 2530

Between stark drunk and reasonable sober is much about four hours sleeping, but some that have travelled those overflowing countries say 'tis sometimes more. 2485

The way to heaven is to walk with a good conscience; he that rides without it goes vilely out of the way, and ten to one if ever he gets thither. 2490

The way to hell is clean the contrary way to heaven; the one turns o' the right hand, t'other on the left.

2495

Good days

1. Not one whore in all Westminster.
3. Not one knave in Long Lane.
4. Three catchpoles cast into the Thames.
8. All that walk in Paul's dine today.
10. Nobody hangs in Barbican.
14. Attorneys get no money.
15. Not a bribe taken this term.
17. My husband is gone a-ducking.
18. Bob for eels now or never.
20. A cony for nothing.
23. One hole for nine pence.
26. Turnbull Street full of puritans.
28. The scrivener i'th' pillory.
30. Room for the baker.

2450

2500

2455

2505

2460

2510

Bad days

2. Quarter sessions.
5. Farewell and be hanged.
6. The doorkeepers steal.
7. Globe afire.
9. Cockpit plucked down.
11. The play is hissed at.
12. My wife is out of her letters and falls to joining.
13. Not a woodcock to be had for love or money.
16. The chambermaid is bedridden.
19. He hunts close, yet has lost his hare.
21. I can read my husband's name in his little boy's hornbook.
22. My maid is poisoned with a pudding.
24. His evidence is burnt, yet the seals saved.
25. A cuckold by Westminster clock, and that goes true.
27. You are peppered.
29. Ale-tapwives in loose gowns.
31. None of the Guard drunk.

2465

2515

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2485

2535

These thirty-one Good and Bad days may wait as pages upon all the months of the year, and the rather because our bad days are still more in number than our good ones (as here they are). Also, because where the days are bad, none can be worse than these, and where they happen to be good, few better than these.

FINIS

- 2448 **crack-ropes** rogues
- 2449 **St Thomas à Waterings** watering place in Southwark for Canterbury pilgrims; site of a gallows erected in 1593
- 2465 **Charing Cross** in Westminster
- 2468-9 **pendant-regardant** heraldic term; regardant = looking backward
- 2471 **the two Counters** prisons: one in the Poultry, the other in Wood Street, Cheapside

- 2482 **Bedlam** Bethlehem Hospital on Bishopsgate, the asylum for the insane
- 2497 **Long Lane** in Smithfield. 'This lane is now lately builded on both the sides with tenements for brokers, tipplers [i.e. tavern-keepers], and suchlike' (John Stow, *A Survey of London*, II, 28).
- 2499 **Paul's** see note to l. 1246
- 2500 **Nobody . . . Barbican** probably a reference to the bookseller Trundle's sign

- in Cripplegate
- 2513 **doorkeepers** pimps
- 2514 **Globe afire** the Globe theatre burned down on 29 June 1613
- 2515 **Cockpit** see note to l. 434
- 2523 **hornbook** a paper containing the alphabet and protected by a transparent plate of horn, mounted on a wooden tablet with a handle, used to teach children the alphabet

THE PEACEMAKER; OR, GREAT BRITAIN'S BLESSING

Text edited and annotated by Paul Mulholland, introduced by Susan Dwyer Amussen

WHAT does violence mean in early modern society? And what does it mean to be a peacemaker? These are the questions addressed by Thomas Middleton in *The Peacemaker*. In doing so, Middleton sheds light on central conflicts in early Stuart society. For the modern reader, the pamphlet raises many questions, as the range of subjects it addresses makes it appear disjointed and somewhat incoherent. Although its sentiments represent conventional pieties, and in the condemnation of duelling government policy, the links between ideas are not obvious. Why, for instance, is there an extended section on drunkenness and other vices in a pamphlet on peace? These peculiarities—and the significance of *The Peacemaker*—can best be understood by placing it in the context of a debate about the nature of masculinity as defined through morality and violence that was part of the early Stuart campaign for the reformation of manners.

The Peacemaker, which was licensed for publication by the King, was published anonymously; its royal privilege and the address of the Epistle ‘To all Our true-loving and peace-embracing subjects’ (l. 11) led to its attribution to James I in both the British Library and Short Title Catalogues. Perhaps because of its quasi-official status, it rapidly went through five editions—faster than any other work of Middleton in his lifetime.

The Peacemaker celebrates James I’s contribution to European peace, but was licensed on 19 July 1618, more than a month after news had reached England of the events in Prague that led to the outbreak of the Thirty Years War and when the threat of war was evident. It also celebrated the ‘loving union’ of England and Scotland—although formal union, much to James’s chagrin, had actually been rejected by Parliament some years earlier. Finally, the attack on drunkenness as a disturber of peace is published under the protection—and possibly at the request—of a King notorious for excess and debauchery: ‘tis drunkenness that leads now’ (l. 229) could be a political, as well as a moral lament. Such ironies suggest that we would do well to try to understand the larger context in which *The Peacemaker* was written.

One of the most striking aspects of *The Peacemaker* for the modern reader is the range of topics that are raised. The paean to James I’s abilities as a peacemaker in the international realm is conventional, and is what we would expect from a pamphlet with this title. James was well known for his commitment to peace, and was proud of his diplomatic efforts for peace. The use of James’s biblical motto, ‘*beati pacifici*’, at the end of the last eight paragraphs of the first section (ll. 61–118) emphasizes this

familiar aspect of peacemaking. The second section (ll. 119–224), which acknowledges the difficulties of establishing peace, as well as its benefits—in the expansion of trade and the encouragement of justice, charity, and religion—begins to shift the focus to the domestic implications of international peace. The attention Middleton pays to the economic benefits of peace is not unique, and certainly not surprising given Middleton’s knowledge of London merchants. More surprisingly, the domestic implications of peace yield to the threats to domestic peace.

In the context of the analogical thinking so common in early modern England, which I have discussed elsewhere, the shift from the international to the domestic (both national and familial) is entirely predictable. Yet the third and fourth sections of the pamphlet shift the discussion to a personal level, insisting that peace is based on a series of decisions made by individuals on a daily basis. The linking of personal behaviour to international peace is a reminder that the separation of politics from other social issues is a division that we create, but that Middleton and his contemporaries would not recognize. More than half the pamphlet (60 per cent) focuses not on peacemaking in the international arena, but on the evils of duelling and the sins—particularly drinking—that disrupt domestic peace. These disruptions of the peace of the soul and the community are, for Middleton, the real threats to peace.

Middleton’s reflection on the nature of manhood begins in the third section (ll. 225–358), with its discussion of the impact of drunkenness and other vices. There was extensive preaching against the evils of drink in the early seventeenth century, and many commentators shared Middleton’s view that drunkenness was epidemic. Such ideas were almost inevitable in a society where beer and ale were the primary forms of liquid refreshment. They were simultaneously sources of carbohydrates and calories, and were also considered stimulants.

We often assume that warnings about the decline of morals and the spread of sin merely reflect moral panic. In this case, there was at least some basis in fact for the concern. Alcohol consumption probably did increase in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Peter Clark has shown that there was a significant rise in the numbers of alehouses in this period. There were certainly a lot of them: in the City of London alone in 1657 there were more than nine hundred licensed alehouses, or one licensed alehousekeeper for every sixteen houses; in addition, the more socially exclusive taverns and inns catered to the élite. At the same time, during the sixteenth

century there was a gradual transformation of brewing, with old-fashioned ale being replaced by beer. Because the equipment for brewing beer was more expensive than that for brewing ale, this encouraged the commercialization of brewing, particularly in the towns and cities. Beer not only kept far longer than ale, but was also usually more alcoholic. In addition, in London the prosperous could drink wine at the many inns and taverns that served the city, and a growing group of distillers provided a range of (extremely potent) spirits for consumption. Thus drink with an increasing alcoholic content was more easily available to all ranks of English society at a time when poverty and social dislocation may have increased the demand for it—as well as for other products, like tobacco, which were thought to be stimulants.

While beer and ale were often consumed at home, drunkenness was associated with alehouses; any discussion of drunkenness, then, inevitably reflects not only on diet, but also on patterns of hospitality and recreation. Like most attacks on drunkenness at the time, Middleton's does not argue for teetotalism, but for restraint. Elizabeth Foyster has shown that drinking without becoming drunk was a critical dimension of constructing manhood. This emphasis on restraint and self-control is the starting point of Middleton's development of an alternative model of manhood, particularly for prosperous young men. Manhood in early modern England, as I have recently argued, was closely connected with both conviviality and violence. As a result of the late age at marriage, much socializing by young people was in single-sex groups, and for men at least these groups usually met in alehouses. As Keith Wrightson has shown, alehouses were natural centres of sociability, in part because in winter their fires made them one of the warmest places around. But they also served as common space where those from different households, especially servants, could gather.

Middleton's redefinition of manhood defines drunkenness itself as unmanly. The imagery of this section repeatedly assumes an equation between true manliness and virtue, while sin corrupted both true manhood and true womanhood. The man who is drunk is 'unmanned', while drunkenness itself is a 'sick and unwholesome harlot' (261–2, 292). Here manhood is linked to self-control and autonomy. Such a definition built on existing political concepts which identified real adulthood with economic independence. What Middleton has added is the idea that manhood depends not just on independence, but on sobriety. Abandoning oneself to drink is a way of losing one's independence.

Middleton does not challenge the centrality of the alehouse or other drinking centres as social institutions. Instead, he redefines appropriate behaviour in the alehouse. In his approach to this necessarily contentious subject, Middleton sought to disconnect popular conceptions of manhood from excessive drinking. It is this which ties the attack on drunkenness to peacemaking. As I have argued elsewhere, the conviviality of the alehouse involved not just drinking, but participation in various semi-ritual

combats, whether brawls (for the lower orders) or duels. Both were fought for a variety of reasons—to teach an opponent a lesson, to defend one's reputation, or to make a point in an argument. Middleton argues that resort to such violence was encouraged by excessive drinking. The fourth section of *The Peacemaker* (ll. 359–669) begins with a criticism of quarrels in general, but soon narrows the focus to the bloodshed caused by duels. His attack on duelling forms the second part of Middleton's redefinition of manhood.

As V. G. Kiernan has shown, there was great concern with duels at this time. James I had published several proclamations against duels—first prohibiting the publication of news of duels in 1613, then effectively prohibiting them by banning challenges in 1614. Duels, like other fights, had an ambiguous place in the culture of early modern England. They were judged according to the same standards as all other forms of violence. First, they were supposed to be justified: violence should not be random. Second, they should be limited in impact, with a consequence equal to the offence. Finally, they should not be carried out in anger, but thoughtfully and purposefully. The chances of death in any quarrel depended to a great extent on the use of weapons, which were present by definition in duels. Duels were most likely to offend early modern viewers by the incommensurability of the consequence (death) to the offence—often a relatively trivial insult. Middleton makes much of the possibility of death, insisting that the reasons that most men fought duels did not deserve death, and that in fighting, the participants abrogated to themselves the role of God.

Middleton's attack on duels goes further, however, taking on central social values, especially those relating to reputation. Although this section displays Middleton's classical education through its frequent use of Seneca, the issues were central in English society. The 'wise man' whose behaviour is to be emulated, who 'cares [not] how many darts of malice or contumely are shot against him' (384–5) was rare. Unlike most others in Jacobean society, he was not overly sensitive to reputation. He is, in a sense, a new man, who really believes that God will exact vengeance from those who have harmed him. Yet in early modern England, as I and other recent scholars—including Martin Ingram and J. A. Sharpe—have shown, reputation was central at all social levels. Reputation governed how others responded to you, where one was placed, the roles one could play in society, and much more. Its implications were not just social, but financial—as suggested by the use of the word 'credit' to describe reputation as well as solvency. As a result, almost everyone was jealous of their reputations: they defended them not only with duels, but with numerous lawsuits. In so far as law is the continuation of a fight by other means, it was a satisfactory substitute for a duel or other violent confrontation; if there was any success in the campaign against duels, it may be indicated by the vast increase in litigation that occurred in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Reputation was shaped by many different components, some of which were extremely sensitive to words spoken by others. Although wealth was an important component of reputation it did not alone ensure the excellence of one's reputation. Rather, the propertied (from the gentry to merchants and shopkeepers as well as yeoman farmers) were assumed to be of good character; they were responsible for the governance of their communities. That presumption could be undermined by anything from excessive drunkenness, to disorderly sexual behaviour, to blatant dishonesty. To allow the allegation of any such behaviour to go unanswered would be to allow people to assume it were true, especially because reputation was based on the opinion of 'people of credit and estimation'—or what people said about you. Middleton argues, however, that reputation was more effectively protected by wise, cautious, and judicious behaviour than by resort to arms.

Middleton's argument required not only a redefinition of the basis of reputation, but of the place of duelling in English society. Violence was a familiar feature of early modern English society, but it was not always accepted. The duel—with its specialized weapons, its elaborate codes and rituals—was a form of the brawl. The ability and willingness to fight was often considered a sign of manliness. The attraction of the duel, however, was its association with the upper class. After all, not everyone could learn to fight with a rapier. Skill was expected to distinguish the true aristocrat from the parvenu. Yet the lines of division in English society were not so clear that such distinctions could be made easily. Although the case which occasioned *The Charge of Sir Francis Bacon Knight* (1614)—on which Middleton based some of his discussion—involved one man called a 'gentleman', and the other 'Esquire', Bacon clearly thought little of them. 'I could have wished that I had met with some greater persons, as a subject for your censure'; it is appropriate for 'the dog to be beaten before the lion'; and finally, 'I should think (my Lords) that men of birth and quality will leave the practice, when it begins to be vilified, and come so low as to barbers surgeons and butchers, and such base mechanical persons.' Middleton develops this theme, suggesting that duelling is not a sign of courage and honour, but shame and dishonour; but while Bacon located the source of the shame in the status of others who fought duels, Middleton located it in the morality of the duel itself.

Duels were enmeshed in concepts of class and masculinity—in particular the manhood of young gentlemen. It is indicative of Middleton's audience that he focuses on duels, rather than the more common—and plebeian—brawl. The argument that Middleton makes against duels serves to separate the manhood of the élite from that of the lower classes of society: not only is Middleton silent on the subject of fights that do not qualify as duels, but his definition of a wise man is effectively reserved for those—at various social levels—who are confident of their position in society: they are the ones who do not need to pay excessive attention to petty slights. For those whose

position is more tenuous, or who are trying to define their place in society, such restraint is difficult. The focus on self-restraint and self-control are part of an attempt to redefine the nature of aristocratic and gentle manhood. They are not unique; indeed the advice literature of the church had for a long time argued that true manhood was *not* violent.

In the context of the redefinition of manhood, *The Peacemaker* is best read as a contribution to the campaign for the 'reformation of manners' in the early seventeenth century. This campaign, usually associated with Puritans, sought to impose higher standards of personal morality on society; it emphasized self-restraint in many forms. This campaign, as described by Keith Wrightson and David Underdown, included intense concern with drinking, reflected in repeated campaigns against alehouses as sources of disorder, crime, and sin. Personal morality was emphasized in the context of proper adherence to gender roles—both in attacks on assertive women and on men who failed to uphold proper (as defined by the reformers) standards of manhood. The campaign for the reformation of manners was carried out by Puritans in the broadest sense of the word—people who wanted religion to represent a more serious commitment to personal moral improvement. The reformation of manners sought to impose stricter standards of behaviour on the (morally) unregenerate masses, and it had support throughout society. This support was, however, concentrated among the 'middling sort'—yeomen, merchants, and craftsmen, whose lives were more likely to conform in any case to its expectations. In the process of trying to create a single moral standard, the campaign divided society profoundly.

Middleton associates the reformation of manners with a reformation of manhood through the connections drawn between drinking and duelling, and underscores the cultural and social divisions it implies. A reformation of manners inevitably leads to cultural polarization, as it distinguishes between those who behave 'properly' and those who do not. But Middleton's shift from all quarrels to duels illuminates the process by which the distinction between the moral and the immoral came to mirror the social polarization of English society in the early seventeenth century. When duelling is accepted as a way of settling disagreements between élite young men, their relationship to violence is distinguished from that of less prosperous young men only by weapons and ritual. While the weapons contribute to the potential for bloodshed that Middleton so laments, they do not remove young men from violence. When the duel is rejected, however, the relationship of élite men to violence is radically different from that of other young men. Those who accept the duel can understand the brawl; those who reject the duel cannot. By proposing to change the relationship of some, but not all, men to violence, Middleton's focus on duels makes this polarization one based more on status than morality. In this way, Middleton contributes to the process of differentiating manhoods—of creating different meanings for manhood in different social groups. The cultural

gap between the godly and the unregenerate has become one between the élite and the rest.

It is in the context of reinventing manhood that the inclusion of a long discussion of drunkenness is necessary in *The Peacemaker*: the self-control necessary for avoiding duels depended on the self-control—more commonly sought—that avoided drunkenness. In addition, the unmanliness of drunkenness, and its association with duelling, made it easier to make the reformation of manhood a central aspect of the reformation of manners. Middleton understood, as did his contemporaries, that all forms of violence were connected; a society which prepared its

sons for war would train them to duel. To argue for a world of peace, where trade, industry, and agriculture flourished, involved redefining what was important, what was valued in society. And it involved creating, in many ways, a new man. That this was always the goal of the godly made the discourse familiar. Middleton’s use of these commonplace ideas reveals the profound transformation of society sought in the reformation of manners.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 648

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 402

The Peacemaker

Or, Great Britain’s Blessing

Framed for the continuance of that mighty happiness
wherein this Kingdom excels many Empires;

Showing the Idleness of a Quarrelling Reputation,
wherein consists neither Manhood nor Wisdom;

5 Necessary for all Magistrates, Officers of Peace, Masters
of Families, for the conformation of Youth, and for
all his Majesty’s most true and faithful Subjects:

To the general avoiding of all
Contention and Bloodshedding.

10

Cum Privilegio.



To all Our true-loving and peace-embracing subjects

The glory of all virtues is action; the crown of all acts,
perfection; the perfection of all things, peace and union.
It is the riches of our beings, the reward of our sufferings,
the music on our deathbeds. Never had so great a treasure
so poor a purchaser, for man hath the offer of it. The God
of Peace sent it, the Lamb of Peace brought it, the Spirit
of Peace confirmed it, and We still seek to preserve it.
With what power then may the good purpose of this work
arrive at the hearts of all faithful Christians? And with
what cheerfulness and freeness ought it to be embraced
of all Our loving subjects, having so many glorious seals
of honour, power, and virtue to strengthen it? All that is
required of Us from you is a faithful and hearty welcome,
and that bestowed upon man’s best and dearest friend,
either in life or death. For peace that hath been a stranger
to you is now become a sister, a dear and natural sister;
and to your holiest loves, We recommend her.

15

20

25

This commentary pays special attention to the work’s sources. For further background on versions of the Bible used by Middleton, see the commentary to *Two Gates*, p. 683.

Title Great Britain’s In 1604 James I was proclaimed ‘King of Great Britain’, the first English monarch to be so styled.

3 **Quarrelling Reputation** (1) contentious disputing of the validity of a reputation; (2) finding fault with a reputation

6 **Families** households (including servants)

11 **Our** The royal plural here and elsewhere together with the royal coat of arms in

type ornaments that accompany the early editions is apparently part of a strategy aimed at giving the impression that the epistle, if not the whole pamphlet, was the work of the king. Two of the ornaments are reproduced in our text; an alternative version of the second is printed in the *Companion*. The earliest state of this forme contains the phrase ‘By the King’—an error possibly deriving from tactics employed to suggest royal authorship.

12 **glory . . . action** i.e. in making virtues

manifest

13 **union** unity, concord

14 **It** peace

15 **music . . . deathbeds** Cf. ‘music at the close’, Shakespeare, *Richard II* 2.1.12.

16–17 **God . . . Lamb . . . Spirit** in reference to the Trinity

19 **work** action (i.e. of sending, bringing, and confirming)

22 **seals** pledges

27 **sister** possibly drawing on conventional iconographic representations of Peace as a sister of Justice



The Peacemaker

30 The book itself in glory of its name
 Is proud to tell from whence the subject came.
 Peace be to you. I greet you in the blessing of a God,
 the salutation of an *Apostle*, and the motto of a *King*.
 My subject hath her being in heaven, her theory in holy
 35 writ, and her practice in England, *insula pacis*: the Land
 of Peace, under the King of Peace.
 Like Noah's dove, she was sent out to seek a resting
 place to see if the whole world were not yet covered with
 the perpetual deluge of *blood* and *enmity*, and only here
 40 she found the *olive leaf*. Hitherto hath she been pilot to
 the *ark*, and here it first touched shore. Here now it hath
 remained full fifteen years, I am proud to report it.
 Rejoice, O England, with thine espoused Scotland, and
 let thy handmaid Ireland joy with thee. Let all thy servant
 45 *islands* be glad; yea, let in strangers to behold and taste
 thy blessings.
 The disturbed French seek succour with thee; the
 troubled Dutch fly to thy confines; the Italian leaves his

hotter climate. These and many more all seek shelter
 under the sweet shadow of thine *olive branches*. 50
 O London, blessed mistress of this happy Britain, build
 new thy gates: there's *peace* ent'ring at them. The God of
Peace hath sent this *peace* of God. O, ever love her that
 she may never leave thee: salute her and invite her. Let
 Whitehall, fit emblem for her purity, be her chief palace, 55
 and let it say, *Ades, alma salus*.
Peace and *contention* lie here on earth as trading factors
 for life and death.
 Who desires not to have traffic with life? Who, weary
 of life, but would die to live? 60
Peace is the passage from life to life; come then to the
 factory of *peace*, thou that desirest to have life: behold
 the substitute of *peace* on earth, displaying the flag of *peace*,
Beati pacifici.
 Let *contention* enjoy, without joy, large empires; here 65
 we enjoy, with all joy, our happy *sanctuary*. It was born
 with him; he brought it with him after five-and-thirty
 years' increase, and here hath multiplied it to fifty with
 us. O blessed *jubilee*, let it be celebrated with all joy and
 cheerfulness, and all sing *Beati pacifici*. 70
 And are not the labours blessed with the workman?
 England and Scotland (though not malicious enemies, yet
 churlish neighbours) are reconciled, feast, love, live, and
 die together, are indeed no more neither what they were,
 but a new thing betwixt them, more firm and near in their 75

32 **Peace...you** a salutation in Gen. 43:23 and Christ's words to the disciples after the resurrection as recorded in Luke 24:36 and John 20:19, 20, 26
 32-3 **God...Apostle...King** The text is unusual in italicizing many such common nouns.
 33 **salutation...Apostle** many of the Apostle Paul's epistles begin with the salutation, 'Grace be with you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ' (Geneva-Tomson)
motto...King i.e. *Beati pacifici*, blessed are the peacemakers (Latin), Matt. 5:9, the motto of James I
 35 **insula pacis** island of peace (Latin)
 37 **Noah's dove** Gen. 8:8
 40 **olive leaf** Gen. 8:11; the *olive* is also an emblem of peace.
 42 **fifteen years** i.e. the length of the reign of James I since becoming king of England
 43 **espoused Scotland** i.e. by virtue of James's uniting of England and Scotland under his rule
 44 **handmaid** perhaps a figurative use of the naval sense of a vessel employed to attend on larger ships
 44-5 **servant islands** presumably in reference to islands under English rule such as Jersey and Guernsey
 45 **let in strangers** either as visitors or immigrants
 47 **disturbed French** possibly in allusion to the turmoil generated by the assassination of Henri IV in 1610
 48 **troubled Dutch** The final years of the Twelve Years' Truce between Spain and the Dutch United Provinces (1609-21) were akin to a cold-war period during which the Dutch were making preparations for renewed hostilities; Dutch enclaves and interests elsewhere in Europe were also under threat.
Italian James I was advised in 1609 to found a college for Italian refugees in England, casualties of political and religious skirmishes among independent Italian and neighbouring states.
 51 **happy** blessed; fortunate
 51-2 **build new thy gates** The 1618 edition of Stow's *Survey of London* draws attention to the recent 'new building' of two of London's gates: Aldgate and Aldersgate.
 53 **peace** with a pun on 'piece'
 55 **Whitehall** the palace of the kings of England from Henry VIII to William III, situated on the north bank of the Thames near Westminster Bridge; the reference plays on the suitability of 'white' as an emblem of purity.
 56 **Ades, alma salus** 'Come, kindly salvation (Latin); possibly derived from Statius, *Thebaid*, 10.611: 'venit alma salus', kindly salvation comes.
 57 **factors** agents
 60 **but** that
 62 **factory** workshop; trading station
 63 **substitute** deputy
 64 **Beati pacifici** Blessed are the peacemakers (Latin), Matt. 5:9
 66 **sanctuary** refuge, shelter
 67 **him** 'the substitute of peace on earth', i.e. James I
 67-8 **five-and-thirty...increase** the reference is presumably to James I's age at his accession to the English throne in 1603, but the reckoning is faulty: he was born 19 June 1566 and so was 36 when Elizabeth I died.
 68 **fifty** as with the preceding reference, at least one year out of line with James I's age in 1618
 69 **jubilee** fiftieth anniversary; among the significances of the Biblical Year of Jubilee was the proclamation of liberty to all the inhabitants of the land (Lev. 25:9-10)
 72-3 **England...reconciled** The political union of the English and Scottish monarchies that resulted from James becoming king of England significantly reduced tensions between the two nations.

loving union than ever divided in their hearty unkindness; and now both say with one tongue, *Beati pacifici*.

80 Ireland, that rebellious outlaw, that so many years cried blood and death (filling her marish grounds with massacres, affording many preys of slaughtered bodies to her ravenous wolves, and in their wombs keeping the brutish obsequies), would know no lord, but grew more stubborn in her chastisement till this white ensign was displayed; then she came running with this hallowed text in her mouth: *Beati pacifici*.

85 Spain, that great and long-lasting opposite, betwixt whom and England the ocean ran with blood not many years before, nor ever truced her crimson effusion: their merchants on either side trafficked in blood, their Indian ingots brought home in blood (a commerce too cruel for Christian kingdoms), yet now shake hands in friendly amity and speak our blessing with us, *Beati pacifici*.

90 Nay, what Christian kingdom that knows the blessing of *peace* has not desired and tasted this our blessing from us? Come they not hither as to the fountain from whence it springs? Here sits Solomon, and hither come the *tribes* for judgements. O happy moderator, blessed father, not father of thy country alone, but father of all thy neighbour countries about thee. Spain and her withstanding provinces (long bruised on both sides) thou hast set at peace, turning their bloody leaguers to leaguers

of friendship. Do not those children now live to bless thee (who had else been buried in their parents' wombs) and say, *Beati pacifici*?

Denmark and Suecia, Suecia and Poland, Cleves and Brandenburg; have not these and many more come to this oracle of *peace* and received their dooms from it? If the members of a natural body by concord assist one another, if the politic members of a kingdom help one another, and by it support itself, why shall not the monarchical bodies of many kingdoms be one mutual Christendom, if still they sing this blessed lesson taught them, *Beati pacifici*?

Let England then, the seat of our Solomon, rejoice in her happy government, yea, her government of governments; and she that can set peace with others, let her, at least, enjoy it herself. Let us love peace, and be at peace in love. We live in *Beth-salem*, the house of *Peace*; then let us ever sing this song of peace, *Beati pacifici*.

*Detraction snarls and tempts fair Peace to show
The plenty of her fruits and how they grow.*

120 *Sed ubi fructus?* Where are all these rich and opulent blessings that this tender white-robed Peace hath brought with her? *Ætas parentum peior avis*, etc. Our *grandfathers*, for the most part, were honester men than our *fathers*, our *fathers* better than we, and our *children* are like enough to

76 **hearty** bold; zealous

78 **Ireland...outlaw** in allusion to the rebellious posture of the Irish tribal chieftains, and possibly Tyrone and Tyrconnell in particular, who despite submission to the English crown in 1603 continued to wield their accustomed authority until 1607

79 **marish** marshy

81-2 **in their wombs...obsequies** in their bellies observing the savage funeral rites

83 **white ensign** i.e. as a token of peaceful or friendly intention; possibly in reference to James's efforts to establish himself as Ireland's sovereign lord, thereby supplanting the authority of the tribal chiefs, and his proclamation that the Irish were his 'free, natural and immediate subjects'; also included might be allusion to the plantation of Ulster that followed the departure of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, which aimed by the redistribution of land to set up a new order.

84 **hallowed** with a pun on the senses 'sanctified' and 'shouted'

87 **ocean... blood** i.e. in reference to the Spanish Armada of 1588 and other naval battles in Elizabeth's reign

88 **truced** put an end to

88-9 **their...side** presumably Spanish merchants on either side of the Atlantic, since they now *shake hands in friendly amity...with us*

89 **trafficked** traded

89-90 **Indian ingots** i.e. precious metals

90 **brought home in blood** presumably in allusion to Spanish atrocities in the New World

91-2 **shake hands...amity** James concluded a peace with Spain in August 1604

96 **Solomon** In wisdom and as a peace-maker Solomon (the name means 'peace-making' or 'man of peace') had a particular appeal for James I, which is reflected both in his own writings and those of his contemporaries.

97 **tribes** classes or divisions of persons; possibly with a play through the Latin form of James (*Jacobus*) on the twelve tribes descended from Jacob

98 **father** Cf. James's insistence on himself as father of all his subjects; also Solomon as the father of David (and James was also blessed as a father of an heir, Charles)

100 **withstanding** opposing or offering resistance

provinces in reference to the United Provinces, the seven northern provinces of the Netherlands allied by the Union of Utrecht (1579); with the support of France and England the Netherlands forced Spain to agree to the Twelve Years' Truce that ran from 1609 to 1621

101 **leaguers** laagers, military camps

102 **children** carrying on the image of James as father; cf. Solomon and his children

105 **Denmark...Poland** King James intervened in a diplomatic capacity

to defuse tensions between Denmark (King Kristian IV was his brother-in-law) and Sweden (*Suecia*, Latin) in the Treaty of Knäred, 21 Jan. 1613, after the War of Kalmar; and in Nov. 1613, in conjunction with the Dutch, he mediated between Sweden and Poland, whose King Sigismund III was a pretender to the throne of Sweden, in an attempt to achieve a lasting armistice or truce.

105-6 **Cleves and Brandenburg** The crisis over succession that arose from the death in 1609 of the childless Catholic Duke of Cleves, Jülich, and Berg, three strategically and economically valuable duchies situated along the lower Rhine, produced various claimants and political entanglements. James favoured the protestant Elector of Brandenburg and contributed to a resolution of sorts in arranging the Treaty of Xanten in 1614.

107 **dooms** judgements, sentences

112 **lesson** with a pun on the senses 'musical exercise or performance' and 'matter to be learned'

117 **Beth-salem** house of peace (Hebrew)

119 **Detraction** disparagement, calumny (here, the voice of nostalgia for Elizabeth's reign)

121 **Sed ubi fructus?** But where are the fruits? (Latin); untraced

123 **Ætas...avis** Our parents' age, worse than our grandsires' (Latin; Horace, *Odes*, III.6.46)

be worse than ourselves. Does *Peace* keep a palace where *charity* may warm herself?

Peace answers

130 Shame, murmurer, hadst thou rather with the forgetful Israelites go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt, bought with blows and burdens, than eat *manna* in the way to Canaan?

Dost thou thirst here? 'Tis for want of *sacrifice* to him that should refresh thee then.

135 Thy grandfather prayed for this that thou enjoyest, and though he had it not himself, yet prepared it as a blessing on thee. The sun that daily shines on thee, thou letst it pass with a careless and neglective eye; but were it hid from thee the change of a *moon*, thou wouldst then welcome it with all alacrity and cheerfulness.

140 Were blows more bountiful to thee? Did blood yield thee benefit? War afford thee wealth? Didst thou make that thine own by violence which was another's by right? It may be the *handmaid* was fruitful and the mistress barren, but Sarah has now brought forth, and in her seed are the blessings come.

145 Hagar is despised, *Peace* hath conceived, and smiling Isaac hath left us Jacob, a new Israel, a prince of God, a man that hath prevailed with God to plant his peace with us.

150 The trading merchant finds it, who daily plows the sea, and as daily reaps the harvest of his labours. What wants England that the world can enrich her with? Tyre sends in her purples, India her spices, Afric her gold, Muscovy her costly skins of beasts, all her neighbour countries their

best traffic, and all purchased by friendly commerce, not, as before, by savage cruelty.

155

The fearless trades and handicraft men sing away their labours all day, having no note drowned with either noise of drum or cannon, and sleep with *peace* at night.

The frolic countryman opens the fruitful earth and crops his plenty from her fertile bosom; nay, even his toiling beasts are trapped with bells, who taste in their labours the harmony of peace with their awful governors.

160

The *magistrate*, constantly draws his sword of justice on offenders, not o'erawed by party-headed contentions.

The kingdom's beauty, the *nobility*, who were wont to be strangers in their native country, leading the ranks of blood and death against their enemies, have now no enemy, but keep their practice amongst themselves to pastime with (*nonne hæc meminisse voluptas?*). And now, more sweet and holy, are pillars at home, that were enforced to be prodigies abroad; all being by a heavenly *metamorphosis* trans-shaped to become the becoming branches of the great *olive tree* of *peace*. And doth not *Charity* dwell here with *Peace*? O blind detraction. Has not in foretimes unwilling necessity erected two *hospitals*? And now most free and willing *Charity* hath, in augmentation of her glory, raised twenty *almshouses*; yea, so many for one, and give her true testimony.

165

170

175

Nay, has she not done the great wonder? Built some churches, repaired many, and still her hand is dealing? Is not the sum of all, *Religion*, established by her? Are not the *flesh-eating* fires quenched, and our faggots converted

180

128 **murmurer** one who complains against constituted authority; in reference to Exod. 16:2

128-9 **forgetful**...**Egypt** in reference to Exod. 16:3

130 **Canaan** the land of promise

131 **thirst** in allusion to the thirst of the children of Israel after departing the wilderness of Sin (Exod. 17:2-3)

136 **neglective** neglectful

137 **the change of a moon** a month

142 **mistress barren** Queen Elizabeth, who ruled during the wars with Spain in the time of Middleton's father and grandfather, was childless; James had three children.

143 **Sarah** wife of Abraham; barren for ninety years, she at last gave birth to Isaac.

145 **Hagar** Egyptian handmaid of Sarah; while Sarah was barren she offered her maid, Hagar, as a concubine to Abraham and Hagar bore him Ishmael (Gen. 16). **Peace hath conceived** In addition to figurative senses, Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, daughter of James I, had given birth to her second son 24 December 1617 and was pregnant with her first daughter, Elizabeth, in the spring of 1618.

146 **Jacob** son of Isaac, but also in reference

to James I, playing on the Latin form of his name, *Jacobus*

147 **prevailed with God** in allusion to Jacob's wrestling with God in the form of a man; when Jacob prevailed, his opponent conferred on him the blessing of changing Jacob's name to Israel (Gen. 32:24-8)

150 **wants** lacks; desires

151-3 **Tyre**...**beasts** in allusion to expanded trade resulting largely from expeditions on the part of the Muscovy (Russia), Levant, and East India Companies especially after 1609

151-2 **Tyre**...**purples** Tyre was famous for its scarlet or purple dye extracted from local shellfish.

152 **India her spices** Possibly in reference to the East Indies, which were famous for spices.

Afric Africa was believed to have rich gold mines.

Muscovy Russia

154 **traffic** goods, merchandise

159 **frolic** merry; free

161 **trapped** adorned

162 **awful** profoundly respectful

163 **constantly** resolutely, faithfully

164 **party-headed** partisan

166 **strangers**...**country** i.e. because they

were abroad marshalling forces against the country's enemies

168-9 **pastime** amuse themselves

169 **nonne**...**voluptas** Surely it is a pleasure to remember these things? (Latin); possibly adapted from Ovid, *Heroides*, 18.55: '*namque est meminisse voluptas*', for the memory has a charm for me.

170 **pillars** persons who are the main supporters of the state

171 **prodigies** persons whose deeds excite wonder

172 **trans-shaped** changed in form, transformed

175 **two hospitals** Possibly in reference to St Thomas's in Southwark and St Bartholomew's in West Smithfield, two of London's five main hospitals, which cared for 'the poor by casualty' including wounded soldiers, decayed housekeepers, and those visited with grievous disease, according to the 1633 edition of Stow's *Survey of London*.

177 **twenty almshouses** In 1618 several members of the Fishmongers' Company erected, at their own expense, 22 almshouses in the parish of St Mary's, Newington, where Middleton lived; King James named them 'St Peter's Hospital'.

The Peace-maker.

185 to gentler uses? O, but those cornfields must never be without some *tares* until the general *harvest*: Israel must not at once destroy all the inhabitants of the Land of Promise, but by little and little, lest they boast and say, it was our strength and not the Lord's hand that did it.

190 Nor shall our *peace* in her young plantation enjoy so full and perfect a tranquillity, but that there will be with us contentious Canaanites, seditious Jebusites, crafty Gibeonites, drunken Amorites, and arrogant Anakims.

195 *Envy* shall stand between and hold two brothers of either hand of her; *sectarists* and *schismatics* shall break the *peace* of God, wound the mother of *peace* (the Church), and bind together false brotherhoods to dissipate the unity and bonds of *peace*.

200 *Law* shall wrangle with her; *Ebriety* and *Drink* shall strike her, *Pride* and *Ambition* shall seek to overthrow her; yea, even her oily and most dangerous enemy, *Hypocrisy*, shall get within to strangle her; yet still shall she stand, and reign, and conquer. *Invidiam pax prosternet*. She shall mount to *heaven* and throw her enemies as low as *hell*, where *peace* shall never come.

205 *Envy* shall gnaw her own entrails, *Schism* shall perish, *Law* shall be silent, *Drunkenness* shall burst itself, *Pride* shall be humbled in her own habitation, and hollow-hearted *Hypocrisy* shall find no *peace*.

210 *Ubi deorum numen prætenditur sceleribus, subit animum timor* (Flamin. Consul.). Where the majesty of God is made a colour for mischief, a fear comes into that breast: his

peace shall be tremblings and doubts and horrors; his heart shall then faint that told him before, like heart-stealing Absalom in his father's gates, thy cause was good, when it was not so. Or like the false and foolish prophets that told the people it was *pax, pax*, peace, peace, when it was no peace (Ezek. 13:10). 215

The walls were daubed with untempered mortar, and they shall fall, yet still shall *Truth* have *Peace*, and the *Peacemaker* shall preserve the truth; they shall dwell together and live together. The heavenly Soldiers have sung it; the Father hath sent it; the Son hath brought it; the blessed Dove shall preserve it, ever comfort us with it; our anointed hath received it; we do enjoy it, and see it plentiful in Israel. 220

Peace takes a view of such as do molest 225
And kindle most unquiet in her breast.

Put up the *bell-bearer* first, then all the flock will follow. *Pride* has lost her place, or comes behind for her greater state; 'tis *Drunkenness* that leads now—and mark the *herd* that troop after her. *Lust* follows close, *Contention* at her sleeve. *Emulation* on t'other side; *Envy* keeps the scent like a bloodhound; *Revenge* and *Murder* come coupled together. 230

The smaller-headed *beasts* are unseen yet, as *Breach of Friendship*, unlocking hearty secrets, *Slander*, *Oaths* and *Blasphemies*, fearful *Invocations* (all which custom hath driven so far distant from the *soul's eye*, as the moon from the *ocular sight*, whose body overbulks the *Earth's* large 235

183-4 O, but...*harvest* in reference to the parable of the tares, Matt. 13:24-39; Geneva-Tomson glosses the passage: 'Christ showeth in another parable of the evil seed mixed with the good that the Church shall never be free and quit from offences, both in doctrine and manners, until the day appointed for the restoring of all things do come, and therefore the faithful have to arm themselves with patience and constancy.'

190-1 Canaanites...Anakims Peoples who inhabited Canaan, the land of promise, previous to and concurrently with the Israelites, and deemed worldly and unsanctified enemies of the true people of God. Only the epithet 'crafty' appears to have particular relevance to the people named. The Gibeonites tricked the Israelites into making a treaty with the city of Gibeon (Josh. 9).

193 *sectarists* zealous members of a sect *schismatics* those who promote schism or disunity

197 *Ebriety* drunkenness

201 *Invidiam...prosternet* Peace will overthrow envy (Latin); untraced

204 *Envy...entrails* a common emblematic representation of Envy; cf. Middleton's contribution to *Magnificent Entertainment*, 2152-3

205 *Drunkenness* James I issued a number of proclamations aimed at reducing the incidence of drunkenness in the

early years of his reign (despite his own addiction to alcohol); in *A Counterblast to Tobacco* he called drunkenness 'the root of all sins'.

208-9 *Ubi...timor* Livy 39.16.7; translated in the following line

209 *Flamin. Consul.* The quoted passage comes not from Livy's account of the consulship of Gaius Flaminius and M. Aemilius Lepidus (187 BC) but from that of his successors, Spurius Postumius Albinus and Quintus Marcius Philippus.

210 *colour* pretext

212-14 *heart-stealing Absalom...not so* in reference to Absalom's conspiracy to usurp David's throne; II Sam. 15:2 (Geneva): 'And Absalom rose up early, and stood hard by the entering in of the gate...'; 15:3: 'Then Absalom said unto him, See, thy matters are good and righteous, but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee' and 15:6: 'And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel, that came to the king for judgement: so Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.'

217-18 *The walls...fall* adapted from Ezek. 13:10-11 (Geneva): 'And therefore, because they have deceived my people, saying, Peace, and there was no peace: and one built up a wall, and behold, the others daubed it with untempered mortar, Say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall

fall...'

217 *daubed* coated, covered

220 *heavenly Soldiers* i.e. angels

220-1 *heavenly Soldiers...sung it* in reference to Luke 2:13-14 (Geneva-Tomson), with lyrics cited at ll. 642-3. Geneva-Tomson glosses 'a multitude of heavenly soldiers' (Luke 2:13): 'Whole armies of angels, which compass the majesty of God round about, as it were soldiers'.

222 *Dove* Spirit of God (in completion of the Trinity)

223 *our anointed* i.e. King James

227 *Put up* rouse; accuse; enclose

bell-bearer the leading sheep of a flock from the neck of which hangs a bell

233 *as* namely

235-6 *custom...eye* in oblique allusion to St. Augustine's '*Consuetudo peccati tollit sensum peccandi*': the custom of sinning takes away the feeling of sin

236-8 *moon...centre* apparently in reference to the belief that the moon was larger than the earth, found, for example, in Pliny, *Natural History*, II.viii.49; *the earth's large centre* would accordingly refer to the earth's size and position at the centre of the universe

237 *ocular sight* physical vision (as opposed to rational or spiritual observation, the *soul's eye*)

overbulks exceeds in size

centre, yet seems as little as her *figure* taken on the tavern sign, where these brutish orgies are *celebrated*), *Abuse of Time*, *Riot*, *Prodigality*, and lineal-succeeding *Poverty*. All these are *Peace's* professed *Enemies*, her domestic foes, who, unless this fore-battle be repulsed and suppressed in the first assault, the rest will follow, though to their own *perdition*.

245 *Non ignota refero*, these are no wonders with us. There may be *monsters* among them, but too familiar with our *acquaintance*. Examine the *ringleader*: *Drunkness* is no *stranger* in the world; she came in with the earth's first general *curse*, and he that 'scaped that *inundation of waters* tasted the deluge of *wine*. *Shame* fell on him, and his *curse* to *posterity*. Noah tasted one, and Ham felt the other. Lot had his portion in her: there *Drunkness* begat *Incest* (an *unnatural issue of a brutish mother*) and her succession, two wicked *generations*, Moab and Ammon. *Drunkness* played the part of a *headsman* with Holofernes, stooping his neck to the weak arm of a *woman*; and he that stopped the *waters* of Bethulia from others had so much of his own *wine* as made him senseless of either *wine* or *water* ever after.

260 *Alexander inter epulas Clitum carissimum transfodit*: the friend hath sprinkled his wine-bowls with the dear *blood* of his friend. O brutish sacrifice! O man unmanned! O absent man! Where, out of thyself, dost thou remain while this fiend possesseth thee? But why do we seek *antiquities* for proof of a practice so present with us? Had Israel any sin that England hath missed? Was Noah drunk, one of the ark, and one of the eight reeling there? It is eight to one that seven of eight do stagger here, if not the whole vessel.

It was a shame to one then, but custom hath made it no shame for all now. Did Lot commit incest with his own daughters? Could we not wish *Drunkness* to excuse us now? Does not *Lust*, her hellish handmaid, challenge this weapon hers? The example was too soon found, and yet too late to remember. O, would that had been the first, and that we might never know a second. *Nec linguam nec manum continet ebrius*, how many bosomed counsels have been vomited out of the mouth of a drunkard, though to the ruin and destruction of his former friend?

280 *O insania voluntaria!* O wilful madness of man, to depress and quench out all thy faculties of reason with this puddle *Drunkness!* Thou, that armed in thine own lordly fortitudes, canst reach the stars, measure the earth's large globe, search and understand the sea's profound *abyss*, yet in this sottish ignorance canst not find the depth of thine own stomach. The Jews' old proverb hath carried his full sense quite through Christendom: *chomets ben yayin*. Wine must needs acknowledge itself the parent of vinegar, meaning that a good father may have a different and saucy son. But we have from him the daughter of a worse hair: this common strumpet, *Drunkness*, whom almost all sorts do sleep with—not *vinum ægrum*, but *ægrotum*, is our issue, a sick and unwholesome harlot; yet hath spread herself into large offsprings, in most lineal and natural children, as *Lust*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, *Murder*, etc., all impious and turbulent peacebreakers.

295 *O Peace!* Shall we not fear thy longer abode with us if we embrace thee with no better love? How many loving friends have broke that diamond of amity (whose pieces once dissevered can never be reconciled) for the embrace

239 **where** i.e. in a tavern
celebrated with a play on the *celebration* of eucharist
 240 **lineal-succeeding** in the direct line of succession
 242 **fore-battle** advance battalion; advance engagement
 245 *Non ignota refero* I do not report strange matters (Latin); untraced
 251 **Noah . . . other** in reference to Ham's discovery of his father, Noah, naked in a state of drunkenness; in the Geneva Bible Ham's derisive and contemptuous report of his father's state to his brothers Shem and Japheth brought about Noah's curse on Ham's posterity, Gen. 9:20–5
 251–2 **Lot . . . incest** in allusion to Lot's daughters plying their father with wine in preparation for incestuous union to preserve his seed, Gen. 19:32–8
 253 **issue** offspring
 254 **Moab and Ammon** sons of Lot by his daughters; Ammon is more commonly referred to as Ben-ammi, Gen. 19:38
 255 **Holofernes** The Assyrian King Nebuchadnezzar's chief general who, after laying siege to the Israelites at

Bethulia, was beguiled by the charms of Judith. When he succumbed to drink in anticipation of her submission to him, she cut off his head; Jth. 2:4–13:20.
 260 *Alexander . . . transfodit* Alexander stabbed Clitus, his dearest friend, at a banquet (Latin); a slightly modified version of Seneca, *Epistle* 83.19 or *Of Anger* III.17.1.
 262 **brutish sacrifice** in contrast to the Christian sacrifice (which also involves wine and blood)
man unmanned Alexander (an epitome of manhood) deprived of manly attributes; also contrasting with the paradox of Christ's incarnation
 262–3 **absent man** i.e. in reference to the disappearance of the drunkard's rational faculties and loss of self-control; also in contrast to 'present God' of Christian sacrament
 266–7 **one . . . reeling there** The *eight* who survived the flood consisted of Noah, his three sons (Ham, Shem, and Japheth), and their respective wives; only one of this number succumbed to drink (Noah).
 272 **challenge** claim

274 **late** recent; delayed
 275–6 *Nec . . . ebrius* The drunkard restrains neither tongue nor hand (Latin); adapted from Seneca, *Epistle* 83.20
 279 *O insania voluntaria* O condition of insanity purposely assumed (Latin); probably adapted from Seneca, *Epistle* 83.18
 284–5 **canst not . . . stomach** i.e. his stomach is bottomless
 286 *chomets ben yayin* vinegar, son of wine (Hebrew); derived from *The Babylonian Talmud. Seder Nezikin. Baba Mezi'a*, fol. 83b, which remained untranslated into Latin until later in the century and did not appear in English until the late nineteenth century. A citation in some as yet unidentified work seems the likeliest source.
 289 **saucy** with a pun on the senses 'highly seasoned, piquant' and 'insolent'
 290 **hair** kind, nature
 291 *vinum ægrum . . . ægrotum* sour wine . . . diseased (Latin); untraced
 293 **spread** dispersed
 296 **fear** doubt

300 of a lascivious courtesan whose arms are like the iron idol that crushed the cursed sacrifices in pieces?

305 *Envy!* O what does that *ulcus animæ* amongst us? That Etna in a man that continually burns itself, *intus et extra*, within and without; that, like the *cantharides* found feeding on the fairest and flourishing roses, so *Envy* is ever opposed against the most sweet, noble, flourishing, and peaceful blossoms. Were she as rare as the comparison, I could call her *phoenix*, and wish that this day she would burn herself and leave her ashes issueless.

310 *Revenge!* Whence have we borrowed thee? O Sal-moneus' terror: shall we play with thunder and lightning, and follow thy precipitated fate? Shall we snatch the sword (the peculiar sword) from the Almighty hand? Have we received wrongs on earth? Consider then if we have done
315 no wrongs to heaven. If we stand guilty there (as, *quis non?*), do we then revenge? No, we stand disobedient and repugnant to our own just punishments. We have a milder Sister given in her stead: *Justice*, the arbiter of our injuries. But *Vengeance* is God's alone, which no man ought to
320 take in hand, but as delivered from his hand; nor so to imitate his Majesty and Greatness that does it not but by authority, and in the way and path of his goodness.

Murder! O Cain-created sin! Cursed catastrophe of all the rest! This is *summum opus*: here is the full point and
325 end of the labour. All the precedent travellers are here at home, the end hazardous the endless end: fearful spectacle! Here is capital sacrilege, the temple of a *holy spirit* robbed and ruined. Here is treason in the highest degree: the workmanship and image of the *Creator* defaced. Un-
330 happy passive, but more, and most of all, unhappy active! Thou that dost murder dost first deface Him in thyself, then in thy brother. God is the God of *Peace*, of *Mercy*, *Meekness*, *Long Suffering*, and *Loving Kindness*: all these hast thou expelled from thyself and lost thy shape with

them; there is neither *Peace*, *Mercy*, *Meekness*, *Sufferance*, 335 nor *Love* in thee. Then in thy brother thou destroyest them. His blood is *vox clamans*; and he is enforced in death from the many mouths of his wounds to cry out for revenge. But is heaven far off, and will not that move us? Look upon the deed then with natural *pity* (or a *conscience*, 340 which is as inseparable as thy soul, that shall not leave thee living). Behold a brother weeping over his brother, a distracted mother tearing her hair and rending her heart for her child's loss, a friend with tears embalming his dear friend's body, a raving father ready to send his soul after
345 his son, yea, perhaps his only son, his name and posterity destroyed with him. Then brothers, friends, mothers, fathers, all their curses to be thrown on thee. Are heaven and earth both dull motives to thee? O, beware the third place: let hell affright thee, and let thy *conscience* describe
350 it to thee.

I return to that which I would wish thee never to pass—and then thou canst not come to the unblessed discovery of it—and its paths, before recited, that lead thee to it: *Peace*. Stay and abide with her and thou shalt never know
355 her enemies, God's enemies, and thine own enemies. Let them that seek peace, find peace, enjoy peace, and have their souls laid up in eternal peace.

Of wise men I discourse, by injuries never shaken.

What reputation is, I show: a thing so long mistaken. 360

In this small particle consists the ground of all quarrels whatsoever, either by suspecting false things, or by aggravating small things. Now how far these two are from the ways of a wise man, and how ill-becoming, reason
365 makes manifest, for suspicion and aggravation are the offsprings of passion, and a wise man is free from passion.

Nor can there be a greater argument of defect and despair of merit in man than suspicion; and mark her

300-1 **iron idol** . . . **pieces** The passage is reminiscent of several Biblical elements: the image that had legs of iron and broke all that opposed it in pieces, Dan. 2:32 ff., the stone cut without hands that destroyed the image, Dan. 2:34 and 45, and the whore of Babylon, Rev. 17.

302 **ulcus animæ** ulcer of the spirit (Latin); untraced

303-4 **intus et extra** inside and outside (Latin); untraced

304 **cantharides** properly an insect commonly called Spanish fly, but probably used here, as often in early writers, for 'aphides'

308 **phoenix** the fabled bird, of which only one existed at any time, that lived 500 or 600 years in the Arabian desert, was consumed by flame, and then rose anew from its own ashes

310-11 **Sal-moneus' terror** Arrogantly boasting that he was greater than Zeus, Sal-moneus drove through his city a chariot fitted with noise-making

devices and threw torches into the air to simulate thunder and lightning. Zeus destroyed his city and hurled him into Tartarus with a thunderbolt; derived from the accounts by Diodorus Siculus 4.68 and Apollodorus, 1.9.7-8.

312 **precipitated** violently cast down
312-13 **sword** . . . **hand** i.e. the sword of justice; Geneva-Tomson glosses Matt. 26:51: 'They take the sword to whom the Lord hath not given it, that is to say, they which use the sword, and are not called to it.'

313 **peculiar** own particular

315-16 **quis non?** who [does] not? (Latin); untraced

317-18 **milder Sister** Justice (Dike) was the sister of Peace (Eirene) and Discipline (Eunomia), who together were referred to as the Horae. They were sisters also of the three fates (Moirai), who may be confused or mixed here with the avenging furies (Erinyes).

319 **Vengeance** . . . **alone** Deut. 32:35

323 **Cain-created** Gen. 4:8

323-4 **catastrophe** . . . **rest** disastrous end or conclusion of the sequence embracing Drunkenness, Envy, Revenge

324 **summum opus** the highest part of the work (Latin); untraced

325 **precedent travellers** i.e. as Pride, Drunkenness, Envy, Revenge

326 **end** . . . **endless end** conclusion (or death) risking eternal damnation

330 **passive** . . . **active** 'suffering action brought about by external agency' (e.g. as the victim of some action) as opposed to 'originating or exerting action upon others' (e.g. as the perpetrator of murder)

337 **vox clamans** a voice crying (Latin); untraced

342 **living** i.e. while you are alive

343 **distracted** mentally deranged

361 **particle** i.e. reputation

362 **suspecting** imagining something to be evil, false, or undesirable on slight or no grounds

- 370 nutriment, what strange food passion hath provided for
it. It feeds upon false things, for indeed, true things are
not to be suspected. And how just the punishment meets
with the offence: in erring from the truth, it hath falsehood
for a reward. But *in peiora ruunt omnia*, the worse devil is
behind.
- 375 The aggravation of small things, when a spark shall
grow to a flaming beacon, a word to a wound, the lie
to a life; when every man will be the master of his own
revenge, presuming to give law to themselves, and in rage
to right their own wrongs, at which time the sword is
380 extorted out of the hand of magistracy, contrary to the
sacred ordinance of the Almighty.
- Now the wise and understanding man is not subject
or exposed to any of these injuries whatsoever; neither
cares he how many darts of malice or contumely are
385 shot against him, since he knows that he cannot be
pierced. Even as there are certain hard stones which iron
cannot enter; and the adamant will neither be cut, filed,
nor beaten to powder, but abateth the edge of those
instruments that are applied unto it; and as there are
390 certain things which cannot be consumed with fire, but
continue their hardness and habitude amidst the flames;
and as the rocks that are fixed in the heart of the sea break
the waves and retain no impression of the storms that
have assailed them; so the heart of a wise man is solid,
- 370-1 **true things** ... **suspected** genuine things are not disposed to be imagined guilty or false
- 373 **in peiora ruunt omnia** all things fall quickly into ruin in worse states (Latin); untraced
- 380 **extorted** wrested
- 382-97 **Now** ... **mention** of probably derived from Thomas Lodge's translation of Seneca's *Works* (1614), *Of the Constancy of a Wise Man*, 3.5: 'I say then that a wise man is not subject or exposed to any injury whatsoever; neither careth he how many darts are shot against him since he knoweth that he cannot be pierced. Even as there are certain hard stones which iron cannot enter; and the adamant will neither be cut, filed, or beat to powder, but abateth the edge of these tools that are applied unto it; as there are certain things which cannot be consumed by fire, but continue their hardness and habitude amidst the flames; and even as the rocks that are fixed in the heart of the sea break the waves and, although they have been assaulted and beat upon many infinite times, retain no impression of the storms that have assailed them; even so the heart of a wise man is solid, and hath gathered such force that he is as secure from injury as those I made mention of.'
- 384 **contumely** reproachful treatment, disgrace
- 387 **adamant** very hard mineral identified with diamond
- 391 **habitude** constitution, essential character
- 397-402 **Not that** ... **heaven** translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 4.1, with some resemblances to Lodge: 'What then, is there no man that will attempt to do injury to a wise man? Yes, he will attempt, but he shall not attain unto him; for he is so highly raised above all the attaints of worldly things that there is no violence whatsoever that can aim his attempts so high ... All their endeavours shall be frustrate before a wise man be offended, even as arrows and bullets that are shot into the air mount more high than our sight, but they fall back again without touching heaven.'
- 398 **attaints** blows; stains
- 402-6 **and as** ... **effect** translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 4.2 with some resemblances to Lodge: 'Even as celestial things are not subject to human hands, and they that overturn temples and melt down images do no ways hurt the deity, so whatsoever is attempted either crabbedly, immodestly, or proudly against a wise man is done in vain.'
- 406-8 **and are** ... **world** translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 9.1, which reads in Lodge: 'He therefore endureth all these misfortunes as he would abide the rigour of the winter, rains, heats, and other accidents ...', possibly conflated with the marginal commentary: '*All injuries to a wise man are but as cold and heat, rain and sickness.*'
- 412 **pre-fix** fix or appoint beforehand
- 413-14 **Quis** ... **irascitur** translated in following line (Latin); Seneca, *Constancy*, 13.1
- 414-24 **For what** ... **insolencies** derived from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 13.1-2: '... for what physician is angry with a lunatic person? Who will interpret a sick man's reproaches to the worst that is vexed with a fever, and is forbidden to drink cold water? The same affection hath a wise man towards all men as the physician hath towards his sick patients, who disdaineth not to handle their privities if they have need of remedy, nor to see their urines and excrements, nor to hear the outrages which fear maketh them to utter. The wise man knoweth that all these which jet in their gowns, or are apparelled in purple, who, although they are well coloured and fair, are sick and diseased, whom in no other sort he looketh upon but as intemperate sick men. Therefore is he not angry with them if during their sickness they have been so bold as to speak injuriously against him who would heal them; and as he setteth light by all their honours, so tormenteth he himself as little with their despite and insolencies.'
- and hath gathered such invincible force that he stands as secure from injury as those insensible substances I made mention of. Not that injuries are not offered him, but that he admits them not, so highly raised above all the attaints of worldly wrongs that all their violences shall be frustrate before a wise man be offended. Even as arrows or bullets that are shot into the air mount higher than our sight, but they fall back again without touching heaven; and as celestial things are not subject to human hands; and they that overturn temples do no way hurt the godhead to whom they are consecrated; so, whatsoever injuries are attempted against a wise man return without effect, and are to him but as cold or heat, rain or hail, the weather of the world.
- And for words of contumely, it is held so small, and so slight an injury as no wise man complains or revengeth himself for it: therefore, neither do the laws themselves pre-fix any penalty thereunto, not imagining that they would ever be burdensome. *Quis enim phrenetico medicus irascitur?* For what physician is angry with a lunatic person? Who will interpret a sick man's reproaches to the worst, that is vexed of a fever? Why, the same affection hath a wise man toward all men as the physician hath toward his sick patients: not offended to hear their outrages, he looks upon them as upon intemperate sick men, therefore is not angry with them if during their

sickness they have been so bold as to speak injuriously against him. And as he sets light by all their words of honour, so torments he himself as little with all their despite and insolencies. For he that is displeased for an injury that is done him will likewise be glad to be honoured at his hands that did it, which a wise man is free from. For he that revenges a contumely honours him that did it in taking it so much to heart and respecting it.

Art thou angry with thy superior? Alas, death is at hand, which shall make us equals. Dost thou wish him with whom thou art displeased any more than death? Although thou attemptest nothing against him, he shall be sure of that. Thou lovest thy labour then in offering to do that which will be done without thee.

We laugh, saith the wisest of philosophers, in beholding the conflict of the bull and bear when they are tied one to another, which after they have tired one another, the butcher attends for them both to drive them to the slaughterhouse. The like do we. We challenge him that is coupled with us: brother or friend, we charge him on every side; meanwhile both the conqueror and conquered

are near unto their ruin. Rather let us finish that little remainder of our life in quiet and peace that our end may be a pleasure to no man.

Thou wishest a man's death! And there is always but a little difference betwixt the day of thy desire and the affliction of the sufferer.

Whilst we are therefore amongst men, let us embrace humanity, be dreadful and dangerous to no man. Let us contemn injuries and contumelies, for but looking back we may behold death presently attending us.

Pisistratus, that lived a tyrant in Athens, being for his cruelty mocked and reprov'd by a drunken man, answered that he was no more angry with him than if a blindfold fellow, having his eyes bound up, should run upon him.

Another said to his friend, 'I prithee, chastise my servant with strokes because I am angry,' intimating thus much: that a servant ought not to fall into his power that is not master of himself.

But now the compounding of quarrels is grown to a trade. And as a most worthy father of law and equity

424 **despite** contempt, scorn
 424-8 **For he...respecting it** possibly adapted from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 13.5: '...now if but once he embase himself so far as either he be moved with injury or contumely, he can never be secure; but security is the proper good of a wise man. Neither will he endure that by revenging the contumely that is offered him [lest] he honour him that did the same; for it must needs be that he whosoever is displeased for an injury that is done him will likewise be glad to be honoured at his hands.'

429 **Art...superior** adapted from Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.4.3.1, possibly derived from Lodge's translation: '...who is so bitter and troublesome to his superiors? Why fretteth thou at thy servant? Thy lord? Thy king? Why art thou angry with thy client?'

429-30 **Alas...equals** possibly derived from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.4.3.1: 'Bear with him a little: behold, death is at hand which shall make us equals.'

430-4 **Dost thou...without thee** from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.4.3.3: 'Dost thou wish him with whom thou art displeased any more than death? Although thou sayest nothing to him, he shall die; thou lovest thy labour, thou wilt do that which will be done.'

435-44 **We laugh...no man** from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.4.3.2, which includes 'We were wont to laugh'

(not in Seneca): 'We were wont to laugh, in beholding the combats which are performed on the sands in the morning, to mark the conflict of the bull and bear when they are tied one to another, which, after they have tired one another, the butcher attendeth for them both to drive them to the slaughterhouse. The like to do we. We challenge him that is coupled with us, we charge him on every side; meanwhile both the conquered and the conqueror are near unto their ruin. Rather let us finish that little remainder of our life in quiet and peace, and let not our death be a pleasure to any man.'

445-51 **Thou wishest...attending us** probably adapted from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.4.3.4-5: 'Dost thou wish him with whom thou art displeased any more than death?...there is but a very little difference betwixt the day of thy desire until the punishment which such a one shall endure...Whilst we are amongst men let us embrace humanity, let us be dreadful or dangerous to no man; let us contemn detriments, injuries, slanders, and garboils, and with great minds suffer short incommodities, whilst we look behind us, as they say, and turn ourselves: behold, death doth presently attend us.'

450 **contemn** despise
 452-6 **Pisistratus...upon him** probably derived from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Of Anger*, III.11.4: 'It is reported

that Pisistratus, a tyrant in Athens, when as a certain drunken man that sat at banquet with him had spoken many things against his cruelty (and there wanted not some who would have executed whatsoever he should have commanded, and one man on this side and another on the other laboured to enkindle his displeasure) that he took all things patiently, and answered those that provoked him after this manner, that he was no more angry with him than if a blindfold fellow having his eyes tied up should run upon him.'

457-60 **Another...himself** derived from Lodge's translation of *Of Anger*, III.12.7, which specifies Plato as the angered party and Speusippus as his friend: '...and notwithstanding because his servant had committed some fault that was worthy punishment, he said unto Speusippus, "I pray thee chastise my servant with strokes because I am angry." He beateth him not for that which another had beaten him: "I am angry," said he, "I shall do more than I should. I will do it more willingly. Let not this servant be in his power that is not master of himself.'"

461 **compounding** settling
 462 **trade** (1) occupation, business; (2) habitual course of action
father of law and equity i.e. Sir Francis Bacon, in 1618 named Chancellor; the court of chancery elevated *equity* over precedent

465 speaks, there be some counsel learned of *duels* that teach young gentlemen when they are beforehand and when behindhand, and thereby incense and incite them to the *duel*, and make an art of it: the spur and incitement, false and erroneous imagination of honour and credit, when most commonly those golden hopes end in a halter.

470 That folly and vainglory should cast so thick a mist before the eye of gentry! To fix their aim and only end upon reputation, and end most lamentably without it; nay, farthest from it: first to hazard the eternal death of their souls, and the surviving bodies to die the death of a cutpurse.

475 A miserable effect and most horrid resolution when young men, full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call *auroræ filii*, the sons of the morning, in whom the sweet expectation and comfort of their friends consists, shall be cast away and ruined for ever in so vain a business.

480 But much more is it to be deplored when so much noble and gentle blood shall be spilt upon such follies which, adventured in honourable service, were able to make the fortune of a day and to change the fortune of a kingdom.

485 It is evident then how desperate an evil this is which troubles peace, disfurnishes war, brings sudden calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.

They pretend above all things to regard honour, yet chiefly seek the dishonour of God and of justice, and, which is worse than madness in those men, that adventuring to leave this life in anger, presume to press into the next (to the supper of the Lamb, which is all Peace and Love) without Peace, Love, or Charity. O, that gentlemen would learn to esteem themselves at a just price! How dearly they are bought, how most precious their redemption!

The root of this offence is stubborn—for it despiseth death, which is the utmost of all temporal punishments—and had need of the severity used in France, where the man-slayers, though gentlemen of great quality, are hanged with their wounds bleeding, lest a natural death should prevent the example of justice.

This punctuality of reputation is no better than a bewitching sorcery that enchants the spirits of young men, like the smoke of fashion, that witch *tobacco*, which hath quite blown away the smoke of hospitality, and turned the chimneys of their forefathers into the noses of their children. And by all computation (if computation may be kept for folly), I think the vapour of the one and the vainglory of the other came into England much upon a voyage, and hath kept as close together as the report follows the powder.

463–6 **there . . . of it** taken with minor changes from *The Charge of Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, His Majesty's Attorney General, Touching Duels, upon an Information in the Star Chamber against Priest and Wright* (1614), sigs. D4^v–E1: 'Nay, I hear there be some counsel learned of duels that tell young men when they are beforehand and when they are otherwise, and thereby incense and incite them to the duel, and make an art of it.'

466–8 **the spur . . . halter** Cf. Bacon, *The Charge*, E1: 'I hope I shall meet with some of them too, and I am sure, my lords, this course of preventing duels in nipping them in the bud is fuller of clemency and providence than the suffering them to go on, and hanging men with their wounds bleeding, as they did in France.'

468 **halter** i.e. on the gallows

475–80 A **miserable . . . business** taken in slightly altered form from Bacon, *The Charge*, B1^v–B2: 'Again, my lords, it is a miserable effect when young men full of towardness and hope, such as the poets call *auroræ filii*, sons of the morning, in whom the expectation and comfort of their friends consisteth, shall be cast away and destroyed in such a vain manner.'

477 **auroræ filii** translated in the following phrase; Virgil, *Aeneid* 1.751, where

the reference is to Memnon, the son of Aurora, who was slain by Achilles

481–4 **But much . . . kingdom** derived from Bacon, *The Charge*, B2: ' . . . but much more it is to be deplored when so much noble and gentle blood shall be spilt upon such follies, as, if it were adventured in the field in service of the king and realm, were able to make the fortune of a day, and to change the fortune of a kingdom'.

481–2 **noble and gentle** i.e. of the nobility and gentry

483–4 **make . . . day** win a battle

485–8 **It is . . . law** derived from Bacon, *The Charge*, B2: 'So as your lordships see what a desperate evil this is: it troubleth peace, it disfurnisheth war, it bringeth calamity upon private men, peril upon the state, and contempt upon the law.'

491–4 **that adventuring . . . Charity** essentially from Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton's (but published anonymously), *A Publication of His Majesty's Edict* (1613), p. 11: ' . . . that adventuring to leave this life in passion, presume to press in the next, to the supper of the lamb without charity . . .'

496 **bought** procured, obtained

497 **redemption** ransom, the price of their deliverance (i.e. their lives)

498–9 **The root . . . punishments** taken in slightly modified form from Bacon, *The Charge*, C1^v: ' . . . the root of this offence

is stubborn, for it despiseth death, which is the utmost of punishments . . .'

500–3 **severity . . . justice** adapted from Bacon, *The Charge*, C1^v: 'And yet the late severity in France was more, where by a kind of martial law established by ordinance of the king and parliament, the party that had slain another was presently had to the gibbet, in so much as gentlemen of great quality were hanged, their wounds bleeding, lest a natural death should prevent the example of justice.'

504 **punctuality** punctiliousness

506–9 **witch tobacco . . . children** possibly a nod to James I's *A Counterblast to Tobacco* (1604)

511 **upon** in consequence of

512 **voyage** a possible allusion to Sir Walter Raleigh, a conspicuous patron of tobacco. Mistrusted by James I and imprisoned in the Tower from 1603 to 1616, Raleigh emblemized for James military heroism—largely anti-Spanish—associated with Elizabeth's reign and now out of favour. He was arrested soon after his return in June 1618 from his final, disastrous voyage to the New World and subsequently beheaded.

report i.e. the sound of a gunshot

513 **powder** gunpowder (i.e. the ignition of the powder)

515 For when, but in the latterness of these times, hath
 so much private and domestic blood been shed? Like the
 three Jewish brothers in that perplexed history of Jerus-
 alem, who, wanting enemies, still flew upon themselves.
 So these malicious, unthankful spirits, fattened with the
 abundant blessings of a mellifluous peace, disgorge them-
 520 selves upon their Christian brothers, like those that surfeit
 upon too much honey.

And well may this vainglory, or opinion of reputation,
 be called a satanical illusion and apparition of honour
 against religion, law, moral virtue, and against all the
 525 honourable precedents and examples of the best times
 and valiantest nations. For hereby have gentlemen lost the
 true knowledge and understanding of fortitude and valour.
 For true fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels
 whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they
 530 be worthy; and sets a better value upon men's lives than
 to bestow them idly—which are not so to be trifled away,
 but offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, public
 merits, good causes, and noble adventures.

And behold here thy folly: thou attemptest a way freely
 535 to lose thy soul eternally, but not thy reputation. Fool
 that thou art, in offering to save that which indeed is
 nothing, thou lovest all! For reputation is but another
 man's opinion, and opinion is no substance for thee to
 consist of. For how canst thou consist of a thing that is
 540 without thee? Which may be any man's at an instant as
 well as thine; and when thou hast it, it is but a breath.
 And of what certainty or permanence is it when they must
 die that give it thee?

Perhaps because some have said that fame hath a
 545 perpetuity, thou hasten'st to lose thy soul to provide for
 thy name. How much thou deceivest thyself! Why, it is no
 more than the echo of a glory, for as an echo no longer
 resounds than it is fed with a voice, no longer does fame
 sound forth man's praises than it is supplied and cherished

with deservings. For when thy noise ceases in itself, it will
 550 quickly cease the noise of thee. However, at the farthest a
 general dissolution will come when fame, that is next to
 nothing now, shall have no being then at all.

Happy is then the wise and understanding spirit. For,
 though he be injured, he can lose nothing thereby, neither
 555 his fame nor reputation, for a wise man entertains nothing
 that is subject to loss. Fortune takes nothing but what she
 hath given. She gives not virtue, nor wisdom; therefore
 cannot take that away.

The more thou thinkest upon reputation, the farther off
 560 thou art from all contention, unless custom in ignorance
 or wilfulness in nature make thee throw an abuse upon
 the word. For what is reputation but consideration? A
 diligent weighing, considering, and revolving in the mind?
 And that is quite opposite to rashness: truth will shame
 565 thee if thou confess not so much.

There can be then no reputation in rashness; that is
 manifest. And what are quarrels but the fruits of rashness?
 There can be then no reputation in quarrels.

And as it is consideration, it were dreadful to think that
 570 any man in the state of his best counsel and advisedness
 should attempt to destroy the image of his Creator in the
 life of his Christian brother. And therefore divinely have
 our human laws bent their hate and punishments against
 the abhorred act committed in cold blood, which is as
 575 wilful an opposition against man's life (considering what
 he does) as blasphemy against the Word of Truth, the
 conscience knowing it offends of set purpose (the only sin
 against the Holy Ghost). And as the body of every true
 Christian is said to be the Temple of the Holy Ghost (1
 580 Cor. 3:16), what does the accursed man-slayer but in the
 blood of his brother destroys the temple, as the blasphemous
 wounds the Lord of the Temple?

Behold then, not without a face of horror, the miserable
 585 condition the sons of this age run into. All they venture for

516-17 **three Jewish... themselves** Presumably in allusion to the self-destructive strife among three rival Jewish factions led respectively by Eleazar, John, and Simon that broke out within Jerusalem during peaceful intervals in the Romans' siege of the city, set out in an account by Thomas Nashe in *Christ's Tears Over Jerusalem* derived from Josephus, *The Jewish War*.

516 **perplexed** complicated, intricate
 519 **mellifluous** playing on the etymological meaning: 'honey-flowing'

522 **opinion** favourable estimate, esteem
 523-6 **satanical... nations** from Bacon, *The Charge*, B2^v: '... and a kind of satanical illusion and apparition of honour; against religion, against law, against moral virtue, and against the precedents and examples of the best times and valiantest nations...'

526-33 **For hereby... adventures** from Bacon, *The Charge*, B3-B3^v: '... men have almost lost the true notion and un-

derstanding of fortitude and valour. For fortitude distinguisheth of the grounds of quarrels, whether they be just; and not only so, but whether they be worthy; and setteth a better price upon men's lives than to bestow them idly. Nay, it is weakness and disesteem of a man's self to put a man's life upon such ledger performances. A man's life is not to be trifled away, it is to be offered up and sacrificed to honourable services, public merits, good causes, and noble adventures.'

540 **without** outside of

554-9 **Happy... away** probably adapted from Lodge's translation of Seneca, *Constancy*, 5.3-4: 'Injury hath this intent to harm some man. But wisdom leaveth no place for evil: for there is no evil for her but vice, which cannot enter there where virtue and honesty dwell; and therefore injury doth not affect a wise man: for if injury be the sufferance of

some evil, and a wise man cannot suffer evil, there is no evil that appertaineth to a wise man. Every injury is a diminution of him to whom it is offered, and no man may receive any injury without some detriment either in honour, body, or in goods, but a wise man can lose nothing. He hath all his good enclosed in himself. He no ways putteth confidence in fortune; he entirely possesseth his riches, contenting himself with virtue, which hath no need of accidental things, and therefore may neither increase nor decrease. For having attained to the height, there is no place for increase. Fortune taketh away nothing but that which she hath given; she giveth not virtue, and therefore cannot take it away'.

556 **entertains** cherishes

577-9 **blasphemy... Holy Ghost** in reference to Matt. 12:31-2, Mark 3:28-9, or Luke 12:10

is to bring the bloodiness of their action into the compass of Honour—as if Honour consisted in destruction. Now what impossibility follows that labour even the weakest may conjecture. For Honour is the rumour of a beautiful and virtuous action which redoundeth from our souls to the view of the world, and by reflection into ourselves, bringing to us a testimony of that which others believe of us, which turns to a great peace and contentment of mind—blessings which were never yet found in a bloodshedder, let his cause be never so glorious. And where there is no *Peace*, all other benefits have a cessation. It is the only health of thy soul; and that once lost, thy soul sickens immediately, even to death, and can no more taste or relish a joy after than a sick man's palate his nutriment.

Is not this then a delusion of Honour? Nay, can there be anything more delusive? Alas, when it is at the greatest height of human glory, it is of a small and slender efficacy, uncertain, a stranger, and as it were separated in the air from him that is honoured. For it does not only not enter into him, nor is inward and essential unto him, but it does not so much as touch him. A poor and miserable purchase at the best for so great and eternal a hazard!

Flatter not thy soul then to her everlasting ruin in thinking reputation consists in bloodshedding. *Sanguis clamat*, as the Almighty speaks in the letter of his own law. Blood cries, and with a louder voice to Heaven than thy fame can sound on Earth. Rumour's ten thousand tongues are hoarse to that. They compass but some nook or angle of the World; the other reaches from the field to Heaven.

'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the earth' (Gen. 4:10). And no sooner the Cry comes but the Curse follows in the very next words: 'Now therefore thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.' And immediately in the next, 'A vagabond and a runagate shalt thou be on the earth', which shows the horror of the guilty conscience, which, after the deed done, would fain fly from itself: a distraction which follows all the children of wrath unto this day.

Well may peace then have the excellency of her glorious name advanced above all titles and inscriptions: and so much the rather in that it pleaseth the Almighty Creator himself to be called the God of Peace, and the Author (I

Cor. 14:33), nay, Love itself, delighting in the name (I John 4:16): 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' And (I Thess. 5:23), 'Now the very God of Peace sanctify you throughout, etc.' Christ the Saviour of the World, the Lamb of Peace (John 1:29): 'Behold, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world.' There is Peace made in taking sin away, which is the only fuel of Wrath. And (Eph. 2:14), 'Christ is our Peace, which hath made of both, one, and hath broken the stop of the partition wall.'

Moreover, the heavenly Soldiers at the birth of Christ, praising God, said, 'Glory be to God, in the high Heavens, and Peace in Earth, and toward men, good will.'

And as his most blessed nativity was the Fountain of Peace, there wanted not the fruits that sprang from that sacred Fountain in his departure (John 14:27): 'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor fear.' Let not your heart, speaking to many, because all his ought to be of one heart, which is a work of Peace.

And not leaving, but in the same evangelist (John 14:16), 'I will pray my Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever': intimating thereby the eternal Peace of Soul and Conscience by the coming of the Holy Ghost, calling him in the words immediately following (John 14:17), 'Even the Spirit of Truth,' (John 14:26) 'whom the Father will send in my name'. He comes all Peace, and in the name of Peace, of Christ our Saviour.

And to add more glory to the name of *Peace*, behold how the incomprehensible Godhead desires to be comprehended all into Unity, Trinity in Unity, which shows that Unity is the Conserver, Sustainer, and Comprehender of all things, both in Heaven and Earth.

Thou, therefore, that in the madness of thy blood attemptest to destroy Unity, thou seekest to destroy that which Heaven and Earth is sustained by. Most miserable of creatures, thy soul hath but one supporter, and in the tempest of thy fury thou overturnest that and all.

Peace enters here in arms and overthrows

By force of her own strength her strongest foes.

And first behold her contending with her most honourable enemy, even he that with better authority may slay his ten thousand than any other his thousand, ay, his hundred, yea, one single life (either the haughty *challenge*,

588 **weakest** feeblest intellect

609 **Flatter** deceive with false hopes

610-11 *Sanguis clamat* blood cries out

(Latin); cited in *A Publication of His Majesty's Edict*, 11; probably derived from Gen. 4:10, quoted at ll. 617-18

613-14 **Rumour's...tongues** Rumour was conventionally emblemized as a figure adorned with many tongues and eyes.

637 **sins** Various versions of the Bible read 'sin'; but Geneva-Tomson glosses the passage: 'That is, that root of sins, to

wit, our corruption, and so consequently the fruits of sin, which are commonly called in the plural number, sins.'

638-40 **Christ...partition wall** essentially drawn from Geneva-Tomson

640 **broken...partition wall** The gloss in Geneva-Tomson reads: 'As by the ceremonies and worship appointed by the Law, the Jews were divided from the Gentiles, so now Christ, having broken down the partition wall, joineth them both together, both in himself, and

betwixt themselves, and to God.'

the stop piece that keeps a part fixed in its place

partition wall internal wall dividing one room or portion of a building from another

641 **heavenly Soldiers** See ll. 220-1 and note.

642-3 **Glory...will** Luke 2:14 (Geneva-Tomson)

646-8 **Peace...fear** Geneva-Tomson

661-2 **comprehended** included, contained

the curious *duel*, or the blood-thirsty *revenge*): to wit, War itself, sometimes a principal arrow shot from the heavenly Bow of Justice, a forced Arbitrator betwixt different Kingdoms, and often proves the dear Moderator. Yet this great Soldier, with all his attributes of Fame and Honour, falls far short of our high-throned Empress, *Peace*.

Mark how the philosopher hath ordered this battle and given the colonies to both these great commanders: *Pacem cum omnibus habebis, bellum cum vitiiis*. Have peace with all the world, only war with thy sins. *Melior et tutior est certa pax quam incerta victoria*: for more safe and noble is a certain peace than a doubtful victory, with all his honours attending.

But let us believe no cowardly philosophers; let him that in his hand holds both, and from his hand sends both, be the Judge betwixt us.

When was war sent as a blessing, or peace as a punishment? Let his judges judge our cause (Judg. 5:8): 'They chose new gods, then was war in the gates.' Here is an Offence and here is a Punishment: Idolatry and War.

Again, 'They turn to the Lord, and the land had Peace forty years.' Here is Penitence, and here is the Blessing: Serving God, and Peace.

If then the General of Blood and Death, even War itself, be a prodigy, a curse, and not a blessing, what shall his base imitator be? What Honour shall the challenger lay challenge to? What blood shall the Revenger dare to shed? Or what Fame shall the schoolmaster of duels achieve, with all his vainglorious and punctual orders of firsts and seconds, lengths of weapons, distances of place, heights of grounds, equalities of wind and sun? O

wicked Ashkelon and her suburbs, let them be taken and destroyed together. Why do we quarrel? What is the end of the fairest War? To enjoy Peace. See how the servant labours for the mistress, and foolish they that enjoy their inheritance, yet know it not: thriftless gamesters to play for their own money.

Is thy night quiet, and sweet with Peace? Embrace her in the day and keep her continually. If thou letst blood into thy bosom in the day, Peace will not stay with thee at night. Peace wears no parti-coloured coat, no mixed scarlet and white, but white in her purity; nor fat nor blood must be eaten in the *Peace-offering* (Lev. 3). Now ascend Abarim and climb up to the Mountain of Nebo, and see some part of the Land of Promise, whither this blessed Peace shall lead thee, if she be thy conduct: but be sure to look upwards, and then thou canst not fear the depth beneath thee.

Behold the Father (the God of Peace), the Son (the Lamb of Peace), the blessed Spirit (the Dove of Peace), the Angels (Servants and Ministers to this power of Peace); infinites and all rejoicing at one soul's entrance into Peace.

Behold the new Jerusalem, *Kiriath-salem*, the City of Peace. That which was militant and troubled in the wilderness (the Church), behold it there triumphant in ever-blessed Peace. That Peace, which as it is unintelligible, so is it most unutterable.

Then, if we desire to be inhabitants in this Land of Promise and Peace, observe our entrance. We have yet two mountains to pass over Jordan by: Gerizim and Ebal; and the twelve tribes placed on each side, both to bless or curse us:

676 **curious** fastidious; skilful
 683 **colonies** territories (i.e. the matters under contention between Peace and War)
 683-4 **Pacem...vitiis** translated in the following line (Latin). This apophthegm occurs in two classical sources: *De Institutione Morum*, 34, uncertainly attributed to Seneca, and Publilius Syrus, *Sententiae*, 45, both of which share wordings that differ slightly from *Peacemaker*'s: '*Pacem cum hominibus habebis, bellum cum vitiiis*' (have peace with men, war with your sins). The Latin Vulgate Bible, Rom. 12:18, may have influenced the cited reading: '*cum omnibus hominibus pacem habentes*' (have peace with all men).
 685-6 **Melior...victoria** adapted from Livy 30.30.19: '*Melior tutiorque est certa pax quam sperata victoria*', better and safer is certain peace than a hoped-for victory (Latin). This oft-quoted aphorism appears in adapted form in James I's Speech to Parliament of 19 March 1604: 'a secure and honourable warre must be preferred to an vnsecure and dishonourable Peace', p. 134.

696-7 **They...years** presumably based on Judg. 5:31, but Judg. 3:11 or 8:28 are candidates. Various versions of the Bible read 'rest' in place of 'Peace'.
 700 **prodigy** something extraordinary, abnormal; a wonder, marvel
 701 **challenger** claimant
 702 **challenge** claim
 704 **punctual** punctilious
 705-6 **firsts...sun** in reference to various points, strict observance of which was stipulated by the code of duelling
 705 **firsts** principal parties in a duel
seconds those who act as representatives of the principals in a duel
lengths of weapons the challenged party was generally presented with a stick prescribing the length of sword to be used
 707 **Ashkelon** Philistine city the destruction of which is foretold by several prophets, e.g. Jer. 47:5-7
her suburbs in reference to outlying localities characterized by licentiousness (probably inspired by the model of London)
 708-9 **What...Peace** possibly in allusion to the Latin epigram, '*pax quaeritur bello*',

peace is sought by war
 709 **servant** war
 710 **mistress** Elizabeth I
 710-11 **foolish...know it not** an echo of the position set out at ll. 133-8; the end of Elizabethan military campaigns was peace, which has been duly passed on to the heirs of the previous reign (though some are foolishly blind to this)
 712 **for their own money** i.e. in placing the principal at risk
 716 **parti-coloured** partly of one colour, partly of another
 717-18 **nor fat...Peace-offering** Lev. 3:17
 719 **Abarim** a range of mountains of Moab, east of and facing Jordan opposite Jericho
Nebo the highest mountain in the Abarim range from which Moses viewed the promised land, Deut. 32:49
 726 **infinites** exceedingly large numbers
 728 **Kiriath-salem** city of peace (Hebrew)
 735 **Gerizim...Ebal** the mountain of blessings in Ephraim and mountain of curses in Samaria respectively, designated by Moses to ensure adherence to the law before crossing Jordan into the promised land: Deut. 11:29, 27:12-26

The Peace-maker.

740	EBAL <i>Pride</i> <i>Malice</i> <i>Ambition</i> <i>Schismatical</i>	}	Here we have our choice, and we are ever going on in this passage.	GERIZIM <i>Humility</i> <i>Mercy</i> <i>Charity</i> <i>Faith</i>
745	<i>Contentions</i> <i>Revenge</i> <i>Impiety</i>		O, let us pass by Gerizim, the Mount of Blessings, the right hand and the right hill. Turn thy back to Ebal, but let none of her curses fall upon thee.	<i>Peace</i> <i>Piety</i>

Be thou strong or weak, thou mayst with more ease bear six on thy right hand than one on thy left.

750 *Pride* is a great weight, able to overthrow the strongest man. *Malice*, a ponderous load, turning thy sleeps to unquiet slumbers, and even there haunting thee in restless dreams. *Ambition*, a mountain itself, to sink thee. *Schism*, a spirit and conscience troubler. *Revenge*, an impostume of blood—which, broken once, strangles thee with thine

own corruption. *Impiety*, a cloud and mist of darkness, turning thee from thy way. 755

Whenas on the other side, how light and easily mayst thou bear about thee *Humility*? How sweet a companion is *Mercy*? How loving a fellowship is *Charity*? How sure a friend is *Faith*? How nourishing a cordial is *Peace*? How bright a lamp is *Piety*? And then, how glorious a reward is *Eternity*, and *Peace* in *Eternity*? 760

Now let us bind ourselves to the Peace, put in security for our good behaviours. Let our souls be bound for our bodies, our bodies for our souls, and let each come in at the general sessions (to save his bail), where we shall find a merciful Judge. If there we can answer, 'We have not broke his Peace,' our bonds shall be cancelled. As we have kept the Peace, we shall be rewarded with Peace, and kept in Eternal Peace. *Amen.* 765 770

FINIS.

748 **right...left** The textual arrangement places the curses on the left or sinister side and the blessings on the right; in setting the text confronting the choice between the curses and blessings the layout symbolically represents the

crossing of Jordan.
753 **impostume** festering sore, abscess
757 **Whenas** whereas
763-4 **put in...behaviours** i.e. as securing our 'good behaviour', our appearance in

court at a specified time, or performance of some undertaking
766 **general sessions** a court held four times a year, otherwise known as 'quarter sessions'

MASQUE OF HEROES; OR, THE INNER TEMPLE MASQUE

Text edited and annotated by Jerzy Limon, introduced by James Knowles

‘A right Christmas’ as celebrated in Jonson’s *Christmas His Masque* (1616) featured Christmas and his ‘children’ Misrule, Carol, Minced Pie, Gambol, Post and Pair, New Year’s Gift, Mumming, Wassail, Offering, and Baby Cake, who entertained the company with songs and dances. Such amusements and delicacies typified a seventeenth-century aristocratic Christmas when the festivities might include singing, dancing, gift-giving, feasting, and various forms of sanctioned festive misrule, all designed to foster social harmony. In London, many of the City institutions and guilds, but also the Inns of Court, vied with the aristocracy in the magnificence—and sometimes riotousness—of their seasonal celebrations. Indeed, such competition occasionally became explicit so that Middleton’s *Masque of Heroes; or, The Inner Temple Masque* (performed sometime between 6th January and 2nd February 1619) amidst its seasonal compliments also emulated another Christmas masque, Jonson’s *Pleasure Reconiled to Virtue* (1618).

Masque of Heroes combines a lively debate between traditional figures such as Doctor Almanac (a stock comic character), New Year, and the irrepressible, rotund Plumporridge (a seasonal food), with a masque proper and social dancing. Middleton’s prefatory verses emphasize the occasion’s ‘mirth’, gracefully acknowledging the hospitality and commensality of the Inner Temple which the masque itself displayed. Such ‘mirth’ was ‘found free’ (7), that is both ‘noble’ and ‘generous’, although ‘free’ might encompass the elements of festive licence, levity, and sociability that the masque also displays. These qualities, nobility, liberality, and festivity, serve well as a self-characterization of the Inns of Court which, although primarily legal institutions, functioned as a third university for England. At the Inner Temple cultural education supplemented the legal tuition which might launch a career in the judiciary, administration, or even at court. Masques constituted an important part of this milieu.

Indeed, masques made ideal Christmas entertainments since the structure of antimasque followed by masque and then revels provided the guests with comedy (in the antimasque performed by professional actors), a graceful ordered vision of hope for the future which commended the society (danced by the members of the inn), and finally participatory dances (the revels). These elements, combining festivity, hospitality, and generosity, permeate *Heroes*, notably in the extant antimasque music ‘The New Year’s Gift’ (see *Companion*, p. 161), which conveys the significance of the entertainment as a demonstration of the ‘free’ ethos of the inn and its guests. The presentation of gifts exemplifies hope for the new year, and symbolizes the

social and political cohesion of the audience, as spectators and participants in the masque.

Formally, *Heroes* falls into three main sections. The ‘ante-masques’ contain dialogue between Doctor Almanac, Fasting Day, Plumporridge, and New Year, about the death of the old year and the decline of Master Kersmas, diagnosed by Doctor Almanac in his patient’s water (57–62, 91–2). The discussions are enlivened by the animosity between ‘plump and lusty’ Plumporridge (literally embodying festivity) and the Fasting Day who has been ‘out of service’ (44) since the beginning of Christmas. Aided by Doctor Almanac and Time, the New Year fits all the differently tempered days (ranging from the disturbed days through the good, bad, and indifferent days) into New Year’s ‘service’ (household) (155, 179). Each group of days then performs a separate ‘antemasque’ rounded off with an antic dance. In the second segment of *Heroes* dance, music, and formal speeches predominate, with the masque of Nine Worthies, introduced by Harmony, while the entertainment closes with the revels as the masquers select dancing partners from the audience.

Festivity provides one of the masque’s central themes as Middleton’s prefatory verses claim: ‘I only made the time they sat to see | Serve for the mirth itself’ (6–7). Yet Christmas, like other traditional calendar feasts, had become a site of religious dissension, as Puritans like John Stubbes emphasized how

more mischief is that time committed than in all the year besides. What masking and mumming—whereby robbery, whoredom, murder and what not is committed? What dicing and carding, what eating and drinking, what banqueting and feasting is then used, more than in all the year besides, to the great dishonour of God and impoverishing of the realm. (Durston)

Alexander Leighton complained in 1625 that Christmas recalled Catholic idolatry, as ‘the Popes of Rome solemnized their festivals and jubilees with all sorts of plays and sports for recreation, and to delight the people with such fooleries’. For James VI and I, however, these ‘fooleries’ constituted ‘lawful recreations’ which he defended in his *Declaration of Sports* (1618): ‘For when shall the common people have leave to exercise, if not upon the Sundays and holidays?’

Debates over the legitimacy and degree of festivity and events surrounding the *Declaration of Sports* provide important contexts for *Heroes*. The *Declaration* had been

sparked by the King's discovery, during a royal progress through Lancashire, that Puritan ministers had forbidden any Sunday recreations; the King then ordered a relaxation of Sunday observances. He allowed not only sabbatarian games but also popular ceremonials such as Whitsun Ales and May poles, and obliquely the *Declaration* also defended Anglican ritual, another target of the Puritans. This recently publicized controversy may explain why Fasting Day considers Lancashire for employment, presumably amongst its stricter brethren (165).

Such issues merged into court politics since the King also constantly sought to persuade his gentry to diminish their court attendance and continue the tradition of country residence, the foundation of Jacobean political and social control through the gentry's role as local representatives of the monarch. Simultaneously, however, the King struggled to curb the extravagance of the court and reduce royal expenditure. Many of James's leading courtiers—notably James Hay, Earl of Carlisle—practised conspicuous consumption, not only in magnificent festivals (sometimes graced with their own masques, such as Jonson's *Lovers Made Men* [1617]) but also in the form of the ante-supper, a sumptuous banquet set before the guests, only to be whipped away untouched. Conspicuous consumption vied with non-consumption as symbols of aristocratic opulence, and critical satires circulated against the monarch's 'merry boys with masks and toys' (Malone MS 25).

Throughout, *Heroes* engages with these wider discussions of the politics of festivity and hospitality. Jonson's *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue* (1618) opposes the 'vicious hospitality' (Marcus) of Comus, the walking belly, with the virtuous Hercules, and rejects puritan parsimony (allegorized in the figure of Antaeus and his pygmies). The masque envisions James as Hesperus and England as his Hesperides, an ideal image of pastoral hospitality and moderation, bountiful yet temperate. Contemporaneously, the anonymous *Coleorton Masque* contrasted the commensality of Leicestershire and its old families, the 'good fellows in this corner of the country' (67–8), with the current parsimony, mocked by the buttery spirit Bob:

Puck, housekeeping is a rag of Rome—'tis abolished.
All good fellowship, called feasting, is turned to a dish
of Bibles. The country mirth and pastime, that's...
dead and buried... This new sect, in sincerity, 'tis a
dry one... (29–35)

The audience, members of the Hastings and Devereux families, typified 'great houses... o'th'old way' (34) who, combining ancient aristocracy and Protestantism, were at odds with the court's arriviste favourites. In 1621 Middleton contributed to the debate in another Christmas entertainment, where Severity and Levity argue over the proper celebration of the season (*Honourable Entertainments*, 7).

Questions about the function and propriety of festivity and hospitality permeate *Heroes*. Thus Fasting Day laments his exclusion from the calendar, the 'only man in place' being Plumporridge:

I have been out of service all this Kersmas;
Nobody minds Fasting Day;
I have scarce been thought upon o' Friday nights;
And because Kersmas this year fell upon't
The Fridays have been ever since so proud
They scorn my company... (44–9)

Neglected by even his closest kin, Fasting Day sees his sworn adversary Plumporridge thrive, 'sure of welcome... like one of the great porridge tubs, going to the Counter' (66–7). Plumporridge's only concern is the sickening of his Master Kersmas, although Fasting Day longs for the end of Christmas and the austere start to the new year.

When New Year actually arrives he recognizes Fasting Day as one of his father's old retainers and although Doctor Almanac denigrates the 'unseasonable coxcomb' (155), Fasting Day defends himself on grounds that his economy made New Year's ancestors rich through parsimony. To reconcile the two principles of fasting and festival New Year agrees to welcome Fasting Day into his household, but not until Candlemas Eve:

Thou shalt not all be lost, nor for vainglory
Greedily welcomed; we'll begin with virtue.
As we may hold with't, that does virtue right.
(180–2)

Later, Doctor Almanac, acting as physician to the calendar politic, under instruction from New Year and aided by Time, allots each of the festival and fast days 'their places due by custom' (204). This location of each of the feasts and fasts in their correct place and time provides an image of the rightful place of both celebration and penance and envisages the harmony possible in the formation of New Year's household.

Parallels with *Pleasure Reconciled* weave throughout the masque, in the balance of festal days and in the implicit defence of the calendrical rituals. Plumporridge and Comus are clearly related figures and, indeed, the resolution of the *Heroes* ends with a similar vision of Virtue. Yet although the themes of the two entertainments are similar their treatments vary, for whereas Jonson relies upon classical and to some extent abstract ideas, Middleton draws upon the popular culture of the almanacs, folk plays (for Doctor Almanac), and upon the shared culture of calendrical ritual. Plumporridge, an altogether more prepossessing and humorous figure than Jonson's classical Comus, emerges from the traditions of Christmas games, the popular pastimes antithetical to Jonsonian erudition. Most importantly, the agent of resolution lies in the providential pattern of the calendrical cycle rather than royal power:

The goodness of thy thought
This blessed work hath wrought,
Time shall be reconciled.
Thy spring shall in all sweets abound,
Thy summer shall be clear and sound,

Thy autumn swell the barn and loft
 With corn and fruits, ripe, sweet and soft,
 And in thy winter, when all go,
 Thou shalt depart as white as snow. (284-92)

This vernacular pastoral vision contrasts with the royalist Hesperides, an opposition which can again be traced in Middleton's *Honourable Entertainments* where civic pastoral for the Spittle sermon stands against the classicized courtly pastoral in Jonson's *Pan's Anniversary* (1621).

The 'antemasques' of *Heroes* substitute providential for monarchical power, while the masque offers a vision of active heroism that further diverges from the celebration of courtly virtue and royal authority in *Pleasure Reconciled*. Both masques end with a vision of virtue enabled by Harmony but the virtues offered differ, for whilst the 'masked knights' of Jonson's masque practise a self-contained, almost personal virtue, Middleton presents an activist, communal heroism. In *Heroes* virtue is defined as 'heroic glory' (316) which tends to the 'human good' (301), personified not in anonymous courtier-knights but in the Nine Worthies.

Although during their fleeting entry in *Heroes* the Nine Worthies remain silent, some of the implications of these familiar figures can be traced from their reappearance in *The World Tossed at Tennis* where they are introduced at length, with emphasis placed upon the Old Testament figures (especially Judas Maccabaeus and King David—both suitably Protestant exemplars), and upon the three Christians, all as military figures. The Worthies symbolize a fame to be aspired to and exemplify how 'Men strive to know too much, too little do' (308). In *Heroes* Harmony comments that the heroes

... all descend to have their worth
 Shine to imitation forth;
 And by their motion, light and love,
 To show how after-times should move! (303-6)

Their manifestation will 'Raise merit from his ancient slumber' (318).

While such compliments are traditional to the masque whatever its origin or playing space, the particular date, location, and political context all lend a special resonance to the sentiments. In the 'polycentric world' (Smuts) of Jacobean elite culture the Inns of Court (like the London and provincial homes of the greater nobles) functioned as privileged sites of political debate, where the full variety of political viewpoints might find expression. The Inner Temple, for instance, had a distinct Protestant ethos, with several pro-puritan benchers (senior members), and this religious bias may have shaped attitudes, especially towards fellow Protestants in Bohemia and the Palatinate (modern Germany). In 1613 the Inns of Court had taken a significant role in celebrations for the marriage between Princess Elizabeth and Frederick, Elector Palatine when the Inner Temple had staged Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn* at Whitehall. During the Bohemian crisis, the Inns of Court shared the national

enthusiasm for military intervention, a climate that may be glimpsed in a sermon from the Temple Church minister, Abraham Gibson, whose *Christiana-Polemica, or a Preparative to War* (1619) advocated militarized Protestantism. It may be that even the choice of performers for *Heroes*, Prince Charles's Men, reflects a similar political stance.

The Bohemian crisis arose in 1618 when the kingdom, with its largely Protestant population, revolted against Ferdinand of Styria, and wholesale war with the Catholic Hapsburg powers threatened. The Bohemians appealed to the wider Protestant community. In late 1618 the Dutch Commissioners urged James to intervene, and although in January 1619 the King ostentatiously refused to quarrel with Spain, he came under increasing pressure, not least from some sections of the Privy Council and from Buckingham and Prince Charles, to respond. This pressure only increased with the arrival in January 1619 of the Bohemian representative Achatius, Baron zu Dohna. Thus the forward-looking tone of *Masque of Heroes* not only suits the new year but speculates about future need for heroic virtue in the face of Catholic threat: 'how after-times should move' (306: my italics).

Contemporary responses are encapsulated in one of James's own poems about the comet that appeared in 1618, and which many interpreted as an apocalyptic signal germane to the Palatine:

You men of Britain, wherefore gaze you so,
 Upon an angry star...?
 Oh, be so happy, then, while time does last
 As to remember, Doomsday is not past,
 And misinterpret not the vain conceit
 The character you see on heaven's gate,
 Which though it bring the world some news from fate
 The letter's such as no man can translate.
 And for to guess at God Almighty's mind
 Were such a thing might cozen all mankind.
 Wherefore I wish the curious man to keep
 His rash imagination till he sleep:
 Then let him dream of famine, plague and war,
 And think the match with Spain has caused this star.
 Or let them think that if their prince, my minion,
 Will shortly change, or (which is worse) religion...

The excitement the crisis generated amongst Protestants who at last saw the opportunity for alliance against the Antichrist can be gauged in Sir Henry Wotton's comment from October 1618: 'the actions in Bohemia give us leave to be wanton'. Whilst the King explicitly denied such expectations ('remember Doomsday is not past'), the foreign policy crisis permitted Protestants to interpret events apocalyptically, and Middleton's use of such undertones in this masque may indicate the ideological position of the text.

In contrast, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, written shortly before the crisis erupted, still extolled the vision of peaceable Britain and domestic virtue. Its depiction of James as Hesperus 'the brightest star' (172) who shines across the 'Atlantic seas' (173) may celebrate glorious isolation over

continental involvement. The *Coleorton Masque*, written from outside the immediate royal circle, prefers Spenserian echoes and internationalist Protestantism: military heroism ‘Atlas-like uphold[s] all lands’ and ‘Keep[s] the world [so] it does not run | To the old confusion’ (163–5). Situated in a more ambivalent location on the periphery, neither totally within the court orbit nor in country-based exile, Middleton’s *Heroes* adopts the mean: it proposes the need for military heroism as the main form of virtue, but as yet only as a future possibility.

The subject matter and approach both show how *Heroes* partakes in the political debates of 1619, with different emphases from those found in court entertainments, and such divergences also invest the formal elements of the text as *Heroes* challenges Jonsonian models. Throughout its existence the Jonsonian masque had its critics, especially Samuel Daniel and Thomas Campion (two of the losers in the patronage battle with Jonson), but after 1618 it came under increasing pressure—from the politics of the Palatine crisis which made its pacific classicism increasingly redundant, and from internal forces, partly generated by the increasing dominance of Buckingham and his family, and also the emergence of a new, bitter factional politics around foreign policy questions.

By 1618 even Jonson had to recognize the internal contradictions in the form, riven between praise and the counsel he claimed to present. *Pleasure Reconciled* exemplifies such tensions, since on one hand it embodies the panegyric ideal, ‘royal education’ (201), whilst its actual circumstances, when the restive monarch interrupted the masque and contemporary commentators dismissed the text as dull and indecorous, demonstrates how ideal and reality often clashed. ‘Royal education’ suggests, slightly contradictorily, that the monarchy both offers but also needs education, and the issue of whether any of the exhortations embedded in the masque are heeded, remains unanswered. Later, Jonson’s ‘An Epistle to a Friend, to Persuade Him to the Wars’ excoriates the flattery surrounding court grandees and depicts the poet ‘hoarse with praising’ so that his ‘voice’ (perhaps message as well as medium) is beyond ‘recovery’ (151, 154).

In this climate Middleton offers a reformation, or re-writing, of the Jonsonian masque, much as envisaged by Daniel, a technique prefigured in his revisionist civic pageant *The Triumphs of Truth*, which was ‘redeemed into form’ (13). Whereas *Pleasure Reconciled* depicts the instant dissolution of antimasque disorder by the appearance of magical royal order, *Heroes* dramatizes another pattern whereby the antimasque forces are not expelled but absorbed into the proper order. Thus Fasting Day and all the different days are placed in New Year’s household and allotted their place in the calendar, and the opposites of feast and penitence are ‘reconciled’ through the agency of Time (286). Even when faced with the disagreements of Plumporridge and Fasting Day, Doctor Almanac still appeals to ‘friendship, friendship’ (80) as proper to the time. Whereas the reconciliation of *Pleasure Reconciled* can only be achieved in the initial banishment of opposing

forces, Middleton’s masque seeks to gather the opposites together into a constructive tension symbolized in the ideal of Harmony.

Middleton repeats this strategy in the reconciliation of Levity and Severity in the *Honourable Entertainments*, in the integration of Mean and Base in the choruses of *An Invention*, and in *World Tossed at Tennis*, which dramatizes a series of newfound fellowships and collaborations as an alternative to the divisive patterns propounded by the Jonsonian masque. These occasional works emphasize the key ideal of harmony which encompasses all oppositions, and includes the monarchy only as *primus inter pares*. Here Middleton’s habit of spelling ‘antemasques’ with an ‘e’ may well be significant, since the oppositions of his masque are not absolute antitheses but simply precursors, connected by the sequence of action and time to what follows upon them. Such formal eclecticism and the integration of different materials belongs to a structure which places less emphasis upon the transformation of the scene by a mystical vision of power and authority. Thus the ‘antemasques’ of *Heroes* belong to the overall pattern of the year, just as much as does the hope for virtuous heroism. Doctor Almanac links the two elements when he suggests that the ‘low births and natures’ (267) of the antemasques have cheered New Year and stand as portents of the happiness and blessedness predicted by his ‘secret in astrology’ (271) and which Harmony then displays in the form of the Worthies. Almanac says of this juncture that ‘The minute, nay, the point of time’s arrived’ (277), thus marking the auspiciousness of the moment and the year that will reconcile all factions in a vision of active virtue which will unite the nation.

This insistence connects the auspiciousness of the new year, its hopes for the future, and echoes more overtly political apocalypticism that depicted this as the moment for war against Antichrist. The transformation enacted in the masque, from current world to future heroic ideal and from old to new year, from the old man to the new man, also contains further Protestant nuances. Like *Pleasure Reconciled*, Middleton’s masque provides an image of ‘lawful recreations’—though whereas Jonson locates these in courtly ceremonial, Middleton finds them in popular culture. Moreover, the recreation offered by the vision of inspired military heroism may allude to another Protestant sense of recreation: the duty of each true Christian to ‘re-create’ him or herself every day. To cast off the old year and welcome the new not only enacts a transformation of foreign policy, it also defines a Pauline spiritual metamorphosis for individuals and for the nation. Here Middleton reappropriates the debate over festivity and propriety, rewriting it within Protestant discourse as a ‘lawful’ but also literal ‘re-creation’, not simply authorized by the monarch, but invested with spiritual authority. In complex ways Middleton fulfils his promise to make the ‘time’ serve for the ‘mirth’ of his masque, but the mirth is the permitted pleasure that accompanies the metamorphosis of the world at Christmas, a ‘mirth’ that

MASQUE OF HEROES.

stems from the hope that providence brings in a new law and new world, where battle against the Antichrist will be joined.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 161 (entrance of New Year), 162 (first antemasque), 163 (second antemasque), 164 (entrance of masquers), 164 (their dance), 164 (their exit)
Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 646
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 404

Masque of Heroes

Or, The Inner Temple Masque

Presented as an entertainment for many worthy ladies by gentlemen of the same ancient and noble house.

The Masque.

This nothing owes to any tale or story,
With which some writer pieces up a glory;
I only made the time they sat to see
Serve for the mirth itself, which was found free
And herein fortunate (that's counted good)
Being made for ladies, ladies understood.

6. *The First Dog Day*

25

The second Antemasque, presented by eight Boys
Good Days—3.
Bad Days—3.
Indifferent Days—2.

The Masque itself receiving its illustration
from nine of the Gentlemen of the House.

30

The Inner Temple Masque.

Enter Doctor Almanac coming from the funeral of
December, or the Old Year

DOCTOR ALMANAC

I have seen the old year fairly buried,
Good gentleman he was, but toward his end
Full of diseases: he kept no good diet,
He loved a wench in June (which we count vile),
And got the latter end of May with child.
That was his fault, and many an old year smells on't.
[*Enter Fasting Day*]

35

How now? Who's this? Oh, one o'th' Fasting Days
That followed him to his grave; I know
Him by his gauntness, his thin chitterlings;
He would undo a tripe-wife. Fasting Day,
Why art so heavy?

40

FASTING DAY Oh, sweet Doctor Almanac,
I have lost a dear old master. Beside, Sir,

The Parts

DOCTOR ALMANAC
PLUMPORRIDGE
A FASTING DAY
NEW YEAR
TIME
HARMONY

The Speakers

Joseph Taylor
William Rowley
John Newton
Hugh Atwell
William Carpenter
A Boy

Two Antemasques

In the first, six Dancers

1. *Candlemas Day*
2. *Shrove Tuesday*
3. *Lent*
4. *Ill May Day*
5. *Midsummer-Eve*

- 11 *The Speakers* These were professional actors, not the gentlemen-masquers of l. 31.
12 **Joseph Taylor** actor; early in 1619 became a King's man and is known to have performed many of the roles created by Burbage who died in that year.
13 **William Rowley** actor and playwright. His typical role was that of a fat clown.
14 **John Newton** the actor who played the lean clown to Rowley's fat clown.
15 **Hugh Atwell** actor. Rowley's elegy suggests that he was a 'little man'.
16 **William Carpenter** one of the Prince's actors

- 18 *Antemasques* one of the structural elements of masques, usually consisting of 'rude' or allegorical characters, often involving dancing. Earlier masques usually had one antemasque, which preceded the main masque, but later it became common for the masques to have several antemasques.
30 *The Masque itself* the final discovery of masked gentlemen was considered the most important element of the performance; see 292.1-3.
31 *House* The Inner Temple
31.2 *Doctor Almanac* almanacs were

- written by students and practitioners in astronomy or astrology, or by physicians
35 **He loved a wench in June** echoes Tilley J102: 'In June, July, and August, wife, I know thee not'; also S422: 'Who marries between sickle and scythe will never thrive'
39 **That . . . grave** i.e. followed the Old Year of ll. 32-7
40 **gauntness** abnormally slim as from hunger
chitterlings (ironic) intestines
41 **tripe-wife** term of abuse
42 **heavy** serious, grieved

The Inner-Temple Mafque.

I have been out of service all this Kersmas;
 45 Nobody minds Fasting Day;
 I have scarce been thought upon o' Friday nights;
 And because Kersmas this year fell upon't
 The Fridays have been ever since so proud
 They scorn my company; the butchers' boys
 50 At Temple-Bar set their great dogs upon me,
 I dare not walk abroad, nor be seen yet:
 The very poulters' girls throw rotten eggs at me,
 Nay, Fish Street loves me, e'en but from teeth out-
 ward,
 The nearest kin I have looks shy upon me,
 55 As it had forgot me. I met Plumporridge now,
 My big-swollen enemy: he's plump and lusty,
 The only man in place. Sweet Master Doctor,
 Prefer me to the New Year, you can do't.

DOCTOR ALMANAC
 When can I do't, sir? You must stay till Lent.

FASTING DAY
 60 Till Lent? You kill my heart, sweet Master Doctor.
 Thrust me into Candlemas Eve, I do beseech you.

DOCTOR ALMANAC Away, Candlemas Eve will never bear
 thee i' these days; 'tis so frampold, the Puritans will
 never yield to't.
Enter Plumporridge

FASTING DAY
 Why, they're fat enough.

65 DOCTOR ALMANAC Here comes Plumporridge.
 FASTING DAY Ay, he's sure of welcome; methinks he moves
 like one of the great porridge tubs, going to the Counter.

PLUMPORRIDGE Oh, killing cruel sight, yonder's a Fasting
 70 Day: a lean spiny rascal with a dog in's belly; his very
 bowels bark with hunger. Avaunt, thy breath stinks; I
 do not love to meet thee fasting; thou art nothing but
 wind, thy stomach's full of farts, as if they had lost their
 way, and thou made with the wrong end upward, like
 a Dutch maw that discharges still into the mouth!

FASTING DAY Why thou whoreson breakfast, dinner, nun-
 tions, supper and bever, cellar, hall, kitchen, and wet-
 larder! 75

PLUMPORRIDGE
 Sweet Master Doctor, look quickly upon his water,
 That I may break the urinal about his pate.
 [He offers a urinal to Doctor Almanac]

DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Nay, friendship, friendship!

PLUMPORRIDGE Never, Master Doctor, 80
 With any Fasting Day, persuade me not.
 Nor anything belongs to Ember week.
 And if I take against a thing, I'm stomachfull;
 I was born an Anabaptist, a fell foe
 To fish and Fridays; pig's my absolute sweetheart. 85
 And shall I wrong my love, and cleave to saltfish?
 Commit adultery with an egg and butter?

DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Well, setting this apart, whose water's this, sir?

PLUMPORRIDGE
 Oh, thereby hangs a tail, my Master Kermas's.
 It is his water, sir, he's drawing on. 90

DOCTOR ALMANAC Kermas? Why let me see,
 I saw him very lusty o' Twelfth Night.

PLUMPORRIDGE
 Ay, that's true, sir, but then he took his bane
 With choosing king and queen;
 He's made his will already, here's the copy. 95

DOCTOR ALMANAC And what has he given away? Let me
 see, Plumbroth.
 [Doctor Almanac takes the will from Plumporridge]

PLUMPORRIDGE He could not give away much, sir, his
 children have so consumed him beforehand.

DOCTOR ALMANAC (reading) The last will and testament of 100
 Kersmas, irrevocable. *Imprimis*: I give and bequeath to
 my second son In-and-In, his perpetual lodging i'the
 King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the basket.

44 **Kersmas** corruption of Christmas
 47 **fell upon't** (as it did in 1618)
 50 **Temple-Bar** Butcher Row was just
 outside Temple Bar on the north side of
 the Strand.
 51 **abroad** out-of-doors
 53 **Fish Street** the main fish market in
 London
 55 **Plumporridge** porridge containing
 prunes, raisins, currants, etc; a favourite
 Christmas dish
 58 **Prefer me** recommend me
 63 **frampold** pert, saucy
the Puritans (known for their strict
 observance of fasting)
 65 **fat enough** (Puritans were often accused
 of hypocrisy)
 67 **Counter** (a prison)
 69 **spiny** slender
 73 **wrong end upward** i.e., he 'farts' out of

his mouth, instead of his anus
 74 **Dutch maw** Dutch stomach (?); the
 Dutch were often the object of ridicule,
 but the meaning of this phrase remains
 obscure.
 75-6 **nuntions** snacks between meals
 76 **bever** drinking, or, a small snack
 between meals
 82 **Ember week** the name of the four weeks
 of fasting and prayer appointed by the
 Church to be observed respectively in the
 four seasons of the year. Since 1095 Em-
 ber days have been the Wednesday, Fri-
 day, and Saturday next following (1) the
 first Sunday of Lent (2) Whit Sunday
 (3) Holy Cross Day (14th September)
 (4) St Lucia's Day (13th December).
 83 **stomachfull** obstinate, hostile
 85 **fish and Fridays** Friday was a fish day
 on religious grounds, but Saturday was

a statutory fish day, that is, a day on
 which meat-eating was forbidden by an
 Act of Parliament.
pig's (alluding to the Puritan fondness
 for pork)
 87 **egg and butter** traditional food for fasting
 days
 89 **tail** conclusion, termination (*OED* 4b);
 with a bawdy innuendo
 90 **drawing on** dying
 92 **Twelfth Night** (traditional climax of the
 Christmas festivities)
 93 **took his bane** caught his death
 94 **choosing king and queen** (traditional
 entertainment during Twelfth-tide)
 102 **In-and-In** a game at dice
 103 **King's Bench** prison
basket (in which broken meat and bread
 from the sheriffs' table was carried to
 poorer prisoners)

MASQVE OF HEROES.

PLUMPORRIDGE A sweet allowance for a second brother.
 105 DOCTOR ALMANAC Item, I give to my youngest sons Gleek and Primavista the full consuming of nights and days and wives and children, together with one secret gift, that is, never to give over while they have a penny.
 PLUMPORRIDGE And if e'er they do, I'll be hanged.
 110 DOCTOR ALMANAC For the possession of all my lands, manors, manor houses, I leave them full and wholly to my eldest son, Noddie, whom during his minority I commit to the custody of a pair of knaves and one-and-thirty.
 115 PLUMPORRIDGE There's knaves enough o' conscience to cozen one fool.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC Item, I give to my eldest daughter, Tickle-me-quickly, and to her sister My-lady's-hole, free leave to shift for themselves either in court, city, or
 120 country.
 PLUMPORRIDGE We thank him heartily.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC Item, I leave to their old aunt, My-sow-has-pigged, a litter of courtesans to breed up for Shrovetide.
 125 PLUMPORRIDGE They will be good ware in Lent, when flesh is forbid by proclamation.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC Item, I give to my nephew Gambols, commonly called by the name of Kersmas Gambols, all my cattle, horse and mare, but let him shoe 'em himself.
 130 PLUMPORRIDGE I ha' seen him shoe the mare forty times over.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC Also, I bequeath to my cousin-german Wassail-bowl, born of Dutch Parents, the privilege of a free denizen, that is, to be drunk with Scotch ale or
 135 English beer; and lastly, I have given by word of mouth to poor Blind Man's Buff, a flap with a foxtail.
 PLUMPORRIDGE
 Ay, so he's given 'em all, for ought I see.
 But now what think you of his water, sir?

DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Well, he may linger out till Candlemas,
 But ne'er recover it.
 FASTING DAY Would he were gone once! 140
 I should be more respected.
Enter New Year [dancing]
 DOCTOR ALMANAC Here's New Year!
 PLUMPORRIDGE
 I have ne'er a gift to give him; I'll be gone. [Exit]
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Mirth and a healthful time fill all your days.
 Look freshly, sir.
 NEW YEAR I cannot, Master Doctor.
 My father's death sets the spring backward i' me. 145
 For joy and comfort yet, I'm now between
 Sorrow and joy, the winter and the spring,
 And as time gathers freshness in its season,
 No doubt affects will be subdued with reason.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 You've a brave mind to work on; use my rules 150
 And you shall cut a caper in November,
 When other years, your grandfathers, lay bed-rid.
 NEW YEAR
 What's he, that looks so piteously, and shakes so?
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 A Fasting Day.
 NEW YEAR How's that?
 DOCTOR ALMANAC A foolish Fasting Day, 155
 An unseasonable coxcomb, seeks now for a service;
 He's hunted up and down, h'as been at court,
 And the long porter broke his head across there;
 He had rather see the devil, for this he says:
 He ne'er grew up so tall with Fasting Days.
 I would not for the price of all my almanacs 160
 The guard had took him there, they would ha' beat
 out

105 Gleek a game at cards
 106 Primavista a game at cards
 108 give over give over gambling
 112 Noddie a game at cards
 113 knaves jacks
 113-14 one-and-thirty a game at cards
 116 cozen cheat, dupe
 118 Tickle-me-quickly a game at cards
 My-lady's-hole a game at cards
 122-3 My-sow-has-pigged a game at cards
 125-6 They will... proclamation an annual proclamation was issued against the eating of flesh (during Lent).
 128 Kersmas Gambols During Twelfth Night festivities students also appear to have amused themselves electing 'King of the Bean' whoever came upon a dried bean concealed in his portion of cake. Henry Bourne mentions this custom, calling it 'Christmas gambol' (p. 153).
 129 mare... shoe 'em himself 'Shoeing the mare' was a boisterous Christmas sport.

One of the players was chosen to be the wild mare, and others chased him about the room with the object of shoeing him. Tilley records the proverb 'To ride (shoe) the wild mare'.
 132 cousin-german near relation
 133 Wassail-bowl spiced ale used in Twelfth Night and Christmas-Eve celebrations; alludes to the custom of drinking healths on those occasions
 Dutch Parents Dutchmen's drinking was proverbial: 'The Dutchmen drinks pure wine in the morning, at noon wine without water, in the evening as it comes from the butt' (Tilley D656).
 136 Blind Man's Buff a game in which one player is blindfolded, and tries to catch and identify any one of the others, who, on their part, push him about, and make sport with him
 a flap with a foxtail a contemptuous

dismissal. A foxtail was one of the badges of the fool.
 139 Candlemas falls on the 2nd of February; the 'vulgar' often prolonged Christmas festivities beyond Twelfth Night until Candlemas.
 142 a gift to give him (Presents were given not on Christmas day but on the New Year's.)
 149 affects affections
 155 coxcomb a jester's cap; hence a metonym for a fool
 157 long porter an allusion to one Walter Parsons of Staffordshire, of whom Thomas Fuller reported that 'he grew so tall in stature that a hole was made for him in the Ground to stand therein up to his knees, so to make him adequate with his Fellow-work-men [in a smithy]'. He afterwards was Porter to King James' (Worthies, 48).

MASQVE OF HEROES.

His brains with bombards. I bade him stay till Lent
 And now he whimpers he would to Rome forsooth,
 That's his last refuge, but would try a while
 165 How well he should be used in Lancashire.
 NEW YEAR He was my father's servant,
 That he was, sir.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC 'Tis here upon record.
 FASTING DAY
 I served him honestly, and cost him little.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Ay, I'll be sworn for that.
 170 FASTING DAY Those were the times, sir,
 That made your predecessors rich, and able
 To lay up more for you, and since poor Fasting Days
 Were not made reckoning on, the pampered flesh
 Has played the knave; maids have had fuller bellies;
 Those meals that once were sav'd, have stirr'd and
 175 leapt,
 And begot bastards, and they must be kept.
 Better keep Fasting Days, yourself may tell ye,
 And for the profit of purse, back and belly!
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 I never yet heard truth better whined out.
 NEW YEAR
 180 Thou shalt not all be lost, nor for vainglory
 Greedily welcomed; we'll begin with virtue.
 As we may hold with't, that does virtue right.
 Set him down, sir, for Candlemas Eve at night.
 FASTING DAY
 Well, better late than never.
 185 This is my comfort, I shall come to make
 All the fat rogues go to bed supperless,
 Get dinners where they can. [Exit]

[Enter Time]
 NEW YEAR How now? What's he?
 DOCTOR ALMANAC 'Tis old Time, sir, that belonged
 To all your predecessors.
 NEW YEAR Oh, I honour
 That reverend figure; may I ever think
 190 How precious thou'rt in youth, how rarely
 Redeemed in age.
 TIME Observe, you have Time's service.
 There's all in brief.
 Enter the first antemasque
 NEW YEAR Ha? Doctor? What are these?
 TIME
 The rabble that I pity, these I have served too,
 But few or none have ever observed me,
 195 Amongst this dissolute rout. Candlemas-Day!
 I'm sorry to see him so ill associated!
 DOCTOR ALMANAC
 Why that's his cause of coming to complain,
 Because Shrove Tuesday this year dwells so near him.
 But 'tis his place, he cannot be removed.
 200 You must be patient, Candlemas, and brook it.
 This rabble, sir, Shrove Tuesday, hungry Lent,
 Ill May Day, Midsummer Eve, and the first Dog Day,
 Come to receive their places due by custom,
 And that they build upon.
 NEW YEAR Give 'em their charge,
 205 And then admit 'em.
 DOCTOR ALMANAC I will do't incony.
 Stand forth Shrove Tuesday, one o' the silenced
 bricklayers;
 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,
 To set your tribe a-work, cause spoil in Shoreditch
 210 And make a dangerous leak there, deface Turnbull,

162 **bombards** wide leathern drinking vessels
 163 **Rome** fasting was more closely observed in Catholic countries than in Protestant ones
 165 **Lancashire** Fuller noted that in the western part of Lancashire people were 'Popishly affected', hence 'many Papists, and Jesuits have been born and bred in this County' (*Worthies*, 105).
 173 **pampered** over fed
 174 **fuller bellies** i.e. became pregnant. A full belly was also associated with foolishness: 'A fat belly does not engender a Subtle wit' (Tilley B293), or 'A Belly full of gluttony will never study willingly' (B285).
 176 **kept** supported
 194 **rabble** disorderly people
 196 **rout** disorderly or disreputable crowd
 199 **Shrove Tuesday** . . . **near him** Candlemas fell on the day before St Blaise's Day, 3rd of February, which was, traditionally the earliest possible day for Shrove Tuesday.

Lent follows the latter. Shrove Tuesday was the traditional day for often violent misrule—hence Candlemas's complaint.
 202 **Shrove Tuesday** allusively meaning 'a time of merriment'
 203 **Ill May Day** so called in allusion to the rising of the apprentices on the 1st of May 1517 against foreigners and aliens.
Midsummer Eve one of the festive days notorious for drinking and misrule
Dog Day the day about the time of the heliacal rising of the Dog-star (i.e. Sirius), noted from ancient time as the hottest and most unwholesome period of the year; in current almanacs dog days are said to begin on 3 July and end 11 August.
 206 **incony** (a) happily (b) rarely, skilfully
 207 **silenced bricklayers** Possibly an allusion to Ben Jonson, who was the son of a bricklayer and an apprentice himself, especially if we take into account his 'tribe' of l. 209. 'The tribe of Ben' was the contemporary name for a group

of poets who were Jonson's followers. Also playing on 'silenced ministers' = Puritans forbidden to preach.
 208 **pull down bawdy-houses** Many writers record the custom of London apprentices' revelry on Shrove Tuesday, including their attacks on brothels and theatres, as if they wanted to clean the city of all the 'dirt' before Lent.
 209 **tribe** (see note to l. 207 above)
Shoreditch This parish in London had the worst reputation as a haunt of loose women and bad characters in general.
 210 **leak** possibly an allusion to Mrs Leak who kept a bawdy-house in Shoreditch and is mentioned as being attacked by prentices in *Owl's Almanac* 434. The riot took place on Shrove Tuesday, 1617, and many apprentices were arrested, along with Mrs Leak.
Turnbull one of the most disreputable streets in London, a haunt of thieves and prostitutes.

MASQVE OF HEROES.

Here the second dance, and last antemasque: eight boys, habited according to their former characters. The three Good Days, attired all in white garments, sitting close to their bodies, their inscriptions on their breasts: on the first 'Cock-a-hoop'; on the second 'The gear cottons'; on the third 'Faint heart never'. The three Bad Days all in black garments, their faces black, and their inscriptions: on the first 'Rods in piss'; on the second 'Post for puddings'; on the third 'Put up thy pipes'. The Indifferent Days in garments half white, half black, their faces seamed with that parti-colour, and their inscriptions: the first 'Neither full nor fasting'; the second 'In dock out nettle'.

These having purchased a smile from the cheeks of many a beauty by their ridiculous figures, vanish, proud of that treasure

DOCTOR ALMANAC [to New Year]

I see these pleasures of low births and natures
 Add little freshness to your cheeks; I pity you,
 And can no longer now conceal from you
 Your happy omen. Sir, blessings draw near you,
 I will disclose a secret in astrology
 By the sweet industry of Harmony,
 Your white and glorious friend;
 Ev'n very deities have conspired to grace
 Your fair inauguration; here I find it,
 'Tis clear in art,
 The minute, nay, the point of time's arrived;
 Methinks the blessings touch you, now they're felt,
 sir.

At which loud music heard, the first cloud vanishing, Harmony is discovered with her sacred choir.

The first song

HARMONY [singing]

New Year, New Year! hark, hearken to me!
 I am sent down
 To crown
 Thy wishes with me!
 Thy fair desires in virtue's court are filed.
 The goodness of thy thought,
 This blessed work hath wrought,
 Time shall be reconciled.
 Thy spring shall in all sweets abound,
 Thy summer shall be clear and sound,
 Thy autumn swell the barn and loft

266.12-13 *seamed...parti-colour* decorated with lines in a variety of colours
 273 *white* beloved
 278.2 *discovered* a sudden discovery of allegorical figures, often accompanied by a change of scenery, is characteristic for all masques.
 283 *virtue's court* (where the performance is taking place)

292.1-2 *Masquers...discovered* (the discovery of the masquers was the culminating moment of every masque)
 292.3-4 *heroes deified for their virtues* since there are nine 'heroes', we may associate them with the 'nine Worthies', especially because their 'worth' is mentioned in l. 314. The nine Worthies include three Jews (Joshua, David, and

With corn and fruits, ripe, sweet and soft,
 And in thy winter, when all go,
 Thou shalt depart as white as snow.
 Then a second cloud vanishing, the Masquers themselves discovered, sitting in arches of clouds, being nine in number, heroes deified for their virtues.

The song goes on

[HARMONY] [singing]

Behold, behold, hark, hearken to me!
 Glories come down
 To crown
 Thy wishes with me:
 Bright heroes in lasting honour sphered,
 Virtue's eternal spring,
 By making Time their king,
 See, they're beyond Time reared.
 Yet in their love to human good,
 In which estate themselves once stood,
 They all descend to have their worth
 Shine to imitation forth;
 And by their motion, light and love,
 To show how after-times should move!
 Then the Masquers descend [and] set to their first dance.

The second song

HARMONY [singing]

Move on, move on, be still the same,
 You beauteous sons of brightness,
 You add to honour, spirit and flame,
 To virtue, grace and whiteness.
 You whose every little motion
 May learn strictness more devotion,
 Every pace of that high worth
 It treats a fair example forth,
 Quickens a virtue, makes a story,
 To your own heroic glory;
 May your three-times-thrice blest number
 Raise merit from his ancient slumber!
 Move on, move on, be still the same,
 You beauteous sons of brightness,
 You add to honour, spirit and flame,
 To virtue, grace and whiteness.
 Then they order themselves for their second dance,
 after which

Judas Maccabaeus), three Gentiles (Hector, Alexander, and Julius Caesar), and three Christians (Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon).
 297 *sphered* there were also nine spheres in the Ptolemaic heavens.
 306.1-2 *the Masquers...dance* (the final moment of every masque)

MASQVE OF HEROES.

The third song

HARMONY [*singing*]

325 See, whither fate hath led you, lamps of honour,
For goodness brings her own reward upon her;
Look, turn your eyes, and then conclude, commend-
ing,
And say you have lost no worth by your descending.
Behold a heaven about you, spheres more plenty,
There, for one Luna, here shines ten
And for one Venus, twenty;
330 Then heroes, double both your fame and light,
Each choose his star, and full adorn this night.

*At which the Masquers make choice of their ladies,
and dance.*

Time [enters], thus closing all

TIME

The morning grey
Bids come away;
Every lady should begin
To take her chamber, for the stars are in. 335
Then making his honour to the ladies
Live long the miracles of times and years
Till with those heroes you sit fixed in spheres.
[*Exeunt*]

Finis

- 328 **Luna** personification of the Moon
329 **Venus** goddess of beauty and love; here,
the paragon of beauty.
331.1-2 *At which...dance* (every masque
concluded with a dance of the masquers
with the partners drawn from the
audience)
335.1 *honour* bow

AN/THE OLD LAW

Edited by Jeffrey Masten

Honour thy father* and thy mother . . .

*By the which is meant all that have authority over us.

—Exodus 20:12 and its gloss, *The Geneva Bible* (1570)

IMAGINE a culture—a culture at once strikingly like early modern England and at the same time apparently ancient and distant from it—that passes a law mandating the execution of old people when they reach a given age. This is the unusual proposition with which *Old Law* begins—though, as the play makes clear, this proposition and the response to it are unusual for reasons other than those we might expect today.

Old Law is a tragicomedy of euthanasia. If this description seems an oxymoron, it is also, as we will see, a redundancy; an exploration of both terms illuminates the play. Philip Sidney called tragicomedy a ‘mongrel’ genre; John Fletcher (who collaborated with Beaumont, Massinger, Rowley, Shakespeare, and others) wrote, less disparagingly, that

A tragicomedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy (which must be a representation of familiar people with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned), so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy.

Though labelled an ‘Excellent Comedy’ in the first printed edition (1656), *Old Law* nonetheless meets a number of Fletcher’s tragicomic criteria: no god makes an appearance, but the play mixes in its three related plots characters ranging from the lower-class Clown, Wife, and Wench (Fletcher’s ‘mean people’) to a Duke and his courtiers. The play brings some so ‘near’ death that everyone (including the audience) assumes they have died, and, in the play’s climactic trial scene, others are in danger of being sentenced to death for their ‘capital’ crimes against the state (5.1.143).

In fact, the play out-goes Fletcher’s definition in its mixing of tragedy and comedy, for it insistently brings together ‘mirth and killing’. Epire’s law that executes all men at the age of eighty and women at the age of sixty produces a series of comic scenes and jokes about the death of the aged. The scene in which the Clown persuades the Clerk to antedate his wife’s birthday in the parish registry is one of the funniest in the play (at the same time that it is, from a number of other perspectives, one

of the most outrageous). Jokes themselves are said to be fatal, and death produces laughter: ‘An’t be a laughing business,’ says the young courtier Simonides, ‘Put it to me; I’m one of the best in Europe. | My father died last too; I have the most cause’ (3.2.3–5).

Two ceremonies staged in the play are amalgamations that ‘match hornpipes and funerals’, to use Sidney’s metaphor for tragicomedy’s ostensibly inappropriate mixing. (This metaphor is literalized several times in the course of a play closely attuned to kinds of music.) Staging his father’s funeral prematurely so that he can hide him from the Old Law, Cleanthes leads a joyful funeral (‘We’ll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal, | That death so gently has prevented you | The law’s sharp rigour’ [1.1.470–2]), and the Duke remarks of this mournful festivity, ‘I never saw a corse so joyfully followed . . . Was ever such a contrariety seen | In natural courses yet, nay, professed openly?’ (2.1.156, 161–2). The Clown’s procession in the final scene—which he intends as the simultaneous funeral of his first wife and the marriage of his second—recalls Cleanthes’s earlier spectacle, as well as other tragicomic mixtures of marriages and funerals, like those in the first and last scenes of Fletcher and Shakespeare’s *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1613). The Clown theorizes this ‘contrariety’ for the Duke:

As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one [wife] goes out to wedding; another goes to hanging. And your grace in the due consideration shall find ’em much alike: the one hath the ring upon her finger; the other a halter about her neck. ‘I take thee, Beatrice’, says the bridegroom; ‘I take thee, Agatha’, says the hangman, and both say together, ‘to have and to hold till death do part us’. (5.1.387–94)

That much of the humour surrounding this mixture is at the near-fatal expense of old women is, like the gendered difference of twenty years in the law itself, something to which we will need to return.

The legislation of euthanasia (the Old Law for the killing of old people) is the play’s ‘improbable hypothesis’—to use the term a more recent critic of tragicomedy, Eugene Waith, cites as characteristic of the genre. And yet, as twentieth-century debates over euthanasia and suicide suggest, what is ‘improbable’ is relative to cultural context; the improbability of euthanasia in the context of seventeenth-century English culture (and its meaning as a proposal for social reform) differs in important ways from its improbability and its possible meanings in later Anglo-American culture.

What I am calling ‘euthanasia’ in *Old Law* is not the early (and etymological) notion of euthanasia—that is, from the Greek, ‘good death’, a term often used to denote an easy, usually self-inflicted death, as described, for example, in Montaigne’s essay ‘A Custom of the Isle of Cea’ (trans. 1603), or in Thomas More’s *Utopia* (1516). This ‘euthanasia’ might be considered literally redundant in the context of tragicomedy, where all deaths turn out to be good, or rather not to be deaths in the conventional sense at all. Nor is what I’ve called ‘euthanasia’ the more recent (post-nineteenth-century) practice usually glossed today as ‘mercy killing’. The euthanasia of *Old Law*, in fact, more closely resembles fascist social engineering—the extermination of what Nazi ideology called ‘lives unworthy of life’—than these other meanings; ‘euthanasia’ is ‘good death’ in the play only from the particular vantage point of ‘the care and good of the commonwealth’, to quote the law (1.1.128–9).

Historical changes in the terms and discourses surrounding the killing of old people are at issue here; indeed, what may be most shocking to a modern reader of *Old Law* is the way in which resistance to the Old Law enacted in Epire is not staged in the terms we may have come to expect in the late twentieth century, amid controversies over abortion and medically assisted suicide. In the play, discussion of and resistance to a law that arbitrarily kills certain members of society deemed non-functioning is *not* framed in the now familiar vocabulary of inherent rights—the individual’s right to life, or to death, or to self-determination. Anthony Trollope’s controversial 1882 novel *The Fixed Period*, which rewrites the play as an ironic first-person narrative, illustrates the magnitude of this epistemic shift.

The play’s opening scene—between Simonides (the greedy young courtier who approves of the law), Cleanthes (the young courtier who opposes it), and two mercenary lawyers—makes clear that the law will be contested among Epire’s sons, not those most fatally affected by the legislation. To the extent that the play depicts condemned characters resisting the law in something like a post-Enlightenment discourse of self-determination, the characters who espouse such a view are comically denigrated. The Clown’s Wife, Agatha (shortened to ‘Ag’, which in the Clown’s dialect sounds like ‘hag’), is ridiculed for her desire to live out even the full life-span allowed by law, after the Clown has succeeded in antedating her birthdate; Lisander, in his attempts to rejuvenate his appearance and behaviour, is made ludicrous—if not quite as ridiculous as the young courtiers with whom he competes. In contrast, all of the characters of the older generation whom the play constructs as worthy go willingly, almost cheerfully, off to death. Creon, Simonides’s father, initially resists the law on the grounds that he has faithfully served a state that now discards him, but a few moments later, appearing before the Duke, he mouths the words of the law back to its legislator:

’Tis just I die indeed, my lord, for I confess
I’m troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel. (2.1.87–90)

Though she has additional years to live under the law, Creon’s wife, Antigona, accepts her own death as part of his, and her later resistance to the law, before the Duke, is a plea on behalf of Creon, not herself. In the face of Creon’s own willingness to die, she articulates her opposition in terms of his ability still to serve the state, linked explicitly to his worthiness as a father: ‘He is not lost in judgement . . . | His very household laws prescribed at home by him | Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms | They are so wise and virtuous’ (2.1.98, 2.1.101–3).

As these lines begin to suggest, opposition to the law in this play is based *not* in a rhetoric of self-determination, but instead in the discourse of early modern patriarchalism. Creon’s ‘household laws prescribed at home’ are also laws ‘able to conform seven Christian kingdoms’; they recapitulate (in a language familiar to subjects versed in James I’s words and works) a connection between the governance of families and of nations. Further, these laws are, significantly, written on a ‘table’ (tablet) and are linked in this scene to the ten commandments (2.1.119). The Old Law—Epire’s new law for the killing of old people—is thus resisted here and elsewhere in the play on the basis of an older law on which the play’s title puns: the law of the Old Testament (i.e., the Hebrew Bible), as received and reinscribed through its early-modern patriarchalist interpretation.

Old Law recalls, at a number of points, the ten commandments of Exodus 20 and catalogues the ways in which the play’s old law results in transgressions of the older Mosaic laws—the various incidents of attempted adultery, of coveting a neighbour’s wife and/as property, of murder by changing a wife’s birthdate in the church register, etc. But the play’s primary concern is the fifth commandment (central to the theory and practice of patriarchalism) to ‘Honour thy father and thy mother.’ In seventeenth-century England, there was a frequent slippage between the commandment’s citation of both father *and* mother and patriarchalism’s insistence on the importance of fathers alone. This is an effacement enacted in the play: when Creon is sent to his death after Antigona’s unsuccessful plea, she simply disappears until the end of the play, and, in the plot detailing Cleanthes’s resistance to the law, there is no mother to complicate the play’s focus on the father. Whether in Antigona’s emphasis on Creon’s exemplary household government or in Cleanthes’s concealment of his father Leonides, the resistance to the euthanasia law is based upon the law’s failure to honour the father and (more incidentally) the mother; at the same time, opposition is voiced not by the person whose death is subject to law, but by the children (and, in the case of Antigona, the dutiful wife). As in our own

time, then, euthanasia is contested, but on very different terms.

The ending of the play might seem simply to restore a fully patriarchalist status quo, with its validation of filial piety, its new law replacing the old, its privileging of the good son Cleanthes and punishing of the prodigal Simonides. And yet, in exploring the relation of family values and political governance so central to seventeenth-century political theory, the play discloses—whether intentionally or not—manifold fractures within this system. This is particularly the case in the concluding trial scene, which addresses a central contradiction in patriarchalist discourse. If, as James I argued in *The True Law of Free Monarchies* (a text first published in 1598, widely circulated in the early years of his reign in England, and included in his 1616 collected *Works*), ‘the King towards his people is rightly compared to a father of children, and to a head of a body composed of divers members’, then which father—the royal or the household father—requires the highest obedience? Like the Geneva Bible quoted above, *GOD and the King* (the 1615 pamphlet published and studied at James’s command) attempts to settle this question in its gloss on the fifth commandment: ‘*honour thy Father and thy Mother*: where as we are required to honour the *Father* of private families, so much more the *Father* of our Country and the whole kingdom.’ But for *Old Law* (probably first written and performed within a few years of these publications) the question remains open to contestation: can a father of what *GOD and the King* calls a ‘private family’ be simultaneously a head and a member of a body? Which is the head here, and which the member?

Cleanthes’s trial focuses on precisely this question, and the sentence Simonides hands down confronts the issue explicitly:

Cleanthes, there is none can be

A good son and a bad subject, for if princes
Be called the peoples’ fathers, then the subjects
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince
Doth disobey his father; there you’re gone. (5.1.197–
201)

Yet even here in the most straightforward statement of a patriarchal-absolutist stance, the plural ‘princes’ may begin to overwhelm the subsequent emphasis on singular authority. How many princes, how many peoples, how many fathers are there? These are questions for the editor as well as the reader (as the notes to the play suggest, these activities are often indistinguishable), for the earliest printed text of the play has no apostrophe in ‘peoples’. Though the play may seem in the end to resolve such issues (the political and familial fathers turn out, in the tragicomic ending, not to have been opposed after all), the play has raised the possibility of fracture, has staged the adjudication of a theory the king himself understood as self-evident. Cleanthes’s trial, we might say, takes place in the space between the Geneva Bible’s statement of the fifth commandment and its authoritarian gloss in the margin. There are other moments of resistance marked

in the notes to the play (for example, the question of whether a husband is more closely identified with his wife or father), and readers will undoubtedly locate others.

This is not to say that the play had these particular meanings for all its audiences; my notes to the text attempt to demonstrate the multiple valences of the play’s language, meanings that may have been heard or read by some spectators or readers, though not by others. Indeed, the existence of two slightly different titles for the play in the seventeenth century—*An Old Law*, *The Old Law*—may suggest the variability with which audience members or readers may have seen in the play ‘an’ indefinite law (or one among several possible), and ‘the’ law (the definitive dictum, nevertheless potentially replaceable by ‘the’ [or ‘a?’] new one). (On the variant titles, see *Canon and Chronology*.)

Further, the play may have signified in very different ways late in 1618 or in 1619 (when it was written by Middleton, Rowley, and possibly Thomas Heywood, and first performed, probably by Prince Charles’s Men at either the Red Bull or the Cockpit); and then in the 1630s, when it may have been revived (and possibly revised at this point by Heywood, if he was not a part of the initial collaboration); and yet again in 1656, when it was published, after the theatres had been closed for more than a decade. (Though readers or audiences hardly need unravel the play’s collaborative texture to experience its comedy and power—and, as I have argued elsewhere, there are potentially serious methodological problems, from a historicist perspective, in doing so—recent critics interested in attributing the play’s authorship have agreed that Middleton probably wrote scenes 2.2, 3.2, and 4.2, and that Rowley wrote all or parts of 4.1 and 5.1. Although Philip Massinger is associated with the play on its first printed title-page, Gary Taylor has recently argued strongly for Heywood as the writer of the first half of the final act, 5.1.1–347; his argument simultaneously casts significant doubt on Massinger’s participation at any point in the play’s writing.)

During the 1640s and 1650s, the play’s political vocabulary—its juxtaposition of terms including *prince*, *senate*, *parliament*, *republic*, and *commonwealth*—would have been particularly charged, as would the patriarchalist discourse explored above after the beheading of James I’s son in 1649. (According to the 1656 title-page, the play was at some point performed for ‘the King and Queen’, probably Charles I and Henrietta Maria.) In other words, although a version of the play we now read was probably first composed in the second decade of the seventeenth-century, it continued to be revised and reinterpreted for at least forty years; like many plays of the period that were printed long after early performances, *Old Law* may have been revised for a revival in the interim (see 4.1.89, 5.1.347.1–4). Further, the compositors who set the type for the 1656 text may have changed or augmented, intentionally or not, the political valences of the play. As the notes attempt to detail, an analysis of some issues treated above may rest on whether a reader or editor accepts or rearranges

the speech headings assigned by the 1656 text (particularly in Act 5), and on what might have been considered 'characteristic' of characters at a given historical moment (see for example 5.1.267, 5.1.270).

Old Law thus dynamically participates in the culture of its era(s), reflecting and rewriting that culture in multiple ways. The play's most important source might be said to be the ten commandments (though they are never quoted in the play itself), along with the many sermons, proclamations, political-theoretical texts (by James I and others), and biblical marginalia that produced the fifth commandment in particular as political theory and social practice. While the play seems for the Cleanthes plot to rewrite in particular a story transmitted from the medieval *Historia septum sapientum* and to draw on a tale retold from Giambattista Cinzio Giraldi's *Gli Ecatommiti* (1565) in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession* (1581) for the plot of the Clown's two wives, *Old Law* is also widely allusive, agglutinative, and revisionary in a way that defies any simple understanding of 'source'. The play satirizes Renaissance courtiers, lawyers, and legal discourse (Middleton's participation in legal wrangling over his filial inheritance may itself function as a 'source', especially in the first and last scenes), and the play seems to address James I (or advise his son) about reforming a court perceived as excessively young, fashionable, and effeminate. The play draws obliquely on a Montaigne essay (noted above) for its mention of some character-names and the setting. Other character names (for example, Hippolita) connect the play to a range of others in the period. The play apparently reworks or parodies lines from George Peele's now-lost play *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the Fair Greek* (1581-94) and from Thomas Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* (1592), which in the Clown's parodic revision produces yet another complicated moment of tragicomic mixing (5.1.500-3).

Add to this list the play's broad classical attentiveness: its resurrecting of names from *Antigonè*, Sophocles's tragedy of social resistance (available in Latin translation by 1581); its use of Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* (1579); and Cleanthes's recounting, to the patricidal young judges, of Aeneas's escape from burning Troy carrying his father—a passionate aria that puts the old text of Virgil's *Aeneid* in the service of the Old Testament. There is, finally, the play's closing reference to Plato's *Cratylus* at 5.1.618, an allusion that (just at the moment the law seems firmly re-rooted in 'natural' law



Emblem of Aeneas fleeing Troy, 'Pietas filiorum in parentes', from Geoffrey Whitney, *A Choice of Emblemes* (1586).

and the Old Testament) asks whether the foundation of law lies in convention or nature, and calls into question the very ideas of stability and authenticity in language. (In what might almost seem a Pynchonesque message to twentieth-century readers of a modernized text, the *Cratylus* also argues the impossibility of establishing stable spellings and meanings of old words.) Here we may again find a linking of classical, theoretical seriousness and 'mirth'; seemingly like the Platonic dialogue, the Clown laments, near the end of the play: 'I am not the first by forty that has been undone by the law; 'tis but a folly to stand upon terms' (5.1.535-7, my emphasis). The form in which the allusion to the *Cratylus* arrives on stage—the character-revelation that produces the allusion—might itself be taken as a joke or as something altogether more serious: mirth or killing? Both?

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 166

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1123

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 405

Other Middleton-Rowley works: *Weapons*, 980; *Quarrel*, 1209;

Tennis, 1405; *Changeling*, 1632; *Gypsy*, 1723

WILLIAM ROWLEY, THOMAS MIDDLETON, and THOMAS HEYWOOD

An }
The } Old Law

Or, A New Way to Please You

[for Prince Charles's Men (at the Red Bull?)]

Commentary “To interpret a text is not to give it a (more or less justified, more or less free) meaning, but on the contrary to appreciate what *plural* constitutes it . . . this text is a galaxy of signifiers, not a structure of signifieds; it has no beginning; it is reversible; we gain access to it by several entrances, none of which can be authoritatively declared to be the main one . . .” (Roland Barthes, *S/Z* 5).

Like all commentaries, this column of running commentary interprets the play even as it ostensibly clarifies or ‘glosses’ (3.2.219) it. This commentary in particular attempts to activate some of the ‘plural’ meanings of *Old Law* available to audiences and readers in the seventeenth century. The plurality of meanings cited in this column are the result of a number of factors; often these are difficult fully to distinguish in any given instance:

1) *linguistic plurality*, the fact that early modern English pronunciation, spelling, and punctuation lacked (though its speakers did not necessarily think of it as lacking) the standardization of modern English; also, the possibility of words having one meaning in general usage and another in a more specialized area of the language (for example, legal discourse); 2) *intentional plurality*, often called ‘quibbles’ or ‘puns’, wit attributed to characters like the Clown, and intended by the playwrights; 3) *collaborative plurality*, the production of plural meanings through the interventions of players or bookholders (prompters) in the theatre, or the printers in the printing house (doubled stage directions, omitted words,

inverted pieces of type, etc.); 4) *aural plurality*, the fact the different audience members might have heard different or multiple meanings during the playing of this text on stage.

While this edition provides a version of *Old Law* that can be read as reconstructing a performance of a play, the commentary nevertheless insists on the multiple interventions the editorial process makes in the text in order to *produce* such an experience for the reader. For readers of both the text and the commentary column, reading cannot be merely, as Barthes writes, ‘a parasitical act, the reactive complement of writing which we endow with all the glamour of creation and anteriority.’ Rather, ‘[i]t is a form of work . . . I write my reading . . .’ (*S/Z* 10). See *gloss* (3.2.219).

For these reasons, then, this commentary departs from the general protocol of this edition by including both commentary and the textual notes detailing changes (emendations) and modernizations made in the text; textual notes ordinarily appear in the *Companion*. Commentary notes refer to the first printed edition of *Old Law* (dated 1656) as BELL (for Jane Bell, who printed it). Other editors mentioned here include: COXETER (1761), MASON (1779), GIFFORD (1805), COLERIDGE (1839/40), DYCE (1840), BULLEN (1885), SHAW (1982), and TAYLOR (in consultation on the present edition). (Notes also occasionally mention specific copies of BELL stored at particular libraries; these are referenced as: FOLGER, HOUGHTON1, HOUGHTON2, HUNTINGTON, LCP, NEWBERRY, WILLIAMS.) Full bibliographical references for all

editions appear in the *Companion*.

Title *An Old Law/The Old Law* The title appeared in two forms in the seventeenth century (see below), both of which raise some questions. Does *The Old Law* refer to the law for the killing of old people as described in the first scene? the law(s) of the ‘Old Testament’ (i.e., the Hebrew Bible), especially the fifth commandment (‘honour thy father and thy mother’)? Does the ‘old’ law suggest that there will be a new law, later on? If so, will it correspond to the New Testament? Or will it function as the parodic opposite of the New Testament—as the Old Law of 1.1 functions in relation to the Old Testament? If there is ‘an’ old law, might there be any number of others, or a young law?

Or, A New Way to Please You An alternative title for the play, or a subtitle? (Does this title substitute for *Old Law*, or does it supplement it?) In which of its senses will an old law be pleasing? Does this title promise a ‘new way’ that will replace the old law? Or does this phrase simply promise an innovation in dramatic repertoire? How is this title related to other ‘pleasing’ titles and subtitles—e.g. *As You Like It*, or *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*? Is the subtitle, possibly added for publication in 1656, a play on Massinger’s play entitled *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* (published 1633)? **The Old Law; or, A New Way to Please You** BELL (*The Excellent Comedy, called THE OLD LAW: OR A new way to pleafe you.*); An ould Lawe REVELS; The Old Law. A Comedy COXETER. On the variant titles, see Taylor, “‘The Old Law’ or ‘An Old Law’?” On the play’s genre, see Critical Introduction.

THE OLD LAW:

- Persons** This list is an editorial construction for this edition. BELL's list (transcribed in the *Companion*, p. 1127) was almost certainly prepared by someone unfamiliar with the details of the play (perhaps the publisher) some time after the play was acted, especially since it includes some significant errors of description. A seventeenth-century theatre audience would not have possessed a list of the play's persons, and the emergence of such lists (increasingly, they accompanied printed plays in the seventeenth century) is the product of the practice of reading, rather than (or in addition to) seeing plays. (See Gary Taylor's essay "The Order of Persons" in the *Companion*, p. 31.) A list of 'persons' may give the impression that the play's characters pre-exist the performance that in fact constitutes them—that they have essences, pasts, futures, thoughts, motives, or even stable titles ('Executioner') or relationships ('Wife') separate from the performance/text. This list follows BELL's in not divulging some characters' names until they are addressed on stage or 'discovered' later in the play. Specific commentary on particular names appears at the moment of a character's first entrance or naming in the play itself.
- 16 LISANDER Although BELL suggests he is Cleanthes's 'uncle', the play itself does not specify the relation of Lisander to Cleanthes more closely than 'coz' (kinsman).
- 19 DANCER dancing teacher

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SIMONIDES }
CLEANTHES } 2 courtiers

FIRST LAWYER
SECOND LAWYER

CREON, father to Simonides
ANTIGONA, mother to Simonides and wife to Creon

BUTLER }
BAILIFF }
TAILOR } servants to Creon
COOK }
COACHMAN }
FOOTMAN }

Old women, wives to Creon's servants

HIPPOLITA, wife to Cleanthes
LEONIDES, father to Cleanthes

LISANDER, husband to Eugenia and kinsman to Cleanthes
EUGENIA, wife to Lisander and mother to Parthenia
PARTHENIA, daughter to Lisander and Eugenia
DANCER
Servants to Lisander

DUKE of Epire
FIRST COURTIER
SECOND COURTIER
THIRD COURTIER
EXECUTIONER
FIRST GUARD
SECOND GUARD
FIRST OFFICER
Officers

CLOWN
Clown's WIFE
WENCH

CLERK

DRAWER

Musicians
Old men

- I.I.O.I *Incipit Actus Primus* THIS EDITION; Act. I. Scen. I. BELL
1 Is...sir Unless otherwise noted, partial verse lines depicted in THIS EDITION as completing or continuing a verse line begun by another character were set in BELL as separate lines of type.
4 conceive understand

Incipit Actus Primus
Enter Simonides and two Lawyers

SIMONIDES
Is the law firm, sir?
FIRST LAWYER The law—what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?
SIMONIDES By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,

I.I

5 You have indirectly answerèd my question.
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds
Of law in general for the most solid,
But this particular law that me concerns
Now at the present, if that be firm and strong,
10 And powerful, and forcible, and permanent.
I am a young man that has an old father.
SECOND LAWYER Nothing more strong, sir;
It is *secundum statutum principis*
Confirmatum cum voce senatus,
15 *Et voce reipublicæ, nay, consummatum*
Et exemplificatum. Is it not in force
When divers have already tasted it
And paid their lives for penalty?
SIMONIDES 'Tis true,
My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.
20 SECOND LAWYER He's here then
Sub pœna statuti, hence I can tell him,
Truer than all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out tomorrow; this is
The most certain climacterical year,
25 'Tis past all danger, for there's no 'scaping it.
What age is your mother, sir?
SIMONIDES Faith, near her days too,
Wants some two of threescore.
FIRST LAWYER So, she'll drop away
One of these days too; here's a good age now
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance.
SIMONIDES
30 And sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices
That younger men would walk lustily in,
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenced, yet hath spun out their lives so long
35 That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languished in their hoped reversions
And died upon the thought, and by your leave, sir,
Have you not places filled up in the law
By some grave senators that you imagine
40 Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?
FIRST LAWYER
Dic quibus in terris et eris mihi magnus Apollo.
SIMONIDES
But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:
Is't not a sound and necessary law,
This by the Duke enacted?
45 FIRST LAWYER Never did Greece
(Our ancient seat of brave philosophers)
'Mongst all her *nomothetai* and lawgivers,
Not when she flourished in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
50 Produce a law more grave and necessary.
SIMONIDES
I'm of that mind too.
SECOND LAWYER I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government

13-16 *secundum...exemplificatum* 'according to the Prince's statutes, confirmed with the voice of the senate, and the voice of the republic, nay, perfected and put into practice.'
14 *senatus* MASON; *senatum* BELL.
15 *reipublicæ* BELL (*republicæ*)
17 *divers* several, many, a variety (often used in legal and scriptural contexts)
21 *Sub pœna statuti* 'under the penalty of the law'
24 *climacterical year* an especially critical, dangerous, or fatal stage of life. The ages 81 and 63 were considered 'grand climacterics', making them especially critical.
25 'scaping escaping
35 *pregnant* resourceful, ready
36 *hoped* expected
reversions inheritances; *reversion*: the right to succeed to, or occupy, an estate after the death of its owner (legal term). Here and elsewhere, THIS EDITION occasionally adds diacritical marks not in BELL to assist readers with a possible scansion of a verse line.
42 *Dic...Apollo* 'Tell me how, and you will be as great as Apollo to me.' The line is adapted from Virgil's third *Eclogue*, translated in 1589 by Abraham Fleming as: 'tell me in what ground... and thou shalt be Apollo great to mee.'
47 'Mongst amongst
nomothetai BELL (Nomotheta); this modernization follows *OCD*'s rendering from Greek. In ancient Athens, this committee of lawmakers drafted or revised laws.
51-70 *I will...shame* The speech is a catalogue of famous lawmakers, reformers, and legal theorists of ancient Greece.
51 *maintain* support, defend; carry on a law case
52 *Draco's* Draco is traditionally credited with introducing the first Athenian laws to be set down in writing (c.620 BCE); the laws, including those for homicide, were known for their severe penalties.

- 54 **Solon's** One of the 'sevenfold sages' of ancient Greece (and a metaphor for wise legislator in the Renaissance), Solon was an Athenian statesman who reformed laws and government during a crisis that arose because of the severe conditions of serfdom (c.600 BCE). His *seisachtheia* (I.I.57, literally, a 'shaking off of burdens') cancelled debts, released peasants from serfdom and slavery, and forbade money-borrowing that considered persons as security for the debt. According to Thomas North's 1579 translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, Solon's friends were known as 'Creocopides, "cutters of detts"'. Solon also repealed Draco's laws, except those against homicide. **Creocopides** THIS EDITION; Crecopedi BELL; *chreokopia* GIFFORD. From context, BELL's term seems to mean *chreokopia*, the cancelling of debts under Solon. However, BELL's spelling (Crecopedi) seems to be an attempt to render the term not for the process, but for persons who cancelled their debts (*chreokopides*), which North's Plutarch spells 'Creocopides' (see previous note.) The confusion may indicate that Second Lawyer does not fully understand the precedents he cites. The spelling in this edition imagines that BELL (and potentially the hypothetical manuscript that was its copy) followed North's form, but corrected the initial letter.
- 57 **seisachtheia** MASON (Seisachtheia); *Sisaithe* BELL. Modernization follows OCD. See I. 54.
- 58 **Areopagite** members of a judicial council (the Areopagus) reformed by Solon
- 59 **Lycurgus** legendary legislator credited with creating a social system and laws for Sparta (c.900 BCE). North's translation of Plutarch says of Lycurgus's marital rules: 'a man was not to be blamed, being stepped [= advanced] in yeres, and having a young wife, if seeing a fayer young man that liked him [= pleased him], and knowen with all to be of a gentle nature, he brought him home to get his wife with childe.... Lycurgus did not like that children should be private to any men, but that they should be common to the common weale'.
- 61 **woman** BELL; wife TAYLOR *conj.* (spelled 'wiue')
- 64-5 **Plato**... Aristotle referring to the systems of social organization proposed in Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Politics*
- 66 **luxurious** lecherous; excessive
limits extents
- 67 **Epire** Epirus, a region of north-west Greece, considered backward in ancient times, and isolated geographically, culturally, and linguistically from the rest of Greece (see 5.I.618-21)
- 69 **predecessive** preceding (meaning earlier in history and perhaps earlier in this speech). This term, which is only known to appear in this play, may be a parody of legal language.
- 74 **Whither** BELL (Whether)
- 78 **jubilee** occasion of joyful celebration; in the Old Testament (the Hebrew Bible) and Jewish history, the celebration of a year of Jubilee every fifty years included the freeing of slaves and the reversion of property to its earlier owners.
- 83 **He is** GIFFORD; Hees is BELL
- 97 **Secundum justitiam** 'according to the law'

Of community reduced into few
Framed a fair state. Solon's *Creocopides*,
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors, 55
Was good and charitable (but not full allowed);
His *seisachtheia* did reform that error,
His honourable senate of *Areopagite*.
Lycurgus was more loose, and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline, 60
As that a young woman in her husband's weakness
Might choose her able friend to propagate,
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,
And so did Aristotle, allowing 65
Lewd and luxurious limits to their laws;
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law
That all our predecessive students
Have missed unto their shame.

Enter Cleanthes

- SIMONIDES Forbear the praise, sir; 70
'Tis in itself most pleasing. Cleanthes,
O lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down kept the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.
- CLEANTHES Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms among those trees 75
Which we had shelter from.
- SIMONIDES Yes—from our growth,
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What, 'tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old's thy father?
- CLEANTHES Jubilee, no indeed, 'tis a bad year with me. 80
- SIMONIDES Prithee, how old's thy father? Then I can tell thee.
- CLEANTHES I know not how to answer you, Simonides.
He is too old being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict,
And yet not old enough by many years, 85
'Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.
- SIMONIDES These very passions I speak to my father.
Come, come, here's none but friends here; we may
speak
Our insides freely. These are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.
- CLEANTHES They shall be now, sir, 90
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones (I know) they can insist upon.
- FIRST LAWYER O sir, we must undertake of both parts,
But the good we have most good in.
- CLEANTHES Pray you, say 95
How do you allow of this strange edict?
- FIRST LAWYER
Secundum justitiam, by my faith, sir,

The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.
CLEANTHES
What, to kill innocents, sir? It cannot be;
100 It is no rule in justice there to punish.
FIRST LAWYER O sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law.
CLEANTHES
Why, sir, is there so main a difference?
FIRST LAWYER
You'll never be good lawyer, if you understand not
that.
CLEANTHES
105 I think then 'tis the best to be a bad one.
FIRST LAWYER
Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both
Do both o'erthrow you in this statute,
Which that speaks, that every man living to
Fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then
110 Be cut off as fruitless to the republic,
And law shall finish what nature lingered at.
CLEANTHES
And this suit shall soon be dispatched in law.
FIRST LAWYER
It is so plain it can have no demur;
The church-book overthrows it.
CLEANTHES And so it does;
115 The church-book overthrows it if you read it well.
FIRST LAWYER
Still you run from the law into error.
You say it takes the lives of innocents;
I say no, and so says common reason:
What man lives to fourscore and women to three
That can die innocent?
120 CLEANTHES A fine lawful evasion.
Good sir, rehearse the full statute to me.
SIMONIDES
Fie, that's too tedious, you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.
CLEANTHES
Sir, 'mongst many words may be found contradic-
tions,
125 And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute;
If they can pick a quarrel with some error—
SECOND LAWYER Listen sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for
you. [*Reads*] '*Anno primo Evandri*, be it (for the care and
good of the commonwealth, for divers necessary reasons
130 that we shall urge) thus peremptorily enacted'—
CLEANTHES
A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not.
SECOND LAWYER [*reads*] 'That all men living in our domin-
ions of Epire in their decayed nature to the age of
fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on
135 the same day be instantly put to death, by those means
and instruments that a former proclamation had (to this
purpose) through our said territories dispersed.'
CLEANTHES
There was no women in this senate, certain.

103 is COXETER; ls BELL. The difference between *i* and *l* is obviously slight; in lightly printed copies of BELL, the difference is undetectable, and readers probably would not have interpreted this as a moment requiring intervention.
main great
106–7 **both...both** It is difficult for a reader to differentiate the exaggerations of the lawyer's language from the possibility of an extra word (the first *both?*) in BELL. In l. 108, 'Which that' (as an archaic construction meaning 'which') may work similarly.
107 **o'erthrow** The first use of this and related terms that link the way in which the old people are executed (2.1.132–6) and the social and political consequences of this action (the overturning of 'proper' hierarchies, the world upside-down). See 1.1.114–15, 1.1.482, 4.2.196, 5.1.216.
113 **demur** delay, doubt, hesitation; in legal terminology, a *demurrer* was an objection that delayed the proceedings: 'a kind of pause upon a point of difficultie in any action', John Cowell, *The Interpreter* (1637)
114 **church-book** the parish registry that records dates of christenings, marriages, burials, and thus the ages of parishioners. In the next line, however, Cleanthes uses the term to mean 'bible'.
119 **women** BELL; woman TAYLOR *conj.*
127 **gather** collect, bring together
128 **Anno primo Evandri** 'the first year of Evander's reign'
129 **commonwealth** 1) public welfare (in this case BELL's two-word spelling, *common wealth*, is more appropriate); 2) the group of people making up a nation or state; 3) a republic governed by the people; 4) the term used specifically to designate the English form of government at the time this play was first published (1656)
divers several; various
130 **peremptorily** decisively, conclusively; in a way that precludes debate or objection (legal term)
131 **pretence** aim or purpose (not necessarily hypocritical) (*OED*)
138 **women** BELL. Since *was* could be used as a plural verb, the commonplace emendation to *woman* (COXETER) is unnecessary. Readers of some copies (particularly FOLGER and LCP) would have confronted a blotch in place of the second vowel and might have interpreted this graphic shape as either word.

139-63 Since it is largely impossible to differentiate between deliberately labyrinthine prose that parodies legal language and errors in the text, I have taken a middle road in this speech, repunctuating it (as with the rest of the play) to make it legible to a modern reader, but leaving the words largely as they are in BELL—modernizing their spellings, but not rewriting the passage, as many previous editors have. The point or effect of the speech may have been that ‘the old law’ does not (within either a grammatical or a certain moral paradigm) make complete sense. See ll. 106-7.

141 **livelihood** BELL; likelihood GIFFORD

142 **counsels** ability to give advice. BELL’s spelling (*councells*) might also be modernized as *councils*, especially since *counsel* is rarely plural. The modernization of BELL’s spelling *Counsel* is more interpretively significant at l. 152, where it could mean: ‘never admitted, by advice of counsel’; or ‘never permitted to serve as counsel’; or ‘never admitted by council’ (a deliberative body).

143 **which** BELL; for MASON; whose GIFFORD

146 it... is BELL; they may be supposed COXETER; it may be supposed, [they are] SHAW

148 **yet** nevertheless; still

means BELL; Mean MASON

149 **born to them** theirs by birth, with a pun on *borne* (carried)

150 **for the which are** BELL; for the which they are adjudged to death MASON; [be condemned to die]: for GIFFORD; for BULLEN; [and they be condemned to death.] For SHAW

151 **never were defence** BELL; were never a Defence MASON; were never defence SHAW

152 **the... government** BELL; assist in the Government COXETER; the assist[ance] of [the] government DYCE

154 **to be past** BELL; being MASON; past GIFFORD; they be past BULLEN; be past SHAW

155 **fit** COXETER; fit BELL

then BELL; for them MASON; *not in* GIFFORD

156 **member** BELL; Members MASON. *Member* = part of the body politic, the commonwealth.

to be BELL; that they be GIFFORD; they be DYCE

161 **further** COXETER; furrher BELL

164 **fairly gilded** adorned with beautiful words; covered over with decoration that conceals defects; possibly also with a suggestion of gold/money (*guilders*) and of lawyers as a group (*guild*)—all readings suggested by BELL’s spelling *gilded*

167 **Pox** an exclamation of impatience; literally, a disease

176 **ope** open

180 **expressly** in plain terms; in particular

FIRST LAWYER [*reads*] ‘That these men, being past their bearing arms, to aid and defend their country, past their manhood and livelihood, to propagate any further issue to their posterity, and as well past their counsels (which overgrown gravity is now run into dotage), to assist their country, to whom in common reason nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as it may be supposed is tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country, yet wanting the means to maintain it, and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use; for the which are the women, for that they never were defence to their country, never by counsel admitted to the assist of government of their country, only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now at the age of threescore to be past that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit, then, a quarter abated from the more worthy member, to be put to death as is before recited, provided that, for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefully performed, and not for a full month following extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our palace royal in Epire.’

CLEANTHES

A fine edict, and very fairly gilded.

And is there no scruple in all these words

To demur the law upon occasion?

SIMONIDES

Pox, ’tis an unnecessary inquisition;

Prithee, set him not about it.

SECOND LAWYER [*to Cleanthes*] Troth, none, sir,

It is so evident and plain a case

There is no succour for the defendant.

CLEANTHES

Possible? Can nothing help in a good case?

FIRST LAWYER

Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole

Which would protract delay, if not remedy.

CLEANTHES

Why, there’s some comfort in that, good sir; speak it.

FIRST LAWYER

Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir.

SIMONIDES

It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs

That may die after it.

CLEANTHES [*to First Lawyer*]

Come, sir, I know how to make you speak;

[*He gives him money*]

will this do’t?

FIRST LAWYER

I will afford you my opinion, sir.

CLEANTHES [*to Second Lawyer*]

Pray you, repeat the literal words, expressly

The time of death.

SIMONIDES

’Tis an unnecessary question; prithee, let it alone.

- SECOND LAWYER
Hear his opinion; 'twill be fruitless, sir.
[Reads] 'That man at the age of fourscore, and women
185 at threescore shall the same day be put to death.'
- FIRST LAWYER
Thus, I help the man to twenty-one years more—
CLEANTHES That were a fair addition.
- FIRST LAWYER
Mark it, sir: we say man is not at age
Till he be one-and-twenty; before, his infancy
190 And adolescence; nor (by that addition)
Fourscore he cannot be till a hundred and one.
- SIMONIDES O poor evasion!
He's fourscore years old, sir—
- FIRST LAWYER That helps more, sir:
He begins to be old at fifty, so at fourscore
195 He's but thirty years old, so believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination
And so long may a man linger and live by't.
- SIMONIDES
The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard.
200 Give him his fee again; 'tis not worth two *deniers*.
- FIRST LAWYER There's no law for restitution of fees, sir.
Enter Creon and Antigona
- CLEANTHES
No, no, sir, I meant it lost when 'twas given.
- SIMONIDES No more, good sir;
Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.
- FIRST LAWYER
205 I have spoke out my fee and I have done, sir.
- SIMONIDES
O my dear father!
- CREON Tush, meet me not in exclams;
I understand the worst and hope no better.
A fine law; if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant.
210 Forty of 'em I know my seniõrs,
That did due deeds of darkness too—their country
Has watched 'em a good turn for't, and ta'en 'em
Napping now. The fewer hospitals will serve too;
Many may be used for stews and brothels,
215 And those people will never trouble 'em to fourscore.
- ANTIGONA
Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?
- CREON
Sorrow for what, Antigona? For my life?
My sorrow's I have kept it so long well
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.
220 I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong
To bind it faster to me.
- SIMONIDES [*aside*] For mine own sake,
I should have been sorry for that.
- CREON In my youth
I was a soldier; no coward in my age,
225 I never turned my back upon my foe.
I have felt nature's winters' sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
- 184-5 **man... threescore** The law's twenty-year difference in the execution age of men and women may reflect a similar difference encoded in an Elizabethan statute regulating labour, which freed women over 40 and men over 60 from compulsory agricultural work ('Statute of Artificers' 5 Eliz c. 4 (1562), sections 5 and 17).
- 190 **nor** BELL; NOW MASON. The final letter is legible only in some copies (FOLGER, WILLIAMS); the indistinctly printed word might have been read as *not* in other copies.
- 197 **declination** decline
- 198 **by't** BELL (bit). *by't* = by it (i.e., by this interpretation of the law). A modernization first adopted by DYCE, though suggested by COXETER (by it). Other possible readings for BELL's 'linger and live bit'—a line without end punctuation:
And so long may a man linger and live [a] bit.
And so long may a man linger and live bit [by bit]—
[*Simonides interrupts*]
And so long may a man linger and live bit. [i.e., stung by death, but not yet dead]
- 200 **deniers** BELL (deneers). Coins of little value (one-twelfth of a French *sou*); a term sometimes used in English to translate the Latin monetary term *denarius*
- 201.1 **Enter Creon and Antigona** The names recall (not altogether sensically in this context) the tyrant king and resistant heroine of Sophocles's tragedy *Antigone*.
Creon BELL (HOUGHTON2, HUNTINGTON); Cre on BELL (HOUGHTON1, FOLGER, WILLIAMS, LCP, NEWBERRY). Unlike another press variant identified in these notes (2.1.96), but like letters that seem to fail to print throughout BELL at various points in various copies (see 4.1.148), this variant cannot necessarily be ascribed to deliberate alteration of the text during the process of printing. BELL's intra- and inter-word spacing is often unusual, even when considered within the broad range of early modern spelling and typesetting practices.
- 204 **ears unnecessary for** ears that need not hear
- 206 **Tush** an exclamation of impatient contempt
in exclams with exclamations
- 210-13 **Forty... now** I know forty men older than me who did required service (like watchmen) defending their country, which has returned the favour by executing them in their old age.
- 211 **due** BELL; do COXETER
too—their country MASON; ~, ~ BELL
- 212 **ta'en** taken
- 214 **stews** whore-houses; hot baths
- 218 **sorrow's** BELL (sorrowes); sorrowe's NEWBERRY (added handwritten apostrophe)
- 219 **unto** BELL; to TAYLOR *conj.*
- 222 **aside** Since at this point Simonides seems still to be disguising his attempt to hustle his father off to death, I have placed an 'aside' in the text. But BELL does not indicate lines spoken 'aside', and they must always be read in the text column as an interpretive act by the editor. Whether a reader accepts that interpretation may depend on how brazenly he/she understands Simonides to be acting toward his parents at this point in the play; what it is appropriate to say aloud to one's parent in Renaissance culture might be said to be the subject matter of the play as a whole. For other ambiguous instances of 'asides', see 2.1.108, 3.2.266-8, 4.2.132.
- 226 **winters' sicknesses** BELL (winters fickneffes); Winter's ~ COXETER; Winters, ~ MASON *conj.*; winter-sicknesses BULLEN *conj.*; winter sicknesses SHAW

- To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Dangers on horseback, on foot, by water,
230 I have 'scaped to this day, and yet this day,
Without all help of casual accidents,
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore years to me. Where's the fault now?
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,
235 Nor aught but tyranny; even kings themselves
Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me:
He that has been a soldier all his days
And stood in personal opposition
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat,
240 And pinching cold, has treacherously at home
In his securèd quiet by a villain's hand
[]
Am basely lost in my star's ignorance,
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.
- FIRST LAWYER
245 O say not so, sir; it is by the law!
- CREON
And what's that, sir, but the sword of tyranny,
When it is brandished against innocent lives?
I'm now upon my deathbed, sir, and 'tis fit
I should unbosom my free conscience
250 And show the faith I die in: I do believe
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.
- SIMONIDES [*aside*] Would it were gone
By one means or other. What a long day
Will this be ere night!
- CREON Simonides.
- SIMONIDES
Here, sit—([*breaks off*], *weeping*)
- CREON Wherefore dost thou weep?
- CLEANTHES [*aside*]
255 'Cause you make no more haste to your end.
- SIMONIDES
How can you question nature so unjustly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filial tears for him?
- CLEANTHES [*aside*] Hypocrite,
A disease of drought dry up all pity from him
260 That can dissemble pity with wet eyes!
- CREON
Be good unto your mother, Simonides;
She must be now your care.
- ANTIGONA To what end, sir?
The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me
As it rings out for you; I'll be as ready
With one hour's stay to go along with you. 265
- CREON
Thou must not, woman; there are years behind
Before thou canst set forward in this voyage,
And Nature sure will now be kind to all:
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law
Seeks to prevent her; she'll therefore fight in't
270 And draw out life even to her longest thread.
Thou art scarce fifty-five.
- ANTIGONA So many morrows,
Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,
To hours, or minutes for thy company;
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,
275 Should walk together arm-in-arm.
- SIMONIDES [*aside*]
I hope they'll go together—I would they would,
i'faith,
Then would her thirds be saved too. [*To Creon*] The
day goes away, sir.
- CREON
Why, wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?
- SIMONIDES
O my heart, would you have me gone before you, sir?
280 You give me such a deadly wound—
- CLEANTHES [*aside*] Fine rascal.
- SIMONIDES
Blemish my duty so with such a question!
Sir, I would haste me to the Duke for mercy;
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
285 May be corrupted by misconstruction!
- CREON
Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou mean'st so.
- CLEANTHES [*aside*] You were in the more error.
- SIMONIDES The words wounded me.
- CLEANTHES [*aside*] 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't. 290

235-41 **kings...hand** These lines may allude to the assassination in 1610 of King Henri IV of France, a famous life-long soldier stabbed to death in a Paris street.

237-44 **He...sword** Either a line (or more) is missing in BELL between 'hand' and 'Am' (as here), or Creon changes pronouns in the midst of this speech, moving from an abstract, third-person description of his situation to an explicitly personal conclusion at 243. A number of other interventions (noted below) have been suggested as a way of making sense of BELL's shift in

grammatical person.

240 **has BELL**; dies COXETER

241-3 **hand...Am** THIS EDITION; hand | Am BELL

243 **Am BELL**; I'm COXETER; Been GIFFORD+ my BELL; his GIFFORD+ star's **ignorance** ignorance of my fate (as dictated by the stars); state's ignorance TAYLOR *conj.*

254 **Here, sit—([breaks off], weeping)** THIS EDITION; Heer fit — — weeping. BELL; Here, Sir [*weeping*. COXETER; Here, sir, — weeping. GIFFORD; Here [I] sit, weeping. SHAW. PRICE argues that (as in the 1623 quarto of *The Duke of Milan*) 'the

composer has in places left blanks for words he could not decipher...' (123). THIS EDITION interprets BELL's unusual punctuation as suggesting that 'weeping' is a marginal stage direction rather than part of Simonides's speech. Alternatively, the entire line in BELL might be read as a stage direction for the actor playing Simonides. See note to 3.2.173.

272 **morrows** days after today; mornings

278 **thirds** the third of a deceased husband's personal property that was inherited by his widow (legal term)

287 **mean'st** BELL (meanest)

SIMONIDES

I have been ransacking the helps of law,
 Conferring with these learned advocates;
 If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense
 Could have been found out to preserve your life,
 It had been bought (though with your full estate),
 Your life's so precious to me, but there is none.

FIRST LAWYER

Sir, we have canvassed it from top to toe,
 Turned it upside down, threw her on her side,
 Nay, opened and dissected all her entrails,
 Yet can find none; there's nothing to be hoped
 But the Duke's mercy.

SIMONIDES [*aside*] I know the hope of that;
 He did not make the law for that purpose.

CREON

Then to his hopeless mercy last I go;
 I have so many precedents before me,
 I must call it hopeless. Antigona,
 See me delivered up unto my deathsman,
 And then we'll part; five years hence I'll look for thee.

SIMONIDES [*aside*]

I hope she'll not stay so long behind you.

CREON

Do not bate him an hour by grief and sorrow;
 Since there's a day prefixed, haste it not.
 Suppose me sick, Antigona; dying now,
 Any disease thou wilt may be my end,
 Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.

Exeunt [Creon and Antigona]

SIMONIDES

Cleanthes, if you want money tomorrow use me;
 I'll trust you while your father's dead.

Exeunt [Simonides and Lawyers]

CLEANTHES

Why here's a villain 315

Able to corrupt a thousand by example.
 Does the kind root bleed out his livelihood
 In parent distribution to his branches,
 Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
 Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen?
 And must not gratitude descend again
 To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?
 Improvident, at least partial, Nature—
 Weak woman in this kind—who in thy last
 Teeming still forgets the former, ever making
 The burden of thy last throes the dearest
 Darling. O, yet, in noble man reform it,
 And make us better than those vegetives
 Whose souls die within 'em! Nature, as thou art old,
 If love and justice be not dead in thee,
 Make some the pattern of thy piety,
 Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
 And thou be blamed for our oblivions
 And brutish reluctations.

Enter Leonides and Hippolita

Ay, here's the ground

Whereon my filial faculties must build
 An edifice of honour or of shame
 To all mankind.

HIPPOLITA [*to Leonides*]

You must avoid it, sir,

- 291 **ransacking** examining thoroughly, making a detailed search; plundering, damaging, destroying
- 293 **cause** case, legal action; fact (legal term)
- 297–301 The law's transformation here from a neuter body to a female one may have served to remind an audience of the asymmetrical gendering of the law itself, also formulated in the language of the body ('member', l. 156). This figurative description of the law's dissection also resonates with depictions of dissection in Renaissance anatomical treatises, like the title-page of Andreas Vesalius, *De humani corporis fabrica libri* (1543).
- 304 **precedents** previous cases, examples (legal term); fore-runners (i.e. those already executed). BELL spells 'presidents'; though we now distinguish these words, they were spelled interchangeably, which may suggest the way in which precedents were thought to preside. Advising Prince Charles to follow the example of his father (King James) in 1616, James Montagu wrote: 'Neither doeth the Honour of a good Sonne consist in any thing more, then in imitating the good *Presidents* of a good

- Father . . . ' (James I, *Workes*).
- 309 **bate** subtract, lessen (abate); as a legal term, *abate* could mean: to put an end to a legal action, to render a writ null and void. In this context, audiences might have heard a suggestion (not altogether sensical) of the legal term *abatement*, the intrusion of someone without inheritance rights onto lands before the proper heir's possession of them.
- him** the Executioner (l. 306) or Simonides
- 313 **tyrants send** In the theatre, an audience might have heard 'tyrants end'.
- 315 **while** until
- 317 **bleed out** bleed forth, but perhaps also with a suggestion of 'exhaust' (an unusual usage)
- 318 **parent** parental. *Parent* was only rarely used as an adjective, in the phrases *heir parent* and *parent heir*, uses clearly related to this passage.
- 323–7 **Improvident . . . Darling** One possible paraphrase of this difficult sentence: Nature, you are not forward-looking (provident) in always seeming to favour youth (what you have produced most recently) over age. See 1.1.443.
- 324 **Weak woman in this kind** weak, like a

- woman, in this way
- last** BELL; latest TAYLOR *conj.*
- 326 **burden** BELL (burthen)
- last throes** latest labour-pains, possibly with a suggestion of death-throes (especially since *last* is repeated)
- 328 **vegetives** vegetables or plants, 'capable of growth and development but devoid of sensation and thought' (OED)
- 331 **pattern** BELL's spelling is *patern*, and, in a speech arguing for 'parent distribution' from father to son, it is worth noting that the word we now spell *pattern* was not fully differentiated from its root *patron* (and the related term *paternal*) until 1700. *Patron* could mean an advocate or defender. Describing to Prince Charles the collected *Workes* of his father King James, Montagu wrote: 'Let these *Workes*, therefore, most gracious Prince, lie before you as a *Patterne*; you cannot haue a better . . . ' (a4).
- 333 **oblivions** things forgotten; forgetfulness
- 334 **brutish** beastly, non-human
- reluctations** struggles against, or resistances to something (the 'turnings against' of 1.1.332)
- 334.1 **Hippolita** a queen of the Amazons, later conquered and married to Theseus

- If there be any love within yourself.
 This is far more than fate of a lost game
 340 That another venture may restore again;
 It is your life which you should not subject
 To any cruelty if you can preserve it.
- CLEANTHES
 O dearest woman, thou hast now doubled
 A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me.
 345 Why, she whose love is but derived from me
 Is got before me in my debted duty!
- HIPPOLITA
 Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?
- CLEANTHES
 Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
 To be so forward in so good a cause?
- HIPPOLITA
 350 Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
 And then your love and power did both command me.
- CLEANTHES
 They were all blessed angels to direct thee,
 And take their counsel. [*To Leonides*] How do you fare,
 sir?
- LEONIDES
 355 Never better, Cleanthes; I have conceived
 Such a new joy within this old bosom,
 As I did never think would there have entered.
- CLEANTHES
 Joy call you it? Alas, 'tis sorrow, sir,
 The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
- LEONIDES
 360 Death? What's that, Cleanthes? I thought not on't;
 I was in contemplation of this woman.
 'Tis all thy comfort, son; thou hast in her
 A treasure unvaluable; keep her safe.
 When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
 For I will die with wonder of her virtues—
 Nothing else shall dissolve me.
- CLEANTHES
 365 'Twere much better, sir,
 Could you prevent their malice.
- LEONIDES
 I'll prevent 'em,
 And die the way I told thee: in the wonder
 Of this good woman. I tell thee, there's few men
 Have such a child; I must thank thee for her.
 370 That the stronger tie of wedlock should do more
- Than Nature in her nearest ligaments
 Of blood and propagation! I should ne'er
 Have begot such a daughter of my own.
 A daughter-in-law! Law were above nature
 Were there more such children.
- CLEANTHES
 This admiration
 Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.
- LEONIDES
 Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
 In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
 And knew the wise and sound preservations
 That she found out, you would redouble all
 380 My wonder in your love to her.
- CLEANTHES
 The thought,
 The very thought claims all that from me,
 And she's now possessed of it. But good sir,
 If you have aught received from her advice,
 Let's follow it, or else let's better think,
 385 And take the surest course.
- LEONIDES
 I'll tell thee one:
 She counsels me to fly my severe country,
 Turn all into treasure, and there build up
 My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
 Where Epire's law cannot claim me.
- CLEANTHES
 390 And sir,
 I apprehend it as a safest course
 And may be easily accomplished;
 Let us be all most expeditious.
 Every country where we breathe will be our own,
 Or better soil. Heaven is the roof of all,
 395 And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
 There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.
- HIPPOLITA
 O then avoid it, sir; these sad events
 Follow those black predictions.
- LEONIDES
 I prithee peace.
 I do allow thy love, Hippolita,
 400 But must not follow it as counsel, child;
 I must not shame my country for the law.
 This country here hath bred me, brought me up,
 And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
 I'm in my second infancy, and children
 405 Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle
 As in their natural mother's.

340 **venture** endeavour, with the suggestion of risk-taking. For more on this important word, see 3.1.177.
 343 **now doubled** BELL; doubled now TAYLOR *conj.*
 345 **derived** See I.1.458–63.
 362 **unvaluable** invaluable, priceless
 370 **stronger** BELL. TAYLOR suggests 'stranger', since wedlock connects one to 'strangers', which paradoxically 'do[es] more' than the nearest natural connection.
 374–5 **daughter-in-law . . . children** Leonides's emphasis on 'law' is a

prime instance of the play's frequent comparison of the law with what is perceived to be natural. For one definition of *natural* in the play, see Cleanthes's speech, I.1.317–34.
 378 **forfeit life** Leonides's life, given up (forfeited) in compliance with the Old Law. The legal term *forfeiture* signified 'the effect of transgressing a penall law, rather than the transgression itself' (Cowell, *The Interpreter*, 1637). Since *fet* was a past participle of *fetch*, BELL's spelling *forfet* may carry the additional resonance of *fore-fet* (fetched ahead of its

time).
 379 **preservations** means of preserving (*OED*); preservatives TAYLOR *conj.*
 380 **found** COXETER; foud BELL. The inversion of *n/u* occurs occasionally in this text, most significantly at 5.1.57.
 396 **situate by** situated, placed in relation to
 407–9 **natural mother's . . . her** Again emphasizing that the law violates what is represented as 'natural' by Hippolita and Cleanthes, and hearkening back to Cleanthes's presentation of a reproductive, female Nature (I.1.323–7).

	HIPPOLITA	Ay, but sir, She is unnatural; then the stepmother Is to be preferred before her.	'Tis done, pray you observe 'em: I can conceal you And yet not leave your country.	
	LEONIDES	Tush, she shall	LEONIDES	Tush, it cannot be 435
410		Allow it me despite of her entrails!	CLEANTHES	
		Why, do you think how far from judgement 'tis That I should travel forth to seek a grave That is already digged for me at home— Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?		
415		How have I then sought a repentant sorrow? For your dear loves, how have I banished you From your country ever with my base attempt? How have I begged you in wasting that Which only for your sakes I bred together—		
420		Buried my name in Epire, which I built Upon this frame to live forever in? What a base coward shall I be to fly From that enemy which every minute meets me! And thousand odds he had not long vanquished me		
425		Before this hour of battle! Fly my death? I will not be so false unto your states, Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me: I'll meet him bravely; I cannot (this knowing) fear That when I am gone hence I shall be there.		
430		Come, I have days of preparation left.		
	CLEANTHES	Good sir, hear me. I have a genius that has prompted me, And I have almost formed it into words—		
			HIPPOLITA	'Tis holy care, sir, Of your dear life, which is your own to keep, But not your own to lose, either in will Or negligence.
			CLEANTHES	Call you it treason, sir? I had been, then, a traitor unto you, Had I forgot this. Beseech you accept of it; It is secure, and a duty to yourself.
			LEONIDES	What a coward will you make me!
			CLEANTHES	You mistake— 'Tis noble courage: now you fight with death,

410 **entrails** thought to be the location of emotions

414–23 Since exclamation points and question marks are sometimes used in ways that seem interchangeable in BELL, it is possible to read a number of the questions in this speech as exclamations.

415 **have I** i.e., will I have

417 **with my base attempt** Given BELL's lack of punctuation, it is not clear whether this phrase belongs with the question that precedes or follows it. BELL reads 'From your Country ever with my base attempt'; the editorial question mark inserted at the end of this line might instead be inserted after 'ever'. This intervention might seem extreme (because it places a question mark in the middle of an unpunctuated line), but punctuation of the kind a modern reader would expect is often scarce or absent in BELL.

426 **your states** 1) governments in general; 2) the government of Epire specifically (its authorities, its nobles, or its ruling assembly, the 'estates of the realm', elsewhere in the play called a 'senate' and a 'parliament' [I.I.138]); 3) Cleanthes and Hippolyta's welfare; and 4) more specifically, the legal term for Cleanthes and Hippolyta's right or title to property or 'estates', about which Leonides has just spoken at ll. 418–19.

Interpreting this word need not be a choice of any one definition; since the appropriate conduct of the state and the family are closely linked in the play (and in early modern English culture generally), the word may carry these meanings simultaneously.

428–9 I... **there** Knowing this, I can't/won't allow myself to fear that when I am dead I'll be in a foreign country.

432 **genius** Several meanings are applicable here, in ways that may significantly complicate an understanding of Cleanthes as a 'character'. In a classical meaning that extends to the present, *genius* signified the god or spirit that accompanied each person through life 'to govern his fortunes and determine his character' (OED). Later there developed, in the words of a 1614 text, the 'tradition of two Genii [geniuses], which attend every man, one good, the other euill' (*Purchas his Pilgrimage*). At about the same time, the word also began to mean the 'characteristic disposition' of a person—what we might call 'personality', but with the significant reminder that the genius is figured (as it is here) as Other, an entity originating *outside* the person in question. In a way that may be important to an interpretation of the later part of the

play, then, Cleanthes here says that he has a spirit (good? bad?) that arrives at the plan he proceeds to outline, a spirit that 'prompts' him from the outside. (Importantly, *genius* did not begin to mean superabundant creativity or intelligence until well after the writing and publication of this play—in the mid-eighteenth century).

436 **on's** on us

438 **lodge** a secluded house in a forest that serves as a temporary retreat

439 **passengers** travellers, passersby

441 **yes** indeed. Possibly an error for 'yet' (= furthermore, besides).

yes BELL; yet COXETER
situate with situated with, placed among

443 **provident** foreseeing

445 **treason** The choice established here—between treason to one's country and treason to one's father—is central to the play, for it distinguishes two things that were often said to go together in early modern English culture. See 5.1.198–201.

446–9 'Tis... **negligence** The line cites the Christian (Augustinian) prohibition against suicide, whether active or passive.

446 **holy** This spelling (BELL's) was used at least through the sixteenth century to signify the words we now distinguish as *holy* and *wholly*.

- 455 And yield not to him till you stoop under him.
LEONIDES
This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torture follows?
CLEANTHES By what means, sir?
Why, there's but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself. We two are one—
460 One soul, one body, one heart, that think all one
thought—
And yet we two are not completely one;
But as I have derived myself from you,
Who shall betray us where there is no second?
HIPPOLITA
You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex
Plead weak and frailty for me.
465 LEONIDES O, I dare not!
But where's the means that must make answer for
me?
I cannot be lost without a full account,
And what must pay that reckoning?
CLEANTHES O sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral;
470 We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour, and this no mortal ear
Shall participate the knowledge of.
LEONIDES Ha, ha, ha!
475 This will be a sportive fine demur,
If the error be not found.
CLEANTHES Pray, doubt of none;
- Your company and best provision
Must be no further furnished than by us,
And in the interim your solitude
May converse with heaven, and fairly prepare 480
Which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you.
LEONIDES Still, there are some doubts
Of the discovery, yet I do allow't.
HIPPOLITA
Will you not mention now the cost and charge
Which will be in your keeping?
LEONIDES That will be somewhat 485
Which you might save too.
CLEANTHES With his will against him,
What foe is more to man than man himself?
Are you resolved, sir?
LEONIDES I am, Cleanthes.
If by this means I do get a reprieve
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come 490
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Primus
-
- Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter Duke, three Courtiers, and Executioner 2.1
DUKE Executioner.
EXECUTIONER
My lord.

457 **torture** torture (in the modern sense); executioner, torturer. BELL's spelling *tortor* was one possible seventeenth-century spelling of *torture*; *tortor*'s additional meaning of executioner is relevant here, especially since a character named Executioner appears in the scene that 'follows'. Both spellings suggest the legal discourse of 'tort'—the perceived wrongness (etymologically, the 'twisted' nature) of this particular law.

458–63 **one body . . . second** It is not entirely clear which 'two' are 'one' in this speech—Leonides and Cleanthes, or Cleanthes and Hippolita. The speech initially seems directed at Leonides, suggesting the commonplace that the son was a true and perfect copy of his father, a 'second-self' as Prince Charles was said to be in relation to King James I (*Workes*). Yet the end of the speech, turning to Cleanthes's derivation from his father, suggests that he had been initially referring to Hippolita, with whom he is (in the words of Genesis 2:24, quoted frequently in the period) 'one flesh'. In l. 461, we two may again refer to Leonides. The complicated

mathematics of the speech may thus reveal an important fracture in the discourse of the family in early modern England: with which 'one body' is the son 'one flesh', the father or the wife? These questions of identity are further complicated here by l. 462's apparently missing 'I' (added here).

460 **one body, one heart** BELL; one heart, one body TAYLOR *conj.*

462 **as I** MASON; ~_A BELL

465 **weak** weakness. The meaning is clear; the usage is unusual. The difficult syntax may result from a play on 'plead guilty'; most editions substitute *weakness*, though doing so disrupts the iambic metre. TAYLOR conjectures that *weak and* may be an error for *weakend* (weakened). **weak and frailty** BELL. MASON's emendation (weak and frailty) seems unsupported by *OED*, which lists no adverbial uses of *weak*; GIFFORD's (Weakness and frailty), adopted by all subsequent editions, disrupts the fairly regular metre in this passage, without any real benefit in meaning. See previous note.

467 **account** 1) explanation; or

2) arithmetical or financial reckoning (the next line plays on this meaning). *Account/accompt* (BELL's spelling) were interchangeable in the period, and both could designate a legal term: 'Accompt is a writ, and it lieth where a bayliffe or a Receiver to any Lord or other man, which ought to render accompt, will not give his account' (John Rastell, *The exposicians of the termes of the lawes*, 1618).

account BELL (accompt)

469 **obits** rites

473 **participate** partake, share

475 **sportive** playful

demur delay. See 1.1.113.

481 **Which** BELL; What TAYLOR *conj.* *Which* = that which (i.e. Leonides's eventual death)

482 **headlong** hastily, recklessly; head-first (head fore-most, or down-most)—a meaning that gestures again toward the mode of execution (described in the next scene) and its cultural resonances of the world upside-down (see 1.1.107).

492.1 **Primus** BELL (*Primi*)

2.1.0.1 **Incipit Actus Secundus** THIS EDITION; Act. II. Scen. I. BELL

DUKE How did old Diocles take his death?
 EXECUTIONER
 As weeping brides receive their joys at night, my lord:
 With trembling yet with patience.
 DUKE Why, 'twas well.
 FIRST COURTIER
 5 Nay, I knew my father would do well, my lord,
 Whene'er he came to die; I'd that opinion of him,
 Which made me the more willing to part from him.
 He was not fit to live i'th' world indeed
 Any time these ten years, my lord.
 But I would not say so much.
 10 DUKE No, you did not well in't,
 For he that's all spent is ripe for death at all hours,
 And does but trifle time out.
 FIRST COURTIER Troth, my lord,
 I would I had known your mind nine years ago.
 DUKE
 15 Our law is fourscore years, because we judge
 Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness
 In women at threescore. Marry, if the son
 Can within compass bring good solid proofs
 Of his own father's weakness and unfitness
 20 To live or sway the living, though he want five
 Or ten years of his number, that's not it,
 His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
 He dies when he deserves, for every act
 Is in effect then, when the cause is ripe.
 SECOND COURTIER An admirable prince—how rarely he
 25 talks! O that we'd known this, lads! What a time did
 we endure in twopenny commons! And in boots twice
 vamped!
 FIRST COURTIER Now we have two pair a week, and yet not
 30 thankful. 'Twill be a fine world for them sirs that come
 after us.
 SECOND COURTIER
 Ay, an they knew't.
 FIRST COURTIER Peace, let them never know't.
 THIRD COURTIER
 A pox, there be young heirs will soon smell't out.
 SECOND COURTIER
 'Twill come to 'em by instinct, man.—May your grace
 Never be old, you stand so well for youth.
 DUKE
 35 Why, now methinks our court looks like a spring,
 Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are
 gone.
 FIRST COURTIER
 'Tis as a court should be: gloss and good clothes,
 my lord, no matter for merit, and herein your law
 proves a provident act, my lord, when men pass not
 40 the palsy of their tongues, nor colour in their cheeks.
 DUKE But women by that law should live long, for they're
 ne'er past it.
 FIRST COURTIER
 It will have heats, though, when they see the painting
 Go an inch deep i'th' wrinkle, and take up
 45 A box more than their gossips. But for men, my lord,

2 **Diocles** a resonant name from antiquity; three men of this name seem especially relevant here, all of whom lived around 400 BCE: 1) a Syracusan democrat and legislator, 2) an Athenian comic poet, 3) a physician, contemporary of Aristotle.
 11 **ripe** ready
 17 **compass** limits (or perhaps: the established time)
 20 **that's not it** who's not at the age limit. TAYLOR suggests emending to 'that's no wit', meaning: 1) 'that's no whit' (it makes no difference whether he's 70 or 75); 2) 'that has no wit' (he that is 70 or 75 has no wit).
 23 **when . . . ripe** when the purpose or end of the law has been reached
cause purpose; case, suit (legal term)
 26 **twopenny commons** cheap accommodations
 27 **vamped** patched
 29 **them sirs** those courtiers. 'Them' sounds incorrect to modern ears but was not in the seventeenth century. Another possible modernization of BELL: 'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come after us.'
 31 **an** if. BELL's spelling (and) could mean both 'and' (the conjunction) and 'if'; throughout THIS EDITION, 'and' has been modernized to 'an' to distinguish these for a modern reader. FIRST COURTIER COXETER; 2. *Cou.* BELL. In BELL, this and the preceding speech appear on the same line and are each assigned to the Second Courtier. This textual error may suggest the way in which the courtiers were readable as indistinguishable (at least by the compositor who typeset this scene); compare Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, and the silence/disappearance of Third Courtier after the next line, his only speech in the play. See 5.1.3, 5.1.139-40.
 43 **have heats** produce intense feelings (anger, passions, excitement)
painting cosmetics
 44-5 **take . . . box** buy or possess themselves of a box (of cosmetics)
 45 **gossips** friends; but also with the derogatory sense of 'gossipers'

- 46 **bravery** splendour, finery (clothing)
- 55 **where** BELL; whereas MASON. MASON'S meaning is clear without the emendation.
diseased BELL'S spelling ('diseased') may suggest three syllables.
- 56 **Wood** BELL (Would), a modernization conjectured by MASON
Wood with crazy with the pain of
sciatica a painful disease affecting nerves of the leg and especially the hip
- 57 **paned hose** breeches or hose made of multicoloured strips of cloth; punning, perhaps, on *pained*
paned BELL (pained)
- 58 **Giving... ruined** 1) the paned hose don't flatter the figure (of the old men), which lies ruined in any case; 2) the laughing ladies give no reverence to the status of the old men, whose bodies are in ruins; 3) by wearing paned hose, the old men don't show proper respect for the palace (the place), which the courtier sees as ruined by their habits of dress.
- 60 **sits** BELL (fits), which some readers (including SHAW) may have interpreted as *fits*
- 61 **mutter** grumble. But, given the printing of BELL at precisely this point (in all copies consulted a small ink blot appears precisely over the first vowel in what is here taken to be BELL'S *mutter*), the word might be *matter*. And since 'soule' could be spelled 'sole' (and possibly *vice versa*), the reading might be, or might have been taken to be, 'sole matter'. This meaning is perhaps clearer than 'soul mutter' (for it is unclear why the soul and not its usual antithesis the body would mutter in these binding garments); thus: the doublet that requires three hours to button becomes a man's only activity (sole matter) half the day. Whether *mutter* or *matter* was pronounced on stage, audiences might have heard *soul* or *sole*.
- 69 **itself, it is lost** BELL (it felle it is loft). The repetition may serve for emphasis; in the context of an otherwise metrically regular passage, the second 'it' might also be construed as a printer's error (an incorrect repetition) to be eliminated.
- 70 **bravery** See 2.1.46. In the mouth of the Duke, the word may carry both positive and (in retrospect, at the end of the play) negative connotations.
- 72 **Sim** The courtiers' nickname for Simonides has a number of other meanings and resonances in the context of the play. 'Sim Subtle' was a nickname for a crafty or devious person in the late sixteenth century. *Sim* may also suggest *similarity* (i.e., Simonides's likeness with the courtiers, from whom he is attempting to differentiate himself at this point). Compare the son named Sim Quomodo in *Michaelmas Term*.
Push an exclamation of impatience (like *Pish* at 3.2.188)
- 81 **church-book** See 1.1.114; this line carries the irony that Simonides has apparently not read the book's (i.e., the Bible's) injunction to 'Honour thy father and thy mother' (Exodus 20:12).
- 86 **not** COXETER; no BELL. This change might be a simple modernization; *OED* cites possible seventeenth-century evidence of *no* meaning 'not' (see adv.1, 1.α), though it notes that these may be 'misprints', which of course is precisely what we are using *OED* to adjudicate here.

That should be the sole bravery of a palace,
 To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards
 (As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats),
 With clothes as if they sat upon their backs on purpose
 To arraign a fashion and condemn't to exile, 50
 Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
 Their ear to avarice and heard the devil whisper!
 Now ours lie downward here close to the flank,
 Right spending pockets as a son's should be
 That lives i'th' fashion, where our diseased fathers— 55
 Wood with the sciatica and aches—
 Brought up your paned hose first, which ladies
 laughed at,
 Giving no reverence to the place (lies ruined);
 They love a doublet that's three hours a-buttoning,
 And sits so close makes a man groan again, 60
 And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those
 That carry sway and worth, pricked up in clothes.
 Why should we fear our rising?

DUKE You but wrong
 Our kindness and your own deserts to doubt on't.
 Has not our law made you rich before your time? 65
 Our countenance then can make you honourable.

FIRST COURTIER
 We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear worthy.

DUKE
 Why, you're i'th' noble way, then, for the most
 Are but appearers; worth itself, it is lost,
 And bravery stands for't.
Enter Creon, Antigona, and Simonides

FIRST COURTIER Look, look who comes here! 70
 I smell death, and another courtier,
 Simonides.

SECOND COURTIER
 Sim!

SIMONIDES [*aside to Courtiers*]
 Push! I'm not for you yet;
 Your company's too costly. After the old man's
 Dispatched I shall have time to talk with you.
 I shall come into the fashion, ye shall see too, 75
 After a day or two; in the mean time,
 I am not for your company.

DUKE
 Old Creon, you have been expected long.
 Sure you're above fourscore.

SIMONIDES Upon my life,
 Not four-and-twenty hours, my lord; I searched 80
 The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
 I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
 'Twere pity o' my life then. No, your act
 Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him
 While I live, sir, and he's so just himself too, 85
 I know he would not offer't. Here he stands.

CREON
 'Tis just I die indeed, my lord, for I confess
 I'm troublesome to life now, and the state
 Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,

90 Either in force or counsel. I've o' late
 Employed myself quite from the world, and he that
 once
 Begins to serve his maker faithfully
 Can never serve a worldly prince well after.
 'Tis clean another way.

ANTIGONA [*to the Duke*] O give not confidence
 95 To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury!
 His preparation only for the next world
 Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this.
 He is not lost in judgement—

SIMONIDES [*aside*] She spoils all again.
 ANTIGONA [*to the Duke*]
 Deserving any way for state employment.

100 SIMONIDES Mother—
 ANTIGONA [*to the Duke*]
 His very household laws prescribed at home by him
 Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms
 They are so wise and virtuous.

SIMONIDES Mother, I say—
 ANTIGONA [*to the Duke*]
 I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
 105 But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,
 His are not such: though they show white, they're
 worthy,
 Judicious, able, and religious.

SIMONIDES [*aside to Antigona*]
 I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen, Mother.

ANTIGONA
 Away, unnatural!

SIMONIDES [*aside*] Then I am no fool, I'm sure,
 110 For to be natural at such a time
 Were a fool's part indeed.

ANTIGONA [*to the Duke*] Your grace's pity, sir,
 And 'tis but fit and just.

CREON [*to the Duke*] The law, my lord,
 And that's the justest way.

SIMONIDES Well said, father, i'faith.
 Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.

DUKE [*to Simonides*]
 Come hither, sir.

SIMONIDES My lord.

115 DUKE What are those orders?
 ANTIGONA Worth observation, sir,
 So please you hear them read.

SIMONIDES
 The woman speaks she knows not what, my lord.
 He make a law? Poor man, he bought a table indeed,
 120 Only to learn to die by't. There's the business now,
 [*He shows his father's table and gives it to the Duke*]
 Wherein there are some precepts for a son too—
 How he should learn to live—but I ne'er looked
 upon't,
 For when he's dead I shall live well enough,
 And keep a better table than that, I trow.

DUKE
 And is that all, sir?

90 o' late BELL (alate). Of late, lately

91 world Translating Montaigne's essay on voluntary suicide, John Florio writes: 'a man doth also sometimes desire death, in hope of a greater good. I desire (saith Saint Paul) to be out of this world, that I may be with Iesus Christ . . . Cleombrotus Ambraciota . . . was so possessed with a desire and longing for an after-life, that without other occasion or more adoe, he went and headlong cast himselfe into the sea' ('A custome of the Ile of Cea', [1603]).

94 clean entirely (adv.). But *clean* might also be read as an adj. ('Things are pure in the other world'); in Renaissance translations of Old Testament law, *clean* often means 'undefiled' or 'undefiling'.

96 preparation BELL (HOUGHTON1, HOUGHTON2, HUNTINGTON, NEWBERRY); preparation BELL (FOLGER, WILLIAMS, LCP). This is the only press variant that can be confidently identified as such; see also I.I.201.1.

97 talk . . . this BELL's lack of punctuation produces several meanings: 1) Creon's preparation for heaven makes him talk wildly of this secular world, to the detriment (wrong) of his own life/survival. In this version, commas can be imagined around 'to his wrong'. 2) Creon's preparation for heaven makes him talk wildly, treating this world unjustly (wronging this world). wrong harm, injury or damage (legal term)

102 seven Christian kingdoms England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy

108 [*aside to Antigona*] On *asides*, see I.I.222-3.

115 orders the 'household laws' of l. 101, with the added civic and moral ideology this word often conveyed: 'As the good Housholder ought to set his house in order, . . . so ought a good Magistrate to order a Cittie and Common-weale . . . Order is the due disposing of al things' (*The Mirrov of Policie*, 1599).

119 table writing tablet, but with the added sense (alluded to throughout this exchange) of the ten commandments of Exodus 20, known as 'the first and second tables'. For example, James I decried 'all the impieties and sins that can be devised against both the first and second Table' (*His Maiesties Speech*, 1605).

120.1-2 [*He . . . Duke*] When BELL's stage directions include props or descriptions of onstage action, it is usually at the point of a character's entrance, which may explain why there is no descriptive direction here. My addition thus is one hypothesis of what might have taken place on stage.

121 precepts Simonides dismisses the popular genre of 'precepts' transmitted from a father to a son about to undertake travel (a situation revised here); see, for example, Polonius's 'few precepts' (*Hamlet* 1.3).

too BELL (to)

124 keep a better table punning on 'dining table'; i.e., maintain a more lavish lifestyle

- 127 **cheese-trenchers** plate or platter on which cheese was cut and served; 'trencher' thus resonates with 'household laws' and 'table'/tablet (above) and signals Simonides's debasement of his father's 'orders' and by association the ten commandments. Short verses were sometimes painted 'upon the backe sides of our fruite trenchers of wood' (*The Arte of English Poesie*, 1589).
- 128 **runnet** rennet, a 'mass of curdled milk found in the stomach of an unweaned calf or other animal', used in cheesemaking to curdle milk (*OED*). In the next line, the joke continues with 'calves' maws'.
- 131 **Agent** person who acts for, does the work of, another; also a legal term
- 133 **Before surfeit with** before it is surfeited with (exceeds the limits of); already surfeited with (in which case, *before-surfeit* works as a compound, like *before-mentioned* or *before-named*).
- 134 **promontory** a cliff jutting out over the sea
- 135 **sea** Again, the English version of Montaigne's essays includes a striking parallel to this passage: 'from the top of an high-steepy rocke, appointed for that purpose, [the old people] cast themselves headlong into the Sea'. On *headlong*, see 1.1.482. These executions are an age-reversal of the execution in Lycurgus's Sparta of unfit children, who were 'thrown in a deepe pyt of water' because it was thought that 'it was neither good for the childe, nor yet for the common weale, that it should live, considering from his birthe he was not well made, nor geven to be stronge, healthfull, nor lustie of bodie all his life longe' (North, *Plutarch's Lives*). On Lycurgus, see 1.1.59-64.
- 139 **cast down** punning on 1) the mode of execution; 2) the demolition of a building; 3) 'downcast' (= dejected); and chiefly, 4) lying down to have sex
- 140 **an if**
- 141.1 [*Exeunt Antigona and Executioner with Creon*] THIS EDITION; *not in* BELL. COLERIDGE provides separate exits for Creon (after 2.1.135-6) and Antigona (after 2.1.143).
- 143 **You've** BELL (Yave)
- 145 **hold you talk** have conversation with you
- 146 **suit** lawsuit; suit of clothes (following line)
- 146.1 **Recorders** A flute-like wind instrument often associated with funerals and other solemn ceremonies in Renaissance drama (see, for example, *Chaste Maid* 5.4.0.1). Significantly, recorders will recur in the complement to this scene (5.1.251.1-2). *Recorders ... off* THIS EDITION; *Recorders* BELL (in the margin of 2.1.146); *Recorders within* GIFFORD (after 2.1.149); *Recorders [sound from above]* SHAW. It is possible that this marginal reference to recorders is one of the 'anticipatory stage directions' that occur frequently later in BELL—that is, a promptbook annotation that instructed the musicians to be prepared to play/enter in a few lines.
- 147 **form** beauty, handsomeness; body; mode of behaviour
- 148 **else** otherwise; if not
- with a mischief** with a vengeance
- 150.1-2 **Recorders ... musicians** THIS EDITION; *Recorders. Enter | Cleanthes & Hi-polita with a hearse* BELL (in the margin of ll. 150-2). BELL clearly indicates that music of recorders is to sound; whether (as imagined here) the musicians entered as part of the procession is not clear. (Compare the stage direction at 5.1.347.1-4.)
- 150.2 **hearse** the corpse; the coffin; the pall over the corpse; and/or the carriage used to transport the corpse at a funeral
- 153 **habited** dressed; 'suitable' in the next line plays on this.
- 156 **corse** BELL (Coarfe). Body (corpse); or way of action (course). BELL's spelling could signify the nouns *corse*, *corpse*, and *course*, as well as the adjective *coarse*; early modern English did not differentiate (in spelling or pronunciation) among what we think of as separate words. The spelling provided here both signals the most prominent meaning in the text at this point and reminds the reader who speaks or hears the line that 'course' (a way of action, proceeding, or behaviour) is also a possible meaning: the Duke has never seen a corpse accompanied so joyfully, and/or he has never seen a funeral conducted in such a joyful way (course).
- 125 SIMONIDES All I vow, my lord,
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers, as, 'Take heed of whoring,
shun it;
'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet',
And such calves' maws of wit and admonition
- 130 Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs—
They're not so easily caught.
- DUKE [*to Executioner*] Agent for death.
- EXECUTIONER
Your will, my lord?
- DUKE Take hence that pile of years,
Before surfeit with unprofitable age,
And with the rest from the high promontory
- 135 Cast him into the sea.
- CREON 'Tis noble justice.
- ANTIGONA 'Tis cursèd tyranny.
- SIMONIDES [*aside*] Peace, take heed, Mother; you have but
a short time to be cast down yourself, and let a young
- 140 courtier do't, an you be wise, in the mean time.
- ANTIGONA Hence, slave!
[*Exeunt Antigona and Executioner with Creon*]
- SIMONIDES Well, seven-and-fifty,
You've but three years to scold, then comes your
payment.
- FIRST COURTIER Simonides.
- SIMONIDES
Push, I am not brave enough to hold you talk yet. 145
Give a man time; I have a suit a-making.
Recorders [begin to play within, as afar off]
- SECOND COURTIER
We love thy form first; brave clothes will come, man.
- SIMONIDES
I'll make 'em come else with a mischief to 'em,
As other gallants do that have less left 'em.
- DUKE
Hark! Whence those sounds? What's that?
*Recorders [still]. Enter Cleanthes and Hippolita [in
joyful attire] with a hearse [and musicians]*
- FIRST COURTIER Some funeral 150
It seems, my lord, and young Cleanthes follows.
- DUKE
Cleanthes?
- SECOND COURTIER
'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.
- DUKE
Yet suitable to his behaviour, mark it.
He comes all the way smiling; do you observe't? 155
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed.

161 **contrariety** discordance; diametrical opposition. 'Contrarietie is when our talke standeth by contrary wordes or sentences together' (Wilson, *The Art of Rhetorique* 1585). Cleanthes's following speeches exemplify this rhetorical figure.

162 **natural courses** This phrase continues and complicates the non-differentiation of the set of words discussed at 2.1.156. BELL's spelling ('naturall courses') seems at first to refer to 'the way things (courses) naturally proceed' and then (given the descriptions that follow) to a live 'natural corse', the body of Cleanthes. On *natural*, see 1.1.374-5, 1.1.317-34, 1.1.407-9.

164 **handkerchief** BELL (handkercher) t'other the other; BELL (tother)

166 **apparently** openly, visibly

173 **That** COXETER; Thae BELL

179 **blacks** black clothing, for mourning; also, funeral draperies, and a 'mute or

hired mourner at a funeral' (*OED*), a meaning more prominent when the word is repeated two lines later

180 **orient** brilliant, radiant (like the sun, which rises in the east/Orient)

182 **to't** to it; the sense of the sentence has shifted, with *it* seeming to refer not to 'blacks' (plural) but to the colour (singular)

187 **sables** black mourning clothes

188 **gaudy-hearted** gaudy: showy, ornate (excessively); possibly also with a suggestion of 'joyful' (the Latin etymology). Though Cleanthes's speech seems to be built on the opposition of exterior, theatrical displays of mourning versus interior, authentic emotion, Cleanthes's use of 'gaudy' may engage both sides of the opposition here: these lines describe both a 'showy' theatrical façade and a heart that is also 'gaudy' (joyful? excessive? showy? deceitful?).

190 **entirely merry** BELL spells 'intirely', which may suggest more fully than the modernized word a pun on clothing ('attire' and 'tire'). Thus, 'in/tirely merry' might also sound like 'merry in clothes'.

195 **on't** of it

197 **performed** here and in the Duke's reply, a reminder of the theatricality of the staged funeral

202 **revenue** income from property

206 **Duke in sight** MASON *conj.*, GIFFORD; dim fight BELL; dim Sight COXETER. THIS EDITION follows MASON's emendation, with the hypothesis that the manuscript copy for BELL read 'D. in sight' (where 'D.' is an abbreviation for 'duke' and 'in' was misread by the compositor as 'im'). D (*conj.* in MASON) would retain 'dim sight', explaining that Cleanthes is 'happy that he could shed a Tear' during the fake funeral.

Light colours and light cheeks! Who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.

SIMONIDES One belike
That doth participate in this our present joy.

DUKE
Cleanthes.

CLEANTHES
O, my lord—

160 DUKE He laughed outright now.
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay, professed openly?

FIRST COURTIER
I ha' known a widow laugh closely, my lord,
Under her handkerchief, when t'other part
165 Of her old face has wept, like rain in sunshine,
But all the face to laugh apparently
Was never seen yet.

SIMONIDES Yes, mine did once.

CLEANTHES
'Tis of a heavy time the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.

DUKE How can that be?

CLEANTHES
170 I joy to make it plain: my father's dead.

DUKE
Dead!

SECOND COURTIER
Old Leonides?

CLEANTHES In his last month, dead;
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest
That ever age was blessed to.
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
175 Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see. When his poor heart broke,
I did not so much but leapt for joy,

So mountingly I touched the stars, methought.
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour orient, like my mind, 180
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't, it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,

A truth indeed, 'tis joy clad like a joy, 185
Which is more honest than a cunning grief
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gaudy-hearted. When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir, forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry, 190
And yet to see now of a sudden

Naming but Death, I show myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long.
I wonder whence that tear came when I smiled;
195 In the production on't, sorrow's a thief,
That can when joy looks on steal forth a grief.
But gracious leave, my lord; when I have performed
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

DUKE Well, perform it.
The law is satisfied; they can but die, 200
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.

Flourish. [Exeunt Duke, Courtiers, and Executioner]
SIMONIDES I would I had e'en another father, condition he
did the like.

CLEANTHES [*aside*]
I have passed it bravely; now how blessed was I 205
To have the Duke in sight, now 'tis confirmed,
Past fear or doubts confirmed.—On, on, I say,
He that brought me to man I bring to clay.

[*Exeunt Cleanthes and Hippolita,
with hearse and Recorders*]

- SIMONIDES
 I'm wrapped now in a contemplation,
 210 Even at the very sight of yonder hearse;
 I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
 To live and follow some seven uncles thus,
 As many cousin-germans, and such people
 That will leave legacies. A pox, I'd see 'em hanged else
 215 ere I'd follow one of them, and they could find the way.
 Now I've enough to begin to be horrible covetous.
Enter Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, and Footman
- BUTLER
 We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,
 Having long served your father, how your good will
 Stands towards our entertainment.
- SIMONIDES Not a jot, i'faith:
 220 My father wore cheap garments; he might do't.
 I shall have all my clothes come home tomorrow;
 They will eat up all you, an there were more of you,
 sirs,
 To keep you six at livery and still munching.
- TAILOR
 Why, I'm a tailor; you've most need of me, sir.
- SIMONIDES
 225 Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess,
 But what son and heir will have his father's tailor
 Unless he have a mind to be well laughed at?
 Thou'st been so used to wide, long-side things that
 when I come to truss I shall have the waist of my
 230 doublet lie upon my buttocks—a sweet sight.
- BUTLER I, a butler.
- SIMONIDES There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er
 drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.
- BUTLER But a cup of small beer will do well next morning,
 235 sir.
- SIMONIDES I grant you, but what need I keep so big a
 knave for a cup of small beer?
 COOK Butler, you have your answer; marry, sir, a cook I
 know your mastership cannot be without.
 SIMONIDES The more ass art thou to think so, for what
 240 should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house?
 The banishing the butler might have been a warning
 for thee, unless thou mean'st to choke me.
 COOK I'th' mean time you have choked me, methinks.
- BAILIFF
 These are superfluous vanities indeed,
 245 And so accounted of in these days, sir,
 But then, your bailiff, to receive your rents—
 SIMONIDES I prithee, hold thy tongue, fellow; I shall take a
 course to spend 'em faster than thou canst reckon 'em.
 250 'Tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to
 be laughed at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me,
 let him ne'er look to be a right gallant! But sirrah, with
 whom is your business?
 COACHMAN Your good mastership.
- SIMONIDES [*to Coachman and Footman*]
 You have stood silent all this while, like men
 255 That know their strengths i' these days. None of you
 Can want employment; you can win me wagers,
 Footman, in running races.
- FOOTMAN I dare boast it, sir.
- SIMONIDES
 And when my bets are all come in and store,
 Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore. 260
- COACHMAN
 I'll firke 'em into foam else.
- SIMONIDES Speaks brave matter,
 And I'll firke some too, or't shall cost hot water.
 [*Exeunt Simonides, Coachman, and Footman*]

- 209 **wrapped** BELL (wra^{pt})
wrapped...**contemplation** absorbed
 in meditation or thought (also with a
 mock-religious sense)
- 213 **cousin-germans** first cousins; relatives
- 214 **legacies** bequests
- 215 **and**...**way** and they could find the way
 to burial themselves. Possibly *and* should
 be read as *an* (= if): 'if they could find
 the way to die'.
- 216 **covetous** The text gestures toward
 another of the 'old laws', the tenth
 commandment: 'Thou shalt not couet
 thy neighbours house, nether shalt thou
 couet thy neighbours wife, nor his man
 seruant, nor his maid, nor his oxe, nor
 his asse, nether any thing that is thy
 neighbours' (Exodus 20:17, Geneva
 Bible).
- 216.1 **Bailiff** BELL (Bayly). A lord's agent,
 who managed his estate and collected his
- rents. Elsewhere BELL spells 'Bayliff' and
 'Bayliffe', in directions and in dialogue.
OED records *bailie* as a separate though
 obsolete word.
- 219 **entertainment** employment; also pay for
 service
- 225 **mad'st** BELL (madeft)
- 228 **long-side things** long and sweeping
 garments
- 229 **truss** tie the laces that joined the
 doublet and hose
- 234 **small** weak
- 241 **mountebank** pretender, con-man
- 251 **out of slash-me** out of fashion. Probably
 a reference to garments with slits that
 exposed linings of contrasting colour; the
 practice was called 'new fashioned' in
 1615 (*OED*).
- 256 **i' these days** Because BELL's commas
 can sometimes be read not as pauses
 (in the modern way) but as emphasizing
- what comes after, it is not clear in which
 direction this phrase reads: it may belong
 with the preceding or following sentence.
- 256-8 **you**...**races** The line probably refers
 to a famous event of 1618, in which
 wagers were placed on a race run by
 footmen. A letter written 10 April 1618
 reports a popular 'race of two footmen
 from St Albans to Clerkenwell; the one
 [footman] an Englishman, belonging
 lately to the Countess of Bedford, but
 now to the king; the other an Irish
 youth, that lost the day, and I know
 not how much money laid on his head'
 (Maxwell 144). The race drew huge
 crowds (including the king).
- 259 **store** (adv.) abundantly
- 261 **firke** whip; with the suggestion of
frig/frike (= fuck) in Simonides's reply
Speaks (he) speaks
- 262 **cost hot water** cause (someone) trouble

- COOK Why, here's an age to make a cook a ruffin, and scald
 265 the devil indeed, do strange mad things, make mutton
 pasties of dogs' flesh, bake snakes for lamprey-pies, and
 cats for conies.
- BUTLER Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice once?
 For we must make up our fortunes somewhere now, as
 270 the case stands. Let's e'en therefore go seek out widows
 of nine-and-fifty an we can; that's within a year of their
 deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of 'em,
 for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a
 wife for any man living.
- COOK Oracle butler, oracle butler! He puts down all the
 275 doctors o'th' name. *Exeunt*
- 2.2 *Enter Eugenia and Parthenia [at separate doors]*
- EUGENIA
 Parthenia.
- PARTHENIA
 Mother.
- EUGENIA [*aside*] I shall be troubled
 This six months with an old clog; would the law
 Had been cut one year shorter!
- PARTHENIA Did you call, forsooth?
- EUGENIA
 Yes, you must make some spoon-meat for your father,
 And warm three night-caps for him. [*Exit Parthenia*]
 5 *Out upon't!*
 The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach!
 His slippers must be warmed in August too,
 And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days
 When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
 10 Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
 Alas, I shall be tumbling in cold baths now,
 Under each armpit a fine bean-flour bag
 To screw out whiteness when I list,
- And some seven of the prop'rest men i'th' dukedom,
 Making a banquet ready i'th' next room for me,
 15 Where he that gets the first kiss is envied
 And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
 This is a life for nineteen, but 'tis justice,
 For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds
 And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
 20 A woman young enough for their desire,
 And we young wenches that have mother wits
 And love to marry muck first, and man after,
 Do never think old men are old enough
 That we may soon be rid on 'em—there's our quit-
 25 tance.
 I have waited for the happy hour this two year,
 And if death be so unkind still to let him live,
 All that time I am lost.
Enter Courtiers [fashionably dressed]
- FIRST COURTIER
 Young lady.
- SECOND COURTIER
 O sweet precious bud of beauty!—
 Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.
 30
- FIRST COURTIER
 The sweet-brier's but a counterfeit to her—
 It does exceed you only in the prickle,
 But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.
- EUGENIA
 What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?
 So passing well performed, too! Who's your milliner?
 35
- FIRST COURTIER
 Love and thy beauty, widow.
- EUGENIA
 Widow, sir?
- FIRST COURTIER
 'Tis sure and that's as good. In troth, we're suitors;
 We come a-wooing, wench—plain dealing's best.

263 **ruffin** 1) the ruff, a fish (playing on the speaker's occupation); 2) slang for the Devil (next line); and 3) ruffian (villain, criminal, with a connotation of low social-class), of which *ruffin* is a period change to 'Ruffian'; losing this play of meaning.

265 **bake** COXETER; backe BELL. That *OED* does not cite BELL's spelling as a form of *bake* may suggest the limits of *OED* as a guide to modernization.

lamprey-pies pies made with an eel-like fish

266 **conies** rabbits. BELL's spelling 'Cunnies' suggests the Renaissance pronunciation, and a pun on *cunt* is possible here, especially with the phallic 'snakes' and 'lamprey' in the same line.

272 **of conscience** in fairness, reasonably (but with the larger irony that such a plan would usually be said to go against conscience)

274–5 **Oracle butler . . . name** referring to Dr William Butler, a renowned and

eccentric physician (1535–1618). Butler famously treated royalty—Prince Henry in 1612, King James in 1614. *Oracle* here may function as an imperative verb, or as part of a compound noun.

2.2.1 **Parthenia** (from the Greek: virgin, maiden)

Mother step-mother. (Eugenia implies below that she is nineteen and has been married only two years.)

2 **This** these

clog like a ball-and-chain, a heavy piece of wood tied to a person or animal to prevent its escape; an encumbrance

3 **forsooth** truly

4 **spoon-meat** soft food for babies or invalids

5 **Out upon't** Fie upon it

8 **girt to** wrapped around, fastened to

dog-days the hottest days of the year

9 **out's** out his/its

11 **shall be** should be; ought to be. Modern idiom would seem to require *should* (and most editions emend), but this may be a possible usage of *shall* in the period

(see *OED* II.2, 4, 8, and 11a). The usage here is in a sense poised on the line between 'shall be' (will in the future, when Lisander dies) and 'should be' (ought to be).

12 **bean-flour bag** The specific use of this cosmetic in this context is not clear; bean-flour was sometimes used for colouring the hair white (see Webster, *The Devil's Law-Case* 4.2.290).
bean-flour BELL (beaneflower)

13 **screw out** draw out (*OED*)

17 **stands** The first of this scene's many jokes about penises, erections, and impotence; see below at ll. 20 (no/thing = no penis), 32, 133–4, and 158–68.

23 **muck** money

25 **quittance** release, reward

28.1 **Enter Courtiers** On the apparent disappearance of the Third Courtier, see 2.1.31.

32 **prickle** thorn, but also *prick* (penis)

35 **performed** BELL; perfum'd COXETER

37 **we're** BELL (w'are)

- EUGENIA
A-woing? What, before my husband's dead?
- SECOND COURTIER
Let's lose no time. Six months will have an end, you
40 know;
I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.
- EUGENIA
That's a sure knowledge, but it holds not here, sir.
- FIRST COURTIER
Do not you know the craft of your young tumblers—
that you wed an old man, you think upon another
45 husband as you are marrying of him? We, knowing
your thoughts, made bold to see you.
*Enter Simonides [fashionably dressed and] Coach-
man*
- EUGENIA [*aside*] How wondrous right he speaks! 'Twas my
thought indeed.
- SIMONIDES By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any
50 gallants?
- EUGENIA [*aside*] Widow again! 'Tis a comfort to be called
so.
- FIRST COURTIER
Who's this—Simonides?
- SECOND COURTIER Brave Sim, i'faith.
- SIMONIDES Coachman.
- 55 COACHMAN Sir.
- SIMONIDES
Have an especial care of my new mares.
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well
Must needs love a widow well. When dies thy hus-
band?
Is't not July next?
- EUGENIA O you're too hot, sir!
60 Pray, cool yourself and take September with you.
- SIMONIDES
September! O, I was but two bows wide.
- FIRST COURTIER Master Simonides.
- SIMONIDES
I can entreat you gallants; I'm in fashion too.
Enter Lisander
- LISANDER
Ha! Whence this herd of folly? What are you?
- SIMONIDES
Well-willers to your wife. Pray tend your book, sir, 65
We have nothing to say to you; you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.
- LISANDER
What's thy wild business here?
- SIMONIDES Old man, I'll tell thee:
I come to beg the reversion of thy wife;
I think these gallants be of my mind too. 70
But thou art but a dead man; therefore what should a
man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stand to your
tackling.
- LISANDER Impious bloodhounds.
- SIMONIDES Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him. 75
- LISANDER Shames of nature.
- SIMONIDES
Alas, poor ghost, consider what the man is.
- LISANDER
Monsters unnatural, you that have been covetous
Of your own fathers' deaths, gape ye for mine now?
Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon 80
E'en all the hours he has to live, live quiet
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripened
For holy uses? Is hot youth so hasty 85
It will not give an old man leave to die
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls,
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake 90
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too!
Your daughters hasty sinners and diseased
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery,
And may you never know what leisure is 95
But at repentance! I am too uncharitable,
Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men;
We're punished home with what we dote upon. *Exit*
- SIMONIDES
So so, the ghost is vanished now; your answer, lady. 100

41 e'er BELL (ere)

43 tumblers acrobats; hunting dogs that
distract their prey with tumbling; people
having sex43-4 tumblers— | that you wed BELL
(Tumblers? | That you wed); Tumblers?
You that wed MASON; tumblers? That
when you wed GIFFORD44 that When (when that). (See *OED that*,
II.6b.)

61 two bows wide two bow-lengths away

62 Master BELL (Mr.)

63 entreat you gallants BELL's lack of
punctuation (replicated in this text)
allows several possibilities: 1) I can

entreat you, gallants (I can handle you);

2) I can entreat, you gallants (I can
negotiate [a marriage]).65 Pray tend your book lack of punctuation
allows either of two possibilities: 1) I
pray you, tend your book; 2) Pray to
God; tend your book (bible, or church
register).69 reversion right to inherit or occupy
(usually, an estate). See I.I.36.72-3 stand to your tackling hold your
ground (without the modern sense of
football tackling)78 covetous alluding to the tenth
commandment (2.I.216)

82 For From

82-4 neither ... But do not ... and instead

89 hasty figures 1) at a premature age
(figure = number), as the next scene
illustrates; 2) premature or hastily
prepared horoscopes

91 honesties truthfulness; chastity

99 home to the utmost; but also suggesting:
at home, at the core/centre100 now; Again BELL's punctuation would
allow now to read in either direction:
as in the text here, or, 'the ghost is
vanished; now your answer, lady'. See
2.I.255-7.

EUGENIA
Excuse me, gentlemen, 'twere as much impudence
In me to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,
105 Or two or three, or when you will indeed,
But I say no such thing, I set no time,
Nor is it mannerly to deny any;
I'll carry an even hand to all the world.
Let other women make what haste they will,
110 What's that to me? But I profess unfeignedly,
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands, gentlemen.

SIMONIDES
Would he were hanged, for my part looks for other.

EUGENIA
I'm at a word.

SIMONIDES And I'm at a blow then;
I'll lay you o'th' lips and leave you.
[*Simonides kisses her*]

115 FIRST COURTIER Well struck, Sim.

SIMONIDES
He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.

FIRST COURTIER
He would betray himself to be a botcher
That goes about to mend it.

EUGENIA Gentlemen,
You know my mind, I bar you not my house,
120 But if you choose out hours more seasonably,
You may have entertainment.
Enter Parthenia

SIMONIDES
What will she do hereafter when she is a widow,
Keeps open house already?
Exeunt [Simonides, Coachman, and Courtiers]

EUGENIA How now, girl?

PARTHENIA
Those feathered fools that hither took their flight
Have grieved my father much.

125 EUGENIA Speak well of youth, wench,
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make
thee,
And when youth fails, wise women will make it,
But always take age first to make thee rich.
That was my counsel ever, and then youth
130 Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
'Tis time's policy, wench. What is't to bide
A little hardness for a pair of years or so—
A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow
135 A cough o'th' lungs, or say, a whining matter—
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after?

PARTHENIA
Everyone to their liking, but I say
An honest man's worth all, be he young or grey.
Enter Hippolita
Yonder's my cousin.

103 **churlish** rude

110 **unfeignedly** straightforwardly. But modernizing BELL's spelling 'unfainedly' may erase the suggestion of 'unfain' and thus 'reluctantly'.

113 **my . . . other** 'I look for another answer', possibly with a bawdy play on Eugenia's 'hands' (body parts), in which case Simonides (or Simonides's 'part' [= penis?]) suggests an interest in other 'parts' of Eugenia.

114 **I'm at a word** That's all I have to say. Simonides's response alludes to the commonplace, 'to move from words to blows'.

117 **botcher** MASON; brother BELL. A tailor who patches and makes repairs (playing on 'mend it'). BELL's 'betray himself to be a brother', emended here, might be readable as: 'go against his solidarity with us', though this is not a typical use of *betray*.

122 **she is** COXETER; sh is BELL. The frequency of non-printing letters in copies of BELL makes it possible that in an unconsulted or now-missing copy, the text reads 'sheis'.

126 **thou'st** BELL (th'aft)

129 **my counsel ever** Not, however, her counsel at the beginning of this scene, 2.2.5-28.

135 **whining** THIS EDITION; wheening BELL; whening COXETER; wheezing MASON+. Since none of the other proposed emendations seems especially persuasive, THIS EDITION adopts *whining* as a near-spelling of BELL's *wheening* (see *OED whining*, vbl. n., and *whine* v.).

whining matter whimpering body. *Matter* may also signify a bodily discharge. One heretofore unexplored emendation is 'whining mammet', a phrase used in *Romeo and Juliet* (3.5.184). *Mammet* (= puppet, ugly figure) is a term of derision, and, in Massinger's *The Picture*, is used in connection with age (rather than youth, as in *Romeo and Juliet*): 'Sophia. Are they handsome women? | *Vbaldo*. Fie noe, course mamnets, and whats worse they are old to, | Some fifty, some threescore . . .' (3.6.58-60). TAYLOR conjectures 'matten' (matin), which might in context mean 'a whining morning song'.

135-6 **matter— . . . after?** It is not unusual for BELL to lack question-marks in sentences that would now require them. Indeed, the whole issue of what constitutes 'a sentence' is put into question by early modern punctuation practice in general, and by BELL's scarcity of end-stops and abundance of commas and semicolons in particular. Here, as elsewhere, the question is: where do sentences, or other syntactic units, begin and end? Another punctuation possibility for this 'sentence', then, is: 'matter? | Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after!'

[Exit]

- 141 **woman . . . their credit** Eugenia speaks of women as if she were not one herself; audiences may have heard this line as a gesture toward the play's mode of production: a boy would have acted ('dissembled') this role.
- 141.I **[She seems to weep]** The lack of stage direction in BELL is an example of directions to Renaissance actors being encoded within the words of their speeches, rather than dictated by a separate stage direction. In supplying a stage direction, as I have here, the question is whether to foreground Eugenia's 'dissembling'; another version might read simply: [*She weeps*].
- 142 **cousin** relative, cousin. BELL uses the spelling 'cozen' throughout this scene; as a verb, *cozen* meant 'to trick or deceive', and was thought in the period to be related to the word we now spell 'cousin'. This scene illustrates the conjunction of meanings, with a *cozening* cousin, Eugenia.
- 148 **comfortably** comfortably
- 149 **quited** requited, repaid
- 154 **coz** cousin
- 158 **With** COXETER; *Wi h* BELL. Context clearly suggests *With*, but all copies consulted have a space in the position of the presumptive *t*.
- 160 **lodged** (punning on the location of the secret)
- 163 **'less** unless
- 175 **on't** of it
- 179 **In** COXETER; *n* BELL; all consulted copies have an initial space at the beginning of this line. In FOLGER, an initial *I* has been written in; the date of this and other corrections in FOLGER has not been determined.
- 182 **O sweet cousin** BELL's 'Oh sweet Cozen!' is a reminder of the multiple *cozenings* occurring here: Hippolita and Cleanthes's *cozening* of the law, and Eugenia's pretended sympathy with Hippolita's family values.
- EUGENIA Art, I must use thee now.
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue
That ever woman had; it saves their credit often. 140
[*She seems to weep*]
- HIPPOLITA How now, cousin,
What, weeping?
- EUGENIA Can you blame me, when the time
Of my dear love and husband now draws on?
I study funeral tears against the day
I must be a sad widow. 145
- HIPPOLITA
In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too,
But when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quited. Yet more sobbing?
- EUGENIA
O, the greatest part of your affliction's past;
The worst of mine's to come. I have one to die;
Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow. 150
- HIPPOLITA
You must use patience, coz.
- EUGENIA Tell me of patience.
- HIPPOLITA
You have example for't in me and many. 155
- EUGENIA
Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband.
O, for a woman that could love and live
With an old man! Mine is a jewel, cousin,
So quietly he lies by one, so still—
- HIPPOLITA [*aside*]
Alas! I have a secret lodged within me
Which now will out, in pity I can't hold. 160
- EUGENIA
One that will not disturb me in my sleep
After a whole month together, 'less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As achës, coughs, and pains, and these (heaven
knows) 165
Against his will too. He's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.
- HIPPOLITA Be comforted.
- EUGENIA How can I, lady?
None knows the terror of an husband's loss
But they that fear to lose him. 170
- HIPPOLITA [*aside*]
Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;
She is my kinswoman, and I'm pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know't once,
To them that stand in need on't. I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone; 175
My friends must partake too. [*To Eugenia*] Prithce
cease, cousin.
- If your love be so boundless—which is rare
In a young woman in these days, I tell you,
To one so much past service as your husband—
There is a way to beguile law, and help you;
My husband found it out first. 180
- EUGENIA O sweet cousin!

- 184 **order** arrange
 191 **dainty** pleasant
 199–200 **Exit** | EUGENIA . . . **me** The question of whether Hippolita hears Eugenia's line is interpretively significant. BELL's placement of 'exit' directions is not always precise in a modern sense but may suggest that Hippolita exits before Eugenia speaks the line; nevertheless, it is possible that Hippolita hears it. The line could signify in several ways, and in any event could remind an audience that Eugenia is throughout characterized as never to be trusted.
 202–3 **conceal? . . . funeral? . . . husband?** THIS EDITION renders BELL's commas as question marks; they could as easily be exclamation points (signifying what Eugenia might see as the ludicrousness of Hippolita's suggestions).
 204 'Las Alas. BELL's spelling (Laffe) could be modernized as 'Lass' (girl), perhaps signaling that Eugenia thinks Hippolita is naïve.
 207 **prick the man down** mark the chosen man on the list; but also engaging the sexual sense of *prick* (2.2.32), which then resonates with *do* (= have sex).
 208 **him** Lisander
 208.1 **Secundus** BELL *Secundi*
 3.1.0.1 **Incipit Actus Tertius** THIS EDITION; Act. III. Scen. I. BELL
 0.2 **Enter Clown and Clerk [with the church-book]** THIS EDITION; *Enter the Clown and Clerk*. BELL THIS EDITION routinely deletes definite articles before character names; BELL's usage is not consistent.
church-book See I.1.1.14.
 3 **wot on** know of
 4 **be covered** put your hat back on (after it has been removed as a sign of respect). In the next lines, Clerk and Clown argue over who has the lower social standing; to replace one's hat first would be to acknowledge one's higher class position.
 6 **remember yourself** 1) recall your social status; 2) put your hat back on ('remembering one's courtesy' = 'be covered'); 3) remind yourself
 7 **small** minor (but perhaps playing on the height of the actor)
 10 **great** socially important (but perhaps playing on the obesity of the Clown, possibly played by William Rowley)

- HIPPOLITA
 You may conceal him, and give out his death
 Within the time, order his funeral too.
 We had it so for ours, I praise heaven for't,
 And he's alive and safe. 185
- EUGENIA O blessèd coz,
 How thou reviv'st me!
- HIPPOLITA We daily see
 The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
 Methinks it is the sweetest joy to cherish him
 That ever life yet showed me.
- EUGENIA So should I think
 A dainty thing to nurse an old man well. 190
- HIPPOLITA
 And then we have his prayers and daily blessing,
 And we two live so lovingly upon't,
 His son and I, and so contentedly,
 You cannot think unless you tasted on't. 195
- EUGENIA
 No, I warrant you. O loving cousin,
 What a great sorrow hast thou eased me of!
 A thousand thanks go with thee.
- HIPPOLITA I have a suit to you:
 I must not have you weep when I am gone. *Exit*
- EUGENIA
 No, if I do, ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
 Thou hast put thyself into my power forever;
 Take heed of ang'ring of me. I conceal?
 I feign a funeral? I keep my husband?
 'Las, I have been thinking any time these two years
 I have kept him too long already. 200
 I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
 And prick the man down; I ha' six months to do't,
 But could dispatch him in one, were I put to't. *Exit*
Finis Actus Secundus



- Incipit Actus Tertius* 3.1
Enter Clown and Clerk [with the church-book]
- CLOWN You have searched o'er the parish chronicle, sir?
 CLERK Yes, sir, I have found out the true age and date of
 the party you wot on.
 CLOWN Pray you be covered, sir.
 CLERK When you have showed me the way, sir. 5
 CLOWN O sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.
 CLERK A small clerk, sir.
 CLOWN Likely to be the wiser man, sir, for your greatest
 clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.
 CLERK You are a great man in the parish, sir. 10
 CLOWN I understand myself so much the better, sir, for
 all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I
 would owe you none, sir.
 CLERK Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my
 head. 15
 [*Clerk puts on his hat*]

- 16 **cap-case** bag, box, case; with pun on cap (= hat)
- 20 **dial** sun-dial, clock, or other timepiece (referring to the church-book)
- 21 **You . . . witness** To say that the church-book says something is to require no further proof or authority. (*Ipse dixit* = 'he said it'.)
- 24 **Agatha** (from the Greek for 'good')
- 29 **Bollux** a nonsense word that sounds like *ballocks* (testicles), *bullocks* (castrated bulls), and Bullokar (next note)
- 30 **orthography** spelling (literally 'right writing'); punning on the subject and author of William Bullokar's *Booke at large, for the Amendment of Orthographie* (1580), which advocated a new standardized, phonetic spelling system for English, to replace the 'old' conventions. (The lines may thus also associate spelling reform with the legal reform referenced by the play's title and the rewriting of dates in this scene; on spelling reform and languages, see 5.1.618.) The lines may also reference a hard-word dictionary published by Bullokar's son John, *An English Expositor* (1616, 1621), which is also concerned with 'true orthography'.
- 32 **Pollux . . . Castor** in Greek and Roman mythology, twin brothers and inseparable companions. 'Castor' perhaps puns on 'cast her' (= throw her down); see l. 66.
- 33 **anno** BELL (*an.*)
- 33-4 **1540 . . . '99** In contrast to the apparent ancient Greek setting of the larger play, the Clown's plot mixes a classical Greek setting (ll. 91-2) with what would have been the recent past for the play's audience. The years 1540 and 1599 may have been chosen for ease with which an audience could follow the subtraction.
- 39 **deduct it** trace it out
- 51 **indifferent** impartially (but also suggesting 'not particularly')
- 54 **you . . . all** (a clerk's duty at church-services)
- 58 **above your duty** beyond your regular duties as clerk; in excess of the usual fee for your services (in which case one might add a stage-direction: *Clown gives the Clerk money*).
- 59 **e'en** BELL (*in*). Elsewhere, *in* is a possible spelling of *e'en* (*even*); COXETER and all later editions interpret as the modern word *in* and delete.
- 61 **sexton** church sexton (in charge of tolling the bells)
- 63 **conceit** conceive, understand
- 63-4 **jack . . . clock-house** a mechanical figure on the outside of a clock that strikes a bell (referring here to the sexton)
- 64 **hand of the dial** 1) hand of the clock (i.e., time); 2) handwriting in the church-book (see l. 20)
- 66 **cast a figure** write a number; but the usual meaning of this phrase (which Clerk responds to) is to calculate a horoscope. Additional meanings relevant to the ensuing scene: 1) condemn a person (in law, *cast* = to defeat in a suit, to declare guilty, to condemn); 2) set aside a figure (a number or a person); 3) estimate a number or amount.
- 71 **cipher** zero

CLOWN [*putting on his hat*] Mine is a cap-case. Now to our business in your hand: good luck, I hope. I long to be resolved.

CLERK

Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you,

This is the dial that goes ever true;

You may say '*ipse dixit*' upon this witness,

And 'tis good in law too.

CLOWN Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.

CLERK Mark, sir: [*reading from the church-book*] 'Agatha the daughter of Pollux', this is your wife's name, and the name of her father, 'born'—

CLOWN Whose daughter, say you?

CLERK The daughter of Pollux.

CLOWN I take it his name was Bollux.

CLERK 'Pollux', the orthography, I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.

CLOWN Well, on, sir: 'of Pollux'—now come on Castor.

CLERK [*continues reading*] 'Born in anno 1540', and now 'tis '99. By this infallible record, sir, (let me see) she is now just fifty-nine and wants but one.

CLOWN I am sorry she wants so much.

CLERK Why, sir? Alas, 'tis nothing, 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many—

CLOWN Do not deduct it to days, 'twill be the more tedious, and to measure it by hour-glasses were intolerable.

CLERK Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.

CLOWN O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loath to leave the good old woman. If she were gone now, it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a ling'ring torment? And were it not better she were out of her pain? 'T'must needs be a grief to us both.

CLERK I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour.

CLOWN You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but 'amen' to it, which is a word that I know you are perfect in, it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men, for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one—you say 'amen' to all.

CLERK With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour, but I shall be glad to say 'amen' to anything might do you a pleasure.

CLOWN There is first something above your duty; now I would have you set forward the clock a little, e'en to help the old woman out of her pain.

CLERK I will speak to the sexton for that, but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

CLOWN O neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the jack of the clock-house, the hand of the dial I mean. Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

CLERK Never indeed, neighbour, I never had the judgement to cast a figure.

CLOWN I'll show you on the back side of your book.

[*He writes*]

Look you, what figure's this?

CLERK Four with a cipher—that's forty.

- CLOWN So, forty.
 [He writes]
 What's this now?
- CLERK The cipher is turned into nine by adding the tail,
 75 which makes forty-nine.
- CLOWN Very well understood.
 [He writes]
 What is't now?
- CLERK The four is turned into three—'tis now thirty-nine.
- CLOWN Very well understood. And can you do this again?
- 80 CLERK O easily, sir.
- CLOWN A wager of that; let me see the place of my wife's age again.
- CLERK Look you, sir, 'tis here: 1540.
- CLOWN Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into
 85 thirty-nine.
- CLERK A match with you.
- CLOWN Done, and you shall keep stakes yourself; [giving him money] there they are.
- CLERK A firm match. But stay, sir, now I consider it,
 90 I shall add a year to your wife's age. Let me see, [reads] 'Skrophorion the seventeenth', and now 'tis Hekatombaion the eleventh. If I alter this, your wife will have but a month to live by the law.
- CLOWN That's all one, sir; either do it or pay me my wager.
- 95 CLERK Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?
- CLOWN A man may get two wives before half so much money by 'em. Will you do't?
- CLERK I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.
- CLOWN Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel, for I lose
 100 my money by't and should be laughed at for my labour, if it should be known.
- CLERK Well sir,
 [He writes]
 there, 'tis done, as perfect thirty-nine as can be found
 105 in black and white. But mum, sir, there's danger in this figure-casting.
- CLOWN Ay, sir, I know that better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little. The best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.
 Enter Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler
- CLERK Lock close—here comes company. Asses have ears
 110 as well as pitchers.
- COOK [to Clown] O Gnothoes, how is't? Here's a trick of discarded cards of us; we were ranked with coats as long as our old master lived.
- CLOWN And is this, then, the end of serving-men?
- 115 COOK Yes, faith, this is the end of serving-men; a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.
- CLOWN 'Twas well-spoke of a cook. And are all fall'n into fasting-days and ember-weeks, that cooks are out of
 120 use?
- 81 **wife's** Early modern English did not differentiate *wives* (singular possessive, now spelled 'wife's') from *wives* (plural), except by context. Thus, throughout this scene, BELL spells (and the actor probably would have pronounced) this word as 'wives'. Though the meaning of any given occurrence of 'wives' is not ambiguous, in a larger sense, the scene is about Clown's refusal to distinguish morally between having singular or plural wives.
- 84 **drachmas** silver coins of ancient Greece. See also 4.1.54.
- 86 **A match with you** It's a bet. Perhaps with a pun on *match* = marriage compact, especially at l. 187.
- 91 **Skrophorion** MASON (Scirophorion); Scirophon BELL
- 91-2 **Skrophorion ... Hekatombaion** Month names in the ancient Athenian calendar. Perhaps the month names are used for their effect as classical signifiers and are not meant to correspond to calculable dates. Alternatively, part of the humour of the scene, at least for educated audience members, may be that the Clerk's calculations are wrong: Skirophorion is the last month of the calendar, and Hekatombaion the first (beginning just after the summer solstice).
- 91 **seventeenth** BELL (17.)
- 92 **Hekatombaion** MASON (Hecatombaion); Hecatomacon BELL
eleventh BELL (11.)
- 98 **corruption** The line, and the passage that follows (109-40), may refer to the corruption scandal in the Royal Navy, brought to light in the 1618 reform commission report. This context seems especially apt, since corruption was in part associated with unaccountable clerks, and one of the reforms instituted included the reduction in the number of officers' servants (Peck, *Court Patronage and Corruption*).
- 105 **figure-casting** See ll. 65-6.
- 107 **thrown over the bar** disbarred (from practising law), imprisoned; punning on *cast* (ll. 103-5)
- 108 **thrown ... belfry** The line may refer to the 'defenestration of Prague': in May 1618, three noble Catholic officials were thrown out the windows of Prague castle by a band of Protestant nobles. As a crucial event in Catholic/Protestant European politics and the start of what became the Thirty Years War, the event attracted much attention in England.
- 108.1 **Enter ... Butler** Creon's servants had earlier appeared in livery (uniforms provided by a master to mark his servants distinctively); here, as Cook notes at ll. 111-12, they appear without their livery coats.
- 109 **Lock close** shut the book tightly; don't disclose this transaction
- 109-10 **Asses ... pitchers** alluding to the proverb, 'little pitchers [i.e. children] have wide ears.'
- 111 **Gnothoes** BELL. Clown's name derives from the Greek verb 'to know'; pronounced onstage (probably without an initial *g*), it might have sounded like its opposite (the Greek word for 'bastard' or 'false', *nothos*) or, to the English-speaking audience, 'no-toes'. The name is also legible as an allusion to Gnatho, a sycophantic character in the Roman Terence's play *Eumuchus*, available in Nicholas Udall's 1533/34 popular Latin textbook translation (seven subsequent reprints, the last in 1581). All editions after MASON silently alter Clown's name to *Gnotho* throughout. Whatever clarification of meaning is intended as a result of this alteration, BELL unmistakably gives a final *s* in all thirteen occurrences, spelling 'Gnothos' (twice) or 'Gnothoes' (11 times).
- 111-12 **trick ... coats** The language of playing-cards is used to play on the servants' loss of their livery uniforms (see 3.1.108.1); *coats* = coat-cards = face-cards, cards of the highest rank.
- 114 **And ... serving-men** The line is said by the nineteenth-century editors of the play to allude to an old ballad (Gifford, Bullen).
- 118 **well-spoke** BELL (well spok)
- 119 **ember-weeks** periods of church-appointed fasting and prayer (one during each of the four seasons)

- 121 **lists** strips of cloth
- 121-2 **if this world hold** Because BELL has only commas in this speech, the 'if' clause can modify in the other direction as well: 'All tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.'
- 127 **long of** attributable to
- 128 **publican** Roman tax-collector (often used derogatorily)
- 130 **seam-rent . . . piece** torn apart at the seams
cracked . . . piece completely ruined (*piece* = piece of cloth and of land). The speech uses terms common to the language of both tailors and bailiffs.
- 150 **laid by** 1) placed a bet on, gambled on 2) set aside 3) had sex with
- 151 **old** BELL; old enough GIFFORD. If BELL's line is not strictly parallel, it is entirely intelligible and therefore does not require the emendation made by GIFFORD and all later editions.
- 153 **stock** 1) line of descent, genealogy 2) fund of money 3) sum of money to invest, principal 4) property that produces income 5) dowry for a daughter, endowment for a son 6) a term from 'Bookkeeping by Double Entry' (*OED*), relevant to Clown's double-entry wager with Clerk. Perhaps also suggesting 'the town-stocks', a mode of punishment. Given Clerk's obliviousness earlier in the scene, it is not clear that the text characterizes him as 'realizing' or 'intending' all of these meanings, which are nevertheless available to the audience.
- 154 **today** BELL (to day); to a Day COXETER. BELL's reading makes sense, but since its spacing of words/letters is highly irregular, even for a seventeenth-century printed text, there might also have been an omission. The servants' response in the next line may suggest that the text should read 'to a day', or 'to the day'.
- 155 OMNES all the servants. The speech raises a theatrical problem: how would this unison speech be spoken on stage? (Is this only a question for a modern, 'realist' theatre?)
- 167.1-3 [**Cook . . . apart**] Here and at ll. 189.1, 204.1, and 222, the stage-directions are one interpretation of action suggested by, but not made explicit in, BELL.
- 168-70 **bailiff . . . behind . . . bum** An elaborate sodomy joke on *bum*. A 'bumbailiff' was a bailiff of the lowest kind; bailiffs were said to be at the backs of—'behind' or 'in the bum of'—debtors.
- TAILOR And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds, if this world hold; we shall grow both out of request.
- BUTLER And why not butlers as well as tailors; if they can go naked, let 'em neither eat nor drink.
- CLERK That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor of all men, and how dost thou, tailor? 125
- TAILOR I do so-so, but indeed all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff, for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay, cracked in the whole piece. 130
- BAILIFF Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.
- COOK The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.
- CLOWN Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of begging, for when you say, 'I beseech your worship's charity', 'tis all one if you say, 'I request it', and in that kind of requesting, I am sure serving-men were never in more request. 135
- COOK Troth, he says true. Well, let that pass, we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnothoes, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.
- CLERK With me, sir? Anything that I can. 140
- BUTLER Nay, we have looked out our wives already; marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages, for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.
- TAILOR The truth is, every man has laid by his widow, so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old, 'tis good enough. 145
- CLERK I keep the town stock; if you can but name 'em, I can tell their ages today.
- OMNES We can tell their fortunes to an hour then. 150
- CLERK Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.
- COOK O bountifully, come mine first!
- BUTLER The butler before the cook while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.
- TAILOR Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat. 155
- BAILIFF I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.
- CLERK I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience. 160
- [*Cook, Butler, and Tailor turn the leaves of the church-book with Clerk; Clown and Bailiff speak apart*]
- CLOWN I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, as it were in the bum of all the rest. 165
- BAILIFF So sir, and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?
- CLOWN Alack no, sir, I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into. 170

- 177 **venter** This word is perhaps the pivotal term of the Clown's plot, with several meanings played upon in the scenes that follow: 1) wager, commercial speculation, venture; 2) one of two or more wives who produce offspring for the same man (legal term), as in this usage by jurist Edward Coke: 'a man hath issue [of] a sonne and a daughter by one venter, & a son by another ve[n]ter. . . .' (*Institutes of the Lawes of England*, 1628); 3) the womb (from the French for 'stomach'); 4) a mother. Most editors modernize *venter* to *venture* (since it was one possible spelling), but to do so erases the other meanings of *venter* that are highly relevant to a scene in which Clown attempts to arrange for a quick second marriage. Throughout Clown's scenes, the equating of commercial speculation and wives produces much of the play's humour—at the expense (so to speak) of women. All other editions silently alter BELL's *venter* to *venture*, with the resulting erasure of relevant meanings discussed above. BELL is remarkably consistent in its use of *venter* (15 occurrences); *venture* occurs only twice, in an instance where the meaning signified by the modern word *venture* seems most appropriate (Hippolita's speech at 1.1.340) and at 5.1.491.
- 178 **quean** woman (term of abuse); whore
- 179–80 I'll . . . wife 'I announce three-to-one odds that I can marry a second wife.'
- 179 **give out** announce, proclaim
- 183 **Un sight, un seen** sight unseen
- 190 **fitted bravely** well situated, well provided for
- 197–8 **eating-tide . . . gorgeous** punning on *Eastertide*, which follows Lent (a time of fasting); *gorgeous* = sumptuous, brilliantly coloured, with the resonance of *gorge* (= eat greedily)
- 199 **tailor . . . man** alluding to several proverbs: 'the tailor makes the man' and 'three tailors make a man'.
- 200–1 **Goodman Finis** Mr. End. From here to Clerk's exit, speeches allude to the fact that clerks had the last word (*amen* = so be it) at services and kept the church-book, which foretells the *finis* of various old people.
- 203 **here after** BELL (hereafter)
- 221 **sped** met with success
- BAILIFF What, an old rich wife? Any man in this age desires such a care. 175
- CLOWN Troth, sir, I'll put a venter with you if you will; I have a lusty old quean to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one, at the marriage of my second wife. 180
- BAILIFF Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?
- CLOWN Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Un sight, unseen, I take three to one.
- BAILIFF Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head. 185
- CLOWN [*giving him money*] A match, there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.
- BAILIFF A match.
[*They rejoin the others*]
- COOK I shall be fitted bravely—fifty-eight and upwards, 'tis but a year and a half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the Duke. 190
- BUTLER Hey, boys, I am made Sir Butler! My wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honeymoon. 195
- TAILOR I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide plump and gorgeous.
- CLOWN This tailor will be a man if ever there were any.
- BAILIFF [*to Clerk*] Now comes my turn, I hope, Goodman Finis, you that are still at the end of all with a 'so be it'. [*To Cook, Butler, and Tailor*] Well now, sirs, do you venter there as I have done, and I'll venter here after you; good luck, I beseech thee. 200
- [*Bailiff and Clerk speak apart from the rest*]
- CLERK Amen, sir. 205
- BAILIFF That deserves a fee already.
[*He gives him money*]
- There 'tis, please me and have a better.
- CLERK Amen, sir.
- COOK [*to Clown*] How, two for one at your next wife? Is the old one living? 210
- CLOWN You have a fair match; I offer you no foul one. If death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.
- BUTLER I know her, she's a lusty woman, I'll take the venter. 215
- CLOWN [*giving him money*] There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.
- BUTLER A bargain.
- COOK Nay then, we'll be all merchants; give me.
- TAILOR And me. 220
- [*Clown gives Cook and Tailor money*]
- BUTLER What, has the bailiff sped?
- BAILIFF [*rejoining the others*] I am content, but none of you shall know my happiness.
- CLERK As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.
- BAILIFF O clerk, you are to speak last always. 225
- CLERK I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me, gentlemen?

Enter Wife

OMNES For this time, honest register.

CLERK Fare you well then; if you do, I'll cry 'amen' to't.

Exit

230 COOK Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

CLOWN My first wife, sir.

BUTLER Nay then we have made a good match on't; if she have no froward disease, the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

235 TAILOR I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

COOK We'll now leave our venter to the event; I must a-wooing.

BUTLER I'll but buy me a new dagger and overtake you.

240 BAILIFF So we must all, for he that goes a-wooing to a widow without a weapon will never get her.

Exeunt [Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler]

CLOWN O wife, wife!

WIFE What ail you, man, you speak so passionately?

245 CLOWN 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife. Who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time? But the Fates will have it so.

WIFE What's the matter, man? You do amaze me.

CLOWN Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

250 WIFE Not that I know of, sure.

CLOWN What pity 'tis, a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick.

WIFE

Near her end, man? Tush, I can guess at that.

I have years good yet of life in the remainder;

255 I want two yet, at least, of the full number,

Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,

And not the able women.

260 CLOWN Ay, alas, I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick, and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

WIFE Have you sought my age, man? And I prithee, how is it?

265 CLOWN I shall but discomfort thee.

WIFE Not at all, man; when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

CLOWN 1539 just. It agrees with the book; you have about a year to prepare yourself.

270 WIFE Out, alas, I hope there's more than so, but do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score? An 'twere but five year, I would not care. An able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

275 CLOWN Ay, to be pitied, but not helped; no hope of that, for indeed women have so blemished their own reputations nowadays, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

WIFE Marry, the heavens forbid!

280 CLOWN There's so many of you that when you are old become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds—innumerable of that sort. For these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

285 WIFE Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

290 CLOWN I'faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish 'em now. Were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly two or three years before. O, those are brave women and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that when their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with 'em. There's honour and credit; give me half a dozen such wives.

295 WIFE Ay, if her husband were dead before, 'twere a reasonable request. If you were dead, I could be content to be so.

CLOWN Fie, that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

300 WIFE Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

305 CLOWN No, I do not speak to that purpose, but I say what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things, and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried. When, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few who desire to die seven years before their time with all their hearts.

228 OMNES See l. 155.

233 **froward** difficult to deal with, unfavourable (thus, incurable); perhaps with a pun on *forward* (= advanced). BELL provides only commas in this speech; again, the 'if' clause could read in either direction.

235 **broken-winded** out of breath; more specifically, an incurable respiratory disease in horses; possibly with a resonance of *break wind* (= belch or fart)

241.1 *Exeunt Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, and Butler* THIS EDITION; *Exeunt*. BELL (in the

margin of 244)

243 **What ail you, man, you** What's the matter, that you

247 **Fates** three mythological goddesses in charge of human destinies

260 **vermilion** scarlet cosmetic

263-4 **how is it?** (a plausible question, in a culture where people often did not keep track of their age or celebrate birthdays)

268 **just** precisely

271 **An** If (see 2.1.31).

280 **profess physic** practise medicine

283 **bawds** procuresses, madames, pimps

297-8 **thou...me** Modern social historians suggest that 'throughout the early modern period females preserved a lead over males in their capacity to survive to age 65' (Pelling).

305 **bravely** One of several minor irregularities in BELL's catchwords; page 35/F2 catchword is *ly*, and 36/F2^v begins with *lie*. Other irregular catchwords: 19/D2 *Dnke*, 20/D2^v *Du.*; 47/G4 *whether*, 48/G4^v *Whether*; 61/I3 *Duke.*, 62/I3^v *Duk.*; 72/K4^v *Til*, 73/L1 *Till*; 73/L1 *Creo.*, 74/L1^v *Creon*.

WIFE I have not the heart to be of that mind. But indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.
 CLOWN No, alas, I speak but for your good and your credit, for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me; you do not know how near 'tis. It must out—you have but a month to live by the law.
 WIFE Out, alas!
 CLOWN Nay, scarce so much.
 WIFE O, O, O, my heart!
 [She] swoons
 CLOWN Ay, so, if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done and like a kind wife. Lie but a little longer and the bell shall toll for thee.
 WIFE [reviving] O my heart, but a month to live!
 CLOWN [aside] Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again. [To Wife] O woman, 'tis not three weeks, I think a fortnight is the most.
 WIFE Nay, then, I am gone already.
 [She] swoons
 CLOWN I would make haste to the sexton now, but I'm afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again, there's two lives of the nine gone.
 WIFE [reviving] O, wouldst not thou help to recover me, husband?
 CLOWN Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, Or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.
 WIFE I will not be thus frightened to my death; I'll search the church record. A fortnight—'Tis too little, of conscience; I cannot be so near. O time, if thou beest kind, lend me but a year. Exit
 CLOWN What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will. I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough:
 'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone, My venter comes in with her two for one,

'Tis use enough, o' conscience, for a broker if he had a conscience. Exit

Enter Eugenia at one door; Simonides, Courtiers at the other 3.2

EUGENIA
 Gentlemen courtiers.
 FIRST COURTIER All your servants vowed, lady. O I shall kill myself with infinite laughter! Will nobody take my part?
 SIMONIDES An't be a laughing business, Put it to me; I'm one of the best in Europe. My father died last too; I have the most cause. 5
 EUGENIA You ha' picked out such a time, sweet gentlemen, To make your spleen a banquet.
 SIMONIDES O, the jest, lady! I have a jaw stands ready for't, I'll gape Halfway and meet it.
 EUGENIA My old husband, That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy And madness at your coming first to woo me— 10
 SIMONIDES Well said.
 FIRST COURTIER Go on.
 SECOND COURTIER On, on.
 EUGENIA Takes counsel with the secrets of all art To make himself youthful again. 15
 SIMONIDES How, youthful? Ha, ha, ha!
 EUGENIA A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be Or scarce so much if he might have his will indeed.
 SIMONIDES Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.
 EUGENIA Why, there you are wide; he's not the man you take him for, 20
 Nay will you know him when you see him again, There will be five to one laid upon that.
 FIRST COURTIER How?
 EUGENIA Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there; I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now, And deceive law and all.

313 credit reputation
 314 quickly with a paradoxical pun (*quick* = alive)
 326 *aside* The first as well as the third sentence of this speech might be spoken within the hearing of the reviving Wife, though the second is not.
 331 sexton church official whose duty it was to ring bells and dig graves
 344 spite's annoyance is
 345 die (with a possible play on 'have an

orgasm')
 in BELL; e'en TAYLOR *conj.* See l. 59–60.
 348–9 Hebrew...backward Hebrew is written from right to left.
 353–4 o' conscience...a conscience BELL (a ~...a ~)
 conscience...conscience Clown plays on the relative meaninglessness of the mild exclamation o' conscience (see 2.1.271–2).
 353 broker MASON; brother BELL. *Broker* =

1) middleman who transacts business for a fee, 'use' 2) hired matchmaker
 3) pander, pimp.
 3.2.7 make...banquet indulge yourself in merriment. The spleen was considered the location of laughter.
 17 would fain is desirous; with a suggestion of *feign* (2.2.110)
 21 Nay Never. Emendation to *nor* (COXETER and most other editions) is unnecessary.

25 SIMONIDES Marry, gout forbid.
EUGENIA
You little think he was at fencing-school
At four o'clock this morning.
SIMONIDES How, at fencing-school?
EUGENIA
Else give no trust to woman.
SIMONIDES By this light
I do not like him then; he's like to live
30 Longer than I, for he may kill me first now.
EUGENIA
His dancer now came in as I met you.
FIRST COURTIER
His dancer too!
EUGENIA They observe turns and hours with him;
The great French rider will be here at ten
With his curveting horse.
SECOND COURTIER These notwithstanding,
35 His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.
EUGENIA
I'm sure his head and beard as he has ordered it
Looks not past fifty now; he'll bring't to forty
Within these four days, for nine times an hour, at
least,
He takes a black lead comb and kembs it over.
40 Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;
There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,
Enter Lisander [aloof off]
All of one side, which will be black by Monday,
And to approve my truth, see where he comes?
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.
SIMONIDES
45 Now by this hand, he's almost black i'th' mouth
indeed.
FIRST COURTIER He should die shortly then.
SIMONIDES
Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.
FIRST COURTIER
O, this same cony-white takes an excellent black
Too soon; a mischief on't!
50 SECOND COURTIER He will beguile us all
If that little tuft northward turn black too.
EUGENIA
Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a-turning.
SIMONIDES
Maybe some fairy's child held forth at midnight
Has pished upon that side.
FIRST COURTIER Is this the beard?
LISANDER [*to himself*]
55 Ah, sirrah, my young boys, I shall be for you—
This little mangy tuft takes up more time
Than all the beard beside. Come you a-wooing
And I alive and lusty? You shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet,
60 (And I could match my hair to't; there's the fault)
And can do offices of youth yet lightly.
At least I will do though it pain me a little.

25 **gout forbid** 'God forbid' is an obvious meaning here, but, given that it was illegal (beginning with the 1606 'Act to Restrain Abuses of Players') to 'jestingly or profanely speak or use the name of God' on stage, BELL's spelling ('gowt') may also suggest, for us, the difficulty of determining how or why such an instance of multiple meanings is produced in the text: is this a joke, with the appearance of intentionality on Simonides's part—his substitution of a disease for *God* in a familiar phrase? Or is it, in a different way, a joke for playwrights, actors, and/or audiences aware of the censorship law—a phrase that sounds like 'God forbid', but is not?

31 **dancer** dancing teacher

32 **observe turns and hours** take hourly turns

34 **curveting** leaping

39 **comb and kembs** BELL (Combe and kembs). BELL (as well as *OED*) differentiates these words, which mean the same thing; modernizing *kembs* to *combs* would introduce a repetition that is not in BELL.

41.1 [*aloof off*] (the others on stage observe him unseen)

42 **black by Monday** (playing on 'Black Monday', the Monday that followed Easter and thought to be particularly unlucky)

45 **black i'th' mouth** as opposed to black *around* the mouth (the dyed beard), perhaps with a joke on being black in the mouth as a sign of death

47 **dies** Modernizing a homonym like *dies/dyes* requires an editor to decide which meaning seems more prevalent at the point the word appears; thus, l. 46 is *die* (pass away), while this line might become *dyes* (colours). But deciding which signification a character 'means' (or might mean, were he a person and not a collection of letters on a page, or collection of prescribed movements and sounds on a stage) is a complex operation. As one reads/hears l. 47, *dies* is appropriate; only when one proceeds to l. 48 does *dyes* seem the more prominent meaning.

49 **cony-white** rabbit-white
takes absorbs

50 **beguile** COXETER; beguile BELL. *Beguile* = fool, cheat. BELL's 'beguile' (with its possible associations of *gild/begild*, 'to cover with gold') may have arisen from all the puns on colouring in this passage.

53 **held forth** displayed (?). Possibly BELL's *held* should be emended to *haled* (TAYLOR *conj.*), meaning that the child has been hauled out (kidnapped) like a fairy's changeling.

55 **for you** ready for you

59 **jack-boys** boys employed in menial labour, especially stable boys. Lisander's language is full of terms referring to horses and riding: *mangy* (l. 56), *tits* (l. 64), *jade* and *wrench* (ll. 94–5).

- 64 **court-tits** tits: small horses; also, derogatory term for young women (but probably without the modern slang sense of 'breasts'). Without further evidence, it is impossible to know whether this term was typically applied to young men (this line is *OED*'s only example), or whether, instead, this is a context in which young men are being portrayed as effeminate. In contrast to the modern stereotype that links effeminacy and homosexuality, effeminacy in the Renaissance was often said to result from ostensibly excessive contact with women.
- 65 **tomboys'** As with *tits*, it is unclear whether this term is being used as it may have been normatively gendered (*tomboy* = boisterous boy), or used of women (*tomboy* = 'inappropriately' boisterous woman) but transferred onto the courtiers in an effeminizing way; most of the evidence available from the period suggests the term was usually applied to women.
- tricks** pranks; deceptions; ways of acting (probably suggesting sexual acts)
- 70 **'Slight** God's light (a mild oath)
- 72 **ginny** BELL; grumpy MASON; grinning GIFFORD. BELL's spelling may signify some or all of the following: 1) *guinea*, short for *guinea-fowl* (turkey) or *guinea-hen* (female turkey, and slang for prostitute), perhaps referring to its distinctive call; 2) *jenny*, woman (also applied to effeminate men); 3) *ginny*, seductive, ensnaring (from *gin* = ingenuity); possibly 4) *jennet*, a small horse (referring to its neighing).
- 75 **Pup!** the sound of the outburst
- 77 **one-and-twenty** BELL; twenty-one TAYLOR *conj.* If written as a figure in the manuscript (as in, for example, manuscripts of *Game*), the number might have been translated into words either way, and TAYLOR's conjecture is more metrically regular.
- 79 **codlings** 1) small cod-fish 2) variety of apple 3) scrotum 4) derogatory slang for a 'raw youth' (*OED*)
- parboiled** overcooked, thoroughly boiled
- 80 **Cupid's scalding-house** perhaps a brothel; more likely, a sweating tub (an ostensible cure for venereal disease)
- 82 DANCER COXETER; *Dauc.* BELL
- 86 **horse-trick** continuing Lisander's use of language related to horses, with an extended play on 'to horse' = for a stallion to 'cover' (= copulate with) a mare, especially at l. 87.
- 92 **My life for yours** I'm sure
- 93 **by my viol** an oath, referring to a 'viol' (musical instrument) or perhaps 'vial' (vessel, possibly with religious overtones deriving from Rev. 15:7). BELL's spelling (*Violl*) could signify both words, but an oath using either term is unusual. If *viol*, perhaps the Dancer uses a musical instrument to accompany his pupil.
- 94 **jade** inferior horse; also derogatorily applied to women (= hussy). 'Played the jade' and 'wrench i'th' back' thus imply injury resulting from sexual overexertion. *Wrench* was also applied to injuries in horses.
- Shall not a man for a little foolish age
Enjoy his wife to himself? Must young court-tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live, ha?
I have blood that will not bear't, yet I confess
I should be at my prayers. But where's the dancer
there?
Enter Dancer
- DANCER Here, sir.
- LISANDER
Come, come, come, one trick a day, and I shall soon
Recover all again.
- EUGENIA [*apart*] 'Slight, an you laugh too loud,
We are all discovered, gentlemen.
- SIMONIDES
And I have a scurvy ginny laugh o' mine own
Will spoil all, I'm afraid.
- EUGENIA Marry, take heed, sir.
- SIMONIDES
Nay, an I should be hanged, I can't leave it—
[*He bursts out laughing*]
Pup! There 'tis—
- EUGENIA Peace, O peace!
- LISANDER [*to Dancer*] Come, I am ready, sir.
- I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one-and-twenty years.
There is no little comfort left in that
And my three court codlings that look parboiled,
As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house.
- SIMONIDES
He means me specially, I hold my life.
- DANCER
What trick will your old worship learn this morning,
sir?
- LISANDER
Marry, a trick—if thou couldst teach a man
To keep his wife to himself, I'd fain learn that.
- DANCER
That's a hard trick for an old man specially.
The horse-trick comes the nearest.
- LISANDER
Thou sayst true, i'faith;
They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keeping
on 'em
And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready.
- DANCER
Look you, here's your worship's horse-trick, sir.
[*He dances the step*]
- LISANDER Nay, say not so,
'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.
- DANCER My life for yours, sir.
- LISANDER
Sayst thou me so?
[*He dances the step*]
- DANCER Well offered, by my viol, sir.
- LISANDER
A pox of this horse-trick, 't'as played the jade with me
And given me a wrench i'th' back.

- 96 **inturn** possibly a term from wrestling: placing a leg between an opponent's thighs and lifting (thus continuing the sexual meanings)
- 99 **galliard** a lively dance in triple time
- 101 **coxcomb** fool
- 104 **Gregories** The term probably plays on the name of Gregory Brandon, the famous London hangman during the reign of James I and Charles I, popularly known as 'Gregory'. Lisander's 'Gregories' thus means 'hangmen, men who are trying to kill me before my time'; it may also refer to both Brandon and his son Richard, who succeeded him shortly before 1640 and was known as 'Young Gregory'. PRICE conjectures a misreading of *Gregues* (= galligaskins, breeches); another possibility is *Gregorians* (= a type of wig).
- 106 **grinners** 'grinning' signified more ominously at the time, often emphasizing the showing of teeth.
- 109 **weapons** BELL (wapons)
- 110 **own roadways** usual activities
glistar-pipes a term that may combine *clyster-pipes* (enema tubes, sometimes spelled 'glistar') and an allusion to the courtiers' elaborate, brilliant (glistening) mode of dress
- 111 **parlous** perilously; very
- 112 **lank suck-eggs** thin (hungry) avaricious people, with reference to weasels (l. 113), said to suck eggs
- 114 **dogbolts** wretches
- 114.1 **Enter...glasses** BELL's stage-directions are often in the right margin of the page, opposite several lines (here, lines corresponding to 3.2.114). Thus, placing them within the linear flow of the speeches of the text 'proper' entails an inexact estimation of what might have happened on stage.
- 115 **Well said** Lisander either compliments himself on his insulting rhetoric, or thanks the servants (= 'well done').
down with 'em put down the drinks and foils; down the drinks
- 116 **quality** skill, talent
- 124 **princecock's** conceited young man's
princecock's BELL (princecock)
- 125 **powder** medicine, drug (punning on 'gunpowder')
- 126 **Let't** BELL (Let). Modernization conj. TAYLOR.
- 128 **trillibubs** entrails

DANCER

Now here's your inturn, and your trick above ground.
 [*He dances another step*]

LISANDER

Prithee no more, unless thou hast a mind
 To lay me underground; one of these tricks
 Is enough in the morning.

DANCER

For your galliard, sir,
 You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
 The proudest coxcomb of 'em all, I'll stand to't.

100

LISANDER

Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest too,
 I have prepared for 'em, if e'er I take
 My Gregories here again.

SIMONIDES

O, I shall burst;
 I can hold out no longer.
 [*He laughs*]

EUGENIA

He spoils all.

105

LISANDER [*noting them*]

The devil and his grinners—are you come?
 Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play,
 All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth,
 And these the weapons: drinking, fencing, dancing—
 Your own roadways, you glistar-pipes. I'm old, you
 say—

110

Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well.
 This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs,
 Unless such weasels come from court to help us?
 We will get our own brats, you lecherous dogbolts!
Enter [Servants] with glasses [and foils]
 Well said, down with 'em. Now we shall see your
 spirits.

115

What, dwindle you already?

SECOND COURTIER

I have no quality.

SIMONIDES

Nor I, unless drinking may be reckoned
 For one.

FIRST COURTIER Why Sim, it shall.

LISANDER Come, dare you choose your weapon now?

120

FIRST COURTIER

I, dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.

LISANDER

We're for you, sir.

SECOND COURTIER Fencing, I.

LISANDER

We'll answer you too.

SIMONIDES

I'm for drinking your wet weapon there.

LISANDER

That wet one has cost many a princecock's life,
 And I will send it through you with a powder.

125

SIMONIDES

Let't come with a pox—I care not, so't be drink.
 [*Aside*] I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
 A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs.

LISANDER

Play the first weapon, come strike, strike I say!
 Yes, yes, you shall be first, I'll observe court rules:

130

130.I **'La Migniard'** BELL (La-|mi niard). The name of a dance-tune, also cited in Richard Brome's *The New Academy, Or The New Exchange* (written c.1635, published 1659), where it appears in a list of courantes (distinguished from a list of galliards). For the music, see *Companion*, p. 166.

Migniard dainty, delicate; a French word that entered English around 1600 and is related to *mignon* and *minion*.

To those familiar with the tune of this name, the music may have transmitted a gendered message, further emphasizing the effeminacy of the courtiers (see ll. 64–5). James I advised his son: 'In your language be plaine, honest, naturall, comelie, cleane, short, and sentencious: eschewing . . . mignarde & effeminate tearmes' (*Basilikon Doron* [1603]).

133 **go** COXETER; ago BELL

135 **put fair** make a good attempt

136 **sciaticas** attacks of sciatica (2.1.56)

137 **hit you** scored against you (in the language of fencing that pervades the scene)

142 **musk-cod** the bag that contains musk in some animals; here, roughly: 'perfumed devil'

143 **venies** hits or thrusts in fencing

147 **lie twenty** 'miss my age by twenty'; but also Lisander's identification of Second Courtier's age as 'twenty' (responding to Second Courtier's accusation 'fourscore')

148 **had had** THIS EDITION (Taylor); had BELL; I'd had GIFFORD. TAYLOR notes that grammar, metre, and the possibility of easy scribal or compositor misreading argue for this emendation; BELL may nevertheless be intelligible.

149 **butter-teeth** front teeth

150 **flap-dragon** raisin, in a game in which raisins are caught with the mouth out of burning brandy

151 **pent-weeze** COXETER (pentweeze); pentwize BELL. *Pent-weeze* = blocked windpipe (resonating with 'throat' in the previous line); penned weasel. (BELL's *wize* corresponds to no recorded early spelling of either *weeze* or *weasel*.)

158 **bear-whelp** cub

160 **you and I** MASON; with you and I BELL; with you I SHAW

wet venies Lisander applies fencing language to drinking.

161 **Venies** THIS EDITION; Vennis BELL; Venue COXETER; Venues GIFFORD. BELL's 'Vennis' is a contemporary spelling of *Venice*, not *venies*, and therefore an emendation.

Venice glasses delicate drinking glasses for which Venice was famous

[Music for] a galliard, 'La Migniard'

Always the worst goes foremost—so 'twill prove I hope.

[First Courtier dances]

So sir, you've spit your poison, now come I.

[Aside] Now forty years, go backward and assist me, Fall from me half my age but for three minutes, That I may feel no crick; I will put fair for't, Although I hazard twenty sciaticas.

135

[He dances a galliard]

So, I have hit you.

FIRST COURTIER You've done well, i'faith, sir.

LISANDER

If you confess it well, 'tis excellent, And I have hit you soundly. I am warm now, The second weapon instantly.

SECOND COURTIER What, so quick, sir?

140

Will you not allow yourself a breathing time?

LISANDER

I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's musk-cod, To give your perfumed worship three venies.

A sound old man puts his thrust better home Than a spiced young man. There I—

145

[Lisander begins the fencing match]

SECOND COURTIER Then have at you, fourscore.

LISANDER

You lie twenty, I hope, and you shall find it.

[They fight; Lisander gives the first hit]

SIMONIDES [aside]

I'm glad I missed this weapon; I had had an eye Popped out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.

150

LISANDER [giving the second hit]

There's two, pent-weeze.

DANCER

Excellently touched, sir.

SECOND COURTIER

Had ever man such luck? Speak your opinion, gentlemen.

SIMONIDES

Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still; Mine would have dropped out like a pig's half-roasted.

LISANDER

There wants a third,

[He gives the third hit]

and there 'tis again.

155

SECOND COURTIER The devil has steeled him.

EUGENIA What a strong fiend is jealousy!

LISANDER You're dispatched, bear-whelp.

SIMONIDES

Now comes my weapon in.

LISANDER

Here, toadstool, here—

'Tis you and I must play these three wet venies.

160

SIMONIDES

Venies in Venice glasses, let 'em come;

They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.

SECOND COURTIER Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.

165 SIMONIDES Ay, but that's nothing; then they go voluntar-
ily. I do not love to have 'em thrust out whether they
will or no.

LISANDER Here's your first weapon, duck's meat.
[*He drinks the first glass*]

170 SIMONIDES How, a Dutch what-you-call-'em,
'Stead of a German falchion? A shrewd weapon,
And of all things, hard to be taken down,
Yet down it must.
[*He drinks*]

I have a nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.

FIRST COURTIER The sooner off, Sim.

LISANDER I'll pay you speedily—with a trick
I learned once amongst drunkards; here's half-pike.
[*He drinks the second glass*]

175 SIMONIDES Half-pike comes well, after Dutch what-you-call-'em;
They'd never be asunder by their good will.

FIRST COURTIER Well pulled of an old fellow.

LISANDER O, but your fellows
Pull better at a rope.

FIRST COURTIER There's a hair, Sim,
In that glass.

180 SIMONIDES An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;
No hair shall cross me.
[*He drinks the second glass*]

LISANDER I make you stink worse than your polecats do.
Here's long sword, your last weapon.
[*He drinks the third glass*]

SIMONIDES No more weapons.

FIRST COURTIER Why, how now, Sim? Bear up, thou sham'st us all
else.

185 SIMONIDES Light, I shall shame you worse an I stay longer.
I ha' got the scotomy in my head already,
The whimsy—you all turn round, do not you dance,
gallants?

SECOND COURTIER Pish, what's all this? Why, Sim, look, the last veny.

190 SIMONIDES No more venies goes down here, for these two
Are coming up again.

SECOND COURTIER Out! The disgrace of drinkers!

SIMONIDES Yes, 'twill out,
Do you smell nothing yet?

FIRST COURTIER Smell?

SIMONIDES Farewell quickly then;
It will do if I stay. *Exit*

FIRST COURTIER A foil go with thee.

195 LISANDER What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues?
Beat folly in her own ground wondrous much?

167 **duck's meat** a plant that covers the surface of still water
(another apparently nonsensical insult)

168 **Dutch what-you-call-'em** Probably a reference to a specific
kind of weapon associated with the Dutch; some possibilities are
halberd and *handspike* (especially given the play on *half-pike* at
l. 175) and *bill* (a type of weapon, here playing on *duck's*). The
chain of puns on *Dutch* is apparently triggered by *duck's* in the
previous line; the word *Dutch* continued, into the seventeenth
century, to refer to people and things we now distinguish as
Dutch or *deutch* (*German*), though by 1600 English had begun to
differentiate these countries, languages, and peoples. The Dutch
were ostensibly heavy drinkers.

169 **falchion** a curved broad sword

173 **speedily—with a trick** MASON (long dash); speedily—
with a trick BELL. Long dashes seem to signify interrupted or
curtailed speeches elsewhere in BELL (at the equivalent of 3.1.38,
3.2.306, 4.2.59). THIS EDITION interprets the dashes as a pause
in Lisander's speech, perhaps to prepare his drinking 'trick'.
Other editions have read the dashes as marking space for an
actor's improvisation of expletives, or expletives that could not be
printed (GIFFORD). This might seem unlikely, since BELL copiously
inscribes Lisander's other insults, but TAYLOR notes that the other
insults are not profane; 'if the original here was profane, or
politically objectionable, it might have been struck out, and the
other insults left intact'. See l. 25 above.

174 **learned** BELL (learnt)
half-pike a shorter version of the pike, a shaft with a sharp
pointed head

175 **Half-pike... what-you-call-'em** See l. 168.

177 **pulled of drunk for**

178 **Pull better at a rope** hang better

181 **hair** (with pun on *hair*)

182 **polecats** animals related to skunks, known for their smell; slang
for 'prostitute'

185 **Light** God's light (an oath)
an if

186 **scotomy** GIFFORD; Scotomy BELL. *Scotomy* = scotoma, 'dizziness
accompanied by dimness of sight' (*OED*)

187 **whimsy** whim, fantastical idea; dizziness

189 **venies goes** Should this verb agree? How might one distinguish
between a grammatical error on the part of the writer(s) (at a
point in the history of English when verb agreement was not as
strictly maintained), a textual error, or a drunken character's
syntactical difficulties?

194 **foil** disgrace (with a pun on the weapon)

195 LISANDER COXETER (*Lysan.*); *Life*. BELL. The final letter is unclear
in all copies consulted (possibly *c*); BELL's usual speech prefix for
Lisander is *Lif*.

Why, may not we be held as full sufficient
 To love our own wives then, get our own children,
 And live in free peace till we be dissolved?
 200 For such spring butterflies that are gaudy-winged,
 (But no more substance than those shamble-flies
 Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking)
 Come but to crush you once; you are all but maggots,
 For all your beamy outsides.

Enter Cleanthes

EUGENIA [to Courtiers] Here's Cleanthes;
 205 He comes to chide. Let him alone a little;
 Our cause will be revenged. Look, look, his face
 Is set for stormy weather. Do but mark
 How the clouds gather in't; 'twill pour down straight.

CLEANTHES [to Lisander]

Methinks I partly know you; that's my grief.
 210 Could you not all be lost that had been handsome?
 But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful.
 Why, was not your name wont to be Lisander?

LISANDER 'Tis so still, coz.

CLEANTHES

Judgement, defer thy coming, else this man's miser-
 able.

EUGENIA [to Courtiers]

I told you there would be a shower anon.
 215 SECOND COURTIER We'll in and hide our noddles.

Exeunt Courtiers and Eugenia

CLEANTHES

What devil brought this colour to your mind,
 Which since your childhood I ne'er saw you wear?
 You were ever of an innocent gloss
 220 Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it
 And change the livery of saints and angels
 For this mixed monstrousness, to force a ground
 That has been so long hallowed like a temple
 To bring forth fruits of earth now, and turn back
 225 To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
 Of sin in act, lost and long since repented?
 Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
 To pull time backward?
 See what your wife will do. Are your wits perfect?

230 LISANDER My wits?

CLEANTHES

I like it ten times worse, for 't'ad been safer
 Now to be mad, and more excusable.
 I hear you dance again and do strange follies.

LISANDER

I must confess I have been put to some, coz.

CLEANTHES

235 And yet you are not mad? Pray say not so:
 Give me that comfort of you that you are mad,
 That I may think you are at worst, for if
 You are not mad, I then must guess you have
 The first of some disease was never heard of,
 240 Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful.
 You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care
 To pray would quickly turn you white again.
 I had a father, had he lived his month out

198 **get** beget, father

199 **dissolved** deceased

200 **gaudy-winged** See 2.1.188.

201 **shamble-flies** flies in a butcher's stall or slaughterhouse.
Shamble may also imply 'ill-formed'.

203 **you...you** i.e., one...they

204 **beamy** radiant

210 **Could...handsome?** Could you (who had been handsome)
 not be entirely unrecognizable? Possibly BELL's line should
 be repunctuated 'Could you not all be lost? That had been
 handsome—'; *handsome* would then have its historically older
 meaning of 'proper, appropriate', rather than 'attractive'.

216 **noddles** heads

219 **gloss** exterior; perhaps with the added resonance of a marginal
 comment (like this one) that explains or annotates a 'text', in
 this case Lisander's earlier virtue. In both senses, the word often
 had sinister connotations: in the first, of a cover-up; in the
 second, of a *gloze*, a devious argument or explanation. Thus,
innocent gloss may (whether intentionally or not) carry a whiff
 of oxymoron.

221 **livery...angels** i.e., white

224 **back** COXETER; black BELL. The emendation makes better
 syntactic sense of the phrase 'turn back | To...the complexion |
 Of sin in act'; at the same time, the substitution sacrifices BELL's
 resonant play on colours. (If BELL's 'turn black' was pronounced
 on stage, audiences might still have heard the resonance of the
 idiom 'turn back'.)

226 **act** action; a sex act

228 **pull time backward** attempted, in fact, at ll. 133-4

229 **See...do** Notice what your wife is doing (as a result of your
 behaviour)

Act 3 Scene 2

A new way to please you.

253-3.2.254.1 *Exit Lisander... Enter Eugenia* See 3.2.114.1.

265 **stickest** pierces; or remains fixed
 266-8 The question of whether Cleanthes's speeches here are 'asides' is again significant; see 1.1.222-3. Given that he describes Eugenia as 'fast asleep' (l. 261), it may have been theatrically effective to treat all the lines as spoken aloud; in such a scenario, Cleanthes acts *as if* he is not speaking these lines to Eugenia, but speaks them within her hearing for [what he perceives to be] her benefit. See also ll. 259-61.

274 **gone backward** See ll. 133-4, 228.
 288 **Have** who have
 297 **stronger master** i.e., the devil
 298 **Bless** protect, save
 299 **impudently common** shamelessly promiscuous. *Common woman* was a term for prostitute—i.e. a woman said to be shared 'in common' by multiple men, like a piece of land (a *common*). *Impudently* is closely related to *pudendum* (= vulva).
 301 **fit** punish
 303 **I can 'sure** The edited version here interprets BELL's 'I can sure' as 'I can

assure that...'; another possibility would read 'sure' as 'certainly, surely':

He that attempts to take away my pleasure,
 I'll take away his joy, and I can, sure.
 His concealed father pays for't...

307 **He's** BELL (Has), a modernization suggested by GIFFORD (He has)
a bout BELL (about)
Since now
 308 **flirt** a quick blow or tap; a stroke of wit

245 But to ha' seen this most prodigious folly,
 There needed not the law to have cut him off:
 The sight of this had proved his executioner,
 And broke his heart. He would have held it equal
 Done to a sanctuary, for what is age
 But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
 250 For all men's wearied miseries? And to rob
 That of her ornament, it is accursed,
 As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
 Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering. *Exit Lisander*
 I see 't'as done him good; blessing go with it,

Enter Eugenia

255 Such as may make him pure again.

EUGENIA

'Twas bravely touched, i'faith, sir.

CLEANTHES

O, you're welcome.

EUGENIA

Exceedingly well handled.

CLEANTHES

'Tis to you I come;

He fell but i' my way.

EUGENIA

You marked his beard, cousin.

CLEANTHES

Mark me.

EUGENIA Did you ever see a hair so changed?

CLEANTHES [*aside*]

260 I must be forced to wake her loudly too;
 The devil has rocked her so fast asleep.—Strumpet.

EUGENIA Do you call, sir?

CLEANTHES

Whore.

EUGENIA

How do you, sir?

CLEANTHES

Be I ne'er so well,

265 I must be sick of thee. Thou'rt a disease
 That stickest to th' heart, as all such women are.

EUGENIA

What ails our kindred?

CLEANTHES [*aside*] Bless me, she sleeps still.

What a dead modesty is i' this woman!—
 Will never blush again? Look on thy work
 But with a Christian eye: 'twould turn thy heart
 270 Into a shower of blood to be the cause
 Of that old man's destruction—think upon't—
 Ruin eternally! For through thy loose follies

Heaven has found him a faint servant lately;
 His goodness has gone backward and engendered
 With his old sins again, has lost his prayers 275
 And all the tears that were companions with 'em,
 And—like a blindfold man, giddy and blinded,
 Thinking he goes right on still, swerves but one foot
 And turns to the same place where he set out—
 So, he that took his farewell of the world 280
 And cast the joys behind him out of sight,
 Summed up his hours, made even with time and men,
 Is now in heart arrived at youth again,
 All by thy wildness. Thy too hasty lust 285
 Has driven him to this strong apostasy.
 Immodesty like thine was never equalled;
 I've heard of women (shall I call 'em so)
 Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold,
 But thou, thy husband living—thou art too bold.

EUGENIA

Well, have you done now, sir?

CLEANTHES

Look, look, she smiles yet. 290

EUGENIA

All this is nothing to a mind resolved.
 Ask any woman that; she'll tell you so much.
 You have only shown a pretty saucy wit,
 Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.
 You shall hear from me shortly.

CLEANTHES

Shameless woman, 295

I take my counsel from thee—'tis too honest—
 And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master.
 Bless the sex of thee from thee, that's my prayer.
 Were all like thee, so impudently common,
 No man would be found to wed a woman. *Exit* 300

EUGENIA

I'll fit you gloriously;
 He that attempts to take away my pleasure,
 I'll take away his joy, and I can 'sure
 His concealed father pays for't. I'll e'en tell
 Him that I mean to make my husband next, 305
Enter Simonides
 And he shall tell the Duke—mass, here he comes.

SIMONIDES

He's had a bout with me too.

EUGENIA

What? No! Since, sir?

SIMONIDES

A flirt, a little flirt; he called me strange names,

309 **quit** repay (2.2.149)
 315.1 **Tertius** BELL (*Tertii*)
 4.1.0.1 **Incipit Actus Quartus** THIS EDITION;
 Act. IV. Scen. I. BELL
 1 **gentlemen** COXETER; Gentlemen BELL
draw (with a pun on his occupation)
 5 **De clare** clary wine, a mixture of wine,
 honey, and spices
 6 **bullies** friends, good-fellows (without the
 modern sense of intimidation)
 8 **two** BELL (too)
 9 **basted** moistened (continuing the jokes
 in culinary language), but with a sexual
 meaning as well
 11 **stuck her with rosemary** Meat was stuck
 with the herb rosemary as a flavoring;
 rosemary was also used as an ornament
 at both weddings and funerals (see
 ll. 33-5). 'Stuck her' suggests sexual

penetration.
 14 **fly-blown** tainted (with deposits of flies'
 eggs)
 15 **Put her off** get rid of her
 21 **Palermo** a kind of wine from Palermo,
 Sicily
 22 **lick-spigot** insulting name for a tapster
 23 **Ad imum** to the last
 36 **account** See I.1.467.
 43 **wire-drawers** i.e., string-players. Lines
 42-50 play upon the intersections in the
 vocabularies of music and drinking.
 46 **sack-butts** casks of white wine; also
 a common musical instrument, now
 obsolete (a bass trumpet with a slide like
 a trombone)
 48 **theirs** MASON; their BELL
cittern- and gittern-heads citterns
 and gitterns were guitar-like

stringed instruments, often with a
 'grotesquely-carved head' (*OED*)
 51 **fool** BELL (foole). *fool* = play the fool. All
 other editions emend unnecessarily to
foot.
 52 **Siren** in Greek mythology, one of a group
 of monsters, part-bird, part-woman,
 who lured sailors to their deaths with
 enchanting singing (*Odyssey* 12)
 53 **Hiren** slang for seductive woman, harlot
 (synonymous with *Siren*). The passage
 references a frequently quoted line ('have
 we not Hiren here?') probably from a
 now-lost play associated with George
 Peele, *The Turkish Mahamet and Hyrin the
 fair Greek* (c.1594). This story was also
 kept in circulation by William Barksted's
 1611 narrative poem *Hiren: or The faire
 Greeke*.

But I ne'er minded him.

EUGENIA You shall quit him, sir,
 When he as little minds you.

310 SIMONIDES I like that well.
 I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me.
 There's little danger that way.

EUGENIA This is it, then.
 He you shall strike; your stroke shall be profound,
 And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.

315 SIMONIDES O' my troth, I love to give such wounds. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Tertius



4.1 *Incipit Actus Quartus*
Enter Clown, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer,
Wench

DRAWER Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw near?
 Will you drink at door, gentlemen?

BUTLER O, the summer air's best!

DRAWER What wine will please you drink, gentlemen?

5 BUTLER *De clare*, sirrah. [*Exit Drawer*]

CLOWN What, you're all sped already, bullies?

COOK My widow's o'th' spit and half ready, lad; a turn or
 two more and I have done with her.

10 CLOWN Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this
 time.

COOK And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her;
 she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old
 piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards!
 She must needs be fly-blown.

15 CLOWN Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her;
 the weather's hot.

COOK Why, Drawer!

Enter Drawer

DRAWER By and by—here, gentlemen, here's the quint-
 essence of Greece; the sages never drunk better grape.

COOK Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their 20
 Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before 'em. Fill,
 lick-spigot.

DRAWER *Ad imum*, sir.

CLOWN My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth
 of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and 25
 to the marriage of my second, my two-to-one. This is
 she.

COOK I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our
 wives by that time, to go with thee. But shall they be 30
 both of a day?

CLOWN O, best of all, sir! Where sorrow and joy meet
 together, one will help away with another the better.
 Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same
 rosemary that serves for the funeral will serve for the 35
 wedding.

BUTLER How long do you make account to be a widower,
 sir?

CLOWN Some half an hour—long enough, o' conscience.
 Come, come, let's have some agility! Is there no music
 in the house? 40

DRAWER Yes, sir, here are sweet wire-drawers in the house.
 COOK O, that makes them and you seldom part; you are
 wine-drawers, and they wire-drawers.

TAILOR And both govern by the pegs too.

CLOWN And you have pipes in your consort too. 45

DRAWER And sack-butts too, sir.

BUTLER But the heads of your instruments differ; yours are
 hogsheads, theirs cittern- and gittern-heads.

BAILIFF All wooden heads; there they meet again.

COOK Bid 'em strike up; we'll have a dance. [*Exit Drawer*] 50
 Gnothoes, come, thou shalt fool it too.

CLOWN No dancing with me; we have Siren here.

COOK Siren? 'Twas Hiren the fair Greek, man.

- 54 **drachmas** BELL (Drachmes); Drachms COXETER. Here and in 3.1, BELL employs the spellings 'drachmaes' and 'drachmes' without distinction (three occurrences each), though this scene consistently capitalizes. In the next three lines, *drachmas* refers to 1) a Greek coin (3.1.84); 2) a small amount of liquor *drachm* (pronounced and sometimes spelled *dram*); and/or 3) the unit of weight on which both of these were based (thus resonating with the puns on measurement that follow). The words were largely interchangeable, and either pronunciation may have been employed on stage in this scene.
- 62 **Helen of Greece** Helen, married to Menelaus of Sparta, later abducted by Paris of Troy, triggering the Trojan War
- 66 **shorter** COXETER; fhorer BELL
- 69 **an ell** 1) unit of measurement (45 inches) 2) 'a Nell'
- yard** 36 inches; also, a standard word for 'penis'
- 70-2 **There... Cressida** Women thought promiscuous or unchaste were described as 'light'; moving from length to weight in his jokes on measurements, the clown is weighing the relative chastity of two famous women of antiquity.
- 70 **Cressid** Trojan woman in love with Troilus, during the siege of Troy
- 71 **Troy weight** the standard system of weights for precious metals, in which a pound = 12 ounces
avoirdupois BELL (haberdepoyfe). A system of weights, in which a pound = 16 ounces. BELL's spelling may suggest

- 'haver of poise', punning on *have/held* and on *poise*, meaning balanced between two things (in this case, men).
- 76 **plaster of Paris** common white plaster, playing on Paris, Helen's seducer; 'plasters' were also bandages used to place medicine on a wound, and thus to 'stop holes'—with a joke about sexual penetration
- 80-1 **I... both** The line resonates with the staging practices in early performances; men and boys would have played the women's parts.
- 81 **visors** BELL (vizards); Wizards MASON. *visors/vizards* = masks. Most editors substitute *wizards*, suggesting that Drawer is corrected by Cook and then excused by Butler, but the speech can be read as it stands in BELL, giving the sense that Drawer tentatively proposes a term, which Cook confirms and Butler then plays on.
- 86.1 **Enter... masks** MASON (*subst.*); *Old women*. BELL (in the margin of 4.1.85-4.1.86.1).
- 88.1-4.1.91.2 **Musicians... Wench** BELL's stage direction here is detailed; at the same time, BELL does not fully distinguish lines spoken, speech headings, and stage directions at the right margins of speeches. The version in the text column, then, is one possible interpretation of BELL; in an attempt to render what may have transpired on stage, it re-orders the relation of some stage directions and speeches. BELL reads:

Draw. They desire to enter amongst any merry company of Gentlemen good fellows for a fittime or too. *Old women.*
Cook. We'll strain our selves with 'em say, let 'em come *Gentles* now for the honour of Epire. *Dance.*
She dancing with me, we have Siren here.
The Dance of old women masked, then offer to take the men, they agree all but Gnothoes: so fit with his speech after Troy weight.
Cook. I f'okind if en every o' his Wench to his f'everal room a Gnothoes we are all provided now as you are. *Enter each with Clo.* I shall have two it f'ormes away I have his wife masked Siren here already. *Gnothoes is the unmasked.*

- 88.1 **Musicians... dance** THIS EDITION (Taylor); *Dance*. BELL (in margin following 4.1.88). THIS EDITION interprets BELL's marginal direction as a cue for the music (as might have been the case in a promptbook); previous editions have treated *Dance* as a duplication of the direction that follows.
- 88.3 **take** dance with
Clown THIS EDITION; *not in* BELL
- 89 **CLOWN** COXETER (*Gno.*); *Gnothoes*: BELL (in the margin after 4.1.87). In BELL the speech itself has no speech heading; editors interpret the word *Gnothoes* at the right of 4.1.87 as a misplaced speech heading. If this is correct, it is the only time BELL uses Clown's name as a speech heading (though *Gnothoes* does appear in the stage direction). See next note.
She... here. THIS EDITION. BELL places this line of speech before the stage direction; THIS EDITION places it in the middle of the stage direction, so that it supplies a text for Clown's refusal to dance. If (as hypothesized in the previous note), the marginal *Gnothoes* is a speech heading, this line of speech may have appeared marginally, as an addition in the manuscript copy for BELL.
She Clown's Wife (masked)
We have Siren here See ll. 52, 92, 102-3.

- 55 CLOWN Five drachmas of that! I say Siren the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.
COOK A match—five drachmas her name was Hiren.
CLOWN Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.
COOK 'Tis done.
TAILOR Take heed what you do, Gnothoes.
- 60 CLOWN Do not I know our own countrywomen Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?
COOK That Nell was Helen of Greece too.
CLOWN As long as she tarried with her husband she was Ellen, but after she came to Troy she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.
- 65 TAILOR Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?
CLOWN She grew longer, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter. There was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more by four ounces than Cressida.
- 70 BAILIFF They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

- CLOWN True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaster of Paris, and ever since, that has been used to stop holes with.
Enter Drawer
DRAWER Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up, and here's a consort of mad Greeks. I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have—what you call 'em? visors?—on their faces.
- 80 COOK Visors, goodman lick-spigot.
BUTLER If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.
DRAWER They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen good-fellows for a strain or two. 85
[Enter] *old women [and Wife, in masks]*
COOK We'll strain ourselves with 'em, say; let 'em come now, for the honour of Epire!
[Musicians within play a] *dance*
The dance of old women masked, then [they] offer to take the men; they agree, all but [the Clown] Gnothoes
CLOWN She dancing with me? We have Siren here.

He sits with his Wench after they whisper

90 COOK Ay, so kind, then every one his wench to his several room. Gnothoes, we are all provided now as you are.

*Exeunt each with his wife, manet
Gnothoes' Wife, [Clown, and Wench]*

CLOWN I shall have two, it seems. Away, I have Siren here already.

WIFE What, a mermaid?

95 CLOWN No, but a maid, horse-face.

[Wife unmask]

O, old woman, is it you?

WIFE Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer. But I pray you,
100 husband, what are you doing?

CLOWN Faith, thus should I do if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure. We have Siren here.

WIFE Art thou so shameless whilst I am living to keep one under my nose?

CLOWN No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her. Art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and hast scarce a fortnight to live? O, old woman, what art thou? Must thou find no time to think of thy end?

WIFE O unkind villain.

CLOWN *[to Wench]* And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns, and the best of this old, old woman's shall make thee raiments for the working days.

WIFE O, rascal, dost thou quarter my clothes already too?

CLOWN *[to Wench]* Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes, for thou shalt have nine of the new fashion.

WIFE Impudent villain! *[To Wench]* Shameless harlot!

CLOWN *[to Wench]* You may hear she never wore any but ruffs all her lifetime.

[Wife attacks Wench; Clown restrains her]

WIFE Let me come—I'll tear the strumpet from him.

CLOWN Dar'st thou call my wife 'strumpet'? Thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in. Abuse my choice, my two-to-one!

WIFE

No, unkind villain, I'll deceive thee yet.

I have a reprieve for five years of life;

I am with child.

WENCH Cudso, Gnothoes, I'll not tarry so long. Five years—I may bury two husbands by that time.

CLOWN Alas, give the poor woman leave to talk. She with child? I with a puppy! As long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

WIFE The law and thou and all shall find I am with child.

CLOWN I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

WIFE No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

CLOWN O, you'd be stoned to death, would you? All old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts,
140 but the law shall overthrow you the t'other way first.

89.1 *after they whisper* Clown and Wench sit, after which they whisper; or they sit after they whisper. (The text seems to provide no further explanation for the whispering.)

91.1 *manet* remain (on stage)

91.2 *Gnothoes' Wife* BELL (*Gnothoes* wife)

Clown, and Wench GIFFORD (*subst.*); *not* in BELL.

94 *mermaid* prostitute; synonymous with *siren* (l. 52)

95.1 *Wife unmask* THIS EDITION (Taylor); *wife unmaskt*. BELL (in the margin opposite l. 93); *Takes off her mask*. GIFFORD (at l. 94). Clown's question, and particularly his interjection 'O', suggest that he has not recognized his wife until now. Alternatively, Clown's ability to dissimulate elsewhere in the text may suggest he *pretends* not to recognize his wife until now, in which case BELL's original placement of 'wife unmaskt' might be followed. Clown's term 'Horse-face' might refer either to his wife's face or to her mask; animal masks were common in the period. TAYLOR argues that there is no reason for Wife to remove her mask at the point where BELL marks the action, and he suggests that, given the amount of material apparently in the margin here, the compositor could have become confused: 'Exeunt . . . | Wife | Wife | unmaske' could easily have been interpreted as an erroneous duplication, part of a single sentence, which would encourage the (easy) misreading of a terminal 'e' as 't'.

101 *old Ag* the nickname for Agatha may sound like 'old hag'

115 *quarter my clothes* alluding to the division of Jesus of Nazareth's clothes at his crucifixion (John 19:23)

116 *ruffs* decorative collars

121 *rails* neckerchiefs, playing on *rail* (= use abusive language, harangue)

122 *him* BELL; *thee* TAYLOR *conj.*

123-4 *preterpluperfect tense* literally, 'beyond the pluperfect tense'; before the past, older than old

130 *Cudso* BELL (Cud fo). An exclamation related to *God's*

136 *corporal oath* an oath made while touching a sacred object (e.g. the Bible, the communion host)

139 *stoned* a mode of execution (for adultery, particularly in the Hebrew Bible and New Testament), with a play on *stones* as testicles; thus, perhaps, 'fucked to death', a sense underlined by *overthrow*. (See *cast down* at 2.1.139.)

141 *t'other* the other (a redundant idiom)

WENCH Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long,
Gnothoes.
CLOWN [*to Wife*] Away, away, some botcher has got it;
145 'tis but a chushion, I warrant thee. The old woman is
'loath to depart'; she never sung other tune in her life.
WENCH We will not have our noses bored with a chushion
if it be so.
CLOWN [*to Wife*] Go, go thy ways, thou old almanac—at
150 the twenty-eighth day of December e'en almost out-of-
date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready. Sell
some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's-head, and
put't upon thy middle finger; your least-considering
155 bawds do so much. Be not thou worse, though thou art
an old woman as she is. I am cloyed with old stock-fish;
here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half. Prithree,
die before thy day if thou canst, that thou mayst not be
counted a witch.
WIFE No, thou art a witch and I'll prove it. I said I was
160 with child; thou knewest no other but by sorcery; thou
said'st it was a cushion and so it is; thou art a witch
for't, I'll be sworn to't.
CLOWN Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a chushion. Go get thy
sheet ready; we'll see thee buried as we go to church
165 to be married. *Exeunt [Clown and Wench]*
WIFE Nay, I'll follow thee, and show myself a wife; I'll
plague thee as long as I live with thee, and I'll bury
some money before I die that my ghost may haunt thee
afterward. *Exit*

4.2 *Enter Cleanthes*

CLEANTHES
What's that? O, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew
rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kissed it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful,
5 For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much ever to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost. And if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious against a thief
That comes to steal our goods—things all without us,
10 That proves vexation often more than comfort—
How mighty ought our providence to be
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only makes poor man delight to live?
15 Pshaw, I'm too fearful. Fie, fie, who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice that shakes
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure
Imagines everyone thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded. Nay, let him change
20 The place continually; where'er it keeps,
There will the fear keep still. Yonder's the storehouse
Of all my comfort now,
Enter Hippolita

and see, it sends forth
A dear one, to me, precious chief of women.—
How does the good old soul? Has he fed well?

- 144 **botcher** a tailor who patches and makes repairs
got fathered
145 **chushion** BELL. Cushion, pillow; also, a simulated pregnancy.
This spelling, unrecorded in *OED*, is retained because it may
represent a dialect pronunciation; it appears three times (also
at ll. 147 and 163, always attributed to Clown or Wench), in
contrast to Wife's usage (l. 161).
146 **'loath to depart'** the name of a familiar tune. (See *Weapons*
2.2.248.1.)
147 **have our noses bored** be swindled
148 if Like many other less significant cases that could be cited, the
appearance of this word only in some copies of BELL illustrates
the difficulty of distinguishing between press variants and letters
that do not print (or print as ink blotches) in BELL. HOUGHTON2
lacks the word entirely at the end of this line (p. 49/H1); FOLGER,
LCP, and HOUGHTON1 have the hint of a letter but are otherwise
illegible; WILLIAMS shows a clear *i* and a blotched *f*; HUNTINGTON
clearly shows *if*.
150 **twenty-eighth** BELL (28.)
December While the play insists at certain points (the beginning
of this scene, for example) on its Greek setting, there is a
persistent multiculturalism in the play, a constant resurfacing of
English terms and customs. Greek month-names are used earlier
(3.1.91-2).
152-4 **death's-head... bawds** Bawds commonly wore rings with
representations of skulls.
153 **put't** BELL (put). Modernization conj. TAYLOR.
155 **cloyed** overfed, satiated; encumbered
stock-fish cured, dried salt-water fish
156 **perch** freshwater fish; something to sit on (sexually)
158 **witch** (suggesting that old women were more likely to be
accused of witchcraft)
165 *Exeunt* BELL (Ex.)
167-9 **bury... afterward** Ghosts were thought to haunt spots where
they had buried treasure in life.
4.2.2 **yon** COXETER; YOU BELL. For other *u/n* inversions, see notes to
1.1.380, 5.1.57.
5 **life's** BELL (lives)
7 **Though** COXETER; *Hip*. Though BELL. In BELL, this line is
preceded by *Hip*., as if it begins a speech by Hippolita, but this
is apparently one of BELL's many anticipatory stage directions,
preparing for her entrance. Such directions appear throughout
BELL, usually in the right margin, as does Hippolita's actual
entrance direction at l. 22; they suggest that the text from
which BELL was typeset was one that had been used in the
theatre as a book-holder's copy, or 'promptbook'.
10 **proves** prove. Early modern English occasionally used
third-person plural verbs ending in -s. See l. 14.
22.1 *Enter Hippolita* THIS EDITION; BELL (in the margin of 4.2.21-
2); GIFFORD (after 4.2.22)
23 **dear one, to me** BELL reads: 'A deere one, to me, pretious chief
of women' (which THIS EDITION follows), but there are several
other possibilities of punctuation (and thus of meaning): 'A dear
one to me, precious chief of women.' 'A dear one, to me precious
chief of women.' And as direct address (since BELL ends the line
with a comma): 'A dear one to me. Precious chief of women, |
How does the good old soul?'

- 27 HIPPOLITA COXETER; *Eip.* BELL
- 31.1 *Enter Leonides* COXETER; *Ent.* Leonides. BELL (in the margin of 4.2.32, at the end of the first line of the speech given to him by editors)
- 32 LEONIDES COXETER; *not in* BELL. In BELL the speech continues as Hippolita's, after a line break, and a reader might initially have taken it as such.
- 34 CLEANTHES BELL. Most editions treat this as a continuation of the previous speech, reassigned to Leonides.
Lists of honour delights of honour. Lists = joy, desire, delight (archaic).
- 55.1 [sounds . . . off] THIS EDITION; *not in* BELL
- 58 consort partner (used with spouses, parents, associates, and thus possibly resonating with Cleanthes's earlier speech that fails to distinguish wife and father, 1.1.458-63).
- 59 HIPPOLITA COXETER; *H p* BELL. All copies consulted have a medial space in this speech heading.
- HIPPOLITA
Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal today. 25
Much good may't do his health.
- CLEANTHES A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish.
- HIPPOLITA His stomach, sir,
Is bettered wondrously since his concealment.
- CLEANTHES
Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we're safe
here;
I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer. 30
- HIPPOLITA Father!
Enter Leonides
- LEONIDES
How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard that when it speaks
It ravishes all senses.
- CLEANTHES Lists of honour,
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full, 35
So fairly fruitful.
[*He kneels*]
I hope to see you often and return,
Loaden with blessings, still to pour on some,
I find 'em all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands. They're dispersed 40
So gloriously I know not which are brightest.
I find 'em as angels are found, by legions:
First in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the first and chiefest of all temporal bless-
ings;
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy 45
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crowned with the peace of 'em, th'eternal riches,
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage.
- LEONIDES
Rise: thou art all obedience, love and goodness. 50
[*Cleanthes rises*]
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort. Never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising;
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue
That all the pow'rs of hell cannot sink thee. 55
A horn [sounds within, as afar off]
- CLEANTHES Ha.
- LEONIDES
What was't disturbed my joy?
- CLEANTHES Did you not hear,
As afar off?
- LEONIDES What, my excellent consort?
- CLEANTHES [*to Hippolita*] Nor you?
- HIPPOLITA
I heard a—
A horn [sounds within]
- CLEANTHES Hark, again.
- LEONIDES Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?
- CLEANTHES Now, since lately— 60

Act 4 Scene 2

An out Law

- 64.I *Exit...still* THIS EDITION; *not in* BELL. Other editions call for Leonides to exit at l. 65 or for Hippolita to exit with him and return at l. 67.I.
 66 **hunting** hunt
 76 **light** cheerful; frivolous
 78 **merry** COXETER; merry BELL
 88 **cousin-german** COXETER; Cofen germen BELL
 89 **me, a free-tongued woman** What modern grammar would call Simonides's 'misplaced modifier' is significant, and may effeminize him further.
 91 **neatly carried** cleverly or dexterously enacted. To *carry* could mean: 1) to conduct one's body in a certain way; 2) to succeed ('carry the day'); 3) to bear a corpse to burial.
 94 **scrivener** notary; professional copyist
 96 **Constant to light'ning** continuing his light-heartedness
light'ning BELL (lightning); lightening COXETER; Lightness MASON+

LEONIDES
 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.
 CLEANTHES
 Alas, you do not hear well.
 LEONIDES
 What was't, daughter?
 HIPPOLITA
 I heard a sound twice.
A horn [sounds within]
 CLEANTHES
 Hark, louder and nearer.
 In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir.
[Exit Leonides, as a horn sounds still]
 Louder and nearer yet—at hand, at hand!
 A hunting here? 'Tis strange, I never
 Knew game followed in these woods before.
Enter Duke, Simonides, Courtiers, and Executioner
 HIPPOLITA Now let 'em come and spare not.
 CLEANTHES
 Ha! 'Tis, is't not the Duke? Look sparingly.
 HIPPOLITA
 'Tis he, but what of that? Alas, take heed, sir,
 Your care will overthrow us.
 CLEANTHES
 Come, it shall not.
 Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
 Though our hearts shake with horror. Ha, ha, ha!
 DUKE Hark!
 CLEANTHES *[to Hippolita]* Prithée proceed,
 I'm taken with these light things infinitely
 Since the old man's decease. Ha, so they parted—ha,
 ha, ha!
 DUKE
 Why, how should I believe this? Look, he's merry,
 As if he had no such charge. One with that care
 Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
 And 'tis the same still with no difference
 He brought his father's corpse to th' grave with;
 He laughed thus then, you know.
 FIRST COURTIER
 Ay, he may laugh, my lord;
 That shows but how he glories in his cunning,
 And perhaps done more to advance his wit,
 Than to express affection to his father,
 That only he has overreached the law.
 SIMONIDES
 He tells you right, my lord; his own cousin-german
 Revealed it first to me, a free-tongued woman,
 And very excellent at telling secrets.
 DUKE
 If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
 It gives me cause of wonder.
 SIMONIDES
 Troth, my lord,
 'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe;
 I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.
 DUKE
 Cleanthes.
 CLEANTHES
 My loved lord.
 DUKE *[aside]*
 Not moved a whit,
 Constant to light'ning still.—'Tis strange to meet you
 Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir.

- 101 **vicious** bad, harmful, a vice (without the modern sense of violence); marred by a defect, illegal (legal term)
 105 **proportion** i.e. of mirth and sadness
 118 it... **fadge** something's happening. *fadge* = suit, succeed.
 132 [*apart to Cleanthes*] Since the on-stage audience may be hearing (and is certainly interpreting) these exchanges between Cleanthes and Hippolita, they are not *asides* in the usual sense; see I.I.2.22-3.
 133 **Speak ... sir** BELL's lack of commas allows for several meanings: 'speak something good, sir', or 'speak something, good sir'.

This does not fit your passion; you're for mirth
 Or I mistake you much.

CLEANTHES But finding it
 Grow to a noted imperfection in me— 100
 For anything too much is vicious—
 I come to these disconsolate walks, of purpose
 Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
 I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
 A natural proportion, I confess, my lord, 105
 Before that cheerful accident fell out,
 If I may call a father's funeral cheerful
 Without wrong done to duty or my love.

DUKE
 It seems, then, you take pleasure i' these walks, sir.

CLEANTHES
 Contemplative content I do, my lord. 110
 They bring into my mind oft meditations
 So sweetly precious, that in the parting
 I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
 They take their leave so feelingly—

DUKE So, sir—

CLEANTHES
 Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord. 115

DUKE
 And I've small cause, Cleanthes, t' afford you
 The least delight that has a name.

CLEANTHES My lord.

SIMONIDES
 Now it begins to fadge.

FIRST COURTIER Peace, thou art so greedy, Sim.

DUKE
 In your excess of joy you have expressed
 Your rancour and contempt against my law. 120
 Your smiles deserve fining; you've professed
 Derision openly, e'en to my face,
 Which might be death, a little more incensed.
 You do not come for any freedom here,
 But for a project of your own. 125
 But all that's known to be contentful to thee
 Shall in the use prove deadly; your life's mine
 If ever thy presumption do but lead thee
 Into these walks again—ay, or that woman.
 I'll have 'em watched o' purpose. 130

FIRST COURTIER
 Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.

SIMONIDES Mark hers too.

HIPPOLITA [*apart to Cleanthes*]
 O, who shall bring food to the poor old man now?
 Speak somewhat good, sir, or we're lost forever!

CLEANTHES [*apart to Hippolita*]
 O, you did wondrous ill to call me again.
 There are not words to help us. If I entreat, 135
 'Tis found; that will betray us worse than silence.
 Prithee, let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.

FIRST COURTIER [*to the Duke*]
 You've struck 'em dumb, my lord.

SIMONIDES Look how guilt looks.
 I would not have that fear upon my flesh

Act 4 Scene 2

A new way to please you.

To save ten fathers.
CLEANTHES [*apart to Hippolita*]
140 He is safe still, is he not?
HIPPOLITA [*apart to Cleanthes*]
O you do ill to doubt it.
CLEANTHES [*apart to Hippolita*]
Thou'rt all goodness.
SIMONIDES [*to the Duke*]
Now does your grace believe?
DUKE 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search, for the imposture
Cannot be far off by the fear it sends.
CLEANTHES
Ha!
SIMONIDES
145 H'as the lapwing's cunning, I'm afraid, my lord,
That cries most when she's farthest from the nest.
CLEANTHES
O we're betrayed.
HIPPOLITA Betrayed, sir.
SIMONIDES See, my lord,
It comes out more and more still.
Exeunt Courtiers and Simonides
CLEANTHES Bloody thief,
Come from that place; 'tis sacred homicide,
150 'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.
HIPPOLITA
O miserable virtue, what distress
Art thou in at this minute?
CLEANTHES Help me, thunder,
For my power's lost. Angels, shoot plagues and help
me.
Why are these men in health and I so heart-sick?
155 Or why should nature have that power in me
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows
And not one comfort?—only makes me lie
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,
Panting with horror, and have not so much force
160 In all my vengeance to shake a villain off o' me.
Enter Courtiers, Simonides, Leonides
HIPPOLITA
Use him gently and heaven will love you for't.
CLEANTHES
Father, O Father, now I see thee full
In thy affection. Thou'rt a man of sorrow
But reverently becom'st it; that's my comfort.
165 Extremity was never better graced
Than with that look of thine. O, let me look still,
For I shall lose it; all my joy and strength
Is e'en eclipsed together.
[*He kneels before the Duke*]
I transgressed
Your law, my lord; let me receive the sting on't.
170 Be once just, sir, and let the offender die;
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty.
LEONIDES
Your grace knows when affection only speaks
Truth is not always there; his love would draw

145 **lapwing's** bird that protects its nest by leading intruders noisily away from it
149 **sacred** accursed (*OED* 6). Audiences might also have heard the contrary resonance of 'holy' (the usual sense).
163 **a man of sorrow** 'He is despised and reiected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with griefe' (Isaiah 53:3, *Authorized Version*, 1611); in Christian readings, the passage was taken to prophesy the treatment of Jesus of Nazareth at the time of his trial and execution.

- 174 **undeserved misery** BELL's spelling, 'undeservd misery', suggests a non-metrical pronunciation; the line could be spoken iambically with 'undeservèd mis'ry'.
- 185.1 **He rises** Cleanthes may rise here, or perhaps at ll. 188-9 or 194. BELL does not indicate his kneeling or rising; placing the stage direction here reads Hippolita's speech as meaning 'it's too late now anyway'.
- 192 **this** BELL; his COXFETER
- 193 **consorts** friends, associates, perhaps Hippolita (see 58).
- 196 **headlong torrent overturns** referencing the mode of execution, the father as 'head', and the world upside-down; see I.I.107, I.I.482. BELL's metrically long line may echo Cleanthes's point here.
- 198 **blood too** BELL (~, to). Most editions end the line with *blood*. See next note.
- 199 **on our heads** THIS EDITION; our heads BELL; our Heart's MASON; our heart's too GIFFORD
- 200 **incorporate to** embodied in, made a part of (I.I.458-63)
- 201 CLEANTHES COXFETER (Clean.); *Clea*. BELL
thee MASON; him BELL. Strictly speaking, BELL's pronoun does not make sense, although (in this context of 'incorporate' emotions) it resonates with Cleanthes's inability here and elsewhere to distinguish fully his father, wife, and self.
- 208 **in...trust** a reference to Eve that links Hippolita to Eugenia's untrustworthiness (2.2.200, 3.2.28). The placing of Eugenia's entrance in BELL (marginally, next to Hippolita's couplet) focuses the couplet's commentary on Eugenia.

An undeserved misery on his youth,
 And wrong a peace resolved, on both parts sinful. 175
 'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,
 And like a worldly coward injured heaven
 With fear to go to't; now I see my fault,
 And am prepared with joy to suffer for't.

DUKE [*to Executioner*]
 Go give him quick dispatch; let him see death, 180
 [*To Cleanthes*] And your presumption, sir, shall come
 to judgement.
Exeunt [*Duke, Courtiers, Simonides,*
and Executioner,] *with Leonides*

HIPPOLITA
 He's going—O he's gone, sir.

CLEANTHES Let me rise.

HIPPOLITA
 Why do you not then, and follow?

CLEANTHES I strive for't.
 Is there no hand of pity that will ease me
 And take this villain from my heart awhile? 185
 [*He rises*]

HIPPOLITA
 Alas, he's gone.

CLEANTHES A worse supplies his place then,
 A weight more pond'rous, I cannot follow.

HIPPOLITA
 O misery of affliction.

CLEANTHES They will stay
 Till I can come; they must be so good ever,
 Though they be ne'er so cruel. 190
 My last leave must be taken, think o' that,
 And this last blessing given; I will not lose
 That for a thousand consorts.

HIPPOLITA That hope's wretched.

CLEANTHES
 The inutterable stings of fortune!
 All griefs are to be borne, save this alone; 195
 This like a headlong torrent overturns the frame of
 nature,
 For he that gives us life first, as a father,
 Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood too;
 The sorrows that he feels are on our heads:
 They are incorporate to us.

HIPPOLITA Noble sir. 200

CLEANTHES
 Let me behold thee well.

HIPPOLITA Sir?

CLEANTHES Thou shouldst be good,
 Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged
 So near the heart of man.

HIPPOLITA What means this, dear sir?

CLEANTHES
 To thy trust only was this blessèd secret
 Kindly committed. 'Tis destroyed; thou seest 205
 What follows to be thought on't.

HIPPOLITA Miserable!
 Why, here's th'unhappiness of woman still,
 That having forfeited in old times their trust

Act 4 Scene 2

An out Law

214 **CLEANTHES** THIS EDITION; *not in BELL*. In *BELL*, there are two consecutive speeches assigned to *Eug.* (4.2.212-14, 4.2.214-18). Either a speech by Cleanthes has been omitted (the conjecture here), an extra speech heading has been inserted in a continuous speech, or a revised speech was added and the former version left undeleted (*PRICE*). There are other signs that the compositor may have been compressing text in the latter half of the last page of the gathering (H4^v) (the two parts of 4.2.218 are printed on a single line); the conjectured missing line may have been intended to be printed on the same line as 4.2.214. The relatively regular metrical context provides further evidence for a missing part-line.

217 **field-bed** portable bed for use outdoors (perhaps signifying promiscuity)

222 **in labour** working with; giving birth to

225 **betrayed** *COXETER*; betray *BELL*

226 **you'd** *BELL* (y'ad)

230 *I I* could also indicate the word *Ay*.

233 **cozened** On the homonyms *cozen/cousin*, see 2.2.142, 2.2.182.

240 **someway** *BELL* (some way). Somehow, in some way

242 **weapon** The first of the ensuing scene's many equations of weapon and penis (l. 245).

Enter Eugenia

Now makes their faiths suspected that are just.

CLEANTHES
What shall I say to all my sorrows, then, 210
That look for satisfaction?

EUGENIA Ha, ha, ha, cousin!

CLEANTHES
How ill dost thou become this time!

EUGENIA Ha, ha, ha!
Why that's but your opinion; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.

CLEANTHES []

EUGENIA
Now, coz, we're even; an you be remembered, 215
You left a strumpet and a whore at home with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost
you
Less than a father.

CLEANTHES Is it come that way?

EUGENIA Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too. 220

CLEANTHES O eternity,
What monster is this fiend in labour with?

EUGENIA
An ass-colt with two heads; that's she and you.
I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't: I betrayed him, 225
And now we're even; you'd best keep you so.

CLEANTHES
Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?

HIPPOLITA
O sir, forgive me, it was I betrayed him.

CLEANTHES How?

HIPPOLITA I. 230

CLEANTHES
The fellow of my heart—'twill speed me then.

HIPPOLITA
Her tears that never wept, and mine own pity
E'en cozened me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have
purchased.

CLEANTHES
Nay then, we're at an end; all we are false ones, 235
And ought to suffer: I was false to wisdom
In trusting woman, thou wert false to faith
In uttering of the secret, [*to Eugenia*] and thou false
To goodness in deceiving such a pity.
We are all tainted somehow, but thou worst, 240
And for thy infectious spots ought to die first.
[*Cleanthes draws his weapon*]

EUGENIA
Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your mistress;
I come not so ill-friended. Rescue, servants!
Enter Simonides and Courtiers

CLEANTHES
Are you so whorishly provided?

252 **sharper set** more eager; more sexually desirous
 256 I'd COXETER; 'de BELL. BELL has what appears to be an
 apostrophe or dot in initial position in the line. In FOLGER, a
 minim has been written in under the dot and an apostrophe
 added; the interpretation by this unknown reader is thus: 'i'de'.
getting conceiving; having sex
 268 **peck loaves** loaves of bread made from a peck of flour
 273 **cut** (with a pun on *cunt*)
 275.1 **Quartus** BELL (*Quarti*)
 5.1.0.1 **Incipit Actus Quintus** THIS EDITION; Act. V. Scen. I. BELL
 0.2 **sword and mace** magistrates' symbols of office

SIMONIDES
 Yes, sir, she has more weapons at command than
 one. 245

EUGENIA
 Put forward, man, thou art most sure to have me.

SIMONIDES [*aside*]
 I shall be surer if I keep behind though.

EUGENIA Now, servants, show your loves.

SIMONIDES [*aside*] I'll show my love too, afar off.

EUGENIA
 I love to be so courted; woo me there. 250

SIMONIDES [*aside*]
 I love to keep good weapons though ne'er fought;
 I'm sharper set within than I am without.
 [*Cleanthes and Courtiers fight*]

HIPPOLITA
 O gentlemen! Cleanthes!

EUGENIA Fight! Upon him!

HIPPOLITA
 Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a strumpet.

EUGENIA
 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting; 255
 I'd either be destroying men or getting.
Enter Officers

FIRST OFFICER
 Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen.
 He's the Duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
 To answer this contempt against the law.

CLEANTHES
 I obey fate in all things.

HIPPOLITA Happy rescue! 260

SIMONIDES [*aside*] I would you'd seized upon him a minute
 sooner; 't'ad saved me a cut finger. I wonder how I
 came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm sure. I
 think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known,
 maybe the wire in the handle. I have lived these five-
 and-twenty years and never knew what colour my
 blood was before. I never durst eat oysters, nor cut
 peck loaves. 265

EUGENIA
 You have shown your spirits, gentlemen,—[*to*
Simonides] but you
 Have cut your finger. 270

SIMONIDES Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't.

FIRST COURTIER You'll prove a bawdy batchelor, Sim, to
 have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

SIMONIDES I'll never draw sword again to have such a jest
 put upon me. *Exeunt* 275
Finis Actus Quartus



Incipit Actus Quintus 5.1
 [*With the*] sword and mace carried before them
 [*by officers and guards*], enter Simonides, and the
 Courtiers

SIMONIDES [*to officers*]
 Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly

And rise before 'leven, or when we please.
 Shall we not, fellow judges?
 FIRST or SECOND COURTIER 'Tis committed
 All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now
 5 The Duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
 And we may speak by fits or sleep by turns.
 SIMONIDES
 Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er we do,
 The prisoner shall be sure to be condemned;
 Sleeping or waking we are resolved on that
 Before we set upon him.
 10 SECOND COURTIER Make you question?
 If not Cleanthes, and our enemy,
 Nay, a concealer of his father, too,
 A vile example in these days of youth—
 SIMONIDES
 If they were given to follow such examples,
 15 But sure I think they are not; howsoe'er,
 'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my judgement,
 And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
 Never by prince were such young judges made,
 But now the cause requires it, if you mark it:
 20 He must make young or none, for all the old ones
 Hereafter he hath sent a-fishing, and
 My father's one, I humbly thank his highness.
Enter Eugenia
 FIRST COURTIER Widow?
 EUGENIA
 25 You almost hit my name—no, gentlemen,
 You come so wondrous near it I admire you
 For your judgement.
 SIMONIDES My wife that must be, she.
 EUGENIA
 My husband goes upon his last hour now.
 FIRST COURTIER
 On his last legs, I am sure.
 EUGENIA September the seventeenth,
 I will not bate an hour on't, and tomorrow
 His latest hour's expired.
 30 SECOND COURTIER Bring him to judgement.
 The jury's panelled and the verdict given
 Ere he appears; we have ta'en course for that—
 SIMONIDES
 And officers to attach the grey young man,
 The youth of fourscore. Be of comfort, lady;
 35 We shall no longer bosom January,
 For that I will take order, and provide
 For you a lusty April.
 EUGENIA The month that ought indeed
 To go before May.
 FIRST COURTIER Do as we have said:
 Take a strong guard and bring him into court,
 40 Lady Eugenia; see this charge performed,
 That having his life forfeited by the law
 He may relieve his soul.
 EUGENIA Willingly.
 From shaven chins never came better justice
 Than these ne'er touched by razor.

2 **And** COXETER; an BELL
 'leven BELL (leaven); Eleven COXETER. Eleven, punning on *leaven*
 (yeast)
 3 **fellow** MASON (Fellow-judges); follow BELL. While unlikely,
 BELL's reading might be retained by reading *follow* as 'punish,
 prosecute' (legal term).
 FIRST or SECOND COURTIER THIS EDITION; *Cour.* BELL. Given BELL's
 ambiguous speech heading, either Courtier could have spoken
 the speech on stage; the Courtiers are indistinguishable from
 each other and, increasingly in the scene, from Simonides. Most
 editions give the speech to First Courtier.
 5 **sessions** series of sittings of a court
 10 **Before...him** An anticipatory stage direction in the margin
 of this line in BELL (not included here) instructs the actor
 playing Eugenia to prepare for his/her entrance. On anticipatory
 directions, see 4.2.7.
set upon attack, assail; but also 'sit upon' (the spellings overlap
 in the period), meaning 'decide his case'
 11 **If** BELL; IS'T TAYLOR *conj.*
our MASON; one BELL; an GIFFORD
 17 **it shall pass** this judgement will be rendered (legal term)
 20-1 **all...sent** He has (by his law) sent all the men who will be
 old in the future ('hereafter') to their deaths
 21 **Hereafter** THIS EDITION; Her father BELL; Their fathers DYCE; *not in*
 COXETER (which begins the line 'He hath...')
 23 **Widow** COXETER; Widdows BELL
 29 **bate** delay (I.I.309)
 32 **Ere** MASON; Ever BELL
ta'en BELL (tane)
 35 **bosom January** protect the aged
 35-8 **January...May** In Chaucer's 'Merchant's Tale', an old man
 named 'January' marries a young woman named 'May'.
 37 **April.** Anticipatory stage direction: 'Lifander and Guardian' in
 the margin. PRICE views the distance between this anticipatory
 direction and the later entrance (at l. 83.1) as evidence of a
 revision that added new material (133). Alternatively, the
 direction might suggest that some or all of ll. 44-83 was cut
 (TAYLOR *conj.*).
 44 **ne'er...razor** MASON *conj.*, GIFFORD; new tucht by reafon BELL.

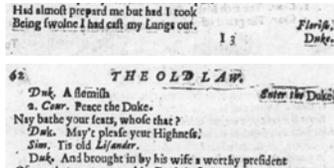
Act 5 Scene 1

A new way to please you.

- 84 SIMONIDES In contrast to its usual practice of abbreviating speech headings, BELL spells Simonides's full name before this speech.
- 86 **strives** BELL; strikes GIFFORD (*conj.*), BULLEN
- 91 **manumissions** releases from slavery
- 93 **feed on snakes** Eating snakes was thought to restore youth.
- 100 **elbow-healths** drinks (*health* = a toast drunk in someone's honour)
- 103 **peppered** MASON *conj.*, GIFFORD; prepar'd BELL. *Peppered* = trounced, ruined. The best case that might be made for BELL's *prepar'd* is that it reads ironically (i.e. 'I was almost cooked'); there might also be a resonance of *pared* (= cut, trimmed), a word closely related to *prepare*.
took Audience members might have heard here a pun on a kind of weapon; BELL's 'took' is a spelling of *tuck*, a slender, pointed, thrusting sword, often described as 'long' (and thus resembling the 'third veny' of the earlier contest).
- 104 **Long sword** THIS EDITION; Being fwolne BELL; Longsword | Being swol'n MASON. BELL's verb ('had ... took') seems to lack an object, supplied here. This emendation expands MASON's suggestion, interpreting BELL's 'Being swolne' as a compositor's misreading of a similar series of graphic shapes ('Long sword') in the hypothetical manuscript copy. The emendation makes

sense of BELL's unidiomatic use of 'took' (otherwise unexplained) and completes Simonides's review of the 'weapons' in his earlier drinking contest with Lisander.

104.1-5.1.107 *A flourish* ... Lisander In BELL the complicated passage spans a page break (pp. 61-62/13-13') and reads:



On the basis of apparent promptbook annotations and anticipatory and doubled stage directions elsewhere in BELL, the hypothesis here is that the text from which BELL was typeset included two sets of stage directions, one in the right margin (Flourish | Enter the Duke) and another in the body of the text (Duke. A Flourish). If so, the editing process here simply eliminates one. (The misalignment in speech headings that seems to have resulted is discussed in notes below, ll. 105-7.) An alternative hypothesis, more difficult to explain in terms of hypothetical manuscript copy, might make a case for BELL's 'A flemish'

as an intended part of Simonides's speech somehow displaced down one line and associated with the Duke's entrance. Hypothetically, as a description of the third veny ('but had I took | A Flemish', meaning 'a Flemish one', 'a Flemish veny'), the line would thus continue scene 3.2's punning on Dutch/German nationality (*Flemish* = 'Low Dutch'), drinking, and weapons ('fleming knives').

104.1 *A flourish* COXETER (Flourish.); Duk. A flemish BELL

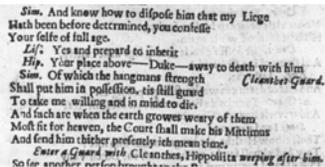
- 105-8 For several lines, BELL's speech headings are out of alignment with the lines that would seem appropriate for these characters to speak (see photoquote above). The version here argues that the speech headings have simply been misplaced down one line.
- 106 DUKE COXETER; *not in* BELL, which continues the speech as assigned to Second Courtier. See note to l. 106-7. **take** D (*conj.* in note to MASON), SHAW; bathe BELL; keep MASON *conj.*; back 't' GIFFORD
- SIMONIDES COXETER; Duk. BELL; 2 Court. GIFFORD
- 108 **precedent** Spelled 'president' in BELL, the line may hint that Eugenia has (inappropriately, in one moral paradigm) 'presided' over her husband by turning him in; see I.1.304.

Enter Eugenia, with Lisander [as a] prisoner, [and] a Guard

- SIMONIDES
Eugenia, come.—Command a second guard
85 To bring Cleanthes in. We'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner. [Exit a Guard]
- EUGENIA
Now, servants—may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?
- SIMONIDES A mistress may;
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.
- 90 EUGENIA The time's now come
Of manumissions; take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.
- SECOND COURTIER This the man?
He hath left of late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turned white again.
- FIRST COURTIER
95 Is't possible these gouty legs danced lately,
And shattered in a galliard?
- EUGENIA Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.
- SECOND COURTIER
The nimble fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the chamber?
- SIMONIDES Ay, and gave me
100 Those elbow-healths, the hangman take him for't!

- They had almost fetched my heart out; the Dutch
veny
I swallowed pretty well, but the half-pike
Had almost peppered me; but had I took
Long sword, I had cast my lungs out.
A flourish. Enter the Duke [and Executioner]
- SECOND COURTIER Peace, the Duke. 105
- DUKE
Nay, take your seats. Who's that?
- SIMONIDES May't please your highness,
'Tis old Lisander.
- DUKE
And brought in by his wife: a worthy precedent
Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark. 110
[To Lisander] You have been looked for long.
- LISANDER But never fit
To die till now, my lord; my sins and I
Have been but newly parted, much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson how to learn to die. 115
I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies as are are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.—
I now can look upon thee, erring woman, 120
And not be vexed with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,

125-5.1.135.3 And...him This passage in BELL presents a cluster of editorial problems:



Though it is impossible to say why BELL's text takes this form, the reconstruction in the text column reflects the hypothesis that an anticipatory stage direction at the left margin of 5.1.127-30 in the manuscript copy for BELL was twice interpreted as part of the text: that is, 1) what BELL gives as a speech heading ('Hip.') may have been part of the marginal entry 'Cleanthes Guard', since the three enter together a few lines later; and 2) the word *guard* at the end of the next line ('tis still guard') repeats the final word of the same direction. At the same time, a short speech of the Duke's, possibly in the margin of the copy, has

been printed in the midst of these lines; see note to l. 128-9.

126 **determined** BELL (determined), which suggests four syllables.

128 SIMONIDES **Your** THIS EDITION (Taylor); *Hip.* Your BELL; *Eug.* Your COXETER+.

All editions give the speech to Eugenia, though her name appears nowhere in this vicinity in BELL.

129 DUKE COXETER (after 5.1.135); Duke—BELL. BELL's 'Duke' is not clearly marked as a speech heading (see photoquote above), nor is there a clear place to situate it within the dialogue. COXETER and all later editions place the short speech after 'mean time' (l. 135); the version here interprets it as an interruption and maintains its location in BELL. Since the short speech appears at a moment when BELL may be confusing the text and marginal notations of its copy, the short speech may have been a later addition. Whenever or wherever it appeared in the hypothetical manuscript copy, the speech raises questions crucial to an interpretation of the Duke and

his political agency. The Duke explicitly avoids intervention in this trial scene (see ll. 159-61), at least until l. 245. But he does pronounce a parallel execution order at 4.2.180.

131 **good** THIS EDITION; guard BELL; cared GIFFORD; grace TAYLOR *conj.* The emendation here hypothesizes that the compositor mistakenly substituted the similar word 'guard' from the anticipatory stage direction typeset in the previous line (right margin) of BELL. See photoquote above.

132 **'em** THIS EDITION (Taylor); me BELL. Without this emendation (which hypothesizes the transposition of two letters in BELL), the pronoun problem seems to require the rearrangement of several speech headings; most editions, following GIFFORD, assign "'Tis still...heaven' to Lisander and resume Simonides's speech with "The court...". COXETER and MASON simply delete "'Tis still...die'.

134 **mittimus** a warrant from the court sending a convict to prison (legal term)

Pleasure, and strength, all which were once mine
OWN,

And mine must be theirs one day.

DUKE [to Eugenia and judges] You have tamed him.
SIMONIDES

125 And know how to dispose him; that, my liege,
Hath been before determined. [To Lisander] You
confess

Yourself of full age?

LISANDER Yes, and prepared to inherit—

SIMONIDES Your place above—

DUKE [to Executioner] Away to death with him.

130 SIMONIDES Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession. 'Tis still good
To take 'em willing and in mind to die.
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,
Most fit for heaven; the court shall make his mittimus
And send him thither presently.

[Exit Lisander and Guard]

135 'T'h' mean time—

*Enter a Guard with Cleanthes, Hippolita weeping
after him*

So, see, another person brought to the bar.

FIRST COURTIER The arch-malefactor.

SECOND COURTIER

The grand offender, the most refractory
To all good orders; 'tis Cleanthes, he—

SIMONIDES

That would have sons grave fathers ere their fathers
Be sent unto their graves. 140

DUKE There will be expectation

In your severe proceedings against him,
His act being so capital—

SIMONIDES

Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should sound to hear it.

EUGENIA

I in expectation 145

Of a most happy freedom. *Exit*

HIPPOLITA

I with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. *Exit*

138 **offender** COXETER; offenders BELL. COXETER's emendation either captures the rhetorical spirit of the passage, or produces one. Alternatively, with the emendation in l. 139, BELL's sentence makes sense and could be modernized as follows: "The grand offender's the most refractory | to all good orders. 'Tis Cleanthes...."

refractory rebellious, unyielding

139 **all** COXETER; call BELL

139-41 'tis...**graves** Simonides and the Courtiers often finish or continue each other's sentences; the collaborative quality of their discourse (the ways

in which any given speech cannot be said to be 'characteristic' of a particular character) makes reassigning speeches necessarily tentative in cases where speech headings seem to be inappropriately attached. See l. 3. The issue of character exchangeability extends to Creon/Cleanthes (5.1.374-81), and, most significantly, to Cleanthes/Simonides/Courtiers (5.1.267).

142 **proceedings** COXETER; pooceedings BELL

143 **capital** BELL (Capitall). BELL's capitalization may inscribe an orthographic pun.

145 **sound** THIS EDITION; stand BELL; start MASON; SWOON GIFFORD+. *sound* = faint. The emendation is supported by Eugenia's and Hippolita's swoonings at the reversal of the situation later in the scene (ll. 314.1 and 336.1, respectively); at l. 314.1, BELL uses the form 'sounds'. If this emendation is correct, the manuscript copy for BELL may have read 'swond' (TAYLOR *conj.*) or 'soud'. The only rationale for BELL's *stand* seems to be the meaning 'have the opportunity' (OED, v., 16c).

145, 146 I i.e., I ['leave the court']

Act 5 Scene 1

A new way to please you.

FIRST COURTIER
We bring him to the bar.

SECOND COURTIER
Hold up your hand, sir.

CLEANTHES
More reverence to the place than to the persons.
150 To the one, I offer up a palm
Of duty and obedience, showed as to heaven,
Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst there our fathers sat.
But unto you, my hand's contracted thus,
155 As threat'ning vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought shed innocent blood.—
With pardon to your highness; too much passion
Made me forget your presence and the place
I now am called to.

DUKE
160 All our majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn
Is now conferred on them.

SIMONIDES [to *Cleantes*]
And these we'll use
Little to thine advantage.

CLEANTHES
I expect it,
And as to these I look no mercy from,
And, much less, shame to intreat it, I thus now
165 Submit me to the emblems of your power—I mean
The sword and bench—but, my most reverend judges,
Ere you proceed to sentence, for I know
You have given me lost, will you resolve me one
thing?

FIRST COURTIER
So it be briefly questioned.

SECOND COURTIER
Show your honour;
Day spends itself apace.

CLEANTHES
170 My lords, it shall.
Resolve me, then: where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits and sad hearts become,
That should attend your father's funeral?
Though the strick law—which I will not accuse,
175 Because a subject—snatched away their lives,
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths.
Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,
180 To be the sooner seized of their estates.
O time of age, where's that Aeneas now
Who, letting all his jewels to the flames,
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes, and all things save the name of son,
185 Which you so much forget—godlike Aeneas,
Who took his bedrid father on his back,
And with that sacred load (to him no burden)
Hewed out his way through blood, through fire,
Through even all the armed streets of bright-burning
Troy,
Only to save a father?

SIMONIDES
190 We have no leisure now
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past school,
And all this time thy judges.

150 a palm Many editions insert a word to complete this line metrically, noting the apparent error in the next line; GIFFORD, e.g., has '[spreading] palm'. But BELL's 'howdu s' in the next line provides little help in supplementing a perceived deficit in this one.

151 showed as COXETER; fhowdu s BELL; as GIFFORD; showed [th]us SHAW

153 there BELL (their)
our THIS EDITION (Taylor); own BELL. 'Owr' and 'owre' are possible spellings of *our* in the period; the emendation hypothesizes that the compositor exchanged two very similar words.

159 our COXETER; one BELL

163 as...from i.e., as to these judges, from [whom] I expect no mercy
from BELL; from them COXETER

164 shame THIS EDITION (Taylor); fhowne BELL; mean GIFFORD+

165 to MASON; *not in* BELL. BELL's spacing between words is not uniform, and it may be significant that there is slightly more space between BELL's 'me' and 'the', possibly indicating that a word was thought missing, or fell out of the forme, though there is not room for two letters.

169 honour respect, high esteem (i.e. to the court). DYCE emends to 'humour'.

170 shall i.e., shall ['be briefly questioned']

171-2 are...become have...gone. (Modern

English would say 'what has become of...')

173-97 For much of BELL's p. 64/14^v, some of the types have apparently tilted themselves in the forme so that, in all copies consulted, many words and letters, especially in Cleanthes's speech on Aeneas, are printed at unusual angles. There is a less severe occurrence on BELL's p. 39/F4.

173 father's funeral BELL (fathers funeral). Editions have suggested a range of possibilities: Father's Funerals COXETER; fathers' funerals COLERIDGE; fathers' funeral SHAW.

174 strick swift, rapid (said of water, and thus resonating with the mode of execution); but also *strict* (inescapable, severe). BELL's spelling *strick* could be used for either word; all other editions modernize unnecessarily to *strict*, losing the resonance of the law's rapidity/haste/prematurity.

176 you MASON; them BELL

177 suspire sigh

179 Lay subtle trains create clever schemes, traps

180 seized BELL's spelling (ceal'd), a possible seventeenth-century spelling of *seized*, may nevertheless also carry the added resonance (not entirely intelligible syntactically) of 'stopped': the lives of the

fathers have apparently ceased; the lives of the courtiers should cease (because of their actions); the courtiers should cease to inherit their fathers' estates, etc.

181 Aeneas This episode, in which Aeneas carries his father Anchises from Troy as it is being burned and conquered by the Greeks, is recounted in Book II of Virgil's *Aeneid*. Cleanthes's retelling effaces Aeneas's attention to his own son, whom he leads by the hand, and his wife, whom he returns to the burning city to find when she is left behind.

185 godlike COXETER; goe like BELL. The emendation (made in all editions except SHAW) is supported by the fact that Aeneas was the son of a goddess, and it addresses the problem of BELL's unusual syntax here. Nevertheless, a case could be made for retaining 'go like' in the sense of 'be guided by; follow the example of; conduct yourself as', or even 'walk, proceed (out of Troy) as' Aeneas did.

188-9 Hewed...even Following GIFFORD, several editions maintain BELL's third *through* at the end of l. 188 and add *arms*, since BELL's line seems to lack a syllable, in the midst of a speech that closely adheres to iambic pentameter. THIS EDITION relinesates but does not add words to BELL's text.

SECOND COURTIER 'Tis fit
That we proceed to sentence.

FIRST COURTIER You are the mouth,
And now 'tis fit to open.

SIMONIDES Justice indeed
195 Should ever be close-eared, and open-mouthed;
That is, to hear him little, and speak much.
Lo, then, Cleanthes, there is none can be
A good son and a bad subject, for if princes
Be called the peoples' fathers, then the subjects
200 Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince
Doth disobey his father; there you're gone.

FIRST COURTIER
And not to be recovered.

SIMONIDES And again—

SECOND COURTIER
If he be gone once call him not again.

SIMONIDES
I say: again, this act of thine expresses
205 A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too,
And he that doth rebel against sovereignty
Doth commit treason in the height of degree,
And now thou art quite gone.

FIRST COURTIER Our brother in commission
210 Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little; howsoever,
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example
Ought to be made example for the fault.

CLEANTHES
215 A fault? No longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault, judge! Then I desire, where it lieth—
In those that are my judges or in me.
Heaven, stand on my side; pity, love and duty—

SIMONIDES
220 Where are they, sir, who sees them but yourself?

CLEANTHES Not you, and I am sure
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.
You think you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.

SECOND COURTIER That would show brave.

CLEANTHES
225 This were the judgement seat, we now would try
The heaviest crimes that ever made up
Unnaturalness in humanity.
You are found foul and guilty by a jury
Made of your fathers' curses, which have brought
230 Vengeance impending on you, and I now
Am forced to pronounce judgement on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you *ipso facto*; you are parricides,
And if you marry will beget the liar
235 Who, when you're grown to full maturity,
Will hurry you their fathers to their graves.
Like traitors, you take counsel from the living;
Of upright judgement you would rob the bench—

194–5 **Justice... open-mouthed** (rewriting the commonplace depiction of Justice as blind)

197 **Lo** BELL (Low)

198–201 **princes... father** 'The King towards his people is rightly compared to a father of children, and to a head of a bodie composed of diuers members' (King James I, *The Trve Lawe of free Monarchies*, 1598, reprinted 1616). BELL reads 'peoples'; because early modern English orthography and pronunciation did not distinguish between singular and plural possessive, this could be either 'people's' or 'peoples'. The latter, chosen here, is in agreement with the plural 'princes' and 'fathers', under the assumption that in patriarchal discourse like James's one people could only have one father. The fluctuation between the singular and plural 'princes' of 198 and 200 is the crux of the political question the play wrestles with here: how many fathers/princes/authorities does one have? Is primary devotion owed to the political father, or the familial father? (See also the ambiguity of 'they', l. 206.)

199 **peoples'** BELL (peoples); People's MASON; people's GIFFORD+

201 **gone** undone, ruined

202 **recovered** This spelling (BELL's) would normally indicate a four-syllable pronunciation (as opposed to 'recover'd' or 'recovered'), but the line works metrically with three. See l. 336 ('feared').

207 **against** BELL; 'gainst GIFFORD

220 BELL's unpunctuated line might be interpreted as two sentences: 'Where are they, sir? Who sees them but yourself?' See 2.2.135–6.

225 **This... seat** i.e., 'if this [the prisoner's bar or dock where I now stand] were the judges' bench'. To clarify this use of the subjunctive, COXETER emends to read: 'Were this the Judgment Seat, ...'

we now would try THIS EDITION; we now BELL; we stand at now COXETER; we [k]now SHAW; were one to try now TAYLOR *conj.* (were one to try now). THIS EDITION's conjecture, admittedly unsupported by any words present in BELL, has the advantages of 1) supplying an iambic foot to what may be an incomplete line, and 2) completing the sentence in a way that seems compatible with the context. Like TAYLOR's conjecture, THIS EDITION's reading could be explained by compositor eyeskip ('we nowe would trie').

232 **common laws** English common law (as opposed to more recent statutory law) was said to be based on established ancient principles of nature, God, and reason. *Old Law* was probably written and first performed at a time of great controversy over the primacy of common law; in November 1616, James I dismissed the prominent jurist Edward Coke from the King's Bench for his defence of common law.

233 **ipso facto** 'by the fact itself'

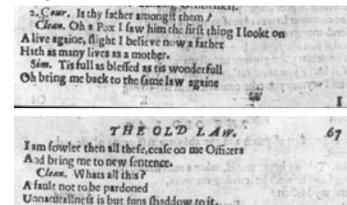
234 **liar** BELL (lyar); like MASON+. Though the singular noun is somewhat dissonant in relation to the plurals around it ('you', 'parricides', 'their'), the text has elsewhere not been consistent about this kind of agreement (compare ll. 198–201). Another possibility: 'liars'.

- 249–50 I...effects In the right margin opposite these two lines BELL has 'Recorders. | Old men.' This may be an anticipatory stage direction (though it directly precedes the actual entrance direction), or it may have functioned simply to highlight for the book-holder an important music cue and entrance.
- 251.1–2 Music...appear This direction emends and fills out BELL's stage direction in the text and supplements it with material from the marginal notation (see note to ll. 249–50). BELL reads 'Mufick, Sons and the old men appear' and thus seems to call for the appearance of additional 'sons' who do not elsewhere appear on stage in this scene. This seems unlikely (though not impossible) from the perspective of casting, and the Duke's pointed reuniting of 'lads' and fathers at l. 257 also suggests sons who are already on stage. The mixed font of BELL's stage direction may provide additional support for SHAW's emendation.
- 251.1.1 recorders See 2.1.146.1. sounds SHAW; Sons BELL. See previous note.
- 252 talks BELL; walks TAYLOR conj.
- 254 ill-entreated ill-treated
- 257 [to...men] Alternatively, the Duke may speak this line jokingly to the young men onstage.
- 267 FIRST COURTIER THIS EDITION (following NEWBERRY [see below]); Clean. BELL. All other editions attribute the speech to Simonides; while such an attribution would support a certain view of the play (making the contrast of Simonides

and Cleanthes pivotal at this climactic reversal), this edition construes ll. 265–9 as an exchange between the two Courtiers. This reading is supported by evidence of one apparently seventeenth-century reader's corrections in NEWBERRY; the reader has crossed out BELL's 'Clean.', written in and crossed out 'Simon.', and written in a word ending in 'r.' (the page has been cropped). The surviving 'r' suggests the First Courtier. (See Masten, 'Family Values', and following notes.) In several senses BELL's attribution of the speech to Cleanthes seems utterly wrong: Cleanthes has already indicated that he's seen his father (ll. 252–6); the speech is prose, but he speaks verse elsewhere; the lines seem uncharacteristic of his portrayal thus far in the play as the archetypal Good Son. Yet, given his history of theatricality (his staging of his father's funeral before the Duke in 2.1) and his feigned performance of mixed emotions there ('We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal' [1.1.470]), the speech heading in BELL may be comprehensible in the terms of the play—though it radically destabilizes an earlier sense of Cleanthes's character (and/or perhaps our modern sense of 'character'). If Cleanthes does speak these lines, the play may be said to suggest that none of the sons resists the euthanasia law and the threat to filial piety it represents. Any reading of BELL here, then, always-already depends on one's interpretation of the play, and

one's definition of 'characteristic' speech in a play that has already worked to undermine that definition. When is Cleanthes 'seeming'?

- 270 CLEANTHES NEWBERRY (Cle:) (handwritten marginal correction), COXETER; Sim. BELL. In NEWBERRY, a reader has circled and crossed out BELL's 'Sim.' To continue the argument in the previous note: the assignment of that speech to Cleanthes may be only a temporary suggestion of doubt toward the character Cleanthes, for this speech, assigned in BELL to Simonides, seems to belong to Cleanthes, since its speaker asks to be returned to trial. It seems probable, then, that a performance would have reassigned these speeches as they appear 'corrected' in NEWBERRY and in THIS EDITION. But it is also possible that for at least one seventeenth-century compositor and probably a number of BELL's readers there was the possibility of another interpretation of the play. (In most of the other surviving copies of BELL, no change is made.) Here then is BELL's version of the passage, with the original assignments:



- 240 Experience and discretion snatched away
From the earth's face—turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue and enfranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice into the hands
Of boys and madmen.
- SIMONIDES Well, well, have you done, sir?
- CLEANTHES I have spoke my thoughts.
- SIMONIDES Then I'll begin and end.
- 245 DUKE 'Tis time I now begin
Where your commission ends.
Cleanthes, you come from the bar.
Because I know you're severally disposed,
I here invite you to an object will
- 250 No doubt work in you contrary effects.
Music!
- Music [of] recorders sounds and the old men
[including Leonides, Lisander, and Creon] appear
- CLEANTHES Pray heaven, I dream not; sure he moves, talks
comfortably
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed
Far above from me, he is not ill-entreated;
- His face doth promise fullness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.
- LEONIDES O, my son.
- DUKE [to the old men]
You that can claim acquaintance with these lads
Talk freely.
- SIMONIDES I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.
- DUKE [to Cleanthes]
These are thy judges and, by their grave law,
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty. 260
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed,
Such just preeminence hath thy goodness gained,
Thou art the judge now; they, the men arraigned.
- FIRST COURTIER Here's fine dancing, gentlemen. 265
SECOND COURTIER Is thy father amongst them?
- FIRST COURTIER O, a pox! I saw him the first thing I looked
on! Alive again—'sight, I believe now a father hath as
many lives as a mother.
- CLEANTHES 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful! 270
O, bring me back to the same law again;
I am fouler than all these. Seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.

- DUKE What's all this?
- CLEANTHES
A fault not to be pardonèd;
275 Unnaturalness is but sun's shadow to it.
- SIMONIDES
I am glad of that; I hope the case may alter
And I turn judge again.
- DUKE Name your offence.
- CLEANTHES
That I should be so vile
As once to think you cruel.
- DUKE Is that all?
- 280 'Twas pardonèd ere confessèd. You that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.
- CREON
I should have one amongst them, had he had grace
To have retainèd that name.
- SIMONIDES (*kneels*) I pray you, father—
- CREON
That name, I know, hath been long since forgot.
- 285 SIMONIDES [*aside*] I find but small comfort in rememb'ring
it now.
- DUKE
Cleanthes, take your place with these grave fathers,
And read what in that table is inscribed.
[*He gives Cleanthes a table*]
Now set these at the bar,
290 And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.
[*Simonides rises*]
- CLEANTHES [*reading the table*] 'It is decreed by the grave
and learned council of Epire that no son and heir shall
be held capable of his inheritance at the age of one-
295 and-twenty, unless he be at that time as mature in
obedience, manners and goodness.'
- SIMONIDES
Sure I shall never be at full age then,
Though I live to an hundred years, and that's nearer
by twenty than the last statute allowed.
- 300 FIRST COURTIER A terrible act.
- CLEANTHES [*reading*] 'Moreover is enacted, that all sons
aforesaid, whom either this law or their own grace
shall reduce into the true method of duty, virtue,
and affection, relate their trial and approbation from
305 Cleanthes, the son of Leonides'—from me, my lord?
- DUKE
From none but you as fullest; proceed, sir.
- CLEANTHES [*reading*] 'Whom, for his manifest virtues, we
make such judge and censure of youth and the absolute
reference of life and manners.'
- SIMONIDES
310 This is a brave world! When a man should be
Selling land, he must be learning manners.
Is't not, my masters?
Enter Eugenia
- EUGENIA
What's here to do? My suitors at the bar,
The old bawd shines again—O miserable!
- 273 DUKE NEWBERRY (Duk) (handwritten marginal correction),
SHAW; *Clean. BELL*; Sim. COXETER. (See previous notes.)
- 274 CLEANTHES COXETER; *not in BELL*. In *BELL*, these lines continue a
speech there assigned to Cleanthes, the first line of which is here
reassigned to the Duke. (See previous note.)
- 281 **here may challenge them** COXETER; *heare my ~ then BELL*
- 282 CREON COXETER; *Cle. BELL*. *BELL* assigns both this speech and
l. 284 to *Cle. BELL*'s usual speech-heading abbreviations are
Clean. for Cleanthes and *Cre.* for Creon. The first speech is more
appropriate to Creon, though the second could be spoken by
either man.
- 284 CREON COXETER; *Cle. BELL*. See previous note.
- 285 *aside* On *asides*, see I.I.222–3.
- 287 **place** COXETER; *places BELL*
- fathers** COXETER; *father BELL*. Some copies of *BELL* have an
unidentifiable mark—perhaps a broken piece of type—that can
only be hypothesized to have been an s. In any other context
within *BELL*, the mark would be taken as an accidental blotch or
an apostrophe. None of the copies consulted has s.
- 288 **table** tablet (See 2.I.I19.)
- 293 **council** council (as Parliament/Senate), or counsel (those who
give advice) (I.I.142, I.I.152)
- 295 **mature** MASON; *nature BELL*. While MASON's emendation seems
more appropriate to the law's grammar and context, the word
nature appears repeatedly in the play and is referenced only a
few lines before, also in connection with obedience (l. 291–
5.I.291.1). Though not self-evidently grammatical, *nature* may
work in this context ('as nature' = 'as a person should naturally
be') and may suggest at least one seventeenth-century reader's
sense of the equivalence of the two terms in this context. That is,
natural sons and mature ones will behave the same way in a
patriarchal context.
- 301 CLEANTHES COXETER; *not in BELL*. In *BELL* the speech appears
to continue the First Courtier's speech, but it is marked by
beginning on a new line, and the speech later identifies itself
with Cleanthes.
- 301–5 **Moreover ... Leonides** The syntax of the new law in *BELL*
is either deliberately complicated in a way that does not seem
to make syntactic sense or is not registered accurately in the
printed text. (Intervening editorially at such an important point
in the play might thus alter the politics of the play's outcome.)
The emendations suggested to these lines in the notes below
hypothesize that, in the midst of complicated legal syntax, *BELL*'s
compositor may have unnecessarily repeated several words,
which, deleted here, make for a more coherent new law. Still,
it is impossible to know whether the text was intended to read
smoothly or is (again) imitating and perhaps parodying legal
discourse (see I.I.139–63). If the new law is 'better' than the
old law within the moral scheme the play delineates, it might be
expected not to be parodic in form.
- 302–3 **grace shall** COXETER (*subst.*); *grace, whom it fhall BELL*; with
it TAYLOR *conj.* All editions delete *BELL*'s 'whom it'; see previous
note.
- 304 **affection, relate** THIS EDITION; *affection; and relate BELL*;
affection, [shall appear before us] and relate GIFFORD; affection
appear before us and TAYLOR conj.
relate ... from receive the approval of
relate refer to (a legal term, probably used incorrectly)
- 314 **old bawd shines** the old man lives. *Bawd* could refer to a person
of either sex who arranges sexual activity for another; here it
may suggest that Eugenia is figuring *Lisander* as someone whose
age has in effect procured her suitors/sexual partners (see scenes
2.2 and 3.2). See next note.
bawd *BELL* (*baud*); *Bard COXETER; Beard D (conj. in note*
to MASON); band GIFFORD+. Alternatively, *GIFFORD*'s 'band'
(meaning 'group of old men') could be adopted, interpreting
BELL's *baud* as a case of *u/n* type-inversion; see I.I.380, 5.I.57.
More extensive emendations of the line have been proposed: The
old revived MASON *conj.*; The old bald sires DYCE *conj.*

318 **the BELL**; their **MASON+**. Sentences noting the legal status and responsibilities of 'the husband' in the abstract are standard legal discourse in the period. While **MASON's** emendation brings some of the sentence's numbers into agreement, no editor has opted to pursue this numerical logic to give their plural 'husbands' plural 'deaths'. The number of husbands is precisely what the law here seeks to regulate; thus, one editor's standardizing emendation may be another's opportunity to note instability in the law's rhetoric. The same can be said of the next word in **BELL** ('husbands'), where a modern edition must make a decision between a singular- or plural-possessive form of the word in this and the following line. On the apostrophe, see 3.1.81, 5.1.198–201.

330 **judged** **COXETER**; judge **BELL**

332 **judged** **COXETER**; judge **BELL**

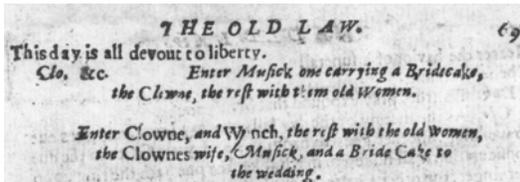
332.1 **Enter Hippolita** In the right margin opposite lines 330–2, **BELL** has duplicate entrance directions for Hippolita: *Hippolita. | Enter Hip.*

333 **prevent** prepare you for (literally, 'come before'), with a theological meaning: provide spiritual guidance (usually said of God)

341 **May** **FOLGER** (handwritten marginal correction), **COXETER**; My **BELL**

346.1 **still** **THIS EDITION**; *not in BELL*

347.1–4 **Enter... wedding** **THIS EDITION**. This direction is the second of **BELL's** two extensive, consecutive stage directions describing this large entrance (see Stage Directions list), to which is added (from the first) the 'one carrying' the bridecake. **BELL** reads:



The second direction is adopted here because it is more fully descriptive, but it is important to note that the two directions present different orders for this procession, and thus each might emphasize a particular interpretation of the episode. Some reasons for **BELL's** doubling of this direction: 1) The direction was revised (with whatever interpretive intentions/effects) but the first version was not clearly deleted from the manuscript from which **BELL** was typeset; 2) More fancifully, the text from which **BELL** was set included the first large direction at the bottom of a page; since the timing and conduct of such a large entrance was clearly important in performance, the text reinscribed a near-duplicate version at the top of the following page, and, though no change of page is at issue in **BELL**, the compositors simply followed the duplication of the text that was their model. However it came about, this is not a textual 'problem'; it gives **BELL's** reader more, rather than less, information about the performance(s) of the play. **BELL** also includes here what may have been a book-holder's brief marginal notation (*Clo. &c.*) in the left margin of the first stage direction.

347.3 **music** musicians

348 **crowd on** press on; punning on *crowd* = fiddle

She [swoons]

DUKE

Read the law over to her; 'twill awake her.

315

'Tis one deserves small pity.

CLEANTHES [*reading*] 'Lastly, it is ordained that all such wives now whatsoever that shall design the husband's death to be soon rid of them and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime'—

320

SIMONIDES You had best read that a little louder, for, if anything, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

CLEANTHES [*reading*] 'Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after'—

325

EUGENIA [*reviving*]

That law's too long by nine years and a half.

I'll take my death upon't; so shall most women.

CLEANTHES [*reading*] 'And those incontinent women so offending to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.'

330

EUGENIA

Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

Enter Hippolita

CLEANTHES

Ah, here she comes. Let me prevent thy joys,

Prevent them but in part, and hide the rest;

Thou hast not strength enough to bear them else.

335

HIPPOLITA

Leonides—

She faints

CLEANTHES

I feared it all this while.

I knew 'twas past thy power, Hippolita.

What contrariety is in women's blood?

One faints for spleen and anger; she, for grace.

DUKE

Of sons and wives we see the worst and best:

340

May future ages yield Hippolitas

Many, but few like thee, Eugenia.

Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame,

But all blessed sons live in Cleanthes' name.

Music [within]

Ha, what strange kind of melody was that?

345

Yet give it entrance whatsoever it be;

Music [still]

This day is all devout to liberty.

Enter Clown and Wench, the rest [—Cook, Butler,

Taylor, Bailiff—] with the old women, the Clown's

Wife, music, and one carrying a bridecake, to the

wedding

CLOWN Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on; let no man lay a block in your way. Crowd on, I say.

DUKE Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

350

CLEANTHES [*to Clown*] Sirrah, do you know where you are?

CLOWN Yes, sir, I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

- 355 LISANDER Your hat's too high-crowned, the Duke in presence.
 CLOWN The Duke (as he is my sovereign) I do give him two crowns for it, and that's equal change all the world over. As I am lord of the day (being my marriage day the second) I do advance bonnet.—Crowd on afore!
- 360 LEONIDES Good sir, a few words if you'll vouchsafe 'em. Or will you be forced?
 CLOWN Forced? I would the Duke himself would say so.
 DUKE I think he dares, sir, and does: if you stay not, you shall be forced.
- 365 CLOWN I think so, my lord, and good reason too. Shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness' dominions, then. Will it please you to taste of the wedlock courtesy?
- 370 DUKE
 O, by no means, sir; you shall not deface
 So fair an ornament for me.
 CLOWN If your grace please to be cake-ated, say so.
 CLEANTHES or CREON And which might be your fair bride, sir?
- 375 CLOWN [*showing Wench*] This is my two-for-one that must be *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.
 DUKE And hast thou any else?
 CLOWN I have an older, my lord, for other uses.
 CLEANTHES
 My lord, I do observe a strange decorum here:
 These that do lead this day of jollity
 Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks;
 Those that do follow, sad and woefully,
 Nearer the haviour of a funeral
 Than a wedding.
- 385 DUKE 'Tis true. Pray, expound that, sir.
 CLOWN As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes out to wedding; another goes to hanging. And your grace in the due consideration shall find 'em much alike: the one hath the ring upon her finger; the other, a halter about her neck. 'I take thee, Beatrice', says the bridegroom; 'I take thee, Agatha', says the hangman, and both say together, 'to have and to hold till death do part us.'
- 395 DUKE This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.
 CLOWN If further your grace examine it, you shall find I show myself a dutiful subject and obedient to the law—myself (with these, my good friends and your good subjects), our old wives, whose days are ripe and their lives forfeit to the law. Only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.
- 400 DUKE
 O, take heed sir; you'll run yourself into danger.
 If the law finds you with two wives at once,
 There's a shrewd præmunire.
- 405 CLOWN I have taken leave of the old, my lord; I have nothing to say to her. She's going to sea; your grace knows whither better than I do. She has a strong wind
- 358 **equal change** (punning on kinds of English coins: a sovereign [worth 10 or 11 shillings at the time of the play's first performances] was equal to two crowns [at 5 shillings apiece.])
 360 **advance bonnet** (punning on raising his hat, moving forward, and advancing a sum of money [*bonnet* = crown])
 370 **wedlock courtesy** wedding cake. *Courtesy* was also a legal term describing a man's right to hold certain kinds of property belonging to his wife after her death.
 373 **cake-ated** BELL (cacated). *cake-ated* = served with cake (the only known use of this term), possibly with a pun on *cack* (= shit). The spelling of THIS EDITION departs from the editorial tradition (cacated) for the sake of aural intelligibility. There is no reason to accept *OED*'s spelling, since this is *OED*'s only citation, and it gets many details wrong in this instance.
 374 CLEANTHES or CREON THIS EDITION; *Clo.* BELL; Duke. COXETER. In BELL, there are three consecutive speeches (ll. 373, 374–5, 376–8) attributed to *Clo.*, BELL's standard speech-prefix abbreviation for 'Clown'. This emendation argues that the prefix here is an error for *Cle.* or *Cre.*; compare ll. 282–4, 381. Alternatively, as COXETER suggests, the conversation might instead be imagined to remain entirely between Duke and Clown at this point.
 376 **two-for-one** the odds of Clown's 'venter' with the servants, but suggesting the legal term *venter* itself (3.1.177)
 377 **uxor uxoris** 'wife of wives'
doloris 'sadness'
 377–8 **syceum amoris** probably 'fig of love', with a pun on *syceum/fig* (= vulva)
 381 CLEANTHES BELL (*Cle.*). Elsewhere BELL's speech heading '*Cle.*' also seems to denote Creon (5.1.282), who might alternatively speak the speech. (See l. 374.) Especially (but not only) if spoken by Cleantes, this speech resonates with his staging of Leonides's funeral earlier—itself a hybrid production of joy and sadness, observing 'a strange decorum'.
 385 **haviour** manner, conduct
 391 **Beatrice** (apparently Wench's given name)
 404 **præmunire** penalty. *Præmunire* was the offence, originally, of prosecuting in a foreign court a suit that could be tried in England and, eventually, of maintaining or defending papal jurisdiction in England. Thus, though the law originated with Richard II, there may be a reference here to Henry VIII, whose split from the Roman church led to the second meaning of this term and was centred on the question of multiple wives. The play *All is True* (*Henry VIII*), which uses the term and was performed in 1613, had emphasized this.
 407 **whither** BELL (whether). 'Whether' might also be a meaning here.
 407–8 **strong wind... poop** 1) she's ready to set sail for execution. But there is also the strong sense of excretory puns here (*wind* = flatulence; *poop* = rear of a ship, also a tooting sound); thus, 2) she's breaking wind. (*Poop* probably does not carry the modern slang sense of 'faeces'.)

Act 5 Scene 1

An out Law

409 **disembogue** BELL (disemboge). 1) literally, come out of the mouth of a river into the sea (continuing the reference to execution); 2) discharge like a river (thus continuing the series of excretory puns); 3) a word suggesting *disembark* and *disembowel*
 418 **venter** On *venter's* multiple meanings, see 3.1.177.
 422 **censure** sentence, judgement
 426 **an** if
 429 **paints** uses cosmetics
 437 **edge-tool** implement with a sharp, cutting edge (e.g. a sword)
 441 **if** COXETER; it BELL
 442 **give . . . ears** listen to him. But also playing on another form of punishment, in which a prisoner's ears were cut off.
 444 **church-book** (with pun on *bible*)

with her; it stands full in her poop. When you please, let her disembogue.
 COOK And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law. 410
 CLOWN And so we take our leaves and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on!
 DUKE
 Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry, And your wife yet living? 415
 CLOWN Alas, she'll be dead before we can get to church, if your grace would set her in the way. I would dispatch her; I have a venter on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one. 420
 DUKE [*to the judges*]
 Come, my lords, we must sit again, here's a case Craves a most serious censure.
 COOK [*to the Clown and other servants*]
 Now they shall be dispatched out of the way.
 CLOWN
 I would they were gone once; the time goes away.
 DUKE
 Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom? 425
 WIFE I am, an it please your grace.
 DUKE
 Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied, And well-blooded cheeks.
 CLOWN O, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learnt it of her lady. 430
 DUKE
 Sure, I think she cannot be so old.
 WIFE
 Truly, I think so too, an please your grace.
 CLOWN Two-to-one with your grace of that; she's threescore by the book.
 LEONIDES Peace, sirrah, you're too loud. 435
 COOK Take heed, Gnothoes. If you move the Duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.
 CLOWN Cut off my head? Away, ignorant! He knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine. I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears.—I say my wife is at full age for the law; the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too. 440
 DUKE [*to the judges*] My lords, I leave this censure to you. 445
 LEONIDES
 Then, first, this fellow does deserve punishment For offering up a lusty able woman Which may do service to the commonwealth, Where the law craves one impotent and useless.
 CREON
 Therefore, to be severely punishèd 450 For thus attempting a second marriage, His wife yet living.
 LISANDER Nay, to have it trebled, That even the day and instant when he should mourn As a kind husband to her funeral,

455 He leads a triumph to the scorn of it,
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punished
With all severity.

BUTLER The fiddles will be in a foul case too by and by.

LEONIDES

460 Nay, further, it seems he has a venter
Of two-for-one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

CLOWN A mess of wise old men.

LISANDER

Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

465 CLOWN You're good old men and talk as age will give you
leave. I would speak with the youthful Duke himself; he
and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty
years after you are dead and rotten. Alas, you are here
today and gone to sea tomorrow.

DUKE

470 In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you:
The law that should take away your old wife from
you,

The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and frustrate, so for the rest.

There has been since another parliament

475 Has cut it off.

CLOWN I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

DUKE

Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

480 CLOWN I'll talk further with your grace when I come back
from church; in the mean time, you know what to do
with the old women.

DUKE

Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way
And hang you at your return.

WIFE O gracious prince!

DUKE

485 Your old wives cannot die today by any
Law of mine; for aught I can say to 'em,
They may by a new edict bury you,
And then perhaps you pay a new fine too.

CLOWN This is fine indeed.

490 WIFE O gracious prince, may he live a hundred years more.

COOK Your venter is not like to come in today, Gnothoes.

CLOWN Give me the principal back.

COOK Nay, by my troth, we'll venter still, and I'm sure we
have as ill a venter of it as you, for we have taken old
495 wives of purpose, where that we had thought to have
put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a
pennyworth.

DUKE [to Clown]

Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge
Your new charge and take your old one to you.

CLOWN

500 O music, no music, but prove most doleful trumpets;
O bride, no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;

455 **triumph** 1) the procession of a victorious commander and army
through the streets of Rome after an important victory; 2) any
public celebration, pageant.

458 **case** instrument case; legal case; pun on 'female genitals'

463 **mess** 1) a group of people (usually four) who dine together,
especially judges and students at the Inns of Court; 2) a group of
people or things; 3) a serving of food. *Mess* did not yet carry the
modern sense of 'disorder'.

468-9 **here . . . tomorrow** BELL's spacing/spelling ('heere to day and
gone to Sea to morrow') may alert a reader to some of the aural
puns available here: the punning repetition of *to*; the expansion
of the proverb ('here today, and gone tomorrow'); the possibility
of hearing *sea as see* (going to sea to see the future).

473 **frustrate** invalid (legal term)—in the usage of a legal
commentator, writing about wills: 'the later testament doth
make frustrate the former' (Henrie Swinburn, *A Briefe Treatise
of Testaments and Last Willes*, 1590).

474 **parliament** Lines I.I.I.14 and I.I.I.138 emphasize that the
legislature of Epire is a 'senate'; the use of the more English
term here emphasizes the play's topical connections to early
seventeenth-century English culture and the way it speaks
within seventeenth-century discourses of government. The
relation of the parliament to the Duke as absolute ruler and
national 'father' also re-plays aspects of English debates over the
relative power of king and parliament at the time of the play.

483 **gibbet** gallows

491 **venter** BELL (venture). This is the only instance in which BELL
uses the spelling 'venture' in the context of Clown's wagers; THIS
EDITION 'modernizes' it to *venter* for the same reason that that
spelling is retained elsewhere in the text—to keep in circulation
its multiple meanings, which are clearly relevant here (see
3.I.I.177).

495 **where that** it being the case that; in view of the fact that
495-6 **where . . . and** BELL; that we had thought to have put away
at this market, where TAYLOR *conj.* Given the inverted type in
BELL (see following note), TAYLOR'S conjecture is based on the
possibility of a miscorrected proof page.

496 **put away** dispose of, sell

and COXETER; **end** BELL

utter sell

500-3 **O . . . gone** The speech comically rewrites Hieronimo's lament
for his murdered son in Act 3 of *The Spanish Tragedy*:

Oh eies, no eies, but fountains fraught with teares,
Oh life, no life, but liuely fourme of death:
Oh world, no world but masse of publike wrongs,
Confusde and filde, with murder and misdeeds
Oh sacred heauens . . .

First acted in 1592 and repeatedly published thereafter, this
popular revenge tragedy was revised at least once (1602) and
reprinted often (including an edition in 1618); it is one of the
most frequently quoted and parodied plays in early modern
English drama.

- 503 **hoped** COXETER+ (*subst.*); hope BELL
- 504 **no penny, no wedding** rewriting the commonplace saying, 'no penny, no paternoster', referring to priests' insisting on payment in return for services; thus: 'if you want something, you must pay for it'.
- 512 **grow...reason** multiple puns: 1) on time (out-of-season, out-of-date, current); 2) on fruits (grow, date, raisin, and currant [BELL's spelling, not distinguished in the period from 'current']); 3) on unreasonableness (out of reason); 4) on money (currency)
current BELL (currant)
- 514 **William Dickins** A proverbial figure for someone who loses money in a transaction, Dickins was said to have bought five dishes for twopence and then to have sold six dishes for only a penny.
- 516 **plums** 1) plums in the modern sense; 2) dried grapes or raisins used in puddings and cakes
- 525 **reverend** old; but see 5.1.52
- 528 **duty's fee's**
- 530-1 **Such...nowadays** i.e., voyages back from the (near) dead. The speech may also allude to Sir Walter Raleigh's return from his last, unsuccessful voyage in the spring of 1618.
- 531-2 1...**water** BELL; *not in* COXETER
- 531 **too, salt** BELL (~,~); two salt ones out DYCE
one THIS EDITION; our BELL; my GIFFORD. This emendation is supported by BELL's apparent interchanging of *one/our* elsewhere in this scene (ll. 11, 159) and adds a Clownish play on numbers.
- 532 **two...water** eyes, but playing on the saltiness of tears by using *fresh* to mean 'new, recent' instead of 'unsalty'. See 5.1.561.
- 535 **countrymen in this fashion** BULLEN; Country men:fashion BELL; Countrymen COXETER
- 537 **stand upon terms** 1) insist upon conditions (i.e., the terms of the old law); 2) to rely on or attach value to language; 3) to stand (literally) at the boundaries or limits. There is also the possible resonance of *term* as session of a law court.
- 546 **were** COXETER; have BELL; had hanged TAYLOR *conj.* (had hangd)
- O venter, no venter, I have for one now none;
O wife, thy life is saved when I hoped 't'had been gone.—
Case up your fruitless strings, no penny, no wedding;—
Case up thy maidenhead, no priest, no bedding. 505
Avaunt, my venter; it can ne'er be restored,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard.
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venter with woeful music go.
- COOK What for the bridecake, Gnothoes? 510
CLOWN
Let it be mouldy now 'tis out-of-season;
Let it grow out of date, current and reason;
Let it be chipped and chopped and given to chickens;
No more is got by that than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes. 515
Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes;
The wedding dashed, the bridegroom weeps and
wipes.
Fiddlers, farewell, and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.
- LISANDER This passion has given some satisfaction yet. My 520
lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest,
so they live honestly with the wives they have.
- DUKE O, most freely; free pardon to all.
- COOK Ay, we have deserved our pardons if we can live 525
honestly with such reverend wives that have no motion
in 'em but their tongues.
- WIFE Heaven bless your grace; you're a just prince.
- CLOWN All hopes dashed, the clerk's duty's lost, venter 530
gone, my second wife divorced, and (which is worst)
the old one come back again. Such voyages are made
nowadays; I will weep, too, salt of one nose, besides
these two fountains of fresh water. Your grace had
been more kind to your young subjects; heaven bless
and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor 535
countrymen in this fashion. But I am not the first by
forty that has been undone by the law; 'tis but a folly to
stand upon terms. I take my leave of your grace, as well
as mine eyes will give me leave; I would they had been
asleep in their beds when they opened 'em to see this
day.—Come Ag, come Ag. [*Exeunt Clown and Wife*] 540
- CREON [*to servants*] Were not you all my servants?
COOK During your life, as we thought, sir, but our young
master turned us away.
- CREON [*to Simonides*]
How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin?
SIMONIDES I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men 545
did; if you were as we thought you had been, we should
ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed
after the old fashion on beef and mutton and suchlike.
- CREON [*to servants*] Well, what damage or charge you 550
have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help,
nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep.
Yourselves shall again retain to me.

OMNES We thank your lordship for your love, and must
thank ourselves for our bad bargains.

[*Exeunt servants, wives, and wedding party*]

DUKE

555 Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgoverned men,
That filial duty have so far transgressed.

CLEANTHES

My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,
560 Beating my words back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties (as the sea propagates).

[*Simonides and Courtiers kneel*]

The elephants have found their joints too; why,
Here's humility able to bind up
565 The punishing hands of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle fathers.

SIMONIDES I had ne'er thought to have been brought so
low as my knees again, but since there's no remedy,
fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good
570 sons and heirs, a handful of pity. We confess we have
deserved more than we are willing to receive at your
hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their
fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

CREON

And what way can you decline your feeding now?
575 You cannot retire to beeves and muttons, sure.

SIMONIDES Alas, sir, you see a good pattern for that; now
we have laid by our high and lusty meats and are down
to our marrowbones already.

CREON

Well, sir, rise to virtues; we'll bound you now.
[*Simonides and Courtiers rise*]

580 You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be governed.

LISANDER

Cleanthes,
I meet your justice with reconciliation;
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,
I have received a myriad which confirms me
585 To find a happy renovation.

CLEANTHES [*turning to Leonides*] Here's virtue's throne,

Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection.
This is the altar of my sacrifice,
590 Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honoured shrine, time still so love you
That I so long may have you in mine eye,
Until my memory lose your beginning.—
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
595 Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land
Which you reach to her from your regent's hand.

LEONIDES

O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
600 Feared and exclaimed on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder

553 OMNES See 3.1.155.

558 **satisfaction** 1) an act of compensation or amends (legal term);
2) an act of penance after confession; 3) in Christian theology,
Christ's paying for the sins of the world

559 **Meeting** ... **preventing it** encountering ... coming before
it. BELL's 'Meeting' was also a possible spelling of *meting* (=
measuring, ascertaining, weighing a judgement). Since *mete* is
also a legal term meaning 'boundaries', audiences might have
heard *meting* as 'limiting' or 'diminishing' here. In any event,
meeting probably modifies *satisfaction* rather than *I*, though,
again, the elliptical syntax might have led audiences to hear
Cleanthes expressing *his* satisfaction.

561 **salt sorrow** tears

562 **as the sea propagates** just as the sea expands; or, as the sea
creates new life

563 **elephants** ... **joints** Elephants were thought to lack knee-joints.

575 **beeves** plural of *beef*

577 **high and lusty** flavorful and hearty (with pun on *lust*)

578 **marrowbones** BELL (marry bones). *marrowbones* = animal bones
containing marrow to be eaten (considered 'dainty' [OED]);
knees

579 **bound you** make you leap up like a horse; limit you, set your
boundaries

583-4 **If ... myriad** The speech may refer to Eugenia's repentance or
to Lisander's own.

597 **regent's** ruler's, probably without the more familiar sense of
'temporary or substitute ruler'

605 **Viands** food

607 **fantasies** imaginations, perceptions (probably without the sense of 'whim' or 'desire' now usually indicated by this spelling). **BELL** spells (phantasies).

614 **weeds** (punning on 'clothing')

616–17 **abuse** . . . **bosom** take into our confidence; misrepresent as a result of our secret

618 **Cratylus** The introduction of a new character with a highly resonant and allusive name at this late point in the play may prompt an audience to a retrospective revision of the play's action. Cratylus was the name of a philosopher (a contemporary of Socrates and teacher of Plato); in Plato's dialogue *Cratylus*, a discussion of the origins of names and naming, Cratylus argues that all names are naturally appropriate to the things they represent, while Hermogenes maintains that names are entirely the product of convention. There are a number of passages in the dialogue relevant to the play: Socrates's discussion of legislators (lawgivers) as the wise inventors of names; his discussion with Cratylus of the difference between numbers and names ('the number ten at once becomes other than ten if a unit be added or subtracted' [see 3.1]); his discussion of two identical objects, Cratylus and the image of Cratylus, and whether these have the same name. Much of the dialogue is occupied with Socrates's analyses of elaborate etymologies; he argues that letters have been added or subtracted from original terms to create the current versions of words, or he seems to add and subtract letters to make particular names conform with what he takes to be their essence. As such, in addition to its relevance to the play (the Clown's discussions of orthography [Bullox/Pollux, Hiren/Siren, Helen/ell/Ellen]), the introduction of Cratylus may serve as a cautionary note to the modernizing and emending editor who adds to and subtracts letters from an old text to produce a new version of the text (see also 3.1.30 and 5.1.131–6). Socrates's summary of the issue also resonates with Clown's warning not 'to stand upon terms' (5.1.536–7): 'no man of sense will . . . so far trust names or the givers of names as to be confident in any knowledge which condemns himself and other existences to an unhealthy state of reality.' The dialogue as a whole is concerned with the stability or instability of language and its ability to project the essence of a thing; on this, see particularly the note on *venter* (3.1.177) and, in general, all the notes above.

619–21 **travelled** . . . **languages** '[T]he one text is [an] entrance into a network with a thousand entrances; to take this entrance is to aim, ultimately, not at a legal structure of norms and departures, a narrative or poetic Law, but at a perspective (of fragments, of voices from other texts, other codes), whose vanishing point is nonetheless ceaselessly pushed back, mysteriously opened. . . .' (Barthes, *S/Z* 12). Toward what languages, what voices, does this moment gesture?

622 **crown** crowning ornament; culmination

623 **set it high** 1) set the music at a high (and thus exalted) pitch;
2) set the (metaphorical) crown high, in celebration; perhaps
3) set the following text to music.

Than any rage or passion for our loss.

A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So sphered about with music, such delights,

Viands, and attendance, and once a day 605

So cheerèd with a royal visitant,
That oft-times (waking) our unsteady fantasies
Would question whether we yet lived or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard.

DUKE Enough, Leonides, 610

You go beyond the praise; we have our end
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grew about our court.

SIMONIDES [*aside*] If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear
none so good again as long as my father lives. 615

DUKE

Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom; we seemed a tyrant
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratylus,

Discover the Executioner

The man that you supposed had now been travelled,
Which we gave leave to learn to speak 620

And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joyed, I see. Let music be the crown,
And set it high. The good needs fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

[*Music. Exeunt omnes*]

Finis

THE TRIUMPHS OF LOVE AND ANTIQUITY

Text edited and annotated by David M. Bergeron, introduced by Lawrence Manley

The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity, Middleton's third mayoral pageant, was commissioned by the Company of Skinners following a competition in which 'Anthonie Mondaie, Thomas Middleton and Richard Grimston poette, all showed to the table their several plot for devices for the shows and pageant'. The third most expensive of Middleton's productions, costing £726, the show was the first in which major responsibility for the pageant-works was awarded to the naval carver Garret Christmas. Praised along with Robert Norman for his 'workmanship' at the end of Middleton's pamphlet, Christmas thereafter became the chief collaborator in all of Middleton's remaining mayoral shows and, with his sons, dominated the fabrication of the pageants until 1639.

Though in many respects typical of the shows Middleton wrote after his extraordinary 1613 debut, *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity* is exceptional for its place in Middleton's career and for what it reveals about Middleton's ability to adapt his artistry to the exigencies of patronage and the demands of ceremonial occasion. The Lord Mayor whose inauguration the Skinners had commissioned Middleton to celebrate was Sir William Cokayne, one of the most notorious merchant-courtiers of the Jacobean period. A London Alderman and prominent Eastland trader who had made his fortune purveying victuals to the army in Ireland 1600–1603, Cokayne was the chief architect of the disastrous 'Cokayne Project', a scheme to replace England's traditional economic lifeline, the export by the Merchant Adventurers of unfinished woollen textiles to the Netherlands, with the direct delivery of home-finished cloth to markets throughout Northern Europe. While promising to employ domestic clothworkers, who had always objected to the Merchant Adventurers' unfinished exports, and to enhance customs revenues through direct competition with the Dutch clothing trade, the scheme was probably an attempt by interloping Eastland and Levant traders to wrest the lucrative textile monopoly from the Merchant Adventurers. While the project was initially opposed (by Robert Middleton, among others) in the 1614 Parliament and by leading Privy Counsellors, Cokayne and his syndicate managed, with the dismissal of Parliament and with the aid of bribes to Suffolk and Somerset, to win approval for a project that appealed both to the vanity of King James and to the search, by the Howard faction, for non-parliamentary sources of revenue. Following the revocation of the Merchant Adventurers' charter and the royal incorporation of the 'King's Merchants Adventurers of the New Trade of London', Cokayne earned his knighthood by feasting and

bestowing lavish gifts on the monarch in his home in 1617.

By the time of this festive occasion, marked by a masque in which dyers, cloth dressers, and merchants from Hamburg were presented to the King and 'spoke such language as Ben Jonson put in their mouths', textile exports had plummeted, domestic producers were complaining of unsold inventories, and the English cloth trade had slipped into a depression that would last a decade. Sir Edward Coke, who had initially supported Cokayne's project, described its leaders as 'Projectors and Deluders of the State', and King James was said to have threatened Cokayne that 'if he had abused him by wrong information his four quarters should pay for it'.

With the return of the hated Merchant Adventurers to their monopoly, and with the further disruption of trade by war on the continent, the targets of blame were sufficiently numerous that Cokayne escaped retribution, 'better', as one contemporary noted, 'than could be wished'. Yet he was a man whose reputation had been damaged. When his London home and possessions were destroyed by fire in 1625, John Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carlton that he 'had seldom known a man less pitied, . . . and specially for that business of clothing (wherein all England hath and is like to suffer so much) which was his only plot and project, and procured him many a curse from poor people'. Coming on the heels of his failed project, Cokayne's elevation to the London mayoralty in 1619 was a crucial step in his rehabilitation. Middleton's pageant, written both 'to the service of his honour and honourable Society', was an important contribution to it.

The key device in Middleton's pageant is the figure of Love, who, from his opening announcement of 'the love of the city to his lordship' (34–5), to his closing speech on the circular, reciprocal nature of bounty and obligation, symbolizes the variety of bonds essential to the City's life—the amity of all citizens, the brotherhood of the Skinners' guild, the solicitude of officeholders, and the esteem that Middleton insists is due to their virtuous works. The pageant's underlying spousal tropes celebrate the inauguration of a whole series of relationships based on love: the moral 'match' between 'the city's general love' and the candidate's deserving (46); the political bond by which the mayor becomes 'the city's bridegroom' (440); the divine assurance that, all else failing, the mayor's 'good works' will 'wed thee to eternity' (52). As adapted to this particular occasion, however, the love that compensates the magistrate who 'Collects his spirits, redeems his hours with care' is understood as relieving

more burdens than those of office. So is the assertion later on, in the Sanctuary of Fame, that Cokayne is now a 'worthy' ensconced among the former mayors and benefactors who distinguished the company of Skinners.

The three pageants that follow Love's opening speech—the Wilderness at Paul's Chain, the Sanctuary of Fame near the Little Conduit, and the Parliament of Honour at St Lawrence Lane end—form a pattern that, in keeping with both the citizen ethos and the syntagmatic nature of the triumph form, emphasizes secular causes and effects rather than the thaumaturgic mysteries associated with royal advents like that of James I. In Middleton's mayoral shows, as in those of his contemporaries, the rough and boisterous celebration of the mayor's return by river from Westminster, where he had taken his oath to the Crown, was a transitional event that marked a successful negotiation between political jurisdictions, and more broadly, between the dangers of the external world and the community's inner stability. The rite of arrival, moreover, provided the occasion for constructing narratives of arrival—myths, stories, and symbolic tableaux staging the historical passage from rude nature to urban culture, from the violence of pagan origins to the serenity of Christian community, from a barbarous past to a civilized present.

In *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity*, this pattern begins with the presenter of the Wilderness, Orpheus, a figure associated throughout Renaissance mythology with the civilizing powers that, according to Thomas Lodge, made 'poets... the first raisers of cities'. A founder-hero who (in George Puttenham's words) brought 'savage people to a more civil and orderly life' and who (according to William Webbe) enabled them to 'keep company, make houses, and keep fellowship together', Orpheus had appeared in London mayoral shows as early as 1561. In Middleton's 1619 show, Orpheus and the Wilderness with beasts are skillfully adapted to compliment Cokayne's legendary eloquence (at Cokayne's funeral, John Donne recalled the King's observation that he had never heard a Londoner 'handle businesses more rationally, more pertinently, more eloquently, more persuasively') and to extol the patron Company of Skinners, to whose trade Middleton returns in his closing epigram on 'those beasts bearing fur, and now in use with the bountiful Society of Skinners' (446–7). The emphasis, however, picking up on the 'Graces' silver chimes' sounded in Love's opening speech (76), falls on the political theme of Orpheus' 'harmonious government' (160). The cock that appears over the head of Orpheus, an heraldic emblem of the Cokayne family, provides the basis for an allegory of the mayor's vigilance and power (165–84); it marks a transition from the animal kingdom to the ordered world of man. The orphic taming of the wilderness is a motif that runs throughout Middleton's show, from Orpheus' concluding tribute to the Stuart theme of union—extended to include 'the civilly instructed Irishman' (in 1610 Cokayne had become the first governor of the City of London's plantations in Londonderry and Coleraine)—to the last of the day's major pageants, which ends with mention of the fur-trimmed

robes of state, produced by the Skinners, that adorn British kings 'when they consent/ To ride most glorious to high parliament' (269–70).

In passing from the Wilderness to the Sanctuary of Fame and the Parliament of Honour, then, the mayor's progress was meant to follow a path toward political consolidation and cultural perfection. The Sanctuary of Fame, in which Middleton extols London's twenty-six Aldermen and the worthy Skinners who have served the City's good, is represented as both a moral 'reward' for the 'cares in government' (211–13) first figured in Orpheus and as an historical step in the passage from a world 'that knows no laws' (158) into the security of local government and communal spirit. The pattern culminates in the Parliament of Honour, where, in passages borrowed heavily from John Stow's *Survey of London* (1598), the figure of Antiquity recalls (as was conventional) the Company's noble and royal patrons in order to celebrate the amity and mutual dependency between citizenry and gentry, commune and Crown, City and nation. Invoking the Skinners' ancient identity as the 'Fraternity of Corpus Christi', the guild that had sponsored the processions and performances in which medieval Londoners had celebrated their corporate life, Middleton's Parliament of Honour completes not only a narrative but a hierarchical image of the body politic. Upon the mayor's return from the Guildhall feast, when 'the whole triumph' was 'placed in comely and decent order before him' (405–6), London's citizenry would have witnessed passing before them the rising echelons of the social order, from the 'rude multitude' figured in the Wilderness (157), to the 'large benefactors and sweet governors' (223) of the urban community, to the chief of England's nobility and royalty. The whole movement is reinforced by a cycle of light imagery that extends from the vigilance of the heraldic cock, 'the morning's herald' (166), to the 'six-and-twenty bright-burning lamps' of London's magistrates (204–5), to the circular motion of 'the bright sun' (416) invoked in Love's closing speech.

In the Wilderness pageant, where the cock's timely vigilance is contrasted with the time-serving clocks that are irresponsibly turned back on 'revelling nights' at court (113–27), Middleton may be glancing not only at courtiers in general but at the first glimmerings of an anti-Buckingham sentiment. Six months after becoming mayor, Cokayne married his daughter to Charles, Baron Howard of Effingham, a minor scion of the Howard faction whose leaders, Nottingham and Suffolk, rivals to Buckingham, were brought down in the months preceding Cokayne's inauguration. Six weeks before the inauguration, moreover, Frederick the Elector, the King's son-in-law, had announced his acceptance of the Bohemian crown; in the incipient war-fever, sentiments ran high (on September 12 Archbishop Abbot called in a letter for 'ringing of bells, and making of bonfires in London' and for a campaign to 'tear the Whore and make her desolate'). By the time of the mayoral inauguration in late October, Buckingham was being blamed for the King's reluctance to commit himself to the Protestant cause in

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

Europe. The unusually heavy use, in Middleton's inaugural show, of the City Trained Bands, whose Lord-General Cokayne became with his inauguration, may reflect the City's eagerness, manifest later in Cokayne's mayoralty, to contribute to war with Spain.

In its topicality, *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity* is thus adapted both to the current political scene and to Cokayne's complex place within it. At least three of the earliest of Middleton's *Honourable Entertainments* were written specifically for Cokayne during his mayoralty. Throughout these works, Middleton uses the Cokayne cock and the golden cock-shaped loving cups which Cokayne's father had bequeathed to the Company of Skinners without alluding to the fact that the Company had been forced to sue the son in order to obtain its legacy. In Middleton's mayoral show, the heraldic cock appears above the head of Orpheus, the archetypal figure of the civic poet. The presenters of all three pageants in

the show—Orpheus, Example, and Antiquity—symbolize the attributes of eloquence that sustain the civic order. In view of his services to the City and to Cokayne, it is not surprising that in September 1620—the last month of Cokayne's mayoralty—Middleton became the first official Chronologer to the City of London, appointed to 'set down all memorable acts of this City...and for such other employments as this Court shall have occasion to use him in'.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 672

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 408

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968

Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Aries*, 1586; *Virtue*, 1714; *Integrity*, 1766; *Prosperity*, 1901; lost pageant for Charles I, 1898

The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity

An honourable solemnity performed through the
City, at the confirmation and establishment of
the Right Honourable Sir William Cokayne,
Knight, in the office of His Majesty's lieutenant,
5 the Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.

Taking beginning in the morning at his lordship's
going, and perfecting itself after his return from
receiving the oath of mayoralty at Westminster, on the
morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, October 29, 1619.

10 *To the honour of him, to whom the noble Fraternity of
Skinners, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in
costly triumphs, the Right Honourable, Sir William Cokayne,
Knight, Lord Mayor of this renowned city, and Lord General
of all the military forces*

15 Love, triumph, honour, all the glorious graces,
This day holds in her gift; fixed eyes and faces
Apply themselves in joy all to your look:
In duty then, my service, and the book.

20 At your lordship's command,
Tho. Middleton.

The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity

25 If foreign nations have been struck with admiration at
the form, state, and splendour of some yearly triumphs
wherein art hath been but weakly imitated and most
beggarly worded, there is fair hope that things where

invention flourishes, clear art and her graceful proprieties
should receive favour and encouragement from the con-
tent of the spectator, which, next to the service of his
honour and honourable Society, is the principal reward it
looks for; and not despairing of that common favour— 30
which is often cast upon the undeserver, through the
distress and misery of judgement—this takes delight to
present itself.

And first, to begin early with the love of the city to
his lordship, let me draw your attentions to his honour's 35
entertainment upon the water, where expectation, big
with the joy of the day, but beholding to free love for
language and expression, thus salutes the great master of
the day and triumph.

THE SPEECH TO ENTERTAIN HIS LORDSHIP UPON THE WATER.

LOVE

Honour and joy double their blessings on thee. 40

I, the day's love, the city's general love,

Salute thee in the sweetness of content;

All that behold me worthily may see

How full mine eye stands of the joy of thee;

The more, because I may with confidence say 45

Desert and love will be well matched today.

And herein the great'st pity will appear,

This match can last no longer than a year.

3 William Cokayne Sheriff, 1609–10;
Alderman from 1609 until his death in
1626; member of Skinners from 1590;
admitted of Gray's Inn, 1600

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

50 Yet let not that discourage thy good ways,
Men's loves will last to crown thy end of days;
If those should fail, which cannot easily die,
Thy good works wed thee to eternity.
Let not the shortness then of time dismay
The largeness of thy worth, gain every day;
55 So many years thou gain'st that some have lost;
For they that think their care is at great cost,
If they do any good in time so small,
They make their year but a poor day in all.
For, as a learnèd man will comprehend
60 In compass of his hour, doctrine so sound,
Which give another a whole year to mend,
He shall not equal upon any ground.
So the judicious, when he comes to bear
This powerful office, struck with divine fear,
65 Collects his spirits, redeems his hours with care,
Thinks of his charge and oath, what ties they are;
And with a virtuous resolution then
Works more good in one year than some in ten.
Nor is this spoken any to detract,
70 But all t'encourage to put truth in act.
Methinks I see oppression hang the head,
Falsehood and injury with their guilt struck dead,
At this triumphant hour; ill causes hide
Their leprous faces, daring not t'abide
75 The brightness of this day; and in mine ear
Methinks the Graces' silver chimes I hear.
Good wishes are at work now in each heart,
Throughout this sphere of brotherhood play their part;
Chiefly thy noble own fraternity,
80 As near in heart as they're in place to thee,
The ensigns of whose love bounty displays,
Yet esteems all their cost short of thy praise.
There will appear elected sons of war,
Which this fair city boasts of, for their care,
85 Strength, and experience, set in truth of heart,
All great and glorious masters in that art
Which gives to man his dignity, name, and seal,
Prepared to speak love in a noble peal,
Knowing two triumphs must on this day dwell,
90 For magistrate one, and one for colonel:
Return lord-general, that's the name of state
The soldier gives thee, peace the magistrate.
On then, great hope. Here that good care begins,
Which now earth's love and heaven's hereafter wins.
95 At his lordship's return from Westminster, those worthy
gentlemen whose loves and worths were prepared before
in the conclusion of the former speech by water, are
now all ready to salute their lord-general with a noble
volley at his lordship's landing; and in the best and
100 most commendable form, answerable to the nobleness of

their free love and service, take their march before his
lordship, who, being so honourably conducted, meets the
first triumph by land waiting his lordship's most wished
arrival in Paul's Churchyard, near Paul's Chain, which is
a Wilderness, most gracefully and artfully furnished with
105 divers kinds of beasts bearing fur, proper to the fraternity;
the presenter the musical Orpheus, great master both in
poesy and harmony, who by his excellent music drew after
him wild beasts, woods, and mountains; over his head
an artificial cock, often made to crow and flutter with his
110 wings. This Orpheus, at the approach of his lordship, gives
life to these words.

THIS SPEECH DELIVERED BY ORPHEUS

Great lord, example is the crystal glass
By which wise magistracy sets his face,
Fits all his actions to their comeliest dress,
115 For there he sees honour and seemliness:
'Tis not like flattering glasses, those false books
Made to set age back in great courtiers' looks;
Like clocks on revelling nights, that ne'er go right,
Because the sports may yield more full delight;
120 But when they break off, then they find it late,
The time and truth appears: such is their state,
Whose death by flatteries is set back awhile,
But meets 'em in the midst of their safe smile.
Such horrors those forgetful things attend,
125 That only mind their ends, but not their end.
Leave them to their false trust; list thou to me.
Thy power is great, so let thy virtues be,
Thy care, thy watchfulness, which are but things
Remembered to thy praise; from thence it springs,
130 And not from fear of any want in thee.
For in this truth I may be comely free:
Never was man advanced yet waited on
With a more noble expectation:
That's a great work to perfect; and as those
135 That have in art a mast'ry can oppose
All comers, and come off with learnèd fame,
Yet think not scorn still of a scholar's name,
A title which they had in ignorant youth,
So he that deals in such a weight of truth
140 As th'execution of a magistrate's place,
Though never so exact in form and grace,
Both from his own worth and man's free applause,
Yet may be called a labourer in the cause,
And be thought good to be so, in true care
145 The labour being so glorious, just, and fair.
Behold, then, in a rough example here
The rude and thorny ways thy care must clear;
Such are the vices in a city sprung,
150 As are yon thickets that grow close and strong;

76 *Graces'* could be either the chimes of
the mythological Graces or those of the

Theological Graces: Faith, Hope, and
Love

81 *ensigns* banners, flags

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

Such is oppression, coz'nage, bribes, false hires,
 As are yon catching and entangling briers;
 Such is gout-justice, that's delay in right,
 Demurs in suits that are as clear as light.
 155 Just such a wilderness is a commonwealth
 That is undressed, unpruned, wild in her health;
 And the rude multitude the beasts o'th' wood,
 That know no laws, but only will and blood;
 And yet, by fair example, musical grace,
 160 Harmonious government of the man in place,
 Of fair integrity and wisdom framed,
 They stand as mine do, ravished, charmed, and tamed:
 Every wise magistrate that governs thus,
 May well be called a powerful Orpheus.
 165 Behold yon bird of state, the vigilant cock,
 The morning's herald and the plowman's clock,
 At whose shrill crow the very lion trembles,
 The sturdiest prey-taker that here assembles;
 How fitly does it match your name and power,
 170 Fixed in that name now by this glorious hour,
 At your just voice to shake the bold'st offence
 And sturdiest sin that e'er had residence
 In secure man, yet, with an equal eye,
 Matching grave justice with fair clemency,
 175 It being the property he chiefly shows,
 To give wing-warning still before he crows,
 To crow before he strike; by his clapped wing
 To stir himself up first, which needful thing
 Is every man's first duty; by his crow,
 180 A gentle call or warning, which should flow
 From every magistrate; before he extend
 The stroke of justice, he should reprehend
 And try the virtue of a powerful word,
 If that prevail not, then the spur, the sword.
 185 See, herein honours to his majesty
 Are not forgotten, when I turn and see
 The several countries, in those faces plain,
 All owing fealty to one sovereign;
 The noble English, the fair-thriving Scot,
 190 Plain-hearted Welsh, the Frenchman bold and hot,
 The civilly instructed Irishman,
 And that kind savage the Virginian,
 All lovingly assembled, e'en by fate,
 This thy day's honour to congratulate.
 195 On, then; and as your service fills this place,
 So through the city do his lordship grace.

At which words this part of triumph moves onward and
 meets the full body of the show in the other Paul's
 Churchyard; then dispersing itself according to the ordering
 200 of the speeches following, one part, which is the

Sanctuary of Fame, plants itself near the Little Conduit in
 Cheap; another, which hath the title of the Parliament
 of Honour, at St Lawrence Lane end. Upon the battle-
 ments of that beauteous Sanctuary, adorned with six-
 and-twenty bright-burning lamps, having allusion to the
 six-and-twenty aldermen—they being, for their justice,
 205 government, and example, the lights of the city—a grave
 personage, crowned with the title and inscription of Ex-
 ample, breathes forth these sounds.

EXAMPLE

From that rough wilderness, which did late present
 210 The perplexed state and cares of government,
 Which every painful magistrate must meet,
 Here the reward stands for thee: a chief seat
 In Fame's fair Sanctuary, where some of old,
 Crowned with their troubles, now are here enrolled
 215 In memory's sacred sweetness to all ages;
 And so much the world's voice of thee presages.
 And these that sit for many, with their graces
 Fresh as the buds of roses, though they sleep,
 In thy Society had once high places,
 220 Which in their good works they forever keep;
 Life called 'em in their time honour's fair stars,
 Large benefactors and sweet governors.
 If here were not sufficient grace for merit,
 Next object, I presume, will raise thy spirit.
 225

In this masterpiece of art, Fame's illustrious Sanctuary,
 the memory of those worthies shine gloriously that have
 been both lord mayors of this city and noble benefactors
 and brothers of this worthy fraternity; to wit, Sir Henry
 Barton, Sir William Gregory, Sir Stephen Jennings, Sir
 Thomas Mirfen, Sir Andrew Judd, Sir Wolstan Dixie, Sir
 Stephen Slany, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and now the right
 honourable Sir William Cockayne.

That Sir Henry Barton, an honour to memory, was
 the first that, for the safety of travellers and strangers by
 235 night through the city, caused lights to be hung out from
 Allhallowtide to Candlemas; therefore, in this Sanctuary
 of Fame, where the beauty of good actions shine, he
 is most properly and worthily recorded. His lordship by
 this time gracefully conducted toward that Parliament of
 240 Honour, near St Lawrence Lane end, Antiquity, from its
 eminence, thus gloriously salutes him.

ANTIQUITY, IN THE PARLIAMENT OF HONOUR

Grave city-governor, so much honour do me,
 Vouchsafe thy presence and thy patience to me,
 245 And I'll reward that virtue with a story,
 That shall to thy fraternity add glory;
 Then to thy worth no mean part will arise,
 That art ordained chief for that glorious prize.

151 *coz'nage* cheating, fraud
 153 *gout-justice* justice that is halting or
 tardy
 182 *reprehend* reprimand, rebuke
 185 *his majesty* King James I
 229–30 Henry Barton mayor 1416 and

again in 1428
 230 William Gregory mayor, 1451
 Stephen Jennings mayor, 1508
 231 Thomas Mirfen mayor, 1518
 Andrew Judd mayor, 1550
 Wolstan Dixie mayor, 1585

232 Stephen Slany mayor, 1595
 Richard Saltonstall mayor, 1597
 237 Allhallowtide liturgical season of All
 Saints
 Candlemas church festival on 2 February
 244 Vouchsafe confer on, bestow

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

250 'Tis I that keep all the records of fame,
 Mother of truths, Antiquity my name;
 No year, month, day, or hour, that brings in place
 Good works and noble, for the city's grace,
 But I record, that after-times may see
 What former were, and how they ought to be
 255 Fruitful and thankful, in fair actions flowing,
 To meet heaven's blessings, to which much is owing.
 For instance, let all grateful eyes be placed
 Upon this mount of royalty, by kings graced,
 Queens, prince, dukes, nobles, more by numb'ring gained
 260 Than can be in this narrow sphere contained;
 Seven kings, five queens, only one prince alone,
 Eight dukes, two earls, Plantagenets twenty-one;
 All these of this fraternity made free,
 Brothers and sisters of this company:
 265 And see with what propriety the Fates
 Have to this noble brotherhood knit such states;
 For what society the whole city brings
 Can with such ornaments adorn their kings,
 Their only robes of state, when they consent
 270 To ride most glorious to high parliament?
 And mark in this their royal intent still;
 For when it pleased the goodness of their will
 To put the richest robes of their loves on
 To the whole city, the most ever came
 275 To this society, which records here prove,
 Adorning their adorners with their love,
 Which was a kingly equity.
 Be careful then, great lord, to bring forth deeds
 To match that honour that from hence proceeds.

280 At the close of which speech the whole triumph takes
 leave of his lordship for that time; and, till after the feast
 at Guildhall, rests from service. His lordship, accompanied
 with many noble personages; the honourable fellowship
 285 of ancient magistrates and aldermen of this city; the two
 new sheriffs, the one of his own fraternity (the complete
 Brotherhood of Skinners), the right worshipful Master
 Sheriff Dean, a very bountiful and worthy citizen; not
 forgetting the noble pains and loves of the heroic captains
 290 of the city, and gentlemen of the Artillery-garden, making,
 with two glorious ranks, a manly and majestic passage for
 their lord-general, his lordship, through Guildhall yard;
 and afterward their loves to his lordship resounding in a
 second noble volley.

295 Now, that all the honours before mentioned in that
 Parliament, or Mount of Royalty, may arrive at a clear
 and perfect manifestation, to prevent the over curious
 and inquisitive spirit, the names and times of those kings,
 queens, prince, dukes, and nobles, free of the honourable

Fraternity of Skinners in London, shall here receive their
 proper illustrations. 300

Anno 1329. King Edward the Third, Plantagenet, by
 whom, in the first of his reign, this worthy society of
 Skinners was incorporate, he their first royal founder
 and brother: queen Philipa his wife, younger daughter of
 William Earl of Hainaut, the first royal sister; so gloriously 305
 virtuous that she is a rich ornament to memory; she both
 founded and endowed Queen's College in Oxford, to the
 continuing estate of which I myself wish all happiness;
 this queen at her death desired three courtesies, some of
 which are rare in these days. First, that her debts might 310
 be paid to the merchants; secondly, that her gifts to the
 church might be performed; thirdly, that the king, when
 he died, would at Westminster be interred with her.

Anno 1357. Edward Plantagenet, surnamed the Black
 Prince, son to Edward the Third, Prince of Wales, Duke 315
 of Guienne, Aquitaine, and Cornwall, Earl Palatine of
 Chester. In the battle of Poitiers in France, he, with 8000
 English against 60,000 French, got the victory; took the
 king, Philip his son, seventeen earls, with divers other
 noble personages, prisoners. 320

King Richard the Second, Plantagenet. This king being
 the third royal brother of this honourable Company, and
 at that time the society consisting of two brotherhoods of
 Corpus Christi, the one at St Mary Spital, the other at St
 Mary Beth'em without Bishopsgate, in the eighteenth of 325
 his reign granted them to make their two brotherhoods
 one, by the name of the Fraternity of Corpus Christi of
 Skinners, which worthy title shines at this day gloriously
 amongst 'em; and toward the end of this king's reign,
 1396, a great feast was celebrated in Westminster Hall, 330
 where the lord mayor of this city sat as guest.

Anno 1381. Queen Anne, his wife, daughter to the
 Emperor Charles the Fourth, and sister to Emperor Wence-
 slaus, whose modesty then may make this age blush now,
 she being the first that taught women to ride sideling on
 horseback; but who it was that taught 'em to ride strad- 335
 dling, there is no records so immodest that can show me,
 only the impudent time and the open profession. This fair
 precedent of womanhood died at Sheen, now Richmond;
 for grief whereof King Richard her lord abandoned and
 defaced that goodly house. 340

Anno 1399. King Henry the Fourth, Plantagenet, sur-
 named Bullingbrooke, a fourth royal brother. In his time
 the famous Guildhall in London was erected, where the
 honourable courts of the city are kept, and this bounteous 345
 feast yearly celebrated. In the twelfth year of his reign the
 river Thames flowed thrice in one day.

262 *Plantagenets* familiar name for the ruling family of England, 1154-1485

289 *gentlemen... Artillery-garden* the Honourable Artillery company of the City of London, revitalized in 1610; the 'garden' or exercising ground for the

company located between west side of Finsbury Square and Bunhill Row.

324 *St Mary Spital* Spitalfields, fields east of London which once belong to the Priory and Hospital of St Mary Spital, founded

in 1197

324-5 *St Mary Beth'em* Hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem, located in Bishopsgate ward, known as a lunatic hospital from 1547

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

350 Queen Joan, or Jane, Duchess of Brittany, late wife
to John Duke of Brittany and daughter to the King of
Navarre, another princely sister.

355 Anno 1412. King Henry the Fifth, Plantagenet, Prince
of Wales, proclaimed Mayor and Regent of France. He
won that famous victory on the French at the battle of
Agincourt. Queen Catherine, his wife, daughter to Charles
the Sixth, King of France.

King Henry the Sixth, Plantagenet, of the house of
Lancaster.

360 King Edward the Fourth, Plantagenet, of the house of
York. This king feasted the Lord Mayor, Richard Chawry,
and the aldermen his brethren, with certain commoners
in Waltham Forest: after dinner rode a-hunting with the
king, who gave him plenty of venison, and sent to the
lady mayoress and her sisters the aldermen's wives, two
harts, six bucks, and a tun of wine, to make merry; and
365 this noble feast was kept at Drapers' Hall.

Anno 1463. Queen Elizabeth Grey, his wife, daughter
to Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, and to the Duchess of
Bedford; she was mother to the Lord Grey of Ruthen that
in his time was Marquess Dorset.

370 King Richard the Third, brother to Edward the Fourth,
Duke of Gloucester, and of the house of York.

375 Lionel Plantagenet, third son to the third Edward, Duke
of Clarence and Earl of Ulster; Philipa his daughter and
heir married Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, from whom
the house of York descends.

Henry Plantagenet, grandchild to Edmond Crouchback,
second son to Henry the Third.

380 Richard Plantagenet, father of Edward the Fourth,
Duke of York and Albemarle, Earl of Cambridge, Rutland,
March, Clare, and Ulster.

Thomas Plantagenet, second son of Henry the Fourth.

385 John Plantagenet, third son of Henry the Fourth; so
noble a soldier and so great a terror to the French,
that when Charles the Eighth was moved to deface
his monument—being buried in Rouen—the king thus
answered: Pray, let him rest in peace, being dead, of
whom we were all afraid when he lived.

Humphrey Plantagenet, fourth son of Henry the Fourth.

John Holland, Duke of Exeter.

390 George Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Edmond Plantagenet, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury and Warwick, called
the Great Earl of Warwick.

John Cornwall Knight, Baron Fanhope.

395 The royal sum: Seven kings, five queens, one prince,
seven dukes, one earl; twenty-one Plantagenets. Seven

kings, five queens, one prince, eight dukes, two earls, one
lord; twenty-four Skinners.

The feast ended at Guildhall, his lordship, as yearly
custom invites it, goes, accompanied with the triumph 400
before him, towards St Paul's, to perform the noble and
reverend ceremonies which divine antiquity religiously
ordained, and is no less than faithfully observed. Holy
service and ceremonies accomplished, his lordship returns
by torchlight to his own house, the whole triumph placed 405
in comely and decent order before him: the Wilderness,
the Sanctuary of Fame, adorned with lights, the Parlia-
ment of Honour, and the Triumphant Chariot of Love,
with his graceful concomitants, the chariot drawn with
two luzerns. Near to the entrance of his lordship's gate, 410
Love, prepared with his welcome, thus salutes him.

LOVE

*I was the first, grave lord, that welcomed thee
To this day's honour, and I spake it free,
Just as in every heart I found it placed,
And 'tis my turn again now to speak last; 415
For love is circular, like the bright sun,
And takes delight to end where it begun,
Though indeed never ending in true will,
But rather may be said beginning still,
As all great works are of celestial birth, 420
Of which love is the chief in heaven and earth.
To what blessed state then are thy fortunes come,
Since that both brought thee forth and brings thee home?
Now, as in common course, which clears things best,
There's no free gift but looks for thanks at least; 425
A love so bountiful, so free, so good,
From the whole city, from thy brotherhood—
That name I ought a while to dwell upon—
Expect some fair requital from the man
They've all so largely honoured: what's desired? 430
That which in conscience ought to be required;
O, thank 'em in thy justice, in thy care,
Zeal to right wrongs, works that are clear and fair,
And will become thy soul, whence virtue springs,
As those rich ornaments thy brother-kings. 435
And since we cannot separate love and care—
For where care is, a love must needs be there,
And care where love is, 'tis the man and wife,
Through every estate that's fixed in life;
You are by this the city's bridegroom proved, 440
And she stands wedded to her best beloved:
Then be, according to your morning vows,
A careful husband to a loving spouse;
And heaven give you great joy, both it and thee,
And to all those that shall match after ye. 445*

361 **Waltham Forest** forest near the village
of Waltham in Hertfordshire, a few miles
north of London

364 **tun** large barrel

410 **luzerns** lynx

The Triumphs of Loue and Antiquity.

*The names of those beasts bearing fur, and now in use with
the bountiful Society of Skinners, the most of which presented
in the Wilderness, where Orpheus predominates*

450 Ermine, foine, sables, martin, badger, bear,
Luzern, budge, otter, hipponesse, and hare,
Lamb, wolf, fox, leopard, mink, stot, miniver,
Raccoon, moashy, wolverine, caliber,
455 Squirrel, mole, cat, musk, civet, wild and tame,
Cony, white, yellow, black, must have a name,
The ounce, rowsgray, jennet, pampilion;
Of birds the vulture, bittern, ostrich, swan:
Some worn for ornament, and some for health,
All to the Skinners' art bring fame and wealth.

The service being thus faithfully performed, both to his
lordship's honour and to the credit and content of his 460
most generously bountiful society, the season commends
all to silence; yet not without a little leave taken to
reward art with the comely dues that belong unto it,
which hath been so richly expressed in the body of the
triumph with all the proper beauties of workmanship, 465
that the city may, without injury to judgement, call it
the masterpiece of her triumphs; the credit of which
workmanship I must justly lay upon the deserts of master
Garret Christmas and master Robert Norman, joined-
partners in the performance. 470

FINIS.

449 **foine** animal of polecat or weasel kind
sables small carnivorous quadruped
martin possibly a kind of monkey
450 **budge** lamb's skin with wool dressed
outward
hipponesse fur-bearing animal
451 **stot** a steer
miniver fur-bearing animal
452 **moashy** some kind of fur
caliber a type of squirrel
453 **musk** animal producing musk, usually

the musk deer
civet in size and appearance between a
fox and a weasel
454 **Cony** rabbit
455 **ounce** common lynx
rowsgray obscure (*OED* cites this
example)
pampilion fur-bearing animal
456 **bittern** a bird smaller than a heron
469 **Garret Christmas** Christmas and
his two sons were involved with the

production of Lord Mayor's Shows
from 1618 to 1639, twenty-one years.
Garret Christmas (also known as Gerard
Christmas) is first cited for his work
with Munday in the 1618 Lord Mayor's
Show, *Sidero-thriambos*. He works on all
the subsequent shows by Middleton.
Robert Norman Norman served as
artificer in the pageants of 1628, 1634,
and 1635.

THE WORLD TOSSED AT TENNIS

Edited by C. E. McGee



A Courtly Masque, further entitled *The World Tossed at Tennis*, should have been performed, probably early in 1620, at Denmark House in the presence of King James and Prince Charles. The King gave Denmark House to the Prince of Wales by a grant of 28 September 1619, thereby making him lord not only of Richmond and St James's but also of the palace of the late Queen Anne. To express his gratitude for this gift and to display his magnificence, newly enhanced by the King's generosity, Prince Charles set in motion preparations for an entertainment of James, the centrepiece of which was to be a courtly masque. Charles further established his prestige by summoning his own players, led by William Rowley, to take the major roles in the production, and Rowley, presumably, turned to his trusted collaborator, Thomas Middleton, for help with the masque. The intended performance at court was a splendid opportunity, offering the authors and actors a place of prominence before an audience full of

potential patrons. However, the very forces that ennobled the occasion, the sponsorship of Charles and the presence of James, made it problematic—particularly at this time, when the King and the Prince were at odds over England's policy concerning Europe, 'the world' already being tossed by the Thirty Years War.

Writing early in 1620 under these historical conditions, Middleton and Rowley had to mediate between the scholarly pacifism of the King and the Protestant militancy of his son. Prince Charles favoured moral, financial, and military support of the claim to the crown of Bohemia staked by his brother-in-law, Frederick, the Elector Palatine. The Estates of Bohemia had chosen Frederick to be their king on 26 August 1619, after fifteen months of armed civil insurrection in which Protestant forces in Bohemia rebelled against their monarch, the Austrian Emperor, Matthias, and his cousin, the heir apparent to the throne of Bohemia, Ferdinand, Duke of Styria. Ferdinand, a staunch Roman Catholic, had persecuted cruelly the Protestants of Styria and, like other Habsburgs before him, had tried to subvert the elective monarchy of Bohemia by establishing a hereditary claim to it. Protestant insurgents in Bohemia could not accept the grim prospect of his succession, so that, having routed the Austrian forces and set up a provisional government in 1618, they formally deposed Ferdinand on 31 July 1619. When Frederick, the Elector Palatine, accepted the crown offered to him by the Bohemian Estates, he became the central figure in a momentous political and religious conflict, one in which he counted on the support of Protestant states such as England—especially England, where his father-in-law reigned.

King James, however, true to his motto, *Beati pacifici* ('Blessed are the peacemakers', Matthew 5:9), wanted to restore peace and order in Europe by negotiation and treaty. In particular, he hoped to protect England's *rapprochement* with a long-standing Catholic foe, Spain, and to confirm that alliance with the marriage of Prince Charles and the Spanish princess. For five months after learning that Frederick had accepted the Bohemian crown, James played the scholar's part; he studied Frederick's right to be 'King of Bohemia' and debated the question with Baron zu Dohna, Frederick's emissary in England. Evidence of the consequences of James's strategy, gathered together by S. R. Gardiner in *Letters and Other Documents Illustrating the Relations between England and Germany at the Commencement of the Thirty Years War*, appears in the dispatches of foreign ambassadors, who described the King as divided from the Prince, from his

favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, from the Earl of Doncaster, England's special envoy to Europe, from the Privy Council—from 'in a word all good patriots' according to Sir Francis Nethersole. The diplomats regularly noted the inaction and isolation of King James; Venetian Girolamo Lando, though oversimplifying somewhat, is typical: "The whole nation takes the same side, and all the kingdom declares its impatience of this prolonged irresolution. Nevertheless His Majesty takes advice from no one but himself. He gives out that he has not yet succeeded in understanding the arguments bearing upon the affair . . ." Faced with these tactics, 'the great men and nobility', according to the ambassador to the States General, Noel de Caron, 'will not stop till they have spurred and driven' the monarch to come to the aid of the Elector Palatine. *Tennis*, had it been performed at court, would have been part of this project.

To 'entangle' James in the Protestant cause, the masque not only celebrated the glorious war in Europe, but also tried to elicit from the King a public gesture of support for the enterprise. This play occurs at the very end, when the Scholar and the Soldier present their 'wish with reverence to this place, | For here't must be confirmed or 'tas no grace' (887–8). Here, as in other masques, characters in a fictive world reach into the world of the audience. Though well established in Tudor and Stuart entertainments, this strategy was risky, especially if that audience included the often impatient, unresponsive King James, for the closure of the entire show depended on the willingness of the monarch to play along, and, in the case of *Tennis*, publicly to support the Soldier's readiness to fight in Europe. There is little reason to think that James, who, according to the French ambassador reporting in March 1620, 'dislikes utterly all the proceedings in Bohemia', would have obliged.

Disinclined to be put in the awkward position required by the final speech of the masque, of having to endorse the Soldier's campaign as a condition for approving of the Scholar's hopeful acceptance of the Jacobean peace, King James may have scuttled the entertainment at Denmark House planned by Prince Charles. No evidence of a production of *Tennis* at court has been found, but the masque was performed, at the Prince's Arms (otherwise known as the Swan) and, according to the title-page, 'divers times . . . to the contentment of many noble and worthy spectators'. William Beeston, manager of the Cockpit in Drury Lane, evidently judged *Tennis* to be negotiable in the public theatres and maintained his right to 'The World' until at least 1639. Presented in 1620 to a Swan audience—presumably made up in part of lords and gentry disappointed by the King's irresolute response to the Protestant cause in Europe and in part of Londoners like those who celebrated the coronation of the Elector Palatine with bonfires, raised money for his defence, and joined the forces levied to protect the Palatinate—*Tennis*'s militant Protestantism would have been welcome. At this venue, the final appeal would have been directed 'with reverence' (887) to the playgoers. Put in the King's position for the moment, the audience was empowered

to confirm by their applause the Soldier's commitment to go 'over yonder to the most glorious wars' (878). But for this audience too the moment might have been awkward as their applause was co-opted in support of the Scholar's endeavours and James's peace.

In the ambiguity of this final engagement of its audiences, *Tennis* is, as Margot Heinemann has said of other works of "'opposition" drama' written 'largely for court circles', 'cautious and equivocal'. These qualities are clear in the masque's attempt to counter the isolation of James by recommending to him a collaborative model of government, represented in the climactic dance in which the elements of 'the sphere of harmony' (811)—including Majesty/the player-King—'all move mutually' (812). Counterpointing this final dance in which royal rule of the world appears to be unstable, temporary, and dependent upon others is the stage direction glossing the dance as acknowledging, in the end, 'the absolute power of Majesty' (813.6). Similarly, in one line the Flamen portrays the King/Majesty as his equal ('. . . here's his place, | Truth his defence, and majesty his grace' [816–17]), but in the next ('We all acknowledge it [the world] belongs to you') affirms the superiority of majesty, an affirmation that immediately receives unanimous support from all the other characters. Equivocation also appears in the plotting of the masque. When the King takes the world from Simplicity, the masque seems to reinscribe one of James's favourite arguments for the superiority of monarchs: since kings come first after the age of innocence, their priority establishes their pre-eminence. However, Jupiter provides an alternative interpretation of the sequence of events when he intervenes (a step he takes only this once) after the Land-Captain receives the world from the King. The priority of the King and his deference to the Land-Captain are necessary for teaching a different lesson (one implicitly critical of Buckingham's distribution of patronage), that meritorious service should be honoured above all, even by monarchs:

This was the season when desert was stooped to,
By greatness stooped to, and acknowledged greatest;
But in thy time, now, desert stoops itself
To every baseness and makes saints of shadows.
(619–22)

Finally, as these lines also suggest, there are the contradictory representations of the present, of England in 1620. Like most masques, *Tennis* transmutes its vision of ideal governance into a mirror of the current regime. The monarchy of King James becomes 'the sphere of harmony' that dashes the hopes of the Devil and Deceit while renewing those of the Soldier and the Scholar. In Middleton's hands, however, the grand compliments expected of the finale are qualified ('when his glorious peace' [815]; italics mine) and conditional ('if it hold' [876]; italics mine). More important, the high praise of 'this glorious time' (862) with its 'most glorious wars' (878) and 'a most glorious peace' (880) counterpoint, but fail to offset, the sustained criticism of society throughout the masque. The Soldier

and the Scholar, both unemployed (as were more and more of their professions during James's reign) complain about the conditions of their lives with wit and conviction; nor do the rebukes of Pallas or the railing of Jupiter refute their claims. Persisting in their quest simply for a living, for 'a competence' (203) not a fortune, the Soldier and the Scholar prompt Pallas and Jupiter to extend the critique of the present by voicing their own sense of how values have declined from the 'first and simple state | To the foul centre where it now abides' (412-13). Similarly, Time undercuts the force of the ideal embodied in the Nine Worthies by refocusing attention on the present and its abuses. If the compliments of Jacobean rule in the finale are not deliberately inadequate to the critique of Jacobean rule throughout the masque, then *Tennis* is clearly, strategically 'cautious and equivocal'.

In two crucial respects however, it is not cautious or equivocal at all. First, whereas most masques, particularly those of Ben Jonson, praise King James as the embodiment in the present of the edifying ideals of the show, *Tennis* gives Prince Charles that status. Pallas's 'complete man' (164) is he who partakes of both arms and arts, and Jupiter reaffirms this ideal in his parting instructions to the Soldier and the Scholar: 'Scholar and soldier must both be shut in one; | That makes the absolute and complete man' (870-1). James was not, by this criterion, absolute or complete; personally renowned for his scholarship, he is praised at the end of the masque for a peaceful regime conducive to learning. Nor are the Soldier and Scholar complete men, for though they support one another's endeavours, in the end each goes his own separate way. Nor is this ideal to be found in 'the sphere of harmony'; there learning, the Lawyer and the Flamen, is split off from valour, the Land-Captain and the Sea-Captain. With one possible comic exception, 'the son of Simplicity' (Epistle.25-6) who was raised among 'good scholars of all sorts' and 'did good and honest service beyond the small seas' (Epistle.12-14), Prince Charles is the only 'absolute and complete man', being by Jupiter's account not only the son of Minerva, goddess of arts, but also her 'valiant'st, hopeful'st son' (866). Coming from the Prince's Men on an occasion when the Prince was playing host to the King and court, such singular praise of Charles is understandable. At the same time, whether delivered at Denmark House or in the Swan, this prominence given to Charles, particularly the valiant Charles, implies support for his policies, specifically for the valorous exercise of arms in Europe.

Secondly, *Tennis* emphasizes throughout the value of mutuality and collaboration. In the main show-within-the-show, Jupiter's dramatized history of the governance of the world, Middleton pokes fun at land-captain and sea-captain, churchman and lawyer by deftly caricaturing the narrowness of each one's concerns as well as the peculiarity of his rhetoric and comportment. He dramatizes also the failure of each character's regime: none of these characters falls for the greedy, Deceitful schemes of their aides, but all of them, when given rule of the world, indulge

their own predilections. Middleton's comic effects are crucial, for they expose the limitations of the characters as individuals, so as to set up the main political point of the show: good government depends upon the cooperation of the various professions. The achievement of 'the sphere of harmony' epitomizes a pattern of the masque. Unlike the Jonsonian masque in which the disorderly forces of the antimasque have to be banished before an edifying, mystical vision of the court can appear, *Tennis* dramatizes a series of reconciliations. Characters overcome anxiety, disaffection, or rivalry, in order to establish new forms of fellowship. The Induction opens with Richmond worrying about the need to compete with a new rival for the attention of Prince Charles, but meeting Denmark House, who appreciates Richmond's distinctive strengths, relieves Richmond's anxiety so that both houses can join with St James's in a fellowship of seasonable service to their lord. Likewise, the Starches, testy and abrasive at first, perform their dance after agreeing unanimously that 'The sin's not i' the colour, but the pride' (406). The world itself, tossed from character to character, finally settles in the hands of Majesty, surrounded and supported in 'partnership' (848) by Valour, Religion, and Law. And the stage business by the Soldier and the Scholar at the very end of the masque emphasizes their new alliance, as the two exchange good wishes, shake hands, and, like brothers, present one petition to the audience. Matching this image of common purpose at the end are several at the start of the work: the Prologue's maxim, 'No man is lifted but by other hands' (15); the dedication of the work to new partners in marriage; the title-page announcing the collaborative authorship of Middleton and Rowley. The main thrust of *Tennis* opposes any ruler who, like James in 1619-20, would take advice 'from no one but himself'.

It is difficult to exaggerate how unusual *Tennis* is as a masque. The antimasque/masque structure developed by Jonson hardly applies given the brevity of the Starches scene and their integration into the masque's dominant pattern of collaborations. Unlike Jonson, Middleton and Rowley seem indifferent to the unity of the work; on the contrary, to provide delight they delight in eclecticism—promising a show that is pastoral, comical, tragical, historical; delivering one that is all that and satirical to boot. Most odd, the authors invert the conventional masque structure by placing first, rather than last as usual, the one dance that might have been performed by courtiers, that of the Nine Worthies. Non-speaking roles suitable for aristocratic amateurs, the Worthies are ushered in ceremoniously and represent the masque's highest ideals. Dancing first, they define an ideal that is quickly judged to be admirable but now unattainable; as a result, instead of demonstrating an ideal transcendence of current corruption, they measure the extent of the current moral decline. Radically different in form from the Jonsonian masque, *Tennis* is also radically different in its politics. According to Martin Butler, Jonson's *Pan's Anniversary*, also written in 1620, 'sets out to counter

The World Toft at Tennis.

the current expectations of a more aggressive position on European affairs and to restrain them within limits of deference to James's kingship'. Jonson may well have been writing against Middleton and Rowley. Like *Pan's Anniversary* as Butler perceives its wider significance, *The World Tossed at Tennis* 'marks a new and disturbing development in court culture under James I... [in] making a contribution (albeit a small one) to the developing polarizations of attitude that were to be so

significant a feature of English politics in the coming decade'.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 667
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 408
Other Middleton-Rowley works: *Weapons*, 980; *Quarrel*, 1209; *Old Law*, 1331; *Changeling*, 1632; *Gypsy*, 1723

THOMAS MIDDLETON and WILLIAM ROWLEY

The World Tossed at Tennis

A Courtly Masque

[for Prince Charles's Men at *The Swan*]

THE FIGURES AND PERSONS PROPERLY RAISED FOR EMPLOYMENT
THROUGH THE WHOLE MASQUE

First, three ancient and princely receptacles: RICHMOND, ST
JAMES'S, DENMARK HOUSE

A SCHOLAR
A SOLDIER

PALLAS
JUPITER

The Nine WORTHIES [with the MUSES]
The first song and first dance

TIME, a plaintiff (but his grievances delivered courteously)

The five STARCHES: WHITE, BLUE, YELLOW, GREEN, and RED

The second dance

SIMPLICITY, the Intermedler
DECEIT, the Disguiser
The second song, sung by REAPERS

A KING
A LAND-CAPTAIN
A SEA-CAPTAIN
MARINERS

The third song and third dance

The FLAMEN
The LAWYER

The fourth and last dance: the DEVIL an Intermixer

Persons. O.I FIGURES the allegorical characters as opposed to the divine and human personages

RAISED produced; possibly punning on 'reared'

I **princely** magnificent and, in this case, owned by Prince Charles
receptacles places where people are

received; the terminology is consistent with the representation of the palaces as female

9 **courteously** punning: politely; appropriately for the courts of law; respectfully of the king and the courtly audience

12 **Intermedler** intermediary among the several characters who appear in the last

part of the masque

22 **Intermixer** suggesting that the Devil was more thoroughly involved in the final dance, more aggressively engaged in the pursuit of the world (and probably more vividly repulsed) than the description of the dance (813.1-11) indicates

Dedication

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the truly noble, Charles, Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham, and to his virtuous and worthy lady, the Right Honourable Mary, Lady Effingham, eldest daughter of the truly generous and judicious Sir William Cokayne, Knight, Lord Mayor of this City, and Lord General of the Military Forces.

To whom more properly may art prefer
Works of this nature, which are high and rare,
Fit to delight a prince's eye and ear,
Than to the hands of such a worthy pair?
Imagine this, mixed with delight and state,
Being then an entertainment for the best,
Your noble nuptials comes to celebrate;
And though it fall short of the day and feast
Of your most sacred and united loves,
Let none say therefore it untimely moves.
It can, I hope, come out of season never,

To find your joys new, as at first, for ever.

Most respectfully devoted to both your honours,
Thomas Middleton 20

To the well-wishing, well-reading understander,
well-understanding reader—Simplicity S. P. D. Epistle

After most hearty commendations, my kind and unknown friends, trusting in Phoebus your understandings are all in as good health as Simplicity's was at the writing hereof, this is to certify you further that this short and small treatise that follows, called *A Masque*, the device further entitled *The World Tossed at Tennis*—how it will be now tossed in the world I know not—a toy brought to the press rather by the printer than the poet, who requested an epistle for his pass to satisfy his perusers how hitherto he hath behaved himself. First for his conception, he was begot in Brentford, born on the Bankside of Helicon, brought up amongst noble, gentle, commons, and good

Dedication.o.1 Epistle Dedicatory Invoking the names of Cokayne and Howard, the dedication of the book of the masque points toward the policy of military engagement advanced by the masque. William Howard (1510–1573), created Baron Howard of Effingham in 1554, served as Lord High Admiral from 1553 to 1558. Charles Howard (born in 1536) was far more famous: Lord High Admiral from 1585 until he resigned the office early in 1619, he secured his renown by leading the English forces against the Spanish armada in 1588 and at the capture of Cadiz in 1596.

To his second son and namesake, Middleton dedicated *Tennis*. This Charles Howard (1579–1642), styled Baron Effingham following the death of his older brother (William) in 1615, had not distinguished himself in arms prior to the publication of the masque, but he would serve as Lord Lieutenant of Surrey from 1621 and as Vice-Admiral of Sussex from 1626 until his death. When asked for donations in support of the cause of the Palatinate (see the Critical Introduction, 1405), he offered to serve in person because he lacked the financial resources to back the war effort. Clearly, Middleton was trading on the strength of the Howard name, not on the achievements of the latest Baron Effingham, whom John Chamberlain disparaged as a man 'worne out in state, credit, years, and otherwise' (2:301).

Sir William Cokayne had more to do with land-captains than with sea-captains like the Howards, for he began as a purveyor to the English army in Ireland in 1598, provided that service again in 1603, and maintained substantial mercantile interests overseas. As Lord General of the Military Forces, Cokayne was, in effect, commander-

in-chief; however, his impressive title belies the improvisational nature and the disorganization of the military forces, which the pacifistic policies of King James had seriously weakened. Not a standing army, these forces consisted of the garrisons for forts and the militia of boroughs. For more on Cokayne, see *Antiquity and Entertainments*.

3 **Mary** Chamberlain judged the young, handsome Mary Cokayne to be a prize wasted on Charles Howard, but Cokayne wanted prestigious matches for his daughters, five of whom married earls, one a viscount, and one a knight. Mary Cokayne was an important bridge to her father, Middleton's most reliable, generous patron in 1619–20. Middleton, using the dedication of *Tennis* to represent the masque book as a belated wedding gift, adds this entertainment to the others he had written for the service of the Lord Mayor.

5 **Lord Mayor** see *Antiquity* for Cokayne's lord mayor's show.

7 **prefer** recommend

8 **high** noble

9 **prince's** alluding to Prince Charles's original sponsorship of the masque

11 **state** stateliness; pomp

13 **nuptials** wedding

14 **fall short** arrive late, for the book of the masque was not published until July 1620

the day 22 April 1620

16 **untimely** inopportunistly, being late

Epistle.o.2 S. P. D. abbreviation of *salutem plurimam dicit*; Simplicity extends many greetings

2 **Phoebus** Apollo as the sun god, whose patronage of eloquence and medicine seem particularly relevant here

4 **to certify** generally, assure; more precisely, to attest legally. It is typical of the epistle and productive of its comic

tone that Simplicity never says what he sets out so forcefully to make certain. The one point that might need to be certified is that the printer rather than the poet desired the publication of the masque, but Simplicity gets distracted from that point by the title of the work, its possible reception, and its essential insignificance.

5 **treatise** a book dealing with a particular subject

device an invention or contrivance; the word was often used specifically to refer to the entire show set forth on a civic pageant

7 **tossed** bandied about; received, debated and assessed

toy insignificant thing

9 **epistle** covering letter

pass written permission

11 **Brentford** Brentford, a holiday resort and lovers' rendezvous about eight miles west of London; see *Michaelmas* 2.3.185. While 'Braine-ford', the spelling used in Purslowe's edition, may serve Simplicity's biographical purposes by implying high intelligence, the locale also suggests ironically his illegitimacy.

Bankside of Helicon a bankside was the ground sloping down to a body of water. Helicon, a mountain in Boetia sacred to Apollo and the muses, was the site of the fountain Hippocrene. Hence, the 'Bankside of Helicon' may refer to the margin of the waters of poetic inspiration flowing from Hippocrene. However, for Londoners the Bankside had less rarefied associations, for it was a suburb on the south side of the Thames, a site of stews, theatres, and baiting pits.

12 **noble, gentle, commons** bathos for comic effect; while 'noble' and 'gentle' suggest upper-class associates, 'commons' brings the poet down to his proper place in the social structure

15 scholars of all sorts, where, for his time, he did good and honest service beyond the small seas. He was fair-spoken, never accused of scurrilous or obscene language (a virtue not ever found in scenes of the like condition), of as honest meaning reputed as his words reported, neither too bitterly taxing nor too soothingly telling the world's broad abuses, moderately merry as sententiously serious, never
20 condemned but for his brevity in speech, ever wishing his tale longer to be assured he would continue to so good a purpose. Having all these handsome qualities simply and no other compounded with knavery, there is great hope he shall pass still by the fair way of good report, persevering in those honest courses which may become the son of
25 Simplicity, who, though he be now in a masque, yet is his face apparent enough. And so, loving cousins, having no news to send you at this time but that Deceit is entering upon you (whom I pray you have a care to avoid), and this notice I can give you of him: there are some six or eight pages before him, the Lawyer and the Devil behind him. In this care I leave you, not leaving to be,

Your kind and loving kinsman,
Simplicity

Prologue

Prologus

This, our device, we do not call a play,
Because we break the stage's laws today
Of acts and scenes. Sometimes a comic strain
Hath hit delight home in the master vein—
5 Thalia's prize. Melpomene's sad style
Hath shook the tragic hand another while.
The muse of history hath caught your eyes,

And she that chants the pastoral psalteries.
We now lay claim to none, yet all present,
Seeking out pleasure to find your content. 10
You shall perceive by what comes first in sight,
It was intended for a royal night.
There's one hour's words, the rest in songs and dances.

Lauds no man's own; no man himself advances.
No man is lifted but by other hands: 15
Say he could leap, he lights but where he stands.
Such is our fate: if good, much good may't do you;
If not, sorry, we'll lose our labours wi'you.

An Induction to the Masque, Induction
prepared for his Majesty's entertainment at Denmark House

Enter Richmond and St James's

ST JAMES'S Why, Richmond, Richmond, why art so heavy?
RICHMOND I have reason enough for that, good sainted
sister. Am I not built with stone—fair, large, and free
stone—some part covered with lead too?
ST JAMES'S All this is but a light-headed understanding 5
now. I mean, why so melancholy?—thou look'st must-
ily methinks.

RICHMOND
Do I so? and yet I dwell in sweeter air
Than you, sweet St James's. How three days'
Warming has spirited you! You have sometimes 10
Your vacations as other of your friends have,
If you call yourself to mind.

ST JAMES'S Thou never saw'st

14 **small seas** probably the English Channel, the North Sea, or the Irish Sea, as opposed to the Atlantic
15 **scurrilous** indecent
16 **scenes** situations
18 **taxing** criticizing
19 **sententiously** wisely, with the suggestion of some pomposity
22 **simply** without admixture, with simplicity, and as the offspring of Simplicity
23 **knavery** dishonesty
24 **pass . . . report** be well reputed
25 **courses** activities
26 **masque** punning on mask
27 **cousins** kindred spirits
31 **behind** after
32 **leaving** ceasing
Prologue.2 **the stage's laws** alluding to the normative status of classical models for the division of plays into acts and scenes. The prominent place of Terence on the curriculum of schools so re-enforced this idea of dramatic structure that it might be taken to have the force of 'laws'.
3 **strain** passage
4 **master vein** as the dominant effect

5 **Thalia's** the muse of comedy's
Melpomene's the muse of tragedy's
sad serious
7 **muse of history** Clio
8 **pastoral** literature of idyllic country life, the muse of which was Euterpe
psalteries songs sung to a psaltery, an ancient stringed instrument
11 **by . . . sight** the Induction welcoming King James
14 **Lauds no man's own** praises no individual himself
Induction.o.1 **Induction** formal introduction
1 **heavy** sad; but mistakenly taken in the literal sense ('weighty') by Richmond
3 **sister** because the Latin word for 'palace' (*regia*) was feminine, such buildings were conventionally represented as female
3-4 **free stone** freestone: a high quality, fine grained limestone. The impressive royal apartments of Richmond, rising three storeys beside the Thames, were faced with freestone. The gown of the character probably imitated stonework, as those of St James's and Denmark House did brickwork. Presumably each

character, like London in *Truth*, wore a headpiece with the recognizable skyline of each castle.
4 **lead** the towers atop Richmond were 'crowned with leaden cupolas of picturesque profile'; see Colvin.
5 **light-headed** foolish; St James's choice of word plays off 'heavy' (1) and Richmond's reference to her uppermost parts.
6-7 **mustily** tainted by damp (*lit*); sullen (*fig*)
8 **sweeter air** given the lack of urban pollution
10 **Warming** by means of the fireplaces; part of making St James's ready to accommodate Prince Charles and his attendants
spirited enlivened
11 **vacations** periods of emptiness. The English court regularly moved from castle to castle to allow for sewage disposal, cleaning, and refurbishing.
friends other royal houses, e.g. Whitehall or Greenwich
12 **call yourself to mind** think of your own experience

My new gallery and my tennis-court, Richmond.
 RICHMOND
 No, but I heard of it, and from whence it came too.
 ST JAMES'S
 15 Why, from whence came it?
 RICHMOND
 Nay, lawfully derived, from the brickhills,
 As thou didst thyself.
 ST JAMES'S Thou breed'st crickets, I think,
 And that will serve for the anagram to a critic.
 Come, I know thy grief:
 20 Thou fear'st that our late rival, Denmark House,
 Will take from our regard, and we shall want
 The noble presence of our princely master,
 In his so frequent visitation,
 Which we were wont so fully to enjoy.
 RICHMOND
 25 And is not that a cause of sorrow then?
 ST JAMES'S
 Rather a cause of joy, that we enjoy
 So fair a fellowship. Denmark—why she's
 A stately palace and majestic,
 Ever of courtly breeding, but of late
 30 Built up unto a royal height of state,
 Rounded with noble prospects. By her side
 The silver-footed Thames is doth slide
 As, though more faintly, Richmond, does by thee,
Enter Denmark House
 Which I, denied to touch, can only see.

RICHMOND
 Who's this?
 ST JAMES'S 'Tis she herself, i'faith,
 Comes with a courteous brow. 35
 DENMARK HOUSE You're welcome, most nobly welcome.
 ST JAMES'S
 Hark you now, Richmond, did not I tell thee
 'Twas a royal house?
 DENMARK HOUSE Why, was there any doubt
 Of our kind gratulation? I am proud
 Only to be in fellowship with you, 40
 Co-mate and servant to so great a master.
 ST JAMES'S
 That's Richmond's fear, thou'lt rob us both;
 Thou hast such an enticing face of thine own.
 DENMARK HOUSE
 O let not that be any difference.
 When we do serve, let us be ready for't;
 45 And, called at his great pleasure, the round year
 In her circumferent arms will fold us all
 And give us all employment seasonable.
 I am for colder hours, when the bleak air
 Bites with an icy tooth. When summer has seared
 50 And autumn, all discoloured, laid all fallow,
 Pleasure taken house and dwells within doors,
 Then shall my towers smoke and comely show;
 But when again the fresher morn appears,
 And the soft spring renews her velvet head,
 55 St James's takes my blest inhabitants,

- 13 **gallery** covered passageway. The long gallery of St James's was newly wainscotted in 1609–10. Prince Charles's main addition to this palace was a two-storey buttery built in 1617–18; though classical in character and probably designed by Inigo Jones, this building does not seem to include a new gallery.
tennis-court shown between St James's Street and Pall Mall on Fairthorne and Newcourt's map (1643–47). If the tennis-court was new in 1620, Colvin may be wrong in concluding that it was 'probably of Tudor date'; on the other hand, this line may allude to a renovation of the tennis-court.
 15 **whence** The King's Works Accounts (1616–17) note that the tennis-court built at Richmond for Prince Henry in 1610–12 was torn up, and the bricks were saved and cleaned for re-use. The discussion of the source of the tennis-court at St James's would be a nicer joke if the bricks from Richmond were used to make or to restore it.
 16 **brickhills** hills rich with deposits of clay for making bricks; there were several such areas on the outskirts of London
 18 **anagram** transposing letters: 'cricket' (or 'critic') becomes 'critic', fault finder
 20 **late** recent
 21 **take . . . regard** detract from the esteem in which we are held
 23 **visitation** periodic visit
 24 **Which . . . enjoy** modifying 'presence'
 28 **stately** dignified
 29 **courtly breeding** Denmark House, originally Somerset House, was built between 1548 and 1551 by Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector of Edward VI. The palace served as the London residence of Princess Elizabeth during the reign of Queen Mary (1553–58). In 1604, James assigned Somerset House to Queen Anne, who initiated massive renovations and additions from 1609 until 1617, when Somerset House was renamed Denmark House in honour of Anne's Danish royal family.
 30 **Built . . . state** This celebration of the restoration of the magnificence of Denmark House might not have been altogether pleasing to King James, for he had to pay for the construction. 'Taken in conjunction with the sums spent on furnishing and equipment it [the construction] constitutes Somerset House one of the most ruinously expensive enterprises of James I's reign' (Colvin).
 31 **Rounded finished off**
prospects look-outs; Anne's building included a three-storey, stone gallery of arched openings fronting on the garden.
 32 **silver-footed** shimmering
Thamesis the River Thames; see *Civitatiss* for Thamesis as a character in a pageant
 36 **courteous** respectful; not, as Richmond fears, arrogant
bro the forehead, as the seat of the facial expression of emotion (*OED*)
 39 **Of . . . gratulation** that we [Denmark House] would be welcomed with kindness
 43 **face** the face of the character and the façade of the building. Queen Anne made the main entrance to Denmark House more enticing when, in 1612–13, she restored the classical façade facing the Strand.
 44 **difference** cause for disagreement
 46 **his** Prince Charles's
round cyclical
 47 **circumferent** encircling
fold embrace
 48 **seasonable** suited to the seasons of the year
 50 **seared** withered
 51 **fallow** without crops
 53 **comely show** appear properly attractive
 55 **velvet head** an image of new growth: the soft, velvety covering both of the buds of some plants and of the antlers of deer as they develop

For she can better entertain them then
 In larger bounds, in park, sports, delights, and
 grounds.
 A third season yet, with the western oars,
 60 Calls 'Up to Richmond!' when the high-heated year
 Is in her solsticy; then she affords
 More sweeter-breathing air, more bounds, more
 pleasures:
 The hounds' loud music to the flying stag,
 The feathered taloner to the falling bird,
 65 The Bowman's twelve score prick, even at the door,
 And to these I could add a hundred more.
 Then let not us strive which shall be his homes,
 But strive to give him welcome when he comes.

RICHMOND

By my troth, he shall be welcome to Richmond
 Whensoever he comes.
 70 ST JAMES'S And to St James's, i'faith, at midnight.

DENMARK HOUSE

Meantime, 'tis fit I give him welcome hither.
 But first, to you, my royal royal'st guest,
 And I could wish your banquet were a feast;
 75 Howe'er, your welcome is most bounteous,
 Which, I beseech you, take as gracious.
 To you, my owner, master, and my lord,
 Let me the second unto you afford,
 And then from you to all, for it is you
 That gives indeed what I but seem to do.
 80 I was from ruin raised by a fair hand,
 A royal hand; in that state let me stand
 For ever now. To bounty I was bred;
 My cups full brimmed and my free tables spread

To hundreds daily, even without my door
 I had an open hand unto the poor. 85
 I know I shall so still; then shall their pray'rs
 Pass by the porter's keys, climb up each stairs,
 And knit and joint my new re-edified frames,
 That I shall able be to keep your names
 Unto eternity. Denmark House shall keep 90
 Her high name now till time doth fall asleep
 And be no more. Meantime, welcome, welcome,
 Heartily welcome!—but chiefly you, great sir,
 Whate'er lies in my power, command me all,
 As freely as you were at your Whitehall. *Exeunt* 95

A Courtly Masque

Enter Soldier and Scholar

SCHOLAR Soldier, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra, how is't?—thou look'st as
 if thou hadst lost a field today.
 SOLDIER No, but I have lost a day i'th' field. If you take
 me a maunding but where I am commanding, let 'em
 show me the house of correction. 5
 SCHOLAR Why, thou wert not maunding, wert thou?
 There's martial danger in that, believe it.
 SOLDIER No sir, but I was bold to show myself to some of
 my old and familiar acquaintance; but being disguised
 with my wants, there's nobody knew me. 10
 SCHOLAR Faith, and that's the worst disguise a man can
 walk in. Thou wert better have appeared drunk in good
 clothes—much better. There's no superfluities shame
 a man, as to be over-brave, over-bold, over-swearing,
 over-lying, over-whoring; these add still to his repute. 15
 'Tis the poor indigence, the want, the lank deficiency,

58 **bounds** boundaries59 **western oars** Richmond being upstream,
west of London60 **'Up to Richmond!'** using the call of the
watermen soliciting passengers61 **solsticy** the summer solstice, when the
sun is as far north as it can be from the
equator62 **bounds** spaciousness. In 1605, James
formed a new park, 3 1/2 miles in
circumference, north of Richmond. Given
its several hunting lodges and the size of
its parkland, Richmond was, according
to Colvin, the fourth most expensive
royal house to maintain.63 **music** baying64 **taloner** falcon; 'talent' was an early form
of 'talon' (Dyce)65 **twelve score prick** target set 240 yards
away from the archers**even at the door** conveniently located67 **strive** compete against one another69 **By my troth** truly70 **midnight** a most inconvenient time for
the Prince's arrival72 **you** King James73 **banquet** a light repast usually served
after a masque74 **welcome** the joy and goodwill toward the

king

76 **you** Prince Charles77 **the second** 'welcome' understood
afford extend78–9 **you That gives** acknowledging
Prince Charles's sponsorship of the
entertainment. The same lines make
explicit a conventional trope of manor
house shows: the magnificence of the
building and the munificence of the
festivities bespeak the worthiness of the
host.80 **a fair hand** Queen Anne's81 **in...stand** an indirect petition for
financial support82 **bounty** generosity85 I...**poor** such charitable hospitality was
by this time a commonplace of poems in
praise of country houses; see Heal and
Hibbard86 **pray'rs** presumably prayers of thanksgiv-
ing87 **porter's** doorkeeper's88 **knit** connect firmly (*fig*)**joint** fit together**re-edified** re-built**frames** framing: the supporting structure
of a building89 **names** the continued magnificence of a

building secures the fame of its builders.

King James might have balked at this
claim, since Denmark House, by its
name, aggrandizes not James or Charles,
but Christian IV of Denmark and his
sister, Anne.95 **Whitehall** the main London residence of
King James1 **ta-ra-ra-ra-ra** imitating the marching
sounds of drums2 **field** battle3 **field** battlefield4 **maunding** begging5 **house of correction** institution for
detaining and punishing offenders7 **martial** appertaining to someone in
the military; punning on 'marshal',
suggesting the danger of arrest and
imprisonment for begging9–10 **disguised with** concealed by; hence,
revealing10 **wants** needs13 **superfluities** excesses14 **over-brave** excessively gallant or hand-
somerly dressed15 **repute** reputation16 **indigence** poverty
lank deficiency skinny neediness

A Courtly Masque

as when a man cannot be brave, dares not be bold,
 is afraid to swear, wants maintenance for a lie and
 money to give a whore a supper—this is *pauper*, *cuius*
 20 *modicum non satis est*. Nay, he shall never be rich with
 begging neither, which is another wonder, because
 many beggars are rich.

SOLDIER O *canina facundia!*—this dog-eloquence of thine
 will make thee somewhat one day, scholar. Couldst
 25 thou turn but this prose into rhyme, there were a pitiful
 living to be picked out of it.

SCHOLAR I could make ballads for a need.

SOLDIER Very well, sir, and I'll warrant thee thou shalt
 never want subject to write of: one hangs himself today,
 30 another drowns himself tomorrow, a sergeant stabbed
 next day, here a pettifogger a'the pillory, a bawd in the
 cart's nose, and a pander in the tail. *Hic Mulier*, *Haec*
Vir, fashions, fictions, felonies, fooleries—a hundred
 35 havens has the balladmonger to traffic at, and new
 ones still daily discovered.

SCHOLAR Prithce, soldier, no further this way. I participate
 more of Heraclitus than Democritus; I could rather
 weep the sins of the people than sing 'em.

SOLDIER Shall I set thee down a course to live?

40 SCHOLAR Faith, a coarse living I think must serve my turn.
 But why hast thou not found out thine own yet?

SOLDIER
 Tush, that's resolved on—beg. When there's use for
 me,
 I shall be brave again, hugged and beloved.
 We are like winter garments, in the height

And hot blood of summer, put off, thrown by 45
 For moth's meat, never so much as thought on
 Till the drum strikes up storms again; and then,
 'Come my well-lined soldier' (with valour,
 Not velure) 'keep me warm. O, I love thee!'
 We shall be trimmed and very well brushed then. 50
 If we be faced with fur, 'tis tolerable,
 For we may pillage then and steal our prey
 And not be hanged for't, when the least fing'ring
 In peaceful summer chokes us. A soldier,
 At the best, is even but the forlorn hope 55
 Unto his country, sent desperately out
 And never more expected. If he come,
 Peace's war perhaps, the law, providently
 Has provided for him; some house or lands
 May be suspended in wrangling controversy 60
 And he be hired to keep possession,
 For there may be swords drawn; he may become
 The abject second to some stinking bailiff.
 O, let him serve the pox first, and die a gentleman.
 Come, I know my ends, but would fain provide for 65
 thee.
 Canst thou make?

SCHOLAR What, I have no handicraft, man.

SOLDIER
 Cuckolds, make cuckolds, 'tis a pretty trade
 In a peaceful city; 'tis women's work, man,
 And they are good paymasters.

SCHOLAR I dare not.
 'Tis a work of supererogation, 70

18 **maintenance** financial means
 19–20 *pauper . . . est* the poor man, whose
 means are not enough
 23 *canina facundia* dog-eloquence (*lit*);
 snippy, snarling rhetoric (*fig*)
 26 **picked** pecked; metaphor emphasizing
 the poor income from poetry
 27 **for a need** if necessary
 28 **warrant** guarantee
 31 **pettifogger** legal practitioner of lower
 status; one who uses unfair, quibbling
 methods
pillory stocks
bawd prostitute
 32 **cart's** carts were used for transporting
 offenders to their punishment
pander pimp
Hic Mulier or, *The Man-Woman* (London,
 1620); pamphlet (of which the title
 is deliberately incorrect in grammar)
 criticizing women for dressing and acting
 like men
 32–3 *Haec Vir* or, *The Womanish-Man: Being*
an Answer to . . . 'Hic Mulier' (London,
 1620).
 33 **felonies** serious crimes
 34 **traffic at** do business in
 37 **Heraclitus** 'the weeping philosopher'
 of Ephesus (c. 500 BC) who understood

the universe as an unceasing conflict of
 opposites
Democritus 'the laughing philosopher'
 of later antiquity (c. 460–370 BC) who
 recommended cheerfulness as an ethical
 principle
 40 **a coarse living** playing on the Soldier's
 'course' (39), the Scholar complains
 about his prospects—unemployment and
 poverty. Such complaints were neither
 unusual nor unfounded. The number of
 students at Oxford and Cambridge rose
 sharply during the first two decades of
 the 17th century and, after a decline
 in the 1620s, reached a peak in the
 1630s that would not be equalled until
 the 1820s. Unfortunately, there was no
 corresponding increase in the number of
 positions in the schools or the church for
 these scholars.
serve my turn meet my need
 43 **brave** courageous and finely attired
 49 **velure** a kind of velvet, punning on
 'valour'
 50 **trimmed** prepared for use
 51 **faced** adorned with, as the collars and
 cuffs of military jackets often were
 52 **pillage** plunder

53 **fing'ring** petty theft
 55 **forlorn hope** doomed or hopeless hope;
 specifically, a band of soldiers picked out
 to lead the attack
 58 **providently** with foresight
 60 **suspended** legally delayed
 63 **abject** lowly
second assistant; representative of a
 principal in a duel
 64 O . . . **gentleman** better to commit oneself
 to a disfiguring disease and die with
 one's integrity than to be reduced to
 being the 'abject second to some stinking
 bailiff.' 'Serve', as 'be employed by',
 ironically sets employment in opposition
 to remaining a gentleman; 'serve' may
 also connote 'endure' and 'dispense'.
 65 **fain** willingly
 66 **make** produce things
 67 **Cuckolds** men whose wives have been
 unfaithful to them
 70 **a work of supererogation** in Catholic
 moral theology, an act that is not just
 good but morally better, such as St
 Paul's teaching that to choose virginity
 is better than to choose matrimony. Part
 of the humour here comes from calling a
 sin a morally superior work.

The World Toft at Tennis.

And the church forbids it.
 SOLDIER Prithee, what's Latin for
 A 'cuckold', scholar? I could never learn yet. 95
 SCHOLAR
 Faith, the Latins have no proper word for it
 That ever I read. 'Homo', I take it, is the best,
 75 Because it is a common name to all men.
 SOLDIER
 You're mad fellows, you scholars. I am persuaded
 Were I a scholar now, I could not want. 100
 SCHOLAR
 Every man's most capable of his own grief.
 A scholar said you?—why, there are none nowadays.
 80 Were you a scholar, you'd be a singular fellow.
 SOLDIER
 How, no scholars! What's become of 'em all?
 SCHOLAR
 I'll make it proof from your experience.
 A commander's a commander, captain, captain;
 But, having no soldiers, where's the command?
 85 Such are we: all doctors, no disciples now.
 Every man's his own teacher; none learns of others.
 You have not heard of our mechanic rabbis,
 That shall dispute in their own tongues backward and
 forward
 With all the learned fathers of the Jews.
 SOLDIER
 90 Mechanic rabbis!—what might those be?
 SCHOLAR
 I'll show you sir, and they are men are daily to be
 seen:
 There's Rabbi Job, a venerable silk-weaver,
 Jehu, a throwster dwelling i'th' Spitalfields;

There's Rabbi Abimelech, a learned cobbler;
 Rabbi Lazarus, a superstitious tailor.
 These shall hold up their shuttles, needles, awls,
 Against the gravest Levite of the land,
 And give no ground neither.
 SOLDIER That I believe;
 They have no ground for any thing they do.
 SCHOLAR
 You understand right, and these men by practic
 Have got the theory of all the arts 100
 At their fingers' ends, and in that they'll live.
 Howe'er they'll die I know not, for they change daily.
 SOLDIER This is strange.
 How come they to attain this knowledge? 105
 SCHOLAR
 As boys learn arithmetic, practise with counters
 To reckon sums of silver, so with their tools
 They come to grammar, logic, rhetoric,
 And all the sciences; as, for example,
 The devout weaver sits within his loom 110
 And thus he makes a learned syllogism:
 His woof the major and his warp the minor,
 His shuttle then the brain, and firm conclusion
 Makes him a piece of stuff that Aristotle,
 Ramus, nor all the logicians can take a' pieces. 115
 SOLDIER
 This has some likelihood.
 SCHOLAR So likewise by
 His deep instructive and his mystic tools,
 The tailor comes to be rhetorical.
 First on the spread velvet, satin, stuff, or cloth,
 He chalks out a circumferent paraphrase, 120
 That goes about the bush where the thief stands.

71 **the church** the Church of England; see Article XIV of the *Thirty-nine Articles* for a repudiation of works of supererogation as conducive to impiety and pride. Ironically, in rejecting supererogation, the church forbids not only the extreme of cuckoldry, but also its opposite, virginity
 74 **Homo** man, or, as applied by the Scholar, everyman
 74–5 **Homo...men** proverbial
 77 **want** be needy
 78 **capable of** susceptible to; typically wry humour
 80 **singular** punning: (a) unusual; (b) one of a kind
 85 **disciples** dedicated students
 87 **mechanic** pertaining to manual work
rabbis in general, learned masters, but the term applied specifically to puritan sectaries, especially lay preachers (Heinemann)
 88 **tongues** languages
 92 **venerable** respectable
 93 **throwster** one who twists silk fibres into raw silk or raw silk into thread

Spitalfields London suburb to the north-east; centre of the silk trade which James backed strongly
 94 **cobbler** shoemaker
 95 **superstitious** probably with a pun on 'stitch'
 96 **shuttles** devices for weaving cloth
awls sharp pointed tool by which shoemakers made holes in leather
 97 **gravest** authoritative
Levite one of the tribe of Levi; generally, a churchman
 98 **give no ground** not retreat
 99 **ground** basis
 100 **practic** practice (of their trades)
 102 **At their fingers' ends** because they work with their hands
 106 **counters** devices for counting
 107 **reckon** calculate
 108 **grammar...rhetoric** the trivium, the lower division of the liberal arts of medieval schooling
 109 **sciences** in addition to the trivium, the quadrivium: music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy

111 **syllogism** an argument consisting of two related propositions (the major premise and the minor premise) leading necessarily to a third proposition (the conclusion)
 112 **woof** thread stretched across the width of a loom
warp thread stretched lengthwise, at right angle to the woof
 114 **Aristotle** philosopher and logician of antiquity; along with Ramus, the most influential logicians in English schools in 1620
 115 **Ramus** Peter Ramus, 16th-century philosopher, who developed an influential system of logic different from Aristotle's
 117 **mystic** penetrating into spiritual mysteries; hyperbolic praise
 119 **stuff** fabric
 120 **chalks out** outlines
circumferent roundabout
paraphrase to retell in different words, and, in this case, to amplify
 121 **That...stands** misses the point; proverbial

Then come his shears in shape of an *eclipsis*
 And takes away the t'other's too long tail.
 By his needle he understands *ironia*,
 125 That with one eye looks two ways at once;
Metonymia ever at his fingers' ends;
 Some call his piccadill *synecdoche*,
 But I think rather that should be his yard,
 Being but *pars pro toto*; and by metaphor
 130 All know the cellarage under the shop-board
 He calls his hell, not that it is a place
 Of spirits' abode, but that from that abyss
 Is no recovery or redemption
 To any owner's hand, whatever falls.
 135 I could run further, were't not tedious,
 And place the stiff-toed cobbler in his form.
 But let them mend themselves, for yet all's naught.
 They now learn only never to be taught.

SOLDIER
 Let them alone. How shall we learn to live?

SCHOLAR
 140 Without book is most perfect, for with 'em
 We shall hardly. Thou mayst keep a fence-school.
 'Tis a noble science.

SOLDIER
 I had rather be i'th' crown-office.
 Thou mayst keep school too, and do good service,

To bring up children for the next age better. 145
 SCHOLAR
 'Tis a poor living that's picked out of boys' buttocks.
 SOLDIER
 'Tis somewhat better than the night-farmer yet.
Music. Pallas descends
 Hark! What sounds are these?
 SCHOLAR Ha! there's somewhat more:
 There is in sight a glorious presence,
 A presence more than human.
 SOLDIER An amazing one, Scholar. 150
 If ever thou couldst conjure, speak now.
 SCHOLAR
 In name of all the deities, what art thou?
 Thy shine is more than sub-celestial;
 'Tis at the least heavenly angelical.
 PALLAS
 A patroness unto ye both, ye ignorant 155
 And undeserving favourites of my fame.
 You are a soldier?
 SOLDIER Since these arms could wield arms,
 I have professed it, brightest deity.
 PALLAS
 To thee I am Bellona.—You are a scholar?
 SCHOLAR
 In that poor pilgrimage, since I could go 160

122 shears large scissors

eclipsis figure of speech by which words needed to make sense are omitted or, in this instance, deleted or cut; punning on the clipping of scissors

123 t'other's the paraphrase's tail punning on 'tale'

124 *ironia* figure of speech in which the literal meaning is opposite to the intended one; the first syllable punning on 'eye'

125 one...ways the single hole of the needle has openings on its two sides

126 *Metonymia* figure of speech by which a quality or an adjunct is used to identify a thing; the third syllable punning perhaps on 'nim', 'to filch'.

at...ends figuratively, ready at hand, or acquired by practical experience. For the tailor to have metonymy 'at his fingers' ends' may mean that he is well versed in rhetoric; or, taking the phrase literally, if a needle is understood to be at his finger tips, the line points to, metonymically, the needle trace

127 piccadill large, starched collar, usually reinforced with wire and adorned with a lace or perforated border, made by tailors
synecdoche figure of speech by which a part is used to refer to the whole, the piccadill being a thing characteristic of the tailor or a yard being a part of the whole piece of cloth needed to make a piece of clothing. The actor, by gesturing toward an imaginary collar about his neck, might set up a pun on the second

syllable of 'synecdoche'.

128 yard measuring-stick

129 *pars pro toto* the part for the whole; with bawdy suggestiveness

130 shop-board platform at which tailors worked

131 hell place beneath the shop-board where tailors threw their scraps

132 abode dwelling-place

abyss a (the infernal) pit

133 redemption punning on salvation and buying back

134 To...hand metonymic for the owner unable to grasp again for regain possession of the material

whatever falls preceding 'of' understood

136 stiff-toed alluding to the cobbler's last, inserted into a shoe when working on it
 form the cobbler's seat, a long one without a back

137 all's punning on 'awl'

naught pointless

139 live choose how best to lead our lives

140 Without...perfect with the additional quibbling sense: by memory is most expert

141 hardly after which 'live' (in the sense of 'to make a living') understood
 fence-school fencing school; for Middleton's criticism of fencing schools, see *Quarrel*, and *Peacemaker* 461-8.

142 science field of knowledge

143 crown-office administrative offices of the Court of King's Bench

146 poor living On the status of the schoolmaster, see Richard Mulcaster:

'Our calling creeps low and hath pain for a companion, still thrust to the wall, though still confessed good' (quoted in Notestein). Notestein himself observes that the schoolmaster 'did about as well as the poorer country clergyman, but his calling had by no means the same prestige'.

picked...buttocks by keeping them in their seats; alluding perhaps to corporal punishment and homosexual activity
 147 night-farmer gong-farmer, a cleaner of privies

147.1 Pallas Minerva in Roman mythology; goddess of wisdom and warfare, she was normally portrayed wearing some armour and carrying her shield, on which the head of the Gorgon was depicted
descends probably by means of a mechanical device covered to look like a cloud

151 conjure communicate with spirits; a power represented as a product of learning, for example in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, 1.3.1-20 or Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 1.1.40.

153 sub-celestial beneath the heavens; earthly

155 patroness protector and advocate ignorant mis-informed

159 Bellona goddess of war

160 pilgrimage journey, especially one made as an act of devotion
 go walk

The World Toft at Tennis.

I hitherto have walked.
 PALLAS To thee I am Minerva,
 Pallas to both, goddess of arts and arms,
 Of arms and arts, for neither has precedence.
 For he's the complete man partakes of both,
 165 The soul of arts joined with the flesh of valour,
 And he alone participates with me.
 Thou art no soldier unless a scholar,
 Nor thou a scholar unless a soldier.
 You've noble breedings both, worthy foundations,
 170 And will ye build up rotten battlements
 On such fair groundsels?—that will ruin all.
 Lay wisdom on thy valour, on thy wisdom valour,
 For these are mutual coincidents.
 What seeks the soldier?
 SOLDIER My maintenance.
 PALLAS Lay by thine arms and take the city then.
 175 There's the full cup and can of maintenance.—
 And your grief is want too?
 SCHOLAR I want all but grief.
 PALLAS No, you want most what most you do profess.
 Where read you to be rich was happiest?
 180 He had no bay from Phoebus nor from me
 That e'er wrote so, no Minerva in him.
 My priests have taught that poverty is safe,
 Sweet, and secure, for nature gives man nothing
 At his birth. When life and earth are wedded,
 185 There's neither basin held nor dowry given;
 At parting nor is any garner stored,
 Wardrobe or warehouse kept for their return.
 Wherefore shall, then, man count his myriads
 Of gold and silver idols, since thrifty nature
 Will nothing lend but she will have't again— 190
 And life and labour for her interest?
 My priests do teach: seek thou thyself within,
 Make thy mind wealthy, thy knowing conscience,
 And those shall keep thee company from hence. 195
 Or would you wish to emulate the gods,
 Live, as you may imagine, careless and free,
 With joys and pleasures crowned, and those eternal?
 This were to far exceed 'em, for while earth lasts,
 The deities themselves abate their fullness,
 Troubled with cries of ne'er contented man. 200
 Man then to seek and find it?—all that hope
 Flew when Pandora's fatal box flew ope.
 SOLDIER
 Divine lady, there's yet a competence
 Which we come short of.
 PALLAS That may as well be caused
 From your own negligence as our slow blessings; 205
 But I'll prefer you to a greater power,
 Even Jupiter himself, father and king of gods,
 With whom I may well join in just complaint.
 These latter ages have despoiled my fame.
 Minerva's altars are all ruined now;
 210 I had a long-adored Palladium,
 Offerings and incense fuming on my shrine.
 Rome held me dear, and old Troy gave me worship;
 All Greece renowned me till the Ida prize
 Joined me with wrathful Juno to destroy 'em,
 215 For we are better ruined than profaned.
 Now let the latter ages count the gains
 They got by wanton Venus' sacrifice.
 But I'll invoke great Jupiter.
 SCHOLAR Do, goddess,
 And re-erect the ruins of thy fame, 220

163 **precedence** priority, hence superiority;
 see l. 374.4, and note to l. 499.1
 166 **participates** has things in common with
 169 **breedings** up-bringsings
 170 **battlements** uppermost parts of a wall;
 usually indented parapets
 171 **groundsels** foundation timbers
 173 **coincident** correspondences in charac-
 ter
 174 **maintenance** livelihood
 176 **full cup** symbol of the physical means
 of support
can proverbial; see also Textual Notes
 177 **want...want** first used in the sense of
 'poverty'; secondly as 'need'
 178 **want** lack
what...profess that is, scholarship, good
 scholarship, the lessons of which Pallas
 goes on to establish
 179 **Where...happiest** the critique of the
 desire for wealth informs the masque,
 especially in the figure of Deceit who,
 in every role except that of a Ranger,
 tempts others with the world's wealth or
 plots to horde it; see ll. 502-4, 591-3,
 655, 715-17, 809-10

180 **bay** a wreath of bay leaves symbolized
 the poet and the conqueror
Phoebus see note to Epistle.1-3
 182 **poverty is safe** proverbial
 184 **When...wedded** an image of birth,
 when the soul and body are conjoined
 185 **basin** rich plate, customary as a
 wedding gift
held owned
dowry assets given with a wife
 186 **parting** death
garner storehouse of grain
 187 **Wardrobe** room or cupboard for clothes
warehouse place for storing goods
 188 **myriads** countless numbers
 191 **interest** profit earned on a loan
 194 **those** that is, one's rich mind and
 well-informed conscience
keep thee company go with you
 195 **emulate** strive to behave like
 196 **careless** carefree
 199 **abate** curtail
 201 **it** divine fullness
that stressed, so as to clarify that hope
 alone remained in Pandora's box

202 **Pandora's fatal box** a beautiful box,
 given by Jove to Pandora (according
 to Hesiod, the first mortal woman who
 lived), containing a host of plagues that
 were released and made humans suffer
 203 **competence** sufficient income
 206 **prefer** recommend
 208 **complaint** grievance
 211 **Palladium** statue of Pallas; most famous
 was that at Troy
 212 **fuming** smoking
 214 **Ida prize** a golden apple, named
 after Mount Ida, the site where Pallas,
 Juno, and Venus met to be judged by
 Paris. When Paris chose Venus as the
 fairest, Pallas and Juno became allies in
 opposition to the Greeks.
 215 **wrathful** furious
 'em Greeks and Trojans, through war
 216 **profaned** desecrated
 218 **wanton** lascivious
sacrifice of Helen of Troy, whom Venus
 offered to Paris when he had to evaluate
 the beauty of the goddesses
 219 **invoke** summon

The World Toft at Tennis.

For poesy can do it.
 PALLAS Altitonant,
 Imperial-crowned and thunder-armed Jove,
 Unfold thy fiery veil, the flaming robe
 And superficialities of thy better brightness;
 225 Descend from thine orbicular chariot;
 Listen the plaints of thy poor votaries.
 'Tis Pallas calls, thy daughter, Jupiter,
 Ta'en from thee by the Lemnian Mulciber,
 A midwife god to the delivery
 230 Of thy most sacred, fertile, teeming brain.
Music. Jupiter descends
 Hark! These sounds proclaim his willing, sweet
 descent.
 If not full blessings, expect some content.
 JUPITER
 What would our daughter?
 PALLAS Just-judging Jove,
 I mediate the suit of humble mortals,
 235 By whose large sceptre all their fates are swayed,
 Adverse or auspicious.
 JUPITER 'Tis more than Jupiter
 Can do to please 'em. Unsatisfied man
 Has in his ends no end. Not hell's abyss
 Is deeper gulfed than greedy avarice.
 240 Ambition finds no mountain high enough
 For his aspiring foot to stand upon.
 One drinks out all his blessings into surfeits;

Another throws 'em out, as all were his,
 And the gods bound for prodigal supply.
 What is he lives content in any kind?
 245 That long incensèd nature is now ready
 To turn all back into the fruitless chaos.
 PALLAS
 These are two noble virtues, my dread sire,
 Both arts and arms, well-wishers unto Pallas.
 JUPITER
 How can it be but they have both abused,
 250 And would, for their ills, make our justice guilty?
 Show them their shames, Minerva, what the young
 world
 In her unstable youth did then produce.
 She should grow graver now, more sage, more wise,
 Know concord and the harmony of goodness;
 255 But if her old age strike with harsher notes,
 We may then think she is too old, and dotes.
 Strike by white art, a theomantic power,
 Magic divine, not the devil's horror
 But the delicious music of the spheres.
 260 The thrice three Worthies summon back to life.
 There let 'em see what arts and arms commixed,
 For they had both, did in the world's broad face—
 Those that did propagate and beget their fames,
 And for posterity left lasting names.
 265 PALLAS
 I shall, great Jupiter.

221 **poesy** poetry
Altitonant invoking Jove as 'thundering
 on high'
 222 **Imperial-crowned** emperor
Jove or Jupiter; chief deity; sky-god; his
 characterization picks up the derivation
 of his name from the verb 'to shine'
 223 **veil** covering; this suggests that the
 staging, included a discovery of Jupiter
 behind a brilliant fabric embellished
 with flames of cloth, perhaps a curtain
 or perhaps the character's robe. If this
 was the case, then the masque included
 a double revelation on the upper stage:
 first this one of Jupiter; then (266.1) that
 of the Muses and the Nine Worthies
 224 **superficies** outer manifestation
 225 **orbicular chariot** spherical vehicle
 226 **votaries** devoted worshippers
 228 **Lemnian Mulciber** in Greek mythology
 Vulcan; married to Pallas and banished

to Lemnos by Jove
 230 **teeming** bountiful
 234 **mediate** intercede on behalf of
suit petition
 235 **sceptre** rod of royal or imperial author-
 ity
fates futures
 236 **Adverse** unfavourable
auspicious prosperous
 241 **aspiring** climbing up; ambitious
 242 **surfeits** excesses; illness and nausea
 caused by excessive indulgence
 244 **bound** legally contracted
prodigal wastefully lavish
 245 **kind** way
 246 **incensèd** inflamed (with anger)
 247 **fruitless** sterile
chaos the formless void of primordial
 matter
 248 **dread** reverend

250 **abused** done wrong
 251 **make... guilty** blame us for being just
 252 **shames** deeds to make them feel
 ashamed
 254 **graver** more serious and dignified
sage wise and grave
 257 **dotes** is foolishly fond of
 258 **white art** white magic, magic relying
 on manipulation of the powers of nature
theomantic divinely inspired
 260 **music of the spheres** harmonious
 sounds produced by the motions of the
 planets and stars
 262 **commixed** joined together
 263 **in the world's broad face** in the wide
 world
 264 **beget** sire; generate
 265 **posterity** later generations
 266.1 **invocation** chant summoning the
 muses

Music and this song as an invocation to the nine Muses, who, in the time, are discovered on the upper stage, placed by the Nine Worthies; and toward the conclusion [the Worthies] descend, each one led by a Muse, the most proper and pertinent to the person of the Worthy, as Terpsichore with David, Urania with Joshua, etc. After the song, Pallas describes them [the Worthies]; then [they] dance and exeunt

The First Song

Muses, usher in those states,
And amongst 'em choose your mates.
There wants not one, nor one to spare,
For thrice three both your numbers are.
Learning's mistress, fair Calliope,
Loud Euterpe, sweet Terpsichore,

270

Soft Thalia, sad Melpomene,
Pleasant Clio, large Erato,
High-aspiring-eyed Urania,
Honey-lingued Polyhymnia,
Leave awhile your Thespian springs
And usher in those more than kings.
We call them Worthies; 'tis their due
Though long time dead, still live by you.
Enter [the Muses, ushering in] the Nine Worthies, three after three, whom, as they enter, Pallas describes

275

280

PALLAS

These three were Hebrews:
This noble duke was he at whose command
Hyperion reined his fiery coursers in,
And fixèd stood over Mount Gilboa;

266.2 *Muses* originally, nymphs of the springs whose water inspired artists; later, goddesses of song and representatives of the various arts. The last of these roles is most pertinent to *Tennis* because the conjunction of Muses and Worthies constitutes an emblem of the combination of arts and arms. The Muses probably wore loose, light gowns, for, as Thomas Dekker said of the costumes of the Liberal Sciences in *Troia-Nova Triumphans* (1612), 'Knowledge should be free.' Gowns of different colours, distinctive headdresses, and properties identifying areas of expertise likely individuated the Muses, as they did in the Lord Mayor's Show of 1620, John Squire's *Tes Irenes Trophoea*: '... on the water was Pernassus Mount, whereon the Nine Muses sate; Clio the first, suted in a gowne of purple taffaty, and studiously employ'd in turning over bookes, shee being the Historical Muse; Melpomene was attired in a black taffaty robe, her head deckt with cypress, and playing on a theorbo; Thalia, the Comic Muse, in a light changeable taffaty robe, and playing on a voyall; Euterpe, the Muse that first invented wind instruments, was richly apparelled, and play'd on a fluterecorder; Terpsichore on the lute; and the Geometrical Muse Erato with a scale and compass in her hand; the Heroicall Muse Calliope was shap'd in a tauny silke robe, and her temples girt with bayes; the heavenly Muse Urania, that invented astrologie, was deckt in a robe of azure taffaty semined with starres, on her head shee wore a coronet of starres, and her right hand supported a sphere; Polymneia, the inventress of rhetoric, assumed her place nearest to Apollo...' (Nichols, 4:621-2). For the properties associated with each Muse in classical lore, see the notes to 266.5, 266.6, 266.7. For a contemporary illustration of the

Muses, see Folger MS V.b.232, ff. 146^v-150^v.

discovered revealed; see note to l. 223

266.3 *Worthies* probably wearing armour, the head gear of which may have individuated the characters, as it does to some degree in the pictures of the Worthies in Folger MS V.b.232, ff. 142-6. In this manuscript, for example, the style of the Greek helmet differs from that of the plumed Roman one, and David wears what appears to be a simple cloth hat whereas Godfrey of Boulogne has a helmet with a cross on the top. The Worthies may have been further individuated by crests on their costumes; for details of this possibility, see F. J. Furnivall's transcription of a poem on the Nine Worthies in BL MS. Harley 2259, f. 39^v.

266.5 *pertinent* the illustrative pairings noted by Rowley (266.6-9), that of David with Terpsichore (muse of music and dance; classical property: a lyre) and that of Joshua and Urania (muse of astronomy; property: a globe, and sometimes a staff for pointing out features of the globe) do not clearly establish the basis for aligning Muses with Worthies. Given the prominent role of Julius Caesar in tragedy and of Hector in epic poetry, the former would probably accompany Melpomene (muse of tragedy; properties: a wreath of ivy, the mask of tragedy, and sometimes a weapon), and the latter, Calliope (muse of epic; properties: a wax tablet and pencil, a closely rolled parchment, or, sometimes, a trumpet). More tentative are the following alignments: Arthur with Erato (muse of love poetry; properties: a crown of roses and myrtle and a small lyre) because of the crucial importance of love (and infidelity) to Camelot; Godfrey of Boulogne with Thalia (muse of

comedy; properties: a wreath of ivy, the mask of comedy, and sometimes a shepherd's staff) because of the fame that his court earned for festivities; Alexander the Great with Clio (muse of history and philosophy; property: a half-opened scroll and laurel wreath) because Clio's symbol, the laurel wreath, was also appropriate to the world's greatest conqueror; Judas Maccabee with Euterpe (muse of pastoral poetry; property: horns, most often flute) because he represents a more primitive age; Charlemagne with Polyhymnia (muse of rhetoric; property: a veil) because he was a great law-giver.

266.6 *Terpsichore* muse of music and dance; traditionally depicted with a lyre

266.7 *David* writer of the psalms; see l. 287
Urania muse of astronomy; depicted carrying a globe and sometimes with a staff for pointing out details of the globe
Joshua made the sun and the moon stand still in order to triumph over the Amorites; see Joshua 10:12-14

267 *states* dignified personages

269 *There... spare* there are exactly the right number

272 *Loud* symbolized by horns

274 *large* generous, unrestrained

276 *Honey-lingued* sweet-spoken

277 *Thespian* the city of Thespiae was located at the foot of Mount Helicon, home of the Muses

280 *still live* preceding 'they' understood

280.2 *three after three* see Textual Introduction, *Companion*, 668

282 *This noble duke* Joshua; see 266.7-9 note

283 *Hyperion* sun-god
fiery coursers horses drawing the chariot of the sun

284 *Mount Gilboa* an error for Gibeon, one of the cities of the Amorites over which Joshua made the sun stand still

The World Toft at Tennis.

285 This Mattathias' son, the Maccabee,
Under whose arm no less than worthies fell;
This the most sweet and sacred psalmograph.
These, of another sort, of much less knowledge,
Little less valour: a Macedonian born,
290 Whom afterwards the world could scarcely bear
For his great weight in conquest; this Troy's best
soldier;
This Rome's first Caesar. These three of latter times,
And to the present more familiar:
Great Charles of France, and the brave Boulogne
duke,
295 And this is Britain's glory, kinged thirteen times.
You've fair aspects; more to express Jove's power,
Show you have motion for a jovial hour.
The Worthies dance and exeunt

JUPITER
Were not these precedents for all future ages?

SCHOLAR
But none attains their glories, King of Stars.
300 These are the fames are followed and pursued,
But never overtaken.

JUPITER The Fates below,
The gods' arms, are not shortened, nor do we shine
With fainter influence. Who conquers now
Makes it his tyrant's prize and not his honour's,
305 Abusing all the blessings of the gods.
Learnings and arts are theories, no practics;
To understand is all they study to.
Men strive to know too much, too little do.
Enter Time

SOLDIER
Plaints are not ours alone, great Jupiter.
See, Time himself comes weeping.

310 TIME Who has more cause?
Who more wronged than Time? Time passes all men
With a regardless eye at best. The worst

Expect him with a greedy appetite:
The landed lord looks for his quarter-day;
The big-bellied usurer for his teeming gold,
315 That brings him forth the child of interest—
He that, beyond the bounds of heaven's large blessing,
Hath made a fruitless creature to increase,
Dull, earthen minerals to propagate—
These only do expect and entertain me.
320 But being come, they bend their plodding heads,
And while they count their bags, they let me pass,
Yet instant wish me come about again.
Would Time deserve their thanks, or Jove their praise,
He must turn time only to quarter-days.
325 O, but my wrongs they are innumerable!
The lawyer drives me off from term to term,
Bids me—and I do't—bring forth my Alethe,
My poor child Truth; he sees and will not see her.
What I could manifest in one clear day
330 He still delays a cloudy jubilee.
The prodigal wastes and makes me sick with surfeits.
The drunkard, strong in wine, trips up my heels
And sets me topsy-turvy on my head,
Waking my silent passage in the night
335 With revels, noise, and thunder-clapping oaths,
And snoring on my bright meridian.
And when they think I pass too slowly by,
They have a new-found vapour to expel me—
They smoke me out. Ask 'em but why they do't,
340 And he that worst can speak, yet this can say:
'I take this whiff to drive the time away.'
O, but the worst of all, women do hate me.
I cannot set impression on their cheeks
With all my circular hours, days, months, and years,
345 But 'tis wiped off with gloss and pencilry.
Nothing so hateful as grey hairs and time—
Rather no hair at all! 'Tis sin's autumn now,
For those fair trees that were more fairer cropped

285 **Mattathias' son** Judas, one of the five sons of Mattathias who rebelled with his sons against the pagan abuses of Antiochus in 167 bc.
286 **Under . . . fell** platitudinous praise
287 **This David psalmograph** writer of psalms
288 **less knowledge** less scholarly
289 **a Macedonian** Alexander the Great, born in ancient Macedonia
born quibbles on 'borne', given 'bear' in the next line
291 **this Hector**
292 **Rome's first Caesar** Julius Caesar
294 **Charles Charlemagne**
Boulogne duke Godfrey, Duke of Boulogne
295 **Britain's glory** Arthur
296 **aspects** physical features
297 **jovial joyful**, punning on 'Jove'
298 **precedents** previous examples
301 **Fates** Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos:

the three goddesses who determine the course of human life
306 **practics** applied sciences
308.1 **Time** in pageantry and in emblem books, Time is usually portrayed as an old man, with the identifying properties noted by Middleton in *Truth* 468: wings, a scythe, and an hour glass
309 **Plaints** complaints; grievances; lamentations
312 **regardless** unregarded, or indifferent; whereas the best care little about Time, the worst watch for it because it serves their materialistic purposes
314 **landed lord** landlord
quarter-day the day, one every three months, when rents were due
315 **usurer** moneylender, usually at excessive rates of interest
teeming procreative; breeding
319 **minerals** gold and silver
320 **entertain** welcome

321 **being come** modifying 'me', Time
plodding stolidly working
322 **bags** money-bags
323 **instant** immediately
327 **term** a period of the year appointed for the sitting of a court
328 **Alethe** Truth, daughter of Time
331 **jubilee** period of fifty years
332 **prodigal** spendthrift
337 **meridian** noon
339 **vapour** i.e. tobacco smoke
344 **set impression** leave a mark; print lines on the face
346 **gloss** a superficial lustre produced by make-up
pencilry painting
348 **no hair** alluding to the loss of hair because of syphilis
autumn time of the harvest
349 **more fairer cropped** more bountifully laden with a crop

350 Or they fall of themselves or will be lopped.
 Even Time itself, to number all his griefs
 Would waste himself unto his ending date.
 How many would eternity wish here,
 And that the sun, and time, and age, might stand,
 355 And leave their annual distinction,
 That nature were bed-rid, all motion sleep?
 Time, having then such foes, has cause to weep.
 Redress it Jupiter. Exit Time

JUPITER

I tell thee, glorious daughter, and you things
 360 Shut up in wretchedness, the world knew once
 His age of happiness. Blessed times owned him
 Till those two ugly ills, Deceit and Pride,
 Made it a perished substance. Pride brought in
 Forgetfulness of goodness, merit, virtue,
 365 And placed ridiculous officers in life—
 Vainglory, fashion, humour, and such toys
 That shame to be produced:
 The frenzy of apparel that's run mad
 And knows not where to settle, masculine painting,
 370 And the five Starches, mocking the five senses.
 All in their different and ridiculous colours,
 Which, for their apish and fantastic follies,
 I summon to make odious, and will fit 'em
 With flames of their own colours.

Music striking up a light fantastic air, those five Starches afore summoned come dancing in, and, after a ridiculous strain, White Starch, challenging precedence, standing upon her right by antiquity, out of her just anger presents their pride to 'em. Those five Starches—White, Blue, Yellow, Green, and Red—all properly habited to express their affected colours

WHITE STARCH

What, no respect amongst you? must I wake you 375
 In your forgetful duties? Jet before me?
 Take place of me?—You rude, presumptuous gossips,
 Pray, who am I?—not I the primitive starch?
 You, blue-eyed *frauchen*, looks like fire and brimstone;
 You, caudle-colour, much of the complexion 380
 Of high Shrove-Tuesday batter, yellowhammer;
 And you, my tansy-face, that shows like pride
 Served up in sorrel sops, green-sickness baggage;
 And last, thou Red Starch, that wear'st all thy blushes
 Under thy cheeks, looks like a strangled moon-calf 385
 With all thy blood settled about thy neck—
 The ensign of thy shame, if thou hadst any.
 Know I'm Starch Protestant, thou Starch Puritan,
 With the blue nostril, whose tongue lies i' thy nose.

BLUE STARCH

Wicked interpretation!

350 Or either
 lopped cut back; applied to hair, this image points toward venereal disease (a cause of hair falling out) or the cutting of hair (a fault for which women were castigated by James I)
 355 distinction of the seasons
 356 motion temporal movement
 358 Redress set right
 359 things disparaging reference to Time, the Soldier, and the Scholar
 360 wretchedness misery
 363 it happiness
 365 officers people in positions of authority
 366 Vainglory pretentiousness
 fashion novelty
 humour whimsy
 toys insignificant things
 367 shame are ashamed
 368 frenzy of craziness about
 369 masculine painting use of make-up by men
 370 mocking generally, imitating; in this context, corresponding in number to
 371 colours with the added sense of deceptive outward appearance; perhaps with a pun on 'collars', a feature of their costumes
 372 apish foolishly imitative
 fantastic grotesque
 follies mischiefs
 373 odious hateful
 fit supply
 374 flames suggesting bright, flamboyant colours in flame patterns; for similar

costumes, see *The Lords' Masque* (1613) by Thomas Campion and Inigo Jones's designs for the same show. Presumably the colours of the Starches' costumes were deepened for theatrical effect, for the shades produced by coloured starches were quite pale; see Arnold.
 374.1 fantastic fanciful
 374.3 strain melody
 challenging claiming
 374.4 precedency see note to l. 163
 antiquity seniority
 374.7 habited costumed
 374.8 affected pretended
 376-7 Jet...me questions implying stage business, specifically the jockeying for position by the Starches
 377 presumptuous uppity
 gossips women who delight in idle chat
 378 not I preceded by 'am' understood; the use of fragments is typical of volatile style of White Starch's speech
 primitive original; given the later designation of White Starch as protestant and Blue Starch as puritan (388), this likely alludes to protestant argument about the 'primitive' church
 379 You to Blue Starch
 blue-eyed having dark circles under her eyes would be consistent with the satire
 frauchen little woman; the foreign usage suggests that she is a Puritan exile from the continent
 like fire and brimstone threatening; fierce

380 caudle-colour the colour of a thin gruel
 381 Shrove-Tuesday the last Tuesday before Lent; pancake day
 yellowhammer a species of yellow bird, regularly used as a term of contempt; see *Chaste Maid* 1.1.22.1
 382 tansy-face tansy: a plant with dark green leaves and a very bitter aroma; small portions of the leaves were used to flavour tansy pudding and tansy cake, both of which were Easter fare
 383 sorrel sops Sorrel: a reddish-brown perennial with green leaves served in salad or cooked; like tansy, the flavour was bitter. Sops: liquid in which bread is dipped before eating.
 green-sickness a kind of anaemia, suffered mostly by young women and characterized by the development a light green tinge on the skin
 baggage good-for-nothing
 385 Under thy cheeks in the starched red collar 'about [her] neck' (386)
 moon-calf a creature deformed at birth
 387 ensign banner
 388 Starch stiff, strict
 389 With...nostril synecdoche for Blue Starch; the grotesqueness of this image and of the one that immediately follows jab satirically at the Puritans
 whose...nose alluding to the nasal delivery of the 'humming prayers' of Puritans; 'lies' also carries pejorative associations with deceit and falsehood

The World Toft at Tennis.

390 YELLOW STARCH I have known
 A white-faced hypocrite, Lady Sanctity.
 A yellow ne'er came near her; and she's been
 A citizen's wife too, starched like innocence,
 But the devil's pranks not uglier. In her mind
 395 Wears yellow, hugs it, if her husband's trade
 Could bear it—there's the spite; but since she cannot
 Wear her own linen yellow, yet she shows
 Her love to't and makes him wear yellow hose.
 I am as stiff i' my opinion
 As any Starch amongst you.

400 GREEN STARCH I, as you.
 RED STARCH And I as any.
 BLUE STARCH I scorn to come behind.
 YELLOW STARCH Then conclude thus:
 When all men's several censures, all the arguments
 405 The world can bring upon us, are applied,
 The sin's not i' the colour, but the pride.

ALL
 Oracle Yellow! *The Starches dance and exeunt*

JUPITER
 These are the youngest daughters of Deceit,
 With which the precious time of life's beguiled,
 410 Fooled, and abused. I'll show you straight their father,
 His shapes, his labours, that has vexed the world
 From age to age, and tossed it from his first and
 simple state
 To the foul centre where it now abides.
 Look back but into times; here shall be shown
 415 How many strange removes the world has known.
*Music. Loud music sounding, Jupiter leaves his
 state and, to show the strange removes of the
 world, places the orb, whose figure it bears, in the
 midst of the stage, to whom Simplicity, by order of
 time has first access*

Enter Simplicity
 PALLAS
 Who's this, great Jupiter?
 JUPITER Simplicity,
 He that had first possession, one that stumbled
 Upon the world and never minded it.
 SIMPLICITY Hah, hah! I'll go see how the world looks since
 I stepped aside from't, there's such heaving and shoving
 420 about it, such toiling and moiling. Now I stumbled
 upon't when I least thought on't.
Takes up the orb
 'Uds me, 'tis altered of one side since I left it. Hah,
 there's a milkmaid got with child since, methinks.
 What, and a shepherd forsworn himself?—here's a foul
 425 corner. By this light, Subtlety has laid an egg too, and
 will go nigh to hatch a lawyer. This was well foreseen:
 I'll mar the fashion on't; so, the egg's broke, and 't has
 a yolk as black as buckram. What's here a' this side?
 O, a dainty world!—here's one a-sealing with his tooth,
 430 and, poor man, he has but one in all. I was afraid he
 would have left it upon the paper, he was so honestly
 earnest. [*A reaping song, as at a distance, within*] Here
 are the reapers singing. I'll lay mine ear to 'em.
Enter Deceit like a ranger

DECEIT [*aside*]
 Yonder's Simplicity, whom I hate deadly;
 435 H'as held the world too long. He's but a fool—
 A toy will cozen him. If I once fasten on't,
 I'll make it such a nursery for hell,
 Planting black souls in't, it shall ne'er be fit
 For Honesty to set her simples in.
 440 SIMPLICITY [*aside*]
 Whoop! here's the coz'ning'st rascal in a kingdom,
 The master villain; has the thunder's property,
 For if he come but near the harvest folks,

391	white-faced made-up; duplicitous	of the past, a history of the world	clumsiness of Simplicity
395	Wears yellow secretly longs to dress in clothes of that fashionable colour	415 removes changes of conditions	418 minded took care of
396	spite irritating problem	415.1 Music though apparently redundant given the phrase that follows, the two references to music suggest the possibility of music building to the climax that cues Jupiter's action	421 moiling drudgery
398	makes...hose thereby ruling her husband and making a fool of him, like Malvolio in Shakespeare's <i>Twelfth Night</i> , 3.4; yellow hose were also a sign of a jealous husband	415.2 state raised chair with a canopy, symbolic of power and magnificence; presumably, Jupiter descended from the upper stage on this throne	423 'Uds God save
399	stiff firm, from starch	415.3 orb a globe, like that depicted on the title-page; the orb of royal regalia, a globe surmounted by a cross, would also be appropriate given Jove's introduction of this property and its final resting place with the King	424 got with child pregnant
402	scorn proudly refuse	whose figure a map of the world	425 forsworn perjured
404	censures criticisms	415.4 stage suggesting performance on a raised platform both at the Swan and at Denmark House	426 Subtlety craftiness
407	Oracle source of revelation	415.4-5 by order of time the first (the age of innocence) comes first	427 will go nigh to is just about to
408	youngest daughters see 'Critical In- roduction' concerning London starch- makers	417 stumbled discovered by chance, with a suggestion of the characteristic naive	428 mar destroy
409	beguiled allured		fashion making
410	Foiled made a fool of		429 buckram coarse, stiffened cloth; specifically, a lawyer's bag
	straight directly		430 dainty delightful
411	shapes external forms		a-sealing setting a seal on a document to authenticate it
	vexed tossed about; hence, harassed and troubled		434 reapers cutters of grain
412	simple state condition of simplicity		434.I ranger keeper of a forest or park
414	Look...times an important directive, for it makes all that follows into a vision		437 toy trifle
			cozen dupe
			438 nursery plot for developing young plants
			440 simples medicinal herbs
			442 thunder's property the power of a storm to spoil the harvest

The World Toft at Tennis.

445 His breath's so strong that he sours all their bottles.
 If he should but blow upon the world now, the stain
 would never get out again. I warrant, if he were ripped,
 one might find a swarm of usurers in his liver, a cluster
 of scribes in his kidneys, and his very puddings
 stuffed with bailiffs.
 DECEIT [*aside*]
 I must speak fair to the fool.
 450 SIMPLICITY [*aside*] He makes more near me.
 DECEIT
 'Las, who has put that load, that carriage,
 On poor Simplicity? had they no mercy?
 Pretty, kind, loving worm, come, let me help it.
 455 SIMPLICITY Keep off, and leave your cogging. [*Aside*] Foh,
 how abominably he smells of controversies, schisms,
 and factions! Methinks I smell forty religions in him,
 and ne'er a good one. His eyes look like false lights,
 cozening trap-windows.
 DECEIT
 The world, sweetheart, is full of cares and troubles—
 460 No match for thee. Thou art a tender thing,
 A harmless, quiet thing, a gentle fool,
 Fit for the fellowship of ewes and rams.
 Go, take thine ease and pipe. Give me the burden,
 The clog, the torment, the heartbreak, the world.
 465 Here's for thee, lamb, a dainty oaten pipe.
 [*Offers a pipe*]
 SIMPLICITY Pox a' your pipe!—if I should dance after your
 pipe, I should soon dance to the devil.
 DECEIT [*aside*]
 I think some serpent sure has licked him over,
 And given him only craft enough to keep,
 470 And gone no further with him. All the rest

Is innocence about him, truth and bluntness.
 I must seek other course, for I have learned
 Of my infernal sire not to be lazy,
 Faint, or discouraged at the tenth repulse.
 Methinks that world Simplicity now hugs fast 475
 Does look as if't should be Deceit's at last. *Exit*
 SIMPLICITY So, so, I'm glad he's vanished. Methought I
 had much ado to keep myself from a smack of knavery,
 as long as he stood by me, for certainly villainy is 480
 infectious, and in the greater person the greater poison;
 as for example, he that gets but the itch of a citizen may
 take the scab of a courtier. [*The Reapers' Song, within*]
 Hark, the reapers begin to sing; they're come nearer
 methinks too.
The Reapers' Song
 Happy times we live to see, 485
 Whose master is Simplicity.
 This is the age where blessings flow.
 In joy we reap, in peace we sow.
 We do good deeds without delay.
 We promise and we keep our day. 490
 We love for virtue, not for wealth.
 We drink no healths, but all for health.
 We sing, we dance, we pipe, we play;
 Our work's continual holiday.
 We live in poor contented sort, 495
 Yet neither beg nor come at court. [*Exeunt*]
 SIMPLICITY These reapers have the merriest lives. They
 have music to all they do; they'll sow with a tabor and
 get children with a pipe.
 Enter King, after him Deceit [*as a courtier*]
 DECEIT
 495 Sir, he's a fool—the world belongs to you.

444 **bottles** trusses of hay
 445 **blow** a mark of the corruptive power
 of Deceit, merely his breath produces an
 ineradicable stain
 446 **warrant** guarantee
ripped torn open
 447 **usurers** see note to l. 315
 448 **scribblers** people who received money
 to invest for interest
puddings guts
 449 **bailiffs** in this context, collectors of rent
 451 'Las alas
carriage load
 453 **help** it help you with it
 454 **cogging** trickery aimed to cheat another
 455 **schisms** hostile divisions, especially
 within religions
 456 **factions** partisan groups, often with the
 additional sense of unscrupulousness in
 their activities
 458 **trap-windows** hinged or sliding win-
 dow, deceptive in that it falsified the
 intensity of the light emitted; see *Michael-*
mas 1.2.88 for the same conjunction of
 this image and false light
 460 **match** companion

461 **fool** an innocent, without any pejora-
 tive connotation
 462 **ewes and rams** images of the pastoral
 world
 463 **pipe** presumably an imperative: play
 your pipe (the simple wind instrument, a
 regular feature of shepherds in pastoral
 literature)
 464 **clog** burden
 466 **Pox a'** a pox on; imprecation emphatic-
 ally rejecting the offered pipe
 468 **serpent** source of worldly wisdom
licked him over shaped or educated him
 469 **craft** intelligence
keep continue in the same state
 473 **infernal sire** the Devil, father of Deceit;
 see James I, *Demonology* (Edinburgh,
 1597), 1–5, for this conjunction of the
 demons and deceit
 474 **Faint** dispirited
 475 **fast** tightly
 478 **smack** taste
knavery dishonesty
 480 **in . . . poison** villainy is pro-rated
 according to social rank
 481–2 **he . . . courtier** a person who contracts

a minor skin disease, such as eczema,
 from a citizen may contract a more
 serious one, such as syphilis, from
 someone of higher rank
 490 **day** appointed day for work or payment
 of rent
 492 **healths** toasts
 493 **pipe** to play music with a pipe (see note
 to l. 463)
 495 **sort** conditions
 496 **at** to; as Induction.32–5 suggests, the
 poor could expect some handouts from a
 great household
 498 **tabor** small drum
 499 **pipe** with a bawdy reference to the
 penis
 499.1 **King** that the king enters first after
 Simplicity establishes the precedence of
 monarchy and, hence, its superiority
 to lawyers and churchmen. King James
 based his concept of monarchy on the
 notion that kings received their power
 from God and distributed responsibility
 to estates beneath them, lawyers and
 churchmen.

The World Toft at Tennis.

You're mighty in your worth and your command.
 You know to govern, form, make laws, and take
 Their sweet and precious penalties; it befits
 A mightiness like yours. The world was made
 505 For such a lord as you, so absolute
 A mast'ry in all princely nobleness
 As yourself is; but to lie useless now,
 Rusty, or lazy, in a fool's pre-eminence,
 It is not for a glorious worth to suffer.

KING
 Thou'st said enough.

510 DECEIT [*aside*] Now my hope ripens fairly.
 SIMPLICITY [*aside*]
 Here's a brave, glist'ring thing looks me i' the face.
 I know not what to say to't.

KING What's thy name?
 SIMPLICITY
 You may read it in my looks: Simplicity.

KING
 What mak'st thou with so great a charge about thee?
 515 Resign it up to me, and be my fool.

SIMPLICITY
 Troth, that's the way to be your fool indeed;
 But shall I have the privilege to fool freely?

KING
 As ever folly had.
 [*Simplicity gives the orb to the King*]

SIMPLICITY I'm glad I'm rid on't.

DECEIT
 Pray, let me ease your majesty.

KING Thou? hence,
 520 Base sycophant, insinuating hell-hound.
 Lay not a finger on it, as thou lov'st
 The state of thy whole body. All thy filthy
 And rotten flatteries stink i' my remembrance,
 And nothing is so loathsome as thy presence.

SIMPLICITY [*aside*]
 Sure this will prove a good prince.

DECEIT [*aside*] Still repulsed? 525
 I must find ground to thrive on. *Exit Deceit*

SIMPLICITY Pray, remember now
 You had the world from me clean as a pick,
 Only a little smutted a' one side
 With a bastard got against it or such a toy,
 No great corruption nor oppression in't, 530
 No knavery, tricks, nor cozenage.

KING
 Thou say'st true, fool, the world has a clear water.
 SIMPLICITY Make as few laws as you can then to trouble
 it—the fewer the better—for always the more laws you
 make, the more knaves thrive by't; mark it when you 535
 will.

KING Thou'st counsel i' thee too.
 SIMPLICITY
 A little against knavery. I'm such an enemy to't
 That it comes naturally from me to confound it.

KING
 Look, what are those?

SIMPLICITY Tents, tents. That part o' the world 540
 Shows like a fair, but, pray, take notice on't,
 There's not a bawdy booth amongst 'em all.
 You have 'em white and honest as I had 'em.
 Look that your laundresses pollute 'em not.

KING
 How pleasantly the countries lie about, 545
 Of which we are sole lord. What's that i' the middle?

SIMPLICITY
 Looks like a point you mean, a very prick?

KING
 Ay, that, that.

SIMPLICITY 'Tis the beginning of Amsterdam. They say the
 first brick there was laid with fresh cheese and cream, 550

501 **worth** personal merit and financial well-being
command dominion over others
 503 **penalties** fines
 506 **nobleness** dignity; perhaps punning on the coin, 'noble', as a variation on the motif of money
 508 **Rusty** unused and decaying
a fool's Simplicity's
pre-eminence rule
 509 **suffer** be subjected to
 511 **brave** see note to l. 14
glist'ring glittering; suggestive of the splendid costume of the King
 512 I...to't given his lack of sophistication, Simplicity is tongue-tied in the face of greatness
 514 **charge** burden (the globe)
 515 **fool** jester
 516 **fool** dupe
 517 **to fool freely** to play the part of the

licensed fool, that of a moral and social critic
 519 **ease** disburden
 520 **Base** morally low
sycophant parasite
insinuating wheedling
hell-hound dog of hell; fiend
 521–2 **as...body** if you love your body whole rather than ripped apart
 523 **stink** stench, a commonplace feature of the Devil
 524 **loathsome** hateful
 526 **thrive** prosper
 527 **pick** pointed metal instrument, the shape of which prevents dirt from adhering
 528 **smutted** smudged
 529 **bastard** illegitimate child
got born
 531 **tricks** deceitful practices

532 **clear water** clear urine, a sign of good health
 533 **then** therefore
 535 **by't** by the law
 537 **counsel** prudent advice
 539 **confound** overthrow
 541 **pray** I entreat you
take notice on't observe it
 542 **bawdy booth** stall trading in obscenity
 544 **pollute 'em** stain or make dingy the tents
 547 **prick** a sharp point, such as that made by the capital 'a' with which Amsterdam (549) begins. The bawdy joke counters the praise of the fair free of bawdry (thereby allowing no extreme to stand as absolute in value) and makes fun of the Amsterdam Puritans.
 549–52 **They...fornication** ridiculing the prurience of Dutch Puritans

The World Toft at Tennis.

because mortar made of lime and hair was wicked and committed fornication. 580
Enter a Land-Captain, and Deceit as a soldier

KING
 Peace, who are these approaching?
 SIMPLICITY Blustering fellows: the first's a soldier; he looks 585
 just like March.

DECEIT
 Captain, 'tis you that have the bloody sweats.
 You venture life and limbs. 'Tis you that taste
 The stings of thirst and hunger.

LAND-CAPTAIN There thou hast named
 Afflictions sharper than the enemy's swords.

DECEIT
 560 Yet lets another carry away the world,
 Of which by right you are the only master,
 Stand curts'ing for your pay at your return,
 Perhaps with wooden legs, to every groom
 That dares not look full right upon a sword
 565 Nor upon any wound or slit of honour?

LAND-CAPTAIN
 No more, I'll be myself. I that uphold
 Countries and kingdoms, must I halt downright
 And be propped up with part of mine own strength,
 The least part too? Why, have not I the power
 570 To make myself stand absolute of myself,
 That keep up others?

KING How cheers
 Our noble captain?

LAND-CAPTAIN Our own captain,
 No more a hireling. Your great foe's at hand;
 Seek your defence elsewhere, for mine shall fail you.
 575 I'll not be fellow-yoked with death and danger
 All my lifetime and have the world kept from me,
 March in the heat of summer in a bath,
 A furnace girt about me, and in that agony,
 With so much fire within me, forced to wade

Through a cool river—practising in life 580
 The very pains of hell, now scorched, now shivering—
 To call diseases early into my bones
 Before I've age enough to entertain 'em.
 No, he that has desire to keep the world,
 Let him e'en take the sore pains to defend it. 585

KING
 Stay, man of merit, it belongs to thee.
 [He gives the orb to the Land-Captain]
 I cheerfully resign it. All my ambition
 Is but the quiet calm of peaceful days
 And that fair good, I know, thy arm will raise.

LAND-CAPTAIN
 Though now an absolute master, yet to thee 590
 Ever a faithful servant.

DECEIT Give't me, sir,
 To lay up; I am your treasurer
 In a poor kind. *Exit King*

LAND-CAPTAIN In a false kind, I grant thee.
 How many vile complaints from time to time
 Have been put up against thee? They have wearied 595
 me
 More than a battle sixteen hours a-fighting.
 I've heard the raggèd regiment so curse thee,
 I looked next day for leprosy upon thee
 Or puffs of pestilence as big as wens,
 When thou wouldst drop asunder, like a thing 600
 Inwardly eaten, thy skin only whole.
 Avaunt, defrauder of poor soldiers' rights;
 Camp caterpillar, hence!—or I will send thee
 To make their rage a breakfast.

DECEIT [*aside*] Is it possible?
 Can I yet set no footing in the world? 605
 I'm angry, but not weary. I'll hunt out still,
 For, being Deceit, I bear the devil's name,
 And he's known seldom to give o'er his game.
Exit Deceit

551 **lime and hair** elements of mortar mix;
 hair facilitated the binding capacity of
 the cement (lime)
 552.1 **Land-Captain** officer in charge of a
 troop
soldier one of the rank and file who
 serves in the army for pay
 554 **Blustering** boisterous
 555 **like March** that is, blustery; punning
 perhaps on marching and Mars
 556 **bloody sweats** sweat mingled with
 blood because of the physical exertions
 of battle. Deceit is also alluding sacrile-
 giously to the bloody sweat of Jesus in
 Gethsemane (Luke 22:44).
 557 **venture** risk
 560-5 **Yet...honour** Deceit's rhetoric
 changes with each role he plays; here,
 for example, from the fawning flattery of
 the monarch to the mild ridicule of the
 discrepancy between the Land-Captain's

power and his servility
 561 **right** deliberately confused with 'might'
 in Deceit's argument
 562 **curts'ing** bowing
 563 **groom** man-servant, with contempt
 here
 564 **full right** directly
 565 **slit of honour** honourable injury
 567 **halt** limp
downright plainly
 570 **absolute** self-sufficient
 571 **cheers** feels, but presuming good
 feelings
 572 **Our noble...Our own** repetition
 stresses the conflict between the char-
 acters; see also Lineation Notes
 573 **hireling** servant working for wages
 575 **fellow-yoked** joined with
 577 **in a bath** bathed in sweat
 578 **furnace...me** carrying equipment, the

weight of which intensifies the heat and
 aggravates the sweaty labour
 581 **scorched...shivering** characteristic
 extremism of hell
 583 **entertain 'em** to receive diseases
 properly; with wry humour
 589 **arm** strength and weaponry
 592 **lay up** store
 593 **In a poor kind** humble
 597 **raggèd** poor and weary
 599 **puffs** swellings
pestilence an epidemic; specifically, the
 plague
wens tumours
 602 **Avaunt** get away
 603 **caterpillar** parasite
 604 **To...breakfast** to feed and satisfy their
 anger
 605 **footing** secure foothold
 608 **give o'er** quit

A Courtly Masque

610 SIMPLICITY Troth, now the world begins to be in hucksters'
 handling. By this light, the booths are full of cutlers,
 and yonder's two or three queans going to victual the
 camp. Hah! would I were whipped, if yonder be not a
 parson's daughter with a soldier between her legs, bag
 and baggage.

SOLDIER
 615 Now 'tis the soldier's time, great Jupiter;
 Now give me leave to enter on my fortunes.
 The world's our own.

JUPITER Stay, beguiled thing, this time
 Is many ages discrepant from thine.
 This was the season when desert was stooped to,
 620 By greatness stooped to, and acknowledged greatest;
 But in thy time, now, desert stoops itself
 To every baseness and makes saints of shadows.
 Be patient, and observe how times are wrought,
 Till it comes down to thine, that rewards naught.
*Chambers shot off. Enter a Sea-Captain, and Deceit
 as a purser*

OMNES
 625 Hah? what's the news?

SEA-CAPTAIN
 Be ready if I call to give fire to the ordnance.

SIMPLICITY Bless us all, here's one spits fire as he comes.
 He will go nigh to mull the world with looking on it.
 How his eyes sparkle!

DECEIT
 630 Shall the Land-Captain, sir, usurp your right?—
 Yours, that try thousand dangers to his one:
 Rocks, shelves, gulfs, quicksands, hundred hundred
 horrors,
 That make the landmen tremble when they're told,
 Besides the enemy's encounter.

SEA-CAPTAIN
 635 Peace, Purser, no more; I'm vexed. I'm kindled.
 You, Land-Captain, quick, deliver.

LAND-CAPTAIN
 Proud salt-rover, thou hast the salutation of a thief.

SEA-CAPTAIN
 Deliver, or I'll thunder thee a-pieces,
 Make night within this hour, e'en at high noon,
 Belched from the cannon. Dar'st expostulate 640
 With me? my fury? What's thy merit, land-worm,
 That mine not centuples?
 Thy lazy marches and safe-footed battles
 Are but like dangerous dreams to my encounters.
 Why, every minute the deep gapes for me, 645
 Beside the fiery throats of the loud fight.
 When we go to't and our fell ordnance play,
 'Tis like the figure of a latter day.
 Let me but give the word, night begins now,
 Thy breath and prize both beaten from thy body. 650
 How dar'st thou be so slow? Not yet—then—

LAND-CAPTAIN Hold.
[He gives the orb to the Sea-Captain]

DECEIT *[aside]*
 I knew 'twould come at last.

SEA-CAPTAIN *[to the Land-Captain]*
 For this resign,
 Part thou shalt have still, but the greatest mine.
 Only to us belongs the golden sway.
 Th'Indies load us; thou liv'st but by thy pay. 655

DECEIT
 And shall your purser help you?

SEA-CAPTAIN No in sooth, sir,
 Coward and coz'ner. How many sea-battles
 Hast thou compounded to be cabled up?
 Yet, when the fights were ended, who so ready
 To cast sick soldiers and dismembered wretches 660
 Overboard instantly?—crying 'Away
 With things without arms!—'Tis an ugly sight.'
 When, troth, thine own should have been off by right.
 But thou lay'st safe within a wall of hemp,

609 **hucksters'** hawkers' or pedlars'; so handled, the world is likely to be roughly used
 610 **cutlers** dealers in knives
 611 **queans** harlots
victual provision, presumably with sexual treats
 613-14 **bag and baggage** primarily, all the equipment of the soldiers individually and of the army collectively; in this context, with the bawdy connotations of scrotum and penis; possibly with a pun on 'baggage' in the sense of 'strumpet'
 618 **discrepant** removed in time
 619 **desert** merit
stooped to respected
 620 **greatness** of blood; hence, the nobility
 621 **stoops** declines
 622 **makes...shadows** worships insubstantial things
 623 **wrought** made
 624 **naught** nothing

624.1 **Chambers** small cannons
Sea-Captain commander of a ship; a more prestigious officer than a land-captain in the British military forces
 624.2 **purser** ship's officer in charge of money matters and provisions
 626 **ordnance** cannons
 627 **spits fire** speaks fiercely
 628 **mull** warm up
 630 **usurp** wrongfully claim
 631 **try** undergo
 634 **enemy's encounter** battles with the enemy
 635 **vexed** stirred up; annoyed
 636 **deliver** hand over the world
 637 **salt-rover** seaman
salutation greeting (the command to deliver one's goods)
 639 **Make night** darkening the sky with smoke from the cannons
 640 **expostulate** debate
 642 **centuples** multiplies by a hundred

644 **but** merely
 645 **deep** sea
 646 **fiery throats** openings of the cannons
 647 **fell** fierce
play discharge
 648 **figure** image
latter day one of the last, apocalyptic days
 650 **prize** the world
 651 **How...slow** the actors could make clear that the impatience of the Sea-Captain, not any tardiness on the part of the Land-Captain, informs this question
 652 **resign** surrender
 654 **golden sway** the power of wealth, enhanced by plunder
 658 **compounded...up** gathered together to be tied up; i.e. how many sea-battles are in your tally?
 663 **own** arms understood
 664 **hemp** coil of rope

The World Toft at Tennis.

- 665 Telling the guns and numbering 'em with farting.
 Leave me, and speedily. I'll have thee rammed
 Into a culverin else, and thy rear flesh
 Shot all into poached eggs.
- DECEIT [*aside*] I will not leave yet:
 Destruction plays in me such pleasant strains
- 670 That I would purchase it with any pains. *Exit Deceit*
- SEA-CAPTAIN
 The motion's worthy. [*To the Land Captain*] I will join
 with thee
 Both to defend and enrich majesty.
- SIMPLICITY
 Hoyday! I can see nothing now for ships.
 [*The Mariners' Song, within*]
 Hark a' the mariners.
The Mariners' Song
 Hey, the world's ours; we have got the time by
 chance.
- 675 Let us then carouse and sing, for the very house doth
 skip and dance
 That we do now live in.
 We have the merriest lives;
 We have the fruitfull'st wives
 Of all men.
- 680 We never yet came home,
 But the first hour we come,
 We find them all with child again.
*A shout within; then, enter two Mariners with
 pipe and can, dancing severally by turns, for joy
 the world is come into their hands; then exeunt*
- SIMPLICITY What a crew of mad rascals are these? They're
 ready at every can to fall into the haddock's' mouths.
- 685 The world begins to love lap now.
Enter a Flamen and Deceit like [an aedituus]
- FLAMEN
 Peace and the brightness of a holy love
 Reflect their beauties on you.
- SEA-CAPTAIN Who's this?
 LAND-CAPTAIN
 A reverend shape.
 SEA-CAPTAIN Some scholar.
 LAND-CAPTAIN A divine one.
 SEA-CAPTAIN
 He may be what he will for me, fellow-captain,
 For I have seen no church these five-and-twenty
 years—
 I mean, as people ought to see it, inwardly.
- FLAMEN
 I have a virtuous sorrow for you, sir,
 And 'tis my special duty to weep for you;
 For to enjoy one world as you do there,
 And be forgetful of another, sir,
 (O, of a better millions of degrees!)
 It is a frailty and infirmity
 That many tears must go for—all too little.
 What is't to be the lord of many battles
 And suffer to be overrun within you,
 Abroad to conquer, and be slaves at home?
 Remember there's a battle to be fought
 Which will undo you if it be not thought.
 And you must leave that world, leave it betimes,
 That reformation may weep of the crimes.
 There's no indulgent hand the world should hold,
 But a strict grasp. For making sin so bold,
 We should be careless of it, and not fond
 Of things so held: there is the best command.
- SEA-CAPTAIN
 Grave sir, I give thy words their deserved honour,
 And to thy sacred charge freely resign
 All that my fortune and the age made mine.
 [*He gives the orb to the Flamen*]
- SIMPLICITY
 If the world be not good now, 'twill ne'er be good;
 There's no hope on't.

665 **Telling the guns** tallying the gun-shots
numbering counting
 667 **culverin** large cannon
 670 **with any pains** no matter how great
 the pains
 671 **motion's** *motion*: the action of upbraid-
 ing and dismissing Deceit
 673 **Hoyday** exclamation of surprise
 675 **carouse** drink freely
 678-82 **We... again** the song implies their
 wives are pregnant because of their
 infidelity
 682.2 **pipe** boatswain's whistle
can metal pot, from which they drink
 liquor and on which they may bang out
 the beat for their dancing
severally individually
by turns one after the other
 683 **crew** ship's crew and gang
 684 **at every can** with every drink of liquor;

as the dancers drink more they seem to
 Simplicity to be increasingly in danger of
 falling into the sea
 685 **lap** liquor
 685.1 **Flamen** priest of a particular deity in
 Roman antiquity; also religious leaders
 of heathen Britain, replaced by bishops
 after the conversion of the people to
 Christianity. The archaic usage, which
 is never used in the speeches, seems
 a literary extension of the caricature
 of the Flamen, a caricature effected in
 production by costume, comportment,
 and style of speech.
aedituus churchwarden, the parish
 official in charge of financial matters
 686 **Peace** marking the shift from war to
 peace, from soldier to scholar
 691 **inwardly** punning: 'from the inside' and
 'spiritually'

693 'tis...you patronizing in his compas-
 sion
 694 **one world** the physical one
 695 **another** the spiritual one
 696 **better** after which 'by' understood
 703 **thought** kept in mind
 704 **that world** the world of military
 conquest
betimes soon
 705 **reformation** amendment
weep of regret or atone for sins, as a
 result of remembering
 707-9 **For... held** the failure to be strict
 emboldens sin and demonstrates not
 genuine fondness of the world, but lack
 of care
 708 **it** the world
fond loving and genuinely caring
 711 **charge** custody

A Courtly Masque

	DECEIT [<i>aside</i>]		but not a piece of a furlong to get an appetite to their prayers.
715	I have my wishes here. [<i>To the Flamen</i>] My sanctified patron, I'll first fill all the chests i'th' vestry; Then there's a secret vault for great men's legacies.		<i>Flourish. Enter King, a Lawyer, and Deceit as a pettifogger</i>
	FLAMEN		LAWYER
	Art not confounded yet? struck blind or crippled For thy abusive thought, thou horrid hypocrite?		No more, the case is clear.
720	Are these the fruits of thy long orisons Three hours together, of thy nine lectures weekly, Thy swooning at the hearing of an oath, Scarce to be fetched again? Away! depart!— Thou white-faced devil, author of heresy, Schisms, factions, controversies. Now I know thee To be Deceit itself, wrought in by simony To blow corruption upon sacred virtue.		SIMPLICITY 'Slid, who have we here?
725			LAWYER
	DECEIT [<i>aside</i>]		He that pleads for the world must fall To his business roundly. Most gracious And illustrious prince, thus stands the case: The world in Greek is <i>cosmos</i> , in Latin <i>mundus</i> , In law-French <i>le monde</i> . We leave the Greek And come to the law-French, or glide upon the Latin— All's one business.
730	I made myself sure here. Church fail me too? I thought it mere impossible by all reason, Since there's so large a bridge to walk upon 'Twi' negligence and superstition. Where could one better piece up a full vice? One service lazy, t'other over-nice, There had been 'twixt 'em room enough for me. I will take root or run through each degree.		Then <i>unde mundus</i> ? shall we come to that? <i>Nonne derivatur a munditia</i> ? The word 'cleanness', <i>mundus, quasi mundus</i> , 'clean'. And what can cleanse or mundify the world Better than law, the clearer of all cases, The sovereign pill or potion that expels All poisonous, rotten, and infectious wrongs From the vexed bosom of the commonwealth? There's a familiar phrase implies thus much, 'I'll put you to your purgation'; that is, The law shall cleanse you. Can the sick world then, Tossed up and down from time to time, repose itself In a physician's hand better improved? Upon my life and reputation In all the courts I come at, be assured I'll make it clean.
735			SIMPLICITY Yes, clean away. I warrant you, we shall ne'er see't again.
	SIMPLICITY Whoop, here's an alteration. By this hand, the ships are all turned to steeples, and the bells ring for joy, as if they would shake down the pinnacles. How!—the masons are at work yonder, the freemasons; I swear it's a free time for them. Hah!—there's one building of a chapel of ease. O, he's loath to take the pains to go to church. Why, will he have it in's house, when the proverb says, "The devil's at home"? These great rich men must take their ease i' their inn. They'll walk you a long mile or two to get a stomach for their victuals,		LAWYER I grant my pills are bitter, ay, and costly,
740			
745			
715	sanctified holy	superstition over-nice ministry (see 733)	court
716	vestry room in the church for storing vestments and other valuables	732 piece up put together	750 roundly openly; playing on the spherical shape of the world
717	vault safe	733 over-nice too fastidious	754 glide upon pass over smoothly
	legacies bequests	735 degree rank in the social hierarchy	756 unde mundus? whence the world? mundus also means 'clean'
720	orisons prayers	738 pinnacles little ornamental turrets	757 Nonne . . . munditia? is it not derived from 'cleanness'?
721	lectures a jab at Puritans, whose religious practice included lectures, at some times and in some places daily, on the Scriptures	739 freemasons society of skilled workers in stone	758 mundus, quasi mundus 'the world', just as 'clean'
722	swooning fainting because of hearing someone swear; clearly, an overreaction	741 chapel of ease chapel built for people who live far from the parish church; developed pejoratively here	759 mundify also in the specific medical sense, to purge the body or the blood of noxious matter
723	fetched revived	743 The devil's at home proverbial (Tilley D243)	760 clearer eliminator
724	white-faced deceptively innocent in outward appearance	744 take their ease make themselves comfortable	763 vexed distressed
	heresy unorthodox teaching	745 get a stomach work up an appetite	766-8 Can . . . improved rhetorical question; given the medical metaphors for the activity of the law, the question implies that the world cannot be better off than in a lawyer's hand
726	wrought in worked in; punning on 'rotten'	746 furlong length of a furrow in a common field; approximately 220 yards	767 repose settle
	simony the selling of ecclesiastical offices	747.2 pettifogger one of the lower order of legal practitioners; also one who uses mean, deceitful practices	770 courts punning on law courts and royal courts
727	blow corruption upon defame; remove the bloom from	748 case legal suit	
729	mere simply	749 pleads speaks as an advocate to the	
731	negligence laziness in ministry (see 733)		

- 775 But their effects are rare, divine, and wholesome.
 There's an *Excommunicate capiendo*,
Capias post K. and a *Ne exeat regno*.
 I grant there's bitter *egrimony* in 'em
 And *antimony*. I put money in all still,
 And it works preciously. Who ejects injuries,
 780 Makes 'em belch forth in vomit, but the law?
 Who clears the widow's case, and after gets her
 If she be wealthy, but the advocate?—Then, to
 conclude,
 If you'll have *mundus, a mundo*, clean, firm,
 Give him to me; I'll scour him every term.
- FLAMEN
 785 I part with't gladly; take't into thy trust.
 [*He gives the orb to the Lawyer*]
 So will it thrive as thy intent is just.
- DECEIT
 Pity your trampler, sir, your poor solicitor.
- LAWYER
 Thee!—infamy to our profession,
 Which, without wrong to truth, next the divine one
 790 Is the most grave and honourable function
 That gives a kingdom blessed. But thou, the poison
 Disease that grows close to the heart of law,
 And mak'st rash censurers think the sound part
 perished;
 Thou foul eclipse that, interposing equity
 795 As the dark earth the moon, mak'st the world judge
 That blackness and corruption have possessed
 The silver shine of justice, when 'tis only
 The smoke ascending from thy pois'nous ways:
 Coz'nage, demurs, and fifteen term-delays.
- 775 *Excommunicate capiendo* a writ for
 the arrest of someone excommunicated
 for forty days and for the detention of
 that person 'till he hath made agreement
 to holy Church for the contempt and
 wrong' (Rastell)
 776 *Capias post K* perhaps *capias post ca-*
lumnia: a writ of arrest upon accusation
Ne exeat regno writ forbidding someone to
 leave the kingdom
 777 *egrimony* sorrow; punning on 'money'
 778 *antimony* antinomy: a contradiction
 within a law or between two binding
 laws; the reversal of the 'n' and the
 'm' may have been deliberate to obtain
 another pun on 'money'
 779 ejects expels
 injuries injustices
 783 *mundus, a mundo* the world, from
 clean: noting again the derivation of
 terms so as to reinforce the Lawyer's
 connection of them
 784 *term* see note to l. 327
 787 *trampler* one who gets about on foot;
 also with the more pejorative sense of
 one who treads harmfully upon others
solicitor an advocate in a court of equity
- 788 *infamy* disgrace
 789 *the divine one* the religious profession
 791 *gives* produces
 793 *censurers* critics
sound healthy
 794 *interposing* obstructing
equity fairness
 797 *silver shine* silver was the traditional
 colour of Diana, goddess of the moon;
 the lunar eclipse prevents the light of the
 moon from being seen
 799 *Coz'nage* fraud
demurs suspension of an action
fifteen term-delays long postponement;
 sixteen term-delays would be four years
 800 *muck filth*; in this context, money (see
 808–10)
on't on the world, which Deceit still has
 a hand on
 802 *actions* legal suits
 803 *portion* share distributed by law
 805 *double-handed* two-handed, and
 duplicitous
 811 *sphere* the globe and the group of
 characters
 812 *mutually* interdependently
 813.2 *removes...together* what action
- Yet hold thee!—take the muck on't; that's thine own, 800
 The devil and all. But the fair fame and honour
 Of righteous actions, good men's prayers and wishes,
 Which is that glorious portion of the world
 The noble lawyer strives for, that thy bribery,
 Thy double-handed grip, shall never reach to. 805
 With fat and filthy gain thy lust may feast,
 But poor men's curses beat thee from the rest.
- DECEIT
 I'll feed upon the muck on't; that awhile
 Shall satisfy my longings. Wealth is known
 The absolute step to all promotion. 810
- KING
 Let this be called the sphere of harmony,
 In which, being met, let's all move mutually.
- OMNES
 Fair love is i'th' motion, kingly love.
*In this last dance, as an ease to memory, all the
 former removes come close together: the Devil
 and Deceit aiming at the world, but the world
 remaining now in the Lawyer's possession. [He],
 expressing his reverend and noble acknowledgement
 to the absolute power of Majesty, resigns it loyally
 to its royal government, Majesty to Valour,
 Valour to Law again, Law to Religion, Religion
 to Sovereignty, where it firmly and fairly settles;
 the Law confounding Deceit, and the Church the
 Devil*
- FLAMEN
 Times suffer changes, and the world has been 815
 Vexed with removes, but when his glorious peace
 Firmly and fairly settles, here's his place,
- is called for is somewhat ambiguous: if
 'removes' refers to the various changes
 in the condition of the world, changes
 embodied in the characters who hold
 it, 'come close together' may indicate
 that they gather more tightly around
 the orb to protect it from the threats of
 the Devil and Deceit; if 'removes' refers
 to the transfers of the globe from one
 character to another, as described in
 the lines that follow, then 'come close
 together' may point to a quicker series of
 transfers. These options are not mutually
 exclusive: speeding up the transfer of the
 world from character to character would
 depend upon getting the members of the
 group closer to one another. Accelerating
 the transfers would also serve 'as an ease
 to memory' by reproducing—in short,
 as it were—what took a longer time
 to present throughout the body of the
 masque.
 813.3 *aiming at* threatening
 813.7 *Valour* the Land-Captain and the
 Sea-Captain allied
 814 *suffer* undergo
 815 *his* the world's

The World Toft at Tennis.

	Truth his defence, and majesty his grace. We all acknowledge it belongs to you.		That the great cunning enemies, Deceit And his too mighty lord, beguile you not, And you're the precious ornaments of state,	845
ALL	Only to you, sir. <i>They all deliver the world up to the King</i>		The glories of the world, fellows to virtues, Masters of honest and well-purchased fortunes, And I am fortunate in your partnership.	
FLAMEN	<i>Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis</i> —Which		But if you ever make your hearts the houses	
820	shows, That if the world form itself by the king, 'Tis fit the former should command the thing.		Of falsehood and corruption, ugliness itself	850
DECEIT	This is no place for us.		Will be a beauty to you, and less pointed at. Spots in deformèd faces are scarce noted; Fair cheeks are stained if ne'er so little blotted.	
DEVIL	Depart! Away! I thought all these had been corrupted evils,	ALL	Ever the constant servants to great virtue.	
825	No court of virtues, but a guard of devils. <i>Exeunt Deceit and the Devil</i>	KING	Her love inhabit you.	
KING	How blest am I in subjects! Here are those That make all kingdoms happy: worthy soldier, Fair churchman, and thou, uncorrupted lawyer, Virtue's great miracle, that hast redeemed	JUPITER	Now, sons of vexation,	855
830	All justice from her ignominious name.		Envy and discontent, what blame lay you Upon these times now? Which does merit most To be condemned, your dullness or the age? If now you thrive not, Mercury shall proclaim You're undeservers, and cry down your fame.	860
SIMPLICITY	You forget me, sir.		Be poor still, scholar, and thou, wretch despised, If in this glorious time thou canst not prosper, Upon whose breast noble employments sit, By honour's hand in golden letters writ.	
KING	What, Simplicity!		Nay, where the prince of nobleness himself	865
SIMPLICITY	Ay, marry, my masters, now it looks like a brave world indeed. How civilly those fair ladies go yonder; by this hand, they are neither trimmed, nor trussed, nor poniarded. Wonderment! O, yonder's a knot of fine-sharp-needle-bearded gallants, but that they wear stammel cloaks, methinks, instead of scarlet. 'Slid, what's he that carries out two custards now under the porter's long nose? O, he leaves a bottle of wine i'th' lodge, and all's pacified, cry mercy.		Proves our Minerva's valiant'st, hopefull'st son, And early in his spring puts armour on, Unite your worths, and make of two, one brother, And be each one perfection to the other. Scholar and soldier must both be shut in one;	870
840			That makes the absolute and complete man. So now into the world, which, if hereafter You ever tax of foul, ingrateful crimes, Your dullness I must punish, not the times.	
KING	Continue but thus watchful o'er yourselves,			
818	you in a performance before King James, the show might at this point have culminated with the presentation of the globe to James	poniarded wearing daggers, a fashion that James found particularly abhorrent in women	personal prospects, and good luck	
820	<i>Regis... orbis</i> the whole world is ordered by the example of the king. James I quotes the same line at the outset of the second book ('Of a King's Duty in his Office') of <i>Basilikon Doron</i> (Edinburgh, 1599).	837 knot group	851 less pointed at because commonplace	
822	former he who forms it	fine-sharp-needle-bearded a beard fashionably cut to form a sharp point at the bottom	855 vexation dissatisfaction	
829	redeemed rescued	gallants fine, fashionable gentlemen	858 dullness foolishness	
830	ignominious shameful	838 stammel coarse wool, usually dyed red	age times	
833	marry by Mary	scarlet symbolic of their pride and self-indulgence	859 Mercury god who broadcast the fame of people	
834	civilly with moderation	841 pacified the apparent theft of custards is set right	860 cry down condemn	
835	trimmed wearing hats or garments decorated with ribbons, lace, or other trimmings	cry mercy I beg your pardon	861 thou Soldier	
836	trussed wearing garments drawn tightly around the body	844 lord the Devil	862 glorious time alluding to the wars in Europe; see note to 878	
		845 ornaments attendants upon state regal power	863 whose breast that of the present time	
		846 fellows allies	863-4 noble... writ honourable opportunities present themselves	
		847-8 fortunes... fortunate polyptoton; playing on financial well-being, attractive	865 the prince Charles, Prince of Wales	
			867 his spring his youth	
			puts armour on for his first tilt, 24 March 1620 and again on 18 April	
			868 worths strengths	
			873 tax charge with	

The World Toft at Tennis.

875 SOLDIER *and* SCHOLAR Prosperity keep with thee.
 Honour to mighty Jupiter. SCHOLAR And the glory 885
Jupiter ascends [with Pallas]
 SOLDIER Of noble action bring white hairs upon thee.
 The world's in a good hand now, if it hold, brother. Present our wish with reverence to this place,
 SCHOLAR For here't must be confirmed or 'tas no grace.
 I hope for many ages. *Exeunt severally*
 SOLDIER Fare thee well then. *Epilogue* **Epilogue**
 I'll over yonder to the most glorious wars
 That e'er famed Christian kingdom. Gentlemen,
 SCHOLAR And I'll settle We must confess that we have vented ware
 880 Here, in a land of a most glorious peace Not always vendible—masques are more rare
 That ever made joy fruitful, where the head Than plays are common; at most but twice a year
 Of him that rules, to learning's fair renown, In their most glorious shapes do they appear— 5
 Is doubly decked, with laurel and a crown, Which, if you please, accept. We'll keep in store
 And both most worthily. Our debted loves, and thus entreat you more:
 SOLDIER Give me thy hand; Invert the proverb now, and suffer not
 "That which is seldom seen, be soon forgot".
Finis

THE PARTS

Adult Males

SIMPLICITY (127 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 SCHOLAR (115 lines): Prologue, Epilogue
 JUPITER (93 lines): Prologue, Epilogue
 DECEIT (83 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 SOLDIER (82 lines): Prologue, Epilogue
 LAWYER (56 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 TIME (49 lines): any but Scholar, Soldier, Jupiter
 KING (46 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 SEA-CAPTAIN (44 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 FLAMEN (40 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 LAND-CAPTAIN (40 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time
 PROLOGUE (18 lines): any character
 EPILOGUE (9 lines): any character
 DEVIL (3 lines): Prologue, Epilogue, Time

Boys

PALLAS (113 lines): Richmond or St James's or Denmark House
 DENMARK HOUSE (55 lines): Pallas
 ST JAMES'S (31 lines): Pallas
 RICHMOND (15 lines): Pallas

Dancers/Singers: Adult

WORTHIES (no lines): Mariners, Reapers

Dancers/Singers: Boys

MUSES (no lines): Starches

Most crowded scene: Finale—12 characters

Most crowded dance: Nine Worthies—22 characters (9 Muses [torchbearers rather than dancers?]; 9 Worthies; 4 actors)

876 **hold** last

878 **wars** in support of the claim made by Frederick, Elector Palatine, to the crown of Bohemia

879 **Christian** alluding to the way in which the wars were perceived, as a conflict of Protestantism and Catholicism

883 **laurel** symbolizing King James's achievements as a scholar

885–6 **And...thee** may you grow old in noble military enterprises

887 **this place** possibly the throne of Jupiter on high; more likely the throne of King James at Denmark House, or in the Swan theatre the audience

Epilogue.2 vented sold ware goods

3 **vendible** marketable

4 **twice a year** the masques that graced state occasions were usually performed at Twelfth Night and at Shrovetide

6 **Which** 'ware' understood

6–7 **We'll...loves** we shall remember that we are in your debt

8 **suffer** allow

HONOURABLE ENTERTAINMENTS *and* AN INVENTION

Edited by Anthony Parr

ON 29 April 1620 John Chamberlain wrote to Sir Dudley Carleton informing him of 'a great Commission come forth for the business of [St] Paul's, comprehending all the [Privy] Council . . . divers aldermen and other citizens'. A new determination to do something about the fabric of the long-neglected cathedral had been forged a month earlier, when the Lord Mayor Sir William Cokayne met James I at St Paul's and an agreement was reached about sharing the costs of repair. Chamberlain himself was a member of the Commission, and relates that after its first meeting on 22 April all its members 'were invited to dine that day with the Lord Mayor; but because I love not such confusion of company, I went not'. It is unclear from Chamberlain's laconic phrasing whether he disliked crowds or the mixing of social ranks, but he adds that he might have gone if he had known that Cokayne's daughter, who had been married that day to Charles Howard, son and heir of the Earl of Nottingham, was to be present. He concludes by offering a sour assessment of the match: 'I do not greatly allow my Lord Mayor's judgement, to purchase so poor honour with the price of his daughter, a handsome young woman (they say), and to bestow her on a man so worn out in state, credit, years and otherwise. But the match may prove reasonable indifferent, for as they can look for little or nothing of him but bare honour, so from her side they are to expect no great matter more than money.'

By excusing himself from dinner Chamberlain lost the opportunity to have his opinion softened by a skilful entertainment. Cokayne clearly decided to make the official occasion double as a wedding reception, perhaps hoping to impress his distinguished guests with this opportune match; and Middleton's preamble to the text of *Entertainment 1* traces a process whereby the original in-house tribute to the Mayor and Aldermen (apparently given at two civic banquets on 17 and 18 April) became by the end of the week a sort of wedding masque played before a larger audience of notables. (The marriage was also the occasion of Middleton's dedication of *The World Tossed at Tennis*.) Cokayne may have felt not only that the glittering occasion demonstrated his fitness for aristocratic connections but also that the marriage would thereby gain some lustre amongst his peers in the city government, some of whom might have agreed with Chamberlain and a modern biographer that Howard was 'dim and dull', a poor successor to his famous father the former Lord Admiral. Middleton's piece, put to work in these different contexts, represents the adaptable, confident, outward-looking face

of civic authority, refining social and political relations with the help of an elegant show.

The cultural rivalry between Whitehall and London in the early seventeenth century, evident in the way both the court masque and the Lord Mayor's pageant became increasingly lavish and spectacular events, is also visible in these intimate entertainments, which are in some ways more revealing of a civic ambition to match the ceremony of the court and of aristocratic great houses. We can glimpse something of the increasing provision for entertainment on formal occasions in the treatment of the city 'waits', or municipal musicians, in the Jacobean period. In 1604 the independent musicians of London petitioned successfully to be incorporated as a Company, and in the following year the waits appealed to the City for a pay rise, citing 'their continual daily and nightly services and small wage'; as a result their salary was almost doubled to £20 per year. By 1613 the consort used on such occasions—which had its own uniform of blue gown with red sleeves and caps, and a silver chain and badge of office—was probably ten or a dozen strong. Exact figures are not available, but we know that it employed a small band of wind and string players and both men and boy singers. What Middleton refers to as 'the City Music' (1.10.2–3) was in fact the only permanent group of its kind in London other than the King's Music and the cathedral choirs, and it clearly played a prominent part in all the indoor entertainments.

Middleton was presumably following the wishes of his employers (whose permission he needed to publish what he wrote for city functions) when in a number of small details he aligns his civic shows with the pomp and circumstance of courtly ritual. He informs us, for instance, that *Ent. 3* took place at 'the Conduit Head near the Banqueting House', which for any reader of masque texts, then or now, would inevitably recall the Whitehall setting of court entertainments like those of Ben Jonson. In fact the reference is to the large house north of Oxford Street in what is now Stratford Place, where the city fathers dined once a year after visiting the springs at Tyburn; and it gains an extra piquancy from the fact that in 1620–1 there was no royal equivalent, since the Banqueting House in Whitehall had burned down in 1619 and Inigo Jones's replacement was not finished until 1622. In *Ent. 4* Alderman Hamersley is grandly described as 'President of the noble Council of War' (he was in charge of the Artillery Company), and in the headnote to the opening piece Lord Mayor Cokayne is designated 'Lord General of the military forces', a title Middleton had already given

him in his inaugural pageant, recognizing (and somewhat inflating) his authority over the city militia. But if the merchants who governed London sought to rival the opulence and refinement of Whitehall, this was because they wished to enhance their self-esteem and project a modern corporate image, and not because they saw themselves as being in opposition to royal authority.

The point needs to be made here because the supposed political sympathies of Middleton's employers have sometimes been used to advance the case for his own political radicalism. Margot Heinemann claims that 'it was pretty clearly as a protege of Parliamentary Puritans among the City oligarchs that Middleton entered on his City employments'; but if he routinely served puritan interests we might expect to find clearest evidence for it in these diverse entertainments, given the fact that they are addressed not (like the mayoral pageants) to a single Mayor or guild but to the city government in a variety of festive and workaday contexts. The men to whom Middleton dedicates his book comprise the Court of Aldermen, the senior governing body of the City of London. They were mostly wholesale merchants, many of them having interests in overseas trade through the Levant and East India Companies, and as Robert Brenner has most recently shown, their most intimate affiliation was with the Crown, which protected their corporate privileges in return for political and financial support. Many of these men were royal employees, then or later: Proby was active at court and a former governor of Ulster; Jones was a customs farmer; Ducy eventually became banker to Charles I. Men like Bolles were old gentry stock; he is one of eight ex-Lord Mayors and knights of the realm listed in the Dedication in strict order of seniority, as are the other Aldermen in the order in which they had held the post of Sheriff (and in which they would become Mayor, in the case of those destined to reach that office). This powerful oligarchy, proud of its long tradition of civic independence, inevitably had complex, often difficult relations with other political groups and interests, and it was no stranger to conflict with the Crown, usually over taxation; but amidst the shifting allegiances of this period the City's political enemies were generally to be found not in the royal government but in Parliament, which in the name of free trade regularly opposed merchant privileges and monopolies.

Middleton habitually views these matters from the City's point of view; but we may guess that he felt comfortable with his employers not for ideological reasons but because they reflected his own pragmatic attitude to self-betterment. Consider, for example, the battle over the Virginia Company that was going on while these pieces were being produced. About one-third of the named Aldermen were Adventurers in the company, a high proportion, arguably, given the extensive withdrawal by London merchants from investment in Virginia after the company was taken over by the gentry party of Sir Edwin Sandys in 1619. A leading light in the campaign to regain merchant control was Alderman Johnson, son-in-law of

the city magnate Sir Thomas Smith; Hugh Hamersley and James Campbell were also declared opponents of the Sandys faction. But to achieve their ends the merchants formed an alliance with the Rich family, the colonizing aristocrats who had originally backed Sandys's efforts at colonial reform but had been alienated by his attempt to halt their own privateering activities. The merchants themselves had good reason to dislike privateers and had little taste for Robert Rich's overseas ventures (in which plunder and settlement were always closely related), but it suited their interests to make common cause with him on this occasion. And it is likely that Middleton, always an adaptable writer, would have been quick to appreciate that the civic virtues he praises so lavishly were founded upon a thoroughly practical grasp of commercial priorities.

He is also alert to the implications of the customs and practices that he commends, drawing out their particular significance for the time. Sometimes this means he has to tread carefully. *Ent.* 4, for instance, was devised against the background of another overseas crisis, the onset of the Thirty Years War in Europe, which led to calls for military preparedness at home. Sporadic efforts to revive military training for the citizenry had been made since 1613 (when a Spanish invasion had been expected), giving rise to a vogue for municipal artillery 'gardens' or parade grounds; but in 1617, the year before war broke out on the Continent, Thomas Adams lamented the lack of home defences ('O the madness of us Englishmen!') and counselled: 'You then that have the places of government in this honourable city, *offer willingly* your hands, your purses, yourselves to this noble exercise.' By 1620 the City had responded to the King's appeal for funds to defend the Palatinate by levying the individual livery companies; but the programme for military training was disrupted by bitter disputes over public use of the Artillery Garden and the captaincy of its Company; both matters were referred to the Privy Council. Middleton may be alluding to this in 4.25-6 and making the City's case that it should be allowed to run its own affairs (a claim backed by the antique pedigree given to its officers in 4.21-2). But citizens were absent from the Artillery Garden not just because of bureaucratic arguments but because they lacked (or so they claimed) the resources to train properly. On 3 October 1620, at about the time this speech was due to be given, the Court of Aldermen was petitioned to provide subsidies for those 'practising arms in the Artillery Garden', on the grounds that they were having to equip themselves and numbers had fallen by more than half in three years. The Aldermen, however, had already cancelled the muster for that year on 19 September (perhaps acknowledging the problem), so Middleton's speech was never heard.

If militia training was one of those instances where government demands popular initiative but fails to provide the means for it to flourish, Middleton's other examples of civic encouragement for projects and customs have a happier ring. The archery contests held at Bunhill near

Moorfields (*Ent.* 2) were a convenient opportunity to celebrate social solidarity and native tradition, for they represented an early example of the heritage industry at work. At the end of the sixteenth century John Stow had complained that 'the ancient daily exercises in the longbow by citizens of this city' are 'now almost clean left off and forsaken', despite the early Tudor statutes enforcing them that Middleton refers to in 2.9-10. But as the longbow ceased to be a significant weapon of war it became a cultural symbol, and the focus of attempts to counter the enclosure of common fields where archery was practised. These efforts spawned the numerous pageants and competitive shows held during the Jacobean period; one of the biggest was held on Mayday and was probably the 'shooting day' in question. (By the mid-1620s, and perhaps earlier, the Bunhill festivities included mock-battles and sieges, which Ben Jonson made fun of in his poem 'A Speech according to Horace'.) In 2.13-16 Middleton borrows from Roger Ascham's *Toxophilus* (1545) to underline the idea of archery as a distillation of English skill and nobility, and uses this to develop an elaborate analogy with wise government. (Much the same idea is embodied in the emblematic figure of Honour with his sheaf of arrows in *An Invention*.) The visit to the Conduit Head (*Ent.* 3) exploits similar associations and links them to practical social needs. The reservoirs in the Tyburn area (constructed in mediaeval times) supplied piped water to the Great Conduit in Eastcheap, and the annual autumn expedition to inspect this vital supply had become in the sixteenth century a ceremonial occasion marked by hunting and feasting. The visits lapsed with the opening in 1613 of Hugh Myddelton's New River project (to which the Nymph refers at 3.30-5); but in the intervening period any notion that the New River would solve all problems of supply seems to have yielded to more long-sighted estimates. Measures were enacted at this time for the 'conservancy' of the Thames, and the impact of London's rapidly growing population must have convinced the city fathers that the traditional visit to the Conduit Head should be revived to safeguard resources.

The pieces gathered in *Honourable Entertainments* do not belong to a single genre and cannot simply be distinguished as a group from pageants or court entertainments. Two of them (7 and 8) are full-fledged masques for Christmas and Easter respectively, though the simple structure of the latter, dominated by songs, seems to provoke Middleton into more theatrical use of its central character, Flora, in the two pieces that follow. In the first of these (*Ent.* 9) he also had a special commission to fulfil. Ten days before it was performed for the Privy Council, James I had come to the Guildhall to reprimand the city authorities for not punishing adequately some youths who had abused the Spanish ambassador in the street; and Flora's speech is an assiduous apology for the lapse, one which cunningly links James's visit to the idea of London as the *camera regis*, the King's 'chosen city' which is the 'chamber of his sweet security' (9.57-9). Flora reappears again 'in her bower' in *Ent.* 10, which promises to restore the bucolic

mood of *Ent.* 8 but is immediately complicated by the antimasque device of Hyacinth's interruption ('Speak thrice together?'); so Flora must restate the theme of delegation and responsibility (10.25-30) before complete harmony can be achieved. Individually these final two items are no more than interludes, but on the page they combine with *Ent.* 8 to form an ambitious masque design. The indoor pieces (including *An Invention*) seem all to have been given at banquets, and several of these are basically theatricalized orations, adding the iconography of court masque (Comus, Flora, Gentleman Sewer, 'made dish') to a long tradition of public speechmaking on civic occasions. The outdoor events (2 and 3) have similar elements, but they also resemble moments both in royal entries (or 'progress' entertainments) and in mayoral pageants: the water-nymph who rises—oddly but poetically—'out of the ground' in *Ent.* 3 and Pallas on horseback greeting the Mayor in *Ent.* 4 each effect a quasi-spontaneous encounter which turns Cokayne and his Aldermen into silent players in a small drama.

The first two shows for Jones (*Ents.* 6 and 7) taken together read like a bourgeois version of Jonson's masque *Pleasure Reconcil'd to Virtue*, presented at court in 1618, which may have influenced Milton's *Masque at Ludlow Castle*. In his masque Jonson had made Comus into a Rabelaisian figure, the 'god of cheer, or the belly'; Middleton offers in *Ent.* 6 a more traditional portrait of the 'smooth youth of feasts', evoking the classical exemplar of the boy crowned with vine leaves, so that the serene explication of the Haberdashers' Arms is infused with rich festivity rather than challenged by Bacchic riot. But as he moves from one piece to the next Middleton once again opens up the prospect of a larger design. *Ent.* 7 sets Levity and Severity in opposition, the former a *voluptas* figure who turns a mirror on the revellers and challenges them to value excess and abandon, the latter a killjoy who urges them to see such behaviour as a disruptive antimasque. Their conflict is resolved by Temperance (the favoured attribute of the governor in numerous mayoral pageants), who brings about a richly orchestrated close to the piece. Yet her dismissal of both figures as unworthy of the company seems forced and over-simplified. A capacity for festive cheer is a mark of the public-spirited mayor (inscribed in popular mythology by Dekker's Simon Eyre in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*), while the figure of Severity is in the emblem-books the very type of the strong magistrate. Both qualities, admirable in themselves but capable of being abused, are stabilized and enriched by their interaction, pleasure reconciled to virtue. But despite having laid the foundations for this idea in *Ent.* 6 with the decorous figure of Comus, Middleton is apparently unwilling to develop its implications for his sober and conservative audience. The modest resources at his disposal—a couple of actors, musicians, a few props—were certainly better suited to a clear and elegant exposition of received ideas.

But we should be wary of reinscribing the notion that Middleton's civic entertainments are hackwork in the

Honourable Entertainments.

service of unimaginative employers. They are polished efforts perfectly tailored to their individual occasions, and if the governing idea in each seems simple, it is invariably deployed with grace and economy. Moreover, though Middleton's job is to flatter, he usually manages to avoid sounding servile. The pieces he wrote during the mayoralty of Sir William Cokayne (which must have helped to get Middleton the job of City Chronologer) frequently capitalize on the formidable reputation of this merchant prince by structuring the action around him, rather in the same way that the monarch is the focal point of a Jacobean masque. But he makes no attempt to do the same with Cokayne's successor, Sir Francis Jones, an altogether less impressive man who was known to be fiscally unreliable (he absconded on the last night of his term as Mayor). The tactical shift of emphasis can be seen in *Ents.* 5–6: in both Middleton uses the device of an elaborately sculptured pie to carry his theme, but

after a mock-funeral for the end of Cokayne's mayoralty (embodied in an imaginative visual pun, since piecrust was often called a 'coffin') he takes the opportunity of Jones's inaugural dinner for the Haberdashers to exalt the Company rather than the man. This is perhaps a shrewd use of the principle of *laudando praecipere* or praising to stimulate self-improvement, prompting Jones to live up to the Haberdashers' example. The contrast between the two pieces was one available to readers of Middleton's text of *Honourable Entertainments*, confirming that the maker of shows for the city is alert to, and helps to clarify, the standards and principles by which a viable civic culture will be judged.

SEE ALSO

An Invention, 1446

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 673

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 410

Honourable Entertainments

Dedication *To the Right Honourable Sir Francis Jones, knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London; the Right Worshipful Sir John Garrard, Sir Thomas Bennett, Sir Thomas Lowe, Sir Thomas Myddelton, Sir John Jolles, Sir John Leman, Sir George Bolles, Sir William Cokayne, knights and Aldermen; the truly generous and noble Heneage Finch, esquire, Master Recorder; Master Edward Barkham, Master Alexander Prescott, Master Peter Proby, Master Martin Lumley, Master William Gore, Master John Gore, Master Alan Cotton, Master Cuthbert Hackett, Master William Halliday, Master Robert Johnson, Master Richard Herne, Master Hugh Hamersley, Master Richard Dean, Master James Campbell, Aldermen; Master Edward Allen, Master Robert Ducy, Sheriffs and Aldermen*

15 All brethren-senators, precedents of religious and worthy actions, careful assistants in the state of so unmatched a government, and all of them being his worthy and honourable patrons, T.M. wisheth the fullness of that honour whose object is virtue and goodness.

20 Those things that have took joy at several feasts
To give you entertainment as the guests

They held most truly worthy, become now
Poor suitors to be entertained by you.
So were they from the first. Their suit is, then,
Once serving you, to be received again;
And you to equal justice are so true
You always cherish that which honours you.

25

Ever obedient in his studies, to the
service of so complete a goodness,
Tho. Middleton.

30

Honourable Entertainments

On Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week, 1620, the first entertainment at the house of the right worthy Sir William Cokayne, then Lord Mayor, which on the Saturday following was fashioned into service for the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council; upon which day that noble marriage was celebrated betwixt the Right Honourable Charles Lord Howard, Baron of Effingham, and Mary, eldest daughter of the said Sir William Cokayne, then Lord Mayor of London and Lord General of the military forces.

10

Dedication.5 *Cokayne* the most famous of the group of knights and former Lord Mayors listed in 1–5. He made a large fortune in the cloth trade, and was the first governor of Ulster and founder of Londonderry.

15 **brethren-senators** dignifying the city fathers by associating them with ancient Roman government: the first of several such references
20 **things** actors
23 **entertained** employed

1.7 **Charles... Effingham** the 41-year-old son of Thomas Howard, Earl of Nottingham and former Lord Admiral. He apparently inherited the barony before his father's death in 1624.



The cock-and-tortoise drinking cups.

Enter one habited like a Gentleman Sewer, bearing in his hand an artificial cock, conducted by the City Music towards the high table, a song giving notice of his entrance.

Song.

15 Room, room, make room
 You friends to fame,
 Officers of worth and name,
 Make room, make room.
 Behold the bird of state doth come,
 Make room,
 Clear the place,
 O do it all the grace.

10.1 *Sewer* attendant in charge of the banquet

10.2 *cock* one of a set of silver-gilt cups in the shape of a cock standing on a tortoise, with removable heads for drinking. They were made in 1605, a sum having been left to the Skinners by Cockayne's father for the purpose. See

illustration.

31 *Minerva* She was the goddess of crafts and trade guilds in ancient Rome, but was also identified with the Greek goddess Pallas Athena and took over her martial characteristics.

43-4 *What . . . vigilancy?* recalling the cock of Aesculapius which 'doth teach his

watching and his care | To visit oft his patients' (Whitney, 212).

50-1 *constrains . . . nerves* musters his resources

53-4 *sharpest . . . spur* The Skinners' cups (see illustration) show the cocks wearing the spurs which were attached to fighting birds.

It is the king of birds whose chanting
 And early morning crowing,
 So quick and strongly flowing,
 Does make the king of beasts lie panting.
 How worthy then to be brought in with honour
 That daunts the proudest in that humble manner.

The speech.

Two powers at strife about conceived wrong
 To whom this bird should properly belong
 Were reconciled by Harmony. First the sun
 Called it his bird, 'cause still, when day began
 To ope her modest eye, this creature then
 Proclaims his glory to the world again.
 Minerva next, goddess of arms and art,
 Claimed it for hers, not without just desert,
 He like the morning being the Muses' friend,
 And then for courage, 'tis his life, his end.
 Without wrong, then, those properties related,
 To both he may be justly consecrated.
 But, worthy lord, how properly to you
 Whose place partakes of both. It is so true
 An emblem of your worth, charge, power and state,
 None noblier can express a magistrate.
 For all that is, in this bird, quality
 Is in you virtue, justice, industry.
 What does his early morning note imply
 But in you early care and vigilancy?
 A duty that begets duty to you;
 So virtue still pays and receives her due.
 What does the striking of his wings import,
 Ere to his neighbour he his sounds retort,
 But the dear labours and incessant pains
 Of a just magistrate, that e'en constrains
 His nerves to give more virtue to his word
 And beat in sense into the most absurd?
 The sharpest is the easiest to apply,
 For his quick spur law's sword doth signify:
 The execution of your charge and place
 To cut off all crimes that are bold and base.
 'Virtues should be with kind embraces heaped,
 But with a sword sin's harvest must be reaped.'

To the Aldermen.

My reverence next to you, to you that are
 The fathers of this city, by whose care,
 Wisdom and watchfulness the good cause thrives.
 You that are lights and precedents in lives,
 Noble examples, honours t'age and time,
 This is the top which your good cares must climb.

- 65 'A ceaseless labour virtue hath imposed,
Upon all those whom honour hath enclosed.'
And such are you, selected from the rest.
Works then that are most choice become you best;
Place before all your actions and intents
- 70 The rare gifts of that bird, this but presents.
Behold the very shape and figure now
Serves for a noble welcome, turned into
A cup of bounty, and t'adorn the feast
Laden with love comes to each worthy guest.
- 75 And but observe the manner, there's in that
Freeness expressed, humility, yet state.
First you take off his head to taste his heart,
Which shows at this time power is laid apart
And bounty fills the place. Then he goes round
- 80 To show a welcome of an equal sound,
To everyone a free one through the board:
So plain he speaks the goodness of his lord.
Take then respectful notice through the hall
That here the noble health begins to all.
*The Cock-cup then delivered by this Gentleman
Sewer to the Lord Mayor, he beginning the health,
a second song thus honouring it.*
- Second Song*
- 85 The health's begun
In the bird of the sun.
Pledge it round, pledge it round,
With hearty welcome it comes crowned,
O pledge it round.
- 90 The ceremonies due,
Forget not as they were begun to you.
When you are drunk to, you're by duty led
First to kiss your hand, then take off the head.
You cannot miss it then,
- 95 To put it on and kiss it again.
The next to whom the health doth flow
It taught to honour your pledge so.
So round, round, round, round let it go,
As above, so below,
- 100 For bounty did intend it always so.
- 2 *The Second Entertainment*
*At Bunhill, on the shooting day, another habited
like an archer did thus greet the Lord Mayor and
Aldermen after they were placed in their tent.*
Why, this is nobly done, to come to grace
A sport so well becomes the time and place.
- Old time made much on't, and it thought no praise
Too dear for't, nor no honour in those days.
Not only kings ordained laws to defend it
But shined the first examples to commend it;
In their own persons honoured it so far
A land of peace showed like a field of war.
But chiefly Henry, memory's fame, the Eighth,
And the sixth Edward, gave it worth and weight
By act and favour—not without desert,
It being the comeliest and the manliest art.
And whereas meaner crafts took their first form
From humble things, as twisting from a worm,
And weaving from the spider's limber frame,
Music and archery from Apollo came.
He calls himself great master of this sport
In whose bright name fair wisdom keeps her court.
Well may this instrument be first in fame
Above all others that have got a name
In war or peace, when Heaven itself doth show
'The covenant of mercy by a bow.'
And as each creature, nay, each senseless thing
Is made a glass to see Heaven's goodness in,
So, though this be a mere delight, a game,
Justice may see here something she may claim
Without wrong done to state, and call't her own,
Since the great'st power is oft through weakness
known.
- What are reproofs—with them I first begin—
But arrows shot against the breast of sin?
Who hits vice home and cleaves a wrong in twain,
So that it never comes too close again,
Shows not he noble archery? I'll pray ever
He may be followed, mended he can never.
And as a cunning Bowman marks his ground
And from light things, which being tossed up, is found
Where the wind sits, for his advantage best,
Before he lets his arrow pass his breast,
So the grave magistrate, discreetly wise,
Makes use of light occasions that arise
To lead him on to weightier, winds a cause,
From things but weakly told much substance draws,
And will the state of truth exactly try
Before he let the shaft of judgement fly.
Then in this art there's virtue still expressed,
For every man desires here to be best.
Their aim is still perfection, to outreach
And go beyond each other, which does teach

70 **this... presents** of which this is only an image

76 **state** authority

92-7 **When... so** Elaborate toasting ceremonies were a feature of city banquets.

2.0.2 **Bunhill** fields adjoining Bunhill Row on the west side of the Artillery Garden, near Moorfields

9-11 **But... favour** Henry VIII passed two statutes (ratified by his successor) to enforce the practice of archery by all male citizens.

13-16 **And... came** adapted from *Toxophilus*, Roger Ascham's 1545 treatise on archery: 'mean crafts be first found out by men or beasts, as weaving by

a spider, and such other: but high and commendable sciences by gods, as shooting and music by Apollo'.

22 **bow** rainbow

27 **state** the dignity of high office

35 **marks** observes

43 **exactly try** precisely assess

50 A noble strife in our more serious deeds,
Assuring glory to him best exceeds.
And where some sports seek corners for their shame
Daylight and open place commends this game;
Much like an honest cause, it appears bold
In public court for all eyes to behold.

To the Archers.

55 On then, Apollo's scholars, you ne'er found
Nobler spectators compassed in this ground.
To whom I wish, worthy their virtuous ways,
Peace to their hearts, long health and blessed days.

The Third Entertainment

3 Upon the renewing of the worthy and laudable custom of
visiting the springs and conduit heads for the sweetness
and health of the city, a visitation long discontinued.

*A water-nymph, seeming to rise out of the ground
by the conduit head near the Banqueting House,
thus greets the honourable assembly.*

5 Ha! Let me clear mine eyes. Methinks I see
Comforts approach as if they came to me.
I am not used to 'em; I ha' been long without.
How comes the virtue of the time about?
Has ancient custom yet a friend of weight?
So many? Rare! Goodness is waked o'late
10 Out of her long sleep, sure, that has lain still
Many a dear day charmed with neglect and will.
I thought I'd been forsaken, quite forsook,
For none, these seven years, has bestowed a look
Upon my wat'ry habitation here;
15 I mean of power, that ought to see me clear
For yon fair city's health, which sweetness bless
And virtue in full strength ever possess.
Well fare thy visitation, noble lord,
And this most grave assembly, that accord
20 In ways of charity and care with thee.
Joys visit you, as your loves visit me.
The water stands so full now in mine eyes
I cannot choose but weep, but the tears rise
From gladness, not from sorrow, for that's lost
25 Now I see you. Unkindness yet has cost
Many a dear drop since I beheld the face
Of the last magistrate in power and place.
I ha' done good service: 'tis no boasting part
In one forgot to speak her own desert.
30 I grant my kind and loving sisters, both
Chadwell and Amwell, have expressed no sloth
In their pipe-pilgrimage, but fairly proved
Most excellent servants, housed and well beloved;

And have, when hard necessity requires,
Given happy quench to many merciless fires. 35
Therefore am I neglected? An old friend?
The head, that to the heart o'th'city send
My best and clearest service, take delight
To be at hand, make your dames pure and white
Who for their civil neatness are proclaimed 40
Mirrors of women, through all kingdoms famed.
Can I be so forgot? And daily hear
The noise of water-bearers din your ear?
Those are my alms-folks, trotting in a ring,
And live upon the bounty of my spring, 45
Yet like dull worms that have no sense at all
Lick up the dews, ne'er look from whence they fall.
The head's not minded whence the goodness flows.
So with the world's condition right it goes.
'Blessings are swallowed with a greedy love, 50
But thanks fly slowly to yon place above'
From whence the ever-living waters spring
Which to your souls eternal comforts bring.
The dews of heaven fall on you; prosperous fates
Like fruitful rivers flow into your states. 55

The Fourth Entertainment

4 Upon discontinuance, and to excite them to practice, a
speech intended for the general training. Being appointed
for the Tuesday next ensuing the visitation of the springs;
but upon some occasion the day deferred.

*Pallas on horseback, on her helmet the figure of a
cock, her proper crest, thus should have greeted the
lord general the Lord Mayor Sir William Cokayne
at his entrance into the field, the worthy colonels,
the right generous Master Alderman Hamersley,
President of the noble Council of War, for the
martial garden; the captains, etc.*

Why, here's my wish, the joy I live upon, 5
Wisdom and valour when both meet in one.
Now 'tis a field of honour, fame's true sphere;
Methinks I could eternally dwell here.
Why, here's perfection, 'tis a place for me,
Pallas delights in such community. 10
This bird of courage, enemy to fear,
Whose figure on my helmet now I wear—
And have done ever from my birth in heaven—
Is consecrate to me, as to thee given.
Our crest's alike, and fits both war and peace. 15
The virtues are valour and watchfulness,
And both shine clear now in thy present state,
Field-general and city-magistrate.

51-2 **And...game** alluding to the 'bowling
allies and dicing houses' which John
Stow complained were springing up as
common fields were enclosed and built
upon (*A Survey of London*, 1603).

3.1-3 **Upon...discontinued** See Introduc-
tion, p. 1431.

15 **of power** anyone in authority

27 **last magistrate** Sir John Swinnerton of
the Merchant Taylors was Lord Mayor in
1612-3.

31 **Chadwell and Amwell** villages in
Hertfordshire where were located the
springs feeding Hugh Myddelton's New
River project, opened in 1613

48 **minded** bothered

4.1-4 **Upon...deferred** See Introduction, p.
1432.

4.1-2 **Pallas...crest** In Ripa's *Iconologia*
Minerva, Pallas's Roman counterpart,
wears a helmet similarly adorned.

4.7 **martial garden** the Artillery Garden

15 **Our...alike** Cokayne's coat of arms
featured three cocks.

As I from arts and arms derive my name,
 So thou suppliest two offices with fame.
 Why, here the ancient Roman honour dwells:
 A praetor, general; senators, colonels;
 Captains, grave citizens; so richly inspired
 They can assist in council if required,
 And set court causes in as fair a form
 As they do men here without rage or storm.
 Lieutenants, ensigners, sergeants of bands,
 Of worthy citizens the army stands,
 Each in his place deserving fair respect.
 I can complain of nothing but neglect
 That such a noble city's armed defence
 Should be so seldom seen. I could dispense
 With great occasions, but alas, whole years
 To put off exercise gives cause of fears.
 'In getting wealth all care should not be set,
 But some in the defending what you get.'
 There's few but have their providence so pure,
 Blessed with a fair estate, to make it sure
 By strength of writings, and in good men's hands
 Putting their coin, secured by lives and lands.
 This is the common fort to which all fly,
 Every man labours for security.
 But what's all this—I speak in truth's behalf—
 If neither men, city, nor deeds be safe?
 Where's now security of state? That day
 When life stands neglectful of her house of clay,
 A ruin which neglect of glorious arms
 Has brought on many a kingdom, rocked with charms
 Of lazy dullness by unpractised men
 Fit for no service. I resolve you then:
 This is security, if you'll rightly know,
 And does secure that word which you call so.
 Let not a small pecuniary expense
 (Which is but drossy dotage) keep you hence;
 You lose all that you save after that manner.
 What is't to rise in riches, fall in honour?
 Nay, to your safeties to commit self-treason
 Which everything provides for, blessed with reason.
 Let this grave lord's example, in its prime,
 Who perfects all his actions with his time,
 Makes even with the year to his fair fame,
 Gives his accounts up with a glorious name
 In field and court, move all men to discharge
 Their manly offices and pains at large.
 Let every year at least once in his round
 See you like sons of honour tread this ground;

And heaven that both gives and secures just wealth
 The city bless with safety, you with health.

The Fifth Entertainment

At the house of Sir William Cokayne, upon Simon and
 Jude's Day following, being the last great feast of the
 magistrate's year, and the expiration of his praetorship.

*One attired like a mourner enters after a made dish
 like a hearse stuck with sable bannerets; drums
 and trumpets expressing a mournful service.*

The Speech.

Imagine now, each apprehensive guest,
 The year departed. This his funeral feast;
 I a chief mourner; this a sad pageant here,
 Set with the orphan's sigh, the widow's tear.
 All seem to mourn, as locked from their reliefs,
 Till the new sun of justice dry their griefs.
 And as there is no glorious thing that ends
 But leaves a fame behind it that commends
 Or disapproves the progress of his acts,
 So in this epitaph sad truth contracts
 A spacious story which, spread forth at large,
 Might instruct all, built up for power and charge.

*The Last Will and Testament of 1620
 finishing for the city.*

Imprimis, I *Annus 1620* do bequeath to my successor
 '21 all my good wishes, pains, labours and reform-
 ations, to be nobly perfected by his endeavours and
 diligence.

Item, I make Justice my executor, and Wisdom my
 overseer, which is that honourable court which never
 failed yet to see justice performed.

Item, I give and bequeath to all the officers for
 legacies: truth, temperance, example of humility, and
 gentleness.

Lastly, I bequeath to the whole body of the beloved
 commonalty three inestimable jewels, love, meekness
 and loyalty, which are always the forerunners of a
 blessed prosperity; which Heaven grant they may ever-
 lasting enjoy.

The Epitaph.

Here ends a year that never misspent day,
 Through fame's celestial signs made his own way,
 By discreet judgement all his time still led
 Which is the only sign governs the head.
 Mercy to wants and bounty to desert,
 The special sign that rules the noble heart.
 A year of goodness and a year of right
 In which the honest cause sued with delight.

22 **praetor** governing magistrate in repub-
 lican Rome

24 **assist in council** act as royal advisers

25 **set** resolve, put in order

27 **ensigners** standard-bearers

35 **set** directed, concentrated

54 **is...dotage** only a miser would worry

about

65 **every...once** When it suspended the
 muster for 1620 at which this speech
 would have been heard, the Court of
 Aldermen decreed that in future training
 would take place on 10 April.

5.1-2 **Simon...Day** October 28th, the last

day of the mayoral year

3.1 **made dish** sculpted cakes or pies were
 a popular feature at banquets in this
 period

8 **locked from** denied

11 **fame** record

32 **fame's celestial signs** the zodiac

A year wherein nothing that's good was dull,
 Began at moon's increase and ends at full.
 Full cup, full welcome, adding the sun's gift
 Who, nearer his declining, the more swift
 In his illustrious course, more bright, more clear.
 Such is the glorious setting of this year:
 His beamy substance shines e'en through his shroud
 As the fair sun shoots splendour through his cloud.
 May every year succeeding this still have
 No worse an epitaph to deck his grave.
 And so my last farewell (this tear for me)
 Wishing that many may conclude like thee.

6 *The Sixth Entertainment*

At the house of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Jones.

The first entertainment at his first great feast prepared
 to give welcome to his own noble fraternity, the Com-
 pany of Haberdashers. The property to which this speech
 especially hath respect was a device like a made dish
 expressing two naked arms breaking through a cloud, sup-
 porting a wreath of laurel, being part of the Haberdashers'
 Arms.

*The speech presented by a servant to Comus, the
 great sir of feasts.*

Free love, full welcome, bounty fair and clear
 E'en as it flows from Heaven, inhabit here,
 And with your liberal virtues bless the year.
 Make this thy palace, thou smooth youth of feasts,
 Comus! And put joy into all the guests
 That they may truly taste in fewest words
 Th'abundant welcome yon kind lord affords
 Especially to you above the rest,
 Of all most worthy to be first and best.
 You challenge two respects: in brotherhood, one
 Which had desert enough, came it alone
 Without a second virtue; but to add
 Unto your worthiness, your love was clad
 With honour, cost, and care; and how applied
 The late triumphant day best testified,
 Stands in no need of my applause and praise.
 Your worth can of itself itself best raise.
 So much for noble action in your right,
 Which I presume his goodness will requite.
 Now for himself—not far to wade or swim—
 I borrow of your honours to fit him,
 Which both preserves me in my first bounds still
 And may agree best with his love and will.

6.2 **first...feast** Not the inaugural banquet
 for the incoming Lord Mayor, which
 was held at the Guildhall with all the
 Aldermen present, but a subsequent and
 more exclusive gathering, at which the
 Mayor's guild celebrates the honour of
 having one of its number elected.

8.1-2 **Comus...feasts** See Introduction,

p. 1433.

18 **challenge...respects** deserve praise on
 two counts

23 **late...day** Comus's festive spirit has
 infused the inaugural banquet on 29th
 October as well as the present occasion.

27 **his** Jones's

Here the property is presented.

Behold in this rare symbol of renown
 The emblem of all justice, and the crown
 The fair reward for't, ever fresh and green,
 Which imitates those joys eye hath not seen. 35
 These arms, that for their nakedness resemble
 E'en truth itself, no covering to dissemble
 Nor shift for bribe, but open, plain and bare,
 Shows men of power should keep their conscience fair.
 And were their acts transparent, without veil, 40
 Disguise or visor, and such never fail.
 Observe this more, 'tis not one arm alone
 That bears this laurel, but two joined in one:
 Mercy and Justice, the two props of state,
 They must be both fixed in the magistrate; 45
 If wanting either, subject to much harm,
 For he that has but one has but one arm.
 Judge then the imperfection. Mark again:
 They break both through a cloud, which instructs
 men
 How they should place their reverence and their love, 50
 Seeing all lawful power comes from above.
 And as the laurel which is now your due—
 Being due to honour, therefore most to you—
 Fears no injurious weather the year brings,
 But spite of storms looks ever green and springs 55
 Apollo's tree which lightnings never blast,
 So, honoured lord, should burning malice cast
 Her pitchy fires at your triumphant state,
 You are Apollo's tree, a magistrate
 Which no foul gust of envy can offend, 60
 Nor may it ever to your lordship's end.
 Health and a noble courage bless your days.
 To this your worthy brotherhood, fame and praise.

The Seventh Entertainment

At the house of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Jones,
 Lord Mayor, for the celebration of the joyful feast of
 Christmas last.

*Levity, a person attired suitable to her condition,
 from a window unexpectedly thus greets the
 assembly in the midst of the feast.*

LEVITY

Why, well said! Thus should Christmas be,
 Lightsome, jocund, blithe and free. 5
 Now it looks like bounty's palace
 Where every cup has his full ballast.
 Drown cares with juice that grapes have bled
 And make Time's cheek look fresh and red.

41 **visor** mask

46 **wanting** lacking

56 **Apollo's tree** the laurel wreath

7.3.2 **from a window** on one side of the
 carved screen at the end of the hall
 which housed the musicians' balcony
 (cf. ll. 32-3).

- 10 Let nothing now but healths go round,
And no sooner off but crowned
With sparkling liquors, bounding up,
Quick in palate, as in cup.
15 To be heavy, to be dull
Is a fault so pitiful
We bar it from the course of reason.
Care must not peep abroad this season,
Nor a sad look dare appear
20 Within ten mile of Christmas cheer.
Sighs are banished ten leagues farther
Either cellar, hall or larder.
To be jovial then and blithe
Is truly to pay Christmas tithe,
And where free mirth is and impartial
25 Christmas there has made me marshal.
*Severity from an opposite window as unexpectedly
reproves her.*
- SEVERITY
Why, how now? Know you where you are? Rude
thing,
Bold and unmannered licence, dare you bring
Your free speech hither, before me begin?
Who let this skittish thing of lightness in?
30 Some call the porter hither! Yet stay, stay,
I've power in words to chase this toy away.
I wonder that the music suffers thee
To come into their room!
- LEVITY Why, nicety?
SEVERITY
Believe me, honest men (whate'er you be),
35 She's able to spoil all your harmony,
Corrupt your airs with lightness.
- LEVITY O fie, fie,
How ill you blaze my coat, Severity!
SEVERITY
Is this a place for you? Can lightness here
Under the hazard of her shame appear?
LEVITY
40 Why, thou dull lumpish thing, void of all fashion,
Mirth's poison, enemy to recreation,
Thou melancholy wretch, so filled with spite
Thou eat'st thy heart when others take delight.
I must be merry, 'tis my nature—
- SEVERITY
Fool!
LEVITY
Dull dogbolt!
SEVERITY Skit!
- Enter below Temperance.*
- TEMPERANCE What, this a scolding school? 45
How now? So high got, and so loud withal?
Whose doing was't placed you two there to brawl?
Pray mark the assembly, look upon 'em well;
Think where you are, and let that rude thought quell
Your unbecoming difference. 'Tis not here 50
As at a pit! Here's reverence, worth, and fear.
- LEVITY
She says but right in that.
SEVERITY O Levity—
TEMPERANCE
No, nor you neither.
LEVITY You may be gone too!
TEMPERANCE
You're both extremes, therefore no place for you.
Lightness becomes not, nor severity: 55
It must be between both, and I am she.
Too light is bad, and too severe, as vile;
But both well-tempered makes the mixture mild.
As I stand now between you, so it makes
A perfect virtue up when it partakes 60
Of each, and comes no nearer than I do.
And virtue made, we have no need of you.
Vanish! Be gone.
- SEVERITY I give place willingly
To you, but not to her.
They give place.
- LEVITY Nor I to thee.
TEMPERANCE
Thus things should have their becoming grace, 65
For Temperance fits the reverence of this place.
Grave senators, in goodness still increased!
Long may you live to celebrate this feast,
This blessed season of true joy compiled
In which fair heaven and man were reconciled. 70
Music! Thou modest servant to this place,
Raise chaste delight to do this season grace.
A song, answered at several places
- SINGER
Echo! Echo! By thy love once to Narcissus
I now conjure thee not to miss us,
But make thy sound 75
Upon the woods rebound
And mountains—
(Echo) And mountains
And to thy neighbouring sisters call—
(Echo) Sisters call 80
Lodged in cave or hollow wall.

25.1 *Severity* Presumably contrasted to
Levity by being clad in formal attire.
The emblem books interpret the figure
as commanding regal awe, but this is not
appropriate here.
37 *blaze my coat* paint my reputation
39 *Under* . . . of risking
45 *dogbolt* literally, a blunt arrow; a

common insult
Skit tart. The word implies wantonness
or frivolity.
49 *rude thought* stark realization
50 *difference* quarrel
51 *pit* i.e. a bear or bull-baiting
fear power to judge
64.1–7.64 *They* . . . *thee* Having formed

a triangular image with Temperance
between and below them (l. 59), the
two disappear from their windows after
Levity's retort.
72.1 *several places* different parts of the hall
73 *Echo* . . . *Narcissus* The nymph Echo fell
in love with Narcissus and after being
rejected by him wasted away to a voice.

- And those resounding near fair fountains—
 (Echo) Near fair fountains
 Let 'em call to one another—
 85 (Echo) To one another,
 (Second Echo) one another
 And one sister raise up t'other.
 (Echo) Up t'other.
 Let it go from me to you—
 90 [Echo] From me to you,
 [Second Echo] me to you
 From you to them, be just and true.
 (Echo) Just and true.
 Never cease your voice's flight
 95 Till you raise up chaste delight.
 (Echo) Up chaste delight.
- DELIGHT
 Who calls me from my cave?
 SINGER 'Twas I.
 (Echo) 'Twas I, 'twas I.
 This is no time in silence now to lie.
- DELIGHT
 Who, I?
 100 SINGER O ay!
 This is a season of all joy compiled
 In which fair heaven and man were reconciled.
 (Echo) Heaven and man were reconciled,
 [Second Echo] reconciled.
 105 Behold how many a worthy guest
 Are met to celebrate this feast.
- DELIGHT
 I see it plain. O blame me then,
 I ne'er will show such sloth again.
 For whose delight am I now raised?
 SINGER
 O, for the city's.
 110 DELIGHT How, for the city's?
 (Echo) For the city's.
 To fail a mistress so renowned it were a thousand
 pities.
 (Echo) Thousand pities.
- SINGER
 Those are her honoured sons you now behold.
 DELIGHT
 115 Heaven bless them all with graces manifold.
- TEMPERANCE (to the music) So!
 'Tis thankfully accepted, you've expressed
 Your service well and fully to this feast;
 Adorned and honoured in each happy part
 With those most reverend patrons to desert. 120
The close
 Joy never fail your meetings; good success
 All your endeavours and your fortunes bless.
 Gladness of heart dwell ever in your breasts,
 And peace of fair works bring you glorious rests.
- The Eighth Entertainment* 8
 At the house of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Jones,
 Lord Mayor, for the solemn feast of Easter last, upon the
 times of that blessed and laudable custom of celebrating
 the memory of pious works in this city at Saint Mary
 Spital. 5
The Invention.
The four seasons of the year, spring, summer,
autumn and winter, in a song into four parts
divided call up Flora, the goddess of the spring,
who in a bower decked with artificial flowers
appears upon the musical invocation.
The song at several windows
- SPRING
 Flora, Flora!
 We call thee here,
 SUMMER We call thee here
 From forth thy fragrant bower.
- SPRING
 Thou queen of every laughing flower
 Appear! 10
 Appear to us.
- SUMMER To us appear,
 Thou banquet of the year.
- SPRING
 Or if a name may be more sweet, more dear,
 Hark, summer, hark!
- SUMMER Mark, autumn, mark
 How coughing winter mourns to see 15
 This smiling hour.
- WINTER Would it were nipped for me!
 But soft, I feel no such decay
 But I may live to kiss fair May,

90-1 Eld's punctuation suggests the intricacy of echoic effects.

97 cave probably a property placed in front of the screen

120 desert do justice to

8.4-5 Saint...Spital a former priory and hospital on the east side of Bishopsgate; after the Reformation sermons continued to be given there on the Monday and Tuesday in Easter Week from an outdoor pulpit in the churchyard. These were attended by the city fathers, who had been provided in 1594 with 'one fair builded house...to sit in, there to hear

the sermons' (Stow); this was probably a covered three-sided structure. On both days the Aldermen and Sheriffs would breakfast and dine at the Mayor's house; the evening banquet is the same occasion celebrated in *Ent. 1* and *An Invention*, and it seems usually to have been a sumptuous one. In 1617 senior courtiers and the Archbishop of Canterbury were invited, and the elaborate nature of Middleton's entertainment for 1621 may point to a similarly important guest-list on this occasion.

5-7 several different

6-20 Flora...flowers The seasons were probably marked out simply by the colour of their coats or headgear, but Winter has a more expressive role than the others and runs no risk of upstaging Flora, so he may have had a more elaborate costume like Inverno in *The Masque of Flowers* put on by Gray's Inn in 1613: 'an old man in a short gown of silk shag like withered grass all frosted and snowed over...with long white hair and beard hung with icicles'.

- And in the morn and evening hours
 20 Leave my cold sweats upon the flowers.
 SPRING
 Alas, poor mumps! At thy weak power
 We laugh.
 The sun will rise and take thy cold kiss off.
 And now behold!
- WINTER
 O, O, O!
- AUTUMN
 25 He's struck cold
 At Flora's first appearing;
 Look! In a sound
 Will drop to th' ground.
 Help, help, help, he wants your cheering.
- WINTER
 30 O I confess,
 Field-empëress,
 The beauty of thy power amazes.
 I am content to join
 With those three friends of thine
 35 And help to chant thy praises.
- ALL
 Now all the seasons of the year agree
 To give, fair Flora, the prime place to thee.
*Flora, rising in her bower, calls forth two of her
 servants.*
- FLORA
 Where's Hyacinth, the boy Apollo loved
 And turned into a flower?
- HYACINTH Here, queen of sweetness.
- FLORA
 40 Adonis! Thou that for thy beauteous chastity
 Wert turned into the chastest of all flowers,
 The close-enfolded rose—blown into blushes,
 It is so maiden-modest!
- ADONIS What's thy pleasure,
 Fair empress of sweet odours?
- FLORA Willing servants!
 45 I have employment for you both, and speedy.
- BOTH
 We wait with much joy to receive the charge on't.
- FLORA
 Haste to the two assisting magistrates,
 Those worthy city consuls.
 Bear our sweet wishes to 'em, and speak joy
- From us to both their feasts,
 And to that part of their grave-worthy guests
 Which here we miss today, though here be those
 Whom we ought more especially to honour.
 Say, though we cannot there ourself appear
 Because we owe our greater service here,
 55 Yet that they shall not fail of all their due
 We send the wishes of our heart by you.
- HYACINTH
 Which shall be faithfully tendered.
- FLORA 'Tis presumed.
 [Exeunt Hyacinth and Adonis]
- But to this fair assembly present now
 I, and these yielding sweets all their heads bow
 In honour of this feast; of the day, chief,
 Made solemn by the works of your relief,
 Your cares, your charities, the holy use
 Of pious exercise, all which infuse
 Blessings into your fortunes. You abound
 In temporal things, 'cause blessèd fruits are found
 Upon the stocks you graft on. Mark the increase:
 You plant poor orphans in a ground of peace
 And carefully provide; when fruit time comes,
 You gather Heaven's joys for't in infinite sums.
 65 This day you viewed the garden of those deeds
 That bless the founders; and all those succeeds
 In zeal and imitation. You saw there
 Virtue's true paradise dressed with your care,
 Your most religious care, and those blue sets
 75 That are the city's bank of violets
 That smells most sweet to heaven. Never cease then,
 You worthy precedents for times and men,
 Till charity spring, by your examples given,
 As thick on earth as rewards stand in Heaven.
 80 If there were sloth or faintness toward good works—
 As blessed be heaven there is not—Time instructs
 The season of the year. For as the ground
 The heaviest and dull'st creature can be found,
 Yet now begins both in her meads and bowers
 85 To offer up her sacrifice in flowers,
 How much more ought that earth with a soul blessed,
 Which is of every of you here possessed,
 To spring forth works of piety and love
 To gratify those dews fall from above.
 90 And as the humblest flower that ever grew
 Has not his scent alone, but virtue too

21 **mumps** a common, rather patronizing
 endearment

27 **sound faint**

38 **Hyacinth** the beautiful youth in Greek
 myth who is loved by both Apollo and
 Zephyrus. The latter kills him out of
 jealousy, and from his blood springs the
 flower bearing his name.

40–2 **Adonis** . . . **rose** In Greek myth Adonis
 refuses Aphrodite's advances and, after
 he is killed by a wild boar, the rose

springs from his blood.

47 **two** . . . **magistrates** the two Sheriffs for
 the year, Edward Allen and Robert Ducy,
 who are entertaining elsewhere. The
 command helps further to link this piece
 with the two that follow, since they were
 performed at the Sheriffs' homes.

48 **consuls** In republican Rome two consuls
 ruled annually.

68 **poor orphans** The city supported a
 number of orphanages; see next note.

69 **And carefully provide** referring to the
 children of Christ's Hospital in Newgate
 Street, who were also provided (see note
 to ll. 4–5) with 'a house . . . to sit in' at St
 Mary Spital to listen to the sermons.

75 **blue sets** The children of Christ's Hos-
 pital wore long blue coats and yellow
 stockings.

85 **meads** fields

92 **virtue** medicinal properties

- 93 Good for man's griefs, so 'tis not man's full fame
 To have a Christian savour or a name,
 95 An empty voice of charity and relief.
 He must apply ease to his brother's grief:
 'Faith is the scent and odour of the flower,
 But work's the virtue that makes good the power.'
 'Tis like the tincture of those robes you wear
 100 In which clear vesture you to me appear
 Like borders of fair roses, and worn high
 Upon the city's forehead. That rich dye,
 As it is reverend, honourable, grave,
 So it is precious, wholesome; which doth crave
 105 A double virtue at the wearer's hands:
 Justice and mercy, by which goodness stands.
 Thus honour still claims virtue for his due,
 And may both ever lay just claim to you.
 What? The four seasons of the year struck dumb?
 110 I looked for a kind welcome now I'm come.
*Second song by the four seasons, called the song of
 flowers.*
- SPRING
 Welcome, O welcome, queen of sweetness,
 Welcome in the noblest manner,
 With all thy flowers, thy sweet-breathed maids of
 honour.
- SUMMER
 Flower gentle, I begin with thee.
- AUTUMN
 115 Fair flower of crystal, that's for me.
- SPRING
 Apples of love, there sweetness dwells.
- WINTER
 Puh! Give me Canterbury bells.
- SPRING
 Fair double-gold cups, griefs expelling,
 SUMMER
Agnus Castus, all excelling,
 AUTUMN
 120 Venus' bath, the loveliest pride of June,
 WINTER
 Give me that flower called 'go to bed at noon'.
- SPRING
 Blessed thistle, famed for good,
 SUMMER
 Shepherd's pouch for staunching blood,
 AUTUMN
 Fair yellow knight-wort for a foul relapse,
 WINTER
 And lady's mantle, good for maidens' paps. 125
- SPRING
 Tuft hyacinth, that crowns the bower,
 Called of some the virgin's flower;
 WINTER
 Take that for me, more good I feel
 In ruffling robin and lark's heel.
- SPRING
 There is a sweet, unnamed yet, 130
 The root is white, the mark of pure delight,
 Bearing his flowers fair and high,
 The colour like a purple dye.
- WINTER
 What is the name 'tis blessed withal?
- SPRING
 Live-long; it so the shepherds call. 135
- WINTER
 Live-long? 'Tis virtue's promised due
 And may it long remain with you,
 Honoured patrons,
 Virtuous matrons,
 140 Whose lives and acts this city graces,
 Daily striving
 And reviving
 Works worthy your renown and places.
- FLORA
 So y'are confirmed. From your harmonious closes
 May sweetness drop as honeydew from roses. 145
Then turning to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.
 A blessed health possess you, and a long,
 That in this latter spring of your grave years
 You may be green in virtues, and grow strong
 In works of grace, which souls to heaven endears.

93 **full fame** best ambition

101 **Like... roses** Stow describes the Aldermen 'in their scarlets at the Spital in the holidays'.

114 **Flower gentle** *Amaranthus*, a plant with long-lasting spiky flowers, used as a coagulant

115 **Fair... crystal** probably flea-wort, *psyllium sempervirens*, an evergreen plant whose seeds were boiled to make a purgative

116 **Apples of love** *Poma amarum* or Golden Apple, a Mediterranean variety

117 **Canterbury bells** the Giant Bell-flower or throat-wort, used as a remedy for

throat infections and mouth ulcers

118 **double-gold cups** crow-foot, wild flower used as a purgative

119 **Agnus Castus** bushy shrub known as the 'chaste tree' because it supposedly acted as an aphrodisiac; also used as a remedy for various ills

120 **Venus' bath** wild teasel

121 **go... noon** Goat's-beard, whose flower opens only in the morning; the root boiled in wine 'assuageth the pain and pricking stitches of the sides' (Gerard)

123 **Shepherd's pouch** common weed, also known as shepherds' purse

124 **knight-wort** probably knight's pond-

wort, an aquatic plant used to treat wounds and make poultices

125 **lady's mantle** Gerard says that when this wild flower (*Alchimilla*) is used to treat breasts that 'be too great or flaggy it maketh them lesser or harder'.

126 **Tuft hyacinth** *Clematis peregrina*, usually known as Virgin's bower

129 **ruffling robin** possibly 'Ragged Robin' or another winter-flowering plant
lark's heel flowering shrub of the larkspur family

135 **Live-long** Orpine, an herbaceous plant known for its hardiness

- 150 Your good cares here, justice, and well spent hours
 Crown you hereafter with eternal flowers.
*Hyacinth and Adonis, sent forth by Flora to the
 two other feasts, thus sets off their employments.*
 The goddess Flora, empress of the spring,
 Choosing this feast her flow'ry sojourning
 Under the roof of the chief magistrate,
 Whose power lays just claim to the greatest state,
 Hath sent me forth, not meanest in her grace,
 To breathe forth her sweet wishes to this place.
 First to the master of this bounteous feast
 To speak her joy; next, to each worthy guest.
 160 And though she cannot now herself appear
 Because she owes her greater service there,
 Yet her heart's love to everyone I bring
 To whom she's sent a present of the spring.
*Then falls into the former speech of Flora, making
 use of her divine instructions*
- 9 Here follows the worthy and noble entertainments of the
 lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, at
 the houses of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.
The Ninth Entertainment
 The first entertainment upon Thursday in Easter week,
 5 being the fifth of April, 1621. And upon the sixteenth
 of the same month those persons of honour received
 their second noble welcome, in a free and generous
 entertainment at the house of the right worshipful Master
 Sheriff Allen.
*Flora, the person used before, thus prepared for
 them.*
- FLORA
 10 Am I so happy to be blessed again?
 With these, the choice of many thousand men
 For royal trust selected, and a care
 That makes you sacred: may the world compare
 A confidence with yours? From so complete
 15 And excellent a master? Or so great
 And free a love can any nation show
 In subject to the sovereign than doth flow
 From this most thankful city? Waves of love
 E'en overwhelm each other as they move;
 20 All striving to be first, they run in one
 To th' ocean's breast (the King's affection).
 And you of honour, that do oft appear
 In presence of a majesty so clear,
 So mighty in heaven's blessings, be so kind
 25 To grace with words what he shall ever find—
 And 'tis a glorious truth and well beseems
 Places and persons of your fair esteems:—
 Not all the kingdoms of the earth contain
 A city freer to her sovereign,
- More faithful and more careful. Observe here
 His highness' excellent trial. Love and fear
 Make up a subject's duty to his king,
 As justice and sweet mercy makes up him.
 So two-fold virtue two-fold duty cheers;
 He knew their loves, now came and touched their
 fears
 35 To try their temper. O blessed heaven, he found
 It was the fear he looked for—had its ground
 Upon religion, reverence, sweet respect.
 Love looked not lovelier, nor divinelier decked.
 Each reprehensive word he did impart
 40 Flew and cleaved fast to their obedient heart.
 'Twas fire within their bosom, 'could not rest
 Till in some serious manner they'd expressed
 Their duteous care; with all speed put in act
 Their sovereign's sacred pleasure, to coax
 45 Where manners failed, and force, as with a pill,
 From humours rude the venom of the ill.
 'A king's own admonition against crimes
 Is physic to the body of the times.'
 And herein did he imitate the highest
 50 To whom it best becomes him to be nighest.
 To chasten where he loves it is the seal
 Of the Almighty's favour. He doth deal
 So with his chosen: do not languish then,
 Thou prince of cities, 'cause the king of men
 55 Divinely did reprove thee; know 'tis love.
 Thou art his chosen city, and wilt prove—
 As thou hast ever been—faithful and free,
 The chamber of his sweet security.
 Then in a health of joy your hearts express
 60 Whilst I breathe welcome to those noble guests.
*The song of welcome, after which Flora closes the
 entertainment.*
 A trust of honour, and a noble care
 Still to discharge that trust, keep your fames fair.
 You have proceeded carefully; go on,
 And a full praise crown your progression. 65
- The last entertainment* 10
 Full as noble and worthy as the former, upon the Saturday
 ensuing, being the twenty-first of the same month, at the
 house of the equally generous and bounteous the right
 worshipful Master Sheriff Ducey.
*Flora, this the third time, in her bower beginning
 to speak, interrupted by her two servants Hyacinth
 and Adonis.*
- FLORA
 Good Heaven—
 HYACINTH Fie, this is usurpation merely!
 5 Speak thrice together? There's no right in this.

151.2 sets off discharge. Presumably the following speech was given at each of the Sheriffs' feasts, with Flora's blessing (146–51) repeated for the benefit of their 'grave-worthy guests' (51). The

Sheriffs' houses may have been close enough to the Mayor's to allow the actors playing Hyacinth and Adonis in the main show to carry the message, and Adonis's speech in the last Entertainment

(10.9–10) seems to assume this sort of continuity; but the idea is perhaps more charming than plausible.

9.47 humours rude unruly elements

	FLORA	What's that?		Now, you pull in your heads.	
	ADONIS	I have the juster cause to take exceptions: This is the place I served in, lately served in, And by her own appointment my wrong's greatest.	10	BOTH	Pardon, sweet queen.
	FLORA	Here's a strange sudden boldness o' both sides o' me!		FLORA	Yet why should anger in my brow be seen? They came but to show duty to the time. Contention to do service was their crime, That's no ill-looking fault; but 'tis still known, 'They that give honour love to do't alone.'
	HYACINTH	Was't not sufficient grace for you to speak At the chief magistrate's house, there where that bower Was first erected? But to shift your seat From place to place, pull down and then set up— I wonder how she 'scapes informers, trust me!	15		It brooks no partnership—to give this last Duty her due as others before past, Though it came now from men of meaner rank Where wealth was ne'er known to o'erflow the bank Like spring tides of the rich that swell more high. Yet tak't for truth, it comes as cheerfully, All smiling givers; and well may it come With smooth and loving faces. The small sum That they return is thousand times repaid In peace and safety, besides sovereign aid For each heart's grievance to its full content By this high synod of the parliament, Before whose fair, clear and unbribèd eyes, When it appears, corruption sinks and dies. Secure oppression once comes trembling thither; 'Stead of her hard heart, knocks her knees together. This benefit is purchased, this reward To which all coin is dross to be compared.
	ADONIS	Believe me, so do I. She's favour shown her.			40
	FLORA	So, this becomes you well!			45
	HYACINTH	There's right in all things; We might have kept our places as we held 'em. There's little conscience in your dealing thus; You might have left the lower books for us For our poor service.	20		55
	FLORA	Thus I answer you, Taking my precedent from the just care Of those clear lights of honour, shining fair To their work's end. You see before your eyes The trust that was committed to their wise And discreet powers, for his Highness' use. They put not off to others with excuse Of weariness or pains. As they begun, In their own noble persons see all done. So, by their sweet example, I that am Your queen and mistress and may rightly blame And tax the boldness of your ruder blood, I do not think or hold myself too good In mine own person to commend their cares That have so justly served their King in theirs.	25 30 35		60 65 70
					<i>FINIS.</i>

10.16 I... **informers** insinuating that Flora keeps on the move like a criminal
21 **lower books** lesser occasions. This is

not a slight to the Privy Council but a reference to their city hosts on this occasion, men 'of meaner rank' (45)

than the Court of Aldermen.
43 **brooks** stands for
54 **high... parliament** the Privy Council

An Invention

Performed for the service of the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, Lord Mayor of the City of London, at his lordship's entertainment of the Aldermen his brethren, and the honourable and worthy guests at his house assembled and feasted in the Easter holidays, 1622. Written by Thomas Middleton.

An Invention

A song in several parts, ushering toward the high table a personage in armour representing Honour, holding in his hand a sheaf of arrows

MEAN
A hall, a hall! Below, stand clear.
What, are you ready?

BASE
They appear.

MEAN
[] then
10 Present your duties to those men
Of worth and honour.

CHORUS
We rejoice
When so we spend art, hour and voice.

MEAN
Tell me, O tell me, what is he appears
So like a son of Fame, and bears
15 A sheaf of arrows, bound with silken bands?

BASE
'Tis Honour with two armèd hands
Showing the figure of his crest,
Who gives it and deserves it best.

MEAN
A braver emblem for the place
I ne'er beheld.

20 BASE
Nor for his race
A fitter symbol (without pride or spite)
Being armed at all points to do merit right.

MEAN
What word's that?

BASE
25 *Diligentia*
Fortunae Mater.

MEAN
This honoured day
Makes good that motto; 'tis expressed
Not in him only but in every guest.
I joy to see!

CHORUS
We joy to see
Your places and your works agree.
Finis the first song

Then Honour delivers this speech

Though in this martial habit I appear
I bring nor cause of doubt nor thought of fear. 30
'Tis only a way found to express best
The worthy figure of yond noble crest.
Nor barely to be shown is the intent
And scope of this time's service; more is meant.
There's use and application, whence arise 35
Profit and comfort to the grave and wise.
A nobler emblem of charge, power, and place,
Justice and valour, never yet did grace
A station more; a crest becomes the state
Of our best champion, a good magistrate. 40
Two armèd arms: to what may they allude
More properer than to truth and fortitude,
The armour of a Christian? To be strong
In a just cause then to these arms belong.
The sheaf of arrows: what do they imply 45
But shafts of justice 'gainst impiety?
Yet they must pass through a judicious hand,
For see, they're tied with mercy's silken band.
They must not inconsiderately be spent
But used like weapons of just punishment. 50
And as it is in course of combat known
'Tis not the property of one hand alone
Both to defend and offend at one time,
So let not one hand pass upon a crime—
The weight may fall too heavy; but take both 55
Mercy with justice, twins of equal growth.
Those carry a cause level through a land,
For no man shoots an arrow with one hand.
Believe we this: do envy what it can,
Religious conscience is an armèd man. 60
Another way to make it general—
For 'tis an emblem that concerns you all,
You of the honourable brotherhood
Knit all together for the city's good,
In whose grave wisdoms her fair strength doth stand: 65
You are the sheaf; the magistrate the band
Whose love is wound about you. Witness be
His bounty and his welcome, both most free.
And as this day you saw the golden sheaf
Of this blessed city's works in the relief 70
Of the poor fatherless, may you behold
That sheaf of glory that makes dross of gold,
Th'Almighty's arrows, on your enemies fall,
And heaven's armèd arms protect you all.

2 **Barkham** Middleton had previously written *The Sun in Aries* to mark the installation of Barkham, a Draper, as Lord Mayor in October 1621.
7 **A hall** Make way! Mean and Base are probably at the windows in the hall screen adjacent to the musicians' gallery

(see note to *Entertainments* 7.3.2).
16 **two...hands** possibly carrying a sword in the other hand, but more likely referring to chain-mail coverings
23-4 **Diligentia...Mater** Diligence is the mother of Fortune: the motto on

Markham's coat of arms, which is presumably displayed on the hall screen
28 **Your...agree** that your achievements are worthy of your rank
69-71 **as...fatherless** See note to *Entertainments* 8.4-5.

An Invention

Second song

75 MEAN Joy be ever at your feasts.
BASE Bounty welcome all your guests.
CHORUS That this city's honour may
Spread as far as morn shoots day.
MEAN Fair your fortunes ever be
BASE Plenty bless the land that's free.
80 CHORUS That this city's honour may

Spread as far as morn shoots day.
MEAN Health your powers with gladness fill
BASE Justice be your armour still.
MEAN Pious works the golden sheaf
BASE Those arrows strike the wicked deaf.
MEAN And dumb.
BASE And lame.
CHORUS So virtue may
Spread forth as far as morn shoots day.
Finis

85

76 **Bounty** The occasion may have been less sumptuous than usual, for when the King appealed to the City for funds

towards the defence of the Palatinate, the Drapers were levied the sum of £387,

which made them cut down on their feasts until 1623.

HENGIST, KING OF KENT; or, THE MAYOR OF QUEENBOROUGH

Edited by Grace Ioppolo

Who could expect such treason from the breast?
(4.4.65)

Hengist, King of Kent, or *The Mayor of Queenborough*, is a play about betrayal, both political and personal. The political tragedy of the end of Celtic and Roman Britain and the personal tragedies of Vortiger, his wife Castiza, his mistress Roxena, his ally Hengist, and his trusted confidant Hersus all result from ‘foul devouring treachery’ (4.4.120). Yet the tragedy lies not simply in the act of betrayal but in the characters’ refusal to recognize that one act will beget others until the betrayer becomes the betrayed. The vicious sexual battery of Castiza and her public humiliation by her husband foreshadow the public humiliation and treachery her husband will soon suffer at the hands of Hengist. Vortiger’s response to his political ally’s shocking and unprovoked treachery during a peace parley—the cry ‘Treason, treason!’—echoes *verbatim* the earlier response of his wife Castiza—‘Treason, treason!’—when Vortiger shockingly and unprovokedly abducts and rapes her, but Vortiger does not recognize the irony.

Written between 1616 and 1620, *Hengist, King of Kent* or *The Mayor of Queenborough* occupies a central and essential place in the Middleton canon. Contemporary records suggest that it was one of the most popular plays of the Jacobean and Caroline eras—Simon the Mayor was so beloved a comic figure that the title ‘Mayor of Queenborough’ became a cultural tag for a foolish politician on and off the stage. But since its publication in 1661, the play has appeared in only a handful of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century collections, and the only modern edition, now out of print, is an unmodernized 1938 text derived from a transcription of one of its two scribal manuscripts.

Neglected editorially, the play has also been neglected critically. Usually called a ‘lesser’ tragedy, stigmatized as a curious and clashing mix of genres, and excused as an early or rehashed effort, the play has received little modern critical attention. Critics first attempted to validate the play’s inconsistent form by assigning it to one genre: they classified the play as either a tragedy (but of whom, they wondered—Vortiger? Hersus? Hengist?) or a chronicle history play (yet, as these critics acknowledged, the play drops its interest in history after the first act), full of antiquated dumb shows. But Middleton’s play mocks any attempt to give it a generic tag, because—as the ‘players’ demonstrate to Simon and his audience—the

art of playing requires actors to serve as ‘comedians, tragedians, tragicomedians, comi-tragedians, pastoralists, humorists, clownists, and satirists’ (5.1.71–3). The drama is more fluid than any generic tag or category that tries to contain it. For Middleton, genres could be successfully blended; he knew that history is inherently bound to tragedy and tragedy to history, and to prove his point he had to look no farther than Holinshed’s *Chronicles*, which prominently featured the story of Hengist’s betrayal of Vortiger as the seminal event, both tragic and celebratory, in the establishment of Anglo-Saxon Britain.

If history could be interspersed with tragedy and comedy in the foundation of Hengist’s England, it could also lay bare the cracking foundation of James I’s England. In addition to dismissing the play’s form, critics had apologized for its contents, terming them too archaic and remote to Jacobean audiences eager for the immediacy of more recent British history. Yet the story of Hengist was anything but distant or fictional to Middleton’s audience. Hengist, the fifth-century warrior, was both famous and infamous as the king who brought the Saxons to England—forever altering the language, nationality, and political and social structures of the country. Historians (Bede, Nennius, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Wace, Layamon, Raynulf Higden, Fabyan, Grafton, Foxe, Camden, and William Lambarde, as well as Holinshed) had repeated and embellished his story, featuring it prominently at the beginning of the Saxon chapters in their works. Hengist entered the culture as a mythical figure responsible not only for the custom of ‘wassail’ and for the creation of Stonehenge but for the politically drastic division of the English kingdom into the heptarchies, the seven kingdoms, that would require hundreds of years of turmoil, war, and death to re-unite.

Even in James’s age, historians had to continue to insist that (contrary to popular belief) ‘England’ was not a corruption of ‘Hengist’s land’, but a reference to the land of the Angles. (Anthony Munday, dramatist turned historical chronicler, reiterated this point as late as 1605.) The exploits of Hengist had been celebrated for centuries in poetry (including *Beowulf*, *The Mirror for Magistrates* and *The Faerie Queene*) and drama (including the no longer extant 1597 ‘henges’ play and its 1596 prequel ‘valteger’, whose costumes and properties Philip Henslowe partially financed). William Lambarde in his historical survey, *A Perambulation of Kent* (published in 1576, then expanded and reissued in 1596), gave specific directions on how to

locate the ruins of Thong Castle, Hengist's Kentish fortress. Lambard appears to have been the first historian to have named Hengist's daughter 'Roxena' (the others had called her 'Rowen' or 'Rowena'), suggesting that Middleton was one of the many readers of Lambard's popular book. Middleton capitalizes on this historical immediacy by intertwining the story of mythical England with divisive contemporary political issues—including the financial collapse of the cloth industry, a threatened insurrection in Jersey, and the scandals surrounding Lady Frances Howard, notorious 'strumpet' and convicted murderer.

The 'decay' of the cloth trade resulted from the failure of the 'Cokayne Project', begun in 1614 by Alderman William Cokayne. The trade involved not just the Merchant Adventurers (the company licensed to deal in and export the product), but the Merchant Staplers (who acted as middlemen) and workmen and merchants from a series of interrelated textile industries—sheep graziers, fellmongers (sheepskin dealers), wool dealers, spinners, weavers, tailors, buttonmakers, and other clothiers and brokers. Also affected were those employed in the second most important non-agrarian industry, the leather trade, such as cattle graziers, tanners, and glovers. Cokayne proposed that all wool exported from England be dyed and dressed before leaving the country, rather than exported 'white' and then dyed and dressed in other cloth-producing or cloth-dyeing countries such as Holland and Germany; James agreed, convinced that the new enterprise would result in tremendously increased revenue.

But Cokayne and his allies had not anticipated that their own marketing incompetence—combined with the boycott of English wool instituted by Holland, Germany, and other countries which had previously served as staunch allies and business partners—would doom the Project to failure, plunging the country into economic depression by contributing to a temporary but dangerous decline in the supply of coin and an imbalance in trade that threatened other important industries such as farming and fishing. It took several years of political and economic manoeuvring, and the cancellation of the Project, to rescue the country from bankruptcy, and although the English cloth trade began to revive in 1618, it was quickly depressed again from 1620–24 due to surpluses and the lingering effects of the Cokayne Project.

Middleton briefly alludes to this crisis in the petitioners' complaints to Constantius (1.3.87–117) about the 'enormity' of wool, the exorbitant price of land, and the near beggaring of the country. More generally, the Mayor of Queenborough plot is peopled by tanners, tailors, buttonmongers, glovers, fellmongers, and graziers, as well as that 'Puritan and fustian-weaver' Oliver (5.1.156), whose flax and cotton 'heretic' cloth—produced by those enemies of the Cokayne Project, Holland and Germany—becomes the scapegoat for Queenborough's ills. The Mayor of Queenborough plot can be seen as Middleton's send-up of local politics (as Margot Heinemann has argued), but it also deserves to be seen as a more complex condemnation of the economic crisis which would, for example, force the

Clothiers of Gloucestershire to protest to the Privy Council in 1622 about

their inability longer to maintain their workmen, much of their cloth being unsold, or in pawn. The people begin to steal, and many are starving; all trades are decayed, money very scarce, the whole county impoverished and unable to maintain their poor, by public stock, or any means except by their own trades; [they] entreat the unrestrained buying of cloth, that the clothiers may be able to continue their trade, and much misery be prevented.

In this period of economic gloom, Middleton dramatizes the triumph of Simon and his brethren, true English tradesmen, over Oliver, who conjures by Amsterdam but still has his fustian loom seized and broken by his fellow English citizens.

If in his farcical plot of the Mayor of Queenborough Middleton makes a national crisis into a petty quarrel, in his tragical story of Hengist, King of Kent he makes a petty quarrel into a national crisis. Middleton may be drawing on the lessons James I offered his son in *Basilikon Doron* (first printed in England in 1603). James there set out the principles of kingship in detail, warning 'especially, put never a foreigner in any principal office of estate: for that will never fail to stir up sedition and envy in the countrymen's hearts, both against you and him' (p. 69). This advice seems to be echoed in the warnings of Vortiger's subjects to reject the foreign, non-Christian Hengist and to deny him the powers of kingship which he dangerously appropriates. James faced such a crisis in a political power struggle among his Anglo-French appointed governors of the Isle of Jersey from 1616–1619 in which he had to intervene personally. The dispute arose from a series of arguments between John Peyton, governor of the island, and Jean Herault, its bailiff, when each accused the other of usurping the power of James, who had appointed them; each, however, then claimed some of this usurped power for himself. James ordered the creation of a Privy Council commission of inquiry into this matter in 1617 and forced the officials to appear before him and the Privy Council and reprimanded them. Herault was later jailed and then pardoned by James.

As *Hengist* shrewdly records political injustices that threatened the security and unity of the nation, even as they became more and more personal and petty, so too it anatomizes the most notorious scandal of the second decade of the seventeenth century, which began as intensely personal and private and soon captured the rapt attention of the entire nation. The scandals surrounding Frances Howard—for whose remarriage to the Earl of Somerset Middleton had written *Masque of Cupids*, and whose trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury forms the backdrop to *The Witch*—are crucial to understanding *Hengist, King of Kent*. The play's women must be seen in the cultural framework created by these scandals, although Middleton exploits that framework rather than reinforcing it. In Roxena's masquerade as a virgin,

including her self-imposed virginity test while privately acknowledging herself a whore, Middleton mocks the virginity test widely believed to have been faked by Frances Howard as part of the proceedings leading to annulment of her first marriage. In Roxena's poisoning of her stepson Vortiger, evidently with her husband's consent, Middleton recalls Frances's amateurish but ultimately successful efforts to have Overbury, an impediment to her union with Somerset, poisoned, possibly with her husband's consent. In Roxena's betrayal of Vortiger, Middleton offers a man of great power, like Somerset, brought down by his lust for a conniving and promiscuous 'strumpet', a man who did not expect such 'treason from the breast'.

Previous critics have treated *Hengist* as a moral fable on male sexuality but, as Thomas McAlindon has argued, Middleton locates the tragic experience mainly in women. Women are victimized by men who perceive themselves to be the victims of women. Middleton insisted on the strength of these women and on the weakness of these men. He counterposes the genuine virgin, Castiza (who is raped by her husband in disguise, publicly humiliated for her act of 'adultery', and then imprisoned as a whore), with the genuine whore Roxena (who connives with her lover Hersus to impersonate a virgin, convincing her new lover Vortiger of her virtue). When Vortiger discovers he has been cuckolded, he blames her and Hersus for his own evil behaviour—which began long before they entered his kingdom.

Rather than representing the stock character of the whore, as previous critics have suggested, Roxena demonstrates the cruel, destructive and ultimately fraudulent control that men assume they exert over the women. To dismiss Roxena as a whore figure, or as a simple representation of Frances Howard, is to ignore the dramatic power with which Middleton endowed her. Her speeches are shrewd, wise, and sophisticated; more importantly, Roxena gives the play its shape and centre in her lament:

I pity all the fortunes of poor gentlewomen
 Now in mine own unhappiness; when we have given
 All that we have to men, what's their requital?
 An ill-faced jealousy, which resembles much
 The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief
 That scarce believes he has all though he has stripped
 The true man naked, and left nothing on him
 But the hard cord that binds him: so are we
 First robbed and then left bound with jealousy.
 (3.1.44-52)

Ironically, as Roxena recognizes too well, men fall not because they expect betrayal by women, but because they do not expect betrayal by men. (The shrewd Hengist is the only male who grasps this fact.) As Roxena is all too aware, 'we can call | Nothing our own if they be deeds to come; | They are only ours when they are past and done' (3.1.11-13). Hersus concludes Roxena's inquiry in his later description to Vortiger of the perfect strategy by which to entrap the 'honest gentlewoman':

I pity her now,
 Poor soul, she's enticed forth by her own sex
 To be betrayed to man, who in some garden house,
 Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
 Binds darkness on her eyes, surprises her
 And having a coach ready, turns her in
 Hurrying her where he list for the sin's safety,
 Making a rape of honour without words. (3.1.165-72)

However, Hersus betrays no genuine pity in his words or in his actions later while abetting Vortiger in the secret abduction and rape of his own wife. For Hersus, all women are whores because all women will betray. Even though he has been Roxena's first and only lover, responsible for her 'cracked virginity', when Vortiger tries to make Roxena his 'mistress', Hersus threatens to expose her as a 'whore impost'rous' (2.4.235, 239).

For all of the play's characters, a woman is defined by the status of her sexuality; if she is sexually active, she is already a whore, and if she is not, she will be a whore soon enough. When Hersus blindfolds Castiza in 3.2 and torments her, insisting that he will rape her (in order to keep her from suspecting that it is Vortiger who will do so), he tries to convince her that she has provoked the rape because of her 'sin', her 'contempt of man, and he's a noble creature'. The ignoble Hersus continues his assault on Castiza with words (the rape will be done 'without words'), warning her that she is 'far from any pity', and denying that her love for her husband disproves her contempt, for 'you should love those you are not tied to love, | That's the right trial of a woman's charity'. Yet he decides, 'To strip my words as naked as my purpose, | I must and will enjoy you' (3.2.32-4, 40-1, 53-4). All his language in this scene, all his arguments and analogies, are borrowed from Roxena in 3.1. The bed-trick substitution by which Castiza is deceived exploits a common dramatic convention, but—as MarliSS Desens has demonstrated—out of the forty-four Elizabethan and Jacobean plays with bed-tricks, only *Hengist, King of Kent* offers an act of marital rape, making the convention uniquely and intensely disturbing.

When Castiza gives her all to the man who rapes her, her requital will not be sympathy and compassion but, as Roxena predicted in 3.1, jealousy, public humiliation, and betrayal. Castiza's first chastity test is imposed by Constantius in 1.3, when he twice has her assure him that she is never yet 'known to the will of man' (1.3.161). The second test is imposed by Vortiger in 4.2, when he repeatedly has her assure him that she has known the will of no man but himself. When he first asks her ladies-in-waiting to swear to their sexual fidelity, they equivocate; his wife will swear to the truth in her unknowingly ironic response—'The honour of your bed has been abused' (4.2.154), but only because she was 'ravished'. Castiza cannot bring herself to use the word 'rape' which Hersus had used so freely in 3.1. The only person willing to plead for her is Hengist (who understands the nature

of betrayal), but he is silenced by Vortiger. At the same instant, Roxena is assured by Hersus that she can lie and swear herself a virgin because the English ‘swear by that we worship not, | So you may swear your heart out, and ne’er hurt yourself’ (4.2.173-4).

Middleton’s *Hengist, King of Kent* or *The Mayor of Queenborough* encompasses kingdoms—whether that of Vortiger, Hengist, or even Simon—that connect the personal to the political through treachery. No one is safe from the betrayal of trust, not fathers, uncles, husbands, wives, sons, daughters, lovers, or friends. Castiza, used by her fiancé Vortiger as sexual bait to lure Constantius out of the monastery, will be more viciously used by her husband Vortiger as mere sexual matter when he rapes her in disguise. Vortiger, proclaimed king through his own deceitful manipulation of the people and the murder of the man he forced to precede him, will fall because of his own failure to recognize the deceit in his political ally Hengist. And like his wife, Vortiger will come to be a victim of his friends and lovers; in the final scene he attributes his corruption not to

his own ambition but to his victimization by Roxena and Hersus (her lover and his friend). Ironically, only Simon the Mayor will reap the rewards that Vortiger had so firmly expected: Simon’s marriage to the widow of his former employer brings him a joyful private union and a political base on which to rise to power; his election to mayor shows him with the private trust of his allies and the public permission to punish his enemies; and his friendship with Hengist strengthens his personal and political identity, allowing him to create a world which he commands without question.

In Hengist’s rallying cry, ‘Nemp your sexes!’ (‘Draw your knives!’), Middleton offers us the central lesson of *Hengist, King of Kent*: betray others in order to redeem yourself.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1029
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 410

Hengist, King of Kent

Or, The Mayor of Queenborough

[for the King’s Men]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

VORTIGER, a British lord, later King of the Britons
HENGIST, a Saxon, King of Kent
HERSUS, a Saxon
ROXENA, a Saxon, daughter of Hengist
CASTIZA, wife of Vortiger
CONSTANTIUS, a monk, King of the Britons
AURELIUS AMBROSE, brother of Constantius
UTHER PENDRAGON, brother of Constantius and Aurelius
DEVONSHIRE, a lord, father of Castiza
STAFFORD, a lord, uncle of Castiza
VORTINER, a prince, son of Vortiger and Castiza
LUPUS, a monk
GERMANUS, a monk
RAYNULPH, monk of Chester, Chorus
SIMON, a tanner
OLIVER, a fustian-weaver
Three Graziers
GLOVER

BARBER
TAILOR
FELLMONGER
BUTONMONGER
BRAZIER
COLLIER
AMINABAB, a clerk
Two Cheaters
CLOWN
Petitioners
Gentlemen
Two Ladies
Footman
Saxons
Soldiers
Lords
Captain of the Guard
Officers
Fortune

I.O	<p><i>Incipit Actus Primus</i> <i>Enter Raynulph, a monk, the presenter</i></p> <p>RAYNULPH</p> <p>What Raynulph, monk of Chester, can Raise from his <i>Polychronicon</i> That raises him as works do men (To see light so long parted-with again), That best may please this round fair ring With sparkling judgements circled in I shall produce; if all my power Can win the grace of two poor hours Well apaid I go to rest. Ancient stories have been best: Fashions that are now called new Have been worn by more than you, Elder times have used the same Though these new ones get the name, So in story what's now told That takes not part with days of old? Then to prove time's mutual glory Join new times' love to old times' story.</p>	<p><i>Enter Devonshire and Stafford</i></p> <p>Now, kind lords, In whose loves and wishes I am built As high as human dignity can aspire, Are yet those trunks, that have no other souls But noise and ignorance, something more quiet?</p> <p>DEVONSHIRE</p> <p>Nor are they like to be, for aught we gather, Their wills are up still, nothing will appease 'em, Good speeches are but cast away upon 'em.</p> <p>VORTIGER</p> <p>Then since necessity and fate withstand me I'll strive to enter at a stranger passage. Your sudden aids and counsels, good my lords?</p> <p>STAFFORD</p> <p>They're ours no longer than they do you service. <i>Music. Enter certain monks [including] Germanus [and Lupus]; Constantius being one, singing as at procession. [Enter also Aurelius and Uther]</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Song</i></p> <p>MONKS</p> <p>Boast not of high birth or blood To be great is to be good, Holy and religious things, Those are vestures fit for kings. By how much man in fame shines clearer, He to heaven should draw the nearer; He deserving best of praises Whom virtue raises. It is not state, it is not birth; The way to heaven is grace on earth. Sing to the temple, hymn so holy Sin may blush to think on folly.</p> <p>VORTIGER</p> <p>Vessels of sanctity, be pleased awhile To give attention to the public peace Wherein heaven is served too, though not so purely. Constantius, eldest son of Constantine, We here seize on thee for the general good And in thy right of birth.</p> <p>CONSTANTIUS</p> <p>On me! For what, lords?</p>	<p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p>
I.I	<p><i>Shout [within]. Enter Vortiger [holding a crown]</i></p> <p>VORTIGER</p> <p>Will that wide-throated beast, the multitude, Never lin bellowing? Courtiers are ill advised When they first make such monsters. What do they but make head against themselves by't? How near was I to a sceptre and a crown! Fair power was ever upon me, my desires Were tasting glory, till this forkèd rabble With their infectious acclamations Poisoned my fortune. They will have none As long as Constantine's three sons survive, As if the vassals knew not how to obey But in that line, like their professions That all their lifetime hammer out one way, Beaten into their pates with seven years' Bondage. Well! Though I rise not king, I'll seek The means to grow as close to one as policy can And choke their expectations.</p>		

I.O.O.2 *Raynulph* Raynulph Higden, Benedictine monk (d. 1364) whose history, *Polychronicon*, includes the story of Hengist's invasion of England. Raphael Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* Middleton used as his main source for the play, also discusses Higden in his passages on Hengist.
 2-3 **raise**...**raises** puns on 'brings to life' and 'exalts'

5 **round fair ring** suggesting a public, outdoor theatre like the Globe; the title-page of HERRINGMAN lists the play as having been performed at '*Black-Fryars*', the King's Men's private, indoor theatre, thus the play may have moved between the two types of venues
 8 **two poor hours** approximate time for theatre performance
 I.I.2 **lin** cease

10 **Constantine's three sons** this story is given in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, Book 5
 14-15 **seven years'** | **Bondage** the minimum term of apprenticeship
 28.I-2 **Germanus [and Lupus]** Germanus (378?-448), a bishop of Auxere, was famous as an anti-Pelagian; he was accompanied by another bishop, Lupus, during his missionary travels through Britain.

VORTIGER
The kingdom's government.

CONSTANTIUS O powers of blessedness,
Keep me from groaning downwards into earth again!
I hope I am further on my way than so; set forward.

VORTIGER
You must not.

CONSTANTIUS How?

50 VORTIGER I know your wisdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us
When you shall read in every Briton's brow
The urged necessity of the times.

CONSTANTIUS What necessity
Can be i'th' world, but prayer and repentance,
And that business I am about.
[A] *shout within*

55 VORTIGER Hark, afar off still,
We lose hazard much. Holy Germanus
And reverend Lupus, with all expedition
Set the crown on him.

CONSTANTIUS
No such mark of fortune comes near my head.

VORTIGER
60 My lord, we are forced to rule you.

CONSTANTIUS
Dare you receive heaven's light in at your eyelids
And offer violence to religion?
Take heed, the very beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you. On these knees
65 Hardened with zealous prayers, I entreat you,
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingness and anguish
A glorified soul departed from the body
Would to that loathsome jail return again;
70 With such great pain a well-subdued affection
Re-enters worldly business.

VORTIGER Good my lord,
I know you cannot lodge so many virtues
But patience must be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeness of your own consent
75 Which else must be constrained, and time it were
Either agreed or forced. Speak, good my lord,
For you bind up more sin in this delay
Than thousand prayers can absolve again.

CONSTANTIUS
Were't but my death you should not kneel so long
for't.

VORTIGER
80 'Twill be the death of millions if you rise not,
And that betimes too: lend your helps, my lords,
For fear all come too late.

CONSTANTIUS This is a cruelty
That peaceful man did never suffer yet,
To make me die again that was once dead
85 And begin all that ended long before.

Hold, Lupus and Germanus; you are lights
Of holiness and religion; can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? Stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profession?

GERMANUS
Not when a time so violent calls upon you. 90
Who's born a prince is born a general peace,
Not his own only, heaven will look for him
In others' business, and require him there.
What is in you religious must be shown
In saving many more souls than your own. 95

CONSTANTIUS
Did not great Constantine, our noble father,
Deem me unfit for government and rule
And therefore praised me into this profession,
Which I have held strict and love it above glory?
Nor is there want in me; yourselves can witness,
100 Heaven has provided largely for your peace
And blest you with the lives of my two brothers.
Fix your obedience there, leave me a servant.

VORTIGER
You may even at this instant.
[*Lupus and Germanus crown Constantius*]

CONSTANTIUS O this cruelty!

ALL
105 Long live Constantius, son of Constantine,
King of the Britons.
Flourish

AURELIUS
They have changed their tune already.

CONSTANTIUS I feel want
And extreme poverty of joy within me.
The peace I had is parted 'mongst rude men;
To keep them quiet I have lost it all. 110
What can the kingdom gain by my undoing?
That riches is not blest, though it be mighty,
That's purchased with the spoil of any man,
Nor can the peace so filched ever thrive with 'em;
115 And if't be worthily held sacrilege
To rob a temple, 'tis no less offence
To ravish meditations from a soul,
The consecrated altar in a man,
And all their hopes will be beguiled in me.
I know no more the way to temporal rule 120
Than he that's born and has his year come to him
In a rough desert. Well may the weight kill me,
And that's the fairest good I look for from't.

VORTIGER
Not so, great king: here stoops a faithful servant
Would sooner perish under it with cheerfulness 125
Than your meek soul should feel the least oppression
Of ruder cares. Such common, coarse employments
Cast upon me, your subject, upon Vortiger.
I see you are not made for noise and pains,
Clamours of suitors, injuries and redresses, 130

But that which must not be forgot
 Was Roxena's cunning grief,
 Who from the father like a thief
 Hid her best and truest tears,
 Which her lustful lover wears,
 In many a stol'n and wary kiss
 Unseen of father: that maids will do this
 Yet highly scorn to be called strumpets too,
 But what they lack on't I'll be judged by you.

Exit

I.3 Enter Vortiger, Fellmonger, Buttonmonger, [First] Grazier, [Brazier, and other] Petitioners

VORTIGER This way his majesty comes.
 ALL Thank your good lordship.
 VORTIGER When you hear yon door open—
 FELLMONGER Very good, my lord.
 VORTIGER
 Be ready with your several suits, put forward.
 GRAZIER
 That's a thing every man does naturally, sir,
 That's a suitor if he mean to speed.
 VORTIGER
 'Tis well you're so deep learned. Take no denials.
 FELLMONGER No my good lord.
 VORTIGER
 Not any if you love the prosperity of your suits.
 You mar all utterly and overthrow
 Your fruitful hopes for ever if either
 Fifth or sixth, nay tenth, repulse
 Fasten upon your bashfulness.
 BUTTONMONGER Say you so, my lord?
 We can be troublesome an we list.
 VORTIGER [*aside*] I know't,
 I felt it but too late in the general sum
 Of your rank brotherhood, which now I'll thank you
 for.
 While this vexation is in play, I'll study
 To raise a second, then a third to that,
 One still to back another: I'll make quietness
 As dear and precious to him as night's rest
 To a man in suits in law; he shall be glad
 To yield up power, if not, it shall be had. *Exit*
 BUTTONMONGER Hark, I profess my heart was coming
 upward, I thought the door had opened.
 GRAZIER Marry, would it had, sir.
 BUTTONMONGER I have such a treacherous heart of mine
 own, 'twill throb at the very fall of a farthingale.

BRAZIER Not if it fall on the rushes. 30
 BUTTONMONGER Yes, truly; if there be no light in the room
 I shall throb presently. The first time it took me, my
 wife was i'th' company; I remember the room was not
 half so light as this, but I'll be sworn I was a whole
 hour afinding on her. 35
 BRAZIER By'r lady, you'd a long time of throbbing on't
 then.
 BUTTONMONGER Still I felt men, but I could find no women,
 I thought they had been all sunk. I have made a vow
 for't, I'll never have a meeting by candlelight again. 40
 GRAZIER Yes, sir, in lanthorns.
 BUTTONMONGER Yes, sir, in lanthorns, but I'll never trust a
 naked candle again, tak't on my word.
 GRAZIER Hark there, stand close, it opens now indeed.
 Enter Constantius [*as king and*] two Gentlemen
 BUTTONMONGER O majesty, what art thou! I'd give any
 man half my suit to deliver my petition now. 'Tis in the
 behalf of buttonmakers, and so it seems by my flesh. 45
 CONSTANTIUS
 Pray do not follow me, unless you do't
 To wonder at my garments. There's no cause
 I give you why you should; 'tis shame enough
 Methinks for me to look upon myself; 50
 It grieves me that more should. The other weeds
 Became me better, but the lords are pleased
 To force me to wear these, I would not else.
 I pray be satisfied, I called you not. 55
 Wonder of madness! Can you stand so idle
 And know you must die?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN We are all commanded, sir,
 Besides it is our duty to your grace
 To give attendance.
 CONSTANTIUS What a wild thing's this?
 We marvel though you tremble at death's name
 When you'll not see the cause why you are cowards.
 All our attendances are far too little
 On our own selves, yet you'll give me attendance
 Who looks to you the whilst, and so you vanish
 Strangely and fearfully. For charity's sake 65
 Make not my presence guilty of your sloth,
 Withdraw, young men, and find you honest business.
 SECOND GENTLEMAN
 What hopes have we to rise by following him?
 I'll give him over shortly.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN He's too nice,
 Too holy, for young gentlemen to follow 70

1.3.0.1 *Fellmonger* sheepskin dealer a woman's petticoat) in a lanthorn (i.e. lantern) rather than
Buttonmonger button dealer 30 it ... *rushes* fall on the floor quietly (rush a 'naked' candle capable of dripping hot
 0.2 *Brazier* brass-worker was used as a floor covering) wax; 'in lanthorns' also puns on having
 23 a man in suits in law a man involved in 34 light by strict logic he means 'dark' 'horns', i.e. being cuckolded.
 lawsuits 39 sunk sleeping in beds placed lower on 49 my garments Constantius has changed
 29 fall of a farthingale fall of a woman's from monastic to royal clothing.
 petticoat (he introduces a bawdy pun on 41 in lanthorns lit by a candle contained 69 nice foolish
 here on his sexual arousal at the drop of

- That have good faces and sweet running fortunes.
Exeunt Gentlemen
- CONSTANTIUS
 Eight hours a day in serious contemplation
 Is but a bare allowance, no higher food
 To the soul than bread and water to the body,
 75 And that's but needful then, more would do better.
- GRAZIER Let's all kneel together, 'twill move pity; I have
 been at begging a hundred suits.
 [*The petitioners kneel*]
- CONSTANTIUS
 How happy am I in the sight of you!
 Here are religious souls that lose no time.
 80 With what devotion do they kneel to heaven
 And seem to check me that am so remiss! [*Kneeling*]
 I bring my zeal amongst you, holy men,
 If I see any kneel, and I sit out,
 85 That hour is not well served, methinks. Strict souls,
 You have been of some order in your times?
- GRAZIER Graziers and braziers some, and this a fellmonger.
 BRAZIER Here's my petition.
 BUTTONMONGER Mine an't like your grace.
 GRAZIER Look upon mine, I am the longest suitor, I was
 90 undone seven years ago, my lord.
- CONSTANTIUS
 I have mocked my good hopes! Call you these peti-
 tions?
 Why, there's no form of prayer amongst 'em all.
- BUTTONMONGER
 Yes, i'th' bottom there's some half a line
 Prays for your majesty if you look on mine.
- CONSTANTIUS
 95 Make your request to heaven, not to me.
- BUTTONMONGER 'Las, mine's a supplication for brass but-
 tons, sir.
- FELLMONGER There's a great enormity in wool, I beseech
 your grace consider't.
- 100 GRAZIER Pastures rise to twopence an acre, my lord, what
 will this world come too?
- BRAZIER I do beseech your grace.
- GRAZIER Good your grace.
- CONSTANTIUS
 O this is one of my afflictions
 105 That with the crown enclosed me; I must bear it.
- GRAZIER
 Your grace's answer to my supplication?
- BRAZIER
 To mine, my lord?
- CONSTANTIUS No violent storm lasts ever,
 That's all the comfort on't.
- FELLMONGER Your highness's answer?
- GRAZIER We are almost half undone, the country almost
 110 beggered.
- BRAZIER See, see, he points to heaven as who should
 say there's enough there, but 'tis a great way thither.
 There's no good to be done here, I see that we may
 all spend our mouths like a company of hounds in the
 chase of a royal deer, and go home and fall to cold
 115 mutton bones when we have done.
- BUTTONMONGER My wife will hang me, that's my destiny.
Exeunt [all but Constantius]
- CONSTANTIUS
 Thanks, heaven, 'tis over. We should never know
 rightly
 The sweetness of a calm but for a tempest.
 Here's a wished hour for contemplation now,
 120 All still and silent, this is a true kingdom.
Enter Vortiger
- VORTIGER
 My lord.
- CONSTANTIUS
 Again?
- VORTIGER Alas, this is but early
 And gentle to the troops of businesses
 That flock about authority, my lord.
 You must forthwith settle your mind to marry. 125
- CONSTANTIUS
 To marry?
- VORTIGER Suddenly; there's no pause given.
 The people's wills are violent
 And covetous of succession from your loins.
- CONSTANTIUS
 From me there can come none; a professed abstinence
 Hath set a virgin seal upon my blood 130
 And altered all the course. The heat I have
 Is all enclosed within a zeal to virtue,
 And that's not fit for earthly propagation.
 Alas, I shall but forfeit all their hopes,
 I'm a man made without desires, tell 'em. 135
- VORTIGER
 This gives no satisfaction to their wills, my lord,
 I proved them with such words, but all were fruitless;
 Their sturdy voices blew 'em into clouds.
 A virgin of the highest subject's blood
 They have picked out for your embrace, and sends her 140
 Blest with their general wishes into fruitfulness.

81 **check** rebuke85 **some order** Constantius uses 'order' to mean religious order but the petitioners take it as 'guild'.98 **There's... wool** Middleton may be quoting from Holinshed here: 'It chanced also the same time, that there was great plenty of corn and store of fruit... these abuses and great enormities reignednot only in the temporality, but also in the spirituality and chief rulers in the same' (*Chronicles*). However, from 1613-22, the wool industry in England nearly collapsed due to the demands of the 'Cokayne Project' to control domestically all aspects of producing, weaving, dyeing, and dressing wool before exporting it to neighbouring

countries.

111-12 **as who should say** as if to say
114-15 **hounds... deer** engage in futile action because royal deer could not be hunted

123 to compared with

137 **proved them** tried to persuade them with

See where she comes, my lord.
Enter Castiza

CONSTANTIUS I never felt
 Unhappy hand of misery 'til this touch:
 A patience I could find for all but this.

145 CASTIZA [*aside to Vortiger*] My lord, your vowed love
 ventures me but dangerously.

VORTIGER [*aside to Castiza*] 'Tis but to strengthen a vexation
 politicly.

CASTIZA [*aside to Vortiger*] That's an uncharitable practice,
 150 trust me, sir.

VORTIGER [*aside to Castiza*]
 No more of that.

CASTIZA [*aside to Vortiger*]
 But say he should affect me, sir,
 How should I 'scape him then? I have but one faith,
 my lord,
 And that you have already, our late contract's
 A divine witness to't.

VORTIGER [*aside to Castiza*]
 Leave it to me still,
 155 I am not without shifting-rooms and helps
 For all my projects I commit with you. *Exit*

CASTIZA [*aside*]
 This' an ungodly way to come to honour,
 I do not like't. I love lord Vortiger
 But not these practices, they're too uncharitable.

CONSTANTIUS
 Are you a virgin?

160 CASTIZA Never yet, my lord,
 Known to the will of man.

CONSTANTIUS O blessed creature!
 And does too much felicity make you surfeit?
 Are you in soul assured there is a state
 Prepared for you, for you, a glorious one

165 In midst of heaven, now in the state you stand,
 And had you rather after much known misery,
 Cares and hard labours mingled with a curse,
 Throng but to th' door and hardly get a place there?
 Think, has the world a folly like this madness?

170 Keep still that holy and immaculate fire,
 You chaste lamp of eternity, 'tis a treasure
 Too precious for death's moment to partake,
 This twinkling of short life; disdain as much
 To let mortality know you as stars

175 To kiss the pavements. You've a substance
 As excellent as theirs; holding your pureness,
 They look upon corruption as you do
 But are stars still. Be you a virgin too.

CASTIZA [*aside*]
 I'll never marry; what though my troth be engaged

To Vortiger? Forsaking all the world 180
 I save it well and do my faith no wrong.
 [*To Constantius*] You've mightily prevailed, great
 virtuous lord,
 I'm bound eternally to praise your goodness.
 I carry thoughts away as pure from man
 As ever made a virgin's name immortal. 185

Enter Vortiger and Gentleman

CONSTANTIUS
 I will do that for joy I never did
 Nor ever will again. [*He kisses her;*] *exit Castiza*

GENTLEMAN My lord, he's taken.

VORTIGER
 I'm sorry for't, I like not that so well,
 They're somewhat too familiar for their time, me-
 thinks.
 [*Aside*] This way of kissing is no course to vex him. 190
 Why, I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
 Could endure more than that coming from woman.
 Dispatch and bring his answer speedily. *Exit*

GENTLEMAN
 My lord, my gracious lord.

CONSTANTIUS Beshrew thy heart.

GENTLEMAN
 They all attend your grace.

CONSTANTIUS I would not have 'em. 195
 'Twould please me better an they'd all depart
 And leave the court to me, or put me out
 And take it to themselves.

GENTLEMAN
 The noon is past, my lord, meat's upon the table.

CONSTANTIUS
 Meat? Away, get from me, thy memory's diseased. 200
 What saint's eve's this?

GENTLEMAN Saint Agatha, as I take it.

CONSTANTIUS
 O is it so? I am not worthy to be
 Served before her, and so return, I pray.

GENTLEMAN He'll starve the guard, an this be suffered. If
 we set court bellies by a monastery clock, he that breaks 205
 a fellow's pate now will scarce be able to crack a louse
 within this twelvemonth. [*Exit*]

CONSTANTIUS
 Sure, 'tis forgetfulness and not man's will
 That leads him forth into licentious ways.
Enter Vortiger, Devonshire and Stafford

He cannot certainly commit such errors 210
 And think upon 'em truly as they are acting.
 Why's abstinence ordained but for such seasons?

VORTIGER
 My lord, you've pleased to put us to much pains,

142.1 *Castiza* In the chronicle sources, including Holinshed, this character is not named and is only later once named as Vortiger's 'wife' when he divorces her to marry Roxena. In naming her 'Castiza', Middleton makes use of a generic name

deriving from 'castitas', the Latin word for 'chastity'. The name appears also in *Revenge* for the chaste female character. 155 **shifting-rooms and helps** practices of evasion

190 vex agitate
 194 **Beshrew** make wretched
 201 **Saint Agatha** Sicilian saint and martyr who was tortured to death for refusing to surrender her virginity

Act I Scene 3

Maison of Dunborough

215 But we confess 'tis portion of our duties.
Will your grace please to walk? Dinner stays for you.

CONSTANTIUS

I have answered that already.

VORTIGER

But my lord,

We must not so yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good you must be ruled, sir.
Your health and life is dearer to us now.

220 Think where you are, at court, this is no monastery.

CONSTANTIUS

But sir, my conscience keeps still where it was;
I may not eat this day.

VORTIGER

We have sworn you shall, and plentifully too.
We must preserve you, sir, though you'll be wilful.
'Tis no slight condition to be a king.

225 CONSTANTIUS Would I were less than man.

VORTIGER

What, will you make the people rise, my lord,
In great despair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that must sustain you?

CONSTANTIUS

I never eat on knees.

230 VORTIGER But now you must;
It concerns others' healths that you take food.
You've changed your life, you may well change your
mood.

CONSTANTIUS

This is beyond all cruelty!

VORTIGER

'Tis our care, my lord.

Exeunt

Finis Actus Primus



2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Music. Enter Vortiger and Castiza

CASTIZA

My lord, I am resolved, tempt me no further,
'Tis all to fruitless purpose.

VORTIGER

Are you well?

CASTIZA

Never so perfect in the truth of health
As at this instant.

VORTIGER

5 Then I doubt mine own, or that I am not waking.

CASTIZA

Would you were then, you'd praise my resolution.

VORTIGER

This is wondrous! Are you not mine by contract?

CASTIZA

'Tis most true, my lord,
And I'm better blest in't than I looked for;

10 In that I am confined in faith so strictly

I'm bound, my lord, to marry none but you,
You'll grant me that, and you I'll never marry.

VORTIGER

It draws into me violence and hazard,
I saw you kiss the king.

CASTIZA

I grant you so, sir,

Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wronged not you; in that you will acknowledge
A king is the best part on't.

15

VORTIGER

O my passion!

CASTIZA

I see you somewhat yielding to infirmity, sir,
I take my leave.

VORTIGER

Why, 'tis not possible.

CASTIZA

The fault is in your faith; time I was gone
To give it better strengthening.

20

VORTIGER

Hark you, lady.

CASTIZA

Send your intent to the next monastery,
There you shall find my answer ever after,
And so with my last duty to your lordship,
For whose perfections I will pray as heartily
As for mine own.

25

Exit

VORTIGER

How am I served in this?

I offer a vexation to the king,
He sends it home into my blood with vantage.
I'll put off time no longer. I have wrought him
Into most men's neglect, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of ease
More than devotion or the public benefit,
Which catches many men's beliefs. I am stronger too
In people's wishes, their affections point to me.
I lose much time and glory; that redeemed,
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder.
Greatness and woman's wish never keep asunder.

30

35

Exit

Oboes. Dumb Show: enter two villains, enter to them Vortiger, seeming to solicit them; gives them gold, then swears them; exit Vortiger. Enter to them Constantius in private meditation, they rudely come to him, strike down his book and draw their swords upon him. He fairly spreads his arms, and yields to their furies; at which they seem to be overcome with pity, but looking on the gold, kill him as he turns his back, and hurry away his body. Enter Vortiger, Devonshire, Stafford in private conference. To them enter the murderers presenting the head to Vortiger; he seems to express much sorrow, and before the astonished lords makes officers lay hold on 'em, who, offering to come towards

2.2

230 **on knees** (manuscript text); on eyes (quarto text). During prayer (i.e. while kneeling in prayer on the eve of a holyday).

2.1.3 **truth of health** health in its true meaning, i.e. spiritual health
7 **mine by contract** i.e. they have a formal

contract to marry
17 **passion** grief
2.2.0.6 **fairly** distinctly

Vortiger, are commanded to be hurried away as to execution. Then the lords, all seeming respect, crown Vortiger, then bring in Castiza, who seems to be brought in unwillingly, [by] Devonshire and Stafford, who crown her and then give her to Vortiger, she going forth with him with a kind of a constrained consent. Then enter Aurelius and Uther, the two brothers, who, much astonished, seem to fly for their safety
Enter Raynulphe

And is their ignorant zeal so fiery now
When all their thanks are cold? The mutable hearts
That move in their false breasts!

Shout

Provide me safety!

Hark, I hear ruin threaten me with a voice
That imitates thunder.

Enter Gentleman

GENTLEMAN Where's the king?
VORTIGER Who takes him?

GENTLEMAN
Send peace to all your royal thoughts, my lord. 20
A fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their service to you.

VORTIGER
Saxons? My wishes! Let 'em have free entrance
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us.
They never could come happier. 25

Enter Hengist, Hersus, [with] drum and soldiers

HENGIST
Health, power and victory to Vortiger!

VORTIGER
There can be no more wished to a king's pleasures
If all the languages earth speaks were ransacked.
Your names I know not, but so much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aspects, 30
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

HENGIST
The mistress of our births, hope-faithful Germany,
Calls me Hengistus and this Captain Hersus,
A man low built, but, sir, in acts of valour
Flame is not swifter. We are all, my lord, 35
The sons of Fortune, she has sent us forth
To thrive by the red sweat of our own merits;
And since after the rage of many a tempest
Our fate has cast us upon Britain's bounds,
We offer you the first fruits of our wounds. 40

VORTIGER
Which we shall dearly prize; the mean'st blood spent
Shall at wealth's fountain make his own content.

HENGIST
You double vigour in us then, my lord.
Pay is the soul of them that thrive by th' sword. *Exeunt*

Alarums and Skirmish; enter Vortiger and Gentleman 2.4

GENTLEMAN
My lord, these Saxons bring a fortune with 'em
Stains any Roman success.

VORTIGER On, speak forward.
I will not take a moment from thy tidings.

GENTLEMAN
The main supporters of this insurrection
They have taken prisoners, and the rest so tame 5
They stoop to the least grace that flows from mercy.

RAYNULPH
When nothing could prevail to tire
The good king's patience, death had hire
In wicked strengths to take his life,
In whom a while there fell a strife,
5 Pity and fury, but the god
Made pity faint and fury bold.
Then to Vortiger they bring
The head of that religious king,
Who feigning grief to clear his guilt
10 Makes the slaughterous blood be spilt.
Then crown they him, and force the maid,
That vowed a virgin life, to wed;
Such a strength great power extends,
It conquers fathers, kin, and friends;
15 And since fate's pleased to change her life
She proves as holy in a wife;
More to tell were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues must say;
Only this, the good king dead,
20 The brothers poor in safety fled. *Exit*

2.3 *Enter Vortiger [crowned. Enter] a Gentleman, [hastily]*

GENTLEMAN
My lord.
VORTIGER
I fear thy news will fetch a curse,
It comes with such a violence.

GENTLEMAN
The people are up in arms against you.

VORTIGER
O this dream of glory! I could wish
5 A sting into thee; there's no such felt in Hell
The fellow but to mine I feel now.
Sweet power, before I can have power to taste thee
Must I forever lose thee? What's the impostume
That swells 'em now?

GENTLEMAN The murder of Constantius. *Exit*

VORTIGER
10 Ulcers of realms, they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his reign
Compared with some kings' time, and poisoned him
Often before he died in their black wishes,
Called him an evil of their own electing;

	VORTIGER	Never came power guided with better stars Than these men's fortitudes, yet are misbelievers. 'Tis to my reason wondrous.		Rivers from blushing springs Have rise at first, and great from abject things. Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily, And he shall fare well for't, what e'er he be; We'll thank our fortune in rewarding him.	40
		<i>Enter Hengist, Hersus, with drum [and] colours, [and] Soldiers leading Prisoners</i>		HERSUS [to Simon] Stay, fellow.	45
10		You've given me such a first taste of your worth 'Twill never from my love. Sure when life's gone The memory will follow my soul still, Participating immortality with't; And here's the misery of earth's limited glory:		SIMON How, 'fellow'? 'Tis more than you know whether I be your fellow or no, for I am sure you see me not whether I be your fellow or no, I am sure you see me not.	
15		There's not a way revealed to give you honour Above the sum which your own praises give you.		HERSUS Come, what's the price of your hide?	50
	HENGIST	Indeed, my lord, we hold, when all's summed up That can be made for worth to be expressed, The fame that a man wins himself is best;		SIMON O unreasonable villain, he would buy the house o'er a man's head; I'll be sure now to make my bargain wisely, they may buy me out of my skin else. Whose hide would you have, mine or the beast's? There's little difference in their complexions. I think mine be the	55
20		That he may call his own. Honours put to him Make him no more a man than his clothes do, And as soon taken off; for as in warmth The heat comes from the body, not the weeds, So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds;		HERSUS Hold, fellow; prithee, hold: right a fool worldling that kicks at all good fortune. Whose man art thou?	
25		And since by this event which fortune speaks us This land appears the fair predestined soil Ordnained for our good hap, we crave, my lord, A little earth to thrive on, what you please, Where we'll but keep a nursery of good spirits To fight for you and yours.		SIMON I am a servant, yet I am a masterless man, sir. HENGIST How? Prithee, how that now?	
		<i>Enter Simon with a hide</i>		SIMON Very nimbly, sir. My master's dead and I serve my mistress. I am a masterless man, sir, she's now a widow, and I am the foreman of her tanpit.	65
30	VORTIGER	Sir, for our treasure, 'Tis open to your merits as our love, But for you're strangers in religion chiefly, Which is the greatest alienation can be And breeds most factions in the bloods of men, I must not grant you that.		HENGIST [giving him gold] Hold you, and thank your fortune, not your wit.	
35	HENGIST	'Sprecious, my lord, I see a pattern: be it but so little As yon poor hide will compass.		SIMON 'Faith, and I thank your bounty and not your wisdom, you are not troubled greatly with wit neither it seems. Now by this light, a nest of yellowhammers! What will become of me? If I can keep all these without hanging of myself, I am happier than a hundred of my neighbours. You shall have my skin into the bargain too, willingly, sir, then if I chance to die like a dog, the labour will be saved of fleaing. I'll undertake, sir, you shall have all the skins of our parish at this rate, man and woman's.	70
	VORTIGER	How, the hide?		HENGIST Sirrah, give ear to me now. Take your hide and cut it all into the slenderest thongs that can bear strength to hold.	80
	HENGIST	Rather than nothing, sir.		SIMON That were a jest indeed: go and spoil all the leather? Sin and pity, why, 'twould shoe half your army.	
	VORTIGER	Since you're so reasonable, Take so much in the best part of our kingdom.		HENGIST Do't, I bid you.	85
	HENGIST	We thank your grace.			
		[<i>Exeunt Vortiger and Gentleman</i>]			

2.4.13 Participating partaking of
27 hap fortune

30.1 *Enter...hide* Holinshed does not relate the story of Hengist's receipt of enough land as encompassed by the hide; however the story appears in Fabyan, and in Lambarde's *A Perambulation of Kent* thus: 'that among other devices (practised for their own establishment and security) they begged of King Vortiger so much

land to fortify upon, as the hide of a beast (cut to thongs) might encompass, and that thereof the place should be called Thongcaster or Thwangcaster'. 'Simon, a tanner' is one of the companions of St Peter in Acts 9:43 and 10:6 and 32.

35 'Sprecious God's precious (an oath)

40 blushing modest

54-5 There's...complexions both have

become brown with tanning

59 gather heart, liver and lungs

61 a fool worldling a foolish person devoted to the pleasures of the world

62 kicks at spurns

67 foreman...tanpit overseer of her business, as well as bawdy pun on being her lover

72 yellowhammers gold coins

SIMON What, cut it all in thongs? Hunch, this is like the vanity of your Roman gallants that cannot wear good suits but they must have 'em cut and slashed into gigots that the very crimson taffeta sits blushing at their follies.

90 I would I might persuade you, sir, from the humour of cutting, 'tis but a kind of swaggering condition and nothing profitable. What, an't were but well pinked, 'twould last longer for a summer suit.

HENGIST What a gross lump of ignorance have I lighted on! I must be forced to beat my drift into him—look you to make you wiser than your parents. I have so much ground given me as this hide will compass, which, as it is, is nothing.

SIMON 'Nothing', quoth a! Why 'twill not keep a hog.

100 HENGIST Now, with the vantage cut into several parcels, 'twill stretch and make a liberal circuit.

SIMON A shame on your crafty hide! Is this your cunning? I have learned more knavery now than ever I shall shake off while I live. I'll go purchase lands by cows' tails, and undo the parish. Three good bulls' pizzles would set up a man forever. This is like a pin a day doubled to set up a haberdasher of small wares.

HENGIST [*to Hersus*]
Thus men as mean to thrive, as we must learn,
Captain, set in a foot at first.

110 SIMON A foot, do you call it? The devil's in that foot that takes up all this leather.

HENGIST Dispatch away and cut it carefully with all the advantage, sirrah.

SIMON You could never have lighted upon such a fellow captain to serve your turn. I have such a trick of stretching too, I learned it of a tanner's man that was hanged last sessions, that I'll warrant you I'll get you in a mile and a half more than you are aware of.

115 HENGIST Pray, serve me so as oft as you will, sir.

SIMON I'm casting about for nine acres to make you a garden plot out of one of the buttocks.

HENGIST 'Twill be a good soil for nosebags.

SIMON 'Twill be a good soil for cabbages, to stuff out the guts of your fellows there. *Exit [with the hide]*

HENGIST
125 You, sirs, go see it carefully performed.
[Exeunt Soldiers with Prisoners]

It is the first foundations of our fortunes
On Britain's earth and ought to be embraced
With a respect ne'er linked to adoration.
Methinks it sounds to me a fair assurance
Of large honours and hopes, does't not, Captain? 130

HERSUS
How many have begun with less at first
That have departed emperors from their bodies,
And left their carcasses as much in monument
As would erect a college.

HENGIST
135 There's the fruits
Of their religious shows too, to lie rotting
Under a million spent in gold and marble
When thousands left behind dies without shelter,
Having nor house nor food.

HERSUS
A precious charity!
But where shall we make choice of our ground,
Captain?

HENGIST
140 About the fruitful banks of uberous Kent,
A fat and olive soil, there we came in.
O Captain, he's given I know not what.

HERSUS Long may he give so.

HENGIST
145 I tell thee, sirrah, he that begged a field
Of fourscore acres for a garden plot,
'Twas pretty well, but he came short of this.

HERSUS
Send over for more Saxons.

HENGIST
With all speed, captain.

HERSUS
Especially for Roxena.

HENGIST
Who, my daughter?

HERSUS
That star of Germany, forget not her, sir,
She's a fair fortunate maid. [*Aside*] I shall betray
myself. 150

Fair is she and most fortunate may she be,
But in maid lost forever, my desire
Has been the close confusion of that name.
A treasure 'tis, able to make more thieves
Than cabinets set open to entice, 155
Which learns one theft that never knew the vice.

86 **Hunch** i.e. hump
87 **Roman gallants** overdressed men (the English frequently mocked the Italians' concern with fashion)
88 **gigots** small pieces; also possibly the analogy of a leg of mutton prepared for cooking with slashes through the fatty surface so as to expose the red flesh
90-1 **humour of cutting** puns on 'cutting' as slicing or slashing with a knife or sword and on bullying
92 **pinked** cut with holes or slashes as a form of ornamentation of a fabric
105 **pizzles** penises (used as whips)

106 **pin a day** 'A pin a day is a groat [a small amount] a year' (proverbial).
109 **Captain** Hengist addresses Hersus here but Simon assumes he's addressing him. See 2.4.115.
109, 110 **foot** puns on 'foot' as measure of distance and part of the body
117 **sessions** sessions of the peace, i.e. periodical sittings of the justices of the peace
120-1 **I'm... buttocks** scatological joke, hence the 'good soil for nosebags' to perfume the air at 2.4.122

123 **cabbages** He puns here on an alternate meaning of cabbages, 'shreds (or larger pieces) of cloth cut off by tailors in the process of cutting out cloths' (*OED*).
133 **as much in monument** in as grand a monument
140 **uberous** richly productive
141 **olive** green, i.e. fertile
152 **in maid** in maidenhood, also a reference to Hersus's having taken her 'maidenhead', i.e. her virginity
153 **close confusion** secret destruction
156 **learns** teaches

Act 2 Scene 4

Maiden of Dunborough

HENGIST
Some I'll dispatch with speed.
HERSUS Do you forget not.
HENGIST
Marry, pray help my memory if I should.
HERSUS
Roxena, you remember.
HENGIST What more, dear sir?
HERSUS
160 I see you need no help, your memory's clear, sir.
Shouts; flourish
HENGIST
Those sounds leapt from our army.
HERSUS
They were too cheerful to voice a bad event.
Enter Saxon Gentleman
HENGIST Now, sir, your news?
SAXON GENTLEMAN
Roxena the fair—
HENGIST True, she shall be sent for.
SAXON GENTLEMAN
She's here.
HENGIST What say'st?
165 SAXON GENTLEMAN She's come, sir.
HERSUS [*aside*]
A new youth begins me o'er again.
SAXON GENTLEMAN [*to Hengist*] Followed you close, sir,
With such a zeal as daughter never equalled,
Exposed herself to all the merciless dangers
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding
Aught but your sight.
170 HENGIST Her love is infinite to me.
HERSUS [*aside*]
Most charitably censured; 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own lust, which makes a woman
Gallop downhill as fearless as a drunkard.
There's no true loadstone i'th' world but that;
175 It draws 'em through all storms, by sea or shame,
Life's loss is thought too small to pay that game.
SAXON GENTLEMAN
What follows more of her will take you strongly.
HENGIST
How?
SAXON GENTLEMAN
Nay, 'tis worth your wonder.
HENGIST I thirst for't.
SAXON GENTLEMAN
180 Her heart-joy, ravished at your late success,
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So prosperously now opening, at her coming
She takes a cup of gold, and midst the army,
Teaching her knee a current cheerfulness
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
185 To the King's joys and yours. The King in presence,

Who with her sight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief I know not which, but one, or both,
But he's so far 'bove my expression caught,
'Twere art enough for one man's time and portion
To speak him and miss nothing.
HENGIST This is astonishing! 190
HERSUS [*aside*]
O this ends bitter now, our close-hid flame
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.
HENGIST
Gave you attention to this, Captain? How now, man?
HERSUS
A kind of grief about these times o'th' moon still.
I feel a pain like a convulsion, 195
A cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it.
Flourish; cornett. Enter Vortiger, Roxena and attendants
HENGIST
Nor never seek one for't, let it go
Without a name; would all griefs were served so,
Our using of 'em mannerly makes 'em grow.
HERSUS
A love-knot already, arm-in-arm! 200
VORTIGER
What's he lays claim here?
HENGIST In right of fatherhood
I challenge an obedient part, my lord.
VORTIGER
Take't and send back the rest.
HENGIST What means your grace?
VORTIGER
You'll keep no more than what belongs to you, will
you?
HENGIST
That's all, my lord, it all belongs to me yet, 205
I keep a husband's interest till he come,
Yet out of duty and respect of majesty
I send her back your servant.
VORTIGER
My mistress, sir, or nothing.
HENGIST Come again?
I never thought to have lived to have heard so ill of
these. 210
VORTIGER
How, sir, so ill?
HENGIST So beyond detestable!
To be an honest vassal is some calling,
Poor is the worst of that, shame comes not to't;
But 'mistress', that's the only common bait,
Fortune sits at all hours catching 'whore' with it 215
And plucks 'em up by clusters. There's my sword, my
lord,
And if your strong desires aim at my blood,
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way

171 censured judged
174 loadstone magnet
182-5 She...presence According to

chronicle sources such as Holinshed, the
custom of 'wassail' was introduced to
England by Roxena and Hengist.

194 grief illness, but playing on 'sadness'
215 hours pun on 'whores'

Quench it in mine.
 VORTIGER I ne'er took sword in vain.
 220 Hengist, we here create thee Earl of Kent.
 HERSUS [*aside*]
 O that will do't, 'twill do't.
 [*He faints*]
 VORTIGER What ails our friend? Look to him.
 ROXENA
 O 'tis his epilepsy, I know it well,
 I helped him once in Germany. Comes't again?
 A virgin's right hand stroked upon his heart
 225 Gives him ease straight, but't must be a pure virgin,
 Or else it brings no comfort.
 VORTIGER What a task
 She puts upon herself unurged for purity!
 The proof of this will bring love's rage upon me.
 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*]
 O this would mad a woman, there's no plague
 In love to indiscretion.
 HERSUS [*aside to Roxena*]
 230 Pish, this cures not.
 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*]
 Dost think I'll ever wrong thee?
 HERSUS [*aside to Roxena*] O most feelingly,
 But I'll prevent it now, and break thy neck
 With thine own cunning. Thou hast undertook
 To give me help, to bring in royal credit
 235 Thy cracked virginity, but I'll spoil all;
 I will not stand on purpose, though I could,
 But fall still to disgrace thee.
 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*] What, you will not?
 HERSUS [*aside to Roxena*]
 I have no other way to help myself,
 For when thou'rt known to be a whore impost'rous
 I shall be sure to keep thee.
 240 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*] O, sir, shame me not!
 You've had what's precious; try my faith yet once
 more,
 Undo me not at first in chaste opinion.
 HERSUS [*aside to Roxena*]
 All this art shall not make me find my legs.
 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*]
 I prithee, wilt thou wilfully confound me?
 HERSUS [*aside to Roxena*]
 245 Well, I'm content for this time to recover
 To save thy credit and bite in my pain,
 But if thou ever fail'st me, I will fall,
 And thou shalt never get me up again.
 ROXENA [*aside to Hersus*]
 Agreed 'twixt you and I, sir.
 [*Hersus rises*]
 [*To Vortiger*] See, my lord,

A poor maid's work. The man may pass for health
 now
 250 Amongst the clearest bloods and whose are nicest.
 VORTIGER
 I have heard of women bring men on their knees
 But few that ever restored 'em. How now, Captain?
 HERSUS
 My lord, methinks I could do things past man;
 I am so renewed in vigour I long most
 255 For violent exercise to take me down;
 My joy's so high in blood, I am above frailty.
 VORTIGER
 My lord of Kent?
 HENGIST Your love's unworthy creature.
 VORTIGER
 Seest thou this fair chain? Think upon the means
 To keep it linked forever.
 HENGIST O my lord,
 260 'Tis many degrees sundered from that hope,
 Besides your grace has a young, virtuous queen.
 VORTIGER
 I say think on't, think on't!
 HERSUS [*aside*] An this wind hold,
 I shall even fall to my old disease again.
 VORTIGER [*to Roxena*]
 265 There's no fault in thee but to come so late,
 All else is excellent; I chide none but fate.
 Flourish; cornetts. Exeunt

Finis Actus Secundus

Incipit Actus Tertius
 Enter Hersus and Roxena

3.1
 ROXENA
 I have no conceit now that you ever loved me,
 But as lust held you for the time.
 HERSUS So, so.
 ROXENA
 Do you pine at my advancement, sir?
 HERSUS O barrenness
 Of understanding, what a right love is this?
 'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended.
 5 What height of honours, eminence and fortune
 Should ravish me from you?
 ROXENA
 Who can tell that, sir? What's he can judge
 Of a man's appetite, before he sees him eat?
 Who knows the strength of any's constancy
 10 That never yet was tempted? We can call
 Nothing our own if they be deeds to come;
 They are only ours when they are past and done.

230 to compared with touches on her part
 Pish exclamation of contempt or impa- 239 impost'rous false
 tience 251 nicest most fastidious
 231 feelingly painfully to him, with sensual 256 take me down specifically 'cause
 me to detumescere; the whole speech is
 equivocal in this vein
 266 I chide...fate i.e. 'I chide no one; it is
 entirely fate that does so'

Act 3 Scene 1



15 How blest are you above your apprehension
 If your desire would lend you so much patience
 To examine the adventurous condition
 Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
 And draw in the times' goodness to defend us!
 20 First, this bold course of ours can't last long,
 Or never does in any without shame,
 And that you know brings danger; and the greater
 My father is in blood, as he's well risen,
 The greater will the storm of his rage be
 'Gainst his blood's wronging. I have cast for this,
 25 'Tis not advancement that I love alone,
 'Tis love of shelter to keep shame unknown.

HERSUS
 O were I sure of thee, as 'tis impossible
 There to be ever sure where there's no hold,
 Your pregnant hopes should not be long arising.

ROXENA
 30 By what assurance have you held me thus far
 Which you found firm, despair you now in that?

HERSUS
 True, that was good security for the time,
 But admit a change of state. When you're advanced
 You women have a French toy in your pride,
 35 You make your friend come crouching, or perhaps
 To bow i'th' hams the better, he is put
 To compliment three hours with your chief gentlewo-
 man,
 Then perhaps not admitted—nay, nor never,
 That's the more noble fashion. Forgetfulness,
 40 'Tis the pleasing'st virtue anyone can have
 That rises up from nothing, for by the same,
 Forgetting all, they forget from whence they came:
 An excellent property for oblivion.

ROXENA
 45 I pity all the fortunes of poor gentlewomen
 Now in mine own unhappiness; when we have given
 All that we have to men, what's their requital?
 An ill-faced jealousy, which resembles much
 The mistrustfulness of an insatiate thief
 That scarce believes he has all though he has stripped
 50 The true man naked, and left nothing on him
 But the hard cord that binds him: so are we
 First robbed and then left bound with jealousy.
 Sure, he that finds us now has a great purchase,
 And well he gains that builds another's ruins!

Yet man, the only seed that's sown in envy, 55
 Whom little would suffice as any creature
 Either in food or pleasure, yet 'tis known
 What would give ten enough contents not one.
 A strong-diseased conceit may tell strange tales to you
 And so abuse us both; take but th'opinion 60
 Of common reason, and you'll find it impossible
 That you should lose me in this king's advancement,
 Who here's a usurper. As he has the kingdom,
 So shall he have my love, by usurpation,
 The right shall be in thee still. My ascension 65
 To dignity is but to waft thee upward,
 And all usurpers have a falling sickness,
 They cannot keep up long.

HERSUS May credulous man
 Put all his confidence in so weak a bottom
 And make a saving voyage? 70

ROXENA
 Nay, as gainful as ever man yet made.

HERSUS
 Go, take thy fortune, aspire with my consent,
 So thy ambition will be sure to prosper.
 Speak the fair certainty of Britain's queen
 Home to thy wishes. 75

ROXENA
 Speak in hope I may, but not in certainty.

HERSUS
 I say in both, hope and be sure. I'll quickly
 Remove her that stands between thy glory.

ROXENA Life is love!
 80 If lost virginity can win such a day
 I'll have no daughter but shall learn my way. *Exit*

HERSUS
 'Twill be good work for him that first instructs 'em,
 Maybe some son of mine, got by this woman too.
 Man's scattered lust brings forth most strange events,
 85 An 'twere but strictly thought on. How many brothers
 Wantonly got, through ignorance of their births,
 May match with their own sisters?
Enter Vortiger
 [Aside] Peace, 'tis he,
 Invention fail me not, 'tis a gallant's credit
 To marry his whore bravely.
 90 VORTIGER [aside] Have I power
 Of life and death and cannot command ease
 In mine own blood? After I was a king

3.1.14 **apprehension** understanding
 22-4 **blood...blood's** rank (an ironic sense, as it is properly a notion of rank as 'breeding, stock' and so should depend on birth)...kin's
 29 **pregnant** inventive and full of expectation, as well as 'with child'
 44-68 **I...long** This speech underwent revision between the play's original composition and the later version represented by the quarto text of the play. In 3.1.46, Roxena's query 'what's their

requital' has been altered in the quarto text to 'what our requital', significantly changing the meaning of the rest of the speech. Also, her lines from 3.1.53 to the middle of 3.1.60 are marked for deletion in both of the manuscripts; these lines do not appear in the quarto text.
 67-8 **And...long** This has three levels of meaning: the political analogy of short-lived usurpation might apply literally to Vortiger; illicit affairs cannot be sustained (see ll. 19-26 where the

same point is made with reference to Hersus himself); poaching lovers are poor performers.
 69 **bottom** ship
 70 **saving** profitable
 72 **fortune** Hersus is punning on Roxena's use of 'fortunes' at l. 44.
 89 **marry...bravely** Bald notes that at least two other Middleton plays, *Trick* and *Chaste Maid*, portray a man attempting to bravely (or profitably) marry off his mistress.

I thought I never should have felt pain more,
That there had been a ceasing of all passions
And common stings which subjects use to feel
95 That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities. But such as we
Know not the way to suffer than to do't.
How most prepost'rous 'tis! What's all our greatness
If we that prescribe bounds to meaner men
100 Must not pass these ourselves? O most ridiculous!
This makes the vulgar merry to endure,
Knowing our state is strict, and less secure.
I'll break through custom. Why should not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allowed
105 Change of affections, as our bodies are
Still change of food and raiment? I'll have't so.
All fashions appear strange at first production,
But this would be well followed. [To *Hersus*] O Cap-
tain!

HERSUS
My lord, I grieve for you, I scarce fetch breath
110 But a sigh hangs at end on't. This is no way,
If you'll give way to counsel.

VORTIGER Set me right then,
And quickly, sir, or I shall curse thy charity
For lifting up my understanding to me
To show that I was wrong. Ignorance is safe,
115 I slept happily; if knowledge mend me not,
Thou hast committed a most cruel sin
To make me into judgement and then leave me.

HERSUS
I will not leave you so, sir, that were rudely.
120 First, you've a flame too open and too violent,
Which like blood guiltiness in an offender
Betrays him when none can. Out with it, sir,
Or let some cunning coverture be made
Before our practice enters; 'twill spoil all else.

VORTIGER
Why, look you, sir, I can be as calm as silence,
125 All the whiles music plays; strike on, sweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of ignorance;
I prithee take my temper. Has a virgin
A heat more modest?

HERSUS [*aside*] He does well to ask me,
I could have told that once. [To *Vortiger*] Why here's a
130 government!
There's not a sweeter amity in friendship
Than in this friendly league 'twixt you and health.

VORTIGER
Then since thou find'st me capable of happiness,
Instruct me with the practice.

HERSUS What would you say, my lord,
If I ensnare her in an act of lust?

VORTIGER
O there were art to the life; but that's impossible,
135 I prithee flatter me no further with't;
Fie, so much sin as goes to make up that
Will ne'er prevail with her! Why, I tell thee, sir,
She's so sin-killing modest, that if only to
Move the question were enough adultery
140 To cause a separation, there's no gallant
So brassy-impudent durst undertake
The words that should belong to't.

HERSUS Say you so, sir?
There's nothing made i'th' world, but has a way to't,
145 Though some be harder than the rest to find.
Yet one there is that's certain, and I think
I have took the course to light on't.

VORTIGER O I pray for't.

HERSUS
I heard you lately say—from whence, my lord,
My practice received light first—that your queen
150 Still consecrates her time to contemplation,
Takes solitary walks.

VORTIGER Nay, late and early, sir,
Commands her weak guard from her, which are but
women
When 'tis at strongest.

HERSUS I like all this well, my lord,
And now your grace shall know what net is used
155 In many places to catch modest women
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts.
Now, there are some will catch up men as fast,
But those she-fowlers nothing concerns us;
Their birding is at windows, ours abroad,
Where ring-doves should be caught, that's married
160 wives
Or chaste maids, what the appetite has a mind to.
'Tis practised often, therefore worth discovery
And may well fit the purpose.

VORTIGER Make no pause then.

HERSUS
The honest gentlewoman, where e'er she be,
165 When nothing will prevail, I pity her now,
Poor soul, she's enticed forth by her own sex
To be betrayed to man, who in some garden house,
Or remote walk, taking his lustful time,
Binds darkness on her eyes, surprises her
170 And having a coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he list for the sin's safety,
Making a rape of honour without words;
And at the low ebb of his lust, perhaps
Some three days after, sends her coached again
To the same place, and, which would make most
175 mad,

94 use to habitually

118 rudely rudely done

159 Their... windows i.e. their seductions
take place at the window.

160 ring-doves plays on the species of dove

and ring-wearing women

166-74 she's... again It is not clear
whether Middleton is alluding to a
genuine practice of the period or has

invented it for the purposes of the drama.

167 garden house notorious as places of
illicit sexual encounters

172 without words without speaking

Act 3 Scene 1

the Maior of Rieburgh

She's spoiled of all, yet knows not where she was robbed.
 Wise, dear, precious mischief!
 VORTIGER Is this practised?
 HERSUS
 Too much, my lord, to be so little known,
 A springe to catch a maidenhead after sunset,
 180 Clip it and send it home again to th' city;
 There 'twill be never perceived.
 VORTIGER
 My raptures want expression; I conceit
 Enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.
 HERSUS
 I praised it then, my lord, I knew 'twould take.
 Exeunt

3.2 Enter Castiza, with a book, and two Ladies
 CASTIZA
 Methinks you live strange lives! When I see't not
 The less it grieves me; you know how to ease me
 then.
 If you but knew how well I loved your absence,
 You would bestow't upon me without asking.
 FIRST LADY
 5 Faith, for my part, were it no more for ceremony
 Than 'tis for love, you should walk long enough
 For my attendance; so think all my fellows,
 Though they say nothing. Books in women's hands,
 They are as much against the hair, methinks,
 10 As to see men work stomachers and night-rails.
 She that has the green-sickness and should follow her
 counsel
 Would die like an ass and go to th' worms like a
 salad.
 Not I, as long as such a creature as man is made;
 She's a fool that will not know what he's good for.
 Exeunt Ladies

CASTIZA
 15 Though amongst life's elections, that of virgin
 I speak noblest, yet't has pleased just heaven
 To send me a contented blessedness
 In this of marriage which I ever doubted.
 I see the king's affection was a true one,
 20 It lasts and holds out long. That's no mean virtue
 In a commanding man, though in great fear
 At first I was enforced to venture on't.
 Enter Vortiger and Hersus disguised
 VORTIGER [aside to Hersus]
 All's happy clear and safe.
 HERSUS [aside to Vortiger] The rest comes gently then.
 VORTIGER [aside to Hersus]
 Be sure you seize on her full sight at first,

For fear of my discovery.
 HERSUS [aside to Vortiger] I'll not miss it. 25
 VORTIGER
 Now, fortune, and I am sped!
 [Hersus seizes and blindfolds Castiza from behind]
 CASTIZA O help, treason, treason!
 HERSUS
 Sirrah, how stand you? Prevent noise and clamour
 Or death shall end thy service.
 VORTIGER [aside] A sure cunning!
 CASTIZA
 O rescue!
 HERSUS Dead her voice, away, make speed.
 [Hersus and Castiza] exeunt and enter again
 CASTIZA No help, no succour? 30
 HERSUS
 Louder yet? Extend your voice to the last rack,
 You shall have leave now, you're far from any pity.
 CASTIZA What's my sin?
 HERSUS
 Contempt of man, and he's a noble creature,
 And takes it in ill part to be despised. 35
 CASTIZA
 I never despised any.
 HERSUS No? You hold us
 Unworthy to be loved, what call you that?
 CASTIZA
 I have a lord disproves you.
 HERSUS Pish, your lord?
 You're bound to love your lord, that's no thanks to
 you.
 You should love those you are not tied to love,
 40 That's the right trial of a woman's charity.
 CASTIZA
 I know not what you are nor what my fault is,
 But if't be life you seek, whate'er you be,
 Use no immodest words, and take it from me.
 You kill me more in talking sinfully
 45 Than acting cruelly. Be so far pitiful
 To end me without words!
 HERSUS Long may you live,
 The wish of a good subject. 'Tis not life
 That I thirst after, loyalty forbid
 I should commit such treason. You mistake me,
 50 I have no such bloody thought, only your love
 Shall content me.
 CASTIZA What said you, sir?
 HERSUS Thus, thus, plainly,
 To strip my words as naked as my purpose,
 I must and will enjoy you.
 [Castiza faints]
 Gone already?

179 springe trap

180 Clip literally, to deflower; also plays on 'clip' as 'embrace' and clipping a bird's wings so it can't fly

3.2.10 men...night-rails i.e. for men to sew

women's decorative undergarments and dressing-gowns

11 green-sickness anemic disease of young girls, implying innocence about sexuality

29.1 [Hersus]...again Hersus wants

Castiza to think that she's been moved to another, isolated location.

38 Pish exclamation of contempt or impatience

And as we relish him, the rest comes on.
Exit Gentleman

25 'Twere no safe wisdom in a rising man
 To slight off such as these; nay rather these
 Are the foundation of a lofty work;
 We cannot build without them and stand sure.
 He that first ascends up to a mountain's top
 Must first begin at foot.
Enter Gentleman

Now, sir, who comes?

30 GENTLEMAN They cannot yet agree, my lord, of that.
 HENGIST How?
 GENTLEMAN They say 'tis worse now for 'em than ever 'twas
 before,
 For where the difference stood but between two,
 Upon this coming first they're at odds.
 35 One says, sir, he shall lose his place at church by't,
 Another, he'll not do his wife that wrong,
 And by their good wills they would come all at first.
 The strife continues in most heat, my lord,
 Between a country barber and a tailor
 40 Of the same town, and which your lordship names,
 'Tis yielded by consent that one shall enter.

HENGIST Here's no sweet toil, I'm glad they're grown so
 reasonable.
 Call in the Barber; if the tale be long,
 He'll cut it short, I trust, that's all the hope on't.
Enter Barber

45 Now, sir, are you the barber?
 BARBER O most barbarous! A corrector of enormities in
 hair, my lord, a promoter of upper lips, or what
 your lordship in the neatness of your discretion shall
 vouchsafe to call it.
 50 HENGIST Very good, I see this you have without book, but
 what's your business now?
 BARBER Your lordship comes to a high point indeed, the
 business, sir, lies all about the head.
 HENGIST That's work for you.
 55 BARBER No, my good lord, there is a corporation, a kind
 of body, a body.
 HENGIST The Barber's out o'th body, let in the Tailor.
 This 'tis to reach beyond your own profession:

When you let go your head, you lose your memory,
 You have no business with the body. 60
 BARBER Yes, sir, I am a barber-surgeon, I have had
 something to do with't in my time, my lord, and I
 was never so out o'th' body as I have been here of late.
 Send me good luck; I'll go marry some whore or other
 but I'll get in again. 65
Enter Tailor

HENGIST Now, sir, a good discovery come from you
 That we may know the inwards of the business.

TAILOR I will rip the linings to your lordship
 And show what stuff 'tis made on, for the body
 Or corporation—

HENGIST There the Barber left indeed. 70
 TAILOR 'Tis pieced up of two factions.
 HENGIST A patched town the whilst.
 TAILOR Nor can go through stitch, noble lord,
 The collar is so great in the one party,
 And as in linsey-woolsey wove together, 75
 One piece makes several suits, so, upright Earl,
 Our linsey-woolsey hearts makes all this coil.
 HENGIST What's all this now?
 Call in the rest; I'm ne'er the wiser, yet
 I should commend my wit could I but guess
 80 What this would come to.
 [Enter Glover, Buttonmonger and Brazier]
 Now, sirs, what are you?
 GLOVER Sir-reverence of your lordship, I am a glover.
 HENGIST What needs that then?
 GLOVER Sometimes I deal with dog's leather, sir-reverence,
 85 all that while.
 HENGIST Well, to the purpose, if there be any towards.
 GLOVER I were an ass else, saving your lordship's pleasure.
 We have a body, but our town wants a hand, a hand
 of justice, a worshipful master mayor.
 HENGIST This is well handed yet, a man may take some
 90 hold. You want a mayor?
 GLOVER Right, but there's two at fisticuffs about it, sir;
 As I may say, at daggers' drawing, sir,
 But that I cannot say, because they have none;
 And you being Earl of Kent, the town does say
 95 Your lordship's voice shall choose and part the fray.

34 **coming first** i.e. neither wants to be first
 in pressing his suit
 35 **lose... by't** his place in a high-ranking
 pew
 36 **he'll... wrong** subject her to the humili-
 ation
 46-65 **BARBER O... again** As Hengist realizes
 at ll. 57-8, the Barber is not a member
 of the Barber-Surgeon Company, indeed
 he seems to have been expelled from it
 (ll. 63-4), and so cannot lawfully practise,
 hence his circumlocutions (ll. 46-9)

and his hope to marry into membership
 (ll. 64-5). But 'the corporation' would
 seem also to be the body of tradesmen
 offstage, as more limitedly at ll. 69-70.
 46 **enormities** both 'misdeeds' and 'excesses'
 50 **without book** without learning
 61 **barber-surgeon** before 1461, barbers
 practised surgery and dentistry; after
 the Company of Barber-Surgeons was
 incorporated by Edward IV in 1461
 (their title was altered to 'Company of

Barbers and Surgeons' in Henry VIII's
 reign), barbers were restricted to the
 practice of dentistry.
 74 **collar** pun on 'choler'
 75 **linsey-woolsey** cloth woven from wool
 and flax (with a pun on its other mean-
 ing of 'nonsense')
 82 **Sir-reverence** standard contraction of
 'save your reverence'
 88 **wants** lacks
 92 **at fisticuffs** in a fistfight

HENGIST
This is strange work for me. Well, sir, what be they?

GLOVER
The one is a tanner.

HENGIST
Fie, I shall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that trade
100 To put it to my voice. What's his name?

GLOVER
Simon, sir.

HENGIST
How, Simon too?

GLOVER
Nay 'tis but Simon one, sir, the very same Simon
That sold your lordship the hide.

HENGIST
What say'st thou?

105 BARBER That's all his glory, sir. He got his master's widow
by't presently after, a rich tanner's wife; she has set
him up. He was her foreman a long time in her other
husband's days.

HENGIST [*aside*]
Now let me perish in my first aspiring
If the pretty simplicity of his fortune
Does not most highly take me; 'tis a presage, me-
110 thinks,
Of bright succeeding happiness to mine
When my fate's glow-worm casts forth such a shine.
[*To Tailor*] And what's the other that contends with
him?

TAILOR
Marry, my noble lord, a fustian-weaver.

HENGIST
115 How, will he offer to compare with Simon?
He a fit match for him?

BARBER
Hark, hark, my lord,
Here they come both now in a pelting chase
From the town house.
*Enter [Oliver followed by Simon], Fellmonger,
[Collier and others]*

120 SIMON Before me? I scorn thee, thou wattle-faced, singed
pig!
OLIVER Pig? I defy thee! My uncle was a Jew and scorned
the motion.

SIMON
I list not brook thy vaunts. Compare with me?
Thou spindle of concupiscence, 'tis well known
Thy first wife was a flax-wench.

OLIVER
But such a flax-wench 125
Would I might never want at my most need,
Nor any friend of mine. My neighbours knew her;
Thy wife was but a hempen halter to her.

SIMON
Use better words, I'll hang thee in my year else,
Let whos' will choose thee afterwards. 130

GLOVER Peace, for shame, quench your great spirits. Do
you not see his lordship?

HENGIST What, Master Simonides?

SIMON Simonides? What a fine name he has made of
Simon! There, he's an ass that calls me Simon again, 135
I'm quite out of love with't.

HENGIST Give me thy hand, I love thee and thy fortunes, I
like a man that thrives.

SIMON I took a widow, my lord, to be the best piece of
ground to thrive on, and by my faith, there's a young 140
Simonides like a green onion peeping up already.

HENGIST
Th'ast a good lucky hand.

SIMON
I have somewhat, sir.

HENGIST
But why to me is this election offered?
The choosing of a mayor goes by most voices.
SIMON True, sir, but most of our townsmen are so hoarse 145
with drinking there's ne'er a good voice amongst 'em
all that are now here in this company.

HENGIST
Are you content both to put all to these then,
To whom I liberally resign my interest
To prevent censure? 150

SIMON I speak first, my lord.

OLIVER Though I speak last, I hope I am not least. If he
will cast away a town-born child, they may, 'tis but
dying forty years or so before my time.

HENGIST
I'll leave you to your choice awhile.

ALL
Your good lordship. 155
Exit Hengist

SIMON Look you, neighbours: view us both well e'er you
be too hasty, let Oliver the fustian-weaver stand as fair
as I do, and the devil give him good on't.

OLIVER I do, thou upstart callimoocher, I do. 'Tis well
known to thee I have been twice ale-cunner, thou 160

106-7 **other husband's** previous husband's
112 **glow-worm** luminary, used contemptuously
114 **fustian-weaver** weaver who works in fustian, a cloth made of cotton and flax (with a pun on 'a maker of bombast', i.e. fustian)
118 **town house** town hall
119-20 **wattle-faced, singed pig** a scorched pig having a fleshy appendage hanging from the mouth

121-2 **My... motion** i.e. he did not eat pork
123 **list not** care not to
125 **flax-wench** a flax-worker, hence a common woman (here used insultingly as 'whore', a meaning Oliver does not recognize)
128 **hempen halter** halter made of hemp (with a pun on 'hangman's noose')
129 **in my year** during his year as mayor
134 **Simonides** Middleton appears to be punning on the name of Simonides of

Ceos, a Greek lyric poet and scholar.
144 **by most voices** by the majority of verbal votes
159 **callimoocher** (manuscript text); callimoocher (quarto text). *OED* cites this play as having the only occurrence of this word, and they define it as 'a raw cadger, a greenhorn'. However, the context suggests that the word means 'usurper'.
160 **ale-cunner** inspector of ale

- mushrump, that shot up in one night with lying with thy mistress.
- SIMON Faith, thou art such a spiny bald-rib, all the mistresses in the town would never get thee up.
- 165 OLIVER I scorn to rise by a woman as thou didst. My wife shall rise by me.
- SIMON The better for some of thy neighbours when you are asleep.
- GLOVER I pray cease of your communication, we can do nothing else.
- 170 *[The townspeople confer]*
- OLIVER *[aside]* I gave that Barber a fustian suit, and twice redeemed his cittern, he may remember me.
- SIMON *[aside]* I fear no false measure but in that Tailor; the Glover and the Buttonmonger are both cocksure; that Collier's eye I like not. Now they consult, the matter is a-brewing. Poor Jill, my wife, lies longing for this news, 'twill make her a glad mother.
- ALL A Simon, a Simon, a Simon, a Simon!
- SIMON My good people, I thank you all.
- 180 OLIVER Wretch that I am! Tanner, thou hast curried favour.
- SIMON I, curry? I defy thy fustian fume!
- OLIVER But I will prove a rebel all thy year and raise up the seven deadly sins against thee! *Exit*
- 185 SIMON The deadly sins will scorn to rise with thee an they have any breeding, as commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every scab to be acquainted with 'em. But, leaving scabs, to you, good neighbours, lo, I bend my speech, first to say more than a man can say, I hold it not so fit to be spoken; but to say what man ought to say, there I leave you also. I must confess that your loves have chosen a weak and unlearned man, that I can neither write nor read you all can witness, yet not altogether so unlearned but I could set my mark to a bond, if I would be so simple, an excellent token of government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done you know not what. There's a full point, you must all cough and hem now.
- 190 ALL Hem, hem, hem, cough.
- 200 SIMON Now, touching our common adversary, the fustian weaver, who threateneth he will raise the deadly sins amongst us, which as I take it are seven in number,
- let 'em come, our town's big enough to hold 'em, we will not much disgrace it. Besides, a deadly sin will lie in a narrow hole. But when they think themselves safest and the web of their iniquity woven, with the horse-strength of my justice I'll break the looms of their concupiscence; and let the weaver go seek his shuttle. Here you may hem again, if you'll do me the favour.
- 205 ALL Cough and hem.
- 210 SIMON Why, I thank you, and it shall not go unrewarded. Now for seven deadly sins: first for Pride which always sits uppermost and will be placed without a churchwarden, being a sin that is not like to be chargeable for the parish, I slip it over and think it not worthy of punishment. Now you all know that Sloth does not anything—this place you see requires wisdom—how can a man in conscience punish that which does nothing? Envy, a poor lean creature that eats raw liver, perhaps it pines to see me chosen, and that makes me the fatter with laughing. If I punish Envy then I punish mine own carcass, a great sin against authority. Wrath, the less we say, the better 'tis; a scurvy desperate thing it is that commonly hangs itself and saves justice many a halter by't. Now for Covetousness and Gluttony, I'll tell you more when I come out of mine office, I shall have time to try what they are. I'll prove 'em soundly, and if I find Covetousness and Gluttony to be directly sins, I'll bury one i'th' bottom of a chest, and th'other i'th' end of my garden. But, sirs, for lechery, I mean to tickle that home, nay I'm resolved upon't, I will not leave one whore in all the town.
- 215 220 225 230
- 235 BARBER Some of your neighbours may go seek their wives i'th' country then.
- 240 SIMON Barber, be silent, I will cut thy comb else. To conclude, I will learn the villainies of all trades—mine own I know already. If there be any knavery in the baker, I will bolt it out, if in the brewer, I will taste him thoroughly, and then piss out his iniquity in his own sink-hole. In a word, I will knock out all enormities like a bullock, and send the hide to my fellow tanners.
- ALL A Simonides, a true Simonides indeed.
- Enter Hengist [with a book] and Roxana*
- HENGIST How now, how goes your choice?

161 **mushrump** mushroom, with a pun on 'rump', meaning both 'buttocks' and 'upstart'

161-8 **shot...asleep** a series of puns on male sexual arousal (also applied to women at 3.3.165-6).

163 **bald-rib** lean or bony fellow, literally having a 'bald rib'

172 **redeemed his cittern** bought back the cittern, an 'instrument of the guitar kind, but strung with wire, and played with a plectrum or quill...commonly kept in barbers' shops for the use of the customers' (*OED*)

176-7 **Poor...mother** i.e. he jokes on

cravings in pregnancy

182 **fustian fume** display of anger

186-7 **commonly...up** playing on the proverbial idea that the devil is a gentleman

187 **scab** low, mean, or scurvy fellow

197 **full point** full stop, end

198 **cough and hem** cough and clear their throats in agreement

205 **hole** pun on 'vagina'

208 **shuttle** weaver's instrument

213-14 **placed...church-warden** seated without the permission of the lay officer of the church responsible for seating parishioners

214-15 **chargeable for the parish** charged

to the financial responsibility of the parish

219 **eats raw liver** Envy is presumably seen as a bird of prey; there may also be a conflation with the punishment of Prometheus.

227 **prove** test, implying that he will 'indulge in' them

231 **tickle that home** beat it out of town, with a pun on using the whores before sending them all away

235 **cut thy comb** humiliate

238 **bolt** sift, separate

240 **sink-hole** (manuscript text); suck-hole (quarto text); hole used for foul matter

TAILOR Here's he, my lord. 275
 SIMON You may prove I am the man, I am bold to take
 245 the upper hand of your lordship a little, I'll not lose an
 inch of mine honour.
 HENGIST
 Hold, sirs, there's some few crowns to mend your
 feast, 280
 Because I like your choice.
 BARBER
 Joy bless your lordship, we'll drink your health with
 trumpets.
 SIMON
 250 I, with sack-butts,
 That's the more solemn drinking for my state,
 No malt this year shall fume into my pate.
Exeunt [all but Hengist and Roxena]
 HENGIST
 Continues still that fervour in his love?
 ROXENA
 255 Nay, with increase, my lord; the flame grows greater,
 Though he has learned a better art of late
 To set a screen before it.
 HENGIST Canst speak low?
*[They speak aside; Roxena exits, and
 Hengist sits upstage, reading a book]*
Enter Vortiger and Hersus
 HERSUS
 Heard every word, my lord.
 VORTIGER Plainly?
 HERSUS Distinctly.
 The course I took was dangerous but not failing,
 For I conveyed myself behind the hangings,
 Even first before her entrance.
 260 VORTIGER 'Twas well ventured.
 HERSUS
 I had such a woman's first and second longing in me
 To hear how she would bear her mocked abuse
 After she was half returned to privacy,
 I could have fasted out an ember-week
 265 And never thought of hunger to have heard her.
 She fetched three short turns, I shall ne'er forget 'em,
 Like an imprisoned lark that offers still
 Her wing at liberty and returns checked,
 So would her soul fain have been gone, and even
 hung
 270 Flittering upon the bars of poor mortality,
 Whichever as it offered, drove her back again.
 Then came your holy Lupus and Germanus.
 VORTIGER
 O, two holy confessors.
 HERSUS At whose sight
 I could perceive her fall upon her breast

And cruelly afflict herself with sorrow—
 I never heard a sigh till I heard hers—
 Who after her confession, pitying her,
 Put her into a way of patience,
 Which now she holds, to keep it hid from you.
 There's all the pleasure that I took in't now
 280 When I heard that my pains was well remembered.
 So with applying comforts and relief
 They have brought it low now to an easy grief,
 But yet the taste is not quite gone.
Enter Castiza
 VORTIGER
 Still fortune sits bettering our invitation. 285
 HERSUS
 Here she comes.
 CASTIZA [*aside*]
 Yonder's my lord, O I'll return again.
 Methinks I should not dare to look on him. *Exit*
 HERSUS
 She's gone again.
 VORTIGER It works the kindlier, sir.
 Go and call her back. [*Exit Hersus*]
 She winds herself 290
 Into the snare so prettily, 'tis a pleasure
 To set toils for her.
[Enter Hersus with Castiza]
 CASTIZA [*aside*] He may read my shame
 Now in my blush.
 VORTIGER Come, you're so linked to holiness
 So taken up with contemplative desires,
 That the world has you, yet enjoys you not; 295
 You have been weeping too.
 CASTIZA Not I, my lord.
 VORTIGER
 Trust me, I fear you have, you're much to blame
 An you should yield so to passion without cause.
 Is not there time enough for meditation,
 Must it lay title to your health and beauty, 300
 And draw them into time's consumption too?
 'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
[He discovers Hengist, seemingly asleep]
 My lord of Kent? I pray wake him, captain,
 He reads himself asleep sure.
 HERSUS My lord?
 HENGIST Your pardon, sir.
 VORTIGER
 Nay, I'll take away your book, and bestow't here— 305
 Lady, you that delight in virgin stories
 And all chaste works, here's excellent reading for you.
 Make of that book as raised men make of favour
 Which they grow sick to part from—and now, my
 lord,

244 **I am the man** I am more manly
 250 **sack-butts** casks of sack, a white wine
 (with a pun on the meaning 'trumpets')
 252 **malt** beer brewed from barley

260 **her** Castiza's
 261 **a woman's** . . . **second longing** cravings
 during pregnancy
 264 **ember-week** a one week period encom-

passing three fast days
 266 **fetchd** performed
 292 **toils** snares
 298 **passion** grief

310 You that have so conceitedly gone beyond me
 And made such large use of a slender gift,
 Which we never minded, I commend your thrift,
 And for your building's name shall to all ages
 Carry the stamp and impress of your wit,
 It shall be called Thong Castle.

315 HENGIST How, my lord?
 Thong Castle! There your highness quits me kindly.
 VORTIGER 'Tis fit art should be known by her right name.
 You that can spread my gift, I'll spread your fame.
 HENGIST I thank your grace for that, sir.
 VORTIGER And loved lord,
 320 So well we do accept thy invitation,
 With all speed we'll set forward.
 HENGIST Your love honours me.
Music. Exeunt

Finis Actus Tertius

❁

4.1 *Incipit Actus Quartus*
Enter Vortiger, Castiza, two Ladies, Roxena, Devonshire, Stafford at one door; Simon and his brethren [holding a scabbard and dagger], at the other

SIMON Lo, I the Mayor of Queenborough town by name,
 With all my brethren, saving one that's lame,
 Are come as fast as fiery mill-horse gallops
 To meet thy grace, thy queen and thy fair trollops.
 5 For reason of our coming do not look,
 It must be done, I found it i'th' town book,
 And yet not I myself, I scorn to read,
 I keep a clerk to do these jobs for need.
 And now expect a rare conceit before Thong Castle, so
 thee,
 Reach me the thing to give the king, the other too, I
 10 prithe; [He takes the scabbard and dagger from the
 brethren]
 Now here they be for queen and thee, the gifts all
 steel and leather,
 But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they're
 come together;
 To show two loves must join in one, our town
 presents to thee

This gilded scabbard to the queen, this dagger unto
 thee.
 VORTIGER Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,
 15 I hate 'em as I do the rotten roots of you.
 You inconstant rabble, I have felt your fits;
 Sheath up your bounty with your iron wits
 And get you gone.
Music. Exeunt King, Queen, Ladies, and Lords

SIMON Look, sir, is his back turned?
 ALL 'Tis, 'tis. 20
 SIMON Then bless the good Earl of Kent, say I.
 I'll have this dagger turned into a pie
 And eaten up for anger, every bite on't,
 And when that pie is new cut up by some rare
 cunning pieman,
 They shall all lamentably sing, 'Put up thy dagger,
 Simon'. 25
Exeunt

Oboes. [Enter] the King and his train, met by
 Hengist and Hersus; they salute and exeunt, while
 the banquet is brought forth. Music plays. Enter
 Vortiger, [Hengist], Hersus, Devonshire, Stafford,
 Castiza, Roxena, and two Ladies [and attendants] 4.2

HENGIST A welcome, mighty lord, may appear costlier,
 More full of talk and toil, show and conceit,
 But one more stored with thankful love and truth
 I forbid all the sons of men to boast of.

VORTIGER Why, that's a welcome that implies 5
 The building plain but substantial;
 Methinks it looks as if it mocked all ruin
 Save that great masterpiece of consummation,
 The end of time, which must consume even ruin
 And eat that into cinders. 10

HENGIST There's no brass would last your praise, my lord,
 'Twould last beyond it and shame our durablest metal.

VORTIGER [aside to Hersus] Hersus!
 HERSUS [aside to Vortiger] My lord?
 VORTIGER [aside to Hersus] This is the time I have chosen, here's a full meeting,
 And here will I disgrace her.

310 **conceitedly** ingeniously, wittily
 312 **minded** intended
 313 **for** so that
 315 **Thong Castle** In 1576 Lambarde noted that 'the ditch and ruins of this old castle do yet appear at Tong Mill within one quarter of a mile of the parish church there, and about so much northward

from the highway between London and Canterbury: where you may see the water drained from the Castleditch, to serve the corn mill' (*A Perambulation of Kent*).

4.1.3 **mill-horse gallops** Simon's foolish error, as a mill-horse would plod slowly
 4 **trollops** Simon's error for 'ladies'; also

perhaps a desperate rhyme-word
 7 **scorn to read** he is, of course, illiterate, but he assumes the attitude of an aristocrat who might scorn to read
 14 **gilded scabbard** unintended sexual implication that is particularly embarrassing in view of the rape of Castiza

15 HERSUS [*aside to Vortiger*] 'Twill be sharp, my lord. She'd choose to dwell and draw all parts to one.
 VORTIGER [*aside to Hersus*] VORTIGER
 O 'twill be best, sir. My lord of Kent, I thank you for this welcome,
 HERSUS [*aside to Vortiger*] It came unthought of in the sweetest language 50
 Why here's the earl, her father. That ever my soul relished.
 VORTIGER [*aside to Hersus*] HENGIST You are pleased, my lord,
 And, ay, the lord, her uncle, that's the height on't, To raise my happiness from slight deservings
 Invited both, o' purpose to rise sick, To show what power's in princes: not in us
 Full of shame's surfeit. Ought worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
 HERSUS [*aside to Vortiger*] I'm chiefly sad, my lord, your queen's not merry. 55
 And that's shrewd, by'r lady, VORTIGER
 It ever sticks close to the ribs of honour, So honour bless me, he has found the way
 Great men are never sound men after it, To my grief strangely. [*To Castiza*] Is there no delight?
 It leaves some ache or other in their names still CASTIZA
 Which their posterity feels at every weather. My lord, I wish not any, nor is't needful,
 VORTIGER [*aside to Hersus*] I am as I was ever.
 Mark but the least presentment of occasion VORTIGER That's not so.
 As such times yields enough, and then mark me. CASTIZA
 HERSUS [*aside to Vortiger*] How? O my fears!
 My observance is all yours, you know't, my lord. VORTIGER [*to Devonshire*]
 [*Aside*] What careful ways some take t'abuse them- 60
 selves! When she writ maid, my lord,
 But as there be assurers of men's goods You knew her otherwise.
 'Gainst storm or pirates, which gives venturers cour- DEVONSHIRE To speak but truth,
 age, I never knew her a great friend to mirth,
 30 So such there must be to make up man's theft, Nor taken much with any one delight,
 Or there would be no woman venturer left. Though there be many seemly and honourable
 See, now they find their seats. What a false knot To give content to ladies without taxing. 65
 Of amity he ties about her arm, VORTIGER [*drinking*]
 Which rage must part! In marriage 'tis no wonder My lord of Kent, this to thy full desert
 35 Knots knit with kisses are oft broke with thunder. Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
 Music HENGIST
 Music, then I have done; I always learn Which like a river shall return service
 To give my betters place. To the great master-fountain.
 VORTIGER Where's Captain Hersus? VORTIGER [*to the Ladies*] Where's your lord,
 HERSUS I missed him not 'til now, Lady, and yours? 70
 My lord. No marvel then we were so out o'th' way
 VORTIGER Of all pleasant discourse, they are the keys
 Sit, sit, we'll have a health anon Of human music. Sure, at their nativities
 To all good services. Great nature signed a general patent to 'em,
 HERSUS [*sitting*] They're poor in these days; To take up all the mirth in a whole kingdom. 75
 They had rather have the cup than the health, my lord. What's their employment now?
 40 I sit wrong now; he hears me not, and most great FIRST LADY May't please your grace,
 men We never are so far acquainted with 'em;
 Are deaf on that side. Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
 That's even the fashion of 'em all, my lord.
 Song VORTIGER
 [SINGER] It seems you have great faith though in their con- 80
 stancy,
 If in music were a power And they in yours, you dare so trust each other.
 To breathe a welcome to thy worth, SECOND LADY
 45 This should be the ravishing hour Hope well we do, my lord, we have reason for't,
 To vent her spirit's treasure forth. Because they say brown men are honestest,
 HERSUS But she's a fool will swear for any colour.
 Welcome, o welcome, in that word alone.

4.2.19 shrewd nasty, unpleasant
 31 woman venturer whore

60 writ maid was unmarried, with an ironic
 pun on when she was virginal

65 taxing tiring (or causing censure?)
 83 brown... honestest proverbial

Act 4 Scene 2

the Mayor of Rieborough

VORTIGER
They would for yours.

85 SECOND LADY 'Troth, 'tis a doubtful question,
And I'd be loath to put mine to't, my lord.

VORTIGER
Faith, dare you swear for yourselves? That's a plain
motion.

SECOND LADY
My lord?

VORTIGER
You cannot deny that with honour,
And since 'tis urged, I'll put you to't, in troth.

FIRST LADY
May't please your grace?

90 VORTIGER 'Twill please me wondrous well,
And here's a book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity.
Come swear, I have sworn you shall, that you never
knew
The will of any man besides your husband's.

SECOND LADY
I'll swear, my lord, as far as my remembrance.

95 VORTIGER
How? Your remembrance! That were strange.

FIRST LADY
Your grace, hearing our just excuses, will not say so.

VORTIGER
Well, what's your just excuse? You're ne'er without
some.

FIRST LADY
I'm often taken with a sleep, my lord,
100 The loudest thunder cannot waken me,
Not if a cannon's burden were discharged
Close by mine ear. The more may be my wrong;
There can be no infirmity, my lord,
That's more excusable in any woman.

SECOND LADY
105 And I'm so troubled with the mother too,
I have often called in help, I know not whom,
Three at once has been too weak to keep me down.

VORTIGER
I perceive there's no fastening. [*To Castiza*] Well fair
one then
That ne'er deceives faith's anchor of her hold,
110 Come at all seasons. Here, be thou the star
To guide those erring women: show the way
Which I will make 'em follow. Why dost start,
Draw back and look so pale?

CASTIZA My lord?

VORTIGER Come hither,
115 Nothing but take that oath, thou'lt take a thousand.
A thousand, poor! A million, nay as many
As there be angels registers of oaths.
Why, look there, over-holy fearful chastity,

That sins in nothing but in too much niceness!
I'll begin first and swear for thee myself:
I know thee a perfection so unstained,
120 So sure, so absolute, I will not pant on't
But catch time greedily. By all these blessings,
That blows truth into fruitfulness, and those curses
That with their barren breaths blast perjury,
Thou art as pure as sanctity's best shrine
125 From all man's mixture, but what's lawful mine.

CASTIZA [*aside*]
O heaven forgive him, he's forsworn himself!

VORTIGER
Come, 'tis but going now my way.

CASTIZA [*aside*] That's bad enough.

VORTIGER I have cleared all doubts, you see.

CASTIZA
Good my lord, spare me.

VORTIGER How? It grows later now than so,
130 For modesty's sake, make more speed this way.

CASTIZA
Pardon me, my lord, I cannot.

VORTIGER What?

CASTIZA I dare not.

VORTIGER
Fail all confidence in thy weak kind forever!

DEVONSHIRE Here's a storm
Able to make all of our name inhumid
135 And raise 'em from their sleeps of peace and fame
To set the honour of their bloods right here
Hundred years after; a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from seed to seed,
And cannot be choked now with a poor grain
140 Of dust and earth. We that remain, my lord,
Her uncle and myself, wild in this tempest,
As ever robbed man's peace, will undertake
Upon lives' deprivation, lands and honour,
And make one ruin serve our joys and yours.
145

CASTIZA [*aside*]
Why here's a height of misery never reached yet!
I lose myself and others.

DEVONSHIRE You may see
How much we lay in balance with your goodness,
And had we more, it went, for we presume
You cannot be religious and so vile.
150

CASTIZA
As to forswear myself: 'tis true, my lord,
I will not add a voluntary sin
To a constrained one. I confess, great sir,
The honour of your bed has been abused.

VORTIGER
O beyond patience!

CASTIZA Give me hearing, sir,
155 But far from my consent: I was surprised
By villains and so ravished.

85 'Troth In truth
105 the mother hysteria
121 pant on't i.e. pretend to be short-

winded and unable to 'catch time'
122 catch time seize the opportunity

126 mixture sexual intercourse
135 inhumid buried or laid in a grave

Act 4 Scene 2

The Mayor of Rieborough

	Voice comes with troops, and they that entertain A mighty potentate must receive his train. Methinks I should not hear from fortune next Under an earldom now; she cannot spend 235 A night so idly but to make a lord With ease, methinks, and play. The Earl Kent Is calm and smooth, like a deep dangerous water, He has some secret way, I know his blood, The grave's not greedier, nor hell's lord more proud. 240 Somewhat will hap, for this astonishing choice Strikes pale the kingdom at which I rejoice. <i>Exit</i>	<i>Enter Hengist, Gentleman, and Saxons</i> 4.4 HENGIST If we let slip this opportuneful hour, Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought Of ever fixing, we are loose at root, And the least storm may rend us from the bosom Of this land's hopes forever. But, dear Saxons, 5 Fasten we now, and our unshaken firmness Will assure after-ages. GENTLEMAN We are resolved, my lord. HENGIST Observed you not how Vortiger the king, Base in submission, threatened our expulsion, His arm held up against us? Is't not time 10 To make our best preventions? What should check me? He's perfected that great work in our daughter, And made her Queen, she can ascend no higher, Nor can the incessant flow of his love-praises, Which yet still sways, take from that height it raises. 15 She's sure enough. What rests then that but I Make happy mine own hopes; and policy Forbids no way, noble or treacherous ended, What best effects is of her best commended. 20 Therefore be quick, dispatch. Here every man Receive into the service of his vengeance An instrument of steel, which will unseen Lurk like the snake under the innocent shade Of a spread summer's leaf; and as great substance 25 Blocks itself up into less room in gold Than other metals, and less burdensome, So in the other hand lies all confined Full as much death as ever changed mankind. 'Tis all the same time that a small watch shows 30 As great church dials, and as have as those. Take heart, the commons loves us: those removed That are his nerves, our greatness stands improved. GENTLEMAN Give us the word, my lord, and we are perfect. HENGIST That's true, the word, I lose myself, 35 'Nemp your sexes', it shall be that. GENTLEMAN Enough, sir, then we strike. HENGIST But the King's mine, take heed you touch not him. GENTLEMAN We shall not be at leisure, never fear't, We shall have work enough of our own, my lord. HENGIST They come; calm looks but stormy souls possess you. 40
4.3	<i>Oboes. Dumb Show: enter Lupus, Germanus, Devonshire and Stafford leading Vortiner; they seat him in the throne and crown him king. Enter Vortiger in great passion and submission; they neglect him, then Roxena expressing great fury and discontent; they lead out Vortiner, and leave Vortiger and Roxena; she suborns two Saxons to murder Vortiner; they swear performance and secrecy and exeunt with Roxena. Then Vortiger, left alone, draws his sword and offers to run himself thereon; enter Hersus and prevents him, then the Lords enter again and exit Hersus. Then is brought in the body of Vortiner in a chair dead, they all in amazement and sorrow take Vortiger, and upon his submission, restore him, swearing him against the Saxons. Then enter Hengist with diverse Saxons, Vortiger and the rest, with their swords drawn, threaten their expulsion; whereat Hengist amazed sends one to entreat a peaceable parley, which seeming to be granted by laying down their weapons, exeunt severally Enter Raynulp</i>	
	RAYNULPH Of pagan blood a queen being chose, Roxena hight, the Britons rose, And Vortiner they crown'd King, But she soon poisoned that sweet spring; 5 Then to rule they did restore Vortiger, and him they swore Against the Saxons. They, constrained, Begg'd peace-treaty, and obtained; And now in numbers equally 10 Upon the plain near Salisbury, A peaceful meeting they decreen Like men of love, no weapon seen; But Hengist that ambitious lord Full of guile corrupts his word, 15 As the sequel too well proves; On that your eyes, on us your loves. <i>Exit</i>	

4.3.2 **hight** named
11 **decreen** decree, i.e. set up
4.4.18 **ended** in its ends?

33 **perfect** fully prepared
35 '**Nemp your sexes**' Draw your knives;
the Old English form would be 'Nimath

ewre seax' (OED). Holinshed uses the form 'Nempt your sexes'.

Enter Vortiger and British Lords, [unarmed]

VORTIGER
We see you keep your word in all points firm.

HENGIST
No longer may we boast of so much breath
As goes to a word making than of care
In the preserving of it when 'tis made.

VORTIGER
45 You're in a virtuous way, my lord of Kent,
And since we're both sides well met like sons of peace,
All other arms laid by in sign of favour
If our conditions be embraced—

HENGIST
Th'are, th'are.

VORTIGER
We'll use no other but these only here.
[Vortiger and Hengist embrace]

HENGIST
Nemp your sexes!
[The Saxons draw their swords on the British
Lords]

BRITISH LORDS
50 Treason, treason!

HENGIST
Follow to th' heart,
My trusty Saxons, 'tis your liberty,
Your wealth and honour!
[Hengist seizes Vortiger]
Soft, you're mine, my lord.

VORTIGER
Take me not basely when all sense and strength
Lies bound up in amazement at this treachery.

55 What devil hath breathed this everlasting part
Of falsehood into thee?

HENGIST
Let it suffice,
I have you and will hold you prisoner
As fast as death holds your best props in silence.
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
60 Slavery or diminution, which we hate
With a joint loathing: may all perish thus
That seek to subjugate or lessen us.

VORTIGER
O you strange nooks of guile and subtlety,
Where man so cunningly lies hid from man!
65 Who could expect such treason from the breast,
Such thunder from your voice, or take your pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day that teems the sudden'st storm
When the world least expects one? But of all,
70 I'll never trust fair sky in man again;
Their's the deceitful weather. Will you heap
More guilt upon you by detaining me,
Like a cup taken after a full surfeit,
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What seek you?

75 HENGIST
Ransom for your liberty
As I shall like of, or you ne'er obtain't.

VORTIGER
Here's a most headstrong dangerous ambition.
Sow you the seeds of your aspiring hopes
In blood and treason, and must I pay for 'em?
Have not I raised you to this height?

HENGIST
80 My lord,
A work of mine own merit, since you enforce it.

VORTIGER
There's even the general thanks of all aspirers.
When they have all the honours kingdoms can impart
They write above it still their own desert.

HENGIST
I have writ mine true, my lord.

VORTIGER
85 That's all their sayings.
Have I not raised your daughter to Queen?

HENGIST
Why, y'have the harmony of your pleasure for't,
Y'have crowned your own desires, what's that to me?

VORTIGER
And what will crown yours, sirs?

HENGIST
Faith, things of reason:
I demand Kent.

VORTIGER
90 Why, y'have the earldom on't.

HENGIST
The kingdom on't I meant, without control,
The full possession.

VORTIGER
This is strange in you.

HENGIST
It seems you're not acquainted with my blood yet
To call this strange.

VORTIGER
Never was King of Kent yet
But who was general king.

95 HENGIST
I'll be the first then, everything has beginning.

VORTIGER
No less title?

HENGIST
Not if you hope for liberty, my lord.
So dear a happiness would be wronged by slighting.

VORTIGER
Well, take't, I resign't.

HENGIST
100 Why, I thank your grace.

VORTIGER
Is your great thirst sufficed yet?

HENGIST
Faith, my lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming sisters,
Norfolk and Suffolk, and I have done with you.

VORTIGER
Y'have got a fearful thirst, my lord, of late,
Howe'er you came by't.

HENGIST
105 It behoves me then
For my blood's health to seek all means to quench it.

VORTIGER
Them, too?

HENGIST
There's nothing will be abated sir.

50 heart puns on 'hart', imitating a hunting cry

95 general king king of England
96 everything has beginning proverbial,

as in 'Everything has an end'; also, less widespread, 'Everything has its seed'.

Act 4 Scene 4

Mansion of Quinborough

Put your assurance in't.
 VORTIGER You have the advantage; he whom
 Fate captivates must yield to all; take 'em.
 HENGIST
 110 And you your liberty and peace, my lord,
 With our best love and wishes. Here's an hour
 Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame and power.
 [Exeunt all but Vortiger]
 VORTIGER
 Are these the noblest fruits and fairest requitals
 From works of our own raising?
 115 Methinks the murder of Constantius
 Speaks to me in the voice on't, and the wrongs
 Of our late Queen slipped both into one organ.
 Here is no safety for me but what's most doubtful;
 The rank rout love me not, and the strength I had
 120 This foul devouring treachery has demolished.
 Enter Hersus
 Ambition, hell, mine own undoing lust,
 And all the brood of plagues conspire against me.
 HERSUS My lord, he dies
 That says it but yourself, were't that thief-king
 125 That has so boldly stol'n his honours from you,
 A treason that wrings tears from honest manhood.
 VORTIGER
 So rich am I now in thy love and pity
 I feel no loss at all. But we must part,
 My queen and I, to Cambria.
 HERSUS My lord,
 130 And I not named that have vowed lasting service
 To life's extremest minute to your fortunes?
 VORTIGER
 Is my ruined fate blest with so dear a friend?
 HERSUS
 My lord, not space in earth nor breadth in sea
 Shall divide me from you.
 VORTIGER O faithful treasure,
 135 All my lost happiness is made up in thee! Exit
 HERSUS
 I'll follow you through the world to cuckold you,
 That's my way now. Everyone has his toy
 While he lives here; some men delight in building
 A trick of Babel and will ne'er be left,
 140 Some in consuming what was raised with toiling,
 Hengist in getting honour, I in spoiling. Exit
 Finis Actus Quartus



Incipit Actus Quintus

5.1

Enter Simon, [Aminadab, his] Clerk, Glover,
 Fellmonger, Grazier, [and others].

Music

SIMON Is not that rebel Oliver, the fustian-weaver, that
 traitor to my year, 'prehended yet?
 CLERK Not yet, so please your worship.
 SIMON Not yet, say'st thou? How durst thou say 'not yet'
 and see me present, thou malapert clerk that's good for
 nothing but to write and read? Is his loom seized on? 5
 CLERK Yes, an it like your worship, and sixteen yards of
 fustian.
 SIMON Good, let a yard be saved to mend me between the
 legs, the rest cut in pieces and given to the poor. 'Tis 10
 heretic fustian and should be burnt indeed, but being
 worn threadbare, the shame will be as great. How think
 you neighbours?
 GLOVER
 Greater methinks the longer it is worn
 Where being once burnt, it can be burned no more. 15
 SIMON
 True, wise and most senseless.
 Enter Footman
 How now, sirrah,
 What's he approaching here in dusty pumps?
 CLERK
 A footman, sir, to the great King of Kent.
 SIMON
 The King of Kent? Shake him by the hand for me.
 Footman, thou art welcome; lo, my deputy shakes
 thee. 20
 Come when my year's out and I'll do't myself.
 An't 'twere a dog come from the King of Kent,
 I keep those officers would shake him, I trow.
 And what's the news with thee, well-stewed footman?
 FOOTMAN
 The King, my master—
 SIMON Hah?
 FOOTMAN With a few Saxons 25
 Intend this night to make merry with you.
 SIMON
 Merry with me? I should be sorry else, fellow,
 And take it in evil part, so tell Kent's king.
 Why was I chosen mayor but that great men
 Should make merry with me? There's a jest indeed. 30
 Tell him I looked for't, and me much he wrongs
 If he forget Simon that cut out his thongs.
 FOOTMAN
 I'll run with your worship's answer. Exit

119 **rout** common people
 129 **Cambria** Latin name for Wales
 139 **A trick of Babel** a visionary scheme,
 with an allusion to the Biblical tower of
 Babel ruined by God as punishment for
 over-reaching (as Vortiger's castle will be

ruined with wildfire in 5.2)
 5.1.9 **yard** phallic quibble
 10-11 **'Tis heretic fustian** Traditionally,
 fustian was woven by Puritans, thus the
 cloth is heretical to Protestants such as

Simon.
 16 **senseless** Simon's error for 'sensible'
 17 **dusty pumps** soiled shoes (pumps were a
 type of shoe worn by servants)
 24 **well-stewed** drunken

- SIMON That fellow will be roasted against supper, he's half
 35 enough already, his brows baste him. The King of Kent!
 The King of Christendom shall not be better welcome to
 me, for you must imagine now neighbours this is the
 time that Kent stands out of Christendom, for he that's
 King there now was never christened.
- 40 This for your more instruction I thought fit,
 That when you're dead you may teach your children
 wit.
 Clerk!
- CLERK
 At your worship's elbow.
- SIMON I must turn you from the hall into the kitchen
 tonight. Give order that twelve pigs be roasted yellow,
 45 nine geese and some three larks for piddling-meat, but
 twenty woodcocks. I'll bid all my neighbours. Give
 charge the mutton come in all blood raw, that's infidel
 meat; the King of Kent's a pagan and must be served so.
 And let those officers that seldom or never go to Church
 50 bring't in, 'twill be well taken. Run. [Exit Clerk]
 Come hither you now, take all the cushions down
 and thwack 'em soundly after my feast of millers, for
 their buttocks has left a peck of flour in 'em. Beat 'em
 55 carefully o'er a bolting-hutch, there'll be enough for
 a pan pudding as your dame will handle it. Then put
 fresh water into both the bough-pots, and burn a little
 juniper i'th' hall chimney. Like a beast as I was, I pissed
 out the fire last night and never thought of the King's
 coming.
 [Enter Clerk]
- 60 How now, returned so quickly?
 CLERK Please your worship, there's a certain company of
 players.
 SIMON Hah, players?
 CLERK Country comedians, interluders, sir, desires your
 65 worship's leave and favour to enact in the town hall.
 SIMON I'th' town hall! 'Tis ten to one I never grant it. Call
 'em before my worship. If my house will not serve their
 turn, I would fain see the proudest he lend a barn to
 'em.
 Enter [two] Cheaters, [a Clown, and others]
- 70 Now sirs, are you comedians?
- SECOND CHEATER We are anything sir: comedians, tra-
 gedians, tragicomedians, comi-tragedians, pastoralists,
 humorists, clowns and satirists. We have 'em, sir,
 from the smile to the laugh, from the laugh to the
 handkerchief. 75
- SIMON You are very strong i'th' wrists. And shall these
 good parts you're endowed withal be cast away among
 pedlars and malt-men?
- FIRST CHEATER For want of better company, an't please
 your worship. 80
- SIMON What think you of me, my masters? Have you
 audacity enough to play before so high a person? Will
 not my countenance daunt you? For if you play before
 me I shall often look at you, I give you that warning
 beforehand; take it not ill, my masters, I shall laugh at
 85 you, and truly when I'm least offended with you. My
 humour 'tis, but be not you abashed.
- FIRST CHEATER Sir, we have played before a lord ere now,
 though we be country actors.
- SIMON A lord? Ha, ha, you'll find it a harder thing to
 please a mayor. 90
- FIRST CHEATER We have a play wherein we use a horse.
 SIMON Fellows, you use no horseplay in my house, my
 rooms are rubbed; keep it for hackney men.
- FIRST CHEATER We will not offer't to your worship, sir. 95
- SIMON Give me a play without a beast, I charge you.
- SECOND CHEATER That's hard without a cuckold or a
 drunkard.
- SIMON O those beasts are often the best men i'th' parish
 and must not be kept out. But which is your merriest
 100 play now? That would I harken after.
- SECOND CHEATER Why, your worship shall hear the names
 all o'er and take your choice.
- SIMON And that's plain dealing, trust me. Come, begin,
 sir. 105
- SECOND CHEATER *The Whirligig, The Whibble, Carwidgeon.*
 SIMON Hey-day, what names are these?
- SECOND CHEATER New names of late. *The Wild Goose Chase.*
 SIMON I understand thee now.
- SECOND CHEATER *Gull upon Gull.* 110
- SIMON Why, this is somewhat plain yet.
- SECOND CHEATER *Woodcock of our Side.*

35 **his brows baste him** i.e., he's perspiring
 45 **piddling-meat** trifling or insignificant
 meat
 46 **woodcocks** a type of bird much valued
 for its flavor, with an unintentional pun
 on woodcock as 'fool'
 54 **bolting-hutch** hutch used to store sifted
 meal
 56 **bough-pots** pots to hold boughs or
 flowers
 70-1 **comedians...comedians** Simon uses
 the word to mean 'actors'; the Second
 Cheater uses it to mean 'players of
 comedy'
 71-3 **We...satirists** Compare *Hamlet*,
 2.2.396-9, 'the best actors in the world,

either for tragedy, comedy, history,
 pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-
 pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-
 comical-historical-pastoral'.
 78 **malt-men** men who make malt (beer)
 91 **mayor** puns on 'mare'
 94 **rubbed** polished by rubbing
hackney men men who keep or attend
 to a hackney horse or carriage
 106 ***The Whirligig, The Whibble, Car-
 widgeon*** These play titles, which mean,
 respectively, 'whirling toy', 'quibble',
 and 'pun' ('Carwidgeon' is a variant
 on 'carrivitchet' for the sake of a pun
 on 'widgeon', the first bird joke) and
 those at 5.1.110, 5.1.112, and 5.1.114

are apparently nonsense titles used by
 the Cheaters to convince Simon of their
 repertory. No plays with these titles are
 extant.
 108 ***The Wild Goose Chase*** punning
 allusion to Fletcher's play of the same
 name
 110 ***Gull upon Gull*** a nonsense title that
 puns on 'gull' as fool
 112 ***Woodcock of our Side*** A nonsense title
 that puns on 'woodcock' as fool; a work
 of this title is referred to by John Taylor
 the Water Poet in the preface to his *Sir
 Gregory Nonsense His News from No Place*
 of 1622.

Act 5 Scene 1



SIMON Get you farther off then.
 FIRST CHEATER *The Cheater and the Clown.*
 115 SIMON Is that come up again? That was a play when I was prentice first.
 SECOND CHEATER Ay, but the Cheater has learned more tricks since, sir, and gulls the Clown with new additions.
 SIMON Then is Clown a coxcomb; which is he?
 120 CLOWN I am the Clown, sir.
 SIMON He's too fair to make the people laugh.
 FIRST CHEATER Not as he may be dressed, sir.
 SIMON Faith, dress him how you will, I'll give him that gift, he'll never look half scurvily enough. O, the clowns that
 125 I have seen in my time! The very peeping out of 'em would have made a young heir laugh if his father had lain a-dying. A man undone in law the day before, the saddest case that can be, might for his twopence have burst himself with laughing and ended all his miseries.
 130 Here was a merry world, my masters! Some talk of things of state, of puling stuff, there's nothing in a play to a clown's part, if he have the grace to hit on't, that's the thing indeed. The king shows well but he sets off the king.
 135 But not the King of Kent, I mean not so. The king I mean is one I do not know.
 SECOND CHEATER
 Your worship speaks with safety like a rich man,
 And for your finding fault our hope is greater,
 Neither with him the Clown, nor me the Cheater.
 SIMON
 140 Away then, shift, Clown, to thy motley crupper We'll see 'em first, the King shall after supper.
Exeunt Cheaters [and Clown]
 GLOVER I commend your worship's wisdom in that, Master Mayor.
 SIMON Nay, 'tis a point of justice, an't be well examined, not to offer the king worse than I'll see myself, for a play
 145 may be dangerous, I have known a great man poisoned in a play.
 GLOVER What, have you, Master Mayor?
 SIMON But to what purpose, many times I know not.
 150 FELLMONGER Methinks they should destroy one another so.
 SIMON No, no, he that's poisoned is always made privy to it; that's one good order they have amongst 'em.
A shout within
 What joyful throat is that, Aminadab? What is the meaning of this cry?
 CLERK
 The Rebel's ta'en.

SIMON Oliver the Puritan? 155
Oliver is brought in
 CLERK
 Oliver, Puritan and fustian-weaver altogether.
 SIMON
 Fates, I thank you for this victorious day!
 Bonfires of pease-straw burn, let the bells ring.
 GLOVER
 There's two amending, sir, you know they cannot.
 SIMON
 'Las, the tenor's broken; ring forth the treble, 160
 I'm overcloyed with joy, welcome thou rebel.
 OLIVER
 I scorn thy welcome!
 SIMON Art thou yet so stout?
 Wilt thou not stoop for grace? Then get thee out.
 OLIVER
 I was not born to stoop but to my loom;
 That seized upon, my stooping days are doon. 165
 In plain terms, if thou hast anything to say to me, send me away quickly. This is not biding place, I understand there's players in the house, dispatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the brethren.
 SIMON
 Nay, now proud rebel, I will make thee stay, 170
 And to thy greater torment see the play.
 OLIVER
 O Devil, I conjure thee by Amsterdam!
 SIMON Our word is past,
 Justice may wink awhile but see at last.
 The play begins; hold, stop him, stop him.
 [Trumpet]
 OLIVER O, O, that profane trumpet! 175
 SIMON
 Set him down there, I charge you, officers.
 OLIVER
 I'll hide mine ears, and stop mine eyes.
 SIMON
 Down with his golls, I charge you.
 OLIVER
 O tyranny! Revenge it, tribulation!
 SIMON
 For rebels there are many deaths, but sure the only 180
 way
 To execute a Puritan is seeing of a play.
 OLIVER
 O, I shall swoon.
 SIMON But if thou dost, to fright thee

114 *The Cheater and the Clown* a nonsense title that, ironically sums up the play, or trick, being performed for Simon, who unwittingly plays the role of the Clown
 126 **young heir laugh** the joke is that it would not take much for the young heir to laugh at this
 130 **a merry world, my masters!** Middleton's pun on the title of his play, *A Mad*

World, My Masters
 131 **puling** crying
 133-4 **he...king** i.e. the clown puts the King out of consideration
 158 **Bonfires...ring** Royal events or anniversaries were marked with bonfires and bell-ringing.
 169 **brethren** brothers, i.e. fellow citizens
 172 **conjure** presumably both 'solemnly call

upon' and 'command by incantation' (as a spirit)
Amsterdam centre for Puritan refugees
 175 **profane trumpet** trumpets were played before and during play performances
 178 **golls** hands
 180-1 **the...play** Puritans considered plays sinful, thus Oliver thinks this play will cause his death and damnation.

A player's boy shall bring thee aqua vitae.
Enter First Cheater [in costume]

OLIVER
 O, I'll not swoon at all for't, though I die.

185 SIMON
 Peace, here's a rascal, list and edify.

FIRST CHEATER I say still he's an ass that cannot live by his wits.

SIMON What a bold rascal's this? He calls us all asses at first dash. Sure, none of us lives by our wits, neighbours, unless it be Oliver the Puritan.

190 OLIVER I scorn as much to live by my wits as the proudest on you all.

SIMON Why, you are are an ass for company, Oliver, and so hold your prating.
Enter Second Cheater [in costume]

195 SECOND CHEATER Fellows in arms, welcome! The news, the news?

SIMON 'Fellows in arms', quoth a? He may well call 'em fellows in ams for they are all out o'th' elbows.

FIRST CHEATER Be lively, my heart, be lively, the booty's in hand. He's but a fool of a yeoman's eldest son, he comes balanced on both sides, bully, he's going to pay rent with th'one pocket, and buy household stuff with th'other.

200 SECOND CHEATER 'And if this be his last day, my chuck, he shall forfeit his lease', quoth th'one pocket, 'and eat his meat i'th' old wooden platters', quoth th'other.

205 SIMON Faith, then he's not so wise as he ought to be, if he let such tatterdemalions get th'upper hand on him.
Enter Clown [in costume]

FIRST CHEATER He comes, he comes.

210 SECOND CHEATER Ay, but do you mark how he comes, small to our comfort, with both his hands in's pockets? How is't possible to pick a lock when the key's o'th' inside door?

SIMON Ay, here's the part now, neighbours, that carries away the play: if the clown miscarry, farewell my hopes forever, the play's spoiled.

215 CLOWN They say there's a foolish thing called cheaters abroad that will gull any yeoman's son of his purse, and laugh in's face like an Irishman. I would fain meet with one of those cheaters. I'm in as good state to be gulled now as ever I was in my life, for I have two purses at this time about me, and I'd fain be acquainted with that rascal that would but take one of 'em now.

220 SIMON Faith, thou mayst be acquainted with two or three that will do their good wills, I warrant you.

225

FIRST CHEATER
 That way's too plain, too easy, I'm afraid.

SECOND CHEATER
 Come, come, sir, your familiar cheats takes best, They show like natural things and least suspected. Give me a round shilling quickly.

FIRST CHEATER
 'Twill but fetch one of his hands neither, if it take.

230 SECOND CHEATER
 Thou art so covetous, let's have one at first, prithee. There's time enough to fetch out th'other after.
[The First Cheater gives him a coin]
 Thou liest, 'tis lawful money, current money.
They draw

FIRST CHEATER
 Ay, so is copper in some country, country sir.

CLOWN
 Here's a fray towards, but I'll hold my hands, Let whos' will part 'em.

235 SECOND CHEATER
 Copper! I defy thee, And now I shall disprove thee. Look you, sir, Here comes an honest yeoman's son o'th' country, A man of judgement.
[The Cheaters doff their caps]

CLOWN Pray be covered, sir, I have eggs in my cap and cannot put it off.

240 FIRST CHEATER *[to Second Cheater]*
 Will you be tried by him?

SECOND CHEATER
 I am content, sir.

SIMON They look rather as if they would be tried next sessions.

FIRST CHEATER *[to the Clown]*
 Pray give your judgement of this piece of coin, sir.

245 CLOWN Nay, an't be coin you strive about, let's see't, I love to handle money.

FIRST CHEATER
 Look on't well, sir.
They pick [the Clown's] pocket

SECOND CHEATER
 Let him do his worst, sir.

CLOWN You'd need to wear cut cloths, gentlemen, you're both so choleric.

250 SECOND CHEATER
 Nay, rub it and spare't not, sir.

CLOWN
 Now by this silver, gentlemen, 'tis good money, Would you'd a hundred of 'em.

SECOND CHEATER We hope well, sir. *[Aside to First Cheater]*

183 aqua vitae alcoholic spirits used to revive

198 out o'th' elbows wearing ragged clothes

200 yeoman's freeholding farmer's

201 bully a term of endearment

205-6 eat... platters a proverbial expression suggesting he will live in poverty

208 tatterdemalions persons in ragged clothing

235 hold my hands i.e. keep my hands in

my pockets

244 sessions see note on 2.4.117

249-50 You'd... choleric Cholera induces heat, and the ornamental cuts in the cloth would afford ventilation.

Act 5 Scene 1



255 Th'other pocket now and we are made men.
Exeunt [First and Second Cheaters]
 SIMON O neighbours, I begin to be sick to see this fool so
 cozened, I would make the case mine own.
 CLOWN Still would I fain meet with this thing called
 cheaters.
 260 SIMON A whoreson coxcomb, they have met with thee! I
 can endure him no longer with patience.
 CLOWN O my rent, my whole year's rent!
 SIMON A murrain on you, this makes us landlords stay so
 long without our money.
 265 CLOWN The cheaters have been here.
 SIMON A scurvy hobby-horse that could not leave his
 money with me, having such a charge about him. A pox
 on thee for an ass! Thou play a clown? I will commit
 thee for offering on't. Officer, away with him.
[An Officer seizes the Clown]
 270 CLOWN With me? An't please your worship, 'twas my part.
 SIMON But 'twas as foolish a part as ever thou played'st in
 thy life, and I'll make thee smoke for't. I'll teach thee
 to understand to play a clown, thou shalt know every
 man is not born to't, look thee. Away with him quickly,
 275 he'll have the other pocket, I hear him say't with mine
 own ears. See, he comes in another disguise to cheat
 thee again.
[Enter Second Cheater]
Exit [Officer with] Clown
 SECOND CHEATER Pish, whither goes he now? He spoils all
 my part.
 280 SIMON Come on, sir, let's see what your knaveship can do
 at me now.
*He throws off his gown, discovering his doublet
 with a satin forepart and a canvas back*
 You must think now, rascal, you have no fool in hand,
 the fool I have committed for playing the part so like
 an ass.
 285 SECOND CHEATER What's here to do?
 GLOVER *[to Simon]* Fie, good sir, come away. Will your
 worship base yourself to play a clown?
 SIMON Away, brother, 'tis not good to scorn anything, a
 man does not know what he may come to. Everyone
 290 knows his ending but not his beginning. Proceed, varlet,
 do thy worst, I defy thee.
 SECOND CHEATER I beseech your worship, let's have our
 own clown. I know not how to go forward else.
 SIMON Knave, play out thy part with me, or I'll lay thee
 295 by the fool all the days of thy life else. Why, how now,
 my masters, who's that laughed now? Cannot a man
 of worship play the clown a little for his pleasure but
 he must be laughed at? Do you know who I am? Is the
 King's Deputy of no better account amongst you? Was
 300 I chosen to be laughed at? Where's my clerk?
 CLERK Here, an't please your worship.
 SIMON Take a note of all those that laugh at me, that when
 I have done, I may commit 'em. Let me see who dares

do't now, and now to you once again, Sir Cheater. Look
 you, here's my purse-strings; I defy you. 305
 SECOND CHEATER Good sir, tempt me not, my part is so
 written that I should cheat your worship an you were
 my father.
 SIMON I should have much joy to have such a rascal to
 my son. 310
 SECOND CHEATER Therefore I beseech your worship pardon
 me, the part has more knavery than when your worship
 saw it at first, I assure you, you'll be deceived in't, sir,
 the new additions will take any man's purse in Kent or
 Christendom. 315
 SIMON An thou canst take mine now, I'll give't thee freely;
 and do thy worst, I charge you, as thou'lt answer't.
 SECOND CHEATER
 I shall offend your worship.
 SIMON Knave, do't quickly.
 SECOND CHEATER Say you so? Then, there's for you and
 here's for me then. 320
*[He] throws meal in [Simon's]
 face, takes his purse and exits*
 SIMON
 O bless me neighbours, I am in a fog,
 A cheater's fog, I can see nobody.
 GLOVER Run, follow him, officers. *[Exit Clerk and Officers]*
 SIMON Away, let him go, for he'll have all your purses and
 he come back. A pox of your new additions! They spoil 325
 all the plays that ever they come in! The old way had
 no such roguery in't, remember! Call you this a merry
 comedy when as a man's eyes are put out? Brother
 Honeysuckle?
 GRAZIER What says your sweet worship? 330
 SIMON I make you my deputy to rule the town 'til I can
 see again, which I hope will be within nine days at
 the furthest. Nothing grieves me but that I hear Oliver the
 rebel laugh at me. A pox of your Puritan face, this will
 make you in love with plays ever hereafter, we shall 335
 not keep you from 'em now.
 OLIVER In sincerity, I was never better pleased and edified
 at an exercise.
 SIMON Neighbours, what colour is that rascal's dust he
 threw in my face? 340
 GLOVER 'Tis meal, an't please your worship.
 SIMON Meal, I'm glad on't; I'll hang the Miller for selling
 on't.
 GLOVER Nay, ten to one the Cheater never bought it, he
 stole it certainly. 345
 SIMON Why then, I'll hang the Cheater for stealing on't
 and the Miller for being out of the way when he did it.
 FELLMONGER Ay, but your worship was in the fault your-
 self, you bade him do his worst.
 SIMON His worst, that's true, but he has done his best, 350
 the rascal, for I know not how a villain could put out
 a man's eyes better, and leave 'em in's head, than he
 has done.

260 coxcomb fool's cap

263 murrain plague

272 make thee smoke give you a roasting

289-90 Everyone...beginning inverted
 proverb

329 Honeysuckle a term of endearment

338 exercise religious service

Enter Clerk

CLERK Where's my master's worship?

355 SIMON How now, Aminadab? I hear thee though I see thee not.

CLERK You're sure cozened, sir, they are all cheaters professed. They have stolen three spoons too, and the Clown took his heels with all celerity. They only take the name of country comedians to abuse simple people, with a printed play or two they bought at Canterbury last week for sixpence, and which is worst, they speak but what they list on't and fribble out the rest.

SIMON

365 Here's no abuse to th' commonwealth,
If a man could see to look into't.
But mark the cunning of these cheating slaves,
First they make justice blind, then play the knaves.

Enter Hengist

GLOVER 'Ods precious brother, the King of Kent's new lighted.

SIMON

370 The King of Kent? Where is he, where is he?
O, that I should live to this day, and yet not live to see to bid him welcome!

HENGIST

Now where's Simonides, our friendly host?

SIMON

As blind as one that had been foxed a se'night.

375 HENGIST Why, how now, man?

SIMON

Faith, practising a clown's part for your grace,
I have practised both mine eyes out.

HENGIST

What need you practise that?

380 SIMON A man's never too old to learn: your grace will say so when you hear all the villainy. The truth 'tis, my lord, I meant to have been merry, and now 'tis my luck to weep water and oatmeal, but I shall see again at suppertime, I make no doubt on't.

Enter Gentleman

HENGIST

This is strange to me, sirs.

GENTLEMAN

Arm, arm, my lord!

HENGIST

What's that?

385 GENTLEMAN With swiftest speed, if ever
You'll behold the queen, your daughter, alive again.

HENGIST

Roxena?

GENTLEMAN

They're besieged.

390 Aurelius Ambrose and his brother, Uther,
With numbers infinite in Britain's forces,
Beset their castle, and they cannot 'scape

Without your speedy succour.

HENGIST

For her safety I'll forget food and rest. Away!

SIMON I hope your grace will hear the jest afore you go.

HENGIST

The jest! Torment me not. Set forward.

395 SIMON I'll follow you to Wales with a dog and a bell, but I'll tell't you.

HENGIST Unreasonable folly! *Exit with Gentleman*

SIMON

'Tis sign of war when great ones disagree.

Look to the rebel well till I can see,

400 And when my sight's recovered, I'll have his eyes pulled out for a fortnight.

OLIVER

Hang thee! Mine eyes? A deadly sin or two
Shall pluck 'em out first, that's my resolution.

Exeunt

Enter Aurelius and Uther with Soldiers

5.2

UTHER

My lord, the castle is so fortified.

AURELIUS

So fortified? Let wildfire ruin it,

That his destruction may appear to him

I'th' figure of heaven's wrath at the last day.

5 That murderer of our brother haste away.

I'll send my heart no peace till't be consumed.

[*His men set fire to the castle*]

[*Enter*] Vortiger [*and*] Hersus, on the walls

UTHER

There he appears again, behold, my lord.

AURELIUS

O, that the zealous fire on my soul's altar,

To the high birth of virtue consecrated,

10 Would fit me with a sighting now to blast him,
Even as I look upon him.

UTHER

Good my lord,

Your anger is too noble and too precious

To waste it on guilt so foul as his.

Let ruin work her will.

VORTIGER

Begirt all round?

HERSUS

All, all, my lord, 'tis folly to make doubt on't.

15 You question things that horror long ago

Resolved us on.

VORTIGER

Give me leave, Hersus, though.

HERSUS

Do what you will, sir, question 'em again,

I'll tell 'em over to you.

VORTIGER

20 Not so, sir, I will not have 'em told again.

363 fribble stammer

368 'Ods precious brother God's precious brother (an oath)

374 foxed deluded

395 with a dog and a bell the proverbial companions of a blind beggar

5.2.2 Let wildfire ruin it This story appears in Holinshed's *Chronicles*. 'Wildfire' is

a 'composition of highly inflammable substances readily ignited and very difficult to extinguish' (*OED*).

14 Begirt surrounded

Act 5 Scene 2

Maiden of Dunborough

HERSUS
It rests then.

VORTIGER
That's an ill word put in when thy heart knows
There is no rest at all, but torment making.

HERSUS
True, my heart finds it that sits weeping blood now
For poor Roxena's safety. You'll confess, my lord,
25 My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have lived like Hengist, King of Kent,
And London, York, Lincoln and Winchester
Under the power of my command: the portion
30 Of my most desert—it fell to't—enjoyed now
By lesser deservers.

VORTIGER Say you so, sir?
And you'll confess, since you begin confession—
A thing I should have died before I'd thought on—
I'm out of your love's debt, i'th' same condition.
35 You've marred the fashion of your affection utterly
In your own wicked counsel; there you paid me.
You could not but in conscience love me afterward,
You were bound to do't, as men in honesty
That vitiate virgins to give dowries to 'em.
40 My faith was pure before to faithful woman.

HERSUS
My lord, my counsel—

VORTIGER 'Tis the map now spread
That shows me all my miseries and discovers
Strange new-found ruin to me; all these objects
That in a dangerous ring circle my safety,
45 Are yours, and of your fashioning.

HERSUS
Death, mine? Extremity breeds the wildness of a desert
Into your soul, and since, you've lost your thankful-
ness,
Which is the noblest part in king or subject,
My counsel do't.

VORTIGER Why, I'll be judged by those
50 That knit death in their brows, and think me now
Not worthy the acception of a flattery.
Most of those faces smiled when I smiled once.
[To Aurelius] My lord.

UTHER Reply not, brother.

VORTIGER Seeds of scorn,
I mind you not; I speak to those alone
Whose force makes yours a power, which else were
55 none.
Show me the main food of your hate, my lords,
Which cannot be the murder of Constantius
That crawls in your revenges, for your love
Was violent long since that.

GENTLEMAN And had been still,
60 If from that pagan woman thou'dst slept free;
But when thou fled'st from heaven we fled from thee.

VORTIGER [to Hersus]
Was this your counsel now?
HERSUS Mine? 'Twas the counsel
Of your own lust and blood; your appetite knows it.

VORTIGER [to Aurelius]
May thunder strike me from these walls, my lord,
65 And leave me many leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man whose Stygian soul
Breathed forth that counsel to me, and sole plotter
Of all these false injurious disgraces
That have abused the virtuous patience
Of our religious Queen.

HERSUS A devil in madness! 70

VORTIGER
Upon whose life I swear there sticks no stain
But what's most wrongful, and where now she thinks
A rape dwells in her honour, only I
Her ravisher was, and his the policy.

AURELIUS
Inhuman practice!

VORTIGER Now you know the truth, 75
Will his death serve your fury?

HERSUS Mine? My death?

VORTIGER Will't do't?

HERSUS What if it would?

VORTIGER Say, will it do't?

HERSUS Say they should, say it would?

VORTIGER Why then, it must.

HERSUS It must?

VORTIGER
It shall. Speak but the words, my lord,
He shall be yielded up.

HERSUS I, yielded up? 80
My lords, believe him not, he cannot do't.

VORTIGER Cannot?

HERSUS 'Tis but a false and base insinuation
For his own life, and like his late submission.

VORTIGER
O sting to honour, alive or dead thou goest
85 For that word's rudeness only.
[He] stabs [Hersus]

GENTLEMAN See, sin needs
No more destruction then it breeds
In its own bosom.

VORTIGER Such another brings him.

HERSUS
What, has thy wild rage stamped a wound upon me?
I'll send one to thy soul shall never heal for't. 90

VORTIGER
How, to my soul?

HERSUS It shall be thy master torment,

39 vitiate corrupt

Both for the pain and the everlastingness.
VORTIGER Ha, ha.
HERSUS
Dost laugh? Take leave on't, all eternity
95 Shall never see thee do so much again.
Know thou art a cuckold.
VORTIGER What?
HERSUS You change too soon, sir.
Roxena, whom thou'st raised to thine own ruin,
She was my whore in Germany.
VORTIGER Burst me open;
Your violence is whirlwinds!
HERSUS Hear me out first.
100 For her embrace, which yet my flesh sits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
VORTIGER Deafen me,
Thou most imperious noise that starts the world!
HERSUS
And to serve our lust, I practised with thee
Against thy virtuous queen.
VORTIGER
Bane to all comforts!
105 HERSUS Whose faithful sweetness,
Too precious for thy blood, I made thee change
For love's hypocrisy.
VORTIGER Insufferable!
HERSUS
Only to make my way to pleasure
Fearless, free and fluent.
110 VORTIGER Hell's trump is in that throat.
HERSUS
It shall sound shriller.
VORTIGER I'll dam it up with death first.
I am at thy heart, I hope.
HERSUS Hold out breath
And I shall find thee quickly.
[Vortiger and Hersus] stab each other [and
continue fighting;] Roxena enters in fear
ROXENA O for succour!
115 Who's near me? Help me, save me, the flame follows
me,
It's the figure of poor Vortiner the prince
Whose life I took by poison.
VORTIGER I'll tug out thy soul here.
HERSUS
Do, monster!
ROXENA Vortiger!
VORTIGER Monster!
ROXENA My lord!
VORTIGER
Slave!

ROXENA
Hersus, Hersus!
HERSUS Murderer!
ROXENA My lord!
VORTIGER
Toad pagan!
HERSUS Viper Christian!
ROXENA Hear me, help me!
My love, my lord, I'm scorched! What, all in blood? 120
O happy men, that ebb shows you're near falling.
Have you chose that way yourselves rather to die
By your own swords than feel fire's keener torment,
And will not kill me that most needs that pity?
125 Captain, my lord, send me some speedier death
And one less painful; I have a woman's sufferings.
O think upon't: go not away so easily
And leave the harder conflict to my weakness.
Most wretched, I'm not worth so much destruction
As would destroy me quickly, and turn back 130
I cannot. O 'tis here, my lord, 'tis here!
Hersus, look up, if not to succour me,
To see me yet consumed. O what is love
When life is not regarded?
VORTIGER [to Hersus]
What strength is left I'll fix upon thy throat. 135
HERSUS I have some force yet.
Both stab; Hersus falls [and dies]
ROXENA
No way to 'scape. Is this the end of glory,
Doubly beset with enemies' wrath and fire?
See, for an arm of lust, I'm now embraced
140 With one that will destroy me, where I read
The horror of dishonest actions.
It waxes nearer now, rivers and fountains!
Guile and dissemblance! Tears were now a blessing.
It sucks away my breath! I cannot give
A curse to sin, and hear't out whilst I live. 145
O help, help, help!
She falls [into the flames and dies]
VORTIGER Burn, burn, now I can tend thee.
Take time with her in torments, call her life
Afar off to thee, dry up her strumpet blood
And hardly parch the skin, let one heat strangle her,
150 Another fetch her to her sense again,
And the worst pain be only her reviving.
Follow her eternally. Give her not o'er
But in a bitter shape. I shall be cold
Before thy rage reach me. O mystical harlot,
Thou hast thy full due! Whom lust crowned Queen
before, 155
Flames crown her now for a triumphant whore,

110 trump trumpet

121 As in 3.1, Roxena's speech on the consequences for women of men's mistreatment of them has been cut; her lines beginning at l. 120 and ending after 'consumed' in l. 133 are marked

for deletion in the manuscripts, and her lines beginning at the middle of l. 120 to 'my lord' in l. 131 do not appear in the quarto.

146 now...thee Vortiger implies he can take care of Roxena when they both

reach hell.

149 hardly severely

154 mystical secret, unavowed (also 'mysterious' and 'allegorical embodiment of')

Act 5 Scene 2

Maison of Quinborough

And that end crowns 'em all!
He falls [and dies]

AURELIUS Our peace is full now
 In yon usurper's fall; nor have I known
 A judgement meet more fearfully.
 [To a Soldier] Here, take this ring, deliver the good
 160 Queen,
 And those grave pledges of her injured honour,
 Her worthy father and her noble uncle,
 Too long too much abused, whose clear-eyed fames
 I reverence with respect to holiness due,
 165 A spotless name being sanctity now in few.
Enter Devonshire [and] Stafford, leading Hengist prisoner
 How now, my lords, the meaning of these sounds?
 HENGIST
 The consumer has been there; she's gone, she's lost.
 In glowing cinders lies all my joys,
 The headlong fortune of my rash captivity
 170 Strikes not so fierce a wound into my hopes
 As thy dear loss.
 AURELIUS Her father and her uncle!
 GENTLEMAN
 They are indeed, my lord.
 AURELIUS Part of my wishes!
 What fortunate power has prevented me,
 And, ere my love came, brought 'em victory?
 GENTLEMAN
 175 My wonder sticks in Hengist, King of Kent.
 DEVONSHIRE
 My lord, to make that plain which now I see
 Fixed in astonishment, the only name
 Of your return and being brought such gladness
 To this distracted kingdom that, to express
 180 A thankfulness to heaven, it grew great
 In charitable actions, from which goodness
 We tasted liberty that lay engaged
 Upon the innocence of woman's honour,
 A kindness that even threatened to undo us;
 185 And having newly but enjoyed the benefit
 And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happiness
 To intercept this monster of ambition,
 Bred in these times of usurpation,
 The rankness of whose insolence and treason
 190 Grew to such height, 'twas armed to bid you battle,
 Whom as our fames' redemption, on our knees
 We present captive.
 AURELIUS Had it needed reason,
 You rightly came provided. What is he?
 GENTLEMAN
 My lord, that treacherous Hengist, King of Kent.
 AURELIUS
 195 I understand not your desert till now my lords.
 Is this that German Saxon whose least thirst

Could not be satisfied under a province?
 HENGIST
 Had but my fate directed this bold arm
 To thy life, the whole kingdom had been mine,
 That was my hopes' great aim. I have a thirst 200
 Could never have been full quenched under all,
 The whole land must, or nothing.
 AURELIUS A strange drought;
 And what a little ground shall death now teach you
 To be content withal!
 HENGIST Why, let it then,
 For none else can; you've named the only way. 205
 When I'm content, it must be when I'm clay.
 AURELIUS
 My lords, the best requital yet we give you
 Is a fair inward joy. Speak to your fame's
 Glories unblemished, for the queen your daughter
 Lives firm in honour, neither by consent 210
 Or act or violence stained, as her grief judges.
 'Twas her own lord abused her honest fear,
 Whose ends shamed him only to make her clear.
 DEVONSHIRE
 Had your grace given a kingdom for a gift
 It had not been so welcome. 215
Enter Castiza [and] a Gentleman
 AURELIUS [kneeling]
 Here she comes whose virtues I must reverence.
 CASTIZA [kneeling]
 O my lord, I kneel a wretched woman.
 AURELIUS Arise with me,
 Great in true joy and honour.
 [They rise]
 HENGIST This sight splits me,
 It brings Roxena's ruin to my memory. 220
 CASTIZA [to Aurelius]
 My lord, it is too great a joy for life!
 AURELIUS
 'Tis truth and that, I know, you ever joyed in.
 His end confessed it.
 CASTIZA Are you returned, soul's comforts?
 AURELIUS
 Nay, to approve thy pureness to posterity,
 The fruitful hopes of a fair peaceful kingdom 225
 Here will I plant.
 CASTIZA Too worthless are my merits.
 AURELIUS
 There speaks thy modesty and to the firmness of
 Truth's plantation in this land forever,
 Which always groans under some curse without it.
 As I begin my rule with the destruction 230
 Of this ambitious pagan, so shall all
 With his adulterate faith distained and soiled
 Either turn Christians, die, or live exiled.

167 consumer destroying fire
 171 her i.e. Castiza's
 214-34 DEVONSHIRE Had...virtues For a

discussion of the dramatic impact of the revised ending of the play found in HER-RINGMAN, see the Textual Introduction.

the Maior of Rieborough

Epilogue

ALL
A blessing on those virtues.
Finis Actus Quintus

Flourish. Exeunt

As this were the first day they played;
And though some that give none their due
Please to mistake 'em, do not you,
Whose censures have been ever kind.
We hope 'tis good, but if we find
Your grace and love by pleased signs understood,
We cease to hope, for then we know 'tis good. *Exit* 10
Music
Finis

Epilogue *Enter Raynulp*

RAYNULPH
For story of truth compact
I chose these times, these men to act,
As careful now to make you glad

Epilogue.9 by pleased signs understood i.e.
through applause

WOMEN, BEWARE WOMEN: A TRAGEDY

Edited by John Jowett

SINCE Charles Lamb's favourable mention in *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (1808), *Women, Beware Women* has been central to Middleton's reputation as a major playwright. Appreciative criticism came long before stage revival, but a number of recent productions have confirmed that the play is a compelling stage work. Late twentieth-century sensibilities have responded positively to its precise, ironic, and intense concentration on sexuality in the field of power.

Thus, when the Royal Shakespeare Company staged the first modern production in 1962, in a ground-breaking studio production at the Arts Theatre, the *London Times* reviewer (5 July) wondered if 'squeamishness of taste' had previously kept the play off the boards, and Kenneth Tynan, reviewing in the *Observer* (8 July), saw its urgent significance to a period characterized in Philip Larkin's neatly exaggerated declaration that 'sexual intercourse was invented in 1963'. Granada Television might have noted such comments, for a televised performance was broadcast in 1965. The Traverse Theatre put on the first Scottish production for the Edinburgh Fringe Festival of 1968; it emphasized the play's austere and stylized qualities. The following year the RSC mounted a new full-scale production directed by Terry Hands. A chessboard set on which was placed a large statue of Venus emphasized the emblematic sexual manoeuvres. Bianca (Judi Dench) surrounded herself with a protective shell of apparent innocence, whilst Leantio (Richard Pasco), in contrast to Nicol Williamson's coarse and resentful proletarian of 1962, was exposed as a naïve victim out of his depths in Florentine sexual politics.

In 1986 the Royal Court Theatre staged an adaptation by Howard Barker. He described it in the playscript/programme as a piece of 'creative vandalism' in which a pared-down text of the first four acts was followed by a second part in modern idiom written entirely in Barker's own hand. Barker notes that in Middleton 'lust leads to the grave'; in his own version, which rejects the Cardinal's moralizations as a lie, 'desire alters perception', becoming a frenzy that leads towards political revolution. Kathleen McLuskie (1989) sees this chaotic and frank adaptation as confirming phallic power even as it demystifies it, and a theatrical riposte to Barker has come from Valerie Ellis, whose own adaptation for the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1991 responded to what she saw as the grotesque sexism of Barker's version. Meanwhile, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre had staged a revival of the Middleton play in 1989, and subsequently in 1995 Philip Prowse's production at the

Glasgow Citizens' Theatre was played in modern dress on a set framed with skeletons.

When the RSC returned to the play in 2006, stylishly directed by Laurence Boswell, references to chess were present but muted. Costumes were predominantly Jacobean with inflections of post-punk. Careful blocking emphasized the physical distance between characters, a distance thrown into the vertical dimension when Bianca and Leantio's Mother appeared at a very high window. Age distances were strongly marked, with an immature Leantio looking young enough to be his old mother's grandson. Tim Pigott-Smith played a casually offhand but compelling Duke, and Penelope Wilton confirmed Livia as mainspring of the plot's manipulative cynicism.

Women, Beware Women finds no mention in records from before the Civil Wars, so information about early performances is confined to what can be inferred from the first printed edition of 1657. The men's parts might be performed by as few as seven adults. Middleton must have been especially confident in the strength of the envisaged company's boy actors, for few plays of the period have three more demanding female roles. The gamble seems to have paid off. The Calvinist poet and dramatist Nathaniel Richards in his commendatory verse in the 1657 edition claims to recall it being 'Acted in state, presented to the life', judging that 'Never came tragedy off with more applause'. If so, the applause was not renewed after 1660, despite the availability of a printed text. *Women, Beware Women* may have been too sociopolitically disturbing for Restoration tastes, and its stagecraft does not adapt readily to the proscenium-arch theatre. There are no recorded performances between 1642 and 1962.

The play maps out the progress of illicit desire in two thematically and structurally related plots. The events concerning Bianca come from Florentine history, and are close to the account in Celio Malespini's *Ducento Novelle* (1609), Part 2, novelle 84 and 85. Malespini's account ends with the murder of the character equivalent to Leantio, but an Italian manuscript continues the story to the death of Bianca and the Cardinal. A variation of this final episode is given in the unpublished manuscript chapters of Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary Containing his Ten Years' Travel* (completed 1619–20). Though Middleton may have consulted Moryson, his immediate source for the play's conclusion was probably an untraced manuscript. The Isabella plot derives from a French novella, *Histoire véritable des infortunées et tragiques amours d'Hypolite et d'Isabella, Napolitains* (1597). An English translation was published in 1628, after Middleton's death; Middleton may have

seen the original French or a manuscript version of the translation. Middleton tightens up these source narratives and integrates them in a complicated way. His Hippolito and Livia have equivalents in both the sources; indeed Livia is based on no less than four characters. Middleton's conflation creates in Livia a complex and structurally central figure. She above all is the woman of whom others must 'beware'.

The title *Women, Beware Women* reflects on the debate between the castigators and defenders of women that took place in print and on stage during the middle and later Jacobean period. J. R. Mulryne, in his 1975 edition, heard in it an echo of words spoken by the character called Misogynous in the tragicomedy *Swetnam the Woman-hater Arraigned by Women* (performed in 1617-18 and published in 1620):

And Fortune, if thou be'st a deity,
Give me but opportunity that I
May all the follies of your sex declare,
That henceforth men of women may beware.

Middleton's title finds a still closer and hitherto unnoticed parallel in a ballad on the Overbury scandal (see *The Masque of Cupids*) called 'Mistress Turner's Farewell to all Women', which includes the admonition 'Women by me beware'. Here, in contrast with *Swetnam*, the address is to *women*, and *beware* has imperative force. In the illustrative woodcut Mistress Turner wears citizen garb that might be appropriate to Leantio's Mother, but her role as procuress and manipulator of sexual intrigue in the Overbury affair is closer to that of the play's other widow, Livia. Bianca might recall the woodcut's courtly 'Lady Pride', who is implied to be Frances Howard.

Comparison with the broadsheet ballad gives the play a precise orientation in relation to both anti-court and anti-woman satire. Richards thought that the play simply conformed to such models; he approved its presentation of 'drabs of state vexed' (sumptuous high-ranking whores provoked to anger). It is strange, then, that the initial scene of each plot establishes that all later female subterfuges have a base in male oppression. This is uncompromisingly clear in the case of Isabella, who faces an arranged marriage to the Ward. His and Sordido's desensitized physical grotesquerie is stranded in a society whose moral grotesquerie is glossed over by urbane worldliness. These two characters are funny to each other, embarrassing to all others. Despite the Ward's unsocialized sexuality and anti-woman rhetoric, Isabella's father Fabritio has chosen him to be her husband. There is satire here on the Court of Wards, an institution notorious for providing a source of royal revenue by farming out rich orphans. A guardian could reap a financial reward if his ward was married off before he reached maturity; he had invested in the ward and his stake was high. But marriages arranged for reasons of property were an object of more general criticism. The Ward gives flesh to a scenario in which marriage becomes a flawed institution orientated to the needs of those who dispose

of wealth. Isabella's dowry can only buy her misery. When uncle Hippolito confesses his desire for his niece, Isabella's dilemmas deepen. She responds with horrified rejection, whilst parenthetically recognizing that pleasures are thereby denied: 'Though my joys fare the harder'. It takes Livia's lie that Isabella's uncle is no blood relative to make her openly acknowledge her physical attraction to him. Yet if she now thinks Hippolito is not her uncle, in social fact he must partly remain so, even to her.

For Isabella, marriage can become a mask for adultery. It is one way of coming to terms with her position as her father's disposable chattel, which is the fate Bianca has deliberately avoided. She has allowed herself to be 'stolen' from her family by her lover Leantio, but that romantic episode belongs to the past. The play opens more soberly with the newly married couple's return to Leantio's home, where he lives with his mother, who has the unusual privilege for a female character of speaking the play's first lines. Leantio is now confronted with translating sexual adventurism away from home into marital life within the physical bounds and psychopathology of everyday life. He must defer sensual pleasures, spending the week in commercial travelling so as to earn his living as a merchant's agent. His bourgeois values inform an alternately smug and anxious attitude to his gentlewomanly wife: she is a commodity, a jewel to be locked away from public sight. The habit of thought comes easily to him, but is reinforced by a fear of reprisals that might not be wholly fanciful: the English were aware of Italy as a place of violent and macabre family vengeance. To avoid such outcomes, Leantio constructs a marriage whose sensuality is hemmed in by possessiveness and guilt. As husband he imprisons the wife within the lustreless fabrics of middle-class existence.

Bianca, like Isabella, escapes from the patriarchal family only to become, eventually, mistress to a protective father substitute: in her case, the Duke of Florence. Livia uses Leantio's garrulous old mother as a means for drawing Bianca to her house; there Bianca is betrayed into the Duke's hands. Bianca is entrapped, threatened with violence, denied meaningful choice, restrained as she struggles ('strive not' says the Duke); she is raped (Gossett, 1984). Yet the emphasis on the event shifts even during its enactment from direct violence towards a subtler form of coercion whereby the violence is euphemized, as though the Duke did not understand the nature of consent. When he takes Bianca off-stage, he speaks of love, peace, and joy:

Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee.
Put trust in our love for the managing
Of all to thy heart's peace. We'll walk together,
And show a thankful joy for both our fortunes.

Much of the episode is based on the techniques and language of political intrigue and diplomacy, as is emphasized in the emblematic commentary that emerges from the chess game played between Livia and the Mother below.

The threat of war has produced a capitulation, and now the Duke celebrates peace on his own terms. Bianca's final silence looks back to her equally cryptic silence in response to her 'purchase' by Leantio in the opening scene. As a response to threatened rape it is at sharp variance with that of Lucretia, whose technical consent under duress was sometimes cited to problematize her status as rape victim. Bianca's final silence forces the actor or reader to interpret what she fails verbally to express: at best 'a kind of constrained consent' (the words in the manuscript stage direction describing the dumb-show of Castiza's forced marriage in *Hengist* 2.2.0.17-22; the printed text says 'unwillingly'), or a dawning acceptance that an affair with the Duke might offer 'glory' as well as destruction; at worst the last resistance of the powerless.

The imagined offstage sex is over brutally soon (Dai-leader, 1998). When Bianca returns to the stage alone and altered, she expresses her horror at the moral corruption that has been forced on her in images of infectious mists and leprosy, whilst internalizing her entrapment as personal guilt. 'Sin and I'm acquainted' catches through personification the enigmatic conflict between sin seen as an otherly external agent (such as the Duke) and an inward state of being. Paradoxically it may seem, while castigating Guardiano for his role as procurer, she goes on to declare defiantly 'He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor'. The line marks a willed accommodation to her new situation that foreshadows her role in the rest of the play. Her lack of spontaneity is figured in the objectified, potentially regendered 'He', and the whole line is marked in the 1657 printed text as a *sententia*. As the previous line hints, it might be a 'politic' response to her new situation, advising Guardiano that she is able to accept a role as the Duke's mistress that will be dangerous to her betrayer. Yet that acceptance is without further regret; the private thoughts we hear are not of recrimination towards Guardiano or the Duke, but malice towards a Cardinal who first urges the Duke to abandon his courtesan and then tries to prevent their marriage. Gossett has urged that Middleton takes the misogynist view that she masochistically enjoys rape. But, especially seen in the context of a culture that habitually treated acknowledged victims of rape as dishonoured women, the speech we have been considering perhaps rather implies that she confronts an initially appalling prospect after her fate and her identity have been decided for her, and that she adapts to it. The Duke's ostentatious appreciation of her (unmatched by Leantio) and his provision of wealth both might reinforce her acceptance of the inevitable.

At all events her position as object and commodity is drastically redefined. Leantio feared Bianca's exchange value, and so feared and denied Bianca her social existence. She was his 'unvalued'st purchase': priceless, but also uniquely free from valuation, because unknown in Florence. When she is invited to the Duke's banquet, Leantio hides her in guilty darkness:

You know, mother,
At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
So artificially contrived for a conveyance
No search could ever find it. When my father
Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary.
There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
Bianca.

Only a few moments later, the Duke publicly celebrates her brightness as his paramour:

Methinks there is no spirit amongst us, gallants,
But what divinely sparkles from the eyes
Of bright Bianca; we sat all in darkness
But for that splendour.

Her affair with the Duke has set her in another box of male cultural construction; this one is not a dark prison but a theatre where she is object of the gaze of others.

John Stachniewski (1990) has suggested that a Calvinist sensibility might enable Middleton to intimate what we would now call the unconscious mind. The seeds of repressed sinfulness can lie buried in the soul of the apparently upright being, so that corruption is an ironic maturation of self. Events engineered cynically by Livia bring that potential, lurking as repressed fantasy, into fulfilment. Yet if such an approach, applied to Bianca, suggestively adds psychological depth to the character, it does so at the expense of blaming the victim for her fate. Her momentary excitement when the Duke notices her during the ducal procession in 1.3 cannot determine that she willingly capitulates under duress. If Middleton is working with ideas of predestination, he is offering a hugely secularized revision of them. Bianca faces a combination of naked power and the constraint of ideological emplacement. She has the designation 'strumpet' written upon her as though it were somehow innate. Herein lies the stronger determinism, the court's power to shape lives and to taint souls.

The play opens upon a conspicuously secular world. Livia betrays both women into the hands of men, but within her own frankly cynical and amoral horizon of meaning she provides them with self-fulfilment and sexual comfort. For Livia, morality is a mere instrument of oppression, a convention to be exploited and overturned. She ranks amongst the 'atheists' of Jacobean drama: characters who deny that divine providence can be effectual, who attempt to put human affairs firmly in human hands. When Bianca harshly denounces her after the entrapment scene, Livia muses:

'Tis but a qualm of honour; 'twill away;
A little bitter for the time, but lasts not.
Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood water,
But drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after.

This, characteristically, reduces 'honour' to a fastidious stomach and 'Sin' to a taste impression. The joys of sin become quasi-religious ('nectar ever after') because they are only attained through suffering, and so sin assumes a

perverse positive role in defining what has value. In this perspective it is a kindness to acquaint someone with sin, and Livia does not stint in doing so.

Livia was played as a terrifyingly inhuman figure in the RSC's 1962 production. She is the play's most powerful, enigmatic, and multifaceted dramatic role. Though her amorality is a matter of principle, she nonetheless takes delight in engineering other women's seductions and vicariously enjoys their pleasures. She claims to be an 'experienced widow' beyond love's foibles. As a manipulator, she is highly self-controlled, despite a hint of incest in her feelings for her brother Hippolito. But in Act 3 she succumbs to sudden and violent desire for Leantio, and surrenders her prized discretion. She offers to purchase his sexual favours, and he sees possibilities for evening the score with his wife. His cynical affair with Livia provides the trigger for an explosive undoing of all she has done, and so precipitates the revenge actions that are played out in the final scene.

Thus the first part of the play, up to the banquet scene (3.3), is based on Livia's amoral but constructive schemes; generically it is not too far removed from city comedy. The second part follows the consequences through to destruction and chaos. This generic shift towards tragedy introduces a second horizon of signification: the judgemental outlook articulated most forcefully by the Cardinal, who first speaks in 4.1. Criticism of the play's moral meaning, or lack of it, will focus on how effectively this new moralism supersedes the initial amorality associated with Livia, who loses ideological authority as she loses her grip on the play's action. Despite the hints of irony some critics find in Middleton's presentation of him, the Cardinal introduces an insistent note of Christian severity. His brother the Duke, previously the presiding figure in a satire against a sexually corrupt society, is now subject to momentary spiritual anguish. When he arranges Leantio's death in order to protect Bianca, marriage quickly follows; the Cardinal detects an astounding moral confusion, and it is hard to demur.

The Cardinal's prominence in the later scenes ensures that the spiritual hypocrisy he seeks to correct is firmly linked to the world of the court. The play enacts its own process of social mobility as it moves from the factor's dwelling to the aristocratic households of Livia and Guardiano, and so to the ducal court itself. Bianca and Leantio are refashioned by their lovers as spruce courtiers, and in a bitter exchange in 4.1 mock each other's sexually-purchased accoutrements. By the end of the play the Cardinal has emphasized the view that moral turpitude flows from the Duke downwards. *Women, Beware Women* cannot be seen as a programmatic anti-court satire without straitjacketing some of its complexities; it admits some fascination with the psychology of sexual corruption, and indeed treats the victims of passion with considerable sympathy. But the final contest between Bianca and the Cardinal allows a more condemnatory viewpoint, whereby religious censure and moral outrage have an inescapable political dimension. The play has become

what Albert H. Tricomi (1989) calls an 'anatomy of court culture', and one way of reading it is as an articulation of anti-court grievances. Here the title's probable allusion to the Overbury scandal and the satire on wardship are equally relevant. Courtly power, supposedly directed to the common good, is seen as a vehicle to material and sensual gratification; courtly refinement is reduced to suave machination in the kingdom of lust. The final masque violently repudiates the Platonic idealizations of the Jacobean court masque, in which the court flattered itself in extravagant, high-minded entertainments. The scene resonates strongly with the often-expressed view that the court put on an outward show of finery and embraced a specious Platonism as a guise for sordid sexual transactions and secret acts of violence. In the play's court world, Bianca's first words after her entrapment, 'Now bless me from a blasting', are in vain; courtly advancement exacts the highest spiritual fee.

Middleton has created space for a view of political power that unremittingly strips illusions away. The play presents an image of the psychology of human behaviour that similarly denies sentiment or illusion, yet recognizes, especially in the case of Bianca, the force of human passions. It is in some ways misleading to call all this 'realism' or, in Lamb's admiring phrase, 'an immediate transcript from life', for the play is sometimes harshly caricatural, sometimes highly emblematic. The term 'realism' is, however, helpful in suggesting a style of depiction that can complicate stereotypical moral categories and demystify social processes. We may be reminded too of the play's careful observance of life's physical textures, and of the way characters speak almost obsessively of material value as if it were abstract value. In Middleton's Italy, though it is a country populated with strange vices, the human characters and social mores are disturbingly familiar. This is a class-conscious play, and Florence is Jacobean London writ large.

The dialogue is conducted with a naturalism alert to social nuance. Persistent sexual and spiritual consciousness in the undercurrents of language can be read equally for symbolic resonance and socio-historical truth to seventeenth-century life. Similarly, the techniques of characterization hover between an alienated sense of social life and emblematic counter-realism. Personal names, if given at all, are reserved for special purposes. Bianca's name appears only in Act 3, where it is an emotionally charged token of romantic and sexual contest between Leantio and the (unnamed) Duke. Similarly, Leantio is anonymous until Act 4, where he is the object of Livia's love and the Duke's enmity. Guardiano is not named at all (see note to 1.2.96). The audience is persistently denied the impression of easy familiarity afforded by personal names. In this respect the play on stage has a different texture from either the play as printed, replete with speech-prefixes and stage directions, or critical discussions such as the present one. The characters themselves normatively think of each other in terms of social roles and family relationships. Yet community and family are consistently ironized, and

characters find their feelings dislocated from the object of those feelings and stranded in extended asides. Dialogue is instrumental, conflictual, insincere; established lovers are usually denied communication.

Even the most lifelike scenes are shaped by an artifice and theatricality that insistently estranges the impression of transcribed life. The limits of realism are most vividly defined in the play's often emblematic stagecraft. For instance, there are two processions of the Florentine state over the stage. The first is 'a yearly custom and solemnity | Religiously observed by th' Duke and state'. It excludes Bianca, who is the onlooker, but includes the Cardinal. The second procession shows Bianca at the Duke's side, but now the Cardinal is the outside figure; he breaks up the ceremony denouncing 'Religious honours done to sin'. The Cardinal embodies 'Religion'. Thus the entrapment scene is not unique in its emblematic dramaturgy.

Like a number of other commentators, Max Stafford-Clark, who inspired and directed Barker's adaptation, found Middleton's play marred by a last act that was 'unperformable and rather silly'. In the Citizens' Theatre production, the masque was replaced by successive descents through trapdoors to hell. Dorothy McMillan described the effect as 'hellish chic' (*Times Literary Supplement*, 17 February 1995), which, despite the alterations, is perhaps not far from the tone of the original text. Certainly the staging and orchestration of the final scene are complex, and exploit the full physical resources of the professional Jacobean stage. The masque represents the procedures of court masque, drawing on non-realistic traditions of drama that accommodate symbolic tableaux. It also depends on precedents in the revenge drama, not least for the convention of representing stylized but excessive retributions through the expedient device of court entertainment. Difficulties for modern theatrical practitioners are perhaps inevitable. But there are the questions of tone too. The revenges are emblematic witticisms, and amidst violent death the vein of humour refuses to dry. Tragedy competes with tragedy parodied; pity and horror compete with horrified laughter.

The effect of this final débâcle can be considered in relation to earlier scenes. As an ensemble portraying a state occasion, the masque recapitulates the banquet of 3.2, which similarly brought a major phase of the play to its logical close. But equally, the final scene, in its use of the upper acting space (but see commentary to 5.1.37.1-2), its division into separate stage groupings, and its emblematic qualities, recalls the game of chess in

2.2. Livia's control over the action of 2.2 is echoed in her control of the chess game. In 5.2 she presides over the masque, suspended from the heavens in the ironic role of Juno the marriage goddess; but by this time no character is able to take an overview of what is going on, much less control it. If both scenes work through high artifice, by the time of the final masque there is effectively no primary artificer (unless it be a vengeful God), for the plotters are many. Plurality, disharmony, and violent enmity invert the Platonic values intrinsic to masque, suggesting that the marriage it celebrates is itself a parody of holy matrimony. Even if one allows for the theatrical conventions at work, it remains possible to see the episode as attempting to represent something so anarchic as to be unrepresentable. Another critical but suggestive viewpoint is that the masque scene cannot adequately resolve conflicting interpretive and generic demands as, for example, between cynical realism and theological moralism. Both approaches recognize the play's ambitious complexity. But perhaps the scene's meaning, in relation to its audience, is spelled out most clearly by Hippolito:

DUKE

I have lost myself in this quite.

HIPPOLITO

My great lords, we are all confounded.

Women, Beware Women is an impressively stark and disturbing play. As in *King Lear*, the plots reinforce each other; each of the contrasted marriage-matches seals off the possibility of there being a happier alternative in its opposite. The language has a conversational surface that is firmly locked into a network of unremitting ironies. Characters speak of the immediate physical and emotional urge as if it were something of fundamental meaning. They are in the first instance trivial and mistaken in this, but ultimately they make themselves right in ways they fail to understand. In this way dramatic irony transports the everyday stuff of social comedy into a tragic world. The women are almost casually tricked into a deceptive sexual paradise; the paradise collapses into a disturbing but still ironized vision of earthly damnation. As she dies amongst strangers, Bianca, forgetting the Duke and Guardiano, blames women for it all—perhaps, in this at least, a woman of whom women should beware.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1140

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 414

Women, Beware Women: A Tragedy

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

BIANCA Capella, a gentlewoman from Venice

LEANTIO, a factor, Bianca's husband

Leantio's MOTHER, a widow

Lady LIVIA, a widow

ISABELLA, Livia's niece

FABRITIO, Isabella's father and Livia's brother

HIPPOLITO, Isabella's uncle and Livia's brother

The WARD, a foolish rich young heir

SORDIDO, the Ward's man

GUARDIANO, the Ward's guardian

DUKE of Florence

The LORD CARDINAL, the Duke's brother

TWO LADIES

A LORD

Two other Cardinals

States of Florence

One or two CITIZENS

A PRENTICE

Two or three BOYS

MESSENGER

SERVANTS

A PAGE

Other lords, ladies, and attendants

In the Masque:

HEBE

HYMEN

GANYMEDE

Two Nymphs

Two Pages as Cupids

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
Enter Leantio, with Bianca and Mother. [Bianca stands apart]

MOTHER [*to Leantio*]

Thy sight was never yet more precious to me.
 Welcome with all the affection of a mother
 That comfort can express from natural love.
 Since thy birth-joy, a mother's chiefest gladness
 5 After she's undergone her curse of sorrows,
 Thou wast not more dear to me than this hour
 Presents thee to my heart. Welcome again.

LEANTIO [*aside*]

'Las, poor affectionate soul, how her joys speak to me!
 I have observed it often, and I know it is
 10 The fortune commonly of knavish children
 To have the loving'st mothers.

MOTHER

What's this gentlewoman?

LEANTIO

O, you have named the most unvalued'st purchase

That youth of man had ever knowledge of.
 As often as I look upon that treasure
 And know it to be mine—there lies the blessing— 15
 It joys me that I ever was ordained
 To have a being and to live 'mongst men;
 Which is a fearful living, and a poor one,
 Let a man truly think on't.

To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years 20
 Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots!
 Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers
 When e'en the very sheets they commit sin in
 May prove, for aught they know, all their last gar-
 ments.

O, what a mark were there for women then! 25
 But beauty able to content a conqueror
 Whom earth could scarce content keeps me in com-
 pass.

I find no wish in me bent sinfully
 To this man's sister or to that man's wife.

I. I. 3 **comfort** source of comfort, source of delight

express elicit

natural i.e. maternal

5 **curse of sorrows** i.e. pain in child-birth, God's punishment of womankind for Eve's transgression: 'I will greatly increase thy sorrows' (Genesis 3:16).

12 **unvalued'st** priceless

purchase acquisition (bought or stolen)

13 **youth** (i.e. when a man might expect to *purchase* a wife, but not to enjoy riches)

20 **griefs** hardships, sufferings

21 **Put up** placed for safe keeping

sheet winding-sheet (and anticipating the bed-sheets of 23)

25 **mark** example

26-7 **a . . . content** (alludes to Alexander the

Great, supposed to have wept because the world had insufficient lands for him to conquer)

27 **earth** the world

in compass within bounds. Also a suggestion of the navigational compass, prompted by *earth* and taken up in *bent*, 'inclined, drawn': Leantio's compass-needle remains directed to Bianca.

- 30 In love's name, let 'em keep their honesties
And cleave to their own husbands; 'tis their duties.
Now when I go to church I can pray handsomely,
Not come like gallants only to see faces,
As if lust went to market still on Sundays.
- 35 I must confess I am guilty of one sin, mother,
More than I brought into the world with me,
But that I glory in. 'Tis theft, but noble
As ever greatness yet shot up withal.
- MOTHER
How's that?
- LEANTIO Never to be repented, mother,
40 Though sin be death. I had died if I had not sinned.
And here's my masterpiece; do you now behold her.
Look on her well, she's mine. Look on her better.
Now say if't be not the best piece of theft
That ever was committed. And I have my pardon
for't:
'Tis sealed from heaven by marriage.
- 45 MOTHER Married to her!
- LEANTIO
You must keep counsel, mother, I am undone else.
If it be known, I have lost her. Do but think now
What that loss is; life's but a trifle to't.
From Venice her consent and I have brought her,
50 From parents great in wealth, more now in rage;
But let storms spend their furies now we have got
A shelter o'er our quiet innocent loves.
We are contented. Little money she's brought me.
View but her face, you may see all her dowry,
55 Save that which lies locked up in hidden virtues
Like jewels kept in cabinets.
- MOTHER You're to blame,
If your obedience will give way to a check,
To wrong such a perfection.
- LEANTIO How?
- MOTHER Such a creature,
To draw her from her fortune, which no doubt
- At the full time might have proved rich and noble!
60 You know not what you have done. My life can give
you
But little helps, and my death lesser hopes;
And hitherto your own means has but made shift
To keep you single, and that hardly, too.
65 What ableness have you to do her right then
In maintenance fitting her birth and virtues?—
Which ev'ry woman of necessity looks for,
And most to go above it, not confined
By their conditions, virtues, bloods, or births,
But flowing to affections, wills and humours.
- 70 LEANTIO
Speak low, sweet mother. You are able to spoil as
many
As come within the hearing. If it be not
Your fortune to mar all, I have much marvel.
I pray, do not you teach her to rebel,
When she's in a good way to obedience:
75 To rise with other women in commotion
Against their husbands for six gowns a year,
And so maintain their cause, when they're once up,
In all things else that require cost enough.
They are all of 'em a kind of spirits soon raised,
80 But not so soon laid, mother. As for example,
A woman's belly is got up in a trice;
A simple charge ere it be laid down again.
So ever in all their quarrels and their courses.
And, I'm a proud man, I hear nothing of 'em.
85 They're very still, I thank my happiness,
And sound asleep. Pray let not your tongue wake 'em.
If you can but rest quiet, she's contented
With all conditions that my fortunes bring her to:
To keep close as a wife that loves her husband,
90 To go after the rate of my ability,
Not the licentious swinge of her own will,
Like some of her old schoolfellows. She intends
To take out other works in a new sampler,

30 **honesties** chastities, marital fidelities
31 **cleave** The biblical term (Genesis 2:24,
Matthew 19:5, etc.)
32 **handsomely** (a) fittingly, properly
(b) elegantly
33-4 **Not . . . Sundays** (an abuse of church-
going noted by various writers of the
time)
36 **I . . . me** (referring to humanity's innate
'original sin' resulting from the Fall of
Adam and Eve, as distinct from sins
committed in life)
38 **shot up** rapidly flourished
40 **sin be death** (from Romans 6:23, 'The
wages of sin is death')
41 **masterpiece** (a) masterly achievement
(b) excellent art-object
43 **piece** (a) instance (b) article
46 **keep counsel** maintain secrecy

49 **Venice** (notorious for sexual license)
57 **check** rebuke (perhaps also suggesting
the chess term, anticipating 2.2)
58 **perfection** perfect creature
63 **but made shift** barely managed
64 **keep** support
66 **virtues** good qualities
69 **conditions** social ranks
70 **to** according to. *Affections, wills,* and
humours are seen as drawing a woman
as the moon draws a tide.
affections inclinations
humours whims
76 **commotion** tumult, rebellion
78 **up** risen up, up in arms
80 **spirits** (a) animated people (b) ghosts,
demons
raised (a) brought to rebellion
(b) summoned (as of ghosts) (c) swollen

up
81 **laid** (a) overthrown, humbled (b) put to
rest (as of ghosts) (c) made flat
82 **got up** made to swell
83 **simple** minor (ironic); or 'unmitigated'
charge expense, responsibility
84 **courses** reprehensible conduct
90 **keep close** (a) stay shut up at home
(b) stay near
91 **go . . . ability** walk at the speed I can
manage (with a sexual connotation
taken up in *licentious swinge*); hence 'live
at a rate I can afford'
92 **swinge** (a) free scope, impulse, power;
(b) copulation (see *OED*, v.1, 1e)
94 **take out** copy
sampler piece of embroidery serving as a
pattern

95 And frame the fashion of an honest love
Which knows no wants, but, mocking poverty,
Brings forth more children, to make rich men wonder
At divine providence that feeds mouths of infants,
And sends them none to feed, but stuffs their rooms
100 With fruitful bags, their beds with barren wombs.
Good mother, make not you things worse than they
are
Out of your too much openness, pray take heed on't,
Nor imitate the envy of old people
That strive to mar good sport because they are perfect.
105 I would have you more pitiful to youth,
Especially to your own flesh and blood.
I'll prove an excellent husband, here's my hand,
Lay in provision, follow my business roundly,
And make you a grandmother in forty weeks.
110 Go, pray salute her, bid her welcome cheerfully.

MOTHER
Gentlewoman, thus much is a debt of courtesy
Which fashionable strangers pay each other
At a kind meeting.
[*She kisses Bianca*]
Then there's more than one
Due to the knowledge I have of your nearness.
115 I am bold to come again, and now salute you
By th' name of daughter, which may challenge more
Than ordinary respect.
[*She kisses Bianca again*]

LEANTIO [*aside*] Why, this is well now,
And I think few mothers of threescore will mend it.

MOTHER
What I can bid you welcome to is mean,
120 But make it all your own. We are full of wants,
And cannot welcome worth.

LEANTIO [*aside*] Now this is scurvy,
And spake as if a woman lacked her teeth.
These old folks talk of nothing but defects,
Because they grow so full of 'em themselves.

125 BIANCA
Kind mother, there is nothing can be wanting
To her that does enjoy all her desires.
Heaven send a quiet peace with this man's love,
And I am as rich as virtue can be poor,

Which were enough, after the rate of mind,
To erect temples for content placed here. 130
I have forsook friends, fortunes, and my country,
And hourly I rejoice in't. Here's my friends,
And few is the good number. [*To Leantio*] Thy suc-
cesses,
Howe'er they look, I will still name my fortunes.
135 Hopeful or spiteful, they shall all be welcome.
Who invites many guests has of all sorts,
As he that traffics much drinks of all fortunes,
Yet they must all be welcome and used well.
I'll call this place the place of my birth now,
140 And rightly, too, for here my love was born,
And that's the birth-day of a woman's joys.
You have not bid me welcome since I came.

LEANTIO
That I did, questionless.

BIANCA No, sure. How was't?
I have quite forgot it.

LEANTIO Thus.
[*He kisses her*]

BIANCA O sir, 'tis true.
Now I remember well. I have done thee wrong. 145
Pray take't again, sir.
[*She kisses him*]

LEANTIO How many of these wrongs
Could I put up in an hour, and turn up the glass
For twice as many more!

MOTHER
Will't please you to walk in, daughter?

BIANCA Thanks, sweet mother.
150 The voice of her that bare me is not more pleasing.
Exeunt Mother and Bianca

LEANTIO
Though my own care and my rich master's trust
Lay their commands both on my factorship,
This day and night I'll know no other business
But her, and her dear welcome. 'Tis a bitterness
To think upon tomorrow: that I must leave her 155
Still to the sweet hopes of the week's end;
That pleasure should be so restrained and curbed,
After the course of a rich workmaster
That never pays till Saturday night.

95 **frame** (a) devise (b) impose over the frame used to stretch the embroidery cloth
fashion (a) shape (b) current custom, taste
96-100 **mocking... wombs** Alludes to the supposed fecundity of the poor and sterility of the rich.
100 **bags** (of money)
104 **perfect** i.e. without sexual misdemeanor
108 **business** (with a sexual connotation)
roundly thoroughly (with a quibble on the rounding of the belly in pregnancy)
113 **one** i.e. one kiss
114 **your nearness** i.e. our kinship

116 **challenge** lay claim to
118 **mend** improve on
121 **scurvy** shabby, worthless. Also refers to the disease, a symptom of which was loss of teeth (122), though toothlessness also suggests age (123-4).
128 **as... poor** Virtue is proverbially its own reward.
129 **after... mind** i.e. if the scale of value is one that measures the mind's inclinations
130 **for** in gratitude for
here i.e. (a) in Leantio's house (b) in Bianca's heart
131, 132 **friends** family

133 **few is the good number** The proverbial riposte to 'The more the merrier' is 'the fewer the better cheer'.
successes fortunes (good or bad)
137 **traffics** trades, travels to and fro
138 **used** treated
147 **put up** endure, store up
glass hour-glass
151 **my own care** (a) my conscientiousness (b) self-regard
152 **factorship** post of merchant's agent. Leantio's travels are presumably to negotiate and effect purchases.
158 **After the course** in accordance with the practice

- 160 Marry, it comes together in a round sum then,
And does more good, you'll say. O fair-eyed Florence,
Didst thou but know what a most matchless jewel
Thou now art mistress of, a pride would take thee
Able to shoot destruction through the bloods
165 Of all thy youthful sons. But 'tis great policy
To keep choice treasures in obscurest places.
Should we show thieves our wealth, 'twould make
'em bolder.
Temptation is a devil will not stick
To fasten upon a saint; take heed of that.
170 The jewel is cased up from all men's eyes.
Who could imagine now a gem were kept
Of that great value under this plain roof?
But how in times of absence? What assurance
Of this restraint then? Yes, yes, there's one with her.
175 Old mothers know the world; and such as these,
When sons lock chests, are good to look to keys.
- Exit*
- I.2 *Enter Guardiano, Fabritio, and Livia*
GUARDIANO [*to Fabritio*]
What, has your daughter seen him yet? Know you
that?
FABRITIO
No matter, she shall love him.
GUARDIANO Nay, let's have fair play.
He has been now my ward some fifteen year,
And 'tis my purpose, as time calls upon me,
5 By custom seconded, and such moral virtues,
To tender him a wife. Now, sir, this wife
I'd fain elect out of a daughter of yours.
You see my meaning's fair. If now this daughter
So tendered—let me come to your own phrase, sir—
10 Should offer to refuse him, I were handselled.
[*Aside*] Thus am I fain to calculate all my words
For the meridian of a foolish old man,
To take his understanding.—What do you answer,
sir?
FABRITIO
I say still she shall love him.
GUARDIANO Yet again?
15 And shall she have no reason for this love?
FABRITIO
Why, do you think that women love with reason?
- GUARDIANO [*aside*]
I perceive fools are not at all hours foolish,
No more than wise-men wise.
FABRITIO I had a wife;
She ran mad for me; she had no reason for't,
For aught I could perceive.—What think you, lady
sister? 20
GUARDIANO [*aside*] 'Twas a fit match, that,
Being both out of their wits.—A loving wife: it seemed
She strove to come as near you as she could.
FABRITIO
An if her daughter prove not mad for love too,
She takes not after her; nor after me, 25
If she prefer reason before my pleasure.—
You're an experienced widow, lady sister,
I pray let your opinion come amongst us.
LIVIA
I must offend you then, if truth will do't,
And take my niece's part, and call't injustice 30
To force her love to one she never saw.
Maids should both see and like; all little enough.
If they love truly after that, 'tis well.
Counting the time she takes one man, till death,
That's a hard task, I tell you; but one may 35
Enquire at three years' end amongst young wives,
And mark how the game goes.
FABRITIO Why, is not man
Tied to the same observance, lady sister,
And in one woman?
LIVIA 'Tis enough for him.
Besides, he tastes of many sundry dishes 40
That we poor wretches never lay our lips to,
As obedience, forsooth, subjection, duty, and such
kickshaws
All of our making, but served in to them;
And if we lick a finger then sometimes,
We are not to blame; your best cooks use it. 45
FABRITIO
Thou'rt a sweet lady, sister, and a witty.
LIVIA
A witty? O, the bud of commendation
Fit for a girl of sixteen. I am blown, man.
I should be wise by this time; and, for instance,
I have buried my two husbands in good fashion, 50
And never mean more to marry.

163 **pride** (a) self-esteem (b) sexual excitement
take strike with disease
164 **bloods** (a) life (b) sexual passions
165 **policy** calculated prudence
168 **stick** scruple
1.2.3-10 He...**handselled** Orphaned children of the nobility became Wards of Court; i.e. their estates were held by the Crown until they were 21. Wardship was farmed out by the Crown, with possible financial benefit to the guardian. Guardiano would benefit from the

marriage by being relieved of the Ward, and would be able to exact a payment from his estate if the Ward refused the marriage. See Introduction.
5 **moral** (a) righteous (b) customary
10 **handselled** given an auspicious present (ironic)
12 **meridian** special capacities. A figurative extension of the astrological term, which informs *calculate* (11) and *take* (13; see note).
13 **take** capture, secure (quibbling on 'measure by scientific observation')

17 **fools... foolish** (proverbial)
23 **come as near** be as like (quibbling on physical proximity, and perhaps nearness of orgasm)
34 **Counting** (a) considering (b) summing up
37 **the game** (with a sexual innuendo)
42 **kickshaws** fancy dishes (from French *quelque chose*)
45 **your... it** From the proverb 'he is a poor cook that cannot lick his fingers'.
use practise
48 **am blown** have blossomed; have seen better days

GUARDIANO No? Why so, lady? Like what you see. Do you hear me? There's no dallying;

LIVIA Because the third shall never bury me. The gentleman's almost twenty, and 'tis time I think I am more than witty.—How think you, sir? He were getting lawful heirs, and you a-breeding on 'em.

FABRITIO I have paid often fees to a counsellor Has had a weaker brain.

55 LIVIA Then I must tell you, FABRITIO Tell not me of tongues and rumours. 80
Your money was soon parted. You'll say the gentleman is somewhat simple; GUARDIANO [to Fabritio] Light her now, brother. The better for a husband, were you wise, LIVIA For those that marry fools live ladies' lives. On with the mask; I'll hear no more. He's rich; FABRITIO The fool's hid under bushels. [Isabella puts on her mask. The Ward is heard within]

60 LIVIA Not so hid, neither; 85
But here's a foul great piece of him, methinks. What will he be when he comes altogether? Enter the Ward, with a trapstick, and Sordido, his man

65 FABRITIO Look out her uncle and you're sure of her. Those two are ne'er asunder. They've been heard In argument at midnight; moonshine nights Are noon-days with them; they walk out their sleeps, Or rather at those hours appear like those That walk in 'em, for so they did to me. FABRITIO Look you, I told you truth. They're like a chain: Draw but one link, all follows. Enter Hippolito and Isabella the niece [hand in hand]

70 GUARDIANO O affinity, 90
What piece of excellent workmanship art thou! 'Tis work clean wrought, for there's no lust, but love, in't, And that abundantly; when in stranger things There is no love at all, but what lust brings. FABRITIO [to Isabella] On with your mask, for 'tis your part to see now, And not be seen. Go to, make use of your time. See what you mean to like; nay, and I charge you,

WARD [to Sordido] Beat him? I beat him out o'th' field with his own catstick, Yet gave him the first hand.

SORDIDO O, strange!

WARD I did it. 90
Then he set jacks on me.

SORDIDO What, my ladies' tailor?

WARD Ay, and I beat him, too.

SORDIDO Nay, that's no wonder; He's used to beating.

WARD Nay, I tickled him When I came once to my tipplings.

SORDIDO Now you talk on 'em, there was a poulterer's wife made a great complaint of you last night to your guardianer, that you struck a bump in her child's head as big as an egg. 95

56 **Your... parted** Alludes to the proverb 'a fool and his money are soon parted'.
Light her (a) give her intellectual enlightenment (ironic: Fabritio has proved himself foolish); or (b) relieve, cheer her (urging Fabritio to cease defending loveless marriage)
brother (referring probably to the projected relationship of brother-in-law)
60 **stop** halt, pause
61 **As... land** An allusion to hasty marriages of intending colonists.
64 **argument** discussion
65 **walk out their sleeps** use up their hours of sleep by walking
66-7 **Or... 'em** Sleep-walking suggests unawareness of spiritual peril.
69 **affinity** kinship
71 **clean** (a) adroitly (b) chastely
72 **stranger things** unrelated creatures
74-5 **'tis... seen** Draws on the proverbs

'Maidens should be seen, and not heard' and 'see and be seen'; also refers to the custom where the man and woman would not see each other before the betrothal day.
79 **on** of
80 **tongues** gossip
85 **The... bushels** 'Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick' (Matthew 5:15).
bushels vessels used to measure eight gallons; hence 'large quantities (of money)'
85.1-2 **The... within** The exact staging is not clear. A loud flatulence seems suggested. Otherwise, the Ward might partially appear entering backwards.
86 **piece** (quibbling on the sense 'cask of liquor', which picks up on bushels, 85)
87.1 **trapstick** In the rustic game of

'cat' the trap-stick, or cat-stick, was a truncheon used to flick in the air and bat away the 'cat', an hourglass-shaped piece of wood.
88 **Beat** (a) defeated (b) cudgelled
90 **hand** stroke
91 **jacks** scoundrels. Sordido evidently hears 'jaques', the tailor's name.
my ladies' tailor Either 'my ladies'-tailor' or 'my lady's tailor'. Tailors were notoriously effeminate and cowardly.
93 **tickled** (euphemistic for 'thrashed')
94 **When I came once** once I came
tipplings smart tappings (as to flick the 'cat' in the air)
96 **guardianer** An unusual form, spoken only by the Ward and Sordido, intermediate between *guardian* and *Guardiano*; the latter is used in stage directions but never in dialogue.

- WARD An egg may prove a chicken then in time: the
poulterer's wife will get by't. When I am in game I am
100 furious: came my mother's eyes in my way, I would not
lose a fair end; no, were she alive but with one tooth
in her head, I should venture the striking out of that.
I think of nobody when I am in play, I am so earnest.
Coads me, my guardianer!
105 Prithce, lay up my cat and catstick safe.
- SORDIDO
Where, sir, i'th' chimney corner?
WARD Chimney corner?
SORDIDO
Yes, sir, your cats are always safe i'th' chimney
corner,
Unless they burn their coats.
- WARD Marry, that I am afraid on.
SORDIDO
Why, then I will bestow your cat i'th' gutter,
And there she's safe, I am sure.
- 110 WARD If I but live
To keep a house, I'll make thee a great man,
If meat and drink can do't. I can stoop gallantly,
And pitch out, when I list; I'm dog at a hole.
I mar'l my guardianer does not seek a wife for me;
115 I protest I'll have a bout with the maids else,
Or contract myself at midnight to the larderwoman
In presence of a fool or a sack-posset.
- GUARDIANO Ward!
WARD [to Sordido]
I feel myself after any exercise
120 Horribly prone. Let me but ride, I'm lusty.—
A cock-horse straight, i'faith.
- GUARDIANO Why, ward, I say!
WARD [to Sordido]
I'll forswear eating eggs in moonshine nights.
- There's ne'er a one I eat but turns into a cock
In four-and-twenty hours. If my hot blood
Be not took down in time, sure 'twill crow shortly. 125
- GUARDIANO
Do you hear, sir? Follow me; I must new school you.
WARD
School me? I scorn that now; I am past schooling.
I am not so base to learn to write and read;
I was born to better fortunes in my cradle.
Exit [Guardiano, followed by Ward and Sordido]
- FABRITIO [to Isabella]
How do you like him, girl? This is your husband. 130
Like him or like him not, wench, you shall have him,
And you shall love him.
- LIVIA
O, soft there, brother! Though you be a justice,
Your warrant cannot be served out of your liberty.
You may compel, out of the power of father, 135
Things merely harsh to a maid's flesh and blood;
But when you come to love, there the soil alters;
You're in another country, where your laws
Are no more set by than the cacklings
Of geese in Rome's great Capitol.
- FABRITIO Marry him she shall, then 140
Let her agree upon love afterwards. Exit
- LIVIA
You speak now, brother, like an honest mortal
That walks upon th'earth with a staff:
You were up i'th' clouds before. You'd command love,
And so do most old folks that go without it. 145
[Livia embraces Hippolito]
My best and dearest brother, I could dwell here.
There is not such another seat on earth
Where all good parts better express themselves.
HIPPOLITO You'll make me blush anon.

- 99 **get gain**
in game (with a sexual innuendo)
101 **fair end** game promising a win
102 **venture** risk
104 **Coads me** (interjection of surprise)
106 **chimney corner** (quibbling on *chimney*
as 'vagina')
107 **cats** Refers to the catstick as a phal-
lic object; but also possibly suggests
'prostitutes'.
108 **Unless... coats** (alluding to the burning
effects of syphilis)
109-10 **I...sure** Draws on the proverb
'they agree like two cats in the gutter';
gutter suggests the anus, as Sordido
might indicate with a gesture of the 'cat'.
111 **great** (a) powerful (b) corpulent
112 **stoop** (a) crouch to *pitch out* the
'cat' (b) crouch in sexual intercourse
(c) debase myself (d) follow a scent
(anticipating *dog*)
113 **pitch out** (a) pitch the 'cat' (b) ejaculate
dog at Proverbial for 'adept'; here also
suggests a dog sniffing and digging at an
animal's burrow.
hole (with the innuendo 'vagina')
114 **mar'l** marvel
117 **In... sack-posset** A witness was needed
to make a verbal contract binding. A *fool*
or a *sack-posset* would be conveniently at
hand, and could be repudiated.
fool An idiot would not make a legal
witness, but the context suggests also a
custard or dish of whipped cream.
sack-posset hot milk curdled with white
wine and flavoured with sugar and spices
120 **prone** eager (for a copulative *ride*)
121 **cock-horse** (a) hobby-horse (b) whore
straight immediately
122 **eating... nights** Merges (a) eating eggs
during moonlit nights with (b) eating
eggs-in-moonshine (poached eggs with
an onion sauce) at nights. Eggs were
regarded as aphrodisiacs.
123 **cock** (a) male fowl (see 94-9) (b) erect
penis
125 **took down** made to detumescere
crow ejaculate
129 **I... cradle** A poorer man, or younger
son, might need literacy to study for a
career as clergyman, lawyer, etc.
134 **liberty** district within which a Justice of
the Peace's warrant was valid
136 **merely** entirely
139 **set by** taken notice of
139-40 **the... Capitol** Refers to the sacred
geese whose cackling awoke the Romans
during a night-time attack by the Gauls.
The point might be that they are ignored
not in Rome but in other countries, but
the image is rather confused.
139 **cacklings** Pronounced 'cackelings'.
142-4 **like... before** i.e. like a typical old
man who assumes the authority of a god
come to earth
145.1 **Livia embraces Hippolito** Alternat-
ively, Livia's *here*, 146, means in gazing
at Hippolito.
147 **seat** residence, place
148 **parts** qualities
express manifest

LIVIA
 150 'Tis but like saying grace before a feast then,
 And that's most comely. Thou art all a feast,
 And she that has thee a most happy guest.
 Prithee, cheer up that niece with special counsel.
 [Exit]

HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 155 I would 'twere fit to speak to her what I would, but
 'Twas not a thing ordained. Heaven has forbid it,
 And 'tis most meet that I should rather perish
 Than the decree divine receive least blemish.
 Feed inward, you my sorrows, make no noise,
 Consume me silent, let me be stark dead
 160 Ere the world know I'm sick. You see my honesty;
 If you befriend me, so.

ISABELLA [*aside*] Marry a fool!
 Can there be greater misery to a woman
 That means to keep her days true to her husband
 And know no other man? So virtue wills it.
 165 Why, how can I obey and honour him,
 But I must needs commit idolatry?
 A fool is but the image of a man,
 And that but ill-made neither. O, the heart-breakings
 Of miserable maids where love's enforced!
 170 The best condition is but bad enough:
 When women have their choices, commonly
 They do but buy their thraldoms, and bring great
 portions
 To men to keep 'em in subjection;
 As if a fearful prisoner should bribe
 175 The keeper to be good to him, yet lies in still,
 And glad of a good usage, a good look
 Sometimes. By'r Lady, no misery surmounts a wo-
 man's.
 Men buy their slaves, but women buy their masters.
 Yet honesty and love makes all this happy
 180 And, next to angels', the most blest estate.
 That providence that has made ev'ry poison
 Good for some use, and sets four warring elements
 At peace in man, can make a harmony
 In things that are most strange to human reason.
 185 O, but this marriage!—What, are you sad too, uncle?
 Faith, then there's a whole household down together.
 Where shall I go to seek my comfort now

When my best friend's distressed? What is't afflicts
 you, sir?
 HIPPOLITO
 Faith, nothing but one grief that will not leave me,
 And now 'tis welcome. Ev'ry man has something
 190 To bring him to his end, and this will serve—
 Joined with your father's cruelty to you;
 That helps it forward.

ISABELLA O, be cheered, sweet uncle!
 How long has't been upon you? I ne'er spied it.
 What a dull sight have I! How long, I pray, sir?
 195 HIPPOLITO
 Since I first saw you, niece, and left Bologna.

ISABELLA
 And could you deal so unkindly with my heart
 To keep it up so long hid from my pity?
 Alas, how shall I trust your love hereafter?
 200 Have we passed through so many arguments,
 And missed of that still, the most needful one?
 Walked out whole nights together in discourses,
 And the main point forgot? We are to blame both.
 This is an obstinate wilful forgetfulness,
 And faulty on both parts. Let's lose no time now.
 205 Begin, good uncle, you that feel't. What is it?

HIPPOLITO
 You of all creatures, niece, must never hear on't.
 'Tis not a thing ordained for you to know.

ISABELLA
 Not I, sir? All my joys that word cuts off.
 You made profession once you loved me best;
 210 'Twas but profession.

HIPPOLITO Yes, I do't too truly,
 And fear I shall be chid for't. Know the worst, then:
 I love thee dearlier than an uncle can.

ISABELLA
 Why, so you ever said, and I believed it.

HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 So simple is the goodness of her thoughts,
 215 They understand not yet th'unhallowed language
 Of a near sinner. I must yet be forced,
 Though blushes be my venture, to come nearer.—
 As a man loves his wife, so love I thee.

ISABELLA What's that?
 220 Methought I heard ill news come toward me,
 Which commonly we understand too soon,

150 **saying grace before** (a) saying thanks-giving before (b) speaking of gracious qualities in front of

151 **comely** agreeable, fitting

160–1 **You . . . so** (still addressed to his sorrows, hoping that they will kill him)

167 **image** outward semblance. The fool is like a man in the same way an idol is like a god: the *image* without the substance.

168 **neither** as well

172 **portions** dowries

175 **in** i.e. in prison

182 **warring elements** i.e. earth, air, fire, and water, seen as the constituents of all matter. Equivalent to the four 'humours', the kinds of temperament thought to be variously mixed in each person.

186 **down** (as with sickness)

196 **Bologna** (in Middleton's source, Hippolito's birthplace)

198 **keep it up** shut his *grief* away

200 **arguments** topics of conversation

211 **but profession** i.e. merely words

217 **near** (a) nearby (b) almost (c) closely related

218 **venture** peril, risk
nearer nearer to the point

221–3 **Methought . . . hearing** Developed from the proverb 'Ill news comes too soon'. Isabella refigures the *ill news* as something intuitively understood before it is heard. The intuitive hearing pre-empts the literal one.

- Then over-quick at hearing. I'll prevent it,
 Though my joys fare the harder. Welcome it?
 225 It shall ne'er come so near mine ear again.
 Farewell, all friendly solaces and discourses.
 I'll learn to live without ye, for your dangers
 Are greater than your comforts. What's become
 Of truth in love if such we cannot trust,
 230 When blood that should be love is mixed with lust?
 Exit
- HIPPOLITO
 The worst can be but death, and let it come.
 He that lives joyless, every day's his doom. Exit
- I.3 Enter Leantio, alone
- LEANTIO
 Methinks I'm e'en as dull now at departure
 As men observe great gallants the next day
 After a revels; you shall see 'em look
 Much of my fashion if you mark 'em well.
 5 'Tis e'en a second hell to part from pleasure
 When man has got a smack on't. As many holidays
 Coming together makes your poor heads idle
 A great while after, and are said to stick
 Fast in their fingers' ends; e'en so does game
 10 In a new-married couple: for the time
 It spoils all thrift, and indeed lies abed
 To invent all the new ways for great expenses.
 Enter Bianca and Mother above
 See an she be not got on purpose above now
 Into the window to look after me.
 15 I have no power to go now an I should be hanged.
 Farewell, all business. I desire no more
 Than I see yonder. Let the goods at quay
 Look to themselves. Why should I toil my youth out?
 It is but begging two or three year sooner,
 20 And stay with her continually: is't a match?
 O fie, what a religion have I leaped into!
- Get out again, for shame. The man loves best
 When his care's most; that shows his zeal to love.
 Fondness is but the idiot to affection,
 That plays hot-cockles with rich merchants' wives:
 25 Good to make sport withal when the chest's full
 And the long warehouse cracks. 'Tis time of day
 For us to be more wise; 'tis early with us;
 And if they lose the morning of their affairs
 They commonly lose the best part of the day.
 30 Those that are wealthy and have got enough,
 'Tis after sunset with 'em; they may rest,
 Grow fat with ease, banquet, and toy and play,
 When such as I enter the heat o'th' day;
 And I'll do't cheerfully.
- BIANCA I perceive, sir,
 You're not gone yet. I have good hope you'll stay
 now.
- LEANTIO Farewell; I must not.
- BIANCA Come, come, pray return.
 Tomorrow, adding but a little care more,
 Will dispatch all as well; believe me, 'twill, sir.
- LEANTIO
 I could well wish myself where you would have me;
 40 But love that's wanton must be ruled a while
 By that that's careful, or all goes to ruin.
 As fitting is a government in love
 As in a kingdom. Where 'tis all mere lust,
 'Tis like an insurrection in the people
 45 That, raised in self-will, wars against all reason;
 But love that is respectful for increase
 Is like a good king that keeps all in peace.
 Once more, farewell.
- BIANCA But this one night, I prithee.
- LEANTIO
 Alas, I'm in for twenty if I stay,
 50 And then for forty more. I have such luck to flesh

223 **Then over-quick** and we are then too hasty

224 **Welcome it?** A consideration prompted by the thought of her *joys*, and immediately rejected.

230 **blood . . . lust** consanguineous love is mixed with the 'blood' of lust

I.3 The location is the street outside Leantio's house, whose frontage would have been represented by the stage's rear wall. The upper acting space above the stage represents a window. Leantio enters as it were from the house; the procession after 101 passes over the stage in front of it.

3 **revels** night of revelry. Can suggest specifically 'lovemaking'.

6 **smack** taste

7 **your poor heads** the heads of poor people

8-9 **stick . . . ends** i.e. make them slow and clumsy in their work

9 **game** (a) sexual play (b) holiday activities

11 **lies abed** (as the *game* does figuratively

and the *couple* do literally)

12 **invent . . . expenses** (with the quibbling sense 'try novel sexual techniques that produce great emissions of semen')

19 **It is but** i.e. staying at home merely leads to

20 **match** agreement, deal

24 **Fondness** infatuation
the idiot to i.e. a mocking caricature as compared with the proper form of

25 **That** who
hot-cockles A rustic game in which one player, kneeling with his head in another's lap, has to guess the identity of others who strike his back. The imputation is of casual and promiscuous sex, and perhaps also performance of cunnilingus.

26-7 **when . . . cracks** The merchants themselves are busy accumulating wealth. Their warehouses are full to bursting; analogously the adulterer is

turgid. *Chest* implies 'testicles' and *long warehouse* is the penis ready to emit semen (*crack*).

29-30 **if . . . day** Proverbial; compare 'Some work in the morning may trimly be done, that all the day after may hardly be won.'

29 **they** The impersonal 'one'. Leantio is thinking of himself, in contrast with 'Those that are wealthy' (31).

33 **toy** dally amorously

43-4 **As . . . kingdom** i.e. discretion in matters of love is as needful as political authority in a kingdom

44 **mere** utter

47 **respectful** for considerate to, partial to
increase increase of wealth (with an ironic glance at 'procreation')

51 to with respect to
flesh (a) sensual appetites; sexual intercourse (b) animals

I never bought a horse but he bore double.
 If I stay any longer, I shall turn
 An everlasting spendthrift. As you love
 55 To be maintained well, do not call me again,
 For then I shall not care which end goes forward.
 Again farewell to thee.
 BIANCA [*weeping*] Since it must, farewell too.
 MOTHER *Exit Leantio*
 Faith, daughter, you're to blame; you take the course
 To make him an ill husband, troth you do;
 60 And that disease is catching, I can tell you,
 Ay, and soon taken by a young man's blood,
 And that with little urging. Nay, fie, see now,
 What cause have you to weep? Would I had no more,
 That have lived threescore years: there were a cause,
 65 An 'twere well thought on. Trust me, you're to blame.
 His absence cannot last five days at utmost.
 Why should those tears be fetched forth? Cannot love
 Be e'en as well expressed in a good look,
 But it must see her face still in a fountain?
 70 It shows like a country maid dressing her head
 By a dish of water. Come, 'tis an old custom
 To weep for love.
*Enter two or three Boys, and a Citizen or two
 with an Apprentice*
 BOYS
 Now they come, now they come!
 SECOND BOY The Duke!
 THIRD BOY The state!
 CITIZEN
 How near, boy?
 FIRST BOY I'th' next street, sir, hard at hand.
 CITIZEN [*to his Apprentice*]
 75 You, sirrah, get a standing for your mistress,
 The best in all the city.
 APPRENTICE I have't for her, sir.
 'Twas a thing I provided for her overnight;
 'Tis ready at her pleasure.
 CITIZEN Fetch her to't, then.
 Away, sir! [*Exit Apprentice*]
 BIANCA What's the meaning of this hurry?
 Can you tell, mother?
 80 MOTHER What a memory
 Have I! I see by that years come upon me.
 Why, 'tis a yearly custom and solemnity,

Religiously observed by th' Duke and state,
 To St Mark's Temple, the fifteenth of April.
 See if my dull brains had not quite forgot it.
 85 'Twas happily questioned of thee. I had gone down
 else,
 Sat like a drone below, and never thought on't.
 I would not be ten years younger again
 That you had lost the sight. Now you shall see
 Our Duke, a goodly gentleman of his years.
 90 BIANCA
 Is he old then?
 MOTHER About some fifty-five.
 BIANCA
 That's no great age in man; he's then at best
 For wisdom and for judgement.
 MOTHER The Lord Cardinal,
 His noble brother—there's a comely gentleman,
 And greater in devotion than in blood.
 95 BIANCA
 He's worthy to be marked.
 MOTHER You shall behold
 All our chief states of Florence. You came fortunately
 Against this solemn day.
 BIANCA I hope so always.
Music
 MOTHER
 I hear 'em near us now. Do you stand easily?
 BIANCA
 Exceeding well, good mother.
 MOTHER Take this stool.
 100 BIANCA
 I need it not, I thank you.
 MOTHER Use your will then.
*Enter in great solemnity six knights, bare-headed,
 then two cardinals, and then the Lord Cardinal,
 then the Duke; after him the states of Florence
 by two and two; with variety of music and song.
 [They pass over the stage and] exeunt.
 [Exeunt Citizens and Boys]*
 MOTHER
 How like you, daughter?
 BIANCA 'Tis a noble state.
 Methinks my soul could dwell upon the reverence
 Of such a solemn and most worthy custom.
 Did not the Duke look up? Methought he saw us.
 105

52 **bore double** carried two riders. As applied to Bianca, might imply that she will bear children, or (by dramatic irony) that she will bear a second man in copulation.
 56 **which...forward** what happens (proverbial). Leantio confuses business objectives with bodily 'ends' that might engage in sexual intercourse.
 60 **that disease** (i.e. self-indulgence)
 68 **e'en** just
 69 **see...fountain** i.e. ensure that her face is always in a fountain of tears (but *see her face* anticipates the country maid's dish of water)
 70 **shows like** has the appearance of
dressing arranging, tidying
 71 **a dish of water** Used to reflect, as a simple mirror. Presumably love, by implication, produces dish-fuls of tears.
 73 **state** nobility, rulers
 75 **standing** place to stand (but the Apprentice's reply quibbles on 'erection of the penis')
 78 **Fetch** (With the unintended bawdy 'arouse')
 82 **solemnity** ceremonial procession (pre-ates *OED*, 2b [1636])
 86 **happily** fortunately
down downstairs
 95 **blood** birth
 98 **Against** in time for
 99 **easily** comfortably
 103 **reverence** solemnity

Act I Scene 3

Women beware Women.

MOTHER

That's everyone's conceit that sees a duke:
If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them,
When he perhaps, good careful gentleman,
Never minds any, but the look he casts
110 Is at his own intentions, and his object
Only the public good.

BIANCA

Most likely so.

MOTHER

Come, come, we'll end this argument below. *Exeunt*
Finis Actus Primus



2.1

Incipit Actus Secundus
Enter Hippolito, and Lady Livia the widow

LIVIA

A strange affection, brother. When I think on't,
I wonder how thou cam'st by't.

HIPPOLITO

E'en as easily

As man comes by destruction, which oft-times
He wears in his own bosom.

LIVIA

Is the world

5 So populous in women, and creation
So prodigal in beauty and so various,
Yet does love turn thy point to thine own blood?
'Tis somewhat too unkindly. Must thy eye
Dwell evilly on the fairness of thy kindred,
10 And seek not where it should? It is confined
Now in a narrower prison than was made for't.
It is allowed a stranger; and where bounty
Is made the great man's honour, 'tis ill husbandry
To spare, and servants shall have small thanks for't.
15 So he heaven's bounty seems to scorn and mock
That spares free means, and spends of his own stock.

HIPPOLITO

Never was man's misery so soon summed up,
Counting how truly.

LIVIA

Nay, I love you so

20 That I shall venture much to keep a change from you
So fearful as this grief will bring upon you.
Faith, it even kills me when I see you faint
Under a reprehension; and I'll leave it,
Though I know nothing can be better for you.
Prithee, sweet brother, let not passion waste
25 The goodness of thy time and of thy fortune.
Thou keep'st the treasure of that life I love

As dearly as mine own; and if you think
My former words too bitter, which were ministered
By truth and zeal, 'tis but a hazarding
Of grace and virtue; and I can bring forth
30 As pleasant fruits as sensuality wishes
In all her teeming longings, this I can do.

HIPPOLITO

O, nothing that can make my wishes perfect!

LIVIA

I would that love of yours were pawned to't, brother,
And as soon lost that way as I could win.
35 Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any she that wears a tongue in Florence.
She'd need be a good horse-woman, and sit fast,
Whom my strong argument could not fling at last.
Prithee, take courage, man. Though I should counsel
40 Another to despair, yet I am pitiful
To thy afflictions, and will venture hard—
I will not name for what; 'tis not handsome.
Find you the proof, and praise me.

HIPPOLITO

Then I fear me

I shall not praise you in haste.

LIVIA

This is the comfort:

45 You are not the first, brother, has attempted
Things more forbidden than this seems to be.
I'll minister all cordials now to you,
Because I'll cheer you up, sir.

HIPPOLITO

I am past hope.

LIVIA

50 Love, thou shalt see me do a strange cure, then,
As e'er was wrought on a disease so mortal
And near akin to shame. When shall you see her?

HIPPOLITO

Never in comfort more.

LIVIA

You're so impatient, too.

HIPPOLITO

Will you believe death? She's forsworn my company,
And sealed it with a blush.

LIVIA

So, I perceive

55 All lies upon my hands then. Well, the more glory
When the work's finished.

Enter Servant

How now, sir, the news?

SERVANT

Madam, your niece, the virtuous Isabella,
Is lighted now to see you.

LIVIA [to Hippolito]

That's great fortune.

106 **conceit** thought, fancy

108 **careful** full of care

112 **argument** debate on a particular subject

2.1.7 **point** (a) compass-needle (b) sword
(with a phallic innuendo)

8 **unkindly** against family kind, unnatural

13 **honour** i.e. source of honour

16 **spares** (a) is niggardly of (b) avoids

free (a) freely given (b) innocent

spends...stock (a) wastes his own
resources (b) releases his sexual energies

on his own family

17 **summed up** (a) summarized (b) counted
up (responding to Livia's comments on
husbandry)

18 **Counting** if one reckons

20 **grief** suffering

24 **passion** suffering

28 **ministered** prompted, administered (and
dispensed like a medicine; see 48)

32 **her teeming longings** i.e. the longings
she produces in swarms

33 **perfect** realized, satisfied

36 **shrewd** (a) hard, sharp (b) wicked
lift (a) attack (b) up-rearing (like a horse
throwing its rider, anticipating 38-9)

37 **wears** has

43 **handsome** fitting

51 **mortal** (a) fatal (b) damnable

55 **sealed** confirmed. The blush is like red
wax sealing a written oath.

59 **Is lighted** has descended from her coach

60 Sir, your stars bless you simply.—Lead her in.
Exit Servant
 HIPPOLITO
 What's this to me?
 LIVIA Your absence, gentle brother.
 I must bestir my wits for you.
 HIPPOLITO Ay, to great purpose.
Exit
 LIVIA
 Beshrew you! Would I loved you not so well
 I'll go to bed, and leave this deed undone.
 65 I am the fondest where I once affect,
 The careful'st of their healths and of their ease,
 forsooth,
 That I look still but slenderly to mine own.
 I take a course to pity him so much now
 That I have none left for modesty and myself.
 70 This 'tis to grow so liberal! You've few sisters
 That love their brothers' ease 'bove their own hon-
 esties;
 But if you question my affections,
 That will be found my fault.
Enter Isabella the niece
Niece, your love's welcome.
 Alas, what draws that paleness to thy cheeks—
 This enforced marriage towards?
 75 ISABELLA It helps, good aunt,
 Amongst some other griefs; but those I'll keep
 Locked up in modest silence, for they're sorrows
 Would shame the tongue more than they grieve the
 thought.
 LIVIA
 Indeed the ward is simple.
 ISABELLA Simple? That were well.
 Why, one might make good shift with such a hus-
 80 band;
 But he's a fool entailed; he halts downright in't.
 LIVIA
 And, knowing this, I hope 'tis at your choice
 To take or refuse, niece.
 ISABELLA You see it is not.
 I loath him more than beauty can hate death,
 Or age her spiteful neighbour.
 85 LIVIA Let't appear, then.
 ISABELLA
 How can I, being born with that obedience

That must submit unto a father's will?
 If he command, I must of force consent.
 LIVIA
 Alas, poor soul! Be not offended, prithee,
 If I set by the name of niece a while,
 90 And bring in pity in a stranger fashion.
 It lies here in this breast would cross this match.
 ISABELLA
 How, cross it, aunt?
 LIVIA Ay, and give thee more liberty
 Than thou hast reason yet to apprehend.
 ISABELLA
 Sweet aunt, in goodness keep not hid from me
 95 What may befriend my life.
 LIVIA Yes, yes, I must,
 When I return to reputation,
 And think upon the solemn vow I made
 To your dead mother, my most loving sister.
 As long as I have her memory 'twixt mine eyelids,
 100 Look for no pity now.
 ISABELLA Kind, sweet, dear aunt!
 LIVIA
 No, 'twas a secret I have took special care of,
 Delivered by your mother on her deathbed.
 That's nine years now, and I'll not part from't yet;
 Though ne'er was fitter time nor greater cause for't.
 105 ISABELLA
 As you desire the praises of a virgin—
 LIVIA
 Good sorrow! I would do thee any kindness
 Not wronging secrecy or reputation.
 ISABELLA
 Neither of which, as I have hope of fruitfulness,
 Shall receive wrong from me.
 LIVIA Nay, 'twould be your own wrong
 110 As much as any's, should it come to that once.
 ISABELLA
 I need no better means to work persuasion then.
 LIVIA
 Let it suffice you may refuse this fool;
 Or you may take him, as you see occasion
 For your advantage—the best wits will do't.
 115 You've liberty enough in your own will.
 You cannot be enforced; there grows the flower,
 If you could pick it out, makes whole life sweet to
 you.

60 **simply** absolutely
 61 **Your absence** Not a response to Hippolito's question, but an instruction to depart.
 64 I'll I'd
 65 **fondest** (a) most affectionate (b) most foolish
 66 **ease** Carries the specific sense 'sexual relief'.
 67 **still** always
 70 **liberal** (a) generous (b) unrestrained by prudence, licentious

73 **That...fault** From the proverb 'Every man has his faults'.
 75 **towards** about to take place
 80 **make good shift** manage well
 81 **entailed** with inalienable right to the title
halts downright in't (a) comes to an absolute full-stop at it (b) is utterly defective in it (OED, *halt*, v.1, 4)
 85 **her spiteful neighbour** The image of an envious old woman living next door to a beauty implies that old age maliciously

follows soon after beauty.
appear be made known
 88 **of force** of necessity
 91 **stranger** (a) previously unknown (b) appropriate to a non-relative
 99 **sister** i.e. sister-in-law
 107 **sorrow** (addressed to Isabella as sorrow personified)
 109 **fruitfulness** fertility, children
 111 **once** ever
 117 **there** in that

- That which you call your father's command's nothing;
 120 Then your obedience must needs be as little.
 If you can make shift here to taste your happiness,
 Or pick out aught that likes you, much good do you.
 You see your cheer; I'll make you no set dinner.
- ISABELLA
 And, trust me, I may starve for all the good
 125 I can find yet in this. Sweet aunt, deal plainlier.
- LIVIA
 Say I should trust you now upon an oath,
 And give you in a secret that would start you;
 How am I sure of you in faith and silence?
- ISABELLA
 Equal assurance may I find in mercy
 As you for that in me.
- 130 LIVIA It shall suffice.
 Then know, however custom has made good,
 For reputation's sake, the names of niece
 And aunt 'twixt you and I, we're nothing less.
- ISABELLA
 How's that?
- LIVIA I told you I should start your blood.
 135 You are no more allied to any of us,
 Save what the courtesy of opinion casts
 Upon your mother's memory and your name,
 Than the mer'st stranger is, or one begot
 At Naples when the husband lies at Rome;
 There's so much odds betwixt us. Since your know-
 140 ledge
 Wished more instruction, and I have your oath
 In pledge for silence, it makes me talk the freelier.
 Did never the report of that famed Spaniard,
 Marquis of Coria, since your time was ripe
 145 For understanding, fill your ear with wonder?
- ISABELLA
 Yes; what of him? I have heard his deeds of honour
 Often related when we lived in Naples.
- LIVIA
 You heard the praises of your father then.
- ISABELLA
 My father!
- LIVIA That was he; but all the business
 150 So carefully and so discreetly carried
 That fame received no spot by't, not a blemish.
 Your mother was so wary to her end,
- None knew it but her conscience and her friend;
 Till penitent confession made it mine,
 And now my pity yours. It had been long else;
 155 And I hope care and love alike in you,
 Made good by oath, will see it take no wrong now.
 How weak his commands now whom you call father!
 How vain all his enforcements, your obedience!
 And what a largeness in your will and liberty,
 160 To take, or to reject, or to do both!—
 For fools will serve to father wise men's children.
 All this you've time to think on. O, my wench,
 Nothing o'erthrows our sex but indiscretion!
 We might do well else, of a brittle people,
 165 As any under the great canopy.
 I pray, forget not but to call me aunt still—
 Take heed of that; it may be marked in time else—
 But keep your thoughts to yourself, from all the
 world,
 Kindred or dearest friend; nay, I entreat you,
 170 From him that all this while you have called uncle;
 And though you love him dearly, as I know
 His deserts claim as much e'en from a stranger,
 Yet let not him know this, I priethee, do not.
 As ever thou hast hope of second pity
 175 If thou shouldst stand in need on't, do not do't.
- ISABELLA
 Believe my oath, I will not.
- LIVIA Why, well said!
 [Aside] Who shows more craft t'undo a maidenhead,
 I'll resign my part to her.
 Enter Hippolito
 She's thine own. Go. Exit
- HIPPOLITO [aside]
 Alas, fair flattery cannot cure my sorrows! 180
- ISABELLA [aside]
 Have I passed so much time in ignorance,
 And never had the means to know myself
 Till this blest hour, thanks to her virtuous pity
 That brought it now to light? Would I had known it
 185 But one day sooner! He had then received
 In favours what, poor gentleman, he took
 In bitter words: a slight and harsh reward
 For one of his deserts.
- HIPPOLITO [aside] There seems to me now
 More anger and distraction in her looks.
 I'm gone; I'll not endure a second storm. 190

121 **make shift** contrive (and 'have a sexual affair')

here in this

122 **do you** may it do you

123 **cheer** (a) food offered as hospitality

(b) cause for cheerfulness

127 **that** that which

start startle

129 **mercy** divine mercy

130 **As you** i.e. as much for you as

133 **nothing less** (a) anything rather than

that (b) no less (picking up on the slang senses of *niece* as 'prostitute' and *aunt* as 'procuress')

134 **start your blood** (a) startle you

(b) arouse you

137 **name** (a) surname (b) reputation

140 **odds** difference

143 **report** renown

144 **time** age

149 **business** (with a sexual connotation)

153 **friend** lover

160 **largeness** unrestrained liberty

164 **Nothing ... indiscretion** Paraphrases the Latin tag '*Si non caste, tamen caute*'.

165 **of** for

brittle fragile, frail

166 **great canopy** sky, heavens

168 **marked** noticed

175 **second pity** i.e. another compassionate favour

The memory of the first is not past yet.
 ISABELLA [*aside*]
 Are you returned, you comforts of my life,
 In this man's presence? I will keep you fast now,
 And sooner part eternally from the world
 195 Than my good joys in you.—Prithee, forgive me.
 I did but chide in jest. The best loves use it
 Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,
 'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
 200 There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet
 appetite
 And make 'em taste their wine well. So methinks
 After a friendly sharp and savoury chiding,
 A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o'th' grape.
 [*She kisses him*]
 How think'st thou: does't not?
 HIPPOLITO 'Tis so excellent
 205 I know not how to praise it, what to say to't.
 ISABELLA
 This marriage shall go forward.
 HIPPOLITO With the ward?
 Are you in earnest?
 ISABELLA 'Twould be ill for us else.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 For us? How means she that?
 ISABELLA [*aside*] Troth, I begin
 210 To be so well, methinks, within this hour,
 For all this match able to kill one's heart,
 Nothing can pull me down now. Should my father
 Provide a worse fool yet, which I should think
 Were a hard thing to compass, I'd have him, either,
 215 The worse the better; none can come amiss now
 If he want wit enough. So discretion love me,
 Desert and judgement, I have content sufficient.—
 She that comes once to be a housekeeper
 Must not look every day to fare well, sir,
 Like a young waiting-gentlewoman in service;
 220 For she feeds commonly as her lady does—
 No good bit passes her but she gets a taste on't—
 But when she comes to keep house for herself,
 She's glad of some choice cates then once a week,
 Or twice at most, and glad if she can get 'em.
 225 So must affection learn to fare with thankfulness.

Pray make your love no stranger, sir; that's all—
 [*Aside*] Though you be one yourself, and know not
 on't;
 And I have sworn you must not. *Exit*
 HIPPOLITO This is beyond me!
 Never came joys so unexpectedly
 To meet desires in man. How came she thus? 230
 What has she done to her? Can any tell?
 'Tis beyond sorcery this, drugs, or love-powders:
 Some art that has no name, sure, strange to me
 Of all the wonders I e'er met withal
 Throughout my ten years' travels. But I'm thankful
 235 for't.
 This marriage now must of necessity forward.
 It is the only veil wit can devise
 To keep our acts hid from sin-piercing eyes. *Exit*

Enter Guardiano and Livia 2.2
 LIVIA
 How, sir, a gentlewoman, so young, so fair
 As you set forth, spied from the widow's window?
 GUARDIANO
 She!
 LIVIA
 Our Sunday-dinner woman?
 GUARDIANO
 And Thursday-supper woman, the same still.
 I know not how she came by her, but I'll swear 5
 She's the prime gallant for a face in Florence;
 And no doubt other parts follow their leader.
 The Duke himself first spied her at the window;
 Then in a rapture, as if admiration
 10 Were poor when it were single, beckoned me,
 And pointed to the wonder warily,
 As one that feared she would draw in her splendour
 'Too soon if too much gazed at. I ne'er knew him
 So infinitely taken with a woman;
 15 Nor can I blame his appetite, or tax
 His raptures of slight folly: she's a creature
 Able to draw a state from serious business,
 And make it their best piece to do her service.
 What course shall we devise? He's spoke twice now.
 LIVIA
 Twice?

192 **comforts** sources of strength, succour, and delight
 197 **sets... affection** makes desire sharper (and gives it an erection)
 198 **a feast** (a sexual metaphor)
 211 **pull me down** make me ill
 215 **So if**
 215-16 **discretion... judgement** The qualities are (a) those Isabella sees in Hippolito, hence Hippolito himself (b) abstractions (such as Fortune) whose favour Isabella seeks, so as to succeed in her *discretion* (both discriminating choice and discreet behaviour), obtain

her *desert*, and be vindicated in her *judgement*.
 217-25 **She... thankfulness** Isabella seems to be excusing her previous hostility to Hippolito as an effect of her (impending) marriage.
 217 **once** once and for all
housekeeper woman who runs a household (as analogous to a wife)
 218 **fare** eat (as a metaphor for getting sexual gratification)
 220 **commonly** (a) usually (b) as widely
 223 **cates** delicacies
 231 **she** (Livia)

233 **Some... name** (and so more mysterious and terrible than a named one)
 2.2.2 **set forth** describe
spied from i.e. spied looking from
 3-4 **Our... woman** The Mother either helped to prepare these meals or was invited as a lowly guest.
 6 **gallant** handsome person (sometimes applied, as here, to a woman)
 7 **their leader** (the face)
 16 **slight folly** foolish triviality
 17 **state** state council
 18 **piece** piece of work

GUARDIANO
 20 'Tis beyond your apprehension
 How strangely that one look has caught his heart.
 'Twould prove but too much worth in wealth and
 favour
 To those should work his peace.

LIVIA And if I do't not,
 Or at least come as near it—if your art
 25 Will take a little pains and second me—
 As any wench in Florence of my standing,
 I'll quite give o'er, and shut up shop in cunning.

GUARDIANO
 'Tis for the Duke; and if I fail your purpose,
 All means to come by riches or advancement
 Miss me and skip me over.

30 LIVIA Let the old woman then
 Be sent for with all speed; then I'll begin.

GUARDIANO
 A good conclusion follow, and a sweet one,
 After this stale beginning with old ware.—
 Within there!
Enter Servant

SERVANT Sir, do you call?

GUARDIANO Come near, list hither.
 [They talk apart]

LIVIA
 35 I long myself to see this absolute creature
 That wins the heart of love and praise so much.

GUARDIANO
 Go, sir, make haste.

LIVIA [to the Servant]
 Say I entreat her company.
 Do you hear, sir?

SERVANT Yes, madam. *Exit*

LIVIA That brings her quickly.

GUARDIANO
 40 I would 'twere done. The Duke waits the good hour,
 And I wait the good fortune that may spring from't.
 I have had a lucky hand these fifteen year
 At such court-passage with three dice in a dish.
Enter Fabritio
 Signor Fabritio!

FABRITIO
 O sir, I bring an alteration in my mouth now.

GUARDIANO [*aside to Livia*]
 An alteration! No wise speech, I hope;
 He means not to talk wisely, does he, trow?—
 Good! What's the change, I pray, sir?

FABRITIO A new change.

GUARDIANO
 Another yet! Faith, there's enough already.

FABRITIO
 My daughter loves him now.

GUARDIANO What, does she, sir?

FABRITIO
 Affects him beyond thought: who but the ward,
 forsooth? 50
 No talk but of the ward; she would have him
 To choose 'bove all the men she ever saw.
 My will goes not so fast as her consent now;
 Her duty gets before my command still.

GUARDIANO
 Why then, sir, if you'll have me speak my thoughts, 55
 I smell 'twill be a match.

FABRITIO Ay, and a sweet young couple,
 If I have any judgement.

GUARDIANO [*aside*] Faith, that's little.—
 Let her be sent tomorrow before noon,
 And handsomely tricked up; for 'bout that time
 I mean to bring her in and tender her to him. 60

FABRITIO
 I warrant you for handsome. I will see
 Her things laid ready, every one in order,
 And have some part of her tricked up tonight.

GUARDIANO
 Why, well said.

FABRITIO 'Twas a use her mother had
 When she was invited to an early wedding. 65
 She'd dress her head o'ernight, sponge up herself,
 And give her neck three lathers—

GUARDIANO [*aside*] Ne'er a halter?

FABRITIO
 On with her chain of pearl, her ruby bracelets,
 Lay ready all her tricks and jiggumbobs—

GUARDIANO
 So must your daughter.

FABRITIO I'll about it straight, sir. *Exit* 70

23 **work** bring about
 29–30 **All...over** (subjunctive: 'may all means...')
 33 **stale** (a) past the prime of life (b) person, particularly a prostitute, used as bait to trap someone
ware (suggests a metaphor of trading; also applies jocularly to a woman, and to the sexual organs)
 35 **absolute** perfect
 42 **court-passage...dish** *Passage* is a dice game using *three dice in a dish*; one player throws until two doubles show, and wins if they add up to over ten. The

implication of an intrigue involving three people, two of whom will be matched, is strengthened by *passage* as 'amorous exchange'.
 44 **an...mouth** news of a changed attitude. Guardiano takes the phrase as 'a change in my speech'.
 46 **trow** I wonder
 48 **Another...already** Quibbles on the redundant *new*; and perhaps alludes to the New Change (i.e. financial exchange), opened in 1609 to supplement the Royal Exchange, and long considered superfluous.

54 **before** ahead of
 56 **sweet** Picks up on the literal meaning of *smell*.
 59, 63 **tricked up** decked out (and 'sexually aroused')
 64 **use** custom
 65 **early** (in the morning)
 67 **lathers...halter** 'Lather' was a variant of *ladder*; hence the quibble on *halter*, 'noose'.
 69 **tricks** ornaments (and possibly 'sexual know-how')
jiggumbobs knick-knacks

LIVIA
How he sweats in the foolish zeal of fatherhood,
After six ounces an hour, and seems
To toil as much as if his cares were wise ones!

GUARDIANO
You've let his folly blood in the right vein, lady.

LIVIA
75 And here comes his sweet son-in-law that shall be.
They're both allied in wit before the marriage;
What will they be hereafter, when they are nearer?
Yet they can go no further than the fool:
There's the world's end in both of 'em.
Enter the Ward and Sordido, one with a shuttlecock, the other a battledore

GUARDIANO [to the Ward] Now, young heir!

WARD
80 What's the next business after shuttlecock now?

GUARDIANO
Tomorrow you shall see the gentlewoman
Must be your wife.

WARD There's e'en another thing too
Must be kept up with a pair of battledores.
My wife! What can she do?

GUARDIANO
85 Nay, that's a question you should ask yourself, ward,
When you're alone together.

WARD That's as I list.
A wife's to be asked anywhere, I hope.
I'll ask her in a congregation if I have a mind to't,
and so save a licence. [To Sordido] My guard'ner has no
90 more wit than an herb-woman that sells away all her
sweet-herbs and nose-gays, and keeps a stinking breath
for her own pottage.

SORDIDO
Let me be at the choosing of your beloved
If you desire a woman of good parts.

WARD Thou shalt, sweet Sordido.

SORDIDO I have a plaguy guess. Let me alone to see what
95 she is; if I but look upon her cony-way, I know all the
faults to a hair that you may refuse her for.

WARD
Dost thou? I prithee, let me hear 'em, Sordido.

SORDIDO
Well, mark 'em then. I have 'em all in rhyme.
The wife your guard'ner ought to tender
100 Should be pretty, straight, and slender;
Her hair not short, her foot not long,
Her hand not huge, nor too, too loud her tongue;
No pearl in eye, nor ruby in her nose,
No burn or cut but what the catalogue shows.
105 She must have teeth, and that no black ones,
And kiss most sweet when she does smack once.
Her skin must be both white and plumped,
Her body straight, not hopper-rumped,
Or wriggle sideways like a crab.
110 She must be neither slut nor drab,
Nor go too splay-foot with her shoes
To make her smock lick up the dews.
And two things more which I forgot to tell ye:
She neither must have bump in back nor belly.
115 These are the faults that will not make her pass.

WARD
And if I spy not these, I am a rank ass.

SORDIDO
Nay, more: by right, sir, you should see her naked,
For that's the ancient order.

WARD See her naked?
That were good sport, i'faith. I'll have the books
120 turned over,
And if I find 'her naked' on record
She shall not have a rag on. But stay, stay:
How if she should desire to see me so too?
I were in a sweet case then. Such foul skin!

SORDIDO
But you've a clean shirt, and that makes amends, sir.
125

72 **After** at the rate of
74 **let... vein** Literally, 'opened the correct vein to draw off blood tainted with his folly', as in the medical practice of letting blood. Quibbling on 'in the right vein' as colloquial for 'in the right way'.
78 **the fool** i.e. the position of being a fool
79 **the world's end** i.e. as far as it is possible to go
79.2 **battledore** racket
80 **business... shuttlecock** Both words have sexual innuendos.
82-3 **There's... battledores** Further sexual innuendos: *another thing* implies another (*shuttle*)cock; *kept up* is 'kept going' or 'kept erect'; the *pair of battledores* may imply the testes.
86 **list** please
88-9 I'll...**licence** Refers to asking the bans of marriage in church, without which a special licence was needed.

89, 100 **guard'ner** The form allows a pun on *gardener* that might be taken up in the references to herbs and pottage, and in *tender* (100) as 'tend'.
91-2 **keeps... pottage** Draws on proverbial 'keep your breath to cool your pottage' (thick soup); i.e. save your breath ((a) words (b) exhalation) for your own use.
94 **parts** (a) qualities (b) parts of the body
95 **a plaguy** (an intensifier, as in 'one hell of a')
96 **cony-way** i.e. rabbit burrow. *Cony* puns on *con* 'cunt', and also allows 'to a hair' ('exactly') to allude to pubic hair and pun on *hare*. The first printed edition of 1657 omits the obscenity, printing a long dash for *cony*.
100-16 **The... pass** Debases the medieval convention of the catalogue of female

beauty.
104 **pearl... ruby** 'Cataract' and 'red pimple' respectively, with ironic reference to the jewels.
105 **burn** (probably alluding to venereal disease)
cut (quibbling on the sense 'cunt')
107 **smack** kiss loudly
109 **hopper-rumped** (perhaps suggesting the jerky movements of the grain-hopper of the time as well as its conical shape)
112 **go... with** walk...in
115 **belly** Its *bump* might be of fatness or pregnancy.
118 **see her naked** Sir Thomas More related an imaginary custom whereby either partner of a couple entering a marriage-mat could be exhibited naked (*Utopia*, 1516).
124 **case** (a) situation (b) costume

WARD
I will not see her naked for that trick though. *Exit*

SORDIDO
Then take her with all faults, with her clothes on;
And they may hide a number with a bum-roll.
[*To Guardiano*] Faith, choosing of a wench in a huge
farthingale
130 Is like the buying of ware under a great penthouse.
What, with the deceit of one,
And the false light of th'other—mark my speeches—
He may have a diseased wench in's bed,
And rotten stuff in's breeches. *Exit*

GUARDIANO
It may take handsomely.

135 LIVIA I see small hindrance.
Enter Mother
How now, so soon returned?

GUARDIANO She's come.

LIVIA That's well.
Widow, come, come, I have a great quarrel to you.
Faith, I must chide you that you must be sent for!
You make yourself so strange, never come at us;
140 And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind.
Troth, you're to blame. You cannot be more welcome
To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you.

MOTHER
My thanks must need acknowledge so much, madam.

LIVIA
145 How can you be so strange then? I sit here
Sometime whole days together without company
When business draws this gentleman from home,
And should be happy in society,
Which I so well affect, as that of yours.
I know you're alone too. Why should not we
150 Like two kind neighbours, then, supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue, discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps
To laugh down time and meet age merrily?

MOTHER
155 Age, madam? You speak mirth: 'tis at my door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet.

LIVIA
My faith, I'm nine-and-thirty, every stroke, wench;
And 'tis a general observation
'Mongst knights' wives or widows, we account
Ourselves then old when young men's eyes leave
160 looking at's.
'Tis a true rule amongst us, and ne'er failed yet

In any but in one that I remember.
Indeed she had a friend at nine-and-forty.
Marry, she paid well for him, and in th'end
He kept a quean or two with her own money,
That robbed her of her plate, and cut her throat. 165

MOTHER
She had her punishment in this world, madam;
And a fair warning to all other women
That they live chaste at fifty.

LIVIA Ay, or never, wench.
Come, now I have thy company I'll not part with't
Till after supper.

MOTHER Yes, I must crave pardon, madam. 170

LIVIA
I swear you shall stay supper. We have no strangers,
woman;
None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir his ward. You know our com-
pany.

MOTHER
Some other time I will make bold with you, madam.

GUARDIANO
Nay, pray stay, widow.

LIVIA Faith, she shall not go. 175
Do you think I'll be forsworn?
[*Guardiano sets out*] *table and chess*

MOTHER 'Tis a great while
Till supper time; I'll take my leave then now, madam,
And come again i'th' evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.

LIVIA I'th' evening? By my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you. You have great busi-
ness, sure, 180
To sit alone at home! I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in't. Were't to me, now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long. Having no charge,
Or none to chide you if you go or stay, 185
Who may live merrier, ay, or more at heartsease?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts. There are an hun-
dred tricks
To drive out time till supper, never fear't, wench.

MOTHER
I'll but make one step home, and return straight,
madam.

LIVIA
190 Come, I'll not trust you. You use more excuses
To your kind friends than ever I knew any.

126 **for that trick** on that account (or 'at the cost of her playing that trick')

128 **bum-roll** cushion worn around the hips, over which the woman's skirt hung

129 **farthingale** framework of hoops worn from the waist to extend the skirt outwards

130 **penthouse** annex (without external doors or windows)

132 **false** deceptive

134 **rotten . . . breeches** (a) breeches of rotten fabric (b) the effects of venereal disease inside his breeches

135 **take** take effect

139 **so strange** so much a stranger

150 **neighbours** Livia's diction is condescendingly citizen-like.

162 **friend** lover

164 **quean** prostitute

165 **plate** gold and silver ware

167 **a . . . women** Probably alludes to the play *A Warning for Fair Women*, 1599.

172 **sojourners** visiting guests

176 **forsworn** (see 171)

181 **strangely** exceedingly

187 **chess** (a game associated with sexual and political intrigue)

What business can you have, if you be sure
 You've locked the doors?—and that being all you
 have,
 I know you're careful on't. One afternoon
 So much to spend here? Say I should entreat you now
 To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
 Or leave your own house for a month together?
 It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
 And friendship might well hope to prevail in.
 Would you deny such a request? I'faith,
 Speak truth, and freely.

MOTHER I were then uncivil, madam.
 LIVIA
 Go too then, set your men. We'll have whole nights
 Of mirth together ere we be much older, wench.
 MOTHER [*aside*]
 As good now tell her then, for she will know't.
 I have always found her a most friendly lady.

LIVIA
 Why, widow, where's your mind?
 MOTHER Troth, e'en at home, madam.
 To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman
 E'en sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
 Especially to young bloods.
 LIVIA Another excuse!
 MOTHER
 No; as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth.
 Please you to send and see.
 LIVIA What gentlewoman? Pish!
 MOTHER
 Wife to my son, indeed—but not known, madam,
 To any but yourself.
 LIVIA Now I beshrew you!
 Could you be so unkind to her and me
 To come and not bring her? Faith, 'tis not friendly.

MOTHER
 I feared to be too bold.
 LIVIA Too bold? O, what's become
 Of the true hearty love was wont to be
 'Mongst neighbours in old time?
 MOTHER And she's a stranger, madam.
 LIVIA
 The more should be her welcome. When is courtesy
 In better practice than when 'tis employed
 In entertaining strangers? I could chide, i'faith.
 Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman, alone too?
 Make some amends, and send for her betimes; go.

MOTHER
 Please you command one of your servants, madam.
 LIVIA
 Within there!

Enter Servant

SERVANT Madam.
 LIVIA Attend the gentlewoman. 225
 MOTHER
 It must be carried wondrous privately
 From my son's knowledge; he'll break out in storms
 else.—
 Hark you, sir.
 [*She speaks apart to the Servant; then exit Servant*]
 LIVIA [*to Guardiano*]
 Now comes in the heat of your part.
 GUARDIANO
 True, I know it, lady; and if I be out,
 May the Duke banish me from all employments,
 Wanton or serious. 230
 LIVIA So, have you sent, widow?
 MOTHER
 Yes, madam; he's almost at home by this.
 LIVIA
 And, faith, let me entreat you that henceforward
 All such unkind faults may be swept from friendship,
 Which does but dim the lustre; and think thus much: 235
 It is a wrong to me, that have ability
 To bid friends welcome, when you keep 'em from me.
 You cannot set greater dishonour near me,
 For bounty is the credit and the glory
 Of those that have enough. I see you're sorry,
 And the good 'mends is made by't. 240

Enter Bianca and Servant

MOTHER Here she's, madam.
 [*Exit Servant*]
 BIANCA [*aside*]
 I wonder how she comes to send for me now?
 LIVIA
 Gentlewoman, you're most welcome, trust me, y'are,
 As courtesy can make one, or respect
 Due to the presence of you.
 BIANCA I give you thanks, lady. 245
 LIVIA
 I heard you were alone, and 't had appeared
 An ill condition in me, though I knew you not
 Nor ever saw you—yet humanity
 Thinks every case her own—to have kept our com-
 pany
 Here from you, and left you all solitary. 250
 I rather ventured upon boldness then
 As the least fault, and wished your presence here—
 A thing most happily motioned of that gentleman,
 Whom I request you, for his care and pity,
 To honour and reward with your acquaintance; 255
 A gentleman that ladies' rights stands for,

202 **men** chessmen
 208 **uncomfortable** cheerless
 223 **betimes** forthwith, speedily
 228 **heat** intense stage
part Guardiano understands the theat-

rical sense
 229 **be out** forget my lines
 232 **by this** by now
 235 **Which does** i.e. the *faults* do
 241 **'mends** amends

247 **condition** characteristic
 248 **humanity** the humane in a person
 253 **motioned of** suggested by
 256 **stands** (with a phallic quibble)

- That's his profession.
 BIANCA 'Tis a noble one,
 And honours my acquaintance.
 GUARDIANO All my intentions
 Are servants to such mistresses.
 BIANCA 'Tis your modesty,
 260 It seems, that makes your dèserts speak so low, sir.
 LIVIA
 Come, widow.
 [*Livia and Mother sit to play at chess*]
 [*To Bianca*] Look you, lady, here's our business.
 Are we not well employed, think you?—an old quarrel
 Between us that will never be at an end.
 BIANCA
 No, and methinks there's men enough to part you,
 lady.
 LIVIA
 265 Ho, but they set us on! Let us come off
 As well as we can, poor souls; men care no farther.
 I pray sit down, forsooth, if you have the patience
 To look on two weak and tedious gamesters.
 GUARDIANO
 Faith, madam, set these by till evening;
 270 You'll have enough on't then. The gentlewoman,
 Being a stranger, would take more delight
 To see your rooms and pictures.
 LIVIA Marry, good sir,
 And well remembered. I beseech you, show 'em her;
 That will beguile time well; pray heartily, do, sir;
 275 I'll do as much for you. Here, take these keys.
 Show her the monument too—and that's a thing
 Everyone sees not; you can witness that, widow.
 MOTHER
 And that's worth sight indeed, madam.
 BIANCA Kind lady,
 I fear I came to be a trouble to you—
 LIVIA
 O, nothing less, forsooth.
 280 BIANCA And to this courteous gentleman
 That wears a kindness in his breast so noble
 And bounteous to the welcome of a stranger.
 GUARDIANO
 If you but give acceptance to my service,
- You do the greatest grace and honour to me
 That courtesy can merit.
 BIANCA I were to blame else, 285
 And out of fashion much. I pray you, lead, sir.
 LIVIA
 After a game or two we're for you gentlefolks.
 [*She moves at chess*]
 GUARDIANO
 We wish no better seconds in society
 Than your discourses, madam, and your partner's
 there.
 MOTHER
 I thank your praise, I listened to you, sir; 290
 Though when you spoke there came a paltry rook
 Full in my way, and chokes up all my game.
Exeunt Guardiano and Bianca
 LIVIA
 Alas, poor widow, I shall be too hard for thee.
 MOTHER
 You're cunning at the game, I'll be sworn, madam.
 LIVIA
 It will be found so, ere I give you over. 295
 She that can place her man well—
 MOTHER As you do, madam.
 LIVIA
 As I shall, wench—can never lose her game.
 [*Mother offers to move at chess*]
 Nay, nay, the black king's mine.
 MOTHER Cry you mercy, madam.
 LIVIA
 And this my queen.
 MOTHER I see't now.
 [*She moves at chess*]
 LIVIA Here's a duke
 Will strike a sure stroke for the game anon. 300
 [*She moves at chess*]
 Your pawn cannot come back to relieve itself.
 MOTHER
 I know that, madam.
 [*She moves at chess*]
 LIVIA You play well the whilst.
 How she belies her skill! I hold two ducats
 I give you check and mate to your white king—

257 **his profession** i.e. what he asserts and/
 or practices

258 **honours my acquaintance** bestows
 honour on my being acquainted with
 him

intentions endeavours
 264 **men** (a) chessmen (between the players)
 (b) human men (who might separate
 fighters or make the women quarrel)

265 **set us on** (a) incite us to quarrel
 (b) sexually excite us
come off (a) retire from battle (b) achieve
 orgasm

276 **monument** statue

280 **nothing less** not at all

284 **grace and honour** (with a glance at the
 rewards expected from the Duke)

286 **out of fashion** lacking in polite beha-
 viour

287 **we're for** we'll join

288 **seconds in society** i.e. encouragement to
 our social intercourse

291 **paltry** despicable

rook (the chess-piece)

292, 297 **game** (with the secondary sense,
 unintended by the Mother, 'sexual
 intrigue')

298 **the black king's mine** With an emblem-
 atic suggestion that Livia is evil. Compare

'your white king . . . your saintish king'
 (304–5).

Cry you mercy beg your pardon

299 **duke** Another name for the rook or
 castle in chess, but also referring to the
 person of the Duke.

300 **strike . . . game** Alludes to (a) the chess-
 game (b) the Duke's intrigue (c) thrusting
 in the *game* of copulation.

301 **Your . . . itself** A rule of chess that also
 applies to Bianca's situation.

303 **hold** offer as a wager

304–5 **I . . . there** See note on the *black king*,
 298.

BIANCA	Why should you seek, sir, To take away that you can never give?	LIVIA	I'll swear they do, wench. <i>Enter Guardiano [below]</i>
DUKE	But I give better in exchange: wealth, honour. She that is fortunate in a duke's favour Lights on a tree that bears all women's wishes. If your own mother saw you pluck fruit there, She would commend your wit and praise the time Of your nativity. Take hold of glory. Do not I know you've cast away your life Upon necessities, means merely doubtful To keep you in indifferent health and fashion— A thing I heard too lately, and soon pitied— And can you be so much your beauty's enemy To kiss away a month or two in wedlock And weep whole years in wants for ever after? Come, play the wife, wench, and provide for ever. Let storms come when they list, they find thee sheltered. Should any doubt arise, let nothing trouble thee. Put trust in our love for the managing Of all to thy heart's peace. We'll walk together, And show a thankful joy for both our fortunes. <i>Exeunt Duke and Bianca from above</i>	GUARDIANO [<i>aside</i>] I can but smile as often as I think on't. How prettily the poor fool was beguiled, How unexpectedly! It's a witty age. Never were finer snares for women's honesties Than are devised in these days; no spider's web Made of a daintier thread than are now practised To catch love's flesh-fly by the silver wing. Yet to prepare her stomach by degrees To Cupid's feast, because I saw 'twas queasy, I showed her naked pictures by the way: A bit to stay the appetite. Well, advancement, I venture hard to find thee. If thou com'st With a greater title set upon thy crest, I'll take that first cross patiently, and wait Until some other comes greater than that. I'll endure all.	395 400 405
LIVIA	Did I not say my duke would fetch you over, widow?	LIVIA	The game's e'en at the best now. You may see, widow, How all things draw to an end.
MOTHER	I think you spoke in earnest when you said it, madam.	MOTHER	E'en so do I, madam.
LIVIA	And my black king makes all the haste he can, too.	LIVIA	I pray take some of your neighbours along with you.
MOTHER	Well, madam, we may meet with him in time yet.	MOTHER	They must be those are almost twice your years then, If they be chose fit matches for my time, madam.
LIVIA	I have given thee blind mate twice.	LIVIA	Has not my duke bestirred himself?
MOTHER	You may see, madam, My eyes begin to fail.	MOTHER	Yes, faith, madam; He's done me all the mischief in this game.
		LIVIA	He's showed himself in's kind.
		MOTHER	'In's kind' call you it? I may swear that.

370-1 a... **there** Recalls the serpent that induced Eve to eat the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, Genesis, 3:1-6.

372-3 **praise**... **nativity** (as an auspicious time to be born)

375 **merely** entirely

381 **play the wife** i.e. (a) play the housewife, don't squander beauty but *provide for ever* (b) put yourself in the role of my wife (c) don't take being Leantio's wife too seriously, play the game

387-9 **Did**...**too** As an allusion to the betrayal of Bianca, Livia's *duke* is Hippolito, and her *black king* is the Duke.

387 **fetch you over** get the better of you
390 **meet with** (a) encounter in battle; or (b) be even with

391 **blind mate** Technically, a checkmate that the attacker claims as merely a check. Here it is the Mother who is blind, in the senses of being poorer at chess, oblivious to Bianca's entrapment, and,

as she replies, literally poor-sighted. But Livia too has not actually seen the two traps sprung above that she has engineered. *Blind* also suggests 'secret, furtive' and implies spiritual blindness.

394 **fool** (more a term of pity than contempt)

399 **flesh-fly** blow-fly (specified for the sexual connotation of *flesh*)

400 **stomach** appetite

401 **queasy** (a) nauseous (b) fastidious

403 **bit** morsel

stay sustain, strengthen (with ironic reference to the usual sense in this situation, 'hold back, appease')

405 **title** inscription (the bearer's motto of his worth). The title in mind is presumably that of *pandar*.

crest device above the shield and helmet in a heraldic coat of arms. There is also probably a reference to cuckold's horns: Guardiano has abetted adultery.

406-8 I'll...**all** *Cross* and *endure* are ironic; Hippolito is pleased with himself.

406 **cross** thwarting (or perhaps a casually blasphemous use of the sense 'affliction borne for Christ's sake')

407 **some other** i.e. some other opportunity to gain a *title*

409-10 **The...end** (with a secondary allusion to the Duke and Bianca's *game*, reaching its sexual climax)

410 **E'en so do I** (referring to the approach of death)

411 I...**you** The imputation is apparently that the *neighbours* can be better spared from life than the Mother; numbers might increase her chance of survival.

413 **time** age

414 **bestirred** (with a sexual innuendo)

416 **in's kind** according to his nature (but he has been *unkind* to the Mother, hence her query)

LIVIA Yes, faith, and keep your oath.
 GUARDIANO Hark, list, there's somebody coming down; 'tis she.
Enter Bianca
 BIANCA [*aside*]
 420 Now bless me from a blasting! I saw that now
 Fearful for any woman's eye to look on.
 Infectious mists and mildews hang at's eyes.
 The weather of a doomsday dwells upon him.
 Yet since mine honour's leprous, why should I
 Preserve that fair that caused the leprosy?
 425 Come, poison all at once. [*Aside to Guardiano*] Thou in
 whose baseness
 The bane of virtue broods, I'm bound in soul
 Eternally to curse thy smooth-browed treachery,
 That wore the fair veil of a friendly welcome,
 And I a stranger. Think upon't, 'tis worth it.
 430 Murders piled up upon a guilty spirit
 At his last breath will not lie heavier
 Than this betraying act upon thy conscience.
 Beware of off'ring the first-fruits to sin.
 His weight is deadly who commits with strumpets
 435 After they have been abased and made for use;
 If they offend to th' death, as wise men know,
 How much more they then that first made 'em so?
 I give thee that to feed on. I'm made bold now,
 I thank thy treachery. Sin and I'm acquainted,
 440 No couple greater; and I'm like that great one
 Who, making politic use of a base villain,
 "He likes the treason well, but hates the traitor."
 So I hate thee, slave.
 GUARDIANO [*aside*] Well, so the Duke love me,
 I fare not much amiss then. Two great feasts
 445 Do seldom come together in one day;
 We must not look for 'em.
 BIANCA What, at it still, mother?
 MOTHER You see we sit by't. Are you so soon returned?
 LIVIA [*aside*] So lively and so cheerful: a good sign that.
 MOTHER You have not seen all since, sure?
 BIANCA That have I, mother,
 450 The monument and all. I'm so beholding

To this kind, honest, courteous gentleman
 You'd little think it, mother; showed me all,
 Had me from place to place, so fashionably.
 The kindness of some people, how't exceeds!
 Faith, I have seen that I little thought to see
 455 I'th' morning when I rose.
 MOTHER Nay, so I told you
 Before you saw't, it would prove worth your sight.—
 I give you great thanks for my daughter, sir,
 And all your kindness towards her.
 GUARDIANO O good widow,
 Much good may't do her!—[*Aside*] forty weeks hence,
 i'faith.
 460 *Enter Servant*
 LIVIA Now, sir.
 SERVANT May't please you, madam, to walk in?
 Supper's upon the table.
 LIVIA Yes, we come. [*Exit Servant*]
 Will't please you, gentlewoman?
 BIANCA Thanks, virtuous lady.
 [*Aside to her*] You're a damned bawd. [*Aloud*] I'll
 follow you, forsooth.
 Pray take my mother in. [*Aside to her*] An old ass go
 with you.
 465 [*Aloud*] This gentleman and I vow not to part.
 LIVIA Then get you both before.
 BIANCA [*aside*] There lies his art.
Exeunt Guardiano and Bianca
 LIVIA Widow, I'll follow you. [*Exit Mother*]
 Is't so: 'damned bawd'?
 Are you so bitter? 'Tis but want of use.
 Her tender modesty is sea-sick a little,
 470 Being not accustomed to the breaking billow
 Of woman's wavering faith, blown with temptations.
 'Tis but a qualm of honour; 'twill away;
 A little bitter for the time, but lasts not.
 Sin tastes at the first draught like wormwood-water,
 475 But, drunk again, 'tis nectar ever after. *Exit*
Finis Actus Secundus

419 **bless me** i.e. may I be protected
a blasting (a) calumny, infamy, ruin
 (b) blighting by the *Infectious mists and mildews* of 421. Perhaps also 'the curse of heaven' (compare *doomsday*, 422).
 421 **mists** (thought to carry disease)
 428 **veil** (probably punning on *vail*, salutation by doffing the hat)
 433 **first-fruits** (alluding to Bianca herself, as newly married)
to sin (rather than to God, to whom first-fruits were customarily offered)

436 **they** (i.e. those who consort with strumpets)
 437 **'em** (i.e. the strumpets themselves)
 440 **greater** more intimate and friendly (also anticipating *great*, 'powerful')
that great one (probably referring to Machiavelli)
 442 **He...traitor** Italicized in the original edition, to mark the line's function as a sententia.
 443 **so if**
 446 **look for** expect

449 **since** already (*OED, adv., 1c*; sole example dated c.1553)
 453 **Had** (quibbling on sexual possession)
 467 **There lies his art** that's what he's skilful at (i.e. leading Bianca forward or astray)
 469 **want of use** lack of practice
 472 **wavering...temptations** (wordplay on *wave* and *tempests*)
 475 **wormwood-water** (a drink prepared with the proverbially bitter herb wormwood)

- 3.1 *Incipit Actus Tertius*
Enter Mother
- MOTHER
I would my son would either keep at home
Or I were in my grave.
She was but one day abroad, but ever since
She's grown so cutted there's no speaking to her.
5 Whether the sight of great cheer at my lady's
And such mean fare at home work discontent in her,
I know not; but I'm sure she's strangely altered.
I'll ne'er keep daughter-in-law i'th' house with me
Again if I had an hundred. When read I of any
10 That agreed long together, but she and her mother
Fell out in the first quarter?—nay, sometime
A grudging of a scolding the first week, by'r Lady.
So takes the new disease, methinks, in my house.
I'm weary of my part. There's nothing likes her.
15 I know not how to please her here o' late.
Enter Bianca
And here she comes.
- BIANCA This is the strangest house
For all defects as ever gentlewoman
Made shift withal to pass away her love in.
Why is there not a cushion-cloth of drawn-work,
20 Or some fair cut-work pinned up in my bedchamber,
A silver and gilt casting-bottle hung by't?
Nay, since I am content to be so kind to you
To spare you for a silver basin and ewer,
Which one of my fashion looks for of duty:
25 She's never offered under where she sleeps.
- MOTHER
She talks of things here my whole state's not worth.
- BIANCA
Never a green silk quilt is there i'th' house, mother,
To cast upon my bed?
- MOTHER No, by troth, is there,
Nor orange tawny neither.
- BIANCA Here's a house
30 For a young gentlewoman to be got with child in!
- MOTHER
Yes, simple though you make it, there has been three
Got in a year in't, since you move me to't,
And all as sweet-faced children and as lovely
As you'll be mother of. I will not spare you:
- What, cannot children be begot, think you,
Without gilt casting-bottles; yes, and as sweet ones?
The miller's daughter brings forth as white boys
As she that bathes herself with milk and bean-flour.
'Tis an old saying: one may keep good cheer
In a mean house; so may love affect
40 After the rate of princes in a cottage.
- BIANCA
Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old house
here.
'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
Or stoop when you go to bed, like a good child,
To ask you blessing. Must I live in want
45 Because my fortune matched me with your son?
Wives do not give away themselves to husbands
To the end to be quite cast away; they look
To be the better used and tendered, rather,
Higher respected, and maintained the richer.
50 They're well rewarded else for the free gift
Of their whole life to a husband! I ask less now
Than what I had at home when I was a maid,
And at my father's house kept short of that
Which a wife knows she must have—nay, and will,
55 Will, mother, if she be not a fool born.
And report went of me that I could wrangle
For what I wanted when I was two hours old;
And by that copy this land still I hold.
You hear me, mother. Exit
- MOTHER Ay, too plain, methinks;
60 And were I somewhat deafer when you spake,
'Twere ne'er a whit the worse for my quietness.
'Tis the most sudden'st, strangest alteration,
And the most subtlest, that e'er wit at threescore
Was puzzled to find out. I know no cause for't, but
65 She's no more like the gentlewoman at first
Than I am like her that ne'er lay with man yet;
And she's a very young thing, where'er she be.
When she first lighted here, I told her then
How mean she should find all things. She was
70 pleased, forsooth,
None better. I laid open all defects to her;
She was contented still. But the devil's in her,
Nothing contents her, now. Tonight my son
Promised to be at home. Would he were come once,

3.1.4 cutted curt
12 grudging (as of an approaching disease,
13). The sense 'grumbling', though
it doesn't fit the sentence, anticipates
scolding.
13 takes catches
the new disease (vogue term for any
undiagnosed fever)
14 likes pleases
16–25 This... sleeps There is an under-
current of bawdy carried in *Made shift*
(‘contrived for sexual purposes’), *drawn*
(‘sexually used or drained’), *cut-work*
(‘cunt’), *casting-bottle* (‘penis’).

18 Made shift managed
19 cushion-cloth of drawn-work orna-
mented cushion cover. The patterns of
drawn-work were made by drawing out
particular threads.
20 cut-work embroidered lace
21 casting-bottle bottle for sprinkling
perfume
23 To spare you for not to expect from you
24 looks for of duty expects as due to her
25 under less
26 state's estate's
29 orange tawny brownish orange (a
fashionable, courtly colour)

37 white (a) dear, darling (b) the colour of
flour and milk
38 bathes... bean-flour (an epitome of
luxury)
41 After the rate of on the same scale as
49 tendered cherished
59 copy transcribed document establishing
security of tenure from a landlord.
Bianca sees the verbal *report* of her
success in wrangling as a document
establishing her right to so continue.
62 quietness (a) peace of mind (b) enjoyment
of silence
74 once finally

75 For I'm weary of my charge, and life too.
 She'd be served all in silver, by her good will,
 By night and day. She hates the name of pewterer
 More than sick men the noise, or diseased bones
 That quake at fall o'th' hammer, seeming to have
 80 A fellow feeling with't at every blow.
 What course shall I think on? She frets me so.
 [*She stands apart.*] *Enter Leantio*
 LEANTIO
 How near am I now to a happiness
 That earth exceeds not, not another like it!
 The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 85 As are the concealed comforts of a man
 Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
 Of blessings when I come but near the house.
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
 The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
 90 Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden
 On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
 To cast their modest odours; when base lust
 With all her powders, paintings, and best pride
 Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
 95 When I behold a glorious dangerous strumpet
 Sparkling in beauty, and destruction too,
 Both at a twinkling, I do liken straight
 Her beautified body to a goodly temple
 That's built on vaults where carcasses lie rotting;
 100 And so by little and little I shrink back again,
 And quench desire with a cool meditation.
 And I'm as well, methinks.
 [*Enter Bianca*]
 Now for a welcome
 Able to draw men's envies upon man;
 A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
 105 As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
 And full as long. After a five-days' fast
 She'll be so greedy now, and cling about me,
 I take care how I shall be rid of her.
 And here't begins.

BIANCA O, sir, you're welcome home.
 MOTHER [*aside*]
 O, is he come? I'm glad on't.

110 LEANTIO [*aside*] Is that all?
 Why this?—as dreadful now as sudden death
 To some rich man that flatters all his sins

With promise of repentance when he's old,
 And dies in the midway before he comes to't.—
 Sure you're not well, Bianca! How dost, prithee?
 115 BIANCA
 I have been better than I am at this time.
 LEANTIO
 Alas, I thought so.
 BIANCA Nay, I have been worse, too,
 Than now you see me, sir.
 LEANTIO I'm glad thou mend'st yet;
 I feel my heart mend too. How came it to thee?
 Has anything disliked thee in my absence?
 120 BIANCA
 No, certain; I have had the best content
 That Florence can afford.
 LEANTIO Thou makest the best on't.—
 Speak, mother, what's the cause? You must needs
 know.
 MOTHER
 Troth, I know none, son; let her speak herself—
 [*Aside*] Unless it be the same gave Lucifer
 125 A tumbling cast; that's pride.
 BIANCA
 Methinks this house stands nothing to my mind.
 I'd have some pleasant lodging i'th' high street, sir;
 Or if 'twere near the court, sir, that were much better.
 'Tis a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
 130 To stand in a bay window and see gallants.
 LEANTIO
 Now I have another temper, a mere stranger
 To that of yours, it seems. I should delight
 To see none but yourself.
 BIANCA I praise not that.
 Too fond is as unseemly as too churlish.
 135 I would not have a husband of that proneness
 To kiss me before company for a world.
 Beside, 'tis tedious to see one thing still, sir,
 Be it the best that ever heart affected.
 Nay, were't yourself, whose love had power, you
 know,
 140 To bring me from my friends, I would not stand thus
 And gaze upon you always; troth, I could not, sir.
 As good be blind and have no use of sight
 As look on one thing still. What's the eye's treasure
 But change of objects? You are learned, sir,
 145

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 77 pewterer Cheaper vessels were made of pewter. | pride (a) ostentatious finery (b) sexual fervour (c) sinful self-regard | endures longer than most kisses, and might be thought to linger on the rose. |
| 78 the noise (of the pewterer's hammering) | 94 a fair...side Houses stood close by London's City Ditch, virtually an open sewer. | 108 take care worry |
| diseased i.e. brittle and wasted with venereal disease | 98–9 a...rotting One of many contemporary passages drawn from Matthew, 23:27, where Christ compares the hypocritical scribes and Pharisees to 'whited tombs, which appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all filthiness'. | 120 disliked displeased |
| 79 quake i.e. (a) tremble in fear (b) vibrate (anticipating the emotional and physical fellow feeling, 80) | 106 full as long Dew soon evaporates, but | 126 tumbling cast fall, throw (as in wrestling). With a sexual equivocation as applied to Bianca. |
| 90 banqueting-house garden house where snacks and delicacies were eaten (ironically, often a place of sexual assignation) | | 127 nothing to my mind not at all as I want it |
| 92 when whereas | | 135 churlish niggardly (also drawing on the literal meaning, 'peasant-like') |
| 93 powders, paintings i.e. cosmetics | | 136 proneness (a) inclination (b) sexual fervour |

Act 3 Scene 1

Women beware Women.

And know I speak not ill. 'Tis full as virtuous
 For woman's eye to look on several men
 As for her heart, sir, to be fixed on one.

LEANTIO
 Now thou com'st home to me. A kiss for that word.

BIANCA
 150 No matter for a kiss, sir; let it pass.
 'Tis but a toy; we'll not so much as mind it.
 Let's talk of other business, and forget it.
 What news now of the pirates? Any stirring?
 Prithee, discourse a little.

MOTHER [*aside*] I am glad he's here yet
 155 To see her tricks himself. I had lied monstrously
 If I had told 'em first.

LEANTIO [*to Bianca*] Speak, what's the humour, sweet,
 You make your lip so strange? This was not wont.

BIANCA
 Is there no kindness betwixt man and wife
 Unless they make a pigeon-house of friendship,
 160 And be still billing? 'Tis the idlest fondness
 That ever was invented, and 'tis pity
 It's grown a fashion for poor gentlewomen.
 There's many a disease kissed in a year by't,
 And a French curtsey made to't. Alas, sir,
 165 Think of the world, how we shall live. Grow serious;
 We have been married a whole fortnight now.

LEANTIO
 How, a whole fortnight? Why, is that so long?

BIANCA
 'Tis time to leave off dalliance: 'tis a doctrine
 Of your own teaching, if you be remembered,
 And I was bound to obey it.

MOTHER [*aside*] Here's one fits him!
 170 This was well caught, i'faith, son, like a fellow
 That rids another country of a plague,
 And brings it home with him to his own house.
Knock within
 Who knocks?

LEANTIO Who's there now? Withdraw you, Bianca.
 175 Thou art a gem no stranger's eye must see,
 Howe'er thou please now to look dull on me.
Exit Bianca
Enter Messenger
 You're welcome, sir. To whom your business, pray?

MESSENGER
 To one I see not here now.

LEANTIO Who should that be, sir?

MESSENGER
 A young gentlewoman I was sent to.

180 LEANTIO A young gentlewoman?

MESSENGER
 The man that sent me cannot be mistook.

LEANTIO Why, who is't sent you, sir?

MESSENGER The Duke.

LEANTIO The Duke? 185

MESSENGER Yes; he entreats her company at a banquet
 At Lady Livia's house.

LEANTIO Troth, shall I tell you, sir,
 It is the most erroneous business
 That e'er your honest pains was abused with.
 I pray forgive me if I smile a little;
 190 I cannot choose, i'faith, sir, at an error
 So comical as this.—I mean no harm though.—
 His grace has been most wondrous ill informed.
 Pray so return it, sir. What should her name be?

MESSENGER
 That I shall tell you straight, too: Bianca Capella. 195

LEANTIO How, sir, Bianca? What do you call th'other?

MESSENGER Capella. Sir, it seems you know no such then?

LEANTIO Who should this be? I never heard o'th' name.

MESSENGER Then 'tis a sure mistake.

LEANTIO What if you enquired
 200 In the next street, sir? I saw gallants there,
 In the new houses that are built of late.
 Ten to one, there you find her.

MESSENGER Nay, no matter.
 I will return the mistake, and seek no further.

LEANTIO Use your own will and pleasure, sir; you're welcome.
Exit Messenger
 205 What shall I think of first? Come forth, Bianca;
 Thou art betrayed, I fear me.
Enter Bianca
 Betrayed? How, sir?

BIANCA The Duke knows thee—

LEANTIO Knows me! How know you that, sir?

BIANCA Has got thy name.

LEANTIO Ay, and my good name too;

154 yet i.e. despite his discomfiture
 156 humour whim
 160 idlest most foolish
 fondness (a) silliness, timidity (b) affection
 164 French curtsey (alluding to the sup-
 posed elaborate manners of the French,
 and to syphilis, the 'French disease')
 170 fits him punishes him fittingly
 184 be mistook make a mistake (and 'be
 misrecognized')
 203 mistake i.e. allegation of a mistake
 207 knows knows of (but in Bianca's reply,
 'knows carnally')
 208 good name reputation

That's worse o'th' twain.
 LEANTIO How comes this work about?
 BIANCA How should the Duke know me? Can you guess,
 210 mother?
 MOTHER Not I, with all my wits. Sure we kept house close.
 LEANTIO Kept close? Not all the locks in Italy
 Can keep you women so. You have been gadding,
 And ventured out at twilight to th' court green
 215 yonder,
 And met the gallant bowlers coming home—
 Without your masks, too, both of you, I'll be hanged
 else.
 Thou hast been seen, Bianca, by some stranger;
 Never excuse it.
 BIANCA I'll not seek the way, sir.
 Do you think you've married me to mew me up
 220 Not to be seen? What would you make of me?
 LEANTIO A good wife, nothing else.
 BIANCA Why, so are some
 That are seen every day, else the devil take 'em.
 LEANTIO No more then; I believe all virtuous in thee
 Without an argument. 'Twas but thy hard chance
 225 To be seen somewhere; there lies all the mischief.
 But I have devised a riddance.
 MOTHER Now I can tell you, son,
 The time and place.
 LEANTIO When? Where?
 MOTHER What wits have I!
 When you last took your leave, if you remember,
 You left us both at window.
 LEANTIO Right, I know that.
 MOTHER And not the third part of an hour after,
 230 The Duke passed by in a great solemnity
 To St Mark's Temple; and, to my apprehension,
 He looked up twice to th' window.
 LEANTIO O, there quickened
 The mischief of this hour!
 BIANCA [*aside*] If you call't mischief;
 235 It is a thing I fear I am conceived with.
 LEANTIO [*to Mother*]
 Looked he up twice, and could you take no warning?

MOTHER Why, once may do as much harm, son, as a thou-
 sand.
 Do not you know one spark has fired an house
 As well as a whole furnace?
 LEANTIO My heart flames for't.
 Yet let's be wise, and keep all smothered closely. 240
 I have bethought a means. Is the door fast?
 MOTHER I locked it myself after him.
 LEANTIO You know, mother,
 At the end of the dark parlour there's a place
 So artificially contrived for a conveyance
 No search could ever find it. When my father 245
 Kept in for manslaughter, it was his sanctuary.
 There will I lock my life's best treasure up,
 Bianca.
 BIANCA Would you keep me closer yet?
 Have you the conscience? You're best e'en choke me
 up, sir!
 You make me fearful of your health and wits, 250
 You cleave to such wild courses. What's the matter?
 LEANTIO Why, are you so insensible of your danger
 To ask that now? The Duke himself has sent for you
 To Lady Livia's, to a banquet, forsooth.
 BIANCA Now I beshrew you heartily! Has he so, 255
 And you the man would never yet vouchsafe
 To tell me on't till now? You show your loyalty
 And honesty at once. And so, farewell, sir.
 LEANTIO Bianca, whither now?
 BIANCA Why, to the Duke, sir.
 You say he sent for me.
 LEANTIO But thou dost not mean 260
 To go, I hope.
 BIANCA No: I shall prove unmannerly,
 Rude, and uncivil, mad, and imitate you.
 Come, mother, come. Follow his humour no longer.
 We shall be all executed for treason shortly.
 MOTHER Not I, i'faith; I'll first obey the Duke, 265
 And taste of a good banquet; I'm of thy mind.
 I'll step but up and fetch two handkerchiefs

211 **kept house close** remained closely indoors

213 **gadding** wandering at large

215 **gallant bowlers** Bowling was a pastime for 'gallants'.

216 **masks** (worn by upper-class English women at entertainments, and by Italian women in public more generally)

219 **mew** coop

232 **apprehension** notice, knowledge

233 **quickened** Leantio uses metaphorically ('came to life'); Bianca takes literally ('became pregnant')

243 **parlour** side room, inner room

244 **artificially** skillfully

for a conveyance (a) for an underhand dealing (b) as a secret passage

246 **Kept in** remained indoors

for i.e. because of committing

249 **You're... up** you may as well suffocate me

254 **banquet** (either a large meal or a spread of sweetmeats and delicacies)

263 **Follow his humour** go along with his odd state of mind

267 **step but up** just go upstairs

- To pocket up some sweetmeats, and o'ertake thee. *Exit*
- BIANCA [*aside*]
Why, here's an old wench would trot into a bawd
now,
270 For some dry sucket or a colt in marzipan. *Exit*
- LEANTIO
O thou the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock;
When all his thoughts, like overladen trees,
Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in jealousies.
O, that's a fruit that ripens hastily
275 After 'tis knit to marriage. It begins,
As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
A little to show colour. Blessèd powers,
Whence comes this alteration? The distractions,
The fears and doubts it brings are numberless,
280 And yet the cause I know not. What a peace
Has he that never marries! If he knew
The benefit he enjoyed, or had the fortune
To come and speak with me, he should know then
The infinite wealth he had, and discern rightly
285 The greatness of his treasure by my loss.
Nay, what a quietness has he 'bove mine
That wears his youth out in a strumpet's arms,
And never spends more care upon a woman
Than at the time of lust; but walks away,
290 And if he find her dead at his return
His pity is soon done: he breaks a sigh
In many parts, and gives her but a piece on't.
But all the fears, shames, jealousies, costs, and
troubles,
And still-renewed cares of a marriage bed
295 Live in the issue when the wife is dead.
Enter Messenger
- MESSENGER
A good perfection to your thoughts.
- LEANTIO The news, sir?
- MESSENGER
Though you were pleased of late to pin an error on
me,
You must not shift another in your stead too:
The Duke has sent me for you.
- LEANTIO How, for me, sir?
[*Aside*] I see then 'tis my theft. We're both betrayed. 300
Well, I'm not the first has stol'n away a maid;
My countrymen have used it.—I'll along with you, sir.
Exeunt
- A banquet prepared. Enter Guardiano and Ward* 3.2
- GUARDIANO
Take you especial note of such a gentlewoman.
She's here on purpose. I have invited her,
Her father, and her uncle to this banquet.
Mark her behaviour well; it does concern you;
And what her good parts are, as far as time 5
And place can modestly require a knowledge of,
Shall be laid open to your understanding.
You know I'm both your guardian and your uncle:
My care of you is double, ward and nephew,
And I'll express it here.
- WARD Faith, I should know her 10
Now by her mark among a thousand women.
A little, pretty, deft, and tidy thing, you say.
- GUARDIANO Right.
- WARD
With a lusty sprouting sprig in her hair.
- GUARDIANO
Thou goest the right way still. Take one mark more: 15
Thou shalt ne'er find her hand out of her uncle's,
Or else his out of hers, if she be near him.
The love of kindred never yet stuck closer
Than theirs to one another. He that weds her
Marries her uncle's heart too.
Cornetts [sound within]
- WARD Say you so, sir? 20
Then I'll be asked i'th' church to both of them.
- GUARDIANO
Fall back; here comes the Duke.
- WARD He brings a gentlewoman:
I should fall forward rather.
*Enter Duke, Bianca, Fabritio, Hippolito, Livia,
Mother, Isabella, and attendants*
- DUKE Come, Bianca:
Of purpose sent into the world to show

268 o'ertake catch up with

269 into into being

270 dry sucket (sweetmeat made by
allowing rosewater-flavoured syrup to
solidify around fruit)

in made out of

marzipan sweet confection of ground
almonds (pronounced as two syllables)275 knit joined together (also suggesting the
forming or setting of fruit)288 spends (with a quibble on emission of
semen)

294 still-renewed ever-renewed

296 perfection completion, outcome

298 shift...stead (a) substitute another
person for you (b) contrive another trick

to your advantage.

300 'tis my theft Leantio thinks Bianca's
family has caught up with him by way
of the Duke.

302 used often done

3.2.0.1 prepared i.e. set out on the stage

6 require search for
of them11 mark characteristic feature. *Mark* and
thing (12) quibble on 'vulva', anticipat-
ing 13.14 lusty (a) large (b) vigorous(ly) (c) lust-
ful(ly)sprig (a) sprig-like ornament (b) rod
(phallic; ironically anticipating 15-20)

hair (with a suggestion of 'pubic hair')

21 asked (as at 2.2.88-9)

22 Fall back make way. Deliberately or
stupidly misunderstood by the Ward in
the literal sense.a gentlewoman Probably refers to
Isabella (compare 1-3), but the Ward
might have seen the Duke entering with
Bianca.

23 fall forward (in sexual embrace)

23.2 Isabella Livia might be looking after
the Mother and Isabella; but, if the list of
names does not reflect theatrical practice,
Isabella would more plausibly appear
with Fabritio and Hippolito.

25 Perfection once in woman; I'll believe
Henceforward they have every one a soul too,
'Gainst all the uncourteous opinions
That man's uncivil rudeness ever held of 'em.
Glory of Florence, light into mine arms!
Enter Leantio

BIANCA
30 Yon comes a grudging man will chide you, sir.
The storm is now in's heart, and would get nearer
And fall here if it durst; it pours down yonder.

DUKE
If that be he, the weather shall soon clear.
List, and I'll tell thee how.
[He whispers in her ear]

LEANTIO *[aside]* A-kissing too?
35 I see 'tis plain lust now, adultery boldened.
What will it prove anon when 'tis stuffed full
Of wine and sweetmeats, being so impudent fasting?

DUKE
We have heard of your good parts, sir, which we
honour
With our embrace and love.
[Leantio kneels]

40 Is not the captainship
Of Ruinse citadel, since the late deceased,
Supplied by any yet?

GENTLEMAN By none, my lord.

DUKE *[to Leantio]*
Take it, the place is yours then; and as faithfulness
And desert grows, our favour shall grow with't.
Rise now the captain of our fort at Ruinse.

LEANTIO *[rising]*
45 The service of whole life give your grace thanks.

DUKE
Come, sit, Bianca.
[They sit. Leantio stands apart]

LEANTIO *[aside]* This is some good yet,
And more than e'er I looked for. A fine bit
To stay a cuckold's stomach! All preferment
That springs from sin and lust, it shoots up quickly,
50 As gardeners' crops do in the rotten'st grounds.
So is all means raised from base prostitution
E'en like a sallet growing upon a dunghill.
I'm like a thing that never was yet heard of:
Half merry and half mad, much like a fellow
55 That eats his meat with a good appetite,

And wears a plague-sore that would fright a country;
Or rather like the barren, hardened ass
That feeds on thistles till he bleeds again;
And such is the condition of my misery.

LIVIA
Is that your son, widow?
MOTHER Yes; did your ladyship 60
Never know that till now?
LIVIA No, trust me, did I;
[Aside] Nor ever truly felt the power of love
And pity to a man till now I knew him.
I have enough to buy me my desires,
And yet to spare; that's one good comfort. *[To Leantio]*
Hark you! 65
Pray let me speak with you, sir, before you go.

LEANTIO
With me, lady? You shall; I am at your service.—
What will she say now, trow? More goodness yet?

WARD
I see her now, I'm sure. The ape's so little
I shall scarce feel her. I have seen almost 70
As tall as she sold in the fair for tenpence.
See how she simpers it, as if marmalade
Would not melt in her mouth. She might have the
kindness, i'faith,
To send me a gilded bull from her own trencher,
A ram, a goat, or somewhat to be nibbling. 75
These women, when they come to sweet things once
They forget all their friends, they grow so greedy—
Nay, oftentimes their husbands.

DUKE Here's a health now, gallants,
To the best beauty at this day in Florence.

BIANCA
80 Whoe'er she be, she shall not go unpledged, sir.

DUKE
Nay, you're excused for this.

BIANCA Who, I, my lord?

DUKE
Yes, by the law of Bacchus. Plead your benefit;
You are not bound to pledge your own health, lady.

BIANCA
That's a good way, my lord, to keep me dry.

DUKE
Nay, then I will not offend Venus so much. 85
Let Bacchus seek his 'mends in another court.
Here's to thyself, Bianca.

26 **they** i.e. women. The view that women had no souls remained current in misogynist rhetoric.

37 **impudent** shameless

40 **Ruinse** Probably an Anglicization of 'Ruinat', a place near a fort on the walls of Florence whose name means 'ruinous'.

41 **Supplied** filled

47 **bit** morsel

51 **means** (a) opportunity (b) wealth (with a suggestion of 'all that is lowly')

52 **sallet** salad vegetable

55 **meat** food

57-8 **the...again** (with a glance at the proverb 'the ass loaded with gold still eats thistles')

57 **barren** poor, useless, stupid

71 **sold...tenpence** (referring to either apes or dolls)

72 **marmalade** jam (not necessarily of citrus fruits)

74 **gilded bull** One of the marzipan shapes. The bull, ram, and goat all suggest

lechery.

trencher wooden plate

77-8 **They...husbands** The Duke's *health* (78-9) affirms the relevance to Bianca.

77 **friends** relatives

82 **Plead your benefit** Usually refers to the clergy's or peerage's benefits of exemption.

85 **Venus** (associated with warmth and moistness)

86 **'mends** amends

court (a) court of law (b) prince's court

BIANCA	Nothing comes More welcome to that name than your grace. [<i>They drink</i>]	GUARDIANO	My lord, he's a great ward, wealthy, but simple. His parts consist in acres.	115
LEANTIO [<i>aside</i>]	So, so.	DUKE	O, wise-acres.	
90	Here stands the poor thief now that stole the treasure, And he's not thought on. Ours is near kin now To a twin misery born into the world: First the hard-conscienced worldling, he hoards wealth up; Then comes the next, and he feasts all upon't.	GUARDIANO	You've spoke him in a word, sir.	
95	One's damned for getting, th'other for spending on't. O equal justice, thou hast met my sin With a full weight. I'm rightly now oppressed. All her friends' heavy hearts lie in my breast.	BIANCA	'Las, poor gentlewoman, She's ill bestead, unless she's dealt the wiselier And laid in more provision for her youth. Fools will not keep in summer.	
		LEANTIO [<i>aside</i>]	No, nor such wives	120
		DUKE [<i>to Fabritio</i>]	Yea, the voice too, sir?	
DUKE	Methinks there is no spirit amongst us, gallants, But what divinely sparkles from the eyes Of bright Bianca; we sat all in darkness But for that splendour. Who was't told us lately Of a match-making rite, a marriage tender?	FABRITIO	Ay, and a sweet breast too, my lord, I hope, Or I have cast away my money wisely! She took her pricksong earlier, my lord, Than any of her kindred ever did.	125
100		GUARDIANO	A rare child, though I say't—but I'd not have The baggage hear so much; 'twould make her swell straight; And maids of all things must not be puffed up.	
GUARDIANO	'Twas I, my lord.	DUKE	Let's turn us to a better banquet then, For music bids the soul of man to a feast, And that's indeed a noble entertainment	130
DUKE	'Twas you indeed. Where is she?	GUARDIANO	Worthy Bianca's self. [<i>To Bianca</i>] You shall perceive, beauty, Our Florentine damsels are not brought up idly.	
GUARDIANO	This is the gentlewoman.	BIANCA	They're wiser of themselves, it seems, my lord, And can take gifts when goodness offers 'em.	135
105	FABRITIO My lord, my daughter.	<i>Music</i>		
DUKE	Why, here's some stirring yet.	LEANTIO [<i>aside</i>]	True, and damnation has taught you that wisdom; You can take gifts too. O, that music mocks me!	
FABRITIO	She's a dear child to me.	LIVIA [<i>aside</i>]	I am as dumb to any language now, But love's, as one that never learned to speak. I am not yet so old but he may think of me.	140
DUKE	That must needs be; you say she is your daughter.		My own fault I have been idle a long time; But I'll begin the week and paint tomorrow, So follow my true labour day by day.	
FABRITIO	Nay, my good lord, dear to my purse, I mean, Beside my person; I ne'er reckoned that.			
110	She has the full qualities of a gentlewoman. I have brought her up to music, dancing, what not That may commend her sex and stir her husband.			
DUKE	And which is he now?			
GUARDIANO	This young heir, my lord.			
DUKE	What is he brought up to?			
HIPPOLITO	To cat-and-trap.			

88 **that name** i.e. Bianca herself91 **Ours** i.e. the lot of me and those like me96 **equal** impartial97 **oppressed** (drawing on the literal sense

'pressed down, crushed')

98 **friends'** relatives'101 **sat** should have sat106 **stirring** excitement109 **reckoned that** included that in my
reckoning112 **stir** sexually excite114 **cat-and-trap** (the game the Ward played
in I.2)115 **great** (a) eminent in wealth (b) grown
up (*OED, adj.* 7)116 **parts** (a) accomplishment, qualities

(b) possessions

120 **Fools...keep** (a) cream dishes will
not stay fresh; hence (b) idiots have no
sexual endurance121 **From** i.e. *keep* from becoming
whores (perhaps quibbling on *hoar*,
'frost' or 'mold')**the voice** (i.e. Isabella's)122 **breast** singing voice (but see 155–60)123 **wisely** (ironic for 'foolishly')124 **pricksong** singing from written music,
without improvisation (quibbling on
prick, 'penis', anticipating 127–8)127 **baggage** (expression of worthlessness;
at worst 'whore'; here perhaps 'little
good-for-nothing')127–8 **swell...puffed up** (a) with pride

(b) with child

130 **bids** invites134 **of themselves** innately135 **take gifts** i.e. acquire talents. Leantio
quibbles on *gifts* as (a) presents (b) what
is given, and the physical endowments
used, in sexual intercourse.135.1 **Music** Played on strings (see 154–
5). Either Isabella plays a lute type of
instrument, or the Duke's musicians play
viols.142 **begin the week** i.e. start afresh
paint (with cosmetics)143 **true labour** vocation

I never thrived so well as when I used it.
 ISABELLA (*sings*)
 145 What harder chance can fall to woman
 Who was born to cleave to some man
 Than to bestow her time, youth, beauty,
 Life's observance, honour, duty,
 On a thing for no use good
 150 But to make physic work, or blood
 Force fresh in an old lady's cheek? She that would be
 Mother of fools, let her compound with me.
 WARD [*speaking during the song*] Here's a tune indeed! Pish,
 155 I had rather hear one ballad sung i'th' nose now of the
 lamentable drowning of fat sheep and oxen, than all
 these simpering tunes played upon catsguts and sung
 by little kitlings.
 FABRITIO [*to the Duke*]
 How like you her breast now, my lord?
 BIANCA [*aside*] Her breast?
 160 He talks as if his daughter had given suck
 Before she were married—as her betters have.
 The next he praises, sure, will be her nipples.
 DUKE [*to Fabritio*]
 Methinks now, such a voice to such a husband
 Is like a jewel of unvalued worth
 Hung at a fool's ear.
 FABRITIO May it please your grace
 165 To give her leave to show another quality?
 DUKE
 Marry, as many good ones as you will, sir;
 The more, the better welcome.
 LEANTIO [*aside*] But the less,
 The better practised. That's soul's black indeed
 That cannot commend virtue; but who keeps it?
 170 The extortioner will say to a sick beggar
 'Heaven comfort thee!', though he give none himself.
 This good is common.
 FABRITIO [*to Guardiano*]
 Will it please you now, sir,
 To entreat your ward to take her by the hand,
 And lead her in a dance before the Duke?
 GUARDIANO
 175 That will I, sir; 'tis needful.—Hark you, nephew.
 FABRITIO
 Nay, you shall see, young heir, what you've for your
 money,
 Without fraud or imposture.
 WARD Dance with her?
 Not I, sweet guardianer; do not urge my heart to't;
 'Tis clean against my blood. Dance with a stranger?
 Let whos' will do't; I'll not begin first with her. 180
 HIPPOLITO [*aside*]
 No, fear't not, fool; she's took a better order.
 GUARDIANO
 Why, who shall take her then?
 WARD Some other gentleman.
 Look, here's her uncle, a fine-timbered reveller;
 Perhaps he knows the manner of her dancing too.
 I'll have him do't before me—I have sworn, guardi-
 aner— 185
 Then may I learn the better.
 GUARDIANO Thou'lt be an ass still.
 WARD
 Ay, all that 'uncle' shall not fool me out.
 Pish, I stick closer to myself than so.
 GUARDIANO [*to Hippolito*]
 I must entreat you, sir, to take your niece
 And dance with her. My ward's a little wilful;
 190 He would have you show him the way.
 HIPPOLITO Me, sir?
 He shall command it at all hours; pray tell him so.
 GUARDIANO
 I thank you for him; he has not wit himself, sir.
 HIPPOLITO [*aside to Isabella*]
 Come, my life's peace. [*Aside*] I have a strange office
 on't here.
 'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes 195
 Concealed for his own bosom, but my fortune
 To set 'em out now for another's liking,
 Like the mad misery of necessitous man
 That parts from his good horse with many praises,
 And goes on foot himself. Need must be obeyed 200
 In every action; it mars man and maid.
*Music. [Hippolito and Isabella] dance, making
 honours to the Duke and curtesy to themselves
 both before and after*
 DUKE [*speaking during the dance*]
 Signor Fabritio, you're a happy father.
 Your cares and pains are fortunate, you see.
 Your cost bears noble fruits.—Hippolito, thanks.
 FABRITIO
 205 Here's some amends for all my charges yet.
 She wins both prick and praise where'er she comes.
 DUKE
 How lik'st, Bianca?

148 **observance** dutiful service
 150-1 **to...cheek** (examples of a fool's use
 as an amusing figure)
 150 **physic** medicine (specifically laxative,
 which might work better when assisted
 by laughter)
 152 **compound** come to an agreement
 154 **i'th' nose** nasally
 157 **kitlings** kittens
 158 **breast** singing voice (but Bianca takes
 as 'bosom')

162 **to** as against
 163 **unvalued** priceless
 169 **keeps** practises
 177 **Dance** With the bawdy innuendo
 'copulate'.
 179 **blood** inclination (also suggesting
 'sexual desire')
 180 **whos'** whose
 181 **took a better order** made better ar-
 rangements
 182 **take** (with a suggestion of 'take

sexually')
 183 **fine-timbered** well-built
 185 **before** (a) in advance of (b) in front of
 187 **out** out of my resolve
 188 **myself** i.e. my (a) resolutions (b) self-
 interest (c) foolishness
 199 **parts from** i.e. sells
 201 **mars** (a) hinders (b) distresses (c) ruins
 201.2 **honours** bows
 206 **both prick and praise** praise for
 excellence (quibbling on *prick*, 'penis')

Act 3 Scene 2

Women beware Women.

BIANCA All things well, my lord,
 But this poor gentlewoman's fortune, that's the worst.

DUKE
 There is no doubt, Bianca, she'll find leisure
 210 To make that good enough: he's rich and simple.

BIANCA
 She has the better hope o'th' upper hand indeed,
 Which women strive for most.

GUARDIANO [*to the Ward*] Do't when I bid you, sir.

WARD
 I'll venture but a hornpipe with her, guardianer,
 Or some such married man's dance.

GUARDIANO Well, venture something, sir.

WARD
 I have rhyme for what I do.

215 GUARDIANO But little reason, I think.

WARD
 Plain men dance the measures; the cinquapace, the
 gay;
 Cuckolds dance the hornpipe, and farmers dance the
 hay;
 Your soldiers dance the round, and maidens that grow
 big;
 Your drunkards the canaries, your whore and bawd
 the jig.

220 Here's your eight kind of dancers. He that finds the
 ninth, let him pay the minstrels.
 [*He offers to dance with Isabella*]

DUKE
 O, here he appears once in his own person.
 I thought he would have married her by attorney,
 And lain with her so too.

BIANCA Nay, my kind lord,
 225 There's very seldom any found so foolish
 To give away his part there.

LEANTIO [*aside*] Bitter scoff;
 Yet I must do't. With what a cruel pride
 The glory of her sin strikes by my afflictions!
*Music. Ward and Isabella dance; he ridiculously
 imitates Hippolito*

DUKE [*speaking during the dance*]
 230 This thing will make shift, sirs, to make a husband,
 For aught I see in him. How think'st, Bianca?

BIANCA
 Faith, an ill-favoured shift, my lord, methinks.
 If he would take some voyage when he's married,
 Dangerous, or long enough, and scarce be seen

Once in nine year together, a wife then
 Might make indifferent shift to be content with him. 235

DUKE
 A kiss; that wit deserves to be made much on.
 [*They kiss*]
 Come, our caroche!

GUARDIANO Stands ready for your grace.

DUKE
 My thanks to all your loves. Come, fair Bianca.
 We have took special care of you, and provided
 Your lodging near us now.

BIANCA Your love is great, my lord. 240

DUKE
 Once more, our thanks to all.

OMNES All blest honours guard you!
Cornetts flourish. Exeunt all but Leantio and Livia

LEANTIO [*aside*]
 O, hast thou left me then, Bianca, utterly?
 Bianca! Now I miss thee, O, return,
 And save the faith of woman! I ne'er felt
 The loss of thee till now. 'Tis an affliction
 245 Of greater weight than youth was made to bear,
 As if a punishment of after-life
 Were fall'n upon man here. So new it is
 To flesh and blood, so strange, so insupportable
 A torment, e'en mistook as if a body
 250 Whose death were drowning must needs therefore
 suffer it
 In scalding oil.

LIVIA Sweet sir!

LEANTIO [*aside*] As long as mine eye saw thee,
 I half enjoyed thee.

LIVIA Sir?

LEANTIO [*aside*] Canst thou forget
 The dear pains my love took, how it has watched
 Whole nights together in all weathers for thee,
 255 Yet stood in heart more merry than the tempests
 That sung about mine ears—like dangerous flatterers
 That can set all their mischief to sweet tunes—
 And then received thee from thy father's window
 Into these arms at midnight, when we embraced
 260 As if we had been statues only made for't,
 To show art's life, so silent were our comforts,
 And kissed as if our lips had grown together?

LIVIA [*aside*]
 This makes me madder to enjoy him now.

213 **hornpipe** a vigorous dance usually for one dancer (with a quibble on the cuckold's horns)

216 **the measures** a slow and stately dance
cinquapace a lively dance

217 **hay** a country dance, like a reel (with a pun on the grass-crop)

218 **round** danced in a circle. Puns on the military *round*, 'inspection of sentinels', and on the roundness of pregnancy.

219 **canaries** (a) a lively Spanish dance (b) sweet white wine (both thought to originate from the Canary Islands)

jig (associated with lewdness)

220-1 **the ninth** (presumably copulation)

221 **minstrels** itinerant musicians who would play for a fee to gatherings in inns, etc.

222 **once** for once

223 **by attorney** by proxy

229 **make shift** (a) try hard, manage with difficulty (b) go through a comic performance. Bianca takes *shift* as 'set of clothes' in 231, then *make shift* as 'manage with difficulty' in 235.

231 **ill-favoured** offensive; i.e. smelly

237 **caroche** stately coach

262 **show art's life** i.e. demonstrate the lifelike qualities of art (because the *statues* are actually living)

LEANTIO
 265 Canst thou forget all this, and better joys
 That we met after this, which then new kisses
 Took pride to praise?
 LIVIA [*aside*] I shall grow madder yet.—Sir.
 LEANTIO [*aside*]
 This cannot be but of some close bawd's working.—
 Cry mercy, lady. What would you say to me?
 270 My sorrow makes me so unmannerly,
 So comfort bless me, I had quite forgot you.
 LIVIA
 Nothing but e'en in pity to that passion
 Would give your grief good counsel.
 LEANTIO Marry, and welcome, lady.
 It never could come better.
 LIVIA Then first, sir,
 275 To make away all your good thoughts at once of her,
 Know most assurèdly she is a strumpet.
 LEANTIO
 Ha: 'most assurèdly'! Speak not a thing
 So vile so certainly; leave it more doubtful.
 LIVIA
 280 Then I must leave all truth, and spare my knowledge;
 A sin which I too lately found and wept for.
 LEANTIO
 Found you it?
 LIVIA Ay, with wet eyes.
 LEANTIO O, perjurious friendship!
 LIVIA
 You missed your fortunes when you met with her, sir.
 Young gentlemen that only love for beauty,
 They love not wisely. Such a marriage rather
 285 Proves the destruction of affection.
 It brings on want, and want's the key of whoredom.
 I think you'd small means with her.
 LEANTIO O, not any, lady.
 LIVIA
 290 Alas, poor gentleman! What, meant'st thou, sir,
 Quite to undo thyself with thine own kind heart?
 Thou art too good and pitiful to woman.
 Marry, sir, thank thy stars for this blest fortune
 That rids the summer of thy youth so well
 From many beggars that had lain a-sunning
 In thy beams only else, till thou hadst wasted
 295 The whole days of thy life in heat and labour.
 What would you say now to a creature found
 As pitiful to you, and, as it were,
 E'en sent on purpose from the whole sex general

To requite all that kindness you have shown to't?
 LEANTIO
 What's that, madam?
 LIVIA Nay, a gentlewoman, and one able 300
 To reward good things, ay, and bears a conscience
 to't.
 Couldst thou love such a one that, blow all fortunes,
 Would never see thee want,
 Nay, more, maintain thee to thine enemies' envy?—
 And shalt not spend a care for't, stir a thought, 305
 Nor break a sleep unless love's music waked thee;
 No storm of fortune should. Look upon me,
 And know that woman.
 LEANTIO O my life's wealth, Bianca!
 LIVIA
 Still with her name? Will nothing wear it out?
 That deep sigh went but for a strumpet, sir. 310
 LEANTIO
 It can go for no other that loves me.
 LIVIA [*aside*]
 He's vexed in mind; I came too soon to him.
 Where's my discretion now, my skill, my judgement?
 I'm cunning in all arts but my own love.
 'Tis as unseasonable to tempt him now, 315
 So soon, as a widow to be courted
 Following her husband's corpse, or to make bargain
 By the graveside, and take a young man there.
 Her strange departure stands like a hearse yet
 Before his eyes, which time will take down shortly. 320
 Exit

LEANTIO
 Is she my wife till death, yet no more mine?
 That's a hard measure. Then what's marriage good
 for?
 Methinks by right I should not now be living,
 And then 'twere all well. What a happiness
 Had I been made of had I never seen her; 325
 For nothing makes man's loss grievous to him
 But knowledge of the worth of what he loses,
 For what he never had he never misses.
 She's gone for ever, utterly. There is
 As much redemption of a soul from hell 330
 As a fair woman's body from his palace.
 Why should my love last longer than her truth?
 What is there good in woman to be loved
 When only that which makes her so has left her?
 I cannot love her now but I must like 335
 Her sin, and my own shame too, and be guilty

268 This i.e. Bianca's desertion to the Duke
 close furtive
 269 Cry mercy I beg your pardon
 271 So...me as I may be blessed with
 comfort (an asseveration)
 275 make away put an end to
 280 found i.e. discovered in myself (the sin
 of leaving truth, ironically referring,
 unknown to Leantio, to her betrayal
 of Bianca). Alternatively 'discovered in

Bianca', referring back to 276.
 293 beggars (Leantio's children)
 298 general collectively
 302 blow all fortunes i.e. whatever fortunes
 blow (anticipating *storm of fortune*, 311)
 312 vexed tormented
 319 hearse temporary but elaborate frame-
 work placed over a coffin before burial,
 bearing candles, banners, epitaphs, etc.
 322 measure (a) treatment (b) restriction

326-7 For...loses (drawing on the idea that
 the sense of loss is the greatest torment
 of the damned, as in *Witch* 2.1.219-23)
 330 As...hell Proverbially there is no
 redemption from hell.
 335 but I must like i.e. unless I like
 336-7 be...her i.e. share the guilt of com-
 mitting adultery with her (by condoning
 it)

	Of law's breach with her, and mine own abusing; All which were monstrous. Then my safest course For health of mind and body is to turn	Only, sir, wear your heart of constant stuff. Do but you love enough, I'll give enough.	375
340	My heart and hate her, most extremely hate her. I have no other way. Those virtuous powers Which were chaste witnesses of both our troths Can witness she breaks first. And I'm rewarded With captainship o'th' fort—a place of credit,	LEANTIO Troth then, I'll love enough, and take enough.	
345	I must confess, but poor. My factorship Shall not exchange means with't. He that died last in't, He was no drunkard, yet he died a beggar, For all his thrift. Besides, the place not fits me; It suits my resolution, not my breeding.	LIVIA Then we are both pleased enough. <i>Exeunt</i>	
	<i>Enter Livia</i>	<i>Enter Guardiano and Isabella at one door, and the Ward and Sordido at another</i>	3.3
	LIVIA [<i>aside</i>]	GUARDIANO Now, nephew, here's the gentlewoman again.	
350	I have tried all ways I can, and have not power To keep from sight of him.—How are you now, sir?	WARD Mass, here she's come again. Mark her now, Sordido.	
	LEANTIO I feel a better ease, madam.	GUARDIANO This is the maid my love and care has chose Out for your wife, and so I tender her to you. Yourself has been eyewitness of some qualities That speak a courtly breeding and are costly. I bring you both to talk together now. 'Tis time you grew familiar in your tongues. Tomorrow you join hands, and one ring ties you, And one bed holds you, if you like the choice.	5
	LIVIA Thanks to blessedness. You will do well, I warrant you, fear it not, sir, Join but your own good will to't. He's not wise That loves his pain or sickness, or grows fond Of a disease whose property is to vex him And spitefully drink his blood up. Out upon't, sir, Youth knows no greater loss. I pray let's walk, sir.	WARD Like her or like her not; there's but two ways, And one your body, th'other your purse, pays.	10
355	You never saw the beauty of my house yet, Nor how abundantly fortune has blessed me In worldly treasure. Trust me, I have enough, sir, To make my friend a rich man in my life, A great man at my death; yourself will say so. If you want anything and spare to speak,	WARD I warrant you, guardianer, I'll not stand all day thrumming, But quickly shoot my bolt at your next coming.	15
360	Troth, I'll condemn you for a wilful man, sir.	GUARDIANO Well said. Good fortune in your birding then.	
	LEANTIO Why, sure this can be but the flattery of some dream.	WARD I never missed mark yet. [<i>Exit Guardiano</i>]	
	LIVIA [<i>kissing him</i>]	SORDIDO Troth, I think, master, if the truth were known, You never shot at any but the kitchen wench, And that was a she-woodcock, a mere innocent That was oft lost and cried at eight-and-twenty.	20
365	Now by this kiss, my love, my soul and riches, 'Tis all true substance. Come, you shall see my wealth. Take what you list. The gallanter you go, the more you please me. I will allow you too your page and footman, Your racehorses, or any various pleasure Exercised youth delights in; but to me	WARD No more of that meat, Sordido. Here's eggs o'th' spit now; We must turn gingerly. Draw out the catalogue Of all the faults of women.	25

339-40 **turn... and hate her** From Psalms, 105:25: 'He turned their heart to hate his people'.

345-6 **My... with't** i.e. the *captainship* will not provide an income equal to Leantio's *factorship*

348 **place office**

349 **resolution** i.e. determined animosity
not my breeding Leantio is no soldier.

354 **Join** if you join

356 **vex** afflict

362 **friend** lover

374 **constant stuff** (as opposed to *changeable stuff*, glossy silk which changes hue

when seen from different angles)

3.3.12 **contract** agreement of terms for the marriage

15 **one... pays** The cost is in lost pleasure to the body if the Ward does not like her, or financial expense if he does.

16 **thrumming** idly fidgetting (with a quibble on 'copulating', anticipated in *stand* as 'stay erect')

17 **shoot my bolt** i.e. let loose my tongue, give my decision. Proverbially 'a fool's bolt is soon shot'; i.e. he is quick to speak and exhaust his little wisdom. Also refers to hasty ejaculation.

18 **birding** chasing women. Literally 'fowling', taking up *bolt* as 'bird-bolt', the blunt-headed arrow used by fowlers.

19 **mark** target (hence also 'vulva')

22 **she-woodcock** (*a*) the bird (*b*) simpleton

innocent half-wit

23 **cried** called for by the town crier

(perhaps also 'wept')

24 **eggs o'th' spit** (proverbial for something that needs careful handling, as the dish needed careful cooking)

25 **turn** i.e. turn the *spit*. The Ward probably turns Isabella; compare 36.

SORDIDO How, all the faults? Have you so little reason to think so much paper will lie in my breeches? Why, ten carts will not carry it if you set down but the bawds. All the faults? Pray let's be content with a few of 'em; an if they were less you would find 'em enough, I warrant you. Look you, sir.
 [They pry at Isabella]

ISABELLA [aside]
 But that I have th'advantage of the fool
 As much as woman's heart can wish and joy at,
 What an infernal torment 'twere to be
 Thus bought and sold, and turned and pried into,
 when, alas,
 The worst bit is too good for him! And the comfort is
 He's but a cater's place on't, and provides
 All for another's table. Yet how curious
 The ass is!—like some nice professor on't
 That buys up all the daintiest food i'th' markets,
 And seldom licks his lips after a taste on't.

SORDIDO
 Now to her, now you've scanned all her parts over.

WARD
 But at what end shall I begin now, Sordido?

SORDIDO O, ever at a woman's lip. While you live, sir, do you ask that question?

WARD Methinks, Sordido, she's but a crabbed face to begin with.

SORDIDO A crabbed face? That will save money.

WARD How, save money, Sordido?

SORDIDO Ay, sir; for, having a crabbed face of her own, she'll eat the less verjuice with her mutton; 'twill save verjuice at year's end, sir.

WARD
 Nay, an your jests begin to be saucy once,
 I'll make you eat your meat without mustard.

SORDIDO
 And that in some kind is a punishment.

WARD Gentlewoman, they say 'tis your pleasure to be my wife, and you shall know shortly whether it be mine or no to be your husband; and thereupon thus I first enter upon you.
 [He kisses her]
 [Aside] O, most delicious scent! Methinks it tasted as if a man had stepped into a comfit-maker's shop to let a cart go by all the while I kissed her.—It is reported, gentlewoman, you'll run mad for me if you have me not.

ISABELLA
 I should be in great danger of my wits, sir,
 For being so forward—[Aside] should this ass kick backward now.

WARD
 Alas, poor soul! And is that hair your own?

ISABELLA
 Mine own, yes, sure, sir, I owe nothing for't.

WARD 'Tis a good hearing; I shall have the less to pay when I have married you. [To Sordido] Look, does her eyes stand well?

SORDIDO They cannot stand better
 Than in her head, I think. Where would you have them?
 And for her nose, 'tis of a very good last.

WARD I have known as good as that has not lasted a year though.

SORDIDO That's in the using of a thing. Will not any strong bridge fall down in time if we do nothing but beat at the bottom? A nose of buff would not last always, sir, especially if it came into th' camp once.

WARD But, Sordido, how shall we do to make her laugh, that I may see what teeth she has? For I'll not bate her a tooth, nor take a black one into th' bargain.

SORDIDO Why, do but you talk with her; you cannot choose but one time or other make her laugh, sir.

29 **set down** write down
bawds (who might be punished by being displayed to public view in a cart)
 38 **cater's** purchaser of household provisions
 40 **nice professor** fastidious devotee
 42 **after** for
 45 **lip** (ambiguous: might indicate 'vulva')
 51–3 **for...sir** *Crabbed* suggests 'crab-apple', whose juice (*verjuice*) was used as apple sauce.
 54 **saucy** (a) impudent (b) pertaining to sauce (a legitimate usage)
 55 **meat without mustard** Picks up on *saucy*, and echoes the proverb 'after meat, mustard' (applied to wise words after the event).
 56 **And...punishment** The point is that the punishment is slight. Evidently alludes to a passage in Nashe's *Pierce Penniless* (1592), in which 'a mad ruffian on a time, being in danger of shipwreck by a tempest' makes the 'desperate jest' of vowing, if he is saved, 'never to eat haberdine [dried cod] more whilst I live'. After the storm abates, he adds: 'Not without mustard, good Lord, not without mustard'. Nashe comments, 'as though it had been the greatest torment in the world to have eaten haberdine without mustard' (*Works*, ed. McKerrow, I, 171).
 59–60 **enter upon** begin to deal with (also, 'assume possession of' and 'begin an attack upon')
 62 **comfit-maker's comfit**: a fruit and ginger sweetmeat
 67 **forward** (a) pert, eager (b) close
kick backward i.e. refuse the marriage
 68 **is...own** Wig-wearing was often considered a vice, and might be to conceal baldness as an effect of venereal disease. The boy-actor playing Isabella would in fact be wearing a wig.
 69 **Mine...for't** (taking *your* own as 'legally possessed')
 70 **a good hearing** good to hear it
 75 **nose** Acquires the innuendo 'sexual organs'.
last i.e. shape. Literally, the cobbler's last on which shoes were shaped. The Ward takes as 'duration'.
 76–81 **I...once** Venereal disease caused the nose-bones to collapse.
 78 **using of a thing** Quibbles on 'sexual using of genitals'.
 79 **bridge** (a) road-bridge (b) nose-bridge; hence (c) pubis
beat i.e. (a) erode (b) copulate
 80 **buff** hard-wearing leather of which soldier's tunics were made
 81 **camp** soldiers' camp
 83 **bate** deduct (from the expected total)

- WARD It shall go hard, but I will. [*To Isabella*] Pray, what qualities have you beside singing and dancing? Can you play at shuttlecock, forsooth?
- 90 ISABELLA Ay, and at stool-ball too, sir; I have great luck at it.
- WARD Why, can you catch a ball well?
- ISABELLA I have catched two in my lap at one game.
- WARD What, have you, woman? I must have you learn To play at trap too; then you're full and whole.
- 95 ISABELLA Anything that you please to bring me up to I shall take pains to practise.
- WARD 'Twill not do, Sordido; we shall never get her mouth opened wide enough.
- SORDIDO No sir? That's strange! Then here's a trick for your learning.
- 100 *He yawns. [Isabella yawns, covering her mouth with a handkerchief]*
Look now, look now; quick, quick there!
- WARD Pox of that scurvy mannerly trick with handkerchief! It hindered me a little, but I am satisfied. When a fair woman gapes and stops her mouth so, I shows like a cloth stopple in a cream-pot. I have fair hope of her teeth now, Sordido.
- 105 SORDIDO Why then, you've all well, sir. For aught I see, She's right and straight enough now as she stands. They'll commonly lie crooked; that's no matter; wise gamesters
- 110 Never find fault with that; let 'em lie still so.
- WARD I'd fain mark how she goes, and then I have all. For of all creatures I cannot abide a splay-footed woman. She's an unlucky thing to meet in a morning! Her heels keep together so as if she were beginning an Irish dance still, and the wriggling of her bum playing the tune to't. But I have bethought a cleanly shift to find it. Dab down as you see me, and peep of one side when her back's toward you. I'll show you the way.
- 115 SORDIDO And you shall find me apt enough to peeping.
- I have been one of them has seen mad sights Under your scaffolds.
- WARD [*to Isabella*] Will it please you walk, forsooth, A turn or two by yourself? You are so pleasing to me I take delight to view you on both sides.
- ISABELLA I shall be glad to fetch a walk to your love, sir. 'Twill get affection a good stomach, sir— [*Aside*] Which I had need have, to fall to such coarse victuals. [*She walks about. The Ward ducks down to peep at her legs*]
- WARD [*aside*] Now go thy ways for a clean-treading wench As ever man in modesty peeped under. [*Sordido ducks down*]
- SORDIDO [*aside*] I see the sweetest sight to please my master. Never went Frenchman righter upon ropes Than she on Florentine rushes.
- WARD [*to Isabella*] 'Tis enough, forsooth.
- ISABELLA And how do you like me now, sir?
- WARD Faith, so well I never mean to part with thee, sweetheart, Under some sixteen children, and all boys.
- 135 ISABELLA You'll be at simple pains if you prove kind And breed 'em all in your teeth.
- WARD Nay, by my faith, What serves your belly for? 'Twould make my cheeks Look like blown bagpipes.
- Enter Guardianio*
- GUARDIANO How now, ward and nephew, Gentlewoman and niece? Speak, is it so, or not?
- 140 WARD 'Tis so; we are both agreed, sir.
- GUARDIANO In to your kindred then. There's friends and wine and music waits to welcome you.
- WARD Then I'll be drunk for joy.

89 **shuttlecock** A form of the word 'shuttlecock' in which here *shit* anticipates *stool*, and *cock* anticipates *ball*.

90 **stool-ball** A sort of indoor cricket, played mainly by women, using a stool as the wickets. See previous note.

92 I...**game** The suggestion of sexual gymnastics is developed in the Ward's reply.

95 **bring me up to** train me in

105 **stopples** plug

109 **lie crooked** (a) sleep in a crooked posture (b) are unfaithful in bed

gamesters (in copulation)

110 **still** always

111 **goes** walks

113 **unlucky...morning** (because splay-footed women were often thought to be witches)

116 **cleanly shift** clever trick
Dab dip, duck

121 **your scaffolds** (not possessive: 'scaffolds as you know them')
scaffolds platforms for theatre stages, public executions etc., or for spectators to view processions

125 **fetch** perform
to your love according to your desire

126 **stomach** appetite

128 **clean-treading** neatly-walking

131 **Frenchman** (referring to French rope-walkers)

132 **rushes** (spread on floors, especially for formal occasions, and on the theatre stage)

136 **simple** unqualified (punning on 'foolish')

kind affectionate (punning on 'in character')

137 **breed...teeth** Alludes to the superstition that an affectionate father had toothache while his wife was pregnant; but the Ward takes the expression literally.

LEANTIO	A sumptuous lodging.	BIANCA [aside] Lady Livia!	
BIANCA	You've an excellent suit there.	Is't possible? Her worship was my pand'ress.	75
LEANTIO	A chair of velvet.	She dote, and send, and give, and all to him?	
BIANCA	Is your cloak lined through, sir?	Why, here's a bawd plagued home!—You're simply happy, sir;	
LEANTIO	You're very stately here.	Yet I'll not envy you.	
BIANCA	Faith, something proud, sir.	LEANTIO No, court-saint, not thou!	
LEANTIO	Stay, stay, let's see your cloth-of-silver slippers.	You keep some friend of a new fashion.	80
BIANCA	Who's your shoemaker? He's made you a neat boot.	There's no harm in your devil; he's a suckling;	
LEANTIO	Will you have a pair?	But he will breed teeth shortly, will he not?	
LEANTIO	The Duke will lend you spurs.	BIANCA	
BIANCA	Yes, when I ride.	Take heed you play not, then, too long with him.	
LEANTIO	'Tis a brave life you lead.	LEANTIO	
BIANCA	I could ne'er see you	Yes, and the great one too. I shall find time	
LEANTIO	In such good clothes in my time.	To play a hot religious bout with some of you,	85
BIANCA	Sure I think, sir,	And perhaps drive you and your course of sins	
LEANTIO	In your time?	To their eternal kennels. I speak softly now—	
BIANCA	We both thrive best asunder.	'Tis manners in a noble woman's lodgings,	
LEANTIO	You're a whore.	An I well knew all my degrees of duty—	
BIANCA	Fear nothing, sir.	But come I to your everlasting parting once,	
LEANTIO	An impudent, spiteful strumpet.	Thunder shall seem soft music to that tempest.	90
BIANCA	O, sir, you give me thanks for your captainship.	BIANCA	
LEANTIO	I thought you had forgot all your good manners.	'Twas said last week there would be change of	
LEANTIO [showing her a letter]	And to spite thee as much, look there, there read,	weather,	
LEANTIO	Vex, gnaw; thou shalt find there I am not love-starved.	When the moon hung so, and belike you heard it.	
LEANTIO	The world was never yet so cold or pitiless	LEANTIO	
LEANTIO	But there was ever still more charity found out	Why, here's sin made, and ne'er a conscience put	
LEANTIO	Than at one proud fool's door, and 'twere hard, faith,	to't;	
LEANTIO	If I could not pass that. Read, to thy shame, there.	A monster with all forehead and no eyes.	
LEANTIO	A cheerful and a beauteous benefactor, too,	Why do I talk to thee of sense or virtue,	95
LEANTIO	As e'er erected the good works of love.	That art as dark as death? And as much madness	
		To set light before thee as to lead blind folks	
		To see the monuments, which they may smell as soon	
		As they behold; marry, oft-times their heads,	
		For want of light, may feel the hardness of 'em.	100
		So shall thy blind pride my revenge and anger,	
		That canst not see it now; and it may fall	
		At such an hour when thou least seest of all.	
		So to an ignorance darker than thy womb	
		I leave thy perjured soul. A plague will come. Exit	105

53 **through** throughout
 54 **proud** splendid
 58 **lend you spurs** With the innuendo 'apply the spurs to you' (i.e. excite you sexually), which Bianca takes up in her reply.
 63 **Fear nothing** don't fear for that (sarcastically polite)
 71 **pass** go beyond
 72 **cheerful** welcoming, hospitable
 73 **erected...love** (combines an image of a charitably-bequested building with a phallic innuendo)
 77 **plagued home** A forceful way of saying 'fittingly punished'.
 79 **friend** lover
 80 **he's a suckling** Perhaps alludes to the belief that witches suckled their familiar spirits.

81 **breed teeth** cut his teeth
 83 **the great one** i.e. the game for the highest stakes
 84 **hot religious bout** With an incongruous sexual reference. The exact nature of the threat is unclear, but as Leantio derives his confidence in affrontery from his own affair with Livia, his claim to the moral high-ground is insecure.
 85 **course** pack (as of hounds hunting hares). Also glancing at 'progress through successive stages', 'habit', and 'prescribed series of prayers' (ironic; compare *religious*).
 86 **eternal kennels** (i.e. of damnation)
 89 **come I** if I come
your everlasting parting (of Bianca and the Duke, or of Bianca from life; in either case the meaning is 'your death')

91-2 **'Twas...it** Takes up Leantio's metaphorical *thunder* and *tempest* as if casual chat about the weather. Perhaps also refers to the 'horned' moon, emblematic of a cuckold.
 92 **hung** i.e. hung in the sky as it did
 93 **made** created
put added
 94 **forehead** assurance, impudence. Compare Jeremiah, 3:3, 'thou hadst a whore's forehead, thou wouldst not be ashamed'.
eyes (of *conscience*, as in many biblical usages)
 95 **sense** i.e. sight
 98 **monuments** (objects both visually impressive and morally edifying)
 100 **feel the hardness** of i.e. bump into
 103 **when...all** i.e. of greatest sinfulness
 105 **plague** calamitous divine punishment

BIANCA
 Get you gone first, and then I fear no greater;
 Nor thee will I fear long. I'll have this sauciness
 Soon banished from these lodgings, and the rooms
 Perfumed well after the corrupt air it leaves.
 110 His breath has made me almost sick, in troth.
 A poor, base start-up! Life! Because he's got
 Fair clothes by foul means, comes to rail, and show
 'em.
Enter the Duke

DUKE
 Who's that?
 BIANCA Cry you mercy, sir.
 DUKE Prithee, who's that?
 BIANCA
 The former thing, my lord, to whom you gave
 115 The captainship. He eats his meat with grudging still.
 DUKE Still!
 BIANCA
 He comes vaunting here of his new love,
 And the new clothes she gave him. Lady Livia,
 Who but she now his mistress?
 DUKE Lady Livia?
 Be sure of what you say.
 BIANCA He showed me her name, sir,
 120 In perfumed paper, her vows, her letter,
 With an intent to spite me. So his heart said,
 And his threats made it good; they were as spiteful
 As ever malice uttered, and as dangerous
 Should his hand follow the copy.
 DUKE But that must not.
 125 Do not vex your mind. Prithee, to bed, go.
 All shall be well and quiet.
 BIANCA I love peace, sir.
 DUKE
 And so do all that love. Take you no care for't;
 It shall be still provided to your hand. *Exit Bianca*
 Who's near us there?
Enter Messenger
 MESSENGER My lord.
 DUKE Seek out Hippolito,
 130 Brother to Lady Livia, with all speed.
 MESSENGER
 He was the last man I saw, my lord.
 DUKE Make haste.
Exit Messenger

He is a blood soon stirred; and as he's quick
 To apprehend a wrong, he's bold and sudden
 In bringing forth a ruin. I know likewise
 The reputation of his sister's honour's
 135 As dear to him as life-blood to his heart.
 Beside, I'll flatter him with a goodness to her
 Which I now thought on—but ne'er meant to practise
 Because I know her base—and that wind drives him.
 The ulcerous reputation feels the poise
 140 Of lightest wrongs, as sores are vexed with flies.
Enter Hippolito
 He comes.—Hippolito, welcome.
 HIPPOLITO My loved lord.
 DUKE
 How does that lusty widow, thy kind sister?
 Is she not sped yet of a second husband?
 A bed-fellow she has; I ask not that;
 145 I know she's sped of him.
 HIPPOLITO Of him, my lord?
 DUKE
 Yes, of a bed-fellow. Is the news so strange to you?
 HIPPOLITO
 I hope 'tis so to all.
 DUKE I wish it were, sir;
 But 'tis confessed too fast her ignorant pleasures,
 Only by lust instructed, have received
 150 Into their services an impudent boaster:
 One that does raise his glory from her shame
 And tells the midday sun what's done in darkness;
 Yet, blinded with her appetite, wastes her wealth,
 Buys her disgraces at a dearer rate
 155 Than bounteous housekeepers purchase their honour.
 Nothing sads me so much as that in love
 To thee and to thy blood I had picked out
 A worthy match for her, the great Vincentio,
 High in our favour and in all men's thoughts.
 160 HIPPOLITO
 O thou destruction of all happy fortunes,
 Unsated blood! Know you the name, my lord,
 Of her abuser?
 DUKE One Leantio.
 HIPPOLITO
 He's a factor.
 DUKE He ne'er made so brave a voyage,
 By his own talk.
 HIPPOLITO The poor old widow's son.
 165 I humbly take my leave.

106 **greater** i.e. greater *plague* (in the weakened sense 'nuisance')
 108-9 **the...leaves** Refers to the practise of fumigating rooms with aromatic smoke, supposedly to rid them of plague infection.
 110 **breath** (a) exhaled air (b) speech
 111 **start-up** upstart
 124 **Should...copy** i.e. should his deeds follow the example set in his words. Literally, *copy* is the 'copy book' used

to teach penmanship.
 128 **provided to your hand** i.e. given you
 132 **blood** man of spirit
 137 **goodness** beneficial intention
 138 **now** just now
 139 **that wind drives him** The image is of a sailing ship.
 140 **poise** weight, pressure
 144 **Is...of** has she not yet succeeded in obtaining
second A minor inconsistency with

1.2.50.
 146 **sped** obtained her desire
 152 **raise...shame** A half-realized horticultural image; compare 3.2.48-52.
 156 **honour** reputation, social standing
 162 **blood** sexual appetite
 164 **voyage** Harks back to Leantio's venturings in trade, figuring Livia as a rich cargo. Compare his description of Bianca as an *unvalued'st purchase* (1.1.12).

DUKE [*aside*] I see 'tis done.—
Give her good counsel, make her see her error.
I know she'll hearken to you.

HIPPOLITO Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,
170 Which she shall never know till it be acted;
And when she wakes to honour, then she'll thank me
for't.
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb, who ere they show their art
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part.
175 So, out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost.
Then she'll commend the cure. *Exit*

DUKE The great cure's past;
I count this done already. His wrath's sure,
And speaks an injury deep. Farewell, Leantio.
180 This place will never hear thee murmur more.
*Enter Lord Cardinal, attended [with Servants
bearing lights]*
Our noble brother, welcome!

LORD CARDINAL [*to Servants*] Set those lights down;
Depart till you be called. [*Exeunt Servants*]

DUKE [*aside*] There's serious business
Fixed in his look; nay, it inclines a little
To the dark colour of a discontentment.—
185 Brother, what is't commands your eye so powerfully?
Speak; you seem lost.

LORD CARDINAL The thing I look on seems so:
To my eyes, lost for ever.

DUKE You look on me.

LORD CARDINAL
What a grief 'tis to a religious feeling
To think a man should have a friend so goodly,
190 So wise, so noble, nay, a duke, a brother,
And all this certainly damned!

DUKE How?

LORD CARDINAL 'Tis no wonder
If your great sin can do't. Dare you look up,
For thinking of a vengeance? Dare you sleep,
For fear of never waking but to death,
195 And dedicate unto a strumpet's love
The strength of your affections, zeal, and health?
Here you stand now; can you assure your pleasures
You shall once more enjoy her, but once more?
Alas, you cannot. What a misery 'tis then
200 To be more certain of eternal death
Than of a next embrace! Nay, shall I show you

How more unfortunate you stand in sin
Than the love-private man? All his offences,
Like enclosed grounds, keep but about himself,
And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds; 205
And when a man grows miserable, 'tis some comfort
When he's no further charged than with himself;
'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness. But, great man,
Every sin thou commit'st shows like a flame
Upon a mountain: 'tis seen far about, 210
And with a big wind made of popular breath
The sparkles fly through cities; here one takes,
Another catches there, and in short time
Waste all to cinders. But remember still
What burnt the valleys first came from the hill. 215
Every offence draws his particular pain,
But 'tis example proves the great man's bane.
The sins of mean men lie like scattered parcels
Of an unperfect bill; but when such fall,
Then comes example, and that sums up all. 220
And this your reason grants: if men of good lives,
Who by their virtuous actions stir up others
To noble and religious imitation,
Receive the greater glory after death—
As sin must needs confess—what may they feel 225
In height of torments and in weight of vengeance,
Not only they themselves not doing well,
But sets a light up to show men to hell?

DUKE
If you have done, I have. No more, sweet brother.

LORD CARDINAL
I know time spent in goodness is too tedious. 230
This had not been a moment's space in lust now.
How dare you venture on eternal pain,
That cannot bear a minute's reprehension?
Methinks you should endure to hear that talked of
Which you so strive to suffer. O my brother!
235 What were you if you were taken now?
My heart weeps blood to think on't. 'Tis a work
Of infinite mercy you can never merit
That yet you are not death-struck, no, not yet.
I dare not stay you long, for fear you should not
240 Have time enough allowed you to repent in.
There's but this wall betwixt you and destruction
When you're at strongest, and but poor thin clay.
Think upon't, brother. Can you come so near it
For a fair strumpet's love, and fall into 245
A torment that knows neither end nor bottom
For beauty but the deepness of a skin,

177 **great cure's** major surgery. *Cure* is also
'charge, care, duty'.

180 **murmur** mutter anger, complain

186 **lost** enraptured (but in the Cardinal's
reply, 'damned')

203 **love-private** private in lovemaking

209-10 **a...mountain** (such as a signal
beacon)

214 **Waste all** i.e. 'they waste all' or 'all

wastes'

216 **his** its

pain punishment

217 **example** setting the example

218 **parcels** separate items

219 **unperfect** not totalled up

such i.e. great men

225 **sin** i.e. even sin, the sinful themselves

228 **sets** i.e. their example setting

233 **reprehension** rebuke

236 **taken** (by death)

242 **this wall** (the Duke's body; see follow-
ing note)

243 **clay** Continues the *wall* metaphor. In
biblical phraseology man is made from
clay, to which he returns on death.

250 And that not of their own neither? Is she a thing
Whom sickness dare not visit, or age look on,
Or death resist? Does the worm shun her grave?
If not—as your soul knows it—why should lust
Bring man to lasting pain, for rotten dust?

DUKE
255 Brother of spotless honour, let me weep
The first of my repentance in thy bosom,
And show the blest fruits of a thankful spirit;
And if I e'er keep woman more, unlawfully,
May I want penitence at my greatest need—
And wise men know there is no barren place
Threatens more famine than a dearth in grace.

LORD CARDINAL
260 Why, here's a conversion is at this time, brother,
Sung for a hymn in heaven, and at this instant
The powers of darkness' groan makes all hell sorry.
First I praise heaven; then in my work I glory.—
Who's there attends without?
Enter Servants

SERVANTS My lord.
LORD CARDINAL
265 Take up those lights. There was a thicker darkness
When they came first. The peace of a fair soul
Keep with my noble brother.

DUKE Joys be with you, sir.
Exit Cardinal, with Servants [bearing lights]
She lies alone tonight for't, and must still,
Though it be hard to conquer; but I have vowed
270 Never to know her as a strumpet more,
And I must save my oath. If fury fail not,
Her husband dies tonight, or at the most
Lives not to see the morning spent tomorrow.
Then will I make her lawfully mine own,
275 Without this sin and horror. Now I'm chidden
For what I shall enjoy then unforbidden;
And I'll not freeze in stoves. 'Tis but a while.
Live like a hopeful bridegroom, chaste from flesh,
And pleasure then will seem new, fair, and fresh.
Exit

4.2 *Enter Hippolito*
HIPPOLITO
The morning so far wasted, yet his baseness
So impudent? See if the very sun do not blush at him!
Dare he do thus much, and know me alive?

Put case one must be vicious, as I know myself
Monstrously guilty: there's a blind time made for't. 5
He might use only that; 'twere conscionable.
Art, silence, closeness, subtlety, and darkness
Are fit for such a business; but there's no pity
To be bestowed on an apparent sinner,
An impudent daylight lecher. The great zeal 10
I bear to her advancement in this match
With Lord Vincentio, as the Duke has wrought it
To the perpetual honour of our house,
Puts fire into my blood to purge the air
Of this corruption, fear it spread too far 15
And poison the whole hopes of this fair fortune.
I love her good so dearly that no brother
Shall venture farther for a sister's glory
Than I for her preferment.
Enter Leantio and a Page
LEANTIO [*aside*] Once again 20
I'll see that glist'ring whore, shines like a serpent
Now the court sun's upon her.—Page!
PAGE Anon, sir.
LEANTIO [*aside*]
I'll go in state too.—See the coach be ready.
I'll hurry away presently. [*Exit Page*]
HIPPOLITO Yes, you shall hurry,
And the devil after you.
[*He strikes him*]
Take that at setting forth.
[*He draws his sword*]
Now, an you'll draw, we are upon equal terms, sir. 25
Thou took'st advantage of my name in honour
Upon my sister. I ne'er saw the stroke
Come till I found my reputation bleeding,
And therefore count it I no sin to valour
To serve thy lust so. Now we are of even hand, 30
Take your best course against me. You must die.
LEANTIO [*aside*]
How close sticks envy to man's happiness!
When I was poor, and little cared for life,
I had no such means offered me to die;
No man's wrath minded me.
[*He draws his sword*]
Slave, I turn this to thee, 35
To call thee to account for a wound lately
Of a base stamp upon me.
HIPPOLITO 'Twas most fit

248 And...neither (because produced by cosmetics)
252 lasting everlasting
rotten dust (all that will remain of the strumpet after death)
254 first (suggesting first-fruits, an idea developed in 255)
257 want lack
260-1 here's...heaven Compare Luke, 15:10, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God for one sinner that

coverteth'.
262 sorry woeful, wretched
266 fair unsullied
277 freeze in stoves i.e. be sexually continent in places suited to lechery. Stoves is probably 'hot air or vapour baths', and may, like stew, have suggested 'brothel'.
4.2.4 Put case suppose vicious full of vice
5 blind i.e. dark
7 Art cunning

closeness secrecy
9 apparent manifest
15 fear for fear
20 shines who shines
21 court sun's i.e. the Duke's
23 presently at once
27 stroke (of the penis as well as the sword)
30 of even hand on equal terms
37 stamp impression, character. Suggests the stamping of an illegitimate impression on a coin.

- For a base metal. Come and fetch one now
More noble then, for I will use thee fairer
40 Than thou hast done thine own soul, or our honour.
[*They fight. Hippolito wounds Leantio, who falls*]
And there I think 'tis for thee.
- VOICES WITHIN Help, help! O, part 'em!
LEANTIO
False wife! I feel now thou'st prayed heartily for me.
Rise, strumpet, by my fall; thy lust may reign now.
My heart-string and the marriage knot that tied thee
Breaks both together.
[*He groans and dies*]
45 HIPPOLITO There I heard the sound on't,
And never liked string better.
*Enter Livia [at one door], Guardiano, Isabella,
Ward, and Sordido [at another]*
- LIVIA 'Tis my brother.
Are you hurt, sir?
HIPPOLITO Not anything.
LIVIA Blessèd fortune!
Shift for thyself. What is he thou hast killed?
HIPPOLITO Our honour's enemy.
GUARDIANO Know you this man, lady?
LIVIA
50 Leantio! My love's joy! [*To Hippolito*] Wounds stick
upon thee
As deadly as thy sins. Art thou not hurt?
The devil take that fortune! And he dead!
Drop plagues into thy bowels without voice,
Secret and fearful.—Run for officers.
55 Let him be apprehended with all speed,
For fear he scape away. Lay hands on him;
We cannot be too sure; 'tis wilful murder.
You do heaven's vengeance, and the law just service.
You know him not as I do; he's a villain
60 As monstrous as a prodigy, and as dreadful.
- HIPPOLITO Will you but entertain a noble patience
Till you but hear the reason, worthy sister?
LIVIA
The reason! That's a jest hell falls a-laughing at.
Is there a reason found for the destruction
65 Of our more lawful loves, and was there none
To kill the black lust 'twixt thy niece and thee
- That has kept close so long?
GUARDIANO How's that, good madam?
LIVIA
Too true, sir. There she stands; let her deny't.
The deed cries shortly in the midwife's arms,
Unless the parents' sins strike it stillborn;
70 And if you be not deaf and ignorant,
You'll hear strange notes ere long.—Look upon me,
wench!
'Twas I betrayed thy honour subtly to him
Under a false tale. It lights upon me now.—
His arm has paid me home upon thy breast,
75 My sweet beloved Leantio!
- GUARDIANO Was my judgement
And care in choice so dev'lishly abused,
So beyond shamefully? All the world will grin at me.
WARD O Sordido, Sordido, I'm damned, I'm damned!
SORDIDO Damned? Why, sir?
80 WARD One of the wicked—dost not see't?—a cuckold, a
plain reprobate cuckold.
SORDIDO Nay, an you be damned for that be of good cheer,
sir; you've gallant company of all professions. I'll have
a wife next Sunday too, because I'll along with you
85 myself.
- WARD That will be some comfort yet.
LIVIA [*to Guardiano*]
You, sir, that bear your load of injuries
As I of sorrows, lend me your grieved strength
90 To this sad burden, who in life wore actions:
Flames were not nimbler. We will talk of things
May have the luck to break our hearts together.
- GUARDIANO I'll list to nothing but revenge and anger,
Whose counsels I will follow.
Exeunt Livia and Guardiano [bearing Leantio's body]
- SORDIDO A wife, quoth a?
Here's a sweet plum-tree of your guard'ner's grafting!
95 WARD Nay, there's a worse name belongs to this fruit
yet, an you could hit on't, a more open one; for he
that marries a whore looks like a fellow bound all his
lifetime to a medlar-tree—and that's good stuff: 'tis no
sooner ripe but it looks rotten; and so do some queans at
100 nineteen. A pox on't, I thought there was some knavery
abroach, for something stirred in her belly the first night
I lay with her.

38 **metal** Continues the coin image; also
mettle, 'spirit'.

one i.e. a wound

44 **heart-string** Thought to brace and
sustain the heart.

46 **string** Quibbles on the music of a
stringed instrument.

50 **Wounds stick** (subjunctive: 'may wounds
stick'; similarly *Drop plagues*, 53)

53 **voice** noise

60 **prodigy** deformed infant, whose birth
was regarded as unnatural and a portent
of evil

65 **more lawful** (than Hippolito's)

67 **close** secret, hidden

72 **strange notes** (of the infant's cries)

85 **a wife next Sunday** Proverbially, 'Who
will have a handsome wife, let him
choose her upon Saturday and not upon
Sunday'. Women dressed up for church
on Sunday; compare I.I.34.

90 **wore** displayed

92 **to break** of breaking

95 **plum-tree** *Plum* alludes to the pudenda.
guard'ner's guardian's (punning on
gardener's)

97 **open** Alludes to *open-arse*, the scurrilous
name for the medlar fruit, so called
because of the obvious 'eye' between the
fruit lobes.

99 **medlar-tree** See previous note. The
fruit was not ripe for eating until rotten
and was therefore a common image for
sexual degeneracy in women. *Rotten*
(100) suggests infestation with venereal
disease.

100 **queans** whores

102 **abroach** begun, afoot (and 'had
broached her')

SORDIDO What, what, sir!
 105 WARD This is she brought up so courtly, can sing and dance—and tumble too, methinks. I'll never marry wife again that has so many qualities.
 SORDIDO Indeed, they are seldom good, master; for likely when they are taught so many, they will have one trick more of their own finding out. Well, give me a wench but with one good quality, to lie with none but her husband, and that's bringing up enough for any woman breathing.
 110 WARD This was the fault when she was tendered to me. You never looked to this.
 SORDIDO Alas, how would you have me see through a great farthingale, sir? I cannot peep through a millstone, or in the going to see what's done i'th' bottom.
 WARD Her father praised her breast; she'd the voice, for-sooth.
 120 I marvelled she sung so small, indeed, being no maid. Now I perceive there's a young chorister in her belly. This breeds a singing in my head, I'm sure.
 SORDIDO 'Tis but the tune of your wife's cinquapace, danced in a feather bed. Faith, go lie down, master—but take heed your horns do not make holes in the pillow-beres. [The Ward begins to leave]
 125 I would not batter brows with him for a hogshead of angels; he would prick my skull as full of holes as a scrivener's sandbox. *Exeunt Ward and Sordido*
 ISABELLA [aside]
 130 Was ever maid so cruelly beguiled,
 To the confusion of life, soul, and honour,
 All of one woman's murd'ring? I'd fain bring
 Her name no nearer to my blood than woman,
 And 'tis too much of that. O shame and horror!
 135 In that small distance from yon man to me
 Lies sin enough to make a whole world perish.—
 'Tis time we parted, sir, and left the sight
 Of one another; nothing can be worse
 To hurt repentance, for our very eyes
 140 Are far more poisonous to religion
 Than basilisks to them. If any goodness
 Rest in you, hope of comforts, fear of judgements,
 My request is I ne'er may see you more;
 And so I turn me from you everlastingly,
 106 **tumble** (a) dance with contortions, perform acrobatics (b) copulate
 110 **trick** sexual device
 117 I...**millstone** From the proverb 'I can see as far into a millstone as another man', the point being the impossibility of doing so.
 118 **going** (a) the millstone's turning (b) Isabella's walking in 3.3 (c) copulative 'grinding'
 to see 'To' is redundant to the sense.
 i'th' **bottom** (a) underneath (b) in the anal/genital area. Also alludes to the expression 'search to the bottom', i.e. get to the heart of a matter.
 120 **small** gently, softly
being no maid (something not actually known to the Ward at the time)
 122 a...**head** the headache caused by cuckold's horns, 125
 123 **cinquapace** (a lively dance)
 126 **pillow-beres** pillow-cases
 127 **hogshead** large barrel
 128 **angels** gold coins
 129 **sandbox** box with perforated top used for sprinkling sand to blot wet ink
 131 **confusion** destruction
 133 **blood** family, kinship
 So is my hope to miss you. [Aside] But for her,
 145 That durst so dally with a sin so dangerous
 And lay a snare so spitefully for my youth,
 If the least means but favour my revenge
 That I may practise the like cruel cunning
 Upon her life as she has on mine honour,
 150 I'll act it without pity.
 HIPPOLITO [aside] Here's a care
 Of reputation, and a sister's fortune
 Sweetly rewarded by her! Would a silence
 As great as that which keeps among the graves
 Had everlastingly chained up her tongue!
 155 My love to her has made mine miserable.
Enter Guardiano and Livia
 GUARDIANO [aside to Livia]
 If you can but dissemble your heart's griefs now,
 Be but a woman so far.
 LIVIA [aside to Guardiano] Peace; I'll strive, sir.
 GUARDIANO [aside to Livia]
 As I can wear my injuries in a smile,
 Here's an occasion offered that gives anger
 160 Both liberty and safety to perform
 Things worth the fire it holds, without the fear
 Of danger or of law; for mischiefs acted
 Under the privilege of a marriage-triumph
 At the Duke's hasty nuptials will be thought
 165 Things merely accidental, all 's by chance,
 Not got of their own natures.
 LIVIA [aside to Hippolito] I conceive you, sir,
 Even to a longing for performance on't;
 And here behold some fruits.
 [She kneels to Hippolito and Isabella]
 Forgive me both.
 What I am now returned to, sense and judgement,
 170 Is not the same rage and distraction
 Presented lately to you. That rude form
 Is gone for ever. I am now myself,
 That speaks all peace and friendship, and these tears
 Are the true springs of hearty penitent sorrow
 175 For those foul wrongs which my forgetful fury
 Slandered your virtues with. This gentleman
 Is well resolved now.
 GUARDIANO I was never otherways.
 134 'tis...**that** i.e. Livia is too full of the vices of women
 141 **basilisks** (in classical legend, reptiles whose glance was fatal)
 145 **miss** avoid
 164 **marriage-triumph** triumph: lavish spectacle
 166 's as
 167 **conceive** understand (with fruits suggesting wordplay on 'become pregnant')
 176 **For** as for
forgetful heedless
 178 **resolved** satisfied, reassured

Act 4 Scene 2

Women beware Women.

I knew, alas, 'twas but your anger spake it,
 And I ne'er thought on't more.

180 HIPPOLITO Pray rise, good sister.
 [She rises]

ISABELLA [aside]
 Here's e'en as sweet amends made for a wrong now
 As one that gives a wound and pays the surgeon:
 All the smart's nothing, the great loss of blood,
 Or time of hind'rance. Well, I had a mother;
 185 I can dissemble too.—What wrongs have slipped
 Through anger's ignorance, aunt, my heart forgives.

GUARDIANO [Aside]
 Why, this' tuneful now!

HIPPOLITO And what I did, sister,
 Was all for honour's cause, which time to come
 Will approve to you.

LIVIA Being awaked to goodness,
 190 I understand so much, sir, and praise now
 The fortune of your arm, and of your safety;
 For by his death you've rid me of a sin
 As costly as e'er woman doted on.
 'T has pleased the Duke so well too that, behold, sir,
 [She gives him a letter]

195 He's sent you here your pardon, which I kissed
 With most affectionate comfort. When 'twas brought,
 Then was my fit just passed; it came so well, me-
 thought,
 To glad my heart.

HIPPOLITO I see his grace thinks on me.

LIVIA
 There's no talk now but of the preparation
 For the great marriage.

200 HIPPOLITO Does he marry her then?

LIVIA
 With all speed, suddenly, as fast as cost
 Can be laid on with many thousand hands.
 This gentleman and I had once a purpose
 To have honoured the first marriage of the Duke
 205 With an invention of his own. 'Twas ready,
 The pains well past, most of the charge bestowed on't;
 Then came the death of your good mother, niece,
 And turned the glory of it all to black.
 'Tis a device would fit these times so well too:
 210 Art's treasury not better. If you'll join,
 It shall be done; the cost shall all be mine.

HIPPOLITO
 You've my voice first; 'twill well approve my
 thankfulness
 For the Duke's love and favour.

LIVIA What say you, niece?

ISABELLA
 I am content to make one.

GUARDIANO The plot's full then.
 [To Livia] Your pages, madam, will make shift for
 Cupids. 215

LIVIA
 That will they, sir.

GUARDIANO You'll play your old part still.

LIVIA
 What, is't good? Troth, I have e'en forgot it.

GUARDIANO
 Why, Juno Pronuba, the marriage goddess.

LIVIA
 'Tis right indeed.

GUARDIANO [to Isabella]
 And you shall play the nymph
 That offers sacrifice to appease her wrath. 220

ISABELLA
 Sacrifice, good sir?

LIVIA
 Must I be appeased then?

GUARDIANO
 That's as you list yourself, as you see cause.

LIVIA
 Methinks 'twould show the more state in her deity
 To be incensed.

ISABELLA 'Twould; but my sacrifice
 Shall take a course to appease you, or I'll fail in't— 225
 [Aside] And teach a sinful bawd to play a goddess.

GUARDIANO [to Hippolito]
 For our parts, we'll not be ambitious, sir.
 Please you walk in and see the project drawn,
 Then take your choice.

HIPPOLITO I weigh not, so I have one.
 Exeunt all but Livia

LIVIA
 How much ado have I to restrain fury 230
 From breaking into curses! O, how painful 'tis
 To keep great sorrow smothered! Sure I think
 'Tis harder to dissemble grief than love.
 Leantio, here the weight of thy loss lies,
 Which nothing but destruction can suffice. Exit 235

184 hind'rance injury, incapacity
 187 this' this is
 189 approve demonstrate, confirm
 197 came so thus came
 205 invention...own theatrical entertain-
 ment he devised himself
 206 charge expense
 212 voice vote, support
 214 make one be included
 plot's plot: outline of the dramatic action
 (a document on which actors' names

might be noted)
 215 make shift for improvise as
 218 Juno (sister and wife of Jove; patroness
 of marriage, also an archetype of the
 jealous wife)
 Pronuba presiding over marriage (one of
 several names indicating Juno's special
 attributes)
 224 incensed enraged (punning on
 'perfumed with incense', as 'Juno' is in
 5.2)

227 For our parts (a) for our roles (b) as for
 us
 228 project drawn Refers to the plot (214)
 and perhaps also designs for scenery and
 costumes.
 229 weigh not don't mind
 so so long as
 233 dissemble disguise, pretend not to have
 234 here Presumably Livia gestures to her
 heart.

4.3 Oboes. Enter in great state the Duke and Bianca, richly attired, with lords, cardinals, ladies, and other attendants. They pass solemnly over. Enter Lord Cardinal in a rage, seeming to break off the ceremony

LORD CARDINAL
Cease, cease! Religious honours done to sin
Disparage virtue's reverence, and will pull
Heaven's thunder upon Florence. Holy ceremonies
Were made for sacred uses, not for sinful.
5 Are these the fruits of your repentance, brother?
Better it had been you had never sorrowed
Than to abuse the benefit and return
To worse than where sin left you.
Vowed you then never to keep strumpet more;
10 And are you now so swift in your desires
To knit your honours and your life fast to her?
Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
But he must bind himself in chains to't? Worse:
Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour
15 That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great master, be now made the garment
Of leprosy and foulness? Is this penitence
To sanctify hot lust? What is it otherways
Than worship done to devils? Is this the best
20 Amends that sin can make after her riots,
As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice?
If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
On wedlock's sacred altar.

DUKE Here you're bitter
25 Without cause, brother. What I vowed, I keep
As safe as you your conscience, and this needs not.
I taste more wrath in't than I do religion,
And envy more than goodness. The path now
I tread is honest, leads to lawful love
30 Which virtue, in her strictness, would not check.
I vowed no more to keep a sensual woman.
'Tis done: I mean to make a lawful wife of her.

LORD CARDINAL
He that taught you that craft,
Call him not master long; he will undo you.
35 Grow not too cunning for your soul, good brother.

Is it enough to use adulterous thefts
And then take sanctuary in marriage?
I grant, so long as an offender keeps
Close in a privileged temple, his life's safe;
But if he ever venture to come out, 40
And so be taken, then he surely dies for't.
So now you're safe; but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileged temple upon earth
In which the guilty soul takes sanctuary,
Then you'll perceive what wrongs chaste vows endure 45
When lust usurps the bed that should be pure.

BIANCA
Sir, I have read you over all this while
In silence, and I find great knowledge in you,
And severe learning; yet 'mongst all your virtues
I see not charity written, which some call 50
The first-born of religion, and I wonder
I cannot see't in yours. Believe it, sir,
There is no virtue can be sooner missed
Or later welcomed; it begins the rest,
And sets 'em all in order. Heaven and angels 55
Take great delight in a converted sinner;
Why should you then, a servant and professor,
Differ so much from them? If every woman
That commits evil should be therefore kept
Back in desires of goodness, how should virtue 60
Be known and honoured? From a man that's blind
To take a burning taper 'tis no wrong,
He never misses it; but to take light
From one that sees, that's injury and spite.
Pray, whether is religion better served: 65
When lives that are licentious are made honest,
Than when they still run through a sinful blood?
'Tis nothing virtue's temples to deface;
But build the ruins, there's a work of grace.

DUKE
I kiss thee for that spirit. Thou hast praised thy wit 70
A modest way.—On, on, there! *Oboes*

LORD CARDINAL Lust is bold,
And will have vengeance speak ere't be controlled. *Exeunt*

Finis Actus Quartus

4.3.2 Disparage degrade

3 Florence i.e. (a) the city (b) the Duke

16 her great master i.e. God

22 surfeit (a) transgression (b) vomit

26 needs not is unnecessary

28 envy malice

33 He i.e. the devil

35 for for the good of

36 use adulterous thefts i.e. habitually steal the pleasures of adultery. Recalls Leantio's description of Bianca's seduction

from her parents as a theft, 1.1.37, etc.

39 privileged (with right of sanctuary)

49 severe (a) censorious (b) grave

49-55 yet...order Alludes to 1 Corinthians,

13:13, 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity' (King James Bible; Geneva has 'love' for 'charity'). In Protestant thinking, however, charity and good works proceed from faith, which is more important for salvation

than works.

54 later more belatedly

begins brings into existence

57 servant (of God)

professor professed Christian

65 whether in which of the two

67 Than 'Or' is logically required.

68 nothing i.e. no effort

deface destroy

69 build rebuild



5.1

*Incipit Actus Quintus**[An altar set forth for the masque.]**Enter Guardiano [with a caltrop] and Ward*

GUARDIANO

Speak, hast thou any sense of thy abuse?

Dost thou know what wrong's done thee?

WARD

I were an ass else.

I cannot wash my face but I am feeling on't.

GUARDIANO

Here, take this caltrop, then convey it secretly

5

Into the place I showed you. Look you, sir,

This is the trapdoor to't.

WARD I know that of old, uncle, since the last triumph.

Here rose up a devil with one eye, I remember, with a company of fireworks at's tail.

GUARDIANO

10

Prithee leave squibbing now. Mark me, and fail not;

But when thou hear'st me give a stamp, down with't;

The villain's caught then.

WARD

If I miss you, hang me.

I love to catch a villain, and your stamp shall go

current, I warrant you. But how shall I rise up and let

15

him down too, all at one hole? That will be a horrible

puzzle. You know I have a part in't; I play Slander.

GUARDIANO

True, but never make you ready for't.

WARD No? My clothes are bought and all, and a foul fiend's

head with a long contumelious tongue i'th' chaps on't,

20

a very fit shape for Slander i'th' out-parishes.

GUARDIANO

It shall not come so far; thou understand'st it not.

WARD

O, O!

GUARDIANO

He shall lie deep enough ere that time,

And stick first upon those.

WARD

Now I conceive you, guardianer.

GUARDIANO

Away; list to the privy stamp, that's all thy part.

5.1.0.3 *caltrop* (an instrument of war with four metal spikes arranged so that one always projects upwards)

3 *feeling on't* (a) sensing the *wrong* done me

6 *trapdoor* A usual feature of Jacobean stages. The space below the stage was symbolically associated with hell, as it was in *the last triumph*.

8 *devil with one eye* The imagined pageant figure has a phallic innuendo.

10 *squibbing* (a) making witty comments (b) letting off squibs

11 *with't* i.e. with the trapdoor

13 *stamp* (a) stamp of the foot (b) impression on coin, coinage (hence *go current*)

14–15 *how . . . hole* (with a sexual innuendo)

19 *contumelious* insolent

20 *out-parishes* suburbs (as places of scandal-mongering or of play-acting)

21 *so far* (in the performance)

23 *those* i.e. the caltrop's spikes

24 *privy* secret

25–6 *Stamp . . . cuckolds* Horn was considered an antidote for poison; wine was often used as a base for medicines.

25 *Stamp* grind to a powder

27 *present* instant

29 *As* even though

'tis *certain* (to succeed)

30 *present* act

32 *his part* (of lovesick shepherd)

WARD Stamp my horns in a mortar if I miss you, and give the powder in white wine to sick cuckolds, a very present remedy for the headache.

Exit [through the trapdoor, with the caltrop]

GUARDIANO

If this should any way miscarry now,

As, if the fool be nimble enough, 'tis certain,

The pages that present the swift-winged Cupids

Are taught to hit him with their shafts of love—

Fitting his part—which I have cunningly poisoned.

He cannot scape my fury; and those ills

Will be laid all on fortune, not our wills,

That's all the sport on't. For who will imagine

That at the celebration of this night

Any mischance that haps can flow from spite? *Exit*

Flourish. Enter, above, Duke, Bianca, Lord Car-

dinal, Fabritio, and other cardinals, lords, and

ladies, in state

DUKE

Now our fair duchess, your delight shall witness

How you're beloved and honoured. All the glories

Bestowed upon the gladness of this night

Are done for your bright sake.

BIANCA

I am the more

In debt, my lord, to loves and courtesies

That offer up themselves so bounteously

To do me honoured grace without my merit.

DUKE

A goodness set in greatness, how it sparkles

Afar off like pure diamonds set in gold!

[*To Bianca and Lord Cardinal*] How perfect my desires

were might I witness

But a fair noble peace 'twixt your two spirits!

The reconciliation would be more sweet to me

Than longer life to him that fears to die.

Good sir!

LORD CARDINAL

I profess peace, and am content.

DUKE

I'll see the seal upon't, and then 'tis firm.

LORD CARDINAL

You shall have all your wish.

37.1 *above* The main part of the stage is reserved for the main action of the masque.

The number of people is exceptionally large for the upper gallery, and the masquers must be able to pass cups to their audience; a dais or raised platform may have been put in place before 5.1, though Leslie Thomson (*Studies in English Literature, 1500–1900* 26 (1986), 331–43) has defended the use of the upper acting area.

44 *To . . . merit* Alludes to the Protestant doctrine that God's grace does not depend on the recipient's *merit*.

47 *perfect* fully contented

[He kisses Bianca]

DUKE I have all indeed now.

BIANCA [aside] But I have made surer work. This shall not blind me.
 55 He that begins so early to reprove,
 Quickly rid him, or look for little love.
 Beware a brother's envy; he's next heir too.
 Cardinal, you die this night; the plot's laid surely.
 In time of sports death may steal in securely.
 60 Then 'tis least thought on.
 For he that's most religious, holy friend,
 Does not at all hours think upon his end.
 He has his times of frailty, and his thoughts
 Their transportations too through flesh and blood,
 65 For all his zeal, his learning, and his light,
 As well as we, poor souls, that sin by night.
 [Fabritio gives Duke a paper]

DUKE What's this, Fabritio?

FABRITIO Marry, my lord, the model
 Of what's presented.

DUKE O, we thank their loves.—
 Sweet duchess, take your seat; list to the argument.
 [They sit, and he] reads
 70 'There is a nymph that haunts the woods and springs,
 In love with two at once, and they with her.
 Equal it runs; but, to decide these things,
 The cause to mighty Juno they refer,
 She being the marriage goddess. The two lovers,
 75 They offer sighs, the nymph a sacrifice,
 All to please Juno, who by signs discovers
 How the event shall be. So that strife dies.
 Then springs a second, for the man refused
 Grows discontent and, out of love abused,
 80 He raises Slander up, like a black fiend,
 To disgrace th'other, which pays him i'th' end.'

BIANCA In troth, my lord, a pretty, pleasing argument,
 And fits th'occasion well. Envy and Slander
 Are things soon raised against two faithful lovers;
 85 But comfort is, they are not long unrewarded.

Music

DUKE This music shows they're upon entrance now.

BIANCA [aside] Then enter all my wishes.
Enter [below] Hymen in yellow, Ganymede in a blue robe powdered with stars, and Hebe in a white robe with golden stars, with covered cups in their hands. They dance a short dance, then, bowing to the Duke, etc., Hymen speaks

HYMEN [giving Bianca a cup]
 To thee, fair bride, Hymen offers up
 Of nuptial joys this the celestial cup.
 Taste it, and thou shalt ever find
 90 Love in thy bed, peace in thy mind.

BIANCA We'll taste you sure; 'twere pity to disgrace
 So pretty a beginning.
 [She drinks]

DUKE 'Twas spoke nobly.

GANYMEDE Two cups of nectar have we begged from Jove.
 Hebe, give that to innocence, I this to love.
 95 [He gives Duke a cup, and Hebe gives Lord Cardinal a cup]
 Take heed of stumbling more; look to your way;
 Remember still the Via Lactea.
 [The Duke and Lord Cardinal drink]

HEBE Well, Ganymede, you have more faults, though not so
 known.
 I spilt one cup, but you have filched many a one.

HYMEN No more; forbear. For Hymen's heart
 100 In love we met, and so let's part. *Exeunt masquers*

DUKE But soft: here's no such persons in the argument
 As these three, Hymen, Hebe, Ganymede.
 The actors that this model here discovers
 Are only four, Juno, a nymph, two lovers.
 105

BIANCA This is some antemasque, belike, my lord,

64 **transportations** travellings
 too i.e. like ours
 65 **light** spiritual enlightenment
 67 **model** summary
 69 **argument** outline of the plot
 76 **discovers** reveals
 77 **event** outcome
 81 **which pays him** Either raising Slander
 chastizes (*pays*) *th'other*, or *th'other*
 chastizes him for doing so.
 85 **unrewarded** unpunished (for raising Envy

and Slander)
 87.1-5.1.101 *Enter...masquers* This un-
 expected *antemasque* has been arranged
 by Bianca, in order to poison the Lord
 Cardinal.
 87.1 *Hymen* God of marriage. Yellow is the
 colour he traditionally wears.
Ganymede Zeus (Jove) was prompted by
 homoerotic desire to carry him off to be
 his cupbearer.
 87.2 *powdered* sprinkled

Hebe (daughter of Zeus)
 96-7 *Take...Lactea* Alludes to a myth
 about the formation of the Milky Way
 (*Via Lactea*) in which Hebe stumbled on
 a star and spilt the wine or milk that she
 was carrying in her cup.
 98-9 *Well...one* Ganymede's drunkenness
 accounts for confusion between the cups.
 99 *spilt* Perhaps jocular for 'drank'.
 106 *antemasque* An episode (usually comic)
 before the main masque.

[*She throws flaming gold upon Isabella's lap*]
 Our brother Jove
 155 Never denies us of his burning treasure,
 T'express bounty.
Isabella falls and dies
 DUKE She falls down upon't.
 What's the conceit of that?
 FABRITIO As overjoyed, belike.
 Too much prosperity overjoys us all,
 And she has her lapful, it seems, my lord.
 DUKE
 160 This swerves a little from the argument though.
 Look you, my lords.
 GUARDIANO [*aside*]
 All's fast. Now comes my part to toll him hither;
 Then with a stamp given he's dispatched as cunningly.
 HIPPOLITO
 Stark dead. O, treachery! Cruelly made away!
 [*He strikes the floor in grief. The trapdoor opens, and Guardiano falls through*]
 165 How's that?
 FABRITIO
 Look, there's one of the lovers dropped away too.
 DUKE
 Why, sure this plot's drawn false; here's no such thing.
 LIVIA
 O, I am sick to th' death. Let me down quickly.
 This fume is deadly. O, 't has poisoned me!
 [*She is let down to the stage, with the Cupids*]
 170 My subtlety is sped: her art has quitted me;
 My own ambition pulls me down to ruin. [*She dies*]
 HIPPOLITO [*to Isabella*]
 Nay, then I kiss thy cold lips, and applaud
 This thy revenge in death.
Cupids shoot [at Hippolito]
 FABRITIO Look, Juno's down too.

What makes she there? Her pride should keep aloft.
 She was wont to scorn the earth in other shows.
 175 Methinks her peacock feathers are much pulled.
 HIPPOLITO
 O, death runs through my blood, in a wild flame too.
 Plague of those Cupids! Some lay hold on 'em.
 Let 'em not scape; they have spoiled me. The shaft's deadly.
 DUKE
 I have lost myself in this quite. 180
 HIPPOLITO
 My great lords, we are all confounded.
 DUKE How?
 HIPPOLITO
 Dead; and I worse.
 FABRITIO Dead? My girl dead? I hope
 My sister Juno has not served me so.
 HIPPOLITO
 Lust and forgetfulness has been amongst us,
 And we are brought to nothing. Some blest charity 185
 Lend me the speeding pity of his sword
 To quench this fire in blood. Leantio's death
 Has brought all this upon us—now I taste it—
 And made us lay plots to confound each other.
 The event so proves it; and man's understanding 190
 Is riper at his fall than all his lifetime.
 [*Pointing to Livia*] She, in a madness for her lover's
 death,
 Revealed a fearful lust in our near bloods,
 For which I am punished dreadfully and unlooked for;
 Proved her own ruin too. Vengeance met vengeance 195
 Like a set match, as if the plagues of sin
 Had been agreed to meet here all together.
 But how her fawning partner fell I reach not,
 Unless caught by some springe of his own setting;
 For, on my pain, he never dreamed of dying. 200
 The plot was all his own, and he had cunning
 Enough to save himself; but 'tis the property

154.1 *flaming gold* This and some other staging details come from a manuscript note in a copy of the 1657 edition. The reference to *golden days* (152) and Isabella's lapful of *prosperity* (158), taken with Livia's suggestion that the *burning treasure* (155) is borrowed from Jove, suggests that the effect is of a golden shaft of lightning or a shower of gold (see note to 159). An ornamented arrow or short spear might deliver the poison most effectively, and might be suitably phallic.
 155 *burning* Refers to the flames represented, and to the burning effects of the poison.
 157 *conceit* significance
 159 *she has her lapful* Apparently the *flaming gold* strikes Isabella in the lap. This suggests to Fabritio an analogy with Jupiter's rape of Danae in a shower of gold.

160 *argument* plot summary
 162 *fast* firmly in place
toll him lure him (also 'ring his death-bell')
hither i.e. to the trapdoor
 164 *Stark... away* Spoken of Isabella.
 170 *is sped* has succeeded (ironic)
quitted requited
 173.1 *Cupids shoot* As an ironized emblem of love this effectively coincides with Hippolito's embrace of Isabella.
 174 *makes she* is she doing
 175 *other shows* Alludes to masques with Juno such as Jonson's *Hymenaei* (1606) and the masque in Shakespeare's *The Tempest* (1610-11 onwards).
 176 *peacock feathers* See note to 134.1.
 179 *spoiled* destroyed
 180 I...*quite* The Duke is still trying to match the action with the written *argument*.

182 *worse* i.e. in agony from the poison
 184 *forgetfulness* moral obliviousness
 185 *we... nothing* Recalls Jeremiah, 10:24, 'O lord, correct me; but with judgement, not in thine anger, lest thou bring me to nothing'.
 186 *speeding* hastening
 188 *taste it* 'Taste death' is biblical.
 190 *event* outcome
 193 *near* closely related
 194 *unlooked for* unexpectedly
 195 *Proved* She proved
 196 *set* prearranged
match (a) conspiracy to rob (the primary sense) (b) contest. *Meet* (197) accordingly suggests (a) gather, or (b) encounter as opponents.
 198 *reach* understand
 199 *springe* snare
 200 *on my pain* Refers to damnation or the effect of the poison.

- Of guilty deeds to draw your wise men downward;
Therefore the wonder ceases.—O, this torment!
- DUKE
Our guard below there!
Enter a Lord [below] with a guard [bearing halberds]
- LORD *[to Hippolito]* My lord.
205 HIPPOLITO *[aside]* Run and meet death then,
And cut off time and pain.
[He runs upon a halberd, and dies]
- LORD *[to the Duke]* Behold, my lord.
He's run his breast upon a weapon's point.
- DUKE
Upon the first night of our nuptial honours,
Destruction play her triumph, and great mischiefs
210 Masque in expected pleasures! 'Tis prodigious;
They're things most fearfully ominous; I like 'em not.
Remove these ruined bodies from our eyes.
[The Lord and guard exeunt with the bodies]
- BIANCA *[aside, looking on Lord Cardinal]*
Not yet? No change? When falls he to the earth?
[Enter a Lord, above]
- LORD *[giving Duke a paper]*
215 Please but your excellence to peruse that paper,
Which is a brief confession from the heart
Of him that fell first, ere his soul departed;
And there the darkness of these deeds speaks plainly.
'Tis the full scope, the manner, and intent.
His ward, that ignorantly let him down,
220 Fear put to present flight at the voice of him.
- BIANCA *[aside]* Nor yet?
DUKE *[to Lord Cardinal]*
Read, read; for I am lost in sight and strength.
- LORD CARDINAL
My noble brother!
- BIANCA O, the curse of wretchedness!
225 My deadly hand is fall'n upon my lord.
Destruction take me to thee!—Give me way.
The pains and plagues of a lost soul upon him
That hinders me a moment.
- DUKE
My heart swells bigger yet. Help here; break't ope.
My breast flies open next. *[He dies]*
- BIANCA O, with the poison
230 That was prepared for thee, thee, Cardinal.
'Twas meant for thee.
- LORD CARDINAL Poor prince!
BIANCA Accursèd error!
[To Duke] Give me thy last breath, thou infected
bosom,
And wrap two spirits in one poisoned vapour. 235
[She kisses him]
Thus, thus reward thy murderer, and turn death
Into a parting kiss. My soul stands ready at my lips,
E'en vexed to stay one minute after thee.
- LORD CARDINAL
The greatest sorrow and astonishment
That ever struck the general peace of Florence 240
Dwells in this hour.
- BIANCA So my desires are satisfied:
I feel death's power within me.
Thou hast prevailed in something, cursèd poison,
Though thy chief force was spent in my lord's bosom.
But my deformity in spirit's more foul; 245
A blemished face best fits a leprous soul.
What make I here? These are all strangers to me,
Not known but by their malice now thou'rt gone;
Nor do I seek their pities.
[She drinks from the poisoned cup]
- LORD CARDINAL O, restrain
Her ignorant wilful hand!
- BIANCA Now do; 'tis done. 250
Leantio, now I feel the breach of marriage
At my heart-breaking. O, the deadly snares
That women set for women, without pity
Either to soul or honour! Learn by me
To know your foes. In this belief I die: 255
Like our own sex we have no enemy, no enemy.
- LORD *[to Lord Cardinal]* See, my lord,
What shift she's made to be her own destruction.
- BIANCA
Pride, greatness, honours, beauty, youth, ambition,
You must all down together, there's no help for't. 260
Yet this my gladness is, that I remove
Tasting the same death in a cup of love. *[She dies]*
- LORD CARDINAL
Sin, what thou art these ruins show too piteously.
Two kings on one throne cannot sit together,
But one must needs down, for his title's wrong; 265
So where lust reigns, that prince cannot reign long.
Exeunt [with the bodies]
- Finis

209 **triumph** (a) theatrical spectacle (b) celebration of victory (c) trump card
210 **prodigious** monstrous, ill-omened
216 **him that fell first** (Guardiano)
218 **scope** end in view
219 **let him down** (through the trapdoor)
223 **wretchedness** wickedness (both evil acts that misfire and the state of evil that leads to damnation)
228 **My...bigger** The blood was thought to swell up the heart at death.

239 **astonishment** shock, dismay
243 **in something** to some extent
246 **A blemished face** Bianca's face may be disfigured by the poison, or she may here scratch her face with her nails. Alternatively, Bianca claims that an unblemished face matched with a leprous soul, such as her own, is the greater deformity.
leprous Compare the application to

Bianca at 2.2.423-4 and 4.3.17.
256 **no enemy** The repetition of these words might trail off into death or be spoken emphatically.
261 **remove** depart, die
264 **Two...together** From Seneca, *Thyestes*, 444, 'non capit regnum duos' (a throne will not hold two kings); possibly proverbial.
266 **that prince** i.e. the prince of that state

Women beware Women.

THE PARTS

Men

LEANTIO (504 lines): Citizen; Lord Cardinal (*or* Servant *or* Hymen *or* Lord), Hymen (*or* Lord Cardinal), Lord (*or* Lord Cardinal), Servant (*or* Lord Cardinal)
DUKE (271 lines): Sordido
GUARDIANO (244 lines): Hymen, Lord, [Messenger]
WARD (205 lines): Citizen, Servant, Hymen, Lord, [Messenger]
HIPPOLITO (180 lines): Hymen
LORD CARDINAL (130 lines): Messenger; Leantio *or* Sordido
SORDIDO (113 lines): Duke (*or* Lord Cardinal *or* Citizen *or* Servant *or* Messenger), Lord Cardinal (*or* Duke *or* Citizen *or* Servant), Citizen (*or* Duke *or* Lord Cardinal), Messenger (*or* Duke), Servant (*or* Duke *or* Lord Cardinal)
FABRITIO (98 lines): Messenger, [Servant]
MESSENGER (19 lines): any but Leantio, Duke, Hippolito, [Guardiano, Ward]
LORD (12 lines; 5.1): any but Duke, Lord Cardinal, Fabritio, Hippolito, Guardiano
SERVANT (7 lines): Citizen, Hymen, Lord; Leantio *or* Messenger; Ward [*or* Sordido]
HYMEN (6 lines; 5.1): any but Duke, Lord Cardinal, Fabritio, Hippolito, Guardiano
CITIZEN (5 lines; 1.3): any but Duke, Lord Cardinal

Boys

LIVIA (581 lines): a Lady, Ganymede, Hebe, Page; a Boy *or* Apprentice
BIANCA (421 lines): Page
MOTHER (226 lines): a Lady, Page, Ganymede, Hebe
ISABELLA (215 lines): a Lady, Page; a Boy *or* Apprentice
FIRST LADY (10 lines; 4.1): any but Bianca, other Lady
SECOND LADY (7 lines; 4.1): any but Bianca, other Lady
GANYMEDE (4 lines; 5.1): any but Bianca, Hebe, Isabella
APPRENTICE (3 lines; 1.3): any but Mother, Bianca, Boys
HEBE (2 lines; 5.1): any but Bianca, Ganymede, Isabella
FIRST BOY (1 line; 1.3): any but Mother, Bianca, Apprentice, other Boys
SECOND BOY (1 line; 1.3): any but Mother, Bianca, Apprentice, other Boys
THIRD BOY (1 line; 1.3): any but Mother, Bianca, Apprentice, other Boys
PAGE (1 line; 4.2): any but Livia, Isabella
Fabritio, Hippolito, and Guardiano probably appear among the knights and nobility in 1.3.
Most crowded scene: 5.1, excluding its opening episode: 12 characters (+ 2? cardinals, 2? lords, 2? ladies, all mute, with mute nymphs, and Cupids able to double with Hebe and Ganymede)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: A GENETIC TEXT

Edited by John Jowett

Measure for Measure must have been first written and performed in 1603–4. On St Stephen's Night, 26 December 1604, the King's Men staged, according to the Revels office accounts, 'a play called *Measure for Measure*' by 'Shaxberd' as part of the Christmas festivities at the Whitehall Banqueting Hall. *Measure* first appeared in the Shakespeare First Folio of 1623 (JAGGARD). Its credentials as a Shakespeare play are sound. However, it seems clear that the 1623 text had undergone adaptation by Middleton. The present edition is accordingly designed to highlight Middleton's contribution.

Even before the hand of a reviser other than Shakespeare becomes an issue, there are grounds for asserting that *Measure* was revived no earlier than in the last years of Shakespeare's professional career. The purity of diction is implausible for a Shakespeare play of 1603–4, particularly one such as *Measure* that insistently intertwines the passionate and the scurrilous. Asseverations that do exist repeatedly use phrases that look like unShakespearean substitutions for Shakespearean oaths. The play has almost certainly been expurgated of oaths at some time after the 1606 Act of Parliament to restrain abuses of players had made blasphemy on stage illegal. JAGGARD's act divisions suggest a later date still. They are unlikely to have been present in the original playbook, which would have been written for performance without act-intervals, as was usual when the King's Men first brought a play to the stage. Act-breaks would have been needed for any production after about 1609, when the King's Men began to play at the Blackfriars and to observe the hall theatre convention of act-intervals. On both counts, the text printed in 1623 would seem to derive (indirectly) from a manuscript prepared for a revival.

The dating of this event can be pushed markedly later than 1609. The one and only song in *Measure*, 'Take, O take those lips away', happens to be positioned immediately after one of the act-breaks. This lyric also occurs, with a second stanza, in the Fletcherian tragedy *Rollo, Duke of Normandy* (1617–20; also known as *The Bloody Brother*). Every indication is that the song originated in *Rollo*. The song fits the context of *Rollo* considerably better than that of *Measure*, and, as the two stanzas were influenced by a common source, the Latin lyric '*Ad Lydiam*', it can reasonably be inferred that they were written as a single piece. Accordingly, the song must have been introduced into *Measure* for the occasion of a revival staged several years after Shakespeare's death.

Before the introduction of 'Take, O take those lips away' into *Measure*, the Duke's passage through the city in

the eventual Act 3 would lead directly to his meeting with Isabella at the moated grange after the song episode in the eventual Act 4. This conclusion seems inevitable unless an episode was deleted to make way for the new act-break and song. In either case, it seems that both sides of the act-break were affected by the alterations. The Duke's soliloquy 'He who the sword of heaven will bear', a moralizing summary written in sententious rhyming couplets, is well suited to its function at the end of JAGGARD's Act 3. In contrast, the six-line soliloquy 'O place and greatness' which in JAGGARD stands as the time allotted for Isabella to explain her plight to Mariana and put to her, without offence, the difficult proposal that she should substitute for Isabella as Angelo's sexual partner in the walled garden, has struck many critics as grotesquely short measure. It is further suspect because it is obscurely if at all relevant to its immediate context. This situation seems to have arisen because in the adaptation the two soliloquies were transposed. The longer one, previously in 4.1, could now produce an effective close to the act, matching the strong new opening to the fourth act with its interpolated song.

A short piece of dialogue forms a bridge between the song and Mariana's exit to leave the Duke and Isabella on stage (4.1.7–25). The technique hereabouts of reshaping extant text and adding minimal and merely functional new writing is a reminder that a posthumous revival is an enterprise of a fundamentally different complexion from dramatic authorship.

But a longer passage at the beginning of 1.2 is a more straightforward and sustained piece of composition for the adaptation. It can be dated with some confidence to a time after the composition of *Rollo*, so providing an independent affirmation that the play was adapted posthumously, and the case for Middleton's authorship of the passage is particularly strong. In JAGGARD, the first 79 lines of 1.2 marked in the present text as an interpolation and the episode after it marked as a cancel are printed as a continuous sequence. This causes a duplication. First Mistress Overdone delivers the news of Claudio's arrest for getting Juliet with child, then, suddenly ignorant of the situation, she prompts Pompey to deliver the same news to her. The sequence might be attributed to Shakespeare's oversight (though a rather puzzling one), or to a result of his revision, were it not that the opening episode includes a striking cluster of grammatical and lexical features that would not be expected in a Shakespeare text. It is Middleton who favours the linguistic forms that mark this passage out from the rest of the play and from Shake-

spere's usage more generally: 'has' (as against 'hath'), 'whilst' (as against 'while'), 'ay' (as against 'yes'), and 'between' (as against 'betwixt'). Together, these preferences not only distinguish Middleton from Shakespeare, but favour him against other possible candidates for a revision of a King's Men play such as Philip Massinger, John Webster, and John Fletcher. Furthermore, whereas only four relatively unremarkable words in the passage are found in Shakespeare's works but not Middleton's, an impressive array of individual words, distinctive phrases, and idiosyncratic turns of thought can be paralleled in Middleton but not Shakespeare. Finally, as described below, the passage is peculiarly rich in topical references; these are conspicuously awkward in relation to the play's date of original composition, but point strongly to 1621, a time when Shakespeare had been dead for several years, but Middleton remained an active dramatist. It seems, then, that Middleton wrote a passage to replace the original opening of the scene.

There are, then, two major alterations that, on account of a range of different but converging signals, can be assigned to a 1621 adaptation. Other changes made at the same time may be harder to detect, yet if adaptation affected two passages it could potentially affect others as well. And indeed it probably did so. With varying degrees of probability, a number of other changes can be identified.

First, and most certainly, the revision evidently accentuated the role of Juliet. This was achieved simply by bringing her onstage in two scenes. She is mentioned in 1.2, but she says nothing and is not referred to in any way that supposes her presence. Virtually the same situation happens again in Act 5. Notes to the stage directions for Juliet's first and final entries in the adapted manuscript would have allowed her to appear in both scenes as a silent moral comment, a visible reminder of at least one physical consequence of sexual activity (Overdone and the gentlemen embody others).

As is the case with Juliet's presence in both 1.2 and 5.1, the changes in 1.2 evidently led on to other, related alterations involving the roles of Lucio, the Bawd, and the Clown. Whereas Lucio's part in bringing the news of Claudio's arrest to Isabella undoubtedly belongs to the original text, his presence is suspect in 2.2, the scene in which Isabella first visits Angelo. It seems likely that some of the Provost's speeches were transferred to Lucio, and that some of his lines, such as those at 2.2.132, 135, and 159, were written in by Middleton. Lucio's fervent yet cynical support for Isabella both augments his role in the play and adds a note of ironic detachment to the intensity of her debate with Angelo.

More speculatively, the objective of highlighting Lucio's role in the early scenes may have affected the sequence of the scenes at the end of Act 1. As is explained in the commentary note to 1.3(b), there are indications that Shakespeare would originally have staged Lucio's interview with Isabella before the Duke's conversation with the Friar. Once again, an act break is implicated, for the final text puts Lucio on stage just before the first

act interval. There may also have been considerations of doubling actors' roles (see commentary note to 1.3(a)).

The Bawd is both a disreputable figure, like Lucio and his companions, and probably a role for a boy actor, like Juliet and the singing boy. As has already been suggested, her first appearance in 1.2, like Lucio's, must belong to the adaptation. What was added to her role elsewhere was probably her name, Mistress Overdone, and the lines that make reference to it at 2.1.79–81, 2.1.187–94, and 4.3.1–38. Shakespeare's Bawd was probably nameless, like her equivalent in *Pericles* (and like other roles in many other Shakespeare plays, including, in *Measure*, the Duke—named nowhere in the dialogue, speech-prefixes and stage directions—and the Provost). The name is itself distinctively Middletonian. It can scarcely be coincidence that in *No Wit* a significant character who is a sexually decrepit gentleman is called Master Overdone. In principle, the influence between *Measure* and *No Wit* could run in either direction, but the *type* of name is also in Middleton's vein. He frequently coins names that involve a compound, and names that indicate a Jonsonian character-type. More specifically, his names often suggest a sexual identity: *Mistress Newcut*, *Mistress Cleveland*, *Mistress Openwork*, *Castiza*, *Kix*, *Whorehound*, *Touchwood*, *De Flores*, and so on. Shakespeare examples are far fewer, and they tend to include a forename; 'Mistress Kate Keepdown' in *Measure* itself is one example. A particularly striking Middleton parallel that involves a sexual identity constructed on 'Mistress' followed by the antithesis of *Over* followed by a monosyllable ending in 'n' is *Mistress Underman* in *Chaste Maid*. If the name is not in itself sufficient to prove Middleton's intervention, the inference is effectively confirmed by textual dislocations in all three passages mentioning it, as can be seen in the commentary notes.

The passages in 2.1 are brief enough, but the mention of Mistress Overdone in 4.3 falls within a substantial speech that can be demonstrated on other grounds to have been written by Middleton. As an entirely separate set-piece for a clown, this speech is characteristic of the kind of material that might be added during the adaptation of any play. In this case, the element of allusive social satire accords fully with Middleton, the device of the catalogue of representative figures has a close parallel elsewhere in his writing, and the speech contains a proliferation of words and phrases that are strikingly in Middleton's vein. The addition is consistent with other changes to the play, and adaptations more generally, in that it augments the role of a comic figure. It develops the play's picture of a violent and decadent society, using a comic mode of delivery to offer harsh glances at urban vices.

Another passage probably added by Middleton helps to counterpoise this added emphasis on the play's lawless characters. It is the brief and far from distinctively Shakespearean exchange between Escalus and the Justice at the end of 2.1, in which the need to restrain vice firmly is given almost choric articulation. The passage is, like Pompey's speech, separable from the rest of the action. It introduces a character, the Justice, who, like

the two Gentlemen, appears nowhere else in the play. It contains sentiments that are surprising from Escalus, to the effect that mercy and pardon are dangerous and cannot be extended to Claudio. We might think of Escalus elsewhere as the voice of a Shakespearean tolerance; the more judgemental attitude of this brief dialogue might accord with the Calvinist temper found in Middleton, and, like the exposure of vice in 1.2, it modifies the play's opposition to puritanism. If the Duke's laxity has been extreme, the extension of secular law to punish moral lapses severely can accordingly be justified.

Even as the adaptation makes the action more rooted in a city that closely resembles London, it adds an urgent relevance to the play's setting in Vienna. This location would have had little special relevance in 1603-4, and in some respects is decidedly unexpected. None of the play's recognized sources or analogues is set in Vienna, and Shakespeare elsewhere shows virtually no interest in either Vienna or Austria. Moreover, in contradiction of the linguistically Germanic setting, the personal names in *Measure* are consistently Italian. Some of the analogues refer to the Duke of Ferrara. 'Ferrara' is metrically identical with 'Vienna', and is mentioned in Shakespeare and John Fletcher's *All is True*, 3.2.324 (in a passage usually attributed to Shakespeare). There are reasons to suppose that Shakespeare set the play in Italian Ferrara, and that Middleton altered the setting specifically in order to establish the Thirty Years War as a backdrop.

We suggest that Italian names were deleted from the dialogue in three places to make the change of location less obvious. At 1.1.2, and perhaps also elsewhere, defective metre suggests that Shakespeare may have given the Duke the personal name Vincentio—otherwise mysteriously absent, and preserved only in 'The Names of All the Actors'. Similar considerations apply to Francisca in 1.4: she is named in the opening stage direction but not the dialogue, and the verse at 1.4.2 is metrically defective. Earlier, Middleton seems to have reflected *Measure*'s pairing of Isabella and Francisca when he made characters with the same names sisters-in-law in *The Witch*. Francisca in that play is therefore equivalent to Juliet in *Measure*, and, similarly, is pregnant: an unchaste sister-in-law rather than a member of a holy 'sisterhood'.

The adaptation may have introduced more substantial cuts. The extant text is one of the longer Shakespeare comedies, so the grounds for supposing extensive cutting are far slighter than in the case of *Macbeth*, which is conspicuously short for a Shakespeare tragedy. Nevertheless, any metrical irregularity or discontinuity in sense might hypothetically be the result of cutting. At 1.1.8-9 there is a crux that involves both sense and metre. Rather than emend, as in the Oxford Shakespeare text, we have here suggested a lacuna resulting from a cut.

Even before adaptation, *Measure* would have been amongst the most Middletonian of Shakespeare's plays. With the possible exception of the Plautine *Comedy of Errors*, *Measure* is Shakespeare's only strictly urban comedy. It has affinities of tone and subject matter with verse satire

and satiric prose pamphlets, both of which are exemplified in Middleton's work. In the first instance Shakespeare was responding to writers of Middleton's ilk—witty, harsh, satiric, city-oriented. No other dramatist of the period is so persistently concerned with the politics of the libido and the economics of sexual exchange.

Measure itself seems to have influenced Middleton long before he adapted it. Though both Middleton and Fletcher had collaborated with Shakespeare, Middleton's predilections would certainly have made him the more obvious choice to adapt *Measure*. He had already adapted *Macbeth*, and indeed is the only person known to have adapted a Shakespeare play for the professional theatre (other than Shakespeare himself) before Sir William Davenant turned his hand to the trade after the Restoration. Davenant began, by coincidence or otherwise, with the very plays adapted by Middleton: *Measure*, adapted as *The Law against Lovers* (1662), and *Macbeth* (1663).

From the point of view of the King's Men and Middleton, *Measure* must have seemed pointedly significant in 1621 on account of its concern with justice. The word occurs considerably more often in this than any other Shakespeare play, and *Measure* shows justice as a principle whose enactment is both problematic and subject to considerable abuse. In 1621 the Lord Chancellor, Sir Francis Bacon, was impeached by Parliament on charges of bribery and corruption. Though the offences urged against him were financial rather than sexual, his impeachment drew attention to a conflict between personal gratification and the exercise of the highest judicial office in the land. As Bacon's adversary Sir Edward Coke declared, 'nothing is of so much moment as the taking away of corrupt judges'. The principles and morality of justice had therefore become specific matters of public concern and discussion in the very year *Measure* was evidently revived. In this edition we identify (on other grounds) Angelo's 'What knows the law | That thieves do pass on thieves?' (2.1.21-2) as Middleton's addition, and there may be other, less attributable, alterations of this kind. One can only speculate as to whether passages such as Isabella's offer to 'bribe' Angelo around 2.2.148 might have been slightly sharpened during adaptation. Few readers will doubt, however, that Isabella's explanation at 2.2.152-8 belongs to the original text. The Shakespearean play's concern with judicial process would have made it sharply pertinent in 1621 before any adaptation.

The new passage in 1.2 contained lines that were intensely topical to the early 1620s in other ways, and that both added to and thematized the play's participation in public debate. Lucio's conversation with his companions supplies a sensationalizing but localizing environment variously for the Duke's supposed urgent affairs out of Vienna, for Claudio's sexual misdemeanour as a topic for rumour-mongering, and for Lucio's role as news-bringer to Isabella in the convent, not to mention the rumours he later promotes about the Duke's sexual conduct.

The 'poverty' of 1.2.78 alludes to the economic depression of 1619-24, perhaps the severest England had

experienced to that time, and another matter of debate in the 1621 Parliament. The opening lines refer to pirates. Only as of about 1609 did pirates become a regular menace to English shipping. Between 21 October 1620 and 22 September 1621 Sir Robert Mansell was at sea leading an expedition to strike against pirate bases in the Mediterranean, but with little success, and on 20 October 1621 John Chamberlain recorded news that pirates had captured no less than fifty-seven British merchant vessels.

Given the likelihood that Middleton switched the location from Ferrara to Vienna, the allusions to the Thirty Years War are especially significant. A few years later, in *A Game at Chess*, Middleton was to take a militant Protestant stance against the ambitions of Counter-Reformation diplomacy. He probably alludes to the Palatinate wars in that play, and certainly does so in *World Tossed at Tennis* (878–9) and *Quiet Life* (5.1.112). At the opening of 1.2 of *Measure* Middleton seizes on the significance of Vienna to the moment of the revival, as the seat of the Catholic Emperor Ferdinand II, and as a city at war. The Hungarian prince Bethlen Gábor (known to the English as Bethlehem Gabor or as Gabriel) had joined the Protestant alliance; as a gesture of defiance towards the Emperor's title of King of Hungary, he was elected King in 1620, so making a 'King of Hungary' an enemy of Vienna. His troops made incursions against Austrian strongholds in Bohemia, and into Austria itself; by mid-September 1621 they lay within sight of the walls of Vienna.

War in Europe prompted the innovation of newspapers, in the form of news-sheets or 'corantos' presenting regular reports from Vienna and other centres of conflict. The early issues (2 December 1620 to 2 September 1621) were printed in Holland, but production soon shifted to London. The news-sheets of 1621 gave constant reminders of the Hungarian troops' progress, new cities besieged, new villages burnt. But dispatches from Vienna in the news-sheets of 12 September and 6 October note a new move towards peace. Bethlen had begun working towards a separate peace with the Emperor, which materialized as the Treaty of Nikolsburg. By 13 December Hungarian forces in Bohemia had surrendered to the Emperor; the treaty was signed on 31 December, and by 11 February 1622 the Spanish ambassador in London, Count Gondomar, had declared that 'all the affairs of Hungary are settled'.

Measure was probably revised after 6 October, when the news-sheet was issued with details of lords of the Catholic League negotiating with Bethlen. If so, Middleton was writing at a time when the outcome was in the balance. Bethlen was in the midst of a rapid about-turn that could lead to a settlement. King James and others in England were dismayed by the alliance between James's son-in-law Frederick, the Elector Palatine, and Bethlen, as a prince supported by the Turks, and they were anxious for peace generally. A treaty between the Hungarians and Vienna would, however, be a deep disappointment to those who favoured a united military campaign against the Catholic Empire. In the mean time Bethlen's troops continued to

raid and burn, and, as he had used similar negotiations earlier in the year merely to buy time whilst awaiting Turkish aid, a successful conclusion to the peace-talks was far from assured.

Lucio and the gentlemen are at once soldiers and, as JAGGARD's list of roles describes them, fantastics ('*Lucio, a fantastique. | 2. Other like Gentlemen*'). As soldiers they have a vested interest in the continuance of war: 'There's not a soldier of us all that in the thanksgiving before meat do relish the petition well that prays for peace'. Similarly, as frequenters of brothels they have a vested interest in Mistress Overdone and the domestic news she brings about Claudio's arrest. The adapted scene in *Measure* recognizes a double existence of news: on the one hand, a means whereby urgent external realities are negotiated (Parliament itself discussed the options of war and peace in late 1621); on the other hand, a trivial commodity-object in itself. When these gentlemen chat about war and plunder abroad, and then lechery and venereal disease at home, they have a high stake in the issues. But this does not prevent them from reducing mortal matters to topics for point-scoring and cynical banter, assigning to an item of news a value equivalent to an item of fashionable dress.

The instability of news in being at once important and ephemeral relates to the ambiguity of Vienna as a place of the here-and-now, like the audience's London, and as a faraway stronghold of an enemy power. Middleton's Vienna is a city at war with an immediacy that does not apply to London, and yet the actual Vienna, unlike England, was not in any obvious way a state whose well-being was threatened by pirates; unlike London, it was not a maritime city from which sailors would regularly put forth to sea. The references are eclectic; the effect is to locate the play both here and there. This 'here' and 'there' is defined by a particular textual transmission that runs from news-sheet correspondent to reader, and by a particular physical transmission along vulnerable trade routes from central Europe to the Low Countries and so to England. News of the peace negotiations is one of the very few things in the play to come from outside Vienna. Likewise, for the audience, the representation of news from afar is a thin slit of a window not only onto the London outside the theatre but also onto the distant city of Vienna itself. The momentous ephemerality of news is here absorbed to the stage, so as to correlate with the momentous ephemerality of theatre itself.

The revision was concerned not only to make the play topical, but also to intervene to make the play's structure, style, and fascinations match the dramaturgy of an indoor hall theatre in the early 1620s. The revision might have introduced all the act intervals, and Middleton approached the whole task of revision with a strong sense of structure. Critics have described the moment when the Duke steps forward in 3.1 to take control of Isabella's destiny as a crucial hinge that divides the play in two: between the predominance of Isabella and the Duke, verse and prose, passion and manipulation, the tragic and comic faces of tragicomedy. This structure has affinities with

the emphatic division of *Winter's Tale* or *The Changeling* into two contrasted phases. But *Winter's Tale* interrupts the action with a Chorus who draws attention to the passage of seventeen years, and *The Changeling* introduces an extravagant dumb-show at the beginning of Act 4 to divide Beatrice-Joanna's maidenhood from her adulterous marriage; in contrast, the hinge moment in *Measure* is formally unmarked. It happens quite near the beginning of an exceptionally long sequence of action. From the point of view of a reviser establishing a five-part act structure, the hinge was unusable. The introduction of a unique song at the beginning of the new fourth act imposes a new two-part structure in which the song is a formal marker, like the Chorus in *Winter's Tale*, or the dumb-show in *The Changeling*. The act-interval moats the grange from Vienna; the song that follows it reinforces that separation and affirms a new turning point.

As the example of *Macbeth* shows, it was not unusual for revivals to introduce new songs into a play, and Middleton followed this practice. The revival of *A Fair Quarrel* similarly introduced (as the second-issue title-page of 1617 advertises) the new addition of the Bawd's song. At one stroke this combines salient features of the adaptation of *Measure* in 1.2, with the bawd, and in 4.1, with the song. Middleton adapted and shortened another writer's song at the beginning of a scene in *Trick* (4.5.1–4), where the initial spectacle is of Audrey spinning while either she or the Boy sings; Dampit's entry is a discovery. Middleton probably also cut a stanza from his own 'Venus is Cupid's only joy' when adapting it from *Masque of Cupids* to *More Dissemblers*. The dramatic technique compares strikingly with the 'melancholy strains' of the song 'To be chaste is woman's glory' at the beginning of *More Dissemblers*. This is sung offstage to give an emotive impression of the feelings and predicament of another woman, the Duchess in *More Dissemblers*. Her vows of celibacy after the death of her husband can be compared with Mariana's loyalty to the memory of the man who abandoned her. The Duchess, like Mariana (and indeed Dampit), is peculiarly isolated from the world of the court and city, and the song is one means whereby that isolation is expressed. Both songs are, moreover, strong moments of initiation. They introduce a new female character without any preceding dialogue, and in *More Dissemblers* the song begins not only an act but the entire play.

The new act-break and song in *Measure* pre-colour the action that follows. 'Take, O take those lips away' presents in tableau fashion the new figure of the jilted Mariana, who will unravel the plot whilst tangling up efficacy with ethics. The song highlights a romantic languor later celebrated in Alfred Tennyson's poem (1830) and Pre-Raphaelite paintings by Sir John Everett Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and so opens on a realm of experience remote from Vienna's rigorous nexus between sexual crime and punishment. Though all will not be well from here on, the song offers a prospect that a spirit of romantic tragicomedy might, perhaps, prevail. In this respect the

adaptation is modish to the early 1620s, as is clearly suggested by the use of a song by Fletcher from a moment in *Rollo* of high emotional sensationalism.

Mariana's role as a keynote figure for the final two acts of the play corresponds with that of Lucio for the first three acts. In this respect the interpolated episode near the beginning of the play works in a remarkably similar way to the interpolated song. In the earlier episode too, a minor figure, Lucio, is presented so as to give him representative status, and the mode of dramatic writing is again almost exaggeratedly appropriate to the role. Here too, nothing much happens in the episode, but it gives a strong colouration to our view of the play's world; this is, after all, our first introduction to Vienna's street-life. The two major interventions, despite their differences of method and the contrast in their tone, are therefore of a piece.

In relocating and underscoring the play's 'hinge', Middleton identified and remedied an important but disconcerting aspect of its organization, and stressed the altered configurations that become possible once Mariana enters the play. Both in 1.2 and in the more local changes to the comic roles elsewhere, the adapted text gives a fuller impression of time, place, and manners, showing vice at home and warfare abroad as constituents of a newly vibrant and potentially subversive public discourse. These changes addressed important peripheries. They neither perceptibly added to nor perceptibly detracted from the roles of Isabella, Angelo, and the Duke (notwithstanding the latter's moved speeches). Yet the adaptation touches upon virtually every major aspect of *Measure*. Our engagement with the play is in some part Middleton's engagement with Shakespeare's play, and in some part our engagement with Middleton.

The text that follows highlights the changes that are thought to have been introduced (mostly or wholly) in 1621. Except in the case of the duplication in 1.2, where JAGGARD prints both passages, the adapted text broadly corresponds with JAGGARD. To indicate the changes attributed to the adaptation, text posited to have been deleted for the adaptation is printed in grey type, and added text is printed in bold type. Transposed lines are therefore printed in grey at their posited original position and printed in bold at the point to which they were relocated. Of course the presentation cannot allow for the varying shades of certainty with which the features of the adaptation can be identified; it is based on a balance of probability that includes everything from the reasonably likely to the almost certain. The commentary relinquishes the usual focus on glossing the text, in favour of providing further detail in support of the Middleton context that has been presented in this Introduction.

SEE ALSO

Music: *Companion*, 167

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 681

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 417

Other Middleton-Shakespeare works: *Timon*, 467; *Macbeth*, 1165

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, adapted by THOMAS MIDDLETON

Measure for Measure

[for the King's Men]

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS

Vincentio, the DUKE
ANGELO, his deputy
ESCALUS, an ancient lord
CLAUDIO, a young gentleman
LUCIO, a fantastic
Two other like GENTLEMEN
PROVOST
Thomas, Peter, two FRIARS
ELBOW, a simple constable
FROTH, a foolish gentleman
Pompey, a CLOWN

ABHORSON, an executioner
BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner
JUSTICE
BOY
ISABELLA, sister to Claudio
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo
JULIET, beloved of Claudio
Francisca, a NUN
Mistress Overdone, a BAWD
Varrius and other lords, officers, citizens, servants

I. I

Sc. I I. I

Incipit Actus Primus

Enter Duke, Escalus, lords

DUKE Escalus.

ESCALUS My lord Vincentio.

DUKE

Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains
But that []
To your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enrichèd any
That we remember.

[*He gives Escalus papers*]

There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp.

[*To a lord*] Call hither,

I say bid come before us, Angelo. [Exit lord]

[*To Escalus*] What figure of us think you he will
bear?—

For you must know we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCALUS

If any in Ferrara **Vienna** be of worth

15

20

10

This is a 'genetic' edition of the play: the text is presented to show the play's development from one state to another. The two states are the reconstructed Shakespearian original of 1603-4 and the Middletonian adaptation of 1621. See Critical Introduction, final paragraph.

Persons This list is based on that appended to the text in the 1623 Folio (JAGGARD), which gives prominence to Vienna as the location by printing '*The Scene Vienna*.' above 'The names of all the Actors'. The 1623 list omits both the Justice of 2.3 and the Boy who sings the song

in 4.1. These are the only speaking or singing parts not to be mentioned, which suggests that the list had its origin in a pre-adaptation document, and offers some support for the view that these roles are late additions. But there are characteristics of the adaptation present, for the list includes the '2. *Other like Gentlemen*' who accompany Lucio in the revised version of 1.2 and names '*Mistris Ouer-don*'.

6 **Two other like GENTLEMEN** '[Number] other like [plural noun]' is unique in pre-1640 drama except for *Nice Valour*

5.1.79.1, '*Four other like fools*'.

I. I. O. I SC. I I. I JAGGARD's system of act-breaks belongs to the adapted text. In 1603-4 the play would have been performed without act intervals. We provide both through-scene numbers (to reflect the structure of 1603-4 performance), and act-scene numbers (as a feature of the adaptation).

2 Vincentio See Introduction.

8 **But that** [] Difficulty in sense and irregular metre are possibly evidence of a cut.

23 Ferrara **Vienna** See Introduction.

- To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.
Enter Angelo
- 25 DUKE Look where he comes.
ANGELO
Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.
- DUKE Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That to th' observer doth thy history
30 Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
35 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
40 Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold therefore, Angelo.
In our remove be thou at full yourself.
45 Mortality and mercy in Ferrara Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.
- ANGELO Now good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal
50 Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamped upon it.
- DUKE No more evasion.
We have with leavened and preparèd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
[Angelo takes his commission]
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
55 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestioned
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
- As time and our concernings shall impòrtune,
How it goes with us—and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
60 Of your commissions.
- ANGELO Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.
- DUKE My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
65 With any scruple. Your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
70 Their loud applause and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
- ANGELO
The Lord heavens give safety to your purposes!
- ESCALUS
Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!
- DUKE I thank you. Fare you well. *Exit*
- ESCALUS
I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place.
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
80 I am not yet instructed.
- ANGELO
'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.
- ESCALUS I'll wait upon your honour. *Exeunt*
- Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen** I.2
- LUCIO If the Duke with the other dukes come not to
composition with the King of Hungary, why then, all
the dukes fall upon the King.

74 Lord heavens This is the first of a number of notes explaining conjecturally restored profanity in the original text. There is no Shakespeare parallel for "The heavens give".

I.2.0.1–I.2.79h *Enter*...him JAGGARD prints I.2.0.1–I.2.76, then the Bawd's speech "Thus... custom-shrunk" (77–9), then "How now? what's the newes with you." as part of the same speech, then "Enter Clowne.", then the remainder of the passage that is marked in our text as for cancellation. The opening dialogue is strongly Middletonian, and seems designed to replace the brief passage in which the Clown announces Claudio's imprisonment for "Groping for trouts in a peculiar river".

0.1–I.2.76 *Enter*...the truth of it. *The Puritan* also begins its second scene with a seedy, joking, and topical conversation in prose between characters, one of whom is a soldier, on the subject of war and peace. As in *Measure*, the dialogue is followed by the entry of a guarded prisoner passing over the stage on his way to prison, an event watched and discussed by the earlier conversants. Lucio's "Away; let's go learn the truth of it" compares with Pieboard's "but come; let's follow after to the prison, and know the nature of his offence". The conversation also recalls that between the Captain and the "soldiering fellows" in *Phoenix* Sc. 2. The staging, and the

inconsequentiality of the episode, may be compared with *Women Beware* 4.1.1–22, where Bianca chats bawdily with two unnamed Ladies who appear nowhere else in the play.

0.1 *and two other Gentlemen* The list of "The names of all the Actors" describes Lucio as a '*fantastique*', and the Gentlemen, who appear only in this scene, as '*Other like Gentlemen*'. Lucio no doubt stands out as the extravagantly-dressed fop amongst fops.

I–5 If...Hungary's An allusion to events of the Thirty Years War in and around Vienna in 1621; see Introduction.

I–2 *come...with* An unShakespearean idiom, but compare *Solomon* 1.80.

FIRST GENTLEMAN Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
 5 King of Hungary's!
 SECOND GENTLEMAN Amen.
 LUCIO Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious pirate, that
 went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped
 one out of the table.
 10 SECOND GENTLEMAN 'Thou shalt not steal'?
 LUCIO Ay, that he razed.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
 mand the captain and all the rest from their functions:
 they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all that
 15 in the thanksgiving before meat do relish the petition
 well that prays for peace.
 SECOND GENTLEMAN I never heard any soldier dislike it.
 LUCIO I believe thee, for I think thou never wast where
 grace was said.
 20 SECOND GENTLEMAN No? A dozen times at least.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN What, in metre?
 LUCIO In any proportion, or in any language.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN I think, or in any religion.
 LUCIO Ay, why not? Grace is grace despite of all contro-
 25 versy; as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain
 despite of all grace.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Well, there went but a pair of shears
 between us.
 LUCIO I grant—as there may between the lists and the
 30 velvet. Thou art the list.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN And thou the velvet. Thou art good
 velvet: thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant thee. I had

as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled as thou
 art piled, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?
 LUCIO I think thou dost, and indeed with most painful
 35 feeling of thy speech. I will out of thine own confession
 learn to begin thy health, but whilst I live forget to
 drink after thee.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN I think I have done myself wrong, have
 I not?
 40 SECOND GENTLEMAN Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art
 tainted or free.
Enter Bawd
 LUCIO Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes!
 I have purchased as many diseases under her roof as
 45 come to—
 SECOND GENTLEMAN To what, I pray?
 LUCIO Judge.
 SECOND GENTLEMAN To three thousand dolours a year?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Ay, and more.
 LUCIO A French crown more.
 50 FIRST GENTLEMAN Thou art always figuring diseases in me,
 but thou art full of error—I am sound.
 LUCIO Nay not, as one would say, healthy, but so sound as
 things that are hollow—thy bones are hollow, impiety
 has made a feast of thee.
 55 FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Bawd*] How now, which of your hips
 has the most profound sciatica?
 BAWD Well, well! There's one yonder arrested and carried
 to prison was worth five thousand of you all.
 60 SECOND GENTLEMAN Who's that, I prithee?
 BAWD Marry sir, that's Claudio, Signor Claudio.

4 **its** There is only one other Shakespeare example of possessive *its* in a play written before 1609. *Its* occurs regularly in Middleton works, especially from c.1614 onwards.
 7–14 **Thou...steal** See Introduction for the topicality of pirates in 1621. For the Middletonian idea of deleting 'Thou shalt not steal' from the Ten Commandments, see *Five Gallants* 3.4.106–10, and compare *The Puritan* 1.4.143–55; for more general contempt to the Commandments, see *Hubburd* 505–8, *Trick* 1.4.17–18, and *Revenger* 1.2.160–2. The phrase 'Thou shalt not steal' is not found in Shakespeare, and outside Middleton is probably without example in early modern drama.
 7 **sanctimonious** The ironic usage suggesting false piety is Middletonian. *Measure* is the earliest instance recorded in *OED*.
 18 **I believe thee** A phrase found in Middleton but not Shakespeare.
 18–21 **I think...metre** There is a metrical grace spoken in *Timon* at 2.6.1–70, in a passage attributed to Middleton.
 22 **any language** A phrase found in two Middleton plays of the 1620s (*Game at Chess* 1.1.147, *Women Beware* 3.2.138) and probably in no earlier extant English play. The jibe is at the Catholic use

of Latin, a common subject of hostile comment in Middleton.
 23–5 **religion...controversy** The Thirty Years War was fought between Catholics and Protestants.
 24–5 **controversy** Middleton elsewhere refers to religious dispute as 'controversy'.
 25 **as for example** An idiom found at least six times in Middleton.
 34 **speak feelingly** Found also in *Dissemblers* 5.2.87.
 37 **begin** The required sense, 'initiate a toast', is common in Middleton (see especially *Entertainments* 1.84.2, 85).
 43 **Behold, behold** Compare *Solomon* 6.152–3, 9.13–14, etc.
Madam Mitigation The ironic title compares with 'fine Madam Tiptoos' in *Microcynicon* 3.89 and other Middleton examples. *Mitigation* is not elsewhere in Middleton.
 44 **purchased as many diseases** *Patient Man* 9.63–4 has 'To purchase | A filthy, loathed disease'. The passage attacks prostitution, and refers to pox as a 'French infant' (compare 34).
 48 **dolours** The pun *dolours/dollars* is Shakespearean (see *Tragedy of King Lear*, 2.2.229–30, and *Tempest* 2.1.17–21), but is found elsewhere too. The sense of

dolours required here, 'physical pains, diseases', is Middletonian, but is not found in Shakespeare.
 51–2 **diseases...full of error** Compare *Heroes* 34, 'Full of diseases'.
 51–4 **diseases...bones** Middleton parallels include *Quiet Life* 3.1.123–7, 'Twill breed diseases in you', collocated with 'profoundly' and 'relish' (compare 15); *Michaelmas* 2.1.164, 'Diseases gnaw thy bones'; *Tennis* 582, 'To call diseases early into my bones'.
 54–5 **impiety has made a feast of thee** The idea that the body of the self-indulging sinner ironically becomes itself the object of devouring by an abstracted figure such as Impiety (or Destruction, or Lust and Forgetfulness) is characteristic of Middleton. Verbal parallels include *Mad World* 2.4.65, 'Pox feast you'; *Tennis* 806, 'With fat and filthy gain thy lust may feast'.
 59 **worth...all** That this is a Middletonian idiom is suggested by *Roaring Girl* 8.15, 'worth a thousand of your headborough's lanterns'; *Trick* 4.4.212, 'worth ten of her'; *No Wit* 6.135–6, 'worth a hundred of your sons and heirs'; *Changeling* 5.1.93, 'He's worth 'em all'.

- FIRST GENTLEMAN Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so.
 BAWD Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him arrested, saw
 him carried away; and, which is more, within these
 65 three days his head to be chopped off.
 LUCIO But after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art
 thou sure of this?
 BAWD I am too sure of it, and it is for getting Madam
 Julietta with child.
 70 LUCIO Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet me two
 hours since and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.
 SECOND GENTLEMAN Besides, you know, it draws something
 near to the speech we had to such a purpose.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN But most of all agreeing with the pro-
 75 clamation.
 LUCIO Away; let's go learn the truth of it.
Exit [Lucio, with Gentlemen]
 BAWD Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,
 what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am
 custom-shrunk.
Sc. 2
Enter Clown [and Bawd, meeting]
 79a [BAWD] How now, what's the news with you?
 79b CLOWN Yonder man is carried to prison.
 79c BAWD Well! What has he done?
 79d CLOWN A woman.
 79e BAWD But what's his offence?
 79f CLOWN Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
 79g BAWD What, is there a maid with child by him?
- CLOWN No, but there's a woman with maid by him. 79h
 [CLOWN] You have not heard of the proclamation, have 80
 you?
 BAWD What proclamation, man?
 CLOWN All houses in the suburbs of Ferrara Vienna must
 be plucked down.
 BAWD And what shall become of those in the city? 85
 CLOWN They shall stand for seed. They had gone down
 too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
 BAWD But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be
 pulled down?
 CLOWN To the ground, mistress. 90
 BAWD Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth.
 What shall become of me?
 CLOWN Come, fear not you. Good counsellors lack no cli-
 ents. Though you change your place, you need not
 change your trade. I'll be your tapster still. Courage, 95
 there will be pity taken on you. You that have worn
 your eyes almost out in the service, you will be con-
 sidered.
[A noise within]
 BAWD What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's with-
 draw!
*Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, officers, Lucio
 and two Gentlemen*
 CLOWN Here comes Signor Claudio, led by the Provost to
 prison; and there's Madam Juliet.
Exeunt Bawd and Clown

77-9 Thus...custom-shrunk Compare the Bawd's similar complaint that he is ruined by the 'poverty', the Devil's lengthy sceptical response, and the Bawd's insistence 'What with this long vacation... Pierce was never so penniless as poor Lieutenant Frig-beard', in *Black Book* 375-7. The same passage also includes an allusion to syphilis comparable with the Bawd's reference to its cure by 'the sweat', in 'Monsieur Dry-bone the Frenchman' (368). See also commentary to 4.3.17.

78 poverty The adaptation was prepared at a time of the severest economic depression in living memory. As the depression was fuelled by a slump in exports, it was largely an effect of trade with Europe, and so the allusion fits in with the European consciousness of the episode.

79 custom-shrunk Middleton repeatedly uses the verb *shrink* to indicate male withdrawal from, or incapacity for, sexual activity (*No Wit* 7.119, *Weapons* 1.1.241, *Women Beware* 3.1.100).

99-102 BAWD...Juliet Probably added for the adaptation. JAGGARD's 'and there's Madam Juliet' has to be an addition if Juliet is herself an addition, and this

brings both speeches into question. The clumsy sequence of a natural exit point ('you will be considered'), then an interruption leading to a new exit point ('let's withdraw'), then a speech suggesting interest in the approaching figures ('Here comes...'), then an exeunt, is more likely to result from the disjunctions of a revised staging than to belong to the original text. In the fuller, more complex staging of the adapted text, the added lines establish the identities of the three characters entering for the first time.

100.1-2 *Enter...Gentlemen* The adaptation creates much more of a public shaming ritual. Lucio and the Gentlemen look on for a while before Lucio addresses Claudio. The Gentlemen have no part in the 1603-4 text, and serve in the adapted text only to change the emphasis of the staging. Without them, Lucio is redundant until he greets Claudio.

100.1 Juliet She has no part in the scene other than to appear visually as the observed, in a manner that contrasts in appearance and gender with the similarly silent but observing Gentlemen. Her theatrical function must be to be inscribed as visibly pregnant, 'With

character too gross', and she may well have worn the gown of penance imposed on detected fornicators. It seems characteristic of the adaptation to add to and emblemize the presence of women: the expanded Bawd's role and Juliet in 1.2, Mariana (accompanied by a singing boy-actor) in 4.1, and Juliet in 5.1, where she makes another silent appearance. Pregnant unmarried women appear on stage to supply a visual and sometimes silent serio-comic comment on their misdeeds in *No Wit* (Grace), *Witch* (Francisca), *Quarrel* (Jane), *Nice Valour* (the 'Cupid') and *Dissemblers* (the 'Page').
officers The officers merely accompany Juliet and are unmentioned in the dialogue. The Clown announces that Claudio is simply 'led by the Provost', and at the end of the scene Claudio tells a single officer—the Provost again—'Come, officer, away'.

102 Madam Juliet The word 'madam' is found elsewhere in the play only in the Middletonian part of 1.2: when the Bawd is mocked as 'Madam Mitigation' at 1.2.43 and when Juliet herself is mentioned as 'Madam Julietta' at 1.2.68-9.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of Hungaries.

2. Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'it like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Capitaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thank-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praises for peace.

2. Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleuee thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.

1. Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despiight of all controuersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despiight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lifts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyft of an English Kersey, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue forget to drinke after thee.

1. Gent. I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast: whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe, As come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth fure thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

1. Gent. Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Iulietta with childe.

Luc. Beleuee me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it draws something neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation, Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweate, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trovets, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our howses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Miftris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Common-wealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come; feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clow. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Prouoft to prison: and there's Madam Iuliet. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoft, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent.

Claw. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Claw. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)

Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,

On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust.

(strait.)

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this te-

Claw. From too much liberty, (my Lucie) Liberty

As (suffet is the father of much fast,

So euery Scope by the immoderate vs

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like

Stage direction on same line as speech saves space

Reduced indent and shortened form of 'proclamation' save space

Stage direction on same line as speech saves space

Passage intended for deletion but actually printed takes extra space

Cramped spacing around scene heading saves space

Act I Scene 2

Measure for Measure.

Sc. 3

Enter Provost, Claudio

CLAUDIO
Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROVOST

105 I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

CLAUDIO

110 Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight,
The bonds of heaven. On whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

[Enter Lucio]

LUCIO

Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this
restraint?

CLAUDIO

115 From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

LUCIO If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would
120 send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the
truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the
morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO

What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO

What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO No.

LUCIO Lechery?

CLAUDIO Call it so.

PROVOST Away, sir; you must go.

CLAUDIO

One word, good friend.

[Provost shows assent]

125 Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

[Claudio and Lucio speak apart]

Is lechery so looked after?

CLAUDIO

130 Thus stands it with me. Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed.
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order. This we came not to
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love 135
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO

With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO

Unhapp'ly even so.
140 And the new deputy now for the Duke—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur— 145
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up—
I stagger in. But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 150
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by th' wall
So long that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

LUCIO I warrant it is; and thy head stands so tickle on thy
155 shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh
it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

CLAUDIO

I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service.
160 This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state.
Implore her in my voice that she make friends
To the strict deputy. Bid herself assay him.
I have great hope in that, for in her youth 165
There is a prone and speechless dialect
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO

I pray she may—
170 as well for the encouragement of thy like, which else
would stand under grievous imposition, as for the
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be
thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.
I'll to her.

CLAUDIO I thank you, good friend Lucio.

102.2 Sc. 3 Noting the continuity of action, editors have removed the scene break printed in JAGGARD. Given the staging in the adapted text, it makes sense for the entry to happen before the Clown and Bawd withdraw, so that the Clown can identify the newcomers more effectively

for the audience. But in JAGGARD, as marked in the present text of the original version, the entry follows the clearing of the stage that makes the scene-break. In the original staging the two speeches that establish continuity preceding JAGGARD's scene-header were probably

absent.

111 Why...restraint Lucio's ignorance here is consistent with the postulated original 1603-4 text. In it, the Bawd would not previously have told Lucio of Claudio's imprisonment, as she has in the revised text.

LUCIO
 Within two hours.

175 CLAUDIO Come, officer; away.
*Exeunt [Lucio and gentlemen at one door;
 Claudio, Juliet, Provost, and officers at another]*

1.3(a) I.3
Enter Duke and Friar Thomas

DUKE
 No, holy father, throw away that thought.
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
 5 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
 Of burning youth.

FRIAR May your grace speak of it?

DUKE
 My holy sir, none better knows than you
 How I have ever loved the life removed,
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
 10 Where youth and cost a witless bravery keeps.
 I have delivered to Lord Angelo—
 A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
 My absolute power and place here in Vienna;
 And he supposes me travelled to Poland—
 15 For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
 And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this.

FRIAR Gladly, my lord.

DUKE
 We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
 20 The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
 Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,
 Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
 That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
 25 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use, in time the rod
 More mocked becomes than feared: so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
 And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,
 30 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

FRIAR It rested in your grace
 To unloose this tied-up Justice when you pleased,
 And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE I do fear, too dreadful.
 35 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do—for we bid this be done
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,

And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
 I have on Angelo imposed the office,
 40 Who may in th'ambush of my name strike home,
 And yet my nature never in the fight
 T'allow in slander. And to behold his sway,
 I will as 'twere a brother of your order
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
 45 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear
 Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you.
 Only this one: Lord Angelo is precise,
 50 Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Exit [with Friar]

Sc. 4 I.4
Enter Isabella, and Francisca, a nun

ISABELLA
 And have you nuns no farther privileges,
 Holy Francisca?

NUN Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA
 Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more,
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare. 5

LUCIO (*within*)
 Ho, peace be in this place!

ISABELLA [*to Francisca*] Who's that which calls?

NUN
 It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him.
 You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
 When you have vowed, you must not speak with men 10
 But in the presence of the prioress.
 Then if you speak, you must not show your face;
 Or if you show your face, you must not speak.
 [*Lucio calls within*]
 He calls again. I pray you answer him.
 [*She stands aside*]

ISABELLA
 Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls? 15
 [*She opens the door. Enter Lucio*]

LUCIO
 Hail, virgin, if you be—as those cheek-roses
 Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead me
 As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
 A novice of this place, and the fair sister
 20 To her unhappy brother Claudio?

1.3(a) The scene was printed here in JAGGARD, in a position it was probably given for the adapted text. Shakespeare conjecturally first placed it after 1.4. The

revised arrangement facilitates the doubling of boys' parts, by allowing the Nun or Isabella to double with Juliet, a role new to Act 1. The most likely distribu-

tion of roles is (a) Isabella, (b) Bawd and Mariana, (c) Juliet, Nun, and Boy. See Introduction, and note to 1.3(b).
 1.4.2 Holy Francisca See Introduction.

Act I Scene 4

Measure for Measure.

ISABELLA
 Why 'her unhappy brother'? Let me ask,
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella, and his sister.

LUCIO
 Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISABELLA Woe me! For what?

LUCIO
 For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks.
 He hath got his friend with child.

ISABELLA Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO
 'Tis true. I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so.
 I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted
 By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
 And to be talked with in sincerity
 As with a saint.

ISABELLA
 You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO
 Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
 Your brother and his lover have embraced.
 As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA
 Someone with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO Is she your cousin?

ISABELLA
 Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names
 By vain though apt affection.

LUCIO She it is.

ISABELLA
 O, let him marry her!

LUCIO This is the point.
 The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen—myself being one—
 In hand and hope of action; but we do learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of state,
 His giving out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,
 Governs Lord Angelo—a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study, and fast.
 He, to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law
 As mice by lions, hath picked out an act
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit. He arrests him on it,
 And follows close the rigour of the statute
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo. And that's my pith
 Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

ISABELLA
 Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO Has censured him already,
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
 For's execution.

ISABELLA Alas, what poor
 Ability's in me to do him good?

LUCIO Assay the power you have.

ISABELLA My power? Alas, I doubt.

LUCIO Our doubts are traitors,
 And makes us lose the good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo;
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like gods, but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them.

ISABELLA I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO
 But speedily.

ISABELLA I will about it straight,
 No longer staying but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
 Commend me to my brother. Soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO
 I take my leave of you.

ISABELLA Good sir, adieu.
*Exeunt [Isabella and Nun at one
 door, Lucio at another door]*

Finis Actus Primus

50-1 Bore...action This rumour-mongering
 is vague enough to be reasonably
 consistent with the adaptation at
 I.2.I-3.

1.3(b)

Sc. 5

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas

DUKE

No, holy father, throw away that thought.
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

FRIAR

May your grace speak of it?

DUKE

My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies
Where youth and cost a witless bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord Angelo—
A man of stricture and firm abstinence—
My absolute power and place here in Ferrara;
And he supposes me travelled to Poland—
For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this.

FRIAR Gladly, my lord.

DUKE

We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
More mocked becomes than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

FRIAR

It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up Justice when you pleased,
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE

I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do—for we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name strike home,
And yet my nature never in the fight
T'allow in slander. And to behold his sway,
I will as 'twere a brother of your order
Visit both prince and people. Therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you.
Only this one: Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Exit [with Friar]



Sc. 6 2.1

Incipit Actus Secundus

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants; Justice

2.1

ANGELO

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

ESCALUS

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
Whom I would save had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know—
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue—
That in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained th'effect of your own purpose—
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him,

5

10

15

1.3(b) In the original Shakespeare version this scene probably appeared here. With this sequence, the action is more strongly knitted and dramatically urgent in several ways. Lucio's agreement to speak to Isabella is followed immediately by him doing as anticipated. Their interview in 1.4 is not cushioned, as it is in the adapted text, by the audience's awareness that the disguised Duke will be keeping an eye on things. Isabella more intelligibly enters the nunnery seeking 'strict restraint' immediately after Lucio regrets the consequences

to her brother of 'a game of tick-tack' at the end of 1.2. When placed before 1.3, the end of 1.4, with its reference to 'the Mother' of the nunnery, anticipates the opening line of 1.3, with its address to the 'holy father'; the novice nun's resolution to leave the nunnery to petition the Duke's deputy contrasts with the Duke's intention to take 'secret harbour' (as it at first seems) in the monastery. At the end of 1.3 the Duke determines to 'see | If power change purpose, what our seemers be', a couplet that strongly anticipates and frames the

first entry of Angelo at the beginning of 2.1, and is effectively placed just before that entry. Moreover, the Duke's lament over the consequences 'When evil deeds have their permissive pass' in 1.3 finds quick uptake in Angelo's opening line, 'We must not make a scarecrow of the law'. The introduction of act-breaks would have considerably lessened the extent to which the latter considerations of sequence apply.

2.1.0.3 *Justice* Evidently tacked on after the original stage direction had been written; see Introduction.

	And pulled the law upon you.	ELBOW	If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.	45
	ANGELO	'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, Another thing to fall. I not deny The jury passing on the prisoner's life	ANGELO	Benefactors? Well! What benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?
20	May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try. What knows the law That thieves do pass on thieves? What's open made to justice,	ELBOW	If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.	50
	That justice seizes. 'Tis very pregnant: The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't	ESCALUS	[to Angelo] This comes off well; here's a wise officer!	55
25	Because we see it, but what we do not see We tread upon and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence	ANGELO	Go to, what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?	
	For I have had such faults; but rather tell me, When I that censure him do so offend,	CLOWN	He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.	
30	Let mine own judgement pattern out my death, And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.	ANGELO	What are you, sir?	60
	ESCALUS	ELBOW	He, sir? A tapster, sir, parcel bawd; one that serves a bad woman whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which I think is a very ill house too.	
	Be it as your wisdom will.	ESCALUS	How know you that?	65
	ANGELO	ELBOW	My wife, sir, whom I detest before God heaven and your honour—	
	Where is the Provost?	ESCALUS	How, thy wife?	
	Enter Provost	ELBOW	Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven is an honest woman—	70
	PROVOST	ESCALUS	Dost thou detest her therefor?	
	Here, if it like your honour.	ELBOW	I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.	
	ANGELO	ESCALUS	How dost thou know that, constable?	75
	See that Claudio	ELBOW	Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.	
	Be execute by nine tomorrow morning.	ESCALUS	By this man's the woman's means?	
35	Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared, For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.	ELBOW	Ay, sir, by Master Froth's Mistress Overdone's means. But as she spit in his face, so she defied him.	80
	[Exit Provost]	CLOWN	[to Escalus] Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.	
	ESCALUS			
	Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all! Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none; And some condemn'd for a fault alone.			
	Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, officers			
	ELBOW			
	Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law. Bring them away.			
	ANGELO			
	How now, sir? What's your name? And what's the matter?			

21–2 **What . . . on thieves?** The line, printed after 'seizes' (23) in JAGGARD, seems to be a misplaced addition. As such, it potentially belongs to the adaptation. The picture of Law as an ideal abstraction that is crucially separated from its highly imperfect execution by corrupt individuals is Middletonian. See in particular *Phoenix* 4.200–30 and 12.195–200.

37–40 ESCALUS . . . **alone.** R. V. Holdsworth argues that this passage is 'a strong candidate' as an addition by Middleton, providing convincing Middleton parallels for the diction, imagery, thought, and rhymes. He effectively dismisses the case for the commonly accepted emendation

of 'Ice' to 'vice', showing that a contrast between serious *breaks* in the *ice* of virginity and a mere *fault* or *flaw* is consistent with the temper and imagery of Middleton's writing.

66 **God heaven** 'Before God' appears 21 times elsewhere in Shakespeare; 'before heaven' occurs only once, in *The Tempest* (written after the 1606 Act outlawing profanity on stage).

79–80 **the woman's . . . Mistress Overdone's** The Bawd's name, and lines mentioning it, probably belong to the adaptation. As Samuel Johnson first noted, some mention of Froth seems necessary here. In the speech as printed in JAGGARD

and therefore as in the adaptation, it is far from clear whom Elbow is talking about when he says 'as she spit in his face, so she defied him'. Even if this is allowable as comic confusion, it remains hard if at all possible to infer what Froth's misconduct is, why he has been brought before Angelo and Escalus, and why Elbow's wife spits in his face. Moreover, the spitting suggests a joke on his name, though this is far from apparent in JAGGARD as his name has not been mentioned. It seems that Mistress Overdone has been rather awkwardly substituted for Froth, perhaps to prepare for the joke on her name at 191–3.

85 ELBOW Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

ESCALUS [*to Angelo*] Do you hear how he misplaces?

CLOWN Sir, she came in great with child, and longing—saving your honour's reverence—for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish—a dish of some threepence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes.

90 ESCALUS
Go to, go to, no matter for the dish, sir.

CLOWN No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again.

100 FROTH No, indeed.

CLOWN Very well. You being, then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

105 FROTH Ay, so I did indeed.

CLOWN Why, very well.—I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you—

110 FROTH All this is true.

CLOWN Why, very well then—

ESCALUS Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

115 CLOWN Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCALUS No, sir, nor I mean it not.

CLOWN Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

120 FROTH All Hallow Eve.

CLOWN Why, very well. I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir—'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

125 FROTH I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

CLOWN Why, very well then. I hope here be truths.

ANGELO
This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. [*To Escalus*] I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

130 ESCALUS
I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

Exit Angelo

Now, sir, come on, what was done to Elbow's wife, once more? 135

CLOWN Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

ELBOW I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

CLOWN I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCALUS Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her? 140

CLOWN I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour. 'Tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCALUS Ay, sir, very well.

CLOWN Nay, I beseech you, mark it well. 145

ESCALUS Well, I do so.

CLOWN Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCALUS Why, no.

CLOWN I'll be supposed upon a book his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then—if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour. 150

ESCALUS He's in the right, constable; what say you to it?

ELBOW First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman. 155

CLOWN [*to Escalus*] By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELBOW Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child. 160

CLOWN Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCALUS Which is the wiser here, justice or iniquity? [*To Elbow*] Is this true? 165

ELBOW [*to Clown*] O thou caitiff, O thou varlet, O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? [*To Escalus*] If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer. [*To Clown*] Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee. 170

ESCALUS If he took you a box o'th' ear you might have your action of slander too.

ELBOW Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff? 175

ESCALUS Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou know'st what they are. 180

ELBOW Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

ESCALUS [*to Froth*] Where were you born, friend?

FROTH Here in Ferrara Vienna, sir. 185

ESCALUS Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH Yes, an't please you, sir.

ESCALUS So. [*To Clown*] What trade are you of, sir?

188–94 What...Nine?— This short passage is discontinuous with Escalus's address to Froth at both ends, and the language is

Middletonian in every respect. The overt sexual joking is entirely in his vein.

- CLOWN A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.
 190 ESCALUS Your mistress's name?
 CLOWN Mistress Overdone.
 ESCALUS Hath she had any more than one husband?
 CLOWN Nine, sir—Overdone by the last.
 ESCALUS Nine?—Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master
 195 Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters.
 They will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang
 them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.
 FROTH I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never
 come into any room in a tap-house but I am drawn in.
 200 ESCALUS Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell.
 [Exit Froth]
 Come you hither to me, Master Tapster. What's your
 name, Master Tapster?
 CLOWN Pompey.
 ESCALUS What else?
 205 CLOWN Bum, sir.
 ESCALUS Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about
 you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey
 the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey,
 howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you
 210 not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.
 CLOWN Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.
 ESCALUS How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd?
 What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it a lawful
 trade?
 215 CLOWN If the law would allow it, sir.
 ESCALUS But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall
 not be allowed in Ferrara Vienna.
 CLOWN Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the
 youth of the city?
 220 ESCALUS No, Pompey.
 CLOWN Truly, sir, in my poor opinion they will to't then.
 If your worship will take order for the drabs and the
 knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.
 ESCALUS There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell you. It
 225 is but heading and hanging.
- CLOWN If you head and hang all that offend that way
 but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a
 commission for more heads. If this law hold in Ferrara
 Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after
 threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to pass, 230
 say Pompey told you so.
 ESCALUS Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your
 prophecy, hark you. I advise you, let me not find you
 before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no,
 not for dwelling where you do. If I do, Pompey, I shall 235
 beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar
 to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you
 whipped. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
 CLOWN I thank your worship for your good counsel; [aside]
 but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better 240
 determine.
 Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade.
 The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade.
 Exit
 ESCALUS Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither,
 Master Constable. How long have you been in this place 245
 of constable?
 ELBOW Seven year and a half, sir.
 ESCALUS I thought, by the readiness in the office, you
 had continued in it some time. You say seven years
 together? 250
 ELBOW And a half, sir.
 ESCALUS Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do
 you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men
 in your ward sufficient to serve it?
 ELBOW Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they 255
 are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them. I do
 it for some piece of money, and go through with all.
 ESCALUS Look you bring me in the names of some six or
 seven, the most sufficient of your parish.
 ELBOW To your worship's house, sir? 260
 ESCALUS To my house. Fare you well. [Exeunt]
 [Exeunt Elbow and officers]

189 **poor widow's tapster** Shakespeare nowhere else uses the possessive *widow's* with a qualifying adjective; Middleton not only does so, but he uses the same qualifier *poor*, and the referent is, as here, a man: 'poor old widow's son', *Women Beware* 4.1.165.
 192 **any more than one** Not found anywhere in Shakespeare, but occurs exactly in Middleton in *Michaelmas* 3.4.49. **one husband** Shakespeare never uses this phrase; Middleton does so at least three times: *Five Gallants* 5.1.14, *Michaelmas* 1.2.272-3, and *Dissemblers* 1.3.5. In the example from *Five Gallants* the implication is the same as in the Clown's

comment: 'You broke the back of one husband already...'.
 193 **Nine** Middleton uses the number *nine*, in contrast with *one*, as a measure of excess in relation to sex and family relationships in *Chaste Maid* 2.1.178-80, 'There's a gentleman, | I haply have his name too, that has got | Nine children by one water that he useth'. (Mistress Overdone is again associated with *nine* in the passage evidently added at the beginning of 4.3, where *nine score* appears two lines below her name.) **by the last** Shakespeare never uses the phrase; Middleton does so. Moreover, he uses it with an antecedent referent,

and with a verbal element expressing augmentation of what was begun by the first: '*Begun by yon first king, which does increase | Now by the last;*' (*Aries* 206-7, where the mildly erotic imagery surrounding the line of kings in their relation to the city and nation compares with the overtly sexual implication of Mistress Overdone's line of nine husbands).
 203 **Pompey** Compare Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* 5.2, where the clownish Costard plays 'Pompey the Huge', and Middleton's *Weapons*, in which a major role is a clown called Pompey Doodle.

What's o'clock, think you?
 JUSTICE Eleven, sir.
 ESCALUS I pray you home to dinner with me.
 265 JUSTICE I humbly thank you.
 ESCALUS
 It grieves me for the death of Claudio,
 But there's no remedy.
 JUSTICE Lord Angelo is severe.
 ESCALUS It is but needful.
 270 Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
 But yet, poor Claudio! There is no remedy.
 Come, sir. Exeunt

2.2 *Sc. 7 2.2*
Enter Provost, Servant

SERVANT
 He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.
 I'll tell him of you.
 PROVOST Pray you do. [Exit Servant]
 I'll know
 His pleasure; maybe he will relent. Alas,
 He hath but as offended in a dream.
 5 All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he
 To die for't!
Enter Angelo
 ANGELO Now, what's the matter, Provost?
 PROVOST
 Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?
 ANGELO
 Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?
 Why dost thou ask again?
 PROVOST Lest I might be too rash.
 10 Under your good correction, I have seen
 When after execution judgement hath
 Repented o'er his doom.
 ANGELO Go to; let that be mine.
 Do you your office, or give up your place,
 And you shall well be spared.
 PROVOST I crave your honour's pardon.
 15 What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
 She's very near her hour.
 ANGELO Dispose of her
 To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

[Enter Servant]
 SERVANT
 Here is the sister of the man condemned
 Desires access to you.
 ANGELO Hath he a sister?
 PROVOST
 Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
 20 And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
 If not already.
 ANGELO Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant]
 See you the fornicatress be removed.
 Let her have needful but not lavish means.
 There shall be order for't.
Enter Lucio and Isabella
 PROVOST God save 'Save your honour. 25
 ANGELO
 Stay a little while. [To Isabella] You're welcome.
 What's your will?
 ISABELLA
 I am a woeful suitor to your honour.
 Please but your honour hear me.
 ANGELO Well, what's your suit?
 ISABELLA
 There is a vice that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
 30 For which I would not plead, but that I must;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am
 At war 'twixt will and will not.
 ANGELO Well, the matter?
 ISABELLA
 I have a brother is condemned to die.
 I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
 35 And not my brother.
 PROVOST [aside] God Heaven give thee moving graces!
 ANGELO
 Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
 Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
 Mine were the very cipher of a function,
 To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
 40 And let go by the actor.
 ISABELLA O just but severe law!
 I had a brother, then. God Heaven keep your honour.
 PROVOST LUCIO [aside to Isabella as she is going]
 Give't not o'er so. To him again; entreat him.

262-73 What's...sir. This passage, with its contrived dramaturgy and a character who appears nowhere else in the play, looks very much like an interpolation (see Introduction). The mixture of verse and prose is unShakespearean, but is Middletonian, and resembles that of the interpolation in 4.1. It also shares with that passage talk about the arrangements for and the timing of meetings (2.1.262-5, 4.1.7-9 and 17-25), clichés of thanks or apology, some sententious moralizing, and a couplet with exactly the same

rhyme (so/woe).
 269 It is but needful Similarly *Hengist* 1.3.75, 'that's but needful'.
 271 nurse of second woe This phrase, with its theological connotations, has a good Middleton parallel in 'hope of second pity' (*Women Beware* 2.1.175). There is no other comparable phrase in early modern English drama.
 2.2.25.1 Lucio Probably introduced into this scene as part of the adaptation. Most of his speeches could have originally been spoken by the Provost, but those

at 132, 135, and 159 are likely to be Middleton's additions.
 25, 163 God save 'Save The apostrophe and the irregular metre both point to expurgation.
 36 God Heaven 'Heaven give' occurs in Shakespeare only twice elsewhere, both times in expurgated texts.
 42 God Heaven In such phrases Shakespeare's usage is 'God', not 'heaven'. The formulation here is echoed at 2.2.159 and 2.4.34.

- 45 Kneel down before him; hang upon his gown.
You are too cold. If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say!
- ISABELLA [*returning to Angelo*] Must he needs die?
ANGELO Maiden, no remedy.
- ISABELLA
50 Yes, I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither God heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
- ANGELO
I will not do't.
- ISABELLA But can you if you would?
ANGELO
Look what I will not, that I cannot do.
- ISABELLA
55 But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
- ANGELO He's sentenced; 'tis too late.
- PROVOST LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*] You are too cold.
- ISABELLA
60 Too late? Why, no; I that do speak a word
May call it again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
65 As mercy does.
If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipped like him, but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.
- ANGELO Pray you be gone.
- ISABELLA
70 I would to God heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
- PROVOST LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*]
Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
- ANGELO
Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
- ISABELLA Alas, alas!
75 Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He which is the top of judgement should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
80 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
- ANGELO Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
- It should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.
- ISABELLA
Tomorrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him! 85
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve God heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence? 90
There's many have committed it.
- PROVOST LUCIO [*aside*] Ay, well said.
- ANGELO
The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
Those many had not dared to do that evil
If the first that did th'edict infringe
Had answered for his deed. Now 'tis awake, 95
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either raw, or by remissness new conceived
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees, 100
But ere they live, to end.
- ISABELLA Yet show some pity.
- ANGELO
I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know
Which a dismissed offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong, 105
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied.
Your brother dies tomorrow. Be content.
- ISABELLA
So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant. 110
- PROVOST LUCIO That's well said.
- ISABELLA Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty officer 115
Would use his heaven for thunder, nothing but
thunder.
Merciful heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarlèd oak
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man, 120
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep, who, with our spleens, 125
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
- PROVOST LUCIO [*aside*]
O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent.
He's coming; I perceive't.

51 God heaven JAGGARD's 'heaven' hides a comparison between an anthropomorphic God and man.

69 God heaven JAGGARD gives an un-

Shakespearean usage.
87 God heaven JAGGARD's 'serve heaven' appears elsewhere in Shakespeare only in another expurgated text.

PROVOST [*aside to Lucio*] Pray God heaven she win him!

ISABELLA We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
 130 Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
 But in the less, foul profanation.

LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*] Thou'rt i'th' right, girl. More o' that.

ISABELLA That in the captain's but a choleric word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

135 LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*] Art advised o' that? More on't.
 ANGELO Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISABELLA Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
 That skins the vice o'th' top. Go to your bosom;
 140 Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

ANGELO [*aside*] She speaks, and 'tis such sense
 That my sense breeds with it. [*To Isabella*] Fare you
 145 well.

ISABELLA Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGELO I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.

ISABELLA Hark how I'll bribe you; good my lord, turn back.
 ANGELO How, bribe me?

ISABELLA Ay, with such gifts that God heaven shall share with
 150 you.

PROVOST LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*] You had marred all else.

ISABELLA Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
 Or stones whose rate are either rich or poor
 As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
 155 That shall be up at heaven and enter there
 Ere sunrise, prayers from preservèd souls,
 From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.

ANGELO Well, come to me
 Tomorrow.

LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*] Go to; 'tis well; away.

ISABELLA God Heaven keep your honour safe.

ANGELO [*aside*] Amen;

160 For I am that way going to temptation,
 Where prayer is crossed.

ISABELLA At what hour tomorrow

Shall I attend your lordship?
 ANGELO At any time fore noon.

ISABELLA God save 'Save your honour.
 ANGELO [*aside*] From thee; even from thy virtue.
 [*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, Provost*]

What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?
 The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha? 165
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
 That modesty may more betray our sense 170
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
 enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things 175
 That make her good? O, let her brother live!
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on? 180
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet
 With all her double vigour—art and nature— 185
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite. Ever till now
 When men were fond, I smiled, and wondered how.
 Exit

Sc. 8 2.3 2.3
 Enter [*at one door*] Duke, [*disguised as a friar,*]
 and [*at another door*] Provost

DUKE Hail to you, Provost!—so I think you are.

PROVOST I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE Bound by my charity and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison. Do me the common right 5
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

PROVOST I would do more than that, if more were needful.
 Enter Juliet
 10 Look, here comes one, a gentlewoman of mine,

128 God heaven 'Pray God' is common in Shakespeare, and demonstrably expurgated seven times. 'Pray heaven' occurs only once in an unexpurgated text.
 132 Thou'rt...that; 135 Art...on't; 159

Go...away These speeches, unlike most of Lucio's other lines in the scene, sound unlikely to have been originally spoken by the Provost; the intrusion of prose and of cynical humour instead suggest interpolation by Middleton.

150 God Likely to be the original reading as it gives an echo of the biblical gift(s) of God, which was especially common in the Geneva bible; there are no occurrences of gift(s) of heaven.
 159 God Heaven See note to 2.2.42.

	Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, Hath blistered her report. She is with child, And he that got it, sentenced—a young man More fit to do another such offence 15 Than die for this.		To several subjects: God heaven hath my empty words, Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabel; God heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name, 5 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil Of my conception. The state whereon I studied Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown seared and tedious. Yea, my gravity, Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10 Could I with boot change for an idle plume Which the air beats in vain. O place, O form, How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood. 15 Let's write 'good angel' on the devil's horn— 'Tis now the devil's crest.	
	DUKE When must he die? PROVOST As I do think, tomorrow. [To Juliet] I have provided for you. Stay a while, And you shall be conducted.		Enter Servant How now? Who's there?	
	DUKE 20 Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry? JULIET I do, and bear the shame most patiently.		SERVANT One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.	
	DUKE I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience, And try your penitence if it be sound Or hollowly put on.		ANGELO Teach her the way. [Exit Servant] O heavens, 20 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making both it unable for itself, And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness?	
	25 JULIET I'll gladly learn. DUKE Love you the man that wronged you? JULIET Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.		25 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons— Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive—and even so The general subject to a well-wished king Quit their own part and, in obsequious fondness, Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love Must needs appear offence.	
	DUKE So then it seems your most offenceful act Was mutually committed? JULIET Mutually.		30 Enter Isabella How now, fair maid? 30	
	DUKE 30 Then was your sin of heavier kind than his. JULIET I do confess it and repent it, father.		ISABELLA I am come to know your pleasure. ANGELO [aside] That you might know it would much better please me Than to demand what 'tis. [To Isabella] Your brother cannot live.	
	DUKE 'Tis meet so, daughter. But lest you do repent As that the sin hath brought you to this shame— Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven, 35 Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, But as we stand in fear—		ISABELLA Even so. God Heaven keep your honour. ANGELO Yet may he live a while, and it may be 35 As long as you or I. Yet he must die. ISABELLA Under your sentence? ANGELO Yea.	
	JULIET I do repent me as it is an evil, And take the shame with joy.		ISABELLA When, I beseech you?—that in his reprieve, 40 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted That his soul sicken not.	
	DUKE There rest. Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow, And I am going with instruction to him. God's grace go with you. <i>Benedicite!</i>	Exit	ANGELO Ha, fie, these filthy vices! It were as good	
	JULIET Must die tomorrow? O injurious law, That respites me a life whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!			
	PROVOST 'Tis pity of him.	Exeunt		
2.4	Sc. 9 2.4 Enter Angelo			
	ANGELO When I would pray and think, I think and pray			

2.3.41 **grace** The metrical irregularity might refer to expurgation of 'God's' here and at 5.1.393.

2.4.2, 4 **God heaven** In the Eucharist, the

body of Christ is symbolically taken in the mouth. In *Basilikon Doron* (1599), to which *Measure* alludes elsewhere, the future James I wrote 'Keep God more

sparingly in your mouth, but abundantly in your heart'. Consistency is probably required between 2 and 4.

34 **God Heaven** See note to 2.2.45.

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin God's heaven's
 45 image
 In stamps that are forbid. 'Tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made
 As to put metal in restrainèd moulds,
 To make a false one.

ISABELLA
 50 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANGELO
 Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly.
 Which had you rather: that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
 As she that he hath stained?

55 ISABELLA Sir, believe this.
 I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGELO
 I talk not of your soul. Our còmpelled sins
 Stand more for number than for account.

ISABELLA How say you?

ANGELO
 Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak
 60 Against the thing I say. Answer to this.
 I now, the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.
 Might there not be a charity in sin
 To save this brother's life?

ISABELLA Please you to do't,
 65 I'll take it as a peril to my soul
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANGELO
 Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul
 Were equal poise of sin and charity.

ISABELLA
 70 That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

ANGELO Nay, but hear me.
 Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are ignorant,
 75 Or seem so craftily, and that's not good.

ISABELLA
 Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good
 But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGELO
 Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
 80 When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
 Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could, displayed. But mark me.
 To be receivèd plain, I'll speak more gross.
 Your brother is to die.

ISABELLA So.

ANGELO
 And his offence is so, as it appears,
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISABELLA True.

ANGELO
 Admit no other way to save his life—
 As I subscribe not that nor any other—
 But, in the loss of question, that you his sister,
 90 Finding yourself desired of such a person
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law, and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 95 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer—
 What would you do?

ISABELLA
 As much for my poor brother as myself.
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 100 Th'impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death as to a bed
 That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

ANGELO Then must your brother die.

ISABELLA And 'twere the cheaper way.
 Better it were a brother died at once
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

ANGELO
 Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
 110 That you have slandered so?

ISABELLA
 Ignominy in ransom and free pardon
 Are of two houses; lawful mercy
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGELO
 115 You seemed of late to make the law a tyrant,
 And rather proved the sliding of your brother
 A merriment than a vice.

ISABELLA
 O pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we
 mean.
 120 I something do excuse the thing I hate
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGELO
 We are all frail.

ISABELLA Else let my brother die—
 If not a federy, but only he,
 Owe and succeed thy weakness.

ANGELO Nay, women are frail too.

ISABELLA
 125 Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women? Help, heaven! Men their creation mar

45 God's heaven's Humans were made
 in God's image, not heaven's (Genesis
 1:27).

Act 2 Scene 4

Measure for Measure.

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints.

130 ANGELO I think it well,
 And from this testimony of your own sex,
 Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.
 I do arrest your words. Be that you are;
 135 That is, a woman. If you be more, you're none.
 If you be one, as you are well expressed
 By all external warrants, show it now,
 By putting on the destined livery.

ISABELLA
 I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord,
 140 Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANGELO Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISABELLA
 My brother did love Juliet,
 And you tell me that he shall die for't.

ANGELO
 He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

ISABELLA
 145 I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
 Which seems a little fouler than it is,
 To pluck on others.

ANGELO Believe me, on mine honour,
 My words express my purpose.

ISABELLA
 150 Ha, little honour to be much believed,
 And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't.
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
 Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world aloud
 What man thou art.

ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?
 155 My unsoiled name, th'austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i'th' state,
 Will so your accusation outweigh
 That you shall stifle in your own report,
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,
 160 And now I give my sensual race the rein.
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite.
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
 That banish what they sue for. Redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will,
 165 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 170 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

Exit

ISABELLA
 To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
 Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 175 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,

Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
 That had he twenty heads to tender down
 180 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorred pollution.
 Then Isabel live chaste, and brother die:
 More than our brother is our chastity.
 185 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. Exit

Finis Actus Secundus

Sc. 10 3.1
Incipit Actus Tertius
 Enter Duke, [disguised as a friar,] Claudio, and
 Provost

DUKE
 3.1 So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO
 The miserable have no other medicine
 But only hope.
 I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE
 Be absolute for death. Either death or life
 5 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life.
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyey influences
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
 10 Hourly afflict. Merely thou art death's fool,
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
 For all th'accommodations that thou bear'st
 Are nursed by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant,
 15 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself,
 20 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain,
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
 25 After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
 For like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
 30 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor
 age,
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessèd youth

35 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied old; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
40 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even.

CLAUDIO I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

ISABELLA [*within*]
What ho! Peace here, grace, and good company!

PROVOST
45 Who's there? Come in; the wish deserves a welcome.
Enter Isabella

DUKE [*to Claudio*]
Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUDIO Most holy sir, I thank you.

ISABELLA
My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROVOST
And very welcome.—Look, signor, here's your sister.

DUKE
Provost, a word with you.

50 PROVOST As many as you please.

DUKE
Bring me to hear them speak where I may be concealed.
[*Exeunt*]

CLAUDIO Now sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA
Why, as all comforts are: most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
55 Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
Therefore your best appointment make with speed.
Tomorrow you set on.

CLAUDIO Is there no remedy?

ISABELLA
None but such remedy as, to save a head,
60 To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUDIO But is there any?

ISABELLA Yes, brother, you may live.
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

65 CLAUDIO Perpetual durance?

ISABELLA
Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

CLAUDIO But in what nature?

ISABELLA
In such a one as you consenting to't
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
70 And leave you naked.

CLAUDIO Let me know the point.

ISABELLA
O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
75 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUDIO Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
80 From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA
There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
85 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th' head and follies doth enew
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil.
90 His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO The precise Angelo?

ISABELLA
O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell
The damndest body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio:
95 If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed!

CLAUDIO O heavens, it cannot be!

ISABELLA
Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
100 Or else thou diest tomorrow.

CLAUDIO Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel.

105 ISABELLA
Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO
As God's my judge Yes. Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose
When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
110 Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

3.1.107 As God's my judge Yes 'Yes' is used with anomalous frequency in *Measure*, and substitution for profanity is one

obvious cause. 'As God's my judge' makes up a short line to a pentameter, and is thematically appropriate to the

play as a whole and the passage in particular.

- ISABELLA Which is the least?
 CLAUDIO
 If it were damnable, he being so wise,
 Why would he for the momentary trick
 Be perdurably fined? O Isabell!
- 115 ISABELLA What says my brother?
 CLAUDIO Death is a fearful thing.
 ISABELLA And shamed life a hateful.
 CLAUDIO
 Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 120 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod, and the dilated spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
 125 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling—'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 130 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.
 ISABELLA Alas, alas!
 CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live.
 135 What sin you do to save a brother's life,
 Nature dispenses with the deed so far
 That it becomes a virtue.
- ISABELLA O, you beast!
 O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch,
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 140 Is't not a kind of incest to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
 God Heaven shield my mother played my father fair,
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
 145 Die, perish! Might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
 I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
 No word to save thee.
- CLAUDIO Nay, hear me, Isabel.
 150 ISABELLA O fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
 [She parts from Claudio]
- CLAUDIO O hear me, Isabella.
 [Enter Duke]
- DUKE
 Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
- 155 ISABELLA What is your will?
 DUKE Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by
 and by have some speech with you. The satisfaction I
 would require is likewise your own benefit.
- ISABELLA I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be
 stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while. 160
 DUKE [standing apart with Claudio] Son, I have overheard
 what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo
 had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath
 made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgement
 with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth 165
 of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial
 which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to
 Angelo, and I know this to be true. Therefore prepare
 yourself to death. Do not falsify your resolution with
 hopes that are fallible. Tomorrow you must die. Go to 170
 your knees and make ready.
 CLAUDIO Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love
 with life that I will sue to be rid of it.
 DUKE Hold you there. Farewell.
 [Claudio joins Isabella]
 Provost, a word with you. 175
 [Enter Provost]
 PROVOST What's your will, father?
 DUKE That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave
 me a while with the maid. My mind promises with my
 habit no loss shall touch her by my company.
 PROVOST In good time. Exit [with Claudio] 180
 DUKE The hand that hath made you fair hath made you
 good. The goodness that is cheap in beauty makes
 beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of
 your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.
 The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune 185
 hath conveyed to my understanding; and but that
 frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder
 at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute,
 and to save your brother?
- ISABELLA I am now going to resolve him. I had rather 190
 my brother die by the law than my son should be
 unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke
 deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak
 to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his
 government. 195
 DUKE That shall not be much amiss. Yet as the matter
 now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made
 trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my
 advisings. To the love I have in doing good, a remedy
 presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may 200
 most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited
 benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no
 stain to your own gracious person, and much please
 the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to
 have hearing of this business. 205
 ISABELLA Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to
 do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my
 spirit.
 DUKE Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you
 not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the 210
 great soldier who miscarried at sea?

142 God Heaven 'Heaven shield' occurs
 nowhere else in Shakespeare; 'God
 shield' (or 'God ield') occurs six times.

ISABELLA I have heard of the lady, and good words went
with her name.

215 DUKE She should this Angelo have married, was affianced
to her oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which
time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her
brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that
perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how
heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman. There
220 she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love
toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the
portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry;
with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming
Angelo.

225 ISABELLA Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?
DUKE Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with
his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in
her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on
her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake;
230 and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but
relents not.

ISABELLA What a merit were it in death to take this poor
maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that
it will let this man live! But how out of this can she
235 avail?

DUKE It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure
of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from
dishonour in doing it.

ISABELLA Show me how, good father.

240 DUKE This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance
of her first affection. His unjust unkindness, that in all
reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an
impediment in the current, made it more violent and
unruly. Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with
245 a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the
point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that
your stay with him may not be long; that the time may
have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer
to convenience. This being granted in course, and now
250 follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand
up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter
acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her
recompense; and hear, by this is your brother saved,
your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged,
255 and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame
and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry
this, as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends
the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

ISABELLA The image of it gives me content already, and I
260 trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

DUKE It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily
to Angelo. If for this night he entreat you to his bed,
give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint
Luke's; there at the moated grange resides this dejected

Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with
Angelo, that it may be quickly. 265

ISABELLA I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good
father. Exit

Enter Elbow, Clown, officers

ELBOW Nay, if there be no remedy for it but that you will
needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall
270 have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

DUKE O heavens, what stuff is here?

CLOWN 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries,
the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by
order of law, a furred gown to keep him warm—and
275 furred with fox on lambskins too, to signify that craft,
being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

ELBOW Come your way, sir.—God bless 'Bless you, good
father friar.

DUKE And you, good brother father. What offence hath
280 this man made you, sir?

ELBOW Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we
take him to be a thief, too, sir, for we have found upon
him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the
deputy. 285

DUKE [*to Clown*] Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
290 From such a filthy vice. Say to thyself,
'From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live'.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

CLOWN Indeed it does stink in some sort, sir. But yet, sir, I
295 would prove—

DUKE
Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer.
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit. 300

ELBOW He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him
warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster. If he
be a whoremonger and comes before him, he were as
good go a mile on his errand.

DUKE
That we were all as some would seem to be—
305 Free from our faults, or faults from seeming free.

ELBOW His neck will come to your waist: a cord, sir.

Enter Lucio

CLOWN I spy comfort, I cry bail. Here's a gentleman, and
a friend of mine.

LUCIO How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of
310 Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none
of Pygmalion's images newly made woman to be had
now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting
clutched? What reply, ha? What sayst thou to this tune,

278, 341 God bless 'Bless The apostrophe in
JAGGARD at 278 hints at an expurgation.
'God bless' is Shakespeare's preferred

form, and elsewhere was demonstrably
expurgated.

- 315 matter, and method? Is't not drowned i'th' last rain,
ha? What sayst thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man?
Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? Or how?
The trick of it?
- DUKE Still thus and thus; still worse!
- 320 LUCIO How doth my dear morsel thy mistress? Procures
she still, ha?
- CLOWN Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she
is herself in the tub.
- LUCIO Why, 'tis good, it is the right of it, it must be so.
325 Ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd; an
unshunned consequence, it must be so. Art going to
prison, Pompey?
- CLOWN Yes, faith, sir.
- LUCIO Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say I sent
330 thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?
- ELBOW For being a bawd, for being a bawd.
- LUCIO Well then, imprison him. If imprisonment be the due
of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and
of antiquity too—bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey.
- 335 Commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good
husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.
- CLOWN I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail?
- LUCIO No, in faith indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the
wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage. If
340 you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more.
Adieu, trusty Pompey.—God bless 'Bless you, friar.
- DUKE And you.
- LUCIO Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?
- ELBOW [to Clown] Come your ways, sir, come.
- 345 CLOWN [to Lucio] You will not bail me then, sir?
- LUCIO Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar,
what news?
- ELBOW [to Clown] Come your ways, sir, come.
- LUCIO Go to kennel, Pompey, go.
[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and officers]
- 350 What news, friar, of the Duke?
- DUKE I know none. Can you tell me of any?
- LUCIO Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other
some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?
- DUKE I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.
- 355 LUCIO It was a mad, fantastical trick of him to steal from
the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born
to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts
transgression to't.
- DUKE He does well in't.
- 360 LUCIO A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in
him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.
- DUKE It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.
- LUCIO Yes, in good faith sooth, the vice is of a great
kindred, it is well allied. But it is impossible to extirp it
quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They 365
say this Angelo was not made by man and woman,
after this downright way of creation. Is it true, think
you?
- DUKE How should he be made, then?
- LUCIO Some report a sea-maid spawned him, some that he 370
was begot between two stockfishes. But it is certain that
when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that
I know to be true. And he is a motion ungenerative;
that's infallible.
- DUKE You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace. 375
- LUCIO Fore God Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him,
for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of
a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this?
Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a
380 hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing
a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew
the service, and that instructed him to mercy.
- DUKE I never heard the absent Duke much detected for
women; he was not inclined that way.
- LUCIO O sir, you are deceived. 385
- DUKE 'Tis not possible.
- LUCIO Who, not the Duke? 'Sblood Yes, your beggar of
fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish.
The Duke had crochets in him. He would be drunk too,
390 that let me inform you.
- DUKE You do him wrong, surely.
- LUCIO Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was
the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his
withdrawing.
- DUKE What, I prithe, might be the cause? 395
- LUCIO No, pardon, 'tis a secret must be locked within the
teeth and the lips. But this I can let you understand.
The greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.
- DUKE Wise? Why, no question but he was.
- LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. 400
- DUKE Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking.
The very stream of his life, and the business he hath
helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better
proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own
405 bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a
scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak
unskilfully, or, if your knowledge be more, it is much
darkened in your malice.
- LUCIO Sir, I know him and I love him.

363 **faith sooth** Lucio uses the very phrase Hotspur mocks in *1 Henry IV* 3.1.242–52 as a protestation fit only for ‘Sunday citizens’ or ‘a comfit-maker’s wife’. Before the 1606 Act against profanity, it was used in Shakespeare only by Lady Percy, in the instance Hotspur mocks, Rosalind (*As You Like It* 3.2.378), and Pandarus, by way of demonstrating

effete courtly diction (*Troilus* 3.1.55). In expurgated Shakespeare texts, ‘faith’ is twice weakened to ‘sooth’. ‘In good faith’ is spoken by Feste, Lavatch, and the First Clown in the grave-digger scene of *Hamlet*, and seems appropriate to a cynical comic.

376 **Why** Lucio’s claims become steadily more outrageous, and it might be expect-

ted that his oaths would follow a similar course. A profanity such as ‘fore God’ may have been expurgated.

385 **O** An oath such as ‘By the mass’ might have been deleted.

387 **'Sblood Yes** ‘Yes’ is weak; a strong oath would be a comically offensive way of addressing the supposed friar, and ‘Sblood’ alliterates with ‘beggar’.

410 DUKE Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge
with dearer love.

LUCIO Swounds Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE I can hardly believe that, since you know not what
you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers
415 are he may, let me desire you to make your answer
before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have
courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you;
and I pray you, your name?

LUCIO Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.

420 DUKE He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report
you.

LUCIO I fear you not.

DUKE O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you
imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed I can
425 do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

LUCIO I'll be hanged first. Thou art deceived in me, friar.
But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die
tomorrow or no?

DUKE Why should he die, sir?

430 LUCIO Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the
Duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitured
agent will unpeople the province with continency.
Sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because
they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark
435 deeds darkly answered: he would never bring them
to light. Would he were returned. Marry, this Claudio
is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar. I
prithe pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again,
would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and,
440 I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though
she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so.
Farewell. *Exit*

DUKE

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
445 The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd

But who comes here?

ESCALUS [*to Provost*]

Go, away with her to prison.

450 BAWD Good my lord, be good to me. Your honour is
accounted a merciful man, good my lord.

ESCALUS Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in
the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play
the tyrant.

PROVOST A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it
455 please your honour.

BAWD My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me.
Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the
Duke's time; he promised her marriage. His child is a
year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob. I have
460 kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

412 Swounds Come The Duke's 'You'll
forswear this again' implies that Lucio
has sworn the truth of his slanders. In
expurgated Shakespeare plays where the

ESCALUS That fellow is a fellow of much licence. Let
him be called before us. Away with her to prison.
Go to, no more words. Provost, my brother Angelo
will not be altered; Claudio must die tomorrow. Let
465 him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable
preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should
not be so with him.

PROVOST So please you, this friar hath been with him and
advised him for th'entertainment of death.

[Exeunt Provost and Bawd]

ESCALUS Good even, good father.

DUKE Bliss and goodness on you.

ESCALUS Of whence are you?

DUKE

Not of this country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time. I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
475 In special business from his Holiness.

ESCALUS What news abroad i'th' world?

DUKE None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness
that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only
480 in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any
kind of course as it is virtuous to be inconstant in
any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive
to make societies secure, but security enough to make
fellowships accursed. Much upon this riddle runs the
wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is
485 every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition
was the Duke?

ESCALUS One that, above all other strifes, contended espe-
cially to know himself.

DUKE What pleasure was he given to?

ESCALUS Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry
at anything which professed to make him rejoice; a
gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his
events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and
let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared.
495 I am made to understand that you have lent him
visitation.

DUKE He professes to have received no sinister measure
from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself
to the determination of justice. Yet had he framed to
500 himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving
promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have
discredited to him; and now is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS You have paid the heavens your function, and the
prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured
505 for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my
modesty, but my brother-justice have I found so severe
that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed justice.

DUKE If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding,
it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail,
510 he hath sentenced himself.

ESCALUS I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

original text can be compared, 'Come'
is used three times to substitute for
'Swounds'.

	DUKE Peace be with you.	[Exit Escalus]	<i>Incipit Actus Quartus</i>	4.1
513a	O place and greatness, millions of false eyes		<i>Mariana and Boy singing [discovered]</i>	
513b	Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report		<i>Song</i>	
513c	Run with these false and most contrarious quests		[BOY]	
513d	Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit		Take, O take those lips away	
513e	Make thee the father of their idle dream, And rack thee in their fancies.		That so sweetly were forsworn, And those eyes, the break of day	
	<i>Enter Isabella</i>		Lights that do mislead the morn; But my kisses bring again, bring again,	5
513f	Very well met.		Seals of love, though sealed in vain, sealed in vain.	
515	He who the sword of heaven will bear Should be as holy as severe, Pattern in himself to know, Grace to stand, and virtue go, More nor less to others paying Than by self-offences weighing.		<i>Enter Duke, [disguised as a friar]</i>	
520	Shame to him whose cruel striking Kills for faults of his own liking! Twice treble shame on Angelo, To weed my vice, and let his grow! O, what may man within him hide, Though angel on the outward side!		MARIANA Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away. Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.	
525	How may likeness made in crimes Make my practice on the times To draw with idle spiders' strings Most ponderous and substantial things?		[Exit Boy]	
530	Craft against vice I must apply. With Angelo tonight shall lie His old betrothed but despised. So disguise shall, by th' disguisèd, Pay with falsehood false exacting,		I cry you mercy, sir, and well could wish You had not found me here so musical. Let me excuse me, and believe me so: My mirth it much displeasèd, but pleasèd my woe.	10
535	And perform an old contracting. <i>Finis Actus Tertius</i>	<i>Exit</i>	DUKE 'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm To make bad good, and good provoke to harm. I pray you tell me, hath anybody enquired for me here today? Much upon this time have I promised here to meet.	15
			MARIANA You have not been enquired after; I have sat here all day.	20
			<i>Enter Isabella</i>	
			DUKE I do constantly believe you; the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little. Maybe I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.	
			MARIANA I am always bound to you. <i>Exit</i>	



513c Run...quests JAGGARD'S 'Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest' can be emended 'these' to 'their' or 'Quest' to 'quests'. The first alternative is accepted in the present edition where the speech is printed in the same place as in JAGGARD, at 4.1.60, so that 'their' refers to 'false eyes'. 'These' quests refers to Lucio's slanders; the reading therefore works much more persuasively given the envisaged position of the speech before the adaptation took place, as here, after the Duke's encounter with Lucio and conversation with Escalus about his reputation.

514-35 He who...contracting JAGGARD prints the Duke's soliloquy 'He who the sword of heaven will bear' here, and the shorter 'O place and greatness' after 4.1.56. The adaptation probably introduced this arrangement by transposing the two speeches in the original text, to provide a longer and stronger close at the new act-break (see Introduction).

4.1 Before adaptation, the Duke would

presumably have remained on stage, and the action would therefore have moved directly from his soliloquy to his meeting Isabella; Mariana would have first entered at 4.1.49.1. There would therefore have been no scene-break between the beginning of JAGGARD'S 3.1 and the end of JAGGARD'S 4.1.

1-6 Take...vain The song seems to have been added as part of the adaptation. The second stanza in the composer John Wilson's manuscript, and similarly most other texts including *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, reads:

Hide, O hide those hills of snow
That thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

This makes it certain that the addressee is a woman, whereas in *Measure* the song expresses Mariana's feelings towards Angelo. For the dramatic tech-

nique, see Introduction; for a musical setting, see *Companion*, p. 167.

8-9 Here...discontent Perhaps an inconsistency, as the Duke has evidently only recently assumed disguise as a friar.

8 comfort A key Middleton word and concept, often equivocating between the spiritual and the physical.

12-15 so...woe...charm...harm Compare the rhyme-sequence 'show...harm...woe...charm' in *Solomon* 13.97-100, where 'Striving to heal himself, did himself harm' has a similar thought and chiasmic structure to 4.1.15.

14-18 'Tis...meet The alternation between verse and prose within a single speech is Middletonian.

14-15 music...harm Middleton repeatedly refers to the evil potential of music (see for instance *Witch* 5.2.82-6, commenting on *A charm song*, and *Ghost* 346-52).

22 a little Printed in JAGGARD as one word, as it also appears in works by Middleton.

Added

Measure for Measure.

75

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breakers of day
lights: that doe mislead the Martne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Scales of love, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so muscicall.
Let me excuse me, and belecue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any boody enquir'd for mee here
to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat
heere all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly belecue you: the time is come
euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anon for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue e'ne a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaite ith' darke,
And that I haue possess't him, my most stay
Can be but brieve: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That stiales vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to Mariana

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your care:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporeous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*

Duc. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.
Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe.
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sowe. *Exeunt.*

Transposed

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirra; can you cut off a mans head?

Cl. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio*
and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common execu-
tioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your
Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprison-
ment, and your deliuerance with an vnappitied whipping;
for you haue bene a notorious bawd.

Cl. Sir, I haue bene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of
minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hang-
man: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from
my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abborson*: where's *Abborson* there?

Enter Abborson.

Abb. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirra, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with
him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
use him for the present, and dismiss him, hee cannot
plead his estimation with you: he hath bene a Bawd.

Abb. A Bawd Sir? he vpon him, he will discredit our
mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Cl. Pray fir, by your good fauor: for surely fir, a
good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
Doe you call fir, your occupation a Mysterie?

G 2

Abb. 1.

Measure for Measure sig. G2, showing the added lines at the start of 4.1 and the lines transposed from 3.1

- 25 DUKE Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?
- ISABELLA He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a plankèd gate,
30 That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
35 To call upon him.
- DUKE
But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
- ISABELLA
I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't.
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.
- 40 DUKE Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?
- ISABELLA
No, none, but only a repair i'th' dark,
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
45 I have a servant comes with me along
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.
- DUKE 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What ho, within! Come forth!
Enter Mariana
50 [To Mariana] I pray you be acquainted with this maid.
She comes to do you good.
- ISABELLA I do desire the like.
- DUKE [to Mariana]
Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
- MARIANA
Good friar, I know you do, and so have found it.
- DUKE
Take then this your companion by the hand,
55 Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches.
- MARIANA [to Isabella] Will't please you walk aside?
Exit [with Isabella]
- DUKE
He who the sword of heaven will bear
57a Should be as holy as severe,
57b Pattern in himself to know,
57c Grace to stand, and virtue go,
57d More nor less to others paying
57e Than by self-offences weighing.
57f Shame to him whose cruel striking
57g Kills for faults of his own liking!
57h Twice treble shame on Angelo,
57i
- To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
57k Though angel on the outward side!
57l How may likeness made in crimes
57m Make my practice on the times
57n To draw with idle spiders' strings
57o Most ponderous and substantial things?
57p Craft against vice I must apply.
57q With Angelo tonight shall lie
57r His old betrothed but despisèd.
57s So disguise shall, by th' disguisèd,
57t Pay with falsehood false exacting,
57u And perform an old contracting.
57v
- DUKE
O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quest
60 Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.
Enter Mariana and Isabella
- DUKE Welcome. How agreed?
- ISABELLA
She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.
- DUKE It is not my consent,
65 But my entreaty too.
- ISABELLA [to Mariana]
Little have you to say
When you depart from him but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother'.
- MARIANA Fear me not.
- DUKE
Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract.
70 To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go.
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow. *Exeunt*
- Sc. II 4.2*
Enter Provost and Clown
4.2
- PROVOST Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's
head?
- CLOWN If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a
married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut
off a woman's head. 5
- PROVOST Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me
a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to die Claudio
and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common
executioner, who in his office lacks a helper. If you
will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you
10 from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of
imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied
whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

25 and welcome The words are metrically
redundant, and the half-pun 'wel met...
welcome (well come)' is a characteristic
Middleton tick.

57a-4.1.63 He...fancies See note to
3.1.514-35.
60 their...quest See note to 3.1.513c.

15 CLOWN Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of
mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman.
I would be glad to receive some instruction from my
fellow partner.
PROVOST What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson there?
Enter Abhorson
ABHORSON Do you call, sir?
20 PROVOST Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in
your execution. If you think it meet, compound with
him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if
not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot
plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.
25 ABHORSON A bawd, sir? Fie upon him, he will discredit our
mystery.
PROVOST Go to, sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn
the scale. *Exit*
CLOWN Pray, sir, by your good favour—for surely, sir, a
30 good favour you have, but that you have a hanging
look—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?
ABHORSON Ay, sir, a mystery.
CLOWN Painting, sir, I have heard say is a mystery; and
your whores, sir, being members of my occupation,
35 using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery. But
what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should
be hanged I cannot imagine.
ABHORSON Sir, it is a mystery.
CLOWN Proof.
40 ABHORSON Every true man's apparel fits your thief—
CLOWN If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks
it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief
thinks it little enough. So every true man's apparel fits
your thief.
Enter Provost
45 PROVOST Are you agreed?
CLOWN Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is
a more penitent trade than your bawd—he doth oftener
ask forgiveness.
PROVOST [*to Abhorson*] You, sirrah, provide your block and
50 your axe tomorrow, four o'clock.
ABHORSON [*to Clown*] Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee
in my trade. Follow.
CLOWN I do desire to learn, sir, and I hope, if you have
occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find
55 me yare. For truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a
good turn.
PROVOST
Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.
Exit [Clown with Abhorson]
Th'one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.
Enter Claudio
60 Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight tomorrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?
CLAUDIO
As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the travailer's bones.
He will not wake.
PROVOST Who can do good on him?
65 Well, go prepare yourself.
[*Knocking within*]
But hark, what noise?
God **Heaven** give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio*]
[*Knocking again*]
By and by!
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.
Enter Duke, [disguised as a friar]
Welcome, father.
DUKE
70 The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost! Who called here of late?
PROVOST None since the curfew rung.
DUKE Not Isabel?
PROVOST No.
DUKE They will then, ere't be long. 75
PROVOST What comfort is for Claudio?
DUKE There's some in hope.
PROVOST It is a bitter deputy.
DUKE
80 Not so, not so; his life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others. Were he mealed with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.
[*Knocking within*]
Now are they come. 85
[*Provost goes to a door*]
This is a gentle Provost. Seldom when
The steelèd jailer is the friend of men.
[*Knocking within*]
[*To Provost*] How now, what noise? That spirit's
possessed with haste
That wounds th'unlisting postern with these strokes.
PROVOST
90 There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in. He is called up.
DUKE
Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die tomorrow?
PROVOST None, sir, none.
DUKE
As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
PROVOST Happily 95
You something know, yet I believe there comes
No countermand. No such example have we;
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Professed the contrary. 100

Enter a Messenger

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE And here comes Claudio's pardon.

MESSENGER [*giving a paper to Provost*] My lord hath sent you this note, and by me this further charge: that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROVOST I shall obey him. *Exit Messenger*

DUKE [*aside*] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended

That for the fault's love is th'offender friended.—

Now sir, what news?

PROVOST I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE Pray you let's hear.

The letter

PROVOST [*reading*] 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.'

What say you to this, sir?

DUKE What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in th'afternoon?

PROVOST A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

PROVOST His friends still wrought reprieves for him; and indeed his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

DUKE It is now apparent?

PROVOST Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

DUKE Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROVOST A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal. 145

DUKE He wants advice.

PROVOST He will hear none. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not moved him at all. 150

DUKE More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me. But in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 155

PROVOST Pray sir, in what?

DUKE In the delaying death.

PROVOST Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command under penalty to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's to cross this in the smallest. 165

DUKE By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo. 170

PROVOST Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

DUKE O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it. Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death; you know the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life. 175

PROVOST Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.

DUKE Were you sworn to the Duke or to the deputy? 180

120.1 *The letter* The same heading is used in the autograph Trinity manuscript of *Game at Chess* at 2.1.15 and 3.1.33.

131 *but...bred Bohemian* potentially relates to the location in Vienna and the references to the Thirty Years War. King James's son-in-law Ferdinand and daughter Elizabeth were crowned King and Queen of Bohemia in 1619; their forces were decisively beaten at the Battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. It is perhaps possible that in the original version of the play Barnardine was an inhabitant of somewhere else, closer to Italy. A Switzer, for instance, might be thought of as wearing a grisly beard, rough dress, and a large codpiece

(Sugden, p. 495). However, in the light of English support for Protestant Bohemia in 1621, it seems unlikely that the revision of *Measure* would turn the dissolute and anti-religious Barnardine into a Bohemian. Indeed it is the comment 'but here nursed up and bred' that might have been added, in order to distance Barnardine from Bohemia. In a text without sensitivity to the religious politics of 1621, this qualification curiously neutralizes the point about Barnardine's origin. In 1603-4, 'a Bohemian born', without such qualification, would have offered a simple implied explanation of Barnardine's barbarity. In 1621, 'a Bohemian born, but here nursed up and

bred' might have suggested, contrariwise, that despite his birth in a good Protestant country Barnardine had been debauched by his upbringing in Catholic and dissolute Vienna. Shakespeare never used the expression *nurse up*, but Middleton did (*Solomon* 6.85).

174 O...it Possibly added by Middleton, the only dramatist in the period elsewhere to use *disguiser* (Holdsworth, private communication). In *Tennis*, Persons.15, it is again alliterative and personifying: 'Deceit, the disguiser'. Compare 'great disguiser' with 4.3.17, 'great doers', in a nearby speech that is attributed to Middleton and that accentuates death.

PROVOST To him and to his substitutes.

185 DUKE You will think you have made no offence if the Duke
avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROVOST But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I
see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor
persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further
190 than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. [*Showing a
letter*] Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the
Duke. You know the character, I doubt not, and the
signet is not strange to you?

PROVOST I know them both.

195 DUKE The contents of this is the return of the Duke. You
shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you
shall find within these two days he will be here. This
is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day
receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke's
200 death, perchance entering into some monastery; but by
chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th'unfolding star
calls up the shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement

how these things should be. All difficulties are but easy
when they are known. Call your executioner, and off
with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shirt,
and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed;
but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is
almost clear dawn. *Exit [with Provost]*

4.3
Enter Clown

CLOWN I am as well acquainted here as I was in our
house of profession. One would think it were Mistress
Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old
customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for
a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score
5 and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks
ready money. Marry, then ginger was not much in
request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there
here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Threepile
the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin,
10 which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here

4.3.1-18 I...sake This survey of the former
brothel-customers who are now prison
inmates (mostly disreputable young
gentlemen rather than professional crim-
inals) seems to belong to the adaptation.
See Introduction. In the following notes
the phrase is not found in Shakespeare
unless noted otherwise. Neutral evidence
is not mentioned.

1 as well acquainted here Compare *Owl*
18-19, 'as well acquainted'; *Roaring Girl*
3.1.8, 'familiarily acquainted there'.

2 One would think Found in *Trick* 1.1.141,
Phoenix 10.64.

2-4 One...customers For the sequence
[a woman's] own...many of her old
customers', compare *Women Beware*
1.1.92-3: 'Not the licentious swinge
of her own will, | Like some of her old
schoolfellows'. For 'own...old' collocated
with a derivative of 'acquaint' and a
metonymic form of 'our house', referring
to a brothel, compare *Patient Man*
6.303-4, 'If yourself like our roof, such
as it is, | Your own acquaintance may be
as old as his'.

4 First, here's A similar catalogue occurs
in *His Lordship's Entertainment*, where
a descriptive list of artisans is 'read
in the clerk's book' (66); it begins
'First, here's...' (there 'are six hundred
more' in the clerk's book; compare
17). 'First, here's', found nowhere in
Shakespeare, occurs also at *Dissemblers*
4.2.165; compare too *Five Gallants*
5.1.136, 'first here be'. The listing of
imaginary characters could be based
on a stage property, 'the book where all
the prisoners' names stand' (*Roaring Girl*
7.154).

young Master Rash The phrase and
name-type resemble *Michaelmas* 1.2.43
and 118, 'Young Master Easy'.

4-6 for...pounds Similar in thought

and phrasing to *Quiet Life* 1.1.97-9,
'For tissue, cloth of gold, velvets and
silks, about fifteen hundred pounds. |
Your money is ready'. The phrase 'a
commodity of brown paper and old
ginger' is very strongly paralleled in
Michaelmas 2.3.219-20, 'commodities
in hawks' hoods and brown paper'.
Other collocations of *commodity* with
other words in the passage occur in
'Here's a coil for a dead commodity.—
'Sfoot, women when they are alive are
but dead commodities' (*Patient Man* 1.91-
2; scene perhaps of mixed authorship);
Michaelmas 2.3.202-3, 'a commodity of
two hundred pounds' worth of cloth';
Mad World 2.6.54-5, 'the commodity
of keeping open house'. The sum 'nine
score and seventeen pounds' is echoed
in *Lady* 2.3.5, 'three score and seventeen'.
Shakespeare never has a sum amounting
to a score and over.

6 five marks Also in *Penniless Parliament*
44 and *Five Gallants* 1.1.296.

7 ready money Also in *Penniless Parliament*
93, *Michaelmas* 2.3.233, and *Quiet Life*
4.1.14.

7-8 then ginger was not much in request
Compare *Quarrel* 2.2.232, 'then was
wrestling in request'; *Owl* 1722-3,
'finally...much in request...because';
also *Old Law* 3.1.135, 'were never in
more request', repeated at 139-40,
where the phrase is collocated with
'commodities' (144). 'Not much in'
occurs at *Game of Chess* 1.1.128.

9 Master Caper A similar dancing name is
'Signor Cinquepace', *Dissemblers* 5.1.92.

9-10 Master Threepile the mercer *Mercer*
is common in Middleton but not found
in Shakespeare. More specific parallels
are *Michaelmas* 2.1.84, 'Master Gum, the
merc', and 2.3.152, 'Master Gum or

Master Profit, the mercer'. *Three-piled* in
Measure at 1.2.32 gives a specific cross-
reference to another adapted passage.

10 peach-coloured satin 'Peach-coloured'
occurs in 2 *Henry IV* 2.2.14, referring to
silk stockings. But compare *Five Gallants*
3.4.162, 'peach colour...watchet satin';
Michaelmas 4.1.81, 'peach-colour';
Patient Man 8.33-4, 'flame-coloured
doublet, red satin hose'.

11 peaches him Middleton uses the verb
transitively in *Phoenix* 15.249, 'peach
'em'. It is only intransitive in Shake-
speare.

12 Dizzy Shakespeare does not use the word
disparagingly to characterize a giddy-
minded person. Middleton does so in
Mad World 5.2.113-14, 'dizzy constables',
and *Phoenix* 2.156, 'dizzy pates of fifteen
attorneys'.

Deepvow Middleton has 'deep oath'
(*Nice Valour* 2.1.165). His references
to *deep* pledges repeatedly imply that
they were made while the participants
were drinking deeply (*Revenge* 1.2.180
and *No Wit* 9.563, 'deep healths';
Patient Man 5.160, 'I'll pledge them
deep'; *Witch* 2.1.202-4, 'We'll have one
health...Ay, sir, a deep one, | Which
you shall pledge too'), and there is a
similar cynical connotation here. As a
character name, 'Master Deepvow' can
be compared with 'Corporal Oath' in
Puritan.

12-13 Master Copperspur In *Meeting* there
is a character similarly called Signor
Jinglespur.

13 Starve-lackey Compare *Hengist* 1.3.204,
'starve the guard'. A role in *Phoenix* is
that of 'Lackey'.

13-14 rapier and dagger man This com-
pares closely with *Phoenix*, 9.186, 'rapier
and dagger men'.

15 young Dizzy, and young Master Deepvow, and Master Copperspur and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Torchlight the tilter, and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now 'for the Lord's sake'.

Sc. 12

Enter Abhorson and Clown

20 ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
 CLOWN Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine!
 ABHORSON What ho, Barnardine!
 BARNARDINE (*within*) A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?
 25 CLOWN Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.
 BARNARDINE Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy.
 ABHORSON Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.
 CLOWN Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.
 30 ABHORSON Go in to him and fetch him out.
 CLOWN He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his straw rustle.
 ABHORSON Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
 35 CLOWN Very ready, sir.

Enter Barnardine

BARNARDINE How now, Abhorson, what's the news with you?

ABHORSON Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers, for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE You rogue, I have been drinking all night. I am not fitted for't. 40

CLOWN O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke, [*disguised as a friar*]

ABHORSON [*to Barnardine*] Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you? 45

DUKE [*to Barnardine*] Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

BARNARDINE Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day, that's certain. 50

DUKE

O sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go. 55

BARNARDINE Fore God, I swear I will not die today, for any man's persuasion.

DUKE But hear you—

BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to say to me, come to my ward, for thence will not I today. Exit 60

DUKE

Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!

After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown*]

14 young Drop-heir Compare *Michaelmas* 1.2.287–8, 'to shame my blood, | And drop my staining birth'; also 'young heir', *Hengist* 5.1.126 and five instances in *Women Beware*: 'lawful heirs' (1.2.79), 'Now, young heir!' (2.2.79), 'the young heir his ward' (2.2.173), 'this young heir' (3.2.113), and 'young heir' (3.2.176).

14–15 Drop-heir... Pudding Elements of the two names combine in *Quarrel* 4.1.221, 'thy pudding drop' (Rowley). 'Lusty Pudding' compares with another character named after a pudding, Captain Plumporridge in *Heroes*; he is described as 'lusty' at 56.

15 Master Torchlight the tilter Middleton never elsewhere uses the word *tilter*, but there is a character in *Roaring Girl* called Master Tiltyard, and *Tilting* has an explicit sexual connotation in that play at 7.35 and 9.173. *Tilter* itself has a sexual innuendo in Webster: *White Devil* 3.1.13, *Westward Ho!* 3.4.77, *Northward Ho!* 3.1.7.

Torchlight The misprint 'Forthlight' is usually emended to non-Middletonian 'Forthright'. The emended phrase favours Shakespeare's authorship, in that he elsewhere uses *forthright* whereas Mid-

dleton does not. But the reading is at least as likely to have been the Middletonian and alliterative 'Torchlight', which conjures up a figure of flaming and smoky temper, and perhaps suggests that his form of tilting involves sexual debauchery (specifically at court) of a kind Middleton elsewhere associates with torchlight. 'Torchlight' would be a valid and perhaps preferable alternative reading in any context, and is certainly to be preferred in the context of Middleton. Compare other character names that are compounded and have connotations of fire, such as Touchwood (again with a sexual implication), and Firestone.

16 the great traveller Compare *Mad World* 5.2.11, 'great travellers'.

16–17 Half-can... Pots Elements of these two drinking names combine in *Roaring Girl* 2.2.11, 'drink half-pots'.

17 and I think forty The phrase 'and I think' immediately followed by a number occurs in *Quiet Life* 5.2.78–8, 'and I think two'—near 'all' and 'tradesman'. forty more Also at *Women Beware* 1.3.51.

17–18 all...sake' For the summative all followed by *our trade* followed by a

quotation of the appropriate catchphrase, compare *Michaelmas* 2.3.462–5: 'they're all willing to, because 'tis good for our trade... and indeed 'tis the fittest for a citizen's son, for our word is, "What do ye lack?"'. There are no instances of *our trade* in Shakespeare.

17 great doers John Davies of Hereford describes 'two queans' as 'good doers' in *Wit's Bedlam* (1617), Epi. 315. Middleton writes of the 'doings' in the trade of prostitution at *Black Book* 2.12–13 (punning on *undone*) and *Widow* 4.2.24. The latter occurs in a set-piece soliloquy in which a criminal (the thief *Latrocinio*) describes how his various victims are tricked into coming to him 'here i' my chamber', and is collocated with other phrases recalling Pompey's speech: 'all trades... have their dead time' (21–2), 'his trade' (29), and 'travellers' (21). The soliloquy in *Widow* correlates the effect of poverty on thieving and prostitution, and so offers an analogue also to the Bawd's speech at 1.2.77–9.

56 Fore God, I swear 'I swear' is unexpectedly tame for a man of Barnardine's temperament, and probably results from expurgation.

Enter Provost

PROVOST
Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE
A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

PROVOST
Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragusine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragusine, more like to Claudio?

DUKE
O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides.
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

PROVOST
This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

DUKE
Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio.

PROVOST
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

DUKE
I am your free dependant.

DUKE
Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

Exit [Provost]

Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The Provost, he shall bear them—whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city, and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Provost, [with Ragusine's head]

PROVOST
Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

DUKE
Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

PROVOST I'll make all speed.

ISABELLA (*within*) Peace, ho, be here!

DUKE
The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

ISABELLA (*within*) Ho, by your leave!

Enter Isabella

DUKE
Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISABELLA
The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

DUKE
He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

ISABELLA
Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE
It is no other.
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

ISABELLA
O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

DUKE
You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISABELLA (*weeping*)
Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damnèd Angelo!

DUKE
This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it, therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home tomorrow—nay, dry your
eyes—
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can pace your
wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

ISABELLA
I am directed by you.

DUKE
This letter, then, to Friar Peter give.
'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return.
Say by this token I desire his company
At Mariana's house tonight. Her cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. [*Giving the letter*] Wend you with
this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart. Trust not my holy order
If I pervert your course.

Enter Lucio

Who's here?

FRIAR PETER
 Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
 Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
 He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
 sounded.
 The generous and gravest citizens
 Have hent the gates, and very near upon
 The Duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away. *Exeunt*

Finis Actus Quartus

❁

5.1 *Sc. 16 5.1*
Incipit Actus Quintus
Enter Duke, Varrius, lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
citizens; at several doors

DUKE [*to Angelo*]
 My very worthy cousin, fairly met.
 [*To Escalus*] Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to
 see you.

ANGELO and ESCALUS
 Happy return be to your royal grace.

DUKE
 Many and hearty thankings to you both.
 We have made enquiry of you, and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
 Forerunning more requital.

ANGELO You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE
 O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
 To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
 And rature of oblivion. Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see, to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
 You must walk by us on our other hand,
 And good supporters are you.
 [*They walk forward.*]
Enter Friar Peter and Isabella

FRIAR PETER
 Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISABELLA [*kneeling*]
 Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your regard
 Upon a wronged—I would fain have said, a maid.
 O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object,
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
 And given me justice, justice, justice!

DUKE
 Relate your wrongs. In what? By whom? Be brief.
 Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
 Reveal yourself to him.

ISABELLA O worthy Duke,
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
 Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak

Must either punish me, not being believed,
 Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me,
 hear!

ANGELO
 My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.
 She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
 Cut off by course of justice.

ISABELLA [*standing*] By course of justice! 35

ANGELO
 And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISABELLA
 Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak.
 That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
 That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
 That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40
 An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
 Is it not strange, and strange?

DUKE Nay, it is ten times strange!

ISABELLA
 It is not truer he is Angelo
 Than this is all as true as it is strange.
 Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth 45
 To th' end of reck'ning.

DUKE Away with her. Poor soul,
 She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

ISABELLA
 O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
 There is another comfort than this world,
 That thou neglect me not with that opinion 50
 That I am touched with madness. Make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible
 But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, 55
 As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
 Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince,
 If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
 Had I more name for badness.

DUKE By mine honesty,
 If she be mad, as I believe no other, 60
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
 Such a dependency of thing on thing
 As e'er I heard in madness.

ISABELLA O gracious Duke,
 Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason
 For inequality; but let your reason serve 65
 To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
 And hide the false seems true.

DUKE Many that are not mad
 Have sure more lack of reason. What would you say?

ISABELLA
 I am the sister of one Claudio,
 Condemned upon the act of fornication 70
 To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
 I, in probation of a sisterhood,
 Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio
 As then the messenger.

LUCIO That's I, an't like your grace.

- 75 I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.
- ISABELLA That's he indeed.
- DUKE [to Lucio]
You were not bid to speak.
- LUCIO No, my good lord,
Nor wished to hold my peace.
- DUKE
- 80 I wish you now, then. Pray you take note of it;
And when you have a business for yourself,
Pray God heaven you then be perfect.
- LUCIO I warrant your honour.
- DUKE
The warrant's for yourself; take heed to't.
- ISABELLA
This gentleman told somewhat of my tale—
- 85 LUCIO Right.
- DUKE
It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. [To Isabella] Proceed.
- ISABELLA I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy—
- DUKE
That's somewhat madly spoken.
- ISABELLA Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
- 90 DUKE Mended again.
The matter; proceed.
- ISABELLA
In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I prayed and kneeled,
How he refelled me, and how I replied—
- 95 For this was of much length—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
100 My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
- DUKE This is most likely!
- ISABELLA
O, that it were as like as it is true!
- DUKE
By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou
105 speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
110 Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
- And not have cut him off. Someone hath set you on.
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
- ISABELLA And is this all?
Then, O you blessèd ministers above,
115 Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance! God Heaven shield your grace from
woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievèd go.
- DUKE
I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
120 To prison with her.
[An officer guards Isabella]
Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
- ISABELLA
One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
125 [Exit, guarded]
- DUKE
A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
- LUCIO
My lord, I know him. 'Tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.
130
- DUKE
Words against me? This' a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
[Exit one or more]
- LUCIO
But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
135 A very scurvy fellow.
- FRIAR PETER Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
140 As she from one ungot.
- DUKE We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
- FRIAR PETER
I know him for a man divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
145 And, by my faith on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
- LUCIO My lord, most villainously; believe it.
- FRIAR PETER
Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

5.1.82 God heaven See note to 2.2.128.

118 God Heaven See note to 3.1.142.

146 by my faith on my trust 'On my trust'
is otherwise unexampled in Shakespeare;'by my faith' is common, and was
removed by expurgators in three other
Shakespeare plays.

150 But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
155 Is true and false, and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full clear
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman:
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,
160 Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

DUKE Good friar, let's hear it.
[Exit Friar Peter]
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O God **heaven**, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats.
[Seats are brought in]
Come, cousin Angelo,
165 In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.
[Duke and Angelo sit.] Enter [Friar Peter, and]
Mariana, [veiled]
Is this the witness, friar?
First let her show her face, and after speak.

MARIANA Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

170 DUKE What, are you married?
MARIANA No, my lord.
DUKE Are you a maid?
MARIANA No, my lord.
DUKE A widow then?
175 MARIANA Neither, my lord.
DUKE Why, you are nothing then; neither maid, widow,
nor wife!
LUCIO My lord, she may be a punk, for many of them are
neither maid, widow, nor wife.

180 DUKE Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause to
prattle for himself.
LUCIO Well, my lord.

MARIANA My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married,
And I confess besides, I am no maid.
185 I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.
LUCIO He was drunk then, my lord, it can be no better.
DUKE For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.
LUCIO Well, my lord.

DUKE This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

190 MARIANA Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
195 With all th'effect of love.

ANGELO Charges she more than me?
MARIANA Not that I know.

DUKE No? You say your husband.

MARIANA Why just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
200 But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

ANGELO This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARIANA [unveiling]
My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract,
205 Was fast belocked in thine. This is the body
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

DUKE [to Angelo] Know you this woman?
210 LUCIO Carnally, she says.
DUKE Sirrah, no more!
LUCIO Enough, my lord.

ANGELO My lord, I must confess I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of mar-
riage
215 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity; since which time of five years
220 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

MARIANA [kneeling before Duke]
Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly
225 As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else forever be confixèd here,
230 A marble monument.

ANGELO I did but smile till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.
My patience here is touched. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
235 That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

163 God **heaven** JAGGARD gives an expur-
gator's phrase untypical of Shakespeare's
usage.

- DUKE [*standing*] Ay, with my heart,
And punish them e'en to your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy
240 oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit
That's sealed in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
245 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.
There is another friar that set them on.
Let him be sent for.
[*Escalus sits*]
- FRIAR PETER
Would he were here, my lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
250 Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
- DUKE [*to one or more*] Go, do it instantly.
[*Exit one or more*]
[*To Angelo*] And you, my noble and well-warranted
cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
255 In any chastisement. I for a while will leave you,
But stir not you till you have well determined
Upon these slanderers.
- ESCALUS My lord, we'll do it throughly.
[*Exit [Duke]*]
Signor Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?
260 LUCIO *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in nothing but
in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous
speeches of the Duke.
- ESCALUS We shall entreat you to abide here till he come,
and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar
265 a notable fellow.
- LUCIO As any in Ferrara Vienna, on my word.
- ESCALUS Call that same Isabel here once again; I would
speak with her. [*Exit one or more*]
[*To Angelo*] Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question.
270 You shall see how I'll handle her.
- LUCIO Not better than he, by her own report.
- ESCALUS Say you?
- LUCIO Marry, sir, I think if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess; perchance publicly she'll be
275 ashamed.
- ESCALUS I will go darkly to work with her.
- LUCIO That's the way, for women are light at midnight.
[*Enter Isabella, [guarded, at one door, then] Duke,
[disguised as a friar, hooded, and] Provost [at
another door]*]
ESCALUS [*to Isabella*] Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewo-
man denies all that you have said.
280 LUCIO My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with
the Provost.
- ESCALUS In very good time. Speak not you to him till we
call upon you.
- LUCIO Mum.
- ESCALUS [*to Duke*] Come, sir, did you set these women on 285
to slander Lord Angelo? They have confessed you did.
- DUKE 'Tis false.
- ESCALUS How! Know you where you are?
- DUKE
Respect to your great place, and let the devil
Be sometime honoured fore his burning throne. 290
Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.
- ESCALUS
The Duke's in us, and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.
- DUKE
Boldly at least. [*To Isabella and Mariana*]
But O, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox,
Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone? 295
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth
Which here you come to accuse.
- LUCIO
This is the rascal, this is he I spoke of. 300
- ESCALUS
Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain, and then to glance from him 305
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him. We'll touse
you
Joint by joint—but we will know his purpose.
What, 'unjust'?
- DUKE Be not so hot. The Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he 310
Dare rack his own. His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Ferrara Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew; laws for all faults, 315
But faults so countenanced that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
- ESCALUS Slander to th' state!
Away with him to prison. 320
- ANGELO
What can you vouch against him, Signor Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
- LUCIO 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman bald-pate.
Do you know me?
- DUKE I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice. I 325
met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.
- LUCIO O, did you so? And do you remember what you said
of the Duke?
- DUKE Most notably, sir.
- LUCIO Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, a 330
fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

DUKE You must, sir, change persons with me ere you make that my report. You indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

335 LUCIO O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE I protest I love the Duke as I love myself.

ANGELO Hark how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

340 ESCALUS Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison. Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon him. Let him speak no more. Away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

[Mariana is raised to her feet, and is guarded.]
[Provost makes to seize the Duke]

345 DUKE Stay, sir, stay a while.

ANGELO What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO [to Duke] Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir! Foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

350 [He pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Angelo and Escalus rise]

DUKE Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke. First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you must have a word anon. [To one or more] Lay hold on him.

355 LUCIO This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE [to Escalus] What you have spoke, I pardon. Sit you down.

We'll borrow place of him.

[Escalus sits]

[To Angelo] Sir, by your leave.

360 [He takes Angelo's seat]

Hast thou or word or wit or impudence That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

ANGELO O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness

365 To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath looked upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession.

370 Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE Come hither, Mariana.— Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANGELO I was, my lord.

DUKE Go, take her hence and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go with him, Provost.

Exit [Angelo, with Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost]

ESCALUS My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince. As I was then Adverting and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit I am still Attorneyed at your service.

ISABELLA O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employed and pained Your unknown sovereignty.

DUKE You are pardoned, Isabel. And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death I know sits at your heart, And you may marvel why I obscured myself, Labouring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,

390 It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brained my purpose. But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

ISABELLA I do, my lord.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, Provost

DUKE For this new-married man approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wronged Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake; but as he adjudged your brother—

400 Being criminal in double violation Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life— The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

405 'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death'. Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.

410 We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste. Away with him.

MARIANA O my most gracious lord, I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

DUKE It is your husband mocked you with a husband. Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

415

	For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come. For his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do enstate and widow you with all, To buy you a better husband.	At an unusual hour? PROVOST It was commanded so.	455
420	MARIANA O my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man.	DUKE Had you a special warrant for the deed? PROVOST No, my good lord, it was by private message.	
	DUKE Never crave him; we are definitive.	DUKE For which I do discharge you of your office. Give up your keys.	
	MARIANA Gentle my liege—	PROVOST Pardon me, noble lord. I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,	460
425	DUKE You do but lose your labour.— Away with him to death. [<i>To Lucio</i>] Now, sir, to you.	DUKE Yet did repent me after more advice; For testimony whereof one in the prison That should by private order else have died I have reserved alive.	
	MARIANA [<i>kneeling</i>] O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part; Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.	DUKE What's he? PROVOST His name is Barnardine.	465
430	DUKE Against all sense you do impòrtune her. Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.	DUKE I would thou hadst done so by Claudio. Go fetch him hither. Let me look upon him.	
	MARIANA Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me.	ESCALUS I am sorry one so learned and so wise As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared, Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood And lack of tempered judgement afterward.	470
435	Hold up your hands; say nothing; I'll speak all. They say best men are moulded out of faults, And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad. So may my husband. O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?	ANGELO I am sorry that such sorrow I procure, And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart That I crave death more willingly than mercy. 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.	475
	DUKE He dies for Claudio's death.	<i>Enter Barnardine and Provost; Claudio, [muffled,] Julietta</i>	
440	ISABELLA [<i>kneeling</i>] Most bounteous sir, Look, if it please you, on this man condemned As if my brother lived. I partly think A due sincerity governed his deeds, Till he did look on me. Since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died. For Angelo, His act did not o'ertake his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent	DUKE Which is that Barnardine? PROVOST This, my lord. DUKE There was a friar told me of this man. [<i>To Barnardine</i>] Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul	
445	That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects, Intent but merely thoughts.	DUKE That apprehends no further than this world, And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt condemned; But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all, And pray thee take this mercy to provide For better times to come.—Friar, advise him. I leave him to your hand. [<i>To Provost</i>] What muffled fellow's that?	480
450	MARIANA Merely, my lord.	PROVOST This is another prisoner that I saved,	485
	DUKE Your suit's unprofitable. Stand up, I say. [<i>Mariana and Isabella stand</i>] I have bethought me of another fault. Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded		

476.2 *Julietta* The form 'Julietta' occurs elsewhere only in 1.2: in the Middletonian passage (1.2.69) and in Claudio's account of his crime, in a line that is metrically ambiguous and may have been altered ('I got possession of Julietta's bed', 1.2.129). As in 1.2 (see note to 1.2.102), nothing is made of Juliet's

presence in the final scene; there is no exchange between her and Claudio, even though this is the only time they appear on stage together. The Duke refers to her, but he excludes her from his closing addresses to each character at the end of the play. Her presence was probably no more necessary in the staging of the

original text than the apparently offstage 'punk' whom Lucio is forced to marry, and Juliet seems to have been added to the scene for the revival, as in 1.2. The theatrical dynamics of Isabella's reunion with her brother and the Duke's proposal to her will be affected significantly by the presence or absence of Juliet.

Measure for Measure.

Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[*He unmuffles Claudio*]
DUKE [*to Isabella*]
If he be like your brother, for his sake
490 Is he pardoned; and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.
495 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife, her worth worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a
500 coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman,
Wherein have I so deserved of you
That you extol me thus?
LUCIO Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick.
If you will hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it
505 would please you I might be whipped.
DUKE Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's one
510 Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished,
Let him be whipped and hanged.

LUCIO I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore. Your highness said even now I made you a
duke; good my lord, do not recompense me in making
me a cuckold. 515

DUKE
Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed. 520

LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.
DUKE Slandering a prince deserves it. [*Exit Lucio guarded*]
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana. Love her, Angelo. 525
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
There's more behind that is more gratefully.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy.
We shall employ thee in a worthier place. 530
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragusine for Claudio's.
Th'offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto, if you'll a willing ear incline, 535
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
[*To all*] So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.
[*Exeunt*]

Finis

THE PARTS

Adult Males
DUKE (925 lines): First or Second Gentleman; Froth or Justice
ANGELO (317 lines): Thomas, Abhorson
LUCIO (287 lines): Froth, Abhorson
ESCALUS (190 lines): Thomas, Abhorson
CLOWN (163 lines): Claudio (*or First or Second Gentleman or Thomas or Peter*); First or Second Gentleman (*or Claudio or Thomas*); Peter (*or Claudio*); Thomas (*or Claudio or First or Second Gentleman*)
PROVOST (161 lines): None
CLAUDIO (113 lines): Abhorson; Froth or Clown or Elbow or Justice
ELBOW (72 lines): any but Duke, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Froth, Clown, Justice
FRIAR PETER (36 lines): any but Duke, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Barnardine, Claudio
FIRST GENTLEMAN (1 scene; 25 lines): any but Angelo, Escalus, Second Gentleman, Lucio, Clown, Provost, Claudio, Duke, Thomas
ABHORSON (17 lines): any but Duke, Provost, Barnardine, Clown

BARNARDINE (15 lines): First or Second Gentleman or Thomas; Froth or Elbow or Justice
FRIAR THOMAS (1 scene; 12 lines): any but Duke, Lucio, First Gentleman, Second Gentleman, Claudio, Provost
SECOND GENTLEMAN (1 scene; 11 lines): any but Angelo, Escalus, First Gentleman, Lucio, Clown, Provost, Claudio, Duke, Thomas
FROTH (1 scene; 10 lines): any but Angelo, Escalus, Justice, Provost, Elbow, Clown
JUSTICE (3 lines): any but Angelo, Escalus, Povost, Elbow, Froth, Clown

Boys
ISABELLA (424 lines): Bawd; Boy?
MARIANA (68 lines): Bawd, Nun
BAWD (30 lines): Isabella, Nun, Mariana, Boy
JULIET (10 lines): Boy, Nun
NUN (9 lines): Mariana, Juliet, Bawd, Boy
BOY (6 lines): Isabella, Nun, Juliet, Bawd

Most crowded scene: 5.1 (8 men, 3 boys; mute lords including Varius; citizens, officers)

THE SUN IN ARIES

Text edited and annotated by David M. Bergeron, introduced by Michael Berlin

THE 'noble solemnity' performed at the inauguration of Edward Barkham as Lord Mayor of London in October 1621 was the fourth of such 'costly pageants' which Middleton composed for the annual celebrations on the beginning of the mayoral year of office. Produced at a cost to the Drapers' Company of £548 4s., *The Sun in Aries* was one of the least expensive of the Jacobean Lord Mayors' shows. At first sight one of the less developed of Middleton's civic pageants, a closer reading of the text and the context of the performance that it prefigures reveals that beneath the opaque surface of the conventional symbolism used this text can be read in ways which at first might not be apparent. In *The Sun in Aries* Middleton reworks the formulae of civic pageantry to comment on the nature of the social power of the magistrate and office holder in early modern England.

The pageant devices and characters which Middleton presented at different stages along the route of the mayoral entourage—Jason in a chariot of Honour; Fame in a 'brazen Tower of Virtue'; representations of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs; Phoebus on top of a mountain, surrounded by twelve celestial signs; Fame, again, flanked by a triple crowned fountain—were all part of a symbolic repertoire common to Jacobean pageant writers. Middleton makes use of these conventions as a means of making connections between various spheres: the political and the natural, the social and the supernatural, the historical and the mythical. Like other Lord Mayor's Shows, Middleton's in 1621 acted as an elaborate culmination of the rites of passage of the new Lord Mayor. This ritualistic element was at the very heart of the mayor-making ceremonies which took place prior to the pageants and is present in their form. The title sequence, with its emphasis on the astrological configuration of the sun in the sign of Aries, which occurs in April at the beginning of the new agrarian season, places the pageants and the political order which they celebrate within a symbolic temporal cycle in which the new Lord Mayor is the prime actor, serving by his presence to renew the office which he now holds. The beginning of the Lord Mayor's year in office is likened to the beginning of the new agrarian cycle, 'the springtime of right and justice'. This emphasis on political renewal, expressed through the astrological component links successive sequences of the pageants.

During the early seventeenth century the social identity of the city's livery companies was being transformed from within and without by the growing economic power of the city's *haute bourgeoisie* who came to dominate the upper echelons of the hierarchy of civic and livery

company offices. This social group, of whom Barkham is a good representative, owed their wealth and position to their role in the national economy and in overseas and domestic trade and commerce, often connected with the monopolization of government concessions. The economic and social outlook of these men went beyond the corporate perspective of the majority of livery company members. For men like Barkham the companies represented a useful means of exercising the right to trade in the city via the 'Custom of London' (which enabled any member of a livery company to carry on any trade in the city regardless of the particular trade from which a livery company took its name). It was this group from which the ruling élite of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London were drawn. Membership of the livery companies was for this select group a way of carrying on trade and of gaining access to the social status associated with high office. The most prestige was attached to the twelve 'great' livery companies, of which the Drapers were one; membership of one of the twelve was a precondition of holding the city's highest office. Prospective candidates for mayoral office who were not members of one of the twelve great companies had to change membership or 'translate' into one of these.

It was this requirement which led Alderman Edward Barkham, a member of the Leathersellers' Company, to apply to the Drapers to secure translation into the Company in late June, 1621, prior to his election as Lord Mayor. The attitude of the Drapers to Barkham's request, vividly revealed in the Drapers' archives, provides some insight into the social context of *The Sun in Aries*. Barkham at first applied informally to be allowed into the Drapers company, only to be told that the company feared that it would be unable to pay for the pageants due to the weak state of its finances. The Company asked Barkham not to pursue the matter further as they thought that a formal refusal would 'tend somewhat to his disgrace'. Barkham reacted angrily to the Drapers' reply 'accounting himself wronged [and] unkindly dealt with' and uttering 'many disrespectful words touching that denial saying he would never be Lord Mayor unless he were a Draper'. At this stage the powerful Court of Aldermen intervened in an attempt to persuade the Drapers to accept Barkham. The Company put the matter to a vote of a General Court of the Drapers who unanimously rejected Barkham's request. The Court of Aldermen again asked the Company to reconsider its decision but the Company continued to bar admission to Barkham. The Drapers finally backed

down after a month of resistance when the Privy Council intervened on Barkham's behalf.

Did this breach of civic custom affect the composition of Middleton's text? The playwright had the months of August and September in which to compose the pageants. Middleton, as the official chronologer of the city, would have been aware of the proceedings of the Court of Aldermen. The Drapers stated that their reluctance to accept Barkham was based on their fear that the company would be unable to meet the charge of the shows in a manner which would uphold 'the honour of this city and himself, and the credit and worship of this company'. The continual emphasis on 'honour' throughout the text suggests that the pageants were designed in part as a way of repairing the damage done to this breach in social relations. Honour is a unifying theme throughout the text; honour obtained through 'adventure', honour justified by industry, honour restored by re-edification of the urban fabric.

The myth of Jason and the Golden Fleece in the first pageant sequence legitimizes Barkham's election as Lord Mayor. The story of the epic journey to capture the magical fleece followed from the astrological invocation of Aries in the title sequence, for the mythical ram from which the Golden Fleece derived was associated with that celestial constellation. The image of the voyage of Jason becomes an extended metaphor for the Lord Mayor's year in office. A pun on Barkham's name made explicit the connection between the voyage and the mayoralty. Jason tells the audience 'the bark is under sail | For a year's voyage'. The dangers of the sea journey are compared to the social dangers of holding high office in the city: 'There is no voyage set forth to renown, | That does not sometimes meet with skies that frown, | With gusts of envy, billows of despite'. In the task of governing the Lord Mayor must serve as a cautious mariner, 'State is a sea; he must be wise indeed | That sounds its depth, or can the quicksands heed; | And honour is so nice and rare a prize, | 'Tis watched by dragons, venomous enemies'. The Lord Mayor is enjoined to be bound by the collective wisdom of the twenty-four Aldermen as Jason was by the Argonauts; 'they can instruct and guide thee, and each one | That must adventure, and are coming on | To this great expedition'. The element of moral injunction in Jason's speech mirrors the Lord Mayor's oath taking ceremony in which the new incumbent is ritually enjoined to govern with the assistance of the Alderman.

Yet Jason's voyage and the honour brought by his capture of the Golden Fleece serves a wider purpose, underlining the appropriateness of Barkham to the highest position in the city. Jason is identified as 'first adventurer for fame' while the capture of the Golden Fleece gives as an example of 'honour got by danger'. The source of Barkham's social position in the city was the material wealth garnered through his own 'adventure' or investment in various overseas trading enterprises. He was a charter member of the East India Company and of the

Levant Company. Barkham's status as Lord Mayor is ratified by this association with overseas trade. Barkham's 'voyage' is 'for justice bound, | A coast that's not by every compass found, | And goes for honour, life's most precious trading.'

A similar note of moral injunction can be perceived in the next sequence, the central pageant or 'master triumph': the salutation of Fame before the Tower of Virtue, an elaborate movable 'brazen tower' adorned with representations of famous Drapers costumed as knights or 'virtue's champions'. The speech of Fame served to incorporate Barkham into the history of the company by placing him in succession to these predecessors. The archetypes drawn on (including Henry fitz Ailwin, London's first Lord Mayor; the builder of Leadenhall, Simon Eyre, made famous by Thomas Dekker; the Elizabethan adventurer Sir Francis Drake) provide examples by their 'good actions' of the moral qualities appropriate to the office holder by graphically reminding the audience of these precedents. Emphasis is given to the examples of benefactors who undertook charitable building projects ('college-founders, temple beautifiers') and to previous Draper Lord Mayors. In a direct reference to the circumstances of Barkham's mayoralty Middleton here included Sir Richard Pipe, Lord Mayor in 1578, who as a Leatherseller also translated into the Drapers. The new Lord Mayor is enjoined to follow their example: 'See here the glory of illustrious acts, | All of thine fraternity, whose tracts | 'Tis comely to pursue, all thy life's race, | Taking their virtues as thou hold'st their place'. These historical precedents served as a reminder of the moral obligations associated with high office.

The theme of re-edification of the civic fabric serving to renew the office of the Lord Mayor continues in the third pageant sequence, at the newly refurbished Standard conduit in Cheapside, sanctioning the Lord Mayor's role as the chief representative of the crown. The figure of the Standard, 'in a cloudy ruinous habit', wakes at the new Lord Mayor's approach and throwing off his 'unseemly garments' proceeds to deliver a speech which links the political stability of the dynastic succession to the election of the Lord Mayor by didactic reference to the statues of the six Tudor and Stuart monarchs which decorated the conduit. The Lord Mayor is called the king's 'honoured substitute'. Though the Lord Mayor was elected from amongst the ranks of the citizens he held office only with the approval of the monarch. This was the purpose of the ceremonial presentation of the new Lord Mayor to the Lord Chancellor and the Barons of the Exchequer at Westminster which occurred annually on the same day as the pageants were performed. This ceremony, with its recapitulation of the duties of the mayoralty in the forms of public oath taking, acted as a ritual re-edification of the office of Lord Mayor.

Middleton integrates this royal sanction for mayoral office with the idea of re-edification of the civic fabric. The city's rebuilding of the Standard is made to exemplify the way in which the yearly election of the Lord Mayor

helps to renew the moral qualities of office. Renewal is seen as means of purging the collective memory of past ills: 'All blemish is forgot when they repair; | For what has been re-edified alate, | But lifts its head up in more glorious state: | 'Tis grown a principle; ruins built again | Come bettered both in monuments and men'. Later in the Standard's speech the security and stability of the city, ensured by the succession, is entrusted to the new Lord Mayor: 'Strive to preserve this city's famous peace | Begun by yon first king, which does increase | Now by the last; from Henry that joined roses, | To James that unites kingdoms'. This emphasis on the sanctity of the civic political order underwritten by the Stuart succession perhaps may be taken to throw some doubt on recent characterizations of Middleton's work for the city as 'oppositional' in the puritan parliamentary sense. Yet at the time of composition of this pageant relations between the city and the crown had not reached the fraught state that they were to later in the 1620s. Other evidence suggests that Barkham may have shared the puritan views of Middleton's other civic patrons: Middleton went on to write an 'invention' for a private entertainment at an Easter feast at Barkham's house the following April which made explicit reference to the role of the godly Christian magistrate combating sin.

In the fourth pageant sequence, the speech of Aries from a mountain, the last pageant of the forenoon, Middleton recapitulates the astrological theme which commenced the show. This pageant—'a mountain, artfully raised and replenished with fine woolly creatures'—featured Phoebus, the god of the sun, dressed as a shepherd, surrounded by the twelve celestial signs. In classical myth the magical ram of the Golden Fleece was associated with both Aries, the god of war, and Phoebus, the personification of sunlight. The property of sunlight acts as a metaphor for political power in which the mountain and the figure of Phoebus is formulated as a symbol of the exalted status of the Lord Mayor. The image of Phoebus in the mountain decorated by 'woolly creatures' points to the divine nature of mayoral government. The relationship between ruler and ruled is characterized as that of the shepherd and his flock. This political order is ordained by

'Holy writ', it is as natural as the sun's rays.

The use of light as dramatic device was a stock feature of Middleton's civic pageants. In the 1613 pageants, *The Triumphs of Truth*, light is used as an agency of religious enlightenment which drives out 'error'. In *The Sun in Aries* the evangelical element appears to be lacking. Light is a secular property which dispels '...bribery and injustice, deeds of night, | That fly the sunbeam'. Sunlight figures again in the final sequence of the show, performed in the evening outside Barkham's house, in which the heraldic emblem of the Drapers' Company—the triple crown represented by a fountain decorated with allegorical figures—becomes the focus for an encomium to the 'love' of the Drapers' fellowship for the new Lord Mayor as manifested in their provision of pageants. Middleton again invokes the restorative powers of celestial motion to point to the renewal of the honour of the office by the performance. The affection of the Drapers for Barkham is compared to the effect of sunlight after an eclipse, recalling Phoebus' mythical role in earlier sequences. Their affection is demonstrated by the provision of pageants 'with a content past expectation: | A care that has been comely, and a cost | That has been decent, cheerful, which is most | Fit for the service of so great a state'. Rather than suppressing the limited nature of the Company's expenditure for Barkham, Middleton elliptically acknowledges the earlier conflict between Barkham and the Drapers to make a general point about the nature of pageantry: 'And happily is cost requited then, | When men grace triumphs more than triumphs, men'. The pageants are merely an outward manifestation of the real virtues of office holders. Middleton thus attempts to impart these virtues to Barkham and to make him accountable to them.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 674

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 421

Middleton's *Invention* for Barkham: this volume, 1446

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968

Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Antiquity*, 1397; *Virtue*, 1714; *Integrity*, 1766; *Prosperity*, 1901; lost pageant for Charles I, 1898

The Sun in Aries

A noble solemnity performed through the City, at the sole cost and charges of the honourable and ancient fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most worthy brother,

5

the Right Honourable Edward Barkham, in the high office of his Majesty's Lieutenant, the Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his Lordship's going, and perfecting itself after his return from receiving the oath of mayoralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, being the 29 of October, 1621.

10

To the honour of him, to whom the noble fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly triumphs, the Right Honourable Edward Barkham,

15

Lord Mayor of this renowned city

Your Honour being the centre, where the lines Of this day's glorious circle meets and joins; Love, joy, cost, triumph, all by you made blest; There does my service, too, desire to rest.

20

At your Lordship's command,
Tho. Middleton

The Sun in Aries

Pisces being the last of the signs and the wane of the sun's glory, how fitly and desiredly now the sun enters into Aries, for the comfort and refreshing of the creatures, and may be properly called the springtime of right and justice, observed by the shepherd's calendar in the mountain, to prove a happy year for poor men's causes, widows' and orphans' comforts; so much to make good the sun's entrance into that noble sign, I doubt not but the beams of his justice will make good themselves.

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And first, to begin with the worthy love of his honourable society to his lordship, after his honour's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water: the first triumph by land attends his lordship's most wished arrival in Paul's Churchyard, which is a chariot most artfully framed and adorned, bearing the title of the Chariot of Honour. In which chariot many worthies are placed that have got trophies of honour by their labours and deserts, such as Jason, whose illustration of honour is the golden fleece; Hercules, with his *ne plus ultra* upon pilasters of silver; a fair globe for conquering Alexander; a gilt laurel for triumphant Caesar, etc. Jason, at the approach of his lordship, being the personage most proper, by his manifestation, for the society's honour, lends a voice to these following words.

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THE SPEECH PRESENTED BY JASON

*Be favourable, fates, and a fair sky
Smile on this expedition. Phoebus' eye,
Look cheerfully, the bark is under sail
For a year's voyage, and a blessed gale
Be ever with it. 'Tis for justice bound,
A coast that's not by every compass found,
And goes for honour, life's most precious trading.
May it return with most illustrious lading,
A thing both wished and hoped for. I am he,
To all adventurous voyages a free
And bountiful well-wisher, by my name
Hight Jason, first adventurer for fame,
Which now rewards my danger, and o'ertops
The memory of all peril or her stops;
Assisted by the noble hopes of Greece,
'Twas I from Colchis fetched the Golden Fleece;
And one of the first brothers on record
Of honour got by danger. So, great lord,
There is no voyage set forth to renown,
That does not sometimes meet with skies that frown,
With gusts of envy, billows of despite,
Which makes the purchase, once achieved, more bright.
"State is a sea; he must be wise indeed
That sounds its depth, or can the quicksands heed";
And honour is so nice and rare a prize,
'Tis watched by dragons, venomous enemies;
Then no small care belongs to't—but as I,
With my assisting Argonauts, did try
The utmost of adventure, and with bold
And constant courage brought the fleece of gold,
Whose illustration decks my memory
Through all posterities, naming but me—
So man of merit, never faint or fear;
Thou hast th' assistance of grave senators here,
Thy worthy brethren, some of which have passed
All dangerous gulfs, and in their bright fames placed,
They can instruct and guide thee, and each one
That must adventure, and are coming on
To this great expedition; they will be
Cheerful and forward to encourage thee;
And blessings fall in a most infinite sum
Both on those past, thyself, and those to come.*

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Passing from this, and more to encourage the labour of the magistrate, he is now conducted to the master triumph, called the Tower of Virtue, which for the strength, safety, and perpetuity, bears the name of the Brazen Tower;

90

5 Edward Barkham Sheriff, 1611-12; died 1634.

27 shepherd's calendar almanac

34-5 service... water refers to the entertainment on the river Thames

40 Jason mythological figure noted for his

conquest of the Golden Fleece, leader of the Argonauts

41 *ne plus ultra* no further; highest point capable of being attained

42 pilasters square or rectangular column or pillar

45 manifestation i.e., the Golden Fleece

54 lading freight

58 Hight called

77 decks attires, clothes

80 senators i.e., the Aldermen

The Sunne in Aries.

of which Integrity keeps the keys, virtue being indeed
 95 as a brazen wall to a city or commonwealth; and to
 illustrate the prosperity it brings to a kingdom, the top
 turrets or pinnacles of this Brazen Tower shine bright
 like gold. And upon the gilded battlements thereof stand
 six knights, three in silvered and three in gilt armour,
 100 as virtue's standard-bearers or champions, holding six
 little streamers or silver bannerets, in each of which are
 displayed the arms of a noble brother and benefactor,
 Fame sounding forth their praises to the world, for the
 encouragement of after-ages, and Antiquity, the register
 of Fame, containing in her golden legend their names and
 105 titles: as that of Sir Henry fitz Ailwin, Draper, lord mayor
 four-and-twenty years together; Sir John Norman, the first
 that was rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars
 at his own cost and charges; Sir Francis Drake, the son
 of fame, who in two years and ten months, did cast a
 110 girdle about the world; the unparalleled Sir Simon Eyre,
 who built Leadenhall at his own cost, a storehouse for the
 poor, both in the upper lofts and lower; the generous and
 memorable Sir Richard Champion and Sir John Milborne,
 two bountiful benefactors; Sir Richard Hardell, in the seat
 115 of magistracy six years together; Sir John Poultney, four
 years, which Sir John founded a college in the parish
 of St Lawrence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; John
 Hinde, a re-edifier of the parish church of St Swithin
 120 by London Stone; Sir Richard Pipe, who being free of
 the Leathersellers, was also from them translated to the
 ancient and honourable Society of Drapers; and many
 whose names for brevity's cause I must omit and hasten
 to the honour and service of the time present. From the
 tower, Fame, a personage properly adorned, thus salutes
 125 the great master of the day and triumph.

THE SALUTATION OF FAME

*Welcome to Virtue's fortress, strong and clear.
 Thou art not only safe but glorious here;
 It is a tower of brightness. Such is truth,
 Whose strength and grace feels a perpetual youth;
 130 The walls are brass, the pyramids fine gold,
 Which shows 'tis safety's and prosperity's hold;
 Clear conscience is lieutenant, providence there,
 Watchfulness, wisdom, constancy, zeal, care,
 Are the six warders; keep the watch-tower sure,
 135 That nothing enters but what's just and pure;*

98 **gilt** golden

105 **Henry fitz Ailwin** London's first elected mayor (1189-1212)

106 **John Norman** mayor, 1453-54; Middleton repeats the error about Norman's being the first to go by barge to Westminster; he may have been the first to go at his own cost.

108 **Francis Drake** famous English navigator and sailor; admitted to the Drapers in 1588

110 **Simon Eyre** mayor, 1445-56; built Leadenhall in 1419; Dekker makes Eyre a Shoemaker in his play, but Eyre was a

Draper.

113 **Richard Champion** mayor, 1565-66; several times Master of the Drapers

John Milborne mayor, 1521-22; built some fourteen alms houses

114 **Richard Hardell** mayor, 1254-58; first name was Ralph

115 **John Poultney** mayor, 1330-32, 1336-37; Stow in his *Survey* (1598) says that Poultney left many 'legacies long to rehearse'.

117-18 **John Hinde** mayor, 1391-92, 1402-05

*For which effect, both to affright and shame
 All slothful bloods that blush to look on Fame,
 An ensign of good actions each displays,
 That worthy works may justly own their praise;
 And which is clearest to be understood, 140
 Thine shines amidst thy glorious brotherhood,
 Circled with arms of honour by those passed,
 As now with love's arms by the present graced;
 And how thy word does thy true worth display:
 Fortunæ mater, Diligentia, 145
 Fair Fortune's mother, all may read and see,
 Is diligence, endeavouring industry.
 See here the glory of illustrious acts,
 All of thy own fraternity, whose tracts
 'Tis comely to pursue, all thy life's race, 150
 Taking their virtues as thou hold'st their place;
 Some, college-founders, temple-beautifiers,
 Whose blest souls sing now in celestial choirs;
 Erecters some of granaries for the poor,
 Though now converted to some rich men's store 155
 (The more the age's misery), some so rare
 For this famed city's government and care,
 They kept the seat four years with a fair name;
 Some, six; but one, the miracle of fame,
 Which no society or time can match, 160
 Twenty-four years complete; he was truth's watch,
 He went so right and even, and the hand
 Of that fair motion bribe could ne'er make stand.
 And as men set their watches by the sun,
 Set justice but by that which he has done, 165
 And keep it even; so, from men to men,
 No magistrate need stir the work again:
 It lights into a noble hand today,
 And has passed many; many more it may.*

By this Tower of Virtue, his lordship being gracefully
 170 conducted toward the new Standard, one in a cloudy,
 ruinous habit, leaning upon the turret, at a trumpet's
 sounding suddenly starts and wakes, and in amazement
 throws off his unseemly garments.

NEW STANDARD

*What noise is this wakes me from ruin's womb?
 175 Ha! bless me, Time, how brave am I become!
 Fame fixed upon my head. Beneath me, round,
 The figures of illustrious princes, crowned*

119 **Richard Pipe** mayor, 1578-79; like Barkham he had first been a Leatherseller

130 **pyramids** structures of pyramidal form

138 **ensign** banner, coat of arms

140 **clearest** most clear; form not attested in OED

149 **tracts** course of action

159 **but one** i.e., Henry fitz Ailwin

171 **new Standard** rebuilt in Cheapside in 1620-21, statue of Fame on top; served as water conduit

172 **ruinous** decayed, dilapidated

The Sunne in Aries.

180 As well for goodness as for state by birth,
Which makes 'em true heirs both to heaven and earth.
Just six in number and all blessed names,
Two Henrys, Edward, Mary, Eliza, James,
That joy of honest hearts; and there behold
His honoured substitute, whom worth makes bold
185 To undergo the weight of this degree,
Virtue's fair edifice, raised up like me:
Why, here's the city's goodness, shown in either,
To raise two worthy buildings both together;
For when they made that lord's election free,
190 I guess that time their charge did perfect me;
Nay, note the city's bounty in both still;
When they restore a ruin, 'tis their will
To be so noble in their cost and care,
All blemish is forgot when they repair;
195 For what has been re-edified o' late,
But lifts its head up in more glorious state:
"Tis grown a principle; ruins built again
Come bettered both in monuments and men":
The instance is apparent. On then, lord;
200 E'en at thy entrance thou'dst a great man's word,
The noblest testimony of fair worth
That ever lord had, when he first stood forth
Presented by the city: lose not then
A praise so dear, bestowed not on all men;
205 Strive to preserve this famous city's peace,
Begun by yon first king, which does increase
Now by the last; from Henry that joined roses,
To James that unites kingdoms, who encloses
All in the arms of love, maliced of none;
210 Our hearts find that, when neighbouring kingdoms groan;
Which in the magistrate's duty may well move
A zealous care, in all, a thankful love.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's triumph, near
St Lawrence Lane stands a mountain, artfully raised and
215 replenished with fine woolly creatures; Phoebus on the
top, shining in a full glory, being circled with the twelve
celestial signs. Aries, placed near the principal rays, the
proper sign for illustration, thus greets his lordship.

ARIES

220 Bright thoughts, joy, and alacrity of heart
Bless thy great undertakings. 'Tis the part
And property of Phoebus with his rays
To cheer and to illumine good men's ways;
Eagle-eyed actions, that dare behold
His sparkling globe depart, tried all like gold;
225 'Tis bribery and injustice, deeds of night,
That fly the sunbeam, which makes good works bright;

182 *Henry... James* Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I
207-8 *Henry... James* from Henry VII who united the Yorks and Lancasters to King James I who united Scotland and England
214 *St Lawrence Lane* in Cheapside offering

access to the Guildhall
215 *Phoebus* the god Apollo, god of sun and poetry
216-17 *twelve celestial signs* the twelve signs of the zodiac
224 *tried* refined
229 *refulgent* radiant, gleaming

Thine look upon't, undazzled; as one beam
Faces another, as we match a gem
With her refulgent fellow, from thy worth
Example sparkles as a star shoots forth. 230
This mount, the type of eminence and place,
Resembles magistracy's seat and grace;
The sun the magistrate himself implies;
These woolly creatures, all that part which lies
Under his charge and office; not unfit, 235
Since kings and rulers are in holy writ
With shepherds paralleled, nay, from shepherds reared,
And people and the flock as oft cohered.
Now, as it is the bounty of the sun
To spread his splendours and make gladness run 240
Over the drooping creatures, it ought so
To be his proper virtue that does owe
To justice his life's flame shot from above
To cheer oppressed right with looks of love;
Which nothing doubted; Truth's reward light on you, 245
The beams of all clear comforts shine upon you.

The great feast ended, the whole state of the triumph
attends upon his lordship, both to Paul's and homeward;
and near the entrance of his lordship's house, two parts
of the triumph stand ready planted, viz. the Brazen Tower
and the triple-crowned Fountain of Justice, this fountain
being adorned with the lively figures of all those graces
and virtues which belong to the faithful discharging of so
high an office: as Justice, Sincerity, Meekness, Wisdom,
Providence, Equality, Industry, Truth, Peace, Patience, 255
Hope, Harmony, all illustrated by proper emblems and
expressions; as, Justice by a sword; Sincerity by a lamb;
Meekness by a dove; Wisdom by a serpent; Providence
by an eagle; Equality by a silvered balance; Industry
by a golden ball, on which stands a Cupid, intimating
260 that industry brings both wealth and love; Truth with a
fan of stars, with which she chases away Error; Peace
with a branch of laurel; Patience a sprig of palm; Hope
by a silvered anchor; Harmony by a swan; each at
night holding a bright-burning taper in her hand, as a
265 manifestation of purity. His lordship being in sight and
drawing near to his entrance, Fame, from the Brazen
Tower, closes up the Triumph, his lordship's honourable
welcome, with the noble demonstration of his worthy
fraternity's affection, in this concluding speech. 270

FAME

I cannot better the comparison
Of thy fair brotherhood's love than to the sun
After a great eclipse. For as the sphere
Of that celestial motion shines more clear

238 *cohered* combined, made analogous
248 *Paul's* St Paul's Cathedral
251 *triple-crowned* refers to the three crowns in the arms of the Drapers
261-2 *Truth... Error* Compare the central battle between these two figures in *The Triumphs of Truth* (1613).

The Sunne in Aries.

275	<p>After the interposing part is spent, Than to the eye before the darkness went Over the bright orb, so their love is shown With a content past expectation: A care that has been comely, and a cost</p>	<p>All their good is without 'em, not their own; When wise men to their virtues are best known. Behold yon fountain with the tripled crown, And through a cloud the sunbeam piercing down; So is the worthy magistrate made up;</p>	295
280	<p>That has been decent; cheerful, which is most, Fit for the service of so great a state, So famed a city, and a magistrate So worthy of it; all has been bestowed Upon thy triumph, which has clearly showed</p>	<p>The triple crown is charity, faith, and hope, Those three celestial sisters; the cloud too, That's care, and yet you see the beam strikes through; A care discharged with honour it presages, And may it so continue to all ages.</p>	300
285	<p>The loves of thy fraternity as great For thy first welcome to thy honoured seat; And happily is cost requited then, "When men grace triumphs more than triumphs, men: Diamonds will shine though set in lead; true worth Stands always in least need of setting forth."</p>	<p>It is thy brotherhood's arms; how well it fits Both thee and all that for Truth's honour sits. The time of rest draws near; triumph must cease; Joy to thy heart, to all a blessed peace.</p>	305
290	<p>What makes less noise than merit or less show Than virtue? 'Tis the undeservers owe All to vain-glory and to rumour still, Building their praises on the vulgar will;</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FINIS.</p> <p>For the framework of the whole triumph, with all the proper beauties of workmanship, the credit of that justly appertains to the deserts of Master Garret Christmas, a man excellent in his art, and faithful in his performances.</p>	310

298 *cloud the sunbeam* refers to the
 heraldic arms of the Drapers

312 **Garret Christmas** artificer whom Mid-
 dleton regularly praises in the pageant
 texts

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

Edited by Leslie Thomson

IN *Anything for a Quiet Life* (c. 1621), Middleton returned to the world of his earlier city comedies, and of his audience: commercial London. Together with John Webster, he created an intriguing combination of the immediately topical and timelessly theatrical—the one complementing and commenting on the other. Central to this mix is cloth, as a commodity and as clothing. Consequently, disguise and discovery, which often symbolize the deceptive difference between appearance and reality in plays of the period, are here not only effective and entertaining theatrical devices but also the means of putting visual and verbal focus on the cloth trade itself. With scenes about the buying and selling of fabric literally at the heart of the action, the numerous references to clothing, cloth, and even yarn, gain in significance until the conclusion, when clothes signal the resolution to each of the plots.

For those Londoners who came to Blackfriars Theatre to watch the King's Men perform the play, this emphasis on cloth and clothing would have been especially satisfying, since there could hardly have been anyone in the audience not somehow affected by the sharp decrease in the wool trade which had begun after 1614. By 1621, about when *Anything for a Quiet Life* was being written, the unhappy consequences of a disastrous change in the control of England's cloth trade with the Continent had become distressingly apparent. Middleton and Webster produced a play that in its comic business, wordplay and symbolism seems implicitly to acknowledge the importance of cloth in the real world of their audience.

Following the Anglo-Spanish treaty of 1604, the English trade in woollens (or cloth) grew rapidly—peace meant profit. Under the Merchant Adventurers' monopoly, production in the provinces, warehousing and distribution in London, and export of cloth to the Continent were organized and regulated largely by one group. New kinds of fabric, being produced in the Low Countries and Germany especially, were beginning to threaten the dominance of English woollens both at home and abroad, but more than ten years of growth in trade had fostered stability and complacency among domestic producers, merchants, and exporters. In 1614, however, the Cokayne project precipitated disastrous changes in England's major domestic and export businesses. Until then, the Merchant Adventurers had shipped mostly undyed, undressed cloth to Germany and the Low Countries to be finished. Alderman William Cokayne, a merchant, sold James on his plan to finish cloth before it was exported, and in December 1614 a proclamation abruptly ended the Merchant Adventurers' monopoly by giving a group led

by Cokayne control over the export of cloth. The project was a fiasco. Evidence indicates that the new company, the King's Merchant Adventurers, never really intended to make the project a reality. No plans were put into place to dye and dress cloth, with the result that stocks accumulated in London, unfinished and unsold. The full story is long and complex, but the consequences were painfully simple. Before long, investment capital evaporated and the effects began to be felt in the provinces, where workers were laid off, and in the city, where distributors could not afford to warehouse unfinished stock and exporters were prevented from selling it. Almost simultaneously came a shift in domestic and foreign demand from the better quality, heavier wool England produced to the so-called 'new draperies' being manufactured on the continent. By 1617, when the Merchant Adventurers' monopoly was restored, conditions had changed irrevocably; by 1620 the English textile industry was at the beginning of a severe four-year depression (Supple). In 1621, Londoners could not but have had the cloth trade on their minds; in *Anything for a Quiet Life* Middleton and Webster can be seen to have simultaneously acknowledged and capitalized on very real and immediate social and economic concerns by writing a play focusing on cloth, clothing, and a clothseller.

The play's dramatis personae list indicates the importance of clothing as a silent but always visible signifier of function and class in society and therefore on the stage. Especially for spectators still influenced by earlier sumptuary laws, nuances of dress were infinite and telling, offering the playwrights a visual shorthand of implication and the audience a means of placing the various characters. *Anything for a Quiet Life* is populated by figures from virtually every level of early seventeenth-century London society, something their dress would have emphasized visually. Lord Beaufort would have worn expensive fabrics and trimmings to reflect his noble status, and Lady Cressingham's rich attire would have indicated her materialism and aspirations. Down the ladder in class and in dress—if not in morality—come the other characters. The audience would have seen clothing suitable for a knight and his wife, a country gentleman, a sea captain, a citizen and wife, a lawyer and wife, a page, a steward, a surveyor, a barber, a sergeant, a yeoman, apprentices, and a bawd.

But clothing is more than just a way of conveying information about characters; it is also given a central role both structurally and thematically through the shop of Walter Camlet, the mercer. On the unlocalized stage for which the play was written, this shop would have been the only fictional place with a physical presence. Bolts of

cloth and possibly a counter in front of a tiring-house opening would have created the mercer's shop where several important scenes are staged. Perhaps these props were removed when the action was located elsewhere, but perhaps not; and if not, the ever-present shop would have provided a suggestive backdrop for the other plots which, although not about the cloth trade specifically, keep the audience's attention on clothing as a commodity, a symbol of status, and a means of deception.

The play has only just begun when references to cloth or clothing become a device of more specific characterization. Beaufort condemns Sir Francis Cressingham's folly in marrying a much younger woman with the judgement that: 'one new gown of hers | When 'tis paid for will eat you out the keeping | Of a bountiful Christmas' (1.1.12-14). Soon after, Walter Camlet tells Cressingham that his wedding purchases of 'tissue, cloth of gold, velvets and silks' will cost the enormous sum of 'about fifteen hundred pounds' (1.1.97-8). This impression of Lady Cressingham as a wife whose clothing purchases will bankrupt her husband is confirmed when she complains to Camlet that his fabrics are inferior, and says she plans to buy imported material instead—which seems likely to have earned her the condemnation of spectators feeling the real consequences of this attitude.

References to clothing elsewhere convey in material terms a character's questionable morality. The high-living Young Franklin protests that the salary offered by Beaufort will not keep him in 'scarlet and gold lace' (1.1.195). The despicable Knavesbe tries to persuade his wife to become Beaufort's mistress by using the analogy of his beaver hat, which he brushes first the wrong and then the right way: 'Look, this is all—smooth and keeps fashion still' (2.1.106-7). Beaufort begins his lustful advance on Sib Knavesbe by admiring her 'habit' and removing her glove; Sib makes Selenger her sexual 'captive' with a skein of symbolically gold thread, and says she will become Beaufort's mistress because he will put her 'into brave clothes and rich jewels' (2.1.188). To escape Sib, Selenger says he must serve Beaufort, 'or else I forfeit my recognizance, | The cloth I wear of his' (3.1.19-20). And Margarita, the bawd, is stigmatized as a 'French-hood' (4.1.333, 342; 4.2.27). These and similar plot-related images contribute to the play's distinctive language of the mercer, emphasizing the focus on Walter Camlet, the innocent and sympathetic victim. Given the hardship endured by men like him in the world of the audience, he is perhaps also representative of those victimized by Cokayne's fabrications.

Midway through *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Camlet, George and Ralph enter in the shop, the two apprentices singing a song advertising the kinds of cloth they have to sell. In the scene, Camlet is deceived by George Cressingham (Sir Francis's son) and Young Franklin, disguised as tailor and knight—clothing dupes the man who sells the fabric which makes it. Further, in the initial exchange between Rachel Camlet and the apprentice George, the

bawdy wordplay on 'yard' uses the language of Camlet's trade to connect the play's concerns with sex and clothing. 'Yard' as a measure of cloth and as slang for penis is also central to the suggestive physical comedy of 2.4, when Ralph and the Barber talk at cross-purposes about his 'ware', another word with the same double meaning. The gulling of Camlet and his apprentices by George Cressingham and Young Franklin revolves around a lengthy transaction in which Young Franklin as Sir Andrew buys an inexpensive piece of cloth in order to trick Camlet into allowing him to have a more costly fabric on credit. Besides being good theatre, the scene presents a merchant and his apprentices at work: the bargaining, with its specific references to cloth quality and prices, would have given the action an everyday reality recognizable by spectators who frequented such shops, bargained for such fabrics.

During this transaction the importance of George, Camlet's apprentice, becomes apparent. He, not his master, does most of the negotiating, and as Camlet's problems grow so does the role of George. In a play concerned with social class and relationships of duty, obedience, and service, the role given this apprentice has thematic implications. As a character, George combines convention and invention. He has his origins in the crafty slave of Latin New Comedy: by trickery he reunites the bickering Camlets and helps restore order. But he is also very much a seventeenth-century London apprentice, with particular obligations and duties to his master. In attempting to serve Camlet, George earns the enmity of Rachel Camlet and is sent away before his time of service is completed. Defying Rachel's command to stop singing his song of wares, George insists on the reciprocity of his relationship to Camlet: 'Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound to't, and my master bound to bring me up in't' (2.2.27-8). After Rachel has left him Camlet uses the same language in pleading with his apprentice to get her back: 'I love her, George, and I am bound to do so' (3.2.197). As both an abstract and concrete symbol of right service, George is a standard to set against the uncertain and inverted relationships of the play.

The deceptions of *Anything for a Quiet Life* are not only of some characters by others but also of the audience. Indeed, the play has been criticized for what have been seen as arbitrary reversals in character and plot. But the idea of thwarted expectations is set out in the first lines, when Beaufort scolds Francis Cressingham: 'you have in this one act | Overthrown the reputation the world | Held of your wisdom' (1.1.2-4). And when Cressingham tries to defend his wife Beaufort says, 'Come, come, you read | What you would have her to be, not what she is' (1.1.48-9)—a warning critics might also heed about the play. Near the end of the action, that same wife tells both her stepson, George Cressingham, and the audience, 'I will not be | The woman to you hereafter you expected' (5.1.251-2), anticipating her surprise reversal—one of several making up a series of unexpected and overtly

ironic resolutions. Much of the action in the intervening scenes depends on visual and verbal deceptions, or defeated expectations. And several of these are achieved by disguises—changes of clothing—visual business more apparent to an audience than a reader. In particular, the deception which can be seen as a paradigm of the others, the gulling of Camlet and Ralph: (a) depends on the disguises of both Young Franklin and George Cressingham; (b) involves the theft of cloth; and (c) is successful because the Barber has been led to expect one thing, Ralph another.

Clothing, disguise, and defeated expectations are interwoven through *Anything for a Quiet Life*, indicating that Middleton and Webster worked together closely to dramatize certain themes, a process which culminates in the play's several surprise resolutions. Act 5 begins with the entrance of Old Franklin 'in mourning' and Young Franklin 'disguised like an old serving man'. After having tricked his son's creditors into accepting half of what they are owed, Old Franklin removes his supposedly dead son's disguise, bringing him 'back to life' (5.2.368)—a 'rebirth' that stretches the conventions of tragicomedy so far as to parody them. Perhaps the audience's expectations were fulfilled rather than thwarted by the discovery that Young Franklin was not dead; we cannot know how effective his disguise was meant to be. But in the case of Selenger, nothing in the stage directions or dialogue indicates that an audience was intended to realize before the end that the boy actor dressed as a page and seduced by Sib Knavesbe is really a woman in the fiction of the play. When in the last scene Selenger enters 'as a woman' (5.2.215.1), the clothes say it all (indeed, the actor does not speak in this scene; the character is literally a 'quiet wife'). Merely by standing there Selenger would have represented the many deceptions of both characters and audience. Of these, the surprise reversal by Lady Cressingham is probably the most disconcerting. Clothing is again the means by which this change is first conveyed: 'Enter Lady Cressingham in civil habit, Saunder, and [the two] children, very gallant' (5.2.260.1-2). Where before she has been extravagantly dressed, now she is in subdued clothes; conversely, Cressingham's two children, who have been shabbily clothed, are now in costly attire. Finally, in a notably different use of clothing, George the apprentice is rewarded for his service to the Camlets with 'two new suits' (5.2.329).

Each of the unexpected and therefore memorable resolutions somehow dramatizes the idea expressed in the prologue that men will do anything for a quiet life. At the play's end Beaufort, having avoided the censure he deserves, complacently describes a comic conclusion: 'Discorded friends atoned, men and their wives | This hope proclaims your after quiet lives.' This might seem merely a neatly rhymed summary of each plot—quiet wife equals quiet life—but in fact the verbal symmetry disguises some decidedly forced and ironic returns to 'quiet'. Of all the male characters, only Camlet achieves a quiet life without compromising himself; the rest are only too willing to do 'anything', pay any moral price, for marital

or financial peace. Sir Francis Cressingham is prepared to sign away his children's inheritance to keep his wife in expensive clothes and houses. Knavesbe eagerly makes a deal with Beaufort to be cuckolded for leases and income. George Cressingham allows his wife to be employed by Beaufort—temporarily 'selling her', her name suggests. Old Franklin easily pretends his son is dead to avoid paying his debts in full. And Young Franklin enlists a prostitute to ensure the success of the second of his three self-enriching disguises. Even George lies to reunite his master and mistress, thereby regaining his job—and earning those two new suits.

Near the beginning of the action, Camlet accurately sums up Francis Cressingham's folly and his own attitude: 'He's tied to a new law, and a new wife, | Yet to my old proverb: "anything for a quiet life"' (1.1.312-13). The phrase certainly has a proverbial ring to it, but this may be the first time it was written down—in a sense it is Camlet's. There is a ballad with the same title printed about 1621—perhaps in acknowledgement of the play—which relates the story of a browbeaten husband and concludes by advising men to avoid marriage for as long as possible. The ballad's stereotypes emphasize the individuality of the play's characters, of whom the women are particularly effective embodiments of deception and its consequences. Not surprisingly, given the complex and memorable female characters created by both Middleton and Webster in other plays, each of the women in *Anything for a Quiet Life* is a means of dramatizing the movement from deception to reversal and discovery that is the action of the play. Because Lady Cressingham deceives her husband, he sends his two younger children to live with the Camlets. This leads Rachel Camlet to deceive herself into the belief that they are her husband's illegitimate progeny. As a consequence, Rachel threatens to leave Camlet and destroy his business by spreading rumours that his cloth is inferior. Also as a result of Lady Cressingham's deception, George Cressingham is effectively disinherited, leading him to disguise himself as a tailor to gull Camlet, and his wife, Selenger, to disguise herself as a page and work for Beaufort. This lord's sexual advances prompt Sib Knavesbe to deceive him and the audience into thinking she will become his mistress; as well, Sib is fooled by Selenger's disguise into propositioning 'him'. Finally, because Camlet believes that Margarita has helped him—when actually she has duped him by confirming Young Franklin's Frenchman disguise—Camlet offers to reward her. When George attempts to unite his master and mistress by tricking Rachel into believing that Camlet is about to marry Margarita, Rachel becomes violently jealous. Significantly, Walter Camlet, the unconventionally honest mercer and husband, is eventually the victim of most of these deceptions, which make his wife—and therefore his life—unquiet.

Camlet's shop is the Holy Lamb in Lombard Street, a telling combination of the sacred and profane; or perhaps of the innocent and mercantile—or mercenary. Amid the ironic ambiguities of the play's conclusion, Camlet gets

Any thing for a quiet Life.

the quiet wife and life he seeks, and deserves—a happy conclusion crafted by George, Camlet’s paragon of an apprentice. In the rest of the action Old Franklin, George’s country acquaintance, helps restore peace and order—quiet—with implications that seem decidedly more ambiguous. The *deus ex machina* quality of Old Franklin’s sudden appearance at the play’s end highlights the unexpectedness of the reversals. Lady Cressingham’s surprising about-face and Knavesbe’s unconvincing reformation are clear indications that it is still a fallen world. Middleton’s conclusions are invariably ironic reminders that perfection

can be achieved only at the price of incredulity. Because he never pretends otherwise, the endings of his plays are, or should be, disturbing; but if we think they are inexplicable, we are deceiving ourselves—pulling the wool over our own eyes.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1160

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 422

Other Middleton–Webster works: *Caesar’s Fall*, 328; *Magnificent*, 219; *The Duchess of Malfi*, 1886

THOMAS MIDDLETON and JOHN WEBSTER

Anything for a Quiet Life

[for the King’s Men at The Blackfriars]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

LORD BEAUFORT

Sir Francis CRESSINGHAM, an alchemist

OLD FRANKLIN, a country gentleman

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM, son to Sir Francis

YOUNG FRANKLIN, a sea captain, son to Old Franklin, and companion to Young Cressingham

Master Walter CAMLET, a citizen and mercer

KNAVESBE, a lawyer, and pander to his wife

SELENGER, page to Lord Beaufort

SAUNDER, steward to Sir Francis

GEORGE, an apprentice to Walter Camlet

RALPH, an apprentice to Walter Camlet

A SURVEYOR

Sweetball, a BARBER-SURGEON

Barber’s BOY

FLESHHOOK, a yeoman

COUNTERBUFF, a sergeant

TWO CHILDREN of Sir Francis, boarded out to Walter Camlet

LADY CRESSINGHAM, wife to Sir Francis

RACHEL, wife to Walter Camlet

SIB, wife to Knavesbe

MARGARITA, a French bawd

3 or 4 Citizens (CREDITORS)

Prologue

Howe’er th’intents and appetites of men
Are different as their faces how and when
T’employ their actions, yet all without strife
Meet in this point: anything for a quiet life.

Nor is there one, I think, that’s hither come
For his delight, but would find peace at home
On any terms. The lawyer does not cease
To talk himself into a sweat with pain,
And so his fees buy quiet, ’tis his gain;

5

Prologue.4 **anything...life** proverbial, but this is perhaps the first printed occurrence of the phrase. There is also a ballad, ‘Any thing for a quiet life; Or the married man’s bondage to a cursed wife’ (c.1620); and see *The Stonyhurst Pageants* (c.1610–25): ‘For he that doth

intend to live & lead a quiet life | Must ever more contented be to be ruled by his wife’. When, as in JOHNSON and commonly at the time, ‘any thing’ is two words, the bawdy implications are more apparent. The play’s title and action are also summed up in another proverb:

‘Better enjoy a little with quietness than possess much with trouble’. **quiet** the word and its variants occur twenty-six times in the play, emphasizing the desire for peace and order at three levels: familial, social, political
5 **hither** to the theatre

10 The poor man does endure the scorching sun,
And feels no weariness his day-labour done,
So his wife entertain him with a smile,
And thank his travail, though she slept the while.
This being in men of all conditions true
15 Does give our play a name, and if to you
It yield content and usual delight,
For our parts we shall sleep secure tonight.

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
Enter the Lord Beaufort, and Sir Francis
Cressingham

BEAUFORT
Away! I am ashamed of your proceedings,
And seriously you have in this one act
Overthrown the reputation the world
Held of your wisdom.

CRESSINGHAM Why, sir?

BEAUFORT Can you not see
5 Your error? That having buried so good a wife
Not a month since, one that, to speak the truth,
Had all those excellencies—which our books
Have only feigned for will eat you out the keeping
10 Most exactly in her in practice, and to marry
A girl of fifteen, one bred up i'th' court,
That by all consonancy of reason is like
To cross your estate. Why, one new gown of hers
When 'tis paid for will eat you out the keeping
15 Of a bountiful Christmas. I am ashamed of you,
For you shall make too dear a proof of it,
I fear, that in the election of a wife,
As in a project of war, to err but once
Is to be undone for ever.

CRESSINGHAM Good my lord,
I do beseech you let your better judgement
Go along with your reprehension.

20 BEAUFORT So it does,
And can find naught to extenuate your fault

But your dotage. You are a man well sunk in years
And to graft such a young blossom into your stock
Is the next way to make every carnal eye
25 Bespeak your injury. Troth, I pity her too;
She was not made to wither and go out
By painted fires that yields her no more heat
Than to be lodged in some bleak banqueting house
I'th' dead of winter. And what follows then?
Your shame and the ruin of your children, and there's
30 The end of a rash bargain.

CRESSINGHAM With your pardon,
That she is young is true, but that discretion
Has gone beyond her years and overta'en
Those of maturer age does more improve
35 Her goodness. I confess she was bred at court,
But so retiredly that—as still the best
In some place is to be learnt there—so her life
Did rectify itself more by the court chapel
Than by the Office of the Revels. Best of all virtues
40 Are to be found at court, and where you meet
With writings contrary to this known truth,
They are framed by men that never were so happy
To be planted there to know it. For the difference
Between her youth and mine, if you will read
45 A matron's sober staidness in her eye
And all the other grave demeanour fitting
The governess of a house, you'll then confess
There's no disparity between us.

Enter Master Walter Camlet

BEAUFORT Come, come, you read
What you would have her to be, not what she is.—
50 O, Master Walter Camlet, you are welcome.

CAMLET I thank your lordship.

BEAUFORT And what news stirring in Cheapside?

CAMLET Nothing new there, my lord, but the Standard.

BEAUFORT O, that's

13 **travail** labour, with a probable pun on 'travel'
17 **our parts** (a) ourselves; (b) our roles
1.1 attributed to Webster
0.2 **Beaufort** perhaps ironic; French: *beau*: suitor, *fort*: strong
3 **reputation** good opinion
7-8 **books... complete wife** perhaps a specific allusion to Thomas Overbury's poem, 'The Wife' (1613), possibly edited by Webster; but the plural suggests the numerous domestic guidebooks popular at the time, such as *The English Housewife. Containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman*, by Gervaise Markham (1615)
8 **feigned** fictitiously invented
12 **cross** deplete
16 **election** choice

17-18 **project... for ever** proverbial
20 **reprehension** rebuke
21 **extenuate** lessen
23 **stock** (a) trunk of a tree; (b) line of descent
24 **carnal** worldly
25 **Bespeak your injury** talk about your cuckolding (?)
27 **painted fires** pictures of fires rather than real ones; likely a euphemism for Cressingham's impotence: lack of 'fire'
28 **banqueting house** a semi-permanent building in Jacobean gardens, frequently used by lovers as meeting places
32 **discretion** judgement
34 **improve** prove
38 **rectify** improve
38-9 **court chapel... Office of the Revels** she has spent more time at prayer than at masques

45 **staidness** stability
48.1 **Walter Camlet** suggests 'watered camlet', a fabric with a wavy surface; 'camlet' was a name originally applied to a beautiful and costly eastern fabric, afterwards to more common imitations and substitutes; 'Water' is a variant of 'Walter'. Citizen: a man admitted to the freedom of the city through membership in a guild, a tradesman as opposed to a gentleman; mercer: a cloth merchant
51 **Cheapside** the chief commercial street of London, from St Paul's to the Poultry. Merchants such as clothsellers were located in streets running off Cheapside.
52 **Standard** The Standard in Cornhill was a square pillar with a fountain, statues around the sides, and the image of Fortune at the top.

A monument your wives take great delight in.
 I do hear you are grown a mighty purchaser;
 55 I hope shortly to find you a continual resident upon
 The north aisle of the Exchange.
 CAMLET Where? With the Scotsmen?
 BEAUFORT No sir, with the aldermen.
 CAMLET Believe it, I am a poor commoner.
 CRESSINGHAM Come, you are warm, and blessed with a fair wife.
 CAMLET There's it; her going brave has the only virtue
 60 To improve my credit in the subsidy book.
 BEAUFORT But, I pray, how thrives your new plantation of
 silkworms, those I saw last summer at your garden?
 CAMLET They are removed, sir.
 BEAUFORT Whither?
 65 CAMLET This winter my wife has removed them home
 to a fair chamber where divers courtiers use to come
 and see them, and my wife carries them up. I think
 shortly, what with the store of visitants, they'll prove
 as chargeable to me as the morrow after Simon and
 70 Jude—only excepting the taking down and setting up
 again of my glass windows.
 BEAUFORT That a man of your estate should be so gripple-
 minded and repining at his wife's bounty!
 CRESSINGHAM There are no such ridiculous things i'th'
 75 world as those love money better than themselves. For
 though they have understanding to know riches, and a
 mind to seek them, and a wit to find them, and policy to

keep them, and long life to possess them, yet commonly
 they have withal such a false sight, such bleared eyes,
 80 all their wealth when it lies before them does seem
 poverty. And such a one are you.
 CAMLET Good Sir Francis, you have had sore eyes too—
 you have been a gamester—but you have given it o'er,
 and to redeem the vice belonged to't now you entertain
 certain parcels of silenced ministers, which I think will
 85 equally undo you. Yet should these waste you but
 lenitively, your devising new watermill for recovery of
 drowned land and certain dreams you have in alchemy
 to find the philosopher's stone will certainly draw you
 to th' bottom. I speak freely, sir, and would not have
 90 you angry, for I love you.
 CRESSINGHAM I am deeply in your books for furnishing
 my late wedding. Have you brought a note of the
 particulars?
 CAMLET No sir, at more leisure. 95
 CRESSINGHAM What comes the sum to?
 CAMLET For tissue, cloth of gold, velvets and silks, about
 fifteen hundred pounds.
 CRESSINGHAM Your money is ready.
 CAMLET Sir, I thank you. 100
 CRESSINGHAM And how do my two young children, whom
 I have put to board with you?
 BEAUFORT Have you put forth two of your children already?
 CRESSINGHAM 'Twas my wife's discretion to have it so.
 BEAUFORT Come, 'tis the first principle in a mother-in-
 105 law's chop-logic to divide the family, to remove from
 forth your sight the object that her cunning knows

53 **monument . . . delight in** with bawdy implications, given the shape of the Standard
 54 **purchaser** a money maker
 56 **Exchange** the Royal Exchange built in London by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566, where merchants assembled
Scotsmen probably a reference to the many who had followed King James from Scotland when he became king and had been given knightships or had otherwise benefited from association with the court
 57 **aldermen** the chief officers of a city ward. Camlet's social position and allegiances are being defined.
 58 **warm** financially comfortable
 59 **brave** expensively dressed
virtue power
 60 **subsidy book** tax roll
 61–2 **plantation of silkworms** The implication is that she lured men to her. Cf. *The Fair Maid of the Inn* (BEPD 668), 2.2.43: 'In England you have several adamant, to draw in spurs and rapiers; one keeps silkworms in a gallery. . . .'
 66 **use to come** are in the habit of coming
 67 **carries** escorts
 68 **store** large number
 69 **chargeable** costly. Silkworms should be a source of income for Camlet rather than a cost incurred by his wife.

69–70 **Simon and Jude** the feast of Saints Simon and Jude, October 28, in honour of the two apostles martyred while preaching in Persia. October 29 was Lord Mayor's Day, when the new Lord Mayor of London assumed office. The livery company to which the Mayor belonged organized the costly celebrations, meeting expenses by levying a tax on its members.
 70–1 **excepting . . . glass windows** Perhaps this is a general comment on the expense of removing and installing the windows in the upper level(s) of Camlet's shop building; but it may refer to the fact that people came to his house to watch the Lord Mayor's Day parade from the upper windows, necessitating their removal and reinstallation.
 72–3 **gripple-minded** niggardly
 73 **repining** grumbling
bounty liberality
 77 **policy** prudence
 79 **false** distorted
bleared eyes poor perception
 82 **sore eyes** from lack of sleep; see 2.1.104
 83 **gamester** a womanizer, or a gambler, probably the dominant meaning here
 84 **redeem** atone for
 85 **parcels** a set or pack; said

contemptuously
silenced ministers nonconformists forbidden to preach
 86 **waste** destroy
 87 **lenitively** gently
watermill a reference to a scheme to use watermills to drain the fens, a costly, impossible project
 89 **philosopher's stone** a supposed solid substance or preparation believed by alchemists to possess the property of changing other metals into gold or silver, the discovery of which was the aim of alchemy
 92 **deeply . . . books** indebted
 97 **tissue** a rich cloth, often interwoven with gold or silver, perhaps suggesting that his wife was dressing above his social class
 98 **fifteen hundred pounds** Conversion into today's dollars is difficult, but a pound in the early 1600s would roughly equal between \$100 and \$150 today; Cressingham has spent an extravagant amount on his wedding.
 102 **put to board** boarded out
 104 **discretion** choice
 105–6 **mother-in-law's** step-mother's
 106 **chop-logic** sophistical or contentious argument

- would dull her insinuation. Had you been a kind father, it would have been your practice every day to have preached to these two young ones carefully your late wife's funeral sermon. 'Las, poor souls, are they turned so soon a-grazing?
- Enter Young Cressingham and Young Franklin*
- CAMLET My lord, they are placed where they shall be respected as mine own.
- BEAUFORT I make no question of it, good Master Camlet. See here your eldest son, George Cressingham.
- CRESSINGHAM You have displeased and grieved your mother-in-law, And till you have made submission and procured Her pardon, I'll not know you for my son.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I have wrought her no offence, sir. The difference Grew about certain jewels which my mother— By your consent—lying upon her deathbed, Bequeathed to her three children. These I demanded, And being denied these, thought this sin of hers
- 125 To violate so gentle a request
Of her predecessor was an ill foregoing
Of a mother-in-law's harsh nature.
- CRESSINGHAM Sir, understand
My will moved in her denial. You have jewels
To pawn—or sell them! Sirrah, I will have you
130 As obedient to this woman as to myself.
Till then you are none of mine.
- CAMLET O, Master George,
Be ruled, do anything for a quiet life;
Your father's peace of life moves in it too.
I have a wife, when she is in the sullens,
135 Like a cook's dog that you see turn a wheel,
She will be sure to go and hide herself
Out of the way dinner and supper. And in
These fits Bow bell is a still organ to her.
- When we were married first, I well remember,
Her railing did appear but a vision
140 Till certain scratches on my hand and face
Assured me it was substantial. She's a creature
Uses to waylay my faults, and more desires
To find them out than to have them amended.
She has a book, which I may truly nominate
145 Her Black Book, for she remembers in it in
Short items all my misdemeanours, as:
Item, such a day I was got foxed with foolish metheglin
in the company of certain Welsh chapmen. Item, such a
day being at the Artillery Garden one of my neighbours
150 in courtesy to salute me with his musket set afire my
fustian-and-apes breeches. Such a day I lost fifty pound
in hugger-mugger at dice at the quest-house. Item, I
lent money to a sea captain, on his bare 'Confound
him, he would pay me again the next morning', and
155 suchlike.
For which she railed upon me when I should sleep,
And that's, you know, intolerable, for indeed
'Twill tame an elephant.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM 'Tis a shrewd vexation,
But your discretion, sir, does bear it out
160 With a month's sufferance.
- CAMLET Yes, and I would wish you
To follow mine example.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN [*aside to Young Cressingham*]
Here's small comfort,
George, from your father.—Here's a lord whom I
Have long depended upon for employment; I will see
If my suit will thrive better. [*To Beaufort*] Please your
165 lordship,
You know I am a younger brother, and my fate
Throwing me upon the late ill-starred voyage
To Guiana, failing of our golden hopes,
I and my ship addressed ourselves to serve
The Duke of Florence.

108 **insinuation** stealing into the favour or affections by subtle means

112 **a-grazing** The analogy to animals suggests the seriousness of what Cressingham has done in farming out his young children.

112.1 **Franklin** A franklin was a landowner of free but not noble birth; the term also implied a liberal host.

116 **George Cressingham** George is the name of two characters, one the son of a knight, the other an apprentice; the duplication would not be as apparent in performance as on the page, but it is probably intentional, perhaps suggesting underlying similarities.

118 **made submission** yielded

129 **Sirrah** a term of reprimand, assumption of authority

138 **Bow bell** the bells of Bow Church (St Mary-le-Bow) in Cheapside, so called from the 'bows' or arches that supported

its steeple
still silent

140 **railing** abusive language

143 **Uses to waylay** has the habit of lying in wait for

146 **Black Book** (*fig.*) a book recording the names and crimes of those liable to censure or punishment; here a list of Camlet's follies, which suggest that he is a natural victim
remembers records

148 **Item** an entry in an account or register
foxed drunk

metheglin a liquor made by fermenting honey and water

149 **chapmen** merchants

150 **Artillery Garden** the soldiers' practising ground, outside Bishopsgate, London

151 **salute** greet

musket a shotgun

152 **fustian-and-apes** cotton velvet; a corruption of 'fustian of Naples'

153 **in hugger-mugger** secretly
quest-house a house where inquests in a ward or parish were held; also, apparently, a place for illegal gambling

159 **shrewd** severe

160 **discretion** prudence

bear it out endure

161 **sufferance** indulgence

162 **small comfort** literally, no money

167 **late ill-starred voyage** In June 1617, Sir Walter Raleigh departed on his second trip to Guiana, which was plagued by bad weather, disease, and attempted mutiny; when Raleigh returned to England in June 1618 without the gold he had agreed to deliver in return for freedom from imprisonment in the Tower, he was executed.

168 **Guiana** now part of north-eastern Venezuela along the Orinoco River
failing of with the failure of

Act I Scene I

Any thing for a quiet Life.

170 BEAUFORT Yes, I understood so.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN Who gave me both encouragement and means
 To do him some small service 'gainst the Turk.
 Being settled there both in his pay and trust,
 Your lordship, minding to rig forth a ship
 175 To trade for the East Indies, sent for me.
 And what your promise was, if I would leave
 So great a fortune to become your servant,
 Your letters yet can witness.
 BEAUFORT Yes, what follows?
 YOUNG FRANKLIN That for aught I perceive, your former purpose
 180 Is quite forgotten. I have stayed here two months
 And find your intended voyage but a dream,
 And the ship you talk of as imaginary
 As that the astronomers point at in the clouds.
 I have spent two thousand ducats since my arrival.
 185 Men that have command, my lord, at sea, cannot live
 Ashore without money.
 BEAUFORT Know, sir, a late purchase
 Which cost me a great sum has diverted me
 From my former purpose. Besides, suits in law
 Do every term so trouble me by land
 190 I have forgot going by water. If you please
 To rank yourself among my followers
 You shall be welcome, and I'll make your means
 Better than any gentleman's I keep.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN Some twenty mark a year! Will that maintain
 195 Scarlet and gold lace, play at th'ordinary,
 And bevers at the tavern?
 BEAUFORT I had thought
 To prefer you to have been captain of a ship
 That's bound for the Red Sea.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN What hinders it?

BEAUFORT Why, certainly the merchants are possessed
 You have been a pirate.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN Say I were one still?
 200 If I were past the line once, why, methinks
 I should do them better service.
Enter Knavesbe
 BEAUFORT Pray forbear;
 Here's a gentleman whose business must
 Engross me wholly.
 [Beaufort and Knavesbe talk apart]
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [to Young Franklin]
 What's he? Dost thou know him?
 YOUNG FRANKLIN A pox upon him! A very knave and rascal
 205 That goes a-hunting with the penal statutes,
 And good for naught but to persuade their lords
 To rack their rents and give o'er housekeeping.
 Such caterpillars may hang at their lords' ears
 When better men are neglected.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM What's his name?
 210 YOUNG FRANKLIN Knavesbe.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Knavesbe!
 YOUNG FRANKLIN One that deals in a tenth share
 About projections. He and his partners, when
 They have got a suit once past the seal, will so
 Wrangle about partition, and sometimes
 They fall to th'ears about it, like your fencers
 215 That cudgel one another by patent. You shall see him
 So terribly bedashed in a Michaelmas term
 Coming from Westminster that you would swear
 He were lighted from a horse race. Hang him, hang
 him!
 He's a scurvy informer, has more cozenage
 220

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 172 the Turk the Turkish forces | 200 pirate This characterizes Young Franklin as a threat to trade. In October 1620 a fleet had been sent out to scatter pirates preying on English ships; it was only partly successful. | authorities |
| 174 rig forth ready [a ship] for the sea | 201 line equator | 214 partition division into shares |
| 175 East Indies probably a specific reference to the East India Company, a trading company formed in 1600 | 204 Engross occupy | 215 fall to th'ears said of animals fighting; hence of persons, to disagree violently |
| 182-3 ship... clouds the constellation Argo | 205 pox upon him an exclamation of irritation | 215-16 fencers... patent The lawyers put on a false show to distract clients from their collusion, just as fencers fought fixed bouts with harmless weapons. |
| 184 two thousand ducats A ducat was a gold coin worth about 9s.; the context indicates a considerable amount of money. | knave an unprincipled man; a base and crafty rogue | 217 bedashed splattered with mud. In <i>Trick</i> 1.4.42-45, Dampit, who bears a considerable resemblance to Knavesbe, describes himself in similar terms. |
| 189 term one of the three or four periods in the year when law courts were in session | 206 a-hunting... penal statutes uses the law to entrap | Michaelmas term a High Court term beginning soon after Michaelmas (29 September) |
| 194 twenty mark A mark was an amount, not a coin; it was two-thirds of a pound, 13s. 4d. | 208 rack... rents charge an extortionate rent for land | 218 Westminster Westminster Hall, site of the law courts |
| 195 Scarlet and gold lace expensive clothing | housekeeping hospitality | 220 scurvy contemptible cozenage fraud |
| 196 bevers drinks or snacks | 209 caterpillars (<i>fig.</i>) extortioners | |
| 199 possessed informed | hang at their lords' ears have influence | |
| | 212 projections business deals | |
| | 213 past the seal approved by the | |

- In him than is in five travelling lotteries.
 To feed a kite with the carrion of this knave
 When he's dead, and reclaim her—O, she would
 prove
 An excellent hawk for talon. H'as a fair creature
 To his wife too, and a witty rogue it is,
 And some men think this knave will wink at small
 faults.
 But, honest George, what shall become of us now?
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
 'Faith I am resolved to set up my rest
 For the Low Countries.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN To serve there?
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Yes, certain.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN There's thin commons;
 Besides, they have added one day more to th' week
 Than was in the creation. Art thou valiant,
 Art thou valiant, George?
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
 I may be, an I be put to't.
 YOUNG FRANKLIN O, never fear that.
 Thou canst not live two hours after thy landing
 Without a quarrel. Thou must resolve to fight,
 Or like a summer thou'lt be bastinadoed
 At every town's end. You shall have gallants there
 As ragged as the fall o'th' leaf, that live
 In Holland where the finest linen's made
 And yet wear ne'er a shirt. These will not only
 Quarrel with a newcomer when they are drunk,
 But they will quarrel with any man has means
 To be drunk after them. Follow my counsel, George;
 Thou shalt not go o'er, we'll live here i'th' city.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
 But how?
 YOUNG FRANKLIN
 How? Why as other gallants do
 That feed high and play copiously yet brag
- They have but nine pound a year to live on. These
 Have wit to turn rich fools and gulls into quarter-days
 That bring them in certain payment. I have a project
 Reflects upon yon mercer. Master Camlet
 Shall put us into money.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM What is't?
 YOUNG FRANKLIN Nay,
 I will not stale it aforehand; 'tis a new one.
 Nor cheating amongst gallants may seem strange,
 Why, a reaching wit goes current on th'Exchange.
Exeunt Young Cressingham and Young Franklin
 KNAVESBE [to Beaufort] O, my lord, I remember you and
 I were students together at Cambridge, but believe me
 you went far beyond me.
 BEAUFORT When I studied there I had so fantastical a brain
 that like a fieldfare, frighted in winter by a birding-piece,
 I could settle nowhere: here and there a little of every
 several art, and away.
 KNAVESBE Now my wit, though it were more dull, yet I
 went slowly on, and, as divers others, when I could
 not prove an excellent scholar, by a plodding patience I
 attained to be a petty lawyer. And I thank my dullness
 for't—you may stamp in lead any figure, but in oil or
 quicksilver nothing can be imprinted, for they keep no
 certain station.
 BEAUFORT O, you tax me well of irresolution. But say,
 worthy friend, how thrives my weighty suit which I
 have trusted to your friendly bosom? Is there any hope
 to make me happy?
 KNAVESBE 'Tis yet questionable, for I have not broke the
 ice to her. An hour hence come to my house, and if it
 lie in man, be sure, as the law phrase says, I will create
 you Lord Paramount of your wishes.
 BEAUFORT O, my best friend, and one that takes the hardest
 course i'th' world to make himself so. [Exit Knavesbe]
 [To Cressingham] Sir, now I'll take my leave.
 CRESSINGHAM Nay, good my lord, my wife is coming down.

221 **travelling lotteries** There were
 'standing' lotteries in London and other
 large towns from the mid-sixteenth cen-
 tury, then from 1618-21 there were the
 Virginia Running Lotteries, 'running' or
 'ring' lotteries which travelled from one
 locality to another, organized for rais-
 ing money in the provinces to support
 new-world settlement; the lotteries in
 general, and these in particular, were
 unsuccessful and perceived as scams.
 222 **kite** a bird of prey
carrion carcass
 223 **reclaim** tame
 224 **talon** a bird's hind claw
 226 **will wink at small faults** is willing to
 be cuckolded, probably with a *double*
entendre; 'fault': female genitals
 228 **rest** a metaphor from the game of
 primero, meaning to stand upon the
 cards you have in your hand in hopes
 they may prove better than your ad-

versary's; to take a chance
 229 **Low Countries** The Netherlands,
 Belgium and Holland, where England
 had retained a military base after settling
 the war with Spain in 1604
 230 **thin commons** Soldiers serving in the
 Low Countries were poorly paid.
 231 **added . . . week** a reference to the
 unpunctuality of soldiers' pay. Irregular
 payments allowed the captain to keep
 back more of his men's pay.
 232 **valiant** brave
 234 **an** if
 237 **summer** one who summoned people to
 appear in court
bastinadoed beaten with a stick
 238 **town's end** the outskirts of town
 245 **city** both greater London and the busi-
 ness district which included Cheapside
 247 **feed high** eat to excess
 248 **nine pound a year** not enough to live

in style
 249 **quarter-days** the due dates of rents and
 other quarterly charges; hence, sources
 of income
 251 **Reflects** casts blame upon
 255 **reaching** far-reaching; perhaps suggest-
 ing 'overreaching'
goes current is common
 259 **fantastical** impulsive
 260 **fieldfare** a species of thrush
birding-piece a weapon for shooting birds
 262 **art** a university subject
 266 **petty lawyer** one who handles minor
 cases
dullness mental slowness
 268 **quicksilver** mercury
 269 **station** place
 271 **weighty suit** important request
 277 **Lord Paramount** one who has supreme
 power or jurisdiction, likely with the
 bawdy implication of being 'on top'

Enter Lady Cressingham and Saunder

BEAUFORT [to Cressingham] Pray, pardon me, I have business so importunes me o'th' sudden I cannot stay. Deliver mine excuse, and in your ear this: let not a fair woman make you forget your children. [Exit]

285 LADY CRESSINGHAM [to Camlet] What? Are you taking leave too?

CAMLET Yes, good madam.

LADY CRESSINGHAM The rich stuff which my husband bought of you, the works of them are too common. I have got a Dutch painter to draw patterns which I'll have sent to your factors, as in Italy, at Florence and Ragusa where these stuffs are woven, to have pieces made for mine own wearing of a new invention.

290 CAMLET You may, lady, but 'twill be somewhat chargeable.

LADY CRESSINGHAM Chargeable! What of that? If I live another year I'll have my agents shall lie for me at Paris and at Venice and at Valladolid in Spain for intelligence of all new fashions.

300 CRESSINGHAM Do sweetest, thou deservest to be exquisite in all things.

CAMLET [to Lady Cressingham] The two children to which you are mother-in-law would be repaired too; 'tis time they had new clothing.

305 LADY CRESSINGHAM I pray sir, do not trouble me with them. They have a father indulgent and careful of them.

CRESSINGHAM [to Camlet] I am sorry you made the motion to her.

CAMLET [to Cressingham] I have done. [Aside] He has run himself into a pretty dotage. [To Lady Cressingham] Madam, with your leave. [Aside] He's tied to a new law, and a new wife, Yet to my old proverb: 'anything for a quiet life'. Exit

LADY CRESSINGHAM Good friend, I have a suit to you.

315 CRESSINGHAM Dearest self, you most powerfully sway me.

LADY CRESSINGHAM That you would give o'er this fruitless, if I may not say this idle, study of alchemy. Why, half your house looks like a glass-house.

SAUNDER And the smoke you make is a worse enemy to good housekeeping than tobacco.

320 LADY CRESSINGHAM Should one of your glasses break it might bring you to a dead palsy.

SAUNDER My Lord, your quicksilver has made all your more solid gold and silver fly in fume.

CRESSINGHAM [to Lady Cressingham] I'll be ruled by you in anything. 325

LADY CRESSINGHAM Go Saunder, break all the glasses.

SAUNDER I fly to't. Exit

LADY CRESSINGHAM Why, noble friend, would you find the true philosopher's stone indeed, my good housewifery should do it. You understand I was bred up with a great courtly lady. Do not think all women mind gay clothes and riot; there are some widows living have improved both their own fortunes and their children's. Would you take my counsel, I'd advise you to sell your land. 330

CRESSINGHAM My land!

LADY CRESSINGHAM Yes, and the manor house upon't, 'tis rotten. O, the new fashioned buildings brought from the Hague—'tis stately! I have intelligence of a purchase, an the title sound, will, for half the money you may sell yours for, bring you in more rent than yours now yields you. 335

CRESSINGHAM If it be so good a pennyworth, I need not sell my land to purchase it. I'll procure money to do it.

LADY CRESSINGHAM Where sir? 340

CRESSINGHAM Why, I'll take it up at interest.

LADY CRESSINGHAM Never did any man thrive that purchased with use-money.

CRESSINGHAM How come you to know these thrifty principles? 345

LADY CRESSINGHAM How? Why, my father was a lawyer and died in the commission, and may not I by a natural instinct have a reaching that way? There are on mine own knowledge some divines' daughters infinitely affected with reading controversies, and that, some think, has been a means to bring so many suits into the spiritual court. Pray, be advised, sell your land and purchase more. I knew a pedlar by being merchant this way is become lord of many manors. We should look to lengthen our estates as we do our lives. 350

Enter Saunder

And though I am young, yet I am confident Your able constitution of body When you are past fourscore shall keep you fresh Till I arrive at the neglected year 355

289 **stuff** a woven woollen material with no nap

290 **works** weaving; ornamentation. Lady Cressingham's desire for imported fabric would have made her unpopular with many in the audience.

291 **Dutch painter** The Dutch had a reputation for fine craftsmanship; these references to foreigners again indicate the threat that Lady Cressingham poses to the domestic cloth trade.

292 **factors** agents

293 **Ragusa** an ancient seaport and trade centre on the east coast of the Adriatic where silk and woollen goods were

manufactured

294 **new invention** the latest fashion

295 **chargeable** costly

297 **lie...at** i.e. visit these places to work

298 **Valladolid** in Spain; a textile manufacturing centre

307 **motion** suggestion

312 **new law** new way of doing things (?)

318 **glass-house** a glass-making works. There was one in Blackfriars, near the theatre.

322 **dead palsy** paralysis

324 **fume** smoke

332 **mind** desire

338-9 **the Hague** The city was said to be

the most attractive and best built in the Netherlands.

343 **pennyworth** bargain

346 **take...interest** borrow money at interest

348 **use-money** money borrowed at interest

352 **in the commission** as a justice of the peace

353 **reaching** ability

354 **divines** clergymen

355 **controversies** religious disputes

357 **spiritual court** the ecclesiastical courts, which had jurisdiction in matrimonial cases

364 **neglected** unthought of

365 That I am past childbearing. And yet even then
 Quick'ning our faint heats in a soft embrace,
 And kindling divine flames in fervent prayers,
 We may both go out together, and one tomb
 Quit our executors the rites of two.

CRESSINGHAM
 370 O, you are so wise and so good in everything.
 I move by your direction.

SAUNDER [aside] She has caught him!

Finis Actus Primus

⊗

2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
A table [and chair]. Enter Knavesbe and his wife
Sib Knavesbe

KNAVESBE
 Have you drunk the eggs and muscadine I sent you?

SIB KNAVESBE
 No, they are too fulsome.

KNAVESBE Away, you're a fool.
 [Aside] How shall I begin to break the matter to her?
 —I do long, wife.

SIB KNAVESBE Long, sir?

KNAVESBE Long infinitely.
 Sit down.
 [She sits]

5 There is a penitential motion in me
 Which, if thou wilt but second, I shall be
 One of the happiest men in Europe.

SIB KNAVESBE What might that be?

KNAVESBE
 I had last night one of the strangest dreams.
 Methought I was thy confessor, thou mine,
 10 And we revealed between us privately
 How often we had wronged each other's bed
 Since we were married.

SIB KNAVESBE Came you drunk to bed?
 There was a dream with a witness.

KNAVESBE No, no witness.
 I dreamt nobody heard it but we two.

15 This dream, wife, do I long to put in act;

Let us confess each other, and I vow
 Whatever thou hast done with that sweet corpse
 In the way of natural frailty, I protest
 Most freely I will pardon.

SIB KNAVESBE Go sleep again.
 Was there ever such a motion?

KNAVESBE Nay, sweet woman,
 An thou wilt not have me run mad with my desire
 Be persuaded to't.

SIB KNAVESBE Well, be it your pleasure.

KNAVESBE
 But to answer truly.

SIB KNAVESBE O, most sincerely.

KNAVESBE Begin then, examine me first.

SIB KNAVESBE Why, I know not what to ask you.

25 KNAVESBE Let me see. Your father was a captain—demand
 of me how many dead pays I am to answer for in the
 musterbook of wedlock by the martial fault of borrowing
 from my neighbours.

SIB KNAVESBE Troth, I can ask no such foolish questions.

30 KNAVESBE Why then, open confession I hope, dear wife,
 will merit freer pardon. I sinned twice with my
 laundress, and last circuit there was at Banbury a she-
 chamberlain that had a spice of purity, but at last I
 prevailed over her.

35 SIB KNAVESBE O, you are an ungracious husband.

KNAVESBE I have made a vow never to ride abroad but in
 thy company. O, a little drink makes me clamber like
 a monkey. Now, sweet wife, you have been an out-lier
 too—which is best feed, in the forest or in the purlieus?

40 SIB KNAVESBE A foolish mind of you i' this.

KNAVESBE Nay, sweet love, confess freely; I have given you
 the example.

SIB KNAVESBE Why, you know I went last year to Stur-
 bridge Fair.

45 KNAVESBE Yes.

SIB KNAVESBE And being in Cambridge, a handsome
 scholar, one of Emmanuel College, fell in love with me.

KNAVESBE [trying to embrace her] O, you sweet-breathed
 monkey.

50 SIB KNAVESBE [pushing him away] Go hang—you are so
 boisterous.

KNAVESBE But did this scholar show thee his chamber?

371 **caught** deceived
 2.1 attributed to Webster
 1 **eggs and muscadine** an aphrodisiac;
 muscadine is muscatel wine
 2 **fulsome** cloying
 5 **penitential motion** impulse to confess
 17 **corpse** living body
 18 **natural frailty** human predisposition to
 sin
 27 **dead pays** salary continued in the name
 of a soldier or sailor actually dead or
 discharged and appropriated by the
 officer
 28 **musterbook** book in which military
 forces are registered
martial characteristic of soldiers; a

continuation of the military imagery
 33 **circuit** the journey of judges and lawyers
 like Knavesbe from town to town to hold
 court
Banbury a puritan market town in
 Oxfordshire
 33-4 **she-chamberlain** chambermaid at an
 inn
 34 **spice** trace
 37 **ride** (a) travel; (b) have sexual inter-
 course
 38-9 **clamber...monkey** Monkeys typified
 lechery; possibly this also describes
 Knavesbe's actions here.
 39 **out-lier** one who sleeps away from home

40 **feed** (a) food; (b) sexual intercourse
purlieus (a) land on the border of a
 forest; (b) 'to hunt, follow one's game
 in the purlieus': to seek illicit sex
 44-5 **Sturbridge Fair** just north of Cam-
 bridge, the annual fair ran from 19
 September for two weeks
 48 **Emmanuel College** in Cambridge Univer-
 sity, which was decidedly puritan at the
 time
 50 **monkey** In Sidney's *Arcadia* the monkey's
 sweet breath is said to be one of the gifts
 from beasts to women.
 52 **boisterous** exuberant; perhaps describing
 Knavesbe's actions

SIB KNAVESBE Yes.
 55 KNAVESBE And didst thou like him?
 SIB KNAVESBE Like him! O, he had the most enticingest
 straw-coloured beard, a woman with black eyes would
 have loved him like jet. He was the finest man with a
 formal wit, and he had a fine dog that sure was whelped
 60 i'th' college, for he understood Latin.
 KNAVESBE Pue wawe! This is nothing till I know what he
 did in's chamber.
 SIB KNAVESBE He burnt wormwood in't to kill the fleas i'th'
 rushes.
 65 KNAVESBE But what did he to thee there?
 SIB KNAVESBE Some five-and-twenty years hence I may
 chance tell you. Fie upon you! What tricks, what
 crotchets are these? Have you placed anybody behind
 the arras to hear my confession? I heard one in England
 70 got a divorce from's wife by such a trick. Were I disposed
 now I would make you as mad. You shall see me play
 the changeling.
 KNAVESBE No, no, wife; you shall see me play the
 changeling. Hadst thou confessed, this other suit I'll
 75 now prefer to thee would have been dispatched in a
 trice.
 SIB KNAVESBE And what's that, sir?
 KNAVESBE Thou wilt wonder at it four-and-twenty years
 longer than nine days.
 80 SIB KNAVESBE I would very fain hear it.
 KNAVESBE There is a lord o'th' court, upon my credit a
 most dear, honourable friend of mine, that must lie
 with thee. Do you laugh? 'Tis not come to that you'll
 laugh when you know who 'tis.
 85 SIB KNAVESBE Are you stark mad?
 KNAVESBE
 On my religion, I have passed my word for't—
 'Tis the Lord Beaufort. Thou art made happy for
 ever—
 The generous and bountiful Lord Beaufort.
 You being both so excellent, 'twere pity
 90 If such rare pieces should not be conferred
 And sampled together.

SIB KNAVESBE Do you mean seriously?
 KNAVESBE
 As I hope for preferment.
 SIB KNAVESBE And can you loose me thus?
 KNAVESBE Loose you! I shall love you the better. Why,
 what's the viewing any wardrobe or jewel-house
 95 without a companion to confer their likings? Yet now
 I view thee well methinks thou art a rare monopoly,
 and great pity one man should enjoy thee.
 SIB KNAVESBE This is pretty!
 KNAVESBE Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am
 gone to th'Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep—
 100 for some familists of Amsterdam will tell you it may be
 done with a safe conscience. Come, you wanton, what
 hurt can this do to you? I protest, nothing so much as
 to keep company with an old woman has sore eyes—
 105 no more wrong than I do my beaver when I try it thus.
 [*He brushes the fur of his hat the wrong way, then smooths
 it*] Look, this is all—smooth, and keeps fashion still.
 SIB KNAVESBE
 You are one of the basest fellows.
 KNAVESBE I looked for chiding.
 I do make this a kind of fortitude
 The Romans never dreamt of—an 'twere known,
 110 I should be spoke and writ of when I am rotten,
 For 'tis beyond example.
 SIB KNAVESBE But, I pray, resolve me;
 Suppose this done, could you ever love me after?
 KNAVESBE
 I protest I never thought so well of thee
 Till I knew he took a fancy to thee—like one
 115 That has variety of choice meat before him,
 Yet has no stomach to't until he hear
 Another praise.
Knock within
 Hark, my lord is coming.
 SIB KNAVESBE [*aside*] Possible?
 KNAVESBE And my preferment comes along with him. Be
 120 wise, mind your good, and to confute all reason in the
 world which thou canst urge against it, when 'tis done

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 59 formal wit theoretical knowledge | former but the audience might hear the latter as well. | Holland and gained many followers in England during this period. The sect's theology scorned scripture and learning in favour of 'our most holy Service of Love', a tenet easily twisted into accusations of 'free love' by opponents of the sect. |
| 61 Pue wawe a version of phew or poo; an expression of impatience, or disdain; particular to Webster | 78-9 wonder... days a variant of the proverb, 'a wonder lasts but nine days' | 104 old woman... sore eyes The analogy is between an old woman who cannot sleep and Beaufort, but the specific meaning is unclear. |
| 63 wormwood a bitter tasting plant, the leaves and tops of which were used to protect clothes and bedding from moths and fleas | 80 fain eagerly | 105 beaver a beaver-skin hat |
| 64 rushes Green rushes were strewn on floors. | 90 conferred brought together | 110 Romans proverbially stoic |
| 68 crotchets whimsical fancies, perverse conceits | 91 sampled matched | 112 resolve answer |
| 69 arras a hanging screen of tapestry placed around the walls of a room (and on the tiring-house wall of the stage) | 92 preferment advancement in status | 117 stomach appetite |
| 74 changeling (a) a changeable person; (b) a half-wit, imbecile. Knavesbe means the | loose set free, release. 'Loose' and 'lose' were not differentiated by spelling and Knavesbe's response suggests that both verbs are active here; i.e. in losing her, he would lose her. | 120 preferment advancement |
| | 95 confer compare | 121 confute disprove |
| | 99 divorce separate | |
| | 101 familists of Amsterdam the Family of Love, a puritan sect which originated in | |

we will be married again wife, which some say is the only *supersedeas* about Limehouse to remove cuckoldry.
Enter Beaufort
 125 BEAUFORT Come, are you ready to attend me to the court?
 KNAVESBE Yes, my lord.
 BEAUFORT Is this fair one your wife?
 KNAVESBE At your lordship's service. I will look up some writings and return presently. *Exit*
 130 SIB KNAVESBE [*aside*] To see an the base fellow do not leave's alone too!
 BEAUFORT 'Tis an excellent habit this. Where were you born, sweet?
 SIB KNAVESBE I am a Suffolk woman, my lord.
 135 BEAUFORT Believe it, every country you breathe on is the sweeter for you. Let me see your hand. [*He removes her glove*] The case is loath to part with the jewel. Fairest one, I have skill in palmistry. [*He studies her palm*]
 SIB KNAVESBE Good my lord, what do you find there?
 140 BEAUFORT In good earnest I do find written here all my good fortune lies in your hand.
 SIB KNAVESBE You'll keep a very bad house then, you may see by the smallness of the table.
 BEAUFORT Who is your sweetheart?
 145 SIB KNAVESBE Sweetheart!
 BEAUFORT Yes, come, I must sift you to know it.
 SIB KNAVESBE I am a sieve too coarse for your lordship's manchet.
 BEAUFORT Nay, pray you tell me, for I see your husband is an unhandsome fellow.
 150 SIB KNAVESBE O, my lord, I took him by weight not fashion. Goldsmith's wives taught me that way of bargain, and some ladies swerve not to follow the example.
 BEAUFORT But will you not tell me who is your private friend?
 155 SIB KNAVESBE Yes, an you'll tell me who is yours.
 BEAUFORT Shall I show you her?
 SIB KNAVESBE Yes, when will you?
 BEAUFORT Instantly. [*He hands her a mirror*] Look you—
 160 there you may see her.
 SIB KNAVESBE I'll break the glass. 'Tis now worth nothing.
 BEAUFORT Why?
 SIB KNAVESBE You have made it a flattering one.

BEAUFORT I have a summer-house for you, a fine place to flatter solitariness. Will you come and lie there? 165
 SIB KNAVESBE No, my lord.
 BEAUFORT Your husband has promised me. Will you not?
 SIB KNAVESBE I must wink, I tell you, or say nothing.
 BEAUFORT So, I'll kiss you and wink too. Midnight is cupid's holiday. 170
Enter Knavesbe
 KNAVESBE [*aside*] By this time 'tis concluded.—[*To Beaufort*] Will you go my lord?
 BEAUFORT [*to Sib Knavesbe*] I leave with you my best wishes till I see you.
 KNAVESBE [*aside to Beaufort*] This now—if I may borrow our lawyers' phrase—is my wife's *imparlance*; at her next appearance she must answer your *declaration*. 175
BEAUFORT
 You follow it well, sir. *Exeunt Beaufort and Knavesbe*
 SIB KNAVESBE Did I not know my husband Of so base, contemptible nature I should think 'Twere but a trick to try me. But it seems 180 They are both in wicked earnest, and methinks Upon the sudden I have a great mind to loathe This scurvy unhandsome way my lord has ta'en To compass me. Why, 'tis for all the world As if he should come to steal some apricots 185 My husband kept for's own tooth, and climb up Upon his head and shoulders. I'll go to him; He will put me into brave clothes and rich jewels. 'Twere a very ill part in me not to go; His mercer and his goldsmith else might curse me. 190 And what I'll do there, o' my troth, yet I know not. Women though puzzled with these subtle deeds, May, as i'th' spring, pick physic out of weeds. *Exit*

Enter (a shop being discovered) Walter Camlet; two apprentices, George and Ralph 2.2
 GEORGE What is't you lack, you lack, you lack? 5
 Stuffs for the belly or the back?
 Silk-grograms, satins, velvet fine,
 The rosy-coloured carnadine,
 Your nutmeg hue, or gingerline,

124 *supersedeas* a writ commanding the stay of legal proceedings which ought otherwise to have proceeded, or suspending the power of an officer; so called from the occurrence of the word in the writ; (*fig.*) a prevention or remedy
 Limehouse a district on the north side of the Thames, between Wapping and Poplar, opposite Cuckold's Haven; the locale of prostitutes
 132 habit outfit
 134 Suffolk a largely puritan county on the east coast of England; a cloth-making centre
 142 keep...house be inhospitable
 143 table in palmistry, the quadrangle between the lines of Head, Heart, Fate and Apollo
 146 sift question closely
 148 manchet the finest flour
 155 friend lover
 164 summer-house a garden house used for clandestine meetings
 168 wink i.e. be complaisant
 176 imparlance (*fig.*) an extension of time to put in a response in pleading a law case
 177 declaration (*fig.*) the plaintiff's statement of claim
 184 compass encompass
 186 tooth eating
 188 brave fine
 190 mercer seller of cloth and other goods
 191 o' my troth in truth
 193 physic medicine
 2.2 attributed to Middleton
 0.1 a shop being discovered Probably a curtain was pulled to reveal an area at the back of the stage or in the lower level of the tiring-house equipped with a few props to represent a mercer's shop.
 1 What is't you lack a traditional street-vendor's cry. The song, with its focus on the cloth trade, is unique.
 3 Silk-grograms coarse silk fabrics, often stiffened with gum
 4 carnadine red fabric
 5 nutmeg brown
 gingerline probably a shade of violet red

- Cloth of tissue, or tobine,
That like beaten gold will shine
In your amorous lady's eyne,
Whilst you their softer silks do twine.
Enter Rachel Camlet
10 What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?
RACHEL CAMLET I do lack content, sir, content I lack. Have
you or your worshipful master here any content to sell?
GEORGE If content be a stuff to be sold by the yard, you
may have content at home and never go abroad for't.
15 RACHEL CAMLET Do cut me three yards, I'll pay for 'em.
GEORGE There's all we have i'th' shop. We must know
what you'll give for 'em first.
CAMLET
Why Rachel, sweet Rachel, my bosom Rachel,
How didst thou get forth? Thou wert here, sweet Rac,
20 Within this hour, even in my very heart.
RACHEL CAMLET
Away—or stay still—I'll away from thee.
One bed shall never hold us both again,
Nor one roof cover us. Didst thou bring home—
GEORGE What is't you lack, you lack, you lack?
25 RACHEL CAMLET Peace, bandog, bandog, give me leave to
speak or I'll—
GEORGE Shall I not follow my trade? I'm bound to't, and
my master bound to bring me up in't.
CAMLET
Peace, good George, give her anger leave;
30 Thy mistress will be quiet presently.
RACHEL CAMLET
Quiet! I defy thee and quiet too.
Quiet thy bastards thou hast brought home.
GEORGE and RALPH What is't you lack, you lack? etc.
RACHEL CAMLET
Death! Give me an ell; has one bawling cur
35 Raised up another? Two dogs upon me?
An the old bear-ward will not succour me,
I'll stave 'em off myself. Give me an ell, I say!
GEORGE Give her not an inch, master; she'll take two ells
if you do.
CAMLET
40 Peace, George and Ralph, no more words I charge
you.
And Rachel, sweet wife, be more temperate;
I know your tongue speaks not by the rule
And guidance of your heart when you proclaim
- The pretty children of my virtuous
And noble kinswoman—whom in life you knew
Above my praises' reach—to be my bastards.
This is not well. Although your anger did it,
Pray chide your anger for it.
RACHEL CAMLET Sir, sir, your gloss
Of kinswoman cannot serve turn, 'tis stale
And smells too rank. Though your shop wares you
50 vend
With your deceiving lights, yet your chamber stuff
Shall not pass so with me. I say, and I will prove—
GEORGE What is't you lack?
Enter Cressingham's two children
CAMLET Why, George, I say—
RACHEL CAMLET
55 Lecher, I say. I'll be divorced from thee;
I'll prove 'em thy bastards and thou insufficient. *Exit*
FIRST CHILD
What said my angry cousin to you, sir?
That we were bastards?
SECOND CHILD I hope she meant not us.
CAMLET No, no, my pretty cousins, she meant George and
60 Ralph. Rage will speak anything, but they are ne'er the
worse.
GEORGE Yes indeed, forsooth, she spoke to us, but chiefly
to Ralph because she knows he has but one stone.
RALPH No more of that if you love me, George; this is not
the way to keep a quiet house. 65
FIRST CHILD
Truly, sir, I would not for more treasure
Than ever I saw yet, be in your house
A cause of discord.
SECOND CHILD And do you think I would, sister?
FIRST CHILD No indeed, Ned.
*Enter Young Franklin [disguised as Sir Andrew,
a knight] and Young Cressingham disguised [as
Gascoine, a tailor]*
SECOND CHILD
70 Why did you not speak for me with you then,
And said we could not have done so?
CAMLET No more, sweet cousins, now.—Speak, George;
customers approach. [*Exit children*]
[*Young Cressingham and Young Franklin talk
apart*]
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Is the barber prepared?

6 **tobine** silk taffeta9 **softer silks** undergarments
10 **twine** embrace9.1 **Rachel** a name popular with Puritans;
perhaps an allusion to the biblical Rachel
who was for so long barren (*Gen.* 29)11 **content** (a) happiness; (b) sexual fulfil-
ment13 **yard** (a) length of fabric; (b) penis.
The bawdy wordplay continues in the
exchange between George and Rachel

Camlet.

25 **bandog** literally a chained, barking dog27 **bound** As an apprentice George is under
a contract, or indenture, to serve Camlet
for at least seven years; the word is used
elsewhere in the play to refer to the ties
of marriage.34 **ell** a measuring rod of forty-five inches36 **bear-ward** the keeper of a bear, who
leads it about for public exhibition of its
tricks48 **gloss** explanation51 **deceiving lights** London shopkeepers
proverbially darkened their shops to
deceive customers. In *Michaelmas Term*
Quomodo, another cloth seller, has an
assistant named Falselight.**chamber stuff** illegitimate children.
'Stuff' is also the term for a kind of
cloth.56 **insufficient** incompetent63 **stone** testicle

- 75 YOUNG FRANKLIN With ignorance enough to go through with it; so near I am to him we must call cousins. Would thou wert as sure to hit the tailor.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM If I do not steal away handsomely let me never play the tailor again.
- 80 GEORGE What is't you lack? etc.
YOUNG FRANKLIN Good satins, sir.
GEORGE The best in Europe, sir. [*He shows a cloth*] Here's a piece worth a piece, every yard of him; the King of Naples wears no better silk. Mark his gloss, he dazzles the eye to look upon him.
- 85 YOUNG FRANKLIN Is he not gummed?
GEORGE Gummed! He has neither mouth nor tooth, how can he be gummed?
YOUNG FRANKLIN Very pretty.
- 90 CAMLET An especial good piece of silk. The worm never spun a finer thread, believe it, sir.
YOUNG FRANKLIN [*to Young Cressingham*] Gascoine, you have some skill in it.
CAMLET Your tailor, sir?
YOUNG FRANKLIN Yes sir.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM A good piece, sir, but let's see more choice.
- RALPH Tailor, drive through; you know your bribes.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [*aside to Ralph*] Mum. He bestows forty pounds if I say the word.
- 100 RALPH [*aside to Young Cressingham*] Strike through. There's poundage for you then.
YOUNG FRANKLIN Ay, marry! I like this better, what sayest thou, Gascoine?
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM A good piece indeed, sir.
GEORGE The great Turk has worse satin at's elbow than this, sir.
YOUNG FRANKLIN The price?
CAMLET Look on the mark, George.
- 110 GEORGE O. Souse, and P., by my facks, sir.
CAMLET The best sort then—sixteen a yard, nothing to be bated.
YOUNG FRANKLIN Fie, sir, fifteen's too high—yet so, for how many yards will serve for my suit, sirrah?
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Nine yards; you can have no less, Sir Andrew.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN But I can, sir, if you please to steal less; I had but eight in my last suit.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM You pinch us too near, in faith, Sir Andrew. 120
YOUNG FRANKLIN Yet can you pinch out a false pair of sleeves to a freezado doublet.
GEORGE No, sir, some purses and pin-pillows perhaps. A tailor pays for his kissing that ways.
YOUNG FRANKLIN Well, sir, eight yards, eight fifteens I give, and cut it. 125
CAMLET I cannot, truly, sir.
GEORGE My master must be no subsidy man, sir, if he take such fifteens.
YOUNG FRANKLIN I am at highest, sir, if you can take money. 130
CAMLET Well, sir, I'll give you the buying once; I hope to gain it in your custom. Want you nothing else, sir?
YOUNG FRANKLIN Not at this time, sir.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Indeed but you do, Sir Andrew. I must needs deliver my lady's message to you; she enjoined me by oath to do it. She commanded me to move you for a new gown. 135
YOUNG FRANKLIN Sirrah, I'll break your head if you motion it again. 140
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I must endanger myself for my lady, sir. You know she's to go to my Lady Trenchmore's wedding, and to be seen there without a new gown—she'll have ne'er an eye to be seen there for her fingers in 'em. Nay, by my fack, sir, I do not think she'll go, and then the cause known, what a discredit 'twill be to you! 145
YOUNG FRANKLIN Not a word more, goodman Snipsnapper, for your ears. [*To Walter Camlet*] What comes this to, sir? 150
CAMLET Six pound, sir.
YOUNG FRANKLIN There's your money. [*To Young Cressingham, giving him the cloth*] Will you take this and be gone and about your business presently?
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Troth, sir, I'll see some stuffs for my lady first. I'll tell her at least I did my good will. [*To George*] A fair piece of cloth of silver, pray you now. 155

76 **near** friendly; seemingly such close kin

77 **hit** represent successfully

78 **handsomely** cleverly. Tailors were proverbially untrustworthy.

83 **piece** the second use of the word refers to a gold coin worth twenty-two shillings

88 **gummed** Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum, which soon was rubbed out revealing the inferior quality.

92 **Gascoine** gaskin, a kind of breeches or hose from Gascony, where the fashion originated

93 **skill** knowledge

98 **drive through** bring to a settlement,

conclude

102 **poundage** a commission or fee, of so much a pound

109 **mark** a price code

110 **O. Souse, and P.** a price code; see 2.2.203; cf. Rowley, *A New Wonder* (BEPD 460) A2^v, and anon. *Pedantius* (BEPD L9), ll. 2610–2614 and note **facks** faith

111 **sixteen** i.e. shillings

112 **bated** bargained

121 **pinch out** eke out

false simulated

122 **freezado doublet** a close-fitting garment of coarse woollen cloth

124 **pays for his kissing** makes small gifts for his girlfriends by skimming on material

128 **subsidy man** a man wealthy enough to pay taxes

130–1 **if...money** He offers to pay cash rather than buying on credit.

133 **custom** future business

142 **Trenchmore's** (*fig.*) a boisterous country dance

144–5 **eye...fingers in 'em** she will cry and rub her eyes; or she will pretend to cry

149 **for your ears** if you value your ears; an allusion to the punishment of cropping felons' ears

- GEORGE Or cloth of gold, if you please, sir, as rich as ever the Sophy wore.
- 160 YOUNG FRANKLIN You are the arrantest villain of a tailor that ever sat cross-legged. What do you think a gown of this stuff will come to?
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Why, say it be forty pound, sir; what's that to you? Three thousand a year I hope will maintain it.
- 165 YOUNG FRANKLIN It will, sir, very good, you were best be my overseer. Say I be not furnished with money, how then?
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM A very fine excuse in you—which place of ten now will you send me for a hundred pound, to bring it presently?
- 170 CAMLET Sir, sir, your tailor persuades you well. 'Tis for your credit, and the great content of your lady.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN 'Tis for your content, sir, and my charges. [To Young Cressingham] Never think, Goodman Falsestitch, to come to the mercer's with me again. Pray, will you see if my cousin Sweetball the barber—he's nearest hand—be furnished, and bring me word instantly.
- 180 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I fly, sir. *Exit*
- YOUNG FRANKLIN You may fly, sir; you have clipped somebody's wings for it to piece out your own. An arrant thief you are.
- CAMLET Indeed, he speaks honestly and justly, sir.
- 185 YOUNG FRANKLIN You expect some gain, sir, there's your cause of love.
- CAMLET Surely I do a little, sir.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN [examining another cloth] And what might be the price of this?
- 190 CAMLET This is thirty a yard; but if you'll go to forty, here's a nonpareil.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN So, there's a matter of forty pound for a gown cloth.
- CAMLET Thereabouts, sir. Why sir, there are far short of your means that wear the like.
- 195 YOUNG FRANKLIN Do you know my means, sir?
- GEORGE By overhearing your tailor, sir—three thousand a year—but if you'd have a petticoat for your lady, here's a stuff. [He shows another cloth]
- 200 YOUNG FRANKLIN Are you another tailor, sirrah? Here's a knave—what are you?
- GEORGE You are such another gentleman. But for the stuff, sir, 'tis L. SS. and K. For the turn stript o' purpose, a yard and a quarter broad too, which is the just depth of a woman's petticoat.
- 205 YOUNG FRANKLIN And why stript for a petticoat?
- GEORGE Because if they abuse their petticoats, there are abuses stript; then 'tis taking them up, and they may be stript and whipt too.
- 210 YOUNG FRANKLIN Very ingenious.
- GEORGE Then it is likewise stript standing, between which is discovered the open part, which is now called the placket.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN Why, was it ever called otherwise?
- 215 GEORGE Yes, while the word remained pure in his original, the Latin tongue, who have no Ks, it was called the *placet*, a *placendo*—a thing or place to please.
- Enter Young Cressingham [still disguised as a tailor]*
- YOUNG FRANKLIN Better and worse still. [To George Cressingham] Now, sir, you come in haste. What says my cousin?
- 220 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Protests, sir. He's half angry that either you should think him unfurnished or not furnished for your use—there's a hundred pound ready for you. He desires you to pardon his coming, his folks are busy and his wife trimming a gentleman, but at your first approach the money wants but telling.
- 225 YOUNG FRANKLIN He would not trust you with it. I con him thanks for that—he knows what trade you are of. [To Camlet] Well sir, pray cut him patterns; he may in the mean time know my lady's liking. Let your man take the pieces whole, with the lowest prices, and walk with me to my cousin's.
- 230 CAMLET With all my heart, sir. Ralph, your cloak, and go with the gentleman; look you give good measure.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Look you carry a good yard with you.
- 235 RALPH The best i'th' shop, sir, yet we have none bad. You'll have the stuff for the petticoat too?
- YOUNG FRANKLIN No, sir, the gown only.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM By all means, sir. Not the petticoat? That were holiday upon working day, i'faith.
- 240 YOUNG FRANKLIN You are so forward for a knave, sir.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM 'Tis for your credit and my lady's both I do it, sir.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN Your man is trusty, sir?
- 245 CAMLET O, sir, we keep none but those we dare trust, sir. Ralph, have a care of light gold.
- RALPH I warrant you, sir, I'll take none.

159 *Sophy* the Shah of Persia160 *arrantest* worst160-1 *villain* . . . *cross-legged* Tailors sat cross-legged to sew.164 *Three thousand a year* pounds; a considerable income*maintain* afford191 *nonpareil* unequalled

203 L. SS. and K. a price code; see 2.2.110

stript striped; but also stripped, revealed208 *abuses stript* an allusion to GeorgeWither's satiric poem, *Abuses Stript and**Whipt* (1613). In the section on 'Vanitie', Wither specifically satirizes the demand for 'foreign trash' such as 'grograins, camlets, rash'.*taking them up* gathering the cloth209 *whipt* trimmed, ornamented; but also 'whipped'. Whipping was the usual punishment for prostitutes.213 *placket* (a) the opening or slit at the top of a skirt or petticoat; (b) the pudendum, especially the vulva217 *placet* Latin: he, she, it pleases*placendo* Latin: pleasing; with bawdy innuendo222-3 *furnished* provided with money224 *pardon his coming* excuse him from coming*folks* employees226 *telling* counting234-5 *give good measure* . . . *carry a good yard* with *doubles entendres*240 *holiday upon working day* (fig.) a fancy dress over a plain petticoat246 *light gold* debased or clipped coins

- BOY Ay, sir.
- 5 BARBER See if my *lixivium*, my *fomentation* be provided first, and get my rollers, bolsters, and pledgets armed.
- RALPH Nay, good sir, dispatch my business first. I should not stay from my shop.
- BARBER You must have a little patience, sir, when you are
- 10 a patient. If *preputium* be not too much perished you shall lose but little by it, believe my art for that.
- RALPH What's that, sir?
- BARBER Marry, if there be exulceration between *preputium* and *glans*, by my faith, the whole *penis* may be
- 15 endangered as far as *os pubis*.
- RALPH What's this you talk on, sir?
- BARBER If they be gangrened once, *testiculi*, *vesica* and all may run to mortification.
- RALPH What a pox does this barber talk on?
- 20 BARBER O fie, youth, 'pox' is no word of art. *Morbus gallicus* or *neopolitanus* had been well. Come, friend, you must not be nice; open your griefs freely to me.
- RALPH Why, sir, I open my grief to you: I want my money.
- BARBER Take you no care for that. Your worthy cousin
- 25 has given me part in hand and the rest I know he will upon your recovery, an I dare take his word.
- RALPH 'Sdeath! Where's my ware?
- BARBER Ware! That was well, the word is cleanly, though not artful. Your ware it is that I must see.
- 30 RALPH My tobine and cloth of tissue?
- BARBER You will neither have tissue nor issue if you linger in your malady. Better a member cut off than endanger the whole microcosm.
- RALPH Barber, you are not mad?
- 35 BARBER I do begin to fear you are subject to *subeth*, unkindly sleeps, which have bred oppilations in your brain. Take heed the *symptoma* will follow, and this may come to frenzy. Begin with the first cause, which is the pain of your member.
- 40 RALPH [*showing his measuring-stick*] Do you see my yard, barber?
- BARBER Now you come to the purpose; 'tis that I must see indeed.
- RALPH You shall feel it, sir. Death! Give me my fifty pounds or my ware again, or I'll measure out your anatomy by the yard.
- 45 BARBER Boy, my cauterizing iron, red hot.
Exit Boy, [and re-enter with iron]
- BOY 'Tis here, sir.
- BARBER If you go further, I take my dismembering knife.
- RALPH Where's the knight, your cousin the thief, and the
- 50 tailor with my cloth of gold and tissue?
- BOY The gentleman that sent away his man with the stuffs is gone a pretty while since; he has carried away our new brush.
- BARBER O, that brush hurts my heart's side. Cheated!
- 55 Cheated! He told me that your *virga* had a burning fever.
- RALPH Pox on your *virga*, barber.
- BARBER And that you would be bashful and ashamed to show your head.
- 60 RALPH I shall so hereafter. [*He removes his hat*] But here it is, you see yet my head, my hair, and my wit, and here are my heels that I must show to my master if the cheaters be not found. And, barber, provide three plasters; I will break thy head with every basin under the pole.
- 65 *Exit*
- BARBER
Cool the *lixivium*, and quench the cauterizer.
I am partly out of my wits, and partly mad.
My razor's at my heart. These storms will make
My sweetballs stink, my harmless basins shake.
- 70 *Exeunt*
- Finis Actus Secundus*
- ⊙
- Incipit Actus Tertius*
- Enter Selenger and Sib Knavesbe*
- 3.I SELENGER You're welcome, mistress—as I may speak it—but my lord will give it a sweeter emphasis. I'll give him knowledge of you. *Exiturus*
- SIB KNAVESBE Good sir, stay; methinks it sounds sweetest upon your tongue. I'll wish you to go no further for my
- 5 welcome.

incomprehensible, a fact called attention to by those to whom he speaks. As a result, it is impossible to know if the errors in spelling and pronunciation in JOHNSON are the barber's, the writer's or the compositor's. The Textual Notes give the original of words corrected.

5 *lixivium* a solution of water and alkaline salts
fomentation medicinal substance
6 *rollers* long rolled bandages
bolsters compresses
pledgets small medicated compresses
10 *preputium* Latin: prepuce, the foreskin
13 *exulceration* a sore
14 *glans* Latin: the head of the penis

15 *os pubis* Latin: pubic bone
17 *vesica* Latin: bladder
18 *mortification* the death of a part of the body while the rest is living
20 *pox* syphilis
20-1 *Morbus gallicus* or *neopolitanus* syphilis
22 *nice* shy
29 *ware* Ralph means the cloth he brought; Sweetball means Ralph's penis.
30 *tobine* silk taffeta
33 *microcosm* the body
35 *subeth* unhealthy sleep
36 *oppilations* obstructions
37 *symptoma* Latin: symptoms

38 *frenzy* temporary insanity
39 *member* penis
40 *yard* Ralph means his yardstick; Sweetball means Ralph's penis.
56 *virga* Latin: rod, also slang for penis
60 *head* glans
65 *plasters* a healing substance applied to a cloth used for closing a wound
66 *pole* barber's pole
70 *sweetballs* probably with a *double entendre*: testicles
3.I attributed to Middleton
1 *mistress* ironic wordplay on the two meanings
3 *Exiturus* Latin: about to exit

SELENGER Mine! It seems you never heard good music that commend a bagpipe; hear his harmony.

10 SIB KNAVESBE Nay, good now, let me borrow of your patience. I'll pay you again before I rise tomorrow— if it please you.

SELENGER What would you, forsooth?

SIB KNAVESBE Your company, sir.

15 SELENGER My attendance you should have, mistress, but that my lord expects it, and 'tis his due.

SIB KNAVESBE And must be paid upon the hour! That's too strict. Any time of the day will serve.

SELENGER Alas, 'tis due every minute, and paid, 'tis due again, or else I forfeit my recognizance, the cloth I wear

20 of his.

SIB KNAVESBE Come, come, pay it double at another time and 'twill be quitted. I have a little use of you.

SELENGER Of me? Forsooth, small use can be made of me. If you have suit to my lord, none can speak better for

25 you than you may yourself.

SIB KNAVESBE O, but I am bashful.

SELENGER So am I, in troth, mistress.

SIB KNAVESBE Now I remember me, I have a toy to deliver your lord that's yet unfinished, and you may further

30 me. Pray you your hands, while I unwind this skein of gold from you. 'Twill not detain you long.

[*She puts a skein of wool around Selenger's hands and begins to wind it onto a bobbin*]

SELENGER You wind me into your service prettily. With all the haste you can, I beseech you.

SIB KNAVESBE If it tangle not I shall soon have done.

35 SELENGER No, it shall not tangle if I can help it, forsooth.

SIB KNAVESBE If it do I can help it. Fear not this thing of long length; you shall see I can bring you to a bottom.

SELENGER I think so too; if it be not bottomless this length will reach it.

40 SIB KNAVESBE It becomes you finely. But I forewarn you, and remember it, your enemy gain not this advantage of you—you are his prisoner then. For look you, you are mine now, my captive manacled—I have your hands in bondage.

[*She grasps the skein between his hands*]

45 SELENGER 'Tis a good lesson, mistress, and I am perfect in it; another time I'll take out this and learn another. Pray you, release me now.

SIB KNAVESBE I could kiss you now spite of your teeth if it please me.

50 SELENGER But you could not, for I could bite you with the spite of my teeth if it pleases me.

SIB KNAVESBE Well, I'll not tempt you so far; I show it but for rudiment.

SELENGER When I go a-wooing, I'll think on't again.

SIB KNAVESBE
55 In such an hour I learnt it. Say I should—
In recompense of your hands' courtesy—
Make you a fine wrist-favour of this gold,
With all the letters of your name embossed
On a soft tress of hair, which I shall cut
From mine own fillet, whose ends should meet and
60 close
In a fast true-love knot. Would you wear it
For my sake, sir?

SELENGER I think not, truly, mistress.
My wrists have enough of this gold already;
Would they were rid on't yet. Pray you, have done;
In troth, I'm weary.

SIB KNAVESBE And what a virtue
65 Is here expressed in you, which had lain hid
But for this trial. Weary of gold, sir!
O, that the close engrossers of this treasure
Could be so free to put it off of hand,
What a new-mended world would here be!
70 It shows a generous condition in you,
In sooth I think I shall love you dearly for't.

SELENGER
But if they were in prison, as I am,
They would be glad to buy their freedom with it.

SIB KNAVESBE
75 Surely, no. There are that rather than release
This dear companion do lie in prison with it—
Yes, and will die in prison too.

[*Enter Beaufort*]

SELENGER 'Twere pity but the hangman did enfranchise
both.

80 BEAUFORT Selenger, where are you?

SELENGER E'en here, my lord.—Mistress, pray you my liberty, you hinder my duty to my lord.

[*Beaufort puts off his hat*]

BEAUFORT Nay, sir, one courtesy shall serve us both at this time. You're busy, I perceive. When your leisure next serves you I would employ you.

85 SELENGER You must pardon me, my lord, you see I am entangled here. Mistress, I protest I'll break prison if you free me not—take you no notice?

SIB KNAVESBE [*to Beaufort*] O, cry your honour mercy. [*To Selenger, as she releases her hold on the skein of wool*] You are now at liberty, sir.

8 **bagpipe** an inferior instrument, musically and socially
 12 **forsooth** truly
 19 **recognizance** a bond of service
 28 **remember me** remember
 37 **bottom** a bobbin, around which wool is wound

44.1 [*She*]...**hands** By this action Sib seems to handcuff Selenger.
 48 **spite**...**teeth** in defiance of your opposition
 53 **rudiment** a first step
 56 **your hands' courtesy** courtesy in offering your hands

57 **wrist-favour** a bracelet given to a lover
 59 **tress** a long lock of hair
 60 **fillet** a headband
 68 **close engrossers** stingy monopolizers
 69 **put it off of hand** relinquish exclusive use
 78 **but** unless
enfranchise set free

Act 3 Scene 1

Any thing for a quiet Life.

SELENGER And I'm glad on't. I'll ne'er give both my hands
 at once again to a woman's command. I'll put one
 finger in a hole rather.

95 BEAUFORT Leave us.
 SELENGER Free leave have you, my lord. [*Aside*] So I think
 you may have.—Filthy beauty, what a white witch
 thou art! *Exit*

BEAUFORT Lady, you're welcome.
 SIB KNAVESBE
 I did believe it from your page, my lord.

100 BEAUFORT
 Your husband sent you to me.
 SIB KNAVESBE He did, my lord,
 With duty and commends unto your honour,
 Beseeching you to use me very kindly.
 By the same token your lordship gave him grant
 Of a new lease of threescore pounds a year,
 Which he and his should forty years enjoy.

105 BEAUFORT
 The token's true, and for your sake, lady,
 'Tis likely to be bettered. Not alone the lease,
 But the fee-simple may be his and yours.

SIB KNAVESBE
 I have a suit unto your lordship too,
 Only myself concerns.

BEAUFORT 'Twill be granted sure,
 Though it out-value thy husband's.

SIB KNAVESBE Nay, 'tis small charge:
 Only your good will and good word, my lord.

BEAUFORT
 The first is thine confirmed, the second then
 Cannot stay long behind.

115 SIB KNAVESBE I love your page, sir.
 BEAUFORT
 Love him! For what?
 SIB KNAVESBE O, the great wisdoms that
 Our grandsires had! Do you ask me reason for't?
 I love him because I like him, sir.

BEAUFORT My page!
 SIB KNAVESBE
 In mine eye he's a most delicate youth,
 But in my heart a thing that it would bleed for.

120 BEAUFORT
 Either your eye is blinded or your remembrance
 broken.
 Call to mind wherefore you came hither, lady.

SIB KNAVESBE
 I do my lord, for love, and I am in profoundly.

BEAUFORT
 You trifle sure. Do you long for unripe fruit?
 'Twill breed diseases in you.

SIB KNAVESBE Nothing but worms
 In my belly, and there's a seed to expel them.
 In mellow falling fruit I find no relish.

BEAUFORT
 'Tis true, the youngest vines yields the most clusters,
 But the old ever the sweetest grapes.

SIB KNAVESBE I can taste of both, sir.
 But with the old I am the soonest cloyed;
 The green keep still an edge on appetite.

BEAUFORT
 Sure you are a common creature.

SIB KNAVESBE Did you doubt it?
 Wherefore came I hither else? Did you think
 That honesty only had been immured for you
 And I should bring it as an offertory
 Unto your shrine of lust? As it was, my lord,
 'Twas meant to you had not the slippery wheel
 Of fancy turned when I beheld your page.
 Nay, had I seen another before him
 In mine eyes' better grace, he had been forestalled.

140 But as it is, all my strength cannot help—
 Beseech you your good will and good word, my lord;
 You may command him, sir—if not affection,
 Yet his body—and I desire but that. Do't
 And I'll command myself your prostitute.

145 BEAUFORT
 You're a base strumpet. I succeed my page!
 SIB KNAVESBE
 O, that's no wonder, my lord; the servant oft
 Tastes to his master of the daintiest dish
 He brings to him. Beseech you, my lord—

BEAUFORT
 You're a bold mischief—and to make me your
 spokesman,
 Your procurer to my servant!

150 SIB KNAVESBE Do you shrink at that?
 Why, you have done worse without the sense of ill,
 With a full free conscience of a libertine.
 Judge your own sin:
 Was it not worse with a damned broking-fee
 To corrupt a husband, state him a pander
 To his own wife by virtue of a lease
 Made to him and your bastard issue—could you get
 'em.
 What a degree of baseness call you this?

155

93-4 **put one finger in a hole** The idea is that he would do anything to avoid being caught this way again. Hole: rectum, as in 'sit on my thumb', or do nothing (?)
 97 **white witch** probably suggesting the proverb, 'the white witch is worse than the black', because more difficult to recognize
 105 **threescore** sixty

109 **fee-simple** absolute ownership
 121 **remembrance broken** memory is faulty
 124 **unripe fruit** (*fig.*) young men
 125 **worms** from eating unripe fruit
 126 **seed** a child
 130 **cloyed** surfeited
 134 **immured** secluded
 135 **offertory** Communion offerings
 140 **In mine eyes' better grace** more

appealing
 151 **procurer** a pander
shrink recoil
 155 **broking-fee** payment for service as procurer
 156 **state** to give a person the status of (usually complimentary)
 158 **bastard issue** illegitimate children (by her)

- 160 'Tis a poor sheep-steal provoked by want
Compared unto a capital traitor. The master
To his servant may be recompensed, but the husband
To his wife, never.
- BEAUFORT Your husband shall smart for this. *Exit*
- SIB KNAVESBE
Hang him, do; you have brought him to deserve it.
- 165 Bring him to the punishment; there I'll join with you.
I loathe him to the gallows. Hang your page too;
One mourning-gown shall serve for both of them.
This trick hath kept mine honesty secure.
Best soldiers use policy. The lion's skin
170 Becomes not the body when 'tis too great,
But then the fox's may sit close and neat. *Exit*
- 3.2 *Enter Fleshhook, Counterbuff, and Sweetball the barber*
- BARBER Now, Fleshhook, use thy talon—set upon his right
shoulder—thy serjeant Counterbuff at the left, grasp
in his *jugulars* and then let me alone to tickle his
diaphragma.
- 5 FLESHHOOK You are sure he has no protection, sir?
BARBER A protection to cheat and cozen! There was never
any granted to that purpose.
FLESHHOOK I grant you that too, sir, but that use has been
made of 'em.
- 10 COUNTERBUFF Marry has there, sir. How could else so many
broken bankrupts play up and down by their creditors'
noses, and we dare not touch 'em?
BARBER That's another case, Counterbuff; there's privilege
to cozen. But here cozenage went before, and there's
15 no privilege for that. To him boldly; I will spend all the
scissors in my shop, but I'll have him snapped.
COUNTERBUFF Well, sir, if he come within the length of
large mace once, we'll teach him to cozen.
- 163 smart suffer
168 trick stratagem
169 policy dissimulation
169–71 **The lion's skin . . . neat** a variant of
the proverbial, 'if the lion's skin cannot,
the fox's shall'; i.e., the lion's strength
must be combined with the fox's cunning
- 3.2 attributed to Middleton
0.1 *Fleshhook* a hook for removing meat
from a pot; also slang for 'constable';
yeoman: a serjeant's subordinate
Counterbuff a blow given in return,
or an encounter where blows are ex-
changed
- 1 **talon** (*fig.*) hand
3 **jugulars** neck
tickle ironic: beat
4 **diaphragma** (*fig.*) the chest
5 **protection** a document guaranteeing
immunity from prosecution
6 **cozen** defraud
11–12 **play . . . noses** take advantage of;
cheat
- 13 **privilege** a right
14 **went before** preceded
16 **snapped** captured
18 **mace** (a) a club; (b) a spice, with puns
following
23 **Man in the Moon** a tavern in Cheapside
above stairs upstairs
24 **Bush** (a) the sign of a tavern; (b) with
'dog', allusions to the man in the moon
whose props these were
27 **Newgate** a prison
29 **master of my anatomy** in charge of
dissecting the next corpse at the barber-
surgeons' hall
31 **os coxendix** Latin: hip bone
32 **humour** a disease resulting from the
dominance of one humour (blood,
phlegm, yellow bile, black bile), or lack
of balance among them. The idea is that
an excess of one causes Franklin to steal.
33 **thorax** Latin: chest
fingers' ends because he is a thief
37 **conquassation** agitation
- BARBER Marry, hang him. Teach him no more cozenage;
he's too perfect in't already. Go gingerly about it; lay
20 your mace on gingerly and spice him soundly.
COUNTERBUFF He's at the tavern, you say?
BARBER At the Man in the Moon, above stairs. So soon as
he comes down, and the Bush left at his back, Ralph is
the dog behind him. He watches to give us notice. Be
25 ready then, my dear bloodhounds. You shall deliver him
to Newgate, from thence to the hangman. His body I
will beg of the sheriffs, for at the next lecture I am
likely to be the master of my anatomy. Then will I vex
every vein about him. I will find where his disease of
30 cozenage lay, whether in the *vertebrae*, or in *os coxendix*.
But I guess I shall find it descend from *humour* through
the *thorax*, and lie just at his fingers' ends.
Enter Ralph
- RALPH Be in readiness, for he's coming this way—alone
too. Stand to't like gentleman and yeoman; so soon as
35 he is in sight I'll go fetch my master.
BARBER I have had a *conquassation* in my *cerebrum* ever
since the disaster, and now it takes me again. If it turn
to a migraine I shall hardly abide the sight of him.
RALPH My action of defamation shall be clapped on him
40 too. I will make him appear to't in the shape of a white
sheet all embroidered over with *peccavis*. Look about, I'll
go fetch my master. *[Exit]*
Enter Young Franklin
- COUNTERBUFF I arrest you, sir.
YOUNG FRANKLIN *Ha! Qui va là? Que pensez-vous faire,*
45 *messieurs? Me voulez-vous dérober? Je n'ai point d'argent.*
Je suis un pauvre gentilhomme français.
BARBER Whoop! Pray you, sir, speak English. You did
when you bought cloth of gold at six *nihils* a yard,
when Ralph's *preputium* was exulcerated.
50 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Que voulez-vous? Me voulez-vous tuer?*
Les français ne sont point ennemis. Voilà ma bourse; que
voulez-vous d'avantage?
- cerebrum* Latin: brain
38 **the disaster** the trick played on him
40 **clapped** served
41 **appear to't** appear in court
41–2 **shape . . . peccavis** wearing a gown
with 'peccavi' (Latin: 'I have sinned')
written on it
43.1 *Franklin* He is not disguised visually,
only verbally; and his name likely hints
at this deception: Frank: 'French'. The
French spoken here is as colloquial as
the English of the rest of the play and the
translations aim at conveying this while
remaining reasonably literal.
45–7 *Ha! . . . français.* Ha! Who's there?
What do you think you're doing, sirs?
Do you want to rob me? I have no
money. I'm a poor French gentleman.
49 **nihils** Latin: nothings
51–3 *Que . . . d'avantage?* What do you
want? Do you want to kill me? The
French are not at all enemies. Here is
my purse—what else do you want?

- COUNTERBUFF Is not your name Franklin, sir?
 55 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Je n'ai point de joyaux que ceux-ci. Et c'est à monsieur l'ambassadeur; il m'envoie à ses affaires et vous empêchez mon service.*
Enter Camlet and Ralph hastily
 COUNTERBUFF [to Camlet] Sir, we are mistaken for aught I perceive.
 60 CAMLET So, so, you have caught him; that's well.—How do you, sir?
 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Vous semblez être un homme courtois. Je vous prie entendez mes affaires. Il y a ici deux ou trois canailles qui m'ont assiégé, un pauvre étranger qui ne leur ai fait nul mal, ni donné mauvaise parole, ni tiré mon épée. L'un me prend par une épaule, et me frappe deux livres pesant. L'autre me tire par le bras. Il parle je ne sais quoi. Je leur ai donné ma bourse, et s'ils ne me veulent point laisser aller, que ferai-je, monsieur?*
 70 CAMLET This is a Frenchman it seems, sirs.
 COUNTERBUFF We can find no other in him, sir, and what that is we know not.
 CAMLET He's very like the man we seek for, else my lights go false.
 75 BARBER In your shop they may, sir, but here they go true. This is he.
 RALPH The very same, sir; as sure as I am Ralph, this is the rascal.
 COUNTERBUFF Sir, unless you will absolutely challenge him
 80 the man, we dare not proceed further.
Enter Margarita, a French bawd
 FLESHHOOK I fear we are too far already.
 CAMLET I know not what to say to't.
 MARGARITA *Bonjour, bonjour, gentilhommes.*
 BARBER How now! More news from France?
 85 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Cette femme ici est de mon pays.—Madame, je vous prie leur dire mon pays. Ils m'ont retardé, je ne sais pourquoi.*
 MARGARITA *Etes-vous de France, monsieur?*
- YOUNG FRANKLIN *Madame, vrai est que je les ai trompés, et suis arrêté, et n'ai nul moyen d'échapper qu'en changeant mon langage. Aidez-moi en cette affaire. Je vous connais bien, où vous tenez un bordel. Vous et les vôtres en serez de mieux.* 90
- MARGARITA *Laissez-faire à moi. Etes-vous de Lyon, dites-vous?*
 YOUNG FRANKLIN *De Lyon, ma chère dame.* 95
 MARGARITA *Mon cousin! Je suis bien aise de vous voir en bonne disposition.*
 [They] *embrace and compliment*
 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Ma cousine!*
 CAMLET This is a Frenchman sure.
 BARBER If he be, 'tis the likest an Englishman that ever I saw, all his dimensions, proportions! Had I but the dissecting of his heart, in *capsula cordis* could I find it now, for a Frenchman's heart is more *quassative* and subject to tremor than an Englishman's.
 CAMLET Stay, we'll further enquire of this gentlewoman. Mistress, if you have so much English to help us with—as I think you have, for I have long seen you about London—pray tell us, and truly tell us, is this gentleman a natural Frenchman or no?
 MARGARITA Ey begar, de Frenchman, born à Lyon, my cozín.
 CAMLET Your cousin? If he be not your cousin, he's my cousin sure.
 MARGARITA Ey connosh his père, what you call his fadre? He sell *poissons*.
 BARBER Sell poisons? His father was a pothecary then.
 MARGARITA No, no, *poissons*, what you call, fish, fish.
 BARBER O, he was a fishmonger.
 MARGARITA *Oui, oui.*
 CAMLET Well, well, we are mistaken I see. Pray you so tell him, and request him not to be offended. An honest man may look like a knave and be ne'er the worse for't. The error was in our eyes and now we find it in his tongue. 110 115 120

55–7 *Je...service.* I have no other jewels but these. And these belong to the ambassador; he sent me on his business and you are hindering my service.

62–9 *Vous...monsieur?* You seem to be a courteous man. I beg you to listen to my troubles. Here are two or three ruffians who have besieged me, a poor stranger who has done them no harm at all, nor spoken an ill word, nor drawn my sword. One takes me by one shoulder and strikes me two heavy blows. The other pulls me by the arm. He says I don't know what. I have given them my purse, and if they don't want to let me go, what shall I do, sir?

80.1 *bawd* prostitute

83 *Bonjour...gentilhommes.* Good day, good day, sirs.

84 *news from France* an allusion to short

pieces by Thomas Overbury: 'News from Court', 'News from France', 'News from Rome', 'News from my Lodging'

85–7 *Cette...pourquoi.* This woman here is from my country.—Madame, I beg you to tell them my country. They have detained me, I don't know why.

88 *Etes-vous...monsieur?* Are you from France, sir?

89–93 *Madame...mieux.* Madame, the truth is that I have cozened them and am detained, and have no means of escaping except by changing my language. Help me in this business. I know you well, where you have a brothel. You and yours will benefit.

94 *Laissez-faire...dites-vous?* Leave it to me. You are from Lyon, you say?

94, 95 *Lyon* Lyon was a clothmaking city,

but perhaps it was also chosen for the bawdy pun when the pronunciation is anglicized: 'Lie on'.

95 *De...dame.* From Lyon, my dear woman.

96–7 *Mon...disposition.* My cousin! I'm so pleased to see you in good health.

97.1 *compliment* a ceremonious greeting, probably they bow

98 *Ma cousine!* My cousin!

102 *capsula cordis* Latin: the centre of his heart

103 *quassative* inclined to shake

110 Ey *begar* a corruption of 'Yes, by God' à Lyon at Lyon

113 *cousin* punning on 'cozen', cheat

114 *connosh* a corruption of 'connais', to know

118 *fishmonger* (a) seller of fish; (b) pimp

- 125 MARGARITA *J'essayerai encore une fois, monsieur cousin, pour votre sauveté. [He offers her money] Allez-vous en. Votre liberté est suffisante. Je gagnerai le reste pour mon devoir, et vous aurez votre part à mon école. J'ai une fille qui parle un peu français. Elle conversera avec vous à la Fleur-de-Lice en Turnbull Street. Mon cousin, ayez soin de vous-même, et trompez ces ignorans.*
- 130 YOUNG FRANKLIN *Cousine, pour l'amour de vous, et principalement pour moi, je suis content de m'en aller. Je trouverai votre école, et si vos écoliers me sont agréables, je tirerai à l'épée seule. Et si d'aventure je la rompe, je payerai dix sous. Et pour ce vieux fol et ces deux canailles, ce poulain Snip-snap, et l'autre bonnet rond, je les verrai pendre premier que je les vois.* *Exit*
- 135 CAMLET So, so, she has got him off. But I perceive much anger in his countenance still. And what says he, madam?
- 140 MARGARITA Moosh moosh anger, but ey connosh heere lodging shall cool him very well. Dere is a kinse-womans can moosh allay heere heat and heere spleene. She shall do for my saka, and he no trobla you.
- 145 CAMLET [*giving her money*] Look, there is earnest, but thy reward's behind. Come to my shop, the Holy Lamb in Lombard Street; thou hast one friend more than e'er thou hadst.
- 150 MARGARITA Tank u *monsieur*. Shall visit u. Ey make all *pacifie*—à votre service très humblement. [*Aside*] Tree, four, five fool of u. *Exit*
- 155 CAMLET What's to be done now?
- COUNTERBUFF To pay us for our pains, sir, and better reward us that we may be provided against further danger that may come upon 's for false imprisonment.
- CAMLET All goes false I think. What do you, neighbour Sweetball?
- 160 BARBER I must phlebotomize, sir, but my almanac says the sign is in Taurus. I dare not cut my own throat, but if I find any precedent that ever barber hanged himself I'll be the second example.
- RALPH This was your ill *lixivium*, barber, to cause all to be cheated.
- COUNTERBUFF [*to Camlet*] What say you to us, sir? 165
- CAMLET Good friends, come to me at a calmer hour. My sorrows lie in heaps upon me now. What you have, keep; if further trouble follow I'll take it on me. I would be pressed to death.
- COUNTERBUFF Well, sir, for this time we'll leave you. 170
- BARBER I will go with you, officers. I will walk with you in the open street though it be a scandal to me. For now I have no care of my credit; a cacochymy is run all over me.
- Exeunt Sweetball the barber, Counterbuff and Fleshhook*
- CAMLET What shall we do now, Ralph? 175
- Enter George*
- RALPH Faith, I know not, sir. Here comes George, it may be he can tell you.
- CAMLET And there I look for more disaster still. Yet George appears in a smiling countenance. Ralph, home to the shop; leave George and I together. 180
- RALPH I am gone, sir. *Exit*
- CAMLET Now, George, what better news eastward? All goes ill t'other way.
- GEORGE I bring you the best news that ever came about your ears in your life, sir. 185
- CAMLET Thou putttest me in good comfort, George.
- GEORGE My mistress, your wife, will never trouble you more.
- CAMLET Ha? Never trouble me more? Of this, George, may be made a sad construction; that phrase we sometimes use when death makes the separation. I hope it is not so with her, George? 190
- GEORGE No, sir, but she vows she'll never come home again to you, so you shall live quietly. And this I took to be very good news, sir. 195
- CAMLET The worst that could be, this—candied poison.

125-31 *J'essayerai... ignorans.* I'll try once more, mister cousin, for your safety. *He offers her money.* Go away! Your freedom is enough. I'll earn the rest for my duty, and you'll have your share at my school. I have a girl who speaks some French. She'll talk with you at the *Fleur-de-Lice* in Turnbull Street. My cousin, take care of yourself—and cheat these fools.

128 *école* a euphemism for brothel

128-9 *une fille qui parle un peu français* a prostitute

129 *conversera* 'Talk' is a euphemism.

Fleur-de-Lice There was a tavern called the *Fleur-de-Lis* in Turnbull Street; the original spelling has been retained since it probably indicates pronunciation and implication: lice: fleas.

132-8 *Cousine... vois.* Cousin, for the

love of you, and principally for me, I'm willing to go. I'll find your school, and if your students please me I'll draw one sword only. And if perchance I break it, I'll pay ten sous. And for this old fool and these two scoundrels, this snip-snapping colt and the other round hat, the next time I see them I'll see them hanged.

134-5 *tirerai à l'épée seule* with a *double entendre*: sword: penis

136-7 *ce vieux fol... bonnet rond* Franklin refers to Camlet, Counterbuff and Fleshhook, Sweetball, and Ralph.

146 *earnest* a sum of money paid as an instalment, especially to secure a bargain or contract

147 *behind* still to come

151 *pacifie... humblement* peaceful—at

your very humble service

159 *phlebotomize* practise phlebotomy, or bloodletting

almanac a book of astrological charts

169 *pressed to death* the painful punishment for those who refused to plead either guilty or not guilty, of having the body pressed by heavy weights. Unlike the comparatively painless punishment of hanging, this saved forfeiture of the victim's goods to the crown.

172 *scandal* damaging his reputation because people will know he has been cheated (?)

173 *credit* reputation

cacochymy an unhealthy state of the humours or bodily fluids; see 3.2.32-3.

182 *eastward* (*fig.*) from elsewhere

I love her, George, and I am bound to do so.
 The tongue's bitterness must not separate
 The united souls. 'Twere base and cowardly
 200 For all to yield to the small tongue's assault.
 The whole building must not be taken down
 For the repairing of a broken window.
 GEORGE Ay, but this is a principle, sir. The truth is she will
 be divorced, she says, and is labouring with her cousin
 205 Knave—what do you call him?—I have forgotten the
 latter end of his name.
 CAMLET Knavesbe, George.
 GEORGE Ay, Knave or Knavesbe; one I took it to be.
 CAMLET Why neither rage nor envy can make a cause,
 210 George.
 GEORGE Yes, sir, not only at your person, but she shoots
 at your shop too. She says you vend ware that is
 not warrantable, braided ware, and that you give not
 London measure. Women, you know, look for more
 215 than a bare yard. And then you keep children in the
 name of your own which she suspects came not in at
 the right door.
 CAMLET She may as well suspect immaculate truth to be
 curs'd falsehood.
 220 GEORGE Ay, but if she will, she will; she's a woman, sir.
 CAMLET 'Tis most true, George. Well, that shall be red-
 dressed. My cousin Cressingham must yield me pardon;
 the children shall home again and thou shalt conduct
 'em, George.
 225 GEORGE That done, I'll be bold to venture once more
 for her recovery since you cannot live at liberty, but
 because you are a rich citizen you will have your chain
 about your neck. I think I have a device will bring you
 together by th'ears again, and then look to 'em as well
 230 as you can.
 CAMLET
 O, George, amongst all my heavy troubles this
 Is the groaning weight. But restore my wife.
 GEORGE
 Although you ne'er lead hour of quiet life?
 CAMLET
 I will endeavour't, George, I'll lend her will
 235 A power and rule to keep all hushed and still.

Eat we all sweetmeats we are soonest rotten.
 GEORGE
 A sentence! Pity't should have been forgotten.

Exeunt

Finis Actus Tertius



Incipit Actus Quartus

Enter Sir Francis Cressingham and a surveyor
[severally]

4.1

SURVEYOR Where's Master Steward?
 CRESSINGHAM Within.—What are you, sir?
 SURVEYOR A surveyor, sir.
 CRESSINGHAM And an almanac-maker, I take it. Can you
 tell me what foul weather is toward?
 5 SURVEYOR Marry, the foulest weather is that your land is
 flying away. Exit
 CRESSINGHAM A most terrible prognostication! All the
 resort, all the business to my house is to my lady and
 Master Steward, whilst Sir Francis stands for a cipher. I
 10 have made away myself and my power as if I had done
 it by deed of gift. Here comes the controller of the game.
 Enter Saunder [the steward]
 SAUNDER What, are you yet resolved to translate this
 unnecessary land into ready money?
 CRESSINGHAM Translate it?
 15 SAUNDER The conveyances are drawn and the money
 ready. My lady sent me to you to know directly if you
 meant to go through in the sale. If not, she resolves of
 another course.
 CRESSINGHAM Thou speakest this cheerfully methinks,
 20 whereas faithful servants were wont to mourn when
 they beheld the lord that fed and cherished them is by
 cursed enchantment removed into another blood. Cress-
 ingham of Cressingham has continued many years, and
 must the name sink now?
 25 SAUNDER All this is nothing to my lady's resolution. It must
 be done or she'll not stay in England. She would know
 whether your son be sent for that must likewise set his
 hand to th' sale. For otherwise the lawyers say there
 cannot be a sure conveyance made to the buyer. 30

197 **bound** by marriage; also suggesting
 'destined'
 209 **cause** the case of one party in a suit for
 divorce
 211-12 **shoots at** censures
 213 **warrantable** guaranteed as genuine
braided ware goods that have changed
 colour, tarnished, or faded
 214 **London measure** London cloth-sellers
 gave a certain amount above the stand-
 ard yard in their measurements. Another
 bawdy pun on 'yard' follows.
 216-17 **came not in at the right door** (*fig.*)
 are illegitimate; a variant of the proverb,

'To come in at the window'
 226 **at liberty** free
 227 **chain** worn by rich citizens, with an
 ironic glance at Rachel as Camlet's chain
 or restraint, threatening his business and
 therefore his social status
 228 **device** scheme
 229 **by th'ears** ironic; The phrase means
 to be at variance; also alluding to the
 loudness of Rachel Camlet's voice.
 236 **all only**
sweetmeats sweets
 237 **sentence** a maxim; a variant of the
 proverb, 'A little with quiet is the only

diet'
 4.1 attributed to Webster
 4 **I take it** Perhaps the Surveyor is carrying
 charts.
 6-7 **foulest...away** punning on 'foulest'
 8 **prognostication** prediction
 9 **resort** visitors
 10 **cipher** zero; (*fig.*) a thing of no value
 16 **conveyances** documents transferring
 property ownership
 22-3 **is...removed...blood** has lost the
 privileges of birth and rank
 28-9 **set his hand to** authorize

CRESSINGHAM Yes, I have sent for him. But I pray thee think what a hard task 'twill be for a father to persuade his son and heir to make away his inheritance.

SAUNDER Nay, for that use your own logic. I have heard you talk at the sessions terribly against deer stealers, and that kept you from being put out of the commission.

Exit

Enter Young Cressingham [as himself]

CRESSINGHAM [*aside*] I do live to see two miseries: one to be commanded by my wife, the other to be censured by my slave.

40 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [*kneeling*] That which I have wanted long and has been cause of my irregular courses, I beseech you, let raise me from the ground.

CRESSINGHAM Rise, George. [*George rises*] There's a hundred pounds for you, and my blessing; with these your mother's favour. But I hear your studies are become too licentious of late.

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [*aside*] He's heard of my cozenage.

CRESSINGHAM What's that you are writing?

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Sir, not anything.

50 CRESSINGHAM Come, I hear there's something coming forth of yours will be your undoing.

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Of mine?

CRESSINGHAM Yes, of your writing; somewhat you should write will be dangerous to you.—I have a suit to you.

55 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Sir, my obedience makes you commander in all things.

CRESSINGHAM
I pray, suppose I had committed some fault For which my life and sole estate were forfeit To the law, and that some great man near the king Should labour to get my pardon on condition He might enjoy my lordship. Could you prize Your father's life above the grievous loss Of your inheritance?

60 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Yes, and my own life at stake too.

CRESSINGHAM
You promise fair; I come now to make trial of it.
You know I have married one whom I hold so dear That my whole life is nothing but a mere estate Depending upon her will and her affections to me. She deserves so well I cannot longer merit Than *durante beneplacito*. 'Tis her pleasure. And her wisdom moves in't too—of which I'll give you

70 Ample satisfaction hereafter—that I sell The land my father left me. You change colour!

I have promised her to do't and should I fail I must expect the remainder of my life As full of trouble and vexation 75 As the suit for a divorce. It lies in you By setting of your hand unto the sale To add length to his life that gave you yours.

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
Sir, I do now ingeniously perceive Why you said lately somewhat I should write 80 Would be my undoing, meaning—as I take it— Setting my hand to this assurance. O, good sir, Shall I pass away my birthright? O, remember There is a malediction denounced against it In holy writ. Will you, for her pleasure, 85 The inheritance of desolation leave To your posterity? Think how compassionate The creatures of the field that only live On the wild benefits of nature are Unto their young ones. Think likewise you may 90 Have more children by this woman, and by this act You undo them too. 'Tis a strange precedent this, To see an obedient son labouring good counsel To the father! But know, sir, that the spirits Of my great-grandfather and your father moves 95 At this present in me; and what they bequeathed you, On your deathbed they charged you not to give away In the dalliance of a woman's bed. Good sir, Let it not be thought presumption in me that I have continued my speech unto this length. 100 The cause, sir, is urgent; and, believe it, you Shall find her beauty as malevolent unto you As a red morning that doth still foretell A foul day to follow. O, sir, keep your land; Keep that to keep your name immortal and you shall see 105 All that her malice and proud will procures Shall show her ugly heart, but hurt not yours.

CRESSINGHAM
O, I am distracted and my very soul Sends blushes into my cheeks.

Enter George with [Cressingham's] two children

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM See here an object To beget more compassion. 110

GEORGE O, Sir Francis, we have a most lamentable house at home, nothing to be heard in't but separation and divorces, and such a noise of the spiritual court as if it were a tenement upon London Bridge and built upon the arches. 115

35 **sessions** the periodical sittings of justices of the peace
36 **commission** the Commission of Peace; Cressingham is a Justice of the Peace
45 **favour** preference
46 **licentious** unrestrained by law or morality
66 **estate** condition
69 ***durante beneplacito*** Latin: during her

good pleasure
79 **ingeniously** cleverly
84-5 **malediction** . . . holy writ *Gen. 27*
108 **distracted** disturbed
111 **lamentable** mournful
113 **noise** threatening talk
spiritual court the court with religious and ecclesiastical jurisdiction

114 **tenement upon London Bridge** The bridge from the Tower across the Thames had houses and shops along its length on both sides.
115 **arches** a reference to the noisy arches of London Bridge, and an allusion to the Court of Arches where divorces were tried

Act 4 Scene 1

Any thing for a quiet Life.

CRESSINGHAM What's the matter?
 GEORGE All about boarding your children, my mistress is departed.
 CRESSINGHAM Dead?
 120 GEORGE In a sort she is, and laid out too, for she is run away from my master.
 CRESSINGHAM Whither?
 GEORGE Seven miles off, into Essex. She vowed never to leave Barking while she lived till these were brought home again.
 125 CRESSINGHAM O, they shall not offend her. I am sorry for't.
 FIRST CHILD I am glad we are come home, sir, for we lived in the unquietest house!
 SECOND CHILD The angry woman methought grudged us our victuals. Our new mother is a good soul and loves us and does not frown so like a vixen as she does.
 130 FIRST CHILD I am at home now, and in heaven methinks. What a comfort 'tis to be under your wing!
 SECOND CHILD Indeed my mother was wont to call me your nestlecock, and I love you as well as she did.
 135 *Enter Saunder, Knavesbe, and Surveyor*
 CRESSINGHAM You are my pretty souls.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Does not the prattle of these move you?
 140 SAUNDER [*to Cressingham*] Look you, sir; here's the conveyance and my lady's solicitor. Pray resolve what to do; my lady is coming down.—How now, George, how does thy mistress that sits in a waistcoat gown like a citizen's lure to draw in customers? O, she's a pretty mousetrap!
 145 GEORGE She's ill-baited though to take a Welshman—she cannot away with cheese.
 CRESSINGHAM And what must I do now?
 KNAVESBE Acknowledge a fine and recovery of the land, then for possession the course is common.
 150 CRESSINGHAM Carry back the writings, sir; my mind is changed.
 SAUNDER Changed! Do not you mean to seal?
Enter Lady Cressingham
 CRESSINGHAM No sir, the tide's turned.
 SAUNDER [*aside to Lady Cressingham*] You must temper him like wax or he'll not seal.
 155

LADY CRESSINGHAM [*to the children*] Are you come back again? [*To Cressingham*] How now, have you done?
 FIRST CHILD How do you, Lady Mother?
 LADY CRESSINGHAM You are good children. [*To George*] Bid my woman give them some sweetmeats. 160
 FIRST CHILD Indeed, I thank you. Is not this a kind mother? [*Exit George with children*]
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Poor fools, you know not how dear you shall pay for this sugar.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM [*to Cressingham*] What, ha'n't you dispatched? 165
 CRESSINGHAM No sweetest. I am dissuaded by my son From the sale o'th' land.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM Dissuaded by your son!
 CRESSINGHAM I cannot get his hand to't.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM Where's our steward?
 [*To Saunder*] Cause presently that all my beds and hangings Be taken down. Provide carts, pack them up; 170
 I'll to my house i'th' country. [*To Cressingham*] Have I studied The way to your preferment and your children's And do you cool i'th' upshot?
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM With your pardon, I cannot understand this course a way To any preferment; rather a direct 175
 Path to our ruin.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM O, sir, you are young-sighted. [*To Knavesbe*] Show them the project of the land I mean to buy in Ireland that shall out-value yours three thousand in a year.
 [*Knavesbe shows a map*]
 KNAVESBE Look you, sir, here is Clangibbon, a fruitful 180
 country and well wooded.
 CRESSINGHAM What's this, marsh ground?
 KNAVESBE No these are bogs, but a little cost will drain them. This upper part that runs by the Blackwater is the Cusacks' land, a spacious country and yields excellent 185
 profit by the salmon and fishing for herring. Here runs

120 **laid out** (a) prepared for burial; (b) spent, expended, (usually referring to money)
 123 **Essex** a mostly agricultural county on the east coast of England
 124 **Barking** a town in Essex; with a pun on 'barking'
 129 **grudged** begrudged
 130 **victuals** food
 131 **vixen** shrew
 135 **nestlecock** the last hatched bird or weaking of a brood, hence a mother's pet
 137 **prattle** childish chatter
 142 **waistcoat** a short, elaborate garment

worn by women on the upper part of the body. To wear the waistcoat with no outer gown was disreputable; prostitutes were called 'waist-coaters'.
 145-6 **Welshman . . . cheese** The Welsh were said to be especially fond of cheese.
 146 **away with** tolerate
 148 **fine and recovery** A fine was an agreement of a suit, real or fictitious, whereby the lands in question were acknowledged to belong to one party ('fine' because final). Recovery was a complicated method of making a conveyance of fee-simple or lands held

in tail.
 149 **common** Court of Common Pleas
 152 **seal** ratify the agreement
 154-5 **temper . . . wax** (*fig.*) manipulate carefully
 165 **dispatched** completed the transaction
 180 **Clangibbon** There was a Clangibbon in the south-west of Ireland, in Limerick County.
 184 **Blackwater** There was a Blackwater river in the south-east of Ireland, in Waterford County.
 185 **Cusacks'** Cusack or Cussack is a well-known Irish name.

the Kernesdale, admirable feed for cattle, and here about
 is St Patrick's Purgatory.
 190 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Purgatory! Shall we purchase that
 too?
 LADY CRESSINGHAM
 Come, come, will you dispatch th'other business?
 We may go through with this?
 CRESSINGHAM My son's unwilling.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM
 Upon my soul, sir, I'll never bed with you
 Till you have sealed.
 195 CRESSINGHAM Thou hearest her. On thy blessing
 Follow me to th' court and seal.
 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Sir, were it my death, were't to th'
 loss of my estate, I vow to obey you in all things. Yet
 with it remember there are two young ones living that
 may curse you. I pray dispose part of the money on
 200 their generous educations.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM Fear not you, sir.—[*She calls*] The
 caroche there! [*To Cressingham*] When you have dis-
 patched, you shall find me at the scrivener's where I
 shall receive the money.
 205 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [*aside*] She'll devour that mass too.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM [*to Saunder*] How likest thou my power
 over him?
 SAUNDER Excellent.
 LADY CRESSINGHAM
 This is the height of a great lady's sway,
 210 When her night-service makes her rule i'th' day.
Exeunt, manet Knavesbe
Enter Knavesbe's wife [unseen by him]
 KNAVESBE Not yet, Sib? My lord keeps thee so long thou'rt
 welcome I see then, and pays sweetly too. A good
 wench, Sib, thou'rt, to obey thy husband. [*He sees*
 215 *her*] She's come. A hundred mark a year. [*He embraces*
her] How fine and easy it comes into mine arms now!
 Welcome home—what says my lord, Sib?
 SIB KNAVESBE My lord says you are a cuckold.
 KNAVESBE Ha, ha, ha, ha! I thank him for that bob, i'faith.
 I'll afford it him again at the same price a month
 220 hence, and let the commodity grow as scarce as it will.
 'Cuckold' says his lordship! Ha, ha,
 I shall burst my sides with laughing, that's the worst.
 Name not a hundred a year, for then I burst.

It smarts not so much as a fillip on the forehead by five
 parts. What has his dalliance taken from thy lips? 'Tis
 225 as sweet as e'er 'twas—let me try else. [*He tries to kiss*
her] Buss me, sugar-candy.
 SIB KNAVESBE [*pushing him away*]
 Forbear; you presume to a lord's pleasure!
 KNAVESBE How's that?
 Not I, Sib?
 SIB KNAVESBE
 Never touch me more.
 I'll keep the noble stamp upon my lip,
 230 No underbaseness shall deface it now.
 You taught me the way, now I am in I'll keep it.
 I have kissed ambition and I love it.
 I loathe the memory of every touch
 My lip hath tasted from thee.
 235 KNAVESBE
 Nay, but sweet Sib, you do forget yourself.
 SIB KNAVESBE
 I will forget all that I ever was,
 And nourish new, sirrah. I am a lady.
 KNAVESBE
 Lord bless us, Madam.
 SIB KNAVESBE I have enjoyed a lord,
 That's real possession, and daily shall,
 240 The which all ladies have not with their lords.
 KNAVESBE But with your patience, madam, who was it
 that preferred you to this ladyship?
 SIB KNAVESBE
 'Tis all I am beholden to thee for;
 Thou'st brought me out of ignorance into light.
 245 Simple as I was, I thought thee a man
 Till I found the difference by a man.
 Thou art a beast, a hornèd beast, an ox.
 KNAVESBE
 Are these ladies' terms?
 SIB KNAVESBE For thy pander's fee,
 It shall be laid under the candlestick;
 250 Look for't, I'll leave it for thee.
 KNAVESBE A little lower,
 Good your ladyship, my cousin Camlet
 Is in the house. Let these things go no further.
 SIB KNAVESBE
 'Tis for mine own credit if I forbear,

187 **Kernesdale** or the dale of the Kernes, poor Irish footsoldiers or, more generally, rustics or boors. There was a Kearne near the Bay of Galway.

188 **St Patrick's Purgatory** It was in the north-west of Ireland, in Ulster. The places named are widely separated, implying that Lady Cressingham's plan is impossible.

189 **purchase** a reference to the sale of indulgences or pardons by the church

202 **caroche** a luxurious coach

210 **night-service** sexual intercourse

210.1 **Exeunt, manet Knavesbe** While the fictitious location changes to Knavesbe's house here, because Knavesbe remains on stage the scene does not change; from here to the end of the scene is attributed to Middleton.

214 **A hundred mark a year** about \$1000 today

218 **bob** a taunt

220 **commodity** sexual favours

224 **fillip** a flick of the finger

224-5 **five parts** four fingers and a thumb

226 **else** to see if it isn't true

227 **Buss** kiss

248 **beast . . . ox** a cuckold; Sib Knavesbe has not committed adultery, but wants her husband to think she has

250 **laid under the candlestick** an allusion to the proverb, 'It is good to set a candlestick before the devil'. Sib means that Knavesbe has done the devil's work.

252 **Camlet** Rachel Camlet

- 255 Not thine, thou bugle-browed beast, thou.
Enter George with rolls of paper [seeming not to see the Knavesbes]
- GEORGE [*to himself*] Bidden, bidden, bidden, bidden. So, all these are passed, but here's as large a walk to come. If I do not get it up at the feast, I shall be leaner for bidding the guests, I'm sure.
- 260 KNAVESBE How now! Who's this?
 GEORGE [*reading to himself*] 'Doctor Glistler, et', what word's this? f-u-x-o-r? O, 'uxor', the Doctor and his wife. 'Master Body et uxor of Bow Lane, Master Knavesbe et uxor.'
- 265 KNAVESBE [*to his wife*] Ha! We are in, whatsoever the matter is.
 GEORGE Here's forty couple more in this quarter. But there the provision bringing in, that puzzles me most. 'One ox'—that will hardly serve for beef too—'five muttuns, ten lambs'—poor innocents they'll be devoured too—'three gross of capons.'
- KNAVESBE Mercy upon us! What a slaughterhouse is here!
 GEORGE 'Two bushels of small birds: plovers, snipes, woodcocks, partridge, larks'—then for baked meats.
- 275 KNAVESBE George, George, what feast is this? 'Tis not for St George's Day?
 GEORGE Cry you mercy sir, you and your wife are in my roll; my master invites you his guests tomorrow dinner.
 KNAVESBE Dinner, sayest thou? He means to feast a month sure.
- 280 GEORGE Nay, sir, you make up but a hundred couple.
 KNAVESBE Why, what ship has brought an India home to him that he's so bountiful? Or what friend dead—unknown to us—has so much left to him of arable land that he means to turn to pasture thus?
- 285 GEORGE Nay, 'tis a vessel, sir; a good estate comes all in one bottom to him, and 'tis a question whether ever he find the bottom or no. A thousand a year, that's the uppermost.
- 290 KNAVESBE A thousand a year!
 GEORGE To go no further about the bush, sir—[*aside*] now the bird is caught—my master is tomorrow to be married, and amongst the rest invites you a guest at his wedding dinner the second.
- 295 KNAVESBE Married!
 GEORGE There is no other remedy for flesh and blood, that will have leave to play whether we will or no, or wander into forbidden pastures.
- KNAVESBE Married! Why he is married, man—his wife is in my house now—thy mistress is alive, George. 300
 GEORGE She that was, it may be, sir, but dead to him. She played a little too rough with him and he has discarded her. He's divorced, sir.
 KNAVESBE He divorced! Then is her labour saved, for she was labouring a divorce from him. 305
 GEORGE They are well parted then, sir.
 KNAVESBE But wilt thou not speak with her? I'faith, invite her to't.
 GEORGE 'Tis not in my commission; I dare not. Fare you well, sir; I have much business in hand and the time is short. 310
 KNAVESBE Nay, but George, I prithee, stay. May I report this to her for a certain truth?
 GEORGE Wherefore am I employed in this invitation, sir?
 KNAVESBE Prithee, what is she, his second choice? 315
 GEORGE Truly a goodly presence, likely to bear great children and great store. She never saw five and thirty summers together in her life by her appearance, and comes in her French hood. By my fecks, a great match 'tis like to be. I am sorry for my old mistress but cannot help it. Pray you excuse me now, sir, for all the business goes through my hands, none employed but myself. 320
Exit
 KNAVESBE Why here is news that no man will believe but he that sees.
 SIB KNAVESBE This and your cuckoldry will be digestion throughout the city dinners and suppers for a month together; there will need no cheese. 325
Enter Rachel Camlet [unseen by the Knavesbes]
 KNAVESBE No more of that, Sib. I'll call my cousin Camlet and make her partaker of this sport. [*He sees her*] She's come already. Cousin, take't at once, you're a free woman—your late husband's to be married tomorrow. 330
 RACHEL CAMLET Married! To whom?
 KNAVESBE To a French-hood, byrlakins, as I understand. Great cheer prepared and great guests invited, so far I know. 335
 RACHEL CAMLET What a cursed wretch was I to pare my nails today, a Friday too. I looked for some mischief.
 KNAVESBE Why, I did think this had accorded with your best liking: you sought for him what he has sought for you, a separation, and by divorce too. 340
 RACHEL CAMLET I'll divorce 'm! Is he to be married to a French-hood? I'll dress it the English fashion. Ne'er a

255 bugle-browed horned

256 bidden invited

258 get it up eat well

261 Glistler a suppository or enema

262 f-u-x-o-r phonetically, 'fucks 'er'

uxor Latin: wife

263 Bow Lane a street in Cheapside,

formerly Cordwayner's Street, from the

shoemakers who had shops there

267 quarter district

274 baked meats meat pies

276 St George's Day 23 April. St George

was the patron saint of England. At

3.2.159-60 Sweetball says 'the sign is in

Taurus' (20 April-20 May), so Knavesbe

makes a reasonable assumption. Taurus

is the Bull, another allusion to cuckoldry.

282 India proverbial for its wealth in gold

and gems

287 bottom (a) a ship; (b) an end

291-2 bush... caught alluding to the

proverb, 'a bird in the hand is worth two

in the bush'

319 French hood a hood of softly pleated

fabric; also possibly a headdress worn by

women when punished for unchastity

325 digestion (fig.) after-dinner talk

331 late past

333 byrlakins an expletive; a contraction of

'by our ladykin' (the Virgin Mary)

337 Friday... mischief because Friday was

associated with Catholicism (?)

342 the English fashion the latest fashion

- coach to be had with six horses to strike fire i'th' streets as we go?
- 345 KNAVESBE Will you go home then?
- RACHEL CAMLET Good cousin, help me to whet one of my knives while I sharp the t'other; give me a sour apple to set my teeth an edge. I would give five pound for the paring of my nails again. Have you e'er a bird-spit i'th' house, I'll dress one dish to the wedding.
- 350 KNAVESBE This violence hurts yourself the most.
- RACHEL CAMLET I care not who I hurt. O, my heart, how it beats o' both sides! Will you run with me for a wager into Lombard Street now?
- 355 KNAVESBE I'll walk with you, cousin, a sufficient pace. Sib shall come softly after. I'll bring you through Bearbinder Lane.
- RACHEL CAMLET Bearbinder Lane cannot hold me. I'll the nearest way over St Mildred's Church. If I meet any French-hoods by the way I'll make black patches enough for the rheum. *Exeunt, manet Sib Knavesbe*
- SIB KNAVESBE
So, 'tis to my wish, Master Knavesbe.
Help to make peace abroad, here you'll find wars,
I'll have a divorce too, with locks and bars. *Exit*
- 4.2 *Enter George, Margarita [at Camlet's shop]*
- GEORGE Madam, but stay here a little; my master comes instantly. I heard him say he did owe you a good turn and now's the time to take it. I'll warrant you a sound reward ere you go.
- Enter Camlet*
- 5 MARGARITA Ey tank u *de bon coeur, monsieur*.
- GEORGE Look, he's here already. [*Aside*] Now would a skilful navigator take in his sails, for sure there is a storm towards. *Exit*
- 10 CAMLET O, Madam, I perceive in your countenance I am beholden to you—all is peace?
- MARGARITA All quiet, goor frends sheep, ey mooch a do, ey strive wid him, give goor worda for you, no more speak a de matra. All es undone—u no more trobla.
- Enter Rachel Camlet and Knavesbe [unseen by the others]*
- 15 CAMLET [*giving her money*] Look, there's the price of a fair pair of gloves, and wear 'em for my sake.
- RACHEL CAMLET [*aside to Knavesbe*] O, O, O, my heart's broke out of my ribs!
- KNAVESBE Nay, a little patience.
- MARGARITA [*to Camlet*] Ey tank u 'eartily, shall no bestow en gloves, shall put moosh more to dees and bestow your shop. *Regardez* dees stofa my petticoat—u no soosh anodre. Shall deal wid u for moosh. Take in your hand.
- CAMLET [*taking up her petticoat*] I see it, mistress, 'tis good stuff indeed, 'tis a silk rash—I can pattern it.
- 25 RACHEL CAMLET [*aside*] Shall he take up her coats before my face? [*Coming forward*] O, beastly creature! French-hood! French-hood! I will make your hair grow through!
- CAMLET My wife returned!—O, welcome home, sweet Rachel.
- 30 RACHEL CAMLET I forbid the banns! Lecher and strumpet, thou shalt bear children without noses.
- MARGARITA O, *pardonnez-moi*, by my trat ey mean u no hurta; wat u meant by dees?
- RACHEL CAMLET I will have thine eyes out, and thy bastards shall be as blind as puppies.
- 35 CAMLET Sweet Rachel. [*To Knavesbe*] Good cousin, help to pacify.
- RACHEL CAMLET I forbid the banns, adulterer.
- CAMLET [*to Knavesbe*] What means she by that, sir?
- 40 KNAVESBE [*restraining Rachel Camlet*] Good cousin, forbid your rage awhile. Unless you hear, by what sense will you receive satisfaction?
- RACHEL CAMLET [*trying to free herself*] By my hands and my teeth, sir—give me leave. Will you bind me whiles mine enemy kills me?
- 45 CAMLET Here all are your friends, sweet wife.
- RACHEL CAMLET Wilt have two wives? Do and be hanged, fornicator. I forbid the banns. Give me the French hood; I'll tread it under feet in a pair of pantofles.
- 50 MARGARITA Begar, shall save hood, head and all; shall come no more heer, ey warran u. *Exit*
- KNAVESBE
Sir, the truth is, report spoke it for truth,
You were tomorrow to be married.
- RACHEL CAMLET
I forbid the banns.
- 55 CAMLET Mercy deliver me—
If my grave embrace me in the bed of death,
I would to church with willing ceremony.
But for my wedlock-fellow—here she is,
The first and last that e'er my thoughts looked on.
- KNAVESBE [*to Rachel Camlet*]
Why law you, cousin; this was naught but error
- 60

346-7 **one of my knives** an allusion to a pair of knives worn at the girdle by a bride; see *Edward III* 2.2.171

350 **dress** cook

353 **run . . . wager** (*fig.*) race me for a prize

358 **Bearbinder Lane** a narrow street in Cheapside, now called George Street, running into Lombard Street

359 **St Mildred's Church** a church in London on the north side of the Poultry, a street connecting Cheapside and Cornhill

360-1 **black patches . . . rheum** Black patches were worn to hide signs of disease; here they are bruises.

4.2 attributed to Middleton

5 **de bon coeur, monsieur** from the bottom of my heart, sir

11 **goor** good; This 'franglais' is similar to that of a couplet in *Black Book* 497-8.

13 **matra** matter

21 **stofa** stuff, material

24 **rash** a smooth fabric

pattern copy

27-8 **make your hair grow through** The implication seems to be that Rachel will tear holes in Margarita's hood.

31 **banns** the proclamation in church of an intended marriage, in order that those who know of any impediment may object

32 **children without noses** as a result of syphilis

33 **trat** troth, truth

36 **blind as puppies** puppies are blind at birth

50 **pantofles** high-heeled, cork-soled slippers

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM But would you please
 Out of a friendly reprehension
 40 To make him sensible of the weighty wrong
 He has done his children? Yet I would not have it
 Too bitter for he undergoes already
 Such torment in a woman's naughty pride
 Too harsh reproof would kill him.
 OLD FRANKLIN Leave you that
 45 To my discretion. I have made myself
 My son's executor and am come up
 On purpose to collect his creditors,
 And where I find his pennyworth conscionable
 I'll make them in part satisfaction.—
Enter George
 50 O, this fellow was born near me and his trading here
 i'th' city may bring me to the knowledge of the men
 my son owed money to.
 GEORGE Your worship's welcome to London; and, I pray,
 how does all our good friends i'th' country?
 55 OLD FRANKLIN They are well, George. How thou art shot
 up since I saw thee! What, I think thou art almost out
 of thy time?
 GEORGE I am out of my wits, sir. I have lived in a kind of
 Bedlam these four years. How can I be mine own man
 60 then?
 OLD FRANKLIN Why, what's the matter?
 GEORGE I may turn soap-boiler—I have a loose body—I
 am turned away from my master.
 OLD FRANKLIN How! Turned away!
 65 GEORGE I am gone, sir—not in drink, and yet you may
 behold my indentures.
[He shows the] indenture
 O, the wicked wit of woman—for the good turn I did
 bringing her home she ne'er left sucking my master's
 70 breath like a cat—kissing him I mean—till I was turned
 away!

OLD FRANKLIN I have heard she's a terrible woman.
 GEORGE Yes, and the miserablist! Her sparing in house-
 keeping has cost him somewhat, the Dagger pies can
 testify. She has stood in's light most miserably—like
 75 your fasting days before red letters in the almanac—
 saying the pinching of our bellies would be a mean
 to make him wear scarlet the sooner. She had once
 persuaded him to have bought spectacles for all his
 servants that they might have worn 'em dinner and
 80 supper.
 OLD FRANKLIN To what purpose?
 GEORGE Marry, to have made our victuals seem bigger
 than't was. She shows from whence she came, that my
 wind-colic can witness.
 OLD FRANKLIN Why, whence came she?
 85 GEORGE Marry, from a courtier, and an officer too, that
 was up and down I know not how often.
 OLD FRANKLIN Had he any great place?
 GEORGE Yes, and a very high one, but he got little by it. He
 was one that blew the organ in the court chapel. Our
 90 puritans, especially your puritans in Scotland, could
 ne'er away with him.
 OLD FRANKLIN Is she one of the sect?
 GEORGE 'Faith, I think not, for I am certain she denies her
 husband the supremacy.
 95 OLD FRANKLIN Well, George, your difference may be re-
 conciled. I am now to use your help in a business that
 concerns me. Here's a note of men's names here i'th'
 city unto whom my son owed money, but I do not
 know their dwelling.
 100 GEORGE Let me see, sir. *[Reading]* 'Fifty pound ta'en up at
 use of Master Water Thin, the brewer.'
 OLD FRANKLIN What's he?
 GEORGE An obstinate fellow, and one that denied payment
 of the groats till he lay by th' heels for't. I know him.
 105 *[Reading]* 'Item, fourscore pair of provant breeches o'th'

39 **reprehension** reprimand
 48 **pennyworth conscionable** a reasonable amount
 49 **satisfaction** repayment
 55-7 **shot up . . . time** George has grown so much he looks old enough to have almost completed his period of indenture as an apprentice (but if he has served only four years, he has at least three remaining).
 59 **Bedlam** a madhouse; from Bethlehem, a hospital for the insane
 62 **soap-boiler** Soap was used for suppositor-ies.
loose body because not bound to a master, with a pun on 'soap'
 63 **turned** sent
 66 **indentures** the contract by which an apprentice is bound to a master who undertakes to teach him his trade
 72 **sparing** niggardliness

73 **Dagger pies** pies from the Dagger, a tavern in Cheapside famous for its ale and pies, where George was forced to go for food
 74 **stood in's light** (*fig.*) harmed his interests
 75 **fasting days . . . almanac** Fasting preceded important feasts and saints' days. In almanacs and ecclesiastical calendars such days were printed in red, other days in black.
 77 **wear scarlet** become an alderman
 83 **from whence she came** probably an allusion to the court of James I, in which corruption and scandal were pervasive
 84 **wind-colic** intestinal gas
 87 **up and down** had a place at court and lost it
 88 **great place** powerful position
 89 **got little by it** did not make money from it
 91 **puritans in Scotland** This suggests that

the Scottish puritans were the most extreme of the sect in their hatred of music.
 92 **away with** tolerate
 93 **sect** a puritan
 94-5 **denies . . . supremacy** Puritan teaching insisted on the traditional family hierarchy; here there is probably a bawdy pun on 'supremacy': the uppermost position.
 101-2 **ta'en up at use of** borrowed at interest
 105 **groats** (a) hulled grain, chiefly oats, but also wheat, maize, and barley, of which beer is made; (b) a coin worth 4p.
lay by th' heels literally, was put in irons or the stocks; but also, imprisoned
 106 **fourscore** eighty
provant breeches breeches supplied to soldiers; provant: soldiers' allowance

- new fashion to Pinch Buttock, a hosier in Birchin Lane',
so much.
- 110 OLD FRANKLIN What the devil did he with so many pair of
breeces?
- YOUNG FRANKLIN [*disguised as an old servingman*] Supply a
captain, sir, a friend of his went over to the Palatinate.
- GEORGE 'Item, to my tailor, Master Weatherwise, by St
Clement's Church.'
- 115 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Who should that be? It may be 'tis
the new prophet, the astrological tailor.
- YOUNG FRANKLIN No, no, no, sir; we have nothing to do
with him.
- GEORGE Well, I'll read no further; leave the note to my
discretion. Do not fear but I'll enquire them all.
- 120 OLD FRANKLIN Why, I thank thee, George. [*To George
Cressingham*] Sir, rest assured I shall in all your business
be faithful to you, and at better leisure find time to
imprint deeply in your father the wrong he has done
you. *Exeunt Old Franklin, George, and Young Franklin*
- 125 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM [*to the departing Old Franklin*] You are
worthy in all things.
Enter Saunder
Is my father stirring?
- 130 SAUNDER Yes, sir; my lady wonders you are thus
chargeable to your father and will not direct your-
self unto some gainful study may quit him of your
dependence.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM What study?
- 135 SAUNDER Why, the law, that law that takes up most o'th'
wits i'th' kingdom—not for most good but most gain.
Or divinity—I have heard you talk well and I do not
think but you'd prove a singular fine churchman.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I should prove a plural better, if I
could attain to fine benefices.
- 140 SAUNDER My lady, now she has money, is studying to do
good works. She talked last night what a goodly act it
was of a countess—Northamptonshire breed belike, or
thereabouts—that to make Coventry a corporation rode
through the city naked, and by daylight.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I do not think but you have ladies
living would discover as much in private to advance
but some member of a corporation.
Enter Sir Francis Cressingham
- SAUNDER Well, sir, your wit is still goring at my lady's
projects. Here's your father.
- 150 CRESSINGHAM Thou comest to chide me, hearing how like
a ward I am handled since the sale of my land.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM No, sir, but to turn your eyes into
your own bosom.
- CRESSINGHAM Why, I am become my wife's pensioner, am
confined to a hundred mark a year, t'one suit, and one
155 man to attend me.
- SAUNDER And is not that enough for a private gentleman?
- CRESSINGHAM Peace, sirrah; there is nothing but knave
speaks in thee. And my two poor children must be put
forth to prentice.
- 160 YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
Ha! To prentice! Sir, I do not come
To grieve you but to show how wretched your
Estate was that you could not come to see order
Until foul disorder pointed the way to't—
So inconsiderate yet so fruitful still
165 Is dotage to beget its own destruction.
- CRESSINGHAM
Surely I am nothing, and desire to be so.
[*To Saunder*] Pray thee, fellow, entreat her only to be
quiet;
I have given her all my estate on that condition.
- SAUNDER
Yes, sir; her coffers are well lined, believe me.
- 170 CRESSINGHAM
And yet she is not contented. We observe
The moon is ne'er so pleasant and so clear
As when she is at the full.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM You did not use
My mother with this observance. You are like
The frogs, who, weary of their quiet king,
175 Consented to the election of the stork,
Who in the end devoured them.
- CRESSINGHAM You may see

107 **new fashion** the latest fashion
hosier one who sells hose, stockings;
more generally a men's outfitter, haberdasher

Birchin Lane a street running from
Lombard Street to Cornhill, where
drapers and secondhand clothes dealers
were located

112 **Palatinate** a German protectorate.
James's daughter Elizabeth was married
to the Elector of the Palatinate. English
volunteers for its defence embarked in
July 1620.

113 **Master Weatherwise** also the name of a
character in *No Wit*

113-14 **St Clement's Church** actually St
Clement Danes church, at the east end of
the Strand

116 **new prophet...tailor** probably the
prophet Ball, a Puritan tailor

127.1 *Enter Saunder* Although the stage is
not cleared, the fictional location seems
to have changed to Cressingham's house.

130 **chargeable** burdensome

138 **plural** a reference to the ecclesiastical
practice of priests holding several benefices,
or positions in different locations

139 **benefices** ecclesiastical livings or
positions

140 **studying** planning

141-2 **act... of a countess** According to
legend, Lady Godiva (1040-80) implored
her husband Leofric to reduce Coventry's
heavy taxes. He agreed on the condition
that she ride naked through the city.
She did so, with her hair covering all

her body except her legs. On her return
Leofric issued a charter freeing Coventry
'from servitude'. An annual procession
in her honour was held in Coventry. St
George headed the procession and Lady
Godiva was represented.

142 **Northamptonshire** the county adjacent
to Warwickshire, where Coventry is

146 **discover** uncover

147 **corporation** city administration

148 **goring at** sneering, scoffing at

151 **ward** a person, usually a minor, subject
to a guardian

166 **dotage** (a) infatuation; (b) senility

170 **coffers** boxes or chests for keeping
money or valuables

175-7 **frogs...them** a folktale

- How apt man is to forfeit all his judgement
Upon the instant of his fall.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Look up, sir.
CRESSINGHAM
- 180 O, my heart's broke. Weighty are injuries
That come from an enemy, but those are deadly
That come from a friend for we see commonly
Those are ta'en most to heart. She comes.
Enter Lady Cressingham
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
What a terrible eye she darts on us.
- 185 CRESSINGHAM O, most natural for lightning to go before
the thunder.
LADY CRESSINGHAM What? Are you in council? Are ye
levying faction against us?
CRESSINGHAM Good friend—
- 190 LADY CRESSINGHAM Sir, sir, pray come hither. There is
winter in your looks, a latter winter. Do you complain
to your kindred? I'll make you fear extremely to show
you have any cause to fear. [*To Saunder*] Are the bonds
sealed for the six thousand pounds I put forth to use?
- 195 SAUNDER Yes, madam.
LADY CRESSINGHAM The bonds were made in my uncle's
name?
SAUNDER Yes.
LADY CRESSINGHAM 'Tis well.
- 200 CRESSINGHAM 'Tis strange, though.
LADY CRESSINGHAM Nothing strange. You'll think the al-
lowance I have put you to as strange, but your judge-
ment cannot reach the aim I have in't. You were
pricked last year to be high sheriff, and what it would
205 have cost you I understand now. All this charge and
the other by the sale of your land, and the money at
my dispose, and your pension so small will settle you in
quiet, make you master of a retired life. And our great
ones may think you a politic man and that you are
210 aiming at some strange business, having made all over.
CRESSINGHAM I must leave you. Man is never truly awake
till he be dead. *Exeunt Cressingham and Saunder*
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM What a dream have you made of my
father!
- 215 LADY CRESSINGHAM Let him be so, and keep the proper
place of dreams, his bed, until I raise him.
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Raise him! Not unlikely 'tis you have
ruined him.
LADY CRESSINGHAM You do not come to quarrel?
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM No, certain, but to persuade you to
220 a thing that in the virtue of it nobly carries its own
commendation—and you shall gain much honour by
it, which is the recompense of all virtuous actions—to
use my father kindly.
- LADY CRESSINGHAM Why? Does he complain to you, sir? 225
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Complain! Why should a king com-
plain for anything but for his sins to heaven? The
prerogative of husband is like to his—over his wife.
- LADY CRESSINGHAM
I am full of business, sir, and will not mind you.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
I must not leave you thus. I tell you, mother, 230
'Tis dangerous to a woman when her mind
Raises her to such height it makes her only
Capable of her own merit, nothing of duty.
O, 'twas a strange, unfortunate o'erprising
Your beauty brought him—otherwise discreet— 235
Into the fatal neglect of his poor children.
What will you give us of the late sum you received?
- LADY CRESSINGHAM
Not a penny. Away! You are troublesome and saucy.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
You are too cruel. Denials, even from princes— 240
Who may do what they list—should be supplied
With a gracious verbal usage, that though they do
Not cure the sore they may abate the sense of't.
The wealth you seem to command over is his,
And he I hope will dispose of't to our use.
- LADY CRESSINGHAM
When he can command my will.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM Have you made him 245
So miserable that he must take a law from his wife?
- LADY CRESSINGHAM
Have you not had some lawyers forced to groan
Under the burden?
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
O! But the greater the women 250
The more visible are their vices.
- LADY CRESSINGHAM
So, sir, you have been so bold. By all can bind 255
An oath, and I'll not break it, I will not be
The woman to you hereafter you expected.
- YOUNG CRESSINGHAM
Be not; be not yourself; be not my father's wife;
Be not my Lady Cressingham, and then
I'll thus speak to you. But you must not answer 255

179 **Look up** cheer up188 **faction** opposition194 **put forth to use** loaned at interest204 **pricked** A prick was made next to
the selected names in the list of those
eligible.210 **made all over** put everything in his
wife's name213 **dream** She has made him into a 'dream
come true'.217–18 **Raise...ruined** with a pun on
'raise'; also, with the reference to bed,
probably a double entendre on 'raise'228 **prerogative** right of supremacy233 **Capable** able to perceive234 **o'erprising** overestimating, overvaluing240 **list** please242 **sense** (a) feeling; (b) meaning247 **some lawyers** a probable reference tothe quarrels of Sir Edward Coke and
his wife Elizabeth Hatton over property
and the intended marriage of their
daughter Frances to Sir John Villiers.
Both husband and wife appeared before
the Privy council in a famous series
of confrontations. This allusion to a
contemporary marriage that symbolized
disorder is particularly apposite.

	In your own person.		<i>Enter Lord Beaufort and Knavesbe</i>	
	LADY CRESSINGHAM A fine puppet play!		BEAUFORT	5.2
	YOUNG CRESSINGHAM		Sirrah, be gone, you're base.	
	Good madam, please you pity the distress		KNAVESBE Base, my good lord?	
	Of a poor gentleman that is undone		'Tis a ground part in music, trebles, means,	
260	By a cruel mother-in-law. You do not know her,		All is but fiddling—your honour bore a part,	
	Nor does she deserve the knowledge of any good one,		As my wife says, my lord.	
	For she does not know herself. You would sigh for her		BEAUFORT Your wife's a strumpet.	
	That e'er she took your sex if you but heard		KNAVESBE	
	Her qualities.		Ah, ha! Is she so? I am glad to hear it;	5
	LADY CRESSINGHAM		Open confession, open payment.	
	This is a fine crotchet.		The wager's mine then—a hundred a year my lord—	
	YOUNG CRESSINGHAM		I said so before and staked my head against it.	
	Envy and pride flow in her painted breasts,		Thus after darksome night the day is come, my lord.	
265	She gives no other suck. All her attendants		BEAUFORT	
	Do not belong to her husband. His money is hers;		Hence, hide thy branded head. Let no day see thee,	10
	Marry, his debts are his own. She bears such sway		Nor thou any but thy execution day.	
	She will not suffer his religion be his own		KNAVESBE	
	But what she please to turn it to.		That's the day after washing day, once a week,	
	LADY CRESSINGHAM And all this while		I see 't at home, my lord.	
	I am the woman you libel against.		BEAUFORT Go home and see	
270	YOUNG CRESSINGHAM I remember		Thy prostituted wife—for sure 'tis so—	
	Ere the land was sold you talked of going to Ireland,		Now folded in a boy's adultery.	15
	But should you touch there you would die presently.		My page, on whom the hot-reined harlot dotes—	
	LADY CRESSINGHAM		This night he hath been her attendant—my house	
	Why, man?		he's fled from	
	YOUNG CRESSINGHAM		And must no more return. Go, and make haste, sir	
	The country brooks no poison. Go—		Lest your reward be lost for want of looking to.	
	You'll find how difficult a thing it is		KNAVESBE	
275	To make a settled or assured estate		My reward lost? Is there nothing due	20
	Of things ill gotten. When my father's dead		For what is passed, my lord?	
	The curse of lust and riot follow you—		BEAUFORT	
	Marry some young gallant that may rifle you!		Yes, pander, wittol, macrio, basest of knaves,	
	Yet add one blessing to your needy age,		Thou bolster-bawd to thine own infamy!	
	That you may die full of repentance.		Go! I have no more about me at this time.	
280	LADY CRESSINGHAM Ha, ha, ha!		When I am better stored thou shalt have more	25
	YOUNG CRESSINGHAM		Where'er I meet thee.	
	O! She's lost to any kind of goodness.	<i>Exeunt</i>	KNAVESBE Pander, wittol, macrio, base knave, bolster-	
			bawd; here is but five mark toward a hundred a year.	
			This is poor payment if lords may be trusted no better	
			than thus! I will go home and cut my wife's nose off;	30

256 **puppet play** popular entertainment263 **crotchet** whimsical fancy; perverse notion264 **painted** coloured with cosmetics273 **country . . . poison** St Patrick, according to legend, purged Ireland of venomous creatures.278 **rifle** rob thoroughly

5.2 attributed substantially to Middleton

1 **base** morally low; leads to musical pun2 **ground part** the plain-song or melody on

which a descant is raised

means the middle or intermediate

part in any harmonized composition or

performance, especially the tenor and alto

3 **fiddling** (a) playing the violin; (b) having illicit sexual intercourse**bore a part** cooperated, with a *double entendre*8 **staked my head** with the usual wordplay on 'horns'10 **branded** marked12 **day after washing day** perhaps meaning

that executions (seizures of goods for

debt) were made on clean linen every

week in Knavesbe's house (?)

16 **hot-reined** lustful22 **wittol** contented cuckold**macrio** mackerel, from French:'*maquereau*': a pimp23 **bolster-bawd** pimp; bolster: pillow27-35 **Pander . . . primo** These lines might be spoken as an aside as Knavesbe exits, but he is angry enough not to care if Lord Beaufort hears him.28 **five mark** with a pun on 'mark', since Beaufort hurls five insults at Knavesbe, and perhaps strikes him five times30 **cut . . . off** probably a twisted version of 'cutting one's nose off to spite one's face'; similar confusions follow

I will turn over a new leaf and hang up the page; lastly I will put on a large pair of wet-leather boots and drown myself. I will sink at Queenhithe and rise again at Charing Cross contrary to the statute in *Edwardo primo*. Exit

35 *Enter Old Franklin, Young Franklin still disguised as an old servingman, George, three or four citizens (creditors)*

OLD FRANKLIN Good health to your lordship.

BEAUFORT Master Franklin, I heard of your arrival and the cause of this your sad appearance.

40 OLD FRANKLIN And 'tis no more than as your honour says—indeed, appearance—it has more form than feeling sorrow, sir. I must confess there's none of these gentlemen—though aliens in blood—but have as large cause of grief as I.

FIRST CREDITOR No, by your favour, sir, we are well satisfied. There was in his life a greater hope, but less assurance.

45 SECOND CREDITOR Sir, I wish all my debts of no better promise to pay me thus; fifty in the hundred comes fairly homewards.

50 YOUNG FRANKLIN [*in disguise*] Considering hard bargains and dead commodities, sir.

SECOND CREDITOR Thou sayest true, friend, and from a dead debtor too.

BEAUFORT And so you have compounded and agreed all your son's riotous debts?

55 OLD FRANKLIN There's behind but one cause of worse condition; that done, he may sleep quietly.

FIRST CREDITOR Yes, sure, my lord; this gentleman is come a wonder to us all that so fairly with half a loss could satisfy those debts were dead even with his son, and from whom we could have nothing claimed.

60 OLD FRANKLIN I showed my reason, I would have a good name live after him because he bore my name.

SECOND CREDITOR May his tongue perish first—and that will spoil his trade—that first gives him a syllable of ill.

65 *Enter Camlet*

BEAUFORT Why, this is friendly.

CAMLET My lord!

BEAUFORT Master Camlet! Very welcome.

CAMLET Master Franklin, I take it—these gentlemen I know well, good Master Pennystone, Master Phillip, Master Cheyney! I am glad I shall take my leave of so many of my good friends at once. [*To Beaufort, shaking his hand*] Your hand first, my lord, fare you well, sir. [*To others*] Nay, I must have all your hands to my pass. [*They shake hands*]

70

75

GEORGE Will you have mine too, sir?

CAMLET Yes, thy two hands, George, and I think two honest hands of a tradesman, George, as any between Cornhill and Lombard Street.

GEORGE Take heed what you say, sir; there's Birchin Lane between 'em.

80

BEAUFORT But what's the cause of this, Master Camlet?

CAMLET I have the cause in handling now, my lord. George, honest George, is the cause, yet no cause of George's. George is turned away one way and I must go another.

85

BEAUFORT And whither is your way, sir?

CAMLET

E'en to seek out a quiet life, my lord.
I do hear of a fine peaceable island.

BEAUFORT

Why 'tis the same you live in.

CAMLET

No, 'tis so famed,
But we th'inhabitants find it not so.
The place I speak of has been kept with thunder,
With frightful lightnings, amazing noises,
But now—th'enchantment broke—'tis the land of
peace,
Where hogs and tobacco yield fair increase.

90

95

BEAUFORT This is a little wild, methinks.

CAMLET [*starting to leave*] Gentlemen, fare you well, I am for the Bermudas.

BEAUFORT Nay, good sir, stay—and is that your only cause, the loss of George?

100

CAMLET The loss of George, my lord! Make you that no cause? Why but examine, would it not break the stout heart of a nobleman to lose his george? Much more the tender bosom of a citizen.

31 **hang up the page** In a printing house a newly printed page was hung to dry; 'page' is also a reminder of Selenger.

32 **wet-leather** waterproof; which would seem to prevent, not permit, drowning

33 **Queenhithe** a quay on the north bank of the Thames west of Southwark Bridge, which was a landing place for goods brought to London by sea

34 **Charing Cross** the cross erected by Edward I in honour of Eleanor, his queen, at the then village of Charing Cross between London and Westminster

34-5 **contrary** ... *Edwardo primo* According to legend, Eleanor, queen of Edward I, denied her guilt in the murder of the Lady Mayoress of London, praying that the earth might swallow her if she lied.

She sank immediately to the spot where Charing Cross was later erected and rose again at Queenhithe. She died later, after confessing to all her crimes. Note that contrary to this, Knavesbe intends to sink at Queenhithe and rise at Charing Cross.

42 **aliens in blood** not related to Young Franklin

48 **fifty in the hundred** half of what is owed

51 **dead commodities** unsaleable goods

54 **compounded** settled

56 **behind** not yet mentioned

57 **sleep quietly** rest in peace

70 **Pennystone** or penistone, a coarse woollen cloth manufactured in the Yorkshire town of that name

70-1 **Master Phillip, Master Cheyney**

'Philip and Cheyney' was the name for a worsted material.

79 **Cornhill** a street in London running east from the end of the Poultry past the Royal Exchange to Leadenhall

80 **Birchin Lane** 'To send a person to Birchin Lane' was a proverbial phrase ordering him to be whipped or otherwise punished.

83 **in handling** he holds George's hands

92-5 **The place** ... **increase** a probable allusion to Shakespeare's *Tempest*

98 **Bermudas** The islands symbolized tempests and enchantments.

103 **george** the jewelled figure of St George, part of the insignia of the Order of the Garter

- 105 BEAUFORT Fie, fie, I'm sorry your gravity should run back to lightness thus. You go to the Bermoothes!
 OLD FRANKLIN Better to Ireland, sir.
 CAMLET The land of ire—that's too near home. My wife will be heard from Helbre to Divelin.
- 110 OLD FRANKLIN Sir, I must of necessity awhile detain you; I must acquaint you with a benefit that's coming towards you. You were cheated of some goods of late. Come, I'm a cunning man and will help you to the most part again, or some reasonable satisfaction.
Enter Rachel Camlet [neither husband nor wife seeing the other]
- 115 CAMLET That's another cause of my unquiet life, sir. Can you do that, I may chance stay another tide or two. [*he sees his wife*—My wife!—*[To Old Franklin]* I must speak more private with you. By forty foot pain of death I dare not reach her. No words of me, sweet gentlemen. (*Slips behind the arras*)
- GEORGE I had need hide too. [*Slips behind the arras*]
- RACHEL CAMLET O, my lord, I have scarce tongue enough yet to tell you—my husband, my husband's gone from me. Your warrant, good my lord, I never had such need of your warrant—my husband's gone from me.
- 125 BEAUFORT Going he is, 'tis true; and has ta'en his leave of me and all these gentlemen, and 'tis your sharp tongue that whips him forwards.
- RACHEL CAMLET A warrant, good my lord.
- 130 BEAUFORT You turn away his servants, such on whom his estate depends, he says, who know his books, his debts, his customers. The form and order of all his affairs you make orderless; chiefly, his George you have banished from him.
- 135 RACHEL CAMLET My lord, I will call George again.
 GEORGE (*within*) Call George again.
- BEAUFORT Why, hark you how high-voiced you are that raise an echo from my cellarage which we with modest loudness cannot.
- 140 RACHEL CAMLET My lord, do you think I speak too loud?
 GEORGE (*within*) Too loud.
- BEAUFORT Why hark, your own tongue answers you and reverberates your words into your teeth.
- RACHEL CAMLET I will speak lower all the days of my life. I never found the fault in myself till now. Your warrant, good my lord, to stay my husband.
- 145
- BEAUFORT Well, well, it shall o'ertake him ere he pass Gravesend, provided that he meet his quietness at home, else he's gone again.
- OLD FRANKLIN And withal to call George again. 150
- RACHEL CAMLET I will call George again.
 GEORGE [*within*] Call George again.
 BEAUFORT See, you are raised again; the echo tells you.
 RACHEL CAMLET I did forget myself indeed, my lord; this is my last fault. I will go make a silent enquiry after George; I will whisper half a score porters in the ear that shall run softly up and down the city to seek him. Be wi' ye, my lord; bye all gentlemen. *Exit* 155
[George and Camlet come out from behind the arras]
- BEAUFORT George, your way lies before you now; cross the street and come into her eyes. Your master's journey will be stayed. 160
- GEORGE I'll warrant you bring it to better subjection yet. *[Exit]*
- BEAUFORT These are fine flashes—how now, Master Camlet?
- CAMLET I had one ear lent to you-ward, my lord, And this o'th' t'other side; both sounded sweetly. 165 I have whole recovered my late losses, sir; Th'one half paid, the t'other is forgiven.
- BEAUFORT Then your journey is stayed?
Enter Barber and Knavesbe
- CAMLET Alas, my lord, that was a trick of age, For I had left never a trick of youth 170 Like it to succour me.
- BEAUFORT [*seeing Barber and Knavesbe*] How now? What new object's here?
- BARBER The next man we meet shall judge us.
- KNAVESBE Content, though he be but a common council man. 175
- BEAUFORT The one's a knave; I could know him at twelve-score distance.
- OLD FRANKLIN And t'other's a barber-surgeon, my lord.
- KNAVESBE I'll go no further; here is the honourable lord that I know will grant my request. My lord— 180
- BARBER Peace, I will make it plain to his lordship. My lord, a covenant by *jus jurandum* is between us: he is to

106 **Bermoothes** a contemporary spelling and pronunciation; also the name of a brothel district in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden

109 **Helbre to Divelin** Helbre: a small island in the mouth of the river Dee off West Kirby. Divelin: an old form of Dublin. With *doubles entendres* in 'Hell-bre' and 'Devil-in'. Rachel's strident voice will carry across the Irish sea.

113 **cunning** skilful, ingenious. But a 'cunning-man' was one who was

thought to possess magical knowledge or skill, a quality in keeping with Old Franklin's surprise appearance and plot resolution.

118–19 **By forty foot . . . reach her** i.e. 'On pain of death I must not come within forty feet of her'; a reference in *Doctor Faustus* 2.19 suggests that the distance of forty feet from the gallows has particular significance

131 **books** accounts
 137 **high-voiced** loud

148 **Gravesend** a port in Kent on the south bank of the Thames, thirty miles below London; the limit of the Port of London

150 **withal** as well

158 **Be wi' ye** elliptical form of 'God be with you'

162 **subjection** control, submission

163 **flashes** empty phrases, vulgarisms (?)

171 **succour** assist

175 **common council** the administrative body of London

183 **jus jurandum** Latin: oath

185 suffocate my respiration by his *capistrum* and I to make incision so far as mortification by his jugulars.
 BEAUFORT This is not altogether so plain neither, sir.
 BARBER I can speak no plainer, my lord, unless I wrong mine art.
 190 KNAVESBE I can, my lord; I know some part of the law. I am to take him in this place where I find him and lead him from hence to the place of execution and there to hang him till he dies. He in equal courtesy is to cut my throat with his razor, and there's an end of both on's.
 BARBER There is the end, my lord, but we want the beginning. I stand upon it to be strangled first, before I touch either his *gula* or *cervix*.
 195 KNAVESBE I am against it, for how shall I be sure to have my throat cut after he's hanged?
 BEAUFORT Is this a condition betwixt you?
 200 KNAVESBE A firm covenant, signed and sealed by oath and handfast, and wants nothing but agreement.
 BEAUFORT A little pause—what might be the cause on either part?
 BARBER My passions are grown to putrefaction and my griefs are gangrened. Master Camlet has scarified me all over, besides the loss of my new brush.
 205 KNAVESBE I am kept out of mine own castle, my wife keeps the hold against me; your page, my lord, is her champion. I summoned a parle at the window, was answered with defiance. They confess they have lain together, but what they have done else I know not.
 210 BEAUFORT Thou canst have no wrong that deserves pity, thou art thyself so bad.
 KNAVESBE I thank your honour for that; let me have my throat cut then.
 215 *Enter Selenger as a woman, and Sib Knavesbe*
 CAMLET Sir, I can give you a better remedy than his *capistrum*—your ear a little.
 [*Camlet and Barber talk apart*]
 SIB KNAVESBE
 I come with a bold innocence to answer
 The best and worst that can accuse me here.
 BEAUFORT
 Your husband.
 220 SIB KNAVESBE He's the worst; I dare his worst!
 KNAVESBE
 Your page, your page!
 SIB KNAVESBE We lay together in bed,
 It is confessed. You and your ends of law
 Makes worser of it; I did it for reward.
 BEAUFORT I'll hear no more of this.—Come gentlemen, will
 225 you walk?

184 *capistrum* Latin: halter

195 *stand upon* insist on

196 *gula* Latin: throat

cervix Latin: neck

201 *handfast* the joining of hands in making a bargain

205 *scarified* scarred, covered with scratches

209 *parle* parley: conference

230 *bravely met* finely dressed

241 *pinnacle* a small boat

248 *lading* loading

255 *circumscribed fig.* confined

256 *Abridged* deprived of

extendure extent

Enter Young Cressingham

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM

My lord, a little stay. You'll see a sight
 That neighbour amity will be much pleased with.

Enter Cressingham [in rich new clothing]

'Tis come already—my father, sir.

BEAUFORT

There must be cause certain for this good change.
 Sir, you are bravely met; this is at the best
 I ever saw you.

230

CRESSINGHAM

My lord, I am amazement to myself.
 I slept in poverty and am awake
 Into this wonder. How I came thus brave
 My dreams did not so much as tell me of.
 I am of my kind son's new making up.
 It exceeds the pension much—that yesternight
 Allowed me—and my pockets centupled.
 But I am my son's child, sir; he knows of me
 More than I do myself.

235

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM

Sir, you yet have
 But earnest of your happiness, a pinnace
 Foreriding a goodly vessel, by this near anchor,
 Bulked like a castle and with jewels fraught—
 Joys above jewels, sir, from deck to keel.
 Make way for the receipt, empty your bosom
 Of all griefs and troubles, leave not a sigh
 To beat her back again, she is so stored
 Ye 'ad need have room enough to take her lading.

240

245

CRESSINGHAM

If one commodity be wanting now,
 All this is nothing.

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM

Tush, that must out too,
 There must be no remembrance, not the thought
 That ever youth in woman did abuse you,
 That e'er your children had a stepmother,
 That you sold lands to please your punishment,
 That you were circumscribed and taken in,
 Abridged the large extendure of your grounds
 And put into the pinfold that belonged to't,
 That your son did cheat for want of maintenance.
 That he did beg, you shall remember only,
 For I have begged off all these troubles from you.

250

255

*Enter Lady Cressingham in civil habit, Saunder,
 and [the two] children, very gallant*

BEAUFORT This was a good week's labour.

YOUNG CRESSINGHAM

Not an hour's, my lord, but 'twas a happy one—
 See, sir, a new day shines on you.

260

257 *pinfold (fig.)* a place of confinement

260.1 *civil habit* sober, subdued clothes, presumably in contrast to her previous apparel. The two children are now in fine clothing whereas before they were poorly dressed.

Any thing for a quiet Life.

- BEAUFORT Yes, yes, I dare; he will mend one day.
SIB KNAVESBE And be worse the next.
KNAVESBE
 Hang me the third then, dear merciful wife,
 I will do 'anything for a quiet life'.
360 BEAUFORT All then is reconciled?
BARBER Only my brush is lost, my dear new brush.
OLD FRANKLIN I will help you to satisfaction for that too,
 sir.
BARBER O, *spermaceti*, I feel it heal already.
365 OLD FRANKLIN Gentlemen, I have fully satisfied my dead
 son's debts?
OMNES All pleased, all paid, sir.
OLD FRANKLIN
 Then once more, here I bring him back to life,
 From my servant to my son.
 [*He removes his son's disguise*]
 Nay, wonder not—
370 I have not dealt by fallacy with any;
My son was dead. Whoe'er outlives his virtues
Is a dead man, for when you hear of spirits
That walk in real bodies to the amaze
And cold astonishment of such as meet 'em,
375 And all would shun, those are men of vices
- Who nothing have but what is visible;
And so by consequence they have no souls;
But if the soul return he lives again,
Created newly. Such my son appears
By my blessing rooted, growing by his tears. 380
OMNES You have beguiled us honestly, sir.
YOUNG FRANKLIN And you shall have your brush again.
BARBER My basins shall all ring for joy.
BEAUFORT
 Why, this deserves a triumph, and my cost
 Shall begin a feast to't to which I do 385
 Invite you all. Such happy reconcilements
 Must not be passed without a health of joy.
 Discorded friends atoned, men and their wives,
 This hope proclaims your after quiet lives. *Exeunt*
 Finis
I am sent t'enquire your censure, and to know **Epilogue**
How you stand affected. Whether we do owe
Our service to your favours, or must strike
Our sails—though full of hope—to your dislike. 5
Howe'er, be pleased to think we purposed well,
And from my fellows thus much I must tell,
Instruct us but in what we went astray,
And to redeem it, we'll take any way.

THE PARTS

Adult Males

- CAMLET (284 lines): Surveyor
YOUNG CRESSINGHAM (276 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or*
 Counterbuff
KNAVESBE (256 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or* Counterbuff
GEORGE (238 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or* Counterbuff
BEAUFORT (226 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or* Counterbuff
YOUNG FRANKLIN (213 lines): Surveyor
CRESSINGHAM (176 lines): Fleshhook, *or* Counterbuff
BARBER (125 lines): Surveyor
OLD FRANKLIN (78 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or* Coun-
 terbuff, *or* Ralph
SAUNDER (49 lines): Surveyor; Fleshhook, *or* Counterbuff
RALPH (46 lines): Surveyor; creditor (5.2)
COUNTERBUFF (3.2; 19 lines): any adult male but Camlet,
 Young Franklin, Ralph, George, Sweetball, Fleshhook
Three or Four CREDITORS (5.2; 14 lines): Fleshhook; Coun-
 terbuff; Ralph; *or* Surveyor

- FLESHHOOK (3.2; 4 lines): any adult male but Camlet,
 Young Franklin, Ralph, George, Sweetball, Counterbuff
SURVEYOR (4.1; 4 lines): any adult male but Old Cressing-
 ham

Youths

- SELENGER (45 lines): [Prologue, Epilogue]

Boys

- SIB KNAVESBE (230 lines): Barber's boy
LADY CRESSINGHAM (150 lines): Margarita; Barber's boy
RACHEL CAMLET (86 lines): Margarita; Barber's boy
MARGARITA (37 lines): First Child, *or* Second Child;
 Barber's boy
FIRST CHILD (12 lines): Margarita; Barber's boy
SECOND CHILD (9 lines): Margarita; Barber's boy
BARBER'S BOY (2.3, 2.4; 8 lines): any woman or child

- Most crowded scene: 5.2: 13 speaking parts (+ 6 or 7
 mute)

- 364 *spermaceti* a fatty substance from the
 sperm whale, used medicinally
369.1 *He...disguise* The dialogue suggests
 that some such action occurs.
371-7 *Whoe'er...souls* According to

- church doctrine, a living person could,
through acts of treachery, lose possession
of his soul before he died; then the devil
inhabits the body until its natural death.
Epilogue.1 censure judgement

THE CHANGELING

Text edited and annotated by Douglas Bruster, introduced by Annabel Patterson

The Changeling has been, for at least a century, alive and well in the theatre as well as the classroom. Like *Hamlet*, as the play without which Shakespeare is unimaginable, it has defined Middleton's canon around itself. It has enhanced the otherwise slim reputation of William Rowley, Middleton's collaborator. Though most frequently performed in English-speaking countries, it is known in Europe, having been translated into French (1948, 1956, 1966), Italian (1946), Hungarian (1961), and Spanish (1973); and it has even entered the territory of general literacy. In a 1994 television series, *To Play the King*, De Flores's cynical line, 'Some women are odd feeders', was complacently quoted by the evil British Prime Minister. Like *Hamlet*, *The Changeling* is powered by a toxic brew of domestic violence, sexual obsession and madness. Unlike *Hamlet*, however, *The Changeling* locates those threats to 'normality' in the protagonist's consummated sexual relationship, whose electric charge disables or at least disrupts our evaluative reflexes.

One might not have written such a sentence fifty years ago; but films like *Blue Velvet* (1986), *The Draughtsman's Contract* (1982), and *The Night Porter* (1973) have inured us to studies in sexual obsession. *The Night Porter*, though the earliest of these deliberate shockers, is the most pertinent analogy, since it shows how a criminal record in the past (of a concentration camp official and his Jewish concubine) binds together in the postwar present the hotel servant and the beautiful aristocrat, their social roles reversed, their rediscovered passion entirely self-destructive and entirely convincing. What has come over the film industry, however, is only one of several changes that make it time for a new account of *The Changeling*, one that might beg to differ from N. W. Bawcutt's brilliant and humane introduction to his Revels edition in 1958.

Criticism of Jacobean drama was then predominantly ethical in tone. Bawcutt declared that 'the moral world' of the play 'is the orthodox Christian universe of sin and punishment', and at the end, as the betrayed husband offers his father-in-law the filial duty that his daughter had withheld, 'moral order is finally established'. Today, ethical judgement seems more complicated, and readers and audiences will have contradictory responses. For example, the tendency of feminism to see women as the victims of the system can produce a protagonist who merely overreacted to being forced to marry according to her father's will, not hers. But the critique of dynastic marriage seems less pertinent here, where the daughter suddenly changes *her* mind about whom she desires as a husband, than in *Women, Beware Women*, where

Middleton himself writes a passionate speech (for the Isabella of that play) attacking it. And though Vermandero and Alsemero will now appear to share more of the blame, even today those who arrange for the murder of an inconvenient mate may send shudders down our spines. Horror, however, will not prevent us from identifying more readily with guilty, scheming Beatrice-Joanna than with the cool, hands-off Isabella of the hospital plot, or from imagining what De Flores would be like as a lover. Middleton added to his source the bad skin and 'dogface' that at some level attracts Beatrice as much as it repels her, and, more importantly, makes it clear from what De Flores says that his name matches his belief in defloration as the quintessential form of sexual possession. But would these reactions not have been equally possible for Jacobean audiences? Our answer today may be different from those who in the mid-century defined the 'moral temper' of Jacobean tragedy; but it will likewise be only a guess.

We can speak more securely about the moral temper of literary criticism, which has certainly changed. The Christian-ethical vocabulary has been forgotten by readers accustomed to Freudian and Lacanian psychoanalysis, for whom sexuality is *the* power to which we owe allegiance. This assumption competes with a renewed curiosity about the sociopolitical circumstances in which the English public theatre appeared and spread like some fabulous alien growth. The extent to which *The Changeling* was specifically a play for 1622 is now again an interesting question; a political explanation may actually be necessary for otherwise mysterious additions to the plot and inexplicable remarks. And whereas Marxist and feminist approaches, which may claim that *The Changeling* interrogates hierarchical assumptions in the state and the family, *reverse* the traditionally negative evaluations of characters who breach them, a more narrowly historical approach will not necessarily steer audience sympathy in the same direction. Ideally, one would want to acknowledge all these possibilities, while remaining sensitive to the play's capacity to make us believe in its characters and their predicament—the quality for which it continues to be successfully revived.

The Changeling was a late work of both Middleton and Rowley, and both seem to have profited from years of experience in a theatre where writerly collaboration was, as we sometimes forget, as common as individual authorship. It has been common practice since P. G. Wiggin's 1897 study to attribute to Middleton most of the castle plot, while to Rowley are assigned the hospital plot and the opening and closing scenes of the play. And one strain of

modern criticism deriving from T. S. Eliot has wished the hospital plot entirely away. Samuel Schoenbaum, himself engaged in recuperating Middleton as a tragic writer, declared it 'stupid and tedious, and the treatment of insanity... offensive to the modern reader'. Others, however, have been sensitive to the parallel-with-difference structure, whereby Isabella's successful resistance of her two disguised suitors and the leering warder Lollo is the normative foil to Beatrice-Joanna's betrayals. Several striking verbal analogies between the two plots suggest how closely Middleton and Rowley intended them to be related. Thus the famous moment when De Flores picks up Beatrice-Joanna's gloves and visibly 'thrust[s] his | ... fingers into her sockets' (1.1.237-8) is followed in the next scene by the sexual banter between Lollo and his employer Alibius, who keeps the madhouse and who is also Isabella's newly-married and insanely jealous husband. Will he manage to keep his new 'ring' on his own finger? 'If it but lie by,' sneers Lollo, 'one or other will be thrusting into't' (1.2.30-1).

It seems obvious now that the madness and folly which are literal in the hospital plot metaphorically indict the behaviour of *all* the castle-plot characters; not least because an antemasque of madmen and idiots is to be included in the wedding festivities for Alsemero and Beatrice-Joanna. But Alibius's speech describing his commission suggests a still more mysterious relation between the two plots:

Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all—
But not the all I aim at. Could we so act it
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking Time's
head—

(It were no matter, 'twould be healed again
In one age or other, if not in this). (3.3.280-6)

This enigmatic statement, so out of character for the profit-conscious entrepreneur, is reminiscent of Hamlet's advice to the players that the purpose of theatre is to 'show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure' (3.2.25). Its strangeness plausibly gives these playwrights an alibi for defining *their* larger purpose. For while 'frightful pleasure' implies the sexual Sublime, to break time's head and to imagine its healing in another era suggests not self-destruction but reconstructive zeal.

The two plots explicitly converge in the last scene, where Alsemero explicates the play's title by listing the 'changes' or exchanges they have witnessed; of Beatrice-Joanna into a whore, of De Flores into a murderer, of Diaphanta for her mistress in the nuptial bed, of Tomazo the avenger into a reasonable person. But he concludes with the wide-open question, 'Are there any more on's?' This permits the addition of not one but three changelings from the hospital plot, Antonio, Franciscus and Alibius, whose change, as Isabella points out, 'is still behind', by which she means ahead. The title is therefore retroactively rendered plural, *The Changelings*, and may even have extension into the world outside the play.

One should be wary, however, of taking Alsemero's complacent categories at face value, since he stands self-accused of substituting skin-deep for inner beauty, as also of susceptibility (as victim of a bed-trick) to the cynical view that all cats are grey in the dark. As for his remarkable observation that 'servant-obedience' has changed in the person of De Flores to 'a master-sin: imperious murder', it logically implies that murder is the privilege of the aristocracy. This locution might support a class-based analysis of the play such as proposed by Jonathan Dollimore and modified by Cristina Malcolmson; but it makes better sense in the context of a highly specific political interpretation.

The most strenuous effort to provide this appears in a 1990 collaborative study by A. A. Bromham and Zara Bruzzi, who read the entire play as a 'hieroglyph' of its times, specifically the 'years of crisis' from 1619 to 1624. This is specificity indeed. But they can rightly claim that Middleton signalled his general intentions by topical allusion to the scandalous divorce of Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, from Robert Devereux, third earl of Essex, and her remarriage to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the King's current favourite. The divorce was achieved by the claim of non-consummation, confirmed by a panel of matrons who examined the Countess internally. There was widespread scepticism about this test, including rumours that an actual virgin had been substituted for the Countess, who insisted on remaining veiled. When Beatrice-Joanna, terrified lest Alsemero will discover on their wedding night that she is no longer intact, engages Diaphanta as her substitute, and experiments on her with the medical test intended for herself, Diaphanta mutters in an aside: 'She will not search me, will she, | Like the forewoman of a female jury?' (4.1.102-3).

This odd remark was acknowledged by A. H. Bullen in 1885 and by Margot Heinemann in 1980 as an unmistakable allusion to the Somerset scandal; but in the Modernist criticism of the interim its importance was submerged. For Schoenbaum the whole episode of the virginity test was 'ridiculous'. Bawcutt saw it as fantastic, and wondered whether Middleton himself 'took it very seriously'. But we should remember that while the *name* of De Flores appeared in Middleton's source, John Reynolds's *The Triumphs of God's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder*, there is no such emphasis there on defloration. Middleton added the entire episode of the tests and the bed-trick, thereby making virginity and its overvaluation a central theme of his tragedy.

In 1616, Howard and Somerset were tried for the murder of a courtier, Sir Thomas Overbury, who had strenuously opposed the divorce and remarriage. They were found guilty; their accomplices were executed, but their own sentences were commuted by James, and in January 1622 they were released from their none-too-uncomfortable restraint in the Tower. In that year it would also, therefore, have been just possible to hear another topical allusion in Alsemero's strange remark about Vermandero: 'How shall I dare to venture in his castle

| When he discharges murderers at the gate?' (I.I.226–7). Editors gloss this remark with the information that 'murderers' was a contemporary term for small cannon, but the remark still seems unwarranted. Later, a textual echo reinforces the more commonplace meaning—Vermandero's discovery that Antonio and Franciscus have been missing from his retinue since the day of Piracquo's murder: 'The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder | Is brought within my castle gate' (4.2.10–11).

It may be that Middleton used these allusions as discreet reparation for his earlier response to the Howard-Somerset marriage, the *Masque of Cupids* written to celebrate it, of which no text survives. But by using the Somerset affair as their key to interpretation, Bromham and Bruzzi went far beyond seeing such hints at abuse of power and privilege. They constructed a huge allegorical edifice, in which almost every detail of the play text is pressed into service. Middleton becomes a Puritan propagandist like Thomas Scott, obsessed by the fear of Roman Catholicism, which the Howard family were suspected of promoting, but also packing his play with the language of contemporary propaganda against Arminianism, the halfway house of conservative theology. Popular opposition to the so-called Spanish marriage—James's plan to marry Prince Charles to the Spanish Infanta and so promote his dream of a Europe reunited by dynastic ties—also becomes part of this frame, as does the crisis in the Palatinate, where James's own daughter Elizabeth and her husband Frederick, the Elector Palatine of Bohemia, had been driven out by Spanish forces. The nature and fate of *A Game at Chess* proves that Middleton was concerned with these issues. In what follows I want to distinguish between that reasonable hypothesis and the manner in which Bromham and Bruzzi stretch it beyond plausibility; not least because they cite my own theories of how literature responds to censorship as encouragement for their methods.

That recent European history was supposed to be part of the interpretive context is signalled in the opening scene, where Alsemero and Vermandero identify themselves as Spaniards and hence as enemies of the Protestant Dutch. Vermandero refers to the death of Alsemero's father at the Battle of Gibraltar in 1607, in which 'those rebellious Hollanders' defeated the Spanish fleet, and Alsemero responds, 'Whose death I had revenged... had not the late league | Prevented me' (I.I.186–9). This locates the action as occurring shortly after the Treaty of the Hague in 1609, which provided for a twelve-year truce between Spain and the United Provinces. By the time *The Changeling* was staged, the truce had lapsed (in 1621), and those same 'rebellious Hollanders' had provided a haven for the King and Queen of Bohemia.

This opening gambit presented *The Changeling* to audiences of 1622 as a contemporary play about 'Spanish' values in the context of international relations; but 'Spain' is also in some sense England. In explaining to Beatrice-Joanna that he is not rash in declaring his love for her instantaneously, Alsemero compares his eyes to the House

of Commons, his judgement to the Lords, their agreement to the legislative consent of both Houses, *her* agreement to the royal concurrence (I.I.78–82). This witticism, a combination of Rowley's punsterism with Middleton's mordant irony, would remind an alert audience not of the smooth functioning of a limited monarchy, but of the currently deadlocked relation between James I and his Parliament. In 1621 the Commons had petitioned the King to abandon his pro-Spanish policy and the Spanish marriage negotiations, and to engage instead in a war *against* Spain, which would also constitute positive intervention in the fate of the Palatinate. In response, the King, who had already prohibited discussion of these matters in the press or the pulpit, cut short official debate by dissolving his Parliament.

From 1620 to 1624, when Parliament reconvened, there were therefore unusually strong motives for the theatre to take up the foreign policy debate. Both Jerzy Limon and Thomas Cogswell have shown how censorship and resistance to it, in the form of libels, sermons and unlicensed pamphlets, were intensified in these years. In *A Game at Chess* Middleton asks a telling question:

Whose policy was't to put a silenced muzzle
On all the barking tongue-men of the time?
Made pictures, that were dumb enough before,
Poor sufferers in that politic restraint? (3.I.102–105)

And one of the strongest points made by Bromham and Bruzzi is that John Reynolds, the author whose story Middleton borrowed for *The Changeling*, was himself an anti-Spanish propagandist who suffered from this 'politic restraint', being unable to publish his *Vox Coeli* until 1624, and then finding himself in prison in consequence. Was *The Triumph of God's Revenge*, entered in the Stationers' Register on 7 June 1621, an alternative way of 'picturing' support for the Puritan/Protestant faction in England? The tone of this collection, its focus on murderers, and its prefatory reference to writers 'cautious to disguise and maske their Acts, under the vayles of other names' (sig. B2^v) would seem to answer yes. But there is nothing in Reynolds's version of Middleton's tragic plot that matches the political entry codes I have just observed in *The Changeling*.

Other evidence from theatre history supports the hypothesis of a European-political subtext. *The Changeling* was licensed for performance on 7 May 1622 by Sir John Astley. The theatre was the Phoenix, the company the Lady Elizabeth's, otherwise known as the Queen of Bohemia's, which had just been reconstituted for London business in 1621 or 1622. After the disruptive plague of 1625 some of its members would merge with the remnant of the Palsgrave's (the Elector Palatine's ancestor) in the King and Queen of Bohemia's Company. The company, then, implied an allegiance. *The Changeling* was the first of the plays licensed to the new company; and on 4 January 1624, Sir Henry Herbert recorded its court performance 'by the Queene of Bohemias company,... the prince only being there'. This special performance before

Prince Charles, just back (in October) from his abortive courtship of the Spanish Infanta, was probably a sign that Charles and Buckingham had already switched their policy from Hispanophilia to its opposite. Ironically, then, Charles himself became one of the many ‘changelings’ whose inconstancy the play either feared or encouraged.

But the most that can be argued from this collage of internal signposts and stage historical detail is that *The Changeling* permitted its original audiences to intuit a connection between Spanish/Catholic interests, crimes of violence, and sexuality out of control. Even at the level of allusion to the Somerset scandal, if one extends the analogy and imagines Somerset as De Flores, or James I himself as Vermandero, discomfort sets in. While early modern audiences expected only a loose fit between fiction and recent history (and I have elsewhere argued that Jacobean drama often employed inexact analogy for the purposes of deniability), Bromham and Bruzzi strain credibility when they turn *The Changeling* into a hostile political allegory of Jacobean foreign and domestic policy.

And in so far as we must assess the claims of different interpretive approaches, it is important to recognize that in *The Changeling*, as is not the case in *A Game at Chess*, an anti-Catholic agenda runs athwart an audience’s tendency to identify emotionally with the most doomed and interesting characters. Such an agenda is logically incompatible with Marxist or feminist claims that the play supports its rebels against convention, even if only temporarily and before recontainment; but it is *almost* compatible with the old-fashioned moralism by which Beatrice is condemned, in Bawcutt’s terminology, as ‘selfish, proud, self-righteous to the point of complacency, and in the later scenes hard and unscrupulous’ (lv).

This interpretive impasse can be, if not resolved, rendered less trivial if we imagine that Middleton and Rowley deliberately created it. What makes *The Changeling* work, both on the page and on the stage, is something less schematic and more accessible to a mixed audience than political allegory (though it can certainly have political dimensions). That something is ethical undecidability, an experience much attested to in the seventeenth century, and almost endemic today. The reciprocal exchange of meaning between the two plots, with its broad suggestion that the madhouse is coextensive with the nation, is only part of the story. Another is simply the quality of the writing, the ‘frightful pleasure’ of the perfect blank verse line in appalling circumstances:

I have within mine eye all my desires (2.2.8)
 Methinks I feel her in mine arms already (2.2.149)
 I could not get the ring without the finger (3.4.29)
 This fellow has undone me endlessly (4.1.1)

More subliminal still is the unusual system of linguistic bonding that Middleton and Rowley devised for this play, the structure of keywords that stand for, and lock together, those major issues (then and now) that otherwise might tend to separate out and dominate a reading or production. Christopher Ricks wrote a brilliant essay on

‘moral and poetic’ structure as deducible from the play’s vocabulary; but his method can be extended to question, once again, the explanatory power of an exclusively moral thematics. Obviously ‘change’ (with nineteen occurrences) is a keyword in *The Changeling*, and ‘choice’, ‘judgement’ and ‘will’ (emphases noted, tellingly, by both Bawcutt and Bromham/Bruzzi) belong to the realm of ethical decision-making or its failure. But ‘service’, with seventeen occurrences, also demands attention. It belongs ambiguously to the territories of formalized Petrarchan courtship, copulation, and class hierarchy. ‘Danger’ and ‘secrets’ and their cognates are unsurprising in a Jacobean melodrama, but ‘blood’, with its double reference to aristocratic birth and butchery, is here used with absolute clarity to signify analytical confusion. ‘Push, you forget yourself!’ says De Flores to Beatrice-Joanna when she reacts with horror to his proposition, ‘A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty?’ (3.4.128–9). Bleeding from the fatal stab De Flores has given her, she cries to her father at the end, ‘I am that of your blood was taken from you | For your better health’ (5.3.150–1), alluding to the end of the dynasty as well as to the medical practice of blood-letting.

Ricks noted these significances in ‘blood’ and ‘service’, but not that ‘poison’ appears no less than thirteen times, a strange verbal obsession in a play in which (unlike *Women, Beware Women*) no literal poison is used. The word runs secretly through the veins of this text until we can feel it burning; and though to some in 1622 it might have suggested poor Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned in the Tower, Alsemero glosses it as phobia. Thus in a world of flawed personalities, wine, oil and the scent of roses may all be poisonous to someone, and Beatrice does well to ask, ‘And what may be *your* poison, Sir?’ (1.1.127). As for ‘pleasure’, poison’s opposite, we have already seen it rendered sublime and oxymoronic in Alibius’s ‘frightful pleasure’; but a careful reader can discover that elsewhere in the play it is *always* sexual, and especially a sign of De Flores’s priorities. ‘The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy,’ he says, forcing Beatrice-Joanna to recognize the colour of the coin in which she must pay for murder, ‘My pleasure from me’ (3.4.163–4). ‘Yes,’ he cries defiantly in the last scene, ‘and her honour’s prize | Was my reward. I thank life for nothing | But that pleasure’ (5.3.167–9). So much for the primacy of the economic.

In the live theatre, of course, we cannot count words to discover subliminal thematics, and such balancing acts as I have just performed between *The Changeling*’s preoccupations are usually impossible for a director. But in one respect the performance history of *The Changeling* actually intensifies the dilemma of the scholarly interpreter, at least when a historicizing criticism is at issue. For if we are correct in inferring from the text an ‘oppositional’ agenda in the earliest seventeenth-century productions, how long could it have lasted? What could the play have meant to a Restoration audience? In 1659 John Rhodes, a former actor who sensed another change of the political winds, assembled a new Duke of York’s Company which included

The Changeling in its repertoire. We do not know to what qualities Samuel Pepys referred when he recorded seeing it at the Whitefriars on 23 February 1661, with Thomas Betterton playing De Flores, and reported that 'it takes exceedingly'. Joost Daalder records a court performance on 30 November 1668; but this could scarcely have carried the same message as the one before Charles II's father forty-six years earlier.

The 1668 performance was the last recorded before the revivals of the twentieth century, where the universities were considerably ahead of the professional theatre. The first modern production recorded by Marilyn Roberts was a Yale University student performance in May 1924, when most of the hospital plot was cut. But this strategy seems to have been more typical of university, radio or television productions than for the professional theatre. For instance, the first professional stage performance, in 1961, was directed by Tony Richardson for the English Stage Company at the Royal Court. Richardson set the play in the period of Goya's Spain, and spent considerable effort in making the hospital plot integral. In 1970, Peter Stein's production at the Schauspielhaus in Zurich made it symbolic of a bleak modernity illuminated by blue neon, and illustrating, so Dieter Sturm wrote for the programme, our vacillation between 'Herrschaft and Sexualität, ... sozialer Ordnung und psychischer Unterdrückung'. Although one reviewer of the 1977 production by the Wiesbaden Theatre reminded his readers of English Hispanophobia in the 1620s, stage revivals unsurprisingly tend to favour the broader categories of psycho-social analysis over historical reconstruction. In Peter Gill's 1978 production at the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, the audience seating was raised on scaffolding, creating an underground world in which the lunatics were allowed to roam like wild animals; while Terry Hands's production of the same year focused primarily on the sexuality of Beatrice-Joanna, emphasized the multiple sexual puns in the text, and created a stylized moral colour scheme of red and black, which is not so

different, finally, from the black and white of an earlier ethical tradition.

But in Richard Eyre's notorious production for the Lyttleton Theatre in June 1988, the distinction between stage and study seems to have been deliberately, if confusingly, abrogated. The impact of new academic styles of criticism—Marxist, feminist and ethnic (and their competition)—was rendered explicit. The programme featured a portrait of Miranda Richardson as Beatrice-Joanna, with primitive symmetrical gashes on both cheeks, an effect repeated for De Flores. The Eyre programme also became a work of cross-cultural (and often self-contradictory) theory, featuring mini-essays on class and race, enforced dynastic marriage, the early modern madhouse, and the rise of capitalism. Eyre himself was quoted as saying: 'I have tried to make this [Jacobean] interdependence of rank and money visibly apparent, by transposing the play to a Spanish slave colony of the nineteenth century'. By way of Ronald Harwood's *All the World's a Stage*, readers were invited to locate the play specifically in early seventeenth-century England, and to imagine it imagining 'the internecine rage of the Civil War to come'. But this prophetic turn was itself compared to the nightmares of psychiatric patients in the 1920s and 1930s which Jung diagnosed as previews of Fascist horrors. We come full circle, then, to the world of *The Night Porter*.

Despite its confusions, one sentence in this medley will serve us well. 'Sometimes a nation', wrote Harwood, 'will choose the theatre to do its collective dreaming.' Provided we see them as sharing with us the diagnosis as well as the symptoms, it would be hard to write a better sentence in which to condense Middleton and Rowley's achievement, and to explain why *The Changeling* seems so disturbingly familiar today.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1094

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 422

Other Middleton–Rowley works: *Weapons*, 980; *Quarrel*, 1209; *Old Law*, 1331; *Tennis*, 1405; *Gypsy*, 1723

WILLIAM ROWLEY and THOMAS MIDDLETON

The Changeling

[for Lady Elizabeth's Men at The Phoenix]

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

BEATRICE-Joanna, *Daughter to Vermandero*
DE FLORES, *Servant to Vermandero*
ALSEMERO, *A Nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice*
JASPERINO, *His friend*
DIAPHANTA, *Beatrice's Waiting-woman*
VERMANDERO, *A Noble captain, father to Beatrice*
TOMAZO de Piracquo, *A Noble lord*
ALONZO de Piracquo, *His brother, suitor to Beatrice*
ISABELLA, *Wife to Alibius*

ALIBIUS, *A jealous doctor*
LOLLIO, *His man*
ANTONIO, *A Gallant, and counterfeit fool*
FRANCISCUS, *A Gallant, and counterfeit madman*
PEDRO, *Friend to Antonio*
MADMEN
SERVANTS
Gentlemen
Gentlewomen
Gallants

I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
 Enter Alsemero

ALSEMERO

'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,
And now again the same; what omen yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary.
Why should my hopes of fate be timorous?
5 The place is holy, so is my intent:
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blest,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.
10 The church hath first begun our interview

And that's the place must join us into one;
So there's beginning and perfection too.

Enter Jasperino

JASPERINO

O sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you,
You're like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

ALSEMERO

Sure you're deceivèd, friend; 'tis contrary
In my best judgement.

15

JASPERINO

What, for Malta?

If you could buy a gale amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth
As comes o' God's name.

Title Although Antonio is identified as 'the' changeling in the *dramatis personae* of the 1653 quarto, this may well have been a later interpolation. The word 'changeling' had numerous meanings, many of them applicable here: (a) a retarded (here 'foolish') or ugly child left in place of another child by fairies; (b) a fickle, inconstant person (compare Tilley C234), often with implications of sexual infidelity; (c) any person substituted for another. During the late 1610s and early 1620s 'changeling' began to be applied with increasing frequency to those who had changed and otherwise altered gender roles. Patrick Hannay's 1618/19 *Happy Husband*, for example, complains

of a man 'so womaniz'd turn'd Dame,
| As place 'mongst *Ovids* changlings
he might claime'; and in *The Spanish Gypsy* (1623), Pretiosa vows to 'play the changeling', altering her shape, posture, and voice a thousand ways as she cross dresses (as a man) (2.1.106 ff).

I.1.6 the holy purpose marriage

8-12 the place... perfection too Alsemero persuades himself that his love of Beatrice-Joanna is as holy as the place where it began ('the temple'); that it is directed ('my intent') toward marriage ('the holy purpose'), a state comparable to that of Adam and Eve before the Fall ('man's first creation', where the Garden of Eden—'the place blessed'—is man's

'right home back'); and, because they will be married there, the church is the fitting place first to have seen each other.

10 **interview** literally: mutual view, sight of each other

14 **like** likely

15 **contrary** against him (a wind which blows away from Alicante (and Beatrice) is 'contrary' to his wishes)

17 **buy... witches** In Renaissance folklore, witches were believed to have power over the weather, especially that which could affect ships at sea.

18 **lucky pennyworth** bargain

19 **o' God's name** without charge—the grace of God not for sale.

- ALSEMERO Even now I observed
 20 The temple's vane to turn full in my face,
 I know 'tis against me.
- JASPERINO Against you?
 Then you know not where you are.
- ALSEMERO Not well indeed.
- JASPERINO Are you not well, sir?
 ALSEMERO Yes, Jasperino;
 Unless there be some hidden malady
 Within me, that I understand not.
- 25 JASPERINO And that
 I begin to doubt, sir: I never knew
 Your inclinations to travels at a pause
 With any cause to hinder it till now.
 Ashore you were wont to call your servants up,
 30 And help to trap your horses for the speed;
 At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
 Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
 Be in continual prayers for fair winds,
 And have you changed your orisons?
- ALSEMERO No, friend;
 35 I keep the same church, same devotion.
- JASPERINO Lover I'm sure you're none; the stoic
 Was found in you long ago—your mother
 Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty
 (Ay, and choice ones too), could never trap you that
 way.
 What might be the cause?
- 40 ALSEMERO Lord, how violent
 Thou art! I was but meditating of
 Somewhat I heard within the temple.
- JASPERINO Is this violence?
 'Tis but idleness compared with your haste yesterday.
- ALSEMERO I'm all this while a-going, man.
Enter Servants
- JASPERINO Backwards,
 45 I think, sir.—Look, your servants.
- FIRST SERVANT The seamen call; shall we board your
 trunks?
- ALSEMERO No, not today.
- JASPERINO 'Tis the critical day,
 It seems, and the sign in Aquarius.
- SECOND SERVANT [*aside*] We must not to sea today? This
 50 smoke will bring forth fire.
- ALSEMERO Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,
 Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand
 Ere I can go to sea.
- FIRST SERVANT Well, your pleasure. 55
- SECOND SERVANT [*aside*] Let him e'en take his leisure, too;
 we are safer on land. *Exeunt Servants*
Enter Beatrice-Joanna, Diaphanta, and Servants.
 [*Alsemero greets Beatrice and kisses her*]
- JASPERINO [*aside*] How now! The laws of the Medes are
 changed, sure. Salute a woman? He kisses too: won-
 60 derful! Where learnt he this? And does it perfectly too;
 in my conscience he ne'er rehearsed it before. Nay, go
 on; this will be stranger and better news at Valencia
 than if he had ransomed half Greece from the Turk.
- BEATRICE You are a scholar, sir.
- ALSEMERO A weak one, lady.
- BEATRICE Which of the sciences is this love you speak of? 65
- ALSEMERO From your tongue I take it to be music.
- BEATRICE You are skilful in't, can sing at first sight.
- ALSEMERO And I have showed you all my skill at once.
 I want more words to express me further,
 And must be forced to repetition: 70
 I love you dearly.
- BEATRICE Be better advised, sir:
 Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgements,
 And should give certain judgement what they see;
 But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders
 Of common things, which when our judgements find, 75
 They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.
- ALSEMERO But I am further, lady; yesterday

30 **trap** harness, put trappings on
for the speed to speed up the process
 31 **'em** the servants
 34 **orisons** prayers
 36 **the stoic** The stoic philosophers were
 believed to have shunned emotion
 and sentiment in favour of rational,
 dispassionate existence.
 42 **Somewhat** something
 48 **critical** (astrologically) crucial
 49 **Aquarius** in the zodiac, the water sign—
 propitious for sailing
 50–1 **This smoke... fire** proverbial: 'No
 smoke without some fire' (Tilley, Dent
 S569). The Second Servant hints at some

hidden meaning behind the order not to
 board ship.
 57.1 **Beatrice-Joanna** Etymologically,
 'Beatrice' means 'one who blesses/makes
 happy', and 'Joanna' means 'the Lord's
 grace'. But a strong pejorative sense also
 obtained in each case: Beatrice was a
 common nickname for a brazen woman,
 and Joanna for a common one.
Diaphanta (from the Greek),
 'transparent', 'light-revealing', 'glowing
 (red-hot)'.
 58 **laws of the Medes** proverbially constant;
 compare Daniel 6:8: 'the law of the

Medes & Persians, which altereth not'.
 59 **Salute** greet, address
 61 **in my conscience** truly, to my knowledge
 62 **Valencia** capital of the province of
 Valencia, on the east coast of Spain.
 63 **than if... Turk** (Greece was at this time
 controlled by Turkey)
 67 **sing at first sight** sight-read (both love
 and music)—i.e. You waste no time.
 With understated bawdy.
 69 **want** lack
 75 **Of** concerning
 76 **check** rebuke, censure
 77 **I... further** I'm past that stage

Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
 They brought my judgement, where are both agreed.
 80 Both Houses then consenting, 'tis agreed,
 Only there wants the confirmation
 By the hand royal—that's your part, lady.
 BEATRICE O, there's one above me, sir.
 [Aside] For five days past to be recalled!
 85 Sure mine eyes were mistaken: this was the man was
 meant me.
 That he should come so near his time, and miss it!
 JASPERINO [aside] We might have come by the carriers from
 Valencia, I see, and saved all our sea-provision; we are
 at farthest, sure. Methinks I should do something too; I
 90 meant to be a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's another
 vessel; I'll board her: if she be lawful prize, down goes
 her topsail.
 [He crosses to and greets Diaphanta]
 Enter De Flores
 DE FLORES
 Lady, your father—
 BEATRICE Is in health, I hope.
 DE FLORES
 Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady:
 He's coming hitherward.
 95 BEATRICE What needed, then,
 Your duteous preface? I had rather
 He had come unexpected; you must stall
 A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:
 And how welcome for your part you are,
 I'm sure you know.
 100 DE FLORES [aside] Will't never mend, this scorn,
 One side nor other? Must I be enjoined
 To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,
 Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight

Of her at all opportunities,
 If but to spite her anger. I know she had
 105 Rather see me dead than living, and yet
 She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.
 ALSEMERO
 You seemed displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.
 BEATRICE
 Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,
 Nor can I other reason render you,
 110 Than his or hers, of some particular thing
 They must abandon as a deadly poison,
 Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;
 Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
 The same that report speaks of the basilisk.
 115 ALSEMERO
 This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
 There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found
 But hath his imperfection: one distastes
 The scent of roses, which to infinites
 Most pleasing is, and odoriferous;
 120 One oil, the enemy of poison;
 Another wine, the cheerer of the heart,
 And lively refresher of the countenance.
 Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general:
 There's scarce a thing but is both loved and loathed.
 125 Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.
 BEATRICE
 And what may be your poison, sir? I am bold with
 you.
 ALSEMERO
 What might be your desire, perhaps—a cherry.
 BEATRICE
 I am no enemy to any creature
 130 My memory has but yon gentleman.

80-2 **Both Houses** ... **hand royal** political metaphor drawing on the two 'Houses' of parliament ('eyes', 'judgement'), which could propose a measure to which the monarch ('hand royal') might assent; Alsemero implies he wants her hand in marriage.
 83 **one above me** i.e. her father
 84 **five days past** apparently the length of time since her betrothal, upon which she now wishes to recant
 87 **by the carriers** i.e. by land (thus slowly) instead of by sea
 89 **at farthest** at the end (i.e. of one's journey, abilities, or wits). Perhaps here: 'we are surely out of our minds'.
 90 **a venturer** a partner in the commercial 'venture' of the voyage (here metaphorical: 'venture' = love, wooing)
 91 **vessel ship** (= Diaphanta), continuing the nautical metaphor.
board come alongside (i.e. accost)
lawful prize Sea adventurers were supposed to obey certain laws in taking plunder; the metaphor is one of 'boarding' Diaphanta, which may depend on her marital status.
 92 **topsail** A lowered sail signalled surrender; here of the woman to her accoster.
 92.2 **De Flores** both 'of the flowers' and 'the deflowerer'
 95 **What needed, then** what need was there, then, for
 97 **unexpected** i.e. unannounced
stall (a) 'to bring to a standstill, render unable to proceed' (OED v. III. 111a) (b) 'to take away (a person's) appetite' (OED v. III. 12a) (c) = *install*, with play on political sense of 'presence' (l. 98), 'to place in a high office or dignity' (OED v. II. 7a)
 98 **A good presence** more desirable company (i.e. of Vermandero)
blabbing babbling
 101 **One side nor other** one way or another (see 'side' OED sb.¹ III.2)
enjoined ordered (by the 'fates' of l. 103)
 102 **still** always
 110-11 **reason** ... **Than his or hers, of than** any other person's (i.e. idiosyncratic) reasons concerning
 111-13 **some** ... **wholesome** compare the proverb: 'One man's meat is another man's poison' (Tilley M483)
 112 **abandon** reject
 113 **were** would be
 114 **that same fellow** i.e. De Flores; here 'fellow' = a man of low worth
 115 **report** legend, myth
basilisk a mythological serpent which could kill by its look
 118 **distastes** dislikes
 119 **infinites** an infinite number of people
 121 **One** i.e. one man
 122 **cheerer of the heart** proverbial
 123 **countenance** demeanour toward others as expressing good or ill will (OED sb. 7)
 127-8 **poison** ... **a cherry** probably a kiss of her cherry-like lips, hence instrument of her 'desire'—where 'poison' = her influence in love, greatly exaggerated for effect. But perhaps with bawdy as well.
 130 **yon gentleman** i.e. De Flores

- ALSEMERO
He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.
- BEATRICE
He cannot be ignorant of that, sir:
I have not spared to tell him so; and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
135 In good respect with my father, and follows him.
- ALSEMERO He's out of his place then now. [*They talk apart*]
JASPERINO [*to Diaphanta*] I am a mad wag, wench.
- DIAPHANTA So methinks; but for your comfort I can tell
you, we have a doctor in the city that undertakes the
140 cure of such.
- JASPERINO Tush, I know what physic is best for the state
of mine own body.
- DIAPHANTA 'Tis scarce a well-governed state, I believe.
- JASPERINO I could show thee such a thing with an ingredi-
ent that we two would compound together, and if it did
145 not tame the maddest blood i'th' town for two hours
after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.
- DIAPHANTA A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you
sleep.
- 150 JASPERINO Poppy? I'll give thee a pop i'th' lips for that
first, and begin there. [*He kisses her*] Poppy is one
simple indeed, and cuckoo what-you-call't another. I'll
discover no more now; another time I'll show thee all.
They talk apart
Enter Vermandero and Servants
- 155 BEATRICE My father, sir.
VERMANDERO O Joanna, I came to meet thee.
Your devotion's ended?
- BEATRICE For this time, sir.
[*Aside*] I shall change my saint, I fear me; I find
A giddy turning in me.—Sir, this while
160 I am beholden to this gentleman,
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle: he hath deserved it, sir,
- If ye please to grant it.
- VERMANDERO With all my heart, sir.
Yet there's an article between: I must know
165 Your country; we use not to give survèy
Of our chief strengths to strangers. Our citadels
Are placed conspicuous to outward view
On promonts' tops; but within are secrets.
- ALSEMERO
A Valencian, sir.
- VERMANDERO A Valencian?
That's native, sir; of what name, I beseech you?
170
- ALSEMERO
Alsemero, sir.
- VERMANDERO Alsemero? Not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
- ALSEMERO The same, sir.
- VERMANDERO
My best love bids you welcome.
- BEATRICE [*aside*] He was wont
To call me so, and then he speaks a most
175 Unfeignèd truth.
- VERMANDERO O sir, I knew your father:
We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth Iulan down,
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had coined us into silver. Well, he's gone;
180 A good soldier went with him.
- ALSEMERO You went together in that, sir.
- VERMANDERO No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him.
Yet I have done somewhat too. An unhappy day
Swallowèd him at last at Gibraltar,
185 In fight with those rebellious Hollanders.
Was it not so?
- ALSEMERO Whose death I had revenged,
Or followed him in fate, had not the late league
Prevented me.
- VERMANDERO Ay, ay, 'twas time to breathe.

- 131 **tempt** test
- 133-4 **want** | **To help myself** lack means to correct this (by banishing him)
- 135 **respect** repute
follows serves
- 136 **He's... now** therefore he's in the wrong place (Vermandero being absent)
- 139 **doctor** i.e. Alibius (presented in the following scene)
- 141 **Tush** a Rowleyan interjection
physic medicine
state Diaphanta plays on the metaphor of state as 'body politic'.
- 144-5 **I could... together** Under cover of medicinal discourse, Jasperino hints plainly at his need for sexual gratification.
- 144 **such a thing** i.e. his penis
- 144-5 **ingredient** with bawdy play on the etymological sense of ingredient as 'a thing which enters in or penetrates' (*OED sb. 2*)
- 145 **compound** (a) mix (b) copulate.
Jasperino plays on the sexual symbolism of the mortar and pestle
- 146 **blood** the seat of passion and desire
- 148 **poppy** a sleep-inducing, opiate plant
- 152 **simple** medicine or herb
cuckoo what-you-call't probably the plant called the 'cuckoo-pintle' (wild arum) used medicinally. 'Pintle' was slang or dialectal for 'penis'—thus Jasperino's leading 'what-you-call't'.
- 153 **discover** reveal
- 158 **saint** here (and later) a pun on saint as (a) religious figure and (b) lover; compare 5.3.53
- 165 **article** this metaphor turns on the notion of a legal contract which has a prior condition to be met.
- 166 **use not** are not accustomed
- survèy** observation
- 169 **promonts'** promontories'
- 174-6 **He was... truth** i.e. because I am my father's 'best love' (174), he truthfully says that his best love bids Alsemero welcome
- 178 **Iulan down** referring to the *Aeneid's* youthful Iulus Ascanius, whose name may have come from the Greek word for 'first growth of the beard' (= 'down')
- 180 **coined us into silver** made our hair silvery grey
- 181 **A good... him** i.e. when he died, a good soldier died.
- 182 **went... that** were as fine a soldier as he
- 183 **Saint Jaques** St James the Greater, patron saint of Spain
- 185-6 **Gibraltar... Hollanders** referring to the 1607 siege of the fortress called Gibraltar on the south coast of Spain
- 187 **had** would have
- 188 **the late league** The treaty of the Hague in 1609 brought peace between Spain and the Netherlands for twelve years.
- 189 **breathe** i.e. take a respite from fighting

190 O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news: I would not change him for a son-in-law
 I saw Piracquo lately. For any he in Spain—the proudest he, 220
 BEATRICE [*aside*] That's ill news. And we have great ones, that you know.
 VERMANDERO He's hot preparing for this day of triumph; He's much
 Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight. Bound to you, sir.
 ALSEMERO [*aside*] Ha! He shall be bound to me,
 BEATRICE As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want
 195 Nay, good sir, be not so violent. With speed My will else.
 I cannot render satisfaction BEATRICE [*aside*]
 Unto the dear companion of my soul, I shall want mine if you do it.
 Virginity, whom I thus long have lived with, VERMANDERO
 And part with it so rude and suddenly; But come; by the way I'll tell you more of him. 225
 200 Can such friends divide, never to meet again, ALSEMERO [*aside*]
 Without a solemn farewell? How shall I dare to venture in his castle
 VERMANDERO Tush, tush, there's a toy. When he discharges murderers at the gate?
 ALSEMERO [*aside*] But I must on, for back I cannot go.
 I must now part, and never meet again BEATRICE [*aside, seeing De Flores*]
 With any joy on earth.—Sir, your pardon, Not this serpent gone yet? [*She drops glove*]
 My affairs call on me. VERMANDERO Look, girl: thy glove's fall'n;
 205 How, sir? By no means. Stay, stay.—De Flores, help a little.
 Not changed so soon, I hope? You must see my castle [*Exeunt Vermandero, Alsemero,*
 And her best entertainment ere we part; Jasperino and Servants]
 I shall think myself unkindly used else. DE FLORES [*retrieving glove*] Here, lady. 230
 Come, come, let's on: I had good hope your stay BEATRICE
 Had been a while with us in Alicante; Mischief on your officious forwardness!
 210 I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding. Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no more:
 ALSEMERO [*aside*] [*She throws down the other glove*]
 He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand.— There, for t'other's sake I part with this.
 I should be dearly glad to be there, sir, Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em.
 Did my occasions suit as I could wish. [*Exeunt [all but De Flores]*]
 BEATRICE DE FLORES Here's a favour come with a mischief! 235
 I shall be sorry if you be not there Now I know she had rather wear my pelt handed
 215 When it is done, sir—but not so suddenly. In a pair of dancing pumps than I should thrust
 VERMANDERO My fingers into her sockets here.
 I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete: [*He thrusts his hand into the glove*]
 A courtier and a gallant, enriched I know
 With many fair and noble ornaments; She hates me, yet cannot choose but love her.

191 I saw...ill news invoking the proverb 'ill news comes too soon' (Tilley N14)
 192 hot excitedly
 193 sevensnight week (probably pronounced 'sénnight')
 201 toy trifle
 209 Alicante a seaport of Valencia on the eastern coast of Spain, where the play's action is laid
 210 I might have I would, then, have been able to
 211 poisons here figuratively, but with (unconsciously) ominous overtones
 215 When it...so suddenly Beatrice has a double meaning; for Alsemero she hints that she hopes the wedding is postponed long enough so that he is the groom. Holdsworth suggests 'When it is done' carries a sexual connotation.

216 complete perfect, accomplished.
 'Complete gentleman' was a popular phrase: compare Henry Peacham's 1622 *The Complete Gentleman*.
 218 ornaments qualities
 220 he i.e. man
 221 that you know you know that to be true
 221-2 He's...sir i.e. He would thank you, if he were here, for that handsome compliment. But Vermandero answers with wordplay on 'bound' in the sense of 'attached through matrimony'.
 223 this tie i.e. Beatrice
 223-4 I'll...else Otherwise ('else') my wishes will be unfulfilled.
 224 want Beatrice may play on 'want' in the double sense of 'lack' and 'desire'.

227 murderers literally, small canon mounted at the entries to fortifications; here used figuratively
 233 t'other's the other's
 234 Take... 'em i.e. If you put my gloves on your hands, may they stick to your skin and thus strip you raw. (Perhaps following from 'serpent' (229), which would shed its skin.)
 235 favour generally, any good thing; more specifically: a love token, often worn on the body of the beloved. Here the glove, perhaps dropped for Alsemero—De Flores's presence has prevented them from talking.
 with a mischief with a vengeance
 238 sockets the finger sockets of the glove, but with connotation of her sexual body.

- 240 No matter: if but to vex her, I'll haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will. *Exit*
- 1.2 *Enter Alibius and Lollo*
- ALIBIUS
Lollo, I must trust thee with a secret,
But thou must keep it.
- LOLLIO I was ever close to a secret, sir.
- ALIBIUS
The diligence that I have found in thee,
The care and industry already past,
Assures me of thy good continuance.
Lollo, I have a wife.
- LOLLIO Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret: she's known
to be married all the town and country over.
- ALIBIUS
Thou goest too fast, my Lollo. That knowledge,
I allow, no man can be barred it;
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
Deeper and sweeter, Lollo.
- LOLLIO Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.
- ALIBIUS
'Tis that I go about, man; Lollo,
My wife is young.
- LOLLIO So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.
- ALIBIUS
Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point;
I am old, Lollo.
- 20 LOLLIO No sir, 'tis I am old Lollo.
- ALIBIUS
Yet why may not this concórd and sympathise?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
- Well enough agreeing.
LOLLIO Ay, sir. [*He makes horns*] But the old trees raise
themselves higher and broader than the young plants. 25
ALIBIUS Shrewd application! There's the fear, man;
I would wear my ring on my own finger:
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine,
But his that useth it.
LOLLIO You must keep it on still, then; if it but lie by, one
or other will be thrusting into't. 30
ALIBIUS
Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo; here thy watchful eye
Must have employment: I cannot always be at home.
LOLLIO I dare swear you cannot.
ALIBIUS I must look out. 35
LOLLIO I know't: you must look out, 'tis every man's case.
ALIBIUS
Here, I do say, must thy employment be:
To watch her treadings, and in my absence
Supply my place.
LOLLIO I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who
you should have cause to be jealous of. 40
ALIBIUS Thy reason for that Lollo?
'Tis a comfortable question.
LOLLIO We have but two sorts of people in the house, and
both under the whip: that's fools and madmen. The 45
one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other
not knavery enough to be fools.
ALIBIUS
Ay, those are all my patients, Lollo.
I do profess the cure of either sort;
My trade, my living 'tis, I thrive by it. 50
But here's the care that mixes with my thrift:

241 **will** Throughout, this word has the connotations of volition, wilfulness, and sexual desire.

1.2.0.1 **Alibius** Latin: 'being in another place, elsewhere'. Probably a topical satire of Dr Hilckiah Croke, appointed keeper of Bedlam in 1619. He was notoriously absent from his duties there, and was investigated as early as 1625; both he and his steward were put on trial in 1632 for fraud and misappropriation of funds. Like Lollo, his steward apparently took bribes and otherwise cheated his charges monetarily.

Lollo see previous note

3 **close to a secret** literally, good at keeping a secret; but with a hint (which Alibius misses) at the sexual sense of 'secret' as in 'secret parts' (compare l. 8 below)

6 **good continuance** continual trustworthiness

8 **to keep her secret** literally, 'to hide knowledge of her', but Lollo may pun bawdily. The punning on 'knowledge' as sexual knowledge continues in ll. 10–12.

12 **knowledge** i.e. 'carnal' or sexual knowledge, intercourse

13 **Deeper and sweeter** proverbial (Dent D188), with sexual suggestion here

14 **handle** with a sexual connotation

17 **the worse** i.e. more difficult

20 **I am old Lollo** With the choplogic banter of servants, Lollo deliberately misunderstands Alibius's address to him in l. 19.

21 **this** i.e. our (Isabella's and Alibius's) disparate ages. He has ignored or not heard Lollo's response.

26 **application** Alibius finds his metaphor well applied to the situation by Lollo; here Alibius's age makes it more likely that his wife will give him cuckold's horns, thus making him 'higher and broader' than her.

27–9 **I would wear... useth it** While rings were a token of the trothplight in marriage that legitimates sex, the 'finger in the ring' metaphor was a common way of configuring sexual intercourse itself.

30 **lie by** (a) lie aside somewhere (b) facilitate an untruth (here, adultery). This pun is prominent in Middleton's practice; compare 4.1.15, 5.1.1.

32 **conceiv'st** understand (but the word has

a sexual resonance in the context of this discussion)

33 **employment... at home** words often used with sexual suggestion (and compare 'employment' in l. 37 below)

35 **look out** go out and about (Lollo, though, plays on the sense of 'look[ing] out' for cuckoldry—'every man's case')

36 **case** This word could signify the vagina.

38 **treadings** literally, footsteps—but with overtones of 'sexual motion'; the word 'tread' is often used of copulating birds

39 **Supply my place** replace me. Here as elsewhere Alibius unwittingly invites Lollo to understand a sexual sense.

43 **comfortable** comforting (in that an answer is likely to placate or flatter)

45 **fools and madmen** separate categories: fools were born 'foolish', madmen those who had lost their wits.

48 **are all** the extent so far as 'sorts' go

49 **profession** have as my occupation, profession

either sort both sorts

51 **my thrift** my living, earnings, prosperity—that which Alibius 'thrive[s] by' (50).

	The daily visitants that come to see My brainsick patients I would not have To see my wife. Gallants I do observe	ALIBIUS Ay, ay, sir, 'Tis plain enough you mean him for my patient.	85
55	Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits, Of stature and proportion very comely: These are most shrewd temptations, Lolloio.	PEDRO And if your pains prove but commodious, To give but some little strength to the sick And weak part of nature in him, these are But patterns to show you of the whole pieces That will follow to you, beside the charge	90
60	LOLLIO They may be easily answered, sir. If they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone: she's of neither sort.	Fully defrayed. [<i>He gives money</i>]	
	ALIBIUS 'Tis a good ward. Indeed, come they to see Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more Than what they come for. By that consequent They must not see her; I'm sure she's no fool.	ALIBIUS Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.	
65	LOLLIO And I'm sure she's no madman.	LOLLIO Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something; the trouble will pass through my hands.	95
	ALIBIUS Hold that buckler fast, Lolloio; my trust Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong. What hour is't, Lolloio?	PEDRO 'Tis fit something should come to your hands then, sir. [<i>He gives money</i>]	
70	LOLLIO Towards belly-hour, sir.	LOLLIO Yes, sir: 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him. What is his name?	
	ALIBIUS Dinner-time? Thou mean'st twelve o'clock.	PEDRO His name is Antonio. Marry, We use but half to him: only Tony.	100
75	LOLLIO Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we wake at six and look about us, that's eye-hour; at seven we should pray, that's knee-hour; at eight walk, that's leg-hour; at nine gather flowers and pluck a rose, that's nose- hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth-hour; at eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand-hour; at twelve go to dinner, that's belly-hour.	LOLLIO Tony? Tony? 'Tis enough, and a very good name for a fool. [<i>To Antonio</i>] What's your name, Tony? ANTONIO Hee, hee, hee! Well, I thank you cousin; hee, hee, hee!	105
	ALIBIUS Profoundly, Lolloio. It will be long Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and I did look to have a new one entered.—Stay, I think my expectation is come home.	LOLLIO Good boy! Hold up your head!— <i>[To Pedro]</i> He can laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast.	110
80	<i>Enter Pedro, and Antonio like an idiot</i>	PEDRO Well, sir, If you can raise him but to any height, Any degree of wit, might he attain (As I might say) to creep but on all four Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches, 'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains, And a great family might pray for you, To which he should be heir, had he discretion To claim and guide his own; assure you, sir, He is a gentleman.	115
	PEDRO Save you, sir. My business speaks itself: This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.		
52	visitants At Bethlehem ('Bedlam') hospital outside London (see I.2.209– 10, 3.3.24 and notes) people of leisure— including the 'gallants' that Alibius especially fears (l. 54)—often came to divert themselves by viewing the residents.	61 ward defensive guard or pose taken in fencing	89 patterns samples
55	habits dress, apparel	63 By that consequent as a result of that	90 charge expense. It was customary to pay the expenses of private inmates at Bedlam.
57	shrewd (a) wicked (as it pertains to Isabella, morally; <i>OED a. 1a</i>) (b) mis- chievous, irksome (in so far as the pos- sibility of Isabella succumbing to such temptation troubles Alibius; <i>OED a. 6a</i>). That he follows his references to business and prosperity (ll. 49–51) with a mor- alistic cliché like 'shrewd temptations' (see <i>OED a. 6b</i>) suggests his affinity with contemporary puritanism.	66 buckler shield (used here metaphorically)	97 sweet clean
59–60	serve the turn answer to the occa- sion (with play on being 'turn-keys', or jailors); compare also the (unintended) implication that he and Lolloio might stand in as fools and madmen	74 pluck a rose with suggestion of a common meaning for this phrase, to urinate	101–2 good name for a fool 'good' because 'tony' seems by this time to have meant both (a) a foolish person, ninny, or madman (<i>OED sb.¹</i>), and (b) (as verb) to make a fool of, to fool, cheat, or swindle (<i>OED v.</i>). Rowley himself may have played a fool named 'Tony' in Fletcher's <i>Wife for a Month</i> in 1624.
		75–6 lay about search around	103 Antonio answers as though Lolloio had asked 'How are you?'
		80 entered enrolled	106 no beast Since Aristotle, it had been thought that the ability to laugh separ- ated humanity from the beasts.
		81.1 Enter . . . Antonio like an idiot per- haps illustrated in the frontispiece to Francis Kirkman's <i>The Wits, or Sport upon Sport</i> (1662), where a figure la- belled 'Changling' wears a long coat and pointed dunce's cap, and has a horn- book hanging from his wrist. Antonio is perhaps in the tradition of 'wise fools' associated with St Anthony.	116 gentleman More specific than today, 'gentleman' implied a high social status, a man of good family, rank, or breeding, also a land owner.
		82 Save you, sir i.e. 'God save you', a form of salutation	
		83 This sight i.e. of Antonio	
		86 commodious useful, beneficial	

- LOLLIO Nay, there's nobody doubted that; at first sight I knew him for a gentleman: he looks no other yet.
- PEDRO
Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.
- 120 LOLLIO As good as my mistress lies in, sir; and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.
- PEDRO
Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.
- LOLLIO He will hardly be stretched up to the wit of a magnifico.
- 125 PEDRO O, no, that's not to be expected; Far shorter will be enough.
- LOLLIO I'll warrant you I'll make him fit to bear office in five weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable.
- 130 PEDRO
If it be lower than that it might serve turn.
- LOLLIO No, fie! To level him with a headborough, beadle, or watchman were but little better than he is: constable I'll able him. If he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper. Or I'll go further with you: say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself?
- 135 PEDRO
Why, there I would have it.
- LOLLIO Well, go to: either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his turn.
- 140 PEDRO Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.
- LOLLIO Yes, you may. Yet if I had not been a fool, I had had more wit than I have too: remember what state you find me in.
- 145 PEDRO I will, and so leave you:
[To *Alibius*] Your best cares, I beseech you.
- ALIBIUS
Take you none with you; leave 'em all with us.
- Exit Pedro*
- ANTONIO O, my cousin's gone! Cousin, cousin, O!
- LOLLIO Peace, peace, Tony! You must not cry, child; you must be whipped if you do. Your cousin is here still: I am your cousin, Tony.
- ANTONIO Hee, hee, then I'll not cry, if thou beest my cousin, hee, hee, hee!
- LOLLIO I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.
- 150 ALIBIUS
Ay, do, Lollio, do.
- LOLLIO I must ask him easy questions at first. Tony, how many true fingers has a tailor on his right hand?
- ANTONIO As many as on his left, cousin.
- 155 LOLLIO Good; and how many on both?
- ANTONIO Two less than a deuce, cousin.
- LOLLIO Very well answered. I come to you again, cousin Tony: how many fools goes to a wise man?
- ANTONIO Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.
- 160 LOLLIO Forty in a day? How prove you that?
- ANTONIO All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.
- LOLLIO A parlous fool! He must sit in the fourth form at least, I perceive that. I come again, Tony: how many knaves make an honest man?
- 165 ANTONIO I know not that, cousin.
- LOLLIO No, the question is too hard for you. I'll tell you cousin: there's three knaves may make an honest man—a serjeant, a jailer, and a beadle; the serjeant catches him, the jailer holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him.
- 170 ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha, that's fine sport, cousin!
- ALIBIUS This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.
- LOLLIO Yes, this might have served yourself, though I say't. Once more and you shall go play, Tony.
- 175 ANTONIO Ay, play at push-pin, cousin; ha, hee!
- LOLLIO So thou shalt. Say how many fools are here—
- ANTONIO Two, cousin: thou and I!
- 180 LOLLIO Nay, you're too forward there, Tony. Mark my question: how many fools and knaves are here—A fool

118 **he looks...yet** (a) his madness hasn't affected his innately superior appearance (b) he doesn't look as foolish as he evidently wants to. (Lollio may see through Antonio's disguise quite early).

121 **means** i.e. money

121-2 **raise...discretion** (a) teach him more discernment (*OED* 3) (b) make him behave more discretely

123 **there...want** all your expense will be reimbursed

125 **magnifico** generally, a person of high standing in any social sphere.

131 **serve turn** suffice

132 **headborough** akin to a village-mayor; the lowest parochial authority
beadle the lowest judicial authority (and public whipper)

133 **watchman** the lowest civil authority
constable notoriously dim-witted and incompetent

134 **able him** make him capable of
justice frequently portrayed as stupid (compare 4.1.130, note).

136 **pitch** level, height (in a figurative sense)

143-4 **Yet...too** i.e. If I'd had enough sense to turn down this job, I'd be smarter today. (Implying that the company of fools and madmen lowers his intelligence or 'wit'.)

144 **what state** i.e. my status as keeper of fools and madmen (and, perhaps, my financial condition).

149 **cousin** a term for a close relative. In ll. 151, Lollio may also hint at 'couzen', to cheat (a common pun).

159 **true fingers has a tailor** Antonio's answer of zero ('two less than a deuce', l. 162) depends on tailors' proverbial dishonesty. See Dent T16.01, T16.11.
right with play on 'honest'

164 **goes to** Lollio means 'constitute'; Antonio takes it as 'visit' (as indicated by his next speech in ll. 167-8).

167-8 **All that...friends** compare Tilley L130

169 **A parlous** (a) (as *adv.*) thoroughly a, excessively a (b) a cunning, shrewd

181 **Yes...say't** (a) this would have stumped even you (b) such a question involves you, as it concerns knaves

183 **push-pin** a child's game (here with sexual innuendo: he would like to play at 'push-pin' with Isabella)

before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves?
 190 ANTONIO I never learnt so far, cousin.
 ALIBIUS
 Thou putt'st too hard questions to him, Lolloio.
 LOLLIO I'll make him understand it easily. Cousin, stand there.
 ANTONIO Ay, cousin.
 195 LOLLIO Master, stand you next the fool.
 ALIBIUS [*at Antonio's side*] Well, Lolloio?
 LOLLIO [*at Alibius' side*] Here's my place. Mark now, Tony: there's a fool before a knave.
 ANTONIO That's I, cousin.
 200 LOLLIO Here's a fool behind a knave—that's I—and between us two fools there is a knave—that's my master. 'Tis but 'we three', that's all.
 ANTONIO We three, we three, cousin!
Madmen within
 FIRST MADMAN Put's head i'th' pillory; the bread's too little!
 205 SECOND MADMAN Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow!
 THIRD MADMAN Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag!
 LOLLIO You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.
 210 ALIBIUS [*to Madmen within*] Peace, peace, or the wire comes!
 THIRD MADMAN Cat-whore, cat-whore, her parmesant, her parmesant!
 215 ALIBIUS Peace, I say!—
 Their hour's come, they must be fed, Lolloio.
 LOLLIO There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman, was undone by a mouse that spoiled him a parmesant; lost his wits for't.
 ALIBIUS
 220 Go you to your charge, Lolloio; I'll to mine.
 LOLLIO Go you to your madmen's ward; let me alone with your fools.

ALIBIUS
 And remember my last charge, Lolloio. *Exit*
 LOLLIO [*after Alibius*] Of which your patients do you think I am? Come, Tony: you must amongst your schoolfellows now. There's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell you; there's some of 'em at *stultus, stulta, stultum*.
 ANTONIO I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not bite me.
 LOLLIO No, they shall not bite thee, Tony. 225
 ANTONIO They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?
 LOLLIO They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man, or I'll prove a fool myself. *Exeunt* 230
Finis Actus Primus

⊗

Incipit Actus Secundus 2.1
Enter Beatrice and Jasperino severally

BEATRICE
 O sir, I'm ready now for that fair service
 Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you.
 Good angels and this conduct be your guide.
 [*She gives him a paper*]
 Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.
 JASPERINO
 The joy I shall return rewards my service. *Exit* 5
 BEATRICE
 How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
 It is a sign he makes his choice with judgement.
 Then I appear in nothing more approved
 Than making choice of him,
 For 'tis a principle: he that can choose 10
 That bosom well, who of his thoughts partakes,
 Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
 Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgement,

202 'we three' comic situation defined by a sign saying 'We Three', with only two fools'- or asses'-heads depicted: the viewer's was the third.
 203.1 *within* i.e. behind the main stage
 204-5 *Put's head... little* a complaint about the size of a loaf of bread.
 206 *Fly... swallow* proverbial: 'Fly and you will catch the swallow' (Tilley S1024).
 207-8 *onion... rope* (a) the onion string ('rope') (b) a hangman's noose
 208 *crag* neck
 209-10 *chimes of Bedlam* bells of Bedlam, here used figuratively to describe the madmen's cries. See 1.2.52, note.
 211 *wire* whip. Whipping appears to have been the discipline of choice at Bedlam; compare ll. 45, 151-2 above.
 213 *Cat-whore... parmesant* the cat is called a 'whore' because she failed to

stop a mouse from stealing 'parmesant' cheese
 her stage Welsh for 'the' or 'my'
 217-18 *Welsh... parmesant* the Welsh were thought abnormally fond of cheese—thus 'undone' (driven mad) by a mouse who stole ('spoiled') from him a portion of 'parmesant' (cheese)
 223 *last charge* final instruction (to watch Isabella)
 224-5 *Of which... I am?* Do you think I'm a fool or a madman? (Lolloio seems perturbed that Alibius should think he would forget.)
 227 *stultus, stulta, stultum* Latin for 'foolish' or 'stupid', here referring to the declensions repeated from memory at Renaissance grammar schools.
 232 *coz* shortened form of the familiar

'cousin', sometimes used for any relative, friend, or familiar; see note above at l. 151
 234 *get credit* gain recognition (perhaps money)
 2.1.0.2 *severally* from different sides of the stage (indicating a change of place; here an arranged meeting)
 3-5 *Good angels... service* Beatrice may invoke the common pun on 'angels' as coins, offering Alsemero's friend money for delivering the letter; Jasperino's reply indicates that the joy he will bring Alsemero (with the letter) (and, perhaps, to Beatrice, when he returns again) is sufficient reward.
 3 *conduct* note containing instructions (i.e. time and place—for a clandestine meeting with Alsemero)

- And see the way to merit, clearly see it.
 15 A true deserper like a diamond sparkles:
 In darkness you may see him that's in absence
 (Which is the greatest darkness falls on love),
 Yet is he best discerned then
 With intellectual eyesight. What's Piracquo
 20 My father spends his breath for? And his blessing
 Is only mine, as I regard his name,
 Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
 Transformed into a curse. Some speedy way
 Must be remembered. He's so forward too,
 25 So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
 To speak to my new comforts.
Enter De Flores
 DE FLORES [*aside*] Yonder's she.
 What ever ails me, now o' late especially?
 I can as well be hanged as refrain seeing her;
 Some twenty times a day—nay, not so little—
 30 Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses
 To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,
 And less encouragement; for she baits me still
 Every time worse than other, does profess herself
 The cruellest enemy to my face in town,
 35 At no hand can abide the sight of me,
 As if danger or ill luck hung in my looks.
 I must confess my face is bad enough,
 But I know far worse has better fortune,
 And not endured alone, but doted on;
 40 And yet such pig-haired faces, chins like witches',
 Here and there five hairs, whispering in a corner,
 As if they grew in fear one of another,
 Wrinkles like troughs, where swine-deformity swills
 The tears of perjury that lie there like wash
 45 Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye—
 Yet such a one plucked sweets without restraint,
 And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.
 Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,
 I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.
 She turns her blessèd eye upon me now,
 50 And I'll endure all storms before I part with't.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] Again!
 This ominous ill-faced fellow more disturbs me
 Than all my other passions.
 DE FLORES [*aside*] Now't begins again;
 I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me. 55
 BEATRICE
 Thy business? What's thy business?
 DE FLORES [*aside*] Soft and fair!
 I cannot part so soon now.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] The villain's fixed.—
 Thou standing toad-pool!
 DE FLORES [*aside*] The shower falls amain now.
 BEATRICE
 Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight.
 DE FLORES
 My lord your father charged me to deliver 60
 A message to you.
 BEATRICE What, another since?
 Do't, and be hanged then. Let me be rid of thee.
 DE FLORES
 True service merits mercy.
 BEATRICE What's thy message?
 DE FLORES
 Let beauty settle but in patience,
 You shall hear all.
 BEATRICE A dallying, trifling torment! 65
 DE FLORES
 Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
 Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo—
 BEATRICE
 Slave, when wilt make an end?
 DE FLORES [*aside*] Too soon I shall.
 BEATRICE
 What all this while of him?

15–19 **A true... eyesight** Even as a luminous diamond can shine in the absence of external light, one who truly deserves something can make his presence felt though absent—separation being, to him and his love, like night to a precious jewel (i.e. in that lustre [their love] increases with the external light [each other's company]). (Middleton alters the proverb 'A true friend is a great treasure' (Tilley F719) to work in a form of his keyword 'serve'.)
 19 **With intellectual eyesight** in the imagination, with one's 'mind's eye'
 20–3 **And his blessing... into a curse** My father's good will toward me exists only while I obey him ('as I regard his name'); otherwise it turns on me and becomes a curse.
 24 **remembered** devised
He's Vermandero (who so adamantly urges the marriage with Piracquo)

26 **my new comforts** i.e. Alsemero
 27 **o' late** lately, of late
 32 **baits** torments (as in animal 'baiting'; compare ll. 81–2, note, below)
 35 **At no hand** never, by no means
 38 **I know far worse** This begins what may be a topical allusion to some well-known individual 'in town' (l. 34)—a specific phrase for the fashionable society of a locality, increasingly used with reference to London. See his continued comparisons at ll. 46, 83 ff., and compare Middleton's topical satire in *Game*.
 39 **alone** only
 43–4 **swine-deformity... wash** Like swine that gorge themselves on 'wash' (= kitchen swill or brewery refuse: *OED sb.* 11), the deformity De Flores castigates here seems to thrive on perjured tears that trickle down the trough-like wrinkles of this ugly face.
 45 **dishonest** unchaste, lascivious

46 **plucked sweets** gained sweethearts (with sexual suggestion: compare 3.4.149, note)
 47 **of beauty** associated with beauty
to his sweet (a) in the eyes of his lover (b) as his sweetheart
 55 **this storm** compare the proverb 'After a Storm comes a calm (fair weather)' (Tilley S908)
 56–7 **Soft... now** Calling on the proverb 'Soft and fair goes far' (Tilley, Dent S601), De Flores counsels himself that patience may bring what he wants.
 58 **standing** stagnant, foul (referring to his face)
amain at full force
 61 **another since** another message so soon
 63 **mercy** (a) forbearance (b) reward, thanks (with play on French *merci*)
 67 **Tomazo** perhaps with a sense of 'doubting Thomas' (compare John 20:25)

- You're nobly welcome, sirs.
Exeunt Vermandero and Beatrice
- TOMAZO
 125 So, did you mark the dullness of her parting now?
- ALONZO
 What dullness? Thou art so exceptional still!
- TOMAZO
 Why, let it go then: I am but a fool
 To mark your harms so heedfully.
- ALONZO
 Where's the oversight?
- TOMAZO
 130 Come, your faith's cozened in her, strongly cozened.
 Unsettle your affection with all speed
 Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruined else.
 Think what a torment 'tis to marry one
 Whose heart is leaped into another's bosom.
 If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
 135 It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift;
 She lies but with another in thine arms,
 He the half-father unto all thy children
 In the conception—if he get 'em not,
 She helps to get 'em for him in his absence.
 140 And how dangerous
 And shameful her restraint may go in time to,
 It is not to be thought on without sufferings.
- ALONZO
 You speak as if she loved some other, then.
- TOMAZO
 Do you apprehend so slowly?
- ALONZO
 145 Nay, an that
 Be your fear only, I am safe enough.
 Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,
 For times of more distress. I should depart
 An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
 To any but thyself, that should but think
 150 She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
 Much less the use and practice. Yet we're friends;
 Pray let no more be urged. I can endure
 Much till I meet an injury to her,
 Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother.
 155 How much we're bound to heaven to depart lovingly.
Exit
- TOMAZO
 Why, here is love's tame madness: thus a man
 Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit*
- Enter Diaphanta and Alsemero* 2.2
- DIAPHANTA
 The place is my charge. You have kept your hour,
 And the reward of a just meeting bless you.
 I hear my lady coming. Complete gentleman,
 I dare not be too busy with my praises,
 They're dangerous things to deal with. *Exit*
- ALSEMERO
 This goes well. 5
 These women are their ladies' cabinets;
 Things of most precious trust are locked into 'em.
Enter Beatrice
- BEATRICE
 I have within mine eye all my desires.
 Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for,
 And brings 'em down to furnish our defects, 10
 Come not more sweet to our necessities
 Than thou unto my wishes.
- ALSEMERO
 We're so like
 In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
 The same words, I shall never find their equals. [*They
 embrace*]
- BEATRICE
 How happy were this meeting, this embrace, 15
 If it were free from envy! This poor kiss,
 It has an enemy, a hateful one,
 That wishes poison to't: how well were I now
 If there were none such name known as Piracquo,
 20 Nor no such tie as the command of parents!
 I should be but too much blessed.
- ALSEMERO
 One good service
 Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it
 too,
 Since you are so distressed. Remove the cause,
 The command ceases; so, there's two fears blown out
 With one and the same blast.
- BEATRICE
 Pray let me find you, sir. 25
 What might that service be, so strangely happy?
- 125 **dullness** slowness to respond (especially
 from lack of interest)
- 126 **exceptional** contrary, contradictory
- 129 **cozened** cheated, deceived
- 131 **bring it to effect**
- 139 **absence** Tomazo implies that by think-
 ing of her adulterous lover during sex
 with her husband, an adulterous woman
 effectively 'gets' (i.e. conceives and
 bears) a child for and of that lover. It
 was commonly thought that a woman's
 imagination could influence the body of a
 child at conception.
- 141 **her restraint** (a) her keeping (restraining-
 ing) her true passions to herself (b) her
 being restrained (by you)—as in 4.3.73
- 144 **an if**
- 145 **your fear only** your only fear
- 2.2.1 **charge** responsibility
- 4 **I dare . . . with my praises** Diaphanta here
 flirts with Alsemero.
- 6 **women** i.e. maidservants
- ladies' cabinets** cabinets into which
 women locked their most personal and
 otherwise valuable possessions
- 10 **And . . . defects** and brings down the
 things we pray for in order to supply us
 with what we desire
- 'em** i.e. requests
- 16 **envy** ill will
- 16–18 **This poor kiss . . . poison to't** i.e.
 Piracquo would wish the kiss I gave you
 were poisoned, if he knew.
- 22 **strike off** (a) cancel (as if by the stroke
 of a pen) an item from a list or record
 (b) remove (e.g. fetters or bonds) with a
 sharp blow
- I'll go near it** (a) I'll be explicit about
 what it is (b) I won't shirk doing it
- 23–4 **the cause . . . ceases** The 'cause' is
 Alonzo, the 'command' Vermandero's
 wishes. Alsemero alters the Latin pro-
 verb *Ablata causa, tollitur effectus*, often
 paraphrased 'Remove the cause, and the
 effect ceases to be' (Dent, Tilley C202).
- 25 **same blast** breath (here blowing out two
 flames at once)
- find** understand
- 26 **strangely** extremely, unexpectedly

ALSEMERO
 The honourablest piece 'bout man: valour.
 I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

BEATRICE
 How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
 30 When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
 Are not you ventured in the action,
 That's all my joys and comforts? Pray, no more, sir.
 Say you prevailed—your dangers and not mine,
 then—
 The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
 35 Be made the grave to bury you alive.
 I'm glad these thoughts come forth. O, keep not one
 Of this condition, sir. Here was a course
 Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:
 The tears would ne'er 'a' dried till dust had choked
 'em.
 40 Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage.
 [*Aside*] And now I think on one. I was to blame:
 I ha' marred so good a market with my scorn;
 'T'ad been done questionless! The ugliest creature
 Creation framed for some use, yet to see
 45 I could not mark so much where it should be!

ALSEMERO
 Lady—

BEATRICE [*aside*]
 Why, men of art make much of poison,
 Keep one to expel another. Where was my art?

ALSEMERO
 Lady, you hear not me.

BEATRICE I do especially, sir.
 The present times are not so sure of our side
 50 As those hereafter may be. We must use 'em, then,
 As thrifty folks their wealth: sparingly, now,
 Till the time opens.

ALSEMERO You teach wisdom, lady.

BEATRICE
 Within there: Diaphanta!
Enter Diaphanta

DIAPHANTA Do you call, madam?

BEATRICE
 Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman
 The private way you brought him.

DIAPHANTA I shall, madam. 55

ALSEMERO
 My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
*Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemero [one way; at
 another] enter De Flores*

DE FLORES [*aside*]
 I have watched this meeting, and do wonder much
 What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both
 Cannot be served unless she transgress. Happily,
 Then, I'll put in for one; for if a woman
 60 Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,
 She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic:
 One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand—
 Proves in time sutler to an army royal.
 Now do I look to be most richly railed at,
 65 Yet I must see her.

BEATRICE [*aside*] Why, put case I loathed him
 As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
 Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret
 And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.—
 De Flores!

DE FLORES [*aside*]
 Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
 70 She called me fairly by my name, De Flores,
 And neither 'rogue' nor 'rascal'!

BEATRICE What ha' you done
 To your face o' late? You've met with some good
 physician;
 You've pruned yourself, methinks.
 You were not wont to look so amorously.

DE FLORES [*aside*] Not I; 75
 'Tis the same phys'nomy to a hair and pimple,
 Which she called scurvy scarce an hour ago:
 How is this?

BEATRICE Come hither. Nearer, man.

DE FLORES [*aside, crossing to her*]
 I'm up to the chin in heaven!

BEATRICE Turn, let me see.

- 37–8 **Here was a course** | **Found** this would be a way, indeed
- 38 **sorrow . . . death** i.e. not only to make me sorrowful but to push me toward death
- 41 **one** i.e. one 'fouler visage' (l. 40: De Flores)
- 42 **marred . . . market** spoiled such a good opportunity
- 44 **my scorn** my scornful behaviour toward De Flores
- 44 **Creation . . . use** a commonplace held that everything in nature had been created for some purpose ('use')
- 46 **men of art** doctors, apothecaries. 'Art' here means learning, knowledge.
- 46–7 **make much . . . another** proverbial: 'One poison expels another' (Tilley P457)
- 47 **art** cunning (in contrast to the learned 'art' of the 'men' in l. 46)
- 49–50 **are not . . . may be** are not as certainly favourable to us as we can hope future times may be
- 52 **time opens** the right moment reveals itself
- 54 **Perfect** finish, make complete
- 58 **t'other** the other (Alonzo)
- 59 **served** looked after (with strong sexual overtones)
- Happily** perhaps, haply (as it was probably pronounced)
- 60 **put in for one** enter my own bid (i.e. as one of those seeking 'favours' from Beatrice-Joanna); with salacious overtones (compare 4.3.36)
- 61 **Fly . . . point** break away from a single position (i.e. constancy); with pun on decimal 'point', the woman shifts from 1.0 to 10.0, etc.
- 62 **spreads and mounts** lifts her wings and rises (but with a strong sense of 'spreads her legs and mounts men')
- 64 **sutler** provisioner (with play on 'prostitute')
- 66 **put case** suppose (as in presenting a hypothesis (often legal in nature); *OED* 12)
- 69 **serve my turn upon him** manipulate him to my advantage
- 74 **pruned** preened, groomed
- 75 **amorously** attractive; like a lover
- 76 **phys'nomy** physiognomy

- [*She touches him*] Faugh, 'tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive't.
80 I thought it had been worse.
DE FLORES [*aside*] Her fingers touched me! She smells all amber.
BEATRICE I'll make a water for you shall cleanse this
Within a fortnight.
DE FLORES With your own hands, lady?
BEATRICE Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure, I'll
85 Trust no other.
DE FLORES [*aside*] 'Tis half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.
BEATRICE [*aside*] When we're used
To a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing.—
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends,
90 I see it by experience.
DE FLORES [*aside*] I was blessed to light upon this minute:
I'll make use on't.
BEATRICE Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;
It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment.
95 DE FLORES 'Twould be soon seen,
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it.
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.
BEATRICE We shall try you—
O my De Flores!
DE FLORES [*aside*] How's that?
100 She calls me hers already, 'my De Flores'!—
You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam.
BEATRICE No, was I? I forgot—O!
DE FLORES There 'tis again—
The very fellow on't.
BEATRICE You are too quick, sir.
DE FLORES There's no excuse for't, now I heard it twice, madam.
105 That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity on't
- And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet
Beat at your bosom.
BEATRICE Would creation—
DE FLORES Ay, well said, that's it.
BEATRICE Had formed me man!
DE FLORES Nay, that's not it.
BEATRICE O, 'tis the soul of freedom! 110
I should not then be forced to marry one
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
Forever from my sight.
DE FLORES O blest occasion!—
Without change to your sex, you have your wishes. 115
Claim so much man in me.
BEATRICE In thee, De Flores?
There's small cause for that.
DE FLORES Put it not from me;
It's a service that I kneel for to you. [*He kneels*]
BEATRICE You are too violent to mean faithfully:
There's horror in my service, blood and danger. 120
Can those be things to sue for?
DE FLORES If you knew
How sweet it were to me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would say then
I failed, and used not reverence enough
When I receive the charge on't.
BEATRICE [*aside*] This is much, methinks. 125
Belike his wants are greedy, and to such
Gold tastes like angels' food.—Rise.
DE FLORES I'll have the work first.
BEATRICE [*aside*] Possible his need is strong upon him.—
[*She gives him money*] There's to encourage thee.
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous, 130
Thy reward shall be precious.
DE FLORES That I have thought on;
I have assured myself of that beforehand
And know it will be precious: the thought ravishes.
BEATRICE Then take him to thy fury!

80 **Faugh** an interjection of impatience82 **all amber** like ambergris (a waxy substance from sperm whales, used in perfumes)83 **water** lotion; perhaps with bawdy as well86 **act of pleasure** sexual act89 **mends still in opinion** continually

becomes more acceptable

95–8 **'Twould . . . to** De Flores says she has only to test his resolution and ability, but his response also puns on the sexual implications of 'Hardness' (l. 93 = "Twould", 'it'), 'use it' (l. 96), 'service' (l. 97), and 'mounts' (l. 98).103 **quick** perceptive (with, perhaps, a hint of 'too quick to take up my words')106 **And . . . word** give it utterance108 **creation** i.e. the process of my creation109 **that's it** i.e. 'creation', which De Flores understands as 'procreation'110 **O . . . freedom** i.e. being a man114 **occasion** opportunity117 **small cause for** i.e. little reason for thinking so119 **too . . . faithfully** too eager truly to mean (i.e. have had time to consider fully) what you say123 **any act of yours** with ambivalent

sexual suggestion; see note at l. 86 above

125 **the charge on't** the orders you give me126 **Belike** perhaps127 **angels' food** manna from heaven; compare Psalm 78:25**work** commission128 **Possible** possibly130 **forward** bold131 **reward** Beatrice means financial 'reward'; De Flores makes it plain to the audience that he thinks in sexual terms (compare 'ravishes', l. 133).

DE FLORES I thirst for him. I will assure you, worth your time and sight, my lord.
 135 BEATRICE Alonzo de Piracquo! ALONZO Puh, that shall be no hind'rance.
 DE FLORES [*rising*] DE FLORES I'm your servant, then.
 His end's upon him; he shall be seen no more. 'Tis now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lordship's
 BEATRICE rising
 How lovely now dost thou appear to me! I'll have the keys about me. 165
 Never was man dearlier rewarded.
 DE FLORES I do think of that. ALONZO Thanks, kind De Flores.
 BEATRICE DE FLORES [*aside*]
 140 Be wondrous careful in the execution. He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes. *Exeunt*
 DE FLORES *Finis Actus Secundus*
 Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?
 BEATRICE
 Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.
 DE FLORES
 They ne'er shall rise to hurt you. *Incipit Actus Tertius* 3.1
 BEATRICE When the deed's done, *Enter Alonzo and De Flores*
 I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight; (*In the Act time, De Flores hides a naked rapier*)
 145 Thou mayst live bravely in another country. DE FLORES
 DE FLORES Yes, here are all the keys. I was afraid, my lord,
 I'd wanted for the postern; this is it.
 DE FLORES Ay, ay: we'll talk of that hereafter. I've all, I've all, my lord.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] I shall rid myself [*He shows a large key*]
 Of two inveterate loathings at one time: This for the sconce.
 Piracquo and his dog-face. *Exit* ALONZO
 DE FLORES O my blood! 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.
 150 Methinks I feel her in mine arms already, DE FLORES
 Her wanton fingers combing out this beard, You'll tell me more, my lord. This descent 5
 And being pleased, praising this bad face. Is somewhat narrow. We shall never pass
 Hunger and pleasure: they'll commend sometimes Well with our weapons; they'll but trouble us.
 Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em; ALONZO
 155 Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em. Thou sayst true. [*They disarm*]
 Some women are odd feeders!—I'm too loud; DE FLORES Pray let me help your lordship.
 Here comes the man goes supperless to bed, ALONZO
 Yet shall not rise tomorrow to his dinner. 'Tis done. Thanks, kind De Flores.
Enter Alonzo DE FLORES Here are hooks, my lord,
 ALONZO To hang such things on purpose.
 De Flores. [*He hangs up the rapiers*]
 DE FLORES ALONZO Lead, I'll follow thee. 10
 My kind, honourable lord. *Exeunt at one door and enter at the other*
 ALONZO DE FLORES
 I am glad I ha' met with thee. All this is nothing. You shall see anon 3.2
 DE FLORES Sir? A place you little dream on.
 ALONZO Thou canst show me
 The full strength of the castle? ALONZO I am glad
 160 DE FLORES That I can, sir. I have this leisure. All your master's house
 ALONZO Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.
 I much desire it. DE FLORES
 DE FLORES And if the ways and straits All but myself, sir—[*aside*] which makes up my
 Of some of the passages be not too tedious for you, safety.— 5

140 **execution** performance (with a grisly pun)

141 **cast** i.e. of the dice

145 **bravely** splendidly, openly

148 **his** i.e. De Flores's

blood the inciter of sexual desire (for which it stands here)

155 **are odd feeders** have strange tastes

156–7 **Here . . . dinner** Here's the man who, though going to bed without eating, won't be rising tomorrow to eat.

165 **'gainst** in anticipation of

3.1.0.3 **Act time** interval between the Acts, when often music was played

2 **I'd . . . postern** that I was lacking the key for the small gate

3 **sconce** small fortification. Later, the word takes on the meaning of 'head', making for a grisly pun at 3.2.13–17.

5 **You'll tell me more** i.e. when you've seen the rest you'll praise it even more strongly

10.2 **at one door and . . . the other** implying a change of place (compare 2.1.0.2)

- My lord, I'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.
- ALONZO
Here's rich variety, De Flores.
- DE FLORES Yes, sir.
- ALONZO
Goodly munition.
- 10 DE FLORES Ay, there's ordnance, sir—
No bastard metal—will ring you a peal
Like bells at great men's funerals; keep your eye
straight, my lord,
Take special notice of that sconce before you:
There you may dwell awhile.
- ALONZO I am upon't.
- DE FLORES
And so am I.
[*He clubs him with key*]
- 15 ALONZO De Flores, O De Flores!
Whose malice hast thou put on?
- DE FLORES [*retrieving rapier*]
Do you question a work of secrecy?
I must silence you.
[*He stabs him*]
- ALONZO O, O, O!
- DE FLORES I must silence you. [*He stabs him*]
- 20 So, here's an undertaking well accomplished.
This vault serves to good use now.—Ha! what's that
Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 'tis a diamond
He wears upon his finger. It was well found:
This will approve the work.
[*He struggles with the ring*]
- 25 What, so fast on?
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then:
Finger and all shall off. [*He cuts off the finger*] So, now
I'll clear
The passages from all suspect or fear. *Exit with body*
- Enter Isabella and Lollo
- ISABELLA
Why, sirrah, whence have you commission
To fetter the doors against me? If you
Keep me in a cage, pray whistle to me,
Let me be doing something.
- LOLLIO You shall be doing, if it please you; I'll whistle to 5
you if you'll pipe after.
- ISABELLA
Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,
To keep me in this pinfold?
- LOLLIO 'Tis for my master's pleasure, lest being taken in 10
another man's corn, you might be pounded in another
place.
- ISABELLA
'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.
- LOLLIO He says you have company enough in the house,
if you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.
- ISABELLA
Of all sorts? Why, here's none but fools and madmen. 15
- LOLLIO Very well: and where will you find any other, if
you should go abroad? There's my master and I to boot,
too.
- ISABELLA
Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.
- LOLLIO I would e'en participate of both, then, if I were as 20
you. I know you're half mad already; be half foolish
too.
- ISABELLA
You're a brave, saucy rascal! Come on, sir:
Afford me then the pleasure of your Bedlam.
You were commending once today to me, 25
Your last-come lunatic—what a proper
Body there was without brains to guide it,
And what a pitiful delight appeared
In that defect, as if your wisdom had found
A mirth in madness. Pray, sir, let me partake 30
If there be such a pleasure.

3.2.6 casement (window) recess

10 **munition** (a) fortifications (b) ammunition, military stores

ordnance cannon

11 **bastard metal** probably referring to small cannon called 'bastards' (i.e. 'bastard culverin'), but perhaps with a sense of corrupt, adulterated (hence weaker), second-rate metal

13 **sconce** with pun on 'head'; compare 3.1.3, note

14 **dwell** look (with pun on 'reside'); De Flores's stratagem is to get Alonzo to look the other way

upon't fixed upon it with my gaze. But De Flores replies with a grim joke: I'm about this business of killing you.

21 **vault** probably a hidden recess, with play on vault as 'burial chamber'; yet 'vault' could also mean 'a covered conduit for

carrying away water or filth; a drain or sewer' (OED 4a); 'a privy' (OED 4c); or 'a deep hole or pit' (OED 5)

22 **Threw** that just threw

24 **approve** confirm my completion of

27 **suspect** suspicion

3.3.3 **whistle to me** i.e. as you would to caged bird

4 **Let . . . doing something** Isabella means only 'let me go about my business', but Lollo in his reply willfully puts a sexual interpretation on 'doing'.

5-6 **whistle . . . pipe** 'To dance after a person's pipe' can suggest sexual activity.

8 **pinfold** kennel, cage, 'pound' (compare 1.10)

9-10 **in another man's corn** in another man's (grain) field—i.e. arms

10-11 **pounded in another place** locked up, impounded elsewhere—with joke

(continuing the grain metaphor) on 'screwed somewhere else'

12 Isabella speaks ironically; this is far from well, and her husband is a fool.

19 **Of either sort one** one of each kind

20 **participate** partake (with sexual suggestion)

21 **I know . . . foolish** Lollo hints that she might take him, a fool, as her lover; because Isabella is the 'better half' of the mad Alibius, their marriage is 'half mad'.

23 **brave** daring, presumptuous

24 **Bedlam** lunatic asylum in London, often used generically (as a form of 'Bethlehem' Hospital) for 'madhouse'; compare 1.2.0.1, 1.2.52, notes

26 **last-come lunatic** the madman who has most recently arrived (Franciscus)
proper handsome, attractive

LOLLIO If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman—one that I may call the understanding madman—then say I am a fool.

35 ISABELLA Well, a match, I will say so.

LOLLIO When you have had a taste of the madman, you shall (if you please) see Fools' College, o'th' other side. I seldom lock there: 'tis but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst 'em.

Exit. Enter presently [with Franciscus]

40 Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely you'll behave yourself now.

FRANCISCUS How sweetly she looks! O, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy. [*To Lollio; he mimes giving him a cup*] Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it. Stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! No, 'tis but a grape-stone. Swallow it; fear nothing, poet. So, so, lift higher. [*Lollio laughs*]

45 ISABELLA [*to Lollio*]
Alack, alack, 'tis too full of pity
To be laughed at. How fell he mad? Canst thou tell?

50 LOLLIO For love, mistress. He was a pretty poet too, and that set him forwards first; the muses then forsook him, he ran mad for a chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

FRANCISCUS [*approaching Isabella*] Hail, bright Titania!
55 Why standst thou idle on these flow'ry banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades;
I'll gather daisies, primroses, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

LOLLIO Not too near! You see your danger. [*He shows a whip*]

60

FRANCISCUS O, hold thy hand, great Diomed; thou feedst thy horses well, they shall obey thee. [*He kneels like a horse*] Get up, Bucephalus kneels.

LOLLIO You see how I awe my flock: a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience. 65

ISABELLA
His conscience is unquiet—sure that was
The cause of this. A proper gentleman.

FRANCISCUS [*rising*] Come hither, Aesculapius; hide the poison.

LOLLIO [*putting up whip*] Well, 'tis hid. 70

FRANCISCUS Didst thou never hear of one Tiresias, a famous poet?

LOLLIO Yes, that kept tame wild-geese.

FRANCISCUS That's he! I am the man.

LOLLIO No! 75

FRANCISCUS Yes! But make no words on't; I was a man seven years ago.

LOLLIO A stripling, I think you might say.

FRANCISCUS Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

LOLLIO I would I might see that. 80

FRANCISCUS Juno struck me blind.

LOLLIO I'll ne'er believe that; for a woman, they say, has an eye more than a man.

FRANCISCUS I say she struck me blind.

LOLLIO And Luna made you mad. You have two trades to beg with. 85

FRANCISCUS
Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room
For both of us to ride with Hecatë;
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,
And there we'll kick the dog (and beat the bush) 90

- 35 a **match** an agreement, compact (i.e. 'that's a deal')
- 37 **Fools' College** the madmen and fools are kept apart; see 1.2.44, 2.2.1. As Bedlam hospital was divided into two wings, perhaps an actual practice is here referred to.
- 38 **shooting a bolt** sliding back the bolt on a door (but compare also the proverb 'A fool's bolt is soon shot' (Tilley, Dent F515), where 'bolt' = arrow).
- 44 **Anacreon** Greek lyric poet famous for his songs of love and wine-drinking. Franciscus's mad speech, unlike that of the 'Bedlam' madmen, continually centres on classical references; this may play on contemporary tavern culture.
- 45–6 **spider in the cup** It was thought that, seen in a cup, spiders had the power to poison.
- 46 **grape-stone** Anacreon was believed to have died from choking on the stone of a dried grape while drinking wine.
- 47 **lift higher** presumably Franciscus refers to lifting a cup higher while drinking. Here Lollio may indulge him by miming Anacreon drinking a 'health', or Franciscus may merely address an empty part of the stage.
- 51 **set him forwards first** first gave him a tendency (to madness)
- 52–3 **yet... neither** even though she was nothing but a dwarf
- 54–6 **Titania... Oberon** the queen and king of fairy land, known best from A *Midsummer Night's Dream*
- 56 **dancing... Dryades** sporting with his wood-nymphs. Franciscus uses the cover of madness to hint to Isabella that Alibius is 'dancing' (= copulating) with other women.
- 61 **Diomed** In mythology, Diomedes was king of the Bistones, in Thrace, whose mares (compare 'horses', l. 62) ate human flesh. (But compare also the *Iliad* 5, 10, where (another) Diomedes is associated with horses.)
- 63 **Bucephalus** horse of Alexander the Great, which only he could ride
- 67 **this** i.e. his madness
- 68 **Aesculapius** (Greek) patron divinity of medicine
- 69 **poison** Lollio's whip (compare ll. 94–5 below)
- 71 **Tiresias** mythological Theban sooth-sayer who, having been changed into a woman for seven years, was blinded by Juno as a punishment for revealing that women enjoy sex more than men do
- 71–2 **famous poet** Tiresias was a prophet, 'poet' in so far as prophets and seers were so considered.
- 73 **tame wild-geese** possibly a joke on 'goose' as slang for prostitute; the oxymoron seems also connected with the gender inversion of Tiresias as man and woman
- 77 **seven years ago** see note at l. 71.
- 78 **stripling** youth
- 81 **Juno** Juno was responsible for striking Tiresias blind.
- 83 **an eye more** sexual joke on the vagina as 'eye'
- 85 **Luna** the moon, and cause of 'lunacy'
- 85–6 **two trades to beg with** i.e. being blind and mad (beggars often pretended to be both)
- 87 **big-bellied** (a) full (b) pregnant
- 88 **Hecatë** a witch goddess, associated with the moon and black magic—here seen as a source of (supernatural) transportation
- 90 **dog... bush** The Man in the Moon was thought to have a dog and a bush.

- That barks against the witches of the night;
The swift lycanthropi that walks the round,
We'll tear their wolvisk skins, and save the sheep.
[*He attempts to seize Lollio*]
- 95 LOLLIO Is't come to this? [*He flourishes the whip*] Nay, then,
my poison comes forth again, mad slave! Indeed, abuse
your keeper!
- ISABELLA
I prithee, hence with him, now he grows dangerous.
- FRANCISCUS (*sings*)
Sweet love, pity me,
Give me leave to lie with thee.
- 100 LOLLIO No, I'll see you wiser first. To your own kennel.
- FRANCISCUS (*sings*)
No noise—she sleeps,
Draw all the curtains round;
Let no soft sound
Molest the pretty soul;
105 But love, and love,
Creeps in at a mouse-hole. *Exit Franciscus*
- LOLLIO [*after him*] I would you would get into your hole.
Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort: you shall
be fooled another while. Tony! Come hither, Tony!
- 110 *Enter Antonio*
Look who's yonder, Tony.
- ANTONIO Cousin, is it not my aunt?
- LOLLIO Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.
- ANTONIO Hee, hee! How do you, uncle?
- LOLLIO Fear him not, mistress: 'tis a gentle nidget; you
115 may play with him, as safely with him as with his
bauble.
- ISABELLA How long hast thou been a fool?
- ANTONIO Ever since I came hither, cousin.
- ISABELLA
Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.
- 120 LOLLIO O mistress, fools have always so much wit as to
claim their kindred.
- MADMAN (*singing, within*)
Bounce! Bounce!
He falls! He falls!
- ISABELLA
Hark you, your scholars in the upper room
Are out of order. 125
- LOLLIO [*shouting offstage*] Must I come amongst you
there?—Keep you the fool, mistress. I'll go up and play
left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen. *Exit*
- ISABELLA Well, sir.
- ANTONIO [*removing disguise*]
'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! Nay,
130 Cast no amazing eye upon this change.
- ISABELLA Ha!
- ANTONIO
This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me. 135
- ISABELLA
You are a fine fool indeed.
- ANTONIO O, 'tis not strange:
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences; and like
A cunning poet, catches a quantity
Of every knowledge, yet brings all home
140 Into one mystery, into one secret
That he proceeds in.
- ISABELLA You're a parlous fool.
- ANTONIO
No danger in me: I bring naught but love
And his soft-wounding shafts to strike you with.
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you,
145 I'll stand you twenty back in recompense. [*He kisses
her*]
- ISABELLA
A forward fool too!
- ANTONIO This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways she fashioned out my way,

92 **lycanthropi** wolf-men
walks the round walk a regular circuit
as a sentinel

95 **slave** rascal

100 **your own kennel** i.e. in contrast
to those of the 'dog' (l. 90) and
'lycanthropi' (l. 92) he has threatened.
'kennel' = room, cell

105-6 **love... mouse-hole** i.e. love creeps
in at any little crevice; with sexual
innuendo of the vagina. 'Mouse' =
diminutive for woman or sweetheart.

107 **hole** i.e. cell

109 **fooled** (a) amused by a fool (b) deceived

111 **aunt** 'Aunt' could mean 'bawd' or
'prostitute' as well as 'relative'; 'One of
my aunts' (compare 112) was proverbial
bawdy (see Tilley A398).

113 **uncle** If Antonio's 'aunts' and
'cousins' (ll. 118-19) are prostitutes,

then his 'uncle' is likely to be an 'uncle
Pandaros', as in *Troilus and Cressida*.

114 **nidget** idiot

116 **bauble** a toy or trifle. Technically,
a bauble was a stick or baton with a
carved ass's head and ears on top, used
by a fool or court jester: see *OED* 4. Here
it possesses a sexual sense.

118 **cousin** As Isabella realizes, like 'aunt' (l.
111), 'cousin' could refer to a prostitute
or easy woman.

122 **Bounce** bang, the sound of a gun.

127 **Keep you** take care of

128 **left-handed Orlando** a clumsy, parodic,
or perhaps even sinister version of the
violent, mad hero of Ariosto's *Orlando
Furioso*

130 **opportuneful** convenient. Antonio
here drops his feigned madness to woo
Isabella.

131 **amazing** amazed

136 **fine** proper; also: intricate, complex.

Isabella speaks sardonically, with sug-
gestion that Antonio is making a fool of
himself in love.

138 **scrutinous sciences** searching, prying
fields of learning

141 **mystery** secret (as in the following line),
but also with a sense of a science, or
special branch of learning or training

143 **naught** nothing

love i.e. Cupid

145 **one arrow** Antonio may mean 'arrow'
(i.e. of Cupid) as 'kiss'; it may also have
a buried meaning of 'penis'.

146 **stand you twenty back** take twenty
back from you in return. ('Stand' often
had a connotation of male sexual
arousal.)

150 And this I found the safest and the nearest
To tread the Galaxia to my star.

ISABELLA
Profound, withal! Certain you dreamed of this:
Love never taught it waking.

ANTONIO
Take no acquaintance of these outward follies;
There is within a gentleman that loves you.

ISABELLA
When I see him, I'll speak with him. So, in the mean
155 time,
Keep your habit; it becomes you well enough.
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect:
When you are weary, you may leave the school,
160 For all this while you have but played the fool.
Enter Lollo
ANTONIO [*disguising himself*]
And must again;—
[*As Tony*] Hee, hee! I thank you, cousin! (*sings*)
I'll be your Valentine
Tomorrow morning.

165 LOLLIO How do you like the fool, mistress?
ISABELLA Passing well, sir.
LOLLIO Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?
ISABELLA If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to
something.

170 LOLLIO Ay, thank a good tutor. You may put him to't;
he begins to answer pretty hard questions. Tony: how
many is five times six?
ANTONIO Five times six is six times five.
LOLLIO What arithmetician could have answered better?
175 How many is one hundred and seven?
ANTONIO One hundred and seven is seven hundred and
one, cousin.

LOLLIO This is no wit to speak on. Will you be rid of the
fool now?
ISABELLA By no means!—Let him stay a little. 180
MADMAN (*within*) Catch there! Catch the last couple in
hell!
LOLLIO Again? Must I come amongst you?—Would my
master were come home! I am not able to govern both
these wards together. *Exit* 185
ANTONIO
Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?
ISABELLA
Fie, out again? I had rather you kept
Your other posture: you become not your tongue
When you speak from your clothes.
ANTONIO How can he freeze
Lives near so sweet a warmth? Shall I alone 190
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?
This with the red cheeks I must venture for.
[*He kisses her*]
Enter Lollo above
ISABELLA Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.
[*He kisses her again*]
LOLLIO [*aside*] How now, fool: are you good at that? Have 195
you read Lipsius? He's past *Ars Amandi*; I believe I must
put harder questions to him, I perceive that.
ISABELLA
You are bold without fear too.
ANTONIO What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip, 200
Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer. I know this shape
205 Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors

150 *Galaxia* Milky Way
151 *withal* in addition to (or on top of)
everything else, also
152 *waking* while you were awake (and
presumably in possession of your rational
faculties)
156 *habit* costume; with a glance at 'role'
becomes suits
157 *discover* uncover, give you away
168–9 *If he... come to something* An
ambiguous line: Antonio/Tony may
'come to something', signifying (a) to
Lollo, that 'Tony' promises to advance
in his education; and perhaps (b) to
Antonio, that she may be open to his
advances; and (c) to herself, that he may
eventually come to grief, or ridicule. See
following note.
170–1 *Ay... hard questions* On the surface,
Lollo understands Isabella's response
(ll. 168–9) to deal with his tutoring of
'Tony'—where 'put him to't' means 'put

him to his examination, test his know-
ledge'; yet with 'pretty *hard* questions'
(*'hard'* = erect), this line takes on a
bawdy meaning.
178 *no wit to speak on* i.e. not a remark-
able example of wit
181–2 *Catch the last couple in hell* In the
outdoor (courting) game of barley-break,
referred to again at 5.3.163, one couple
would join hands within a marked-off,
circular area called 'hell', and attempt
to catch others as they ran through the
circle. Those caught had to replace the
original pair in 'hell'.
187 *out* i.e. of your role as a fool
188–9 *you become not... clothes* when
Antonio speaks differently from how he is
dressed (he is dressed as a fool), he does
not adorn decorously ('becomes' *OED* III)
the body ('yourself') that wears fool's
clothes. Compare l. 156 above, and note
189–90 *How... warmth?* (a) how could

anyone not respond to you amorously?
(b) how can Alibius be so old and pas-
sionless?
191 *Hesperides* three mythological nymphs
whose orchard contained golden apples
193 *This* i.e. this golden apple (Isabella)
194 *giants* The Hesperides were the daugh-
ters of Atlas, a giant who placed a
dragon guard over the golden apples.
195 *that* i.e. kissing or making love
196 *Lipsius* Lipse, a Renaissance humanist
best known for his Latin epigrams and
translations; here the joke is on the 'Lips'
in his name.
Ars Amandi Latin title of Ovid's *Arts*
of Love; Lollo sardonically jests that
Antonio appears to have graduated
beyond Ovid's famous treatise. In view
of the preceding pun on lips, 'Ars' here is
probably a pun on 'arse'.
199 *Do you but* if you will only
205 *mirrors* i.e. of Isabella's eyes

- I shall array me handsomely.
 LOLLIO Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Exit [Lollo. Antonio embraces Isabella. Lollo re-enters presently with] Madmen above, some as birds, others as beasts. [Antonio and Isabella part]
 ANTONIO
 What are these?
 ISABELLA Of fear enough to part us.
 Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
 210 That act their fantasies in any shapes
 Suiting their present thoughts—if sad, they cry;
 If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again.
 Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
 Singing, or howling, braying, barking; all
 215 As their wild fancies prompt 'em.
[Exeunt Madmen, above]
Enter Lollo
 ANTONIO
 These are no fears.
 ISABELLA But here's a large one: my man.
 ANTONIO [*as Tony*] Ha, hee! That's fine sport indeed,
 cousin.
 LOLLIO I would my master were come home. 'Tis too much
 220 for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks; nor can
 I believe that one churchman can instruct two benefices
 at once—there will be some incurable mad of the one
 side, and very fools on the other. Come, Tony.
 ANTONIO Prithce cousin, let me stay here still.
 225 LOLLIO No, you must to your book now; you have played
 sufficiently.
 ISABELLA Your fool is grown wondrous witty.
 LOLLIO Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he
 will put you down one of these days.
Exeunt Lollo and Antonio
 230 ISABELLA Here the restrained current might make breach,
 Spite of the watchful bankers. Would a woman stray,
 She need not gad abroad to seek her sin;
 It would be brought home one ways or other.
 The needle's point will to the fixed north,
- Such drawing arctics women's beauties are. 235
Enter Lollo
 LOLLIO How dost thou, sweet rogue?
 ISABELLA How now?
 LOLLIO Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better
 than another.
 ISABELLA What's the matter?
 240 LOLLIO Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's-flesh, have at
 thee! [*He tries to kiss her*]
 ISABELLA
 You bold slave, you!
 LOLLIO I could follow now as t'other fool did:
 'What should I fear,
 245 Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
 And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
 Meet and retire, retire and meet again;
 Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
 I shall behold my own deformity,
 250 And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape
 Becomes me not—'
 And so as it follows. But is not this the more foolish
 way? Come, sweet rogue; kiss me, my little Lacede-
 monian. Let me feel how thy pulses beat. Thou hast a
 255 thing about thee would do a man pleasure.—I'll lay my
 hand on't.
[He tries to embrace her]
 ISABELLA
 Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered
 This love's knight-errant, who hath made adventure
 For purchase of my love. Be silent, mute—
 260 Mute as a statue—or his injunction
 For me enjoying shall be to cut thy throat;
 I'll do it, though for no other purpose,
 And be sure he'll not refuse it.
 LOLLIO My share, that's all. I'll have my fool's part with
 265 you.
 ISABELLA
 No more: your master.

207 Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Lollo signals Alibius's cuckoldry by mimicking the cuckoo bird (which appropriates other birds' nests for its own use).

208 Of fear enough fearful enough, threatening enough

212 conceit thought, whim

216 no fears nothing to be afraid of

here's a large one: my man 'one' = fear; 'man' = servant, i.e. Lollo. As Rowley the actor specialized in fat clown roles, 'large' may indicate that he intended to take the part of Lollo himself.

217 That's fine sport i.e.(a) watching the madmen (b) kissing Isabella

221-2 two benefices at once A single clergyman appointed to (and enjoying the income from, without paying full

attention to) separate churches or livings ('benefices') was long a problem in England.

229 put you down i.e. in a battle of wits; but with a sexual sense of 'laying' a woman

230-1 restrained current... bankers i.e. the water might get through the dam even though some (e.g. Alibius) have taken precautions. A 'banker' is a labourer who makes earthen banks.

234 needle's point compass needle, with innuendo of penis
 fixed north magnetic North

235 Such... are women's beauties are just such North Poles with their attracting qualities

246-52 Do... not By quoting Antonio's

wooing at ll. 199-205, Lollo reveals to Isabella that he has witnessed the attempted seduction. He now offers this information as sexual blackmail.

253 And so as it follows i.e. *et cetera*, and so forth

253-4 more foolish way (a) Antonio's (foolish) love poetry (b) what I (a fool) will do next: accost you

254-5 Lacedemonian (a) one of few words, 'laconic' of speech (b) slang for loose woman or whore

256 thing about thee i.e. between her legs
 259 love's knight-errant (romantic) adventurer in the service of love

263 though... purpose i.e. as if for the act's sake itself

265 part share, portion

Enter Alibius

ALIBIUS Sweet, how dost thou? brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads.

ISABELLA Your bounden servant, sir. ALIBIUS 295 Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason, And a comfort in it.

ALIBIUS Fie, fie, sweet heart: ISABELLA You've a fine trade on't: Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

ISABELLA You were best lock me up. ALIBIUS 300 ALIBIUS O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live. Just at the Lawyer's Haven we arrive; By madmen and by fools we both do thrive. *Exeunt* 300

270 In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella, [*He embraces her*]

I'll lock thee up most nearly.—Lollo, We have employment; we have task in hand. At noble Vermandero's, our castle captain, There is a nuptial to be solemnized—

275 Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter bride, For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains: A mixture of our madmen and our fools, To finish (as it were) and make the fag Of all the revels, the third night from the first.

280 Only an unexpected passage over, To make a frightful pleasure, that is all— But not the all I aim at. Could we so act it To teach it in a wild distracted measure, Though out of form and figure, breaking Time's head—

285 (It were no matter, 'twould be healed again In one age or other, if not in this). 'Tis this, Lollo: there's a good reward begun, And will beget a bounty be it known.

LOLLIO This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well, and 'tis no wonder—your best dancers are not the wisest men; the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their

Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice

VERMANDERO Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir, I wish I had a daughter now for you.

ALSEMERO The fellow of this creature were a partner For a king's love.

VERMANDERO I had her fellow once, sir, But heaven has married her to joys eternal; 'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again. Come, sir: your friend and you shall see the pleasures Which my health chiefly joys in.

ALSEMERO I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

VERMANDERO It falls much short of that. *Exeunt. Manet Beatrice*

BEATRICE 10 So, here's one step Into my father's favour. Time will fix him. I have got him now the liberty of the house; So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom, And if that eye be darkened that offends me— I wait but that eclipse—this gentleman 15

268 **bounden servant** obligated servant; compare 1 Corinthians 7:39, and 'bounden duty and service' (*Book of Common Prayer* (1559), Holy Communion). With a suggestion that Isabella considers herself under undeserved duress and constraint—where 'bounden' = imprisoned, fettered.

271 **nearly** tightly

276 **bespoke our pains** solicited our services

278 **fag** end, as in 'fag end'

280 **passage over** Alibius anticipates that the madmen and fools will 'pass over' a stage-like area.

282–6 **Could...this** If we could perform this part of the revels with our madmen, presenting our show in a wild and distracted measure, even though this would be formless and disordering of Time itself it wouldn't matter, for it would all mend itself sooner or later.

284 **breaking Time's head** Alibius talks

himself into a cuckold joke (a cuckold's head would be 'broken' by his horns), only to dismiss it.

287–8 **'Tis...known** We've already started to make money with our madmen and fools; once our show is seen ('known'), we will make even more.

297 **staple** most valuable (said with irony by Isabella)

299–300 **Just...thrive** Alibius responds to his wife's sarcasm by his own wry observation: we thrive by the aid of madmen and fools much as we see in the law courts ('Lawyer's Haven'—here ironic; a similar proverbial location was called 'Cuckold's Haven').

300 **we both** (a) both we and the lawyers (b) you and I (i.e. Alibius and Isabella)

3.4.3 **The fellow...creature** a woman equal to Beatrice (Alsemero hides his desire for Beatrice by saying he would give

anything for a woman just like her)

4 **I had her fellow once** Vermandero probably refers to Beatrice's (dead) mother.

6 **in this vale** i.e. on earth, in this 'vale of tears'

9 **seat** residence (often of a person of authority)

largely widely

10 **Manet** remains

11 **fix him** i.e. make Alsemero more permanent in

14 **that eye...offends me** i.e. Alonzo's. Compare Matthew 18:9: 'And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee'. Beatrice is offended by *another's* eye and plans to have it plucked out. With 'darkened', and 'eclipse' in the following line, 'eye' here has an astrological resonance: the sun or 'eye' of heaven, here to be eclipsed.

- Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.
Enter De Flores
DE FLORES [*aside*]
My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed.
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap
20 For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.
BEATRICE
De Flores.
DE FLORES
Lady.
BEATRICE Thy looks promise cheerfully.
DE FLORES All things are answerable: time,
Circumstance, your wishes, and my service.
BEATRICE
Is it done, then?
DE FLORES Piracquo is no more.
BEATRICE
25 My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights
Are evermore born weeping.
DE FLORES
I've a token for you.
BEATRICE For me?
DE FLORES
But it was sent somewhat unwillingly:
I could not get the ring without the finger.
[*He shows her the finger*]
30 BEATRICE Bless me! What hast thou done?
DE FLORES
Why, is that more than killing the whole man?
I cut his heart strings:
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court
In a mistake hath had as much as this.
BEATRICE
35 'Tis the first token my father made me send him.
DE FLORES And I made him send it back again
For his last token; I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels.
- He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance. 40
BEATRICE
At the stag's fall the keeper has his fees;
'Tis soon applied: all dead men's fees are yours, sir.
I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly: the true value,
Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats. 45
DE FLORES
'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience,
though,
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.
Well, being my fees I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit
Would scorn the way on't.
BEATRICE It might justly, sir. 50
Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores: 'tis not given
In state of recompense.
DE FLORES No, I hope so, lady:
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.
BEATRICE
Prithee, thou look'st as if thou wert offended.
DE FLORES
55 That were strange, lady: 'tis not possible
My service should draw such a cause from you.
Offended? Could you think so? That were much
For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.
BEATRICE
'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir. 60
DE FLORES
I know so much, it were so: misery
In her most sharp condition.
BEATRICE 'Tis resolved then.
Look you, sir: here's three thousand golden florins;
[*She gives him money*]
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

17 **refulgent** bright, radiant
virtue This word continues the astrological metaphor of ll. 14–17, since 'virtue' can mean power, influence—here in an astrological sense. The irony of the word's moral inappropriateness to Beatrice's plan is no less apparent.
18 **are...deed** feast on the imagining of what I have done
20 **For** in comparison with
set down for't (a) set down in my imaginary account book as what I shall be paid for the murder (b) placed down as a wager
22 **answerable** correspondent, responsive to (Beatrice's) desire
25 **start at mine eyes** make me begin to weep
33 **at court** i.e. where, in a communal dish, it might be cut off by another hurried or greedy eater

41 **At the stag's fall...fees** proverbial: A traditional courtesy in hunting gave the gamekeeper the skin (and, often, horns) of a fallen stag.
42 **applied** brought to bear; compare 1.2.26, note
43 **stone** i.e. ring (by metonymy)
45 **three hundred ducats** The word 'ducat' could refer to many gold and silver coins. Here, perhaps, a good yearly income.
46–7 **a capcase for one's conscience...**
worm a case, bag, box, or other receptacle—here 'coffin' is strongly suggested, hence 'worm' in the following line ('the worm of conscience' was proverbial). There may also be a pun on 'case of conscience', a matter or question on which one's conscience may be in doubt (see 'case' *OED sb.*¹ 7).
48–9 **Well...that** (a) I've learned that one must accept favours from aristocrats and

seem to do so gratefully (b) 'Great men' have taught me, by their example, to take such unethical 'fees'.
49–50 **or else...on't** i.e. otherwise, my sense of self worth would reject this subservience
50 **It might justly** i.e. your merit is indeed real enough that you might show your true feeling about gifts
56 **cause** accusation, blame (*OED* 9; from Latin *causa*)
61–2 **I know...condition** (a) I believe what you're saying (i.e. it would cause misery indeed) (b) I know so much (to your discredit) that it would indeed mean 'misery' for you (i.e. were I to reveal it)
63 **three thousand golden florins** Like 'ducat', 'florin' could refer to one of many coins. This amount is probably meant to sound like much more than the value of the ring (compare 'golden').

DE FLORES
 What, salary? Now you move me.
 65 BEATRICE How, De Flores?
 DE FLORES
 Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows
 To destroy things for wages? Offer gold
 For the life-blood of man? Is any thing
 Valued too precious for my recompense?
 BEATRICE
 I understand thee not.
 70 DE FLORES I could ha' hired
 A journeyman in murder at this rate,
 And mine own conscience might have lain at ease,
 And have had the work brought home.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] I'm in a labyrinth!
 What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.—
 I'll double the sum, sir.
 75 DE FLORES You take a course
 To double my vexation, that's the good you do.
 BEATRICE [*aside*]
 Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was;
 I know not what will please him!—For my fears' sake,
 I prithee make away with all speed possible.
 80 And if thou be'st so modest not to name
 The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not:
 Send thy demand in writing. It shall follow thee,
 But prithee take thy flight.
 DE FLORES You must fly too, then.
 BEATRICE I?
 DE FLORES
 I'll not stir a foot else.
 85 BEATRICE What's your meaning?
 DE FLORES
 Why, are not you as guilty, in, I'm sure,
 As deep as I? And we should stick together.
 Come, your fears counsel you but ill. My absence
 Would draw suspect upon you instantly;
 There were no rescue for you.
 90 BEATRICE [*aside*] He speaks home.
 DE FLORES
 Nor is it fit we two engaged so jointly
 Should part and live asunder. [*He kisses her*]
 BEATRICE How now, sir?
 This shows not well.
 DE FLORES What makes your lip so strange?

This must not be betwixt us.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] The man talks wildly.
 DE FLORES
 Come, kiss me with a zeal now.
 BEATRICE [*aside*] Heaven, I doubt him! 95
 DE FLORES
 I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.
 BEATRICE
 Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness;
 'Twill soon betray us.
 DE FLORES Take you heed first.
 Faith, you're grown much forgetful; you're to blame
 in't.
 BEATRICE [*aside*]
 He's bold, and I am blamed for't!
 DE FLORES I have eased you 100
 Of your trouble. Think on't: I'm in pain,
 And must be eased of you. 'Tis a charity.
 Justice invites your blood to understand me.
 BEATRICE
 I dare not.
 DE FLORES Quickly!
 BEATRICE O, I never shall!
 Speak it yet further off, that I may lose 105
 What has been spoken and no sound remain on't.
 I would not hear so much offence again
 For such another deed.
 DE FLORES Soft, lady, soft:
 The last is not yet paid for. O, this act
 Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't 110
 As the parched earth of moisture, when the clouds
 weep.
 Did you not mark? I wrought myself into't,
 Nay, sued and kneeled for't: why was all that pains
 took?
 You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold:
 Not that I want it not, for I do—piteously. 115
 In order I will come unto't, and make use on't,
 But 'twas not held so precious to begin with.
 For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure;
 And were I not resolved in my belief
 That thy virginity were perfect in thee, 120
 I should but take my recompense with grudging,
 As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

71 **journeyman** workman for hire
 73 **brought home** done (by an agent); here
 with a figurative sense, as in thrusting
 'home' a sharp object. See note at l. 90.
 78 **For...sake** on account of my fears (i.e.
 of what may happen when the murder is
 discovered)
 90 **home** to the point (painfully so)
 91 **engaged...jointly** brought together
 in collaboration (with a compelling
 undertone of erotic engagement)
 93 **strange** distant, cold, unfriendly (*OED a.*
 11)

95 **doubt him** (a) fear him (b) am apprehens-
 ive about his motives
 96 **I...so long** i.e. I will not wait so long
 (with pun on sexual sense of 'stand';
 compare 3.3.146, note).
 'em i.e. kisses
 97 **forgetfulness** i.e. of (a) propriety (b) the
 difference between our ranks
 99 **forgetful** i.e. of what you've had me do
 100 **I...for't** i.e. He is the one who's
 forward, yet I am blamed.
 103 **blood** supposed seat of the emotions

and passions
 108-9 **Soft...for** ironic: slow down,
 we've yet to settle for the last murder I
 committed.
 110 **put me into spirit** excited me; probably
 sexual excitement
 112 **wrought myself into't** (a) worked my
 way into position to perform the act
 ('work' *OED v.* 33b) (b) fashioned myself
 into your instrument (*OED v.* 3)
 116 **In order** in proper sequence (according
 to rank, importance, etc.; *OED sb.* 27)

- BEATRICE
Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty;
125 To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.
- DE FLORES Push! You forget yourself.
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty?
- BEATRICE
130 O misery of sin! Would I had been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate
In that Piracquo than to hear these words.
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.
- DE FLORES
135 Look but into your conscience; read me there.
'Tis a true book; you'll find me there your equal.
Push! Fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you. You're no more now;
You must forget your parentage to me.
- 140 You're the deed's creature; by that name you lost
Your first condition, and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turned you out,
And made you one with me.
- BEATRICE With thee, foul villain?
- DE FLORES Yes, my fair murd'ress. Do you urge me?
Though thou writ'st 'maid', thou whore in thy
145 affection,
'Twas changed from thy first love, and that's a kind
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's changed now,
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom (by all sweets that ever darkness tasted),
150 If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st.
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage.
I'll confess all; my life I rate at nothing.
- BEATRICE De Flores!—
- DE FLORES [aside]
I shall rest from all lovers' plagues then;
155 I live in pain now: that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.
- BEATRICE O sir, hear me!
- DE FLORES
She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be.
- BEATRICE
Stay, hear me once for all. [*She kneels, weeping*] I make
thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels; 160
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things.
- DE FLORES Let this silence thee:
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy
My pleasure from me.
Can you weep fate from its determined purpose? 165
So soon may you weep me.
- BEATRICE [aside] Vengeance begins;
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins.
Was my creation in the womb so cursed,
It must engender with a viper first?
- DE FLORES
170 Come, rise, and shroud your blushes in my bosom;
[*Beatrice rises*]
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las, how the turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

Exeunt

Finis Actus Tertius



Incipit Actus Quartus

4.1

[*Dumb Show*]Enter Gentlemen, Vermadero meeting them with
action of wonderment at the flight of Piracquo.Enter Alsemero, with Jasperino and Gallants;
Vermadero points to him, the Gentlemen seeming
to applaud the choice. [Exeunt in procession
Vermadero,] Alsemero, Jasperino, and Gentlemen,
[Gallants]; Beatrice the bride following in great
state, accompanied with Diaphanta, Isabella, and
other Gentlewomen; De Flores after all, smiling at
the accident. Alonzo's ghost appears to De Flores

- 125 **honour** chastity, reputation
- 128 **Push** an interjection preferred by Middleton
- 133 **creation** (a) Nature (b) God (compare 2.2.108)
- 139 **parentage** family, birth, rank
to me (a) with me, in your new relation to me, when you talk to me (b) in favour of
- 140 **the deed's creature** what the deed has made you
- 141 **Your first condition** original innocence
- 141-3 **I challenge** . . . **one with me** I lay claim to you, inasmuch as peace and innocence have abandoned you, leaving you my partner (see 'challenge' OED v. 5).
- 143 **one with me** like me; also: my partner
- 144 **urge** provoke (OED v. 7)
- 145 **affection** lust, inclination
- 146 **'Twas changed** your affection changed
- 147 **he's changed now** Alonzo's now dead (changed from life to death, and exchanged for Alsemero).
- 149 **by all sweets** . . . **tasted** i.e. by all the acts of lust ever performed at night
- 151 **blast** ruin, destroy
- 155 **shooting eye** i.e. Beatrice's; see note to 3.3.82
- 159-62 **I make** . . . **things** Holdsworth points out the echoes here of 2 Corinthians 6:8-10.
- 167 **Murder** . . . **sins** proverbial: '(Every) sin brings in another' (Dent S467.1)
- 168 **my creation** the act of my begetting
- curled** (a) wicked (b) put under God's curse (i.e. 'curled')
- 169 **It . . . first** i.e. that I must sleep first with a snake like De Flores (before doing so with a man)
- 170 **shroud** conceal
- 171 **receipts** (a) results (b) rewards
- 173 **turtle** turtle-dove (an emblem of perfect love and constancy—with irony here)
- 4.1.0.2 **Dumb Show** a unit of silent ('dumb') movement and activity on stage, often encapsulating events for which dialogue was redundant and otherwise undramatic
- 0.12 **accident** scene, event

in the midst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity [and so exeunt]
Enter Beatrice

BEATRICE

This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distressed.
The more I think upon th'ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces—
5 One that's ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding (that's my plague now),
Before whose judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,
There is no hiding on't—the more I dive
10 Into my own distress. How a wise man
Stands for a great calamity! There's no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger.
He cannot but in justice strangle me
15 As I lie by him—as a cheater use me.
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet,
The key left in't, and he abroad i'th' park.
Sure 'twas forgot. I'll be so bold as look in't.
[She unlocks the closet]
20 Bless me! A right physician's closet 'tis,
Set round with phials—every one her mark too.
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
Which may be safely called your great man's wisdom.
What manuscript lies here? 'The Book of Experiment,
25 Called *Secrets in Nature*'. [She reads] So 'tis, 'tis so:
'How to know whether a woman be with child or no.'
I hope I am not yet. If he should try, though!
Let me see. 'Folio forty-five.' Here 'tis,
The leaf tucked down upon't, the place suspicious:

'If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in Glass C—'
Where's that Glass C? O, yonder I see't now.
'—and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not.'
35 None of that water comes into my belly!
I'll know you from a hundred. I could break you now,
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery, but I'll look to you.
Ha! That which is next is ten times worse:
40 'How to know whether a woman be a maid or not.'
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof; but this he calls
'A merry sleight, but true experiment,
45 The author Antonius Mizaldus':
'Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the Glass M, which—upon her that is a maid—makes three several effects: 'twill make her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing, else dull, heavy, and lumpish.'
50 Where had I been?
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bed-time.
Enter Diaphanta

DIAPHANTA

Cuds, madam; are you here?

BEATRICE [aside]

Seeing that wench now,

A trick comes in my mind—'Tis a nice piece
Gold cannot purchase.—I come hither, wench,
To look my lord.

55

DIAPHANTA [aside]

Would I had such a cause to look him, too!—
Why, he's i'th' park, madam.

BEATRICE

There let him be.

1 fellow (a) man of low rank—a meaning she has called on thrice before to describe him: 1.1.114, 2.1.52–3, 2.1.90; (b) counterpart, twin, double—an unintended meaning, but prepared for by De Flores (2.1.86, 2.2.13), Alsemero (3.4.3), and Vermandero (3.4.4).
undone ruined; with a sense here as well from 'endlessly') of 'sexually exhausted'
4 cope with (a) contend with (b) couple, copulate with
5–7 mind... understanding... judgement (Beatrice's first line to Alsemero described him as a 'scholar', 1.1.64.)
11 Stands for represents—here 'threatens me with (a calamity)'
15 As... me treat me as a cheater on my vows
lie by (a) tell an untruth; and (b) recline next to. Middleton often puns on 'lie by': compare 1.2.30, 5.1.1 and notes.
21 her its
23 Which... wisdom i.e. because it gives him advantages (as the following experi-

ments hint)
24 The Book of Experiment probably Alsemero's personal title for his 'book'—evidently either a commonplace book containing transcriptions of various 'experiments', or verbatim transcript of the book mentioned next
25 Secrets in Nature Antoine Mizauld (Antonius Mizaldus), l. 46, wrote a book of this title (*De Arcanis Naturae*), which has chastity tests; an experiment similar to this one can also be found in his *Centuria IX. Memoribulum* (1566/1613).
28 Folio leaf (Beatrice is reading a table of contents)
31 Glass phial
36 water... into my belly (a) I'll avoid drinking that (b) an (unconscious) semen joke set up by 'white water' in l. 31; see also 2.2.83, note
38 turn you into milk i.e. replace you with (harmless) milk
39 master of the mystery expert of the science, craft

look to watch out for
43 Belike probably, possibly
44 That... proof (a) (reading 'That' as 'he') who has not yet tested my virginity (b) (reading 'That' as 'purity') which has not passed any of the tests it has already been put to
45 sleight trick, device
50 incontinently immediately
gape yawn, or stare with an open-mouth
51 else then, after that
52 Where had I been? what trouble would I have been in (had I not seen this)?
54 Cuds a mild oath (a periphrasis for 'God's')
here i.e. in Alsemero's chamber before the wedding
55 piece i.e. Diaphanta, where 'nice piece' could mean (a) scrupulous woman, or (b) good-looking wench (i.e. 'piece' = piece of flesh)
56 Gold... purchase Compare the proverb 'Money will do anything' (Tilley M1084).
57 look seek, search for

- DIAPHANTA
60 Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do;
At roosting time a little lodge can hold 'em.
(Sings) Earth-conquering Alexander,
That thought the world too narrow for him,
65 In the end had but his pit-hole.
- BEATRICE
I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.
- DIAPHANTA
Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam;
'Tis ever the bride's fashion towards bed-time
To set light by her joys, as if she owed 'em not.
- BEATRICE
Her joys? Her fears, thou wouldst say.
- 70 DIAPHANTA Fear of what?
- BEATRICE
Art thou a maid, and talkst so to a maid?
You leave a blushing business behind:
Beshrew your heart for't.
- DIAPHANTA Do you mean good sooth, madam?
- BEATRICE
Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,
Man should have been unknown.
- 75 DIAPHANTA Is't possible?
- BEATRICE
I will give a thousand ducats to that woman
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
Tomorrow, when she gets from't. As she likes
I might perhaps be drawn to't.
- DIAPHANTA Are you in earnest?
- BEATRICE
80 Do you get the woman, then challenge me,
And see if I'll fly from't. But I must tell you
This, by the way: she must be a true maid,
Else there's no trial; my fears are not hers else.
- DIAPHANTA
Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,
Shall be a maid.
- 85 BEATRICE You know I should be shamed else,
- Because she lies for me.
- DIAPHANTA [*aside*] 'Tis a strange humour.—
But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?
- BEATRICE
As willingly as live. [*Aside*] Alas, the gold
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour. 90
- DIAPHANTA [*aside*]
I do not know how the world goes abroad
For faith or honesty: there's both required in this.—
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.
- BEATRICE You're too quick, I fear, to be a maid. 95
- DIAPHANTA
How? Not a maid? Nay, then you urge me, madam:
Your honourable self is not a truer
With all your fears upon you—
- BEATRICE [*aside*] Bad enough then!
- DIAPHANTA
—than I with all my lightsome joys about me.
- BEATRICE
I'm glad to hear't, then. You dare put your honesty 100
Upon an easy trial?
- DIAPHANTA Easy? Anything!
- BEATRICE
I'll come to you straight. [*She crosses to the closet*]
DIAPHANTA [*aside*] She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?
- BEATRICE [*aside*]
Glass M. Ay, this is it.—Look, Diaphanta:
You take no worse than I do. [*She drinks*]
- DIAPHANTA And in so doing 105
I will not question what 'tis, but take it. [*She drinks*]
- BEATRICE [*aside*] Now if the experiment be true,
'Twill praise itself, and give me noble ease—[*Diaphanta
yawns*]
Begins already: there's the first symptom,
And what haste it makes to fall into the second—
[*Diaphanta sneezes*] 110
There by this time! Most admirable secret!

- 61 **rangers** those who range
62 **roosting time** bedtime, lodging time
 little lodge small cabin (with 'vagina'
 strongly suggested)
65 **pit-hole** grave, with innuendo on 'sexual
 orifice'
66 **modest** chaste, virginal
67 **Your... known** perhaps you're not being
 entirely candid with yourself about love
69 **set light by** make light of
 owed 'em not were not responsible for
 them ('owed' = 'owned')
71 **maid** virgin
73 **Beshrew** shame (a mild rebuke)
 Do you mean good sooth are you in
 earnest
75 **Man... unknown** I would never have
 become engaged (with ironic subtext,
 perhaps intended by Beatrice: she has
 already 'known' De Flores)
- 78 **gets from't** finishes it
80 **Do you... me** go ahead and find a
 woman willing to do this, then try me
84 **she** Diaphanta means herself
86 **lies for** (a) lies down in place of (b) per-
 forms an untruthful action for. Compare
 'lie by' and 4.1.15, note.
 humour turn of mood
90 **by-bet** side bet
 wedge in solidify, confirm
91 **the world... abroad** the common run of
 behaviour
95 **quick** eager, with pun on 'quick' =
 pregnant
96 **urge me** press, push me (to speak)
98 **Bad enough then** i.e. that comparison is
 bad enough
- 99 **lightsome** frivolous, flirtatious
100 **honesty** chastity
102 **search** examination—including a
 gynecological search as might be per-
 formed by a female 'forewoman' in a
 criminal case (l. 103). Such a search
 was performed in the divorce case of
 Frances Howard in 1613; claiming non-
 consummation of the marriage, she was
 subsequently examined physically for her
 virginity by a group of sixteen matrons
 and noblewomen.
106 **I will not... take it** compare the
 proverb 'Maids say nay and take it' (Dent
 M34)
108 **noble** splendid, with a sense of the
 dignity which her falsely-confirmed
 virginity will restore to her

On the contrary, it stirs not me a whit,
Which most concerns it.

DIAPHANTA
Ha, ha, ha!

BEATRICE [*aside*]
Just in all things, and in order,
115 As if 'twere circumscribed; one accident
Gives way unto another.

DIAPHANTA Ha, ha, ha!

BEATRICE How now, wench?

DIAPHANTA
Ha, ha, ha! I am so—so light at heart—Ha, ha, ha!—
so pleasurable!

But one swig more, sweet madam!

BEATRICE Ay, tomorrow;
We shall have time to sit by't.

DIAPHANTA Now I'm sad again.

BEATRICE [*aside*]
120 It lays itself so gently too.—Come, wench,
Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.

DIAPHANTA
Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?

BEATRICE I'll tell thee all hereafter. We must
Study the carriage of this business.

DIAPHANTA
125 I shall carry't well, because I love the burden.

BEATRICE
About midnight you must not fail to steal forth gently,
That I may use the place.

DIAPHANTA O fear not, madam:
I shall be cool by that time. [*Aside*] The bride's place,
And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now;

130 I bring a portion with me. I scorn small fools.

Exeunt

4.2 *Enter Vermandero and Servant*

VERMANDERO
I tell thee knave, mine honour is in question—
A thing till now free from suspicion—
Nor ever was there cause.
Who of my gentlemen are absent?

113 Which most concerns it whom it most
concerns

114 Just correct

115 circumscribed pre-ordained, bound to
this exact order

accident incident; here 'symptom'

119 sit by't spend as much time with it as
we desire

120 lays itself allays, subsides

121 honest chaste

125 carry't well (a) carry off the busi-
ness successfully (b) bear the weight
(‘burden’, l. 125) of Alsemero

127 use assume, get into

128 cool i.e. sexually spent

129 for a justice i.e. wealthy enough to
marry a judge

130 portion marriage portion, dowry

small fools (a) socially inferior men
(b) men less foolish than judges (com-
pare 1.2.134 above, and note)

4.2.8 Briamata In this play's source,
Briamata is a house ten leagues from
Alicante.

12 answer faithfully account trustfully for

13 command of apprehension order for their
arrest

15 discover reveal

17 set on again harassed once more (a
metaphor from animal baiting; compare
2.1.81–2 above, and notes)

19 bloods relatives, or young men (also,
with the following lines, ‘the blood your
family and you will shed’)

Tell me and truly how many, and who. 5

SERVANT Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

VERMANDERO
When did they leave the castle?

SERVANT Some ten days since, sir—
The one intending to Briamata,
Th'other for Valencia.

VERMANDERO
The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder 10
Is brought within my castle gate: Piracquo's murder.
I dare not answer faithfully their absence;
A strict command of apprehension
Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
The stain off clear, or openly discover it. 15
Provide me wingèd warrants for the purpose.

Exit Servant [one way, at another] enter Tomazo

See, I am set on again.

TOMAZO
I claim a brother of you.

VERMANDERO You're too hot;
Seek him not here.

TOMAZO Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction;
20 This is the place must yield account for him,
For here I left him, and the hasty tie
Of this snatched marriage gives strong testimony
Of his most certain ruin.

VERMANDERO Certain falsehood!
This is the place indeed. His breach of faith 25
Has too much marred both my abusèd love—
The honourable love I reserved for him—
And mocked my daughter's joy. The prepared morn-
ing
Blushed at his infidelity. He left
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends 30
Whose belief hurt 'em. O, 'twas most ignoble
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
And throw such public wrongs on those that loved
him.

TOMAZO
Then this is all your answer?

20 peace i.e. peace of mind

satisfaction a technical term, meaning
recompense for the dishonour I have
received

23 snatched overly hasty. Tomazo is a type
of the avenger in the Elizabethan revenge
play. See *Hamlet* 1.2.177–80.

24 Certain falsehood i.e. that of Alonzo de
Piracquo (whom Vermandero believes
has voluntarily absconded from the
castle)

28 prepared morning morning appointed for
the wedding ceremony

29 Blushed with play on the natural ‘blush’
of sunrise

31 Whose . . . 'em who were hurt by trusting
him too much

- VERMANDERO 'Tis too fair
 35 For one of his alliance; and I warn you
 That this place no more see you.
Exit Vermandero one way, at another enter De Flores
- TOMAZO [*aside*] The best is,
 There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.—
 Honest De Flores!
- DE FLORES That's my name indeed.
 Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took
 she?
- TOMAZO
 40 I have blessed mine eyes from seeing such a false one.
 DE FLORES [*aside*]
 I'd fain get off; this man's not for my company.
 I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.
- TOMAZO
 Come hither, kind and true one. I remember
 My brother loved thee well.
- DE FLORES O purely, dear sir.
 45 [*Aside*] Methinks I am now again a-killing on him;
 He brings it so fresh to me.
- TOMAZO Thou canst guess, sirrah
 (One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy)
 At some foul guilty person?
- DE FLORES 'Las, sir:
 I am so charitable, I think none
 50 Worse than myself—You did not see the bride, then?
- TOMAZO
 I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?
- DE FLORES
 No, no, a pretty, easy, round-packed sinner,
 As your most ladies are, else you might think
 I flattered her; but sir, at no hand wicked,
 55 Till they're so old their chins and noses meet,
 And they salute witches. I am called, I think, sir.
 [*Aside*] His company e'en o'erlays my conscience.
- TOMAZO
 That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart;
- HE'LL bring it out in time, I'm assured on't.
 O, here's the glorious master of the day's joy.
 'Twill not be long till he and I do reckon.
Enter Alsemero
- Sir!
- ALSEMERO
 You are most welcome.
- TOMAZO You may call that word back:
 I do not think I am, nor wish to be.
- ALSEMERO
 'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.
- TOMAZO [*aside*]
 Would I'd ne'er known the cause!—I'm none of
 those, sir,
 65 That come to give you joy, and swill your wine:
 'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay
 The fiery thirst I bring.
- ALSEMERO Your words and you
 Appear to me great strangers.
- TOMAZO Time and our swords
 May make us more acquainted. This the business:
 70 I should have a brother in your place.
 How treachery and malice have disposed of him,
 I'm bound to enquire of him which holds his right,
 Which never could come fairly.
- ALSEMERO You must look
 To answer for that word, sir.
- TOMAZO Fear you not;
 75 I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
 Keep your day solemn. Farewell; I disturb it not.
 I'll bear the smart with patience for a time. *Exit*
- ALSEMERO
 'Tis somewhat ominous this, a quarrel entered
 Upon this day. My innocence relieves me,
 80 *Enter Jasperino*
 I should be wondrous sad else.—Jasperino!
 I have news to tell thee, strange news.
- JASPERINO I ha' some too,
 I think as strange as yours; would I might keep

- 35 **alliance** family
 37 **There... on** (a) this insult I've just
 received gives further grounds to justify
 my revenge (b) there are other places
 ('more ground') where I can exact my
 vengeance
 38 **Honest** at this time, a word of multiple
 meanings and resonances—compare
 'honest Iago' in *Othello*
 40 **I have... one** I have prayed that my eyes
 might be prevented from seeing one so
 false as Beatrice.
 47 **jealousy** suspicion, apprehension
 49–50 **I... myself** De Flores's speech is laden
 with ironic meaning.
 52 **easy** easily persuaded, tractable; with
 hint of sexual availability
round-packed sinner one who is sur-
 rounded ('round-packed') by sin; with
 suggestion also of 'voluptuously shaped
 sinner'
- 53 **your most** most of your
 55–6 **Till... salute witches** De Flores
 describes toothless old crones who
 (a) hail or (b) bring bad luck to ('salute')
 witches by kiss, word, other physical
 gesture, or merely their presence—
 perhaps just from the growing together
 of their 'chins and noses'.
 57 **o'erlays** lays heavy upon, oppresses
 59 **bring it out** (a) reveal the truth (compare
 5.3.98–9) (b) reveal the contents of his
 heart
 60 **the glorious... joy** i.e. the bridegroom
 (ironic: it is the wedding day of Beatrice
 and Alsemero)
 61 **reckon** come to an accounting of or
 understanding about (i.e. through a duel)
 what Alsemero has done
 65 **the cause** the reason he has found his
 way to this house (i.e. his brother's
 disappearance)
 67 **precious liquor** i.e. (Alsemero's) blood
 68–9 **Your... strangers** (a) I have neither
 seen you before nor know what you
 mean (b) what you are saying appears
 unsuited to your rank
 73 **which holds his right** who has usurped
 his place, what is rightfully his
 74 **Which... fairly** which could never have
 been achieved legitimately, justly
 76 **I'll... drawn** (a) I'll have the contract
 between us drawn up (b) I'll have my
 sword out of its sheath
 77 **solemn** ceremoniously (hence undis-
 turbed)
 79 **ominous** continuing the superstition with
 which Alsemero began the play: compare
 1.1.2

85 Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't!
 Faith sir, dispense a little with my zeal
 And let it cool in this. 110

ALSEMERO This puts me on,
 And blames thee for thy slowness.

JASPERINO All may prove nothing;
 Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

ALSEMERO No question it may prove nothing: let's partake it
 though. 115

JASPERINO It shall be done, sir. Exit

90 'Twas Diaphanta's chance—for to that wench
 I pretend honest love, and she deserves it—
 To leave me in a back part of the house,
 A place we chose for private conference.
 She was no sooner gone, but instantly

95 I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me;
 And, lending more attention, found De Flores
 Louder than she.

ALSEMERO De Flores? Thou art out now.

JASPERINO You'll tell me more anon.

ALSEMERO Still, I'll prevent thee:
 The very sight of him is poison to her. 120

JASPERINO That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta
 At her return confirmed it.

ALSEMERO Diaphanta!

JASPERINO Then fell we both to listen, and words passed
 Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

ALSEMERO Peace! Quench thy zeal! 'Tis dangerous to thy bosom.

JASPERINO Then truth is full of peril.

105 ALSEMERO Such truths are.—
 O, were she the sole glory of the earth,
 Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,
 And touched, she sleeps not here! Yet I have time,
 Though night be near, to be resolved hereof;

And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

JASPERINO I never weighed friend so.

ALSEMERO Done charitably. [*He gives a key*]
 That key will lead thee to a pretty secret,
 By a Chaldean taught me, and I've spent
 My study upon some. Bring from my closet
 A glass inscribed there with the letter M,
 And question not my purpose. 115

JASPERINO It shall be done, sir. Exit

ALSEMERO How can this hang together? Not an hour since,
 Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
 Delivered her for the most timorous virgin
 That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest, 120
 She charged her weep out her request to me,
 That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter Beatrice

BEATRICE [*aside*]
 All things go well. My woman's preparing yonder
 For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose.
 Necessity compels it: I lose all else. 125

ALSEMERO [*aside*]
 Push! Modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead.
 I cannot be too sure, though.—My Joanna!

BEATRICE Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;
 Pardon my modest fears.

ALSEMERO [*aside*] The dove's not meeker:
 She's abused, questionless.—
Enter Jasperino [with phial]

O, are you come, sir? 130

BEATRICE [*aside*]
 The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.

JASPERINO Sir, this is M.

ALSEMERO 'Tis it.

BEATRICE [*aside*] I am suspected.

84 so provided
 85 dispense a little with pardon
 86 in i.e. in light of
 puts me on whets me on
 89 No question... though certainly it will
 turn out to be nothing—yet let's hear it.
 (Alsemero's asperity shows his resistance
 to what he senses Jasperino is about to
 tell him.)
 91 pretend make, offer (with no sense of
 deception or falsity)
 97 out wide of the mark
 98 You'll...anon you'll be even more angry
 when you hear fully what I have to tell
 prevent anticipate (and thus forestall)
 100 stagger (a) to reel, totter (b) to begin
 to doubt or waver in opinion, to become
 less confident or determined (OED v. 2).

103 challenge interest (a) lay claim to
 (i.e. De Flores's words lay a claim of
 his own to Beatrice; compare OED v. 5,
 and 3.4.141 above) (b) call in question,
 dispute (the words disputed Alsemero's
 claim to his 'interest' in Beatrice;
 compare OED v. 4). The effect of both
 readings is the same.
 104 'Tis...bosom i.e. you're risking death
 for speaking such slander
 105 Then...are Jasperino stoically says that
 the truth is to be told no matter what
 the personal risk. Alsemero answers an-
 grily that 'truths' like this are dangerous
 because they are lies.
 108 touched tainted, corrupted
 110 weigh me by my passions judge
 my value as a man by my passionate

outbursts
 111 Done (you have) acted
 113 Chaldean here an epithet for one es-
 pecially learned in the quasi-scientific
 experiments which Alsemero admires;
 in Daniel 2:2 ff., used as an occupa-
 tional description alongside 'magicians',
 'astrologers', and 'sorcerers'
 114 some i.e. secrets
 119 Delivered her for represented her as
 121 charged her commanded Diaphanta to
 122 she i.e. Beatrice
 obscurely in darkness (Beatrice has by
 this time arranged for the 'bed-trick')
 128 I...you I earlier sent a tearful message
 to you (via Diaphanta; compare ll. 117-
 22)
 131 the letter i.e. M

- ALSEMERO
How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
[*He offers a glass*]
- BEATRICE
What is't, my lord?
- ALSEMERO
No hurt.
- BEATRICE
Sir, pardon me:
- 135 I seldom taste of any composition.
- ALSEMERO
But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.
[*He gives her the glass*]
- BEATRICE
I fear 'twill make me ill.
- ALSEMERO
Heaven forbid that.
- BEATRICE [*aside*]
I'm put now to my cunning; th'effects I know,
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely. [*She drinks*]
- ALSEMERO [*aside to Jasperino*]
140 It has that secret virtue it ne'er missed, sir,
Upon a virgin.
- JASPERINO
Treble-qualified?
[*Beatrice gapes, then sneezes*]
- ALSEMERO
By all that's virtuous, it takes there, proceeds!
- JASPERINO
This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.
- BEATRICE
Ha, ha, ha!
- 145 You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.
- ALSEMERO
No, thou hast given me such joy of heart,
That never can be blasted.
- BEATRICE
What's the matter, sir?
- ALSEMERO [*to Jasperino*]
See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy;
Keeps both the time and method. [*He crosses to Be-*
atrice] My Joanna:
- 150 Chaste as the breath of heaven, or morning's womb,
That brings the day forth; thus my love encloses thee.
[*He embraces her, and*] *Exeunt*
- Enter Isabella [with a letter,] and Lollo*
- ISABELLA [*aside, as she reads*]
O heaven! Is this the waning moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?—
Sirrah, here's a madman, akin to the fool too—
A lunatic lover.
- LOLLIO
No, no, not he I brought the letter from.
- ISABELLA [*giving letter*]
Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.
- LOLLIO
The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.
[*He reads*] 'To the bright Andromeda, chief chamber-
maid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio,
in the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender of
10 Aeolus. Pay the post.' This is stark madness.
- ISABELLA
Now, mark the inside.
[*She takes the letter from Lollo and reads*]
'Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover
of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true
and faithful lover of your beauty.'
- 15 LOLLIO
He is mad still.
- ISABELLA
'If any fault you find, chide those perfections in
you, which have made me imperfect: 'tis the same sun
that causeth to grow, and enforceth to wither—'
- LOLLIO
O rogue!
- 20 ISABELLA
'—shapes and trans-shapes, destroys and builds
again. I come in winter to you dismantled of my proper
ornaments; by the sweet splendour of your cheerful
smiles, I spring and live a lover.'
- LOLLIO
Mad rascal still!
- 25 ISABELLA
'Tread him not under foot that shall appear an
honour to your bounties. I remain mad till I speak with
you, from whom I expect my cure. Yours all, or one
beside himself, Franciscus.'
- LOLLIO
You are like to have a fine time on't. My master
and I may give over our professions; I do not think but
30 you can cure fools and madmen faster than we—with
little pains too.
- ISABELLA
Very likely.

134 **What is't** i.e. what is this you'd have me drink?

135 **composition** compound, such as medicine or drink

140 **It has...missed** it has so secret a property or power ('virtue') that it has never failed

141 **Treble-qualified?** with three effects?

142 **virtuous** (a) efficacious (b) chaste

149 **time and method** pace and quality (of the drink's effects)

4.3.1 **waning moon** Isabella may mean that the 'lunatic' (l. 4) activity in the hospital changes with time (i.e. the more she learns about it), even as the moon does when it wanes.

3 **here's** referring to Franciscus within, as

author of this letter

6 **inside...out** (a) what it says on the outside of the envelope in contrast to what the letter itself says (b) his appearance and behaviour versus his real self

7 **out's** outside (indicating the name and superscription) is

8-11 **Andromeda...Aeolus** more of Franciscus's classical references, perhaps made superficially meaningless to prevent Lollo from reading the inside

8 **Andromeda** in mythology, the beloved of Perseus, who rescued her from the rock to which she had been bound as sacrifice to a sea monster

9 **Scorpio** a sign of the zodiac, governing

the genitals

10 **middle region** astronomically, the region governing the year's middle months, but with bawdy quibble on the 'middle region' of the body = the genital area

10-11 **bellows-mender of Aeolus** In mythology, Aeolus was god of the winds; following 'middle region', 'bellows-mender' may be a bawdy quibble, gathering both 'bellies' and 'billows' (compare ll. 121-2 and note).

11 **Pay the post** i.e. 'postage due'; a deliberately bathetic close to the salutation

21 **trans-shapes** metamorphoses

22 **dismantled** stripped

24 **spring** grow, with pun on the season (compare 'in winter', l. 22)

35 LOLLIO One thing I must tell you, mistress: you perceive that I am privy to your skill. If I find you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds. I shall be mad or fool else.

ISABELLA
The first place is thine, believe it, Lollo,

40 If I do fall—

LOLLIO I fall upon you.

ISABELLA So.

LOLLIO Well, I stand to my venture.

ISABELLA
But thy counsel now: how shall I deal with 'em?

45 LOLLIO Why, do you mean to deal with 'em?

ISABELLA
Nay, the fair understanding: how to use 'em.

LOLLIO Abuse 'em! That's the way to mad the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'em kindly.

ISABELLA
'Tis easy: I'll practise. Do thou observe it;
The key of thy wardrobe.

LOLLIO There, fit yourself for 'em, and I'll fit 'em both for you. [*He gives a key*]

ISABELLA
Take thou no further notice than the outside. *Exit*

55 LOLLIO [*after her*] Not an inch. I'll put you to the inside.
Enter Alibius

ALIBIUS
Lollo, art there? Will all be perfect, think'st thou?
Tomorrow night, as if to close up the solemnity,
Vermandero expects us.

LOLLIO I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough: I have taken pains with them.

60 ALIBIUS
Tush, they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours
Affright the ladies; they are nice things, thou know'st.

LOLLIO You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves. 65

ALIBIUS
I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

LOLLIO I was about it, sir: look you to the madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other; there is one or two that I mistrust their fooling. I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure. 70

ALIBIUS
Do, do; I'll see the music prepared. But Lollo—
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?
Does she not grudge at it?

LOLLIO So so. She takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else. You must allow her a little more length: she's kept too short. 75

ALIBIUS
She shall along to Vermandero's with us;
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

LOLLIO What's that on your face, sir? 80

ALIBIUS
Where, Lollo? I see nothing.

LOLLIO Cry you mercy, sir: 'tis your nose; it showed like the trunk of a young elephant.

ALIBIUS
Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollo. *Exit*

LOLLIO Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst. Tony, where art thou, Tony? 85

Enter Antonio

ANTONIO Here, cousin; where art thou?

LOLLIO Come, Tony: the footmanship I taught you.

ANTONIO I had rather ride, cousin.

LOLLIO Ay, a whip take you; but I'll keep you out. Vault in; look you, Tony: [*He sings and dances*] fa, la, la, la, la. 90

ANTONIO [*imitating him*] Fa, la, la, la, la.

LOLLIO There, an honour.

ANTONIO Is this an honour, coz? [*He bows*] 95

36 I am privy to (a) I recognize (b) I share
36-7 If... thirds Lollo says, literally, that if Isabella ever sets up in the business of curing (see 'minister') madmen, he wants a 'third' share, but the subtext of 'the trade' as whoring—an exaggeration of Isabella's potential infidelity—is too strong for her to miss. (Compare De Flores at 2.2.60, 'I'll put in for one'.)

41 I fall upon you Lollo responds with coarse wordplay to Isabella's suggestion, 'If I do fall', in l. 40. He will leap upon her.

43 I stand to sexual wordplay: (a) I stand by (b) I will be sexually aroused

45 deal with 'em Lollo deliberately interprets Isabella's remark sexually.

46 Nay... 'em i.e. nay, interpret my meaning charitably: I meant I will make use of them, not deal sexually with them.

47 Abuse Deceive

49 kindly (a) tenderly (b) according to their

'kind', as they deserve

50 practise (a) rehearse (i.e. theatrically) (b) act cunningly, scheme

52 fit make ready, but with suggestive wordplay: 'get yourself ready for these men, and I'll match you with them'.

54 Take... outside (a) don't pry into this affair; take it at face value (b) notice only the disguise I'll be wearing, not the person underneath

55 put you to the inside (a) get special access or accommodations for you (b) arrange it so that I or others can have sex with you

57 close... solemnity provide a finale for the wedding festivities

63 nice delicate, fastidious

65 pizzles whips made from dried bull penises (with obvious bawdy play on the 'pizzles' taming the 'ladies')

69 morris a festive dance sometimes put

on for money during this period; here perhaps used generally, to refer to a group dance.

69-70 one or two i.e. Antonio and Francis-cus

71 measure dance

77 short i.e. on too short a leash, with obvious bawdy undertones on Alibius's sexual inadequacy as a husband

79 liberty (a) freedom (b) lack of sexual restraint

82 Cry you mercy I beg your pardon

82-3 nose... elephant an insulting suggestion that Alibius has a big nose, with a cuckold joke (where nose = horn) at Alibius's expense. To 'put one's nose out of joint' was to cuckold him.

90 out i.e. out of those bad habits; with secondary meaning of: keep you away from Isabella

94 honour a curtsy, bow

- LOLLIO [*returning bow*] Yes, an it please your worship.
 ANTONIO Does honour bend in the hams, coz?
 LOLLIO Marry, does it; as low as worship, squireship—
 nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first
 100 stiffened. There, rise: a caper.
 ANTONIO Caper after an honour, coz?
 LOLLIO Very proper; for honour is but a caper, rises as fast
 and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground
 again. You can remember your figure, Tony? *Exit*
 105 ANTONIO Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can remem-
 ber mine.
Enter Isabella [like a madwoman]
 ISABELLA Hey, how she treads the air: Shoo! shoo! t'other
 way! He burns his wings else. [*She pulls Antonio down*]
 Here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be
 110 cancelled these eighteen moons.
 [*She rises, (singing)*] He's down, he's down,
 What a terrible fall he had!
 Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dedalus,
 And let us tread the lower labyrinth;
 115 I'll bring thee to the clue. [*She raises him*]
 ANTONIO
 Prithee, coz, let me alone.
 ISABELLA Art thou not drowned?
 About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
 Wrapped like a Turkish turban; on thy back, [*She*
touches him]
 A crook'd chameleon-coloured rainbow hung
 120 Like a tiara down unto thy hams. [*She kneels*]
 Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;
 Hark how they roar and rumble in the straits!
 Bless thee from the pirates.
 ANTONIO [*pulling free*] Pox upon you! Let me alone.
- ISABELLA
 Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,
 125 Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?
 Stay in the moon with me, Endymion, [*She touches*
him]
 And we will rule these wild rebellious waves
 That would have drowned my love.
 ANTONIO I'll kick thee if again thou touch me,
 130 Thou wild unshapen antic; I am no fool,
 You bedlam.
 ISABELLA [*rising*]
 But you are, as sure as I am—mad.
 Have I put on this habit of a frantic,
 With love as full of fury, to beguile
 The nimble eye of watchful jealousy
 135 And am I thus rewarded? [*She reveals herself*]
 ANTONIO
 Ha! Dearest beauty—
 ISABELLA No, I have no beauty now,
 Nor never had, but what was in my garments.
 You, a quick-sighted lover? Come not near me.
 140 Keep your caparisons; you're aptly clad,
 I came a feigner to return stark mad. *Exit*
Enter Lollio
 ANTONIO [*after Isabella*] Stay, or I shall change condition,
 And become as you are.
 LOLLIO Why, Tony, whither now? Why, fool?
 ANTONIO
 Whose fool, usher of idiots? You coxcomb!
 145 I have fooled too much.
 LOLLIO You were best be mad another while then.
 ANTONIO
 So I am, stark mad; I have cause enough,

98 **Marry, does it** i.e. by (the Virgin) Mary it does

98–9 **low as . . . sometimes** i.e. as low as these degrees of society traditionally bow to their social superiors

99 **yeomanry** compare the bawdy pun (on the vagina) by Jaques, played by Rowley, in *All's Lost by Lust* 1.3.14–15.

100 **stiffened** (a) grew rigid—perhaps with play on making rigid with starch, as in the starched ruffs and collars of the aristocracy (see *OED* v. 1) (b) assumed a permanent character (*OED* v. 2b, though not attested until 1697) (c) with bawdy pun on 'yeomanry' (see previous note) **caper** leap

102–4 **honour . . . again** honour is something insubstantial (like a jump or energetic dance step): it goes up, then it goes down

104 **figure** (dance) routine; also: visage, physiognomy

105–6 **when . . . mine** when I see how foolish you are, it's easy for me to remember how to be a fool

107–29 Isabella parodies Franciscus's learned nonsense, but in doing so stresses: a myth of male arrogance

(Icarus, who flew too close to the sun, ll. 107 ff.); one in which a male hero depends on a woman to help him (Theseus and Ariadne, ll. 114–15); and one in which a goddess (Selene, the Moon, ll. 127–9) effectively feminizes an attractive man (Endymion) for her enjoyment.

109–10 **wax . . . cancelled** to 'cancel' was to obliterate or otherwise damage (*OED* v. 1a, b); punning on the waxen wings of Icarus, Isabella refers to the wax seals of legal bonds or deeds which come to grief in the human society 'below' Icarus

115 **clue** literally, the secret thread which led Theseus out of Minos's labyrinth; but with obvious bawdy undertones.

117–20 **About thy head . . . thy hams** Isabella describes a (flying) Icarus touched by clouds and a rainbow. In Greek mythology, Icarus was given wings of feathers and wax with which to escape from where Minos, king of Crete, had imprisoned him with his father, the inventor Dedalus (compare l. 113). Enjoying the powers of flight, Icarus flew too close to the sun, which melted his wings and plunged him into the ocean.

120 **tiara** ceremonial headdress
hams knee-joints

121 **suck out . . . belly** drain the (sea) water that drowned you (with an innuendo of oral sex: as Daalder points out, 'billows' was often a homonym for 'bellows' = penis: see 4.3.10–11 and note)

125–6 **Why . . . place?** (a) why should you fly as high as Mercury unless you had claim to his role? (b) why should you take the sexual place (with play on 'Mount') of my husband unless you had legitimate claim to it?

126 **reversion** of claim to

131 **antic** grotesque figure, clown

133 **habit** costume

frantic mad person

140 **caparisons** rags, rough cloth

141 **I came . . . mad** i.e. I came in pretending to be a madwoman, but now I leave maddened and angered by your foolishness.

143 **as you are** i.e. actually mad (from unrequited love)

145 **usher** keeper
coxcomb fool

147 **another while** a different time

150 And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury!

LOLLIO Do not, do not: I shall not forbear the gentleman under the fool, if you do. Alas, I saw through your fox-skin before now. Come, I can give you comfort: my mistress loves you, and there is as arrant a madman i'th' house as you are a fool—your rival, whom she loves not. If after the masque we can rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool shall ride her.

155 ANTONIO May I believe thee?

LOLLIO Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

ANTONIO

160 She's eased of him; I have a good quarrel on't.

LOLLIO Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

ANTONIO

Tell her I will deserve her love.

LOLLIO And you are like to have your desire.
[Exit Antonio one way.] Enter [at another]
Franciscus

FRANCISCUS [singing]

165 Down, down, down a-down a-down.
And then with a horse-trick
To kick Latona's forehead,
And break her bowstring.

LOLLIO [aside] This is t'other counterfeit: I'll put him out of his humour.—[He retrieves the letter and reads] 'Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty.' This is pretty well for a madman.

FRANCISCUS Ha! What's that?

175 LOLLIO 'Chide those perfections in you which have made me imperfect.'

FRANCISCUS [aside] I am discovered to the fool.

LOLLIO [aside] I hope to discover the fool in you, ere I have done with you.—'Yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus.' This madman will mend, sure.

180 FRANCISCUS What do you read, sirrah?

LOLLIO Your destiny, sir: you'll be hanged for this trick, and another that I know.

FRANCISCUS Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

LOLLIO Next her apron strings. 185

FRANCISCUS Give me thy hand.

LOLLIO Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first. [He puts up letter] Your hand is true, is it not? It will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

FRANCISCUS Not in a syllable. 190

LOLLIO So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cured of your madness.

FRANCISCUS And none but she can cure it.

LOLLIO Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next. 195

FRANCISCUS [giving money] Take for thy pains past.

LOLLIO I shall deserve more, sir, I hope. My mistress loves you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

FRANCISCUS There I meet my wishes. 200

LOLLIO That will not serve; you must meet her enemy and yours.

FRANCISCUS He's dead already.

LOLLIO Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with him? 205

FRANCISCUS Show me the man.

LOLLIO Ay, that's a right course now. See him before you kill him in any case, and yet it needs not go so far, neither: 'tis but a fool that haunts the house—and my mistress—in the shape of an idiot. Bang but his fool's coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well. 210

FRANCISCUS Soundly, soundly!

LOLLIO Only, reserve him till the masque be past, and if you find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show you. In, in! My master! 215

Enter Alibius

FRANCISCUS He handles him like a feather. Hey!
[Exit, dancing]

ALIBIUS Well said! In a readiness, Lollio?

151–2 **I shall not . . . fool** I will not spare you for the gentleman you are under your disguise of fool.

153 **fox-skin** disguise—foxes were proverbially wily

157 **ride** (a) control, enjoy (b) have sex with
160 **She's . . . on't** she can forget about him; he's as good as dead (I have a good excuse to pick a quarrel with him and do him in)

161 **old station** disguise as a fool

163 **And . . . desire** with ironic double meaning: (a) you're in a fair way to being favoured with her love (b) you're going to get what's coming to you

164 **Down, down** a burden or refrain common to several popular ballads

165–7 **horse-trick . . . bowstring** on the surface, mad nonsense. But a 'horse trick' was an energetic dance step or

kick, and Franciscus perhaps puns bawdily as well. Latona (Greek, 'Leto') is here probably an epithet for the chaste Artemis/Diana, who, as a hunter, used a bow.

177–8 **discovered . . . discover** wordplay: revealed in my identity . . . uncover, expose

183 **another that I know** Lollio perhaps knows of the warrant issued for their arrest.

184 **of counsel with** a confidant of

186–7 **hand . . . yours** Lollio puns in response to Franciscus's offering of a handshake with a jest about the hand that picks pockets. If he puts Franciscus's 'hand' ((handwritten) letter) in his pocket, won't that hand pick his pocket?

188 **true** honest
pick pick pockets

192–3 **you are like . . . madness** Lollio puns: (a) you're likely to be cured by obtaining your wish, the lack of which has driven you mad (b) you're likely to be cured by not getting her at all, which will remove the cause of your distemper. Franciscus's reply indicates he hears only the first, as Lollio intends.

195–6 **cast your water** (a) diagnose your urine, acting as your doctor to cure you (b) throw it and you away, throw you over (c) make you ejaculate (compare 2.2.83, 4.1.36 and notes)

201–2 **her enemy and yours** i.e. Antonio
203 **He's dead already** he's as good as dead
204–5 **Will . . . him?** Lollio jokingly takes Franciscus literally: Here you tell me he's already dead; why have I just seen him alive?

217 **Well said!** Well done!

	LOLLIO Yes, sir.		Who'd trust a waiting-woman?	
	ALIBIUS		BEATRICE I must trust somebody.	15
220	Away then, and guide them in, Lollo; Entreat your mistress to see this sight. Hark, is there not one incurable fool That might be begged? I have friends.		DE FLORES Push! They are termagants, Especially when they fall upon their masters And have their ladies' first-fruits. They're mad whelps; You cannot stave 'em off from game royal then.	
	LOLLIO [<i>exiting</i>]		You are so harsh and hardy, ask no counsel, And I could have helped you to a pothecary's daughter	20
	I have him for you, one that shall deserve it too. [<i>Enter Isabella, then Lollo with Madmen and Fools</i>]		Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thanked you too.	
	ALIBIUS Good boy, Lollo. The Madmen and Fools dance [<i>to music</i>]		BEATRICE	
225	'Tis perfect; well, fit but once these strains, We shall have coin and credit for our pains. <i>Exeunt Finis Actus Quartus</i>	<i>Exeunt</i>	O me, not yet? This whore forgets herself.	
	⊗		DE FLORES	
			The rascal fares so well. Look, you're undone: The day-star, by this hand! See Phosphorus plain yonder.	25
5.1	<i>Incipit Actus Quintus</i> <i>Enter Beatrice. A clock strikes one</i>		BEATRICE	
	BEATRICE		Advise me now to fall upon some ruin, There is no counsel safe else.	
	One struck, and yet she lies by't.—O my fears! This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now, Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite, And never minds my honour or my peace,		DE FLORES	Peace, I ha't now: For we must force a rising, there's no remedy.
5	Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't, No trusting of her life with such a secret, That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise. Beside, I have some suspicion of her faith to me, Because I was suspected of my lord,		BEATRICE	How? Take heed of that.
10	And it must come from her.—Hark! By my horrors: <i>Strike two</i> Another clock strikes two. <i>Enter De Flores</i>		DE FLORES	Tush, be you quiet, Or else give over all.
	DE FLORES		BEATRICE	Prithee, I ha' done then.
	BEATRICE		DE FLORES	30 This is my reach: I'll set some part a-fire Of Diaphanta's chamber.
	DE FLORES		BEATRICE	How? Fire, sir? That may endanger the whole house!
	BEATRICE		DE FLORES	You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?
	DE FLORES	Pist! Where are you?	BEATRICE	That's true; do what thou wilt now.
	BEATRICE	De Flores?	DE FLORES	35 Push! I aim At a most rich success strikes all dead sure; The chimney being a-fire, and some light parcels Of the least danger in her chamber only; If Diaphanta should be met by chance then,
	DE FLORES	Ay—Is she not come from him yet?		
	BEATRICE	As I am a living soul, not.		
	DE FLORES	Sure the devil hath sowed his itch within her.		

221–2 **is there . . . friends** Alibius asks if there isn't an incurable fool somewhere they might ask for, to help in their entertainment. But 'begging' a fool also meant applying for legal guardianship of an insane person: their guardians stood to inherit or control any wealth which the fools had coming to them.

223 **I have him** Lollo means Franciscus

225 **strains** strains of music

5.1.1 **she** i.e. Diaphanta (but see 5.1.67 below, and note)

9 **of by**

10 **And it . . . from her** i.e. Diaphanta must be the source of this damning information.

10.1 **Strike two** probably an imperative,

directing a stage hand to 'strike two' on a gong or bell

16 **termagants** Termagant was thought to be a violent, blustering god of the Muslims. This word came to mean 'an overbearing, quarrelsome woman' (*OED* 2b).

18 **first-fruits** first produce of the year (thus the property of a privileged few), with innuendo of 'taking their virginity'

18–19 **mad whelps . . . royal** i.e. they are like young dogs that disobey commands to leave animals owned by the monarch alone ('game royal' has a sexual suggestion as well)

20 **harsh and hardy** rash and daring

25 **Phosphorus** the 'daystar', the planet Venus which appeared before the sun in the morning

26 **fall upon some ruin** come across some desperate plan

28 **force a rising** make it necessary for everyone to get out of bed

31 **reach plan**

34 **fame's reputation's**

36 **success outcome**

strikes all dead sure i.e. (which) makes everything a dead certainty; with ominous overtones

37–8 **light . . . only** some small things (least likely to produce a large fire) in her lodgings alone

40 Far from her lodging—which is now suspicious—
It would be thought her fears and affrights then
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all (as that's the likeliest),
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging.
45 I will be ready with a piece high-charged,
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there 'tis proper
now,
But she shall be the mark.
BEATRICE I'm forced to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.
DE FLORES
'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,
Our pleasure and continuance.
50 BEATRICE One word now, prithee.
How for the servants?
DE FLORES I'll dispatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry
For buckets, hooks, ladders. Fear not you.
The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since
55 Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.
BEATRICE
Fear keeps my soul upon't, I cannot stray from't.
Enter Alonzo's ghost
DE FLORES
Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light
'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not!
60 'Twas but a mist of conscience. All's clear again.
[Exit De Flores]
BEATRICE
Who's that, De Flores? Bless me! It slides by.
[Exit ghost]
Some ill thing haunts the house; 't'as left behind it
A shivering sweat upon me: I'm afraid now.
This night hath been so tedious. O this strumpet!
65 Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroyed the last.
Struck three o'clock
List! O my terrors:
Three struck by Saint Sebastian's.
VOICES (within) Fire! Fire! Fire!
BEATRICE
Already? How rare is that man's speed!
How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one,

But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.
VOICES (within) Fire! Fire! Fire!
Enter De Flores, Servants
DE FLORES
Away, dispatch! Hooks, buckets, ladders!
[The Servants] pass over. Ring a bell
That's well said.
The fire-bell rings, the chimney works, my charge;
The piece is ready.
75
Exit [De Flores, one way.]
Enter [at another] Diaphanta
BEATRICE
Here's a man worth loving.—*[To Diaphanta]* O, you're
a jewel.
DIAPHANTA Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth I was so well I e'en forgot myself.
BEATRICE
You've made trim work.
DIAPHANTA What?
BEATRICE Hie quickly to your chamber:
Your reward follows you.
DIAPHANTA I never made
80 So sweet a bargain. *Exit*
Enter Alsemero
ALSEMERO O my dear Joanna:
Alas, art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure.
BEATRICE
When I missed you, I could not choose but follow.
ALSEMERO
Thou'rt all sweetness! The fire is not so dangerous.
85
BEATRICE
Think you so, sir?
ALSEMERO I prithee, tremble not:
Believe me, 'tis not.
Enter Vermandero, Jasperino
VERMANDERO
O bless my house and me!
ALSEMERO *[to Beatrice]* My lord your father.
Enter De Flores with a piece
VERMANDERO
Knave, whither goes that piece?
DE FLORES To scour the chimney.
Exit [another way]

40 **suspicious** unlikely, doubtful. De Flores thinks it unlikely that Diaphanta will be found far from her lodging; if she is, he's ready with a plausible story as to why she would have been there.
45 **piece high-charged** gun, heavily loaded
48 **honour** The word expresses an unconscious irony.
49 **'Slid** an oath: by God's eyelid
50 **continuance** (a) continued relationship (b) survival.

54 **The deed** i.e. Diaphanta's murder
65 **he** i.e. De Flores
67 **Three struck by Saint Sebastian's** three chimes from the bell tower of the local church, which would sound the passing hours
69 **loathes** is loathsome to
71 **The east** The rising sun and the Far East were both associated with the beauty of orient pearls.
73 **well said** well done, good

79 **You've made trim work** ironic: (a) you've done a fine job (b) you've had a fine time at your sexual pleasure (where 'trim work' plays on the meaning of 'to trim' = to copulate)
80 **Your reward follows you** grim comic irony: (a) you're about to receive your reward for faithful service (b) you'll get what's coming to you. Beatrice's joke is much like Lollio's at 4.3.163.
84 I...**follow** ironically echoed at 5.3.108

- 90 VERMANDERO O well said, well said!
That fellow's good on all occasions.
- BEATRICE
A wondrous necessary man, my lord.
- VERMANDERO
He hath a ready wit. He's worth 'em all, sir.
Dog at a house of fire, I ha' seen him singed ere now.
The piece goes off
- 95 Ha, there he goes.
- BEATRICE 'Tis done.
- ALSEMERO
Come, sweet; to bed now. Alas, thou wilt get cold.
- BEATRICE Alas, the fear keeps that out.
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
- 100 How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares:
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.
- VERMANDERO How should the fire come there?
- BEATRICE
As good a soul as ever lady countenanced,
But in her chamber negligent and heavy:
She 'scaped a ruin twice.
- VERMANDERO Twice?
- 105 BEATRICE Strangely, twice, sir.
- VERMANDERO
Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
An they be ne'er so good.
Enter De Flores [with corpse of Diaphanta, covered]
- DE FLORES O poor virginity!
Thou hast paid dearly for't.
- VERMANDERO Bless us! What's that?
- DE FLORES
A thing you all knew once: Diaphanta's burnt.
- BEATRICE
My woman! O, my woman!
- 110 DE FLORES Now the flames
Are greedy of her. Burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!
- BEATRICE
O my presaging soul!
- ALSEMERO Not a tear more;
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed before this raised us.
- BEATRICE Now you tie me.
- 115 Were it my sister now she gets no more.
Enter Servant
- VERMANDERO How now?
- SERVANT
All danger's past. You may now take your rests,
My lords, the fire is thoroughly quenched.
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!
- BEATRICE
De Flores, what is left of her inter, 120
And we as mourners all will follow her:
I will entreat that honour to my servant,
E'en of my lord himself.
- ALSEMERO Command it, sweetness.
- BEATRICE
Which of you spied the fire first?
- DE FLORES 'Twas I, madam.
- BEATRICE
And took such pains in't too? A double goodness!— 125
'Twere well he were rewarded.
- VERMANDERO He shall be.—
De Flores, call upon me.
- ALSEMERO And upon me, sir.
Exeunt [all but De Flores]
- DE FLORES
Rewarded? Precious, here's a trick beyond me!
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. *Exit* 130
- Enter Tomazo* 5.2
- TOMAZO
I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do.
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship; and because
I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle, 5
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet—whoe'er he be—the murderer
Of my most worthy brother.
Enter De Flores, passes over the stage
Ha! What's he?
O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores,
But methinks honesty was hard bestead 10
To come there for a lodging, as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house.
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me. The least occasion
Would give me game upon him. Yet he's so foul 15
One would scarce touch him with a sword he loved
And made account of. So most deadly venomous,

94 **Dog at** keen, hot on the trail of—the metaphor from dogs pursuing other animals
of on
103 **countenanced** favoured
104 **heavy** sluggish
106 **sluts** servant women (no sexual sense implied)
107 **An...good** be they ever so good
107-8 **O poor virginity!**...for't De Flores seems to be suggesting, publicly, that Diaphanta has tempted the Fates too

much through the perfection of her chastity; on another level, though, he speaks of the 'bargain' her virginity has led her to enter into with Beatrice.
112 **O my presaging soul** With some irony, Beatrice pretends to have had intuition of Diaphanta's death ('presaging' = prophetic). Compare *Hamlet* 1.5.41: 'O my prophetic soul!'
118 **thoroughly** thoroughly
128 **here's...beyond me** i.e. she's outdone me; my pupil has outsmarted me as

her master in this kind of duplicity (by arranging that both Alsemero and Vermadero will now reward me for my 'service')
5.2.10 **hard bestead** poorly accommodated (thus sorely pressed)
12 **pest-house** hospital for those with infectious diseases (especially the plague)
15 **give me game upon** offer me a chance to provoke
16 **he** i.e. the one who owns the sword

He would go near to poison any weapon
 That should draw blood on him—one must resolve
 20 Never to use that sword again in fight,
 In way of honest manhood, that strikes him;
 Some river must devour't, 'twere not fit
 That any man should find it.
Enter De Flores
 What, again?
 He walks o' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
 To infect my blood.
 25 DE FLORES My worthy noble lord!
 TOMAZO
 Dost offer to come near and breathe upon me? [*He strikes him*]
 DE FLORES [*drawing his rapier*]
 A blow?
 TOMAZO Yea, are you so prepared?
 I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword
 Than like a politician by thy poison. [*He draws his rapier*]
 DE FLORES
 30 Hold, my lord, as you are honourable.
 TOMAZO
 All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.
 DE FLORES [*aside*]
 I cannot strike. I see his brother's wounds
 Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal!—[*He sheathes rapier*]
 I will not question this: I know you're noble.
 35 I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
 Like a wise lawyer; and as a favour
 Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.
 [*Aside*] Why this from him, that yesterday appeared
 So strangely loving to me?
 40 O, but instinct is of a subtler strain;
 Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again.
 He came near me now.
 TOMAZO [*sheathing rapier*]
 All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
 Till I find this murderer. Not so much
 45 As common courtesy but I'll lock up:
 For in the state of ignorance I live in,
 A brother may salute his brother's murderer.
 And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.
Enter Vermandero, Alibius, and Isabella
 VERMANDERO
 Noble Piracquo!
 TOMAZO Pray keep on your way, sir.

I've nothing to say to you.
 VERMANDERO Comforts bless you, sir. 50
 TOMAZO
 I have forsworn compliment; in troth I have, sir:
 As you are merely man, I have not left
 A good wish for you, nor any here.
 VERMANDERO
 Unless you be so far in love with grief
 You will not part from't upon any terms, 55
 We bring that news will make a welcome for us.
 TOMAZO
 What news can that be?
 VERMANDERO Throw no scornful smile
 Upon the zeal I bring you. 'Tis worth more, sir.
 Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
 I hide not from the law or your just vengeance. 60
 TOMAZO Ha!
 VERMANDERO
 To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
 Thank these discoverers.
 TOMAZO If you bring that calm,
 Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
 For that contemptuous smile upon you: 65
 I'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
 Unto a sacred altar. [*He kneels*]
 VERMANDERO Good sir, rise:
 Why, now you overdo as much o' this hand,
 As you fell short o' t'other.—Speak, Alibius.
 ALIBIUS
 'Twas my wife's fortune—as she is most lucky 70
 At a discovery—to find out lately
 Within our hospital of fools and madmen
 Two counterfeits slipped into these disguises,
 Their names Franciscus and Antonio.
 VERMANDERO
 Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for 'em. 75
 ALIBIUS
 Now that which draws suspicion to their habits:
 The time of their disguisings agrees justly
 With the day of the murder.
 TOMAZO [*rising*] O blest revelation!
 VERMANDERO
 Nay, more; nay, more, sir: I'll not spare mine own
 In way of justice. They both feigned a journey 80
 To Briamata, and so wrought out their leaves.
 My love was so abused in't.
 TOMAZO Time's too precious
 To run in waste now. You have brought a peace

18 He De Flores
 29 politician i.e. cunning plotter
 33 crystal reflecting surface, such as a glass
 35-6 I take...lawyer compare the proverb
 'A good lawyer must be a great liar'
 (ODEP, p. 447)
 36 favour see I.I.235, note.
 43 league alliance
 44-5 Not so...lock up I'll repress and avoid
 46-7 For...murderer Tomazo speaks with
 an irony of which he is unaware: 'in
 my state of ignorance, I might, for all
 I know, actually give a good morning
 greeting to my brother's murderer'.
 (Tomazo has just been talking to the very
 man.)
 56 will i.e. which will
 63 discoverers revealers of the news (i.e.
 Alibius and Isabella)
 68 o' this hand in this direction
 70-1 as she...discovery probably an
 unintentional joke on 'discovery' = dis-
 or uncovering a body of its clothing
 76 draws...habits makes their disguises
 (especially) suspicious
 81 wrought out obtained

- 85 The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase.
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em:
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em
And melt their marrow in 'em. *Exeunt*
- 5.3 *Enter Alsemero and Jasperino*
JASPERINO
Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof.
The prospect from the garden has showed enough
For deep suspicion.
ALSEMERO The black mask
That so continually was worn upon't
5 Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen.
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless—
JASPERINO
Touch it home then! 'Tis not a shallow probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you'll find it
Full of corruption. 'Tis fit I leave you:
10 She meets you opportunely from that walk;
She took the back door at his parting with her. *Exit Jasperino*
- ALSEMERO
Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke
At my first sight of woman?
Enter Beatrice
She's here.
- BEATRICE
Alsemero!
ALSEMERO
How do you?
BEATRICE How do I?
15 Alas, how do you? You look not well.
ALSEMERO
You read me well enough. I am not well.
BEATRICE
Not well, sir? Is't in my power to better you?
ALSEMERO
Yes.
BEATRICE
Nay, then you're cured again.
ALSEMERO
Pray resolve me one question, lady.
- BEATRICE If I can.
ALSEMERO None can so sure. Are you honest? 20
BEATRICE
Ha, ha, ha! That's a broad question, my lord.
ALSEMERO
But that's not a modest answer, my lady.
Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me.
BEATRICE
'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow
Can take away the dimple in her cheek. 25
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to?
ALSEMERO
'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,
But the same stuff. Neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief: 30
You are a whore.
BEATRICE What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity.
Upon what face soever that breath falls,
It strikes it ugly. O, you have ruined
What you can ne'er repair again. 35
ALSEMERO
I'll all demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left. Let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifling, there I'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.
BEATRICE You may, sir;
40 'Tis an easy passage. Yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love.
My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish.
ALSEMERO Unanswerable,
A ground you cannot stand on! You fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on't. There was a visor
O'er that cunning face, and that became you;
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't.
How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despite—your rancorous loath-
ing, 50
De Flores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,
- 85 **conduct** document ensuring safe passage
'em i.e. Franciscus and Alonzo, who
Tomazo believes to have murdered his
brother
86-7 **lightning...marrow** proverbial:
'Lightning (thunder) bruises the tree
(melts the marrow) but breaks not the
bark (skin)' (Tilley, Dent L280).
5.3.1 **Your...of proof** your suspicion is now
confirmed
2 **from the garden** Jasperino and Alsemero
appear to have spied on Beatrice and De
Flores sometime since 5.1.
3 **black mask** Beatrice's pretence of
loathing De Flores
7 **Touch** strike
7-8 **probe...ulcer** A 'probe' was a blunt
surgical instrument, typically metal,
for exploring the depth and direction of
wounds and sinuses.
13 **At...woman** i.e. at my first insight into
what women are really like. (Alsemero's
image reprises the Garden of Eden
conceit from the play's first speech.)
14 **How do you?** a deliberately cool greeting
(especially for newlyweds)
18 **Nay...again** i.e. if all that's needed to
make you well again is for me to offer
my help, consider it done
20 **honest** (a) truthful (b) chaste
21 **broad** (a) general (hence vague)
(b) bawdy (a sense Alsemero picks up
in 'modest', l. 22)
26 **vault** (a) the cavity of her dimple (l.
25)—but 'vault' could mean drain,
sewer, or privy (compare 3.2.21 and
note)
28 **sadder** darker
32 **blasts...to** (violently) transforms...into
37-8 **Let...rifling** i.e. Even if your sweet
tongue tries to forestall me, I'll ransack
your heart to learn the truth.
41 **ground** (a) spot, place (b) grounds, basis.
Beatrice continues the metaphor with
'tread' in the next line, and Alsemero
picks it up in l. 44, saying 'You have
no basis on which to defend yourself
honourably'.
46 **ticklish** (a) slippery (b) lascivious, wanton
50 **despite** contempt

He's now become your arm's supporter,
Your lip's saint!
BEATRICE Is there the cause?
ALSEMERO Worse, your lust's devil,
Your adultery!
BEATRICE Would any but yourself say that,
'Twould turn him to a villain.
55 ALSEMERO 'Twas witnessed
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.
BEATRICE
Is your witness dead then?
ALSEMERO 'Tis to be feared
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul;
She lived not long after the discovery.
BEATRICE
60 Then hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguiled with,
To your bed's scandal. I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed
Will stand for proof of: your love has made me
A cruel murd'ress.
ALSEMERO Ha!
65 BEATRICE A bloody one.
I have kissed poison for't, stroked a serpent.
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem,
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employed, I caused to murder
70 That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst, to assure
Yourself to me.
ALSEMERO O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance, the temple
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
75 Fir'd their devotion, and quenched the right one;
'Twas in my fears at first; 'twill have it now,
O, thou art all deformed!
BEATRICE Forget not, sir,
It for your sake was done! Shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?
ALSEMERO O, thou shouldst have gone
80 A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! Here we are lost.
BEATRICE
Remember I am true unto your bed.

ALSEMERO
The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds
For murdered carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this; meantime you shall
85 Be my prisoner only. Enter my closet.
[Exit Beatrice into closet]
I'll be your keeper yet. O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin?
Enter De Flores
Ha! This same fellow has put me in.—De Flores!
DE FLORES
Noble Alsemero!
ALSEMERO I can tell you news, sir:
90 My wife has her commended to you.
DE FLORES
That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would
Commend me to the gallows if she could,
She ever loved me so well, I thank her.
ALSEMERO
What's this blood upon your band, De Flores?
95 DE FLORES
Blood? No, sure. 'Twas washed since.
ALSEMERO Since when, man?
DE FLORES
Since t'other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school. I think 'tis out.
ALSEMERO
Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceived though.
I had forgot my message. This it is:
100 What price goes murder?
DE FLORES How, sir?
ALSEMERO I ask you, sir.
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
DE FLORES [aside]
Upon? 'Twas quite through him, sure.—
Has she confessed it?
ALSEMERO As sure as death to both of you,
105 And much more than that.
DE FLORES It could not be much more:
'Twas but one thing, and that is she's a whore.
ALSEMERO
It could not choose but follow. O cunning devils!

53 **Is there the cause?** (a) is that what you are so exercised about? (b) is that the accusation? (compare 3.4.56, note)
53-4 **Worse... adultery** And what's worse, he, De Flores, is your tempter to lust and adultery
58 **wages of** price paid for
62 **stand up innocence** am innocent
64 **your love** love of you
71 **than that worst** i.e. than De Flores
75 **Fir'd... one** set afire their devotion and extinguished (i.e. suppressed) the proper one (i.e. to God: compare 'devotion' at 1.1.157)

76 **'twill have it now** probably 'the place' (l. 72), which has been 'crying for vengeance' (l. 73), and will now get it
87 **keeper** 'Keeper' here has resonances of (a) jailor (b) (with pun) keeper of prostitutes, pimp (c) keeper of lunatics (as at 1.2.134, 3.3.95).
89 **put me in** (a) put me in mind of (b) given me an idea or cue (theatrical)
95 **band** i.e. collar (of garment)
98-9 **out... out** with bitter wordplay: drawn... revealed
102 **behindhand with** in debt to (also

suggesting 'behind' in the sense of backing up, conspiring with, 'in back of')
103 **brave** splendid, daring
104 **Upon... Upon** grim punning: on the body of... on the surface (as distinguished from all the way through)
106 **And... than that** much more than death—eternal damnation. In his reply, De Flores misunderstands or deliberately twists Alsemero's meaning, taking it to refer to how much Beatrice has confessed to.

- How should blind men know you from fair-faced saints?
- 110 BEATRICE (*within*) He lies! The villain does belie me!
DE FLORES
Let me go to her, sir.
- ALSEMERO Nay, you shall to her.
[*To Beatrice*] Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard!
Take your prey to you.—Get you in to her, sir.
[*Exit De Flores into closet. Alsemero locks them in*]
I'll be your pander now; rehearse again
- 115 Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black audience
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.
Clip your adulteress freely; 'tis the pilot
Will guide you to the *Mare Mortuum*,
- 120 Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.
Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Tomazo, Franciscus, and Antonio
- VERMANDERO
O, Alsemero, I have a wonder for you.
- ALSEMERO
No, sir. 'Tis I, I have a wonder for you.
- VERMANDERO
I have suspicion near as proof itself
For Piracquo's murder.
- ALSEMERO Sir, I have proof
125 Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
- VERMANDERO
Beseech you hear me: these two have been disguised
E'er since the deed was done.
- ALSEMERO I have two other
That were more close disguised than your two could
be,
E'er since the deed was done.
- 130 VERMANDERO You'll hear me! These mine own servants—
ALSEMERO Hear me! Those nearer than your servants
That shall acquit them, and prove them guiltless.
- 111 **Let . . . shall to her** more grim punning: De Flores asks to be united with Beatrice, to which Alsemero answers that De Flores will share her fate.
Nay Indeed
- 112 **crying crocodile** The crocodile was thought to cry false tears to trap its prey, and to cry hypocritically as it devoured it.
- 116 **black audience** i.e. devils in hell
- 117 **howls and gnashings** compare Matthew 13:42: (in Hell) 'there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth'
- 118 **Clip** embrace
- 119–20 ***Mare Mortuum* . . . bottomless** Alsemero alludes to hell with its rivers. The Dead Sea was thought, like hell, to be bottomless.
- 127 **two other** i.e. Franciscus and Antonio (to whom Vermandero likely gestures here)
- 134 **banded** tossed aside (hence ignored)
- FRANCISCUS
That may be done with easy truth, sir.
- TOMAZO
How is my cause bandied through your delays!
'Tis urgent in my blood, and calls for haste. 135
Give me a brother alive or dead:
Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both
A recompense—for murder and adultery.
- BEATRICE (*within*)
O, O, O!
- ALSEMERO
Hark, 'tis coming to you.
- DE FLORES (*within*)
Nay, I'll along for company!
- BEATRICE (*within*) O, O! 140
- VERMANDERO What horrid sounds are these?
ALSEMERO [*unlocking closet*]
Come forth, you twins of mischief.
Enter De Flores, bringing in Beatrice, [wounded]
- DE FLORES
Here we are. If you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly: I shall not
Give you the hearing else. I am so stout yet, 145
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.
- VERMANDERO
An host of enemies entered my citadel
Could not amaze like this. Joanna! Beatrice-Joanna!
- BEATRICE
O come not near me, sir. I shall defile you.
I am that of your blood was taken from you 150
For your better health. Look no more upon't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly;
Let the common sewer take it from distinction.
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible. 155
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed.
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
- (Genesis 2:21–2).
- 150–1 **I am that . . . better health** I have been taken from you this way to remove the contamination which I now infect you with. (The metaphor is from blood-letting, a standard medical procedure at the time. Beatrice describes herself as a phial of tainted blood which Vermandero should immediately discard.)
- 152 **it** your blood; me
- 153 **common sewer** With 'defile' in l. 149 and 'cast' in l. 152, compare Matthew 15:17–20 (Rheims).
take it from distinction sweep it away where it will be indistinguishable from all the wasted matter of this corrupted world
- 154 **yon meteor** i.e. De Flores, who is like an ill-omened meteor beneath the constant and pure 'stars' (proverbial).
- 156 **him** De Flores
- 157 **the rest** i.e. subsequent events
- 138 **adultery** Presumably Tomazo regards Beatrice as his brother's 'wife' (l. 137), hence her marriage to Alsemero is adulterous.
- 139 **O, O, O!** It is strategically unclear what transpires in the closet; along with their implication of violence, Beatrice's cries (and those of De Flores) are apt to remind the audience of the sounds lovers make in their passionate embrace. Alsemero's 'Hark, 'Tis coming to you' in l. 139 helps prepare for this sexual suggestion.
'tis i.e. Tomazo's 'recompense' (l. 138)
- 145 **stout** (a) strong (i.e. strong enough to hear a brief speech) (b) defiant, unpromising
- 146 **that** i.e. is that
broken rib of mankind i.e. Beatrice. De Flores speaks misogynistically of Beatrice as a daughter of Eve, the first woman, whom God made out of Adam's rib

160 Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed;
Your bed was cozened on the nuptial night,
For which your false-bride died.

ALSEMERO Diaphanta!

DE FLORES
Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate
At barley-break; now we are left in hell.

VERMANDERO We are all there. It circumscribes us here.

DE FLORES
165 I loved this woman in spite of her heart;
Her love I earned out of Piracquo's murder.

TOMAZO
Ha! My brother's murderer!

DE FLORES Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward. I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure, it was so sweet to me
170 That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

VERMANDERO Horrid villain!
Keep life in him for further tortures.

DE FLORES No,
I can prevent you: here's my penknife still;
It is but one thread more—
[He cuts himself]

—and now 'tis cut.

175 Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee:
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,
I would not go to leave thee far behind. (Dies)

BEATRICE
Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive:
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live. (Dies)

VERMANDERO
180 O, my name is entered now in that record
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read.

ALSEMERO
Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,
And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life
185 To your dishonour. Justice hath so right
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

By proclamation, and may joy again.
Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'Tis the best comfort that your grief can find.

TOMAZO
Sir, I am satisfied: my injuries
Lie dead before me. I can exact no more
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from thence,
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be feared, about 'em.

190

195

ALSEMERO
What an opacous body had that moon
That last changed on us! Here's beauty changed
To ugly whoredom; here, servant-obedience
To a master-sin: imperious murder!
I, a supposed husband, changed embraces
200 With wantonness, but that was paid before.
[To Tomazo] Your change is come too: from an ignorant
wrath
To knowing friendship.—Are there any more on's?

ANTONIO Yes, sir: I was changed too, from a little ass as
I was, to a great fool as I am; and had like to ha'
205 been changed to the gallows, but that you know my
innocence always excuses me.

FRANCISCUS
I was changed from a little wit to be stark mad,
Almost for the same purpose.

ISABELLA [to Alibius] Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation.
210 You are a jealous coxcomb; keep schools of folly,
And teach your scholars how to break your own
head.

ALIBIUS
I see all apparent, wife, and will change now
Into a better husband, and never keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself.
215

ALSEMERO [to Vermandero]
Sir, you have yet a son's duty living;
Please you accept it. Let that your sorrow
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart;
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

163 **barley-break** . . . **hell** see 3.3.181–2, note
164 **It circumscribes us here** compare *Doctor Faustus*, 5.121–2 (A-text): 'Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed | In one self place; for where we are is hell, | And where hell is, must we ever be'.
165 **in spite of her heart** (a) despite her disposition toward me (b) despite her inconstant heart
167 **her honour's prize** her virginity
175 **token** probably his wound—perhaps the gesture of cutting himself
180 **that record** i.e. the heavenly book listing earthly rights and wrongs
186–7 **quit** | **By proclamation** acquitted or

absolved by public proclamation
188–90 **Sir . . . Sir** Alsemero may address either Vermandero or Tomazo; Tomazo may address Vermandero or Alsemero.
192 **loose** freed
193 **black fugitives . . . thence** i.e. sooty or evil devils (here = the souls of) (Beatrice and De Flores), newly departed from their bodies ('thence'). See 5.3.116 and note.
194–5 **there . . . about 'em** divine vengeance, more profound even than mine, is perhaps even now encompassing them
196 **opacous** shadowy, not illuminating

201 **but . . . before** but that monstrous charge has already been paid for (by the deaths of Beatrice, Diaphanta, and De Flores)
207 **innocence** (a) guiltlessness (b) idiocy
209 **still behind** yet to come
212 **break your own head** crack your skull; with clear suggestion of cuckoldry
215 **that shall** i.e. who may seem to be
216 **son's duty living** (a) the duty of a son-in-law, still alive (b) continuing fealty from someone once your son
217 **Let . . . sorrow** let that which sorrows you
218 **from your eye** i.e. as tears

The Changeling.

Epilogue [*Spoken by Alsemero*]

All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose; it rather multiplies.

Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child:
If these appear, all griefs are reconciled.

Exeunt omnes [with the bodies]

Finis

5

THE PARTS

BEATRICE (541 lines): Madmen

DE FLORES (422 lines): Jasperino, Pedro, Madmen, Servants, Diaphanta

LOLLIO (324 lines): Tomazo *or* Alonzo *or* Servants *or* Diaphanta *or* Gentlemen *or* Gallants *or* Gentlewomen

ALSEMERO (284 lines): Alonzo *or* Lollo *or* Pedro *or* Madmen

VERMANDERO (148 lines): Pedro; Madmen (4.3)

ISABELLA (146 lines): Jasperino, Pedro, Servants

TOMAZO (128 lines): Jasperino; Lollo *or* Pedro; Madmen; Servants; Diaphanta *or* Gentlemen *or* Gallants *or* Gentlewomen

ALIBIUS (124 lines): Jasperino; Servants; Alonzo *or* Diaphanta *or* Gentlemen *or* Gallants *or* Gentlewomen

ANTONIO (102 lines): Alonzo, Jasperino, Servants, Diaphanta, Gentlemen, Gallants, Gentlewomen

JASPERINO (89 lines): any but Alsemero, Servants, Beatrice, Diaphanta, Isabella, De Flores, Lollo, Alonzo, and Gentles (4.1)

DIAPHANTA (63 lines): Alibius, Lollo, Pedro, Antonio, Franciscus, Madmen, Servants

FRANCISCUS (59 lines): Alonzo, Jasperino, Pedro, Servants, Diaphanta, Gentlemen, Gallants, Gentlewomen

ALONZO (48 lines): Alibius *or* Lollo *or* Pedro *or* Antonio *or* Franciscus *or* Madmen *or* Servants

PEDRO (31 lines; 1.2): any but Lollo, Alibius, Antonio

4? MADMEN and FOOLS (11 lines; 1.2, 3.3, and 4.3): any but Alibius, Lollo, Antonio, Isabella

Vermandero's FIRST SERVANT (7 lines; 1.1, 4.2, and 5.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Vermandero's Second Servant, Beatrice's First Servant, Beatrice's Second Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta, De Flores, Vermandero, Tomazo

Alsemero's SECOND SERVANT (4 lines; 1.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Alsemero's First Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta

Alsemero's FIRST SERVANT (3 lines; 1.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Alsemero's Second Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta

Vermandero's Second SERVANT (no lines; 1.1 and 5.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Vermandero's First Servant, Beatrice's First Servant, Beatrice's Second Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta, De Flores, Vermandero

Beatrice's First SERVANT (no lines; 1.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Beatrice's Second Servant, Vermandero's First Servant, Vermandero's Second Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta, De Flores, Vermandero

Beatrice's Second SERVANT (no lines; 1.1): any but Alsemero, Jasperino, Beatrice's First Servant, Vermandero's First Servant, Vermandero's Second Servant, Beatrice, Diaphanta, De Flores, Vermandero

2? GENTLEMEN (dumb show, 4.1): Tomazo; servants; Alibius *or* Lollo *or* Pedro *or* Antonio *or* Franciscus

2? GALLANTS (dumb show, 4.1): Tomazo; servants; Alibius *or* Lollo *or* Pedro *or* Antonio *or* Franciscus

2? GENTLEWOMEN (dumb show, 4.1): Tomazo; Alibius *or* Lollo *or* Pedro *or* Antonio *or* Franciscus

Most crowded scene: 4.1, Dumb show: 8 characters (+2? mute gentlemen, 2? mute gallants, 2? mute gentlewomen)

Missing from 4.1 dumb show (characters who would have a narrative reason to be present): Alibius, Lollo

Missing from 5.3 (characters who would have a narrative reason to be present): Lollo, Jasperino

Epilogue.2 stay eradicate, forestall

5 **Your only** i.e. Only your

6 **their rooms** their place

THE NICE VALOUR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN

Text introduced and annotated by Susan Wiseman, edited by Gary Taylor

The Nice Valour is an enigmatic play. Who wrote it, the date of composition, and the circumstances of its theatrical production—for the prologue and epilogue do imply that it was not only performed but revived—have all been disputed. But no such uncertainties surround its publication. It first appeared in print—in the folio *Comedies and Tragedies* attributed to Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher—in 1647, a time of famines and disorders as the Civil War dragged to a close (the last royalist castle, at Harlech, fell only in March 1647); Charles I was in custody, unable to raise an army in the field. It could be said that the war on the battlefield gave way to cultural polemic, and certainly books were read as partisan. Momentarily, in 1648, there were seventeen newspapers. The ‘Beaumont and Fletcher’ folio occupied a special place in the royalist publication drive and, following the various strictures against theatres after the closure of 1642, theatre had come to occupy an overtly politicized and contested position, with the composite name ‘Beaumont and Fletcher’ signalling the ‘true’ and élite value of royalist culture, aligned with ‘romance’ rather than city comedy. The composite name might well also have connoted the idealized royalist understanding of masculine friendship and honour—implications which echo some of the concerns of *Valour*. Such values, of course, were far from ‘purely’ ‘literary’ or ideal: throughout the Civil War and Interregnum genre and proper name were aesthetic capital in political debate.

In Civil War invocations of the writers valued by royalists, Middleton is notably absent. For example, *The Famous Tragedy of Charles I* (1649) includes a ‘Prologue to the Gentry’ which invokes the names of ‘Jonson, Shakespeare, Goffe, and Davenant, | Brave Suckling, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shirley’, claiming that they are ‘loathed, by the Monsters of the times’—thereby constructing both the desired audience for the play and articulating in full the royalist claim to cultural capital. Middleton is missing. Although the writers claimed in this list were not, necessarily, producers of plays which simply served the dominant ideology of the pre-war period and the threatened royalist position of the Civil War period, Middleton’s output differs from theirs in terms, simply, of the number of his plays which deal with the city in whatever terms. This made Middleton’s an unlikely name to conjure royalism. As Martin Butler and Margot Heinneman have argued, his influence can be traced in the employment of political satire, and he probably influenced interregnum political playlets: Samuel Sheppard’s *The Committee Man Curried*, for instance, transposes the conventions of city comedy to Civil War London. But with regard to the printing of

Valour in a book designed, as the ‘Beaumont and Fletcher’ folio in part was, as royalist cultural capital, the value of Middleton’s name—even assuming his connection with the play was remembered—would have been trivial or even, possibly, negative. So the Civil War circumstances may have aided the effacement of authorship, and thereby facilitated *Valour*’s cultural disappearance into the quantity argument for royalist values exemplified by the folio ‘Beaumont and Fletcher’, a claim reiterated in the 1679 edition’s claim to reprint ‘fifty plays’.

To the extent that the publication of the Beaumont and Fletcher folio relied on the ‘content’ of the texts that it contained rather than invoking their totemic status as produced by the co-opted ‘royalists’ Beaumont and Fletcher, as a tragicomedy *Valour* could also be read as shaping experience in terms of the restitution of a questioned social order; such tragicomic shaping was to become crucial to royalist dramatic production during the 1650s. And royalist associations also encircle one aspect of *Valour* which certainly did have a cultural afterlife in mid-century: the song sung by the Passionate Lord in 3.3, ‘Hence all you vain delights’, more often anthologized than any other lyric from the early modern English stage. Although it appears in manuscript miscellanies dating from as early as 1624, it is especially common in Oxford miscellanies of the troubled decades from 1630 to 1660. In the overtly royalist anthology *Wit Restored* (1658), the song reappears after political poems of the 1640s and 1650s, suggesting that the play’s most famous moment was incorporated into the cultural capital of royalist publication.

But most scholars now agree that Middleton wrote much (and probably all) of the play, and he certainly wrote it years before Charles I polarized English politics into royalist and roundhead. The associations which have governed all previous readings of the printed text are therefore, at best, anachronistic. *Valour* is not Fletcherian but Middletonian, not Caroline but Jacobean. And what it meant to its author and first audiences would have depended, in part, on exactly when in the reign of James I it premiered. The previously conjectured date of composition (‘1615–16’) has recently been reassessed by Gary Taylor, who concludes that the play was written in the summer or autumn of 1622. Taylor reads ‘Hence all you vain delights’ as an epitome of melancholy in contrast to Robert Burton’s sprawling *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621); he also argues that the play adopts and adapts the innovative technique of John Barclay’s internationally acclaimed political romance *Argenis* (1621), allegorizing the

contemporary British court as Barclay had allegorized its French counterpart. Taylor's redating of the play's composition radically changes *Valour's* place in the sequence of Middleton's works, bringing it much closer to the date of *A Game at Chess*. Taylor's argument grounds the plot in relation to the court of King James and, in doing so, gives the play a cultural context unavailable when *Valour* was lost among the 'fifty plays' of the amorphous 'Beaumont and Fletcher canon'.

Valour uses a genre of court tragicomedy to articulate problems about the codification, meaning and regulation of violence and desire. Though the level of detail of court events known to the dramatist or recognized by spectators remains a matter of speculation, it does seem likely that *Valour* responds to events at court in the last decade of the reign of King James. In doing so it uses figures in the grip of the passions to represent threats to the stability of the social order and to illuminate the tendency of the rules supporting that order—such as the rules of honour—to generate the very antisocial behaviour they are imagined as regulating. The play's first scenes suggest both the analogy with James's court and the dramatic use of emotional excess to make a point about the rules shaping social behaviour. The Duke returns to court from hunting (James's favourite sport); there he meets his dear friend Chamont (who has the kind of relationship with his sovereign that James's court favourite enjoyed). Chamont is a close adherent of the code of honour, which required the individual male to police all social actions, relations and bodily boundaries for possible infringements; he is contrasted with the Duke's kinsman, 'the Passionate Lord' (associated by Taylor with the Duke of Buckingham's mentally unstable brother), who systematically violates physical boundaries. Chamont and the Passionate Lord both observe Chamont's brother, 'the Soldier', making love to a chaste court Lady (the Duke's sister), an object of the Passionate Lord's promiscuous desires and of Chamont's fantasies about honour and chastity. While Chamont stands in a jealous reverie the Duke enters and, attempting to catch his attention, taps him with a switch—thereby initiating the potentially tragic second part of the action. Mortally wounded in his honour but unable to challenge his sovereign to a duel, Chamont, evading the Duke's many attempts to call him back, retreats to the country. As Baldwin Maxwell suggested, this way of configuring the question of honour and status may draw on an incident when James I kicked one of his courtiers. In the play, it precipitates the Duke's dismissal of his entire entourage (which resembles the major upheavals in court personnel between 1616 and 1622). Apparently shocked at the effect of the code of honour on the interrelationship of 'worth' and 'blood', the Duke decides to employ solely lowly 'grooms'. Thus it is the Duke, keystone of hierarchy, who in the end challenges social status—an example of the play's critical attention to the way in which the rules which apparently shape society generate their own transgression.

The play again twins issues of violence and status in the actions of the Soldier (whom Taylor associates with English involvement in the Thirty Years War). When the Passionate Lord sends men to beat the Soldier, he responds by running the Lord through, apparently killing him. The Duke's sister pleads for the Soldier's pardon (unsuccessfully); the First Gentleman of the Duke's bedchamber posts to Chamont's retreat and persuades him to come and plead for his brother (successfully). However, in the tragicomic denouement the Passionate Lord reappears, not only alive but cured. The conflict between honour and status is reconciled through the exchange of women; as Mario DiGangi argues, heterosexuality here serves the needs of an overwhelmingly homosocial male court. The disciplining of the antisocial promiscuous desire of the Passionate Lord and the hypermasculine militarism of the Soldier and Chamont is dramatized in a classic 'comic' conclusion of betrothal: the Passionate Lord marries the Cupid, Chamont marries the Lady. That ending could be read or staged as reintroducing gender relations (which permits an ideological rather than a physical regulation of masculine violence) or as imposing marital contracts on a play which derives its energy from the intimate violence produced by contradictory masculine codes.

Each of the plot's three strands concerns both 'proper' masculine behaviour and the passions, with the relationship between the two organized by violence. The figure of Chamont suggests that honour is a highly codified form of violence. The excesses of the Passionate Lord—licensed by the Duke—call attention to the problematic interrelationship of individual conduct (even under the sign of 'madness') and state regulation of violence. And the masochistic social climber Lepet—busy formulating and printing a code of submission, and turning blows to pragmatic and economic ends—presents a 'cowardly' counter-logic in which the violence generated by social relations is absorbed, literally, by the bodies of social inferiors.

In voicing questions about status, violence and 'worth', the text deploys a complex range of references which find more and less precise resonance in issues, incidents and figures of significance in Jacobean England. For example, 'Frenchness' in the plot might draw on the French wars of religion—'La Nove' (5.2.24) was the name of a Protestant commander in those wars. Considered in terms of their relationship to violence, the warlike eponym La Nove—potentially tragic—contrasts with the Italian and comic 'wetness' of Galoshio. However, 'Frenchness' has further connotations: the office of Gentlemen of the Bedchamber (referred to, for example, by Lepet's wife at I.I.178–9) was a French as well as English office of courtly nobility, and its representation seems to hint at a theme of sexual licence when the Passionate Lord calls for Margaret de Valois and two of her waiting women (2.1.142). Margaret de Valois (who married Henry IV to produce the mixing of Catholic and Protestant dynasties in France) was accused by her brother, Henry III, of having affairs; he arrested and had interrogated two of her attendants—Dame de

Béthune and Dame de Duras—who were denounced as improper company for the queen. De Valois (who died in 1615) might have sprung to mind because she was divorced at the time of her death and, after 1615, any association of divorce and sexual excess might well have recalled the murder scandal around Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned by Frances Howard because of his opposition to her divorce. While *Valour* indeed seems to use ‘topical’ material, the way it shapes such material contrasts markedly with *A Game at Chess*, working by implication rather than direct political analogy.

Middleton in 1614 had written *Masque of Cupids* in celebration of the marriage of the couple later convicted for Overbury’s murder—Robert Carr and Frances Howard, the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Carr was then (like Chamont) the acknowledged favourite of his sovereign, and Chamont’s petulance recalls the ‘strange streams of inquietness, passion, fury, and insolent pride’ which King James condemned in Carr, who at times seemed to assume that the king ‘dare not offend you or resist your appetites’. The appearance of Cupid in *Valour*, now in ruined or disgraced form, might be read as a return to the idea of Cupid in the later context of the couple’s disgrace. Like the masquers of the Stuart court, Cupid attempts to turn a device or apparently playful disguise not only towards a ‘cure’ of the Passionate Lord but significantly towards her own needs. However, like Aurelia, the mistress disguised as a page in *More Dissemblers Beside Women*, this Cupid is pregnant, and her swollen figure increasingly threatens to destroy her disguise. As Bruce Smith has noted, such uses of ‘female’ disguise configure gender very differently from the gender-ambiguous page. The growing bigness of the Cupid invites a reading of the body (penetrated, bruised, mixed) as the place in which the transgression of social codes might become visible.

Here and elsewhere, the play investigates assessments of female chastity and moral fortitude. Except in the case of Chamont, where the integrity of the male body itself becomes explicitly the locus of dispute, women provide the focus, or pretext, of violent relations between men. They are repeatedly exchanged between men (like the Cupid), competed for (like the Lady) or used as a pretext or face-saving device (as Lepet uses his wife). The Passionate Lord—apparently unable to distinguish men from women in masculine dress—‘sees’ the First Gentleman as a woman disguised; this bawdy episode is symptomatic of the place of female figures in the play as a whole. Typically, it situates women as promiscuous and sexually desiring. Though this construction of femininity is promulgated by the Passionate Lord, it is shared by other men—hence Chamont’s implicit surprise at, and corresponding overvaluation of, the Lady’s chastity.

As suggested by the importance the play accords to female chastity and to the borders of the male body, *Valour* traces a sequence of quarrels between men which hover on the borders between ‘private’ and ‘public’ acts and the implications of border violation. This is significantly explored (as Taylor also argues) in the play’s treatment

of duelling. Duels had been the object of much royal attention and subject to three royal actions by 1615, but scandalous duels involving important courtiers continued throughout James I’s reign. James may have found duels personally repellent, but (as David Wilson Harris notes) they were also ‘an affront to public justice’, because the aristocratic implications of their rule-dominated structure for controlling violence both challenged and replicated or mimicked government authority.

Historians suggest that the challenge to a duel implied claims to status which contrasted with the ‘killing affray’ in a hierarchy of violence—both, notably, outside government control. Challenging someone to duel itself asserted a particular social position: in *Valour* duels appear most specifically at 4.1, where social hierarchy is rendered problematic by the ambiguity of dress codes and the return of blows. The question of redress is crucial, too, where the code of honour is brought into direct conflict with the state through Chamont’s conflict with his ruler.

The on-stage circulation of violence takes place in tandem with continued questioning of the meaning or stability of social codes and hierarchy. The question of violence is worked out in terms of a contrast between Chamont’s code of honour and Lepet’s reverse code of cowardice: Lepet links pragmatic responses to violence with social and financial gain, and his book codifies cowardice in a way that mimics the code of honour. Disrupting this binary contrast is the Passionate Lord’s violence: apparently random, but authorized by his social status. The play reserves the label ‘madman’ for this perpetrator of acts which lack codification. But of course, as Sander Gilman argues, the representation of madness acts as a sign of difference, a function of ‘historical and cultural continuity, rather than any quality of the process of insanity or of the actual individual’ represented. In the theatre, madness can, as here, stand as a shorthand for crises in social relations. Specifically, in *Valour* madness localizes a crisis in the enforcement of rules: in the rule-bound court the rule for this figure is rulelessness. In the ‘case’ of the Passionate Lord the passions follow each other sequentially, as he transgresses various court codes and—particularly—violates social boundaries around the body. Not only has the Lord impregnated the Cupid, but he also keeps the clown Galoshio as a ‘carcass’ to beat: as Gilman notes, in seventeenth-century iconography ‘the pinwheel, the cudgel (which the madman mounts like a hobby-horse), and the disordered clothing’ all signify the madman. In *The Passions of the Mind in General* (1604), Thomas Wright compared human passions to the desires of animals: ‘as we see beasts hate, love, fear and hope,’ and that they act ‘seducing the will, inducing . . . to vice, and commonly withdrawing from virtue’, whereas properly governed passions enable a man to make the world productive for himself. The theatrical and signifying nature of passion described by Wright—‘Extraordinary apparel of body declareth well the apparel of the mind’—resembles *Valour*’s staging of excess in the Passionate Lord’s defence of loose garments. The Passionate Lord is

coded in stage directions in terms of that iconography of madness, putting into circulation the question of the relationship between reason and passion, a psychological hierarchy related to social hierarchies.

As a relative of the Duke (a 'cousin'), the Passionate Lord is not restrained but humoured. (Even the First Gentleman enters into cross-gendered wordplay with him.) But when he crosses the Soldier and sends a group of bravos to beat him, he precipitates the revenge scenario which dominates Acts 4 and 5. Thus the Passionate Lord is, like Chamont, placed in a problematic relationship to the twin discourses of hierarchy and violence; his passionate outbursts question the boundaries of courtesy and hierarchy. The implication of the Passionate Lord's licence is that at court the passions are allowed to reign: the courtiers are controlled by one who is in turn controlled by his passions, and who exceeds decorum in dress, speech, sexual appetite and violent behaviour.

Seen this way, the Passionate Lord once again invokes the paradox of blood and worth, posed also by the touchy honour and violence of Chamont, and taken up again in Lepet's receipts for receiving blows and his willingness to give up his newly bought title of gentleman for profit and a place in the Duke's service. Where Chamont insists on observing the code of honour to the letter, the Passionate Lord refuses to observe any form of propriety; his acts of violence are sanctioned by his relative, the Duke, and therefore by his 'blood'. Chamont sticks to the code of personal valour, but the Passionate Lord sends a group to beat up the Soldier.

The complexity and confusion of the relationship between worth and blood reaches a climax in 4.1. The Duke, the supreme hierarchical authority, nevertheless apologizes to Chamont in terms of his offended honour: 'So that, what you in tenderness of honour, | Conceive to be loss to you... | I'll restore again'. When scornfully rejected by Chamont ('O miserable satisfaction, | Ten times more wretched than the wrong itself'), the Duke dismisses all the gentlemen of his chamber, saying 'Your worths will find you fortunes'. This claim, demonstrating his adherence to the elaborate code of honour articulated by Chamont, draws out the code's full implications: 'worth' can actually replace 'blood' (that is, inherited social status) in the establishment of individual fortune—an implication questioned by the dismissed gentlemen. The complexity is increased when we find that the comparison to Chamont is not, precisely, that the gentleman should have behaved like him, but that the Duke seeks men of lower social status—'Men more insensible of reputation' (worth), 'grooms' who are less ambiguously situated in the social hierarchy—so that 'if my anger chance let fall a stroke, | ... it may pass... undisputed.'

The possibility that value might centre on the individual, bypassing social forms and hierarchical expectations, is hinted at here. 'Worth' (worthiness) is also understood as an expression of the hierarchy which ought to generate it and which it, circularly, seems to uphold: although the play teases out the implicit contradictions

between 'merit' and 'lineage' implicit in Stuart society, those contradictions are not, here, in open conflict. 'Worth' literally retreats in a direct conflict with 'blood' when the altercation between Chamont and the Duke causes Chamont's retirement. Like the disgraced Earl of Essex (who in order to secure Frances Howard's divorce was publicly declared impotent), the humiliated Chamont will remain available for the defence of his country, but he will no longer participate in court life.

The Duke calls for men of lower social status, assuming that they, at least, will be below the social ladder of honour and personal affront. Likewise, by subordinating concerns of 'worth' and blood to economic questions, Lepet finds employment receiving the blows which are forbidden by social custom and which—as the revenge of the Soldier on the Passionate Lord suggests—lead to combat between men of rank. In the second part of the same scene, when the First Gentleman is attempting to find the Duke new servants, violence passes down the social hierarchy. The Gallant provokes the First Gentleman, who challenges him; the Gallant backs down; emboldened by this success, the Gentleman next encounters a Plain Fellow and jostles him. However, rather than accede to the right to do violence as conferred by visible social position, the Plain Fellow returns the blow—indicating once again the instability of social hierarchy marked by dress ('Who would ha' thought this would prove a gentleman?'). The Plain Fellow poses a further problem about the code of honour: its lack of transparency. Is he responding outside the code of challenges and outside the code of elaborately hierarchized court violence, returning impromptu an affront?—or does he (as the First Gentleman interprets him) by the blow assert his claim to be a gentleman? In this instance, the blow *itself* is taken as proof of social status.

Finally, Lepet enters—the play's funniest and most original character. Lepet's coward's code rejects both 'worth' and 'blood'. He eschews the code of honour to absorb the blows of other men; he has purchased the rank of gentleman, but would surrender it for money. Moreover, Lepet's behaviour, like that prescribing rules for duels and court etiquette, is about to be printed in a book setting out the rules for cowards; albeit comically, this radical cowardice is articulated as a systematic (if unmasculine) set of responses to violence. In this inverted code life and limb are preserved overall—though worn and bruised. The preservation rather than expenditure of life is linked to the exchange value which Lepet ascribes to the body in service: under this code the individual, by electing to eschew all ideal values, is free to attempt to turn all social interaction to his own gain outside any intertwining of worth, blood and place. Thus, Lepet's worthlessness, his lack of attachment to the social hierarchy (which he is nevertheless attempting to climb), render him the codifier of laws of ignobility which might be made productive by individuals with no integral place in the social system. Lepet's book begins to articulate the social code of those placed by behaviour beyond both worth and blood

and, therefore, outside the binary competition between them.

Lepet receives blows—and produces texts. He corrects proofs and guides readers to particular passages of his book; he belongs to Middleton’s gallery of satirical portraits of authorship, always ‘implicated’ and ‘never innocent’ (Taylor 1994). The innovative subject position embodied in Lepet, inside the market but outside of ‘blood’

and ‘worth’, is, according to Middleton, the not so nice status of an author.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 169

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1070

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 423

The Nice Valour

Or, The Passionate Madman

THE PERSONS

A DUKE

CHAMONT, a gentleman, the Duke’s favourite

A SOLDIER, Chamont’s brother

A LADY, the Duke’s Sister, Chamont’s beloved

A PASSIONATE LORD, the Duke’s distracted kinsman

CUPID, personated by a lady, affecting the Passionate Lord

TWO BROTHERS to the Cupid

BASE, the Passionate Lord’s jester

First GENTLEMAN of the Duke’s Chamber

Three other GENTLEMEN of the Duke’s Chamber

LEPET, an author and a gentleman about the court

CLOWN (named Galoshio), another tried piece of man’s flesh, later servant to Lepet

Lepet’s WIFE

POLTROT

MOULEBAISER } two mushroom courtiers

A GALLANT of the same temper

FIRST WOMEN MASQUER

A PLAIN FELLOW

A PRIEST

A HUNTSMAN

TWO SERVANTS

EPILOGUE

Dancers, Court Officers, five other woman masquers

I. I

Incipit Actus Primus

[Enter] Duke, Chamont, and Four Gentlemen [of the Chamber]

DUKE

Chamont, welcome. We have missed thee long,
Though absent but two days: I hope your sports
Answered your time and wishes.

CHAMONT

Very nobly, sir:

We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was so royal.

5

DUKE

I’ve enough to hear on’t.

Prithee bestow’t upon me in discourse.

[They walk apart]

FIRST GENTLEMAN

What is this gentleman, coz? You are a courtier,
Therefore know all their insides.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

No farther than the taffeta goes, good coz,
For the most part, which is indeed the best part
Of the most general inside. Marry, thus far
I can with boldness speak this one man’s character,
And upon honour pass it for a true one:

10

Title Nice either ‘excessively fastidious’ (like Chamont) or ‘effeminate, unmanly’ (like Lepet)

Persons. I DUKE No dukedom is specified, but the play’s combination of French

and Italian names might have suggested Savoy, then an independent state.

9 **GENTLEMAN of the Duke’s Chamber** (an important office at court, with direct and intimate access to the sovereign)

1.1.5 **royal** magnificent (but literally ‘appropriate to a king’, like James I, who was an avid huntsman)

1.2 **character** as in Sir Thomas Overbury’s *Characters*: description of a type

- 15 He has that strength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his sovereign's power of gracing.
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from Caesar's time, or farther off,
That ever took disgraces unrevenged:
20 And if he chance to read his abject story,
He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
Not to let shame have so much life amongst us.
There is not such a curious piece of courage
Amongst man's fellowship, or one so jealous
Of honour's loss or reputation's glory:
25 There's so much perfect of his growing story.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
'Twould make one dote on virtue, as you tell it.
- SECOND GENTLEMAN
I ha' told it to much loss, believe it, coz.
- THIRD GENTLEMAN [to Fourth Gentleman]
How the Duke graces him! What is he, brother?
- FOURTH GENTLEMAN
Do you not yet know him? A vainglorious coxcomb
30 As proud as he that fell for't.
Set but aside his valour—which is indeed
No virtue, and not fit for any courtier—
And we his fellows are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
35 For one thing or another, if 'twere looked into.
Give me a man, were I a sovereign now,
Has a good stroke at tennis and a stiff one,
Can play at equinoctium with the line
As even as the thirteenth of September,
40 When day and night lie in a scale together:
Or may I thrive as I deserve at billiards,
No otherwise at chess or at primero.
These are the parts required; why not advanced?
- DUKE [to Chamont]
Trust me, it was no less than excellent pleasure,
- And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our
kinsman?
Who can resolve us best?
FIRST GENTLEMAN I can, my lord.
DUKE
There if I had a pity without bounds,
It might be all bestowed—a man so lost
In the wild ways of passion that he's sensible
Of naught but what torments him.
FIRST GENTLEMAN True, my lord,
50 He runs through all the passions of mankind,
And shifts 'em strangely too: one while in love—
And that so violent, that for want of business
He'll court the very pretence of a laundress,
Though she have kibed heels—and, in's melancholy
again,
55 He will not brook an empress, though thrice fairer
Than ever Maud was, or higher-spirited
Than Cleopatra or your English Countess.
Then on a sudden he's so merry again,
Outlaughs a waiting-woman, before her first child;
60 And in the turning of a hand, so angry—
He's almost beat the northern fellow blind,
That is for that use only. If that mood hold, my lord,
He'd need of a fresh man; I'll undertake
He shall bruise three a month.
- DUKE I pity him dearly.
65 And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To see his moods observed. Let every passion
Be fed ev'n to a surfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing. Let him have enough
Of every object that his sense is rapt with;
70 And being once glutted, then the taste of folly
Will come into disrelish.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN I shall see

20 **his memory** i.e. the pages which recall the man who acted ignobly

22 **curious** (a) precise in the maintenance of standards (here of courage) (b) overly fastidious

25 **growing story** unfolding or continuing life story

29 **coxcomb** foolish person (term derived from the cap worn by a professional fool, like a cock's comb in shape)

30 **he... for't** Satan, whose pride led him to challenge God

38 **equinoctium** equinox; equality between day and night. Here suggesting even-handedness but also the temporizing or fence-sitting talents of the courtier.

39 **thirteenth of September** day in the unreformed English calendar (ten days behind the correct Gregorian calendar) on which day and night were of equal length

40 **in a scale** equally weighted, without one exceeding the other

42 **primero** card and gambling game in which each player received four cards and each card had three times its usual value

49 **passion** regarded as intensifying feelings which might already be present in the psychological 'humours': see Thomas Wright, *Passions of the Mind* (1601). The Passionate Lord articulates the moods generated by humoral dispositions with a passionate immoderacy.

52 **one while** at one moment, for a time

53 **want of business** lack of (sexual) opportunity, or exercise

54 **laundress** (such a lowly occupation that it did not have a guild and therefore had no formal apprenticeships)

55 **kibed** with chilblains; may imply a woman with sores from venereal disease

57 **Maud** or Matilda (1102–1167), the daughter of Henry I. Named as her father's heir to English throne but eventually gave up her claim to her son, Henry II.

58 **English Countess** Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, who divorced the Earl of Essex to marry Robert Carr. See Introduction.

62 **northern fellow** probably the clown Galoshio, regularly beaten by the Passionate Lord. 'Northern' seems to imply that he comes from the north of England (or Scotland)

66 **kind brother** (a ghost character who does not appear on stage)

67 **his moods observed** The Duke's treatment of such passions is unusual in permitting rather than forcibly restraining them; contrast the Soldier's reaction and its effect on the Passionate Lord.

Your charge, my lord, most faithfully effected.
Exit [Duke and other gentlemen]
 And how does noble Chamont?
 CHAMONT Never ill, man,
 75 Until I hear of baseness; then I sicken.
 I am the healthfull'st man i'th' kingdom else.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Be armed then for a fit.
Enter Lepet [aloof off]
 Here comes a fellow
 Will make you sick at heart, if baseness do't.
 CHAMONT
 Let me be gone. What is he?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Let me tell you first.
 80 It can be but a qualm; pray, stay it out, sir.
 Come, you've borne more than this.
 CHAMONT Borne? Never anything
 That was injurious.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Ha, I am far from that.
 CHAMONT
 He looks as like a man as I have seen one.
 What would you speak of him? Speak well, I prithee,
 Even for humanity's cause.
 85 FIRST GENTLEMAN You'd have it truth, though?
 CHAMONT
 What else, sir? I have no reason to wrong heav'n
 To favour nature; let her bear her own shame
 If she be faulty.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Monstrous faulty there, sir.
 CHAMONT
 I'm ill at ease already.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Pray, bear up, sir.
 CHAMONT
 90 I prithee, let me take him down with speed then,
 Like a wild object that I would not look upon.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Then thus: he's one that will endure as much
 As can be laid upon him.
 CHAMONT That may be noble.
 I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN O sir,
 95 Take heed of rash repentance; you're too forward
 To find out virtue where it never settled.
 Take the particulars first of what he endures:
Videlicet, bastinadoes by the great.
 CHAMONT How!

FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Thumps by the dozen and your kicks by wholesale. 100
 CHAMONT No more of him.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 The twinges by the nostril he snuffs up,
 And holds it the best remedy for sneezing.
 CHAMONT Away.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 He's been thrice switched from seven o'clock till nine, 105
 Yet with a cart-horse stomach fell to breakfast,
 Forgetful of his smart.
 CHAMONT Nay, the disgrace on't;
 There is no smart but that. Base things are felt
 More by their shames than hurts.
 [Chamont meets Lepet]
 Sir, I know you not,
 But that you live an injury to nature 110
 I'm heartily angry with you.
 LEPET
 Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then:
 For I ne'er saw you before, and indeed
 Have nothing to say to you, for I know you not.
 CHAMONT
 Why, wouldst thou take a blow?
 LEPET I would not, sir, 115
 Unless 'twere offered me; and if from an enemy—
 I'd be loath to deny it from a stranger.
 CHAMONT What, a blow?
 Endure a blow? And shall he live that gives it?
 LEPET
 Many a fair year—why not, sir?
 CHAMONT Let me wonder! 120
 As full a man to see too, and as perfect—
 I prithee, live not long.
 LEPET How?
 CHAMONT Let me entreat it.
 Thou dost not know what wrong thou dost mankind
 To walk so long here, not to die betimes.
 Let me advise thee, while thou hast to live here, 125
 Ev'n for man's honour's sake, take not a blow more.
 LEPET
 You should advise them not to strike me then, sir,
 For I'll take none, assure you, 'less they are given.
 CHAMONT
 How fain would I preserve man's form from shame
 And cannot get it done!—However, sir, 130
 I charge thee live not long.
 LEPET This is worse than beating.

76 **kingdom** (here as elsewhere suggesting that the play's real locale is the kingdom of England, not an unnamed dukedom) **else** otherwise
 86-7 **wrong**... **nature** lie (before God) to protect man (nature)
 87 **her** (nature was often more or less definitely personified as a female being)
 91 **wild object** something beyond the laws of

nature and culture, excessive, implicitly monstrous
 98 *Videlicet* 'that is to say', or 'namely' (Latin); introduces amplification or explanation
bastinadoes blows with sticks or cudgels
by the great at a fixed price for the whole amount

99 **How** (expression of shock)
 100 **your** one's, anyone's
 102 **twinges**... **nostril** physical abuse with the implication of social provocation
 105 **switched** hit with a switch
 106 **cart-horse stomach** with huge and hearty appetite
 124 **betimes** forthwith, speedily

- CHAMONT
Of what profession art thou—tell me, sir—
Besides a tailor? For I'll know the truth. 160
- LEPET
A tailor? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can show my arms and all.
- 135 CHAMONT How black and blue they are?
Is that your manifestation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to dust, assume not wrongfully
The name of gentleman—because I am one,
That must not let thee live.
- LEPET I have done, I have done, sir!
140 If there be any harm, beshrew the herald.
I'm sure I ha' not been so long a gentleman
To make this anger; I have nothing nowhere
But what I dearly pay for.
- CHAMONT Groom, begone! *Exit Lepet*
I never was so heartsick yet of man.
Enter Lady (the Duke's sister) and Lepet's wife
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
145 Here comes a cordial, sir, from t'other sex,
Able to make a dying face look cheerful.
- CHAMONT [*to Lady*]
The blessedness of ladies—
- LADY You're well met, sir.
- CHAMONT
The sight of you has put an evil from me,
Whose breath was able to make virtue sicken.
- LADY
150 I'm glad I came so fortunately. What was't, sir?
- CHAMONT
A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health; you ha' not seen the like,
madam.
A monster worth your sixpence, lovely worth.
- LADY
155 Speak low, sir; by all likelihoods 'tis her husband,
That now bestowed a visitation on me.
Farewell, sir. *Exit*
- CHAMONT
'Husband'? Is't possible he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'Twas some forced
match.
- If he were not kicked to th' church o'th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. Can be no otherwise. 160
Perhaps he was rich.—Speak, Mistress Lepet, was it
not so?
WIFE Nay, that's without all question.
- CHAMONT
O ho! He would not want kickers enough then.
If you are wise, I much suspect your honesty,
For wisdom never fastens constantly 165
But upon merit. If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his society.
Nay, if it were not boldness in the man
That honours you, to advise you—troth, his company
Should not be frequent with you.
- WIFE 'Tis good counsel, sir. 170
- CHAMONT
O I am so careful where I reverence—
So just to goodness and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous and as fearful
That any undeservèd stain might fall 175
Upon her sanctified whiteness, as of the sin
That comes by wilfulness.
- WIFE Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counsel and your care.
- CHAMONT [*bowing*]
We are your servants.
- WIFE [*aside*] He's but a gentleman
O'th' chamber; he might have kissed me. Faith,
Where shall one find less courtesy than at court? 180
Say I have an undeserver to my husband;
That's ne'er the worse for him. Well, strange-lipped
men,
'Tis but a kiss lost; there'll more come again. *Exit*
Enter the Passionate Lord (the Duke's kinsman),
makes a congee or two to nothing
- FIRST GENTLEMAN [*aside to Chamont*]
Look who comes here, sir. His love fit's upon him.
I know it by that set smile and those congees. 185
How courteous he's to nothing—which, indeed,
Is the next kin to woman; only shadow
The elder sister of the twain, because 'tis seen too.
See how it kisses the forefinger still—
Which is the last edition, and (being come 190

133 **tailor** (term of abuse or ridicule; also suggests he is fashionably dressed)

135 **arms** coat of arms, to indicate his rank

136 **manifestation** demonstration or revelation of qualities; suggests the heraldic display of arms; emblem. Pun on 'man'.

140 **herald** herald at arms who regulated the devices of the gentry and aristocracy

141–3 **I ha'...for** (he has only recently been elevated to the gentry and has paid for the privilege)

143 **Groom** (insult because of the groom's low social status; the dominant modern sense of 'one who attends horses' was only used contextually)

145 **cordial** invigorating, medicinal thing; heartening

153 **monster...sixpence** (freaks were displayed at fairs for profit)
lovely worth (sarcastic: 'and what a charming thing you see for your money')

154 **low** softly

158 **forced match** 'arranged marriage' or 'shotgun wedding'

164 **honesty** chastity

179 **chamber** reception room in a palace and therefore a court office

kissed social greeting (refers to gentleman of l. 178)

180 **courtesy** (pun on 'court')

182 **strange-lipped** unwilling to be kissed

183.2 **congee** bow, in courtesy

186–8 **nothing...too** although, like a shadow, woman is effectively nothing—yet she is visible

189 **it** derogatory term for 'him'

kisses...forefinger (fashionable behaviour)

190 **Which...edition** courtesy learnt from courtesy books of the latest edition—i.e. fashion. (Also possibly the Passionate Lord is kissing his fingers, and this refers to the last finger before the thumb.)

So near the thumb) every cobbler has got it.
 CHAMONT
 What a ridiculous piece humanity
 Here makes itself!
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Nay, good, give leave a little, sir,
 You're so precise a manhood—
 CHAMONT It afflicts me
 195 When I behold unseemliness in an image
 So near the Godhead; 'tis an injury
 To glorious eternity.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Pray use patience, sir.
 PASSIONATE LORD [*to First Gentleman*]
 I do confess it freely, precious lady—
 And love's suit is so, the longer it hangs
 200 The worse it is; better cut off, sweet madam.
 O that same drawing-in your nether lip there
 Foreshows no goodness, lady. Make you question
 on't?
 Shame on me but I love you.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Who is't, sir,
 You are at all this pains for? May I know her?
 PASSIONATE LORD
 205 For thee thou fairest, yet the falsest woman,
 That ever broke man's heartstrings.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN How? How's this, sir?
 PASSIONATE LORD
 What, the old trick of ladies, man's apparel?
 Will't ne'er be left amongst you? steal from court in't?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Chamont*]
 I see the fit grows stronger.
 PASSIONATE LORD Pray, let's talk a little.
 CHAMONT
 I can endure no more.
 210 FIRST GENTLEMAN Good, let us alone a little.
 You are so exact a work: love light things somewhat,
 sir.
 CHAMONT
 They're all but shames.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Passionate Lord*]
 What is't you'd say to me, sir?

PASSIONATE LORD
 Can you be so forgetful to enquire it, lady?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Yes, truly, sir.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 The more I admire your flintiness.
 What cause have I given you, illustrious madam,
 215 To play this strange part with me?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Cause enough.
 Do but look back, sir, into your memory,
 Your love to other women. O lewd man,
 It's almost killed my heart! You see I'm changed with
 it;
 I ha' lost the fashion of my sex with grief on't,
 220 When I have seen you courting of a dowdy,
 Compared with me, and kissing your forefinger
 'To one o'th' blackguard's mistresses. Would not this
 Crack a poor lady's heart, that believed love,
 And waited for the comfort? But 'twas said, sir,
 225 A lady of my hair cannot want pitying.
 The country's coming up; farewell to you, sir.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 Whither intend you, sir?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN A long journey, sir.
 The truth is, I'm with child, and go to travel.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 With child? I never got it.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN I heard you were busy
 230 At the same time, sir, and was loath to trouble you.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 Why, are not you a whore then, excellent madam?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 O, by no means! 'Twas done, sir, in the state
 Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
 It lies upon your falsehood.
 PASSIONATE LORD Does it so?—
 235 You shall not carry her though, sir; she's my
 contract.
 CHAMONT
 I prithee, thou four elements ill-brewed,
 Torment none but thyself. Away, I say,

191 **thumb** (biting the thumb implied aggressive intention)
cobbler manual labourer (thumbs are associated with work and with measurement at work)
 194 **precise** punctilious about
 195-6 **image**... **Godhead** (alluding to the idea that man is made in God's image)
 198 **lady** (he assumes the First Gentleman is a woman in disguise)
 200 **cut off** 'abridged, abrupt' (declaration of love) or 'castrated'
 201 **nether lip** lower lip (also suggesting vulva; the tightness of the lips suggests she will not be sexually open)
 208 **steal from court** possibly referring to Arabella Stuart's escape from the court

in 1610
 221 **dowdy** shabby or unattractively dressed woman
 223 **blackguard's** criminal, vagabond, idler
 225 **comfort** consolation (here the consolation or invigorating influence of knowing oneself to be loved, with an ambiguity about whether the anticipated consolation is spiritual or physical, sexual)
 226 **hair** appearance, type
want lack
 227 **country's coming up** people (here presumably potential suitors) are coming to London to attend court
 228 **sir** (a possible form of address to females as well as males)

229 **travel** pun on 'travail' (labour, child-birth)
 233-5 **'Twas**... **falsehood** (the logic of this claim seems to be that because 'she' was in a state of belief in, or fantasy about, the Passionate Lord when the child was conceived, the conception does not constitute unfaithfulness)
 236 **contract** bargain, property (also implying 'contracted' to be married)
 237 **four elements** in humoral theory earth, water, air, and fire were seen as the elements which constituted personality, and imbalance in the elements (as in the case of the Passionate Lord) was seen as causing behavioural patterns and changes

240	Thou beast of passion, as the drunkard is The beast of wine; dishonour to thy making, Thou man in fragments.		[<i>Incipient</i>] <i>Actus Secundus</i> [<i>Chairs.</i>] <i>Enter Chamont's brother (a Soldier) and a Lady (the Duke's sister)</i>	2.1
	PASSIONATE LORD [<i>kneeling to First Gentleman</i>] Hear me, precious madam.		LADY There should be in this gallery—O they're here. [<i>She sits</i>]	
	CHAMONT Kneel for thy wits to heaven.		LADY Pray, sit down; believe me, sir, I'm weary.	
	PASSIONATE LORD Lady, I'll father it, Whoe'er begot it; 'tis the curse of greatness.		SOLDIER It well becomes a Lady to complain a little Of what she never feels. Your walk was short, madam.	
	CHAMONT How virtue groans at this!		SOLDIER You can be but afraid of weariness (Which well employs the softness of your sex); As for the thing itself, you never came to't.	5
245	PASSIONATE LORD I'll raise the court, but I will stay your flight. <i>Exit Passionate Lord</i>		LADY You're wondrously well read in ladies, sir.	
	CHAMONT How wretched is that piece!		SOLDIER Shall I think such a creature as you, madam, Was ever born to feel pain, but in travail?	10
	FIRST GENTLEMAN He's the Duke's kinsman, sir.		SOLDIER There's your full portion, Besides a little toothache in the breeding, Which a kind husband too takes from you, madam.	
	CHAMONT That cannot take away a passion, sir, Nor cut a fit but one poor hour shorter. He must endure as much as the poor'st beggar		LADY But where do ladies, sir, find such kind husbands? Perhaps you have heard	15
250	That cannot change his money; there's the equality In our impartial essence. <i>Enter a Servant</i>		LADY The rheumatic story of some loving chandler now, Or some such melting fellow, that you talk So prodigal of men's kindness. I confess, sir, Many of those wives are happy their ambition Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance,	20
	SERVANT Your worthy brother, sir, has left his charge, And come to see you. <i>Enter Chamont's brother (a soldier)</i>		LADY Now sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning, And so are oft deceived. Yet they must venture it; For 'tis a lady's contumely, sir, To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice Will deem her for a wanton ere she taste on't.	25
	CHAMONT [<i>embracing him</i>] O the noblest welcome That ever came from man meet thy deservings!		LADY But to deceive a wise man, to whose circumspection The world resigns itself (with all his envy), 'Tis less dishonour to us then to fall, Because his believed wisdom keeps out all.	30
255	Methinks I've all joy's treasure in mine arms now.		SOLDIER Would I were the man, lady, that should venture His wisdom to your goodness.	
	SOLDIER You are so fortunate in prevention, brother, You always leave the answerer barren, sir; You comprehend in few words so much worth—		LADY You might fail In the return, as many men have done, sir. I dare not justify what is to come of me,	
	CHAMONT 'Tis all too little for thee. Come, thou'rt welcome. So I include all: take especial knowledge, pray, Of this dear gentleman (my absolute friend) That loves a soldier far above a mistress, Though excellently faithful to 'em both; But love to manhood owns the purer troth. <i>Exeunt</i>			



242 **father** act as the male parent and therefore give his name
245 **raise** arouse, alert, disturb
stay your flight prevent your escape
246 **wretched** (a) miserable (b) base, contemptibly low in status
piece man, creature (as in 'piece of flesh')
250 **change his money** transform his fortunes
258 **comprehend** sum up

264 **owns** has a claim to being
2.1.12 **toothache** (considered a side effect of pregnancy)
breeding (a) pregnancy (b) sexual intercourse
13 **kind husband** the husband removes her 'ache', perhaps implying her desire
16 **rheumatic** tearful, weeping
chandler maker or seller of candles
17 **melting** sentimental, drippy
22 **height and cunning** high position

and cleverness (here qualities seen as incompatible with male marital fidelity)
24 **contumely** reproach, insult
25 **ignorant** idiot
31-2 **venture... goodness** risk his wisdom in trusting to her sexual fidelity and deserved good name
33 **return** profit which comes back from on commodities risked in a trading 'venture' (the outcome of taking a risk on a woman's 'goodness')

35 Because I know it not, though I hope virtuously;
Marry, what's past or present, I durst put
Into a good man's hand, which if he take
Upon my word for good, it shall not cozen him.

SOLDIER
No, nor hereafter?

LADY It may hap so too, sir.

40 A woman's goodness, when she is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's desert, believe it, sir.
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis first in him, if she were ever good.
That makes me, knowing not a husband yet,
45 Or what he may be, promise no more virtues
Than I may well perform, for that were cozenage.

SOLDIER
Happy were he that had you with all fears!
That's my opinion, lady.
Enter Chamont and a servant list'ning. [They talk apart]

SERVANT What say you now, sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?

CHAMONT
Not yet, I dare not.

SERVANT No?

50 CHAMONT Scarce yet, or yet—
Although I see 'tis he. Why, can a thing
That's but myself divided be so false?

SERVANT
Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his part too;
How amorously 'tis bent.

CHAMONT Hell take thy bad thoughts!
55 For they are strange ones; never take delight
To make a torment worse.—Look on 'em, heaven,
For that's a brother. Send me a fair enemy,
And take him; for a fouler fiend there breathes not.
I will not sin, to think there's ill in her
60 But what's of his producing.
Yet goodness, whose enclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft times but sorrily. But as black, sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Because it is so near thine. Live without honesty,
65 And mayst thou die with an unmoistened eye,
And no tear follow thee. *Exeunt Chamont, Servant*

LADY You're wondrous merry, sir;
I would your brother heard you.

SOLDIER Or my sister;
I would not out o'th' way let fall my words, lady,

For the precisest humour.
Enter Passionate Lord
PASSIONATE LORD [*aside*] Yea, so close?
SOLDIER
They're merry; that's the worst you can report on
'em; 70
They're neither dangerous nor immodest.
PASSIONATE LORD So, sir,
Shall I believe you, think you?
SOLDIER Who's this, lady?
LADY
O, the Duke's cousin; he came late from travel, sir.
SOLDIER
Respect belongs to him.
PASSIONATE LORD For as I said, lady,
'They're merry; that's the worst you can report on
'em. 75
They're neither dangerous nor immodest.'
SOLDIER
How's this?
PASSIONATE LORD
And there I think I left.
SOLDIER [*aside*] Abuses me!
[*The Soldier stands apart*]
PASSIONATE LORD
Now to proceed, lady. Perhaps I swore I loved you;
If you believe me not, you're much the wiser.
SOLDIER [*aside*]
80 He speaks still in my person, and derides me.
PASSIONATE LORD
For I can cog with you.
LADY You can all do so.
We make no question of men's promptness that way.
PASSIONATE LORD
And smile, and wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our tassel gently, and do fine things
That catch a lady sooner than a virtue. 85
SOLDIER [*aside*]
I never used to let man live so long that wronged me.
PASSIONATE LORD
Talk of battalions, woo you in a skirmish,
Divulge my mind to you, lady, and (being sharp set)
Can court you at half-pike, or name your weapon—
We cannot fail you, lady.
Enter First Gentleman [behind]
SOLDIER [*aside*] Now he dies 90
Were all succeeding hopes stored up within him.

38 **cozen** deceive

43 **'Tis... good** i.e., if a woman ever had any virtue, her fall from it must have occurred because she was corrupted by some man, who fell before she did

44 **That makes me** i.e., the foregoing logic is why I

53 **chair** (seems to imply that Soldier is leaning towards the Lady, using a chair as an aid to flirtation)

62 **sorrily** feebly

67 **would** wish that

sister sister-in-law (assuming she will marry Chamont)

68-9 **I... humour** (A precisian is exact in observing forms, so perhaps the Soldier is suggesting that he would be unhappy for his words to wander 'out of the way', the strict path, followed by the most correct and exact observer of forms—as Chamont might be said to be.)

75-6 **They're... immodest** (Passionate Lord

mimics the Soldier's manner.)

81 **cog** play or deal dishonestly

84 **tassel** (a) part of clothing (b) penis

(c) 'tassel gentle'—the male hawk

88 **sharp set** (a) set on edge, having an appetite (b) prepared with a sharp weapon

89 **weapon** (a) military skill (b) penis

91 **succeeding hopes** 'hopes of succession', i.e. chances for the continuation of the ruling line

[*He draws his sword*]
 FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Soldier*]
 O fie, i'th' court, sir?
 SOLDIER I most dearly thank you, sir.
 [*He sheathes his sword*]
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 'Tis rage ill spent upon a passionate madman.
 SOLDIER
 That shall not privilege him for ever, sir.
 A madman call you him? I have found too much
 95 reason
 Sound in his injury to me to believe him so.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 If ever truth from man's lips may be held
 In reputation with you, give this confidence;
 And this' his love-fit, which we observe still,
 100 By's flattering and his fineness: at some other time,
 He'll go as slovenly as heart can wish.
 The love and pity that his highness shows to him
 Makes every man the more respectful of him:
 Has never a passion, but is well provided for—
 105 As this of love. He is full fed in all;
 His swinge, as I may term it. Have but patience,
 And ye shall witness somewhat.
 SOLDIER Still he mocks me,
 Look you, in action, in behaviour.
 [*The Soldier addresses the Passionate Lord*]
 Sir,
 Hold still the chair, with a grand mischief to you,
 110 Or I'll set so much strength upon your heart, sir—
 PASSIONATE LORD
 I feel some power has restrained me, lady.
 If it be sent from love, say, I obey it,
 And ever keep a voice to welcome it.
 [*The Passionate Lord sings*]
 115 Thou deity, swift-wingèd love,
 Sometimes below, sometimes above,
 Little in shape, but great in power,
 Thou that mak'st a heart thy tower,
 And thy loop-holes, ladies' eyes,
 From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
 120 Did all the shafts in thy fair quiver
 Stick fast in my ambitious liver,
 Yet thy power would I adore
 And call upon thee to shoot more.
 Shoot more, shoot more.
 Enter one like a Cupid off'ring to shoot at him
 I prithee hold though, sweet celestial boy. 125
 I'm not requited yet with love enough
 For the first arrow that I have within me.
 And if thou be an equal archer, Cupid,
 Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.
 LADY Me, sir? 130
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 'Tis nothing but device; fear it not, lady.
 You may be as good a maid after that shaft, madam,
 As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half.
 'Tis like the boy that draws it; 't'as no sting yet.
 CUPID (*aside*)
 'Tis like the miserable maid that draws it, 135
 That sees no comfort yet, seeing him so passionate.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 Strike me the Duchess of Valois in love with me,
 With all the speed thou canst, and two of her women.
 CUPID
 You shall have more. Exit
 PASSIONATE LORD Tell 'em I tarry for 'em.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Soldier*]
 Who would be angry with that walking trouble now 140
 That hurts none but itself?
 SOLDIER I am better quieted.
 PASSIONATE LORD
 I'll have all womenkind struck in time for me
 After thirteen once.
 —I see this Cupid will not let me want;
 And let him spend his forty shafts an hour, 145
 They shall be all found from the Duke's exchequer.
 He's come already.
 Enter again the same Cupid, two Brothers, six
 women Masquers, Cupid's bow bent all the
 way towards them, the first woman singing and
 playing; a Priest
 FIRST WOMAN MASQUER (*sings*)
 O turn thy bow!
 Thy power we feel and know;
 Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow. 150

92 i'th' court (where drawing of weapons
 was forbidden)
 99 this' this is
 100 By's by his, visible in his
 102 his highness i.e. the Duke (although the
 title is usually reserved for kings)
 106 swinge (a) blow (b) scope or free course
 to indulge one's inclinations
 108 action gesture
 115 below ... above (a) devilish ... heavenly
 (b) ethereal, intellectual ... physical (c) on
 the upper parts of the body ... on the
 lower parts
 116 Little alluding to the small size of

(a) Cupid (b) a penis
 118 loop-holes vertical opening in fortifica-
 tion to allow the firing of missiles
 119 fond foolish
 121 liver organ which secretes bile; the seat
 of violent passion
 128 equal impartial
 131 device conceit, or play-acting elaborat-
 ing a symbolic story
 132 shaft pun on (a) stalk of Cupid's arrow
 (b) penis in sexual intercourse
 133 twelve and a half (too young to have
 had intercourse)
 134 sting (a) power to hurt, or 'bite' (b) pole

used as a weapon, or organ used to
 insert poisonous fluid—hence, 'erect
 penis'
 137 Duchess of Valois See Introduction.
 142 in time (a) eventually (b) at an appro-
 priate time
 143 After thirteen once For the audience
 this picks up and twists the first gen-
 tleman's words to the Lady: he intends
 to have sex once with every female
 who has passed her thirteenth birthday
 (normal age of puberty)
 146 They ... exchequer i.e. they will be paid
 for out of the national treasury

	Here comes his highness, sir. <i>Enter Duke, and Lords [among them, the second, third, and fourth Gentlemen]</i>	No man else should. Stood forty lives before him, By this I would have oped my way to him. It could not be you, sir; excuse him not, Whate'er he be. Speak, as you're dear to honour, That I may find my peace again.	230	
SOLDIER	I'll walk to cool myself. <i>Exit</i>			
DUKE	Who's that?	DUKE	Forbear, I say. Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.	
FIRST GENTLEMAN	The brother of Chamont.	CHAMONT	Still miserable!	
DUKE	He's brother then	DUKE	Come, come, what ails you, sir?	
200	To all the court's love—they that love discreetly, And place their friendliness upon desert. As for the rest, that with a double face Look upon merit (much like Fortune's visage, That looks two ways, both to life's calms and storms),	CHAMONT	Never sat shame cooling so long upon me Without a satisfaction in revenge, And heaven has made it here a sin to wish it.	235
205	I'll so provide for him, chiefly for him, He shall not wish their loves, nor dread their envies. And here comes my Chamont. <i>Enter Chamont [speaking to himself]</i>	DUKE	Hark you, sir.	
CHAMONT	That lady's virtues are my only joys, And he to offer to lay siege to them?	CHAMONT	O you've undone me. DUKE	How?
210	DUKE [to Chamont] Chamont.	CHAMONT	Cruelly undone me! I have lost my peace and reputation by you. Sir, pardon me, I can never love you more.	240
CHAMONT	Her goodness is my pride; in all discourses, As often as I hear rash-tongued gallants Speak rudely of a woman, presently I give in but her name, and they're all silent. O, who would lose this benefit?	DUKE	What language call you this, sirs?	<i>Exit</i>
215	DUKE [to Chamont] Come hither, sir.	FIRST GENTLEMAN	Truth my Lord, I've seldom heard a stranger.	
CHAMONT	'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner, For that but cures diseases in the body; This works a cure on fame, on reputation— The noblest piece of surgery upon earth.	SECOND GENTLEMAN	He is a man of a most curious valour, Wondrous precise and punctual in that virtue.	245
220	DUKE Chamont!—He minds me not. CHAMONT A brother do't? DUKE Chamont, I say. <i>He gives him a touch with his switch</i>	DUKE	But why to me so punctual? My last thought Was most entirely fixed on his advancement. Why, I came now to put him in possession Of his fair fortunes—what a misconceiver 'tis!— And from a Gentleman of our Chamber merely Make him Vice-Admiral. I was settled in't; I love him next to health. Call him, gentlemen.	250
225	CHAMONT Ha? If he be mortal, by this hand he perishes. [<i>He draws his sword</i>]		<i>Exit First Gentleman</i>	
230	Unless it be a stroke from heaven, he dies for't.	SECOND GENTLEMAN	Troth, I think we should, my lord, And there's a fellow walks about the court Would take a hundred of 'em.	255
DUKE	Why, how now, sir? 'Twas I.	DUKE	I hate you all for't, And rather praise his high-pitched fortitude, Though in extremes for niceness. Now I think on't, I would I had never done't.	
CHAMONT	The more's my misery.		<i>Enter First Gentleman</i>	
DUKE	Why, what's the matter, prithee?		Now, sir, where is he?	
CHAMONT	Can you ask it, sir?	FIRST GENTLEMAN	His suit is only, sir, to be excused.	260

203 **Fortune's visage** i.e. Fortune's 'double face' may smile or frown

229 **this** (a) now (b) this sword

244 **curious** particular, precise

245 **punctual** exact in every point; accurate, superscrupulous

250 **merely** both 'only' (referring backward to 'Gentleman of our Chamber', an office of personal attendance on the sovereign, without official function in governance) and 'actually' (referring forward to 'Make him...')

251 **Vice-Admiral** naval position second to admiral or commander of a national fleet. (Buckingham, James I's favourite, was Admiral of England.)

258 **niceness** fastidiousness

DUKE
 He shall not be excused. I love him dearlier.
 Say we entreat him; go, he must not leave us.
Exit two Gentlemen
 So virtue bless me, I ne'er knew him paralleled.
 Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.
Enter two Gentlemen and Chamont [who stands apart]

265 SECOND GENTLEMAN
 With much fair language, sir, we've brought him.
 DUKE Thanks.

Where is he?
 SECOND GENTLEMAN Yonder, sir.
 DUKE [*to Chamont*] Come forward, man.
 CHAMONT Pray, pardon me. I'm ashamed to be seen, sir.

DUKE Was ever such a touchy man heard of?—
 Prithee, come nearer.

270 CHAMONT More into the light?
 Put not such cruelty into your requests, my Lord,
 First to disgrace me publicly, and then draw me
 Into men's eyesight, with the shame yet hot
 Upon my reputation.

DUKE What disgrace, sir?
 CHAMONT What?
 Such as there can be no forgiveness for,
 That I can find in honour.

275 DUKE That's most strange, sir.
 CHAMONT Yet I have searched my bosom to find one,
 And wrestled with my inclination,
 But 'twill not be. Would you had killed me, sir!
 With what an ease had I forgiven you then!
 280 But to endure a stroke from any hand
 Under a punishing angel's (which is justice),
 Honour disclaim that man, for my part chiefly:
 Had it been yet the malice of your sword,
 Though it had cleft me, 't had been noble to me;
 285 You should have found my thanks paid in a smile
 If I had fell unwor'ded. But to shame me,
 With the correction that your horse should have,
 Were you ten thousand times my royal lord,
 I cannot love you, never, nor desire to serve you
 more.

If your drum call me, I am vowed to valour,
 But peace shall never know me yours again,
 Because I've lost mine own. I speak to die, sir.
 Would you were gracious that way to take off shame
 With the same swiftness as you pour it on:
 295 And since it is not in the power of monarchs
 To make a gentleman (which is a substance
 Only begot of merit), they should be careful
 Not to destroy the worth of one so rare
 Which neither they can make; nor, lost, repair.
Exit [behind]

DUKE [*to Chamont*]
 You've set a fair light, sir, before my judgement,
 300 Which burns with wondrous clearness; I acknowledge
 it,
 And your worth with it. But then, sir, my love,
 My love—what, gone again?

FIRST GENTLEMAN And full of scorn, my lord.
 DUKE That language will undo the man that keeps it,
 Who knows no difference 'twixt contempt and man-
 hood.
 305 Upon your love to goodness, gentlemen,
 Let me not lose him long.
Enter a huntsman

How now?
 HUNTSMAN The game's at height, my lord.
 DUKE Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!
 [*Exit Huntsman*]

310 He hates me brings me news of any pleasure.
 I felt not such a conflict since I could
 Distinguish betwixt worthiness and blood. *Exeunt*

●

[*Incipit Actus Tertius*
Enter the two Brothers, First Gentleman, with
those that were the Masquers, and the Cupid]
 3.1

FIRST GENTLEMAN
 I heartily commend your project, gentlemen.
 'Twas wise and virtuous.

FIRST BROTHER 'Twas for the safety
 Of precious honour, sir, which near blood binds us to.
 He promised the poor easy fool there marriage.
 5 There was a good maidenhead lost i'th' belief on't.

281 **punishing angel's** angel employed by deity to exact retribution
 282 **disclaim** disown
 287 **your horse** (Buckingham was the King's Master of the Horse.)
 288 **my royal lord** (like 'monarchs' at l. 301, encouraging the audience to think of a king rather than a 'Duke')
 290 **drum** military drum, used to summon soldiers to combat
 292 **mine own** i.e. my inner peace
speak to die (a) request death (b) speak

so bluntly that I may be executed for it
 295-6 **it...gentleman** A paradoxical claim, since a monarch can enoble even a commoner. But 'gentleman' is here considered a category of intrinsic personal worth and accomplishment ('merit'), which cannot be bestowed by anyone else.
 308 **game's hunt's**
 309-10 **Confound...pleasure** (a reaction in striking contrast to King James, who refused to interrupt his hunting when

told of the Spanish attack on his son-in-law's territory)
 3.1.1-2 **your project...** 'Twas The 'project' here spoken of in the past tense is the marriage of the Passionate Lord and Cupid, apparently offstage during the interval between Acts 2 and 3; the Cupid is now legally married, but must still win her new husband's 'love, the main point' (3.1.13).
 3 **near blood** close kinship

- Beshrew her hasty confidence!
- FIRST GENTLEMAN O, no more, sir,
You make her weep again!—Alas, poor Cupid.—
Shall she not shift herself?
- FIRST BROTHER O by no means, sir:
We dare not have her seen yet. All the while
She keeps this shape, 'tis but thought device,
And she may follow him so, without suspicion—
To see if she can draw all his wild passions
To one point only, and that's love, the main point.
So far his highness grants, and gave at first
Large approbation to the quick conceit,
Which then was quick indeed.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN You make her blush, in sooth.
- FIRST BROTHER
I fear 'tis more the flag of shame than grace, sir.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
They both give but one kind of colour, sir.
If it be bashfulness in that kind taken,
It is the same with grace—and there she weeps again.
In truth you're too hard, much much too bitter, sir,
Unless you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a cupid truly.
- FIRST BROTHER Come, ha' done then.
We should all fear to sin first; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodged, though entertained in mirth,
It must be wept out, if it e'er come forth.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
Now 'tis so well, I'll leave you.
- FIRST BROTHER Faithfully welcome, sir.
[Exit First Gentleman]
Go, Cupid, to your charge. He's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blamed but you.
- CUPID
The strangest marriage and unfortunat'st bride
That ever human memory contained!
I cannot be myself for't. Exit [Cupid and Masquers]
Enter the Clown
- CLOWN
O gentlemen!
- FIRST BROTHER
How now, sir, what's the matter?
- CLOWN
His melancholy passion is half spent already;
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't.
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; he's beat me
E'en to a cullis. I am nothing, right worshipful,
But very pap and jelly: I have no bones.
My body's all one burstness. They talk of ribs
And chines most freely abroad i'th' world;
Why, I have no such thing. Whoever lives
To see me dead, gentlemen, shall find me all mummy,
Good to fill gallipots and long dildo-glasses.
I shall not have a bone to throw at a dog.
- AMBO
Alas, poor vassal, how he goes!
- CLOWN O, gentlemen,
I am unjointed; do but think o' that.
My breast is beat into my maw, that what I eat
I am fain to take't in all at mouth with spoons
(A lamentable hearing)—and 'tis well known, my
belly
Is driven into my back.
I earned four crowns a month most dearly, gentlemen,
And one he must have when the fit's upon him;
The privy purse allows it, and 'tis thriftiness.
He would break else some forty pounds in casements,
And in five hundred years undo the kingdom:
I have cast it up to a quarrel.
- FIRST BROTHER There's a fellow
Kicked about court; I would he had his place, brother,
But for one fit of his indignation.
- SECOND BROTHER
And suddenly I have thought upon a means for't.
- FIRST BROTHER
I prithee, how?
- SECOND BROTHER
'Tis but preferring, brother,
This stockfish to his service, with a letter
Of commendations, the same way he wishes it.
And then you win his heart: for o' my knowledge
He has laid wait this half-year for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a safe conscience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't.
No servants he has kept, lusty tall feeders,

8 **shift** change her costume (i.e. put on a woman's clothes again)
15 **quick conceit** rapidly imagined joke or device (of disguising her as Cupid)
16 **quick** pregnant
23 **truly** accurately, i.e. by being blind, like Cupid
26 **wept out** (alluding again to pains of childbirth, but also to repentance more generally)
28 **your own** i.e., your husband
37 **cullis** a thick broth with meat
38 **pap** soft, semi-liquid food
40 **chines** spine; also used of joints of meat

using the spine
42 **mummy** ointment used in making mummy; the flesh of the mummy, embalmed
43 **gallipots** earthenware vessels used by apothecaries
dildo-glasses cylindrical glasses (but also a reference to the penis as meat without a bone)
45 **goes** walks
51 **crowns** coins worth five shillings apiece
52 **one** i.e. someone to beat
53 **privy purse** (a) budget for the personal expenses of the sovereign and his house-

hold entourage (b) official responsible for that budget
54 **He... casements** (apparently alluding to a notorious fit of madness in which Buckingham's elder brother, John Villiers, broke windows with his bare hands)
56 **cast... quarrel** calculated to the cost of a square pane in a casement (a 'quarrel')
57-8 **he... his... his** Lepet... the Clown's... the Passionate Lord's
61 **stockfish** codfish, split open and beaten before cooking (i.e. the Clown)
his Lepet's
67 **tall feeders** large eaters

But they have beat him, and turned themselves away.
 Now one that would endure is like to stay,
 70 And get good wages of him—and the service too
 Is ten times milder, brother; I would not wish it else.
 I see the fellow has a sore crushed body,
 And the more need he has to be kicked at ease.

CLOWN
 Ay, sweet gentlemen, a kick of ease—
 Send me to such a master.

75 SECOND BROTHER No more, I say;
 We have one for thee, a soft-footed master,
 One that wears wool in's toes.

CLOWN O gentlemen,
 Soft garments may you wear,
 Soft skins may you wed,
 80 But as plump as pillows,
 Both for white and red.
 And now will I reveal a secret to you,
 Since you provide for my poor flesh so tenderly:
 He's hired mere rogues, out of his chamber window,
 85 To beat the soldier, Monsieur Chamont's brother—

FIRST BROTHER
 That nothing concerns us, sir.

CLOWN —For no cause, gentlemen,
 Unless it be for wearing shoulder points
 With longer tags than his.

SECOND BROTHER Is not that somewhat?
 By'rlakin, sir, the difference of long tags
 90 Has cost many a man's life, and advanced other some.
 Come, follow me. [*Exeunt two Brothers*]

CLOWN See what a gull am I!
 O every man in his profession.
 I know a thump now as judiciously
 As the proudest he that walks; I'll except none.
 95 Come to a tag, how short I fall!—I'm gone. [*Exit*]

3.2 *Enter Lepet*

LEPET
 I have been ruminating with myself
 What honour a man loses by a kick.
 Why, what's a kick? The fury of a foot,
 Whose indignation commonly is stamped
 5 Upon the hinder quarter of a man—
 Which is a place very unfit for honour;
 The world will confess so much.

Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer
 Where honour never comes? I'd fain know that.
 This being well forced and urged, may have the power 10
 To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
 And spurn out the *duelloes* out o'th' kingdom.
 For they that stand upon their honour most
 When they conceive there is no honour lost—
 As by a table, that I have invented 15
 For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
 Which shows the vanity of all blows at large,
 And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
 Numbering but twice o'er the letters 'Patience',
 From *P.* to *E.* I doubt not but in small time 20
 To see a dissolution of all bloodshed,
 If the reformed kick do but once get up.
 For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
 If we observe't, for every little jostle
 (Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
 25 In our meek computation) we must fight forsooth, yes,
 If I kill, I'm hanged; if I be killed myself,
 I die for't also. Is not this trim wisdom?
 Now for the *con*: a man may be well beaten,
 Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after. 30
 I had a father did it, and to my power
 I will not be behind him.

Enter Chamont

CHAMONT O, well met.

LEPET [*aside*]
 Now a fine punch or two, I look for't duly.

CHAMONT
 I've been to seek you.

LEPET Let me know your lodging, sir;
 I'll come to you once a day and use your pleasure, sir. 35

CHAMONT
 I'm made the fittest man for thy society:
 I'll live and die with thee. Come, show me a chamber;
 There is no house but thine, but only thine,
 That's fit to cover me. I've took a blow, sirrah.

LEPET
 I would you had indeed. Why, you may see, sir; 40
 You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.

CHAMONT
 Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.

LEPET
 Pha, sir! That's nothing; I ha' took forty since.

68 **But they** except that they—i.e. they have all taken this course
 89 **By'rlakin** oath: by Our Lady (i.e. Virgin Mary)
 71 **milder** less violent (than waiting on the Passionate Lord)
 73 **at ease** in comfortable circumstances (comparatively)
 87 **shoulder points** ties, here on the shoulders, using thread etc., to join garments
 88 **longer tags** (a) pointed hanging pieces for fastening or metal points at the end of a lace to insert through an eye; (b) trivial matters over which quarrels might start
 91 **gull** person easily deceived
 92 **in his profession** to his own business
 95 **short I fall** (a) fall short of being fully informed (b) small my penis hangs down
 3.2.4 **stamped** (a) kicked (b) officially marked and validated (used of coins and printing presses)
 9 **fain** be glad to
 12 **duelloes** duels (Italian)
 15 **table** engraved picture or chart
 19 **letters 'Patience'** (possible pun on Letters Patent)
 22 **reformed** (word with strong connotations of a project of social and religious reformation)
 29 **con** abbreviated form of Latin preposition 'contra'; the other side of the coin, the argument against

- CHAMONT
What? and I charged thee thou shouldst not?
- LEPET Ay, sir,
You might charge your pleasure, but they would
45 give't me,
Whether I would or no.
- CHAMONT O, I walk
Without my peace; I've no companion now.
Prithee resolve me, for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience
50 Than thou art in this kind: what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: yet having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
55 Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.
- LEPET
You put me to't, sir. But to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
- CHAMONT
That little may do much; let's have it from you.
- LEPET
60 With all the speed I may. First, then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the bastinado, sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i'th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
- CHAMONT Go to, I'll pass that then.
- LEPET You're the more happy, sir.
65 Would I were past it too! But being accustomed to't,
It is the better carried.
- CHAMONT Will you forward?
- LEPET
Then there's your souse, your wherret, and your
douse,
Tugs on the hair, your bob o'th' lips, a whelk on't—
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your thump
70 (A thing derived first from your hemp-beaters)
Takes a man's wind away, most spitefully:
There's nothing that destroys a colic like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.
- CHAMONT On, sir, on.
- LEPET
Pray, give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking
on't.
- CHAMONT
This is far off yet.
- LEPET For the twinge by th' nose,
75 'Tis certainly unsightly—so my table says—
- But helps against the headache, wondrous strangely.
CHAMONT Is't possible?
LEPET
O your crushed nostrils slakes your opilation
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome
sneezes. 80
- CHAMONT
I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.
- LEPET O, plenitude, sir!
Now come we lower, to our modern kick,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot: and I grant you 85
'Tis a most scornful wrong, cause the foot plays it.
But mark again, how we that take't, requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward—
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
- CHAMONT
And is this all?
- LEPET All but a lug by th' ear, 90
Or such a trifle.
- CHAMONT Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear.
I see the worst disgrace thou never felt'st yet.
It is so far from thee, thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know, it is so abject. 95
- LEPET
I would you would, though, that I might prepare for't,
For I shall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a thwack, I make account of that;
There's no new-fashioned swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't. 100
Enter the Lady and Servants
- LADY
Hast thou inquired?
- FIRST SERVANT But can hear nothing, madam.
- CHAMONT [*aside, to Lepet*]
If there be but so much substance in thee
To make a shelter for a man disgraced,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman
That comes with all perfection about her, 105
So noble, that I dare not be seen of her,
Since shame took hold of me. Upon thy life,
No mention of me!
- LEPET [*aside, to Chamont*]
I'll cut out my tongue first,
Before I'll lose my life; there's more belongs to't.
[*Exit Chamont*]

60 **bastinado** blow with a stick or cudgel67 **souse** blow**wherret** a box on the ear or slap in the face**douse** heavy blow, given with force and noise68 **bob** blow with the fist (see also 4.1.340-1)**whelk** pimple, pustule, cold sore70 **hemp-beaters** those who pound the thick fibre into tractable material79 **slakes** slackens, relaxes, makes less intense and painful**opilation** obstruction80 **flush** rush, start, spring85 **drank** (a) swallowed (b) inhaled**coltsfoot** an infusion made from leaves of the plant; also smoked as a cure for asthma. Lepet suggests that the medicine conveys to its users the fondness for kicking characteristic of colts.89 **retorted** turned against an opponent, with the back turned to the giver99 **swap** sudden harsh blow

LADY
110 See there's a gentleman, inquire of him.
SECOND SERVANT
For Monsieur Chamont, madam?
LADY For whom else, sir?
FIRST SERVANT
Why, this fellow dares not see him.
LADY How?
FIRST SERVANT Chamont, madam?
His very name's worse than a fever to him,
And when he cries, there's nothing stills him sooner.
115 Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for him;
'Twas tried i'th' woodyard.
LADY Alas, poor grievèd merit!
What is become of him? If he once fail,
Virtue shall find small friendship. Farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men.
120 He loved for goodness, not for wealth or lust,
After the world's foul dotage; he ne'er courted
The body but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtship never thinks on.
All his affections were so sweet and fair,
125 There is no hope for fame if he despair.
Exeunt Lady and Servants
Enter the Clown [behind]. He kicks Lepet [and presents a letter]
LEPET
Good morrow to you again most heartily, sir.
[Lepet kicks Clown]
Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was somewhat
busy.
CLOWN [aside]
He takes it as familiarly as an Ave,
Or precious salutation. I was sick
130 Till I had one, because I am so used to't.
LEPET
However you deserve, your friends and mine here
Give you large commendations i' this letter.
They say you will endure well.
CLOWN I'd be loath
To prove 'em liars: I've endured as much
135 As mortal pen and ink can set me down for.
LEPET
Say you me so?
CLOWN I know and feel it so, sir.
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.
LEPET [aside] He fits me,
And hits my wishes pat, pat. I was ne'er
140 In possibility to be better manned,
For he's half-lamed already; I see't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The rascal proud and dear, to advance his wages.—
First, let me grow into particulars with you.
145 What have you endured of worth? Let me hear.
CLOWN
Marry, sir, I'm almost beaten blind.
LEPET
That's pretty well for a beginning,
But many a mill-horse has endured as much.
CLOWN
Shame o' the miller's heart for his unkindness then!
LEPET Well, sir, what then? 150
CLOWN
I've been twice thrown down stairs, just before
supper.
LEPET
Puh, so have I; that's nothing.
CLOWN Ay, but sir,
Was yours, pray, before supper?
LEPET There thou passet me.
CLOWN
Ay, marry, that's it; 'thad been less grief to me,
Had I but filled my belly, and then tumbled.
155 But to be flung down fasting, there's the dolour.
LEPET
It would have grieved me, that, indeed. Proceed, sir.
CLOWN
I have been plucked and tugged by th' hair o'th' head
About a gallery, half an acre long.
LEPET
Yes, that's a good one, I must needs confess,
160 A principal good one that, an absolute good one.
I have been trod upon, and spurned about,
But never tugged by th' hair, I thank my fates.
CLOWN
O 'tis a spiteful pain.
LEPET Peace, never speak on't,
For putting men in mind on't.
CLOWN To conclude,
165 I'm bursten, sir. My belly will hold no meat.
LEPET
No? That makes amends for all.
CLOWN Unless't be puddings,
Or such fast food. Any loose thing beguiles me;
I'm ne'er the better for't.
LEPET Sheepheads will stay with thee?
CLOWN
Yes, sir, or chaldrons.
170 LEPET Very well, sir: 170

116 **woodyard** place where wood was chopped etc., presumably a lowly location at court (here, a place for a fight, where Lepet was bested by a thirteen-year-old)

128 **it** i.e. a kick as a form of greeting
Ave from 'Ave Maria', salutation

to the Virgin Mary used as a part of devotional address, still familiar by the Latin name after the Reformation. A penance prescribed to follow confession and said by rote because the words are so familiar.

139 **pat** exactly

156 **dolour** pain

165 **men...on't** the idea in people's heads

166 **meat** food

168 **fast** stodgy, binding

169 **Sheepheads** dish consisting of the head of a sheep; also a fool or simpleton

170 **chaldrons** entrails, offal

	Any your bursten fellows must take heed of surfeits. Strange things, it seems, you have endured.		To a brown baker's chimney; he shall be sure there To hear the bird screech sometimes after twilight. What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our gar- ments	
	CLOWN Too true, sir.		Sit loose upon us thus, thus carelessly.	
	LEPET But now the question is: what you will endure Hereafter in my service?		It is more manly and more mortifying,	15
	CLOWN Anything		For we're so much the readier for our shrouds—	
175	That shall be reason, sir, for I'm but froth, Much like a thing new-calved, or (come more nearer, sir),		For how ridiculous were't, to have death come And take a fellow pinned up like a mistress? About his neck a ruff like a pinched lantern,	
	You've seen a cluster of frog-spawns in April? E'en such a starch am I, as weak and tender As a green woman yet.		Which schoolboys make in winter, and his doublet	20
	LEPET Now I know this,		So close and pent, as if he feared one prison Would not be strong enough to keep his soul in, But's tailor makes another.	
180	I will be very gently angry with thee, And kick thee carefully.		And trust me—for I knew't when I loved, Cupid— He does endure much pain for the poor praise	25
	CLOWN O ay, sweet sir.		Of a neat-sitting suit.	
	LEPET Peace, when thou art offered well, lest I begin now. Your friends and mine have writ here, for your truth They'll pass their words themselves, and I must meet 'em.		CUPID One may be handsome, sir, And yet not pained, nor proud.	
	CLOWN Then have you all.	<i>Exit Lepet</i>	PASSIONATE LORD There you lie, Cupid, As bad as Mercury. There is no handsomeness But has a wash of pride and luxury, And you go there too, Cupid. Away, dissembler!	30
185	As for my honesty, there is no fear of that, For I have ne'er a whole bone about me.	<i>Exit</i>	Thou tak'st the deed's part which befools us all; Thy arrowheads shoot but sinners. Hence, away! And after thee I'll send a powerful charm Shall banish thee forever.	
3.3	<i>Music. Enter the Passionate cousin, rudely and carelessly apparelled, unbraced and untrussed, [and] the Cupid following</i>		CUPID Never, never, I am too sure thine own.	<i>Exit Cupid</i> 35
	CUPID Think upon love, which makes all creatures hand- some, Seemly for eyesight; go not so diffusedly. There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you.		PASSIONATE LORD (sings) Hence, all you vain delights, As short as are the nights Wherein you spend your folly. There's naught in this life sweet, If men were wise to see't,	40
	PASSIONATE LORD Grand plagues! Shut in my casements, that the breaths		O sweetest melancholy.	
5	Of their coach-mares reek not into my nostrils; Those beasts are but a kind of bawdy forerunners.		Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes, A sigh that piercing mortifies, A look that's fastened to the ground, A tongue chained up without a sound, Fountain-heads and pathless groves (Places which pale passion loves),	45
	CUPID It is not well with you, When you speak ill of fair mistresses.			
	PASSIONATE LORD Fair mischiefs! Give me a nest of owls and take 'em.			
10	Happy is he, say I, whose window opens			
171	surfeits eating to excess provoking nausea	worth having in exchange for beautiful women)	and trickery	
179	green young unripe pre-sexual	12 bird i.e. owl	29 luxury sumptuous enjoyment, lechery	
187	whole bone (a) unbroken bone (b) hole- bone, hard penis	18 pinned . . . mistress enclosed or confined by tight or complex clothing	31 deed's sexual act's	
3.3.0.2	unbraced without clothes fasten- ings, or with clasps undone untrussed pantsless. (Trusses were close-fitting breeches or drawers covering buttocks and tops of thighs.)	19 ruff neck decoration made of stiffly starched linen or muslin pinched closely covered	36–54 Hence . . . melancholy (This poem is more widely anthologized, in manuscript and print, than any theatrical song of the period; it was particularly popular from the mid-1620s to the 1650s, in private manuscript anthologies as well as printed ones. For musical settings, see <i>Companion</i> , 169.)	
3	purpose intend	20 doublet close-fitting garment for male body	36 vain (a) proud (b) futile	
4	Grand plagues i.e. great ladies	23 But's unless his	38 spend (a) expend, pass away (b) ejaculate	
9	nest of owls collection of melancholy ominous nightbirds (which would be	28 Mercury messenger of gods; associated with news, furtiveness, oratorical ability		

50 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
Exit [at one door]

3.4 *Enter at another door Lepet, the Cupid's Brothers
watching his coming*

FIRST BROTHER

So, so, the woodcock's ginned; keep this door fast,
brother.

SECOND BROTHER

I'll warrant this.

FIRST BROTHER I'll go incense him instantly;

I know the way to't.

SECOND BROTHER Will't not be too soon,

Think you, and make two fits break into one?

FIRST BROTHER

5 Pah, no, no. The tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As close as the report follows the powder.
[Exeunt Brothers, at separate doors]

LEPET

This is the appointed place, and the hour struck.
If I can get security for's truth,
10 I'll never mind his honesty. Poor worm,
I durst lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many masters ha' not. I shall ha' no maid
Now got with child, but what I get myself,
And that's no small felicity; in most places
15 They're got by th' men, and put upon the masters.
Nor shall I be resisted when I strike,
For he can hardly stand. These are great blessings.

PASSIONATE LORD *(within)*

I want my food; deliver me a varlet.

LEPET

How now: from whence comes that?

PASSIONATE LORD *[within]* I am allowed

20 A carcass to insult on: where's the villain?

LEPET

He means not me, I hope.

PASSIONATE LORD *[within]* My maintenance rascals,

My bulk, my exhibition!

LEPET

Bless us all,
What names are these? Would I were gone again.

*The passionate man enters in fury, with a
truncheon*

PASSIONATE LORD *(sings)*

A curse upon thee for a slave!
Art thou here, and heard'st me rave? 25
Fly not sparkles from mine eye
To show my indignation nigh?
Am I not all foam and fire?
With voice as hoarse as a town-crier?
How my back opes and shuts together 30
With fury, as old men's with weather!
Couldst thou not hear my teeth gnash hither?

LEPET

No, truly, sir, I thought 'thad been a squirrel,
Shaving a hazelnut.

PASSIONATE LORD

Death, hell, fiends, and darkness! 35

I will thrash thy mangy carcass.

[He beats Lepet]

LEPET O sweet sir!

PASSIONATE LORD

There cannot be too many tortures
Spent upon those lousy quarters.

[He beats Lepet]

LEPET

Hold, O! 40

[Lepet] falls down for dead

PASSIONATE LORD

Thy bones shall rue, thy bones shall rue.

[He] sings again

Thou nasty, scurvy, mongrel toad,
Mischief on thee! Light upon thee
All the plagues that can confound thee
Or did ever reign abroad: 45
Better a thousand lives it cost
Than have brave anger spilt or lost. *Exit*

LEPET

May I open mine eyes yet, and safely peep?

I'll try a groan first—O!—Nay, then, he's gone.

There was no other policy but to die; 50

He would ha' made me else. Ribs, are you sore?

I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the two Brothers

FIRST BROTHER

Lepet—

LEPET

Again?

[He] falls again

FIRST BROTHER *[to Second Brother]*

Look, look, he's flat again,
And stretched out like a corpse, a handful longer

49 fowls birds

51 parting (a) dying (b) departing

53 stretch our bones (a) lie down on the

ground (b) die

still (a) quiet (b) perpetually

3.4.1 woodcock's edible bird, fool; person

ensnared by trickery

ginned snared; a gin is a sprung trap

2 warrant guarantee

7 report... powder noise follows the shot

22 bulk heap or cargo; also applied to the
belly

exhibition allowance

30-1 my... weather my body twisted in
anger resembles the spinal misshaping
caused by age

39 lousy infested with lice; valueless

54 handful longer i.e. stretched out flat

- 55 Than he walks; trust me, brother.—Why, Lepet!—
I hold my life we shall not get him speak now.—
Monsieur Lepet!—It must be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him; he's so far gone.—
We come to pass our words for your man's truth.
- LEPET [*rising*]
60 O gentlemen, you're welcome: I have been thrashed,
i'faith.
- SECOND BROTHER
How? thrashed, sir?
- LEPET Never was Shrove-Tuesday bird
So cudgelled, gentlemen.
- FIRST BROTHER Pray, how? by whom, sir?
- LEPET Nay, that I know not.
- FIRST BROTHER Not who did this wrong?
- LEPET Only a thing came like a walking song.
- FIRST BROTHER
75 What, beaten with a song?
- LEPET Never more tightly, gentlemen.
Such crotchets happen now and then, methinks;
He that endures well, of all waters drinks. *Exeunt*
- ⊗
- 4.1 [*Incipit*] *Actus Quartus*
Enter Chamont's Brother (the Soldier), [having
been beaten], and First Gentleman
- SOLDIER
Yes, yes, this was a madman, sir, with you,
'A passionate madman'.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Who would ha' looked for this, sir?
- SOLDIER
8 'And must be privileged'. A pox privilege him!
I was never so dry-beat since I was born—
And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues. The whole
5 twenty
Had not above nine elbows 'mongst 'em all too;
And the most part of those left-handed rascals—
The very vomit, sir, of hospitals,
Bridewells, and spital-houses—such nasty smellers,
10 That if they'd been unfurnished of club-truncheons,
They might have cudgelled me with their very stinks;
It was so strong and sturdy. And shall this,
This filthy injury, be set off with madness?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
15 Nay, take your own blood's counsel, sir, hereafter;
I'll deal no further in't. If you remember,
- It was not come to blows when I advised you.
- SOLDIER
No, but I ever said, 'twould come to something,
And 'tis upon me, thank him. Were he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon;
20 I watch but a free time.
Enter Chamont
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
Your noble brother, sir; I'll leave you now. *Exit*
- CHAMONT
Soldier, I would I could persuade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't. Thou hast no friend
25 here
But fortune and thy own strength; trust to them.
- SOLDIER
How? What's the incitement, sir?
- CHAMONT Treachery to virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithless circumvention.
Has Honour so few daughters—never fewer—
30 And must thou aim thy treachery at the best?
The very front of virtue? that blest lady?
The Duke's sister?
Created more for admiration's cause
Than for love's ends; whose excellency sparkles
More in divinity than mortal beauty;
35 And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the sun.
And couldst thou be so injurious to fair goodness
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakness,
40 Sin, and desire, which she should never hear of?
Wretch, thou'st committed worse than sacrilege
In the attempting on't, and oughtst to die for't.
- SOLDIER
I rather ought to do my best to live, sir.
Provoke me not, for I've a wrong sits on me
45 That makes me apt for mischief. I shall lose
All respects suddenly of friendship, brotherhood,
Or any sound that way.
- CHAMONT But 'ware me most,
For I come with a two-edged injury:
Both my disgrace and thy apparent falsehood,
50 Which must be dangerous.
- SOLDIER I courted her, sir:
Love starve me with delays when I confess it not—
- CHAMONT There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for that confession.

57 **privy token** something of intimate
significance

61–2 Never...**cudgelled** (referring to a
Shrovetide amusement in which people
throw cudgels at a cock until he is killed)

66 **crotchets** idiosyncracies (punning on
musical sense)

67 **well** (punning on wells as a source of
water)

4.1.8 **hospitals** charitable institutions for
housing those who are destitute or ill

9 **Bridewells** places of correction or forced
labour, like the London prison so named
spital-houses lower class of hospital,
associated with 'unclean' diseases such
as leprosy

14 **blood's** (used in a range of ways in this

scene; temper, temperament, kinship: see
ll. 82, 113)

29 **daughters** women who as the children
of Honour (personified) are therefore
honourable themselves

31 **front** forehead as well as foremost part;
therefore the part of the body on which
virtue can be read

SOLDIER
—But far from any vicious taint.

55 CHAMONT O, sir,
Vice is a mighty stranger grown to courtship.

SOLDIER
Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee.
[*They draw*]
Enter First Gentleman, and other [gentlemen]

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Forbear, the Duke's at hand, here, hard at hand,
Upon my reputation.

60 SOLDIER I must do something now. *Exit Soldier*

CHAMONT I'll follow you close, sir.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
We must entreat you must not, for the Duke
Desires some conference with you.

CHAMONT Let me go,
As you're gentlemen.

SECOND GENTLEMAN Faith, we dare not, sir.

CHAMONT
65 Dare ye be false to honour, and yet dare not
Do a man justice? give me leave—

FIRST GENTLEMAN Good, sweet sir,
He's sent twice for you.

CHAMONT Is this brave, or manly?

FIRST GENTLEMAN
I prithee be conformed.

CHAMONT Death!—
Enter Duke

SECOND GENTLEMAN Peace, he's come in truth.

CHAMONT
O, have you betrayed me to my shame afresh?
How am I bound to loathe you!

70 DUKE Chamont, welcome.
I sent twice.

SECOND GENTLEMAN
But, my lord, he never heard on't.

CHAMONT [*to Duke*]
Pray, pardon him for his falseness; I did, sir,
Both times. I'd rather be found rude than faithless.

DUKE
I love that bluntness dearly: [*aside*] ha's no vice,
75 But is more manly than some other's virtue,
That sets it out only for show or profit.

CHAMONT [*to First Gentleman*]
Will't please you quit me, sir? I've urgent business.
[Exeunt Gentlemen]

DUKE
Come, you're so hasty now; I sent for you
To a better end.

CHAMONT And if it be an end,
80 Better or worse, I thank your goodness for't.

DUKE
I've ever kept that bounty in condition

And thankfulness in blood, which well becomes
Both prince and subject, that where any wrong
Bears my impression, or the hasty figure
Of my repented anger, I'm a law
85 Ev'n to myself, and doom myself most strictly
To justice and a noble satisfaction.
So that, what you in tenderness of honour
Conceive to be loss to you—which is nothing
But curious opinion—I'll restore again,
90 Although I give you the best part of Genoa
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.

CHAMONT
O miserable satisfaction,
Ten times more wretched than the wrong itself!
Never was ill better made good with worse.
95 Shall it be said that my posterity
Shall live the sole heirs of their father's shame?
And raise their wealth and glory from my stripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous sir,
For my disgrace, to make it live for ever,
100 Outlasting brass or marble.
This is my fear's construction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter;
Yet I durst swear, I wrong your goodness in't, sir,
And the most fair intent on't, which I reverence
105 With admiration, that in you (a prince)
Should be so sweet and temperate a condition
To offer to restore where you may ruin,
And do't with justice, and in me (a servant)
So harsh a disposition that I cannot
110 Forgive where I should honour, and am bound to't.
But I have ever had that curiosity
In blood, and tenderness of reputation,
Such an antipathy against a blow—
I cannot speak the rest. Good sir, discharge me.
115 It is not fit that I should serve you more,
Nor come so near you. I'm made now for privacy
And a retired condition; that's my suit,
To part from court for ever, my last suit.
And as you profess bounty, grant me that, sir.
120

DUKE
I would deny thee nothing.

CHAMONT Health reward you, sir. *Exit*

DUKE
He's gone again already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity; not riches
Can purchase him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutish. What a great worth's gone
125 with him—
And but a gentleman? Well, for his sake,
I'll ne'er offend more those I cannot make:
They were his words, and shall be dear to memory.
Say I desire to see him once again?

85-6 I'm... myself (refers in paradoxical fashion to the question of whether the

King is above the law or vice versa. The Duke argues that the ruler as law-giver

should punish himself.)
106 prince monarch

- 130 Yet stay: he's so well forward of his peace
 'Twere pity to disturb him. He would groan
 Like a soul fetched again, and that were injury,
 And I've wronged his degree too much already.—
 Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber instantly.
 FIRST SERVANT (*within*)
 I shall, my lord.
- 135 DUKE I may forget again,
 And therefore will prevent. The strain of this
 Troubles me so, one would not hazard more.
*Enter First Gentleman and divers others [including
 the other three Gentlemen]*
- GENTLEMEN
 Your will, my lord?
- DUKE Yes, I discharge you all.
- SECOND GENTLEMAN My lord—
- DUKE
 140 Your places shall be otherwise disposed of.
- FOURTH GENTLEMAN
 Why, sir?
- DUKE Reply not; I dismiss you all.
 You're gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes.
 Nor shall your farewell tax me of ingratitude;
 I'll give you all noble remembrances
 145 As testimonies 'gainst reproach and malice,
 That you departed loved.
- THIRD GENTLEMAN This is most strange, sir.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN [*to Duke*]
 But how is your grace furnished, these dismissed?
- DUKE Seek me out grooms,
 Men more insensible of reputation,
 150 Less curious and precise in terms of honour,
 That if my anger chance let fall a stroke
 (As we are all subject to impetuous passions),
 Yet it may pass un murmured, undisputed,
 And not with braver fury prosecuted.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 It shall be done, my lord. [*Exit Duke*]
- 155 THIRD GENTLEMAN Know you the cause, sir?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures,
 And so much shall be yours, when you please.
- FOURTH GENTLEMAN Thanks, sir.
- THIRD GENTLEMAN
 We shall i'th' mean time think ourselves guilty
 Of some foul fault, through ignorance committed.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 No, 'tis not that, nor that way.
- 160 FOURTH GENTLEMAN For my part,
 I shall be disinherited; I know so much.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Why, sir, for what?
- FOURTH GENTLEMAN My sire's of a strange humour:
 He'll form faults for me, and then swear 'em mine—
 And commonly he first begins with lechery;
 He knows his own youth's trespass.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Before you go, 165
 I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all, sirs.
- THIRD GENTLEMAN
 Thou wert ever just and kind.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN That's my poor virtue, sir,
 And parcel valiant; but it's hard to be perfect.
 [*Exeunt other gentlemen*]
- The choosing of these fellows now will puzzle me,
 Horribly puzzle me—and there's no judgement 170
 Goes true upon man's outside; there's the mischief.
 He must be touched and tried, for gold or dross;
 There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too.
 But since I'm put in trust, I will attempt it:
 The Duke shall keep one daring man about him. 175
- Enter a Gallant*
 Soft, who comes here? A pretty bravery this.
 Everyone goes so like a gentleman,
 'Tis hard to find a difference, but by th' touch.
 I'll try your mettle sure.
- [*He boxes the Gallant's ear*]
- GALLANT Why, what do you mean, sir?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Nay, an you understand it not, I do not. 180
- GALLANT Yes, would you should well know,
 I understand it for a box o'th' ear, sir.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 And o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.
- GALLANT
 'Twere best it be so.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN [*aside*]
 This is a brave coward,
 A jolly threat'ning coward; he shall be captain.— 185
 Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' lobby.
- GALLANT
 Meet you? The world might laugh at me then, i'faith.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Lay by your scorn and pride—they're scurvy qual-
 ities—
 And meet me, or I'll box you while I have you,
 And carry you gambrelled thither like a mutton. 190
- GALLANT
 Nay, an you be in earnest, here's my hand
 I will not fail you.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis for your own good.

148 **grooms** men of inferior social position,
 serving-men

150 **curious** punctilious

168 **parcel** in part, in portion—having
 valour as one of his constituent parts

172 **touched and tried** as a touchstone tries,
 or tests, gold

178 **touch** (a) testing of metal (b) physical
 contact

179 **mettle** nature, quality (pun on 'metal')

180 **an** if

185 **captain** The gallant's particularly
 cowardly response suits him to be a
 leader in the Duke's army: he is suitable

to be a captain in the ranks of cowardice.

186 **meet** seemingly, a challenge to a
 duel; here, an arrangement to enter the
 Duke's service

190 **gambrelled** hung upon a stick like a
 large piece of meat

GALLANT Away!
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Too much for your own good, sir—a pox on you!
 GALLANT
 I prithee curse me all day long so.
 195 FIRST GENTLEMAN Hang you!
 GALLANT [*aside*]
 I'll make him mad; he's loath to curse too much to
 me.
 Indeed, I never yet took box o'th' ear
 But it redounded; I must needs say so.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Will you be gone?
 GALLANT Curse, curse, and then I go.
 200 [*Aside*] Look how he grins. I've angered him to th'
 kidneys.
 Exit
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Was ever such a priggish coxcomb seen?
 One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,
 And he'd ha' grinned it out still.
 Enter a Plain Fellow
 O, here's one
 205 Made to my hand; methinks looks like a craven.
 Less pains will serve his trial—some slight jostle.
 [*He jostles the Plain Fellow*]
 PLAIN FELLOW
 How? Take you that, sir:
 [*He cuffs the First Gentleman*]
 And if that content you not—
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Yes, very well, sir; I desire no more.
 PLAIN FELLOW
 I think you need not, for you have not lost by't.
 Exit
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Who would ha' thought this would have proved a
 gentleman?
 210 I'll never trust long chins and little legs again—
 I'll know 'em sure for gentlemen hereafter.
 A gristle but in show, but gave his cuff
 With such a fetch and reach of gentry,
 As if he'd had his arms before the flood.
 I have took a villainous hard task upon me;
 215 Now I begin to have a feeling on't.
 Enter Lepet [*with proofs*], and Clown his servant,
 and so habited
 O, here comes a tried piece, now, the reformed kick.
 The millions of punches, spurns, and nips
 That he has endured! His buttock's all black lead;
 He's half a negro backward. He was past a Spaniard
 220 In eighty-eight, and more Egyptian-like.
 His table and his book come both out shortly,
 And all the cowards in the town expect it.
 So, if I fail of my full number now,
 I shall be sure to find 'em at church corners,
 225 Where Dives and the suff'ring ballads hang.
 LEPET [*to Clown*]
 Well, since thou art of so mild a temper,
 Of so meek a spirit, thou mayst live with me
 Till better times do smile on thy deserts.
 I am glad I am got home again.
 230 CLOWN
 I am happy in your service, sir;
 You'll keep me from the hospital.
 LEPET
 So, bring me the last proof; this is corrected.
 [*Lepet gives proofs to Clown*]
 CLOWN
 Ay, you're too full of your correction, sir.
 LEPET
 Look I have perfect books within this half hour.
 235 CLOWN Yes, sir.
 LEPET
 Bid him put all the thumps in pica roman—
 And with great T's, you vermin, as thumps should be.
 CLOWN
 Then in what letter will you have your kicks?
 LEPET
 All in *italica*—your backward blows
 240 All in *italica*, you hermaphrodite.
 When shall I teach you wit?

193 Away quit talking nonsense
 200 grins grimaces
 to th' kidneys to the depth of his
 constitution
 201 priggish haggling, over-precise (used of
 thieves)
 coxcomb foolish, showy, conceited
 person
 204 craven cock that is not game to fight;
 hence, coward
 212 gristle cartilage, unformed bones as in
 infancy
 213 fetch sweep, sweeping movement
 214 arms (a) coat of arms (b) limbs
 flood Biblical flood survived by Noah
 219 black lead graphite
 220 a negro i.e., so bruised and beaten that

he looks like a black man (punning on
 heraldic discourse)
 Spaniard i.e. more dark-complexioned
 than an Englishman
 221 eighty-eight the year of the Armada
 225 church corners the outside, rather
 than the inside, of churches used for the
 displaying of wares for sale. It suggests St
 Paul's churchyard, the main bookselling
 district in London.
 226 Dives rich man in the parable (Luke
 16). Here suggests the titles or topics of
 printed sermons (a very popular genre at
 the time).
 the suff'ring ballads The ballads—very
 cheap but also very popular commodit-
 ies—may be suffering because they are

pinned up for sale, or because ballads
 often describe sensational tragedies.
 233 proof sheets of printed book sent for
 examination and correction before it is
 finally published
 237 pica roman (a common typeface)
 238 great T's capital letter T, or T in a
 larger typeface
 239 letter typeface
 240 italica italic (a kind of type in which
 the letters slope towards the right)
 backward blows blows to the backside—
 with connotations of sodomy (associated
 with Italy)
 241 hermaphrodite person in whom
 the characteristics of both sexes are
 combined

Act 4 Scene 1

The Nice Valour: Or,

- CLOWN [*aside*] O, let it alone,
Till you have some yourself, sir.
- LEPET You mumble?
- CLOWN The victuals are locked up; I'm kept from mumbling.
Exit
- LEPET He prints my blows upon pot-paper too, the rogue,
Which had been proper for some drunken pamphlet.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Monsieur Lepet? How the world rings of you, sir!
Your name sounds far and near.
- LEPET A good report it bears
For an enduring name—
- FIRST GENTLEMAN What luck have you, sir!
- LEPET Why, what's the matter?
- 250 FIRST GENTLEMAN I'm but thinking on't.
I've heard you wish this five year for a place.
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too,
And empty yet—and yet you cannot have't.
- LEPET No? What's the reason? I'll give money for't
Rather than go without, sir.
- 255 FIRST GENTLEMAN That's not it, sir.
The truth is, there's no gentleman must have it
Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so.
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you.
Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you.
- LEPET Who, I, a gentleman? A pox! I'm none, sir.
- 260 FIRST GENTLEMAN How?
- LEPET How? Why, did you ever think I was?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN What? Not a gentleman?
- LEPET I would thou'dst put it upon me, i'faith.
Did not my grandfather cry cony-skins?
265 My father aqua vitae? (A hot gentleman.)
All this I speak on i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich uncle died and left me chattels.
You know all this so well too—
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Pray, excuse me, sir,
- Ha' not you arms?
- LEPET Yes, a poor couple here,
That serve to thrust in wild-fowl.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Herald's arms, 270
Symbols of gentry, sir: you know my meaning.
They've been shown and seen.
- LEPET They have?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN I'f'ax, have they.
- LEPET Why, I confess, at my wife's instigation once
(As women love these herald's kickshaws, naturally)
I bought 'em—but what are they, think you? Puffs. 275
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Why, that's proper to your name, being Lepet,
Which is 'Le Fart', after the English letter.
- LEPET The herald, sir, had much ado to find it.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN And can you blame him?
280 Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.
- LEPET At last he looked upon my name again,
And having well compared it, this he gave me:
The two colics playing upon a wind instrument.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN An excellent proper one: but I pray tell me,
285 How does he express the colics? They are hard things.
- LEPET The colics? With hot trenchers at their bellies.
There's nothing better, sir, to blaze a colic.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN And are not you a gentleman by this, sir?
- LEPET No, I disclaim't.
290 No bellyache on earth shall make me one.
He shall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry so, and ten pound firm.
If the wind instrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for she was a harper's grandchild;
But sir, for my particular, I renounce it. 295
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Or to be called so?
- LEPET Ay, sir, or imagined.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN None fitter for the place. Give me thy hand.

244 **mumbling** (*a*) muttering (*b*) chewing245 **pot-paper** poor quality paper246 **drunken pamphlet** cheap, insignificant,
publication which was rhetorically crazy
or about drinking and, for either reason,
might appropriately be printed on 'pot-
paper' (punning on 'drinking pot')248 **report** sound (alluding to his name, 'the
fart')251 **place** position at court264 **cry** sell as a street vendor**cony-skins** rabbit-skins (possibly implying
that his grandfather was a poacher)265 **aqua vitae** general term for distilled
spirits; alcohol**hot choleric**—both needing liquid to cool
him and 'spiritedly' hot in temperament269 **arms** (*a*) coat of arms as a sign of
gentility (*b*) physical arms as employed
in the lowest kind of work—cleaning out
the gizzards of wild-fowl272 **I'f'ax** in faith (but *f'ax* also means
'waste, excrement' and so carries on the
joke)274 **kickshaws** trifles275 **Puffs** air, emptiness, nothing280 **'tis...devil** (proverbial)283 **colics** bellyaches, intestinal pains (one
for each colon)286 **trenchers** plates287 **blaze** blazon, demonstrate or symbol-
ize as in heraldry (with a pun on the
burning sensations of indigestion)291 **gripes** (*a*) stomach pains (*b*) greedy,
gripping hands294 **harper's** one who plays upon a harp, of
low social status

LEPET
A hundred thousand thanks—beside a bribe—sir.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
You must take heed of thinking toward a gentleman,
now.

LEPET
300 Pish, I am not mad, I warrant you. Nay more, sir,
If one should twit me i'th' teeth that I'm a gentleman,
Twit me their worst, I am but one since Lammas;
That I can prove, if they would see my heart out.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Marry, in any case, keep me that evidence.
Enter Clown [with proofs]

LEPET
305 Here comes my servant, sir, Galoshio.
Has not his name for naught; he will be trod upon.—
What says my printer now?

CLOWN
Here's your last proof, sir.
You shall have perfect books now in a twinkling.

LEPET
These marks are ugly.

CLOWN
He says, sir, they're proper:
Blows should have marks, or else they are nothing
310 worth.

LEPET
But why a pilcrow here?

CLOWN
I told 'im so, sir:
A scare-crow had been better.

LEPET
How, slave? Look you, sir,
Did not I say, this wherret and this bob
Should be both pica roman?

CLOWN
So said I sir,
315 Both pikèd Romans, and he has made 'em Welsh bills;
Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em.

LEPET
Hey-day! A souse, *italica*?

CLOWN
Yes, that may hold, sir.
Souse is a bona-roba; so is Flops too.

LEPET
But why stands bastinado so far off here?

CLOWN
320 Alas, you must allow him room to lay about him, sir.

LEPET
Why lies this spurn lower than that spurn, sir?

CLOWN
Marry, this signifies one kicked down stairs, sir;
The other, in a gallery.
I asked him all these questions.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Your book's name?

LEPET
325 Prithee, Lepet, mind me; you never told me yet.

LEPET
Marry, but shall, sir:
'Tis called *The Uprising of the Kick*
And the Downfall of the Duello.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Bring that to pass, you'll prove a happy member,
And do your country service. Your young bloods
330 Will thank you then, when they see fourscore.

LEPET
I hope
To save my hundred gentlemen a month by't,
Which will be very good for the private house.

CLOWN
Look you, your table's finished, sir, already.

LEPET [*to First Gentleman*]
Why, then, behold my masterpiece. See, see, sir:
335 Here's all your blows and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours—givers and takers.

FIRST GENTLEMAN
Troth, wondrous fine, sir.

LEPET
Nay, but mark the postures.
The standing of the takers I admire
340 More than the givers: they stand scornfully,
Most contumeliously. I like not them.
O here's one cast into a comely figure.

CLOWN [*to First Gentleman*]
My master means him there that's cast down head-
long.

LEPET
How sweetly does this fellow take his douse?
345 Stoops like a camel, that heroic beast,
At a great load of nutmegs. And how meekly
This other fellow here receives his wherret!

CLOWN
O master, here's a fellow stands most gallantly,
Taking his kick in private behind the hangings,
350 And raising up his hips to't. But O, sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on?
Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art.
How lovely he endures it!

301 *twit* mock, taunt provokingly

302 *Lammas* 1 August

303 *see my heart out* (referring to the punishment for traitors, who were disembowelled and had their hearts torn out)

305 *Galoshio* galoshes (Italian)

307 *last proof* final stop-press proofsheets, made during the actual printing

309 *marks* (a) printer's characters (b) marks on the body made by a blow

311 *pilcrow* paragraph

315 *pikèd* carrying pikes, weapons with

long shafts and pointed heads

Welsh bills offensive weapons, like halberds

317 *souse* strike suddenly as a bird strikes prey

318 *bona-roba* prostitute (Italian)

Flops (a) bump or thud, heavy movement (b) name of prostitute (like 'Souse')

321 *spurn* part of a type, or letter, which descends below the line

329 *happy member* useful limb of the body politic, fortunate member of Parliament

333 *private house* an enclosed London theatre, such as the Blackfriars, which charged more than open air theatres like the Globe, and so depended upon a more élite clientele

345-6 *camel* ... *nutmegs* i.e. kneeling, front lowered first, or sway-backed yet also lumpy-backed, like an overladen camel. Nutmeg may be suggested by the pageants of Lord Mayors' Shows (honouring the Grocers' Company).

349-50 *Taking* ... *to't* (suggesting sodomy)

Act 4 Scene 1

The Nice Valour: Or,

FIRST GENTLEMAN
But will not these things, sir, be hard to practise,
think you?
LEPET
355 O, easy, sir: I'll teach 'em in a dance.
FIRST GENTLEMAN
How? In a dance?
LEPET I'll lose my new place else,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.
FIRST GENTLEMAN
And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well,
For your grace specially, for the Duke's cousin
360 Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth,
And a device must be sought out for suddenly
To overcloy the passion.
LEPET Say no more, sir.
I'll fit you with my scholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.
CLOWN Whereof I am one, sir.
FIRST GENTLEMAN
365 You carry it away smooth; give me thy hand, sir.
Exeunt

⊙

5.1 [Incipit] *Actus Quintus*
Enter the Two Brothers
PASSIONATE LORD (*within*) Ha, ha, ha.
SECOND BROTHER Hark, hark! How loud his fit's grown.
PASSIONATE LORD [*within*] Ha, ha, ha.
FIRST BROTHER
Now let our sister lose no time, but ply it
With all the power she has.
5 FIRST BROTHER Her shame grows big, brother;
The Cupid's shape will hardly hold it longer.
'Twould take up half an ell of China damask more,
And all too little: it struts per'lously.
There is no tamp'ring with these Cupids long;
10 The mere conceit with womankind works strong.
PASSIONATE LORD [*within*]
Ha, ha, ha.
SECOND BROTHER
The laugh comes nearer now.
'Twere good we were not seen yet.
Exeunt Brothers [at one door]
Enter Passionate Lord and Base (his jester) [at another door]
PASSIONATE LORD Ha, ha, ha.
And was he bastinadoed to the life? Ha, ha, ha.
I prithee say, Lord General, how did the rascals
Entrench themselves? 15
BASE Most deeply, politicly, all in ditches.
PASSIONATE LORD Ha, ha, ha.
BASE 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i'th' field again;
Has much ado to lift 'em to his head, sir.
PASSIONATE LORD I would he had. 20
BASE On either side round truncheons played so thick
That shoulders, chines, nay flanks were paid to th'
quick.
PASSIONATE LORD
Well said, Lord General: ha, ha, ha.
BASE But pray, how grew the difference first betwixt you?
PASSIONATE LORD
25 There was never any, sir; there lies the jest, man.
Only because he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him—and methought
He should be beaten for't; my mind so gave me, sir.
I could not sleep for't. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Another good jest quickly, while 'tis hot now. 30
Let me not laugh in vain. Ply me, O ply me,
As you will answer't to my cousin Duke.
BASE [*to the spectators*] Alas, who has a good jest?
PASSIONATE LORD I fall, I dwindle in't.
BASE [*to the spectators*] Ten crowns for a good jest! 35
Enter Servant
Ha' you a good jest, sir?
SERVANT A pretty moral one.
BASE
Let's ha't, whate'er it be.
SERVANT There comes a Cupid
Drawn by six fools.
BASE That's nothing.
PASSIONATE LORD Help it, help it, then!
BASE
40 I ha' known six hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.
PASSIONATE LORD
Ay, that, that! That's the smarter moral—ha, ha, ha.
Now I begin to be song-ripe methinks.
BASE
I'll sing you a pleasant air, sir, before you ebb.
Song
PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
O how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!
BASE [*sings*]
O how my lungs do tickle! ho, ho, ho! 45

363 **scholars** those who are learning his new code

5.1.1 **Ha, ha, ha** (a stage direction for laughter)

7 **ell** measurement of length, e.g. of cloth
damask rich silk fabric woven with designs

8 **struts** walks like someone with a great belly

10 **conceit** (a) idea with an additional implication of (b) conception

34 **I fall...in't** my mirthful humour is fading

39 **Drawn...fools** (a) pulled as in a cart

drawn by fools (b) attracted by the presence of the fools, ready victims for Cupid's arrows

40 **six...Cupid** hundreds of people directed by sexual passion

42 **song-ripe** ready to sing

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Set a sharp jest
 Against my breast;
 Then how my lungs do tickle!
 As nightingales
 And things in cambric rails
 Sing best against a prickle.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

BASE [*sings*]
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Laugh,
 BASE [*sings*]
 Laugh,
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Laugh,
 BASE [*sings*] Laugh,
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*] Wide,
 BASE [*sings*] Loud,
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*] And vary!

BASE [*sings*]
 A smile is for a simpering novice,
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 One that ne'er tasted caviary,
 BASE [*sings*]
 Nor knows the smack of dear anchovies.
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

BASE [*sings*]
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 A giggling waiting wench for me,
 That shows her teeth how white they be:
 BASE [*sings*]
 A thing not fit for gravity,
 For theirs are foul and hardly three.
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Ha, ha, ha!

BASE [*sings*]
 Ho, ho, ho!

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
 How I miss thy laugh, and ha' since!
 BASE [*sings*]
 There you named the famous jeerer

That ever jeered in Rome, or Athens.
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Ha, ha, ha!

BASE [*sings*]
 Ho, ho, ho!

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
 Although the rate be deeper!

BASE [*sings*]
 But he that is his own fool, sir,
 Does live a great deal cheaper.

PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Sure I shall burst, burst, quite break; thou art so
 witty.
 BASE [*sings*]
 'Tis rare to break at court, for that belongs to th' city.
 PASSIONATE LORD [*sings*]
 Ha, ha, my spleen is almost worn to the last laughter.
 BASE [*sings*]
 O keep a corner for a friend: a jest may come here-
 after.
*Enter Lepet and Clown, and four other like fools,
 dancing, the Cupid leading, and bearing his Table,
 and holding it up to Lepet at every strain, and
 acting the postures*
 [*First strain*]

LEPET
 Twinge all, now; twinge, I say.

Second strain
 Souse upon souse.

Third strain
 Douses single.

Fourth strain
 Jostle sides.

Fifth strain
 Knee belly.

Sixth strain
 Kicksy buttock.

Seventh strain
 Down derry.
*Enter Soldier (Chamont's brother), his sword
 drawn*

SOLDIER
 Not angry law nor doors of brass shall keep me
 From my wrong's expiation. To thy bowels

50 rails upper garment or jacket worn by women
 51 prickle (a) thorn (b) penis
 55 novice (a) probationer in religious house (b) amateur, inexperienced laughter
 56 caviary caviar (rhymes with 'vary'), as an example of exquisiteness of taste (in mirth)
 57 anchovies (rhymes with novice)
 66 Democritus 'the laughing philosopher' who laughed at the follies of men (often opposed to Heraclitus, who wept)
 fleerer jeerer, scorner

67 since long since
 68 famous most famous
 77 break become bankrupt
 78 spleen organ understood as seat of melancholy and morose feelings, thereby associated with laughter
 last laughter death throes
 79 hereafter (cue for entry of Lepet's masquer)
 79.1 like dressed as, similar
 79.2 leading drawing in behind them: see l. 39
 79.4 the postures (a) physical positions

indicated in Lepet's table (b) title of 'Aretino's postures', a famous set of pornographic images; hence, the dance postures may be suggestively sexual
 84 Knee belly (which would cause them to bend over in agony, thus preparing them to be kicked in the butt)
 85 Kicksy (invented word, perhaps suggesting French pronunciation 'kick zhe' = kick the)
 86 Down derry possibly refers to a final posture, flat on the floor as after the impact of a kick

- [He stabs the Passionate Lord]
 I return my disgrace, and after turn
 90 My face to any death that can be sentenced.
 [He throws down and tramples upon Lepet and
 Clown, and exit]
- BASE
 Murder, O murder, stop the murderer there!
 [Exeunt Base and four dancers, following Soldier]
- LEPET
 I am glad he's gone; he's almost trod my guts out.
 Follow him who list. For me, I'll ha' no hand in't.
- CLOWN
 O 'twas your luck and mine to be squelched, master.
 95 He's stamped my very puddings into pancakes.
 [Exeunt Lepet and Clown at another door]
- CUPID [calling]
 O brothers!—O, I fear 'tis mortal.—Help! O help!—
 I'm made the wretched'st woman, by this accident,
 That ever love beguiled.
 Enter two Brothers
- SECOND BROTHER We are undone, brother;
 Our shames are too apparent.—Away, receptacle
 100 Of luxury and dishonour! Most unfortunate,
 To make thyself but lackey to thy spoil,
 After thy sex's manner.—Lift him up, brother.
 He breathes not to our comfort; he's too wasted
 Ever to cheer us more. A surgeon speedily!—
 105 Hence, the unhappiest that e'er stepped aside!—
 She'll be a mother ere she's known a bride.
 [Exeunt Brothers carrying Passionate Lord]
- CUPID [to her unborn child]
 Thou hadst a most unfortunate conception,
 Whate'er thou prov'st to be. In midst of mirth
 Comes ruin, for a welcome, to thy birth. [Exit]
- 5.2 Enter Chamont
- CHAMONT
 This is a beautiful life now: privacy,
 The sweetness and the benefit of essence.
 I see there is no man but may make his paradise,
 And it is nothing, but his love and dotage
 5 Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't.
 For he that lives retired in mind and spirit
 Is still in paradise, and has his innocence
 Partly allowed for his companion too,
 As much as stands with justice. Here no eyes
 10 Shoot their sharp-pointed scorns upon my shame;
 They know no terms of reputation here,
- No punctual limits or precise dimensions.
 Plain downright honesty is all the beauty
 And elegance of life found amongst shepherds;
 For knowing nothing nicely, or desiring it, 15
 Quits many a vexation from the mind,
 With which our quainter knowledge does abuse us;
 The name of envy is a stranger here,
 That dries men's bloods abroad, robs health and rest;
 Why, here's no such fury thought on. No, nor false-
 hood, 20
 That brotherly disease, fellow-like devil,
 That plays within our bosom and betrays us.
 Enter First Gentleman
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 O are you here?
- CHAMONT La Nove, 'tis strange to see thee.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 I ha' rid one horse to death, to find you out, sir.
- CHAMONT [going]
 I am not to be found of any man 25
 That saw my shame, nor seen long.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Good, your attention:
 You ought to be seen now, and found out, sir,
 If ever you desire before your ending
 To perform one good office—nay, a dear one;
 Man's time can hardly match it.
- CHAMONT Be't as precious 30
 As reputation, if it come from court
 I will not hear on't.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN You must hear of this, sir.
- CHAMONT
 Must?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 You shall hear it.
- CHAMONT I love thee, that thou'lt die.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Twere nobler in me, 35
 Than in you living: you will live a murderer
 If you deny this office.
- CHAMONT Ev'n to death, sir.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
 Why, then you'll kill your brother.
- CHAMONT How?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN Your brother, sir.
 Bear witness, heaven: this man destroys his brother
 When he may save him, his least breath may save
 him. 40
 Can there be wilfuller destruction?—
 He was forced to take a most unmanly wrong,

95 puddings entrails, guts

100 luxury lechery

101 lackey servant

spoil ruin

5.2.7 Is... paradise remains in an unfallen,
prelapsarian world7-8 innocence... companion (in contrast
with Adam, whose companion was not
innocence but Eve)

17 quainter more sophisticated

20 fury (a) rage (b) avenging infernal deity

21 brotherly close, similar yet unlike (envy);
here, associated with his brother (whom
he believes false)33 shall will, must (whether you want to
or not)—a very provocative idiom for an
inferior to use to a superior

34 thou'lt die i.e. you are willing to die (as

indicated by your acting in a way that
will make me kill you, in defence of my
honour)35-6 'Twere... living nobler for First
Gentleman to die than for Chamont to
live37 Ev'n to (I will deny it) even if it results
in, even to the extent of

Above the suffering virtue of a soldier;
 He's killed his injurer—a work of honour,
 45 For which (unless you save him) he dies speedily.
 My conscience is discharged. I'm but a friend;
 A brother should go forward where I end. *Exit*

CHAMONT Dies?
 Say he be naught; that's nothing to my goodness,
 50 Which ought to shine through use, or else it loses
 The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my brother.
 Yet peace is above blood. Let him go. Ay,
 But where's the noblesse of affection then?
 That must be cared for too, or I'm imperfect.
 55 The same blood that stood up in wrath against him
 Now in his misery runs all to pity.
 I'd rather die than speak one syllable
 To save myself; but living as I am,
 There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
 60 Expects it hourly from me. Curse of fortune!
 I took my leave so well, too.—Let him die;
 'Tis but a brother lost. So pleasingly
 And swiftly I came off, 'twere more than irksomeness
 To tread that path again, and I shall never
 65 Depart so handsomely.—But then where's posterity?
 The consummation of our house and name?
 I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and shame. *Exit*

5.3 *Enter Lepet, Clown [with books], Poltrot, Moule-
 baisier, and others, the new Court Officers*

LEPET
 Good morrow, fellow Poltrot, and Moulebaiser;
 Good morrow, fellows all.

POLTROT Monsieur Lepet!

LEPET
 Look, I've remembered you; here's books apiece for
 you.
 [*Lepet gives books to them all*]

MOULEBAISER
 O sir, we dearly thank you.

LEPET
 So you may.

There's two impressions gone already, sirs. 5

POLTROT
 What? No! In so short a time?

LEPET
 'Tis as I tell you, sir.

My *Kick* sells gallantly, I thank my stars.

CLOWN
 So does your table; you may thank the moon, too.

LEPET
 'Tis the book sells the table.

CLOWN
 But 'tis the bookseller
 That has the money for 'em; I'm sure o' that. 10

LEPET
 'Twill much enrich the Company of Stationers.
 'Tis thought 'twill prove a lasting benefit,
 Like *The Wise Masters* and the almanacs,
The Hundred Novels and *The Book of Cookery*—
 For they begin already to engross it 15
 And make it a stock-book, thinking indeed
 'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
 For one that's new set up; they know their way,
 And make him Warden ere his beard be grey.

MOULEBAISER
 Is't possible such virtue should lie hid, 20
 And in so little paper?

LEPET
 How? Why, there was *The Carpenter*,
 An unknown thing, an odoriferous pamphlet,
 Yet no more paper, by all computation,

53 **noblesse** nobility
 65 **handsomely** (Chamont is congratulating himself on the elegance of his departure from court.)
where's posterity what about future generations of his family (what will they think of him, or will they even exist)
 66 **consummation** (a) perfection (b) death, end
 5.3.0.1 **Poltrot** coward (French)
 0.1-2 **Moulebaaiser** mussel-kisser (French slang for 'pussy-kisser')
 5 **impressions gone** printings sold-out (i.e. his book is in its third edition)
 8 **moon** (apparently influencing lunatics to buy the table; almanacs included tables showing the lunar months)
 9-10 **bookseller . . . 'em** (Authors did not receive royalties; the wholesale and retail

booksellers therefore pocketed all profits)
 11 **Company of Stationers** trade association of booksellers and printers
 13 **Wise Masters** probably *The Wise Masters of Rome*, a popular sixteenth-century collection
almanacs books published annually containing tables of months and days with astronomical and astrological data, predictions and information—very popular, and profitable to booksellers
 14 **Hundred Novels** Boccaccio's *Decameron*—or the popular jestbook *A Hundred Merry Tales*
Book of Cookery (probably indicating a popular genre, rather than any particular title)
 16 **stock-book** part of 'the English Stock', a set of profitable titles jointly owned by a

monopoly of wealthy booksellers
 18 **one . . . up** a young member of the company only recently having finished his apprenticeship and set up in business
 19 **Warden** elected member of the governing body of the Stationers' Company, under the authority of the Master
 20 **virtue . . . hid** (an echo of the parable of the talents, Matthew 25)
 21 **The Carpenter** probably *A Little Tractate, entitled The Carpenter*
 22 **odoriferous** having a scent or fragrance, here ironically 'smelly'
 23-4 **no . . . once** (a) no more toilet paper than Ajax would use to wipe himself (b) no more paper than used in the small print run of an edition of an ancient Greek play

- Than *Ajax Telamon* would use at once.
 25 Your *Herring* proved the like, able to buy
 Another Fisher's Folly, and your *Pasquil*
 Went not below the madcaps of that time—
 And shall my elaborate *Kick* come behind, think you?
 CLOWN
 Yes, it must come behind; 'tis in *italica* too,
 According to your humour.
 30 LEPET Not in sale, varlet.
 CLOWN
 In sale, sir? It shall sail beyond 'em all, I trow.
 LEPET [*looking over the shoulder of a reader*]
 What have you there now? O, page 21.
 CLOWN
 That page is come to his years, he should be a
 servingman.
 LEPET [*to his readers*]
 Mark how I snap up *The Duello* there.
 35 One would not use a dog so,
 I must needs say; but's for the common good.
 CLOWN
 Nay sir, your commons seldom fight at sharp,
 But buffet in a warehouse.
 LEPET [*to his readers*] This will save
 Many a gentleman of good blood from bleeding, sirs.
 40 I have a curse from many a barber-surgeon;
 They'd give but too much money to call't in.
 Turn to page 45. See what you find there.
 CLOWN O, out upon him!
 Page, 45? That's an old thief indeed.
Enter Duke, the Lady (his sister), First Gentleman
 LEPET [*to his readers*]
 45 The duke! Clap down your books.—Away, Galoshio!
 CLOWN
 Indeed, I am too foul to be i'th' presence;
 They use to shake me off at the chamber door still.
 Exit
- LADY [*kneeling to Duke*]
 Good my lord, grant my suit; let me not rise
 Without the comfort on't. I have not often
 Been tedious in this kind.
 DUKE Sister, you wrong yourself, 50
 And those great virtues that your fame is made of,
 To waste so much breath for a murderer's life.
 LADY
 You cannot hate th'offence more than I do, sir,
 Nor the offender. The respect I owe
 Unto his absent brother makes me a suitor, 55
 A most importunate sister. Make me worthy
 But of this one request.
 DUKE I am deaf
 To any importunacy, and sorry
 For your forgetfulness. You never injured
 Your worth so much; you ought to be rebuked for't. 60
 Pursue good ways; end as you did begin.
 'Tis half the guilt to speak for such a sin.
 LADY [*rising*]
 This is love's beggary right, that now is ours:
 When ladies love, and cannot show their powers. Exit
- DUKE
 La Nove?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 My lord.
 DUKE Are these our new attendants? 65
 LEPET
 We are, my lord, and will endure as much
 As better men, my lord—and more, I trust.
 DUKE [*to First Gentleman*]
 What's he?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 My lord, a decayed gentleman,
 That will do any service.
 DUKE A decayed one?

24 *Ajax Telamon* (a) tragedy of Sophocles in which 'the madman' scourges a ram which he thinks is Ulysses (b) punning on 'a jakes' or 'lavatory', as in Harington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*
 25 *Herring* Probably Thomas Nashe's *Lenten Stuff*, containing a Description and first Procreation and Increase of the town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk; With a new Play, never printed before, of the praise of the Red Herring.
 26 *Fisher's Folly* (a) a well-known house sold in July 1616 to Lady Harrington (b) punning on 'Fisher' in relation to 'Herring' (c) perhaps punning on the Jesuit named Fisher, allegedly responsible for converting Buckingham's mother to Catholicism
Pasquil satirical text—probably the series of best-selling pamphlets by Nicholas Breton: *Pasquil's Madcap*, *The Second Part of Pasquil's Madcap*, *Pasquil's Fools-cap* (all

1600)
 28 **come behind** (a) fall short of the example of these other books (b) punning on a kick on the backside
 30 **in sale** ('come behind') in the sense of not selling so many copies
 32-3 **page . . . page** page of his book . . . boy or adolescent in personal attendance on a person of high rank
 33 **That . . . years** (Pages of the Bedchamber in the court of James I often kept their positions as adults. See l. 44.)
 34 **snap up** take up sharply in an argument (using the figurative sense drawn from biting or snapping)
The Duello (a) duelling (b) John Selden's *The Duello* (1610). Publication on duelling in France and Italy was intense: see for instance Pierre de Boissat, *Recherches sur les Duels* (Lyon, 1610) and Charles Bodin, *Discours contre les Duels* (Paris, 1618).

37 **commons** (a) lower orders (b) members of the House of Commons, involved in incidents of hitting and shoving in the Parliament of 1621
at sharp with pointed weapons (as in a duel)
 40 **barber-surgeon** Of lower status than a physician who dealt with medicine, barber-surgeons dealt with surgery, and so were likely to be called to attend to wounds caused in duelling; hence, a decline in duelling would reduce their business.
 41 **call't in** take the book off the market (like Lady Mary Wroth's *Urania* of 1621)
 46-7 **too foul . . . door** (equating himself with the galoshes for which he is named)
presence . . . chamber Presence Chamber, where suitors and ambassadors were formally admitted into the King's presence

FIRST GENTLEMAN
 70 A renounced one, indeed; for this place only.
 DUKE
 We renounce him then. Go, discharge him instantly.
 He that disclaims his gentry for mere gains,
 That man's too base to make a vassal on.
 LEPET [*to First Gentleman*]
 What says the Duke?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN Faith, little to your comfort, sir.
 75 You must be a gentleman again.
 LEPET How?
 FIRST GENTLEMAN There's no remedy.
 LEPET
 Marry, the fates forfend!—Ne'er while I breathe, sir.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN
 The Duke will have it so; there's no resisting.
 He spied it i' your forehead.
 80 LEPET My wife's doing.
 She thought she should be put below her betters now,
 And sued to ha' me made a gentleman again.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN And very likely, sir.
 Marry, I'll give you this comfort: when all's done,
 85 You'll never pass but for a scurvy one.
 That's all the help you have. Come, show your pace.
 LEPET
 The heaviest gentleman that e'er lost place.
 Bear witness: I'm forced to't. *Exit*
 DUKE [*to the remaining officers*]
 Though you have a coarser title yet upon you
 90 Than those that left your places without blame,
 'Tis in your power to make yourselves the same.
 I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
 Raised from your own deservings; merit, manners,
 And inborn virtue does it. Let your own goodness
 95 Make you so great, my power shall make you greater.
 And more t'encourage you, this I add again:
 There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.
Enter Chamont [and stands aloof]
 CHAMONT
 Methinks 'tis strange to me to enter here.
 Is there in nature such an awful power
 100 To force me to this place, and make me do this?
 Is man's affection stronger than his will?
 His resolution? Was I not resolved
 Never to see this place more? Do I bear
 Within my breast one blood that confounds th'other?
 105 The blood of love and will, and the last weakest?
 Had I ten millions, I would give it all now
 I were but past it, or 'twould never come;
 For I shall never do't, or not do't well,
 But spoil it utterly betwixt two passions.
 Yonder's the Duke himself.—I will not do't now,
 110 Had twenty lives their several sufferings in him. *Exit*
 DUKE
 Who's that went out now?
 POLTROT I saw none, my lord.
 DUKE
 Nor you?
 MOULEBAISER
 I saw the glimpse of one, my lord.
 DUKE
 Whate'er it was, methought it pleased me strangely,
 And suddenly my joy was ready for't. 115
 Did you not mark it better?
 POLTROT and MOULEBAISER Troth, my lord,
 We gave no great heed to't.
Enter Chamont
 CHAMONT [*aside*] 'Twill not be answered;
 It brings me hither still, by main force hither.
 Either I must give over to profess humanity
 Or I must speak for him.
 DUKE 'Tis here again: 120
 [*Aside*] No marvel 'twas so pleasing: 'tis delight
 And worth itself, now it appears unclouded.
 CHAMONT My lord—
 [*Aside*] He turns away from me. By this hand,
 I am ill-used of all sides! 'Tis a fault 125
 That fortune ever had, t'abuse a goodness.
 DUKE
 Methought you were saying somewhat.
 CHAMONT [*aside*] Mark the language:
 As coy as fate. I see 'twill ne'er be granted.
 DUKE
 We little looked, in troth, to see you here yet.
 CHAMONT [*aside*] 130
 Not till the day after my brother's death, I think.
 DUKE
 Sure some great business drew you.
 CHAMONT No, in sooth, sir:
 Only to come to see a brother die, sir,
 That I may learn to go too—and if he deceive me not,
 I think he will do well in't of a soldier,
 135 Manly and honestly. And if he weep then,
 I shall not think the worse on's manhood for't,
 Because he's leaving of that part that has it.
 DUKE
 He's slain a noble gentleman; think on't, sir.
 CHAMONT
 I would I could not, sir.
 DUKE Our kinsman, too.

80 spied... forehead saw it written on your noble brow (with a suggestion of cuckoldry, taken up implicitly in Lepet's response)
 81 put below (a) given a lower rank than (b) sexually mounted by. (There may be an allusion to a dispute about precedence

in the 1621 Parliament.)
 86 show your pace a command to leave (perhaps—given Lepet's earlier display of 'the postures'—an opportunity for the actor to display a characteristic 'funny walk' in his exit)
 87 heaviest saddest (but perhaps alluding

to the size of the comic actor William Rowley, who was a gentleman, and may have originated the role)
 104 blood the competing codes of conduct, association and family which bind society together
 111 him the Soldier

- CHAMONT
All this is but worse, sir.
- 140 DUKE When 'tis at worst,
Yet seeing thee, he lives.
- CHAMONT My lord—
- DUKE He lives.
Believe it as thy bliss; he dies not for't.
Will this make satisfaction for things past?
- CHAMONT [*kneeling*]
O, my lord—
- DUKE Will it? Speak.
- CHAMONT
145 With greater shame to my unworthiness.
- DUKE
Rise then; we're ev'n. I never found it harder
To keep just with a man. My great work's ended.
I knew your brother's pardon was your suit, sir,
However your nice modesty held it back.
- CHAMONT
150 I take a joy now to confess it, sir.
Enter First Gentleman
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
My lord—
- DUKE Hear me first, sir, whate'er your news be:
Set free the soldier instantly.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN 'Tis done, my Lord.
- DUKE How?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
In effect. 'Twas part of my news too.
There's fair hope of your noble kinsman's life, sir.
- DUKE
What sayst thou?
- 155 FIRST GENTLEMAN And the most admirèd change
That living flesh e'er had: he's not the man, my lord.
Death cannot be more free from passions, sir,
Than he is at this instant. He's so meek now,
He makes those seem passionate were never thought
of.
- 160 And for he fears his moods have oft disturbed you, sir,
He's only hasty now for his forgiveness—
And here behold him, sir.
*Enter Passionate Lord [bandaged], the Cupid, and
two Brothers*
- DUKE Let me give thanks first.
Our worthy cousin—
- PASSIONATE LORD Your unworthy trouble, sir—
For which, with all acknowledged reverence,
165 I ask your pardon. And for injury
More known and wilfull, I have chose a wife,
Without your counsel or consent, my lord.
- DUKE
A wife? Where is she, sir?
- PASSIONATE LORD [*introducing the Cupid*]
This noble gentlewoman.
- DUKE How?
- PASSIONATE LORD
Whose honour my forgetful times much wronged. 170
- DUKE [*to First Gentleman*]
He's madder than he was.
- FIRST GENTLEMAN I would ha' sworn for him.
- DUKE The Cupid, cousin?
- PASSIONATE LORD Yes, this worthy lady, sir.
- DUKE [*to First Gentleman*] Still worse and worse.
- FIRST BROTHER
Our sister, under pardon, my lord.
- DUKE What? 175
- SECOND BROTHER
Which shape love taught her to assume.
- DUKE Is't truth then?
- FIRST GENTLEMAN
It appears plainly now below the waist, my lord.
- DUKE
Chamont, didst ever read of a she-Cupid?
- CHAMONT
Never in fiction yet, but it might hold, sir,
For desire is of both genders.
Enter [Lady] (the Duke's sister)
- DUKE Make that good here: 180
He joins Chamont's hand and his sister's
I take thee at thy word, sir.
- CHAMONT O my lord,
Love would appear too bold and rude from me.
Honour and admiration are her rights;
Her goodness is my saint, my lord.
- DUKE I see,
185 You're both too modest to bestow yourselves.
I'll save that virtue still; 'tis but my pains. Come,
It shall be so.
- CHAMONT
This gift does but set forth my poverty.
- LADY
Sir, that which you complain of is my riches.
Enter Chamont's brother (the Soldier)
- DUKE
Soldier, now every noise sounds peace, thou'rt wel-
come. 190
- SOLDIER [*kneeling*]
Sir, my repentance sues for your blest favour—
Which, once obtained, no injury shall lose it.
I'll suffer mightier wrongs.
- DUKE [*raising Soldier*] Rise, loved and pardoned.
For where hope failed—nay, art itself resigned—

156 **not the man** no longer who he used to be
166-7 **I...consent** (as did Kit Villiers, Buckingham's brother)

171 **madder** more deluded (because he has just called the apparently male Cupid a woman)
180 **desire... genders** i.e. the Cupid could

have been female for, although Cupid traditionally is represented as male, yet both men and women experience sexual desire

195 Thou'rt wrought that cure which skill could never
 find;
 Nor did there cease, but to our peace extend.
 Never could wrongs boast of a nobler end. *Exeunt*

Epilogue *[Enter] the Epilogue*
 Our poet bid us say, for his own part,
 He cannot lay too much forth of *his* art,
 But fears our over-acting passions may,

As not adorn, deface his laboured play.
 Yet still he is resolute for what is writ
 Of nicer valour, and assumes the wit:
 But for the love-scenes (which he ever meant
 Cupid, in's petticoat, should represent)
 He'll stand no shock of censure. The play's good;
 He says he knows it (if well understood).
 But we (blind god) beg, if thou art divine,
 Thou'lt shoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.
[Exit]

5
 10

Epilogue.o.I *Enter the Epilogue* Who speaks this final speech will strongly affect its interpretation: it could plausibly be spoken by Lepet (an author speaking for the author, who is offstage at play's end and could enter as the others exit), or by Chamont, the Soldier, Passionate Lord, or Cupid.

1 **part** (punning on 'actor's role')
 2 **lay . . . of** (a) boast too much about (b) bet

too much money on (c) reveal too much about

3 **over-acting passions** (paradoxically applying action to what is passive)
 4 **laboured play** playing on labour and 'play'; the play, designed to give delight, on which he has worked so hard (and which contains a pregnant woman)
 5 **writ** scripted (what the writer did in

contrast to what the actors did)
 6 **assumes** claims as his own
 11 **blind god** Cupid
 12 **Thou'lt . . . round** You will shoot your arrows at the circle of spectators (and so make them fall in love with us, the actors)
thine (i.e. not the author's work, or the actors')

THE TRIUMPHS OF HONOUR AND VIRTUE

Text edited and annotated by David M. Bergeron, introduced by Ania Loomba

The Triumphs of Honour and Virtue, Middleton's third pageant for the Company of Grocers, encapsulates crucial aspects of the cultural politics of English overseas expansion during the early seventeenth century, some of which are neglected by Renaissance criticism today. It was commissioned to celebrate the inauguration of Sir Peter Proby as Lord Mayor of London in 1622; Middleton collaborated with Garret Christmas for its production, and they received £220 as gross payment for it. At first glance, one might be tempted to dismiss it as a collage of snippets of Middleton's earlier pageants, or as an undistinguished example of the formula followed by most Lord Mayor's shows. But the ways in which this pageant follows, adds to, and departs from the pattern of both Middleton's pageants and other mayoral shows through the seventeenth century indicates some of the ideological parameters within which English trade was conducted.

The opening paragraph is identical to that of *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity* which Middleton had written in 1619 for the Skinners' Company. Middleton is confident that his pageant, 'where invention flourishes,' will be popularly received, because even inferior triumphs, 'wherein art hath been weakly imitated and most beggarly worded' have been successful (24–5). It is significant, however, that Middleton claims that these inferior pageants have been applauded by 'foreign nations'; by implication, his own shows are designed for a more discerning English audience. This nationalistic appeal is appropriate in the context of the mayoral pageants, which celebrated not only the civic organization of London, and the livery companies that controlled it, but also the colonial possibilities of trade and commerce. The Grocers, it should be recalled, were then the second most powerful of the twelve major livery companies of London. *Honour and Virtue* enacts aspects of the colonial drama which were yet to unfold; it canvasses for a national pride which was both the necessary condition for colonial ventures and their outcome.

From the 1619 pageant Middleton also transported the figure of Antiquity, who, in both shows, traces the lineage of the company in question. Such an exercise reminds us of the negotiations between ascendant mercantile capital and the Crown: not only is the 'family tree' of the company an appropriation of feudal and royal practices, it also seeks to demonstrate the connections between the merchants and the nobility by including the names of royal and noble patrons of the livery companies. The heritage of the morality play is evident in this, as in all the mayoral shows, with the newly appointed mayor

cast as a sort of Everyman who must resist temptation in order to govern well. The prolonged moral see-saw of the more lavishly produced *The Triumphs of Truth*, Middleton's second show for the Grocers, however, is truncated here because there is no personification of evil and therefore no elaborate temptations are enacted. Its four major figures are all 'good': Honour, Virtue, Antiquity, and 'a black personage representing India, called, for her odours and riches, the Queen of Merchandise' and 'attended by Indians in antique habits: Commerce, Adventure and Traffic' (41–6).

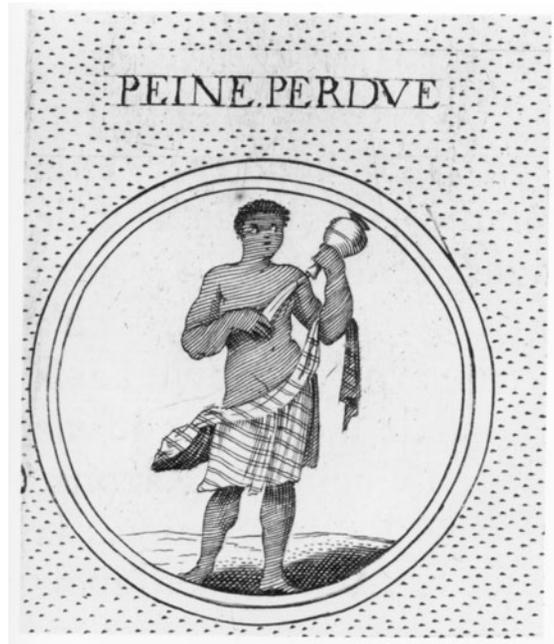
This last figure is what makes this pageant remarkable—even though she is not unique. Visual entertainments and pageants, from at least the first decade of the sixteenth century, had repeatedly featured an enormous variety of racial outsiders as well as personifications of lands with which there was real or desired trade. The praise of an uncivilized outsider for the ruler was obviously an effective way to indicate the power of the latter. During the entertainments for Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, for example, it was arranged that a *Hombre Salvaggio* or wild man should testify to the Queen's 'glorie' (Bergeron). The *King's Entertainment* written for James in 1604 by Dekker, features 'Arabia Britannica' represented as a woman in white, who is sad until the arrival of the King. Jonson's *The Masque of Blackness* (1605) had Queen Anne and her ladies in blackface as the daughters of the River Niger. Blacks and other outsiders were represented even more insistently in the Jacobean mayoral shows: their presence, either within the spectacle or in processions preceding it, signified the new territories that held the promise of commercial expansion for the Companies that sponsored the pageants. In Anthony Munday's *The Triumphs of Re-United Britannia* (1605), for example, an Indian King and Queen come to England, bringing with them 'no mean quantity of Indian Gold'; in his show for the Ironmongers in 1609, a whale is featured with a 'Black More' in its mouth; and in *Chruso-thrambos, The Triumphs of Gold* (written by Munday in 1611), a 'King of Moors' appears 'gallantly mounted on a golden leopard, he hurling gold and silver every way about him' and accompanied by 'six tributarie kings'.

Middleton's Indian Queen, then, not only resembles his King of Moors who appears in *The Triumphs of Truth*, but is part of a pattern which was to continue throughout the century. To take a few examples just from pageants sponsored by the Grocers, Middleton's *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* (1617) contains a personification of India, 'the seat of merchandise'; in John Squire's *The*

Triumphs of Peace (1620) the figures of America, Asia, and Africa crown Europe as Empress of the earth; John Tatham's *London's Triumph* (1659) depicts 'several of the places or countries, in which the commodities belonging to the Grocers Trade do grow, and the natives disporting therein, in habits of each nation'; Thomas Jordan's *London Triumphant* (1672), also written for the Grocers, includes an Indian Emperor, 'negroes in Indian habits' and the figure of America; *London in its Splendour* (1673) by the same writer again shows 'two negroes properly mounted, in East Indian shapes' and Jordan's *The Triumphs of London* (1678) has an East Indian deity 'called Opulenta, a representative of all the intrinsic treasure in the Oriental Indies' whom the 'idolatrous natives' worship 'with pagan piety, and diabolical devotion'. Opulenta is accompanied by 'three black Indian princes, viz., Animalia, Mineralia and Vegetabilia'. The Grocers' shows routinely began with black boys, mounted on griffins or camels, strewing the streets with the 'delicious traffic of the Grocers Company': company records show payments for '50 sugar loaves, 36 pounds of nutmegs, 24 pounds of dates and 114 pounds of ginger' which were used for this purpose in the 1617 show (Heath). Middleton is the first, to the best of my knowledge, to give blacks a speaking part in the civic pageants, although Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* had done so earlier with respect to courtly shows.

Given the expansion of English overseas trade during this period, as also the fact that these shows were sponsored by companies who had a direct stake in the trade, the recurrence of such figures is not surprising. Various cultural and racial 'others'—the natives of different parts of the New World, Africans and Asians—are often confused with each other so we get composite figures that seem to belong to no specific place; at other times they are represented as the same so that in certain respects there is no distinction between the King of Moors and the Indian Queen. These blurrings, as well as the specificity of each figure, are important for unravelling the politics of English trade and colonial contact during the period. The Indian Queen in *Honour and Virtue*, like the Moorish King in *Truth*, offers her own conversion to Christianity as a justification for English trading practices overseas. She asks the viewer to observe her 'with an intellectual eye', to see beyond her native blackness, which was commonly associated with the devil, with depravity, sin and filth, and to perceive her inner goodness, which, she suggests, is made possible by her new faith (55–8).

The impossibility of 'washing the Ethiopie white' was an old idea (the Moorish servant girl Zanche in Webster's *The White Devil* calls it a 'sunburnt proverb') which was commonly used to indicate the difficulty of changing outward realities like one's physique as well as inner qualities, such as one's disposition and faith. Both variants show up in contemporary emblem books, which influenced the imagery and iconography of Middleton's pageants. Thomas Palmer's *Two Hundred Posies* (1565), England's earliest known emblem book, depicts, under the title 'Impossible



Ripa's emblem for 'wasted labour'.

things', two white men washing a black man. The accompanying lines specifically refer to the impossibility of religious conversions:

Why washest thou the man of Inde? . . .
 Indurat heart of heretics
 Much blacker than the mole;
 With word or writte who seeks to purge
 Starke dead he blows the coal.

Geoffrey Whitney's *A Choice of Emblems* (1586), reproduces a similar picture, under the title 'Æthiopem laure', and advises that it is useless to battle against the power of Nature and whiten the 'blackamore'. Cesare Ripa's influential *Iconologia*, various editions of which were issued from different places on the Continent beginning in 1593, also depicts a black figure or 'More' as the emblem for 'wasted labour', with an explanatory legend that echoes Palmer and Whitney. In Middleton's representation of India, what was once impossible is now rendered feasible by English merchants. Commerce can whiten the 'indurat heart of heretikes' but in order to do so, skin colour must be unyoked from moral qualities. (In Jonson's *Masque of Blackness* such unyoking is seen as a possibility because Niger's black daughters are 'bright' within. But Niger in that pageant wants to restore them to their original white exteriors and hence match the outside with the inside.) It is ironic, and even paradoxical, that mercantilist-colonialist discourse, which was to help institutionalize, rationalize, and circulate such a variety of

racial prejudice, should in its infancy need to posit such a divorce.

India's speech in Middleton's pageant intricately mixes the language of religion with that of commerce. 'Blest commerce' is literally a crusader for Christianity and 'settles such happiness' on the Indian Queen that the English merchants' cargo of 'gums and fragrant spices', indeed all 'the riches and the sweetness of the east', are only fair exchange for the 'celestial knowledge' that is now hers (62–80). This is again a theme that runs through the Mayoral shows where a variety of colonized people celebrate the civilizational and moral qualities of English trading practices and contrast them to the barbarity of the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the Spanish.

This contrast, and indeed the fact that it is *traders* who are agents of religious conversion, reminds us of the context in which these pageants were being enacted. In the mayoral shows, most of the black, brown, and tawny figures that praise the might of London, England, and English trade are not simply savage or wild peoples: more often than not they are emperors, queens, or other representatives of riches, plenitude, and exotic grandeur. They are born of the newly established spice trade during the period, which brought the British into contact with the highly stratified societies of Asia, with their sophisticated courts and long standing commercial and trading histories, in contrast to the societies they encountered in the New World which were more tribal, and hence more readily regarded as primitive and uncultured. In the East, the first English travellers like Ralph Fitch found cities 'much greater then London' (Ramsay). Thomas Coryat wrote home in 1615 that Lahore, part of the Mughal empire in India, was 'one of the largest cities of the whole universe' (Purchas). Here the English had to literally beg for favours from potentates who were wealthier and at least as whimsical as European monarchs. The Turkish Sultan, the Sultan of Achin, and the powerful Mughal rulers, for example, had to be approached with deference, with expensive gifts (no glass beads would do in the face of their own huge treasuries and developed economies), and with patience. After spending many years at the court of Jehangir 'The Great Mogor', William Hawkins found that his efforts to secure trading privileges had come to naught. Hawkins, Nicholas Downton, Thomas Roe, and other pioneering English merchant-sailors were also frustrated by the layers of bureaucracy that they had to negotiate with before they could even approach the kings (Purchas).

It is no accident, then, that the Indian woman in *Honour and Virtue*, like so many other related figures, is both royal and compliant to the English will: the splendour and wealth that the East promised the English but had not yet delivered is in this way rendered available. Representations of exotic royalty in city pageants had a precedent in countries which had a longer history of contact with the East. The triumphal arches and pedestals erected in Lisbon when Philip of Spain made his formal entry there in 1581 depicted personifications of various territories in the East which had been conquered by

Portugal, all offering their products to the new king. Goa, Portugal's main outpost in India, was represented as 'Queen of the East' and occupied a central position in the show. Even though the Spanish, the English, the Dutch, and the Portuguese were bitter rivals in their dealings overseas, there was a flow of information and of materials such as travelogues and paintings and art objects from one country to another, just as there was the attempt to guard them from each other (Lach).

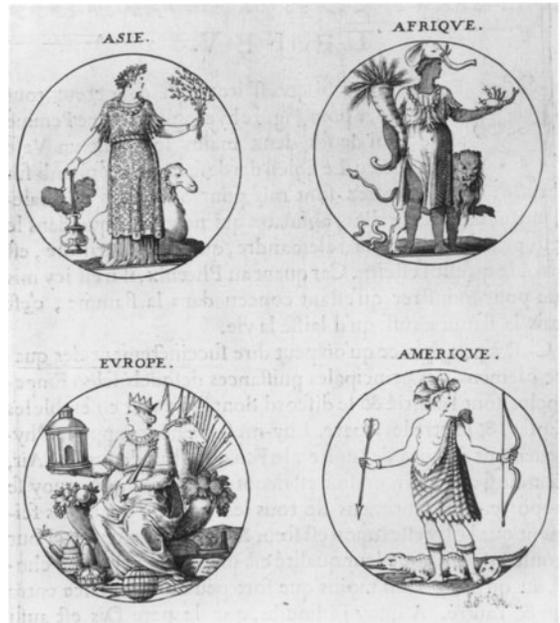
The literature produced during the period of the spice trade, including the mayoral pageants, both invoked medieval images of India (and the East generally), and recast these according to the newer dynamics of contact (Hahn). In recent writing on early modern Europe, this history of the 'old world' contact has been neglected in favour of the new world expansion, which has therefore become the dominant model for most work on colonial discourse during the period. Middleton's Indian Queen is a useful reminder of the other half of the picture.

The Grocers' Company, Middleton's patron for this show, had an obvious connection with Eastern trade: its founders had once been known as the Pepperers, and following a treaty between Elizabeth I and Sultan Murad II of Turkey, the Levant Company was established in 1581. The Grocers had control over all druggists, confectioners, tobacconists, and tobacco cutters, and the founders of the East India Company included such well known Grocers as Sir John Moore and Middleton's famous namesake Sir Thomas Myddelton. England had remained remarkably tardy in acquiring information generated by European, especially Portuguese, ventures into Asia so that the Tudor image of India was largely one derived from ancient Greek and medieval sources as a land of monsters, heathens, and untold splendour and wealth. But several parallel developments towards the end of the sixteenth century changed all that. Firstly, new materials began to circulate. The English translation of the Dutch Jan van Linschoten's work *Itinerario* in 1598 made a great impact on English merchants, as did Theodor de Bry's lavish travel collection, *Collectiones peregrinationum in Indiam Orientalem et Occidentalims*, (issued from Frankfurt between 1590 and 1634). Richard Hakluyt had hardly touched on Asian materials in the first edition of *Principall Navigations*, but after 1590 he became one of the most assiduous collectors of information on Asia, reproducing travel narratives with the object of providing the first fleets bound for India with as much authoritative data as possible. He also took an active part in the founding of the East India Company: a memorial written in 1600, probably by him, is called 'Certain Reasons Why the English Merchants May Trade into the East Indies', and it argued for trade with the East in the same way as his 'Discourse on Western Planting' pleaded for colonization in the New World. Hakluyt persuaded Ralph Fitch, who had returned from India in 1599, to write his 'wonderful travailes', which became the first English account of India. The final edition of *Principall Navigations* (1598–1600) carried that account, as well as a translation of the Venetian merchant Cesare

Fedrici's book on India, along with John Newberry's letters from that country and other related documents (Hakluyt). The other pioneering English collector of travel accounts, Richard Eden, was similarly interested in stimulating interest in expansion (Lach).

Secondly, travel narratives were complemented by the goods and profits gleaned from actual voyages which also served to reopen the Orient for the English. Trading stations sprang up all over the Ottoman Empire following the Anglo-Turkish treaty which generated firsthand accounts of the East. In March 1588, *The Hercules* returned from Tripoli in Syria, 'the richest ship of English merchant goods that ever was known to come into this realme' as John Eldred described it (Hakluyt). Its cargo included 'silk from Persia, indigo and cotton from India, cinnamon from Ceylon, pepper from Sumatra and nutmegs, cloves and mace from the Moluccas', convincing sceptics about the viability of trade in the East Indies. The huge profits made by the Dutch East India Company, the defeat of the Armada, and the continual and steep rise in pepper prices between 1592 and 1599, all contributed to the initiation of direct English trade with India. The East India Company was set up (only four years after its Dutch counterpart), on the last day of 1600, with a capital of £50,000. Elizabeth I granted monopoly of trade with the east to the Company 'for the honour of our nation, the welfare of the people, the increase of our navigation, and the advancement of lawful traffic to the benefit of the commonwealth'. Unlike the contact with America, which rested almost entirely on colonization, the English presence in India remained, through the century, largely mercantile. The East India Company's profits averaged over 101 per cent for the first five voyages. By 1620, the Company possessed factories in Sumatra, India, Japan, Java, Borneo, Malacca, Celebes, Siam, and Malabar. The specificity of these places was blurred in their representation as 'the spice islands', a blurring that is reflected in the mayoral pageants where we have 'negroes in Indian clothes', or the word 'Moor' applied to everyone. But the confusion also testifies to the bewildering variety of peoples that Europeans actually found in India, where, in addition to the internal variegation of peoples, Arabs, Ethiopians, and Persians mingled with Kaffirs from Mozambique, Turks, and Jews (Lach).

The Portuguese had justified their eastward expansion by seeing it as an extension of the Crusades: India, it was argued, was being colonized by Moors and needed to be saved. But they had had very limited success in this regard. The British, in contrast, had little crusading zeal in India initially. Thus it is especially significant that the Indian Queen in *Honour and Virtue*, and indeed many other 'black' figures in the pageants, should cast English trading practices as achieving missionary ends. In reality, Oriental populations, let alone the monarchs, were hardly as tractable as Middleton's Indian Queen or King of Moors. The Mughal emperors, for example, were intellectually interested in Christianity, thanks to the established presence of the Jesuits in India. Akbar even



Ripa's figures of Asia, Africa, Europe, and America.

tried to experiment with a composite faith that would synthesize Hinduism, Islam, and Christianity, and his son Jehangir, according to Thomas Coryat, 'speaketh very reverently of our saviour'. But none of them came even remotely close to converting, and Jehangir, Coryat says, regarded all conversions as evidence of fickleness.

Nor was English trade quite as secure as the shows might lead us to believe. It is true that in 1622, the same year that Middleton wrote this pageant, the East India Company defeated the Portuguese at Ormuz in the Persian Gulf and negotiated to become the maritime auxiliary of the Mughals. But in the same year too, on 11 February, many English traders had been massacred by the Dutch in Amboyna, an event about which there was much publicity and 'much complaint in England', according to Purchas. Since 1606, the merchants of the East India Company had petitioned the Privy Council to authorize use of force against the Dutch; in 1609 and 1611 they complained to the Lord Treasurer about Portuguese and Dutch behaviour. Later pageants castigated the Dutch and Spanish trading practices as barbaric, in contrast with the English merchants, who are 'Peacable and kind | Full of Humanity' (*London Triumphant*, 1672). While Middleton may not be as explicit, his Queen does insist that she is 'by English merchants first enlightened' (62). Moreover, his selective use of recent events is significant. It is Ormuz rather than Amboyna that resonates in his pageant, not only because it marked a rare victory for the English over their rivals but because in 1586, its Queen had come to Goa to be converted to Christianity after her marriage to

a Portuguese. Middleton's pageant for the Grocers then is clearly meant to assuage very real anxieties and bolster hopes that were, in reality, rather far from being realized.

The Indian Queen is not just a generalized seventeenth-century trope for a feminized Orient but marks a specific playing with specific histories. Of course, routine representations of Asia as female in books such as Ripa's *Iconologia* must certainly have contributed to the way in which she was presented in the actual pageant. One can only speculate what other factors might have contributed to the image: Elizabeth herself had often dressed in Oriental garb. In 1599 she received Thomas Platter at Nonsuch Castle wearing 'a gown of pure white satin, gold-embroidered with a whole bird of paradise', and thus showing 'her continental visitor that she, like any ruler of the distant Moluccas, knew how to wear a plumage headdress of the rare bird of paradise found only in the East' (Lach). The representation may also have been influenced by other contemporary images of Oriental women: Cesare Vecellio's *Habiti antichi et moderni di tutto il mondo* (1598) offered remarkably detailed pictures of African, Asian, and American as well as European peoples, classified according to both class and gender.

In the last part of *Honour and Virtue*, the throne of Virtue is joined by 'the Globe of Honour', a contraption that must have called for much expense and ingenuity, for it flies open into eight parts revealing eight personifications of moral qualities such as Clear Conscience and Peace of Heart, and four 'cardinal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance' who display the arms of the City of London, the Grocers, the Mayor, and the 'Noble East India Company' (232-63). The Globe itself includes 'that prosperous plantation in the Colony Of Virginia and the Bermudas, with all good wishes to the Governors, Traders, and Adventurers unto those Christianly reformed islands' (266-9). The Pageant, then, develops from a specific representation of British trade, via the genealogy of worthy merchants (some of whom had colonial connections) to an image of global victory for English trade. Beginning with a moral victory over the interiority of the colonized woman, it moves to a very physical image of victory, with Honour mounted over the globe.

The mayoral pageants are testimonies to the almost oligarchic power of the livery companies, and hymns to the new god of mercantilism. And yet the new religion was still far from secure: James had renewed the charter of the East India Company in 1607, but was drawn into making huge concessions to the Dutch, who, along with the Portuguese, were still creating difficulties for English trade in India. The Company of Grocers had their own problems: James sought to take away certain privileges from them in favour of the Apothecaries. He did so in a language that still disdained the ascendant commercial spirit, calling the Grocers 'but Merchants' who are lacking 'the mystery' of the Apothecaries, and accusing them



Vecellio's 'Donna Indiana Orientale Di Conditione'.

of bringing 'home rotten wares from the Indies, Persia and Greece' and of thinking that 'no man must control them' (Rees). Some of the triumphs of *The Triumphs of Honour and Virtue*, then, were real, some merely wishful thinking, and some yet to come. In putting on a show for Sir Peter Proby, Middleton created a fantasy that enacts the possibilities of contemporary colonial trading practices, and thereby mobilizes the national pride and commercial optimism necessary for such ventures.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 676

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 427

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 963

Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Antiquity*, 1397; *Aries*, 1586; *Integrity*, 1766; *Prosperity*, 1901; lost pageant for Charles I, 1898

The Triumphs of Honour and Virtue

A noble solemnity, performed through the City, at the sole cost and charges of the Honourable Fraternity of Grocers, at the confirmation and establishment of their most worthy brother, the Right Honourable Peter Proby, in the high office of His Majesty's lieutenant, Lord Mayor and chancellor of the famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his lordship's going and perfecting itself after his return from receiving the oath of mayoralty at Westminster, on the morrow after Simon and Jude's Day, being the 29 of October 1622.

To the honour of him, to whom the noble Fraternity of Grocers, his worthy brothers, have dedicated their loves in costly triumphs, the Right Honourable Peter Proby,

Lord Mayor of this renowned city

To be his servant that hath served
Two royal princes and deserved
So worthily of both; the same
Call not service, rather fame.

At your lordship's command:
Tho. Middleton.

The Triumphs of Honour and Virtue

If foreign nations have been struck with admiration at the form, state, and splendour of some yearly triumphs, wherein art hath been but faintly imitated, there is fair hope that things where invention flourishes, clear art and her graceful proprieties, should receive favour and encouragement from the content of the spectator, which, next to the service of his Honour and honourable society, is the principal reward it looks for; then, not despairing of that common favour, this takes delight to present itself.

And first, to begin with the worthy love of his noble fraternity, after his Honour's return from Westminster, having received some service upon the water, by the conduct of two artful triumphs, viz., the Throne of Virtue and the Continent of India, which also by land attends his lordship's most wished arrival, accompanied with the whole body of the triumph, which, near upon the time of his Honour's approach, are decently and distinctly placed; the first, bearing the title of the Continent of India, a triumph replenished with all manner of spice-plants and trees bearing odour, attends his Honour's arrival in Paul's Churchyard: a black personage representing India, called, for her odours and riches, the Queen of Merchandise, challenging the most eminent seat, advanceth herself upon a bed of spices, attended by Indians in antique habits: Commerce, Adventure and Traffic, three habited like merchants, presenting to her view a bright figure,

bearing the inscription of Knowledge, a sun appearing above the trees in brightest splendour and glory. The black Queen before mentioned lending a voice to these following words. 50

THE SPEECH OF THE BLACK QUEEN

You that have eyes of judgement and discern Things that the best of man and life concern, Draw near: this black is but my native dye, But view me with an intellectual eye, 55 As wise men shoot their beams forth, you'll then find A change in the complexion of the mind: I'm beauteous in my blackness. O ye sons Of fame and honour, through my best part runs A spring of living waters, clear and true, Found first by knowledge, which came first by you, By you, and your examples, blessed commerce, That by exchange settles such happiness. Of gums and fragrant spices I confess, My climate heaven does with abundance bless, 60 And those you have from me; but what are they Compared with odours whose scent ne'er decay? And those I have from you, plants of your youth, The savour of eternal life, sweet truth, Exceeding all the odoriferous scent, 70 That from the beds of spices ever went: I that command (being prosp'rously possessed) The riches and the sweetness of the east, To that famed mountain Taurus spreading forth My balmy arm, whose height does kiss the north, 75 And in the Sea Enos lave this hand, Account my blessings not in those to stand, Though they be large and fruitful, but confess All wealth consists in Christian holiness. To such celestial knowledge I was led, 80 By English merchants first enlighten'd In honour of whose memory only three I instance here, all of this brotherhood free; To whose fames the great honour of this hour Aptly belongs, but to that man of power 85 The first and chiefest, to whose worth so clear, Justice hath given her sword up for a year: And as yon sun his perfect splendour shows, Cheering the plants, and no clouds interpose His radiant comforts, so no earthy part, 90 Which makes eclipses in a ruler's heart, (As in that glorious planet) must come nigh The sun of justice: all such mists must fly.

4 **Peter Proby** (1565-1625), born in Chester; Sheriff 1614-15; served also as Member of Parliament

16 **Two royal princes** Elizabeth and James
41-2 **Paul's Churchyard** area at the east

end of St Paul's Cathedral

45 **antique** ancient, possibly old-fashioned

70 **odoriferous** fragrant

74 **Taurus** mountain chain in southern Turkey

76 **Sea Enos** an apparent reference to the Gulf of Enos, an inlet of the Aegean Sea, in Turkey
lave wash

The Triumphs of Honor and Vertue.

- 95 *You're in an orb of brightness placed and fixed,
And with no soil must honour be commixed:
So to your worthy progress zeal commends
Your lordship, with your grave and noble friends.*
- The speech being ended, to add a little more help to the fainter apprehensions, the three merchants placed in the Continent have reference to the lord mayor and sheriffs, all three being this year brothers of this ancient and honourable society, which triple or threefold honour happened to this worthy company in the year 1577, Sir Thomas Ramsay being then lord mayor, and Master 100 Nicholas Backhouse and Master Francis Bowyer, sheriffs; having coherence with this year's honour, matched and paralleled with these three their as worthy successors: the Right Honourable Peter Proby, and the generous and nobly affected Master John Hodges, and Sir Humphrey 110 Handford, sheriffs and aldermen.
- By this time his lordship being gracefully conducted toward the Chariot of Fame, which awaits his Honour's approach near the Little Conduit in Cheap, Antiquity, a grave and reverend personage with a golden register-book in his hand, gives life to these words.
- 115 THE SPEECH OF ANTIQUITY
- Objects of years and reverence greet mine eye,
A sight most pleasing to Antiquity.
I never could unclasp this book of fame
Where worthies dwell by a distinguished name,
At a more comely season I shall tell
Things sprung from truth, near kin to miracle.
With that of later days I first begin,
So back into the deeper times again:
I only touch thy memory (which I know
In thankfulness can never be found slow)
With Heaven's miraculous mercy to thy health
After so long a sickness: all the wealth
Which thou with an unmeasuring hand hast got,
Which is not the least wonder-worthy note,
130 (Truth makes me speak things freely) cannot be
A greater work than thy recovery.
Nine brethren-senators, thy seniors all,
Whose times had been before thee, Death did call
To their eternal peace from this degree,
135 Leaving their earthly honour now to thee;
Think and be thankful still, this seems the more.
Another observation kept in store,
For seventeen senators since thy time were chose,
And to this minute not one dead of those.
140 Those are not usual notes; nor here it ends,
The court and city, two most noble friends,*
- 109 **John Hodges** Grocer, Alderman of Cordwainer Street; died 1629
- 109-10 **Humphrey Handford** (1565-1625), Grocer, Alderman of Castle Baynard
- 113 **Little Conduit** water source located in Cheapside, frequently used as a place of dramatic representation in the mayoral pageants
- 147 **Solomon's** wise Biblical king of Israel
- 157 **God grant grace** motto of the Grocers
- 169-70 **Andrew Bockerell** mayor for seven years, 1231-37
- 172-3 **Allen de la Zouch** mayor, 1267-68
- 176 **Thomas Knowles** mayor 1399 and 1410, began to build the Guildhall
- 181 **St Anthony's Church** St Anthony, patron saint of the Grocers; church located in Cordwainer Street ward
- 182-4 **William Sevenock . . . Laxton** William Sevenock, mayor 1418; Robert Chichley, mayor 1411 and 1421; Stephen Browne, mayor 1438; Henry Keble, mayor 1510; William Laxton, mayor 1544
- 145 *Have made exchange o'late: I read from hence,
There has gone some most worthy citizens
Up to the court's advance; in lieu of that,
You have a courtier now your magistrate,
A servant to Elizabeth the blest,
Since to King James that reigns with Solomon's breast;
Kept the records for both; from the Queen took
Charge of three hundred horse, three thousand foot.
Four attributes cleaves to this man of men,
150 A scholar, soldier, courtier, citizen:
These are no usual touches, to conclude
(Like to his life with blessings so endured)
He's chose his brotherhood, men of that fame
For bounty, amity, and honoured name,
155 The city bounds transcend not in their place,
And their word makes 'em prosper, God grant grace.
Honour they never wanted: when was't seen,
But they had senators to their brethren?
Nay, one record here to make joy more glad,
160 I find seventeen that were in scarlet clad,
All at one time of this fraternity;
Now five, for this hour's honour brings forth three,
Fame triple will make triple virtue strive
At whose triumphant throne you next arrive.* 165
- For farther illustration, there are contained in Antiquity's golden legend the names of many worthies of ancient time, by whom this noble fraternity has received much honour; such as were the worthy and famous Sir Andrew Bockerell, who was lord mayor of this city the sixteenth 170 year of King Henry the Third, and continued in the magistracy seven years together; also the noble Allen de la Zouch, who for his good government in the time of his mayoralty, was by King Henry the Third created both a Baron of this realm, and Lord Chief Justice of 175 England. Also that famous worthy, Sir Thomas Knowles, twice lord mayor of this honourable city, which said Sir Thomas began at his own charge that famous building of Guildhall in London, and other memorable works both in the city and in his own company, re-edifying also 180 St Anthony's Church, with many others that are fair ornaments to memory, viz., Sir William Sevenock, Sir Robert Chichsley, Sir Stephen Browne, Sir Henry Keble, Sir William Laxton, etc. Who by those virtues that they were most addicted unto in their lifetime, are illustrated by persons of brightness in the Throne of Virtue, the next 185 part of triumph that presents itself. Next beneath Antiquity sits Authority, placed between Wisdom and Innocence, holding a naked sword, a serpent wound about the blade thereof, two doves standing upon the crossbar of the hilt, 190

The Triumphs of Honor and Vertue.

and two hands meeting at the pummel, intimating Mercy and Justice; accompanied with Magistracy, who holds in his hand a key of gold, signifying both the key of Knowledge and of Confidence, the city magistrate taking
195 into his trust the custody of the King's chamber, the proper title of the City; and which key of gold also stands in his lordship's crest, viz., an ostrich holding a key of gold in his mouth, his neck circled with a golden crown.

200 His lordship, by this time arriving at the Throne of Virtue, placed near St Lawrence Lane end, receives this greeting from her deity.

THE SPEECH OF VIRTUE

*I see great power approach, here makes a stand;
Would it with Virtue ought? for some command
Seems so complete in self-opinion's eye,
205 It will scarce look on me, but passes by;
As if the essence of my deity
Were raised by power, and not power raised by me:
But let such rulers know that so command,
They build the empire of their hopes on sand.
210 Still this remains, with eye upon me fixed
As if he sought to have his splendours mixed
With these of mine, which makes authority meek,
And I'm so sick of love to those that seek
I cannot choose but yield; nor does it wrong
215 Great power to come to Virtue to be strong,
Being but a woman, merciful and mild:
Therein is Heaven with greater glory stiled
That makes weak things, as clemency and right,
Sway power, which would else rule all by might.
220 It may be said you but late pass by
Some part of triumph that spake virtuously,
And one such speech suffices: 'tis not so
In taking of your office; there you go
From court to court before you be confirmed
225 In this high place, which praetorship is termed.
From Virtue, if to Virtue you resort,
It is but the same course you have in court
In settling of your honour, which should be
Redoubled rather; that I hope to see:
230 So power and virtue, when they fill one seat,
The city's blessed, the magistrate complete.*

At the close of the speech, this Throne of Virtue with all her celestial concomitants and the other parts of the triumph take leave of his lordship for that time, and till
235 after the feast at Guildhall rests from service; but the feast ended, the whole state of the triumph attends upon his lordship, both to St Paul's and homeward. And in Soper Lane two parts of the triumph stand ready planted; viz., the Throne of Virtue and the Globe of Honour, which
240 Globe, suddenly opening and flying into eight cants or

distinct parts, discovers in a twinkling eight bright personages most gloriously decked, representing (as it were) the inward man, the intentions of a virtuous and worthy breast by the graces of the mind and soul, such as Clear
245 Conscience, Divine Speculation, Peace of Heart, Integrity, Watchfulness, Equality, Providence, Impartiality, each expressed by its proper illustration. And because man's perfection can receive no constant attribute in this life, the cloud of frailty, ever and anon shadowing and darkening our brightest intentions, makes good the morality
250 of those cants, or parts, when they fall and close into the full round of a globe again, showing, that as the brightest day has his overcastings, so the best men in this life have their imperfections; and worldly mists oftentimes interpose the clearest cogitations, and yet that but for
255 a season, turning in the end, like the mounting of this engine, to their everlasting brightness, converting itself to a canopy of stars. At the four corners below are placed the four cardinal virtues, Wisdom, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, by each of them fixed a little streamer or
260 banner in which are displayed the arms of this honourable city, the Lord Mayor's, the Grocers', and the noble East India Company's. The outparts of the Globe, showing the world's type in countries, seas and shipping, whereon is depicted or drawn ships that have been fortunate to
265 this kingdom by their happy and successful voyages; as also that prosperous plantation in the colony of Virginia and the Bermudas, with all good wishes to the governors, traders, and adventurers unto those Christianly reformed islands.
270

The speech at night presented by Honour, a personage mounted on the top of this unparalleled masterpiece of invention and art, the Globe or Orb of Honour.

HONOUR

*By Virtue you came last, and who brings home
True Honour must by Virtue always come;
275 The right path you have took then, still proceed,
For 'tis continuance crowns each worthy deed.
Behold this Globe of Honour; every part
It is composed of, to a noble heart
Applies instruction. When 'tis closed and round,
280 It represents the world, and all that's found
Within the labouring circle of man's days,
Adventures, dangers, cares, and steepy ways;
Which when a wiseman thinks on, straight he mounts
To heavenly cogitations and accounts
285 The vexing spirit of care and labour vain,
Lifting himself to his full height again.
And as this engine does in eight parts rise
Discovering eight bright figures, so the wise,*

200 **St Lawrence Lane** street in Cheapside providing access to the Guildhall
225 **praetorship** chief magistrate, mayor
237-8 **Soper Lane** named for the soap-

makers who lived there; street now called Queen Street
268 **Bermudas** Sir George Somers helped

establish the settlement in Bermuda, which he discovered in 1609 on his way to Virginia.

The Triumphs of Honor and Vertue.

290	<p><i>From this life's slumber roused (which time deludes)</i> <i>Opens his heart to eight beatitudes:</i> <i>And as I, Honour, overtopping all,</i> <i>Here fix my foot on this orbicular ball,</i> <i>Over the world expressing my command;</i></p>	<p><i>Which happy thou stand'st free from, the more white</i> <i>Sits Honour on thee, and the cost more bright</i> <i>Thy noble brotherhood this day bestows:</i> <i>Expense is graced when substance follows shows.</i> <i>Now to no higher pitch of praise I'll come;</i> <i>Love brought thee forth, and Honour brings thee home.</i></p>	300
295	<p><i>As I in this contemptuous posture stand,</i> <i>So every good and understanding spirit</i> <i>Makes but use only of this life t'inherit</i> <i>An everlasting living; making friends</i> <i>Of Mammon's heaps got by unrighteous ends;</i></p>	<p>For the body of the whole triumph, with all the proper graces and ornaments of art and workmanship, the repu- tation of those rightly appertain to the deserts of Master Garret Christmas, an exquisite master in his art and a performer above his promises.</p>	305
			310

FINIS

291 *eight beatitudes* from the New Test-
ament Sermon on the Mount in St
Matthew's gospel, chapter 5
293 *orbicular* round as a circle

295 *contemptuous posture* defiant, disdain-
ful
299 *Mammon's* god of wealth, money

309 *Garret Christmas* artificer who now
regularly assists Middleton in the Lord
Mayor's Shows

THE SPANISH GYPSY

Text edited and annotated by Gary Taylor, introduced by Suzanne Gossett

The Spanish Gypsy is a play of rape transcended and revenge averted—and a play complexly intertwined with Anglo-Spanish relations in the fraught year of 1623. Based upon two classics of Spanish Golden Age literature, its immediate theatrical success was envied by contemporaries; it was revived at the Restoration, and became the only Middleton play produced in the nineteenth century (Steen).

Unfortunately, for much of the twentieth century critical discussion of the play was dominated by disputes about authorship. *Gypsy* was first published in 1653 as the work of Middleton and Rowley, but in 1924 H. Dugdale Sykes argued that the play was ‘substantially, if not wholly, from the pen of John Ford’ (183). This edition accepts the conclusion reached by Taylor, that the play was co-written by four authors. Ford was probably responsible for the rape plot (1.3, 1.5.1–73, 2.2.1–118, 3.2.242–300, 3.3, 5.1.1–126, 5.3.1–95). Thomas Dekker is most evident in 2.1, 2.2.119–75, 3.1, the songs in 3.2 (82–113, 197–217), and 4.1.1–148. Rowley seems to have written 4.3, and may also be responsible for parts of Soto’s role. Middleton’s hand has been most confidently identified in 1.5.73–127, 3.2.114–94, 4.1.149–210, and 4.2, but he may be responsible for other elements of the Don Juan/Preciosa plot (1.4, 2.1.104–13). As this summary makes clear, Dekker and Ford apparently did more of the writing than Middleton or Rowley. But Middleton is the most likely candidate for composing the ‘plot’ or scenario for the play, linking its four narratives into a polyphonic whole, and then assigning scenes and subscenes to the playwright best suited to each. The details of the attribution are discussed in the *Companion*; this introduction will instead attempt to imagine what *Gypsy* meant to its authors and audiences in 1623.

Structure and Interpretation

The play is built on four plots, derived from different sources but intricately interconnected. Each centres on a young man who becomes temporarily involved with the newly-arrived Gypsies and is ultimately reunited with a father. Although these plots vary in density and importance—Levin identifies the action of the foolish gentleman Sancho and his man Soto as a typical ‘clown subplot’ (110)—they are united by parallels between four prodigal sons (Burlebach 38) and between three young women whose gendered role in marriage arrangements varies from powerlessness to abuse of power. Reading the play as a moral structure the Kistners find a repeated pattern of sin, repentance, and rebirth; tracing tragicomic form

reveals that each young man is brought to a moment of maximum danger or terror before being released to happiness.

Cervantes’s novella *La Fuerza de la Sangre* inspired the rape plot which dominates the first scenes. The play’s opening is startling and effective. Roderigo and his friends Luis and Diego encounter Clara and her parents on a dark street. Despite protestations that they will only do what is ‘fit for gentlemen’, the friends accept Roderigo’s assurance that ‘for a wench, man, any course is honourable’ and restrain the parents while Roderigo abducts Clara (1.1.10, 32). These hot-blooded aristocrats are a pack of hoodlums. The rape’s only motivation is sexual infatuation, and for the first time in all the rape plots of the Elizabethan stage, neither party knows the other’s identity.

Gypsy is the last of three Jacobean plays—the others are *The Queen of Corinth* and *Women, Beware Women*—in which the heroine, in a striking rejection of the Lucrece and Philomel models that had previously determined the course and aftermath of rape on the English stage, survives and marries the rapist (Gossett, ‘Best Men’). It is also the first to put the action into a Christian context. Oddly enough, this play, in which rape actually takes place, is less prurient than Fletcher and Rowley’s *Maid in the Mill*, where violation is repeatedly threatened, or *The Queen of Corinth*, where two rapes are elaborately prepared. By the time the moon rises on Clara in the third scene of *Gypsy*, the unseen act has been accomplished: the remainder of the play concentrates on consequences. The crucifix that Clara steals in this scene, ultimately leading to Roderigo’s identification, is symbolic of the faith that sustains her in her trial. Though she at first asks Roderigo to kill her, and later marvels that she survives (3.3.55–7), she does not contemplate suicide. Her parents’ belief in a providential solution is fulfilled when Clara is accidentally brought back to Roderigo’s house. Belief in heaven-dealt justice is also present in Roderigo’s father, who learns of the rape, arranges for Roderigo to marry Clara without recognizing her, and then tricks him into confessing by telling him that his new wife is wanton, certainly the punishment for some sin of his: ‘Impossible that justice should rain down | In such a frightful horror without cause’ (5.1.20–1).

One reason Clara does not kill herself is that (unlike the heroines of other rape plays) she is genuinely unsure that she is stained. St Augustine had argued that if Lucrece’s will did not consent, she remained chaste and ought not to have killed herself, and Clara, despite moments of doubt (2.2.1–4), seems assured that her tears have

'washed off the leprosy' (1.3.62-3). The authors prepare the audience to accept the final marriage by emphasizing, instead of the pollution and dishonour of the heroine, the moral development of the rapist. Roderigo begins as lustful and heedless, unaware that the girl he proposes to abduct is his friend Luis's beloved. Furthermore, the son of 'the great *corregidor*' (2.2.53) has no need to ravish—the word comprehends both abduction and sexual violation—a young woman to gain control of her or her property. Indeed, after the rape Roderigo tries to deny the nature of the transaction by offering Clara money. But innovations begin when Roderigo experiences guilt and repentance before discovery. Clara's cry that her blood is infected 'by your soul-staining lust' (1.3.10) suggests that his soul is as stained as hers, and the third act opens with a soliloquy in which Roderigo berates himself in religious terms—'what vile prisons | Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!' (3.1.1-2). When informed of the rape, his father considers his 'till-now-untainted blood and honour' (3.3.87) corrupted not by a woman's dishonour but by a man's sin. Roderigo's weakest moment comes when he ignores his feelings of guilt and marries the unrecognized Clara, but when Fernando extracts his confession and tells him 'young man, thou shouldst have married her', he agrees (5.1.34). The final marriage becomes the desire of both parties.

The tragicomic ending dismays modern audiences because it requires Clara to accept her victimization and become 'the happiest woman, being married' (5.1.39) to the man she begged to be a 'gentle ravisher, | An honourable villain' (1.3.7-8). Like her predecessor Bianca of *Women, Beware Women*, she displays 'the classic pattern of the victim succumbing to and embracing the inevitability of redefined power relations' (Dawson 312). For an early modern English audience the ending required ignoring English law, according to which the abduction of an heiress was a felony, even if she consented afterwards and married the man. It also required a major change from the Cervantes source. In *La Fuerza* seven years go by, during which the heedless hero travels and the rape victim raises the child of that encounter. The mother only discovers the identity of her violator when, following an accident, she finds her son in the chamber where he was conceived. Modifying the plot avoids an awkward time gap for the drama, but there was a more profound ideological reason. On the basis of Galenic medical theory—embodied in such gynecological texts as *Aristotle's Masterpiece* and repeated in convenient legal summaries like Michael Dalton's *The Country Justice* (1618)—it was widely believed that a woman who was raped could not conceive. Conversely, 'If at the time of rape supposed, the woman conceive child, there is no rape, for none can conceive without consent' (*The Lawes Resolutions of Womens Rights*, 396). Transposition from the Spanish Catholic setting to the mental world of Jacobean London thus necessitated that Clara demonstrate her full innocence by not becoming pregnant.

The rape plot is complexly connected to the other three. Three young men—Roderigo, Don Juan, and Sancho—flee father figures in a pattern that can be read generically as a prodigal son tale and psychoanalytically as exposing unresolved Oedipal feelings. Determined to resist his father's power, Roderigo assures himself that Fernando is 'not the king of Spain' (4.2.102); Sancho tells his guardian Don Pedro (Clara's father) to be hanged; to join the Gypsies Don Juan loses 'father, friends, | Birth, fortunes' (4.1.18-19). Father-son hostility is foregrounded in the playlet that Fernando requests of the disguised Roderigo. The play-father complains that 'he that should prop me is mine overthrow' and Roderigo, playing the 'rake-hell' prodigal, questions his father's paternity and orders his man to 'carbonado thou the old rogue my father' (4.3.35, 68-9).

Unlike many comedies *Gypsy* sides with the fathers. None of the plots can resolve until the sons have returned to their proper positions. Indeed, several of the most effective dramatic moments occur in confrontations between Roderigo and the Corregidor, who asserts that 'Fathers have eagles' eyes' (4.3.190) and manoeuvres Roderigo into marriage and confession. Outwitted and overwhelmed, Roderigo finally assures his 'Fathers both' (5.1.56) that he will redeem himself. Similarly, Don Juan and Preciosa depend on identification with and of their fathers for their union. Don Juan escapes punishment for his attack on Diego because of his caste (in Cervantes the equivalent figure is pardoned for murder). In a parody of such logic, when the Gypsies are threatened with imprisonment the terrified Sancho and Soto creep back to Don Pedro for protection.

The scenes involving the play's fourth young man—Luis de Castro (Roderigo's friend and Clara's suitor)—are also constructed around conflicting filial emotions. Luis burns with desire to revenge the death of his father; by the end of the play, Luis instead attains peace by accepting a substitute. Thus the central figures in the two potentially tragic plots both extract what Clara required: 'A noble satisfaction, though not revenge' (3.3.96).

Sources and Contexts

The intertwined histories of Luis and Don Juan indicate how *Gypsy* was constructed from a combination of sources and familiar romantic and dramatic tropes. The names Luis de Castro and Roderigo the authors found in Mateo Aleman's popular picaresque novel *Guzman de Alfarache*, translated in 1622 by James Mabbe (Part II, Book I, Chapter 4). But the play borrows only the names, and Luis's disappointment in love. Shanti Padhi demonstrates that Aleman is also the source for many of the Gypsy Father's proverbs (cxcix-cxxx). The heart of the Juan/Preciosa/Cardochia plot comes from another of Cervantes's *Novellas Exemplars*, *La Gitanilla*.

The play's Gypsies have a complicated ancestry. Middleton had put Gypsies on the stage in *More Dissemblers Besides Women*. But the vogue for Gypsies exploded after

Ben Jonson's wildly successful masque *The Gypsies Metamorphosed*, produced three times in three separate venues for the King in August and September of 1621. This masque stimulated not only *The Spanish Gypsy* in 1623, but the relicensing of *More Dissemblers* in 1623 and its production at court in January 1624, as well as the 1622 court production of Fletcher and Massinger's *Beggars' Bush*, where the scenes of the beggars' tricks parallel Jonson's masque. *The Spanish Gypsy* takes from *Gypsies Metamorphosed* the premise that all the Gypsies—rather than, as in Cervantes, merely a few noble runaways—are aristocrats in disguise. An explicit structural imitation occurs in 3.2, when the Gypsies come to the home of the noble Francisco, sing, dance, and tell the company's fortunes. Similarly pointed fortune telling at Burley and Windsor had especially pleased King James and could give the private theatre audience a sense of inclusion.

Gypsy is densely imbricated in the drama of its period. These interconnections, emerging from the collective memory of four experienced playwrights, tie the play not only to others on rape but to such dramatic topoi as feuding, honour, and duels; stolen children; and hidden nobility (see Gossett, 'Resistant'). For example, the quarrel between Luis's father and Alvarez, which sprung 'From a mere trifle first, a cast of hawks, | Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount highest' (2.2.78–9), is modelled on the sub-plot of Thomas Heywood's *A Woman Killed With Kindness*, while Luis's obsession with honour and his confrontation with Alvarez are related to Middleton and Rowley's scenes between Captain Ager and the Colonel in *A Fair Quarrel*.

Gypsy was presumably composed in the spring and early summer of 1623, immediately before it was licensed on 9 July. It was probably performed later that summer by the Lady Elizabeth's Men at the Phoenix, and was certainly performed at Whitehall on 5 November, 'the prince being there only'—that is, for Prince Charles and his guests, without the King (Bentley, IV, 893). But the play's significance changed as the year progressed, because in this period attitudes towards Spain divided the country and evolved rapidly.

King James dearly desired to marry his remaining son, Charles, to the Spanish Infanta, thereby balancing the Protestant alliance of his daughter Elizabeth (wife of Frederick the Elector Palatine, deposed King of Bohemia). However, negotiations progressed slowly. Frustrated by the delay, on 17 February 1623 Charles and Buckingham left, in disguise, for Spain. The king was frightened for their safety, and large sections of the anti-Spanish, anti-Catholic English populace were displeased by the absence of the heir and by the open toleration of Catholics (Cogswell, 41). Once in Madrid the twenty-two-year-old Charles, having persuaded himself he was in love, was annoyed by the protocol that kept him from the Infanta; in June he leapt the wall of the Casa del Campo, where the Infanta was taking the air, and 'advanced towards his lady-love, who responded by running in the opposite direction, shrieking for her virtue' (Carlton, 43). By July

Charles and Buckingham had doubts about the Spanish demands; when Charles departed on 30 August he left a proxy for the marriage, but gave the ambassador orders not to deliver it. In early November, with James very ill, Charles and Buckingham met with the Spanish ambassadors and demanded a commitment to restore the Palatinate. Though James tried to reconcile the men with a masque on 16 November, his purpose was thwarted, as the Spanish were 'represented by actions worthy of laughter' (Cogswell, 86, citing Tillières, 16 November 1623.) In general, November 1623 'was one of the most uncomfortable periods in Charles's life' (Cogswell, 109), climaxed only a week after the performance of *Gypsy* by the dispatch of four different messengers to Spain to ensure that no proxy wedding take place. By the end of 1623 Buckingham and Charles were opening marriage negotiations with France and preparing for war with Spain. The masque intended for Twelfth Night 1624, *Neptune's Triumph for the Return of Albion* (in which Jonson reversed the position he had taken in *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* and celebrated Charles's escape from the 'sirens'), was cancelled, ostensibly because of a dispute over precedence between the French and Spanish ambassadors but no doubt because of dissension in the court about the marriage.

The Spanish Gypsy, while not a systematic allegory, seems calculated to keep Anglo-Spanish politics present in the minds of audiences while the outcome of the match remained uncertain and largely feared. Details of Cervantes are rewritten to create flashes of specific reference: the play's action is now confined to Madrid (mentioned ten times), and the horseman whose accident frightens Clara becomes 'the jester that so late arrived in court' (3.2.246), that is, King James's fool Archy, who had a similar accident in the Prince's entourage (see Taylor, 2008). The Catholicism of the setting is emphasized: Clara steals the crucifix, Diego and Louis agree to meet at the Inquisition chapel (1.4). Three young men flee secretly from their fathers to the Gypsies, like Prince Charles and Buckingham galloping off to Spain, but only one, John, is ultimately successful, and even he suffers a frightening imprisonment that recalls Spain's enforced retention of Charles. In what may be wishful thinking, John's prize, Pretiosa, proves to be not 'really' a Gypsy and consequently John does not really 'convert'. But Sancho and his sidekick Soto are satirized as wasteful fools, while the son of the Corregidor, a marriageable young aristocrat like Prince Charles, carries out an impetuous and brutal rape. With appropriate stage action the impressive Corregidor chiding his hot-headed son could suggest James objecting to Charles's voyage. Furthermore, repeated criticism of English Gypsies resonates oddly with *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* where, as everyone knew, these had turned out to be the country's chief courtiers.

All four authors shadow contemporary events. Ford probably writes the passage referring to Archy, Rowley and Dekker satirize Sancho and Soto, Middleton controls

the Don John plot. Julia Gasper argues that Dekker's *Match Me in London*, another play with an attempted rape, relicensed in August 1623 for the Lady Elizabeth's Men, was an attack on the Spanish match by the militantly protestant Dekker (166–189). By the summer of 1624, Middleton was openly inviting anti-Spanish allegorical readings in *A Game at Chess*; apparently Dekker was doing so before the Prince and Buckingham returned from Spain. Several of the plays with which the Prince distracted himself once he did return—*The Maid in the Mill*, which he saw on November 1 and again with the King on December 26, *The Spanish Gypsy*, on November 5, and *The Changeling*, on January 4—had Spanish sources and settings. *The Changeling* depicts Spain as corrupt politically and sexually, and Bromham and Bruzzi suggest that the Prince requested the January 1624 performance to make an anti-Spanish foreign policy statement (5). *The Spanish Gypsy* is protected by its romantic form from such close political reading, but its hostility towards a culture that tolerates rape, duels, blackmail, and discussion of trust in 'the word royal' (3.2.26–32) could easily be inferred, by Prince and public alike.

Theatre, Music, and Appropriations

According to the title-page *Gypsy* was acted 'with great applause' at 'the Privat House in Drury-Lane, and at Salisbury Court'. The private (play)house was the Phoenix (also called the Cockpit). The Lady Elizabeth's Men had been brought there by Christopher Beeston in 1622. Their predilection for plays with a 'gentlemanly concern for questions of honour and love' soon made the theatre a rival of the Blackfriars (Gurr, 407). The theatre itself, designed by Inigo Jones after a visit to Italy, was appealingly modern, a compromise between 'designs based on Vitruvius and Palladio and the usual style of a Jacobean theatre', with an elegant stage façade (Foakes, 66). The play's popularity at the Phoenix is attested to in the backhanded compliment of W. B. (William Bagnall?). His commendatory verses to Massinger's *The Bondman* (produced in the same theatre by the same company in the same season) sneer at 'Gypsy jigs... drumming stuff... dances [and] other trumpery to delight' (Steen). At court the play may have been produced in the Cockpit-at-court or the Great Hall, perhaps metatheatrically suggested by the 'great chamber' (4.2.28) in which the play-within-the-play is given (Padhi, clxxvii).

Performances at Salisbury Court must have occurred after November 1630, when that theatre opened (Bentley, VI, 87). *Gypsy* was one of the plays protected for Christopher Beeston and his new boys' company in 1639. Apparently Beeston owned the play, and 'none of the companies who performed at the Cockpit ever took their plays away with them when they left his playhouse' (Gurr, 425). Bentley concludes that performance at the Salisbury Court must have been by Queen Henrietta's men, for no other company occupied both houses (I, 255), but the Queen Henrietta's at Salisbury Court was the remnants of

the earlier company, forced out of the Cockpit by Beeston in the plague closing of 1636–7.

Shortly after the Restoration the play was again revived. Reading it, Pepys thought it 'not very good, though commended much' (16 June 1661). On 7 March 1668, 'the second time of acting, and the first that I saw it', he liked it no better than he had *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, finding *Gypsy* 'a very silly play' somewhat redeemed by its performance elements: 'only, great variety of dances, and those most excellently done' (Steen). Yet he had judged Brome's 1641 *The Jovial Crew*—a reworking of many elements of *Gypsy*—also revived in 1661, 'full of mirth' (Bentley, III, 71). Later, Francis Manning's *All for the Better or, the Infallible Cure* was based on *Gypsy*, along with a reconsultation of Cervantes (Hogg).

One of the most remarkable aspects of the play is its music. The quarto marks five songs but there may have been seven. Although it was unusual for gentry to sing on stage (Austern, 153), Sancho sings four songs and also 'set[s] out a throat' for 'O that I were a bee to sing' (2.1.176–93). The other identified singer is the Gypsy leader, who sings a verse of Sancho's 'Now that from the hive' (3.2.205–16) and would be appropriate for at least the first stanza of the unassigned 'Come, follow your leader, follow' (3.2.82–4). Sections of Don Juan's initiation into the Gypsies and his betrothal to Preciosa (4.1) may also have been sung.

Apparently the music was partly borrowed, partly original. Some of the wordless dances may have copied music and choreography from Jonson's *Gypsies Metamorphosed*, and 'Trip it, Gypsies, trip it fine' was probably composed to fit the 'The Gypsies' Round' by William Byrd. Playford's *The Dancing Master* (1651) contains music and choreography for a dance called 'The Spanish Gypsy'; Chappell thought it derived from 'Come, follow your leader, follow' (3.2.82–113), but its directions, for four couples who 'turn back-to-back' but eventually unite, seem more appropriate to the final dance. In the Roxburghe Collection is a black letter ballad, called 'The brave English Jipsie. To the tune of The Spanish Jipsie', published by John Trundle (died 1626). This ballad patriotically reverses Alvarez's praise of Spanish Gypsies: 'Who ere hath been in Spaine, | And seene there Jipsies vaine, | Shall soone the difference find, | Else judgement makes him blind. | So, Spanish Jipsies all, adue! | For English equal are to you' (Chappell, *Roxburghe*, 333).

The songs and dances, concentrated in the middle acts, are a significant factor in creating the play's tragicomic form. The dark first act closes with Roderigo's comment that 'Pleasure and Youth like smiling evils woo us | To taste new follies' (1.5.126–7); the second opens on pleasure and youth without evil. Sancho's first song reduces rape to melodious double entendre: 'O that I were a bee to sing | Hum buz, buz, hum! I first would bring | Some honey to your hive, and there leave my sting' (2.1.178–80). The songs in 3.1 reiterate the Gypsies' scorn for cutting purses, celebrating a mad world that

The Spanish Gipsie.

anticipates the final reversal where ‘Beggars would on cock-horse ride’ (3.1.127). The Gypsy ‘army’ sings and dances between Luis’s treacherous determination to take revenge, and the accident which returns Clara to the fatal bedroom.

Also controlling the tone is the play’s metatheatricality, which weakens the intense audience engagement of the opening scenes. Theatrical distancing occurs most obviously in the play-within-the-play, which Fernando asks the Gypsies to perform on ‘some slight plot’, like the Italian or French *commedia* (4.2.41). Preciosa has a nine-line aria beginning ‘How? not a changeling? | Yes, father, I will play the changeling. . . . None but myself shall play the changeling’ (2.1.105–13), clearly intended to alert the audience to another of the youthful actor’s roles, and the Gypsy Father foregrounds her cross-dressing: ‘A-many dons | Will not believe but that thou art a boy | In woman’s clothes’ (98–100). Roderigo ruefully acknowledges he has ‘writ . . . a tragedy’ (3.1.73–5). Nineteenth-century objections to the play (Steen) were based on a sense that the happy ending is both immoral and unprepared; such readings ignore the power of the music and distancing to mitigate the effect. Indeed, twice we hear that the Gypsies will bring a ‘merry tragedy’ (4.2.37, 39).

In the end the very character of *The Spanish Gypsy*, with its disturbing mixture of rape and Gypsies, duels and disguising, is a product of the mysterious alchemy of collaboration. The balance between Clara’s seriousness and Preciosa’s charm, between the sinfulness of Roderigo and Cardochia and the merely high-spirited waywardness of Don Juan and Sancho, between the romance of the lost child and the potential tragedy of violation and revenge, is a theatrical tour de force based on the various strengths of four professional playwrights—including, it seems clear, those to whom the play was first attributed, Middleton and Rowley.

SEE ALSO

Music and dance: *Companion*, 172 (‘The Gypsies’ Round’), 174 (‘The Spanish Gypsy’)
Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1105
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 433
Other Middleton–Dekker works: *Caesar’s Fall*, 328; *Gravesend*, 128; *Meeting*, 183; *Magnificent*, 219; *Patient Man*, 280; *Banquet*, 637; *Roaring Girl*, 721
Other Middleton–Rowley works: *Weapons*, 980; *Quarrel*, 1209; *Old Law*, 1331; *Tennis*, 1405; *Changeling*, 1632

JOHN FORD, THOMAS DEKKER, THOMAS MIDDLETON, and WILLIAM ROWLEY

The Spanish Gypsy

[for *Lady Elizabeth’s Men at The Phoenix*]

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DON FERNANDO de Azevedo, *Corregidor* of Madrid
RODERIGO, his young son
DON LUIS de Castro, Roderigo’s friend, suitor to Clara
DIEGO, a friend of Luis
PEDRO de Cortes, an old don
MARIA, his wife
CLARA, his daughter
SANCHO, his ward, a foolish gentleman
SOTO, Sancho’s man, a merry fellow
Count FRANCISCO de Carcamo, an old don

DON JUAN, his son, suitor to Preciosa
The old FATHER of the Gypsies
EUGENIA, the old Mother of the Gypsies
PRECIOSA, a young Spanish Gypsy girl
CARLO
ANTONIO
CHRISTIANA } Gypsies
Juana CARDOCHIA, young hostess to the Gypsies
Servants

- I. I *Incipit Actus Primus*
Enter Roderigo, Luis, and Diego, [as at night]
- LUIS Roderigo!
 DIEGO [*to Roderigo*] Art mad?
 RODERIGO Yes!—not so much with wine: it's as rare to see
 a Spaniard a drunkard as a German sober, an Italian no
 5 whoremonger, an Englishman to pay his debts. I am no
boraccio: sack, malaga, nor canary breeds the *calentura*
 in my brains. Mine eye mads me, not my cups.
 LUIS What wouldst have us do?
 RODERIGO Do?
 10 DIEGO So far as 'tis fit for gentlemen we'll venture.
 RODERIGO I ask no more. I ha' seen a thing has bewitched
 me: a delicate body, but this [*showing the size by a sign*]
 in the waist, foot and leg tempting; the face I had scarce
 a glimpse of, but the fruit must needs be delicious, the
 15 tree being so beautiful.
 LUIS Prithee, to the point.
 RODERIGO Here 'tis: an old gentleman (no matter who he
 is), an old gentlewoman (I ha' nothing to do with her)—
 but a young creature that follows them, daughter or
 20 servant or whatsoever she be, her I must have. They
 are coming this way. Shall I have her? I must have her.
 DIEGO How, how?
 LUIS Thou speak'st impossibilities.
 RODERIGO Easy, easy, easy! I'll seize the young girl; stop
 25 you the old man; stay you the old woman.
 LUIS How then?
 RODERIGO I'll fly off with the young bird, that's all. Many of
 our Spanish gallants act these merry parts every night.
 They are weak and old, we young and sprightly. Will
 30 you assist me?
 LUIS Troth, Roderigo, anything in the way of honour.
 RODERIGO For a wench, man, any course is honourable.
 LUIS Nay, not any. Her father, if he be her father, may be
 noble.
 35 RODERIGO I am as noble.
 LUIS Would the adventure were so!
 RODERIGO Stand close, they come.
 [*They stand aloof, cover their faces, and draw their
 swords.*] *Enter Pedro, Maria, and Clara [veiled]*
 PEDRO 'Tis late. Would we were in Madrid!
 MARIA Go faster, my lord.
- PEDRO Clara, keep close. 40
 [*Luis, Diego, and Roderigo*] *seize them*
 CLARA Help, help, help!
 RODERIGO Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife.
Exit with Clara
- PEDRO What mean you, gentlemen?
 MARIA Villains! thieves! murderers!
 PEDRO Do you know me? I am De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes. 45
 LUIS De Cortes?—Diego, come away.
Exeunt [Luis and Diego]
- PEDRO
 Clara!—Where is my daughter?
 MARIA Clara!—These villains
 Have robbed us of our comfort and will, I fear,
 Her of her honour.
 PEDRO This had not wont
 To be our Spanish fashion; but now our gallants, 50
 Our gentry, our young dons, heated with wine
 (A fire our countrymen do seldom sit at),
 Commit these outrages.—Clara!—Maria,
 Let's homeward. I will raise Madrid to find
 These traitors to all goodness.—Clara!
 MARIA Clara! *Exeunt* 55
- Enter Luis and Diego [as at night]* I. 2
- LUIS
 O Diego, I am lost, I am mad!
 DIEGO So we are all.
 LUIS
 'Tis not with wine. I'm drunk with too much horror,
 Inflamed with rage, to see us two made bawds
 To Roderigo's lust. Did not the old man 5
 Name De Cortes, Pedro de Cortes?
 DIEGO Sure he did.
 LUIS
 O Diego! As thou lov'st me, nay, on the forfeit
 Of thine own life or mine, seal up thy lips:
 Let 'em not name De Cortes.—Stay, stay, stay:
 Roderigo has into his father's house 10
 A passage through a garden—
 DIEGO Yes, my lord.
 LUIS
 Thither I must find Roderigo out

I. I. 6 *boraccio* drunkard (literally, bag in
 which Spaniards keep wine)
 sack... *canary* sweet wines from Spain
 and its islands
calentura sunstroke, delirium
 7 *cups* (as in 'beercan' or 'shot glass')
 9 *Do* (perhaps suggesting the sexual sense
 'fuck')
 11 *thing* lascivious plaything (suggesting the
 slang sense 'genitals')
 12 *but this* i.e. 'only this big', small
 13-14 *face... glimpse* (because, like other

respectable Spanish women, she was
 veiled. His not seeing or recognizing her
 face is crucial to the plot.)
 13 *scarce* scarcely, barely
 14-15 *fruit... tree* proverbially, a tree is
 known by its fruit (Matthew 12:33)
 25 *stay you* you stop
 27 *bird* (a) girl (b) prey. (Wild birds were
 trapped and eaten as a regular part of
 the early modern diet.)
 37 *close* (a) together (b) hidden, secretly
 38 *Madrid* (Not the setting in Cervantes, but

where Prince Charles stayed in 1623.)
 39 *Go walk*
 42 *crying out* calling for help (but also used
 of the cries of a woman in labour)
be your midwife (a) minister to your
 distress (b) help you bring a child to
 birth, i.e. by impregnating you
 43 *mean you* are your intentions
 49 *had not wont* did not use
 51 *dons* aristocrats
 54 *raise* alert, call out
 I. 2. 9 *Stay wait*

And check him, check him home; if be but dare—
 No more!—Diego, along! My soul does fight
 15 A thousand battles blacker than this night. *Exeunt*

I.3 [A bed.] Enter Roderigo and Clara [as at night]

CLARA
 Though the black veil of night hath overclouded
 The world in darkness, yet ere many hours
 The sun will rise again, and then this act
 Of my dishonour will appear before you
 5 More black than is the canopy that shrouds it.
 What are you? Pray, what are you?

RODERIGO Husht!—a friend, a friend.

CLARA
 A friend? Be then a gentle ravisher,
 An honourable villain: as you have
 10 Disrobed my youth of nature's goodliest portion,
 My virgin purity, so with your sword
 Let out that blood which is infected now
 By your soul-staining lust.

RODERIGO Pish!

CLARA Are you noble?
 I know you then will marry me. Say!

RODERIGO Umh.

CLARA
 Not speak to me? Are wanton devils dumb?
 15 How are so many harmless virgins wrought
 By falsehood of prevailing words to yield
 Too easy forfeits of their shames and liberty,
 If every orator of folly plead
 In silence, like this untongued piece of violence?
 You shall not from me.
 [She holds him]

RODERIGO Phew!—no more.

CLARA You shall not.
 20 Whoe'er you are—disease of nature's sloth,
 Birth of some monstrous sin, or scourge of virtue,
 Heaven's wrath and mankind's burden—I will hold
 you.
 I will. Be rough, and therein merciful;
 I will not loose my hold else.

RODERIGO [offering money] There. 'Tis gold.

CLARA
 Gold? Why, alas, for what? The hire of pleasure
 Perhaps is payment; mine is misery.
 I need no wages for a ruined name
 More than a bleeding heart.

RODERIGO Nay, then, you're troublesome.
 [He shakes her off]
 I'll lock you safe enough.
Exit [locking the door behind him]

CLARA
 They cannot fear
 30 Whom grief hath armed with hate and scorn of life.
 Revenge, I kneel to thee!—Alas, 'gainst whom?
 By what name shall I pull confusion down
 From justice on his head that hath betrayed me?
 I know not where I am. Up, I beseech thee,
 35 Thou lady regent of the air, the moon,
 And lead me by thy light to some brave vengeance!
 It is a chamber, sure. The guilty bed
 (Sad evidence against my loss of honour)
 Assures so much. What's here, a window-curtain?
 40 [She opens the curtain]
 O heaven, the stars appear too! Ha, a chamber?
 A goodly one. Dwells rape in such a paradise?—
 Help me, my quickened senses! 'Tis a garden
 To which this window guides the covetous prospect,
 A large one and a fair one; in the midst
 45 A curious alabaster fountain stands,
 Framed like—like what? No matter. Swift, remem-
 brance!
 Rich furniture within too—and what's this?
 A precious crucifix!
 [She takes the crucifix, and conceals it in her
 sleeve]
 I have enough.
 [She closes the curtain]
 Assist me, O you powers that guard the innocent!
 50 *Enter Roderigo*

RODERIGO Now—

CLARA Welcome, if you come armed in destruction:
 I am prepared to die.

RODERIGO Tell me your name
 And what you are.

CLARA You urge me to a sin
 As cruel as your lust; I dare not grant it.
 Think on the violence of my defame
 55 And, if you mean to write upon my grave
 An epitaph of peace, forbear to question
 Or whence or who I am. I know the heat
 Of your desires are (after the performance
 Of such a hellish act) by this time drowned
 60 In cooler streams of penance, and for my part

13 **check** obstruct, rebuke

home thoroughly

I.3.2 **ere** before

5 **canopy** (a) sky (b) covering over a bed
shrouds covers (like the wrappings
 around a corpse)

6 **friend** (slang for 'illicit lover')

11 **infected** stained (according to a belief
 that rape polluted even an innocent
 victim)

14 **dumb** mute

15 **wrought** made

24 **Be rough** i.e. kill me

25 **loose** let go of

26 **hire** salary, recompense

28 **name** reputation

33 **confusion** destruction

36 **regent** ruler during absence of the
 monarch (the sun)

38 **chamber** bedroom, private room

43 **quickened** roused, sharpened (but also
 suggesting 'pregnant')

44 **covetous prospect** greedy eye

46 **curious** exquisitely wrought

49 **precious** 'made of solid silver' (Cervantes)

53 **what** what class or kind of person

55 **defame** defamation, ruined reputation

58 **Or whence** either from where

- I have washed off the leprosy that cleaves
To my just shame in true and honest tears.
I must not leave a mention of my wrongs,
65 The stain of my unspotted birth, to memory.
Let it lie buried with me in the dust,
That never time hereafter may report
How such a one as you have made me live.
Be resolute, and do not stagger; do not,
For I am nothing.
- 70 RODERIGO Sweet, let me enjoy thee
Now with a free allowance.
- CLARA Ha, enjoy me?
Insufferable villain!
- RODERIGO Peace! Speak low.
I mean no second force. And since I find
Such goodness in an unknown frame of virtue,
75 Forgive my foul attempt, which I shall grieve for
So heartily that, could you be yourself
Eyewitness to my constant vowed repentance,
Trust me, you'd pity me.
- CLARA Sir, you can speak now.
- RODERIGO So much I am the executioner
80 Of mine own trespass that I have no heart
Nor reason to disclose my name or quality;
You must excuse me that. But, trust me, fair one,
Were this ill deed undone, this deed of wickedness,
I would be proud to court your love like him
85 Whom my first birth presented to the world.
This for your satisfaction: what remains,
That you can challenge as a service from me,
I both expect and beg it.
- CLARA First, that you swear,
Neither in riot of your mirth, in passion
90 Of friendship, or in folly of discourse,
To speak of wrongs done to a ravished maid.
- RODERIGO As I love truth, I swear!
- CLARA Next, that you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes, ere the morning rise.
- RODERIGO Say more.
- 95 CLARA Live a new man. If e'er you marry—
O me, my heart's a-breaking!—but if e'er
You marry, in a constant love to her
That shall be then your wife, redeem the fault
- Of my undoing. I am lost for ever.
Pray, use no more words.
- RODERIGO You must give me leave 100
To veil you close.
- CLARA Do what you will. No time
Can ransom me from sorrows or dishonours.
[Roderigo veils her]
Shall we now go?
- RODERIGO My shame may live without me,
But in my soul I bear my guilt about me.
Lend me your hand; now follow. *Exeunt*
- Enter Luis, Diego, and a servant [as at night]* 1.4
LUIS [to servant] Not yet come in, not yet?
- SERVANT No, I'll assure your lordship; I've seldom known him
Keep out so long; my lord usually observes
More seasonable hours.
- LUIS What time of night is't? 5
- SERVANT On the stroke of three.
- LUIS The stroke of three? 'Tis wondrous strange! Dost
hear?
- SERVANT My lord?
- LUIS Ere six I will be here again.
Tell thy lord so: ere six. A must not sleep;
Or if a do, I shall be bold to wake him. 10
Be sure thou tell'st him, do.
- SERVANT My lord, I shall. *Exit*
LUIS Diego,
- Walk thou the street that leads about the Prado;
I'll round the west part of the city; meet me
At the Inquisition chapel. If we miss him,
We'll both back to his lodgings.
- DIEGO At the chapel? 15
- LUIS Ay, there we'll meet.
- DIEGO Agreed.—I this way.
Exit Luis [at one door]
- Enter Don Juan [at another door]*
- JUAN (reading)
'She is not noble, true; wise nature meant
Affection should ennoble her descent,
For love and beauty keeps as rich a seat
Of sweetness in the mean-born as the great.' 20
—I am resolved. *Exit*

62 **leprosy** (conventionally attributed to promiscuous women)
cleaves adheres

70 **enjoy** sexually possess

72 **low** quietly

75 **attempt** assault

78 **speak** i.e. reveal your identity (as she had asked at l. 6)

81 **quality** rank, status

86 **what** whatever

87 **challenge** demand, claim

94 **last fortunes** final fate (suggesting imminent death, or at least that he will never see her again)

99 **my undoing** your ruin of me

101 **close** closely, securely

103 **My... without me** 'I may be able to live without the presence of shame' (which is social, and—in contrast to *guilt*—depends on whether others know what he has done)

1.4.1 **in** home

2 **him** Roderigo

9 **A** he

12 **Prado** then a place of recreation in eastern Madrid, frequented by the nobility

14 **Inquisition chapel** (in the centre of Madrid; for Protestants, emblematic of Catholic tyranny)

18 **Affection** love, i.e. marriage
descent lineage, pedigree

DIEGO 'Tis Roderigo certainly.
 Yet his voice makes me doubt; but I'll o'erhear him.
Exit [following Juan]

1.5 *Enter Luis [as at night]*

LUIS
 That I, ay, only I should be the man
 Made accessory and a party both
 To mine own torment, at a time so near
 The birth of all those comforts I have travailed with
 5 So many, many hours of hopes and fears,
 Now at the instant—
Enter Roderigo

Ha! Stand! Thy name,
 Truly and speedily.

RODERIGO Don Luis?
 LUIS The same.
 But who art thou? Speak!

RODERIGO Roderigo.
 LUIS Tell me,
 As you're a noble gentleman, as ever
 10 You hope to be enrolled amongst the virtuous,
 As you love goodness, as you wish t'inherit
 The blessedness and fellowship of angels,
 As you are my friend, as you are Roderigo,
 As you are anything that would deserve
 15 A worthy name: where have you been tonight?
 O, how have you disposed of that fair creature
 Whom you led captive from me? Speak, O speak!
 Where, how, when, in what usage have you left her?
 Truth, I require all truth.

RODERIGO Though I might question
 20 The strangeness of your importunity,
 Yet, 'cause I note distraction in the height
 Of curiosity, I will be plain
 And brief.

LUIS I thank you, sir.
 RODERIGO Instead of feeding
 Too wantonly upon so rich a banquet,
 25 I found, even in that beauty that invited me,
 Such a commanding majesty of chaste
 And humbly glorious virtue, that it did not
 More check my rash attempt than draw to ebb
 The float of those desires, which in an instant
 30 Were cooled in their own streams of shame and folly.

LUIS Now all increase of honours
 Fall in full showers on thee, Roderigo,
 The best man living!

RODERIGO You are much transported
 With this discourse, methinks.

LUIS Marry, I am.
 She told ye her name too?

RODERIGO I could not urge it
 35 By any importunity.
 LUIS Better still!
 Where did you leave her?
 RODERIGO Where I found her; farther
 She would by no means grant me to wait on her.
 O Luis, I am lost!

LUIS This selfsame lady
 Was she to whom I have been long a suitor,
 40 And shortly hope to marry.

RODERIGO
 She your mistress then? Luis, since friendship
 And noble honesty conjures our loves
 To a continued league, here I unclasp
 The secrets of my heart. O, I have had
 45 A glimpse of such a creature that deserves
 A temple! If thou lov'st her—and I blame thee not,
 For who can look on her and not give up
 His life unto her service?—if thou lov'st her,
 For pity's sake conceal her. Let me not
 50 As much as know her name; there's a temptation in't.
 Let me not know her dwelling, birth, or quality,
 Or anything that she calls hers, but thee;
 In thee, my friend, I'll see her. And t'avoid
 The surfeits and those rarities that tempt me,
 55 So much I prize the happiness of friendship
 That I will leave the city—

LUIS Leave it?
 RODERIGO Speed me
 For Salamanca, court my studies now
 For physic 'gainst infection of the mind.

LUIS
 You do amaze me.

RODERIGO Here to live, and live
 60 Without her, is impossible and wretched.
 For heaven's sake, never tell her what I was,
 Or that you know me! And when I find that absence
 Hath lost her to my memory, I'll dare
 To see ye again. Meantime, the cause that draws me
 65 From hence shall be to all the world untold;
 No friend but thou alone, for whose sake only
 I undertake this voluntary exile,
 Shall be partaker of my griefs. Thy hand.
[They shake hands]

Farewell. And all the pleasures, joys, contents
 70 That bless a constant lover, henceforth crown thee
 A happy bridegroom!

LUIS You have conquered friendship
 Beyond example.
Enter Diego

DIEGO Ha, ha, ha! Some one
 That hath slept well tonight, should a but see me

1.5.4 travailed with had labour pains for	'unsuccessful intention')	university founded in 1200 (172 miles
21 distraction madness	29 float flood-tide	from Madrid)
28 check rebuke (but suggesting 'obstruct,	33 transported rapt	59 physic medical treatment
prevent')	42 mistress beloved	73 example precedent
attempt assault (but suggesting	58 Salamanca site of a famous Spanish	

- 75 Thus merry by myself, might justly think
I were not well in my wits.
- LUIS Diego?
- DIEGO Yes,
'Tis I, and I've had a fine vagary,
The rarest wild-goose chase!
- LUIS 'T'as made thee melancholy.
- DIEGO Don Roderigo here? 'Tis well you met him—
- 80 For though I missed him, yet I met an accident
Has almost made me burst with laughter.
- LUIS How so?
- DIEGO I'll tell you: as we parted, I perceived
A walking thing before me, strangely tickled
With rare conceited raptures. Him I dogged,
85 Supposing 't'ad been Roderigo landed
From his new pinnace, deep in contemplation
Of the sweet voyage he stole tonight.
- RODERIGO You're pleasant.
- LUIS Prithce, who was't?
- RODERIGO Not I.
- DIEGO You're i' the right, not you indeed;
90 For 'twas that noble gentleman Don Juan,
Son to the Count Francisco de Carcámo.
- LUIS In love, it seems?
- DIEGO Yes, peppered, o' my life.
Much good may't do him! I'd not be so limed
For my cap full of double pistols.
- LUIS What should his mistress be?
- 95 DIEGO That's yet a riddle
Beyond my resolution—but o' late
I have observed him often to frequent
The sports the Gypsies newly come to th' city
Present.
- LUIS 'Tis said there is a creature with 'em,
Though young of years, yet of such absolute beauty,
Dexterity of wit, and general qualities,
That Spain reports of her, not without admiration.
- DIEGO Have you seen her?
- LUIS Never.
- DIEGO Nor you, my lord?
- RODERIGO I not remember.
- DIEGO Why then, you never saw the prettiest toy
That ever sung or danced.
- LUIS Is she a Gypsy?
- DIEGO In her condition, not in her complexion.
I tell you once more, 'tis a spark of beauty
Able to set a world at gaze: the sweetest,
110 The wittiest rogue! Shall's see 'em? They have fine
gambols,
Are mightily frequented; court and city
Flock to 'em, but the country does 'em worship.
This little ape gets money by the sackful;
115 It trolls upon her.
- LUIS [*to Roderigo*] Will ye with us, friend?
- RODERIGO You know my other projects; sights to me
Are but vexations.
- LUIS O, you must be merry!—
Diego, we'll to th' Gypsies.
- DIEGO Best take heed
You be not snapped.
- LUIS How snapped?
- DIEGO By that little fairy.
120 'T'as a shrewd tempting face and a notable tongue.
- LUIS I fear not either.
- DIEGO Go, then.
- LUIS [*to Roderigo*] Will you with us?
- RODERIGO I'll come after. *Exeunt Luis and Diego*
125 Pleasure and Youth like smiling evils woo us
To taste new follies; tasted, they undo us. *Exit*

77 **vagary** wander, meander78 **wild-goose chase** (proverbial)**melancholy** hysterical84 **conceited** far-fetched poetic85 **landed** disembarked, dismounted86 **pinnace** small light vessel, often in attendance on a larger one—hence 'bit on the side', 'light woman' that a man 'boards' and rides87 **voyage** sexual adventure
stole secretly and dishonestly acquired, 'snuck'

You're pleasant 'very funny' (sarcastic), or 'you're drunk'

92 **peppered** (a) pounded, physically punished (b) infected with venereal disease93 **limed** (a) trapped, as birds are by birdlime (b) mated sexually94 **double pistols** Spanish gold coins98 **sports** pastimes, amusements (perhaps also 'sexual dalliance')101 **qualities** (a) natural talents (b) learned accomplishments102 **reports of** (a) describes (b) resounds with talk about109 **condition** (a) circumstances (b) behaviour**complexion** 'skin colour' (Gypsies being considered darker than the English) and 'temperament' (of which skin colour was thought to be symptomatic)111 **at gaze** gazing, in dazed spectatorship112 **Shall's** shall we**gambols** leaping tricks, child-like frolics, toys114 **country** rural population (stereotypically ignorant and superstitious)**does 'em worship** pays them homage (as if they were people of high rank, instead of outcasts), reveres them115 **ape** (comparing Preciosa to a perform-

ing animal, mimic)

116 **trolls** rolls in, flows down (but also suggesting 'sings'—the means by which she gets it, in Cervantes)120 **snapped** suddenly bitten, snatched
fairy diminutive supernatural enchantress (Preciosa)121 'T'as it has ('it' being used of fairies and children)
shrewd dangerously, sharply (perhaps punning on 'shrewish')**notable** remarkable (but punning on 'note-able', capable of musical notes)
tongue (for singing, witty conversation, or sexual pleasure; but also the chief attribute of a nagging 'shrew', which a man might fear)126 **Pleasure and Youth** (like characters in allegorical plays or masques)
evils crimes, sins, diseases



2.1 *Incipit Actus Secundus*
Enter the old Father of the Gypsies, Carlo, and
Antonio [all properly habited as Gypsies]
 FATHER Come, my brave boys! The tailor's shears has cut
 us into shapes fitting our trade.
 CARLO A trade free as a mason's.
 ANTONIO A trade brave as a courtier's—for some of them
 5 do but shark, and so do we.
 FATHER Gypsies, but no tanned ones; no red-ochre rascals
 umbered with soot and bacon as the English Gypsies
 are, that sally out upon pullen, lie in *emboscado* for
 a rope of onions, as if they were Welsh freebooters.
 10 No, our style has higher steps to climb over: Spanish
 Gypsies, noble Gypsies!
 CARLO
 I never knew nobility in baseness.
 FATHER Baseness? The arts of *Cocoquismo* and Germania,
 used by our Spanish *picaros*—I mean filching, foisting,
 15 nimming, lifting—we defy. None in our college shall
 study 'em; such graduates we degrade.
 ANTONIO
 I am glad Spain has an honest company.
 FATHER
 We'll entertain no mountebanking stroll,
 No piper, fiddler, tumbler through small hoops,
 20 No ape-carrier, baboon-bearer;
 We must have nothing stale, trivial, or base.
 Am I your *mayordomo*, your *teniente*,

Your captain, your commander?
 ANTONIO Who but you?
 FATHER So then: now being entered Madrid, the enchanted
 circle of Spain, have a care to your new lessons. 25
 BOTH [CARLO and ANTONIO] We listen.
 FATHER Plough deep furrows, to catch deep root in
 th'opinion of the best, *grandes*, dukes, marquesses,
condes and other *titulados*; show your sports to none
 but them. What can you do with three or four fools in 30
 a dish, and a blockhead cut into sippets?
 ANTONIO Scurvy meat!
 FATHER The Lacedemonians threw their beards over their
 shoulders, to observe what men did behind them as well
 as before; you must do so. 35
 BOTH [CARLO and ANTONIO] We shall never do't. Our
 muzzles are too short.
 FATHER Be not English Gypsies, in whose company a man's
 not sure of the ears of his head, they so pilfer! No
 such angling; what you pull to land, catch fair. There 40
 is no iron so foul but may be gilded, and our Gypsy
 profession (how base soever in show) may acquire
 commendations.
 CARLO Gypsies, and yet pick no pockets?
 FATHER Infamous and rogyu! So handle your webs, 45
 that they never come to be woven in the loom of
 justice. Take anything that's given you (purses, knives,
 handkerchiefs, rosaries, tweezers, any toy, any money);
 refuse not a *maravedi*, a blank. Feather by feather birds
 build nests; grain pecked up after grain makes pullen 50
 fat.

2.1.0.2 *Father* leader, elder
 0.3 *habited* dressed
 1 *brave* fine
 boys lads (younger than him, with not
 much hair on their chins; imagined in
 college, taking lessons)
 3 *free*...*mason's* master stone-workers,
 free to travel wherever there were major
 building projects
 5 *but shark* only sponge off others, behave
 in a predatory way
 6-7 *tanned*...*bacon* (allusions to stereo-
 typical reddish-brown Gypsy complexion)
 7 *umbered* (artificially) darkened (like
 actors pretending to be Gypsies)
 bacon smoked ham
 8 *sally out* make a military sortie (ironic)
 pullen poultry
 emboscado ambush (Spanish)
 9 *rope* string
 onions (stereotypical Welsh cuisine)
 freebooters pirates, adventurers
 10 *style* (punning on 'stile')
 11 *noble Gypsies* oxymoron ('aristocratic
 homeless vagrants', 'magnanimous
 crooks'), but also alluding to the Eng-
 lish noblemen who played Gypsies in
 Jonson's masque (see Introduction).
 13 *Cocoquismo* and *Germania* jargon of
 Gypsies and thieves. (Like many phrases

in this scene, taken from James Mabbe's
 translation of Mateo Aleman's classic
 picaresque novel, *Guzman de Alfarache*.)
 14 *picaros* wanderers, rogues
 foisting picking pockets
 15 *nimming* seizing
 lifting stealing
 defy denounce, renounce
 college (treating the Gypsy band as
 an elect fraternity with strict rules and
 hierarchy)
 16 *degrade* (punning on 'graduates')
 17 *company* trade association like the
 London guilds. (Spain's only 'honest
 company' is a band of Gypsies?)
 18-20 *We'll*...*baboon-bearer* (satirizing the
 repertoire of the rival Hope Theatre)
 18 *entertain* host, welcome
 mountebanking stroll itinerant charlatan
 20 *ape-carrier, baboon-bearer* trainers who
 taught primates to perform tricks to
 amuse paying spectators
 22 *mayordomo* steward (Spanish)
 teniente lieutenant (Spanish)
 24-5 *enchanted circle* circle drawn by a
 conjurer, summoning spirits or devils, to
 keep them out (or in)
 28 *grandes* aristocrats (Spanish)
 29 *condes* counts (Spanish)

titulados people with grand titles (jocular
 Spanish)
 30 *fools* (a) foolish people, professional
 jesters (b) custards
 31 *blockhead* dummy (but imagined as a
 kind of meat, like a baked boar's head,
 or a bird called the blackhead)
 sippets small pieces, esp. bits of fried or
 toasted bread served with soup, etc.
 32 *Scurvy meat* rotten food
 33 *Lacedemonians* inhabitants of ancient
 Sparta
 37 *muzzles*...*short* chins don't have
 enough long hair on them
 40 *angling* using a fishing-line to steal
 sheets and clothes (but punning on
 'Angland')
 45 *webs* hands (compared to webbed feet of
 a duck, or spiderwebs); but punning on
 'woven fabric'
 46 *woven in the loom* i.e. entangled in the
 machine, which catches loose yarn and
 fixes it in a tight weave
 48 *rosaries* (specifically Catholic devo-
 tional beads, here grouped with various
 worthless trifles)
 49 *maravedi* very small Spanish copper coin
 worth sixpence
 blank small silver coin

- ANTONIO The best is, we Spaniards are no great feeders.
 FATHER If one city cannot maintain us, away to another!
 Our horses must have wings. Does Madrid yield no
 55 money? Seville shall. Is Seville close-fisted? Valladolid is
 open; so Cordova, so Toledo. Do not our Spanish wines
 please us? Italian can then, French can. Preferment's
 bow is hard to draw; set all your strengths to it. What
 you get, keep: all the world is a second Rochelle. Make
 60 all sure, for you must not look to have your dinner
 served in with trumpets.
- CARLO No, no, sack-butts shall serve us.
 FATHER When you have money, hide it. Sell all our horses
 but one.
- ANTONIO Why one?
 FATHER 'Tis enough to carry our apparel and trinkets, and
 the less our ambler eats, our cheer is the better. None be
 sluttish, none thievish, none lazy; all bees, no drones,
 and our hives shall yield us honey.
*Enter Eugenia, Preciosa, and Christiana [in new
 Gypsy clothes], and Cardochia*
- PRECIOSA
 70 See, father, how I'm fitted! How do you like
 This our new stock of clothes?
- FATHER My sweet girl, excellent!—
 [To Cardochia] See their old robes be safe.
- CARDOCHIA That, sir, I'll look to.
 Whilst in my house you lie, what thief soever
 Lays hands upon your goods, call but to me,
 I'll make thee satisfaction.
- 75 FATHER Thanks, good hostess!
- CARDOCHIA
 People already throng into the inn
 And call for you into their private rooms.
- FATHER No chamber comedies! Hostess, ply you your tide;
 flow let 'em to a full sea, but we'll show no pastime till
 after dinner, and that in a full ring of good people, the
 80 best, the noblest. No closet sweetmeats; pray, tell 'em
 so.
- CARDOCHIA I shall. *Exit*
- FATHER
 How old is Preciosa?
- EUGENIA Twelve and upwards.
- PRECIOSA I am in my teens, assure you, mother. As little
 85 as I am, I have been taken for an elephant, castles and
 lordships offered to be set upon me, if I would bear 'em;
 why, your smallest clocks are the prettiest things to
 carry about gentlemen.
- EUGENIA Nay, child, thou wilt be tempted. 90
- PRECIOSA Tempted? Though I am no mark in respect of a
 huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bibbers have shot
 at me, and shot golden arrows. But I myself gave aim,
 thus: 'Wide, four bows!'—'Short, three and a half!'
 They that crack me shall find me as hard as a nut of
 95 Galicia. A parrot I am, but my teeth too tender to crack
 a wanton's almond.
- FATHER
 Thou art my noble girl! A-many dons
 Will not believe but that thou art a boy
 In woman's clothes—and to try that conclusion,
 100 To see if thou be'st alchemy or no,
 They'll throw down gold in musses. But, Preciosa,

52 **Spaniards... feeders** alluding to the notoriously skimpy Spanish diet (subject of many English complaints in 1623; satirized in *Game at Chess* 5.3)

58 **bow... draw** (alluding to the bow of Odysseus, which no one but himself could draw)

59 **Rochelle** characterized in *Guzman* as a place for self-seekers who 'keep what they get'

62 **sack-butts** cask of Spanish wine (126 gallons)—but punning on 'sackbuts' (musical instruments resembling a trumpet, with a slide like a modern trombone)
 serve satisfy

63-4 **horses but one** (stereotypically, several Gypsies rode on a single horse)

67 **cheer** (a) food supply (b) frame of mind

68 **sluttish** (a) slovenly (b) sexually immoral
bees (traditional image of ideal community)

73 **house** public house, inn

78 **chamber comedies** bedroom farces

ply... tide (a) 'use the tide' to work a ship upriver, to windward, etc. (b) take

advantage of your opportunity (c) assiduously keep offering your wine (to customers)

80 **ring** circle (as in outdoor amphitheatres and innyards)

81 **closet** private room, bedroom
sweetmeats (a) candy or sugared pastry (b) 'goodies', delicious lascivious bodies, sexual favours

84 **Preciosa** 'precious' (Spanish)
Twelve and upwards (the age of the Infanta of Spain; Preciosa is fifteen in Cervantes)

86 **elephant** (often pictured with a 'castle'—roofed wooden structure, enclosing its riders—on its back)

87 **bear 'em** support their weight (sexually), bare them

88 **smallest clocks** personal timepieces, watches (new and fashionable)

92 **butt** (a) archery target (b) wine cask (c) buttock

bibbers heavy drinkers, imbibers

93 **golden arrows** i.e. offers of money

gave aim measured how far the arrows

fell from their target

94 **bows** bow-lengths

96 **Galicia** area of north-west Spain (most famous in 1623 as the home of Gondomar, hated Spanish ambassador to Britain, satirized as the Black Knight in *Game at Chess*)

parrot i.e. small brightly-decorated creature, who has been taught to repeat words (in her case, songs)

97 **wanton's lecher's**

almond (proverbially, food for which parrots would perform; here, offered by a 'wanton' seducer to tempt the 'parrot' Preciosa)

98 **A-many many**, a great number of

99 **Will... but** insist on believing, refuse to believe anything but

thou... boy (literally true, because the part would have been played by a boy actor)

100 **try test**

101 **alchemy** (a) metal which imitates gold (b) marvellous or magical transformation

102 **musses** heaps to scramble for

Let these proud sakers and gyrfalcons fly;
Do not thou move a wing. Be to thyself
Thyself, and not a changeling.

105 PRECIOSA How! Not a changeling?
Yes, father, I will play the changeling:
I'll change myself into a thousand shapes
To court our brave spectators; I'll change my postures
Into a thousand different variations
110 To draw even ladies' eyes to follow mine;
I'll change my voice into a thousand tones
To chain attention. Not a changeling, father?
None but myself shall play the changeling.

FATHER
Do what thou wilt, Preciosa.
A beating within
Enter Cardochia
What noise is this?

CARDOCHIA
115 Here's gentlemen swear all the oaths in Spain
They have seen you, must see you, and will see you.

FATHER To drown this noise, let 'em enter.
[*Cardochia opens the door.*] *Enter Sancho and Soto*

SANCHO 'Swounds! Is your playhouse an inn? A gentleman
cannot see you without crumpling his taffeta cloak.

120 SOTO Nay, more than a gentleman, his man being a
diminutive don too.

SANCHO Is this the little ape does the fine tricks?
PRECIOSA 'Come aloft, Jack-little-ape!'
SANCHO Would my jack might come aloft! Please you to
125 set the watermill with the ivory cogs in't a-grinding my
handful of purging comfits.

[*He offers her comfits*]
SOTO My master desires to have you loose from your
company.
PRECIOSA Am I a pigeon, think you, to be caught with
cumin seeds? a fly to glue my wings to sweetmeats, 130
and so be ta'en?
SANCHO [*to Father*] When do your gambols begin?
FATHER Not till we ha' dined.
SANCHO 'Sfoot! Then your bellies will be so full, you'll be
able to do nothing.—Soto, prithee, set a good face on't, 135
for I cannot, and give the little monkey that letter.
SOTO Walk off and hum to yourself.
[*Sancho stands aloof. Soto delivers a letter to Preciosa, reading from its superscription*]
'I dedicate, sweet destiny (into whose hand every Spaniard
desires to put a distaff), these lines of love—'
EUGENIA What, 'love'? What's the matter? 140
SOTO Grave Mother Bumby, the mark's out o' your mouth.
FATHER What's the paper? From whom comes it?
SOTO The commodity wrapped up in the paper are verses;
the warming-pan that puts heat into 'em, yon fire-
brained bastard of Helicon. 145
SANCHO Hum, hum.
FATHER [*to Soto*] What's your master's name?
SOTO His name is Don Tomazo Portocarrero, nuncle to
young Don Hortado de Mendonça, cousin-german to
the Conde de Tendilla, and natural brother to Francisco
de Bovadilla, one of the *comendadors* of Alcantara, a
gentleman of long standing. 150
FATHER And of as long a style.
PRECIOSA Verses? I love good ones; let me see 'em.
SANCHO [*advancing*] Good ones? If they were not good ones, 155
they should not come from me; at the name of verses I
can stand on no ground.

103 **sakers** peregrine hawks
gyrfalcons large northern falcons
104 **Do... wing** (Preciosa is imagined
as a small vulnerable bird, whom the
predators will spot and pounce upon
if she moves; she should remain still,
constant, unmoved by attempts to move
her.)
105-13 **not a changeling... play the
changeling** (apparently an allusion to
Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling*,
performed by the same company)
105 **changeling** (a) fickle, inconstant person
(b) child stolen in infancy (c) one person
substituted for another
114.1 **beating** (pounding on a door or
playing a drum)
117.1 **Sancho** (name of a famous comic
character in *Don Quixote*; first appear-
ance of the name in an extant English
play)
117.2 **Soto** (suggesting *sot*, 'fool, drunkard')
118 **'Swounds** by God's wounds (a very
strong oath, referring to the crucifixion)
120 **man** servant
122 **this** (Preciosa)

123 **Come... Jack-little-ape** (playing on
'come aloft, jackanapes', the ape-trainer's
command for an animal to begin per-
forming tricks)
124 **Would... aloft** i.e. I wish I could get an
erection
125 **ivory cogs** i.e. white teeth, compared to
the 'cogs' of the mill-wheel
126 **purging** laxative
comfits sweets, candied fruit
127 **loose** (a) free, detached (b) with loose
bowels (c) naked (d) sexually lax, promis-
cuous
130 **cumin seeds** (a) used to lure pigeons
to a dove-cote (b) alluding to Matthew
23:23 ('hypocrites... pay tithes of...
cumin, and have omitted the weightier
matters of the law')
134 **'Sfoot!** by God's foot (strong oath)
135 **face** appearance, explanation
136 **I cannot** (because he does not have a
'good face')
139 **distaff** staff used in spinning, emblem of
'destiny' (because the Fates of classical
mythology spun the web of a man's
destiny) and of female domestic labour;

here, the context also suggests 'erect
penis'
lines (punning on 'loins')
140 **matter** subject (but also suggesting
'female genitals')
141 **Mother Bumby** (famous fortune-teller;
title character of Lyly's *Mother Bombie*)
the mark's... mouth you are too
old (comparing the old woman to a
horse, whose age can be determined by
examining the gums)
145 **Helicon** Greek mountain sacred to the
muses
148-51 **Don... Alcantara** (Spaniards were
often satirized for their pride in lineage;
this haphazard string of grandiose titles is
collected from *Guzman*.)
148 **nuncle** uncle (colloquially incongruous
here)
150 **natural** (a) bastard (b) idiot
156 **verses** (perhaps punning on the legal
term *versus*)
156-7 **I... ground** (a) I can stand even
when there is nothing to stand on (b) my
claims are groundless

- PRECIOSA [*opening the paper*] Here's gold too!—Whose is this?
- 160 SANCHO Whose but yours? If there be any fault in the verses, I can mend it extempore; for a stitch in a man's stocking, not taken up in time, ravel's out all the rest.
- SOTO [*aside*] Botcherly poetry, botcherly!
- PRECIOSA Verses and gold! These then are golden verses.
- 165 SANCHO Had every verse a pearl in the eye, it should be thine.
- PRECIOSA A pearl in mine eye! I thank you for that; do you wish me blind?
- SANCHO Ay, by this light do I, that you may look upon nobody's rhymes but mine.
- 170 PRECIOSA I should be blind indeed then.
- FATHER [*to Sancho*] Pray, sir, read your verses.
- SANCHO Shall I sing 'em or say 'em?
- FATHER Which you can best.
- 175 SOTO [*aside*] Both scurvily.
- SANCHO I'll set out a throat then.
- SOTO Do, master, and I'll run division behind your back.
- SANCHO [*sings*]
- O that I were a bee to sing
Hum, buzz, buzz, hum! I first would bring
180 Home honey to your hive, and there leave my sting.
- SOTO [*sings*]
- He maunders.
- SANCHO [*sings*]
- O that I were a goose, to feed
At your barn-door! Such corn I need;
Nor would I bite, but goslings breed.
- SOTO [*sings*]
- 185 And ganders.
- SANCHO [*sings*]
- O that I were your needle's eye!
How through your linen would I fly
And never leave one stitch awry!
- SOTO [*sings*]
- He'll touse ye.
- SANCHO [*sings*]
- 190 O would I were one of your hairs,
- That you might comb out all my cares
And kill the nits of my despair!
- SOTO [*sings*]
- O lousy!
- SANCHO How? 'Lousy'! Can rhymes be lousy?
- OMNES No, no, they're excellent.
- FATHER [*to Sancho*] But are these all your own?
- SANCHO Mine own? Would I might never see ink drop out of the nose of any goose-quill more, if velvet cloaks have not clapped me for 'em! Do you like 'em?
- 200 PRECIOSA Past all compare!
- They shall be writ out; when you've as good or better,
For these and those, pray, book me down your debtor.
Your paper is long-lived, having two souls,
Verses and gold.
- SANCHO Would both those were in thy pretty little body,
205 sweet Gypsy!
- PRECIOSA A pistolet and this paper? 'Twould choke me.
- SOTO No more than a bribe does a constable. The verses will easily into your head; then buy what you like with the gold, and put it into your belly. I hope I ha' chewed
210 a good reason for you.
- SANCHO Will you chew my jennet ready, sir?
- SOTO And eat him down, if you say the word. *Exit*
- SANCHO Now the coxcomb my man is gone, because you're but a country company of strolls, I think your stock is
215 threadbare; here, mend it with this cloak . . .
- [*He gives them his cloak*]
- FATHER What do you mean, sir?
- SANCHO [*giving them*] . . . this scarf, this feather, and this hat.
- OMNES Dear senor!
- 220 SANCHO If they be never so dear—pox o' this hot ruff!—
Little Gypsy, wear thou that.
- [*He gives his ruff to Preciosa*]
- FATHER Your meaning, sir?
- SANCHO My meaning is: not to be an ass, to carry a
225 burden when I need not. If you show your gambols
forty leagues hence, I'll gallop to 'em. [*To Father*]

161–2 a **stitch** . . . **rest** (proverbial: a stitch in time saves nine)

161 **stitch** (punning on 'distich', Latin for 'couplet')

163 **botcherly** botched, badly made (but punning on *botcher*, 'tailor')

165 **pearl** (a) jewel (b) cataract

177 **division** ornamentation of a melodic line, or rhythmic accompaniment

180 **sting** (comparing intercourse to an insect's sting—which involves penetration, followed by swelling)

181 **maunders** (a) mutters (b) begs

182 **goose** (a) proverbially stupid fowl (b) simpleton

183 **barn-door** (suggesting 'bairn-door', aperture where babies enter the world, i.e. vagina)

184 **goslings** (a) young geese (b) foals

185 **ganders** he would breed (a) male geese (b) fools

186 **needle's eye** (punning on 'needles, I' or 'ay': *needle* was slang for 'penis')

187 **linen** underwear

189 **touse** dishevel, rumple, tumble, indelicately horse-play with

192 **nits** eggs of lice

193 **lousy** (a) infested with lice (b) contemptible, obscene

195 OMNES (Latin for 'All')

198 **nose** (suggested by 'neb', both the nib of a pen and the snout/nose of a human/animal)

goose-quill pen made from the wing-feathers of a goose (which, in the context, suggests 'fool's pen')

velvet cloaks (people wearing) expensive clothing

199 **clapped** (a) applauded (b) imprisoned

201 **writ out** copied down

202 **book me down** write me down in your account books

207 **pistolet** (a) Spanish coin (b) small pistol

207–8 **choke** . . . **constable** obstruct [*Preciosa's*] windpipe . . . 'perturb' or 'silence' a law officer

210 **put** . . . **belly** (proverbial)

chewed 'chewed over', ruminated upon

211 **reason** (punning on 'raisin')

212 **chew** (nonsense-verb, perhaps punning on 'shew' and 'shoe')

jennet small Spanish horse

215 **strolls** vagabonds (comparing Gypsies to provincial touring actors)

stock (a) capital (b) theatrical wardrobe

(c) stocking, sock

221 **dear** expensive

Farewell, old greybeard; [*to Eugenia*] adieu, Mother Mumble-crust; [*to Preciosa*] morrow, my little wart of beauty. *Exit*

Enter Don Juan, muffled, [behind them]

FATHER
230 So, harvest will come in! Such sunshine days
Will bring in golden sheaves, our markets raise.
Away to your task!

Exeunt [Gypsies]. Don Juan pulls Preciosa back

PRECIOSA Mother! Grandmother!

JUAN Two rows of kindred in one mouth?

235 EUGENIA [*returning*] Be not uncivil, sir. Thus have you used
her thrice.

JUAN Thrice? Three thousand more! May I not use mine
own?

PRECIOSA Your own! By what tenure?

240 JUAN Cupid entails this land upon me. I have wooed thee;
thou art coy. By this air, I am a bull of Tarifa, wild, mad
for thee! You trowed I was some copper coin; I am a
knight of Spain, Don Francisco de Cárcamo my father,
I Don Juan his son. This paper [*giving her a paper*] tells
245 you more.—Grumble not, old granam; [*giving Eugenia
money*] here's gold. For I must, by this white hand,
marry this cherry-lipped, sweet-mouthed villain.

PRECIOSA There's a thing called *quando*.

JUAN Instantly.

250 EUGENIA [*to Preciosa*] Art thou so willing?

JUAN Peace, threescore and five!

PRECIOSA Marry me? Eat a chicken ere it be out o'th' shell?
I'll wear no shackles. Liberty is sweet; that I have, that
I'll hold. Marry me? Can gold and lead mix together? a
255 diamond and a button of crystal fit one ring? You are
too high for me, I am too low; you too great, I too little.

EUGENIA [*to Juan*] I pray, leave her, sir, and take your gold
again.

PRECIOSA [*to Juan*] Or if you dote, as you say, let me try
260 you: do this.

JUAN Anything; kill the great Turk, pluck out the Mogul's
eye-teeth! In earnest, Preciosa, anything!

PRECIOSA Your task is soon set down: turn Gypsy for two
years. Be one of us. If in that time you mislike not me,
265 nor I you, here's my hand. Farewell. [*Exit*]

EUGENIA There's enough for your gold. [*Aside*] Witty child!
Exit

JUAN
Turn Gypsy! for two years! A capering trade,
And I in th'end may keep a dancing school,
Having served for't. Gypsy I must turn.
Exit 270
O beauty, the sun's fires cannot so burn!

Enter Clara 2.2

CLARA
I have offended. Yet, O heaven, thou know'st
How much I have abhorred, even from my birth,
A thought that tended to immodest folly!
Yet I have fallen. Thoughts with disgraces strive,
And thus I live, and thus I die alive. 5

Enter Pedro and Maria

PEDRO
Fie, Clara, thou dost court calamity too much.

MARIA
Yes, girl, thou dost.

PEDRO Why should we fret our eyes out
With our tears' weary complaints? 'Tis fruitless,
childish
Impatience—for when mischief hath wound up
The full weight of the ravisher's foul life 10
To an equal height of ripe iniquity,
The poise will, by degrees, sink down his soul
To a much lower, much more lasting ruin
Than our joint wrongs can challenge.

MARIA Darkness itself
Will change night's sable brow into a sunbeam 15
For a discovery; and be thou sure,
Whenever we can learn what monster 'twas
Hath robbed thee of the jewel held so precious,
Our vengeance shall be noble—

PEDRO royal, anything!
Till then let's live securely; to proclaim 20
Our sadness were mere vanity.

CLARA A needs not.
I'll study to be merry.

PEDRO We are punished,
Maria, justly; covetousness to match
Our daughter to that matchless piece of ignorance,

227-8 **Mother Mumble-crust** toothless old woman (character in Nicholas Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister*, 1576)

239 **tenure** legal title, right

240 **entails** bestows as an inalienable possession (but punning on the sexual sense of 'tail')

241 **Tarifa** town in southern Spain, just west of Gibraltar, famed for wild bulls used in bull-fights

242 **trowed** believed
copper (less valuable than gold or silver)

246 **this** (Preciosa's)

248 **quando** when (Spanish), time when it should be done

250 **so willing** willing it should be so

256 **low...little** (conflating her size and social status)

261 **great Turk** sultan of the Ottoman empire

Mogul's potentate of India's

262 **In earnest** (a) seriously (b) as a down payment

269 **served** passed my apprenticeship

turn become (but punning on the gyrations of Gypsy dancing)

270 **sun's...burn** (a) sun does not generate as much heat [as beauty generates sexual passion] (b) sunburn could not turn his complexion as dark as a Gypsy's [but love of her beauty can]

2.2.3 **immodest folly** sexual indiscretion

12 **poise** weight

14 **challenge** claim

18 **jewel** i.e. her virginity

21 A it

23 **match** marry

24 **matchless** (a) unparalleled (b) unmarried

- 25 Our foolish ward, hath drawn this curse upon us.
 MARIA I fear it has.
 PEDRO Off with this face of grief:
Enter Luis and Diego
 Here comes Don Luis.—Noble sir!
 LUIS My lord,
 I trust I have you and your lady's leave
 T'exchange a word with your fair daughter.
 PEDRO Leave
 30 And welcome.—Hark, Maria.—Your ear too.
 DIEGO Mine, my lord?
 [*Pedro, Maria, and Diego talk apart*]
 LUIS
 Dear Clara, I have often sued for love,
 And now desire you would at last be pleased
 To style me yours.
 CLARA Mine eyes ne'er saw that gentleman
 35 Whom I more nobly in my heart respected
 Than I have you; yet you must, sir, excuse me,
 If I resolve to use awhile that freedom
 My younger days allow.
 LUIS But shall I hope?
 CLARA
 You will do injury to better fortunes,
 40 To your own merit, greatness, and advancement,
 Which I beseech you not to slack.
 LUIS Then hear me:
 If ever I embrace another choice,
 Until I know you elsewhere matched, may all
 The chief of my desires find scorn and ruin.
 CLARA
 O me!
 LUIS Why sigh you, lady?
 45 CLARA 'Deed, my lord,
 I am not well.
 LUIS Then all discourse is tedious.
 I'll choose some fitter time. Till when, fair Clara—
 CLARA
 You shall not be unwelcome hither, sir.
 That's all that I dare promise. [*Exit*]
 LUIS Diego!
 DIEGO My lord?
 LUIS
 What says Don Pedro?
 DIEGO He'll go with you.
 50 LUIS Leave us.
 [*Exit Diego*]
 [*To Pedro*] Shall I, my lord, entreat your privacy?
- PEDRO Withdraw, Maria; we'll follow presently.
 Exit [*Maria*]
 LUIS
 The great *corregidor* (whose politic stream
 Of popularity glides on the shore
 Of every vulgar praise) hath often urged me 55
 To be a suitor to his Catholic Majesty
 For a repeal from banishment for him
 Who slew my father; compliments in vows
 And strange well-studied promises of friendship;
 60 But what is new to me, still as he courts
 Assistance for Alvarez, my grand enemy,
 Still he protests how ignorant he is
 Whether Alvarez be alive or dead.
 Tomorrow is the day we have appointed
 For meeting, at the lord Francisco's house,
 65 The earl of Cárcamo. Now, my good lord,
 The sum of my request is, you will please
 To lend your presence there, and witness wherein
 Our joint accord consists.
 PEDRO You shall command it.
 LUIS
 But first, as you are noble, I beseech you 70
 Help me with your advice what you conceive
 Of great Fernando's importunity,
 Or whether you imagine that Alvarez
 Survive or not?
 PEDRO It is a question, sir,
 Beyond my resolution. I remember 75
 The difference betwixt your noble father
 And *Conde de Alvarez*, how it sprung
 From a mere trifle first, a cast of hawks,
 Whose made the swifter flight, whose could mount
 highest,
 Lie longest on the wing; from change of words 80
 Their controversy grew to blows, from blows
 To parties, thence to faction and, in short,
 I well remember how our streets were frighted
 With brawls, whose end was blood—till, when no
 friends
 Could mediate their discords, by the king 85
 A reconciliation was enforced,
 Death threatened to the first occasioner
 Of breach, besides the confiscation
 Of lands and honours; yet at last they met
 Again, again they drew to sides, renewed 90
 Their ancient quarrel—in which dismal uproar
 Your father hand to hand fell by Alvarez.
 Alvarez fled, and after him the doom
 Of exile was sent out. He (as report

25 **ward** an orphaned minor, heir to an estate, whose legal guardian had the right to arrange a marriage, which the ward could not refuse without paying financial compensation: a system much abused in early modern England.

(Sancho is Pedro's ward.)
 28 **leave** permission
 45 'Deed indeed
 47 **Till when** until which time
 56 **his Catholic Majesty** the King of Spain

78 **cast** couple
hawks trained hunting birds (kept by aristocrats, who made bets on their performance)
 82 **parties** rival groups

95 Was bold to voice) retired himself to Rhodes;
His lands and honours by the king bestowed
On you, but then an infant.

LUIS Ha, an infant?

PEDRO
His wife, the sister to the *corregidor*,
With a young daughter and some few that followed
her,
100 By stealth were shipped for Rhodes, and by a storm
Shipwrecked at sea. But for the banished *Conde*,
'Twas never yet known what became of him.
Here's all I can inform you.

LUIS A repeal?

105 Yes, I will sue for't, beg for't, buy it, anything
That may by possibility of friends
Or money, I'll attempt.

PEDRO 'Tis a brave charity.

LUIS
Alas, poor lady, I could mourn for her!
Her loss was usury more than I covet.
But for the man, I'd sell my patrimony
110 For his repeal, and run about the world
To find him out; there is no peace can dwell
About my father's tomb till I have sacrificed
Some portion of revenge to his wronged ashes.
You will along with me?

PEDRO You need not question it.

LUIS
115 I have strange thoughts about me. Two such furies
Revel amidst my joys as well may move
Distraction in a saint: vengeance and love.
I'll follow, sir.

PEDRO Pray, lead the way, you know it.—
Exit Luis

120 SANCHO From flaying myself, sir.
SOTO [to Pedro] From playing with fencers, sir—and they
have beat him out of his clothes, sir.

PEDRO [to Sancho]
Cloak, band, rapier, all lost at dice?
SANCHO Nor cards neither.
SOTO [to Pedro] This was one of my master's dog-days, and
125 he would not sweat too much.
SANCHO [to Pedro] It was mine own goose, and I laid the
giblets upon another coxcomb's trencher. You are my
guardian: best beg me for a fool now.
SOTO [aside] He that begs one begs t'other. 130
PEDRO [to Sancho]
Does any gentleman give away his things thus?
SANCHO Yes, and gentlewomen give away their things too.
SOTO [to Pedro] To gulls sometimes, and are cony-catched
for their labour.
PEDRO [to Sancho] Wilt thou ever play the coxcomb? 135
SANCHO If no other parts be given me, what would you
have me do?
PEDRO
Thy father was as brave a Spaniard
As ever spoke the haught Castilian tongue.
SANCHO
Put me in clothes, I'll be as brave as he. 140
PEDRO
This is the ninth time thou hast played the ass,
Flinging away thy trappings and thy cloth
To cover others, and go nak'd thyself.
SANCHO I'll make 'em up ten, because I'll be even with
145 you.
PEDRO
Once more your broken walls shall have new
hangings.
SOTO To be well hung is all our desire.
PEDRO And what course take you next?
SANCHO What course? Why, my man Soto and I will go
150 make some maps.
PEDRO What maps?
SOTO Not such maps as you wash houses with, but maps
of countries.
SANCHO I have an uncle in Seville, I'll go see him; an aunt
in Siena in Italy, I'll go see her. 155

105 **may** may be done

108 **usury** interest (an addition to the principal debt he is owed)

117 **Distraction** madness

121 **playing** (a) exercising (b) gambling

122 **beat** (a) thrashed (b) out-gambled

125 **dog-days** hottest and unhealthiest days of the year

129 **beg . . . fool** apply to be my guardian (after I have been certified a lunatic)

130 **He . . . t'other** whoever asks for Sancho asks for a fool

131 **things** possessions (punning on 'genitals')

133 **gulls dupes** (like Sancho and Soto)
cony-catched cheated, duped (punning on *cony*, slang for *con*, 'cunt': cunt-

caught)

134 **labour** (a) trouble (b) child-birth

135 **play** (a) behave like (b) act the part of

136 **parts** (a) faculties (b) roles. (A joke about the type-casting of the actor.)

138 **brave** courageous

139 **haught** elevated, arrogant
Castilian tongue i.e. Spanish language

140 **brave** well-dressed

142 **trappings** (a) decorative accessories

placed over a saddle (b) fancy clothes

cloth (a) cloth placed under a saddle (b) clothes

144 **even** square, fair, quits (but punning on 'even number')

146 **hangings** tapestries (used to cover walls)

147 **well hung** (a) supplied with large genitals (b) thoroughly hanged on the gallows

152 **maps** (punning on 'mops')

154 **uncle** (proverbially, someone to visit when you need food, or to escape sexual trouble)

in Seville in the richest city of Spain, disembarkation point for gold from America, distributed from there to European financial networks (punning on 'incivil?')

aunt (slang for 'prostitute' or 'procuress', especially associated with Italy)

155 **in Siena** (punning on Italian 'anziana', ancient?)

- SOTO A cousin of mine in Rome, I'll go to him with a mortar.
 SANCHO There's a courtesan in Venice, I'll go tickle her.
 SOTO Another in England, I'll go tackle her.
 160 PEDRO So, so!—and where's the money to do all this?
 SANCHO If my woods, being cut down, cannot fill this pocket, cut 'em into trapsticks.
 SOTO [to Pedro] And if his acres, being sold for a *maravedi* a turf for larks in cages, cannot fill this pocket, give 'em
 165 to gold-finders.
 PEDRO You'll gallop both to the gallows. So fare you well.
 SANCHO [to Pedro] And be hanged you! New clothes, you'd best!
 SOTO [to Pedro] Four cloaks!—[to Sancho] that you may give away three, and keep one.
 170 SANCHO We'll live as merrily as beggars; let's both turn Gypsies.
 SOTO By any means. If they cog, we'll lie; if they toss, we'll tumble.
 175 SANCHO Both in a belly, rather than fail.
 SOTO Come, then, we'll be Gypsified.
 SANCHO And tipsified too.
 SOTO
 And we will show such tricks and such rare gambols
 As shall put down the elephant and camels. *Exeunt*
- ❁
- 3.1 *Incipit Actus Tertius*
Enter Roderigo disguised like an Italian
 RODERIGO
 A thousand stings are in me. O what vile prisons
 Make we our bodies to our immortal souls!
- Brave tenants to bad houses: 'tis a dear rent
 They pay for naughty lodging. The soul, the mistress;
 The body, the caroché that carries her;
 5 Sins, the swift wheels that hurry her away;
 Our will, the coachman rashly driving on
 Till coach and carriage both are quite o'erthrown.
 My body yet 'scapes bruises; that known thief
 Is not yet called to th' bar. There's no true sense
 10 Of pain but what the law of conscience
 Condemns us to; I feel that. Who would lose
 A kingdom for a cottage? an estate
 Of perpetuity for a man's life
 For annuity of that life (pleasure)?—a spark
 15 To those celestial fires that burn about us,
 A painted star to that bright firmament
 Of constellations which each night are set
 Lighting our way. Yet thither how few get!
 How many thousand in Madrid drink off
 20 The cup of lust (and laughing) in one month?—
 Not whining as I do! Should this sad lady
 Now meet me, do I know her? Should this temple,
 By me profaned, lie in her ruins here,
 The pieces would scarce show her me. Would they
 25 did!
 She's mistress to Don Luis; by his steps,
 And this disguise, I'll find her. To Salamanca
 Thy father thinks thou'rt gone; no, close here stay.
 Where'er thou travell'st, scorpions stop thy way.
 Faith, what are these?
 30 *Enter Sancho and Soto as Gypsies*
 SANCHO Soto, how do I show?
 SOTO Like a rusty armour new scoured. But, master, how
 show I?
 SANCHO Like an ass with a new piebald saddle on his back.

156 **cousin** (punning on *cozen*, 'cheat'—like someone who would claim to 'walk... mortar')
 156–7 **Rome... mortar** (apparently alluding to the proverbially impossible feat of walking—or hopping—all the way to Rome with a mortar-bowl on one's head, without it falling off)
 156 **go walk**
 158 **Venice** (famous for its courtesans)
tickle (a) excite, pleasure (b) amuse, make laugh
 159 **tackle** equip with necessary accessories (like the tackle of the ships for which England was famous); also punning, after *tickle*, on 'tick-tack'
 161 **fill** (i.e. 'with money from the sale of the timber', but ludicrously suggesting the literal 'with trees')
 162 **trapsticks** (used in the game of trap-ball)
 163 **maravedi** Spanish copper coin worth sixpence
 164 **turf** sod of grass, small slab of earth and vegetation pared from the surface

cages (Traditionally, the bottom of the birdcage was lined with freshly cut turf.)
 165 **gold-finders** people who scavenge through dung, looking for anything salvagable
 173 **cog** (a) cheat (b) jest (c) brake
lie (a) tell lies (b) lie down (c) lie still, stop
toss (a) move about restlessly (b) drink (c) punish by tossing in a blanket
 174 **tumble** (a) perform acrobatic tricks (b) toss, be tossed (c) stumble, fall
 175 **belly** womb (like twins; but here suggesting that they will take turns falling into, or performing acrobatic tricks in, the same vagina)
 176 **Gypsified** turned into Gypsies (made-up word)
 177 **tipsified** intoxicated (made-up word)
 179 **put down** outclass
elephant and camels (a) exotic performing animals (b) gift of an elephant and five camels, given to King James by the King of Spain in 1623

3.1.3 **Brave** excellent
bad houses (suggesting 'whorehouses')
 4 **naughty** (a) inferior, poor quality (b) immoral
mistress woman in authority, female head of household (but suggesting 'kept woman, illicit sexual partner')
 5 **caroché** luxurious coach (urban status symbol)
 7 **will** desire (but punning on the nickname 'Will')
 8 **carriage** (a) what is being carried (b) behaviour, bodily deportment
 10 **bar** place in court where the accused stands
 15 **annuity** yearly allowance
 19 **way** path (to heaven)
 23 **temple** body (1 Corinthians 3:16)
 24 **her ruins** her (Clara's) despoiled condition, ruined reputation
 26 **mistress to** beloved by
 30 **Faith** (by my) faith (a mild oath)
 31 **show** look
 34 **piebald** black streaked with white

35 SOTO If the devil were a tailor, he would scarce know us
in these gaberdines.
SANCHO If a tailor were the devil, I'd not give a louse
for him, if he should bring up this fashion amongst
gentlemen and make it common.
RODERIGO
40 The freshness of the morning be upon you both!
SANCHO
The saltness of the evening be upon you single!
RODERIGO
Be not displeas'd that I abruptly thus
Break in upon your favours. Your strange habits
Invite me with desire to understand
Both what you are and whence, because no coun-
45 try—
And I have measured some—shows me your like.
SOTO Our like? No, we should be sorry we or our clothes
should be like fish: new, stale, and stinking in three
days.
50 SANCHO [*to Roderigo*] If you ask whence we are, we are
Egyptian Spaniards; if what, we are—[*singing*] 'ut, re,
mi, fa, sol'—jugglers, tumblers, anything, anywhere,
everywhere.
RODERIGO
A good fate hither leads me by the hand.
55 Your quality I love. The scenical school
Has been my tutor long in Italy
(For that's my country); there have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,
And now and then some other.
SANCHO
60 A player! A brother of the tiring-house!
SOTO
A bird of the same feather!
SANCHO [*to Roderigo*] Welcome! Wou't turn Gypsy?

RODERIGO
I can nor dance nor sing; but if my pen
From my invention can strike music tunes,
My head and brains are yours.
SOTO A calf's head and brains were better for my stomach. 65
SANCHO A rib of poetry!
SOTO A modicum of the Muses! A horseshoe of Helicon!
SANCHO [*to Roderigo*] A magpie of Parnassus! Welcome
again! I am a fire-brand of Phoebus myself; we'll invoke
together—so you will not steal my plot. 70
RODERIGO 'Tis not my fashion.
SANCHO But nowadays 'tis all the fashion.
SOTO [*to Roderigo*] What was the last thing you writ—a
comedy?
RODERIGO
No, 'twas a sad, too sad a tragedy. 75
[*Aside*] Under these eaves I'll shelter me.
[*Enter the old Father of the Gypsies, Eugenia,
Preciosa, and the Gypsies*]
SANCHO See, here comes our company. [*To Gypsies*] Do our
tops spin as you would have 'em?
SOTO [*to Gypsies*] If not, whip us round.
SANCHO [*to Father*] I sent you a letter to tell you we were 80
upon a march.
FATHER And you are welcome.—[*Aside to Eugenia*] Yet
these fools will trouble us!
EUGENIA [*aside to Father*] Rich fools shall buy our trouble.
SANCHO Hang lands! It's nothing but trees, stones, and 85
dirt.—Old father, I have gold to keep up our stock.—
Precious Preciosa (for whose sake I have thus trans-
formed myself out of a gentleman into a Gypsy), thou
shalt not want sweet rhymes, my little musk-cat—for
besides myself, here's an Italian poet, on whom I pray 90
throw your welcomes.
OMNES He's welcome!

35 **devil...tailor** (associated because a
tailor's discarded cloth box was called
'hell')
36 **gaberdines** coarse loose frocks with long
sleeves
41 **saltness** lecherousness (but suggested by
the contrast between 'fresh' and 'salt'
water, or fresh food and food artificially
preserved in salt)
single (a) alone (b) unmarried
48-9 **fish...three days** (proverbial: Tilley
F310)
51 **Egyptian** Gypsy (because of the false
belief that they originated in Egypt)
51-2 **ut...sol** i.e. musicians, identified by
the first five notes of the musical scale
(perhaps singing William Byrd's song of
that title)
55 **quality** profession
scenical school *commedia dell'arte*
58 **comedian** (a) actor (b) playwright
60 **player** actor
brother fellow-member of a guild

tiring-house backstage area, dressing
room
61 **bird...feather** (proverbial—but here
also suggesting the notorious affection
of actors for fine clothes, epitomized by
fashionable and expensive feathers)
Wou't wouldst thou
62 **can nor** can neither
65 **calf's...brains** (a) part of the early
modern diet (b) stupid person
66 **rib of poetry** (as in 'rib of pork' or 'rib
of poultry', perhaps punning on Latin
porcaria)
67 **modicum** small quantity of food (pun-
ning on Latin *modus*, musical or gram-
matical mode, mood, measure)
horseshoe (because the fountain of the
muses allegedly sprung from the hoof-
print of the winged horse Pegasus, but
also perhaps alluding to a plant of that
name)
Helicon stream associated with the

muses of Greek mythology, who inspired
poets
68 **magpie** (bird famous for chattering and
pilfering)
Parnassus mountain in Greece, sacred to
Apollo and the muses; hence, literature,
poetry
69 **fire-brand** piece of wood kindled by the
fire, person inspired by the power (but
also 'person who is doomed to burn in
hell')
Phoebus Apollo, god of poetry and the
sun
invoke pray for inspiration, in tone
75 **tragedy** i.e. his rape of Clara
78 **tops** (a) spinning tops (b) foretop, forelock
(object of a recurrent comic routine of
the clown Rowley)
82 **Yet** still
89 **musk-cat** i.e. courtesan (an insult,
though Sancho uses it as though it were
a complement)

- PRECIOSA [*to Roderigo*]
 Sir, you're most welcome; I love a poet,
 So he writes chastely. If your pen can sell me
 95 Any smooth quaint romances which I may sing,
 You shall have bays and silver.
- RODERIGO Pretty heart, no selling;
 What comes from me is free.
- SANCHE And me too.
- FATHER [*to Roderigo*]
 We shall be glad to use you, sir. Our sports
 Must be an orchard, bearing several trees
 100 And fruits of several taste; one pleasure dulls.
 A time may come when we, besides these pastimes,
 May from the *grandes* and the dons of Spain
 Have leave to try our skill even on the stage—
 And then your wits may help us.
- SANCHE And mine too.
- RODERIGO [*to Father*]
 They are your servants.
- 105 PRECIOSA [*to all*] Trip softly through the streets
 Till we arrive (you know at whose house, father).
Song
- SANCHE [*sings*]
 Trip it, Gypsies, trip it fine,
 Show tricks and lofty capers!
 At threading needles we repine,
 110 And leaping over rapiers:
 Pindy-pandy rascal toys!
 We scorn cutting purses.
 Though we live by making noise,
 For cheating none can curse us.
- 115 Over high ways, over low,
 And over stones and gravel
 Though we trip it on the toe
 And thus for silver travel,
 Though our dances waste our backs,
 120 At night fat capons mend 'em;
 Eggs (well brewed in buttered sack),
 Our wenches say, befriend 'em.
- O that all the world were mad!
 Then should we have fine dancing.
 Hobby-horses would be had
 125 And brave girls keep a-prancing;
 Beggars would on cock-horse ride
 And boobies fall a-roaring
 And cuckolds (though no horns be spied)
 Be one another goring. 130
- Welcome, poet, to our ging!
 Make rhymes; we'll give thee reason.
 Canary bees thy brains shall sting;
 Mulled sack did ne'er speak treason.
 Peter-see-me shall wash thy noll
 135 And malaga glasses fox 'ee.
 If, poet, thou toss not bowl for bowl,
 Thou shalt not kiss a doxy. *Exeunt [dancing]*
- Enter Fernando, Francisco de Cárcamo, Don Juan,
 Pedro, Maria, Luis, and Diego* 3.2
- FERNANDO
 Luis de Castro, since you circled are
 In such a golden ring of worthy friends,
 Pray, let me question you about that business
 You and I last conferred on.
- LUIS My lord, I wish it.
- FERNANDO
 Then, gentlemen, though you all know this man,
 5 Yet now look on him well, and you shall find
 Such mines of Spanish honour in his bosom
 As but in few are treasured.
- LUIS O, my good lord—
- FERNANDO
 He's son to that De Castro o'er whose tomb
 Fame stands, writing a book, which will take up
 10 The age of time to fill it with the stories
 Of his great acts, and that his honoured father
 Fell in the quarrel of those families,
 His own and Don Alvarez de Castilla's.
- FRANCISCO
 The volume of those quarrels is too large 15
- 94 So if
 95 romances Spanish verse genre (like
 English historical ballad)
 96 bays laurel (traditional reward of poets)
 100 several taste distinct flavour
 106.I Song For the music, see *Companion*,
 p. 172.
 107 Trip dance, move nimbly
 108 capers frolics, leaps
 109 threading needles (an old-fashioned
 child's dance/game, but also conven-
 tional domestic work for women)
 110 leaping over rapiers (a feature of
 folk-dances, but also suggesting the
 conventional male work of warfare)
 111 Pindy-pandy refrain of a child's game
 involving switching hands or places (like
 'handy-dandy')
- 118 travel (a) roam (b) work, travail
 121 Eggs (considered an aphrodisiac)
 sack Spanish wine
 125 Hobby-horses (a) in the English morris
 dance, the figure of a horse, worn by
 a dancer (b) a child's toy horse (c) a
 promiscuous woman
 127 on cock-horse ride (a) achieve an
 exalted social position, riding a stallion
 (b) ride on a toy horse (instead of a real
 one)
 128 boobies nincompoops
 129 horns (popularly associated with
 cuckolds)
 131 ging gang
 132 rhymes...reason (proverbially contras-
 ted)
- 133 Canary Spanish wine
 134 Mulled sack heated wine mixed with
 sugar, spices, egg-yolk, etc.
 ne'er speak treason (because *in vino*
veritas, 'in wine there is truth')
 135 Peter-see-me Spanish wine (named for
 Pedro Ximene)
 noll head, noddle
 136 fox intoxicate
 'ee thee
 137 bowl large drinking cup
 138 doxy harlot (specifically, a Gypsy's
 mistress)
 3.2.7 mines (associated with Spain because
 of precious metals mined in the Spanish
 New World)
 12 that (Fame stands writing) that

And too wide printed in our memory.

LUIS
Would it had ne'er come forth!

OMNES
So wish we all.

FERNANDO
But here's a son as matchless as the father,
For he mends bravery. He lets blood his spleen,
Tears out the leaf in which the picture stands
Of slain De Castro, casts a hill of sand
On all revenge, and stifles it.

OMNES
'Tis done nobly!

FERNANDO
For I by him am courted to solicit
The king for the repeal of poor Alvarez,
Who lives a banished man—some say, in Naples.

PEDRO
Some say, in Aragon.

LUIS
No matter where.
That paper folds in it my hand and heart,
Petitioning the royalty of Spain
To free the good old man and call him home.
But what hope hath your lordship that these beams
Of grace shall shine upon me?

FERNANDO
The word royal.

OMNES
And that's enough.

LUIS
Then since this sluice is drawn up to increase
The stream, with pardon of these honoured friends
Let me set ope another, and that's this:
That you, my lord Don Pedro, and this lady
Your noble wife, would in this fair assembly—
If still you hold me tenant to your favour—
Repeat the promise you so oft have made me,
Touching the beauteous Clara for my wife.

PEDRO
What I possess in her, before these lords
I freely once more give you.

MARIA
And what's mine,
To you (as right heir to it) I resign.

OMNES [to Luis]
What would you more?

LUIS
What would I more? The tree bows down his head
Gently to have me touch it, but—when I offer
To pluck the fruit—the top branch grows so high,
To mock my reaching hand, up it does fly.
I have the mother's smile, the daughter's frown.

OMNES
O, you must woo hard!

FERNANDO [to Luis]
Woo her well; she's thine own.

JUAN [aside]
That law holds not 'mongst Gypsies. I shoot hard,
And am wide off from the mark.
Flourish [within]

FERNANDO [to Francisco]
Is this, my lord, your music?

FRANCISCO
None of mine.
Enter Soto [as a Gypsy], with a cornet in his hand

SOTO
A crew of Gypsies with desire
To show their sports are at your gates a-fire.

FRANCISCO
How, how, my gates a-fire, knave?

JUAN [aside]
Art panting?

FERNANDO [to Soto]
I am a-fire, I'm sure!
What are the things they do?

SOTO
They frisk, they caper, dance and sing,
Tell fortunes too (which is a very fine thing).
They tumble—how? not up and down,
As tumblers do, but from town to town.
Antics they have and Gypsy-masquing,
And toys which you may have for asking.
They come to devour nor wine nor good cheer
But to earn money, if any be here.
(But being asked, as I suppose,
Your answer will be, 'in your t'other hose'.)
For there's not a Gypsy amongst 'em that begs,
But gets his living by his tongue and legs.
If therefore you please, dons, they shall come in:
Now I have ended, let them begin.

OMNES
Ay, ay, by any means.

FRANCISCO
But, fellow, bring you music along with you too?

SOTO
Yes, my lord, both loud music and still music: the loud is that which you have heard, and the still is that which no man can hear. *Exit*

FERNANDO
A fine knave!

FRANCISCO
There is report of a fair Gypsy,
A pretty little toy, whom all our gallants
In Madrid flock to look on: this she, trow?

JUAN
Yes, sure 'tis she. [*Aside*] I should be sorry else.
Enter the old Father of the Gypsies, Eugenia, Preciosa, Roderigo [disguised as an Italian],

16 **wide printed** (a) widely reprinted (b) printed in large type or on large pages
17 **come forth** (a) happened (b) been published
19 **mends** (a) amends, reforms, improves upon (b) mends, patches
bravery (a) bragging, machismo (b) extravagant apparel

lets blood bleeds, drains blood from (in order to reduce a perceived excess)
spleen (considered the source of anger and resentment)
20 **leaf** page (of the imaginary printed book)
62 **Antics** fantastic dances
Gypsy-masquing (an allusion to Ben Jonson's court masque, *The Gypsies*)

Metamorphosed. See Introduction.)
67 **in your t'other hose** proverbial excuse for niggardliness
75 **still music** quiet music (usually flutes and recorders), but punning on 'silent'
78 **fair** beautiful, but also (paradoxically) with a pale complexion
80 **trow** do you think

	Sancho, Soto, and all the Gypsies, [singing this] song	OMNES	Whose gates of love being open thrown, We enter, and then the town's our own, Whose gates of love being open thrown, We enter, and then the town's our own.	110
	[FATHER]			
	Come, follow your leader, follow! Our convoy be Mars and Apollo! The van comes brave up here;			
85	ANSWER	FERNANDO	A very dainty thing!	
	As hotly comes the rear.	FRANCISCO	A handsome creature!	
	OMNES	PEDRO		
	Our knackers are the fifes and drums. Sa, sa, the Gypsies' army comes!		Look what a pretty pit there's in her chin!	115
	[SECOND GYPSY]	JUAN [aside]	Pit? 'Tis a grave to bury lovers in.	
	Horsemen we need not fear; There's none but footmen here.	RODERIGO [aside]	My father?—Disguise guard me!	
90	The horse sure charge without— Or, if they wheel about,	SANCHO [aside to Soto]	Soto, there's De Cortes my guardian, but he smells not us.	
	OMNES	SOTO [aside to Sancho]	Peace, brother Gypsy. [To nobles] Would anyone here know his fortune?	120
	Our knackers are the shot that fly, Pit-a-pat rattling in the sky.	OMNES	Good fortunes, all of us!	
	[THIRD GYPSY]	PEDRO [to Soto]	'Tis I, sir, needs a good one. Come, sir, what's mine? [Soto reads his palm]	
95	If once the great ordnance play (That's laughing), yet run not away But stand the push of pike: Scorn can but basely strike.	MARIA	Mine and my husband's fortunes keep together; Who is't tells mine?	125
	OMNES	SANCHO I, I.	Hold up, madam; fear not your pocket, for I ha' but two hands. [He reads her palm]	
	Then let our armies join and sing, And pit-a-pat make our knackers ring.		You are sad, or mad, or glad For a couple of cocks that cannot be had; Yet when abroad they have picked store of grain, Doodle-doo they will cry on your dunghills again.	130
	[FOURTH GYPSY]	MARIA	Indeed I miss an idle gentleman And a thing of his, a fool—but neither sad Nor mad for them. Would that were all the lead Lying at my heart!	
100	Arm, arm! What bands are those? They cannot be sure our foes. We'll not draw up our force Nor muster any horse—			
	OMNES	PEDRO [to Soto]	What look'st thou on so long?	135
105	For since they pleased to view our sight, Let's this way, this way give delight.	SOTO	So long! Do you think good fortunes are fresh herrings, to come in shoals? Bad fortunes are like mackerel at midsummer. You have had a sore loss o' late.	
	[FIFTH GYPSY]	PEDRO	I have indeed; what is't?	140
	A council of war let's call! Look either to stand or fall. If our weak army stands, Thank all these noble hands,	SOTO	I wonder it makes you not mad, for—	

82 FATHER The stanzas are numbered '1' to '5', and in each case a single voice is answered by a chorus; it seems logical that the Gypsy's leader should sing 'follow your leader', but who sings each of the remaining stanzas is anyone's guess.
83 Mars and Apollo gods of war and poetry
84 van vanguard
86 knackers castanets
89 footmen (a) infantry (b) dancers
96 pike spear-like weapon
100 bands troops

114 thing Preciosa (who has presumably been conspicuous in the singing and/or dancing)
115 pit dimple
121 Would...know does...wish to know
121-94 fortune...eyes (alludes to the fortune-telling in Jonson's *Gypsies Metamorphosed*)
129 cocks (a) roosters (b) spirited men (c) penises
130 picked (a) pecked (b) stolen store plenty
131 Doodle-doo cry of a rooster (but

perhaps punning on *doodle* as noodle-head: see Pompey Doodle in *Weapons*)
dunghills proverbially, every rooster is proud of his own dunghill; domesticated 'dunghill cocks' are cowardly (by comparison with fighting cocks)
132 miss do not know the whereabouts of (without any sense of emotional bereavement)
134 lead heaviness
137-8 like...midsummer i.e. plentiful
138 sore loss Soto means his own disappearance; Pedro means Clara's rape

Through a gap in your ground thence late have been
 stole
 A very fine ass and a very fine foal.
 Take heed, for I speak not by habs and by nabs:
 145 Ere long you'll be horribly troubled with scabs.
 PEDRO
 I am now so; go, silly fool.
 SOTO [*aside*] I ha' gi'n't him.
 SANCHO [*aside*] O Soto, that ass and foal fattens me!
 FERNANDO
 The mother of the Gypsies, what can she do?
 150 I'll have a bout with her.
 [*He goes to Eugenia, who reads his palm*]
 JUAN I, with the Gypsy daughter.
 FRANCISCO To her, boy.
 [*Juan goes to Preciosa, who reads his palm*]
 EUGENIA [*reading Fernando's palm*]
 From you went a dove away,
 Which ere this had been more white
 155 Than the silver robe of day;
 Her eyes, the moon has none so bright.
 Sat she now upon your hand,
 Not the crown of Spain could buy't;
 But 'tis flown to such a land,
 160 Never more shall you come nigh't.—
 Ha! Yet, if palmistry tell true,
 This dove again may fly to you.
 FERNANDO
 Thou art a lying witch; I'll hear no more.
 SANCHO If you be so hot, sir, we can cool you with a song.
 165 SOTO [*to Fernando*] And when that song's done, we'll heat
 you again with a dance.
 LUIS [*to Pedro*]
 Stay, dear sir; send for Clara, let her know
 Her fortune.
 MARIA 'Tis too well known.
 LUIS 'Twill make her merry
 To be in this brave company.

PEDRO Good Diego,
 Fetch her. *Exit Diego*
 FRANCISCO [*to Gypsies*]
 What's that old man? Has he cunning too? 170
 OMNES
 More than all we!
 LUIS Has he? I'll try his spectacles.
 [*He goes to the Father of the Gypsies, who reads
 his palm*]
 FERNANDO [*aside*]
 Ha! Roderigo there? Forsooth, the scholar
 That went to Salamanca!—takes he degrees
 P'th' school of Gypsies? Let the fish alone,
 Give him line. This is the dove—the dove?—the raven 175
 That beldam mocked me with.
 LUIS [*to Father*] What worms pick you out there now?
 FATHER
 This: when this line the other crosses,
 Art tells me 'tis a book of losses.—
 Bend your hand thus.—O, here I find
 180 You've lost a ship in a great wind.
 LUIS
 Lying rogue, I ne'er had any.
 FATHER Hark: as I gather,
 That great ship was 'De Castro' called (your father).
 LUIS
 And I must hew that rock that split him. Vengeance!
 FATHER Nay, an you threaten—
 [*He goes away from Luis*]
 FRANCISCO
 And what's, Don Juan, thy fortune?—[*To Preciosa*]
 Thou'rt long fumbling at it. 185
 JUAN
 She tells me tales of the moon, sir.
 PRECIOSA [*to Francisco*]
 And now 'tis come to the sun, sir.
 Your son would ride, the youth would run,
 The youth would sail, the youth would fly!

142 **late** lately
stole stolen (but playing on 'stole away',
 sneaked off)
 143 **fine** (a) excellent (b) well-dressed
ass (a) donkey (b) dumbass, fool
foal colt (but punning on 'fool')
 144 **by habs**... **nabs** at random
 145 **scabs** (a) itching disease (b) scoundrels
 147 **gi'n't him** 'given it to him': (a) deliv-
 ered the prophecy (b) given him a
 good beating, lambasted him
 149 **mother** female elder (Eugenia)
 150 **bout** (a) turn (b) sexual encounter
 153 **dove** (often used for an innocent
 woman or child; but also suggesting the
 dove Noah sent out, which returned with
 an olive branch, and thus became an
 emblem of peace: see Genesis 8:8-12)
 154 **white** white-haired, old
 155 **silver robe** (emblematic attire of the
 sun-god)

156 **moon** personified as the goddess
 Cynthia or Diana
 157 **upon your hand** (like a tame bird)
 159 **flown** (playing on the sense 'fled')
 160 **nigh't** near it (the land, or the dove)
 161 **Yet** (a) nevertheless (b) still, at some
 future time
palmistry palm-reading, fortune-telling
 164 **hot** angry
 170 **cunning** (a) occult knowledge (b) clev-
 erness
 171 **all we** all of us
spectacles magical instruments for seeing
 the unseen
 174 **school**... **fish** (punning)
 175 **raven** Presumably Roderigo is dressed
 in black; he is certainly morally black, in
 contrast to the whiteness of the innocent
 dove.
 176 **beldam** (a) old woman (b) hag, witch

worms (as though the sustained atten-
 tion to his palm were for the purpose of
 picking out parasites)
 178 **Art** technical knowledge, science
book of losses record of suffering, debit
 account
 182 **great ship** warship
 186 **moon** (a) something unattainable,
 insubstantial, fantastic (b) goddess of
 chastity
 187 **sun** (punning on 'son'). This initiates
 an allusion to Phaeton, son of the sun-
 god, who borrowed his father's chariot to
 ride/fly across the sky (disastrously).
 188 **ride** (a) go on a journey on horseback
 or by coach, as the sun-god was ima-
 gined riding across the sky (b) mount
 sexually
 189 **fly** (a) travel through the air (b) run
 away

- 190 He's tying a knot will ne'er be done.
He shoots, and yet has ne'er an eye;
You have two, 'twere good you lent him one—
And a heart too, for he has none.
- FRANCISCO Hoyday! Lend one of mine eyes?
- 195 SANCHO [*to the Gypsies*] They give us nothing; we'd best
put on a bold face and ask it.
[*He sings a song*
Now that from the hive
You gathered have the honey,
Our bees but poorly thrive
200 Unless the banks be sunny;
Then let your sun and moon
(Your gold and silver) shine.
My thanks shall humming fly to you,
- OMNES [*sing*]
And mine, and mine, and mine.
- FATHER [*sings*]
205 See, see, you Gypsy-toys,
You mad girls, you merry boys,
A *bon voyage* we've made.
Loud peals must then be had.
If I a Gypsy be,
210 A crack-rope I'm for thee:
O, here's a golden ring!
Such clappers please a king,
- OMNES [*sing*]
Such clappers please a king.
- FATHER [*sings*]
215 You (pleased) may pass away;
Then let your bell-ropes sway:
Now chime, 'tis holiday.
- OMNES [*sing*]
Now chime, 'tis holiday.
- PRECIOSA
No more of this, pray, father; fall to your dancing.
[*Gypsy*] *dance*
- LUIS
Clara will come too late now.
- FERNANDO [*to Gypsies*] 'Tis great pity,
220 Besides your songs, dances, and other pastimes,
You do not, as our Spanish actors do,
Make trial of a stage.
- FATHER We are, sir, about it—
So please your high authority to sign us
- Some warrant to confirm us.
- FERNANDO My hand shall do't,
And bring the best in Spain to see your sports. 225
- FATHER Which to set off, this gentleman, a scholar—
- RODERIGO [*aside*]
Pox on you!
- FATHER Will write for us.
- FERNANDO [*to Roderigo*] A Spaniard, sir?
- RODERIGO No, my lord, an Italian.
- FERNANDO [*aside*] Denies
His country too? My son sings Gypsy-ballads!—
Keep as you are. We'll see your poet's vein, 230
And yours for playing: time is not ill spent
That's thus laid out in harmless merriment.
- Exit Gypsies dancing*
- PEDRO [*to Francisco*]
My lord of Cárcamo, for this entertainment
You shall command our loves.
- FRANCISCO You're nobly welcome.
- PEDRO The evening grows upon us: lords, to all 235
A happy time of day.
- FERNANDO The like to you,
Don Pedro.
- LUIS [*to Maria*]
To my heart's sole lady
Pray let my service humbly be remembered;
We only missed her presence.
- MARIA I shall truly
Report your worthy love. *Exit Pedro, Maria*
- FERNANDO You shall no further; 240
Indeed, my lords, you shall not.
- FRANCISCO With your favour,
We will attend you home.
Enter Diego
- DIEGO Where's Don Pedro?—
O sir!
- LUIS Why, what's the matter?
- DIEGO The lady Clara,
Passing near to my lord *corregidor's* house,
Met with a strange mischance.
- FERNANDO How? What mischance? 245
- DIEGO The jester that so late arrived at court

190 **knot** wedding knot, wedlock
done ended (because marriage is an eternal relationship) or completed (because she does not intend to consummate it, or 'do' it, sexually)

191 **shoots** (a) fires a gun or shoots an arrow (b) ejaculates
eye (a) ability to see well (b) vagina
192 **lent** . . . **one** (to 'give' or 'lend an eye' = to keep watch)

193 **heart** . . . **none** (a) he's heartless (b) she has not given him her heart

200 **banks** (a) rural slopes (b) riversides, particularly of the Thames in London

210 **crack-rope** rogue (likely to hang)

211 **golden ring** wealthy circle (or a gift given by one of the onstage spectators)

212 **clappers** bells (but perhaps also 'beggars', who begged with a dish called a clapper)

king (not in the dramatis personae, but alluding to the pleasure King James took in Jonson's masque of Gypsies)

215 **sway** swing

229 **Gypsy-ballads** ballads were the most despised of literary forms (as Gypsies were a despised class of people)

246 **jester** King James's court jester, Archy Armstrong, visited Madrid as part of the entourage of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham: on 16 May 1623 Joseph Mead reported a rumour that 'Archy the King's fool, fell there' [in Madrid] 'from an horse and is killed.' (He survived.)

(And there was welcome for his country's sake),
 By importunity of some friends, it seems,
 Had borrowed from the Gentleman of your Horse
 250 The backing of your mettled Barbary—
 On which being mounted, whilst a number gazed
 To hear what jests he could perform on horseback,
 The headstrong beast (unused to such a rider)
 Bears the press of people back before him;
 255 With which through the lady Clara meeting
 Fainted, and there fell down—not bruised, I hope,
 But frightened and entranced.

LUIS Ill-destined mischief!
 FERNANDO [*to Diego*]
 Where have you left her?
 DIEGO At your house, my lord.
 A servant coming forth, and knowing who
 260 The lady was, conveyed her to a chamber.
 A surgeon, too, is sent for.

FERNANDO Had she been my daughter,
 My care could not be greater than it shall be
 For her recure.

LUIS But if she miscarry,
 I am the most unhappy man that lives. *Exit*

FERNANDO
 265 Diego, coast at once about the fields,
 And overtake Don Pedro and his wife;
 They newly parted from us.

DIEGO I'll run speedily. *Exit*

FERNANDO
 A strange mischance!—But what I have, my lord
 Francisco, this day noted, I may tell you:
 270 An accident of merriment and wonder.

FRANCISCO
 Indeed, my lord?

FERNANDO I have not thoughts enough
 About me to imagine what th'event
 Can come to. 'Tis, indeed, about my son;
 Hereafter you may counsel me.

FRANCISCO Most gladly.—
Enter Luis
 How fares the lady?

275 LUIS Callèd back to life,
 But full of sadness.

FERNANDO Talks she nothing?

LUIS Nothing—
 For when the women that attend on her
 Demanded how she did, she turned about,
 And answered with a sigh. When I came near
 280 And by the love I bore her begged a word
 Of hope to comfort me in her well-doing,
 Before she would reply, from her fair eyes

She greets me with a bracelet of her tears—
 Then wished me not to doubt she was 'too well',
 Entreats that she may sleep without disturbance
 285 Or company until her father came.
 And thus I left her.

FRANCISCO Sir, she's past the worst.
 Young maids are oft so troubled.
Enter Pedro and Maria

FERNANDO Here come they
 You talk of.—Sir, your daughter, for your comfort,
 Is now upon amendment.

MARIA O, my lord,
 290 You speak an angel's voice!

FERNANDO Pray, in and visit her;
 I'll follow instantly. *Exit Pedro, Maria*
 You shall not part
 Without a cup of wine, my lord.

FRANCISCO 'Tis now
 Too troublesome a time.—Which way take you,
 Don Luis?

LUIS No matter which; for till I hear
 295 My Clara be recovered, I am nothing.—
 My lord *corregidor*, I am your servant
 For this free entertainment.

FERNANDO You have conquered me
 In noble courtesy.

LUIS O, that no art
 300 But love itself can cure a love-sick heart! *Exeunt*

*Clara [discovered] in a chair, Pedro and Maria
 [standing] by her* 3.3

MARIA Clara, hope of mine age!

PEDRO Soul of my comfort!
 Kill us not both at once. Why dost thou speed
 Thine eye in such a progress 'bout these walls?

CLARA Yon large window
 5 Yields some fair prospect. Good my lord, look out
 And tell me what you see there.

PEDRO Easy suit.
 [*He opens the curtain*]
 Clara, it overviews a spacious garden,
 Amidst which stands an alabaster fountain,
 A goodly one.

CLARA Indeed, my lord!

MARIA Thy griefs grow wild,
 And will mislead thy judgement through thy weak-
 10 ness,
 If thou obey thy weakness.

CLARA
 Who owns these glorious buildings?

247 his country's i.e. England's
 249 Gentleman...Horse steward of your
 stable
 250 backing saddling and riding
 mettled spirited
 Barbary famous breed of horse, associ-

ated with North Africa
 254 Bears...back forces...backward
 263 recure recovery
 miscarry perish
 270 accident incident
 272 th'event the outcome

281 well-doing well-being
 283 bracelet little pair (*brace* + diminutive
 suffix *-let*, like 'ringlet')
 290 upon amendment improving
 298 free entertainment liberal hospitality
 3.3.3 progress (royal) journey

	PEDRO	Don Fernando	Can draw him thence.	
		De Azevedo, the <i>corregidor</i>	CLARA	My lord, d'ye know this crucifix? 40
		Of Madrid, a true noble gentleman.		[<i>She reveals the crucifix</i>]
	CLARA		FERNANDO	
		May I not see him?		You drive me to amazement! 'Twas my son's,
15	MARIA	See him, Clara? Why?		A legacy bequeathed him from his mother
	CLARA [<i>to Pedro</i>]			Upon her deathbed, dear to him as life.
		A truly noble gentleman, you said, sir?		On earth there cannot be another treasure
	PEDRO			He values at like rate as he does this. 45
		I did.	CLARA	
		<i>Enter Fernando</i>		O, then I am a cast-away!
		Lo, here he comes in person.—	MARIA	How's that?
		We are, my lord, your servants.	PEDRO	
	FERNANDO	Good, no compliment.—		Alas, she will grow frantic!
		Young lady, there attends below a surgeon	CLARA [<i>to Fernando</i>]	In my bosom,
20		Of worthy fame and practice; is't your pleasure		Next to my heart, my lord, I have laid up,
		To be his patient?		In bloody characters, a tale of horror.
	CLARA [<i>rising</i>]	With your favour, sir,		[<i>She gives him a paper, written with blood</i>]
		May I impart some few but needful words		Pray, read the paper—and if there you find 50
		Of secrecy to you, to you yourself,		Aught that concerns a maid undone and miserable,
		None but yourself?		Made so by one of yours, call back the piety
	FERNANDO	You may.		Of nature to the goodness of a judge,
	PEDRO	May I not hear 'em?		An upright judge, not of a partial father;
	MARIA			For do not wonder that I live to suffer 55
		Nor I?		Such a full weight of wrongs, but wonder rather
	CLARA			That I have lived to speak them. Thou, great man,
		O yes.—Pray, sit, my lord.		Yet read, read on, and as thou read'st consider
		[<i>Fernando sits</i>]		What I have suffered, what thou ought'st to do,
25	FERNANDO	Say on.		Thine own name, fatherhood, and my dishonour: 60
	CLARA			Be just as heaven and fate are, that by miracle
		You have been married?		Have in my weakness wrought a strange discovery.
	FERNANDO	To a wife, young lady,		Truth copied from my heart is texted there.
		Who (whiles the heavens did lend her me) was fruitful		Let now my shame be thoroughly understood;
		In all those virtues which styles woman good.		Sins are heard farthest when they cry in blood. 65
	CLARA		FERNANDO	
		And you had children by her?		True, true, they do not cry but holler here.
	FERNANDO	'Had'—'tis true;		This is the trumpet of a soul drowned deep
30		Now have but one, a son, and he yet lives.		In the unfathomed seas of matchless sorrows.—
		The daughter (as if in her birth the mother		I must lock fast the door. <i>Exit</i>
		Had perfected the errand she was sent for		
		Into the world) from that hour took her life	MARIA	I have no words
		In which the other that gave it her lost hers;		To call for vengeance.
35		Yet shortly she—unhappily, but fatally—	PEDRO	I am lost in marvel. 70
		Perished at sea.		<i>Enter Fernando</i>
	CLARA	Sad story!	FERNANDO [<i>to Clara</i>]	
	FERNANDO	Roderigo,		Sit, pray, sit as you sat before.
		My son—		[<i>Clara sits</i>]
	CLARA	How is he called, sir?		White paper,
	FERNANDO	Roderigo.		This should be innocence; these letters gules
		He lives at Salamanca—and I fear		Should be the honest oracles of revenge.
		That neither time, persuasions, nor his fortunes		What's beauty but a perfect white and red?
				Both here (well mixed) limn truth so beautiful 75

14 true honest, truly

18 Good (vocative, 'you good person')

32 perfected completed

35 unhappily by bad luck, sadly

fatally by destiny

40 d'ye do you

47 frantic insane

49 characters letters

54 not of not (the goodness or piety) of

60 Thine (consider) your (or a line may

have been accidentally omitted)

64 thoroughly thoroughly

72 gules red (heraldic term)

74 white and red (conventional Petrarchan

ideal of female complexion)

75 limn draw, paint

That to distrust it, as I am a father,
Speaks me as foul as rape hath spoke my son.
'Tis true?

CLARA 'Tis true.

FERNANDO [*kneeling*]

Then mark me how I kneel
Before the high tribunal of your injuries.
Thou too-too-much-wronged maid, scorn not my
80 tears,
For these are tears of rage, not tears of love.—
Thou father of this too-too-much-wronged maid,
Thou mother of her counsels and her cares,
I do not plead for pity to a villain.
85 O, let him die as he hath lived, dishonourably,
Basely and cursedly! I plead for pity
To my till-now-untainted blood and honour.
Teach me how I may now be just and cruel—
For henceforth I am childless.

CLARA Pray, sir, rise.

You wrong your place and age.

90 FERNANDO [*rising*] Point me my grave
In some obscure by-path, where never memory
Nor mention of my name may be found out.

CLARA

My lord, I can weep with ye, nay, weep for ye,
As you for me; your passions are instructions,
95 And prompt my faltering tongue to beg at least
A noble satisfaction, though not revenge.

FERNANDO

Speak that again.

CLARA Can you procure no balm
To heal a wounded name?

FERNANDO O, thou'rt as fair

In mercy as in beauty! Wilt thou live,
100 An I'll be thy physician?

CLARA I'll be yours.

FERNANDO Don Pedro, we'll to counsel;

This daughter shall be ours.

[*Fernando sits Clara in the chair*]

Sleep, sleep, young angel!

My care shall wake about thee.

CLARA Heaven is gracious,

And I am eased.

105 FERNANDO We will be yet more private.
Night curtains o'er the world; soft dreams rest with
thee!

The best revenge is to reform our crimes:
Then time crowns sorrows, sorrows sweeten times.

Exeunt



Incipit Actus Quartus

*A shout within. Enter [at one door] the old Father
of the Gypsies, Sancho, Soto, Antonio, Carlo,
Eugenia, Preciosa, Christiana, and [at another
door] Don Juan*

4. I

OMNES [*to Juan*] Welcome, welcome, welcome!

SOTO More sacks to the mill.

SANCHO More thieves to the sacks.

FATHER Peace!

PRECIOSA [*to Juan*]

I give you now my welcome without noise.

5

JUAN 'Tis music to me.

He offers to kiss her

OMNES O sir!

SANCHO [*to Juan*] You must not be in your mutton before
we are out of our veal.

SOTO [*to Juan*] Stay for vinegar to your oysters; no opening
10 till then.

EUGENIA [*to Juan*]

No kissing till you're sworn.

JUAN Swear me then quickly.

I have brought gold for my admission.

FATHER [*taking the gold*]

What you bring, leave—and what you leave, count
lost.

SANCHO I brought all my teeth, two are struck out; them
15 I count lost, so must you.

SOTO I brought all my wits; half I count lost, so must you.

JUAN [*to Preciosa*]

To be as you are, I lose father, friends,

Birth, fortunes, all the world.—What will you do

Wi'th' beast I rode on hither?

20

SANCHO A beast? Is't a mule? Send him to Mullah Crag-a-
whee in Barbary.

SOTO [*to Juan*] Is't an ass? Give it to a lawyer, for in Spain
they ride upon none else.

JUAN

Kill him by any means—lest, being pursued,

25

The beast betray me.

SOTO He's a beast betrays any man.

SANCHO Except a bailiff to be pumped.

90 **place** (high) social position

Point appoint

4.1.8 **in** (a) partaking of (b) sexually
penetrating

mutton (a) flesh of an adult sheep

(b) flesh of a sexually active woman

(c) woman's genitals

9 **are** . . . **veal** have finished all our veal

(flesh of a calf, tenderer and more
desirable than *mutton*, and therefore
eaten first)

10 **oysters** (slang for 'female genitals')

21 **Mullah** Islamic spiritual leader (punning
on 'mule')

21-2 **Crag-a-whee** (nonsense-name, sug-
gesting mountainous terrain and stage

Welsh)

23 **ass** (a) donkey (b) fool

28 **bailiff** (whom it is legitimate to betray,
because they betray others)

pumped (a) roughly punished by be-
ing dunked (b) drained of money or
information

Act 4 Scene 1

The Spanish Gipsie.

JUAN [*to the Gypsies*]
 Pray, bury the carcass and the furniture.
 30 SANCHO Do, do; bury the ass's household stuff, and in his
 skin sew any man that's mad for a woman.
 FATHER
 Do so then; bury it. [*To Juan*] Now to your oath.
 EUGENIA All things are ready.
 FATHER
 35 Thy best hand lay on this turf of grass.
 There thy heart lies; vow not to pass
 From us two years for sun nor snow,
 For hill nor dale, howe'er winds blow.
 Vow the hard earth to be thy bed
 With her green cushions under thy head,
 40 Flow'r banks or moss to be thy board,
 Water thy wine—
 SANCHO And drink like a lord.
 OMNES [*sing*]
 Kings can have but coronations;
 We are as proud of Gypsy-fashions.
 Dance, sing, and in a well-mixed border
 45 Close this new brother of our order.
 FATHER
 What we get, with us come share;
 You to get must vow to care—
 Nor strike Gypsy, nor stand by
 When strangers strike, but fight or die.
 50 Our Gypsy-wenches are not common;
 You must not kiss a fellow's leman—
 Nor to your own (for one you must)
 In songs send errands of base lust.
 OMNES [*sing*]
 Dance, sing, and in a well-mixed border
 55 Close this new brother of our order.
 JUAN
 On this turf of grass I vow
 Your laws to keep, your laws allow.
 OMNES A Gypsy! a Gypsy! a Gypsy!
 EUGENIA
 Now choose what maid has yet no mate:
 She's yours.
 60 JUAN Here then fix I my fate.

[*He offers to kiss [Preciosa]*]
 SANCHO Again fall to before you ha' washed?
 SOTO Your nose in the manger before the oats are meas-
 ured, jade so hungry?
 FATHER
 Set foot to foot; those garlands hold.
 Teach him how. Now mark what more is told. 65
 By cross arms (the lover's sign),
 Vow—as these flowers themselves entwine,
 Of April's wealth building a throne
 Round—so your love to one or none.
 By those touches of your feet, 70
 You must each night embracing meet,
 Chaste, howe'er disjoined by day;
 You the sun with her must play,
 She to you the marigold,
 To none but you her leaves unfold. 75
 Wake she or sleep, your eyes so charm,
 Want, woe, nor weather do her harm.
 CARLO
 This is your market now of kisses:
 Buy and sell free each other blisses.
 JUAN Most willingly. 80
 [*Juan and Preciosa kiss*]
 OMNES [*sing*]
 Holidays, high days, Gypsy fairs,
 When kisses are fairings, and hearts meet in pairs.
 FATHER [*to Juan*]
 All ceremonies end here. Welcome, brother Gypsy!
 SANCHO And the better to instruct thee, mark what a brave
 life 'tis all the year long. 85
 Song
 Brave Don, cast your eyes
 On our Gypsy fashions:
 In our antic hay-de-guys
 We go beyond all nations. 90
 Plump Dutch
 At us grutch;
 So do English, so do French.
 He that lopes
 On the ropes,
 Show me such another wrench. 95

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 29 furniture trappings (but also 'household stuff') | 52 one you must you must have (only) one wench | rises, and is hence an emblem of fidelity) |
| 30-1 in . . . woman (in contrast to the folktale in which a nagging wife is sown up inside an animal's skin) | 59 what whatever | 77 Want dearth, poverty |
| 36 for despite | maid young woman, virgin | 82 fairings presents bought at a fair |
| 40 board dinner table | 61 fall to (a) start eating (b) lie down for sex | 88 antic grotesque, comic (but also 'ancient') |
| 42 but only | 62 nose (slang for 'penis') | hay-de-guys (a rustic dance) |
| 44 well-mixed gender-mixing, combining men and women | manger (a) trough (b) sumptuous dish | 91 grutch murmur, grudge |
| 45 Close enclose | oats (punning on 'oaths') | 93-4 He . . . ropes the rope-dancer (popular entertainment, often at the rival Hope Theatre) |
| brother fraternal member | 63 jade good-for-nothing (a) horse (b) person | 93 lopes leaps |
| order monastic or aristocratic society | 66 cross crossed, crossing (conventional lover's gesture) | 95 wrench twist of the torso (a dancer's or an acrobat's) |
| 51 leman bedfellow | 73 play act the part of | |
| | 74 marigold (which opens when the sun | |

We no camels have to show,
 Nor elephant with grout head—
 We can dance; he cannot go,
 Because the beast is corn-fed—
 100 No blind bears
 Shedding tears
 For a collier's whipping,
 Apes nor dogs
 Quick as frogs
 105 Over cudgels skipping.

Jack-in-boxes, nor decoys,
 Puppets, nor such poor things—
 Nor are we those roaring boys
 That cozen fools with gilt rings;
 110 For an ocean,
 No such motion
 As the city Nineveh.
 Dancing, singing,
 And fine ringing:
 115 You these sports shall hear and see.

Come now, what shall his name be?

PRECIOSA
 His name shall now be Andrew.—Friend Andrew,
 mark me:
 Two years I am to try you. Prove fine gold,
 The uncracked diamond of my faith shall hold.

JUAN
 120 My vows are rocks of adamant.

PRECIOSA
 Two years you are to try me: black when I turn,
 May I meet youth and want, old age and scorn!

JUAN
 Kings' diadems shall not buy thee.

CARLO Do you think
 You can endure the life, and love it?

JUAN
 125 As usurers doat upon their treasure.

SOTO
 But when your face shall be tanned
 Like a sailor's work-a-day hand—

SANCHO
 When your feet shall be galled
 And your noddle be mauled—

SOTO
 When the woods you must forage,
 130 And not meet with poor pease-porridge—

SANCHO
 Be all to-bedabbled, yet lie in no sheet—

SOTO
 With winter's frost, hail, snow, and sleet,
 What life will you say it is then?

JUAN As now, the sweetest.

DIEGO (*within*) Away! Away! The *corregidor* has sent for
 135 you.

SANCHO (*sings*)
 Hence merrily fine to get money!
 Dry are the fields, the banks are sunny,
 Silver is sweeter far than honey. 140

Hence bravely, boys! Fly like swallows!
 We for our conies must get mallows.
 Who loves not his dell, let him die at the gallows.

Hence, bonny girls! Foot it trimly!
 Smug up your beetle-brows; none look grimly. 145
 To show a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!

Smug up your beetle-brows; none look grimly.
 To show a pretty foot, O 'tis seemly!

Exeunt [dancing]

Enter Cardochia, stays Soto

CARDOCHIA
 Do you hear—you, Gypsy, Gypsy?

SOTO Me?

CARDOCHIA
 There's a young Gypsy newly entertained;
 150 Sweet Gypsy, call him back for one two-words,
 And here's a jewel for thee.

96-7 **camels**... **elephant** (exotic animals
 people would pay to see)
 97 **grout** great
 98 **go** walk
 99 **corn-fed** i.e. overfed, overweight
 100 **blind bears** (alluding to the tormenting
 of captive bears in bear-baiting arenas)
 102 **For**... **whipping** as a result of being
 whipped by a coal miner
 105 **cudgels** (the trainer's stick, over which
 animals were taught to jump)
 106 **decoys** swindlers
 107 **Puppets** (lower class popular entertain-
 ments)
 108 **roaring boys** noisy bullies
 109 **cozen** cheat
gilt covered with gold paint (which the
 customer takes for solid gold)
 111 **motion** puppet show

112 **Nineveh** biblical city, whose destruction
 was a popular theme for puppet shows
 (rhymes with 'see')
 114 **ringing** music produced by bells (here,
 worn on the bodies of dancers)
 117 **Andrew** (the patron saint of Scotland,
 and hence a popular Scots name; like
 his father, Prince Charles was born in
 Scotland)
 118 **try** test
fine high quality
 119 **faith** sexual fidelity (but perhaps
 suggesting 'religion', since the Infanta's
 Catholicism was a major political issue)
 121 **black** corrupt, tarnished (but also sug-
 gesting the traditional racial stereotyping
 of Gypsy and Spanish complexions)
 129 **noddle** head
 131 **pease-porridge** split yellow peas boiled

into a pudding (poor man's diet)
 132 **to-bedabbled** wet with dirty liquid
 138 **fine** finely
 142 **conies** (*a*) rabbits (*b*) lovers (pronounced
 'cunnies', slang for 'cunts')
mallows a common wild herb (poor
 man's diet)
 143 **dell** (*a*) young unmarried vagrant
 female, sexually available wench (*b*) nat-
 ural hollow, wooded vale
 144 **bonny** pretty, cheerful
 145 **Smug** spruce, smarten
beetle-brows conspicuously dark, large,
 or sullen eyebrows
 146 **show**... **foot** (usually considered
 indecorous exhibitionism)
seemly (*a*) handsome (*b*) decorous
 150 **entertained** welcomed
 151 **two-words** i.e. brief conversation

- [*She gives Soto a jewel*]
 SOTO I'll send him.
 CARDOCHIA What's his name?
 SOTO Andrew. *Exit*
 CARDOCHIA
 A very handsome fellow. I've seen courtiers
 Jet up and down in their full bravery,
 Yet here's a Gypsy worth a drove of 'em.
Enter Don Juan
 JUAN
 With me, sweetheart?
 CARDOCHIA Your name is Andrew?
 JUAN Yes.
 CARDOCHIA
 You can tell fortunes, Andrew?
 JUAN I could once,
 But now I've lost that knowledge; I'm in haste,
 And cannot stay to tell you yours.
 160 CARDOCHIA I cannot
 Tell yours then—and 'cause you're in haste, I'm
 quick.
 I am a maid—
 JUAN So, so, a maid quick?
 CARDOCHIA Juana Cardochia,
 165 That's mine own name. I am my mother's heir
 Here to this house, and two more.
 JUAN I buy no lands.
 CARDOCHIA
 They shall be given you, with some plate and money,
 And free possession during life of me,
 So the match like you—for so well I love you
 170 That I, in pity of this trade of Gypsying
 (Being base, idle, and slavish), offer you
 A state to settle you, my youth and beauty,
 (Desired by some brave Spaniards), so I may call you
 My husband. Shall I, Andrew?
 JUAN 'Las, pretty soul,
 175 Better stars guide you! May that hand of Cupid
 Ache, ever shot this arrow at your heart!
 Sticks there one such indeed?
 CARDOCHIA I would there did not,
 Since you'll not pluck it out.
 JUAN Good sweet, I cannot.
 For marriage, 'tis a law amongst us Gypsies
 180 We match in our own tribes. For me to wear you,
 I should but wear you out.
 CARDOCHIA I do not care.
 Wear what you can out, all my life, my wealth:
 Ruin me, so you lend me but your love,
 A little of your love!
 JUAN Would I could give it,
 For you are worth a world of better men
 For your free noble mind! All my best wishes
 Stay with you; I must hence. 185
 CARDOCHIA Wear for my sake
 This jewel.
 [*She offers him a necklace*]
 JUAN I'll not rob you, I'll take nothing.
 CARDOCHIA
 Wear it about your neck but one poor moon;
 If in that time your eye be as 'tis now,
 190 Send my jewel home again, and (I protest)
 I'll ne'er more think on you. Deny not this.
 Put it about your neck.
 JUAN [*putting it on*] Well then, 'tis done.
 CARDOCHIA
 And vow to keep it there.
 JUAN By all the goodness
 I wish attend your fortunes, I do vow it. *Exit* 195
 CARDOCHIA
 Scorned! Thou hast tempered poison to kill me
 Thyself shall drink. Since I cannot enjoy thee,
 My revenge shall.
Enter Diego
 DIEGO Where are the Gypsies?
 CARDOCHIA Gone.
 Diego, do you love me?
 DIEGO Love thee, Juanna?
 Is my life mine? It is but mine so long 200
 As it shall do thee service.
 CARDOCHIA
 There's a young Gypsy newly entertained.
 DIEGO
 A handsome rascal. Marry, what of him?
 CARDOCHIA
 That slave in obscene language courted me,
 Drew *reals* out, and would have bought my body,
 205 Diego, from thee.
 DIEGO
 Is he so itchy? By my troth, I'll cure him.

155 **Jet strut**
bravery bravado, finery

156 **drove** herd

163 **maid quick** 'pregnant virgin'

166 **house** (a) dwelling (b) inn

167 **plate** (a) bullion (b) gold or silver
 utensils

168 **free** unlimited freehold for life (legal
 terminology, but here with added sexual
 referent)

169 **So** if

172 **state** estate

174 'Las alas

177 **Sticks...such** does one of those stick in
 your heart

179-80 **marriage...tribes** Those who
 objected to the proposed Spanish Match
 felt that Protestants should marry
 Protestants.

180 **wear** (a) possess sexually (b) damage,
 waste, devalue (c) exhaust physically

182 **what** whatever (suggesting an explicitly
 physical, sexual friction)

183 **Ruin** (a) impoverish (b) make disrespect-
 able sexually and socially

but just, only

184 **give** (in contrast to her request that he
 merely 'lend')

189 **moon** month

196 **Thou** (shifting immediately from
 'you', as an expression of her change of
 attitude)

tempered mixed

197 **Thyself** (which) you yourself
enjoy (a) take pleasure in (b) possess
 sexually, make use of

204 **slave** contemptible lower class villain

205 **reals** Spanish gold coins

[He draws his sword]

CARDOCHIA

Thou shalt not touch the villain; I'll spin his fate.
Woman strikes sure, fall the blow ne'er so late.

DIEGO

210 Strike on since: by'r Lady, thou wilt be a striker.
Exeunt

4.2 Enter Fernando, Francisco, Pedro, and Luis

FERNANDO See, Don Luis; an arm,
The strongest arm in Spain, to the full length
Is stretched to pluck old Count Alvarez home
From his sad banishment.

LUIS With longing eyes,
5 My lord, I expect the man. Your lordship's pardon:
Some business calls me from you.

FERNANDO Prithee, Don Luis,
Unless th'occasion be too violent,
Stay and be merry with us. All the Gypsies
Will be here presently.

LUIS I will attend your lordship
Before their sports be done.

10 FERNANDO Be your own carver.
Exit Luis
[To Francisco] Not yet shake off these fetters? I see a
son
Is heavy when a father carries him
On his old heart.

FRANCISCO Could I set up my rest
That he were lost or taken prisoner,
15 I could hold truce with sorrow; but to have him
Vanish I know not how, gone none knows whither,
'Tis that mads me.

PEDRO You said he sent a letter.

FRANCISCO A letter? A mere riddle: he's 'gone to seek
His fortune in the wars'. What wars have we?
20 Suppose we had, goes any man to th' field
Naked, unfurnished both of arms and money?

FERNANDO Come, come, he's gone a-wenching. We in our youth
Ran the self-same bias.

208 **spin** (comparing herself to the three
sisters of classical mythology, who spun
each man's fate)

209 **strikes** (playing on the sense
'fornicates')

210 **since** then (= sithence), but perhaps
punning on 'sins'
by'r Lady by our lady, the Virgin Mary
wilt are determined or destined to

4.2.10 **Be... carver** suit yourself (proverbial)

11 **fetters** chains (of grief)

12 **carries** (like a pregnant mother)

13 **set... rest** be convinced enough to bet
my final reserves (metaphor from card

games)

19 **What... we** (an ironic comment, in the
context of the ongoing Thirty Years War;
England was officially still at peace)

20 **field** battlefield

21 **Naked** without accessories

arms armour, weapons

22 **a-wenching** chasing women

23 **Ran... bias** followed the same curving or
irregular path (metaphor from bowling)

27 **physic** medicine

28 **great chamber** large formal room

30 **figure of numeral**

casts us all up sums us up (but probably

Enter Diego

DIEGO The Gypsies, my lord, are come.

FERNANDO Are they? Let them enter. *Exit Diego* 25
My lord De Cortes, send for your wife and daughter.

Good company is good physic: take the pains
To seat yourselves in my great chamber.

Exit Pedro [with Francisco]

Enter the old Father of the Gypsies, Don Juan,
Roderigo [wearing a visor], Antonio, Carlo,
Eugenia, Preciosa, Christiana, Sancho, and Soto

See, they are here. [To Gypsies] What's your number?
SANCHO The figure of nine casts us all up, my lord. 30

FERNANDO

Nine? Let me see—you are ten, sure.

SOTO [pointing to Roderigo] That's our poet; he stands for a
cipher.

FERNANDO

Ciphers make numbers.—What plays have you?

FATHER Five or six, my lord. 35

FERNANDO It's well, so many already.

SOTO We are promised a very merry tragedy, if all hit right,
of Cobby Nobby.

FERNANDO

So, so, a 'merry tragedy'! There is a way
Which the Italians and the Frenchmen use: 40
That is, on a word given, or some slight plot,
The actors will extempore fashion out
Scenes neat and witty.

FATHER We can do that, my lord:
Please you bestow the subject.

FERNANDO Can you? [To Roderigo] Come hither,
45 You master poet. To save you a labour,
Look you, against your coming I projected
This comic passage:

[He gives Roderigo a paper]

your drama; that's the scene.

RODERIGO Ay, ay, my lord.

FERNANDO I lay't in our own country, Spain.

RODERIGO 'Tis best so. 50

FERNANDO

Here's a brave part for this old Gypsy; look you,
The father. Read the plot: this young she-Gypsy,
This lady. Now the son—play him yourself.

punning on 'vomits us')

32-3 **poet... cipher** playwright... nonentity

34 **Ciphers... numbers** zeros, added to
another numeral, greatly increase the
number

38 **Cobby Nobby** (nonsense name, compound-
ed of words with low-class associations:
cob, nob)

40-3 **Italians... witty** (referring to *commedia
dell'arte*)

41 **plot** outline, scenario (technical theatrical
term for list of entrances and exits)

46 **against** anticipating

49 **lay't** set it (the play)

- RODERIGO
My lord, I am no player.
- FERNANDO Pray, at this time
55 (The plot being full), to please my noble friends
(Because your brains must into theirs put language),
Act thou the son's part. I'll reward your pains.
- RODERIGO
Protest, my lord—
- FERNANDO Nay, nay, shake off protesting.
When I was young, sir, I have played myself.
- 60 SANCHO Yourself, my lord? You were but a poor company
then.
- FERNANDO
Yet full enough, honest fellow.—Will you do it?
- RODERIGO I'll venture.
- FERNANDO
I thank you. [To Father] Let this father be a don
65 Of a brave spirit. Old Gypsy, observe me.
- FATHER Yes, my lord.
- FERNANDO
Play him up high—not like a pantaloon,
But hotly, nobly, checking this his son,
Whom make a very rake-hell, a debauched fellow.—
This point, I think, will show well.
- 70 RODERIGO This of the picture?
It will indeed, my lord.
- SANCHO My lord, what part play I?
- FERNANDO What parts dost use to play?
- SANCHO If your lordship has ever a coxcomb, I think I
75 could fit you.
- FERNANDO I thank your coxcombship.
- SOTO Put a coxcomb upon a lord!
- FERNANDO
There are parts to serve you all. Go, go, make ready,
And call for what you want. *Exit*
- FATHER [to Roderigo]
80 Give me the plot. Our wits are put to trial.
What's the son's name? 'Lorenzo': that's your part.
- Look only you to that; these I'll dispose.
'Old Don Avero', mine. 'Hialdo, Lollo,
Two servants': [to Sancho and Soto] you for them.
- SANCHO
One of the foolish knaves give me. 85
I'll be Hialdo.
- SOTO And I, Lollo.
- SANCHO Is there a banquet in the play? We may call for
what we will.
- RODERIGO Yes, here is a banquet.
- SANCHO I'll go then and bespeak an ocean of sweetmeats, 90
marmalade, and custards.
- FATHER Make haste to know what you must do.
- SANCHO Do? Call for enough—and when my belly is full,
fill my pockets.
- SOTO To a banquet there must be wine. Fortune's a scurvy 95
whore, if she makes not my head sound like a rattle
and my heels dance the canaries.
- FATHER
So, so, dispatch, whilst we employ our brains
To set things off to th' life.
- RODERIGO I'll be straight with you.
[*Exeunt all except Roderigo*]
- Why does my father put this trick on me? 100
Spies he me through my visor? If he does,
He's not the king of Spain, and 'tis no treason.
If his invention jet upon a stage,
Why should not I use action? 'A debauched fellow!'
'A very rake-hell!' This reflects on me— 105
And I'll retort it. Grown a poet, father?
No matter in what strain your play must run,
But I shall fit you for a roaring son. *Exit*
- Enter Francisco, Pedro, Fernando, Diego, Maria,
and Clara. Flourish* 4.3
- FERNANDO
Come, ladies, take your places.—This' their music?
'Tis very handsome. O, I wish this room

54 **player** actor
55 **plot** roster of roles
59 **played myself** personally acted (but taken
as 'impersonated myself' or 'acted alone,
all by myself')

60 **company** acting troupe
62 **Yet full** but wealthy, satisfactory
63 **venture** try, take the risk
64 **don** aristocrat
67 **pantaloan** skinny, bespectacled, foolish
old man in *commedia dell'arte*
68 **hotly** angrily
checking rebuking
69 **rake-hell** scoundrel
70 **point** detail
74 **coxcomb** fool, clown
75 **fit** satisfy
77 **lord** (Sancho)
79 **want** lack, need
87 **banquet** feast (consisting mostly of

desserts)
88 **will** like, want
90 **bespeak** reserve, order in advance
sweetmeats goodies
97 **canaries** Spanish dance, allegedly derived
from Canary islanders (but punning on
the name of the Spanish wine)
99 **straight** immediately
101 **visor** mask, disguise (as an Italian
actor)
102 **'tis no treason** Roderigo's disguise, or
his lying to his father, is not illegal (but
perhaps also linked to next line, since it
would be illegal to represent the king of
Spain on stage)
103 **jet** strut
104 **action** theatrical gestures
105 **reflects on** (a) represents (b) insults
106 **retort** repay, retaliate
poet (usually associated with youth,

and inappropriate for a 'father' and
aristocrat; possibly alluding to James
I's verses, in February 1623, replying
to anonymous verse criticisms, and
his sonnet in March 1623 'of Jack and
Tom')
107 **strain** (a) tone (b) melody (c) sophistry
(d) offspring, lineage (e) kind of person
play (a) stage play (b) playing on a
musical instrument (c) game (d) sexual
performance
108 **roaring son** playing on 'roaring
boy' (urban adolescent behaving out-
rageously) and on 'roaring' in contrast to
music
4.3.0.2 **Flourish** (trumpet call, signalling
that a theatrical performance is about to
begin)
1 **This'** this is

Were fretted but with gold works, noble friends,
 As are to you my welcomes!
Flourish
 Begin there, masters!

5 SANCHO (*within*) Presently, my lord; we want but a cold
 capon for a property.
 FERNANDO
 Call, call for one!
[Flourish]
 Now they begin.
Enter Sancho (the Prologue)

SANCHO
 Both short and sweet, some say, is best.
 We will not only be sweet, but short.

10 Take you pepper in the nose, you mar our sport.
 FERNANDO By no means pepper.
 SANCHO
 Of your love measure us forth but one span.
 We do, though not the best, the best we can. *Exit*

FERNANDO A good honest Gypsy!
*Enter the old Father of the Gypsies [as Don Avero]
 and Soto [as Lollio]*

15 FATHER [*as Avero*] Slave, where's my son Lorenzo?
 SOTO [*as Lollio*] I have sought him, my lord, in all four
 elements: in earth (my shoes are full of gravel), in water
 (I drop at nose with sweating), in air (wheresoever I
 20 heard noise of fiddlers, or the wide mouths of gallon
 pots roaring), and in fire (what chimney soever I saw
 smoking with good cheer—for my master's dinner, as I
 was in hope).
 FATHER [*as Avero*]
 Not yet come home? Before on this old tree
 Shall grow a branch so blasted, I'll hew it off,
 25 And bury it at my foot! Didst thou inquire

At my brother's?
 SOTO [*as Lollio*] At your sister's.
 FATHER [*as Avero*]
 At my wife's father's?
 SOTO [*as Lollio*] At your uncle's mother's.
 No such sheep has broke through their hedge; no such
 calf as your son sucks or bleats in their ground. 30
 FATHER [*as Avero*]
 I am unblessed to have but one son only,
 One staff to bear my age up, one taper left
 To light me to my grave, and that burns dimly;
 That leaves me darkling hid in clouds of woe.
 He that should prop me is mine overthrow. 35
 FERNANDO
 Well done, old fellow!—Is't not?
 OMNES Yes, yes, my lord.
 SOTO [*as Lollio*] Here comes his man Hialdo.
Enter Sancho [as Hialdo]
 FATHER [*as Avero, to Sancho*]
 Where's the prodigal your master, sirrah?
 SANCHO [*as Hialdo*] Eating acorns amongst swine, draff
 amongst hogs, and gnawing bones amongst dogs. He's 40
 lost all his money at dice, his wits with his money, and
 his honesty with both—for he bumfiddles me, makes the
 drawers curvet, pitches the plate over the bar, scores
 up the vintner's name in the Ram-head, flirts his wife
 under the nose— 45
 And bids you, with 'a pox', send him more money.
 FATHER [*as Avero*]
 Art thou one of his curs to bite me too?
 To nail thee to the earth were to do justice.
 SANCHO [*as Hialdo*]
 Here comes Bucephalus, my prancing master.
 Nail me now who dares. 50

3 **fretted** decorated (used of musical
 elaboration and architectural ornament),
 but playing on the sense 'irritated'
but only
gold works (a) architectural ornamenta-
 tion with gold leaf (b) golden actions,
 superb literary or musical compositions,
 'good works'
noble (perhaps punning on the 'gold'
 coin)
 4 **masters** skilled workmen, masters of their
 trade
 5 **within** (perhaps poking his head out
 through a curtain or stage window)
Presently immediately
want but lack only
 6 **capon** (cooked castrated) chicken
property prop
 7.2 **Prologue** (conventionally dressed in a
 long black velvet cloak)
 8 **short and sweet** (proverbial)
 10 **Take you** if you take
pepper... nose offence (proverbial)
 12 **span** hand's length, small amount (but
 'hand' perhaps alluding to applause)
 16-17 **four elements** (earth, water, air,

fire: regarded as the basic materials from
 which everything else was formed)
 18 **drop at nose** have a runny nose
 19 **noise** (a) cacophonous din (b) rumour,
 talk (c) company of musicians
 19-20 **gallon pots** drinking vessels so large
 they can hold a gallon of liquid
 21 **cheer** food
 28 **uncle's mother's** (a ridiculous way of
 saying) 'grandmother's'
 29 **sheep** (a) domesticated sheep (b) feckless
 person (c) lost sheep, lost soul
 30 **calf** (a) infant cow (b) fool
sucks (a) nourishes itself at its mother's
 teat (b) smokes tobacco
bleats (a) makes a sheep's cry (b) talks or
 sings with a high-pitched voice
 32 **staff** crutch, support
taper candle
 34 **darkling** in the dark, getting dark
 38-9 **prodigal... swine** (alluding to the
 parable of the Prodigal Son at Luke
 15:11-32)
 39 **swine** (a) pigs (b) lecherous degraded
 persons

39-40 **draff... hogs** (proverbial)
 39 **draff** refuse
 40 **hogs** (a) castrated pigs intended for early
 slaughter (b) coarse gluttonous filthy
 persons
dogs (a) canines (b) despicable cowardly
 persons
 42 **bumfiddles** plays on my buttocks (beats,
 cheats, or sodomizes)
 43 **drawers** employees who serve wine in a
 tavern
curvet leap like horses
pitches the plate throws the tableware
 (but probably also 'ejaculates')
 43-4 **scores up** writes, etches (but playing
 on 'marks the tab, records the bill')
 44 **Ram-head** name of a tavern, or a
 room in one (but punning on the sense
 'cuckold' or 'list of cuckolds')
flirts jerks, strikes, insults
 46 **with 'a pox'** (a) swearing an oath
 (b) with venereal disease
 47 **curs** dogs
 49 **Bucephalus** (famous horse of Alexander
 the Great)

- Enter Roderigo [as Lorenzo]
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] I sit like an owl in the ivy-bush of a tavern. 'Swounds, Hialdo, I have drawn red wine from the vintner's own hogshead.
- SANCHO [as Hialdo, pointing to the others] Here's two more; pierce them too.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo, to Avero] Old Don, whom I call father: am I thy son? If I be, flesh me with gold, fat me with silver! Had I Spain in this hand, and Portugal in this, Puff it should fly.—Where's the money I sent for? [Aside] I'll tickle you for a rake-hell!
- SANCHO [as Hialdo] Not a *mar'vedi*.
- FATHER [as Avero] Thou shalt have none of me.
- SOTO [as Lollio, to Avero] Hold his nose to the grindstone, my lord.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo, to Avero] I shall have none?
- FATHER [as Avero, to Lollio] Charge me a case of pistols. What I have built I'll ruin. Shall I suffer
- 65 A slave to set his foot upon my heart? A son? A barbarous villain! Or if heaven save thee Now from my justice, yet my curse pursues thee.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] Hialdo, carbonado thou the old rogue my father.
- 70 SANCHO [as Hialdo] Whilst you slice into collops the rusty gammon his man there.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo, to Avero] No money? Can taverns stand without 'anon, anon'? fiddlers live without scraping? taffeta girls look plump without pampering? If you will not lard me with money,
- 75 Give me a ship, furnish me to sea.
- FATHER [as Avero] To have thee hanged for piracy?
- SANCHO [as Hialdo] Trim, tram, hang master, hang man!
- 80 RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] Then send me to the West Indies, buy me some office there.
- FATHER [as Avero] To have thy throat cut for thy quarrelling?
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] Else send me and my ningle Hialdo to the wars.
- SANCHO [as Hialdo] A match! We'll fight dog, fight bear. Enter Antonio [as Hernando]
- FATHER [as Avero] O dear Hernando, welcome!—Clap wings to your heels,
- 85 And pray my worthy friends bestow upon me Their present visitation.— [Exeunt Soto and Sancho]
- ANTONIO [as Hernando] Lorenzo, see the anger of a father: Although it be as loud and quick as thunder, Yet 'tis done instantly. Cast off thy wildness.
- 90 FATHER [as Avero, to Lorenzo] Be mine, be mine—for I to call thee home Have (with my honoured friend here, Don Hernando) Provided thee a wife.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] A wife! Is she handsome? Is she rich? Is she fair? Is she witty? Is she honest?—Hang honesty!—Has she a sweet face, cherry cheek, strawberry lip, white skin, dainty eye, pretty foot, delicate legs?—as there's a girl now.
- 95 ANTONIO [as Hernando] It is a creature both for birth and fortunes, And for most excellent graces of the mind, Few like her are in Spain.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] When shall I see her?
- FATHER [as Avero] I do. The lady Lives from Madrid very near fourteen leagues, But thou shalt see her picture.
- RODERIGO [as Lorenzo] That, that! Most ladies in these days are but very fine pictures.
- 100 Enter Carlo, Don Juan, Eugenia, Preciosa, Christiana [as friends of Avero], Sancho and Soto [as Hialdo and Lollio]
- FATHER [as Avero] Ladies, to you first, welcome.—My lords (Alonzo, And you, worthy marquis), thanks for these honours.—
- 105 Away, you! [Exeunt Sancho and Soto] To th' cause now of this meeting. My son Lorenzo (Whose wildness you all know) comes now to th' lure,
- 110

51 *sit* . . . *ivy-bush* resemble a painted owl in a tavern sign (proverbial)
owl emblematic of (a) wisdom (b) staying up all night
 52 'Swounds by God's wounds (a particularly profane oath, appropriate to a 'rake-hell')
red wine (playing on the sense 'blood')
 53 *hogshead* (a) large wine cask (b) head of a piggish person
 59 *tickle* (a) amuse (b) beat for as
 61 *Hold* . . . *grindstone* (proverbial)
 63 *Charge* load
 case pair
 68 *carbonado* cut into slices for broiling

70 *collops* pieces
 70-1 *rusty gammon* smoked ham
 73 *stand* remain in business
 'anon, anon' 'just a second' (conventional reply of waiters to impatient customers)
 74 *taffeta girls* well-dressed prostitutes
 75 *lard* fatten, enrich
 78 *Trim* . . . *man* (playing on the proverb 'Trim, tram, like master like man')
 79 *West Indies* (Spanish colonies)
 82 *Else* otherwise
ningle catamite, passive homosexual partner
 84 *fight* . . . *bear* (cry of spectators at bear-

baiting arenas)
 85 *Clap* . . . *heels* fly (like Mercury, messenger of the gods)
 90 *done* finished, extinguished
 95 *fair* light-skinned, blonde
honest chaste
 98 *as* . . . *girl* (referring to Clara, in the onstage audience)
 105-6 *ladies* . . . *pictures* (because they use so much make-up, which was called 'painting')
 109 *Away, you* get out (presumably because they are clowning around)
 111 *comes* . . . *lure* returns home (like a trained hawk)

Sits gently, has called home his wandering thoughts,
And now will marry.

PRECIOSA A good wife fate send him!
EUGENIA
One staid may settle him.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo, to Avero*]
Fly to the mark, sir.

115 Show me the wench, or her face, or any thing
I may know 'tis a woman fit for me.

FATHER [*as Avero*]
She is not here herself, but here's her picture.
[*He draws the curtain, and shows*] a picture

FERNANDO
My lord de Cárcamo, pray, observe this.

FRANCISCO
I do, attentively.—Don Pedro, mark it.
Enter Soto

SOTO [*aside to Juan*]
120 If you ha' done your part, yonder's a wench
Would ha' a bout with you. *Exit*

JUAN [*aside*] Me? *Exit*
DIEGO [*aside*] A wench? *Exit*

FATHER [*as Avero, to Lorenzo*]
Why stand you staring at it? How do you like her?

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*]
Are you in earnest?

FATHER [*as Avero*] Marry, sir, in earnest.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*]
'Snails, I am not so hungry after flesh

125 To make the devil a cuckold.

ANTONIO [*as Hernando*]
Look not upon the face, but on the goodness
That dwells within her.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] Set fire on the tenement!
FATHER [*as Avero*] She's rich; nobly descended.

130 RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] Did ever nobility look so scurvily?

FATHER [*as Avero*]
I'm sunk in fortunes; she may raise us both.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] Sink, let her, to her grannam! Marry
a witch? Have you fetched a wife for me out of Lapland?
An old midwife in a velvet hat were a goddess to this.

135 That, a red lip?

PRECIOSA There's a red nose.
RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] That, a yellow hair?

EUGENIA Why, her teeth may be yellow.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] Where's the full eye?

140 CHRISTIANA She has full blubber cheeks.

FATHER [*as Avero, to Lorenzo*]
Set up thy rest: her marriest thou, or none.

RODERIGO [*as Lorenzo*] None then: were all the water in
the world one sea, all kingdoms one mountain, I would
climb on all four up to the top of that hill, and headlong
hurl myself into that abyss of waves, ere I would touch
145 her picture stinks hither.

*A noise within. Enter Don Juan, Diego [bleeding],
Cardochia, Sancho, and Soto, [all] in a hurry*

FERNANDO What tumult's this?
SANCHO and SOTO Murder, murder, murder! One of our
Gypsies is in danger of hanging, hanging! 150

PEDRO
Who is hurt?

DIEGO 'Tis I, my lord, stabbed by this Gypsy.

JUAN
He struck me first, and I'll not take a blow
From any Spaniard breathing.

PEDRO Are you so brave?

FERNANDO [*to Gypsies*]
Break up your play.—Lock all the doors.

DIEGO I faint, my lord.

FRANCISCO
Have him to a surgeon.— [*Exeunt some with Diego*]
How fell they out? 155

CARDOCHIA
Faith, my good lord, these Gypsies when they lodged
At my house, I'd a jewel from my pocket
Stolen by this villain.

JUAN 'Tis most false, my lords.
Her own hands gave it me.

PRECIOSA She that calls him villain,
Or says he stole—

FERNANDO Hoyday! We hear your scolding. 160

CARDOCHIA
And the hurt gentleman, finding it in his bosom,
For that he stabbed him.

FERNANDO Hence with all the Gypsies!

PEDRO Ruffians and thieves—to prison with 'em all!

FATHER
My lord, we'll leave engagements, in plate and
money,
For all our safe forthcomings. Punish not all 165
For one's offence. We'll prove ourselves no thieves.

SANCHO [*aside*] O Soto, I make buttons!

114 Fly... mark get to the point (like an arrow shot at a target)

115 any thing (sexually suggestive)

116 I (so that) I

120 done your part finished your role

121 bout sexual wrestle

123 in earnest serious

124 'Snails' by God's nails (a strong oath, also relevant to the devil, often represented with cloven feet)

125 devil a cuckold (implying that the

woman in the picture is a fit wife only for the devil—who, already having horns, is a natural cuckold)

128 Set... tenement burn the house down (playing on 'dwells')

132 Sink i.e. down to hell

133 witch (traditionally hideously ugly)

Lapland (traditionally associated with witches)

140 blubber fat, swollen

141 Set... rest make your final bid

146 haberdine dried salted fish

foh (exclamation of nausea or disgust)

153 brave defiant, insolent

161 bosom breast pocket

162 he Juan

164 engagements security, bail

165 forthcomings appearance (at trial)

167 make buttons am so afraid my 'buttocks go a twitter-twitter'

- SOTO [*aside*] Would I could make some, and leave this trade! 200
- FERNANDO
Iron him then, let the rest go free.—But stir not one foot
- 170 Out of Madrid. Bring you in your witness.
[*Exeunt at one door Don Juan to prison, and at another door the old Father of the Gypsies, Antonio, Carlo, Eugenia, Preciosa, Christiana*]
- SOTO [*aside to Sancho*] Prick him with a pin, or pinch him by the elbow—anything.
- 175 SANCHO My lord Don Pedro, I am your ward. We have spent a little money to get a horrible deal of wit, and now I am weary on't.
- PEDRO
My runaways turned jugglers, fortune-tellers?
- SOTO No great fortunes.
- FERNANDO
To prison with 'em both! A gentleman, play the ass?
- 180 SANCHO If all gentlemen that play the ass should to prison, you must widen your jails.—Come, Soto, I scorn to beg. Set thy foot to mine, and kick at shackles.
- FERNANDO So, so—away with 'em!
- SOTO Send all our company after, and we'll play there, and be as merry as you here. 185
- Exeunt [Sancho and Soto to prison]*
- FERNANDO
Our comedy turned tragical!—Please you, lords, walk. This actor here and I must change a word, And I come to you.
- OMNES Well, my lord, your pleasure.
Exeunt. [Manent Fernando and Roderigo]
- FERNANDO
Why? Couldst thou think in any base disguise To blind my sight? Fathers have eagles' eyes. But pray, sir, why was this done? Why, when I thought you 190 Fast locked in Salamanca at your study, Leaped you into a Gypsy?
- RODERIGO Sir, with your pardon, I shall (at fit time) to you show cause for all.
- FERNANDO
195 Meantime, sir, you have got a trade to live by. Best to turn player. An excellent ruffian, ha! But know, sir, when I'd found you out, I gave you This project of set purpose. 'Tis all myself; What the old Gypsy spoke must be my language.
- Nothing are left me but my offices
And thin-faced honours—and this very creature,
By you so scorned, must raise me by your marrying her.
- RODERIGO
You would not build your glory on my ruins?
- FERNANDO
Marry, the rascal has belied the lady;
She is not half so bad. All's one: she's rich. 205
- RODERIGO
O, will you sell the joys of my full youth
To dunghill muck? Seek out some wretch's daughter,
Whose soul is lost for gold then. You're more noble
Than t'have your son, the top-branch of your house,
Grow in a heap of rubbish. I must marry a thing 210
I shall be ashamed to own, ashamed to bring her
Before a sunbeam.
- FERNANDO I cannot help it, sir.
Resolve upon't, and do't.
- RODERIGO And do't? And die!
Is there no face in Spain for you to pick out
But one to fright me? When you sat the play here, 215
There was a beauty, to be lord of which
I would against an army throw defiance.
- FERNANDO
She? Alas!
- RODERIGO How? She!—at every hair of hers
There hangs a very angel. This!—I'm ready
To drop down looking at it. Sir, I beseech you: 220
[*He kneels*]
Bury me in this earth (on which I'm humbled
To beg your blessing on me) for a Gypsy,
Rather than—O, I know not what to term it!
Pray, what is that young pensive piece of beauty?
Your voice for her: I eyed her all the scene. 225
- FERNANDO
I saw you did.
- RODERIGO Methought 'twas a sweet creature.
- FERNANDO
Well, though my present state stands now on ice,
I'll let it crack and fall, rather than bar thee
Of thy content. This lady shall go by then.
- RODERIGO
Hang let her there, or anywhere!
- FERNANDO That young lannard 230
Whom you have such a mind to, if you can whistle
her

168 **make some** become a button-maker (as an alternative profession)

170 **Iron him** place him in irons, chains

171 **witness** testimony, evidence

172-3 **Prick . . . anything** do anything to get Don Pedro's attention

182 **Set . . . mine** (shoulder to shoulder)

kick at defy

184 **company** (a) companions (b) theatrical troupe

play (a) perform (b) enjoy ourselves

188 **I** then I will

190 **eagles** (remarkably sharp-sighted, overseeing their prey; believed to be able to look directly at the sun)

193 **Leaped . . . into** eagerly changed positions, identities (as though 'Gypsy' were a saddle into which he jumped)

198 **of set** with premeditated

201 **thin-faced** worn out, thin-veneered

204 **rascal** i.e. painter

belied slandered

211 **own** acknowledge mine

215 **sat** attended

216 **a beauty** i.e. Clara

229 **This lady** (in the picture)

230 **Hang** (like a picture on the wall, or a criminal on the gallows)

lannard hawk

231 **whistle** call

To come to fist, make trial; play the young falconer.
 I will nor mar your marriage, nor yet make.
 Beauty, no wealth; wealth, ugliness—which you will,
 take.

RODERIGO
 I thank you, sir. [Exit Fernando]

235 Put on your mask, good madam:
 The sun will spoil your face else.
 [He closes the curtain on the picture.] Exit

⊗

5.1 *Incipit Actus Quintus*
Enter Fernando, Pedro, Roderigo, Clara [in a
bridal gown] and Maria, as from church, [passing]
over the stage: [as the others exeunt] Fernando
stays Roderigo

FERNANDO
 Thou hast now the wife of thy desires.

RODERIGO Sir, I have—
 And in her every blessing that makes life
 Loath to be parted with.

FERNANDO Noble she is,
 And fair; has (to enrich her blood and beauty)
 5 Plenty of wit, discourse, behaviour, carriage.

RODERIGO
 I owe you duty for a double birth,
 Being in this happiness begot again—
 Without which I had been a man of wretchedness.

FERNANDO
 Then henceforth, boy, learn to obey thy fate.
 10 'Tis fall'n upon thee; know it, and embrace it.
 Thy wife's a wanton.

RODERIGO A wanton?

FERNANDO
 Examine through the progress of thy youth
 What capital sin, what great one 'tis—for 'tis
 A great one—thou'st committed.

15 RODERIGO I, a great one!

FERNANDO
 Else heaven is not so wrathful to pour on thee
 A misery so full of bitterness.
 I am thy father; think on't, and be just.
 Come, do not dally.

RODERIGO Pray, my lord—

FERNANDO Fool, 'twere
 20 Impossible that justice should rain down
 In such a frightful horror without cause.
 Sir, I will know it. Rather blush thou didst
 An act thou dar'st not name, than that it has

A name to be known by.

RODERIGO Turn from me then,
 And as my guilt sighs out this monster—rape—
 25 O, do not lend an ear!

FERNANDO Rape? Fearful!

RODERIGO Hence,
 Hence springs my due reward.

FERNANDO Thou'rt none of mine—
 Or if thou be'st, thou dost belie the stamp
 Of thy nativity.

RODERIGO Forgive me!

FERNANDO Had she
 (Poor wrongèd soul, whoe'er she was) no friend,
 30 Nor father, to revenge? Had she no tongue
 To roar her injuries?

RODERIGO Alas, I know her not.

FERNANDO
 Peace! Thou wilt blaze a sin beyond all precedent.
 Young man, thou shouldst have married her; the
 devil
 Of lust that riots in thy eye should there
 35 Have let fall love and pity, not on this stranger
 Whom thou hast doted on.

RODERIGO O, had I married her,
 I had been then the happiest man alive!
Enter Clara, Maria, and Pedro, from behind the
arras

CLARA
 As I the happiest woman, being married.
 Look on me, sir.

PEDRO [to Roderigo]
 You shall not find a change
 40 So full of fears as your most noble father,
 In his wise trial, urged.

MARIA [to Roderigo] Indeed you shall not,
 The forfeit of her shame shall be her pawn.

RODERIGO
 Why, pray, d'ye mock my sorrows? Now, O now,
 My horrors flow about me!

FERNANDO No, thy comforts,
 45 Thy blessings, Roderigo.

CLARA [showing the crucifix to Roderigo]
 By this crucifix
 You may remember me.

RODERIGO Ha! Art thou
 That lady wronged?

CLARA I was, but now am I
 Righted in noble satisfaction.

RODERIGO
 How can I turn mine eyes, and not behold
 50

232 **fist** the gloved hand of the falconer
 trial attempt, effort

234 **which you will** whichever you prefer

235 **Put...mask** cover your face

236 **sun...face** (Suntans were considered
 ugly.)

5.1.0.3-4 **passing...stage** entering at one

door and exiting out another

0.5 **stays** stops

5 **carriage** deportment

11 **wanton** slut

15 **I** (or 'Ay')

28 **stamp** legitimizing seal (conception being
 imagined as the impressing of male form

upon waxen female substance)

33 **blaze** (a) proclaim, publish (b) blazon,
 describe heraldically

38.2 **arras** curtain

40 **change** transformation (into a 'wanton')

43 **pawn** pledge, guarantee

- On every side my shame?
 FERNANDO No more. Hereafter
 We shall have time to talk at large of all.
 Love her that's now thine own; do, Roderigo.
 She's far from what I charactered.
- CLARA [*to Roderigo*] My care
 55 Shall live about me to deserve your love.
 RODERIGO
 Excellent Clara!
 [*They embrace*]
 Fathers both, and mother,
 I will redeem my fault.
- FERNANDO, PEDRO, and MARIA
 Our blessings dwell on ye!
 Enter Luis and Francisco
- LUIS
 Married to Roderigo?
 FRANCISCO Judge yourself:
 See where they are. Exit
- LUIS [*to Clara*] Is this your husband, lady?
 CLARA
 60 He is, sir. Heaven's great hand, that on record
 Fore-points the equal union of all hearts,
 Long since decreed what this day hath been perfected.
- LUIS
 'Tis well then. I am free, it seems.
- CLARA Make smooth,
 My lord, those clouds, which on your brow deliver
 65 Emblems of storm. I will (as far as honour
 May privilege) deserve a noble friendship,
 As you from me deserve a worthy memory.
- LUIS
 Your husband, faith, has proved himself a friend
 Trusty and tried; he's welcome, I may say,
 From th'university.
- 70 RODERIGO To a new school
 Of happy knowledge, Luis.
- LUIS Sir, I am
 Not so poor-spirited to put this injury up.
 The best blood flows within you is the price.
- RODERIGO
 Luis, for this time calm your anger,
 75 And if I do not give you noble satisfaction,
 Call me to what account you please.
- LUIS So, so.—
 [*To Fernando*] I come for justice t'ye, and you shall
 grant it.
- FERNANDO
 Shall and will.
- LUIS With speed, too:
 My poor friend bleeds the whites.
- FERNANDO You shall yourself,
 Before we part, receive the satisfaction
 80 You come for.—Who attends?
 SERVANTS (*within*) My lord?
 FERNANDO The prisoner!
 SERVANTS (*within*)
 He attends your lordship's pleasure.
 Enter Preciosa, Eugenia, and the old Father of the
 Gypsies
- LUIS What would this girl?—
 Foh, no tricks! Get you to your cabin, hussy;
 We have no ear for ballads.
- FERNANDO Take her away.
- CLARA
 A wondrous lovely creature!
 PRECIOSA Noble gentlemen,
 85 If a poor maid's (a Gypsy-virgin's) tears
 May soften the hard edge of angry justice,
 Then grant me gracious hearing. As you're merciful,
 I beg my husband's life!
- FERNANDO Thy husband's, little one?
 PRECIOSA
 Gentle sir, our plighted troths are chronicled
 90 In that white book above, which notes the secrets
 Of every thought and heart. He is my husband;
 I am his wife.
- LUIS Rather his whore.
- PRECIOSA Now, trust me,
 You're no good man to say so. I am honest;
 'Deed, la, I am—a poor soul, that deserves not
 95 Such a bad word. Were you a better man
 Than you are, you do me wrong.
- LUIS The toy grows angry!
- CLARA [*to Roderigo*]
 And it becomes her sweetly. Troth, my lord,
 I pity her.
- RODERIGO I thank you, sweet.
- LUIS [*to Preciosa*] Your husband,
 You'll say, is no thief—
- PRECIOSA Upon my conscience,
 100 He is not.
- LUIS Dares not strike a man—
- PRECIOSA Unworthily,
 He dares not; but if trod upon, a worm
 Will turn again.
- LUIS That turning turns your worm
 Off from the ladder, minion.

54 **charactered** described61 **Fore-points** appoints in advance63 **free** released of his commitment to her
(ironic)69 **tried** tested72 **put . . . up** accept this insult82 **would this girl** does this girl want83 **cabin** tent, hut, cave84 **ballads** (popular songs, despised by
educated contemporaries, and often sad)86 **Gypsy-virgin's** (paradoxical, according to
early modern prejudice)90 **plighted troths** pledged betrothals
chronicled recorded and dated (like other
historical facts)91 **white book** divine register94 **honest** chaste95 **'Deed, la** indeed (very mild ladylike oath)97 **toy** plaything102-3 **if . . . turn** (proverbial justification for
revenge)103-4 **turns . . . ladder** i.e. hangs him

PRECIOSA Sir, I hope
 105 You're not his judge; you are too young, too choleric,
 Too passionate. The poise of life or death
 Requires a much more grave consideration
 Than your years warrant. Here sit they, like gods,
 Upon whose heads the reverend badge of time
 110 Hath sealed the proof of wisdom; to these oracles
 Of riper judgement, lower in my heart
 [*She kneels*]
 Than on my knees, I offer up my suit,
 My lawful suit, which begs they would be gentle
 To their own fames, their own immortal stories.
 115 O, do not think, my lords, compassion thrown
 On a base low estate, on humble people,
 Less meritorious than if you had favoured
 The faults of great men (and indeed great men
 Have oftentimes great faults). He whom I plead for
 120 Is free; the soul of innocence itself
 Is not more white. Will you pity him?
 I see it in your eyes. 'Tis a sweet sunbeam;
 Let it shine out—and to adorn your praise,
 The prayers of the poor shall crown your days
 (And theirs are sometimes heard).
 125 FERNANDO Beshrew the girl,
 She has almost melted me to tears!
 LUIS Hence, trifler!—Call in my friend!
 Enter Don Juan [*in irons*], Diego, and Cardochia
 [*To Diego*] What hope of ease?
 DIEGO Good hope, but still I smart;
 The worst is in my pain.
 130 LUIS The price is high
 Shall buy thy vengeance. To receive a wound
 By a base villain's hand, it mads me.
 JUAN
 Men subject to th'extremity of law
 Should carry peace about 'em to their graves;
 135 Else, were you nobler than the blood you boast of
 Could any way (my lord) derive you, know
 I would return sharp answer to your slanders.
 But it suffices, I am none of aught
 Your rage miterms me.
 LUIS None of 'em? No rascal?
 JUAN
 No rascal.
 140 LUIS Nor no thief?
 JUAN
 Ask her that's my accuser. Could your eyes
 Pierce through the secrets of her foul desires,
 You might (without a partial judgement) look into
 A woman's lust and malice.
 CARDOCHIA My good lords,
 145 What I have articed against this fellow,
 I justify for truth.
 JUAN On then, no more.
 This being true she says, I have deserved
 To die.
 FERNANDO
 We sit not here to bandy words,
 But minister the law, and that condemns thee
 For theft unto the gallows.
 PRECIOSA O my misery!
 150 Are you all marble-breasted? Are your bosoms
 Hooped round with steel? To cast away a man
 More worthy life and honours than a thousand
 Of such as only pray unto the shadow
 Of abused greatness!
 JUAN 'Tis in vain to storm.
 155 My fate is here determinèd.
 PRECIOSA Lost creature,
 Art thou grown dull too? Is my love so cheap
 That thou court'st thy destruction 'cause I love
 thee?—
 My lords, my lords!—Speak, Andrew, prithee, now,
 Be not so cruel to thyself and me.
 160 One word of thine will do't.
 FERNANDO Away with him!
 Tomorrow is his day of execution.
 JUAN
 Even when you will.
 PRECIOSA Stay, man, thou shalt not go;
 Here are more women yet.—Sweet madam, speak.
 You, lady, you methinks should have some feeling
 165 Of tenderness; you may be touched as I am.
 Troth, were't your cause, I'd weep with you, and join
 In earnest suit for one you held so dear.
 CLARA [*to Roderigo*]
 My lord, pray speak in his behalf.
 RODERIGO I would,
 170 But dare not; 'tis a fault so clear and manifest.
 LUIS
 Back with him to his dungeon!
 JUAN Heaven can tell
 I sorrow not to die, but to leave her
 Who whiles I live is my life's comforter.
 CARDOCHIA [*aside*] Now shall I be revenged!
 [*Exeunt Don Juan, Diego, and Cardochia*]

105 choleric full of cholera, angry

106 poise balance

108 they (Fernando and Pedro)

109 badge insignia (= white hair)

114 stories histories, biographies

120 free fault-free, faultless

123 shine out (eyes were believed to see by projecting eye-beams, like sunbeams)

125 Beshrew damn

129 smart hurt, wince

135 Else otherwise

145 articed particularized in the indictment

147 This being (a) since this is (b) if this is

148 bandy toss back and forth

149 minister administer

151 marble-breasted hard-hearted

154 pray...shadow (a) kneel down at the

feet of, in the shadow of (b) worship the appearance rather than reality

155 abused deceived

157 dull senseless

161 One word i.e. his real name (which he has sworn to conceal, in becoming a Gypsy for two years)

166 touched affected, moved

Act 5 Scene 1

The Spanish Gipsie.

PRECIOSA
 O me unhappy!
 [She swoons]
 175 FERNANDO See, the girl falls!
 Some one look to her.
 CLARA 'Las, poor maid!
 EUGENIA Preciosa!—
 She does recover. Mine honourable lord—
 FERNANDO In vain, what is't?
 EUGENIA
 Be pleased to give me private audience;
 180 I will discover something shall advantage
 The noblest of this land.
 FERNANDO Well, I will hear thee.
 Bring in the girl. *Exeunt. [Father stays Luis]*
 LUIS Aught with me? What is't?
 I care not for thy company, old ruffian.
 Rascal, art impudent?
 FATHER To beg your service.
 LUIS
 Hang yourself!
 185 FATHER By your father's soul, sir, hear me!
 LUIS
 Dispatch.
 FATHER First promise me you'll get reprieve
 For the condemnèd man, and by my art
 I'll make you master of what your heart on earth
 Can wish for or desire.
 LUIS Thou li'st; thou canst not.
 FATHER
 Try me.
 190 LUIS Do that, and then (as I am noble)
 I will not only give thy friend his life
 But royally reward thee, love thee ever.
 FATHER
 I take your word. What would you?
 LUIS If thou mock'st me,
 'Twere better thou wert damned.
 FATHER Sir, I am resolute.
 195 LUIS Resolve me, then, whether the Count Alvarez,
 Who slew my father, be alive or dead?
 FATHER
 Is this the mighty matter? The count lives.
 LUIS
 How?
 FATHER
 The count lives.
 LUIS O fate! Now tell me where,
 And be my better genius.
 FATHER I can do't.
 In Spain a lives; more, not far from Madrid— 200
 But in disguise, much altered.
 LUIS Wonderful scholar!
 Miracle of artists! Alvarez living?
 And near Madrid too? Now, for heaven's sake, where?
 That's all, and I am thine.
 FATHER Walk off, my lord,
 To the next field; you shall know all.
 LUIS Apace, then! 205
 I listen to thee with a greedy ear.
 The miserable and the fortunate
 Are alike in this, they cannot change their fate.
Exeunt at one door.
Enter [the old Father and Luis] presently at the
other [door] 5.2
 FATHER
 Good, good: you would fain kill him, and revenge
 Your father's death?
 LUIS I would.
 FATHER Bravely, or scurvily?
 LUIS
 Not basely, for the world!
 FATHER We are secure.
 [He discovers] two swords
 Young Luis, two more trusty blades than these
 Spain has not in her armory. With this, 5
 Alvarez slew thy father; and this other
 Was that the king of France wore when great Charles
 In a set battle took him prisoner.
 Both I resign to thee.
 LUIS This is a new mystery.
 FATHER
 Now see this naked bosom. Turn the points
 Of either on this bulwark, if thou covet'st
 (Out of a sprightly youth and manly thirst
 Of vengeance) blood; if blood be thy ambition,
 Then call to mind the fatal blow that struck
 De Castro, thy brave father, to his grave. 15
 Remember who it was that gave that blow,
 His enemy Alvarez: hear, and be sudden.
 Behold Alvarez.
 LUIS Death, I am deluded!
 FATHER
 Thou art incredulous. As fate is certain,
 I am the man.
 LUIS Thou, that butcher? 20

175, 182 **girl** (two syllables)

180 **discover** reveal

advantage profit

186 **Dispatch** be quick about it

187 **art** black magic (associated with Gypsies)

199 **better genius** guardian angel

200 **a** he

202 **artists** magicians

205 **Apace** quickly

5.2.0.1 **presently** immediately

1 **fain** like to

3.1 **discovers** reveals, produces (probably from the trapdoor, as though they had been buried in this 'field')

4 **trusty** reliable

7-8 **king... prisoner** worn by Francis I at the battle of Pavia (1525), where he was defeated by the Holy Roman Emperor and King of Spain, Charles V (1500-1558), the most powerful monarch in sixteenth-century Europe

11 **bulwark** defensive barrier (i.e. his chest)

19 **As... certain** (proverbial)

FATHER
Tremble not, young man. Trust me, I have wept
Religiously to wash off from my conscience
The stain of my offence. Twelve years and more,
Like to a restless pilgrim I have run
25 From foreign lands to lands to find out death.
I'm weary of my life. Give me a sword.
That thou mayst know with what a perfect zeal
I honour old De Castro's memory,
I'll fight with thee; I would not have thy hand
30 Dipped in a wilful murder. I could wish
For one hour's space I could pluck back from time
But thirty of my years, that in my fall
Thou might'st deserve report. Now if thou conquer'st,
Thou canst not triumph; I'm half dead already.
Yet I'll not start a foot.

35 LUIS Breathes there a spirit
In such a heap of age?

FATHER O, that I had
A son of equal growth with thee, to tug
For reputation! By thy father's ashes,
I would not kill thee for another Spain.
40 Yet now I'll do my best. Thou art amazed;
Come on.

LUIS Twelve tedious winters' banishment—
'Twas a long time.

FATHER Could they redeem thy father?
Would every age had been twelve ages, Luis,
And I for penance every age a-dying!
But 'tis too late to wish.

45 LUIS I am o'ercome.
Your nobleness hath conquered me. Here ends
All strife between our families, and henceforth
Acknowledge me for yours.

FATHER O, thou reviv'st
Fresh horrors to my fact—for in thy gentleness
I see my sin anew.

50 LUIS Our peace is made.
Your life shall be my care. 'Twill be glad news
To all our noble friends.

FATHER Since heaven will have it so,
I thank thee, glorious majesty! My son—
For I will call thee son—ere the next morrow
55 Salute the world, thou shalt know stranger mysteries.

LUIS
I have enough to feed on. Sir, I'll follow ye. *Exeunt*

5.3 *Enter Eugenia, Fernando, and Preciosa*

FERNANDO
Don Juan, son to the count of Cárcamo?
Woman, take heed thou trifle not.

EUGENIA Is this,
My lord, so strange?
FERNANDO Beauty in youth, and wit
To set it forth, I see, transforms the best
Into what shape love fancies.
PRECIOSA Will you yet
Give me my husband's life? 5
FERNANDO Why, little one,
He is not married to thee.
PRECIOSA In his faith
He is—and faith and troth I hope bind faster
Than any other ceremonies can.
Do they not, pray, my lord?
FERNANDO Yes, where the parties 10
Pledged are not too unequal in degree,
As he and thou art.
PRECIOSA This is new divinity.
EUGENIA
My lord, behold this child well. In her face
You may observe, by curious insight, something
More than belongs to every common birth. 15
FERNANDO True, 'tis a pretty child.
EUGENIA The glass of misery
Is (after many a change of desperate fortune)
At length run out. You had a daughter,
Called Constanza.
FERNANDO Ha!
EUGENIA A sister, Guiomare,
Wife to the Count Alvarez. 20
FERNANDO Peace, O, peace!
EUGENIA
And to that sister's charge you did commit
Your infant daughter—in whose birth your wife,
Her mother, died.
FERNANDO Woman, thou art too cruel!
PRECIOSA
What d'ye mean, grannam? 'Las, the nobleman
Grows angry!
FERNANDO Not I, indeed I do not.— 25
But why d'ye use me thus?
EUGENIA Your child and sister,
As you supposed, were drowned.
FERNANDO Drowned, talking creature!
'Supposed'?
EUGENIA They live. Fernando, from my hand,
Thy sister's hand, receive thine own Constanza,
The sweetest, best child living.
PRECIOSA Do you mock me? 30
FERNANDO
Torment me on—yet more, more yet, and spare not.

33 report reputation

35 start budge

39 another Spain (Spanish conquests in the Americas were called 'New Spain')

49 fact crime

5.3.3-4 Beauty...forth i.e. Preciosa

5 what whatever

7 faith fidelity, commitment

8 troth betrothal, promise, truth

11 degree class, status

12 divinity theology

16 glass hourglass

21 charge care

27 creature (as though she were not human, but something else that was nevertheless—as only humans should be—capable of speech)

- My heart is now a-breaking, now!
- EUGENIA O brother,
Am I so far removed off from your memory
As that you will not know me? I expected
35 An other welcome home. Look on this casket,
[*She shows*] a casket
The legacy your lady left her daughter
When to her son she gave her crucifix.
- FERNANDO
Right, right, I know ye now.
- EUGENIA In all my sorrows,
My comfort has been here; she should be yours,
40 Because born yours.—Constanza, kneel, sweet child,
To thy old father.
- PRECIOSA [*kneeling*]
How? my father?
- FERNANDO Let not
Extremity of joys ravish life from me
Too soon, heaven, I beseech thee!—Thou art my
sister,
My sister Guiomare. How have mine eyes
Been darkened all this while! 'Tis she!
- 45 EUGENIA 'Tis, brother—
And this Constanza, now no more a stranger,
No 'Preciosa' henceforth.
- FERNANDO My soul's treasure,
Live to an age of goodness, and so thrive
In all thy ways that thou mayst die to live!
- PRECIOSA
But must I call you father?
- 50 FERNANDO Thou wilt rob me else
Of that felicity, for whose sake only
I am ambitious of being young again.
Rise, rise, mine own Constanza!
- PRECIOSA [*rising*] 'Tis a new name,
But 'tis a pretty one. I may be bold
To make a suit t'ye?
- FERNANDO Anything.
- 55 PRECIOSA O father,
An if you be my father, think upon
Don Juan, my husband. Without him, alas,
I can be nothing!
- FERNANDO As I without thee;
Let me alone, Constanza.—Tell me, tell me,
Lives yet Alvarez?
- EUGENIA In your house.
- 60 FERNANDO Enough.
Cloy me not; let me by degrees digest
My joys.—Within! My lords! Francisco, Pedro!
Enter Francisco, Pedro, Maria, Roderigo, Clara
Come all at once! I have a world within me.
I am not mortal sure, I am not mortal.—
- My honourable lords, partake my blessings. 65
Count Alvarez lives, here in my house;
Your son, my lord Francisco, Don Juan, is
The condemned man, falsely accused of theft;
This, my lord Pedro, is my sister Guiomare;
Madam, this is Constanza, mine own child, 70
And I'm a wondrous merry man.—Without!
The prisoner!
*Enter the old Father (Alvarez), Luis, Don Juan,
Diego, Sancho, Soto, and Cardochia*
- LUIS Here, free, and acquitted
By her whose folly drew her to this error—
And she for satisfaction is assured
To my wronged friend.
- CARDOCHIA I crave your pardons. 75
He whose I am speaks for me.
- DIEGO We both beg it.
- FERNANDO
Excellent, admirable!—My dear brother!
[*Fernando and the old Father Alvarez embrace*]
- FATHER
Never a happy man till now. Young Luis
And I are reconciled.
- LUIS For ever, faithfully,
Religiously.
- OMNES [*to Alvarez*]
My noble lord, most welcome! 80
- FATHER
To all my heart pays what it owes, due thanks.—
[*To Luis*] Most, most, brave youth, to thee!
- JUAN I all this while
Stand but a looker-on, and though my father
May justly tax the violence of my passions,
Yet if this lady (lady of my life) 85
Must be denied, let me be as I was,
And die betimes.
- PRECIOSA [*to Fernando*]
You promised me—
- FERNANDO I did.—
My lord of Cárcamo, you see their hearts
Are joined already; so let our consents
To this wished marriage.
- FRANCISCO [*to Juan*] I forgive thine errors. 90
Give me thy hand.
- FERNANDO [*to Preciosa*]
Me, thine.—But wilt thou love
My daughter, my Constanza?
JUAN As my bliss.
- PRECIOSA [*to Juan*]
I thee as life, youth, beauty, anything
That makes life comfortable.

35 other different

39–40 yours...yours your comfort...your child

41 How what

42 ravish abduct

47 treasure (playing on the name 'Preciosa')

49 live survive eternally in heaven

71 Without outside, out there

74 assured affianced, engaged

77 admirable amazing

87 betimes soon, early

89 so likewise (be joined)

THE TRIUMPHS OF INTEGRITY

with THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Edited by David M. Bergeron

ADDRESSING Parliament on 31 March 1607, James I warmed to a compelling metaphor: 'I would heartily wish my breast were a transparent glass for you all to see through, that you might look into my heart, and then would you be satisfied of my meaning.' He opened his March 1610 parliamentary address with the same metaphor. We know, of course, that James often went to great lengths to remain obscure and unknowable. In the 1623 mayoral pageant Middleton seizes the metaphor of transparency and links it to the concept of integrity, needed in both royal and city government. The idea and allegorical figure of Integrity provide a bridge in the pageant by which the memorable past crosses into present politics and by which mayoral celebration gives rise to royal politics. And *The Triumphs of Integrity* constructs a bridge by which Anthony Munday enters explicitly into authorial collaboration with Middleton.

Garret Christmas and Middleton received £150 for 'making and setting out of the pageants and Shows' in 1623. But one also finds in the records of the Drapers' Company, the sponsoring guild, a payment to Munday of £35 'for an Argoe', confirming his nearly ubiquitous participation in Jacobean Lord Mayor's shows, especially in the pageant writing of Middleton. At moments indeed it may be difficult to separate the two writers. But in 1623 their collaboration takes a rather different turn, resulting—uniquely—in two different texts for the mayoral pageant: Middleton's *The Triumphs of Integrity* and Munday's *The Triumphs of the Golden Fleece*.

Early in his text Middleton writes about the show that occurred on the river as the new mayor made his way to Westminster, describing it as 'a proper and significant masterpiece of triumph called the Imperial Canopy, being the ancient arms of the company, an invention neither old nor enforced' (36–9). This 'same glorious and apt property' (39) joined the four land devices. Since Munday wrote the river entertainment, Middleton presumably refers to that contribution, in fact in rather glowing terms. Munday in his text provides a brief device on the river that does not include any speeches. The 'argoe' depicts Jason and his Argonauts, all appropriate to the Drapers' arms and all taken from Munday's 1615 pageant, *Metropolis Coronata*. Middleton's characterization of the device as 'neither old nor enforced' seems at best inaccurate.

From at least the fifteenth century London mayors had made the obligatory trip to Westminster by river. This

journey regularly included several boats, appropriately decorated with banners that reflected the guilds and the city. Eyewitness accounts focus on the spectacle of the river procession. In 1591 George Peele's *Descensus As-traeae* became the first pageant text to record the river entertainment. Only in *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity* (1619) does Middleton record the river festivities, principally Love's speech. John Squire's 1620 mayoral pageant, *The Triumphs of Peace*, offers one of the most elaborate river entertainments. Munday, more often than not, includes in his texts some account of the river pageant. *Metropolis Coronata*, for example, portrays, in addition to Jason, a person representing Henry fitz Ailwin, London's first mayor. In a hundred-line speech he explicates the relevance of the Golden Fleece to the Drapers and finally insists to the new mayor: 'You are our Jason.'

For ten years Munday and Middleton have encountered each other in the process of writing mayoral pageants. Munday (1560–1633), poet, dramatist, historian, and translator, had been recognized by Francis Meres in *Palladis Tamia* as 'our best plotter'. Between 1602 and 1623 he had at least a hand in fifteen Lord Mayor's shows. In 1602 Middleton and Munday had collaborated, along with Dekker, Drayton, and Webster, on a play, *Caesar's Fall*, for Henslowe's company (see the further discussion in 'Lost Plays', p. 328). Since William Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson (1816) editors and commentators have referred to their 'rivalry', noting how Middleton in his pageant texts speaks 'slightingly' or 'disparagingly' of his rival Munday, who apparently regularly nips at Middleton's artistic heels. Little reliable evidence exists to confirm that Middleton thought Munday his inferior: we need only recall his praise of Munday at the end of *The Triumphs of Truth*. Instead, their unpleasant rivalry emerges as a nineteenth-century invention, which has become by now both 'old' and 'enforced'. Their separate texts in 1623, an aberration, confirm cooperation, not some personal rivalry. 'Collaboration' seems a far better, more nearly accurate, term to characterize much of the relationship between Middleton and Munday. In 1623 we do not have to scour guild records or glean some hint from Middleton's text to know of Munday's involvement. Here Munday's independently printed text, his last pageant, stands alongside Middleton's, evidence of his participation in the mayoral pageant and a necessary text if we would gain the complete picture of the mayoral festivities.

In *Integrity* Middleton moves from ancient shepherds to more recent former Lord Mayors in order to represent the past. The speaker Memory, reviewing the contribution of past mayors, comments that ‘shows, pomp, nor a house of state | Curiously decked’ (178–9) do not make a magistrate; rather, wisdom, justice, and care define him. At the same time, however, the indulgence in shows, pomp, and pageants calls attention to the virtues required of a magistrate; and this awareness leads to the Temple of Integrity where the realistic examples of the past give way to a mystification of virtue and an allegorizing of politics.

Of all playwrights from the mid-sixteenth to the mid-seventeenth century only Middleton represents Integrity. In *Sun in Aries* (1621) he cites Integrity as the one who keeps the keys to the Tower of Virtue; in *Triumphs of Honour and Virtue* (1622) he represents the allegorical figure Integrity as one of the eight parts that constitute the inward man, symbolized in the Globe of Honour. By 1623 Integrity has evolved into the titular character for the pageant. Middleton’s concept of Integrity corresponds to the opening lines of Horace’s Ode 22 of Book 1: ‘The man of upright life and free from sin, | requires no Moorish spears nor bow | and quiver laded with poisoned | arrows.’ Middleton plays off the idea that integrity means both whole and morally upright.

Middleton refers to the Temple of Integrity as ‘an unparalleled masterpiece of art’ (190); and he may be right, based on the tantalizing description. Through some kind of crystal one could see Integrity with ‘all her glorious and sanctimonious concomitants’ (192–3). In order to provide ‘content’ for the spectators and to express ‘the invention and the art of the engineer’ (194–5), this crystal temple ‘is made to open in many parts, at fit and convenient times’ (196–7). It has gold columns and silver battlements, ‘the whole fabric for the night triumph adorned and beautified with many lights, dispersing their glorious radiances on all sides through the crystal’ (199–202). We have to imagine what Integrity looked like, for Middleton only refers to her ‘immaculate self’ (192) without providing more specific information.

Integrity in her speech urges, ‘Look and look through me’ (207), possibly suggesting that she wears a garment of glass. Nothing hides her actions, no disguise or veil, ‘only a crystal, which approves me clear’, she says (214). Integrity instructs the new mayor: ‘so must thy acts | Be all translucent’ (231–2), and he must leave behind ‘worthy tracts | For future times to find’ (232–3). Such accomplishment would make him worthy of Memory’s recollection, joining the impressive list of Drapers. When Integrity says to the mayor that his ‘very breast’ should be ‘Transparent, like this place wherein I rest’ (233–4), she recalls James I’s metaphor in the parliamentary speeches. Paradoxically, one not only sees through Integrity, but also one gains a reflection, ‘the crystal glass | By which wise magistracy sets his face’, according to Orpheus in *The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity* (113–4).

Through a transparent glass we also gaze into current royal politics, refracted with a topical twist in the pa-

geant’s last device, the Canopy of State. The tableau has ‘three imperial crowns cast into the form and bigness of a triumphal pageant, with cloud and sunbeams’ (256–8), all derived from the Drapers’ arms, as also in the 1621 pageant. These sunbeams ‘mount and spread like a golden and glorious canopy over the deified persons’ under them (259–60). The persons, eight in number, represent the scriptural Beatitudes, as in the 1622 pageant, taken from the Sermon on the Mount. To enhance the device, Middleton has added James’s ‘word or motto’, ‘*Beati pacifici*’, ‘set in fair great letters near the uppermost of the three crowns’ (263–4). The Drapers’ crowns intersect with the King’s word even as his word joins the Word of God of the Beatitudes. Middleton justifies the reference to the King by drawing an architectural analogy: just as great buildings may have the king’s arms affixed to them, so this triumph that celebrates the mayor should contain ‘some remembrance of honour’ that reflects ‘upon his majesty, by whose peaceful government, under heaven, we enjoy the solemnity’ (269–71). The king’s arms attached to a building make a ‘frontispiece’ (266), just as such pageant devices often resemble title-pages of a book, and vice versa. Fair great letters produce the King’s word; Middleton’s words produce a book.

The speech, which has a three-part structure, begins by justifying the reference to ‘that royal peacemaker our king’ (274) and noting the contribution of the guild which has thrice ‘crowned their goodness this one day, | With love, with care, with cost’ (280–1). The second part leads to an extended interpretation of the symbolism of the tableau: the crowns, the cloud, the sunbeams. The crowns, for example, may also imply the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, ‘swayed by the meek hand | Of blest James’ (291–2). The three crowns may refer to the ‘threefold honour [that] makes the royal suit, | In the king, prince, and the king’s substitute’ (303–4). Middleton links the mayor with the King and Prince in a triumvirate of power. In his last pageants Middleton gives voice to the concept of the mayor as the king’s substitute, an idea absent from earlier Jacobean Lord Mayor’s shows. Certainly in terms of civic shows and pageants the Lord Mayor of London has virtually usurped the king’s place, suggesting the rising power of the city and the diminished economic and cultural power of the sovereign. Therefore, even in the midst of celebrating the peacemaker king, Middleton returns to the bracing idea that London’s mayor rivals the king, takes his place. He had in fact at the beginning of *Integrity* referred to the city’s preparations to receive ‘his Majesty’s great substitute into his honourable charge’ (26–7).

The immediate, topical nature of royal politics arises in the third part of the speech, which begins with this assertion: ‘We have the crown of Britain’s hope again, | Illustrious Charles our prince’ (298–9). If we have the prince *again*, where has he been? Charles had been to Spain, this same prince whose investiture as Prince of Wales Middleton had celebrated. Twenty-three years old, Charles had reached the time to marry. But negotiations

The Triumphs of Integrity.

with Spain, the leading contender, had somewhat bogged down; therefore, Charles determined to go to Spain himself, complete the negotiations, and bring the Infanta with him to England to marry. In a somewhat hare-brained scheme he and the Duke of Buckingham, complete with disguises, set out on 28 February 1623 for Spain. Finally, at the end of August, King Philip IV and the English delegation signed an agreement; and Charles left Spain shortly thereafter. But he did not take the Infanta with him; the Spanish would not consent to such.

On 5 October 1623, Charles, Buckingham, and the others safely landed at Plymouth; they arrived in London the next day to universal rejoicing. Sir Simonds D'Ewes reports in his diary that he had never before seen so many bonfires, 335 just between Whitehall and Temple Bar. A few days later the Prince and the Duke had a tearful but

joyful reunion with James at Royston. Such celebration continues into the Lord Mayor's show. Charles's return may itself be a triumph of integrity. Clearly Middleton prepares the pageant and this final commemoration of Charles in light of his recent return: 'We have the crown of Britain's hope again.'

SEE ALSO

The Triumphs of the Golden Fleece: 1772

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 679

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 438

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 963

Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Antiquity*, 1397; *Aries*, 1586;

Virtue, 1714; *Prosperity*, 1901; lost pageant for Charles I, 1898

Other Middleton-Munday works: *Caesar's Fall*, 328

The Triumphs of Integrity

A noble solemnity, performed through the city, at
the sole cost and charges of the Honourable
Fraternity of Drapers, at the confirmation and
establishment of their most worthy brother, the
5 Right Honourable Martin Lumley, in the high
office of his Majesty's Lieutenant, Lord Mayor
and Chancellor of the famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his lordship's going, and perfecting
itself after his return from receiving the oath of
10 mayoralty at Westminster, on the morrow after
Simon and Jude's Day, being the 29 of October 1623.

*To the honour of him, to whom the noble Fraternity of
Drapers, his worthy brothers have consecrated their loves, in
costly triumphs; the Right Honourable Martin Lumley,
15 Lord Mayor of this renowned city.*

Thy descent worthy, fortune's early grace
Sprung of an ancient and most generous race
Matched with a virtuous lady, justly may
20 Challenge the honour of so great a day.

Faithfully devoted to the worthiness of you both,
Tho. Middleton

*The Triumphs of Integrity,
or, a noble solemnity through the City.*

25 Of all solemnities by which the happy inauguration of a
subject is celebrated, I find none that transcends the state

and magnificence of that pomp prepared to receive his
Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the
City of London, dignified by the title of the King's Chamber
Royal; which that it may now appear no less heightened
with brotherly affection, cost, art, or invention, than some
30 other preceding triumphs—by which of late times the
city's honour hath been more faithfully illustrated—the
takes its fit occasion to present itself.

And first to specify the love of his noble fraternity, after
his lordship's return from Westminster, having received
35 some service upon the water by a proper and significant
masterpiece of triumph called the Imperial Canopy, being
the ancient arms of the company, an invention neither
old nor enforced; the same glorious and apt property,
40 accompanied with four other triumphal pegmes, are in
their convenient stages planted to honour his lordship's
progress through the city: the first, for the land, attending
his most wished arrival in Paul's Churchyard, which bears
the inscription of a Mount Royal, on which mount are
45 placed certain kings and great commanders, which an-
cient history produces, that were originally sprung from
shepherds and humble beginnings: only the number of
six presented; some with crowns, some with gilt laurels,
holding in their hands silver sheephooks; viz. Viriat, a
50 prime commander of the Portugals, renowned amongst
the historians, especially the Romans, who, in battles of
fourteen years' continuance, purchased many great and

5 **Martin Lumley** (c.1560–1634); serving
as Alderman by 1614

17 **race** a possible reference to Lumley's
Italian ancestry

18 **virtuous lady** reference to Lumley's wife

36 **service . . . water** refers to Munday's
Triumphs of the Golden Fleece, performed
on the Thames (see p. 1772)

40 **pegmes** pageant structures

43 **Paul's Churchyard** eastern end of St

Paul's Cathedral

49 **Viriat** or Viriathus; between c.145 and
139 bc gained control of the Iberian
peninsula

The Triumphs of Integrity.

honourable victories; Arsaces, king of the Parthians, who
 55 ordained the first kingdom that ever was amongst them,
 and in the reverence of this king's name and memory
 all others his successors were called Arsacides after his
 name, as the Roman emperors took the name of Caesar
 for the love of great Caesar Augustus; also Marcus Julius
 60 Lucinus; Bohemia's Primislaus; the emperor Pertinax; the
 great victor Tamburlaine, conqueror of Syria, Armenia,
 Babylon, Mesopotamia, Scythia, Albania, etc. Many hon-
 ourable worthies more I could produce, by their deserts
 ennobling their mean originals. But for the better expres-
 sion of the purpose in hand, a speaker lends a voice to
 65 these following words.

THE SPEECH IN THE MOUNT ROYAL

*They that with glory-inflamed hearts desire
 To see great worth deservingly aspire,
 Let 'em draw near and fix a serious eye
 On this triumphant Mount of Royalty;
 70 Here they shall find fair virtue and her name
 From low, obscure beginnings raised to fame,
 Like light struck out of darkness. The mean wombs
 No more eclipse brave merit than rich tombs
 Make the soul happy; 'tis the life, and dying
 75 Crowns both with honour's sacred satisfying;
 And 'tis the noblest splendour upon earth
 For man to add a glory to his birth,
 All his life's race with honoured acts commixed,
 Than to be nobly born, and there stand fixed,
 80 As if 'twere competent virtue for whole life
 To be begot a lord: 'tis virtuous strife
 That makes the complete Christian, not high place,
 As true submission is the state of grace.
 'The path to bliss lies in the humblest field;
 85 Who ever risse to heaven that never kneeed?'
 Although the roof hath supernatural height,
 Yet there's no flesh can thither go upright.
 All this is instanced only to commend
 The low condition whence these kings descend.
 David. I spare the prince of prophets in this file,
 And preserve him for a far holier style,
 Who, being king anointed, did not scorn
 To be a shepherd after. These were born
 95 Shepherds and risse to kings; took their ascending
 From the strong hand of virtue, never ending
 Where she begins to raise, until she place
 Her love-sick servants equal with her grace:
 And by this day's great honour it appears
 She's much prevailed amongst the reverend years*

*Of these grave senators; chief of the rest,
 Her favour hath reflected most and best
 Upon that son whom we of honour call;
 And may't successively reflect on all.* 100

From this Mount Royal, beautified with the glory of
 deserving aspirers, descend we to the modern use of this
 105 ancient and honourable mystery, and there we shall find
 the whole livery of this most renowned and famous city,
 as upon this day, and at all solemn meetings furnished by
 it; it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and
 richest wearings, all courts of justice, magistrates, and
 110 judges of the land.

By this time his lordship and the worthy company
 being gracefully conducted toward the Little Conduit
 in Cheap, there another part of the triumph waits his
 honour's happy approach, being a chariot artfully framed
 115 and properly garnished. And on the conspicuous part
 thereof is placed the register of all heroic acts and worthy
 men, bearing the title of Sacred Memory, who, for the
 greater fame of this honourable fraternity, presents the
 never-dying names of many memorable and remarkable
 120 worthies of this ancient Society, such as were then famous
 for state and government: Sir Henry fitz Ailwin, knight,
 who held the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-
 four years together; he sits figured under the person of
 Government; Sir John Norman, the first lord mayor rowed
 125 in barge to Westminster with silver oars at his own cost
 and charges, under the person of Honour; the valiant Sir
 Francis Drake, that rich ornament to memory, who in
 two years and ten months' space did cast a girdle about
 the world, under the person of Victory; Sir Simon Eyre,
 130 who at his own cost built Leadenhall, a granary for the
 poor, under the figure of Charity; Sir Richard Champion
 and Sir John Milborne, under the person of Munificence
 or Bounty: Sir Richard Hardell and Sir John Poultney,
 the one in the seat of magistracy six years, the other
 135 four years together, under the figures of Justice and Piety,
 that Sir John being a college-founder in the parish of St
 Lawrence Poultney, by Candlewick Street; *et sic de ceteris*.
 This Chariot drawn by two pelleted lions, being the proper
 supporters of the company's arms; those two upon the
 140 lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little
 streamer or banneret bearing the Lord Mayor's arms, the
 other the company's.

THE SPEECH IN THE CHARIOT BY MEMORY

*I am all Memory, and methinks I see
 Into the farthest time, act, quality,* 145

53 **Arsaces** obscure first king of Parthia,
 c.250 BC; reigned two years before being
 assassinated
 58-9 **Marcus Julius Lucinus** possibly
 Valerius Licinianus Licinius, a Dacian
 peasant who became Augustus, AD 308-
 24
 59 **Primislaus** Premysl, legendary founder
 of the Premyslid dynasty; originally a

ploughman and later a noted lawgiver
Pertinax supposedly son of a weaver,
 became distinguished general under
 Marcus Aurelius (Burrige)
 60 **Tamburlaine** immortalized in Marlowe's
 two plays about him
 90 **file** catalogue or list
 90.n **David** Old Testament king, former

shepherd
 106 **mystery** guild
 107 **livery** all the guilds
 122-34 **Henry... Poultney** identified in the
 1621 pageant, *Aries*
 138 *et sic de ceteris* and so forth
 139 **pelleted lions** marked with heraldic
 pellets

The Triumphs of Integrity.

As clear as if 'twere now begun again,
 The natures, dispositions, and the men.
 I find to goodness they bent all their powers,
 Which very name makes blushing times of ours;
 150 They heaped up virtues long before they were old;
 This age sits laughing upon heaps of gold.
 We by great buildings strive to raise our names,
 But they more truly wise built up their fames,
 Erected fair examples, large and high,
 155 Patterns for us to build our honours by:
 For instance only, Memory relates
 The noblest of all city magistrates,
 Famous fitz Ailwin; naming him alone,
 I sum up twenty-four lord mayors in one,
 160 For he, by free election and consent,
 Filled all those years with virtuous government;
 Custom and time requiring now but one,
 How ought that year to be well dwelt upon;
 It should appear an abstract of that worth
 165 Which former times in many years brought forth.
 Through all the life of man this is the year
 Which many wish and never can come near;
 Think, and give thanks; to whom this year does come,
 The greatest subject's made in Christendom.
 170 This is the year for whom some long prepared,
 And others have their glorious fortune shared,
 But serious in thanksgiving; 'tis a year
 To which all virtues, like the people here,
 Should throng and cleave together, for the place
 175 Is a fit match for the whole stock of grace.
 And as men gather wealth 'gainst the year comes,
 So should they gather goodness with their sums;
 For 'tis not shows, pomp, nor a house of state
 Curiously decked, that makes a magistrate,
 180 'Tis his fair, noble soul, his wisdom, care,
 His upright justness to the oath he sware
 Gives him complete; when such a man to me
 Spreads his arms open, there my palace be.
 He's both an honour to the day so graced,
 185 And to his brotherhood's love, that sees him placed;
 And in his fair deportment there revives
 The ancient fame of all his brothers' lives.

After this, for the full close of the forenoon's triumph,
 near St Lawrence Lane his lordship receives an entertain-
 190 ment from an unparalleled masterpiece of art, called the
 Crystal Sanctuary, styled by the name of the Temple of
 Integrity, where her immaculate self with all her glorious
 and sanctimonious concomitants sit, transparently seen
 195 through the crystal; and more to express the invention
 and the art of the engineer, as also for motion, variety,
 and the content of the spectators, this Crystal Temple is

made to open in many parts, at fit and convenient times,
 and upon occasion of the speech. The columns or pillars of
 this Crystal Sanctuary are gold, the battlements silver, the
 whole fabric for the night triumph adorned and beautified
 200 with many lights, dispersing their glorious radiances on
 all sides through the crystal.

THE SPEECH FROM THE SANCTUARY BY INTEGRITY

Have you a mind, thick multitude, to see
 A virtue near concerns magistracy?
 Here on my temple throw your greedy eyes,
 205 See me, and learn to know me, then you're wise;
 Look and look through me, I no favour crave,
 Nor keep I hid the goodness you should have;
 'Tis all transparent what I think or do,
 And with one look your eye may pierce me through;
 210 There's no disguise or hypocritic veil,
 Used by adulterous beauty set to sale,
 Spread o'er my actions for respect or fear,
 Only a crystal, which approves me clear.
 Would you desire my name? Integrity,
 215 One that is ever what she seems to be;
 So manifest, perspicuous, plain, and clear,
 You may e'en see my thoughts as they sit here;
 I think upon fair equity and truth,
 And there they sit crowned with eternal youth;
 220 I fix my cogitations upon love,
 Peace, meekness, and those thoughts come from above.
 The temple of an upright magistrate
 Is my fair sanctuary, throne, and state;
 And as I dare detraction's evil'st eye,
 225 Sore at the sight of goodness, to espy
 Into my ways and actions, which lie ope
 To every censure, armed with a strong hope.
 So of your part ought nothing to be done,
 But what the envious eye might look upon:
 230 As thou art eminent, so must thy acts
 Be all translucent, and leave worthy tracts
 For future times to find, thy very breast
 Transparent, like this place wherein I rest.
 235 Vain doubtings; all thy days have been so clear,
 Never came nobler hope to fill a year.

At the close of this speech this crystal Temple of Integrity
 with all her celestial concomitants and the other parts
 of triumph take leave of his lordship for that time and
 rest from service till the great feast be ended; after which
 240 the whole body of the triumph attends upon his honour,
 both towards Saint Paul's and homeward, his lordship
 accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of
 the city, amongst whom the two worthy consuls, his
 lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful
 245 and generous Master Ralph Freeman and Master Thomas

181 *sware* past tense of *swore*

185 *brotherhood's* members of the Drapers

193 *sanctimonious concomitants* holy companions

203 *thick multitude* crowd

212 *adulterous* false

214 *approves* proves

217 *perspicuous* translucent, transparent

221 *cogitations* thoughts, meditations

232 *tracts* pamphlets; deeds form books

246 *Ralph Freeman* became mayor, 1633-34; honoured in Thomas Heywood's

Lord Mayor's Show; died in office

246-7 *Thomas Moulson* became mayor in 1634 upon Freeman's death

The Triumphs of Integrity.

Moulson, sheriffs and aldermen, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness will prove best their own expressers.

250 Near the entrance of Wood Street, that part of triumph being planted to which the concluding speech hath chiefly reference, and the rest about the Cross, I thought fit in this place to give this its full illustration, it being an invention both glorious and proper to the company, bearing the name of the thrice-royal Canopy of State, being the honoured arms of this fraternity, the three imperial crowns cast into the form and bigness of a triumphal pageant, with cloud and sunbeams, those beams, by ingenious art, made often to mount and spread like a golden and glorious canopy over the deified persons that are placed under it, which are eight in number, figuring the eight Beatitudes. To improve which conceit, *Beati pacifici*, being the King's word or motto, is set in fair great letters near the uppermost of the three crowns; and as in all great edifices or buildings the king's arms is especially remembered, as an honour to the building and builder, in the frontispiece, so is it comely and requisite in these matters of triumph, framed for the inauguration of his great substitute, the Lord Mayor of London, that some remembrance of honour should reflect upon his majesty, by whose peaceful government, under heaven, we enjoy the solemnity.

THE SPEECH, HAVING REFERENCE TO THIS IMPERIAL CANOPY, BEING THE DRAPERS' ARMS

275 *The blessedness, peace, honour, and renown,
This kingdom does enjoy, under the crown
Worn by that royal peacemaker our king,
So oft preserved from dangers menacing,
Makes this arms, glorious in itself, outgo
All that antiquity could ever show;
And thy fraternity hath strived t'appear
In all their course worthy the arms they bear;*

*Thrice have they crowned their goodness this one day, 280
With love, with care, with cost; by which they may,
By their deserts, most justly these arms claim,
Got once by worth, now trebly held by fame.
Shall I bring honour to a larger field
And show what royal business these arms yield? 285
First, the three crowns affords a divine scope,
Set for the graces, charity, faith, and hope,
Which three the only safe combiners be
Of kingdoms, crowns, and every company;
Likewise, with just propriety they may stand 290
For those three kingdoms swayed by the meek hand
Of blest James: England, Scotland, Ireland.
The cloud that swells beneath 'em may imply
Some envious mist cast forth by heresy,
Which, through his happy reign and heaven's blest will, 295
The sunbeams of the Gospel strikes through still;
More to assure it to succeeding men,
We have the crown of Britain's hope again,
Illustrious Charles our prince, which all will say
Adds the chief joy and honour to this day; 300
And as three crowns, three fruits of brotherhood,
By which all love's worth may be understood,
To threefold honour makes the royal suit,
In the king, prince, and the king's substitute;
By th' eight Beatitudes ye understand 305
The fullness of all blessings to this land,
More chiefly to this city, whose safe peace
Good angels guard, and good men's prayers increase.
May all succeeding honoured brothers be 310
With as much love brought home as thine brings thee.*

For all the proper adornments of art and workmanship in so short a time, so gracefully setting forth the body of so magnificent a triumph, the praise comes, as a just due, to the exquisite deservings of Master Garret Christmas, whose faithful performances still take the upper hand of his promises. 315

FINIS.

250 **Wood Street** runs north off of Cheapside between Cutter Lane and Milk Street
252 **Cross** The Cheapside Cross stood opposite the end of Wood Street.
258 **ingenious** clever, ingenious; or having the nature of an engine
261 **eight Beatitudes** used by Middleton in

the previous year's pageant, *Virtue*
262 **Beati pacifici** 'Blessed are the peace-makers', the motto of King James
266 **frontispiece** entrance of a building
274 **king** King James I
275 **preserved...menacing** refers probably

to King James's escapes from death in the Gowrie Conspiracy of 1600 and the Gunpowder Plot of 1605
287 **graces** the Theological Graces found in the New Testament, 1 Corinthians 13
292 **Ireland** trisyllabic

ANTHONY MUNDAY

The Triumphs of the Golden Fleece

Edited by David M. Bergeron

Performed at the cost and charges of the ancient
and honourable Society of the Drapers, for the
instalment of their worthy brother Master
Martin Lumley in the mayoralty of London.

On Wednesday, being the nine and
twentieth day of October, 1623.

*To the worshipful and worthy gentlemen, Master John
Gualter, Master John Foster, Master Robert Aubrey, Master
Walter Coventrey, the masters, wardens, bachelors, and their
assistant brethren, of the ancient and honourable
company of the Drapers*

To you worthy gentlemen, whose provident care and
liberal cost hath run through the troublesome travail of so
serious an employment, do I justly (and as no more than
is your due) dedicate this poor pains of mine, which might
have been more, had time so favoured; but such as it is,
take you the honour of my best endeavour, in this day's
Triumphs of the Golden Fleece, and what service else you
shall please to command me.

Your poor loving brother,
A. Munday

Gracing the triumph day, for the inauguration of the
Drapers' worthy brother, Master Martin Lumley, in the
mayoralty of London, for the year ensuing.

First, for the water service in the morning, when his
lordship taketh barge for his convoy to Westminster,
accompanied with the knights and aldermen, his worthy
brethren of several societies and all the other companies
in their triumphal barges with drums, fifes, trumpets, and
other jovial instruments. There is readily mounted on a
barge of apt conveyance a beautiful and curious argo,
shaped after the old Grecian antique manner, not with
masts and sails, as prepared for rough and boisterous seas,
but like to the Grecian argos, for carriage of passengers,
in time of calm and gentle weather, having banks for men

to sit and row with oars, for more quick and agile passage
on the seas.

This argo, figureth that of so great fame and renown,
wherein Prince Jason and his valiant Argonauts of Greece
passed to Colchis, to fetch from thence the Golden Fleece,
which is the crest of the Drapers' armory, and therefore
the main motive of our employing the invention, alluding
to that famous moral and ancient history.

We suppose this argo to be returned from Colchis,
purposely to honour this triumphal day by the rare art of
Medea the enchantress that kept the fleece there so long
a time, and wherewith she was now the more willing to
part, in regard of her affection to the Drapers company,
to whom she gave it freely for an honour and ornament
to their arms.

And to make the triumph the more full of majesty,
she vouchsafed to come herself in person, attended with
the fair Queen Irene her daughter, and accompanied with
the famous princes Jason, Hercules, Telamon, Orpheus,
Castor, and Pollux, all armed with fair gilt armours, and
bearing triumphal lances, wreathed about with gilded
laurel and curious shields, all carrying the impress of the
Golden Fleece.

Six tributary Indian kings, holding their several dominions
of Medea and living in vassalage to her, are commanded
by her to row the argo, all of them wearing their
tributary crowns, and antequely attired in rich habiliments.

The service being performed upon the water, the like is
done on the land, all the rest of the day following, always
attending his honour's service, and for adding the more
splendour to the triumph's solemnity.

Whatsoever credit or commendation (if any at all) may
attend on the artful performance of this poor device,
it belongeth to the arts-masters Richard Simpson and
Nicholas Sotherne; and freely I give it to them.

A. M.

FINIS.

26 **convoy** escorted journey

30 **jovial** merry

39 **Jason** See Munday's treatment of the
Jason story in his 1615 Lord Mayor's
Show, *Metropolis Coronata*. Jason suc-
ceeded in getting the Golden Fleece
with the help of Medea and his fellow
Argonauts.

46 **Medea** noted for her witchcraft, she

helped Jason secure the Golden Fleece
and fled with him, becoming his wife

54-5 **Hercules** . . . **Pollux** Mythological figures
who accompanied Jason on his quest.
Hercules possessed great strength, and
accomplished the twelve great labours
imposed on him. Telamon helped Her-
cules in the battle against Troy, and was
first to scale the walls of Troy. Orpheus

was a superb musician; compare Mid-
dleton's treatment of him in *Antiquity*.
Castor and Pollux were brothers, and
later the patron deities of mariners.

57 **impress** emblem or device

70-1 **Richard Simpson** . . . **Nicholas Sotherne**
The names of these artificers do not
appear in other records or texts of
pageant entertainments.

A GAME AT CHESSE: AN EARLY FORM

Edited by Gary Taylor



A Game at Chess is an English history play—a play about history, which also made history. It stimulated more immediate commentary than any play, masque, or pageant of its age. Accounts of it were dispatched to Brussels, Dublin, Florence, Madrid, Paris, and Venice. In England, it was rumoured to have received a secret performance at court; certainly, it provoked action by the King, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Privy Council, which not only closed down the play but (for a while) closed down all the London theatres, fined the King's Men, ordered a manhunt for Middleton, interrogated his son, and eventually jailed the author in the Fleet prison. (See "Occasional Poems".) Its text survives in many more manuscripts than any other play of the period; it was

published in more illicit editions than any other play; it was the first individual play published with an engraved title-page—and was then published again in another edition with yet another engraved title-page. Almost forty years later, in 1663, William Davenant still expected audiences to remember it as the exorbitant high-water mark of theatrical popularity (Steen, 63).

The play that made literary history dramatizes a pivotal period of English, and indeed European, history: the major political and foreign policy crises of 1620–24. It might be entitled *The Troublesome Reign of King James*. It brought onto the stage representations of King James I, Prince Charles, the Duke of Buckingham, King Felipe IV of Spain, the Archbishop of Spalato, the Conde de Gondomar, and various other participants in the conflict between Protestant England and Catholic Spain at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War.

Like every other history play, *A Game at Chess* sometimes sacrifices documentary detail to the foreshortening demands of dramatic form. Shakespeare, for instance, conflates separate historical individuals into a single fictional character, routinely manufactures persons, invents or distorts motives and events. Likewise, Middleton's *White King's Pawn* combines elements of several unpopular courtiers, and satirizes not an individual, but a pattern of court corruption increasingly visible in Jacobean England (Peck); many characters cannot be confidently identified with historical individuals, but instead personify tendencies or institutions.

From Aristotle to Sir Philip Sidney, poetry had been celebrated as 'more philosophical and more studiously serious than history', precisely because it was not bound to the 'bare was' of chronicle particulars. Political critics then and since have sometimes complained about 'inaccuracy' in *A Game at Chess*; such objections are themselves a tribute to the play's uniquely persuasive historicity-effect. But all histories are stories. Even the most rigorously academic monographs on English politics in the 1620s cannot help but deploy (like Middleton's play) the rhetorics of fiction—emphasis, selection, connection, speculation.

If, in such respects, *A Game at Chess* resembles all other histories and plays, it does differ from the more familiar history plays of the 1590s, praised and epitomized by Thomas Nashe:

How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that, after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed

with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, at several times, who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding.

That is not how anyone has ever reacted to *A Game at Chess*. Its radical originality can be seen in the two features of Nashe's prescription which it conspicuously rejects: the focus on individual prowess, and the representation of a distant past.

There is, in *A Game at Chess*, no personal political protagonist. Like other Middleton plays, his last play emphasizes ensemble; it is not built around a single dominant 'star'. Middleton does not represent politics in terms of charismatic individuality, and he never created supermen like Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Shakespeare's Henry V, or Chapman's Duke of Byron. The insistence upon magnetic individuals (good or bad), which pervades earlier history plays, reflects and helps to perpetuate a political system defined by factions. The politics of faction is organized around loyalty to individuals. There are no stable political parties, no fundamentally ideological motives or groupings, only a complex network of interlocking personal relationships, shifting alliances and rivalries, within a relatively small ruling group.

Faction (as Conrad Russell, Kevin Sharpe, and other revisionist historians have demonstrated) still dominated English governance in the 1620s. Indeed, the Spanish Match—which is in one sense the subject of *A Game at Chess*—epitomizes the politics of faction. James I sought to cement an alliance between Catholic Spain and Protestant England by marrying the Prince of Wales to the sister of Felipe IV; as a result of this alliance, James expected Spanish help in restoring his son-in-law Frederick to his hereditary domain (the Palatinate), from which he had been ousted by Felipe IV's uncle (the Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II). This sort of dynastic diplomacy translated faction onto an international scale: personal alliances between ruling families determined the fate of nations.

The Spanish Match was never consummated. It was aborted by a combination of the old politics of faction and a new politics of ideology and race. Returning from Madrid in October 1623 after months of frustrating negotiations, Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham—in what contemporaries called a 'blessed revolution'—quickly created a new factional alliance against the King's pro-Spanish foreign policy. The heir to the throne and the royal favourite, working in concert, formed a formidable nexus of political patronage. But that localized personal power was, in 1624, allied to a more widespread and impersonal nexus of opposition, in a brief moment of national unity which *A Game at Chess* celebrates (Cogswell). Most of the King's subjects wanted anti-Catholic foreign and domestic policies; they did not want a Catholic Spanish Queen of England. A majority of public and Parliament believed that foreign policy should be dictated, not by personal family alliances (which might unite the Habsburg

and the Stuart dynasties), but by ideological convictions (which bitterly divided their subjects).

The protagonist of *A Game at Chess* is not a person but a party: 'the White cause'. In his four plays on the reigns of Henry VI and Richard III (printed for the first time together in November 1623), Shakespeare had dramatized 'the contention' between 'the House of York' and 'the House of Lancaster', two rival factions with no discernible ideological differences, eventually reconciled by a marriage which unites the two dynasties. Middleton instead represents the contention between the House of Stuart and the House of Habsburg as a struggle between the White House and the Black House. Familial relationships, so central to the politics of faction and the history plays of Shakespeare, are ignored: though Prince Charles was James I's son, the White King is not characterized as the White Knight's father. Shakespeare used white and red roses as props, to clarify shifting factional alliances; Middleton uses white and black for the same purpose, but he also saturates clothing and skin-colour with meaning. And Middleton's audience celebrates the fact that a contracted marriage is never consummated.

In *A Game at Chess*, political conflict is ideologically (and racially) organized. That is one reason why the play's historical figures are translated into chess pieces. This conceit is usually explained as a ruse that helped Middleton slip an incendiary play past the censor. But the chess game is not just a disguise; it is also, in itself, a powerful signifier. Chess, which formalizes conflict into a binary opposition between polarized teams, articulates an emergent political system.

The organizational politics of party opposition did not crystallize until the crises of the 1640s, and did not develop into the familiar two-party Parliamentary system until the 1670s; historians are right to criticize anachronistic readings of the political turmoil of the 1620s in terms of simple divisions between a 'court party' and a 'country party', or 'government' and 'opposition'. But Middleton has here *envisaged* party politics. In 1624 Thomas Scott called the divisions between Englishmen over continental politics '*the seminary of a civil war*' (*Vox Regis*, 22; his italics). Echoes of Middleton's 1624 play can be heard in the civil war of the early 1640s and then again in the party-political street-theatre of the Exclusion Crisis which preceded the Glorious Revolution. In March 1641 a 'Game at Chess' (possibly Middleton's play) was performed at Oxford before Prince Charles (the future Charles II); the prologue, specially written for the occasion, warned that 'The King had best look to't, ere't be too late. | He has had sufficient checks; now, 'ware the mate.' In a polemical pamphlet entitled *The Game at Chess: a metaphorical discourse showing the present state of this kingdom* (1643), King Charles I—the White Knight of Middleton's play—has become, instead, the Black King, and the White side 'betokens the Parliament's army'. In 1680 'The Devil in the habit of a Jesuit' seduced a nun before audiences at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs; later, '*The Scene*



This 1624 title-page illustrates Gondomar's special chair, litter, and cane. The cane is not mentioned in Middleton's text, but may have been used in performance, as were the chair and litter.

suddenly draws off, and discovers Hell full of Devils, Popes and Cardinals'. *A Game at Chess* was the first, and is still the most evocative and complex, characterization of a recognizably modern political world.

Its modernity was its most scandalous feature. Unlike Talbot, Middleton's White King had not 'lain two hundred years in his tomb' before the players showed him 'on the stage'. The events dramatized in *A Game at Chess* were very recent history. The major players were all still alive. Gondomar's actual litter and special chair were brought on stage; the comedian who played him wore a discarded suit of Gondomar's clothes, and mimicked his personal mannerisms.

Other history plays worked to familiarize the far-away, to make the past present; Middleton's play sets out, instead, to re-present the present to itself. *A Game at Chess*

applies to national and international politics an artistic agenda Middleton had perfected in the insistent present tensing of city comedies and Yorkshire tragedies, annals and almanacs. As in his Lord Mayor's shows, this 'Angle of the world' (Induction.1) at the same time represents and is London—a place where the fictive and the actual coalesce, where 'anie in the Assemblie' deceived by Jesuit misrepresentations (5.78–9) may be fictive persons in a fictive theatre, and/or real persons in Parliament, Privy Council, the Convocation of the Church of England, and/or ourselves now.

But re-presenting the present is not as easy as it may sound. Long before Bertold Brecht, Middleton realized the need to defamiliarize familiar material, as a way of forcing audiences to perceive freshly what they had always seen and therefore never noticed. That is one function of metaphor, and one function of chess in Middleton's 'epic theatre'. Chess is an alienation device: the most important political events of recent months and years were translated into a series of moves in a game. Every disguise signifies. Formalizing politics re-focused it.

Annabel Patterson has argued that the indirection, irony, and polyphony which epitomize what we call 'literature' originated in early modern England as a way of communicating past or through a censor; censorship created in authors and readers a hermeneutical habit, which located encoded meanings beneath the surface or between the lines. Deciphering this code (using techniques first advocated by the right-wing philosopher Leo Strauss), left-wing critics have discerned fragments of subversion in almost every early modern play and poem. But by finding resistance everywhere, this critical programme has tended to homogenize the very real political differences between texts and authors, and thus to obscure the demonstrable uniqueness—political and literary—of Middleton's play.

No doubt, censorship contributed to Middleton's doubling-focus. But such displacement is not just a response to censorship, and did not originate in early modern England. Comparable techniques can be found in the uncensored democratic comedies of Aristophanes (which Middleton could have read, and to which *A Game at Chess* has often been compared). Artistic displacement exists independently of censorship. Moreover, censorship does not necessarily produce dense or intense displacements. It takes little wit for an author to make a fictive character complain about a fictive ruler's failure to appreciate and reward his fictive soldiers (as Massinger did in 1623 in the superfluous subplot of *The Bondman*), and little wit in an interpreter to realize that such complaints apply to the English government's treatment of its own veterans. The doubled meanings of *A Game at Chess* are altogether more complicated, politically and artistically.

With or without censors, the doubling created by metaphor, metonymy, and irony multiply the intellectual and emotional content which can be packed into a single unit of text: they increase information density, thereby intensifying the pleasures of interpretation. One of its earliest interpreters, John Holles, ended his eyewitness description

of *A Game at Chess* with the teasing assurance that 'Every particular will bear a large paraphrase.' This density, intensity, and variety multiply the markets to which a text may appeal. John Chamberlain reported that Middleton's play was 'frequented by all sorts of people: old and young, rich and poor, masters and servants, papists and puritans'. Perceived by contemporaries as simultaneously the most subversive and the most commercially successful play of its era, for both historians and literary critics *A Game at Chess* sets the standard by which the political force of early modern literature must be measured.

A Game at Chess made news—appropriately enough, because Middleton's play was made *from* news. Formally, it drew upon a long native tradition of anti-Catholic polemic, which ranged in substance from Donne's erudite *Ignatius his Conclave* to popular ballads and broadsides ridiculing the pope or celebrating the constancy of Protestant women (Watt). Factually, though, the sources for the play's political details were not magnificent old folios of official history, but rough pamphlets about recent events (extensively cited in the commentary).

More generally, Middleton transformed ephemera into art. In the early 1620s there was (as Joseph Frank, Richard Cust, Thomas Cogswell, and other historians have shown) an explosive proliferation of mechanisms—oral and textual, informal and institutionalized—for collecting and communicating political information. They included the gossip shop around St Paul's cathedral, the manuscript newsletters and Parliamentary reports regularly sent by London agents to their country patrons, the country inns and alehouses where merchants and pedlars retailed texts and re-told stories to local communities, the cheap news-sheets ('*corantos*'), printed in hundreds or thousands of copies. News had become, for the first time, a routine commodity, part of the long-distance traffic organized by merchants like Richard Fishbourne (to whom Middleton had dedicated the 1620 issue of *The Two Gates of Salvation*). By such means, the details of royal policy at home and abroad—what Tacitus had called *arcana imperii*, what James I labelled 'my prerogative, or mystery of state'—were exposed to the uncontrolled scrutiny of a wider public.

The 'genesis of the bourgeois public sphere', theorized by Jürgen Habermas, was actually consolidated in the early 1620s—the years in which, and about which, *A Game at Chess* and its sources were written. Not accidentally, the beginning of news coincides with the beginning of parties. Most of the products of the English printing industry, for a century, had been religious texts, ranging from expensive polemical theology to cheap popular piety. The press helped to create an ideological reading public, which in turn created a growing demand for ideological news.

Royal officials and apologists were quick to execrate this democratizing of information. Sir Francis Bacon, dismissing poetry as 'nothing else but *feigned history*', argued that 'ministers and great officers... and those who have handled the helm of government, and been acquainted

with the difficulties and mysteries of state business' were the only people qualified to interpret political chronicles, and in 1622 his *History of the Reign of King Henry the Seventh* offered itself as a new model of historicity. In his 1620 court masque, *News from the New World Discovered in the Moon*, Ben Jonson ridiculed the 'printers of news' and 'factors of news' who manufactured 'news, news, news', selling lies to 'the common people'; in 1626, Jonson's play *The Staple of News* expanded this satire of the age's 'hunger and thirst after published pamphlets of news'. One explicit object of Jonson's scorn was *A Game at Chess*.

Not content to complain, the government did its best to restrain the growing 'inordinate liberty of unreverent speech'. Royal proclamations of 1620 and 1621 forebade 'excess of lavish and licentious speech in matter of state'. The English Reformation had laboured to create a learned clergy, but the success of that effort had now produced a cadre of ideological intellectuals, many of them openly critical of government policy; in response, the King's 1622 'Directions concerning Preaching' specifically constrained the freedom of ministers. This crackdown on the press and the pulpit, putting 'a silenest Muzzle, on all the Barking Tongmen of the Time', Middleton attributes, not inaccurately, to the 'policie' of Gondomar (3.21–2). Before the play begins, the White Bishop's Pawn—a faithful servant of the Calvinist White Bishop—has been gelded by a member of the Black House; castration was a popular Protestant metaphor for censorship of spiritual texts by an absolutist, despotic regime (Taylor, *Castration*, 75–91).

But Middleton's play does more than condemn censorship: it also anticipates that it will be censored. For nine days the actors played 'nothing else, knowing their time cannot be long' (Sir Francis Nethersole, 14 August). Spectators waited for hours and paid higher prices to see *A Game at Chess* precisely because 'it is thought it will be called in' (George Lowe, 7 August) and 'it is feared it will be [suppressed] ere long' (John Woolley, 11 August) and 'it is believed... that it will be prohibited' (Amerigo Salvetti, 13 August)—a crackdown which, when it came, simply confirmed the play's accusations. The nascent news media did not just supply Middleton with sources; they also supplied him with a vehicle. The expected and then actual suppression of performances made *A Game at Chess* news, creating a demand for performances and reports, for manuscripts, for printed editions. Middleton turned the censorship of news against itself, creating a text designed to make news of censorship.

James I died on 27 March 1625, and by May readers could buy an illicit edition of *A Game at Chess*, which claimed to have been printed in the Netherlands. The timing was not coincidental, and like the play's other disguises the false imprint is, in itself, a signifier: it aligned the play with the pamphlets of Thomas Scott and other radical Protestant critics of the Stuart regime. James had sought a *rapprochement* with the Spanish because, as an hereditary monarch, he detested the republican alternative offered by the Dutch. In 1621, James was outraged by a Parliamentary speech which compared his



Contemporary English statesmen in council on 21 April 1624: notice the chessboard pattern on the floor of this 1624 broadside.

ministers to those of Edward II: ‘To reckon me with such a prince is to esteem me a weak man’ (and—though neither he nor his critics dared openly say so—a sodomite). In *A Game at Chess*, James is again ‘paralleled and scandalized’, and weakness—the accusation he found most intolerable—suffuses the portrait. In chess, kings are inevitably weak, and the White House is saved, not by its King, but by its Knight, Duke, Bishop, and Pawns. Although everyone in the audience knows the truth, the White King, duped by the Black Knight, cannot see it (2.388–416). As recent historians (Elliott, Lockyer, Pursell, Redworth) have shown, James I’s diplomatic strategy was based upon a fundamental misperception: Spain could not deliver the Palatinate, and would not deliver the Infanta on terms which England could accept. When his own minister, the White King’s Pawn, turns out to be an enemy agent (3.203–27), the White King treats it as a personal (not an ideological) betrayal, still playing the game in terms of faction rather than party.

A Game at Chess, in portraying the weakness of James I, also demonstrated it. When he finally learned of the play, the King was outraged that none of his own officers or

courtiers had informed him earlier. From the beginning, some critics have assumed that Middleton must have had a patron or protector at court: the Earl of Pembroke (Margot Heinemann), the Duke of Buckingham and Prince Charles (Louis B. Wright), the ‘war party’ (Thomas Cogswell, Jerzy Limon). There is no evidence for any of these connections, and given the King’s diminishing authority no reason to search for one (Yachnin 1987). By positing a patron, critics have tried to explain away Middleton’s application of private reason to public affairs: they have tried to fold the play back into the old politics of faction, when in fact it heralds the new politics of ideology. One of Middleton’s probable sources, Thomas Scott’s 1624 pamphlet *Vox Regis*, begins with a prolonged defence of his criticisms of the Jacobean regime, arguing that it was an individual’s *duty* to write in defence of his faith and his nation. Scott’s pamphlets were authorized by his own conscience, nothing else. The same is almost certainly true of Middleton’s play.

Like Scott’s pamphlets, *A Game at Chess* champions an ideology of resistance. As in the Elizabethan history play, communal self-identity is here defined by opposition



The reunion of King James and Prince Charles, with public celebrations in the background (1623). Compare the reunion of White King and White Knight in the play's final scene.

to a demonized Other. Nashe had celebrated Talbot as 'the terror of the French'; the White Knight proves himself equally terrible to the Spanish. The Habsburg empire was the world's first global power, and Middleton's White Kingdom resembles Cold War Cuba more than postwar America: a small island uncomfortably close to an aggressive proselytizing imperial superpower, whose victims include not only Protestants but Catholics and non-Christians (5.262–88). Against such an opponent, the author of *The Peacemaker* does not, even here, advocate war; he urges, instead, vigilant independence, exposure, 'discovery'. The besieged nationalism of *A Game at Chess* is not the expansionist ethic of conqueror or colonist. It is characterized, above all, by resistance to efforts to impose upon the world a single 'universal monarchy'.

But that repeated association of 'monarchy' and 'hierarchy' with the enemy had implications for domestic politics: 'a foul injury to Spain', eyewitness John Holles reported, Middleton's satire also did 'no great honour to England'. In an inversion of dramatic and political hierarchy, the play's most important White character is not a male king, but a female pawn. The story of the White Queen's Pawn is, among other things, an attack on the principle of obedience—the very principle of absolutism which the King, and royal apologists like Donne and Jonson, had loudly reiterated during the crackdown on dissent (Taylor, 'Forms of Opposition'). Such obedience was as important to the church as to the monarchy. The ritual of 5.23–42 satirizes both Spanish Catholicism and the Arminian party in England (Taylor, 'Divine'). As early as 1615, King James had decisively sided with the Arminians—led by the future Archbishop of Canterbury, William Laud—against his own Calvinist Archbishop George Abbot (Cranfield and Fincham); by the early 1620s, as Nicholas Tyacke and Peter Lake have demonstrated, Arminians were increasingly visible within the English episcopate.

'No bishop, no king', James had insisted in the first year of his reign. A satire against empire, episcopacy, and

obedience is not likely to strengthen royal absolutism; the imperial pretensions of Stuart court culture (Smuts) are not enhanced by a text which cites Pliny, Scaliger, Athenaeus, and the *Scriptores Historiae Augustae* to document the carnal excesses of an imperial élite (5.185–232)—and then goes on to suggest that the heir to the English throne is a greedy liar, and the King's own favourite a sodomite. Life at court is characterized as a game—and games are, by definition, not natural but artificial. What makes this denaturalizing of hierarchy even worse is the presence of kings, dukes, and bishops on both sides; one hierarchy mirrors the other. But one side represents an evil which the audience rejects. Thus, there can be no intrinsic dignity or authority in bishops or dukes or kings, who may, as individuals, be either good or bad, worthy of obedience or deserving of disrespect. The repetition of the figure destroys its exemplarity.

This unravelling by repetition is only part of the play's sustained destruction of the cultural distance which legitimates inequality. Power is dependent on the perception of power: in the formula of Clifford Geertz, 'the real is as imagined as the imaginary'. That is why Queen Elizabeth banned cheap reproductions of her portrait, and why King James prohibited actors from portraying living kings: both monarchs tried to limit and control the *external* circulation of representations of sovereignty. At the same time, both encouraged an increasingly elaborate and costly *internal* circulation of representations of sovereignty—epitomized by the masque, in which the court offered itself an image of its own power. In masques, allegorical roles disguised real courtiers; the characteristic climax is a 'discovery', in which a change of perception precipitates a change of state. *A Game at Chess*, by transferring these conventions into a public space, radically transforms their significance. When Buckingham and other courtiers performed as Gypsies in Jonson's most popular masque, *The Gypsies Metamorphosed* (1621), their audacious will to play demonstrated and enhanced their privileged status; when Buckingham and other courtiers are portrayed as chessmen in *A Game at Chess*, they are robbed of the privilege of self-portrayal, and suffer rather than command the will to play.

A Game at Chess demystifies, by its undignified representing of the present, the very authority of authority. If William Hazlitt had been reading it, instead of *Coriolanus*, he might not have concluded so quickly that 'The language of poetry naturally falls in with the language of power'; if Stephen Greenblatt had been reading it, instead of *Henry V*, he might not have despaired that all 'subversive doubts... serve paradoxically to intensify the power of the king'. Instead of the absolutist glamour of theatricality found in earlier history plays, this last great chronologer's drama reduces majesty to a mannerism and foreign policy to a farcical plot. Even as it defends a besieged form of Christianity, it simultaneously de-sacralizes the state (Moretti). Politics here is explicitly a mere game, which some people play better than others. In

this ‘Machiavellian moment’, Middleton celebrates discovery: that is, news, journalism, the abolition of distance, the public stripping away of authoritative disguises—by characters, but also by spectators and readers. In the uncontrollable laughter of those audiences, in the uncontrollable circulation among readers of the news and texts of *A Game at Chess*, the authority of an *ancien régime* began to dissolve. As Napoleon said of *The Marriage of Figaro*, so we might say of *A Game at Chess*: ‘C’est déjà la revolution’.

SEE ALSO

A Game at Chess: A Later Form, 1825*Occasional Poems*, 1886

‘Lives and Afterlives’, 25

General textual introduction: *Companion*, 712List of works cited: *Companion*, 848Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 874Authorship and date: *Companion*, 439

A GAME at CHESSE

Compoſde by Tho: Middleton

Induction *The Induction!*

(:.)

Ignatius discoverd, Error asleepe.

Ign—Hah? where? what Angle of the world is this?
that I can neyther see the politick face

This text represents the earliest extant version of the play, in the spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and other manuscript conventions of Middleton, so far as these can be represented in print. (See illustrations, pp. 1780 and 1791.) No attempt is made here to preserve variant letter-forms (such as the distinction between italic and secretary letters within words); word-spacing has been standardized. This commentary is primarily historical; it concentrates upon political allusions, conventions of early modern English usage, Middleton’s sources, his process of composition and revision, and evidence of censorship. For a modern-spelling text with a literary and theatrical commentary, see *A Later Form*.

Title *A GAME at CHESSE* The play was licensed by the Master of the Revels, Sir Henry Herbert, on 12 June 1624, for the usual fee of one pound; the King’s Men claimed that he had licensed the text they played, and produced the manuscript to prove it. The first complete draft, represented here, draws upon pamphlets not published until mid-May. The first performance—of the revised text—occurred on August 5 (the anniversary of James I’s escape from the Gowrie Conspiracy against his life). Between June and October, the actors normally played to primarily city audiences, while the provincial gentry

and aristocracy returned to their estates in the country. King James and his court had begun a state progress through the Midlands on July 18. The earliest surviving manuscript is dated August 13. **Compoſde** Middleton’s apostrophes were often placed over rather than between letters. He often used the verb ‘composed’ to describe his activity as a writer. **Middleton** The author’s identity—though known to the actors, the censor, and those who read the play in manuscript—was not known by any of the extant early witnesses to the play’s performances, and was not indicated in the printed texts.

Induction.o.1 *The Induction* John Gee’s *New Shreds of the Old Snare* (1624), one of Middleton’s probable sources, begins with ‘The Induction’, which refers to ‘the great seducing *Masters*, especially the *Iesuites*’ and their ‘*Loiolan*’ tricks, which are described—in the trope Gee uses in both his books of 1624—in terms of the ‘*tyring house*’ and the ‘stage’: ‘Come and heare a Iesuits play’. This is immediately followed by an account of the efforts of two ‘*Iesuites*’ and a female recusant to convert a ‘yong woman’ in London ‘some three years since.’ For the prologue Middleton later added, see *Later*.
o.3 *Ignatius* St Ignatius Loyola (1491–1556), Catholic and Spaniard; author of *Spiritual Exercises*, a guide to self-examination, deeply influential in the

nor wth my refine Nostrills taste the Footsteps
of anie my disciples, Sonnes and heyres
as well of my designes as Institution,
I thought theyde spread ouer the world by this time
couerd the Earths face and made darke the Land

5

Counter-Reformation, and related to the Jesuit emphasis on confession (see 1.77, etc.). Subject of a ‘Comedie’ projected for Ash Wednesday at Trinity College, Cambridge (Joseph Mead, 22 February 1623, f. 289).

Error often associated with Catholicism by Protestants, as in Spenser’s *Faerie Queene* I.i.13–26

1 *Ign* Middleton normally abbreviated speech prefixes (but did not indent or italicize them, as this edition consistently does).

Angle ‘that angle of the world *England*’ (Thomas Scott, *The Second Part of Vox Populi* (1624), 26)

3 **wth** with (a common abbreviation)

refinde Middleton often spelled the monosyllabic past participle ‘de’.

6 **theyde** Middleton often omitted the apostrophe in contractions. Here, his preferred ‘de’ ending occurs, even though the elided word is ‘had’.

ouer over. Early modern English normally used ‘u’ as a medial letter (for either consonant or vowel) and ‘v’ for an initial letter (even when it represented a vowel, as at l. 12, ‘vnprefect’).

7–8 **couerd** . . . **Grassehoppers** Rumour greatly exaggerated the magnitude of Jesuit infiltration: Walter Yonge in 1622 estimated the number in England and Ireland at 12,000, while Thomas Scott claimed to know of 255 in London alone (2 *Vox Populi*, 30).

The Induction!

Jonathas Loyola appearing, *Enuor*
at his foot as a *placq.*

Jon - That's myne! what Angle of thy words is this?
That I can receive for thy politick fav
nor why my selfe ~~rejoice~~ taste for Foodstuffs
of mine of my disciples, Somers and ~~my~~
as well of my designs at Institution,
I thought thyne spirit over thy words by this time
could yet Earths face and made Dark for Land
like thy Egyptian Grassoppurb;
But too many light appears not from thy Eye
of truth, and godnes never yet deflowide,
I see thee now now you, thy is thy Monarchie
reproft yet, a just toward I see
for thy Ingratitude so long to mee
thyne favor and thyne founder,
tho not 5 years since I was sayd by em,
myne kept me honor all thy time before
could yet be so forgetfull to canonize
thyne prosperous Institution, myne thy god sayd mee
thy found no room in all thyne Kalender
to place my name that prints your w-moode prints

A Game at Chesse in Middleton's own handwriting (actual size), showing the opening stage direction and the first twenty lines of the first speech. The edited text of 'An Early Form', printed here, represents an earlier version of the play, which differs from this authorial manuscript in many details: notice the differences in the wording of the opening stage direction. No attempt is made here to preserve variant letter forms: notice, in the photograph of the fourth line of the speech, the two different forms of the letter 's' in the word that our edition prints as 'disciples'. The manuscript does not distinguish stage directions or speech prefixes by using italic handwriting; our printed edition consistently uses italic for those features, and also consistently makes speech prefixes jut out into the left margin (which the manuscript does not). We also normalize the indenting of stage directions: notice the differences in indentation in the three initial lines of stage direction in the manuscript. The four long lines that form a ruled box around the central text-area of the page are hand-drawn in red ink.

like the Ægyptian Grassehoppers;
 10 heres too much Light appears shot from the Eyes
 of truth and goodnes neuer yet deflowrde,
 sure they were neuer here, then is their Monarchie
 Vnperfect yet, a iust reward I see
 for their Ingratitude so long to mee
 their father and their Founder,
 15 tis not 5 Yeares since I was Saynted by em,
 where slept my honor all the time before
 could they bee so forgetfull to canonize
 their prosperous Institutur, when theyde Saynted mee
 they found no roome in all their Kalendar
 20 to place my name that should haue remooude princes
 pulde the most eminent prelates by the rootes up

for my deere coming to make way for mee,
 lett euerie pettie Martir, and St Homilie,
 Roch, Main, and petronell, Itch and ague-Curers
 25 youre Abbesse Aldegund, and Cunigund
 the widdowe Marcell, vicar Policarpe
 Sislie and Vrsilie, all take place of mee,
 and but for the Bissextil, or leape-Yeare
 and thats but one in three, I fall by chance
 into the nine and twentieth daye of Februarie
 30 there were no Roome else for mee, see their Loue
 their Conscience too, to thrust mee a lame souldier
 into leape Yeare, my Wraths up, and mee thinkes
 I could wth the first Sillable of my name
 35 blowe up their Colledges, up, Error, wake,

8 **Ægyptian** The Jesuits ‘(like the Caterpillers of Egypt) doe eate vp the fat and best fruits of the Land’ (Thomas Robinson, *The anatomy of the English nunnery at Lisbon* (1622), 13).

12 **iust** just. Early modern English made little use of ‘j’; ‘i’ served as vowel or consonant.

15 **not 5 Yeares** Loyola was beatified in 1609, canonized on 12 March 1622. Protestants believed in direct address to God, without the intercession of saints. **em** Middleton always centres the apostrophe over the ‘m’ in this contraction, and often places apostrophes at what seems to modern readers the ‘wrong’ place.

19 **Kalendar** the subject of much theological dispute. The Church of England calendar still preserved some saints’ days; Puritans believed only the Sabbath should be celebrated. James I regularly vetoed Sabbatarian bills passed by Parliament. Finding a place for Loyola in the Catholic calendar had caused controversy, as recorded in Joseph Mead’s letter of 1 February 1623: ‘In France the Iesuites hauing putt S^t Germane out of the Almanack (in the end of October) to putt in Ignatius Loyola, (who was this yeare sollemly canonized for a saint) were complained of to the Lieutenants Ciuill (Iudge in such causes at Paris) by the Chanons of S^t Germane (in whose parish the Kinges Pallace is. & sentence was giuen, that the Fathers should prouide another place for Loyola, & their copies thus printed should be confiscate & burnt’ (Harleian 389).

24 **Roch . . . petronell** In a passage discussing Loyola, a fictional Catholic claimed

that ‘God hath assigned to euery other Saint the cure of some one disease or other, as to St. Roch the plague, to S^t. Petronel the feuer, to St. Main the itch’ (*State Mysteries of the Iesuites*, tr. Peter Gosselin, (1623), 11).

25 **Aldegund** St Aldegundis (c.635–84). Although I have found a few contemporary references to her, none identifies her as an ‘Abbesse’, or treats her satirically. **Cunigund** St Cunegund (c.978–1033) (perhaps punning on ‘cunny’, cunt). ‘The like story we read of one Cune-gunda . . . in whose chamber the diuell (in the likenesse of a youngman, with whom she was suspected to be too familiar in court) was often seen coming in and out’ (Reginald Scot, *Discouerie of Witchcraft*, Book 16, chap. 5; a source Middleton used for *Witch*).

26 **Marcell** St Marcella (c.410). I have not discovered Middleton’s source for identifying her as a ‘widdowe’, or treating her satirically. **vicar** (later altered to ‘Parson’). ‘Vicar’ might suggest criticism of the hierarchy of the English church, much resented by Puritans; ‘Parson’, by contrast, would imply non-established clergy.

Policarpe St Polycarp, martyred bishop of Smyrna (c.69–155), one of the ‘primitive’ fathers of the Church, recognized in the Geneva Bible notes, John Foxe’s ‘Book of Martyrs’, and many other Protestant sources: in Middleton’s lifetime, the most immediately recognizable and admirable name in this satirical list of saints.

27 **Sislie** St Cecilia, martyr and patron saint of musicians (third century), mentioned in English accounts of visits to Rome

(Anthony Munday’s *English Roman Life*, Morrison’s *Itinerary*, etc.) The colloquial ‘Sislie’ is the name of a maid in two plays: Thomas Heywood’s *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1602) and Gervase Markham’s *The Dumb Knight* (1608). **Vrsilie** St Ursula (fourth century), daughter of a British king: the English nunnery at Lisbon claimed to possess ‘the head of S. Vrsula’ (Gee, *New Shreds*, Q3).

28 **Bissextil** so called because in the Julian Calendar the sixth day before the Kalends of March was counted twice: hence, ‘double sixth’. The title-pages of all London almanacs for 1624 noted that it was the ‘bissextil, or leape-year’ (John Rudston, *New Almanack*).

29 **one in three** In a Latin epigram by Raphael Thorius (written c.1623), prompted by the French dispute over the calendar of saints, God offered Ignatius the leap-year feast-day—meaning he would be ignored ‘three’ years for every ‘one’ year he was celebrated. (Loyola’s actual feast day is 31 July.)

32 **a lame souldier** ‘Ignatius Loiola, a lame souldier’ (Robinson, *English nunnery*, 10). Although the exact phrase seems unique to Robinson and Middleton, Loyola’s lameness is mentioned in many Protestant books on the Jesuits, always unsympathetically (and thus unlike Middleton’s use of it).

34 **first Sillable** ‘Ign’ (as in the abbreviated speech prefixes) suggesting *ignis* (Latin for ‘fire’): ‘his name taketh its signification from fire’ (Gosselin, 6).

35 **Colledges** seminaries. The Society of Jesus was the first Catholic order founded specifically for the purpose of teaching.

father of Supererogation, rize,
 it is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola!
 Er—what haue you donne, oh I could sleepe in ignorance
 immortallie, the slumber is so pleasing,
 40 I sawe the brauest setting for a game now
 that euer my Eye fixt on;
 Ign: what Game prethee?
 Er—the noblest Game of all, a Game at Chesse
 twixt our side and the Whitehouse, the men sett
 45 in their iust order readie to goe to't;
 Ign: were anie of my Sonnes placst for the Game,?
 Er—yes, and a daughter too, a secular daughter
 that plays the Black Queenes pawne, hee the Bl.
 Bishops,
 50 Ign—if euer power could showe a Mastrie in thee
 lett it appeare in this,

Er—tis but a dreame a uision you must thinke
 Ign—I care not what
 so I behold the children of my cunning
 and see what rancke they keepe
 Er—you haue youre Wish,
 behold theres the full Number of the Game,
 Kings, and their pawnes, Queenes, Bishops, Knights
 & dukes,
 Ig: Dukes? their cald Rookes by some,
 Er—Corruptiueleye?
 Le Roc the Word, Custode de La Roche
 60 the Keeper of the Forts, in whome both Kings
 repose much Confidence, and for their trust sake
 Courage and Worth, do Well deserue those Titles,
 Ign—the Answeres high, I see my Sonne and daughter,
 Enter the Bl. Qu^s pawne and Bl. Bps.

36 **Supererogation** overpayment, specifically in Catholic doctrine works performed over and above God's commands, a surplus—usually accumulated by saints—which the Church might use (through indulgences) for the salvation of souls who fell short of God's standard. Luther's attack on supererogation—directly related to his attack on the mediation of the saints (see 1.15–31), and the sale of indulgences (see 4.255)—was central to the Reformation: 'No saint had adequately fulfilled God's commandments in this life. Consequently the saints have done absolutely nothing which is superabundant. Therefore they have left nothing to be allocated through indulgences' (*Explanation of 'The Ninety-Five Theses'*, 1518). Tom Tell-Troath (1622) attacked King James I's persistence in pursuing peace, when all his enemies had resorted to war against his 'children', as 'such a strange peace of Supererogation / as will serve to astonish the present Age / and that to come' (7).

41–2 **that . . . prethee** a single verse line. Early texts do not indicate verse structure by indenting the second half-line, as do most modern editions. Compare ll. 54–5, 58–9, etc.

42 **Game** Geopolitical and ideological rivalries were often visualized as games: see 'Lives', Ill. 1, p. 26.

44 **Whitehouse** See G.B.'s translation of Vida's sixteenth-century Latin poem on chess, *Ludus Scacchiae: Chesse-play* (1597): 'One side much like the white-fac'd *Galles*,⁷ [i.e. ancient Gauls, northern European Germanic tribes] 'thus standing in aray, To fight against the *Black-amoores*'. The classical contrast between white northern Europeans and black sub-saharan Africans was originally, in Greek and Roman medical theory, a criticism of both extremes, from the perspective of

the 'temperate', balanced reddish-brown complexions of Mediterranean peoples; white northerners were thought to be phlegmatic barbarians, less quick-witted than Mediterraneans (as the White King is initially outwitted by the Black Knight). Although Middleton characterized the English as white, that term was at the time still used for many inhabitants of Asia (China, Korea, Japan) and for the native peoples of North America; it distinguished between northern and southern Europeans, not between Europeans and all other peoples. For the emergence of modern racial meanings of the word *white*, see Taylor, *Buying Whiteness*.

men 'as for the fashion of the peeces, that is according to the fantasie of the workman . . . Some make them like men' (G. B., *Ludus Scacchiae*).

47 **secular** living in the world (i.e. not in the seclusion of a nunnery)

48 **Black** 'Sin of itself is black' (*Solomon* 17.29); see also *The Black Book*. For the racial contrast with 'white', see Induction.44. Black was systematically associated, in Christian mythology, with night, hell, and death.

Bl. Black. Designations of pieces are regularly abbreviated in dialogue, stage directions, and speech prefixes.

51 **tis . . . thinke** This single manuscript line combines two verse part-lines: 'tis but a dreame' completes the iambic pentameter begun by 'let it appeare in this', and 'a uision you must thinke' begins a new iambic pentameter line, which will be completed by 'I care not what'. Middleton often writes two half-lines together in this way, to save paper (which was very expensive).

tis but a dreame King James, in his opening speech to Parliament on 19

February 1624, describing his change of policy in relation to negotiations with Spain, said 'I awaked as a man out of a dreame' (Folger MS V.b.303, p. 335). **uision** vision. (Middleton, idiosyncratically, began words with minuscule 'u' even when a consonant was intended; he used initial 'V' only when the word was capitalized.)

58 **Dukes?** 'Duke' enables identification of the white rook as the Duke of Buckingham. The argument justifying the term 'Duke' for 'rook' is taken from J. Barbier's revision of the first book on chess by an Englishman, Arthur Saul's *The Famous Game of Chesse-Play* (1618): 'the Rooke is called of some the Duke . . . wee may allow them that Name, in the sense that the *French* seemes to inferre, by their denomination of this Piece, which they call, *Le Roc*, or *Le custode de la Roche*, (that is to say) the Rocke or keeper of the Rocke: intending thereby, the Gouvernor of a Prouince, which commonly is resident in the strongest castle in the Countrey . . . and they are commonly Dukes. So that although these Dukes seeme remote from the King and Courte, yet in their substitution and trust on them reposed, they may be accounted in worth and power next to the King. In this sense (I say) may the Rookes bee called Dukes' (C3^v–C5). **there** they're

59 ? (often used where modern English calls for an exclamation mark)

62 **trust** trust's. (Genitive apostrophes and redundant sibilants are often omitted.)

64.1 **Bl. Qu^s . . . Bl. Bps.** Black Queen's . . . Black Bishop's. This minimal original stage direction was later revised to bring on 'both houses' in their entirety (requiring more theatrical resources than are presumed by the first draft).

65 *Er*—those are 2 pawnes the bl.Q^s and the Bishops
Ign—pawnes argue but poore Spirits, & slight præfermnts,
 not Worthie of the name of my Disciples,
 if I had stood so nigh, I would haue cut
 70 that Bishops Throate but Ide haue had his place
 and told the Queene a Loue-tale in her Eare
 would make her best pulse dance, theres no Elixir
 of brayne or Spirit amongst em;
Er—why would you haue em playe agaynst themselues,
 that quite agaynst the Rule of Game, Ignatius;
 75 *Ign*—push, I would rule my selfe, not obserue rule,
Er—why then youde playe a Game all by youre selfe,
Ign—I would doo anye thing to rule alone,
 Tis rare to haue the world reignd in by one;
Er; See em anon, and marke em in their playe,
 80 Obserue, as in a dance, they glide away,
Ign—Oh wth what longings will this brest bee tost,
 Vntill I see this Great Game wun and lost. *exeunt*

Actus Primi, Scæna prima.

Enter from the Black-house, a Weoman-pawne in Black, and from the whitehouse, a Weoman-pawne in white;

Bl.p. I ne're see that face but my pittie rizes,
 when I behold so cleere a Mr-peice
 of heauens Art, wrought out of dust and Ashes,
 and at next thought to giue her lost æternallie,
 (in being not ours but the daughter of Ignorance)
 5 my soule bleedes at mine Eyes;

wh.p. where should Truth speake

if not in such a sorrowe? their teares playnelie,
 beshrewe mee if shee weepe not heartilie,
 what is my peace to her to take such paynes in't,
 10 if I wander to losse and wth broad Eyes
 yet misse the path shee can run blindefold in,
 (through often exercize) why should my ouersight
 though in the best Game that er'e Christian Lost
 rayse the least Spring of pittie in her Eye,
 15 tis doubtlesse a great charitie, and no Vertue
 could win mee surer;

66 præfermnts preferments

73 **agaynst themselues** 'So vices do ruffle among themselves, and vsurp one another' (William Camden, *Remains concerning Britain*, 1614).

78 **reignd** reined (but punning on 'reigned')

1.0.2 **Enter from the Black-house** At Induction.64.1, Black Queen's Pawn was the first chess piece to enter; here, her movement toward the White Queen's Pawn initiates the game. This independent mobility, especially in travelling back and forth between the Black and White house, is the most striking feature of the role. In Acts 2 and 5, her offstage movements interrupt the action between White Queen's Pawn and Black Bishop's Pawn; in the first scene of Act 2, the action requires her to enter and exit at least three times, and she reveals the secret passage that allows unobserved entrances and exits; in the first scene of Act 3, her entrance is the turning point in the action; in Act 3, and twice in Act 4, she leads the Black Bishop's Pawn and White Queen's Pawn on and off stage. This mobility was the most controversial feature of the religious order of 'Jesuitesses' founded by Mary Ward (1585–1645). George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, considered Ward more dangerous than six Jesuits (Wallace, 'Mary Ward', 407).

pawne in Black... pawne in white 'a Pawne in white... another Pawne in blacke' (G. B., *Ludus Scacchiae*, D1).

0.2–3 **Weoman-pawne in Black** identified more precisely in later texts as the Black Queen's Pawn (confirming she is

the same character/piece specified in the Induction). Some scholars have speculated that she represents Donna Luisa de Carvajal, 'a Spanish woman from Valladolid', resident in London, but the source of her speech at 5.160–2 specifically identifies her as an Englishwoman, and a member of the order of wandering female Jesuits established by Mary Ward. There is nothing in the text, the sources, or early responses, to suggest that the character impersonated an identifiable historical person, or was understood allegorically as anything other than a female Jesuit.

in Black 'Their Apparell is commonly a blacke... cloake, coule, and vaile' (Gee, *New Shreds*, concluding his discourse of 'English Nunnes', including a list of 'inlarged, vnclostred, vbiquitary' nuns, ending with 'Black Besse').

0.3–4 **Weoman-pawne in white** identified more precisely in later texts as the White Queen's Pawn (although not so specified in dialogue until l. 310, after she has left the stage). There is nothing in the text, the sources, or early responses, to suggest that the character impersonated an identifiable historical figure, or was understood allegorically as anything other than a young Protestant Englishwoman, vulnerable to temptation by Catholics. Like any fictional character, she can be understood as 'representative', in this case perhaps—within the morality play tradition—as 'Everyman'. Here 'Everyman' is 'Everywoman': in the frontispiece of the 1611 edition of Richard Hooker's *Of the Laws of Ecclesi-*

astical Polity, the divine light falls on the King, the Church, and a female figure apparently representing the individual soul. However, the chess framework gives Every(wo)man here a specific social status (as pawn, commoner) and a political identity (as Protestant and English).

0.4 **in white** The account of the Jesuit attempt to seduce/convert a young woman in London at the beginning of Gee's *New Shreds* includes the appearance of 'a woman all in white'. A second story, of an attempt by Jesuits to convert 'a young Gentlewoman' in Surrey, also involves the appearance of 'a beautifull Virgin like your selfe, all in white'. Summing up such incidents, Gee complains of the 'Actors having little or no vaietie of disguise. In all these three or foure Playes, none comes in Acting but *A Woman, A Woman, A Woman*, arrayed in white, white, white' (D2^v).

1 **ne're** ne'er, never2 **Mr-peice** masterpiece

8 ? (Middleton's unusual combination of query and comma)

12 **path... blindefold** Thomas Scott criticizes 'such as seeme to haue warrant for their wayes' but in fact are guided entirely by tradition or the opinion of friends and neighbours: 'by imitation and example of others whome wee reverence for knowledge or deuotion, by the custome and consent of times and places, wee are led as it were blindfold' (*The High-wayes of God and the King* (1623), 59).

13 **exercize** practice (but also suggesting Loyola's *Spiritual Exercises*)

- 20 *Bl.p.* blessed things præuayle wth't,
if euer Goodnes made a gracious promise
it is in yonder looke, what Litle paynes
would build a Fort for Vertue to all memorie
in that sweete Creature were the Ground-Worke
firmer,
wh.p. it ha's beene all my glorie to bee firme
in what I haue profest,
- 25 *Bl.p.* that is the Enimie
that steales youre strenght awaye, and fights agaynst
you,
disarmes youre Soule een' in the heate of battayle,
Youre Firmnes that waye makes you more infirme
for the right Christian Conflict, there I spied
30 a Zealous Primatiue Sparckle, but now flew
from youre deuoted Eye, able to blowe up all the
Errors
that euer sate in Councell wth youre Spirit,
Enter Bl B.s p.
and here comes hee whose Sanctimonious breath
will make that Sparke a Flame, list to him, Virgin,
35 at whose first Entrance, princes will fall prostrate,
weomen are weaker Vessells,
wh.p. by my pœnitence
a comlye præsentation, and the habit
to admiration reuerend,
- 40 *Bl.p.* but the heart, the heart, Ladie,
so meeke, that as you see good charitie picturde still
wth yong Ones in her Armes, so will hee cherish
- all his yong Tractable sweete obedient daughters
een' in his bosome, in his owne deare bosome;
I am my selfe a Secular Iesuite
45 as many Ladies are of wealth and Greatnes,
a second sort are Iesuites in Voto,
giuing their Vowe in to the Father Generall
that the black Bishop of our house, whose pawne
this Gentleman now stands for, to receiue
50 the Colledge habit at his holie pleasure
wh.p. but how are those in Voto employde, Ladie,
till they receiue the habit,
Bl.p. they're not idle,
hee findes em' all true Labourers in the Worke
55 of th' Vniuersall Monarchie, wch hee
and his Disciples principallie ayme at,
those are mayntaynde in manie Courts and palaces,
and are induc't by noble personages
into great princes Seruices, and prouue
60 some Counsellors of State, some Secretaries
all seruing in Notes of Intelligence,
(as parish clearkes their mortuarie Bills)
to the Father Generall, so are designes
oft times præuented, and Important Secretts
65 of State discouerd, yet no Author found
but those suspected oft that are most sound,
this Mysterie is too deepe yet for youre Entrance
and I offend to sett youre Zeale so back,
checkt by obedience wth desire to hasten
70 youre progresse to perfection, I commit you
to the great workers hands, to whose graue worth

- 23 **ha's** has. (Middleton often places a superfluous apostrophe in this word.)
- 30 **Primatiue** primitive, original. Catholics claimed to preserve 'the old religion', condemning the Reformation as a novel departure from well-established doctrines; Protestants claimed to be returning to authentic early doctrines, corrupted by the intervening mediæval papacy.
- 31-2 **blowe... Councell** (reminiscent of the Gunpowder Plot: four Jesuits were implicated in the 1605 Catholic conspiracy to blow up King James and Parliament—regarded by them as heretics)
- 32 **Councell** (a) private deliberation (b) gathering of church leaders, like the 1619 Synod of Dort, which brought together Protestants from much of Europe (c) gathering of political leaders, like the 1605 meeting of King James with his Parliament
- 32.1 *Bl B.s p.* Black Bishop's Pawn, a Jesuit, and therefore naturally dressed in the black vestments of his order.
- 33 **breath** 'there is admirable power in a Priests breath' (Gee, *Foot out of the Snare*, 1624)
- 42-4 **cherish... bosome** Describing 'our Recusants daughters in *England*', Robinson explains how the Jesuits 'will cherish and nourish them, euen in their owne bosomes' (*English nunnerie*, 9).
- 45 **Secular Iesuite** member of a female religious order founded in England by Mary Ward. These 'wandering Nuns... observe the *Ignatian* habit, and go clad very like the Jesuits; in this onely differing from other Nuns, that they walk abroad the world, and preach the Gospel (as they call it) to their Sex in *England* and else-where' (James Wadsworth, *Memoirs*, published 1679, describing events in the 1620s).
- 46 **many Ladies** The order founded by Ward was often called the 'English Ladies'. Prominent Catholic English-women of the 1620s, besides Ward, included Lady Falkland (Elizabeth Carey, author of *The Tragedy of Mariam*) and the mother of the Duke of Buckingham (the royal favourite).
- 47-58 **second sort... palaces** 'The second sort is, of men alone... these make a vowe to receiue a habite of the society, at the pleasure of the Father Generall; and therefore they are called Iesuits in *Voto*: and by the labors of these men, the Iesuites wondrously auaille themselves in the fabricke of their Monarchie. For they maintaine in all kingdoms and Prouinces, in all courts of Princes, and Pallaces of great men, such of these as shall serue them' (*An exact and sound Discovery of the cheife mysteries of Iesuiticall iniquity*, trans. Isaac Bargrave (1619), B8^v-B9).
- 56 **Vniuersall Monarchie** See *The Spaniard's Perpetual Designs to an Universal Monarchy* (1624); similar claims about Spanish and/or papal intentions are made in *Vox Populi* and many other polemical tracts.
- 65-6 **Secretts of State** Gondomar credits English 'Priests and Iesuits' for the Spanish knowledge of 'the secrets of their State' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 30).
- 66-7 **no... sound** For ten years King James tried, through his ambassador in the Netherlands, to identify and punish the author of *Isaaci Casauboni Corona Regia* (1615), a slanderous depiction of the king which pretended to praise as virtues what were in fact vices; James wrongly believed it was written by Erycius Puteanus.

- I fitt my Reuerence, as to you my wishes
Bl.B^s.p. doo you finde her supple?
 75 *Bl.p.* ther'es a litle passage;
 weomens poore Arguments make but Wimble holes,
 the Augur is the mans.— *exit*
- Bl.B^s.p.* lett mee contemplate
 with holie wonder season my Accesce,
 80 and by degrees approach the Sanctuarie
 of unmacht bewtie sett in grace and Goodnes,
 amongst the Daughters of men I haue not found
 a more cathollicall Aspect, that Eye
 do's promise single life and meeke Obedience
 85 uppon those lips the sweete fresh Buds of youth
 the holie Dewe of prayer lyes like pearle
 dropt from the opening Eyelids of the Morne
 uppon the bashfull Rose; how bewteouslie
 a gentle Fast not rigorously imposde
 90 would looke uppon that cheeke, and how delightfullie
 the curteous phisick of a tender pennance
 whose Vtmost Crueltie should not excede
 the first feare of a Bride to beate downe frayltie
 would worke to sound health youre Long festerd
 Iudgm̄t,
 95 and make youre Merit, wch through erring Ignorance
 appeares but spotted Righteousnes to mee
 far cleerer then the Innocence of Infants:
wh.p. to that good worke I bowe, and will become
 Obedience humblest daughter, since I finde
 100 th' assistance of a sacred Strenght to ayde mee
 the labour is as easie to serue Vertue
 the right waye, since tis shee I euer serude
 in my desire, though I transgrest in Iudgment:
- Bl.Bs.p.* thats easilie absolud amongst the rest
 You shall not finde the Vertue that you serue now 105
 a sharpe and cruell Mistris, her Eaſes open
 to all youre Supplications, you maye boldlie
 and safelie let in the most secret Sin
 into her knowledge, wch Like uanisht man
 neuer returns into the world agen,
 110 Fate locks not up more trulier
wh.p. to the Guiltie
 that maye appeare some benefit,
Bl.B^s.p. who is so Innocent
 that neuer stands in neede on't, in some Kinde,
 115 if euerie thought were blabd thats so confest
 the uerie Ayre wee breathe would bee unblest:
 now to the worke indeed wch is to catch
 her Inclination, thats the spetiall use
 wee make of all our practise in all Kingdomes,
 120 for by disclosing their most secret Fraylties
 things, wch once ours, they must not hide from us
 thats the first article in the Creede wee teach em'
 finding to what poynt their blood most enclines
 Knowe best to apt them then to our Designes:
 125 Daughter! the sooner you disperse youre Errors
 the sooner you make haste to youre Recouerie
 You must part wth em, to bee nice or modest
 toward this good Action, is to imitate
 the Bashfullnes of one conceales an Vlcer
 130 for the uncomlie parts the Tumor uexes
 til't bee past Cure, Resolue you thus far, Ladie,
 the priuat'st thought that runs to hide it selfe
 in the most secret Corner of youre heart nõw
 must bee of my Acquayntance, so familiarlye 135
 neuer shee friend of youre Night-Councell neerer,

74 **doo...supple** (spoken aside to Black Queen's Pawn; asides are seldom marked in early modern scripts)

76-7 **weomens...mans** These lines appear only in *Early*.

77 **exit** (leaving the White Queen's Pawn and Black Bishop's Pawn alone together, creating the privacy normative for the Catholic sacrament of confession.) Confessionals, as a special structure within churches, were introduced after the Council of Trent (1564), but were not yet universal, even in Catholic countries.

89 **Fast** generally rejected by Protestants, but favoured by Catholics and Arminians: Bishop Launcelot Andrewes encouraged 'works of chastisement of the body, as fasting' (26 February 1623).

91 **curteous** courteous

pennance expression of penitence, imposed by a priest, after he has heard a sinner's confession

94 **Iudgm̄t** judgement

97 **then** than

98 **good worke** emphasized by Catholics as the basis for salvation, but rejected by Calvinists: 'man hath no workes whereof he may glorie before God... he is iustified by only faith' (Jean Calvin, *The Institute of Christian Religion*, tr. (1561), fol. 201). England was the largest market for vernacular translations of Calvin's works.

102 **serude** served

104 **absolud** absolved, purged. Catholic priests had the power to absolve sinners, as part of the sacrament of confession; Protestants generally denied such sacer-

dotal authority, but some Arminians believed that 'Purging was ever the priest's office' (Bishop Andrewes, 25 December 1612; also 30 March 1600); confession and priestly absolution was also defended (pp. 83-5) in Richard Montagu's controversial Arminian *A Gagg for the new Gospell* (1624), which provoked a Parliamentary protest.

111 **more trulier** (double comparative, often used for emphasis)

118-25 **now...Designes** (an aside, confirming Protestant suspicions of auricular confession: 'by way of confession my master is able to unlock the secrets of every Prince, and to withdraw the subjects allegiance' (Scott, *Vox Populi*, A4))

- 140 *wh.p.* I stand not much in feare of anie Action
guiltie of that black time (most noble Holines)
I must confesse, as in a sacred Temple
throughd with an Auditorie, some come rather
to feede on humayne obiect, then to taste
of Angells Foode; so in the congregation of quick
thoughts
wch are more infinite then such assemblies
I cannot wth truths safetie speake for all,
145 some haue beene wanderers, some fond, some sinfull,
but those found euer but poore Entertainment
theyde small encouragement to come agen,
the single life wch stronglie I professe now,
heauen pardon mee, I was about to part from;
- 150 *Bl.Bs.p.* then you haue past through Loue?
wh.p. but left no Stayne
in all my passage (S^{ir}) no print of Wrong
for the most chaste Mayde that maye trace my
footsteps;
Bl.Bs.p. how came you off so cleere?
- 155 *wh.p.* I was dischargd
by an inhumayne Accident, wch modestie
forbids mee to putt anie Language to:
Bl.Bs.p. how you forgett youre selfe, all actions
clad in their proper language, though most sordid
160 my Eare is bound by dutie to lett in
and lock up euerlastingly, shall I helpe you
hee was not found to answere his Creation,
a uestall Virgin in a Slip of prayer
could not deliuer mans losse modestlier,
165 twas the white Bishops pawne;
- wh.p.* the same blest S^{ir},
Bl.B^s.p. a Puritane well pickled,
wh.p. by base trecherie
and Violence præparde by his Competitor
170 the black Knights pawne, whome I shall euer hate fort
- Bl.Bs.p.* twas of Reuenges the unmanliest waye
that euer Riuall tooke, a Villanie
that for youre sake Ile ner'e absolue him off,
wh.p. I wish it not so heauie,
Bl.Bs.p. hee must feele it 175
I neuer yet gaue absolution
to anie Crime of that unmanning Nature;
it seemes then you refusde him for defect,
therein you stand not pure from the desire
that other weomen haue in ends of marriage 180
pardon my boldnes, if I sift youre goodnes
to the last grayne;
- wh.p.* I reuerence youre paynes (S^{ir})
and must acknowledge custome to enioye
what other weomen challenge and possesse 185
more rudle mee then desire, for my desires
dwell all in ignorance, and Ile ne're wish
to knowe that fond waye maye redeeme erñ thence,
Bl.B^s.p. I neuer was so taken, besett double 190
now wth her Iudgment, what a strenght it putts forth
I bring worke neerer to you, when you'e seene
a Mr-peice of man, composes by heauen
for a Great princesse fauour, Kingdomes Loue
so exact Enuie could not finde a place 195
to stick a Blot on person or on fame;
haue you not found Ambition swell youre Wish then?
and desire steere youre Bloud?
- wh.p.* by Vertue neuer,
Iue onelie in the dignitie of the Creature
admird the Makers Glorie; 200
Bl.B^s.p. shees impregnable;
a Second Seige must not fall off so tamelie,
shees one of those must bee informde to knowe
a daughters dutie, wch some take untaught;
her modestie brings her behinde hand much 205
my ould meanes I must flye to, yes, tis it;
please you peruse this small Tract of obedience

138 **black time** night; but also suggesting 'black lust' (*Women Beware* 4.2.66). Conversion from the White to the Black House also suggests sexual corruption: 'Thou first mad'st me black', a prostitute complains to a customer (*Honest Whore* 15.477).
141 **humayne** human. ('Humane' and 'human' were not distinct words.)
142 **Angells Foode** literally, manna (as at *Solomon* 16.184); figuratively, the eucharist, 'food of angels' (Bishop Andrews, 25 December 1618)
163 **uestall** vestal
167 **Puritane** a presbyterian, or more generally anyone who believed that the Church of England retained too many Roman Catholic features. (Later altered by censorship to the less specific 'heretic'.) This variant suggests that

the White Bishop's Pawn might have been represented, on stage, in a manner which recognizably mimicked 'the godly'.
169 **Violence** 'The Papists here everywhere assault and insult upon our poor brethren in the ministry' (Joseph Mead, 5 September 1623).
170 **fort** for't, for it
171 **Reuenges** The play does not explain why the gelding is characterized as revenge (here and at 4.30). Middleton may have been thinking of the vengeful castration of the theologian Peter Abelard by his lover's uncle. The first editions of the letters of the fourteenth-century lovers Abelard and Heloise, and of Abelard's autobiography, were published in France in 1616.
173 **off** of

193 **princesse** princess's, alluding to (a) the Spanish princess, Donna Maria, to whom Prince Charles was almost married (b) the English princess, Elizabeth Stuart, married to the Elector Palatine, and afterward Queen of Bohemia
199 **Iue** I've
207 **Tract of obedience** 'their ghostly father hath composed sundry Treatises for [these silly women] of Obedience, wherein hee pronounceth no lesse then damnation for the least scruple or hesitation in the performance of their Superiours commands... And this is a principall furtherance to his sacrilegious lusts: for I am verily perswaded that not one amongst them will (for feare of being disobedient) refuse to come to his bed whensoever he commands them: and

	will helpe you forward well,	Ile undertake more wagers will bee layde	230
	<i>wh.p.</i> S ^{rs} . thats a Vertue	uppon a Vsurers returne from hell	
210	Iue euer thought on wth espetial Reuerence	then uppon hers from him now; hae I bin guiltie	
	<i>Bl.Bs.p.</i> you will conceiue by that, my power, youre dutie,	of such base malice that my uerie Conscience	
	<i>wh.p.</i> the knowledge will bee prætious of both S ^{rs} ,	shakes at the memorie of, and when I looke	235
	<i>Enter wh: Bps. pawne</i>	to gather fruite finde nothing but the Sauin Tree	
	<i>wh: B^sp.</i> What makes yo'nd troubler of all christian Waters	too frequent in Nuns Orchards, and there planted	
215	so neere that blessed Spring, but that I knowe	by all Coniecture to destroy fruite rather,	
	her Goodnes is the Rock from whence it issues	I will bee resolude now, most noble Virgin	
	unmoueable as Fate, twould more afflict mee	<i>wh.p.</i> Ignoble Villayne! dare that unhallowed tong	240
	then all my suffrings for her, wch, so long	laye hold uppon a Sound so gracious?	
	as shee holds constant to the house shee comes of	whats Noblenes to thee? or Virgin Chastitie	
220	the whitenes of the cause, the side, the Qualitie,	they're out of thy Acquayntance, talke of Violence	
	are Sacrifices to her worth, and Vertue,	that shames creation, deeds would make night blush	
	and though confinde, in my relligious Ioyes	thats companie for thee, hast thou the Impudence	245
	I marrie her and possesse her,	to court mee wth a leprosie uppon thee	
	<i>Enter Bl Kts pawne</i>	able t' infect the walls of a great Building	
	<i>Bl.B^sp.</i> behold Ladie,	<i>Bl Bs.p.</i> Sonne of offence, forbear, goe, sett youre euill	
225	the 2 inhumayne Enimies, the black Knights pawne	before youre Eyes, a pœnitential Vesture	
	and the white Bishops,	would better become you, some shirt of hayre,	
	<i>wh.p.</i> there's my greefe, my hate,	<i>Bl.Kts.p.</i> and you a 3 pound Smock, stead of an Albe	250
	<i>Bl.K^{ts}p.</i> what in the Iesuites fingers, by this hand	an Epicene Cassible, this holie Fellon	
	I'le giue my part now for a parrots feather	robs safe and closse, I feele a sting thats worse too,	
	shee neuer returnes Vertuous, tis impossible,	white pawne! hast so much charitie to accept	255
		a Reconcilement make thy owne Conditions	
		for I begin to bee extremelie burnd	

- that they doe so, I haue manifestly seene and knowne' (Robinson, *English nunnery*, 18–19). In 1622, in order to silence criticism of his foreign policy, James I ordered the reprinting (for the first time in thirty years) of the homily 'Against Disobedience'; John Donne's sermon defending 'religious obedience' was 'by commandement of his Majesty Published' the same year (*Sermons*, IV: 178, 209).
- 212.1 *wh: Bps. pawne* White Bishop's Pawn; as a servant of the White Bishop, presumably represented as an English clergyman. Coloma reported that 'the first act... was played by their ministers [in Spanish, "*ministros*"], impersonated by the white pieces, and the Jesuits, by the black ones' (suggesting one set of clerics against another). See notes to 1.166–7, 169.
- 219 **the cause** (used specifically for 'the Puritan cause' in the Martin Marprelate pamphlets as early as 1588)
- 221 **confinde** (perhaps alluding to the imprisonment, in the early 1620s, of ministers who criticized the Spanish Match)
- 222.1 *Bl Kts pawne* Black Knight's Pawn, not identified with any particular person or group: apparently a Catholic

- commoner and layman. The play thus contains two examples of 'Everyman': one female, Protestant, and English; the other male, Catholic, and Spanish.
- 225 **Bishops** (Middleton later added 'the gelder and the gelded', to clarify the nature of the White Bishop's Pawn's injury. Pope John XIII was accused of having 'gelded *John* an Archdeacon' (Patrick Simson, *The historie of the Church* (1624), 655); Pope Honorius III was said to have hanged 400 Scots, 'and gelded their children, to extinguish their race for euer' (Goad, *Friers chronicle*, H4^v). Eunuchs had been singing in papal choirs since the mid-sixteenth century. Less literally, Catholic censorship and suppression of religious texts was often characterized as castration: Catholics 'gelt... their Writers, when they meete with any thing that makes not for their turne' (Gee, *Foot*, I4^v–15). See particularly (for the combination of two elements of the context here): 'beeing gelded [by a Jesuit] as the other bookes of Obedience were' (Robinson, *English nunnery*, 18) and 'how the Auncient *Fathers* haue beene shauen, clipt... gelt, and mutilated' (Scott, *High-wayes of God*, 36–7). Taylor cites further examples

- from William Fulke, William Crashaw, John Donne, and others (*Castration* 82, 265), and the trope also appears in Robert Sanderson's *Two Sermons* (1622), 77, and Montagu's *Gagg* (1624), 135. Scott compared the storming of the Palatinate, and the persecution of Protestants in France and Switzerland, to 'the cauterizing and cutting off our owne members' (*The Belgick Pismire* (1622), 89). All these metaphors involve Catholic violence against Protestants who see themselves as legitimately reproducing the 'seed' of the Gospels.)
- 228 **parrots feather** A European market for ornamental feathers developed in the sixteenth century, supplied in large part by exotic birds from Spanish and Portuguese tropical possessions; by the early seventeenth century oversupply had diminished the initial wonder.
- 235 **Sauin Tree** See *A Gage for the Pope and the Iesuits* (1624): 'in the Orchards of their Frieries and Nunneries... they haue whole trees of *Sauine*, and to what vse that serues, *Physicians* and *Mid-wiues* know too well' (14), i.e. 'the property of *Sauine* is to destroy any thing condensed in the wombe' (Goad, *Friers Chroicle*, E2).

	<i>wh.B^s.p.</i> no truth, or peace of that black house protested is to bee trusted, but for hope of quittance and warnd by diffidence I maye entrap him soonest, I admit Conference;		I, and their father Generall in to boote, and what Iue donne, I ha' donne facetiously, wth pleasant subtletie and bewitching Courtship abusde all my Beleiuers wth delight	
260	<i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> it is a Noblenes that makes confusion cleaue to all my meritts	<i>exit</i>	they tooke a Comfort to bee coosned by mee, to manie a Soule, Iue let in mortall poyson whose cheekes haue crackt wth laughter to receiue it, I could so rowle my pills in sugred sillables and strewe such kindlie Mirth ore all my mischeifs, they tooke their Bane in waye of Recreation	280
	<i>Bl.Bs.p.</i> that treatise will instruct You fullie: <i>Enter Bl: K^t</i>		as pleasure steales Corruption into Youth hee spyes mee now, I must uphold his reuerence espECIALIE in publick, though I knowe Priapus, Guardian of the Cherrie Gardens Bacchus and Venus Chit, is not more Vitious	285
	<i>Bl.K^t</i> so, so, the Busines of the Vniuersall Monarchie goes forward well now, the great Colledge pott that should bee alwayes boyling, wth the fuell of all Intelligences possible thorough the Christian Kingdomes, is this fellowe our prime Incendiarie? and one of those that promist the white Kingdome 7 yeare since to our black house? putt a new daughter to him the great worke stands, hee mindes nor Monarchie nor Hierarchie diuiner principalitye; I haue bragd lesse, but Iue donne more then all the Conclau on em, take their Assistant fathers in all parts		<i>Bl.Bs.p.</i> Blessings Accumulation keepe wth you, S ^{ir} , <i>Bl.K^t</i> Honors dissimulation bee youre due, S ^{ir} , <i>wh.p.</i> how deepe in dutie his Obseruance plundges his charge must needs bee reuerend, <i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> I am confessor to this black K ^t too, you see Deuotion's fruitfull sh'as manye Sonnes and daughters,	290
270				295
275				

- 256–7 **no... trusted** (the view of those who opposed James I's efforts to secure the return of the Palatinate through a peace treaty with Spain)
- 262.1 **Bl: K^t** Black Knight, an impersonation of Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, Conde de Gondomar (1567–1626), Spain's resident ambassador in England from 1613 to 1622. The identification is confirmed by many contemporary witnesses, and by the title-page engravings. The actors 'counterfeited his person to the life, with all his graces and faces, and had gotten (they say) a cast sute of his apparell for the purpose' (John Chamberlain, 21 August 1624).
- 265–9 **great... Incendiarie** 'besides the care we proudly take, that the great pot may be alwayes boyling... we exercise the trade of incendiaries' (Gosselin, *State Mysteries*, 8).
- 269 **Incendiarie** 'those incendiaries of Rome, and professed engines of Spain, the priests and Jesuits' (House of Commons petition to King James, April 24 (*Journals* III, 289)).
- 270 **7 yeare** Sir John Digby had been sent to Madrid to negotiate a marriage treaty in 1617: 'The Duke [of Buckingham] replied... that the Match had need be firm and strong; it had been seven years in soldering' (House of Commons

- Journal... 1624*, III, 226).
- 271 **our black house** here first defined, by Gondomar's presence, as not only religious (Jesuit Catholicism), but specifically political ('the House of Austria', as it is defined in Buckingham's 1624 'Relation' to Parliament, and many other Protestant sources). Emphasis on the 'House of Austria' elided differences between the Habsburg King of Spain and the Habsburg Holy Roman Emperor; it presupposed that Spain could order the Emperor to return the Palatinate and Bohemia to Protestant control. The play 'describes Gondomar and all the Spanish proceedings very boldly and broadly' (George Lowe, 7 August). As contemporary portraits reveal, Spaniards often dressed in black.
- 272 **Hierarchie** episcopacy, the rule of bishops, cardinals, and ultimately the Pope; the English church retained many elements of ecclesiastical hierarchy, to the dismay of more radical Protestants.
- 274 **donne more** Gondomar had 'effected more by his wit and policy, then could have been wrought by the strength of many Armies' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 58)
- 275 **Assistant fathers** a Jesuit appointed 'to informe the *Father Generall* of all accidents of State, which occur in that Prouince or Kingdome, of which he is

- Assistant' (Bargrave, *Iesuiticall iniquity*, B2).
- 276 **I ay, yes**
- 289 **Priapus** Roman god of sexuality, usually represented by an erect penis: St Augustine objects to the worship of 'his monstrous and unmentionable member' (*City of God*, 1610). Thomas Cooper's *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae* (1578) defines 'Priapus' as 'An Idole, vnto whome the Paynims committed their gardeyns to keepe.' Middleton could have found the garden association in Ovid's *Fasti*, I, 415, or Catullus 18, or several English poets; none specifies cherries. Pausanias identifies him as the son of Dionysus and Aphrodite (9.31.2); 'Of Venus and Bacchus, Priapus was borne' (Abraham Fraunce, *The third part of the Countesse of Pembrokes Iuychurch* (1592), 01).
- 290 **Vituous** vicious
- 295–6 **confessor... K^t** Gondomar did have a Spanish confessor, Fray An de la Fuente (Padre Maestro), despatched to England in 1618, and involved in negotiations for the marriage treaty. But no contemporary observer identified the Black Bishop's Pawn as de la Fuente (who was a Dominican, not a Jesuit). The character compounds elements from various sources. See 5.0.4.

- 300 *Bl.Kt.* I doo this the more
 t 'amaze our Aduersaries to behold
 the reuerence wee giue these Guitenens,
 and to beget a sound opinion
 of Holines in them and Zeale in us,
 as also to enuite the like Obedience
 in other Pusills, by our meeke Example,
 305 so, is youre Trifle uanisht?
Bl.B^s.p. Trifle call you her? tis a good pawne Sir
 sure shees the second pawne in the whitehouse,
 and to the opening of the Game I hold her,
Bl.K^t. I you hold well for that I Knowe youre playe of ould
 310 if there were more Q^s: pawnes youde plye the Game
 a great deale harder, (now S^{ir} weere in priuate,
 but what for the mayne worke, the great Existence
 the Hope monarchall,
Bl. B^s.p. it goes on in this,
 315 *Bl.K^t.* in this? I cannot see'te,
Bl.B^s.p. you maye denye so
 a dyalls motion, cause you cannot see
 the hand moue, or a winde that rends the Cedar,
Bl.K^t. where stops the Current of Intelligence,
 320 youre father Generall Bishop a'th black-house
 complaynes for want of worke;
- Bl.B^s.p.* heres from all parts
 sufficient to employe him, I receiude
 a packet from th' Assistant Fathers latelie,
 Looke you, theres Anglica, this Gallica, 325
Bl.K^t. I marrie S^{ir}, theres some quick flesh in this
Bl.B^s.p. Germanica!
Bl.K^t. thinke theyue seald this wth Butter,
Bl.B^s.p. this Italica!
Bl.K^t. theyue putt their pens the Hebrew waye mee
 thinkes 330
Bl.B^s.p. Hispanica here!
Bl.K^t. Hispanica, blinde worke tis,
 the Iesuite ha's writt this wth Iuice of Lemmans sure
 it must bee held close to the fire of Purgatorie
 er't can bee read. 335
Bl. B^s.p. you will not Loose youre Iest Knight
 though't wounded youre owne name,
Enter wh. K^s pawne
Bl.K^t. *Curanda Pecuniâ*;
Bl.B^s.p. take heede Sr, weere entrapt the wh. Kings pawne!
Bl.K^t. hees made our owne (man) halfe in Voto yours,
 340 his hearts in the black house, leaue him to mee,
 most of all frends endeerde, prætiouslie spetiall;

298–302 I doo... us Thomas Scott has Gondomar describe his attendance on Father Baldwin, released from the Tower in 1613: 'I behaved my self after so lowly & hūble a maner, that our aduersaries stood amazed to behold the reverence we giue to our ghostly fathers. And this I did... to beget an extraordinary opinion of holinesse in the person, & pietie in us, and also to provoke the English Catholiques to like devout obedience' (*Vox Populi*, C4^v).
 303 enuite invite
 305 uanisht The exit of the White Queen's Pawn is not indicated (the first of several unmarked departures in *Early*). Even promptbooks often omitted exits.
 311 weere we're in priuate 'Publique persons should do publike actions in publike, in the *Gates of the City*, in the *Kings high-way*, in the eye of all. For chamber-worke are suspicious, and carry a shew of priuacy and parciality' (Scott, *High-wayes of God*, 69–70).
 312 great Existence See Massinger's *Renegado* (licensed for performance 17 April 1624): 'thou great Existence' (a prayer addressed to God by a Jesuit).

318 Cedar emblem of James I
 325–31 Anglica... Hispanica provinces into which Jesuits divided their missions
 328 theyue they've
 Butter alluding not only to the northern European fondness for butter, but to news-sheets reporting on the Catholic-Protestant wars in Germany and the Palatinate, published by Nathaniel Butter
 333 Iuice of Lemmans (a) juice of lemons (b) juice of lemons, lovers. For *juice* = female sexual juices, see *Michaelmas* 1.3.5 and Williams, *Dictionary*, 2:750. For the pun lemons/lemans see *Owl's Almanac* 323 and Williams, 2:799.
 Lemmans Father Henry Garnett (1555–1606), superior of the Jesuits in England until his execution for participation in the Gunpowder Plot, often wrote secret letters with ink made from lemon (or orange) juice, which is illegible unless heated.
 335 er't ere't, before it
 336 Loose lose
 337.1 wh. K^s pawne White King's Pawn, combining features of several Jacobean courtiers. By 1622 several of the King's ministers—including Secretary of State Sir George Calvert, Sir Richard Weston,

and Francis Cottington (secretary of the Prince of Wales)—were crypto-Catholics. Sir Toby Matthew (1577–1655), who converted to Catholicism in 1606 and was ordained a priest in 1614, was sent to Madrid in 1623 to advise Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham in negotiations for the Spanish marriage. Subsequent revisions—see *Later* 1.1.319–24—incorporated allusions relevant to the Earl of Middlesex. Nevertheless, an eyewitness identified the character as Sir John Digby, 1st Earl of Bristol (1580–1653), ambassador to Madrid 1610–17, 1618, 1622–4 (Holles, 11 August); in 1624 Digby was widely (wrongly) perceived as a treasonous Catholic and Spanish sympathizer. Middleton's pawn compounds elements of several historical figures.
 338 *Curanda Pecuniâ* Like most university-educated writers, Middleton wrote an elegant italic script, and mixed italic letter forms with secretary forms; but very few words are written entirely in italic. Here it distinguishes Latin.
 340 (man) vocative, addressed to the Black Bishop's Pawn

wh.K^s.p. you see my outside, but you knowe my heart,
K^t,

345 great difference in the Colour, theres some Intelligence
and as more ripens, so youre knowledge still
shall prooue the richer, and my selfe youre Frend:
I dare not longer of this Theame discusse,
the Eare of State is quick and Iealious:

Bl.K^t. Excellent Estimation, thou art Valued
350 about the Fleete of Gold, that came short home,
poore Iesuite ridden Soule, how art thou foolde
out of thy Fayth, from thy Alleagance drawn
wch path so ere thou tak'st thou't a lost pawne.

Finit Actus primus.

Incipit Secundi.

Enter White-weoman pawne with a booke in her
hand;

Wh.p. and here agen it is the daughters dutie
to obaye her Confessors command in all things
without exception, or expostulation,

tis the most generall Rule that I erè read of,
Yet when I thinke how boundlesse Vertue is
Goodnes and Grace, tis gentlie reconcilde
and then it appeares well to haue the power
of the dispenser as uncircumscribd

Enter Bl.B^s.p.

Bl.B^s.p. shee's hard uppònt, twas the most modest Key
that I could use to open my Intents,
10 what litle or no paynes goes to some people,
hah? a Seald Note, whence this?
to the black Bishops pawne these, how? to mee?
strange, who subscribes it? the Black King? what
would hee?

exit

(∴)

pawne! sufficientlie holie, but unmeasureable politick;
15 wee had late intelligence from our most industrious
Seruant famous in all parts of Europe (our Knight
of the black house, that you haue at this instant in
chace, the white Queenes pawne, and uerie liklie by the
carriage of youre Game to entrap and take her, these
20 are therefore to require you by the burning affection I
beare to the Rape of Deuotion, that speedilie upon the

343 **outside...heart** Elizabeth, Queen of
Bohemia, wrote that 'I think I can easily
guess who it is that doth chieflie hinder
the King in resolving, but I am sure that
though they have English bodies they
have Spanish hartes' (Pursell, *Winter
King*, 109).

344-6 **theres...richer** A number of court
officials, including members of the
Privy Council, had been on Spanish
pensions since the peace treaty of 1604;
when this became public knowledge in
1620, many observers concluded that
Gondomar 'knowes your [James I's]
secrets before the greatest part / and
most faithfull of your council. And
which is worse / they saye your Majestie
knowes it; and therefore suspect that your
selfe is bribed against your selfe' (*Tom
Tell-Troath*, 4).

346 **and...Frend** 'To doe this I had many
Agents, first divers Courtiers who were
hungrie and gaped wide for Spanish
gould' (Scott, *Vox Populi*); '(replied
Gondomar)... our best intelligencers...
we haue had in times past many friends,
euen in the Parliament House' (Scott,
2 *Vox Populi*, 37). As late as January
1624, five members of the King's council
were known to be still supporting the
Spanish marriage (despite the aggressive
opposition of Charles and Buckingham):
John Williams (Lord Keeper of the
Privy Seal), the Earl of Middlesex (Lord
Treasurer), the Earl of Arundel, Sir
Richard Weston, and Sir George Calvert.
The added lines at *Later* 1.1.323-4—
'keepe all Supplies back both in meanes

and men | that may rayse strenght
against you'—clearly refer to the military
effort to defend the Palatine territories
of Elizabeth and Frederick against the
Spanish army.

350 **Fleete of Gold** Spanish treasure fleet,
bringing gold from their New World
colonies (about 5 million pesos per year
in the 1620s); responsible for making
Spain the richest power in Europe, with
military resources that threatened all
other European powers.

came short home Between 1618 and
1624 Spanish ships were increasingly
harassed by privateers. On 14 February
1623 Joseph Mead reported 'There is no
siluer come yet from the West Indies into
Spaine, nor to be expected before May;
the Admirall & 2 others are sunk, & the
rest returned to the Hauana' (f. 286).

351-3 **poore...lost pawne** Act 1 dramatizes
the link between personal and political
salvation: it begins with an apolitical
white lay woman, tempted by a female
Jesuit who passes her to a male Jesuit,
who reveals himself to be the agent of
a Spanish diplomat, who ends Act 1
gloating over the treason of a converted
white layman. The ending of Act 1 raises
the question: will the White Queen's
Pawn become, like the White King's
Pawn, a 'poore...lost pawne' who
betrays her religion and her country?

2.0.1 **Incipit** This Latin formula for begin-
ning an act is rare in English plays: in
printed drama before Middleton it occurs
only in the sixteenth-century Protest-

ant morality plays of John Bale (eleven
examples in two plays).

0.2 **White-weoman** This compound idiom
does not appear in later texts, and has
therefore not been recorded. The first
use of *white* in its modern racial sense
in English drama occurs at *Truth* 407-
8, 'I see amazement set upon the faces
Of these white people' (spoken to the
London crowd by the Black King). The
racial sense of 'white' is not spoken or
explicit in this stage direction, but the
play's colour coding was interpreted
racially by the Spanish ambassador
Coloma, who reported indignantly that
Felipe IV was represented as 'the king of
the blacks' (*negros*) and James I as 'the
king of the whites' (*blancos*), words with
unambiguous racial meanings in Spain.
See Induction.44 and 3.213-16.

booke 'Printing presses and booksellers
almost in every corner' had flooded
England with 'swarms of [Catholic]
books' in the early 1620s (Gee, *Foot*);
'wee saw every pocket stuff with popish
pamphlets' (Scott, *Vox Dei* (1624). 69).

4 **erè e'er, ever**

8 **uncircumscribd** (a word first recorded in
Healey's 1610 translation of Augustine's
City of God; there, it describes God)

15 **politick** 'The fourth sort is of Politicke
Iesuites, through whose handes passeth
the whole gouernement of religion; and
these are they, who...labour to reduce
their society to an absolute Monarchy,
and to place the head thereof at Rome'
(Bargrave, *Iesuiticall iniquity*, B9^v-B10).

6

Actus Secundi Scena prima.

Enter Wg. 95. Pawn on the a back in the
game.

Wg. 95. p. and your eyes it is your daughter's Duke
to obey your Comf. Nob's command in all things
without exception, or expostulation,
his is my most general Rule that ever I read of,
yet when I think you boundless Virtue is
Godwin and Grace, his gentle words
and you it appears more to your power
of his displeasure as uncircumvented

Bl. B. p. Pies part uppoint, was for more modest Key
that I route up to open my Jubilee,
what little or no part's good to some people,
see: a Scotch Noble, require to it?
to the black Bishop's pawn left, you: to me: (see:
Pawne, who subscribes it: the Black King: what would
to better

Pawne: sufficient to police, but unmissable poli-
tigue; we had late intelligence from our most indus-
trious servant famous in all parts of Europe of our
Knight of the Black Cross, that you saw at his instant
in tears, the noble queen's pawn, and was like
by the ravings of your Game to entrap and take
you, these are your own to require you by the burning

A Game at Chess in Middleton's handwriting (actual size), showing the beginning of Act 2. Notice the spatial contrast between the opening stage direction of the scene (top) and the mid-scene entrance of the Black Bishop's Pawn (midpage, right), which is boxed with horizontal lines to call attention to it. Our printed edition does not preserve this visual distinction between different kinds of stage directions. Below line 2.8, our printed edition preserves the horizontal line, called a 'speech rule', that separates one speech from another, but it gives all those speech rules the same length, rather than reproducing the exact length of each one. Notice also (at line 2.14) the way that the manuscript deals with a verse line that is too long to fit within the margins: it puts the extra word 'hee?' above the line, to the right, with an opening parenthesis before it (whereas our edition puts the extra words 'would hee?' on the line below, indented). In the prose at the bottom, our printed text does not break the lines in exactly the same places that the manuscript does.

- surprizall of her, by all watchfull aduantage you make
 some attempt upon the white Queenes person whose
 25 fall or prostitution our Lust most uiolentie rages for,
 S^{ir} after my desire ha's tooke a Iulepp
 for it's owne Inflammation, that yet scorches mee,
 I shall haue cooler time to thinke of yours:
 shà's past the generall Rule, the large Extent
 30 of our præscriptions for obedience
 and yet wth what Alacritie of Soule
 her Eye moues on the Letters;
- wh.p.* Holie S^{ir},
 too long Iue mist you, oh youre absence starues mee,
 35 hasten for times redemption worthie S^{ir}
 laye youre commands as thick and fast upon mee
 as you can speake em̄, how I thirst to heare em̄,
 sett mee to worke upon this spatious Vertue
 wch the poore Span of lifes too narrowe for
 Boundlesse Obedience, the humblest yet the mightiest
 40 of all dutie
 well here set downe a Vniuersall Goodnes;
- Bl. B^s.p.* by holines of Garment her safe Innocence
 ha's frighted the full meaning from it selfe,
 Shees farder off from understanding now
 45 the language of m'Intent then at first meeting;
- wh.p.* for Vertues sake, good sir, command mee somthīg,
 make tryall of my dutie in some small seruice
 and as you finde the fayth of my obedience there,
 then trust it wth a greater;
- 50 *Bl.B^s.p.* you speake sweetelie,
 I do command you first then—
- wh.p.* wth what ioye
 I do præpare my dutie,
Bl.B^s.p. to meete mee
 55 and seale a Kisse of Loue upon my Lip,
wh.p. hah?
- Bl.B^s.p.* at first disobedient, in so litle too!,
 how shall I trust you wth a greater then,
 wch was youre owne request;
- wh.p.* praye send not back
 my Innocence to wound mee, bee more curteous,
 I must confesse much like an ignorant plantiffe
 who præsuming on the fayre path of his meaning
 goes rashlie on, till on a suddayne brought
 65 into the wildernes of Lawe, by words
 dropt unaduisedlie, hurts his good cause
 and giues his aduersarie aduantage by't
 applie it you can best (S^{ir}) if m'obedience
 and youre command can finde no better waye
 FOND men command, and wantons best obaye;
- Bl.Bs.p.* If I can at that distance send you a blessing,
 is it not neerer to you in mine Armes?
 it flies from these Lips dealt abroad in parcells,
 and I to honor thee about all daughters
 enuite thee home to th' house, where thou mayst
 75 surlet
 on that, wch others miserable pine for,
 a fauour wch the daughters of great Potentates
 would looke of Enuies colour but to heare,
- wh.p.* Goodmen maye err somtimes, you are mistooke sure,
 if this bee Vertues path, tis a most strange one,
 80 I neuer came this waye before,
- Bl.B^s.p.* thats youre ignorance,
 and therefore shall that Ideot still conduct you
 that knowes no waye but one, nor euer seekes it,
 if there bee twentie wayes to some poore Village
 85 tis strange that Vertue should bee putt to one,
 youre feare is wondrous faultie, cast it from you
 twill gather else in Time a Disobedience
 too stubborne for my pardon,
- wh.p.* haue I lockt my selfe at unawares into Sins seruitude
 90 wth more desire of Goodnes; is this the Top
 of all strickt Order,? and the holiest
 of all societies, the 3 uowde people
 for pouertie, obedience, chastitie,
 the last the most forgot, when a Virgins ruinde
 95 I see the great worke of obedience
 is better then halfe finisht;

30 **obedience** James I's later court was characterized, to its critics, by 'a blind Jesuitical obedience' (John Holles, 18 July 1617); 'Let a Protestant king... be never so notoriously wicked in his person nor so enormous in his government,' nevertheless 'the Reformed Religion... tyes the subject to such wonderfull patience and obedience' that it 'makes men obey Kings as the Angels of God' (*Tom Tell-Truth*, 26).

40 **Boundlesse... duties** Middleton often writes a line and a half of verse as a single manuscript line, to save paper.

Compare Induction.51.

44 **farder** farther

45 **m'Intent** my Intent (an unusual elision)

46 **somthīg** something

55-71 **Kisse... blessing** 'When any of the Priests knauery was discouered, there were excuses enough ready to defend them; yea, when they were found kissing of a woman; the answer was, You must suppose he did it to print a blessing on her lips' (Thomas Goad, *The Friers Chronicle* (1623), C1^v).

64 **suddayne** sudden

79 **Goodmen** (often treated as a compound,

like 'handyman' or 'doorman')

85-6 if... **one** This relativism is contradicted by many contemporary assertions of the singularity of truth; for instance, 'I never showed thee yet more paths than one' (*Truth* 330), or 'such a deade luke-warme indifferencie, a dow-baked zeale, as if... all wayes were alike to vs' (Scott, *High-wayes of God*, 81).

94 **pouertie, obedience, chastitie** vows taken by members of the Society of Jesus (all three, according to Protestant polemicists, systematically violated)

100 *Bl.B^s.p.* what a Stranger
 are you to dutie growen, what distance keepe you?
 must I bid you come forward to a happines
 youre selfe should sue for,? twas neuer so wth mee,
 I dare not let this Stubbornes bee knowen
 twould bring such feirce hate on you, yet presume not
 105 to make that courteous care a priuiledge
 for willfull disobedience, it turnes then
 into the blacknes of a Curse uppon you,
 come, come, bee neerer,
wh.p. neerer?
Bl.B^s.p. was that Scorne?
 110 I would not haue it prooue so, for the hopes
 of the grand Monarchie, if it were like it
 let it not dare to stir abroad agen
 a stronger Ill Will coape wth't,
wh.p. blesse mee, threatnens mee
 and quite dismayes the good strenght that should
 115 helpe mee,
 I neuer was so doubtfull of my safetie,
Bl.B^s.p. twas but my Iealousie, forgie me Sweetnes
 Yon'd is the house of Meeknes and no Venom liues
 under that Roofe, bee neerer, why so fearefull?
 120 neerer the Altar the more safe and sacred
wh.p. but neerer to the Offrer oft more wicked
Bl.B^s.p. a playne and most insufferable Contempt,
 my glorie I haue lost uppon this weoman
 in freelie offring that shee should haue kneelde
 125 a Yeare in Vayne for, my respect is darkned
 giue mee my Reuerence thou hast robd mee of
 in thy repulse, thou shalt not carrie't hence
wh.p. S^{ir},
Bl.B^s.p. thou'rt too great a winner to depart
 130 and I too great a Looser to giue waye to't
wh.p. oh heauen!
Bl.B^s.p. laye mee downe Reputation
 before thou stirst, thy nice Virginitie
 is recompence too litle for my Loue
 135 tis well if I accept of that for both
 thy losse is but thine owne, theres Art to helpe thee
 and fooles to passe thee to, in my discouerie
 the whole Societie suffers, and in that

the hope of Absolute Monarchie eclipts,
 assurance thou can'st make none for thy Secrecie
 140 but by thy honors losse, that Act must awe thee,
wh.p. oh my distrest Condition!
Bl.B^s.p. do'st thou weepe?
 if thou hadst anie pittie this necessitie
 would wring it from thee, I must else destroye thee
 145 wee must not trust the policie of Europe
 uppon a weomans tong;
wh.p. then take my life sir,
 and leaue my honor for my guide to heauen,
Bl.B^s.p. take heede I take not both, wch Iue uowde since;
 150 if Longer thou resist mee,
wh.p. helpe, oh helpe—
a noyse wthin
Bl.B^s.p. art thou so cruell for an honors Bubble
 t'undo a whole Fraternitie, and disperse
 155 the secretts of most princes lockt in us;
wh.p. for heauen and Vertues sake;
Bl.B^s.p. must force confound noyse?
 hah? whats that? silence if fayre worth bee in thee
wh.p. Ile uenture my Escape uppon all dangers now;
Bl.B^s.p. who comes to take mee let mee see that pawns
 160 face
 or his proud tympanous M^r sweld wth state winde
 wch being once prickt ith Conuocation house
 the corrupt Ayre puffs out and hee falls shriueld,
wh.p. I will discouer thee Arch hypocrite
 165 to all the Kinreds of the earth
Bl.B^s.p. Confusion! in that Voyce rings the Alarum of my
 undoing
 how? wch waye scapte shee from mee?
Enter Black weoman-pawne
Bl.p. are you mad?
 can Lust infatuate a man so hopefull,
 no patience in youre bloud the Dogstar reignes sure
 170 time and fayre Temper would haue wrought her
 pleasant,
 I spied a pawne ath whitehouse walke neere us
 and made that Noyse a purpose to giue warning
 for mine owne turne, wch end in all I worke for,

111 **grand Monarchie** 'the Iesuites are wont to call their Religion, *A Grand-Monarchy*; as if they gouerned all Princes and their ministers at their pleasure' (Bargrave, *Iesuiticall iniquity*, C5^v).

114 **threatnens** threatens

161 **M^r master**

164 **I will discouer thee** In the play, this anticipates the political 'Checkmate by

discouerye' (5.356); but it also reflects the exposure of Catholic malpractice by former Catholics like Thomas Robinson (1622) and John Gee (1624). Several of Gee's anecdotes involve women who turn against the Jesuits.

170 **Dogstar** Sirius, in the constellation of the Great Dog, the brightest of the fixed stars; its astrological influence was

thought to be most debilitating during the 'dog days', said by 1624 almanacs to begin on July 19. The first performances of *Game* took place during the Dogstar's reign, traditionally associated with rage, madness, and other dangerous or evil behaviour.

172 **ath o'th'**, of the
173 **a o'**, on

- 175 Bl.B^s.p. mee thinkes I stand ouer a powder-Vault
and the Match now a kindling, whats to bee donne?
Bl.p. Aske the black Bishops councell youre his pawne
tis his owne case, hee will defend you maynelic
Enter Bl. Bp, and Bl.K^t.
and happilie here hee comes wth the Bl. Knight too,
180 Bl.B. oh yau'e made noble worke for the whitehouse
yonder,
this Act will fill the Aduersaries mouth
and blowe the Hugonites cheeke tillt crack agen,
Bl.K^t. this will aduance the great Monarchall busines
in all parts well, and helpe the Agents forward,
185 what I in 7 yeare labourd to accomplish
one Minute setts back by some Codpeice Colledge still
Bl.B^s.p. I dwell not, S^{ir}, alone in this default
the blackhouse yeilds mee partners;
Bl.B: all more cautelous;
190 Bl. K^t. Qui cautè, castè, thats my Motto euer
I haue trauguayd wth that word ouer most kingdomes
and layne safe wth most Nations, of a leaking bottome
I haue benee as often tost on Venus seas
as trimmer fresher Barkes, when sounder Vessells
195 haue layne at Anchor, that is, kept the doore;
Bl.B. shee ha's no wittnesse then?
Bl.B^s.p. None, none,
Bl.Kt. grosse! wittnesse! when went a man of his Societe
to mischeife wth a wittnesse,
- Bl.B. I haue don't then, 200
awaye, uppon the Wings of Speede, take posthorse
cast 30 leagues of earth behind thee suddenlie
leauē letters Antedated wth our house
ten dayes at least from this,
Bl.K^t. Bishop I tast thee, 205
good strong Episcopall Councell, take a bottle on't
twill serue thee all the Journey,
Bl.B^s.p. but good S^{ir}
how for my getting forth, unspied?
Bl.K^t. theres check agen, 210
Bl.p. no, Ile helpe that!
Bl.Kt. well sayde my litle Iesuitesse,
Bl.p. there lyes a secret Vault,
Bl.Kt. awaye, make haste then,
Bl.B^s.p. run for my Cabinet of Intelligences 215
for feare they search the house, good Bishop burne em
rather
I cannot stand to pick em, now,
Bl.B. bee gon,
the dangers all in you,
Bl.K^t. let mee see Queenes pawne, 220
how formallie ha's packt up his Intelligences,
ha's layde em all in Truckle beds mee thinkes,
and like Court-Harbingers ha's writt their names
in Chalke uppon their Chambers, Anglica!
oh this is the English house, what newes there tro?
225 hah? by this light, most of these are bawdie Epistles

175 **powder-Vault** almost inevitably suggesting, to English Protestants, the Gunpowder Plot. 'Blush, blush, (O *Iesuites*) England knows too well, | Your Counsell furthered most this worke of Hell' (Francis Herring, *Mischeefes Myserie* . . . *The Powder-plot*, tr. John Vicars (1617), 109). See also Induction.34, l.269.

177 **youre** you're

178.1 **Bl. Bp** Black Bishop: the Father General, or head, of the Society of Jesus: see 1.48–9, 320.

182 **Hugonites** Huguenots. In May 1624 English ambassadors arrived in Paris to negotiate a marriage between Prince Charles and a French (Catholic) princess, so any reference to persecuted French protestants would be politically dangerous; all subsequent texts read 'Lutherans' (*Later* 2.1.166). In 1624, 'Lutherans' might easily suggest Germany (the home of Lutheranism), and specifically Bohemia.
tillt till't, until it

190 **Qui cautè, castè** Lecherous Jesuits, caught in bed with their nuns, for-

got 'the old caueat, *Cautè si non castè*' (Robinson, *English numery*, 19). Middleton transforms 'Careful, if not chaste' into 'Whoever is cautious, is'—that is, has the reputation for being—'chaste'.

191 **trauguayd** travelled (not distinguished from 'travailed', laboured)

192 **leaking bottome** (Gondomar suffered from a fistula; his rectal leak is here conflated with a not-watertight ship's hull.)

193 **tost** tossed

200 **don't** done't

206 **Episcopall** (gratuitously negatively used here, at 2.334, and at *Later* 3.1.29)

212 **Iesuitesse** A rare word, used since 1616 to describe the followers of Mary Ward (Sir Dudley Carlton, *Letters*, 68); in 1611 Ward decided that her order of 'English Ladies' should follow the same constitution as the (male) Society of Jesus. The word is used often of them in the next two decades: see '*English Iesuitesses*' (Lewis Owen, *The Running Register*, 8), and 'English Iesuitesses, (a new inuented Order)' (William Prynne, *A*

Briefe Suruay and Censure (1628), 39).

215–51 **Cabinet . . . Expulse** After the 'expulsion' of the Jesuits from Venice, in part because of their 'dangerous abuse of that great instrument of State, Auricular confession', a 'search' by state officials discovered 'a *Scrinio* (as they call it here) with partitions of their addresses to and from all parts, As *England, France, Spaine, Flaunders, Germany, Poland, Russia, etc.* . . . And in this *Scrinio* they had left rather through vanity then hast, a great and incredible heape of the very ashes and tynder of their dispatches' (*A Declaration of the Variance between the Pope and the Signiory of Venice* (1606), 33–4).

225 **what newes there** 'Letters of News' had become an increasingly common and important form of correspondence, either commercial (Thomas Gainsford, John Pory, Ralph Starkey) or personal (John Chamberlain, Joseph Mead, and many others).

tro trow

time they were burnt indeed, whole Bundles on em
heres from his daughter Blanch, and daughter bridget
230 these from 2 tender Sisters of Compassion
in the bowells of Bloomsburie;
3 from the Nunnerie without Temple Bar,
a fire, a fire, good Iesuitesse, a fire, what haue you
there
Bl.B. a note Sir of State=policie
235 and one exceeding safe one,
Bl.K^L praye letts see't sir,—
to sell away all the powder in a Kingdome
to præuent blowing up, thats safe Ile able it,
heres a facetious Obseruation now
240 and suites my humour better, hee writes here
some wiues in England will committ Adulterie,
and then send to Rome for a Bull for their hous-
bands,
Bl.B. haue they those Shifts?
Bl.K^L oh theres no Female breathing
245 sweeter and subteller, here wench take these papers
scortch em mee soundlie, burne em to French Russet
and putt em in agen,
Bl.B. why whats youre Mysterie?
Bl.K^L oh Sir⁵ twill mock the Aduersarie strangelye
250 if e're the house bee searchd twas donne in Venice

upon the Iesuiticall Expulse there
when the Inquisitors came all spectacted
to pick out Sillables ont ath Dung of Treason
as children pick out Cherriestones, yet found none
but what they made themselues wth ends of Letters, 255
doo as I bid you, pawne, *exeunt*
Bl.p. feare not, in all,
I loue Roguerie too well to lett it fall,
Enter Bl.K^{ts}. pawn,
how now? what newes wth you?
Bl.K^{ts}.p. the Sting of Conscience 260
afflicts mee so, for that inhumayne Violence
on the White Bishops pawne, it takes awaye
my Ioye, my rest;
Bl.p. this tis to make an Eunuch
you made a Sport on't then, 265
Bl.K^{ts}.p. ceasse Aggrauation,
I come to bee absolute fort, where's my Confessor?
why do'st thou poynt toth' Ground?
Bl.p. cause hee went that waye, Bl.K^{ts}.p. what's that?
Bl.p. come, helpe in wth this Cabinet 270
and after I haue singd these papers throughlie
Ile tell thee a strange storie;
Bl.K^{ts}.p. if't bee sad
tis welcome,
Bl.p. tis not troubled wth much mirth, S^{ir} 275 *exeunt*

228 **bridget** The English nunnery in Lisbon (the subject of Robinson's spectacular exposé) belonged to an order founded by 'Saint *Briquet* and her daughter' (6, 12), *Briquet* having been 'miserably seduced' by her confessor (6).
229 **Whitefriars** a district associated with both prostitutes and Catholics, encouraging the slang description of whores as nuns: a prodigal keeps 'his most delicate drab' in 'Whitefriars nunnery' (*Father Hubbard's Tales* 600–1); a customer visits 'his nun in Whitefriars' (Thomas Dekker, *Westward Ho*, 1604).
231 **Bloomsburie** 'about *Bloomsbury*... take heed of a Iesuite' (Gee, *Foot*, H1^v–H2)
232 **without Temple Bar** just outside the western limits of the jurisdiction of the City of London. 'Temple Bar' directs suspicion at the legal profession. The phrase was later altered, probably by censorship, to 'in Drury Lane'. Gee describes Father Townsend as 'a Iesuite, a little black fellow, very compt and gallant, lodging about the midst of *Drury-Lane* acquainted with collapsed Ladies' (*Foot*, P1^v). 'In Drury Lane there

are three family of Papists residing there for one of Protestants; insomuch that it may well be called little Rome' (House of Commons, 5 June 1628).
237–8 **to sell... up** Chamberlain reported rumours that Gondomar had transported gunpowder out of the kingdom (13 February 1619). A 1621 Parliamentary committee investigated the export of English ordnance, most probably to Spain.
253 **ont ath** of it, from the: 'of [treason], from the'
235–4 **Dung... Cherriestones** 'coquins de village qui fougent et escharbottent la merde des petitz enfans, en la saison des cerises et guignes, pour trouver les noyaulx et iceulx vendre es drogeurs' (Rabelais, *Gargantua et Pantagruel*, bk. 2, ch. 34); 'the poor rogues of a village, that are busy in stirring up and scraping in the ordure and filth of little children, in the season of cherries and guinds, and that only to find the kernels, that they may sell them to the druggists' (first English translation, 1653).

264 **to make an Eunuch** 'For there are some Eunuches... which were made Eunuches of [= by] men' (Matthew 19:12, 1611 translation). Eunuch-making was practised in Islamic societies, and among the 'heathen' peoples of the Americas, Africa, and Asia; as such, it typified alien despotism and tyranny. After the Reformation, Protestants (including Luther and Calvin) used the eunuch metaphor to characterize Roman Catholicism, with its 'tyrannical law of celibacy' (Taylor, *Castration*, 76–9).
269 **cause... that** (two part lines, one linking backward and the other linking forward, spoken by two different speakers, on the same manuscript line: compare Induction.51)
271 **singd** (past tense of 'sing')
throughlie thoroughly
275 **exeunt** The clearing of the stage here ends the first scene of Act 2, but scene breaks and scene numbers are not indicated in the authorial manuscript. For a text with the conventional scene-breaks, see *Later*.

Enter wh. King: Q. Bp. Duke. Knight: pawnes:
and Qs.pawne: and Bl. King Q.Bp. &c.

Wh.Q. Is this my pawne? shee that should guard our
person?

or some pale Fyfigure of Deiection
her shape usurping? sorrowe and affrightment
ha's præuaylde stranglie with her;

wh.p. King of Integrity!

280

275.1 *Enter* For Middleton's addition, introducing a major new character, see *Later* 2.2.0.1–95. The Fat Bishop impersonated Antonio De Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato (1566–1624), as the title-page likenesses and contemporary reports confirm. But the vices Middleton gave his 'Fat Bishop' were not limited to De Dominis (who had left England two years earlier). His theology was closely connected to the Arminianism of some English clerics (including the Bishops of Chichester, Durham, London, Rochester, St David's, and Winchester), who—like King James—were also sympathetic to his contention that the religion of Catholics and Protestants 'is in the maine essentials and fundamentals the very same' (*A Sermon Preached in Italian* (1617), 31). The legitimacy of the Jacobean episcopate, which De Dominis defended, had been polemically contested in at least a dozen pamphlets since 1606. Ben Jonson satirized young men who were obsessed with foreign news and domestic politics, and would "gainst the Bishops... rail" ('The New Cry', 1616). A 'Fat Bishop' could have reminded audiences of John Jegon, who was called 'our short, fat Lord Bishop' of Norwich. The practice of clerical pluralism—in which a single person holds two benefices—was attacked in Parliament in 1621 and 1625; it was particularly prevalent among the episcopate and court clergy. Theophilus Field, made Bishop of Llandaff through Buckingham's patronage in 1619, was impeached in 1621 by Parliament for bribery and brocage; Richard Corbet was satirized in 1623 for his overt courting of Buckingham in pursuit of additional benefices. In a widely circulated anonymous manuscript poem, the pro-Spanish Bishop John Williams, Lord Keeper, was accused of having a sexual affair with the Countess of Buckingham (converted to Catholicism in 1623): 'She loves the fucking game | He's her cunt-keeper' ('All the News', with the refrain 'These are they, bear the sway'). Lewes Bayly—'Bishop of Bang-whore' [Bangor]—was repeatedly accused (1619, 1621, 1626) of promiscuity, and of fathering several bastards. And Spalato was not the only 'turncoat Bishop': John King, Bishop of London, was alleged, in pamphlets of 1621 and 1623, to have made a deathbed conversion to Catholicism (an incident discussed in Middleton's lost *Farrago*).

275.1–2 *wh. King... Qs.pawne* This scene brings on stage, for the first time, the entire White House (King, clergy, lords, and commons), and its action resembles the Parliament of 1621, where King James rejected complaints by the Commons against Catholic infiltration in England and against Spanish aggression in northern Europe. This does not mean that the White Queen's Pawn personifies Bohemia or the Palatinate (an allegory that cannot be consistently applied). But the structure and emotion of the scene, and various verbal details, would have reminded many spectators of the crisis three years earlier.

275.1 *wh. King* Explicitly or implicitly identified, by contemporaries, as King James I; given the universal recognition of the Black Knight as Gondomar, the identity of the two kings was indisputable. It is not clear whether performances made any specific attempt at impersonation. 'His Ma^{tie}' remembers well there was a commaundment and restraint giuen against the representinge of anie moderne Christian kings in those Stage-playes, and wonders much... at the boldnes nowe taken by that Companie' (Sir Edward Conway, Secretary of State, to the Privy Council, 12 August 1624).

275.2–2.276 *Bl... &c.* Although the Black House enters here, the first 47 lines are spoken by White characters: the Black House are characterized as observers of English domestic politics.

275.2 *Bl. King* Identified—by Don Carlos Coloma (Spanish ambassador to England), and by Woolley, Conway, Pembroke, and Holles—as Felipe IV of Spain, 'because of his youth, dress, and other details' (Coloma). Notably, he does not speak until l. 440, after the White House has left the stage.

275.2–2.276 *&c.* including Black Knight and Black Duke (who both speak) and some black pawns (but not the Black Bishop's Pawn, who is absent)

276 *Wh.Q.* White Queen, who presumably wears some sort of crown or tiara, and stands adjacent to the White King. She is not specifically identified in any surviving contemporary response, but probably represents Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. Queen Anne had died early in 1619, before any of the other events dramatized in the play take place; the only living Stuart Queen, and Europe's most conspicuous Protestant Queen, was Elizabeth, who is a 'White Queen' not only because of her association

with the White (English, Protestant, Stuart) cause, but because she was called 'the Winter Queen', whose army had been defeated at the Battle of White Mountain in November 1620. The first report of the play's performance compared it to 'Vox popoly' (John Wooley, 6 August 1624); Scott's 2 *Vox Populi* (May 1624) was dedicated to Elizabeth, 'Queene of Bohemia', and her husband Frederick, and she is at the centre of the frontispiece of Scott's *Vox Regis* (1624), kneeling in front of King James, pleading her 'just cause'. The Venetian ambassador said that *Game* contained 'several representaitons under different names of many of the circumstances about the marriage with the Infanta' (30 August); all English accounts of the Spanish Match linked it directly to the fate of the Queen of Bohemia. John Holles called the play 'a representation of all our spannishe traffike' (11 August), and Sir Francis Nethersole said that in the play 'the whole Spanish business is ripped vp to the quicke' (14 August); it could not have been as comprehensive as they claim ('all', 'whole') without representing the Queen of Bohemia. Even to identify Elizabeth as 'Queen' was dangerous, because King James consistently refused to recognize Frederick and Elizabeth's claim to Bohemia.

Is... person In chess and life, a Queen is more powerful than a pawn/servant/gentlewoman. The Queen's Pawn stands before the Queen at the opening of the game, blocking any immediate direct attack upon her. In the 1620s many Protestants argued that the English people, and particularly the House of Commons—which appropriated funds, and was therefore essential to military action—had a natural obligation ('should') to defend the Queen of Bohemia, as a Protestant and a member of the English royal family.

our person (royal plural, in this first speech by the White Queen, confirming for the audience that she belongs to the royal family)

277–8 *Deiection... sorrowe* Although White Queen's Pawn was certainly frightened in the preceding scene, and is righteously angry in this scene, 'sorrow' and 'dejection' seem more relevant to the emotions of Protestant supporters of the Queen of Bohemia in the early 1620s.

280 *wh.p.* i.e. White Queen's Pawn

- Queene of the same, and all the house professors
of noble Candor, uncorrupted Iustice
and truth of heart, through my alone discouerie
my life and honor wondrously præserude
285 I bring into youre Knowledge wth my sufferings
(fearefull affrightments, and heart-killing Terrors)
the great Incendiarie of Christendome,
the absolutst Abuser of true Sanctitie
290 fayre peace and holie Order, can bee found
in anie part ath Vniuersall Globe
who making meeke Deuotion keepe the doore
his lips being full of holie Zeale at first,
would haue committed a fowle Rape uppon mee,
wh.Q. hah?
295 wh. King—a Rape? thats fowle indeed, the uerie sound
to our Eare fowler then the offence it selfe
to some Kings of the Earth;
wh.p. S^{ir}, to proceede,
gladlie I offerd life to præserue honor
300 wch would not bee accepted wthout both
the cheife of his ill Ayme being at mine honor,
till heauen was pleasede by some unlookte for accident
to giue mee courage to redeeme my selfe
Wh. K. when wee finde desperate Sins in Ill mens
companies,
305 wee place a charitable Sorrowe there
but custome and there leprous Inclination
quitts us of wonder, for our expectation
is answerd in their liues, but to finde Sin
- I, and a Mrpeice of darknes, shelterd
under a Robe of Sanctitie, is able
310 to drawe all wonder to that Monster onelie
and leaue created Monsters wthout any;
the pride of him that tooke first fall for pride
is to bee Angell shapte, and imitate
the forme from whence hee fell, but this offender
315 far baser then Sins Master, fixt by Vowe
to holie Order, wch is Angells method
takes pride to use that Shape to bee a Deuill
it greiues mee that my knowledge must bee taynted
wth his infested Name; oh rather wth thy finger poynt
320 him out,
wh.p. the place wch hee should fill is uoyde, my L.,
his Guilt ha's ceazde him; the Bl. Bishops pawne, Sir,
Bl.B. hah? mine? my pawne? the Glorie of his Order;
the prime and præident Zelot of the Earth,
325 Impudent pawne! for thy sake at this minute
modestie suffers, all thats Vertuous blushes
and Truths selfe like the Sun uext wth a mist
lookes red wth Anger,
wh.B. bee not you drunck wth rage too,
Bl.B. sober Synceritye! nor you a Cup
330 Spic'st wth Hypocrisie;
wh.K^t. you name there Bishop
but youre owne Christmas Bowle, youre mornings
draught
next youre Episcopall heart all the 12 dayes
wch Smack you cannot leaue all the Yeare following
335

281 **Queene of the same** i.e., Queen of Integrity (not necessarily 'Queen of the same kingdom'). The White Queen is identified as a queen, in dialogue, within seconds of her first appearance on stage. For the very different treatment of the Black Queen, see 2.441.

all the house the House of Commons, and/or the kingdom of England, and/or the Stuart dynasty of England's king. Holles observed that "The whole play is a chess board, England y^e whyt hows' (11 August). When Prince Charles returned safely from Spain, a service of thanksgiving was observed at St Paul's Cathedral, based upon Psalm 114, 'When Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from among the barbarous people'.

295-7 **Rape...Earth** As an example of recent outrages committed by Spanish soldiers in northern Protestant Europe, Scott claims that they were permitted 'to rauish yong girles not aboue eight or ten yeares of age' (2 *Vox Populi*, 48).

311 **onelie** only

322 **ceazde** seized

323 **Order** Middleton often uses the word ironically, playing on the double sense exploited (unironically) in Donne's

sermon on obedience: 'I am glad that our *Ministry* is called *Orders*; that when we take this calling, we are said to take *Orders*... for giving example of obedience to *Orders*... *Men of Orders*... ought to be most ready of all others to obey' (*Sermons* IV: 198).

329 **wh.B.** White Bishop, representing the Church of England. No surviving contemporary report identifies him more specifically, but the likeliest candidate is George Abbot (1562-1633), Archbishop of Canterbury, who vigorously opposed Catholicism, Arminianism, and the Spanish marriage (and who had overlapped with Middleton at Oxford). Abbot strongly supported the Queen of Bohemia and tighter restrictions on Jesuits in England.

330-1 **sober Synceritye...Hypocrisie** (words frequently associated with 'Puritans', which with the rise of Arminianism came increasingly to include Calvinists like Abbot)

331 **Hypocrisie** Abbot was especially vulnerable to this charge after July 1621, when in a hunting accident with a crossbow he killed a game-keeper (Fincham, *DNB*). This incident exposed him to 'the rejoicing of the

papist, the insulting of the puritan'; it was difficult for a 'man of blood' (i.e. with blood on his hands), taunted by some as a 'murderer', to criticize the sins of others—particularly 'rage'. The accusation temporarily silences the White Bishop, and he does not again directly confront the Black Bishop until the end of Act 4.

332 **wh.K^t** White Knight, representing Charles, Prince of Wales (1600-49), as numerous contemporary references to the play make clear. His trip to Madrid was characterized by contemporaries as gallant knight-errantry: 'the voyage of the Knights of Adventure' (Secretary of State Conway, 3 March 1623), with Charles and Buckingham as 'venturous knights, worthy to be put into a new romance' (King James, 27 February 1623); Charles 'there did... imitate one of Prince *Arthurs* Knights, in seeking adventures through forraigne Princes territories' (Sir Antony Weldon, *The Court and Character of King James* (1651), 133). Middleton had celebrated the investiture of Charles as a Knight of the Order of the Garter in *Civitate Amor*, and *Tennis* was written for him.

- Bl.K^l* a shrewde Retort! ha's made our Bishop smell of
burning to,
would I stood farder off, wer't no Impeachment
to my honor or the Game, would the'yde playe faster;
White Knight! there is acknowledged from our house
340 a Reuerence to you, and a Respect
to that lo'ude Duke stands next you, wth the fauour
of the white king, and th'aforenamide Respected
I combate wth this cause, if wth all speede
345 waste not one Sillable (unfortunate pawne)
of what I speake, thou do'st not pleade distraction
a plea wch will but fayntlie take thee off neyther
from this Leuiathan Scandall, that lyes rowling
uppon the Crystall Waters of Deution,
or what maye quitt thee more, though ynough,
350 nothing,
fall downe and foame, and by that Pang discover
the uexing Spirit of Falshood strong wthin thee,
make thy selfe readie for Perdition,
there's no Remoue in all the Game to scape it,
this pawne, or this, the Bishop or my selfe
355 will take thee in the end playe how thou can'st;
wh.p. Spite of Sins glorious ostentation
and all lowde threats those Thundercraks of pride
ushring a Storme of malice, house of Impudence
Craft and Æquiucation, my true cause
360 shall keepe the path it treads in
Bl-Kt. I playe thus then;
now in the hearing of this high assemblie
bring forth the Time of this Attempts conception
wh.p. Conception? Lord how tenderlie you handle it,
365 *Wh.B.* it seemes black Knight you are afrayde to touch it,
Bl.K^l well, its Eruption, will shee haue it so then,
or you white Bishop for her, the uncleaner
Vile and more Impious, that you urge the strayne to
the greater will her Shames heape showe ith end
370 and the wrongd meekemans glorie, the time, pawne?
- wh.p.* yesterdayes cursed Euening,—
Bl.K^l oh the treasure of my Reuenge I can't spend all on
thee,
Ruine ynough to spare for all thy Kinred,
for honors sake calle in more Slanderers
I haue such plentifull confusion 375
I knowe not how to waste it, Ile bee nobler yet
and putt her to her owne house, king of meekenes
take the cause to thee, for our hands too heaue
our proofes will fall uppon her like a Tower
and grinde her Bones to powder; 380
wh.p. what new Engine
ha's the Deuill raysde in him now?
Bl.K^l is it hee?
and that the Time, stand firme now to youre Scandall
praye do not shift youre Slander, 385
Wh.p. Shift youre Trecheries
they'ue worne one Suite too long
Bl.K^l that holie Man
so wrongfullie accuse by this lost pawne,
ha's not bene seene these io dayes in these parts, 390
wh: K^l how?
Bl.K^l naye at this instant 30 leagues from hence,
Wh.p. Fadomelesse Falshood will it scape unblasted!
wh.K^l can you make this appeare?
Bl.K^l light is not cleerer, 395
by his owne Letters, most Impartiall Monarch!
wh.K^{s.p.} how wrongfullie maye sacred Vertue suffer? S^{ir},
Bl.K^l Bishop! wee haue a Jewell of that false heart,
wh.K. step forth and reach those proofes;
wh.p. amazement couers mee, 400
Can I bee so forsaken of a cause
so strong in truth and æquitie? will uertue
send mee no Ayde in this hard time of Frenship?

336 *Bl.K^l* The perceived influence of Gondomar, a foreign ambassador, on the outcome of the 1621 Parliament was particularly resented. He dominates the remainder of the scene, and reverses its direction.
347 *rowling* rolling
349 *ynough* enough
350–1 *fall...thee* suggesting symptoms of demonic possession (which had been discredited as frauds by Bishop John Harsnet and other Anglican authorities, and repudiated by King James)
357 *lowde* loud
359 *Æquiucation* practice of making a 'mental reservation' which, when added to a false statement, makes it true: for instance, mentally adding the word 'not' to a sentence spoken aloud. Made famous by Father Henry Garnett's defence in

1606, when on trial for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot.
373 *all thy Kinred* The family of the White Queen's Pawn is not elsewhere identified, but the most sensitive political issue in the 1620s was the familial relationship between the King of England and the Queen of Bohemia.
393 *Fadomelesse* fathomless
396 *most Impartiall Monarch* King James prided himself on being the 'British Solomon'; Solomon was famous for his impartiality (1 Kings 3). In 1619, arbitrating a dispute between Lady Roos and Lady Frances Howard, James 'compared himself to Salomon that was to judge between two women... for which purpose he came furnished with all fit instructions wherby he

might informe himself, but specially with equitie and unpartiall affection' (Chamberlain, 2:211). Buckingham was heard to 'say merrely, that the King had need be another Salomon to judge between the harlots'. As the White King condemns the White Queen's Pawn, James condemned Lady Roos 'for putting in a grosse slanderous bill into the court' (214).
397 *wh.K^{s.p.}* Reflecting on the events of the abortive Parliament of 1621, Thomas Scott observed 'how much more easie it was for a few who had the Kings eare, to hinder, then for many, though they had the Kings heart, to helpe' (*Vox Regis*, 48).
398 *Jewell* jewel, later revised to 'treasure', suggesting the Earl of Middlesex (Lord Treasurer, 1621–4)

- 405 Bl.K^t theres an Infallible Staff, and a Red Hat
wh.Ks.p. oh Sir endeerde,
Bl.K^t theres a State figg for you now,
wh.K. behold all,
how they cohære in one, I alwayes held a charitie so
good
to holines profest, I euer beleiude rather
410 the accuser false then the profession uitious,
Bl.K^t a charitie like all youre Vertues else
most gracious and glorious,
Wh. K. where settles th' offence
let the faults punishment bee deriude from thence
415 wee leaue her to youre censure,
Bl.Kt. most iust maiestie;
wh.p. Calamitie of Vertue! my Queene leaue mee too;
I am cast off as th' Oliue casts her Flower
poore Frendlesse Innocence art thou left a Prey
420 to the Deuouer?
- wh.K^t no, thou art not lost
let em' putt on their blouidiest Resolutions
If the fayre policie I ayme at prospers,
thy Councell Noble Duke?
wh.D. for that most cheerefullie,
425 wh.K^t a man for speede now?
Wh.B^s.p. let it bee my honor, Sir,
make mee that Flight that owes her my lifes Seruice,
exeunt
Bl.K^t was not this brought about well for our honors,
Bl.B. push, that Galician Skonce can worke out wonders, 430
Bl.K^t lets use her, as upon the like discourie
a mayde was usde in Venice, euerie one
bee readie with a pennance, begin Maiestie,
Vessell of foolish Scandall! Take thy freight
435 had there beene in that Cabinet of Nicenes
halfe the Virginities of th' earth lockt up
and all swept at one cast by the Dexteritie
of a Iesuittall Gamster, tåd not Valued
the least part of that generall worth thou'st tayntd,

404–5 **theres...endeerde** For an expansion of this passage, see *Later* 2.2.211–14.

404 **Staff...Hat** Sir Toby Matthew had advocated restoration of Catholic bishoprics in England. An 'Oxford man', chaplain to Archbishop Abbot, at a Visitation Sermon complained 'The hope of a crosier-staffe or a Cardinalls hatt would make many a scholler in England beat his braine to reconcile the Church of Rome & England &c &c' (Joseph Mead, 25 April 1623). There may also be an implicit contrast with a 'fallible staff' the White King's Pawn already holds (perhaps the white staff of office of the Lord Treasurer).

407–15 **behold...censure** Eyewitness John Holles reported how Gondomar (the Black Knight) 'sett y^e Kings affayrs as a clock, backward & forward, made him belieue, & vn=belieue as stood best with [Gondomar's] busines, be y^e caws neuer so cleere' (11 August). 'They cannot tear Count Gondomar so much by revealing his fashion of dealing, without... consequently reflecting weakness on those that gave him credence, and that daily dealt with him' (Florentine ambassador, 13 August). 'The worst is in playng [Gondomar], they played somebody els...' (Chamberlain, 21 August). 'The Spaniards are touched from their tricks being discovered, but the king's reputation is affected much more deeply by representing the ease

with which he was deceived' (Venetian ambassador, 30 August).

410 **uitious** vicious

411 **youre** In transcribing this passage Middleton first wrote 'his' here, suggesting he was thinking of someone outside the dramatic fiction (King James).

415 **wee...censure** In 1620, when Spanish troops invaded the Palatinate, Sir John Digby reported that 'many people were saying that the King must want his daughter and grandchildren taken prisoner to Spain, since he was doing nothing to help them' (Pursell, *Gondomar*, 9).

417 **my Queene leaue** The Queen of Bohemia first left Bohemia, then the Palatinate, settling in exile in the Hague, while her supporters in those countries suffered invasion and persecution.

419 **frendlesse** (a) without friends, supporters (b) without family, orphaned. Protestant critics of James I argued that he had abandoned his own child.

421–3 **no...prospers** Charles had long advocated more active English intervention to support his sister, the Queen of Bohemia.

422 **blouidiest** The Spanish were claimed to believe that 'except our victories be drowned in blood, we cannot tast them' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 48). The adjective is more appropriate to the European wars than to the onstage context.

425 **wh.D.** White Duke, identified by

Thomas Salisbury (1 December 1624) as George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, favourite of King James, political ally of Prince Charles in the 1621 Parliament, his companion on the trip to Madrid to forward the Spanish marriage, then on their return his partner in repudiating it.

428 **Flight** arrow shot from a bow. The Bishop in chess was sometimes called the Archer (for example, in *Ludus Scacchiae*, A2^v, A3^v), so it makes sense for his Pawn to be imagined as an arrow. For the particular relevance of these associations to the White Bishop, see 2.331.

430 **Galician Skonce** 'King James loues [Gondomar] so well, as he esteemes his speeches Oracles and Scriptures', and Gondomar's 'Castillian, or rather Galitian braine, hath now brought matters to this passe, that no cinsere advise, honest Letter... can point at the King of Spaine, but they are called in; and their Authors imprisoned (instead of rewarded) though never so honest and loyall Subjects' (Reynolds, *Vox Coeli* (1624), 60). In Middleton and Reynolds the reference to Gondomar's 'Galician Skonce' is associated with the imprisonment of an honest subject who is willing to 'point' at Catholic treachery.

438 **Iesuittall Gamster** 'the Master-Gamsters the Iesuites' (Gee, *New Shreds*, 23)
tåd it had

440 *Bl K.* first I enioyne thee to a 3 dayes fast fort
Bl.Q. youre too penurious^{s^r}, Ile make it 4,
Bl.B. I, to a i2 howers Kneeling at one time,
Bl Kt. and in a Roome fild all wth Aretines pictures
 more then the twice i2 labours of Luxurie
 445 thou shalt not see so much as the chast Pummell
 of Lucrece Dagger peeping, naye, Ile punnish thee
 for a Discouerer, Ile torment thy modestie,
Bl.D. after that 4 dayes Fast to th' Inquisition house
 Strenghtned wth bread and Water for worse pennance,
 450 *Bl.K^t.* why well sayde Duke of our house Noblie aggrauated;
wh.p. Vertue! to showe her Influence more strong,
 Fitts mee wth patience mightier then my Wrong.

exeunt

Finit Actus Secundi

- 440 **enioyne** enjoin
fort for't, for it
- 441 *Bl.Q.* Black Queen. She is not called 'Queen' anywhere in the dialogue of the *Early* text, though her dress and position next to the Black King immediately indicate her royal status. (Contrast the White Queen at 2.281.) Woolley identified her as the Infanta Donna Maria (6 August), and Holles also referred to the Infanta in his account of the play (11 August). English writers paid almost no attention to the actual Queen of Spain, but were obsessed with the possibility that the Infanta Maria might become Queen of England. Her first action in the play is to punish another woman (an innocent English Protestant) by enforced kneeling.
- 443 **Roome . . . pictures** Art-collecting had become increasingly popular among influential Jacobean courtiers, particularly the Earl of Arundel and the Duke of Buckingham.
Aretines pictures *I Modi*, a set of pornographic images of sexual positions, painted by Giulio Romano, engraved by Marcantonio Raimondi, and published in 1524; later editions, with woodcuts replacing the engravings, included caption-sonnets by Pietro Aretino. Suppressed by Pope Clement VII, they continued to be surreptitiously printed, associated with Aretino rather than their unnamed artists.
- 444 **i2 labours** (alluding to the twelve labours, or tasks, of Hercules). Aretino calls attention to the extreme strenuousness of some of the depicted sexual positions; the figures are classical rather than modern, and thus encouraged mythological comparisons.
- 446 **Lucrece** For the representation and significance of this figure, see *Ghost of Lucrece*.
- 448 *Bl.D.* Black Duke. Not particularized in

Early; at *Later* 5.3.213 he is specifically identified as Don Gaspar de Guzman, Conde-Duque de Olivares (1587–1645), Philip IV's favourite, and Buckingham's antagonist in Madrid.
Inquisition Catholic judicial system, particularly used for persecuting 'heretics'; 'the dangerous practices and most horrible executions of the Spanish Inquisition'—including 'the villainous and shameless tormenting of naked women beyond all humanity'—had been a recurrent focus of Protestant fear and propaganda for more than half a century (*A Discovery and playne Declaration of sundry subtil practises of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne*, trans. Thomas Skinner, 1568).

452 **my Wrong** the wrong done to me. The end of Act 1 hints at the political consequences of conversion of a single 'lost pawn' (White King's Pawn); at the end of Act 2, that traitor and the larger political struggle between leaders of the two houses leads directly to the imprisonment of a faithful pawn (perhaps echoing the end of the 1621 Parliament, when King James imprisoned five Members and sent five others out of England). For the conspicuous failure of justice here, see Scott's *High-wayes of God and the King*: 'how haps it then, that there are . . . crying sinnes . . . as if there were no King, no Lawe, no Priest, no Iudge in England?' (73). Scott cites, from Judges:21, 'the rape of certaine virgins by fraude and force, who came out, without feare of trechery, securely trusting to their owne innocence, and the peace of the State. The reason of these disorders is giuen as before, *Then ther was no King in Israel* . . . There was a Lawe, but there was none designed to execute it.' (73) Scott's sermon was addressed to judges: 'Iudges, who know you haue a King about you too . . . though all scarlet sinnes, & crying

Incipit tercijs

Enter Blk^t

lett mee a litle solace my designes
 wth the remembrance of some braue ones past
 to cherish the futuritie of Proiect
 whose motion must bee restlesse, till that great worke
 cald the possession of the world bee ours.,
 was it not I procurde a prætious safeguard
 from the White Kingdome to secure our Coasts
 gaynst th' Infidell Pyrates, under prætext
 of more necessitous Expedition;
 who made the Iayles flie open (without miracle)
 and let the Locusts out, those dangerous Flies
 whose propertie is to burne Corne wth touching,
 the Heretique Granaries feele it to this minute,
 and now theyue got amongst the Countrie-Crops

(·)

Act 3

- crimes be kept from his eyes and eares artificially' (84).
- 3.0.3 **Enter** Middleton later expanded this scene to include the Fat Bishop: see *Later* 3.1.0.1–81, 283–305.
- 1 **lett** The solitary entrance direction doubles as a speech prefix.
- 2 **remembrance . . . past** The projects Gondomar describes here all occurred in the years 1618–21 (before conclusion of the second session of the 1621 Parliament).
- 6–9 **procurde . . . Expedition** Gondomar 'procured a gallant Fleete to secure the coast of *Spaine*, against the Turkish Pyrates' (Reynolds, *Vox Coeli*, 57). The fleet sailed in October 1620 and returned in September 1621. In place of 'prætious safeguard', *Later* 3.1.87 has 'gallant fleet', reverting to the wording of Reynolds.
- 6 **prætious** 'valuable' (to the Spanish, in protecting their coasts) but also 'expensive' (to the English, who paid for the fleet) and ultimately 'good-for-nothing' (because it did not stop piracy against English merchant ships)
safeguard defence, armed naval escort (compared to an expensive outer garment worn by women to protect their skirts when riding)
- 10–11 **made . . . out** 'the King has consented to deliver [74 imprisoned priests] to the . . . Conde de Gondomar, to go abroad' (*Calendar of State Papers*, 5 June 1618)
- 10 **Iayles** jails, gaols
- 11 **Locusts** (a common metaphor for Jesuits: see Gee, *Snare*, sig. E2)
- 13 **Granaries . . . minute** This may allude to the bad English harvest of 1622, as though Gondomar's success in releasing imprisoned Jesuits before 1621 were responsible for the subsequent dearth. But the outbreak of war in 1620 also produced famines in Germany and France.

- 15 they stick so fast to the conuerted Eares
the lowest Tempest that Authoritie rayses
will hardlie shake em off, they haue their Dens
in Ladies Couches, there's safe Groues and Fens,
naye were they followed and found out byth' Scent
20 Palme-Oyle will make a Purseuant relent;
whose policie wa'st to putt a silenest Muzzle,
on all the Barking Tongmen of the Time,
made pictures, that were dumbe ynough before
poore Suffrers in that politick Restraynt
my light Spleene skips and shakes my Ribs to thinke
25 on't
whilst our drifts walkte uncensurde but in thought
a whistle or a whisper would bee questiond,
in the most fortunate Angle of the world, Venice
the Court ha's held the Cittie by the Hornes
30 whilst I haue milkt her, I haue got good soapes too
from Countrie Ladies for their Liberties,
from some for their most uaynelie hopde preferments
high offices ith Ayre, I should not liue
but for this Mell Aerium, this Mirth-Manna:
Enter Bl. pawne:
35 my pawne! how now? the Newes!
- Bl.p.* expect none uerie pleasing
that comes S^r of my bringing, Ime for sad things,
Bl.K^t. thy Conscience is so tender-hooft alate
euerie nayle pricks it,
Bl.p. this maye prick yours too 40
if there bee anye quick Flesh in a Yard on't,
Bl.K^t. mine? mischeife must finde a deepe Nayle, and a
Driuer
beyond the strenght of anye Machiauell
the politick Kingdomes fatten, to reach mine;
prethee Compunction! needle prickt a Litle 45
unbinde this sore wound;
Bl.p. Sir, youre plotts discoverd;
Bl.K. wch of the twentie thousand and nine hundred
threescore and fiue, can't tell?
Bl.p. blesse us, so manie? 50
how do's poore Countrimen haue but one plott
to keepe a Cowe on, yet in Lawe for that;
you cannot Knowe em' all sure by their Names, S^r,
Bl.K^t. yes, were the Number trebled, thou hast seene
a Globe stands on the Table in my Closet? 55

- 20 **Purseuant** pursuivant. 'And yet when these *Purseuants* had greatest authoritie, a small bribe in the Countrey would blinde their eyes' (Scott, *Vox Populi* (1620), C4^v). Chamberlain recorded 'the censuring of a purseuant in the Star-chamber for making a trafficke of taking priests and letting them go for monie' (8 July 1620).
- 21-4 **policie . . . Restraynt** 'I saw . . . Scots loyall *Vox Populi*, D. Whiting, D. Everard, & Claytons zealous Sermons, and others, suppress'd and silenced, as also *Wards* faithfull picture, which yet was so innocent, as it onely breathed forth his fidelity to *England* in silent Rethorique, and dumbe eloquence' (Reynolds, *Vox Coeli*, A4^v).
- 21-2 **Muzzle . . . Barking** Gondomar explains that the English clergy 'are muzled for barking, when ours may both barke and bite too' (Scott, *Vox Populi*, C3^v).
- 23 **pictures** Samuel Ward, 'a special preacher of Ipswich', was imprisoned in 1621 for the engraving 1588 *Deo Trin-vni Britanniae . . .* 1605; it combined images of the Spanish Armada and the Gunpowder Plot.
- 28 **Venice** This extrametrical word, present only in the earliest manuscript, distracts attention from the obvious interpretation of 'most fortunate Angle' as England: see Induction.1.
- 29 **Court . . . Cittie** James I had repeatedly given monopolies to courtiers, at the expense of various commercial interests of the City of London. Collection of customs was farmed out to various syndicates throughout the reign ('a great discouragement to [merchants] in their trades', according to a 1612 report to the Privy Council). The Cokayne monopoly (1614-17) was disastrous for the Merchant Adventurers; the gold and silver thread monopoly was adamantly opposed by the Goldsmiths' Company, Lord Mayor, and aldermen, and led to Sir Giles Mompesson's impeachment by the 1621 Parliament; there were also successful attacks on monopolies in the 1624 Parliament.
- 30 **milkt** 'these other tyme-servers . . . milke the estate and keep it poore' (Scott, *Vox Populi*); 'him that is the cause of all this, and that's the *Courtly Thiefe* . . . the milking of the state by priuate *Monopolies* . . . Looke vpon the highest, if they make any other account of the poore then of their tame cattell' (Scott, *High-ways of God*, 79-81).
- her** (London, frequently personified as female)
- soapes** sops, pieces of bread dipped in liquid before being eaten
- 32 **uaynelie hopde** vainly hoped
- 34 **Mell Aerium** (alluding to the beginning of Virgil's Fourth Georgic: 'Protinus aerii mellis caelestia dona . . .'). Gondomar thus equates the gifts/bribes he receives with the honey produced by hard-working bees, which Virgil describes as 'heaven's gift'; that image leads in turn to the image of Biblical 'manna' (Exodus 16:15, etc.) which 'came down from heaven' (Job 6:58)
- 35 **the Newes** John Taylor complained that he 'cannot pass the streets but I am continually stayed by one or other, to know what news' (*Taylor's Travels to Prague*, 1620). The subtitle of Scott's *Vox Populi* is 'Newes from Spayne'.
- 36 **Bl.p.** Black Pawn, just identified as 'my pawne', i.e. Black Knight's Pawn. With no other pawn on stage, the abbreviation is unambiguous.
- 38-9 **tender-hooft . . . nayle** Compare Horace *Odes* 3.6.24: *de tenero ungui*, 'from the tender nail' [= from early youth].
- 43 **Machiauell** The subtitle of Scott's 2 *Vox Populi* was 'Gondomar appearing in the likenes of Matchiauell'. The works of Niccolò Machiavelli (1469-1627) were banned in much of Europe; *The Prince* was not published in English until 1640. Privately, his works circulated widely, and his name became a label for atheism, amoral cunning, and political ambition. He appears as the Prologue to Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and influenced characters like Shakespeare's Richard III, who promises 'to set the murderous Machiavel to school' (*Duke of York* 3.2.193).
- 48 **Bl.K.** Black Knight. (With no King on stage, the abbreviation is unambiguous.)
- 55 **Globe** a rare and expensive object at the time, and a reminder of Spain's global ambitions

- Bl.p.* a thing Sir full of Cuntryes, and hard words,
Bl.K. true, wth lines drawn some tropicall, some Oblique,
Bl.p. I scarce can reade I was brought up in Blindnes;
Bl.K. iust such a thing (if e're my Skull bee opend)
 60 will my braynes looke like,
Bl.p. like a Globe of Cuntryes,
Bl.Kt. I, and some Mr-Polititian
 that ha's sharpe State Eyes will goe neere to pick out
 the plotts, and euerie Clymate where they fastned
 65 twill puzzle em too;
Bl.p. Ime of youre minde for that S^r,
Bl.K^t theyle finde em to fall thicke upon some Coütryes
 theyde neede use Spectacles, but I turne to you now,
 what plott is that discourd?
 70 *Bl.p.* youre last Brat, S^r
 begot twixt the Black Bishop and youre selfe
 youre Antedated letters 'bout the Iesuite,
Bl.K^t discourd? how?
Bl.p. the White Knights policie
 75 ha's out stript yours it seemes,
 ioynd wth th' Assistant Councell of his Duke
- the Bishops white pawne undertooke the Iourney
 who as they saye dischargd it like a Flight
 I made him for the Businesse fitt and light
Bl.Kt. tis but a bawdie pawne out a'th wayt a little 80
 Enter *Bl.Bishop* and the *Wh. house* and *Bl. house*.
 enow of them in all parts
Bl.B. you haue heard all?
Bl.Kt. the Wonders past wth mee, but some shall downe
 fort,
wh.K. Set free the Vertuous pawne from all her wrongs
 let her bee brought wth honor to the face 85
 of her malitious Aduersaries,
Bl.K^t good!
wh.K. Noble chast Knight, a Title of that Candor
 the greatest prince on earth without impeachment
 maye haue the dignitie of his worth comprizd in, 90
 this fayre deliuering Act uertue will register
 in that white Booke of the defence of Virgins
 where the cleere Fames of all præseruing Knights
 are to æternall memorie consecrated,
 and wee embrace as partner of that honor 95
 this worthie peice the Councell of the Act
 whome wee shall euer place in our respect,

56 **Cuntryes** countries

58 **scarce can reade** 'many priests could scarce read Latine' (Goad, *Friers Chronicle*, F3^v). Literacy rates were higher in northern than southern Europe. The Reformation emphasized the need for direct individual access to the Word of God; Protestants (especially Calvinists) owned many more books than Catholics.

59 **if... opend** (suggesting images of human dissection popularized by sixteenth-century anatomy textbooks)

67 **Coütryes** countries

72 **Antedated letters** (a device elsewhere attributed to the Jesuits Robert Parsons and Henry Garnett, and to the Earl of Middlesex)

76 **ioynd** joined

78 **Flight** For the archery metaphor, see 2.428. But 'flight' also can refer to a flock: eunuchs were compared to angels by several early Church Fathers, including Basil of Ancyra, Jerome, and Augustine (Taylor, *Castration*, 44, 257).

79 **I... fitt** 'By gelding him, I increased his ability to thwart our plans.' Castration, routinely performed on domesticated animals and widely performed on human males since antiquity, produced a being custom-made for certain purposes: royal service, singing, or dedication to God. In Matthew 19:12, Jesus referred to men who 'made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake', and it was widely known that Origen and some other early Christians were castrated; the first convert to Christianity was a

eunuch (Acts 8:26-40), who was praised as exemplary in Charles Sonibancke's *The Eunuche's Conuersion. A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse* (1617) and in a sermon by John Donne (*Sermons* 5:35-36, undated, probably before 1623).

light This claim in part depends on an implicit pun: 'I made him... light' by gelding him, i.e. by removing his testicles, normally called 'stones'; stones are heavy, and in particular 'stone' is a measure of weight (fourteen pounds). The same pun-complex ('light' because gelded and deprived of 'stones') is explicit in Edward Sharpham's *Cupid's Whirligig*, Philip Massinger's *The Renegado*, and Richard Brome's *The Court Beggar*.

80.1 **the Wh. house** The second entry of the entire house. (See 2.275.1-2.) But the fictional action of this scene cannot be so easily related to a Parliamentary session, because the Black House is already present, and is immediately addressed; many Black characters speak while the White House is on stage. Black and White Houses now interact across the whole board, as it were, like the two dynasties/religions/nations manœuvring in mid-game on the larger chessboard of Europe.

81 **enow** enough

86 **malitious** malicious

88-105 **Noble... fidelitie** The King's praise of White Knight and Duke echoes popular enthusiasm for Prince Charles and Buckingham after their return from

Spain; they persuaded King James to call another Parliament, beginning in February 1624, which reversed many of the royal policies of 1621-3, accepted earlier accusations against Spain, and supported a crackdown on Jesuits in England. In other respects it resembles the popular welcome of the Earls of Oxford and Essex in November 1620, who 'arrived safe at London, being newly returned from their dangerous and unsuccessful expedition into the Palatinate. Their return was the more joyed at, because their families were great and noble, and they had yet no issue, nor were married' (D'Ewes, *Autobiography*, I:156).

88 **chast** chaste. Prince Charles was, by all accounts, still a virgin; it was particularly important to Protestants that he returned from Spain unmarried.

88-90 **Title... in** (probably alluding to Prince Charles's status as a Knight of the Order of the Garter—a ceremonial title celebrated in Middleton's *Civitas Amor*—and justifying representation of the heir to the throne as a mere knight)

89 **impeachment** disparagement (but also suggesting Parliamentary impeachment of government officials, a practice spectacularly revived in 1621 and 1624)

92 **that white Booke** (in contrast to Middleton's *Black Book*, or perhaps more recently what *Tom Tell-Troath* called 'the black booke of the Court')

96 **peice** (later revised to 'Duke', for clarity)

wh.D. most blest of Kings! throand in all royall Graces
 euerie good Deed sends back its owne reward
 100 into the bosome of the Enterprizer,
 but you t'expresse youre selfe as well to bee
 King of Munificence as Integritie
 adds glorie to the Gift,
Enter wh.Q^c pawne
wh.K. thy desert claymes it
 105 Zeale, and fidelitie, appeare thou bewtie
 of truth and Innocence, best ornament
 of patience, thou that makes thy suffrings glorious,
Bl.K^t. Ile take no knowledge on't, what makes shee here?
 how dares yon'd pawne unpennanc'st, with a cheek
 110 fresh as her Falshood yet, where Castigation
 ha's left no pale print of her uisiting Anguish
 appeare in this assemblie, lett mee alone
 Sin must bee bold, thats all the Grace tis borne to,
wh.K^t. whats this!
 115 *wh.K.* Ime wonderstruck;
wh.p. assist mee Goodnes
 I shall to prison agen,
Bl.Kt. at least Iue mazde em,
 scatterd there Admirations of her Innocence,
 120 as the firde Ship putt in, seuerd the Fleete
 in 88, Ile on wth't, Impudence
 is mischeifes patrimonie, is this Iustice?
 is iniurde Reuerence no sharplier righted,
 I euer held that Maiestie Impartiall
 125 that like most æquall heauen lookes on the manners
 not on the shapes they shroud in;
wh.K. this black Knight
 will neuer take an answere, tis a Victorie
 to make him understand hee do's amisse
 130 when hee knowes in his owne cleere understanding
 that hee do's nothing else, showe him the testimonie
 confirmd by goodmen, how that fowle Attempter
 got but this morning to the place, from whence
 hee dated his forgd Lines for io dayes past:
 135 *Bl.K^t.* why maye not that Corruption sleepe in this
 by some Connuience, as you haue wakte in ours
 by too rash Confidence,
wh.D. Ile undertake
 that Knight shall teach the deuill how to lye

wh.K^t. if Sin were halfe as wise as impudent,
 She'ede ner'e seeke farder for an Aduocate:
Enter Bl.Q^c p.
Bl.p. now to act Trechrie Wth an Angells tong
 since alls come out, Ile bring him in agen;
 where is this iniurde Chastitie, this Goodnes
 whose worth no Transitorie peice can Value
 145 this Rock of constant and inuincible Vertue
 that made Sins Tempest wearie of his Furie;
Bl.Q. what is my pawne distracted
Bl.K^t. I thinke rather
 there is some notable Mr-prize of Roguerie
 this Drum strikes up for,
Bl.p. lett mee fall wth reuerence
 before this blessed Altar,
Bl.Q. this is madnes,
Bl.Kt. well, marke the end I stand for Roguerie still
 I will not change my Side
 155 *Bl.p.* I shall bee taxt I knowe
 I care not what the Blackhouse thinkes on mee,
Bl.Q. what saye you now?
Bl.Kt. I will not bee unlayde yet;
 160 *Bl.p.* how anie censure flies, I honor Sanctitie
 that is my obiect I entend no other;
 I sawe this glorious and most Valiant Vertue
 fight the most noblest Combate wth the Deuill
Bl.Kt. if both the Bishops had bene there for seconds
 165 tad bene a compleate Duell;
wh.K. then thou heardst
 the Violence entended,
Bl.p. tis a truth I ioye to iustifie, I was an agent
 on Vertues part; and raysde that confusde noyse,
 170 that startled his Attempt, and gaued her libertie,
wh.p. oh tis a righteous Storie shee ha's told, S^r,
 my life and Fame stand mutuallie engagde,
 both to the truth and Goodnes of this pawne
wh.K. do's it appeare to you yet: cleere as the Sun?
 175 *Bl.K^t.* lasse I beleiuide it long before twas donne
Bl.K. Degenerate!
Bl.Q. Base
Bl.B. perfidious
Bl.D. traytrous pawne;
 180

118 *mazde* 'mazed, amazed
 120-1 *as... 88* as the English fireships, on
 28 July 1588, scattered the Spanish
 Armada in the English Channel off
 Calais. The singular 'Ship' is probably
 Middleton's error; it is corrected in *Later*.
 127-31 *this... else* (perhaps alluding
 specifically to Gondomar's remarkable
 evasive calm when King James angrily

accused him of deception regarding
 Spanish plans to invade the Palatinate)
 136 *Connuience* connivance
 141 *ner'e* ne'er, never
 145 *Value* equal in value (changed at *Later*
 3.1.211 to 'equal')
 150 *Mr-prize* master-prize, masterpiece
 (Middleton coinage)

151-68 *Drum... Combate... Violence*
 (military language, suggesting the
 warfare in Germany as much as the
 attempted rape of the White Queen's
 Pawn)
 161 *how* however, no matter how
 166 *tad* it had
 176 *lasse* 'las, alas

- Bl.p.* what are you all beside youre selues?
Bl.Kt. but I,
 remember that pawne?
 185 *Bl.p.* maye a feareful Barrennes
 blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not
 her Ruine in my pittie, a new Trap
 for her more sure Confusion,
Bl.K^t haue I wun now?
 did not I saye twas Craft and Machination
 190 I smelt Conspiracie all the waye it went
 although the Messe were couerd, Ime so usde too'te,
Bl.K. that Queene would I fayne finger,
Bl.K^t youre too hott S^{ir}
 if shee were tooke, the Game would bee ours quicklie
 195 my Aymes at that White Knight, entrap him first
 that peice will followe too,
Bl.B. I would that Bishop
 were in my Diocesse, Ide soone change his Whitenes,
- Bl.K^t* S^{ir}, I could whip you up a pawne immediatlie
 I knowe where my Game stands, 200
Bl.K. doo'te suddenlye
 aduantage least must not bee lost in this playe
Bl.Kt. pawne, thou art ours,
wh.K^t hees taken by default
 by willfull negligence, guard the sacred persons 205
 looke well to the white Bishop, for that pawne
 gauē Guard to th' Queene and him in the 3^d place;
Bl.K^t see what sure peice you lock youre confidence in
 I made this pawne here by Corruption ours
 as soone as honor by Creation yours, 210
 this whitenes upon him, is but the Leprousie
 of pure dissimulation, View him now
*his upper garment taken of, he appeeres Black
 underneath*
 hir heart, and his Intents are of our Colour,
wh.K^t most dangerous Hypocrite

186 a new Trap In the second session of the 1621 Parliament, Sir John Digby, after his diplomatic mission to Vienna as 'an Agent' of King James, publicly confirmed the duplicity of the Emperor Ferdinand (21 November 1621). Although this convinced many Englishmen in and out of Parliament that only war could restore the Palatinate and Bohemia to Queen Elizabeth, it had a different effect on King James: the failure of diplomacy in Vienna persuaded him that the Spanish Match was the only possible solution, and in February 1622 Digby was dispatched to Spain to reconvene the marriage negotiations (in abeyance since 1618). Likewise, the Black Queen's Pawn's confirmation of the attempted rape leads directly to her central role in the marriage plot: see 3.232, 248–52.

192 *Bl.K...*finger Elizabeth Stuart (b. 1596), called the 'queen of hearts', was still young and attractive; her décolletage provoked gossip in Prague; she attracted the chivalric romantic devotion of Christian of Halberstadt, whose battle standards carried the motto 'All for God and for her'. She was therefore a plausible object of the lust of a young Spanish King with a reputation for sexual exploits. Politically, Spanish troops were instrumental in evicting Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia from the Palatinate; she was chased across Europe from Prague to the Hague.

193 *youre too hott* 'You must not be too hastie to play' ('Certaine generall rules', G.B., *Ludus Scacchia*). In chess, an early ill-prepared frontal assault on the Queen is seldom successful; Black Knight instead proposes a more indirect strategy.

194 *if...quicklie* Protestant supporters of

the Queen of Bohemia argued that, if the Habsburgs were allowed to conquer Bohemia, the Palatinate, and all of Germany, England would be fatally isolated, politically, economically, and militarily.

195 *my...Knight* This is the first indication that Gondomar (and the Spanish more generally) have targeted Prince Charles as the key to the game; it follows directly from discussion of the White Queen, implying that the entrapment of Charles 'first' will make it easier to take the Queen.

196 *that peice* ambiguous: the context suggests 'the White Queen', but the phrase was subsequently changed to 'The Duke' (*Later* 3.1.249).

206–7 *pawne...place* 'the Kings Pawn giueth guard to the third House before the Queene, and to the third house before the kings Byshop' (Saul, *Chesse-Play*, C2^v).

207 3^d third

212.1 *of off*

213 *hir* All other texts change 'hir' to 'his' (*Later* 3.1.263), but 'her' could refer to the White Queen's Pawn (whom he has repeatedly slandered) or the White Queen, or the Black Queen's Pawn, who has apparently crossed over to the White side: in taking the White King's Pawn, the Black Knight wants to confound the White House, by making them doubt the loyalty of their own members.

213–16 *our Colour...their Complexion* The language here suggests that the 'blackness' of the Spanish characters refers not just to their costumes but to their skin colour. A Spanish speaker in Scott's 2 *Vox Populi* admits that 'many of vs are discended of the Moorish race'

(13), and another refers to the 'insolent and african pride' of the Spanish (23). The history of invasion from North Africa, and the importing of slaves from sub-Saharan Africa to the Iberian peninsula since the 1440s, had made Spaniards and Portuguese particularly vulnerable to such claims. A manuscript invective against Gondomar alleged 'a Spanish Moore's thy mother' (Rosenbach 1083/16, p. 297). Pawns from the Black House are compared to 'the Deuill' (3.289), 'a Black-bird' (291), 'a Monckey' (312), 'Russet woodcocks' (318), and associated with 'Slauerie' (298); the Black House is twice associated with Egyptians (Induction.8, 3.264); the Black Duke is said to be 'sunburnt' and 'Oliue-Colour'd' (*Later* 5.3.213–14). For the racial contrast with 'White' see Induction.44 and 2.0.2.

214 *Hypocrite* This image of hypocrisy (white on the outside, black on the inside) derives from the paradox of the 'white devil', which originated in Luther's commentary on Galatians (the most popular of his works in England), and was repeated and elaborated in Pierre Vivet's *The Worlde possessed with Devils* (1583) and in a Paul's Cross sermon by Thomas Adams, *The White Deuil, or The Hypocrite Vncased* (1613). The earliest example in English drama is *Revenger* 3.5.146, 'white devil'; see also the 'hypocrite' called 'white-fac't Diuell' (*Tennis* 719, 724) and the 'white-fac't hypocrite, Lady Sanctity' (*Tennis* 391). For the merging of this religious image of white hypocrisy with tropes of racial whiteness, see Taylor, *Castration*, 243–49, 310.

215 wh.D. one made agaynst us,
wh.Q. his Truth of their Complexion!
wh.K. ha's my Goodnes
 Clemencie, loue, and fauour gracious rousd thee
 and grafted thee into a Branch of honor
 and do'st thou fall from the Top-bough by th'
 220 rottennes
 of thy alone Corruption, like a Fruite
 thats ouer ripend by the beames of Fauour,
 lett thy owne weight reward thee, I haue forgot thee,
 Integritie of life is so deere to mee
 225 where I finde falshood or a crieng Trespasse
 bee it in anye whome our Grace shines most on
 Ide teare en from my heart,
Wh.B. spoke like heauens Substitute;
wh.K. you haue him, wee can spare him, & his shame
 230 will make the rest looke better to their Game;
exeunt
Bl.K. the more cunning wee must use then;
Bl.K^t. wee shall match you
 playe how you can, perhaps and mate you too;
wh.p. I rest uppon you, Knight, for my Aduancement now,
 235 Bl.Kt. oh for the Staff S^r, the strong Crosier-Staff
 and the red Hat fit for the Guiltie Mazard
 into the emptie Bagg, knowe thy first waye
 pawnes that are lost, are euer out of playe:
wh.p. howes this?

Bl.K^t. no Replications, you knowe mee, 240
 no doubt ere long youle haue more companie
 the Bagg is big ynough twill hold us all exeunt
wh.Qs.p. I sue to thee, prethee bee one of us,
 let my loue win thee, thou'st donne truth this daye,
 and yesterdaye my honor noble Seruice 245
 the best pawne of our house could not transcend it
Bl.p. my pittie flamde wth Zeale, espetiallie
 when I forsawe youre Marriage, then it mounted
wh.Qs.p. how? marriage?
Bl.p. that contaminating Act 250
 would haue spoyld all youre Fortunes, a Rape! blesse
 us
wh.Qs.p. thou talkst of marriage,
Bl.p. yes, yes, you doo marrie,
 I sawe the man;
wh.Qs.p. the Man? 255
Bl.p. an Absolute handsome Gentleman, a Compleate one,
 you'le saye so when you see him, heyre to 3 Red
 hatts
 besides his generall hopes in the black house
wh.Q^s.p. why sure thouft much mistaken for this Man;
 Iue promist single life to all my Affections 260
Bl.p. promise you what you will or I or all on's
 there's a Fate rules and ouerrules us all mee thinkes,
wh.Qs.p. why how came you to see, or knowe this
 Mysterie!

219 **grafted... honor** united him with an honourable family (a standard reward for successful courtiers)
thee Three lines added here (*Later* 3.1.267-69) seem to refer to the Earl of Middlesex, who had left school at fifteen to become apprenticed to a grocer, and thus had been lifted by the King from 'labour' and the 'hazards' of life as a merchant.
 224-7 **Integritie... heart** Recalling the disgrace of several high officials to whom King James had shown extraordinary favour: the Earl of Somerset (royal favourite, 1615, for murder), the Earl of Suffolk (Lord Treasurer, 1619, for corruption), Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Chancellor, 1621, for bribery), the Earl of Middlesex (Lord Treasurer, 1624, for corruption), and the Earl of Bristol (long-time ambassador to Spain, 1624, for treason).
 225 **crieng** crying
 228 **heauens Substitute** James I believed that kings were God's lieutenants (*Speech to the Lords and Commons*, 1610); 'Kings

are properly judges, and judgement properly belongs to them from God, for kings sit in the Throne of God' (speech to Star Chamber, 1616). His view was endorsed by many clerical authorities.
 231 **more cunning** This suggests that the next Black move will be even more clever and dangerous than any in the first half of the play. See next note.
 232-3 **match... mate** the first use in the play of either verb. Both clearly suggest the 'Spanish Match', which would 'mate'—marry—Prince Charles to a Spanish princess. See 3.176, 248-53.
 235 **oh... Crosier-Staff** 'Oh blessed... his sacred *Crosier-staff*' (Gee, *New Shreds*, 33)
 242 **the Bagg... all** 'And after death like Chesmen hauing stood | In play for Bishops, some for Knights, and Pawnes, | We all together shall be tumbled vp, into one bagge' (John Marston, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1600?).
 248-53 **Marriage... marriage... marriage... marrie** The reiteration em-

phasizes the structural significance of this moment: the second half of the play will dramatize the Spanish Match. (See 3.186, 231-2.) The Venetian ambassador described the play as 'several representations under different names of many of the circumstances about the marriage with the Infanta' (30 August 1624). In the action initiated here, a naive English Protestant virgin is deceived, and led to the brink of marriage with a dishonest foreign Catholic, as a result of a cynical plot by supporters of the Spanish and Catholic cause; the play's colour contrast suggests not only inter-faith marriage but miscegenation.
 257-8 **heyre... house** Like the Spanish Infanta, the proposed spouse promises exceptional wealth and power (which is delusory: no one could inherit three cardinalships). The three hats might suggest the crowns of the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal and the Holy Roman Empire (all held by Habsburgs).
 261 **on's** of us

- 265 *Bl.p.* a magicall Glasse I bought of an Ægyptian
whose Stone retaynes that Speculatiue Vertue
presented the Man to mee, youre name brings him
as often as I use it, and mee thinkes
I neuer haue ynough, person and postures
are all so pleasing,
- 270 *wh.Qs.p.* this is wondrous strange
the faculties of soule are still the same,
I can feele no one Motion tend that waye,
Bl.p. wee do not alwayes feele our fayth wee liue by,
nor euer see our Growth, yet both worke upward,
- 275 *wh.Qs.p.* twas well resolut, but maye I see him too,
Bl.p. surelie you maye without all doubt or feare
Observing the right use as I was taught it,
not looking back, nor questioning the Specter,
wh.Qs.p. thats no hard Obseruation, trust it wth mee,
280 ist possible? I long to see this man,
Bl.p. praye followe mee then and Ile ease you instantlie;
exeunt
- Enter Bl. Iesting pawne*
Bl. Iestp. I would so fayne take one of these white pawnes
now,
Ide make him doo all under Drudgerie,
Feede him wth Asses Milke crumbd wth Goates cheese
285 and all the Whitmeates could bee deuisse for him,
Ide make him my White Iennet when I praun'cst
after the black Knights Litter;
Enter a Wh: pawne,
wh.p. and youde looke then
iust like the Deuill striding o're a Night-Mare
290 made of a Millers daughter.
Bl.p. pox on you were you so neere, Ime taken like a
Black-bird
in the great Snowe, this white pawne grinning ouer
mee,
- wh.p.* and now because I will not fowle my Cloaths
euer hereafter, for white quicklie soyles, you knowe,
Bl.p. I prethee gett thee gon then I shall smut thee 295
wh.p. no Ile putt that to the Venture now I haue snapt thee
thou shalt doo all the Drudgerie, and durtie Busines
that Slauerie was er'e putt to,
Bl.p. I shall coozen you
you maye chance come and finde youre worke 300
undonne then
for Ime too proud to labour, Ile starue first
I tell you that before hand
wh.p. I will fitt you then
wth a black whip that shall not bee behinde hand
Bl.p. puh, I haue beene usde to whipping I haue 305
whipt my selfe 3 mile out of Townte in a morning and
I can fast a fortnight and make all youre meate stinck
and lye a youre hands?
wh.p. to præuent that youre foode shall bee Blackberries
and uppon Gawdie dayes a pickled Spyder 310
cut out like an Anchouis, Ime not to learne
a Monckeyes Ordnarie, come sir, will you friske?
Enter 2 Black pawne.
2 *Bl.p.* soft, soft you, you haue no such bergayne ont
if you looke well about you,
wh.p. by this hand— 315
I am snapt too, a Black pawne in the Breech of mee,
wee 3 looke like a Birdspit, a white Chick
between 2 Russet woodcocks;—
i.Bl.p. Ime so glad of this
wh.p. but you shall haue small cause, for Ile firke you 320
2 *Bl.p.* then Ile firke you agen,
wh. p. and Ile firke him agen,
Bl.p. masse, here will bee ould firking; I shall haue
the worst ont I can firke no bodie, wee drawe
together now for all the world, like 3 Flyes 325
wth one Strawe in their Buttocks. *exeunt*

264 **Ægyptian** Egyptian, or gypsy. The Egyptian Hermes Trismegistus was believed to be the author of a number of early mystical, neoplatonic, and alchemical texts. 'Common opinion' derived gypsies (also called 'counterfeit moors') 'from Egypt' (Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*); for their reputation for dishonesty, see *Dissemblers*.

281–327 **prayer . . . this** The jesting pawn scene was later cut, and the text slightly modified to ease the transition: see *Later* 3.1.345–46.

287 **black Knights Litter** See 5.0.2.

291 **Ime taken** A midgame pawn-exchange: after Black takes a White Pawn (at 3.203–42), White here takes a Black

Pawn (possibly the Black King's Pawn).

294 **white quicklie soyles** 'Black was commonly worn, and soiled garments could be dyed . . . white, however, was not much used either in the theatre or in practical life . . . all-white costumes do not occur in Revels inventories. When the King's Men needed white costumes for Middleton's play, they probably had to have most or all of them made.' Costumes for the White King, Queen, Knight, Duke, and Bishop 'seem likely to have translated clothes worn by the real persons into white satin, velvet, and cloth of tissue, fabrics of decorum for those of high rank' (MacIntyre, 317).

305–6 **whipping . . . morning** 'on the

papists Goode Friday there were great dooings at the Spanish ambassadors, and many Ladies and others invited to see the ceremonie or tragedie of their whipping, among whom an English baron or vicount was saide to be of the number' (Chamberlain, 30 March 1622). 'This last *Good-Fryday*, this present yeere 1624, they made some of you in the morning, before day, goe in *Procession to Tiburne*, in penitentiall manner; the form of which . . . is for a man to walke naked from the girdle vpward, and scourge himselfe with a whip . . . you made one whip himselfe so long, till he swounded' (Gee, *Foot*, N4^v–O1).

308 a on

Enter Bl.Qs.p. and wh.Qs.p.

Bl.p. this is the Roome hee did appeare to mee in
and looke you this the Magicall glasse that showde
him,

330 *wh.p.* I finde no Motion yet, what should I thinke on't,
a Suddayne feare inuades mee, a faynt trembling
under this omen, as is oft felt the panting of a Turtle
under a Stroaking hand

Bl.p. that boades good luck still,
signe you shall change state speedilie, for that
trembling

335 is alwayes the first Symptome of a Bride
for anie Vayner feares that maye accompanie
his Apparition, by my truth to Frenship
I quit you of the least, neuer was obiect
more gracefullie presented, the uerie Ayre
340 conspires to doo him honor, and creates
sweete Vocall Sounds as if a Bridegroomer enterd
wch argues the blest Harmonie of youre Loues:

wh.p. and will the using of my name produce him,?

345 *Bl.p.* naye of yours onelie else the Wonder halted,
to cleere you of that doubt Ile putt the diffrence
in practise the first thing I doo, and make
his Inuocation in the names of others

wh.p. twill satisfye mee much that

Bl.p. it shall bee donne

(∴)

350 Thou whose gentle Forme and face
fild latelie this Ægiptick glasse
by th'Imperious-powerfull name
and the uniuersall Fame
of the mightie black-house Queene
I coniuere thee to bee seene: what? you see nothing
355 yet?

wh.p. not anie part;
praye try another,

Bl.p. you shall haue youre will

360 I double my command and power
and at the Instant of this hower
inuoque thee in the white Queenes Name

with staye for Time, and Shape the same: what see
you yet?

wh.p. there's nothing shoues at all

Bl.p. my Truth reflects the clearer, then now fixe,
and blesse youre fayre Eye wth youre owne for euer, 365
Thou well composde, by Fates hand drawen
to enioye the white Queenes pawne,
of whome thou shalt by Vertue met

manye gracefull Issues gett,
by the bewtie of her Fame 370
by the whitenes of her Name,
by her fayre and fruitfull Loue
by her Truth that mates the Doue

by the Meeknes of her Minde 375
by the softnes of her kinde
by the Lustrë of her Grace *Musique,*
by all these thou art summond to this place,

enters Bl. B^s. pawne in rich attire like an Apparition
Harke, how the Ayre enchanted wth youre prayses
and his approach those words to sweete Notes rayses:

wh.p. oh lett him staye awhile, alittle longer, 380

Bl.p. thats a good hearing;

wh.p. if hee bee mine why should hee part so soone?

Bl.p. why this is but the shadowe of yours; how do you?

wh.p. oh I did ill to giue consent to see it;
what certayntie is in our bloud or State 385
what wee still write is blotted out by Fate,
Our Wills are like a cause that is Lawe-tost,
what one Court orders is by another crost

Bl.p. I finde no fitt place for this passion here,
tis meereleie an Intruder, hees a Gentleman 390
most wishfullie composde honor growes on him
and wealth pilde up for him, ha's youth ynough too
and yet in the Sobrietie of his Countenance
grauas a Tetrarch, wch is gracious
ith eye of modest pleasure, where's the emptines? 395
what can you more desire?

wh.p. I do not Knowe
what answere yet to make? it do's require
a Meeting twixt my feare and my desire,

328 **Magicall glasse** 'The great Magitian
Merlin allegedly devised a 'looking
glasse' that showed everything that "to
the looker appertaynd" (Spenser, *Faerie
Queene*, III.ii.18-19). In William Rowley's
A Shoemaker a Gentleman (1608?), a
woman persuades a man to look in a
'magic' glass to see the woman 'who
must be [his] wife'; she stands so that he
sees her own reflection.

351 **fild filled**

354 **black-house Queene** The first in-
vocation, in relation to the proposed

marriage, is of a member of the Spanish
royal family: the terms of praise fit the
Infanta Maria (whose 'Fame' in Eng-
land was universal, and whose 'name'
powerful) better than the actual Queen
of Spain (who was relatively unknown in
England, and politically unimportant).

359 **double** repeat (but perhaps also because
Elizabeth Stuart had two titles: Princess
Palatine and Queen of Bohemia)

361 **white Queenes Name** The play's
first verbal pairing/doubling of the two
Queens, who never address or refer

to one another: they are here linked
in relation to the marriage plot (as
their political destinies were linked by
negotiations for the Spanish Match).

377.1 **in rich attire** If 'thou meet a good
smug Fellow in a gold-laced suit, a
cloke lined thorow with veluet, one that
hath... Rings on his fingers, a Watch in
his pocket... a very broad-laced Band, a
Stiletto by his side, ... then take heed of a
lesuite' (Gee, *Foot*, sig. H2).

392 **pilde** piled

400	<i>Bl.p.</i> shees caught, and wch is strange, by her most wronger <i>Finit Actus Tercij</i>	by the black Bishops clemencie, you haue wrought out a singular peice of faouour wth youre monie, thats all youre refuge now;	35
Act 4	<i>Incipit Quarti.</i> <i>Enter Bl.K^{ts} pawne meeting the Black B^s pawne.</i>	<i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> the sting shootes deeper <i>Enter wh.Qs p. and Bl.Qs.p.</i>	exit
	<i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> Tis hee, my Confessor! hee might ha' past mee 7 yeare together, had I not by chance aduandc mine Eye uppon that litterate hattband the Iesuiticall Symbole to bee Known by 5 worne by the braue Colledgians by Consent; this a strange habit for a holie Father a præsidēt of pouertie espetiallie, but wee the Sonnes and daughters of Obedience dare not once thinke awrie, but must confesse ourselues	<i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> yonders my Game, wch like a politick Chesse M ^r : I must not seeme to see; <i>wh.Q^s.p.</i> oh my heart! <i>Bl.Q^s.p.</i> that tis! <i>wh.Qs.p.</i> the uerie selfe same, that the magicall Mirror præsented latelie to mee,	40
10	as humblie to the Father of that Fether Long Spur and poniard, as to the Albe and Altar, and happie weere so highlye gracle t'attayne to't, holie and Reuerend!	<i>Bl.Qs.p.</i> and how like a most regardlesse Stranger hee walkes by meereleie ignorant of his Fate, you are not minded the principallst part of him, what strange Mysteries inscrutable Loue workes by!	45
	<i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> how hast found mee out?	<i>wh.Q^s.p.</i> the time you see Is not yet come!	50
15	<i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> oh S ^{ir} , putt on the Sparklingst Trim of glorie perfection will shine formost, and I knewe you by the Vniuersall Marke you weare about you, the Marke aboute youre forehead;	<i>Bl.Qs.p.</i> but tis in our power now to bring time neerer, Knowledge is a Mastrie, and make it obserue us, and not wee it:	
	<i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> are you growen so ambitious in youre obseruance? well, youre busines?	<i>wh.Qs.p.</i> I would force nothing from its proper Vertue, let time haue his full course, Ide rather die the modest death of undiscouerd Loue then haue heauens least and lowest Seruant suffer or in his motion receiue Check for mee;	55
20	I haue my Game to followe,	how is my Soules Growth alterd, that single Life the fittest garment that peace euer made fort is growen too streight, too stubborne on the suddayne;	60
	<i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> I haue a worme followes mee so that I can followe no Game, the most faynt-hearted pawne if hee could see his playe	<i>Bl.Qs.p.</i> hee comes this waye agen <i>wh.Qs.p.</i> oh theres a Traytor Leapt from my heart into my cheeke alreadie that will betraye all to his powerfull eye if it but glance uppon him,	65
25	might snap mee up at pleasure, I desire S ^{ir} , to bee absolute, my Conscience being at ease I could then wth more courage plie my Game	<i>Bl.Qs.p.</i> by my Veritie looke, hees past by agen, drownd in neglect without the prosperous hin't of so much happines	70
	<i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> twas a base Fact <i>Bl.K^{ts}.p.</i> twas to a Schismatick pawne	to looke uppon his fortune, how close Fate seales up the Eye of humayne Vnderstanding till like the Suns Flower Time and Loue uncloses it, twere pittie hee should dwell in ignorance Longer.	
30	<i>Bl.B^s.p.</i> whats that to the Nobilitie of Reuenge suffizes, I haue neyther will nor power to giue you absolution for that Violence make youre Petition to the Pennance-Chamber, if the Taxe-Register releiue you in't		

400 **wronger** (echoing the reference to her 'wrongs' at the end of Act 2)

4.3 **literate hattband** 'the Iesuite hath a superlatiue cognizance whereby they know one another... a gold Hatband studded with letters or Characters' (Gee, *Foot*, sig. H2).

6 **this this', this is strange habit** See note to 3.377.1.

7 **pouertie** 'This man hath vowed *pouerty*' (Gee, *Foot*, sig. H2, sarcastically summing up his description of the richly dressed Jesuit).

10 **Fether** See 1.228.

11 **Albe and Altar** (associated with the ceremonialism of English Arminians, as well as Catholics)

39 **Chesse M^r** In 1622-3 the Calabrian

chess-master Gioacchino Greco visited England, defeating London's best players in exhibition games. For more than a century chess had been dominated by players from the Iberian peninsula (Damiano, López, Ceron) or Spanish-ruled parts of Italy (Boi, Carrera, Greco, Leonardo di Boni, Salvio), and some were priests (Carrera, López).

75 wh.Qs.p. what will you doo?
Bl.Qs.p. yes, dye a bashfull Death, doo,
 and let the remedie passe by unusde still
 youre changd ynough alreadie, and youd'e looke
 intoote,
 Absolute S^{ir}, with youre most noble pardon
 80 for this my rude Intrusion, I am bold
 to bring the Knowledge of a Secret neerer
 by manie dayes (S^{ir}) then it would arriue
 in its owne proper reuelation wth you,
 praye turne, and fixe, do you Knowe yon'd Noble
 goodnes
 85 Bl.Bs.p. tis the first minute my Eye blest mee wth her,
 and cleerelie shows how much my Knowledge
 wanted
 not Knowing her till now;
Bl.Qs.p. shees to bee likte then,
 praye uiew aduisedlie, there is strong reason
 90 that Ime so bold to urge it, you must ghesse
 the worke concernes you neerer then you thinke for
Bl.Bs.p. her glorie, and the Wonder of this Secret
 putts a Reciprocall amazement on mee,
Bl.Qs.p. and tis not without worth, you 2 must bee
 95 better acquaynted;
Bl.Bs.p. is there cause? Affinitie?
 or anie Curteous helpe Creation ioyes in
 to bring that forward,
Bl.Qs.p. yes, yes, I can showe you
 100 the neerest waye to that perfection
 of a most uertuous one, that Loye erè found,
 praye marke her once agen, then followe mee
 and I will showe you her must bee youre Wife, Sr,
Bl.Bs.p. the Mysterie extends, or else Creation
 105 ha's sett that admirable peice before us
 to chuse our chast delights by
Bl.Qs.p. please you followe, S^{ir},
Bl.Bs.p. what Art haue you to putt mee on an Obiect
 and cannot gett mee off, tis payne to part fromt;
exit
 110 wh.Qs.p. if there prooue no Check in that Magicall glasse
 now
 but my proportion come as fayre and full
 into his Eye, as his into mine latelie,
 then Ime confirmde hee is mine owne for euer,

Enter agayn.
Bl.Bs.p. the uery selfe same that the Mirror blest mee wth
 from head to foote, the bewtie and the Habit; 115
 Kept you this place still? did you not remoue, Ladie?
wh.Qs.p. not a foote farder, S^{ir}
Bl.Bs.p. ist possible,
 I would haue sworne Id'e seene the substance yonder,
 twas to that Lustrè, to that life præsentad 120
wh.Qs.p. ee'n so was yours to mee, S^{ir},
Bl.Bs.p. sawe you mine?
wh.Qs.p. perfectlie cleere, no sooner my Name usde
 but yours appearde
Bl.Bs.p. iust so did yours at mine now; 125
Bl.Qs.p. why stand you idle, will you lett time coosen you
 protracting Time, of those delitious benefitts
 that Fate hath markt to you, you modest payre
 of blushing Gamsters and you S^{ir} the bashfulst,
 I can not flatter a fowle fault in anie, 130
 can you bee more then man and wife assignde,
 and by a power the most irreuoicable?
 Others that bee aduenturers in delight
 maye meete wth Crosses, Shame, or Seperation
 their Fortunes hid, and the Euent lockt from e'm, 135
 you Knowe the minde of Fate you must bee coupled:
Bl.Bs.p. shee speakes but truth in this, I see no reason then
 that wee should misse the relish of this night
 but that wee are both shamefast
wh.Qs.p. how? this night, S^{ir}, 140
 did not I Knowe you must bee mine, and therein
 youre priuiledge runs strong, for that loose Motion
 you neuer should bee; is it not my fortune
 to match wth a pure minde, then am I miserable,
 the Doues and all chast louing winged Creatures 145
 haue their payres fitt, their desires iustlie mated;
 is weoman more Vnfortunate? a Virgin
 the Maye of weoman! Fate that ha's ordayne Sir
 wee should bee man and wife, hâs not giuen warrant
 for anie Act of Knowledge till wee are so, 150
Bl.Bs.p. tender-eyde Modestie, how it giues at this
 Ime as far off for all this strange Imposture
 as at first Enteruiew, where lyes our Game now?
 you Knowe I cannot marrie by my Order;

78 **and** an, if
 88 **likte** liked
 90 **ghesse** guess (with a strong pause at
 the end of the line: Middleton often

regarded the line break itself as a form
 of punctuation)
 151 **giues** yields, gives way, collapses
 (subsequently changed to 'grieves' at

Later 4.1.131)
 154 I... **Order** members of the Society of
 Jesus were sworn to celibacy (unlike
 Anglican ministers)

- 155 *Bl.Qs.p.* I knowe you cannot, S^{ir}, yet you maye Venture
 uppon a Contract,
Bl.B^s.p. hah?
Bl.Qs.p. surelie you maye S^{ir},
 without all question so Far, without danger
 160 or anie Stayne to youre Vowe, and that maye take her,
 naye doo'te wth speede sheele thinke you meane the
 better too;
Bl.B^s.p. Bee not so lauish of that blessed Spring
 you'ue wasted that uppon a cold occasion now
 would wash a sinfull soule white, by our Loue-Ioyes
 165 that motion shall ne'fe light uppon my Tong more
 till weere contracted then I hope youre mine
wh.Qs.p. in all iust dutie euer,
Bl.Qs.p. then, do you question it?
 push, then youre man and wife all but Church
 Ceremony,
 praye letts see that donne first, shee shall doo reason
 170 then,
 Enter *Bl. K^t* with his pawne
 (:·:)
 Pawne I haue spoke to the black Bishop for thee,
 I'le gett thee Absolution from his owne mouth;
- Reach mee my Golden Stoole, my Stoole of coosnage
 7 thousand pound in weoman reach mee that
 I loue a life to sitt uppon a Banck
 175 of heretique Gold, oh soft and gentlie, sirrah,
 theres a fowle Flawe ith Bottome of my Drum; P.
 I ner'e shall make sound Souldier, but sound Trecher
 wth anie hee in Europe, how now, Qualme!
 thou hast the pukingst Soule that e're I met wth
 180 it cannot beare one Suckling Villanie,
 mine can digest a Monster without cruditie
 a Sin as Weightie as an Elephant
 and neuer wamble fort;
Paw. I, you haue beene usde toote, S^{ir},
 185 that's a great helpe, the swallowe of my Conscience
 ha's but a narrowe passage you must thinke yet
 it lyes ith penitent pipe and will not downe
 if I had got 7 thousand pound by offices
 and guld downe that, the Boare would haue bin
 190 bigger;
Bl.K^t. naye, if thou prooust facetious I shall hugg thee
 can a soft Reare, poore-pocht Iniquitie
 so ride uppon thy Conscience Ime ashambe of thee,
 hadst thou betrayde the Whitehouse to the black
 195 beggard a Kingdome by dissimulation
 Vnioynted the fayre frame of peace and Traffique,
 poysond Alleagance, sett fayth back, and wrought

- 156 **Contract** promise of marriage, legally binding. Although moralists disapproved, between the contract and the church ceremony perhaps as many as half of all couples had sexual relations: 20–30% of brides gave birth less than nine months after the wedding, and many court records describe women abandoned by their promised bridegrooms, after sexual consummation but before marriage. Henry Mason, in *The New Arte of Lying, Couered By Iesuites vnder the Vaile of Equiuocation, Discouered and Disproued* (1624), listing 'in what cases it is allowed' (41) by the Jesuits, includes cases where a man is forced 'to promise marriage to a woman' (50) and where a man has 'contracted himselfe to a woman... by words *de praesenti*' (51).
- 161 **doo'te...sheele** do it...she'll
- 166 **weere...youre** we're...you're
- 169 **man and wife** In July 1623, James I and his council approved the terms of the Spanish treaty, thereby formalizing the contract of marriage: at that point, one letter-writer concluded, 'we account [Charles] as good as married,' and after this espousal 'he may lie if he please with his mistress' (James Beaulieu, 18 and 25 July 1623). In Scott's 2 *Vox Populi* Gondomar says that Prince Charles thought 'nothing had beene wanting to the absolute consummation of the marriage, but the Rites of the Church...'
- 170.1 **exeunt** For the expanded ending of this scene, see *Later* 4.1.148–9.
- 171 **Pawne** (The vocative makes it clear that the speaker is the only other character on stage, the Black Knight who has just entered. Compare 3.1.)
- 173 **Golden Stoole** later revised to 'chair of ease', a chair specially designed for the comfort of Gondomar's tender posterior: 'his chayre, wherein he sat vpon two downe pillowes' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 7).
- coosnage** cozenage
- 175 **a life o' life**
- Banck** bench
- 177 **P.** pawn
- 185 **I ay, yes**
- 190 **guld** gulled
- Boare** bore
- bin** been
- 192 **Reare** rare, barely cooked at all
- poore-pocht** poor-poached
- 195 **beggard a Kingdome** Between 1619 and 1624 England suffered one of the worst economic depressions in its history.
- 196 **Vnioynted** unjoined
- peace** England had been at peace with Spain since 1604. But Spanish troops had helped drive James I's daughter and son-in-law out of the Palatine and Bohemia; the Spanish truce with the Dutch Republic expired in 1621.
- Traffique** trade, particularly overseas trade, badly disrupted by the Cokayne monopoly (1614–17), then by the war in central Europe (1619–24); James I had also intervened, under pressure from Gondomar, to stop English ventures into the Caribbean and Brazil.
- 197 **poysond Alleagance** In 1613—the year of Gondomar's arrival in England—the loyal (and vehemently anti-Catholic) Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned, allegedly by Frances Howard (of the powerful Catholic family headed by the Earl of Northampton); in 1616 she was convicted of the murder, and disgraced, along with her husband the Earl of Somerset, in one of the most notorious court scandals of the seventeenth century. Poisoning was described as 'an Italian comfit for the court of Rome' (Sir Francis Bacon, prosecuting Somerset), and Overbury's murder was described as part of a larger treasonous plot: 'the wickedness of poisoning, had it not been prevented in time, although it began in Overbury, would have not ceased with his destruction; but that his Majesty's person, the Queen, and the whole state should have felt thereof' (Sir Lawrence Hyde, prosecuting an alleged accomplice).
- 197–8 **wrought...Malice** 'I left behinde mee such an instrument composed artificially of a secular understanding and a religious profession, as hee is every way adapted to serue himself into the closet of the heart, and to worke upon feminine leuity, who in that country haue masculine spirits to command and pursue their plots unto death' (Scott, *Vox Populi*, C1). One of Frances Howard's convicted accomplices was female (and allegedly Catholic).

weomens soft soules een up to masculine Malice
 200 to pursue truth to death if the cause rowzd em,
 that Stares and Parrotts are first taught to curse thee,
Paw. I marrie S^{ir} heres swapping Sins indeed
Bl.Kt. all these and io times trebled, ha's this Brayne
 beene parent to, they are my offsprings all,
Paw. a goodlie broode!
 205 *Bl.Kt.* yet I can iest as titiele,
 laugh and tell stirring Stories to Court Maddames
 daughters of my Seducement wth alacritie
 as high and heartie, as youths time of Innocence
 that neuer knewe a Sin to shape a sorrowe by
 210 I feele no tempest not a Leafe winde stirring
 to shake a fault my Conscience is becalmd rather
Paw. Ime sure there is a Whirlwinde huffs in mine S^{ir},
Bl.Kt. Sirrah, I ha' sold the Groome ath Stoole 6 times,
 and receiude monye of 6 seuerall Ladies
 215 ambitious to take place of Barronets Wiues,
 to 3 ould Mummie-Matrons I haue promist
 the Mothership ath Maydes, Iue taught of frends too

to conuey Whitehouse Gold to our black Kingdome
 in cold bakte Pasties and so coozen Searchers,
 for Venting hallowed Oyle, Beads, Meddalls, Pardons, 220
 pictures, Veronicaes heads in priuate presses,
 thats donne by one ith habit of a Pedler
 Letters conuayd in roules, Tobacco-balls
 when a Restraynt comes by my politick Councell
 some of our Iesuites turne gentlemen Vshers, 225
 some Faulkners, some Park Keepers, & some huntsmen,
 one tooke the Shape of an ould Ladies Cooke once
 and dispacht 2 Chares in a Sundaye morning
 the Altar and the Dresser,[?] praye what use
 putt I my Summer Recreation to?
 230 but more t'informe my knowledge in the State
 and strenght of the White Kingdome! no Fortificatiō,
 Hauen, Creeke, Landing place 'bout the White Coast
 but I got draught and platforme, leard the depth
 of all theire Channells, knowledge of all Sands 235
 Shelues, rocks, and riuers for inuasion propefst
 a Catalogue of all the Nauie Royall
 the burden of each ship, the Brassie Murderers,
 the number of the men, to what Cape bound;

201 **swapping** 'snatcheth vp a whole
 Elephant at a stoope, and swappes him
 vp at a bit' (John Healey, tr., *Discovery
 of a New World*, 1609). For the elephant
 see l. 183.
 213-17 **Maydes** 'I borrowed of the good
 old Lady W. of the parish in St. Martins
 in the Feilds 300 pounds, or thereabouts,
 promising to make her repayment...
 so soone as *Donna Maria*, the *Infanta*
 should arriue in *England*, and for the vse
 hereof, I promised to make her mother
 of her maydes... I sold moreouer, the
 place of Groomesse, of her highnesse
 Stoole, to six seuerall English Ladyes,
 who were eager of it, only cause be [=
 because] they might take place before
 their fellowes' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, B3).
 213 **sold** 'oh root of all euil to Church and
 Commonwealth, when authorities and
 offices of Iustice shall bee bought and
 solde' (Samuel Ward, *Iethro's Justice of
 Peace*, (1618), 11).
Groome ath Stoole an officer in the royal
 Bed Chamber
 217 **Mothership ath Maydes** post of super-
 visor of the royal maids, in the Queen's
 household. Since Queen Anne had died
 in 1619, this post would only be filled
 with the arrival of a new queen, the
 Spanish *Infanta*, as an eyewitness under-
 stood: 'how many Ladies brybed him to
 be groome of y^e stool to y^e *Infanta*, how
 many to be mother of y^e mayds' (John
 Holles, 11 August 1624).
 217-23 **taught... Tobacco-balls** 'If you
 would at any time conuey over any

Silver or Gold, the Searcher commonly
 may be couzoned, if you send it over in
 Pasties baked, provided that you haue
 some of flesh only to eate or giue away,
 as a cullor for the rest. For the venting
 of hallowed Oyle, Beades, *Agnus Dei*s,
 Meddalls, Pardons, Crucifixes, &c. You
 may doe it, by some one poore yet trustie
 Catholique or two, to goe vp and downe
 the Countrie in the habit and nature of
 Pedlers; this also is a good way to hold
 intelligence with friends in many places.
 I haue knowne some vnder the cullour
 of selling *Tobacco*, have carried Letters
 handsomly, prively in the balls or roules'
 (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 56-57).
 217 **of our**
 218 **Whitehouse Gold** In 1621 and 1624
 members of Parliament blamed the
 economic depression on the export of
 English gold. 'Bullion is the very body
 and blood of kings' (Gerard Malynes, *The
 Centre of the Circle of Commerce*, 1623).
 221 **Veronicaes... presses** 'a small roul-
 ing presse for little Pictures of Saints,
Veronica's heads' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*,
 57)
 224 **Restraynt** Jesuits and priests were
 officially banished from England in 1604,
 1606, 1610, and again on 6 May 1624;
 from Ireland in 1614 and 1623.
 225-9 **some... Dresser** 'for the better
 avoyding suspition, and concealing
 themselues, some [Catholiques] will
 turne Schoole-maisters in priuate mens
 houses... some Gentleman Vshers unto

Collapsed Ladies are... Some *Falconers*...
 one I was acquainted withall, who
 was the Keeper of a Parke, and a good
 Huntsman... I know another Priest
 who... the better to colour his absence
 from the Church, learned the arte
 of Cookery, and is growne so expert
 therein... that hee is able to dresse a
 Dinner with such arte... and his manner
 is, when hee hath layed his meate to
 the fire, to goe and say Masse, which
 finished by that time, or soone after his
 meate is boyled or roasted, which... he
 searueth vp to his old Mistressse' (Scott, 2
Vox Populi, 29-30).
 228 **Chares** chores
 229-39 **praye... bound** Scott gives Gon-
 domar a speech explaining how 'in
 sommer, time vnder the colour of tak-
 ing the ayre, I would take view of the
 countrey) I had perfect knowledge of the
 state of the whole Land; for there was no
 Fortification, Hauen, Creeke, or Landing-
 place about the Coast of *England*, but I
 got a platforme and draught thereof, I
 learned the depth of all their Channels, I
 was acquainted with all Sands, Shelues,
 Rockes, Riuers that might impeach or
 make for inuasion, I had perpetually
 in a Role the names of all the Ships of
 King *Iames* his Nauy Royall, I knewe to
 a haire of what burthen euery ship was,
 what Ordinance she carried, what num-
 ber of Saylor, who were the Captaines,
 for what places they were bound' (2 *Vox
 Populi*, 15).

- 240 then, for the discouerie of the Inlands,
 neuer a Sheire but the state better known
 to mee then to her brest Inhabitants
 what power of men and horse, Gentries reuennues,
 who well affected to our Side, who ill
 245 who neyther well nor ill, all the Neutrallitie,
 thirtie eight thousand Soules haue bene seduced, P.
 since the Iayles Vomited wth the pill I gaue em̄.
Paw. sure you putt Oyle of toade into that phisick, S^r,
Bl.K^t. Ime now about a Mr:peice of playe
 250 t'entrap the white Knight and wth false allurements
 entice him to the black house, more will followe
 whil'st our Black Bishop settis uppon the Queene
 then will our Game lye sweetely;
Enter Bl. Bishop,
Paw. hees come now S^r,
 255 *Bl.B.* heres Taxa pœnitentaria, Knight;
 the Booke of generall pardons of all prices
 I haue bene searching for his Sin this halfe hower,
 and cannot light uppont,
Bl.K^t. thats strange, let mee see't,
 260 *Paw.* pawne wretched that I am, ha's my rage donne that
 there is no præsidet of pardon for,
- Bl.K^t.*—for wilfull murder, 13 pound 4 shillings and
 sixpence—thats reasonable cheape, for Killing, Killing,
 Killing, Killing, heres nothing but Killing Bishop of this
 side, 265
Bl.B. turne the Sheete ouer, you shall finde Adulterie
 and other triuiall Sins,
Bl.K^t. Adultrie? oh Ime at it now, for Adulterie
 2 Shillings, and for fornication fuepence,
 masse, these are 2 good penniworths, I cannot 270
 see how a man can mend him selfe,—for Lieng
 wth mother, Sister, and daughter—I marrie S^r,
 33 pound, 3 shilling, 3 pence,—
 the Sins gradation right payde all in threes,
Bl.B. y'auē read the Storie of that Monster S^r,
 that got his daughter, Sister and his wife 275
 of his owne Mother
Bl.K^t. Simonie, 9 pound
 Sodomie sixpence, you should putt that Summe
 euer on the Backside of youre Booke; 280
Bl.B. theres fewe oñs uerie forward S^r
Bl.K^t. whats here S^r; 2 ould præsidets of Encouragement,
Bl.B. I, those are Antient Notes
Bl.K^t. Giuen as a gratuitie for Killing of an hæreticall
 prince wth a poysond Knife 5 thousand ducketts 285

240–5 **then**... **Neutrallitie** Scott's Gondomar continues: 'I was no less diligent for the discouery of the Inland, then for the Shores and Sea-coasts; for there was neuer a Sheire in *England*, but I better knew the estate, power and quality thereof then the Inhabitants, euen the best of them themselues did. I could in particular relate the nature of the soyle, what power of men and horse they were able to raise, who were the chiefe and of most ability and credit in the Countrey, who the most antient Gentlemen, what they were worth in their reuenues and estates, how they stood affected in Religion, who were Puritanes, and who Catholiques, and among Catholiques who stood for us, and who (for such there were) were indifferent or against vs' (2 *Vox Populi*, 16–17).
 246–7 **thirtie**... **em̄** 'the number of soules which they haue gained into the bosome of the Church since the remission of the penall Lawes against them, and their freedom by my meanes obtained, amounteth to the number of eight and thirtie thousand and odde' (2 *Vox Populi*, 18).
 246 **Soules**... **seduced** Many Protestants complained of 'the seducements of priests and

papists' (*Acts of the Privy Council*, 19 February 1615); Catholic persuasions were pervasively characterized as seduction.
 250 **allurements** (suggesting the sexual allure of the White Knight's proposed bride, a subject never explicitly mentioned in the play but known to all spectators as the reason for his trip to Madrid)
 252 **Black** later revised to 'Fat', giving the Fat Bishop the role originally assigned to the Black Bishop in this act: see *Later* 4.2.80.
 255 **Taxa pœnitentaria** *Taxa Sacra Pœnitentaria Apostolica*, a catalogue of ecclesiastical pardons for sins, published in Rome in 1510; the first English translation, by William Crashaw, was not published until 1625, and its sums bear no relation to Middleton's.
 261 **præsidet** precedent
 264 **of** on
 271 **Lieng** lying
 272 **I** ay
 275 **Storie** (told in Marguerite of Navarre's *Heptameron* (1559, trans. 1597) and Matteo Bandello's 1554 *Novelle*). This reference makes explicit the association of Catholicism with incest, implicit in the sexual pursuit of 'tractable daughters'

by their Jesuit 'Father', and a common theme in Protestant polemics, which often cited Pope Alexander VI's incestuous relationship with his own daughter.
 278 **Simonie** 'They serue not Iesus Christ, but their belly. And this is done not in one place, nor in one Citie, but throughout England' (Henry Burton, *A Censure of Simonie* (1624), 'Epistle Dedicatorie'). Similar complaints were made by Thomas Scott and many other zealous Protestants. During his impeachment in 1626, Buckingham was accused of selling bishoprics.
 279 **Sodomie** a sexual practice associated with Catholics—'the catamites of Babel's scarlet whore' ('On the Powder Treason')—but also with the Buckingham faction and family: Sir Anthony Ashley, 'who never liked any but boys', when forced to marry is said to have sodomized Lady Philippa Sheldon's 'blackarse hole' ('All the News'; both poems in Yale manuscript Osborne b.197).
 284–5 **Giuen**... **Knife** Henri IV was assassinated with a dagger by François Ravillac in 1610, allegedly prompted by Jesuits.

- Bl.B.** true S^r, that was payde
- Bl.K^t** promised also to Doctor Lopez for poysoning the Mayden Queene of the white Kingdome 20 thousand, wch sayde Summe was afterwards giuen as a meritorious Almes to the Nunnerie at Lisbon, hauing at this present io thousand pound more at Vse in the Townehouse of Antwerpe!
- Paw**—whats all this to my Conscience, worthie Holines, I sue for pardon, I haue brought monye wth mee,
- 295 **Bl.B.** you must depart, you see there is no præsidet of anie price or pardon for youre fact,
- Paw.** most miserable, are fowler sins permitted? Killing, naye willfull murder;
- 300 **Bl.B.** true, theres instance, were you to Kill him I would pardon you theres præsidet for that and price sett downe,
- Paw.** I haue pickt out Vnderstanding now for euer out of that Cabalistique bloudie Riddle Ile make awaye all my estate and Kill him *exit*
Enter Bl. King
- 305 **why** Bishop,! Knight! wheres youre Remoues? youre Traps? stand you now idle in the heate of Game?
- Bl.K^t** my life for yours, black Soueraigne, the Games ours I haue wrought under hand for the white Knight, and his braue Duke and finde em coming both
- Bl.B.** then for their sanctimonious Queenes surprizall, S^r, 310
in that State puzzle and distracted hurrie
trust my Arch subteltie wth,
- Bl K.** oh Eagle pride
neuer was Game more hopefull of our Side: *exeunt*
Musique.
Enter Bl. Queenes pawne wth Lights, Conducting the White to a Chamber, and then the Bl. Bishops pawne to another and exit.
Enter white Knight, and wh. Duke. } *Dumb showe*
- Wh.K^t** True Noble Duke, fayre Vertues most endeerd one 315
lett us præuent their ranck Insinuation
wth truth of cause and courage, meete their Plotts
wth confident goodnes that shall strike em grouling
- wh.D.** S^r all the Iins, Traps and alluring snares
the Deuill ha's beene at worke since 88 on 320
are layde for the Great Hope of this Game onlie,
- wh.K^t** S^r the more Noble will truths Triumph bee,
when they haue woond about our constant Courages
the glistringst Serpent that e're falshood fashiond
and glorieng most in his resplendent poysons 325
iust heauen can finde a bolt to bruize his head;
Enter Bl. Knight
- wh.D.** looke, will you see destruction lye a sunning
in yonder smile sitts bloud and Trecherie basking
in that perfidious Modell of Face-Falshood
Hell is drawn grinning, 330

287–92 **promised** . . . **Antwerpe** 'they haue ten thousand pound at vse in the Townehouse of *Antwerp* . . . Likewise when they remained in *France*, they had the custodie of no small summe of money, which was sent to them to keepe for Doctor *Lopez* the Portugese, as his reward for poysoning our late Queene *Elizabeth* of famous memorie, which after that Traitor (hauing missed of his intent) was executed, was remitted vnto them as an almes' (Robinson, *English numery*, 9–10).

287 **Lopez** Roderigo Lopez, member of the Royal College of Physicians, chief physician to Elizabeth I, executed in 1594 for alleged complicity in a plot to assassinate her by poison

288 **Mayden Queene** Elizabeth I, the focus of considerable nostalgia among critics of James I: 'some there are that find such fault with your Majesties gouernemēt as they wish Q. Elizabeth were aliue againe' (*Tom Tell-Troath*, 2).

292 **Townehouse of Antwerpe** seminary in Catholic Netherlands, where Jesuit missionaries to England were trained

301 **downe** Middleton later added 'but none for gelding', again clarifying the nature of the crime (as at 1.2.25)

304 **him** For a line subsequently added see *Later* 4.2.134.

305 **why** The entrance direction doubles as

a speech prefix: compare 3.1.
310 **sanctimonious** holy. (More appropriate to the conspicuously Protestant Elizabeth of Bohemia than to Queen Anne, who was better known for masques than piety.)
surprizall seizure (most often used in a military sense, of a sudden attack on a fort, city, or army—like the Catholic assaults on strongholds in the Palatinate, and their efforts to capture Elizabeth and her husband)
311 **distracted** 'divided' (as King James was divided from his heir and favourite, during their residence in Madrid) and 'crazy' (implying criticism of the trip to Madrid)
hurrie haste, rush (another possible criticism of the trip)
314.2.n **Dumb showe** mimed action without dialogue. The Black Queen's Pawn deceives the Black Bishop's Pawn, putting herself in his bed, instead of the White Queen's Pawn. This kind of 'bed-trick' occurred 26 times in extant plays from 1598 to 1624, but also allegedly occurred outside the theatre. In Madrid in 1623, Buckingham 'made court to *Conde Olivares* wife, a very handsome Lady. But it was so plotted betwixt the Lady, her Husband, and [the Earl of] *Bristol* that, instead of that beauty, [Buckingham] had a notorious Stewsbird

[prostitute] sent him' (Weldon, *King James*, 135).

314.5 **Enter white Knight** His first appearance since his exit at 3.230.1, and the Black Knight's threat of 'match' and 'mate' (3.232–3). The play separates the White Knight's trip to the Black House (dramatized here, and in the first and last scenes of Act 5) from the deceptive marriage plot (initiated at 3.248–53).

315 **Wh.K^t** Here as elsewhere in the play, White Knight initiates action, which White Duke merely supports. The idea of visiting Madrid originated with Prince Charles, as King James told Parliament: 'being of fit age and ripeness for marriage . . . [Prince Charles] urged me to know the certainty in a matter of so great weight' (*Journals of the House of Lords* III, 209). James also mentioned this in a letter to Charles—it was upon your earnest entreaty' (June 1623)—and it is reiterated in the court diaries of Godfrey Goodman and John Hackett.

319 **lins jins, gins** (en)gines, traps

320 **88** 1588, the *annus mirabilis* of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, 'wherein the black night of our threatened destruction was beaten backe by the puissance of our Prince praying' (William Leigh, *Queene Elizabeth, paraleld* (1612), 96)

323 **woond** wound (past participle of *wind*)

325 **glorieng** glorying

wh.Kt. what a payne it is
for Truth to fayne a litle,

Bl.Kt. oh fayre Knight!

335 the rising Glorie of that house of Candor,
haue I so manie Protestations lost,
lost, lost, quite lost, am I not worth youre confidence?
I that haue uowde the Faculties of soule
life, spirit, and Brayne to youre sweete Game of youth
340 your noble fruitfull Game, can you mistrust
anie fowle playe in mee, that haue beene euer
the most submissee Obseruer of youre Vertues
and no waye taynted wth Ambition
saue onelie to bee thought youre first Admirer,
345 how often haue I changd for youre delight
the reall præsentation of my place
into a Mimick Iester, and become
(for youre sake and th'expulsion of sad thoughts
of a graue State-Sire a light Sonne of pastime
made 3 score yeares a Tomboye, a meere wanton
350 Ile tell you what I told a Sauoye Dame once,
new wed, high, plumpe and lusting for an Issue,
wthyn the yeare I promist her a childe
if shee could stride ouer S^t Rombauts breeches
a Rellique kept at Mechlin, the next morning
355 one of my followers ould hose was conuayde
into the chamber where shee tryde the Feate,
by that and a Court Frend after grewe great

332 **fayne** feign, dissemble

338-9 **sweete** . . . **youth** . . . **fruitfull** (suggesting the game of courtship and marriage, designed to produce royal offspring)

346 **Iester** jester, gesture

350 **Sauoye Dame** woman married in the Hospital of St John the Baptist in the former Savoy Palace on the north bank of the Thames. The chapel was often used for irregular marriages (and hence raises, again, the subject of marriage).

351-4 **new wed** . . . **Mechlin** Among 'miracles done in *England*' which 'are meere impostures', Thomas Scott includes claims 'that a young married wife shall haue a child the same yeare if she can stride ouer at once Saint *Rombauts* breeches at *Mechlin*' (2 *Vox Populi*, 38-39).

357 **Court Frend** lover at court. The Jacobean court was often accused of sexual licentiousness. In a sermon preached to King James and the court in 1621, Francis Mason identified 'carnal concupiscence and politic practices' as the two sins most 'likely to be found in princes' courts'. Courtiers 'invited the citizens' wives to those [masques and plays at Whitehall], on purpose to defile them' (Sir Edward Peyton).

362-5 **wee** . . . **White** In February 1623 Prince Charles (accompanied by Buckingham) left England and travelled to

Madrid, to supervise personally negotiations for his marriage to Donna Maria, Infanta of Spain.

366-77 **my loue** . . . **miserablye** Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia was especially distressed about Prince Charles's trip to Madrid, with the prospect of a Spanish marriage that would leave her territories occupied by Catholic troops: 'I hope his majesty will one day see the falsood of our ennemies, but I pray God send my dear brother safe in England againe and then I shall be more quiet in my minde' (Pursell, 'Spanish Match', 720).

366 **my hope** Given the resistance of King James, the Queen of Bohemia was almost entirely dependent on the support of her brother (and heir to the throne), Prince Charles. From the perspective of anyone else, Elizabeth and Frederick were an alternative 'hope', since she would become heir to the throne in the event of her brother's death.

deerest 'our hearts were filled with astonishment, doubt, despayre; wee gavu them for lost, and our selues with them, and with them and vs, our lawes, libertyes, land, and (what was dearest) our religion' (Scott, *Vox Dei*, 59).

372 **Eclips** A partial eclipse of the moon—visible throughout England, Germany, Spain, and most of Europe—occurred on 15 April 1623, while Charles and

wh.K^t why who could bee without thee

Bl.K^t I will change

to anye shape to please you, and my Ayme
ha's beene to win youre loue in all this Game

360

wh.K^t thou hast it Noblie, and wee Long to see
the Black house Pleasure State and dignitie

Bl.K^t of honor you'le so surfett and delight
youle ner'e desire agen to see the White:

exeunt 365

Enter wh: Q.

wh.Q. my loue, my hope, my deerest, oh hees gon,
ensnarde, entrapt, surprizd amongst the Black-ones
I neuer felt Extreamitie like this
thick Darknes dwells upon this hower Integritie
like one of heauens bright Luminaries now
370 by Errors dullest Element interpose,
suffers a black Eclips—I neuer was
more sick of loue then now I am of horror
I shall bee taken, the Games lost, Ime sett upon
the Bishop of the blackhouse, hauing watcht
375 th' aduantage of his playe, comes now to ceaze on
mee

Enter Bl. Bp.

oh Ime hard besett distrest most miserablye

Bl.B. tis uaine to stir, remoue wch waye you can
I take you now, this is the time weeue hopde for,
Queene you must downe:

380

Buckingham were in Madrid.

373 **sick of loue** lovesick, sick as a result of love. But the rest of the line suggests that *sick* has the stronger sense 'nauseated, dangerously weak, close to fainting or losing consciousness'. Elizabeth of Bohemia was famously fertile and often pregnant, so the image might refer to morning sickness (caused by 'loue'), or to her being sickened by Prince Charles's apparent 'loue' for the Infanta.

then than

374 **sett upon** attacked. Protestants feared that, once they had conquered Germany, Catholic armies would be free to attack the Dutch Republic (where the Queen of Bohemia was living in exile).

375 **Bishop** . . . **blackhouse** Jesuit influence was widely blamed for the military aggression of the (Habsburg) Holy Roman Emperor Ferdinand, and for the brutal repression of Protestantism in conquered territories like Bohemia and the Palatinate. (In *Later* the Black Bishop's role in this scene is transferred to the Fat Bishop.)

376 **ceaze** seize

378 **remoue** . . . **can** Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was forced to move repeatedly as a result of the series of military defeats that began with the battle of White Mountain in 1620.

	<u>wh.Q.</u> no rescue no deliuerer		and worthie the fayre Reuerence of thy place	
	<u>Bl.B.</u> the Black Kings bloud burnes for thy Prostitution		For thee (black holines) that workst out thy Death	405
	and nothing but the Spring of thy Chast Vertue		as the blinde Mole, the properst Sonne of earth	
385	can coole his Inflammation, instantlie		who in the casting his Ambitious hills up	
	hee dyes uppon a plurisie of Luxurie		is often taken, and destroyde ith midst	
	Enter Wh: Bishop.		of his aduanced worke, twere well wth thee	
	if hee deflower thee not—		if like that Verminous Labourer, wch thou imitatst	410
	<u>wh Q.</u> oh streight of miserie;		in hills of pride and malice, when death puttis thee up	
	<u>wh.B.</u> and is youre holines his diuine procurer		the silent Graue might prooue thy Bagg for euer	
390	<u>Bl.B.</u> the Deuills int, Ime taken by a Ring-doue,		no deeper pitt then that, for thy uaine hope	
	where stood this Bishop that I sawe him not		of the white Knight, and his most firme assistant	
	<u>Wh B.</u> you were so ambitious you lookte ouer mee		2 princelye Peices wch I knowe thy thoughts	415
	you aynde at no lesse person then the Queene		giue lost for euer now, my strong assurance	
	the glorie of the Game if shee were wun		of theire fixt Vertues, could you lett in Seas	
	Enter wh. King		of populous untruths agaynst that fort	
	the waye were open to the Mr:check		twould burst the proudest Billowes,	
395	wch, looke you, hee or his Liues to giue you;		<u>wh.Q.</u> my feares past then,	420
	honor and Vertue guide him in his Station		<u>wh K.</u> Feare? you were neuer guiltie of an Iniurie	
	<u>wh Q.</u> oh my safe Sanctuarie		to goodnes, but in that	
	<u>wh K.</u> lett heauens blessings		<u>wh Q.</u> it stayde not wth mee, S ^{ir} ,	
	bee mine no longer then I am thy sure one,		<u>wh K.</u> it was too much if it usurpd a thought	
400	the Doues house is not safer in the Rock		place a good Guard there	425
	then thou in my firme bosome;		<u>wh Q.</u> confidence is sett, sir;	
	<u>wh:Q.</u> I am blest int		<u>wh K.</u> Take that prize hence Goe Reuerend of men	
	<u>wh K.</u> Bishop; thou hast donne our white house gracious		putt couetousnes, into the Bagg agen	exeunt
	Seruice		Finit Actus Quarti.	

- 382 **Prostitution** sexual commodification (reducing a 'pure' Protestant to the same status as the Roman Catholic 'Whore of Babylon'), degradation, prostration
- 383 **Chast** sexually virtuous (applied to faithful wives, like the Queen of Bohemia; it need not mean 'celibate')
- 386 **deflower** violate, ravage, desecrate, spoil (in addition to its literal meaning, 'sexually penetrate')
- 388 **wh.B.** Archbishop Abbot was one of the strongest English supporters and allies of the Queen of Bohemia.
- 393-4 **if shee . . . Mr:check** Opposition Protestants argued that the defeat of the Queen of Bohemia and the Protestant cause in Germany would lead to the conquest of the Netherlands and Britain, and Catholic victory throughout Europe.
- 395 **hee or his** King James or his family (or his supporters)—which leaves open the possibility that King James might have nothing to do with the prophesied Protestant triumph. At *Later* 4.4.76 'or' is changed, significantly, to 'and'.
- 396 **honor . . . guide him** Discussing the national disgrace caused by the King's failure to defend his daughter and son-in-law in Bohemia and the Palatinate, *Tom Tell-Troath* flatly told King James that 'there is no way to recouer your

- losses and vindicate your honour, but with fighting with him that hath cozened you'. In what the title-page called 'a *patheticall discourse, presented to the King . . . to perswade his Majestie to drawe his royall sword, for the restoring of the Pallatynat*', John Reynolds—'speaking in the behalf of the forsaken . . . sorrowfull Princesse your onlie Daughter'—argued that permitting his daughter and son-in-law to be ruined would 'eclipse' the King's honor: 'Doe I speake of Dishonour, O then I beseech your Majestie to consider, how long Honor is purchasing, how soon lost?' (*Votivæ Angliæ* (1624), A1-A1^v). Reynolds reiterates the same theme, in the same language of 'honour', in *Vox Coeli* (also 1624).
- 397 **Sanctuarie** King James refused 'to receyue and harbour them' [his daughter Elizabeth and her husband] 'into the Sanctuarie of [his] Kingdom'—a refusal for which Reynolds, among many other Englishmen, rebuked him (*Votivæ Angliæ*, A4^v). The White Queen's exclamation is therefore unavoidably ironic, whether she speaks it to the White King or—even more subversively—to the White Bishop.
- 398-9 **lett . . . one** This statement makes

- the legitimacy of King James dependent upon his support of the White Queen. Middleton here, like Thomas Scott in *Vox Regis*, quotes King James, apparently in praise, but with an implicit threat.
- 401 **bosome** i.e. he keeps her in his 'heart' (not in his 'kingdom')
- 406 **Mole** (a creature who works underground, like the Jesuits hiding in their priest-holes, or placing gunpowder in the vaults under Parliament)
- 420 **my feares** Elizabeth of Bohemia, and many English and European Protestants, were afraid that Prince Charles would convert to Catholicism while in Madrid, or that he would be kept prisoner in Spain, or that as part of the marriage treaty he would agree to legalize Catholicism in England, and/or allow his heirs to be raised as Catholics.
- 421-4 **you . . . thought** The King here echoes the official version of events, articulated in Buckingham's widely-distributed relation to Parliament in February 1624: that there was never any danger of Charles succumbing to Spanish pressure, and that the entire trip was a cunning trap to force Spain to reveal its treachery.
- 421 **neuer guiltie** (typically extravagant praise for the Queen of Bohemia)

Act 5

Incipit Quintus et Vltimus.
Lowde Musique, Enter Bl.K. Q. D. wth pawnes
and Black Knight meeting the wh. Knight and
Duke: (the Bl.Bps.pawne aboute Entertaynes them
wth this Lattin Oration)
 (:)

Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis hilarem et gratum aperuit diem, si quid peramantibus amicorum animis gaudium attulit, peperitū lētitiām (Eques Candidissime prælucētissime) fœlicem profectō tuum a domo Candoris ad domum Nigritudinis accessum, promississe, peperisse, attulisse fatemur. Omnes aduentus tui conflagentissimi, Omni qua possumus, lētitiā, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, animis obseruantissimis, affectibus diūtissimis, obsequiis uenerabundis, te sospitem congratulamur.

Bl.K. S^r in this short Congratulatorie Speech
 you maye conceiue how the whole house affects you,

5.0.2 *Enter* Middleton revised the beginning of this scene to provide an individual entrance and dialogue for the Black Knight and his litter: see *Later* 5.1.1–10. Gondomar was often ‘carried in his litter or bottomless chair, the easiest seat for his fistula’ (Wilson, *Life and Reign of James I*). The Spanish ambassador objected that the actors had brought Gondomar ‘on to the stage in his little litter almost to the life’ (10 August 1624); John Chamberlain reported that the actors ‘had gotten . . . his Lytter’ (21 August).

0.4 *Bl.Bps.pawne* Gondomar’s confessor, Fray Diego de la Fuente (who had lived in London several years), was present in Madrid, and conspicuously interacted with the English there, in 1623 (Redworth, 130). See 1.295–6.

1–6 *Si . . . fatemur* This speech undeniably establishes that the play’s last act represents the Charles–Buckingham visit to Spain. Taken from ‘A gratulatory Oration made by a Iesuite vnto the Prince at Madrid’ (29), it is included in *The Popes Letter To the Prince* (1623), in the original Latin, followed by an English translation: ‘*Si quid mortalibus unquam oculis hilarem & gratum aperuit diem, si quid peramantibus subditorum tuorum animis gaudium attulit, peperitū lētitiām, si quid salutem Patriæ, fœlicitatem Civium, securitatem Imperij, Christianæ Republicæ pacem & incolūitatem promisit nobis unquā, nobis unquā spondidit (clarissime & serenissime Princeps) fœlicem profectō tuum ad Hesperias oras accessum, fœlicem*

in Hispaniam adventum novum utrumq; & inauditum, promississe, peperisse, attulisse, fatemur’ (29). (For a translation of the whole speech, see *Later* 5.1.10–19.)

6–10 *Omnes . . . congratulamur* ‘*Accipe singulorum obsequium, singulorum amorem, pium & constantem singulorum affectum. Omni quā possumus, lētitiā, gaudio, congratulatione, acclamatione, sospitem tuum & fœlicem congratulamur tibi adventum; maxime quo licet, obsequio, amore, affectu, omnia tibi nostra & nosmet ipsos tradimus . . . hæc omnia & singula (auspicatissime Princeps) obseruantissimis animis, diūtissimis affectibus, venerabundis obsequiis, ad lætas & augustas tuas fortunas, . . . dirigitur*’ (*Popes Letter*, 32–3).

17 *Eye fix on* ‘I have seen the Prince [Charles] have his eyes immovably fixed upon the *Infanta* half an hour together . . . I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close Coach in the open street to see her as she went abroad’ (James Howell, *Familiar Letters* (1673), 119–20, printing a letter from Madrid dated 10 July 1623). Significantly, this remark is spoken by the Black Queen.

21 *æquallye* equally

24.1 *Musique* played by hidden musicians, but clearly meant to suggest a celestial harmony: unseem music was used, from the late sixteenth century, to mystify not only papal but also royal power, as for instance in Jacobean court masques. John Buckeridge (Bishop of Rochester)

Bl.K^t the Colledges and sanctimonious Seedeplotts,
 wh.K^t tis cleere, and so acknowledgd, Royall S^r
 Bl.K. What honors, pleasures, rarities, delights
 youre noble thought can thinke

15

Bl.Q. youre fayre Eye fix on;
 thats comprehended in the spacious circuit
 of our black Kingdome, theyre youre seruants all

wh.K^t how amplie you endeere us

20

wh.D. they are fauours that æquallye enrich the royall
 giuer
 as the receiuer in the free Donation

Bl.K^t Harke, to enlarge youre welcome, from all parts
 is heard sweete sounding Ayres, abstruse things open,
Musique

of Voluntarie Freenes, and yon’d Altar
an Altar discoverd richlie adornd and diuers
Statues standing on each Side
 the Seate of Adoration, seemes t’adore

25

claimed that, during the consecration of the eucharist, ‘the heavenly powers do raise up cries and the place near the altar is filled with the choirs of angels’ (*A Sermon Preached before His Maiesty . . . Touching Prostration, and Kneeling*, 1618).

25.1 *Altar* characteristic of Catholics, but also perhaps suggesting the formalist/Arminian wing of the English church. Buckeridge argued that the sacrifice of the eucharist required an altar, not a table. (See preceding note.) About thirty polemical pamphlets, debating the legitimacy of Church ceremonies, were published between 1618 and 1624, including David Calderwood’s *Altar of Damascus* (1621), critical of the Anglican hierarchy. In 1639 at the Fortune Theatre an altar and candlesticks were set up on stage, and the gesture of genuflection mocked in a clownish manner (*Calendar of State Papers Domestic*)—a parody clearly aimed at the emphasis on church ceremony, under the Arminian faction which began to dominate the Anglican episcopate in the 1620s.

25.1–5.36 *richlie adornd . . . Tapors* King James sent to Madrid in March 1623 ‘all stuff and ornaments fit for the service of God’, including candlesticks, and ordered that a room be set aside ‘chappellwise with an altar . . . palls, linnen coverings, [and] demy carpett’ (Loomis, 2:186). Calderwood objected to the practice of covering English communion tables ‘in imitation of the popish rich altar clothes’ (*Altar of Damascus*, 211).

the Vertues you bring wth you,
wh.K^t, theres a taste
of the ould Vessell still,
30 *wh.D.* th' erroneous rellish.
Song.
Wonder worke some strange delight
this place was neuer yet without
to welcome the fayre Whitehouse Knight,
and to bring our hopes about
35 maye from the Altar flames aspire
those Tapors set themselues afire
maye sencelesse things our Ioyes approuoe
and those Brazen Statuës moue
The Statues moue, and dance.
40 Quickned by some power aboue
or what more strange to shoue our Loue;
Bl.K^t. a happie omen waites uppon this hower
all moue portentouslie, the right hand waye;
Bl:K. Come lets set free all the most choyse delights
that euer adornd dayes or quickned Nights *exeunt*
Enter wh.Qs.p. and Bl.Bps.pawne (in his reuerend
habit) meeting her
45 *Wh. Qs:p.* I see twas but a tryall of my Dutie now,
ha's a more modest minde, and in that Vertue
most worthilie h'as Fate prouided for mee!
hah? tis the bad man in the reuerend habit
dares hee bee seene agen, Traytor to Holines,
50 oh marble Fronted Impudence! and Knowes
how ill ha's usde mee, Ime ashambe hee blushes not,
Bl.B^sp. are you yet storde wth anie Weomans pittie
are You the Mrs of so much deuotion
Kindnes and charitie as to bestowe
55 an Almes of Loue on youre poore Sufferer yet
for youre sake onelie;

wh.Qs.p. Sir, for the reuerend respect you ought
to giue to Sanctitie though none to mee
in being her Seruant uowde and weare her Liuerie
if I might counsell you You should nere speake
60 the Language of Vnchastnes in that habit
you would not thinke how ill it do's wth you!
the worlds a Stage on wch all parts are playde
youde thinke it most absurd to see a deuill
presented there not in a deuills shape
65 or wanting one to send him out in yours
youde rayle at that for an Absurditie
no Colledge erè committed, for decorums sake then
for pitties cause, for Sacred Vertues honor,
if youle persist still in youre Deuills part
70 present him as you should doo, and lett one
that carries up the Goodnes of the playe
come in that habit and Ile speake wth him,
then will the parts bee fitted and the Spectators
Knowe wch is wch, they must haue cunning
Iudgments
75 to finde it else for such a one as you
is able to deceaua a mightie Audience,
naye those you haue seduct if there bee anie
in the Assemblie, if they see what manner
you playe youre Game wth mee they cannot loue you;
80 is there so litle hope of you to smile S^r?
Bl.B^sp. yes, at youre feares, at th' Ignorance of youre
power,
the litle use you make of Time, youth, Fortune,
Knowing you haue a housband for Lusts Shelter,
You dare not yet make bold wth a Friends comfort
85 this is the plauge of Weaknes,
wh.Qs.p. so hott-burning
the Sillables of Sin flie from his Lips,
as if the Letter came new cast from hell;

28-9 **taste...still** Catholicism was still called, by many Englishmen, 'the old religion'; but Spain, the dominant defender of Catholicism, preserved more than a 'taste' of that religion, and 'still' (yet, even after all this time) suggests the lingering of Catholic sentiment in England itself. Since 1617, Arminians had been appointed to a succession of deaneries and bishoprics; on 6 July 1622 Joseph Mead heard a sermon preached 'totally for Arminianisme, wonderfully boldly & peremptorily' (f. 213); in 1623, Charles was accompanied to Madrid by two Arminian chaplains; early in 1624, royal chaplain Richard Montagu's Arminian pamphlet *A Gagg for the New Gospel* provoked a Parliamentary protest.
30.1 **Song** Play scripts often did not specify who sang a song. Songs were usually sung by boy actors, and the only boy actor present in this scene was the one playing the Black Queen.

33 **the** (may mean 'thee')
38.1 **Statues moue** 'Concerning coozening devices: Are not yet men liuing, that can remember the knauerie of Priests to make the Roodes and Images of the Churches in *England*... to goggle with their eyes, and shake their hands: yea, with Wiers to bend the whole body' (Goad, *Friers Chronicle*, B3').
dance In Francis Beaumont's *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, 'four statues of gold and silver' were made to 'dance for joy of these great nuptials' (1613)—i.e., the wedding of Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine. The combination of music, dance, and special effects strongly suggests the Jacobean court masque.
53 **Mrs** (abbreviation of 'Mistris', mistress)
59 **uowde** vowed
60 **nere** ne'er, never
63 **the worlds a Stage** '*Totus mundus agit*

histrionem' (motto displayed on the sign of the Globe theatre)
67-8 **Absurditie...Colledge** Jesuit seminaries at St Omer and Douay, the Jesuit schools founded by Mary Ward, and Oxford and Cambridge colleges, regularly performed academic dramas (which unlike plays in London's commercial theatres usually observed 'decorums' based on Greek and Roman dramatic practice).
68 **decorums sake** 'What *Decorum* is it', Gee asks, criticizing Jesuit con-games, 'the spectator being a Woman' and 'the *Iesuites* being or having *Actors* of such dexterity, I see no reason but that they should set vp a company for themselves, which surely will put down *The Fortune, Red-Bull, Cock-pit, & Globe*' (*New Shreds*, 17-19).
84 **housband** husband
86 **plauge** plague

- 90 Bl.B^s.p. well, setting aside the dish you loathe so much
Wch ha's bene heartilie tasted by youre Better
I come to marrie you to the Gentleman
that last enioyde you, 'hope that pleases you;
theres no immodest rellish in that office;
- 95 wh.Q^s.p. strange! of all men hee should first light on him
to tye that holie Knott that sought t'undo me,
were you requested to performe that busines S^{ir}?
- Bl.B^s.p. I name you a sure Token;
wh.Qs.p. as for that S^{ir};—
- 100 now youre most welcome, and my fayre hopes of you
You'le neuer breake the Sacred Knott you tye once
by anye lewde solliciting hereafter,
- Bl.Bs.p. but all the Crafts in getting of it Knitt,
youre all a fire to make youre coosning market
- 105 I am the marrier and the man do you Knowe mee?
do you Knowe mee Nice Iniquitie, strickt Luxurie
and holie Whoredome that would clap on Marriage
Wth all hott Speede to soader up youre Game,
see what a Scourge Fate ha's prouided for thee,
- 110 you were a Mayde, sweare still, youre no worse now,
I left you as I found you, haue I startled you,
Ime quit wth you now for my discouryerie
youre Outcryes and youre cunnings, farewell Brokage²
- wh.Qs.p. naye staye, and heare mee but giue thanks a
Litle
- 115 if youre Eare can endure a worke so gracious,
then You maye take Youre pleasure,
- Bl.Bs.p. I haue donne that;
wh.Qs.p. that power that hath preserud mee from this
Deuill
- Bl.B^s.p. how?
- 120 wh.Qs.p. this, that maye challenge the cheif chayre in hell
and sitt about his Master;
- Bl.B^s.p. bring in merit?
Wh.Qs.p. that suffredst him through blinde Lust to bee
lead
last night to th' Action of some Common bed;
- Bl.Qs.p. wthin
- Intus. not ouercommon neyther!
- Bl.B^s.p. hah. what Voyce is that;
wh.Qs.p. of Virgins bee thou euer honored:
now you maye goe you heare Iue giuen thanks S^{ir}
- Bl.B^s.p. this a strange Game, did not I lye wth you?
Intus. Noh!
- Bl.Bps.p. what a deuill art thou
wh.Qs.p. Ile not answere you S^{ir}
after thanksgiuing;
- Bl.Bs.p. you made promise to mee
after the Contract;
- Intus yes—
- Bl.B^s.p. mischeife confound thee
I speake not to thee,—and thou didst præpare thy
selfe
and sett thy Ioyes more high—
- Intus—then you could reach S^{ir};
- 140 Bl.B^s.p. tis a bawdie Voyce Ile slit the throate ont,
Enter Bl.Qs.p.
- Bl.Qs.p. what? offer Violence to youre bedfellowe?
to one that workes so Kindlie without Rape?
- Bl.B^s.p. my bedfellowe?
- Bl.Qs.p. do you plant youre Scorne agaynst mee?
why when I was probationer at Bruxells
there Was no such Engine Knowen, then Adoration
fild up the place and Wonder was in fashion
ist turnd to th' Wilde Seede of Contempt so soone?
Can 5 Yeares stampe a Bawde? praye Looke uppon
mee S^{ir}
- 150 Iue Youth ynough to take it, tis no longer
Since you were cheife Agent for the Transportation
of Ladies daughters, if you bee remembered
some of their portions I can name, Who purst em,
too
- 155 they Were soone dispossesst of Worldlie cares
that came into youre fingers?

104 **coosning** cozening108 **soader** solder125 **Intus** inside, within (Latin). Very rare as a stage direction or speech prefix in English.146 **Bruxells** Brussels (a Spanish Catholic stronghold, and site of an English nunnery)152–3 **cheife** . . . **daughters** 'there lurketh in England an arch-Traytor, one Henry Flood a Iesuit, who is the cheife Agentfor the transporting of Nunnes, both to *Bruxels*, *Greueling*, *Lisbon*, or any other place' (Robinson, *English nunnery*, 8).154–6 **some** . . . **fingers** 'Father Floud Iesuit, their prime *Procurator*, and others) haue boasted . . . [of] the rich portions which many of our English women carry ouer with them . . . those that haue a good round summe for their dowry (as 1000 or 2000 pounds, which some good customers cary hence), such arestamped for Bruxels, where the hungry Iesuits (who sometimes meet with as good booties as the Merchants of Argier) dispossess them of all worldly cares and vanities' (Gee, *New Shreds* Q2^v–3). Gee paraphrases a similar paragraph in Robinson's *English nunnery* (p. 9); only Gee has the plural 'portions', but both have the phrase 'dispossess . . . cares', and Robinson alone has 'quickly dispossesse'.

- Bl.Bs.p.* Shall I heare her?
Bl.Qs.p. Holie Derision! yes! till thy Eare swell
 with thy owne Venom, thy prophane Lifes Vomit!
 160 whose Neice was shee you poysond wth childe, twice?
 and gaue her out possedet wth a fowle Spirit
 when twas indeed youre Bastard;
Enter white B^s.p. wth white Queene.
Bl.B^s.p. I am taken
 in myne owne Toyles;
 165 *wh.Bs.p.* yes, and tis iust you should bee;
wh.Q. and thou lewde pawne the Shame of weomanhood;
Bl.Bsp. Ime lost of all hands;
Bl.Qs.p. and I cannot feele
 the weight of my perdition now hees taken
 170 *tâs* not the burden of a Grashopper,
Bl.B^s.p. thou whore of Order, Cockatrice in Voto;
Enter Bl.K^{ts}.p.
 Yond's the white Bishops pawne, Ile playe at's heart
 now!
- wh.Qs.p.* how now, Black Villayne, wouldst thou heape a
 murder
 on thy first fowle offence, oh merciles Bloudhound
 tis time that thou wer't taken;
 175 *Bl.K^{ts}.p.* Death! præuented!
wh.Qs.p. for thy sake, and that partner in thy shame,
 Ile neuer knowe man farder, then by name. *exeunt*
Scæna Vltima.
Enter Bl.K.Q. Kt. Duke and pawnes wth white K^t
and Duke
wh.K^t. You haue enricht my Knowledge, Royall S^{ir})
 and my Content together;
 180 *Bl.Kt.* stead of Riot
 wee sett you onelie welcome, Surfet is
 a thing wee seldome heare off in these parts:
wh.Kt. I heare of the more Vertue when I misse oñt,
Bl.Kt. wee doo not use to burie in our Bellies
 185 2 hundred thowsand ducketts and then boast oñt
 or exercize th' ould Romane paynfull-Idlenes
 wth care of fetching Fishes far from home,
 the Golden-headed Coracine out of Ægipt

160–2 **whose...Bastard** 'A certaine *Catholic* collapsed Lady... about some two or three yeeres since, departed from her Husband (yet liuing) and went ouer to *Bruxels*, and was admitted into the order of *Nunnery*, I meane a *Nunne* at large, one of the uncloystred sisters of the order of *Saint Clare*'—that is, the order of mobile female Jesuits founded by Mary Ward—and there shee remained a while, till there appeared in her some passion incompatible with *Nunship*. Shee came ouer into *England*, a companion with a *religious lesuite*, since of great note, *F.D.*'—[Father Drury]—'and remaining afterwards an enlarged *Nun* in *London*, was (as it seemeth) more visibly taken with a disease befalling that sexe, called *flatus uterinus*: and thereupon, that this matter might bee carried the more cleanly, it was giuen out, that shee was possessed with an euill spirit, which did make her belly swell like a woman with child' (Gee, *Suare*). This is immediately followed by description of 'a certaine *lesuite* (whom I could also name)' as 'a smug, spruce, liquorish' [= lecherous] 'young fellow, a fit man to be called *Father* (forsooth)'—thus making explicit the double meaning of 'father' (religious and biological).

160 **Neice** Heloise was the niece of Fulbert, who ordered the castration of Abelard; she had a bastard child by Abelard. (See note to 1.171).

170 **tâs** it has

178 **lle...name** Heloise, after the castration of Abelard, became a nun. Protestants generally doubted the human capacity for celibacy, and regarded vows of celibacy as a remnant of pagan religious practices (like the castration of priests of Cybele); but they did recognize voluntary abstinence as 'a rare and special gift given only to some' (William Perkins, *Works*, 1612). Throughout the seventeenth century there were various proposals—from Margaret Cavendish and Mary Astell, among others—to establish what amounted to English Protestant nunneries, where women could have independence and an education sequestered from men.

181–239 **stead...hereafter** There were many English complaints about 'the scarcity of victuall' (2 *Vox Populi*, 22) during the visit to Spain: 'As if the Prince had ventured there his life | To make a famine, not to fetch a wife' (Richard Corbet, 'A Letter to the Duke of Buckingham, being with the Prince in Spain', 1623).

186 **2 hundred thowsand ducketts** a colossal sum, perhaps suggested by '*tribus milibus sestertium*', the cost of banquets thrown by the Roman emperor Heliogabalus: see 5.201. 'That supper which was of least price did commonly cost thirty pound weight of gold, which (after our computation) might amount to

the value of above a thousand pounds sterling; and there were some which did cost threescore thousand crowns' ('Heliogabalus', in Edward Grimstone, *The Imperial History, from the first foundation of the Roman monarchy to this present tyme*, 1623).

187 **ould Romane** characteristic of (a) the old Roman empire (b) the Roman Catholic church (c) the Holy Roman Empire, ruled by the Habsburgs. Sir John Digby, on a diplomatic mission to Emperor Ferdinand in Vienna, remarked that the 'imperio Romano... is so often here in their mouthes, as if the imperatore romano were in better estate then Augustus Caesar' (5 August 1621). The final scene's pervasive classical allusions have an early modern political and religious significance.

189–92 **the Golden-headed...Aquitayne** See Pliny's *Naturall Historie*, tr. Philemon Holland (1601): 'the Coracinus in Ægypt carrieth the name for the best fish. At Gades in Spaine, the Doree or Goldfish... About the isle Ebusus, the Stock fish is much called for;... In the cuntry of Aquitaine or Guienne in Fraunce, the river Salmon passeth all other sea Salmons whatsoever' (1:246–7, IX:17). The following lines draw upon ten widely separated chapters of Pliny, which Middleton could have read in Latin.

189 **Coracine** (four syllables, as in the Latin of the source)

- 190 the Salpa from Ebusis, or the pelamis
wch some call Summer-whiting from Calcedon,
Salmons from Aquitayne, Helops from Rhodes,
Cockles from Chios, franckt and Fatted up
wth Far and Sapa flower and cockted wine,
195 Wee cramb no Birds, nor Epicurean-Like
Enclose some Creekes a'th Sea, as Sergius Crata did
hee that inuented the first Stewes for Oysters
and other Sea-Fish, who beside the pleasure
of his owne Throate got large Reuennewes by
th 'Inuention;
200 whose Fat Example the Nobilitie followed;
nor do wee imitate that arch-Gurmundizer
wth 2 and twentye Courses at one dinner
and betwixt euerie course hee and his Guesse
washt and usde women then sate downe and
strenghtnd;
205 Lust swimming in their Dishes; wch no sooner
Was tasted but was readie to bee Vented:

Wh:K^t. most Impious Epicures?

Bl.K^t. wee commend rather

- of 2 Extreames the parsimonie of pertinax
who had Halfe Lettices sett up to serue agen,
210 or his Successor Iulian that would make
3 Meales of a Leane hare, and often supp
wth a greene Figg and Wipe his Beard as wee can;
the ould bewaylers of Excesse in those dayes,
215 complaynde there Was more coyne bid for a Cooke
then for a Warhorse, but now Cookes are purchasde
after the Rate of Triumphs, and some dishes
after the Rate of Cookes, wch must needs make
some of youre Whitehouse Gurmundizers, spetiallie
youre Wealthie plumpe-plebeians, like the Hoggs
220 wch Scalliger cites that could not moue for Fat,
so insensible of eyther Prick or Goade
that Mice made Holes to Needle in their Buttocks
and they not felt em; there was once a Ruler
Cyrenès Gouvernor, choackte wth his owne Paunch
225

- 190 **Salpa from Ebusis** 'Circa Ebusum salpa' (Pliny)
190-1 **pelamis**... Calcedon 'These fishes, together with the old Tunies and the young, called Pelamides... neare to Chalcedon' (Pliny 1:243, IX:15).
191 **Summer-whiting** Italian *palamite*, 'a fish called a tunny; before it be a year old, a summer-whiting' (John Florio, *New World of Words*, 1611)
192 **Helops from Rhodes** '*elops Rhodi*' (Pliny IX:54), 'the Elops at Rhodes' (1:267).
193 **Cockles from Chios** (The source for this detail has not been identified; it is not in volume one of Holland's translation of Pliny.)
193-4 **franckt... wine** 'to feed them fat, namely, with a certaine past made of cuite and wheate meale... that the gluttons table might be served plentifully with home-fed and franked great Winkles also' (Pliny 1:267, IX:56). Pliny elsewhere identifies 'the bearded wheat Far' (2:138, XXII:25) and explains that 'the Cuit named in Latine Sapa... is, but Must or new wine boiled' (2:157, XXIII:2).
195 **cramb no Birds** 'Who first devised to cram Hens' (Pliny 1:297, X:50).
196-200 **Enclose... followed** 'The first that inuented stewes and pits to keepe oysters in, was *Sergius Orata*... And this the man did not for his belly and to maintain gourmandise, but of a covetous mind for verie gaine. And by this and such wittie devises, hee gathered great revenues... somewhat before *Orata*, *Licinius Murena* devised pooles and stewes for to keepe and feed other fishes: whose example noble men followed... [*Lucullus*] let in an arme of the sea into his fish-pools' (Pliny, 1:246-7, IX:54).
201 **arch-Gurmundizer** the Roman emperor Heliogabalus (d. 222) who '*exhibuit aliquando et tale convivium ut haberet viginti et duo fercula ingentium epularum, sed per singula lavarent et mulieribus uterentur et ipse et amici*' (Aelius Lampridius, xxx, in *Scriptores Historiae Augustae*, not translated into English in Middleton's time, but often edited and reprinted between 1518 and 1620 by humanist scholars, including Erasmus and Isaac Casaubon). 'Occasionally he gave a banquet in which he would serve twenty-two courses of extraordinary viands, and between each course he and his guests would wash, and use women.' (This detail is not in Grimestone.)
209 **pertinax** Roman emperor (d. 193): '*dimidiatas lactucas et cardus... conviviis adponerat... etiam in alium diem differebat*' (Julius Capitolinus, xii, in *Scriptores*): 'at his banquets he served lettuce and edible thistle in half portions... he would defer using it until another day'.
211 **Iulian** Didius Julianus, Roman emperor (d. 193): '*Iulianus tantae parsimoniae fuisse... ut per triduum porcellum, per triduum leporem divideret... saepe autem... holeribus leguminibusque contentus sine carne cenaverit*' (Aelius Spartianus, iii, *Scriptores*): 'Julianus was so parsimonious... that he divided a sucking pig for three days, a hare for three days... often, moreover... he was content to dine on cabbages and beans without meat'.
214-18 **the ould... of Cookes** 'those, who in their reprooves of gluttonie and gourmandise, complained, that a cooke carried a greater price in the market than a good horse of service. For now adaies a cooke will cost as much as the charge of a triumph: and one fish as
deere as a cooke' (Pliny 1:246, IX:17).
219 **Whitehouse Gurmundizers** Buckingham's banquet at York House on his return from Madrid in 1623 served 3000 dishes of meat (Joseph Mead, f. 385, 21 November 1623). Sir James Hay, one of James I's Scottish favourites, regularly spent £2-3000 on individual banquets, on one occasion employing a hundred cooks for eight days to cook larks, Muscovy salmon, swans, and pheasants (Chamberlain, 2:57-8, 333-4).
220 **plumpe-plebeians** (suggesting rich merchants of the City of London, rather than the 'patricians' of the court)
220-4 **like... em** 'Pinguescit autem longe magis sus: adeoque pinguescit, ut pene totus immobile reddatur. Neque enim fabulosum est: in eorum clunibus excavare sibi mures foveas; non quidem ut nidificet, sed ut saginentur' (Julius Caesar Scaliger, *Exotericarum Exercitationum liber quintus decimus de Subtilitate, ad Hieronymum Cardanum*, often reprinted between 1557 and 1612). Middleton and/or his audience may have confused this 'Scaliger' with his more famous son, the great Protestant scholar J. J. Scaliger (1540-1609).
224-5 **there... Paunch** Athenaeus, *Deipnosophistae* (available in Latin translations since 1553), XII.550: 'Magam... Cyrenes Regem per annos quinquaginta... obesum esse factum, ac ita praeter aequum iuxta extremum aetatis, ut ob corporis ignavia ipsa crassitudine sit suffocatus, tum propter nutrimenti copiam' (1556 Latin tr.): 'Magas, who reigned over Cyrene for fifty years... was weighted down with monstrous masses of flesh in his last days; in fact he choked himself to death because he was so fat'.

- Wch death Fat Sanctius K. of Castile fearing
through his Infinite Masse of Bellie, rather chose
to bee Kild suddenlie, by a pernicious Herbe
taken to make him Leane, wch ould Corduba
230 K. of Morocco counceild his feare to
then hee would hazard to bee stunck to death
as that huge Cormorant that was choackte before
him;
wh.Kt. well, youre as sound a Spokesman, S^r, for parsimony
cleane Abstinence, and scarce one meale a daye
235 as euer spake wth Tong;
Bl.King—censure him meekelie, S^r,
twas but to finde discourse
Bl.Q. heele rayst of anie thing
wh.K^t I shall bee halfe afrayde to feede hereafter
240 *wh.D.* or I, beshrewe my heart for I feare Fatnes
the Fogg of Fatnes as I feare a Dragon
the Comlines I wish for thats as glorious;
wh.Kt. youre course is wondrous strickt, I should transgresse
sure,
were I to change my side as y'au'e much wrought mee
to^t:
245 *Bl.Kt.* how you misprize; this is not meant to youward
You that are woond up to the height of Feeding
by Clime and Custome are dispencst wthall;
- You maye eate Kid, Cabrito, Calfe and Ton's
naye the Franckt Hen, fattend wth milke and Corne
250 a Riot, wch th' Inhabitants of Delos
Were first Inuenter of, or the Crambd Cockle
Wh.Kt. Well, for the Foode Ime happilie resolude in,
but for the Diett of my Disposition
there comes a trouble, you will hardlie finde
foode to please that;
255 *Bl.K^t* it must bee a strange nature
wee cannot finde a dish for, hauing policie
the Mr-Cooke of Christendome to dresse it,
praye name Youre Natures diett,
wh.K^t the first Messe
260 is hott Ambition!
Bl.Kt. thats but serude in puff paste
alasse the meaneest of our Cardinalles Cookes
can dresse that dinner; youre Ambition S^r
can fetch no farder compasse then the world;?
265 *wh.K^t* thats certayne Sir;
Bl.Kt. weere about that alreadie;
and in the Large Feast of our Vast Ambition
wee count but the white Kingdome whence you came
from
270 the garden of our Cooke to pick his Salletts;
the Foode's leane France larded wth Germanie,
- 226–30 **Fat** . . . to No source of this anecdote
has been found. In all hitherto-identified
versions of the story, Sancho was cured
by his trip to Corduba. The confusion
over Corduba—a kingdom, rather than a
king—might be related to a line in Gee's
New Shreds which refers to 'Corduba King
of the Moores' (p. 68).
- 229 **Corduba** (perhaps reminding English
audiences of Don Gonzalo Fernández
de Cordoba, the Spanish general in
command of the occupying forces in the
Palatinate)
- 238 **Bl.Q.** These five words—complaining
about a man's verbosity—are the
Black Queen's only speech until after
checkmate (when she speaks another
three). Her silence in this scene may
suggest the Spanish refusal to give Prince
Charles opportunities to speak with the
Infanta: 'restrayning him from that lib-
erall accesse and converse, (not denied
elsewhere to a meane person) with the
Lady *Maria Infanta* his Mistress . . . with
whom in all the time of his being here,
he had not about twice talked' (Scott, 2
Vox Populi, 23).
- rayst of** raise't of, raise't off, utter
'discourse' on [any subject] or from [any
stimulus]
- 240 **I feare Fatnes** Sir James Hay, like
Buckingham one of James I's intimates,
remembered that 'the mode was to ap-
pear very small in the waist; I remember
I was drawn up from the ground by
both hands whilst the tailor with all
his strength buttoned on my doublet'
(*The Autobiography of Thomas Raymond*).
- In 1621 Sir Simonds D'Ewes described
Buckingham as 'full of delicacy and
handsome features; yea, his hands and
face seemed to me, especially, effeminate
and curious' (*Autobiography*, 1:166–7).
- 246–8 **You . . . Ton's** In Spain, the English
for their supper could get only 'perhaps
a piece of leane Kid, or Cabrito, a Tripe,
Tone's or such like . . . we were faine to
send seaventeene miles off for a Calfe . . .
how should our [Spanish] dyet agree
with their [English] stomackes, who
are accounted the greatest feeders of the
World' (Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 22).
- 253–354 **Diett . . . euer** This catalogue of
confessed vices resembles the vices of
'a Protestant King I meane one that
rules ouer a people of that profession'
(i.e. King James) in *Tom Tell-Troath*, who
'may solace himselfe as securely in his
bed-chamber as the *Grand Signor* in his
Seraglio, have Lords Spiritual for his
Mates / Lords Temporall for his Eunuchs
& / and whom hee will for his Incubus.
There may hee kisse his minions without
shame' (25).
- 258 **Mr-Cooke** 'The King's Master-Cook'
was an actual court official (*Civitates*
391); he appears as a major character
in Ben Jonson's masque for Christmas
1623, *Neptune's Triumph for the Return of
Albion* (an allegory of the trip to Madrid).
- 264–5 **Ambition . . . world** Spain 'is the same
Nation, whose ambitions to satisfie, the
East and West *Indies* are not sufficient,
nor all *Europe*: but all the earth must
become slaues to their pride . . . as if all
- other men and places had beene made
for them' (Scott, *Vox Regis*, 13).
- 268 **Large Feast** Gondomar's list in Scott's
Vox Populi includes Naples, France,
Navarre, Portugal, Savoy, Venice, the
Low-countries, and Bohemia (B1).
- 271 **Foode's** main dish is. France was
Catholic; the religion of Germany (the
birthplace of the Reformation) was
being contested militarily. Germany and
France were central to control of Europe;
England was geographically marginal,
and militarily insignificant (hence its
status as 'salad').
- lean** (Bad harvests and interrupted
grain imports from Danzig produced
scattered food shortages in the early
1620s in France and other Mediter-
ranean countries.)
- France** France, although Catholic, had
been the chief obstacle to Habsburg
domination of Europe, and much more
tolerant of religious difference than
Spain; but in 1615 Louis XIII had
been united by marriage to Spain, and
in 1620 he began a series of military
campaigns against French Protestants.
- larded** garnished with strips of bacon,
or greased with melted fat (appropriate
to the German taste for boar, and to the
Spanish piecemeal conquest of various
German Protestant towns and territories
in the 1620s)
- Germanie** not a nation but a series of
duchies and principalities, within the
boundaries of the Holy Roman Empire;
site of extensive Catholic-Protestant

before wch comes the Graue-Chast Seignorie
of Venice serude in Capon-Like in whitebroath
from our Cheife Ouen Italie the Bakemeates,
275 Sauoye the Salt, Geneua the Chipt Manchet,
belowe the Salt the Netherlands are placst
a Common Dish at Lower end ath Table
for meaner pride to fall to, for our second Course
a Spit of portugalls serude in for plouers
280 Indians and Moores for Blackbirds, all this while
Holland stands readie melted to make Sawce
On all Occasions; when the Voyder comes

and wth such cheere our full Hopes wee suffice
Zealand sayes Grace, for fashion, then wee rize:
wh.Kt. heres meate ynough a conscience for Ambition! 285
Bl.Kt. if there bee anie want there's Switzerland
Polonia, and such pickled things will serue
to furnish out a Table;
wh.Kt. You saye well Sir:
but heres the mistrie I tell you in priuate: 290
Bl.Kt. oh weere youre Cabinets.

warfare, 1619–24. It included Bohemia (mentioned by Gondomar in *Vox Populi*) and the Palatinate (the key point of contention in negotiations between Spain and England in 1621–24, and the reason given by Charles and Buckingham for the final breakdown of negotiations). The Palatinate is conspicuously *not* named here: 'I dare not speake of the *Palatinate*' (Michael Drayton, *Works*, 3:206).

272–3 **Graue-Chast**... **Venice** Venice was a 'mayden city... never conquered' (Thomas Coryat, *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611); for theorists of republicanism, its city-state government was an epitome of 'moderation' and 'temperance' (Gasparo Contarini, *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, tr. Lewes Lewkenor, 1599). Although Catholic, Venice resisted the Counter-Reformation papacy (to the extent of being excommunicated in 1606–7) and the Habsburg empire (at war with them in 1613–17, and violently crushing an attempted Spanish coup in 1618).

273 **Capon-Like** like a castrated chicken. Venetian sea-power, once dominant in the Mediterranean, became insignificant after 1590, even in the Adriatic; its economy and trade were in rapid decline.

274 **our**... **Italie** Spain had ruled southern Italy and Sicily for more than a century; Milan was also in its possession, and Genoa an ally.

Cheife Ouen (because Rome is the centre of Catholicism, and the Italian climate much hotter than the English)

275 **Sauoye** The independent Duchy of Savoy, in what is currently south-eastern France and north-western Italy; in 1623 it formed an alliance with France and Venice against the Habsburgs. Gondomar's catalogue of European states includes 'Sauoy (that hardly slipt from us)' (Scott, *Vox Populi*, B1).

Salt salt-cellar, a large and often ornate utensil at the centre of the table, as salt was at the centre of European diet (probably double modern consumption), food-preservation (esp. meat and fish), and trade (Catholic countries exported

salt, Protestants imported). The customs tax on exported salt was a major source of income for the Dukes of Savoy (*The Estates, Empires, and Principalities of the World*, trans. Edward Grimestone, 1615). The salt-cellar was passed around the table, as Savoy changed its allies.

Geneua formerly part of Savoy, but since the mid-sixteenth century an independent republican city; besieged in 1602–3 by a Catholic military alliance. Geneva was the birthplace and international centre of Calvinism; the 'Geneva Bible' was still the favourite personal Bible of English Protestants.

Manchet the finest white bread, used figuratively for religious purity: 'In so much that I am the wheate of God, I am to be grinded by the teeth of beastes, that I may be founde pure breade, or fine manchet' (Meredith Hanmer, trans., *The Ancient Ecclesiastical Histories written by Eusebius* (1577), III:32; echoed by subsequent writers).

276 **Netherlands** The Spanish Netherlands (modern Belgium), after the death of Archduke Albert in 1621, was increasingly subservient to Spain; a twelve-year truce between Spain and the Dutch (the United Provinces of the northern Netherlands) had expired in 1621. Whereas Elizabeth I had formed a Protestant military alliance with the Dutch against Spain, James I and Prince Charles were suspicious of the Dutch Republic (because of its hostility to monarchy), and hence favoured an alliance with Catholic Spain or France.

277 **Common** (because, unlike England, Spain, and most other European states, the United Provinces had a republican government)

279 **portugalls** Portuguese. (Portugal had been ruled by the king of Spain since 1578.)

280 **Indians**... **Blackbirds** Spain effectively enslaved the dark-skinned peoples of its colonies in the Americas; in 1609–10 it had driven the dark-skinned Moriscos (Moors converted to Christianity) from the Iberian peninsula, but continued to

be deeply engaged with the Ottoman empire, as Mediterranean neighbours and rivals.

281 **Holland** a province of the northern Netherlands, 'readie melted' because so much of it is under water; famous for its dairy products, and hence its sauces

284 **Zealand** another province of the northern Netherlands, particularly associated with puritans, including English dissenters in exile

286 **Switzerland** most famous for its mercenary soldiers, who could be used to supply any 'want' in a nation's own military forces, and were employed by French and Spanish armies in the 1620s. In the early 1620s Spanish forces invaded the south-eastern Swiss cantons of the Valtellina (modern Italian Valtellina).

287 **Polonia** Poland, a major European power, recently at war with Russia and the Ottoman empire

290–1 **mistrie**... **Cabinets** 'They that fly higher and fixe theyr speculations upon the Mysteries of the Court doe apparently perceive that... Gondomar... hath at his command / and is maister of your Cabinett without a key' (*Tom Tell-Troath*, 4). (This passage, unique to the earliest text, was probably censored elsewhere, because the exchange establishes Gondomar as the confidant of the Prince of Wales, and the entire Black House as intimate advisors of the British royal family.)

290 **mistrie** mystery, *arcana imperii* (Tacitus, *Annales*), often invoked by James I in defence of what he called 'my prerogative, or mystery of state', to justify the secrecy of his foreign policy. *Tom Tell-Troath* berates what 'the Polititians call / *Arcana imperij*' (14).

291 **Cabinets** chests in which personal treasures could be locked up and hidden away (but also suggesting 'private apartments', especially those used for 'cabinet counsels', advice given to the monarch by courtiers who were admitted into his bedchamber)

- wh.Kt.* when I haue stopt my mouth
of one Vice theres another gapes for Foode,
I am as Couetous as a Barren wombe
295 the Graue, or whats more rauennous,
Bl.Kt. wee are for you Sir;
Call you that haynous thats good housbandrie,
why wee make monye of our fayths our prayers
wee make the uerie deathbed buy her Comforts
300 most deerelie paye for all her pious Counsell
leauie rich Reuennewes for a fewe weake Orisons
or else they passe unreconcilde without em;
did you but uiew the Vaults wthin our Monasterys
Youde sweare then, Plutus wch the Fiction calls
305 the Lord of Riches were entombd wthin em,
you cannot walke for Tuns?
wh.K^t ist possible;
Wh.D. but how shall I bestowe the Vice I bring Sir,
you neuer mind mee, I shall bee shut out
310 by youre strickt Key of Life;
Bl.K^t is Yours so fowle Sir;
wh.D. fayth, some thats please to make a Wanton ont
call it infirmittie of bloud, Flesh-Frayltie,
but certayne theres a worse Name in youre bookes
fort;
- Bl.Kt.* the Trifle of all Vices, the meere Innocent 315
the uerie Nouice of this house of Claye;
if I but hugg thee hard I showe the worst ont,
tis all the Fruite wee haue here after Supper;
naye at the Ruines of a Nunnerie once
6 thousand Infants heads found in a Fishpond: 320
wh.D. how?
Bl.Kt. I how? how came they thether thinke you?
Huldrick Bishop of Ausburge ins Epistle
to Nicholas the first can tell you how
maye bee hee Was at clensing of the Pond;
325 I can but laugh to thinke how it would puzzle
all Mother-Maydes that euer liude in that place
to Knowe theire owne childes head, but is this all?
Bl.D. are you ours yet?
Wh.Kt. one more, and I am silencst, 330
but this that comes now will diuide us questionlesse,
tis io times io times worse then the Forerunners;
Bl.K^t is it so uilde there is no name ordaynde fort
Toades haue theire Titles, and Creation gaue
Serpents and Adders those names to bee known by 335
Wh.Kt. this of all Vices beares the hiddenst Venom
the smoothest poyson,—Ime an Archdissembler S^t,
Bl.Kt. how?

- 294 **Couetous** King James and his son Charles repeatedly clashed with Parliament over the ever-expanding royal demand for money. In 1621 Parliament raised taxes to support a war to recover the Palatinate, only to have the money spent for such items as £15,356 in new jewels for King James (Cogswell, '1621', 40). In 1623 the King sent Prince Charles in Madrid (for display and generosity) jewels valued between £80,000 and £200,000 (Redworth, 96).
298–305 **why...em** (The Catholic sale of absolution had been the immediate impetus for the Reformation.)
298 **fayths** individual professions of faith
304 **Plutus** 'Plutus, the god of gold' (*Timon* 1.1.280); in medieval and Renaissance Europe, the most widely known and performed play ('fiction') of Aristophanes was his *Plutus*.
312 **fayth** (an oath which Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, routinely censored; present only in the earliest manuscript)
313 **infirmittie of bloud** sexual indulgence, thought to reflect an imbalance in the blood. Buckingham had a reputation for profligacy: in Madrid 'he did a little offend in his wantonness' (Godfrey

- Goodman, *The Court of King James the First*). 'These are they spend the day in drink and swiving?' ('All the News').
314 **a worse Name** perhaps 'sodomy', a crime punishable by execution. 'The love the king [James I] showed [his male favourites] was as amorously conveyed, as if he had mistaken their sex, and thought them ladies. . . . the king's kissing them after so lascivious a mode in public, and upon the theatre (as it were) of the world, prompted many to imagine some things done in the tiring house that exceed my expressions no less than they do my experience' (Francis Osborne, *Historical Memoires*, 1658). In 1619 Sir Francis Bacon imprisoned Isaac Shingleton, an Oxford scholar, 'who preaching in Paules on May day . . . declaimed bitterly against his court, and glaucned (they say) somewhat scandalously at him and his Catamites as he called them' (Chamberlain, 2:243). On 24 April 1623 Joseph Mead heard a chaplain to Archbishop Abbot 'speak wondrous plainly & vehemently against the fearful or flattering silence of our Clergie viz. . . . Who dare call the Great ones Princes of Sodom &c?' (f. 318^v).

- 319–24 **at . . . how** John Foxe reproduces 'A learned epistle of Hulderike bishop of Augsburg, sent to Pope Nicholas the first', describing how the Pope 'sent unto his fishpond to haue fish, and did see more than six thousand infants' heads brought unto him'; the infanticide is attributed to 'the wicked decree of the single life of priests' (*Acts and Monuments*, 'The Book of Martyrs'); often subsequently cited by polemicists such as Sampson Price (*A Heavenly Proclamation*, 1612) and Samuel Hieron, who calls it 'The fruits of monkish lechery' (*Sermons*, 1624).
323 **Ausburge** free imperial city in Bavaria (modern Augsburg), famous for waterworks, artificial ponds, and mining. (The armies of the Catholic Maximilian of Bavaria had recently evicted Elizabeth Stuart from the Palatinate.)
337 **Ime . . . Archdissembler** 'Some paralleled [James I] to Tiberius for dissimulation' (Arthur Wilson, *Life and Reign of James I*, 1653); his motto was allegedly '*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*', 'Who does not know how to dissemble, does not know how to rule' (Weldon, *King James*, 95).

- 340 *wh.Kt.* tis my Natures Brand, turne from mee, S^r,
the time is yet to come that I er'e spake
what my heart meant!
- Bl.Kt.* and call you that a Vice!
auoyde all prophanation I beseech you
the onelie prime-State-Vertue uppon earth
345 the policie of Empires! oh take heede S^r;
for feare it take displeasure and forsake you,
tis like a Jewell of that prætiuous Value
whose worths unknownen but to the skillfull Lapidarie,
the Instrument that picks ope princes hearts,
350 and locks up ours from them wth the same Motion;
you neuer Yet came neere our Soules till now
- Bl.D.* now youre a Brother to us,
Bl.Kt. what wee haue donne
ha's beene dissemblance euer,
- 355 *Wh.K^t.* there you Lye then
and the Games ours—wee giue thee Checkmate by
discouerye;
the Noblest Mate of all;
- Bl.Kt.* Ime lost, Ime taken;
- 360 *Wh.Kt.* Ambitious, Couetous, luxurious
Falshood—Dissembler includes all, *Flourish.*
- Bl.Q.* all hopes confounded
Bl.K. miserable Condition!
Enter White King Q. Bishop white pawnes.
Wh.King: oh let mee blesse mine Armes wth this deere
treasure
Truths glorious Masterpeice! see, Queene of Meekenes,
365 hees in my bosome safe, and this fayre Structure
of Comlie honor, his true-blest Assistant,
- Wh.Q.* maye theire Integrities euer possesse
that peacefull Sanctuarie;
- Wh.K^t.* twas a Game (S^r)
Wun wth much hazard, so wth much more Triumph, 370
I gaue him Check-Mate by discouerie Sir;
- Wh.K.* Obscuritie is now the fittest fauour
Falshood can sue for, it well suites perdition
tis theire best course that so haue Lost theire fame
to putt theire Heads into the Bagge of Shame; *exeunt* 375
- T.m.
- Finit Actus Quinti* (··)

347 **prætiuous** precious

356–7 **Checkmate** . . . **all** 'Many other
ways may a discoverie bee brought to
passe, and oftentimes a Mate giuen by it,
which is the noblest Mate of all' (Saul,
Chess-Play, E5).

356 **Checkmate** (English Protestants
celebrated the checking of mate: the
'prevention, stopping' of a Spanish
'marriage'.)

358 **taken** (The revised text adds a stage
direction here for 'A great shout and
flourish' (*Later* 5.3.162.1). When Prince
Charles returned from Spain, 'all Lon-
don . . . resounded all over with such
shouts, as is not well possible to express'
(Francis Ryves, 1623); the air 'was

filled with the shouts and acclamations
of people' (Taylor, *Prince Charles his
Welcome*.)

361 **hopes** hope's, hope is. See Zechariah
9:5 ('her hope is confounded, and the
king shall perish.') The Black Queen—the
Spanish Infanta Donna Maria—appropri-
ately responds to the loss specifically of
her 'hope' (implying, from the English
perspective, her sexual desire for the
English prince).

363–71 **oh . . . Sir** 'the Conclusion expresseth
his H: [Prince Charles's] returne [from
Spain]' (John Woolley, 6 August).

366 **true-blest Assistant** the White Duke.
Of the Duke of Buckingham, Thomas
Scott wrote 'How many curses did fill his

sayles going towards Spain? . . . But now
how many blessings and prayers attend
his prosperity, from the same hearts,
& mouthes, since his returning, when
they finde, he hath showne himself more
faithfull to God, to the King, Prince, and
his Countrey, then the first Scene of that
Act . . . could either assure vs, or suffer vs
to imagine' (*Vox Dei*, 59).

371 **I . . . discouerie** 'the Prince of *Wales*
by comming in Person discovered our
plot, and found how faire so euer wee
pretended, wee meant nothing lesse'
(Scott, 2 *Vox Populi*, 22).

375 **Shame** For Middleton's expanded new
ending, see *Later* 5.3.179–Epilogue.10.

A GAME AT CHESS: A LATER FORM

Edited by Gary Taylor

A Game at Chess is a famously complicated literary work which is also famously easy to comprehend immediately. ‘Middleton’s most comprehensive play’ (Howard-Hill) had the longest consecutive run of any English play before the Restoration, and that run would certainly have continued if the play had not been suppressed. In nine days in August 1624, *A Game at Chess* was seen by perhaps one-seventh of the total population of London, and many more who did not see it heard about it, or heard the ‘extraordinary applause’ and ‘extraordinary concourse’ of its audiences. One contemporary says that, in order to meet the unprecedented demand, it was played twice a day; certainly, for every performance the large Globe theatre was packed to capacity: ‘There was such merriment, hubbub and applause that’ even if someone ‘had been many leagues away it would not have been possible’ not to have noticed it. The play made the King’s Men an unparalleled, scandalous amount of money: ‘£100 a day’ or ‘£200 a day’, or ‘near a thousand pound’ in five days, or ‘£1500’ in all, according to rumours circulating at the time.

But this play, so deliciously transparent to early audiences, has often baffled later readers. In 1877 Anthony Trollope (an industrious man who seldom started a job he did not finish) simply gave up, and confessed ‘I have found that it was impossible to read this piece’. In 1927 T. S. Eliot (a more difficult writer than Trollope, with a tooth for more difficult texts) called the play ‘that perfect piece of literary-political art’, but elsewhere he lamented that no critic had yet appreciated or described its ‘literary and dramatic merit’. Even now, *A Game at Chess* remains, for most critics, an enigma, as unclassifiable as it was two centuries ago to the theatre historian Charles Dibdin, who described it as ‘anything you please but a play’.

But what makes *A Game at Chess* hard to read? Stylistically, it is neither difficult nor dull. In the localities of image and phrase *A Game at Chess* is as varied, strong, and immediate, as surprising-convincing, as any poem or play in English. Its satirical virtuosity ranges from the low physical (‘the fistula of Europe’) to the high metaphysical (‘Thou whore of order!’). It can draw deep and complicated laughter from the simplest question (‘Did I not lie with you?’). It relishes both the starkest of contrasts (‘I’m taken like a blackbird In the great snow’) and the smallest of conjunctions (‘Like three flies with one straw thorough their buttocks’). It plays games with every sexual nuance of ordinary language, including particularly and systematically ‘game’ and ‘play’, whose chords are sounded in its first sentence; ‘work’ works in complicated counterpoint

to both. The Black House is characterized by leitmotifs of fire and soot, but those flames do not, as we might expect, foreshadow the conventional ecology of hell; here, hell is—simply, unforgettably—a shapeless overcrowded bag. What Sartre laboured a whole play to say, Middleton compressed into a single theatrical image: hell is other people. The bag image, effortlessly dense and lucid at the same time, epitomizes the play’s metaphorical compounding of ideas in things (‘the swallow of my conscience Has but a narrow passage’). The resulting sentences can be brusque and brutal (‘Fat cathedral bodies Have very often but lean little souls’). But they can also be lingeringly beautiful:

Upon those lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearl
Dropped from the op’ning eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose.

Milton stole from this when writing *Lycidas* (1637):

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield . . .

But what is in Milton merely an inert poeticism belongs in Middleton to a sustained intertwining of sanctity, eroticism, and pain. The romantic resonances of Elizabethan love poetry (virgin lips are rosebuds, not yet opened, red because blushing) and classical allusion (the goddess Aurora rising from her lover’s bed) are replayed with an assurance as haunting as ever—but something’s wrong. The description, conventional enough in a sonneteer, is here spoken by a priest, and the dew of prayer becomes a precious tear running from the eyes to the lips of a devout young daughter observed by her father awakening in bed. The ‘eyelids of the morn’ open to realize what they have done the night before, and that moment of embarrassed, pained awakening is precisely what the observer relishes. He goes on to imagine ‘How beauteously A gentle fast, not rigorously imposed, Would look upon that cheek’, and to recommend (‘to beat down frailty’) a penance ‘Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed The first fear of a bride’ (l. l. 77–85). What excites him, what he turns into exquisite poetry, is a vision of purity shamed and beauty in just a little pain.

No doubt, reading *A Game at Chess* is more difficult than reading *Lycidas*, not because Middleton’s language is more complex but simply because all plays are harder to read than poems. But that forever-everywhere difference between script and performance will not account for this particular play’s unique, often-remarked resistance to legibility. That resistance is most often attributed to

the passage of time: modern readers, it is said, do not understand the complicated historical context of the play. But the play also proved illegible to its two earliest known readers. If the censor, Sir Henry Herbert, had fully understood the manuscript of *A Game at Chess*, the play would almost certainly never have been licensed for performance. The first known reader of the play in a printed edition—a Cambridge intellectual named Joseph Mead—was equally confused. In a letter dated 25 May 1625, Mead wrote that ‘The play called the game at chess is in print, but because I have no skill in the game I understand it not.’ Mead’s correspondence demonstrates that he assiduously followed domestic and foreign politics and gossip; indeed, I sometimes cite his letters in my historical commentary on the *Early* text. His difficulty, like the censor’s, cannot have been due to ignorance of the play’s political background.

Mead attributed his incomprehension to the fact that he had ‘no skill in the game,’ that is, he did not know how to play chess. But it is impossible to believe that all those tens of thousands of spectators in August 1624 were chessmasters. The difference between early readers and early spectators results, instead, from the difference in what was visible to each. A spectator at the play simply saw a series of recognizable historical figures (the Spanish Ambassador Gondomar, the Archbishop of Spalato, King James, Prince Henry, the Duke of Buckingham, King Felipe) and saw individuals who belonged to recognizable social categories (a Jesuit priest, a lay Jesuitess, an English Protestant minister). Twelve different contemporary witnesses identify Gondomar as the main character; indeed, the play was sometimes called ‘Gondomar’, as though that were its title. In performances of *A Game at Chess* (and in the *Later* text, which follows this introduction), the literal visible sense was political and social; the chess game was a secondary trope. By contrast, in early texts of the play (and in the *Early* text, which precedes this introduction), in order to evade the censor the political sense had to be deliberately veiled, and the chess game was instead the only visible sense.

A reader of the early texts (or the *Early* text) encounters a series of actions and speeches attributed to characters identified as WQP, BQP, BBP, WBP, etc. This system of abbreviated signs creates an almost insuperable problem of reference; in order to understand the action, a series of cryptic shifting initials first has to be translated into the sign system of chess (White Queen’s Pawn, Black Queen’s Bishop’s Pawn, etc.). Modern editions usually expand the initials, but that does not in itself solve the problem.

The play’s characters are at least as fully realized as those in Middleton’s other late masterpieces; in fact, some of them—like Black Knight or Fat Bishop—might be described as hyperindividualized. But it is easier for readers to keep track of a character labelled ‘Beatrice’ or ‘Isabella’ than of one labelled ‘White Queen’s Pawn’. In a game of chess, there can only be a single White Queen’s Pawn; the designator specifies a unique individual, precisely located in relation to others. But, as a textual label, ‘White

Queen’s Pawn’ (unlike ‘Isabella’) achieves its individuality by the combination of a series of markers which are not themselves individualized: there are two queens, many pawns, and even more whites. Most readers must consciously work to keep differentiating ‘White Queen’s Pawn’ from ‘White King’s Pawn’, ‘Black Queen’s Pawn’, etc. And even when we can keep track, the labels do not sound human.

In part, this confusion is anachronistic. Renaissance chess pieces had not yet been reduced to their standardized modern abstract shapes; the figures were often individualized. All the pieces, moreover, represented recognizable social classes—just like the unnamed pages, ladies, knights, bishops, and dukes in other Middleton plays. On the stage of the Globe, White Bishop would have looked like a real bishop, not like a Staunton chess piece. The signs for ‘real bishop’ and ‘chess bishop’ were not distinct.

Moreover, in performance—in London (1624), at Oxford (1971), and Cambridge (1973)—the body and voice of the player make each character immediately recognizable and obviously human. But these facts remove only a part of the difficulty. The more fundamental problem is that the play forces us to imagine characters who are both persons and pieces. At any given moment, we can interpret their actions either in terms of chess, or in terms of life. Moreover, because some (or all?) characters impersonate identifiable individuals, we must decide whether to interpret their actions in terms of local facts or universal fictions. At any given moment, is Fat Bishop a chess piece, the historical Archbishop of Spalato, a caricature of the Jacobean episcopate, the familiar actor (and playwright) William Rowley, a conventional fat fool, or an epitome of hypocritical careerism in any age?

The word ‘chess’ referred, not only to the familiar board game, but more generally to ‘layers’ or ‘tiers’ or ‘rows’ (*OED sb*²). Which layer is in play? Chess? History? Theatre? Literary convention? Human nature? In chess, everything signifies. There are no meaningless positions. Moreover, meaning is positional; it belongs—like language, or politics, or character, or the label ‘White Queen’s Pawn’—to a system, and has meaning only within that system. The problem for players is to remain aware of all the multiplying combinations of systematic significance created by successive moves.

A Game at Chess creates similar problems. *There is too much meaning*. Readers can begin to feel overwhelmed by possibilities, frustrated by the sense that we cannot hold suspended all the meanings in play. This frustration is intensified by the impression that the play is—as various critics have called it—a ‘simple’ morality play, or a ‘transparent’ political allegory, which ought to be easy enough to understand. (As the modern grandmaster Capablanca observed, ‘apparently simple moves are in reality of a very complicated nature’.)

This is more than the usual hermeneutic problem created by what an Elizabethan critic called ‘the courtly figure *allegoria*’. Allegories—like Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*,

which also begins with a character named 'Error'—always force readers to sort various orders of meaning, and to be intelligible at all an allegory must supply a set of translation-codes, or make use of a set already widely known. In the case of Middleton's divine comedy, the protocols of reading were provided by what Arthur Saul called *The Famous Game of Chess Play* (1614, 1618). By contrast with the play's historical subject matter, that game is transhistorical, and still familiar to millions of readers; Lewis Carroll, Stefan Zweig, and Vladimir Nabokov have taken chess as metaphor or matter for major modern novels. As in *A Game at Chess*, the daughter-heroine of *Through the Looking Glass* is a White Queen's Pawn; the contest of ideologies played out by Middleton and Zweig can be seen in representations of chess since a Spanish illuminated manuscript of 1283, which pits Christian against Moslem (Schafroth, 36–7); the sexual politics of the game, as important to Middleton as to Nabokov, appear as early as fourteenth-century images of Tristan and Isolde (Schafroth, 52, 58–9). Middleton may have been influenced by the 'living chess game' in Rabelais's *Gargantua et Pantagruel* and by the related 'game in which the vices fight a pitched battle with the virtues' in Thomas More's *Utopia*. More generally, as Paul Yachnin has demonstrated, he drew upon—and significantly altered—a long tradition of chess allegory. In plays and paintings, chess had already been used as an emblem of contest, sexual (as in Fletcher and Massinger's *The Spanish Curate*) or political (as in Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*); *A Game at Chess* combines both, exploring the intertwined relationship between seduction and conversion. But Middleton also, for the first time, turns the colour-coded game into an emblem of modern racial politics: the Spanish ambassador indignantly objected that the King of Spain was represented in the play as 'the king of the blacks', while the Anglo leader of the 'White House' was 'the king of the whites' (Taylor 2005).

But the allegorical key provided by chess, though it contributes to the play's proliferation of meanings, does not solve all our difficulties; in fact, it creates new difficulties. Chess applies strict rules to a strictly ruled space. But the play repeatedly breaks the rules. In fact, its first two lines lead us to expect discrepancies between game and play: 'What of the game called chess-play can be made To make a stage-play shall this day be played'. Playing on the verb *make*—to compel, and to create—Middleton announces that the creation of his play depends upon doing violence to chess. The conventions of Renaissance theatre cannot accommodate all the conventions of chess. More fundamentally, the conventions of chess cannot accommodate the realities of either sex or politics. Rape is not a possible move in chess. Neither is betrayal.

A Game at Chess is not only an allegory, but also a critique, of chess. Chess depends upon absolute distinctions, upon the maintenance of fixed visible categories created by precise rules. Like Nabokov's *The Defence*, Middleton's *A Game at Chess* combines this totally ordered universe with the disordered world of 'a dream' (Induction.49). Dreams

have no rules and no fixed categories. The very clarity and regularity of chess provides a background against which irregularities are conspicuously foregrounded. In chess, for instance, the distinction between Black House and White House is always absolutely clear. In Middleton's dream-play, it is not. White King's Pawn and Fat Bishop appear to be white, but are in fact black. It is possible, in bed, simply to substitute Black Queen's Pawn for White Queen's Pawn; Black Bishop's Pawn cannot tell the difference. And in the final scene, both White Knight and White Duke are guilty of 'dissemblance'; they deliberately pretend to belong to a category to which they do not belong. This is the sin which they expose in the Black House. The 'discovery' which makes possible a final and systematic distinction between White House (which wins and is saved) and Black House (which loses and is damned) is the result of an action which blurs that very distinction.

In chess, players ought to obey the rules. But what if it were impossible to obey them? This is exactly what the Protestant Reformation supposes: that sin is damnable and inevitable. Luther and Calvin objected to the Roman Catholic view that people could earn salvation by obedience to moral laws. No one, Luther insisted, can avoid mixing the categories of good and evil—not even a White Knight in shining armour. Christ had come to save us from the law, to offer a new covenant in which salvation was determined not by human merit (obeying the rules) but by divine grace (forgiveness for breaking the rules). *A Game at Chess* dramatizes the central philosophical problem of the Reformation: how are the categories 'saved' and 'damned' constructed? Which is to say: how is any category constructed?

Categories are constructed by laws, by rules, by what Jacques Derrida calls 'the law of genre'. Black House is distinguished from White House by the Black belief that the category salvation is constructed by obedience to certain rules. But if people can merit the right to be sorted into the 'saved' category, what determines whether they have done enough to deserve admission? Not surprisingly, the dominant emotion of the Black pieces—especially evident in Loyola, Fat Bishop, and Black Queen's Pawn—is resentment: their good works, they believe, have not been properly rewarded. As belief in 'merit' (a word only used by Black pieces) leads to resentment, so belief in obedience leads to rebellion. 'Boundless obedience' (2.1.39)—an unbounded imposition of boundaries, an unrestrained restraining—is an impossible and self-defeating paradox. The insistence upon obedience to a human superior leads, in practice, to rebellion against a divine law, in this case the law against fornication.

The Black House in fact desires the kind of fornication which most fundamentally mixes categories: incest. In 2.1, White Queen's Pawn—whom Black Bishop's Pawn repeatedly calls his 'daughter'—is asked to give herself, sexually, to her spiritual 'father'. Black Bishop's Pawn demands sexual satisfaction as proof of 'a daughter's duty', an obedience owed to him simply as a function of his

paternal status; indeed, he characterizes his invitation to intercourse not as an abuse of power, but as a special favour, demonstrating his intention 'to honour [her] above all daughters'. When White Queen's Pawn refuses—when she objects to his mixing of the genres of fatherly divinity and Petrarchan love poetry—he abuses her verbally for her disobedience, which must be punished. The punishment consists of the forced satisfaction of the very desire she has refused to satisfy voluntarily. The request for sex in the name of obedience, when denied, justifies rape. Continued paternal authority can only be guaranteed if 'all his young tractable sweet obedient daughters' remain silent about the father's illicit desire; her silence can only be guaranteed if she herself is made guilty of fornication, the very crime of which she would accuse the father. After a daughter is raped, she can only accuse the father by admitting that she is no longer a virgin, and has committed incest: to accuse him is to accuse herself. In Middleton the priest's sexual abuse of his parishioner is heterosexual, but it springs from the same confusion of sexual and sacred authority found in our contemporary Church scandals.

This daughter is fortuitously saved, when the father is momentarily distracted by his own fear of 'discovery'. (The rape of a daughter depends on the privacy of a 'Black House', a privileged circumscribed space in which the father can act with impunity, undetected by others.) The father's fear of discovery allows the daughter to escape, and later she publicly accuses the would-be rapist. But, as often happens, the daughter's accusation is not believed, is categorized as slander of an innocent man with a spotless reputation; consequently, the would-be rapist escapes, and the abused daughter is punished. The White King concludes—as would Sigmund Freud, in rejecting testimony of incestuous abuse—'I ever believed rather the accuser false Than the professor vicious' (2.2.218–19). By the orders of the ultimate male authority in the White House, the almost-raped daughter is punished, characteristically, by being returned to the very House in which she was earlier threatened with rape, and where she will now be tormented by being locked in a room full of pornographic pictures (Taylor 2000).

Middleton clearly expects us to reject the category 'Boundless obedience'. But the Black House is defeated, not because of its programmatic regime of obedience, but because individual black pieces seek their own advantage; they are not obedient enough.

ERROR

Why, would you have 'em play against themselves?

That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS

Push! I would rule myself, not observe rule.

The Black House is the category, simultaneously, of unruly individuality and unbounded obedience. The insistence upon rules ends in the dissolution of all boundaries, sexual and political—a world epitomized by the jumbled chaos of the 'bag'.

If obedience ends in the bag, it begins in the act of confession, staged in the play's first scene. The Black House demands that initiates confess their sins:

The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
In the most secret corner of your heart now
Must be of my acquaintance (1.1.124–6).

Everyone must obey this command, which records the breaking of commandments. The rule of confession demands that people categorize themselves by means of the categories of rule they have broken. Confession earns people salvation, by revealing that they have not earned salvation.

Middleton demonstrated, long before Michel Foucault, that confession is an instrument of power, by which the boundaries between one person and another—between private self and public authority—are broken down. In *A Game at Chess* confessions are cynically exploited, for political and sexual advantage, by the confessors of the Black House. We know this because the confessor tells us so, in an aside (1.1.109–16). But what is an aside? A theatrical confession. *A Game at Chess* is full of asides and soliloquies; pieces repeatedly unabashedly reveal their own 'most secret frailties' to the audience; in the final scene, the Black House voluntarily confesses all its vices to the White Knight, White Duke, and (presumably) White Audience. *A Game at Chess* opposes confession, and depends upon it. Confession makes possible the play's extraordinary transparency. As in chess, everything is visible, and victory depends, not upon force, but upon a change of perception: 'discovery'.

Most remarkably, the play even manages to stage invisibility. Who is moving the pieces in *A Game at Chess*? They believe they are free agents, making their own moves, but the very conceit of a chess game implies the existence of at least one, usually two, players. We cannot see any, but does that mean they do not exist? 'You may deny so A dial's motion, cause you cannot see The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar' (1.1.292–4).

Theologically, the onstage pieces are being moved by God and the devil, or by the one invisible God of Calvinism, who alone wills both salvation and damnation. But theatrically, the onstage pieces are being moved by an off-stage author. This similarity between plotting playwright and plotting God was and is familiar enough to readers and audiences acquainted with *Measure for Measure* and *The Tempest*, but Middleton, in contrast to Shakespeare, never brings his creator on stage. He refuses to visualize the invisible. By refusing, of course, he leaves open the possibility that God is not there at all.

Instead of an onstage impersonation of God, we get a Fat Bishop (author of satirical books) and a Black Knight (a director as 'facetious' as Middleton himself was said to be). John Russell Brown has denied that directors existed in the Elizabethan theatre, which emphasized instead the improvisational freedom of actors. But the complex logistics of a Lord Mayor's show clearly demanded a director, and in 1617 Middleton began directing (as

well as writing) those shows. Pageant speeches were normally delivered by child actors; Middleton had written for companies of child actors at the Blackfriars and Paul's; for the adult companies, he wrote plays particularly remarkable for female roles played by boy actors. Adult actors may have insisted upon their interpretive freedom, but children—like the puppets of *The Revenger's Tragedy* and *Wit at Several Weapons*—took direction. Shakespeare and Rowley were actors; Middleton was a director.

In *A Game at Chess*, the most spectacular play of its period, Middleton successfully transferred onto the public stage the 'total theatre' of Lord Mayors' shows. This impulse can be seen, earlier, in the songs and machines of *The Witch* and *Macbeth*, in *Hengist's* spectacular fiery conclusion, in the stage-masque of *World Tossed at Tennis*, in the extraordinarily complicated final scene of *Women, Beware Women*. The individual components of this stagecraft are not new; what is new is the concentration and concatenation of effects which require an extraordinarily precise control of every element of the whole theatrical space, both within and outside of the spectator's view. More than any other play of its time, *A Game at Chess*—with its transformation of stage into chessboard, uniformed oppositions of costuming and colour, formalization of space and movement, exploitation of particulars of impersonation, specially designed and unrepeatable properties—is a director's play.

It is also a play which, more than any other of its time, demystifies and opposes obedience. But this critique of obedience could only be performed through repeated acts of obedience. White Queen's Pawn is given a text which instructs her in obedience to her spiritual director; the child actor playing White Queen's Pawn was given a script containing instructions for speech and action. If the actor had not obeyed Middleton's written and spoken directions—if, like the character, he had rejected the book's demands—the play could not have been performed.

Likewise, the play rejects dissemblance, but depends upon it. Actors are, by definition, people who deliberately pretend to belong to categories to which they do not really belong. When the Black Knight says, 'What we have done Has been dissemblance ever' (5.3.157–8), he speaks for both the character and the actor. In this sense, all the actors, on both sides of the chessboard, belong to the Black House. Dissemblance and obedience—the generic

marks of the Black House—are also the generic marks of the Play House.

So is the unnatural mixing of sexual categories. White Queen's Pawn was played by a boy actor. Boy actors were instructed, by an older male, to dress up in women's clothes and enact scenes of seduction, involving sexual innuendo, touching, fondling, kissing. The male actor playing White Queen's Pawn pretends not to have a penis; the male actor playing White Bishop's Pawn pretends to have been castrated.

A Game at Chess depends upon what it rejects: chess, obedience, confession, dissembling, totalizing power, sexual mismatching. Its most irresistible roles, for both actors and audiences, are the Fat Bishop and Black Knight. We enjoy what we repudiate. We enjoy them in part because we know they will lose. They are confined, contained, within the boundaries of a 'game'. *A Game at Chess* belongs, not simply to the genre of chess literature, but to the much larger genre of game literature. But the category 'game' is itself, as Wittgenstein insisted, fundamentally unstable. It is also surprisingly close to the category 'philosophy'—as James I complained, when he called chess a 'philosophic . . . folly'. *A Game at Chess* belongs to a genre of philosophical game also played by Aristophanes, Calderon, Goethe, and Beckett.

In the end, the world is divided into two simple categories, as all the Black pieces are swept from the board. But this finality and simplicity, like all the play's other categories, self-deconstructs. Ezra Pound's poem 'The Game of Chess' ends with the phrase 'Renewal of contest'. Middleton's apocalyptic play—which begins, in its title, with the word 'a'—ends with the word 'again'. This is only one game; there will be others. But, despite the play's characteristic modesty about its own merit, there will never be another play quite like this. It belongs to a category of one.

SEE ALSO

A Game at Chess: An Early Form, 1773

General textual introduction: *Companion*, 712

List of works cited: *Companion*, 848

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 912

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 439

Related poems: 'To the worthily accomplished Master William Hammond', 1896; 'To the King', 1895; 'The Picture plainly explained, after the manner of the chess play', 1897

A Game at Chess

as it was acted nine days together
by the King's Men at the Globe on the bankside

[PERSONS AND PIECES OF THE PLAY

The whole play is a chessboard.

THE BLACK HOUSE, Spain

THE WHITE HOUSE, England

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR (Black Queen's Knight), Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, Conde de Gondomar, ambassador from Black King Felipe to the White House; suffers from an anal fistula, which is public knowledge, and which requires him to sit in a special chair and be carried in a special litter

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN (Black Queen's Bishop's Pawn), a lecherous Jesuit priest in England; confessor to the Black Knight, Black Knight's Pawn, Black Queen's Pawn, and White Queen's Pawn (whom he wishes to seduce)

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN, a devout unmarried English lady; literate, young, and fair; formerly betrothed to the White Bishop's Pawn before he was castrated

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN, a member of the society of female Jesuits; formerly seduced by the Black Bishop's Pawn

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO (White King's Bishop), gluttonous, lecherous, greedy, polemical author; former Catholic, recently converted to the Protestant cause, now resident in the White House; played by the acting company's leading clown

WHITE KING JAMES, King James I of England, aging political leader of the White House, father of White Knight Charles, patron of the Fat Bishop of Spalato and the White King's Counsellor Pawn

BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER (Black Queen's Knight's Pawn), a Catholic servant of the Black Knight and un-

successful suitor to the White Queen's Pawn; responsible for castrating his sexual rival, the White Bishop's Pawn

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES (White Queen's Knight), Charles Stuart, Knight of the Order of the Garter, English Protestant champion, young son and heir of White King James, companion and ally of White Duke of Buckingham

Ghost of Saint IGNATIUS LOYOLA, Spanish Catholic, former soldier, lame; founder of the Jesuit Order, a missionary society dedicated to resisting the Protestant Reformation

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP (Black Queen's Bishop), Father General of the Society of Jesus, ecclesiastical superior of all Jesuits

WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (White Queen's Duke), companion and ally of White Knight Charles; court favourite of White King James

WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA], daughter of White King James, sister of White Knight Charles, patron of the White Queen's Pawn; object of Black King Felipe's desire

ERROR, a personification of deviance

BLACK QUEEN MARIA, Spanish princess, sister of the Black King, proposed bride of White Knight Charles, and thus intended as a future Queen of the White House

BLACK KING FELIPE, King Felipe IV of Habsburg Spain, young lecherous Spanish Catholic; political leader of the Black House

WHITE BISHOP'S GELDED PAWN (White Queen's Bishop's Pawn), a Protestant minister; formerly betrothed to the White Queen's Pawn, before he was castrated by his rival (the Black Knight's Pawn Gelder)

This commentary focuses on literary and theatrical matters, including Biblical allusions (which many spectators and readers would recognize). For historical commentary see *Early*.

Title *together* in a row

bankside area on the south bank of the Thames

Persons Probably for reasons of censorship,

no early text contains a list of characters. This list is editorial, but all information not in square brackets comes from the text itself or an early witness. The order of characters is based on the number of words in each role, from most to least.
2-3 BLACK . . . WHITE (words with racial as well as moral meanings, then as now:

Spaniards were typically darker-skinned than Englishmen, ruled over an empire with many black and brown peoples, and had imported many slaves from tropical regions.)

28 SPALATO Italian name for Split, in modern Croatia; in 1624, part of the Venetian empire

WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN, a trusted political adviser of White King James, secretly working for the Black House

WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY] (White Queen's Bishop), religious leader of the White House; an ardent Protestant, patron of the White Bishop's Pawn

PROLOGUE

BLACK DUKE OLIVARES (Black Queen's Duke), dark-skinned Spanish Catholic, court favourite (and lover) of Black King Felipe

BLACK PAWN, a servant in the Black House

FAT BISHOP'S PAWN (White King's Bishop's Pawn), a servant in the White House

Dancing Statues]

Prologue [Enter] the Prologue [in a black cloak]

PROLOGUE

What of the game called chess-play can be made
 To make a stage-play shall this day be played.
 First you shall see the men in order set,
 States and their pawns, when both the sides are met;
 5 The houses well distinguished; in the game
 Some men entrapped and taken, to their shame,
 Rewarded in their play; and in the close
 You shall see checkmate given to virtue's foes.
 But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck
 10 Is so to play our game t'avoid your check. [Exit]

Of any my disciples, sons and heirs
 As well of my designs as institution. 5
 I thought they'd spread over the world by this time,
 Covered the earth's face and made dark the land
 Like the Egyptian grasshoppers.
 Here's too much light appears shot from the eyes
 Of truth and goodness never yet deflow' red; 10
 Sure they were never here. Then is their monarchy
 Unperfect yet—a just reward, I see,
 For their ingratitude so long to me,
 Their father and their founder.
 It's not five years since I was sainted by 'em. 15
 Where slept my honour all the time before?
 Could they be so forgetful to canōnise
 Their prosperous institutor? When they'd sainted me,
 They found no room in all their calendar
 To place my name (that should have removed princes, 20
 Pulled the most eminent prelates by the roots up

Induction *The Induction. Ignatius Loyola [in his black Jesuit habit] appearing, Error at his foot as asleep*

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

Ha? Where? What angle of the world is this?
 That I can neither see the politic face
 Nor with my refined nostrils taste the footsteps

69 PROLOGUE (could be doubled with any roles except Loyola and Error)
 76 DANCING STATUES (the only other roles in the play that might have been doubled, perhaps by the actors who played Loyola and Error, perhaps by the White King, Queen, Bishop, or Bishop's Pawn)
Prologue.1-2 made To make compelled to fashion
 2 **this day** today (but especially pointed here, when actors and audiences were aware that the play might be banned by tomorrow)
played (mixing the senses 'playing a game' and 'performing a play')
 3 **men** (a) persons (b) chess pieces
order (a) positions required at the outset of a chess game (b) hierarchical relationship of real persons
 4 **States** offices of importance and power (i.e. bishop, duke, etc.)
are met (a) have encountered one another (b) are encountered by the audience

5 **houses** (a) families, lineages, races (b) place of abode of a religious fraternity (c) opposing sides in chess. Perhaps also (d) 'mansions' (since each side was associated with a separate stage entrance: see 1.1.0.2-4).
well distinguished (a) recognizably distinguishable from one another (b) socially and politically eminent
 7 **Rewarded** (a) recompensed (b) punished
 9 **our...deck** can decorate, crown, our hopes
 10 **check** rebuke (punning on technical meaning, in chess)
Induction.0.1 Ignatius Loyola (not named on stage until l. 37, but presumably dressed as a Jesuit)
 0.2 **appearing** (perhaps rising through the trapdoor, as if coming from hell)
Error (may be female, as in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, or male, as in *Truth*, where Error wears a 'garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud, over which stands an owl, a mole on one

shoulder, a bat on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness, mists hanging at his eyes')
 1 **angle** corner (punning on England, 'Angle-Land')
 2 **politic** manipulating, deliberate, not spontaneous but consciously deployed for political advantage
 5 **institution** i.e., the Society of Jesus, founded by Loyola
 8 **Egyptian grasshoppers** (Exodus 10:14)
 9-10 **light...goodness** (Exodus 24:17, Daniel 10:6, Psalms 19:8, Revelation 1:14)
 9 **eyes** (thought to actively radiate light, not just passively receive it)
 10 **deflow' red** (a) deprived of its originary state of intactness (b) raped
 11 **they** 'my disciplines'
 15 **sainted** canonized, officially enrolled in the calendar of saints
 17 **to canōnise** about canonizing
 18 **prosperous institutor** successful founder, founder of a rich institution

For my dear coming, to make way for me),
 Let every petty martyr, and saint homily,
 Roch, Maine, and Petronill (itch- and ague-curers),
 25 Your Abbess Aldegund, and Cunigund,
 The widow Marcell, parson Polycarp,
 Cic'ly and Urs'ly, all take place of me,
 And but for the bissextile, or leap year—
 And that's but one in three—I fall by chance
 30 Into the nine-and-twenti'th day of February.
 There were no room else for me. See their love,
 Their conscience too, to thrust me, a lame soldier,
 Into leap year. My wrath's up, and methinks
 I could with the first syllable of my name
 35 Blow up their colleges.—Up, Error, wake!
 Father of supererogation, rise!
 It is Ignatius calls thee: Loyola.

ERROR
 What have you done? O I could sleep in ignorance
 Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing.

40 I saw the bravest setting for a game now
 That ever my eye fixed on.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA 'Game'? What game?

ERROR
 The noblest game of all, a game at chess
 'Twixt our side and the White House, the men set
 In their just order ready to go to't.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
 45 Were any of my sons placed for the game?

ERROR
 Yes, and a daughter too, a secular daughter
 That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the Black
 Bishop's.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
 If ever pow'r could show a mast'ry in thee,

23 Let them allow (continuing grammar of l. 19)

saint homily 'Saint Sermon', holy preacher

24 **ague** (a) fever (b) fit
itch (a) skin disease (b) restless propensity, appetite

25 **Your** colloquial collective pronoun (= 'one's')

27 **Cic'ly**...**Urs'ly** nicknames for Cecilia and Ursula (usually lower-class)

take place demonstrate their higher social status, by claiming a more desirable location of from

28 **bissextile** leap-year or leap-day (Latin)

29 **one in three** one leap-year, for every three normal years

32 **lame** crippled (therefore ill-equipped to 'leap')

34 **first syllable** *ignis* (Latin), 'fire'

35 **colleges** seminaries, monasteries

36 **supererogation** (a) overpayment (b) a Catholic doctrine, regarded by Protestants as a fundamental theological error (c) suggesting 'super-error'

39 **Immortally** literally, 'without ever dying', but here it is only 'sleep' which is eternally uninterrupted (by contrast with saved Christians, who do not sleep forever, but wake and rise from their graves at the Second Coming)

40 **bravest** most splendid

42 **noblest game** Chess represents in game form the pursuits of the most powerful and admired families (courtiership, diplomacy, war).

47 **plays** impersonates, takes the role of

48 **mast'ry** expert proficiency

52.1 **Music** 'invisible' music—played by offstage musicians—was often used to suggest magical or supernatural effects; it probably continues until the pieces exit, at l. 76.1.

52.1-2 **Enter...House** 'Living chess'—chess played with human beings as pieces, moving on a giant board—has been recorded since the fifteenth century. A full board would require 32 pieces (in addition to the two observers), but only five of the eight main pieces of each house speak (King, Queen, Queen's

Let it appear in this.

ERROR
 It's but a dream,
 A vision, you must think.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA I care not what,
 50 So I behold the children of my cunning
 And see what rank they keep.

Music. Enter severally the White House and Black House, as in order of the game

ERROR
 You have your wish.
 Behold, there's the full number of the game,
 Kings and their pawns, queens, bishops, knights and dukes.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
 'Dukes'? They're called 'rooks' by some.

ERROR
 Corruptively. 55

Le Roc the word, *Custode de la Roche*,
 The Keeper of the Forts, in whom both kings
 Repose much confidence, and for their trust' sake,
 Courage and worth, do well deserve those titles.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
 Thy answer's high. I see my son and daughter. 60

ERROR
 Those are two pawns, the Black Queen's and Black Bishop's.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
 Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight preferments,
 Not worthy of the name of my disciples.

If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut
 That Bishop's throat but I'd have had his place 65
 And told the Queen a love tale in her ear
 Would make her best pulse dance. There's no elixir
 Of brain or spirit amongst 'em.

ERROR
 Why, would you have 'em play against themselves?

Bishop, Queen's Knight, Queen's Rook); if each has a pawn, this moment would require only 22 performers (a more manageable total). The choice of the Queen's side emphasizes the political and symbolic importance of the two contrasting Queens.

52.1 **severally** separately. In chess the Queen's side is on the left for Black, on the right for White, so the White House probably enters on the right, the Black House on the left, the 'sinister side' associated with the damned (Ecclesiastes 10:2).

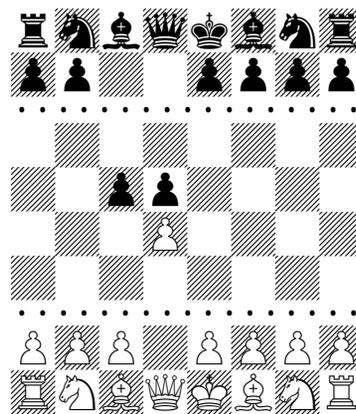
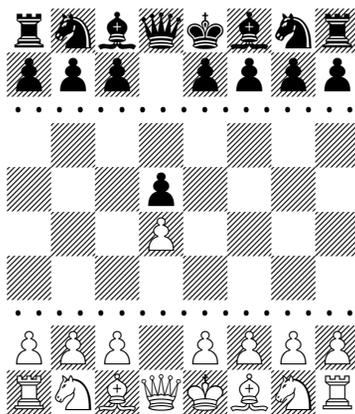
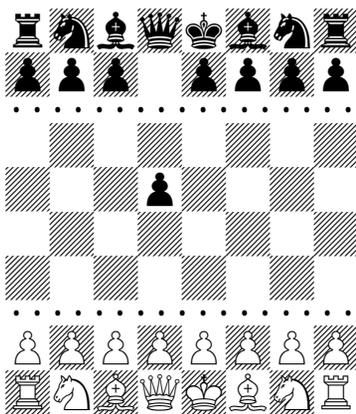
56 **Le Roc...Roche** 'the rock...the keeper of the rock' (French), with 'rock' imagined as the site of a fortress; a conjectural etymology of 'rook'—the commoner title for the chess piece here called 'duke'.

60 **high** dignified, high in value, appropriate for someone of high rank

my...daughter (recognizably dressed as Jesuits)

64 **nigh** close

67 **elixir** quintessence, precious juice



At I.I.O.2-4 Black Queen's Pawn enters (a); at I.I.O.3-5 White Queen's Pawn enters (b); then at I.I.30.1-2 Black Bishop's Pawn enters, threatening White Queen's Pawn (c). In these diagrams of the opening, the pieces above the upper dotted line or below the lower dotted line are not visible to the audience.

70 That's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

Push! I would rule myself, not observe rule.

ERROR

Why then you'd play a game all by yourself.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

I would do anything to rule alone.

It's rare to have the world reined in by one.

ERROR

75 See 'em anon, and mark 'em in their play.

Observe: as in a dance they glide away.

[Exeunt both houses]

IGNATIUS LOYOLA

O with what longings will this breast be tossed

Until I see this great game won and lost! Exeunt

[Incipit] Actus Primus

Enter from the Black House the Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn (a woman-pawn in black), [then] from the White House the Virgin White Queen's Pawn (a woman-pawn in white)

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN [as to herself]

I ne'er see that face but my pity rises.

When I behold so clear a masterpiece
Of heaven's art, wrought out of dust and ashes,
And at next thought to give her lost eternally
(In that not ours, but the daughter of heresy),
My soul bleeds at mine eyes.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [aside]

Where should truth speak
If not in such a sorrow? They're tears plainly.
Beshrew me if she weep not heartily.

I.I

5

71 **Push** pish (meaningless expletive; but also slang for 'fuck')

74 **reined in** controlled (but also suggesting 'reigned')

reined...one Judges 9:12, Romans 5:17

75 **mark** pay attention to

76 **dance** Chess had been associated with dance since Francesco Colonna's chess allegory (1467) and the fifth book of Rabelais's *Gargantua* (1564).

78 **won and lost** won [by one side] and [consequently] lost [by the other], as in chess; but the phrase paradoxically conflates winning and losing
Exeunt (perhaps spectacularly: according to an eyewitness account, Loyola here 'vanisheth')

I.I.O.2-4 **from...from** This formula suggests that each 'house' was identified with a separate door for its exits and entrances, a staging device associated with

classical drama and English morality plays.

0.2-3 **Black Queen's Pawn** initiating a well-known chess opening (Queen's Gambit Declined): see Illustrations. Black Queen's Pawn (named first in the stage direction, and speaking first) moves forward first, followed by White Queen's Pawn, then Black Bishop's Pawn (l. 30.1); she could take the Black Bishop's Pawn, but does not, and instead the next forward move is the entrance of the White Bishop's Pawn (l. 195.1), followed by the Black Knight's Pawn (l. 205.1-1.1.205.2). Chess games usually begin with pawn play, and in Act I only a single non-pawn appears (the Black Knight).

0.3 **in** dressed in

1 **as to herself** (she pretends to be speaking to herself, but intends to be over-

heard—thus deliberately manipulating the theatrical conventions of aside and soliloquy)

that (the White Queen's Pawn's)

2 **clear** (a) evident (b) fair, light-coloured (in contrast to 'dust and ashes')

3 **heaven's art** divine workmanship. (All creatures were made by the Creator; but here implying a contrast with 'merely human craft' and 'devilish artfulness'.)
dust and ashes Genesis 3:19, 18:27, Job 30:19, 42:5: 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' ('Order for the Burial of the Dead', *Book of Common Prayer*)

4 **give** concede, acknowledge

lost (a) damned (b) forfeited in a game

5 **daughter of** woman who embodies an abstract quality (Biblical idiom)

6 **My...eyes** (tears being to the soul as blood is to the body)

8 **Beshrew** curse, damn

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN

But how are those *in voto* employed, lady,
Till they receive the habit?

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN

They're not idle.

50 He finds 'em all true labourers in the vineyard
Of th'universal monarchy, which he
And his disciples principally aim at.
Those are maintained in many courts and palaces
And are induced by noble personages
55 Into great princes' services, and prove
Some counsellors of state, some secretaries,
All serving in notes of intelligence
(As parish clerks their mortuary bills)
To th' Father General. So are designs
60 Oft times prevented and important secrets
Of state discovered, yet no author found,
But those suspected oft that are most sound.

[*Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn gestures to Jesuitess
Black Queen's Pawn*]

—This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance

And I offend to set your zeal so back.
Checked by obedience, with desire to hasten
Your progress to perfection, I commit you
To the great worker's hands, to whose grave worth
I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes.

[*Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn does obeisance to
Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn*]

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside to Black Queen's Pawn*]
Dost find her supple?

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN [*aside to Black Bishop's Pawn*]
There's a little passage made. Exit 70

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Let me contemplate,
With holy wonder season my access,
And by degrees approach the sanctuary
Of unmatched beauty set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
75 A more catholic aspect. That eye
Does promise single life and meek obedience,
Upon whose lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)
The holy dew of prayer lies like pearl
80 Dropped from the op'ning eyelids of the morn

50 **He** the Black Bishop (but also perhaps Loyola)
labourers...vineyard (Matthew 20:8)
51 **th'universal monarchy** global imperium, in which the whole world is ruled by a single person, who combines absolute political and religious power
51-2 **monarchy...at** (in contrast to Jesus, who when tempted in the desert rejected worldly power: Luke 4:4-8)
53 **courts** (a) royal entourages (b) judicial institutions
54 **induced** inducted, introduced
personages Very Important Persons (but also 'dramatic characters, theatrical impersonations', like those of *Game* itself)
55 **prove** turn out to be
56 **secretaries** (a) trusted personal assistants to powerful individuals (b) bureaucrats, government officials (as in 'Secretary of State')
57 **servicing** sending in as an act of service
intelligence information, fruits of espionage
58 **parish clerks** (person in each parish responsible for recording births, marriages, and deaths)
mortuary bills weekly lists of deaths caused by plague (which if they reached a dangerous level triggered government action—just as espionage reports might do)
60 **prevented** anticipated; forestalled
61 **discovered** exposed
author (a) cause, person responsible (b) writer [of the text which reveals state secrets]
62 **sound** reliable, uninfected
62.1 **Jesuit...Pawn** (some such stage action would explain her sudden abandonment of this topic, and the claim that she has been 'Checked by obedience')

63 **mystery** occupational or religious secret
too...entrance unfathomable to the newly initiated, like yourself (like water too deep for an inexperienced swimmer to wade into)
65 **Checked** (a) rebuked (b) stopped (c) placed in check, in chess, necessitating a defensive move to save oneself
66 **progress to perfection** Hebrews 6:1 ('let us go on unto perfection')
66-7 **I...hands** 'Into thine hand I commit my spirit' (Psalm 31:5), 'into thy hands I commend my spirit' (Luke 23:46). The 'hands' here are more literal and less holy.
67 **great worker** i.e. Black Bishop's Pawn (but Exodus 14:31 attributes 'the great work' to God)
69 **supple** pliable
70 **passage** movement, transition; opportunity to enter (but also suggesting 'physical entrance', in a sexual sense more explicit in *Early* 1.1.75-7)
Exit (Here and throughout, theatrical conventions conflict with chess conventions: once pawns advance, they cannot retreat. Her withdrawal gives the Black Bishop's Pawn privacy—a freedom from human observation crucial to the fallen human world, as opposed to the transparent chess world.)
71-3 Let...**sanctuary** (mimicking the language of Catholic meditation)
72 **season** render fit for use; acclimatize; discipline
access approach
73 **degrees** gradations (but also suggesting the literal 'steps' by which a Catholic priest approaches a raised altar)
73-4 **sanctuary...beauty** Psalms 96:6
74 **unmatched** unparalleled (but also 'unmarried', and inexperienced at sex

and chess)
set in (a) placed in the middle of (b) fixed firmly in
grace (a) the favour of God (b) physical gracefulness
75 **daughters of men** Genesis 6:2
76 **catholic** (a) universal—in so far as the White Queen's Pawn represents the individual soul ('Everyman'), she is the play's most universal character (b) Roman Catholic (c) universally effective, a panacea that heals all patients or satisfies all desires
77 **single life** unmarried celibacy
78-86 **Upon...frailty** See Introduction. The classic Petrarchan imagery here is appropriate, since Petrarch was himself a member of the Catholic clergy, who broke his vows of chastity and fathered several illegitimate children.
78 **whose** (a) White Queen's Pawn's (b) Obedience's
buds rose-buds (suggesting the Petrarchan image of woman as flower, who when still a virgin is in bud, before she 'opens')
79 **holy** (because dew was imagined to descend from heaven)
dew literally, something wet and pearly on the 'lips', suggesting tears ('dropped from the' eyes) or semen
prayer In *The Book of Common Prayer*, a recommended 'Morning Prayer' asks God for 'the continual dew of thy blessing'.
lies (a) rests (b) falsifies
pearl (thought to result from a hardening of 'dew' in shellfish)
80 **morn** (personified as a female opening her eyelids, like the classical deity Aurora, famous for rising unwillingly from the bed of her lover)

Upon the bashful rose. How beautifully
 A gentle fast (not rigorously imposed)
 Would look upon that cheek, and how delightfully
 The courteous physic of a tender penance
 85 (Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
 The first fear of a bride) to beat down frailty
 Would work to sound health your long festered
 judgement
 And make your merit (which, through erring ignor-
 ance,
 Appears but spotted righteousness to me)
 90 Far clearer than the innocence of infants.
 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 To that good work I bow, and will become
 Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find
 Th'assistance of a sacred strength to aid me,
 The labour is as easy to serve virtue
 95 The right way, since it's she I ever served
 In my desire, though I transgressed in judgement.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 It's easily absolved amongst the rest.
 You shall not find the virtue that you serve now
 A sharp and cruel mistress. Her ear's open
 100 To all your supplications. You may boldly
 And safely let in the most secret sin
 Into her knowledge, which like vanished man
 Never returns into the world again.
 Fate locks not up more trulier.
 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN To the guilty
 That may appear some benefit.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Who is so innocent 105
 That never stands in need on't, in some kind?
 If every thought were blabbed that's so confessed,
 The very air we breathe would be unblessed.
 [Aside] Now to the work indeed, which is to catch
 Her inclination. That's the special use 110
 We make of all our practice in all kingdoms,
 For by disclosing their most secret frailties
 (Things which, once ours, they must not hide from
 us;
 That's the first article in the creed we teach 'em),
 Finding to what point their blood most inclines,
 115 Know best to apt them then to our designs.—
 Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,
 The sooner you make haste to your recovery.
 You must part with 'em. To be nice or modest
 Toward this good action is to imitate 120
 The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer
 For the uncomely parts the tumor vexes
 Till't be past cure. Resolve you thus far, lady:
 The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
 In the most secret corner of your heart now 125

81 **bashful** shy, embarrassed (because the rose's colour was associated with blushing)

rose literally, the 'lips' of l. 78

82 **fast** religious abstinence from food, particularly associated with Roman Catholicism; theologically justified as elevating the soul over the bodily appetites, here its purpose is to improve a woman's looks

84 **courteous** 'gracious' (characterizing the actions of a superior to an inferior) but also 'typical of courtiers'

physic (a) prescribed physical regimen—which might include regular sexual intercourse, considered healthy, and especially necessary for virgin females (b) enema (widely practised medical treatment to purge the body of physical or emotional ailments). As the 'fast' prevents new food from entering the body, the 'physic' removes everything already in the alimentary tract.

penance cathartic act of self-mortification imposed by a priest upon a penitent after confession, as part of the Roman Catholic sacrament of penance (not recognized by Protestants)

86 **The first...bride** what a virgin bride primarily fears, the pain of being penetrated for the first time, and having her hymen broken (implicitly compared to penetration of rectum by enema pipe) to...**frailty** Compare 'to beat down Satan' (litany, *Book of Common Prayer*); rather than Satan, he wishes to over-

throw the White Queen's Pawn.

beat down (a) overthrow (b) batter down (like a penis ramming the hymen)

frailty weakness of the human soul, susceptible to temptations of the body (which fast and physic will weaken); but here suggesting the physical and moral frailty of a woman resisting a man's sexual advances

87 **festered** corrupted, wounded, poisoned

88 **merit** worthiness. (Protestants believed that no mortal could merit salvation, which was earned not by correct 'judgement' but by faith in God's mercy.)
through...ignorance ambiguous: he means *her* ignorance, but it can be understood as *his*.

89 **spotted** blemished (Genesis 30:33)

91 **good work** (suggesting the Catholic belief that good works—rather than faith—can earn salvation)

bow kneel, submit, express obeisance or reverence (first sign of her idolatrous move toward Catholicism)

92 **Obedience** (Jesuits were distinguished from other religious orders by their vow of obedience.)

92-3 **since I...aid me** (a hinge phrase, which can apply to either the preceding or following sentence)

97 **absolved** forgiven by a priest, in the Catholic sacrament of absolution

99 **mistress** (Christianity had always gendered the Church female; for Protestants, the Roman Church was 'the whore of Babylon'.)

101 **let in** admit to (but suggesting 'welcome in')

102 **vanished** disappeared, dead

107 **thought** (not only acts but thoughts had to be confessed; thus, confession resulted in the articulation and expression of otherwise unvoiced evil)

blabbed indiscreetly blurted out

109 **Aside** (a confession to the audience, exposing the Catholic confessional)

111 **practice** (a) habitual action, profession, exercise (b) machinations

113 **ours** they belong to us

114 **creed** summary of essential Christian beliefs (here contrasting with the Apostle's Creed and other venerated early statements of Christian belief, which did not require auricular confession)

115 **blood** carnal appetite

116 **Know** (we) know (how)

apt adapt, make fit

117 **Daughter** term of affectionate address from a male religious superior (usually older) to a lay woman, originating in its use by Jesus at Matthew 9:22
disperse (a) dispel, rid yourself of (b) publish, disseminate (through confession)

119 **nice** overly scrupulous

121 **ulcer** suppurating open sore

122 **uncomely parts** 1 Corinthians 12:23 (where it seems to refer to both genital and excretory organs)

tumor any abnormal morbid swelling

125 **secret...heart** Kings 10:2, 2 Chronicles 9:1

- Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly
Never she-friend of your night-counsel nearer.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I stand not much in fear of any action
Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness.
- 130 I must confess, as in a sacred temple
Thronged with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human object than to taste
Of angels' food;
So in the congregation of quick thoughts
135 Which are more infinite than such assemblies
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all.
Some have been wanderers, some fond, some sinful—
But those found ever but poor entertainment;
They'd small encouragement to come again.
- 140 The single life, which strongly I profess now,
Heaven pardon me, I was about to part from.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Then you have passed through love?
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN But left no stain
In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong
For the most chaste maid that may trace my footsteps.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
How came you off so clear?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
145 I was discharged
By an inhuman accident, which modesty
Forbids me to put any language to.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
How you forget yourself! All actions
Clad in their proper language, though most sordid,
150 My ear is bound by duty to let in
- And lock up everlastingly. Shall I help you?
'He was not found to answer his creation.'
A vestal virgin in a slip of prayer
Could not deliver man's loss modestlier.
'Twas the White Bishop's Pawn.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN The same, blest sir. 155
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside*]
A Puritan well pickled.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
By base treachery
And violence prepared by his competitor,
The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever hate
for't.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
'Twas of revenges the unmanliest way
That ever rival took—a villainy
160 That, for your sake, I'll ne'er absolve him of.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I wish it not so heavy.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
He must feel it.
I never yet gave absolution
To any crime of that unmanning nature.
It seems then you refused him for defect. 165
Therein you stand not pure from the desire
That other women have in ends of marriage.
Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness
To the last grain.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I reverence your pains, sir,
And must acknowledge custom to enjoy 170
What other women challenge and possess

126 **familiarly** (a) intimately (b) habitually
127 **she-friend** (with whom a woman might
frankly discuss sexual desires, etc.)
night-counsel conversation, advice (a) at
night (b) about things done at night
129 **Guilty** worthy, deserving
black (a) dark (b) damnable
130 **sacred temple** i.e. a cathedral like
St Paul's, where people often met for
secular purposes: see *Meeting of Gallants*.
131 **auditory** assembly of listeners. (Prot-
estantism stressed listening to sermons,
rather than contemplating visual images,
in church.)
132 **feed on** feast their eyes upon, gratify
themselves with (but for the literal sense
compare *Bloody Banquet* 5.1)
133 **angels' food** manna, which fell from
heaven to feed the Israelites in the
wilderness (Psalm 78:25); hence, the
Lord's Supper (eucharist)
134 **congregation** gathering (a word often
preferred by Protestants for its lack of
hierarchical associations, where Catholics
used 'Church')
quick living, lively, brisk, rapid, pregnant
137 **Some . . . wanderers** some [of her
thoughts] have strayed
fond foolish, infatuated

138 **entertainment** welcome
141 I . . . **from** i.e. she was about to marry
the White Bishop's Pawn
142 **stain** (Sex produces literal stains on
clothes and sheets, and symbolic stains
on the soul.)
143 **print** impression or discoloured in-
dentation left on something by physical
contact with something else (finger, foot,
stamp, etc); printing punches black ink
into white paper
146 **inhuman** (a) done by someone brutal
(b) producing someone who is not fully
human
accident unexpected unusual incident
(but also, in grammar, a change to a
word due to gender, tense, etc.); the
gelding of the White Bishop's Pawn
changed his gender, and affects her
'language'
152 **answer** (a) justify (b) repay (c) repeat,
return in kind (d) match exactly
his creation (a) God's creation of man-
kind generally, and of the White Bishop's
Pawn in particular, which imposes a
reciprocal obligation to 'go forth and
multiply' (b) his state when new-born
153 **vestal virgin** (a) priestess of the Roman
goddess Vesta, vowed to chastity (b) nun

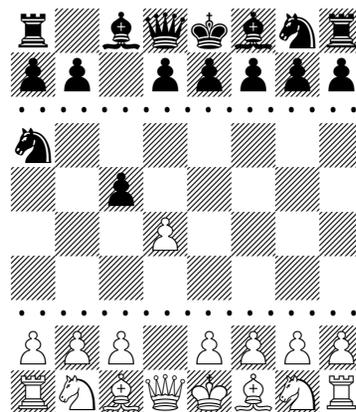
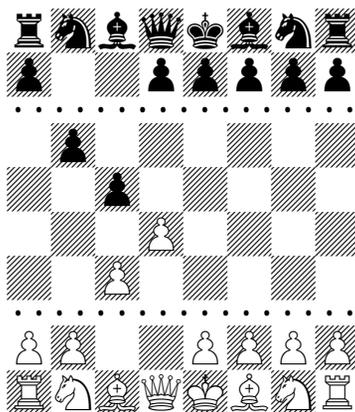
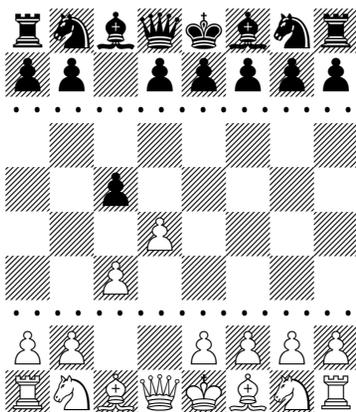
slip inadvertent mistake in speaking (as
in 'Freudian slip'); but also 'instance of
moral weakness, evasion, counterfeit'
154 **deliver** report (but suggesting 'give birth
to')
man's loss (a) loss of manhood (b) dam-
nation of mankind
155 **blest sir** (can refer to White Bishop's
Pawn or Black Bishop's Pawn)
156 **Puritan** (contemptuous way of referring
to zealous Protestants)
pickled (a) 'in a pickle,' in a bad situ-
ation (b) drunk, mischievous (c) steeped
in salt or other solution to preserve it;
thus, saturated with indelible heresy (but
also suggesting the marinating of his am-
putated body parts, as something edible,
like the testicles of various domesticated
animals)
165 **for defect** because of his genital defi-
ciency
170-2 **custom . . . desire** i.e. her interest in
marriage was not driven by heterosexual
desire or biological instinct, but by a
wish to be like other women, with the
customary social rights and possessions
accorded a wife and mother
171 **challenge** claim

- More ruled me than desire, for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and I'll ne'er wish
To know that fond way may redeem them thence.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside*]
175 I never was so taken, beset doubly
Now with her judgement. What a strength it puts
forth!—
I bring work nearer to you. When you've seen
A masterpiece of man (composed by heaven
For a great princess' favour, kingdom's love,
180 So exact envy could not find a place
To stick a blot on person or on fame)
Have you not found ambition swell your wish then
And desire stir your blood?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
By virtue, never.
I've only in the dignity of the creature
Admired the Maker's glory.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside*]
185 She's impregnable.
A second siege must not fall off so tamely.
She's one of those must be informed to know
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught;
Her modesty brings her behindhand much.
190 My old means I must fly to; yes, 'tis it.—
- [*He takes a book from his pocket*]
Please you peruse this small tract of obedience;
[*He gives the book to her*]
'Twill help you forward well.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Sir, that's a virtue
I've ever thought on with especial reverence.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
You will conceive by that my pow'r, your duty.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
The knowledge will be precious of both, sir.
[*She reads.*] Enter [*from the White House*] White
Bishop's Gelded Pawn
WHITE BISHOP'S GELDED PAWN [*aside*]
What makes yon troubler of all Christian waters
So near that blessed spring? But that I know
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues
Unmovable as fast, 'twould more afflict me
Than all my suff'rings for her—which (so long
200 As she holds constant to the House she comes of,
The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality)
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue,
And (though confined) in my religious joys
I marry her and possess her.
Enter [*from the Black House*] Black Knight's
Pawn Gelder [*opposite White Bishop's Gelded
Pawn*]

172–3 **my ... ignorance** her appetites are limited by ignorance of male bodies and sexual acts
174 **fond** foolish, infatuated
redeem ransom, bring back and release from captivity
175 **taken** smitten with desire (but suggesting the capture of a chess piece)
176 **judgement** intelligence (in addition to her beauty)
179 **princess'** (or 'prince's')
180 **exact** perfect, accomplished, astute in observation and conduct
181 **fame** reputation
185 **impregnable** untakable (like a besieged fortress which holds out against all attacks), impossible to impregnate
188 **daughter's duty** 'duty of woman in the Church to be guided by her religious superiors,' but strongly suggesting filial duty, here defined as obedience to the sexual demands of her 'father'.
which (transforming the abstract 'duty' into its physical correlative, which some daughters 'take' without needing instructions)
189 **behindhand** lagging behind spiritually (but also 'not forward' sexually)
194 **conceive** understand (but suggesting 'become pregnant')
195.1–2 **White ... Pawn** Probably dressed as a minister (natural subordinate to a Bishop), whose clerical gown is an ambiguous sexual sign; perhaps played by a boy actor (because eunuchs resembled boys or women). Middleton

described him as 'a Puritan', and he might look like one. Adjacent to the White Queen's Pawn at the start of the game, and as her close companion plausibly betrothed to her initially; but also a natural piece to move forward to back up and thereby protect an endangered Queen's Pawn (because he could take any piece which took her).
196 **makes** business has
197 **near** (In order to give her the book, the Black Bishop's Pawn must have come within reaching distance of the White Queen's Pawn; he is now perhaps going over the book with her.)
197–8 **blessèd ... issues** suggesting the spring which issued from the rock struck by Moses (Exodus 17:6)
197 **spring** source, natural fountain of pure water (but also suggesting 'youth', 'dawn', season of the year)
198 **it** the 'blessed spring', here equated with her purity (of soul and body), still 'clear' as the divine source of her soul
199 **fast** fixed, constant, loyal (the rock, her goodness); rapid (the flow of the spring)
'twould the Black Bishop's Pawn's closeness to her would
202 **whiteness** (a) purity, here equated with (b) white colour of one half the chess pieces, and (c) pale complexion
the cause (a) their purpose, goal (b) position upheld by the White House (c) specifically, 'the Puritan cause'
quality (a) party, faction (b) nature, attribute (c) social rank (d) profession,

esp. acting profession, role played by an actor
203 **sacrifices** (a) offerings to a deity, sometimes literally a living body or parts of a body (b) something willingly lost for the sake of something considered more important
204 **confined** restricted, limited (i.e., to a relationship short of a consummated marriage)
joys blessings, happiness (in contrast to the slang sense 'sexual pleasures, orgasms')
205 **marry** am united to (in contrast to actual matrimony, legally forbidden because of his castrated state)
possess her (a) strongly influence her, permeate her thoughts; in implicit contrast to (b) 'own' her, as a patriarchal husband's property, or (c) 'have sex with her'.
205.1–2 **Black Knight's Pawn** He has come to 'court' (l. 227) the White Queen's Pawn, and may be dressed up or accessorised accordingly (ll. 230–1). He and the White Bishop's Pawn are in adjoining files, and thus each is naturally vulnerable to diagonal attack by the other; only by attacking a White Queen's Pawn could a Black Queen's Knight's Pawn adjoin or take a White Queen's Pawn.
205.2 **opposite** (presumably entering from the left side, upstage)



At I.I.195.1-2 White Bishop's Pawn enters, protecting White Queen's Pawn (a); at I.I.205.1-2 Black Knight's Pawn enters, protecting Black Bishop's Pawn (b). Notice that the Black Queen's Pawn is no longer on the visible part of the board. Then at I.I.243.1 Black Knight enters, protecting Black Bishop's Pawn (c); notice that the Bishop's Pawns are no longer visible.

205 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Behold, lady,
 The two inhuman enemies: the Black Knight's Pawn
 And the White Bishop's, the gelder and the gelded.
 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN There's my grief, my hate.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER [*aside*]
 What, in the Jesuit's fingers? By this hand,
 210 I'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,
 She never returns virtuous. 'Tis impossible.
 I'll undertake more wagers will be laid
 Upon a usurer's return from hell
 Than upon hers from him now. Have I been guilty
 215 Of such base malice that my very conscience
 Shakes at the memory of it, and when I look
 To gather fruit find nothing but the savin tree?—
 Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there planted
 By all conjecture to destroy fruit rather.
 220 I will be resolved now. [*To her*] Most noble virgin—

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 Ignoble villain! Dare that unhallowed tongue
 Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?
 What's nobleness to thee? or virgin chastity?
 They're not of thy acquaintance. Talk of violence
 That shames creation, deeds would make night
 blush—
 225 That's company for thee. Hast thou the impudence
 To court me with a leprosy upon thee
 Able t'infest the walls of a great building?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*to Black Knight's Pawn Gelder*]
 Son of offence, forbear, go, set your evil
 Before your eyes. A penitential vesture
 230 Would better become ye, some shirt of hair.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 And you a three-pound smock 'stead of an alb,
 An epicene chasuble. [*Aside*] This holy felon

207 **gelder** castrator. Protestants compared the doctrine of clerical celibacy to castration, equating Roman Catholicism with the pagan cult of Cybele, a goddess who (like the 'Whore of Babylon') was worshipped by castrated priests
gelded castrated; literally, having had his testicles cut off, and therefore incapable of fathering children; hence, gelding was often used as a metaphor for censorship (which prevents dissemination of the 'seed' of the Gospel)
 208 **my grief, my hate** i.e. she grieves for the White Bishop's Pawn, and hates the Black Knight's Pawn
 210 **part** (a) role, station (b) genitals
 215 **that** which (modifying 'malice')
 217 **fruit** (a) reward, consequence of my actions (b) offspring, fruit of a woman's

womb
savin tree a bush that does not produce edible fruit, but was used to induce miscarriages of unwanted pregnancies
 218 **nuns** (widely regarded as promiscuous: see Aretine's *Dialogues*, among many literary sources)
 220 **resolved** (a) resolute, in approaching her (b) freed from doubt, by determining the real state of affairs
 227 **leprosy** polluted and polluting sinfulness—religious metaphor from the disease which covers the body with white scales (appropriate for a member of the Black House who is attempting a veneer of piety) and which rots the body, eventually causing appendages to fall off (an appropriate punishment for a castrator)

228 **t'infest...building** (Leviticus 14:33-53 describes the spread of leprosy to human dwellings)
 229 **Son of** man who embodies an abstract quality (like 'daughter of', l. 5); after his crime, he is 'the deed's creature' (*Changeling* 3.4.140).
 232 **three-pound smock** expensive woman's undergarment, slip
alb white tunic worn by priests, falling to the feet
 233 **epicene** characteristic of both sexes, hermaphroditic, bisexual, effeminate (alluding to the similarity between male clerical vestments and women's dresses)
chasuble sleeveless mantle worn over the alb by a priest celebrating mass
holy felon sacred criminal (paradox)

- 235 Robs safe and close. I feel a sting that's worse too.
 [He turns to the White Bishop's Gelded Pawn]
 White Pawn! Hast so much charity to accept
 A reconciliation? Make thy own conditions,
 For I begin to be extremely burdened.
- WHITE BISHOP'S GELDED PAWN [aside]
 No truth or peace of that Black House protested
 Is to be trusted; but, for hope of quittance
 240 And warned by diffidence, I may entrap him soonest.
 —I admit conference.
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 It is a nobleness
 That makes confusion cleave to all my merits.
*Exeunt White Bishop's Gelded Pawn
 and Black Knight's Pawn Gelder*
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [to Virgin White Queen's Pawn]
 That treatise will instruct you fully.
 [She reads.] Enter Black Knight Gondomar [from
 the Black House, behind]
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [aside] So, so,
 The business of the universal monarchy
 245 Goes forward well now, the great college pot
 That should be always boiling with the fuel
 Of all intelligences possible
 Thorough the Christian kingdoms. Is this fellow
 Our prime incendiary? one of those
- That promised the White Kingdom sev'n years since 250
 To our Black House? Put a new daughter to him,
 The great work stands;
 He minds nor monarchy nor hierarchy
 (Diviner principality). I brag less,
 But have done more than all the conclave of 'em, 255
 Take their assistant fathers in all parts,
 Yea, and their Father General in, to boot—
 And what I've done I've done facetiously
 With pleasant subtlety and bewitching courtship
 Abused all my believers with delight; 260
 They took a comfort to be cozened by me.
 To many a soul I've let in mortal poison
 Whose cheeks have cracked with laughter to receive
 it.
 I could so roll my pills in sugared syllables
 And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mischief, 265
 They took their bane in way of recreation
 As pleasure steals corruption into youth.—
 He spies me now. I must uphold his reverence,
 Especially in public, though I know
 Priapus, guardian of the cherry gardens, 270
 Bacchus' and Venus' chit, is not more vicious.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 Blessing's accumulation keep with you, sir.

- 234 **close** covertly, secretly
sting inward pain caused by sin or shame (compared to the sting of a serpent, or Satan), in this case 'worse' than the sting of lust
- 239 **quittance** requital
- 240 **diffidence** distrust (of others), suspicion
- 242 **confusion** (a) destruction, ruin, damnation (b) embarrassment (c) perplexity (d) chaos, disorder
- cleave** stick
- 243.1 **Enter Black** (Another recurring clash between theatrical conventions and the rules of chess: a Black piece enters, though there has been no intervening White move since the entrance of the Black Knight's Pawn. As the play progresses, it becomes harder for an audience to follow the exact sequence of chess moves, in part because the actors are probably moving on stage, between entrances; and the exits of three pawns have already disrupted the game's symmetries. For both exits and entrances it is black pieces who first break the rules.)
- Black Knight** Like the chess piece, capable of rapid, unexpected and 'devious' action (jumping over obstacles, and not moving in a straight line or symmetrical jump). Because Knights can skip over pawns, they are often active early in the game. Of the three possible initial moves
- of the chess piece, two would protect the Black Bishop's Pawn, one would threaten the White Queen's Pawn; all three would place him in a rank behind the Black Bishop's Pawn.
- 243.2 **behind** (in the chess sense, not advanced so far forward)
- 245 **great college pot** Jesuit receptacle, compared to a pot in a college kitchen, big enough for cooking communal meals (perhaps also punning on 'chamber pot')
- 247 **intelligences** espionage
- 248 **Thorough** throughout
- 249 **prime** (a) principle (b) sexually aroused (c) priming, laying gunpowder in preparation for firing
- incendiary** (a) inflammatory agitator (b) arsonist
- 250 **since** ago
- 252 **stands** (a) stands still (b) stands up, sexually erects
- 253 **hierarchy** ecclesiastical authority: rule of the state by the church, and rule of the church by prelates (rather than congregations), allegedly modelled upon the hierarchy of angels
- 254 **principality** (a) supreme authority (b) one of the ranks of angels
- I brag less** (He then proceeds to brag for another twelve lines, confirming the stereotype of Spanish arrogance.)
- 255 **conclave** assembly of prelates (especially cardinals)
- 256 **assistant fathers** (a) subordinate priests (b) local Jesuits, reporting to the Father General of the Order (c) men who assist in fathering children, i.e. who have sex with other men's wives
- 257 **to boot** in addition
- 258 **facetiously** wittily
- 259 **With...courtship** (another hinge phrase, working grammatically with both the preceding and following clauses)
- 260 **Abused** (a) deceived (b) misused, badly treated (c) sexually violated
- my believers** (a) people who trusted me (b) believers in my religion
- delight** pleasure (to them and to me)
- 261 **cozened** swindled, double-crossed
- 262 **mortal** fatal
- 266 **bane** poison, ruin
- 267 **steals** secretly insinuates
- 270 **Priapus** Roman god of fertility and guardian of gardens, usually represented by a huge erect penis
- cherry** cherry-tree (slang for the male genitals) or fruit (metaphor for female lips or nipples)
- 271 **Bacchus...chit** i.e. the offspring of an adulterous union between the god of wine and goddess of lust is a male erection
- chit** animal offspring (whelp, cub)
- vicious** addicted to vice, impure

- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Honour's dissimulation be your due, sir.
[*He kneels to the Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn*]
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*aside*]
How deep in duty his observance plunges.
His charge must needs be reverend.
- 275 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN I am confessor
To this Black Knight too. You see devotion's fruitful;
Sh'as many sons and daughters.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*] I do this the more
T'amaze our adversaries to behold
The reverence we do these *guitonens*
280 And to beget a sound opinion
Of holiness in them and zeal in us,
As also to invite the like obedience
In other pucelles by our meek example.
[*Exit Virgin White Queen's Pawn*]
- So, is your trifle vanished?
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
285 'Trifle' call you her? It's a good pawn, sir.
Sure she's the second pawn of the White House,
And to the op'ning of the game I hold her.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Ay, you hold well for that. I know your play of old:
If there were more Queen's Pawns you'd ply the game
290 A great deal harder. Now, sir, we're in private.
But what for the main work, the great existence,
The hope monarchal?
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
It goes on in this.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
In this? I cannot see't.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
You may deny so
A dial's motion 'cause you cannot see
The hand move, or a wind that rends the cedar. 295
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Where stops the current of intelligence?
Your Father General, Bishop o'th' Black House,
Complains for want of work.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Here's from all parts
Sufficient to employ him. I received
A packet from th'assistant fathers lately;
300 Look you, there's *Anglica*, this *Gallica*—
[*He gives papers to Black Knight Gondomar*]
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Ay, marry, sir, there's some quick flesh in this.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*giving paper*] *Germanica*—
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
'Think they've sealed this with butter.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*giving paper*] *Italica*, this— 305
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
They put their pens the Hebrew way, methinks.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*giving paper*]
Hispanica here.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Hispanica? Blind work, this.
The Jesuit has writ this with juice of lemons sure.
It must be held close to the fire of purgatory
Ere't can be read.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
You will not lose your jest, knight, 310
Though't wounded your own fame.

274 **his observance** the Black Knight's act of ritual deference

275 **His charge** Black Bishop Pawn's pastoral duties

279 **guitonens** vagrants, vagabonds (Middleton coinage: Spanish *guiton*): Jesuits were missionaries

283 **pucelles** (a) girls, young women, virgins (b) sluts

284 **trifle** (a) thing of little value or importance (b) worthless person (c) toy (d) dessert made from cake, wine, and cream

285 **pawn** (a) chess piece (b) security for a debt, investment

286 **second pawn** pawn second in importance only to the White King's Pawn

287 **op'ning ... game** opening up the chess board (an important objective of initial pawn play); but suggesting 'opening for sexual entrance'

288 I...**old** (One of many indications that this game has been played many times before—and that the characters are all imagined as players, not just pieces.)

play (a) way of playing a game, using a weapon (b) tricks (c) playing around, idleness (d) sexual sport

289 **ply** (a) work at (b) assiduously assail (c) solicit persistently

game (a) contest (b) sexual sport (c) prey

290 **harder** (a) more vigorously (b) with a stiffer penis

291 **existence** state of affairs, source and focus of life (usually applied to God, as absolute and eternal being)

292 **hope monarchal** (a) sovereign ambition (b) desire for absolute power

294 **dial's** time-piece's

295 **rends the cedar** Zechariah 11:23

298 **want** lack

301 **Anglica** England (first of a series of Latin—hence Catholic—geographical terms)

Gallica France (associated with promiscuity)

302 **quick** (a) vital (b) highly sensitive (c) pregnant

flesh 'meat', i.e. (a) substance (b) sexual bodies

303 **Germanica** countries speaking High or Low German (modern Germany, Netherlands, Austria, etc.)

304 **butter** alluding to (a) Germanic fondness for dairy products (b) English newspapers on events in northern Europe published by Nathaniel Butter

305 **Italica** various Italian-speaking states (but also alluding to 'italic' handwriting)

306 **pens** (a) writing implements (b) penises **Hebrew** (written right to left; hence 'backwards'; hence alluding to alleged Italian fondness for anal intercourse)

307 **Hispanica** Spanish-speaking world **Blind** (a) unseeing (b) unseen

308 **juice of lemons** used for writing secret messages (because invisible, unless heated)

309 **purgatory** intermediate state of the afterlife, where souls were punished for venial sins, before becoming eligible for heaven (Catholic belief, not shared by Protestants)

311 **fame** reputation (Gondomar is Spanish himself)

Enter [from the White House] White King's
Counsellor Pawn

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

Curanda pecunia.

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN

Take heed, sir, we're entrapped. The White King's
Pawn!

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

He's made our own, man, half *in voto* yours.
His heart's in the Black House. Leave him to me.

[Exit Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn]

315 Most of all friends endeared, precious special!

WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN

You see my outside, but you know my heart, knight;
Great difference in the colour. There's some
intelligence,

[Gives papers to Black Knight Gondomar]

And as more ripens, so your knowledge still
Shall prove the richer. There shall nothing happen,

320 Believe it, to extenuate your cause

Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive
To cross it with my counsel, purse and power,

Keep all supplies back both in means and men
That may raise strength against you. We must part.

325 I dare not longer of this theme discuss;

The ear of state is quick and jealous.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

Excellent estimation, thou art valued
Above the fleet of gold that came short home.

Exit White King's Counsellor Pawn

Poor Jesuit-ridden soul, how art thou fooled

330 Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn,

Which way soe'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost pawn.

Exit

Finit Actus Primus



Incipit Actus Secundus

Enter Virgin White Queen's Pawn [from the
White House] with a book in her hand

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN

And here again: (*reading*) 'it is the daughter's duty
To obey her confessor's command in all things
Without exception or expostulation.'

It's the most general rule that e'er I read of.

Yet when I think how boundless virtue is,

Goodness and grace, it's gently reconciled,

And then it appears well to have the power
Of the dispenser as uncircumscribed.

[She reads silently.] Enter [from the Black House]
Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn [apart]

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside*]

She's hard upon't. 'Twas the most modest key

That I could use to open my intents.

What little or no pains goes to some people!

[He finds a paper]

Ha? What have we here? A sealed note. Whence this?

'To the Black Bishop's Pawn, these.' How? to me?

Strange. Who subscribes it? 'The Black King'? What
would he?

[He reads] the letter

'Pawn! sufficiently holy, but unmeasurably politic. We

had late intelligence from our most industrious servant

famous in all parts of Europe (our Knight of the Black

House) that you have at this instant in chase the White

Queen's Pawn, and very likely by the carriage of your

game to entrap and take her. These are therefore to

require you, by the burning affection I bear to the rape

of devotion, that speedily upon the surprisal of her by

all watchful advantage you make some attempt upon

the White Queen's person, whose fall or prostitution

our lust most violently rages for.'

Sir, after my desire has took a julep

311.1-2 *White...Pawn* (combining features of various pro-Spanish historical persons in the King's government)

311 *Curanda pecunia* 'watch the money' (Latin). White King's Pawn may be the White King's Treasurer; he is certainly being bankrolled by the Black House.

312 *entrapped* endangered unawares. (A Black Knight could not be trapped at this point, if he has stood still since his first entrance move; he could, however, in three moves have occupied a square threatened by the first move of the White King's Pawn, and the actor could have been moving restlessly.)

313-14 *He's...House* (Betrayal, though common in politics, is of course not possible in chess: see Introduction.)

320 *extenuate* emaciate, weaken

322 *cross thwart*
purse financial resources. (See '*pecunia*', l. 311.)

324 *raise...you* Isaiah 29:3, 49:6; Amos 6:14

325 *theme* subject

326 *quick* swift, sensitive
jealous suspicious

327 *estimation* assessment, judgement

328 *fleet of gold* treasure fleet
short not as full as expected

330 *from...drawn* (a hinge-phrase, which makes sense with either the preceding or following sentence)

331.1 *Exit* (thereby clearing the stage/board, something that does not happen in chess)

331.2 *Finit...Primus* (Music was usually played during the interval between acts.)

2.1.4 *general* comprehensive

6 *reconciled* harmonized (with reason)

8 *dispenser* bestower (of virtue, goodness, and grace); steward (of God)
as so

uncircumscribed unboundaried (normally

used of God)

9 *modest* (a) unobtrusive (b) not offensive to decency

11.1 *a paper* (left on stage during the act-break)

15 *politic* (a) politically astute (b) cunningly manipulative (c) *politique*, indifferent to religion, secular

19 *carriage* conduct

20 *take* (a) capture (a chess piece) (b) captivate, charm (c) seize, sexually possess
These these letters, instructions

22 *surprisal* unexpected attack, ambush

23 *attempt* (a) violent sexual assault (b) temptation

24 *fall* (a) destruction (b) moral ruin (c) defeat by being thrown to the floor in wrestling (d) lying down for sexual purposes

prostitution (a) transformation into a whore (b) defilement (c) prostration

26 *julep* cool sweet drink

- For its own inflammation that yet scorches me,
I shall have cooler time to think of yours.
She's passed the general rule, the large extent
30 Of our prescriptions for obedience,
And yet with what alacrity of soul
Her eye moves on the letters.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Holy sir,
Too long I've missed you. O your absence starves me.
Hasten for time's redemption, worthy sir,
35 Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me
As you can speak 'em. How I thirst to hear 'em!
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue
Which the poor span of life's too narrow for,
Boundless obedience,
40 The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,
Well here set down a universal goodness.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*aside*]
By holiness of garment her safe innocence
Has frightened the full meaning from itself.
She's farther off from understanding now
45 The language of my intent than at first meeting.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
For virtue's sake, good sir, command me something.
Make trial of my duty in some small service,
And as you find the faith of my obedience there,
Then trust it with a greater.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN You speak sweetly.
I do command you first then—
- 50 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN With what joy
I do prepare my duty.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
To meet me
And seal a kiss of love upon my lip.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Ha?
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
At first disobedient, in so little too?
55 How shall I trust you with a greater then?—
Which was your own request.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Pray send not back
- My innocence to wound me. Be more courteous.
I must confess, much like an ignorant plaintiff
Who, presuming on the fair path of his meaning,
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought
60 Into the wilderness of law by words
Dropped unadvisedly, hurts his own cause
And gives the adversary advantage by't—
Apply it you can best, sir. If my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
65 Fond men command, and wantons best obey.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
If I can at that distance send you a blessing,
Is it not nearer to you in my arms?
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels,
And I to honour thee above all daughters
70 Invite thee home to th' house, where thou mayst
surfeit
On that which others miserably pine for,
A favour which the daughters of great potentates
Would look of Envy's colour but to hear.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Good men may err sometimes. You are mistaken,
75 sure,
If this be virtue's path, 'tis a most strange one.
I never came this way before.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN That's your ignorance—
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you
That knows no way but one? nor ever seeks it?
80 If there be twenty ways to some poor village,
'Tis strange that virtue should be put to one.
Your fear is wondrous faulty. Cast it from you.
'Twill gather else in time a disobedience
Too stubborn for my pardon.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Have I locked myself
At unawares into sin's servitude
85 With more desire of goodness? Is this the top
Of all strict order? and the holiest
Of all Societies, the three-vowed people
For poverty, obedience, chastity

27 For as a cure for

29 passed i.e. already read

34 Hasten . . . redemption hurry to make up for lost time

39 Boundless obedience unbounded binding, an unlimited imposing of limits (paradox)

41 set down termed, defined

42 holiness of garment 'garment of holiness' (Ecclesiasticus 50:11)

safe (a) secure from harm (b) morally sound

52 innocence (a) sinlessness (b) ignorance seal (associated with kissing because the seal's pressure on hot wax, usually at a juncture of two edges, resembles the pressing of joined lips together; also, because seals ratified contracts, as kisses confirmed intimate relationships)

53 Ha? This might indicate a nervous laugh, or an expression of disbelief (as

in modern 'huh?').

57 innocence (imagined as a projectile, rebounding to harm its user)

58 confess acknowledge as a mistake or sin, that

59 meaning intention

62 hurts (he) hurts

63 the adversary (a) his opponent (b) Satan

64 Apply . . . best i.e. you can figure out how to complete my incomplete sentence, by comparing her to the 'ignorant plaintiff'

65 no better way no alternative better than the command you have just given, [then it is evident that]

66 Fond unwise, infatuated, crazy

wantons (a) spoiled brats (b) undisciplined unmanageable animals or persons (c) sluts

best obey i.e. epitomize obedience

67 distance (indicative of the stage blocking of this scene: see also ll. 93-4, 101, 110. It is White's move, so he must ask her to voluntarily 'Be nearer', because he cannot move toward her himself: unless she comes closer, he cannot take her.)

69 parcels (a) small portions (b) passages of Scripture

74 of . . . colour i.e. pale with envy hear (a) hear about (b) overhear

75 Good men 'virtuous persons', but also suggesting goodmen ('heads of household' and 'persons of substance, below the rank of gentlemen')

sure surely

85 sin's servitude (a) enslavement to sin (b) sin's essence or correlative, slavery

89 poverty . . . chastity the three vows taken by Jesuits

- 90 (The last the most forgot)? When a virgin's ruined
I see the great work of obedience
Is better than half finished.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
What a stranger
Are you to duty grown! What distance keep you!
Must I bid you come forward to a happiness
95 Yourself should sue for? 'Twas never so with me.
I dare not let this stubbornness be known;
'Twould bring such fierce hate on you. Yet presume
not
To make that courteous care a privilege
For wilful disobedience. It turns then
100 Into the blackness of a curse upon you.
Come, come, be nearer.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Nearer?
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Was that scorn?
I would not have it prove so, for the hopes
Of the great monarchy. If it were like it,
Let it not dare to stir abroad again;
A stronger ill will cope with't.
105 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Bless me! Threatens me
And quite dismays the good strength that should help
me.
I never was so doubtful of my safety.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
'Twas but my jealousy. Forgive me, sweetness.
Yon is the house of meekness, and no venom lives
110 Under that roof. Be nearer. Why so fearful?
Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
But nearer to the off'rer, oft more wicked.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
A plain and most insufferable contempt!
My glory I have lost upon this woman
- In freely off'ring that she should have kneeled
115 A year in vain for. My respect is darkened.
Give me my reverence again thou'st robbed me of
In thy repulse; thou shalt not carry't hence.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Sir—
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Thou'rt too great a winner to depart so
And I too deep a loser to give way to't.
120 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
O heaven!
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Lay me down reputation
Before thou stir'st. Thy nice virginity
Is recompense too little for my love.
'Tis well if I accept of that for both.
Thy loss is but thy own; there's art to help thee
125 And fools to pass thee to. In my discovery
The whole Society suffers, and in that
The hope of absolute monarchy eclipsed.
Assurance thou canst make none for thy secrecy
But by thy honour's loss; that act must awe thee.
130 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
O my distressed condition!
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Dost thou weep?
If thou hadst any pity this necessity
Would wring it from thee. I must else destroy thee.
We must not trust the policy of Europe
Upon a woman's tongue.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Then take my life, sir,
135 And leave my honour for my guide to heaven.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Take heed I take not both, which I've vowed since
If longer thou resist me.

94 **come forward** (a) approach me (b) advance to more prominence
96 I... **known** I must conceal this to protect (a) you, but also (b) myself
103 **great monarchy** ultimate sovereignty (single rule over the whole world)
105 **cope with't** battle your scorn
107 **doubtful** apprehensive
108 **jealousy** (a) righteous indignation, characteristic of God (b) eagerness to protect something valuable from harm (c) anxiety over sexual rivalry
109 **Yon** (gesturing toward the Black House, which pretends to be meek)
no venom (suggesting a serpent, commonly associated with Satan and therefore with the Black House)
111 **altar** (associated with Roman Catholic religious practice; Protestants preferred 'the Lord's table')
112 **off'rer** (a) person who officiates at a religious sacrament, especially communion (b) person who offers something, propositions someone

114 **glory** (a) renown (b) bliss in heaven
116 **respect** (a) deference due to me (b) social status (c) appearance
117 **reverence** (a) respect (b) holiness
119–20 **Thou'rt... to't** (as when a big winner wants to leave before the other gamblers have a chance to recoup some of their losses)
119 **great** big (but also often suggesting 'eminent' or 'high' rank or status; in contrast to the downward 'deep')
120 **deep** (a) big (b) hell-bound (c) financially embarrassed, having to dig deep in my purse (d) cunning (e) deep-voiced
121 **Lay me down** (a) deliver to me, by (b) lying down
reputation respectability (based, in a woman's case, upon chastity)
122 **stir'st** (a) make the slightest move (b) leave the building (c) cause trouble
nice shy, fastidious, delicate, minute, thin, unimportant
125 **art** (a) cunning (b) medical skill (to conceal her lack of virginity, or to end

a pregnancy)
126 **fools** i.e. men too stupid to realize she's not a virgin, or foolishly willing to overlook her indiscretion
discovery exposure
127 **Society** (a) Society of Jesus, Jesuit organization (b) commonwealth, political alliance, confederation
130 **act** sexual act (which will give him the power of sexual blackmail)
awe (a) intimidate (b) inspire with appropriate reverence
132 **necessity** compelling need (sexual and political)
134 **policy** (a) government (b) statecraft, diplomacy
135 **a woman's tongue** proverbially, 'always in motion' (and unable to keep secrets)
137 **Take... both** (either by violating and then killing her, or killing and then violating; compare the necrophilia of *Lady*)
vowed since already vowed

- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Help, O help!
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Art thou so cruel for an honour's bubble
140 T'undo a whole fraternity, and disperse
The secrets of most nations locked in us?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
For heaven and virtue's sake—
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Must force confound noise?
A noise within
Ha! What's that? Silence, if fair worth be in thee.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*aside*]
I'll venture my escape upon all dangers now.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
145 Who comes to take me? Let me see that pawn's face
Or his proud tympanous master swelled with state
wind
Which being once pricked i'th' convocation house
The corrupt air puffs out and he falls shriveled.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I will discover thee, arch-hypocrite,
To all the kindreds of the earth. *Exit*
- 150 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Confusion!
In that voice rings th'alarum of my undoing.
How? Which way scaped she from me?
- Enter Black Queen's Pawn [from the Black House]*
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN Are you mad?
Can Iust infatuate a man so hopeful?
No patience in your blood? The dog-star reigns sure.
Time and fair temper would have wrought her pliant. 155
I spied a pawn of the White House walk near us,
And made that noise on purpose to give warning
(*Aside*) For mine own turn, which end in all I work
for.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Methinks I stand over a powder-vault
And the match now a-kindling. What's to be done? 160
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Ask the Black Bishop's counsel. You're his pawn.
It's his own case. He will defend you mainly,
*Enter Jesuit Black Bishop and Black Knight
Gondomar [from the Black House]*
And haply here he comes with the Black Knight too.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP [*to his Pawn*]
O you've made noble work for the White House.
This act will fill the adversary's mouth 165
And blow the Luth'ran's cheek till't crack again.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
This will advance the great monarchal business
In all parts well and help the agents forward.
What I have sev'n years laboured to accomplish

139 **bubble** something insubstantial and fragile: compared to *honour* because reputation is air, blown from the mouth like bubbles, and because the hymen is a thin membrane which when broken releases liquid

142 **confound** (a) confute (b) dumbfound **noise** (a) shouting (b) slander. (But he may also mean 'a woman', whom he has reduced and objectified to the misogynist stereotype of 'noise-maker'; in which case *confound* could also mean 'ruin, overthrow, sully'.)

144 **venture... dangers** risk any danger for the sake of escape

145 **Who comes to take me?** Black Bishop's Pawn in this position could be attacked directly by White Knight's Pawn, a character who does not appear in the play; he more probably suspects White Bishop's Pawn (her former fiancé), which could move into position to take him if he dared take White Queen's Pawn—as he was just about to do.

146–8 **Or... shriveled** The implied image is of (white) sheep swollen from eating tansy weed, who will die if their abdomens are not punctured to release the 'corrupt air'.

146 **tympanous** resembling (a) abdominal swelling due to gas (b) false pregnancy, tumorous swelling in the womb (c) a

hollow drum, which makes noise but has no substance (Middleton coinage) **master** (probably the White Bishop) **state** (a) exalted, dignified, ceremonial (b) a critically extreme case of **wind** (a) speech (b) flatulence (c) vain notions

147 **convocation house** place where clergymen in the Church of England assemble; ecclesiastical Parliament

149 **discover** expose **arch-hypocrite** (in contrast to 'archbishop'; he has probably just been talking about the White Bishop/ Archbishop of Canterbury)

150 **kindreds** families, clans, peoples (emphasizing the 'incestuous' quality of his attempted rape)

Exit (In chess, she would become invulnerable to him by moving forward, past him. In any case, his fear of being taken by another piece prevents him from taking her when he has the chance.)

153 **hopeful** ambitious, promising

154 **dog-star** Sirius, most prominent in the heat of summer; astrologically associated with excess 'heat' (lust, rage, madness)

155 **temper** (a) temperament (b) moderation (c) tempering

pliant compliant, pliable, easily bent into the position desired

156 **I... us** (implying that some chess

movements on the board are not visible on the stage, thus 'explaining' certain apparent irregularities in the alternation of moves: a white piece allegedly moved between the entrances of Black Bishop's Pawn and of Black Queen's Pawn.)

158 **turn** advantage

end... for purpose I work for in all my actions

159 **powder-vault** gunpowder-vault (recalling the 1605 Jesuit conspiracy to blow up the English Parliament)

162 **his... case** (a) a matter that concerns him (b) a lawsuit in which he will be a party or lawyer

mainly vigorously, loudly

162.1 **Black Bishop and Black Knight** (adjacent pieces, associated here and in 2.2, 3.1, and the *Early* version of 4.2)

163 **haply** (a) by chance (b) happily

164 **noble** (sarcastic)

165 **fill... mouth** be in the mouths of, talked about by, all our adversaries

166 **blow** inflate

Luth'ran's (dismissive Catholic term for all Protestants)

crack make an explosive noise as it splits in two, i.e. laugh

again once more (because Protestants have had little to smile about lately, after a series of defeats by Catholics)

167–8 **advance... forward** (sarcastic)

- 170 One minute sets back by some codpiece college still.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 I dwell not, sir, alone in this default.
 The Black House yields me partners.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP All more cautelous.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Qui cauté, casté. That's my motto ever.
 I've travelled with that word over most kingdoms
 175 And lain safe with all nations. Of a leaking bottom,
 I have been as often tossed on Venus' seas
 As trimmer fresher barques, when sounder vessels
 Have lain at anchor (that is, kept the door).
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP [*to his Pawn*]
 She has no witness then?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 None, none.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Gross! witness?
 180 When went a man of his Society
 To mischief with a witness?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP [*to his pawn*]
 Be it thus then.
 Away! Upon the wings of speed, take post-horse,
 Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly,
 Leave letters antedated with our House
 Ten days at least from this.
 185 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Bishop, I taste thee.
 Good strong episcopal counsel.—Take a bottle on't;
 'Twill serve thee all the journey.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN But, good sir,
- How for my getting forth unspied?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP There's check again.
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 No, I'll help that!
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 There lies a secret vault.
 [*She reveals a trapdoor*]
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*to Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn*]
 Away, make haste then! 190
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*to Black Queen's Pawn*]
 Run for my cabinet of intelligences
 For fear they search the house.
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 Good Bishop, burn 'em rather.
 I cannot stand to pick 'em now.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP Be gone!
 The danger's all in you.
 Exit Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn [*by the trapdoor.*
 Enter Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn from the Black
 House with a cabinet]
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Let me see, Queen's Pawn.
 [*She gives him the cabinet*]
 How formally he's packed up his intelligences! 195
 He's laid 'em all in trundle-beds methinks,
 And like court-harbingers he's writ their names
 In chalk upon their chambers. *Anglica!*

170 **codpiece** baggy appendage to male trousers, in front of the genitals, often conspicuous and ornamented; hence, male genitalia, male lust. (The White Bishop's Pawn's 'cods', or testicles, were removed when he was castrated.)
college institutionalized association of clergymen (like the Society of Jesus) or scholars (also all male)
 171 **default** culpable neglect of duty
 172 **cautelous** crafty and cautious (and therefore less likely to get caught)
 173 **Qui . . . casté** 'Whoever [is] discreet, [is] chaste' (i.e., if you're careful people will think you're virtuous)
 174 **word maxim**
 175 **lain** (a) resided (b) had sex
all (alluding to the Spanish global empire, and their reputation for indiscriminate miscegenation)
nations (a) races (b) classes
Of Despite being of, having
bottom hull, keel of a ship; but here a metaphor for his anal fistula
 176 **tossed** (suggesting both the movement of a ship in rough water and a man moving up and down on top of a woman)
Venus' seas seas of lust. (In classical mythology, the goddess of love was born from the sea.)
 177 **trimmer** better-made, better-equipped, better looking

fresher (a) not as old (b) not as over-used, more vigorous
barques small ships (more manoeuvrable than big ones)
sounder (a) more seaworthy (b) healthier, less diseased (c) more orthodox theologically (d) more ethical
vessels ships (but also in the Biblical senses 'persons' and 'bodies', both being seen as receptacles of the soul or of God's purposes)
 178 **at anchor** (a) going nowhere (b) with a hanging prosthesis, like a detumescent penis
kept guarded (like a pimp)
 182 **post-horse** fast horse, available for hire
 184 **antedated** given an earlier, counterfeited date
 185 **taste** (a) have a fore-taste or hint of what is to come (b) relish
 186 **counsel** advice (but alluding to Catholic belief in the twelve 'Counsels' of Christ, not commandments but recommendations, as at Matthew 19:21)
bottle (comparing the Bishop's advice to a bottle of wine for the Pawn, or a bundle of hay for his horse)
on't of it
 188 **forth** 'away' or specifically 'out' (of a residence), thus suggesting that the stage is here imagined as an indoor locale: the subsequent 'vault', 'cabinet', etc.,

reinforce this impression.
unspied (difficult, if he were outdoors now)
check (a) an obstacle, sudden interruption of movement (b) a threat to our king. (Black King would not be literally checked by taking of the Black Bishop's Pawn at this point, but politically the scandal would check his power, and require a response, either defensive evasion or counterattack.)
 189 **bouncing** dancing, thumping, interjecting loudly (incongruous for a nun)
 190 **vault** (a) underground room (b) burial chamber (c) deep pit; all these meanings, and theatrical terminology for the space under the stage, suggest (d) hell
 191 **cabinet** case for safe storage of jewels, documents
intelligences news reports, secret documents
 192 **they** i.e. the White House
 193 **stand** remain
pick carefully select, cull
 195 **formally** neatly
 196 **trundle-beds** low beds stored below a higher bed (suggesting a cabinet with multiple drawers, one below another)
 197 **court-harbingers** officers sent ahead of a royal progress to arrange lodgings
 198 **Anglica** England (famous for its 'chalk' cliffs)

200 O, this is the English House. What news there, trow?
 Ha? By this hand, most of these are bawdy epistles.
 Time they were burnt indeed, whole bundles of 'em.
 Here's from his daughter Blanch and daughter Bridget
 From their safe sanctuary in the Whitefriars;
 These from two tender Sisters of Compassion
 205 In the bowels of Bloomsbury;
 These from the nunnery without Temple Bar.
 A fire, a fire—go, Jesuitess, a fire!
 [Exit Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn]
 What have you there?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP A note, sir, of state policy,
 And an exceeding safe one.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Pray, let's see't, sir.
 210 'To sell away all the powder in the kingdom
 To prevent blowing up.' That's safe; I'll able it.—
 Here's a facetious observation now
 That suits my humour better. He writes here
 Some wives in England will commit adult'ry
 215 And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
 Have they those shifts?
 [Enter Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn from the
 Black House with fire]
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 O, no familiar breathing
 Sweeter and subtler!—Here, wench, take these papers.
 Scorch me 'em soundly, burn 'em to French russet,
 And put 'em in again.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP Why, what's your mystery?
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 220 O, sir, 'twill mock the adversary strangely
 If e'er the house be searched. 'Twas done in Venice

Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,
 When the inquisitors came all spectacl'd
 To pick out syllables out of the dung of treason
 As children pick their cherrystones, yet found none
 225 But what they made themselves with ends of letters.—
 Do as I bid you, pawn.
*Exeunt [Black Knight Gondomar
 and Jesuit Black Bishop]*
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 Faith, not in all.
 I love roguery too well to let it fall.
*Enter Black Knight's Pawn Gelder [from the Black
 House]*
 How now, what news with you?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER The sting of conscience
 Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence
 230 On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away
 My joy, my rest.
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 This 'tis to make an eunuch.
 You made a sport on't then.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Cease, Aggravation.
 I come to be absolved for't. Where's my confessor?
 Why dost thou point to th' ground?
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 'Cause he went that way.
 235 Come, come help me in with this cabinet,
 And after I have sing'd these papers throughly
 I'll tell thee a strange story.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 If't be sad,
 It's welcome.

199 **trow** hey (meaningless expletive)
 200 **epistles** letters (but suggesting by contrast the New Testament epistles)
 202 **Blanch** white (especially, white face paint; here suggesting a woman whose purity is artificial, a 'painted woman'); to whitewash; to cheat
Bridget (St Bridget founded a community of nuns named after her.)
 203 **Whitefriars** district in London (and the 'White House') associated with (a) Catholics, and (b) prostitutes
 204 **Sisters of Compassion** (a) nuns (b) women who take pity on men, and relieve their sexual frustrations ('nuns of the pity-fuck')
 205 **bowels** centre, interior (but also the body organ associated with compassion)
 206 **nunnery** (a) convent (b) brothel (a 'nunnery without temple', without a chapel or church)
without beyond
Temple Bar a gate marking the limit of the jurisdiction of the City of London, at the west end of Fleet Street; beyond it was the increasingly fashionable then-suburban 'West End' (associated with

lawyers and courtiers) and Westminster (associated with Parliament)
 208 **state policy** (a) government action (b) political cunning
 209 **exceeding** exceptionally
 210 **powder** gunpowder
 211 **able** (a) enable, make possible (b) vouch for
 213 **humour** mood, inclination
 215 **bull** papal decree (in this case, to dissolve a marriage); but also suggesting that the 'horns' of the bull will belong to the husband/cuckold
 216 **shifts** tricks, evasions, jokes
 216.2 **fire** (emblematic of lust and damnation)
 216 **familiar** (a) member of family or household (b) intimate acquaintance (c) officer of the Inquisition (d) familiar spirit, attendant devil
 218 **me** for me
French russet the colour of imported coarse reddish-brown garments
 219 **mystery** (a) secret purpose (b) state secret (c) theological doctrine, sacrament
 222 **Jesuitical expulse** expulsion of the Jesuits

223 **inquisitors** (a) legal investigators (b) officials of the Catholic Inquisition (c) inquisitive persons
spectacl'd be-spectacl'd, wearing glasses, carrying magnifying glasses
 224 **dung of treason** (a) brown mass deposited by traitors (b) shittiness of treason
 225 **cherrystones** (which are not digested, and hence pass through the body into the excrement)
 226 **ends of letters** alphabetical fragments
 227 **all** everything
 229 **sting of conscience** John 8:9
 232 **make an eunuch** 'some are made eunuchs' (Matthew 19:12)
 233 **sport on't** joke of it
Aggravation (using the abstract noun as though it were her name)
 234 **absolved** forgiven by a priest (Catholic sacrament)
 235 **point...ground** (a gesture which would usually indicate that someone was dead or in hell)
 236 **in go** in
 237 **sing'd** toasted
throughly thoroughly

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN

'Tis not troubled with much mirth, sir.

Exeunt [with cabinet and fire]

2.2

Enter Fat Bishop of Spalato [from the White House, dressed in white, followed by his servant,] a [white] Pawn

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO PAWN!

FAT BISHOP'S PAWN

I attend at your great holiness's service.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

For 'great' I grant you, but for 'greatly holy',

There the soil alters. Fat cathedral bodies

5

Have very often but lean little souls,

Much like the lady in the lobster's head,

A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,

But the pure part that should take wings and mount—

That's at last gasp, as if a man should gape

10

And from this huge bulk let forth a butterfly,

Like those big-bellied mountains which the poet

Delivers, that are brought to bed with mouse-flesh.

Are my books printed, Pawn? My last invectives

'Gainst the Black House.

FAT BISHOP'S PAWN

Ready for publication,

15

For I saw perfect books this morning, sir.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

Fetch me a few, which I will instantly

Distribute 'mongst the White House.

FAT BISHOP'S PAWN

With all speed, sir.
Exit Fat Bishop's Pawn

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

It's a most lordly life to rail at ease,

Sit, eat, and feed upon the fat of one kingdom

And rail upon another with the juice on't.

20

I have writ this book out of the strength and marrow

Of six-and-thirty dishes at a meal.

Of all things I commend the White House best

For plenty and variety of victuals.

When I was one of the Black House professed,

25

My flesh fell half a cubit; time to turn

When my own ribs revolted. But to say truth,

I've no preferment yet that's suitable

To th' greatness of my person and my parts.

I grant I live at ease, for I am made

30

The Master of the Beds, the long-acre of beds,

But there's no marigolds that shuts and opens,

Flower-gentles, Venus-baths, apples of love,

Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadownillies.

There was a time I'd more such drabs than beds;

35

Now I've more beds than drabs.

Yet there's no eminent trader deals in hole-sale

But she and I have clapped a bargain up,

Let in at watergate, for which I've racked

My tenants' purse-strings that they've twanged again.

40

*Enter [from the Black House] Black Knight**Gondomar with Jesuit Black Bishop [aloof off]*

Yonder's Black Knight, the fistula of Europe,

Whose disease once I undertook to cure

2.2.0.1 *Fat Bishop* (from the outset he

violates the rules of chess, by having

changed sides from Black to White)

3 **'great'** very large4 **cathedral bodies** (a) bodies as big as a cathedral, relative to a small parish church (b) bodies of bishops6 **lady . . . head** calcareous structure in lobster, thought to resemble a seated woman7 **garbage** entrails8 **pure part** soul9 **gape** (a) open the mouth wide to eat

(b) gasp in pain (c) yawn

11 **the poet** Horace, criticizing a pompous author: 'mountains will labour; to birth will come a laughter-rousing mouse' (*Art of Poetry*)12 **Delivers** reports (but punning on 'give birth', 'act as midwife')**bed** child-bed13 **last** latest (but they will also prove to be 'final')15 **perfect** complete, finished18–20 **It's . . . on't** (true both of the character and the actor)19 **fat . . . kingdom** Genesis 41:420 **rail upon** (a) verbally abuse or attack

(b) make jokes about

21 **marrow** vitality (but suggesting 'bone marrow', a delicacy)22 **Of** given by, resulting from**meal** See Additional Passage A.26 **fell** shrank**cubit** ancient measure of length (18–22 inches)**turn** (a) reverse direction (b) repent, convert to a different religion (c) desert, change sides29 **greatness** magnitude**person** (a) identity, personality (b) body (c) character I am playing as an actor**parts** (a) body parts (b) talents (c) roles played by an actor31 **Master . . . Beds** governor of a hospital (a sinecure)**long-acre** (a) long narrow field (b) disreputable street in London**beds** (a) furniture associated with illness or sex (b) flower-beds32–4 **marigolds . . . daffadownillies** (flowers used as metaphors for women)32 **marigolds** 'Mary's flowers' (which 'open' or 'spread' when the sun shines on them)**opens** (a) florally (b) sexually33 **Flower-gentles** florumour, 'flower of love' (amaranthus)**Venus-baths** wild teasel (noted for their pricking)**apples of love** tomatoes (but 'apples' is also slang for 'women' or 'breasts')34 **Pinks** (a) *dianthus* (b) beautiful women (c) whores**honeysuckles** (a) flowers from which honey can be sucked (b) woodbine, which entwines itself like ivy (c) persons to whom one addresses endearments

(d) those who suck 'honey' = semen

daffadownillies daffodils (in context, punning on 'down' as a female sexual position)35 **drabs** strumpets37 **trader** (a) pimp (b) dealer**hole-sale** (a) sale of vaginas or other orifices (b) wholesale38 **clapped** (a) copulated (b) shaken hands39 **watergate** (a) vulva, entrance for water = semen (b) gate giving access to the Thames**racked** (a) pulled tight (b) tortured41 **fistula** suppurating pipe-like ulcer

- 45 With a High Holborn halter. When he did
Vouchsafe to peep into my privileged lodgings,
He found good store of plate there, and rich hangings.
He knew I brought none to the White House with me.
I have not lost the use of my profession
Since I turned White House Bishop.
Enter [Fat Bishop's] Pawn [from the White House] with books
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR *[apart to Jesuit Black Bishop]*
Look, more books yet!
Yonder greasy gormandizing prelate
Has wrought our House more mischief by his scripts,
His fat and fulsome volumes,
Than the whole body of the adverse party.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
O 'twere a masterpiece of serpent subtlety
To fetch him on this side again.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR And then damn him
55 Into the bag for ever, or expose him
Against the adverse part (which now he feeds upon),
And that would double-damn him. My revenge
Has prompted me already. I'll confound him
On both sides for the physic he prescribed
60 And the base surgeon he provided for me.
I'll tell you what a most uncatholic jest
He put upon me once, when my pain tortured me:
He told me he had found a present cure for me,
Which I grew proud of and observed him seriously.
- What think you 'twas? Being execution day,
He showed the hangman to me out at window,
The common hangman.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP O insufferable!
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
I'll make him the balloon-ball of the churches,
And both the sides shall toss him. He looks like one,
A thing swelled up with mingled drink and urine,
70 And will bound well from one side to another.
Come, you shall write: our second Bishop absent
(Which has yet no employment in the game,
Perhaps nor ever shall—it may be won
Without his motion; it rests most in ours),
75 He shall be flattered with *sede vacante*.
Make him believe he comes into his place,
And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us,
For I know powder is not more ambitious
When the match meets it than his mind for mount-
ing;
80 As covetous and lecherous—
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP No more now, sir.
Enter [from] the White House [White King James, White Queen of Bohemia, White Bishop of Canterbury, White Knight Charles, White Duke of Buckingham, and white pawns,] and [from] the Black House [Black King Felipe, Black Queen Maria, Black Duke Olivares, and black pawns]
Both the sides fill.

- 43 **High...halter** elevated hangman's rope (as in 'hang 'em high')
High Holborn London street which runs from Newgate prison to the Tyburn gallows
44 **privileged lodgings** (a) exceptionally luxurious home (b) ecclesiastical sanctuary, where he cannot be seized or arrested
45 **good store** abundant supplies
plate silver or gold kitchen utensils (useful for a glutton), but also 'bullion' and 'body armour'
hangings draperies for a room or bed (useful for a lecher, but also in contrast to 'halter')
47 **use** (a) utilization for its intended purpose (b) sexual exploitation (c) revenue, especially passive income which does not require any work by the recipient
profession (a) religious vows (b) religious beliefs (c) vocation, career
49 **greasy** (a) smeared with grease, from sloppy eating (b) anointed with chrism, as a former Roman Catholic priest (c) obscene
gormandizing gluttonous
50 **wrought...mischief** caused...damage
scripts writings
51 **fat** (a) obese (b) substantial (c) yielding a good return on investment (d) slow-witted, 'thick', lazy
fulsome (a) full, plump, abundant (b) coarse (c) cloying (d) stinking (e) disgusting (f) morally filthy, obscene
52 **body** aggregate, corporation (but suggesting 'body politic', with the Fat Bishop as a single 'member' of the whole)
adverse party opposed side (in a dispute, contest, game), faction (but also playing on the sense 'part, fraction' in opposition to earlier 'whole')
53 **serpent subtlety** Genesis 3:1
55 **bag** sack in which chess pieces were placed as they were captured; allegorically, often used as an image of the universality of death, which does not distinguish between social classes; Middleton makes it instead an image of hell.
expose imperil, expose to danger
56 **Against** in opposition to
57 **double-damn** doubly condemn
58 **prompted** (a) incited (b) given a cue to
confound (a) ruin (b) shame
60 **surgeon** (of lower prestige than other physicians, at the time, because of the messy manual nature of their work)
61 **uncatholic** (a) not universally applicable; specific to one person or patient (b) unusual (c) unsympathetic (d) unChristian (e) Protestant
63 **present** instant
64 **grew proud** of became elated about
observed respectfully paid attention to
67 **common** ordinary (used for common criminals, not aristocrats or state officials)
68 **balloon-ball** large heavy inflated ball of strong double leather, used in a competitive game (very different from chess, whose rules Fat Bishop consistently violates)
71 **bound** bounce, rebound
72 **second Bishop** i.e. Black King's Bishop, probably representing the Bishop of Rome (= the Pope)
73 **Which** which position (of Black King's Bishop, or Pope), rather than 'which person', because the papacy was filled by a succession of different persons (and the same is imagined of the chess piece)
75 **motion** (a) activity (b) movement (of a chess piece)
76 **He** i.e. Fat Bishop
sede vacante vacant seat (Latin), i.e. bishop's see, or papacy
78 **with a vengeance** (a) violently, emphatically (b) with a curse (c) in revenge
79 **ambitious** eager to rise to a higher position (literal, in the case of gunpowder)
80 **mounting** (a) rising socially and politically (b) riding, sexually (redefining 'match' as sexual)
82 **Both...fill** All the chess pieces cannot move at once; rather, this stage movement brings into view of the audience the full array, which has not been visible since the Induction.

[*Fat Bishop of Spalato presents his book to White King James*]

WHITE KING JAMES

This has been looked for long.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

85 The stronger sting it shoots into the blood
Of the Black adversary. I'm ashamed now
I was theirs ever. What a lump was I
When I was led in ignorance and blindness!
I must confess, I've all my lifetime played
The fool till now.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*to Jesuit Black Bishop*]

And now he plays two parts: the fool and knave.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*to White King James*]

90 There's my recantation in the last leaf,
Writ like a Ciceronian in pure Latin.

WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]

Pure honesty, the plainer Latin serves then.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*to Jesuit Black Bishop*]

Plague of those pestilent pamphlets! Those are they
That wound our cause to th' heart.

Enter Virgin White Queen's Pawn [from the White House]

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP

Here comes more anger.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

95 But we come well provided for this storm.

WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]

Is this my pawn? she that should guard our person?
Or some pale figure of dejection,
Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment
Has prevailed strangely with her.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN King of integrity,

100 Queen of the same, and all the House professors
Of noble candor, uncorrupted justice
And truth of heart, through my alone discovery—
My truth and honour wondrously preserved—
I bring into your knowledge with my suff'rings
105 (Fearful affrightments and heart-killing terrors)
The great incendiary of all Christendom,

The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,
Fair peace and holy order, can be found
In any part o'th' universal globe,
Who—making meek devotion keep the door,
110 His lips being full of holy zeal at first—
Would have committed a foul rape upon me.

WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] Ha?

WHITE KING JAMES

A rape? That's foul indeed, the very sound
To our ear fouler than the offence itself
115 To some kings of the earth.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN

Sir, to proceed:

Gladly I offered life to preserve honour,
Which would not be accepted without both,
The chief of his ill aim being at my honour,
Till heaven was pleased by some unlooked-for accident
120 To give me courage to redeem myself.

WHITE KING JAMES

When we find desp'rate sins in ill men's company,
We place a charitable sorrow there,
But custom and their leprous inclination
Quits us of wonder, for our expectation
125 Is answered in their lives; but to find sin—

Yea, and a masterpiece of darkness—sheltered
Under a robe of sanctity is able
To draw all wonder to that monster only
And leave created monsters unadmired.

130 The pride of him that took first fall for pride
Is to be angel-shaped and imitate
The form from which he fell, but this offender—
Far baser than sin's master, fixed by vow
To holy order (which is angels' method)—

135 Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil.
It grieves me that my knowledge must be tainted
With his infested name.
O rather with thy finger point him out.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*pointing*]
The place which he should fill is void, my lord;

110

115

120

125

130

135

140

82.1-2 *Fat Bishop...King* (a natural juxtaposition, since this second Bishop occupies the space adjacent to the King)

82 **looked for** expected

83 **stronger** (i.e., because anticipation increases desire, and therefore the public impact of his statement)

85 I...ever that there was ever a time when I was theirs (but also, ironically, 'that I have always been theirs')
lump (a) slow, dull person (b) mass of clay without shape or soul: God has the power 'of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour' (Romans 9:21)

86 (punning on 'lead', heavy, non-precious metal)

87-8 **played** | **The fool** (a) acted like an idiot (b) acted the role of the clown in

plays

88 **fool** (at the time, an alternative name for the Bishop in chess)

90 **leaf** sheet

91 **Ciceronian** imitator of the florid prose style of the Roman orator Cicero

pure classical (as opposed to medieval Latin, stigmatized as decadent by humanist scholars)

92 **plainer** i.e. more like Seneca or Tacitus, whose leaner prose style influenced writers like Francis Bacon and Middleton

98 **shape** (a) physical form (b) theatrical role, part

affrightment fear

100 **professors** adherents, advocates (but also, ironically, 'people who pay lip-service to')

101 **candor** (a) brilliant whiteness (b) purity,

innocence

102 **alone** i.e. unassisted

103 **honour** (a) good reputation (b) virginity

108 **can** (that) can

110 **keep the door** i.e. serve the function of a pimp

121 **redeem** save, regain, free (physically and spiritually)

124 **custom** (a) their habitual sinfulness (b) our experience of them
leprous diseased (see I.I.2.27)

125 **Quits** rids
wonder astonishment (negative or positive)

130 **created monsters** bizarre animals created by God (as opposed to artificial human monstrous behaviour)

unadmired not wondered at

131 **him...pride** Lucifer

- His guilt has seized him—the Black Bishop's Pawn.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
Ha? Mine? My Pawn? The glory of his Order,
The prime and president zealot of the earth?
Impudent Pawn! For thy sake at this minute
145 Modesty suffers, all that's virtuous blushes,
And truth's self (like the sun vexed with a mist)
Looks red with anger.
- WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]
Be not thou drunk with rage too.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
Sober sincerity!—nor you a cup
Spiced with hypocrisy.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
You name there, Bishop,
But your own Christmas bowl, your morning's
150 draught
Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,
Which smack you cannot leave all the year after.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
White Knight, there is acknowledged from our House
A reverence to you, and a respect
155 To that loved Duke stands next you. With the favour
Of the White King and th'afornamed respected,
I combat with this cause. [To her] If with all speed—
Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn,
Of what I speak—thou dost not plead distraction
160 (A plea which will but faintly take thee off neither
From this leviathan scandal that lies rolling
Upon the crystal waters of devotion)
Or, what may quit thee more—though enough,
nothing—
- 143 **prime** first, foremost
president presiding, taking precedence
over others
147 **drunk with rage** (because either
drunkenness or anger could make a
person red-faced)
148–9 **Sober sincerity** . . . **hypocrisy** (qualities
for which Puritans were often mocked)
148 **Sober** (a) not intoxicated (b) grave,
serious (c) not showily dressed
cup (a) cupful of wine (b) chalice,
eucharistic wine
150 **Christmas bowl** large drinking vessel
(festive, rather than particularly Christian,
and in contrast to the eucharist)
draught drink
151 **twelve days** (of Christmas)
152 **smack** flavour, relish
153 **White Knight** See Additional Passage B.
155 **favour** permission
157 **combat with** take arms against, oppose
cause (a) agent (b) accusation, legal
charge (c) side of a controversy
159 **distraction** insanity
160 **faintly** (a) imperceptibly, scarcely
(b) deceitfully (c) timidly, like a coward
take thee off remove you
161 **leviathan** (a) sea monster of enormous
size, hence 'huge' (b) enemy of the Lord
- (Isaiah 27:1), hence Satan
scandal slanderous imputation (but also
'behaviour of a member of a religious
order which discredits religion')
rolling (a) turning over on its axis,
like a whale (b) coiling, like a snake
(c) meditating, plotting. See also Psalms
37:5 'Roll thy way upon the Lord'.
162 **crystal** i.e. as transparent as ice or
crystal
163 **quit** acquit
enough, nothing nowhere near enough
164 **foam** foam at the mouth
pang spasm
discover reveal
165 **spirit** . . . **thee** demon who has strongly
possessed you, and filled you with
falsehood (since the devil was 'father of
lies')
166 **Make . . . ready** (then) prepare yourself
perdition (a) destruction (b) damnation
167 **remove** move
168 **This . . . this** (probably indicating
Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn and Black
Knight's Pawn Gelder)
169 **how** however
170 **Spite** of despite
glorious (a) illustrious, impressive
- (b) boastful
ostentation (a) showing off (b) false show
(c) presaging
172 **House of impudence** Ezekiel 3:7 ('all the
house of Israel are impudent')
176 **Bring forth** reveal (but also suggesting
'give birth to')
attempt (a) violent assault upon a
person, sexual assault (b) temptation
conception origin, initiation (but suggest-
ing her literal 'impregnation'). In English
law, sexual intercourse which resulted in
pregnancy was regarded as consensual,
and hence not rape.
178 **touch** handle directly (rather than point
at, euphemistically allude to)
179 **eruption** bursting out (suggesting
'ejaculation')
181 **strain** (a) style (b) Biblical passage
(c) injury (d) compulsion (e) strained
interpretation
182 **shames' heap** mass of shame, collection
of causes of shame (but also suggesting
the grotesque image of a 'pile of human
genitals', as in Rabelais's *Gargantua*)
188 **confusion** (a) destruction of an ad-
versary (b) confounding, refutation of
an argument
- Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover
The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within thee,
165 Make thyself ready for perdition.
There's no remove in all the game to 'scape it.
This Pawn, or this, the Bishop or myself,
Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Spite of sin's glorious ostentation
170 And all blood-threats (that thunder cracks of pride,
Ush'ring a storm of malice), House of impudence,
Craft and equivocation, my true cause
Shall keep the path it treads in.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR I play thus then:
Now in the hearing of this high assembly,
175 Bring forth the time of this attempt's conception.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
'Conception'? Lord! How tenderly you handle it!
- WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]
It seems, Black Knight, you are afraid to touch it.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Well, its 'eruption'—will you have it so then?
Or you, White Bishop, for her? The more unclean,
180 Vile and impious, that you urge the strain to,
The greater will her shames' heap show i'th' end
And the wronged meek man's glory. The time, Pawn?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Yesterday's cursed evening—
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR O the treasure
Of my revenge I can't spend all on thee;
185 Ruin enough to spare for all thy kindred too.
For honour's sake, call in more slanderers.
I have such plentiful confusion,

- 190 I know not how to waste it. I'll be nobler yet
And put her to her own House.—King of meekness,
Take the cause to thee, for our hand's too heavy.
Our proofs will fall upon her like a tower
And grind her bones to powder.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN What new engine
Has the devil raised in him now?
- 195 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Is it he?
And that the time? Stand firm now to your scandal;
Pray, do not shift your slander.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Shift your treacheries.
They've worn one suit too long.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR That holy man,
So wrongfully accused by this lost Pawn,
Has not been seen these ten days in these parts.
- 200 WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES HOW!
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Nay, at this instant thirty leagues from hence.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Fathomless falsehood! Will it 'scape unblasted?
- WHITE KING JAMES [*to Black Knight Gondomar*]
Can you make this appear?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Light is not clearer.
By his own letters, most impartial monarch.
- 205 WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN [*to White King James*]
How wrongfully may sacred virtue suffer, sir.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside to Jesuit Black Bishop*]
Bishop, we have a treasure of that false heart.
- WHITE KING JAMES [*to White King's Counsellor Pawn*]
Step forth and reach those proofs.
[*White King's Counsellor Pawn advances toward
Black Knight Gondomar*]
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*aside*]
Amazement covers me.
Can I be so forsaken of a cause
So strong in truth and equity? Will virtue
210 Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside to White King's Pawn*]
There's an infallible staff and a red hat
Reserved for you.
[*Black Knight Gondomar gives letters to White
King's Counsellor Pawn*]
- WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN [*aside to Black Knight*]
O, sir endeared!
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside to White King's Pawn*]
A staff
That will not eas'ly break, you may trust to't—
[*White King's Counsellor Pawn delivers letters to
White King James*]
[*Aside*] And such a one had your corruption need of.
There's a state fig for you now. 215
- WHITE KING JAMES Behold all,
How they cohere in one.
I always held a charity so good
To holiness professed, I ever believed rather
The accuser false than the profession vicious. 220
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
A charity like all your virtues else,
Gracious and glorious.
- WHITE KING JAMES Where settles the offence,
Let the fault's punishment be derived from thence.
We leave her to your censure.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Most just majesty!
[*Exeunt all the White House but White
Knight Charles, White Duke of Buckingham,
and White Bishop's Gelded Pawn, who stand
aloof with the Virgin White Queen's Pawn*]
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Calamity of virtue! My Queen leave me too? 225
Am I cast off as th'olive casts her flower?
Poor friendless innocence, art thou left a prey
To the devourer?
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
No, thou art not lost.

189 **waste** spend, use
190 **put her to** leave her to be judged by
191 **for our hand's** because our hand is
193 **engine** (a) device (b) ingenuity (c) large
offensive weapon (d) trap
195 **to your scandal** (a) to the scandalous
charge you've made (b) with the result
that you will be engulfed by scandal
196 **shift . . . slander** change your story,
transfer your slander to another object
Shift change, rid yourself of (but also
suggesting 'change clothes')
202 **unblasted** (a) not struck with lightning
(b) not blighted by astrological influences
(c) not discredited
203 **appear** evident, demonstrably so
207 **Amazement** consternation
208 **of a cause** (a) in a case (b) by a cause
209 **equity** (a) fairness, impartiality (b) jur-
isprudence based on general 'natural'
principles, which overrule the letter of
specific statute laws when those would

produce an unjust result (a distinctive
feature of English law, institutionalized in
the Court of Chancery)
210 **of** for
211 **infallible** (a) certain, guaranteed
(b) credited with the doctrinal infallibility
which the Catholic church claimed for
itself
staff . . . hat insignia of office of Catholic
cardinal
212 **staff** (playing on the sense 'means of
support')
214 **corruption** (a) moral depravity (b) cor-
rupt administration of public office
215 **state** political, pompous, high-class
(sarcastic, as in modern 'royal')
fig (a) contemptuous gesture, thrust-
ing the thumb between closed fingers
(b) poisoned fig (method of assassination,
associated with Italy and Spain)
217 **they** i.e. the letters, as internally con-

sistent evidence against White Queen's
Pawn
218 **charity** willingness to interpret actions
charitably, sympathetically
219 **professed** vowed (but suggesting
'claimed, pretended')
220 **profession** (a) declaration, vow (b) re-
ligious order, religious community
(c) occupation, vocation
222 **Where** wherever
224 **We leave her** (thus stranded, surround-
ed by Black pieces, she is an exposed
pawn which can be taken at any point,
and whose capture most of the White
pieces will clearly do nothing to prevent
or revenge)
226 **cast . . . flower** Job 15:33 ('cast off his
flower as the olive')
228–31 WHITE KNIGHT . . . WHITE DUKE (adjoin-
ing chess pieces, who collaborate here
and for the remainder of the play)

230 Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,
If the fair policy I aim at prospers.—
Thy counsel, noble Duke?
WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
For that work, cheerfully.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
A man for speed now!

WHITE BISHOP'S GELDED PAWN
Let it be my honour, sir.
Make me that flight, that owes her my life's service.
[*Exeunt White Knight Charles, White Duke of Buckingham, and White Bishop's Gelled Pawn*]

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*to Black House*]
Was not this brought about well for our honours?

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
235 Push! That Galician brain can work out wonders.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Let's use her, as upon the like discovery
A maid was used at Venice: everyone
Be ready with a penance. Begin, majesty.—
[*To her*] Vessel of foolish scandal! Take thy freight.
240 Had there been in that cabinet of niceness
Half the virginities of th'earth locked up,
And all swept at one cast by the dexterity
Of a Jesuitical gamester, 't'ad not valued
The least part of that general worth thou'st tainted.

BLACK KING FELIPE [*to Virgin White Queen's Pawn*]
245 First, I enjoin thee to a three days' fast for't.

BLACK QUEEN MARIA
You're too penurious, sir. I'll make it four.

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP
I, to a twelve hours' kneeling at one time.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
And in a room filled all with Aretine's pictures,
More than the twice twelve labours of luxury.
250 Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste pommel
Of Lucrece' dagger peeping. Nay, I'll punish thee
For a discoverer: I'll torment thy modesty.

BLACK DUKE OLIVARES
After that four days' fast, to th' Inquisition house,
Strengthened with bread and water, for worse penance.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Why, well said, Duke of our House, nobly aggravated!

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Virtue, to show her influence more strong,
Fits me with patience mightier than my wrong.
Exeunt [into the Black House]
Finit Actus Secundus

●

Incipit Actus Tertius
Enter Fat Bishop of Spalato [from the White House, dressed in white]

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
I know my pen draws blood of the Black House.
There's ne'er a book I write but their cause bleeds.
It has lost many an ounce of reputation
Since I came of this side. I strike deep in
And leave the orifex gushing where I come.

229 **bloodiest** (probably alluding to Spanish and Catholic military attacks on Bohemia, the Palatinate and other Protestant strongholds in Germany)

231 **Thy counsel** (can I count on) your (a) advice (b) confidentiality, secrecy

233 **that who flight** long, well-feathered arrow for long-distance shooting. (In chess, the Bishop was also called 'the Archer'; hence his pawn or instrument might be imagined as an arrow the archer shoots.)

235 **Push** (exclamation: 'fuck')

Galician belonging to Galicia, a north-western region of Spain

236 **use** treat (but suggesting 'sexually exploit')

discovery revelation

237 **maid** virgin

Venice (resisted Jesuits and the Inquisition; also associated with sexual license, and for thirty years the home of Pietro Aretino: see l. 248)

238 **penance** (a) act of self-mortification imposed by religious authority as consequence of sin (b) legal punishment

239 **Vessel** See I. I. 34.

foolish scandal (a) her naïve accusation (b) Black Bishop's Pawn's unwise

scandalous behaviour

freight burden (of punishment), but also suggesting 'cargo' (of her sea-going 'vessel')

240 **niceness** fastidiousness, delicacy

242 **swept** (a) violently removed (b) taken up wholesale (of winnings from a gambling table)

cast (a) throw of an opponent in wrestling (b) glance (c) throw of the dice

dexterity (a) adroitness (b) base cunning (c) manual skill, use of the right hand

243 **gamester** (a) game-player (b) gambler (c) wrestler (d) happy-go-lucky person (e) playboy

245 **three days** i.e. the Black House does not 'take' the exposed pawn immediately (as they could do), because they assume it can be taken whenever they want

245-7 **fast ... kneeling** (Catholic religious practices)

248 **Aretine's pictures** sixteen Italian images with caption-poems by Pietro Aretino, showing classical figures in various sexual positions

249 **twelve labours** (suggesting the labours of Hercules, imposed on him as a punishment)

luxury lust

250 **pommel** knob at end of hilt

251 **Lucrece** Roman wife who killed herself after having been raped (see *Ghost of Lucrece*)

252 **discoverer** (a) whistle-blower (b) person who exposes something that others want hidden (and who is therefore properly punished by being exposed to something she doesn't want to see)

253 **Inquisition** Catholic ecclesiastical tribunal for investigation of heretics; notorious for brutality of its interrogations and punishments

257 **my wrong** the wrong done to me

3.1.1 **of** (a) from (b) belonging to

pen (a) writing (b) quill for writing, its tip sharpened with a knife (c) stylus, tool for cutting designs in metal (d) penis

draws (a) extracts, as from an inkwell or artery (b) delineates

blood (a) life-blood (b) rage, passion (c) murder (d) sexual passion

3 **ounce** measure of fluids (like ink, blood) or solids (like the Fat Bishop)

4 **of onto**

strike penetrate

5 **orifex** orifice

gushing spouting (blood or sexual fluids)

come (punning on 'have an orgasm')

But where is my advancement all this while
 I ha' gaped for't?
 I'd have some round preferment, corpulent dignity
 That bears some breadth and compass in the gift on't.
 10 I am persuaded that this flesh would fill
 The biggest chair ecclesiastical
 If it were put to trial.
 To be made master of a hospital
 Is but a kind of diseased bedrid honour,
 15 Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear badges.
 There's but two lazy beggarly preferments
 In the White Kingdom, and I've got 'em both.
 My merit does begin to be crop-sick
 For want of other titles.

*Enter [from the Black House] Black Knight
 Gondomar [aloof off]*

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*]

O, here walks

20 His fulsome holiness. Now for the master-trick
 T'undo him everlastingly (that's put home)
 And make him hang in hell most seriously
 That jested with a halter upon me.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*aside*]

The Black Knight! I must look to my play then.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*coming forward with a letter*]

25 I bring fair greetings to your reverend virtues
 From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely kinsman.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

Our princely kinsman, sayst thou? We accept them.

[*Fat Bishop of Spalato takes the letter*]

Pray, keep your side and distance; I am chary

Of my episcopal person.

30 I know the Knight's walk in this game too well;
 He may skip over me, and where am I then?

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*]

There where thou shalt be shortly, if art fail not.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO (*reads the letter*) 'Right reverend and noble'—meaning ourself—'our true kinsman in blood, but alienated in affection, your unkind disobedience to the mother cause proves at this time the only cause of your ill fortune. My present remove by general election to the papal dignity had now auspiciously settled you in my *sede vacante*'—ha? had it so?—'which at my next remove by death might have proved your step to supremacy.'

How? All my body's blood mounts to my face
 To look upon this letter.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*]

The pill works with him.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO (*reads the letter*) 'Think on't seriously, it is not yet too late then, through the submissive acknowledgement of your disobedience to be lovingly received into the brotherly bosom of the conclave.'

This was the chair of ease I ever aimed at.
 I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately.

All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice,
 50 Pack up my plate and goods and steal away
 By night at watergate. It is but penning
 Another recantation and inventing

Two or three bitter books against the White House
 And then I'm in o' t'other side again

55 As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing.—
 Black Knight, expect a wonder ere't be long.
 You shall see me one of the Black House shortly.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

Your holiness is merry with the messenger.

Too happy to be true; you speak what should be,
 60 If natural compunction touched you truly.

8 **round** (a) financially generous (b) vigorously physical (c) honest, straightforward (d) plump

corpulent (a) big bulky (b) corporeal, in contrast to spiritual
dignity (a) high office (b) gravity

9 **compass** (a) scope (b) girth

10 **persuaded** convinced

11 **biggest chair** (a) most important office (b) largest seat

12 **put to trial** tried, given the chance

13 **master governor**

hospital any institution dedicated to unselfish physical and spiritual charity: place for (a) treatment of the ill or insane (b) lodging pilgrims (c) housing the destitute (d) educating the young

14, 16 **but** only

15 **dean of** ecclesiastical officer entrusted with pastoral care of

alms-knights military pensioners (derogatory Middleton coinage)

badges (a) identifying emblems of a

knight (b) licences to beg

16 **lazy beggarly** (expressing the Fat Bishop's opinion of the people he is supposed to care for, but also describing his soliciting of undemanding but rewarding preferments)

18 **crop-sick** having something wrong with your craw or throat, or something stuck in your throat which causes you to gag (Middleton coinage)

19 **want** lack

20 **master-trick** (Middleton coinage, as in 'masterpiece')

21 **that's** (a) (modifying 'him') who is (b) (modifying 'undo') that is, meaning

put home (a) restored to his home, the Black House (b) brought back to his natural condition (c) put to death

23 **upon** (a) (modifying 'jested') about

(b) (modifying 'halter') placed on

28 **side** half of the chessboard
chary careful about the preservation

30 **Knight's walk** unique movement of a knight in chess: two spaces in one direction and one space in a second direction, at a right angle to the first. Perhaps also suggesting that the actor playing Gondomar mimicked his way of walking (affected by his fistula? with his cane?).

31 **skip over** jump over (knights being the only chess pieces which can skip over others), jump up and onto

36 **mother cause** cause of Mother Church

45 **submit** submissive

48 **chair of ease** comfortable ecclesiastical position offered by the *sede vacante* (but punning on the sense 'toilet')

59 **merry** joking

60 **happy** fortunate (as in 'too good to be true')

61 **compunction** compassion, remorse for sin (literally, the 'pricking' of conscience: hence 'touched')

	O you've drawn blood, life blood—yea, blood of honour—	To cherish the futurity of project Whose motion must be restless till that great work	85
	From your most dear, your primitive mother's heart.	Called the possession of the world be ours.	
65	Your sharp invectives have been points of spears In her sweet tender sides. The unkind wounds Which a son gives, a son of reverence 'specially, They rankle ten times more than th'adversary's.	Was it not I procured a gallant fleet From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts 'Gainst th'infidel pirāte, under pretext Of more necessitous expedition?	90
	I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt Did give the fearful'st blow to adoration	Who made the jails fly open, without miracle, And let the locusts out—those dangerous flies Whose property is to burn corn with touching?	
70	Our cause e'er felt. It shook the very statues, The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers.	The heretic granaries feel it to this minute, And now they've got amongst the country crops	95
	FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO	They stick so fast to the converted ears The loudest tempest that authority rouses	
	Forbear, or I shall melt i'th' place I stand And let forth a fat bishop in sad syrup.	Will hardly shake 'em off. They have their dens In lady's couches; there's safe groves and fens.	
75	Suffices, I am yours when they least dream on't. Ambition's fodder (pow'r and riches) draws me. When I smell honour that's the lock of hay That leads me through the world's field every way.	Nay, were they followed and found out by th' scent, Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent. Whose policy was't to put a silenced muzzle On all the barking tongue-men of the time?	100
	Exit	Made pictures, that were dumb enough before, Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?	105
	BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR	My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to think on't. Whilst our drifts walked uncensored but in thought, A whistle or a whisper would be questioned In the most fortunate angle of the world	
	Here's a sweet paunch to propagate belief on, Like the foundation of a chapel laid Upon a quagmire. I may number him now 'Mongst my inferior policies and not shame 'em. But let me a little solace my designs With the remembrance of some brave ones past		

63 **primitive mother** true original mother (the Church)
64–5 **spears...sides** When Christ was on the cross, 'one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water' (John 20:34). Black Knight's image substitutes the Church for Christ (as Protestants accused Catholicism of doing).
69 **adoration** worship (not of God but of the Church, epitomized by its idolatrous statues and saints)
71 **sainted sleepers** dead saints ('sleeping' until the general resurrection)
72 **melt** 'dissolve in tears of compassion' (Psalms 119:28, Joshua 2:11, etc.); but also suggesting 'sweat excessively' (sweat was thought to be melted excess body fat)
73 **fat bishop** bishop entirely composed of lard (like the food sculptures popular in Renaissance banquets)
sad (a) massive, heavy (b) sorrowful
syrup thick liquid, usually sweet
74 **Suffices** suffice (to say)
75–7 **Ambition's...way** i.e. his ambition is an appetite which leads him by the nose, like a horse or donkey hungry for a small parcel of hay
78 **propagate** breed
81 **inferior policies** lesser stratagems
shame humiliate (by comparing to something unworthy)

82 **solace** comfort
83 **brave ones past** former splendid plots
84 **cherish** foster
project speculative scheming (political or commercial)
89 **infidel pirāte** Ottoman raiders (based in the Mediterranean)
91 **jails...miracle** St Peter (Acts 12:4–11) and St Paul (Acts 16:23–6) were miraculously released from prison
92 **locusts** i.e. parasitic Catholic clergy, especially Jesuits, often compared (because of their alleged numbers, rapid movements, and destructiveness) to the plague of locusts in Exodus 10:1–20 and Revelation 9:3–7
flies (a) winged insects (b) flatterers, spies (c) devils, familiars which take the form of small insects infesting a human body
93 **burn** ruin, cause to wither as if scorched
94 **heretic** Protestant, English
95, 112 **country** i.e. rural areas which remained loyal to Catholicism longer than the cities
96 **converted** 'changed in religious belief' and 'illegally appropriated' (first occurrence)
ears i.e. listeners, people paying attention to Catholic propaganda (but punning on 'ears of corn')
98 **dens** (a) lairs (b) hideouts (Matthew 21:13: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a

den of thieves'.)
99 **couches** (a) beds (b) lairs (c) floor or frame on which grain is laid for processing
there's (a) there exist (b) in lady's couches are
100 **scent** smell of a man or animal, tracked by hunting dogs
101 **Palm-oil** 'oil of angels' applied to an outstretched hand: a bribe (first occurrence)
pursuivant official with an arrest warrant
102 **muzzle** (a) face (b) contrivance which prevents an animal from biting
103 **barking** making noises like an angry dog: warning, rebuking
tongue-men public speakers, preachers (first occurrence)
104 **pictures** allegorical engravings, political cartoons
105 **politic restraint** clever crack-down on political dissidents
106 **light spleen** supposed anatomical source of laughter (as opposed to 'dark spleen', causing melancholy)
107 **drifts** intentions, plots (compared to a migratory herd)
uncensored but uncriticized, unprosecuted, uncensored except
109 **In the...world** in England (punning on Angle-land). The phrase goes with both the preceding and following sentence.

- 110 The court has held the city by the horns
 Whilst I have milked her. I have got good sops too
 From country ladies for their liberties—
 From some, for their most vainly hoped preferments,
 High offices i'th' air. I should not live
 115 But for this *mel aerium*, this mirth-manna.
Enter Black Knight's Pawn Gelder [from the Black House]
 My Pawn! How now? the news?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Expect none very pleasing
 That comes, sir, of my bringing. I'm for sad things.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Thy conscience is so tender-hoofed of late
 Every nail pricks it.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 This may prick yours too,
 120 If there be any quick flesh in a yard on't.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Mine?
 Mischief must find a deep nail and a driver
 Beyond the strength of any machiavel
 The politic kingdoms fatten to reach mine.
 125 Prithee, Compunction, needle-pricked a little,
 Unbind this sore wound.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Sir, your plot's discovered.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Which of the twenty thousand and nine hundred
 Fourscore and five? canst tell?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER Bless us! so many?
 How do poor countrymen have but one plot
 130 To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?
 You cannot know 'em all sure by their names, sir.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Yes, were their number trebled. Thou hast seen
 A globe stands on the table in my closet?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 A thing, sir, full of countries and hard words?
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 True, with lines drawn some tropical, some oblique. 135
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 I can scarce read; I was brought up in blindness.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Just such a thing, if e'er my skull be opened,
 Will my brains look like.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Like a globe of countries?
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Yes, and some master politician
 That has sharp state-eyes will go near to pick out 140
 The plots and every climate where they fastened;
 'Twill puzzl'em too.
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 I'm of your mind for that, sir.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 They'll find 'em to fall thick upon some countries;
 They'd need use spectacles. But I turn to you now:
 What plot is that discovered?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Your last brat, sir, 145
 Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself:
 Your antedated letters 'bout the Jesuit.
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Discovered? How?
 BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 The White Knight's policy has outstripped yours, it
 seems,
 150 Joined with th'assistant counsel of his Duke.

110 **court**...city government has restrained the free enterprise and political action of urban capitalists

horns (suggesting the horns of citizen cuckolds, whose wives have been seduced by courtiers)

111 **milked** exploited, drained dry financially
sops literally, 'pieces of bread soaked in milk or wine'; figuratively, 'bribes'—alluding to the sops Aeneas threw to Cerberus, the dog who guarded hell, in order to pacify and distract him (first occurrence)

112 **country** rural (but punning on 'cunt': see next note)

liberties immunities (from prosecution for their Catholicism), but ironically suggesting 'licentiousness' and 'spiritual freedom from sin'

113 **vainly** futilely, arrogantly

113–14 **preferments**...air pie-in-the-sky promotions to important positions

115 **manna** divine bread which God sent to feed the children of Israel (Exodus 16)
mel aerium airy honey (an allusion to Virgil's *Georgics*, perhaps prompted by 'country' three lines earlier)

119, 122 **nail** (alluding to the Crucifixion)

120 **quick** sensitive

yard three feet—but punning, like 'prick', on the normal English word for 'penis' (which is thus equated with 'conscience')

122 **driver** hammer

125 **Compunction** 'Mr Remorse' (sarcastic; also suggesting the allegorical personal names used by Puritans)

needle-pricked (a) having suffered a very tiny puncture (b) with a small penis

128 **tell** (a) report (b) count

129 **plot** piece of land

130 **in law** for legally embroiled over

133 **closet** private room

135 **tropical** latitudinal (like the Tropics

of Cancer and Capricorn); but also suggesting the Spanish global empire, and characterizing Black Knight's 'troped, figurative, not plain or literal' brain
oblique slanting downwards at something other than a right angle (like longitudinal lines on a globe); but also characterizing Black Knight's 'indirect, deviant' brain

136 I...**read** (Catholics did not encourage literacy, or personal Bible-reading, as Protestants did.)

blindness (standard Protestant characterization of Catholicism)

140 **state-eyes** (first occurrence)

141 **every climate** all the world's five climatic zones (again suggesting the global nature of Spain's empire and ambition)

146 **Begot**...**yourself** (suggesting male-male fornication)

- The Bishop's White Pawn undertook the journey
Who, as they say, discharged it like a flight.
(I made him, for the business, fit and light.)
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
It's but a bawdy pawn out of the way a little.
Enough of them in all parts.
Enter Jesuit Black Bishop, [followed by Black King Felipe, Black Queen Maria, Black Duke Olivares, and pawns from] the Black House and [White King James, White Queen of Bohemia, White Bishop of Canterbury, White Knight Charles, White Duke of Buckingham, and pawns from] the White House
- 155 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP You have heard all then?
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
The wonder's past with me, but some shall down
for't.
WHITE KING JAMES [to Black House]
Set free that virtuous Pawn from all her wrongs.
Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious adversary.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Good! [Exit a pawn]
WHITE KING JAMES [to White Knight Charles]
160 Noble chaste knight (a title of that candor
The greatest prince on earth without impeachment
May have the dignity of his worth comprised in),
This fair delivering act virtue will register
In that white book of the defence of virgins,
165 Where the clear fame of all preserving knights
Are to eternal memory consecrated—
And we embrace, as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke, the counsel of the act,
Whom we shall ever place in our respect.
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
170 Most blest of kings, throned in all royal graces,
Every good deed sends back its own reward
Into the bosom of the enterpriser,
But you t'express yourself as well to be
King of munificency as integrity
Adds glory to the gift.
- 159 **adversary** (the meaning of 'Satan', in Hebrew)
161 **impeachment** disparagement
163-6 **This... consecrated** i.e. his exoner-
ation of Virgin White Queen's Pawn
will be commemorated like the deeds of
chivalric heroes
172 **enterpriser** person who attempts it
173 **you** i.e. for you
174 **munificency** splendid generosity
178 **mak'st... glorious** (like martyrs)
179 **take... on't** i.e. not admit to knowing
about it
makes she is she doing
180 **unpenanced** who has not performed
penance for her sin (only occurrence)
182 **visiting** punishing
- Enter Virgin White Queen's Pawn [from the Black House]*
WHITE KING JAMES Thy deserts claim it, 175
Zeal and fidelity.—Appear, thou beauty
Of truth and innocence, best ornament
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy suff'rings glorious.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [aside]
I'll take no knowledge on't.—What makes she here?
How dares yon Pawn unpenanced (with a cheek 180
Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation
Has left no pale print of her visiting anguish)
Appear in this assembly? [Aside] Let me alone.
Sin must be bold; that's all the grace 'tis born to.
WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
What's this?
WHITE KING JAMES
I'm wonderstruck.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN Assist me, goodness! 185
I shall to prison again.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [aside]
At least I've 'mazed 'em,
Scattered their admiration of her innocence,
As the fired ships put in severed the fleet
In '88. I'll on with't. Impudence
Is mischief's patrimony.—Is this justice? 190
Is injured reverence no sharper righted?
I ever held that majesty impartial
That like most equal heaven looks on the manners,
Not on the shapes they shroud in.
WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES That Black Knight
Will never take an answer. 'Tis a victory 195
To make him understand he does amiss
When he knows, in his own clear conscience,
That he does nothing else. Show him the testimony,
Confirmed by good men, how that foul attempter
Got but this morning to the place from whence 200
He dated his forged lines for ten days past.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Why may not that corruption sleep in this
By some connivance, as you have waked in ours
By too rash confidence?
- 186 'mazed astonished, confused
188-9 fired... '88 English fireships scattered
the Spanish Armada at Calais in 1588.
191 sharper more keenly
193 equal equitable
manners behaviour
194 **shroud in** shelter under, are dressed or
buried in. (Housing, clothing, and burial
rituals all reflect class, status, and social
allegiance, which are irrelevant to God.)
195 **take an answer** acknowledge a rebuttal
199 **attempter** would-be rapist
200 **but** only
202-3 **that... as** the same... which
202 **sleep in this** lie undetected in this
(account of events)
204 **confidence** trust
- 152 **flight** company of angels, dive of a
trained hawk, volley of arrows
153 I... **light** i.e., by castrating him I
relieved him of the weight of his testicles
(called 'stones'), and thereby transformed
him into a faster and more obedient
animal (like geldings among horses),
with the powers of angels (God's eunuch
messengers, capable of flight)
business mission (but ironically suggest-
ing, by contrast, the 'sexual business'
which castration had made him *not* 'fit'
to do)
fit (a) well adapted, qualified (b) inclined,
disposed
light (a) quick (b) not heavy (but
ironically suggesting 'lascivious')

- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM [*to White House*]
I'll undertake
205 That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
If sin were half as wise as impudent,
She'd ne'er seek farther for an advocate.
Enter Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn [from the Black House]
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN (*aside*)
Now to act treach'ry with an angel's tongue.
Since all's come out, I'll bring him strangely in
again.—
210 Where is this injured chastity? this goodness,
Whose worth no transitory prize can equal?
This rock of constant and invincible virtue
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?
- BLACK QUEEN MARIA
What, is my Pawn distracted?
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*]
I think rather
215 There's some notable masterpiece of roguery
This drum strikes up for.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Let me fall with reverence
Before this blessed altar.
[*She falls before Virgin White Queen's Pawn*]
- BLACK QUEEN MARIA This is madness.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*]
Well, mark the end. I stand for roguery still.
I will not change my side.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN [*to White House*]
I shall be taxed, I know.
220 I care not what the Black House thinks of me.
BLACK QUEEN MARIA [*to Black Knight Gondomar*]
What say you now?
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
I will not be unlaid yet.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
However censure flies, I honour sanctity.
That is my object; I intend no other.
I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue
225 Fight the most noblest combat with the devil.
- BLACK QUEEN MARIA
If both the Bishops had been there for seconds,
'T'ad been a complete duel.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*to Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
Then thou heard'st
The violence intended?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
'Tis a truth
I joy to justify. I was an agent, sir,
On virtue's part, and raised that confused noise
230 That startled him and gave her liberty.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*to White Knight Charles*]
O 'tis a righteous story she has told, sir.
My life and fame stand mutually engaged
Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*to Black Knight Gondomar*]
Does it appear to you yet clear as the sun?
235 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
'Las, I believed it long before 'twas done.
[*The Black House speaks apart*]
- BLACK KING FELIPE [*to Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
Degenerate!
BLACK QUEEN MARIA [*to Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
Base!
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP [*to Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
Perfidious!
BLACK DUKE OLIVARES [*to Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
Trait'rous Pawn!
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
What, are you all beside yourselves?
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR But I:
Remember that, Pawn.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
May a fearful barrenness
240 Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought not
Her ruin in my pity, a new trap
For her more sure confusion.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*to Black House*]
Have I won now?
Did not I say 'twas craft and machination?
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went,
245 Although the mess was covered, I'm so used to't.

undertake bet

- 209 **him** Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn
212 **rock** (in contrast to the 'rock', Peter, who founded the Roman church)
214 **distracted** deranged
216–17 **fall... altar** (Protestants characterized such actions as an excessive, insane Catholic worship of merely human virtue.)
218 **mark the end** pay attention to the

outcome

- 219 **taxed** criticized
221 **unlaid** moved from the position I've taken
222 **However... flies** no matter how people rush to criticize
226–7 **If... duel** (seconds sometimes fought in duels, as well as the principals; but duelling would be outrageously inappropriate for bishops)

233 **mutually** reciprocally, equally

- 236 **'Las... done** (ambiguous)
238 **But I** except me
242 **Have I won** (The preceding exchanges resemble the gambling between spectators at exhibition chess matches: Black Knight, having seen the pawn ploy, wins the bet.)
245 **mess** dish of food

- BLACK DUKE OLIVARES
That Queen would I fain finger.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR You're too hasty, sir.
If she were took, the game would be ours quickly.
My aim's at that White Knight, t'entrap him first:
The Duke will follow too.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP I would that Bishop
250 Were in my diocese; I'd soon change his whiteness.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Sir, I could whip you up a pawn immediately.
I know where my game stands.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP Do't, suddenly!
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.
[*Black Knight Gondomar takes White King's
Counsellor Pawn*]
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Pawn, thou art ours.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*to White House*]
He's taken by default,
255 By wilful negligence. Guard the sacred persons.
Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn
Gave guard to th' Queen and him in the third place.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
See what sure piece you lock your confidence in.
I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,
260 As soon as honour by creation yours.
This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy
Of pure dissimulation. View him now:
*His upper garment being taken off [the White
King's Counsellor Pawn], he appears black under-
neath*
His heart and his intents are of our colour.
- WHITE KING JAMES
Most dangerous hypocrite!
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
One made against us!
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
His truth of their complexion!
- WHITE KING JAMES [*to White King's Counsellor Pawn*]
Has my goodness, 265
Clemency, love and favour gracious, raised thee
From a condition next to popular labour?
Took thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures,
And grafted thee into a branch of honour? 270
And dost thou fall from the top bough by th' rotten-
ness
Of thy alone corruption?—like a fruit
That's over-ripened by the beams of favour?
Let thy own weight reward thee. I ha' forgot thee.
Integrity of life is so dear to me, 275
Where I find falsehood or a crying trespass,
Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,
I'd tear 'em from my heart.
- WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]
Spoke like heaven's substitute.
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] [*to Black House*]
You have him, we can spare him, and his shame
Will make the rest look better to their game. 280
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
The more cunning we must use then.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES We shall match you,
Play how you can—perhaps and mate you too.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
Is there so much amazement spent on him
That's but half black? There might be hope of that
man, 285
But how will this House wonder if I stand forth
And show a whole one? instantly discover
One that's all black, where there's no hope at all?
- WHITE KING JAMES
I'll say thy heart then justifies thy books.
I long for that discovery.
- 246 DUKE (The speech is spoken by Black King in *Early*. The Duke of Bavaria specifically, and the Habsburg dynasty more generally, wanted possession of the Palatinate, the territory ruled by the Queen of Bohemia and her husband.)
- 246–53 **That...play** (Kibitzing—a public debate about the next move—was permitted in early chess matches.)
- 246 **fain** gladly
- finger** (a) steal (b) sexually handle (but also literally picking up with the fingers a captured chess piece)
- 246–9 **You're...follow too** (Black Knight rebukes Black Duke for imagining that a chess game against a skilful opponent can be won by immediately attacking the opponent's Queen, before a single piece has been captured. He instead proposes a long-term, indirect strategy.)
- 246 **hasty** (Good chess players think before they move, rather than leaping at the first opportunity, which may be a trap.)
- 249–50 **Bishop...diocese** (Black Queen's Bishop and White Queen's Bishop are on different coloured squares; one can never take the other.)
- 250 **diocese** (punning on 'dye')
- 253 **play** (a) game (b) theatrical performance
- 255 **sacred persons** i.e. White King and Queen
- 257 **Gave...place** (because a pawn can attack diagonally to the left or right, a stationary White King's Pawn defends the third rank in front of both the White Queen and White King's Bishop)
- 258 **sure** reliable
- 260 **honour...yours** investiture with a title (made him) yours
- 265 **complexion** (a) nature (b) skin colour. Anti-Spanish propaganda emphasized their dark skin, as a sign of their mixture with Arabs, Jews, and Africans.
- 268 **dubitable** doubtful
- 269 **fortune** chance
- adventures** risks (of business, in particular)
- 270 **grafted...honour** united you with an honourable family (using the metaphor of a 'family tree')
- 272 **alone** unique
- 274 **weight** (which will cause him to fall: from power, and more generally downwards toward hell, at the centre of the earth)
- 276 **crying** crying out for punishment
- 278 **'em** 'them' or 'him'
- heaven's substitute** God's deputy on earth
- 280 **better** more carefully (crucial in chess, where everything is visible, and failure results from inattention)
- 281 **match** equal (but also alluding to the proposed 'match' linking White House England to Black House Spain)
- 282 **mate** checkmate (but also suggesting 'marry')

- 290 FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO Look no farther then.
Bear witness all the House, I am the man,
And turn myself into the Black House freely.
[*Fat Bishop of Spalato crosses to the Black House*]
I am of this side now.
- WHITE KING JAMES Monster ne'er matched him!
FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*to Black Knight Gondomar*]
This is your noble work, Knight.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*] Now I'll halter *him*.
FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*to White House*]
Next news you hear, expect my books against you
295 Printed at Douai, Brussels, or Spalato.
- WHITE KING JAMES [*to White House*]
See his goods seized on.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO 'Las, they were all conveyed
Last night by water to a tailor's house,
A friend of the Black cause.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES A prepared hypocrite!
WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
Premeditated turncoat!
*Exeunt [all of White House but Virgin White
Queen's Pawn and White King's Counsellor Pawn]*
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*to the departing White House*]
Yes, rail on!
300 I'll reach you in my writings when I'm gone.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside to Black House*]
Flatter him awhile with honours, till we put him
Upon some dangerous service and then burn him.
- BLACK KING FELIPE [*to Fat Bishop of Spalato*]
This came unlooked for.
- BLACK DUKE OLIVARES [*to Fat Bishop of Spalato*]
How we joy to see you!
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
Now I'll discover all the White House to you.
- 305 BLACK DUKE OLIVARES
Indeed, that will both reconcile and raise you.
[*Exeunt Fat Bishop of Spalato with all
of Black House but Black Knight Gondomar
and Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn*]
- WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN [*to Black Knight Gondomar*]
I rest upon you, Knight, for my advancement.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
O for the staff, the strong staff, that will hold
And the red hat fit for the guilty mazard?
Into the empty bag! Know thy first way.
310 Pawns that are lost are ever out of play.
- WHITE KING'S COUNSELLOR PAWN
How's this?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
No replications. You know me.
No doubt ere long you'll have more company.
The bag is big enough; 'twill hold us all.
*Exeunt [Black Knight Gondomar, taking
off White King's Counsellor Pawn]*
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*to Black Queen's Pawn*]
I sue to thee: pritheee, be one of us.
Let my love win thee. Thou'st done truth this day,
315 And yesterday my honour, noble service.
The best Pawn of our house could not transcend it.
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
My pity flamed with zeal, especially
When I foresaw your marriage—then it mounted.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
How, marriage, sayst thou?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
I saw the man.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN The man? 320
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
An absolute honest gentleman, a complete one—
You'll say so when you see him—heir to three red
hats,
Besides his general hopes in the Black House.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Sure thou art much mistaken for this man.
Why, I have promised single life to all my affections.
325 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Promise you what you will, or I, or all on's,
There's a fate rules, and overrules, us all, methinks.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
How came you to see or know this mystery?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
A magical glass I bought of an Egyptian
(Whose stone retains that speculative virtue)
330 Presented the man to me. Your name brings him
As often as I use it, and methinks
I never have enough—person and postures
Are all so pleasing.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
This is wondrous strange.
The faculties of soul are still the same.
335 I cannot feel one motion tend that way.
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
We do not always feel the faith we live by,
Nor ever see our growth, yet both work upward.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
'Twas well applied. But may I see him too?

293 halter *him* hang him, instead of me (in contrast to the Fat Bishop's joke about hanging the Black Knight, at 2.2.63-7)
305 raise promote
306 rest depend
307 staff...hold Jeremiah 48:17 ('How is the strong staff broken!')
308 mazard head (literally, 'drinking cup')
311 replications rejoinders (legal term)

313 'twill 'it is big enough to' (but also an unintentionally ironic prediction: 'it will')
us all all of the Black House (who will be damned), or all of humanity (who will die)
320 marriage See Additional Passage C.
322 heir...hats (as though cardinalships were inherited, like earldoms)
326 on's of us (humans)

329 glass mirror
Egyptian gypsy (famous for fortune-telling)
330 stone polished surface
speculative virtue image-making power
335 faculties dispositions
336 motion (a) stirring, inclination, desire (b) working of God within the soul

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 340 Surely you may, without all doubt or fear—
 Observing the right use, as I was taught it,
 Not looking back or questioning the spectre.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 That's no hard observation. Trust it with me.
 Is't possible? I long to see this man.

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 345 Why then, observe: I'll ease you instantly.
 This is the room he did appear to me in,
 [She reveals a large mirror]
 And—look you—this, the magical glass that showed
 him.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 I find no motion yet. What should I think on't?
 A sudden fear invades me, a faint trembling
 350 Under this omen,
 As is oft felt the panting of a turtle
 Under a stroking hand.

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 That bodes good luck still—
 Sign you shall change state speedily, for that trem-
 bling
 Is always the first symptom of a bride.
 355 For any vainer fears that may accompany
 His apparition, by my truth to friendship
 I quit you of the least. Never was object
 More gracefully presented. The very air
 Conspires to do him honour and creates
 360 Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom entered
 (Which argues the blest harmony of your loves).

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 And will the using of my name produce him?

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 Nay, of yours only, else the wonder halted.
 To clear you of that doubt, I'll put the diff'rence
 365 In practice, the first thing I do, and make
 His invocation in the name of others.

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 That will satisfy me much.

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 It shall be done.
 [She speaks] the invocation
 Thou whose gentle form and face
 Filled lately this Egyptian glass,
 By th'imperious pow'rful name 370
 And the universal fame
 Of the mighty Black House Queen,
 I conjure thee to be seen.
 What, see you nothing yet?

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 Not any part.
 Pray, try another.

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 You shall have your will. 375
 [She speaks the invocation]
 I double my command and power
 And at the instant of this hour
 Invoke thee, in the White Queen's name,
 With stay for time, and shape the same.
 What see you yet?

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 There's nothing shows at all. 380

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 My truth reflects the clearer. Then now fix
 And bless your fair eyes with your own forever.
 [She speaks the invocation]
 Thou well-composed, by fate's hand drawn
 To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,
 Of whom thou shalt (by virtue met) 385
 Many graceful issues get:
 By the whiteness of her name,
 By her fair and fruitful love,
 By her truth that mates the dove,
 390 By the meekness of her mind,
 By the softness of her kind,
 By the lustre of her grace,
 Music
 By all these thou art summoned to this place.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 341 right use proper ceremony | 368 gentle well-born, noble | name reputation (but also, here, literal cognomen) |
| 342 spectre apparition | 369 Egyptic Egyptian, gypsy | |
| 343 observation observance, rule | 370 imperious (a) imperial, majestic (b) tyrannical, domineering | 389 truth fidelity |
| 345-6 Why . . . This For a scene apparently omitted in performance, see Additional Passages. | 371 fame (a) reputation (b) infamy | mates (a) matches, equals (b) marries |
| 351 turtle dove | 379 stay pause | dove (proverbially monogamous) |
| 353 state social condition, marital status | 381 Then therefore | 391 kind i.e. sex, gender (women being traditionally physically softer and emotionally more 'tender' than men) |
| 357 quit relieve | fix focus, fasten | 392 lustre luminous beauty, glory |
| object spectacle | 383 well-composed well-balanced, harmoniously combining the essential physiological elements ('humours') | grace attractiveness (but also God-given virtue) |
| 363 else otherwise | drawn (a) sketched, created (b) pulled, moved | 392.1 Music Offstage instrumental music, because it came from an invisible source, often suggested or accompanied supernatural effects. |
| wonder (a) miracle (b) admiration, amazement | 385-6 Of . . . get on whom you will beget many beautiful children | 393 By (a) in the name of (b) by means of |
| halted (a) limped (b) faltered, failed, proved false | 387 whiteness unspottedness | |
| 366 His invocation invocation of him | | |

- 395 Hark how the air, enchanted with your praises
And his approach, those words to sweet notes raises.
The Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn comes like an apparition, in rich attire, and presents himself before the glass; then exit
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
O let him stay awhile! a little longer!
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN That's a good hearing.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
If he be mine, why should he part so soon?
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Why, this is but the shadow of yours. How do you?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
400 O I did ill to give consent to see it.
What certainty is in our bloods, our states?
What we still write is blotted out by fates.
Our wills are like a cause that is law-tossed:
What one court orders, is by another crossed.
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
405 I find no fit place for this passion here.
It's merely an intruder. He's a gentleman,
Most wishfully composed. Honour grows on him
And wealth piled up for him; has youth enough too,
410 And yet in the sobriety of his countenance,
Grave as a tetrarch—which is gracious
I'th' eye of modest pleasure. Where's the emptiness?
What can you more request?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN I do not know
What answer yet to make. It does require
A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire. *Exit*
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
She's caught—and (which is strange) by her most wronger.
Exit
- Finit Actus Tertius*
- Incipit Actus Quartus*
Enter [from the Black House] Black Knight's Pawn Gelder meeting the Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn (in his gallant habit, richly accoutred)
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER [*aside*]
It's he, my confessor. He might ha' passed me
Sev'n years together, had I not by chance
Advanced mine eye upon that lettered hatband,
The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,
Worn by the brave collegians with consent. 5
It's a strange habit for a holy Father,
A president of poverty, especially;
But we the sons and daughters of obedience
Dare not once think awry, but must confess ourselves
As humbly to the Father of that feather, 10
Long spur and poniard, as to the alb and altar
(And happy we're so highly graced t'attain to't).—
Holy and reverend!
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
How hast found me out?
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
O sir, put on the sparkling'st trim of glory,

394 **enchanted** (a) charmed, delighted
(b) literally bewitched, deluded
your praises words praising you
395 **sweet** harmonious (and therefore associated with both love and God)
raises (a) rouses (b) utters with force and animation (c) elevates [implying the superiority of music to words]
395.1–2 **comes...apparition** (not 'dressed like' a ghost or spirit, but apparently 'moving like' one)
395.2 **in rich attire** i.e. disguised (a move not permissible in chess: one piece cannot pretend to be another)
395.2–3 **presents...glass** i.e., stands in such a way that White Queen's Pawn sees his reflection in the mirror (without realizing that it is only a reflection)
398 **part** leave
399 **but** only
shadow foreshadowing, image (but also literally 'reflection' and 'delusion', and a darkness cast by interception of light)
401 **bloods** (a) emotions (b) physical desires, lusts (c) pedigrees
states (a) physical, mental, spiritual conditions (b) social status (c) governments, courts (d) nations
402 **still** continually
fates (a) three mythological goddesses of

destiny (b) predestined events
403 **wills** intentions, desires (but suggesting the literal 'last will and testament')
cause legal dispute, case
404 **crossed** obstructed, cancelled
405 **passion** (a) emotion (b) outburst
407 **grows on** is increasingly bestowed upon
410 **Grave** sober, serious
tetrarch subordinate governor (Roman history)
411 **I'th'...pleasure** i.e. when observed by someone whose pleasures are bashful and restrained—in implicit contrast to 'inside the eye of immodest pleasure' (in the vagina)
eye (a) organ of vision (b) slang for 'vagina'
modest (a) virtue prized in women, whose desires would be considered more decent if they were attracted to 'sober-looking' men)
4.1.0.4 **in...habit** disguised like a rich man-about-town or lady's man
1–3 **He...hatband** (He recognizes him only because of a secret sign, which the White Queen's Pawn does not know.)
2 **together** in a row
3 **that...hatband** a gold hatband, studded with coded letters
5 **brave** well-dressed, dolled-up

collegians students or graduates of a Jesuit seminary
with consent by mutual agreement
6 **holy Father** priest (but continuing the play on 'father' and 'daughter' which makes Black Bishop Pawn's sexual pursuit of White Queen's Pawn seem incestuous)
7 **president** leading example, model or precedent to inspire others
poverty (one of the Jesuit vows)
9 **think awry** 'have even an erring thought' (since sinful thoughts as well as actions had to be confessed) or 'think differently' (than the Catholic Church demands)
10 **feather** (frivolous expensive fashionable ornament)
11 **Long** (i.e. decorative)
poniard dagger (duelling weapon, inappropriate for a priest)
alb and altar ecclesiastical accessories associated with Catholics (suggesting a worship of things, rather than a direct relationship to God)
12 **happy** delighted, lucky
14 **trim** fancy dress: 'And when thou shalt be destroyed, what wilt thou do?... thou shalt trim thyself in vain' (Jeremiah 4:30)

15 Perfection will shine foremost—and I knew you
By the Catholic mark you wear about you,
The mark above your forehead.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Are you grown so ambitious
In your observance? Well, your business?
I have my game to follow.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
And I have a worm
20 Follows *me* so that I can follow *no* game.
The most faint-hearted Pawn (if he could see his play)
Might snap me up at pleasure. I desire, sir,
To be absolved. My conscience being at ease,
I could then with more courage ply my game.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
'Twas a base fact.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
25 'Twas to a schismatic Pawn, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
What's that to the nobility of revenge?
Suffices I have neither will nor power
To give you absolution for that violence.
Make your petition to the Penance Chamber.
30 If the tax register relieve you in't,
By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have wrought
out
A singular piece of favour with your money.
It's all your refuge now.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
This sting shoots deeper.
Exit

Enter [aloof off] Virgin White Queen's Pawn and
Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [aside]
Yonder's my game, which (like a politic chessmaster)
I must not seem to see.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
O my heart! 'Tis he.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN That 'tis.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
The very self-same that the magical mirror
Presented lately to me.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
And how like
A most regardless stranger he walks by,
Merely ignorant of his fate! You are not minded,
40 The principal'st part of him. What strange mysteries
Inscrutable love works by!
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
The time, you see,
Is not yet come.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
But 'tis in our pow'r now
To bring time nearer—knowledge is a mast'ry—
And make *it* observe *us*, and not we it.
45 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I would force nothing from its proper virtue.
Let time have his full course. I'd rather die
The modest death of undiscovered love
Than have heaven's least and lowest servant suffer,
50 Or in his motion receive check for me.
How is my soul's growth altered, that single life

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>16–17 mark . . . mark (perhaps suggesting 'a mark . . . in their foreheads . . . the mark of the beast' (Revelation 13:16–17))</p> <p>18 observance (a) observation (b) attendance on a superior (which should therefore not be 'ambitious')</p> <p>19 game to follow (a) strategic work to do (b) prey to pursue
worm gnawing grief, remorse (compared to a parasite in the body, or the serpent/dragon that continually preys on the damned in hell: Mark 9:48, Isaiah 66:24)</p> <p>21 play move (in the game), tactical opportunity</p> <p>25 base fact despicable crime
schismatic heretic, sectarian</p> <p>26 nobility of revenge (Contrast the classic Christian condemnation of revenge, as at Romans 12:19: 'Vengeance is mine, . . . saith the Lord'.)</p> <p>27 will desire (to forgive a man who seems genuinely penitent)</p> <p>27–8 power . . . absolution (ironic: Protestants denied the power of Catholic priests to absolve sins)</p> <p>29 Penance Chamber ecclesiastical office that dealt with penitents (sometimes,</p> | <p>in Protestant propaganda, a prison or torture chamber)</p> <p>30 tax register <i>Taxa Sacra Poenitentiaría</i> (brought on stage in 4.2)</p> <p>32 singular extraordinary, unique</p> <p>33 all your your only
sting (comparing his guilt to the pain caused by the poison of an insect or snake, like the serpent Satan)</p> <p>34 game (a) prize awarded to the winner (b) prey (c) amusement</p> <p>34–5 which . . . see (a clever chess player will give no sign of noticing that his opponent is making a bad move, because any reaction might alert his opponent to the mistake)</p> <p>34 politic (a) prudent (b) political (c) scheming</p> <p>38 Presented (a) ceremoniously introduced (b) showed (c) represented (d) offered, gave</p> <p>39 regardless careless, inattentive; literally, 'not looking' (but ironically suggesting 'not worth anyone's attention')</p> <p>stranger (a) unknown person (b) foreigner (c) newcomer</p> <p>40 Merely wholly
fate i.e. his allegedly fated marriage</p> | <p>(but also, ironically, his predestined damnation)</p> <p>minded (a) noticed (b) remembered</p> <p>41 part duty, allotment (but also suggesting woman's creation from Adam's rib)</p> <p>mysteries (a) enigmas (b) revealed religious truths (c) sacraments (d) state secrets</p> <p>42 love (a) emotional and/or sexual attraction (b) 'God is love' (1 John 4:16)</p> <p>time right moment</p> <p>44 mast'ry (a) control, power (b) victory in competition (c) achievement</p> <p>45 observe (a) watch (b) attend (c) obey (d) defer to</p> <p>46 proper (a) appropriate (b) private, particular
virtue (a) ethical conduct (b) chastity (c) particular inherent quality</p> <p>48 modest death (by contrast to the 'immodest death', sexual orgasm)</p> <p>undiscovered not revealed, not detected</p> <p>50 motion actions or feelings (but also suggesting the movement of a clock or watch, as a measurement of time)</p> <p>check (a) stop, delay (b) rebuke. The chess sense is also ironically present.</p> <p>51 single unmarried, celibate</p> |
|---|--|---|

- (The fittest garment that peace ever made for't)
Is grown too strait, too stubborn on the sudden?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
He comes this way again.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
O there's a traitor
55 Leaped from my heart into my cheek already
That will betray all to his powerful eye
If it but glance upon me.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
By my verity,
Look, he's passed by again, drowned in neglect,
Without the prosperous hint of so much happiness
60 To look upon his fortunes. How close fate
Seals up the eye of human understanding
Till (like the sun's flow'r) time and love uncloses it!
'Twere pity he should dwell in ignorance longer.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
What will you do?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Yes, die a bashful death, do,
65 And let the remedy pass by unused still.
You're changed enough already, if you'd look into't.
[*Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn goes to the Jesuit
Black Bishop's Pawn*]
Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon
For this my rude intrusion, I am bold
To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer
70 By many days, sir, than it would arrive
- In its own proper revelation with you.
Pray, turn and fix. Do you know yon noble goodness?
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
'Tis the first minute my eye blessed me with her,
And clearly shows how much my knowledge wanted,
Not knowing her till now.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
She's to be liked then? 75
Pray, view advisedly. There is strong reason
That I'm so bold to urge it, you must guess:
The work concerns you nearer than you think for.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Her glory and the wonder of this secret
Puts a reciprocal amazement on me. 80
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
And 'tis not without worth. You two must be
Better acquainted.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Is there cause? Affinity?
Or any courteous help creation joys in
To bring that forward?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Yes, yes, I can show you
85 The nearest way to that perfection
(Of a most virtuous one) that joy e'er found.
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,
And I will show you her must be your wife, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
The mystery extends, or else creation

- 52 **fittest** (a) most appropriate (b) best-fitting
peace tranquility (but playing on 'piece'
of cloth)
- 53 **strait** (a) honest, virtuous (b) tight
stubborn (a) unyielding (b) stiff, rigid
on the all of a
- 54 **a traitor** i.e. her blush, which reveals
all her secret feelings when blood rushes
from her heart to her cheeks (but also,
ironically, literally, the Black Bishop's
Pawn)
- 56 **his** (a) Black Bishop's Pawn's (b) God's
powerful eye (a) attention of a powerful
viewer (b) piercing vision: eyes were
thought to actively emit beams, so an
eye capable of emitting stronger beams
would see more
- 57 **but** only, just
verity (a) truthfulness, honesty (b) true
faith, religious belief (c) God, Christ
- 58 **neglect** negligence
- 59 **prosperous** auspicious, prospering
happiness (a) felicity (b) good luck
- 60 **fortunes** (a) fate (b) wealth, goods
close (a) closely, tightly (b) secretive,
niggardly
- 61 **Seals** stitches (like the eyes of hawks,
sewn shut to tame them)
- 62 **sun's flow'r** sunflower (a) implicitly com-
pared to the open human eye (b) often a
symbol for the soul, turning toward God
- time and love** (implicitly compared to the
sun, characterized by both the warmth/
heat of love and the regularity of time)
- 63 **dwell** remain
- 65 **remedy** i.e. the man who, by making
love to her, would cure her of the
anemia (or greensickness) which was
thought to afflict female virgins
- 67 **Absolute** (a) perfect (b) independent, un-
attached (but also ironically suggesting
'despotic')
- 71 **proper** intrinsic, self-actuated (but
also ironically suggesting 'appropriate,
respectable, ethical')
- 72 **fix** rivet (your eyes, your attention)
- 74 **wanted** lacked
- 78 **think for** expect
- 79 **glory** unearthly beauty (often used of
saints, angels, etc.)
- 80 **reciprocal** corresponding (to the 'wonder'
and 'glory')
- 82 **Affinity** kinship (by blood or marriage):
'should I become better acquainted with
her because she is a member of my
family?'
- 83-4 **any...forward?** 'anything that would
make her a member of my family?'
(Since he knows the White Queen's
Pawn knows the answer to his question,
he uses religious circumlocution; for
the audience, who also knows the
- answer, his complex evasive language
is characteristically Jesuitical.)
- 83 **courteous** gracious, polite, courtly
(a product of human artifice—like
the magic mirror—rather than divine
'creation'). A sexual favour could be
described as a *courtesy*.
help (God created Eve, and marriage, to
be a 'help' for Adam: Genesis 2:18.)
creation joys in (a) that the world
created by God celebrates (b) that enjoys
procreation. See Mark 10:6 ('from the
beginning of the creation God made them
male and female').
- 84 **that** 'affinity' (by marriage)
- 85 **perfection** consummation (i.e. marriage,
understood as the perfect mature union
of the immature incompleteness of two
complementary individuals)
- 86 **most virtuous** (modifying and correcting
'nearest way', which otherwise might
be understood as 'the quickest route to
intercourse')
joy (a) happiness (b) sexual pleasure
- 87 **mark** observe
- 89 **extends** widens, deepens
or else unless [the explanation for your
mysterious *non sequitur* is that]
creation (a) God's act of creation (b) the
entire created natural world; fallen
nature

- 90 Has set that admirable piece before us
To choose out chaste delight by.
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN Please you follow, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
What art have you to put me on an object
And cannot get me off? 'Tis pain to part from't.
*Exeunt [Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn,
following Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn]*
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
If there prove no check in that magical glass,
95 But my proportion come as fair and full
Into his eye as his into mine lately,
Then I'm confirmed he is mine own for ever.
*Enter again Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn [with
Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn]*
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
The very self-same that the mirror blessed me with,
From head to foot, the beauty and the habit.
100 Kept you this place still? Did you not remove, lady?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Not a foot farther, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Is't possible?
I would have sworn I'd seen the substance yonder.
'Twas to that lustre, to that life presented.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
E'en so was yours to me, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Saw you mine?
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
105 Perfectly clear: no sooner my name used
But yours appeared.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Just so did yours at mine now.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Why stand you idle? Will you let time cozen you,
Protracting time, of those delicious benefits
That fate has marked to you? You modest pair
- Of blushing gamesters—and you, sir, the bashfull'st: 110
I cannot flatter a foul fault in any—
Can you be more than man and wife assigned,
And by a power the most irrevocable?
Others that be adventurers in delight
May meet with crosses, shame, or separation; 115
Their fortune's hid, and the event's locked from 'em.
You know the mind of fate. You must be coupled.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [to Virgin White Queen's Pawn]
She speaks but truth in this. I see no reason then
That we should miss the relish of this night,
But that we are both shamefaced.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN How, this night, sir? 120
Did not I know you must be mine, and therein
Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion
You never should be. Is it not my fortune
To match with a pure mind? Then am I miserable.
The doves and all chaste loving wingèd creatures 125
Have their pairs fit, their desires justly mated;
Is woman more unfortunate? A virgin,
The May of woman? Fate—that has ordained, sir,
We should be man and wife—has not given warrant
For any act of knowledge till we are so. 130
[She weeps]
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Tender-eyed modesty! How it grieves at this!
*[Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn and Jesuitess Black
Queen's Pawn speak apart]*
I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,
As at first interview. Where lies our game now?
You know I cannot marry, by my Order.
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
I know you cannot, sir; yet you may venture 135
Upon a contract.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Ha?

90 **piece** masterpiece—but also suggesting the derogatory slang sense 'sexual object' (used of the genitals, or of a woman defined as a 'piece of ass')

before us (literally true of the genitals)

91 **choose out** select, pick out

chaste delight i.e. procreative sexual pleasure within marriage (but also suggesting 'chased pleasure')

92 **put me on** incite me to, set me to study (but suggesting 'put me on top of', a literal sense sustained in 'off' and 'part' and 'it')

object (a) goal (b) admirable spectacle (c) thing

93 **from't** i.e. from the White Queen's Pawn, defined as his 'object' (but also suggesting the sexual sense of 'it')

94 **check** obstruction, detour, false target (but suggesting the chess sense)

95 **proportion** shape, image which reproduces the harmonious proportions of the

original

fair beautiful, pale, unblemished, unfraudulent

full complete, replete, perfect

99 **habit** outfit

100 **remove** move

102 **substance** real thing (instead of the mere 'shadow' reflected in the mirror)

107 **cozen** cheat

108 **Protracting** prolonging

109 **marked** assigned, indicated

110 **gamesters** sexual players, gamblers

111 **flatter** praise falsely, like a flatterer (ironically, since bashful modesty is not usually considered a 'foul fault')

112 **more... assigned** anything more legitimately married than you already are

assigned appointed

113 **power** i.e. God

114 **adventurers** gamblers, players, investors

115 **crosses** trials, afflictions, obstacles

116 **fortune's hid** destiny is hidden

event's outcome is (meaning 'the outcome of their desire' but suggesting 'death', the outcome of all human life, as in Ecclesiastes 9:2-3)

locked from 'em i.e. unknown to them, like something kept in a locked room

117 **coupled** (a) joined in marriage (b) sexually united

118 **but** only

119 **relish** enticing taste

122 **privilege** prerogative

loose motion lascivious proposal

128 **May** springtime, prime

130 **knowledge** carnal knowledge, sexual intercourse

134 **by my Order** because of the vow of chastity he made as a Jesuit

136 **contract** a betrothal or verbal 'pre-contract' (producing a marriage of uncertain legal validity; often the justification for premarital intercourse)

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN

Surely you may, sir,
Without all question so far, without danger
Or any stain to your vow, and that may take her.
Nay, do't with speed. She'll think you mean the better
too.

JESUIT BISHOP'S PAWN [to Virgin White Queen's Pawn]

140 Be not so lavish of that blessed spring.
You've wasted that, upon a cold occasion now,
Would wash a sinful soul white. By our love-joys,
That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue more
Till we're contracted. Then, I hope, you're mine?

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN

In all just duty ever.

JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN [to Black Bishop's Pawn]

145 "Then"? Do you question it?
Push! then you're man and wife—all but church
ceremonies.
Pray, let's see that done first. [Aside to him] She shall
do reason then.—
[Aside] Now I'll enjoy the sport, and cozen 'em both.
My blood's game is the wages I have worked for.

Exeunt

4.2

Enter Black Knight Gondomar with his Pawn
[from the Black House]

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat Bishop for thee.
I'll get thy absolution from his own mouth.
Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of coz'nage,
Sev'n thousand pounds in women, reach me that.

[Black Knight's Pawn Gelder fetches] Gondomar's
golden chair with a hole in it

I love, o' life, to sit upon a bank
Of heretic gold—O soft and gently, sirrah!

[Black Knight Gondomar sits]

There's a foul flaw i'th' bottom of my drum, Pawn;
I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound treacher
With any he in Europe. How now, qualm?
Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met with.
It cannot bear one suckling villainy.
Mine can digest a monster without crudity,
A sin as weighty as an elephant,
And never wamble for't.

BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER

You have been used to't, sir;

15 That's a great help. The swallow of my conscience
Has but a narrow passage. You must think yet
It lies i'th' penitent pipe, and will not down.
If I had got sev'n thousand pounds by offices,
And gulled down that, the bore would have been
bigger.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

20 Nay, if thou prov'st facetious, I shall hug thee.
Can a soft, rare, poor-poached iniquity
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm ashamed of thee.
Hadst thou betrayed the White House to the Black,
Beggared a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed the fair frame of peace and traffic,
25 Poisoned allegiance, set faith back, and wrought
Women's soft souls e'en up to masculine malice
To pursue truth to death if the cause roused 'em,

140 **lavish of** excessively generous in
dispensing from
that blessed spring i.e. her eyes, from
which spring tears, blessed because they
are a sign of her modesty and virtue, too
precious to be wasted

141 **that** i.e. the warm water of her tears
cold dead, stale, weak, incapable of
stimulating
occasion fleeting circumstance

142 **wash...white** (Tears, as a sign of
repentance, would be more effective than
Catholic 'holy water' in cleansing the
soul.)

love-joys future sexual pleasure (not a
very religious oath)

143 **light** alight (like a moving bird)

146 **Push** (exclamation: euphemism for
'fuck')

147 **Pray** please (but the religious sense
haunts the line, right after 'church
ceremonies')

that i.e. the pre-contract

do reason behave reasonably, i.e.
surrender

149 **blood's lust's**, anger's

game fun, sex, prey, diversion (opposite
of 'work', and alluding to chess)

is the wages 'The wages of sin is death'
(Romans 6:23)

4.2.1 **spoke** spoken

3 **me** for me

chair of ease Gondomar used a specially
designed chair, which allowed him to sit
comfortably despite his painful fistula.
See illustration, p. 1775.

coz'nage trickery

4 **Sev'n...women** i.e. (a) paid for with
£7000 I received from women (b) worth
as many women as I could buy with
£7000. The hole in the chair probably
suggested the comparison of women to
holes he uses to 'ease' himself.

5 **o' life** as much as life (swearing 'on my
life')

bank (a) bench (b) pile

6 **heretic gold** (implying that he acquired
the gold from English suitors: see l. 18)

7 **foul...bottom** disgusting crack in the ass
(his anal fistula)

drum (comparing buttocks to something
tight beaten with a stick, suggesting
sodomy)

8 **sound** reliable (but punning on the
sound of a drum)

soldier (suggested by the military
'drum', and contrasting the courageous
loyalty of soldiers with the cowardly
self-aggrandizement of politicians)

8-9 **sound treacher** With 'I shall make
as reliable a cheat and traitor as' (oxy-
moron) and/or 'I sound out and an-
nounce myself as a cheater and traitor
to'

9 **he man**

qualm bellyache, scruple (i.e., Black
Bishop's Pawn)

10 **puking'st** most easily nauseated

11 **suckling** baby (but suggesting tender
meat, like veal, which should be easy to
digest)

12 **crudity** indigestion

14 **wamble** (a) feel nausea (b) totter, reel

15 **swallow** gorge

17 **It his sin** (castrating the White Bishop's
Pawn)

lies...pipe sticks in the throat of
penitence

18 **by offices** by means of holding or selling
official positions

19 **gulled** (a) guzzled (b) tricked

20 **facetious** witty

21 **rare** barely cooked (but castration is also
'unusual')

poor-poached underboiled (comparing
his sin to an almost-raw egg, easy to
swallow)

25 **traffic** trade, business

That stares and parrots are first taught to curse
thee—
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
30 Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping sins indeed!
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
All these, and ten times trebled, has this brain
Been parent to; they are my offsprings all.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
A goodly brood.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Yet I can jest as lightly,
Laugh and tell stirring stories to court madams
35 (Daughters of my seducement) with alacrity
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence,
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by.
I feel no tempest, not a leaf-wind stirring
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalmed, rather.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
40 I'm sure there's a whirlwind huffs in mine, sir.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Sirrah, I ha' sold the Groom o'th' Stool six times,
And received money of six several ladies
Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives;
To three old mummy-matrons I have promised
45 The Mothership o'th' Maids. I've taught our friends
too
To convey White House gold to our Black Kingdom
In cold baked pasties, and so cozen searchers;
For venting hallowed oil, beads, medals, pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,
50 That's done by one i'th' habit of a pedlar;
Letters conveyed in rolls, tobacco balls.
When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel
Some of our Jesuits turn gentlemen-ushers,

Some falc'ners, some park-keepers, and some
huntsmen.
One took the shape of an old lady's cook once 55
And dispatched two chores in a Sunday morning:
The altar and the dresser. Pray, what use
Put I my summer recreation to?
But more t'inform my knowledge in the state
And strength of the White Kingdom. No fortification, 60
Haven, creek, or landing place 'bout the White coast
But I got draught and platform, learned the depth
Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion prop'rest, 65
A catalogue of all the navy royal,
The burden of the ships, the brassy murderers,
The number of the men, to what cape bound.
Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
Never a shire but the state better known
70 To me than to her best inhabitants:
What pow'r of men and horse, gentry's revènués,
Who well affected to our side, who ill,
Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality.
Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduced, Pawn,
75 Since the jails vomited with the pill I gave 'em.
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
Sure you put oil of toad into that physic, sir.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
I'm now about a masterpiece of play
T'entrap the White Knight and with false allurements
Entice him to the Black House—more will follow—
80 Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen.
Then will our game lie sweetly.
*Enter Fat Bishop of Spalato [from the Black
House, in his black habit, with a book]*
BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER He's come now, sir.

- | | | | |
|----|--|---|--|
| 29 | stares starlings (which, like parrots, can be 'taught to' mimic speech) | shrivelled and ancient as a mummy | |
| 30 | swapping (a) whopping huge (b) devouring (c) exchanging | 45 Mothership o'th' Maids Chief Gentlewoman of the Queen's Privy Chamber, supervising her Maids of Honour | 53 gentlemen-ushers gentlemen working as ushers/servants to people of even higher rank |
| 33 | lightly merrily, easily, carelessly, often, lewdly | 48 venting selling | 57 dresser sideboard where food is prepared for serving (a secular version of the altar, where communion bread and wine were prepared) |
| 34 | stirring exciting, sexually arousing | 48-9 hallowed... heads (Catholic religious paraphernalia) | 59 But only |
| 35 | madams (a) ladies (b) whores, bawds | 48 beads rosary/prayer beads | 62 draught (a) drawing (b) water current |
| 35 | Daughters... seducement young women he has seduced, sexually and/or ideologically (a Biblical idiom, as in 'daughters of Zion', 'daughters of music') | medals metal disk stamped with image or inscription, believed to be blessed | 62 platform (a) chart, map (b) surface area |
| 37 | shape... by cause remorse | pardons indulgences, bought for remission of sins | 66 burden capacity |
| 38 | tempest storm (sign of divine wrath), physical or psychological | 49 Pictures i.e. of saints or Bible scenes (as opposed to the Protestant emphasis on Biblical texts rather than images) | brassy (a) brass (b) pitiless, impudent |
| 41 | sold i.e., taken a bribe to secure someone's appointment to | Veronica's heads i.e. images of Christ, like that allegedly produced when St Veronica wiped his face on his way to crucifixion | murderers small cannon |
| 42 | Groom o'th' Stool 'Minister of the Royal Toilet' (prized court appointment to the royal Privy Chamber, with direct access and personal influence) | private presses secret cupboards | 69 shire county |
| 43 | several separate | 50 habit clothes | 75 vomited suddenly involuntarily ejected their disgusting contents (i.e. Catholic prisoners) |
| 43 | take place of secure precedence over | 51 rolls first suggesting rolls of paper, scrolls, but in fact 'cylinder of tobacco' | 76 oil of toad an imaginary medical ingredient: essence of a creature considered loathsome, hence nauseating (particularly if crushed to produce oil) |
| 44 | mummy-matrons i.e. madams as | 52 restraint crackdown [on Catholic | physic purgative medical treatment |
| | | | 81 lie be set (but playing on 'tell untruths') |

- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
Here's *Taxa Pœnitentiaria*, Knight,
The book of general pardons of all prices.
I have been searching for his sin this half hour
And cannot light upon't.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
That's strange. Let me see't.
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
Pawn wretched that I am, has my rage done that
There is no precedent of pardon for?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*reads*] 'For wilful murder, thir-
teen pound four shillings and sixpence.' That's reason-
90 able cheap. 'For killing—killing—killing—killing—
killing—killing'—
Why, here's nothing but 'killing', Bishop, on this side.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
Turn the sheet over, you shall find adultery
And other trivial sins.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Adultery?
- 95 O I'm in't now. [*Reading*] 'For adultery, a couple of
shillings, and for fornication fivepence'.—Mass, those
are two good pennyworths. I cannot see how a man
can mend himself.—'For lying with mother, sister, and
daughter'—ay, marry, sir—'thirty-three pounds, three
100 shillings, threepence.'
The sins' gradation right, paid all in threes, too.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
You've read the story of that monster, sir,
That got his daughter, sister, and his wife
Of his own mother.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*reads*]
'Simony, nine pounds.'
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
105 They may thank me for that: 'twas nineteen
- Before I came. I've mitigated many of the sums.
BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*reads*]
'Sodomy, sixpence.'—You should put that sum
Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
There's few on's very forward, sir.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
What's here, sir?
[*Reads*] 'Two old precedents of encouragement.'
110
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
Ay, those are ancient notes.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*reads*] 'Given as a gratuity for
the killing of an heretical prince with a poisoned knife,
ducats five thousand.'
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
True, sir, that was paid.
115
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*reads*] 'Promised also to Doctor
Lopez for poisoning the Maiden Queen of the White
Kingdom, ducats twenty thousand; which said sum was
afterwards given, as a meritorious alms, to the nunnery
at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds
120 more at use in the townhouse of Antwerp.'
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
What's all this to my conscience?—Worthy holiness,
I sue for pardon. I have brought money with me.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
You must depart; you see there is no precedent
Of any price of pardon for your fact.
125
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
Most miserable! Are fouler sins remitted?
Killing? Nay, wilful murder?
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
True, there's instance.
Were you to kill him, I'd pardon you.
There's precedent for that, and price set down;
But none for gelding.
130
- BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
I have picked out understanding now forever
Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle.

84 **his sin** i.e. the Black Knight's Pawn's castration of the White Bishop's Pawn
89 **pound** (equivalent to 20 shillings)
shillings (equivalent to 12 pence)
90-2 **killing... killing** (multiple listings for different kinds of murder)
95 **I'm in't now** (a) I've found it in the book (b) I'm an adulterer myself
96 **Mass** by the Mass (Catholic oath)
97 **pennyworths** bargains
98 **can mend himself** can reform (when it's so cheap to continue sinning)
lying having sex with
98-9 **mother... daughter** (either three separate sinners, or one sinner who committed all three forms of incest)
99 **ay, marry** (affirmative interjections, suggesting enthusiastic interest)
101 **sins'** (or 'sin's': aurally ambiguous)
gradation rhetorical sequence and financial scale (as though a man proceeded from incest with mother to incest with

sister and then incest with daughter; also suggesting that one pays thirty pounds for the mother, three shillings for the sister, and only threepence for the daughter)
threes (mirroring the three kinds of incest, and the fact that two incestuous people act the roles that would normally require three: the mother's son also acting as her husband, etc.)
103-4 **got... mother** i.e. got his mother pregnant with a daughter (therefore his half-sister), whom he later married
108 **backside** reverse side of a sheet of paper, left-hand page of an open book (but punning on 'buttocks')
109 **on's** of us (i.e. Catholics, or Italians, or priests—all accused of routinely practising sodomy)
forward (a) zealous (b) inclined to sex with the forward-facing vagina rather than the 'backside'/anus

113 **prince** i.e. Henri IV of France (assassinated in 1610)
117 **Lopez** Roderigo Lopez, royal physician
117-18 **Maiden... Kingdom** i.e. the unmarried 'Virgin Queen' Elizabeth I of England, target of an alleged assassination attempt in 1594
119 **afterwards** i.e.. after Lopez was executed
120 **Lisbon** (because Lopez was Portuguese)
121 **townhouse of Antwerp** seminary in the Spanish Netherlands
122 **What's all this** how is any of this relevant
125 **fact** deed, crime
127 **instance** precedent
131 **picked out** (a) found, selected (b) disentangled
132 **cabalistic** secretive, obscure, mystical (but also suggesting 'Jewish, magical')
riddle i.e. the paradox of forgiveness for murder but none for castration

I'll make away all my estate and kill him,
 And by that act obtain full absolution. Exit
Enter Black King Felipe [from the Black House]

135 Why, Bishop, Knight, where's your removes? your traps?
 Stand you now idle in the heat of game?

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 My life for yours, Black Sovereign, the game's ours.
 I have wrought underhand for the White Knight
 And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both.

140 FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
 And for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal,
 In that state-puzzle and distracted hurry,
 Trust my arch-subtlety with't.

BLACK KING FELIPE O eagle pride!
 Never was game more hopeful of our side.
Exeunt [Black King Felipe and Fat Bishop of Spalato]

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 If Bishop Bull-beef be not snapped next bout
 145 As the game stands, I'll never trust art more. Exit

4.3 *Recorders [within, playing soft music]. Enter the Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn with a taper in her hand, as conducting the Virgin White Queen's Pawn in her night attire to one chamber, then—fetching in the Black Bishop's Pawn (the Jesuit), in his night habit—conveys him into another chamber; [then shuts the door, pauses,] puts out the candle, and follows him [into the second chamber].*

Enter White Knight Charles and White Duke of Buckingham [from the White House]

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
 True, noble Duke, fair virtue's most endeared one,
 Let us prevent their rank insinuation
 With truth of cause and cunning, meet their plots
 With confident goodness that shall strike 'em
 grov'ling.

WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 Sir, all the gins, traps, and alluring snares
 5 The devil has been at work since '88 on
 Are laid for the great hope of this game only.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
 Why, the more noble will truth's triumphs be!
 When they have wound about our constant courages
 The glitt'ring'st serpent that e'er falsehood fashioned
 10 And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,
 Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his head.
Enter [from the Black House] Black Knight Gondomar [aloof off]

WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 Look, would you see destruction lie a-sunning?
 In yonder smile sits blood and treachery basking;
 In that perfidious model of face-falsehood
 15 Hell is drawn grinning.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES What a pain it is
 For truth to feign a little.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR *[coming forward]*
O fair Knight!
 The rising glory of the House of candor!
 Have I so many protestations lost,

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>133 make away dispose of
 estate (which would be confiscated if he were convicted of murder; by giving it away in advance, he outwits the authorities—but also proves that the murder was premeditated)
 134 by...absolution by committing murder buy forgiveness for all my sins
 135 removes (a) chess moves (b) murders (c) changes of residence
 139 coming (a) amenable, persuadable (b) literally, moving toward us
 140 sanctimonious holy
 surprisal seizure, ambush
 141 state-puzzle confusing political and diplomatic problem (caused by the 'coming' of Charles and Buckingham to the Black House/Spain)
 distracted (a) crazed, insane (b) divided
 hurry (a) political tumult (b) mental and emotional agitation
 142 eagle considered the king of birds, associated with 'pride' because high-soaring; also the emblem of the Holy Roman Empire (ruled by the Habsburgs, including King Felipe)
 144 Bull-beef bull-meat (term of abuse: 'meathead', 'big ox')
 snapped suddenly seized, taken, bitten (suggesting the snapping of dogs at a bull</p> | <p>in bull-baiting)
 145 art (a) political cunning (b) gamesmanship (c) literature, aesthetic form
 4.3.0.1-9 Enter...chamber sexual bait-and-switch: the Black Queen's Pawn deceives both other pawns, putting herself—instead of the White Queen's Pawn—in the Black Bishop's Pawn's bed. (The absolute indoor darkness of moonless nights in the pre-electric world made such substitutions plausible; they were very common in folklore, drama, etc.)
 0.1 Enter (probably from the central door)
 0.2 taper candle
 0.4 one chamber (probably through the 'White House' door)
 0.6 habit clothes
 0.6-7 another chamber (probably through the 'Black House' door)
 4.4.1 True, noble (aurally ambiguous: 'Yes, noble' and 'Truly-noble' and 'Honest, reliable, noble')
 fair beautiful (allegorically of 'virtue', literally of Buckingham)
 2 prevent anticipate, preempt, forestall
 their the Black House's
 rank swift, abundant, gross, corrupt, lewd, transparent
 insinuation (a) ingratiating behaviour</p> | <p>(b) subtle penetration (c) covert allegation
 3 cunning (paradoxically paired with 'truth')
 5 gins engines, machinations, schemes
 6 '88 1588, the year the English defeated the Spanish Armada
 7 laid lying in wait, set in place
 9 they the Black House
 our constant (contrasting their paired male fidelity with the paired inconstancy of Adam and Eve)
 10-11 glitt'ring'st...resplendent (a) like the serpent in Eden, before God cursed him for tempting Eve (b) like the Spanish court, fabulously enriched by its global empire
 10-12 serpent...head Genesis 3:1-15 (the serpent's temptation of Eve) and Revelations 20:2 ('that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan')
 11 glorying rejoicing proudly. (1 Corinthians 5:6: 'Your glorying is not good.')
 his the serpent's, i.e. Gondomar's
 12 bolt lightning bolt
 13 a-sunning sunning itself (like a snake)
 14 blood bloodshed, lust
 17 feign lie, pretend (paradoxical)
 18 candor (a) brilliant whiteness (b) purity
 19 lost wasted</p> |
|---|---|--|

- 20 Lost, lost, quite lost? Am I not worth your confidence?
I that have vowed my faculties of soul,
Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of youth,
Your noble fruitful game—can you mistrust
Any foul play in me, that have been ever
- 25 The most submissive observer of your virtues,
And no way tainted with ambition
Save only to be thought your first admirer?
How often have I changed for your delight
The royal presentation of my place
- 30 Into a mimic jester?—and become
(For your sake, and th'expulsion of sad thoughts),
Of a grave state-sire, a light son of pastime?
Made threescore years a tomboy, a mere wanton?
I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,
- 35 New-wed, high, plump, and lusting for an issue:
Within the year I promised her a child
If she could stride over Saint Rombaut's breeches
(A relic kept at Mechlin). The next morning
One of my follower's old hose was conveyed
- 40 Into her chamber, where she tried the feat;
By that (and a court friend), after grew great.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Why, who could be without thee?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR I will change
To any shape to please you, and my aim
Has been to win your love in all this game.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
45 Thou hast it nobly, and I long to see
The Black House' pleasure, state, and dignity.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Of honour you'll so surfeit and delight
You'll ne'er desire again to see the White. *Exeunt*
Enter White Queen [of Bohemia from the White House, as they go into the Black House]
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
My love, my hope, my dearest—O he's gone,
Ensnared, entrapped, surprised amongst the Black ones. 50
I never felt extremity like this.
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour. Integrity—
Like one of heaven's bright luminaries now
By error's dullest element interposed—
Suffers a black eclipse. I never was 55
Enter [from the Black House] Fat Bishop of Spalato [in black]
More sick of love than now I am of horror.
I shall be taken. The game's lost, I'm set upon.
O 'tis the turncoat Bishop, having watched
Th'advantage of his play, comes now to seize on me.
O I'm hard beset, distressed most miserably! 60
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
'Tis vain to stir: remove which way you can,
I take you now. This is the time we've hoped for.
Queen, you must down.
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] No rescue, no deliverer?
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
65 The Black King's blood burns for thy prostitution,
And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue 65
- 22 **game of youth** i.e. interest in sex-play
23 **fruitful** rewarding (but also suggesting 'producing offspring', particularly important for a 'noble' family)
mistrust suspect
25 **submit** submissive
observer (a) spectator (b) deferential follower
27 **first** chief
29 **place** official position, status
30 **mimic jester** mimed gesture, comic mime, clown specializing in impersonation (like the comic actor mimicking Gondomar's gestures)
31 **sad** serious
32 **Of** instead of
state-sire senior statesman
light frivolous, lascivious
pastime entertainment
33 **tomboy** boisterous kid (but also suggesting 'immodest girl', transgressive sex-switching)
mere wanton (a) totally spoiled child (b) total slut
34 **Savoy** former London palace turned chapel, sanctuary, and hospital; famous for irregular marriages
35 **high** high-class, upper class, highfalutin, high-pitched, intoxicated
issue offspring
37 **Saint Rombaut** (martyred c.775)
breeches pants (making fun of the Catholic fondness for attributing miraculous qualities to objects associated with saints)
- 38 **Mechlin** city in Spanish Catholic Belgium, home of St Rombaut's cathedral ('Malines' in French)
39 **hose** (worn by men and women)
41 **friend** (a) patron (b) lover
great 'big with child', pregnant (but playing on 'politically important')
47 **surfeit** excessively indulge, eat till you're sick
delight (a) of delight (b) you'll so delight
49 **gone** 'lost forever', because departed into enemy territory (the Black House, Spain)
50 **surprised** ambushed
52 **Thick darkness** Job 38:9
darkness dwells upon Job 3:5, 38:19
53 **luminaries** (a) astronomical lights: sun, moon, planets (b) leaders
54 **error** See Induction, and *Triumphs of Truth*. (Literally, *error* comes from Latin for 'wandering', errant; 'planet' comes from the Greek word with the same meaning.)
dullest element i.e. earth (the heaviest of the traditional four elements: fire, air, water, earth)
dullest (a) heaviest, most dense (b) stupidest
interposed blocked
55 **black** i.e. total (but also suggesting 'evil', and referring to the 'Black House', in the astrological sense of the 'night house' of the signs of the seven planets)
eclipse (widely interpreted as a bad omen, particularly for nations and their leaders)
56 of with
57 **set upon** attacked
58 **watched** watched out for
59 **advantage** opportunity
60 **hard beset** violently hemmed in
61 **remove which** move whichever
63 **down** fall (in political, sexual, and chess senses)
64 **Black King** (a) King Felipe (b) Satan
blood (one of the four fundamental 'humours' of the body, associated with rage and lust; semen was considered a distillation of blood)
burns (associated with lust and pain)
prostitution (not mere rape, but complete transformation into a debased commodity—as in Protestant descriptions of the Catholic church as the 'whore of Babylon', based on 'the great whore' of Revelations 17:1-16)
65 **spring** (associated with 'chastity' because the water rises from underground, apparently uncontaminated)
chaste sexually virtuous (including marital fidelity as well as premarital virginity)

- Can cool his inflammation. Instantly
He dies upon a pleurisy of luxury
If he deflower thee not.
*Enter [from the White House] White Bishop [of
Canterbury]*
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
O strait of misery!
*[White Bishop of Canterbury takes Fat Bishop of
Spalato]*
- WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]
And is your holiness his divine procurer?
FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO
70 The devil's in't. I'm taken by a ring-dove.
Where stood this Bishop all this while that I saw him
not?
- WHITE BISHOP [OF CANTERBURY]
O you were so ambitious you looked over me.
You aimed at no less person than the Queen,
The glory of the game. If she were won,
Enter White King James [from the White House]
- 75 The way were open to the master-check,
Which, look you, he and his live to give you.
Honour and virtue guide him in his station.
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] *[to White King James]*
O my safe sanctuary!
- WHITE KING JAMES Let heaven's blessings
Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one.
80 The dove's house is not safer in the rock
Than thou in my firm bosom.
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] I am blessed in't.
WHITE KING JAMES
Is it that lump of rank ingratitude
- Swelled with the poison of hypocrisy?
Could he be so forgetful has partaken
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom? 85
—Bishop, thou hast done our White House gracious
service,
And worthy the fair reverence of thy place.—
For thee, Black holiness, that work'st out thy death
As the blind mole, the proper'st son of earth,
Who in the casting his ambitious hills up 90
Is often taken, and destroyed i'th' midst
Of his advanced work, 'twere well with thee
If (like that verminous labourer, which thou imitat'st
In hills of pride and malice) when death puts thee up,
The silent grave might prove thy bag forever— 95
No deeper pit than that. For thy vain hope
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant
(Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts
Give lost forever now), my strong assurance
Of their fixed virtues, could you let in seas 100
Of populous untruths against that fort,
'Twould burst the proudest billows.
- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] My fear's past then.
WHITE KING JAMES
Fear? You were never guilty of an injury
To goodness but in that.
WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
It stayed not with me, sir.
- WHITE KING JAMES
It was too much if it usurped a thought. 105
Place a strong guard there.
WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA] Confidence is set, sir.

- 66 **inflammation** (a) physical morbid hot red swelling—here, of the penis (b) passion
67 **pleurisy** (a) excess, in this case of overheated blood (b) inflammation of the side or chest, often fatal
luxury lust
68 **deflower** violate, ravage. (The victim need not be a virgin.)
strait tight difficult place (but also 'tubular passage in the body', like the vagina)
68.3-4 **White...Spalato** Protestant episcopacy defeats Catholic episcopacy, and protects princely Anglo-German Protestantism (the first White capture of a Black piece in this version).
69 **procurer** pimp (first recorded use in this sense)
70 **The devil's in't** 'What the hell!'
ring-dove common wood-pigeon. (A ring is a bishop's mark of office, doves are proverbially peaceful; for doves as messengers of God, see Noah's dove at Genesis 8:8-12, and the Holy Spirit at Matthew 3:16, etc.)
72 **looked over** overlooked (the chief source

- of mistakes in chess, especially when a player focuses on his own attack on a major piece)
73 **Queen** (the most powerful chess piece)
75 **master-check** supreme check, i.e. check-mate (but also suggesting a progression from female Queen to male master/King)
76 **you** you all (the Black House)
he and his the White King and his people. (The King alone cannot check an opponent.)
77 **Honour...station** (either a declarative statement or a wishful imperative: 'they do guide him' or 'may they guide him!')
station (a) official capacity (b) game position
79 **thy sure one** (a) dependably yours (b) your reliable sanctuary
80 **dove's...rock** 'O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock' (Song of Solomon 2:14).
rock 'Upon this rock I will build my church' (Matthew 16:18). The King was Defender of the Faith and leader of the English Church.
82 **rank** (a) corrupt (b) gross, puffed up

- 84 **has** (a) he who has (b) that he has
88 **Black holiness** (paradox)
work'st...death 'the motions of sins... did work... to bring forth fruit unto death' (Romans 7:5).
89 **blind** (literally or spiritually)
mole (symbolic of the devil, since hell was located in underground darkness)
proper'st...earth i.e. epitome of a soulless material being
90-2 **casting...work** i.e. his molehills make it easy to find and kill him
94 **puts...up** removes you (from life, or the chess board)
95 **silent grave** total oblivion (instead of howling torment)
bag (a) shroud, winding sheet (b) small sack in which chess pieces are stored
99 **Give lost** consider (a) captured, taken (b) damned
101 **populous** numerous
fort (a) my conviction of their integrity (b) their integrity
102 **burst** pop, resist
proudest billows highest-swelling waves

WHITE KING JAMES [to White Bishop of Canterbury]
Take that prize hence, you reverend of men:
Put covetousness into the bag again.

FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO

The bag had need be sound, or it goes to wrack.
Sin and my weight will make a strong one crack.

Finit Actus Quartus



5.1

Incipit Actus Quintus et Ultimus
Loud music. Enter Black Knight Gondomar in his
litter [carried by Black Pawns], as passing in haste
over the stage, and the Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn
above [in his reverend habit]

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR (calls) Hold, hold!
[The litter stops]

Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,
Planted above for his concise oration?

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN

Ecce triumphanti me fixum Caesaris arce.

5 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR Art there, my holy boy? Sirrah,
Bishop Tumbrel is snapped i'th' bag by this time.

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN

Haeretici pereant sic.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

All Latin?

Sure the oration has infected him.—

Away, make haste, they're coming!

[*Exeunt Black Pawns carrying his litter*]

Oboes again!

Oboes. Enter [from] the Black House Black King
Felipe, Black Queen Maria, Black Duke Olivares,

[Jesuit Black Bishop], with Pawns, meeting White
Knight Charles and White Duke of Buckingham
[who enter from the White House]. The Jesuit
Black Bishop's Pawn (above) entertains them with
this Latin oration

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN *Si quid mortalibus unquam*
oculis hilarem et gratum aperuit diem, si quid peraman-
tibus amicorum animis gaudium attulit peperitvè læti-
tiam (Eques candidissime præluentissime), felicem profecto
tuum a Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis accessum
promisisse, peperisse, attulisse fatemur. Omnes adventus
tui conflagentissimi, omni qua possumus lætitia, gaudio,
congratulatione, acclamatione, animis observantissimis, af-
fectibus devotissimis, obsequiis venerabundis, te sospitem
congratulamur.

BLACK KING FELIPE [to White Knight Charles]

Sir, in this short congratulatory speech
You may conceive how the whole House affects you.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [to White Knight Charles]

The colleges and sanctimonious seed-plots.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [to Black King Felipe]

'Tis clear, and so acknowledged, royal sir.

BLACK KING FELIPE

What honours, pleasures, rarities, delights,

Your noble thought can think—

BLACK QUEEN MARIA [to White Knight Charles]

Your fair eye fix on,

That's comprehended in the spacious circuit

Of the Black Kingdom, they're your servants all.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES

How amply you endear us!

WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM [to Black House]

They are favours

That equally enrich the royal giver

107 **reverend**... **men** most reverend man
108 **covetousness** excessive desire, possessive
greed (i.e., the Fat Bishop, as if he were a
personified vice)

again (Like the last word of the play, this
emphasizes the recurring nature of the
game.)

109 **sound** secure

wrack ruin

5.1.0.1 *Actus...Ultimus* fifth and last act
(Latin)

0.2-5 *Enter...above* (This scene repres-
ents the arrival of Charles and Bucking-
ham in Madrid; the staging may indicate
the Black House, or Spain.)

4 *Ecce...arce* Behold me, fixed on the
triumphing citadel of the emperor. (A
Latin hexameter: 'Caesar' because the
Habsburgs were Holy Roman emperors,
'citadel' because the White Knight and
Duke are about to enter the most heavily
fortified centre of the enemy empire.)

6 **Tumbrel** dung-cart, drunk

7 *Haeretici...sic* May all heretics perish
so!

9 **Oboes** (Early modern oboes were larger

and louder than the modern instrument;
in the theatre they were often used for
royal entries or supernatural effects.)

9.2-8 *Enter...oration* (White Knight and
Duke are surrounded by a Black crowd;
the theatre has become the inside of a
citadel. In chess, an attacking knight and
rook can enter deep into enemy territory,
but in doing so they make themselves
highly vulnerable to capture.)

9.8 *Latin* (associated with Catholicism,
and with important official occasions
generally)

10-19 *Si...congratulamur* 'If anything
hath unto mortal eyes ever opened a
glad and welcome day, if anything hath
unto the loving souls of friends brought
any joy, or given birth to gladness (most
white, most shining Knight), your happy
coming from the House of Whites to
the House of Blacks, we confess, has
promised it, given birth to it, brought it.
We all, most inflamed by your coming,
with all possible rejoicing, joy, gladness,
acclamation, with most respectful souls,

with most devout affections, with most
obsequious veneration, congratulate you
on your safety.'

21 **affects** loves

22 **colleges** religious orders, monasteries
sanctimonious seed-plots holy seed-beds,
i.e. seminaries (Latin for 'seed-bed'), but
suggesting 'hypocritical breeding ground
for political plots'

25 **think...Your** (It is shockingly indecor-
ous for a woman to interrupt a man, or
for anyone to interrupt a king.)

eye fix on (suggesting that the White
Knight has his eyes fixed on the Black
Queen, as Prince Charles stared at the
Infanta Maria)

26 **spacious circuit** huge circle (referring to
Spain's global empire)

27 **servants** (a word often used of sexual
relationships)

28 **endear us** (a) make us feel important
(b) make yourself dear to us

favours (perhaps gifts that the Black
Queen gives the White Knight, as women
gave tokens to their suitors)

30 As the receiver in the free donation.
Music
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 Hark! To enlarge your welcome, from all parts
 Is heard sweet-sounding airs; abstruse things open
 Of voluntary freeness, and yon altar
*An altar discovered, richly adorned, with tapers on
 it, and divers statues standing on each side*
 (The seat of adoration) seems t'adore
 The virtues you bring with you.
 WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*aside to White Duke*]
 35 There's a taste
 Of the old vessel still.
 WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM [*aside to White Knight*]
 Th'erroneous relish.
 [BLACK QUEEN MARIA] [*sings a song*]
 Wonder, work some strange delight—
 This place was never yet without—
 To welcome thee, fair White House Knight,
 40 And to bring our hopes about.
 May from the altar flames aspire,
 Those tapers set themselves on fire.
 May senseless things our joys approve
 And those brazen statues move,
The statues move
 Quickened by some power above,
 Or what more strange, to show our love.
The statues dance
 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 A happy omen waits upon this hour:
 All move portentously the right-hand way.
 BLACK KING FELIPE
 Come, let's set free all the most choice delights
 That ever adorned days or quickened nights.
Exeunt [into the Black House]
 50
*Enter Virgin White Queen's Pawn [from the
 White House]*
 5.2
 VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 I see 'twas but a trial of my love now.
 H'as a more modest mind, and in that virtue
 Most worthily has fate provided for me.

30.1-5.1.46.1 *Music...dance* (The combination of offstage musicians, dance, and spectacle suggests a court masque, rather than religious observance.)

31 **from all parts** (indicating that the music is performed offstage, and therefore produced by invisible and dispersed instruments—an effect associated with royal absolutism, magic, and the supernatural)

32-3 **abstruse...freeness** secret things reveal themselves freely and voluntarily (perhaps playing on the sexual meanings of 'things' and 'open': the Infanta Maria was being used as sexual bait)

33.1 **discovered** revealed (probably by pulling back a curtain, displaying a central alcove, which would look like a small side chapel)
richly...tapers (characteristic of Catholic altars, by contrast with plainer Protestant communion tables)

33.2 **divers statues** several separate religious statues, probably of saints

34 **seat** residence, home
adoration worship (but in context suggesting idolatry)

35 **taste** hint, taint

36 **erroneous relish** (a) wrong flavour (b) relishing of error, appetite for heresy
old (as in 'the old religion', Catholicism)
vessel receptacle (suggesting the ornate Catholic communion cup)

37 [BLACK QUEEN] (not specified in early texts, but songs were usually sung by onstage boy actors, and the only onstage boy is the one playing the Black Queen. She indecorously woos him with this climactic song, ending with the word 'love'.)

Wonder (The song invokes 'amazement' rather than God.)

work (A 'wonder-work' was a miracle, a 'wonder-worker' a miracle-worker or magician. Protestants argued that miracles had ceased.)

strange extraordinary, exotic, perverse
delight (more often associated with sex than God)

39 **thee** (shifting from the formal 'you' to the more intimate 'thee')

40, 46 **our** (a) the Black House's (b) my (a royal plural)

40 **our hopes** i.e. Spanish hopes to 'take' Prince Charles by converting him to Catholicism

41 **aspire** rise (but suggesting incendiary ambition)

42 **tapers...fire** (a theatrical 'magic' trick: the candles light themselves)

43 **senseless** inanimate

approve confirm, demonstrate

44 **brazen** (a) brass (b) shameless

44.1 **statues move** (Working water-driven automatons had been spectacularly demonstrated in Catholic, and more technologically advanced, Italy; in the English theatre statues were performed by actors.)

45 **Quickened** (a) given life (b) speeded up
some power above (The indefinite 'some' is blasphemous: Christians recognized only a single heavenly power. It may suggest that the statues are really puppets.)

46 **what...strange** (a) quickened by something even stranger than some power above (b) may the statues do something even stranger than moving

(a cue for their dance)

46.1 **dance** (Dancing around an altar is outrageously profane, especially if the statues represent Biblical figures and saints.)

47 **happy** lucky

waits upon accompanies

48 **portentously** in a way that foretells something momentous
right-hand propitious, virtuous (as opposed to 'left-hand', sinister). If the statues are all moving to the right, they are presumably dancing in a circle, clock-wise.

49-50 **free...delights...quickened nights** (Words with sexual meanings: the 'delights' are not culinary, as 5.3 makes clear.)

50.1 **Exeunt...House** (A complex symbolic exit. The alcove must close, concealing the altar. The statues might return to the alcove, or they could, as in the court masque, take aristocratic partners and exeunt with them, dancing. Since it is a large group, they could all exit through the centre doors, past the altar. Black Queen Maria might exit alongside White Knight Charles.)

5.2.0.1-2 **Enter...House** (alone, and in contrast to the exiting Black Queen)

1 I...**now** I now realize that the pre-contract was simply a test (i.e., that is why the Black Bishop's Pawn did not come to her bedroom in 4.3)

2 H'as he (the Black Bishop's Pawn) has **more modest** more chaste (than to engage in pre-marital sex, even after their betrothal)

- Enter [from the Black House] the Jesuit Black Bishop's Pawn in his reverend habit, meeting her*
- Yonder's the bad man in the reverend habit.
 5 Dares he be seen again?—traitor to holiness,
 O marble-fronted impudence!—and knows
 How much he's wronged me? I'm ashamed he blushes
 not.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 Are you yet stored with any woman's pity?
 Are you the mistress of so much devotion,
 10 Kindness, or charity, as to bestow
 An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet
 For your sake only?
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 Sir, for the reverence and respect you ought
 To give to sanctity—though none to me—
 15 In being her servant vowed and wear her livery,
 If I might counsel you, you should ne'er speak
 The language of unchasteness in that habit.
 You would not think how ill it does with you.
 The world's a stage, on which all parts are played.
 20 You'd count it strange to have a devil
 Presented there not in a devil's shape,
 Or—wanting one—to send him out in yours;
 You'd rail at that for an absurdity
 No college e'er committed. For decorum's sake, then,
 25 For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour,
 If you'll persist still in your devilish part,
 Present him as you should do, and let one
 That carries up the goodness of the play
 Come in that habit, and I'll speak with him.
 30 Then will the parts be fitted, and the spectators
- Know which is which; they must have cunning
 judgements
 To find it else, for such a one as you
 Is able to deceive a mighty auditory.
 Nay, those you have seduced—if there be any
 In the assembly—when they see what manner
 You play the game with me, they cannot love you.
 Is there so little hope of you to smile, sir?
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 Yes, at your fears, at th'ignorance of your power,
 The little use you make of time, youth, fortune.
 Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,
 40 You dare not yet make bold with a friend's comfort—
 Which is the plague of weakness.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN So hot-burning
 The syllables of sin fly from his lips
 As if the letter came new-cast from hell.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 Well, setting by the dish you loathe so much
 45 (Which has been heartily tasted by your betters),
 I come to marry you to th' gentleman
 That last enjoyed you. Hope that pleases you.
 There's no immodest relish in that office.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*aside*]
 Strange, of all others he should light on him
 50 To tie that holy knot that sought t'undo me.—
 Were you requested to perform that office?
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 I named you a sure token.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 As for that, sir,
 Now you're most welcome, and my fair hope's of you
 You'll never break the sacred knot you tie once
 55

4 **reverend habit** (She immediately recognizes him because he has reverted to his priestly vestments; the last time she saw him—in 4.1—he wore his secular 'gallant' disguise.)
 6 **marble-fronted** stone-faced, cold and hard
 8 **pity** compassion (thought to be particularly characteristic of women); often invoked as a reason to accept a man's sexual advances
 9 **devotion** religious (or romantic) dedication
 10 **Kindness... charity** (both with the slang sense 'willingness to do sexual favours')
 11 **alms** small charitable donation
 11-12 **your poor... only** the poor man (me) who suffers only for you
 15 **her sanctity's livery** uniform
 17 **habit** outfit
 18 **does with suits**
 21 **shape** costume
 22 **wanting** lacking
out from backstage out onto the stage
 24 **college** (like those at Oxford and Cambridge, or the Jesuit seminaries in Europe, which performed academic plays

which obeyed critical rules in ways that commercial plays did not)
 28 **carries** holds
 29 **that habit** i.e. your priestly vestments
 30 **fitted** outfitted, supplied with necessary (theatrical) equipment
 32 **it else** which is which, otherwise
 33 **mighty** (a) large (b) powerful, important
auditory audience
 35 **assembly** i.e., the current audience of *A Game at Chess*
 37 **you** i.e., your salvation
to smile i.e., that you respond to my earnest advice by grinning ironically
 38 **th'ignorance... power** (a) your ignorance of your own power (b) your ignorant power
 40 **for... shelter** 'to cover your ass' (i.e., if you get pregnant as a result of your lecherous behaviour, everyone will think your husband is the father)
 41 **friend's comfort** lover's attention
 44 **letter** typeface, movable types used by printing presses
new-cast newly thrown, new-made (by pouring hot liquid metal into molds)
 45 **the dish** sexually attractive person, 'good

enough to eat', or sexual organ (i.e., him, or his penis)
 47-8 **th'... you** i.e. himself (because he thinks he has had sex with her—though he knows that *she* does not realize he is the man she betrothed herself to)
 48 **last** most recently (implying she's had other lovers)
Hope I hope
 49 **no... office** nothing that smacks of immodesty in that sacrament (of marriage)
 50 **he... him** her fiancé... the Jesuit (but the confusing pronouns ironically remind the audience that the two men are the same)
light on happen to pick, randomly choose
 51 **tie... knot** perform the marriage ceremony (but also, ironically, 'marry')
t'undo to sexually ruin (by raping her)
 53 **named... token** specified clear evidence (in his previous speech): he refers to the phrase 'last enjoyed you', but she interprets it as a reference to the fact that she is to be married to a gentleman
 55 **break... tie** violate the union that you as priest sanctify (but also, ironically, 'violate your marriage vows')

- With any lewd solicitings hereafter.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
But all the craft's in getting of it knit.
You're all on fire to make your coz'ning market.
I am the marrier—and the man. Do you know me?
60 Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury,
And holy whoredom? Ay, would clap on marriage
With all hot speed to solder up the game?
See what a scourge fate has provided for thee.
You were a 'maid,' swear still, you're no worse now.
65 I left you as I found you. Have I startled you?
I'm quit with you now for my discovery,
Your outcries and your cunning's. Farewell, brokage.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Nay, stay and hear me but give thanks a little,
If *your* ear can endure a work so gracious;
Then you may take your pleasure.
- 70 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN I have done that!
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*kneels, praying*]
That pow'r that has preserved me from this devil—
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN How?
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*praying*]
This, that may challenge the chief chair in hell
And sit above his master—
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Bring in merit!
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*praying*]
75 That suffered'st him, through blind lust, to be led
Last night to th'action of some common bed—
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN (*within*)
Not over-common neither.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Ha! What voice is that?
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*praying*]
Of virgins be thou ever honourèd.—
[*She rises and addresses Black Bishop's Pawn*]
Now you may go; you hear I've given thanks, sir.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Here's a strange game indeed. Did not I lie with you? 80
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN (*within*) No.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
What a devil art thou?
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
I'll not answer you, sir,
After thanksgiving.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
Why, you made a promise to me
After the contract.
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN (*within*)
Yes.
JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
A pox confound thee!
I speak not to thee.—And you were prepared for't, 85
And set your joys more high—
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN (*within*)
—than you could reach, sir.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
'Slid, 'tis a bawdy voice. I'll slit the throat on't.
*Enter Jesuitess Black Queen's Pawn [from the
Black House]*
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
What, offer violence to me, your bedfellow?
- 57 **craft** skill, trick
it **knit** the marriage tied up
58 **all on fire** desperate, hurrying, oversexed
(like someone with their 'pants on fire')
coz'ning cheating (because, he believes,
she has falsely pretended to be a virgin)
market bargain (with the idea that she
is trying to sell herself on 'the marriage
market')
59 **marrier** officiating priest (punning on
'merrier?')
man bridegroom (as in 'man and wife'),
but also 'the man who had you'
59–60 **know . . . know** (a) recognize (b) have
carnal knowledge of
60–1 **nice . . . whoredom** (he intends these
paradoxes to apply to 'you', but they
really apply to 'me')
60 **nice** scrupulous, fastidious, bashful
luxury lechery
61–2 **Ay . . . game** (a) 'yes, would you
get married in a hurry in order to
legitimate the sexual game you play?'
(b) 'I would marry you right away in
order to legitimate the sexual game I
wanted to play?'
61 **Ay** (a) yes, you know me (b) yes, that's
what kind of woman you are (described
in the preceding phrases). But 'ay' also
puns on 'I'.
62 **hot** impetuous, oversexed (but literally
looking forward to 'solder')
solder up repair (specifically suggesting
the re-sealing of a broken maidenhead)
63 **scourge** divine punishment (literally, a
whip, like that used to lash convicted
prostitutes)
64 **a 'maid'** (she had implicitly or expli-
cally called herself a 'maid' or 'virgin'
repeatedly in earlier scenes)
swear still keep swearing (a) that you
were a virgin (b) that you *are still* a
virgin
you're . . . now (He means this ironically,
but it is truer than he knows.)
65 **I . . . found you** i.e., you were not a virgin
before or after I had sex with you; I
'found' you, at a first encounter, already
without an intact hymen. (In fact he had
sex with the Black Queen's Pawn, not
the White Queen's Pawn: see 4.3.)
66 **quit** even, quits
my discovery exposing me (her publicly
accusing him of rape in 2.2.)
67 **brokage** insulting epithet for the White
Queen's Pawn, referring to (a) pimping,
dealing with go-between's to gain sexual
access to a prostitute (b) a broken hymen
70 **take . . . pleasure** do what you like (but he
interprets it sexually)
- 71 **That pow'r** i.e. God (to whom all her
speeches are addressed, until 'honourèd'
at l. 78)
72 **How?** either a question ('in what way?')
or an exclamation ('what!')
73 **This** this devil
challenge lay claim to, compete for
74 **his master** i.e. Satan
Bring in merit 'fetch someone deserving'
or 'don't forget qualifications' (i.e., I
deserve to fill the chief chair)
76 **action** i.e. sexual activity
common public, like 'common' land,
available for anyone to use
77 **within** offstage
80 **lie go to bed**, have sex
84 **pox** venereal disease
85 **prepared for't** ready for intercourse (i.e.,
'wet')
86 **set . . . high** had orgasms more powerful
(suggesting also high-pitched exclama-
tions during sex)
reach equal, satisfy
87 **'Slid** by God's eyelid (a strong oath)
bawdy lewd, smutty
on't of the invisible speaker (but playing
on the relationship between 'throat' and
'voice')
88 **violence** (looking backward to 'slit the
throat' and forward to 'rape')

- To one that works so kindly, without rape?
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 My bedfellow?
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 90 Do you plant your scorn against me?
 Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,
 That engine was not seen; then adoration
 Filled up the place, and wonder was in fashion.
 Is't turned to th' wild seed of contempt so soon?
 Can five years stamp a bawd?—Pray, look upon me,
 95 sir;
 I've youth enough to take it.—'Tis no more
 Since you were chief agent for the transportation
 Of ladies' daughters, if you be remembered;
 Some of their portions I could name; you pursed 'em,
 100 too.
 They were soon dispossessed of worldly cares
 That came into your fingers.
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN Shall I hear her?
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 Holy derision, yes, till thy ear swells
- With thy own venom, thy profane life's vomit.
 Whose niece was she you poisoned with child, twice?
 —Then gave her out 'possessed with a foul spirit'? 105
 When 'twas indeed your bastard.
*Enter White Bishop's Gelded Pawn with White
 Queen [of Bohemia from the White House]*
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN I am taken
 In mine own toils.
 WHITE BISHOP'S GELDED PAWN
 Yes, and 'tis just you should be.
 [White Bishop's Pawn takes Black Bishop's Pawn]
 WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
 And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame of womanhood.
 [White Queen takes Black Queen's Pawn]
 JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 I'm lost of all hands.
 JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
 And I cannot feel
 The weight of my affection, now he's taken; 110
 'T'as not the burden of a grasshopper.

- 89 **works so kindly** (a) behaves so obligingly (b) performs the 'deed of kind', gives you a sexual workout
 90 **My bedfellow?** (He still does not realize who was in bed with him in 4.3.)
plant... against (as though 'scorn' were cannon, or projectiles fired from the cannons of the eyes)
 91 **probationer** a novice in a religious order
Brussels (in the Catholic Spanish Netherlands)
 92 **engine** (a) trick (b) heavy artillery used in siege warfare
 94 **wild seed** bastard offspring
of (a) called (b) created by
 95 **five years** (presumably the time that has passed since she was a probationer that he seduced)
stamp make by means of stamping (suggesting a coin or medallion, but also with the implied metaphor of intercourse, and of impregnation as the male stamping a form on female matter)
bawd pimp, procuress. (As prostitutes aged and became less attractive to customers, they turned into managers of brothels; he has tried to use her to help him seduce the White Queen's Pawn, thereby turning his former mistress into his pimp.)
look upon me (indicating that the shamed Black Bishop's Pawn is trying to avoid eye contact; she might physically force him to look at her, here)
sir (a deliberately formal, cold way to address a lover; like modern 'mister', used to address strangers, appropriately for a bawd accosting a potential customer)
 96 I've... it 'I'm young enough that I can still endure close scrutiny'
take it (perhaps punning on sexual sense)
- 97-8 **chief... daughters** i.e. responsible for helping aristocratic young women secretly leave England to go to nunneries in Catholic countries
 98 **be remembered** remind yourself (sarcastic: she then proceeds to remind him herself)
 99 **portions** inheritances, share of their family's wealth
pursed 'em pocketed them (the women's money, the women themselves)
 100 **dispossessed** relieved (sarcastic)
worldly cares (a) secular burdens (b) financial assets
 101 **came into** (punning on 'had an orgasm upon')
fingers (suggesting pick-pocketing and sexual groping)
Shall... her i.e. should I continue to endure listening to this woman? should I, like a court, admit her plea?
 102 **Holy derision** saintly scorn (ironic), mockery of holiness
ear swells (compare the idea that your ears burn, when someone is talking about you: here, in contrast with her swelling womb)
 103 **venom** poison (sometimes administered through the ear)
 104-6 **Whose niece... bastard** (A rhetorical question: he knows she is referring euphemistically to herself: she is too ashamed to use the first person singular.)
 104 **niece** (a) female relative (b) euphemism for 'mistress, whore' (especially a priest's)
poisoned with child impregnated (comparing his semen to 'venom' and 'vomit')
 105 **gave her out** reported she (I) was possessed...
spirit 'a victim of demonic possession' (thus providing a bogus supernatural explanation for her abdominal swelling, later presumably exorcised when she secretly gave birth); but playing on 'sexually possessed' and 'spirit' (= semen)
 106 **'twas indeed** the 'foul spirit' was in fact
 106.1-2 **White Queen** (Having been saved by the White Bishop, the most powerful White piece now gives the White pawns a decisive advantage over the Black pawns: the capture of three adjacent black pawns exposes the Black Queen flank and prepares for the endgame of 5.3.)
 107 **toils** traps
 107.1 **White Bishop's... Pawn** Protestant clergy defeats Catholic clergy (a plausible late move, if one or the other piece has already taken another pawn earlier in the game, and thereby moved into an adjacent file). Alternatively, he might be taken by White Queen's Pawn, his intended target, or by White Queen.
 108.1 **White Queen... Pawn** Protestant womanhood defeats Catholic womanhood (a plausible late move, and safer after Black Queen's Bishop's Pawn has been taken, since that piece might otherwise retaliate). Alternatively, she might be taken by White Queen's Pawn.
Black Queen's Pawn (who may have deliberately conspicuously forfeited her move, signalling her approval of his capture)
 109 **of all hands** on all sides (but also suggesting the hands that move chess pieces)
 110 **affection** love (for him)
 111 **burden... grasshopper** Ecclesiastes 12:5 ('the grasshopper shall be a burden').
burden weight

JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN
 Thou whore of order! Cockatrice *in voto*!
Enter Black Knight's Pawn Gelder [from the Black House, with a weapon]

BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER [*aside*]
 Yonder's the White Bishop's Pawn. Have at his heart now!

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 Hold, monster-impudence! Wouldst heap a murder
 115 On thy first foul attempt? O merciless bloodhound!
 'Tis time that thou art taken.
 [*White Queen's Pawn takes Black Knight's Pawn*]

BLACK KNIGHT'S PAWN GELDER
 Death! prevented?

VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
 For thy sake, and yon partner in thy shame,
 I'll never know man farther than by name. *Exeunt*

5-3 *Enter [from] the Black House Black King Felipe, Black Queen Maria, Black Duke Olivares, Jesuit Black Bishop, Black Knight Gondomar, with White Knight Charles and his White Duke of Buckingham*

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*to Black King Felipe*]
 You've both enriched my knowledge, royal sir,
 And my content together.

BLACK KING FELIPE *Stead of riot,*
 We set you only welcome. Surfeit is
 A thing that's seldom heard of in these parts.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
 I hear of the more virtue when I miss on't. 5

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
 We do not use to bury in our bellies
 Three hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on't,
 Or exercise th'old Roman painful idleness
 With care of fetching fishes far from home:
 The golden-headed coracinè out of Egypt, 10
 The salpa from Ebusus, or the pelamis
 (Which some call 'summer whiting') from Chalcedon,
 Salmons from Aquitaine, ellops from Rhodes,
 Cockles from Chios, franked and fattened up
 With *far* and *sapa*, flour and cocted wine. 15
 We cram no birds, nor (Epicurean-like)
 Enclose some creeks o'th' sea, as Sergius Orata did—
 He that invented the first stews for oysters
 And other sea-fish, who (besides the pleasure
 Of his own throat) got large revènués by th'invention, 20
 Whose fat example the nobility followed.
 Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandizer

112 **whore of order** prostitute (a) of a religious order (b) on demand (c) of ordure, excrement, filth (but also a complex paradox, since 'whore' epitomizes sexual and moral disorder)
Cockatrice mythical monster, a serpent with a rooster's head, whose look was poisonous (like the 'evil eye' of a menstruating woman); slang for 'low-class prostitute'
in voto See 1.1.43; here, having sworn eternal fornication instead of eternal celibacy (playing on the slang equation of 'nun' and 'whore').

112.1-2 *Enter...House* (Black responds to White's successful pawn attack.)

112.2 **weapon** (probably a sword or knife: a phallic weapon that must be theatrically taken from him when he is 'prevented': perhaps suggesting symbolic—or even literal—genital amputation)

113 **Have aim**
his heart now (in contrast to 'his testicles, earlier' when Black Knight's Pawn gelded him, in his 'first foul attempt')

115 **attempt** assault

116.1 **White Queen's...Pawn** Protestant female innocence defeats Catholic male malice (a plausible mid-game move in chess, if either piece has already taken another pawn earlier, and thereby moved into an adjacent file). Alternatively, he might be taken by White Bishop's Pawn or White Queen.

117 **yon...shame** i.e. Black Bishop's Pawn (his confessor)

118 **I'll...name** I'll never have carnal knowledge of any man (i.e., like Heloise after the castration of Abelard, she vows to remain celibate for life). The White Queen was sometimes called 'the Amazon' (invoking a female community without men).

5.3.0.1-4 *Enter...Buckingham* (endgame: a less crowded and spectacular scene than 5.1, with fewer black pieces surrounding White Knight and Duke)

0.2 **Black Queen** (speaks only six words in this scene: male political negotiations take over, and the promised bride is kept firmly away from Charles)

0.3 **Black Bishop** (says nothing in this scene—perhaps simply blocking access to Black Queen Maria)

2 **riot** extravagance (particularly 'noisy feasting' and 'sexual abandon'). The spectacular public promises of 5.1 are replaced, behind the scenes, by tight-fisted reserve.

3 **Surfeit** excess (particularly of food or sex)

6 **We...use** it is not our custom

bellies (a) stomachs (b) wombs

7 **Three...ducats** i.e., things worth millions of dollars

8 **old** classical, patrician
painful idleness (oxymoron: 'idleness made possible by the painful labour of slaves'—or 'it takes a lot of work to be this lazy'—or 'laziness is unhealthy and uncomfortable')

9 **care** expense, worry
fetching...home importing exotic food. (Proverbially, 'far-fetched and dear

bought is good for ladies', and 'fish' has various sexual meanings: Prince Charles went far to fetch home an exotic dish.)

10 **coracinè** black Nile fish, resembling perch

11 **salpa** salt-water fish
Ebusus Roman name for the Spanish island now called Ibiza (at the opposite end of the Mediterranean from Egypt)

pelamis young or small tuna

12 **Chalcedon** city in north-west Turkey, on the Black Sea and the Bosphorus (also the title of the provisional leader of Catholics in Protestant England—an association which would also place it very far from Rome)

13 **Aquitaine** (south-west coast of France)
ellops (unknown fish, mentioned by ancient writers)
Rhodes famous island off the south-west coast of Turkey

14 **Cockles** common shellfish
Chios Greek island in the north Aegean
franked stuffed

15 **far and sapa** flour and boiled wine

16 **cram** stuff
Epicurean-like like a follower of the Greek hedonist philosopher Epicurus (d. 270 BCE)

17 **Sergius Orata** (c.98 BCE)

18 **stews** fish-farms, ponds for breeding specially prized varieties (but suggesting 'brothels')

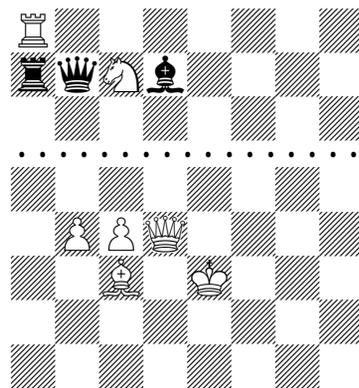
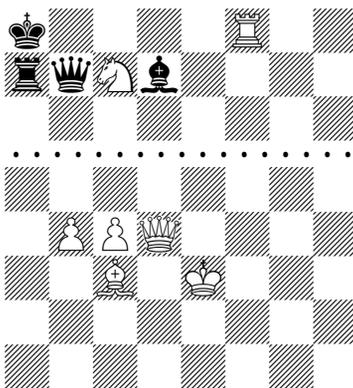
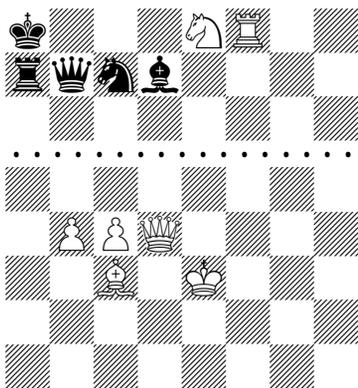
22 **arch-gormandizer** super-glutton (Middleton coinage); This seemingly refers to Orata, but is based historically on the Emperor Heliogabalus (d. 222), famous for sexual and financial extravagance

- With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,
And betwixt every course he and his guests
Washed, and used women, then sat down and
strengthened,
Lust swimming in their dishes—which no sooner
Was tasted, but was ready to be vented.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Most impious epicures!
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
We commend rather,
Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax,
(Who had half lettuces set up to serve again)
Or his successor Julian (that would make
Three meals of a lean hare, and often sup
With a green fig and wipe his beard, as I can).
The old bewailers of excess in those days
Complained there was more coin bid for a cook
Than for a warhorse, but now cooks are purchased
After the rate of triumphs, and some dishes
After the rate of cooks—which must needs make
Some of your White House gormandizers (’specially
Your wealthy plump plebeians) like the hogs
Which Scaliger cites, that could not move for fat,
So insensible of either prick or goad
That mice made holes to needle in their buttocks
And they ne’er felt ’em. There was once a ruler,
Cyrene’s governor, choked with his own paunch—
Which death fat Sanctius (King of Castile) fearing
Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose
To be killed suddenly—by a pernicious herb
Taken to make him lean, which old Cordoba
(King of Morocco) counselled his fear to—
Than he would hazard to be stunk to death
- As that huge cormorant that was choked before him.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Well, you’re as sound a spokesman, sir, for parsimony,
Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a day,
As ever spoke with tongue.
- BLACK KING FELIPE
Censure him mildly, sir.
- ’Twas but to find discourse.
- BLACK QUEEN MARIA
He’ll talk of anything.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
I shall be half afraid to feed hereafter.
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear fatness,
The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon.
The comeliness I wish for, that’s as glorious.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES [*to Black House*]
Your course is wondrous strict. I shall transgress sure,
If I should change my side (as you’ve much wrought
me to’t).
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
How you misprize! This is not meant to you-ward.
You, that are wound up to the height of feeding
By clime and custom, are dispensed withal.
You may eat kid, *cabrito*, calf, and tunas—
Eat, and eat every day, twice, if you please—
Nay, the franked hen fattened with milk and corn
(A riot which th’inhabitants of Delos
Were first inventors of), or the crammed cockle.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Well, for the food I’m happily resolved on.
But for the diet of my disposition
There comes a trouble; you will hardly find
Food to please that.

- 25 **used** (sexually)
strengthened got stronger, intensified
- 27 **vented** ‘expressed’ and ‘expelled from the body’ (as in urinating, vomiting, ejaculating, farting)
- 28 **epicures** gluttons, drunkards, lechers, atheists
- 29 **parsimony** (a) thriftiness (b) stinginess
Pertinax Roman emperor (d. 193)
- 30 **set . . . again** elevated to a second term of public office (i.e. served as left-overs)
- 31 **Julian** Roman emperor (d. 193)
- 32–3 **sup . . . fig** (It was rare for aristocrats to eat a meal without meat.)
- 33 **wipe his beard** (to signify the meal was over)
can know how to do
- 34 **bewailers** critics
- 37 **triumphs** (a) public spectacles after military victories (b) London Lord Mayor’s pageants
- 40 **plebeians** commoners (not born gentlemen or aristocrats)
- 41 **Scaliger** Julius Caesar Scaliger (1484–1558), famous Italian humanist scholar
- 42 **prick** puncture
goad spike for driving cattle
- 43 **needle** bore, tunnel
- 45 **Cyrene’s governor** Magas, king of Greek colony of Cyrene in North Africa (d. 258 BCE)
- choked with** suffocated by, unable to breathe because of
- paunch** gut, fat
- 46 **fat Sanctius** ‘gluttonous holiness’: Sancho I, king of Leon (956–65)
- 47 **Through** because of
- 49–50 **Cordoba . . . Morocco** (Cordoba—the name of a southern Spanish kingdom rather than its king—belonged, like Morocco, to the Islamic world, and Sancho I went there for advanced medical treatment.)
- 51 **Than . . . death** rather than risk dying squalidly (i.e. so overweight that he was bedridden and incontinent)
- 52 **As . . . him** i.e. like Cyrene’s governor
cormorant large, voracious sea-bird that swallows more than it can immediately digest, and regurgitates it for later feeding; hence, bulimic glutton
- 53 **sound** (a) reliable (b) healthy
- 54 **Clean** total
- 56 **discourse** conversation, subject matter
- 59 **fog** flab (but suggesting ‘dangerous mist’)
fear (a) am afraid of (b) frighten
- 60 **comeliness** handsomeness
as glorious i.e. as glorious as fearing or frightening a dragon
- 62 **change my side** (a) personally convert (b) convert the whole White House
wrought me to’t worked on me to do
- 63 **misprize** misunderstand
to you-ward to apply to you all
- 64 **wound up** (like a watch, or a musical instrument being set to a high pitch)
- 65 **clime** climate (based on the medical theory that national characteristics were determined by distance from the equator)
dispensed withal excused from this. (Characteristic of the Catholic tradition of granting exceptions to ethical rules.)
- 66 **kid** baby goat
cabrito (Spanish for ‘baby goat’)
calf i.e. veal
- 67 **twice** (a joke, since the English ate three or four times a day)
- 69 **Delos** (Greek island famous in antiquity)
- 71 **happily . . . on** happy to accept
- 72 **diet** (a) food (b) regulation
disposition personality

	BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR		The garden for our cook to pick his salads.	85
	It must be a strange nature		The food's lean France, larded with Germany,	
75	We cannot find a dish for, having policy		Before which comes the grave chaste signory	
	(The master cook of Christendom) to dress it.		Of Venice, served in (capon-like) in whitebroth;	
	Pray, name your nature's diet.		From our chief oven Italy, the bake-meats;	
	WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES	The first mess	Savoy, the salt; Geneva, the chipped manchet.	90
	Is hot ambition.		Below the salt the Netherlands are placed,	
	BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR		A common dish at lower end o'th' table	
	That's but served in puff-paste.		For meaner pride to fall to. For our second course,	
	Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks		A spit of Portugals served in for plovers,	
80	Can dress that dinner. Your ambition, sir,		Indians and Moors for blackbirds. All this while	95
	Can fetch no farther compass than the world?		Holland stands ready melted to make sauce	
	WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES		On all occasions; when the voider comes	
	That's certain, sir.		And with such cheer our crammed hopes we suffice,	
	BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR		Zealand says grace, for fashion, then we rise.	
	We're about that already,		WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES	
	And in the large feast of our vast ambition		Here's meat enough, in conscience, for ambition.	100
	We count but the White Kingdom (whence you came		BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR	
	from)		If there be any want, there's Switzerland,	
76	dress prepare for eating, cook			
77	mess course, dish (as in military 'mess-hall')			
78	hot (a) eager, passionate, sexually aroused (b) according to the medical theory of humours, containing an excess of the element of fire (c) heated, spicy but only	88	capon-like like a castrated chicken	93
	puff-paste fine, rich, flaky flour (i.e. light, frivolous, unsubstantial dishes or persons)		whitebroth thin soup, whitened with flour or milk (like a sea, in which the capon sits like the island city of Venice)	meaner pride humbler self-importance (oxymoron), self-respect of social inferiors
79	meanest worst, lowest-class	89	our . . . Italy (Spain had ruled southern Italy and Sicily for more than a century; Milan was also in its possession, and Genoa an ally.)	fall to (a) chow down on (b) descend socially to (c) submerge in
81	compass (a) measurement, sphere (b) instrument for making maps (c) navigational instrument (d) policy, stratagem (all relevant to the Spanish global empire)		chief oven (because Rome is the centre of Catholicism, and the Italian climate much hotter than the English)	94
82	about that (a) have begun compassing the world (b) around the globe		bake-meats meat pies (as in Genesis 50:17, 'bake-meats for Pharaoh')	spit skewer-full
83-103	large feast . . . table (The allegorical menu parodies elaborate court feasts—where dishes were sometimes sculpted to represent persons or places—and expensive allegorical court masques.)	90	Savoy independent duchy in what is currently south-eastern France and north-western Italy (major source of salt exports)	Portugals Portuguese (ruled by Spain)
84-5	but . . . salads i.e. 'England just a small piece of ground used for growing the least substantial part of the feast'		salt salt-cellar, a large and often ornate utensil at the centre of the table. (The salt-cellar was passed around the table, as Savoy changed its allies.)	94, 95 for in place of
85	to . . . salads to do something trivial (proverbial)		Geneva (birthplace and international centre of Calvinism)	94
86	food's real meal, main course, sustenance is		chipped having had the hard dry outer crust removed, leaving only the highly-valued interior of the loaf	plovers lapwings (a bird commonly eaten at the time)
	lean (a) muscular, not fatty—as in 'lean meat' (b) famished (referring to recent French famines)	91	manchet the finest white bread (often used figuratively to suggest 'religious purity', but perhaps here pronounced 'man-cheat')	95
	larded garnished with strips of bacon, or greased with melted fat (appropriate to the German taste for pork)		Below the salt (a) at the inferior end of the table, below the salt-cellar (b) below sea-level	Indians natives of the New World or southern Asia (both belonging to the Spanish empire)
	Germany (site of extensive Catholic-Protestant warfare, 1619-24)		Netherlands (Spanish territory, but its northern Protestant provinces had been in revolt for decades)	Moors (a) Africans (b) Moslems (c) Moriscos (Spanish Moors who had publicly converted to Christianity, but were nevertheless collectively expelled in 1609)
87	Before which i.e. as an appetizer, soup	92	common (because the Dutch had a non-monarchical government)	blackbirds (another bird commonly eaten at the time, suggesting the dark skin of Amerindians, Africans, Arabs, and southern Asians)
	grave dignified, respected (also suggesting the age of Venetian senators)		lower (a) socially inferior (b) below sea-level	96
	chaste (Venice was a 'maiden' city, never conquered; but given its reputation			Holland a province of the northern Netherlands, 'ready melted' because so much of it is under water; famous for its dairy products, and hence its sauces

- Polonia, and such pickled things will serve
To furnish out the table.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES You say well, sir.
But here's the myst'ry—I tell you in private.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
O, we're your cabinets.
- 105 WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES When I ha' stopped the mouth
Of one vice, there's another gapes for food.
I'm as covetous as a barren womb,
The grave, or what's more ravenous.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR We're for you, sir.
Call you that heinous that's good husbandry?
110 Why, we make money of our faith, our prayers.
We make the very deathbed buy her comforts,
Most dearly pay for all her pious counsels,
Leave rich revènués for a few sale-orisons—
Or else they pass unreconciled without 'em.
- 115 Did you but view the vaults within our monasteries
You'd swear then Plutus (whom the fiction calls
The lord of riches) is entombed within 'em.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Is't possible?
- BLACK DUKE OLIVARES
You cannot pass for tuns.
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
But how shall I bestow the vice I bring, sirs?
120 You quite forget me. I shall be locked out
By your strict key of life.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Is yours so foul, sir?
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
Faith, some that's pleased to make a wanton on't
Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty;
- 102 **Polonia** Poland
pickled (a) preserved in brine, like
condiments at a meal (b) drunk (c) varie-
gated—like the uniform of Swiss soldiers,
or the linguistically and theologically
diverse populations of both countries
- 104 **myst'ry** (a) private enigma (b) state
secret
- 105 **we're**... **cabinets** we are the repositories
of your most precious documents and
secret discussions
- 107 **womb** (often described as a mouth,
hungry for insemination, and not satis-
fied until pregnant)
- 108 **grave** (often described as a mouth
which gaped for all mankind)
what's whatever else is
- 109 **husbandry** household financial manage-
ment
- 111 **the very**... **comforts** i.e. even someone
on their deathbed pay for their soul's
spiritual consolation
- 112 **her**... **counsels** all the religious advice
given to her (the soul)
- 113 **Leave**... **revènués** bequeath (to the
Church) huge estates
sale-orisons (a) purchased prayers
(b) prayers for money
- 114 **pass unreconciled** die without being
reconciled to God or the Church
- 116 **fiction** myth, pagan religion
- 117 **lord** god
- 118 **pass for tuns** walk through because
the passage is blocked by so many large
casks of wine or huge chests of gold
- 119 **bestow** dispose of
- 120-1 **locked**... **life** i.e. excluded by your
rigorous code of conduct—echoing the
Biblical references to 'the key of David'
(Isaiah 22:22, Revelations 3:7) and 'the
key to the bottomless pit' (Revelations
9:1, 20:1)
- 122 **make**... **on't** treat it as something
trifling
- 123 **infirmity**... **flesh-frailty** See 'infirmity
of flesh' (Romans 6:19, Galatians 4:13)
and 'the spirit indeed is willing, but the
flesh is weak' (Matthew 26:41).
blood (in humoural medical theory, the
source of lust)
- 124 **a worse name** i.e. 'lust' or 'adultery' or
'sodomy'
- 125 **trifle** littlest
mere innocent complete child, simpleton,
harmless person
- But certain there's a worse name in your book for't.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
The trifle of all vices, the mere innocent,
125 The very novice of this house of clay. Venery?
If I but hug thee hard, I show the worst on't.
It's all the fruit we have here after supper;
Nay, at the ruins of a nunnery once
Six thousand infants' heads found in a fishpond.
- 130 WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
How?
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
How? Ay, how? How came they thither, think you?
Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, in's epistle
To Nicholas the First, can tell you how.
Maybe he was at cleansing of the pond.
I can but smile to think how it would puzzle
135 All mother-maids that ever lived in those parts
To know their own child's head. But is this all?
- BLACK DUKE OLIVARES [to White Knight Charles]
Are you ours yet?
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
One more, and I am silenced.
But this that comes now will divide us questionless.
'Tis ten times ten times worse than the forerunners.
- 140 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
Is it so vile there is no name ordained for't?
Toads have their titles, and creation gave
Serpents and adders those names to be known by.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
This of all vices bears the hidden'st venom,
The secret'st poison. I'm an arch-dissembler, sir.
- 145 BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR
How!
- 126 **novice** beginner (especially in a
monastic 'house')
- house of clay** i.e. the human body (Job
4:19, etc.)
- Venery** sex (but also 'sport of hunting',
to which King James and his favourites
were addicted)
- 127 **If**... **hard** (one man closely embracing
another, with the sexual suggestion of
'hard')
- 128 **It's**... **fruit** the only dessert is sex
(perhaps specifically sodomy, of which
Catholics were often accused); the sex
we have does not bear fruit (= produce
children)
- 132 **Ulric** St Ulric (890-973)
epistle letter (widely cited by Protestant
propagandists)
- 133 **Nicholas the First** Pope St Nicholas I (d.
867)
- 136 **mother-maids** alleged virgins who are
actually mothers (a blasphemous version
of the Virgin birth)
- 142 **Toads** i.e., even toads (considered
poisonous and repulsive)
titles names (but suggesting aristocratic
or royal rank)



In the endgame, White Duke is behind White Knight, protecting him, deep in the Black House (a). At 5.3.161.1 White Knight takes Black Knight, opening up White Duke's threat to Black King (b): White Knight could be taken, or Black Duke could be blocked, but either response would still leave Black King vulnerable to attack by the other piece. Black realizes that the cause is lost, and at 5.3.162 White Duke takes Black King (c). In all three diagrams, the White pieces below the dotted line are invisible to the audience, and their positions are completely speculative (and irrelevant to the staging).

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES

It's my nature's brand. Turn from me, sir.
The time is yet to come that e'er I spoke
What my heart meant.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR

And call you that a vice?

150 Avoid all profanation, I beseech you.
The only prime state-virtue upon earth,
The policy of empires—O take heed, sir,
For fear it take displeasure and forsake you.
It is a jewel of that precious value
Whose worth's not known but to the skilful lapidary:
155 The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts
And locks up ours from them with the same motion.

BLACK DUKE OLIVARES [to White Knight Charles]
You never came so near our souls till now.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [to White Knight Charles]
What we have done

Has been dissemblance ever.

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES

There you lie then,
And the game's ours. We give thee checkmate by
Discovery, King—the noblest mate of all.

160

[White Knight Charles takes Black Knight Gondomar, and White Duke of Buckingham takes Black King Felipe]

BLACK KING FELIPE I'm lost, I'm taken!
A great shout and flourish

WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES

Ambitious, covetous, luxurious falsehood!

WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM Dissembler!—that includes all.

BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR All hope's confounded.

165

BLACK QUEEN MARIA Miserable condition!

Enter [from the White House] White King James,
White Queen [of Bohemia], White Bishop [of
Canterbury], with their White Pawns

WHITE KING JAMES [embracing White Knight Charles]
O let my arms be blessed with this dear treasure,

146 **brand** mark of infamy

149 **Avoid**...**profanation** don't be blasphemous (by calling dissembling a vice). Contrast Psalm 26:4, 'neither will I go in with dissemblers'.

150 **state** political, diplomatic

157 **You**...**now** (a) you were never so closely connected to us as you are now (b) you never understood our insides as well as you do now

158 **brother** soul-mate, fellow Christian, fellow monk. (If he had married the Infanta, White Knight Charles would have become literally the 'brother' (= brother-in-law) of Black King Felipe).

159 **lie** (a) are positioned (b) tell lies

161 **Discovery** public exposure (of your lies

and other vices). In chess, 'checkmate by discovery' occurs when the movement of one piece (here, the White Knight) clears a path by which another piece (here, the White Duke) places the opposing King in check. A knight and duke can place an opposing king in check only if his freedom of movement is blocked by other pieces.

noblest mate most impressive form of checkmate (but in contrast to the other meaning of the words, the 'royal marriage' proposed between Charles and Maria)

163 **Ambitious**...**falsehood** (the four vices which the Black House confesses in this

scene)

luxurious lecherous

165-6 **hope's**...**Miserable** Wisdom 3:11 ('For whoso despiseth wisdom and nurture, he is miserable, and their hope is vain')

166 **BLACK QUEEN** (The object of the 'Spanish Match' appropriately speaks the last speech by the Black House, acknowledging the complete collapse of their strategy.)

Miserable (a) unhappy, wretched (b) contemptible, pathetic

condition situation, position (but playing on 'contract, treaty', i.e. the proposed diplomatic dynastic marriage)

- Truth's glorious masterpiece.—See, Queen of
sweetness,
He's in my bosom safe, and this fair structure
Of comely honour his true-blest assistant.
- 170 WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
May their integrities ever possess
That pow'rful sanctuary.
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES As 'twas a game, sir,
Won with much hazard, so with much more triumph
We gave him checkmate by discovery, sir.
- WHITE KING JAMES
175 Obscurity is now the fittest favour
Falseness can sue for. It well suits perdition.
It's their best course that so have lost their fame
To put their heads into the bag for shame—
*The bag opens, and the Black lost [pieces] appear in
it. The Jesuit Black Bishop slides in it*
And there, behold! The bag, like hell-mouth, opens
180 To take her due, and the lost sons appear
(Greedyly gaping for increase of fellowship
In infamy—the last desire of wretches),
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads
Like Envy's issues or a bed of snakes.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*in the bag*]
185 'Tis too apparent. The game's lost, King taken.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*]
The White House has given us the bag, I thank 'em.
- BLACK PAWN [*in the bag*]
They'd need have given you a whole bag by yourself.
'Sfoot! This Fat Black Bishop has so squelched and
squeezed me,
So overlaid me, I have no verjuice
Left in me. You shall find all my goodness,
If you look for't, in the bottom of the bag.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*] Thou malapert Pawn!
The Bishop must have room, he will have room,
And room to lie at pleasure.
- BLACK PAWN [*in the bag*] All the bag I think
Is room too scant for your Spalato paunch.
- JESUIT BLACK BISHOP'S PAWN [*in the bag, to Jesuitess Black
Queen's Pawn*]
Down, viper of our Order! Art thou showing
Thy impudent whorish front?
- JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN [*in the bag*]
Yes, monster holiness!
- WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
Contention in the bag? Is hell divided?
- WHITE KING JAMES [*to Black pieces in the bag*]
You'd need have some of majesty and power
To keep good rule amongst you. Make room, Bishop.
- 200 [*White King James puts Black King Felipe in the
bag*]
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*]
I'm not so easily moved when I'm once set.
I scorn to stir for any king on earth.

- 170 **comely** lovely
assistant i.e. White Duke of Buckingham
- 174 **We** emphasizing their cooperation, as at l. 160)
- 175 **Obscurity** (a) darkness, as in the eternal darkness of hell (b) inconspicuousness, making it possible to hide (c) unintelligibility, as a defence against being caught in a lie
favour reward, mercy
- 176 **perdition** (a) utter ruin (b) damnation
- 177 **fame** good reputation
- 178 **put... bag** i.e. hide, conceal their faces
bag sack in which chess pieces are stored (allegorically, death, or hell), but also suggesting the 'game-bag' in which hunters put killed game
- 178.1 **bag opens** (probably by opening a trapdoor, with what appears to be the open top of a huge bag sticking out of it: see the illustrated title-pages, pp. 27 and 1773)
Black... appear (The Fat Bishop and three captured pawns speak, but not all need appear simultaneously: the dialogue emphasizes their struggling for position within the chaotic bag.)
- 178.2 **Jesuit... slides** (perhaps because the trapdoor opens under him)
- 179 **like hell-mouth** (similar—but not identical—to the old-fashioned theatrical representation of the entrance to hell, with devils and painted flames)
- 180 **lost sons** See John 17:12 (translated 'son of perdition' or 'lost child')
- 181–2 **Greedyly... wretches** (proverbially, 'misery loves company')
- 183 **Advancing... foreheads** raising their heads up (presumably the only part of their bodies visible to the audience)
perdition-branded Genesis 4:15 ('the Lord set a mark upon Cain', who killed his brother Abel out of envy), or 1 Timothy 4:2 ('Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron')
- 184 **Envy's issues** children of envy (one of the seven deadly sins). See Wisdom 2:24 ('through envy of the devil came death into the world'); the serpent in Eden was often said to have been motivated by envy.
snakes (often associated with Envy)
- 186 **given... bag** bagged us (but playing on the colloquial senses 'given us the money-bags' and 'cheated us, left us holding an empty bag')
- 187 **BLACK PAWN** (originally the Black Jesting Pawn, in a scene cut from this version: see Additional Passages. Here, perhaps Black Knight's Pawn or White King's Pawn.)
- 188 **'Sfoot** by God's foot (a strong oath, referring to the feet of Jesus, nailed to the cross)
- 188–91 **This... bottom** (possibly suggesting sodomy, the Fat Bishop having drained the Pawn sexually)
- 189 **overlaid** laid on top of
verjuice acidic juice squeezed from sour fruit (hence, 'life-juices', but perhaps playing on 'vir' meaning 'man' and 'juice' meaning 'semen')
- 190 **goodness** (Ironic: normally 'virtue', but here 'best part, physically'; slang for sexual prowess)
- 192 **malapert** impudent
- 193 **room** (punning on 'Rome': he wanted to become the Pope, which Protestants called 'the Bishop of Rome')
- 194 **lie** (a) lie down (b) tell untruths
- 196 **viper** poisonous snake (alluding to the fable of a frozen viper that a man revived by placing it in his shirt, who was then killed when it bit him: hence, 'treacherous ingrate')
- our Order** i.e. the Jesuits
- 197 **front** forehead, face (which should be blushing, if she were not so shameless)
monster holiness (oxymoron, playing on the title 'Your Holiness')

- WHITE QUEEN [OF BOHEMIA]
 Here comes the Queen. What say you then to her?
 [*White Queen of Bohemia puts Black Queen Maria in the bag*]
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*]
 Indeed a quean may make a bishop stir.
- 205 WHITE KNIGHT CHARLES
 Room for the mightiest machiavel politician
 That e'er the devil hatched of a nun's egg.
 [*White Knight Charles beats and kicks Black Knight Gondomar into the bag*]
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*]
 He'll peck a hole i'th' bag and get out shortly.
 But I shall be the last man that creeps out,
 And that's the misery of greatness ever.—
- 210 FOH! the politician is not sound i'th' vent;
 I smell him hither.
- WHITE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
 Room for a sunburnt, tansy-faced beloved,
 An olive-coloured Ganymede.
 [*White Duke of Buckingham puts Black Duke Olivares in the bag*]
- And that's all
 That's worth the bagging.
- FAT BISHOP OF SPALATO [*in the bag*]
 Crowd in all you can,
 The Bishop will be still uppermost man,
 Maugre King, Queen, or politician. 215
- WHITE KING JAMES
 So let the bag close now (the fittest womb
 For treachery, pride, and malice),
 [*The bag closes*]
- whilst we winner-like,
 Destroying through heaven's power what would
 destroy,
 Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of joy. 220
 Exeunt
- Epilogue. [Enter] the Virgin White Queen's Pawn Epilogue*
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN [*bowing*]
 My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me forth
 And bade me bow thus low to all of worth
 That are true friends of the White House and cause,
 Which she hopes most of this assembly draws.
 For any else—by envy's mark denoted, 5
 To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted—
 Where'er they sit, stand, and in corners lurk,
 They'll be soon known by their depraving work.
 But she's assured, what they'd commit to bane
 Her White friends' hands will build up fair again. 10
 [Exit]

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

A Apparently omitted in performance; between 2.2.22 and 23 in a speech by the Fat Bishop.

But most on't out of cullis of cock-sparrows.
 'Twill stick and glue the faster to the adversary;
 'Twill slit the throat of their most calvish cause,

204 **quean . . . stir** (*a*) prostitute can arouse a bishop sexually (*b*) queen, the most powerful chess piece, can make a chess bishop flee

205 **machiavel** machiavellian

209 **greatness** i.e. overweightness (which makes it difficult for him to squeeze through a little hole—but also, more generally, equating 'Very Important People' with 'Very Fat People')

210 **Foh** (expression of disgust, presumably accompanied by stage business: hell is when someone farts in a crowded phonebooth)

sound . . . vent healthy in the anus (referring to Gondomar's stinking fistula)

212 **sunburnt** dark-skinned (referring not just to a suntan, but to the belief that dark complexions were caused by living closer to the equatorial sun: Ethiopians were called 'sunburnt')

tansy-faced yellow to brownish-orange complexion (like varieties of tansy flower)

213 **olive-coloured** (Olives range in colour from green to brown to black; here

punning on the name 'Olivares')

Ganymede In Greek mythology, a youngster and court cupbearer, sodomized by Zeus; hence, catamite, passive homosexual lover. (The relationship between Black King and Black Duke mirrors that rumoured between White King and White Duke.)

216 **Maugre** despite

217 **womb** (*a*) stomach (*b*) uterus (i.e., either the place that eats evil, or the one that gives birth to it)

220 **peals** traditional celebratory bell-ringing (which perhaps accompanies the exit)

Epilogue.3 House and cause dynasty and ideology (not always united)

4 **most . . . draws** attracts most of this audience (but *assembly* also suggests 'Parliament' and 'congregation')

5 **envy's mark** (Envy's traditional characteristics were pallor, leanness, hollow eyes, sidelong glances. But perhaps also 'the mark of Cain', again.)

6 **night** dark (referring to the Black House, the darkness of sin or hell, and the

underground worm-world)

glow-worms shiny monsters (referring to the common Biblical images of 'worm' for death and the devil)

bag (where fishermen might keep worms for bait)

devoted (*a*) dedicated (*b*) destined

7 **sit . . . corners** (all possible for spectators in the Globe theatre)

9 **bane** poison, death, ruin (perhaps alluding to the massive destruction of Protestant territories in Germany, esp. the Palatinate)

10 **hands** (a cue for applause)

build . . . again beautifully rebuild again (recognizing that the game will keep being played)

A.1 **cullis** rich broth

cock-sparrows small birds (a regular part of the English diet), notorious for lechery, and eaten as aphrodisiacs

3 **calvish** (*a*) stupid (*b*) idolatrous, worshipping the Biblical golden calf (a Protestant charge against Catholics)

- And yet I ate but little butcher's meat
5 In the conception.
- B Apparently omitted in performance; at the beginning of the Black Knight's speech at 2.2.148.
- BLACK KNIGHT GONDOMAR [*aside*] A shrewd retort!
He's made our Bishop smell of burning too.
Would I stood farther off, were't no impeachment
To my honour or the game. Would they'd play
faster!—
- C In place of 3.1.320.
- VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
How, marriage?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
That contaminating act
Would have spoiled all your fortunes. A rape? God
bless us!
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN
Thou talk'st of marriage?
JESUITESS BLACK QUEEN'S PAWN
Yes, I saw the man.
VIRGIN WHITE QUEEN'S PAWN The man?
- D Apparently omitted in performance, perhaps because its original comic function had been superseded by addition of the Fat Bishop; in place of 3.1.345-6.
- Pray, follow me then, and I'll ease you instantly.
Exeunt
- [3.2]
Enter a Black Jesting Pawn [*from the Black House*]
BLACK JESTING PAWN
I would so fain take one of these White Pawns now.
I'd make him do all under-drudgery,
Feed him with asses' milk (crumbed with goats' cheese)
And all the whitemeats could be devised for him;
I'd make him my white jennet when I pranced
After the Black Knight's litter.
Enter a White Pawn [*from the White House*]
WHITE PAWN And you'd look then
Just like the devil, striding o'er a night-mare
Made of a miller's daughter.
[*White Pawn takes Black Jesting Pawn*]
BLACK JESTING PAWN A pox on you!
Were you so nigh? I'm taken like a blackbird
In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning over me.
WHITE PAWN
And now because I will not foul my clothes
Ever hereafter (for white quickly soils, you know)—
BLACK JESTING PAWN
Ay, prithee get thee gone, I shall smut thee.
WHITE PAWN
Nay, I'll put that to venture: now I have snapped thee
Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery
That slavery was e'er put to.
BLACK JESTING PAWN I shall cozen you.
You may chance come and find your work undone
then,

- 5 **conception** imagining, composition (of the book)
- B.2 **burning** (*a*) burnt flesh, as in hellfire, or in heretics burned at the stake (*b*) rage
- 3 **farther off** i.e. not next to the Bishop, as the Knight is in the opening array of a chess game
- impeachment** (*a*) damage (*b*) impediment
- 4 **Would I wish faster** (Like a chessmaster, he is bored by the slow play of amateur moves he can already anticipate.)
- D.o.1 **Black Jesting Pawn** (not precisely identified, but perhaps the Black King's Pawn, to be captured soon after White King's Pawn). Could be doubled with Black Knight's Pawn, Ignatius, or Error.
- 1 **fain** gladly
take capture (a chess piece), seize sexually
- 2 **under-drudgery** (unique Middleton compound, 'under' suggesting both 'menial' and 'sexually subordinate')
- 3 **asses' milk** (normally used medicinally, not as nourishment)
asses (proverbially clumsy, stupid beast of burden)
milk (proverbially, 'as white as milk')

- crumbed with** topped with crumbs of
- goats' cheese** (typically white, unlike most cheese made from cows' milk; not a delicacy, but associated with poor, mountainous regions like Wales and Scotland)
- goats** (proverbially lecherous; also, by allusion to Matthew 25:32-33, the damned, in contrast to the sheep who are saved)
- 4 **whitemeats** dairy products
- 5 **jennet** small Spanish horse—hence 'ridden' by his master (suggesting sexual mounting, but also perhaps the famous scene in *Tamburlaine* when the prisoner Bajazet is turned into a beast of burden)
- 6.1 **White Pawn** (not precisely identified; could be doubled with any characters except the two other pawns in this scene, Black Queen's Pawn, or White Queen's Pawn)
- 7 **devil** (traditionally black; see title-page of *World Tossed at Tennis*)
striding o'er straddling
night-mare Bad dreams were thought to be caused by a female spirit or goblin (night-mare), which sat upon the dreamer's chest and produced a feeling

- of suffocation; here, punning on *mare*, 'female horse', which the male devil/pawn rides
- 8 **Made of** created by a spell which transformed
miller (proverbially, covered with white flour)
- 8.1 **White . . . Pawn** (the first White capture of a black piece, in almost exactly the middle of the play, so far dominated by aggressive Black moves)
- 9 **nigh** near
- 9-10 **blackbird . . . snow** a blackbird frozen to death or immobilized, conspicuous and easily collected (by a man also presumably covered with snow)
- 10 **grinning** (*a*) grimacing, baring his fangs (*b*) smiling exaggeratedly, like an idiot
- 12 **white quickly soils** (why acting companies normally avoided white costumes—which made *Game at Chess* an unprecedented spectacle)
- 13 **smut** smudge, defile
- 14 **put . . . venture risk that snapped** snatched, bitten or seized quickly
- 16 **cozen** cheat

OCCASIONAL POEMS, 1619–25

Edited by Gary Taylor

THOUGH Oscar Wilde was famous for his wit, without historical testimony it would be almost impossible to prove that any particular *bon mot* was a genuine Oscarism. Because Middleton never published a collection of the shorter products of his ‘witty muse’, we will never know how many small poems he wrote. With longer works, we can confidently identify Middleton’s distinctive style, but as the size of the data sample shrinks the statistical reliability of such stylistic fingerprinting also diminishes. Many anonymous early modern poems might be Middleton’s, but his name did not adhere to them because the name would have been irrelevant to readers or dangerous for the author. It hardly seems a coincidence that no satirical political poems are attributed to Middleton (one of the great Renaissance satirists), despite the survival of hundreds of libellous verses written in his lifetime: if he had written such poems, he would have had every incentive to conceal his authorship. ‘The Picture Plainly Explained’ was printed as part of an edition of *A Game at Chess* that concealed the name not only of the author but also of the printer, engraver, and publisher. That anonymity itself announced something about the nature of the work.

Notably, for several of the poems explicitly attributed to Middleton in early documents, his authorship is part of the poem’s meaning. A playwright praises an actor, or another playwright; the imprisoned author of *A Game at Chess* petitions for his release; a gift identifies the giver. But other poems belong to what Marcy North calls the ‘Anonymous Renaissance’. Many of Middleton’s contemporaries made conscious use of the diverse possibilities created by the absence of a name. Middleton almost certainly wrote the epitaph on Sir George Bolles and the poem celebrating the opening of the Chapel of St James—he is historically linked to the occasion for both poems, and stylistically they resemble him more than any rival candidate—but the meaning of those two poems, for early readers, was not in any way affected by who wrote them. Attribution would not only have been irrelevant; it could have detracted from the seemingly impersonal authority of the text. Middleton, as the official Chronologer of London, was being paid to praise Bowles and Barker, and any acknowledgement of his authorship might have diminished each poem’s credibility.

Whether attributed or anonymous, all Middleton’s uncollected verses are public artifacts, not simulated autobiography. He wrote in many once-popular genres: epitaph, prison poem, verse caption to a painting or a printed image. The verses celebrating the christening of St James church might be included in Middleton’s *Honourable En-*

tainments, though they are not attributed to a dramatic persona and deliberately make no gestures toward theatrical illusion. The commendatory poem was the most common genre of literary criticism before the Restoration (Chandler); at least 4,748 commendatory poems were printed in British books between 1478 and 1641 (Williams). Middleton’s praise of Webster’s *Duchess of Malfi* will stand comparison with any rival example, including Ben Jonson’s famous commendation of Shakespeare. ‘Every particular will bear a large paraphrase’, eyewitness John Holles said of Middleton’s *A Game at Chess*, and the same might be said of his occasional poems.

None of them are love poems, or lust poems. Middleton’s plays include many song lyrics, including the enormously popular ‘Hence, all you vain delights’ (*Valour* 3.3.36–54), with its speaker/singer’s evocative, paradoxical praise of the deliciousness of melancholy. But, like other seventeenth-century poets from Jonson to Dryden, Middleton abandoned the belated Petrarchanism which had dominated sixteenth-century English verse from Wyatt to Shakespeare; sonnets gave way to epigrams. But Jonson’s epigrams can still give the impression of being deeply personal poems, representing his reaction to the death of his son or an invitation to dinner. Even when it treats less intimate material, Jonson’s verse focuses our attention squarely on the poet himself, on Jonson rhetorically constructing his own cultural authority. The contrast with Middleton is evident in Jonson’s epigram to the great Elizabethan actor Edward Allen (usually spelled ‘Alleyn’):

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Feared not to boast the glories of her stage—
As skillful Roscius and grave Aesop, men
Yet crowned with honours (as with riches, then),
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame—
How can so great example die in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?—
Who both their graces in thyself hast more
Outstripped, than they did all that went before,
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. ’Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

Jonson rhymes ‘thee’ with ‘me’, and the poem tells us more about its author than its subject. The comparison of Alleyn to Roscius and Aesop praises the actor, but it also displays the poet’s own learning, which was central

to Jonson's self-made reputation. Roscius and Aesop give place to Cicero, with whom Jonson (in the next line) implicitly compares himself. Jonson praises an actor who surpasses the actors Cicero praised, thus implying that Jonson's judgement actually outstrips Cicero's. After the complex twelve-line-long first sentence, the simple imperative 'Wear this renown' assumes that 'this' little poem by Jonson itself constitutes and guarantees fame. At the pinnacle of the hierarchical final conceit, emphatically saved for last, stands the unique poet Jonson ('one') who gives life to the actor who gives life to 'many' unnamed other 'poets'. Jonson's binaries—Rome/England, actor/author, many/one—create a structure which defines and affirms Jonson's unparalleled, world-historically significant *me me*.

Middleton also uses 'me' as a rhyme word, and also defines himself as 'one' in the final line of a poem. But Middleton's authorial 'one', at the end of his plea 'To the King', is diminutive, not aggrandizing: 'but...one man'. Even 'man' is minuscule: this is not Pico della Mirandola's or Jacob Burckhardt's god-like Renaissance Man, but Middleton's self-deflating pun on 'man' as chess piece and personal servant. Middleton defines himself as just a single man (in a kingdom that contains perhaps two million of the King's male subjects), just a single chess piece (on a board containing thirty-two), and just a pawn, a servant to some other more important piece/person. Unlike Jonson's 'me', Middleton's 'me' is an explanatory afterthought: he does not assume that the King even knows who he is, but explicates 'one man' by appending 'that's me', and then his signature.

Jonson's poem on the actor Alleyn differs even more remarkably from Middleton's poem on the actor Burbage, where the first person pronoun does not appear at all, and the reader's eyes are focused wholly on Burbage. Middleton's poem is, typically, much smaller than Jonson's, just as Middleton's plays are shorter than Jonson's, as Middleton's body was less bulky than Jonson's. Middleton's tight style nevertheless packs as much punch in four lines as Jonson manages in fourteen. This may not at first be obvious, because Middleton's lines seem so characteristically, disarmingly simple.

Astronomers and star-gazers this year
Write but of four eclipses; five appear,
Death interposing Burbage—and their staying
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

Middleton does not begin with the greatness of Rome. He does not invoke millennia of praise. He doesn't say 'I'm like Cicero.' Instead, he begins with ephemera, implicitly compares himself to the nameless writers of almanacs, and limits himself to 'this year'. His subject is not eternity. His subject, he announces, is only his (our) own little moment. Jonson explicitly compares modern London to ancient Rome. Middleton also situates modern London in a larger cultural context, but his allusion is subtler. 'Astronomers and star-gazers' echoes Isaiah 47:13: 'Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the prognosticators,

stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee.' That's the translation in the Geneva Bible (1560), the most popular personal Bible of the time; the King James translation (1611) is identical, except that it adds 'monthly' before 'prognosticators'. This verse, prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, had been read to congregations every December 20 for sixty years, so it would have been familiar to many of Middleton's contemporaries. But Middleton's art, like Burbage's, was not exclusive or elitist. You can miss this allusion entirely and still make sense of the poem. Middleton's word *astronomers* may be a synonym for *astrologers*, but in any case the Greek word is more learned, and suggests a more educated activity, than the dismissive Anglo-Saxon 'star-gazers', which can refer to anyone who looks up at the sky, gaping in ignorance and wonder, in the way that groundlings at the Globe might have looked up at Burbage on the raised stage. Connoisseurs and amateurs alike, this year, mourn Burbage.

The clustered consonants (str, nd|st, rg, rs|th, s|y), the four stresses in the last five syllables, make this first line difficult to articulate. Part of the decorum of epitaphs, part of their function, is to slow us down, make us stop, think. The poem comes to a sharp stop twice in its second line: abruptly, 'five appear'. Astrologers, astronomers, and almanacs fascinate Middleton because they epitomize the overwhelming human desire to predict the future, an obsession writers and Calvinists share with farmers, businessmen, theatre owners and actors. Eclipses should be predictable; four of them have been predicted, to the day and hour. Then, unexpectedly, we face a fifth. Disturbingly, the universe refuses to be scheduled. And another unexpectedness attends this fifth eclipse. 'When beggars die,' Shakespeare tells us, 'there are no comets seen; the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.' Queen Anna had died eleven days before Burbage, at Hampton Court, and her body was lying in state at Denmark House during the days when Burbage died and was buried. The royal expiration inspired poets like Patrick Hannay to declare that 'general darkness all the world o'erspreads'. We might therefore expect, any reader in March 1619 might expect, the third line to read, 'Death interposing Anna'. Middleton interposes Burbage where we would expect Anna, as an eclipse interposes one thing where we expect another. In context, Middleton's epitaph implicitly claims that the death of a mere actor was more important than the death of the Queen of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

'Five appear' announces a new eclipse, and the first word of the next line links that eclipse to 'Death'. Eclipses were traditionally regarded as omens, warnings, or signs of disaster. Middleton could have claimed that the prophecy written in the skies by those four eclipses of 1619 was being fulfilled by the death of Burbage (or Queen Anne, or both). But he does not claim that. Four eclipses are not enough; Middleton adds a fifth. Or rather, Death adds a fifth, 'interposing' that fifth eclipse, slipping it in between the other four. With great tact—which is to say, by sleight

of hand introducing an outrageous idea in such a way that it seems natural—'Death interposing Burbage' transforms the actor's death into an eclipse, transforms Burbage himself into a heavenly body. The fifth eclipse at first seems to be, but then is not, the usual pathetic fallacy: unlike us, the universe is not convulsed by grief when someone we love dies. Middleton is not Shakespeare's Cleopatra, exclaiming that 'there should be now a huge eclipse Of sun and moon' as the macrocosm registers the death of microcosmic Mark Antony. The verb *interpose*—'to place between'—was often used in a technical sense, describing the movement of the moon into a position where it blocked the sun (or of the earth into a position between sun and moon). Since the eclipse has already been introduced, 'interposing Burbage' represents the actor as an astronomical object large enough to eclipse the sun or moon. Behind this metaphysical conceit lies a recurrent theme in classical mythology, echoed in many Renaissance texts: extraordinary individuals get transformed, at death, into stars. Burbage, though, is not just a star; Burbage is big enough to block the sun; Burbage is, we might say—thinking of the theatre where he had acted his greatest roles for two decades—"the Globe".

But the poem does not explicitly say any of that. We are saved from the absurdity of this image by the verb's more common, less technical sense: Death blocks Burbage, Death gets in his way. Death is an unexpected interruption. Death intercepts, obstructs Burbage, creating an eclipse by blocking the light that Burbage normally emanates. Depending on how we interpret the participle, Burbage is obstructing or obstructed. In either reading, the phrase puts Burbage in motion. If Burbage is 'placed between', then he is an actor, set in motion by someone else. Death, then, is the playwright, the writer of the final script that Burbage performs. If Burbage is 'interrupted', then Death's unscripted interposing denies the actor his last opportunity to 'enter, posing'.

But 'Death interposing Burbage' is itself only an interruption, a participial phrase between two simple sentences. The third line's first three words link personification to Latinate technical verb to unusual proper name; its last three words link the commonest of all conjunctions to a common pronoun and a common Anglo-Saxon verb. Two consecutive unstressed syllables ('-age, and') throw the weight of the line forward onto two consecutive stressed syllables ('their stay'), and the consonant conjunctions (nd|th . . . r|st) force us to slow down to articulate the spondee. Those two stressed syllables make, despite their simplicity, two complicated claims. Why 'their'? Why the plural instead of the singular? Epitaphs are usually all about singularity. And why 'stay'? Epitaphs are poems about people who have left us. What slows us down is not only the consonants and the stresses, but the unexpectedness of these words, these claims.

Whose stay? Death's and Burbage's. Death and Burbage, at opposite ends of the verb in the preceding phrase, are now coupled: no longer subject and object, active and passive, but united, as in an eclipse two formerly distinct

objects become one. And what is this new odd couple doing? They stay. Or rather, they are staying. Middleton could easily have written 'stay', and rhymed it with 'play' in the last line, but he prefers the present participial noun, with its sense of renewed continuing activity: not a single stay, but a stretched-out staying.

The most famous epitaph on Burbage is the notorious, anonymous, snide quip, 'Exit Burbage'. Middleton's 'their staying' characterizes Burbage's death in exactly the opposite way. The sense is not, 'Burbage has left the stage' but rather, 'We are waiting for Burbage to enter, and he keeps not appearing, he keeps staying backstage.' The eclipse refuses to end. The Earl of Pembroke—the Lord Chamberlain, responsible for formal entertainments at court—wrote on 20 May (more than two months after Burbage's funeral) that he could not bear to attend a court performance of *Pericles* by the King's Men 'so soon after the loss of my old acquaintance Burbage'. Watching *Pericles* would have been painful because Pembroke would keep expecting to see Burbage enter, and Burbage would keep staying away. This is, I think, how many of us are affected by the death of someone we love. We cannot really imagine eternity; we cannot imagine that someone has exited, forever. Intellectually, we may know this; but cognition and emotion clash. What repeatedly pains us, after someone's death, is that we keep being startled by their failure to arrive. It is not that someone has gone away: the people we love leave our sight routinely, every day; the problem is that, this time, they have stopped returning. We keep expecting them to come around the corner or enter the room or step on stage, and they don't. It is as though Burbage, slower in his old age, has simply missed his cue, or been slow responding to his cue. Someone, backstage, has intercepted him.

But the poem continues, across the temporary 'staying' of the line-break. Middleton usually prefers the colloquial 'has', but the last line begins with the more formal, solemn, old-fashioned, Biblical 'hath'. Again, the cluster of consonants ('th|m') slows us down. 'Hath made' what? Made us cry, made us grieve, made us think about our own mortality? No, their staying makes another paradox: a 'visible eclipse'. The adjective *visible* enforces the implicit or submerged oxymoron in the earlier verb *appear*: in an eclipse what appears is the failure of light to appear, what's visible is the sudden invisibility of what we expect to see. Again, Middleton's language has a technical meaning: a visible eclipse is one visible at our latitude and longitude, but it is also an eclipse that is less than total, that leaves part of the disk of the sun or moon still visible. Having compared Burbage's death to an eclipse, Middleton now precisely qualifies that hyperbole: it is only an eclipse *here*, at the meridian of London, and even here it is not total.

And the last two words further qualify that image: it is only an eclipse 'of playing'. The fifth eclipse, announced earlier, is not an astronomical convulsion, but just a local interruption of theatrical activity. Out of (enforced) respect for the memory of Queen Anne, the theatres were closed

until her funeral on 13 May. By instead attributing the all-too-visible eclipse of playing to Burbage's death, Middleton again implicitly claims that it was more important than the death of the Queen. Finally, the word 'playing' summons up all the more general senses of play, merriment, joy, spontaneity. It also announces an eclipse of 'feigning', pretending. The actor's death is not fiction, is not feigning, is not acting; this time, the death is real.

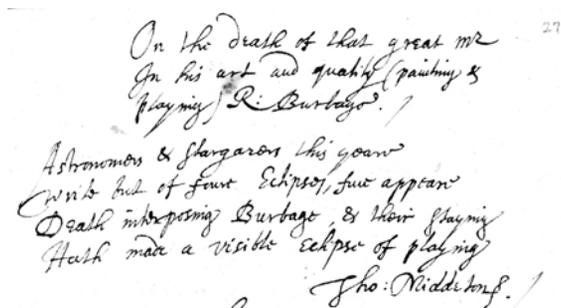
But it is also temporary. It is only an eclipse, a momentary interruption of light. It is only one eclipse out of five, one death among many deaths, and our grief for Burbage's death, our memory of his life, are as brief as an eclipse, or a temporary closure of the theatres, or an ephemeral almanac, thrown away at the end of its year, 'this year', the traditional period of formal rituals of mourning. Our grief is as brief as our own lives. Or perhaps it is death that is brief, only an eclipse, only a momentary blocking of the light, which will in due course return, in the promised resurrection of the dead. Middleton lets us choose how to interpret this eclipse.

With the exception of this 'elegant' epitaph, the tributes to Burbage after his death 'were notable for quantity rather than quality' (Edmond). Theatre historians often quote the others, because they tell us which roles Burbage played, or how he played them; we quote them as evidence, as archival records, not as poems. Middleton's four lines tell us nothing about Burbage's performances, but they are the most beautiful and moving tribute in English to any actor. There is no 'I' in this poem, but it takes three to eclipse: an observer, a light, and something that gets between the observer and the light. Middleton is quietly present among those implied observers, the communal 'we' of theatre people and theatre audiences, the community of mourners for any death, temporarily unable to see.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 992
 Authorship and date: 'Burbage', *Companion*, 404; 'Bolles', 416; 'St James', 427; 'Malfi', 438; 'To the King', 441; 'Hammond', 441; 'Picture', 442

Occasional Poems, 1619–25



On the death of that great master in his art and quality, painting and playing: Richard Burbage **Burbage**

Astronomers and star-gazers this year
 Write but of four eclipses; five appear,
 Death interposing Burbage—and their staying
 Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.

Burbage See Critical Introduction. Next to our edited text we reproduce the source: the only surviving copy, in a personal manuscript miscellany compiled about 1630 by Robert Bishop.

Title quality profession (especially used of acting)

painting Burbage was a painter, but also an expert in face-painting, i.e. actor's make-up.

playing acting

Richard Burbage Burbage was buried on 16 March 1619 in the London parish

of St Leonard Shoreditch; he died on a Saturday in Lent, 13 March.

- 1 Astronomers** (not distinguished from what we now call 'astrologers')
- 2 Write** (in the very popular annual almanacs: Thomas Bretnor's *London Almanac*, writing 'Of Eclipses of this year 1619', notes that 'Although we in England shall see no eclipse at all this year, yet will our neighbouring dwellers and lunar inhabitants behold the luminaries four times eclipsed', and then goes on to describe where and

when the four eclipses will occur.)

- 3 interposing** (a) intruding, placing between [the other eclipses] (b) intruding, placing between [the sun and the earth, or the sun and the moon] (c) interrupting
- 4 their Death's and Burbage's**
- visible** apparent, evident; but also in the technical sense 'partial, not creating total darkness'
- playing** (a) acting, dancing, theatre (b) free movement, live mobility (c) amusement, merriment

Bolles

[On Sir George Bolles]

Honour, integrity, compassion:
 Those three filled up the lifetime of this man.
 Of honour: the grave praetorship he bare,
 Which he discharged with conscience, truth, and care.
 5 He possessed earth, as he might heaven possess:
 Wise to do right, but never to oppress.
 His charity was better felt than known,
 For when he gave there was no trumpet blown.
 What more can be comprised in one man's fame
 10 To crown a soul and leave a living name?
 All his just praise in her life may be read,
 The true wife of his worth as of his bed.

Honour, Integrity,
 Compassion,
 Those three fill'd up
 the life time of this man:
 Of Honour, the grave
 Praetorship he bare,
 Which he discharg'd with
 Conscience, Truth, and Care,
 He posses'd Earth,
 as he might Heaven possesse,
 Wife to doe right,
 but never to oppresse.

His Charity was better
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 For when he gave,
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 What more can be compriz'd
 in one mans fame,
 To crowne a soule,
 and leave a living name?
 All his just praise
 in her life may be read,
 The true Wife of his worth
 as of his bed.

Bolles Sir George Bolles (1538–1621) was Lord Mayor of London in 1617–18; Middleton wrote *The Triumphs of Honour and Industry* to celebrate his inauguration. He was buried in the parish church of St Swithin, with 'A very fair monument on the south side of the chancel, with this inscription' (*Survey of London*, 1633). The church was destroyed in the Great Fire of London (1666).

The source is a revised and expanded edition of John Stow's *Survey of London*, edited by Anthony Munday and others, published in 1633. Each verse line is divided into two type lines, because the full line would not fit in the narrow

column of the double-column page.

- 1 **compassion** (four syllables: Middleton often treated '-ion' as two syllables, particularly at the end of a verse line)
 2 **filled up** (perhaps punning on his name, which could be pronounced 'bowls')
man (rhyming with 'compassion'—a typical Middleton rhyme)
 3 **praetorship** i.e. office of Lord Mayor (associating the government of London with that of ancient Rome)
bare bore, carried the burden of
 5 **possessed earth** (a) owned land (b) inhabited a body
as (a) in the same way that (b) in a way that would make it likely that
 7–8 **His...blown** i.e. his acts of charity

were anonymous, were not publicly trumpeted or bragged about (playing on the phrase 'blow your own trumpet', brag about yourself)

10 **living name** ever-living, surviving reputation

12 **true** (a) genuine, real (b) sexually faithful, chaste

wife The funeral monument 'was erected at the sole cost and charges of Joan, Lady Bolles, in memory of her late dear and worthy husband... which Lady Joan was the eldest daughter of that worthy and famous deceased Knight, Sir John Hart, sometimes likewise Lord Mayor of the said City of London' (*Survey of London*).

As David could
 his eyes no rest afford,
 Till he had found
 a place out to the Lord,
 To build an Altar:
 So this man of worth,
 The mirror which
 these later dayes brings forth,
 Barkham the worthie,
 whose immortall name,
 Marble's too weake to hold,
 for this workes fame.
 He never ceast
 in industrie and care,
 From ruines to
 redeeme this House of Praier;
 Following in this
 the holy Patriarks waies,
 That ready were
 him Altars still to raise,
 where they receiv'd a blessing:
 So this Lord,
 Scarce warme in Honours seat,
 did first accord
 To this most pious worke,
 in which is showne,
 Gods blessing, and his thanks
 met both in one.
 The charge
 the honourable Citie beares,
 whose bounty
 in ful Noblenesse appears
 To acts of best condition,
 in such wise,

[The Temple of St James]

St James

[1]

As David could his eyes no rest afford
 Till he had found a place out to the Lord
 To build an altar, so this man of worth,
 The mirror which these later days bring forth,
 Barkham the worthy, whose immortal name
 Marble's too weak to hold, for this work's fame. 5
 He never ceased in industry and care
 From ruins to redeem this house of prayer,
 Following in this the holy patriarchs' ways,
 That ready were Him altars still to raise 10
 Where they received a blessing; so this lord,
 Scarce warm in honour's seat, did first accord
 To this most pious work, in which is shown
 God's blessing and his thanks met both in one.
 The charge the honourable City bears, 15
 Whose bounty in full nobleness appears
 To acts of best condition, in such wise

St James These verses were written to celebrate the consecration of the 'very beautiful and comely parish church' of St James, in Aldgate Ward just inside London's old north-east wall, on 2 January 1623; the City of London had paid for the church's restoration, and the Mayor, both Sheriffs, and sixteen aldermen were present. The church was destroyed in the Great Fire of London, rebuilt, and then completely demolished in 1874.

The source is the same edition of *Survey of London* that contains 'Bolles'.

1 'On a fair table [i.e., tablet] hanging in the chancel are these verses depicted' (*Survey of London*, 1633)

1-3 **As David... altar** 2 Samuel 24:18-25, 1 Chronicles 21:18-29. (This is the beginning of the construction of the Temple in Jerusalem.)

4 **mirror** exemplary ideal
later days (Seventeenth-century Christians believed that they lived in the world's old age.)
bring forth (a) give birth to (b) bring to public attention

5 **Barkham** Edward Barkham, Lord Mayor of London 1621-22; Middleton celebrated his inauguration in *The Sun in Aries*

8 **house of prayer** (a phrase that occurs seven times in the King James Bible)

9 **patriarchs** Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, and Joshua

12 **Scarce... seat** i.e., immediately after becoming Lord Mayor
accord agree

14 **his Barkham's**
 15 **charge** expense

That all things, bettering by their ruin, rise.
 Two noble faithful supervisors then
 20 (Amongst a Senate of religious men)
 Selected were, to whom the care they gave:
 Generous Hamersley, and Campbell the grave,
 Each being a masterpiece of zeal and care
 Towards God's own temple, fit for truth's affair.
 25 Now at the blessed foundress I arrive,
 Matilda, whom Henry the First did wive.
 The christendom she gave it held the same
 Till James our sovereign gave it his own name.
 And since I touch antiquity so near,
 30 Observe what notes remarkable appear:
 An alderman of London was at first
 Prime prior of this church; falling to worst,
 It is now raised by encouragement and care
 Of a Lord Mayor of London, which is rare

That all things, bettering
 by their ruine, rise.
 Two noble faithfull
 Supervisors then,
 Amongst a Senate
 of religious men,
 Selected were,
 to whom the care they gave,
 Generous Hamersley,
 and Cambell the grave,
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 The Christendome she gave it
 held the same,
 Till James our Soveraigne
 gave it his owne name.
 And since I touch
 Antiquity so neere,
 Observe what notes
 remarkable appeare:
 An Alderman of London
 was at first
 Prime Prior of this Church.
 Falling to worst,
 It is now rais'd
 by encouragement and care
 Of a Lord Maior of London,
 which is rare,

- 18 **bettering** ... **ruin** improving as a result of their deterioration (paradox): the new church is not only restored, but converted from Catholic to Protestant worship
bettering (perhaps pronounced as two syllables, 'bett'ring')
 20 **Senate** (comparing the Aldermen of London to the Senators of ancient Rome)
 22 **Hamersley** ... **Campbell** Hugh Hamersley and James Campbell, Aldermen (named

- in the dedication to *Entertainments*, 12–13)
 24 **affair** business (since both were businessmen)
 26 **Matilda** Matilda 'the good Queen' (1080–1118), famous for her piety and her patronage of religious foundations, first wife of Henry I (1069–1135), youngest son of William the Conqueror; she founded the Priory in 1108.

- 27 **christendom** christening, giving of a Christian name
 held remained
 31–2 **alderman** ... **prior** 'Norman, the first prior, was made an alderman of London, and rode with them on solemn days, but in an ecclesiastical habit' (marginal note, *Survey of London*). Norman was 'the first canon regular in all England' (*Survey*, p. 145).

*And worth observing.
 Then, as I began,
 I end best with
 the honour of the man.
 This Cities first Lord Maior
 lies buried here,
 Fitz-Alwine,
 of the Drapers Company,
 And the Lord Maior,
 whose fame now shines so cleere,
 Barkham,
 is of the same Society.*

And worth observing. Then, as I began,
 I end best with the honour of the man.
 This city's first Lord Mayor lies buried here,
 Fitz Ailwin, of the Drapers' Company,
 And the Lord Mayor, whose fame now shines so clear,
 Barkham, is of the same society.

35
40

*The rising here
 of the cleere Gospels Sunne,
 Is through the Senases
 free donation.
 The Globe of that bright Sunne,
 the God of might,
 Christ Iesus is the rising
 and the light.
 The heat the blessed Spirit
 of Truth and Right;
 And as these three,
 the Globe, the light, the heat,
 Are all one Sunne,
 so Three One God compleat:
 Thrice Allelujah
 speakes about the rayes,
 That Three in One
 may onely have the praise.*

[II]

The rising here of the clear Gospel's sun
 Is through the Senate's free donation.
 The globe of that bright sun, the God of might;
 Christ Jesus is the rising and the light;
 The heat, the blessed Spirit of truth and right.
 And as these three (the globe, the light, the heat)
 Are all one sun, so three one God complete.
 Thrice 'Alleluia' speaks about the rays
 That three in one may only have the praise.

5

38 Fitz Ailwin Henry fitz Ailwin (d. 1212), who held a lifetime appointment as Mayor, traditionally said to have begun in 1189

40 society association, guild

II 'there is a fair monument in the east end of the chancel, made in resemblance of a golden sun, with beams and rays very ingeniously formed, characterizing these verses in and among them' (*Survey of London*). These verses are separated from the preceding forty. The nine lines—

three times three—formally mirror their subject (the Trinity).

2 free donation (a phrase usually referring to the Emperor Constantine's act, making Christianity the state religion of Rome; here, 'Senate' contrasts with Emperor, and the English church 'here' with the Roman one)

3 God of might God the Father (a phrase used in John Hopkin's *The Whole Book of Psalms* (1562) and in Matthew Parker's

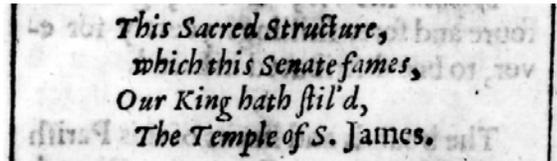
translation of *The Whole Psalter* (1567?), Psalm 2, 24, 77, 95, 146, and often thereafter)

5 Spirit Holy Spirit

9 three in one the Holy Trinity, the Christian notion of one God in three aspects (Father, Son, Holy Spirit), alluding to the church's medieval name (the Priory of the Holy Trinity, called Christchurch) and to its temporary name during the rebuilding ('Trinity Christ's Church')

[III]

This sacred structure, which this Senate fames,
Our King hath styled 'The Temple of St James'.



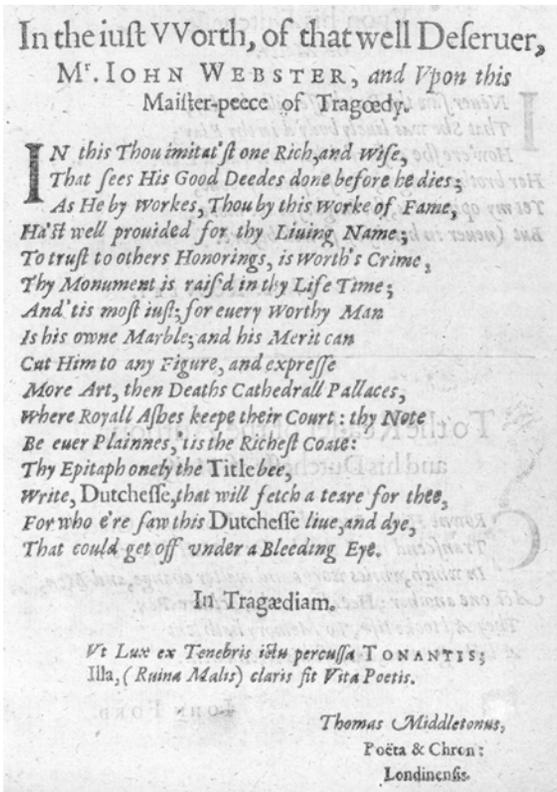
Malfi

*In the just worth of that well-deserver,
Master John Webster,
and upon this masterpiece of tragedy
[The Duchess of Malfi]*

In this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deeds done before he dies;
As he by works, thou by this work of fame
Hast well provided for thy living name.
5 To trust to others' honorings is worth's crime;
Thy monument is raised in thy lifetime.
And 'tis most just, for every worthy man
Is his own marble, and his merit can
Cut him to any figure and express
10 More art than death's cathedral palaces,
Where royal ashes keep their court. Thy note
Be ever plainness; 'tis the richest coat.
Thy epitaph only the title be:
Write 'Duchess', that will fetch a tear for thee—
15 For who e'er saw this duchess live and die,
That could get off under a bleeding eye?

In Tragœdiam

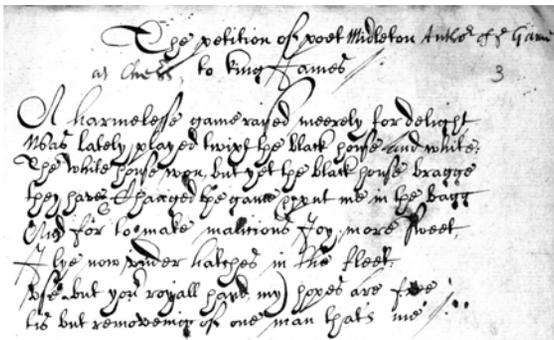
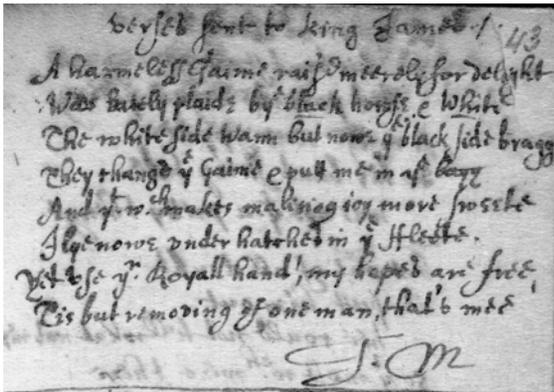
*Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa Tonantis,
Illa, ruina malis, claris fit vita poetis.*



- III This couplet is separated from the preceding verses by prose, which identifies the Mayor and Aldermen who constitute 'this Senate'.
- 1 **which...fames** (a) which they make famous (b) which makes them famous
- 2 **Our King** James I, who personally authorized the building of the new church, in response to a petition from George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury styled named, given the title
- Malfi** The poem appears in the first edition (1623) of Webster's play, after Webster's dedication and before shorter commendatory poems by William Rowley and John Ford (with whom Middleton collaborated that year on *Gypsy*). The play was printed by Nicholas Okes, who also printed most of Middleton's pageants and the first edition of *A Game at Chess*. In this

- and other copies of the printed quarto, ink from the other side of the page shows through. Italic type is used for the Dedication and for all the commendatory poems.
- 1 **this** (a) writing this play (b) publishing this play
- 4 **living name** ever-living reputation
- 6 **Thy monument...lifetime** (comparing Webster to people who build their own tombs before they die)
- 8 **marble** monument, statue
- 9 **Cut** sculpt
- 10-11 **cathedral...court** (probably referring to Westminster Abbey, where King James in 1612 had buried his son Prince Henry and re-interred his mother Mary, Queen of Scots; most recently, Queen Anne was buried there in 1619)
- 16 **get off under** escape, get away with a

- payment less than
- bleeding eye** (imagining tears as drops of blood: compare *Game* 1.1.6, 'My soul bleeds at mine eyes')
- 17-19 **In...poetis** 'To Tragedy: | As light from darkness springs at the Thunderer's stroke, | So is life to the famous poet, ruin to the bad.' Tragedy is gendered female in Latin.
- 18 **lux ex tenebris** (later motto of the Freemasons)
Tonantis (from *Tonans*, Thunderer, a common classical and neo-Latin epithet for the supreme deity: 'Jupiter the Thunderer' occurs at *Duchess of Malfi* 2.2.19)
- 19 **malis** (a) evildoers (b) bad poets
claris both 'famous' and 'clear' (glancing back toward the praise of 'plainness')



To the King

King

A harmless game, raised merely for delight,
Was lately played by the Black House and White.
The White side won, but now the Black House brag
They changed the game and put me in the bag—

5

And that which makes malicious joy more sweet,
I lie now under hatches in the Fleet.
Use but your royal hand, my hopes are free;
'Tis but removing of one man—that's me,

Tho. Middleton

King Several texts of the poem identify the King as James I, who died on 27 March 1625. A warrant for Middleton's arrest was issued on 30 August 1624.

These couplets belong to a long tradition of poems written in prison. Ovid's *Tristia*, written during his exile, were an important classical antecedent; particularly relevant to Middleton's poem here was Ovid's Book II, which contains poems addressed to the Emperor Augustus (who had exiled Ovid, as King James had imprisoned Middleton). The most famous early specimens of the genre in Britain were written in the fifteenth century by Charles D'Orleans and James I of Scotland. The genre has continued to be popular in modern times (Daniel Berrigan, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Joseph Brodsky, Dennis Brutus, Nazim Hikmet, Etheridge Knight, Ho Chi Minh, Ezra Pound, Bobby Sands, and Jimmy Santiago Baca standing out among the many twentieth-century examples).

We reproduce two of the five early

copies of the poem, one (top) in a miscellany compiled by Sir Thomas Dawes c.1624–8, the other (bottom) in a miscellany compiled by Sir Thomas Hulse c.1624–40s.

- 1 **game** (a) contest (b) quarry (c) *A Game at Chess*, performed from 5–14 August 1624. We do not know when Middleton was found, or how long he was imprisoned; this poem might have been written before the dedicatory poem to Hammond.
- raised** 'mounted' (used of theatrical performances), but also 'startled, roused from its hiding place' or 'bred' (a hunting term, used of prey). James I's favourite hobby was hunting.
- merely** only, entirely
- 2 **played** (a) acted (b) hunted
- 3–4 **Black House . . . bag** The play was closed and Middleton arrested as a result of complaints by the Spanish ambassador.
- 4 **changed the game** (a) reversed the outcome of the game (b) changed the

kind of game being played (c) substituted a different quarry

put . . . in the bag bagged (like lost chess pieces, or dead game)

me (in contrast to the Black pieces spectacularly bagged in Middleton's play)

- 6 **under hatches** below deck (i.e. in the lower wards or dungeons), like the Black characters in the play, peering out the trapdoor from under the stage
- the Fleet** a London prison (but punning on the naval sense)

- 7 **but only**

hand power (but also literally 'handwriting', signing the papers for Middleton's release, and the hand that moves a chess piece)

my hopes are free (in anticipation, or as a consequence, of the King's pardon: even when his body is imprisoned, his hopes are at liberty)

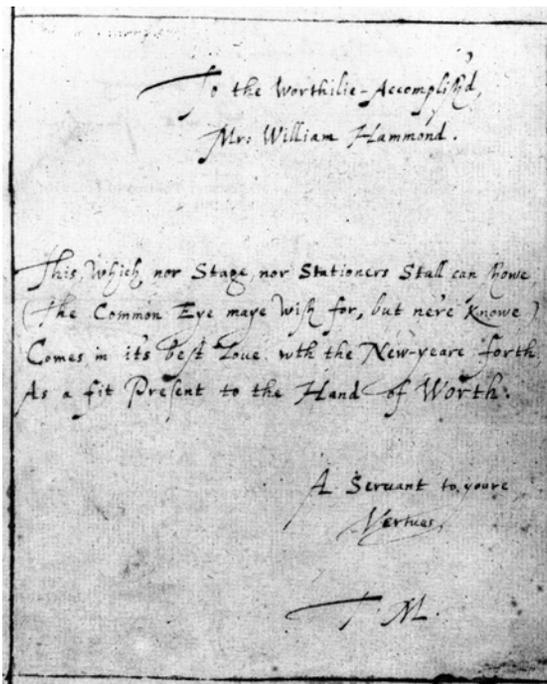
- 8 **removing** taking out (of prison, of the bag); but also re-moving, moving again
- man** (a) person (b) chess piece (c) servant

Occasional Poems

Hammond

To the worthily accomplished
Master William Hammond

This—which nor stage nor stationer's stall can show;
The common eye may wish for, but ne'er know—
Comes in its best love with the New Year forth
As a fit present to the hand of worth.



Hammond Probably addressed to the wealthy William Hammond who lived in the London parish of Allhallows on the Wall, where he was buried on 10 January 1635; he was a friend of Richard Fishborne, to whom Middleton dedicated the 1620 edition of *Two Gates*.

The unique source is depicted, part of a manuscript of *A Game at Chess* prepared in late 1624 by the professional scribe Ralph Crane. Crane occasionally worked for the King's Men, and also prepared two other surviving manuscripts of *A Game at Chess* (one of them the unique copy

of the *Early* form), the only surviving manuscripts of *The Witch* and 'An Invention', and the manuscripts from which Middleton's adaptation of *Measure for Measure* and Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* were printed in 1623. He worked closely with Middleton in the 1620s.

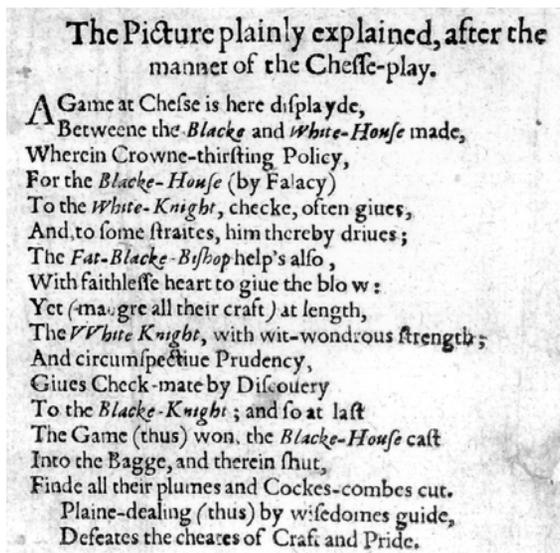
This is the only page in Middleton's handwriting, and the deliberate waste of space (a whole page for a four-line poem) announces the deluxe nature of the gift: given the high cost of paper, the amount of blank space on this page represents 'conspicuous consumption'. What seems

to have been the original binding was also pointedly expensive: parchment with gilt stamps and holes for tie-strings or ribbons.

1 **This** *A Game at Chess*: Middleton's gift to Hammond was this manuscript copy of the play.

nor stage . . . stall (Further performances of the play had been banned, and it did not appear in print until May 1625.)
stationer's bookseller's

3-4 **New Year . . . present** (It was common to give gifts on New Year's Day, rather than Christmas.)



Picture The most famous example of this genre—a poem commenting on an illustrated title-page or frontispiece—is Ben Jonson's poem on the engraved portrait of Shakespeare in his *Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies* (1623). But there were many other poems of this kind written in the period, including Jonson's 'The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book', Richard Crashaw's 'On the Frontispiece of Isaacson's *Chronology Explained*', George Wither's 'The Meaning of the Frontispiece' and 'The Meaning of the Title-page', and Michael Drayton's 'Upon the Frontispiece' to *Poly-Olbion*. Immediately relevant political parallels for the genre can be found in Thomas Scott's *Vox Dei* (1623) and *Vox Regis* (1624). More generally, the genre of caption poem is connected to the Renaissance fondness for emblem books, anthologies of symbolic images with an explanatory poem attached to each; *A Game at Chess* 2.2.248 alludes to one of the most notorious anthologies of picture poems—'Aretine's pictures', Pietro Aretino's sixteenth-century collection of poems about a series of pornographic woodcuts.

The source is a copy of the illicit edition of *A Game at Chess*, printed in 1625 by Nicholas Okes, who also printed

The Picture plainly explained,
after the manner of the chess play

Picture

A game at chess is here displayed
Between the Black and White House made,
Wherein crown-thirsting policy
For the Black House (by fallacy)
To the White Knight check often gives,
And to some straits him thereby drives.
The Fat Black Bishop helps also
With faithless heart to give the blow.
Yet (maugre all their craft) at length
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength
And circumspective prudency,
Gives checkmate by discovery
To the Black Knight; and so at last,
The game thus won, the Black House—cast
Into the bag, and therein shut—
Find all their plumes and coxcombs cut.
Plain-dealing thus by wisdom's guide
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride.

5

10

15

Middleton's poem on *The Duchess of Malfi*. The poem was placed (above the Prologue) on a page facing the illustrated title-page (reproduced in 'Lives and Afterlives', p. 27).

3 **crown-thirsting** hungry for (a) other king's crowns, kingdoms (b) coin, money

4 **policy** machiavellian political scheming

4 **fallacy** (a) deceit, deception (b) error

5 **White Knight** Check is given to the King, not the Knight, and 'Knight' might be an error. But Middleton imagines his characters as both pieces and players, and in the play the chief direct target of the Black House is the White Knight (Prince Charles, prominently depicted on the engraved title-page, who by the time the picture and poem were printed had become King Charles).

6 **straits** difficulties (but perhaps punning on the 'narrow seas' which Prince Charles crossed and re-crossed in his 1623 visit to Spain, represented in Acts 4 and 5 of the play)

7 **Fat Black Bishop** Marc'Antonio di Dominis, prominently depicted on the title-page; the play's Fat Bishop begins on the White side but later switches to Black.

9 **maugre** despite

9 **craft** craftiness, cunning

10 **wit-wondrous** amazingly clever

11 **circumspective** cautious, looking in all directions (as a good chess player should do): apparently a Middleton coinage

12 **prudency** prudence, wisdom, foresight

13 **Black Knight** See l. 5. The chief Black player is Count Gondomar, prominently depicted on the title-page: Charles's trip to Madrid undid all the diplomatic schemes of the Spanish ambassador, and the poem portrays the play as a chess game played by Charles against Gondomar.

15 **bag** sack for holding discarded chess pieces, spectacularly represented at the end of the play, and visible in the background of the engraving

16 **plumes** pretentious ornament suggesting high rank, military arrogance, or the latest fashions

16 **coxcombs** caps worn by fools, hence 'fools' (but suggesting the literal sense of a rooster's crest)

16 **cut** 'cut down to size' (but ironic, given that the Black House is responsible for castrating a White character)

18 **pride** arrogance (often attributed to the Spanish; Spanish chess players dominated the game, and Spanish power still dominated Europe and much of the globe)

LOST PAGEANT FOR CHARLES I: A BRIEF ACCOUNT

Gary Taylor

ON 27 March 1625, James I died. The next month the Aldermen of the City of London began making plans so 'that the citizens of this City may show and perform their loyalties and bounden duties towards his most excellent Majesty at his passage through the same in preparing of pageants and other shows and things necessary toward the solemnization of that his royal coronation in as stately and sumptuous manner as hath been heretofore performed by this City unto any his noble progenitors.' Soon after the Chamberlain was authorized to make payments to the workmen employed for the 'intended shows'. One of those workmen was Middleton, although he was not named until later. Indeed, Middleton is the only writer ever named in connection with these pageants, intended to equal *The Whole Royal and Magnificent Entertainment*, which had officially welcomed James I into London.

The London authorities were advised, by the court, 'to prepare and erect, in several places within the city, sundry pageants for the fuller and more significant expression of your joys upon his Majesty's and his royal consort's intended entrance through your said city'. That entrance could never have been celebrated before the state funeral on May 7. But the reign of the second Stuart king, like the reign of the first, began with a devastating outbreak of plague. Plague deaths had reached thirty by the week ending 5 May, and forty-five by the week ending 12 May (Bentley). Deaths did not abate till November.

Nevertheless, preparations for the pageants did not immediately stop. On April 22, the Venetian ambassador reported 'The plague grows worse in the city. All the best inhabitants are leaving it'; nevertheless, 'The coronation will take place,' including 'the festivities, illuminations and the dispensation of wine, beer and bread.' On May 6, Londoner John Chamberlain wrote, 'Here is great preparation for shows and pageants.' The same day the Cambridge scholar Joseph Mead, in a letter written from London, reported that 'The coronation is put off till September.' Eight days later, still in London, Mead relayed rumours circulating about the postponement: 'Why the coronation is deferred so long we know not, but some imagine some mystery in it, besides the present businesses and the danger of infection.' The present businesses included Charles I's marriage to the French princess Henrietta Maria, performed by proxy in Paris on May 1 (London dating), and preparations for the new Queen's imminent arrival in England. But on 21 May Mead wrote that 'The pageants howsoever go forward at London', despite seventy-one plague deaths that week. Apparently, Middleton and others were still working on the pageants;

the projected delay until September may simply have given them time to prepare a more magnificent royal entry. The Venetian ambassador reported, 'Everything is prepared for the entry into this city, although they will delay the time in order to perfect the apparatus they are making, which will be very costly, both publicly and privately.' He also had an explanation for the delay: 'The coronation has apparently been deferred to September for various reasons, such as the plague and the expense, but perhaps even more the claim of Scotland to come first in order and not agreeing to the union of the two kingdoms.' By June 27, he had heard that 'the public celebrations' were 'postponed until the time of the coronation' (September no longer being specified), and that 'the Scots are dissatisfied since the death of the late king, for they have no hope of the chief influence, and absolutely require his Majesty's coronation in Scotland'. (The King's royal entry into Edinburgh was in fact delayed until 1633.)

I have found no further references to the pageants until December, which is not surprising given the severity of the plague in London during the intervening months. On 10 September, Mead quoted a letter sent to him from a doctor in London: 'The want and misery is the greatest here that ever any man living knew; no trading at all, the rich all gone; housekeepers and apprentices of manual trades begging in the streets, and that in such lamentable manner as will make the strongest heart to yearn.' The annual Lord Mayor's show, which should have taken place on October 29, was cancelled.

The London theatres re-opened the last week of November or the first week of December. City authorities were still worried about the plague for several weeks, but by 12 December Mead had heard that plans were still in place for the King and Queen to arrive at the Tower of London at the end of the month, and then 'the first of February to ride through London; the second, to be crowned'. On 26 December 1625 the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, acting in his capacity as Earl Marshal, informed the Lord Mayor and Council that 'his Majesty is resolved to have his royal coronation solemnized on Candlemas Day next [February 2], and therefore intendeth to make his solemn entry from the Tower of London unto Westminster on the day before, being the first of February'; he expected that the Mayor and Council would resolve 'that such preparations of triumph as you have thought convenient for the honouring of his Passage through London' should be in 'absolute readiness', and added 'I know that your Lordship will have care that all diligence shall be used for the dignity and honour of the same, in regard of the great concourse

of strangers [i.e., foreigners] that will be present' that will be present' for the occasion. London could expect a spectacular royal pageant to attract many visitors from outside the city—with a resulting economic windfall for inns, taverns, and retail shopkeepers.

Responding to the renewed royal command, in January 1626 the Common Council set up a committee 'for the preparing, appointing, and ordering of such shows, pageants, and triumphs as against his Majesty's said passage through this city should be thought fit'. This group was to meet with a similar group of Aldermen and to 'take care also for the disbursing of such moneys and charges...touching the preparing, ordering, and fitting of the said triumphs and shows...and likewise to consider what course and means they conceive most fittest to be taken for the levying and raising of moneys already disbursed or to be disbursed in and about the same'.

As the formation of this new committee suggests, a lot had changed in the intervening months. The City of London was governed by a committee of twenty-six aldermen, who served for life; in the nine months between early April and the end of December, eighteen new Aldermen took the places of predecessors who had died (Beaven, Pearl). Three more were elected in January, and another five by early June. This unusual instability in the City government meant that the plans approved by one group of aldermen were eventually judged by a very different group (including a new Mayor).

Middleton might have had to revise some of the material he had written the previous spring, in order to satisfy the new aldermen and to take account of intervening events. The word 'triumphs', used here and in other documents, had become bitterly ironic: purpose-built triumphal arches, harking back to the Roman ritual for celebrating military victories, could certainly have become embarrassing after the huge, useless expedition against Cadiz returned in December. Moreover, the long delay, the economic and personal disruption caused by the plague, and the London winter cannot have been good for the arches that had been partially or wholly erected the previous spring. At some point in January 1626 the Court of Aldermen received 'information' from 'the Master and Wardens of the Company of Painter-stainers of London,' reporting 'abuses and bad workmanship in and about the contriving and painting of the pageants'. The Aldermen appointed men 'to view the pageants, also the Cross in Cheap, and the work done in the Exchange, and sufficiently to inform themselves of the abuses any way committed in and about the workmanship thereof'. These problems obviously involved construction and decoration, which were not Middleton's personal responsibility. But the records do tell us that, in addition to the pageants, Middleton had planned events at Cheapside and the Royal Exchange.

On January 12, the Venetian ambassador reported that, 'On account of the mourning, the plague and present expenses, they will not prepare all the usual splendour. However the public and private expenses will be very heavy.' In London the next day, Mead had heard 'It's said the King

and Queen's riding through London is put off till May,' but that the coronation would be performed 'in a private manner to save the charge of £60,000 in scarlet, which the King should otherwise have been at.' The King's financial difficulties were also emphasized by the Venetian ambassador, in a dispatch filed the same day: 'the entry is postponed until May to allow time for the display, and perhaps to prevent that from being too great, the expense being lessened by having the coronation only'. Chamberlain had heard a different explanation: 'the solemn entry... is put off till May, when the King means to go into Scotland to be crowned'. By 21 January a London friend had told Mead that the pageants were not the only thing being postponed: 'We hear neither of the Parliament nor coronation to be deferred, but only the crowning of the Queen and solemnity of riding through London to be put off.' The postponement of the Queen's coronation resulted from the Catholic Henrietta Maria's refusal to be crowned by a Protestant prelate. Six days later, Mead advised a friend in the country, 'The sight of the coronation will not be worthy of your journey to London, for the King rides not in state through the city until May.' On 2 February, Charles I detoured around the streets of London, going by water from the Tower to Westminster, and he went without his wife, Queen Henrietta having refused even to attend the ceremony. A new Parliamentary session began on February 6.

Although the public pageants were still being postponed, the royal court found time and money for private theatricals. The first court masque of the new reign, Seigneur de Racan's *Artenice*, took place on 21 February at Somerset House on a stage specially constructed by Inigo Jones, with a proscenium arch, perspective scenery, and changing scenes after the French fashion. Queen Henrietta Maria, who would not participate in the coronation, not only danced but also acted in the masque, with various ladies playing male roles. 'The performance was conducted as privately as possible', the Florentine ambassador reported; but although the audience was limited to those with special invitations, that did not stop rumours from circulating, or prevent English disapproval of the Queen (behaving like a common actor), or her transvestite female companions (playing with gender).

This first Caroline masque created, for its tiny circle of chosen actors and spectators, what Stephen Orgel calls 'the illusion of power'. By contrast, the official entry into London would have been a massive public display, celebration, and confirmation of royal power. On 25 May 1626, the Mayor of London received another letter from court—but not from the Earl of Arundel, who had been arrested on 5 March; a House of Lords petition for Arundel's release had been rejected by the King the previous week. The King's new messenger was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Lord Chamberlain, who on May 25 directed the Lord Mayor 'to remove the said pageants which, besides the particular charge they cause in the city, do choke and hinder the passages of such as in coaches, or with their carriages, have occasion to pass up and down'. The pageants were to be torn down because they were

obstructing traffic flow for London's wealthiest inhabitants. On May 26, the day after Pembroke's letter, the House of Lords voted not to consider any other business until Arundel was released. On 6 June, the London Aldermen ruled that 'Mr Christmas and Mr Middleton referring themselves to this Court, no further moneys shall be paid unto either of them, but that Mr Christmas shall forthwith cause the said pageants to be taken down, and to have the same for his full satisfaction.' Christmas was allowed to sell off the building materials, by way of reimbursement; Middleton got nothing, although 'no further moneys' indicates that he had been paid earlier, presumably for writing the speeches that should have been delivered, and perhaps for inventing the symbolism of the pageants themselves.

Charles I dissolved Parliament on June 15. To raise the money he could not get from Parliament, he asked a convocation of three hundred of London's wealthiest citizens to contribute £100,000; they refused. But the Court of Aldermen, so tight-fisted with Middleton, immediately gave the King £20,000. By 8 July, Mead had heard from 'some from London' that 'The money which the Aldermen gave the King, they presented neither in the name of a loan nor of their own proper gift, but as that which was intended for a present to his Majesty if he had rode through the city.' This might seem the end of the story, but in fact the cost of the aborted pageants haunted the London government for years. In September 1627—two months after Middleton's death—the Council established a committee to 'take consideration of such moneys as have been disbursed and paid out of the Chamber as well for and touching the making of the pageants and other solemnities and shows, and work for the beautifying of this city against the late intended time of his Majesty's passage through the same'. The investigation revealed that £4,300 had been spent (more than three times the cost of Middleton's *Triumphs of Truth*). That money had come directly from City funds, without any corresponding revenues to balance the books; the committee recommended levying this sum against the companies. But London citizens were increasingly reluctant to pay for the aldermen's generosity to the crown. As late as 26 August 1630, more than £973 remained to be raised (Withington), for pageants *not* performed in 1626.

The royal entry is not the only entertainment Middleton wrote for the city of London that is now lost: on 2 September 1623 he was paid twenty marks 'for and towards the charges of the service, lately performed by him at the shooting at Bunhill before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and for his service to be performed at the Conduit heads'. But those entertainments, and others, were at least performed, if not published. The text of the much more elaborate royal entry pageant—which would have eaten up more of his time, energy, and anxiety between April 1625 and May 1626—was never even heard.

Middleton's frustration must have been shared by many others. 'Owing to the scarcity of money,' the Venetian ambassador had reported on 26 May 1626, 'the King has given up his procession through London which was

arranged for his coronation. Accordingly five most superb arches in the streets, two erected by the citizens and three by divers other nations, at an expense of many thousands of ducats, will prove useless and they have already begun to dismantle them amid the murmurs of the people and the disgust of those who spent the money.' Anthony Weldon also noted that 'some have taken as an ill omen' the fact that Charles I did not ride through the city in state, 'although the same triumphs were provided for him, as sumptuous as for any others'. An anonymous poem lamenting the cancellation of the 1625 Lord Mayor's show suggests what many ordinary people, in and out of London, must have felt about cancellation of the repeatedly promised and postponed entry pageant:

For lo the sport of that great day,
In which the Mayor hath leave to play,
and with him all the town;
His flag and drum and fife released,
And he forbid to go a feast-
ing in his scarlet gown;
No fife must on the Thames be seen . . .

The pageants, and the painted cost
Bestowed on them, are all quite lost . . .

And 'mongst themselves they much complain
That this Lord Mayor, in first of reign,
should do them so much wrong
As to suppress by message sad
The feast for which they all have had
their marchpane dream so long.

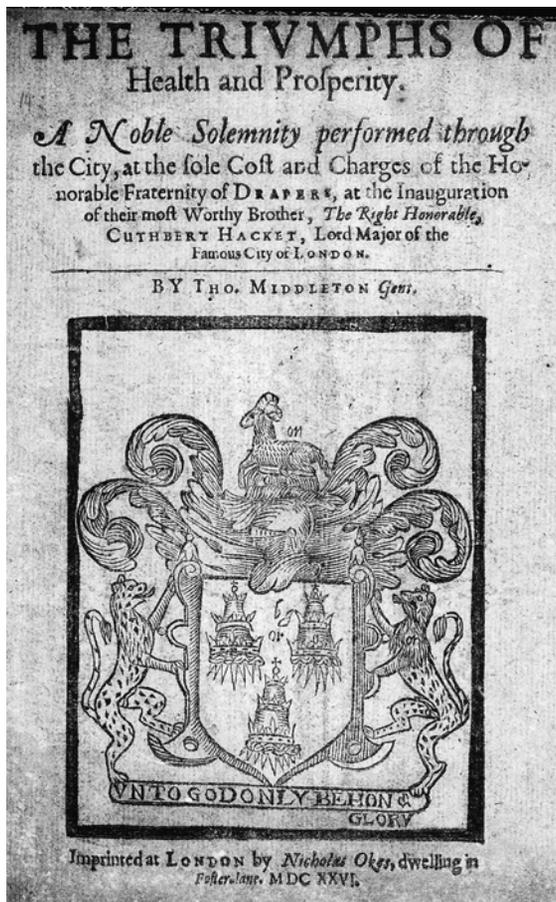
Middleton's most elaborate pageant fell victim to problems that would continue to beset Charles I: lack of money, military failure, discontent in Scotland, clashes with Parliament, and the influence of his French Catholic wife. But the repeated postponement and then cancellation of the pageant were also, in themselves, a public relations disaster. On 13 May 1626, Mead reported that the King had been overheard saying, in private, 'I have . . . lost the love of my subjects.' He may finally have cancelled the pageant because he feared that the crowds would be less jubilant, in 1626, than they would have been the year before—or than they had been when he returned from Spain in October 1623. A riot at the Fortune Theatre on May 15, and a threatened riot at the Globe later that week, could not have increased his confidence in the stability of his people. Whatever the motives for his final decision, it can only have further disappointed the hopes of many of his subjects, Middleton among them.

SEE ALSO

- Lost Plays: A Brief Account: this volume, 328
Lost Political Prose, 1620–7: A Brief Account: this volume, 1907
General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968
Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Antiquity*, 1397; *Aries*, 1586;
Virtue, 1714; *Integrity*, 1766; *Prosperity*, 1901
List of works cited: *Companion*, 442

THE TRIUMPHS OF HEALTH AND PROSPERITY

Edited and annotated by David M. Bergeron, introduced by Bryan Reynolds



SIXTEENTH and seventeenth century Europe experienced a number of momentous historical sea changes: the Reformation, acceptance of the Copernican system of planetary motion, nascent capitalism, colonial expansion. Another important conceptual revolution, which has been largely overlooked, links all these revolutions. I refer to the evolution of the concept of place, especially as it relates to the concept of space. While the transformation was multifaceted and far-reaching, one particular aspect of it has been charted for the history of ideas by philosopher Edward Casey as a shift toward a downplaying of the concept of place as it had been construed in Aristotelian/

Ptolemaic and Christian philosophical traditions. For Aristotle, 'place' is both an abstraction of containment—that which is contained—and a significant interpretive category by which to process the interconnectedness among things, experiences, and events. Moving into the sixteenth century, the concept was enlarged with respect to Christian theology that viewed God as omnipresent, with place sometimes seen as having power in itself, and sometimes regarded as a sentient being (Casey).

By 1626, when Thomas Middleton wrote *The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity* to celebrate the inauguration of Cuthbert Hacket as Lord Mayor, place's status had significantly changed. Although still granted its relation to the immeasurability of God, place was being subsumed within an idea of infinite space that was more scientific and mathematical, and that became synonymous with the infinitude of God; place was thus understood less and less as individuated or proper. Robert Weimann noted in 2000 that this important topic had not been treated at much length in scholarship on early modern English drama, but Henry S. Turner and others have begun to repair this gap. Place became a mere mark on the expanse of a grid, like the identical squares of *A Game at Chess*, which Martin Brückner and Kristen Poole have related to early modern surveying. Place was therefore commensurately devalued as something without any particular power, and neutralized in effect by this historical move toward a scientific as opposed to a religious form of relativism. For instance, Middleton and Rowley's *The Changeling*, as Donald Hedrick and Bryan Reynolds have shown, embodies this historical shift in its remarkable reaction to the decay of the local, which is so pronounced as to suggest that the play may constitute a conscious exploration of the fugitive concept of place-in-drift. The play pursues its own transversal investigation, moving investigative-expansively across various fields of knowledge and kinds of phenomena, by which a place may be creatively altered—interpretively and experientially—in response to the openness and reduction of definition that constitutes new ideas of an overarching, subsuming, or all-encompassing space-time.

Although in an abbreviated form, Middleton's *The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity* similarly reflects anxiety over the diminishing material presence of place vis-à-vis a concept of space-time beyond the cognitive scope and physical control of humans. It gestures toward a return to an understanding of place itself, when virtuously occupied, as idiosyncratic, possessing sentience, affective

presence, and the capacity to proliferate. More importantly, *Prosperity* insists on an understanding of place that requires a return to the—at this time—historically reactionary notion that God occupies specific places; by extension, it suggests that humans, because they are designed in God's image, may also.

The pageant begins with a bold assertion that epitomizes implicitly Middleton's concern over the value or stature of place and the subjective particularity it affords:

If you should search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language are letter soever; if the inquisitive man should waste the dear treasure of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only with this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the City of London, bearing the inscription of the Chamber Royal . . . (17-25)

All the methods by which humans attempt to contain time—'chronicles, histories, records'—cannot stand in for the City of London's affective presence, its 'delight to present itself' as a combined material, symbolic, and imaginary force of social power (Bryan Reynolds); the City inhabits experientially by 'magnificence', causing the transformation of space into place through activities designated, mapped, and thereby made proper (Michel de Certeau; Joseph Fitzpatrick and Bryan Reynolds). The Lord Mayor, the King's representative, by legitimate connection, via a chain of proper God-given links, enjoys the City as his 'great substitute in his honourable charge'. The City is strategically organized, mapped properly, as 'the most pleasant garden in England', a specific place (44).

But this nomination must not be taken for granted: 'A cloud of grief hath showered upon the face | Of this sad city, and usurped the place . . .' (60-1). All is saved because the new Lord Mayor arrives just in time to bring health and prosperity to 'this garden [that] was o'erflown' (64), so that one may 'Behold what figure now the city bears, | Like gems unvalued, her best joys she wears' (66-7); now 'Fixed in the king's great substitute: delight, | Triumph, and pomp, had almost lost their right: | The garden springs again' (70-2). Now the City requires 'Care and uprightness in the magistrate's place, | And in all men obedience, truth, and grace' (80-1). These declarations of redemption, the City revived with particularity and purpose, come not without warning, disinterred in the heroic account of 'that most famous and renowned brother of this company' of drapers (85-6), an explorer who has given the world a map, or rather, given a cartographic explanation of the world, with proper names and places, to a population possibly afraid of being nothing but dust in the wind of infinite sky, particles in space without direction or end:

Sir Francis Drake, who in two years and ten months did encompass the whole world, deserving an eminent remembrance in this sanctuary [the City of London], who never returned to his country without the Golden Fleece of honour and victory. (86-9)

Drake confirms, *Prosperity* opines, not only the placefulness of the world, itself a now comprehensible place, but also the priority and privilege of the particular place, the City of London, on which Londoners stand.

With a pronounced self-consciousness about the ever-expanding world, and thus potentially unwieldy world-view, Middleton discloses poignant concern over the precariousness and uncertainty that such placelessness may precipitate, 'For worth unmatched, danger unparalleled' (103), and seeks to mitigate these destabilizing forces with assurance of particularity, authority, righteousness, and propriety:

With just propriety does the city stand,
As fixed by fate, i'th' middle of the land;
It has, as in the body, the heart's place,
Fit for her works of piety and grace;
The head her sovereign, unto whom she sends
All duties that just service comprehends. (144-9)

Shot through with anxieties about loss of place combined with over-determined rhetoric underscoring the substitutive and synecdochical relations in a line of divine influence from God to Monarch to Lord Mayor to City of London to Londoners, *Prosperity* is a desperate attempt to convince its London audience that 'The place where now you are' (158) is together an exemplary site of collaboration with the monarchy, 'the king and you his substitute' (175).

Unfortunately, the 'prosperity' of Middleton and his collaborator Garret Christmas was not much enhanced by their work, because as late as 31 December 1626—more than two months after the performance—they had still not been paid:

Item: the payment of Mr Middleton and Mr Christmas for the pageants, and others for the fireworks and providing of chambers, being hitherto put off, in regard of the ill performance thereof, is now referred to the Wardens Bachelors of this Company, who are willing to compound and agree with the parties the best they may be, giving them contentment as the business shall deserve and as shall be fit the credit of this Company.

The claim of 'ill performance' may be an excuse: having had to finance three of the last five mayoral pageants (during years of economic depression, capped by the financial catastrophe of the 1625 plague), the Drapers were broke, and the Minutes of the Court of Assistants here acknowledge that the delay in payment may be detrimental to the company's 'credit'. In any case, the complaint concerned the pageant's 'performance', not Middleton's text and design, which would have been approved in advance;

The Tryumphes of Health and Prosperity.

the published text was the first mayoral pageant to bear the arms of the sponsoring company on the title-page. *Prosperity* was the cheapest pageant since 1609—when there had also been complaints (Robertson and Gordon). It cost less than half the previous pageant, John Webster's *Monuments of Honour* (1624), and the contrast must have been obvious to everyone. Even more obvious to Middleton would have been the contrast with his previous shows: the Grocers had raised, for *The Triumphs of Truth* in 1613, 237 per cent of what the Drapers paid to produce *The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity*. Then as now, decisions about how much to spend on a spectacle are made by the

producer, not the writer. Whatever the causes of its failings or successes, Middleton's text remains an important testimony to the period's concerns over the displacement of the concept of place by the concept of space.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 1010

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 337

General introduction to the civic entertainments: this volume, 968

Other Middleton-Christmas works: *Antiquity*, 1397; *Aries*, 1586; *Virtue*, 1714; *Integrity*, 1766; lost pageant for Charles I, 1898

The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity

A noble solemnity performed through the City, at the sole cost and charges of the honourable fraternity of Drapers, at the inauguration of their most worthy brother, the Right Honourable Cuthbert Hacket, Lord Mayor of the famous City of London.

To the honour of him, to whom the noble fraternity of Drapers, his worthy brothers have consecrated their loves in magnificent triumphs, the Right Honourable Cuthbert Hacket, Lord Mayor of the City of London

The city's choice, thy company's free love,
This day's unlooked-for triumph, all three prove
The happiness of thy life to be most great;
Add to these, justice, and thou art complete.

At your lordship's command,
Thomas Middleton

The Triumphs of Health and Prosperity

If you should search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; if the inquisitive man should waste the dear treasure of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only with this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is his Majesty's great substitute into his honourable charge, the City of London, bearing the inscription of the Chamber Royal; which, that it may now appear to the world no less illustrated with brotherly affection than former triumphal times have been partakers of, this takes delight to present itself.

And first to enter the worthy love of his honourable society for his lordship's return from Westminster, having received some service by water, by the triumphant Chariot of Honour, the first that attends his lordship's most wished arrival bears the title of the Beautiful Hill or Fragrant Garden, with flowery banks, near to which lambs and sheep are a-grazing. This platform, so cast into a hill, is adorned and garnished with all variety of odoriferous flowers; on the top, arched with an artificial and curious rainbow, which both shows the antiquity of colours, the diversity and nobleness, and how much the more glorious and highly to be esteemed, they being presented in that blessed covenant of mercy, the bow in the clouds; the work itself encompassed with all various fruits, and bears the name of the most pleasant garden of England, the noble City of London, the flowers intimating the sweet odours of their virtue and goodnesses, and the fruits of their works of justice and charity, which have been both honourable brothers and bounteous benefactors of this ancient fraternity, who are presented in a device following under the types and figures of their virtues in their lifetime, which made them famous then and memorable for ever. And since we are yet amongst the woolly creatures that graze on the beauty of this beautiful platform, come we to the modern use of this noble mystery of ancient drapery, and we shall find the whole livery of this renowned and famous city furnished by it; it clothes the honourable senators in their highest and chiefest wearing, all courts of justice, magistrates, and judges of the land. But for the

4-5 **Cuthbert Hacket** had been a member of the Dyers company; translated to the Drapers in order to become mayor in 1626; served as Alderman until his death in 1631

16-217 **Health...Health** (in contrast to the 35,000 plague deaths of 1625)

31 **service by water** pageant entertainment on the Thames

35 **a-grazing** archaic form

36 **odoriferous** sweet, fragrant

41 **covenant...bow** refers to Old Testament story of Noah (Genesis 9); rainbow, symbol of God's covenant of mercy

53 **mystery** guild

The Tryumphes of Health and Prosperity.

better expression of the purpose in hand a speaker gives life to these following words.

THE SPEECH IN THE HILL WHERE THE RAINBOW APPEARS

60 *A cloud of grief hath showered upon the face
Of this sad city, and usurped the place
Of joy and cheerfulness, wearing the form
Of a long black eclipse in a rough storm;
With showers of tears this garden was o'erflown,*
65 *Till mercy was, like the blest rainbow, shown.
Behold what figure now the city bears,
Like gems unvalued, her best joys she wears;
Glad as a faithful handmaid to obey
And wait upon the honour of this day,*
70 *Fixed in the king's great substitute: delight,
Triumph, and pomp, had almost lost their right:
The garden springs again; the violet beds,
The lofty flowers bear up their fragrant heads;
Fruit overlade their trees, barns crack with store;*
75 *And yet how much the heavens wept before,
Threat'ning a second mourning. Who so dull
But must acknowledge mercy was at full?
In these two mighty blessings what's required?
That which in conscience ought to be desired:*
80 *Care and uprightness in the magistrate's place,
And in all men obedience, truth, and grace.*

After this, awaits his lordship's approach a masterpiece of triumph, called the Sanctuary of Prosperity; on the top arch of which hangs the Golden Fleece, which raises the worthy memory of that most famous and renowned brother of this company, Sir Francis Drake, who in two years and ten months did encompass the whole world, deserving an eminent remembrance in this sanctuary, who never returned to his country without the golden fleece

of honour and victory. The four fair Corinthian columns or pillars imply the four principal virtues: wisdom, justice, fortitude, temperance, the especial upholders of kingdoms, cities, and honourable societies.

THE SPEECH IN THE SANCTUARY UPON THE FLEECE

*If Jason, with the noble hopes of Greece,
Who did from Colchis fetch the golden fleece,*
95 *Deserve a story of immortal fame,
That both the Asias celebrate his name,
What honour, celebration, and renown,
In virtue's right, ought justly to be shown
To the fair memory of Sir Francis Drake?*
100 *England's true Jason, who did boldly make
So many rare adventures, which were held
For worth unmatched, danger unparalleled;
Never returning to his country's eye
Without the golden fleece of victory.*
105 *The world's a sea, and every magistrate
Takes a year's voyage when he takes this state.
Nor on these seas are there less dangers found
Than those on which the bold adventurer's bound;
For rocks, gulfs, quicksands, here is malice, spite,*
110 *Envy, detraction of all noble right;
Vessels of honour, those do threaten more
Than any ruin between sea and shore.
Sail, then, by th' compass of a virtuous name,
And, spite of spites, thou bring'st the fleece of fame.*
115

Passing from this, and more to encourage the noble endeavours of the magistrate, his lordship and the worthy company is gracefully conducted toward the Chariot of Honour. On the most eminent seat thereof is Government illustrated, it being the proper virtue by which we raise the noble memory of Sir Henry fitz Ailwin, who held

60 *cloud of grief* reaction to death of King James in March 1625 and to the 1625 plague, which had caused the cancellation of the mayoral pageant that year
70 *substitute* that is, the mayor
71 *Triumph...right* no Lord Mayor's Show in 1625 (because of the plague) and no pageant to celebrate the official entry into London of the new king and queen (postponed for more than a year, then cancelled)
74 *barns...store* (in contrast to the dearth of 1622-23)
78 *two mighty blessings* end of the plague in 1626 and abundant harvest (Burridge)
83 *Prosperity* (in contrast to the devastating economic effects of the plague the previous year: see *Lost Royal Pageant*, p. 1898)
87 *encompass...world* (an image Middleton probably picked up from Samuel Purchas)
89-90 *never...victory* (in striking contrast to the 1625 naval expedition against Spain: see 'Lost Political Prose', p. 1909)

90 *Corinthian columns* the most ornate of the three orders of Greek architecture, with bell-shaped capitals
91 *principal virtues* the Cardinal Virtues
95 *golden fleece* Drake is prominently featured in William Vaughan's *The Golden Fleece, divided into three parts, under which are discovered the errors of religion, the vices and decays of the kingdom, and lastly the ways to get wealth and to restore trading, so much complained of* (1626).
97 *both the Asias* Asia Minor and Asia Major
100 *Sir Francis Drake* Drake is briefly mentioned in the prose of *Aries* (1621) and *Integrity* (1623), but here is the subject of one of the pageant's four speeches. Unlike Jason (who speaks in *Aries*), Drake was not primarily a merchant; he was instead famous for his military exploits against Spain. References to Drake acquired a strong political meaning in the mid-1620s, amid Protestant calls for a naval war against Spain, as a way of forcing the Habsburgs to relinquish the Palatinate. Because Drake had suc-

cessfully attacked Cadiz in 1587, any mention of him in 1626 would recall the humiliating failure of the late 1625 expedition against Cadiz (which had cost c.£250,000, and achieved nothing). Alongside extended historical accounts, in John Smith's *General History of Virginia* (1624), Purchas his *Pilgrims* (1625) and William Camden's *Annals* (1625), Drake in the mid-1620s was lauded in texts with a more obvious agenda, like Philip Nichols's *Sir Francis Drake Revived, calling upon this dull or effeminate age, to follow his noble steps* (1626) and Bishop George Carleton's *A Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercies* (1624). Drake was also invoked polemically in some of Middleton's possible sources for *A Game at Chess*: the anonymous *Experimental Discovery of Spanish Practises* (1623), John Reynolds's *Votivæ Angliæ* (1624) and *Vox Coeli* (1624).
115 *spite of spites* notwithstanding, despite (OED)
121-6 *Henry fitz Ailwin...Simon Eyre* cf. their descriptions in earlier pageants, *Aries* (1621) and *Integrity* (1623)

The Triumphes of Health and Prosperity.

the seat of magistracy in this city twenty-four years together, a most renowned brother of this company: in like manner, the worthy Sir John Norman first rowed in barge to Westminster with silver oars, under the person of Munificence: Sir Simon Eyre that built Leadenhall, a granary for the poor, under the type of Piety; *et sic de ceteris*. This chariot drawn by two golden pelleted lions, being the proper supporters of the company's arms; those two that have their seats upon the lions presenting Power and Honour, the one in a little streamer or banneret bearing the arms of the present lord mayor; the other of the late, the truly generous and worthy Sir Allen Cotton, knight, a bounteous and a noble housekeeper, one that hath spent the year of his magistracy to the great honour of the city, and by the sweetness of his disposition, and the uprightness of his justice and government, hath raised up a fair lasting memory to himself and his posterity forever; at whose happy inauguration, though triumph was not then in season—death's pageants being only advanced upon the shoulders of men—his noble deservings were not thereby any way eclipsed: *Est virtus sibi marmor, et integritate triumphat.*

THE SPEECH OF GOVERNMENT

125 *With just propriety does this city stand,
As fixed by fate, i'th' middle of the land;
It has, as in the body, the heart's place,
Fit for her works of piety and grace;
The head her sovereign, unto whom she sends
All duties that just service comprehends;
The eyes may be compared, at wisdom's rate,
To the illustrious counsellors of state,
Set in that orb of royalty, to give light
To noble actions, stars of truth and right;
The lips, the reverend clergy, judges, all
That pronounce laws divine or temporal;
The arms to the defensive part of men.
So I descend unto the heart again,
The place where now you are; witness the love,
True brotherhood's cost and triumph, all which move
160 In this most grave solemnity; and in this
The city's general love abstracted is:
And as the heart, in its meridian seat,
Is styled the fountain of the body's heat,*

127–8 *et sic de ceteris* and so forth
128 **pelleted lions** marked with heraldic pellets
133 **Allen Cotton** elected Lord Mayor in 1625, but because of the plague there was no Lord Mayor's Show
142–3 *Est... triumphat* virtue is marble unto itself and triumphs through its integrity (Burridge)
146 *as in the body* This passage rewrites a classic comparison of a political community to a human body, the 'body politic': Shakespeare's version of the comparison in *Coriolanus* is now the most familiar, but Middleton would have

been equally familiar with versions in Plutarch, Livy, Erasmus, Machiavelli, and William Camden's *Remains*. The emphasis on the body is particularly appropriate, given the theme of 'health' and the sickness of the previous year. **heart's** Middleton focuses on the heart (London), rather than the belly.
149 *All... comprehends* i.e., only those duties which would be included in the category of 'just service' to the sovereign. (Which services were legal and appropriate was a matter of dispute between the King and Parliament.)

*The first thing receives life, the last that dies,
Those properties experience well applies
To this most loyal city, that hath been
In former ages, as in these times seen,
The fountain of affection, duty, zeal,
And taught all cities through the commonweal;
The first that receives quick'ning life and spirit
From the king's grace, which still she strives to inherit,
And, like the heart, will be the last that dies
In any duty toward good supplies.
What can express affection's nobler fruit,
Both to the king and you his substitute?*

At the close of this speech, this Chariot of Honour and Sanctuary of Prosperity, with all her graceful concomitants, and the two other parts of triumph, take leave of his lordship for that time, and rest from service till the great feast at Guildhall be ended; after which the whole fabric of the triumph attends upon his honour both toward Saint Paul's and homeward, his lordship accompanied with the grave and honourable senators of the city, amongst whom the two worthy sheriffs, his lordship's grave assistants for the year, the worshipful and generous master Richard Fen and master Edward Brumfield, ought not to pass of my respect unremembered, whose bounty and nobleness for the year will no doubt give the best expression to their own worthiness. Between the Cross and the entrance of Wood Street, that part of triumph being planted, being the Fragrant Garden of England with the rainbow, to which the concluding speech hath chiefly reference, there takes its farewell of his lordship, accompanied with the Fountain of Virtue, being the fourth part of the Triumph.

THE LAST SPEECH

*Mercy's fair object, the celestial bow,
As in the morning it began to show,
It closes up this great triumphal day,
And by example shows the year the way,
Which if power worthily and rightly spend,
It must with mercy both begin and end.
It is a year that crowns the life of man,
Brings him to peace with honour, and what can
Be more desired? 'Tis virtue's harvest time,
When gravity and judgement's in their prime;
To speak more happily, 'tis a time given*

151 **illustrious counsellors** the Privy Council
162 **meridian** locality or situation distinct from others (*OED*)
177–8 **concomitants** companions
185–6 **Richard Fen** or Venn, became mayor in 1637
186 **Edward Brumfield** Leatherseller and Fishmonger, became mayor in 1636
189 **Cross** located in Cheapside at end of Wood Street
195 **celestial bow** rainbow
203 **harvest time** (alluding to the date of the Lord Mayor's Show, October 29)

The Tryumphes of Health and Prosperity.

To treasure up good actions fit for heaven.
To a brotherhood of honour thou art fixed,
That has stood long fair in just virtue's eye;
For within twelve years' space thou art the sixt
210 That has been lord mayor of this company.
This is no usual grace, being now the last;
Close the work nobly up, that what is past,
And known to be good in the former five,
May in thy present care be kept alive.
215 Then is thy brotherhood for their love and cost

Requited amply, but thy own soul most.
Health and a happy peace fill all thy days;
When thy year ends, may then begin thy praise.
For the fabric or structure of the whole triumph, in so
short a time so gracefully performed, the commendation 220
of that the industry of master Garret Christmas may justly
challenge; a man not only excellent in his art, but faithful
in his undertakings.

FINIS

209 ~~sixt~~ six Drapers had been mayor since
1614

LOST POLITICAL PROSE, 1620–7: A BRIEF ACCOUNT

Thomas Cogswell

IN 1735, two manuscript volumes of Thomas Middleton's work as Chronologer for the City of London appeared at an auction, where the curious were able to peruse them. A quick inspection revealed that the first of these, *The Annales*, dealt with a series of notable 'Passages and Occurrences' in the city from 1620 to 1622: the death of the Bishop of London, the imprisonments of Viscount St Albans and Sir Edward Coke, and the fiery destruction of the Fortune Theatre. The other volume, lacking the precise focus on the metropolis, was aptly dubbed *Middleton's Farrago*. Among the charges and counter-charges between the earl of Essex and Viscount Wimbledon was an account of Henrietta Maria's marriage contract and two sections tersely entitled 'Parliamentary Matters, 1625–26' and 'Habeas Corpus 1627'. The owner of these works, hopeful of cashing in on Middleton's name, 'puffed up' the price. But when the market proved less enthusiastic than expected, he withdrew the *Annales* and the *Farrago* from the auction—and ultimately from scholarly view.

Aside from this tantalizing description, there is no other surviving information on these two major prose works of Thomas Middleton. Since a willingness to explore the boundaries of the politically acceptable was a hallmark of Middleton's plays and entertainments, it is tempting to speculate that he might have done the same as City Chronologer. Yet the basic fact of the matter is that we can now say very little about these two lost works with any degree of confidence. The only certainty in this otherwise murky business concerns the main themes of the *Annales* and the *Farrago*, which were noted at the auction house in 1735. Fortunately these tell us a great deal about Middleton's lost histories.

It could well be assumed that the disappearance of these two volumes was not a major calamity, since they may well have been thoroughly anodyne. After all, history was one of the literary genres to which the Stuart regime exhibited a hypersensitivity. Given that assessments of medieval kings often earned their authors an uncomfortable encounter with the Privy Council, contemporaries interested in more recent history could be confident that their efforts would receive a thorough inspection at Whitehall. Indeed after 1620 there was a 'political' licenser, specially charged to review 'any matters of newes relations histories or other things in prose or in verse that have reference to matters and affairs of State'. Little wonder then that when a team of writers decided to continue John Stow's popular *Annales* into the 1620s, they wisely erred on the side of extreme caution. After tersely noting the disastrous Ré expedition in 1627, the editor advised his readers that

'what more may be said of this voyage and action, I refer you unto other books written to that purpose'. The coverage of the 1626 Parliament was even more laconic; all the editor noted about this highly significant session was that 'a Parliament began at Westminster and continued until Thursday the 15th of January next following, and then was dissolved by Commission'. Chronologies in other words generally gave a wide berth to anything even remotely controversial.

In his chronicle Middleton may well have run true to the cautious form of the genre. But before endorsing that judgement, it is vital to remember an important mitigating factor: Middleton was only writing a manuscript history, which was not intended for publication. To be sure, the government was not wholly oblivious to the 'underground' trade in manuscripts, and it did sometimes prosecute the authors of controversial poems and tracts. Nevertheless the frankness with which authors writing in this medium regularly discussed the most sensitive contemporary issues would have been simply unimaginable in print. Consequently the basic fact that Middleton did not have to secure official authorization for his work accorded him considerable leeway. The main themes of his two works, furthermore, suggest that Middleton availed himself of this comparative freedom. Of all the themes, only one—the destruction of the Fortune Theatre—was a thoroughly mundane matter, devoid of political significance. All the others dealt with issues of the first importance, which had riveted the nation's attention. By contrast, in the continuation of Stow's *Annales*, sensational topics were apt to receive a non-committal sentence, if the editors did not pass over them in complete silence.

Unfortunately, the comparative audacity of Middleton's reportage is now hidden by the obscurity of the events themselves, some of which are murky even to scholars on the field. Therefore, in order to arrive at a fuller appreciation of the contemporary significance of the topics which Middleton handled, the present essay will examine them in some detail.

I. *Annales*

The crisis atmosphere which hung over the realm in the early 1620s is clearly apparent in Middleton's *Annales*. In the years after 1618, warfare erupted between the Habsburgs and Protestants in central Europe. At the centre of this conflict was James I's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, who had married the leading Calvinist protagonist, Frederick V of the Palatinate. Unfortunately for the Protestant

militants, early hopes for resounding victory quickly evaporated as Imperial armies easily bested their opponents and so revived fears of a Habsburg 'universal monarchy'. Meanwhile James I, the 'Defender of the Faith', refused to become militarily involved. Instead he diligently sought a diplomatic solution to the international crisis, the centrepiece of which was the projected marriage of his heir to a Spanish princess. Had such a match simply been a matter of finding a suitable bride for Prince Charles, it would not have aroused as much anxiety as it did among English contemporaries. But everyone suspected—and with good reason—that the Habsburgs would insist on a *de facto* toleration of English Catholics. Such an action seemed especially foolhardy; given the Catholic reputation for rebellion and aggressive proselytizing, toleration appeared a prescription for the imminent subversion of the Church of England and indeed of England itself.

These apprehensions surfaced at the death of John King. After a long and distinguished clerical career as Dean of Christ Church, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and ultimately Bishop of London, King died on 31 March 1621. Yet the solemnity of his funeral was soon marred by reports of a deathbed conversion to Catholicism. Although apparently untrue, the charges flourished in part because of the kindness he had shown to imprisoned priests. Such actions speak well for King's sense of Christian charity, but when religious war had erupted on the continent, they were all too easily misinterpreted. Furthermore, as Bishop of London, King had played a major role in checking zealous metropolitan preachers who criticized James's pacifism. In any event, the rumour of his conversion made enough sense to enough people that it clung to his name; in fact, later in the year, a Protestant tract urging renewed vigilance against resurgent Catholicism calmly cited King's conversion as common knowledge. Nor was the rumour simply a useful tool for radical Protestants; Catholic controversialists also trumpeted the news. King's son found the situation so embarrassing that in an effort to redeem the good name of the Church of England and his father, he directly confronted these reports in a sermon at Paul's Cross. Middleton therefore lavished attention on an incident in which a local bishop's reputation had become a casualty in James I's campaign for accommodation with Spain.

Those alarmed at the prospect of a Catholic revival found refuge in hopes for a Parliament, whose members by and large had scant sympathy for a Spanish match in general and for a relaxation of the penal laws in particular. Unfortunately, after an impressive display of devotion to the institution early in James's English reign, the king had become irritated with the Parliament-men's refusal to vote new subsidies with either the generosity or the frequency that James thought appropriate. Thus aside from a brief 'addled' session in 1614, James summoned no Parliaments between 1610 and 1621. In the interim, moral as well as fiscal corruption seemed to overwhelm the administration. Admittedly a few outrageous examples like the Overbury murder and the earl of Suffolk's light fingers

forced James to intervene. Yet until matters reached such extraordinary heights, the king appeared distressingly tolerant of embezzlement and extortion. The situation in the law courts seemed most alarming, with widespread reports of corruption among the senior judges. Consequently, when the continental crisis eventually forced James to summon a new Parliament in 1621, many contemporaries hoped that the new session would belatedly clean up internal abuses as well as steer the king away from a Spanish match.

These hopes explain the attention which Middleton accorded Viscount St Albans's commitment to the Tower. In the opening weeks of the session, the Parliament-men in an extraordinary action immediately voted a handsome subsidy bill. Since in normal circumstances they would only have done so at the end of the session, James was delighted with their action, vowing in response to 'meet with his Subjects more than halfway' in their demands. A few months later he learned the cost of such generosity, for what the House of Commons most desired was revival of the medieval practice of impeaching royal ministers. The first court grandee to suffer at the hands of an early modern Parliament was Francis Bacon, the Lord Chancellor. Initially James attempted to save him, but ultimately a full set of witnesses, all recounting multiple tales of bribery, proved too much even for his lax moral standards. With Bacon's fall, justice at last appeared done, and many across the country rejoiced. Yet more importantly, Parliament had played a major role in the legal drama, and having established a precedent, many were understandably eager to have Parliament send more corrupt officials to keep Bacon company in the Tower. Thomas Locke perhaps best caught the mood: 'they have begun at the highest, and they meane to come downwards, Westminster Hall was never so made clean as it is like to be this year'.

Events soon proved that James had no intention of permitting such extensive cleaning. Nevertheless, when the Lord Chancellor was himself committed to the Tower on 28 May 1621, many contemporaries regarded it as an obvious red-letter day. Equally obvious is the next item in *The Annales*, which concerned Parliament and another commitment to the Tower of London. But this time the imprisonment had nothing to do with either corruption or impeachment.

Late in 1621, as Imperial forces were poised to overrun all of the Palatinate, the home of Frederick V and Elizabeth, James again turned to Parliament. Additional parliamentary funds were essential, he argued, in order to maintain an army of mercenaries until plans for a negotiated settlement could be completed. Although many in the House of Commons were interested in a more bellicose response, the more they thought about James's proposal the less they fancied it. Chief among their worries was the wisdom of committing English taxpayers, if not English soldiers, to a limited war against some elements of the House of Austria, while remaining at peace and indeed planning a wedding with the rest of

the family. All these fears came out into the open after an unclear message from Court apparently suggested that James was at last ready for a more belligerent policy. In the unrestrained debate which followed, some members proposed open war against Spain and the breach of the Spanish match. Once word of these developments reached Court, James and Charles were furious, and in an effort to forestall a major incident with Spain, the king ordered the Commons to cease any further discussion of foreign affairs.

Unfortunately while the royal order made logical diplomatic sense, it initiated a quarrel with the House over a matter about which it was tetchiest—its privileges. Earlier in the year, the Parliament-men had been deeply suspicious about royal efforts to subvert the House's customary freedom of speech. A brief royal message had been enough to alleviate this apprehension, but with James's order at the end of the year forbidding any discussion of affairs of state, the suspicion arose again. Rather than back down, the House dug in its heels, formally reminding James in its 'Protestation', that 'every Member of the House of Parliament hath, and of right, ought to have freedom of speech'. Rather than accept this position, James dissolved the Parliament even though the lack of parliamentary subsidies hamstrung his diplomatic efforts. Once the session was over, the king signalled his contempt for the House's vaunted freedom of speech by ripping the 'Protestation' out of the Commons Journals with his own hands. He also imprisoned several leaders of the Commons for their words at the end of the session. Most prominent among the imprisoned was Sir Edward Coke, former Lord Chief Justice and erstwhile Privy Counsellor. In sharp contrast to St Albans's brief stay in the Tower in some of the more salubrious rooms, Coke and his fellow Parliament-men spent over half a year there in almost complete isolation. Thus, the bland summary excerpted from *The Annales* for 27 December 1621, 'Sir Edward Coke Committed to the Tower', referred to an event easily as constitutionally important and as politically dramatic as the revival of impeachment.

II. *Farrago*

We do not know how long Middleton continued working on the *Annales*. But the Aldermen and the Common Councillors eventually decided he was no longer earning his annual fee of £10. On 1 February 1626, the Common Council of London resolved to end Middleton's salary, 'unless he give this Court satisfaction according as was intended he should do when the said pension was first granted him'. All things considered, Middleton's work for the city was comparatively easy money, and it speaks volumes about his financial position in 1626 that he decided to resume his duties.

In doing so, he displayed his deference to a patron. Yet as a cursory examination of the main categories of *Annales* and *Farrago* reveals, Middleton's understanding of his duties as City Chronologer had shifted radically

between 1622 and 1626. The death of the Bishop of London, the imprisonment of two men in the Tower and a fire at a London theatre were all events which, at least in the first instance, took place in the metropolis. In *The Farrago*, however, Middleton adopted a much wider and a more distinctly national focus. The city hence found itself underwriting someone much more interested in imitating William Camden than John Stow.

Middleton's interest in larger themes becomes apparent with the first item in *The Farrago*: the charges and counter-charges between the earl of Essex and Viscount Wimbledon. Late in 1625, after many delays, Charles I initiated open war against Spain with a bold *coup de main*; he dispatched Wimbledon with an enormous Anglo-Dutch fleet of over a hundred vessels and 12,000 troops to capture Cadiz. With a force that size, it seemed impossible that Wimbledon could fail to do something which would redeem the battered honour of the realm. Yet he did fail. On his ignominious return in December, Wimbledon blamed the inadequate supplies, the weather and bad luck for the debacle. His subordinate officers led by the earl of Essex were quick to point to a more crippling problem: Wimbledon's indecision and timidity, they alleged, verged on cowardice. In turn, Wimbledon denounced his own officers: Lord Cromwell he termed a drunkard, Lord Valentia a common embezzler, Colonel Horwood a mutineer, and as for Essex, 'an evil spirit hath got possession of you'. Thus the bitterest irony about the opening of the long awaited military intervention on the continent was that the hottest skirmishes were between the general and his officers.

Plainly these bickerings through the first half of 1626 attracted widespread popular interest, but they did not monopolize it. Rather the second of Middleton's topics did. Within weeks of assuming the throne, Charles I finally wed a Bourbon rather than a Habsburg princess. Amid the celebrations over the marriage, many of his subjects hoped and prayed that Henrietta Maria would follow the ecclesiastical eclecticism of her father, Henri IV, and decide that London was worth an Anglican service. Events soon proved the futility of such hopes, for far from being a politique, she was a zealous Catholic devotee. Indeed, it would have been hard for her to be anything else, given the size of her clerical retinue. In turn, the presence of a bishop and twenty priests moving through London in full clerical garb naturally excited suspicions that something had gone seriously wrong in the negotiations for a French match.

Thanks to James's insistence on organizing a broad non-denominational front against the Habsburgs, a Bourbon bride for Charles made the most diplomatic sense. Yet many at home were alarmed over the prospect that France would insist on de facto toleration just as much as Spain had. To allay these fears, Prince Charles had solemnly vowed to the 1624 Parliament that he would never agree to any marriage terms which required the suspension of English laws. In subsequent negotiations with the French, however, he and his father agreed to a separate codicil,

the *Ecrit Particular*, granting an English toleration of Catholics in return for French military support against the Habsburgs. This clause of course remained secret. On the other hand, it did not require detailed inside information to deduce that Charles had violated the spirit, if not the letter, of his promise to Parliament; the spectacle of thousands of English Catholics openly flouting the penal laws was enough to create considerable interest in the precise terms of the marriage treaty.

In the face of the mounting curiosity, the government stonewalled. Only after high-level negotiators had agreed on the terms was John Beaulieu, the king's French Secretary, able to secure the full text, which he forwarded to the king's Agent in Brussels; these details, Beaulieu added, 'I can assure you are yet made very dainty here amongst us, for the reasons which shall but too plainly appear unto you in the reading of the same.' And for those less well connected, the exact terms were to remain a very precious commodity. In light of Middleton's fondness for tackling sensitive issues, it is only natural that he should have written a section on 'the Treaty and Articles of Marriage between Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria'. But it is worth noting that he had at last entered the innermost chamber of the *arcana imperii*, the same one whose discussion in 1621 had earned Coke and his colleagues a stint in the Tower.

Having at last directly tackled one of the most sensitive 'affairs of state', he continued to do so with his last two themes. Of all the parliamentary sessions which Middleton had witnessed, none matched those of 1625 and 1626 for sheer emotional drama and political intensity. Early in his reign, Charles I hurriedly summoned a new Parliament in order to vote new funding for the war. But between the plague then raging in the metropolis and the massive French wedding party which had arrived with the new queen, the administration temporarily forgot about the new session. When its attention returned, the regime found that the Parliament-men, eager to flee the infected capital, had already passed the subsidy bill. Closer calculations revealed that the amount voted was inadequate for Charles's requirements. Therefore, a few weeks after adjourning the Westminster session, he met a second one at Oxford where he pressed for an extraordinary second vote of supply in one year. There, for the first time, direct criticism of the duke of Buckingham emerged. Some Parliament-men voiced grave reservations about his ability to direct the nascent war effort, citing everything from the French match to the massive fleet which Wimbledon was then gathering for the Cadiz expedition. 'Let us lay the fault where it is,' Sir Francis Seymour told his colleagues, 'the Duke of Buckingham is trusted.' Rather than endure further complaint, Charles dissolved the Parliament.

Although such abrupt action was hardly a prescription for future harmony, Charles and Buckingham hoped that early in 1626 they could meet a new Parliament armed with domestic reforms, like the enforcement of the penal laws, and victories which Wimbledon's fleet would surely gain. Unfortunately, as the quarrelling among Wimbledon

and staff testified, hopes of presenting Parliament with a splendid triumph proved vain. The cessation of the Catholic toleration, while a shrewd political act, was offset by the loan of English vessels to Louis XIII, who, thanks to another administrative mistake, was able to use them *against* the Huguenots of La Rochelle. In short, in the half year between the two Parliaments, Buckingham succeeded in eroding rather than improving his credibility.

Consequently in the 1626 Parliament, renewed criticism of the duke quickly turned into a move to impeach him; additional parliamentary funds, a majority agreed, were only certain to be wasted with Buckingham at the helm. Meanwhile Charles I dug in his heels, refusing to consider cashiering the duke. The result was a four-month-long confrontation between king and Parliament. In the end, although it meant financially sabotaging the war effort, Charles dissolved his second Parliament. But before he did so, enough dirt emerged from various parliamentary investigations to shatter forever any popular enthusiasm for Buckingham. Amid the flood of revelations was one which can only have fixated Middleton: armed with a bundle of diplomatic documents, the earl of Bristol quite convincingly argued that Buckingham's relation of the trip to Madrid in 1623, the heroic account which Middleton enshrined in *A Game at Chess*, in fact played fast and loose with the truth. Thus in less than two years after Middleton's greatest triumph, the White Duke had taken on decidedly more somber hues.

The last item in *Farrago*, 'Habeas Corpus 1627', arose as a direct consequence of Charles's decision to dissolve the Parliament of 1626. This action preserved Charles's poverty as well as his prerogative, and in the midst of a Spanish war, this condition was, to say the least, extremely dangerous. In desperation, the regime sought to raise money through a series of extra-parliamentary levies. First Charles and Buckingham asked for a nationwide benevolence; this in the end produced only trifling amounts after the ratepayers rejected the request with cries of 'a Parliament, a Parliament!' Better luck attended a more finely crafted appeal in the 'forced loan' campaign of 1626-7. Carefully presented to small groups and individuals and surrounded by an array of royal concessions, this campaign stressed the repayment of the loan as well as the king's promise not to make this non-parliamentary tax the first of many others. On these terms, the government at last managed to extract an impressive amount of money, albeit grudgingly, from the ratepayers.

Although a majority paid, a significant minority refused, alleging that the levy, notwithstanding all the concessions and conditions, was illegal. What further heightened the drama of these refusals was the fact that many of the 'recusants' were godly Protestants, gentlemen like the earl of Essex, committed to the war against Spain. For them, their eagerness to grapple with the Habsburg Antichrist did not extend to subverting the 'ancient constitution' at home. In response, the government adopted a hard line. In extreme cases, some of the lower orders who refused were actually impressed for foreign service. Those

of higher rank were stripped of local office and imprisoned indefinitely pending the King's pleasure. Although this practice was common enough—Coke and his colleagues had suffered it after the 1621 session—its legal standing was dubious. Therefore, in 1627 five of the knights then imprisoned resolved to challenge the government on this point. Some of the best attorneys in the realm then argued that the practice of indefinite imprisonment without charge, much less a trial, violated the venerable legal principles enshrined in the writ of habeas corpus. Hence, the plaintiff's counsel urged the Court to see that this practice 'cannot stand with the laws of the realm or that of Magna Carta'. This result was one of the great cases in seventeenth-century constitutional law, easily equal to Bate's case in 1606 and the Ship Money case of 1636. It would not be surprising if the Five Knights Case had fascinated Middleton, whose usurping tyrant in *Hengist, King of Kent*, Vortiger, indignantly asked

What's all our greatness
If we that prescribe bounds to meaner men
Must not pass these ourselves? (3.1.98-100)

Regrettably Middleton was unable to hear the answer to Vortiger's question. He died in July 1627 before either the judges found for the king or Charles reluctantly accepted in the following years the Petition of Right, which explicitly prohibited the practice. Nevertheless the date of his passing only underscores the importance which he set on his chronicle and on this issue. Since the opening rounds of the legal proceedings in the Five Knights Case had only begun a few days before his demise, Middleton died in a thoroughly appropriate manner: even from his deathbed he was busy following developments in a case which represented, in Sir Robert Phelps's words, 'the greatest thing that ever was about the liberty of the subject'.

III.

With much of the mystery removed from the main topics in the *Annales* and the *Farrago*, the importance of these works should now be clearer. To be sure, we are still unable to deduce how Middleton handled these matters, and it is even possible that he might have been sympathetic to the government on some issues. Yet the one fact about Middleton's chronicles is indisputable: his post with the City of London did not make him any less audacious in grappling with controversial issues than he was in other genres. As we have seen, the topics which tended to attract Middleton's attention were either sensitive 'affairs of state' or controversies involving the liberties of the subject, and as the decade progressed, this tendency hardened into a habit.

This conclusion, it must be conceded, supports the somewhat unusual notion that a major dramatist might have enjoyed writing contemporary history. Yet in Middleton's case, this is on mature reflection not entirely surprising. In *A Game at Chess*, the Black Queen's Pawn boasted of the thorough Spanish penetration of the bureaucracy at Whitehall; indeed Catholic moles were so ubiquitous that

so are designs
Of times prevented and important secrets
Of states discovered. (1.1.59-61)

It is not hard to imagine that Middleton enjoyed turning tables on the Jesuits and the Spaniards. All the evidence from the *Annales* and the *Farrago* indicates that he was eager to try his hand at discovering secrets of state, even if he was only working for the Corporation of London.

SEE ALSO

Lost Plays: A Brief Account: this volume, 328
Lost Pageant for Charles I: A Brief Account: this volume, 1898
Authorship and date: *Annales, Companion*, 438; *Farrago, Companion*, 443
List of works cited: *Companion*, 1166

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JUVENILIA 1597-1601

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THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON PARAPHRASED

Edited and annotated by G. B. Shand, introduced by Debora Shuger

The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased, Middleton's earliest known work, appeared in print in 1597, probably between March and June of that year. Although perhaps loosely modelled on Henry Lok's metrical paraphrase, *Ecclesiastes, Otherwise Called the Preacher* (1597), Middleton's poem relies principally on the Geneva Bible's translation of the Apocryphal *Sapientia Solomonis* (also known as the *Liber Sapientiae*), along with the Latin translation included in the Protestant Junius-Tremellius Bible and possibly the Great Bible or a pre-Clementine Vulgate (see the commentary note to 10.89–120). Middleton, however, apparently did not enlist the assistance of any commentary, since he makes elementary errors of interpretation in dealing with passages clearly and correctly explicated by all patristic, medieval, and Renaissance exegetes (see the commentary on 10.89–120, 16.43–54, and 19.204).

As the handful of scholars who have attempted to read *The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* uniformly report, it is a very bad poem, committing some of the most execrable lines extant in the corpus of English verse, my favourites being 'Fishes are oft deceived by the bait. | The bait, deceiving fish, doth fish deceive' (4.127–8) and 'Old time is often lost in being bald: | Bald because old, old because living long' (12.13–14). G. B. Shand (1983) summarizes the critical tradition with admirable concision: the poem is 'a stupefying read'. Yet it is not uniformly bad, or, more accurately, despite its often wretched versification, *The Wisdom of Solomon* has a striking and problematic weirdness that awakens scholarly curiosity—a decent and customary substitute for aesthetic pleasure.

Lily Bess Campbell's *Divine Poetry and Drama in Sixteenth-Century England* (1961) richly documents the Elizabethan vogue for biblical paraphrases, particularly of the Psalms and the canonical books attributed to Solomon (Canticles, Ecclesiastes, Proverbs). Yet at first glance the *Sapientia Solomonis* (I use the Latin title to distinguish the biblical text from Middleton's poem) seems an unlikely subject for an English Protestant poet. While part of the Vulgate Old Testament, all Protestant Bibles reject *Sapientia's* canonical status, lumping it with other post-exilic texts in the Apocrypha, which both the Geneva Bible and Thirty-Nine Articles define as extra-canonical books written by 'godly men' but having no doctrinal authority. From Jerome on, most exegetes, both Catholic and Protestant, recognized that the *Sapientia Solomonis* should not be attributed to Solomon but probably originated in the Alexandrian Jewish community sometime between the third century BC and the first century AD,

perhaps—given its syncretic Platonism—a work of Philo Judeus.

Sapientia thus lacks, particularly for Protestants, any firm claim to divine inspiration. But Middleton may have considered it attractive for a couple of reasons. First, the thirteenth chapter of *Sapientia* closely parallels the beginning of Paul's Epistle to the Romans—the central text of Reformed theology. Moreover, the book's precarious status may have made it more accessible to literary experimentation; in *Biblical Drama in England* (1968), Murray Roston notes that Protestant biblical drama avoids tampering with canonical Scripture, preferring instead to adapt the less fearfully sacred material found in the Apocrypha and the first-century Jewish historian Josephus. Although the same tacit interdict did not fall so heavily on non-dramatic biblical poetry, Middleton may have been more comfortable with drastically rewriting a non-canonical text than with embroidering the Word of God. For *The Wisdom of Solomon* spills over the confines of paraphrase, more than sixty per cent of the poem having no biblical equivalent; even where Middleton's lines do have some recognizable basis in *Sapientia*, their relation tends to be aggressively contrapuntal rather than faithfully paraphrastic. Middleton's liberties with his ostensible source increase in the latter half of the poem, an independence signalled by a shift in speaker from the fictional 'Solomon' of *Sapientia* to the authorial 'I' that suddenly intrudes at 10.67. One might more accurately describe the poem as a creative misreading than a strict paraphrase.

Shand has suggested a general political context for the poem, noting that Middleton several times hints at parallels between Elizabeth and Wisdom, particularly his depiction of the latter as Astraea, a queen, and as 'barren' (6.1–18, 8.1–7, 4.12). The remainder of what little scholarship exists on *The Wisdom of Solomon* focuses rather narrowly on the poem's rhetoric. Norman Brittin's 1946 dissertation treats the work as a typically Elizabethan academic exercise in figural hyperactivity. However, Brittin's staggering enumeration of schemes and tropes does not convey the peculiar flavour of Middleton's verse, which differs radically from the 'Platonic', metaphysical splendour suffusing *Sapientia's* celebration of Wisdom's radiance and majesty. Middleton is at his worst when trying to evoke cosmic glory: compare the Geneva Bible's 'for while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine almighty word leaped down from heaven out of thy royal throne' (18:14–15) with Middleton's ponderous

When Phoebe's axletree was limned with pale,
 Pale which becometh night, night which is black
 Hemmed round about with gloomy-shining veil,
 Borne up by clouds, mounted on silence' back;
 And when night's horses, in the running wain,
 O'ertook the midst of their journey's pain;

Thy word, O Lord, descended from thy throne . . .
 (18.157-63)

Instead, *The Wisdom of Solomon* shows clear affinities to Renaissance emblems; the poetry is static, pictorial, and sententious. The descriptions of the 'fruitful tree' in 1.169-74 and the contrast between the cedar and the mushroom at 2.128-32 are typical, if rather flat, examples of Middleton's allegorical emblems.

Often these images have a grotesque vividness. Bizarre figures peer from the stanzas: the voracious demon-lover of 1.109-12, the 'hungry cannibals' who 'suck your pelican to death' (19.121-6), the dying men digging their graves with their own tears (19.13-18). Pastoral and macabre merge disconcertingly in Middleton's comparison of death to 'Sol bestrid[ing] his golden mountain's top, | Lightning heaven's tapers with his living fire' (2.43-4) and his description of divine vengeance as resembling 'dew-distilling drops [that] fall from the morn' (11.167). The finest of Middleton's images have the morbid beauty one associates with Jeremy Taylor, evoking haunting scenes of bodily decay where 'Man, being grass, is hopped and grazed upon, | With sucking grasshoppers of weeping dew' (16.73-4) and dying swans fill 'the choir of waves with laving pain, | Yet dancing in their wail' (19.183-4). At times the poetry has an almost surreal quality: the strange 'icy jaw of Phoebe's hair' (19.202) and 'dead carcass of descending spirit' (1.134). The rhetorical exemplum dissolves into the resonant illogic of dreams.

A bewilderingly unstable landscape, indistinct chronology, and grammatical ambiguities intensify one's sense of surreal dislocation. Pronouns often have no discernible referent. Who, for example, is the 'Thou' that suddenly appears at 4.67 or the 'You' in 10.171-4? Similarly, spatio-temporal indicators point enigmatically into a referential miasma. Beginning at 5.181, Middleton seems to be describing an impending apocalypse, in which 'All heaven shall be in arms against earth's world'; the remainder of this chapter continues in the future tense, but the following chapter unexpectedly begins, 'After this conflict between God and man, | Remorse took harbour in God's angry breast' (6.1-2). Future metamorphizes into past; one cannot tell whether the conclusion to Chapter 5 depicts the Apocalypse or the Deluge or some unknown historical event. Similarly, 3.87-8 describes 'here' as a place void of 'justice,' the habitation of 'woe and sorrow,' but at 18.103-4 Middleton declares that 'Now righteousness bears sway, and vice put down, | Virtue is queen, treading on mischief's head'. Again, we do not know whether 'here' and 'now' refer to Elizabethan England, a biblical episode, a moment in

allegorical time, or nothing in particular. In place of consistent chronology or spatial orientation, the poem unfurls a sequence of images that mysteriously surface and recede: a nameless, dead 'face, heaving her heavy eyelids up | From forth the chamber of eternal night' (5.7-8), the demonic 'empress of the night' (10.46), the strange 'newly created beasts' that march past 'profane, ill-limned, pale spectacles' (11.127-34), the bodiless 'tigers' jaws' (16.43), an unidentified father bound in prison, facing imminent death (2.211-16). This procession of obscure creatures gives the poem a phantasmagoric atmosphere, like a nightmarish dream-vision or Spenser on acid.

The disorientation increases in the latter half of the poem (Chapters 10-19), which in *Sapientia* rehearses the Old Testament stories of the Israelites' providential deliverance from their enemies. Middleton either omits or confuses the historical allusions, so that the reader cannot possibly tell that the passages refer to Abraham, Moses, Joseph, and Jacob. Instead, historical events become psychological allegory, symbols of fear, horror, and misery. The seventeenth chapter of *Sapientia* recounts the plague of darkness afflicting the Egyptians; in Middleton, both plague and Egyptians disappear, leaving only a terrifying darkness where 'grief's pris'ners . . . | Slept in night's dungeon insupportable, | Lodged in night's horror too endurable' (17.136-8). The darkness turns into a troubled sleep, a 'hollow cave where visions come and go, | Where serpents hiss, where mandrakes groan and creep!' (17.141-2)—nightmares reminiscent of the 'dire and dreadful dreams' Calvin ascribes to the wicked (*Institutes* 1.3.2). The 'hollow cave' is one of a series of images of caverns, tombs, and concavities recurring throughout Middleton's poem as figures of the obscure centre of personality, from whose darkness arise monstrous visions and agonized cries: 'sobs' piercing the 'deep cistern of the centre's breast', 'vaults [that] | Sound and resound their old-new-weeping faults' (18.109-20). *Sapientia* celebrates the power of God over Israel's enemies; Middleton writes about the nightmares tormenting the evil conscience.

The Wisdom of Solomon's erasure of Old Testament history seems surprising, given the centrality of these narratives in Reformed theology. In other respects, however, the poem follows the ideological contours of sixteenth-century English Protestantism. Sometimes—as in the stanzas on social justice and the responsibilities of rulers (6.61-96, 217-28)—these *loci* approximate the corresponding biblical passage (6:9-11, 24); at other times they seem Middleton's additions. To this latter category belong the emphases on obedience, discipline, and submission to God (1.161, 6.55-6, 8.25-36, 9.61-6). One also occasionally notes an implicit anti-Romanist bias, most evidently in Middleton's reference to idols as 'saints' (13.111) and his total omission of *Sapientia's* account of the redemptive, mediating role of the Aaronic priesthood (18:21-24), which Middleton turns into an encomium

on the divine Word (18.223-46). The same theological animus may explain the curious removal of all typological allusions from the poem (see note to 2.211-16). Roman Catholic exegetes defended *Sapientia's* canonicity on the ground that its second chapter prophesies Christ's torture and death at the hands of his enemies (2:12-21). Middleton, conversely, may have been uncomfortable with the notion that an apocryphal text could attain prophetic vision and therefore alters the passage to make its Christological implications unrecognizable.

The Wisdom of Solomon, in fact, consistently rewrites *Sapientia*, often in a Calvinist direction but at times with implications less easy to categorize. The assertion that 'God made thy thought' (1.67) seems an oblique reference to predestination; the description of God at 12.97-102 shows the marks of Protestant voluntarism. Likewise 13.49-60 replaces the biblical affirmation that 'by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen' (13:5 in the Authorized Version; the Geneva translation is garbled here) with a defence of the absolute freedom of God *vis-à-vis* his creation; the non-analogical relation between 'workman' and 'hand-work' replaces *Sapientia's* ontological correspondences.

The most overt and drastic misreading, however, comes at 10.89-132, where Middleton takes the Bible's periphrastic allusions to Jacob as a continuation of the story of Cain begun earlier in the tenth chapter. That is, he assimilates the first murderer and the godly patriarch into a single figure, who becomes the type of the repentant and redeemed sinner. Cain was 'fetched again by wisdom's power, | Had pardon for his deed, love for his lower' (10.95-6). This assimilation produces a narrative model of radical conversion effected by God's gratuitous mercy. This paradigm recurs repeatedly in Middleton's poem. Whereas *Sapientia* consistently *contrasts* the righteous and the wicked—usually the Egyptians and Hebrews—Middleton conflates the opposing figures, treating them as a single referent, as 'man' in general: 'man' who, although wicked, receives pardon, who is both punished and redeemed, whose corrupt nature is restored by divine grace (8.187-201, 11.73-108, 12.13-60, 12.121-32, 16.1-66, 18.13-36). Middleton's revisions tend to stress the total depravity of human nature, since the vices *Sapientia* attributes to the Egyptians become universal human characteristics, and simultaneously to underscore the radical otherness of a grace that redeems such creatures almost in spite of themselves. We are 'pressed down with vice's weights and mischief's gins' but God's 'pity is without a bound, | And sparest them which in some faults be found' (12.124-32).

The wedge Middleton drives between nature and grace—a polarity foreign to *Sapientia*—gives the poem a generally Calvinist structure. This label, however, while accurate, seems not quite adequate. A radical dualism pervades the whole poem, opposing nature to grace, mortality to eternity, earth to heaven. Middleton's additions to his biblical material often betray a sharp

revulsion from the body, temporality, and the terrible burden of existence (7.1-60, 8.37-42, 8.187-96, 16.34). Echoes of Job announce

Happy is he that lives, twice he that dies,
Thrice happy he which neither lived nor died,
Which never saw the earth with mortal eyes,
Which never knew what miseries are tried. (4.85-8)

In Middleton's hands, in fact, the distinction between nature and grace takes a curious, almost gnostic, turn, where nature at moments seems an autonomous, demi-urgic force opposed to divine wisdom (7.77-84). The creation of Adam described in the opening stanzas of Chapter 10 thus appears to involve two stages: first nature produces a rough, 'unfashioned' creature, who then needs to be, as it were, licked into shape by Wisdom. The poem never speaks of nature as a law or instrument of God; it (or she) denotes a separate power, the principle at once of generation and mortality: a mother who 'loves the issues of her womb' and 'makes her lap their quiet-sleeping tomb' (11.181-3). Nature also, Middleton several times suggests, determines 'moral' character, making some persons bad, some good, in the same sense that it makes some trees oaks and some poplars (2.163-8, 3.19-21, 4.25-30, 5.145-54). Hence sin results from biology rather than wrong choice; the opening stanzas of Chapter 13, which debate whether evil derives from man or from nature, conclude: 'Why blame I men? 'Tis she [nature]... that weaves, | That weaves, that wafts unto destruction's pen'.

A related quasi-gnostic anthropology informs Middleton's representation of the relation between body and soul. The body seems an alien shell or burden, enclosing and weighing down a divine emanation-spirit; the speaker thus equates Wisdom with 'my pure soul, locked in my body's grave' (8.106; cf. 7.13-24, 8.187-92, 10.151-4, 12.1-6, 12.229-30, 15.71-2, 16.133). At one point he describes Wisdom as his 'face' or 'form' (9.101-3), apparently a reflection or mirror of the self apprehended as an external and yet interior presence—as both 'my map' and 'shape of my thought'. Wisdom—one's 'pure soul' or conscience—seems less part of the self than a divine being who enters and transforms what Middleton terms our 'clayey lumps of pain' (12.114).

Hence in this life the righteous are strangers in a strange land, apparently unable or unwilling to act; they have 'no deeds', 'no show of store', but simply 'wait death's hour', knowing 'death to be the way to rest' (4.78-83). In an extraordinary passage, Middleton compares the good man to a fatally wounded lion, who in his agony rends 'the harbour of his body's cage; | Scorning the base-housed earth, mounts to the sky' (16.97-101). The soul claws with suicidal violence at its mortal prison. Innocent III might have appreciated such sentiments, but they scarcely suggest the ethical, reforming temper of urban Protestantism.

These disquieting and not-quite-orthodox oppositions between the realms of nature and spirit culminate in the

concluding apocalypse of 19.163–210. In *Sapientia*, the corresponding passage (19:18–22) forms a rather obscure coda, apparently intended to give a ‘scientific’ explanation for such miracles as the parting of the Red Sea and the ten plagues by comparing these disruptions of natural phenomena to rearranging a sequence of musical notes. Middleton, however, excises the reference to Exodus, evoking instead a fantastic vision where each creature undergoes metamorphosis, so that sparrows sing like larks, nightingales fall silent, eagles fly below sparrows, and so forth. The irruption of supernatural power inverts natural law—or rather, as Middleton puts it, at the approach of God, ‘nature slew herself’ (19.205). This apocalypse thus repeats on a cosmic scale the individual’s drastic conversion as divine Wisdom penetrates its sinful flesh, for grace does not perfect nature but shatters it.

One more topic deserves consideration. While it seems futile to comb *The Wisdom of Solomon* for anticipations of Middleton’s mature style, the work’s repeated evocations of ‘tragedy’ and the ‘tragic’ are not without interest in light of the poet’s subsequent career. Although Middleton’s later understanding of tragedy need not be identical to his youthful intuitions, his earlier use of the term may elucidate the trajectory linking the Elizabethan biblical poet to the Stuart dramatist.

The word first occurs in the beginning of the second chapter, as part of the long prosopopoeia spoken by the ungodly. They defend their libertine pursuit of momentary pleasures on the ground that ‘our life [is] but our life’s tragedy, | Extinguished in a momentary time’ by the bleak finality of death (2.31–2). Thus, for unbelievers, mortality is tragedy. In *Wisdom*, this is almost always tragedy’s primary sense. At 4.6, ‘tragedy’ means simply ‘death’. At 17.161 the speaker commands ‘Pull in thy head, thou sorrow’s tragedy’, and then goes on to define this (apparently snail-like) tragedy in what may be the only wholly successful stanza of the poem:

The merry shepherd cannot walk alone,
Tuning sweet madrigals of harvest’s joy,
Carving love’s roundelays on every stone,
Hanging on every tree some amorous toy,
But thou with sorrow interlines his song,
Opening thy jaws of death to do him wrong.

Et in Arcadia ego. The intrusion of death gives all plots their tragic endings—the snap-shut of tragedy’s fatal jaws. Middleton further adumbrates ‘sorrow’s tragedy’ in the following stanza, where this grotesque allegorical figure (a cross between a snail and a tyrannosaur?) metamorphoses into a second image of death-in-life. The nightmare visions that well up from the ‘hollow cave’ (17.133–56) and the toothy monster lying in wait for the merry shepherd are ‘poisoned buds from Acherontic stalk’—hell-flowers pushing up into the garden and infecting the air with a miasmatic and ‘gloomy darkness’ (17.171–2).

Again at 18.128 Middleton evokes the tragic implications of mortality. Here, however, tragedy signifies less the impinging of death upon life than the meaninglessness of

individual achievement and status in the face of universal mortality. King, subject, and slave become undifferentiated ‘dead carcasses’ in a charnel ‘dead scene’ that bows down before ‘the tragic cypress of lament’, as though the tombs were suppliants prostrating themselves before the towering, funereal trees. The syntax of the passage is confusing, but Middleton seems to suggest that the tragic lament records the ‘knowledge’ of death’s brutal levelling—that this knowledge constitutes the laments of the dead, whose sobs and weeping issue from their tombs (18.109–20).

The dead here seem to be the damned. As Middleton conflates nature and evil, so he makes no firm distinction between mortality and eternal punishment; for unbelievers, ‘Earth is their hell’ (11.78) or rather earth and hell together constitute a realm of pain, wickedness, and despair, cut off from the consoling radiance of supernal Wisdom. Hence Middleton at times associates tragedy with the penal agony of the damned and the suffering of sinners, a suffering at once the consequence of their own wickedness and a punishment imposed by divine justice (5.13–14, 13.153–4, 18.73–6). The tragic darkness shadowing this composite realm of nature and sin appears most starkly at 10.25–34, which recounts the murder of Abel. The murder is itself ‘death’s tragedy’, but Middleton pursues the theatrical metaphor, making the earth the tragic chorus, as it were, for ‘A weeping part had earth in that same play, | For she did weep herself to death that day’. But the earth’s tears, ‘distilled from millions of her eyes’, cause the Flood, making ‘her womb an overflowing clime’. The mother-earth who weeps for her lost children also destroys them; she is both source and grave for, in Yeats’s words, ‘those dying generations’. The tragic play that climaxes in the Flood simultaneously enacts divine vengeance against sin and nature’s ineluctable cycles of birth and death. Mortality is, it would seem, its own punishment.

Middleton’s notion of tragedy thus differs radically from the typical definitions given in Renaissance poetics. For Middleton, tragedy does not involve extraordinary calamities nor the fall of princes nor Fortune’s caprice; it has no politics and no heroes. Instead, in *The Wisdom of Solomon* ‘tragedy’ signifies something close to the Calvinist state of fallen nature. The opening chapter of the *Institutes* thus defines the human condition as a composite of ‘miserics . . . infamies . . . unhappiness . . . ignorance, vanity, poverty, infirmity . . . depravity and corruption’. So too Middleton’s tragic creatures are sinful, hopeless, and agonizingly mortal. The ‘gnostic’ undertones in Middleton’s poem are less un-Calvinist than selectively Calvinist: the result of his obsessive focus on the ruined world of *homo naturalis*, a nightmare shadow-world that is only briefly and sporadically punctured by an alien transcendence bringing pardon and renewal. Hence, for all the syntactic and prosodic defects of its style, *The Wisdom of Solomon*’s surreal and murky allegorical imagery has, at least in certain passages, its own peculiarly haunting power as the decorous symbol for this tragic universe of unbelief

in which vermilion worms and ‘grasshoppers of weeping dew’ suck on corpses (16.73–8) and the ‘often-weeping eyes of dry lament | ...pour forth burning water of despair’ (16.157–8).

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 461Authorship and date: *Companion*, 335

The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased

A Jove surgit opus.

Epistles *To the right honourable and my very good lord,
Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex and Ewe, Viscount of
Hereford, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Boucher, and Louvaine,
Master of Her Majesty’s Horse and Ordnance, Knight of the
Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of Her Majesty’s
most honourable Privy Council*

The summer’s harvest, right honourable, is long since reaped, and now it is sowing time again. Behold, I have scattered a few seeds upon the young ground of unskillfulness. If it bear fruit, my labour is well bestowed, but if it be barren, I shall have less joy to set more. The husbandman observes the courses of the moon, I the forces of your favour; he desireth sunshine, I cheerful countenance, which once obtained, my harvest of joy will soon be ripened. My seeds as yet lodge in the bosom of the earth like infants upon the lap of a favourite, wanting the budding springtime of their growth, not knowing the east of their glory, the west of their quietness, the south of their summer, the north of their winter. But if the beams of your aspects lighten the small moiety of a smaller implanting, I shall have an everyday harvest, a fruition of content, a branch of felicity.

Your Honour’s, addicted in all observance,
Thomas Middleton

To the Gentlemen Readers

Gentlemen, I give you the surveyance of my new-bought ground, and will only stand unto your verdicts. I fear me, that the acres of my field pass the ankers of my seed. If wanting seed, then I hope it will not be too much seeded. This is my bare excuse. But trust me, had my wit been sufficient to maintain the freedom of my will, then both should have been answerable to your wishes. Yet nevertheless think of it as a willing, though not a fulfilling moiety. But what mean I? While I thus argue, Momus and Zoilus, those two ravens, devour my seed because I lack a scarecrow. Indeed, so I may have less than I have, when such foul-gutted ravens swallow up my portion. If you gape for stuffing, hie you to dead carrion carcasses, and make them your ordinaries. I beseech you, gentlemen, let me have your aid, and as you have seen the first practice of my husbandry in sowing, so let me have your helping hands unto my reaping.

Yours, devoted in friendship,
Thomas Middleton

Epigraph *A Jove surgit opus.* Of God the work arises. First half of the Ovidian phrase (*Fasti* 5.111) with which Middleton will devoutly close the poem at 19.216.1; later the epigraph to the manuscript version of *Hubburd*. The intermingling of classical with Christian elements, from passing representations of the sun as Phoebus or Titan, to extended passages as when Astraea’s voice replaces that of Solomon in Chapter Six, is not unusual; sometimes, as in *Ghost* (see 479–562 and Introduction), it may embody telling thematic complexity or conflict.

Epistles.2 Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex ambitious favourite of Elizabeth I, executed for his ill-fated rebellion against the Queen in February 1601
4 **Master . . . Ordnance** director of the Queen’s military stores and artillery; Essex was appointed to the post 18 March 1597, just prior to the composition of this dedication.
12 **husbandman** farmer
20 **aspects** favourable looks or glances, as from the sun
moiety portion
28 **my field** the Apocryphal *Sapientia Solomonis*, identified as *Geneva* in this

commentary
ankers dry measures; *OED* records no other occurrence of this sense.
29 **If wanting seed** if lacking in creative invention
30 **seeded** gone to seed; overgrown
34 **Momus** Greek god of ridicule, criticism
35 **Zoilus** acerbic Greek critic
36 **scarecrow** apparently, a protective patron, though the figure is less than flattering
so thus
37 **you** Momus and Zoilus
39 **ordinaries** tavern meals

Chapter One

Verse 1	Wisdom, elixir of the purest life, Hath taught her lesson to judicial views, To those that judge a cause and end a strife, Which sits in judgement's seat, and justice use: 5 A lesson worthy of divinest ear, Quintessence of a true divinest fear.	'O foolish men, to war against your bliss! O hateful hearts, where wisdom never reigned! O wicked thoughts, which ever thought amiss! What have you reaped? What pleasure have you gained? A fruit in show, a pleasure to decay: This have you got by keeping folly's way.	Verse 4 40
10	Unwilling that exordium should retain Her life-infusing speech, doth thus begin: 'You,' quoth she, 'that give remedy or pain, Love justice, for injustice is a sin. 15 Give unto God his due, his reverent style, And rather use simplicity than guile.	'For wisdom's harvest is with folly nipped, And, with the winter of your vice's frost, Her fruit all scattered, her implanting ripped, Her name decayed, her fruition lost: Nor can she prosper in a plot of vice, Gaining no summer's warmth, but winter's ice.	45
Verse 2	'For him, that guides the radiant eye of day, Sitting in his star-chamber of the sky, 15 The horizons and hemispheres obey, And winds, the fillers of vacuity. Much less should man tempt God, when all obey, But rather be a guide, and lead the way.	'Thou barren earth, where virtues never bud, Thou fruitless womb, where never fruits abide, And thou dry withered sap which bears no good, But the dishonour of thy proud heart's pride: A seat of all deceit, deceit deceived, Thy bliss a woe, thy woe of bliss bereaved.	Verse 5 50
20	'For tempting argues but a sin's attempt. Temptation is to sin associate. So doing, thou from God art clean exempt, Whose love is never placed in his love's hate. He will be found not of a tempting mind, But found of those which he doth faithful find.	'This place of night hath left no place for day. Here never shines the sun of discipline, But mischief, clad in sable night's array, Thought's apparition, evil angel's sign: These reign enhoused with their mother, night, To cloud the day of clearest wisdom's light.	55 60
Verse 3	'Temptation rather separates from God, Converting goodness from the thing it was, Heaping the indignation of his rod To bruise our bodies like a brittle glass: 30 For wicked thoughts have still a wicked end, In making God our foe, which was our friend.	'O you that practise to be chief in sin, Love's hate, hate's friend, friend's foe, foe's follower, What do you gain? What merit do you win, To be blaspheming vice's practiser? Your gain is wisdom's everlasting hate, Your merit grief, your grief your life's debate.	Verse 6 65
35	'They muster up revenge, encamp our hate, Undoing what before they meant to do, Stirring up anger and unlucky fate, Making the earth their friend, the heaven their foe: But when heaven's guide makes manifest his power, The earth, their friend, doth them like foes devour.	'Thou canst not hide thy thought. God made thy thought. Let this thy caveat be for thinking ill. Thou know'st that Christ thy living freedom bought, To live on earth according to his will. God being thy creator, Christ thy bliss, Why dost thou err? Why dost thou do amiss?	70

1 The Judges of the earth are enjoined by Wisdom to seek God, to refrain from death-dealing slander and complaint, to know justice and righteousness from vice. (The summary headnotes to each chapter are editorial.)

Convenient compendia of the exegetical tradition on the *Sapientia Solomonis* can be found in the *Biblia Sacra* (1617), which gives patristic and medieval glosses; Cornelius a Lapide's *Commentarius in librum Sapientiae* (1627), which summarizes patristic, medieval, and Tridentine readings; and the *Critici sacri* (1698), which reprints the major scholarly commentaries from the mid-

fifteenth through the mid-seventeenth centuries (D.S.).

6 **fear** of God, which is traditionally the beginning of wisdom

7 **exordium** introductory portion of a discourse

retain restrain, hinder

10 **justice** 'righteousness' (*Geneva*)

12 **simplicity** freedom from deceit; sincerity

14 **star-chamber** playing on the name of the judicial court at Westminster

15 **horizons and hemispheres** earth and heaven

21 **exempt** cut off, excluded

23 **of by**

25 **Temptation** 'wicked thoughts' (*Geneva*)

29 **still** always, constantly

31 **encamp** organize into a military camp (continuing the figure initiated by 'muster')

43 **folly** 'a wicked heart' (*Geneva*)

56 **sun** 'holy Spirit' (*Geneva*)

discipline instruction in the mysteries of faith

57 **mischief** harm or evil caused by a particular agent; often, as perhaps here, a hurtful character

68 **caveat** warning (regularly disyllabic in this text)

69 **Christ** not, of course, in *Geneva*

72 **err** go astray; sin

Verse 7	'He is both judge and witness of thy deeds. He knows the volume which thy heart contains.		'Thy roaring vices' noise hath cloyed his ears. Like foaming waves they have o'erwhelmed thy joy.	115
75	Christ skips thy faults, only thy virtue reads, Redeeming thee from all thy vice's pains. O happy crown of mortal man's content, Sent for our joy, our joy in being sent!		Thy murmurings, which thy whole body bears, Hath bred thy wail, thy wail thy life's annoy. Unhappy thoughts, to make a soul's decay! Unhappy soul, in suffering thoughts to sway!	120
80	'Then sham'st thou not to err, to sin, to stray, To come to composition with thy vice, With new-purged feet to tread the oldest way, Lending new sense unto thy old device? Thy shame might flow in thy sin-flowing face, Rather than ebb to make an ebb of grace.		'Then, sith the height of man's felicity Is plunged within the puddle of misdeeds, And wades amongst discredit's infamy, Blasting the merit of his virtue's seeds, Beware of murmuring, the chiefest ill, From whence all sin, all vice, all pains distill.	Verse 11 125
Verse 8	'For he which rules the orb of heaven and earth, And the unequal course of every star, Did know man's thoughts and secrets at his birth, Whether inclined to peace or discord's jar. He knows what man will be ere he be man, And all his deeds in his life's living span.		'O heavy doom, proceeding from a tongue! Heavy-light tongue, tongue to thy own decay! In virtue weak, in wickedness too strong, To mischief prone, from goodness gone astray; Hammer to forge misdeeds, to temper lies, Selling thy life to death, thy soul to cries.	130
90	'Then 'tis impossible that earth can hide Unrighteous actions from a righteous God, For he can see their feet in sin that slide, And those that lodge in righteousness' abode. He will extend his mercy on the good, His wrath on those in whom no virtues bud.		'Must death needs pay the ransom of thy sin With the dead carcass of descending spirit? Wilt thou of force be snarèd in his gin, And place thy error in destruction's merit? Life, seek not for thy death; death comes unsought, Buying the life which not long since was bought.	Verse 12 135
Verse 9	'Many there be that after trespass done Will seek a covert for to hide their shame, And range about the earth, thinking to shun God's heavy wrath and meritorious blame. They, thinking to fly sin, run into sin, And think to end, when they do new begin.		'Death and destruction never needs a call: They are attendants on life's pilgrimage, And life to them is as their playing ball, Grounded upon destruction's anchorage. Seek not for that which unsought will betide. Ne'er wants destruction a provoking guide.	140
100	'God made the earth; the earth denies their suit, Nor can they harbour in the centre's womb. God knows their thoughts although their tongues be mute, And hears the sounds from forth their bodies' tomb. Sounds? Ah, no sounds, but man himself he hears, Too true a voice of man's most falsest fears.		'Will you needs act your own destruction? Will you needs harbour your own overthrow? Or will you cause your own eversìon, Beginning with despair, ending with woe? Then dye your hearts in tyranny's array, To make acquittance of destruction's pay.	Verse 13 150
105	'O see destruction hovering o'er thy head, Mantling herself in wickedness' array, Hoping to make thy body as her bed, Thy vice her nutriment, thy soul her prey. Thou hast forsaken him that was thy guide, And see what follows to assuage thy pride.		'What do you meditate but on your death? What do you practise but your living fall? Who of you all have any virtue's breath, But ready armèd at a mischief's call? God is not pleasèd at your vice's savour, But you best pleasèd when you lose his favour.	155
Verse 10				

73 He 'the Spirit of the Lord' (*Geneva*)

80 come to composition enter into a compromising agreement

82 device wilful invention; embedded in this stanza ('err', 'stray', 'way', 'device') is the language of the Elizabethan General Confession.

88 jar dissension

100 meritorious merited

104 centre's womb midpoint of the earth

109-10 O see destruction... array This emblematic description repeats the elements of the presentation of 'mischief' at 57.

117 murmurings grumblings

118 annoy vexation, trouble

121 sith since

124 Blasting ruining, discrediting

126 distill trickle; gently flow

127 doom judgement
proceeding... tongue 'The mouth that speaketh lies, slayeth the soul' (*Geneva*).

133 needs necessarily; emphatic when combined with 'must'

135 gin snare, trap, device

143 betide happen

147 eversìon overthrow

<p>Verse 14 160</p>	<p>'He made not death to be your conqueror, But you to conquer over death and hell; Nor you to be destruction's servitor, Enhoused there where majesty should dwell. God made man to obey at his behest, And man to be obeyed of every beast.</p>	<p>A life must needs be short to them that dies, For life once dead in sin doth weakly live. These die in sin, and mask in death's disguise, And never think that death new life can give. They say life dead can never live again. O thoughts, O words, O deeds: fond, foolish, vain!</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>165</p>	<p>'He made not death to be our labour's hire, But we ourselves made death through our desert. Here never was the kingdom of hell-fire Before the brand was kindled in man's heart. Now man defieth God, all creatures man; Vice flourisheth, and virtue lieth wan.</p>	<p>Vile life, to harbour where such death abodes, Abodes worse than are thoughts, thoughts worse than words, Words half as ill as deeds, deeds sorrow's odes, Odes ill enchanters of too ill records: Thoughts, words, and deeds conjoined in one song, May cause an echo from destruction's tongue.</p>	<p>Verse 2 15</p>
<p>Verse 15</p>	<p>'O fruitful tree, whose root is always green, Whose blossoms ever bud, whose fruits increase, Whose top celestial virtue's seat hath been, Defended by the sovereignty of peace! This tree is righteousness. O happy tree, Immortalized by thine own decree!</p>	<p>Quoth they, 'tis chance whether we live or die, Born or abortive, be or never be. We worship fortune, she's our deity. If she denies, no vital breath have we. Here are we placèd in this orb of death. This breath once gone, we never look for breath.</p>	<p>20</p>
<p>175</p>	<p>'O hateful plant, whose root is always dry, Whose blossoms never bud, whose fruits decrease, On whom sits the infernal deity To take possession of so foul a lease! This plant is vice. O too unhappy plant, Ever to die, and never fill death's want!</p>	<p>'Between both life and death, both hope and fear, Between our joy and grief, bliss and despair, We here possess the fruit of what is here, Born ever for to die, and die death's heir. Our heritage is death annexed to life, Our portion death, our death an endless strife.</p>	<p>Verse 3 30</p>
<p>Verse 16 185</p>	<p>'Accursèd in thy growth, dead in thy root, Cankered with sin, shaken with every wind, Whose top doth nothing differ from the foot, Mischief the sap, and wickedness the rind: So the ungodly, like this withered tree, Is slack in doing good, in ill too free.</p>	<p>'What is our life but our life's tragedy, Extinguished in a momentary time? And life to murder life is cruelty, Unripely withering in a flow'ry prime. An urn of ashes pleasing but the shows, Once dry, the toiling spirit wand'ring goes.</p>	<p>35</p>
<p>190</p>	<p>'Like this their wicked growth, too fast, too slow: Too fast in sloth, too slow in virtue's haste. They think their vice a friend when 'tis a foe: In good, in wickedness, too slow, too fast. And as this tree decays, so do they all, Each one copartner of the other's fall.'</p>	<p>'Like as the traces of appearing clouds Gives way when Titan resalutes the sea, With new-changed flames gilding the ocean's floods, Kissing the cabinet where Thetis lay, So fares our life, when death doth give the wound: Our life is led by death, a captive bound.</p>	<p>Verse 4 40</p>

Chapter Two

<p>Verse 1 5</p>	<p>Indeed they do presage what will betide, With the misgiving verdict of misdeeds. They know a fall will follow after pride, And in so foul a heart grows many weeds. 'Our life is short,' quoth they. No, 'tis too long, Lengthened with evil thoughts and evil tongue.</p>	<p>'When Sol bestrides his golden mountain's top, Light'ning heaven's tapers with his living fire, All gloomy powers have their diurnal stop, And never gains the darkness they desire: So perisheth our name when we are dead, Ourselves ne'er called to mind, our deeds ne'er read.</p>	<p>45</p>
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159 **servitor** manservant

161 **behest** command

163 **hire** wages

168 **wan** sickness; gloomy

188 **sloth** laziness, often in matters of faith
(hence the merger of sloth with despair
as one of the seven deadly sins)

2 The wicked speak out against the faithful,
but their speech is envious imaginings.

1 **they** 'the ungodly' (*Geneva*)

presage predict

betide happen

2 **misgiving** apprehensive

13-14 **abodes**, | **Abodes** shifting awkwardly
from the verbal ('forebodes') to the
substantive ('forebodings') for the sake
of the *anadiplosis*

16 **enchanters** chanters, or singers

records musical notes

34 **prime** springtime; state of perfection

38 **Titan** the sun

40 **cabinet** boudoir

Thetis one of the Nereids; *fig.* the sea

43 **Sol** the sun

45 **diurnal** daily

Verse 5 'What is the time we have? What be our days?
 50 No time, but shadow of what time should be;
 Days in the place of hours which never stays,
 Beguiling sight of that which sight should see.
 As soon as they begin they have their fine,
 Ne'er wax, still wane, ne'er stay, but still decline.

55 'Life may be called the shadow of effect,
 Because the cloud of death doth shadow it;
 Nor can our life approaching death reject;
 They both in one for our election sit.
 Death follows life in ev'ry degree,
 60 But life to follow death you never see.

Verse 6 'Come we, whose old decrepit age doth halt
 Like limping winter, in our winter, sin.
 Faulty we know we are. Tush, what's a fault?
 A shadowed vision of destruction's gin.
 65 Our life begun with vice, so let it end;
 It is a servile labour to amend.

'We joyed in sin, and let our joys renew.
 We joyed in vice, and let our joys remain.
 To present pleasures future hopes ensue,
 70 And joy once lost, let us fetch back again.
 Although our age can lend no youthful pace,
 Yet let our minds follow our youthful race.

Verse 7 'What though old age lies heavy on our back,
 Anatomy of an age-crookèd clime?
 75 Let mind perform that which our bodies lack,
 And change old age into a youthful time.
 Two heavy things are more than one can bear:
 Black may the garments be, the body clear.

'Decaying things be needful of repair.
 80 Trees eaten out with years must needs decline.
 Nature in time with foul doth cloud her fair,
 Begirting youthful days with age's twine.
 We live, and while we live, come let us joy:
 To think of afterlife, 'tis but a toy.

Verse 8 'We know God made us in a living form,
 But we'll unmake, and make ourselves again:
 Unmake that which is made, like winter's storm,
 Make unmade things to aggravate our pain.
 God was our maker, and he made us good,
 90 But our descent springs from another blood.

'He made us for to live, we mean to die.
 He made the heaven our seat, we make the earth.

Each fashion makes a contrariety,
 God truest God, man falsest from his birth.'
 Quoth they, 'This earth shall be our chiefest heaven,
 95 Our sin the anchor, and our vice the haven.

'Let heaven in earth, and earth in heaven consist. Verse 9
 This earth is heaven, this heaven is earthly heaven.
 Repugnant earth, repugnant heaven resist:
 We joy in earth, of other joys bereaven. 100
 This is the paradise of our delight:
 Here let us live, and die in heaven's spite.

'Here let the monuments of wanton sports
 Be seated in a wantonness' disguise,
 Closed in the circuit of venereal forts 105
 To feed the long-starved sight of amour's eyes.
 Be this the chronicle of our content,
 How we did sport on earth till sport was spent.

'But in the glory of the brightest day,
 Heaven's smoothest brow sometime is furrowèd,
 And clouds usurp the clime in dim array,
 Dark'ning the light which heaven had borrowèd.
 So in this earthly heaven we daily see
 That grief is placèd where delight should be.

'Here lives the righteous, bane unto their lives. 115
 O sound from forth the hollow cave of woe.
 Here lives age-crookèd fathers, widowed wives,
 Poor, and yet rich in fortune's overthrow.
 Let them not live, let us increase their want,
 Make barren their desire, augment their scant. 120

'Our law is correspondent to our doom. Verse
 Our law to doom, is dooming law's offence. 11
 Each one agreeth in the other's room
 To punish that which strives and wants defence.
 This, cedar-like, doth make the shrub to bend,
 125 When shrubs doth waste their force but to contend.

'The weakest power is subject to obey:
 The mushrooms humbly kiss the cedar's foot,
 The cedar flourishes when they decay,
 Because her strength is grounded on a root. 130
 We are the cedars, they the mushrooms be,
 Unabled shrubs unto an abled tree.

'Then sith the weaker gives the stronger place, Verse
 The young the elder, and the foot the top, 12
 The low the high, the hidden powers the face,
 All beasts the lion, every spring his stop, 135
 Let those which practise contrariety
 Be joined to us with inequality.

53 **fine** ending
 54 **wax** grow, increase
 still **wane** constantly decrease
 82 **Begirting** encircling
 93 **contrariety** opposition
 97 **consist** co-exist

99 **Repugnant** Opposed
 100 **bereaven** bereft
 103 **monuments of wanton sports** 'some
 token of our pleasure' (*Geneva*)
 105 **venereal** pertaining to sexual desire
 (from *Venus*, goddess of love)

106 **amour's** amorous; or possibly love's;
 pronounced with the stress on the first
 syllable in the 15th-17th centuries
 115 **bane** destroyer
 120 **scant** need

140	‘They say that we offend. We say they do. Their blame is laid on us, our blame on them. They strike, and we retort the stricken blow: So in each garment there’s a differing hem. We end with contraries as they begun, Unequal sharing of what either won.’	The wicked, answering to the latter words, Begins to speak as much as speech affords:	185
Verses 13, 14	In this long conflict between tongue and tongue, Tongue new beginning what one tongue did end Made this cold battle hot in either’s wrong, And kept no pausing limits to contend. One tongue was echo to the other’s sound, 150 Which breathèd accents between mouth and ground.	‘One tongue must answer other tongue’s reply. Beginning boasts requires an ending fall. Words lively spoke do sometimes wordless die: If not, live echoes unto speeches call. 190 Let not the shadow smother up the deed: The outward leaf differs from inward seed.	190
155	He which hath virtue’s arms upon his shield Draws his descent from an eternal king. He knows discretion can make folly yield, Life conquer death, and vice a captive bring. 155 The other, tutored by his mother, sin, Respects nor deeds nor words, but hopes to win.	‘The shape and show of substance and effect Doth shape the substance in the shadow’s hue, And shadow, put in substance, will neglect The wonted shadow of not being true. Let substance follow substance, show a show, And let not substance for the shadow go.	Verse 18 195
Verses 15	The first, first essence of immortal life, Reproves the heart of thought, the eye of sight, The ear of hearing ill, the mind of strife, 160 The mouth of speech, the body of despite. Heart thinks, eyes sees, ears hears, minds meditate, Mouth utters both the soul and body’s hate.	‘He that could give such admonition, Such vaunting words, such words confirming vaunts, As if his tongue had mounted to ambition, Or climbed the turrets which vainglory haunts, Now let his father, if he be his son, Undo the knot which his proud boasts have spun.	200
165	But nature, differing in each nature’s kind, Makes differing hearts, each heart a differing thought. Some hath she made to see, some folly-blind, Some famous, some obscure, some good, some naught. So these which differeth in each nature’s reason, Had nature’s time, when time was out of season.	‘We are his enemies, his chain our hands, Our words his fetters, and our heart his cave; Our stern embracements are his servile bonds: Where is the helper now which he should have? In prison like himself, not to be found: He wanteth help himself to be unbound.	Verse 19 210
Verses 16	Quoth they, ‘He doth reprove our heart of thinking, Our eyes of sight, our ears of hearing ill, Our minds, our hearts in meditation linking, Our mouths in speaking of our bodies’ will. Because heart, sight, and mind do disagree, He’d make heart, sight, and mind of their decree.	‘Then sith thy father bears it patiently, To suffer torments, grief, rebuke, and blame, ’Tis needful thou shouldst bear equality, To see if meekness harbour in thy name. Help, father, for thy son in prison lies! Help, son, or else thy helpless father dies!’	215
175	‘He says our heart is blinded with our eyes, Our eyes are blinded with our blinded heart, Our bodies on both parts defiled lies, Our mouths the trumpets of our vices’ smart.’ Quoth he, ‘God is my father, I his son: 180 His ways I take, your wicked ways I shun.’	Thus is the righteous God and righteous man Drowned in oblivion with this vice’s reign. ‘God wanteth power,’ say they, ‘of what we can: The other would perform that which is vain. 220 Both faulty in one fault, and both alike Must have the stroke which our law’s judgements strike.	Verse 20 220
Verses 17	As meditated wrongs are deeper placed Within the deep cave of a wronged mind, So meditated words is never passed Before their sounds a settled harbour find.	‘He calls himself a son, from heaven’s descent. What can earth’s force avail ’gainst heaven’s defence? His life by immortality is lent: 225 Then how can punishment his wrath incense? Though death herself in his arraignment deck, He hath his life’s preserver at a beck.’	225

139 **They** ‘the righteous’ (*Geneva*, where it is singular)
196 **wonted** usual
199 **He . . . admonition** the righteous or godly man; Christ
203–16 **Now let . . . dies!** The words of the wicked apparently echo the taunting of the crucified Christ.

207 **servile** enslaving
211–16 The corresponding biblical passage (2:13–20) does not mention an imprisoned father. Virtually all pre-modern commentaries (including the notes to *Geneva*) take the passage, which describes the suffering of the righteous man at the

hands of the wicked, as the prophecy of Christ’s passion. Middleton’s addition of the unnamed ‘father’ effectively eliminates any typological resonances (D.S.).
220 **The other** the righteous or godly man
228 **beck** tiny gesture of command

Verse As doth the basilisk with poisoned sight
 21 Blind every function of a mortal eye,
 Disarm the body's powers of vital might,
 Rob heart of thought, make living life to die,
 So doth the wicked with their vice's look
 Infect the spring of clearest virtue's brook.

235 This basilisk, mortality's chief foe,
 And to the heart's long-knitted artery,
 Doth sometime perish at her shadow's show,
 Pois'ning herself with her own poisoned eye.
 Needs must the sting fall out with over-harming,
 240 Needs must the tongue burn out in over-warming.

Verse So fares it with the practisers of vice:
 22 Laden with many venomous adders' stings,
 Sometimes are blinded with their own device,
 And tunes that song which their destruction sings.
 245 Their mischief blindeth their mischievous eyes,
 Like basilisks which in their shadow dies.

They go, and yet they cannot see their feet,
 Like blinded pilgrims in an unknown way:
 Blind in perceiving things which be most meet,
 250 But need nor sight nor guide to go astray.
 Tell them of good, they cannot understand;
 But tell them of a mischief, that's at hand.

Verses The basilisk was made to blind the sight,
 23, 24 The adder for to sting, the worm to creep,
 255 The viper to devour, the dog to bite,
 The nightingale to wake when others sleep.
 Only man differs from his maker's will,
 Undoing what is good, and doing ill.

A godlike face he had, a heavenly hue,
 260 Without corruption, image without spots,
 But now is metamorphosèd anew,
 Full of corruption, image full of blots,
 Blotted by him that is the plot of evil:
 Undone, corrupted, vanquished by the devil.

Chapter Three

Verse 1 But every cloud cannot hide Phoebus' face,
 Nor shut the casement of his living flame,
 Nor is there every soul which wanteth grace,
 Nor every heart seduced with mischief's name.
 5 Life cannot live without corruption;
 World cannot be without destruction.

229 **basilisk** fabulous reptile whose look was
 reputed to be fatal
 236 **long-knitted** interlaced, intertwined;
 the arteries were considered to bear both
 blood and vital spirits.
 243 **are** they are

Nor is the body all corrupt, or world
 Bent wholly unto wickedness' assault.
 The adder is not always seen uncurled,
 Nor every soul found guilty in one fault.
 10 Some good, some bad: but those whom virtues guard,
 Heaven is their haven, comfort their reward.

Thrice-happy habitation of delight!
 Verse 2 Thrice-happy step of immortality!
 Thrice-happy souls, to gain such heavenly sight,
 15 Springing from heaven's perpetuity!
 O peaceful place! But O, thrice-peaceful souls,
 Whom neither threats, nor strife, nor wars controls!

They are not like the wicked, for they live;
 Verse 3 Nor they like to the righteous, for they die.
 20 Each of their lives a differing nature give:
 One thinks that life ends with mortality,
 And that the righteous never live again,
 But die as subjects to a grievous pain.

What labouring soul refuseth for to sweat,
 Verse 4 Knowing his hire, his payment, his reward,
 To suffer winter's cold and summer's heat,
 Assured of his labour's due regard?
 The bee with summer's toil will load her hive,
 30 In winter's frost to keep herself alive.

And what divinest spirit would not toil,
 And suffer many torments, many pains,
 This world's destruction, heavy labour's foil,
 When heaven is their hire, heaven's joy their gains?
 Who would not suffer torments for to die,
 35 When death's reward is immortality?

Pain is the entrance to eternal joy.
 Verse 5 Death endeth life, and death beginneth life:
 Beginneth happy, endeth in annoy,
 40 Begins immortal peace, ends mortal strife.
 Then, seeing death and pains bring joy and heaven,
 What need we fear death's pain when life is given?

Say sickness or infirmity's disease
 (As many harms hang over mortal heads)
 Should be his world's reward, yet heaven hath ease,
 45 A salve to cure, and quiet resting beds.
 God maketh in earth's world lament our pleasure,
 That in heaven's world delight might be our treasure.

Fair may the shadow be, the substance foul.
 Verse 6 After the trial followeth the trust.
 50 The clearest skin may have the foulest soul.
 The purest gold will sooner take the rust.

249 **meet** fitting, suitable
 263 **plot** type, representation; *OED* records
 this sense only in *Solomon*.
 3 While the righteous and faithful are
 assured of eternal peace after worldly
 suffering, the ungodly are punished

eternally.
 1 **Phoebus** the sun
 2 **casement** hinged window
 33 **foil** defeat; also, as at 54, muck
 45 **his** death's

	The brook, though ne'er so clear, may take some soil. The heart, though ne'er so strong, may take some foil.		Then shall you see the judges of the earth Summoned with the trumpet of his ire, To give account and reck'ning from their birth, Whe'er worthy or unworthy of their hire. The godly shall receive their labour's trial, The wicked shall receive their joy's denial.	<i>Verse</i> 10
55	Wouldst thou be counted just? Make thyself just. O purify thy mire-bespotted heart! For God doth try thy actions ere he trust, Thy faith, thy deeds, thy words, and what thou art. He will receive no mud for clearest springs, Nor thy unrighteous words for righteous things.		They which did sleep in sin, and not regarded The poor man's fortune, prostrate at their feet, Even as they dealt, so shall they be rewarded, When they their toiled souls' destruction meet: From judges they petitioners shall be, Yet want the sight which they do sue to see.	100 105
<i>Verse</i> 7	As God is perfect God and perfect good, So he accepteth none but perfect minds. They ever prosper, flourish, live, and bud, Like blessed plants, far from destruction's winds:		That labour which is grounded on delight, That hope which reason doth enrich with hap, That merit which is placed in wisdom's might, Secure from mischief's bait or folly's clap, Wit's labour, reason's hope, and wisdom's merit, All three in one make one thrice-happy spirit.	<i>Verse</i> 11
65	Still bud, ne'er fade, still flourish, ne'er decay, Still rise, ne'er fall, still spring, ne'er fade away. Who would not covet to be such a plant? Who would not wish to stand in such a ground, Sith it doth neither fruit nor blessing want, Nor aught which in this plant might not be found? They are the righteous which enjoy this earth, The figure of an ever-bearing birth.		Why set I happiness fore mortal eyes, Which covets to be drenched in misery, Mantling their foolish minds in folly's guise, Despising wisdom's perpetuity? Sin's labour, folly's hope, and vice's merit: These three in one make a thrice-cursèd spirit.	115 120
<i>Verse</i> 8	The small is always subject to the great, The young to him which is of elder time, The lowest place unto the highest seat, And pale-faced Phoebe to bright Phoebus' clime. Vice is not governor of virtue's place, But blushes for to see so bright a face.		Vain hope must needs consist in what is vain. All foolish labours flows from folly's tears. Unprofitable works proceed from pain, And pain ill labour's duest guerdon bears. Three vanities in one, and one in three, Make three pains one, and one uncertainty.	<i>Verse</i> 12 125
80	Virtue is chief, and virtue will be chief: Chief good, and chief Astraea, justice' mate, Both for to punish and to yield relief, And have dominion over every state, To right the wrongs which wickedness hath done, Delivering nations from life-lasting moan.		A wicked king makes a more wicked land. Heads once infected soon corrupts the feet. If the tree falls, the branches cannot stand, Nor children, be their parents indiscreet. The man infects the wife, the wife the child, Like birds which in one nest be all defiled.	130
<i>Verse</i> 9	O you whose causes plungeth in despair, Sad-faced petitioners with grief's request, What seek you? Here's nor justice nor her heir, But woe and sorrow with death's dumb arrest. Turn up your woe-blind eyes unto the sky: There sits the judge can yield you remedy.		The field which never was ordained to bear Is happier far than a still-tillèd ground: This sleeps with quietness in every year, The other cursed if any tares be found. The barren happier than she that bears: This brings forth joy, the other tares and tears.	<i>Verse</i> 13 135
90	Trust in his power. He is the truest God: True God, true judge, true justice, and true guide. All truth is placèd in his truth's abode, All virtues seated at his virtuous side. He will regard your suit, and ease your plaint, And mollify your misery's constraint.		The eunuch never lay in vice's bed. The barren woman never brought forth sin. These two in heaven's happiness are led: She fruit in soul, he fruit in faith doth win.	<i>Verse</i> 14
76	Phoebe the moon	continuing the legal imagery of 'suit' and	112 clap stroke, blow	
80	Astraea goddess of justice, associated with Virgo; sometimes a complimentary persona of Elizabeth I	'plaint' in 95	124 duest guerdon most deserved reward	
96	mollify soften	106 toiled exhausted; trapped as in a toil or net	138 tares weeds	
	constraint affliction, distress; but also	108 sight . . . see heaven	139 never . . . bed 'with his hands hath not wrought iniquity, nor imagined wicked things against God' (<i>Geneva</i>)	
		110 hap good fortune		

	O rare and happy man, forever blest! O rare and happy woman, heaven's guest!		Or live they long, or die they suddenly, They have nor hope, nor comfort of reward. Their hope of comfort is iniquity, The bar by which they from their joys are barred. O old-new end, made to begin new grief! O new beginning, end of old relief!	190
Verse 15	Who seeks to reap before the corn be ripe? Who looks for harvest among winter's frost? Or who in grief will follow pleasure's pipe? What mariner can sail upon the coast? That which is done in time is done in season, 150 And things done out of time is out of reason.			
	The glorious labour is in doing good, In time's observance, and in nature's will, Whose fruit is also glorious for our food, If glory may consist in labour's skill, 155 Whose root is wisdom, which shall never wither, But spring, and sprout, and love, and live together.		<i>Chapter Four</i> If happiness may harbour in content, If life in love, if love in better life, Then unto many happiness is lent, And long-departed joy might then be rife: Some happy if they live, some if they die, Happy in life, happy in tragedy.	Verse 1 5
Verse 16	But every ground doth not bear blessed plants, Nor every plant brings forth expected fruit. What this same ground may have, another wants, 160 Nor are all causes answered with one suit. That tree whose root is sound, whose grounding strong, May firmly stand when others lie along.		Content is happiness because content. Bareness and barrenness is virtue's grace: Bare because wealth to poverty is bent, Barren in that it scorns ill fortune's place. The barren earth is barren of her tares, The barren woman barren of her cares.	10
	View nature's beauty, mark her changing hue: She is not always foul, nor always fair. 165 Chaste and unchaste she is, true and untrue, And some springs from her in a lustful air. And these adulterers be, whose seed shall perish: Never shall lust and wickedness long flourish.		The soul of virtue is eternity, All-filling essence of divinest rage, And virtue's true eternal memory Is barrenness, her soul's eternal gage. O happy soul, that is engaged there, And pawns his life that barren badge to wear!	Verse 2 15
Verse 17	Although the flint be hard, the water soft, Yet is it mollified with lightest drops. Hard is the water when the wind's aloft, Small things in time may vanquish greatest stops. The longer grows the tree, the greater moss, The longer soil remains, the more the dross.		See how the multitude, with humble hearts, Lies prostrate for to welcome her return. See how they mourn and wail when she departs. See how they make their tears her trophy's urn. Being present, they desire her; being gone, Their hot desire is turned to hotter moan.	20
175	The longer that the wicked lives on earth, The greater is their pain, their sin, their shame, The greater vice's reign and virtue's dearth, The greater goodness' lack and mischief's name. When in their youth no honour they could get, 180 Old age could never pay so young a debt.		As everyone hath not one nature's mould, So everyone hath not one nature's mind. Some think that dross which others take for gold. Each difference cometh from a differing kind. Some do despise what others do embrace, Some praise the thing which others do disgrace.	Verse 3 30
Verses 18, 19	To place an honour in dishonour's place, Were but to make disparagement of both. Both enemies, they could not brook the case, For honour to subvert dishonour's growth. 185 Dishonour will not change for honour's room: She hopes to stay after their bodies' doom.		The barren doth embrace their barrenness, And hold it as a virtue worthy meed. The other calls conception happiness, And hold it as a virtue-worthy deed. The one is firmly grounded on a rock, The other billows game and tempests mock.	35

147 follow pleasure's pipe dance to wanton tunes
160 causes cases in law
166 some...air some people are naturally born lecherous
172 stops obstacles
174 dross impure matter

187 Or...or Whether...or
190 bar obstacle; objection which completely invalidates a legal claim or plea
4 Of the salvation of the righteous, despite the lures of worldly pleasure, and of the spiritual blindness of the unrighteous, whose hearts cannot see God's grace.

4 rife flourishing, abundant, common, free
14 rage creative fervour
16 gage pledge, security, badge
22 trophy's memory's?
32 meed reward
36 game make sport of

<p>Verse 4 Sometime the nettle groweth with the rose. The nettle hath a sting, the rose a thorn. This stings the hand, the other pricks the nose, 40 Harming that scent which her sweet birth had borne. Weeds among herbs, herbs among weeds are found: Tares in the mantle of a corny ground.</p> <p>The nettle's growth is fast, the rose's slow. The weeds outgrow the herbs, the tares the corn. 45 These may be well compared to vice's show, Which covets for to grow ere it be born. As greatest danger doth pursue fast going, So greatest danger doth ensue fast growing.</p> <p>Verse 5 The tallest cedar hath the greatest wind. 50 The highest tree is subject unto falls. High-soaring eagles soon are stricken blind. The tongue must needs be hoarse with many calls. The wicked, thinking for to touch the sky, Are blasted with the fire of heaven's eye.</p> <p>55 So, like ascending and descending air, Both dusky vapours from two humorous clouds, Lies witherèd the glory of their fair, Unpleasant branches wrenched in folly's floods: Unprofitable fruits like to a weed, 60 Made only to infect, and not to feed.</p> <p>Verse 6 Made for to make a fast, and not a feast, Made rather for infection than for meat, Not worthy to be eaten of a beast, Thy taste so sour, thy poison so great: 65 Thou mayst be well comparèd to a tree, Because thy branches are as ill as thee.</p> <p>Thou hast begot thine own confusion, The witnesses of what thou dost begin, Thy doomers in thy life's conclusion, 70 Which will unasked and asked reveal thy sin. Needs must the new-hatched birds bewray the nest, When they are nursèd in a stepdame's breast.</p> <p>Verse 7 But righteousness is of another sect. Her root is from an everlasting seed. 75 No weak, unable grounding doth connect Her never-limited memorial's deed. She hath no branches for a tempest's prey, No deeds but scorns to yield unto decay.</p>	<p>She hath no withered fruit, no show of store, But perfect essence of a còmplete power. Say that she dies to world, she lives the more, As who so righteous but doth wait death's hour? Who knows not death to be the way to rest? And he that never dies is never blest.</p> <p>Happy is he that lives, twice he that dies, Thrice happy he which neither lived nor died, Which never saw the earth with mortal eyes, Which never knew what miseries are tried. Happy is life, twice happy is our death, But three times thrice he which had never breath. 90</p> <p>Some thinks that pleasure is achieved by years, Or by maintaining of a wretched life, When, out alas, it heapeth tears on tears, Grief upon grief, strife on beginning strife. Pleasure is weak, if measurèd by length: 95 The oldest ages hath the weaker strength.</p> <p>Three turnings are contained in mortal course: Verse 9 Old, mean, and young. Mean and old brings age. The youth hath strength, the mean decaying force. The old are weak, yet strong in anger's rage. 100 Three turnings in one age: strong, weak, and weaker; Yet age nor youth is youth's or age's breaker.</p> <p>Some says that youth is quick in judging causes. Some says that age is witty, grave, and wise. I hold of age's side with their applauses, 105 Which judges with their hearts, not with their eyes. I say grave wisdom lies in greyest heads, And undefiled lives in age's beds.</p> <p>God is both grave and old, yet young and new: Verse 10 Grave because agèd, agèd because young. Long youth may well be callèd age's hue, And hath no differing sound upon the tongue. God old, because eternities are old, Young, for eternities one motion hold.</p> <p>Some in their birth, some dies when they are born. 115 Some born, and some abortive, yet all die. Some in their youth, some in old age forlorn, Some neither young nor old, but equally. The righteous, when he liveth with the sinner, 120 Doth hope for death, his better life's beginner.</p>
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37-51 **Sometime... blind** intensely proverbial: 39 glances at Tilley N134: 'It is better to be stung by a nettle than pricked by a rose', and 49-50 make up a version of Tilley C208: 'High cedars fall... when low shrubs remain.'

42 **Tares** weeds, but playing on 'tears' (rips) corny fruitful

51 **High-soaring... blind** direct contradiction of the proverb, 'Only the eagle can gaze

at the sun' (Tilley E3)

56 **humorous** moist

68 **witnesses** 'For all the children that are born of the wicked bed, shall be witness of the wickedness against their parents when they be asked' (*Geneva*).

69 **doomers** judges

71 **bewray** foul

73 **righteousness** 'the righteous' (*Geneva*); in shifting to the virtue, Middleton also

shifts to the feminine from *Geneva's* masculine.

88 **tried** undergone

102 **breaker** destroyer, violator

119 **The righteous** Middleton seems to pass over *Geneva's* allusion to Enoch: 'He pleased God, and was beloved of Him, so that whereas he lived among sinners, He translated him.'

Verse 11	The swine delights to wallow in the mire, The giddy drunkard in excess of wine. He may corrupt the purest reason's gyre, And she turn virtue into vice's sign.	Some blinded be in face, and some in soul. The face's eyes are not incurable; The other wanteth healing to be whole, Or seems to some to be enduring.	Verse 16
125	Mischief is mire, and may infect that spring Which every flow and ebb of vice doth bring. Fishes are oft deceived by the bait. The bait, deceiving fish, doth fish deceive. So righteous are allured by sin's deceit, And oft enticed into sinners' weave.	Look in a blinded eye, bright is the glass, Though brightness banished from what it was. 'So,' quoth the righteous, 'are these blinded hearts: The outward glass is clear, the substance dark. Both seem as if one took the other's parts, Yet both in one have not one brightness' spark. The outward eye is but destruction's reader, Wanting the inward eye to be the leader.	175
Verse 12	The fisher hath a bait, deceiving fish. The fowler hath a net, deceiving fowls.	'Our body may be called a commonweal, Our head the chief, for reason harbours there. From thence comes heart's and soul's united zeal, All else inferiors be which stand in fear. This commonweal, ruled by discretion's eye, Lives likewise if she live, dies if she die.	Verse 17
135	Both wisheth to obtain their snaring wish, Observing time like night-observing owls. The fisher lays his bait, fowler his net: He hopes for fish, the other birds to get.		185
140	This fisher is the wicked, vice his bait. This fowler is the sinner, sin his net. The simple righteous falls in their deceit, And like a prey, a fish, a fowl beset. A bait, a net, obscuring what is good, Like fish and fowl took up for vice's food.	'Then how can weal or wealth, common or proper, Long stand, long flow, long flourish, long remain, When wail is weal's, and stealth is wealth's chief stopper, When sight is gone, which never comes again? The wicked sees the righteous lose their breath, But know not what reward they gain by death.	190
Verse 13	But baits nor nets, gins nor beguiling snares, Vice nor the vicious sinner, nor the sin, Can shut the righteous into prison's cares, Or set deceiving baits to mew them in. They know their lives' deliverer, heaven's God, Can break their baits and snares with justice' rod.	Though blind in sight, yet can they see to harm, See to despise, see to deride and mock; But their revenge lies in God's mighty arm, Scorning to choose them for his chosen flock. He is the shepherd, godly are his sheep; They wake in joy, these in destruction sleep.	Verse 18
150	When vice abounds on earth, and earth in vice, Then virtue keeps her chamber in the sky, To shun the mischief which her baits entice, Her snares, her nets, her guiles, her company.	These ever-wake eyes are no sleepy parts. These ever sleep, for sleep is heart's disguise. Their waking eyes do see their heart's lament, While heart securely sleeps in eyes' content.	195
Verse 14	As soon as mischief reigns upon the earth, Heaven calls the righteous to a better birth.		
Verse 15	The blinded eyes can never see the way. The blinded heart can never see to see. The blinded soul doth always go astray.	The godly sleep in eyes, but wake in hearts. The wicked sleep in hearts, but wake in eyes. These ever-wake eyes are no sleepy parts. These ever sleep, for sleep is heart's disguise. Their waking eyes do see their heart's lament, While heart securely sleeps in eyes' content.	Verse 19
160	All three want sight, in being blind all three. Blind and yet see, they see and yet are blind. The face hath eyes, but eyeless is the mind.	If they awake, sleep's image doth molest them, And beats into their waking memories. If they do sleep, joy waking doth detest them, Yet beats into their sleeping arteries. Sleeping or waking, they have fear on fear, Waking or sleeping, they are ne'er the near.	Verse 20
165	They see with outward sight God's heavenly grace, His grace, his love, his mercy on his saints. With outward-facèd eye and eyed face, Their outward body inward soul depaints. Of heart's chief eye they chiefly are bereft, And yet the shadow of two eyes are left.	If waking, they remember what they are, What sins they have committed in their waking. If sleeping, they forget tormenting's fare, How ready they have been in mischief's making.	210

123 gyre circle, revolution

128 deceiving fish in the form of, or
consisting of, a deceiving fish

148 mew confine

153 her baits vice's lures

166 depaints depicts

191 the righteous 'the wise' (Geneva)

205 molest trouble, grieve

207 joy waking the pleasure they indulged
in while awake

detest curse; denounce

208 Yet... arteries yet taints or infects their
forgetful hearts

210 near nearer

215 When they awake, their wickedness betrays them,
When they do sleep, destruction dismays them.

Chapter Five

Verse 1 As these two slumbers have two contraries,
One slumber in the face, one in the mind,
So their two casements two varieties,
One unto heaven, and one to hell combined.
5 The face is flattery, and her mansion hell.
The mind is just, this doth in heaven dwell.

The face, heaving her heavy eyelids up
From forth the chamber of eternal night,
Sees virtue hold plenty's replenished cup,
10 And boldly stand in God's and heaven's sight.
She, opening the windows of her breast,
Sees how the wicked rest in their unrest.

Verse 2 Quoth she, "Those whom the curtain of decay
Hath tragically summonèd to pain,
15 Were once the clouds and clouderers of my day,
Depravers and deprivers of my gain."
The wicked hearing this descending sound,
Fear struck their limbs to the pale-clothèd ground.

Verse 3 Amazed at the freedom of her words,
20 Their tongue-tied accents drove them to despair,
And made them change their minds to woe's records,
And say within themselves, 'Lo what we are:
We have had virtue in derision's place,
And made a parable of her disgrace.

Verse 4 'See where she sits enthronized in the sky.
See, see her labour's crown upon her head.
See how the righteous live which erst did die,
From death to life with virtue's lodestar led.
See those whom we derided, they are blest:
30 They heaven's, not hell's, we hell's, not heaven's
guest.

'We thought the righteous had been fury's son,
With inconsiderate speech, unstayèd way.
We thought that death had his dishonour won,
And would have made his life destruction's prey.
35 But we were mad, they just, we fools, they wise:
We shame, they praise, we loss, they have the prize.

'We thought them fools, when we ourselves were fools. Verse 5
We thought them mad, when we ourselves were mad.
The heat which sprang from them our folly cools.
We find in us which we but thought they had. 40

We thought their end had been dishonour's pledge;
They but surveyed the place, we made the hedge.

'We see how they are blessed, how we are curst,
How they accepted are, and we refused,
45 And how our bonds are tied, their bonds are burst,
Our faults are hourly blamed, their faults excused.

See how heavens gratulate their welcome sight,
Which comes to take possession of their right.

'But O, too late we see our wickedness! Verse 6
Too late we lie in a repentant tomb! 50

Too late we smooth old hairs with happiness!
Too late we seek to ease our bodies' doom!

Now falsehood hath advanced her forgèd banner,
Too late we seem to verify truth's manner.

'The sun of righteousness, which should have shined, 55

And made our hearts the cabins of his east,
Is now made cloudy night through vice's wind,
And lodgeth with his downfall in the west.

That summer's day, which should have been night's
bar,

Is now made winter in her icy car. 60

'Too much our feet have gone, but never right. Verse 7
Much labour have we took, but none in good.

We wearied ourselves with our delight,
Endangering ourselves to please our mood.

Our feet did labour much: 'twas for our pleasure. 65
We wearied ourselves: 'twas for our leisure.

'In sin's perfection was our labour spent.

In wickedness' preferment we did haste.

To suffer perils we were all content,

For the advancement of our vices past. 70

Through many dangerous ways our feet have gone,
But yet the way of God we have not known.

'We which have made our hearts a sea of pride, Verse 8

With huge risse billows of a swelling mind,

With tossing tumults of a flowing tide,

Leaving our laden bodies plunged behind, 75

What traffic have we got? Ourselves are drowned,
Our souls in hell, our bodies in the ground.

5 The belated recognition of the unrighteous
that they have wandered in darkness and
that their passing leaves no trace; for
they put their faith in worldly nature,
which God will bring to chaos and
confusion.

1 **two slumbers** of the unrighteous and the
righteous

3 **casements** windows; *fig.* eyes

11 **She** virtue

24 **parable** proverbial story; here, a mocking
story

25 **enthronized** enthroned

27 **erst** earlier; not long ago

28 **lodestar** guiding star

31-4 **son...his** reverting momentarily to

Geneva's singular

32 **unstayed** unstable

40 **which** that which; i.e., dishonour

41 **pledge** hostage, pawn

42 **made the hedge** entrapped ourselves

47 **gratulate** greet joyfully

56 **cabins** dwellings

east rising

59 **bar** barrier

60 **car** triumphal chariot

68 **preferment** furtherance, promotion

74 **risse** risen

77 **traffic** saleable commodities; *fig.* benefit

<p>Verse 9 80</p>	<p>'Where are our riches now? Like us, consumed. Where is our pomp? Decayed. Where's glory? Dead. Where is the wealth of which we all presumed? Where is our profit? Gone. Ourselves? Misled. All these are like to shadows what they were: There is nor wealth, nor pomp, nor glory here.</p>	<p>As soon as we have breath, so soon we spend, Not having that which our content would have. As ships, as birds, as arrows, all as one, Even so the traces of our lives are gone.</p>	<p>125</p>
<p>Verse 10</p>	<p>'The dial gives a caveat of the hour. Thou canst not see it go, yet it is gone. Like this the dial of thy fortune's power, Which fades by stealth till thou art left alone. Thy eyes may well perceive thy goods are spent, Yet can they not perceive which way they went.</p>	<p>'A thing not seen to go, yet going seen, And yet not showing any sign to go: Even thus the shadows of our lives have been, Which shows to fade, and yet no virtues show. How can a thing consumed with vice be good? Or how can falsehood bear true virtue's food?'</p>	<p>130</p>
<p>90</p>	<p>'Lo, e'en as ships sailing on Tethys' lap Ploughs up the furrows of hard-grounded waves, Enforcèd for to go by Aeol's clap, Making with sharpest tine the water graves, The ship once past, the trace cannot be found, Although she diggèd in the water's ground;</p>	<p>Vain hope, to think that wickedness hath bearing, When she is drownèd in oblivion's sea, Yet can she not forget presumption's wearing, Nor yet the badge of vanity's decay. Her fruits are cares, her cares are vanities: Two, both in one destruction's liveries.</p>	<p>Verse 14 135</p>
<p>Verse 11</p>	<p>'Or as an eagle with her soaring wings, Scorning the dusty carpet of the earth, Exempt from all her clogging jesses, flings Up to the air, to show her mounting birth, And every flight doth take a higher pitch, To have the golden sun her wings enrich;</p>	<p>Vain hope is like a vane turned with each wind. 'Tis like a smoke scattered with every storm, Like dust, sometime before, sometime behind, Like a thin foam made in the vainest form. This hope is like to them, which never stay, But comes and goes again all in one day.</p>	<p>140</p>
<p>100</p>	<p>'Yet none can see the passage of her flight, But only hear her hovering in the sky, Beating the light wind with her being light, Or parting through the air where she might fly; The ear may hear, the eye can never see What course she takes, or where she means to be;</p>	<p>View nature's gifts: some gifts are rich, some poor, Some barren grounds there are, some clothed with fruit, Nor hath all nothing, nor hath all her store, Nor can all creatures speak, nor are all mute. All die by nature, being born by nature, So all change feature, being born with feature.</p>	<p>Verse 15 150</p>
<p>Verse 12</p>	<p>'Or as an arrow which is made to go Through the transparent and cool-blowing air, Feeding upon the forces of the bow, Else forceless lies in wanting her repair; Like as the branches when the tree is lopped Wanteth the forces which they forceless cropped;</p>	<p>This life is hers. This dead, dead is her power. Her bounds begins and ends in mortal state. Whom she on earth accounteth as her flower, May be in heaven condemned of mortal hate, But he whom virtue judges for to live, The Lord his life and due reward will give.</p>	<p>155</p>
<p>115</p>	<p>'The arrow, being fed with strongest shot, Doth part the lowest elemental breath, Yet never separates the soft air's knot, Nor never wounds the still-foot winds to death; It doth sejoin and join the air together, Yet none there is can tell or where or whither;</p>	<p>The servant of a king may be a king, And he that was a king, a servile slave. Swans before death a funeral dirge do sing, And waves their wings against ill fortune's wave. He that is lowest in this lowly earth May be the highest in celestial birth.</p>	<p>Verse 16 160</p>
<p>Verse 13</p>	<p>'So are our lives: now they begin, now end, Now live, now die, now born, now fit for grave.</p>	<p>The rich may be unjust in being rich, For riches do corrupt and not correct. The poor may come to highest honour's pitch, And have heaven's crown for mortal life's respect. God's hands shall cover them from all their foes, God's arm defend them from misfortune's blows.</p>	<p>165</p>

85 **dial** sundial
91 **Tethys' lap** the lap of the sea-goddess;
Tethys is often figurative for the sea
93 **Aeol's** Aeol is Aeolus, god of winds
clap forceful blow
94 **tine** iron tooth of a harrow

99 **clogging** encumbering
jesses straps fastened to the legs of a
hawk used in falconry
112 **repair** return
114 **cropped** fed upon
116 **lowest elemental breath** slightest

material breeze
118 **still-foot** stable
119 **sejoin** separate, disjoin
123 **spend** pass away
133 **bearing** fruition

Verses 17, 18	His hand eternity, his arm his force, His armour jealousy, his breastplate heaven, His helmet judgement, justice and remorse, His shield is victory's immortal steven, The world his challenge, and his wrath his sword, Mischief his foe, his aid his gospel's word.	"To you I speak," quoth she, "Hear, learn, and mark, You that be kings, judges, and potentates. Give ear, I say. Wisdom, your strongest ark, Sends me as messenger, to end debates. Give ear, I say, you judges of the earth. Wisdom is born: seek out for wisdom's birth.	Verse 2 10
Verses 19, 20	His arm doth overthrow his enemy, His breastplate sin, his helmet death and hell, His shield prepared against mortality, His sword 'gainst them which in the world do dwell: So shall vice, sin and death, world and the devil, Be slain by him which slayeth every evil.	"This heavenly ambassage from wisdom's tongue, Worthy the volume of all heaven's sky, I bring as messenger to right your wrong, If so her sacred name might never die. I bring you happy tidings: she is born, Like golden sunbeams from a silver morn.	Verse 3 15
Verse 21	All heaven shall be in arms against earth's world. The sun shall dart forth fire commixed with blood. The blazing stars from heaven shall be hurled. The pale-faced moon against the ocean flood. Then shall the thund'ring chambers of the sky Be lightened with the blaze of Titan's eye.	"The Lord hath seated you in judgement's seat. Let wisdom place you in discretion's places. Two virtues one will make one virtue great, And draw more virtues with attractive faces. Be just and wise, for God is just and wise: He thoughts, he words, he words and actions tries.	 20
185	The clouds shall then be bent like bended bows To shoot the thund'ring arrows of the air. Thick hail and stones shall fall on heaven's foes, And Tethys overflow in her despair. The moon shall overflow her horny hood With Neptune's ocean's overflowing flood.	"If you neglect your office's decrees, Heap new lament on long-tossed miseries, Do and undo by reason of degrees, And drown your sentences in briberies, Favour and punish, spare and keep in awe, Set and unset, plant and supplant the law,	Verse 4 30
Verse 22	The wind shall be no longer kept in caves, But burst the iron cages of the clouds, And Aeol shall resign his office staves, Suffering the winds to combat with the floods. So shall the earth with seas be palèd in, As erst it hath been overflowed with sin.	"O be assured, there is a judge above, Which will not let injustice flourish long. If tempt him, you your own temptation move, Proceeding from the judgement of his tongue. Hard judgement shall he have, which judgeth hard, And he that barreth others shall be barred.	Verse 5 35
195	Thus shall the earth weep for her wicked sons, And curse the concave of her tirèd womb, Into whose hollow mouth the water runs, Making wet wilderness her driest tomb. Thus, thus iniquity hath reigned so long That earth on earth is punished for her wrong.	"For God hath no respect of rich from poor, For he hath made the poor and made the rich. Their bodies be alike, though their minds soar, Their difference naught but in presumption's pitch. The carcass of a king is kept from foul, The beggar yet may have the cleaner soul.	Verse 6 40
<i>Chapter Six</i>			
Verse 1	After this conflict between God and man, Remorse took harbour in God's angry breast. Astraea to be pitiful began, All heavenly powers to lie in mercy's rest. Forthwith the voice of God did redescend, And his Astraea warned all to amend.	"The highest men do bear the highest minds. The cedars scorn to bow, the mushrooms bend. The highest often superstition blinds, But yet their fall is greatest in the end. The winds have not such power of the grass, Because it lowly stoopeth whenas they pass.	 45

170 **zealousy** *zealousness?* *OED* records only this occurrence of such usage, and *Geneva* reads 'jealousy'.

172 **stevèn** voice; but at 7.282 (as also in *Ghost*, 503) 'stevèn' evidently means crown, from the Greek *stephanos*.

191 **horny hood** presumably with reference to the two horns of the crescent moon; but possibly Tethys's headdress?

195 **staves** rods or wands, carried as badges of authority

197 **palèd** fenced

6 Astraea exhorts the judges of the earth to seek wisdom through discipline, love, and God's law, and cautions them that God has higher expectations of the mighty.

3 **Astraea** goddess of justice, associated

with Virgo, and sometimes a complimentary type for Queen Elizabeth I; substituted here for *Geneva's* Solomon, and including the personification of virtue from Chapter Five

9 **ark** chest, coffer, particularly as receptacle for divine law

13 **ambassage** message

<p>Verses 7, 8</p> <p>“The old should teach the young observance’ way, But now the young doth teach the elder grace. The shrubs do teach the cedars to obey. These yield to winds, but these the winds outface. Yet he that made the winds to cease and blow, Can make the highest fall, the lowest grow.</p> <p>55</p> <p>‘He made the great to stoop as well as small, The lions to obey as other beasts. He cares for all alike, yet cares for all, And looks that all should answer his behests. But yet the greater hath the sorer trial, 60 If once he finds them with his laws’ denial.</p> <p>Verses 9</p> <p>‘Be warned, you tyrants, at the fall of pride. You see how surges change to quiet calm, You see both flow and ebb in folly’s tide, How fingers are infected by their palm.</p> <p>65</p> <p> This may your caveat be: you, being kings, Infect your subjects, which are lesser things.</p> <p>‘Ill scents of vice, once crept into the head, Doth pierce into the chamber of the brain, Making the outward skin disease’s bed, 70 The inward powers as nourishers of pain. So if that mischief reigns in wisdom’s place, The inward thought lies figured in the face.</p> <p>Verses 10</p> <p>‘Wisdom should clothe herself in king’s attire, Being the portraiture of heaven’s queen, 75 But tyrants are no kings, but mischief’s mire, Not sage, but shows of what they should have been. They seek for vice, and how to go amiss, But do not once regard what wisdom is.</p> <p>80</p> <p>‘They which are kings by name are kings by deed, Both rulers of themselves and of their land. They know that heav’n is virtue’s duest meed, And holiness is knit in holy bond. These may be rightly callèd by their name, Whose words and works are blazed in wisdom’s flame.</p> <p>Verses 11</p> <p>‘To nurse up cruelty with mild aspect Were to begin, but never for to end. Kindness with tigers never takes effect, Nor proffered friendship with a foe-like friend. Tyrants and tigers have all natural mothers: 90 Tyrants her sons, tigers the tyrants’ brothers.</p> <p>‘No words’ delight can move delight in them, But rather plough the traces of their ire, Like swine that take the dirt before the gem, And scorns that pearl which they should most desire,</p>	<p>But kings, whose names proceed from kindness’ sound, Do plant their hearts and thoughts on wisdom’s ground:</p> <p>‘A grounding ever moist, and never dry, An ever-fruitful earth, no fruitless way, In whose dear womb the tender springs do lie, Which ever flows, and never ebbs away. The sun but shines by day: she day and night Doth keep one stayèd essence of her light.</p> <p>‘Her beams are conducts to her substance’ view. Her eye is adamant’s attractive force. A shadow hath she none, but substance true, Substance outliving life of mortal course. Her sight is easy unto them which love her, Her finding easy unto them which prove her.</p> <p>‘The far-fet chastity of female sex Is nothing but allurement into lust, Which will forswear and take, scorn and annex, Deny and practise it, mistrust and trust. Wisdom is chaste, and of another kind: She loves, she likes, and yet not lustful blind.</p> <p>‘She is true love, the other love a toy. Her love hath eyes, the other love is blind. This doth proceed from God, this from a boy. This constant is, the other vain combined. If longing passions follow her desire, She offereth herself as labour’s hire.</p> <p>‘She is not coyish she, won by delay With sighs and passions, which all lovers use, With hot affection, death, or life’s decay, With lovers’ toys, which might their loves excuse. Wisdom is poor, her dowry is content. She nothing hath because she nothing spent.</p> <p>‘She is not wooed to love, nor won by wooing, Nor got by labour, nor possessed by pain. The gain of her consists in honest doing. Her gain is great in that she hath no gain. He that betimes follows repentance’ way Shall meet with her his virtue’s worthy pay.</p> <p>‘To think upon her is to think of bliss. The very thought of her is mischief’s bar. Depeller of misdeeds which do amiss, The blot of vanity, misfortune’s scar. Who would not think, to reap such gain by thought? Who would not love, when such a life is bought?</p>	<p>95</p> <p>Verses 12, 13</p> <p>100</p> <p>105</p> <p>Verses 14</p> <p>115</p> <p>120</p> <p>Verses 15</p> <p>125</p> <p>130</p> <p>Verses 16</p> <p>135</p>
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81 **duest meed** most deserved reward

84 **blazed** published

91 **No words’ delight** ‘set your delight upon
my words’ (*Geneva*)

102 **stayèd** fixed

104 **adamant’s magnet’s**

106 **course** journey; and glancing at ‘corse’,
corpse

109 **far-fet** far-fetched, elaborate; this jaded
assessment of female chastity as mere
coyness has no parallel in *Geneva*.

111 **annex** take over

117 **boy** Cupid

118 **combined** as in marriage

131 **betimes** while there is still time

135 **Depeller** one who drives out

	‘If thought be understanding, what is she? The full perfection of a perfect power, A heavenly branch from God’s immortal tree, Which death nor hell nor mischief can devour. Herself is wisdom, and her thought is so. Thrice happy he which doth desire to know.	Majestic portraitures of earthly fame, Relievers of the poor in age’s moan: If your content be seated on a crown, Love wisdom, and your state shall never down.	
Verse 17	‘She manlike woos, men womenlike refuses. She offers love, they offered love deny, And hold her promises as love’s abuses Because she pleads with an indifferent eye. They think that she is light, vain, and unjust, When she doth plead for love and not for lust.	‘Her crowns are not as earthly diadems, But diapasons of eternal rest. Her essence comes not from terrestrial stems, But planted on the heavens’ immortal breast. If you delight in sceptres and in reigning, Delight in her, your crown’s immortal gaining.	185
150	Hard-hearted men, quoth she, can you not love? Behold my substance: cannot substance please? Behold my feature: cannot feature move? Can substance nor my feature help or ease? See heaven’s joy defigured in my face: Can neither heaven nor joy turn you to grace?	‘Although the shadows of her glorious view Hath been as accessory to your eyes, Now will I show you the true substance’ hue, And what she is, which without knowledge lies, From whence she is derived, whence her descent, And whence the lineage of her birth is lent.	Verse 22
155	‘O, how desire sways her pleading tongue, Her tongue her heart, her heart her soul’s affection! Fain would she make mortality be strong, But mortal weakness yields her plea’s rejection. Her care is care of them, they careless are. Her love loves them, they neither love nor care.	‘Now will I show the sky, and not the cloud, The sun, and not the shade, day, not the night, Tethys herself, not Tethys in her flood, Light, and not shadow of suppressing light. Wisdom herself, true type of wisdom’s grace, Shall be apparent before heart and face.	190
Verses 18, 19	‘Fain would she make them clients in her law, Whose law’s assurance is immortal honour, But them nor words nor love nor care can awe, But still will fight under destruction’s banner. Though immortality be their reward, Yet neither words nor deeds will they regard.	‘Had I still fed you with the shade of life, And hid the sun itself in envy’s air, Myself might well be callèd nature’s strife, Striving to cloud that which all clouds impair. But envy, haste thee hence: I loathe thy eye, Thy love, thy life, thyself, thy company.	Verse 23
160	‘Her tongue is hoarse with pleading, yet doth plead, Pleading for that which they should all desire. Their appetite is heavy, made of lead, And lead can never melt without a fire. Her words are mild, and cannot raise a heat, Whilst they with hard repulse her speeches beat.	‘Here is the banner of discretion’s name, Advanced on wisdom’s ever-standing tower. Here is no place for envy or her shame, For Nemesis or black Megaera’s power. He that is envious is not wisdom’s friend: She ever lives, he dies when envies end.	210
Verse 20	‘Requested they, for what they should request. Entreated they, for what they should entreat. Requested to enjoy their quiet rest, Entreated like a sullen bird to eat. Their eyes behold joy’s maker, which doth make it, Yet must they be entreated for to take it.	‘Happy, thrice-happy land, where wisdom reigns! Happy, thrice-happy king, whom wisdom sways! Where never poor laments, or souls complains, Where folly never keeps discretion’s ways. That land, that king, doth flourish, live, and joy, Far from ill fortune’s reach, or sin’s annoy.	Verse 24
175	‘You whose delight is placed in honour’s game, Whose game in majesty’s imperial throne,	‘That land is happy, that king fortunate, She in her days, he in his wisdom’s force, For fortitude is wisdom’s sociate, And wisdom truest fortitude’s remorse. Be therefore ruled by wisdom, she is chief, That you may rule in joy and not in grief.’	Verse 25
180			225
Verse 21			

155 **defigured** portrayed
 166 **banner** pronounced (and spelled)
 ‘bonner’
 175 **Requested they** they are requested
 176 **Entreated they** they are entreated
 188 **diapasons** consonance of the top
 and bottom notes of a musical octave;

hence heavenly concords? But Middleton
 evidently misunderstands the term, here
 and at 18.252, as the name of some sort
 of crown.
 194 **accessory** contributory
 201 **Tethys herself** the sea-goddess, as
 opposed to the sea

214 **Nemesis** goddess of retribution
Megaera’s Megaera was one of the
 avenging Furies.
 222 **annoy** vexation
 225 **sociate** associate (obs.); preserved for
 metre, as also at 10.66
 226 **remorse** force

Chapter Seven

Verse 1 What am I? Man. O what is man? O naught.
 What am I? Naught. Yes. What? Sin and debate,
 Three vices all in one, of one life bought.
 Man am I not. What then? I am man's hate.
 5 Yes, man I am: man because mortal, dead;
 Mortality my guide, by mischief led.
 Man because like to man, man because born;
 In birth no man, a child; child because weak;
 Weak because weakened by ill fortune's scorn;
 10 Scorned because mortal, mortal in wrong's wreak.
 My father, like myself, did live on earth.
 I, like myself and him, follow his birth.
 Verse 2 My mother's matrix was my body's maker.
 There had I this same shape of infamies.
 15 Shape? Ah, no shape, but substance, mischief's taker,
 In ten months' fashion. Months? Ah, miseries.
 The shame of shape, the very shape of shame,
 Calamity myself, lament my name.
 I was conceived with seed, deceived with sin:
 20 Deceived because my seed was sin's deceit.
 My seed deceit because it closed me in,
 Hemmed me about for sin's and mischief's bait.
 The seed of man did bring me into blood,
 And now I bring myself... in what? No good.
 Verse 3 When I was born, when I was, then I was.
 Born? When? Yet born I was, but now I bear:
 Bear mine own vices, which my joys surpass,
 Bear mine own burden full of mischief's fear.
 30 When I was born, I did not bear lament,
 But now, unborn, I bear what birth hath spent.
 When I was born, my breath was born to me,
 The common air which airs my body's form.
 Then fell I on the earth with feeble knee,
 Lamenting for my life's, ill fortune's, storm,
 35 Making myself the index of my woe,
 Commencing what I could, ere I could go.
 Verse 4 Fed was I with lament as well as meat.
 My milk was sweet, but tears did make it sour.
 Meat and lament, milk and my tears I eat,
 40 As bitter herbs, commixed with sweetest flower.
 Care was my swaddling clothes as well as cloth,
 For I was swaddled and clothèd in both.

Why do I make myself more than I am? Verse 5
 Why say I, I am nourishèd with cares,
 When everyone is clothèd with the same, 45
 Sith as I fare myself, another fares?
 No king had any other birth than I,
 But wailed his fortune with a wat'ry eye.
 Say what is mirth? An entrance unto woe. Verse 6
 Say what is woe? An entrance unto mirth. 50
 That which begins with joy doth not end so,
 These go by change, because a changing birth.
 Our birth is as our death, both barren, bare:
 Our entrance wail, our going out with care.
 Naked we came, into the world as naked. 55
 We had nor wealth nor riches to possess.
 Now differ we, which difference riches makèd,
 Yet in the end we naked ne'ertheless.
 As our beginning is, so is our end:
 60 Naked and poor, which needs no wealth to spend.
 Thus weighing in the balance of my mind Verse 7
 My state, all states, my birth, all births alike,
 My meditated passions could not find
 One freed thought which sorrow did not strike.
 65 But knowing every ill is cured by prayer,
 My mind besought the Lord, my grief's allayer.
 Wherefore I prayed, my prayer took effect,
 And my effect was good, my good was gain,
 My gain was sacred wisdom's bright aspèct,
 And her aspèct in my respect did reign. 70
 Wisdom, that heav'nly spirit of content,
 Was unto me from heav'n by prayer sent.
 A present far more worthy than a crown, Verse 8
 Because the crown of an eternal rest; 75
 A present far more worthy than a throne,
 Because the throne of heav'n, which makes us blest;
 The crown of bliss, the throne of God is she,
 Comparèd unto heav'n, not, earth, to thee.
 Her footstool is thy face, her face thy shame,
 Thy shame her living praise, her praise thy scorn, 80
 Thy scorn her love, her love thy merit's blame,
 Thy blame her worth, her worth thy being born.
 Thyself art dross to her comparison,
 Thy valour weak unto her garrison.

7 Solomon, no longer replaced by Astraea, asserts his decaying physical humanity, wherefore he has prayed for and received the gifts of wisdom, knowledge, reason, and discretion.
 1-12 **What...birth** 'I myself am also mortal and a man like all other, and am come of him that was first made of the earth' (*Geneva*). These lines seem almost experimental, the poet seeking an

internalized dialogic way to articulate a conflict not evident in the *Geneva* version, where Solomon merely tells of his common humanity.
 2 **Yes** denying 'Naught'; see the similar antithesis between 4 and 5, also turning on 'Yes'.
 10 **wreak** retributive pain or punishment
 13 **matrix** womb
 16 **ten months'** usual Elizabethan meas-

urement of human gestation, equating 'month' with the 28-day lunar cycle, rather than with the longer calendar units
 39 **eat** ate
 57 **makèd** made
 78 **Comparèd** comparable, equal
 83 **dross** impure matter
 84 **garrison** means of defence

Verse 9	To liken gold unto her radiant face Were likening day to night, and night to day, The king's high seat to the low subject's place, And heav'n's translucent breast to earthly way; For what is gold? Her scorn. Her scorn? Her ire, 90 Melting that dross with naught but anger's fire.	Glad that her face was in mine eyes' locked bower, Sad that my senses never drew her plot. I knew not that she was discretion's mother, Though I professed myself to be her brother.	130
90	In her respect 'tis dust. In her aspects Earth. In respect of her 'tis little gravel. As dust, as earth, as gravel she rejects The hope, the gain, the sight, the price, the travail. 95 Silver, because inferior to the other, Is clay, which two she in one look doth smother.	Like a rash wooer feeding on the looks, Digesting beauty, apparition's show, Viewing the painted outside of the books, And inward works little regards to know, So I, feeding my fancies with her sight, Forgot to make inquiry of her might.	Verse 13 135
Verse 10	Her sight I callèd health, herself my beauty: Health as my life, and beauty as my light; Each in performance of the other's duty, 100 This curing grief, this leading me aright. Two sovereign eyes, belonging to two places: This guides the soul, and this the body graces.	External powers I knew, riches I had; Internal powers I scarcely had discerned. Unfeignèdly I learnèd to be glad; Feigning I hated, verity I learned. I was not envious, learnèd to forsake her, But I was loving, learnèd for to take her.	140
100	The heartsick soul is cured by heart-strong health. The heart-strong health is the soul's brightest eye. 105 The heartsick body healed by beauty's wealth, Two sunny windolets of either's sky, Whose beams cannot be clouded by reproach, Nor yet dismounted from so bright a coach.	And had I not, my treasure had been lost, My loss my peril's hazard had proclaimed, My peril had my life's destruction tossed, My life's destruction at my soul had aimed: Great perils hazarded from one poor loss, As greatest filth doth come with smallest dross.	Verse 14 150
Verse 11	What dowry could I wish, more than I have? 11 What wealth, what honour, more than I possess? My soul's request is mine, which I did crave For sole redress: in soul I have redress. The bodily expenses which I spend, Is lent by her which my delight doth lend.	This righteous treasure, whoso rightly useth Shall be an heir in heav'n's eternity. All earthly fruits her heritage excuseth, All happiness in her felicity. The love of God consists in her embracing, The gifts of knowledge in her wisdom's placing.	155
115	Then I may call her author of my good, Sith good and goods are portions for my love. I love her well. Who would not love his food, His joy's maintainer, which all woes remove? I richest am, because I do possess her; 120 I strongest am, in that none can oppress her.	I speak as I am prompted by my mind, My soul's chief agent, pleader of my cause. I speak these things, and what I speak I find By heaven's judgement, not mine own applause. God he is judge; I next, because I have her. God he doth know; I next, because I crave her.	Verse 15 160
Verse 12	It made me glad to think that I was rich, 12 More gladder to to think that I was strong, For lowest minds do covet highest pitch, As highest braves proceed from lowest tongue. 125 Her first arrival first did make me glad, Yet ignorant at first, first made me sad.	Should I direct, and God subvert, my tongue, I worthy were of an unworthy name: Unworthy of my right, not of my wrong, Unworthy of my praise, not of my shame; But seeing God directs my tongue from missing, I rather look for clapping than for hissing.	165
125	Joyful I was, because I saw her power. Woeful I was, because I knew her not.	He is the prompter of my tongue and me. My tongue doth utter what his tongue applies. He sets before my sight what I should see. He breathes into my heart his verities. He tells me what I think, or see, or hear: His tongue a part, my tongue a part doth bear.	Verse 16

94 **travail** pronounced 'travel'
101 **sovereign** efficacious in curing
106 **windolets** small windows; *OED* records this item only in the 1590s
124 **braves** boasts, vaunts; not recorded as a substantive sense in *OED*
129 **bower** habitation; chamber

130 **plot** representation
132 **brother** Solomon has apparently reclaimed his role from *Astraea*.
153 **heritage** inheritance
168 **clapping** ... **hissing** audience expressions of approval and disapproval in the

theatre; the theatre imagery continues in the next stanza, with 'prompter' and 'part'.
170 **applies** apparently, 'speaks'; from the transitive sense 'address, direct (words) to?'

<p>175 Our words he knows in telling of our hearts. Our hearts he knows in telling of our words. All in his hands, words, wisdom, works, and arts, And every power which influence affords. He knows what we will speak, what we will do, 180 And how our minds and actions will go.</p> <p>Verse 17 The wisdom which I have is heaven's gift. The knowledge which I have is God's reward. Both presents my forewarnèd senses lift, And of my preservation have regard. 185 This teaches me to know, this to be wise; Knowledge is wit's, and wit is knowledge' guise.</p> <p>Verse 18 Now know I how the world was first created, How every motion of the earth was framed, How man was made, the devil's pride abated, 190 How time's beginning, midst, and end was named. Now know I time, time's change, time's date, time's show, And when the seasons come, and when they go.</p> <p>Verse 19 I know the changing courses of the years, And the division of all differing climes, 195 The situation of the stars and spheres, The flowing tides and the flow-ebbing times. I know that every year hath his four courses, I know that every course hath several forces.</p> <p>Verse 20 I know that nature is in everything: Beasts furious, winds rough, men wicked are, Whose thoughts their scourge, whose deeds their judge- ment's sting, Whose words and works their peril and their care. I know that every plant hath difference; I know that every root hath influence.</p> <p>Verse 21 True knowledge have I got in knowing truth, True wisdom purchasèd in wisest wit. A knowledge fitting age, wit fitting youth, Which makes me young, though old with gain of it. True knowledge have I, and true wisdom's store, 210 True hap, true hope: what wish, what would I more?</p> <p>Known things I needs must know, sith not unknown. My ear is knowledge, she doth hear for me. All secrets know I more because not shown. My wisdom secret is, and her I see. Knowledge hath taught me how to hear known causes; 215 Wisdom hath taught me secrecy's applauses.</p>	<p>Knowledge and wisdom known in wisest things Is reason's mate, discretion's sentinel. More than a trine of joys from virtues springs, More than one union, yet in union dwell: 220 One for to guide the spring, summer the other, One harvest's nurse, the other winter's mother.</p> <p>Four mounts, and four high mounters, all four one: One holy union, one begotten life, One manifold affection, yet alone, 225 All one in peace's rest, all none in strife; Sure, stable, without care, having all power, Not hurtful, doing good; as one all four.</p> <p>This peaceful army of four knitted souls Is marching unto peace's endless war. Their weapons are discretion's written rolls, Their quarrel love, and amity their jar. Wisdom director is, captain, and guide; All other take their places, side by side.</p> <p>Wisdom divides the conflict of her peace 235 Into four squadrons of four mutual loves, Each bent to war, and never means to cease. Her wings of shot her disputation moves. She wars unseen, and pacifies unseen; She is war's victory, yet peace's queen.</p> <p>240 She is the martial trumpet of alarms, And yet the quiet rest in peace's night. She guideth martial troops, she honours arms, Yet joins she fight with peace, and peace with fight. She is the breath of God's and heaven's power, 245 Yet peace's nurse, in being peace's flower.</p> <p>A flowing in of that which ebbeth out, An ebbing out of that which floweth in; Presumption she doth hate in being stout. Humility, though poor, her favours win. 250 She is the influence of heaven's flow: No filth doth follow her, where'er she go.</p> <p>She is that spring which never hath an ebb, 255 That silver-coloured brook which hath no mud, That loom which weaves and never cuts the web, That tree which grows and never leaves to bud. She constant is, inconstancy her foe; She doth not flow and ebb, nor come and go.</p> <p>Phoebus doth weep when wat'ry clouds approach; She keeps her brightness everlastingly. 260 Phoebe, when Phoebus shines, forsakes night's coach; Her day is night and day immortally: The undefiled mirror of renown, The image of God's power, her virtue's crown.</p>	<p>Verse 22</p> <p>220</p> <p>Verse 23</p> <p>225</p> <p>Verse 24</p> <p>235</p> <p>240</p> <p>Verse 25</p> <p>245</p> <p>250</p> <p>Verse 26</p> <p>255</p> <p>260</p>
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175 **telling** instructing

176 **telling** prompting

195 **spheres** concentric transparent celestial
globes imagined, by the older astronomy,
to revolve around the earth

219 **trine** group of three

225 **alone** playing on 'all one'

231 **rolls** muster lists (of troops)

232 **jar** dissension

238 **wings of shot** flanking divisions, armed
with bows or firearms, in battle array

256 **leaves** ceases; also playing on the plural
of 'leaf'

Verse Discretion, knowledge, wit, and reason's skill,
 27 All four are places in one only grace.
 They wisdom are, obedient to her will.
 All four are one, one in all four's place.
 And wisdom being one, she can do all,
 270 Sith one hath four, all subject to one call.

Verse Herself, remaining self, the world renews,
 28 Renewing ages with perpetual youth,
 Ent'ring into the souls which death pursues,
 Making them God's friends, which were friends to truth.
 275 If wisdom doth not harbour in thy mind,
 God loves thee not, and that thy soul shall find.

Verse For how canst thou be led without thy light?
 29 How can thy eyeless soul direct her way,
 If wanting her which guides thy steps aright,
 280 Thy steps from night into a path of day
 More beautiful than is the eye of heaven,
 Gilding herself with her self-changing steven?

Verse The stars are twinkling handmaids to the moon.
 30 Both moon and stars handmaids to wisdom's sun.
 285 These shine at middest night, this at mid-noon.
 Each new begins their light when each hath done.
 Pale-mantled night follows red-mantled day;
 Vice follows both, but to her own decay.

Chapter Eight

Verse 1 Who is the empress of the world's confine,
 The monarchess of the four-cornered earth,
 The princess of the seas, life without fine,
 Commixer of delight with sorrow's mirth?
 5 What sovereign is she, which ever reigns,
 Which queen-like governs all, yet none constrains?

Verse 2 Wisdom. O fly my spirit with that word!
 Wisdom. O lodge my spirit in that name!
 Fly soul unto the mansion of her lord,
 10 Although thy wings be singed in her flame.
 Tell her my blackness doth admire her beauty;
 I'll marry her in love, serve her in duty.

Verse 3 If marry her, God is my father God,
 Christ is my brother, angels are my kin,
 15 The earth my dowry, heaven my abode,
 My rule the world, my life without my sin.
 She is the daughter of immortal Jove,
 My wife in heart, in thought, in soul, in love.
 Happy forever he, that thought in heart.
 20 Happy forever he, that heart in thought.

Happy the soul of both which bears both part.
 Happy that love which thought, heart, soul hath sought.
 The name of love is happiest, for I love her;
 Soul, heart, and thoughts, love's agents are to prove
 her.

Ye parents that would have your children ruled,
 Here may they be instructed, ruled, and taught.
 Ye children that would have your parents schooled,
 Feeding their wanton thirst with folly's draught,
 See here the school of discipline erected;
 See here how young and old are both corrected. 30

Children, this is the mistress of your bliss,
 Your schoolmistress, reformer of your lives.
 Parents, you that do speak, think, do amiss,
 Here's she which loves, and life's direction gives.
 She teacheth that which God knows to be true;
 She chooseth that which God would choose for you. 35

What is our birth? Poor, naked, needy, cold. 35
 What is our life? Poor as our birth hath been.
 What is our age? Forlorn in being old.
 What is our end? As our beginning's scene. 40
 Our birth, our life, our age, our end is poor:
 What birth, what life, what age, what end hath
 more?

Made rich it is with vanity's vain show.
 If wanting wisdom, it is folly's game;
 Or like a bended or unbended bow, 45
 Ill fortune's scoff it is, good fortune's shame.
 If wisdom be the riches of thy mind,
 Then can thy fortune see; not seeing, blind.

Then if good fortune doth begin thy state,
 Ill fortune cannot end what she begins. 50
 Thy fate at first will still remain thy fate,
 Thy conduct unto joys, not unto sins.
 If thou the bridegroom art, wisdom the bride,
 Ill fortune cannot swim against thy tide.

Thou marrying her dost marry more than she: 55
 Thy portion is not faculties, but bliss.
 Thou need'st not teaching, for she teacheth thee;
 Nor no reformer, she thy mistress is.
 The lesson which she gives thee for thy learning
 Is every virtue's love, and sin's deserving. 60

Dost thou desire experience for to know? 65
 Why, how can she be less than what she is?
 The growth of knowledge doth from wisdom grow.
 The growth of wisdom is in knowing this.
 Wisdom can tell all things: what things are past,
 What done, what undone, what are doing last.

282 **steven** crown; voice285 **middest** the very middle of8 How Wisdom, the beloved schoolmistress,
 teaches all the higher virtues; marriage
 with her achieves both worldly glory and

joyful immortality.

3 **fine** ending24 **prove** verify, validate32 **reformer** amender; glancing at the
 leaders of the 16th-century religious

reformation?

49 **good fortune** 'prudency' (*Geneva*)56 **faculties** powers of the mind60 **every virtue's** 'soberness and prudency,
 righteousness and strength' (*Geneva*)

	Nay more, what things are come, what are to come, Or words, or works, or shows, or actions; In her brain's table-book she hath the sum, 70 And knows dark sentences' solutions. She knows what signs and wonders will ensue, And when success of seasons will be new.	Although mute silence tie my judgement's tongue, Sad secretary of dumb action, Yet shall they give me place though I be young, And stay my leisure's satisfaction, Even as a judge which keeps his judgements mute, When clients have no answer of their suit.	Verse 12
Verse 9	Who would not be a bridegroom? Who not wed? Who would not have a bride so wise, so fair? 75 Who would not lie in such a peaceful bed, Whose canopy is heav'n, whose shade the air? How can it be that any of the skies Can there be missing where heav'n's kingdom lies?	But if the closure of my mouth unmeets, And dives within the freedom of my words, They like petitioners' tongues welcome greets, And with attentive ear hears my accords. But if my words into no limits go, Their speech shall ebb, mine in their ebbing flow.	115 120
80	If care-sick, I am comforted with joy. If surfeiting on joy, she bids me care. She says that overmuch will soon annoy: Too much of joy, too much of sorrow's fare. She always counsels me to keep a mean, And not with joy too fat, with grief too lean.	And what of this vain world, vain hope, vain show, Vain glory, seated in a shade of praise, Mortality's descent, and folly's flow, The badge of vanity, the hour of days? What glory is it for to be a king, When care is crown, and crown is fortune's sling?	Verse 13 125
Verse 10	Fain would the shrub grow by the highest tree. Fain would the mushroom kiss the cedar's bark. Fain would the seely worm a-sporting be. Fain would the sparrow imitate the lark. Though I a tender shrub, a mushroom be, 90 Yet covet I the honour of a tree.	Wisdom is immortality's alline, And immortality is wisdom's gain. By her the heaven's lineage is mine. By her I immortality obtain. The earth is made immortal in my name; The heav'ns are made immortal in my fame.	130
95	And may I not? May not the blossoms bud? Doth not the little seed make ears of corn? Doth not a sprig, in time, bear greatest wood? Doth not young ev'nings make an elder morn? 95 For wisdom's sake, I know, though I be young, I shall have praises from my elders' tongue.	Two spacious orbs of two as spacious climes Shall be the heritage which I possess: My rule in heav'n, directing earthly times, My reign in earth, commencing earth's redress. One king made two, one crown a double crown; One rule two rules, one fame a twice renown.	Verse 14 135
Verse 11	And as my growth doth rise, so shall my wit; And as my wit doth rise, so shall my growth. In wit I grow; both growths grow to be fit; 100 Both fitting in one growth be fittest both. Experience follows age, and nature youth: Some agèd be in wit, though young in ruth.	What heaven is this, which every thought contains? Wisdom my heav'n, my heav'n is wisdom's heav'n. What earth is this, wherein my body reigns? Wisdom my earth, all rule from wisdom giv'n. Through her I rule, through her I do subdue; Through her I reign, through her my empire grew.	140
105	The wisdom which I have springs from above. The wisdom from above is that I have. Her I adore, I reverence, I love; She's my pure soul, locked in my body's grave. The judgement which I use from her proceeds, Which makes me marvelled at in all my deeds.	A rule, not tyranny; a reign, not blood; An empire, not a slaughterhouse of lives; A crown, not cruelty in fury's mood; A sceptre which restores, and not deprives; All made to make a peace, and not a war, By wisdom, concord's queen and discord's bar.	Verse 15 150

69 table-book pocket notebook or memorandum-book	102 ruth pity	judicious pronouncements?
70 dark sentences difficult problems, enigmas	110 Sad sober	119-20 But if... flow 'If I talk much, they [the great men] shall lay their hands upon their mouths' (<i>Geneva</i>).
85 Fain Gladly	secretary one entrusted with secret matters	127 alline ally or kin, presumably; apparently Middleton's coining (not in <i>OED</i>)
87 seely innocent, harmless	111 they 'great men' (<i>Geneva</i>)	150 bar barrier
a-sporting playing happily	115 unmeets is unsuitable (not recorded in <i>OED</i>)	
88 imitate the lark by singing beautifully	118 accords agreements between parties; so,	

The coldest word oft cools the hottest threat,
 The tyrant's menaces the calms of peace.
 Two colds augmenteth one, two heats one heat,
 And makes both too extreme, when both increase.
 155 My peaceful reign shall conquer tyrants' force:
 Not arms, but words, not battle, but remorse.

Verse
 16 Yet mighty shall I be, though war in peace;
 Strong, though ability hath left his clime;
 And good, because my wars and battles cease,
 160 Or at the least lie smothered in their prime.
 The sense, once diggèd up with fear's amaze,
 Doth rage untamed with folly's senseless gaze.

If wisdom doth not harbour in delight,
 It breaks the outward passage of the mind.
 165 Therefore I place my war in wisdom's might,
 Whose heavy labours easy harbours find.
 Her company is pleasure, mirth, and joy,
 Not bitterness, not mourning, not annoy.

Verse
 17 When every thought was balanced by weight
 Within the concave of my body's scale,
 My heart and soul did hold the balance straight,
 To see what thought was joy, what thought was wail;
 But when I saw that grief did weigh down pleasure,
 I put in wisdom to augment her treasure.

Verse
 18 Wisdom, the weight of immortality.
 Wisdom, the balance of all happiness.
 Wisdom, the weigher of felicity.
 Wisdom, the paragon of blessedness.
 180 When in her hands there lies such plenty's store,
 Needs must her heart have twice as much and more.

Verse
 19 Her heart have I conjoined with her hand.
 Her hand hath she conjoined with my heart.
 Two souls one soul, two hearts one body's bond,
 And two hands made of four by amour's art.
 185 Was I not wise in choosing earthly life?
 Nay, wise, thrice wise, in choosing such a wife!

Verse
 20 Was I not good? Good, then the sooner bad.
 Bad, because earth is full of wickedness,
 Because my body is with vices clad,
 190 Anatomy of my sin's heaviness.
 As doth unseemly clothes make the skin foul,
 So the sin-inkèd body blots the soul.

Thus lay my heart plunged in destruction's mire. Verse
 Thus lay my soul bespotted with my sin. 21
 Thus lay myself consumed in my desire. 195
 Thus lay all parts ensnarèd in one gin.
 At last my heart, mounting above the mud,
 Lay between hope and death, mischief and good.

Thus panting, ignorant to live or die,
 To rise or fall, to stand or else to sink, 200
 I cast a fainting look unto the sky,
 And saw the thought which my poor heart did think;
 Wisdom my thought, at whose seen sight I prayed,
 And with my heart, my mind, my soul, I said:

Chapter Nine

O God of fathers, Lord of heav'n and earth, Verse 1
 Mercy's true sovereign, pity's portraiture,
 King of all kings, a birth surpassing birth,
 A life immortal, essence ever pure,
 Which, with a breath ascending from thy thought, 5
 Hast made the heav'ns of earth, the earth of naught,

Thou which hast made mortality for man, Verse
 Beginning life to make an end of woe, 2, 3
 Ending in him what in himself began,
 His earth's dominion, through thy wisdom's flow, 10
 Made for to rule according to desert,
 And execute revenge with upright heart:

Behold a crown, but yet a crown of care, Verse 4
 Behold a sceptre, yet a sorrow's guise,
 More than the balance of my head can bear, 15
 More than my hands can hold, wherein it lies:
 My crown doth want supportance for to bear,
 My sceptre wanteth empire for to wear.

A legless body is my kingdom's map,
 Limping in folly, halting in distress. 20
 Give me thy wisdom, Lord, my better hap,
 Which may my folly cure, my grief redress.
 O let me not fall in oblivion's cave;
 Let wisdom be my bail, for her I crave.

Behold thy servant pleading for his hire, Verse 5
 As an apprentice to thy gospel's word.
 Behold his poor estate, his hot-cold fire.
 His weak-strong limbs, his merry woes record.
 Born of a woman, woman-like in woe:
 They weak, they feeble are, and I am so. 30

156 remorse pity, compassion

170 concave hollow, cavity

scale playing secondarily on the rare sense of 'scale' as surface, exterior

181 conjoined linked (in the preceding couplet); in the next line it means married

187-96 Was...gin Nothing in Geneva 8:20,

21 parallels the self-loathing given to

Solomon here. Middleton apparently motivates the transition to prayer by plunging his speaker into remorse for the self-congratulatory worldliness of 185-6.

9 Solomon, on behalf of sinning humanity, prays for wisdom's correction, that his works may be acceptable, his governance

righteous.

12 revenge 'judgement' (Geneva)

29-30 Born of a woman...I am so. 'I thy servant, and son of thine handmaid, am a feeble person' (Geneva); the attribution of weakness and feebleness to women is Middleton's.

	My time of life is as an hour of day; 'Tis as a day of months, a month of years. It never comes again but fades away, As one morn's sun about the hemispheres.	All these three casements were contained in wit: 'Twas wisdom for to frame the heaven's sky, 'Twas wisdom for to make the earth so fit, And hell within the lowest orb to lie; To make a heav'nly clime, an earthly course, And hell, although the name of it be worse.	Verse 9 75
35	Little my memory, lesser my time, But least of all my understanding's prime.		
Verse 6	Say that my memory should never die; Say that my time should never lose a glide; Say that myself had earthly majesty, 40 Seated in all the glory of my pride; Yet if discretion did not rule my mind, My reign would be like fortune's, folly-blind;	Before the world was made, wisdom was born: Born of heav'n's God, conceived in his breast, Which knew what works would be, what ages worn, What labours life should have, what quiet rest, What should displease and please, in vice, in good, What should be clearest spring, what foulest mud.	80
45	My memory a pathway to my shame, My time the looking-glass of my disgrace, Myself resemblance of my scornèd name, My pride the puffed shadow of my face: Thus should I be remembered, not regarded; Thus should my labours end, but not rewarded.	O make my sinful body's world anew; Erect new elements, new airs, new skies. The time I have is frail, the course untrue, The globe unconstant, like ill fortune's eyes. First make the world, which doth my soul contain, And next my wisdom, in whose power I reign.	Verse 10 90
Verse 7	What were it to be shadow of a king? 50 A vanity. To wear a shadowed crown? A vanity. To love an outward thing? A vanity. Vain shadows of renown. This king is king of shades, because a shade, A king in show, though not in action made.	Illumine earth with wisdom's heav'nly sight. Make her ambassador to grace the earth. O let her rest by day and lodge by night Within the closure of my body's hearth, That in her sacred self I may perceive What things are good to take, what ill to leave.	95
55	His shape have I, his cognizance I wear, A smoky vapour hemmed with vanity. Himself I am, his kingdom's crown I bear, Unless that wisdom change my livery. A king I am, God hath inflamèd me, 60 And lesser than I am I cannot be.	The body's heat will flow into the face, The outward index of an outward deed. The inward sins do keep an inward place: Eyes, face, mouth, tongue, and every function feed. She is my face. If I do any ill, I see my shame in her repugnant will.	Verse 11 100
Verse 8	When I command, the people do obey, Submissive subjects to my votive will. A prince I am, and do what princes may: Decree, command, rule, judge, perform, fulfil. 65 Yet I myself am subject unto God, As are all others to my judgement's rod.	She is my glass, my type, my form, my map, The figure of my deed, shape of my thought, My life's charàcter, fortune to my hap, Which understandeth all that heart hath wrought. What works I take in hand, she finisheth, And all my vicious thoughts diminisheth.	105
70	As do my subject honour my command, So I at his command a subject am. I build a temple on Mount Zion's sand, Erect an altar in thy city's name. Resemblances these are, where thou dost dwell, Made when thou framèd'st heaven, earth, and hell.	My facts are written in her forehead's book, The volume of my thoughts, lines of my words. The sins I have she murders with a look, And what one cheek denies, th'other affords. As white and red, like battles and retreats, One doth defend the blows, the other beats.	Verse 12

34 **hemispheres** heavens36 **prime** state of perfection38 **glide** step55 **His shape** the 'king in show' of the preceding line**cognizance** emblem, coat of arms59 **God** The shift to speaking of God rather than to him is Middleton's. *Geneva* in this chapter is unvarying in its direct prayerful address. Middleton returns to addressing God only at 69-72, and in

Verse 10. And see note to 163.

62 **votive** expressive of a vow, desire67 **subject** collective singular for subjects of a realm69 **Mount Zion's** Mount Zion is a sacred hill in Jerusalem72 **framèd'st** created72-84 **hell . . . mud** The stress on hell, vice, and foulness is Middleton's.73 **casements** here, apparently, creations or constructions, suggested by 'framèd'st' in

the preceding line

86 **Erect . . . skies** Build a whole new creation, from this material world, to the air above it, to the upper regions or heavens.102 **repugnant** opposing103 **type** representation, image105 **charàcter** emblem, cipher109 **facts** evil deeds; like 'vicious thoughts' in 108, this detail has no counterpart in *Geneva*

- 115 So is her furious mood commixed with smile.
Her rod is profit, her correction mirth.
She makes me keep an acceptable style,
And govern every limit of the earth.
Through her the state of monarchy is known;
120 Through her I rule, and guide my father's throne.
- Verse
13 Mortality itself, without repair,
Is ever falling feebly on the ground:
Submissive body, heart above the air,
Which fain would know, when knowledge is not found.
125 Fain would it soar above the eagle's eye,
Though it be made of lead, and cannot fly.
- The soul and body are the wings of man.
The soul should mount, but that lies drowned in sin,
With leaden spirit, but doth what it can,
130 Yet scarcely can it rise when it is in.
Then how can man so weak know God so strong?
What heart from thought, what thought from heart
hath sprung?
- Verse
14 We think that every judgement is alike,
That every purpose hath one final end.
135 Our thoughts, alas, are fears; fears horrors strike;
Horrors our life's uncertain course do spend.
Fear follows negligence, both death and hell:
Unconstant are the paths wherein we dwell.
- Verse
15 The hollow concave of our bodies' vaults,
Once laden up with sin's eternal graves,
Straight bursts into the soul the slime of faults,
And overfloweth like a sea of waves.
The earth, as neighbour to our privy thought,
Keeps fast the mansion which our cares have bought.
- Verse
16 Say, can we see ourselves? Are we so wise?
Or can we judge our own with our own hearts?
Alas, we cannot. Folly blinds our eyes,
Mischief our minds, with her mischievous arts.
Folly reigns there where wisdom should bear sway,
150 And folly's mischief bars discretion's way.
- O weak capacity of strongest wit!
O strong capacity of weaker sense!
To guide, to meditate, unapt, unfit,
Blind in perceiving earth's circumfluence.
If labour doth consist in mortal skill,
155 'Tis greater labour to know heaven's will.
- The toiling spirit of a labouring man
Is tossed in casualties of fortune's seas.
He thinks it greater labour than he can,
To run his mortal course without an ease.
160 Then who can gain or find celestial things,
Unless their hopes a greater labour brings?
- What volume of thy mind can then contain
Thoughts, words, and works, which God thinks, speaks,
and makes,
When heav'n itself cannot such honour gain,
165 Nor angels know the counsel which God takes?
Yet if thy heart be wisdom's mansion,
Thy soul shall gain thy heart's made mention.
- Who can in one day's space make two days' toil?
Or who in two days' space will spend but one?
The one doth keep his mean in overbroil,
The other under mean because alone.
Say, what is man without his spirit sways him?
Say, what's the spirit if the man decays him?
- An ill-reformèd breath, a life, a hell,
175 A going out worse than a coming in.
For wisdom is the body's sentinel,
Set to guard life which else would fall in sin.
She doth correct and love, sways and preserves,
Teaches and favours, rules and yet observes.
180
- Chapter Ten
- Correction follows love, love follows hate,
175 For love in hate is hate in too much love.
So chastisement is preservation's mate,
Instructing and preserving those we prove.
So wisdom first corrects, then favoureth,
5 But fortune favours first, then wavereth.

139 **concave** cavity
vaults sewers
143 **privy** secret or intimate; with a glance
at the substantive sense, a latrine
147-8 **Folly ... Mischief** not implied by
Geneva
154 **circumfluence** flowing around; appar-
ently here, activity; *OED*'s first record of
this item is from 1888
160 **ease** relief
163 **thy mind** another instance of the
poem's instability concerning addressor-
addressee: where *Geneva*'s Solomon prays
to God, Middleton's speaker now ad-

dresses either himself or some undefined
listener.
168 **made mention** mention-making; i.e.,
commemoration
171 **keep his mean in overbroil** To keep
one's mean is to observe moderation;
a broil is a tumult, quarrel, tempest;
overbroil is presumably an intensified
state of agitation, disorder; and so the
sense is apparently that the one keeps his
cool in desperate situations.
172 **under mean** below average; of low
regard

173 **without** unless
10 From the five books of Moses: the deliv-
erance of the righteous, and the destruc-
tion of the unrighteous, all effected by
wisdom. In order, the stories of Adam,
Cain, Noah, Lot, Cain again (probably in
error for Jacob), Joseph, and the durance
and flight of the Israelites, culminating
in the central miracle of this work, the
parting and closing of the Red Sea.
1 **Correction** like 'chastisement' in 3, not
implied by *Geneva*
4 **prove** try, test

First, the first father of this earthly world,
 First man, first father called for after time,
 Unfashioned and like a heap was hurled,
 10 Formed and reformed by wisdom out of slime.
 By nature ill reformed, by wisdom purer:
 She mortal life, she better life's procurer.

Verse 2 Alas, what was he but a clod of clay?
 Whatever was he but an ashy cask?
 15 By wisdom clothed in his best array,
 If better may be best, to choose a task.
 One gave him time to live, she power to reign,
 Making two powers one, one power twain.

Verse 3 But O, malign, ill-boding wickedness,
 20 Like bursting gulls o'erwhelming virtue's seed,
 Too furious wrath forsaking happiness,
 Losing ten thousand joys with one dire deed:
 Cain could see, but folly struck him blind,
 To kill his brother in a raging mind.

Verse 4 O too unhappy stroke, to end two lives!
 Unhappy actor in death's tragedy!
 Murd'ring a brother, whose name murder gives,
 Whose slaying action, slaughter's butchery.
 A weeping part had earth in that same play,
 30 For she did weep herself to death that day.

Water distilled from millions of her eyes
 Upon the long-dried carcass of her time.
 Her wat'ry conduits were the weeping skies,
 Which made her womb an overflowing clime.
 35 Wisdom preserved it, which preserves all good,
 And taught it how to make an ark of wood.

Verse 5 O that one board should save so many lives
 Upon the world's huge billow-tossing sea!
 'Twas not the board, 'twas wisdom which survives:
 40 Wisdom that ark, that board, that fence, that bay.
 The world was made a water-rolling wave,
 But wisdom better hope's assurance gave.

And when pale malice did advance her flag
 Upon the raging standard of despite,

Fiend's sovereign, sin's mistress, and hell's hag,
 45 Dun Pluto's lady, empress of the night,
 Wisdom, from whom immortal joy begun,
 Preserved the righteous as her faultless son.

The wicked perished, but they survived. Verse 6
 The wicked were ensnared, they were preserved. 50
 One kept in joy, the one of joy deprived,
 One feeding, fed, the other feeding, starved.
 The food which wisdom gives is nourishment,
 The food which malice gives is languishment.

One feeds, the other feeds, but choking feeds: 55
 Two contraries in meat, two differing meats.
 This brings forth hate, and this repentance' seeds,
 This war, this peace, this battles, this retreats.
 And that example may be truly tried,
 These lived in Sodom's fire, the other died. 60

The land will bear me witness they are dead, Verse 7
 Which for their sakes bears nothing else but death,
 The witness of itself with vices fed,
 A smoky testimony of sin's breath.
 This is my witness, my certificate, 65
 And this is my sin-weeping sociate.

My pen will scarce hold ink to write these woes,
 These woes, the blotted inky lines of sin.
 My paper wrinkles at my sorrow's shows,
 And like that land will bring no harvest in. 70
 Had Lot's unfaithful wife been without fault,
 My fresh-inked pen had never called her salt.

But now my quill, the tell-tale of all moans, Verse 8
 Is savoury bent to aggravate salt tears,
 And wets my paper with salt-water groans,
 Making me stick in agonizing fears. 75
 My paper now is grown to billows' might;
 Sometimes I stay my pen, sometimes I write.

O foolish pilot I, blind-hearted guide!
 Can I not see the cliffs, but rend my bark? 80
 Must I needs hoist up sails 'gainst wind and tide,
 And leave my soul behind, my wisdom's ark?
 Well may I be the glass of my disgrace,
 And set my sin in other sinners' place.

7 **first father** Adam

10 **Formed...slime** The original for this line is omitted from *Geneva* and the Junius-Tremellius versions; it appears, however, in pre-1592 editions of the Vulgate (*eduxit illum de limo terrae*) and in the Coverdale, Matthew, and Great Bibles ('took him out of the mould of the earth') (v.s.).

reformed amended

27 **name** linking 'Cain' metonymically with 'murder'

34 **clime** region

40 **bay** embankment, dam

46 **Dun** dark, murky

Pluto's lady Persephone or Hecate, queen of hell

48 **the righteous** The reference in *Geneva* is to Abraham; but Middleton evidently treats the term as plural in his next line.

60 **Sodom's** Sodom was one of the cities destroyed by fire for carnal wickedness (Genesis 19).

67 **My pen** replacing Solomon's voice with that of the poet

71 **Lot's unfaithful wife** turned into a pillar

of salt when fleeing the destruction of Sodom

72 **salt** see 71; but playing on the adjectival sense, lecherous

74 **savoury** playing on two senses: the religious one, savouring of holiness, and the culinary one, describing tastes distinct from sweet

aggravate intensify

80 **bark** sailing vessel

82 **ark** chest, coffer, particularly as receptacle for divine law

83 **glass** emblematic mirror

<p>Verse 9 But why despair I? Here comes wisdom's grace, Whose hope doth lead me unto better hap, Whose presence doth direct my fore-run race, Because I serve her as my beauties' map. Like Cain I shall be restored to heaven, 90 From shipwreck's peril to a quiet haven.</p> <p>Verse 10 10 When that by Cain's hand Abel was slain, His brother Abel, brother to his ire, Then Cain fled, to fly destruction's pain, God's heavy wrath, against his blood's desire; 95 But being fetched again by wisdom's power, Had pardon for his deed, love for his lower.</p> <p>Verse 11 11 By his repentance he remission had, And relaxation from the clog of sin. His painful labour labour's riches made, 100 His labouring pain did pleasure's profit win. 'Twas wisdom, wisdom made him to repent, And newly placed him in his old content.</p> <p>105 His body, which was once destruction's cave, Black murder's territory, mischief's house, By her these wicked sins were made his slave, And she became his bride, his wife, his spouse, Enriching him which was too rich before: Too rich in vice, in happiness too poor.</p> <p>Verse 12 12 Megaera, which did rule within his breast, And kept foul Lerna's fen within his mind, Both now displease him, which once pleased him best, Now murd'ring murder with his being kind. These which were once his friends are now his foes, Whose practice he retorts with wisdom's blows.</p> <p>115 Yet still lie they in ambush for his soul, But he, more wiser, keeps a wiser way. They see him, and they bark, snarl, grin and howl, But wisdom guides his steps, he cannot stray: By whom he conquers, and through whom he knows 120 The fear of God is stronger than his foes.</p> <p>Verse 13 13 When man was clad in vice's livery, And sold as bondman unto sin's command, She, she forsook him not for infamy, But freed him from his heart's imprisoned bond, 125 And when he lay in dungeon of despite, She interlined his grief with her delight.</p>	<p>Though servile she with him, she was content. The prison was her lodge as well as his, Till she the sceptre of the world had lent To glad his fortune, to augment his bliss, To punish false accusers of true deeds, And raise in him immortal glory's seeds.</p> <p>Say, shall we call her wisdom by her name? Or new invent a nominating style, Reciting ancient worth to make new fame, Or new-old hierarchy from honour's file? Say, shall we file out fame for virtue's store, And give a name not thought nor heard before?</p> <p>Then should we make her two, where now but one. Then should we make her common to each tongue. Wisdom shall be her name, she wise alone. If alter old for new, we do old wrong. Call her still wisdom, mistress of our souls, Our lives' deliverer from our foes' controls.</p> <p>To make that better which is best of all, Were to disarm the title of the power, And think to make a raise, and make a fall, Turn best to worst, a day unto an hour. To give two sundry names unto one thing, Makes it more commoner in Echo's sling.</p> <p>She guides man's soul: let her be called a queen. She enters into man: call her a sprite. She makes them godly which have never been: Call her herself, the image of her might. Those which for virtue plead, she prompts their tongue, Whose suit no tyrant nor no king can wrong.</p> <p>She stands as bar between their mouth and them. She prompts their thoughts. Their thoughts prompts speeches' sound. Their tongue's reward is honour's diadem, Their labour's hire with duest merit crowned. She is as judge and witness of each heart, Condemning falsehood, taking virtue's part.</p> <p>A shadow in the day, star in the night: A shadow for to shade them from the sun, A star in darkness for to give them light. A shade in day, a star when day is done: Keeping both courses true, in being true, A shade, a star, to shade and lighten you.</p>	<p>Verse 14</p> <p>130</p> <p>Verse 15</p> <p>135</p> <p>140</p> <p>Verse 16</p> <p>150</p> <p>155</p> <p>Verse 17</p> <p>160</p> <p>165</p>
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89 **Cain** All premodern commentaries and glosses on the corresponding biblical passage (10:10-12), including the marginal cross-reference in *Geneva*, note that it refers to Jacob (D.S.); but *Genesis Rabbah*, oddly, illustrates divine mercy by recounting Adam's encounter with a repentant and forgiven Cain (22:13).
96 **lower** reward, recompense

109 **Megaera** one of the avenging Furies
110 **Lerna's** Lerna was a swampy Argolian river, home of the hydra.
121 **man** Joseph, son of Jacob; he was sold to the Egyptian Potiphar, falsely accused of sexual harassment by Potiphar's wife, and thrown into prison, where he prospered.
133 **we** the righteous people

136 **file** catalogue, roll
137 **file out** erase
150 **Echo's sling** figurative explanation for the nymph's ability to throw sound back to its source
152 **sprite** spirit
168-75 **lighten you . . . your craves** Evidently the poem turns here briefly to direct address of Moses and the Israelites.

Verses 18, 19 And had she not, the sun's hot-burning fire
Had scorched the inward palace of your powers,
Your hot affection cooled your hot desire.
Two heats once met make cool distilling showers.
So likewise, had not wisdom been your star,
You had been prisoner unto Phoebe's car.

175 She made the Red Sea subject to your craves,
The surges calms, the billows smoothest ways.
She made rough winds sleep silent in their caves,
And Aeol watch, whom all the winds obeys.
Their foes, pursuing them with death and doom,
180 Did make the sea their church, the waves their tomb.

Verses 20, 21 They furrowed up a grave to lie therein,
Burying themselves with their own handy deed.
Sin digged a pit itself to bury sin.
Seed plowèd up the ground, to scatter seed.
185 The righteous, seeing this same sudden fall,
Did praise the Lord, and seized upon them all.

A glorious prize, though from inglorious hands!
A worthy spoil, though from unworthy hearts!
Tossed with the ocean's rage upon the sands,
190 Victorious gain, gainèd by wisdom's arts:
Which makes the dumb to speak, the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the babes have gravity.

Chapter Eleven

Verse 1 What he could have a heart, what heart a thought,
What thought a tongue, what tongue a show of fears,
Having his ship balanced with such a freight,
Which calms the ever-weeping ocean's tears,
5 Which prospers every enterprise of war,
And leads their fortune by good fortune's star?

Verses 2, 3 A pilot on the seas, guide on the land,
Through uncouth, desolate, untrodden way,
Through wilderness of woe, which in woes stand,
10 Pitching their tents where desolation lay,
In just revenge encount'ring with their foes,
Annexing wrath to wrath, and blows to blows.

Verse 4 But when the heat of overmuch alarms
Had made their bodies subject unto thirst,

And broiled their hearts in wrath's allaying harms
With fiery surges which from body burst,
That time had made the total sum of life,
Had not affection strove to end the strife.

Wisdom, affectionating power of zeal,
Did cool the passion of tormenting heat
20 With water from a rock, which did reveal
Her dear dear love, placed in affection's seat.
She was their mother twice, she nursed them twice,
Mingling their heat with cold, their fire with ice.

From whence received they life? From a dead stone? Verse 5
From whence received they speech? From a mute rock?
As if all pleasure did proceed from moan,
Or all discretion from a senseless block?
For what was each but silent, dead, and mute,
As if a thorny thistle should bear fruit? 30

'Tis strange how that should cure which erst did kill,
Give life in whom destruction is enshrined.
Alas, the stone is dead, and hath no skill.
Wisdom gave life and love: 'twas wisdom's mind.
She made the stone, which poisonèd her foes,
35 Give life, give cure, give remedy to those.

Blood-quaffing Mars, which washed himself in gore, Verse 6
Reigned in her foes' thirst slaughter-drinking hearts,
Their heads the bloody storehouse of blood's store,
Their minds made bloody streams disbursed in parts. 40
What was it else but butchery and hate,
To prize young infants' blood at murder's rate?

But let them surfeit on their bloody cup, Verse 7
Carousing to their own destruction's health.
We drink the silver-streamèd water up, 45
Which unexpected flowed from wisdom's wealth,
Declaring by the thirst of our dry souls
How all our foes did swim in murder's bowls.

What greater ill than famine? Or what ill Verse 8
Can be compared to the fire of thirst?
One be as both, for both the body kill, 50
And first brings torments in tormenting first:
Famine is death itself, and thirst no less,
If bread and water do not yield redress.

174 **Phoebe's car** the moon
175 **made the Red Sea subject** when the
Israelites fled through the parted waters,
which then closed to swallow up the
pursuing Egyptians
craves needs; prayers; *OED* records no
substantive form before 1707
178 **Aeol** Aeolus, god of the winds
179 **Their foes** the Egyptians
182 **handy** manual
111 The many miracles done for Israel in
the flight out of Egypt; God's vengeance

against the unrighteous and idolatrous,
and the guarantee of God's mercy to the
repentant righteous.
3 **balanced** common Elizabethan error for
ballasted; retained here for metre
freight cargo, freight (obs., retained for
rhyme); wisdom
13 **alarms** calls to arms
15 **broiled** embroiled, involved in hostility;
seared, charred
allaying tempering by fire

18 **affection** (divine) love
19 **affectionating** regarding with affection
21 **water from a rock** Moses's miracle in
Kadesh
25 **dead stone** anticipating the discussion of
idolatry in Chapter 13
31 **erst** at first, formerly
37 **Blood-quaffing Mars** god of war; the
phrase appears in Marlowe's *Hero and
Leander*, 151 (first published in 1598)
38 **thirst** thirsty?

55	Yet this affliction is but virtue's trial, Proceeding from the mercy of God's ire, To see if it can find his truth's denial, His judgement's breach, attempts contempt's desire. But O, the wicked, sleeping in misdeed,	Content they were to die for virtue's right, Sith joy should be the pledge of heaviness. When unexpected things were brought to pass, They were amazed, and wondered where God was.	100
60	Had death on whom they fed, on whom they feed.	He whom they did deny, now they extol. He whom they do extol, they did deny; He whom they did deride, they do enrol In register of heav'nly majesty. Their thirst was ever thirst. Repentance stopped it. Their life was ever dead. Repentance propped it.	105
Verse 9	Adjudged, condemned, and punished in one breath, Arraigned, tormented, tortured in one law, Adjudged like captives with destruction's wreath, Arraigned like thieves before the bar of awe:	And had it not, their thirst had burned their hearts, Their hearts had cried out for their tongues' reply, Their tongues had raised all their bodies' parts, Their bodies, once in arms, had made all die. Their foolish practices had made them wise: Wise in their hearts, though foolish in their eyes.	Verse 13
65	Condemned, tormented, tortured, punished, Like captives bold, thieves unastonished.	But they, alas, were dead to worship death, Senseless in worshipping all shadowed shows, Breathless in wasting of so vain a breath, Dumb in performance of their tongues' suppose. They in adoring death, in death's behests, Were punished with life, and living beasts.	115
70	Say God did suffer famine for to reign, And thirst to rule amongst the choicest heart, Yet father-like he eased them of their pain, And proved them how they could endure a smart; But as a righteous king condemned the others, As wicked sons unto as wicked mothers.	Thus for a show of beasts they substance have, The thing itself against the shadow's will, Which makes the shadows, sad woes in life's grave, As naught impossible in heaven's skill. God sent sad Os for shadows of lament. Lions and bears in multitudes he sent,	Verse 14
Verse 10	For where the devil reigns, there sure is hell, Because the tabernacle of his name,	Newly created beasts, which sight ne'er saw, Unknown, which neither eye nor ear did know, To breathe out blasts of fire against their law, And cast out smoke with a tempestuous blow, Making their eyes the chambers of their fears, Darting forth fire as lightning from the spheres.	Verse 15
75	His mansion-house, the place where he doth dwell, The coal-black visage of his nigrum fame. So, if the wicked live upon the earth, Earth is their hell, from good to worser birth.	Thus marching one by one, and side by side, By the profane, ill-limned, pale spectacles, Making both fire and fear to be their guide, Pulled down their vain-adoring chronicles; Then staring in their faces, spit forth fire, Which heats and cools their frosty-hot desire:	120
80	If present, they are present to their tears, If absent, they are present to their woes, Like as the snail, which shows all that she bears, Making her back the mountain of her shows: Present to their death, not absent to their care, Their punishment alike, where'er they are.	Frosty in fear, unfrosty in their shame, Cool in lament, hot in their powers' disgraces, Like lukewarm coals, half kindled with the flame, Sate white and red must'ring within their faces. The beasts themselves did not so much dismay them, As did their ugly eyes' aspects decay them.	125
Verse 11	Why, say they mourned, lamented, grieved, and wailed, And fed lament with care, care with lament: Say, how can sorrow be with sorrow bailed, When tears consumeth that which smiles hath lent? This makes a double prison, double chain,	And that by patience cometh heart's delight, Long-sought-for bliss, long-far-fet happiness.	Verse 16
90	A double mourning and a double pain. Captivity, hoping for freedom's hap, At length doth pay the ransom of her hope, Yet frees her thought from any clogging clap, Though back be almost burst with iron's cope. So they endured the more, because they knew That never till the spring the flowers grew;	130	135
Verse 12	And that by patience cometh heart's delight, Long-sought-for bliss, long-far-fet happiness.	140	140

56 **the mercy of God's ire** merging and compressing what 11:8 keeps separate in *Geneva*: 'For when they were tried and chastised with mercy, they knew how the ungodly were judged and punished in wrath.'

58 **attempts** tries with afflictions or tempta-

tions
61 **Adjudged** sentenced, doomed
70 **proved** tested
73 **devil** no comparable mention in *Geneva*
74 **tabernacle** dwelling-place
76 **nigrum** black (*Latin*)
87 **bailed** liberated

93 **clogging clap** encumbering imprisonment
94 **cope** cloak; vaulted covering
98 **long-far-fet** far-fetched, i.e., fetched from afar
134 **ill-limned** poorly-painted
142 **Sate** apparently for sated, or satiate, i.e., glutted

Verse
17 Yet what are beasts but subjects unto man,
By the decree of heav'n, degree of earth?
They have more strength than he, yet more he can,
He having reason's store, they reason's dearth;
But these were made to break subjection's rod,
150 And show the stubbornness of man to God.

Had they not been ordained to such intent,
God's word was able to supplant their powers,
And root out them which were to mischief bent,
With wrath and vengeance, minutes in death's hours;
155 But God doth keep a full, direct, true course,
And measures pity's love with mercy's force.

Verse
18 The wicked thinks God hath no might at all,
Because he makes no show of what he is,
When God is loath to give their pride a fall,
160 Or cloud the day wherein they do amiss;
But should his strength be shown, his anger rise,
Who could withstand the sun-caves of his eyes?

Verse
19 Alas, what is the world against his ire?
As snowy mountains 'gainst the golden sun,
165 Forced for to melt and thaw with frosty fire,
Fire hid in frost, though frost of cold begun.
As dew-distilling drops fall from the morn,
So new destruction's claps fall from his scorn.

Verse
20 But his revenge lies smothered in his smiles.
His wrath lies sleeping in his mercies' joy,
Which very seldom rise at mischief's coils,
And will not wake for every sinner's toy.
Boundless his mercies are, like heaven's grounds:
They have no limits, they, nor heav'n no bounds.

175 The promontory-top of his true love
Is like the end of never-ending streams,
Like Nilus' water-springs which inward move,
And have no outward show of shadows' beams.
God sees, and will not see, the sins of men,
180 Because they should amend. Amend? O when?

Verse
21 The mother loves the issues of her womb,
As doth the father his begotten son.
She makes her lap their quiet-sleeping tomb.
He seeks to care for life which new begun.
185 What care hath he, think then, that cares for all,
For agèd and for young, for great and small?

190 Is not that father careful, filled with care,
Loving, long-suffering, merciful and kind,
Which made with love all things that in love are,
Unmerciful to none, to none unkind?

Had man been hateful, man had never been,
But perished in the springtime of his green.

But how can hate abide where love remains?
Or how can anger follow mercy's path?
How can unkindness hinder kindness' gains?
195 Or how can murder bathe in pity's bath?
Love, mercy, kindness, pity, either's mate,
Doth scorn unkindness, anger, murder, hate.

Had it not been thy will to make the earth
It still had been a chaos unto time;
200 But 'twas thy will that man should have a birth,
And be preserved by good, condemned by crime.
Yet pity reigns within thy mercies' store.
Thou spar'st and lov'st us all. What would we more?

Chapter Twelve

Verse 1
When all the elements of mortal life
Were placèd in the mansion of their skin,
Each having daily motion to be rife,
Closed in that body which doth close them in,
God sent his holy spirit unto man,
5 Which did begin when first the world began.

Verse 2
So that the body, which was king of all,
Is subject unto that which now is king,
Which chast'neth those whom mischief doth exhale
Unto misdeeds from whence destructions spring.
10 Yet merciful it is, though it be chief,
Converting vice to good, sin to belief.

Verse 3
Old time is often lost in being bald:
Bald because old, old because living long.
It is rejected oft when it is called,
15 And wears out age with age, still being young.
Twice children we, twice feeble and once strong,
But being old, we sin and do youth wrong.

The more we grow in age, the more in vice.
A house-room long unswept will gather dust.
20 Our long unthawèd souls will freeze to ice,
And wear the badge of long imprisoned rust.
So those inhabitants in youth twice born,
Were old in sin, more old in heaven's scorn,

Verse 4
Committing works as inky spots of fame,
Commencing words like foaming vice's waves,
Committing and commencing mischief's name,
With works and words sworn to be vice's slaves:
As sorcery, witchcraft, mischievous deeds,
30 And sacrifice, which wicked fancies feeds.

162 **sun-caves of his eyes** 'power of thine arm' (*Geneva*)

171 **coils** confused noises

177 **Nilus' water-springs** sources of the Nile, thought by Europeans to be obscure

12 How God is merciful toward even mur-

derers and idol-worshippers, giving them leisure to repent; but his wise and just punishment of the unrepentant, especially the idolatrous, is extreme; how they are first derided and shamed, then damned.

3 **rife** flourishing

9 **exhale** drag out

23 **those inhabitants** 'those old inhabitants of the holy land' (*Geneva*), from whom the Israelites would reclaim it

Verse 5	Well may I call that wicked which is more. I rather would be low than be too high. O wondrous practisers, clothed all in gore, To end that life which their own lives did buy!	They worsè are with too much punishing, Because by nature prone to injury; For 'tis but folly to supplant his thought, Whose heart is wholly given to be naught.	75
35	More than swine-like, eating man's bowels up, Their banquet's dish, their blood their banquet's cup.	These seeded were in seed. O cursèd plant! Seeded with other seed. O cursèd root! Too much of good doth turn unto good's want, As too much seed doth turn to too much soot: Bitter in taste, presuming of their height, Like misty vapours in black-coloured night.	80
Verses 6, 7	Butchers unnatural, worse by their trade, Whose house the bloody shambles of decay, More than a slaughter-house which butchers made,	But God, whose powerful arms one strength doth hold, Scorning to stain his force upon their faces, Will send his messengers both hot and cold, To make them shadows of their own disgraces. His hot ambassador is fire, his cold Is wind, which two scorn for to be controlled.	Verse 12
40	More than an Eastcheap, seely bodies prey; Thorough whose hearts a bloody shambles runs: They do not butcher beasts, but their own sons.	For who dares say unto the king of kings, What hast thou done which ought to be undone? Or who dares stand against thy judgement's stings? Or dare accuse thee for the nations' moan? Or who dare say, revenge this ill for me? Or stand against the Lord with villainy?	90
45	Chief murd'ring of their souls which their souls bought, Extinguishers of light which their lives gave, More than knife butchers they, butchers in thought, Sextons to dig their own begotten grave, Making their habitations old in sin, Which God doth reconcile and new begin.	What he hath done he knows. What he will do He weigheth with the balance of his eyes. What judgement he pronounceth must be so, And those which he oppresses cannot rise. Revenge lies in his hands. When he doth please, He can revenge and love, punish and ease.	95
Verse 8	That murd'ring place was turned into delight, That bloody slaughter-house to peace's breast, That lawless palace to a place of right, That slaught'ring shambles to a living rest, Made meet for justice, fit for happiness, Unmeet for sin, unfit for wickedness.	The clay is subject to the potter's hands, Which with a new device makes a new mould, And what are we, I pray, but clayey bonds, With ashy body joined to cleaner soul? Yet we, once made, scorn to be made again, But live in sin like clayey lumps of pain.	Verse 13
50	That bloody slaughter-house to peace's breast, That lawless palace to a place of right, That slaught'ring shambles to a living rest, Made meet for justice, fit for happiness, Unmeet for sin, unfit for wickedness.	The clay is subject to the potter's hands, Which with a new device makes a new mould, And what are we, I pray, but clayey bonds, With ashy body joined to cleaner soul? Yet we, once made, scorn to be made again, But live in sin like clayey lumps of pain.	Verse 14
Verse 9	Yet the inhabitants, though mischief's slaves, Were not dead-drenched in their destruction's flood. God hoped to raise repentance from sins' graves, And hoped that pain's delay would make them good. Not that he was unable to subdue them, But that their sins' repentance should renew them.	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	100
60	But that their sins' repentance should renew them.	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	105
Verse 10	Delay is took for virtue and for vice. Delay is good, and yet delay is bad. 'Tis virtue when it thaws repentance' ice. 'Tis vice to put off things we have or had.	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	110
65	But here it followeth repentance' way, Therefore it is nor sin's nor mischief's prey.	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	115
70	Delay in punishment is double pain, And every pain makes a twice-double thought, Doubling the way to our lives' better gain, Doubling repentance, which is single bought; For fruitless grafts, when they are too much lopped, More fruitless are, forwhy their fruits are stopped.	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	120
Verse 11	So fares it with the wicked plants of sin, The roots of mischief, tops of villainy:	Yet if hot anger smother cool delight, He'll mould our bodies in destruction's form, And make ourselves as subjects to his might, In the least fuel of his anger's storm. Nor king nor tyrant dare ask or demand, What punishment is this thou hast in hand?	120

38 **shambles** meat market
40 **Eastcheap** London meat-market area
seely bodies prey innocent bodies [their] prey
41 **Thorough** through; retained for metre
46 **Sextons** church officers whose duties include digging graves

72 **forwhy** because
74 **tops** green growth above ground
78 **naught** immoral, vicious
79 **seeded were in seed** were gone to seed at the very outset; 'it was a cursed seed from the beginning' (*Geneva*)
82 **soot** gardener's term for a substance of

sooty appearance or nature
83 **presuming** aspiring; rank, overgrown
102 **ease** relieve
103 **carvèd spectacle** idol; not suggested here by *Geneva*, but anticipating the discussion in Chapter 13

<p>Verse 15 We all are captives to thy regal throne. Our prison is the earth, our bonds our sins, And our accuser our own bodies' groan, Pressed down with vice's weights and mischief's gins. 125 Before the bar of heav'n we plead for favour, To cleanse our sin-bespotted bodies' savour.</p> <p>Thou righteous art; our pleading then is right. Thou merciful; we hope for mercy's grace. Thou order'st everything with look-on sight: 130 Behold us, prisoners in earth's wand'ring race. We know thy pity is without a bound, And sparest them which in some faults be found.</p> <p>Verse 16 Thy power is as thyself, without an end, Beginning all to end, yet ending none, 135 Son unto virtue's son, and wisdom's friend, Original of bliss to virtue shown, Beginning good which never ends in vice, Beginning flames which never end in ice.</p> <p>140 For righteousness is good in such a name. It righteous is; 'tis good in such a deed. A lamp it is, fed with discretion's flame; Begins in seed, but never ends in seed. By this we know the Lord is just and wise, Which causeth him to spare us when he tries.</p> <p>Verse 17 Just, because justice weighs what wisdom thinks; Wise, because wisdom thinks what justice weighs. One virtue maketh two, and two more links. Wisdom is just, and justice never strays. The help of one doth make the other better, 150 As is the want of one the other's letter.</p> <p>But wisdom hath two properties in wit, As justice hath two contraries in force. Heat added unto heat augmenteth it, As too much water bursts a water-course. God's wisdom too much proved doth breed God's 155 hate; God's justice too much moved breeds God's debate.</p> <p>Verse 18 Although the ashy prison of fire-dust Doth keep the flaming heat imprisoned in, Yet sometime will it burn, when flame it must, 160 And burst the ashy cave where it hath been. So if God's mercy pass the bounds of mirth, It is not mercy then, but mercy's dearth.</p> <p>Yet how can love breed hate, without hate's love? God doth not hate to love, nor love to hate.</p>	<p>His equity doth every action prove, Smothering with love that spiteful envy's fate. For should the teen of anger trace his brow, The very puffs of rage would drive the plow.</p> <p>But God did end his toil when world begun. Now like a lover studies how to please, And win their hearts again whom mischief won, Lodged in the mansion of their sin's disease. He made each mortal man two ears, two eyes, To hear and see; yet he must make them wise.</p> <p>If imitation should direct man's life, 'Tis life to imitate a living corse. The thing's example makes the thing more rife. God loving is. Why do we want remorse? He put repentance into sinful hearts, And fed their fruitless souls with fruitful arts. 180</p> <p>If such a boundless ocean of good deeds Should have such influence from mercy's stream, Kissing both good and ill, flowers and weeds, As doth the sunny flame of Titan's beam, A greater Tethys then should mercy be, 185 In flowing unto them which loveth thee.</p> <p>The sun which shines in heav'n doth light the earth. The earth which shines in sin doth spite the heaven. Sin is earth's sun, the sun of heav'n sin's dearth: Both odd in light, being of height not even. 190 God's mercy then, which spares both good and ill, Doth care for both, though not alike in will.</p> <p>Can vice be virtue's mate, or virtue's meat? Verse 22 Her company is bad, her food more worse. She shames to sit upon her better's seat, 195 As subject beasts, wanting the lion's force. Mercy is virtue's badge, foe to disdain; Virtue is vice's stop, and mercy's gain.</p> <p>Yet God is merciful, to mischief flows, More merciful in sin's and sinners' want. 200 God chast'neth us, and punisheth our foes, Like, sluggish drones amongst, a labouring ant. We hope for mercy at our bodies' doom; We hope for heav'n, the bail of earthly tomb.</p> <p>What hope they for? What hope have they of heaven? Verse 23 They hope for vice, and they have hope of hell, 210 From whence their souls' eternity is given, But such eternity which pains can tell. They live, but better were it for to die, Immortal in their pain and misery.</p>
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121 **thy** resuming, until 143, *Geneva's* direct conversation with God

124 **gins** traps, fetters, instruments of torture

136 **Original** originator, source

150 **letter** hinderer, obstructor

155 **proved** tested

156 **debate** strife, contention

167 **teen** vexation, irritation; perhaps with a play on 'tine' (tooth of a harrow, as at 5.94)

176 **corse** obsolete form of 'corpse', retained for rhyme

198 **stop** set-back, loss

202 **drones** in bees, the non-worker males; hence idlers, sluggards; the line is evidently inverted for the sake of both metre and rhyme, logically reading 'Like a labouring ant among sluggish drones.'

204 **bail** release

Hath hell such freedom to devour souls?
 Are souls so bold to rush in such a place?
 God gives hell power of vice, which hell controls.
 Vice makes her followers bold with armed face.
 215 God tortures both, the mistress and the man,
 And ends in pain that which in vice began.

Verse
 24 A bad beginning makes a worser end,
 Without repentance meet the middle way,
 Making a mediocrity their friend,
 220 Which else would be their foe because they stray.
 But if repentance miss the middle line,
 The sun of virtue ends in west's decline.

225 So did it fare with these, which strayed too far,
 Beyond the measure of the mid-day's eye,
 In error's ways, led without virtue's star,
 Esteeming beast-like powers for deity;
 Whose heart no thought of understanding meant,
 Whose tongue no word of understanding sent:

Verse
 25 Like infant babes, bearing their nature's shell
 Upon the tender heads of tend'rer wit,
 Which tongue-tied are, having no tale to tell
 To drive away the childhood of their fit;
 Unfit to tune their tongue with wisdom's string,
 Too fit to quench their thirst in folly's spring.
 235 But they were trees to babes, babes sprigs to them,
 They not so good as these, in being naught;
 In being naught, the more from vice's stem,
 Whose essence cannot come without a thought.
 To punish them is punishment in season:
 240 They children-like, without or wit or reason.

Verse
 26 To be derided is to be half dead.
 Derision bears a part 'tween life and death.
 Shame follows her with misery half fed,
 Half-breathing life, to make half life and breath.
 245 Yet here was mercy shown: their deeds were more
 Than could be wiped off by derision's score.

250 This mercy is the warning of misdeeds,
 A trumpet summoning to virtue's walls,
 To notify their hearts which mischief feeds,
 Whom vice instructs, whom wickedness exhales.
 But if derision cannot murder sin,
 Then shame shall end, and punishment begin.

For many shameless are, bold, stout in ill. Verse
 27
 Then how can shame take root in shameless plants,
 When they their brows with shameless furrows fill, 255
 And plows each place, which one plow-furrow wants?
 Then being armed 'gainst shame with shameless face,
 How can derision take a shameful place?

But punishment may smooth their wrinkled brow,
 And set shame on the forehead of their rage, 260
 Guiding the fore-front of that shameless row,
 Making it smooth in shame, though not in age.
 Then will they say that God is just and true;
 But 'tis too late, damnation will ensue.

Chapter Thirteen

The branch must needs be weak, if root be so. Verse 1
 The root must needs be weak, if branches fall.
 Nature is vain, man cannot be her foe,
 Because from nature, and at nature's call.
 Nature is vain, and we proceed from nature: 5
 Vain therefore is our birth, and vain our feature.

One body may have two diseases sore.
 Not being two, it may be joined to two.
 Nature is one itself, yet two and more,
 Vain, ignorant of God, of good, of show, 10
 Which not regards the things which God hath done,
 And what things are to do, what new begun.

Why do I blame the tree, when 'tis the leaves? Verse 2
 Why blame I nature for her mortal men?
 Why blame I men? 'Tis she, 'tis she that weaves, 15
 That weaves, that wafts unto destruction's pen.
 Then being blameful both, because both vain,
 I leave to both their vanity's due pain.

To prize the shadow at the substance' rate,
 Is a vain substance of a shadow's hue; 20
 To think the son to be the father's mate,
 Earth to rule earth because of earthly view;
 To think fire, wind, air, stars, water, and heaven,
 To be as gods, from whom their selves are given.

Fire as a god? O irreligious sound! Verse 3
 Wind as a god? O vain, O vainest voice!
 Air as a god, when 'tis but dusky ground?
 Star as a god, when 'tis but Phoebe's choice?
 Water a god, which first by God was made?
 Heaven a god, which first by God was laid? 30

218 Without unless
 240 or...or either...or
 250 exhales drags off

13 Derision of idolators, who worship nature
 or their own impermanent handiwork,
 ignoring the eternal Creator who first
 made all nature and all humankind.

3 vain ineffectual
 6 feature creation
 7 sore grievous, severe
 16 wafts carries, transports
 17 both nature and men
 22-30 Earth...laid? drawing on a con-
 ventional anatomy of the created world,

ascending from the four elements (earth,
 air, fire, water) to the winds, the stars in
 their spheres, and heaven itself
 27 dusky ground the dim or obscure lower
 level of creation (wanting 'God's bright
 excellence of brightest day'—33)

Say all hath beauty, excellence, array,
 Yet beautified they are, they were, they be,
 By God's bright excellence of brightest day,
 Which first implanted our first beauty's tree.
 35 If then the painted outside of the show
 Be radiant, what is the inward row?

Verse 4 If that the shadow of the body's skin
 Be so illumined with the sun-shined soul,
 What is the thing itself which is within,
 40 More rinsed, more cleansed, more purified from foul?
 If elemental powers have God's thought,
 Say what is God, which made them all of naught?

It is a wonder for to see the sky,
 And operation of each airy power;
 45 A marvel that the heav'n should be so high,
 And let fall such a low distilling shower.
 Then needs must he be high, higher than all,
 Which made both low and high with one tongue's
 call.

Verse 5 The workman mightier is than his hand-work,
 50 In making that which else would be unmade.
 The ne'er-thought thing doth always hidden lurk,
 Without the maker in a making trade.
 For had not God made man, man had not been,
 But nature had decayed and ne'er been seen.

55 The workman never showing of his skill
 Doth live unknown to man, though known to wit.
 Had mortal birth been never in God's will,
 God had been God, but yet unknown in it.
 Then having made the glory of earth's beauty,
 60 'Tis reason earth should reverence him in duty.

Verse 6 The savage people have a supreme head,
 A king, though savage as his subjects are;
 Yet they with his observances are led,
 Obeying his behests whate'er they were.
 65 The Turks, the infidels, all have a lord,
 Whom they observe in thought, in deed, in word.

And shall we, differing from their savage kind,
 Having a soul to live and to believe,
 Be rude in thought, in deed, in word, in mind,
 70 Not seeking him which should our woes relieve?
 O no, dear brethren, seek our God, our fame;
 Then if we err, we shall have lesser blame.

How can we err? We seek for ready way. Verse 7
 O that my tongue could fetch that word again,
 Whose very accent makes me go astray, 75
 Breathing that erring wind into my brain.
 My word is passed, and cannot be recalled;
 It is like aged time, now waxen bald.

For they which go astray in seeking God,
 Do miss the joyful narrow-footed path; 80
 Joyful, thrice joyful way to his abode,
 Naught seeing but their shadows in a bath.
 Narcissus-like, pining to see a show,
 Hind'ring the passage which their feet should go.

Narcissus' fantasy did die to kiss. Verses
 O sugared kiss, dyed with a poisoned lip! 8, 9
 The fantasies of these do die to miss.
 O tossèd fantasies, in folly's ship!
 He died to kiss the shadow of his face;
 These live and die to life's and death's disgrace. 90

A fault without amends, crime without ease,
 A sin without excuse, death without aid;
 To love the world, and what the world did please,
 To know the earth, wherein their sins are laid;
 They knew the world, but not the Lord that framed it; 95
 They knew the earth, but not the Lord that named it.

Narcissus drowned himself for his self's show; Verse
 Striving to heal himself, did himself harm. 10
 These drowned themselves on earth with their selves'
 woe,
 He in a water-brook by fury's charm. 100
 They made dry earth wet with their folly's weeping,
 He made wet earth dry with his fury's sleeping.

Then leave him to his sleep. Return to those
 Which ever wake in misery's constraints,
 Whose eyes are hollow caves and made sleep's foes, 105
 Two dungeons dark with sin, blind with complaints.
 They callèd images which man first found
 Immortal gods, for which their tongues are bound.

Gold was a god with them, a golden god:
 Like children in a pageant of gay toys, 110
 Adoring images for saints' abode.
 O vain, vain spectacles of vainer joys!
 Putting their hope in blocks, their trust in stones,
 Hoping to trust, trusting to hope in moans.

31 **array** condition of being specially fitted
 out for display
 36 **row** ray, beam
 61 **savage** non-Christian
 69 **rude** ignorant, untutored
 71 **dear brethren** The addressee becomes a
 virtual Puritan congregation here.
 78 **waxen** grown

80 **narrow-footed** having a narrow footway
 82 **bath** spring of water (anticipating the
 Narcissus image of the next line)
 83 **Narcissus-like** in Greek mythology,
 Narcissus is the beautiful youth who
 died of self-love (the essence of idolatry),
 adoring his own image in a pool
 87 **these** the misguided people who seek God

in his material world
 100 **fury's** Fury is inspired frenzy, passionate
 obsession.
 107 **found** founded? i.e., cast, moulded, as
 in a foundry
 111 **saints' abode**. This reference makes
 explicit the underlying anticatholicism of
 the poem's assault on idolatry.

Verses
11, 12 As when a carpenter cuts down a tree,
Meet for to make a vessel for man's use,
He pareth all the bark most cunningly,
With the sharp shaver of his knife's abuse,
Ripping the seely womb with no entreat,
120 Making her woundy chips to dress his meat;

Verse
13 Her body's bones are often rough and hard,
Crooked with age's growth, growing with crooks,
And full of weather-chinks which seasons marred,
Knobby and rugged, bending in like hooks;
125 Yet knowing age can never want a fault,
Encounters it with a sharp knife's assault,

Verse
14 And carves it well, though it be self-like ill,
Observing leisure, keeping time and place,
According to the cunning of his skill,
130 Making the figure of a mortal face,
Or like some ugly beast in ruddy mould,
Hiding each cranny with a painter's fold.

Verses
15, 16 It is a world to see, to mark, to view,
How age can botch up age with crooked thread,
135 How his old hands can make an old tree new,
And dead-like he can make another dead;
Yet makes a substantive able to bear it,
And she, an adjective, nor see nor hear it.

140 A wall it is itself, yet wall with wall
Hath great supportance, bearing either part.
The image, like an adjective, would fall,
Were it not closèd with an iron heart.
The workman, being old himself, doth know
What great infirmities old age can show.

Verse
17 Therefore, to stop the river of extremes,
He burst into the flowing of his wit,
Tossing his brains with more than thousand themes,
To have a wooden stratagem so fit:
Wooden, because it doth belong to wood;
150 His purpose may be wise, his reason good.

His purpose wise? No, foolish, fond, and vain.
His reason good? No, wicked, vile, and ill,
To be the author of his own life's pain,
To be the tragic actor of his will,

Praying to that which he before had framed,
For welcome faculties, and not ashamed;

155

Calling to folly for discretion's sense,
Calling to sickness for sick body's health,
Calling to weakness for a stronger fence,
Calling to poverty for better wealth;
160 Praying to death for life, for this he prayed,
Requiring help of that which wanteth aid;

Desiring that of it which he had not,
And for his journey that which cannot go,
And for his gain her furth'rance, to make glad
The work which he doth take in hand to do.
165 These windy words do rush against the wall;
She cannot speak, 'twill sooner make her fall.

Chapter Fourteen

As doth one little spark make a great flame,
Kindled from forth the bosom of the flint,
As doth one plague infect with its self name,
With wat'ry humours making bodies' dint:
5 So, even so, this idol worshipper
Doth make another idol practiser.

The shipman cannot team dame Tethys' waves
Within a wind-taut cap'ring anchorage,
Before he prostrate lies, and suffrage craves,
And has a block to be his fortune's gage:
10 More crooked than his stern, yet he implores her;
More rotten than his ship, yet he adores her.

Who made this form? He that was formed and made.
Verse 2 'Twas avarice, 'twas she that found it out.
She made her craftsman crafty in his trade,
15 He cunning was in bringing it about.
O, had he made the painted show to speak,
It would have called him vain, herself to wreak.

It would have made him blush alive, though he
Did dye her colour with a deadly blush.
Thy providence, O Father, doth decree
A sure, sure way amongst the waves to rush,
Verses 3, 4 Thereby declaring that thy power is such,
That though a man were weak, thou canst do much.

117 **cunningly** skillfully
120 **woundy** characterized by wounds;
OED's earliest example is from 1660
129 **cunning** knowledge, craft
132 **fold** wrapping, covering
134 **botch up** patch, repair
137 **substantive fig.** an independent person
or thing
138 **she** the idol, consistently neuter in
Geneva
adjective fig. a dependent person or
thing; 'he setteth it in a wall, and
maketh it fast with iron, providing so

for it lest it fall' (Geneva), 15-16.
145 **river of extremes** journey toward death
148 **wooden** playing on the sense 'mad'
156 **faculties** personal attributes, such as
the 'discretion' and 'health' of the next
stanza
14 Of idol-worshipping at sea; idolatry
and vice; the origins and spreading of
idolatry, and the evils proceeding from it.
3 **self** very, own (emphatic adj.)
4 **humours** mists; bodily fluids
dint stroke, blow
7 **team** harness, yoke; but perhaps an error

for 'tame'
8 **wind-taut** holding wind tautly; usually
applied to a dangerous excess of sail or
rigging
cap'ring dancing
9 **suffrage** assistance; intercession
10 **block** of wood
11 **her** the block or idol; again feminizing
Geneva's neutral object; see gloss on 67,
and note especially 235-40.
15 **crafty** skilful; cunning
18 **wreak** avenge

Verse 5 What is one single bar to double death,
 One death in death, the other death in fear?
 This single bar, a board, a poor board's breadth,
 Yet stops the passage of each Neptune's tear.
 To see how many lives one board can have!
 30 To see how many lives one board can save!

How was this board first made? By wisdom's art,
 Which is not vain but firm, not weak but sure.
 Therefore do men commit their living heart
 To planks which either life or death procure,
 35 Cutting the storms in two, parting the wind,
 Plowing the sea till they their harbour find;

Verse 6 The sea whose mountain billows, passing bounds,
 Rusheth upon the hollow-sided bark,
 With rough-sent kisses from the water grounds,
 40 Raising a foaming heat with rage's spark.
 Yet sea nor waves can make the shipman fear:
 He knows that die he must, he cares not where.

For had his timorous heart been dyed in white,
 And sent an echo of resembling woe,
 45 Wisdom had been unknown in folly's night,
 The sea had been a desolation's show;
 But one world's hope lay hovering on the sea,
 When one world's hap did end with one decay.

Yet Phoebus drownèd in the ocean's world,
 50 Phoebe disgraced with Tethys' billow-rolls,
 And Phoebus' fiery-golden wreath uncurled,
 Was seated at the length in brightness' souls.
 Man, tossed in wettest wilderness of seas,
 Had seed on seed, increase upon increase.

Verses 7, 8 Their mansion-house a tree upon a wave:
 O happy tree, upon unhappy ground!
 But every tree is not ordained to have
 Such blessedness, such virtue, such abound:
 60 Some trees are carvèd images of naught,
 Yet godlike revered, adored, besought.

Verse 9 Are the trees naught? Alas, they senseless are.
 The hands which fashion them condemn their growth,
 Cuts down their branches, vails their forehead bare.
 Both made in sin, though not sin's equal both:
 65 First God made man, and vice did make him new,
 And man made vice from vice, and so it grew.

Now is her harvest greater than her good,
 Her wonted winter turned to summer's air,

Her ice to heat, her sprig to cedar's wood,
 Her hate to love, her loathsome filth to fair. 70
 Man loves her well, by mischief new created;
 God hates her ill, because of virtue hated.

O foolish man, mounted upon decay, Verse
 10 More ugly than Alastor's pitchy back,
 Night's dismal summoner, and end of day, 75
 Carrying all dusky vapours hemmed in black,
 Behold thy downfall, ready at thy hand!
 Behold thy hopes wherein thy hazards stand!

O spurn away that block out of thy way,
 With virtue's appetite and wisdom's force, 80
 That stumbling block of folly and decay,
 That snare which doth ensnare thy treading corse!
 Behold, thy body falls! Let virtue bear it.
 Behold, thy soul doth fall! Let wisdom rear it.

Say, art thou young or old, tree or a bud? Verse
 11 Thy face is so disfigurèd with sin,
 Young I do think thou art. In what? In good,
 But old I am assured by wrinkled skin.
 Thy lips, thy tongue, thy heart, is young in praying,
 90 But lips and tongue and heart is old in straying:

Old in adoring idols, but too young
 In the observance of divines law;
 Young in adoring God, though old in tongue,
 Old and too old, young and too young in awe:
 95 Beginning that which doth begin misdeeds,
 Inventing vice which all thy body feeds.

But this corrupting and infecting food, Verse
 12 This caterpillar of eternity,
 The foe to bliss, the canker unto good,
 The new accustomed way of vanity:
 100 It hath not ever been, nor shall it be,
 But perish in the branch of folly's tree.

As her descent was vanity's alline, Verse
 13 So her descending like to her descent:
 Here shall she have an end, in hell no fine. 105
 Vainglory brought her vainly to be spent.
 You know all vanity draws to an end,
 Then needs must she decay, because her friend.

Is there more folly than to weep at joy? Verse
 14 To make eyes wat'ry when they should be dry?
 To grieve at that which murders grief's annoy?
 To keep a shower where the sun should lie?
 But yet this folly-cloud doth oft appear,
 When face should smile and wat'ry eye be clear.

27 **board** ship; *fig.* providence

28 **Neptune's** sea-god's

47 **one world's hope** Noah (who built his ark guided by divine wisdom), and his living cargo

48 **hap** luck, chance

58 **abound** abundance (not otherwise recorded)

63 **vails** lowers submissively

67 **her** vice's

74 **Alastor's** belonging to the Greek spirit of vengeance

82 **corse** obsolete form of corpse, here with the sense (also obsolete) of a living body (hence, of life in death?)

98 **caterpillar** rapacious parasite; like 'moth', much stronger in Middleton's usage than in ours

101 **ever** always

103 **alline** ally, kin

105 **fine** ending

111 **annoy** vexation

115	The father mourns to see his son life-dead, But seldom mourns to see his son dead-lived. He cares for earthly lodge, not heaven's bed, For death in life, not life in death survived, Keeping the outward shadow of his face	They, like to Tantalus, are fed with shows, Shows which exasperate and cannot cure. They see the painted shadow of suppose. They see her sight, yet what doth sight procure? Like Tantalus they feed, and yet they starve.	Verse 18 160
120	To work the inward substance of disgrace; Keeping a show to counterpoise the deed; Keeping a shadow to be substance' heir, To raise the thing itself from shadow's seed, And make an element of lifeless air;	The craftsman feeds them with a starving meat, Which doth not fill but empty hunger's gape. He makes the idol comely, fair, and great, With well-limned visage and best-fashioned shape, Meaning to give it to some noble view, And feign his beauty with that flatt'ring hue.	165
Verse 15, 16	But could infection keep one settled place, The poison would not lodge in every breast, Nor feed the heart, the mind, the soul, the face, 130 Lodging but in the carcass of her rest; But this idolatry, once in man's use, Was made a custom then without excuse.	Enamoured with the sight, the people grew To divers apparitions of delight. Some did admire the portraiture so new, Hewed from the standard of an old tree's height. Some were allured through beauty of the face, With outward eye to work the soul's disgrace.	Verse 19
135	Nay more: it was at tyranny's command, And tyrants cannot speak without a doom, Whose judgement doth proceed from heart and hand, From heart in rage, from hand in bloody tomb, That if through absence any did neglect it, Presence should pay the ransom which reject it.	Adorèd like a god, though made by man! To make a god of man, a man of god, 'Tis more than human life or could or can, Though multitudes' applause in error trod: I never knew since mortal life's abode, That man could make a man, much less a god.	175 180
140	Then to avoid the doom of present hate, Their absence did perform their presence' want, Making the image of a kingly state, As if they had new seed from sin's old plant; Flatt'ring the absence of old mischief's mother, With the like form and presence of another;	Yes, man can make his shame without a maker, Borrowing the essence from restored sin. Man can be virtue's foe, and vice's taker, Welcome himself without a welcome in. Can he do this? Yea, more. O shameless ill: Shameful in sin, shameless in wisdom's will!	Verse 20 185
Verse 17	Making an absence with a present sight, Or rather presence with an absent view; Deceiving vulgars with a day of night, Which know not good from bad, nor false from true: A craftsman cunning in his crafty trade, 150 Beguiling them with that which he had made.	The river of his vice can have no bound, But breaks into the ocean of deceit, Deceiving life with measures of dead ground, With carvèd idols, disputation's bait; Making captivity, clothed all in moan, Be subject to a god made of a stone.	190
155	Like as a vane is turned with every blast, Until it point unto the windy clime, So stand the people at his word aghast. He making old-new form in new-old time, 155 Defies and deifies all with one breath, Making them live and die, and all in death.	Too stony hearts had they which made this law. O, had they been as stony as the name, They never had brought vulgars in such awe, To be destruction's prey, and mischief's game. Had they been stone-dead both in look and favour, They never had made life of such a savour.	Verse 21 195

115 life-dead deprived of life	worshipped by the commandment of	reach
116 dead-lived living in a condition of spiritual death	tyrants' (<i>Geneva</i>)	158 exasperate increase the fierceness of appetite
119 outward shadow the father's idolatrous image of his dead son, viewed as one of the possible origins of idolatry	134 doom sentence of punishment	164 gape wide-open mouth
132 without excuse no one was excused from idol-worship, not the servants of the mourning father, not the subjects of the tyrant: 'this wicked custom prevailed, and was kept as a law, and idols were	140 Their absence the absence of tyrants (whose images were worshipped in their stead)	166 well-limned well painted, portrayed
	151 vane weathervane	177 or . . . or either . . . or
	157 Tantalus mythical king of Phrygia, condemned never to gain the ever-receding food and drink just beyond his	179 abode temporary stay
		193 they . . . law the tyrants who commanded idol-worshipping
		195 vulgars common or uneducated people

200 Yet was not this a too sufficient doom,
 Sent from the root of their sin-o'ergrown tongue,
 To cloud God's knowledge with hell-mischief's gloom,
 To overthrow truth's right with falsehood's wrong:
 But daily practised a perfect way,
 Still to begin, and never end to stray.

Verse 22 For either murder's paw did grip their hearts,
 With whisp'ring horrors drumming in each ear,
 Or other villainies did play their parts,
 Augmenting horror to new-strucken fear,
 Making their hands more than a shambles' stall,
 210 To slay their children ceremonial.

Verse 23 No place was free from stain of blood or vice.
 Their life was marked for death, their soul for sin,
 Marriage for fornication's thawed ice,
 Thought for despair, body for either's gin.
 215 Slaughter did either end what life begun,
 Or lust did end what both had left undone.

Verses 24, 25 The one was sure, although the other fail,
 For vice hath more competitors than one.
 A greater troop doth evermore avail,
 220 And villainy is never found alone.
 The bloodhound follows that which slaughter killed,
 And theft doth follow what deceit hath spilled.

225 Corruption's mate to infidelity,
 For that which is unfaithful is corrupt.
 Tumults are schoolfellows to perjury,
 For both are full when either one hath supped.
 Unthankfulness, defiling, and disorders,
 Are fornication's and uncleanness' boarders.

Verse 26 See what a sort of rebels are in arms,
 To root out virtue, to supplant her reign,
 Opposing of themselves against all harms,
 To the deposing of her empire's gain.
 O double knot of treble miseries!
 O treble knot, twice, thrice in villainies!

235 O idol-worshipping, thou mother art,
 She-procreatress of a he-offence.
 I know thee now. Thou bear'st a woman's part.
 Thou nature hast of her, she of thee sense.
 These are thy daughters, too too like the mother:
 240 Black sins, I damn you all with inky smother.

Verse 27 My pen shall be officious in this scene,
 To let your hearts' blood in a wicked vein,
 To make your bodies clear, your souls as clean,
 To cleanse the sinks of sin with virtue's rain.

Behold your coal-black blood, my writing ink,
 My paper's poisoned meat, my pen's foul drink.

245 New-christened are you with your own new blood,
 But mad before, savage and desperate,
 Prophesying lies, not knowing what was good,
 Living ungodly, evermore in hate;
 250 Thund'ring out oaths, pale sergeants of despair;
 Swore and forswore, not knowing what you were.

Now look upon the spectacle of shame,
 The well-limned image of an ill-limned thought.
 Say, are you worthy now of praise or blame,
 255 That such self-scandal in your own selves wrought?
 You were heart-sick before I let you blood,
 But now heart-well since I have done you good.

Now wipe blind folly from your seeing eyes,
 And drive destruction from your happy mind.
 260 Your folly now is wit, not foolish-wise;
 Destruction, happiness, not mischief blind.
 You put your trust in idols, they deceived you.
 You put your trust in God, and he received you.

Had not repentance grounded on your souls,
 Verse 29 The climes of good or ill, virtue or vice,
 Had it not flowed into the tongue's enrols,
 Ascribing mischief's hate with good advice,
 Your tongue had spilled your soul, your soul your
 tongue,
 270 Wronging each function with a double wrong.

Your first attempt was placèd in a show:
 Imaginary show without a deed.
 The next attempt was perjury, the foe
 To just demeanours, and to virtue's seed.
 275 Two sins, two punishments, and one in two,
 Makes two in one, and more than one can do.

Four scourges from one pain, all comes from sin,
 Verse 30 Single yet double, double yet in four.
 It slays the soul. It hems the body in.
 It spills the mind. It doth the heart devour,
 280 Gnawing upon the thoughts, feeding on blood,
 Forwhy, she lives in sin, but dies in good.

She taught their souls to stray, their tongues to swear,
 Their thought to think amiss, their life to die,
 Their heart to err, their mischief to appear,
 285 Their head to sin, their feet to tread awry.
 This scene might well have been destruction's tent,
 To pay with pain what sin with joy hath spent.

209 **shambles'** meat market's

222 **spilled** destroyed

225 **Tumults** riots; mental agitation

236 **She-procreatress... he-offence** 'For the worshipping of idols... is the beginning and the cause and the end of all evil' (*Geneva*); 'a he-offence' is presumably the highest sort in the patriarchal hierarchy

of gender.

241 **My pen... scene** casting himself as something like the author of a stage satire; by the end of Verse 28, he will sound more like a healing evangelist

266 **climes** regions

267 **enrols** registers, lists; *fig.* prayers of

confession, lists of sins

269 **spilled** destroyed

271 **attempt** temptation, seduction
a show an idol

277 **scourges** instruments of divine chastisement, agents of calamity

282 **Forwhy** Because

Chapter Fifteen

<p>Verse 1 But God will never dye his hands with blood, His heart with hate, his throne with cruelty, His face with fury's map, his brow with cloud, His reign with rage, his crown with tyranny.</p> <p>5 Gracious is he, long-suffering and true, Which ruleth all things with his mercy's view.</p> <p>Gracious, for where is grace but where he is: The fountain-head, the ever-boundless stream? Patient, for where is patience in amiss, 10 If not conducted by pure grace's beam? Truth is the moderator of them both, For grace and patience are of truest growth.</p> <p>Verse 2 For grace-beginning truth doth end in grace, As truth-beginning grace doth end in truth.</p> <p>15 Now patience takes the moderator's place, Young-old in suffering, old-young in ruth. Patience is old in being always young, Not having right, nor ever offering wrong.</p> <p>So this is moderator of God's rage, 20 Pardoning those deeds which we in sin commit, That if we sin, she is our freedom's gage, And we still thine, though to be thine unfit. In being thine, O Lord, we will not sin, That we thy patience, grace, and truth may win.</p> <p>Verse 3 O grant us patience, in whose grant we rest, To right our wrong, and not to wrong the right. Give us thy grace, O Lord, to make us blest, That grace might bless, and bliss might grace our sight.</p> <p>30 Make our beginning and our sequel truth, To make us young in age, and grave in youth.</p> <p>We know that our demands rest in thy will, Our will rests in thy word, our word in thee, Thou in our orisons, which dost fulfil That wished action which we wish to be.</p> <p>35 'Tis perfect righteousness to know thee right; 'Tis immortality to know thy might.</p> <p>Verses In knowing thee, we know both good and ill: 4, 5 Good to know good and ill, ill to know none. In knowing all, we know thy sacred will, 40 And what to do, and what to leave undone. We are deceived, not knowing to deceive; In knowing good and ill, we take and leave.</p>	<p>The glass of vanity, deceit, and shows, The painter's labour, the beguiling face, The divers-coloured image of suppose, 45 Cannot deceive the substance of thy grace; Only a snare to those of common wit, Which covets to be like, in having it.</p> <p>The greedy lucre of a witless brain, Verse 6 This feeding avarice on senseless mind, 50 Is rather hurt than good, a loss than gain, Which covets for to lose, and not to find. So they were coloured with such a face, They would not care to take the idol's place.</p> <p>Then be your thoughts coherent to your words, 55 Your words as correspondent to your thought. 'Tis reason you should have what love affords, And trust in that which love so dearly bought. The maker must needs love what he hath made, 60 And the desirer's free of either trade.</p> <p>Man, thou wast made. Art thou a maker now? Verse 7 Yes, 'tis thy trade, for thou a potter art, Temp'ring soft earth, making the clay to bow, But clayey thou dost bear too stout a heart. 65 The clay is humble to thy rigorous hands, Thou clay too tough against thy God's commands.</p> <p>If thou want'st slime, behold thy slimy faults. If thou want'st clay, behold thy clayey breast. Make them to be the deepest centre's vaults, And let all clayey mountains sleep in rest.</p> <p>70 Thou bear'st an earthly mountain on thy back, Thy heart's chief prison-house, thy soul's chief wreck.</p> <p>Art thou a mortal man, and mak'st a god? Verse 8 A god of clay, thou but a man of clay. 75 O suds of mischief, in destruction sod! O vainest labour in a vainer play! Man is the greatest work which God did take, And yet a god with man is naught to make.</p> <p>He that was made of earth would make a heaven, If heaven may be made upon the earth. 80 Sin's heirs the airs, sin's plants the planets seven, Their god a clod, his birth true virtue's dearth. Remember whence you came, whither you go: Of earth, in earth, from earth to earth in woe.</p>
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15 But by God's mercy and grace, and
by learning to know good and ill, the
faithful avoid idolatry. The potter who
worships a clay image of his own making
is again derided, as are those who
worship senseless animals.

16 **ruth** pity

19 **this** mercy

21 **gage** warrant, guarantee

33 **orisons** prayers

41 **We...deceive** Not knowing how to
deceive, we are easily deceived.

43 **glass** mirror

45 **suppose** fancy, imagination

49 **lucre** monetary profit

53 **So** So long as

55 **coherent** consistent

61 **thou** the potter (third person in *Geneva*)

69 **vaults** sewers

72 **wreck** pronounced, and spelled, 'wrack'
in SIMMES

75 **suds** filth, dregs
sod stewed

<p>Verse 9 'No,' quoth the potter, 'as I have been clay, So will I end with what I did begin. I am of earth, and I do what earth may. I am of dust, and therefore will I sin. My life is short. What then? I'll make it longer. 90 My life is weak. What then? I'll make it stronger.</p> <p>'Long shall it live in vice, though short in length, And fetch immortal steps from mortal stops. Strong shall it be in sin, though weak in strength, Like mounting eagles on high mountains' tops. 95 My honour shall be placèd in deceit, And counterfeit new shows of little weight.'</p> <p>Verse 10 My pen doth almost blush at this reply, And fain would call him wicked to his face, But then his breath would answer with a lie, 100 And stain my ink with an untruth's disgrace. Thy master bids thee write. The pen says, 'No.' But when thy master bids, it must be so.</p> <p>Call his heart ashes. O, too mild a name! Call his hope vile. More viler than the earth! 105 Call his life weaker than a clayey frame; Call his bespotted heart an ashy hearth. Ashes, earth, clay, conjoined to heart, hope, life, Are feature's love, in being nature's strife.</p> <p>Verse 11 Thou mightst have chose more stinging words than these, For this he knows he is, and more than less. In saying what he is, thou dost appease The foaming anger which his thoughts suppress. Who knows not, if the best be made of clay, The worst must needs be clad in foul array?</p> <p>115 Thou, in performing of thy master's will, Dost teach him to obey his lord's commands. But he repugnant is, and cannot skill Of true adoring, with heart-heaved-up hands. He hath a soul, a life, a breath, a name, 120 Yet is he ignorant from whence they came.</p> <p>Verse 12 'My soul,' saith he, 'is but a map of shows, No substance, but a shadow for to please. My life doth pass even as a pastime goes, A momentary time to live at ease; 125 My breath a vapour, and my name of earth, Each one decaying of the other's birth.</p>	<p>'Our conversation best, for there is gains, And gain is best in conversation's prime. A mart of lucre in our conscience reigns, Our thoughts as busy agents for the time. 130 So we get gain, ensnaring simple men, It is no matter how, nor where, nor when.</p> <p>'We care not how, for all misdeeds are ours. Verse We care not where, if before God or man. 13 We care not when, but when our crafts have powers, 135 In measuring deceit with mischief's fan. For wherefore have we life, form, and ordaining, But that we should deceive, and still be gaining?</p> <p>'I, made of earth, have made all earthen shops, And what I sell is all of earthy sale. 140 My pots have earthen feet, and earthen tops, In like resemblance of my body's veil. But knowing to offend the heavens more, I made frail images of earthy store.'</p> <p>O bold accuser of his own misdeeds! Verse O heavy clod, more than the earth can bear! 14 Was never creature clothed in savage weeds, Which would not blush when they this mischief hear! Thou told'st a tale which might have been untold, Making the hearers blush, the readers old. 150</p> <p>Let them blush still that hears, be old that reads; Then boldness shall not reign, nor youth in vice. Thrice miserable they which rashly speeds, With expedition to this bold device: More foolish than are fools, whose misery 155 Cannot be changed with new felicity.</p> <p>Are not they fools which live without a sense? Verse Have not they misery which never joy? 15 Which takes an idol for a god's defence, And with their self-willed thoughts themselves destroy? 160 What folly is more greater than is here? Or what more misery can well appear?</p> <p>Call you them gods which have no seeing eyes, No noses for to smell, no ears to hear, No life but that which in death's shadow lies, 165 Which have no hands to feel, no feet to bear? If gods can neither hear, live, feel, nor see, A fool may make such gods of every tree.</p>
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97 **My pen** The poem's voice shifts again to the persona of the poet. The pen's submission to the will of the poet in the following four stanzas mirrors the idol's subjection to its maker.
108 **feature's** that which is created, made
115 **Thou** the pen
116 **him** the potter

117 **repugnant** resistant, hostile
skill have knowledge
127 **Our conversation** living with others, society; in *Geneva*, the verse harks back to the greedy idol-making craftsmen of 15:9
gains material profit
129 **mart** market

136 **fan** instrument for winnowing grain; mischief was sometimes personified as a corn-thresher, as in the 15th-century morality play *Mankind*
140 **sale** with a play on French *sale*, dirty?
142 **veil** i.e., apparently, that which veils the soul

Verse
16 And what was he that made them but a fool,
Conceiving folly in a foolish brain,
Taught and instructed in a wooden school,
Which made his head run of a wooden vein?
'Twas man which made them; he his making had.
Man, full of wood, was wood, and so ran mad.

175 He borrowèd his life, and would restore
His borrowed essence to another death.
He fain would be a maker, though before
Was made himself, and God did lend him breath.
No man can make a god like to a man.

180 He says he scorns that work; he further can.

Verse
17 He is deceived, and in his great deceit,
He doth deceive the folly-guided hearts.
Sin lies in ambush, he for sin doth wait:
Here is deceit deceived in either parts.

185 His sin deceiveth him, and he his sin;
So craft with craft is mewed in either gin.

The craftsman mortal is, craft mortal is,
Each function nursing up the other's want.
His hands are mortal, deadly what is his,
Only his sins buds in destruction's plant.

190 Yet better he than what he doth devise,
For he himself doth live; that ever dies.

Verse
18 Say, call you this a god? Where is his head?
Yet headless is he not, yet hath he none.

195 Where is his godhead? Fled. His power? Dead.
His reign? Decayèd. And his essence? Gone.
Now tell me, is this god the god of good,
Or else Silvanus, monarch of the wood?

200 There have I pierced his bark, for he is so:
A wooden god, feigned as Silvanus was.
But leaving him, to others let us go,
To senseless beasts their new adoring glass:
Beasts which did live in life, yet died in reason;
Beasts which did seasons eat, yet knew no season.

Verse
19 Can mortal bodies and immortal souls
Keep one knit union of a living love?
Can sea with land, can fish agree with fowls?
Tigers with lambs, a serpent with a dove?

O no, they cannot. Then say, why do we
Adore a beast which is our enemy? 210

What greater foe than folly unto wit?
What more deformity than ugly face?
This disagrees, for folly is unfit,
The other contrary to beauty's place.
Then how can senseless heads, deformèd shows, 215
Agree with you, when they are both your foes?

Chapter Sixteen

O call that word again! They are your friends,
Your lives' associates, and your loves' content.
That which begins in them, your folly ends.
Then how can vice with vice be discontent?
Behold, deformity sits on your heads: 5
Not horns, but scorns; not visage, but whole beds.

Behold, a heap of sins your bodies pale,
A mountain-overwhelming villainy.
Then tell me, are you clad in beauty's veil,
Or in destruction's pale-dead livery? 10
Their life demônstrates, now alive, now dead,
Tormented with the beasts which they have fed.

You like to pelicans have fed your death
With folly's vain-let blood from folly's vein,
And almost starved yourselves, stopped up your breath,
Had not God's mercy helped, and eased your pain. 15
Behold, a new-found meat the Lord did send,
Which taught you to be new, and to amend.

A strange-digested nutriment, even quails,
Which taught them to be strange unto misdeeds. 20
When you implore his aid, he never fails
To fill their hunger whom repentance feeds.
You see, when life was half at death's arrest,
He new-created life at hunger's feast.

Say, is your god like this, whom you adored,
Or is this God like to your handy-frame? 25
If so, his power could not then afford
Such influence which floweth from his name.
He is not painted, made of wood and stone,
But he substantial is, and rules alone. 30

Verse 4

171 **wooden** playing on the adjectival sense of 'wood' meaning mad
177 **fain** willingly
180 **he further can** [he says] he is capable of more [than the mere creation of man]
186 **mewed** confined
gin cunning stratagem *fig.*
190 **his sins buds** his sins spring forth, begin to grow
193 **Say ... god** to the maker of the idol; the implicit dialogue of the next few rhetorical questions shows Middleton's poetic persona at its dramatic best.

198 **Silvanus** Pan
204 **seasons** seasonings, i.e., herbs?
season moderation
16 Continuing to chastise the idolatrous: those who repent are guaranteed God's mercy and divine nourishment; the unrepentant idolators and ungodly suffer plagues, fires and tempests; God's people endure torments but are finally safe, nourished with angelic food and with the word of the Lord.
1 **that word** 'foes'
6 **beds** of vice, as in 17.1

7 **pale** fence in
11 **Their** reverting momentarily to *Geneva's* third-person designation of the idolatrous
13 **pelicans** reputed to nourish their young self-sacrificially, with blood pecked from their own breasts
19 **quails** referring to the miraculous feeding of the grumbling Israelites in the wilderness (Numbers 11:31 ff.); the quail is a small relative of the partridge
20 **strange** reserved, uncomplying
26 **handy-frame** handiwork

He can oppress and help, help and oppress
 The sinful incolants of his made earth.
 He can redress and pain, pain and redress
 The mountain-miseries of mortal birth.
 35 Now, tyrants, you are next, this but a show,
 And merry index of your after-woe.

Verses
 5, 6 Your hot-cold misery is now at hand:
 Hot because fury's heat, and mercy's cold;
 Cold because limping, knit in frosty bond,
 40 And cold and hot in being shamefast-bold.
 They cruel were. Take cruelty their part,
 For misery is but too mean a smart.

But when the tigers' jaws, the serpents' stings,
 Did summon them unto this life's decay,
 45 A pardon for their faults thy mercy brings,
 Cooling thy wrath with pity's sunny day.
 O tyrants, tear your sin-bemirèd weeds!
 Behold your pardon, sealed by mercy's deeds!

Verse 7 That sting which painèd could not ease the pain.
 50 Those jaws that wounded could not cure the wounds.
 To turn to stings for help, it were but vain,
 To jaws for mercy, which wants mercy's bounds.
 The stings, O Saviour, were pulled out by thee,
 Their jaws clasped up in midst of cruelty.

Verse 8 O sovereign salve, stop to a bloody stream!
 O heavenly care and cure, for dust and earth!
 Celestial watch to wake terrestrial dream,
 Dreaming in punishment, mourning in mirth:
 Now knows our enemies that it is thee,
 60 Which helps and cures our grief and misery.

Verse 9 Our punishment doth end, theirs new begins.
 Our day appears, their night is not o'erblown.
 We pardon have, they punishment for sins.
 Now we are raised, now they are overthrown.
 65 We with huge beasts oppressed, they with a fly;
 We live in God, and they against God die.

A fly! Poor fly to follow such a flight!
 Yet art thou fed, as thou wast fed before,

With dust and earth feeding thy wonted bite,
 With self-like food from mortal earthly store.
 A mischief-stinging food, and sting with sting,
 Do ready passage to destruction bring.

Man, being grass, is hopped and grazed upon,
 With sucking grasshoppers of weeping dew.
 Man, being earth, is worms' vermilion,
 75 Which eats the dust, and yet of bloody hue.
 In being grass, he is her grazing food;
 In being dust, he doth the worms some good.

These smallest actors were of greatest pain,
 Of folly's overthrow, of mischief's fall,
 But yet the furious dragons could not gain
 The life of those whom verities exhale.
 These folly overcame, they foolish were;
 These mercy cured and cures, these godly are.

When poisoned jaws and venenated stings
 Were both as opposite against content,
 Because content with that which fortune brings,
 They eased were, when thou thy mercies sent.
 The jaws of dragons had not hunger's fill,
 Nor stings of serpents a desire to kill.
 90

Appalled they were, and struck with timorous fears,
 For where is fear but where destruction reigns?
 Aghast they were, with wet eye-standing tears,
 Outward commencers of their inward pains.
 They soon were hurt, but sooner healed and cured,
 Lest black oblivion had their minds inured.
 95

The lion, wounded with a fatal blow,
 Is as impatient as a king in rage;
 Seeing himself in his own bloody show,
 Doth rend the harbour of his body's cage;
 Scorning the base-housed earth, mounts to the sky,
 To see if heaven can yield him remedy.
 Verse
 12

O sinful man! Let him example be,
 A pattern to thine eye, glass to thy face,
 That God's divinest word is cure to thee,
 Not earth but heaven, not man but heavenly grace.
 105 Nor herb nor plaster could help teeth or sting,
 But 'twas thy word, which healeth everything.

32 **incolants** inhabitants; the earliest known occurrence of this rare latinized item (*OED*)
made created
 41 **They** The person shifts; the referent remains the tyrants of line 35.
 43-54 **But...cruelty** The exegetical tradition on the corresponding (and obscure) biblical passage (16:7) associates it with the brazen serpent (Numbers 21:9). Middleton does not appear to have grasped the allusion (D.S.). 'For when the cruel fierceness of the beasts came upon them, and they were hurt with the stings of

cruel serpents, | Thy wrath endured not perpetually, but they were troubled for a little season, that they might be reformed, having a sign of salvation, to remember the commandment of thy Law. | For he that turned toward it, was not healed by the thing that he saw, but by thee, O Saviour of all' (*Geneva* 5-7).
 65 **they with a fly** 'For the biting of grasshoppers and flies killed them' (*Geneva*).
 69 **wonted** habitual
 75 **vermilion** red earth; glancing at Latin

vermis, worm
 81 **furious dragons** 'the teeth of the venomous dragons could not overcome thy children' (*Geneva*)
 82 **exhale** drag out
 85 **venenated** envenomed, poisonous; according to *OED*, Middleton's is the earliest recorded occurrence of any form of this item created from Latin *venenare*
 96 **inured** hardened
 97 **lion** proverbial? Compare Marlowe's *Edward II*, 5.1.11-14, on which Middleton seems to depend here.

- Verse We fools lay salves upon our body's skin,
 13 But never draw corruption from our mind.
 We lay a plaster for to keep in sin;
 We draw forth filth, but leave the cause behind.
 With herbs and plasters we do guard misdeeds,
 And pare away the tops, but leave the seeds.
- 115 Away with salves, and take our Saviour's word.
 In this word Saviour lies immortal ease.
 What can thy cures, plasters and herbs afford,
 When God hath power to please and to displease?
 God hath the power of life, death, help, and pain;
 120 He leadeth down, and bringeth up again.
- Verses Trust to thy downfall, not unto thy raise:
 14, 15 So shalt thou live in death, not die in life.
 Thou dost presume, if give thyself the praise,
 For virtue's time is scarce, but mischief's rife.
 125 Thou mayst offend, man's nature is so vain.
 Thou, now in joy, beware of after-pain.
- First cometh fury, after fury thirst,
 After thirst blood, and after blood a death.
 Thou mayst in fury kill whom thou loved'st first,
 130 And so, in quaffing blood, stop thine own breath;
 And murder done can never be undone,
 Nor can that soul once live whose life is gone.
- Verse What is the body but an earthen case,
 16 That subject is to death, because earth dies?
 135 But when the living soul doth want God's grace,
 It dies in joy, and lives in miseries.
 This soul is led by God, as others were,
 But not brought up again, as others are.
- This stirs no provocation to amend,
 140 For earth hath many partners in one fall,
 Although the Lord doth many tokens send,
 As warnings for to hear when he doth call.
 The earth was burned and drowned with fire and
 rain,
 And one could never quench the other's pain.
- Verse Although both foes, God made them then both friends,
 17 And only foes to them which were their foes.
 That hate begun in earth what in them ends,
 Sin's enemies they which made friends of those.
 Both bent both forces unto single earth,
 150 From whose descent they had their double birth.
- 'Tis strange that water should not quench a fire,
 For they were heating-cold, and cooling-hot.
- 'Tis strange that wails could not allay desire,
 Wails water's kind, and fire desire's knot.
 In such a cause, though enemies before,
 155 They would join friendship to destroy the more.
- The often-weeping eyes of dry lament,
 Verse Doth pour forth burning water of despair,
 18 Which warms the caves from whence the tears are sent,
 And, like hot fumes, do foul their nature's fair.
 160 This, contrary to icy water's vale,
 Doth scorch the cheeks, and makes them red and pale.
- Here fire and water are conjoined in one,
 Within a red-white glass of hot and cold;
 Their fire like this, double and yet alone,
 165 Raging and tame, and tame and yet was bold:
 Tame when the beasts did kill and felt no fire,
 Raging upon the causers of their ire.
- Two things may well put on two several natures,
 Verse Because they differ each in nature's kind,
 19 They differing colours have, and differing features:
 If so, how comes it that they have one mind?
 God made them friends, let this the answer be.
 They get no other argument of me.
- What is impossible to God's command?
 175 Nay, what is possible to man's vain ear?
 'Tis much, he thinks, that fire should burn a land,
 When mischief is the brand which fires bear.
 He thinks it more, that water should bear fire;
 180 Then know it was God's will. Now leave t'inquire.
- Yet mightst thou ask, because importunate,
 Verse How God preserved the good. Why? Because good,
 20 Ill fortune made not them unfortunate.
 They angels were, and fed with angels' food.
 Yet mayst thou say—for truth is always had—
 185 The rain falls on the good as well as bad.
- And say it doth: far be the letter P
 From R, because of a more reverent style.
 It cannot do without suppression be.
 These are two bars against destruction's wile:
 190 Pain without changing P cannot be rain;
 Rain without changing R cannot be pain.
- Both sun and rain are portions to the ground,
 Verse And ground is dust, and what is dust but naught?
 21 And what is naught is naught, with alpha's sound,
 195 Yet every earth the sun and rain hath bought.
 The sun doth shine on weeds as well as flowers;
 The rain on both distills her weeping showers.

111 **plaster** poultice; remedy applied to the body on fabric or a bandage
 120 **down** 'unto the gates of hell' (*Geneva*)
 135 **want** lack
 145 **both foes** of one another
 153 **wails** associated with weeping, and thence with water

167 **felt no fire** 'For some time was the fire so tame, that the beasts, which were sent against the ungodly, burnt not' (*Geneva*).
 169–80 **Two things...t'inquire**. There is no comparable throwing up of the hands in *Geneva*.

187–92 **And...pain** The point of this whimsy is that rain may be destructive to the damned, benevolent to the saved.
 193 **portions** the proper destiny
 195 **naught** worthless
 198 **distills** pours

200 Yet far be death from breath, annoy from joy,
 Destruction from all happiness' allines.
 God will not suffer famine to destroy
 The hungry appetite of virtue's signs.
 These were in midst of fire, yet not harmed,
 In midst of water, yet but cooled and warmed.

Verse 22
 22 And water-wet they were, not water-drowned;
 And fire-hot they were, not fire-burned.
 Their foes were both, whose hopes destruction crowned,
 But yet with such a crown which ne'er returned.
 Here fire and water brought both joy and pain:
 210 To one disprofit, to the other gain.

The sun doth thaw what cold hath freezed before,
 Undoing what congealèd ice hath done,
 Yet here the hail and snow did freeze the more,
 In having heat more piercing than the sun;
 215 A mournful spectacle unto their eyes,
 That as they die, so their fruition dies.

Verses 23, 24
 23, 24 Fury, once kindled with the coals of rage,
 Doth hover unrecalled, slaughters untamed.
 This wrath on fire, no pity could assuage,
 220 Because they pitiless which should be blamed;
 As one in rage, which cares not who he have,
 Forgetting who to kill and who to save.

One deadly foe is fierce against the other,
 As vice with virtue, virtue against vice,
 225 Vice heartenèd by death, his heartless mother,
 Virtue by God, the life of her device.
 'Tis hard to hurt or harm a villainy;
 'Tis easy to do good to verity.

Verse 25
 25 Is grass man's meat? No, it is cattle's food,
 But man doth eat the cattle which eats grass,
 And feeds his carcass with their nursed-up blood,
 Length'ning the lives which in a moment pass.
 Grass is good food, if it be joined with grace,
 Else sweeter food may take a sourer place.

Verse 26
 26 Is there such life in water and in bread,
 In fish, in flesh, in herbs, in growing flowers?
 We eat them not alive, we eat them dead.
 What fruit then hath the word of living powers?
 How can we live with that which is still dead?
 240 Thy grace it is, by which we all are fed.

Verses 27, 28
 27, 28 This is a living food, a blessèd meat,
 Made to digest the burden at our hearts,
 That leaden-weighted food which we first eat,
 To fill the functions of our bodies' parts:

An indigested heap, without a mean,
 Wanting thy grace, O Lord, to make it clean.

250 That ice which sulphur vapours could not thaw,
 That hail which piercing fire could not bore,
 The cool-hot sun did melt their frosty jaw,
 Which neither heat nor fire could pierce before.
 250 Then let us take the springtime of the day,
 Before the harvest of our joys' decay.

A day may be divided, as a year,
 Into four climes, though of itself but one:
 Verse 29
 29 The morn the spring, the noon the summer's sphere,
 255 The harvest next, evening the winter's moon.
 Then sow new seed in every new day's spring,
 And reap new fruit in day's old evèning.

260 Else, if too late, they will be blasted seeds;
 If planted at the noontide of their growing,
 Commencers of unthankful, too late deeds,
 Set in the harvest of the reaper's going;
 Melting like winter ice against the sun,
 Flowing like folly's tide, and never done.

Chapter Seventeen

O fly the bed of vice, the lodge of sin!
 Verse 1
 Sleep not too long in your destruction's pleasures!
 Amend your wicked lives, and new begin
 A more new, perfect way to heaven's treasures!
 5 O, rather wake and weep than sleep and joy!
 Waking is truth, sleep is a flatt'ring toy.

O take the morning of your instant good!
 Be not benighted with oblivious eye.
 Behold the sun which kisseth Neptune's flood,
 And resalutes the world with open sky.
 10 Else sleep and ever sleep. God's wrath is great,
 And will not alter with too late entreat.

Why wake I them which have a sleeping mind?
 Verse 2
 O words, sad sergeants to arrest my thoughts!
 If waked, they cannot see, their eyes are blind,
 15 Shut up like windolets which sleep hath bought.
 Their face is broad awake, but not their heart;
 They dream of rising, yet are loath to start.

These were the practisers how to betray
 The simple-righteous with beguiling words,
 20 And bring them in subjection to obey
 Their irreligious laws and sin's accords;
 But night's black-coloured veil did cloud their will,
 And made their wish rest in performance' skill.

200 allines allies
 208 which ne'er returned which remained with them permanently
 226 device design
 240 grace 'word' (Geneva)
 243 leaden-weighted food Adam's sin?
 254 climes seasons

263 Melting... ice 'For the hope of the unthankful shall melt as the winter ice, and flow away as unprofitable waters' (Geneva).
 17 How the unrighteous are forgetful of their salvation; how they think to

sleep hidden in the bed of vice, but are plagued with hellish darkness, with uncontrollable fears and visions.
 9 Neptune's sea-god's
 16 windolets small windows
 24 rest...skill incapable of performance

Verse 3 The darksome clouds are summoners of rain,
 In being something black and something dark;
 But coal-black clouds makes it pour down amain,
 Darting forth thunderbolts, and lightning's spark.
 Sin of itself is black, but black with black
 30 Augments the heavy burden of the back.

They thought that sins could hide their sinful shames,
 In being demi-clouds and semi-nights;
 But they had clouds enough to make their games,
 Lodged in black coverings of oblivious nights.
 35 Then was their vice afraid to lie so dark,
 Troubled with visions from Alastor's park.

Verse 4 The greater poison bears the greater sway.
 The greatest force hath still the greatest face.
 Should night miss course, it would infect the day
 40 With foul-risse vapours from a humorous place.
 Vice hath some clouds, but yet the night hath more,
 Because the night was framed and made before.

That sin which makes afraid was then afraid,
 Although enchambered in a den's content.
 45 That would not drive back fear which comes repaid,
 Nor yet the echoes which the visions sent.
 Both sounds and shows, both words and action,
 Made apparitions' satisfaction.

Verse 5 A night in pitchy mantle of distress,
 50 Made thick with mists, and opposite to light,
 As if Cocytus' mansion did possess
 The gloomy vapours of suppressing sight;
 A night more ugly than Alastor's pack,
 Mounting all nights upon his night-made back.

55 The moon did mourn in sable-suited veil.
 The stars, her handmaids, were in black attire.
 All nightly visions told a hideous tale.
 The screech-owls made the earth their dismal choir.
 The moon and stars denied their twinkling eyes,
 60 To lighten vice, which in oblivion lies.

Verse 6 Only appeared a fire in doleful blaze,
 Kindled by furies, raised by envious winds,
 Dreadful in sight, which put them to amaze,
 Having before fury-despairing minds.
 65 What hair in reading would not stand upright?
 What pen in writing would not cease to write?

Fire is God's angel, because bright and clear,
 But this an evil angel, because dread:

Evil to them which did already fear,
 A second death to them which were once dead,
 70 Annexing horror to dead-strucken life,
 Connecting dolour to live nature's strife.

Deceit was then deceived, treason betrayed,
 Verse 7 Mischief beguiled, a night surpassing night.
 Vice fought with vice, and fear was then dismayed,
 75 Horror itself appalled at such a sight.
 Sin's snare was then ensnared, the fisher caught;
 Sin's net was then entrapped, the fowler fought.

Yet all this conflict was but in a dream,
 A show of substance, and a shade of truth,
 Illusions for to mock in flatt'ring theme,
 80 Beguiling mischief with a glass of ruth,
 For boasts require a fall, and vaunts a shame,
 Which two vice had, in thinking but to game.

Sin told her creditors she was a queen,
 Verse 8 And now become revenge, to right their wrong,
 With honey-mermaid's speech alluring seen,
 Making new-pleasing words with her old tongue:
 'If you be sick,' quoth she, 'I'll make you whole.'
 90 She cures the body, but makes sick the soul.

Safe is the body when the soul is wounded.
 The soul is joyful in the body's grief.
 One's joy upon the other's sorrow grounded,
 One's sorrow placèd in the one's relief.
 95 Quoth sin, 'Fear nothing, know that I am here,'
 When she, alas, herself was sick for fear.

A promise worthy of derision's place,
 Verse 9 That fear should help a fear when both are one.
 She was as sick in heart, though not in face,
 With inward grief, though not with outward moan;
 100 But she clasped up the closure of the tongue,
 For fear that words should do her body wrong.

Cannot the body weep without the eyes?
 Yes, and frame deepest canzons of lament.
 Cannot the body fear without it lies
 105 Upon the outward show of discontent?
 Yes, yes, the deeper fear sits in the heart,
 And keeps the parliament of inward smart.

So sin did snare in mind, and not in face,
 Verse 10 The dragon's jaw, the hissing serpent's sting.
 Some lived, some died, some ran a fearful race,
 Some did prevent that which ill fortunes bring.
 100 All were officious servitors to fear,
 And her pale cognizance in heart did wear.

36 **Alastor's park** Alastor is the Greek spirit of vengeance.
 40 **foul-risse** foul-risen
humorous moist
 51 **Cocytus'** belonging to hell's river of

lamentation
 58 **screech-owls** birds of ill omen
 73 **Deceit was then deceived** Geneva's marginal note on Verse 7 links it to the

triumph of Moses and Aaron over the sorcerers of Pharaoh (Exodus 7, 8).
 85 **creditors** believers
 104 **canzons** songs

<p>115 Malice condemned herself guilty of hate, With a malicious mouth of envious spite, For Nemesis is her own cruel fate, Turning her wrath upon her own delight. We need no witness for a guilty thought, 120 Which to condemn itself a thousand brought.</p> <p>Verse 11 For fear deceives itself in being fear. It fears itself in being still afraid. It fears to weep, and yet it sheds a tear. It fears itself, and yet it is obeyed: 125 The usher unto death, a death to doom, A doom to die in horror's fearful tomb.</p> <p>Verse 12 His own betrayer, yet fears to betray, He fears his life by reason of his name. He fears lament, because it brings decay, 130 And blames himself in that he merits blame. He is tormented, yet denies the pain; He is the king of fear, yet loath to reign.</p> <p>Verse 13 His sons were they which slept and dreamt of fear, A waking sleep, and yet a sleepy waking, 135 Which passed that night more longer than a year, Being grief's pris'ners, and of sorrow's taking; Slept in night's dungeon insupportable, Lodged in night's horror too endurable.</p> <p>140 O sleep, the image of long-lasting woe! O waking image of long-lasting sleep! The hollow cave where visions come and go, Where serpents hiss, where mandrakes groan and creep! O fearful show, betrayer of a soul, Dying each heart in white, each white in foul!</p> <p>Verse 14 A guileful hole, a prison of deceit, Yet nor deceit nor guile in being dead; Snare without snarer, net without a bait, A common lodge, and yet without a bed; A hollow-sounding vault, known and unknown, 150 Yet not for mirth, but too too well for moan.</p> <p>Verse 15 'Tis a free prison, a chained liberty, A freedom's cave, a serjeant and a bail. It keeps close prisoners, yet doth set them free, Their clogs not iron, but a clog of wail. 155 It stays them not, and yet they cannot go; Their chain is discontent, their prison woe.</p>	<p>Still it did gape for more, and still more had, Like greedy avarice without content; Like to Avernus, which is never glad Before the dead-lived wicked souls be sent. 160 Pull in thy head, thou sorrow's tragedy, And leave to practise thy old cruelty.</p> <p>The merry shepherd cannot walk alone, Tuning sweet madrigals of harvest's joy, Carving love's roundelays on every stone, 165 Hanging on every tree some amorous toy, But thou with sorrow interlines his song, Opening thy jaws of death to do him wrong.</p> <p>O now I know thy chain, thy clog, thy fetter, Thy free-chained prison, and thy cloggèd walk! 'Tis gloomy darkness, sin's eternal debtor. 'Tis poisoned buds from Acherontic stalk. Sometime 'tis hissing winds which are their bonds, Sometime enchanting birds which binds their hands.</p> <p>Sometime the foaming rage of water's stream, 18 Or clatt'ring down of stones upon a stone, Or skipping beasts at Titan's gladsome beam, Or roaring lion's noise at one alone, Or babbling Echo, tell-tale of each sound, From mouth to sky, from sky unto the ground. 180</p> <p>Can suchlike fears follow man's mortal pace, 19, 20 Within dry wilderness of wettest woe? It was God's providence, his will, his grace, To make midnight midnight in being so. Midnight with sin, noon where virtue lay: That place was night, all other places day. 185</p> <p>The sun, not past the middle line of course, Did clearly shine upon each labour's gain, Not hind'ring daily toil of mortal force, Nor clouding earth with any gloomy stain. 190 Only night's image was apparent there, With heavy-leadan appetite of fear.</p>	<p>Verse 16</p> <p>160</p> <p>165</p> <p>Verse 17</p> <p>18</p> <p>180</p> <p>Verses 19, 20</p> <p>185</p> <p>190</p> <p>Verse 1</p> <p>5</p>
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Chapter Eighteen

You know the eagle by her soaring wings,
And how the swallow takes a lower pitch.
You know the day is clear, and clearness brings,
And how the night is poor, though gloomy-rich.
 This eagle virtue is, which mounts on high;
 The other sin, which hates the heavens' eye.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| 117 Nemesis goddess of retribution | 165 roundelays simple songs with refrains | preserved, for the later salvation of the |
| 142 mandrakes poisonous plants whose forked roots were thought to have human properties | 172 Acherontic hellish; pertaining to one of the rivers of hell | repentant Israelites; how God struck down the firstborn of the Egyptians, his punishment falling equally on master and servant; how the word of God plagued the ungodly with fearful visions of their guilt and punishment; how even the Israelites were plagued, until divine wisdom, through Aaron, put death to flight. |
| 154 clogs blocks attached to the leg or neck to prevent escape | 179 Echo nymph, reduced to disembodied voice | |
| 159 Avernus sulphurous central Italian lake, thought to be the entrance to (and thus synonymous with) hell | 187 middle line of course the midpoint of its daily journey, noon; literally, the celestial meridian which the sun crosses at noon | |
| 164 madrigals part songs for three or more voices | 18 Triumphs of virtue and wisdom over mischief and vice: how Moses was | |

	This day is wisdom, being bright and clear. This night is mischief, being black and foul. The brightest day doth wisdom's glory wear.	Wicked? No, bloody laws. Bloody? Yea, worse, If any worse may have a worsen name. Men? O no, murd'ers, not of men's remorse, For they are shameful, these exempt from shame. What, shall I call them slaughter-drinking hearts? Too good a name for their too ill deserts.	Verse 5 50
10	The pitchy night puts on a blacker roll. Thy saints, O Lord, were at their labour's hire, At whose heard voice the wicked did admire.		
Verse 2	They thought that virtue had been clothed in night, Captive to darkness, prisoner unto hell, 15 But it was sin itself, vice, and despite, Whose wishèd harbours do in darkness dwell. Virtue's immortal soul had midday's light; Mischief's eternal soul had midday's night.	Murder was in their thoughts, they thought to slay. And who? Poor infants, harmless innocents. But murder cannot sleep. It will betray Her murd'rous self with self-disparagements. One child, poor remnant, did reprove their deeds, And God destroyed the bloody murd'ers' seeds.	55 60
20	For virtue is not subject unto vice, But vice is subject unto virtue's seat. One mischief is not thawed with other's ice, But more adjoined to one, makes one more great. Sin virtue's captive is, and kneels for grace, Requesting pardon for her rude-run race.	Was God destroyer then? No, he was just, A judge severe, yet of a kind remorse; Severe to those in whom there was no trust, Kind to the babes which were of little force. Poor babes, half murdered in whole murder's thought, Had not one infant their escaping wrought.	Verse 6 65
Verse 3	The tongue of virtue's life cannot pronounce The doom of death, or death of dying doom. 'Tis merciful, and will not once renounce Repentant tears to wash a sinful room. Your sin-shine was not sun-shine of delight, 30 But shining sin in mischief's sunny night.	'Twas God which breathed his spirit in the child, The lively image of his self-like face. 'Twas God which drowned their children, which defiled Their thoughts with blood, their hearts with murder's place; For that night's tidings our old fathers joyed, Because their foes by water were destroyed.	70
35	Now by repentance you are bathed in bliss, Blessed in your bath, eternal by your deeds. Behold, you have true light, and cannot miss The heav'nly food which your salvation feeds. True love, true life, true light, your portions true: What hate, what strife, what night can danger you?	Was God a murd'rer in this tragedy? No, but a judge how blood should be repaid. Was't he which gave them unto misery? No. 'Twas themselves which miseries obeyed. Their thoughts did kill and slay within their hearts, Murd'ring themselves, wounding their inward parts.	Verse 7 75
Verse 4	O happy, when you pared your o'ergrown faults, Your sin, like eagle's claws, past growth of time, All underminèd with destruction's vaults, 40 Full of old filth, proceeding from new slime; Else had you been deformèd like to those Which were your friends, but now become your foes.	When shines the sun, but when the moon doth rest? When rests the sun, but when the moon doth shine? When joys the righteous? When their foes are least. And when doth virtue live? When vice doth pine. Virtue doth live when villainy doth die; Wisdom doth smile when misery doth cry.	80
45	Those which are worthy of eternal pain, Foes which are worthy of immortal hate, Dimming the glory of thy children's gain With cloudy vapours set at darkness' rate: Making new laws, which are too old in crime; Making old-wicked laws serve a new time.	The summer days are longer than the nights. The winter nights are longer than the days. They show both virtue's loves and vice's spites, Sin's lowest fall, and wisdom's highest raise. The night is foe to day, as naught to good; The day is foe to night, as fear to food.	Verse 8 90

10 roll portion of a head dress

11 labour's hire reward

12 admire wonder, marvel

33 true light the 'burning pillar of fire'

(Geneva) which led the Israelites in the wilderness

39 vaults sewers

43 Those... pain Pharaoh and the Egyptians

59 One child Moses

67-70 'Twas God... place This seems

closer to blasphemy than Calvinism.

The passage is theologically defensible

only if one interprets the second 'which'

as referring to 'their'. God, that is,

drowned the children of those who

defiled their thoughts with blood. This

would be stretching a point, except

that Middleton's syntax is frequently ungrammatical (D.S.).

69 drowned their children 'thou hast taken away the multitude of their children and destroyed them all together in the mighty water' (Geneva, 18:5); there is no comparable event in Exodus

89 naught mischief, vice

A king may wear a crown, but full of strife,
 The outward show of a small-lasting space.
 Mischief may live, but yet a deadly life.
 Sorrow may grieve in heart and joy in face.
 95 Virtue may live disturbed with vice's pain;
 God sends this virtue a more better reign.

Verse 9 She doth possess a crown, and not a care,
 Yet cares, in having none but self-like awe.
 She hath a sceptre without care or fear,
 100 Yet fears the Lord, and careth for the law.
 As much as she doth rise, so much sin falls,
 Subject unto her law, slave to her calls.

Now righteousness bears sway, and vice put down,
 Virtue is queen, treading on mischief's head,
 105 The law of God sancited with renown,
 Religion placed in wisdom's quiet bed.
 Now joyful hymns are tunèd by delight,
 And now we live in love, and not in spite.

Verse 10 Strong-hearted vice's sobs have pierced the ground,
 In the deep cistern of the centre's breast,
 Wailing their living fortunes with dead sound,
 Accents of grief, and actions of unrest.
 It is not sin herself, it is her seed,
 Which, drowned in sea, lies there for sea's foul weed.

115 It is the fruit of murder's bloody womb,
 The lost fruition of a murd'rous race,
 A little stone which would have made a tomb
 To bury virtue with a sin-bold face.
 Methinks I hear the echoes of the vaults
 120 Sound and resound their old-new-weeping faults.

Verse 11 View the dead carcasses of human state,
 The outsides of the soul, case of the hearts.
 Behold the king, behold the subject's fate,
 Behold each limb and bone of earthen arts.
 125 Tell me the difference then of every thing,
 And who a subject was, and who a king.

The self-same knowledge lies in this dead scene,
 Vailed to the tragic cypress of lament.
 Behold that man, which hath a master been,
 130 That king, which would have climbed above content.
 Behold! Their slaves, by them upon the earth,
 Have now as high a seat, as great a birth.

Verse 12 The ground hath made all even which were odd,
 12 Those equal which had inequality;

Yet all alike were fashionèd by God,
 In body's form, but not in heart's degree.
 One difference had, in sceptre, crown, and throne,
 Yet crowned, ruled, placed in care, in grief, in moan.

For it was care to wear a crown of grief,
 And it was grief to wear a crown of care;
 The king death's subject, death his empire's thief,
 Which makes unequal state, and equal fare:
 More dead than were alive, and more to die
 Than would be buried with a mortal eye.

O well-fed earth with ill-digesting food!
 O well-ill food, because both flesh and sin!
 Sin made it sick, which never did it good.
 Sin made it well. Her well doth worse begin.
 The earth, more hungry than was Tantal's jaws,
 Had flesh and blood held in her earthen paws. 150

Now could belief some quiet harbour find,
 When all her foes were mantled in the ground,
 Before their sin-enchantments made it blind,
 Their magic arts, their necromantic sound.
 Now truth hath got some place to speak and hear,
 And whatsoe'er she speaks, she doth not fear. 155

When Phoebe's axletree was limned with pale,
 Pale which becometh night, night which is black,
 Hemmed round about with gloomy-shining veil,
 Borne up by clouds, mounted on silence' back;
 And when night's horses, in the running wain,
 O'ertook the middest of their journey's pain; 160

Thy word, O Lord, descended from thy throne,
 The royal mansion of thy power's command,
 As a fierce man of war in time of moan,
 Standing in midst of the destroyed land,
 And brought thy precept as a burning steven,
 Reaching from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. 165

Now was the night far spent, and morning's wings
 Flew thorough sleepy thoughts and made them dream,
 Hying apace to welcome sunny springs,
 And give her time of day to Phoebus' beam.
 No sooner had she flown unto the east,
 But dreamy passage did disturb their rest. 170

And then, like sleepy-waking hearts and eyes,
 Turned up the fainting closures of their faces,
 Which between day and night in slumber lies,
 Keeping their waky and their sleepy places;
 And lo, a fearing dream and dreaming fear
 Made every eye let fall a sleepy tear. 180

97 **She** virtue, righteousness
 103 **Now** after the Passover, the destruction
 of the firstborn of Egypt, the subsequent
 plague; what follows is a triumphant
 moralizing of the scene of death.
 105 **sancited** established; evidently a
 Middleton coinage, from Latin *sancire*

117 **stone** fruit pit (following from 'seed',
 'fruit', 'fruition')
 128 **Vailed** lowered in deference
cypress fine black mourning kerchief
 149 **Tantal's** belonging to Tantalus (myth-
 ical king of Phrygia, condemned never
 to gain the ever-receding food and drink

just beyond his reach)
 157 **axletree** axle; axis of revolution
limned painted
 161 **wain** wagon
 167 **steven** voice
 171 **Hying apace** speeding swiftly
 176 **closures** *fig.* eyes?

Verses 18, 19 A tear half-wet from they themselves half-lived,
 Poor dry-wet tear, too moist a wet-dry face;
 A white-red face, whose red-white colour strived
 To make anatomy of either place;
 185 Two champions, both resolved in face's field,
 And both had half, yet either scorned to yield.

They which were wont to mount above the ground
 Hath leaden, quick-glued sinews, forced to lie,
 One here, one there, in prison, yet unbound,
 190 Heart-striving life and death to live and die;
 Nor were they ignorant of fate's decree,
 In being told before what they should be.

Verse 20 Their falsest visions showed the truest cause,
 False because fantasies, true because haps;
 195 For dreams, though kindled by sleep-idle pause,
 Sometime true indices of danger's claps,
 As well doth prove in these sin-sleeping lines
 That dreams are falsest shows, and truest signs.

By this time death had longer pilgrimage,
 200 And was engagèd in more living breasts.
 Now every ship had fleeting anchorage.
 Both good and bad were punished with unrests.
 But yet God's heavy plague endured not long,
 For anger quenched herself with her self wrong.

Verse 21 Not so, for heat can never cool with heat,
 21 Nor cold can warm a cold, nor ice thaw ice.
 Anger is fire, and fire is anger's meat.
 Then how can anger cool her hot device?
 210 The sun doth thaw the ice with melting harm;
 Ice cannot cool the sun which makes it warm.

It was celestial fire, terrestrial cold.
 It was celestial cold, terrestrial fire.
 A true and holy prayer which is bold
 To cool the heat of anger's hot desire,
 215 Pronouncèd by a servant of thy word,
 To ease the miseries which wraths afford.

Verse 22 Weapons and wit are double links of force.
 22 If one unknit, they both have weaker strength.
 The longer be the chain, the longer course,
 220 If measured by duplicity of length.
 If weapons fail, wit is the better part;
 Wit failing, weapons have the weaker heart.

Prayer is weak in strength, yet strong in wit,
 And can do more than strength, in being wise.
 Thy word, O Lord, is wisdom, and in it
 225 Doth lie more force than forces can surprise.
 Man did not overcome his foes with arms,
 But with thy word, which conquers greater harms.

That word it was with which the world was framed,
 The heavens made, mortality ordained.
 That word it was with which all men were named,
 In which one word there are all words contained:
 The breath of God, the life of mortal state,
 The enemy to vice, the foe to hate.

When death pressed down the sin-dead-living souls,
 235 And drew the curtain of their seeing day,
 This word was virtue's shield, and death's controls,
 Which shielded those which never went astray;
 For when the dead did die and end in sin,
 The living had assurance to begin.
 240

Are all these deeds accomplished in one word?
 O sovereign word, chief of all words and deeds!
 O salve of safety, wisdom's strongest sword,
 Both food and hunger, which both starves and feeds:
 245 Food unto life, because of living power,
 Hunger to those whom death and sins devour.

For they which lived were those which virtue loved,
 And those which virtue loved did love to live.
 Thrice happy these whom no destruction moved;
 She present there, which love and life did give.
 250 They bore the mottoes of eternal fame
 On diapasons of their father's name.

Here death did change his pale to purple hue,
 Blushing, against the nature of his face,
 To see such bright aspects, such splendid view,
 255 Such heav'nly paradise of earthly grace,
 And hid with life's quick force his ebon dart
 Within the crannies of his meagre heart;

Descending to the place from whence he came,
 With rich-stored chariot of fresh-bleeding wounds,
 Sore-grievèd bodies from a soul's sick name,
 260 Sore-grievèd souls, in bodies' sin-sick sounds.
 Death was afraid to stay where life should be,
 For they are foes, and cannot well agree.

184 **anatomy** skeleton, especially one prepared for examination; from *Geneva's* 'shewed the cause of his death'
 194 **haps** unfortunate events, mishaps
 196 **claps** blows
 204 **self** own
 215 **servant of thy word** Aaron
 220 **duplicity** doubleness
 226 **surprise** overcome, overpower

252 **diapasons** again, as at 6.188, Middleton misunderstands the musical term; he uses it here for *Geneva's* 'diadem'.
 255 **splendent** extremely brilliant
 257 **ebon** black
 258 **meagre** emaciated
 19 Despite all these torments, and despite apparent repentance, the Egyptians still

persecuted the Israelites, broke faith and pursued them to the Red Sea and their own destruction; God, both merciful and vengeful, fed his starving people with quails, but plagued the Egyptians for their persecutions; at last the whole earth is miraculously transformed by God in aid of his faithful people.

Chapter Nineteen

Verses
1, 2 Avaunt, destroyer, with thy hungry jaws,
Thy thirsty heart, thy longing ashy bones!
The righteous live. They be not in thy laws,
Nor subjects to thy deep oppressing moans.

5 Let it suffice that we have seen thy show,
And tasted but the shadow of thy woe.

Yet stay, and bring thy empty car again:
More ashy vessels do attend thy pace.
More passengers expect thy coming wain.

10 More groaning pilgrims long to see thy face.
Wrath now attends the passage of misdeeds,
And thou shalt still be stored with souls that bleeds.

Verses 3
Some lie half-dead, while others dig their graves
With weak-forced tears to moist a long-dry ground;
15 But tears on tears in time will make whole waves,
To bury sin with overwhelming sound.
Their eyes for mattocks serve, their tears for spades,
And they themselves are sextons by their trades.

20 What is their fee? Lament. Their payment? Woe.
Their labour? Wail. Their practice? Misery.
And can their conscience serve to labour so?
Yes, yes, because it helpeth villainy.
Though eyes did stand in tears, and tears in eyes,
They did another foolishness devise.

Verses 4
So that what prayer did, sin did undo,
And what the eyes did win, the heart did lose.
Whom virtue reconciled, vice did forego.
Whom virtue did forego, that vice did choose.

30 O had their hearts been just, eyes had been winners!
Their eyes were just, but hearts new sin's beginners.

Verses 5
They digged true graves with eyes, but not with hearts,
Repentance in their face, vice in their thought.
Their delving eyes did take the sexton's parts.
The heart undid the labour which eyes wrought.

35 A new strange death was portion for their toil,
While virtue sat as judge to end the broil.

Verses 6
Had tongue been joined with eyes, tongue had not
strayed.
Had eyes been joined to heart, heart then had seen.
But O, in wanting eyesight it betrayed

40 The dungeon of misdeeds where it had been.
So, many living in this orb of woe
Have heaved-up eyes, but yet their hearts are low.

This change of sin did make a change of feature,
A new strange death, a misery untold,

A new reform of every old-new creature,
New-serving offices which time made old:
New-living virtue from an old-dead sin,
Which ends in ill what doth in good begin.

When death did reap the harvest of despite,
The wicked ears of sin and mischief's seed,
Filling the mansion of eternal night
With heavy-leadened clods of sinful breed,
Life sowed the plants of immortality,
To welcome old-made new felicity.

The clouds, the gloomy curtains of the air,
Drawn and redrawn with the four-winged winds,
Made all of borrowed vapours, darksome fair,
Did overshadow their tents, which virtue finds.
The Red Sea's deep was made a dry-trod way,
Without impediment, or stop, or stay.

The thirsty winds, with overtoiling puffs,
Did drink the ruddy ocean's water dry,
Tearing the zone's hot-cold, whole-ragged ruffs,
With ruffling conflicts in the field of sky;
So that dry earth did take wet water's place,
With sandy mantle and hard grounded face.

That way, which never was a way before,
Is now a trodden path, which was untrod,
Through which the people went as on a shore,
Defended by the stretched-out arm of God,
Praising his wondrous works, his mighty hand,
Making the land of sea, the sea of land.

That breast where anger slept is mercy's bed.
That breast where mercy wakes is anger's cave.
When mercy lives, then Nemesis is dead,
And one for either's corpse makes other's grave.
Hate furrows up a grave to bury love,
And love doth press down hate; it cannot move.

This breast is God, which ever wakes in both.
Anger is his revenge, mercy his love.
He sent them flies instead of cattle's growth,
And multitudes of frogs for fishes strove.
Here was his anger shown, and his remorse,
When he did make dry land of water-course.

The sequel proves what actor is the chief.
All things beginning knows, but none their end.
The sequel unto mirth is weeping grief,
As doth mishaps with happiness contend;
For both are agents in this orb of weeping,
And one doth wake when other falls a-sleeping.

1 **Avaunt** Depart
destroyer death
 8 **ashy vessels** dead carcasses
 9 **wain** wagon
 17 **mattocks** tools for dislodging roots and stones
 18 **sextons** gravediggers

24 **another foolishness** the pursuit of the Israelites
 35 **portion** payment
 36 **broil** quarrel
 63 **zone's** sky's
ruffs fringes, ruffles; clouds, continuing the figure from 55

64 **ruffling** blustering, turbulent
 75 **Nemesis** goddess of retribution
 79 **both** mercy and anger
 83 **remorse** pity
 85 **sequel** outcome
actor agent

	Yet, should man's eyes pay tribute every hour, With tributary tears to sorrow's shrine, He would all drown himself with his own shower, And never find the leaf of mercy's line.	You lay in ambush. O deceitful snares, Enticing baits, beguiling sentinels! You added grief to grief, and cares to cares, Tears unto weeping eyes where tears did dwell. O multitudes of sin, legions of vice, Which thaws with sorrow sorrow's frozen ice!	Verse 15 135
95	They in God's anger wailed, in his love joyed; Their love brought lust ere love had lust destroyed.		
Verse 12	The sun of joy dried up their tear-wet eyes, And sat as lord upon their sobbing heart, For when one comfort lives, one sorrow dies, Or ends in mirth what it begun in smart. What greater grief than hunger-starved mood? What greater mirth than satisfying food?	A banquet was prepared, the fare deceit, The dishes poison, and the cup despite, The table mischief, and the cloth a bait, Like spinner's web t'entrap the strange fly's flight. Pleasure was strewed upon the top of pain, Which, once digested, spread through every vein.	140
100			
105	Quails from the fishy bosom of the sea Came to their comforts which were living-starved, But punishments fell in the sinners' way, Sent down by thunderbolts which they deserved. Sin-fed these sinners were, hate-cherished; According unto both they perished.	O ill conductors of misguided feet, Into a way of death, a path of guile! Poor pilgrims which their own destruction meet In habitations of an unknown isle! O had they left that broad deceiving way, They had been right, and never gone astray!	Verse 16 150
Verse 13	Sin-fed, because their food was seed of sins, And bred new sin with old-digested meat; Hate-cherished, in being hatred's twins, And sucking cruelty from tiger's teat: Was it not sin to err and go astray? Was it not hate to stop a stranger's way?	But mark the punishment which did ensue Upon those ill-misleading villainies: They blinded were themselves with their self view, And fell into their own-made miseries, Seeking the entrance of their dwelling places With blinded eyes and dark misguided faces.	155
115	Was it not sin to see and not to know? Was it not sin to know and not receive? Was it not hate to be a stranger's foe, And make them captives which did them relieve? Yes, it was greatest sin first for to leave them, And it was greatest hate last to deceive them.	Lo, here was snares ensnared, and guiles beguiled, Deceit deceived, and mischief was misled. Eyes blinded sight, and thoughts the hearts defiled. Life, living in aspects, was dying-dead. Eyes thought for to mislead, and were misled; Feet went to make mistreads, and did mistread.	Verse 17 160
120			
Verse 14	O hungry cannibals which know no fill, But still do starving feed, and feeding starve! How could you so deceive? How could you spill Their loving selves which did yourselves preserve? Why did you suck your pelican to death, Which fed you too too well with his own breath?	At this proud fall the elements were glad, And did embrace each other with a kiss. All things were joyful which before were sad: The pilgrims in their way, and could not miss. As when the sound of music doth resound With changing tune, so did the changed ground.	165
125			
130	O, say that cruelty can have no law, And then you speak with a mild-cruel tongue; Or say that avarice lodged in your jaw, And then you do yourselves but little wrong. Say what you will, for what you say is spite 'Gainst ill-come strangers which did merit right.	The birds forsook the air, the sheep the fold. The eagle pitched low, the swallow high. The nightingale did sleep, and uncontrolled Forsook the prickle of her nature's eye. The seely worm was friends with all her foes, And sucked the dew-tears from the weeping rose.	Verse 18

94 **leaf of mercy's line** the written line (containing his salvation) on mercy's page, or in mercy's book (*fig.*); compare *Timon*, 14.118: 'not within the leaf of pity writ'.

103 **Quails** relatives of the partridge; despite the authority of Numbers 11:31, quails are not sea-birds

105 **sinners'** apparently, the Egyptians' (supported by *Geneva's* marginal note); Exodus at this point tells the story of the forgetful Israelites and their subsequent sins and punishments.

114 **to stop a stranger's way** to place the Israelites (strangers or foreigners) in bondage

125 **pelican** the Israelites; but most often associated emblematically with Christ, from the belief that the adult pelican feeds its (ungrateful) young with its own blood from a wound pecked in its breast

142 **spinner's spider's strange** foreign

160 **aspects** looks, glances

175 The sparrow tuned the lark's sweet melody.
 The lark in silence sung a dirge of dole.
 The linnet helped the lark in malady.
 The swans forsook the choir of billow-roll.
 The dry-land fowl did make the sea their nest;
 180 The wet-sea fish did make the land their rest.

Verse
 19 The swans, the choristers which did complain
 In inward feeling of an outward loss,
 And filled the choir of waves with laving pain,
 Yet dancing in their wail with surge's toss,
 185 Forsook her cradle-billow-mountain bed,
 And hies her unto land, there to be fed.

Her sea-fare now is land-fare of content.
 Old change is changèd new, yet all is change.
 The fishes are her food, and they are sent
 190 Unto dry land, to creep, to feed, to range.
 Now coolest water cannot quench the fire,
 But makes it proud, in hottest hot desire.

Verse
 20 The ev'ning of a day is morn to night.
 The ev'ning of a night is morn to day.
 195 The one is Phoebe's clime, which is pale-bright,
 The other Phoebus in more light array.

She makes the mountains limp in chill-cold snow;
 He melts their eyes and makes them weep for woe.

His beams, ambassadors of his hot will,
 Through the transparent element of air, 200
 Doth only his warm ambassage fulfil,
 And melts the icy jaw of Phoebe's hair;
 Yet those, though fiery flames, could not thaw cold,
 Nor break the frosty glue of winter's mould.

Verse
 21 Here nature slew herself, or, at the least,
 Did tame the passage of her hot aspects.
 All things have nature to be worst or best,
 And must incline to that which she affects.
 But nature missed herself in this same part,
 210 For she was weak, and had not nature's heart.

'Twas God which made her weak and makes her strong,
 Resisting vice, assisting righteousness,
 Assisting and resisting right and wrong,
 Making this epilogue in equalness.

'Twas God, his people's aid, their wisdom's friend, 215
 In whom I did begin, with whom I end.

A Jove surgit opus; de Jove finit opus.

178 **forsook** . . . **billow-roll** abandoned the sea
 183 **laving** washing, bathing
 186 **her** the swan's; Middleton's abrupt
 change of number is awkward, but it
 does restore parallelism with the singular
 birds in Verse 18.
 195 **Phoebe's clime** the moon's territory

204 **frosty glue** Premodern commentaries
 identify this ('which seemed to be ice,
 and was of a nature that would melt,
 and yet was an immortal meat' in *Geneva*
 19:21) with manna, not snow; again
 Middleton appears to have misunderstood

the text (D.S.).
 216.1 *A Jove . . . finit opus*. See note to the
 Epigraph. Now, echoing 216, Middleton
 completes the Ovidian phrase and with it
 ends his labours: Of God the work arises;
 in God the work ends.

MICROCYNICON: SIX SNARLING SATIRES

Edited by Wendy Wall

Microcynicon is chiefly famous because it was publicly burned on 4 June 1599 shortly after its publication. Three days earlier the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London ordered the suppression of ten books including Middleton's, and banned the publication of all satires, presumably because the genre was scurrilous and dangerously topical. Lynda Boose has argued that it was satire's status as a new brand of self-loathing pornography that attracted the Archbishop's attention. Whether the texts were censored primarily for moral or political reasons remains unclear. Joseph Hall's influential precursor text, *Virgideiarum*, also included in the order, was mysteriously spared from the flames. While some writers ignored the order and continued to write satires, Middleton, like John Marston, mainly directed his satirical energies toward the commercially-promising stage. *Microcynicon* disappeared and was not reprinted in the seventeenth century. By leaving *Microcynicon* in the ashes of obscurity for almost the next four hundred years, many critics have unwittingly validated the censor's notion that the text was better left unknown. Its spectacularly controversial inauguration, however, highlights how this diminutive octavo volume exemplifies the conventions and contradictions of late sixteenth-century satire.

Satire always ushers the reader into a degenerate world of rogues, liars, panders and sinners. *Microcynicon* is no exception. It shows us snippets of London life—from the dinner table of the haughty Superbia, to Droone's elaborate schemes to trick a gull in a tavern, to the cross-dressed Pyander's titillating sexual deceptions in public streets. In this work, as in all of its kind, the satirist holds up for our censure a world gone awry. Each of *Microcynicon*'s six poems targets a specific vice: usury, prodigality, pride, cheating, cross-dressing, foolishness. As in *The Nightingale and the Ant* and *The Black Book*, Middleton writes here in a didactic genre designed to prevent threats to the social and moral order. *Microcynicon*, however, shows us Middleton's only foray into the genre of formal verse satire, a form established by Horace, Juvenal, and Persius.

Middleton was inspired to write *Microcynicon* by the outpouring of English satires at the turn of the century, primarily by Hall's *Virgideiarum* (1597–8), and Marston's two 'snarling' satires, *Pygmalion's Image and Certain Satires* (1598) and *The Scourge of Villainy* (1598), but also by Everard Guilpin's *Skialetheia* (1598), William Rankins's *Seven Satires* (1598); and John Donne's manuscript *Satires* (1593?). In these works, the speakers display little of the marked humility prevalent in the medieval *Piers Plowman*. Instead writers deploy a combative rhetoric which can be,

as Hall describes, 'unpleasing both to the unskilful and over-musical ear'. Middleton places his work squarely in these literary circles by imitating Hall's preface, echoing Marston's indignant language, presenting conventional satire themes (the spendthrift heir, the hermaphrodite), and toying with a genre seen as appropriate for launching a poet's career in the 1590s literary milieu. Joining contemporary writers who abandoned Petrarchan and Ovidian love traditions in favour of the emergent Jacobean impulse toward burlesque and parody, he nevertheless departs from Marston's furious tone of rebuke and Hall's Horatian and urbane criticism of literary style. Instead Middleton presents character sketches focusing on social follies rather than invective fuelled by disdain for poetic practices.

In formal satire, the (male) speaker displays his intimate knowledge of human frailty. For this reason, as Alvin Kernan notes, the satiric persona can appear as unsavoury as his subject matter. Given this dilemma, the suppression of *Microcynicon* brilliantly demonstrates one of the strange tensions surrounding satiric writing: in engaging a self-professed 'low' genre that denounces low social modes, the satirist is always in danger of absorption into the world of vice. Indeed the issue of self-incrimination is a prevalent theme in *Microcynicon*.

Written in rhymed iambic couplets, *Microcynicon* moves from the discursive style of classical satire in the first two poems to narrative vignettes in the next three. In effect, Middleton wanders from the declamatory to the dramatic. In keeping with the expected obscure style of the genre, the first poem opens with the metaphysical world of the avaricious usurer Cron. After mourning the decline of the golden age, the speaker places Cron at the London Exchange and elliptically describes Cron's various fallacious rationalizations for greed: money constitutes heaven, hell, and earth in his cosmology of gold. The second satire vivifies the ironic wages of Cron's sin by showing how his wastrel heir Zodon lavishly spends the miser's hoard. A typical Renaissance social climber, Zodon has pretensions that lead him to financial ruin. Middleton specifically mocks Zodon's haughty demands for material pampering and social respect. When Zodon's extravagance blurs into lust, we see Middleton's awareness of the conceptual linkages between monetary and sexual circulation. The second satire thus demonstrates the Renaissance tendency to express social problems through the language of eroticism.

In Satires Three, Four, and Five, the speaker appears to abandon his moral stance and instead to revel in the



Vice's Executioner, from George Wither, *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1617).

energy revealed by his character sketches of Superbia, Droone, and Pyander. In the satire on pride, Superbia decides to kill herself in the wake of a spectacularly lavish luncheon because she sees someone more beautiful than she. After deftly conveying the seductive delights of the meal, Middleton shifts from Superbia's narcissism to a related sketch of Lady Tiptoes, who pitches a temper tantrum because she detects a spot on her gorgeous frock. Middleton follows Renaissance convention both in gendering pride as female and in exemplifying it as the fetishization of food and clothing. Critiques of courtly foppery, fastidiousness, and what Puritan-influenced conduct books call 'prodigal nicety' and 'dainty-mouthed' behaviour were often directed at women or labelled as effeminate traits. Barnaby Rich, for instance, notes that 'Far-fetched and dear bought is good for Ladies'. If Zodon represents the hubristic male social climber who is punished for acquisitiveness, Superbia embodies the paralysis that can ensue from the overvaluation of creature comforts.

Satire Four offers its readers a foray into rogue literature by presenting a single continuous narrative about Droone's triumph in wining, dining, and pickpocketing a gullible dinner companion. Here Middleton contributes to the vogue for cony-catching pamphlets popularized by Robert Greene. These works make visible the operations of a powerful underground of cheaters and thieves who trade on human greed and self-interest. The most striking element of this satire is the liveliness of the poetic style, the cohesion of the story, and the one-line moral that is remembered only in the final line. Satire Four thus dramatizes how the satirist can become intrigued by the moral flaws that he condemns.

This problem reaches its pinnacle in the fifth satire when we enter the world of the transvestite Pyander, for here the speaker confesses that he has actually frequented bawdy-houses and lusted after this cross-dressed boy. The speaker coyly feigns reluctance at exposing Pyander's secret, but eventually decides to publicize the boy's duplicity:

And shall I then procure eternal blame
By secret cloaking of Pyander's shame,
And he not blush?
By heaven I will not! I'll not burn in hell
For false Pyander, though I loved him well.

Middleton's singular use of the half-line accentuates the drama of this confession. In the Prologue the speaker narrates his wild origins; it is no coincidence that the speaker's complicity in vice is established in the fifth satire in peculiarly sexual terms: the satirist, like the lustful mythological satyr to which he was falsely linked etymologically, is known for his physicality. Elizabethans speculated that satire had its origins in satyr plays in which actors assumed the character of woodland creatures to launch savage attacks. 'A satire is... a very railing, only ordained to rebuke vice... The Satires had their name of uplandish gods, that were rude, lascivious and wanton of behaviour', Thomas Langley declared in 1546. In *Microcynicon* the speaker appropriately confesses his sordid motive of revenge in the satire most explicitly connected with sexuality. If satire always turns on inherent contradictions in the moral but beastly persona, as Kernan argues, then that persona is one peculiarly linked to eroticism. In *Abuses Stript and Whipt* (1617), for instance, George Wither's satyr-speaker readily admits his own sexual culpability: 'An Executioner am I, | Of Lust, and wanton Venery. | Thus are the vices scourg'd by me, | Yet my self from vice not free'.

The fifth satire is also conventional in establishing the theme of homoeroticism. Marston, Hall, Rankins, and Weever all describe the allure of the seductive boy 'Ganymede'. Middleton's reference to Sodom makes clear that his satire is not just about Pyander's gender trickery, but also about what we now understand as homosexual desire. In fact, Pyander's 'trick' becomes emblematic of satire's instability: the desire for (moral or sexual) difference erodes into a familiar sameness. The satirist's efforts

to stand apart from the arena of sin only expose his immersion within it, and the distinction between high and low moral worlds collapse. The result is a 'crisis of categories', of which, Marjorie Garber argues, the transvestite is a favourite cultural symbol. Neither male nor female, Pyander exists to point to the general breakdown of cultural categories. Middleton neatly describes Pyander's undecidable nature:

Sometimes he jets it like a gentleman,
Otherwhiles much like a wanton courtesan.
But truth to tell a man or woman whether,
I cannot say, she's excellent in either.
But if report may certify a truth,
She's neither of either, but a cheating youth.

Unsurprisingly critics have downplayed these homoerotic elements. In John Payne Collier's mock dialogue about *Microcynicon*, for instance, the characters decide that this satire reveals the author's negative view of women; they further determine that Pyander's 'ingling' (the word for sodomizing) is throughout the text a misprint for 'jugling'. Sodomy, however, was understood in the Renaissance as a channelling of sexual energy for purposes other than reproduction, an excess of desire. Homoeroticism thus ties neatly into the writer's understanding of satire's indebtedness to the Bacchanalian wild man; and *Microcynicon* exposes how eroticism pervades the issues of social critique and self-incrimination central to the genre.

The final satire presents an intentionally confusing dialogue between a fool and a satirist. In a self-conscious moment, the satirist finds himself satirized by an 'Innocent' who steps into the poem to interrogate him about his writing. The difficulty that the reader has in disentangling the speakers is deliberate: ascertaining the boundaries between satirist and fool (both of whom are called an 'ass') becomes part of the game. Verifying Juvenal's famous credo, '*Difficile est saturam non scribere*' (it is difficult not to write satire), the speaker suggests that his writing is involuntary: 'It is impossible, streams that are barred their course, | Swell with more rage, and far more greater force, | Until their full-stuffed gorge a passage makes'. The fool's response, 'A resolute ass!', deflates this high-blown rhetoric and ironically points toward the future suppression of the poem. The reversals that have hovered around the other satires become the subject of this last poem, where a supposed critique of wise (foolish) innocence becomes the satirist's own trial. Middleton thus ends *Microcynicon* with a direct comment on the problem ever-present in satire: its failed attempt to maintain stable ethical boundaries between moralist and immoral world.

We are not surprised by the poem's final twist because Middleton has already drawn attention to the satirist's inextricable relationship to the disorderly world that is his subject. In the Prologue, the speaker suggests that he develops a vengeful and hostile tone simply in response to the malice of society; satire merely returns the world's vices to itself. Drawing on a grotesquely vivid image of

regurgitation, he defies his critics in terms that far exceed a simple mirroring of vice to itself:

Your devilish venom cannot me affright.
It is a cordial of a candy taste,
I'll drink it up, and then let't run at waste.
...
I'll belch into your throats all open wide,
Whose gaping swallow nothing runs beside.
And it if venom, take it as you list:
He spites himself, that spites a satirist.

The text's concluding motto, however, highlights anxieties about satire: '*Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo*' ('its colour, that once was white, is now the very opposite'). Drawn from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, this passage refers to the transformation of the spotlessly white raven who turned black because it chattered too much. Middleton's allusion addresses the world's general degeneration through a story that hints at the more particular problem of representation. Describing evil through satire can infect both writer and reader, transforming them into the black colour that defines the speaker's project. In the Prologue, Middleton claims that his pen drinks up sin (which blackens his ink) and spits it back at detractors. The poem becomes a 'black defying embassy' (Prologue.21) sent out to travel the 'deserts of black sin' (1.11). Blackness is thus linked explicitly to the satirist's embittered invective and the flaws that he seeks to remedy. The final motto indicates that the text itself may have blackened the world, as 'nigrum' ink (Defiance.16) metaphorically spills into the reading public—polluting it with knowledge of its own sordid nature and marking the poem as a figure for the impurity it condemns.

Middleton's symbolic use of ink underscores his general attention to the materiality of his books. As Gary Taylor notes, Middleton chooses a title for this satire that self-referentially highlights the small size of the book object. While the octavo format was not uncommon to satire, Middleton makes the size part of the text's wit: penned by the youthful 'little cynic' and small enough to rest comfortably in a hand or pocket, the book humbly names its ambitious project and suggests an uneasy intimacy with its readers. In essence, Middleton cleverly renders the conventional humility espoused by satirists (Horace called his satires 'little books') into physical form. *Microcynicon* calls attention to the text's physicality to convey satire's 'lowly' power to hold a microscope to the world's grand foibles.

Through his book's title and format, Middleton also defines *Microcynicon* as an abbreviated project. The chapter headings clearly promise to present more than one 'book' (chapter), in keeping with conventions established by other writers: Hall's first three books included twenty-two satires, and Marston's *Scourge* boasted three books of ten satires. Middleton's allusion to further books issues a promise that his last satire teasingly cancels. By calling his readers' attention to the relative brevity of his six satires, Middleton implies both his ability and his disinclination

to write grander volumes. In fact, the book object's incomplete status could register the speaker's disgust and frustration with the unpleasant and difficult task of satire writing.

Middleton's references to satyrs also help us to understand *Microcynicon*'s theatrical nature, for Renaissance etymology linked formal satire to satyr plays. Unlike popular satires of its day, *Microcynicon* is prefaced with a list of persons. Middleton follows Hall in writing a prologue, but he is the only satirist to further this motif by adding an epilogue. This theatricalization of the text is intensified by the fact that the poem is not dedicated to a patron. Instead the list of characters becomes the text's primary defining feature, appropriate because each poem is devoted principally to a single character. Departing from the model of Hall's and Marston's more excursive satires, Middleton offers relatively continuous dramatic narratives. While other satirists rail elliptically at vice, Middleton tells stories about particular characters who embody certain traits. And unlike Marston's and Hall's interest in specific contemporary poets and styles, Middleton makes no reference to the literary scene. Instead of topical references that document his inclusion in an elite circuit of writers, Middleton shapes this work through theatrical techniques, as he does later in *The Black Book*. *Microcynicon* thus looks appropriately ahead to Middleton's career in theatre.

Critics have generally considered satire to be an inferior literary form because of its topicality and harsh style. Unlike epic or romance, satire emphasizes its social referentiality; that is, it points explicitly to details of contemporary life. Certainly *Microcynicon*'s themes are not new to the Renaissance: the world's enslavement to sex, money, greed, and vanity were all topics familiar to Horace, Persius, and Juvenal. But *Microcynicon* gives these satirical staples a local cast and colour. For this reason, satire has been seen as a wayward form in need of close regulation from authorities. For this reason as well, satire has been neglected by critics who felt that it did not properly transcend its own social moment to meditate on universal truths. As literary criticism has increasingly become aware of the historical embeddedness of all literary forms, however, it has made way for a new appreciation of this genre. In an age in which we now commonly recognize that all works of literature are intricately tied to their social moment, satire's topicality is no longer perceived as a critical shortcoming.

Satire has also been devalued because it cuts against the grain of aesthetic standards. Derived from *satūra*, 'satire' means a medley, a heterogeneous compilation of disparate

forms. *Microcynicon* is perfectly in keeping with its genre in its fragmentary form and rapidly changing caricatures. Collating proverbs, Biblical verse, and classical satire with contemporary description, Middleton places a premium on capturing features of English life in quick and broad lines rather than developing principles of cohesion. He also shows himself capable of adopting the rough poetic style and truculent persona established by Juvenal and perfected by Marston. Hence Everard Guilpin primes his Muse to sing as a 'foul-mouth Jester'; and Middleton says in his conclusion, 'For jocund wit of force must jangling be'. This impropriety is precisely what bothered the text's second nineteenth-century editor, Bullen, who noted *Microcynicon*'s 'barbarous phraseology' and predicted that "Brief, but tedious" will be the censure of most readers'. Middleton followed other satirists in deploying jangling rhymes and metrical irregularities; thus the indecorous and hybrid quality that some of the poem's readers have so disliked are fundamental and self-conscious elements of satire.

Microcynicon is also conventional in reflecting cultural anxieties about shifts in the social order, particularly the instability of class and of gender relations. *Microcynicon* patrols the ground of social distinction by scapegoating Superbia as the emblem of pride, by mocking Pyander's 'deviant' sexual behaviour and by denouncing Zodon's social mobility as lustful debauchery. Like many contemporary satires, it announces itself as a 'low' form that consolidates the high world of moral value, as Greg Bredbeck suggests. But the impulse to establish social orthodoxy fractures visibly in Satire Five where Pyander's homosexuality is not at moments as troublesome as his false advertising, and in Satire Four where Droone's tactics are amusingly condoned. As in so much Renaissance writing, the text exceeds its own easy morals and instead offers a complex picture of the problems that arise when one attempts to hold on to fixed cultural and ethical boundaries. In doing so, the work makes visible a truism: satire always teeters on the brink of becoming its opposite. Thus it is no surprise that the avowedly moral *Microcynicon* could be burned in its own time. It is itself commentary on the troubling energy of satire. The last poem ends up parodying the fate of *Microcynicon* when the fool/satirist is forced to disappear. It was just a short time until the censors made the text do the same.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 465
 Authorship and date: *Companion*, 336

Microcynicon

Six Snarling Satires

Persons	<table style="border: none; margin: auto;"> <tr> <td style="font-size: 4em; vertical-align: middle;">{</td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;"> Insatiate Prodigal Insolent Cheating Ingling Wise </td> <td style="padding: 0 10px;"> Cron Zodon Superbia Droone Pyander Innocent </td> <td style="font-size: 4em; vertical-align: middle;">}</td> </tr> </table>	{	Insatiate Prodigal Insolent Cheating Ingling Wise	Cron Zodon Superbia Droone Pyander Innocent	}	Avaunt I say! I'll anger thee enough, And fold thy fiery eyes in thy smazky snuff.
{	Insatiate Prodigal Insolent Cheating Ingling Wise	Cron Zodon Superbia Droone Pyander Innocent	}			
5			Defiance, resolution and neglects, True trine of bars against thy false assault, Defies, resolves defiance, and rejects Thy interest to claim the smallest fault. Thou lawless landlady, poor prodigal, Sour solace, credit's crack, fear's festival.			

Adsis pulcher homo canis hic tibi pulcher emendo

His Defiance to Envy

5	Envy, which mask'st thyself in common guise, To haunt deservers and to hunt deserts, Hard-soft, cold-hot, well-evil, foolish-wise, Miscontrarities, agreeing parts,	More angry satire-days I'll muster up Than thou canst challenge letters in thy name, My nigrum true-born ink no more shall sup Thy stained blemish, charàctered in blame. My pen's two nebs shall turn unto a fork,
---	--	---

This commentary focuses upon intertextual relationships.

Title *Microcynicon* Translated as 'having to do with a churlish dog or a cynic', the title alludes to the relationship between the satirist and the cynic, as well as referring to the general association of satire with the fury of dogs. Compare Hall's 'biting satires', Goddard's *A Mastiff Whelp with other Rough-Island-like Curs*, and Marston's reference to himself as a 'barking' and 'sharp-fang'd satirist' (*Pygmalion*, 262 and *The Scourge of Villainy*, Satire IX, 362). In the first satire, Middleton refers to his 'snarling muse' (14). In this text, dogs become representative of both evil and the project that is necessary to drive away viciousness; this image thus marks a collapse in the dichotomies that underpin satire (see notes to 1.4 and 1.100). The title also calls attention to the text's small 'micro' size. Because satire was perceived to be an unheroic genre, writers often humbly speak of their works as diminutive: Horace, for instance, refers to his 'little books' (Satire 1:4) and his 'little volume' (Satire 1:10). Through his title, Middleton shows that he has transformed a rhetorical ploy into a physical object.

Persons. 7 *Adsis . . . emendo* This phrase is obscure, but it might translate as 'Come here, good-looking man—and I, a good-looking dog, will amend you'. Irwin admits difficulty in translating this phrase, but guesses: 'Draw near, handsome man: I, a handsome dog, publish [these things] for you here'. No source is known, although the scansion could be classical hexameter. Whatever the meaning of this motto, it furthers the link between satire writing and bestiality established by the title.

Defiance This conventional address to

potential critics is written specifically in imitation of Joseph Hall's *Virgideiariam* (1597). Middleton replicates Hall's rhyme scheme, stanzaic form, and title, the *Defiance to Envy*.

2 **mask'st . . . guise** The masquerade imagery follows Hall's *Prologue to Virgideiariam*, which denounces envy and hypocrisy: 'The world's eye bleared with those shameless lies, | Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies. | Go, daring Muse, on with thy thankless task, | And do the ugly face of Vice unmask'. Marston also introduces the satirist as someone who unmasks the world's 'masked shows' (*Pygmalion*, 262).

5 **Miscontrarities** false contraries; the double negative contributes to the tone created by the extensive use of oxymoron in this stanza. These figures call attention to the duplicitous way in which Envy works to appear as its opposite as well as its tendency to levy contrarities.

6 **Avaunt** go away

7 **smazky** The precise meaning of this word is unclear; perhaps 'smeechy', as Dyce suggests (blackened and smoky); or a variant of 'smaikry', meaning contemptible behaviour or roguery. **snuff** candle end, used to signify something of little value or on the point of extinction. Here the term is part of an unusual and obscure phrase which calls attention to the self-destructive nature of envy.

12–13 **Thou . . . festival** This series of inappropriately yoked words indicate Envy's contradictions.

13 **crack** boast

14 **satire-days** punning on 'Saturdays', continuing the holiday imagery of 'festival'. In his address to detractors, Marston imagines his critics as part of a common crowd gathered sardonically at

the 'festival' of poetry (*Scourge*, 301). 16 **nigrum** black. Middleton uses this obscure term in *Solomon* to describe the devil: 'the coal-black visage of his nigrum fame' (11.76). As in this passage, Middleton calls attention to the physical nature of writing in *The Black Book* where the devil links the blackness of ink to the evil nature of the objects he satirizes: 'Am I black enough, think you, dressed up in a lasting suit of ink? Do I deserve my dark and pitchy title?' (824–6). In *Microcynicon* Middleton calls his text a 'black defying embassy' (Prologue.21) sent out to travel over the deserts of 'black sin' (1.111). In *Solomon* Middleton employs an extended version of the frightening image called forth in these lines, as the satirist's pen drinks up the black sins of the world to serve as the ink through which he will excoriate vice: 'Black sins, I dim you all with inky smother. | My pen shall be officious in this scene, | To let your hearts blood in a wicked vein; | . . . Behold your coal-black blood, my writing-ink, | My paper's poison'd meat, my pen's foul drink' (14.240–6). Following Hall, who notes that poets write in 'black condemning coal' (Book I, Satire III), and Marston, who refers to the satirist's 'ink-black fist' (*Scourge*, 322), Middleton associates blackness both with the satirist's caustic rebuke and with the evil he excoriates.

18 **nebs** the points of pens. Satirists conventionally described writing as an act of violence. In *Skialetheia*, for instance, Everard Guilpin figures satirical writing as a physical attack: 'Holding my pen, my Rapier in my fist: | I know I shall wide-gaping Momes convince' (Conclusion, 23–24).

20 Chasing old Envy from so young a work;
I, but the author's mouth, bid thee avault,
He more defies thy hate, thy hunt, thy haunt.
T.M. Gent.

The Author's Prologue

Book 1

Dismounted from the high-aspiring hills,
Which the all-empty airy kingdom fills,
5 Leaving the scorched mountains threat'ning heaven
From whence fell fiery rage my soul hath driven,
Passing the down-steep valleys all in haste,
Have tripped it through the woods; and now, at last,
Am veiled in a stony sanctuary,
10 To save my ire-stuffed soul lest it miscarry,
From threat'ning storms o'erturning verity,
That shames to see truth's refined purity.
Those open plains, those high sky-kissing mounts,
Where huffing winds cast up their airy accounts
15 Were too too open, shelter yielding none,
So that the blasts did tyrannize upon
The naked carcass of my heavy soul,
And with their fury all my all control.
But now, environed with a brazen tower,
20 I little dread their stormy raging power.
Witness this black defying embassy,

That wanders them before in majesty,
Undaunted of their bugbear threat'ning words,
Whose proud aspiring vaunts, time past records.
Now windy parasites or the slaves of wine,
25 That wind from all things save the truth divine,
Wind, turn, and toss into the depth of spite,
Your devilish venom cannot me affright.
It is a cordial of a candy taste,
I'll drink it up, and then let't run at waste—
30 Whose druggy lees mixed with the liquid flood
Of muddy fell defiance as it stood,—
I'll belch into your throats all open wide,
Whose gaping swallow nothing runs beside.
And if it venom, take it as you list:
35 He spites himself, that spites a satirist.

The First Book

Satire 1

Insatiate Cron

Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite

Time was, when down-declining toothless age,
5 Was of a holy and divine presage,
Divining prudent and foretelling truth,
In sacred points instructing wand'ring youth.
But O detraction of our latter days,

20 but only

Prologue.2 Book 1 By referring to subsequent books, Middleton imitates and revises Hall's *Virgideciarum*, which advertised six books of satires but delivered only the first three. The remaining satires were published in the following year. But Middleton playfully alters the presentation of Hall's incomplete text in two important ways. First, he uses the reference to highlight the small size of his 'micro' collection. Hall's first three books included twenty-two satires, Horace's work contained two books of eighteen satires, and Marston's *Scourge* boasted three books of ten satires. By calling his readers' attention to the relative brevity of his six satires, Middleton creates the impression that he could write grand volumes if he so desired. While placing his work in relation to prominent satires, his allusion to further books issues a promise that his last satire teasingly cancels, for the sixth satire ends with the satirist blending into the fool who is 'carried away' by wit. The satire seems to be unexpectedly broken off in the middle. Such an ending, Middleton hints, appropriately signifies the trauma of satire in a world where the satirist's vantage point continuously erodes.

6 **fell savage**. Middleton imitates Marston's trademark fury, a style derived primarily from Juvenal.

11 **verity** truth. The speaker describes his descent from a place associated with both elevated thoughts and openness. He retreats to a secure site from which satire can be written, a place safe from both moral vice and critical pressures against expression (both of which can lead to the poet's 'miscarriage').

19 **with** within

23 **brazen** strong, as made of brass

23 **bugbear** imagined as dreadful

26 **wind** unfolds; turning and winding are words that indicate movement away from the straight and narrow; as the word 'error' means to turn. Middleton picks up on the word 'windy' in the preceding line.

28 **affright** frighten

31 **lees** the basest part, the dregs

33 **belch** The imagery of regurgitation is a subset of the more general body imagery common to satire, a genre obsessed with the vices of the flesh and the often violent curative procedures necessary to purge sin. Middleton deploys images of vomiting throughout *Solomon*.

35 **venom** is poisonous

36 **satirist** The original spelling 'Satyrlist' hints at the erroneous Renaissance etymology for the word, derived from the licentious goat-man satyr and signalling the satirist's beastly persona. See introduction.

1.3 **Cron** a shortened version of Cronus,

the mythological Titan who rebelled against his father in order to gain power, or a pun on 'crone'. Satire One is one of the more difficult satires; it uses the cosmographical imagery of earth, heaven, and hell to establish the domain of devilish greed and its fallacies. The satire is more fragmentary than the next four because it rapidly moves through various sketches of the usurer and his foibles.

4 **Cur...divite** 'Why should any decent man be in need when you are rich?' (Horace, *Satires*, Book II. 2, 103). Horace's speaker is a poor peasant named Ofellus who argues for the simple life. In this passage, Ofellus urges a rich young man to share his wealth. The allusion to this particular satire is telling because Ofellus deploys dog imagery in representing the miser.

5 **toothless** harmonious; but also a common reference to satire. Hall's *Virgideciarum*, which is subtitled *The First Three Books of Toothless Satires*, opens its last book with the theme that establishes Middleton's first satire: 'Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold, | When world and time were young that now are old'. Hall's satire laments the passing of an age of natural simplicity into a time of wasteful luxury.

6 **presage** an utterance foretelling future events

- 10 How much from verity this age estrays!
Ranging the briery deserts of black sin,
Seeking a dismal cave to revel in.
This latter age, or member of that time
Of whom my snarling muse now thund'reth rhyme,
15 Wandered the brakes until a hidden cell
He found at length and still therein doth dwell.
The house of gain insatiate it is,
Which this hoar-agèd peasant deems his bliss.
O that desire might hunt amongst that fur!
20 It should go hard but he would loose a cur
To rouse the fox hid in a bramble bush,
Who frighteth conscience with a wry-mouthed 'Push!'
But what need I to wish or would it thus,
When I may find him starting at the Burse,
25 Where he infecteth other pregnant wits,
Making them co-heirs to his damnèd fits?
There may you see this writhen-facèd mass
Of rotten mould'ring clay, that prating ass
That riddles wonders (mere compact of lies)
30 Of heaven, of hell, of earth and of the skies.
Of heaven thus he reasons: heaven there's none,
Unless it be within his mansion.
O there is heaven. Why? Because there's gold,
That from the late to this last age controlled
35 The massy sceptre of earth's heavenly round,
Exiling forth her silver-pavèd bound
The leaders, brethren, brazen counterfeits
That in this golden age contempt begets.
'Vaunt then immortal I, I only king,
40 And golden god of this eternal being.'
Of hell Cimmerian thus Avarus reasons:
'Though hell be hot, yet it observeth seasons.'
Having within his kingdom residence,
O'er which his godhead hath preeminence,
45 An obscure angel of his heaven it is,

- Wherein's contained that hell-devouring bliss.
Into this hell sometimes an angel falls,
Whose white aspect black forlorn souls appalls,
And that is when a saint believing gold,
Old in that heaven, young in being old, 50
Falls headlong down into that pit of woe,
Fit for such damnèd creature's overthrow.
To make this public that obscurèd lies,
And more apparent vulgar secrecies,
To make this plain, harsh unto common wits, 55
Simplicity in common judgement sits.
This down-cast angel or declining saint
Is greedy Cron, when Cron makes his complaint,
For his poor creditors—fall'n to decay,
Being bankrupts—take heels and run away. 60
Then frantic Cron, galled to the very heart,
In some by-corner plays a devil's part,
Repining at the loss of so much pelf,
And in a humour goes and hangs himself.
So of a saint, a devil Cron is made. 65
The devil lov'd Cron, and Cron the devil's trade.
Thus may you see such angels often fall,
Making a working day a festival.
Now to the third point of his deity,
And that's th'earth, thus reasons credulity: 70
Credulous Cron, Cron credulous in all,
Swears that his kingdom is in general.
As he is regent of this heaven and hell,
So of the earth all others he'll expel.
The sky's at his dispose, the earth his own, 75
And (if Cron please) all must be overthrown.
Cron, Cron, advise thee, Cron with the copper nose,
And be not ruled so much by false suppose,
Lest Cron's professing holiness turn evil,
And of a false god prove a perfect devil. 80
I prithee, Cron, find out some other talk,

10 **estrays** strays

11 **briery** thorny

12 **cave** Cron's refuge uneasily echoes the satirist's own 'stony sanctuary' (Prologue.9)

15 **brakes** clumps of bushes

17 **insatiate** never satisfied

18 **hoar-agèd** white-haired. Middleton puns on 'age' when he shifts from a description of a righteous past age to the elderly Cron.

19–22 **O... 'Push!'** These lines are obscure, but they generally express a wish that the usurous fox, whose insidious goading tempts people to 'push' ahead greedily, could be routed out of his hiding place by correct desire. The speaker imagines that frightening the fox into action would give him a dose of his own medicine.

19 **fur** either a forest of fir-trees (picking up on 'brakes' in l. 15), or the typical usurer's garment which was lined with fur.

20 **cur** dog

21 **bramble bush** a briery shrub that the fox uses to entangle others, now serving as his defence

22 **wry-mouthed** with a twisted smile

24 **Burse** the Royal Exchange in London, a place of national and international financial trade

25 **pregnant** swelling

27 **writhen-facèd** contorted

28 **mould'ring** decaying

prating chattering or bragging

29 **riddles** used as a verb

mere compact composed wholly

33–5 **gold...round** with a pun on the mythic golden age now literalized as money in the present time

36 **bound** boundary; gold exiles out of its limits the people listed in the next line; with a possible secondary meaning of 'bond' (lowly and base peasants) in which case 'bound' would refer not to the limits but to the exiled elements.

39 **Vaunt** boast

41 **Cimmerian** fabled place of intense darkness and gloom
Avarus Latin for avarice, with the accent on the second syllable

43 **Having...residence** Hell has residence within Avarice's heaven; this designation is part of Avarice's false reasoning that reinterprets the entire theological cosmology as within his domain of greed.

44 **godhead** divine nature

45 **angel** pun on a gold coin

48 **appalls** dims or fades, as well as dismays

59–60 **For...away** For Cron's suicide because of his creditors' flight, compare *Trick* 4.4.22–23.

63 **Repining** complaining

pelf money or property, usually tainted

credulity Cron's over-readiness to believe

72 **in general** universal

77 **copper nose** brazen, rash; a red nose

caused by intemperance

78 **suppose** supposition

Make not the Burse a place for spirits to walk,—
 For doubtless if thy damnèd lies take place,
 Destruction follows; farewell, sacred grace.
 85 Th'Exchange for goodly merchants is appointed;
 'Why not for me?' says Cron, 'and mine anointed?
 Can merchants thrive and not the usurer nigh?
 Can merchants live without my company?'
 No, Cron helps all, and Cron hath help from none,
 90 What others have is Cron's, and Cron's his own.
 And Cron will hold his own, or't shall go hard,
 The devil will help him for a small reward.
 The devil's help—O 'tis a mighty thing!
 If he but say the word, Cron is a king.
 95 O then the devil is greater yet then he?
 I thought as much—the devil would master be.
 'And reason too,' saith Cron, 'for what care I,
 So I may live as God, and never die?'
 Yea, golden Cron, death will make thee away,
 100 And each dog, Cron, must have a dying day.
 And with this resolution I bequeath thee
 To God or to the devil, and so I leave thee.

Satire 2

Prodigal Zodon

Who knows not Zodon? Zodon, what is he?
 The true born child of insatiety.
 5 If true born, when? If born at all, say where?
 Where conscience begged in worst time of the year.
 His name young Prodigal, son to greedy gain,

Let blood by folly in a contrary vein.
 For scraping Cron, seeing he needs must die,
 Bequeathèd all to prodigality. 10
 The will once proved and he possessed of all,
 Who then so gallant as young Prodigal?
 Mounted aloft on flattering fortune's wings,
 Where like a nightingale secure he sings,
 15 Floating on seas of scarce prosperity,
 Engirt with pleasure's sweet tranquillity.
 Suit upon suit, satin too too base,—
 Velvet, laid on with gold or silver lace,
 A mean man doth become, but he must ride
 In cloth of finèd gold, and by his side 20
 Two footmen at the least, with choice of steeds,
 Attirèd when he rides in gorgeous weeds.
 Zodon must have his chariot gilded o'er,
 And when he triumphs, four bare before
 25 In pure white satin to usher out his way
 To make him glorious on his progress day.
 Vail bonnet he that doth not passing by,
 Admiring on that sun-enriching sky,
 Two days encaged at least in strongest hold;
 Storm he that list, he scorns to be controlled. 30
 What, is it lawful that a mounted beggar
 May uncontrolled thus bear sway and swagger?—
 A base-born issue of a baser sire,
 Bred in a cottage, wand'ring in the mire
 With nailèd shoes and whipstaff in his hand, 35
 Who with a 'hey and ree' the beasts command,
 And being seven years practised in that trade,

85 **Th'Exchange** the Burse or Royal Exchange
 87 **usurer** someone who lends money with interest; one of the main targets of satire and social critique in early modern England. The devilish Cron here coyly points to the often unacknowledged relationship between demonized usurers and the more socially-acceptable rising merchant class.
 100 **And...day** a bleak revision of the proverb: 'Every dog has his day' (Tilley, D464). This dog imagery hearkens back to the motto on the title-page and the title.
 101-2 **And...thee** This section appropriately ends with the satirist's mock legacy, which counters Cron's reluctance to accept his mortality and draw up a will, and which sets up the next satire in which Cron has unwisely bequeathed his money to the spendthrift Zodon.
 2.2 **Zodon** The extravagant heir is a theme treated by Hall in Book IV, Satire II of *Virgidemiarum*, Rankins in *Seven Satires*, and Marston in the third satire of *The Scourge of Villainy*. Irwin speculates that Zodon refers to the Greek phrase for a carved or painted figure. The

second satire is clearly concerned with preserving established socioeconomic divisions within the social order, as it denounces the extravagance and lechery of the unlicensed social climber.
 8 **Let blood** medical practice whereby blood was drained in order to balance the humours that constituted bodily fluids. Middleton uses the image of a mistaken blood-letting to indicate Cron's fallacy in leaving money to the spendthrift Zodon.
 9 **scraping** miserly
 16 **Engirt** encircled
 17-18 **Suit...lace** clothing imagery signals Zodon's inappropriate presumption to class status. Sumptuary laws regulated the clothing that each class could wear. Zodon's finery indicates his attempt to ignore such laws and climb above his station. Zodon far surpasses the ostentatious people that Hall mocks for wearing 'satin sleeves' (Book III, Satire IV). Throughout the poem, Middleton uses clothing imagery to signal various improprieties—for instance, Superbia's over-investment in her gown in Satire 3 and Pyander's transvestism in Satire 5.
 19 **mean** lowly
become become himself, suffice for

himself
 22 **weeds** clothes
 23 **gilded** painted gold
 24 **triumphs** to enter a city victoriously in a lavish procession. Middleton authored a series of pageants called *Triumphs* designed for use in the civic life of London.
bare horses without saddles
 26 **progress** a ceremonial procession or journey by a king of queen; picking up on the pageant imagery from l. 24
 27 **Vail** to tip a hat in deference. This expression is seen, for instance, in Book III, Satire V of *Virgidemiarum* when Hall mocks the exaggerated courtesy of the gallant who keeps 'his bonnet vailed' (60). Middleton here suggests that Zodon will strenuously punish anyone who neglects to show respect for him.
 30 **list** desires
 35 **nailèd shoes** cheap shoes. In *Black Book* Middleton uses the image of the 'hard nailly soles' of swains' shoes in order to signal their plodding natures (84).
 36 **'hey and ree'** Irwin: 'terms used in driving horses, oxen, etc: "hey" (haw)—turn to the left; "ree" (gee)—turn to the right'

At seven years' end by Tom a journey's made
 Unto the city of fair Troynovant,
 40 Where through extremity of need and want
 He's forced to trot with fardel at his back
 From house to house, demanding if they lack
 A poor young man that's willing to take pain
 And mickle labour, though for little gain.
 45 Well, some kind Trojan, thinking he hath grace,
 Keeps him himself or gets some other place.
 The world now—God be thankèd!—'s well amended:
 Want, that erewhile did want, is now befriended,
 And scraping Cron hath got a world of wealth.
 50 Now what of that? Cron's dead. Where's all his pelf?
 Bequeathèd to young Prodigal. That's well:
 His god hath left him, and he's fled to hell.
 See, golden souls, the end of ill-got gain!
 Read and mark well; to do the like refrain.
 55 This youthful gallant, like the prince of pleasure,
 Floating on golden seas of earthly treasure
 (Treasure ill-got by minist'ring of wrong),
 Made a fair show, but endur'd not long.
 Ill-got, worse spent; gotten by deceit,
 60 Spent on lascivious wantons which await
 And hourly expect such prodigality,
 Lust-breathing lechers given to venery.
 No day expired but Zodon hath his trull.
 He hath his tit, and she likewise her gull.
 65 Gull he, trull she: O 'tis a gallant age!
 Men may have hackneys of good carriage,
 Provided that there rain a golden shower.
 Then come whos' will at the appointed hour.
 Hour me no hours; hours break no square.

38 **journey's** journeyman's; a journeyman is an employee who can earn wages after a period of apprenticeship; but also a pun on the journey undertaken to London (Troynovant), both of which signal potentially disruptive social shifts
 39 **Troynovant** nickname for London, because supposedly founded by Brutus the Trojan. The myth of Troy surfaces frequently in Renaissance dramatists' descriptions of London.
 41 **fardel** bundle or parcel
 42 **demanding** asking
 44 **mickle** great quantity
 45 **Trojan** see above, 2.39
 47 **The... amended** proverbial: 'The world is well amended with him' (Tilley, W902), used sarcastically to indicate Zodon's inflated importance
 53 **ill-got gain** proverbial: 'Ill-gotten goods never prosper'; 'Ill-gotten gods thrive not to the third heir' (Tilley, G301, G305).
 62 **Lust-breathing** excited by lust. Irwin points to Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* (1594): 'Lust-breathèd Tarquin leaves the Roman host' (3).
venery lechery
 63 **trull** prostitute or concubine
 64 **tit** young woman of loose character

gull dupe
 66 **hackneys** horses for hire; slang for prostitutes or other people who rent themselves for cash
 68 **whos'** whosoever
 68-9 **hour... square** make me no set timetables, for hours are unimportant. 'Break no square' was a common phrase for 'ought not to matter'.
 70 **rain** with a pun on reign
 74 **banishèd** banished from
stews red-light districts
 77 **bravery** finery
 3.2 **Superbia** in excess. The haughty and overly-materialistic woman is the subject of much Renaissance literature. In making woman the figure of pride, Middleton contributes to the well-worn convention of aligning women with rampant consumerism and narcissism. In Marlowe's parade of seven deadly sins in *Doctor Faustus*, for instance, Pride identifies himself in two central ways: through his imitation of a lady's extravagant fashions and thus his conquest of her naked body, and through his haughty demands to be pampered (vi.114-122).

Where gold doth rain, be sure to find them there. 70
 Well, Zodon hath his pleasure: he hath gold,
 Young in his golden age, in sin too old.—
 Now he wants gold; all his treasure's done.
 He's banishèd the stews; pity finds none.
 Rich yesterday in wealth, this day as poor, 75
 Tomorrow like to beg from door to door.
 See, youthful spendthrifts, all your bravery
 Even in a moment turned to misery.

Satire 3

Insolent Superbia

List, ye profane fair painted images,
 Predestinated by the destinies
 At your first being to fall eternally 5
 Into Cimmerian black obscurity.
 Ill-favoured idols, pride's anatomy,
 Foul-coloured puppets, balls of infamy,
 Whom zealous souls do racket to and fro,
 Sometimes aloft ye fly, otherwhiles below, 10
 Banded into the air's loose continent,
 Where hard upbearing winds hold parliament.
 For such is the force of down-declining sin,
 Where our short-feathered peacocks wallow in,
 That when sweet motions urge them to aspire 15
 They are so bathèd o'er by sweet desire
 In the odiferous fountain of sweet pleasure,
 Wherein delight hath all embalmed her treasure—
 I mean where sin, the mistress of disgrace,
 Hath residence and her abiding place. 20
 And sin, though it be foul, yet fair in this,

3 **List** listen
 4 **Predestinated** predestined
 6 **Cimmerian** see 1.41
 7 **anatomy** medical term for dissection applied metaphorically to the act of laying something bare. Here Superbia strips away the surface of Pride to expose it explicitly and thoroughly. The title of Stephen Gosson's *Anatomy of Abuses* is a common example of how the term signalled an exhaustive description or an exposure of something hidden.
 8 **puppets** dolls, commonly used contemptuously to describe women who use cosmetics. See Guilpin's *Skialetheia*: 'Why they are Idols, Puppets, Exchange babies, | And yet (thou fool) tak'st them for goodly Ladies' (Satire II, 11-12).
balls tennis balls conventionally imply inconstancy, as they are linked to the vicissitudes of fortune. In this passage, Superbia travels aimlessly on the whims of her own self-gratification.
 11 **continent** space
 12 **upbearing** supportive
 14 **peacocks** creatures concerned with excessive display
 17 **odiferous** fragrant

- In being painted with a show of bliss.
 For what more happy creature to the eye
 Than is Superbia in her bravery?
 25 Yet who more foul disrobèd of attire?—
 Pearled with the botch as children burnt with fire,
 That for their outward cloak upon the skin,
 Worsen enormities abound within.
 Look they to that; truth tells them their amiss,
 30 And in this glass, all-telling truth it is.
 When welcome spring had clad the hills in green
 And pretty whistling birds were heard and seen,
 Superbia abroad 'gan take her walk
 With other peacocks for to find her talk.
 35 Kyron, that in a bush lay closely couched,
 Heard all their chat, and how it was avouched.
 'Sister,' says one, and softly packed away,
 'In what fair company did you dine to day?'—
 40 'Mongst gallant dames'—and then she wipes her lips,
 Placing both hands upon her whalebone hips,
 Puffed up with a round circling farthingale;
 That done, she 'gins go forward with her tale:
 'Sitting at table carved of walnut tree,
 45 All coverèd with damasked napery,
 Garnished with salts of pure beaten gold,
 Whose silver-plated edge of rarest mould
 Moved admiration in my searching eye
 To see the goldsmith's rich artifice;
 The butler's placing of his manchets white,
 50 The plated cupboard, for our more delight,
 Whose golden beauty glancing from on high
 Illuminated other chambers nigh;
 The slowly pacing of the servingmen
 Which were appointed to attend us then,
 55 Holding in either hand a silver dish
 Of costly cates of far-fetched dainty fish,
 Until they do approach the table nigh,
- Where the appointed carver carefully
 Dischargeth them of their full-freighted hands,
 Which instantly upon the table stands. 60
 The music sweet, which all that while did sound,
 Ravish the hearers, and their sense confound.
 This done, the master of that sumptuous feast
 In order 'gins to place his welcome guest.
 Beauty first seated in a throne of state, 65
 Unmatchable, disdainig other mate,
 Shone like the sun, whereon mine eyes still gazed,
 Feeding on her perfections that amazed.
 But O her silver-framèd coronet
 With low down-dangling spangles all beset, 70
 Her sumptuous periwig, her curious curls,
 Her high-prized necklace of entrailèd pearls,
 Her precious jewels wondrous to behold,
 Her basest gem framed of the purest gold!
 O I could kill my self for very spite, 75
 That my dim stars give not so clear a light.
 Heart-burning ire new kindled bids despair,
 Since beauty lives in her, and I want fair.
 O had I died in youth, or not been born,
 Rather than live in hate, and die forlorn. 80
 And die I will—' Therewith she drew a knife
 To kill herself, but Kyron saved her life.
 See here, proud puppets, high-aspiring evils,
 Scarce any good, most of you worse than devils,
 Excellent in ill, ill in advising well, 85
 Well in that's worst, worse than the worst in hell.
 Hell is stark blind; so blind most women be,
 Blind, and yet not blind when they should not see.
 Fine Madam Tiptoes in her velvet gown,
 That quotes her paces in characters down, 90
 Valuing each step that she had made that day,
 Worth twenty shillings in her best array.
 And why, forsooth, some little dirty spot

22 **painted** In condemning them for their use of cosmetics, Renaissance writers conventionally transformed women into a central emblem of hypocrisy and duplicity. The second satire of Guilpin's *Skialetheia* is devoted entirely to this subject.
 26 **Pearled** ornamented, sprinkled with pearl-like shapes
botch boils and sores
 30 **glass** The speaker follows medieval convention in holding up a mirror to the vices of the age. Interestingly the satirist's use of the glass to expose vice resembles one of the vices themselves: women's conventional association with vanity.
 31 **clad** dressed
 35 **Kyron** Irwin suggests that the name alludes to Chiron, the centaur who trained various mythological figures to be heroes; here used parodically to underscore Superbia's failed moral

education.
 37 **packed away** to bring a fellow conspirator into a plot; here to incite Superbia
 40 **whalebone** the material used to stiffen the midriff of women's dresses
 41 **farthingale** hooped petticoat
 44 **damasked** richly-figured designs, usually on fine cloth
napery table linen
 45 **salts** salt shakers
 49 **manchets** loaves of the finest wheat bread
 50 **plated cupboard** a sideboard either overlaid with a thin trim of gold or silver, or used to hold the china
 56 **cates** delicacies
 64 **guest** guests
 69 **coronet** decorative headdress
 71 **periwig** wig
 72 **entrailèd** entwined
 74 **basest** cheapest
 78 **want fair** lack beauty; 'fair', or light-

coloured features, is the ideal of feminine beauty during this time
 83 **puppets** contemptuous term for people, usually women, suggesting that they are dressed like dolls
 89 **Tiptoes** Middleton shifts here to a related character sketch about Lady Tiptoes, whose name indicates her disdain and haughtiness. In *The Scourge of Villainy* Marston uses the term to indicate presumption: 'O how on tip-toes proudly mounts my muse! | Stalking a loftier gait than satires use' (Satire III, 362). In *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem* Thomas Nashe calls forth a similar image: 'Delicacy is the sin of our London Dames. So delicate are they in diet, so dainty and pulling fine in their speech, so tiptoe-nice in treading on the earth' (*Works*, II, 144-45).
 90 **quotes...down** remembers in detail her steps and writes them down

Hath fell upon her gown or petticoat.
 95 Perhaps that nothing much, or something little,
 Nothing in many's view, in hers a mickle,
 Doth thereon surfeit, and some day or two
 She's passing sick, and knows not what to do.
 The poor handmaid, seeing her mistress wed
 100 To frantic sickness, wishes she were dead,
 Or that her devilish tyrannizing fits
 May mend, and she enjoy her former wits.
 For whilst that Health thus counterfeits Not-well,
 Poor Here-at-Hand lives in the depth of hell.
 105 'Where is this baggage? where's this girl? what ho!
 Quoth she, 'was ever woman troubled so?
 What, hussy Nan!' And then she 'gins to brawl.
 Then in comes Nan, 'Sooth mistress did you call?'—
 'Out on thee, quean! now by the living God'—
 110 And then she strikes, and on the wench lays load.
 Poor silly maid, with finger in the eye,
 Sighing and sobbing takes all patiently.
 Nimble Affection, stung to the very heart
 To see her fellow mate sustain such smart,
 115 Flies to the Burse gate for a match or two,
 And salves th'amiss, there is no more to do.
 Quickfooted kindness, quick as itself thought,
 With that well-pleasing news but lately bought
 By love's assiduate care and industry,
 120 Into the chamber runs immediately,
 Where she unloads the freight of sweet content.
 The haggler pleased doth rise incontinent.
 Then thought of sickness is not thought upon;
 Care hath no being in her mansion.
 125 But former peacock pride, grand insolence,
 Even in the highest thought hath residence.
 But it on tiptoe stands: Well, what of that?
 It is more prompt to fall and ruinate.
 And fall it will when death's shrill clamorous bell
 130 Shall summon you unto the depth of hell.
 Repent, proud princocks. Cease for to aspire,
 Or die to live with pride in burning fire.

104 **Here-at-Hand** nickname for her maid
 109 **quean** ill-behaved and impudent woman
 111 **finger in the eye** derisive term for weeping
 113 **Nimble Affection** probably a fellow maid
 115 **match** Dyce glosses this as 'pattern', meaning a piece of cloth, but Irwin suggests that it could imply as well a love match, a morsel of gossip.
 119 **assiduate** constant
 121 **unloads** pronounced 'unlades'
 122 **incontinent** without self-restraint
 131 **princocks** a proud, conceited and pert young boy. In abruptly shifting from Superbia as a feminized figure of pride to the masculine coxcomb, Middleton

anticipates the gender-crossing created by Pyander's 'painted' counterfeiting in Satire 5.
 4.2 **Droone** a loafer, someone idle
 4 **more...chameleon** proverbial. See Tilley, C221.
 5 **jets** struts or parades
 7 **mantle** conceal
 9 **hoary** grey-haired
 9 **Paul's** the courtyard of St Paul's Cathedral, scene of commerce and social gathering
 12 **angels** coins, with a common pun on losing virtue
 13 **his** the gentleman's
 15 **far-fet** far-fetched
 21 **wot** know

Satire 4

Cheating Droone

There is a cheater by profession
 That takes more shapes than the chameleon.
 Sometimes he jets it in a black furred gown,
 5 And that is when he harbours in the town.
 Sometimes a cloak to mantle hoary age,
 Ill-favoured like an ape in spiteful rage,
 And then he walks in Paul's a turn or two,
 To see by cheating what his wit can do.
 10 Perhaps he'll tell a gentlemen a tale
 Will cost him twenty angels in the sale,
 But if he know his purse well-lined within,
 And by that means he cannot finger him,
 He'll proffer him such far-fet courtesy
 15 That shortly in a tavern neighb'ring by
 He hath engaged the silly gentleman,
 To whom he proffers service all he can.
 'Sir, I perceive you are of gentle blood;
 Therefore I will our cates be new and good.
 20 For well I wot, the country yieldeth plenty,
 And as they diverse be, so are they dainty.
 May it please you then a while to rest you merry?
 Some cates I will make choice of and not tarry.'
 The silly cony blithe and merrily
 25 Doth for his kindness thank him heartily.
 Then hies the cheater very hastily
 And with some peasant, where he is in fee,
 Juggles, that dinner being almost ended,
 He in a matter of weight may then be friended.
 30 The peasant, for an angel then in hand,
 Will do whate'er his worship shall command,
 And yields, that when a reckoning they call in,
 To make reply there's one to speak with him.
 The plot is laid. Now comes the cheater back,
 35 And calls in haste for such things as they lack.
 The table freighted with all dainty cates,
 Having well fed, they fall to pleasant chats,
 Discoursing of the mickle difference
 40 'Twixt perfect truth and painted eloquence.

25 **cony** dupe. 'Cony-catching' pamphlets describing the ruses and tricks of rogues were popular at the turn of the century. Middleton's fourth satire partakes more of this genre than of traditional satire. Here as in the most prominent cony-catching works—Robert Greene's *A Disputation Between a He Cony-Catcher and a She Cony-Catcher*, *The Black Book's Messenger*, and *The Defence of Cony-Catching*—the writer exposes with relish the ingenious practices of the cheater.
 27 **hies** hastens
 28 **in fee** beholden to; from a medieval term indicating feudal obligation
 29 **Juggles** plays tricks, plans to cheat
 38 **chats** pronounced 'chates'

Plain truth that harbours in the country swain,
 The cony stands defendant; the cheater's vein
 Is to uphold an eloquent smooth tongue,
 To be truth's orator righting every wrong.
 45 Before the cause concluded took effect,
 In comes a crew of fiddling knaves abject,
 The very refuse of that rabble rout,
 Half shoes upon their feet torn round about—
 Save little Dick the dapper singing knave.
 50 He had a threadbare coat to make him brave,
 (God knows, scarce worth a tester, if it were
 Valued at most; of seven it was too dear).
 Well, take it as they list, Shakerag came in,
 Making no doubt but they would like of him,
 55 An 'twere but for his person, a pretty lad,
 Well-qualified, having a singing trade.
 Well, so it was the cheater must be merry,
 And he a song must have, called 'hey-down-derry'.
 So Dick begins to sing; the fiddlers play.
 60 The melancholy cony replies, 'Nay, nay,
 No more of this!' The other bids, 'Play on!
 'Tis good our spirits should something work upon—
 Tut, gentle sir; be pleasant, man,' quoth he,
 'Yours be the pleasure; mine the charge shall be.
 65 This do I for the love of gentlemen.
 Hereafter happily if we meet again,
 I shall of you expect like courtesy,
 Finding fit time and opportunity.'
 'Or else I were ungrateful,' quoth the cony,
 70 'It shall go hard, but we will find some money,
 For some we have, that some well used gets more,
 And so in time we shall increase our store.'
 'Mean time', said he, 'employ it to good use,

For time ill-spent doth purchase time's abuse.'
 With that, more wine he calls for, and intends
 75 That either of them carouse to all their friends.
 The cony nods the head, yet says not 'Nay!'
 Because the other would the charge defray.
 The end tries all, and here begins the jest,
 My gentleman betook him to his rest.
 80 Wine took possession of his drowsy head,
 And cheating Droone hath brought the fool to bed.
 The fiddlers were discharged and all things whist,
 Then pilf'ring Droone 'gan use him as he list.
 Ten pounds he finds, the reckoning he doth pay,
 85 And with the residue passeth sheer away.
 Anon the cony wakes, his coin being gone,
 He exclaims against dissimulation.
 But 'twas too late; the cheater had his prey.
 Be wise, young heads: care for an afterday. 90

Satire 5

Ingling Pyander

Age hath his infant youth, old trees their sprigs,
 O'erspreading branches their inferior twigs.
 Old beldam hath a daughter or a son,
 5 True born or illegitimate, all's one.
 Issue she hath. The father? ask you me?
 The house wide open stands; her lodging's free.
 Admit myself for recreation
 Sometimes did enter her possession,
 10 It argues not that I have been the man
 That first kept revels in that mansion.
 No, no, the haggling common place is old;
 The tenement hath oft been bought and sold.

41 **swain** gentleman; here suggesting the simple man
 42 **stands defendant** offers a defence of
 47 **rabble rout** disorderly crowd
 49 **dapper** trim and neat
 50 **brave** handsome in appearance
 51 **tester** slang term for a sixpence
 53 **Shakerag** a beggarly and disreputable person
 55 **An If**
 58 **'hey-down-derry'** both a common refrain and a tune, often associated in seventeenth-century songbooks and ballads with frivolous and bawdy songs
 71 **that some** a pun on 'sum'
 78 **defray** pay
 79 **tries** determines
 83 **whist** silenced
 84 **pilf'ring** thieving
 90 **Be... afterday** In compressing the

entire moral lesson into this final line, the speaker reveals his departure from conventional satire. Interestingly, he seems to forget his role as righteous commentator for most of the poem and to neglect the moral that justifies his rollicking description of vice.
 5.2 **Ingling** An ingling was a sodomite, hermaphrodite, or someone who engaged in homosexual practices. When the term was used more generally to suggest trickery, fondling, or cozening, it still carried this sexual connotation. Marston's satires refer numerous times to the lustful gallant's boy-lover, and to the English love of dainty fashions that filled the London streets with apparent hermaphrodites (*Pygmalion*, Satires II and III; and *Scourge*, Satires III, VII and VIII). See also Weever's poem on Pon-

tus, the woman-man (*Epigrams*, Fifth Week, 14); William Rankins's satire on the duplicitous practices of inglers (*Seven Satires*, 30–31); Brathwaite's dedication to catamites in *Strappado for the Devil*; and Donne's reference to the 'prostitute boy' in his first satire. Middleton lists inglers in his array of vices in *Black Book* (339).
 5 **beldam** old woman, with slightly pejorative meaning
 9 **Admit** meaning 'I admitted myself into the house' or 'I do admit that I did enter'
 13 **haggling** wrangling, suggesting perhaps the bickering over prices common in such a house
common place with a pun on 'commonplace', a truism
 14 **tenement** house, usually rented

- 15 'Tis rotten now ('earth to earth, dust to dust').
Sodom's on fire, and consume it must,
And wanting second reparations
Pluto hath seized the poor reversions.
But that hereafter worlds may truly know
20 What hemlocks and what rue there erst did grow,
As it is Satan's usual policy,
He left an issue of like quality,
The still memorial, if I aim aright,
Is a pale chequered black hermaphrodite.
25 Sometimes he jets it like a gentleman,
Otherwhiles much like a wanton courtesan.
But truth to tell a man or woman whether,
I cannot say, she's excellent in either.
But if report may certify a truth,
30 She's neither of either, but a cheating youth.
Yet Troynovant, that all-admirèd town,
Where thousands still do travel up and down,
Of beauty's counterfeits affords not one
So like a lovely smiling paragon
35 As is Pyander in a nymph's attire,
Whose rolling eye sets gazers' hearts on fire,
Whose cherry lip, black brow and smiles procure
Lust-burning buzzards to the tempting lure.
What, shall I cloak sin with a coward fear,
40 And suffer not Pyander's sin appear?
I will, I will.—Your reason?—Why, I'll tell,
Because time was I loved Pyander well.
True love indeed will hate love's black defame;
So loathes my soul to seek Pyander's shame.
45 O but I feel the worm of conscience sting,
And summons me upon my soul to bring
Sinful Pyander into open view,
- There to receive the shame that will ensue.
O this sad passion of my heavy soul
Torments my heart and senses do control. 50
Shame thou, Pyander, for I can but shame;
The means of my amiss by thy means came.
And shall I then procure eternal blame
By secret cloaking of Pyander's shame,
And he not blush? 55
By heaven I will not! I'll not burn in hell
For false Pyander, though I loved him well.
No, no, the world shall know thy villainy,
Lest they be cheated with like roguery.
Walking the city as my wonted use, 60
There was I subject to this foul abuse;
Troubled with many thoughts pacing along,
It was my chance to shoulder in a throng,
Thrust to the channel I was, but crowding her,
I spied Pyander in a nymph's attire. 65
No nymph more fair than did Pyander seem,
Had not Pyander then Pyander been.
No lady with a fairer face more graced,
But that Pyander's self himself defaced.
Never was boy so pleasing to the heart 70
As was Pyander for a woman's part.
Never did woman foster such another,
As was Pyander, but Pyander's mother.
Fool that I was in my affection,
More happy I had it been a vision. 75
So far entangled was my soul by love
That force perforce I must Pyander prove,
The issue of which proof did testify
Ingling Pyander's damnèd villainy.
I loved indeed and to my mickle cost; 80

15 'earth . . . dust' See the penalty exacted on Adam when ousted from the garden of Eden: 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return' (Genesis 3:19). *The Book of Common Prayer* paraphrases this verse in its instructions for 'The Burial of the Dead': 'I commend thy soul to God, the almighty, and thy body to the ground—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust'.

16 Sodom's Sodom was the famous Biblical city of wickedness destroyed by God because of its sexual corruption (see Genesis 18–19). Bredbeck describes how Renaissance writers frequently allude to Sodom to conjure up a host of sexual sins that threaten the integrity of the social world, but he emphasizes the danger of erasing the specific homoerotic meanings implied by the term. The reference to Sodom indicates that this satire is not just about Pyander's gender trickery, but also concerned with homosexuality.

18 Pluto god of Hades, the underworld for the dead

reversions the return of an estate to its original owner after the holder's death; the remainder or legacy

20 hemlocks poisonous plants

rue plant associated with bitterness and contrition

22 issue offspring

23 still secret; but also continuing

24 pale chequered black contrast of colours on either Pyander's clothing or his face

hermaphrodite both male and female

27–8 But . . . either Compare Marston's call for clarification in *Pygmalion*: 'lay the substance out, | Or else, fair Briscus, I shall stand in doubt | What sex thou art, since such hermaphrodites, | Such Protean shadows so delude our sights' (Satire II, 274).

31 Troynovant see 2.39

34 paragon thing of supreme excellence

36 rolling eye wandering eye; often represented as a seductive and dangerous quality of feminine beauty. See, for instance, Shakespeare's Sonnet 20 where the

poet's praise for his beloved is similarly implicated in a story of gender confusion: 'A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted | Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion; | A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted | With shifting change as if false women's fashion; | An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling, | Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth'. Adams compares this line to *Ghost of Lucrece*: 'Raging to see beauty's enrolled themes | Writ in her eye-rolls' (624–5).

55 And . . . blush? the only partial line in the text, used to accentuate the confession and resolve of the satirist

59 roguery trickery, mischief

60 wanted customary

63 shoulder to rub shoulders, move between people

throng crowd

64 channel sewer

77 force perforce of necessity; because of a peculiarly binding power

prove test (sexually)

I loved Pyander, so my labour lost.
 Fair words I had, for store of coin I gave,
 But not enjoyed the fruit I thought to have.
 O so I was besotted with her words,—
 85 *His* words, that no part of a she affords;
 For had he been a she, injurious boy,
 I had not been so subject to annoy.
 A plague upon such filthy gullery!
 The world was ne'er so drunk with mockery.
 90 Rash-headed cavaliers, learn to be wise,
 And if you needs will do, do with advice.
 Tie not affection to each wanton smile,
 Lest doting fancy truest love beguile.
 Trust not a painted puppet as I have done,
 95 Who far more doted than Pygmalion.
 The streets are full of juggling parasites
 With the true shape of virgins' counterfeits,
 But if of force you must a hackney hire,
 Be curious in your choice; the best will tire.
 100 The best is bad; therefore hire none at all.
 Better to go on foot than ride and fall.

Satire 6

Wise Innocent

'Way for an innocent, ho!'—'What, a pure fool?'—
 'Not so, pure ass'—'Ass, where went you to school?'—
 'With innocents.'—'That makes the fool to prate.'— 5
 'Fool, will you any? Yes, the fool shall ha't.'—
 'Wisdom, what shall he have?'—'The fool, at least.
 Provender for the ass, ho! Stalk up the beast!'—
 'What, shall we have a railing Innocent?'—
 'No, gentle gull, a wise man's precedent.'— 10
 'Then forward, Wisdom!'—'Not without I list;
 Twenty to one, this fool's some satirist.'—
 'Still doth the fool haunt me. Fond fool be gone!'—
 'No, I will stay, the fool to gaze upon.'—
 'Well, fool, stay still.'—'Still shall the fool stay? No!'— 15
 'Then pack simplicity.'—'Good Innocent, why so?'—
 'Nor go nor stay: what will the fool do then?'—
 'Vex him that seems to vex all other men!'—
 'It is impossible; streams that are barred their course
 Swell with more rage and far more greater force 20

81 **labour lost** proverbial phrase (Tilley, L9), punning also on the sexual meaning of 'labour'

83 **But... have** This line leaves somewhat ambiguous the exact extent of Pyander's 'trial'. Either the speaker did not find sexual gratification at all because of Pyander's sex, or the speaker merely did not find the kind of sexual gratification that he expected.

84 **besotted** infatuated

90 **cavaliers** swaggering sprightly gentlemen

91 **do** have sexual relations

95 **Pygmalion** mythic artist who fell in love with the statue that he created. His story is detailed in Ovid's general account of sexual perversities in *Metamorphoses*. The speaker here asserts the strength of his devotion by referring to Pygmalion, who often exemplified the persistent lover. But Middleton secondarily follows Renaissance sonnet writers who use this myth to evoke intensely frustrated desire. Influenced by Marston's *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, in which the central character finds himself 'deceived' because he believes the object of his desire to be a 'real' woman (101), Middleton represents his speaker as an unfulfilled but equally ardent Pygmalion. Middleton also implicitly refers to the literary controversy surrounding Marston's *Pygmalion*: Marston claimed that his text parodies Ovidian poetry, while others read it as unironic, and accused him of contradicting his own denunciations of lust. This reference is thus appropriate for a speaker who rails at the hermaphrodite boy that he himself has desired.

98 **hackney** prostitute (see 2.66); because

the phrase denotes a horse for hire, it suggests the bawdy connotations of riding

99 **curious** careful, discriminating
tire weary

6.2 **Wise** foolish. This obscure satire is written as a mock dialogue between an innocent and a satirist, in which the two speakers play with the terms 'fool', 'innocent', and 'ass' in their debate over who is truly the fool. By having a character step forth to challenge the poet who has written the previous five satirical pieces, this poem self-consciously emphasizes the satirist's precarious moral ground. As the satire continues, it becomes almost impossible to distinguish the speakers.

Innocent someone deficient in intelligence or sense. When the Innocent introduces himself in the opening lines, however, he intends the term to mean someone guileless.

5 **prate** chatter; echoing Proverbs 10:8: 'The wise in heart will receive commandments: but a prating fool shall fall.' Marston similarly closes his book of satires by echoing a phrase from this verse: 'Lord, how I laugh to hear the pretty fool | How it will prate!' (*Scourge*, Satire XI, 380).

6 **'Fool... ha't.'** The Innocent answers his own question by suggesting that the real fool will indeed receive some of his words

8 **Provender** provisions. Middleton uses this word to establish the satire's playful puns on packing, carrying and bearing—all of which suggest the burden endured by the person who has to listen to the fool. (See 16, 31–3, and 38.) The

Innocent also alludes to the proverb, 'a proud horse that will not carry his own provender' (Tilley, H683), suggesting that the Satirist must dispense with his pride and take on the intellectual equipment he needs in order to carry out his tasks.

Stalk The central meaning here is to stock or provide goods, but the word also suggests other meanings: to pursue stealthily and to walk with stiff, high and haughty steps. With this command, the Innocent sarcastically calls for preparations for the burdensome task of having the fool unleash his thoughts.

11 **list** listen

17 **'Nor... then?'** Through his exasperated response, the satirist pretends that the Innocent's designation of the satirist as a fool in fact only constitutes his refusal to leave or stay.

19–20 **streams... force** A common Renaissance image suggesting that prohibition increases desire. See Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* when Tarquin tells Lucrece that her protests merely increase his desire to rape her: 'my uncontrolled tide | Turns not, but swells the higher by this let [barrier]' (645–46). Indirectly alluding to Juvenal's famous credo, 'Difficile est saturnam non scribere' (it is difficult not to write satire), the speaker uses this image to explain the involuntary nature of his writing. Citing Juvenal explicitly, Marston similarly claims: 'I cannot hold... my rage must freely run' (*Scourge*, Satire II, 311–12). The text's allusion to prohibition increases the irony of *Microcynicon's* subsequent censorship and the prohibition on satire-writing.

Until their full-stuffed gorge a passage makes
 Into the wide maws of more scopious lakes.
 Spite me? Not spite itself can discontent
 My steelèd thoughts or breed disparagement.
 25 Had pale-faced coward fear been resident
 Within the bosom of me, Innocent,
 I would have housed me from the eyes of ire,
 Whose bitter spleen vomits forth flames of fire.’—
 ‘A resolute ass! O for a spurring rider,
 30 A brace of angels!’—‘What? Is the fool a briber?
 Is not the ass yet weary of his load?’—
 ‘What? With once bearing of the fool abroad?
 Mount again, fool!’—‘Then the ass will tire
 And leave the fool to wallow in the mire.’—

‘Dost thou think otherwise?’—‘Good ass, then, be
 gone!’—
 ‘I stay but till the Innocent get on.’—
 ‘What, wilt thou needs of the fool bereave me?
 Then pack, good foolish ass, and so I leave thee.’

35

Epilogue to the last Satire of the First book

Thus may we see by folly oft the wise
 Stumble and fall into fool’s paradise,
 For jocund wit of force must jangling be.
 Wit must have his will, and so had he.
 Wit must have his will, yet parting of the fray
 Wit was enjoined to carry the fool away.

5

Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo

FINIS

- 21 **gorge** narrow ravine, but also implying a vomiting forth of matter
 22 **maws** voracious stomach-like space
scopious spacious
 27 **housed** sheltered
 29 **rider** gold coin embossed with the image of a horseman
 30 **brace** a couple, with possible puns on the spiritual embrace which lends security and defence (another meaning for brace)
briber either an extortioner or a general term for a scoundrel
 31–2 **Is . . . abroad?** alludes to the proverb: ‘the wise man must carry the fool upon his shoulders’ (Apperson, 697)
 31 **load** the Innocent’s term for the speaker’s diatribe, which the Satirist interprets in the next lines as his burdensome task of carrying the listener by having to explain the world to him
 35–8 **‘Dost . . . thee.’** Although the Innocent probably has the last word in sending the Satirist away, the speakers in these

- lines cannot with any certainty be assigned. Instead Middleton deliberately ends his satire with the Satirist blending indistinguishably into one of his targets.
 37 **bereave** deprive
 38 **pack** leave
Epilogue.1 As in 1.2 and Prologue.2, Middleton indicates that he has written more books. His Epilogue suggests, however, that he cannot bring them forth, since both wit and the satirist have been lost in the process of writing. Middleton could also imply that his abbreviated *Microcynicon*, unlike classical and contemporary satires containing more than one book in a single volume, gets at the heart of satire, a genre designed to self-destruct or to be left unfinished.
 3 **Stumble and fall** common biblical phrase for sin. See, for instance, Jeremiah 50:32, ‘And the most proud shall stumble and fall.’
fool’s paradise proverbial (Tilley, F523)

- 4 **jocund** merry; but Marston’s references to his satires as ‘jocund’ often turns into an assertion of their discordant nature. See *Scourge*, 367 and 371.
of force necessarily
jangling noisy and discordant
 5 **Wit . . . will** proverbial
 6 **fray** skirmish
 8 **Qui . . . albo** ‘its colour, that once was white, is now the very opposite’ (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book II, 541). Middleton refers to the transformation of the spotlessly white raven who turned black because it chattered too much. The citation provides textual symmetry because it alludes to the world’s sweeping degeneration, the idea which opens Satire One. It also suggests that representing and exposing vice has possibly infected both writer and reader, transforming them into the black colour that defines the speaker’s project (see *Defiance.16* and the introduction).

THE GHOST OF LUCRECE

Edited by G. B. Shand

FROM the moment it is summoned up to perform its history on the poet's 'round stage' (35) until its final containment in the 'hall of hell' (597), the mutilated body of the raped and self-slaughtered Lucrece is the central geographical feature of Middleton's *The Ghost of Lucrece* (1600). Onto that copiously weeping, bleeding, and lamenting body is inscribed a poet's and an age's dramatically impacted masculine ambivalence about chastity and rape, guilt and shame, holy dying and suicide, salvation and damnation, Christianity and paganism. Lucrece, the classical paragon of female chastity, has been eternally polluted by the fact of rape. Riddled with a complex of Christian guilt and pagan shame (translated into concern for her stained soul on the one hand, for her stained honour on the other), she has committed suicide, both the ultimate damnable act of despair and the ultimate laudable act of reclamation. In consequence, she has descended into an underworld which is the inevitable destination of her pagan spirit, but which is imaged as a fiery hell of eternal torment, rendered unbearably tragic by her 'Christian' longing for redemption.

The history of the Lucrece myth's many transformations is concisely traced by Ian Donaldson; and Stephanie Jed persuasively situates the myth at the centre of the rise and formation of Humanism. The basic story is quickly summarized: during a lull in the Roman siege of Ardea (509 BC), young Prince Tarquin and some noble friends rode home in secret to spy into the behaviour of their wives. Only Collatine's wife, Lucrece, was found virtuously at home, spinning wool with her maids and longing for her husband's safe return; the others were all abroad, dancing and revelling. So Lucrece was judged the most chaste, and the night visitors rode back to Ardea. But ironically, Ovid tells us, blind love for Lucrece had suddenly infected Prince Tarquin. The more unachievable she seemed, the more hotly he desired her. So he returned secretly to Collatine's residence, where Lucrece chastely welcomed him as both kinsman and guest. At night, he sneaked into Lucrece's bedchamber, raped her, and fled. Lucrece summoned her husband and father from the siege, told them of the rape, and stabbed herself to death. She thus became the catalyst for the resultant banishment of the Tarquins, and the establishment of the republic.

Although viewed as the epitome of chaste virtue, Lucrece nevertheless also became a highly problematic interpretative nexus on two counts: first, she did not physically resist the rape, but yielded to fear of infamy when Tarquin threatened to kill both her and a slave and to claim he had caught them together; and second, she

subsequently committed what most Renaissance Christian commentators saw as the terrible crime of self-murder. The inherent contradictions between deep personal sympathy for her history and deep moral concern for its implications rendered her a compelling and unstable signifier.

While some English versions of Lucrece's story, such as Thomas Heywood's 1607 play, come near to effacing her personal tragedy beneath the project of dramatizing its political implications, Middleton, like Shakespeare before him, seizes the opportunity to personalize an icon of violated chastity, taking an important early step toward the sympathetic evocation of the female subject which marks some of his later work. Yet Middleton's unquestioned sympathy for the plight of Lucrece is nonetheless compromised and problematic. He uses intrusive exposure of her body as a major strategy for articulating the impotent humiliation of the modest raped woman. He begins by staging her publicly, summoning her from hell to perform her wretchedness amidst a cast of Tarquins, 'Black spirits, hard hearts, thick thoughts, souls boiled in lust' (44). Her nominal audience is to be female soul-mates:

Enrollèd vestals, Dian's hemispheres,
Rape-slaughtered Lucreces, all martyred graces, (39–40)

but the dominant spectating gaze is actually male: the attending poet, and his implicitly male readership, from the Baron Compton to whom the poem is dedicated, to the admirers of her hair, her eyes, her breasts, all mapped and controlled by the concluding blazon. Shortly after her exposure on the Prologue's stage, her location is reconfigured as 'this world below' (69), and for the remainder of the poem Lucrece's ghostly body seems suspended in a virtually unlocalized desert place, its only reference points a distant Milky Way, the competing starry figures of Venus and Vesta, and the nearby 'hall of hell' (597). All features of a stable or identifiable surrounding worldly landscape are erased, leaving her alone in the unbroken objectifying gaze of poet and reader. The focal stare thus imposed on the female subject paradoxically enforces her object status, and silently informs every word of Lucrece's lament. It is one of Middleton's main achievements in the poem, but it depends on a calculated act of intrusion for its success.

Lucrece's foregrounded body is rendered a hyperbolic site of instability by the poem's most obvious imagistic technique, the intensive use of liquid imagery stemming from Ovid's 'fluunt lacrimae more perennis aquae'

(‘her tears flowed like a running stream’). Weeping and wounded, the body is figured as a copiously flowing vessel or source, awash in incessantly shifting tides, floods, fountains, rivers, streams and baths of tears and blood. The common Renaissance trope of the leaky vessel, and ‘the potential shamefulness of the association of women with water’ (Paster), are everywhere evident. Lucrece figures the recreated moment of her suicide as a ‘tide of blood’ opening the sluices of her spirit (122). Then, in a latently incestuous gesture, Lucrece exhorts the spirit of Tarquin to quaff his bloody fill at the ivory bowl of her wounded breast:

Thou art my nurse-child, Tarquin, thou art he.
 Instead of milk, suck blood and tears and all.
 In lieu of teats, Lucrece thy nurse, even she,
 By tragic art seen through a crystal wall,
 Hath carved with her knife thy festival.
 Here’s blood for milk; suck till thy veins run over,
 And such a teat which scarce thy mouth can cover.
 (136–42)

This horribly leaking embodiment of lust’s dominion is set against the distant milky white of chaste Vesta, of the *Via Lactea*, of an unattainable heaven, all equally realized in images of liquidity:

’Twas thou, O chastity, that gild’st the sky
 With beams of virtue. It is thou dost dwell
 In that white milken crystal silver cell,
 Thou laundress to the gods and goddesses,
 Washing their souls in founts of holiness. (509–13)

Tarquin’s ardent lust, on the other hand, is thoroughly figured in images of dry heat and fire. Jonathan Bate points out that Ovid misses the opportunity to pun from *Ardea* to *ardent*, and that if Shakespeare yields to the pun it is very discreetly. Not so Middleton:

Tarquin from Ardea posts. Hence sprang the fire,
 For Ardea’s name sounds ardent hot desire. (148–9)

So heated is Tarquin’s ardour that it is capable of igniting Lucrece’s blood, causing her fall, and turning her shame into an ever-burning beacon (73–9). The poem’s larger irony is that, at least in Lucrece’s assessment, none of her floods of tears and blood will finally dampen the fiery dust and ashes of Tarquin’s lechery, nor quench the flames of hell where she is doomed to meet with him for eternity. Middleton’s stand on Lucrece’s story may be troubled, but his indictment of the blindly destructive force of male desire is unmistakable.

Lucrece’s fluent properties are not limited to tears and blood. She flows in eloquence as well. Framed by the dignified measures of rhyme-royal, which Gascoigne characterized as ‘a royal kind of verse, serving best for grave discourses’, Lucrece’s lament is in a near-theatrical language, reminiscent of early Marlowe, or of the self-conscious rhetoric of Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy*. Its frequent repetitive patterning, manifesting the reverberative quality

typical of ‘female complaints’, is particularly remarkable. Sometimes this takes the form of highly rhythmic alliteration and assonance, or playful echoic clotting: ‘Like beams of morning, to a mourning cloud’ (54), ‘To show that Tarquin’s planet plants in me’ (76), or ‘From beauty’s wrist so wrest that golden rod’ (609). At other times the repetition may take the form of *anadiplosis*, where the word or phrase ending one line anticipates the beginning of the next:

But O my heaven, shall I forget thy spheres?
 O spheres of heaven, shall I let pass your skies?
 O skies which wears out time... (479–81)

(This passage also typifies the poem’s use of repeated apostrophe.)

Sometimes this repetitive patterning is much more dilated. In her formal *vituperatio* against Tarquin (115–261), Lucrece pursues an *anaphora* (repetition of the beginning of a line, clause, or sentence) through twenty occurrences in fourteen stanzas, tolling out the name of the rapist: ‘Tarquin the ravisher’, ‘Tarquin the Roman’, ‘Tarquin my kinsman’, ‘Tarquin the prince’, ‘Tarquin the traitor’, ‘Tarquin the lecher’, and at last, six times, and with an effect of ominous physical presence, ‘Tarquin the night-owl’ (143–240).

And finally, the varied tools of repetition may inform an amplification with presentational bravura, as in this remarkable imagistic elaboration (*peristasis*) when Lucrece displays her blood- and tear-stained knife:

Behold this blade, varnished with blood and tears,
 Blood from my heart, tears from my stilling eyes.
 Behold, I say, this knife, whereon appears
 Vesta’s vermilion, melting from her skies,
 And tears of pearls in bloody mysteries.

This is the tragic knife. Here you may see
 Tears strive for fame, and blood for chastity.

(101–7)

Such insistent patterning might seem at first to distance the reader from Lucrece’s experience, conferring on it a ritual elegance which mutes its emotional intensity. But the verse has an orality which silent reading may obscure. Spoken aloud, it can spring into life, its inexorable repetitive beats becoming the driving pulse of the speaker herself, as was observed in a remarkable 1996 staging of the poem at the Bear Gardens in London’s Globe Education Centre. Directed by Claire van Kampen, with Joy Richardson as Lucrece, and Mark Rylance playing the young poet in the act of writing her, this production effectively claimed a significant new female role for the Elizabethan stage repertoire. Richardson’s Lucrece, reliving her rape, suicide, and damnation, was a compelling vocal and emotional presence, her performance derived organically from Middleton’s instinctively theatrical provision of text which readily embodies a living subject.

Not that Lucrece’s personal ownership of that text is uncomplicated. The voice of Middleton’s poem might be described as a sometimes indeterminate vocal mosaic,

formed from a combination of several 'female' voices identified as Lucrece's, but significantly contained and permeated by the male voice of the attendant poet, who does not confine himself to the framing Prologue and Epilogue. Instead he intervenes unannounced in Lucrece's lament on several occasions. Assigning voice is complicated by the fact that Simmes's edition provides no typographical marker to indicate changes of speaker. In Claire van Kampen's staging, Mark Rylance's poet intervened eight times from his dominant position in a study on the upper level, bringing to life the poem's latent tension between its creating poet and the violated subject of his creation. Rylance spoke the first half of 143, 241-7, 260-1, 332-8, 360-94, 402-36, 478, and 556-62.

Only a few of these masculine interruptions of the female voice are clear textual obligations. At 241-7, an unmistakable intervention, the poet contrives to elide Lucrece's description of the actual rape by entering as a kind of controlling playwright to transform the moment of violation into two discreetly emblematic dumb shows:

Now enters on the stage of Lucrece' heart
 Black appetites in flamed habiliments.
 When they have acted all, then they depart.
 Rape ent'ring next, armed in murder's tents,
 Racks Vesta's tenants and takes all her rents.
 This shows that Vesta's deity is poor:
 She hath the stalk, but Venus hath the store.

At 302, almost as if to remind us that Lucrece's chaste domestic behaviour on the night before her rape was an object of male spying, and indeed that Lucrece's very words are contained by male reportage, he intrudes briefly, and entirely unexpectedly into her own description of her speech to her maids:

Yet was my heart so light that still I said,
 'Sing merrily, my maids, our wheels go round.
 Who would not sing and spin and be a maid,
 To serve so sweet a goddess, and be bound
 Apprentice where such mistresses abound?
 Sing merrily, my maids,' (again she says)
 'For Vesta is the goddess of our lays.' (297-303)

A third likely intrusion of the attendant poet occurs at 402-36, where he seems goaded into a personal exhortation of Tarquin, and of masculine desire more generally. This moment is harder to be certain about. While it identifies a writer whose pen has been burnt to ashes by the sulphurous fire of Tarquin's lust (and indeed, while the collocation of 'lust' with 'pen of mine' (402) may ironically turn back in self-condemnation upon a male speaker through the common Elizabethan interplay of 'pen' and 'penis'), no inverted commas or parentheses signal the advent of a new speaker, and in any case, Lucrece has already begun to present herself as writer at 396-7, a transformation she will complete at 563, where she entirely reshapes herself from the staged speaker of the beginning of her lament into the epistolary plainant who finishes it off. So the reader may be justifiably uncertain

as to who the writing 'I' is when Tarquin is attacked at 402. But if the speaker here is in fact taken to be the attendant poet, there is an effect almost like duet as the voice of Lucrece re-enters at 437, seamlessly taking over the poet's apostrophe to lust, and making it explicitly her own in the reference to 'my ghost' at 438. That the status of these possible poetic interventions remains dubious suggests how blurred is the poem's line between the 'female' subject and her objectifying male presenter.

As has been suggested above, Lucrece's own status in the poem shifts from staged speaker of her lament to writer of the plaining '*Lines of Blood and Flame*' which she directs to Tarquin at 574. Her voice undergoes other variations as well, most notably into the scathing tones of a turn-of-the-century satirist, crying out for vengeance to a corrupt and thus unhearing world. At 164-77 she launches an attack on Rome which might seem, in its references to the 'triple crown' (172) and to 'Roman devils' (170), to transcend Lucrece's pagan age, glancing at the papacy and at Elizabethan anti-Catholic animosity. Later, at 360-94 (lines assigned to the poet in Claire van Kampen's production), the satirical target is enlarged: not just Tarquin's masculine lust, but an apparently current iron age, and an iniquity-ridden prince's court which may not be restricted to the world of the Tarquins. This voice, sometimes more anticipatory of Vindice in *The Revenger's Tragedy* than reminiscent of the typical female plainant, carries such compelling weight that at least one observer (Bromley) has read the entire poem as satire.

Though the poem's satirical and vengeful impulses are strong, however, the impotent stasis of Lucrece's circumscribed condition is even stronger: there is no avenger to hear her hell-bound ghost, and in any event Tarquin is already dead and damned with her. Her potential is confined to lament. Thus *The Ghost of Lucrece* is most fruitfully characterized as 'female complaint', a broadly inclusive genre extending back to Ovid's *Heroides*, and much explored in the English Middle Ages and Renaissance by poets, mainly men, drawn to its capacity for staging the solitary 'female' voice in a heightened condition of grievance over abandonment, loss or violation (Kerrigan). For his Lucrece, Middleton draws importantly on Shakespeare's Lucrece, and on Ovid's in the *Fasti*. He also appears familiar with versions in Livy's *Historia*, perhaps as translated by William Painter in *The Palace of Pleasure* (1566) or by Philemon Holland in *The Roman History* (1600, but licensed in 1598). And, as recorded in Adams's edition, he does recycle phrasing and imagery from Robert Greene's *Ciceronis Amor* (1598), a work which probably caught his attention because of an incidental Lucrece-like narrative in which the Roman conqueror of a castle finds its lord and chaste lady in bed, she having committed suicide to prevent her certain rape. But the formal kin of Middleton's poem are works like Samuel Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), Thomas Churchyard's lament of Jane Shore from *The Mirror for Magistrates* (reprinted as 'The Tragedy of Shore's Wife' in 1593), and Michael Drayton's *Matilda* (1594). Like so

many earlier 'female complaints' (and like Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece* for that matter), all these works are couched formally in rhyme-royal. All feature a powerless plaining female ghost. And all are mediated in some fashion by an attendant male poet whose voice inevitably complicates and even contains the 'female' voice of the poem's subject.

The troubled containment of Middleton's *Lucrece* ultimately goes beyond the fact that she is a male construction, extending to her eternal confinement in a Christian hell. Middleton tacitly accepts a Calvinist reading of her damnation. Where Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, at her suicide, releases an 'immaculate and spotless' soul from the 'polluted prison' of her body, bequeathing it 'unto the clouds', Middleton's heroine has gone to hell, and her lament in no way challenges the appropriateness of this fate. Instead, she characterizes herself as culpable, indeed complicit, in having been deceived by Tarquin: 'I left sweet verdure for a flattering voice' (457).

Middleton does not directly foreground the debate, joined famously by Saint Augustine in *De civitate dei*, as to whether *Lucrece's* damnation is for self-slaughter, or for the sexual pollution she so relentlessly claims. Instead, he virtually neutralizes it, implying that, whatever her faults, as a pagan her soul's exclusion from salvation is automatic. This Christian colouring of classical materials is at the heart of the poem's climax, as Middleton exploits the central paradox of a pre-Christian (and therefore damned) *Lucrece* who nonetheless has compelling Christian instincts. He renders her thoroughly contrite, and yearning for Christian salvation. At 479, *Lucrece* addresses heaven. She begins with two stanzas of rhetorical questions berating herself for having forsaken chastity. Then, beginning at 514, she is given five entire stanzas of apostrophe to chastity, figured as 'Saint' Vesta (the Roman goddess of

the household). This single-sentence apostrophe is grammatically closed only at 549, beginning a climactic stanza where at last she prays for explicit Christian redemption, through the elements of the Eucharist ('blood divine', 'food angelical') and through the gift of the Holy Spirit ('silver dove'). Abruptly, however, the following stanza (556-62) pulls back to assert her pagan ineligibility, either in her own voice or in that of the poet, ending with:

Lucrece, I say, how canst thou Lucrece be,
Wanting a God to give a life to thee?

The force of this moment is devastating. As the words of rejection were spoken by Mark Rylance's poet at the Globe, Joy Richardson's *Lucrece* shrank perceptibly, her entire demeanour instantly transformed from beseeching penitence to resigned and bitter hellishness. For after such knowledge, *Lucrece* can entertain no hope. She bitterly consecrates her lament to Tarquin, and her mortified body is pulled from the poem's stage by Melpomene, the muse of tragedy, sinking in despair to partner the ghost of Tarquin 'in the hall of hell' (597). The poetic persona now closes off the poem with a wistful, even chagrined funereal blazon of *Lucrece's* physical beauties as they are transformed by Death: her hair, her eyes, her tongue, her breath, her breasts. He thus contains *Lucrece's* body, her 'female' voice, her very subjectivity, in a specifically objectifying masculine frame. Indeed, the bracketing of her lament between the male poet's Prologue and Epilogue is of a piece with *Lucrece's* strait confinement not only in hell, but in a world of overwhelming male desire which inevitably imposes pollution, destruction, and damnation, even on the most chaste.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 467
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 337

The Ghost of Lucrece.

<p>Desire's true graduates read in Tarquin's books, Be ye our stage's actors. Play the cooks: Carve out the daintiest morsel—that's your part— 50 With lust-keen falchion, even in Lucrece' heart.</p> <p>Now weepeth Lucrece with a trine of eyes, Quenching the fire of lust with tears and blood, Changing those eye-lamps, which were wont to rise Like beams of morning, to a mourning cloud, 55 Her heart, the purest eye, to a red sea-flood. Her ghost the idea of her soul resumes, Which Phoenix-wise burns in her own perfumes.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Ghost of Lucrece</i></p> <p>Medea's magic, and Calypso's drugs, 60 Circe's enchantments, Hecatē's trifrom Weans my soul, sucking at revenge's dugs, To feed upon the air. What wind, what storm Blew my dissevered limbs into this form, And from the virgin paradise of death 65 Conjures my ghost with poetizing breath?</p> <p>The candle of my shame burns in the sky, Set on the cross-poles of the firmament To fear away divine virginity And light this world below, that being bent 70 To follow me, they go not as I went. But when I hope to see the candle wane, Then Tarquin's spirit falls on the snuff again,</p> <p>So that the snuff, the savour of my shame That stinks before the throne of chastity, 75 Is still rekindled with venereal flame To show that Tarquin's planet plants in me The root of fiery blood and luxury, First forcing with his breath one flame's retire, Then takes my blood for oil, his lust for fire.</p>	<p>Now burns the beacon of my soul indeed 80 Too high for fame, but low enough for fume. Saints, keep your cloister-house. Vesta, make speed, Take in thy flowers, for fear the fire consume Thy eternal sweet virginity-perfume. For lust and blood are mingled in one lamp 85 To seal my soul with rape and murder's stamp.</p> <p>Before my shame, yon candle had no fire, Vestals nil feared me, the world saw me not. Shame was the tinder, and the flint desire That struck in Tarquin's bosom and begot 90 A child of fire, a firebrand, and so hot That it consumed my chastity to dust, And on my heart painted the mouth of lust.</p> <p>Was I the cradle, O my chastity, To rock and lull this bastard firebrand, 95 Nursed with my blood, weaned with my tragedy, Fed at my knife's sharp point upon my hand, Born and reborn where'er my spirits stand? I was the cradle. See the fiery dart That burns Diana's temples in my heart. 100</p> <p>Behold this blade, varnished with blood and tears, Blood from my heart, tears from my stilling eyes. Behold, I say, this knife, whereon appears Vesta's vermilion, melting from her skies, 105 And tears of pearls in bloody mysteries. This is the tragic knife. Here you may see Tears strive for fame, and blood for chastity.</p> <p>Right hand, thou act'st revenge's hand aright. This knife and thou have sworn to kiss my breast. Thou art my Vesta's antidote, to fright 110 Lust from the bed of Collatinus' rest. Performer of thy vow, hand, be thou blest, For thou in this hast shown me what thou art, Driving the foe from scaling of my heart.</p>
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47 **read** learned
50 **falchion** sword
51 **Now weepeth Lucrece** The implication is that she has arisen to the stage by this point.
trine threesome (her actual eyes, and the wound to her heart)
55 **sea-flood** tide
56 **idea** perfect form. (The sense is that Lucrece's soul inhabits, for the moment, the apparition of her deceased body, 'ghost' being the inverted object of 'resumes'.)
resumes puts on anew
57 **Which** The referent is presumably 'Her ghost.'
Phoenix-wise Phoenix: mythical Arabian bird, reincarnated from its own ashes
perfumes odorous fumes or vapour given off by the burning of any substance
59 **Medea's** vengeful sorceress of Greek mythology, responsible for numerous deaths, including those of her own

children
Calypso's nymph who held Odysseus enthralled for seven years
60 **Circe's** enchantress who turned Odysseus's companions to swine
Hecatē's goddess of the moon, and Persephone's underworld attendant, with power to conjure dreams, phantoms and spirits; often represented with three heads or bodies (hence 'trifrom')
67 **cross-poles** transverse supports, as of a high roof
69 **bent** inclined, tempted
70 **they** i.e., chaste women, those who comprise 'divine virginity' (68)
72 **snuff** burnt or burning portion of a candle-wick
75 **still** constantly
76 **Tarquin's planet** Venus
77 **luxury** lechery
81 **fame** here, modest female reputation, which, in Elizabethan prescriptions, keeps a low profile

fume (a) smoke (which dirties it) (b) anger
88 **nil** not at all
91 **firebrand** i.e., Tarquin's lust (literally, flaming kindling, but figuratively (a) one who enflames the passions (b) one who is doomed or deserves to burn in Hell)
93 **mouth of lust** i.e., her death-wound?
102 **stilling** trickling (aphetic form of 'distilling')
104 **vermilion** scarlet pigment
105 **pearls** associated with purity
mysteries rites
108-14 At some point immediately before or during this stanza, Lucrece appears to re-enact her suicide, stabbing herself once again. Joy Richardson, in the 1996 Globe production, used the force of the verb 'Driving' in 114, plunging the imagined dagger into her breast as she spoke the word.
111 **Collatinus** Collatine, Lucrece's husband

The Ghost of Lucrece.

- 115 Come, spirit of fire, bred in a womb of blood,
 Forged in a furnace by the smith of hell,
 Begot and formed in that burning flood
 Where Pluto's Phlegethontic tenants dwell,
 And scalded spirits in their fiery cell
 120 Breathes from their soul the flame of luxury.
 From that luxurious clime I conjure thee.
- Now is my tide of blood. Come, quench thy soul.
 The sluices of my spirit now runs again.
 Come, I have made my breast an ivory bowl
 125 To hold the blood that streameth from my vein.
 Drink to my chastity, which thou hast slain.
 But woe the while, that labour is in vain,
 To drink to that which cannot pledge again.
- Quaff thine own fill and let that lustful flame
 130 That circuits in the circle of thy spirit
 Pledge thy desire, carousing off my shame
 Which swims amidst my blood and doth inherit
 The portion of my soul without a merit.
 And if this spring of blood cannot suffice,
 135 I'll rain down tears from my elemental eyes.
- Thou art my nurse-child, Tarquin, thou art he.
 Instead of milk, suck blood and tears and all.
 In lieu of teats, Lucrece thy nurse, even she,
 By tragic art seen through a crystal wall,
 140 Hath carved with her knife thy festival.
 Here's blood for milk; suck till thy veins run over,
 And such a teat which scarce thy mouth can cover.
- Tarquin the ravisher: O, at that name
 See how mine eyes dissolveth into tears!
 145 Tarquin the Roman: I describe my shame.
- From Rome it came, a Roman name it bears.
 Tarquin my guest: lo, here began my fears.
 Tarquin from Ardea posts. Hence sprang the fire,
 For Ardea's name sounds ardent hot desire.
- Tarquin my kinsman: O divinity,
 150 Where art thou fled? Hast thou forsook thy sphere?
 Where's virtue, knighthood and nobility?
 Faith? Honour? Piety? They should be near,
 For 'kinsman' sounds all these. They are not here.
 Tarquin my kinsman: was it thou didst come
 155 To sack my Collatine's Collatium?
- Tarquin my kinsman: too unkindly done,
 And by a kinsman too, my ghost avers it.
 Doth therefore that same name of kindred run
 To see their kin red, and with blood prefers it?
 160 O enemy to faith, that still defers it!
 Had Tarquin never lustful Tarquin been,
 Lucrece the chaste should have chaste Lucrece seen.
- Tarquin the prince: had Rome no better heirs?
 Thou mistress of the world, no better men?
 165 Thou prodigality of nature's fairs,
 Are tigers kings? Mak'st thou thy throne a den?
 Thy silver glittering streams black Lerna's fen?
 Thy seven hills that should o'erlook thy evils
 Like seven hells to nurse up Roman devils?
 170
- To thee, that mak'st the moon thy looking-glass
 To view thy triple crown and seven-fold head,
 To thee, I say, the ghost of what I was
 Plains me and it, sith thou so long hast fed
 The ravisher and starved the ravishèd.
 175 If Vesta's lines were ever writ in thee,
 Then weigh the blotting of those lines in me.

115-261 This attack on Tarquin is in the form of a *vituperatio*, an ironic inversion of the methods of rhetorical praise. As an exercise it was common in Renaissance schools and universities, and is therefore not surprising in a young poet. It is in three parts: an exordium (115-42), an ironic genus of Tarquin (143-240), and the presentation of his vicious achievement (241-61).

115 **Come, spirit of fire** conjuring Tarquin, who ascends the imagined stage between 121 and 122

116 **smith of hell** i.e., Vulcan

118 **Pluto's** god of the underworld

122 **tide** (a) high tide (b) time

135 **elemental** Water is one of the four elements, of course, but 'elemental' may also mean 'pertaining to the sky'; see 253 and 340, where 'elements' are celestial spheres, and 502, where 'element' appears to mean 'sky'.

136 **nurse-child** child breast-fed by its nurse

139 **crystal wall** again figuring Lucrece's

gored ghost as an observed glass or mirror, as in the dedicatory sonnet, line 12. (John Jowett suggests, alternatively, an echo of the crystal pavement of Venus' temple in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, I.144-5: 'There might you see the gods in sundry shapes, | Committing heady riots, incests, rapes'.)

140 **festival** (a) apparently a feeding place (b) feast

148 **Ardea** town 23 miles south of Rome, site of the siege by the Roman army (including both Tarquin and Collatine)

150 **kinsman** Lucius Tarquinius Collatinus (Collatine) and Sextus Tarquinius were second cousins.

153 **near** quibbling on 'closely related'

156 **Collatium** here, Lucrece herself, figured conventionally as the patriarchal property of Collatine (his house, city, fortress)

157 **unkindly** unnaturally, not befitting a relative

done with a play on the sexual sense

159 **Doth...run** i.e., Do kindred run to see their kin red (with blood, shame)? SIMMES, in 159, uses the usual Elizabethan spelling 'kinred', setting up the wordplay.

160 **prefers** promotes

161 **defers** sets aside

163 **Lucrece...seen** exploiting the duality between the gored ghost and the voice of its presenter (see 174)

166 **fairs** beauties

168 **Lerna's** a marsh in Argolis (a region of ancient Greece), traditional home of the many-headed Hydra slain by Hercules

169 **o'erlook** (a) keep watch over (b) wink at, ignore

172 **triple crown** signifying imperial rule over Europe, Asia and Africa; perhaps also glancing at the papal crown

174 **Plains** laments, complains

175 **starved** killed, destroyed (playing on 'fed' in the previous line)

176 **lines** (a) lineaments (b) lines of writing

177 **weigh** ponder

The Ghoft of Lucrece.

<p>180 Tarquin the prince: sham'st thou to hear thy name? Rome, 'tis thy heir. Sham'st thou to call him son? Tarquin the prince: lo, I'll repeat thy shame. A Roman heir, from him to thee I run. I'll shame you both before my shame be done. Tarquin the prince, Tarquin the Roman heir: Thus will I haunt and hunt you to despair.</p> <p>185 Tarquin the traitor: bid my spirit rise And call up all the senses of my soul, For treason should be guarded with more eyes Than was Jove's Io under his control, For treason's guile doth win the traitor's goal.</p> <p>190 Tarquin the traitor: watch when time's in season, For treason doth betray all things to treason.</p> <p>Tarquin the lecher: virgin chastity Melts at the heat of that luxurious word, Like maiden snow upon a promontory, 195 Kissing the sun, her heavenly lovely lord, Then dies, and melts into a wat'ry ford. So did my chastity's white-snow attire Dissolve in blood at Tarquin's lustful fire.</p> <p>Tarquin the night-owl: chastity, beware. 200 Thou art beset with millions of deceits. Thy eyes have leaden lids, they take no care; Thy senses, rocked asleep, and thy conceits, Tempered with silence, fear nor snares nor baits. Only the vestal pureness of thy soul 205 Bade me beware that night-observing owl.</p> <p>Tarquin the night-owl: in whose flaming eyes Lust and desire bandied their balls of blood, Chasing my spirit with fiery mysteries Unto the hazard where destruction stood 210 Ready to strike my soul into a cloud, So, when the sun had seen my vapour rise, Then with his beams to dash me from the skies.</p>	<p>Tarquin the night-owl: watch destruction. What, hath the eyes of lust no lids at all, Or do they hover for confusion, 215 Answering in silence when affections call? When lust awakes, the eyelids never fall, But, like a courser holding reason's rein, Doth shut the eyes and opens them again.</p> <p>Tarquin the night-owl: Vesta, look about. 220 The fourth alarum of my fears now rings, And yet the hour of dread is scarce run out, For midnight's face more force of terror brings. To think on that, my sinews shake like strings, 225 And chastity, which yet had spirit and breath, Lay quavering at my heart to tune her death.</p> <p>Tarquin the night-owl: turn the glass again. Five times my tongue, the hammer of my soul, That beats upon my breath and strikes a strain 230 Sounding all quavers—that's the song of dole— Five times my tongue did even my tongue control, For fear is such a slave and coward elf, That, fearing others, runs and fears himself.</p> <p>Tarquin the night-owl: enter treachery. 235 Sextus Tarquinius, this sixth hour is thine. Farewell my life, farewell my chastity, Farewell, though not mine now, that which was mine. Thy grapes are now devoured. Alas, poor vine. The tyrant, with his force of luxury, 240 Tires me an aunt, through imbecility.</p> <p>Now enters on the stage of Lucrece' heart Black appetites in flamed habiliments. When they have acted all, then they depart. Rape ent'ring next, armèd in murder's tents, 245 Racks Vesta's tenants and takes all her rents. This shows that Vesta's deity is poor: She hath the stalk, but Venus hath the store.</p>
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187 **with** by

188 **Io** Seduced by Jove and then transformed into a heifer, she was guarded by Argus of the hundred eyes.

under his control The pronoun refers, without explicit antecedent, to Argus.

194 **promontory** mountain ridge

196 **ford** stream

202 **conceits** imaginings

207 **Lust... blood** i.e., Tarquin's eyeballs are figured as bloody with lust and desire. 'bandied', meaning tossed back and forth, as with rackets, introduces a series of tennis references: once chased to the 'hazard' or in-play area of a tennis court (209), Lucrece's soul is struck or served (210) and dashed or devastatingly returned (212) in an exchange between destruction (209) and the sun (211).

213 **watch** (a) watch for (b) stay awake

218 **reason's rein** that rein which reason properly should hold. (The conventional image of the rider reason controlling the horse of the passions is reversed here.)

219 **Doth shut** The apparent agent is 'lust' (217), and the sense is that lust takes control of sight, as with Tarquin's 'flaming eyes' (206).

221 **alarum** peal or chime of warning bell or clock (here referring to the anaphora 'Tarquin the night-owl', which is repeated six times)

224 **strings** of a musical instrument

226 **quavering** (a) playing or singing quavers, i.e., eighth notes (b) trembling

227 **glass** hourglass

228 **hammer** as of a bell

232 **elf** demon

239 **tyrant** SIMMES prints 'Tyr-ant' to set up the pun in 240.

240 **Tires** attires

aunt whore

imbecility weakness, impotence

242 **flamed** flaming. Specifically (a) burning (b) decorated with flame-like streaks or slashes (c) flame-coloured (as often was the attire of strumpets)

habiliments (a) garments (b) armour

244 **tents** (a) intents, purposes (b) tents of war

247 **stalk** (a) stem (b) chaff
store that which is stored; i.e. the grain. (In *A Lover's Complaint*, 147, Shakespeare's abandoned maid 'Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.')

The Ghost of Lucrece.

This is the tragic scene. Bleed heart, weep eyes,
 250 Fly soul from body, spirit from my veins.
 Follow my chastity where'er it lies,
 Which my unhallowed body now refrains.
 Look to the lamp of chastity, it wanes.
 The star which guided all my elements
 Pulls in her head and leaves the firmaments.

255 Rape, in his paws of blood and fangs of lust,
 Hath stained th' immaculate lily of my field,
 And hath sepulchred in the shade of dust
 Diana's milken robe, and Vesta's shield.
 When tigers prey, the seely lambs must yield;
 260 When Tarquin posts from Ardea, by and by
 Lucrece must lose her life and chastity.

O Collatine, where sleeps thy troubled spirit?
 What new-come Morpheus hath arrested thee?
 Doth thy heart soundly sleep? Doth nothing stir it?
 265 Dear Collatine, awake! Wert thou with me,
 The arches of mine eyes would waken thee,
 For tears like waves rush at my eyelids' door,
 Striving together who should go before.

Come, Collatine, the foe hath sacked thy city.
 270 Collatium goes to wrack. Come, Collatine.
 Come, Collatine, all piety and pity
 Is turned to petty treason. What is thine
 Is seized upon long since, and what is mine
 Carried away. True man, thou sleep'st at Rome
 275 Even while a Roman thief robs thee at home.

Come, Collatine, 'tis Lucrece bids thee come,
 Or shall I send my pursuivant of groans
 Unto proud Rome from poor Collatium
 To make all private means by public moans,
 280 Discouraging my black story to the stones?
 Come, Collatine, 'tis Tarquin's dreadful drum
 That conjures me to call, and thee to come.

Thy Lucrece' bed, which had fair canopies
 Spangled with stars like to the firmament,
 285 And curtains wrought with many deities,
 Resembling Jove's white lacteal element,

Are stained now by lust and ravishment,
 The stars out-stared, the deities defied.
 These I had stored, the other defied.

The night before Tarquin and lust came hither— 290
 Ill token for a chaste memorial—
 My maids and I, poor maid, did spin together
 Like the three sisters which the fates we call,
 And fortune lent us wheels to turn withal.
 Round goes our wheels like worlds. On mine alone 295
 Stood fortune reeling on a rolling stone.

Yet was my heart so light that still I said,
 'Sing merrily, my maids, our wheels go round.
 Who would not sing and spin and be a maid,
 To serve so sweet a goddess, and be bound 300
 Apprentice where such mistresses abound?
 Sing merrily, my maids,' (again she says)
 'For Vesta is the goddess of our lays.

'Maidens,' quoth I, 'but think what maidens be:
 They are the very string that ties their hearts,
 305 The pillars of their souls' pure purity,
 The distillations of th' essential parts,
 Both good deservers and the good deserts.
 Then, seeing Vesta hath so many trades,
 Go round, our wheels. Sing merrily, my maids. 310

'What nimble fingers hath virginity,
 To twist the thread and turn the wheel about!
 O virgins, that same pearl of chastity
 Shines like the moon to light your thoughts throughout.
 Pure cogitations never harbours doubt, 315
 But like the fairest purest chrysolite,
 Admits no bruise without a crack with it.

'Spin merrily, my maiden paradise.'
 Thus with a merry cheer I whirled their wheels,
 And made them rid at once more than at twice. 320
 Such pretty pleasure true affection feels
 That time's old head runs swifter than his heels,
 For mirth's fledged wings are of so quick a flight
 That makes the morn seem noon, the noon seem
 night.

251 **refrains** avoids (here transitive, the object being 'body')
 252 **lamp of chastity** i.e., the Moon
 253 **elements** (a) basic components of body (and soul); but playing here on the secondary meaning (b) celestial spheres
 254 **firmaments** heavens; the plural is quite unusual
 256 **lily of my field** chastity. (The phrase, though not the sense, may derive from Matthew 6:28.)
 259 **seely** innocent
 263 **Morpheus** god of dreams
 266-7 **arches**...**waves** Probably refers to the arches of London Bridge, famed for

the noise of the water rushing through them.
 273-4 **seized**...**Carried away** probably from the standard English gloss of Latin *rapio*, *rapere*: to seize, carry off, drag away
 277 **pursuivant** herald
 279 **means** laments
 286 **Jove's**...**element** the Milky Way
 289 **These**...**deified**. The sense of the line seems to be that Lucrece had decorated her canopies and curtains herself.
stored accumulated
deified created as gods
 291 **ill**...**memorial** i.e., an evil way of identifying a chaste occasion

296 **reeling** (a) whirling unsteadily (b) winding up thread (as Collatine should have been present to do—355)
stone ball
 305-8 **They**...**deserts** The essential quality of maidens, namely virgin chastity, is the very string that ties the hearts of maidens, it is the pillar of their purity, and so on; finally, in line 308, virtue is its own reward.
 316 **chrysolite** greenish gemstone such as zircon, topaz
 320 **rid** accomplish (more in one hour than others might in two)

The Ghost of Lucrece.

325 'My maids, those airy sinews in your hands
Were of a finer thread than that you spin.
It was a merry age in golden bands
When Saturn sowed the earth and did begin
To teach bad husbands a new way to win.
330 Then was true labour exercised and done,
When gods did reel what goddesses had spun.'

Those times are waxen bald. A prouder air
Blows in the heaven and breathes upon the earth.
That age is out of date. Another heir
335 Claims his possession by an iron birth,
And in an iron throne of death and dearth
Rules this young age, sucking until it whine
Even at the dugs of Pluto's Proserpine.

Thus, like Diana by a lily fount,
340 Sat I amidst my vestal elements.
Thus did myself still with myself account,
To free my thoughts from chainèd discontents
And stir up mirth, the nurse of nourishments.
Thus with a lightsome spirit and soul's carouse,
345 I like a housewife cherished up my house.

When Roman dames, tickled with pride and lust,
Ravished with amorous philosophy,
Printed the measures of their feet in dust,
Temp'ring their blood with music's harmony—
350 The very synod-house of venery—
Then I at home, instead of melody,
Grated my wheel upon the axletree.

How like Arachne turnèd I my wheel!
Each of my maids how like a shepherdess!
355 Had Collatine, my shepherd, held the reel,

We four might well have made a country mess.
But one abroad makes one at home the less.
My Collatine, my shepherd, was at Rome,
And left poor me to feed his flock at home.

Is Venus made a laundress to the court? 360
Cupid, her son, elected for a page?
No marvel if Diana's stars do sport
With Venus' planets upon Cupid's stage.
Iron must have fire. This is an iron age.
365 Our souls, like smiths, with anvils of desire,
Beat on our flesh, and still we sparkle fire.

The prince's court is ev'n a firmament
All wrought with beams by day and stars by night;
The prince himself the sunny element
From whence all beams and stars do borrow light 370
To paint their faces with a red and white;
Those beams ambassadors of his bright array,
Those stars his counsellors by night and day.

How comes it then—speak, speak, iniquity,
Thou blur of kingdoms and thou blot of kings, 375
Thou metamorphosis of purity,
That shap'st the greater things to lesser things—
How comes it then that Cupid's bow-string swings
About the heels of time? Iniquity,
380 It is the halter of thy luxury.

Thou hast burnt out the humour of thy bones,
And made them powders of impiety
To strew about the earth as thick as stones,
Like wombs of lust in tombs of lechery;
And all thy sinews, O iniquity, 385
Are so dried up, and now so slender spun,
That Venus makes them bow-strings for her son.

327 **merry age in golden bands** the golden age, the first and best age of the world, when Saturn, the Roman god of the harvest, reigned benignly, and introduced agriculture
329 **husbands** husbandmen, farmers
win earn, as through harvest
332 **bald** i.e., old, decrepit
334 **heir** Vulcan?
335 **iron** referring, as at 364, to the iron age, the last and worst age of the world, a period of wickedness, debasement
338 **Proserpine** goddess of fertility, queen of the underworld
340 **elements** celestial spheres, i.e., chaste maids (proceeding from the association of Diana with the moon); see 'Diana's stars' (below, 362)
343 **nurse of nourishments** Middleton is particularly fond of this brand of etymological wordplay
347 **Ravished with amorous philosophy** enraptured by practical wisdom or

disputation on the art of love (i.e., 'Seduced by love talk')
348 **measures** playing on the sense 'dances'
349 **Temp'ring** (a) blending (b) heating
350 **synod-house** (a) ecclesiastical council-chamber; but (b) a 'synod' is also an astrological conjunction, and 'house' may be used in a loosely astrological sense, suggesting that the other Roman wives, carried away by love-talk, dance and music, were under the planetary influence of Venus, as at 363. (In either case, wanton dance—the conjunction of 'blood' with 'music'—is a site of 'venery' or sexual indulgence.)
352 **Grated** underlining the contrast with the sounds of dance music
axletree (a) axle (of the spinning-wheel) (b) imaginary axis-line of any heavenly body, or the pole of the heavens (compare previous note)
353 **Arachne** unfortunate weaver who angered Athena with her depictions of

the gods' amours, and was transformed into a spider
356 **mess** company of four (Lucrece, her two maids, and Collatine)
360 **laundress** here, a prostitute (but not at 512)
361 **page** male whore
367 **prince's** i.e., the ideal prince, ironically contrasted with Prince Tarquin
369 **sunny element** the sun itself
371 **red and white** conventional figure for beauty
372 **array** courtly assembly (and playing on 'ray')
378-9 **Cupid's...time** Cupid's bow is now the possession of time; love has become temporal, debased. Compare the situation of beauty at 466.
380 **It...luxury** Cupid's bowstring (love) has become subject to Iniquity's lust.
381 **humour** juice, perhaps even marrow; probably alluding to the effects of syphilis
382 **powders** ashes

- Where is the spring of blood's virginity
 That wont to serve thy veins like conduit heads
 390 And cleanse thy cistern of iniquity
 With maiden humours from chaste Flora's meads?
 Then slept'st thou like a lord in honour's beds.
 Then virtue was thy bedfellow. Now know,
 As great an ebb follows as great a flow.
- 395 Lo, under that base type of Tarquin's name
 I cipher figures of iniquity.
 He writes himself the shamer, I the shame,
 The actor he, and I the tragedy.
 The stage am I, and he the history,
 400 The subject I, and he the ravisher.
 He, murd'ring me, made me my murderer.
- O lust, this pen of mine that writes thee 'lust'
 Lies blasted at the sulphur of thy fire.
 The quill and feathers, burnt to ashy dust,
 405 Like dust and ashes flies before desire,
 Unable to endure thy flamed attire;
 For, in the sky of contrariety,
 The winner's life is when the losers die.
- If I proceed, O fiery incolants
 410 Of that vast hell which Pluto terms his hall,
 Tarquin's companions, ye, I say, that haunts
 The banks of burning baths, to you I call:
 Send me Prometheus' heart t' indite withal,
 And from his vulture's wings a pen of blood
 415 Thrice steeped and dipped in Phlegethontic flood.
- Then shall I stamp the figure of the night
 On Tarquin's brow, and mark him for her son,
 The heir of darkness, bastard of the light,
 The cloud of heaven, th' eclipser of the sun,
 420 The stain in Vesta's cheeks which first begun
 In Tarquin's flesh, begot of fiery dust.
 O thou the hell of love, untutored lust!
- It bribes the flesh to war against the spirit
 With tickling blood must'ring in every vein.
 It weans the conscience from her heavenly merit,
 425 Depraving all chaste thoughts, her maiden train.
 It makes the heart think and unthink again.
 It taints the breath with fire, the brain with blood,
 And sets a devil where a god had stood.
- Being in the eye, lust is a cockatrice,
 430 Hemlock in taste, a canker in the thought,
 And in the life a moth, which in a trice
 Consumes that treasure which so dear was bought
 And cost so many drops of blood, for naught;
 So many streams of blood and baths of sweat,
 435 To bathe our spirits and to quench our heat.
- O hell-eyed lust, when I behold thy face
 Prefigured in my ghost, drawn in my mind,
 I think of Sidon's flowers that grow apace
 And favour thee by quality and kind:
 440 They look like faith before, and fame behind,
 But if thou savour these well-favoured evils,
 They have the sight of gods, the scent of devils.
- If I had, like a curious herbalist,
 Measured thy quantity by quality,
 445 Or Aesculapius-wise, on reason's fist
 Had planted virtue by the property,
 Or with the lapidary's policy
 Made choice by insight—that's the note of wit,
 And not by outward hue to judge of it—
 450
- Then, like that skilful Aesculapius,
 Setting apart the colour of deceit,
 I might have known Tarquin from Tereus,
 And Lucrece' bed from Philomela's bait.
 455 Vesta conceived what Venus did conceit,

389 **thy** Tarquin and iniquity becoming one;
 see 395-6

391 **maiden humours** pure streams
Flora's goddess of flowers

395 **type** symbol

396 **cipher** express (as with characters, or in
 a cryptogram)

399 **history** (a) story (b) play

402 **this pen of mine** either a temporary
 refiguring of Lucrece as the epistolary
 writer of her own lament (see 413 ff.,
 and 563 ff.); or, as in the 1996 Globe
 production, an interjection in the voice of
 the poet

409 **incolants** inhabitants (possibly a
 Middleton coinage; cf. *Solomon*, 16.32)

412 **burning baths** Phlegethon (river of fire
 in Hell)

413 **Prometheus' heart** Prometheus was a
 Titan, chained to a mountain by Zeus for
 giving fire and arts to humankind. His
 liver was devoured over and over by a
 vulture. In asking for his heart, Lucrece
 asks for his strength and endurance.

indite write

422 **untutored** uncontrolled, undisciplined

427 **think and unthink** i.e., be unsteadfast

430 **cockatrice** fabulous serpent, said to kill
 with its glance, like the basilisk

432 **moth** used figuratively for something
 that eats away, gnaws or wastes gradu-
 ally and silently

433 **treasure which so dear was bought** the
 soul, bought (saved) by the Crucifixion

438 **Prefigured** represented

439 **Sidon's flowers** Sidon was an ancient
 Phoenician seaport on what is now
 the coast of Lebanon. The image, from
Ciceronis Amor (7.123), is evidently
 Greene's invention: 'the flowers in *Sidon*
 as they are precious in the sight so they
 are pestilent in savour.'

440 **favour** resemble

441 **fame** virtuous reputation

442 **savour** smell

443 **sight** appearance

444 **curious** careful, attentive

445 **quantity** worth

446 **Aesculapius-wise** legendary Greek
 physician who could revive the dead;
 god of medicine, associated through his
 father Apollo with truth and prophecy
reason's fist Tarquin's forcible persua-
 sion, perhaps reflecting an oratorical
 hand gesture; Lucrece's apparent point
 is that she did not put the 'virtue' of
 Tarquin's argument to a sufficiently
 wise test; 'fist' may also carry its sense
 of 'stench, fart', picking up 'the scent of
 devils' above (443), and setting up the
 subsequent opposition between 'sweet
 verdure' and 'a flattering voice' (457).

449 **note** (a) mark (b) regard, notice (thus
 'note of wit' would mean 'wit's manner
 of taking note')

453 **from** by the example of

Tereus Thracian king, rapist of Philomela

454 **bait** temptation

455 **Vesta . . . conceit** Vesta (unlike me)
 understood what Venus was planning.

The Ghoft of Lucrece.

But, wanting Aesculapius in my choice,
I left sweet verdure for a flattering voice.

Did beauty, that same bavin's blaze, incense thee,
That flower of time, which buds with vanity,
That string of fortune's wheel, which doth commence
thee
The graduate of hell-born iniquity?
Was beauty made the mark of luxury?
Then, heavens, from henceforth let the world behold
Beauty in lead, deformity in gold.

Say beauty's beams dazzled thy cloudy eyes;
This beauty hangs but at the heels of time,
And when time's wings a loftier measure flies
Then beauty like poor Icarus must climb,
Or plunge into the puddle of her slime;
For beauty's limbs are of a waxen frame,
And melts like Icarus' wings at every flame.

Saw'st thou the colours which quaint Phidias drew
In dead-live pictures with a touch of art?
Such red and white hath beauty being new,
Made only to amaze th' amazer's heart.
Yet Phidias' colours, piercing like a dart,
Were stained with every breath, and lost their prime.
So beauty's blot drops from the pen of time.

But O my heaven, shall I forget thy spheres?
O spheres of heaven, shall I let pass your skies?
O skies which wears out time, and never wears,
Shall I make dim the tapers of your eyes?
O eyes of heaven, sun, moon, and stars that rise
To wake the day, and free imprisoned night,
Shall my oblivious vapour cloud your light?

'Tis thou, O chastity. Shall I forsake thee,
Or drown thy memory in my bloody stream?
Remember, O my soul, did she not make thee
Out of Diana's ribs? Did not that beam
Which glisters in thy spirit like Jove's eye-gleam

Reflect from Vesta's face upon thy heart,
Like Phoebus' brow, the pride of heaven's art?

O thou that mak'st the *Via Lactea* whiter,
That virgin gallery of majestic Jove,
Fair Juno's maze—to foot it doth delight her—
The silver path of heaven, and bath of love;
There sits the lamb, the swan, the turtle dove,
Ensigns of peace, of faith, and chastity:
O silver stage to golden harmony.

That choir of saints in virgin ornament
Where angels sing like choristers of heaven,
Where all the martyrs kneel, the element
Where Cynthia's robe and great Apollo's steven
Hangs at the altar of this milken haven—
And to conclude, not able to begin,
I write of that which flesh hath never seen.

'Twas thou, O chastity, m' eternal eye,
The want of thee made my ghost reel to hell.
'Twas thou, O chastity, that gild'st the sky
With beams of virtue. It is thou dost dwell
In that white milken crystal silver cell,
Thou laundress to the gods and goddesses,
Washing their souls in founts of holiness.

O thou that deck'st our Phoebus in the east,
Circling his temples with spiritual beams,
And guides his vestal chariot to the west
Through that pure crystal track of lacteal streams,
Silvering his wheels with alabaster gleams,
Then temp'ring the bright porphyry of his face
With chaste Endymion's blush, the dye of grace,

That doing duty to his father Jove
Upon his knee of fire, bids him arise,
And blessing all his beams with kissing love,
Like a majestic father gilds his eyes
To add a rarer shine unto the skies,
Then takes his chariot with a brighter pride,
And cries aloud, 'Saint Vesta be my guide!'

457 **verdure** odour
458 **bavin's blaze** a 'bavin' is a bundle of kindling
incense set on fire; inflame with passion
460 **string** Middleton evidently overlaps Fortune's wheel with the spinning wheel of the Fates; 'string' thus becomes something like the thread of life. The collocation with 'commence' and 'graduate' suggests a secondary glance at the special sense of 'string' at Oxford: a pat logical argument passed down from undergraduate to undergraduate for use in examinations.
commence admit to a university degree
462 **mark** target
468 **Icarus** son of Daedalus who flew too near the sun on waxen wings which melted, plunging him to death in the sea

469 **slime** original ooze; moral filth
472 **Phidias** considered the greatest artist of ancient Greece
477 **prime** newness
489 **Diana's ribs** echoing the creation of Eve
492 **Phoebus** Apollo, god of light, the arts, etc.; associated, as here, with the sun
493 **thou** chastity
495 **Juno's** wife of Jupiter; protectress of women
foot (a) walk (b) dance
497 **the lamb, the swan, the turtle dove** respectively, the 'faith', 'chastity', and 'peace' of the following line. (The context implies constellations or stars, particularly as Cygnus (The Swan), one of the Ptolemaic constellations, is located in the Milky Way, and poetically linked to the rape of Leda. But Columba (The Dove), a

minor southern constellation, was almost unknown in the 16th century, and I find no heavenly body associated with the lamb.)
502 **element** sky
503 **Cynthia's** moon goddess
steven probably here understood by Middleton to mean 'crown', as in *Solomon*, 7.282. See 622-3.
507 **m' eternal** my eternal, presumably with play on 'maternal'
519 **temp'ring** modifying
porphyry hard rock consisting of red or white crystals in a red ground-mass
520 **Endymion's** young Greek shepherd, beloved of the Moon
522 **bids** The subject appears to be Jove; at 'takes' (526), it appears to revert to Phoebus.

The Ghost of Lucrece.

- Saint Vesta, O thou sanctifying saint,
That lends a beam unto the clearest sun,
530 Which else within his fiery course would faint
And end his race ere he had half begun,
Making the world believe his power were done,
His oil burnt out, his lamp returned to slime,
His fires extinguished by the breath of time,
- 535 O thou, the pearl that hangs on Juno's brow,
Like to the moon, the massy pearl of night,
Thou jewel in the ear of Jove, to show
The pride of love, the purity of light,
Thou Atlas of both worlds, umpire of right,
540 Thou haven of heaven, th' assigner of each sign,
Sanctity's saint, divinity's divine,
- O thou, the silver taper of the moon,
Set in an alabaster candlestick
That by the bed of heaven at afternoon
545 Stands like a lily which fair virgins pick
To match it with the lily of their cheek,
Thou lily lamb, thou crystal-feathered dove
That nestles in the palace of thy Jove,
- O touch my veins again, thou blood divine.
550 O feed my spirit, thou food angelical,
And all chaste functions with my soul combine.
Colour my ghost with chastity, whose all
Feeds fat lean death and time in general.
Come, silver dove, heaven's alabaster nun,
555 I'll hug thee more than ever I have done.
- Lucrece, alas, thou picture of thyself,
Drawn poor and pale by that old painter, time,
And overdashed by death, that meagre elf
Which dries our element of blood to thyme,
560 And temp'reth our old ashes with new slime;
Lucrece, I say, how canst thou Lucrece be,
Wanting a god to give a life to thee?
- Bleed no more lines, my heart. This knife, my pen,
This blood, my ink, hath writ enough to lust.
565 Tarquin, to thee, thou very devil of men,
I send these lines. Thou art my fiend of trust.
- To thee I dedicate my tomb of dust.
To thee I consecrate this little-most
Writ by the bloody fingers of my ghost.
- This little scroll of fire that burns my hand 570
In repetition of thy fiery name
I fold upon my heart, my bloody land,
And to thy ghost my ghost doth send the same,
Intituled *The Lines of Blood and Flame*:
The ghost of Lucrece, that's the ghost of blood; 575
The ghost of Tarquin, that's the fiery flood.
- Now for thy title and deserved style,
In dedication to thy worthiness:
To thee the second of Cocytus' isle,
Chief seignior to the Phlegethontic mess, 580
High steward unto Pluto's holiness,
Temp'rer of flames, the Lord Tisiphone,
My bloody fires begs patronage of thee.
- Now lack I nothing but the post of hell
To fly like Vesta's arrow from my bow 585
With these my red-hot news, and then to tell
How many times my heart did ebb and flow
Like seas, with tears above and blood below.
And from poor Lucrece' mouth tell Tarquin thus,
That Philomel hath writ to Tereus. 590
- Here stops the stream of tragic blood and fire,
And now Melpomene hales my spirit in.
The stage is down, and Philomela's choir
Is hushed from pricksong. Acheron's bells begin 595
To call our ghosts, clad in the spirits of sin.
Now Tereus meets with ravished Philomel,
Lucrece with Tarquin in the hall of hell.
- The Epilogue*
- Rhamnusia in a chariot of revenge,
Heaped up with ghosts of blood and spirits of fire, 600
Hath piled up Lucrece' ghost, so to avenge
Her chaste untimely blood of flamed desire.
Now at the bar of hell, revenge's choir,
Pleads Lucrece with a tongue of tears and bloods.
First speaks her heart, and then her eyes in floods. 605

539 **Atlas** Titan condemned to stand at the western end of earth and hold up the sky
541 **divine** priest, cleric
555 **hug** cherish
558 **overdashed** (a) splashed over (b) destroyed, overthrown (c) cancelled out
559 **thyme** described by herbalists as particularly hot and dry
566 **of trust** trusted
572 **fold** (a) roll up (b) clasp
577 **style** designation
579 **Cocytus** like Phlegethon and Acheron, a river of Hell; Middleton uses all three

interchangeably with 'hell'. See line 594 below.
580 **seignior** lord
582 **Lord Tisiphone** Middleton has apparently given the avenging fury a sex-change, and made the new lord, figuring Tarquin, very like Vulcan.
592 **Melpomene hales my spirit in** the muse of tragedy drags my spirit offstage (or beneath the stage)
593 **The stage is down** the play is over, the hangings struck

594 **pricksong** a written descant or counterpoint (with punning allusions to Philomela's thorn, and to the violating male organ)
600 **of blood** bloody
601 **pilled** plucked, pulled, torn
602 **of upon**
603 **bar** as in a courtroom, the wooden rail marking off the judge's seat
revenge's choir in apposition to 'the bar of hell', 'choir' meaning, figuratively, the judgement place where revenge is seated

The Ghoft of Lucrece.

<p>Can death, that shrimp of spirits, that bony wretch, That meagre element, that beggar god, From Lucrece' sky such heavenly colours fetch, From beauty's wrist so wrest that golden rod 610 Which makes all red and white disperse abroad? Death's power is come, and beauty's triumph past. She was as chaste as fair, as fair as chaste.</p> <p>Her hair, which in Arachne's finest loom Was kissed with silver shuttles, O that hair 615 Which made Collatium shine in spite of Rome, Combing her tresses like Jove's golden heir— He made Rome bright, she made Collatium fair— That hair which danced in beams before her breath Serves now to stuff the gaping ribs of death.</p> <p>Her eyes, the curious fabric of her world, Apollo's touchstones where he tried his beams, And when her eyes outmatched his fires he hurled His crown of splendour into quenching streams, Raging to see beauty's enrolled themes 625 Writ in her eye-rolls; but alas, those eyes Which lived in beauty, now in beauty dies.</p> <p>Her tongue, which Orpheus tuned before he died, And strung before he journeyed unto hell, That new Parnassus by a river's side, 630 Where music sojourns and the muses dwell,</p>	<p>O tongue of hers, Diana's silver bell, That rung chaste prayers to the church of heaven, Now she of it, and it of her bereaven.</p> <p>Her breath, which had a violet perfume Tempered with rose all verdure, O her breath 635 Through discord of her tongue did all consume. Through discord of her tongue did all consume. Unto the air of earth she did bequeath That pension of her life, from life to death. How ill was this bestowed on death, that elf Which robs all others, yet still poor itself. 640</p> <p>Her teats, twixt whom an alabaster bridge Parts each from other, like two crystal bowls Standing aloof upon the body's ridge, Bears chastity's white nectar-flowing souls. O valley decked with Flora's silver rolls, 645 Why giv'st thou suck to death? It will be fed, For know, death must not die till all be dead.</p> <p>And to conclude, her all in every sphere, That like the sun on crystal elements Did shine in clearness bright, in brightness clear, 650 Her head her skies, her soul her firmaments, Now stained by death, before by ravishments: First Tarquin-life clad her in death's array. Now Tarquin-death hath stol'n her life away.</p>
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FINIS

655

608 **fetch** carry off

609 **rod** sceptre

610 **Which... abroad** which defeats or
scatters all other beauty

616 **Jove's golden heir** Phoebus

620 **curious fabric** elaborately wrought
construction; perhaps with a glance at
'curious' meaning especially observant,
often collocating with 'eyes'

624 **enrollèd** celebrated

625 **eye-rolls** (a) the rounds or disks of her
eyes (b) rollings of the eyes (c) punning
on 'roll' meaning parchment scroll

627 **Orpheus** mythological musician-poet
whose lyre charmed even the gods of
Hell

629 **Parnassus** mountain sacred to the
muses, and thus to the arts
river's side Orpheus's dying song echoed
from the riverbank. This ironic 'new

Parnassus' is presumably hell, with the
dead Lucrece situated beside the river
Phlegethon in a bitter revision of the
conventional riverside placement of the
speaker of a female complaint.

635 **verdure** fragrance

637 **air** punning on 'heir'?

645 **rolls** (a) round ornamental pads (b) *fig.*
breasts

THE PENNILESS PARLIAMENT OF THREADBARE POETS

Edited by Swapan Chakravorty

THE first extant edition of *The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets* appeared in 1604 as the concluding part of a jestbook called *Jack of Dover, His Quest of Inquiry for the Veriest Fool in England*. William Ferbrand, the publisher, had entered *The Second Part of Jack of Dover* in the Stationers' Register on 3 August 1601, and *Penniless* was probably first published later that year. Hayward Townshend's *Megalopsychy* (1682) reports that on 16 December 1601, Henry Doyley complained to the Commons against 'The Assembly of Fools', a book published by one living 'right over Guild-Hall-Gate', an address which agrees with Ferbrand's. The Privy Council dismissed the libel charge, having found the work 'a mere toy...an old book, entitled, *The Second Part of Jack of Dover*' (Wilson, p. 316).

The Assembly of Fools was possibly a mock-parliament, a fact that provoked the literal-minded Doyley into moving the Commons. Jack's name in the reported title suggests that *Penniless*, perhaps then called 'Assembly of Fools', was printed as part of the jestbook in 1601. A probable reference to the first Fortune, completed by the end of 1600 (Orrell, p. 127), as the 'new playhouse' (ll. 247-8) also favours 1601 as the date of composition.

F. P. Wilson pointed out in 1938 that *Penniless* was a revision of Simon Smellknave's *Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two Dangerous Comets*, a mock-prognostication for 1591 influenced by Adam Foulweather's *A Wonderful Strange and Miraculous Prognostication* published the same year. It was Smellknave's tract from which Middleton borrowed passages for *Plato's Cap*, and which Anthony Nixon recycled two years later in *The Black Year* (Wilson, pp. 267-72). The reviser's opening lines—'all such as buys this book' (l. 2)—show that *Penniless* was intended for separate publication, and it was so printed in 1608, 1637, and 1649. Its integrity indicates a revision in two stages. The first turned *Comets* into *Penniless*; the second recast Jack's first-person report of his search (which survives unrevised in six jests) into his encounter with a group of poor poets in St Paul's Cathedral, so that a pretext was provided for joining the parliament to the jests. It is hard to tell if Middleton was involved in retouching the jests. But the new material in *Penniless* shows an undoubted concentration of Middleton traits.

In 1601 Middleton was nearly a penniless poet himself, dependent on odd jobs for Henslowe and the popular press. The comic almanac or prophecy, credited to pseudonymous authors who borrowed from one another, was one form of fast and cheap publishing which suited his satiric talents. He might have been interested in *Comets* if, as

seems possible, 'Simon Smellknave' was a pseudonym of Thomas Nashe. Middleton, whose *Microcynicon* was banned at the same time as Nashe's books, seems to have viewed himself as Nashe's literary heir (Rhodes, pp. 57-61). Not only did he defend Nashe in *The Ant and the Nightingale*; he also wrote *The Black Book* as a sequel to *Pierce Penniless*. The words 'Penniless' and 'Threadbare' in the title invoke *Pierce Penniless* and Nashe's self-description in *Have With You to Saffron Walden* as a poet in a 'threadbare cloak' (III, 26.16). The idea of having penniless poets as legislators (at a time when only freeholders worth at least forty shillings a year could vote) agrees with the self-regarding portrayal in Middleton's early work of the talented but indigent scholar-poet as an instance of social injustice. It is also consistent with his sympathy, deeper than Nashe's, for the socially disadvantaged. More generally, the change from a mock forecast to a comic parliament, the reviser's most significant contribution, turned a socially neutral parody into a potentially disruptive satire.

The composition of literary 'parliaments' varied from the councils of birds and beasts in medieval texts to *The Parliament of Devils*, published in 1509. The medieval instances of the ancient convention were allied to that of the debate or colloquy (Bennett, p. 140), but Chaucer's *Parliament of Fowls* exploited the dual connotation of the word as a parley and as a political institution (Dean, p. 19). Middleton may have had Chaucer's poem in mind in the choice of metaphor and title, the latter including the formulaic caption, 'Here beginneth' (l. B.10), present in the headline to a Cambridge University Library manuscript (Gg. 4.27) of *The Parliament of Fowls*. The conciliar form, however, was ruled out by the nature of Middleton's source, and he had thus to use 'parliament' in the exclusive sense of a legislative body.

If *The Assembly of Fools* was an earlier title for *Penniless*, the jury might originally have been one of fools rather than of poets. The 1615 edition of the jestbook printed by John Beale has a chapter-title that reads 'How the Fool of Hereford was chosen Foreman of the Jury, and of the speech he uttered to the rest of his fellows' (A4). There is no such event or speech in the tale, and the caption is clearly a survival from an earlier version. Fools, in any case, had long been associated with mock forecasts. The first leaf of *A Merry Prognostication* (1544), the oldest known example in English, shows a costumed fool making prophecies, the block being borrowed from Richard Pynson's 1509 edition of Barclay's *The Ship of Fools*.

Doyley's suspicion may not have been altogether idle, especially since mock-parliaments figured in oppositional polemics starting from the anonymous *An Heavenly Act of Parliament concerning how Man shall Live* (first published from Amsterdam c.1547) to Thomas Scott's *The Second Part of Vox Populi* (1624). His complaint must surely have alerted publishers to the political resonances of the metaphor. As a title, *Penniless Parliament* should have had a resilient topicality throughout a period in which Parliament's presumed duty to relieve the king's debts was a major divisive issue (Harriss), and the extant editions were marketed at some of the climactic moments in the contest between Crown and Commons. In 1601 the demand for the withdrawal of monopolies occasioned what Robert Cecil thought was unprecedented 'levity and disorder' in Parliament (Elton, p. 324). In 1604 disputes between the new king and the Commons over religious and fiscal reforms had resulted in an assertion of parliamentary privileges in the celebrated 'Apology'. In 1608 the Commons was refusing to vote the additional taxes proposed after the Court of Exchequer had upheld the royal prerogative of levying poundage. Beale bought his rights in *Penniless* in 1614, the year James I summoned and dissolved the Addled Parliament (which had again attacked the 1608 impositions). Beale printed another edition in 1637, when the discontent over Charles I's refusal to call Parliament was sharpened by the Ship Money case and the enforcing of a new liturgy in Scotland. The 1649 edition followed Pride's Purge and appeared in the year the Rump Parliament executed the king.

In ll. 258–9 the reviser changed the phrase 'these times' (*Comets*, C1) to 'these dangerous times'. The adjective suits 1601, the year that saw the rebellion of the Earl of Essex to whom Middleton had dedicated *Solomon*. The change from 'King of Spain' (C3^v) to 'Tyrone' (ll. 177–8) recalls Essex's embarrassing truce with the rebel after his failed Irish expedition (1599–1600), as might the revised text in ll. 283–4 which mentions those who 'go to the wars and get nothing'. There may be a sly glance at the depositions made in the February trial of Essex and Southampton in ll. 318–20, where an allusion to illiterate forgers is altered to those who may 'forswear themselves' as 'boldly' as the lettered. Through such minor changes made to an 'old book', Middleton was able to produce social and political satire even after the bishops' 1599 edict against the genre.

The adaptation certainly made *Penniless* a more popular work than *Comets*. While *Comets* is known to have had only one edition, *Penniless* had at least six between 1601 and 1649. Only five copies of these early printings survive: one each for the 1604, 1637, and 1649 editions, and two for the 1608 quarto. There is no copy of the 1601 edition, and in the only extant copy of the 1615 quarto of *Jack of Dover*, the *Penniless* section is missing, though advertised on the title-page. The low survival-rate is that of such fast-selling ephemera as jestbooks, ballads, and almanacs (Wilson, p. 284), and it is possible that other editions were printed of which no copies remain.

Astrological prognostications had a mass circulation in Europe throughout the Renaissance, even when written by distinguished scholars such as Agostino Nifo and Peter Martyr (Febvre and Martin, p. 277). The *Pronosticatio* (1488) of the Rhenish astrologer Johan Lichtenberger, for instance, had fourteen editions in German, Italian, and Latin by 1500, and about fifty by the middle of the sixteenth century (Mandrou, p. 51). The English astrological writers parodied by Foulweather and Smellkneave were thus reworking the material of a genre that had always needed to combine its esoteric pedigree with the demands of a large lay readership.

The same paradox characterizes European examples of mock prophecies, the earliest German example dating as far back as 1480. The genre attracted humanists such as Jacob Henrichmann, Rabelais, and Aretino, yet the parodies show little regard for authorial rights (Wilson, pp. 259–61). English mock-prophecies also recycled earlier material. A work such as W. W.'s *A Merry and Pleasant Prognostication by Four Witty Doctors* (1577), for example, derives most of its material from the rhymed *Merry Prognostication* of 1544 (Wilson, pp. 262–3, 283–4).

A feature of genres which commanded large press runs was their symbiotic contact with oral culture and, hence, the collective nature of their authorship. Sermons, news, ballads, jests, riddles, recipes, and rogue literature stimulated the oral circulation of the material they sought to preserve (Neuburg, pp. 50–1), inducing demand for further reprintings and redactions. The writer needed to exploit this market spiral as much as the publisher, while he could hope for a fair deal only by claiming his intellectual property rights. The paradox is reflected in the way educated but indigent authors such as Nashe would write anonymous or pseudonymous pamphlets one day and abuse authors of popular genres the next. In *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, Nashe ridicules Gabriel Harvey for ghosting the almanacs of Gabriel Frende: 'What, a grave Doctor a base John Doleta, the almanac-maker, Doctor Deus-ace and Doctor Merry-man?' (III, 72.8–9). The name-calling suggests that the writer of mock almanacs was as much a hack as the authors he parodied, and it was under the pseudonym of 'Doctor Merryman' that Beale published the 1637 edition of *Penniless*.

The mock prophecies of Foulweather and Smellkneave, however, were rather different from the ones Nashe derides. Their parodic quibbles demand a more lettered readership, and their involvement in the Marprelate and Harvey–Nashe controversies means that they were designed to address a knowledgeable coterie. The decision to print *Penniless* as a sequel to an anonymous jestbook marks the extent to which Middleton was able to convert such a coterie text into a recyclable bestseller, or what he later called a 'stock-book' (*Valour*, 5.3.16). Since 'stock-books' such as almanacs were priced according to size (Bosanquet, p. 10), a detachable piece of work like *Penniless* gave publishers the option of printing it separately in cheaper editions. This adaptability to market segments is reflected in at least one typographical decision

in the independent quarto of 1608: the change from the roman type of 1604 to the parodic use of black letter, the standard font for printed Parliamentary decrees and royal proclamations. Judging by the equal division of the six known editions into the two formats, *Penniless* appears to have been successful both as a sequel and as a discrete work.

Penniless reduces its source by a little over 30 per cent. The examples of *Macbeth* and *Measure for Measure* show that Middleton was chosen to adapt important texts by others, and the Malone manuscript of *A Game at Chess* is evidence that he could skilfully abridge his own. The latter omits 787 lines by cutting long speeches, interjections, explanatory digressions, and secondary motifs such as the story of the Black Knight's Pawn. That it yet manages to disguise the jumps, justify the metre, and even speed up the action suggests that the reviser had considerable experience with such editorial work.

That manuscript, of course, was a gift for one distinguished reader and not an adaptation for mass circulation. With Smellknavé, Middleton's editorial method was similar to that by which the Troyes printers of the early seventeenth century adjusted texts from lettered French culture to the demands of lowbrow publishing. These texts of the *bibliothèque bleue*, often titles first published in more reputable formats, modernized the vocabulary, pruned allusions and digressions, and broke up sentences and paragraphs into shorter, repetitive, and formulaic units which were easier to read and remember (Chartier, pp. 248–50). Some of these features were already present in Smellknavé, since he was mimicking a popular genre. The change to the parliamentary metaphor, however, enabled Middleton to add to the text's appeal a durable dimension missing in Nixon's *Black Year*, which also recalls some of the verbal and lexical formulae of the *bibliothèque bleue*.

One may derive some idea of the abridgement and rewriting demanded by the revision from the following passage in *Comets*, B2^v–B3:

Plato, the prince of philosophers, with others, looking into the successive alteration of states, saith that, generally, Comets do appear when some dangerous change is to follow. And Aristotle, a man of rare and exquisite judgement, thinketh that *Crinite Comets* have their particular working in private houses, as well as in commonweals. For which cause, let those married men of weakest wit and worst courage provide themselves of good weapons to defend them from assaults, for about the hour and year appointed shall this feminine Comet appear, putting such masculine courage in all wives that they who have had their will to this hour, will (if they may choose) have the mastery all the year after. But at this instant their value shall be doubled, for they who shall not valiantly resist them are awarded to pay a sheep's head to their neighbour in penance of their folly.

It shall be wonderful to behold (through this sinister influence) how men that are deaf shall hear

no more than those that are dead; and such as are without teeth shall chew as little as babes new born. Women that every morning taste a pint of malmsey and oil shall chide as well as they that drink small beer all the winter; and those that have no regard of their honesty, may strain a point beyond modesty.

Erra Pater with provident judgement, looking into these lamentable miseries incident in these westerly parts, saith that oil of holly is a present remedy for a shrewd housewife, calling Socrates flat fool that suffered his wife to crown him with a pisspot.

When this passage is adapted for *Penniless* (ll. 139–55), the new conceit has no use for such conventions of comic forecasts as citing authorities from Plato to Erra Pater, and the distinctions made between the two comets and their respective effects. Traces of the annual forecast are erased (except in the phrase 'all the year after'); 'shall' in l. 145 avoids the clumsy repetition of 'will' as noun and verb; deft substitutions ('about midnight', 'ordaining that all those that give their wives their own wills to be fools', 'those husbands') sharpen the jokes; the remark on chiding women is shifted to fit an earlier context (ll. 19–21); and the deletions considerably shorten the passage. The future tense of prophecies lends itself easily to the imperative of statutes. Phrases effecting the change occasionally transpose words from the source. The praises of Aristotle and Erra Pater, for example, are given to the legislators (ll. 139–40, 149). The dependence suggests a conscious exercise of the parodist's skill in altering sense without changing too many words. Elsewhere, the revision resituates lines from Smellknavé's prefatory epistle (A2; ll. 7–12), and paraphrases verse, moving them to new contexts (C3^v–D1^v; ll. 375–7, 379–82).

In most cases, the changes enrich the quibbles. Thus the phrase 'horse-nightcap' introduces the 'horse/whores' pun, extending the meaning of 'clip' (ll. 20–3), brought over from a different context in *Comets* (A4), to include 'embrace' as well as the more obvious ones ('steal' and 'pare the edges of gold and silver coins'). The phrase 'Footman's Inn' for prison furthers the pun on 'lattice' (l. 208), since lattices were a feature of inns, and the addition of 'Salisbury Plain' creates a new quibble on 'plain dealing' (ll. 341–5). The added passages ease the entry into the parliamentary metaphor, besides importing new jokes such as the pun on 'stocks' (l. 329–30). Of the omissions, perhaps the most significant is Smellknavé's censure of players—'as famous in idleness, as dissolute in living' (B2).

Prophecies such as Richard Harvey's *Astrological Discourse upon the Conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter* (1583), a possible target of Smellknavé's satire, centred on the fear of the prodigious 'in these latter days' when the end of the world was expected shortly (Nashe, V, 167) and when harvest-failures, wars, and the plague were breeding chiliastic hallucinations (Clark, p. 44). The mock prophecy's weapon for deflating that sensationalism was the pun. Keeping the tone but twisting its import, the

pun laboured the banal and brought the reader back to the unexceptional and the familiar. By a further turn of conceit, *Penniless* legislates the average and the corrupt, the triteness of which mocks the idealism of the text's legal refrains. While the comic forecast predicted the predictable, the saturnalian conceit of *Penniless* indicts that dullness as the image of a society indifferent to true merit. This transition to a satire with a pronounced class animus is typical of Middleton, even if his verbal contribution only amounts to roughly 35 per cent of the text.

As long as its dependence on *Comets* went undetected, *Penniless* was regarded as a document of some curiosity value. The headnote in the *Harleian Miscellany* (1744), in which it was included by William Oldys, saw it as a 'jocose reproof' of contemporary 'vices and follies'. Thomas Wright reprinted *Jack of Dover* and *Penniless* for the Percy Society in 1842, as did Charles Hindley in 1872. But Wilson's discovery of its borrowings led to disesteem of *Penniless* and its sources. These were to be treated, to recall Edward Young's distinction, not as 'originals', but 'imitations . . . wrought up by those mechanics, art and labour, out of pre-existent materials not their own' (Young, p. 274). In 1617, in *Satires and Satirical Epigrams*, Henry Fitzgeffrey declared that he did not wish 'each peasant, each mechanic ass' to buy his verse; he included 'A Quest of Inquiry (Jack of Dover's)' (A8-8^v) in a list of works from which he wished to distance his own poetry. Since Beale printed a composite edition in 1615, Fitzgeffrey was probably thinking of *Penniless* as well. Similar suspicion of, if not distaste for, popular success may still haunt academic

appraisals. Thus Foulweather and Smellknave are branded 'pseudonymous scribblers' by Sandra Clark (p. 29), who finds *Comets* 'dull and laboured' (p. 270) and who, following Wilson, dismisses *Penniless* as a purloined text.

Distinguished contemporaries of Foulweather and Smellknave, however, did not deem their work unworthy of notice. In *Pierce's Supererogation* (1593) Gabriel Harvey chose to describe Andrew Perne, the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge whom Nashe held in high regard, as 'a fair prognostication of a foul weather' (Harvey, *Works*, II, 300). John Florio mentions those that 'prognosticate of fair, of foul, and of smelling weather' (A2) in the dedication to his *Second Fruits* (1591). Ironically, such attention is a witness to the works' ephemeral and coterie appeal. *Penniless*, on the other hand, retains, even furthers, the genre's strengths while removing its dependence on the annual and the topical.

The biggest tribute to *Penniless* and its source comes from Middleton himself. Not only did he find *Comets* worth borrowing from in *Plato* and, less directly, in *Owl*; he also quarried its quibbles and jokes for his mature plays (Chakravorty). It is not surprising that the vigorous current of anonymous, collaborative, and popular writing of which *Penniless* is part should be such a vital presence in the signed texts of a self-repeating author with a paradoxical flair for self-erasure.

SEE ALSO

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 469
Authorship and date: *Companion*, 337

The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets

First of all, for the increase of every fool in his humour, we think it necessary and convenient that all such as buys this book and laughs not at it before he hath read it over shall be condemned of melancholy, and be adjudged to walk over Moorfields twice a week in a foul shirt and a pair of boots, but no stockings.

It is also agreed upon that long-bearded men shall seldom prove the wisest, and that a niggard’s purse shall scarce bequeath his master a good dinner. And because water is like to prove so weak an element in the world that men and women will want tears to bewail their sins, we charge and command all gardeners to sow more store of onions, for fear widows should want moisture to bewail their husbands’ funerals.

In like manner we think it fit that red wine should be drunk with oysters, and that some maidens shall blush more for shame than for shamefastness. But men must have care, lest conversing too much with red petticoats they banish their hair from their

heads and, by that means, make the poor barbers beggars for want of work.

Furthermore, it is lawful for those women that every morning taste a pint of muscadine with eggs to chide as well as they that drink small beer all the winter, and those that clip that they should not shall have a horse-nightcap for their labour. Gentlemen that sell land for paper shall buy penury with repentance. And those that have most gold shall have least grace; some that mean well shall fare worse; and he that hath no credit shall have less commodity.

It is also ordered and agreed upon that such as are choleric shall never want woe and sorrow, and they that lack money may fast upon Fridays by the statute. And it shall be lawful for them that want shoes to wear boots all the year, and he that hath never a cloak may without offence put on his best gown at midsummer (witness old Prime, the keeper of Bedlam dicing house).

This commentary notes major departures from Middleton’s source, Simon Smellknave’s *Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two Dangerous Comets* (1591). It does not record every variant, and ignores the verbal formulae added to turn the forecasts into statutes.

- 1–5 **First . . . stockings** (an addition)
- 1 **every . . . humour** a possible reference to Jonson’s plays, *Every Man in His Humour* (1598), and *Every Man out of His Humour* (1599)
- 2 **buys this book** (evidence that *Penniless* was conceived as a work independent of *Jack of Dover*)
- 4 **melancholy** Melancholia, a mental disease, was caused by an excess of black bile, a ‘humour’ in the sense in which the word is used in l. 1.
- Moorfields** Field for public recreation outside Bishopsgate and adjoining the hospital of St Mary of Bethlehem or Bedlam. The safer lunatics roamed and begged in Moorfields; hence, its association with melancholy (Tilley, M1134).
- 5 **but no stockings** The bedlam-beggar, and the ‘abraham man’ posing as one, went bare-legged. See John Awdely, *The Fraternity of Vagabonds* (1561): ‘An abram-man is he that walketh bare-armed, and bare-legged, and feigneth himself mad’.

- 6 **long-bearded men** Pun on ‘long beard’ or ‘the man with the beard’, a round drinking jug with a narrow neck. The line in *Comets*, A4, followed the definition of the first comet as ‘barbata’ or ‘bearded’.
- 8 **like** likely
- 9 **want** lack
- 11 **store** supply
- onions** (often associated with false tears)
- 13–14 **red . . . oysters** an aphrodisiac
- 15 **shamefastness** modesty
- 16 **red petticoats** ‘Venus’ (*Comets*, A4). Red velvet petticoats were worn by the more expensive prostitutes. See Deloney, *Thomas of Reading* (1598–9): ‘no meat pleased him so well as mutton, such as was laced in a red petticoat’ (218).
- 16–17 **banish . . . heads** as an effect of syphilis
- 20 **pint . . . eggs** ‘pint of malmsey and oil’ (*Comets*, B3). Muscatel wine with eggs was a reputed aphrodisiac.
- 21–2 **those . . . not** The clause ‘such as clip that they should not’ occurs in a different passage in *Comets*, A4. ‘Clip’ could mean pare the edges of gold and silver coins or steal by cutting. The additional sense of embrace (*Mad World* 4.5.53) is introduced by the ‘horse/whores’ pun in ll. 21–2.
- 22 **shall . . . labour** (An addition.) As punishment for those who ‘clip’, *Comets*, A4, mentioned the ‘cord’, here altered

to ‘horse-nightcap’, meaning a halter or hangman’s noose.

- horse-nightcap** (punning on ‘whores’)
- 24 **grace** lustre; also blush, shame
- 25 **credit** Solvency, inverting the senses of honour and reputation as in the proverb, ‘He that has lost his credit is dead to the world’ (Tilley, C817).
- 26 **commodity** goods, profit
- 27 **choleric** irascible, having cholera as the dominant humour
- 28 **and sorrow** (an addition)
- 29 **fast upon Fridays** Sale of meat was banned since 1548 on Fridays to help the fish trade.
- by the statute** The phrase ‘by statute’, otherwise formulaic for the mock-parliament, was present in the source line in *Comets*, A4^v. Smellknave may have been referring to either of two Elizabethan statutes on fasting days passed in 1562 and 1585.
- 29–32 **And . . . house** (an addition)
- 30 **boots** Worn by gallants even when not riding. Middleton hints at cheats who wore boots to hide money as well as their bare legs (see ll. 4–5).
- 31 **midsummer** the period of the summer solstice, supposed to worsen madness
- 32 **old Prime** (1) an actual person? (2) a possible play on ‘prime’, the third best hand at primero, consisting of four cards all of different suits; (3) Priam of Troy

The penniless Parliament of threedbate Poets.

In like manner it is agreed upon that what day soever Paul's Church hath not in the middle aisle of it either a broker, masterless man, or a penniless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath to bestow a new steeple upon it. And it shall be lawful for cony-catchers to fall together by the ears about the four knaves at cards which of them may claim superiority, and whether false dice or true be of the most antiquity.

Furthermore, we think it necessary and lawful for the husband and wife to fall at square for superiority in such sort as the wife shall sit playing above in the chamber while the husband stands painting below in the kitchen. Likewise we mark all brokers to be knaves by letters patents. And usurers, for five marks apiece, shall lawfully be buried in the chancel, though they have bequeathed their souls and bodies to the devil in hell.

In like manner it is thought good that it shall be lawful for muscadines in vintners' cellars to indict their masters of commixtion, and sergeants shall be contented to arrest any man for his fees. Alewives shall sell flesh on Fridays without licence, and such as sell beer in halfpenny pots shall utter bread and cheese for money through the whole year. And those that are past honesty and shame shall smile at sin; and they that care not for God, prefer money before conscience.

Furthermore, it shall be lawful for footstools (by the help of women's hands) to fly about without wings. And poor men shall be accounted knaves without occasions. Those that flatter least

shall speed worst. And pigs by the statute shall dance the antics with bells about their necks to the wonder and amazement of all swineherds.

In like manner it is convenient that many men shall wear hoods that have little learning, and some surfeit so much upon wit and strive so long against the stream as their necks shall fail them. Some shall build fair houses by bribes, gather much wealth by contention, and, before they be aware, heap up riches for another and wretchedness for themselves.

Furthermore, it shall be established for the benefit of increase that some shall have a tympany in their bellies which will cost them a child-bearing, and, though the father bear all the charges, it shall be a wise child that shall know his own father.

It shall be lawful for some to have a palsy in their teeth in such sort as they shall eat more than ever they will be able to pay for, some such a migrain in their eyes as they shall hardly know another man's wife from their own, some such a stopping in their hearts as they shall be utterly obstinate to receive grace, some such a buzzing in their ears as they shall be enemies to good counsel, some such a smell in their noses as no feast shall escape without their companies. And some shall be so needy as neither young heirs shall get their own, nor poor orphans their patrimony.

Also it is enacted and decreed that some shall be so humorous in their walks as they cannot step one foot from a fool, some so consumed in mind as they shall keep never a good thought

- 34 **middle aisle** central aisle of St Paul's, a haunt of idlers and cheats on weekdays, when the cathedral was used as a market
broker (1) pawnbroker; (2) second-hand dealer
 34-5 **masterless man** unemployed servant
 35-6 **shall...oath** 'have sworn' (*Comets*, B3)
 36 **new steeple** The spire of St Paul's Cathedral was destroyed by lightning on 4 June 1561. The restoration, not started until 1633, remained incomplete when the church was destroyed in the fire of 1666. The delay provoked satiric attacks.
 36-7 **And...about** (an addition)
 37 **fall...ears** quarrel
 38 **knaves** (1) jacks in a deck of cards; (2) villains
superiority (The cards are of course equal.)
 38-9 **whether...antiquity** The fairness of diceplay in antiquity is discussed in Gilbert Walker, *A Manifest Detection of Dice Play* (1552).
 40-1 **the...square** 'we shall have a dreadful war betwixt the wife and husband' (*Comets*, A4^v)
 41 **at square** to quarrelling
 42 **playing** (1) playing a musical instrument; (2) having sex (with someone other than her husband)
chamber bedroom
 43 **painting** Face-painting was common among fashionable Elizabethan males. (A possible quibble on 'panting'.)

- below...kitchen** 'beneath' (*Comets*, A4^v)
brokers (1) pawnbrokers; (2) middlemen; (3) pimps
 44 **letters patents** statutory documents
marks A mark was worth 13s. 4d.
 45 **lawfully...chancel** an allusion to rich citizens buying their burials in parish churches
 46 **souls...hell** 'souls to the devil' (*Comets*, A4^v)
 48-9 **commixtion** dilution (common complaint against vintners)
 49 **sergeants** 'bailiffs' (*Comets*, A4^v); sheriff's officers
 50 **fees** bribes
Alewives...Fridays Alewives appear to have dodged the Friday ban on the sale of meat.
sell flesh (alluding to prostitution)
 51 **utter** sell
 51-2 **bread...money** 'mutton and faggots for silver' (*Comets*, A4^v). Smellknave's hint that alehouses dodged the lenten ban is destroyed by the change.
 52-3 **honesty and** (an addition)
 55-6 **(by...hands)** Added to clarify the joke on flying footstools which in *Comets*, B1 (as in Foulweather, *Prognostication*, III, 389, ll. 17-22) followed a forecast of tempests.
 57 **occasions** reasons
 58 **speed** fare
pigs drunkards
antics the performance of burlesque dancers, themselves called 'antics'
 59 **bells** A feature of 'antics' as of morris-

- dancers; see the play on 'bell' in *Gravesend*, 1064-5: 'And all these antics dressed in hell, | To dance about the passing bell'.
 61 **hoods** university bachelors' caps
 62 **surfeit...wit** overuse their cheating skills
 63 **strive...stream** Allusion to the proverb, 'It is folly to strive against the stream' (Tilley, S927).
their...them (i.e., they shall be hanged or beheaded)
 65 **contention** litigation
before...aware 'ere they are aware' (*Comets*, B1)
 67 **increase** breeding
 68 **tympany...bellies** swelling because of pregnancy
 70 **it...father** proverbial (Tilley, C309)
 73-4 **hardly...wife** 'not know a poor man's franktenant' (*Comets*, B1). The change draws on Foulweather, *Prognostication*, III, 390, ll. 17-19: 'and men shall be troubled with such pain in the eyes that they shall not know their own wives from other women'.
 74 **stopping** obstruction
 75 **grace** (1) divine favour; (2) pardon
 77 **noses** 'nostrils' (*Comets*, B1)
 78 **companies** 'presence' (*Comets*, B1)
so needy 'hidebound so near themselves' (*Comets*, B1)
 80 **humorous** 'altered' (*Comets*, B1)
 81 **foot** 'pace' (*Comets*, B1). The alliterative substitution introduces a pun on 'foot' (step, measure of distance).
 82 **keep** 'find' (*Comets*, B1)

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to bless themselves, some so disguised in purse as they count it fatal to have one penny to buy their dinners on Sundays, some so burdened in conscience as they count wrongful dealing the best badge of their occupation. 85

But, amongst other laws and statutes by us here established, we think it most necessary and convenient that poulters shall kill more innocent poultry by custom than their wives and maids can sell with a good conscience. Also it is ordered and agreed upon that bakers, woodmongers, butchers and brewers shall fall to a mighty conspiracy so that no man shall either have bread, fire, meat or drink without credit or ready money. 90

Sycophants by the statute shall have great gifts, and good and godly labours shall scarce be worth thanks. It is also thought necessary that maids about midnight shall see wondrous visions to the great heart-grief of their mothers. 95

Furthermore, it is marked and set down that, if lawyers plead poor men's causes without money, Westminster Hall shall grow out of custom, to the great impoverishing of all nimmers, lifters and cutpurses. Those that sing bases shall love good drink by authority, and trumpeters that sound trebles shall stare by custom. Women that wear long gowns may lawfully raise dust in March. And they that keep a temperate diet shall never die on surfeits. 100

In like manner it shall be lawful for sailors and soldiers to spend at their pleasures what they get by their swords. And if the treasurer pay them anything beyond count and reckoning, if they build not an hospital therewith, they may bestow it in apparel by the statute. 105

It is further established and agreed upon that they that drink too much Spanish sack shall about July be served with a fiery 110

facias. But oh you ale-knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt and drink whole aleutubs into consumptions, that sing *Queen Dido* over a cup and tell strange news over an alepot, how unfortunate are you who shall piss out that which you have swallowed down so sweetly. You are under the law, and shall be awarded with this punishment: that the rot shall infect your purses and eat out the bottoms ere you be aware. 115

It is also agreed upon and thought necessary that some women's lips shall swell so big as they shall long to kiss other men beside their husbands. Others' cheeks shall be so monstrous out of frame as they cannot speak in a just cause without large fees. Some with long tongues shall tell all things which they hear; some with no brains shall meddle much and know little. And those that have no feet may by the statute go on crutches. 120

Furthermore, it is convenient and thought meet that Ale shall exceed so far beyond his bounds as many stomachs shall be drowned in liquor, and thereupon will follow the dropsy to the great benefit of all physicians. It is lawful for some to take such purgative drugs that, if nature help not, the worms in the churches in London shall keep their Christmas at midsummer in their bellies. But tailors by this means shall have more conscience, for, where they were wont to steal but one quarter of a cloak, they shall have due commission to nick their customers in the lace, and, beside their old fees, take more than enough for new fashions' sake. But now touching these following articles, we are to advise old men to look with spectacles lest in finding over-many wise lines they wax blind with reading. 130

But now touching the benefit of private houses, by our rare and exquisite judgements, we think it very commodious that those 140

83 **disguised** altered (to a new fashion)
 84 **fatal** 'impious' (*Comets*, B1)
 85 **burdened** 'consumed' (*Comets*, B1).
 The change avoids the repetition of 'consumed', used in ll. 81-2.
 88-9 **poulters**...**poultry** (alluding to the supposedly English excess in slaughtering poultry)
 93 **meat** 'flesh' (*Comets*, B1^v)
 94-5 **good**...**thanks** 'virtuous and godly labours shall be scarce worth grameracies' (*Comets*, B1^v)
 96 **maids**...**visions** Maids' nocturnal visions were almost invariably accounted sexual.
 99 **Westminster Hall** seat of the chief London law courts such as the Chancery, the King's Bench, and the Star Chamber
 99-100 **grow**...**custom** 'be little troubled with rich men' (*Comets*, B1^v)
 100 **nimmers** pilferers
lifters thieves, cheats
 101 **sing bases** a probable quibble on 'base' = bastard, also the name for a sweet Spanish wine
 102 **trumpeters** braggarts
sound trebles boast
stare boast and threaten
 104 **on** of
 106 **what**...**swords** (an addition)
 107 **treasurer** purser
count and reckoning computed dues

108 **hospital** (for injured soldiers and sailors)
bestow 'employ' (*Comets*, B1^v)
 111 **sack** white wine, usually imported from Spain
 111-12 **fiery facias** quibble on the red faces of drunkards and *feri facias*, a writ of attachment against debtors
 112 **ale-knights** votaries of the ale-house
 112-13 **marrow**...**malt** malt-extract
 113 **consumptions** wasting diseases (which supposedly drained the 'marrow')
 114 **Queen Dido** *In Crete when Dedalus* (*Comets*, B1^v). Probably a bawdy song; note the pun on 'quean' = a whore, and on 'die' = have an orgasm + 'do' = copulate. Compare *Roaring Girl*, 6.62. Or it could be William Byrd's song on Dido ('When by first by force of fatal destiny') printed in *Songs of Sundry Natures* (1589).
strange 'Spanish' (*Comets*, sig. B1^v); (1) unusual; (2) foreign
 117 **rot** A wasting disease. The context suggests an allusion to the 'rot' or liver-inflammation in sheep.
 118 **purses** (1) money-bags; (2) scrotums
ere...**aware** (an addition)
 120 **swell** The context in *Comets*, B2, was a forecast of the disease 'mumpsimus', a mock-Latinism for mumps.
 121-32 **Others**'...**bellies** Abbreviates

forecast of various monsters in *Comets*, B2.
 121-2 **shall**...**frame** 'to swell so monstrously' (*Comets*, B2)
 124 **meddle**...**little** Proverbially, 'Fools will be meddling' (Tilley, F546).
 126 **meet** fit, proper
Ale The word is capitalized elsewhere as well, but here the capitalization suggests the metaphor of the river.
 128-9 **to**...**physicians** (an inserted phrase, anticipating the idea in ll. 339-40)
 130 **worms**...**churches** maggots in graves
 131 **keep** celebrate
 132 **bellies** (comparing a round belly to the vault of the church)
 133 **steal**...**cloak** (a familiar complaint against tailors)
 134-5 **nick**...**lace** (1) snip lace of clothes they made for customers; (2) rob their customers in overcharging for lace
 136 **But**...**articles** (phrase added to justify retaining ll. 136-8, which ended the section on the first comet in *Comets*, B2)
touching concerning
 138 **wax** 'were' (*Comets*, B2)
 139 **private houses** In *Comets*, B2^v, the second comet was a crinite comet, supposed to affect domestic matters as well as state affairs.
 140 **commodious** convenient, profitable

married men of weakest wit and worse courage should provide themselves of good weapons to defend themselves from assaults which shall assail them about midnight. And it shall be lawful for all wives to have a masculine courage in such sort that they who
 145 have had their wills to this hour shall have the mastery all the year after. And those husbands which doth not valiantly resist them shall be awarded to pay a sheep's head to their next neighbour in penance for their folly.

As by our provident judgements we have seen into these lamentable miseries incident in these parts of the world, so for the reformation thereof we do ordain and enact that the oil of holly shall prove a present remedy for a shrewd housewife, accounting Socrates for a flat fool that suffered his wife to crown him with a pisspot, ordaining that all those that give their wives their own
 150 wills to be fools by act of Parliament.

Also it is further established and agreed upon that Essex calves shall indict butchers' knives of wilful murder, and whosoever will prove a partial jurymen shall have a hot sheep's skin for his labour. Bow Bell in Cheapside (if it break not) shall be warranted by letters patents to ring well. And, if the conduit heads want no water, the tankard bearers shall have one custard more to their solemn dinners than their usual custom.

Moreover, it is thought good that it shall be lawful for all tripe-wives to be exquisite physicians, for in one offal they shall find more simples than ever Galen gathered since he was chastened. 165
 Beside, if dancers keep not tide and time in their measures, they shall forfeit a fat goose to their teacher for their slender judgement. The French *morbus* by commission shall be worth three weeks' diet. And they who have but one shirt to shift them withal may by the law strain courteously to wear a foul one upon the Sunday. Also our commission shall be sent forth for the increase 170
 of hemp, as not only upland grounds shall be plentifully stored therewith, but also it shall so prosper in the highways as the stalks thereof shall touch the top of Tyburn.

In like manner we think it necessary and convenient that there shall be great noise of wars in taverns, and wine shall make some so venturous as they will destroy Tyrone and all his power at one draught. Also we think it meet that there be craft in all occupations (and those that are penitent in this world shall have comfort in a better). Silk weavers by the statute shall prosper well if they wash their hands clean on fasting days, for otherwise in soiling their work they shall lose their work-masters. Daws by authority shall leave building in steeples and dwell in cities. And such as are cunning in music shall know a crotchet from a quaver. But let

142 of with

weapons (i.e., penises)

143 about midnight (an addition)

143-6 And... after Revised version of the forecast in *Comets*, B2^v, concerning the second comet, which, although hairy ('crintite'), was 'feminine'.

144-5 they... wills Proverbially, 'Women will have their wills' (Tilley, W723).

146 And... doth 'for they who shall' (*Comets*, B2^v)

147 sheep's head (referring to the cuckold's horned head)

150 parts... world 'westerly parts' (*Comets*, B3, since the second comet was to appear in the west)

151 oil of holly a whipping, traditionally prescribed for a scold

152 shrewd shrewish

153-4 Socrates... pisspot The story of Socrates comparing the urine poured on him by Xanthippe to rain following thunder is told in *Merry Tales, Witty Questions and Quick Answers* (1567). The same story is told in *Jack of Dover*, B4-4^v, where Socrates's place is taken by 'a certain poor labouring man in Lincoln' (B4). (Xanthippe throws water, not urine, in the source in Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*, II, 36.)

153 flat slow-witted

154-5 ordaining... Parliament (an addition)

155 wills (1) powers of choice (2) penises

156 Essex calves (1) finest calves (2) dupes

157 of wilful murder (an addition)

158 jurymen 'Juror' (*Comets*, B3)

hot sheep's skin New parchment bonds. The phrase suggests that the calves and butchers refer to rich heirs and loan

sharks (the skin is 'hot' since the victim has been just slaughtered).

159 Bow... Cheapside 'The bells of Barking' (*Comets*, B3). The great bell at the church of St Mary Bow in Cheapside, rung every night at nine, had a reputation for being late and loud.

160 conduit heads London's chief source of fresh water were the nine conduits.

161 tankard bearers water carriers
custard open pie

161-2 solemn dinners The 'bake-house', where the tankard bearers had their meals, were, like the conduits, a notorious centre of gossip, and here not 'solemn' at all.

162 than... custom (an addition)

163-4 tripe-wives tripe-sellers

164 offal entrails

165 simples medicines made of one ingredient (with a possible hint of 'simpletons' who will trust in the medicinal value of offal)

Galen Claudius Galenus (c.129-99), Graeco-Roman medical writer (not Christian or 'christened')

166 dancers (commonly associated with sexual licence)

tide and time The joke in *Comets*, B3, followed a forecast on tides.

167 fat (in contrast to 'slender' in l. 167-8)

goose (1) blockhead; (2) whore

168 morbus 'pox' (*Comets*, B3); syphilis

169 three weeks' diet standard three weeks' treatment for syphilis

shift them (1) use as a shirt; (2) manage their affairs

171 Sunday (when one could normally wear

one's best clothes)

171-2 Also... hemp (an addition)

172 hemp material used in making ropes, including hangman's nooses
upland grounds high ground, with a quibble linking it to 'highways' in l. 173-4, the way to the gallows for highwaymen

174 Tyburn site for public hangings (in what is now Connaught Square)

176 noise (1) confused sound; (2) a band of musicians (who often played at taverns)
wars (1) brawling; (2) battles, recounted by veterans

177 Tyrone 'the King of Spain' *Comets*, B3^v. Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone led an Irish uprising in Ireland in 1595. Routed by Mountjoy's Irish expedition, Tyrone formally surrendered in April 1603. See Critical Introduction.
power army

178 craft (1) skill; (2) dishonesty
occupations Trades; proverbially, 'There is knavery in all trades' (Tilley, K152).

179-80 shall... better i.e., they can expect no reward in this world

181 wash... days referring to the stink of fish, the statutory diet for fasting days
on fasting days 'this Lent' (*Comets*, C3^v): removing a trace of the annual forecast; see ll. 249-50, 306-7)

182 work-masters master workmen, employers

Daws (1) birds; (2) fools

184 cunning learned, skilful
crotchet (1) quarter note; (2) whim
quaver (1) half a crotchet; (2) shaking movement

185 such men as instruct youth be very circumspect, for, if they learn
more than their masters can teach them, they shall forfeit their
wits to those that bring them up. 210

Furthermore, we think it most necessary and convenient that
the generation of Judas should walk about the world in these
190 our latter days and sell his neighbour for commodity to any man.
But the usurers shall be otherwise disposed, for, having monthly
taken but a penny in the shilling ever since they began first
their occupation, shall now with a good conscience venture upon
threepence with the advantage. Besides, many men shall prove
195 themselves apparently knavish and yet in their own opinions will
not be so. And many women shall imagine that there are none
fairer than themselves.

Moreover, for the further increase of foolish humours, we do
establish and set down that fantastic devices shall prove most
200 excellent, and some shall so long devise for other men that they
will become barren themselves. Some shall devise novelties to
their own shames, and some snares to entrap themselves within.

In like manner we think it most necessary that those that be
fortune-tellers shall shut a knave in a circle and, looking about
205 for the devil, shall find him locked in their own bosoms. Atheists
by the law shall be as odious as they are careless, and those that
depend on destiny and not on God may chance look through a
narrow lattice at Footman's Inn. But my dear friends the grocers
are plentifully blessed, for their figs and reasons may allure fair

lasses by authority. Yea, many men by the statute shall be so
kind-hearted that a kiss and an apple shall serve to make them
innocents.

It is further agreed upon and established that many strange
events shall happen in those houses where the maid is predom-
inant with her master and wants a mistress to look narrowly unto
her. 215

Also we think it convenient that some shall take their neigh-
bour's bed for their own, some the servant for the master, and (if
candles could tell tales) some will take a familiar for a flea. Also
we think it meet that there should be many fowlers who instead
220 of larks shall catch lobcocks. And many for want of wit shall sell
their freehold for tobacco pipes and red petticoats. Likewise we
think it convenient that there should be many takers—for some
would be taken for wise men who indeed are very fools, for some
will take cracked angels of poor debtors, and a quart of malmsey
225 when they cannot get a pottle.

But stay a while, whither are we carried, leaving the greatest
laws unpublished and establishing the less? Therefore we enact
and ordain as a necessary statute that there shall great conten-
tions fall between soldiers and archers, and, if the fray be not
230 decided at a pot of ale and a black pudding, great bloodshed is
like to ensue. For some shall maintain that a Turk can be hit at
twelve score pricks in Fiendsbury Fields, *ergo* the bow and shafts
won Boulogne. Others shall say that a pot gun is a dangerous

- 185 **they** (i.e., the youths)
- 186 **forfeit** lose as penalty (for breach of engagement)
- 189-90 **the generation . . . days** 'Judas shall walk about the world this latter time' (*Comets*, B3^v). The return of Judas was linked in *Comets* to the imminent end of the world. The revision expands the sense to mean usurers in general.
- 190 **commodity** profit
- 191 **usurers** 'Jews' (*Comets*, B3^v)
- 192-4 **a . . . advantage** The Act against Usury in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign fixed the legal rate of interest at ten per cent. Three pence in the shilling monthly is an extortionate rate.
- 192 **shilling** ten pence
- 192-3 **ever . . . occupation** 'this six year' (*Comets*, B3^v)
- 194 **advantage** gain
- 194-7 **many . . . themselves** Abbreviates a passage on self-love in *Comets*, B3^v-B4.
- 199 **fantastic devices** (1) swindling tricks; (2) remarkable inventions
- 201 **barren** (1) unproductive; (2) dull
- 202 **their own shames** 'shame themselves' (*Comets*, B4)
- 204 **circle** conjuror's circle for raising and confining the devil
- 206 **careless** (1) thoughtless; (2) careless
- 207 **chance** happen to (alluding to the atheist belief in chance rather than divine providence)
- 208 **narrow lattice** prison bars at Footman's Inn (an addition); in a prison, playing on 'lattice' in l. 208, since lattices were a feature of inns
- 209 **figs** (thought to be aphrodisiacs)
- reasons** (punning on 'rasins')
- 211 **kind-hearted** (1) benevolent; (2) cheated (literally, have their teeth extracted, since 'kind-heart' meant a tooth-drawer)
- apple** harlot (but also suggesting Eve's apple in Eden)
- 212 **innocents** fools, dupes
- 214 **maid** 'Virgo' (*Comets*, B4); (1) maid servant; (2) virgin
- 215 **wants** lacks
- narrowly** suspiciously
- 218 **some . . . master** i.e., some women will have sex with their male servants instead of their husbands
- 218-19 (if . . . **tales**) Variant of the proverb, 'If the bed could tell all it knows it would put many to the blush' (Tilley, B190).
- 219 **familiar** attendant spirit
- 220 **fowlers** (1) trappers of wild birds; (2) cheats, fool-takers
- 221 **lobcocks** bumpkins, simpletons
- for . . . wit** 'to the West of the North' (*Comets*, B4^v)
- 222 **freehold** estate held in fee-simple, fee-tail or for life
- tobacco . . . petticoats** 'peas pottage' (*Comets*, B4^v)
- 223 **many takers** The theme of 'takers' unites the paragraph, and the source of this sentence was at its start in *Comets*, B4^v.
- 224 **would . . . fools** 'one would be taken for wise, who is an idiot' (*Comets*, B4^v)
- 225 **cracked angels** Dud coins, the crack extending from the edge to the ring within which the sovereign's head was stamped. An angel was a gold coin worth about 50 pence.
- malmsey** 'a nipcrust' (*Comets*, B4^v). Malmsey is a sweet wine.
- 226 **pottle** two quarts
- 227 **stay a while** 'alas' (*Comets*, B4^v)
- 228 **laws . . . the** 'wonders unreckoned, and relying on the' (*Comets*, B4^v)
- 230-2 **archers . . . ensue** 'archers (if the fray be not decided) at a pot of ale and a black pudding' (*Comets*, B4^v). The changed construction makes 'at' follow 'decided' rather than 'contention' as in the source.
- 232 **Turk dummy** target in archery
- 233 **twelve score pricks** 120 paces (the standard archery range)
- Fiendsbury Fields** i.e., Finsbury Fields (used for archery practice; also a notorious promenade)
- 234 **Boulogne** 'Granado' (where the Moors were defeated by the Christians) (*Comets*, B4^v). Boulogne was captured by Henry VIII in 1544 after a two-month siege.
- pot gun** mortar (quibbling on 'pot', a drinking vessel)
- 234-5 **dangerous . . . against** 'perilous weapon at' (*Comets*, B4^v). The artillery charge against a city wall is here reduced to drunkards defacing walls by urinating against them.

The penniles Parliament of threedbate Poets.

235 weapon against a mud wall and an enemy to the painter's work. Amongst these controversies we will send forth our commission to god Cupid, being an archer, who shall decide the doubt and prove that archery is heavenly, for in meditation thereof he hath lost his eyes.

240 O gentle fellow soldiers, then leave your controversies if you love a woman, for I will prove it that a mince pie is better than a musket. And he that dare gainsay me, let him meet me at the Dagger in Cheap with a case of pewter spoons, and I will answer it. And, if I prove not that a mince pie is the better weapon, let me

245 dine twice a week at Duke Humphrey's table.

It is furthermore established that the four knaves at the cards shall suddenly leap from out the bunch and desperately prank about the new playhouse to seek out their old master Captain Cropear. Also it is thought meet that some men (in these days)

250 shall be politic beyond reason, and write more in one line than they can prove in an age. It shall be lawful for some to study which way they may walk to get them a stomach to their meat, whilst other are as careful to get meat to put in their bellies. Likewise there shall be great persecution in the commonweal of kitchen fees, so that some desperate women shall boil, try and seethe

255

poor tallow to the general commodity of all the whole company of tallow chandlers.

Alas, alas, how are we troubled to think on these dangerous times? For tailors by act of Parliament may lawfully invent new fashions. And he that takes Irish aqua vitae by the pint may by the law stumble without offence and break his face. And it shall be thought convenient that some be so desperate bent as they shall go into my Lord Mayor's buttery when all the barrels be full without either sword or dagger about them. Many men shall be so vent'rously given as they shall go into Petticoat Lane and yet come out again as honestly as they went first in.

260
265

In like manner it shall be lawful for Thames water to cleanse as much as ever it did in times past, and if the brewers of London buy store of good malt, poor bergemen at Queenhithe shall have a whole quart for a penny. St Thomas onions shall be sold by the rope at Billingsgate by the statute. And sempsters in the Exchange shall become so conscionable that a man without offence may buy a falling band for twelve pence.

270

It shall be lawful for smiths to love good ale. And, if it be possible to have a frost of three weeks long in July, men shall not be afraid of a good fire at midsummer. Porters' baskets shall

275

238-9 **in... eyes** i.e., love is blind, like someone who stares too long at the sun (heaven)

241 **mince pie** an expensive delicacy (but also suggesting the slang sense of *pie* as 'female pubic triangle')

243 **Dagger in Cheap** 'Woolsack' (*Comets*, C1). The change helps the wordplay (see 'weapon' in ll. 244-5). The Dagger in Foster Lane in Cheapside specialized in minced pies: see *Quiet Life*, 5.1.73.

pewter spoons (instead of pistols, normally carried in a case and used in duels)

243-4 **answer it** (1) prove it; (2) answer his challenge to a duel

244-5 **prove... table** 'say not that a gun is the better weapon, he shall never be bound to serve with bow and arrows while he liveth' (*Comets*, C1). 'To dine with Duke Humphrey's' was to go without dinner (Tilley, D637). The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp (d. 1358) in the south aisle of St Paul's, taken to be that of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester (1391-1447), was the rendezvous of debtors seeking sanctuary.

246 **knaves** See l. 38 above.

248 **about... playhouse** 'it on the stage' (*Comets*, C1). The change shifts the censure from players to the crooks in the audience. The playhouse was probably the Fortune, built in 1600.

248-9 **to... Cropear** (An addition.) Allusion to the common punishment at the pillory, involving a pun on the 'ear' of the corn.

249 **some... days** 'Men this year' (*Comets*, C1)

250 **politic** clever, affecting worldly wisdom

252 **get 'catch'** (*Comets*, C1)

a stomach an appetite

253 **other** (i.e., poorer people)

careful anxious, painstaking

put... bellies 'fill their maw' (*Comets*, C1)

254 **persecution** quest

254-5 **kitchen fees** drippings, a perquisite of the cook

255 **try** extract oil from fat by heating

seethe boil

256 **tallow** animal fat, used for making candles

commodity profit

256-7 **the... of** (an addition)

258-9 **are... times** 'am I perplexed to think on these times' (*Comets*, C1; see Critical Introduction). The paragraph abbreviates and rearranges the source.

260-1 **And... face** 'Irish aqua vitae abundantly taken about this time, shall make a man stumble' (*Comets*, C1).

260 **aqua vitae** whisky, brandy

262 **desperate** 'desperately' (*Comets*, C1)

263 **buttery** cellar

barrels wine barrels (but suggesting 'gun barrels' of defensive fortifications)

265 **given... Lane** 'disposed, that they shall go into brothel houses' (*Comets*, C1). Petticoat Lane (Middlesex Street, formerly Hog Lane) was a haunt of prostitutes.

266 **come... in** i.e., come out with their reputation intact (with a bawdy quibble suggesting copulation)

268 **in times past** 'before' (*Comets*, B4^v)

brewers of London 'brewer of Putney' (*Comets*, C1); allusion to the practice of diluting beer with water

269 **poor... Queenhithe** 'they about Richmond and Mortlake' (*Comets*, C1). Queenhithe was a quay in Upper Thames Street near Southwark Bridge.

270 **whole... penny** In 1591 (date of *Comets*), beer was 6s. 8d. per barrel of 32 (or 36) gallons, and small ale 3s. 4d.

270-1 **St Thomas... rope** There is a multiple quibble involving St Thomas à Waterings on Kent Road, an execution site. 'Waterings' would thus be linked to false tears (and, therefore, to onions; see ll. 10-12) as in *Puritan*, 1.1.124-5, and the hangman's rope to the 'rope' or string of onions as in *Changeling*, 1.2.208.

271 **Billingsgate** A London wharf in Thames Street. Stow mentions onions among the cargo unloaded at Billingsgate (p. 185).

sempsters (1) seamstresses; (2) prostitutes

Exchange Old Exchange, near St Paul's, a centre for shopping and trade

273 **falling band** Flat collar for men which became fashionable at the end of the sixteenth century. There is a bawdy innuendo in 'falling'.

274 **smiths... ale** Proverbially, 'The smith has always a spark in his throat' (Tilley, S562).

275 **frost... long** (possibly another reference to the three weeks' routine treatment for syphilis as in l. 169 above)

- have authority to hold more than they can honestly carry away. And such a drought shall come amongst cans at Bartholomew Fair in Smithfield that they shall never continue long filled.
- 280 The images in the Temple Church (if they rise again) shall have a commission to dig down Charing Cross with their falchions. And millers by custom shall have small mind to morning prayer if the wind serve them in any corner on Sundays. Those that go to the wars and get nothing may come home poor by authority. And those that play fast and loose with women's apron-strings may chance make a journey for a Winchester pigeon, for prevention thereof, drink every morning a draught of *Noli me tangere* and by that means thou shalt be sure to escape the physician's purgatory.
- 285 But amongst all other decrees and statutes by us here set down, we ordain and command that three things (if they be not parted) ever to continue in perpetual amity: that is, a louse in an old doublet, a painted cloth in a painter's shop, and a fool and his bauble. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for bakers to thrive by two things (that is, scores well paid and millers that are honest); physicians, by other men's harms; and churchyards, by often burials. Also we think it necessary for the commonwealth that the salmon shall be better sold in Fish Street than the beer shall be at
- Billingsgate. And heartsease amongst the company of herb-wives shall be worth as much money as they can get for it by the statute. It is further enacted and agreed upon that those that run fourscore mile afoot on a winter's day shall have a sore thirst about seven of the clock in the evening. And such as are inclined to the dropsy may be lawfully cured, if the physicians know how. Also we ordain and appoint that (if there be no great store of tempests) two halfpenny loaves shall be sold for a penny in Whitechapel. Chaucer's books (by act of Parliament) shall in these days prove more witty than ever they were, for there shall so many sudden or rather sodden wits step abroad that a flea shall not frisk forth unless they comment on her.
- 0 what a detestable trouble shall be among women about fourscore and ten years old, for such as have more teeth about them than they can well use shall die for age if they live not by miracle. Also it shall be lawful for bees, if the summer show not, to go on pilgrimage, and fly so far in one day as whoso sets up a landmark where they first light shall come to us and have a pound weight of gold for his diligence and labour.
- Moreover, we think it necessary that those that have two eyes in their head shall sometime stumble, and they that can neither
- 277 they...away 'their masters can carry' (*Comets*, C1^v); (i.e., porters will steal)
- 278 cans drinking vessels
- 278-9 at Bartholomew...Smithfield 'about Cape S. Vincent' (*Comets*, C1^v). The change to 'Smithfield' quibbles on 'smiths' in l. 274. On 24 August, the Feast of St Bartholomew, a civic fair was held at Smithfield.
- 280 images...Church images of crusading Knights Templars buried in the Temple Church
- 281 Charing Cross A possible reference to the legend that Eleanor of Castile (d. 1290), queen of Edward I, sank into the ground at Charing Cross. The legend is told in George Peele's *Edward I* which was probably first produced in 1591. Peele transfers a scandal involving Eleanor of Aquitaine, queen of Henry II, to Eleanor of Castile. Smellknaves may have been led by the play to confuse the two queens, since William Marshal (one of the Knights Templars buried in Temple Church) was instrumental in freeing Eleanor of Aquitaine from prison in 1189.
- falchions broad, curved swords
- 282 morning prayer (The avoidance of Sunday morning prayers was a common complaint against citizens.)
- 283 serve them i.e., turn their mills
corner direction
- 283-4 Those...may 'They that ride to the westward of *Flowers* and *Corns*, if they catch not Brazil men, shall' (*Comets*, C1^v). See Critical Introduction.
- 284-8 And...purgatory (an addition)
- 285 fast and loose A cheating game in which a string or belt was so arranged that the viewer would think that he could make it fast by placing a stick through its folds, while the operator could pull it away.
- 286 Winchester pigeon (1) a prostitute; (2) a swelling in the groin caused by syphilis (so called because the Bishop of Winchester owned most of the land in the Southwark red-light area)
- 287 *Noli me tangere* literally, touch me not (John 20:17; Tilley, N202); a species of balsam
- 288 physician's purgatory (referring to the treatment of syphilis by inducing salivation with mercury, like Purgatory, uncomfortably hot, but temporary)
- 289-91 amongst...amity 'among all these changes, three things shall continue in perpetual amity if they be not severed' (*Comets*, C1^v)
- 291-2 louse...doublet Proverbially, 'A rogue's wardrobe is harbour for a louse' (Tilley, R161).
- 292 doublet sleeveless upper garment
painted cloth imitation tapestry, used as hangings
- 293 bauble Familiar pun on *bauble* (fool's sceptre), and *babble*. Proverbially, 'A fool will not give his bauble for the Tower of London' (Tilley, F476).
- 294 scores accounts, bills
millers...honest Proverbially, 'The miller is a thief' (Tilley, M955).
- 297 salmon...Street 'cod shall be better sold than the bean' (*Comets*, C2). 'Salmon' and 'cod's head' both meant a gull, and 'salmon' was also a name for a prostitute. Old and New Fish Streets, in Queenhithe Ward and Bridge Ward Within respectively, were known for alehouses and whores.
- 297-8 than...Billingsgate (an addition)
- 298 heartsease (1) a pansy; (2) an endearment, a lover
herb-wives herb-sellers
- 299 much money 'much' (*Comets*, C2)
- 301 sore thirst (probably as a result of the sweating sickness, a febrile disease)
- 303 dropsy morbid accumulation of fluids in tissues and internal cavities
- 304 great store excess
- 305 tempests Storms and bad weather were likely to push up wheat prices and, therefore, reduce the statutory weight of the baker's loaf.
halfpenny loaves The baker's halfpenny loaf seems expected to weigh six ounces, although statutory weights varied with wheat prices. Bakers often dodged the law.
- 306 Whitechapel the central market district around St Paul's Cathedral
Chaucer's books The text of Chaucer familiar at the time of *Comets* was the folio edited by William Thynne, which had 10 editions between 1532 and 1561; but a new edition by Speght was published in 1598.
- 306-7 in these days 'this year' (*Comets*, C2)
- 308 sudden ready, quick
sodden (1) dull; (2) drunk
- 308-9 a...forth i.e., the most trivial thing shall not be spared
- 312 for age of old age
- 314 whoso whoever
- 315 light alight, land
- 315-16 come...gold 'have a talent' (*Comets*, C2). The reward could be for tracking honey or because swarms had to be reclaimed, usually by beating on pots and pans.

320 write nor read may as boldly forswear themselves as they that can.
And it shall be lawful for almanac-makers to tell more lies than true tales. And they that go to sea without victuals may suffer penury by the statute.

325 In like manner it shall be lawful for any man to carry about him more gold than iron, if he can get it. But they that are given to a sullen complexion (if they be females) must be more circumspect for, if they repent their hidden sins too much, they may chance catch heaven for their labour. Therefore let maidens take heed how they fall on their backs, lest they catch a forty weeks' fever. And he that hath once married a shrew, and by good chance bury her, beware how he come into the stocks again.

330 Further, it shall be lawful for those that be rich to have many friends, and they that be poor may by authority keep money, if they can get it honestly.

335 Also we command and charge all such as have no conscience to do their worst, lest they die in the devil's debt. As for the rest, they that have more money than they need may help their poor neighbours if they will.

340 In like manner it shall be lawful for such as are subject to hot rheums to drink cold drink, and those that have a mind to enrich physicians to be never without diseases.

345 Also soldiers that have no means to thrive by plain dealing may by the statute swallow down an ounce of the syrup of subtlety every morning, and, if they cannot thrive that ways, we think it necessary that four times in the year they go a-fishing on Salisbury Plain.

Furthermore, for the benefit and increase of foolish humours, we think it necessary that those our dear friends which are sworn true servitors to women's pantables should have this order set down that you suit yourselves handsomely against goose feast, and if you meet not a fair lass betwixt Paul's and Stratford that day, we will bestow a new suit of satin upon you, so you will bear all the charges. 350

But as for you, dear friends and scholars, thus much we favour you, for you shall dine upon wit by authority, and, if you pay your hostess well, it is no matter though you score it up till it come to a good round sum. 355

In like manner it shall be lawful for maid's milk to be good physic for kibed heels, and a cup of sack to bedward a present remedy for the rheum. Such as are sick in the spring may take physic by the statute, and those that are cold may wear more clothes without offence. It is best to ride in long journeys lest a man be weary with going afoot, and more comely to go in broken stockings than barelegged. 360

Further, it shall be lawful for some to be lean because they cannot be fat. Some by the statute shall love beef passing well because they can come by no better meat, and other some simper it with an egg at dinner that dare manfully set upon a shoulder of veal in the afternoon. 365

Some shall be sad when they want money, and in love with widows rather for their wealth than their honesties. It is also thought necessary that some shall suspect their wives at home because they themselves play false abroad. And some love bowling alleys 370

319 forswear... can 'quit themselves of forgery' (*Comets*, C2^v). See Critical Introduction.

320 almanac-makers 'Such as have skill in physiognomy' (*Comets*, C2^v)

321 true tales 'truth' (*Comets*, C2^v)

321-2 go... penury 'will sail without compass, may have shipwreck without remedy' (*Comets*, C2^v). Middleton may have been remembering Raleigh's stranded and starving crew, of which his stepfather was a member, brought back by Drake from Roanoke Island in 1586.

324 more... iron more money than sword and armour

324-5 given... complexion (1) Dull skinned; (2) sullen tempered. The quibble followed from the forecast for the saturnine in *Comets*, C3^v. Unchaste women supposedly had pale complexions.

327 catch heaven Attain salvation. The verb contrasts with 'catch' in l. 328.

327-8 take... they 'beware to' (*Comets*, C3^v; part of a longer sentence which also involved men who seduced them)

328 forty weeks' fever pregnancy

329-30 And... again (an addition)

330 stocks (1) instrument of punishment; (2) frame to which a horse is confined for shoeing

331 to... many 'let them be sure of' (*Comets*, C4)

333 honestly (an addition)

335 do 'spit' (*Comets*, C4)

337 if they will (an addition)

339 rheums 'humours' or tempers

342 subtlety (1) an ornamental device or dressing made of sugar; (2) guile

343-5 we... Plain (An addition, introducing the 'plain dealing-Salisbury Plain' quibble.) Salisbury Plain was a flat region in the central south-west of England. 'Freshwater mariners', who swindled people with tales of shipwreck or piracy, were described by Thomas Harman in *A Caveat for Common Coursitors* (1566) as those whose 'ships were drowned in the plain of Salisbury' (p. 84). The phrase here would thus mean a cheat who 'fished' for dupes by pretending to be a ruined sailor.

347-8 which... pantables 'that are born under this kind goddess' (i.e. Venus) (*Comets*, C4^v). Compare Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 1.1.137: 'And yet sworn servant to the pantoffle'.

348 servitors servants
pantables pantofles, shoes with high cork heels

349 against in preparation for
goose feast (1) Greengoose Fair at Stratford Bow in Whitsun week; (2) 'goose' = prostitute)

354 dine upon wit Live by cunning. Proverbially, 'He lives by his wits' (Tilley, W581).

pay (1) recompense financially; (2) sat-

isfly sexually

355 score it up (1) run up a bill; (2) copulate

356 round (pun on the 'roundness' of pregnancy)

357 maid's milk *lac virginis*, a medicinal cosmetic using monoxide of lead, red lead, white vinegar, and common salt

358 physic for 'to heal' (*Comets*, D1)
kibed affected by chilblains

sack (considered a preventive against catarrh)

360 may wear 'get' (*Comets*, D1)

361 without offence (an addition)

362 broken tattered

363 barelegged See ll. 4-5 above.

365 beef considered the favourite meat of the stupid

366 other some some other

366-7 simper it eat daintily with mouth shut

367 dinner principal meal, had usually around midday

manfully set upon 'make incision in' (*Comets*, D2). The change links the eating of veal to setting upon a 'veal', i.e., a gull, by the sergeant or robber for bribe or booty. Clapping on the shoulder is frequently associated with arresting officers.

370 honesties sexual modesty

372 bowling a disreputable pastime like dicing and drinking

The penniles Parliament of threed-bare Poets.

better than a sermon. But, above all other things, sprites with
aprons shall much disturb your sleeps about midnight.

375 Furthermore, it shall be lawful for him that marries without
money to find four bare legs in his bed. And he that is too prodigal
in spending shall die a beggar by the statute.

380 In like manner we think it necessary that he that is plagued
with a cursed wife to have his pate broke quarterly, as he pays his
rent. Likewise he that delights in subtlety may play the knave by

custom. And he that hath his complexion and courage spent may
eat mutton on fasting days by the law.

And, to conclude, since there are ten precepts to be observed in
the art of scolding, we humbly take our leave of Duke Humphrey's
Ordinary, and betake us to the Chapel of Ill Counsel, where a 385
quart or two of fine Trinidado shall arm us against the gunshot
of tongue-mettle and keep us safe from the assaults of Sir John
Findfault. *Vale*, my dear friends, till my next return.

FINIS

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES

A *Jack of Dover's Quest of Inquiry*
When merry Jack of Dover had made his privy search for
the fool of all fools, and making his inquiry in most of
the principal places in England, at his return home was
5 adjudged to be the fool himself. But now wearied with the
motley coxcomb, he hath undertaken in some place or
other to find out a verier fool than himself. But first of all,
coming to London he went into Paul's Church, where,
walking very melancholy in the middle aisle with Captain
10 Thingut and his fellows, he was invited to dine at Duke
Humphrey's Ordinary, where, amongst many other good
stomachs that repaired to his bountiful feast, there came
in a whole jury of penniless poets who, being fellows of
a merry disposition (but as necessary in a commonwealth
15 as a candle in a straw bed), he accepted of their company.
And as from poets cometh all kinds of foolery, so he hoped
by their good directions to find out this fool of all fools

so long looked for. So thinking to pass away the dinner
time with some pleasant chat, lest being overcloyed with
too many delicats they should surfeit, he discovered to 20
them his merry meaning, who being glad of so good an
occasion of mirth, instead of a cup of sack and sugar for
digestion, these men of little wit began to make inquiry
and to search for this aforesaid fool . . .

'Well,' quoth one of the jury, 'if we cannot find the fool B
we look for amongst these fools before named, one of us
will be the fool, for, in my mind, there cannot be a verier
fool in the world than is a poet. For poets have good wits,
but cannot use them; great store of money, but cannot 5
keep it; and many friends, till they lose them. Therefore
we think fit to have a Parliament of poets, and to enact
such laws and statutes as may prove beneficial to the
commonwealth of Jack of Dover's motley-coated fools.'

Here beginneth the Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets 10

373-4 **sprites** . . . **midnight** 'as all the crinite
comets in Christendom cannot disturb
us of our sleeps, (I mean such comets as
wear aprons. . .)' (*Comets*, D2)
373 **sprites** spirits (i.e., women)
375-6 **for** . . . **bed** Adapts four verse lines in
Comets, C3^v: 'Whoso marries without
money, | in midst of his dread: | Shall
at night if he please, | Find four bare
legs in his bed.' Allusion to the proverb,
'There goes more to matrimony than
four bare legs in a bed.'
376-7 **And** . . . **statute** Adapts four verse
lines in *Comets*, C3^v: 'He that is prodigal,
| And lets his crowns fly: | If he spare
not in time, | shall a beggar die.'
378-80 **he** . . . **rent** (An addition.) There is
a quibble on 'quarterly' (broken into
quarters, quarterly payment of rent).
Smellknave predicted the appearance
of the comets on 25 March, the legal
quarter-day for rent payment.
379 **cursed** shrewish
380-1 **Likewise** . . . **custom** Adapts two verse
lines in *Comets*, D1: 'Whoso in craft and

subtlety delight, | Can play the knaves
by day as well as night.'
381-2 **And** . . . **days** Adapts four verse lines
in *Comets*, D1^v: 'That a man whose
complexion | and courage is spent:
| May instead of red herrings, | eat
mutton in Lent.' See l. 29 above.
383-8 **And** . . . **return** (an addition)
383-4 **ten** . . . **scolding** Borrows from the
Epilogue in *Comets*, D3: '*here are the ten
precepts to be observed in the art of scold-
ing*'. The 'precepts' or 'commandments'
were the shrew's ten fingernails (Tilley,
C553).
384-5 **Duke Humphrey's Ordinary** See ll.
244-5 above.
385 **Chapel of Ill Counsel** apparently a
tobacconist's shop
386 **fine Trinidado** Trinidad tobacco,
considered the finest
387 **tongue-mettle** mettle = spirit (con-
tinuing the metaphor of 'gunshot' and
punning on 'metal')
387-8 **Sir John Findfault** any carping critic
388 **Vale** farewell

A *Penniless* was published in 1604 as
the second part of *Jack of Dover*; this
paragraph was added at the start of the
previously-published text of *Jack of Dover*
to account for the new part.
2 **privy** private, secret
6 **motley fool's parti-coloured dress**
coxcomb jester's cap
7 **verier** truer
10 **Thingut** (i.e., a starveling)
10-11 **dine** . . . **Ordinary** See ll. 244-5 above.
12 **bountiful feast** (ironic)
14-15 **as necessary** . . . **straw bed** Borrows
the censure of poets in *Comets*, B2:
'as necessary in a Commonweale, as
a candle in a strawbed' (i.e., useless,
adapting Mark 4:21, but also suggesting
the sense of dangerous).
20 **delicats** tasty dishes (ironic)
surfeit be sick from overeating (ironic)
discovered disclosed
B This is the transition from the existing text
of *Jack of Dover* into the text of *Penniless*,
as it appears in the 1604 edition.

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Gary Taylor: *Black Book, Magnificent Entertainment, Banquet, Sherley, Two Gates, Lady, Cupids, Dissemblers, Owl, Peacemaker, Old Law, Hengist, Measure, Solomon, Ghost, and Penniless*
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Caryn Baker: *a gentleman and the Boy*
Tenley Bank: *First Courtesan, a drawer, Tiffany's servant, Marmaduke*
Tapio Christiansen: *Tailby*
Jen DeMayo: *Second Courtesan, Jack the Vintner, Piamont*
Karen Hester: *the Novice, Cleveland's servant, a drawer, a gentleman*
Tod Kovner: *Fitzgrave*
Nicholas McDowell: *Frip*
Kara McLane: *Arthur, Mistress Newcut, Fulk, Newblock's servant, a constable*
Erick Pinnick: *Goldstone*
C. Charles Scheeren: *Pursenet*
Trissy Sincavage: *a gentleman, Katherine, Bungler, a constable*
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